

Dysphoria  
by  
Brian Havelka

Brian Havelka  
40 East 12th Street #6A  
New York, NY 10003  
212.518.1394

[Brianhavelka@gmail.com](mailto:Brianhavelka@gmail.com)

"DYSPHORIA"

EXT. GEORGETOWN, WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT

Reggie exits a bar on M Street wearing a hooded sweatshirt and a backpack. He's in his mid-20's, scruffy and sexy in a shy but dangerous sorta way.

It's late and all the barhoppers have gone home for the evening. The streets are wet and deserted.

He passes a black Cadillac Escalade parked on the city street. The cabin light reveals a woman, JENNY, applying mascara in the rear view. Reggie glances over; they lock eyes. He pauses and takes a few steps back; she's smiling at him.

She's nineteen and skinny with long chestnut hair, intelligent eyes and decadent lips. She buzzes down the passenger window.

REGGIE

Hi.

She just smiles. The inside of the car looks like she's been living out of it.

REGGIE

Are you traveling?

JENNY

No, I'm just... I'm in a transition period. Do you need a ride?

She leans over and opens the passenger door.

CUT TO:

The SUV flies up Wisconsin Avenue.

Jenny glances in the rearview. Her eyes are jittery and her pupils are dilated.

JENNY

Is that a cop?

REGGIE

No, why?

JENNY

I have a cardboard license plate.

He looks back. It's true; it's hanging in the rear window.

JENNY

I keep getting pulled over and they keep giving me warnings.

REGGIE

You should take the one off the front and put it on the back.

JENNY

That's what they keep telling me.

EXT. JENNY'S FATHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The SUV pulls into the driveway of a Northern Virginia McMansion. Reggie follows Jenny silently through the basement door.

INT. JENNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Like the inside of her car, clothes and beauty products are everywhere. Dinah Washington plays.

Reggie lays on the bed watching Jenny as she applies makeup at the vanity. He spies a pair of 8-inch stilettos poking out of a pile of clothes.

REGGIE

Are you a dancer?

JENNY

Shhh! No. Shuttup or they'll hear you.

REGGIE

Who?

JENNY

Shh!!!

Reggie pretends not to watch as Jenny straps on the stilettos and changes (somewhat) discretely into a more revealing dress.

REGGIE

I like the other one better.

Jenny struts over and puts her lips centimeters from his ear.

JENNY

(whispering)

Shut. The fuck. Up.

His eyes move down to her cleavage - which is at eye level - and then back up to her face.

REGGIE

(whispering)

I thought you said you weren't a dancer?

JENNY

(whispering)

I'm a stripper. Get your feet off my bed!

He does.

REGGIE

(whispering)

So you want me to just sit here and not say anything?

JENNY

(whispering)

When I want you to do something, you'll know it.

Reggie watches silently as Jenny goes back to her routine: moving around the room agonizingly slow, putting on one thing or taking off another.

He can't take it any more: Reggie slides behind her and puts his hands on her hips. He moves around to kiss her and she backs away from him, knocking over bottles of nail polish.

JENNY

Mn.

Reggie stops and looks her in the eyes. He leans over to kiss her and again she turns her head.

JENNY

Nnn mm.

She slides out from behind him and crawls onto the bed, staring back at him with a pouty expression, absently opening and closing her legs.

He slides on top of her, slips his jeans off and climbs in between her legs. She seems not to notice, looking everywhere except at the person having sex with her.

He pins her feet behind her head. The two blocks of wood strapped to her feet, her stripper shoes, click together as he fucks her.

Click. Click. Click. Click.

Jenny lays on her back, mumbling incoherently.

Clickclickclickclickclick...

Her eyes roll back in her head and she bites her lip.

...clickclickclickclickclick...

A shudder goes through Jenny: she freezes. She shakes her head and blinks her eyes.

JENNY

Whaaaa?!?

REGGIE

What?! What's wrong?

She looks up at Reggie with wide eyes: she's woken up out of a blackout and she doesn't know where she is.

JENNY

Who are you?

REGGIE

What?

JENNY

Who are you?

REGGIE

We met in Georgetown you-

JENNY

No! Shuttup shuttup shuttup.

A beat.

JENNY

What are you doing here?

REGGIE

I-

JENNY

Shuttup... Fuck me.

REGGIE

What?-

JENNY

Fuck me.

Reggie stares in shock, then slowly resumes moving his hips.

JENNY

Who are you? Fuck me. Who are you?  
Fuck me. Who are you?

Reggie's had enough. He covers her mouth and pins her legs against her. She doesn't stop him.

Clickclickclickclickclick-

CUT TO:

INT. JENNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Reggie is passed out naked in bed. We hear FOOTSTEPS leading upstairs.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jenny moves with familiarity through a well-furnished kitchen. Her stripper heels clunk on the expensive tile.

She opens a high cabinet and gropes for a piece of fruit just out of reach. She scoots a bar stool close to the cabinet and stands on it, stretching to reach inside. The front legs of the stool lift off the ground...

INT. JENNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Reggie is still asleep in bed. We hear a CRASH above, and then a loud THUMP, as of a body falling on the floor.

INT. FOYER - MORNING

Jenny's dad, MORGAN, attractive in his late forties, walks downstairs in a collared shirt. Morning sunlight fills the foyer. He grabs the Washington Post off the front stoop- it's a gorgeous day. He freezes as he enters the kitchen- Jenny's passed out on the floor in her stripper outfit, dried blood on her temple.

He sighs, steps over her and pours himself a glass of O.J. Then he squats down to look at Jenny, placing two fingers on her jugular.

She's alive. He scribbles something on a post-it note, sticks in on the cabinet in front of her and slams the front door as he exits.

CUT TO:

Downstairs, Reggie awakens with a start. Where the hell is he? Where's the girl? No idea. He pulls on his hoodie and exits the basement door.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Reggie wanders through the wealthy suburban neighborhood back toward Washington.

INT. JENNY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Jenny moans on the kitchen floor. Her bleary eyes open and focus on the cabinet in front of her face. The post-it note reads: Get out of my house.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

In a cheap motel room Jenny empties a purse full of one dollar bills onto the dresser. Dark circles ring her eyes and her hair is wild. She looks like death.

She uncrumples the dirty bills and tries to count them.

JENNY

One, two, three, four, five...

Her hands are shaking. Start over:

JENNY

One, two, three, four- Shit.

CUT TO:

A Gucci sunglasses case opens to reveal a syringe and a half dozen gram baggies of pink powder.

Jenny wraps a cord around her arm and adroidly injects crystal meth into her vein.

CUT TO:

The hands are back at the stack of dollar bills.

JENNY

Twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five.

She snaps a rubber band around the stack of bills. Success.

Soon she has lots of stacks of bills, all neatly rubber-banded in stacks of 25.

CUT TO:

It's daytime, now. Jenny stands on a table, struggling to hang a sheet from the curtain rod to blot out the daylight.

CUT TO:

Back at the desk: Jenny talks to a strip of lottery tickets as she scratches away at them.

JENNY

Gimme lots of money you little fucker.

Scratch... scratch...

JENNY

Nothing... nothing... nothing...  
Five dollars! Yessss!

CUT TO:

Jenny ties a tourniquet around her arm, tries to find a vein.

*Brlrlrlrlrlrling!*

The rotary phone erupts in the lonely room. Jenny looks in horror at the interloping phone.

*Brlrlrlrlrlrling!*

She struts over and snaps the plug out of the wall.

*Brlrlrl-*

Jenny looks around the room, seeing it as if for the first time. Clothes are everywhere. Makeup and syringes are splayed on the dresser.

JENNY

Hmph.

Jenny goes back to shooting up. She easily hits a vein and is ready to push the plunger when she looks up at the door.

A beat.

The door jamb explodes as the front door flies open. Cops and daylight invade the room. MARLO, a cop in his late thirties, struts in and points a gun in her face. He is a walking bundle of barely-contained anger and misdirected sexual energy. His partner, a handsome and mellow black man in his early 30s, CHARLES, stands behind him.

Jenny and Marlo lock eyes. The needle is still in her arm.

MARLO

Drop it.

She looks him in the eyes as pushes the plunger, then calmly sets the spent works on the dresser.

She holds out her wrists.

INT - COP SHOP - NIGHT

A cell phone vibrates on a desk.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

Jenny sits handcuffed to a desk in a suburban police station.

JENNY

Can I answer that?

MARLO

No.

Marlo drops a stack of paperwork in front of her.

MARLO

You had an half ounce of meth,  
where'd you get it?

No response. Marlo holds up nine fingers.

MARLO

Nine. Nine felonies. See this stack  
of paper? That means you're going  
to prison. Not jail, not county  
lock-up, prison.

JENNY

I had a little dope. How you get 9  
felonies?

MARLO

Stolen goods, credit card fraud,  
distribution, false pretence-

JENNY

What the fuck is false pretense?

Marlo slaps her hard across her face. She reels for a second and tries not to cry.

MARLO

You know, the problem with dealing with bitches like you is that in you see yourself as this cool, badass chick, when in reality you're like this sad little crack whore with a shitty attitude. Like you're trying to hang onto your dignity, which obviously you haven't got or you wouldn't be in this situation to begin with. Now you got a big bruise on the side of your face, and so what? That's what drug addicts look like. They have bruises on the side of their face and no one knows how they got there. People just figure you deserve it or brought it on yourself, somehow, which is basically true.

Jenny stares straight ahead, indignant, now.

MARLO

The Mid-Atlantic Federal Law Enforcement Narcotics review at the end of the month. This is what determines, among other things, the amount of money allocated to local law enforcement agencies by the federal government. It's merit based, which means if our numbers are up, the department gets more money. And then I get a raise. And then I come to work in a brand new Cadillac. Black, with fender skirts. Are you getting all this?

JENNY

No.

JAMES

Do you want to go to prison?

JENNY

No.

JAMES

Right now we got 219 felony arrests for the year. That leaves about eleven cases. That's where you come in.

JENNY

What are you talking about?

JAMES

What do you think?

JENNY

You want me to NARC on eleven people?

JAMES

I... yes.

JENNY

That's crazy.

JAMES

What were you gonna do with a half ounce of crystal?

JENNY

Put it in my arm.

JAMES

You were gonna shoot 14 *grams* of crystal all by yourself?

She's thinking about it.

JENNY

So, if I talk I won't go to jail.

MARLO

Prison.

JENNY

Whatever.

MARLO

Normally we'd give somebody a year to come up with that many busts. But the quarter ends in two weeks. That means we need eleven busts in fourteen days.

(looks at his watch)

(MORE)

MARLO (cont'd)

It's after midnight; thirteen days. It's all or nothing. You don't make all the arrests, I can't help you. And you spend your twenties behind bars. But. If you give me eleven felony arrests, I personally guarantee you walk on this shit. I can get you released on P.R. and you could be out that door in fifteen minutes. You get your phone back and you can start making deals right away.

She looks at her phone.

MARLO

Or. You can sit and wait for a bail hearing sometime Monday. Which you may or may not get. And three months from now you can stand in front of a judge and take your chances like everybody else.

The cell phone lights up and vibrates across the table, breaking the silence.

Jenny breaks the stand-off by swiping the phone off the desk. She flips her hair as she puts the receiver to her ear.

JENNY

Hello?

INT. - GOOD GUYS STRIP CLUB, WASHINGTON D.C.- NIGHT

Drunken frat boys nurse beers while a skinny chick with tatoos peels off her G-string.

CUT TO:

THE FOX DEN:

Bedlam in the changing room of the strip club: Mascara wands fly as a gaggle of strippers jostle for position in the long, bulb-lined mirror.

GIRL 1 does a bump of coke from the underside of another girl's press-on nail.

GIRL 2 pops a handful of birth control pills out of the tell-tale sundial packet and washes them down with a swig of Diet Coke.

GIRL 3

Oh, hey can I have some of those? I forgot mine this week.

Jenny applies makeup in the corner by herself. A young stripper with an unfortunate C-Section scar approaches.

C-SECTION

Hey, Eva, did you see that cute eye shadow I had? It was really expensive, have you seen it?

JENNY

Did you look in your cunt?

CUT TO:

THE MAIN FLOOR OF THE STRIP CLUB

VICTOR, the club manager, is an upper class boozier with meticulously mussed hair, a fishy complexion and vodka eyes. He smokes a French cigarette as he glares at the stage.

The girl with the tats stuffs her tips into a tiny purse as a smattering of applause makes its way through the club.

Victor checks his watch, then looks over to the three-hundred-pound BOUNCER.

VICTOR

Go get 'em.

CUT TO:

THE FOX DEN

BOUNCER

Showtime, girls!

Beauty products are shoved into purses, toilets flush, zippers zip and locker doors clang shut as the girls scurry downstairs. Jenny saunters with her hand on her hip, bringing up the rear.

The stairs down to the main club clunk with the heels of a dozen strippers.

