

Golden Boy  
by  
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The True Story

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"I think it's better to just enjoy it.  
Pay your dues and enjoy it.  
If you shoot a(n) arrow and it  
goes real high...

Hooray for you."

--Dorian Corey, PARIS IS BURNING

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FADE IN:

Boxes of plastic cups, bags of liquor bottle pourers, stacks of club flyers, and piles of champagne buckets litter an Uber-nightclub's janitor room, otherwise known as

THE GO-GO BOY DRESSING ROOM

SUPER: "Roxy - New York City - 1996"

The deep thud of the club's subwoofers reverberates intensely, vibrating everything in the room.

Metal casings and wire over the light fixtures above rattle to the muffled yet powerful beat.

JAKE (31), Caucasian with golden hair, All-American, very muscular, sits on a step-ladder. He wears a pair of very short shorts with a wild and colorful print.

Sits alone like a fighter before the fight.

Laces up his combat boots, pushes his thick white socks down to just the right height.

Reaches into his gym bag, retrieving a bottle of baby oil.

A mirror propped against the wall shows his reflection as he applies the oil to his clean-shaven, tanned chest. The mirror shakes and clatters with each beat. No wonder it's broken.

The higher-pitched melody from the dance floor escapes into the room briefly, prompting Jake to glance at the door.

The door closes behind a ROXY DANCER (25), Czechoslovakian, very muscular, black go-go shorts and combat boots. Glares at Jake.

The dancer breaks his stare and walks briskly to the janitor sink in the corner of the room.

\*

JAKE

What?

The dancer pulls his dick out and pees into the sink.

ROXY DANCER

You were supposed to replace me  
like five minutes ago.

Jake throws the baby oil into his bag, pulls out a pair of earplugs, shoves them into his ears, and heads for the door.

He halts abruptly, turns back to his go-go bag, grabs a small bottle of Jack Daniels and swigs.

Finally ready, he exits.

INT. ROXY DANCEFLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Deep dish house mix of *Funky Green Dogs'* "Fired Up" permeates the entire club. \*

The epicenter, a huge dancefloor that doubles as a roller skating rink, easily holds two thousand people. \*

Two bars flank either side of the packed dancefloor.

Four go-go boys work with red spotlights cascading down on them: two on subwoofers facing the dancefloor, and two on the front bar.

Correction: one on the front bar, and a red spotlight shining down on an obviously unoccupied slot.

The long, rectangular front bar encircles seven bartenders inside the "pit". Patrons jam all four sides.

Jake pushes his way through the crowd... \*

SUPER: "The true story." \*

... and hops up onto the bar, landing strategically on a black "welcome" mat placed for sturdy footing. \*

He moves as best as he can on the confined space of the mat, more posing than dancing.

CUT TO:

INT. ROXY DANCEFLOOR ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

A small corridor with tables forms a passageway from the box office and coat check to the main club.

JOHN BLAIR (40s), club promoter, sits behind a long folding table and hands a clipboard to a CLIPBOARD GUY, one of several guys busily recruiting names for the mailing list.

JOHN  
 You're signing up too many gold  
 cards. Only sign up silver from  
 now on.

CLIPBOARD GUY  
 What if he's really hot?

JOHN  
 Ask me first.

CUT TO:

INT. ROXY DANCEFLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Gerard (40s), a weasel of a man with a greasy comb-over,  
 approaches Jake with a bill in his hand.

Jake kneels down to accept the tip.

JAKE  
 Hi.

GERARD  
 You're new here. What's your name?

JAKE  
 Billy.

The man strokes Jake's thighs.

GERARD  
 Is that your real name?

Jake smiles.

JAKE  
 If you want it to be.

GERARD  
 I'm Gerard. And that IS my real  
 name. Welcome to the Roxy...  
 (a knowing grin)  
 ...*Billy*.

Jake politely blocks the man's attempts to reach into his  
 shorts.

GERARD  
 (handing him the bill)  
 I'll let you put that where you  
 want it.

JAKE

Thank you, Gerard.

Jake stands up, places the bill in his shorts without losing eye contact, smiles as Gerard walks away.

The moment the man turns his back, Jake pulls the bill back out and looks at it. Benjamin Franklin.

He bends over, shoves it down his sock, and begins dancing.

CUT TO:

INT. ROXY DANCEFLOOR ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

John checks paperwork in front of him. A clubgoer calls out to him amidst the crowd.

CLUBGOER

Hi, John! Great party!

He glances up and nods with a very slight smile.

BETO (30s), John's associate, approaches the table. Jake dances in the distant background.

BETO

The owner wants to know why the line isn't moving faster.

JOHN

What's it like?

BETO

All the way to eleventh avenue.  
And we have a new go-go boy  
auditioning tonight.

Beto points towards the bar. John looks over. Sees Jake underneath the red spotlight.

JOHN

What's with the shorts?

BETO

He just moved here from Atlanta.

JOHN

Oh.

They both watch Jake for a very brief moment.

JOHN

Okay.

John returns to his paperwork.

BETO  
The line?

JOHN  
Leave it. We're almost at  
capacity.

CUT TO:

INT. ROXY DANCEFLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Jake, oblivious that the audition is over let alone had begun, gazes out at the crowd while doing his thing.

Weary of rocking back and forth and posing in one spot, he bravely ventures off the welcome mat, stepping over cups and forearms of patrons grabbing for drinks.

A hand slaps his calf.

He looks down and behind himself to see the bartender, HELEN SANCHEZ (35), Columbian with long jet black hair and a Brooklyn accent, shrugging her shoulders at him.

HELEN  
What are you doing, you moron?!

JAKE  
What?

HELEN  
Stay outta my space, I'll stay  
outta yours, got it?

JAKE  
(retreating to mat)  
Oh, yeah, right.

He bends down to offer a handshake, but she focuses attention on the next customer.

JAKE  
Sorry, my first night -

HELEN  
I'm busy!

JAKE  
...I'm Jake.

He retracts his hand, stands back up and begins dancing again. On the "welcome" mat, no less.

INT. ROXY DRESSING ROOM - LATER

Eight dancers count their tips for the night.

Jake sits on the same step-ladder and pulls his combat boots off. Pulls off a sock and dumps out bills.

Searches through the pile of bills, now on the floor, until he finds the hundred dollar bill that Gerard gave him.

Looks more closely at the bill. Gerard has scribbled his name and phone number with a black felt tip pen.

Straightens out the bill, puts it to the side, then puts the remaining bills into order for counting.

Beto walks in.

BETO  
Hey, Billy, right?

JAKE  
Jake, actually.

BETO  
I'm Beto. I'm John Blair's  
associate. You're on. We'll start  
you every other Saturday beginning  
next month.

Beto walks farther into the room.

BETO  
Get some different shorts. You  
know, solid colors, and not so  
bright. Take a look at what the  
other guys are wearing.

JAKE  
Okay.

Beto leaves.

Jake looks over at the other dancers, each and every one of them in black shorts.

His attention turns to his go-go bag. Opens the bag to reveal several pairs of brightly-colored shorts, all wild prints.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. ENGINEERING CONSULTING FIRM MEN'S ROOM - DAY

SUPER: "Atlanta - 8 years earlier"

Jake crouches on his knees next to the commode, hurling.

He washes his mouth out at the sink.

As he towels off his face, ED RUTLEDGE (50) enters.

ED

Hey, you're Bill Black's son,  
aren't you?

JAKE

Yes, hello.

ED

Ed Rutledge. I've been working  
with your Dad for close to thirty  
years now.

Ed wears what must have been his first suit out of college.  
He sports a tie that only an engineer could love.

ED

I heard today was your first day.  
How's it going?

JAKE

Great.

INT. ENGINEERING FIRM DESIGN FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Endless rows of puke-green engineering design boards, angled  
just right, resemble a classroom for adults. Most are  
unoccupied.

Three lone designers work quietly without distraction,  
flanked by bare beige walls.

A fluorescent light bulb flickers and goes out. One designer  
takes brief notice, buries his head back into his design.

Mini-blinds flutter with the breeze from an open window.

In the distance, STANLEY (60) appears and walks down the  
aisle, accompanied by Jake. Wall-to-wall indoor/outdoor  
brown carpeting maintains the silence in the room.

Stanley leads Jake to the middle of the row, where a  
DESIGNER (40) sits. A handshake follows a brief  
introduction.

DESIGNER

So, your first job out of school,  
huh? I remember when I was just  
starting out.

Jake stares at him.

STANLEY

I believe I was the guy who walked  
you around your first day, too.

He chuckles.

DESIGNER

Come to think of it, you were.

They share another chuckle.

Jake looks across the room to see the other two designers  
staring at him, awaiting their introductions.

INT. ENGINEERING FIRM BREAK ROOM - LATER

Bright white light floods the sterile room, a simple round  
table at the center.

The refrigerator hums. The compressor rumbles and comes to a  
stop. Silence.

A bright pink pastry box sits on the counter, slightly open.

The timer on the microwave blinks zeros.

A fly buzzes around, lands on the pink box. Crawls inside.

An ENGINEER enters the room, pulls a doughnut out of the box,  
leans against the counter and eats it.

He notices the blinking zeros on the microwave. Pokes his  
head around the corner.

ENGINEER

Hey, Pourphegeshe, your Lean  
Cuisine is ready.

INT. ENGINEERING FIRM DESIGN FLOOR - LATER

Jake sits on a stool behind his assigned drawing board,  
motionless. Comatose.

DIANE BAGLEY (30), Southern accent, gaudy blue eyeshadow and  
roots begging for attention, sways her chunky hourglass  
figure towards Jake as gracefully as she can in her tight  
business skirt and heels.

Panty hose swish together with each step.

DIANE

Hi. I'm Diane. I'm the switchboard operator. I run the switchboard.

JAKE

I'm Jake.

DIANE

Oh, I know. You're Bill Black's son.

JAKE

So I'm told.

DIANE

Oh, that's funny! Did you find your phone okay?

Jake looks over at a beige touch-tone phone with an intriguingly long cord. Looks back at Diane.

JAKE

Uh-huh.

DIANE

Oh, that's good. Well, your extension number is 3-2-4-3. It starts with a three because you're on the third floor. Here, let me write that down for you. I'll have it typed up for you so you can place it on your phone there. I have an assistant who can do that for me for you.

JAKE

Thank you.

DIANE

Oh, you're welcome. Have a nice day.

She leaves Jake to his solitude.

He stares blankly into space. Endless space. Nobody ever escapes this place. \*

INT. CORONET CLUB - YEARS LATER \*

Cheesy strip club for both men and women. \*

*Pearl Jam's "Alive"* crackles over a third-rate sound system. \*

A man's butt gyrates in front of MELODY BLACK (25), Jake's wife, Caucasian, gorgeous with long blonde hair sprayed to perfection. The g-string belonging to the CORONET DANCER rests on her shoulder. \*

Her eyes silently lust after the package swinging before her.

Male and female dancers in various stages of undress scatter the club.

LILY WHITE, a frighteningly masculine drag queen hostess with heavy white pancake, whispers seductively into her wireless microphone as she saunters across the room.

LILY WHITE

That's right, ladies and gentlemen.  
Our dancers are working hard for  
you, so please remember to show  
your appreciation.

Jake sits next to Melody. He unashamedly looks at the dancer's impressive dick.

JAKE

(to dancer)  
Congratulations.

He offers a five to Melody.

MELODY

Don't be so cheap.

She searches her purse for a twenty and hands it to the dancer.

The dancer, acutely aware of the no-touching policy, positions his hands a few calculated inches away from either side of Melody's head. Simulates a face-fuck.

Jake observes poetically.

The music changes, queuing the dancer to move on. He puts his g-string back on.

CORONET DANCER

Thank you, my-lady.

He kisses Melody on the cheek and walks away.

MELODY

(to Jake)  
Fuck me now.

INT. CORONET MEN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jake and Melody stare into each other's eyes as they fuck in one of the stalls.

EXT. CORONET PARKING LOT - LATER

The couple leaves the club arm-in-arm.

Lily White comes running after them.

LILY WHITE

You simply cannot keep this man to yourself!

She offers a flyer to Jake.

INSERT - THE FLYER, which reads:

"Lily White hosts...  
AMATEUR NIGHT WEDNESDAYS!!"

BACK TO -

Jake snickers.

JAKE

Lily White?

LILY WHITE

In the flesh.

Her wide grin exposes faded yellow teeth in contrast to her white pancake. She's no spring chicken.

INT. JAKE AND MELODY'S CONDO - LATER

\*

MELODY

What is the big deal?

JAKE

(incredulously)

We are not having this discussion!

MELODY

That's your problem. You're so uptight. Loosen up!

JAKE

Just so I understand, here. You want me to dance naked for a bunch of guys. Did I get that right?

MELODY  
It is a mixed club.

JAKE  
You saw the people in there. It was mostly men, and you know it!

MELODY  
And if it were nothing but women?

JAKE  
It's hosted by a DRAG QUEEN!

MELODY  
You see, this is what I'm talking about. No spontaneity. All stuffy, and...

JAKE  
What? Go on.

MELODY  
I'm worried.

JAKE  
Worried.

MELODY  
That we're getting into a rut. We're too comfortable. We're gonna get boring or something. That's what happens to everyone after they get married.

\*  
\*  
\*

JAKE  
I just fucked you in a public men's room.

MELODY  
Exactly. And we need to keep doing things like that so we don't get bored with each other.

JAKE  
You're serious.

No response.

JAKE  
I can't do it.

INT. CORONET CLUB - WEEKS LATER

DJ cues up *Salt-n-Pepa's* "Whatta Man."

\*

Lily White, mike in one hand and a cocktail in the other, guards the stairs leading to the main stage.

Jake stands beside her.

LILY WHITE  
Give it up ladies and gentlemen for  
our next contestant...

She drops the mike to her side and addresses Jake.

LILY WHITE  
What do you want to be called,  
sweetheart?

JAKE  
I don't know.

She rolls her eyes. Raises the mike to her mouth, tapping her fake nails against it as she scrutinizes Jake and summons her creative muse.

LILY WHITE  
(into mike)  
...Billy!

Jake knows he could have done better.

JAKE  
Billy? Really?

Jake grabs the drink out of her hand and gulps it down.

Stage fright sets in. He cannot move.

Lily White grabs his hand and leads him onto the stage.

Melody watches her deer in headlights, feeling his shame.

A crowd mainly of men stare back at Jake. A woman gets up to leave. Another woman laughs at him.

REX (27), All-American muscular gay bartender at the back bar, leans over his ice bin to observe. \*  
\*

He wakes up, begins to move. Slowly at first, then gaining momentum.

Gains composure as the song progresses. In fact, he moves with a commanding presence.

Confidently strips down to his underwear.

Skirts to the side of the stage in front of Melody and drops the skivvies.

Melody giggles approvingly and claps her hands with encouragement.

Jake makes his way back to center for the whole club to see his glory.

JERK IN AUDIENCE  
(calmly speaking)  
Show your hole.

Jake stops moving in horror, suddenly conscious that he is naked.

JAKE  
What?

JERK IN AUDIENCE  
(now yelling)  
Show - us - your - HOLE.

Jake looks over at Melody, her mouth agape.

He turns around to see his reflection in the mirror behind the stage, his hands now covering his genitals.

Rex dries glasses and awaits the outcome. \*

Jake shuts his eyes tightly, lets out a deep breath and bends over...

EXT. JAKE'S CAR - LATER

Jake drives his 1968 gun-metal gray Ford Gran Torino away from the club, Melody still in shock.

JAKE  
...the most liberating experience I  
have ever had! Thank you, Melody,  
thank you very much! You have set  
me free!

She turns her head toward him.

MELODY  
You showed your butthole.

JAKE  
Yes. Yes, I did. I showed my  
butthole.

MELODY

You showed your fucking butthole.  
You idiot. You fucking idiot.

JAKE

Hey, you can't say I'm not  
spontaneous.

MELODY

How about stupid? Can I say that  
you're stupid? My stupid husband  
showed his fucking butthole to a  
room full of fucking strangers!

\*

JAKE

Would you prefer that they be  
friends?

Silence.

JAKE

You have got to be kidding me.

MELODY

No, you've got to be kidding me.

He pulls the car over.

JAKE

I did this for you.

MELODY

Right.

JAKE

You know what, I don't need this.  
I'm glad I did it.

MELODY

Some things are sacred. Some  
things you just don't fuck with.

JAKE

What? Are you saying my butthole  
is sacred? Is that why you won't  
put your finger up there?

MELODY

You're disgusting.

Melody gets out of the car, slams the door shut, and heads  
down the highway.

JAKE  
Don't walk away, Melody! If you  
do, that's it!

Jake stands up next to the car, yelling after her.

JAKE  
I mean it! This is the last time!

