

Doggerland

by

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"DOGGERLAND"

FADE IN:

INT. DREAM ROOM - NIGHT

ANGLE ON RAFE

Rafe, a well-groomed, fortyish male minister in traditional black with a white collar, sits quietly on a chromed framed, 50's diner chair upholstered in aqua blue vinyl. A yellow rope binds his hands behind him. A black leather, blindfold-mask covers his eyes and an emerald green rubber ball-gag fills his mouth.

He leans forward slightly in submission.

Music pulsates, lights strobe, electricity crackles.

WIDER

STRIPPER revealed dancing inches in front of Rafe. Young, beautiful, and scantily clad, she moves with slow seduction.

WIDER

A bare chested, hooded EXECUTIONER revealed standing off to the side holding an ax. His ASSISTANT, another scantily clad, beautiful young woman, sharpens the ax with a large whetstone.

Stripper pulls the ball from Rafe's mouth.

STRIPPER

Did you enjoy that sweetie?

RAFE

Yes. Thank you.

Stripper returns the ball to Rafe's mouth. Placing her hands on either side of his head, Stripper guides Rafe's head forward to rest on her bosoms - his neck stretched out.

STRIPPER

Rest easy now.

Executioner walks over to Rafe's outstretched neck, raises the ax high, and plunges it downward.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. BISHOP'S OFFICE - DAY

BISHOP, a male clergy in his fifties, sits behind a desk while Rafe in clergy garb, lounges on a recliner.

RAFE

And "bam" that was it.

BISHOP

That was it? Nothing else?

RAFE

Nothing except waking up in a cold sweat and a panic. Is that disturbing or what, Bishop?

BISHOP

Was it? Was it disturbing to you?

RAFE

Very. What do you think it means?

BISHOP

Does it have to mean anything?
Maybe it was just a dream.

RAFE

No, it meant something.

BISHOP

Rafe, let me ask you something.
Have you been taking the sacrament?

RAFE

Yes. Who's been saying I haven't?

BISHOP

No one, I was just wondering.

RAFE

Was it a parishioner or one of the
deacons?

BISHOP

What?

RAFE

That said I wasn't taking the
sacrament.

BISHOP

No one said you weren't. That
sounds a little paranoid, wouldn't
you agree?

RAFE

Bishop, you know the rumor mill
around here -- always cranking out
viscous lies for amusement.

BISHOP

Grind out.

RAFE

What do you mean?

BISHOP

You mixed your metaphor. Mills
grind things out.

RAFE

Right, so you see what I mean.

BISHOP

I have another appointment to get
to. Are you speaking at the group
tonight?

RAFE

Yes. Of course.

BISHOP

That's good, Rafe, that's good.

INT. RAFE'S OFFICE RECEPTION ROOM - DAY

SAMI, a stereotypical 1950's secretary in white blouse and tight dark skirt, sits at a desk. She takes off her thick, emerald green-rimmed Cat Eye glasses as...

Rafe enters the room flustered.

RAFE

What a nightmare. I just got my rear-end handed to me by Bishop. Can you believe it, Sami? Someone's been telling him I haven't been taking sacrament.

Sami regards him coolly.

SAMI

You're upset.

RAFE

Yes, I'm upset. Did you not hear what I said about the rumors?

SAMI

I heard you.

RAFE

Well, any ideas on who might be doing this to me? Maybe you overheard something?

Sami gives a slight, disinterested shake of her head.

RAFE (CONT'D)

Anything? Anything at all?

Sami shrugs with a minimal of movement.

RAFE (CONT'D)

Some help you are. What's with you lately, anyway?

(sighs)

Do I have messages?

SAMI

Do I look like your secretary?

Rafe puts hands to temples in exaggerated disbelief.

RAFE

Uh, yes, yes you do. What's wrong with everyone today? I feel like I'm losing my mind.

Sami represses a yawn.

SAMI

No. No messages.

RAFE

Good. Thank you. Not so hard to be civil is it? Look, Sami, I know we've had our differences in the past, but that's in the past.

SAMI

(rolling her eyes)
You're due at the group.

RAFE

I know. I just have to get my lesson plan and pray first. I have to clear my head.

SAMI

They're starting in five minutes.

Rafe shoots Sami a glare.

RAFE

(tersely)
Then it will be a quick prayer, if that will suit you.

Sami nods and flips through a magazine.

INT. CHURCH CLASSROOM - DAY

Several parishioners, ALMA, JERRY, DAVE and ROBERT, sit on folding chairs situated in a circle.

FELICIA, a middle-aged woman, listens intently to Rafe and takes notes in an emerald green notebook while Robert looks about bored.

Alma, a pretty woman in her early twenties, vigilantly scans the room, she, as always, wears a long sleeve shirt with high collar and hair down past her neck.

Jerry is thirtyish and scrawny; he drums his fingers and watches Alma's darting glances while Dave fights off drowsiness.

A heater kicks on with CLUNK and WHIR and RUMBLE that doesn't quit.

RAFE

Do not suppose that I have come to bring peace to the earth. I did not come to bring peace, but a sword. Anyone who loves his father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; anyone who loves his son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me; and anyone who does not take his cross and follow me is not worthy of me.

FELICIA

What does that mean?

RAFE

It's the same as the first commandment, "Thou shall not have anything before me". Jesus is daring us to love God even if it means losing family, friends, or our precious social status.

ROBERT

(abruptly)

She meant, what does it mean to you.

FELICIA

Robert, I can speak for myself.

ROBERT

It's a buncha bull to me. Family first; that's all there is to it.

FELICIA

But haven't you been divorced five times?

Robert stands up, lifts his chair, and slams it back on the floor.

ROBERT
That wasn't my fault. I was ill.

RAFE
Take it easy, Rob, we're just having a discussion, right Felicia?

Felicia nods.

RAFE (CONT'D)
Right everyone?

The rest of the group members nod and mutter agreement.

RAFE (CONT'D)
(to Robert)
Okay?

Robert nods and retakes his seat.

RAFE (CONT'D)
What it means to me is if those around us - to include our family - leave the path, we are not to follow. Better to pluck out an eye than risk the kingdom of heaven.

JERRY
That's disgusting. I'm not ripping anyone's eyes out. I don't like that kinda talk.

FELICIA
It might be best, Rafe, if we not get graphic.

RAFE
It's the Bible - it can get graphic. Life is graphic.

Robert puts his face into his hands and moans lowly in pain.

DAVE

Robert's not doing his deep breathing. He's supposed to deep breathe.

(to Robert)

Breathe deep!

Dave rubs Roberts back and Robert calms.

JERRY

All this talk about dismemberment is upsetting everyone.

FELICIA

All right, now, let's not get stuck. We're not talking about that stuff again. Right, Rafe?

RAFE

Right. Let's move on. My point is choosing God over sinners. If a person is in the clutches of sin, you may have to abandon them.

FELICIA

Do these thoughts have anything to do with your wife?

RAFE

My wife? Why would you ask about my wife? You know she died over twenty years ago.

JERRY

Why doesn't your daughter visit? Did you abandon her?

RAFE

What is this? Is this some kind of joke? What's with everyone today?

DAVE

Well, why don't she?

RAFE

Dymphna is on the other side of the country studying at the university. C'mon, let's stop avoiding the real issues.

ALMA

My uncle was a sinner. He drank hard liquor. One night he babysat my brother and me so Dad could work the late shift. He got stinkin' drunk. He says to my brother and me, "Get your asses to bed"; I think so he could have a whore come over. I went to bed, but peeked out the door. My brother says, "No, I want to finish watching the show." And my uncle says, "Get to bed or I'll knock you into tomorrow." So my brother says, "You promised, you stinkin' drunk, you promised." Then my uncle, he balls up his fist real tight and punches my brother. I saw it all, saw the whole thing, saw my brother's eye bulge out and hang down his cheek.

Rafe rubs his temples with his fingers. Felicia closes her notebook and sadly shakes her head.

JERRY

Jesus!

DAVE

Alma's talking about eyes popping out.

(to Alma)

Don't talk about that stuff!

Robert shoots up from his seat, grabs his chair and pounds it repeatedly on the ground.

ROBERT

Shit, shit, shit, shit!

INT. RAFE'S OFFICE RECEPTION ROOM - NIGHT

Rafe enters the deserted room. Lights are dim.

RAFE

Is it that late or did she just
decide to knock off early?

Rafe looks at his wristwatch.

RAFE (CONT'D)

Guess it is that late. I'll just
crash here tonight. Strange day.

INT. RAFE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Rafe enters his office and clicks the light switch on the wall. The bulb POPS bright and then goes out.

RAFE (CONT'D)

Great. Doesn't anything work around
here?

Rafe makes his way through the dark, fumbling for the desk lamp. His hand sweeps a glass of water into a heavy, double picture frame, breaking the glass and toppling the frame.

RAFE (CONT'D)

(deep breath)

Lord, give me patients; I don't need
this right now.

Rafe clicks on the desk lamp and surveys the damage. He undoes his collar and tosses it aside.

The office décor is plain with a small bookcase, desk, chairs, small cot, and a tv/dvd mounted on a wall corner.

Rafe picks through the broken glass. He shakes some remaining shards off the frame and uses his pant leg to wipe the water off the frame.

ANGLE ON DOUBLE PICTURE FRAME

One frame holds a picture of a green-marble gravestone with the engraving "Mary Groen". The second frame holds a shot of Glamorous Dymphna.

Rafe's finger caresses the grave stone picture.

RAFE (CONT'D)
My lost queen.

Rafe then caresses his daughter's picture.

RAFE (CONT'D)
My distant princess.

Rafe spies on the cot a rectangular object wrapped in brown paper. An emerald green ribbon secures a note to the package.

Rafe slides the note out.

INSERT OF THE NOTE

"Those without sin cast the first stone."

RAFE (CONT'D)
The hell?

Rafe unwraps the package. Inside is a DVD.

Rafe puts the DVD into the player and turns on the tv. He sits on the cot and watches.

RAFE (CONT'D)
(reading the screen)
Clitoris University? What is this?

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
What makes you think we should
accept you in our prestigious
biology program?

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)
I think if you probe my anatomy and
physiology, you'll find a reason.

Rafe's squints and leans forward. Cheap pornography music plays and sounds of sex fill the room.

Rafe looks between picture of G. Dymphna on the desk and the images on the tv.

RAFE (CONT'D)

Dymphna?

Rafe glares at the tv with a growing silent rage.

The desk lamp bulb POPS and goes out.

CUT TO BLACK:

STRIPPER'S VOICE

Stop.

FADE IN:

INT. DREAM ROOM - NIGHT

Executioner stands frozen by the command; the glinting sharp edge of the ax hovers over Rafe's outstretched neck.

STRIPPER

There's work to be done.

Executioner withdraws the ax. Assistant soothes Executioner while escorting him away.

Stripper lifts Rafe's face from between her breasts and kisses his forehead. She removes the ball-gag.

STRIPPER (CONT'D)

Time to find your voice. There's work to be done.

EXT. CHURCH GROUNDS - DAY

A chorus of wailing fire engine sirens joins the incessant clang of an alarm vibrating in the gray autumn air.

Rafe, Jerry, and Alma stand with a small group of parishioners and clergy a short distance from the building. Many in the group have small bowls of ice cream that intensifies the cold chill in the air.

Rafe works on a lime sherbet treat as he takes Jerry aside. The two men stand off from the group and try to have a private conversation over the clamor.

JERRY

Throw that out, Preach, you'll catch your death.

RAFE

Someone always screws things up at the worst times - here we are having an ice cream social and fellowship.

JERRY

Think someone pulled the alarm as a prank? Huh, thought it was an electrical fire.

RAFE

No, I think someone burned popcorn in the microwave. Smelled it on the way out.

JERRY

Think so? Stunk like hell whatever it was.

RAFE

I'm in trouble, Jerry, and I have no one to turn to.

JERRY

Talk to Bishop, that's what you're suppose to do when you're having problems.

RAFE

That's just it - I can't. It's about my daughter.

