

BAD BLOOD

Written by

Doug Lambeth

Based on the book

by

Richard M. Levine

Hollywood Pulp Productions

"Femme fatales emerged from shadows
To watch this creature fair
And Lady Stardust sang songs
Of darkness and despair..."

"Lady Stardust"
by
David Bowie

WHAT FOLLOWS IS A TRUE STORY

FADE IN:

EXT. GUAYAQUIL ECUADOR - AERIAL - DAY

A sprawling, noisy, third-world city straddling the Guayas River. Shimmering heat. Squalor.

SUPER: GUAYAQUIL, ECUADOR
1967

EXT. GUAYAQUIL STREET MARKET - DAY

Colorfully clothed ANDEAN INDIAN FAMILIES swarm the street, mixed with regularly-dressed CITY FOLK. Strangely disorienting. Busy buying food and trinkets at the open stands. YAPPING dogs chase each other. Odd mixture of past and present--

EXT. LARGE VILLA - DAY

Beautiful. A Bougainvillea-covered villa on a hill. Must belong to a wealthy local. The faint strains of THE MONKEES: "Daydream Believer" floats out of an upper story window.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON BARBIE'S FACE

The plastic Barbie we all know and love. The Monkees playing nearby. And a little GIRL'S VOICE--

GIRL'S VOICE

Ummm...okay, you're name's not Barbie anymore...it's Marlene now...got it?

KEN'S handsome plastic face ENTERS FRAME. Dapper as always.

GIRL'S VOICE

And you're not Ken...you're Jim. Okay?

Little girl HANDS connect the plastic hands of Barbie and Ken.

GIRL'S VOICE

I love you, Jim.
(forces voice deeper)
And I love you, Marlene.

And as the little girl hands force the dolls to hug, WE
PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

MARLENE OLIVE holding the smooching Barbie and Ken.

Marlene's eight-years-old. Irresistible. Big green eyes, brown pixie-cut hair, button cute. But what's odd is that in the midst of this steamy South American city, there's a very American little girl with Monkees posters on her bedroom walls--holding hugging, renamed Barbie dolls.

INT. VILLA LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

NAOMI OLIVE hovers over two ECUADORIAN MAIDS as they fold towels. She fusses at her graying hair. Naomi's forty-two, was once beautiful, but it's fading fast. Thick glasses, hair style stalled in the '50s, a shapeless housedress that might just be hiding middle-age spread. She's a bit on edge. Fragile.

NAOMI

Make sure you fold them properly. Very important to fold towels properly.

The maids roll their eyes at each other. One opens a large linen closet--it's stuffed with more towels than the Hilton uses in a year. They carefully add the new ones.

NAOMI

Good. Good. Could you pick up three more sets tomorrow, please?

MAID

Si, Senora Olive.

Naomi nods, EXITS. The maids giggle.

MAID

(Spanish; subtitled)
So many towels!

INT. VILLA KITCHEN - DAY

Naomi opens a cupboard, grabs a Scotch bottle. Looks guilty. Surreptitiously pours a glass. And just as she's putting the bottle away, Marlene runs into the kitchen, bursting with 8-year-old energy. A couple of CATS entwine her legs.

MARLENE

Can I have something to eat?

NAOMI

Dinner's soon, honey.

Marlene gives her a pouty-lipped look. Naomi smiles, gives in, opens the cookie jar.

NAOMI
Okay, just one.

Starts to hand the cookie to Marlene, then pulls it back.

NAOMI
Tell mommy you love her first.

MARLENE
I love--

A BOOMING VOICE--

JIM OLIVE (O.S.)
I'm home, girls!

MARLENE
--Daddy!

Marlene grabs the cookie, runs out of the kitchen. Naomi slowly picks up the glass of Scotch, takes a very big sip.

INT. VILLA LIVING ROOM - DAY

JIM OLIVE sets his briefcase down. Wears a sweat-ringed suit. Short, slicked back hair, horn-rimmed glasses. A small guy, he carries himself like an ex-military man-- which he is. Fifty-years-old, Jim exudes exuberance, self-confidence. Friendliness. And when he sees Marlene his grin is huge.