She's still walking.

JAKE  
I can't fix what happened before...  
us. I can't... undo... what your  
mom did.

She stops and turns around, standing next to the highway.

JAKE  
I wish I could, but I can't.

She considers this moment as well as the past, unable to  
muster a response. They have reached a turning point in  
their lives both together and as individuals.

JAKE  
What are you going to do, walk  
home?

As if on cue, a cab approaches.

She hails the cab.

MELODY  
(ducking into the cab)  
I don't need this either, Jake.

He slumps back into the driver's seat. Takes off his wedding  
band and drops it into the ashtray/makeshift coin dish in the  
middle console. Clink.

INT. CORONET CLUB BACK BAR - LATER

Realizing the impact of what just happened, Jake drinks  
heavily. Rex plays psychologist.

REX  
So, you two broke up over your  
butthole.

JAKE  
Yeah, I guess so. Unbelievable,  
right?

REX \*  
Does she know you're here right \*  
now? \*

JAKE \*  
No. \*

REX \*  
And why are you here? \*

JAKE \*  
I won the contest. I get to start \*  
dancing here. I need to do \*  
whatever I'm supposed to do. \*

REX \*  
Come on, man. That's not why \*  
you're here. Why are you here? \*

JAKE \*  
I... I don't know. \*

REX \*  
You know what I think? I think \*  
you're here to see me. \*

JAKE \*  
What? No. I'm going to start \*  
dancing here. Really. \*

REX \*  
Okay. Really. You've just decided \*  
to end your marriage, and the first \*  
thing you do is come here. Okay. \*

JAKE \*  
Right. Okay. Okay, then. \*

Jake downs his drink. Glances over at the male dancer on \*  
stage bumping and grinding to *Company B's* "Fascinated \*  
(Original Mix)."

JAKE (CONT'D) \*  
Okay. \*

Rex refills the glass. \*

JAKE (CONT'D) \*  
If it really is over, I gotta get \*  
out of this city. I don't know \*  
where, but... \*

REX  
New York. I take quick trips up  
there all the time. I'll come see  
you.

JAKE  
We don't know each other. You  
don't know me. I don't know you.  
I'm not-

REX  
Chillax.

JAKE  
I'm sorry. It's been a long night.  
I'm...

REX  
It's all good.

JAKE  
No, it's not. It is definitely not  
all good.

INT. ENGINEERING CONSULTING FIRM MEN'S ROOM - DAY

The door flies open as Jake barrels through and barges into a  
stall. He hurls.

FADE TO BLACK.

Muffled thumping of house music base fades in.

INT. ROXY DRESSING ROOM - BACK TO 1996

The wild and colorful shorts jumble together inside Jake's go-  
go bag.

He grabs the bag, dumps its contents into a trash can.

His hand disappears into the trash can to retrieve the bottle  
of Jack Daniels, leaving all the loud-print shorts behind.

EXT. UNION SQUARE - 6 A.M.

Jake crosses the park with his go-go bag, trots across Park  
Avenue and heads north. The sun breaks.

As he passes the Galaxy Diner, a hand bangs on the window  
from inside.

He stops and turns around to see Helen rising from the booth  
next to the window. Watches her walk through the diner to  
the front door.

HELEN

Hey. Sorry about tonight. You know how it is. You're trying to make money. People are screaming at you. It can get intense.

JAKE

Forgotten.

INT. GALAXY DINER - MOMENTS LATER

Helen and Jake sit across from each other in the booth.

JAKE

How long have you been at the Roxy?

HELEN

Too long. It's not my primary focus. I design lingerie.

JAKE

Yeah?

HELEN

Helen Sanchez Intimates. My own little boutique label. One day, at least. For now, Liz Claiborne. And you?

JAKE

Two weeks ago, I was in Atlanta. I'd been there all my life. I was in a dead-end marriage and a dead-end job. Engineering consulting. I never got it. I finally cracked. I needed a change. A big one. This is my fresh start. (beat) I'm allergic to polyester.

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Jake becomes aware that somebody outside is observing them.

JAKE

Do you know that guy?

Helen looks out the window.

HELEN

Nope. So you just moved up here, just like that?

JAKE

I know. No plan yet, really. Well, I had a print agent in Atlanta.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(MORE)

JAKE (cont'd)

They wanted me to try the market up here, but I told them I had no connections or way to make money. So their New York office got me the audition at the Roxy tonight. What am I doing here? I must be insane.  
 (looks closer at voyeur)  
 Wait a second. That's the guy from the club tonight.

\*  
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Jake grabs his wallet out of his back pocket, looks through it and comes up with the hundred dollar bill. Reads the name scribbled on it.

JAKE

Gerard.

EXT. GALAXY DINER - CONTINUOUS

Gerard knows he has been spotted. Walks briskly away.

INT. GALAXY DINER - CONTINUOUS

HELEN

You are officially a Go-Go God.

JAKE

I'm not really one for labels.

HELEN

You'll get used to it.

INT. PALLADIUM DANCEFLOOR - DAY

A hunky dancer poses atop a platform below the huge disco ball. A photographer circles the platform, snapping away.

PHOTOGRAPHER

That's great. Okay, now look up at the ball. Put your hand out like this. From this angle, it'll look like you're holding the ball.

Behind the photo shoot, a group of dancers practice a choreographed number on the main stage. Low house music from a boom box.

INT. PALLADIUM MAIN STAGE - CONTINUOUS

FREDDIE (28), Latin, flamboyantly gay, sits with legs crossed next to the boom box, observing his choreography.

Jake is one of a dozen dancers, paired up, moving in very slow motion, passing mirrored shields and chrome balls back and forth. A few dancers wear skimpy all-white gladiator outfits. The others wear street clothes.

Freddie pauses the boom box.

FREDDIE

Okay, guys. Keep it masculine.  
And this is supposed to be somewhat  
erotic, you know. But not obscene!  
This is the Palladium, not the  
Gaiety.

He turns to the photo shoot.

INT. PALLADIUM DANCE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

FREDDIE (V.O.)

Julian, get over here.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Okay, we got it.

He rewinds and removes the film from the camera.

PHOTOGRAPHER

(labelling film)

Julian?

JULIAN

Or Frank, if you want my real name.

Julian jumps off the platform and joins the others on stage.

INT. PALLADIUM MAIN STAGE - CONTINUOUS

FREDDIE

Junior has cast each of you guys  
for a reason, not the least of  
which you are masculine. Okay?

ARENA DANCER #1

We've been *cast*?

FREDDIE

So, I don't care if you are  
straight or gay, you need to be  
*straight-acting*. That means  
holding your shield like *this*...

Freddie grabs a mirrored shield from one of the dancers and, against his nature, impressively holds it in a masculine manner.

Predictably changes the hold to his own liking.

FREDDIE  
 ...not Like *this*.

INT. PALLADIUM BAR - CONTINUOUS

Across the huge dancefloor, opposite the stage, the Palladium general manager, SABRINA (30), living Barbie Doll with long blonde hair, leans over the bar. Watches the scene on stage with amusement.

A handsome male BARTENDER marries liquor bottles behind the bar.

INT. PALLADIUM MAIN STAGE - CONTINUOUS

FREDDIE  
 If you haven't had your picture taken for the website, go see the photographer. Oh, and who hasn't been fitted yet for his costume?

The legendary dj himself, JUNIOR VASQUEZ (50s), music producer in collaboration with Madonna amongst others, approaches the stage from the dancefloor.

JUNIOR  
 Freddie.

Freddie turns his back on the group to see his employer.

JUNIOR  
 I'm testing the sound system now. Are they ready to do a full run-through?

FREDDIE  
 Sure.

Junior leaves.

FREDDIE  
 Crap.  
 (beat)  
 Places.

As the dancers move to position one...

ARENA DANCER #3  
 This is bullshit.

ARENA DANCER #2

I'm a dick dancer. I didn't sign  
up for this.

ARENA DANCER #1

We've been *cast!*

JAKE

I don't think we're in Kansas  
anymore.

Freddie sneaks up to join the conversation.

FREDDIE

Don't think he won't be watching  
from the dj booth.

This comment does nothing to impress.

FREDDIE

Only six of you will be going with  
him to Japan.

That changes everything. An air of competition fills the  
room.

Freddie struts away in conquest as the intro to *The Beatles'*  
"Come Together (Junior Vasquez Original Mix)" blasts at full  
volume from the immaculately crisp, powerful sound system. \*  
\*

The twelve go-go boys turned into choreographed dancers work  
through the routine, Jake and Julian paired together.

The music is loud, but Jake attempts a conversation anyway.

JAKE

So, I hear you're the next Mark  
Wahlberg.

He passes a chrome ball very slowly over to Julian, who  
remains silent.

JAKE

I was told you model for Calvin  
Klein.

Julian gives a "whatever" look. Passes the ball back.

JAKE

Do you know him?

JULIAN

He's been coming to the clubs for  
years. Everybody knows Calvin.

JAKE  
No, Mark. Wahlberg. Do you know  
Mark Wahlberg?

Julian gives a "what planet are you from" look.

JULIAN  
Just pass me the fuckin' ball.

The backs of the dancers provide the foreground to the expansive dancefloor in front of the stage. Out of the darkness across the floor steps Sabrina, briskly walking towards the stage.

INT. PALLADIUM DJ BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Junior watches the action below. Taps his finger inquisitively on his control panel as he watches Sabrina approach the stage and argue with Freddie. He hears nothing but the sound-track at low volume inside his sound-proof booth.

INT. PALLADIUM MAIN STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Freddie and Sabrina argue, inaudible from the sound-track. The boys continue to turn it out, and that is a big stretch of the phrase.

INT. PALLADIUM BAR - CONTINUOUS

The bartender chuckles at the unfolding drama.

INT. PALLADIUM MAIN STAGE - CONTINUOUS

The argument continues. Suddenly, the music stops, and both of their voices can be heard in an intertwining yelling match.

JUNIOR (O.S.)  
(over the speaker)  
What's the problem.

Junior has turned on his microphone. Sabrina faces the booth.

SABRINA  
I was told there wasn't going to be  
a sound check until six tonight.  
I'm working here.

JUNIOR (O.S.)  
(over the speaker)  
Sorry, Sabrina. I got a little  
anxious.

SABRINA  
 Okay. That's okay.  
 (exhales in triumph)  
 Thank you, Mr. Vasquez.

She begins her trek back to the bar.

INT. PALLADIUM DJ BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Junior pushes the microphone button, leans into mike.

JUNIOR  
 Junior.

He leans away.

SABRINA (O.S.)  
 (over the booth speaker)  
 Junior. Thank you, Junior.

INT. PALLADIUM MAIN STAGE - CONTINUOUS

JULIAN  
 Go, girl.

JAKE  
 Who is that?

JULIAN  
 That is Sabrina, the GM.

Sabrina walks half-way across the dancefloor, then turns back to the stage.

SABRINA  
 (to Freddie, nicely)  
 And just for the record, there will  
 be lots of women on opening night.  
 Straight women.

She continues towards bar as the bartender laughs in the darkness.

FREDDIE  
 Not if Darryl does his job right.

JAKE  
 Who's Darryl?

JULIAN  
 The doorman.

JAKE  
 And who is she again?

JULIAN

The GM.

JAKE

I thought that was a truck.

JULIAN

The general manager. Jesus Christ.

INSERT - A FLYER, which reads:

"JUNIOR VASQUEZ gives you...

ARENA

The Gay Man's Pleasure Dome

GRAND OPENING

May 4, 1996

11 pm til ???

Palladium NYC"

On the flyer is Julian's picture, taken at the rehearsal, holding the crystal dance ball.

CUT TO:

INT. PALLADIUM DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Masses of people move in rhythm on a dark, smoke-filled dancefloor. Multi-colored beams of light cascade in every direction from the ceiling, pulsing to the beat. \*

Bodies huddle together so tightly that they seem to mesh into one living organism. Deafening deep dish is its heartbeat. \*

Lights disappear as the song finally fades out and gives way to the organism's breathing.

The opening DJ has completed his set, and this is the changing of the guards.

The crowd mumbles amongst itself in the darkness, anticipating, knowing that the break in music signals a change in energy.

Silence. Darkness. Silence still. Then...

A low rumble becomes audible as one lone purple spotlight hits the center of the floor.

The rumble gets louder as the spotlight breaks into six smaller purple spotlights that begin to whirl in a tight circle.

The rumble is now discernible as jet engines beginning to whizz.

As the volume increases louder, the crowd begins to yell.

The six purple spotlights whirl faster, the circle expands wider and then sweeps upward to the six sub-woofers encasing the dancefloor.

The jet engines reach full throttle.

The crowd reaches a frenzy as the purple spotlights sweep higher to reveal six go-go boys, Junior's dancers, one on top of each sub-woofer, each with his own purple spotlight.

As the jet engines give way to *Sandy B's "Make The World Go Round (Deep Dish),"* the dancers transition from posing to dancing. \*

The organism on the floor takes its cue and swings back to life. \*

It is 4 AM. Junior is now at the turntables. Let *Arena* begin.

EXT. PALLADIUM DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Throngs of people behind police barricades vie for the attention of the man on the red carpet controlling the velvet rope.

DARRYL ELMORE (35), handsome, lead doorman, black suit and overcoat with black fedora, has his back to the crowd.

In contrast to his ruggedness, Darryl gazes into a compact mirror and applies powder to his face.

In the reflection of his compact, he eyes Rex waiting patiently to one side of the crowd. \*

He snaps around quickly and nods for a bouncer to let the muscleboy past the barricade.

Rex walks up to Darryl, who unclasps the velvet rope for access to the carpet. \*

DARRYL

Good morning, afternoon, and/or evening.

REX \*

Good morning.

GUY IN CROWD (O.S.)

Hey, Rex, over here!

REX looks over to see a guy in the crowd, flanked by girls,  
waving at him. \*

DARRYL  
How's Hotlanta? \*

REX  
You know. Could you let my friend  
over there in? \*

DARRYL  
(referring to the females)  
He has baggage. Sorry. Here, have  
a drink on me. \*

Darryl fishes a stack of tickets out of his pocket and passes  
one to Rex, who looks at his friend and shrugs.

REX  
(to friend)  
Lose the skirts.

INT. PALLADIUM MAIN BAR - LATER \*

Bartenders flying in action. \*

The massive disco ball above the main dance floor is in the  
background. \*

INT. PALLADIUM DANCE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS \*

Junior spins *Cher's "One By One (Junior Vasquez Club Vocal  
Mix)."* This will be his only attempt to cater to the early  
crowd of breeders who were lucky enough to gain entrance  
through their years of loyalty. \*

Dancefloor lights are turned off in response to spontaneous  
behavior of individuals from all over the club shining their  
own personal green lasers onto the disco ball. Tight streams  
of green bounce back in every direction. \*

INT. PALLADIUM DJ BOOTH - CONTINUOUS \*

Junior manually operates three turntables simultaneously. \*

Moved by the crowd's green lasers, he decides to improvise. \*

He turns down the base, turns up the tweeters, continuously \*

loops the three words 'ONE-BY-ONE' and toggles the lyric \*

fader. The audience below knows that he's gone off record, \*

literally. This is why he gets paid the big bucks, and they \*

are going to show their appreciation and love for him. \*

INT. PALLADIUM DANCE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Stomping of feet, fierce clapping, and pounding of hands on any available surface accompany whistles and shrieks from the inspired crowd. Junior and his devoted fans are communicating without words.

Sabrina, flanked by two bouncers and a third in front clearing the way, shoves her way past the outskirts of the dance floor and toward the main bar.

BACK TO:

PALLADIUM MAIN BAR

Sabrina hands a blue money bag to the bartender.

SABRINA  
(yelling above music)  
I need your drop!

Bartender grabs the money bag, then hands her his tip bag.

BARTENDER  
I need singles!

She grabs the tip bag, dumps its contents onto the bar, and counts. Bouncers keep the crowd away.

INT. PALLADIUM GO-GO BOY DRESSING ROOM - LATER

Within the bowels of the club, a door gives way to a modest bare room. A sofa, a few chairs, a large mirror, a bucket of water and Gatorade on ice, and a dance rotation schedule on the wall.

Even though the dancefloor is two levels above, a deep thud is audible.

Jake and five other go-go boys kill time. One "beefs-up" with the aid of *Hustler* magazine. Another does a line of coke. Another eats plain chicken breast with rice. Two sit on the floor chatting.

Jake makes small talk with MARC BERKLEY (45), promoter of Arena who uses the room as his sanctuary while taking the opportunity to be close to the dancers.

MARC  
I have a house on Fire Island.  
We're going there after the party  
if you'd like to come.

JAKE  
Party, what party?

MARC  
The party. Tonight. This.

JAKE  
Oh. Who's we?