JERRY

Dymphna?

RAFE

Yeah, someone is using her to blackmail me. They forced my little girl into... she's in an adult film.

JERRY

Porn?

RAFE

Hey, keep it down will you? This is shaming.

JERRY

What are you talking about? Like her on film doing...

Rafe gestures with his hand and starts to open his mouth. Rafe guides Jerry's hand down to Jerry's side.

RAFE

Yes, stuff like that. That's what I'm talking about. Someone...

Alma approaches.

JERRY

Shh, it's Alma.

(to Alma)

Hey, Alma.

ALMA

Hello, Jerry. Um, hello, Rafe. Nice to meet you both on this day.

RAFE

Hello, Alma.

ALMA

I am enjoying the ice cream; strawberry is my favorite.

JERRY

You ok, Alma? You're talking kinda weird.

ALMA

Bishop is helping me mange what I say, so I think first, speak slower, and watch what comes out of my mouth.

JERRY

Don't you mean what goes in your mouth. I hear that's the real issue.

RAFE

Jerry! What is the matter with you?

ALMA

It's ok, Rafe. We all have our problems.

JERRY

Hey, I'm just being honest. Isn't that what we're suppose to be around here? One big open honest family? Right, brothers and sisters?

RAFE

Honest - yes, cruel - no. It's not an excuse to throw someone's sin in their face. Remember, all have fallen short of the glory of God.

JERRY

Ok, ok, don't preach. I'm sorry, Alma. All right? Really.

ALMA

Yeah, okay.

(to Rafe)

Anyway, I thought what you said last night was beautiful. Maybe I should stop getting so uptight with how my family treats me. .

RAFE

They do not accept your faith?

ALMA

They reject everything about me.

RAFE

Then turn from them and walk the path with your brothers and sisters of the Word. They are your true family.

ALMA

I will, I mean, I am - that's what I'm doing.

JERRY

Can you excuse us, Alma? Rafe and I were discussing his daughter's porno movie.

RAFE

Jerry!

ALMA

Really? Your daughter's in porn - like doing it and everything?

RAFE

Jerry, I can't believe you did that. How could you betray my trust?

JERRY

What? I thought you just didn't want Bishop to know.

RAFE

I don't want the world to know she's being forced into... into that - I was asking for your help.

ALMA

I could help too.

Rafe uses his spoon to launch the remaining ice cream out of the bowl and onto the ground.

RAFE

Too damn cold!

JERRY

Jeez, Preach, take it easy.

ALMA

I would have finished that for you.

RAFE

Sorry, all this noise is getting to me. I just need to find her; gotta save her.

ALMA

Bishop...

RAFE

No, no administration. I just got to go, you know? Her phone's disconnected, the landlady hasn't seen her in a week, and the police out there have been no help. You understand? Do you grasp the magnitude of this?

JERRY

I've done past work in finding people.

ALMA

You said she was out West; I have some connections.

RAFE

WILL SOMEONE...

The fire alarm turns off as Rafe continues to yell...

RAFE (CONT'D)

SHUT THAT GODDAMN THING OFF!

ANGLE ON SMALL CROWD

Members of the small group of parishioners and clergy regard Rafe with concern and disapproval.

ANGLE ON RAFE

Rafe gestures to apologize when...

A SCREECHING of tires rips through the recent silence.

ANGLE ON STREET

A car slides on a wet stretch of the road to avoid the end of a fire engine sticking out in to the street. The car jumps the curb and plows through a fire hydrant, sending a geyser of water spewing into the air.

Startled, Alma instinctively grabs onto Rafe.

ALMA

What's happening?

RAFE

It's okay; just an accident.

JERRY

Holy-moly - look at that water go!

RAFE

Yeah, lots of pressure underneath.

Rafe smiles at Alma, who lets loose of Rafe in embarrassment.

INT. BISHOP'S OFFICE - DAY

Rafe shifts with unease in his chair across the desk where Bishop regards him with concern.

A green-framed wall clock audibly ticks off the seconds.

RAFE

Is that clock new?

BISHOP

Do you want to tell me about it?

RAFE

I've just never noticed it before.
It's loud, don't you think?

BISHOP

I meant what happened outside today.

RAFE

Oh, that, I thought you meant the clock. It's distracting. Don't you find it distracting?

BISHOP

I don't really hear it. What's going on with you these days?

RAFE

Nothing. I apologize for my profanity, well, blasphemy actually. That fire alarm was driving me nuts.

BISHOP

You seem edgy, nervous, sensitive to sounds.

RAFE

Probably just the change in the weather.

BISHOP

Hmm. Sleeping okay? More nightmares?

RAFE

Sleeping fine. Like a baby. Only sweet dreams.

BISHOP

Eating all right? Staying focused?

RAFE

Look, I'm fine. No need to worry. It was just poor timing. Funny if you think about it.

BISHOP

Hmm.

RAFE

I have been a little weary of people recently for what that's worth - don't know who to trust.

BISHOP

You mean wary of people.

RAFE

How's that?

BISHOP

Weary is being fatigued and wary is more like not trusting others.

RAFE

Yeah, I'm tired of not being able to trust people. I should go; I'm behind on next week's sermon.

Rafe gets up from his chair, walks to door, and places a hand on the doorknob.

BISHOP

I think we need to have a conversation about your daughter.

Rafe's hand retreats from the knob and finds refuge in his pocket.

RAFE

(facing the door)
Dymphna?

BISHOP

Yes.

RAFE

(mouth's and whispers)
So you know. That was you.

BISHOP

I had to bring it to your attention eventually. You can't hide from something this big. You'll never progress with it hanging over your head.

Rafe nods knowingly and returns to the chair.

RAFE

Why are you doing this to me?

BISHOP

I'm not doing anything to you; I'm trying to help you.

RAFE

By blackmailing me?

BISHOP

Blackmail?

RAFE

What is it you want? I have no money to speak of. Is this a power

play? Who stands to gain from smearing my name?

BISHOP

Now that's enough. Listen to yourself: blackmail, conspiracy. This is unhealthy thinking that won't help you at all.

RAFE

How is this helping?

BISHOP

You need to face what you did.

RAFE

This wasn't my doing, but if I find out who's responsible I may break a commandment or two.

BISHOP

That kind of talk just makes matters worse.

RAFE

There's something fishy going on here; you know about it, but you won't tell me. You're a sick man, you know that? Sick.

BISHOP

Okay, we're done here for now. It's four o'clock. Sami is doing the afternoon sacrament. I suggest you attend and give this matter some serious reflection.

RAFE

Sami? You have Sami doing the sacrament? What is going on in this place? Are you joking? She's just a secretary for chrissake.

BISHOP

Rafe, you are trying my patience. If it helps, think about the time Jesus washed the feet of the

disciples. Now be a good servant of the Lord and do as I ask.

RAFE

Oh, I'm trying your patience?

Rafe lunges out of his chair towards the desk. Bishop gives slight recoil, but maintains his cool gaze.

RAFE (CONT'D)

I'm trying your patience? My daughter's a whore and you know something about it, but you're toying with me.

BISHOP

Rafe.

The two men lock stares. Rafe's eyes glaze over.

INT. GLAMOROUS DYMPHNA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sunlight streams in through picture windows that reveal the ocean in the background. The apartment is decorated with vibrant colors. Despite the daylight, hundreds of lit candles fill the living space.

Prominently placed on a wall is a green neon novelty light that animates a man sexually thrusting a woman as the light flickers from one image to another.

Glamorous Dymphna is naked as she busily sets a long dining table that sits twenty. She is blonde with a flawless body.

The table is brimming with melons, fresh breads, a roast pig, wine, and a large assortment of sex toys.

A doorbell BUZZES. The apartment lights dim and then flicker back to full power when the doorbell stops.

G. Dymphna looks at the door in excitement.

GLAMOROUS DYMPHNA

Coming!

G. Dymphna prances to the front door.

G. DYMPHNA

Hope someone brought a camera.

INT. DREAM ROOM - NIGHT

Rafe is still bound and blindfolded. He rocks the chair in a desperate attempt to free himself.

Executioner and Assistant are in the background making out.

Stripper grabs Rafe in a headlock. Rafe stops the struggle as Stripper runs her fingers through his hair.

STRIPPER

Easy, lover. You won't get far that way.

INT. BISHOP'S OFFICE - DAY

Bishop and Rafe continue their stare until Rafe begins to look haggard and drowsy.

BISHOP

Rafe.

RAFE

What?

BISHOP

Please go see Sami. We will talk about this later.

Rafe backs off with tension still pulling at his face. He heads for the office door and turns the knob. Before opening the door, Rafe turns to Bishop pointing an accusing finger.

RAFE

Brother will betray brother to death, and a father his child; and children will rise up against parents and have them put to death.

Rafe leaves the room.

Bishop stares at the empty space left by Rafe. He reaches for his phone and dials.

INT. CHAPEL - DAY

ANGLE ON HOLY WATER HOLDER

The hands of various parishioners dip lightly into the bird-bath sized holder. Small droplets of holy water release from fingertips as the worshipers pause before anointing themselves.

ANGLE ON RAFE

Rafe approaches clumsily and accidentally bumps into the holder, sticking his hands too far into the water. He grabs the rim and freezes, trying to steady himself. With a deep breath, he straightens and carefully dips two fingers into the water, then anoints himself.

ANGLE ON ALTER

Parishioners line up in front of Sami who administers the sacrament one by one as they kneel, receive, cross themselves, and move to the pews to pray.

Rafe joins the line.

A drill WHIRRS as maintenance men hang a large replica of Joos van Cleve's 1515 version of the *The Holy Family* that features the Christ child holding Mary's breast while she points secretively to his genitals.

A choir sings an ethereal hymn.

Sunlight refracts through stain glass windows. The colors dance playfully on Rafe's sullen face as he advances slowly in the line.

Having reached the front of the line, Rafe kneels in front of Sami, who holds a green Eucharist.

RAFE

Enjoying the position of power?

SAMI

Don't be that way. I'm just doing the job.

RAFE

You're right, I'm sorry I've been giving you a hard time. I guess I got some demons to exercise.

SAMI

Don't you mean ex-OR-cise? To cast out?

RAFE

No, these need a good working out.

Rafe opens his mouth and presents his tongue for Sami to place the Eucharist on. He closes his mouth, makes the sign of the cross, and goes to sit in a pew.

ANGLE ON RAFE

Rafe places palm to palm in a prayer gesture and brings his hands to his face. He works the Eucharist out of his mouth and into the space between his hands.

Rafe looks over to the pews across the aisle.

ANGLE ON JERRY AND ALMA

Jerry and Alma kneel at the pew with hands pressed together in prayer. They glance over at Rafe and give a nod.

ANGLE ON RAFE

Rafe returns the nod. The equipment CLATTER and drill WHIRRING of the maintenance men distract him.

The men struggle to hang a replica of Agnolo Bronzino's 1552 *Christ in Limbo*.

EXT. CITY ALLEY - DAY

A hard rain from a violent thunderstorm rips through the cluttered back alley.

ANGLE ON RAFE

Alma is heard CRYING as...

Rafe lies on the ground; blood mixed with rain streams from a swelling eye; he struggles to focus. He is not wearing his clergy collar.

Rafe painfully works to get up from the ground; he looks around to locate the direction of...

...Jerry's voice...

JERRY

Hey, get up; we gotta get out of here. Holy shit and the New Orleans Saints. We gotta get out of here.

RAFE

What happened? Where's Alma? Alma!

Jerry helps Rafe to his feet.

JERRY

She's ok. She's beside the dumpster. Let's grab her and go!

RAFE

Alma!

Rafe feels his face.

RAFE (CONT'D)

I'm bleeding. What happened to me?
Alma!

Alma is still heard crying. Jerry tries to steady Rafe who is reeling as he gets to his feet.

JERRY

We need to bolt. C'mon, C'MON! Now!

RAFE

What's happening?

Staggering forward with Jerry providing support, Rafe stumbles over a pair of male legs in jeans sticking out from dented trashcans.

