

The Doom Generation

a heterosexual movie

by Gregg Araki

FADE IN:

INT. HELL - NIGHT

Ultra slo-mo Bodies. Hardly distinguishable as bodies even. More like Blurs. Forms. Shadows. Falling. Thrashing. Colliding.

A surrealistic, choreographed human demolition derby intermittently lit by pulsating strobes. (The imagery is somehow reminiscent of Goya's paintings of agony and suffering.)

All cloaked in pure mysterious SILENCE like some underwater ballet...

INTERCUT: OPENING TITLES

One of the SLO-MO BODIES in particular is singled out, spotlighted. A lean, pubescent KID with messy hair. His fair-skinned, nubile torso emerging as his ripped t-shirt gets more and more ripped (like practically torn off his body) in the swirling melee.

SUDDENLY

The action explodes into real-time 24fps FRENZY as eardrum-pulverizing INDUSTRIAL-DEATH THUNDER obliterates the silence. It's the Apocalypse set to a disco beat. (And here is as good a place as any to mention the double-LP soundtrack composed by like Trent (NINE INCH NAILS) Reznor (or whoever)).

The Kid, JORDAN WHITE (17), is in the middle of a slamdancing pit - gyrating, whirling, fists flying, his "Life is Shit" t-shirt shredding in the sweaty firestorm.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SMOKECHOKED FRINGES - NIGHT

Off on the sidelines, hovering in the dim, noise-drowned recesses is AMY BLUE (18, a tiny raven-haired innocent beneath her hard, clad-in-goth-black image - like a teenage Anna Karina with an asymmetrical A-cut). Behind her, in the BG over the bar, a crude undergroundish sign declares "WELCOME TO HELL".

An unlit cigarette dangling from her ebony lips, Amy scowls (cutely) as she forages through her lunchbox/purse which is plastered with Cocteau Twins, Misfits, etc stickers.

AMY

Fuck.

Her rummaging grows more desperate.

AMY (CONT'D)

Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, **fuck...**

PEANUT, a behemoth of a skinhead slathered with tattoos, approaches.

PEANUT

Hey Amy, got any crystal?

Amy looks at Peanut (he towers like a foot and a half above her), makes a gas face.

AMY

Fuck off.

PEANUT

Shit, who pissed in your Froot Loops?

AMY

Peanut, why don't you go passionately fuck yourself?

PEANUT

I can, y'know.

AMY

(sneering)

Yeah, I heard your dick is shaped like a banana.

PEANUT

It reaches spots you've never had touched before. Wanna take it for a test spin?

AMY

I'd rather be shot point blank in the head.

PEANUT

Amy, you're about about as charming as a pus-encrusted herpes lesion. Anybody ever told you that?

Amy makes another, uglier gas face, resumes searching through her lunchbox.

The song ends and Jordan, like a warrior staggering off the battlefield in a Kurosawa film, comes over.

His pink, hairless nipples protruding from the remnants of his decimated shirt, he wraps an arm around Amy, kisses her sweetly on the cheek.

AMY
(recoiling)
Yuck, you're all sweaty.

JORDAN
(unfazed by her attitude)
Whatcha lookin' for?

AMY
My skull lighter. I swear, if it's gone, I'll slit my wrists.

PEANUT
Now that would be a great loss to the human race.

AMY
(giving him the finger)
Sit and spin.

PEANUT
(to Jordan, ignoring her)
Hey, Jordan. Y'know what the difference between a pussy and a cunt is?

Jordan shrugs.

PEANUT (CONT'D)
(glowering at Amy)
A pussy is a nice, warm, comfortable place and a cunt is the person who owns it.

Yukyukyukking it up, Peanut disappears into the dark recesses. Amy rolls her eyes.

AMY
That guy has the intelligence of a stool sample.

Jordan reaches into his pocket.

JORDAN
He's okay.

Jordan takes out his lighter and gallantly lights her cigarette.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
I think he's got brain damage, but
he's okay.

Amy takes a deep, deep drag from her cig.

AMY
I cannot breathe.

JORDAN
(full of affection)
Maybe if you cut down from like,
ten packs a day.

AMY
I smoke because I'm hoping for an
early death, duh.
(coughs)
This place is so fucking boring I
wish someone would burn it to the
ground.

JORDAN
(another shrug)
It's not that boring.

Amy blows out a tense stream of smoke.

AMY
Let's get the fuck out of here.

JORDAN
'Kay.

Jordan looks at her, and we notice now as the seedy light
strikes his face just so, how genuinely beautiful he is -
with a face like an angel and infinitely dark eyes that you
could just swim in forever...

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Wanna go to heaven?

Amy takes another drag, shrugs indifferently.

AMY
I guess.

CUT TO:

EXT. HEAVEN - NIGHT

Token TRACKING SHOT across the local staked-out turf known as "Heaven" which resembles ruins leftover from the last A-Bomb test (in actuality it's the rotting, abandoned lot of a deceased drive-in theatre). Cars doing donuts. Dueling stereos blasting out competing trendy NOIZE. KIDS of all sizes, shapes and colors loitering, getting high, screwing, y'know, doing all that Rebellious Youth stuff.

We're TRAILING a NEONAZI-TYPE, no shirt, muscles, bitchin tattoos, a SNAKE draped over his shoulders like a mink stole, who zigzags through the flotsam and jetsam on his skateboard with MUSIC ("Sex On Wheelz" by THRILL KILL KULT or some such thing) cascading from his ghettoblaster.

The CAMERA comes to rest at an ultra-cool, faded sky-blue '70 Ford Torino with totally fogged-up windows.

INT. TORINO - NIGHT

Steam condenses and forms droplets on the windshield. A shrunken head dangles from the rearview mirror and there's tons of weird gothic toys and knickknacks populating the dashboard.

We hear the OS panting and rustling of teen sex in progress.

AMY (O.S.)
Stick it inside.

Shifting and struggling.

AMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
C'mon.

More moving around, re-positioning.

AMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Jordan, put your dick in me.

JORDAN (O.S.)
I'm tryin'

There's a heavy sigh.

Finally, Jordan sits up (looking especially lovely in the diffuse backlight) in the passenger half of the immense front seat.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
(staring out his window)
I'm sorry. I just...

AMY (O.S.)

What?

Jordan stares out his window some more.

JORDAN

I'm afraid of catching AIDS.

AMY (O.S.)

But we're both virgins.

Jordan looks at her. Starts fishing through the glove compartment.

JORDAN

Where's the fuckin' cigarettes?

Amy sits up into the frame (she's shirtless too) and removes a pack of Death cigarettes from under the visor on her side. She takes one, hands another to Jordan. Like a ritual, he lights her cig first, then his.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I dunno what it is, but I feel really weird tonight. Like something's gonna happen.

AMY

(inhaling a drag)

Me too.

Jordan looks at her.

JORDAN

You hate me now, don't you?

Amy looks at him.

AMY

No, dork.

Amy gives him a tender, reassuring kiss on the lips.

Jordan looks at Amy for a significant beat, his cigarette smoldering. His liquid eyes shimmer.

JORDAN

Hey Amy... Do you love me?

AMY

Yeah, totally.

(drags on her cig)

Why?

Jordan shrugs. He starts tracing designs in the moisture collected on his window.

JORDAN

It's just "I love you" can mean a lot of things, like "You'll do till someone better comes along", or "I can't describe how I really feel but I know I'm supposed to say this", or "Shut up, I'm watchin' TV..."

Amy gives him a look.

AMY

Are you stoned?

They crack up. Amy blows a trio of smoke rings.

AMY (CONT'D)

I think sometimes this city is sucking away my soul. Like yesterday I was stuck in this humongous traffic jam on the 405 freeway and I just couldn't wait to get to the dead bodies lying there on the bloody asphalt. All I cared about was getting out and **moving** again...

JORDAN

I know. I feel like a gerbil smothering in Richard Gere's butthole.

The young lovers' eyes meet as they wallow together in their Tortured Teen Sadness.

They kiss again, gently with their moist, pouty lips. Look at each other some more.

AMY

There is just no place for us in this world.

At that moment, a BODY is hurled against their windshield with such force it makes a loud, cracking THUD. A gang of four BIG GOONS clad in hideous retro-70s fashions (like Redd Kross on steroids) descend upon the Body, pummelling him with fists, brass knuckles, ninja sticks, etc.

BIG GOON 1

Wake up, cocksucker! It's time to DIE.

The Body rolls into a fetal ball, shielding himself from his attacker's blows and removing something from his left DocMarten... a SWITCHBLADE, which he lashes out in a vicious arc, badly slicing two of the Goons.

All of this happens so fast Amy and Jordan can only sit and stare.

There's JUMPCUT blood, confusion.

AMY
(finally reacting)
Hey! Get off my fuckin' car!

She starts HONKING the horn which only adds to the chaos.

Then, before Amy and Jordan can blink, the Body materializes, like lightning in a bottle, **inside** the car, in the passenger seat, literally on Jordan's lap.

And we get our first good look at XAVIER RED, 22. Intensely sexy, industrial haircut, his perfect face spattered with crimson blood spangles, and his eyes, electric blue enough normally, juiced up past overload given the circumstances.

Locking the door behind him, he waves the red dripping knife at Amy and Jordan (who're still half-naked by the way), with more desperation than menace.

XAVIER
Pedal to the metal, sweetheart!

The two remaining Goons, whipped up into a murderous frenzy, POUND on the doors and windows of the Torino.

AMY
(screaming outside)
You're **denting** my fucking car!

XAVIER
(going absolutely insane)
Yo, bitch, would you just GO??!

JORDAN
Uh... Amy...

AMY
(going berserk herself)
GET YOUR FUCKING HANDS OFF MY
CAR!!!!

She fires up the engine and REVS it with a very impressive, testosterone-charged ROAR.

AMY (CONT'D)
 (muttering)
 Goddamnmother**fuck**ing....

She stomps on the gas and tires SQUEALING, the Torino nearly mows down the hate-crazed Goons. The G-force sends Xavier tumbling into the backseat, causing him to accidentally cut himself on the leg with his knife.

XAVIER
 ...fuck..!..

EXT. LOT - NIGHT

The Torino peels out of the garbage-strewn lot, leaving the Goons behind in the dust. As it speeds away, we SEE the car's tail end which is plastered with death, gloom and industrial stickers as well as one that proclaims "EAT SHIT AND DIE MOTHERFUCKER".

CUT TO:

SOUND PULLUP

The road rumbling by, SKINNY PUPPYish TORTURE on the stereo.

AMY (O.S.)
 I swear, if there is **one** dent in
 the door, **one** scratch in the
 paint...

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSEAT - NIGHT

Xavier examining his flesh wound (located dangerously close to the crotch of his holy Levis), trying to stop the flow of blood trickling out.

XAVIER
 What the fuck're you talking about?
 OW...
 (winces in pain)
 This car is older than you and your
 jailbait boyfriend combined...

Amy turns to glare at him.

AMY
 I **love** this car.
 (horrified)
 Oh my GOD, you're getting blood all
 over the upholstery!

XAVIER

Jesus, don't potty in your panties about it.

He starts wiping up the blood with the tail of his Revolting Cocks t-shirt.

AMY

Jordan, he is **bleeding** all over my upholstery!

JORDAN

It's OK Amy, he's cleanin' it up.

Jordan, hanging over the seat, gazes at the red stuff coming from Xavier's basket area.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

You alright, man?

XAVIER

Sure. I'm totally into getting the fuck beat out of me and slicin' up my own fuckin' leg...

AMY

You are really fuckin' rude. Y'know that? You are **really fuckin rude**.

Xavier rolls his eyes and finding a rag, starts tying a makeshift bandage around his upper thigh.

JORDAN

Hey, that's my shirt.

XAVIER

(looks at it)
Oh... sorry.

JORDAN

It's cool. Go ahead, use it.

AMY

That is **so** gross.

JORDAN

So who were those guys back there anyway?

Xavier finally stops the bleeding.

XAVIER

Assholes. Dickheads. Fanatical Young Republicans.

Xavier pulls the bandage taut around his muscular leg and CLICKS his blade shut, sliding it back into its proper place inside his left Doc Marten. In the nocturnal blue luminescence of the backseat, we notice now just how mesmerizingly, almost supernaturally handsome he is, vibrating with dangerous sexuality and a tragic vulnerability. You can tell by looking into his fathomless eyes that he's had a totally fucked up, crazy couple decades on the planet.

He starts distractedly gazing out his window.

JORDAN (O.S.)

What's your name, anyway?

XAVIER'S POV

A split-second SLO-MO blur. A lone illuminated billboard message in the darkness: "Don't Give Up. PRAY." passes by.

BACK TO SCENE

XAVIER

Huh?

JORDAN

What's your name?

Xavier looks at Jordan. Their eyelines connect like a livewire electrical system.

XAVIER

Xavier.

JORDAN

What?

XAVIER

(a tired routine)

Xavier. That's X-avier. Not "Hah-vee-ay". Not "Zay-veer". X-avier.

JORDAN

Oh.

AMY

That's the stupidest fuckin' name I've ever heard.

JORDAN

Is it cool if I just call you "X"? I can't really pronounce all that...

XAVIER
Only if I get to call you
"Nutlicker".

Jordan laughs with boyish bashfulness. Amy just scowls.

AMY
If bullshit were music, you'd be a
big brass band.

Xavier studies Amy with a sly smile.

XAVIER
What's with your lady here, Jordan?
Terminal PMS?

AMY
Fuck you.

Xavier's excited now, feeding off her spunky energy like a vampire.

XAVIER
No. Fuck **you**, you stinkin' kootch.
Fuck you, you big wet bearded clam!

AMY
FUCK. YOU!

XAVIER
(gleeful)
Fuck **you**, Fuck your **mother**, Fuck
your **brother**, Fuck your **ugly** dog...

CUT TO:

EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

The Torino SCREECHES to a halt in the shadow of a gigantic, surreal, all-lit-up oil refinery which looms, spewing poison into the blackness like some menacing death factory.

Amy leaps out of the idling auto, holding the door open.

AMY
Get OUT of my fucking car!

JORDAN
(sticking his head out)
C'mon, Amy. He didn't mean it. He's
just jokin' around...
(to Xavier)
Right X? Tell her...

Amy stands there, her breath forming clouds and her nipples hardening in the crispy night air.

Xavier sticks his head out too, his eyes all atwinkle.

XAVIER

Yeah, Amy. Don't get your uterus
all tied in a knot.

Amy sticks her hand in Xavier's face, practically poking his eye out with her finger.

AMY

Listen, gism-breath. I want you out
of my car **right this fucking
second!**

XAVIER

(to Jordan)

Is she always this aggressive,
Jordo?

Jordan doesn't even have time to reply before Amy grabs Xavier by his t-shirt collar. They're face-to-face in an intensely tight CU.

AMY

I'm not kidding, Scumfuck. **Get.
Lost.**

They have a long stare-off, their faces so close they're practically kissing...

Xavier takes this opportunity to lick his upper lip (the tip of his tongue barely grazes Amy's lips in the process). Then, as he sumptuously bites his thick lower lip, a smile, so sexy it's actually scary, creeps over his face.

XAVIER

You're, uh, giving me an erection.

AMY

You're **repugnant.**

Xavier's only response to Amy's fury is a bigger, more sinister smile, like he's either on drugs or just plain fucking crazy...

XAVIER

OK, Miss America. You win...
(looks heavenward)
Beam me up, Scotty!

He and Amy retreat, disappearing off opposite sides of the frame, leaving Jordan's RACK-FOCUSED face in the BG center.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
 (to Jordan as he exits)
 Later, gator.

He gets out of the car.

JORDAN
 Hey, what about my shirt?

Xavier looks down at the blood-soaked rag wrapped around his thigh. Smiling, he removes it and tosses it back to Jordan who catches it in mid-air.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 Thanks, X.

He slips the still-warm, moist, red-stained thing back on over his lean torso.

XAVIER
 My pleasure, Nutlicker.