Marc sets his security radio onto the table, takes a small bottle out of his pocket, unscrews the dropper cap, and measures a dose of the liquid into a plastic cup.

MARC  
Darryl and Fernando and whoever else.

Marc grabs a Gatorade and adds it to the cup. Holds the cup out to Jake.

MARC  
Would you like some?

JAKE  
What is it?

MARC  
GHB.

JAKE  
I'm good. Who's Fernando?

MARC  
My assistant. He takes over the door when Darryl goes on break.

Knock at the door. Marc downs the Gatorade mixture and cracks the door open to peek.

MARC  
Speak of the devil.

FERNANDO (early 30s), Portuguese, security radio in hand, walks through the door.

FERNANDO  
Is the air conditioning broken or something? It's way too fucking hot up there.

MARC  
Fernando, tell Billy here how much fun we have on Fire Island.

JAKE  
My real name is Jake.

The two shake hands.

FERNANDO  
Fernando. Hi.

Marc grabs his radio.

MARC  
(into radio)  
Lonnie, this is Marc Berkley, over.

FERNANDO  
The beach is beautiful. You should  
go with us.

Fernando takes a small vial out of his pocket, dumps a bump  
of white powder onto his palm, and snorts it.

LONNIE (V.O.)  
(over radio)  
Yeah, go, Marc.

MARC  
(into radio)  
Check the thermostat for the main  
floor. It's raining sweat up  
there.

Fernando offers his vial to Jake.

FERNANDO  
How rude of me. Would you like a  
bump?

JAKE  
Thank you.

Jake offers his palm. Fernando dumps a bump, which Jake  
promptly snorts. His face winces from the burn.

JAKE  
That was not coke.

FERNANDO  
K.

Jake is clueless.

FERNANDO  
Ketamine. Cat tranquilizer.

INT. PALLADIUM MAIN STAGE - LATER

Kristine W, alone on stage, sings live vocals to the instrumental sound-track of her current hit "Land of the Living."

\*  
\*  
\*

Her personal back-up dancers join the show. Professionals, the real deal.

INT. PALLADIUM GO-GO BOY DRESSING ROOM - LATER

Marc is passed out on the sofa. Jake sits in a chair. Fernando sits on the sofa armrest. Nobody else is there.

FERNANDO

How do you feel?

JAKE

A little loopy.

FERNANDO

You're fine. You'll go up the next set. Switch with Raul.

Fernando goes to the schedule on the wall and marks the change.

Sabrina's voice comes in over Marc's radio on the table.

SABRINA (V.O.)

This is Sabrina for Marc Berkley, over.

Fernando and Jake exchange glances at each other then look at the passed-out promoter.

SABRINA (V.O.)

Marc? Are you there?

Fernando grabs his own radio.

INTERCUT RADIO CONVERSATION -

FERNANDO

Yeah, Sabrina, this is Fernando.

SABRINA

The owner's in the building and wants to talk to Marc. What's his location?

FERNANDO

He's with me right now.

SABRINA  
Tell him to meet us in my office.

FERNANDO  
Can it wait?

Long pause. Silence but for the deep thud of the beat.

SABRINA  
(knowingly)  
Is he sober?

FERNANDO  
No.

Long pause.

SABRINA  
Get in here.

FERNANDO  
Will do.

BACK TO DRESSING ROOM

Fernando heads for the door, pointing at the bolt.

FERNANDO  
Lock the door from the inside.  
Don't open it for anyone but me.

He leaves. Jake stares at the unconscious man on the sofa, trying to digest everything.

INT. PALLADIUM MAIN STAGE - LATER

A white hot spotlight shines down on KEVIN AVIANCE, indiscernible age, a very tall, black, bald-headed drag diva hostess.

Make-up galore brings eyes and mouth to larger-than-life. Blinding white teeth fill a wide smile.

A large plastic butterfly, her hat, tilts to one side of her head and forward. Thanks to super-glue, it's not going anywhere.

Rhinestones affixed with glue adorn one temple.

Glitter complements the entire ensemble, six-inch heels to a shiny silver skin-tight jumpsuit. She is not tucking.

She lip-syncs perfectly to *Deborah Cox's "Who Do You Love,"* performance art at its finest.

Pretends to knock on a door that is not there, in perfect sync with the sounds of knocks coming over the speakers.

CUT TO:

INT. PALLADIUM GO-GO BOY DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jake sits alone with Marc, who is still passed out.

CUT TO:

INT. PALLADIUM MAIN STAGE - LATER

Most of the straight crowd has left by now. Muscleboys, drag queens, club kids, and night crawlers yell their approval.

CROWD

(ad lib)

Work, bitch!! Go, Kevin!! Who do  
YOU love?! W-O-R-K!

Kevin feeds off the energy, revelling in the drama of it all.

CUT TO:

INT. PALLADIUM GO-GO BOY DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marc hasn't moved.

Somebody tries to open the door. Knocks on it. Bangs on it.

JULIAN (V.O.)

(from outside the door)

What the fuck?

Loud banging.

Jake freezes in panic.

More loud banging finally awakens Marc. He stirs slowly at first, then jumps to consciousness.

MARC

Just a minute.

Marc looks at his watch. Looks at Jake. Runs his hands through his hair.

Pulls a vial of coke out of his pocket and snorts a bump to wake up.

More banging and catcalls from outside.

MARC

Hold on!

Yanks a water out of the bucket and downs most of it. Grabs his radio and unbolts the door. Never says a word to Jake, who hasn't moved.

MARC

(into radio while exiting)

Marc Berkley for Fernando, over.

Six dancers, led by Julian, file into the room.

JULIAN

(to Jake)

He was blowing you. You let him blow you, didn't you?

INT. SABRINA'S OFFICE - LATER

Sabrina sits behind a small desk, head buried in comp tickets, calculator, pen and paper.

A safe is bolted to the floor in one corner. On the wall beside her hangs a time card file. The time clock sits on her desk.

Employees enter and exit, clocking out.

PALLADIUM EMPLOYEE #1

Good night.

A small window behind Sabrina indicates broad daylight. She counts tickets, replies without looking up.

SABRINA

Good night.

INT. PALLADIUM DANCE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The crowd is thin, parted to form a make-shift runway.

A drag queen walks the runway to *Tronco Trax, Robbie Tronco's* \*  
 "Walk 4 Me (Original Mix)." Several people await their turn \*  
 to walk.

INT. SABRINA'S OFFICE - LATER

Sabrina still calculates as an employee exits.

SABRINA

(to employee, without looking)

Paychecks Thursday.

Jake walks in and searches the time cards.

JAKE

I don't see my time card.

Without looking up to see him, Sabrina opens her desk drawer and searches.

SABRINA

What's your name?

JAKE

I don't know anymore.

This stops Sabrina. She looks up. Sees him, shyly likes what she sees.

JAKE

I mean, do you want the real one,  
or the dance one?

SABRINA

Let's go with the one you want  
printed on your paycheck.

JAKE

Jake. Jake Black.

She studies him, then realizes that she has become distracted by his presence.

Pulls his time card out of her drawer and hands it to him.

SABRINA

I pulled it to make sure we met.

JAKE

You know me.

SABRINA

I know everything that happens  
here.

JAKE

And by that you mean...

SABRINA

Marc.

JAKE

And you are the gifted one with the  
power to stop Junior's turntables.

SABRINA  
(laughing)  
Only in rehearsal. Obviously.

JAKE  
How long does he go?

SABRINA  
Until he wants to stop. Three or  
four. Or five.

JAKE  
PM.

SABRINA  
PM.

Jake notices a note paper-clipped to his time card.

JAKE  
What's this?

SABRINA  
Some guy gave that to a bartender  
for you. I think he said his name  
was Gerard.

Jake reads the note.

JAKE  
Fuck.

SABRINA  
What does it say?

JAKE  
You looked great tonight.

SABRINA  
Well, you did.

They're both embarrassed that she said it.

SABRINA  
I'm sorry. I -

JAKE  
No, it's okay. I mean, thanks.

SABRINA  
You seem like a nice guy. Don't  
let all of this get to you.

JAKE  
All of this?

SABRINA  
The club scene. The lifestyle.  
The drugs. The status.

JAKE  
Status...

SABRINA  
Junior's already chosen you as the  
model for the New Year's Eve flyer.

JAKE  
I'll probably pass on that.

SABRINA  
No, you should do it. It's good  
money. And you'll enjoy it.  
Really.

JAKE  
If you think I should do it, then I  
will. Hey, do you want to get  
something to eat?

SABRINA  
I've got a long way to go here.  
But thanks.

JAKE  
Another time, then.

EXT. GALAXY DINER - LATER

Through the window sits Jake at the familiar booth he once  
occupied with Helen.

INT. GALAXY DINER - CONTINUOUS

Jake eats his breakfast. Overhears conversation from another  
table.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
I'm telling you, that is one of  
Junior's dancers.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
I think you're right.

Jake glances over. Sees the girl sitting with three guys.

GUY AT TABLE

Yep, that's him.

The girl waves at him.

The waitress comes to Jake's booth before he can wave back.

WAITRESS

Can I get you anything else?

JAKE

Actually, yeah, I'll take another order to go.

WAITRESS

Just like the first one.

JAKE

Yeah, thanks.

WAITRESS

Coming right up.

The waitress leaves. Jake picks up his orange juice, sips, turns back to the other table.

The girl studies him. He toasts her with his OJ.

INT. SABRINA'S OFFICE - LATER

Sabrina still works at her desk.

A knock on her open door. She glances up.

SABRINA

Hi, Marty.

Marty, a huge muscle-bound African American bouncer stands in the doorway holding a Styrofoam food container. He's eating a bagel. \*

MARTY

Jake asked me to give this to you.

He hands over the container. She glances inside.

MARTY

(chewing)

I ate the bagel. Hope you don't mind. \*

Sabrina laughs. She hands the container back to him. \*

SABRINA

Here. I'm swamped right now.

Marty sits, digs in.

MARTY

Did you call your mother?

She sighs, drops her pen onto the desk and leans back. How did she know he was going to ask that?

SABRINA

How do I tell her?

MARTY

Same way you told me.

SABRINA

Hi, Mom. It's Sabrina, your perfect daughter. I've been meaning to tell you, I feel like I'm living my life for you.

MARTY

There ya go.

SABRINA

And now I'm having a difficult time facing the reality. Of not being perfect. The perfect china doll that you've been protecting.

MARTY

That's good. You never told me that, but that's good.

SABRINA

The glass case has a new crack in it.

She escapes briefly into the past. Marty realizes that she's on the verge.

MARTY

You know you're family to me.

SABRINA

I'm in a pressure-cooker, Marty. I feel like I'm about to lose it. I gotta face this thing with my Mom, I gotta get this club up and running, I gotta deal with...

MARTY

Yeah? What?

She actually may lose it.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Whatever it is, it can't be that bad.

Her eyes tell a different story.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Hey, girl, stay with me now.  
Sabrina, look at me. I got your  
back, you know that.

She snaps out of it. Rises and walks behind him, kisses him innocently on the cheek, attempts to hug his widespread shoulders.

SABRINA

Yeah. I know.

INT. HELEN'S LOFT - DAY

A small corner loft with lots of sunlight, all-white walls and floors and fixtures and furniture.

Helen takes pictures of Julian wearing silk boxers which she designed.

HELEN

You're a champ for doing this.  
I'll take you out to dinner or  
something.

JULIAN

Okay. I'll take it.

HELEN

When Jake told me about you and how close you came to the Calvin Klein campaign, needless to say I am very excited that you agreed to help me out.

JULIAN

You never know what could happen.

She peruses a few choices of underwear spread out on the sofa. Picks one and holds it up.

HELEN

Here, let's take some with this.

JULIAN

Okay. Uhm...

Awkwardness ensues when they both realize the simplicity of the change.

HELEN

Yeah, let's see, I should probably change the film here, in my camera. There's a bathroom...

She turns away to change the roll of film.

He drops the boxers, full-frontal.

HELEN

(stealing a glimpse)  
...down the hallway.

JULIAN

No worries.

MONTAGE - JAKE EVOLVES INTO AN UNDERGROUND SENSATION

*Donna Summer's "I Feel Love (Rollo & Sister Bliss Monster Mix)."*

\*  
\*

-- Jake dances in black shorts on top of a light box.

-- Dances with a long, large, supposedly harmless yellow snake wrapped around his body.

-- In green combat pants, an imaginary line down the center of his face and torso, one side painted in camouflage, the other side simple green glitter. It's FLEET WEEK in Manhattan.

-- FASHION WEEK. Black satin shorts, black satin gloves reaching to his elbows, and a 12-inch vinyl record propped to the side of his head like a hat.

-- Jake and Sabrina leave the Palladium on a beautiful Sunday afternoon. Arm-in-arm, struggling with their sunglasses.

-- MIAMI. A Cirque du Soleil outfit. Pastel see-through balloon pants and a plaster mask that looks like a freaky bird with a long beak.

-- LOS ANGELES. Sabrina paints words onto Jake's body, aka Laugh-In, with fluorescent paint.

-- NYC PRIDE. Jake is one of eight dancers on the Arena float making its way down Fifth Avenue in the heart of Chelsea.

In butterfly costume with large wings and glittering blue styrofoam balls floating above his head via springs attached to a headband, his antennae.

-- NEW ORLEANS. Jake is suspended upside down from a cable in the middle of a crowded dancefloor, holding glow-sticks in both hands. The cable spins as he releases the glow-sticks, dispersing them into the crowd.

EXT. PALLADIUM - DAY

A large poster mounted on the outside of the Palladium announces the New Year's Eve extravaganza: Saints and Sinners. The picture is of Jake dressed as an angel, and again in red with hedonistic wings as a devil.

INT. PALLADIUM DANCE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Sabrina holds onto Jake with all her might, head resting on his shoulders, lost in the magic of Junior's remix to *Faith Hill's* "Breathe (Hex Hector Main Club Mix)." \*

Confetti and glitter come floating down from the ceiling to complete the magic.

The two kiss tenderly, passionately, engulfed in the magic of MDMA. \*

A hot muscle-boy observes the kiss. He docks in, completing a triage, awaits his turn, then kisses Jake, deep and wet. \*

Sabrina allows the kiss, enjoying her high. \*

SABRINA \*

I can accept that. \*

The guy rubs his crotch hard, and Jake returns the favor. \*

SABRINA \*

If you're ever with another woman, \*  
I'll cut your balls off. \*

Sabrina and Jake share another intimate deep-kiss as the muscle-boy observes with delight. \*

INT. GALAXY DINER - LATER \*

Jake and Sabrina, sunglasses on, sit opposite Helen and Julian in their familiar booth.

HELEN

(to Jake)

Why'd you order anything if you're not eating?

JAKE  
Oh, you know.

HELEN  
Yeah, I do know. Let me see your eyes.

JAKE  
Pass.

Sabrina giggles. Helen reaches over the table and yanks Jake's sunglasses off.

JULIAN  
Better watch those pills. It totally depletes your serotonin. Suici-

JAKE  
-icide Tuesday. Yeah, I know.

Jake takes the sunglasses and puts them back on.

SABRINA  
Come on, you guys, it's a beautiful day. Don't ruin it.

HELEN  
So, here's the slides from Julian's photo shoot.

Helen produces a manila envelope.

SABRINA  
(on a child-like high)  
Oh, goody!

She grabs the envelope from Helen. Takes her sunglasses off, pulls out the first sheet, holds it up to the light.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Hi.

The three look over to see Gerard standing at the table, holding a small box with a bow on it.

JULIAN  
Hi, Gerard.

GERARD  
I hope I'm not interrupting. I wanted to give you this, Billy.

Gerard offers the present. Jake is slow to accept.

GERARD

I was hoping you could wear it the  
next time you dance at Splash.

Jake opens the box, pulls out a fluorescent green g-string.

JAKE

Green isn't really my color,  
Gerard.

Sabrina's attention turns from the slides.

SABRINA

What he meant to say was thank you.

GERARD

I can get you a different color.

JAKE

No, no, that's not necessary.  
Thank you, Gerard.

GERARD

Well, I'll see you around.

Gerard leaves. Sabrina giggles.

JULIAN

Stud.

JAKE

Would you excuse us?

HELEN

But we were enjoying your company  
so much. Really.

SABRINA

Those were awesome. You looked  
very handsome, Julian.

She stuffs the sheet of slides back into the envelope, but  
Jake intercepts.

JAKE

Oh, yeah?

Holds the sheet up, but never removes his sunglasses.

JAKE

I don't see anything.

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Sabrina and Jake embrace in the middle of the tiny studio apartment, kissing, his hands all over her back.

They get into it, focused on the kiss. His hands move up and down her back. Then to her neck, her head, to her back again.