Rafe looks at the body of TITO, a young Hispanic. Tito's face is bloody, his nose pulverized. Blood oozes from a gaping wound in the man's head.

RAFE

Dear, Lord, what happened to him?

Rafe looks around and YELLS...

RAFE (CONT'D)

Someone call 9-11!

Jerry pulls Rafe close to him and tries to cover Rafe's mouth.

JERRY

Shut up! You're what happened to him, ok? Jeez, Rafe! Don't you remember? You beat the hell out of him with a brick.

RAFE

No. Why are you - that's not possible. Alma!

JERRY

Get a grip on yourself.

Rafe and Jerry round the corner of a large green dumpster where Alma huddles crying.

Rafe leans over and reaches out to her with bloody hands.

RAFE

Alma.

Alma hesitates; she touches Rafe's bloody fingers with confusion set deep in her face.

RAFE (CONT'D)

I don't know, Alma, please.
Please...Did I hurt you?

Alma rushes into Rafe's arms and they stand up, embracing in the pouring rain.

ALMA

You saved me, sweet Jesus, you saved me.

RAFE

I can't remember what happened.

JERRY

Are you both crazy? We need to leave before they get here and NOW!

Rafe turns his attention from nestling the side of Alma's face to glare at Jerry.

RAFE

You want me to run from the police?

JERRY

No, I want you to run from what comes next. Shit, the other one got away and he'll be back with some pissed off friends.

Alma takes Rafe's face into her trembling hands and guides his gaze into her eyes.

ALMA

Let's get out of here, please Rafe. I'm scared.

Rafe nods in slow understanding.

Jerry tugs at Alma and Rafe.

JERRY

Run!

EXT. INNER CITY NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

The rain continues its heavy assault, making rivers through the streets as a grey sky smothers the city. Low income houses cluster together surrounded by unkempt lawns and rusted chain link fences. A dog yips unchallenged behind a door.

Rafe, Alma, and Jerry make their way to an alley running behind the houses.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD ALLEYWAY - DAY

The alleyway dissects the rows of poorly maintained houses, offering access to backyards.

Rafe, Alma, and Jerry enter the twisted metal gate of a weed-overgrown abandoned house with weathered green paint.

Ignoring "NO TRESPASSING" and "CONDEMNED" warnings, Rafe jerks at the backdoor; the screws holding the padlock plate in place easily strip out of the rotting wood.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE LIVING ROOM- DAY

Dust and broken furniture dominate the house; it is obvious the previous tenants left suddenly and squatters frequent the home.

RAFE

Let's hold up here and get our heads together.

A HOWLING wind RATTLES the house.

JERRY

Just what the hell was that all about, Rafe? Aren't you supposed to be a man of God?

ALMA

They were robbing us, Jerry.

JERRY

Whoopie, shit. You've never been robbed before? Just give them the money and let them leave. This is bad, really bad.

RAFE

Jerry, he grabbed her. He grabbed Alma. What was I supposed to do?

JERRY

Oh, that part you remember.

ALMA

Would you have let them take me,
Jerry?

JERRY

No. No, of course not. It's
just... This is so bad.

RAFE

What's done is done. It doesn't
change a thing. We made this trip
to find Dymphna. Let's stay focused
on that.

JERRY

For a man of God, you sure are cold
blooded.

RAFE

I'll atone for my sin; no doubt
about that. For now, I have to save
my daughter.

JERRY

Hey, not judging - just saying.

Alma touches Rafe's wounded eye; blood is drying down the
side of his face.

ALMA

Does it hurt?

RAFE

It's fine. You okay?

Alma starts to shake her head, then with a weak smile and
half shrug...

ALMA

Yeah. I'm fine.

RAFE

Can you find me something to put on
this cut...toilet paper or rag or
something?

ALMA

Sure - I'll check the bathroom.

Alma leaves.

Rafe slumps down by a picture window with bars on the outside, his face pressed against the cool, rain splattered glass.

JERRY

You all right?

RAFE

My head's throbbing. I feel
nauseous.

JERRY

Yeah, he clocked you pretty good.
I'll see if the water's on.

RAFE

Thanks.

Jerry leaves.

Rafe spies a magazine with a bright green cover lying on the floor at his feet. With his heel, he maneuvers the magazine closer and picks it up. A number of distressed Polaroid pictures fall out.

Rafe picks through the photos.

ANGLE ON PICTURES

The pictures show various shots of children, but no faces are captured - only shots of knees bent, arms akimbo, and feet bare. One photo features a family of four from the waist down.

Rafe shows a growing disgust. He examines the magazine more closely and opens it.

INSERT OF MAGAZINE PAGE

The page is a full ad for phone sex featuring a nude picture of Glamorous Dymphna holding a teddy bear in front of her groin. The caption reads, "Daddy's little girl needs a nasty bedtime story".

Rafe flings the magazine across the room. Horrified, he presses his face hard against the window pane.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE BATHROOM - DAY

Alma walks into the bathroom. Uneven light strains through a dirty window. She tries the light switch several times with no success.

Alma stares at the medicine cabinet above the sink - the mirror has been broken out. Her gaze drifts down to the bathtub streaked with iron deposit stains.

ANGLE ON THE BATHTUB

A large chunk of hair lies on the bottom of the tub. The roots of the hair have pieces of skin attached and flaking blood as if ripped from someone's head.

Alma's gaze continues down to the glass scattered on the floor. The mosaic of shattered mirror pieces reflects back distorted images of Alma.

Alma's lower lip quivers.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

Curtains frantically flutter from an open window above the kitchen sink. Jerry closes the window, dampening the wind's wailing.

Pausing to assess the room, Jerry takes out a money clip and flips through the twenty dollar bills. He tucks the cash back into a pocket.

Jerry turns the facet handles that only produce SQUEAKS and metal GROANS. He looks over at the refrigerator.

Held by a magnet shaped as a shooting star is a piece of paper.

INSERT DRAWING ON FRIDGE

The paper is a handout with heading "SOUTHSIDE BAPTIST VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL". Underneath is a stick figure drawn in crayon of Jesus on the cross with blood dripping from his crucifixion wounds and pooling at the foot of the

cross. In a child's scrawl is written, "Jesus Saves". Overlapping the bottom of the paper, and held to fridge by another magnet from a local exterminator, are coupons for a local pizza takeout business.

Jerry smirks and moves to kitchen table.

ANGLE ON KITCHEN TABLE

Used needles, syringes, flame stained spoons, and melted tea candles populate the tabletop.

Jerry shifts through the mess with a circling finger. He SNIFFS back a trickle of mucous trying to escape his nostril. His mouth goes dry as he SMACKS his lips.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rafe places a hand on the window and stares fear-struck out at the storm raging outside. Rain cascades down the glass.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

A hand is seen pounding on the passenger side window as water fills the compartment. Through the glass a SHADOWY FIGURE standing on a nearby shore is briefly illuminated by flashes of lightning.

Rafe's WHEEZING and GASPS for air permeates the scene.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rafe GASPS for air and makes GUTTURAL sounds as he POUNDS on the window.

The glass SHATTERS cutting his palm. A HOWLING wind spits rain into the room.

Alma comes up behind Rafe, she holds a ragged towel. Alma pulls him back from the window and sits him in the middle of the room.

ALMA

Jerry! Come help!

Alma presses the towel onto Rafe's cut palm. Rafe leans forward, trying to control his breathing.

Alma rubs Rafe's back. She moves in close to speak softly behind his ear.

ALMA

It's ok - I'm here.

INT. DREAM ROOM - NIGHT

Executioner sits transfixed on Assistant as she plays an eerie melody on a contrabassoon.

Stripper unties Rafe's hands, leaving him still blindfolded.

Rafe's hands reach up to his blindfold, but Stripper comes around in front of Rafe and takes his hands into hers.

STRIPPER

Uh-uh. One at a time.

Stripper guides Rafe's hands along the curves of her hips and waist, maneuvering his palms to cup her breasts.

STRIPPER

Look how naughty you are. First taste of freedom and already horny as a toad.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jerry sits crossed-legged in front of Rafe as Alma shakes Rafe by the shoulders. The storm has abated.

ALMA

Rafe, Rafe, hey, snap to.

Rafe rubs gently above his bruised eye.

RAFE

Yeah, uh, everyone all right?

JERRY

Yeah, we're fine. You however went bye-bye for the last half-hour.

RAFE

Did I?

ALMA

It's ok, it just the stress.
Storm's done.

RAFE

Good. That's good.

JERRY

We should get going incase whoever's
staying here gets back.

ALMA

And go where? It'll be dark soon.

RAFE

Too far to walk to Dymphna's
apartment tonight and they took all
my cash.

JERRY

Yeah, they cleaned me out too.

ALMA

I got a little, but...

RAFE

Let's just head in the right
direction and figure it out. I just
want to get moving; get more
distance between us and those
thieves.

EXT. INNER CITY STREET - DAY

The rain has retreated to a drizzle as the horizon absorbs
the sun. Rafe, Jerry, and Alma walk past the storefronts
and apartment buildings that crowd behind cracked
sidewalks.

Two cats SCREAM and SPIT from some darken crevice - no
other persons are around.

EXT. INNER CITY STREET CORNER - DAY

Rafe, Jerry, Alma walk past an apartment building with large stone steps. A lion statue with its face chipped off adorns the end of a stone railing.

Sitting on the steps is DUANE, a black male wearing a green do-rag, throwback Detroit Red Wings jersey, baggy white jeans, and loosely tied Timberlands. Gold chains hang from his neck and a green emerald topped walking cane tumbles patiently between his ring adorned fingers.

Standing beside Duane, shifting her weight to stay warm is WAKEISHA, a black woman in hot pink shorts, stacked heels, a multi-colored sequined halter, and a faux fur stole wrapped tightly around her shoulders. A boom box sits silently at her feet.

Rafe, Jerry, and Alma stroll past with out paying notice to Duane and Wakeisha, until Duane calls out...

DUANE

Hold up, hold up, hold up. You'all must be straight-up trippin'.

RAFE

We don't want any trouble - just passing though.

DUANE

Well, you got trouble when you diss'd me, bitch.

RAFE

We apologize if we showed any disrespect; it wasn't intentional.

Duane gets up and struts down the stairs to Rafe.

DUANE

Oh, we? What's this we shit? You some French asshole? Oui, Oui, you da boss man? Shit - you must be fronting.

JERRY

Such a cliché.

ALMA

Jerry stop.

DUANE

Shut up, bitch.

(to Jerry)

What you say to me? Cliché? That more French bullshit talk? Oui, oui, cliché, suck on me.

JERRY

Yeah, you know, the whole thug-hip hop thing; its cliché - a stereotype.

Duane raises his cane.

DUANE

I oughtta split your dumb ass wide open.

RAFE

Please, I apologize for my friend. He's had a lot of hits to the head and can't control his mouth sometimes.

DUANE

I'll control it for him and kick all youse asses.

Alma latches onto Rafe's arm.

ALMA

Please, he's a minister.

DUANE

Humph, you got your bitch talking for you. What about it whitey? You a preacher?

RAFE

Yes, sir. My flock is out east.

DUANE

Lucky I'm a Christian man.

JERRY

And he's a bad ass - he just took out a mugger not ten blocks from here.

RAFE & ALMA

(in unison)

Shut up, Jerry.

DUANE

That was you, huh?

(to Wakeisha)

Wakeisha, entertain this ho while we talk bizzness.

(to Rafe and Jerry)

Never lay your shit out in front of the bitches, am I right? That's in the Bible, right? Man's head of the household and all that shit.

RAFE

Yeah, sure, that's in there.

Wakeisha comes down from the stairs and takes Alma gently by the arm.

WAKEISHA

Come on, girl. Come kick it with me. It'll be ok - promise.

Alma gives Rafe an uncertain look to which Rafe responds with a nod.

Alma joins Wakeisha on the stairs by the boom box.

Duane takes Rafe and Jerry aside.

DUANE

So that was you who gave Tito a beat down, huh?