Without a word, Amy marches back to the car, steps in and SLAMS the door shut. Xavier leans over toward her window and looks into her eyes with sincerity.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
 (beaming)
 Will you marry me?

Amy makes a face full of hate and tromps on the gas pedal.

The Torino tears off into the night, with Jordan waving goodbye forlornly from his window.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
 (yelling after them)
 Don't worry about decidin' right
 away. I mean, IT'S NOT LIKE I NEED
 AN ANSWER **IMMEDIATELY**. YOU CAN
 THINK ABOUT IT A WHILE, SLEEP ON
 IT!!.....

CU
 Xavier growing tinier and tinier in the rearview mirror, ranting and raving, like a miniature Beetlejuice. PAN and RACK to Jordan who turns from the mirror to Amy who stares stonefaced at the road ahead.

JORDAN
 (shaking his head)
 I swear, Amy. You can be so
 harsh...

Amy says nothing.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 I dunno, he seemed cool. Kinda
 strange, maybe...

AMY
 He was an anus-face.

JORDAN
 What were we talkin' about the
 other day, about trying to be less
 judgmental of people?...

AMY
 Fuck that.

Jordan can tell she's not exactly in the mood for a
 discussion. He changes the subject.

JORDAN
 I'm starvin'. Stop at the next
 QuickieMart, 'Kay?

Amy drives in silence.

CUT TO:

INT. QUICKIEMART - NIGHT

Gross CU
 Bright fuchsia raspberry slushie oozing plasma-like out of
 the stainless steel dispenser.

Smacking his lips, Jordan finishes filling his extra-large
 sports bottle and licks the excess slushie gobs from the lid
 with his pink tongue. He plunks his drink down on the "food
 area" counter next to his three SuperJumbo foot-long hot dogs
 which are piled obscenely high with relish, ketchup, onions,
 etc. It's an aesthetic/gastronomical nightmare.

JORDAN
 Sure y'don't want anything?

AMY
 (tensely dragging a cig)
 I'm speeding, remember?

JORDAN

Oh, yeah.

CLERK (O.S.)

Hey. Smoking in store, girlie.

Amy turns to find the CLERK, a vile-looking Vietnamese guy with a Coors cap on, leering at her. Behind him, his three Kewpie Doll KIDS sit in a row, totally decked out in Ninja Turtles merchandise, staring transfixed at an ultra-violent shoot-em-up COP SHOW on a tiny portable TV.

AMY

(weary)

Jesus.

She demonstratively grinds her cig out on the upturned sole of her pointy black goth boot then defiantly drops the butt to the filthy linoleum. The Clerk sneers.

CLERK

Pick up...girlie.

Amy rolls her eyes, makes a belligerent but cute face.

AMY

Eat my fuck.

Jordan tries to avoid making a scene.

JORDAN

Amy...

Casually, without fanfare, the Clerk pulls out a SAWED-OFF 12 GAUGE from behind the counter, points it at Amy and Jordan.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Holy shit.

CLERK

Pick up, **girlie**.

The Kids behind him are still totally oblivious. Actually, one of them, a little girl, looks up at her father nonchalantly - like this happens every night - and returns her attention to the TV.

Amy has a dour expression, like she just smelled something bad.

AMY

I'm **so** sure.

Amy's movement towards the door gets the gun aggressively aimed between her eyes. The Clerk shakes his head. Nuh uh. It is clear that he gets some kind of kinky satisfaction from holding our teens, especially ripe passion flower Amy, at bay.

CLERK
(one last time)
Six dollar. Sixty-six cents.

AMY
This is fuckin' ridiculous.
(furious at the Clerk)
What're you gonna do, **shoot** us? I mean, what is this, some kind of joke - like "Candid Camera" or something?

The Clerk makes no reply, only continuing to squint at Amy over the barrel of his raised gun...

SUDDENLY, in an arty ULTRA SLO-MO BLUR, a Figure bursts in from nowhere, tackling the evil Clerk. The shotgun goes off like a thunderclap, BLASTING the cigarette rack overhead, sending packs and stray cigs flying everywhere. This fracas actually causes the Kids to look up from the TV, but that's all they do: look up. They don't scream, run for cover, nothing...

It's Xavier, who else? Jordan and Amy are stunned.

XAVIER
(to Jordan and Amy)
Scram.

In the ensuing commotion, Jordan drops his hot dog fiasco to the floor, upside-down, SPLAT. Amy runs for the door, scooping up a few packs of cigs on the way, while Jordan swipes a couple sixers of Bud from a nearby display (I mean, why not?).

The Clerk starts BABBLING in Vietnamese as his Kids just sit there watching, like a row of weird little robot monkeys.

AMY
What the fuck d'you think you're doing?

Xavier, in the middle of a mortal struggle with the Clerk, yells:

XAVIER
Saving **your** fucking life.

AMY

Did I **ask** you for any big favors?
Huh?

Jordan takes Amy's arm.

JORDAN

Amy, c'mon....

AMY

Jordan, he is getting us into deep
shit.

From the back storeroom, the Clerk's WIFE appears, wielding a LARGE MACHETE and likewise JABBERING in a foreign tongue. Wearing one of those big rice farmer hats and a black peasant blouse, she could pass for an extra from *The Killing Fields*.

WIFE

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEYAAAAAAAAAAH!!!!

The Wife takes a slice at Xavier and ends up imbedding the blade in the plastic cash register which starts BLEEPING uncontrollably as the drawer flies open.

XAVIER

(getting frantic)
Would you guys just get the fuck
out of here?

AMY

(annoyed)
Christ.

The Wife by now has joined the fracas, trying to pry Xavier off her husband. And the Kids are still just watching like it's an episode of their favorite TV show.

Jordan's dragging Amy to the door.

JORDAN

Come **on**.

Just then, a gunshot EXPLODES OS. BLOOD sprays everywhere in the vicinity - the chattering Wife, the VitaminPaks, the neon pink-and-green sunglasses display, the row of Kids sitting there staring...

And the Clerk's head (just his HEAD, or what's left of it anyway) lands with a sickening THUK in the condiment bin across the room, right in the middle of the relish, onions and jalapeno peppers.

Xavier is left hugging a decapitated, blood-spewing corpse. Behind him, the Wife gapes in horror, making unsettling, animalistic HOWLING sounds. And the weird Kids just keep on staring.

Amy and Jordan stand there, dumbstruck, looking first at Xavier, then across the room at the head perched upright in the condiment... It all seems like some insane, drug-induced hallucination.

Then crazily, the dismembered head starts **talking**, emitting this guttural, unintelligible, scary-as-shit GIBBERISH as well as a grody rivulet of oozy blood-juice.

Xavier, Amy and Jordan FREAK. Xavier drops the beheaded cadaver to the floor, and Amy and Jordan, petrified a second ago, now cannot scurry fast enough towards the door. Xavier follows, pausing only to snatch some greenery (which is spattered with blood and brain bits) from the gaping open register.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUICKIEMART PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Beneath the glaring, eerily pulsating fluorescents, the terrified threesome scramble for the car, falling all over themselves like postpunk-poseur Three Stooges - filmed in torturously protracted SLO, SLOOOOOOOO-MO.

We abruptly SHIFT to 24fps real-time as the trio pile into Amy's car and go SCREECHING off into the all-enveloping abyss.

CUT TO:

SOUND PULLOVER

OS franticness. The car engine racing with angsty-torment-MUZIK (like "The Choke" or some such thing) hammering in the BG.

AMY (O.S.)
 (Valspeak at 78rpm)
 OhmyGodohmyGodohmy**God**....

XAVIER (O.S.)
 Relax. Relax.

CUT TO:

INT. TORINO - NIGHT

The threesome, squeezed into the frontseat, fritzing out.

XAVIER

...Would you **please** just fuckin
chill??!

Jordan's in a daze, like he's stoned.

JORDAN

...his head. His head, man. It
was **talkin'**...

Amy takes a deep breath.

AMY

Oh my God.

Xavier is struggling to remain calm.

XAVIER

Listen, we're probably cool. I
mean, that weirdo gook lady with
the machete probably doesn't even
speak English... I think
everything's gonna be fine.

AMY

What the fuck d'you mean
"everything's gonna be fine"? You
just blew somebody's **fuckin' head**
off!

XAVIER

You just gotta be the pessimist all
the time, don't you? Little Miss
Gloom and Doom. Well, fuck you. You
were there, you were both there
with me... and read my lips, we all
go down together. I fry, we **all**
fry...

AMY

Blow it out your crusty rectum,
loser. We don't know you, we barely
just met you, and we certainly
don't **like** you. You're fucking
crazy and... and... you're ugly
besides.

Xavier leans toward Amy, his eyes like road flares.

XAVIER

I love you too, darling.

The tension between the two of them could start a fire.

JORDAN

His fuckin head... it was in the
relish 'n' onions 'n' it was
talkin'...

Xavier loops his arms around both Amy and Jordan's necks in a twisted, muscular, sexual clench. Menacing and extremely seductive at the same time. A pact. With the bloody money gripped in his vise-like hands.

XAVIER

We are up to our blowholes in
trouble, compañeros. But we're in
it **together**.

Amy and Jordan trade nervous glances. It's all so totally unreal, like a shared bad dream they'll wake up from soon. They both look at Xavier who has this very disturbing smile spreading over his face.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

All for one and one for all.

AMY

(Suddenly realizing)
Hey. Gimme my fuckin' wallet back.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FATHOMLESS VOID - NIGHT

The car ZOOMS in flight down the expressway to oblivion.

CROSSFADE TO:

EXT. SLEEP-TIME MOTEL - NIGHT

The BUZZING, half-burntout neon sign. Freckled with dead bugs.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Utter blackness.

The SOUND of the key in the lock. Diffuse OS conversation.

JORDAN (O.S.)

I mean, don't y'think you oughta
call your mom or something?

Amy opens the door, the blue neon filtering in behind the
trio's ghostly silhouettes.

AMY

Tomorrow

Amy CLICKS on the light: the room is sparse, anonymous,
cheap. Depressing. Xavier trails the two of them, scoping out
their new surroundings like he's casing the joint.

XAVIER

What? Mommy and Daddy'll be all
worried about their baby girl?

AMY

(matter-of-fact)

My mom used to be a heroin addict;
now she's a Scientologist. My old
man's dead.

XAVIER

Oh, sorry.

AMY

I'm not. He was a bloated, alkie
pig who was always trying to molest
me.

XAVIER

(to Jordan)

How 'bout you?

JORDAN

My folks live in Encino.

XAVIER

Oh.

Xavier throws himself down on the queen-size bed, which we
notice is the only one in the room. He interlaces his hands
behind his head as his body bounces up and down rhythmically
on the springy mattress.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

My mom shot my dad then killed
herself when I was twelve.

Amy and Jordan stand there looking at Xavier who just smiles. Whether he's telling the truth or not, Amy at this point could frankly care less. She rolls her eyes and heads towards the bathroom.

AMY
I'm taking a bath.

She exits.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Amy sits naked in the tub in the steam-filled room the warm water comforting her like a good massage. Her hair all wet and straggly, her mascara running, she stares up at the ceiling. Weary, scared, she feels the direness of her situation closing in on her like a noose as she listens to the relentless, unnerving DRIP-DRIP-DRIP of the bath drain.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

On TV, some goofy DOG OBEDIENCE SCHOOL PROGRAM. This psychotic-looking LADY TRAINER giving lessons to a disinterested Lhasa Apso.

JORDAN (O.S.)
I love this show, man.

IN THE BLUE BEAM GLOW

Jordan zones out, drinking one of the stolen lukewarm Buds, his back up against the bed. Behind him, sitting cross legged on the mattress, Xavier unpeels his shirt, baring his smooth, tightly muscled torso. Given the sleazy setting and the laconic sexiness of the boys, there's a strange deja vu feeling to the scenario: it's like some half-remembered blue movie.

XAVIER
So how long've you and Princess
Leia been a couple?

Jordan sips on his brewski.

JORDAN
Fuck, a **long** time. Three months.

Xavier lounges on the bed, his upside-down head about a foot from Jordan's.

XAVIER
No way. Most of my relationships
last about three **days**...

Xavier's gaze catches Jordan like a butterfly in a net.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
...Or three hours.

Jordan smiles and takes another sip of beer.

JORDAN
Yeah, well, relationships bite.

Jordan notices that Xavier's got an elaborate, demonically bad-ass tattoo on his right shoulder which tendrils towards his erect nipple.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Wow. Righteous tattoo.

Xavier touches himself tenderly there.

XAVIER
Thanks.

Jordan leans in to get a closer look.

JORDAN
I been wantin' one forever but I
can't decide on a design I like
enough to, y'know, wear on my body
for like the rest of my life. It's
a big commitment.

He stares as if hypnotized (or wasted) at the colorful ink surgically sewn into Xavier's supple flesh.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
I sure do like yours a lot
though...

As he keeps gazing, the homoerotic tension between the boys rises like two horny dicks.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
(abruptly belching)
I gotta take a whiz.

He gets up, leaves Xavier lying there, prone on the bed.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Amy doesn't react at all when Jordan comes in, still clinging to his nearly-drained Bud like a pacifier.

JORDAN

Hi.

AMY

Hi.

JORDAN

I gotta piss.

Amy looks at him like "Yeah. So?"

Jordan goes over to the toilet. Undoes his jeans and takes a long, loud pee. The SOUND of it fills the warm, moist space. Amy looks at Jordan. Jordan looks back at Amy. They're suspended there a minute: him standing by the toilet, her dripping in the tub.

Everything - their confusion, teenage doubt, insecurity, fear, their goofy strange love - all that and more flows silently between them like electrical current.

Not even bothering to stuff his still dribbling, semi-erect (though, of course, discretely OS) cock back into his pants, Jordan goes over to Amy and sets his beer bottle down with a THUNK.

The two lovers begin passionately sucking face, becoming a pretzel of grabbing hands and intertangling limbs. As they both work to rip Jordan's clothes off, Amy pulls her semi-naked boyfriend into the hot water and they make insane, violent love: their hormone-charged, pent-up emotion transformed into raw, obsessive fucking. They're like two terrified animals slaughtering each other.

BACK TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

On the TV, The DOG TRAINING SHOW gets ZAPPED in a flurry of restless CHANNEL-SWITCHING. Random FLASHFRAGMENTS of Video America: THE HOME SHOPPING CLUB, quasi-pornographic Soloflex COMMERCIALS, dopey SITCOM RERUNS, old COLORIZED MOVIES... then a HANDHELD NFWSCAMERA POV of the horrific carnage at the QuickieMart comes on...

Xavier rolls out of bed and stares at the flickering screen.

NEWSWOMAN (V.O.)

Now some of this footage may be too gruesome for some audience members, so viewer discretion is advised.

On TV, just incredible gore. Grisly shots of the blood-covered store, the Clerk's head sitting in the condiment tray...

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

Police say that the severed head of QuickieMart proprietor, Nguyen Kok-Suk, was still talking when it was discovered, at approximately 2:39 am, this morning, by a Jerseymaid deliveryman...

MORE TV. More gore. Footage of the Wife and Kids, all likewise dead. Their corpses swimming in huge pools of blood.

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

...And the San Fernando Valley Sheriffs Department is still investigating the bizarre, ritualistic slaying of Mr. Suk's wife and children as well...

On TV, Inside the NEWSROOM, the *Mademoiselle*-ish NEWSWOMAN sits next to her very serious-looking **GQ**-clone CO-ANCHORPERSON.

NEWSWOMAN

It appears that the Shopkeeper's wife, who is believed to be an illegal alien, was so distraught over the slaying of her husband that she took the lives of her children, **disemboweling** them...

CO-ANCHORPERSON

Wait just a second there... **disemboweling** them?

NEWSWOMAN

Yes, Chet, that's right, **dis-em-boweling** them, before taking the knife to herself in some kind of unusual suicide rite.

The Co-Anchorperson shakes his head with rehearsed remorse.

CO-ANCHORPERSON

Tragic.

NEWSWOMAN

Isn't it, though? And the police so far have only one clue to the identity of Mr. Suk's murderer or murderers...