CUT TO:

## MAIN FLOOR

The new girls take their stages. Jenny shuffles mechanically from side to side, barely keeping time with the beat.

Victor glares at Jenny and mouths, "What the fuck?"

She shrugs, annoyed: "What?"

He approaches her stage.

VICTOR

Do you need a Red Bull or something?

JENNY

I'm fine, I'm fine.

VICTOR

More "Showgirls", less "Night of the Living Dead", okay?

RUDE CUSTOMER, an older guy with a beard, walks to the stage and extends a dollar bill. He leers at Jenny and she pretends to smile back.

RUDE CUSTOMER

What's your name?

JENNY

(annoyed)  
What?

RUDE CUSTOMER

(louder)  
What's your name?

JENNY

Eva.

Jenny lifts her leg in the air and spins around. She misjudges her spin and clocks him in the side of the head with her massive heel.

RUDE CUSTOMER

Hey!

Jenny stifles a giggle. The guy almost falls over.

JENNY

Oh, my God. I'm so sorry!

RUDE CUSTOMER

Oh, that's funny?

Rude Customer throws his drink in her face. Jenny's jaw drops. She smacks him in the face and he pushes her. She lands on her butt at the rear of the stage.

Victor does a double-take, spilling Grey Goose on his button-down shirt as he leaps up from the bar.

The Bouncer grabs the Rude Customer from behind and pulls him toward the back door.

RUDE CUSTOMER

Com'on man! She hit me in the face!

JENNY

Hey, Tommy, wait a second!

The bouncer freezes. Jenny struts over and snatches the dollar bill out of the customer's hand without a word. He resumes yelling at her as she walks away.

A WAITRESS with a tray full of shooters walks in the opposite direction. Jenny attempts to sidestep her and the waitress does the same. The waitress giggles.

WAITRESS

Wanna dance?

Jenny throws her hand skyward, sending the tray of shots flying into the air.

JENNY

Fucking retard bitch.

REVEAL Reggie nursing a beer at a back table. He recognizes Jenny as she storms past.

EXT. GOOD GUYS STRIP CLUB- NIGHT

Jenny exits the back door of Good Guys in street clothes lugging a huge gym bag. She bypasses the parking lot, cuts behind the dumpsters and ducks through a hole in the chain link fence.

On the other side, she pops out through some bushes on a residential street in upper Georgetown.

Jenny clicks the lock on her Escalade. BEEP-EEP!

SAUL

Jenny.

Jenny almost screams as an urgent young man, SAUL, steps out of the shadows.

JENNY

What are you crazy? What the fuck  
are you doing?

SAUL

Jenny, please- I just wanna talk- I  
just wanna talk-

He's emotional and handsome in a dirty way - more heroin than  
chic. She gets in the car and shuts the door behind her. She  
starts the car and puts it in drive- then looks at Saul  
through the Escalade's tinted window. Saul stares back at her  
with crazed eyes.

She buzzes the window down and puts the car in park.

SAUL

Listen babe, I'm sorry for the way  
I acted. I'm here to take  
responsibility for my actions. I  
understand now what my part was.

JENNY

It's not a good time.

SAUL

Jen- I just wanna talk. I just got  
outta jail. Please- I just wanna  
talk with you.

JENNY

I'll make a deal with you, we can  
hang out, but no talking. About  
anything, ok?

Saul moves to get in.

JENNY

Wait!

Saul freezes.

JENNY

What about the restraining order?

SAUL

It expired.

Jenny thinks for a moment.

JENNY

Okay, get in.

INT - THE HINDENBURG MOTEL - NIGHT

Jenny and Saul enter a cheap motel room. He sits as she goes through her ritual of taking clothes out, trying them on, folding them and replacing them in her bag.

SAUL

I'm not having sex with you.

JENNY

Fine.

SAUL

I want you to know I'm serious.

JENNY

You haven't been serious since high school.

He smiles at this.

SAUL

I am serious, I want to start over.

JENNY

I said no talking.

SAUL

So if we're not talking and we're not fucking then what are we doing?

JENNY

You're giving me money so I can go pay for the room. I walked out on my shift I don't have any money.

SAUL

I just did 15 months in Indian Creek.

JENNY

That's not my problem.

SAUL

Don't you think it was kinda fucked up the way shit went down?

JENNY

That's what everyone says who gets locked up. We're junkies, that's what happens.

SAUL  
 So what junkie took my place while  
 I was away?

JENNY  
 Lot's of 'em.

He smacks her and she falls to the ground.

SAUL  
 I'm sorry.

Saul reaches to help her up and she pushes him away.

JENNY  
 Get off me! What are you sorry for?  
 You don't like thinking of all the  
 guys I fucked while you were away?

She spreads her legs and starts to touch herself.

SAUL  
 Stop it.

JENNY  
 What would you have done about it  
 anyway? Even if you weren't locked  
 up like a bitch? What would you do?  
 What the fuck would you do about  
 it???

He rushes across the room, picks her up off the floor and pushes her face first against the bed. He lifts her skirt and rips her stockings. He grabs her hair and pulls her head back toward his.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
 Just no black eyes... I gotta work  
 tomorrow.

INT. THE HINDENBURG - PREDAWN

Saul has his arm around Jenny as they sleep. Her eyes flutter open. She sneaks out of bed, quietly gathering her things. Saul flutters his eyes... and then goes back to sleep. Jenny quietly sneaks out the door.

EXT - THE HINDENBURG - PREDAWN

Jenny walks exits into the parking lot of the Motel Hindenburg, a two story abomination nestled between fast food joints and gas stations.

The sky is light where the sun will be coming up soon. Jenny makes a disgusted grimace and turns back toward the motel.

INT. HINDENBURG LOBBY - NIGHT

A bell jingles and the Asian CLERK looks up from a Chinese newspaper as Jenny lumbers in dragging her huge bag. She looks like a corpse.

JENNY

Do you have a room in the back?

CLERK

Thirty seven dollar.

Jenny digs crumpled one-dollar bills from a sequined purse as the clerk eyes her suspiciously.

CLERK

Name?

JENNY

What?

CLERK

What's your name?

JENNY

Eva- I mean Jenny. Or Eva.  
Whatever.

EXT - HINDENBURG - NIGHT

Establishing shot of the cheap motel at night.

INT - HINDENBURG - NIGHT

Jenny has completely transformed herself: her hair is up and she looks stunning in a black dress. She applies deep red lipstick at the vanity while Marlo paces behind her. Charles checks out the sports page of the Post. He's dressed for a night out.

JENNY

So you give me the money and I just  
buy drugs from these guys and you  
arrest them.

CHARLES

That's it, baby girl.

MARLO  
What time's this place close?

JENNY  
Late.

MARLO  
Hurry up.

JENNY  
Five minutes.

Marlo sighs as Jenny resumes applying make-up.

EXT. 18TH STREET LOUNGE - NIGHT

Jenny and Charles approach the club on foot as Marlo parks across the street.

INT. 18TH STREET LOUNGE - NIGHT

Jenny and Charles enter the 18th Street Lounge. They wind their way through a crowd of hipsters and druggies who are all way too cool to be there.

CHARLES  
See anyone you know?

JENNY  
It's early.

The third floor is dominated by a huge, floor-to-ceiling window with a panoramic view of Connecticut Avenue. Framed by the window, a jazz band plays a John Coltrane song.

Jenny slumps into a black leather couch, ignoring two dark-skinned lovebirds necking beside her. Charles gets drinks.

A Latino dude in a purple velvet blazer gives Jenny a kiss on the cheek.

JENNY  
Timothy!

TIMOTHY  
Eva, oh my god. Princess, where have you disappeared to?

JENNY  
I've been on hiatus.

TIMOTHY  
Dit moi, mon amour. Tell me  
*everything*.

Charles returns with drinks.

JENNY  
This is my friend Charles.

TIMOTHY  
Is that your new beau?

JENNY  
Definitely not. Do you know where  
anything is?

TIMOTHY  
Just a boy toy; I don't blame you.

Timothy sips from a rocks glass as he reflects on the band  
for a moment.

TIMOTHY  
Pills?

Jenny shakes her head.

JENNY  
Crystal.

TIMOTHY  
Do you just wanna party or are you  
looking to score?

JENNY  
I need a ball for the weekend.

Timothy rolls his eyes.

TIMOTHY  
You're at a club, you're gonna pay  
retail, you know?

JENNY  
Yeah, I know, whatever.

TIMOTHY  
Gimme 500, I'll see what I can do.

Jenny slips Timothy some cash and he leaves.

CHARLES  
Why'd he call you Eva?

JENNY

That's my whore-name. Keep not saying anything. Just look good and act dumb.

CHARLES

Baby girl, that's my specialty. Need a refill?

JENNY

Sure.

Jenny's eyes glaze over as the band starts a new, mellower tune. Maybe this will be easier than she thought.

CUT TO:

Downstairs, Charles follows Timothy through the crowd, and out onto the back patio. Charles keeps an eye on him from a distance.

CUT TO:

Jenny sinks deeper into the couch as she contemplates the live jazz. The couple next to her gets up and leaves; the place is clearing out.

CUT TO:

Charles can't find Timothy in the crowd. He looks over the railing and gets a bird's eye view of Timothy running out the back alley way. Charles tries to get outside to catch him, but runs into a bottleneck of people leaving the club.

Charles on his cell phone:

CHARLES

Ok, the guy just ran out the back alley with the money.

EXT. 18TH STREET LOUNGE - NIGHT

Marlo has a cell phone in his ear as he jumps out of the Crown Vic.

MARLO

What?! Which way? What's he look like?

Marlo runs toward the club.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Timothy runs out the alley and disappears into sidewalk traffic. A second later Marlo runs into the alley and almost runs face first into Charles.

MARLO

Fuck!

INT. 18TH STREET LOUNGE - NIGHT

Upstairs. It is the end of the night and the band plays only for Jenny. After a mellow coda, the musicians set down their instruments. Silence. Ice clinks as it melts in a glass.

CHARLES

You got ripped off.

Jenny groggily opens her eyes.

JENNY

Huh?

INT. HATCHBACK - NIGHT

A car flies down Wisconsin Ave.

Blue lights flash and a siren wails. Jenny rides shotgun in a beat up hatchback. The driver, skinny, red haired twaker DONNIE, looks in the rearview in full-blown fear.

DONNIE

This is bad. Jen, babe, what the fuck's goin' on?

JENNY

You're getting pulled over, pull over!

DONNIE

Oh, this is fucking bad. This is bad.

JENNY

Pull over!

DONNIE

Jen, listen babe, you know you're like a sister to me. You and I are crazy tight and I gotta ask you a favor, babe.

JENNY

Donnie, pull the fuck over!

Donnie pulls over to the side of the road.

DONNIE

I gotta ask you somethin' and I'm  
just gonna come out and say it.

JENNY

What?

He holds out a half dozen grams of pink powder held together  
with a rubber band.

DONNIE

Would you please stick this in your  
pussy for me?

JENNY

No fucking way!

DONNIE

I can't catch a charge right now!

JENNY

Neither can I!

Donnie glances nervously in the rear-view.

DONNIE

Jenny, you're my best friend, I  
love you but I got fucking charges,  
I got backup time. Please, the only  
thing between me and a holding cell  
right now is your beautiful, pink,  
nineteen year old-

JENNY

Fuck no. Stick it up your ass.

DONNIE

They look there every fuckin' time  
I swear to god.

Jenny rolls her eyes.

DONNIE

Take it and then you can have it  
and do it all yourself, I don't  
even want it. For old time's sake,  
babe. I'm begging you. Please?

The police car doors slam as cops approach the car.

Jenny looks down: her hands are shaking.

CUT TO:

Outside the car: Charles approaches the driver's side; Marlo approaches Jenny on the passenger side.

DONNIE

Hello officer, what can I do for you tonight?

CHARLES

License and registration.

DONNIE

Oh, yeah, sure no problem. Is everything ok? I wasn't weavin' or nothin', was I?

CHARLES

You got a license?

DONNIE

Oh, sure, no problem officer.

Donnie reaches for his wallet as he continues to speak in rapid fire.

DONNIE

Babe, Jen, sweetheart, can you get the registration out of the glovebox there. Yeah, just look it should be right in there.

Donnie turns to Charles.

DONNIE

We're just driving around tonight, you know, it's so nice we're like let's just go for a drive. Jen, babe, sweetheart, hon, babe, where's that registration? I swear to god it's in there. It's my grandmother's car and she never-babe?

CHARLES

You been drinking tonight?

DONNIE

Drinking? Yeah, right, I take these pills I can't drink.

(MORE)

DONNIE (cont'd)

No shit, if I drink alcohol, smoke weed, coke, anything, I get violently ill, I throw up and start pissing myself- it's disgusting, actually. Jen, babe, it should be like, right there, like right on top.

Charles and Marlo look at each other over the roof of the car- they can't believe this guy.

DONNIE

Seriously, thank god for these pills. If you pulled me over six months ago I guarantee I'd be drunk- one day at a time, you know what I'm sayin'?