RAFE

Hey, if he was a friend of yours. I'm sorry. He and this other guy were robbing us and messing with, uh, with the, er...

DUANE

Your bitch?

RAFE

Yeah.

DUANE

That's cold. He ain't no friend of mines. I hate that asshole. When I heard he got clocked, my shit got as hard as a mug, know what I mean?

JERRY

So you heard about that? It just happened, like, an hour ago.

DUANE

Hell ya, this is the streets, yo. Faster than the Internet.

ANGLE ON ALMA AND WAKEISHA

ALMA

I hope we're not causing trouble. He seems pissed.

WAKEISHA

Don't pay, Duane, no mind. He just bored. Storm was bad for business, you know; everyone taking it inside.

ALMA

Business as in...

WAKEISHA

...as in...

ALMA

...selling you?

WAKEISHA

Shit, girl, we all selling it or renting it out. Only thing different is what you get in return. Hey, you look familiar, do I know you?

ALMA

I used to live out this way, maybe,
I don't know.

WAKEISHA

Yeah? Where'd you hang at?

Alma tries to lose herself in a shoulder shrug; she glances downward in shame.

ALMA

Just had to make a living, you know?
(points to her head)
Doesn't work that great.

WAKEISHA

Well, don't be all mysterious. You
can tell, Wakeisha.

ALMA

Worked down at... the Purple Crib?

WAKEISHA

Oh, yeah, I thought you looked
familiar. Hey, gotta do what you
gotta do, right?

ALMA

Yeah, no one gonna do it for you.

WAKEISHA

You got that right. Oh, snap, I get
it - your man don't know.

ALMA

No, and, well, he's not... we're not
together or anything. I mean, I'm
not with either of them in that way.

WAKEISHA

Well, the one that talks shit, he
gets on my last nerve. But that
other one, he's smooth. Got it
goin' on. I'd do him. Twenty
bucks.

ALMA

You did hear me say he was a minister?

WAKEISHA

Oh, yeah.

(shrugs)

Ten bucks if he put in a good word to Jesus for me.

ANGLE ON RAFE, JERRY, AND DUANE

DUANE

Shit, I run ho's and rock all up in this hood. But Wakeisha, she's like my main bitch. You know what I'm saying? She ain't no strawberry.

RAFE

Maybe you can help, I'm looking for my daughter, Dymphna.

DUANE

Dy... na... who? Why'd I be knowing your girl?

JERRY

She's making pornos.

DUANE

What that gots to do wit me, asshole?

Duane gives Jerry's shoulder a poke with his cane.

DUANE (CONT'D)

You know how easy it is to disappear in this world?

Rafe reaches into a pocket and retrieves a folded photograph.

RAFE

Please, could you just look at her picture? She's been missing and maybe you've seen her around.

Rafe unfolds and tries to smooth the photo. He holds it out towards Duane.

DUANE

Hold up - don't try to pin me with 'daddy's little girl's sucking dick now' bullshit.

RAFE

I'm not

DUANE

Cuz, I'm sick of you assholes coming down here trying to blame the streets for your runaway kids. The street calls to them, you know. You best be asking why they want to get away from your shit and roam with us.

RAFE

You're right. And I'm not blaming anyone. I'm responsible, okay? I know that. So please, could you look?

Rafe urges the photo closer to Duane.

ANGLE ON PHOTO

It is a photograph of Glamorous Dymphna.

ANGLE ON DUANE

Duane takes the photo.

DUANE

Hmmph.

ANGLE ON PHOTO

The photograph now shows a picture of Plain Dymphna. Her hair is pulled back accentuating her glasses and weak smile.

ANGLE ON DUANE

Duane looks confused.

DUANE
Dis your daughter?

RAFE
Yes. Have you seen her?

Duane hands the picture back to Rafe.

DUANE
No, I ain't seen her around. Look,
man, just go home. It's better that
way.

RAFE
You're probably right, but I can't,
you know? I'm her dad.

DUANE
Yeah, well, least lay low tonight.
Tito's hommies be out trackin' you.

RAFE
Do what we can.

Rafe gestures to Alma who gives Wakeisha a friendly arm
squeeze before descending the stairs to join Rafe and
Jerry.

RAFE (CONT'D)
Thank you.

Duane catches hold of Jerry's sleeve.

DUANE
Hold up, bitch, I ain't done with
you.

JERRY
What did I do?

DUANE
How dumb are you? You disrespected
me with your racist "I'm a cliché"
bullshit.

JERRY

Look, I'm sorry. I didn't mean it like that, I was just -

DUANE

Wakeisha, hit track five.

WAKEISHA

Oh, come on, Duane. Again?

DUANE

Bitch, just play the track.

Wakeisha shakes her head and hits a button on the boom box. Verdi's Dies Irae throbs out from the speakers at high volume. Wakeisha starts a slow, go-go dance desynchronized with the music.

DUANE (CONT'D)

Hear that asshole? That's my jam. It's a requiem. You know what that is? A mass for the dead, bitch. Verdi wrote it in the 1800's and this part is called Dies Irae. Feel me? That means Days of Wrath, fool. And those days are upon us all.

Duane gives Jerry a shove.

DUANE

Now get your racist, punk ass out of here. You don't know shit about me.

Rafe, Jerry, and Alma walk away as Duane shouts out...

DUANE (CONT'D)

Day of wrath! O day of mourning!
See fulfilled the prophets' warning,
Heaven and earth in ashes burning!

EXT. INNER CITY STREET FURTHER DOWN - DAY

Duane's boom box slowly fades as Rafe, Alma, and Jerry walk further away.

JERRY

He's still nothin' but a cliché, if you ask me.

RAFE

Well, you're not all that unique either, Jerry. We have to hide out somewhere. We can check Dymphna's place tomorrow; maybe someone knows something.

ALMA

I know somewhere.

INT. ACE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ACE is a heavily tattooed mid-20's Hispanic male, lounging in his underwear with two young LATINA GIRLS on a large, hot pink, round sofa. The black light, neon infested room is painfully offset by the bright orange carpet. Zen meditation music plays loudly.

RICKY and FRISCO, two of Tito's gang members, enter and stand beside two large green chairs shaped like hands - palm up. They wait silently to be acknowledged by Tito, who is busy passing a crack pipe between the girls.

ACE

(to the girls)

You know what the Buddha said, my little cholas? The Buddha says, "The strongest force in civilization is not religion, it is sex". And you fine honeys...

Ace and the two girls engage in three-way kissing and fondling.

ACE motions for Ricky and Frisco to sit in the hand chairs and they do.

ACE

Ricky, where's Tito?

RICKY

Cops came and scraped him up; took him to Our Lady. He looked bad, homz.

ACE

What the shit are you talking about?

FRISCO

Me and Tito was getting change from some pendejos and their bitch, when one went loco.

ACE

So tell me, Frisco, why is Tito in a hospital and you ain't?

FRISCO

It's not like that, Ace, this guy had the devil in his eyes. I ran and got Ricky.

RICKY

Gone when I got there. Everyone gone, money gone; just Tito.

ACE

Who did this?

FRISCO

I never seen that devil pendejo before, but I swear, vato, the other guy was Jerry.

ACE

Jerry? Jerry. Jerry? That little snitch maricon?

RICKY

Tito was bleedin' hard, homz.

ACE

How is it possible? Ni verga! I dropped him on his head. Karma should have him come back as clap pus.

(to the two girls)

Get my toothbrush and my pants.

The two girls MOAN with disappointment but comply and leave the room.

RICKY

We haven't been able to find them.

ACE

I don't care about 'them', ese.
That other one's probably some cop
Jerry's dick suckin'. No, if he's
back, I know where to find him.
Once a schmack monkey, always - you
know?

Ace gets up and approaches Frisco.

FRISCO

I'm sorry, Ace. What was I suppose
to do? I needed help; he was the
devil.

Ace grabs Frisco chin and sharply tilts Frisco's head back.

ACE

The Buddha says, "The world is the
will to power". You feel me, ese?
Be the will to power and nothing
else. Don't ever hesitate to act.

EXT. PICTURESQUE BACKYARD - DAY

A typical middle-class fenced in backyard with apple tree,
barbeque grill, and child's wading pool.

In the distance a lawn mower is heard, along with a dog
barking and children playing.

A breeze blows by. It gets stronger. Heavy tribal drums
pound as the sky darkens. Rain erupts.

ANGLE ON WADING POOL

The liquid in the pool has turned a thick, milky white.
Glamorous Dymphna slowly rises straight up from the center
of the pool, defying the shallow depth. She is naked, but
the white fluid coats her body; the rain does not wash it
away.

G. Dymphna holds a large picture in a green frame of her mother, Mary Groen.

GLAMOROUS DYMPHNA
 (yelling, but her voice is
 distant)
 Do you remember my mother? Your
 wife?

Lightening strikes the apple tree, setting it ablaze.

G. Dymphna points an accusing finger.

G. DYMPHNA (CONT'D)
 Therefore I say to you, every sin
 and blasphemy will be forgiven, but
 the blasphemy against the Spirit
 will not be forgiven!

ANGLE ON PICTURE

Mary Groen's image decomposes into a corpse and then dust.

ANGLE ON G. DYMPHNA

G. Dymphna shakes the picture frame; the jingling sound of a tambourine cuts through the air.

EXT. PURPLE CRIB CLUB- NIGHT

Unlike earlier in the day, people populate the area as the night comes alive with street folk and passersby.

Rafe struggles to focus his eyes. He is fixated on a BUSTY YOUNG WOMAN shaking a green tambourine. She is part of a YOUTH GROUP of evangelists singing "Old Time Religion" and carrying various signs against pornography and drugs.

Rafe, Jerry, and Alma stand at the corner of the Purple Crib.

JERRY
 The night sure brings out some
 freaky shit, don't it?

RAFE
 (mutters)

Save me.

ALMA

What's that? You okay? Is it happening again?

JERRY

Oh, give the old preach a break. We're in Sin City Central. Just catch your breath, Rafe. Your Hell is another man's Heaven.

ALMA

Helpful as always, Jerry.

JERRY

What? I'm just saying.

RAFE

I'm fine - just feel damp and achy, but I'll be okay. Where to now, Alma?

ALMA

Well... we're here.

JERRY

The Purple Crib? Are you shitting me? You brought us to a strip joint?

RAFE

Why here?

ALMA

(avoiding eye contact)

I used to work here, before my life changed, you know? The manager will let us hide out; I know she will.

JERRY

(laughing)

You worked as a stripper? That snaps the pieces together.

ALMA

I wasn't a stripper.

JERRY

I should think not - I've seen under those sleeves, honey.

RAFE

Jerry that's enough. Remember what Paul wrote to the Corinthians, "Therefore, if anyone is in Christ, he is a new creation; old things have passed away; behold all things have become new".

JERRY

Ok, ok, don't preach. I'm sorry, Alma. All right? Really.

ALMA

Yeah, okay.

(to Rafe)

I feel so ashamed. I'm sorry; I didn't want you to know about my past.

RAFE

You have nothing to be sorry about, sister. You hear? Let's just slip inside and out of sight.

JERRY

You two go ahead; I'll catch up with you all later.

RAFE

Where you going?

JERRY

Scout around, you know, maybe find us some food or something.

RAFE

With what money?

JERRY

I don't know - beg if I have to: what's with all the questions?

ALMA

I think it's safer if we stay together.

RAFE

I agree.

JERRY

What are you guys, my freakin' parents? Let me tell you both something, my folks weren't worth a shit, so it's not a category you want to be in.

ALMA

Oh, Jerry.

JERRY

Don't worry, I'll be careful. They'll be looking for a group of three, not a loner. Okay? I just don't want to go in there right now. Is that cool with you two worrywarts?

RAFE

Do what you gotta do, Jerry, I'm too tired to argue.

ALMA

When you get back ask for the manager, Chidna. She'll tell you where to go.

INT. PURPLE CRIB CLUB - NIGHT

Rafe and Alma sit in a side booth away from a ratty, dual stage with two poles and featuring two strippers. The clientele in the dimly, but colorfully lit club are a cross section of ne'er-do-wells, after-work minimal wagers, and shadowy characters.