JIM
There's my girl!

Sweeps her up in his arms, hugs and kisses. Naomi watches from the doorway.

JIM
(Spanish, subtitled)
You're getting too big for an old man like me to pick up. Did you have a good day at school? Been a good girl?

MARLENE
Si!

Jim catches Naomi's eye, winks. Naomi smiles. Tightly.

NAOMI
I wish you two would speak English.

INT. VILLA DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The Olives eating dinner. The maids sweep in and out, clearing plates, setting new things down.

JIM

Dinner party tomorrow, Nomi. Couples, company's going to foot the bill. Sounds like a nice time. Supposed to be a five-course feast--

NAOMI

Oh? Dinner? Lots of company wives?

(Jim nods)

I don't know, I don't know if I really want to go, sometimes those things make me feel sort of...I don't know, I don't fit in...maybe I'll just stay here. I have things I can do. But you go.

Jim tilts his head, smiles, tries to talk her into it without using a word. Old married-couple shorthand.

INT. RESTAURANT BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT

Noisy, smoky, boozy good times. Lots of PARTYGOERS. A banner: "GULF OIL ECUADOR". LAUGHTER, lots of eating, drinking.

AT ONE TABLE

BUSINESSMEN and their WIVES, your basic schmoozing business party. Except for Jim Olive. No wife. Just 8-year-old Marlene. Totally out of place, but loving being with daddy. Dressed up and irresistible. A balding BUSINESS GUY wanders up, slaps Jim hard on the shoulder.

BUSINESS GUY

Hey, where's the misses?

JIM

Little under the weather tonight.

(sly wink)

So I brought my girlfriend instead.

BUSINESS GUY

Mmmm. The other woman, huh? Hi. What's your name?

MARLENE

(shy, looks at the table)

Marlene.

BUSINESS GUY

She'll be a heartbreaker in a few years,
Jim.

JIM

Don't I know it. Gonna have to run the
boys off with a gun.

Hale and hearty male LAUGHTER, the business guy wanders
off. Jim absently rubs Marlene's shoulder as he talks to
the WOMAN next to him. Marlene gazes at him with utter
adoration. Daddy's girl.

INT. JIM'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Marlene plays with her dolls, sits at Jim's big, paper-
strewn desk. Pulls, twists Barbie's glowing blonde hair.

MARLENE

You need a ponytail.
(pulls open desk drawer)
Rubber band? Hey, rubber band?

Digs around, no luck, pulls open the big side drawer,
peeks in--

HER POV

of the drawer, files, boring business stuff. Except for
one fat folder with a big blue tab: MARLENE--ADOPTION
PAPERS.

MARLENE

frowns, pulls the folder out, plops it on the desk.
Opens it. Legal documents, stuff that no eight-year-old
can possibly understand. A wax paper sack. Beads
inside. She dumps them out. An unstrung baby bracelet.
Letters roll around the top of the desk like BBs. She
lines them up, studies them.

INT. JIM AND NAOMI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Twin beds. Jim reads work stuff, Naomi reads a magazine.
Marlene pushes open the bedroom door, comes to the foot
of their beds, stands, stares silently.

JIM

What's the matter, sweetheart, can't
sleep?

MARLENE

Am I adopted?

JIM

What makes you think?--

MARLENE

Am I?

Jim and Naomi exchanged worried glances. Marlene comes in between their beds.

NAOMI

Sometimes people can't keep their babies, sometimes they have to give them to other people to raise. And we chose you from all the other babies in the hospital because we loved you the most.

MARLENE

(a whisper, afraid)
I have another mommy?

NAOMI

Well, yes. And no. She didn't love you enough to keep you. But we did.

JIM

Nomi!

NAOMI

She ought to know the truth.

Marlene's totally bewildered by all this.

JIM

We love you, Marlene. Someday you'll understand better. And if you really want to know who your mother is, when you turn eighteen we'll tell you.