CHARLES

Get outta the fucking car.

CUT TO:

Charles searches Donnie on the side of the road.

DONNIE

You look super familiar, are you sure you didn't ever work in P.G. County?

Out of earshot, Marlo pretends to frisk Jenny. He speaks under his breath.

MARLO

Where the fuck is it?

JENNY

He didn't get it.

MARLO

What do you mean he didn't get it?

JENNY

I thought he had it and I texted you and then I found out he didn't have it.

MARLO

You texted that us that you had shit.

JENNY

I know! I know! I thought we did,  
like we had the shit and then we  
did a bump and it was fake so we  
threw it out the window cuz we  
didn't want-

MARLO

Five hundred fucking dollars?!

JENNY

It was fucking baby powder. It  
wasn't my fault! We got ripped off!

MARLO

Okay, okay, stop, right now: this  
is your last chance. One more fuck  
up, rip off, bullshit, no dice, I-  
swear-to-god-I'm-sorry-I-thought-he-  
had-it-oh-wait-I-accidentally-stuck-  
it-up-my-nose-whatever and I hand  
the prosecutor that stack of papers  
in my office. I tell the judge that  
you fucked with us, that you  
resisted arrest, lied, jaywalked,  
and he will give you years like  
handing out candy. It's too late.  
You can't just change your mind and  
decide to take the years. If you  
don't get your shit together and  
make this happen I will nail you to  
the fucking wall. Is there any part  
of that you don't understand?

Marlo slams her door shut and walks away. Donnie gets back in  
the driver's seat.

DONNIE

Those guys are dicks. You were  
totally right, though, they never  
would'a found it.

INT. FOXDEN - NIGHT

In the bathroom of the strip club Jenny shoots up crystal  
meth. As soon as the juice hits her veins a Nina Simone song  
slams on the soundtrack. She pulls out the needle and kisses  
the mark on her arm. Her limp body jumps to life, her head  
snaps up and her eyes are awake.

INT. GOOD GUYS STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

The music continues as Jenny slithers on stage into a single spotlight.

Jenny moves slow and exaggerated to the slinky music, strutting off the stage and dancing her way into the crowd. We enter a fantasy sequence: The scummy patrons are now high rolling businessmen, dressed for a game of baccarat rather than the local dive bar. Jenny's hair is up and there's fire in her eyes.

She steps up onto the table and a man with a top hat slips a bill in her garter. The black tie crowd is mesmerized as Jenny uses the toe of her platform heel to gently tip a highball into the lap of a patron, who leaps to his feet, madly wiping gin and tonic from the crotch of his trousers. Jenny smiles, then struts to the end of the table where ETHAN, in black tie, watches her. She writhes over to him and gets down on one knee, her sexy, gartered leg in front of his face. Time stops as the music fades and the rest of the room falls to dark.

JENNY

Gimme a dollar.

Ethan slips a hundred dollar bill in her garter and she snaps it closed. Jenny smiles as he whispers in her ear.

ETHAN

You wanna make some money, I'm  
throwing a bachelor party tonight.  
Trashbags of coke. Four Seasons.  
Room 183.

INT. FOUR SEASONS - NIGHT

Three patrons from the club sit in a hotel room, doing coke and drinking green-bottled beer. Rather than high-rolling businessmen, they have morphed back into typical frat boy types. Ethan answers a knock at the door.

TOOL 1

Is it her?

TOOL 2

Is she here?

ETHAN

Yeah.

TOOL 1

'Bout time.

ETHAN

Shuttup. Here she comes.

Ethan opens the door and Jenny strides in on black, 8-inch stripper heels and a full-length mink fur coat. She stops in the center of the room and throws her hands in the air like a Solid Gold dancer. Her coat falls open, revealing a silver bikini top and a matching pair of bottoms.

JENNY

Stripper's here!

Police flood the room, all guns and bullet-proof vests.

MARLO

Police!

CHARLES

Police! Everybody down on the ground!

Marlo pulls out the baggie of white powder and looks up at Jenny as if to say, "it's a start".

Jenny smiles the wide smile of success.

INT/EXT - SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

Money exchanges hands.

Jenny walks out of a suburban home. She slaps an 8-ball of powder into Marlo's hand as cops storm past and raid the house. Four scumbags run in every direction as the cops enter and cuff them. One guy runs out the back door and Charles tackles and cuffs him.

Meanwhile, behind the dark windows of the Escalade, Jenny takes bumps out of a small bag.

INT. HATCHBACK - NIGHT

C-Section drives Jenny around in a hatchback. Money and drugs exchange hands.

CUT TO:

C-Section bites her lip and Jenny tries to look scared as Marlo and Charles emerge from flashing blue lights to approach the car on the side of the road.

CUT TO:

C-Section and Jenny are cuffed. Charles puts his hand on top of C-Section's head, to keep it from hitting the roof as he guides her into the back seat of the Crown Vic. They pull away- as soon as they are out of sight Marlo unlocks Jenny's handcuffs. She rubs her wrists as she struts away on M Street.

INT. 18TH STREET LOUNGE - NIGHT

Money exchanges hands. Timothy walks away and Jenny turns back to her drink at the bar.

EXT. 18TH STREET LOUNGE - NIGHT

Timothy runs out the back alley of the club, as before. This time Marlo and Charles are waiting for him. They lead him out of the alley in handcuffs.

INT. HINDENBURG - NIGHT

Donnie does a line of pink powder off a jewel case, just as the front door busts open. Marlo and Charles enter, guns drawn.

DONNIE

Yo, what the fuck yo!

Donnie jumps up and throws the drugs across the room. Jenny puts the back of her hand to her forehead as if she's about to faint from surprise.

JENNY

How did you find me? Oh my god. I can't believe this is happening.

Her theatrics continue as they cuff her and Donnie.

EXT./INT. COP SHOP - NIGHT

Marlo and Charles lead Jenny and Donnie in handcuffs into the police station and through a labyrinthine series of corridors. Marlo and Donnie split off from Charles and Jenny. As soon as they are out of sight, Charles undoes her handcuffs. She exits the jail through a back door and into a parking lot where her Escalade sits waiting for her.

INT. COP SHOP - DAY

Marlo sits at his desk, talking to someone out of frame.

MARLO

This is what determines, among other things, the amount of money that is allocated to each law enforcement agency by the federal government. Do you want to go to prison?

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

Sitting opposite Marlo is C-Section, the disheveled blonde from the club, shaking her head as makeup runs down her face.

C-SECTION

No.

EXT. INTERSTATE 95 - DAY

A police cruiser sits on the grass behind a sign reading "Welcome to Georgia", with the requisite peach emblem in the corner. A black BMW speeds by and the cop car puts its lights on, pulling into traffic.

CUT TO:

The Beamer sits parked on the shoulder as traffic flies by. Behind the wheel is a black man, TRAVIS, well-dressed like a lawyer on his day off. A cop approaches the driver's window, and another on the passenger side.

COP

Will you please step out of the vehicle?

TRAVIS

I'm sorry?

Travis speaks with a northern accent and the cop with a southern one.

COP

Step out of the vehicle.

TRAVIS

Don't you want to see my drivers license?

COP

Just as soon as you get outta that car.

He gets out.

COP  
Do you mind if we take a look  
inside the vehicle?

TRAVIS  
I'm not giving you permission to  
search my car.

COP  
You sure about that?

Travis is incredulous, but respectful.

TRAVIS  
I don't know what you think is  
going on, but I live in D.C. and  
I'm down here on business.

Cop speaks into his radio.

COP  
Suspect is not cooperating, send a  
canine unit to-

CUT TO:

Travis leans against the hood of his car. A shirt button is open and he wipes away sweat in the summer sun.

Barking dogs approach the car and jump up on his trunk, scratching the hell out of it with the front paws.

Travis winces.

The cop opens the trunk of the car to reveal... nothing at all: an empty trunk, save for a few pieces of errant laundry.

The cop rips open the liner of the trunk and lifts the spare tire to reveal: four big bags of white powder.

The fat cop smiles.

INT. GEORGIA POLICE STATION - DAY

Travis sits handcuffed to a desk across from Dick TEAGARDEN, a humorless Federal agent. Teagarden leans forward as if he's about to confide a secret.

TEAGARDEN  
You got one chance at not spending  
the next twenty years in Federal  
prison.

(MORE)

TEAGARDEN (cont'd)

I wanna know two things: who did you get it from and who were you bringing it to?

INT. GOOD GUYS STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Four guys in suits listen as Victor holds court at a back table.

VICTOR

"I can't find a wife." The other guy sez, "it's easy, just find a chick who likes to do the same things you like to do and you'll be happy forever. What do you like to do?" The guy sez, "Well, I don't know, I'm drunk from the time I wake up, I blow all my cash at the titty bar, and I do coke like it's going out of style." He sez, "So find a woman like that." The guy sez, "Who wants a woman like that?"

Laughter all around.

The club is busy. Jenny is on stage, dancing mechanically. She spreads her legs and holds her garter open as a customer approaches her stage. Her garter snaps closed on a twenty-dollar bill: Jenny looks up and screams. It's Reggie.

JENNY

Who are you?

REGGIE

I came to your house. You picked me up. You gave me a ride. Like a week ago. I left I didn't know where you were.

JENNY

How'd you find me here? Wait, what?!

REGGIE

I was in yesterday and I recognized you.

JENNY

I don't want to talk to you. Here, take this.

She holds out the twenty dollar bill.

REGGIE  
What time do you get off?

JENNY  
Late.

REGGIE  
I work at Mr. Smith's on M. Street.  
I'm a bartender, do you know the  
place?

Jenny waves over the bouncer.

JENNY  
They're gonna kick you out.

REGGIE  
When do you get off?

Jenny dances, ignoring him.

BOUNCER  
Sorry, bro, time's up.

REGGIE  
I wasn't doing anything.

BOUNCER  
Can't touch the girls.

REGGIE  
I wasn't touching her. Tell him.

Jenny ignores him.

BOUNCER  
Let's go.

REGGIE  
Whoa, whoa, whoa. You're not  
allowed to touch the girls, right?

BOUNCER  
Yeah.

REGGIE  
Well then I can stay because I  
didn't touch her.

The bouncer looks at him like he might actually be thinking  
about it.

CUT TO:

Back alley behind Good Guys. Reggie falls on his ass as he's tossed out the back door.

INT. GOOD GUYS STRIP CLUB OFFICE - NIGHT

Victor is counting cash when Jenny walks in. She drops bundled stacks of bills on his desk.

VICTOR  
Watcha' got?

JENNY  
\$450

Jenny takes a seat while he cashes her out.

JENNY  
Can you do an ounce?

VICTOR  
I thought you didn't do coke?

JENNY  
It's for a friend. He wants weight.  
I told him I might be able to start  
him off with an ounce.

VICTOR  
What kind of a friend?

JENNY  
A guy I'm dating.

VICTOR  
Not that same asshole from before?

JENNY  
No, no, no. Different asshole.

VICTOR  
Why do you hang out with these  
losers?

JENNY  
I'm in a trans-

VICTOR  
A transition period, I know.  
Listen, Sunday night I'm having a  
soirée. For Jasmine's breasts. Have  
you felt the teardrop?

JENNY

No.

VICTOR

You must. Come over, we'll talk business. And bring what's-his-face. Lemme meet this guy and we'll see what's up.

Jenny turns away. The crisp sound of money being counted resumes, then suddenly stops.

VICTOR

Jenny!

She turns around in the doorway.

VICTOR

We are judged by the company we keep.

INT. MR. SMITH'S - DAY

Mr. Smith's is a dark, scummy bar in Georgetown. It's early afternoon and the place is almost empty. Bartenders Reggie and JUNIOR huddle near the back. Junior is an obnoxious jock type in his late 20's. Junior pulls out an 8-ball of coke and Reggie hands him a stack of bills.

REGGIE

Thanks, bro.

JUNIOR

Wait-

Junior pulls the powder out of his reach.

JUNIOR

You rockin' it up?

REGGIE

No.

Lying.

JUNIOR

Listen, I'm a drug dealer, so obviously I don't have a lotta moral values and shit like that, but I'm not gonna sell to you if you're putting it in a pipe.

(MORE)

JUNIOR (cont'd)

I can't have some dude I sling to basin' up. Especially since we work together.

REGGIE

I told you I ain't basin' no more.

JUNIOR

Plus, see, that's the thing, I don't trust pipeheads. Listen, man you're a fuckin' bartender. Make a little money, do a little blow... But don't be a degenerate fuckin' scumbag with no fuckin' teeth and blisters on your fingers, you know what I mean? It's not sexy.

REGGIE

Are you through telling me how to do the drugs I just bought from you?

JUNIOR

You know what gets you really high?

REGGIE

What?

JUNIOR

Lick my asshole.

Reggie snatches the baggie out of his hand. Both of them look up as the front door opens.