On Tv, INSERT CU of a tiny silver skull earring held in a pair of police forceps.

NEWSWOMAN (V.O.)

This skull earring, the type sold most frequently in rock'n'roll paraphernalia shops on Melrose and on Hollywood Boulevard...

CUTAWAY TO:

EERIE, SLO-MO MOS CU

Jordan's devouring Amy's neck in oblivious ecstasy. Creeping ZOOM in on the empty hole in his pierced left ear.

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

...Often worn by homosexuals satanists and members of other dangerous cult groups...

BACK TO:

TV, The *Stepford Wifelike* Newscasters.

CO-ANCHORPERSON

Hold it, Sandy. Correct me if I'm wrong, but don't lots of people, especially trendy teenagers following the latest "fad", kids who are otherwise perfectly "normal", don't they wear earrings similar to the one shown here?

NEWSWOMAN

Yes, well, Chet, that **is** a problem...

BACK TO:

XAVIER, blankly taking this all in like it's an acid flashback or something. Finally giving up on the media vaudeville, he rolls off the bed.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Approaching the bathroom, Xavier peers through a lit crack in the door. He watches Amy and Jordan going at it in the tub. Trying, not very successfully, to contain their teen sex-whimpering.

Xavier is fascinated and enormously aroused by what he's seeing. CAMERA TILTS down following his hand as it delves into the dark recesses beneath the waistband of his torn Levis. As he begins to stroke himself, the buttons of his worn fly start opening all by themselves.

CU tight on Xavier's enraptured face as we hear the OS rustle of his pants coming apart and slipping down...

INTERCUT - SERIES OF SHOTS

Amy, Jordan and Xavier rapidly approaching orgasm, framed progressively tighter, tighter, tighter. The CUTS build in speed, rhythm and intensity, coming faster and faster until all three of them reach a wild, brutal simultaneous climax, with Amy and Jordan practically drowning each other in the process.

After this strenuous bit of MONTAGE, the film calms down some, breathing easier, as both the compositions and the editorial pace relax...

Xavier is left with a gooey mess on his hands. He goes to get something (his own discarded t-shirt) to wipe himself with.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Amy and Jordan are out of breath but at the same time, totally wired, trembling in the aftermath of their carnal knowledge. Amy leans back, letting her head tip into the warm water while Jordan sprawls over the edge of the white tub. He looks over at her and unable to restrain himself, bursts out laughing. Amy starts laughing too, submerging her whole head underwater.

Amy spits a mouth flil of water at Jordan which starts a huge splashing water fight (they're acting like the kids they never truly got the chance to be). In their horsing around, Jordan slips on the slick porcelain and KABONKS his head on the tiled rim.

JORDAN
SHIT. Owwww...

Blood begins flowing from his nose, red liquid trickling all over his hands, on Amy's nude body, dripping into the tepid water. Amy is grossed out by the spectacle, but giggles at the same time.

AMY

Smooth move, ex-lax.

JORDAN

Oh, man...

AMY

Here. Pinch the bridge of your nose.

Amy reaches over to demonstrate.

AMY (CONT'D)

Pinch it. There...

SUDDENLY, the door is KICKED OPEN, causing both Amy and Jordan to just about jump out of their wet, taut skin.

XAVIER

I'm so fuckin' hungry I could eat my leg. How 'bout a little foodular action?

Amy and Jordan, stark naked, dripping water and blood, just look at Xavier who stands over them grinning.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

Come on, you fornicators.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHATABURGER - NIGHT

At the totally hip, striped pyramid of a fast-food joint that could easily pass for a 60s pop-op art sculpture. In the drive-thru with the top down, our threesome sit idling at a SQUAWKING intercom (Jordan has a wad of Kleenex shoved into his nostril to halt the blood flow). Something like CHRIS AND COSEY's "Rise" is percolating on the car stereo.

XAVIER

Ever notice how this whole city smells like a big fart?

CASHIER (V.O.)

(his voice all crackly)
Welcome to Whataburger. May I have your order please?

XAVIER
Gimme the Slop-O-Rama Bellybuster,
no onions, a Passion Fruit
Slurpster... and an order of Curly-
Q Fries.

JORDAN
I'll have Barbecue Beef Chunks.
Some Fried Cheeseballs. And an
Evian.

AMY
Diet Coke, extra large.

JORDAN
(to Xavier, explaining)
She never eats when she does
crystal.

AMY
Shut up.

CASHIER (V.O.)
That'll be all?

JORDAN
Yup.

Jordan, cleaning out his ear, notices his missing earring.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Hey, I lost my earring.

CASHIER (V.O.)
That'll be six sixty-six. Please
pull forward to the window.

Amy starts the car moving.

AMY
(to Jordan)
What?

JORDAN
My earring. It must have fallen
out.
(bummed)
Shit.

AMY
(rolling her eyes)
Jordan, we are in like this total
predicament and you're worried
about losing a fucking earring?

Jordan is looking around in the seat.

JORDAN

It's got sentimental value. My mom gave it to me when I finally passed algebra-trig.

XAVIER

(to Amy)

Well, you can relax your royal sphincter muscle, your highness. The crazy machete lady offed herself and her kids, so there's no witnesses left.

AMY, JORDAN

(simultaneous)

What???

XAVIER

It was on the news. They're all dead.

AMY

You are so full of sheep excrement it's not even funny.

XAVIER

Hey, I saw it on TV, so it's gotta be true, right?

Amy and Jordan both eye him skeptically.

JORDAN

Yeah, but what if that guy's head is still talkin' 'n' he tells the cops everything?

They reach the pickup window. Grease drips from the bottom of the cardboard box which the pimply-faced, long-haired CASHIER hands to Amy.

AMY

(re: the greasy box)

Grossify me.

CASHIER

Six sixty-six.

A psychotic glint flashes in his eye as he sees Amy.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

Sunshine?

AMY
 (to Xavier)
 Gimme some money...

The Cashier stares incredulously at Amy.

CASHIER
 Sunshine, is that you?

AMY
 I think you must have me mixed up
 with someone else...

She diverts her attention back to Xavier, losing patience.

AMY (CONT'D)
 Gonad-face, gimme some money!

The Cashier is growing more agitated.

CASHIER
 Don't lie to me, Sunshine. I know
 it's you.

AMY
 Look, you fuckin chunky
 pumpkinhead, I don't know what the
 hell you're talking about...

Amy starts to lose it and swats Xavier on the arm.

AMY (CONT'D)
 Give me some fuckin' money!

CASHIER
 (near tears)
 Sunshine, you said you loved me.
 You said you'd never leave me. I'll
 never forget you...

Amy throws up her hands.

AMY
 What is this, Night of the Living
 Braindead?
 (blowing up)
 Wake up and smell the cappuccino,
 geek. I don't know you, I've never
 even fuckin' seen you before, I
 don't know who the fuck this
 "Sunshine" is...

CASHIER

You whore... You broke my fuckin'
heart!

XAVIER

C'mon "Sunshine", give the poor guy
a break...

AMY

(gone)

**SHUT THE FUCK UP AND GIMME SOME
MOTHERFUCKING MONEY!!!!**

The Cashier, who is by now sobbing hysterically, reaches under the counter and pulls out a HUGE SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN, not unlike the QuickieMart Guy's.

AMY (CONT'D)

Oh, fuck.

CASHIER

If I can't have you, no one will.

Amy floors it and the Torino, tires SHRIEKING, peels out of the drive-thru. The Cashier leaps out of his window and starts taking crazed potshots at them which BOOM out, echoing in the night.

AMY

(yelling back)

Goddamn looney psycho-nimrod!!!!

The Torino tears off into the distance as the Cashier, hyperventilating, rips off his apron. His CO-WORKER, a tall, scrawny black dude comes up behind him.

CO-WORKER

Yo, Bartholomew. Whassup, man?

CASHIER

It was Sunshine. I know it was her... I could tell by her smell. And she was with these two prettyboy faggots. They must've abducted and brainwashed her...

He starts the walk away.

CO-WORKER

Hey, where you goin'? You can't just leave; your shift's not over yet.

CASHIER
(with icy determination)
The bitch. I'm gonna find her...
And I'm gonna kill her.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The trio burst into the room where the TV has been left on, blithering to no one. Xavier munching fries, Jordan popping cheese balls, Amy struggling to light a cig.

AMY
Is it a full fuckin' moon or what?
I mean, what the fuck is goin' on?

XAVIER
You shouldn't'a broken his lil ol'
achey heart like that, Sunshine.

Amy is turning on Xavier like a hellcat.

AMY
Cram it, asscrack. We wouldn't be
in this mess if it wasn't for
you...

XAVIER
Mellowize thysself, fishwich.

Xavier takes a big, nauseating bite out of his burger.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
Ever considered cuttin' down on
your crystal intake a bit?
Cripes...

Amy lunges for Xavier.

AMY
I HAVE HAD IT WITH YOU!

Jordan drops his cheeseballs and intercepts her with a half-wrestler's grip, half-comforting embrace.

JORDAN
Don't worry, Amy. We're here, we're
safe, everything's cool.

AMY
 (into his chest)
 Jordan, I just wanna go home and
 forget this whole entire
 nightmare...

Jordan holds her consolingly. They stand there intertwined
 for a touching adolescent moment while Xavier unceremoniously
 wolfs down his burger.

JORDAN
 It's alright, Amy. Really. In the
 morning, we'll figure it all out...

AMY
 Yeah, sure.

Amy yawns and makes a scrunchy face.

AMY (CONT'D)
 I'm gonna go get ready for bed.

JORDAN
 (smiles)
 'Kay.

They peck-kiss, husband-and-wife-like, and Amy starts towards
 the bathroom.

AMY
 And brush your teeth before you
 turn in, otherwise you'll have
 cheese breath.

She leaves the room.

XAVIER
 (belches)
 I get the feeling Amy doesn't like
 me very much, Jordo.

JORDAN
 Don't take it personal, X. She's
 just a little... aloof till you get
 to know her. Hey, can I have a
 fry?

Xavier holds out the bag and Jordan takes a handful of the
 squiggly-shaped things.

XAVIER
 Well, she acts like she's got the
 world shoved up her ass.

Xavier forages around in his sack of grease.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
Shit. No ketchup.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

The room is completely dark, except for the flickering, fireplace-like glow of the TV set, left on like a blue eye nightlight. Amy and Jordan sleep, chastely side by side. Jordan SNORING loudly, totally out. The peaceful, waif-like beauty of the pair is positively phosphorescent: they look like a matched set of slumbering angels (it helps that Jordan's removed the bloody kleenex from his nostril).

Xavier, shirtless in the chair across from them, is like a contorted embryo, draped in his beat-up leather jacket. Unable to sleep, he stares, his eyes practically glowing, catlike in the murkiness. The way he's watching Amy and Jordan, it's like he's in some kind of deep, demonic trance... Slowly, silently, almost somnambulistically, he rises.

The RUSTLE of his jacket falling and hitting the floor is the only sound that disturbs the omnipresent ambiance of the far-off highway and the steady rhythm of Jordan's snoring (which is so regular it sounds like a computer sample).

Not taking his eyes off Amy and Jordan, he stands over them, right in between them in another perfectly symmetrical THREESHOT. He could be the Night Stalker or Nosferatu, the Vampire. But instead of draining the blood from their tender, young jugulars, he methodically, like he's in slow-motion, undoes his pants and starts to masturbate (again)... (his back is, of course, to the CAMERA which discretely hides his cock from view.)

He languidly licks the palm of his hand for lubrication purposes. The squishy NOISE his hand makes sliding up and down his dick is subtle, but it or something unknown rouses Amy. Her eyes open wide, staring in shock at Xavier stroking his protruding member. She could scream out loud, but doesn't. He should be embarrassed, caught literally with his pants down, but isn't.

Their initial mutual surprise gradually, inevitably melts like an icecube under the sun, becoming a pool of electrically-charged desire. Eye contact between the pair is unbreachable, creating an irresistible magnetic pull.

The space between them shrinks until their profiles are barely a breath apart in a very intimate CU. Amy's voice is a whisper; her eyes are glued to his OS erection.

AMY

I've never seen a tattoo there
before...

Xavier smiles mischievously.

XAVIER

Touch it.

Amy looks into Xavier's hypnotic eyes then returns her attention to his throbbing boner. She hesitates...

XAVIER (CONT'D)

Go ahead... Indulge...

She bites her lower lip. Then reaches down, tentatively, frightened at first, but definitely fascinated and turned-on. She slowly begins working her hand up and down, transfixed by her own actions.

Xavier closes his eyes, savoring the full effect of her tiny, warm hand on his joystick. Reopening his eyes, he's enthralled by the expression of childlike wonder on Amy's face.

AMY

(curious whisper)
What is it?

XAVIER

Hmm?

AMY

What's it a picture of?

Xavier gazes down lovingly at his OS dick.

XAVIER

Can't you tell?

He casts an evil smile.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

It's Jesus.

AMY

Nuh-uh.

Amy giggles as she takes a closer look.

AMY (CONT'D)
 Why the hell do you have Jesus
 tattooed on the head of your cock?

Xavier is super-seductively nibbling on his lower lip.

XAVIER
 So people, when I'm boning 'em, can
 go "I've got Jesus inside me"...

They crack up, straining to keep it quiet so as not to wake the snoring Jordan. And the most logical way to accomplish that, since their faces are so close together anyway, is to melt together in a desperate, tonsil-exchanging kiss. This goes on for awhile, until they need to come up for air.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
 (heavy)
 I'm gonna vacuum your tongue right
 out of your face...

Amy looks at him, filled with a weird mix of nervousness, excitement and head-spinning lust. They french some more with a passion that swallows them both whole. As their hands explore, feeling each other's parts, roaming all over, both of them begin losing control, making sex noises...

In the throes of some turbulent dream, Jordan rolls over which causes Amy and Xavier to freeze like kids playing a game of statues. They look at each other and at the still-gone Jordan, wondering what to do...

Xavier tries to kiss Amy again but she pulls away.

AMY
 Wait.

She contemplates for a second.

AMY (CONT'D)
 C'mon.

She leads him, her hand still gripping his cock, out of the bed.

CUT TO:

INT. TORINO - NIGHT

They tumble into the vast recesses of the huge backseat - makeout heaven - and resume tearing into each other, demolishing what's left of each other's clothes.

Swept up in a tide of post-adolescent horniness, they're grunting, tugging, grinding, going at it like there's no tomorrow.

Xavier disposes of Amy's top and feasts upon the perfect alabaster flesh of her torso. Closing her eyes, she luxuriates in the dizzying sensations running through her young body. Then suddenly--

AMY
(jumps)
OW!!

Xavier raises his head, revealing a smudge of blood on his full, swollen lips.

AMY (CONT'D)
You fucker! You bit me.

He smiles, and with a wild pagan look in his eyes, he bends to gently lick up the tiny rivulet of red dripping from her small, white breast. Amy is, by now, so turned on she's nearly asphyxiating. She crams her tongue into Xavier's mouth, tastes her own blood. As they come apart, their faces are so close they're using the same oxygen.

XAVIER
I wanna fuck you so fierce I could die.

Amy and Xavier plummet into the limbo of each other's eyes. They kiss some more, re-positioning their bodies in preparation for entry and blastoff. They're nose to nose in a very private CU which is held for the rest of the scene. After all, this is a respectable art film, not some sleazoid skinflick, so the details are left up to your dirty imagination...

XAVIER (CONT'D)
Stroke it.

She does. Xavier shuts his eyes with pleasure.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
Squeeze it.

Amy does. Xavier shudders.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
Look at it.

Amy does, enraptured. Xavier leans in and traces the outline of her trembling mouth with his tongue.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
 (barely a whisper)
 Now put it in.

Fumbling a bit, awkward, Amy tries to. Xavier cruelly tantalizes her.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
 Little....by.....little...

Amy does as instructed. As Xavier enters her bit by excruciating bit, the pleasure is almost too much for them to bear.