Non-performing strippers circulate through the crowd to deliver drinks and whisper offers to perform private services.

CHIDNA appears larger than life at Rafe and Alma's booth. Chidna is a portly, yet shapely, middle-aged woman with spiked hair and a long nose. Her voice cuts through the pulsating beat of the dance music.

CHIDNA

Alma! You came back; I'm so glad.
Well, you look fine, just fine.
Didn't come to sue did you? We're
settled on that, right?

ALMA

Of course - it wasn't your fault.
There's an asshole connected to
every dick, right? That's what you
always said.

ALMA & CHIDNA

(in unison)

Taint it true, taint it true.

The two women share a laugh.

CHIDNA (CONT'D)

Truer now than ever. So who's your
friend?

ALMA

This is Rafe. Rafe, Chidna.

Rafe extends his hand, which Chidna pumps robustly.

RAFE

Nice to meet you.

CHIDNA

Well, aren't you polite and
mannered. You two flip-flopping?

ALMA

Actually, he's a minister.

Chidna withdraws her hand and regards Rafe with caution.

CHIDNA

If you're with those cross-suckers
out front...

ALMA

No we're not...

RAFE

I assure you, I have nothing to do with that.

CHIDNA

I'll take your say so, cuz you're with Alma. Don't know why they have to harass me, they outta go after the beauty pageants and the cheerleading spirit squads.

RAFE

Not sure that's the same as strip clubs.

CHIDNA

Have you seen what's going down at a pep rally? Those girls are shaking it no doubt about that - it's all sex. I tell you business is hard enough as it is with all these daddy's girl, college bitches flashing if for free online. It's like a competition for the kids on myspace, yourface, whatever the shit they call it. One shows a tit, then someone else a twat; soon some middle-class ho is posting a clip of her blowing her boyfriend!

RAFE

It's a different world these days.

CHIDNA

Not so different - we're still horny monkeys. Only now we got the world wide jerk-off web. Well, at least I got live bodies - hard to replace that. What's a man of the cloth doing in a house of flesh, anyway?

ALMA

We ran into some gang trouble and need a place to stay. Gotta friend meeting us in a minute.

CHIDNA

Well, all right. You can stay in one of the back rooms. With them holy rollers out front, I don't think we'll have a lot of traffic.

RAFE

Bless you and thank you, Chidna. I promise you, I'm not here to judge anyone.

CHIDNA

Good. I don't need some shithead tellin' me if I love Jesus or if he loves me. Hell, the man hung out with whores, cuz he knew... he knew the hard road to that place.

RAFE

Whores and civil servants.

CHIDNA

What's that?

RAFE

Jesus said whores and civil servants would get into heaven before the religious leaders of his day.

CHIDNA

Hey, you're all right, preacher.

There's a CLAMOR at the entrance. Chidna looks over.

ANGLE ON ENTRANCE

The religious group from outside is pressing past inadequate security.

GROUP MEMBERS

Repent now! The Lamb of God demands pure blood! Be baptized in water before you burn in fire!

ANGLE ON CHIDNA

CHIDNA

Goddamn it!

Chidna storms towards the entrance, shouting orders to her employees.

CHIDNA (CONT'D)

Keep those assholes out and someone
call the cops! You there - shut
down the backroom.

ANGLE ON RAFE

A drowsy, disconnection overcomes Rafe; his jaw slackens and eyelids droop. With a slow blink, Rafe looks out into the room.

ANGLE ON MAIN FLOOR

A transparent, luminous CHRIST FIGURE slowly moves among the customers and dancers. The room is quiet while lights still flash. Christ stops to rub the shoulders of a weary dancer sitting alone at a table.

ANGLE ON ENTRANCE

The religious group clashes loudly with club employees as some customers fight to make their way out of the club.

ANGLE ON RAFE

RAFE

I can't be here.

Alma grabs Rafe's hand and pulls him towards a rear door. The shouts of violence chew through the club.

ALMA

Come on, this way!

ANGLE ON REAR DOOR

Above the door and sprawling across the wall is a faded mural with a white couple speeding away in a metallic green 1955 Thunderbird convertible.

The caption above the mural reads: "Glory Road. Get your fix on Route 66"

Alma drags Rafe to the door and opens it.

ANGLE ON RAFE

Rafe's face goes loose again and he slowly blinks.

ANGLE ON MAIN FLOOR

The room is silent once more as lights strobe and sparks spurt. The translucent Christ figure now wears a crown of thorns. Naked, Christ tries to walk forward under the relentless attack of the religious group members who SNAP whips that cut into his flesh.

ANGLE ON RAFE AND ALMA

Rafe blinks again. Only the sound of whips and distant shouting penetrates his haze as the ruckus overtaking the club seeps back into the background.

ALMA

Come on!

Alma pulls Rafe into the back of the club and the rear door closes.

INT. BACKROOM PURPLE CRIB CLUB - NIGHT

Alma drags Rafe across a narrow, hallway-like room to a door on the opposite side from which they entered.

Several MEN are MOANING, their pants undone and crotches pushed tight to the wall. Flat screen tv's show pornography.

RAFE

What in the name... ?

ALMA

Keep moving.

Alma opens the door and pulls Rafe in with her.

PAN THRU THE WALL:

INT. ADJACENT BACKROOM PURPLE CRIB CLUB - NIGHT

Several WORKING LADIES are seated with backs to Rafe and Alma. They are obviously giving hand jobs to the men in the previous room, who have stuck their penises through a hole in the wall.

Alma crosses the small room with Rafe still in tow and opens another door.

Rafe tries to comprehend what he is seeing as Alma pulls him to the door opening.

Stumbling and gawking, Rafe runs THWAK into the door framed. Rafe's nose spews blood.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. DREAM ROOM - NIGHT

Rafe is still on the chair with a blindfold. Stripper straddles Rafe and sits facing him; she holds his arms to his sides. Executioner and Assistant are not seen.

STRIPPER

Oooo, I can feel that old magic
stirring and waking down there. You
never could live without it. Just
stuck it in every skank spread-eagle
that came your way.

Rafe shakes his head

RAFE

(voice raspy)
Not... true...

STRIPPER

What's that, lover boy? You think I
don't know all about it? Does,

baby, think I gots the wrong naughty boy? It's time, yes, it's time to see what is what and who is who and where is where and why is why.

ANGLE ON RAFE

Stripper snatches the blindfold off of Rafe. Rafe stares aghast.

RAFE

Mary? What is this?

WIDER ANGLE

Stripper has transformed into Rafe's dead wife Mary.

Mary pushes off of Rafe to stand up, sending Rafe tumbling backwards in the chair.

RAFE (CONT'D)

My head!

Mary comes around the fallen Rafe like a predator toying with a downed prey. Rafe's arms are against the floor in a "surrender" configuration. Mary straddles Rafe and stands on each arm, pinning Rafe down.

MARY

It's all unraveling now. Won't be long.

Mary begins to urinate on Rafe's face. It is an unnaturally voluminous stream.

Rafe struggles to breathe against the rush of fluids.

MARY

How long can you hold your breath?
Longer than me?

INT. CAR - NIGHT

A hand is seen pounding on the passenger side window as water fills the compartment. Through the glass a shadowy figure standing on a nearby shore is briefly illuminated by flashes of lightening.

Rafe's WHEEZING and GASPS for air permeates the scene.

EXT. POND SHORE - NIGHT

Rolling thunder accompanies strobes of lighting as rain sweeps through the night.

ANGLE BEHIND SHADOWY FIGURE

The shadowy figure looks to the right.

ANGLE ON SIGN

A glowing green neon sign warns "NO EXIT".

ANGLE BEHIND SHADOWY FIGURE

The shadowy figure looks towards the shoreline. An indiscernible humanoid CREATURE covered in thick pond vegetation crawls on all fours out of the pond. The creature's movements are jerky and unnatural; moving towards the shadowy figure, the flashes of lightening do not aid identification.

The creature emits a gut-wrenching HOWL.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. MEZZ'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

MEZZ, a stringy, goateed twentyish male approaches his apartment door cautiously. Persistent KNOCKING rattles the thin door.

JERRY (O.S.)

Open up, Mezz, open up. Come on, man, let me in - I know you're in there.

Mezz places a hand on the door and brings a large hunting knife with a green handle into view.

MEZZ

Ain't no Mezz here, asshole. Piss off.

JERRY (O.S.)

Mezz, thank god you're home. It's me Jerry. Let me in, I'm hurtin'.

MEZZ

Don't know any Jerry.

JERRY (O.S.)

Are you kidding me with this bullshit? Mezz, it's me Jerry. We've been doin' bizness for like that last three years.

MEZZ

You're the bullshit. That Jerry's dead and you're gonna be too if you don't piss off!

JERRY (O.S.)

Mezz, don't make me prove it to you by saying you watched me pop your sister's cherry while you laughed your ass off cuz you were so high.

Mezz's eyes grow wide.

MEZZ

Jerry?

JERRY (O.S.)

Yeah, it's me, dipshit, open up.

Mezz fumbles with the locks and opens the door.

Jerry rushes in.

JERRY

Bout, freakin' time; whatcha leave me hangin' for?

INT. MEZZ'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jerry heads for a ratty couch and plops down. He rubs at his arm and musses his hair. He is edgy.

Mezz follows Jerry into the rundown living room and scratches his head with the dull side of the knife.

MEZZ

But you're dead, man. Ace threw you out a window.

JERRY

Yeah, well, he rattled my skull, but I ain't dead. I've been holed up in a rehab house.

MEZZ

Damn.

JERRY

You'd think I get some good shit there, but I didn't and I'm hurting. I need help bad.

MEZZ

Well, the thing is, I'm kinda busy.

JERRY

What are you talkin' about? Busy? I come to you from the grave like freakin' Lazarus asking you, my old friend and partner, for a little something and you're busy?

MEZZ

I don't know no Lazarus, but I got my girl in the back and we were getting ready for some freak shit.

Jerry SIGHS and pulls out his roll of cash.

JERRY

Look, it's not like I'm asking for a freebie, you cheap prick.

MEZZ

Jerry! My man. Hey, you're back. Awesome, awesome. I got some Judas from Afghan you're going to cream over.

JERRY

Okay then, stop jerkin' me off and
get to fixin'.

INT. PURPLE CRIB CLUB BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alma sits on a lumpy, full-sized brass bed covered by a green wool bedspread. Her legs and arms are pulled up into the large t-shirt she wears.

Several candles cast dancing light across the dirty tattered room.

Alma and Rafe's wet clothes are hung over and placed around an old radiator room heater.

Rafe enters from a small bathroom followed by the steam of a recent shower. He has one towel wrapped around his waist and another one draped over his shoulders that he uses to dry his hair.

ALMA

Better?

RAFE

Yeah, that got rid of the headache
and chills. I was really losing it
back there.

ALMA

I'm glad - you were looking kinda
grey.

RAFE

Sorry about the towels.

ALMA

Can't sit around in wet things. Our
stuff will dry soon.

Rafe looks around the room uncomfortably. Alma pats the bed.

ALMA (CONT'D)

You can sit down. Try to relax a
little; it's been a day.

Rafe sits on bed.

RAFE

That's an understatement. Wonder what Jerry is doing.

ALMA

Who knows with Jerry: he's Jerry.

RAFE

Yeah. How you holding up? Sorry I got you into all this.

ALMA

Hey, I wanted to come, I wanted to help. Still do. I'm doing okay, you know, I've been in rough spots before.

RAFE

I guess if you ended up working here.

ALMA

Look, I...

RAFE

It's okay, don't get on the defense. What you did before you came to the flock, well, it doesn't matter - it's been washed away.

ALMA

I just want you to know at the time, I really had nowhere else to go. I mean, oh, I don't know. I guess I could have done something else, but the money was there and I just didn't think about it much.

RAFE

Didn't think about stripping much?

ALMA

I wasn't a stripper.