Jenny walks in. Her hair is up and she looks amazing- dressed for a night on the town. Reggie and Junior's jaws are both on the bar.

JUNIOR

Can I help you?

JENNY

Hey, you.

She points to Reggie.

JENNY

What time do you get off?

REGGIE

Midnight.

Jenny writes down a number on a cocktail napkin.

JENNY

Call me.

They both stare at Jenny as she walks out. As soon as the door shuts behind her Junior turns to Reggie, his mouth still agape.

Reggie shrugs.

EXT./INT. VICTOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A trendy, upscale row house in Adams Morgan. Jenny enters without knocking and Reggie follows.

Hip hop music plays as rail-thin strippers drink champagne on the couch, or stand giggling in flocks. Victor, Grey Goose in hand, holds court in the kitchen.

VICTOR

Is everyone ready? Okay, Jasmine,  
you can come out! Oh, wait! Wait,  
Jenny's here! Jenny, come here!  
Jasmine, come on out!

A pair of hands with long, manicured fingernails opens the front clasp of a bikini top, revealing a pair of D-sized breasts.

The small crowd cheers and clap. Statuesque brunette JASMINE beams.

JASMINE

What do you think?

GIRL 1

Oh, my god, they look great.

GIRL 2

Can I touch them?

JASMINE

Of course!

The girls tentatively feel Jasmine's massive breasts.

GIRL 3

They feel real, right?

VICTOR

May I? May I, Jasmine?

Jasmine laughs and nods her head. Victor buries his face in her chest and shakes his head back and forth. Jasmine laughs hysterically, spilling her champagne on the hardwood floor.

JASMINE

That's enough, that's enough!

CUT TO:

Later. Jasmine dances, with her clothes on, now, to hip hop in the living room.

JENNY

Victor. Hey, there's someone I want you to meet.

REGGIE

Hey, I'm Reggie.

VICTOR

Did you see my girlfriend's breasts?

REGGIE

Uh, yeah, they look great.

VICTOR

It's new stuff, not that silicone shit. Someone's calling me, you want a drink?

REGGIE

No, thanks.

VICTOR

Liquor's over there, beer's in the fridge. I'm coming sweetheart!

Victor walks away.

REGGIE

She works at Good Guys too?

JENNY

Not anymore. She starts at Camelot on Monday.

REGGIE

Wow.

JENNY

Yeah, you need fake boobs to work there. They make like a thousand dollars a night. Stupid bitches.

Victor raises his eyebrows at Jenny from across the room.

JENNY  
I'll be right back.

REGGIE  
Hey, wait!

Jenny turns around.

REGGIE  
What's your name?

JENNY  
Jenny.

Jenny smiles as she turns and follows Victor into a back bedroom. Reggie sits on the couch next to an ANGRY STRIPPER smoking a cigarette by herself. He sticks out his hand.

REGGIE  
Hi, I'm Jenny's friend.

ANGRY STRIPPER  
Hi, Jenny's friend.

EXT. VICTOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Marlo and Charles are parked across from Victor's house in the Crown Vic. Charles passes Marlo a sandwich.

CHARLES  
What are you gonna do if she does  
it?

MARLO  
What?

CHARLES  
If she busts all these people like  
you told her to?

INT. VICTOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jenny talks to Victor through a half-open bedroom door. Jenny notices Reggie looking at them and pushes the door closed. Two strippers with glasses of champagne run through the living room in front of Reggie, their high heels clack-clacking on the hardwood floor.

In the bedroom Jenny listens attentively. Victor does bumps of coke off the tip of a pen knife, gesticulating with it as he talks.

*Sniff.*

VICTOR  
Give him an ounce and see what happens.

JENNY  
Right.

*Sniff. Sniff.*

VICTOR  
But make him pay for it; I'll give it to you for eleven and you sell it to him for thirteen. Or even 1,400. And blame it on me. Tell him I don't trust him - which is true - and that he's paying retail until I know him better. Which is also true. And then if he still wants weight then we can talk about an eighth a key, or something like that.

JENNY  
Ok.

VICTOR  
Although I have to say, you guys do look good together.

Jenny grimaces.

JENNY  
Thanks.

Victor holds out the bump.

VICTOR  
You want?

JENNY  
I haven't done coke since I was fourteen.

VICTOR  
Oh yeah, I forgot.

*Sniff.*

CUT TO:

Across the street from the house. Charles leans against the Crown Vic as Marlo talks around an egg salad sandwich.

MARLO

Don't worry about it. She's not gonna get the busts.

CHARLES

I don't know. That girl seem pretty... determined, like.

MARLO

Neh. Trust me. She'll fuck it up.

CUT TO:

Back on the couch:

ANGRY STRIPPER

-stage 3. How come she gets to be stage 3 all the time? Stage 3 gets to pick the music.

REGGIE

She says she hates the music everyone else plays.

ANGRY STRIPPER

Everybody wants to pick the music.

REGGIE

I know, that's what she said.

ANGRY STRIPPER

And she plays old music by people I never even heard of.

Victor and Jenny exit the bedroom.

REGGIE

What's up?

JENNY

Let's get outta here.

In the kitchen Jasmine sits surrounded by a flock of girls.

JASMINE  
...and then Victor runs in,  
screaming "Where's the fucking  
doctor!"

Wild laughter.

INT. ESCALADE - NIGHT

Jenny and Reggie drive through D.C. at night. The radio plays quietly.

REGGIE  
Where did you get that dress?

JENNY  
Oh. I made it.

REGGIE  
You made it?

JENNY  
Yeah.

REGGIE  
Like, sewed it together?

JENNY  
I go to Goodwill or Salvation Army  
or someplace like that and get old  
clothes and then I fix 'em up, cut  
a slit up the side or make 'em  
slutty somehow.

REGGIE  
Who's your fashion icon?

JENNY  
What?

REGGIE  
Who's your fashion icon?

She's thinking...

JENNY  
Wow. That's the first time I've  
actually thought about something a  
man has asked me in quite some  
time.

They pull into a parking lot.

JENNY  
That's your car, right?

REGGIE  
Do you wanna go out sometime?

JENNY  
Sorry. I'm not really a go-out-on-a-date kinda girl.

REGGIE  
Or maybe just get coffee or someth-

JENNY  
It's not a good time.

He gets out and walks over to his car. Suddenly, she buzzes down her window.

JENNY  
Nico.

REGGIE  
What?

JENNY  
Nico. Fashion icon. You know the chick with the glasses and the...

She gesticulates towards her clothes, as if that helps.

REGGIE  
Oh yeah, yeah. Well, it's workin' for you.

JENNY  
Thanks.

An awkward beat.

JENNY  
What are you doing?

REGGIE  
Right now?

JENNY  
Yeah.

REGGIE  
It's like three in the morning.

Jenny looks at him like she doesn't understand why that would be a problem.

He gets back in the passenger seat.

JENNY

But no sex! I'm serious. No sex and  
no simulating sex. Got it?

Reggie smiles.

INT. HINDENBURG - NIGHT

SERIES OF SHOTS

Piece of clothes hang from lamps, dimming the light in the  
dirty motel room.

Slow and sexy Dinah Washington plays on the soundtrack as  
Jenny assumes her usual position at the vanity putting on  
makeup and trying on clothes.

Reggie cooks up crack in a spoon and smokes it in a glass  
stem.

Jenny shoots up.

Jenny laughs as she puts makeup on Reggie.

Jenny expounds upon some amazing intuition as Reggie nods in  
eager agreement.

Jenny and Reggie slow dance in the dark.

Clothes fall to the floor in a pile.

Jenny and Reggie have sex in the dim motel room.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. HINDENBURG - DUSK

Reggie rolls over in bed, knocking down the sheet that was  
covering the window. He opens his eyes with a disgusted  
grunt. Where the hell is he?

REGGIE

Hello?

No answer.

REGGIE

Fuck.

He looks out the window in confusion at the gray sky.

REGGIE  
Day or night?

INT. GOOD GUYS STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Slow night at the strip club.

Jenny dances mechanically. She looks up in horror to see Saul staring at her from a table.

The song ends and a few feeble applause work their way through the club. Jenny stuffs loose bills into a tiny purse before exiting the stage.

SAUL  
I came by to see you.

JENNY  
I see that.

SAUL  
Are you surprised?

JENNY  
Uh, yeah. I've been meaning to call you where have you been?

SAUL  
I've just-

JENNY  
Hey! Hold that thought for one second; I gotta change.

Jenny slips him the Gucci sunglasses case.

JENNY  
But listen: I get off in an hour.  
Meet me at The Pig.

Saul peeks inside the case and exits.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

Charles sits at a table observing the entire scene. Jenny motions to Charles to follow Saul, which he does.

CUT TO:

Outside. Charles walks up behind Saul in the parking lot.

CHARLES  
Hey man, let me ask you somethin'!

Saul turns around and Charles tackles the guy and cuffs his hands behind his back. He pulls the sunglass case out and opens it to reveal three gram baggies with an American flag stamped on them.

INT. CROWN VIC - NIGHT

Marlo drives Jenny in the unmarked cop car.

MARLO

You got two days left. Two more busts and you're off the hook.

JENNY

Everyone's gonna be jealous. You driving to work in that brand new Cadillac.

Marlo smiles.

JENNY

What color you gonna get?

MARLO

I haven't decided yet.

Jenny blinks.

JENNY

I thought you said black. With fender skirts?

MARLO

...I'm thinking black.

They pull into a convenience store.

MARLO

You want anything?

Jenny holds out some crumpled dollar bills.

JENNY

Here. Get me some scratch-offs. Get Gold Rush, oh wait, no, there's one called Three Sows and Bucks. Like thousand bucks, but sows and bucks. Like the bucks are deer and the sows are pigs. Like you. Oink! Oink!

Marlo snatches the cash out of her hand and slams the door. Jenny looks down at the duffel bag on the seat next to her.

Through the plate glass window she sees Marlo in the store.

She zips open the duffel bag and finds a zip-lock baggie marked "evidence". Inside are three baggies of crystal meth with the American flag stamp. She takes one of them, zips the whole thing back up and puts the bag back where it was.

Marlo is just now approaching the cash register. In a frenzy Jenny tears back into the bag. She snatches the other two bags of powder, snaps the case close and zips the whole thing up just as Marlo comes out of the store.

He throws the lottery tickets at her.

MARLO

Good luck.

EXT. AU PIED DE COCHON - DAY

A French Diner in Georgetown.

INT. AU PIED DE COCHON - DAY

Reggie sits across from Jenny. He looks confused.

REGGIE

You're a snitch?

JENNY

Keep your fucking voice down. No. I'm not a snitch. Jesus. They call it a C.I.

(she leans over and  
whispers)

Confidential Informant.

REGGIE

But you do snitch on people?

JENNY

I don't need your fucking judgement, okay? Everyone takes a risk when they do illegal shit. Drugs. I mean, I don't know if you've noticed, but crack, dope, crystal, it's not like a textbook for success in life. It tends to not end well.

REGGIE

What'd you get busted for?

JENNY

I don't know, possession,  
distribution, stolen credit cards,  
false pretense-

REGGIE

False what?

JENNY

I don't know, that's what they told  
me. Listen...

She reaches for his hand across the table.

JENNY

I'm almost done with this bullshit  
with the police. That's why I'm  
never around and tweaked the fuck  
out all the time. I'm in a trans-  
Things are really tough for me  
right now. If you could help me  
out, just this once, you would be  
my hero.

She's squeezing his hand. Reggie's thinking.

REGGIE

There's one person I can think of.  
This guy's a real fuckin' prick.

JENNY

Perfect.

INT. NATHAN'S PUB - NIGHT

Slow night at Mr. Smith's. Junior is behind the bar talking  
up some girl who probably isn't old enough to drink.

JUNIOR

Another shot of 'buca?

Jenny pulls up to the bar. She's a knockout; the other girls  
are amateurs. Junior's eyebrows go up.

JUNIOR

Whatcha drinkin'?

Jenny smiles.

INT. REGGIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Reggie cooks crack in a spoon then scrapes it into a glass pipe and blasts off.

He dials a cell phone.

CUT TO:

The Hindenburg. A phone rings loudly in the dark in Jenny's empty motel room.

Fade to black.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - MORNING

Morning in D.C. Joggers along the Potomac, etc.

EXT./INT. MR. SMITH'S - MORNING

Reggie's eyes are wide with dark lines under them; still strung out from the night before. He takes out his keys to unlock the door to the bar, but when he pushes, it's already unlocked.

Inside, the place is dark and the barstools are upside down on the bar. Except for one: Junior sits scrunched over like a toad, smoking a cigarette and drinking a beer.

JUNIOR

Come here.

Drunk.

REGGIE

Long night?

JUNIOR

I just got outta D.C. jail.

REGGIE

What?!

JUNIOR

Who's that chick you banged the other night?

REGGIE

What are you talking about?

JUNIOR

That chick you hooked up with, who is she?