When his cock finally does make it all the way in, the earth practically whirls off its axis. Successfully coupled, they begin moving in tandem. Slowly at first, then faster, faster...

AMY
 Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, SWEET
 JESUS GOD, FUCK ME..!...

Xavier does. They're like wild animals, Amy's head banging hard against the steamed-up glass. THUMP THUMP THUMP...

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Dark shadowy activity is barely visible going on inside the Torino - a murder could be taking place. The whole vehicle is rocking in time with the pair's violent humping accompanied by the insistent percussive pounding of Amy's head on the window. THUMP THUMP THUMP...

BACK TO:

INT. TORINO - NIGHT

Amy and Xavier about to plunge into orgasmic oblivion. THUMP THUMP THUMP goes Amy's head.

XAVIER
 (breathless)
 I'm gonna come.

AMY
 (in torturous ecstasy)
 Already?

XAVIER
 Don't worry, I'm usually good for
 about six times a night.

AMY
 (laughs)
 Nuh-uh.

XAVIER
 Four at least. How 'bout you? You
 anywhere close?

AMY
 Well...
 (she thinks)
 Sorta...

XAVIER
 I can't hold it much longer... I,
 I...

THUMP THUMP THUMP... Xavier digs in his heels, preparing to go for the gold... But SUDDENLY BLINDING HEADLIGHTS flood the backseat, rudely interrupting his cataclysmic climax (It's about as subtle as cops kicking the door in.).

Amy and Xavier scramble panicked for their clothes, ducking down and peering into the darkness.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A shadowy FIGURE hops out of an idling, gigantic 4 by 4 and silhouetted in the glaring mandala of the headlights, pauses to finish off a quart of JD. He tosses the bottle away and it makes a tiny, shattering SOUND which is virtually drowned out by the truck's macho RUMBLING.

The Figure cocks a huge phallic shotgun, marches towards the sleepy bungalow.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Jordan, faraway in dreamsville, his angelic boy-features serene in the blue dimness. His mouth, wide open SNORING, is weirdly, silently filled by the long, cold metal shaft of a rifle barrel... Awaking abruptly, gagging, he sees HIS POV following the receding one-point perspective of the gun barrel to the scary Whataburger CASHIER, lit low-angle ala Freddy Krueger, his face covered with demonic voodoo-ish warpaint.

BACK TO SCENE

Jordan stares at the waking nightmare, his teeth involuntarily CHATTERING against the shaft of metal in his mouth.

CASHIER
Where is she? Where is my little
dandelion flower??

Jordan can't answer - even if his vocal cords weren't petrified with terror, he does have a fucking gun shoved down his throat after all.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
Tell me where she is or you'll have
a mangled stump in place of that
fairy face o' yours.

Jordan swallows a big gulp of saliva collecting, almost chokes on it.

The Cashier practically has screws popping out of his head.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
TELL ME WHERE SHE IS, YOU FUCKING
SLIMY PIECE OF QUEERBAIT!

AMY (O.S.)
I'm right here, love-bucket.

The Cashier whips around and sees Amy standing there in the luminous back-lit doorway, looking positively ethereal. Actually, she looks a lot like the girl from Dead Can Dance in the "Lonely Is An Eyesore" video...

Momentarily stunned by Amy's transcendental beauty, the Cashier allows the shotgun to slip from Jordan's aching mouth.

CASHIER
(awestruck)
My honeysuckle rose...

Letting the gun drop to his side, he walks in a trance-like state towards Amy who waits for him, arms outstretched in a pool of romantic blue light.

AMY
I missed you so much, darling...

Her hands on his arms, she slowly rotates him around as if in a surrealistic waltz. The Cashier's head spins with unadulterated love and adoration.

AMY (CONT'D)
 You know I could never live without
 you, my bumpkins...

Amy leans in, her succulent lips practically touching hers.

AMY (CONT'D)
 I've been dreaming of this moment
 for months...

Amy suddenly rams her knee into the Cashier's swelling crotch as hard as she can, then belts him across the jaw. Xavier, WAILING like a fucking banshee, pounces on the poor guy from behind.

As they battle for control of the shotgun, we should start getting a strange feeling of deja vu... Amy pulls Jordan (who's still not sure whether he's having a bad dream or what) from the bed.

AMY (CONT'D)
 Come on!

Jordan's frantically looking around the floor.

JORDAN
 My pants...

AMY
 Jordan...

She pushes Jordan who wraps himself in a blanket (which he trips on), towards the door. Xavier's locked in combat with the Cashier.

XAVIER
 (struggling)
 Start the car!

CASHIER
 (to Amy, desperate)
 My babycakes! My cuddlemuffin!!
 Don't leave me again!!!

Amy shoots one last look at the fanatically obsessed Cashier.

AMY
 Get a fuckin' life, dogbreath.

She and Jordan make a run for it.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Through the illuminated circles of the pickup's headlamps, Amy and Jordan flee, Jordan's blanket flapping wildly in the wind.

CUT TO:

INT. TORINO - NIGHT

They pile into the front seat, SLAMMING the doors. Amy starts the engine with a mighty ROAR. They sit there a second, waiting for Xavier, catching their breath. Jordan, wrapped in his blanket, looks like Meryl Streep in The French Lieutenant's Woman.

JORDAN

Ever feel like reality is more
twisted than dreams?

Amy is too weary to do any more than give him a deadpan look. SUDDENLY There's another shotgun BLAST, followed by a bloodcurdling SCREAM.

AMY

Not again...

Both she and Jordan stare out the grimy windshield at THEIR POV. Xavier is running towards them. He's got something attached to his right bicep, which we SEE as he gets closer is the Cashier's arm, just his fucking bloody ARM. He can't seem to get the reflexively-gripping limb off - it's like some extraterrestrial parasite.

Behind him, like a nightmare apparition, the Cashier comes staggering out, his arm socket spewing out rhythmic geysers of red goop.

BACK TO SCENE.

Amy and Jordan stunned by what they're seeing: it's just too horrific to be real. The SLAM of the cardoor as Xavier dives into the backseat jolts them out of their stupor.

Xavier tries frantically to get the arm.

XAVIER

Jam on it, girlfriend!

AMY

Get that fuckin' thing out of my
car!!

XAVIER

I'm tryin'!!! What'd you think--

He finally manages to yank the creepy thing off and opening the door, he hurls it out. It hits the Cashier who's coming at them like a Dawn of the Dead zombie.

Xavier barely gets his door closed and locked before the Cashier throws his body against Xavier's window, his pulsating blood splashing all over the glass.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

**GOD FUCKING DAMNIT, AMY! WOULD YOU
KINDLY TROMP ON THE FUCKING GAS
PEDAL?!!!**

Amy shuts her eyes like she's on a roller coaster about to plunge and smashes the accelerator to the floor.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Cashier slumps to the ground as the Torino fishtails, kicking up gravel as it peels away into the inky darkness. The Cashier's face, illuminated by the harsh glare of his truck's blazing headlights, is contorted with pain as in the FG of the wide-angle SHOT, his arm continues spasmodically convulsing.

His eyes brimming with tears, the Cashier mumbles:

CASHIER

You are my Sunshine... My darling
Sunshine... You make me happy when
skies are grey...

CUT TO:

DRIVING POV

Past an all-litup miniature golf course. Totally surreal fairytale castles and rocketships glowing in the universal blackness. Creepy COIL-ish TRANCE-DANCE throbs over the car stereo.

AMY (O.S.)

What is with you? Do you have to
kill someone every fuckin' time we
stop the car?!

INT. TORINO - NIGHT

The threesome speeding along, Amy tensely dragging on a direly-needed cig.

XAVIER

Well, pardon me for rescuing your ingrate ass twice in the same night, you fuckin' furry tuna taco.

AMY

You don't care about anything, do you? You have no guilt, no remorse. You murdered two people tonight. Doesn't that faze you at all?

Xavier stares her in the eye.

XAVIER

Yeah, I'm bummed. To the max.

Amy glares at him as Jordan, wrapped in his Meryl Streep blanket, sneezes. Xavier continues, cool as a psychotic cucumber:

XAVIER (CONT'D)

But it's not like I've never done it before.

AMY

Excuse me?

Jordan looks at Xavier with a mix of fear and fascination.

JORDAN

How many people've you...?

Xavier shrugs, nonchalant.

XAVIER

Just a few. 'n' all of 'em deserved it, or wore a uniform, or both...

Amy rolls her eyes.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

Like the first, this ugly sow of a parking cop. Y'know how they're so full of themselves, they got their fuckin' badge, they think they're all bad. Well, this one lardass cunt tickets me for bein' in a red zone for like ten seconds.

(MORE)

XAVIER (CONT'D)

So I'm there in the street arguin'
with her 'n' she's just smiling,
smug as shit, writin' me up...

JORDAN

How old were you?

XAVIER

Eighteen. No, seventeen... Finally,
I just full-on lost it. I grabbed
the bitch by her kinky 'fro and
started poundin' her head into the
hood of her nice white Parking Pig-
mobile. Then I closed the door on
her skull a buncha times till she
was dead. La Mort. History.

JORDAN

No way...

XAVIER

Way, dude. There was blood fuckin'
everywhere. All over me, the car,
her little pink ticket book...

Amy shakes her head, not believing a word.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

All these people were gathered
around watchin'... 'n' y'know what?
Nobody lifted a finger to stop me.
In fact, a couple of 'em even
started applaudin', rootin' me
on...

AMY

(scowling)

God, take a reality pill.

XAVIER

Hey, I still got the scar...

Xavier holds up his left hand as a display.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

Teethmarks from where the bitch bit
me.

Jordan carefully examines the scar, which is like the faint
impression of a butterfly on his skin. Amy turns away; she's
had enough for one night. Xavier kicks back, grinning like a
happy demon.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
 Shit, I tell you, those cops are
 like goddamned savage animals...

They drive off.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STOP 'N' GO - THE NEXT MORNING

Another blazing, blinding day. The sun shines like a big,
 all-revealing eye. The Torino slowly grumbles into the gravel
 lot.

INT. TORINO - MORNING

Amy (in way chic Antonioni-esque sunglasses) cuts the engine,
 turns to Xavier who's in back, picking flakes of dried blood
 off his bare torso. Jordan is asleep next to her, curled up
 infantlike in his swaddling blanket.

Amy holds her hand out to Xavier, sullen.

AMY
 Gimme some money.

All Xavier gives her is a wry, sly look. Amy's not in the
 mood for any games.

AMY (CONT'D)
 Gimme some fuckin money or I'll
 tear your face off with my bare
 hands.

Xavier smiles, pushing her buttons.

XAVIER
 Greedy capitalist wench.

He fishes a blood-caked twenty out of his jeans which Amy
 snatches away faster than a cobra.

AMY
 (smirking sickly sweet)
 Thanks, hon.

She exits. Xavier watches her go like a fox. Resumes removing
 the blood flakes from his skin...

CUT TO:

INT. STOP 'N' GO - MORNING

Oversized CU Three titanic styrofoam cups filled to the brim with black java. Amy's trembling hands pour in about a zillion of those teeny half-and-halves which create cool Jackson Pollack-esque patterns as they dissipate in the hot brown liquid.

Then she adds about a dozen sweet'n' lows and sucks down the life-giving brew, like a junkie getting a fix. She lids the coffees and gathers them and their breakfasts - garish pink snowballs, primary-colored candy bars, gummi bears, BBQ pork rinds, etc. Takes all the shit to the register.

The grouchy-looking IRANIAN CLERK with a turban on his head listlessly rings up her tab. She adds a pack of Hi-NRG Multi-Vitamins to the heap. Two packs. The register goes BEEP BEEP BEEP.

Amy decides at the last minute to also get an order of plastic-cheezefood-coated Nachos, which are rotating in a crematorium-like display case/oven.

AMY
(pointing)
...And some nachos.

BEEP BEEP. The Clerk sets a tray of the orange and yellow things on the counter.

IRANIAN CLERK
Six sixty six.

Crunching a goo-covered chip, Amy fishes out the blood-crusted bill. The Clerk takes it and makes change, oblivious.

JARRING CUT TO:

VIDEO POV

Omniscient HIGH-ANGLE view of the transaction as seen through the all-watching eye of the Big Brotherish behind-the-counter CAMERA.

AMY
(taking her change)
Thanks.

She collects her stuff and is out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. TORINO - MORNING

Amy sits, distributes the goods. Finally semi-awake, Jordan's already got a stogie smoldering between his lips.

JORDAN
All hail the Coffee and Cigarette
God!

He proceeds to likewise pour tons of cream and real sugar into his java. Amy hands a coffee to Xavier who, being a man (or at least over 21), drinks his black.

XAVIER
Where's my change?

AMY
(getting a cig)
Drop dead, dunghead.

Jordan lights Amy's cigarette as Xavier scavenges through the cache of junk food.

XAVIER
No Zagnut bars?

AMY
(matter-of-fact)
Life is a chewy shit sandwich.

She drags on her cig and as the caffeine and nicotine hit her bloodstream, she suddenly feels all peaceful.

AMY (CONT'D)
Well, what now?

XAVIER
Go fetch me some Zagnut bars,
wench.

AMY
Fuck you.

XAVIER
(chewing a Snowball)
You already have.

Amy, exhaling a stream of smoke, looks at Xavier who's chewing on a mouthful of pink coconut ooze.

AMY
What?

XAVIER

Fucked me.

Jordan is confused, munching on a handful of nachos. Amy glares at Xavier then all of a sudden SLAPS him hard across the face.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

Ow!!

AMY

You are such the prick.

XAVIER

(to Jordan)

Yeah, well, that's not exactly how she phrased it last night.

AMY

You think you're funny? You're not. You're pathetic.

Jordan, still not sure what they're talking about, continues chowing down as Xavier begins stroking the tip of his nose with the length of his index finger. He inhales dreamily, runs his tongue along it, like it's a loaded gun.

Xavier offers his extended finger to Jordan.

XAVIER

Sniff my finger.

Jordan looks at Xavier, puzzled.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

Go ahead. Sniff my finger 'n' tell me it doesn't smell like your little girlfriend's sweet juicy snatch.

Outraged, Amy lunges for Xavier, her claws outstretched. Food goes flying everywhere.

AMY

I'm gonna **STRANGLE** you!!!

Xavier laughs hysterically like he's demented. He grabs Amy tight by the wrists, obviously delighted by her fury as she struggles.

AMY (CONT'D)

I HATE YOU-I HATE YOU-I HATE YOU!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

She spits in Xavier's face and breaks free, fleeing from the car, practically in tears. Jordan, still chewing, just watches the entire spectacle, befuddled.

CUT TO:

EXT. STOP 'N' GO - MORNING

Amy runs across the parking lot, through a vacant, overgrown field behind the market. She pauses at an industrial-looking, graffiti-scrawled DWP water main to fumblingly light another cigarette with her shaking hands. She pulls the carcinogenic smoke deep into her young lungs.

After a beat and a half, Jordan comes over (still wrapped in his blanket, he now looks more like one of the Sandpeople in Star Wars).

JORDAN

Hi.

Amy doesn't say anything, paces around, puffing tensely on her cig. Jordan sits down on one of the big, cold rusty pipes.

AMY

He's a liar. Y'know that, don't you?

Jordan shrugs.

JORDAN

It doesn't matter.

Amy adjusts her Monica Vitti sunglasses. Takes another drag.

AMY

I mean, even if I did get together with him, and this isn't saying I did or anything, but if I did, y'know that it wouldn't actually mean anything... I mean, y'know that I really only love you, right?

Jordan just looks at her a minute. Drags on his own cigarette.

JORDAN

Yeah.

He smiles a smile that communicates something, everything (or nothing). Then shrugs again.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Whatever, Amy.

He rises to kiss her sweetly on the cheek. They embrace.

AMY

I wish that we could ditch him
someplace, Jordan. Just get rid of
him and forget he ever existed...

JORDAN

He's not so bad. I mean, he's sorta
like us... Lost, like he doesn't
fit in...

AMY

He scares me, Jordan. Like I don't
know what it is, but there's
something... evil about him.