RAFE

That's right, you said that. What did Jerry mean about your arms - he said he's seen what's under your sleeves, which, if I might add, you always have your arms covered up. Like now.

ALMA

It's nothing - just one of many reasons I didn't strip; that and I can't dance for the life of me.

RAFE

Well, not that I approve of a life of stripping, being a man of God and all, but I think that with your pretty face, it wouldn't have matter how much rhythm you had.

ALMA

(blushing)

Shut up.

RAFE

Serious. So what did you do here?

ALMA

It doesn't matter. Just don't be harsh on your daughter; it's easy to get lost in this world.

RAFE

Dymphna. Somehow I feel this is all my fault. I sheltered her too much from the world, especially after her mother died. It was wrong, I know that, but I was so afraid, you know? I didn't want to lose her too.

ALMA

Don't feel bad about it - I wish my folks would've cared that much about me.

RAFE

Yeah, but I let her talk me into going to that damned out of state college. She wasn't ready to be out on her own like that.

ALMA

I use to curl up with my mom when she was passed out drunk on the couch. I'd place my head on her chest so I could hear her heart beat and feel her breathing. Between the booze and pills, I was so afraid she would just stop breathing and die in the middle of the night. My dad would get so mad, cuz he wanted to have at her and I was in the way. To him, I was always in the way.

RAFE

I'm so sorry, Alma.

ALMA

One morning I woke up cuddled next to her and she was cold. After that, Dad just went about his business like my brother and me were ghosts. Had us stay with relatives from time to time. Then my brother stopped coming home and when I was old enough... I just vanished too.

RAFE

Jesus, Alma.

ALMA

It's easy to get lost in this world; easy to disappear.

RAFE

What's on your arms, Alma? Why the sleeves?

Alma sheepishly slides her arm through the sleeve of the t-shirt and extends it towards Rafe. Her arm is covered with self-mutilation scars.

RAFE (CONT'D)

Oh, Alma.

Alma snakes her other arm through a sleeve and reveals another scared limb.

ALMA

Too much reality for you?

RAFE

Jesus wept.

Alma straightens out her legs from beneath the t-shirt. Self-inflicted scars cover both legs.

ALMA

Can't strip marked up like this, but you sure can jerk off some asshole through a hole in the wall.

RAFE

Is that what you did here? What I saw in the backroom?

ALMA

It was just a job; I don't want to talk about it - it's past.

RAFE

I'm sorry; I'm not trying to upset you. I'm just trying to understand, because of my daughter's situation. Like, how did they force you to do that? Were you hurt?

ALMA

Rafe, no one force me, okay? It doesn't work that way. Well, sometimes it does I guess. Oh, I don't know, sex is a business like anything else. Some people do it for the money - might even like the life, some do it to keep their druggin' going, some are just messed up, and yes, some are forced into it.

RAFE

I see.

ALMA

It's a lot like religion, if you think about it.

RAFE

Really, I don't...

ALMA

Sure, some people are in a religion because they like it, some want to make money off it, some are messed up, and some are forced into it - you can't deny that.

RAFE

No, I guess I can't. But this cutting on your arms and legs: why would you do this to yourself?

ALMA

It just helped me feel like I existed. When you're in the way, when people look through you, you have to have a way to know you exist.

RAFE

Oh, Alma, I'm so sorry. All this pain, all this pain. Like our Lord Jesus's Passion; his suffering for us.

ALMA

Well, I've never been compared to Jesus. But it's not all bad.

RAFE

What's not bad about it?

ALMA

I have my guardian angles with me at all times. See, look.

Alma pulls down the neck of her t-shirt to reveal a tattoo above her left breast.

ANGLE ON TATTOO

The colored tattoo is a red Sacred Heart complete with a green band of thorns.

ALMA (CONT'D)

But most of all... this...

Alma turns her back to Rafe and lifts the t-shirt to reveal a large, dark green outlined tattoo of an angel sitting with legs folded under and head tilted forward so her hair obscures details of a face. Around the angel's neck are a number of chains weighing her down.

RAFE

My God, Alma, you are full of hidden surprises.

ALMA

Do you like her? I call her "Unrepented".

Rafe reaches out with a finger and begins to trace the lines of the tattoo on Alma's upper back.

RAFE

Why's that?

ALMA

Cuz she'll never be forgiven for who she is.

Rafe's finger has drifted down to trace the tattoo lines on Alma's lower back.

RAFE

We can always be forgiven, Alma.

Alma pulls her t-shirt off and faces Rafe naked. She reaches out to stroke his face.

ALMA

Not if you're not sorry.

Rafe leans towards Alma and kisses her deeply. He maneuvers her underneath him and lies on top of her.

ALMA (CONT'D)

Love me.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. DREAM ROOM - NIGHT

ANGLE ON EXECUTIONER

The Executioner brings down the ax with great force.

CUT TO BLACK:

Sound of a severed head hitting the ground with a THUNK.

Sound of Assistant's eerie melody on a contrabassoon.

Mary (V.O.)

And on her forehead was a name
written: Mystery; Babylon the Great,
the Mother of Harlots. And all
nations have drunk of the wine of
the wrath of her fornication, and
the kings and the merchants of the
earth have committed fornication
with her. And an angel flying
through heaven said: Woe, woe, woe,
to the inhabitants of the earth
because of the remaining three
trumpet blasts about to sound!

FADE IN:

INT. MEZZ'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mezz and Jerry slump on the couch nodding out.

The sound of cars HONKING rouses Jerry. Jerry makes
several laborious efforts to get up before succeeding at
getting to his feet. He goes over to an open window and
closes it, muffling the sounds of street traffic.

JERRY

Need dry socks.

MEZZ

Ummph.

JERRY

Freakin feet are soaked.

Jerry slowly makes his way to the back bedroom door.

MEZZ

Don't mess with my shit. Kick your
ass.

Jerry sneers at Mezz, stumbles over to the coffee table, picks up Mezz's knife, and returns to his trip to the back bedroom.

JERRY

You shut the hell up.
(mumbles to self)
Why all gotta be pricks?

MEZZ

Don't mess with my shit. Kick your
ass.

INT. MEZZ'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jerry enters the low-lit bedroom. Spying a bureau, he places the knife on top of it and looks through some drawers.

A MOAN catches his attention. Jerry looks over at the bed.

ANGLE ON BED

ANGELICA, a 15 year old Hispanic girl in matching green bra and panties, lays curled up on the bed. One end of a length of rope is tied off on the bedpost with the other end tied off to one bracelet of a pair of steel handcuffs - the other bracelet is secured around Angelica's wrist. She is drowsy and shaking. On the bedside table are several crack pipes and small empty baggies.

ANGELICA

Who are you?

JERRY

Jerry.

ANGELICA

Oh. Where's Mezz?

JERRY

Noddin' out.

ANGELICA

He promised me some roca. You got any to smoke? I'll suck your dick for it. Come on, poppy, you can shoot off in my mouth and we'll smoke together.

JERRY

Jesus, you're just a kid. You shouldn't be here.

ANGELICA

Come on, I be good to you, you be good to me.

JERRY

Don't I know you? What's your name?

ANGELICA

Angelica.

Jerry's eyes get wide.

JERRY

Ace's kid sister? Holy shit, your Ace's kid sister.

Panic sets into Jerry, overcoming his high. Jerry looks around the room and grabs the knife off the bureau.

JERRY

Gotta get you outta here. Gotta get you home.

ANGELICA

No, come on, I don't want to go home. Let's smoke.

Jerry starts to cut the rope.

JERRY

This is so messed up.

ANGELICA

Hey cut it out. Don't you want me?
What are you a fag?

Mezz enters the room.

MEZZ

What the hell do think you're doing?
Get away from her - that's my girl.

JERRY

Are you nuts? That's Ace's sister.
He's gonna kill us.

ANGELICA

Mezz, thank god, I need my man.
I've been missing you baby.

MEZZ

(to Angelica)

Chill, baby, daddy's got some more
candy for ya.

(to Jerry)

Just put the knife down and I'll
explain, okay? It's totally cool.

JERRY

No, it's not cool - it is totally
not cool, we are going to die.

ANGELICA

Mezz, I need some.

MEZZ

(to Angelica)

Shut up!

(to Jerry)

Put the knife down Jerry and get
your ass out here!

Angelica curls back up and sobs.

Jerry returns the knife to the bureau and shuffles to the bedroom door following Mezz out.

INT. MEZZ'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jerry enters the living room from the bedroom and Mezz closes the bedroom door.

MEZZ

You're an asshole, comin over here and messing up my shit. And after I gave you a good deal and a place to shoot.

JERRY

Look, I'm sorry, but she's Ace's sister and, and she's just a kid.

MEZZ

She's plenty old enough. Did you see the body on that bitch? God, I love a round Latina ass. Look, she came to me, okay? She's got friends too - want me to call some up? You could use some pussy. You too damn tense.

JERRY

This ain't right.

MEZZ

Stop your cryin'. I told ya it wuz cool. I'm even thinking of starting a new business. Yeah, my own line of young crack heads giving head. Crackity-cracky. Cool slogan, huh?

JERRY

You can't be doing this.

Mezz gives Jerry a shove.

MEZZ

Oh, yeah? Sez who?

JERRY

Are you kiddin'? Ace is gonna kill you.

MEZZ

Oh, screw, Ace. I don't sweat that cocksucker. He's got his head so far up his ass he doesn't know what's going on.

Jerry and Mezz spin around to face the front door of the apartment as...

KRACK! Ricky kicks in the door.

JERRY

Oh, shit! Oh, shit!

MEZZ

Ricky, what the hell?

Ricky enters followed by Frisco and then Ace.

JERRY

Oh, shit.

MEZZ

Ace, what's going on, bro?

ACE

(to Mezz)

Shut up, bitch. No one's talkin' to your junkie ass.

(to Jerry)

Well, well, Jerry. Back from the dead. Figure you'd head right for the smack and by the Blessed Virgin - here you are.

JERRY

Hey, Ace, I was just comin' to see ya. There's some shit goin' down you need to know about.

Mezz slaps Jerry, sending Jerry to the floor.

MEZZ

No he wasn't, Ace. He's just a
crazy junkie don't know shit.

ACE

Both you fags shut up.

Jerry crawls his way onto the couch as Ace, Jerry, Ricky,
and Frisco turn towards the bedroom door.

ANGELICA (O.S.)

Mezz, stop screwing around! If you
want your dick sucked bring in some
smoke!

Ace gives a head gesture signal to Frisco to investigate
the bedroom.

Mezz rushes to cut off Frisco.

MEZZ

Oh, hey, that ain't nothin' there.
It's cool. It ain't no thing.

Ricky stops Mezz's advance to the bedroom with a punch
square to Mezz's face.

Mezz drops straight down.

MEZZ

Ah, shit, man, my nose!

Frisco opens the bedroom door and peers in. His eyes grow
wide and he shuts the door.

ANGELICA (O.S.)

Who's there? Mezz!!

FRISCO

You ain't gonna believe this homz.

JERRY

That's what I was gonna tell ya.

Mezz tries to stand up, but Ricky keeps him at bay with a
cocked fist.

MEZZ

It ain't what it is, Ace.

Ace opens the bedroom door a crack and peeks into the bedroom.

ANGELICA (O.S.)

Mezz? That you? You want some head
or not?

Ace slowly closes the door. His face struggles to control his rage.

ACE

The Buddha says, "We get secret
pleasure seeing how unaware people
are of what is really happening to
them."

INT. PURPLE CRIB CLUB BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alma looks forlorn sitting with knees pulled up to her chest and a sheet wrapped around her. Rafe sits on the edge of the bed, pants on, slowly putting on his shirt and trying to remain expressionless.

RAFE

Are you okay?

ALMA

No, I'm all right. I just didn't
think...

RAFE

I would do those things?

ALMA

Yeah, not those things.

RAFE

Sorry.

ALMA

Don't be...I didn't mind. I liked
it. I like being with you.

Alma reaches out to caress Rafe's back, but he stands up the instant she makes contact.

RAFE
It was a mistake.

ALMA
No.