REGGIE

The blonde from G.W.?

JUNIOR

Uh uh. You know who I'm talking about- before your shift, this chick comes in and points to you and writes down her number and you look at me like no big deal, I hook up with chicks like this all the time?

REGGIE

That brunette, yeah. What about her?

JUNIOR

She set me up.

REGGIE

What happened?

JUNIOR

No, you tell me first, what happened?

REGGIE

Nothing happened. She told me to meet her at the pig, I stopped by, she wasn't there. I texted her she didn't answer- I left.

Junior looks hard at Reggie trying to decipher how much bullshit Reggie is telling him.

JUNIOR

Where do you know her from?

Reggie takes a deep breath as if he's about to divulge something he'd rather not.

REGGIE

I met her at Chief Ike's one night. I was hammered, we piped up together in the bathroom, she gave me a blowjob. That was like three months ago I must'a told her that I worked here but... I don't remember.

JUNIOR  
You got her number?

REGGIE  
Yeah, sure but good luck with that.  
So, what the fuck happened?

JUNIOR  
She strolls up to the bar last  
night, says she wants to party. I  
take her into the bathroom-

He pounds on the bar with his fist.

JUNIOR  
"Open up!" Cops outside the fuckin'  
door - undercover who were already  
in the bar when she came in - bust  
in the door and next thing I know  
I'm wearin' bracelets. Total  
straight up fuckin' set up.

REGGIE  
So what are you gonna do?

Junior's eyes glaze over as he stares off into the  
distance...

INT. HINDENBURG - DAY

The red neon of the Hindenburg sign buzzes outside the motel  
room window.

Charles reads the sports section as Jenny searches for a  
vein.

Jenny pushes the plunger and looks at the wall.

JENNY  
I saw a shrink once. He said I  
wasn't able to...

CHARLES  
Form real relationships with other  
human beings?

JENNY  
What is "real relationships"? Is  
that what you do?  
(MORE)

JENNY (cont'd)

Do you argue with your friends about "very important things", and you pretend like you're disagreeing, but you're really agreeing? Is that what makes you feel important?

CHARLES

Does it bother you?

JENNY

Does what bother me?

CHARLES

Rattin' on your friends.

JENNY

They're not my friends.

CHARLES

Who are your friends?

Violent banging at the front door. Charles unlocks the door and Marlo storms in.

MARLO

Where is it?

JENNY

What are you talking about?

MARLO

I had evidence in my bag last night and now it's missing.

JENNY

Evidence of what?

MARLO

Police evidence- the drugs that were in my fucking bag?

JENNY

Are you sure you didn't smoke 'em? You're acting like a fucking pipehead-

Marlo grabs Jenny by her neck and pushes her up against the wall.

MARLO

I'm through with your bullshit!

CHARLES

Hey!

Charles jumps between them and Marlo releases her.

CHARLES

What are you doin'?

MARLO

You're lucky your boyfriend's here.  
Where's my drugs?

JENNY

How should I know?

MARLO

Look. Look everywhere. All over  
this room.

JENNY

You look. I don't know what the  
fuck you're talking about.

Charles turns over the trash can.

Marlo opens and closes dresser drawers.

MARLO

What is this?

An empty gram baggie. All eyes go to Jenny.

JENNY

I don't know!

MARLO

It's over. I'm a cop. You stole my  
drugs. It's over.

JENNY

Fine, I'll bust more people, what  
do want from me?

MARLO

Nothing.

JENNY

What do you want?

MARLO

I don't want anything from you.

JENNY

We had a deal!

MARLO

The deal doesn't count, if I arrest someone, and you shoot the fucking evidence!

JENNY

I'm a drug addict, that's what I do! Why do you think I'm here to begin with? Do you think I'm gonna stop

(she smacks the inside of her arm)

for you? So you can win your fucking Cadillac?

MARLO

This whole scenario isn't designed with your needs in mind, this a police fucking investigation. Not a therapeutic community.

(to Charles)

Let's get outta here.

We don't get paid to watch this bitch get high.

CHARLES

(to Jenny)

Hey, call me if there's any-

JENNY

(to Charles)

Fuck you.

(to Marlo)

Give me one more chance, okay? Please!

Marlo and Charles exit. Jenny drops to her knees, head in her hands.

JENNY

I'm fucked up.

INT. GOOD GUYS STRIP CLUB - DAY

A slow day shift at the club. Jenny's getting drunk at a table by herself as a skinny black girl takes off her clothes on stage. She ashes a cigarette into one of many empty beer bottles in front of her.

JENNY

Hiccup!

Donnie enters. Tweaked, as usual.

JENNY  
(drunk)  
Donnie!

DONNIE  
Babe! Why didn't you call me? What  
happened? When did you get out?

JENNY  
What?

DONNIE  
When did you get out of jail?

Jenny's blanking.

DONNIE  
Remember when we got arrested? The  
crazy shit, cops, hotel room, what  
happened?

JENNY  
Oh! Oh! Uh, I got out like the next  
day. Where have you been?

DONNIE  
I've been in fucking Arlington.  
They kept me in booking for the  
whole week.

JENNY  
That sucks.

DONNIE  
What'd your lawyer say?

JENNY  
Lawyer, uhh...

DONNIE  
Are you smoking?

JENNY  
What?

DONNIE  
Are you drunk? Why are you smoking  
cigarettes?

JENNY  
Because I'm not me anymore.

DONNIE  
Who are you?

JENNY

I'm clean. I made a decision and now I'm a completely different person. I might change my name.

She drunkenly takes a drag off her cigarette.

DONNIE

How long you been clean?

JENNY

Like since yesterday.

DONNIE

And then what are you going to do?

Thinks for a moment.

JENNY

I think I wanna travel.

DONNIE

That's fucking awesome, you should totally do it. We should get clean together.

JENNY

Totally.

They sit back for a moment and look at the dancer.

DONNIE

That black chick's hot.

JENNY

Yeah.

DONNIE

What's her name?

JENNY

I don't know. Probably Mocha or something stupid like that. One bitch is from Brazil, you know what her name is?

DONNIE

What?

JENNY

Brazil.

DONNIE

Babe?

JENNY

One bitch's name is Dolphin. Where the fuck do you get that from?

DONNIE

Babe?

JENNY

What?!

DONNIE

You wanna go get high?

Jenny crushes out her cigarette.

INT. ESCALADE - DAY

Jenny and Donnie flying down Wisconsin Avenue.

DONNIE

Did you have the salmon cakes?

JENNY

The what?

DONNIE

Salmon cakes. Every Wednesday, you didn't get them? They're disgusting. Plus the food's always cold cuz they gotta push the trays across the courtyard to booking from the fucking cafeteria in C Block. Did they try to make you talk? Turn left here. They tried to make me talk. Make a right up here. The cop had some crazy deal.

JENNY

What?!

DONNIE

He said if I bust ten people - hey lookout!

JENNY

Fuck!

DONNIE

You almost hit that guy. If I NARC on like ten people then he'd let me off.

(MORE)

DONNIE (cont'd)

Lemme tell ya' somethin': I may or may not have "borrowed" money out my grandma's purse for a dimebag of glass, but even I got fucking standards.

A siren wails behind them. Jenny stares dumbly into the rear view mirror as blue and red lights reflect on her face.

DONNIE

I think we're getting pulled over.  
Babe?...Babe?...

INT. COP SHOP - DAY

Jenny sits handcuffed to a desk in the Arlington police station, as before. Marlo enters.

MARLO

Well, that didn't take long.

JENNY

So, tell me something. Did you get your Cadillac?

Marlo sizes her up.

MARLO

I drive a Lincoln.

JENNY

YOU MOTHERFUCKER!

Jenny jumps out of her seat and the chain around her wrist snaps tight.

JENNY

All that fucking shit, everything I did for you was bullshit! You fucking lied to me!

MARLO

Cause cops always tell the truth, right? Ok, picture this: Pippy Longjunkie is driving around with a cardboard license plate, that you wrote the number on with fucking magic marker - which is hysterical to begin with - then you've got stolen credit cards, baggies, needles, track marks-

JENNY

Okay! Okay! Fine, arrest me! But you lied to me, you made me do all this bullshit and you fucked up my life! If people find out I NARCeD, I'm fucked. Everybody in my life, *everybody...*

MARLO

Maybe it's time to find some new friends.

JENNY

You're a piece of shit.

MARLO

Why don't you take some responsibility for your actions?

JENNY

Why don't you twist your cock around and stick it in your ass?

Jenny catches her breath and sits back in her chair.

MARLO

Are you done?

JENNY

Yes, can I go now?

MARLO

Yeah, sure go ahead. Oh, wait!

He fingers the chain connecting her arm to the table.

MARLO

(sarcastic)

I'm sorry, totally forgot, you're getting booked: DWI. It's probably gonna be a couple hours for Officer Whatshisface to fill out that paperwork, maybe you can not catch any more charges during that time.

JENNY

So what am I supposed to do now?

MARLO

Do what you should have done in the first place. Call a lawyer.

INT. - HOLDING CELL - DAY

Jenny lies curled on a cot in an orange jumpsuit. The door buzzes open and a LADY COP tosses her a bundle of clothes.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

Jenny's glassy eyes stare out the window as her father, Morgan, drives in silence.

INT. COPSHOP - DAY

Marlo fills out paperwork at his desk. The paper says "Saul Goldman: charged with possession of drugs and paraphernalia, to wit, methamphetamine." He flips to the next page and checks a box that says, "discharge". In a box Marlo writes, "lack of evidence".

INT. COUNTY LOCKUP - DAY

Saul plays cards in a day room with some other guys wearing jump suits. Lady Cop sticks her head in, looking at a clipboard.

LADY COP

Saul... Goldman? Today's your lucky day. You know the drugs they busted you with? Well it seems they can't find 'em. Pack your shit.

INT. REHAB - NIGHT

Jenny sleeps in a plush bed in a private room. A NURSE awakens her.

NURSE

Sweetie- time to get up. You need to eat something.

JENNY

Huh? How long have I been here?

NURSE

You came in on- I think it was Monday. And you've been sleeping since then.

JENNY

What's today?

NURSE

Thursday.

Jenny rolls over.

JENNY

Wake me up on Saturday.

INT. REHAB HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jenny staggers bleary-eyed towards the cafeteria. At the guard's desk, another patient, a cute, fat teenage girl, ALISON, is arguing with the GUARD.

Alison turns to Jenny as she approaches.

ALISON

Would you tell him that Al Gore was too the president?

JENNY

What?

ALISON

He has my phone and he won't give it back until I tell him the last 6 presidents. I'm like, what the fuck does that have to do with me calling my boyfriend?

The guard laughs at her.

ALISON

Why are you being an asshole? I was born in 1993.

JENNY

Obama, Bush, Clinton, Bush, Reagan, Carter... and Al Gore.

ALISON

I told you motherfucker now gimme my phone!

The guard tosses her phone on the counter and gives Jenny a dirty look as she walks away with a smile.

INT. REHAB CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Jenny picks at a tray of food. Alison plops down next to her and starts stuffing food into her face.

ALISON  
You're skinny.

JENNY  
Thanks.

ALISON  
Are you like a hooker or something?

JENNY  
What?

ALISON  
I mean not a hooker, but like have sex with guys and they give you money?

JENNY  
I don't do that.

ALISON  
If I was skinny I'd be a hooker.

JENNY  
Why would you wanna do that?

ALISON  
I don't know, it seems like a pretty easy job. You don't have to stand on the street or anything, you just put an ad on craigslist. My sister did it one time. She's really skinny.

JENNY  
Do you go to school?

Alison shakes her head and looks down at her plate, noticing how much food she is eating compared to Jenny.

ALISON  
I'm gonna stop eating so much, maybe I'm not gonna get dessert tonight.

Jenny doesn't know whether to laugh or cry at this girl.

NURSE  
Meeting time everyone!

INT. MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

A few dozen residents shuffle toward a vague semicircle of folding chairs. Jenny pours a cup of coffee as a short, fat guy and a tall, skinny guy argue over donuts.

An old guy in a suit with a wide tie and thick Coke Bottle glasses takes a seat at the front of the room.

COKE BOTTLES

Hi I'm Larry and I'm an alcoholic.

He looks out at the crowd: silence.

COKE BOTTLES

Thirty years ago I had it all. Big house in McClean, Mercedes, beautiful wife. And I lost it all. Because I loved my vodka more than I loved my wife, my mistress or my millions of dollars...

Alison sits next to Jenny- she has a cup of coffee in one hand, a donut in the other hand, and another donut in her mouth.

ALISON

The NA meetings are better. They talk about drugs and there's hot guys.

Jenny scans the room; there's the usual rejects: a motorcycle guy with tats, a goth dude, a homeless woman- wait: she catches a glimpse of someone through the crowd. Jenny jumps back in her seat and hides her face.

The goth kid gets up, revealing another patient, Ethan, the frat boy from the Four Seasons, staring at her menacingly.