NAOMI

But by then I don't think you'll want to. We're your real parents now.

Marlene looks at these two people who she always thought were Mom and Dad. And she eyes them warily...

SLAM CUT TO:

TITLE CARD:

CHRISTMAS DAY
1972

BING CROONS "White Christmas"--

INT. VILLA DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Christmas dinner. The maids serving. Naomi pours a large tumbler of wine for herself. Marlene admires a silver bracelet on her wrist--it's vaguely Egyptian-looking--a coiled hieroglyphic snake. Naomi notices.

NAOMI

Do you like it Marlene?

MARLENE

Yeah. Thanks. It's really pretty.

NAOMI

I bought it down at the street market. The vendor said it was Incan. He might've been lying, though. You know how they are with gringos.

Jim sets his fork down with a clank.

JIM

Got some news, girls. Good news and bad news.

(beat)

The bad news is Gulf's cutting back on management. And I'm one of them.

NAOMI

Oh, God. What're we going to do? Can you get something else?

JIM

Nope. Not here. And I'm sick of working for other people anyway. But now for the good news. I've got a line on a business consulting franchise, I can be my own boss.

(a big grin)

Except we'll have to move.

MARLENE

Where to, Daddy?

JIM

The States. Terra Linda. It's near San Francisco.

Marlene is thunderstruck. Shakes her head. Disbelief. Naomi grins, delighted.

NAOMI

This is wonderful! Back where we belong, where everyone speaks English!

Marlene jumps up from the table, runs upstairs--

INT. MARLENE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marlene runs inside, SLAMS the door. Her room is a shrine to David Cassidy. His posters and Partridge Family posters on every wall. She's crying, frightened, turns on her stereo, PARTRIDGE FAMILY: "I Think I Love You", cranks it up loud, hurls herself on the bed, weeps inconsolably--

EXT. GUAYAQUIL STREET - DAY

Marlene walks with several ECUADORIAN GIRLFRIENDS. All the dialogue is in Spanish with subtitles.

GIRLFRIEND #1

The drugs! They use drugs at school there!

GIRLFRIEND #2

My cousin lives in Miami and she says that girls come to school pregnant! Girls our age!

GIRLFRIEND #1

Everybody knows someone who's OD'd. People die at schools there all the time!

Marlene listens. Frightened.

INT. VILLA - NIGHT

A noisy farewell party, a band playing tinkly Ecuadorian FOLK MUSIC serenades the PARTY GOERS. Jim's the convivial host, Naomi looks radiant, laughter, clinking glasses, banner: CALIFORNIA HERE WE COME!, happy, noisy celebration.

INT. MARLENE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Marlene sits on her bed, weeping. Afraid. Pitiful. David Cassidy looks benignly down on her. PARTY SOUNDS float up from downstairs. Her door opens, Jim peeks in.

JIM

We miss you, honey. Everybody's asking where you are.

MARLENE

I'm afraid, Daddy.

(beat, wet sniffle)

What if I hate it there? What if bad people make me take drugs and do many things like that? What if you decide you don't want me anymore?

Marlene's English is odd. Her cadence is a little off, syntax tangled, like she's translating back and forth in her mind. Jim comes in, sits next to her, hugs her tightly.

JIM

It'll be all right, sweetheart. Your mother and I will do all we can to help. But you'll have to do your part, too. You know how...sensitive your mother is. We need to stick together. Help each other. Be a family. Don't worry. You're a sweet person, you'll have lots of new friends in no time.

As they cling to each other, the rhythm of the Ecuadorian band gets LOUDER, and on the funky downbeat of a catchy rumba, we:

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. TERRA LINDA HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

SUPER:

TERRA LINDA HIGH SCHOOL
TERRA LINDA, CALIFORNIA
APRIL 10, 1973

LOU REED: "Walk on the Wild Side". As far removed from Ecuadorian folk music as you can get.