JORDAN

Don't be a cornnut.

He kisses her on the nose.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

C'mon, finish your breakfast. Then
let's get me some clothes. I feel
like a fuckin' frat boy in this
toga...

Amy smiles. Though still wary, she lets Jordan lead her by
the hand back towards the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESOLATION BOULEVARD - DAY

The Torino pulls over, parks on the street in front of the
local dairy. A Cow floats high in the air suspended on a
signpost. Amy and Xavier step out.

Jordan, still half-naked, remains in the car.

AMY

(to Jordan)

Be right back.

Tossing her cig to the baking asphalt, Amy marches off with
Xavier trailing behind her.

CUT TO:

INT. THRIFT SHOP - DAY

Amy and Xavier enter the store, an edgy TRACKING SHOT leading the pair down an aisle of musty clothes. Xavier struggles to catch up to the fuming Amy.

XAVIER

What's with you? You act like somebody ate your pet hamster.

Amy turns and glares at him.

AMY

Well, duh.

XAVIER

(acting innocent)

What?

AMY

I am so pissed at you I could rip your testicles off and staple them to your ankles. What the fuck did you have to tell Jordan for?

XAVIER

Tell him what?

AMY

(rolls her eyes)

What'd you think, doorknob? That we got together.

XAVIER

What, are you ashamed or something?

Amy stops in her tracks and gapes at him.

AMY

I do not believe you.

XAVIER

(seductive)

Well, didn't you utterly dig it?

AMY

That is not the point...

XAVIER

What is the point then? Get it: Guilt is for married, old people.

Amy just looks at him.

AMY

You are incredible. You aren't even human, are you?

Xavier just smiles, mysterious.

AMY (CONT'D)

You're like a life support system of a cock.

She exits the frame in a huff.

CUT TO:

INT. THRIFT SHOP - DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS

QUICKCUTS as Amy and Xavier try on a variety of er, "fashion statements" assembled from the voluminous vaults of vintage clothing. As the images become increasingly exaggerated and hyper-stylized, the sequence culminates in a flurry of trendy, Euro-Vogue-ish STILLS.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. BOULEVARD - DAY

Jordan waiting in the car. He lights up another Death cigarette.

CUT TO:

INT. TORINO - DAY

THREESHOT of our heroes rolling down the open highway, all in new-fangled duds. Amy's outfit is (of course) still black, but a bit more 60s mod (patent leather boots, etc). Jordan's is more colorful, kind of trashed skater, baggy shorts, oversized shirt, that look. Xavier has a fucked-up, nuvo-Western "Beers, Steers and Queers" thing happening.

Xavier admires his cool new belt buckle.

XAVIER

This is so fuckin cher. Lookit this thing. I mean, check it out.

Jordan leans over the seat.

JORDAN

Lemme see.

He examines the buckle, his face hovering really close to Xavier's basket. HIS POV A bucking bronco goes up and down as Xavier moves the buckle.

BACK TO SCENE.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Wow.

(timidly)

Can I...?

Xavier looks down towards his buckle, smiling. Offers his crotch to Jordan.

XAVIER

Be my guest.

Jordan gingerly grips the buckle, manipulates it for himself. The bronco goes up. Down. Up. Down. Thoroughly fascinated and delighted, he laughs that way a stoner laughs when he sees something really astonishing (e.g. his own bellybutton).

Amy blows the hair out of her face and takes a drag of her cig.

AMY

Jesus, it's a fuckin' belt. Don't tard out over it.

CUT TO:

EXT. PAYPHONE ON THE BRINK OF PARCHED NOTHINGNESS - DAY

Amy leans against the wall by the lonely payphone, hanging on the receiver. Jordan lights her cigarette then his own as she stares off into the distance, bored and annoyed.

AMY

Yeah... yeah, Mom. I'll be back in a couple days...

AMY'S MOM (V.O.)

I'm looking at the dishes you left in the sink right now, Amy, and let me tell you, it is not a pretty sight.

AMY
 (losing patience)
 I'll do 'em when I get back,
 alright?

AMY'S MOM (V.O.)
 And till then I'm supposed to wait
 for the Health Department to show
 up and declare the place
 uninhabitable, is that it? What
 about your homework?

AMY
 Mom, I graduated last June.

AMY'S MOM (V.O.)
 Oh, that's right.

The CLICK of call waiting is heard.

AMY'S MOM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Honey, can you hold on for just a
 second?

Amy waits, irritated. She gives Jordan a look.

AMY'S MOM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Amy, it's my agent. I gotta go.

Amy rolls her eyes. Sighs.

AMY'S MOM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Bye hon. Make sure and eat now...

AMY'S MOM
 Bye, Mom.

She CLACKS down the hangup switch with her left hand,
 disconnecting the line. Passes the receiver on to Jordan who
 inserts a quarter and punches in his long-distance code and
 number.

Amy takes a deep drag of her cig.

AMY
 Why did God invent parents?

JORDAN
 Thought you didn't believe in
 God...

Exhaling a stream of smoke, Amy scowls at him. Jordan looks
 sheepish for a second, then the line connects. The impossibly
 cheery RECORDED VOICE of JORDAN'S MOTHER is heard.

JORDAN'S MOTHER (V.O.)
 Hi, friends and neighbors! You've reached the Whites. We can't come to the phone right now, but please leave a message and we'll be sure to call you right back. Have a terrific day. BEEEEEP.

JORDAN
 Hi, uh, Mom, Dad, it's...me... I'm uh, sorta takin' a little vacation with Amy and uh....

CLICK, BZZZZZ. The line goes dead. Jordan's left holding the buzzing receiver.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 Fuckin' machine hung up on me.

Amy looks at him like "So?"

AMY
 (yawns)
 I'm thirsty.

CUT TO:

INT. ROADSIDE DINER - DAY

CU KUNG FU FIGHTER VIDEOGAME in progress, complete with hilarious cheezoid battle cry and kickboxing SOUND FX. Jordan is playing (with tons of body English) as Amy stands idly smoking beside him.

They're in a diner that's flatly, bizarrely lit like Arnold's in "Happy Days". Behind them, there's an incredibly stacked BLONDE shooting pool with a beer-guzzling caveman BIKER. While in the deep-focused BG, Xavier is ordering drinks at the counter. He checks out the menu overhead.

XAVIER
 Two Buds and a Diet Coke. Extra large.

The BARMAID (who has an absolutely tremendous B-52 hairdo) gives Xavier the once-over.

BARMAID
 Y'all got ID there, studly?

She bats her ultra-long fake eyelashes at Xavier who smiles coquettishly. Jordan loses the game, BANGS on the machine with his fist.

JORDAN

Shit.

AMY

(tense)

Jordan, we need to talk.

Jordan slips another quarter in.

JORDAN

'Bout what?

AMY

(getting pissed)

Would you listen to me 'n' forget
about that dweeby game for a
second?

She stands between him and the game.

JORDAN

Hey.

Amy refuses to get out of the way.

AMY

Jordan...

JORDAN

Sheesh, Amy, what's the national
emergency?

AMY

(urgent)

Jordan, kindly pull your head out
of your rectal region, will you?
We're accessories to **two** homicides.
Doesn't that concern you in the
fuckin' least?!

Jordan looks at her.

JORDAN

(shrugging)

Well, yeah...

Jordan stands there for a hapless moment before being
interrupted by a blonde woman named BRANDI.

BRANDI

Kitten? Kitten, is that you?

Amy and Jordan turn to see the statuesque Blonde coming at
them.

AMY
 (rolling her eyes)
 Oh, God...

BRANDI
 Kitten? Don't you recognize me?
 It's me. Brandi. Your eternal love
 slave.

Amy grimaces at her, not in the mood for this shit again

AMY
 Look. Lady, I don't know who you--
 Brandi points at Jordan.

BRANDI
 Has this guy shot you full of dope
 and brainwashed you like the
 others??

Brandi grabs Amy by the shoulders and shakes her.

BRANDI (CONT'D)
 Honeycakes, it's me...

Jordan just watched, stoned. Amy's struggling to break free.

AMY
 Let me go--

BRANDI
 I know it's you. I can tell by your
 perfume.

Brandi starts sniffing Amy like a dog would sniff another's
 butt.

AMY
 (a fed-up shriek)
**GET YOUR FUCKING CLAMMY HANDS OFF
 ME, YOU CRAZY BITCH!!!**

Brandi's Biker companion wraps a heavily tattooed, muscled
 arm around Jordan's neck to keep him from interfering. Jordan
 gulps. Taken aback by Amy's outburst, Brandi pulls a huge
 SWORD from out of her hip-high boots.

Brandi points at Jordan again.

BRANDI
 He's kidnapped you, hasn't he? And
 he told you he'd kill you unless
 you act like you don't know me...

Jordan just gives a "who, me?" look. The Biker tightens his stranglehold.

BRANDI (CONT'D)
Well, don't fret, darlin'. Brandi's here now. I'll save you from this heathen...

She lifts her sword up.

BRANDI (CONT'D)
I'm gonna lop his dick off like a chicken head.

Now Jordan is plain scared shitless. He tries in vain to wriggle out of the Biker's vise-grip. SUDDENLY a beer bottle is SHATTERED against the Biker's boulder-like skull. It's Xavier, coming to the rescue once more.

XAVIER
I can't leave you guys alone for a minute, can I?

Jordan gives the Biker a swift kick in the balls as Xavier grabs a nearby pool cue, facing off with Brandi who brandishes her sword like some Amazon samurai. The scene degenerates into a cheeseball ACTION MONTAGE like Obi Wan and Darth Vader dueling in Star Wars (or Patrick Swayze barroom-brawling in Road House, for that matter...).

Brandi takes a murderous slice at Jordan. Xavier takes a swing at her with his pool cue. Amy tosses a chair at the Biker (which misses). The Biker punches Jordan across the jaw and Amy jumps him. Etc. etc. etc...

Then, as if the movie itself is getting bored with all this, the FILM (with the aid of hip OPTICAL EFFECTS) JUMPS OUT OF THE GATE AND BREAKS. The picture STOPS and there's a totally BLACK SCREEN for 10-15 seconds. This is accompanied by the OS sound of scattered HECKLING and JEERING from an unseen disgruntled audience... Finally, the film STARTS UP again. Slowly at first, the picture and sound both WARBLING, DISTORTING, taking a second or two to get up to full-speed.

The action resumes with Amy, Jordan and Xavier scurrying for the door, knocking stuff over on their way out. This is followed by an Eisensteinian REACTION SHOT, a CU of the B-52ed Barmaid SCREAMING with horror.

The Biker is spread-eagle on the pool table, with Brandi's sword inadvertently buried up to the hilt right smack dab in his crotch. He's going through his obligatory death spasms as blood comes spurting out like wild red ejaculations. Brandi stands over him, looking on helplessly.

BRANDI
 (tearful)
 Bruce. Oh God, Bruce... I'm
 sorry... But that was Kitten. I
 know it. I know it was her...

Bruce makes his final GLUG-GLUG and expires.

BRANDI (CONT'D)
 Bitch. I'm gonna find her... And
 I'm gonna kill her.

CUT TO:

DRIVING POV

The industrial wasteland plains barreling by.

AMY (O.S.)
 This is getting fuckin' ridiculous.

XAVIER (O.S.)
 Hey, y'know that song "Johnny B.
 Goode"?

INT. TORINO - DAY

Xavier sandwiched between the crabby Amy and the peaked-
 looking Jordan.

AMY
 What?

Jordan's getting blasted by air from the window.

JORDAN
 I think I'm gonna barf.

He leans out of the speeding car and does.

XAVIER
 (oblivious)
 Y'know, that song by that Chuck
 Berry dude, the "Father of Rock 'n'
 Roll" from like the 50s?

Xavier starts cracking up.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
 Well, I know this chick who bumped
 uglies with him once...

Amy turns to look at him, half furious, half baffled.

AMY

What the fuck are you talking about?

XAVIER

Chuck Berry. This friend of mine from Palos Verdes did him 'n' get this: he's like maximally kinky. Like he digs getting shit on 'n' stuff...

AMY

What?

XAVIER

The guy is into having a chocolate log deposit made on his face.

AMY

(shrieking)

Shut up!

XAVIER

No, really, he gets off on it. There's videotape of it 'n' everything.

Jordan looks at Xavier who's totally busting up.

JORDAN

I think I'm gonna barf again.

He leans out the window and does it again.

XAVIER

(gleeful)

He just like opens wide 'n' goes "aaaaaaaahh".

AMY

WOULD YOU PLEASE JUST SHUT UP FOREVER?!

Xavier grins as Jordan gulps in the rushing air and Amy tightens her white-knuckled grip on the steering wheel.

CROSSFADE TO:

EXT. MOTEL - EVENING

Establishing. Another BUZZING sign, this one featuring a neon diver doing a graceful one-and-a-half-gainer into a neon blue splash.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - EVENING

HIGH-ANGLE of Xavier sprawled out, soaking his lean, mean sex-machine bod in the coral pink tub. Guzzling a Bud, he soaps his dipstick lovingly, with his free hand. He's singing in time to the rhythm of his sudsy, slippery stroking.

XAVIER

(off-key)

Row, row, row your boat, gently
down the stream... Merrily,
merrily, merrily, merrily... Life
is but a dream...

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Amy and Jordan lie together on the tacky gold bedspread, sharing a joint in the light of the ugly lamp. She's pressed up soft behind him (in the "male" position), her chin on his shoulder.

Amy hands him the joint.

AMY

Feeling better?

JORDAN

(managing to nod)

Mhmm.

He takes a hit, settles against her, all warm and comfortable.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

This is so nice. Lying here like
two spoons stacked in a drawer.

Amy takes the joint back and has another drag.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I hope we die simultaneously, like
in a fiery car wreck or nuclear
bomb-blast or something.

Amy looks into his twinkling eyes.

AMY

You are so romantic.

JORDAN

No, for reals. I don't wanna ever
have to miss you.

Amy takes a disorienting dip into the swimming pools of
Jordan's dilated pupils. Smiles.

AMY

Ditto.

Finishing the joint, Amy puts it out in a nearby seashell
ashtray. Then she leans over and starts kissing him
forcefully, which gets both their teenage hormones raging.
Their clothes begin coming off...

Amy pushes Jordan down on the mattress, totally taking
charge. She licks the tip of his nose with her pink tongue
and brings her lips to his, but stops just short of actually
kissing him.

AMY (CONT'D)

(a breathy whisper)

Take it out.

Jordan, taken aback but very aroused by her aggressiveness,
hesitates a second. Then complies.

Amy looks down at his OS dick then stares back into his eyes.

AMY (CONT'D)

Stroke it.

Jordan does, excited.

AMY (CONT'D)

Squeeze it.

Jordan does.

AMY (CONT'D)

(wicked smile)

Harder.

Jordan does, lets out a little sigh.

AMY (CONT'D)
(devilishly)
Look at it.

Jordan does. By now, he's really horny. Amy presses her body against his.

AMY (CONT'D)
Put it in.

Jordan moves his lower body towards hers but she pulls away.

AMY (CONT'D)
(utterly evil)
...When I say OK.

She tantalizes him for several moments of pure, exquisite agony. And it's clear that they're both way into this excruciating little game of sexual powerplaying. Then finally, as seductively fuckable as an 18 year old nymphet can be - which is pretty fucking seductively fuckable - Amy opens her mouth.

AMY (CONT'D)
O.....K

Jordan plunges into her and they go at it with wild abandon, practically busting the bedsprings. Jordan makes mewling sounds like those kittens in animal testing labs.

CROSSFADE TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER THAT EVENING

HIGH-ANGLE OVERHEAD of Amy and Jordan, lying there naked, upside-down, spent in the trashed sheets. They both stare at the ceiling, smoking their requisite post-coital cigarettes.

JORDAN
Don't you think sex is totally strange?

AMY
Uh huh.

JORDAN
I mean, just the whole idea of it, this tube of flesh gets stiff and inserted in these warm, squishy places...

Amy blows a series of smoke rings which drift slowly upwards.