He cannot stop himself. One hand moves to the front.

Sabrina shudders. Against her own instinct and desire, she turns away.

He's at a loss. This isn't the first time she's stopped him.

EXT. THE STREETS OF QUEENS - DAY

A white jeep makes its way through the snow-plowed street. *La Bouche's "Be My Lover (Original Club Mix)"* blares from the radio.

INSERT, HANDHELD VIDEO CAMERA FOOTAGE -

Sabrina at the wheel, zebra-print seat covers, laughs genuinely at the camera.

Snow is visible outside the window as she drives through the streets of Queens.

JAKE (O.S.)

Slow down, girl! There may be ice on the road!

SABRINA

Oh, please. I grew up in Ypsilanti. Go, Michigan!

JAKE (O.S.)

It's Go, Blue.

SABRINA

Shut up.

JAKE (O.S.)

You know Auburn kicked your ass in the Sugar Bowl in 1983.

SABRINA

Whatever.

JAKE (O.S.)

Okay, tell the folks at home what we're doing.

SABRINA

We are on our way to Central Park  
to go ice skating.

JAKE (O.S.)

Because...

SABRINA

I don't know. Because why?  
Because we're officially a couple?

JAKE (O.S.)

No! I mean, yes, we are, but-

SABRINA

Yes, ladies and gentlemen, it's  
true. We have officially agreed  
not to see anyone else. Right?

JAKE (O.S.)

Right, yes indeedie, but that's not  
why we're going ice skating. We're  
going ice skating because... look  
around.

Camera pans to the view of the road.

JAKE (O.S.)

Because it's the first snow fall...

The Jeep clips a car's side mirror.

JAKE (O.S.)

You just hit that car!

SABRINA (O.S.)

I did not. Oh, yeah. That's  
right. Because...

Camera pans back to Sabrina.

SABRINA

...it's The first snowfall in New  
York this year.

JAKE (O.S.)

You are crazy.

END HANDHELD VIDEO CAMERA FOOTAGE

INT. SABRINA'S JEEP - CONTINUOUS

Jake holds the video camera as Sabrina drives.

JAKE  
You hit that car!

SABRINA  
Shut up!

JAKE  
No! You really hit that car!

SABRINA  
It was just the side mirror.

JAKE  
You crazy nut!

They both laugh.

JAKE  
Why do you have to live in Queens,  
anyway?

SABRINA  
Shut up!

EXT. CENTRAL PARK ICE SKATING RINK - LATER

Sabrina and Jake ice skate. They have a good time, laughing, more like the best of friends than anything else.

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Shiny gold skin-tight stretch pants lay on the bed. The window next to the bed is open, and two wine glasses rest on the sill.

A hissing noise can be heard. It stops, then a brief rattling noise, after which the hissing resumes.

A woman's hand appears from the side of the window, grabs the closest wine glass, then disappears. The other wine glass remains as foreground to the buildings across the street.

EXT. JAKE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jake crouches on the fire escape, spray painting his combat boots glitter gold.

JAKE  
What was it like being an only  
child?

SABRINA  
Oh, pfff... I have no idea.

\*  
\*  
\*

\*  
\*

JAKE \*  
I thought you didn't have any \*  
brothers or sisters. \*

SABRINA \*  
I don't, but my experience was \*  
anything but normal. \*

JAKE \*  
Normal. Who knows what that even \*  
means. \*

SABRINA \*  
Okay. Well... It was... great. \*

Jake stops spraying. \*

JAKE \*  
Oh, come on. What a cop out. Here \*  
you are about to confide about \*  
anything but normal and you pull \*  
'it was great' out of your ass. \*

SABRINA \*  
I was the prize. \*

His facial expression reads... *explain, please.* \*

SABRINA \*  
My parents were in a constant \*  
battle to claim the prize. But the \*  
rules of the game were weird. Not \*  
like regular people. Dad really \*  
ruled both of us, my mom and me. \*  
Controlled might be a better word. \*

JAKE \*  
Were you afraid of him? \*

SABRINA \*  
Mom was, so I was. I was more \*  
afraid for her. \*

JAKE \*  
Did he hit you guys? \*

SABRINA \*  
It was more of a mind game. I just \*  
know that Mom went into survival \*  
mode somewhere along the way. She \*  
used me to escape. \*

JAKE \*  
What do you mean? \*

SABRINA

Well, you know, people go to movies  
and escape reality for a few hours.  
We would go get our hair done. And  
nails.

JAKE

Mother-daughter spa day. Normal.

SABRINA

Or get the car detailed.

JAKE

Normal.

SABRINA

Or practice how to eat properly.  
Not like what fork to use, but  
when to take a bite.

JAKE

When to take a bite.

SABRINA

At the dinner table. In between my  
father's lectures.

JAKE

What?

SABRINA

I told you. It wasn't normal. You  
learn the proper time to take a  
bite. So he knows you've been  
listening and respecting. It led to  
an eating disorder. I suffered from  
bulimia throughout high school.

JAKE

Sabrina...

SABRINA

I told you it wasn't normal.

JAKE

Bulimia, how did you get past it?

SABRINA

It was my senior year in high  
school. I'd been fighting for so  
long. I found myself living up to  
some cheerleader standard.

(MORE)

SABRINA (cont'd)

I remember waking up one morning  
and feeling this calmness, this  
overwhelming calmness, sweeping  
across my body. A voice from within  
told me, 'Sabrina, you've suffered  
long enough. Today is the day you  
release the struggle.' God told me  
that morning that it was over. And  
I knew it was. I felt the calmness.  
And that was it.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

They think about this for a minute or two. Then...

SABRINA

What are you doing this for anyway?

\*  
\*

JAKE

I don't know. I was just told to  
get some gold boots. So here you  
go.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

He finishes spray-painting.

JAKE

(satisfied)

There.

Admires his work.

Abandons his crouching position to grab his wine glass off  
the sill. Kisses her, then sits next to her.

JAKE

(raising his glass)

To us.

They clink glasses and drink.

He leans over and kisses her again. The kiss intensifies.

He takes her wine glass away, sets both glasses on the sill.

JAKE

Come here.

He takes her hands into his and guides her to sit on his lap.

They kiss again, passionately. He becomes aggressive, moves  
his hand to her breast.

She jumps up, leaving him high and dry.

SABRINA

I'm sorry.

He is more confused than frustrated. She has never allowed him to touch her breasts.

SABRINA

I can't. You've been so patient. I'm not ready for this. There's more to it. It's complicated. I need to tell you some things, but I don't know how. I need you to understand.

JAKE

This can wait. As long as it takes. Besides, you have gold spray paint in you hair.

SABRINA

What? Oh, no. Where?

JAKE

It's not bad. It's -

SABRINA

I need to get it out. Now!

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Jake sits with his wine, listening to the shower.

Walks to the open window, leans out to enjoy the view. Glances over to where he had been spray-painting.

Clearly visible on the metal-slatted landing of the fire escape are two boot prints outlined in glitter gold.

The running water from the shower stops. He listens to the silence.

Cocks his head towards the bathroom.

JAKE

(shouting)  
Did it come out?

No answer.

JAKE

(crossing to bathroom)  
Sabrina?

No answer. He knocks.

JAKE

Sabrina, did it come out?

No answer.

JAKE  
(opening door)  
Sabrina?

INT. JAKE'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sabrina faces the mirror. Jake looks into the same mirror and sees the reflection of her face. Her bare back and wet hair block the reflection of her breasts from his view.

He pauses with one hand on the doorknob, taking in her pure and innocent beauty.

Sabrina gazes at her own reflection, almost in a trance.

JAKE  
Sabrina.

She does not move. With her back to Jake, she breaks her gaze to make eye contact with him through the reflection.

The connection lingers, and Jake senses that something is wrong.

JAKE  
It didn't come out. We can get  
some turpentine.

Sabrina turns to face him.

JAKE  
It won't damage your hair -

The sight of her bare breasts silences him.

Her right breast is withered and lumpy, covered with a hard greenish-black paste. Her left breast is normal.

She awaits his response.

JAKE  
What's going on?

SABRINA  
I had breast cancer.

JAKE  
What?

SABRINA  
I cured it holistically.

JAKE

Why didn't you ever tell me? Why is it like that?

SABRINA

The cancer ate away some of the tissue.

JAKE

Are you going to be okay?

SABRINA

Yes. I'm cancer-free now. I have been for a few months. I'll eventually have reconstructive surgery, but right now I have to continue therapy.

JAKE

Chemotherapy.

SABRINA

No. Homeopathic remedies. I put a salve on the breast to soak up and expel the toxins. It hardens and then I peel it off after a few weeks.

JAKE

I thought you had gangrene or something. So that's a salve -

Jake takes his hand off the doorknob to touch the breast. Sabrina tenses up.

SABRINA

Please...

He stops his hand just before he touches her.

JAKE

Does it hurt?

SABRINA

A little.

JAKE

But you're cancer-free.

SABRINA

Yes.

JAKE

So why does it hurt?

SABRINA

The pain is caused by all the impurities leaving my body. It means it's working.

JAKE

Really...

SABRINA

It's difficult to explain.

JAKE

You have a doctor, right? You're not just doing this yourself.

This question reveals her vulnerability. She crosses her forearms in front of her breasts.

SABRINA

Could you hand me my shirt, please?

Jake looks around, spies the shirt and hands it to her.

JAKE

So, who's your doctor?

SABRINA

Dr. Wiedershine. In Woodstock. He's a leader in alternative medicine.

She puts her shirt on. He sits on the edge of the bathtub.

JAKE

Alternative medicine, I never knew exactly what that meant.

SABRINA

It approaches disease with the idea that... oh gosh, here we go.

She sits on the floor.

SABRINA

This is a difficult concept to grasp for most people. Traditional options weren't for me. I believe that the cancer entered my body for a reason, to help me concentrate on the things that weren't right in my life.

JAKE

You're right. I'm not following.

SABRINA

You've heard how the whole is greater than the sum of its parts?

JAKE

Yeah.

SABRINA

That can be applied to the human body. A disturbance on any level... mental, spiritual, physical, even social, will radiate to all other levels.

JAKE

A mind, body, and soul connection. I get it.

SABRINA

Right.

JAKE

Okay, so you think you got cancer because of some other disturbance in your life?

SABRINA

Yeah, maybe, well, yes. So I'm focusing on my emotional and spiritual health as well as my physical health. There's a lot more shit that went down with my father.

\*  
\*

JAKE

Yeah. I gathered that.

\*

SABRINA

He's a member of the John Birch Society, if that tells you anything.

JAKE

No.

SABRINA

It's a right-wing organization which spawned an extremist group called the Minutemen Militia. When I was growing up, I wasn't allowed to watch TV or listen to the radio. All kinds of things. Mind-fucking things. Anyway, we hadn't talked for years.

(MORE)

SABRINA (cont'd)

I got in touch with him to try to work things out and have some kind of a relationship.

JAKE

You think your father caused you to have cancer.

SABRINA

I think the cancer entered my body so that I would recognize that I had work to do in that area of my life.

JAKE

Wow.

SABRINA

Yeah.

JAKE

This is really brave of you. You're an incredibly strong person. And you're sure it worked. You're sure the cancer is gone.

SABRINA

Yeah.

JAKE

That's all that matters. This...  
(motioning to her breast)  
...that doesn't matter.

She isn't sure. He kneels beside her.

JAKE

Listen to me. It doesn't matter. It doesn't change the way I feel about you.

He kisses her. Sits beside her and takes her in his arms.

SABRINA

Thank you.

EXT. BROOKLYN-QUEENS EXPRESSWAY - DAY

\*

A yellow cab is grid-locked on the BQE.

\*

INT. YELLOW CAB - CONTINUOUS

MARTHA EVERTS (60), Sabrina's Mom, more hardworking than stately, more caretaking than homely, frets over the gridlock from the back seat. She clutches a fifty dollar bill tightly in one hand. Checks the meter as it clicks over relentlessly. Grabs her purse and comes up with another fifty.

INT. SABRINA'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Classical music plays as Sabrina lights candles around the apartment.

A huge designer sofa, candy apple red with a cartoonishly high asymmetrical wing-back, barely fits against one wall of her space-conscious living room. Zebra-print end pillows, of course.

Sabrina lights the last candle, grabs her glass of wine resting on the faux fireplace mantel, and takes in the room as she sips. Notices dust on the mantel, makes one fail swoop with her bare hand and wipes it off on her white jeans.

Now there's a black smudge on her pants.

SABRINA

Fuck.

INT. YELLOW CAB - CONTINUOUS

Martha only now sees the fare placard on the driver's seat-back. Standard rate from JFK to any borough is thirty-five. Grabs her purse again and puts the second fifty back in its place.

INT. SABRINA'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Potpourri boils on the stove.

An industrial-strength stainless steel juicer rests on the counter cluttered with vitamin bottles and a large tub of protein powder.

Sabrina, wine in one hand and now in a white skirt, enters the tiny kitchen to stir the boiling pot. Hallway and front door can be seen through the kitchen threshold.

Buzzer. She pours the remaining wine down the sink, rinses the glass and tucks it away inside the proper cabinet. Hurries to the intercom at the front door.

EXT. SABRINA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS \*

Martha stares at the metal box on the brick wall. Over the intercom... \*

SABRINA (V.O.) \*

Momma?! \*

Her mom positions her face to within inches of the box. \*

MARTHA \*

Yes, honey, it's me! Oh, my lord, what a journey. You were right. I really should have let you pick me up. Oh, my lord - \*

SABRINA (V.O.) \*

I'm gonna buzz you in - \*

MARTHA \*

Honey, it's cold out here. I hope I brought the right stuff to wear - \*

SABRINA (V.O.) \*

Momma, just come on up - \*

MARTHA \*

Well, what do I do? \*

SABRINA (V.O.) \*

Just, when you hear the buzzer, just open the door and come on up. \*

MARTHA \*

And you're on the fifth floor? \*

SABRINA (V.O.) \*

Yep. Apartment number 504, right next to the elevator. \*

MARTHA \*

Oh, my lord. Thank goodness there's an elevator. Otherwise, what would I do with my suitcase?! \*

SABRINA (V.O.) \*

Momma, do you need me to come down and help you? \*

MARTHA \*

For goodness sakes, no, honey, you stay right there. I'll be right up. Did you buzz the buzzer? \*

Buzz. \*

MARTHA (CONT'D) \*

Oh, there it is. \*

Hurriedly grabs the knob. Opens the door and enters while addressing nobody. \*

(CONT'D) \*

Thank you, honey. You just sit tight, I'm on my way. \*

INT. SABRINA'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER \*

A plastic and chrome cheerleader trophy, too large for the mantel but small enough for the suitcase, sits on the floor next to the fireplace. \*

Sabrina and Martha stare at it from the sofa. \*

MARTHA \*

I knew you'd want it. \*

SABRINA \*

Momma, you didn't have to lug it all the way over here. \*

MARTHA \*

I knew you would want it. It brightens up the place. And maybe it'll take your mind off a few things. \*

SABRINA \*

Thank you. \*

MARTHA \*

How are things? \*

SABRINA \*

I feel good. I've got plenty of energy. I'm juicing regularly. \*

MARTHA \*

Well, honey, you need to eat. You're as skinny as a mouse. \*

Actually, Sabrina has never looked more radiant and fit. \*

MARTHA (CONT'D) \*

But your face is just glowing. Look how your hair frames it so beautifully. \*

SABRINA \*  
I try. How's Ron? \*

MARTHA \*  
Oh, honey, you should have seen him \*  
the other day! \*  
(gobs of laughter) \*  
It was just the funniest thing! He \*  
was running around the backyard \*  
naked! \*

SABRINA \*  
What?!

MARTHA \*  
Yes! Naked as a jaybird. \*

SABRINA \*  
Why? \*

MARTHA \*  
To prove a point! \*

SABRINA \*  
What point? \*

MARTHA \*  
Well, he was defending this guy who \*  
went streaking across the field, \*  
the football field, at one of the \*  
Michigan games, and his defense... \*  
his argument... was that the guy is \*  
a fan. A true fan. And fan stands \*  
for fanatic. So to run across the \*  
track, the field, naked in front of \*  
all those people is considered \*  
fanatical. Well, I just don't buy \*  
it so Ron went to the dictionary \*  
and looked up the definition of \*  
fanatic and showed it to me and I \*  
still wasn't having any of it so to \*  
prove a point, he took off all his \*  
clothes and went running around the \*  
house and the backyard. All the \*  
while screaming 'Am I crazy? Do I \*  
look fanatical?' I was beside \*  
myself. \*

SABRINA \*  
Sounds pretty crazy to me. \*

MARTHA \*  
Do you know he won?! He won the \*  
case. \*

(MORE)

MARTHA (cont'd)

The judge ruled in his favor and the young man was let go, well, he wasn't ever locked up or detained or anything he just had to show up at the courthouse but he didn't have to pay any fees or fines or anything.