STUDENTS pour into the main entrance. A swirling mass of 1973 KIDS. We look at them as they swarm by: white guys with Afros; mini-skirted girls with Marcia Brady hair; wallaby-shoed dorks; wild-patterned polyester-shirted long-hairs; dopers. 1973.

A green Vega station wagon pulls up amidst the conglomeration of teenage cars. Jim's at the wheel, Marlene gets out quickly. She's utterly out of place in her pleated skirt, saddle shoes, blouse with a Peter Pan collar.

JIM

Sure you don't mind walking home?

She quickly shakes her head. Looks around. Terrified.

JIM
Okay honey. Good luck.

And with a wave he drives off. She's alone. Clutches her purse to her chest. Kids bounce off her. Pitiful. She might as well be on Mars.

EXT. TERRA LINDA HIGH AMPHITHEATER AREA - DAY

Swarming lunchtime CROWD. The best time of the school day if you have friends; the worst if you don't. Marlene wanders by herself through the blue benches, plops down. Eats her sandwich, stares at her feet. Miserable.

A FEW BENCHES AWAY

A cluster of heavily made-up, dope-smoking noisy HARD CHICKS--tight bell-bottomed hip-huggers hip hugging and body shirts clinging--watch her. SHARON DILLON grins cruelly. Sharon's pretty, buxom, a year older than Marlene. And tough.

SHARON

Hey.

Marlene looks up like she expects to be kicked in the face.

SHARON

You're new. What's your name?

MARLENE

Marlene...Olive.

Hurriedly looks back at her PB&J sandwich. Hates making eye contact. One of the Hard Chicks snickers.

HARD CHICK

Olive Oyl!

Laughter. Sharon smiles sarcastically.

SHARON

Love your clothes.

Marlene chokes back tears. Chin quivers. Mortified. Hurries away as the hard chicks laugh at her.

EXT. HIBISCUS WAY - DAY

Marlene walks along the sidewalk on the way home from school. Looks miserable.

The neighborhood is silent. Lined with cookie-cutter tract houses--angular, pseudo-moderne, manicured yards--it's the quietest place we've ever seen.

Marlene walks into the driveway of 353 Hibiscus Way. A house like all the others. She goes inside. Silent street. Home. A safe place.

INT. 353 HIBISCUS WAY - DAY

Naomi busily unwraps dishes from moving boxes. The house is furnished with a striped couch and streamlined '60s "Home of Tomorrow" furniture. She glances up at Marlene as she ENTERS. Doesn't notice Marlene's misery.

NAOMI

How was school?

MARLENE

Fine.

But Naomi's not listening. Preoccupied. She takes a sip from a glass--it looks like booze.

NAOMI

Help me put these dishes away.

MARLENE

Maybe later.

NAOMI

I want you to help me. Now.

MARLENE

I don't wanna--

NAOMI

I don't want to hear "I don't wanna," anymore. We're back in the states, we don't have servants anymore, things are going to be different. This household will be run my way.

Tears start to leak from Marlene's eyes. She's had a rough day. She rushes down the hall, SLAMS the door to her room. Naomi doesn't press the issue. Takes another sip.

DISSOLVE:

INT. MARLENE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Marlene sprawls on the floor, stares at the TV. It's time for Creature Features. After the intro we launch into a cheesy '50s horror movie. Something with rubber monsters and bad acting.

Marlene watches. Her room is a mess, junk strewn everywhere. David Cassidy posters cover the walls. And a couple of Donny Osmonds, too. Marlene's dressed more casually. At least her Ecuadorian schoolgirl's blouse isn't buttoned all the way up anymore.

The movie quickly bores her. She seems lost, sad. She grimaces, rubs her stomach. Opens a prescription pill bottle, shakes out the last pill, gulps it down. Those old Barbie dolls are on the floor by the TV. Odd, since Marlene's way too old for them. She idly picks them up. Plays both roles.

MARLENE

(voice deep)

Love your clothes, you're the prettiest girl I've ever seen. What's your name?

(voice high)

Marlene. Marlene Olive.

(voice deep)

That's a very beautiful name.