AMY

I think maybe it's more powerful
than we'd like it to be...

Jordan exhales a lazy stream of smoke.

JORDAN

It's fuckin' trippy, that's for
sure.

AMY

It's kinda like eating spaghetti.

JORDAN

(laughs, looks at her)
Why?

Amy just shrugs, like she doesn't know. Jordan smiles.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

You are so great.

He gives her a tender kiss on the forehead.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Hey, that reminds me. I'm hongry.

Amy lies back in the warm covers.

AMY

You're always "hongry".

Jordan rolls out of bed, starts pulling on his pants (sans
underwear).

JORDAN

That's cuz I'm a growin' boy... I'm
gonna walk to the AM/PM 'n' get
some Shrimp McNuggets or something.
Want anything?

AMY

More cigarettes.

JORDAN

("husband" voice)
"Yes, dear..."

He smiles at Amy as he pulls his shirt on. Amy just looks at
him, noticing how unearthly gorgeous he is back-lit against
the chintzy motel lamp.

AMY

Hey.

Jordan pauses. Then comes over, his perfect profile entering her CU. Amy kisses his chin, which by now is shadowed with pubescent peach-fuzz.

AMY (CONT'D)
I love you, fucker.

Jordan beams. Kisses Amy back, once on each eyelid.

JORDAN
Me too, fucker.

They kiss some more, smile some more, then he splits. Amy is left lounging in the wrecked bed. She blows a spiral of smoke towards the ceiling and watches it gradually dissipate.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

On TV, some wacked-out, heavily perspiring BORN-AGAIN PREACHER and his hideous WIFE are hollering for holy handouts. In the dimness, Amy lies crosswise on the bed in her panties (no top). Zombie-staring at the glowing screen, she blows a gumbubble and sucks on a Bud.

Xavier emerges back-lit from the bathroom, draping a loosely hung towel around his dripping, love-god-supreme bod. Also quaffing a beer, he announces his presence with a belch.

Amy doesn't even bother to look up.

AMY
Fig.

Xavier stands over her, next to the bed. Looks towards the luminescent blue TV.

XAVIER
Whatcha watchin'?

Amy shrugs, too bored to even reply. She sits up in the messy sheets. Puts her cigarette out in an oozing, empty carton of Haagen Dasz.

AMY
Hey. C'mere.

Xavier sits beside her on the bed, the towel modestly covering his dick like a tarpaulin.

AMY (CONT'D)
Closer.

He edges his way over, managing to keep his towel on, till he's right beside her.

AMY (CONT'D)
I wanna play a game.

She reaches out and places her hands around his warm, still moist neck.

AMY (CONT'D)
I'm gonna start counting. If you crack a smile before I get to eight, I get to strangle you. If you don't, I have to do anything you say.

Xavier grins, clearly up to the challenge.

XAVIER
Alright.

It's a test. A battle of intimidation between the hardheaded pair. It's also, of course, outrageously erotic.

AMY
one. two..... ..three.....

They're staring each other dead square in the eye. A contest of their twin stubborn wills...

AMY (CONT'D)
four. five..... six.....
seven.....seven-and-a-
half.....

Xavier breaks out into a huge, very sexy grin (it's like he totally wants to lose). He offers his throat in another, more dangerous game.

XAVIER
You win. Go ahead.

Amy looks at him: his eyes are wild with anticipation. It's like the very idea of her killing him excites the hell out of him - and it gets her pretty hot too.

She sloooooowly begins tightening her grip around his larynx and he doesn't flinch at all - it's apparent that he's testing her limits, daring her. Amy meets his challenge and squeezes tighter... His oxygen decreasing, his head growing light, Xavier still will not back down. Neither does Amy. In fact, she's getting into it. They're both into it. And they're both totally, amazingly turned on by it...

Finally, at the very last possible moment before Xavier would lose consciousness, Amy releases her hold and kisses him with terrifying passion, knocking him down on the bed.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
 (choking for air)
 ...You chickenshit bitch....

They go at each other voraciously.

CUT TO:

INT. AM/PM - NIGHT

VIDEO POV. Another HIGH-ANGLE omnipotent CAMERA-EYE watching as Jordan removes his shrimp nuggets from the BUZZING microwave. He pops one of the piping hot things into his mouth, strolls over to pay the OS CASHIER.

(FILM) Jordan, at the counter, notices a display of glow-in-the-dark YOYOS next to the register.

JORDAN
 And I'll take one of these too.

He picks out a yoyo.

O.S. CASHIER
 Six sixty-six.

Jordan hands over a crumpled, bloodstained bill. Pops another shrimp nugget.

JORDAN
 (collecting his change)
 Thanks. Have a good night.

He gives a polite smile and exits the store.

CUT TO:

EXT. AM/PM - NIGHT

He steps out into the tepid night beneath the garish overhead fluorescents. Chewing on greasy shrimp, he looks around at his desolate surroundings. Takes his yoyo out of the box. Plays with it. It goes up and down a few times. He pops another shrimp nugget and disappears into the inky darkness.

BACK TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Amy and Xavier totally engulfed in their delirious debauchery. They part, gasping for breath as they plummet into the infinite depths of each other's eyes.

XAVIER

Hey...

AMY

Hey what?

XAVIER

D'you wanna... would you....

AMY

What?

XAVIER

What would you say if I asked you to...

(licks her chin)

...suck my cock?

Amy cracks up, a bit nervous.

AMY

D'you want me to?

Xavier closes his long-lashed eyes, imagining...

XAVIER

Uh huh...

Amy is a hostage of his sexual magnetism and her own desire.

AMY

I want to. I really do...

XAVIER

(seductive)

Yeah?

AMY

Only...

XAVIER

...Only what?

AMY

I uh...

Amy looks away and actually blushes. It becomes heartbreakingly apparent what a little girl she really is.

AMY (CONT'D)
I've never done 'that' before...

Xavier grins, utterly delighted.

XAVIER
It's alright. I don't mind
beginners.

Xavier looks towards his (of course) OS cock.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
And neither does he.

Amy laughs, her uncomfortable awkwardness relieved. Xavier holds her angelic face in his hands like a priest giving communion.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
Just take it sloooooowly....

He ever-so-softly kisses her lips.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
...And enjoy yourself.

Amy looks into his penetrating gaze, quivering with anticipation. She inexorably sinks lower, out of the frame as Xavier shuts his eyes and suspends his breath..... CU Xavier's face as he savors each and every mindblowing sensation.

This goes on for several awesomely pleasurable moments until he reaches down and grabs Amy by the hair, lifting her face back up to his. He kisses her ferociously. Out of breath, they're fighting for space in a super-tight TWOSHOT.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
I love being able to taste my own
cock in my mouth.

They kiss again, going for it, heading towards a mutual orgasm that will blow the moon out of orbit. Only Xavier suddenly hesitates.

AMY
...What? ...What is it?

XAVIER
What's Jordan like?

AMY
What?

XAVIER

Y'know, his engorged member. His tumescent love missile. His throbbing purple meat scepter.

AMY

(laughing)

Why d'ya wanna know?

XAVIER

I dunno.

He very erotically licks his lips.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

I'm curious.

AMY

(embarrassed)

It's...alright, it's fine.

XAVIER

What d'you mean 'fine'? Is it the size of Vienna sausage or like a baby's arm? Is it cut, uncut? Does it lean to the left, right, in a southeasterly direction? Is it curved, straight, split in half, shaped like a fuckin' corkscrew, what?

Amy laughs.

AMY

What difference does it make to you?

XAVIER

Does he plunge it into you deep and long and slow like this?...

(demonstrates)

...Or quick and short and shallow like a jackrabbit?

(another demonstration)

Amy, by now, is totally busting up.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

Does he make noises like this?...

(grunts like a pig)

...Or this?

(growls like a bear)

Oh, I know. I bet he's a whimperer.

AMY
Would you kindly stop babbling and
fuck me already?

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Outside, peering through the dirty window, Jordan watches Amy and Xavier madly copulating. Crouching there in the shadows, still gripping the glowing yoyo, he finds himself inevitably, inexplicably turned on. He furtively looks around, then undoes his pants, taking his own thing out. Of course, it's so dark that we can't really see anything - except for the phosphorescent yoyo going up and down - slowly at first then gradually faster and faster...

INTERCUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS.

Amy, Xavier and Jordan framed in increasingly tight, sweaty CUs which build, build, build in intensity, until they simultaneously reach an absolutely stupendous, godhead climax.

CUT TO:

EXT. AN UTTERLY BLEAK VACANT LOT - NIGHT

Jordan slowly trudges across a vast field of dead grass, his figure tiny in the immense frame. He plays with his fluorescent yoyo beneath a skyful of icy blue stars. It's an image of indescribable, melancholy beauty. A weird, sad, transcendent moment.

CROSSFADE TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

It's way, way late (as in the darkness before the dawn). The door opens, real slowly, like whoever's doing the opening is trying to be as silent as possible (though the hinges CREAK uncooperatively). Jordan peers in.

HIS POV

Amy, in bed, waiting up for him. Wearing nothing except a really old Front 242 t-shirt (his). She's pensively chainsmoking, blankly watching a Hair Club For Men COMMERCIAL with the sound off.

Beside her, Xavier is totally conked out, SNORING loudly and rhythmically. She looks up, her eyes meeting Jordan's.

BACK TO SCENE.

Jordan comes in, quietly shuts the door.

AMY
(exhales smoke)
Where you been?

Jordan looks at the yoyo still in his sweaty palm.

JORDAN
(barely audible)
Nowhere.

AMY
I was worried about you, doofus.

Jordan shrugs.

JORDAN
Sorry.

A frozen, awkward moment. They're both weirded out, unsure of what to say... Finally, Amy wearily sighs.

AMY
Come over here.

Jordan, very slowly, does. He sits on the mattress next to her. There's more uncomfortable silence.

AMY (CONT'D)
(fumbling)
Y'know...just because he and I...
(motions to Xavier)
It doesn't mean that I'm like
really all that...whatever....

JORDAN
I know.

They look at one another and smile. Amy takes Jordan in her arms and gently pushes Xavier's inert form over which reduces the decibel level of his snoring at least a little. Then she and Jordan curl up for the night, huddling together like two scared kids stranded in the snow. Long and romantic.

CUT TO:

A harsh, jarring SERIES OF SHOTS Blurry, grainy STILLS of Amy and Jordan each buying food, supplies, etc.

Blown up from in-store video-surveillance camera footage, the images have an unsettling, hostage-photo quality to them. More STILLS, of the bloodstained money. Extreme CUs of their red, crusty fingerprints.

GODLIKE AUTHORITARIAN (V.O.)

This is the currency we've linked
to the December 17th QuickieMart
robbery/homicide in Tarzana...

A MAP OF CALIFORNIA appears. Red spots form a connect-the-dots trail like zits on a pubescent face.

GODLIKE AUTHORITARIAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Bills have been recovered from 7-
11s, AM/PM Minimarts and fast-food
establishments throughout the
state. The suspects - a
paramilitary brigade of three
youths, two males, one female -
appear to be on a freewheeling
crime spree heading north. We've
run a fingerprint check through the
Mother Computer in DC and thus far
have ID'd one of the suspects...

A PHOTO of Amy appears - so blurry, degenerated and out-of-focus, it could pass for the arty, enigmatic cover of a This Mortal Coil record.

GODLIKE AUTHORITARIAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Amy Blue. Age: eighteen. Height:
five-one. Weight: ninetytwo pounds.
Hair and Eyes: Dark Brown.
Cumulative SAT score: six-hundred,
sixty-six...

The slide show over, the lights come up...

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

It could be FBI Headquarters or the meeting room of the Elks Club. A SCARY FBI GUY - wearing an eyepatch, thumping a pointer stick in the palm of his hand - looms over the solid oak table, resembling a junior high principal or your local child-molesting politician. His voice is the one previously speaking.

FBI GUY

...Should be considered armed and
dangerous. Amy Blue.

(MORE)

FBI GUY (CONT'D)
Gentlemen, I want you to find her.
And if necessary... Kill her.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

CU Amy's doll-like face looking utterly radiant as she slumbers, suffused in the hazy sunlight. PULLBACK revealing Jordan, still in his rumpled clothes, awake in the messy bed, watching Amy and Xavier sleep.

The room, all moody, mysterious and foreboding by night, is just gross and cheap-looking in the harsh glare of day. Leaning over, Jordan gently nuzzles the side of Amy's face, nibbling on her ear. She stirs which makes him smile. Her eyes flicker open.

JORDAN
G'morning!

He goes to kiss her puffy lips.

AMY
(pulling away)
Don't kiss me. My breath is like,
totally skanky.

He smiles and kisses her anyway.

AMY (CONT'D)
Blegh. Wait until I brush my teeth.

He looks at her, his eyes filled with love, or some reasonable facsimile thereof.

JORDAN
Hey, you know what?

AMY
What?

JORDAN
This is the first time we've ever
slept together and woken up
together. In a real bed, I mean...

Amy has to smile at this.

AMY
You are the bright red cherry on
top of my sundae.

She gives him a peck on the forehead.

AMY (CONT'D)
Goofball.

She goes to get out of bed, climbing over Xavier who's likewise just awakening.

XAVIER
Fuck...

Amy vigorously musses Xavier's already fucked-up hair.

AMY
Rise and shine, monkeybutt.

Xavier moans, way hungover as Amy pops out of bed and heads off to the john. Jordan leans over, starts trying to wake him up, but Xavier rolls over. Undaunted, Jordan continues to torment him, making his hand into an arachnid crawling along the nape of his neck.

JORDAN
(singing into his ear)
The teensy-weensy spider went up
the waterspout...

Xavier buries his head under the pillow.

XAVIER
I have died and gone to hell for my
sins.

JORDAN
C'mon, man. It's the Dawning of A
Brand New Day.

Xavier removes the pillow from his face and looks Jordan squarely in the eye.

XAVIER
Suck my stump to a bloody lump.

Xavier reaches for his morning cigarette. He lights it and passes the pack to Jordan.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
S'what happened last night? A
Mayonaisse-on-twat?

JORDAN
Huh?

XAVIER
 (exhaling smoke)
 A Mayo-on-twat. Y'know, a three-
 way. A double-stuff E.T. finger-
 touch...

JORDAN
 What?

Xavier stretches the kinks out of his lithe, naked, muscular body.

XAVIER
 Y'know in E.T. where the kid and
 E.T. touch fingers and go "ouch"...

Jordan smiles bashfully.

JORDAN
 Shit, you musta been wasted...

XAVIER
 (taking a drag)
 Ever done that?

JORDAN
 Y'mean like have sex with two
 people at the same time?

XAVIER
 (suddenly seductive)
 Uh huh.

Jordan blushes, now really embarrassed.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
 It is the fucking best, man.

Xavier's eyes lock onto Jordan's and won't let go.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
 You start building up this
 momentum, this rhythm, y'know like
 a piston engine... And as you're
 all poundin' away, your balls are
 slappin' against the other guy's
 'n' you can actually feel his cock
 through the girl's insides...

Jordan, hanging on Xavier's every sex-soaked word, swallows, like a gulp.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
I tell you, it is absolutely...
cat... a... clys... mic.

ordan is like a bird being hypnotized by a snake that's about to swallow him whole. But the OS toilet FLUSHES, breaking the spell, and Amy re-enters the room, looking around for her panties.

AMY
What are you two homos gobbing
about now?

Jordan, feeling somehow guilty and weird, looks to Xavier who pulls Amy's black panties out from under his bare ass.

XAVIER
Lookin' for these?

AMY
(reaching for them)
Thanks.

Xavier snatches them away at the last minute. And sniffs 'em.

AMY (CONT'D)
(horrified)
Grotus!

He puts the panties on his head and starts bounding around nude on the bed, BARKING like a dog.

AMY (CONT'D)
You fuckface....!.....

Jordan, kicking back in the bed, watches Amy chase the barking Xavier around the room like it's some Keystone Kops one-reeler.

JORDAN
(smiling)
You are cracked, man.