RAFE
I'm sorry, Alma, but it was. Just
all this pressure... I just....

ALMA
Don't say that.

Alma leans forward and stretches out her hand to touch Rafe's leg. Rafe bolts forward, leaving Alma face down, half off the bed with her backside exposed.

RAFE
Alma stop! What we did was wrong.
Do you understand? A sin. Being in
the belly of the beast weakened me.
It can't happen again. It won't.

ALMA
It wasn't wrong. I love you.

Rafe wastes no time getting dressed.

RAFE
That's not love, Alma. What you let
me do to you was filthy and wrong.
How could you let me do those things
to you?

ALMA
(crying)
What are you talking about? It's
what you wanted. Why are you being
so mean to me?

RAFE
I'm not trying to be mean, please
believe me. You are my sister in
Christ. But being exposed to all
that... all that sexual imagery
overwhelmed me.

Alma bolts off the bed with fire in her eyes.

ALMA

Oh, that's bullshit and you know it. Everyone's always trying to put the blame on what they see around them; like it put ideas in your head. I know the type. But you know what I think? I think it's all inside you already and you're just looking for a good excuse to let it out.

RAFE

That's just Satan talking, Alma, we can pray together for strength.

Alma slaps Rafe across the face. Rafe responds with a glare, rubbing his jaw.

ALMA

Shut up, just shut up! Who the hell, do you think you are? How dare you! I shared my body, I shared my heart with you and you think you can just pray it all away?

Alma reaches down to her crotch and then wipes her hand across Rafe's face.

ALMA

That's us mixed together, asshole.

Rafe grabs her hand. Alma tries to slap Rafe again with her free hand, but Rafe grabs that one too.

Rafe pushes her back onto the bed.

RAFE

Alma, please. Get a hold of yourself. Get cleaned up. I'm going to my daughter's apartment alone.

ALMA

What? No, please don't leave me here. I'm sorry.

RAFE

Listen! If Jerry show's up, you
both stay put.

ALMA

Rafe!

RAFE

Do as I say, Alma. I need to do the
thinking for both of us. It'll be
over soon, you'll see. We'll put
this all behind us and pray for
forgiveness.

Rafe heads for the door.

ALMA

What are you doing to me?

RAFE

Trust me, it's for the best.

Alma gets off the bed and wanders naked to the bathroom.

ALMA

(sing-song murmur)

That ol' helpless feeling, no where
to go, helpless day, helpless night,
no where to go...

INT. BATHROOM OF PURPLE CRIB CLUB BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alma turns on the shower; the blasting hot water starts a
swirl of steam.

Alma takes a length of toilet paper from the roll and BLOWS
her nose loudly like a trumpet. She looks up into the
mirror on the medicine cabinet over the sink.

The steam fogs the mirror causing Alma's image to slowly
fade from view.

ALMA

So easy to disappear in this world.

INT. BACKSEAT OF ACE'S CAR - NIGHT

Angelica is forced into the backseat and Frisco piles roughly in bedside her. She is crying and her face is bruised, mouth bleeding.

INT. BATHROOM OF PURPLE CRIB CLUB BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alma glares at her own fading reflection in the mirror.

ALMA

You're a stupid, stupid, bitch. I
told you no one wanted you. No one
wants a whore.

Alma punches the mirror SMASHING the glass. The medicine cabinet door pops open and reflected in some remaining mirror pieces Rafe is seen in the background of the bedroom. The image vanishes, fading into the dark of the room.

Alma SCREAMS in agony at the shattered mirror.

INT. MEZZ'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mezz sits propped up against his dresser with his knife stuck deep into his eye socket.

INT. BATHROOM OF PURPLE CRIB CLUB BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alma's wet, GUTTURAL sounds punctuate the stabs and slashes she makes to her body with a piece of shattered mirror.

Alma plunges the shard deep into her neck and pulls it out. Arterial spray splashes the bathroom.

INT. MEZZ'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jerry lies awkwardly on the living room floor with a bullet wound to the head; his blood splattered on the wall.

INT. BATHROOM OF PURPLE CRIB CLUB BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alma lies in a pool of blood; her eyes lifeless.

The door to the bedroom CREAKS closed with a CA-LUNK.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Rafe walks zombie-like down the sidewalk; his face drained as he makes his way through the scattered street people of the night.

EXT. CITY STREET FURTHER DOWN - NIGHT

Rafe passes SHERPA, an elderly man from Nepal. Sherpa sits on a green, rickety woven chair against a building. Sherpa holds a leash tied to a Rhesus Macaque monkey. The monkey holds out a green tin cup while dancing to traditional Newa music that plays from a small boom box.

SHERPA

Hey, cuz.

Rafe stops and turns to Sherpa.

RAFE

Did you say something to me?

SHERPA

You didn't pay the monkey.

RAFE

What?

SHERPA

When the monkey dances, you got to pay the monkey.

RAFE

Great. I don't have time for this. God bless you, sir.

SHERPA

God bless me? I am not in need of blessing, but you have plenty of time.

Rafe takes a step to leave.

RAFE

Oh, okay, old-timer.

SHERPA

There is no need to hurry; your friends are not waiting for you any longer. They are both dead.

RAFE

Jer...

SHERPA

Yes, Jerry is quite dead; and you know about Alma.

RAFE

No, I don't know about Alma: what happened to Alma? Are you saying she's dead, they are both dead?

SHERPA

Most certainly. You are more confused than I first suspected.

RAFE

Who the hell are you? What do you know about my friends?

SHERPA

Who the hell are you, cuz? You don't even know that. Don't even know where you are, do you?

RAFE

Look here...

The monkey emits a series of screams and howls.

SHERPA

Probably think your still in the Unites States.

The monkey continues to signal distress. Rafe holds his head in pain; he labors to breathe.

RAFE

What's happening? Who are you? Make it stop!

The monkey stops. Silence surrounds them.

SHERPA

Time doesn't change the brute
inside.

RAFE

No, I've been redeemed by the blood.
You're wrong. I've been saved
through Jesus Christ.

SHERPA

You are washed in blood, yes this is
true. But you are not saved, cuz.

RAFE

You think I'm your cousin?

SHERPA

We were cousins walking out of
Africa. Everyone settled due east,
except your family. You went north,
north to Doggerland with the lion
and the mammoth. But the land
buckled, the ice melted, and the
North Sea flooded your homes. Some
left and lived, some did not
believe, and some never saw it
coming. That's you cuz, the world
is buckling under you, the flood is
coming in, and you don't even know
what is happening. You are in
Doggerland.

RAFE

I can't remember. I can't remember
how this all started. Everything's
drifting away from me. I just...I
woke up and...I'm a minister at a
church. I'm saved by the blood of
the lamb. My sin washed away.

SHERPA

(laughing)

Oh, cuz, you are an entertainment.

The monkey reaches under Sherpa's chair and retrieves a
large kitchen knife. The monkey walks over to Rafe and
hands the knife to him; Rafe takes it.

RAFE

I...

SHERPA

You know what to do, cuz, do what you do best.

RAFE

What?

SHERPA

Punish.

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

Glamorous Dymphna and GLAMOROUS JUSTIN, a twentyish male with movie star looks, joke and giggle as the walk down the hallway.

GLAMOROUS JUSTIN

No, seriously, I heard she felt so bad about it, she was willing to take all ten of 'em in one shift.

GLAMOROUS DYMPHNA

That sounds just like her; always getting in over her head.

G. JUSTIN

That's for sure. Hey, thanks for grabbing some coffee with me. I had fun. I have to say I never thought you'd ever say yes.

G. DYMPHNA

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to keep putting you off all those times.

G. JUSTIN

You mean all those hundreds of times I asked you out? I'm pretty sure I crossed over into stalker territory by the third month.

G. DYMPHNA

It's not you, I'm just not good at going out, but I'm glad I did. I've been working some stuff out, you know?

G. JUSTIN

Hey, I hear ya. It's a crazy world - it's easy for it to get ya down.

G. DYMPHNA

True very true, but hey, I'm just letting you in to borrow that book, okay? Don't get any ideas - it ain't that crazy of a world.

G. JUSTIN

You're the boss - no pressure. I'm just happy to be hangin' with you.

G. DYMPHNA

Me too.

G. Dymphna's cell phone RINGS with a fog horn sound.

G. JUSTIN

What is that?

G. DYMPHNA

My cell. Downloaded it yesterday. Cool ring tone, huh?

G. JUSTIN

Yeah, I guess - if you're trying not to dash up against the rocky coast.

G. DYMPHNA

(into cell phone)

Hello? Oh, hey, Dr. Bishop. It's pretty late. Everything okay?

G. Dymphna and G. Justin arrive at G. Dymphna's apartment door. G. Dymphna shoulders her phone to her ear while trying to get out her keys.

G. DYMPHNA (CONT'D)

No I haven't seen him since you told me to stop visiting until he got

stable and we had a meeting. Is he stable?

INT. RAFE'S RESIDENTIAL TREATMENT CENTER ROOM - NIGHT

Bishop wears a shirt and tie and Sami wears pastel nursing scrubs. They both search through the small bedroom of the residential treatment facility as Bishop talks on the phone.

BISHOP

No, not stable. I tried to talk to him about starting meetings with you and addressing some issues, but...

On the wall is spray painted "SLUT".

ANGLE ON SAMI

Sami picks up a pornographic magazine and flips through. All the photos of women have the heads cut out.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

...he had a major set back. It can happen in some cases of traumatic brain injury. It's hard to predict.

Sami shows Bishop a framed picture.

ANGLE ON FRAMED PICTURE

Picture of Plain Dymphna with the word "WHORE" written across it in red.

INT. GLAMOROUS DYMPHNA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

G. Dymphna enters the darkened apartment with G. Justin following.

G. DYMPHNA

How do you mean I'm not safe?

G. Dymphna turns on the lights as G. Justin closes the door revealing Rafe standing in the corner of the plush apartment with one hand behind his back.

G. DYMPHNA (CONT'D)

He's here.

G. Dymphna hangs up the phone.

RAFE
Hello, Dymphna.

INT. RAFE'S RESIDENTIAL TREATMENT CENTER ROOM - NIGHT

Bishop looks at phone, dumbfounded by the hang-up.

BISHOP
Dymphna? Dymphna!
(to Sami)
Don't touch anything else. Let's
back out of here.

Bishop dials 911.

BISHOP
I'm afraid all this will become
evidence if we're too late.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)
Emergency dispatch. What is the
nature of your emergency?

BISHOP
Murder.

INT. GLAMOROUS DYMPHNA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

G. DYMPHNA
Daddy, what are you doing here?

RAFE
Who's this prick? Your fluffer? Is
that what they're called?

G. DYMPHNA
What? I don't know what... No, this
is Justin, a friend from work.

RAFE
Didn't get enough cock at work, eh?
Needed some orgy practice?

G. DYMPHNA

Daddy, what are you talking about?
You're not well, please stop this.

G. JUSTIN

Mr. Groen, I assure you...

RAFE

You shut up, demon! I know who you
are - Asmodeus, the lust demon, and
you have soiled the fruit of my
loin.

G. DYMPHNA

Justin, maybe you should go, I'm
sorry about all this. It'll be
okay, just go.

G. JUSTIN

I can't leave you here like this.

Rafe brings out the knife he has hidden behind his back and
points it towards G. Dymphna and G. Justin.

RAFE

That's right. No one's going
anywhere. The reckoning is here, it
is now.

G. JUSTIN

Oh, shit.

G. DYMPHNA

Daddy! What are you doing? Stop
this at once!

RAFE

Hold your tongue, you Whore of
Babylon. I've seen what you've been
doing, your pornographic movies,
your smut magazines. You have
shamed me.

G. DYMPHNA

Daddy, I don't know what you're
talking about. I'm just a nurse's

assistant and Justin is a janitor at the hospital - that's all.

RAFE

I came all the way out to the West Coast to save you, but now I see you have given yourself over to sin willingly.

G. JUSTIN

Mr. Groen, please put the knife down - let's talk.