And then no more talk. Lays the dolls down. Looks at the TV for a moment, then picks up a yellow pad and a pen. Begins to scribble madly. And as she writes, WE HEAR:

MARLENE (V.O.)

I sit in a cold, dark room
Listening intently
For something that's not here
It's just another empty space,
Another empty day,
Another empty moment.
There's nothing to do
But listen to my thoughts
And they are as empty as I feel
I am lonely
But no one can help me
For I am lost within myself
In an empty space, trying to get out.
(beat)
But there is no way out.

INT. JIM'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

A cluttered spare bedroom, Jim's desk and papers scattered all over. He's busily working at the desk, whistles to himself. He's the most relentlessly perky, optimistic guy we've ever met. Marlene stands at the door, watches him.

MARLENE

Daddy?

JIM

(Spanish, subtitled)

Hello sweetheart, what're you up to?

(holds hand to his mouth,
looks guilty)

Oops, forgot. We're only supposed to speak English.

MARLENE

Did you pick up my prescription today?

JIM

Sorry, sweetie, forgot, they're right here.

He digs a bottle out of his briefcase, hands it to her.

JIM

Your ulcer hurting again?

(she nods)

Poor sweetheart. Careful taking those, remember what the doctor said, we don't want you getting hooked.

He laughs like it's a little joke.

MARLENE

Could we go someplace? To the beach or something?

JIM

I can't honey, I'm just too darned busy. Gotta get this business off the ground so I can pay the mortgage. Once me and Phil get it rolling we'll be able go to the beach as much as you want.

Throws her a nice, "Love you, leave me alone" Daddy grin, goes back to working.

INT. 353 HIBISCUS WAY HALLWAY - DAY

Naomi carries an armload of towels, squeezes by a large, oddly-placed bureau, yanks open the linen closet. We've never seen a closet so stuffed with towels--floor to ceiling. HUMMS to herself as she adds even more. Moves to another closet, opens it. Stuffed with towels. Very strange. Adds more.

MARLENE

stands at her doorway. Watches her mother. Naomi turns, stops humming. Eyes meet. Regard one another. Silence. Marlene slowly shuts her door--

EXT. TERRA LINDA HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

Marlene sits alone on the small bleachers, scribbles madly in her notebook.

Sharon Dillon and her sister NANCY sit out on the field together. Obviously smoking dope. Nancy's pretty, buxom like Sharon. And tough, too. Every high school in every era has girls like this--except in 1973 they're dressed to kill in tight jeans and satiny halter tops and platform shoes--and (if you're a nerdy male or a new girl from Ecuador) they scare you to death. Marlene looks up from her notebook. Watches them.

SHARON DILLON

notices Marlene watching.

SHARON

That weird new chick's starin' at us.

(loud)

What're you lookin' at?!

MARLENE

quickly looks down at her notebook. Her pencil lead SNAPS!

SHARON

Hey, if you want some, c'mon over!

Marlene slowly, slowly looks back up at them. Scared. But at least somebody's talking to her. Closes her notebook, walks over.

SHARON

Sit down. Wanna smoke a doobie?

Marlene quickly shakes her head, stares at her hands.

MARLENE

(whisper)

I'm...allergic to it.

She sits down, won't look at them. Sharon fires up another joint.

SHARON

Never heard of anybody allergic to weed before. What's your name again?

MARLENE

Marlene Olive.

NANCY

Are you allergic to olives too?

She and Sharon giggle at her lame joke.

MARLENE

Olive is not my real name. It's...

(long pause as she gropes for a really good lie)

Miranda....Maria Lucia Miranda. I'm adopted. I grew up in Ecuador.

NANCY

Where's that? Egypt or something?

MARLENE

South America.

SHARON

Best fuckin' dope in the world comes from there. And you didn't do any?

Marlene shakes her head. Sharon and Nancy look at her incredulously. Sharon holds a lung-buster hit, blasts out a noisy cloud.

SHARON

Fuckin' great Acapulco. Sure you don't want a hit, Marlene Maria Miranda Olive Oyl?