SABRINA

Well okay then...

MARTHA

I'll tell him you asked about him. He'll like that. Now what about your father?

SABRINA

We're... it's difficult... we're talking at least... I mean he seems... I don't know, Momma, you know... It's -

MARTHA

I don't think you should be reaching out to him anymore. I don't. I've never tried to stand in the way of a relationship with him, with you and him, but with all that's going on, I think maybe you shouldn't be trying quite so hard. And whatever you decide, I am on your side. I support you and I love you. I am on your side. Just like I am with the way you've decided to treat your cancer. I think you made the right decision as far as that goes, but as far as your dad, as far as that goes, I don't know. I just don't know.

SABRINA

It's hard for you, isn't it?

MARTHA

I'm thinking about you. Sabrina. I want you to be thinking about other things and concentrating on, focusing on, beating this cancer and taking care of yourself. And that's why I'm here. That's why I came. To help out in any way that I can. And it's been too long anyway.

(MORE)

MARTHA (cont'd)

It's been way too long since we've  
seen each other. You're my baby.  
And I want to take care of you.

SABRINA

(laughs to keep the mood  
light)

I was home just a few weeks ago,  
but I'm so glad you're here, Momma.  
I love you so much.

MARTHA

Well honey I love you too, but that  
was a good two months or so ago,  
don't you remember? Is that juicing  
having any kind of effect or side-  
effect or whatever on your memory?

SABRINA

No, it isn't. But Momma I was home  
just last-- Oh, you know what, it  
doesn't matter. I'm glad you're  
here.

MARTHA

Oh, honey. We're going to have such  
a good visit. I want you to show  
me... well, we'll go to dinner, and  
we'll go to the spa, and a few  
shows on Broadway, and I want you  
to drive me up to Woodstock where  
you're getting these treatments.  
And I want to meet your friends. I  
want to meet this Jake you keep  
talking about. Oh, I forgot, I  
brought you another present. I  
can't believe I overlooked this  
one.

She leaves the room in search of her suitcase.

Sabrina stares again at the trophy. The marble base boasts a  
shiny gold-colored plate.

INSERT - THE ENGRAVED PLATE, which reads:

"First Place - Overall  
Ypsilanti Cheerleading Camp  
Junior Varsity Regionals  
1981"

BACK TO -

INT. SABRINA'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS \*

Sabrina waits patiently. \*

MARTHA (O.S.) \*

Found it. Here we go. You're going  
to love this. \*

Silence. She hasn't come back. \*

SABRINA \*

Momma? \*

MARTHA (O.S.) \*

Woops. Caught myself reading it  
again. \*

Now she enters and hands her daughter the April 30, 2001  
(Vol. 55 No. 17), *PEOPLE* magazine opened to an inside story. \*

MARTHA (CONT'D) \*

Here. Right there. Can you believe  
it? Suzanne Somers. See...  
(reading title)  
'A Matter of Choice.'

Sabrina checks the front of the magazine before reading. \*

MARTHA (CONT'D) \*

It's *PEOPLE*. I picked it up at the  
grocery store a few weeks ago, and  
lo and behold...

Martha sits while Sabrina reads. \*

MARTHA (CONT'D) \*

She has breast cancer. Just like  
you. She was on... Larry King...  
uh... Live... a little while ago  
and... told it to the world...  
and... she's gonna take care of it  
the same way you are. Holistically. \*

SABRINA \*

Well, no, it says right here she  
had the radiation. I already know  
about this Momma, she had a  
lumpectomy and radiation, but  
she's.. \*

(quotes from article) \*

...'skipping recommended  
chemotherapy.'

MARTHA

(grabbing magazine back)  
 I know! And look what she's doing.  
 she's treating it with mistletoe.  
 (searches the article)  
 Here. Fermented mistletoe. Right  
 here. Can you believe it?

Martha points to the exact words, but Sabrina doesn't look.  
 Instead, she stands and makes her way towards kitchen.

SABRINA

(as she exits)  
 Would you like some wine?

MARTHA

Well, honey, I thought you weren't  
 drinking. I thought you said the  
 alcohol would be too toxic for your  
 body right now.

SABRINA (O.S.)

Yeah, I know. I did. But this is a  
 special occasion. I mean, you're  
 here and everything.  
 (re-enters with wine and  
 glasses)  
 And besides, one glass isn't gonna  
 kill me.

That statement falls flat. She sets the glasses and pours to  
 occupy the silence. Offers the first glass to her mom.

Martha sets the magazine down and takes the glass. As Sabrina  
 pours the second glass for herself, Martha shifts her eyes  
 back to the picture of Suzanne Somers.

Sabrina takes her own glass and observes her mom's diverted  
 attention.

SABRINA

She's so pretty.

MARTHA

Honey, she looks just like you. And  
 apparently she's just as smart as  
 you are, too. Beautiful and smart.  
 You're both just so beautiful and  
 you're both smart.

INT. CROBAR DANCEFLOOR - NIGHT

SUPER: "Crobar - Chicago"

Jake wears an outfit designed by H. R. Giger. A chainmail skirt, a heavy silver codpiece, chainmail draped over one shoulder and arm, a heavy silver phantom mask hiding half of his face, and heavy silver and black leather boots. Silver glitter covers his bare chest.

He stands atop a large black box in the middle of the dancefloor, which is over capacity with a sea of bobbing shirtless men.

The club is dark but for flashlights held on him from various sources in the room.

He lip-syncs to *The Smiths'* "How Soon Is Now (Inner Sanctum Cover Remix)."

\*  
\*

He has evolved into a performance artist. His presence captivates the crowd. Most are familiar with the performance art of a drag queen, but the sight of a muscleguy pulling it off provides an amazing new concept embraced by the short attention span of the demanding circuit.

Two black cloth ribbons unfurl from the rafters of the ceiling to the dancefloor behind him.

A Cirque Du Soleil performer repels down one of the cloth ribbons and then begins to spin behind him.

As the spin slows, the gymnast grabs the other cloth ribbon. Performs a series of calculated moves involving both ribbons designed to entertain the crowd.

The atmosphere of the club reaches a climax as the song ends, and the music transitions to another song.

Jake hops off the box, worms his way through the crowd and disappears behind a black curtain beside the dancefloor.

INT. CROBAR BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Behind the black curtain is a makeshift green room for the performers, complete with waters on ice and a massage table.

The energy from the crowd on the other side of the curtain is tangible.

Relaxing before their turn to appear are RUBIO & KIDD (20s), identical twin brothers who represent the next generation of go-go. The brothers are dressed in bizarre futuristic Mongolian King outfits with phallic symbols for beards. Stilts rest to the side.

Sabrina stands behind the black curtain. Peeks through one end, spying the action.

Jake comes barreling through.

Sabrina embraces him.

SABRINA

Baby, that was incredible.

He shrugs her off and grabs a water.

ROB, the club promoter for the evening, appears from the other side of the black curtain.

He gives a "what the fuck" gesture.

ROB

I pay you for one song. Is that what you think? Huh?

JAKE

Nobody told me that some guy was gonna come from outta nowhere and start spinning out of control behind me.

ROB

Is that why you left? No way. No fucking way. What the fuck is that?

JAKE

The song was over. I was a distraction. I thought I was supposed to leave.

ROB

Bullshit.

SABRINA

I'm going back to the hotel.

JAKE

No, wait. I'll go with you.

ROB

You're not done yet. You owe me two more sets.

JAKE

I don't like surprises.

ROB

Here.

The promoter clamors for a vial in his pocket, offers up a bump for Jake.

Jake looks over at Sabrina, who curiously watches for the outcome.

He positions one nostril above the tiny spoon, places a finger on the other nostril, and inhales the powder.

ROB

Go back on within the hour.

He turns to leave. Jake grabs his arm.

JAKE

Sabrina.

Rob prepares another bump and offers it to Sabrina.

SABRINA

What is it?

ROB

Your basic jet fuel.

SABRINA

Is that crystal? That better not be crystal.

(to Jake)

I'll see you at the hotel.

Sabrina leaves. Jake pulls Rob's extended arm over to himself and snorts the bump.

ROB

Are we good?

JAKE

Yeah. We're good.

ROB

Good.

(to twins)

Rubio, you guys are on.

The twin brothers climb onto a table and secure themselves into their stilts. They walk out onto the scene on the other side of the black curtain.

Rob exits as the Cirque Du Soleil performer enters along with his TRAINER.

TRAINER

Here, lie down.

The trainer motions towards the massage table, and the performer lies down on it.

The trainer begins massage and stretch therapy on the performer.

Jake sits down and watches in silence.

INT. CROBAR DANCEFLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Rubio and Kidd entertain the crowd on their stilts, providing visuals known around the globe for pushing the envelope one step further.

INT. CHICAGO OMNI HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Sabrina lays in the bed.

Jake enters as quietly as possible. Crosses towards the bathroom.

Sabrina sits upright.

SABRINA

I'm up.

JAKE

Hey.

SABRINA

How long have you been doing that stuff?

Jake walks over and sits on the bed.

SABRINA

I've seen what it does to people. I won't be with you if you do it again.

JAKE

Okay.

SABRINA

Promise me.

JAKE

I promise.

SABRINA

It's just that I care about you, and -

He silences her with a kiss. Caresses her face.

SABRINA  
I care about you.

JAKE  
I know.

They make love.

We hear music. *Amber's "One More Night (Original Version)."* \*

INT. CHICAGO OMNI HOTEL BATHROOM - LATER

Jake enters. Takes a piss. Looks over at a cosmetic container resting on the sink.

Picks up the container and reads the label.

INT. CHICAGO OMNI HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Sabrina stirs from her sleep. Sees that the bathroom light is on.

INT. CHICAGO OMNI HOTEL BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jake opens the container, dips two fingers into the greenish-black salve within. Smells the goo on his fingers.

SABRINA (O.S.)  
Baby, hurry up...

INT. CHICAGO OMNI HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

SABRINA  
...I have to pee.

Sabrina waits patiently next to the door.

JAKE (O.S.)  
Okay, one second.

More like about ten seconds.

SABRINA  
Hurry!

The toilet flushes.

Jake appears from the bathroom. He has the green-black paste smeared all over his right pec.

JAKE  
I don't see what the big deal is.

SABRINA

I love you.

JAKE

I've come to realize that I've  
loved you for a very long time now.  
Just the way you are.

INT. CHICAGO OMNI HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

A brunch cart clatters down the hallway, pushed by the room service attendant.

INT. CHICAGO OMNI HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Jake, half-awake in the bed, barely responds to the knock on the door.

Sabrina, curled up on one end of the sofa, whispers into her cell phone, audible but not understandable.

More knocks at the door.

Jake lifts his head. Glances at Sabrina, who motions for him to get it.

He rises, naked. Clamors for the hotel robe, then opens the door.

ROOM SERVICE ATTENDANT

Good day.

JAKE

Good morning. Come on in.

The attendant wheels the cart in. Jake looks around for his wallet. Spies it on the end table next to Sabrina.

As he approaches her, the conversation becomes discernible.

SABRINA

My back is hurting more.

He grabs the wallet, pulls out a few bills, puts the wallet back down. Stands there.

SABRINA

Sometimes I have difficulty  
walking.

She realizes that Jake is listening. Takes the cell phone away from her ear.

SABRINA

Baby...

She looks over at the room service cart. He kisses her cheek.

JAKE

Good morning.

Crosses to tip the attendant.

JAKE

Thank you.

ROOM SERVICE ATTENDANT

(exiting)

Thank you, sir.

He closes the door, peeks inside a metal cover over one of the brunch plates. Grabs a piece of toast and takes a bite. Walks to the kitchenette.

SABRINA

I don't have any negative thoughts in my head. I'm happy. Everything is going great.

Out of Sabrina's sight, Jake listens to the conversation.

SABRINA

The right lymph node is swollen again... I don't know, I haven't taken my temperature... Okay...

Jake slowly chews his toast.

SABRINA

That's a big step, is it really necessary?... I know, but my job and everything, how would I... I have to think about this... Okay... Bye.

Closes her cell phone. Tears up.

Jake appears from the kitchenette. Sensing his presence, she half-way looks over her shoulder, then looks away. Knows he heard the conversation.

SABRINA

I ordered breakfast.

JAKE

Who was that?

SABRINA

Can we talk about this after we eat?

JAKE

Was that Dr. Wiedersshine?

She'd get up to pour some orange juice, but she knows how much it would hurt.

JAKE

Back pain, lymph nodes. What was that all about?

SABRINA

He thinks the cancer may have come back.

JAKE

Why does he think that?

SABRINA

He can feel the energy that my body has absorbed.

JAKE

Over the phone?

SABRINA

I know it doesn't make sense to you, but -

JAKE

No fucking way. This is not right. You need to go to a real doctor now.

SABRINA

He is a real doctor!

JAKE

I knew there was something weird about this whole thing. Let me guess. He charges you for the phone calls. Am I right? Sabrina, how much have you paid him? How much? You have to let me take you to a hospital!

SABRINA

He wants me to move to Woodstock. He can treat me properly there. If I go, it would be temporary.

(MORE)

\*  
\*

SABRINA (cont'd)  
A few months, until the cancer is gone again.

\*

JAKE  
You're not thinking clearly. Let's talk about this.

SABRINA  
I don't want to talk about it. I have to remain positive.

This pushes Jake over the edge. He rams the brunch cart into the wall.

JAKE  
This isn't about energy, or thinking positively! This is about cancer! It's about your life!

She shuts down.

JAKE  
One minute the cancer's gone, the next minute, it's back? He feels something over the phone? What the fuck? What the fuck is that, huh? And then, suddenly, you're moving to Woodstock. So this guy can snap his fingers and make it go away again. Good luck with that.

SABRINA  
Jake...

JAKE  
I'm sorry. But that's how I feel.

SABRINA  
You don't understand.

JAKE  
You're right. I don't understand. So explain it to me. Explain to me how a woman of your intelligence and common sense can choose this thought process. How you can allow people to dictate how you live your life -

SABRINA  
I don't want to be cut open! My uncle had cancer and he died. He chose to have the surgery, and he died because of it.

(MORE)

SABRINA (cont'd)  
The infected blood wasn't  
contained, and the cancer spread,  
and he died.

JAKE  
That wouldn't happen to you.

SABRINA  
You can't tell me that! You don't  
know!

He has nothing left. Looks at the mess on the floor. Picks  
up a fork and places it on the cart. Musters up one more  
attempt.

JAKE  
Look at your breast. I honestly  
don't believe that you are now, or  
ever were, free of cancer.

She remains still.

JAKE  
We have a plane to catch.

INT. GALAXY DINER - DAY

Close-up of a VILLAGE VOICE ad for apartment for rent. A pen  
comes into frame and circles the ad. \*

Rex holds the pen, taps it against his teeth as he peruses.  
Circles another ad. \*

Tosses the paper to the side, picks up his coffee cup, sips,  
then glances around. \*

Notices Jake sitting in a booth across the diner. \*

INT. GALAXY DINER - CONTINUOUS

Jake stares out the window. \*

REX (O/S)  
You come here often? \*

Jake turns his head to see him. \*

JAKE  
Holy shit. \*

Rex slides into the open seat. \*

REX  
Hello. \*

JAKE \*  
Hello. \*

They stare at each other for a long time. Finally, a laugh \*  
from one prompts a laugh from the other. \*

JAKE (CONT'D) \*  
What are you doing here? \*

REX \*  
I told you I come up here every now \*  
and then. \*

JAKE \*  
Yeah. \*

REX \*  
Actually, I'm apartment hunting. \*

He holds up his VILLAGE VOICE with the encircled ads. \*

JAKE \*  
You're moving up here. \*

REX \*  
Yep. \*

JAKE \*  
No shit. \*

REX \*  
No shit. \*

JAKE \*  
Holy shit. \*

REX \*  
You said that already. \*

JAKE \*  
Yeah, I did, didn't I? \*

Silence again, and laughter again. \*

JAKE (CONT'D) \*  
Do you have a job? \*

REX \*  
I'll hit all the hot spots in \*  
Chelsea. They're always looking \*  
for new bartenders. Wear a tight T- \*  
shirt. It won't take long. \*

JAKE \*  
Right. \*

REX \*  
I was up here a while back. Saw \*  
you dancing at Arena. I wanted to \*  
say hi. For some reason, I didn't. \*

JAKE \*  
Huh. \*

REX \*  
New York suits you, I take it. \*

JAKE \*  
Yeah, it does. I bartend at the \*  
Roxy now. I stopped dancing when \*  
Arena closed. \*

REX \*  
I didn't think go-go dancers ever \*  
retired. I thought they sorta \*  
just... fell off the box. \*

JAKE \*  
Ha! Yeah, I guess so. All good \*  
things must come to an end. I can \*  
get you guest list at Roxy if you \*  
ever want to... here. \*

Jake grabs the paper and pen and scribbles his number. \*

REX \*  
How about this Saturday? I'm in \*  
town through the weekend. \*

JAKE \*  
Aaaahhhh, you know Madonna is \*  
scheduled to perform. Unofficially. \*  
Not publicized or anything. \*

REX \*  
Yeah, I heard the rumor. That's why \*  
I picked this weekend to come up. \*

JAKE \*  
Good call. \*

REX \*  
You think it'll actually happen? \*

Jake shrugs. \*

JAKE

You know how things go in club  
land.