Rafe cuts x's in the air with the knife.

RAFE

SHUT UP!

Rafe stumbles forward a few steps causing G. Dymphna and G. Justin to retreat a few steps back. G. Justin manages to get in front of G. Dymphna to shield her.

G. DYMPHNA

You're not on the West Coast. Listen, you never left the city. You are cross-town from the residential center. I was just on the phone with your doctor - Dr Bishop.

RAFE

SHUT UP!

G. DYMPHNA

It's true. You had a head injury years ago, don't you remember? You've been in and out of rehabilitation and treatment centers. You were doing so well until now. Please, Daddy, remember, please.

RAFE

How complete and total is your corruption. Do you think I believe your lies? I'm not your daddy anymore - oh no - You belong to your

father, the devil, and you want to carry out his desires. He does not hold to the truth and there is no truth in him. When you lie you speak his native language, for he is a liar and the father of lies.

G. Dymphna grabs a vase off a small table and hurls it at Rafe. The vase barley misses Rafe's head and explodes on the wall behind him.

G. JUSTIN

Dymphna!

G. DYMPHNA

I am so sick of your shit! I am so sick of trying to be there for you. It's your fault this happened to you. You destroyed our family because you are a selfish prick.

RAFE

How dare you speak to a man of God that way.

G. DYMPHNA

Is that what you think you are? A priest or something? You're nothing but a broken down old man. A man of God? Ha! You are a drunkard, an adulterer, and a MURDERER!

There is booming KNOCK at the door.

POLICE (O.S)

Police, open up!

RAFE

Get thee behind me, Satan!

G. Justin dashes for the door and opens it as Rafe advances slowly with knife raised.

G. JUSTIN

Hurry, he's lost it!

Glaring at Rafe, G. Dymphna takes steps towards Rafe.

G. DYMPHNA

I hate you.

POLICE rushes in and draws a Taser, pointing it at Rafe.

POLICE

Put the knife down!

G. Justin grabs G. Dymphna and pulls her back. Rafe advances.

RAFE

By faith, when God tested him,
Abraham offered his only child as a
sacrifice...

The Taser POPS as Police tases Rafe. Rafe stiffens while the CRACKLE of the jolt shoots through him.

EXT. NO EXIT ROADHOUSE BAR - NIGHT

Lightening blazes the sky revealing the pouring rain.

A banged up bright green car screeches to a halt in front of the worn-down looking bar. A green neon sign announces the name of the bar: No Exit.

INT. MARY'S CAR - NIGHT

Haggard, Mary turns to YOUNG DYMPHNA, who sits in the front passenger seat.

MARY

Go in and get your daddy. Tell him
it's time to come home.

YOUNG DYMPHNA

No, Momma, please. Let's just go
home, let's just leave him and go
home.

MARY

We're a family and we are gonna be
together.

Y. DYMPHNA

But I hate him when he's been out.

MARY

Don't talk that way. He's your father - for better or worse, he's your father. Now go get him.

Y. Dymphna struggles to open the passenger door.

MARY

Hurry up now.

Y. DYMPHNA

Stuck again.

MARY

Climb out over me.

INT. NO EXIT ROADHOUSE BAR - NIGHT

The bar is a dive; smoke drifts through the main room from a poorly situated smoking area off to one side. Jukebox music mixes in with the general bar din.

Rafe sits drunk at the bar; he flirts and kisses with FLOOZY a barfly with badly applied green eye shadow and red lipstick.

RAFE

Do you know why women are so bad at math?

FLOOZY

I don't know - why?

Rafe indicates a three inch span with his thumb and index finger.

RAFE

'Cause they've been told their whole life that this is ten inches.

FLOOZY

(laughing)

Oh, shut up. My god. You're messed up, you know that?

Y. Dymphna approaches Rafe.

Y. DYMPHNA
Daddy, it's time to go home.

FLOOZY
Who's this cutie?

RAFE
Oh, hey, it's my baby girl, Dymphna.

Y. DYMPHNA
Come on, Daddy, let's go.

FLOOZY
That name's a mouth full. I'll just
call you Phena. How'd that be?

Y. DYMPHNA
Come on, Daddy, let's go.

RAFE
All right, all right, I'm coming.

FLOOZY
Aren't ya gonna answer me, Phena?

Y. DYMPHNA
(to Floozy)
That's not my name.
(to Rafe)
Let's go.

FLOOZY
What a mouth on that one.

Rafe finishes his drink in a single gulp and gets off the
bar stool.

RAFE
Aw, don't sweat her; buzz kill's out
in the car, probably got her worked
up.

FLOOZY
The little woman come to fetch her
man?

EXT. NO EXIT ROADHOUSE BAR - NIGHT

Y. Dymphna tugs Rafe behind her as she drags him against the driving rain to Mary's car.

INT. MARY'S CAR - NIGHT

The driver's side door opens. Mary grips the steering wheel.

RAFE

Shove it over, Mary. I got this.

Y. Dymphna enters the backseat from the rear door.

MARY

No, no way, you're stinkin' drunk.
I'll drive. Get in the back - front
door's stuck again.

Rafe punches Mary hard in her arm.

RAFE

Move over!

Y. DYMPHNA

Daddy, stop it.

MARY

Rafe, please, you're drunk - you'll
get us killed.

Y. Dymphna cries out as Rafe grabs Mary by the hair. He twists her head around using Mary's hair as a handle.

RAFE

Move over!

Mary tries to slap Rafe away, but he punches her again in the arm and gives several shoves until Mary slides over to the passenger seat.

Y. DYMPHNA

Daddy, please don't.

RAFE

Mind your mouth, Dymphna or I'll
come back there.

MARY

It's okay, sweetie, Mommy's all
right. Daddy and I just had an
accident. I'm okay. Buckle up like
Momma's doing.

Mary buckles her seat belt as Rafe hits the gas.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - NIGHT

Mary's car careens down rain soaked roads in the visibility
impairing storm.

INT. MARY'S CAR - NIGHT

Y. DYMPHNA

Daddy, I'm scared.

MARY

Please, Rafe, slow down. Let me
drive. You're in no condition.

RAFE

(to Y. Dymphna)

Just hush now, apple seed.
Everything's all right.

(to Mary)

What the hell do you know about my
condition? Huh? Don't ever come
looking for me again like that.
I'll come home when I feel like it.
Get it?

MARY

Rafe!

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - NIGHT

A DEER leaps out in front of Mary's car. The car swerves,
losses traction, and hits a small bridge embankment.

EXT. BRIDGE EMBANKMENT - NIGHT

The car spins out and rolls into a water-swelled pond.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - NIGHT

The deer stands in the middle of the road staring off at the pond. It turns and walks off into the tree line.

EXT. POND SHORE - NIGHT

Rafe stands at the shoreline dazed and disoriented. Blood streams from a gash on his forehead.

INT. MARY'S CAR - NIGHT

Water rushes in, filling up the car compartment as the car sinks.

Mary struggles to unlatch her seat belt, but she is woozy from a head wound and quickly losing large amounts of blood.

Mary POUNDS on the passenger-side window. She can see Rafe standing on the shore.

MARY

(weakly)

Help me, God help me.

Dymphna...Dymphna where are you?

EXT. POND SHORE - NIGHT

Rafe continues his unsteady vigil at the shoreline watching the car sink.

Y. Dymphna crawls out of the pond on all fours coughing and sputtering water.

Y. DYMPHNA

Daddy, help.

Rafe is too dazed to respond. Y. Dymphna crawls her way to him.

Y. DYMPHNA (CONT'D)

Where's Mommy? Daddy, what's wrong?

Rafe collapses.

INT. PLAIN DYMPHNA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment reflects the lifestyle of a modestly paid worker. Plain Dymphna appears as she really is; she is dressed in nurse scrubs. Plain Justin is dressed in janitor coveralls.

Rafe falls limp to the ground and begins to seize.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - NIGHT

The deer stands in the middle of the road staring off at the pond. It turns and walks off into the tree line.

INT. PLAIN DYMPHNA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rafe lays strapped down to a gurney, P. Dymphna by his side.

Police and a DETECTIVE interviews P. Justin while two PARAMEDICS pack up equipment and scribble notes on a stainless steel clipboard.

RAFE

What happened?

PLAIN DYMPHNA

You had a seizure. I guess the shock didn't sit well with your brain injury.

RAFE

I had the strangest idea that you were...

P. DYMPHNA

I know. You stopped your treatment again. But as you can see, I'm just an underpaid hospital worker.

RAFE

What's gonna happen to me?

P. DYMPHNA

That's typical.

RAFE

What?

P. DYMPHNA

You didn't even ask how I was doing. I mean, after all, you just tried to kill me.

RAFE

Oh, yes, well how are...

P. DYMPHNA

Just skip it, Dad; you're in no condition to start being a real person now. I called Dr. Bishop and he is going to meet you at the emergency room. They have to make sure you're medically stable and then I guess they'll talk about if you can go back to the rehab center.

RAFE

Why are you being so hateful to me? I'm sorry about what happened, but I'm sick - I can't help it.

P. DYMPHNA

No, but you could have not been a prick all your life, you could have not driven that night, and you could have stayed on your treatment. Those things you could help - your screwed up because of all those selfish decisions.

RAFE

Can't you ever forgive me, apple seed?

P. DYMPHNA

Dr Bishop wanted me to ask if you knew about an Alma and a Jerry. Apparently, they're missing from the center also.

RAFE

Yeah, they came with me to find you.
We ran into some gang trouble and I
think they're both dead.

P. DYMPHNA

Jesus, Dad. Do you screw up every
life you touch?

RAFE

I am a screw up. I know that. But
can't you just forgive me? I'm so
sorry for everything.

P. DYMPHNA

No, I can't forgive you, 'cause
you're not really sorry. You're
just sorry for how things turned out
not for the things you did - there's
a difference.

RAFE

You're consigning me to a living
Hell on earth.

P. DYMPHNA

Yeah, we're both consigned to Hell
on earth, Dad. It's a Hell where
you don't remember stuff and I can't
forget - which one do you think is
worse?

RAFE

Please, you're all I have...

P. DYMPHNA

(to Paramedics and Police)

Can he go now? Can everyone just
go?

Rafe falls into silent submission. The Police and
Detective shrug, Detective hands P. Justin a card, and they
depart as the Paramedics wheel Rafe out of the apartment.

The door closes.

P. Justin stands quietly by the window.

PLAIN DYMPHNA

Some first date, huh? See why I don't go out?

PLAIN JUSTIN

Hey, we all got crazy in our families.

P. DYMPHNA

That's sweet of you to say, but when's the last time your parent tried to kill you?

P. JUSTIN

Okay, you got me there.

P. DYMPHNA

Well, don't worry. You don't have to come up with some bullshit excuse about why you don't call me or stop by the nurse's desk anymore. I'll understand.

P. JUSTIN

If it's all the same, I'd like to stay for a bit. You know, just hang out with you for a little more.

P. DYMPHNA

I prefer to be alone.

P. JUSTIN

Yeah, I know, but I'm guessing that's hasn't really been working out for you. Come on, you won't even have to talk. We'll just be two people keeping company.

P. DYMPHNA

Just sit?

P. JUSTIN

Yeah, we can listen to music...

Justin walks over to an old turntable beside a stack of records.

P. JUSTIN (CONT'D)
...you know, drink some tea.

P. DYMPHNA
All I have is some ice tea in a jug.

P. JUSTIN
Cool.

P. Dymphna goes to refrigerator. She pours tea into two glasses.

P. Justin searches through the record collection.

P. JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Wow, you got some old school stuff.

Justin puts on a record and touches the stylus to the record.

P. JUSTIN (CONT'D)
I love a turntable. It's very chic,
you know? Just screams retro.

P. Dymphna hands P. Justin a glass of ice tea.

P. DYMPHNA
It's screams poverty. That's what
it screams.

P. JUSTIN
I think it's cool.

P. Dymphna and P. Justin settle into some chairs and sit silently listening to the music.

P. Dymphna weeps.

FADE OUT.

THE END