COKE BOTTLES

...but if I take one sip of vodka, just one sip, then it's "fuck you" to the wife, "fuck you" to the kids, "fuck you" to the job...

INT. REHAB BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jenny stirs in bed as a breeze rustles the curtains. She shuts the window and rolls back over in bed.

ETHAN

Remember me?

Jenny jumps out of her skin. Ethan sits casually in a chair on the other side of the room as if he's been watching her all night.

JENNY  
(quietly so as not to wake  
anyone)  
What the fuck are you doing here?

ETHAN  
Just wanted to say hi. So what are  
you doing in this place?

JENNY  
My lawyer said I should come here.

ETHAN  
You know I had to get bailed out of  
jail the day before my wedding? She  
left me... You're a fucking piece  
of shit, you know that?

JENNY  
Get out of here before I scream.

ETHAN  
You're a worthless human being I  
hope to fucking Christ you-

JENNY  
Get the FUCK OUTTA HERE!

He slams the door behind him.

INT. REHAB - NIGHT

The guard tosses Alison's cell phone on the counter.

CUT TO:

The lights are out and the place is deserted. Jenny sits in a corner and dials a number.

We hear a distant phone ringing. A man's voice answers.

VOICE  
(O.S.)  
Hello?.....Hello?

EXT. REHAB - NIGHT

Jenny drops out of a window and sneaks from behind the building into the passenger seat of a car idling just outside the grounds.

The driver is Saul.

INT. REHAB - NIGHT

In a dormitory bedroom Alison stares out the window as the car drives away.

EXT. PEACOCK CAFE - DAY

Victor walks through Georgetown on a sunny day, a briefcase in one hand and the Washington Post folded in the other. He veers off the sidewalk toward the Peacock Cafe, where patrons are lunching at outdoor tables. He smiles at the hostess as he sashays past.

VICTOR  
Meeting someone.

Victor plunks into a chair next to... Travis, our driver from Georgia. He pulls out a French cigarette.

VICTOR  
Galouise?

TRAVIS  
No thanks.

VICTOR  
So, how was Florida?

TRAVIS  
Boring as hell.

VICTOR  
Good. So why'd it take you so long to get back?

TRAVIS  
No idea. He told me to wait so I waited. Then he called me and it's all good, let's do the thing, so that's what I did.

Victor eyeballs him for a moment, then smiles and looks at the sky.

VICTOR  
Hmph. Is today amazing or what?  
It's like zero fucking humidity.

At the next table Teagarden eyes Victor from behind a sandwich. A small, directional microphone pokes out from under his sleeve.

CUT TO:

Inside a van across the street several DEA agents unholster their guns as Victor and Travis' conversation emits from a police radio.

TRAVIS  
(O.S.)  
Not for me thanks. You eatin'?

VICTOR  
(O.S.)  
May I have a dessert menu, please?

CUT TO:

Travis slides the bag next to his feet towards Victor.

TRAVIS  
I'm gonna bounce, you good?

VICTOR  
Yeah.

TRAVIS  
Twenty-eight grand, right?

Victor squints at him.

VICTOR  
What are you talking about?

At the next table, Teagarden winces.

TRAVIS  
No, no, no, no, I'm just confirming.

VICTOR  
I don't know what the fuck you're talking about.

TRAVIS  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, Travis???

Victor puts his Persols back on, grabs his briefcase and races down Prospect Street, hailing a cab.

TRAVIS

Shit.

Teagarden picks up the small microphone and speaks directly into it.

TEAGARDEN

Ok, call it off! Call it off!  
Goddammit.

Travis lays his head down on the table.

INT. GOOD GUYS STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Jenny dances on stage at Good Guys. A grinning idiot, the Rude Customer from the beginning of the film who she hit with her heel, approaches her stage, dollar in hand. She smiles and spreads her legs as he slips a bill in her garter. Her eyes are emotionless as she has completely resigned herself to her role.

INT. HINDENBURG - NIGHT

Saul watches TV in the motel room. Jenny enters, pulls a stack of cash out of her purse and sets it on the table next to him. He ignores her.

INT. MR. SMITH'S - DAY

The lunch rush at the pub. Reggie's behind the bar. Phone rings.

REGGIE

Bar?

JENNY

(O.S.)  
It's me.

REGGIE

Jenny... what's wrong?

JENNY

(O.S.)  
I don't- I don't feel good.

REGGIE

What's wrong?

JENNY  
 (O.S.)  
 I wanna see you.

REGGIE  
 I'm working a double today.

JENNY  
 (O.S.)  
 Can't you just stop by? Can't you  
 take off like lunch or something?

Customers are trying to flag him down.

REGGIE  
 I have customers. It's busy. I  
 can't leave.

JENNY  
 (O.S.)  
 Can't you just come over? I need  
 you. Please?

Reggie looks out at all the angry customers with empty beers.

INT. HINDENBURG - DAY

Jenny sits at the vanity; the motel room is dark. There's a  
 pile of crumpled one dollar bills on the nightstand.

A knock at the door. It's Reggie; she resumes putting on  
 makeup.

REGGIE  
 What's wrong?

JENNY  
 I didn't feel good. I think I'm  
 alright now.

Reggie turns to go.

REGGIE  
 ...knew this was a fuckin' waste of-

JENNY  
 Reggie!

He turns around in the open doorway.

JENNY  
 I think the drugs stopped working.

REGGIE

What the hell are you doing in here-

Reggie flips the switch as he walks toward her. Jenny shrieks.

JENNY

Turn it off! Please, Reggie. I'm serious; turn it off.

Reggie turns it off. His pupils adjust to the darkness as he scans the dim room. Shit is everywhere.

REGGIE

What happened?

JENNY

Nothing happened; what do you mean?

REGGIE

How long have you been here?

JENNY

A couple days. I'm doing the hotel thing. The whole paranoid, peeking out the windows thing. Did anyone see you come in?

REGGIE

No.

JENNY

I'm just kidding.

Jenny pulls her hair into a bun and sticks a hypodermic needle through it to keep it in place, then resumes over-applying make-up. Reggie ogles her sheer negligee and black stripper heels.

REGGIE

How's work?

JENNY

Vaginal. Everyone's always on their fucking period. Last night a girl was drunk and put her tampon in the wrong hole.

Jenny prepares a shot as she talks.

REGGIE

Why don't you should shoot up in the bathroom like a normal human being?

JENNY

People don't like it when you tell them things they should do, like you should shoot up in the bathroom, or you should take it off the front and put it on the back.

Jenny ties off, sticks the tourniquet in her mouth and roots around in her forearm until she finds a vein.

REGGIE

What's it feel like?

Jenny mumbles something with her mouth full.

REGGIE

What?

The cord drops from her mouth.

JENNY

I said, "I come." Every time I shoot meth, I come a little bit.

A bit of water drips from her spoon and lands on a convenience store napkin laying on the dresser. The liquid makes a dark spot on the napkin and spreads, as the paper absorbs it. Reggie's eyes lower to her panties, which are visible as she cocks her head and pushes the plunger. She pulls out the needle and kisses the mark on her arm.

JENNY

(rapidly)

You know how if your leg gets ripped off by a wild bear or you get caught in farm equipment or something, you don't really feel it? Because your brain releases chemicals that kill the pain. Well, when I shoot meth, those chemicals go flying into my brain but way faster than god intended. So, it's literally the most intense sensation that humans can experience. So, right now, you're probably saying, "Sounds amazing, how can I become a tweaker?" But wait, cuz there's a catch! After the euphoria comes an equal and opposite dysphoria. By continually pounding at these pleasure centers in my brain, I've amputated my ability to feel any sort of physical or emotional pleasure.

(MORE)

JENNY (cont'd)

Like, the pleasure most people feel just being around someone they like... doesn't even show up on my radar. I don't have that anymore. And meth seems to not be working anymore either. There's a thousand bunny rabbits kicking me.

She looks up at Reggie, suddenly frightened.

JENNY

You should go. I'm sorry I called you here. I was gonna have sex with you, but now I don't feel good.

REGGIE

Jenny.

JENNY

What?

He moves to put his arm around her but she pushes him away.

JENNY

My friend's coming back soon. You can't be here when he gets back.

Reggie's eyes drop.

He shuts the door quietly behind him.

INT. COP SHOP - DAY

Marlo fills out paperwork at his desk when Teagarden struts in, D.E.A. badge hung over his shirt pocket.

TEAGARDEN

Marlo Keller?

MARLO

Yeah.

TEAGARDEN

Dick Teagarden. D.E.A.

They shake hands.

TEAGARDEN

We need your help.

MARLO

What's up?

TEAGARDEN

You know a place called Good Guys?

MARLO

Shitty strip club on Wisconsin Avenue.

TEAGARDEN

Manager there, Victor Novak. Big coke dealer. We busted his mule on I-95 with four keys. They told me you got C.I.'s all over town. You know any way we can get to this guy?

The color drains from Marlo's face.

EXT. HINDENBURG - DAY

Jenny looks like she's posing for a junkie vacation postcard: she's sunning herself in a bikini in the parking lot of the Hindenburg Motel next to the empty swimming pool surrounded by weeds and broken glass.

Jenny looks up as she hears gravel crunching under foot.

MARLO

When ya goin' away?

JENNY

Friday.

MARLO

I got another deal for you.

JENNY

Let me guess, if I blow you then you get a Maserati?

MARLO

I wish. D.E.A. agent comes into my office yesterday and tells me they want Victor. You know Victor, your manager?

JENNY

Fuck you and your deals.

MARLO

They got a real hard-on for this guy- I don't know why.

(MORE)

MARLO (cont'd)

If you can set this guy up they'll give you witness protection and put you up somewhere until you get on your feet. But, of course, that would mean giving up all of this...

He gestures at the desolate surroundings.

JENNY

I have three days before I go to jail for god-knows-how-long and I plan on spending them with a needle in my arm so if you could get the fuck out of my life until then that would be great.

Marlo drops a business card next to her.

MARLO

This guy's for real.

She throws her magazine at him as walks away.

INT. HINDENBURG - DAY

Saul is passed out on the bed. Jenny watches TV with a tourniquet hanging limply around her arm. A loud banging at the door.

She peeks through the peephole then locks the security chain and cracks opens the door. She squints through the sunlight. It's Donnie.

JENNY

I don't have anything.

DONNIE

Et tu, Jenny?

Jenny's eyes get big through the crack in the door.

DONNIE

I known you since fifth grade. Mrs. Edmund's class. What the fuck is wrong with you?

Jenny slams the door in his face. She bites her nails and walks over to the window. Saul walks up behind her and fondles her roughly.

SAUL

We gotta get out of here.

JENNY

Yeah.

SAUL

Where do you want to go, baby?  
Florida or California?

JENNY

I hate Florida.

SAUL

So let's go to California.

JENNY

Okay.

SAUL

Friday night. We'll leave after  
your shift. Okay?

Jenny nods her head.

SAUL

I love you, babe.

JENNY

I love you, too.

Saul leaves Jenny alone at the window. She spies Donnie through the window getting in his car and pulling away.

EXT. WASHINGTON MONUMENT - DAY

Jenny, Marlo and Teagarden walk around the base of the Washington Monument.

JENNY

So what do you want?

TEAGARDEN

Are you willing to go on the stand  
and testify against this guy?

JENNY

Yeah.

TEAGARDEN

Ok. So we bust this guy, and then  
we fly you to some other part of  
the country.

(MORE)

TEAGARDEN (cont'd)

You come back to testify, then you go away again and we put you up till you get on your feet. We'll help you get a job, rehab if you want.

JENNY

And what about all these bullshit drug charges?

TEAGARDEN

They disappear. I spoke with the Arlington DA and I can get you confirmation of that.

JENNY

In writing.

TEAGARDEN

In writing.

JENNY

Okay.

TEAGARDEN

Okay. Friday night, we're gonna raid the club where you work. Your boss, Victor, he sells drugs right?

JENNY

Sure.

TEAGARDEN

Hidden in the office, we're going to find two kilos of cocaine.

JENNY

Uh uh. Victor's paranoid. He would never bring it into work.

MARLO

What do you think we need you for?

EXT./INT. MORGAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Jenny is well-dressed and her hair is back in order as she knocks on the door. Morgan answers.

MORGAN

They called me when you left rehab.

JENNY

I'm sorry.

MORGAN

What are you sorry for?

JENNY

Everything.

They sit down in the kitchen.

JENNY

Dad, I've been trying to figure things out.

MORGAN

How's that working out for you?

JENNY

Not so well. I just- I need some time to get my shit together.

MORGAN

You know what happens when you get your shit together, right?

JENNY

What?

MORGAN

You got a big pile of shit.

Jenny almost laughs.

JENNY

I know I haven't always been the most reliable, trustworthy...

Jenny puts her head in her hands, then takes a deep breath.

JENNY

I was gonna apologize for being a shitty daughter and tell you that I did my best, but I didn't do my best. I did like my absolute worst.