INT. ROXY DRESSING ROOM

Close-up of the face of Rafael, female impersonator, spitting  
image of Madonna but for the Adam's apple.

Deep thud from the music on the dancefloor.

His lips move in silence as he rehearses his upcoming  
performance. Pan out slowly to reveal arm movements,  
minimized choreography.

We now see that he is dressed like Madonna in her "Frozen"  
video.

Knock on the door from outside. He pays it no attention, and  
continues the rehearsal.

BETO (O/S)

It's Beto.

Rafael is a little perturbed by the interruption, but gathers  
himself to mask his disapproval.

RAFAEL

Come in, please.

And so he does.

BETO

Okay, so, she's not here yet, but  
as soon as I get word, I will let  
you know when she wants to go on.

Rafael has made his way to the dressing mirror.

RAFAEL

Of course. Thank you.

BETO

And if she doesn't show, we'll just  
put you on at 3 A.M.

His choice of the word *just* doesn't sit well with the  
performance artiste.

RAFAEL

Of course...

BETO  
 (recovering)  
 Do you need anything? A water, or  
 anything?

They both glance over at the plastic dish tray filled with  
 waters on ice.

RAFAEL  
 No. Thank you, Beto.

Beto puts his hand on the doorknob to leave, but can't stop  
 himself.

BETO  
 Are you... ready? In case you have  
 to... if she doesn't show?

The Madonna look-alike is definitely perturbed. Continues to  
 be a lady.

RAFAEL  
 Yes, of course. Thank you.

BETO  
 I mean, do you know all of the  
 words and everything?

RAFAEL  
 Okay, now you're just pissing me  
 off.

INT. ROXY HALLWAY ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Line splits into male and female to pass through the metal  
 detectors. It's definitely boys' night, but we still have  
 enough females for a small line.

Ladies empty their purses at the security table past the  
 detector. Containers are thrown out to moaning and cursing.  
 No drugs gettin' in here.

A massive male security guard pats down a guy. Passes his  
 hand over the guy's crotch without abandon, then past his  
 butt cheeks. Nothing sexual about it. Ain't nobody gettin'  
 in here with a weapon, either.

Rex is in line, working his swagger, rocking a Madonna look  
 from her "Music" video. Cowboy hat and a vest of pink fur. A  
 large gold cross hangs from one gold chain, a bling trinket  
 of a dollar sign hangs around the second. They fall in just  
 the right place on his massive pecs.

INT. ROXY COAT CHECK - CONTINUOUS \*

A large queue. Clubgoers await their turn to walk up to one of a dozen attendants. Each attendant stands behind the counter in front of a long metal rack with countless coat hangers. Looks like an airline check-in counter gone haywire. \*

COAT CHECK MANAGER \*

If you lose your ticket, you CANNOT claim your coat until the next day!!! \*

He's herding 'em in like cattle. This is a business, people. The quicker we get a drink in their hand, the more money we make. \*

COAT CHECK MANAGER (CONT'D) \*

Quickly, people. Move to the next available row. \*

INT. JAKE'S BAR - CONTINUOUS \*

Jake bartends shirtless, slammed three-deep. A go-go boy dances on his bar, gets in the way. \*

JAKE \*

Dude, come on! \*

INT. ROXY DANCEFLOOR - CONTINUOUS \*

Endless sea of shirtless muscle, sweaty and sexy. \*

INT. ROXY DANCEFLOOR ENTRANCE/JAKE'S BAR - CONTINUOUS \*

Rex has made his way in. The clipboard guy comes his way. \*

CLIPBOARD GUY \*

Welcome to John Blair Saturdays!  
Would you like to sign up for a gold card? \*

Rex half-listens while he looks around. \*

CLIPBOARD GUY (CONT'D) \*

It's good for free drinks, comped entrance- \*

Rex sees Jake slinging drinks. Walks away from the guy in mid-sentence. \*

Rex walks slowly through the crowd towards the bar, enjoying the sights as he goes. \*

A continuous display of peeps in their club wear or lack thereof. \*

He finally arrives at \*

JAKE'S BAR \*

REX \*

Hey. \*

Although he's working full throttle, Jake takes a minute. \*

JAKE \*

You made it. \*

INT. ROXY EMPLOYEE BATHROOM STALL - LATER \*

The two men are huddled in the stall. Rex is feeling good and singing a little bit as Jake fumbles with a small vial of cocaine. \*

REX \*

(singing) \*

Music... makes the people... come \*

together! \*

Jake offers a bump off the tiny spoon. \*

JAKE \*

Here. \*

REX \*

(still singing) \*

Music... mix the bourgeoisie and \*

the rebel! \*

JAKE \*

Hurry, I have to get back. \*

Rex inhales the bump and continues to sing as Jake serves himself. \*

The crowd on the dancefloor suddenly becomes very loud. Something is about to happen. \*

REX \*

Oh, fuck. I'm gonna miss it. \*

Jake puts his vial away as Rex kisses him on the lips. \*

REX (CONT'D) \*

Thank you, baby. \*

Jake looks at him. The kiss was innocent enough, he thinks. \*

REX (CONT'D) \*  
 Come on, let's go! Hurry! \*

INT. ROXY DANCEFLOOR - CONTINUOUS \*

POV in the middle of the crowd looking up at the main stage. \*  
 A glowing blue ice sculpture occupies front and center. All \*  
 other lights are off. Intro to *Madonna's* "Frozen (Calderone \*  
 Extended Club Mix)" is fading in as the blue glow's intensity \*  
 pulses with the back-beat. \*

A whirl of light brushes across the stage. The crowd \*  
 responds with yells, whoops, whistling. They know what's \*  
 coming. \*

More whirls of light as the musical intro progresses. The \*  
 masses are hollering. People standing on the subwoofers \*  
 begin stomping in unison, hoping to speed up the process. \*

More whirls of light. The blue-glow ice breaks in two, each \*  
 side moving away to finally reveal... \*

Rafael. \*

The crowd is still loud, though. Many don't realize it's not \*  
 the Material Girl herself. Others know how good Rafael is \*  
 anyway. \*

Eventually, the dancing continues to the extended intro. \*

The intro moves to the first verse. Finally. \*

LIVE MIKE VOICE (O/S) \*  
 "You only see what your eyes want \*  
 to see..." \*

Rafael, still up on stage, moves just like the music video. \*  
 But where's the voice coming from? \*

LIVE MIKE VOICE (O/S) \*  
 "How can life be what you want it \*  
 to be..." \*

Blue spotlight reveals a woman sitting on a trapeze, floating \*  
 above the crowd. Swinging just a little bit. \*

LIVE MIKE VOICE (O/S) \*  
 "You're frozen. When you're \*  
 heart's not open." \*

Madonna. \*

The crowd goes crazy. \*

MADONNA

"You're so consumed with how much  
you get. You waste your time with  
hate and regret. You're broken.  
When your heart's not open."

Liquid nitrogen cannons explode onto the heated dancefloor.

The chorus triggers an extravaganza of light and sound.  
Acrobats abound off mini-tramps in each corner.

The crowd hums and sings along with their Queen.

EVERYONE

"Mmmmmm, if I could melt your  
heart..."

It simply doesn't get any better.

INT. SABRINA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sabrina sits up in bed watching South Park while Jake lays  
next to her, half-asleep. The "Two Guys Naked in a Hot Tub"  
episode.

Jake's ears perk up when he hears the word "dildo."

JAKE

Did he just say what I think he  
said?

SABRINA

Yep.

Jake sits up to watch.

JAKE

I thought this was for kids.

SABRINA

I told you! I can't believe you've  
never watched it.

After a few minutes...

SABRINA

Do you ever miss sex with men?

JAKE

Where'd that come from?

They're staring at the TV... *two guys naked in a hot tub and  
talking about dildos.*

SABRINA \*  
You do. \*

JAKE \*  
It's... I mean... You and I are \*  
together, so- \*

SABRINA \*  
How are you able to turn that side \*  
of you off? \*

Jake opens his mouth to speak, but nothing comes out. \*

SABRINA (CONT'D) \*  
Have you? \*

JAKE \*  
I stuck to our arrangement. I \*  
haven't been with any other woman \*  
for fear of you cutting my balls \*  
off. \*

SABRINA \*  
That arrangement doesn't work for \*  
me anymore. \*

JAKE \*  
You were the one who proposed that \*  
arrangement, remember. \*

SABRINA \*  
While on ecstasy. On a dancefloor. \*  
Caught up in the moment with you \*  
and three thousand of our closest \*  
friends. It doesn't matter about \*  
the circumstances. I'm telling you \*  
that things are different for me. \*

JAKE \*  
You want to change the playing \*  
field? \*

SABRINA \*  
This is a game to you. \*

JAKE \*  
I didn't mean it that way. \*

SABRINA \*  
I thought I was this free-spirited, \*  
open-minded chick. Go with the \*  
flow, but I'm not. Or maybe I was, \*  
but I'm not anymore. \*

JAKE

Somewhere along the way, things  
sorta just morphed, didn't they?

SABRINA

It's called a relationship, Jake. A  
monogamous, committed relationship.  
What a novelty.

He grasps the concept as South Park plays in the background.

Sabrina turns towards the bedside table, takes a small box  
out of the drawer. Tiffany blue complete with white bow-tied  
ribbon.

SABRINA

This is for you.

JAKE

What is it?

SABRINA

I'm moving to Woodstock.

JAKE

Oh... This is a breaking up  
present. You're breaking up with  
me.

SABRINA

It was a going away present, but  
now it seems much more than that.

JAKE

You're moving to Woodstock. You're  
gonna let this guy --

SABRINA

It's what I'm supposed to do. I  
don't expect you to understand.

Jake grabs the remote and turns the TV off.

SABRINA

Don't try to bully me into a  
different path. People aren't meant  
to control each other. Control your  
dog. Control your finances. Control  
the kid throwing food across the  
table, but don't try to control  
another person. It's what I've done  
to you as well, and it's wrong.

JAKE \*  
I stopped having sex with men. \*

SABRINA \*  
Why'd you let me think you hadn't? \*

JAKE \*  
I didn't want to be held to it. \*

SABRINA \*  
(revelation) \*  
You're afraid of commitment. \*

JAKE \*  
What? No. I want to be here for you \*  
right now. You need me to be with \*  
you right now. \*

SABRINA \*  
What I need is for you to be who \*  
you really are. \*

JAKE \*  
I don't know if I like this. \*

SABRINA \*  
I'll keep in touch. I'll let you \*  
know how it's going. \*

JAKE \*  
You seem confident. \*

SABRINA \*  
Power of positive thinking. \*

He pulls the ribbon, removes the lid, removes a sterling \*  
silver key chain inscribed with his initials and a small \*  
heart. \*

SABRINA \*  
It's about all I can afford at \*  
Tiffany. \*

She rests her head on his chest. \*

SABRINA \*  
It comes with free polishing for \*  
life. \*

He turns her face towards him for a final kiss. \*

Her head goes back to his chest. \*

SABRINA

You're not putting up much of a fight.

JAKE

I know you're right. (beat) So twenty years from now, I can walk into Tiffany and say, hey... polish this.

SABRINA

Yep.

EXT. SUBWAY STOP - NEXT MORNING

Jake waits for the F Train back to Manhattan. Fiddles with the Tiffany key chain. Takes his keys out of his pocket and makes the change.

INT. SABRINA'S JEEP - DAYS LATER

Sabrina drives in silence, deep in thought, and holding strong.

We hear *Toni Braxton's "Un-Break My Heart (Album Version),"* the slow and melancholy radio edit.

EXT. NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE - CONTINUOUS

The white Jeep makes its way down the empty road past a road sign.

ON THE SIGN -

"Woodstock 23 Miles"

INT. MILLENIUM TIMES SQUARE HOTEL BALLROOM - WEEKS LATER

A long runway juts out from the center of the main stage. Typical fashion show set-up. Photographers click away from the end of the runway as models walk up and down to high-energy music. Seating is full.

Models wear Helen's lingerie designs.

INT. MILLENIUM BALLROOM BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Helen primps a model before she takes the runway.

Julian observes from the side.

JULIAN

She looks great. Don't mess with it.

HELEN

Let me do my job!

She stands back and judges her model.

HELEN

You're right. She looks great.

(to model)

You can go, thank you.

(to Julian)

I'm sorry. Nerves.

JULIAN

It's going well.

HELEN

It is, isn't it?

JULIAN

I'm proud of you.

He kisses her.

HELEN

End the show for me.

JULIAN

I don't think any of the bustiers  
would fit me.

HELEN

I'm serious. I don't like the  
finale. Walk out there in your  
boxers. It's a great way to  
introduce the men's line. Please.

JULIAN

What? You couldn't have asked me  
earlier?

HELEN

The idea just came to me. And  
you'd say no if you had time to  
think about it anyway.

JULIAN

I'm not wearing the boxers.

Helen pulls at his jeans to see what he is wearing.

HELEN

Even better.

JULIAN

I'm gonna need a cocktail.

INT. MILLENIUM TIMES SQUARE HOTEL BALLROOM - LATER

Jake sits a few rows back, enjoying the show.

Photographers click away every now and then.

Julian appears in chocolate silk briefs designed by Helen, and the photographers get busy. Flashing strobes increase noticeably.

The crowd mutters amongst itself.

The show concludes with Helen appearing from backstage and walking down the runway with the line-up of models. As they collect at the end of the runway, the audience claps.

Helen acknowledges her models, clapping for them.

Julian takes his place next to Helen and kisses her on the cheek.

INT. MILLENIUM BALLROOM BACKSTAGE - LATER

Press, models, friends gather for the after-party. Open bar, finger food, background music from a dj.

Racks of lingerie remain from the show.

Helen and Julian drink champagne and mingle. Jake approaches.

JAKE

Congratulations.

HELEN

Thank you. It's a start.

He kisses Helen. Shakes Julian's hand.

JAKE

And to you, too, buddy! You looked great up there.

JULIAN

This is Helen's night.

HELEN

I'm glad you came. Have you heard from her?

JAKE

No. Neither has her mother. She has successfully isolated herself from anyone who doesn't agree with her.

JULIAN

How are you holding up?

JAKE

You know, I'm doing okay. I have faith.

HELEN

She'll eventually call.

JAKE

Yeah.

A waiter walks by with a tray of champagne flutes. Jake grabs one.

JAKE

But, like Julian said, this is your night. I propose a toast. To the success of your line.

Glasses clink. Jake and Helen sip, but Julian raises his glass again.

JULIAN

To the mother of my child.

Helen enjoys Jake's surprise.

HELEN

We're having a baby.

Jake man-hugs Julian.

JAKE

You dog!

INT. GALAXY DINER - NIGHT

Gerard eats alone. Writes in a journal.

Scans the diner looking for Jake.

Scribbles another entry.

Pulls a silver flask out of his coat pocket and pours into his OJ.

GERARD (V.O.)

"Loneliness settles in  
As I silently sit and spin.  
Endless hopes of a nup  
With one Sunny Side Up.  
When to you it's no longer a sin.

"Two days and eight weeks gone by  
Since last danced on my pedestal  
high.  
And I stared at his ass  
Through my rocks and gin glass.  
Not so much as a when, where, or  
why.

"Next I see him I'll hand him my  
verse,  
Knowing not if for better or worse.  
Would my God strike me down  
If instead all should frown  
'Til I shove it right back in my  
purse?

"For due him I witnessed more joy  
Than a nymph and her vibrating toy.  
It should be no surprise.  
His deep ocean-blue eyes.  
Golden hair, golden skin, GOLDEN  
BOY."

Gerard silently sips his gin and juice, undetected.