CUT TO:

DRIVING POV
The pastoral countryside rolling by. An auto graveyard piled high with twisted, rusting metal corpses. Something hard like 1000 HOMO DJs' "Hey Asshole" blasting on the stereo.

XAVIER (V.O.)
I had the freakiest fuckin' dream
last night.

INT. TORINO - DAY

Amy, Xavier and Jordan consuming their on-the-road breakfast of coffee and Oreos.

JORDAN
Yeah? What was it about?

Xavier munches on a cookie, the wind blowing his hair.

XAVIER
I forget. I just remember it was
really freaky...

He pops another Oreo into his mouth. Amy gives him a "what-ever" look. A beat.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
Have either of you ever had sex
with an animal?

AMY
What??

Jordan busts up.

XAVIER
Have either of you done it with an
animal?

AMY
(smirks)
Just you.

XAVIER
Har har har. No really...

JORDAN
Have you?

XAVIER
Well, when I was a kid, we had this
golden retriever named 'Honey'...

AMY
I do not wanna hear any more of
this story.

XAVIER
What, she was a consenting adult...

Amy rolls her eyes, closing the subject to further discussion as Xavier chews on a mouthful of Oreo. They drive in silence for another beat.

JORDAN
I fucked a cantaloupe once.

CUT TO:

DRIVING POV

Later that day. Past a nuclear power plant, throbbing like the heartbeat of the Apocalypse Monster. More industrial CLANG-AND-BANG on the radio.

JORDAN (V.O.)
This song always reminded me of
Scooter...

INT. TORINO - DAY

Jordan gazing out his window; Xavier nursing a Bud; Amy smoking a cig.

XAVIER
(after a big gulp)
Who's Scooter?

JORDAN
He was like my best friend all through high school. One day he brought a gun to physics class and told everyone he was gonna shoot himself in the bathroom. And he did.

AMY
(explaining)
He was always depressed, always pulling shit like that, so nobody believed him.

Xavier looks first at Amy, and then Jordan.

XAVIER
Oh.

He takes another swig of beer. Jordan keeps staring into the distance like he's floating a million miles away.

JORDAN
Death's funny. Like at first, it's all weird 'n' you're bummed 'n' shit - like this person you're used to hangin' out with all of sudden doesn't like exist anymore.
(looks at Xavier)
(MORE)

JORDAN (CONT'D)

But then you just get over it 'n' move on 'n' hardly ever think about him except maybe once in a blue moon... It was almost for the best. I mean, Scooter was so sad all the time and always gettin' beat up 'n' stuff...

Jordan runs his hand through his tangled hair.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Me 'n' him used to sit in my room, gettin' stoned, listening to the Smiths. Like he was over the night before he killed himself 'n' right in the middle of "Unloveable", he just started cryin' like crazy...

(beat)

He was really into the Smiths.

Xavier finishes his beer. Burps.

XAVIER

Yeah, well Smiths fans tend to die young.

They drive on wordlessly for a moment, contemplating this phenomenon. The music keeps playing.

CUT TO:

DRIVING POV

The open highway shooting through the blistering desert plain. Miles and miles of vast nothingness rocketing by as raucous METAL-INDUSTRO-NOIZE blares.

XAVIER (V.O.)

I am sooooo wasted....

INT. TORINO - DAY

The drunken trio youthfully frolic, the wind cascading through the open windows.

XAVIER

Wasted! Shitfaced. Plastered.
Snockered. Obliterated. Swacked.
Blotto!

A shit-eating grin snakes its way across Xavier's face.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

Happy. Happy, happy, happy.

Jordan kicks his heels up on the dash.

JORDAN

I'm feeling pretty blissed myself.

Amy swats his feet down from the dash.

AMY

Then get your fuckin' boots off my dashboard.

JORDAN

Hey Amy, remember the time we were so fucked up we lost my mom's car?

AMY

(laughing)

After the Thrill Kill Kult concert?

JORDAN

(to Xavier, explaining)

We were so trashed we couldn't remember where we left the car. We looked and looked and walked around and around...

(in a hysteric now)

... but We Could Not Find The Fucking Thing To Save Our Life!

AMY

We finally ended up taking a cab home.

JORDAN

Which you puked in!

They all crack up.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Wait... wait...

Jordan holds up his hand, as if about to make an important announcement. Instead, he lets out the hugest, juiciest, croaking BEER-BELCH imaginable.

AMY

How revolting.

XAVIER

Quick, name the grossest thing you can think of.

He points to Amy.

AMY

(on this spot)

Uh... This guy, Marcus Hu, who sat in front of me in chemistry who had like really bad back-ne, and he used to pop his zits in class, so he'd always have these like red stains all over the back of his t-shirt...

Xavier simulates a "bad answer" game-show buzzer. He points at Jordan.

JORDAN

I, uh, had this sore on my foot once that got like all infected and when I squeezed it, this greenish black juice squirted out. And it smelled like rotten eggs...

Xavier buzzes again. Both Amy and Jordan turn towards Xavier who smiles, looking smug as a conductor for the LA Philharmonic.

XAVIER

Butthole Mucous.

Amy and Jordan react with appropriate revulsion. But the trio's fun-and-games is abruptly cut short as Amy sees something in the road which causes her to swerve and SLAM on the brakes. The force sends Xavier careening into Jordan's lap.

AMY

SHIT!

Too late. They hit something which makes a sickening THUD and go veering off to the side of the road.

Amy is scared breathless, her finger gripping the steering wheel.

AMY (CONT'D)

Shit, shit, shit, shit...

Both Xavier and Jordan pick themselves up from the floor, shaken up though not really damaged.

JORDAN
Amy, what...?

Amy leans her forehead on the wheel.

AMY
Oh, fuck.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE ABANDONED HIGHWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

Sobering up real fast, the threesome warily get out of the car, like they're totally afraid of what they might find. And there, on the baking asphalt is a twitching, bleeding MASS OF FUR - all terrified eyes, twisted broken limbs, whimpering in agony. Amy starts crying uncontrollably.

AMY
Oh, my God...

Jordan and Xavier just stand there, staring at the pathetic, anguished creature.

JORDAN
Fuck...

AMY
(losing it)
Do something!

The sight is freaking Jordan out, too.

JORDAN
Like what?

AMY
I don't know, something.

JORDAN
What do I look like, a fuckin' veterinarian?

AMY
Oh, God...

Without a word, like a robot, Xavier solemnly removes his switchblade from his boot. This gets Amy even more crazy; she grabs him by the arm.

AMY (CONT'D)
What're you doing?

Xavier's face is like a death mask. Jordan pulls Amy off him and she just crumples, bawling on his shoulder. Xavier exits the frame to put the poor, quivering animal out of its misery.

AMY (CONT'D)
 (choking for air)
 Jesus fucking Christ...

Jordan's eyes are riveted on the action that's about to take place over Amy's shoulder, but they reflexively squeeze shut as we hear a final OS YELP that indicates Xavier's taken care of his grisly task.

Amy buries her face into Jordan's shoulder, gripping onto him for dear life, while he just stands there, numb.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DESOLATE ROADSIDE - DUSK

Amy and Jordan morosely witness Xavier putting the finishing touches on a makeshift grave. Amy drags from a cig and stares at the dirt.

AMY
 The world sucks.

Jordan, holding her by the arm, says nothing. Neither does Xavier. Amy bends down, removing one of her skull rings from her tiny white finger. Ceremoniously places it on top of the newly-turned mound of earth. She remains crouched there for a long, still moment. Then turns and silently walks past Jordan and Xavier back towards the car.

CUT TO:

INT. RECORD STORE - THAT NIGHT

The lighting is so bright and artificial it borders on skin-cancer-inducing. Jordan and Xavier are in the cassette section, stuffing their coat pockets with musical fodder for the never-ending road. Jordan picks up a copy of NITZER EBB's "Belief".

XAVIER
 Bro, snag that import. It's got extra tracks.

JORDAN
 Oh, right.

Jordan pockets the correct one and wanders over towards the import CDs, where Amy is standing, staring wistfully at a copy of the THIS MORTAL COIL Box Set.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Hey.

Amy doesn't acknowledge his presence, gazing with melancholy rapture at the CD packaging HER POV A CU of the sumptuous Vaughan Oliver/23 Envelope cover art.

AMY (V.O.)

I wish I could just crawl in here
and disappear forever.

BACK TO SCENE.

Jordan gives his girlfriend a quizzical look.

JORDAN

Don't you have that at home
already?

Amy sighs, all sad.

AMY

I miss my records.

BACK TO XAVIER who's busily 'lifting more tapes. Running out of room in his jacket pockets, he starts shoving the cassettes down his pants (considering he doesn't wear underwear this is probably pretty exciting for him).

At that moment, three incredibly handsome, six-foot-tall GQ CLONES with jutting chins, chiseled features and cut pecs saunter over, eyeing him suspiciously.

GQ CLONE 1 (GEORGE)

Well, well, well, men. Lookee here.

GQ CLONE 2 (DAN)

(chortling to GQ Clone 1)
Check out that hot, tight bubble-
butt, George...

GEORGE

Oh stop, Dan. I'm gonna pop a
boner.

GQ CLONE 3 (PAT)

(to a tense Xavier)
Hey there, sailor. Like your pretty
earrings.

GEORGE

Leave him alone, Pat. Can't you see
he's a shy and sensitive flower?

The GQ Clones laugh as they close in on Xavier. Dan invades
Xavier's proximic space.

DAN

What's with the pretty earrings,
huh punk? You suck cock? You take
it up the ass?

(to Pat)

Looks like we've got a bonafide
faggot over here.

Xavier, pressure building inside him like a cooker, doesn't
say anything. Pat gives Xavier a manly shove.

PAT

My bud asked you a question,
dollface.

Xavier stares his tormentors in the eye, intensely, like he's
going to explode into a murderous frenzy any second...

JORDAN (O.S.)

Hey, X...

Amy and Jordan appear on the scene, defusing the potential
violence.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

What's goin' on here, man?

The situation somewhat neutralized, George, Dan and Pat back
off. But when they see Amy...

PAT

No way. It can't be...

George just stares at Amy in shock.

GEORGE

Bambi? Bambi, is it really you?

Amy lets out a huge sigh.

AMY

Fuck.

GEORGE

It's me. George... your poopsie,
your snugglybear.

AMY

Look, smegma-breath. I'm not
 whoever the fuck you think I am so
 will you just do me a favor and
 evacuate?

GEORGE

Bambi, bubula... Don't do this...

Amy throws up her hands.

AMY

Fuck. This. **Shit.**

She storms off. George begins sobbing, out of control.

GEORGE

Bambi... Bambi... Don't go.
 Please...

Jordan and Xavier follow Amy out like satellites while Dan
 and Pat stay behind to comfort their pal.

JORDAN

(to Xavier)

I just hate seein' guys cry, don't
 you?

CUT TO:

INT. A HAUNTED, ABANDONED STRUCTURE - NIGHT

The threesome climb through the remains of the rotten door,
 entering the shadowy recesses. Xavier holds a makeshift torch
 made from a stray hunk of wood. In the middle of the gloomy
 squat, illuminated by the flickering flame, they find an old
 mattress mysteriously left lying on the floor.

XAVIER

Dig it. Someone made the bed.

Amy bends down, checking it out, running her hand along its
 smooth surface. She sniffs it.

AMY

I just hope we don't catch crabs or
 something.

She plops down, apparently satisfied with the mattress's
 hygienic quality. She kicks off her spiky shoes and sighs.
 Lies there a moment, unhappy and tired, staring at the
 ceiling.

AMY (CONT'D)
 (to no one)
 Life is boring, lonely and dumb.

Neither Jordan nor Xavier say anything, but apparently they agree. Jordan goes off to gather wood for a campfire and Amy takes out a quarter which she begins idly flipping in the air.

Xavier, standing there with the torch, watches her. In the warm, undulating firelight, she looks even more jailbait-irresistable than ever.

Amy calls to Jordan, flipping a coin nonchalantly.

AMY (CONT'D)
 Jordan, y'want heads or tails?

Jordan returns with a big log.

JORDAN
 Huh?

AMY
 Heads or tails?

JORDAN
 Whatever.

Amy makes the decision and points at Xavier.

AMY
 Heads.

She points at Jordan.

AMY (CONT'D)
 Tails.

Amy yawns and flips the quarter high in the air, catching it on the back of her palm.

AMY (CONT'D)
 (peeking at the coin)
 Heads.

Jordan dumps a load of wood which KERPLONKS loudly on the cold ground.

Xavier slaps him on the back.

XAVIER
 Better luck next time, cowboy.

Jordan shrugs and taking the torch from Xavier, uses it to ignite the woodpile.

JORDAN
There any more beer?

Amy is by now starting to undress.

AMY
In the trunk.

She tosses Jordan the keys, which he tries to catch but misses. He bends to pick them up off the floor.

XAVIER
Don't worry. There'll be plenty
left when I'm through.

Jordan shrugs again. On his way out, he sort of semi-waves to Amy who's prone, waiting for Xavier on the bed.

JORDAN
(to both of them)
Have fun.

CUT TO:

INT. HAUNTED STRUCTURE - LATER

TIGHT TWOSHOT. Amy and Xavier fuck madly in the wavering orange glow of the campfire. It's like these kids never do anything besides eat, sleep, screw, oh, and drive.

Xavier, chewing on Amy's perfect porcelain neck, breathes hotly into her ear.

XAVIER
Gimme your finger...

Amy's on the verge of one of multiple orgasms.

AMY
Huh?

XAVIER
Gimme your finger.

Amy looks at him, puzzled. She holds up her index finger and Xavier wraps his mouth around it, essentially giving it a juicy blowjob, leaving the length of it glistening with his saliva.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
Now stick it up my asshole.

AMY
(horrified)
What?

XAVIER
Stick your finger up my asshole.

AMY
You repulse me! No way.

XAVIER
(begging)
Come on, Amy...

AMY
That is the most sickening,
grotesque thing I've ever--

XAVIER
(urgent)
Do it.

Something in his voice convinces her to go along with it. Plus, though she'd never admit it, the thought of fingerfucking him fully turns her on.

Nervous, tentatively at first, she tries inserting her wet finger up his tight boyhole. When it doesn't go in easily, she gets impatient, straining to jam it up there.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
OW!! Wait. Nice and easy...

AMY
...Sorry.

She licks her finger, re-wetting it, and getting the hang of it finally, she eases it on down the road. Xavier, his body consumed in waves of sheer ecstasy, closes his eyes. They gradually regain their humping momentum and soon are on their way towards a climax of earth-shattering proportions.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BOMBED-OUT RUINS - NIGHT

The tacky OS SOUND of Amy and Xavier's orgasmic yelping carries through the night air to Jordan, sitting there alone in the frontseat of the parked Torino. He gulps a Bud. Yawns.

In a lame attempt to keep himself amused, he pretends his cigarette is a joint and savors a hit.

JORDAN
 (scat-singing to himself)
 "Schoobie, schoobie, schmoke a
 doobie..."

He smiles, settling back in the seat. Feels something hard against his ass. Investigating, he pulls an object out from inbetween the cushions. HIS POV Amy's missing skull lighter. With her name carved crudely into the side.

BACK TO SCENE

Jordan smiles. Then is startled by the THUMP of Xavier hitting the roof of the car with his hand.

XAVIER
 (buttoning up his pants)
 You're up to bat.

A bit dazed, Jordan looks at him, the curling smoke from his cigarette forming cool patterns in the blackness.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
 Don't tell me you hogged all the
 Brewskis...

Absently setting Amy's lighter down on the dash, Jordan points towards the two-thirds of a sixer in the backseat.

Xavier smiles and grabs a can.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
 Nothing makes me thirstier than a
 wicked, excellent fuck.

Xavier POPS the can open. Jordan gets up but for some unknown reason, pauses...

XAVIER (CONT'D)
 (after a quenching gulp)
 Well? Go fer it, boyo. She's all
 revved up 'n' rarin' to go.

Jordan stalls, dragging on his cigarette. Out of nowhere, he asks:

JORDAN
 X, do you like slamdancing?