MORGAN

Is this about moving back in?

JENNY

No!

MORGAN

Cause you know we told you-

JENNY

That's not what this is about!  
Can't I just come over here to talk  
to you! My father?

MORGAN

Jenny, just spit it out.

JENNY

I just wanted to let you know that  
you're not going to have to worry  
about me anymore.

MORGAN

You're killing yourself?

JENNY

Uh, no. I'm moving.

Morgan has no response.

JENNY

I'm moving. To California.

MORGAN

Oh, well I'm not worried at all. I  
mean, that makes perfect sense, why  
would I worry?

JENNY

I'm serious.

MORGAN

What the fuck are you talking  
about?

JENNY

I can't do this anymore.

MORGAN

Jen. Look at me.

He leans in close.

MORGAN

Do you really wanna change?

Jenny nods her head.

MORGAN

I love you very much. And I want  
you to listen to me very carefully.

(MORE)

MORGAN (cont'd)

If you want your life to be different than it is now, then you have to take different actions. That means that when you make a decision, do the opposite of what you would normally do. Even if it feels really weird. Could you do that?

JENNY

I totally get what you're saying, but first I have to do this one thing. This is the last time - I know you don't understand - and then I'm done, I swear.

MORGAN

Ok, baby.

JENNY

Oh, wait! I almost forgot! I need something from my room. And then I'm leaving, I promise.

Jenny runs downstairs, abandoning her father in the suburban kitchen.

INT. JENNY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jenny walks into the same room where she seduced Reggie their first night together. Except now everything is cleaned and put away. She opens the double doors of her closet to reveal hundreds of articles of clothing, neatly hung up.

She runs her hands over the hangers. She flips through several expensive vintage dresses from the twenties.

She takes a long, sleek velvet dress off the rack and exits with it.

INT. HINDENBURG - DAY

Saul and Jenny's motel room clings desperately to the lower rung of depravity. The ugly carpet is only visible in patches between the clothes and trash that cover the floor. The TV is on, but mercifully silent.

Jenny walks to the center of the room and kneels down to get a closer look at the mink coat under her feet; cigarette butts are smeared into it. She brushes it off and stuffs it into a gym bag.

Saul enters behind her.

SAUL  
What are you doing?

JENNY  
Huh?

Saul takes the gym bag out of her hands and throws it across the room, knocking over a lamp.

SAUL  
Let's go. Leave all this shit.  
We're starting over.

Saul exits and Jenny takes one last look at the trashed room. Disgusted, she turns to leave-

Brlrlrlrlrling!

The rotary phone startles her.

Brlrlrlr-

JENNY  
Hello?

REGGIE  
(O.S.)  
Jenny?

JENNY  
Hey!

REGGIE  
(O.S.)  
What's up? What's going on? I tried to call you earlier no one answered.

JENNY  
I'm leaving.

REGGIE  
(O.S.)  
What?

JENNY  
I'm leaving.

REGGIE  
(O.S.)  
Where are you going?

JENNY

I don't know, but I'm not gonna be around anymore.

REGGIE

(O.S.)

Can I see you?

JENNY

No. I'm leaving, like, right now.

REGGIE

(O.S.)

You mean for good?

Saul pokes his head through the door.

SAUL

Jenny!

JENNY

It's work, ok? It's just work I'm telling them I'm gonna be late. I'll be right there.

Saul leaves, Jenny speaks quietly.

JENNY

I gotta go.

REGGIE

(O.S.)

Wait, Jenny. Listen, something happened between us- I get you. I like you. And I know you like me to no matter what you say.

JENNY

It's a bad time.

REGGIE

It's always a bad time.

JENNY

I know... goodbye.

Jenny's still holding the phone to her ear...

JENNY

Reggie?

REGGIE

(O.S.)

Yeah?

She gives the mouthpiece of the phone a big kiss- then a bunch of kisses.

JENNY

Bye.

She hangs up and exits.

EXT. GOOD GUYS STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Saul parks the Escalade on the residential street behind the strip club.

JENNY

Ten o'clock, right?

SAUL

Yeah.

Jenny sneaks through the hole in the fence and walks through the Good Guys parking lot to the Crown Vic, hidden in the back of the lot.

Jenny sits in the back. Teagarden and Charles are in the front seat.

CHARLES

How you feel?

JENNY

Like shit.

CHARLES

It's supposed to feel like shit.  
Just do me a favor.

JENNY

What?

CHARLES

After this is over, make sure I never see your ass around here again.

JENNY

I can pretty much guarantee that.

Marlo gets in the back seat next to Jenny. He unzips a gym bag to reveal two kilos of white powder.

TEAGARDEN

Ten o'clock we're coming in.

Jenny takes it and starts to leave.

TEAGARDEN

Jenny- this never happened. We never gave you this. When you get on the stand you saw Victor bring this gym bag into the office. Right?

JENNY

Right.

TEAGARDEN

Do I have your word on this?

JENNY

You have my word.

Jenny winks at Marlo, then exits the vehicle.

INT. FOX DEN - NIGHT

Jenny enters the Fox Den as the girls are getting ready for their shift. She takes a breath as she looks at this place for what may be the last time.

C-Section walks in with a bag slung over her shoulder. The last person Jenny wants to see. They make eye contact, then C-Section turns away and enters Victor's office.

Jenny looks through the crack in the door of Victor's office: C-Section is talking to Victor. Jenny watches as Victor listens with surprise, then disbelief, then anger.

Victor looks up to see Jenny eyeballing him from across the room. His eyes spit fire at her as he gets up and slams the door.

The color drains from Jenny's face as she suddenly becomes very intent on applying her makeup.

EXT. DELAWARE AVENUE - NIGHT

Reggie drives a shitty hatchback through a crack spot in Southeast D.C. A STREET DEALER waves him over and he rolls down his window.

REGGIE

Rocks?

STREET DEALER

Yeah.

REGGIE  
Six for fifty?

STREET DEALER  
A'ight.

They make the exchange.

INT. MR. SMITH'S - NIGHT

Reggie rushes through the front door. The MANAGER is behind the bar pouring drinks.

REGGIE  
Sorry! Sorry!

MANAGER  
Where the hell you been?

REGGIE  
I got caught up, traffic.

MANAGER  
Call next time!

INT. FOX DEN - NIGHT

Nina Simone plays as Jenny puts on makeup, alone in the Fox Den. Jenny slips on the velvet dress, looks at herself in the mirror and frowns. She leans over and rips a slit in the side, all the way to her upper thigh. Better.

Jenny climbs the stage at Good Guys as a slovenly man smokes a cigar in the front row.

Jenny moves with the music as the rest of the club falls to black. She is alone.

She pulls a strap over her shoulder, letting it fall as the crowd applauds -- not the crowd at Good Guys, but a roomful of men in tuxedos and women with long, flowing gowns of the 1920's. A mustached man in a top hat claps his hands enthusiastically in the front row of what is now a distinguished theater.

Jenny slips her other strap over her shoulder. The privileged crowd silently applauds as her dress slithers down her body and cascades to the ground.

Alone in the bathroom, Jenny shoots up.

At Good Guys, Jenny spreads her legs on stage. Time freezes as the flash bulbs of cameras explode in the crowd.

In a spotlight on the darkened stage, a silhouetted Jenny slips a needle into the soft side of her wrist.

A tendril of blood explodes inside the chamber of a syringe as Jenny retracts the plunger. Then she pushes it home: success.

The man with the top hat leaps to his feet, hands clapping, and the entire black tie crowd gives Jenny a standing ovation. Dollar bills fall from the air in slow motion. Jenny bows, naked on the stage.

CUT TO:

Across the street from Good Guys, cops in the back of a paddy wagon put on helmets and load shotguns.

In the Crown Vic, Marlo and Teagarden put on bullet-proof vests.

Teagarden speaks into a walkie talkie.

TEAGARDEN

How you guys doin' over there?

COP VOICE (O.S.)

Ready when you are, Chief.

INT. MR. SMITH'S EMPLOYEE RESTROOM - NIGHT

In a scuzzy bathroom in the back of the bar, Reggie takes a hit from an aluminum pipe when the door pops open.

MANAGER

The fuck are you doing?

Reggie tries to stuff the pipe in his pocket.

MANAGER

Is that crack?

REGGIE

No. Listen, man-

MANAGER

You gotta go, man. Get outta here, you're done.

Reggie is still trying to stuff the shit in his pockets as the Manager pushes him out the door.

INT. GOOD GUYS STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Jenny runs off stage, up the stairs, and through the changing room, toward the office.

She hears Victor's voice and quickly ducks around the corner.

In the office, Victor talks on his cell phone.

VICTOR

Get the money out from under the sink and take it to your mother's. Make sure everything is out of the house. Everything, like, right this instant.

Victor exits the office and passes Jenny unawares. Jenny quickly unlocks the office door with a credit card and shuts the door behind her. She looks under the desk and finds three two-digit numbers written in black marker. She turns the dial of the safe to the left, the right, back to the left, and pulls open the door.

Jenny unzips the blue bag and places first one kilo, then the other into the safe.

CUT TO:

The bar. Victor exchanges the empty cash drawer for one that's full of cash. He pours himself a Grey Goose with his free hand before he turns to walk back upstairs.

EXT. M STREET - NIGHT

Reggie sits in his parked car and punches the steering wheel.

REGGIE

Fuck! Goddammit, so fucking stupid!

A moment later the engine's revving as he flies up Wisconsin Avenue toward the strip club.

INT. GOOD GUYS OFFICE - NIGHT

Jenny stares at the pile of drugs in the safe. She starts to shut the door, then pauses. She pulls the two kilos back out, returning them to her gym bag. Then she pulls the cash out of the safe and sticks it in the bag as well. She closes the now-empty safe, runs out of the office, and out the back stairs of the building.

Bypassing the parking lot, Jenny sneaks under the fence, through the bushes and into the driver's side of her SUV. Saul is waiting for her in the passenger seat. They pull away.

EXT. GOOD GUYS STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

The cops raid Good Guys. A dozen cops with helmets and DEA black bullet-proof vests enter the front and back doors. They throw the bouncer to the ground and point guns at the patrons. Everyone screams and runs in different directions. The strippers drop to the floor. Total bedlam.

Marlo rushes through the mayhem and makes his way to the office. He throws open the door and interrupts Victor on his knees staring at the inside of an empty safe. Marlo points his Glock at Victor.

MARLO

What'd you do with it?

Blank stare.

MARLO

Where is it?!

VICTOR

I was hoping you could tell me.

MARLO

Where's the coke??!

VICTOR

Who the fuck are you?

A cop in riot gear smashes Victor in the back of the head with the butt of his rifle. Victor crumples to the floor.

CUT TO:

In the Fox Den, the girls line up against the wall in various stages of undress, crying, hands behind their back.

CHARLES

Where is Jenny? Eva? Was Eva here tonight?

The girls answer his question with wide stares and trembling lips. Charles runs into the office. He sees Victor bleeding on the floor and Marlo standing above him.

CHARLES

She's gone.

Marlo looks like he got punched in the gut.

EXT./INT. CROWN VIC - DAY

Tires screech and a siren wails as the Crown Vic fishtails into traffic on Wisconsin Avenue.

Inside the car Marlo pulls out his cellphone.

INT. JENNY'S ESCALADE - NIGHT

Jenny's phone rings and she pushes "reject".

SAUL  
Who was that?

JENNY  
Nobody.

SAUL  
Can I see your phone?

JENNY  
Don't worry about it. What's the best way to get to 95 from here?

Saul grabs her phone and looks at the screen.

SAUL  
Who's Marlo?

Her phone vibrates in Saul's hand.

SAUL  
Hello.  
(calmly)  
This is Saul, who is this?... Why are you calling Jenny?... yeah.... yeah... Let me think about it. Bye.

Saul hangs up. A few beats pass as Jenny looks at Saul in anticipation.

SAUL  
He said you stole his coke.

JENNY  
Must be a wrong number.

Suddenly Jenny laughs to herself. Saul reaches behind them and pulls the gym bag into his lap.

Saul pulls open the zipper to reveal what is very obviously a lot of cash, and a lot of cocaine. Jenny grips the wheel with both hands and stares at the road ahead. Saul is strangely casual.

SAUL

Jenny?

JENNY

Yeah?

SAUL

Where are the works?

JENNY

What are you doing?

SAUL

I'm gonna shoot up.

JENNY

Why don't you just wait?

SAUL

It seems like every time I start to feel close to you again something happens that makes me not trust you.

Jenny's grip on the steering wheel tightens.

SAUL

It's like what happened-

JENNY

Saul, Saul, just stop- I don't have time right now to get inside your head and try to explain this to you in a language you understand. But just trust me, trust me please, when I tell you that everything you think is true, is actually bullshit. Just put the shit away, we're gonna get the fuck outta here and everything is gonna be ok.

SAUL

Where are the works?

JENNY

Get my bag.