EXT. 16TH STREET BETWEEN 7TH AND 8TH, MANHATTAN - DAY \*

Jake and Rex struggle to get a sofa out of the back of a  
double-parked U-Haul truck, flashers on. A taxi driver  
honks, barely enough room to get by. \*

INT. REX'S APARTMENT - LATER \*

Boxes everywhere, and a sofa. Bare window in the background  
with light streaming through. \*

POV is from the back of the sofa. We see Rex from the waist  
up, bare-chested, sitting upright. And... he's moving  
rhythmically. \*

POV from the front of the sofa. Jake lays naked with Rex  
riding him. He stares up at Rex intently. \*

FADE TO BLACK. \*

INT. REX'S SHOWER

\*

No shower curtain yet. Water from the shower head spews onto the black and white tile floor.

\*  
\*

Close-up of Jake's face with Rex's face right behind him. Now Rex is the top, doggie-style.

\*  
\*

FADE TO BLACK.

\*

EXT. WOODSTOCK HOUSE - DAY

A modest five-room wooden home with a screened-in porch rests within the rolling hills of lush green grass wet from the morning dew. Sabrina's jeep occupies the gravel driveway.

INT. WOODSTOCK PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Three tiers of plastic incubator trays crowd the tiny porch. Within each tray are tiny green plants, herbs, in various stages of growth.

Sabrina hovers over one tray, delicately removing the leaves from one plant.

She places the leaves into a colander and slides the tray back into the incubator casing.

INT. WOODSTOCK KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Sabrina wears a flannel nightgown, her long hair framing her natural beauty.

She stands at the sink, meticulously washing the leaves in the colander.

A fraction of a movement results in a piercing pain. She turns the faucet lever to stop the running water. Lets the colander fall into the sink.

INT. WOODSTOCK BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

She sits on the side of her bed, an IV tower next to her.

Sterilizes her arm with an alcohol swipe, finds a vein, and inserts the needle. Secures the line with tape, and watches the fluid enter her body.

Gingerly lies down on the bed.

FADE TO BLACK

\*

EXT. WOODSTOCK PORCH - LATER

A tiny hand raps on the flimsy wooden frame of the screen door.

DAPHNE (40s), a meager Indonesian woman, all of 4'11" who looks much younger than her age, peers through the screen.

DAPHNE  
Hello? Sabrina? It's Daphne.

Not waiting for a response, she lets herself in. She carries a black satchel.

INT. WOODSTOCK DEN - MOMENTS LATER

Daphne considers the room.

SABRINA (O.S.)  
Back here, Daphne.

INT. WOODSTOCK BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The black satchel rests at the foot of the bed, crowding Sabrina as she lays. The cover is open, revealing dozens of cassette tapes.

Daphne removes a stack of the tapes.

DAPHNE  
You have a cassette player, right?

SABRINA  
It's in that drawer over there.  
Could you get it?

Daphne places the stack of tapes on a shelf, and slides past the bed towards the indicated drawer.

DAPHNE  
The first series costs two hundred dollars. Do you need me to get your checkbook as well?

SABRINA  
I told Dr. Wiedershine I wasn't able to pay for these today.

DAPHNE  
Oh, that's right. I remember. He said you could work more days in the office next week.

Daphne finds the tape player and sets it out.

SABRINA

I don't know if I'm going to make it in that fast. Unless these tapes work over the weekend.

DAPHNE

This is a good thing, Sabrina. The pain of your childhood is working its way out of your back. You're releasing all of the negative feelings that you've held onto for so long. Once your mind has cleared itself of the toxic memories, the pain will be gone. You'll see. You're getting close!

She rubs Sabrina's feet through the blanket.

DAPHNE

I went through this same process a few years ago. I don't know what I would have done without Dr. Wiedershine. And yes, the tapes work fast.

SABRINA

I have to use the bathroom. Could you help me up?

Sabrina attempts briefly, then falls back.

SABRINA

No. I guess I have to use the bedpan today.

INT. WOODSTOCK HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Daphne stands beside the bedroom door.

DAPHNE

I'm right here if you need me.

She curiously glances down the hallway. Takes two steps towards the den.

INT. WOODSTOCK DEN - CONTINUOUS

Daphne leans against the frame of the doorway, studying the room.

INT. WOODSTOCK BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Daphne enters from the adjacent bathroom with the empty bedpan.

SABRINA

Thank you, Daphne. I'm so embarrassed.

DAPHNE

Don't be. I have an idea. Let me move in with you. I could make a bedroom out of your den.

INT. WOODSTOCK DEN - NIGHT

On the floor against one wall are votive candles encircling a small statue of Allah. An incense burner and small finger-sized cymbals complete the temporary temple.

Daphne and two of her girlfriends lounge on the sofa with a bucket of popcorn while watching "ET: The Extra-Terrestrial" on DVD.

The phone in Sabrina's bedroom rings. Daphne jumps up to intervene.

INT. WOODSTOCK BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sabrina lays in the bed, earphones covering her ears as she listens to the tapes.

She overhears the ringing of the phone, slides the earphones off.

SABRINA

(calling out)

Daphne!

Daphne enters simultaneously.

DAPHNE

I got it.

Daphne picks up the receiver, holding the popcorn bowl in the other hand.

DAPHNE

Hello?... Yes, Mrs. Everts, this is Daphne.

Sabrina motions for the phone. Daphne shakes her head no at Sabrina.

SABRINA

No, I should talk to her.

DAPHNE

Just one second.

She holds the receiver against her shoulder and addresses Sabrina.

DAPHNE

You know how well you're doing.  
It's important to stay away from  
any source of negative energy.

SABRINA

My mother is not a source of  
negative energy.

DAPHNE

You may not feel as though she is,  
but she's a reminder of that time  
of your life. This is temporary,  
Sabrina, until you get better. You  
don't have far to go.

The voice on the other end of the line can be heard yelling.

DAPHNE

A little while longer and the pain  
will go away forever. Just like  
the cancer did.

SABRINA

Tell her I will call her in a few  
days.

DAPHNE

(into phone)  
Mrs. Everts, she said she'll call  
you in a few days.

Martha yells over the phone.

\*

SABRINA

Promise.

DAPHNE

She promises. Bye.

Hangs up.

DAPHNE

You're doing the right thing.  
You'll see soon. Trust me. I love  
you, Sabrina.

SABRINA

I love you, too, Daphne.

DAPHNE  
(offering bowl)  
Popcorn?

INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

Jake drives a brand new Ford Taurus rental. Martha stares directly ahead from the passenger seat.

EXT. NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE - NIGHT

The car speeds past the same road sign indicating Woodstock 23 miles away.

INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

JAKE  
Sleep if you need to.

MARTHA  
We're almost there.

MARTHA  
What am I going to say?

JAKE  
She's your daughter. It'll come to you.

INT. WOODSTOCK DEN - LATER

Daphne sits in front of her miniature statue, worshipping Allah.

INT. WOODSTOCK BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sabrina sleeps in pain.

INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

Jake and Martha stare straight ahead comfortably. Then...

MARTHA  
That's it. That's her Jeep. Oh,  
my God, what happened to it?

EXT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

Headlights scan over Sabrina's white Jeep, its rear-end caved in from an accident.

INT. WOODSTOCK DEN - LATER

Daphne remains in front of her miniature statue, worshipping Allah.

A burst at the front door causes her to turn in that direction.

Martha and Jake appear in her sight.

MARTHA

You must be Daphne.

Jake marches past Martha and through the hallway.

INT. WOODSTOCK BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jake barges through the bedroom door.

Sabrina sleeps despite the earphones on her ears playing Dr. Wiedershine's tapes.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

The vital signs screen indicates a healthy pulse rate.

Martha and Jake sleep awkwardly in chairs beside a resting Sabrina.

Helen and Julian walk silently through the door.

Helen approaches Sabrina, touches her hand but is careful not to wake her.

Jake stirs.

JAKE

Hey.

HELEN

Hey.

He sits up.

She sits next to him. Comforts him with a hug.

JAKE

Let's go outside.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jake, Helen, and Julian stand just beyond Sabrina's room door.

JAKE

She's been bed-ridden for months. There are tumors all along her spine. That's why she can't walk without severe pain. They say that she will become paralyzed from the waist down.

HELEN

How did she let this happen?

JAKE

These people, the doctor she was seeing, and there's a roommate, it's like a cult. She's been brain-washed. They convinced her that she was cancer-free and that she couldn't walk because... because her negative feelings were leaving her body through her back, through her spine.

HELEN

No...

JAKE

She's been listening to their self-help tapes. They were having her administer her own IVs.

HELEN

Unbelievable.

JAKE

Her speech is slurred. The doctors here say it's because it's reached her brain. They're running tests.

HELEN

This is crazy. How is this possible?

JAKE

I don't know. I honestly don't know.



MARTHA (cont'd)

You thought you were in your right mind to do that. To protect her even though you were just as... may have been just as impaired as she may have been.

JAKE

Martha, what -

MARTHA

I'm not attacking you. Stay with me here. Imagine if instead of talking about Sabrina and you, we were talking about Sabrina and me. And instead of talking about the drugs, we were talking about the situation of living with Sabrina's father. Are you with me?

JAKE

I think so.

MARTHA

Sabrina's father was a bad habit. Understated. He was a tyrant. He was somebody that we had to get away from but couldn't. And I, even though I was just as much under his influence as Sabrina, I thought that I could protect her from him. And I did that by trying to make her into the daughter that he expected. Sabrina told me that was raising her, I had raised her to be perfect and expect her to be perfect all the time. I said... and I still say... that was the way I needed to raise her so her father wouldn't have any reason to attack her. To shoot her down. Mentally. Like he did me.

JAKE

I'm with you, Martha.

MARTHA

Now, it might not have been the right choice, but at the time, in the state of mind that I was in at the time, I thought it was fucking brilliant.

JAKE

Martha...

MARTHA

What? Does that surprise you? Does that word shock you, coming from me?

JAKE

I guess so.

MARTHA

Well, I'm sorry about that. I apologize for that, but... When push comes to shove I will shove back, now. I'm not kidding, I took a self-defense course and I know how to literally shove a man back now.

JAKE

Good for you, Martha.

MARTHA

The way that I raised my daughter was the best that anyone could do given the circumstances. It was much better for her than the alternative.

JAKE

So, you were wrong then when you said this is all your fault. You just said a minute ago that this was your fault, that you created a false sense of reality. It's not your fault. That situation was undeniably your reality.

She can't respond.

JAKE

Martha, this is not your fault.

INT. NURSES' STATION - LATER

Three nurses work and socialize in the middle of their busy day as Jake and Martha return from lunch.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jake and Martha walk into the room expecting to find Sabrina sleeping peacefully. Instead... Daphne is perched in Martha's chair chatting away.

SABRINA  
 Momma! Jake! Look who came to say  
 hello!

MARTHA  
 I see that.

DAPHNE  
 Hello.

SABRINA  
 She was just telling me that she  
 cut the grass at the house.

MARTHA  
 Honey, shouldn't you be resting  
 right now?

Martha pleads to Jake with her eyes. He exits discreetly.

DAPHNE  
 She was sleeping when I got here,  
 but now she's wide awake.

MARTHA  
 Yeah, people have a tendency to  
 wake up when...

Decides not to upset her daughter.

MARTHA  
 ...when the conversation is good!

INT. NURSES' STATION - CONTINUOUS

Jake approaches hastily.

JAKE  
 Who let that woman in there?

NURSE  
 It's visiting hours.

JAKE  
 We need to get her out of there. We  
 can't have her in there.

NURSE  
 I'm not following.

JAKE  
 She's one of the people who...  
 never mind. We need to get her out  
 of there without upsetting Sabrina.  
 (MORE)

JAKE (cont'd)

Uhhh... okay. Go in there and say that you have to, I don't know, what would you do, give her a bath or something, what would you do that everyone would need to leave the room?

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nurse and Jake walk in.

NURSE

Hey, Sabrina, how you doing?

SABRINA

I'm doing well. What can I do for you today?

NURSE

Well, let's see, I need the oil changed in my car.

DAPHNE

I can do that.

Everyone stares at her.

SABRINA

She can. She changes the oil in my Jeep for me.

NURSE

(rubbing Sabrina's arm)  
Sabrina, it's time for a bathroom break, dear.

SABRINA

Oh, okay.

NURSE

Can you all give us some privacy and I'll let you know when you can come back in.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They file out as Martha jockeys up next to Daphne.

DAPHNE

She looks well.

MARTHA

She does, doesn't she, now that she's getting the care that she needs.

Martha's holding back as she escorts Daphne farther down the hallway.

MARTHA

You know, since you change the oil in the Jeep and everything, maybe you could tell me what in the world happened to it? I saw the back end of it all caved in and...

They're out of hearing range now. Martha stops walking and faces Daphne head on to stop her in her tracks.

MARTHA

What are you doing here?

DAPHNE

Excuse me?

MARTHA

The audacity of you to show your face around here. You are not welcome here. I don't want you here upsetting Sabrina and filling her head with lies, and ideas, and hatefulness, and --

DAPHNE

I love Sabrina. I want to help her.

MARTHA

She doesn't need your help. She has her family now. She has me, and I'm not going to let you anywhere near her again. Now you just march yourself back down that hallway and don't you ever turn back.

DAPHNE

I don't understand.

MARTHA

Did you hear me?

DAPHNE

I don't --

MARTHA

You have done enough damage.

DAPHNE  
Mrs. Everts --

Martha grabs her *by the ear* and drags her down the hallway.

MARTHA  
You listen to me, little lady! You will do as I tell you. You will have your things out of that house by the end of the day. I don't care where you go, you get out of our lives.

Daphne wrestles free.

DAPHNE  
Sabrina is a grown woman. Of free will. She wants me in her life.

Martha slaps her. Hard.

MARTHA  
I don't.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

A DOCTOR stands beside Sabrina's hospital bed. Martha, Jake, Helen, and Julian stand nearby.

DOCTOR  
What you need to understand is that we do not have a cure for cancer. Do you understand that?

Sabrina slurs her words when she speaks.

SABRINA  
Yes.

DOCTOR  
And what we have found is that the cancer has spread from your breast to your spine, your liver, your kidneys, your lungs, and your brain. My experience with this situation is that we have... weeks... to three months.

SABRINA  
I am ready to begin the treatments, the radiation, the chemotherapy...

DOCTOR

Ms. Everts, you understand that we cannot do anything further for you. You have progressed to the latter part of stage four, and there is nothing that we can do for you. Radiation and chemotherapy would only cause you to be very sick during the last weeks of your life. You have to think about your quality of life for your remaining days.

SABRINA

I am not going to die. I cannot have these negative thoughts. I wasn't given cancer to die from it. I was given cancer to become aware of other areas of my life which need to heal. With all due respect, I'm not dying. Please help me to fight this.

DOCTOR

What we would like to do is make you as comfortable as possible. We can shrink the tumors on your spine with radiation. That will enable you to walk, for the time being, and regain control of your bowels. This is a temporary solution. In the meantime, I need you and your family to think about what you would like to do next.

SABRINA

That's great! I know what I want to do next. I want to fight it. We'll do the radiation, and then we'll start the chemotherapy. And hormonal treatments. I'd like to know more about the hormonal treatments. I know there are options for that.

DOCTOR

Hormonal treatment is in its infancy, an experimental phase. The ideal candidate is a woman in the first or early second stage of the disease. I'm sorry, Sabrina, but... may I call you Sabrina? You are not a candidate for hormonal treatment.

SABRINA

Please help me to fight this. I have to explore all options. I have to try. I won't give up. Ever. I'm not dying. You'll see.

DOCTOR

I know how difficult this is. A conflict arises between medicine and spiritual beliefs. I am going to make you as comfortable as possible while you are in my care. But a frank discussion concerning what happens next must take place. And, by that, I mean deciding if you want to go home or to a hospice. Talk to your family, to your mother. Please do not make your decisions based on the anticipation of a miraculous event.

SABRINA

This is not a matter of a miracle. This is a matter of fact. I'm not dying!

DOCTOR

We'll talk again another time.

SABRINA

I am not dying. I'm not. Mom, tell him. Jake.

EXT. ANN ARBOR HOSPICE CARE HOME - DAY

Beside a pond, baby ducks struggle to keep up with their mother, quacking away.

SUPER: "Ann Arbor, Michigan"

The hospice in the background is a pleasant brick structure that looks more like a school than a health care facility.

INT. HOSPICE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A blue vinyl bag the size of a small purse hangs to the side and near the foot of a hospital bed, a tube running out of it.

The tube runs to an I/V tower and then to Sabrina's forearm. She sleeps.

Knock at the door.

HOSPICE AIDE #1 (O.S.)

Hello.

Martha rests in the chair next to the bed. Jake sits on the small sofa against one wall.

MARTHA

Come in.

Two HOSPICE AIDES enter. One carries a blue vinyl bag identical to the one hanging off the bed. The other holds a pen and a clipboard with charts.

HOSPICE AIDE #1

Hello. How are you doing today?

MARTHA

Well, we had a good night's sleep, and a big breakfast, and now she's taking a nap.