Shakes her head, ventures a shy look at Sharon. Smiles. Sharon grins back through the pot haze.

INT. HIBISCUS WAY LIVING ROOM - DAY

BLUBBLUBBLUB go the fishtanks. Naomi, in a ratty housecoat, sits in front of one of the GURGLING tanks. Stares at her guppies. Door opens, Marlene ENTERS with the Dillon sisters.

MARLENE

(beat, embarrassed)

This is Sharon and Nancy. From school.

NAOMI

(a tiny bit slurred)

Hello, girls.

Nancy and Sharon do what any teenager does when they meet a friend's mom--wordlessly nod and then ignore her.

MARLENE

We're going in my room.

INT. MARLENE'S ROOM - LATER

Marlene sits at her desk, Sharon and Nancy hover around her, drawing on eyeliner, blush, getting her looking like a real 1973 teenage girl. Marlene is still ill-at-ease with them, but loves the attention nonetheless.

SHARON

Yeah, lookin' better and better,
Marlene. Good thing you met us.

Nancy glances at the David Cassidy poster-covered walls and frowns like they're covered with snot.

NANCY

(sotto)

David fucking-faggot Cassidy...

MARLENE

What?

NANCY

Is he what they like in Egypt?

MARLENE

Ecuador.

SHARON

You fuckin' need our help, Marlene. You
need it bad.

She pulls a big fat joint from her purse, fires it up.

MARLENE

My mom!--

SHARON

Won't notice nothin'.
 (holds it out)
 Take a hit. Best way to cure an
 allergy.

Marlene hesitates. Looks between her two, smiling new friends. Fear. Exhilaration. Friends. At last. Stares at the smoking joint...

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Marlene listlessly cuts celery, Naomi stirs a steamy pot on the stove. Glass of Scotch on the counter; Naomi takes a sip.

NAOMI

Those girls you brought over
 seemed...trampy.

MARLENE

They're my friends and they're nice.

Naomi sips her Scotch. Marlene notices.

MARLENE

How come you're drinking so much since
 we moved? I thought you liked it here.

NAOMI

Don't smart off to me. If I drink--and
 it's not all that much--it's because I
 worry about you. I don't want you
 running with gutter tramps.

This is turning weird. Marlene GUILLOTINES the celery.

MARLENE

They're not gutter tramps. Whatever
 that is.

NAOMI

Are you cutting the celery on the bias?
 You have to cut it on the bias or it's
 no good. You never cut it on the bias
 like you're supposed to.

MARLENE

(sotto)
 Heil Hitler.

She silently chops celery for a moment. Naomi watches. Sips her Scotch.

NAOMI

You're still not cutting on the bias!

MARLENE

(slams knife down)

Put a!

NAOMI

I won't have filthy language in this house! And don't think you can swear at me in Spanish, I know what you're saying! You're just like your mother!

Shouldn't have said that, because any restraint Marlene has vanishes--

MARLENE

DON'T TALK ABOUT MY REAL MOTHER!

NAOMI

Your real mother was a whore!

Marlene rushes out--

INT. BATHROOM - SAME

Marlene hurries in, SLAMS, LOCKS the door, slides to the floor, crying, angry--

MARLENE

(gasp whisper)

You bitch, you lying bitch!

EXT. HALL - SAME

Naomi at the bathroom door, BANGING--

NAOMI

DON'T TALK TO ME THAT WAY!

INTERCUT:

MARLENE

I bet my real mother doesn't sit around all day and drink and stash towels and I bet she's not nuts like you are!

NAOMI

SHE'S A WHORE, WHORE, WHORE!

MARLENE

LIAR! PUTA CHINGADA! PENDEJA!

Marlene THRASHES her head side to side, smashes it against the tile, grabs the prescription pill bottle from the sink, downs a handful of pills, then--

BITES her own arm, shakes uncontrollably, crying, and on the echo of Marlene's SCREAMS and Naomi's SHRIEKS, WE:

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. TERRA LINDA HIGH SCHOOL FRONT LAWN - DAY

The official meeting place of druggies. Marlene in a tight circle of DOPERS. The Dillon sisters, other HARD CHICKS, several GUYS share a joint. Marlene, dressed a little more hip now in jeans and T-shirt, sucks up a hit.