Saul hands her the purse and she digs through it as she drives, gathering a half dozen needles in her hand.

SAUL

How is there supposed to be  
devotion in this relationship when  
I can't even trust you?

She pulls the red protective caps off the needles. Her  
knuckles turn white as she squeezes the wheel and her face is  
twisted in anger as she stares ahead at the road. She grips  
the syringes tight in her fist.

JENNY

Fucking hate you.

SAUL

What?

Jenny speaks slowly between heavy breaths.

JENNY

I fucking hate you. I really do. I  
hate you so fucking much. I hate  
you so fucking much.

SAUL

I gave you so much Jenny.

JENNY

You didn't give me shit.

SAUL

Jenny!

He grabs her shoulder hard and pushes her down in her seat.

JENNY

DON'T TOUCH ME!

SAUL

Jenny calm down!

They're still flying down Wisconsin Avenue at top speed.  
Jenny swings her arm and stabs Saul in the face with a  
fistful of syringes.

JENNY

I hate you! I hate you!

Saul screams as red dots appear on his face and neck. They  
struggle. The SUV goes into a spin and screeches to a stop  
sideways in the middle of the street.

Saul and Jenny look at each other. Just then, another vehicle hits the rear of the SUV at full speed, sending them into another spin. Tires squeal as the SUV slams into a parked car. Saul is bloody and stunned, Jenny is less so.

Jenny grabs Saul by the hair and screams as she rams his head into the window.

She pulls the two kilos out of broken glass.

JENNY

Where's the money? Fuck.

She can't find the cash. Frantic, she gets out of the car. Still in her stripper clothes, and now lugging two kilos of drugs in plain sight, she runs around a side street and hails a cab.

Sirens sound in the background as she pulls away in the cab.

CUT TO:

Reggie passes the Crown Vic with its lights flashing going the opposite direction.

He pulls up outside the strip club and sees the place surrounded by cop cars and flashing lights. He makes a U-turn on Wisconsin Avenue.

CUT TO:

Marlo flies across the Key Bridge in the Crown Vic.

EXT. THE HINDENBURG - NIGHT

The cab pulls in front of the Hindenburg. Jenny opens her purse.

JENNY

Shit. I don't have any money.

CAB DRIVER

What? What you gonna do I need some money? Fifteen dollars.

JENNY

Here. Take these.

She hands him scratched-off lottery tickets from the pile in her bag. She is frantic.

CAB DRIVER

No way. What is this?

JENNY

These are winners. You can just change these for money. They're winners. Understand? Winners? Here: two dollars... two dollars... five dollars... two dollars. There's a twenty dollar one in here somewhere. Here, just take them all!

INT. HINDENBURG LOBBY - NIGHT

The clerk is on the phone.

JENNY

Hi, I need a room?

CLERK

Yeah, wait a minute.

Jenny sits down in the lobby. Her face and body is bruised. She is still wearing the velvet dress from the club, and her 8-inch red stripper heels. Two kilos of cocaine sit in her lap.

CUT TO:

The cop car speeds down a suburban Virginia street.

CUT TO:

Jenny enters a fresh motel room. She sits down, and sets the coke on the table. She gets up, paces, looks out the window and sits back down again.

She stares at the drugs. Without warning, she rips open the plastic covering the coke, sticks her face in it and inhales deeply.

She grabs a spoon out of her purse and scrapes at the kilo, busting off chunks of coke onto the table. She chops these maniacally with the side of the spoon, sticks her face to the table, and inhales. Coke rocks big as peas fly up her nostrils.

Breathing heavily, she pulls her head back. Blood runs out of her nose.

CUT TO:

Jenny spills water directly into the kilo. She puts the tip of a needle into the coke and pulls back the plunger, drawing milky, coke-saturated water into the syringe.

She tries to shoot in her arm, but she is shaking wildly; it is impossible for her to hit.

EXT./INT. HINDENBURG

The Crown Vic jumps a curb, screams into the driveway of the Hindenburg. Gravel flies as Marlo pulls to a crooked stop. He busts into the lobby practically foaming at the mouth. He points his Glock at the Clerk. The Clerk's jaw drops.

CUT TO:

Jenny's motel room. Marlo throws open the door. Jenny is convulsing violently on her back, a needle sticking out of her jugular.

MARLO

Jesus Christ.

Marlo pulls out the needle, carries Jenny into the bathroom and drops her in the bathtub; the back of her head makes a thud as it hits the bottom of the tub.

Marlo turns on the cold water in the shower. He lifts Jenny's head and puts her face directly in the stream of cold water; it washes away the blood.

MARLO

Wake the fuck up! Wake up!

Marlo smacks her in the face.

MARLO

Listen to me! Wake up!

Jenny's eyes open.

JENNY

Ahhh! Get off'a me!

MARLO

Where's the coke, Jenny?! Where is it?!

They struggle. She hits him with a soap dish off the back of the toilet.

MARLO

Where is it?

Jenny lifts the entire toilet lid and smashes it over Marlo's head. Marlo grunts, and falls back against the wall.

Jenny's big, red shoes clang as she climbs out of the tub and crawls into the other room.

Marlo lurches toward Jenny and grabs her by the leg. She falls, then twists around and clocks him square in the jaw with her massive stripper heel.

He grabs her around the waist and throws her entire body against the wall like a sack of donuts. She lands on the cheap beige carpet with a thud.

Marlo sees the brick of coke laying on the floor.

MARLO

What's this, Jenny?

He picks it up and throws it at the wall with full force. It dents the drywall and falls to the ground, next to Jenny.

MARLO

Are you fuckin' stupid? Where do ya think you're goin'?

Just then, Reggie grabs Marlo from behind and smashes his head into the wall. Marlo drops the gun. Reggie pulls Marlo to the ground by his hair and smashes his head into the floor. Marlo is out.

Reggie picks Jenny off the ground. She's a crumpled bloody mess.

He carries her out of the motel room and down the stairs to the parking lot. He puts her in his back seat and starts his car just as three cop cars flood the parking lot. Sirens are wailing and lights are flashing. Reggie frantically puts the car in reverse but it is too late: he is surrounded. A COP points a gun at him and another pulls him out of the car.

COP

On the ground!

Charles approaches and sees Jenny in the back seat.

CHARLES

We need an ambulance over here!

TITLE CARD:

TWO MONTHS LATER

EXT. RURAL MARYLAND - NIGHT

Reggie drives his hatchback down a wooded two lane road. He approaches the "Horizons" rehab.

Reggie slows down, then cruises past.

EXT. HORIZONS - NIGHT

Jenny sneaks out of a window with a gym bag and into Reggie's waiting car.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

We see D.C. at night: the National Cathedral, Rock Creek Parkway. Georgetown is deserted. Only Au Pied de Cochon is open...

INT. AU PIED DE COCHON - NIGHT

Jenny and Reggie are the only customers in the place. China clatters as waiters load their table with every type of dessert that you can imagine. The waiter pours liquor on three of the desserts and holds a flame to each in succession.

Fwoosh! Fwoosh! Fwoosh!

Jenny and Reggie smile at each other through mountains of dessert. The side of Jenny's face is bruised and there are deep circles under her eyes. She is sober, though.

Reggie takes a bite.

REGGIE

Oh my god. This is fucking delicious. Try this.

JENNY

I want the chocolate.

REGGIE

Check this out. Rosewater sorbet. It tastes like roses!

Reggie holds a spoon out to Jenny and she takes a bite.

JENNY

My lawyer says I'm probably gonna go to jail for about 18 months.

The clatter of silverware stops as Reggie freezes.

REGGIE

That's a year and a half.

JENNY

Yeah.

REGGIE

Is there any way you can get out of it?

Jenny shakes her head.

REGGIE

What if you-

JENNY

I tried. Trust me, I tried everything you could possibly try. I'm in rehab right now and that'll help, but... it's the best I can do.

REGGIE

Then why'd you bring that bag with you?

Jenny looks down at her gym bag.

REGGIE

Let's go somewhere nice. We won't get loaded and we'll just... do what people do.

JENNY

What do people do?

REGGIE

Eat Baked Alaska and drink espresso. Go to the beach. Listen to music. Fuck all night long.

Jenny smiles.

JENNY

They check our beds at 7 AM. So I have until then.

REGGIE

You have until then for what?

JENNY

To decide what I'm gonna do.

Reggie looks at her bag.

CUT TO:

The front door opens and a dark figure enters the bar. We see him from the back as he walks up to the bartender.

MAN

You got Sambuca?

BARTENDER

Yeah.

MAN

Chilled shot of 'buca and a  
Budweiser.

It's Junior. He's wasted.

Junior does the shot, then turns around to the mostly-empty restaurant. He walks down to the end of the bar and casually turns around to look at the girl applying makeup at a table by herself. His eyes get big.

She continues applying makeup- ignoring him as he staggers over in front of her. He's drunk and has to look close to make sure it's really her.

He sits down.

JENNY

I'm sorry, that seat's taken.

JUNIOR

Do you remember me?

JENNY

No.

JUNIOR

From Mr. Smith's?

She raises her eyebrows in a question mark.

JUNIOR

Coke in the bathroom.

He raps softly on the table with his knuckles.

JUNIOR

Police open up?

She blinks. It hits her.

JENNY

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

Jenny goes back to her makeup.

JENNY

My friend's gonna be back in a minute so you're gonna have to get up.

Junior swats the compact out of her hand and it explodes against the far wall.

JUNIOR

You set me up.

Jenny returns his stare for a long moment.

JENNY

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

JUNIOR

I thought about what I would do if I ever saw you again. I was gonna punch you in the face, I was gonna pay someone to hurt you, find your family, all sorts of things. But I made a decision. For the first time in my life I made a decision and I'm gonna stick to it. I just wanna tell you to your face. That's it. Just this one thing, and I want you to listen:

Junior points his finger at her.

JUNIOR

You. Are a liar. You can say whatever you want. But I know what you did. And God knows.

He points to the sky.

JUNIOR

And I don't know why you did it, and I don't care: because you're in trouble, or cause you were stoned. Or your life is shitty... You hate yourself, I don't care.

(MORE)

JUNIOR (cont'd)

I don't care who fucking raped you  
or if you're a drug addict,  
whatever path your life took to get  
to this shitty place. But you are a  
liar. LIAR!

Jenny just looks at him.

JUNIOR

Do you even know how it feels? Why  
don't you cry?

Junior stands up and we hear a toilet flushing behind him.  
Reggie exits the bathroom drying his hands.

Junior looks from Reggie to Jenny and back to Reggie. Reggie  
looks back at Junior as he would a wounded animal.

Reggie breaks the standoff, taking a seat across from Jenny.

Junior runs at him, screaming, and pushes Reggie out of his  
chair at full speed. Reggie goes flying into the table next  
to them, breaking plates and launching desserts into the air.  
Jenny screams. Junior lands on top, punching Reggie and  
grunting as they wrestle on the cheesecake-strewn floor.

INT. HATCHBACK - NIGHT

Reggie and Jenny drive in silence through rural Maryland. He  
has a black eye and his face is scraped and bruised. His hair  
has food in it and sticks out in improbable directions.

INT. HATCHBACK - DAWN

Reggie pulls to a stop on the side of the wooded road near  
the rehab. Sunlight peeks through the trees where the sun  
will be rising soon.

Reggie turns the car off and looks at Jenny.

JENNY

Thank you for standing up for me.

REGGIE

You're welcome.

JENNY

You have cheesecake in your ear.

REGGIE

Let's get lost.

Jenny takes a deep breath.

JENNY

Normally I'd rather slit my wrists than do anything that is in my own best interest or makes the slightest bit of sense... But this time I'm going to. I like you. I do, I feel it. I know how it feels.

They hug tight.

REGGIE

I love you.

JENNY

I love you, too.

He's crying and they squeeze tight. She pulls away.

JENNY

Goodbye.

Jenny runs through the woods and back up the hill to the rehab.

Reggie puts on Nina Simone as he drives back toward Washington.

EXT/INT REHAB - DAWN

Jenny passes the window to her room, which is half open. She thinks about climbing back in and changes her mind. She continues to the front of the building and charges through the front door. The security alarm goes off.

The SECURITY GUARD jumps out of his chair.

SECURITY GUARD

Hey!

Jenny ignores him. She walks calmly with her head up as the alarm blares at full volume. Patients' heads poke out of doorways as they look to see what the hell is going on. Alison sees Jenny and smiles. Jenny walks all the way down the hall to her room and shuts the door behind her.

She sits on the side of the bed and a tear streams down the side of her face. In a few seconds she is bawling. Her face is red and tears cover her face. She's letting loose: a full blown, uninhibited cry- the first in a long time.

She is crying so hard that she starts laughing at herself-  
and that makes her laugh even harder.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END

Brian Havelka  
40 E12th Street #6A  
New York, NY 10003  
212.518.1394

[brianhavelka@gmail.com](mailto:brianhavelka@gmail.com)