HOSPICE AIDE #1

We will try not to wake her then. I am here to replace the morphine bag.

MARTHA

Okay. Thank you.

The aide unzips the bag hanging from the bed to reveal six tubes of morphine, all empty but one.

HOSPICE AIDE #1

(to Hospice Aide #2)

Replacing five vials, 100 milliliters each.

The second aide scribbles on the chart.

HOSPICE AIDE #2

Okay.

The first aide unzips the bag in her hands. Replaces the empty bedside vials with the full vials from the bag she holds.

Jake watches questioningly.

The process is complete.

HOSPICE AIDE #2

(to Hospice Aide #1)

Sign here.

The second aide holds the clipboard out. The first aide grabs the pen and signs.

HOSPICE AIDE #1

Okay, then. Have a good day.

MARTHA

Thank you.

Martha immediately reaches over to a command button on the bed within Sabrina's reach. Pushes the button, releasing a dose of morphine to Sabrina.

JAKE

Does she really need it while she's sleeping?

MARTHA

It's been more than fifteen minutes. She's allowed a shot every fifteen minutes. The button won't work anyway if we press it too soon.

Jake rises and crosses to the window.

Strategically placed outside the window is a bird feeder. No birds are feeding. It's an obvious sign of distraction for the patient.

Martha crosses for her purse lying in one corner of the room.

MARTHA

Hey, why don't you go get us something to eat? I know when Sabrina wakes up, she's not gonna want the stuff here. And if you're like me, a good ol' quarter pounder just might hit the spot.

She rummages through her purse and comes up with a few bills. Offers them to Jake.

JAKE

Okay. I don't really know my way around Ann Arbor. How the hell do I get there?

INT. MCDONALD'S - LATER

MCDONALD'S SERVER

Is this for here or to go?

JAKE

To go.

EXT. RENTAL CAR - LATER

Five large bags of McDonald's fast food occupy the passenger seat.

Jake drives. Views the landscape. Pulls the car to the side of the road. Gets out.

EXT. ANN ARBOR ROADSIDE - LATER

Jake stands beside the rental car. Looks out at the open fields as though trying to emblazon the picture onto his brain.

An eighteen-wheeler hauls ass past him, shaking the car.

INT. HOSPICE HALLWAY - LATER

Jake makes his way down the bright and cheerful hallway, holding the five large bags of food.

Outside of Sabrina's room, Martha consults with a LOCAL DOCTOR.

LOCAL DOCTOR

I thought she had accepted that she is dying.

MARTHA

She has. But she keeps waking up, and she wants to know why. Can't you give her more morphine?

Jake listens, holding the fast food bags.

LOCAL DOCTOR

Mrs. Everts, we can't do that. She is on the highest legal dose possible. If we give her more... we can't give her more.

MARTHA

Give her enough so that she doesn't wake up. That's what she wants. Because as long as she keeps waking up, she gets confused and thinks maybe she isn't dying after all. Maybe she's supposed to keep fighting.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPICE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

HOSPICE AIDE #2

This is a hospice, not a hospital.  
We don't treat anyone here. You're  
here for your comfort.

SABRINA

Yes, but, the other lady told me  
that if I was strong enough to walk  
to the nurse's station and back,  
then she would help me to get the  
treatment that I need.

HOSPICE AIDE #2

The nurse's station down the  
hallway?

SABRINA

Yes. She said if I could make it  
there and back, then I could  
transfer back to the hospital and  
start the chemotherapy and the  
radiation.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPICE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

LOCAL DOCTOR

She is a fighter. But you have to  
let nature take its course. Just  
because she's accepted death  
doesn't mean it will happen right  
away. We don't know how long it  
will be.

A loud CRASH from within the room. All three rush in.

INT. HOSPICE ROOM - LATER

Sabrina is on the floor.

The aide tries in vain to help her up.

MARTHA

Sabrina!

The doctor yells down the hallway.

LOCAL DOCTOR

We need some help over here!

Jake tosses the bags.

JAKE  
I've got her.

HOSPICE AIDE #2  
Here -

JAKE  
Get out of the way!

MARTHA  
She's bleeding!

Sabrina scraped herself during the fall. A male aide runs inside and assists Jake. They manage to get her back into the bed.

The doctor inserts the IV. Martha strokes her forehead, near hysterics.

MARTHA  
What is the matter with you people!  
You're supposed to be helping her!

HOSPICE AIDE #2  
She wanted to see if she could walk  
to the nurse's station. She had me  
convinced... that -

LOCAL DOCTOR  
Everything's okay, now. We'll tend  
to that scrape on her leg, and...  
Sabrina, are you okay?

The aides exit.

SABRINA  
Yes. Could you hand me my cell  
phone? I need to make an  
appointment for a mammogram.

LOCAL DOCTOR  
You don't need to make that call  
right now.

SABRINA  
Do you have the number for the  
Sloan-Kettering Center in New York?

LOCAL DOCTOR  
I can get that for you later.

The male aide re-enters, handing a plastic cup with pills to the doctor.

LOCAL DOCTOR

Here's your anxiety medication.  
I'm letting you take it a little  
early under the circumstances.  
Sabrina, I thought we'd gone  
through all of this. I thought you  
agreed that you were here  
specifically for your comfort.

Sabrina, spaced out and uncomfortable with her physical  
presence, fidgets.

Her fingers trace the raised cloth pattern on her blanket,  
then bunch up the fabric for twirling.

SABRINA

I have to try. Don't you see? I  
have to try.

The doctor sits on the bed, facing her.

LOCAL DOCTOR

I am not going to pretend to know  
how difficult this is. You're  
waiting. May I suggest that you  
live your life while you wait?  
Have one of the aides take you out  
by the pond in a wheelchair. Watch  
"Dancing With The Stars." One of  
our guests, a young girl down the  
hall, had her classmates over to  
celebrate her birthday. They had a  
party with cake, and they played  
games. Here's your medication when  
you're ready for it.

Sabrina takes the plastic cup.

JAKE

Can she take it with some food? I  
have McDonald's.

SABRINA

McDonald's!

LOCAL DOCTOR

(exiting)  
Enjoy your time together. I'll see  
you again in a few days.

MARTHA

Somebody's hungry.

Jake picks the bags off the floor and places them on the coffee table in front of the sofa.

JAKE

I wasn't sure what everybody would want.

SABRINA

Chicken McNuggets!

JAKE

Okay. Okay, I got that.

SABRINA

With honey mustard sauce... and...  
and... sweet and sour sauce...  
and... BBQ.

JAKE

Did you have a good nap?

SABRINA

I did. Thank you. What can I do for you today?

JAKE

You can eat all of this food that I brought. That's one thing you can do for me.

Jake rummages through the food bags.

SABRINA

Okay. And what can I do for you today, Momma?

JAKE

Oh, fuck.

MARTHA

What is it?

JAKE

Fuck! I don't have any sweet and sour sauce.

He swats one of the food bags, sending it flying into the wall.

MARTHA

It's okay.

JAKE  
 No, it's not. It isn't okay. I  
 don't have any. I'm sorry.

A small bird feeds at the bird feeder next to Sabrina's  
 window.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. HOSPICE ROOM - DAY

A sheet cake from the local grocery store sits out,  
 untouched. Three more cakes keep it company.

Sabrina sleeps.

Jake, Martha, Helen, and Julian silently wait for her to wake  
 up.

Martha presses the morphine button.

MARTHA  
 I'm sorry, kids. You never know if  
 she'll be awake or not.

JAKE  
 I told them -

HELEN  
 Jake told us.

They're waiting, just like the doctor said not to do.

And waiting.

JULIAN  
 We should check into the hotel.

EXT. ANN ARBOR HOSPICE CARE HOME - DAY

Jake sits on a bench near the duck pond.

INT. HOSPICE ROOM - NIGHT

Jake hovers over Sabrina's bedside, eye to eye with her.

JAKE  
 Do you know how much I love you?

SABRINA  
 Yes.

JAKE  
 Can I tell you anyway?

SABRINA

Yes.

JAKE

If you were to take the beautiful big blue sky and smush it all into one little cubicle, say the size of a sugar cube, that would be about a hundredth of a percent of how much I love you.

SABRINA

I love you, too!

JAKE

I know you do. I know you do, sweetheart. I know. I will see you on the other side, my precious. \*

SABRINA \*

See you on the other side... \*

INT. TWILO MAIN STAGE - NIGHT \*

The club night is at its peak of energy.

Rubio and Kidd begin their performance art.

A huge rubber ball 6 feet in diameter rests on the stage. We shall call it the ball of life. Ropes run from the ball to either side of the stage.

Rubio stage left holds the ropes. Kidd stage right.

*Whitney Houston's "My Love Is Your Love (Jonathan Peters' Vocal Mix)"* begins. \*

This performance is simple. With each crescendo, Rubio and Kidd work their ropes so that the ball of life bounces up and down, higher and higher, reflecting the ups and downs of the music, and of life.

At the height of the music, the ball of life bounces high into the air.

Appropriately, at the lull, the ball barely moves. \*

CUT TO:

Sabrina sleeps peacefully at the hospice.

CUT TO:

The bouncing ball of life.

CUT TO:

Helen, in the delivery room, gives birth.

CUT TO:

Sabrina sleeps peacefully. Her mother keeps vigil. Presses the morphine button.

CUT TO:

A series of shots -

- The ball of life bounces wildly
- Sabrina sleeps peacefully
- Helen gives birth
- The morphine button is pressed
- The ball of life barely moves

These scenes interchange continuously until...

INT. TWILO MAIN STAGE - CONTINUOUS

\*

The music fades out as the bouncing ball comes to its final rest, motionless on stage.

Junior at the turntables lets the record end without lifting the needle.

The scratch of the needle against recordless vinyl repeats itself.

The house lights go up.

Jake on the left end subwoofer takes a knee.

Julian at the right end subwoofer takes a knee.

And the scratching needle against vinyl repeats itself.

Rubio and Kidd take a knee.

The house follows suit. The former revellers, now in mourning, one by one take a knee until eventually a wave crosses the dancefloor.

Everyone is on one knee.

And the needle scratches.

INT. GALAXY DINER - DAY

Gerard whirls a bite of Salisbury steak into his mashed potatoes.

Shoves it into his mouth and notices Jake across the diner, watching him. Gives a less than confident wave with his fork-holding hand.

Jake picks up his plate of food and walks over.

JAKE  
May I join you?

GERARD  
Yes.

They eat in silence awkward for Gerard but comforting to Jake.

Finally...

JAKE  
We don't really know each other.

GERARD  
I know you.

JAKE  
No. I'm not sure if I even know me. You don't know my name. You think it's Billy.

GERARD  
I know it's not Billy. I know about your girlfriend. I'm sorry.

JAKE  
What am I supposed to do next? I don't know what I'm supposed to... What does a go-go dancer do next?

GERARD  
You've fallen off the box, eh? \*

Gerard sips his coca-cola spiked with rum and carefully considers his next move. \*

Pulls out his book, now published, a hard-bound copy of "The Go-Go Boy Sonnets: Volume II." Offers it to Jake.

GERARD

I'm a writer. You're on page  
thirteen. \*

JAKE

Holy fuck.  
(flipping to page, reads  
title)  
'Golden Boy.' \*

Giving time to read the poem, Gerard produces a flask of rum  
hiding inside his jacket and pours another shot into his  
coke, not unnoticed by Jake. \*

GERARD

(offering gesture with  
flask)  
You want some? \*

JAKE

No. \*

GERARD

What are you, on the wagon? \*

JAKE

Self-induced. Mind-altering  
substances do seem to be getting in  
the way of late. \*

GERARD

Speak English. \*

JAKE

I'm not drinking right now. Or  
using any drugs. Gonna see how that  
goes for a while. \*

GERARD

More power to ya. \*

Gerard drinks as Jake resumes reading. \*

JAKE

Exactly how much joy does a nymph  
get from her vibrating toy?

GERARD

Interesting that you should single  
out that line.

JAKE

Yeah, why?

GERARD

Well, correct me if I'm wrong, but here you are trying to figure out the purpose of your life, and I believe that to be it.

JAKE

Playing with yourself.

GERARD

Read the whole line.

JAKE

(reading)

For due him I witnessed more joy -

GERARD

Stop. That's it. The purpose of your life is joy. And you gave me more joy than, well, you know.

JAKE

It's not that simple.

GERARD

Maybe it is. Don't you see? How you're a part of something greater than yourself? You were oblivious to this. You inspired me. I, in turn, inspire somebody, whomever. As soon as you take the focus off of yourself and put it onto others, you won't feel so lost.

JAKE

What can I do for you today. That's what Sabrina said every morning. In the hospice.

GERARD

And that gave her joy.

JAKE

It goes beyond joy. We all want to be a productive part of society.

GERARD

Follow your passion. I love to write. Whatever your passion, that's where your happiness and your impact on society will be greatest. Success, however you measure it, will follow naturally.

JAKE

I wasn't really expecting all of this when I came over here.

GERARD

Do you believe in the inherent goodness of man?

JAKE

I think I just want to eat my lasagna now.

They eat for a while.

JAKE

I do. But I still just want to eat my lasagna.

GERARD

How is it?

JAKE

It's good. How's yours?

GERARD

It's good.

JAKE

I could move back to Atlanta.

GERARD

Oh, so that's your name. Scarlet O'Hara.

JAKE

Yeah, that won't work.  
(long beat)  
It's Jake.

GERARD

Huh. Who would've guessed.

*John Lennon's "Imagine (Eddie Baez Extended Club Mix of Sir Ivan Cover)" begins.*

\*  
\*

CUT TO:

MONTAGE - HOPE

-- Big, brown, innocent eyes of an infant stare at us. Our view slowly becomes larger until we can see the baby's entire face, then his entire body resting in a blanketed infant's seat.

-- A woman's arms pick the baby up.

-- Helen carries her newborn, LIAM, over to Julian, lying on the bed.

-- The family share in the joy of their existence.

-- Gerard walks through the park in Union Square, stops at a tree and begins to empty his flask, notices a nearby trash can and decides to throw away the flask. \*  
\*  
\*

-- Jake walks down the runway of Helen's show sporting a silk robe and boxers. Julian is the next model to walk. Then Rex. \*  
\*

-- Helen is on the cover of "Lingerie" magazine. She sits on a Harley wearing a lacy bra underneath a leather jacket. The subtitle: "Leather and Lace."

SUPER: "*Helen Sanchez Intimates* achieved industry success after a prominent Hollywood actress was spotted on the red carpet sporting her luxury lingerie as a dress." \*  
\*  
\*

-- Martha kicks some ass in a self-defense class. The instructor ends up on the ground with Martha on top. \*  
\*

SUPER: "Dr. Donn J. Wiedershine continued to treat cancer patients under his practice, Woodstock Natural Medicine, as Martha sought restitution in the wrongful death of her daughter." \*  
\*  
\*  
\*

-- Martha rises from her hold on the instructor and proudly struts away in victory. The back of her shirt says "*Take No Prisoners.*" \*  
\*  
\*

SUPER: "In 2010, Dr. Wiedershine was found guilty of gross negligence, negligence on more than one occasion, and failure to maintain accurate patient records." \*  
\*  
\*

SUPER: "His license to practice medicine in the state of New York was suspended for three years." \*  
\*

-- Jake, with little Liam in his arms, stands in between Rex and Julian while Helen snaps a picture. \*  
\*

-- Jake and Rex drive down the open highway in his '68 Gran Torino. Our view becomes wider to eventually reveal the open terrain in its vastness. \*  
\*

SUPER: "Jake found his passion in health and fitness. He is a personal trainer and nutrition counselor in Los Angeles." \*

SUPER: "He also wrote a screenplay." \*

Club mix version of *Hypertrophy's* "Beautiful Day" fades in as \*  
 CREDITS ROLL. \*

-- JAKE, the real and living person who is today well into \*  
 his 40s, go-go dances. He's wearing all white with a white \*  
 construction hat and Ray-Bans spray-painted white. Can't see \*  
 a damn thing. As the song ends, he works it a little bit too \*  
 much... and falls off the box.

JAKE (O.S.)  
 I'm good.

*Toni Braxton's* "Un-Break My Heart (Soul Hex Anthem Vocal)" \*  
 plays as actual photos of the actual people in this story are \*  
 displayed. This version is high-energy extended club remix, \*  
 sharp contrast to the Jersey Turnpike scene. \*

INSERT, HANDHELD VIDEO CAMERA FOOTAGE \*

Actual footage (shot in 1998 by the writer) of Sabrina \*  
 driving her Jeep through the snow-covered streets of Queens \*  
 on their way to the ice skating rink in Central Park. \*

END HANDHELD VIDEO CAMERA FOOTAGE \*

THE END. \*