XAVIER

(drinks some more)
It's alright. 'Cept when you get
someone's elbow in your eye, or
their steel-toed boot in your
crotch... Why?

Jordan shrugs, figdeting now and kicking the door.

JORDAN

Have you ever, I mean, does it...
like all those bodies, all that
sweating 'n' pushing 'n' shoving...

XAVIER

Does it give me a hard-on?

Jordan looks at him. Totally blushes.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

Always.

The two young men exchange smiles, Jordan feeling a great sense of relief. Xavier touches his arm with a very strange, very disturbing tenderness. Their eyes meet for a dizzy, soul-melting moment that lasts a couple of eternities.

JORDAN

I uh, better go...

Jordan indicates with his eyes that Amy's waiting for him.

XAVIER

Yeah.

Jordan starts to walk away; Xavier drinks his beer.

JORDAN

Hey, X...

Xavier looks at Jordan who's got the dark cavern of the haunted ruins looming behind him.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Ever wonder what the meaning of our
existence is?

Xavier looks at him, like huh?

XAVIER

Huh?

JORDAN

You ever wonder why we exist?

Xavier looks at him some more.

XAVIER

No.

He takes another swig of beer.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

What for?

Jordan shrugs.

JORDAN

No reason.

He smiles and wanders away into the engulfing darkness. Xavier watches him go, polishing off his beer. Then notices Amy's skull lighter. He picks it up, starts idly flicking it, on, off, on, off, on...

CUT TO:

INT. HAUNTED STRUCTURE - LATER

TIGHT TWOSHOT. Same composition as earlier, only now it's Amy and Jordan banging away.

JORDAN

(in between thrusts)

Hey, Amy...

Amy doesn't answer at first, concentrating on her current orgasm.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Hey, Amy.

AMY

(breathing heavily)

...What?

Jordan ceases his rhythmic humping. Looks deep into her large, ebony eyes.

JORDAN

Y'ever wonder what the meaning of our existence is?

Amy looks at him, like you gotta be kidding.

AMY

You gotta be kidding.

JORDAN
No, really. Don't y'think about it?

AMY
Christ, Jordan. I'm about to come.
Can't we talk about this later?

JORDAN
(his feelings are hurt)
I guess...

He resumes his in-and-out pumping. As they both approach blastoff, Amy licks her finger and her hand inexorably creeps down Jordan's unsuspecting back, lower, lower, grasping his firm, round OS ass...

JORDAN (CONT'D)
OW!!!

Amy gives him an innocent look, like a kid caught with her hand (so to speak) in the cookie jar.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
What the fuck're you doing?

AMY
Relax. You'll like it.

JORDAN
I am not going to "like" your
finger shoved up my shit-chute.
That's grodified.

AMY
(impatient)
Jordan, will you please stop being
such an uptight prude and live a
little? Jesus.

Jordan looks into Amy's impossibly sweet, persuasive eyes.

JORDAN
I dunno, Amy...

AMY
(devilishly seductive)
Take a walk on the wild side.

Jordan's still not convinced. Amy kisses him again, softly, super-sensuously...

AMY (CONT'D)
Trust me.

She's too too sexy for Jordan to say no. Smiling, she ever-so-succulently sucks her finger again, then gently, lovingly, unyieldingly works it into Jordan's virgin hole. The act makes Jordan very uncomfortable at first; he feels violated plus it just plain hurts. But he allows it anyway - for her.

JORDAN
(a whimper)
Amy...

Amy replies with an unspeakably hot, bewitching whisper in his ear.

AMY
Just... re... lax.

He tries his best and soon finds his entire body consumed in sensations that totally overwhelm him: he feels like he's either going to spontaneously burst into flames, die right there on the spot, or maybe just experience the most intense squirt of his adolescent life.

JORDAN
(begging, gasping for air)
.....Amy.....

They're working it, grunting, making the noises baby seals make when they're getting clubbed to death. The chipped black fingernails of Amy's left hand dig into Jordan's shoulder as they both ready their quaking teen bodies for an absolutely colossal orgasmic sexplosion.

Then... A mouth appears. Licking the point where Amy's fingernails leave indents in Jordan's upper deltoid.

Startled, Amy and Jordan turn to find XAVIER his devouring eyes ablaze, like Hannibal Lecter about to feast on a victim.

As Amy and Jordan find themselves helplessly caught in his sexual spell, the screen melts into a hallucinogenically erotic THREESHOT as Xavier enters the frame and the fray... The trio don't speak a word instead communicating through a shared, synchronized language of hornified gazing, maneuvering, repositioning. Xavier is, of course, the leader, his pioneer hands and explorer lips blazing trails of pleasure across the vast frontier of Amy and Jordan's pale, fresh flesh.

Eventually, they migrate towards a token hetero menage sandwich - with Amy the meat between Xavier and Jordan's slabs of WonderBread. They're all panting, gasping, like they're drowning in a tidal wave...

As we FOCUS on Amy, her face contorted with on-the-verge-of-coming ecstasy, we begin to notice gradual traces of discomfort in her features (though admittedly, the two expressions are hard to tell apart).

She sighs. Since it's not exactly a cry of delight, both Xavier and Jordan slow their syncopated screwing.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

What?

AMY

(frustrated)

Shit.

Xavier and Jordan both reluctantly stop the bone-a-thon.

JORDAN

...What is it?

Amy sighs again.

AMY

I gotta pee.

Xavier feels the sperm backing up into his dick, threatening to burst his balls.

XAVIER

Right now?

Amy nods.

AMY

It's not like I want to get up 'n' go out into the fuckin' freezing cold y'know, but when Nature calls, it fucking hollers...

XAVIER

(suddenly)

Hey. Just go ahead and let 'er rip while we're all coming.

AMY

Oooooo!

JORDAN

Yeech!

XAVIER

C'mon, it'll be all warm and wet and nasty...

AMY

That is so vile and beastly I can't believe any human being could even conceive of it.

She gets up naked out of the bed.

XAVIER

Jeez, little Polly Pureheart...

AMY

(pointedly at Xavier)
You are a demon from hell.

Xavier's only response is a shrug and a wiseacre smile. Amy goes off to relieve her bladder, disappearing into the inky unknown.

XAVIER

Girls have no sense of adventure.

Jordan looks at him.

JORDAN

I guess.

The two gorgeous nude dudes are left sitting there alone in the bed for a suspended moment. Jordan can feel Xavier totally watching him which makes him increasingly nervous. He shifts uneasily.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

She better hurry. My woody's startin' to droop.

XAVIER

Mine's not.

Jordan looks at Xavier who just smiles.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

Wanna have a contest?

Jordan is bashful, just the thought making him blush.

JORDAN

No...

More awkward silence. Jordan growing more and more fidgety...

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Why are you lookin' at me like that?

XAVIER
 (with an evil smile)
 Why not?

Jordan's not feeling very comfortable in his skin at the moment (and it's all he's got on). And Xavier seems to be enjoying making him squirm.

JORDAN
 Man, what's takin' her so long?

Xavier shrugs. Not really in much of a rush for Amy to return. Then SUDDENLY a bucket of water is tossed onto the campfire, extinguishing it with a loud HISSSSSS.

The room is plunged into PITCH BLACKNESS and the SCREEN GOES TOTALLY DARK: only the SOUND of the boys' eerily disembodied voices lets us know that the projector hasn't broken down.

JORDAN (V.O.)
 What the fuck...

Stillness.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Hey.... This isn't funny.

More stillness.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 What the fuck is goin' on here?

Jordan yelps, practically jumping out of his skin.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 X? X? Is that you?

Xavier just laughs, playfully.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Cut it out, man. Fuck, don't you have a match or something?...

XAVIER (V.O.)
 Don't split your scrotum, dude. I mean, what're you so afraid of the dark for?

MEGAPHONE-FILTERED VOICE, sounding like it comes from beyond the grave, fills the room.

OS VOICE (V.O.)

Two little faggots sittin' in a
bed, One eatin' ass, the other
givin' head. Dirty, pervert scum
make me see red. The world'll be a
purer place when they're both
dead...

Utter silence. For a long time. Until...

JORDAN (V.O.)

(terrified)

X, man, if this is your idea of
a...

XAVIER (V.O.)

Shh!

They sit petrified in the blackness, listening like
frightened deer about to get blown away.

JORDAN (V.O.)

(whispering, losing it)

Amy, goddamnit, Where are you???

XAVIER (V.O.)

Shut up.

More silence. The tension's so intense the air is like
vibrating...

SUDDENLY Xavier is grabbed, overpowered, struck over the head
with something, CLUNK, and dragged away. Jordan, practically
shitting his pants, whirls around, flailing at the darkness.

JORDAN (V.O.)

(in a total panic)

X? X?? WHERE ARE YOU, MAN?...

FUCK!...

Hyperventilating, Jordan hears something, an object made of
metal and plastic, being set on the ground nearby.

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

C'mon, guys... turn the lights back
on. Stop screwin' around...

There's the WHUMPF of something (a body) being tossed onto
the bed about three feet from Jordan.

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

Amy?... X?...

And two sets of very strong ARMS grab Jordan from behind.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 (now at last, the scream)
 YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA--

Finally, there's the switching on of a STROBE LIGHT which transforms the scene into a fragmented acid nightmare. In the flashing, intermittent starkness, Jordan can see figures moving, ghostlike, kinescopic. He might've just died and gone straight to hell.

Behind him, his arms are being gaffer-taped together by two of the recordstore Goons, Dan and Pat. They're both stripped naked, wearing only Red-Hot-Chili-Peppers-style GYM SOCKS on their dicks, their bodies covered with what appears to be animal blood.

Beside him, Xavier lies inert, unconscious, bound with tape, his head bleeding at the temple. Before him, George, likewise wearing just a cock sock, materializes out of the gloom. He's dragging along Amy, who is also bound, a big piece of tape covering her mouth.

Ritualistically, he unfurls a huge American flag which lands on the ground with an ominous THWUMP. Jordan takes this all in like some ghastly hallucination. George finishes spreading out the flag. Turns on a nearby GHETTOBLASTER. A very tinny and somehow terrifying version of "The Starspangled Banner" begins to play...

As if its a pagan ceremony, George chants:

GEORGE
 I pledge allegiance... to the
 flag...

He shoves Amy down onto its red, white and blue surface.

JORDAN
 Leave her alone!

Dan and Pat respond by twisting Jordan's arms behind his back, cutting off his circulation.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 OWW!!!

GEORGE
 ...Of the United States of
 America.

He roughly maneuvers Amy into a mountable position on the patriotic tarpaulin. She kicks and struggles but her tiny form is easily overcome by the six-foot-tall hunk.

JORDAN
Leave her the fuck alone!!!

Jordan's protests get him a punch in the face from Pat. George tosses his gym sock aside and brutally enters Amy who shakes her head and writhes in agony. As he speaks, his words are cadenced, synchronized to his violent thrusting.

GEORGE
...And to the Republic. For which
it stands. One Nation. Under God...

Amy's face is contorted with pure, unadulterated hate as tears of helpless rage and unbearable pain fill her eyes.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Indivisible. With Liberty. And
Justice...
(coming))
For ALL.

Jordan is crying, whining like a whipped animal. As George pulls out, Amy takes the opportunity to kick him, hard, in the balls. Mistake.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
You fuckin' bitch.

He belts her across the face.

JORDAN
LEAVE HER ALONE!

Another sock in the jaw for Jordan. George loses his entire set of marbles.

GEORGE
You're gonna pay for that, Bambi.
D'you hear me? You are gonna pay.

He pulls a Nordstrom's shopping bag out from the shadows and removes an eighteen-inch-tall, glow-in-the-dark PLASTIC POPE JOHN PAUL. Amy just watches, her eyes wide with revulsion and terror.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
(pure psycho)
Part them succulent meat curtains,
darling, and get ready for the
religious experience of your
life...

JORDAN
 NOOOOOOOOOOOO! You fucking asshole!
 Stop it stop it STOP IT!!!!

Jordan gets slugged again, this time in the gut. The wind knocked out of him, he looks down and finds Xavier, slowly regaining consciousness, moaning like a tormented zombie. Distracted from Amy for the moment, George comes over - his face right up to Jordan's, close enough to stick his tongue down his throat in a unmercifully TIGHT TWOSHOT.

GEORGE
 (whispering)
 Just be patient, honey. You'll get yours...

Jordan raises his eyes, glaring into George's. Blood from his nose forms a tiny trickle down his face and drips off his chin.

JORDAN
 That's what your mom said - only I couldn't hear her, she had my sperm gurgling in her mouth...

If George wasn't on the brink before, he's in outer space now

GEORGE
 DON'T YOU EVER TALK ABOUT MY MOTHER
 LIKE THAT!!!

He starts WAILING on Jordan, going totally berserk, his fists pounding into Jordan's frail frame as Dan and Pat hold him up like a steadily deflating punching bag.

George is so agitated he can barely speak.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
 You... you... you...

Jordan rolls over to one side and vomits blood.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
 You, dude, are going to DIE.
 (turning to Amy)
 And you, Bambi, you lying filthy fucking slut are gonna watch me help your little fairy boytoy shuffle off this mortal coil...

He pulls a fucking humongous pair of GARDENING SHEARS out of the Nordstrom's bag. Jordan flips, frantically trying to escape, but Dan and Pat have too tight a grip on him.

The next few seconds of strobe-lit mayhem are so blurry, chaotic and insane that it's hard to figure out even what's going on - only that Amy is going completely BONKERS with that big knife, and that there's people SHRIEKING and getting butchered left and right. This bloody slaughter should all spookily and subconsciously recall the likewise-strobelit, SLOMO slamdancing frenzy of the very first scene.

The spasmodic, jagged MONTAGE of ultraviolence reaches a orgasmic crescendo, then abruptly cuts to BLACK.

DISSOLVE TO:

DRIVING POV.

Incredible, almost unearthly serenity. The lazy sunlight glimmering off the tranquil, panoramic Pacific. The sky a mute wash of complementary blue. The SOUND of the relentless road, the car engine gradually FADES UP. A DJ's amped-up voice crackling.

DJ (V.O.)

...Well, it's another gorgeous one, dudes 'n' dudettes. We're talkin' air temperatures in the mid-70s, water temperature a luscious 69 degrees, surf three to five feet with fine shape. A most excellent day, kids, for you to have mom write you a note 'n' truck on out to the beach...

On the CLICK of the radio, we...

CUT TO:

INT. TORINO - DAY

Amy turns the stereo off and stares blankly ahead. Xavier is slouched up against the door on the passenger side. Both are wearing darkglasses. Neither one utters a word as the road goes droning by. They drive in the thundering silence like that, not looking at each other, for a really, really long time....

Finally, Amy removes a Death cigarette from her stash under the visor. Starts searching around for a light. Xavier, on automatic pilot, offers her one - with her own missing skull lighter. Recognizing the lighter, Amy is about to say something, but doesn't (it would require too much effort). She just drags on her cigarette instead. They look away from each other again.

After several more interminable seconds of silence, Xavier leans over and pulls a bag of Salsa Rio Doritos out from the floorboard. The sound of the plastic CRINKLING and TEARING, the CRUNCHING of the chips in his mouth are all just incredibly, absurdly loud.

Amy, though, just sits there like an ice sculpture, completely oblivious. Xavier looks at her, offers a chip.

XAVIER
(with his mouthful)
Wanna Dorito?

Amy makes no reply whatsoever - it's as if she's either deaf or dead. Xavier eventually takes that as a 'no' and goes back to staring out his window. Amy keeps on driving, gazing numbly into the infinite distance, her cigarette smoldering between her pert, pouty lips.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE ROAD TO NOWHERE - DAY

The ROARING WHOOSH of the Torino suddenly passing by is followed by the car slowly, inevitably receding, becoming tiny and dotlike, a greenish-blue speck under the immense, sprawling horizon. Its total insignificance in the vast, indifferent scheme of things is heartrendingly apparent.

We FADE OUT. Then it's all over.