ACROSS THE PARKING LOT

A group of letterman-jacket-clad JOCKS HOOTS:

JOCKS
FUCKIN' HIPPIE STONERS!

Laugh derisively, wander inside school.

THE DOPERS

flip them off--

SHARON
HEY, FUCK YOU DICKHEAD JOCKFAG WORMSHIT
ASSHOLE COCKSUCKERS!

(to the dopers)

Chickenshits. Think they're hard guys.

As Marlene passes the joint, Sharon notices the ugly bruise on Marlene's arm where she bit herself.

SHARON
What happened?

MARLENE
A guy...from Ecuador. Bit me.

DOPER CHICK
Like from long distance?

The others laugh, Marlene tries to be cool.

MARLENE
He was my boyfriend down there.
(beat)
The biggest dealer in Ecuador.

NANCY

Really? Can he get us any coke?

MARLENE

Nah. We broke up. He flew up here in his jet and sorta begged me to go away with him and when I told him no he like freaked and we got into a fight and he bit me. My dad...had to pull a gun on him to make him go away.

Silence. No one's quite sure what to make of her. One of the dopers, LARRY PEDERSON, watches closely. Suddenly very interested. Larry's scrawny, zitty, got long, blonde shoulder-length hair--and a big lusty smile that melts the girls. He eyes Marlene--

INT. LARRY PEDERSON'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

On Lucas Valley Road. JUDAS PRIEST SCREAMS on the tape deck. Marlene with him. She casts him occasional flirting glances.

LARRY

Wanna stop somewhere?

MARLENE

Sure.

LARRY

Some reds in the glove compartment.

She opens it, takes out a pill-filled baggie. Hesitates, then takes one out, pops it in her mouth. Larry opens his mouth, waiting to be fed like a baby bird. She places one on his tongue...runs her finger along his lips.

EXT. TRYSTING SPOT - DAY

They're parked in a secluded Eucalyptus grove. Lying on a blanket, making out furiously. Wandering hands, the whole teenage thing. Marlene pulls away, absently plays with his necklace.

MARLENE

What's this?

Larry's hot and bothered, not real into discussion at the moment.

LARRY

Pentagram. I'm a warlock.

MARLENE

Really? You mean like you have powers and stuff?

LARRY

Sure. Cast spells, shit like that.

MARLENE

What else?!

LARRY

I can make people do whatever I want.
Let's fuck.

He begins to pull off her clothes. She resists at first, then sort of goes along. But not wholeheartedly.

LARRY

What? You don't want to?

(beat)

You're not a virgin, are you?

She says nothing, then she pulls him back to her, starts to go along as he climbs all over her. Watch her face. She's scared--

INT. NORTHGATE MALL RECORD STORE/HEAD SHOP - DAY

Marlene and Sharon Dillon browse the records. DAVID BOWIE: "Lady Stardust" oozes on the store's speakers. Lots of black light posters, drug paraphernalia, it's the kind of place that concerned parents always want to close down. Sharon flips through heavy metal albums, Marlene wanders away, stops at a rack of occult books. Picks up a copy of THE SATANIC BIBLE. Thumbs through it.

Takes it to the long-haired CASHIER. Listens to Bowie as he rings it up. Listens.

Looks up. Bowie's Ziggy Stardust poster on the wall. Glittery. Pretty made-up face. Androgynously irresistible. Marlene stares at it. Captivated.

CLOSE ON BOWIE'S PRETTY FACE

"Lady Stardust" rises on the soundtrack, and then WE:

SLAM CUT TO:

JESUS' FACE

crucified. PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

INT. CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY - SUNDAY MORNING

The crucifix over the altar. And "Lady Stardust" is replaced by the sound of San Rafael's FAITHFUL, piously singing "Faith of Our Fathers".

WE MOVE ALONG ONE PEW

hesitate on each WORSHIPER. Dressed for church. We come to Naomi. Singing, but eyes darting oddly to her left. Seems agitated. We come to Jim. Singing robustly. And then we come to Marlene...

Marlene's not singing. But that's the least of it. Arms crossed. Way, way too much makeup and jewelry on. SIGHS theatrically, chews gum. Would rather be anywhere doing anything. She's utterly out of place with these people. Jim looks over at her, smiles. She just looks bored--

EXT. CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY ENTRY - DAY

The congregation pours out. PHIL ROYCE, Jim's age, a ramrod-straight, military-looking guy, walks up to the Olives.

PHIL

Morning, Jim. Naomi. You're looking...nice this morning, Marlene.

Naomi grins nervously. Marlene nods, then ignores him.

JIM

Did that insurance guy get in touch with you, Phil?

They wander off toward the parking lot, talking business guy stuff. Marlene and Naomi follow.

EXT. CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY PARKING LOT - LATER

Jim and Phil still talking, we can't really hear what they say as other cars pull out of the parking lot. Naomi sits in the Vega. Waits. Marlene leans up against the side of the car, arms folded, SMACKS her gum. Supremely bored. Stares out over the big crucifix down into the Lucas Valley. And we PULL BACK away from them, across the parking lot. Jim schmoozing Phil. Naomi. Marlene. Three isolated points of a family triangle. All alone.

INT. OLIVES' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Larry Pederson sits on the couch. Obviously wasted. Stares dully at the wall. Jim sits across from him, glares. Naomi sits on another chair. Glares too.

Larry's dressed to the nines--1973 dooper style. Big bell-bottom, ripped Levis. A gaudy floral print nylon shirt with enormous collars. Ratty fringed leather vest.

JIM

Where exactly is this concert you're taking Marlene to, Larry?

LARRY

Cow Palace.

JIM

And you'll have her back by midnight?

LARRY

Yeah, man.

Jim's not thrilled with Larry.

MARLENE (O.S.)

I'm ready!

All three heads turn toward the hall, and:

IT'S LADY STARDUST

Wow. Marlene's wearing a low-cut, clingy black dress. Twinkly iridescent threads run through it. And her makeup--we can't believe one human face can support so much stuff. Eye shadow and mascara troweled on, glitter in her hair, glitter teardrops beneath each eye, fake rainbow-painted nails that look more like grizzly bear claws--and six-inch high glitter-encrusted platform shoes. We're definitely not in Ecuador anymore.

NAOMI

looks about ready to have a stroke. Jim just stares.

NAOMI

You are not leaving the house until you look decent.

MARLENE

This is what I'm wearing. Let's go, Larry.

Larry jumps up, goes to her.

LARRY

Cool. You look far out.

NAOMI

You look like a streetwalker!

JIM

Nomi, please.

NAOMI

Just like your real mother!

Fighting words.

MARLENE

Shut up.

JIM

Don't speak to your mother--

NAOMI

--A whore. Just like your real mother!

Nobody moves. Nobody says anything. Then, Marlene moves to Naomi, stands above her. Waits. Stares at her. Smiles.

MARLENE

(very quiet)

Fuck you...mom.

Jim grabs at Marlene, she squirms away, hurries out the front door with Larry--

JIM

You come back here this instant and apologize to your mother!

NAOMI

LITTLE WHORE! HARLOT!

JIM

Marlene!

Jim's totally helpless, ineffectual--

EXT. HIBISCUS WAY - NIGHT

Marlene jumps in Larry's car, they ROAR out of the driveway and into the night....

INT. LARRY'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

Larry's laughing as he drives. Marlene fires up a joint. Looks both exhilarated and bothered. ALICE COOPER: "No More Mr. Nice Guy" blares from the tape deck. And as Marlene sucks up some cannabis, WE HEAR:

MARLENE (V.O.)
I don't know what your world's about
I can only live in mine
It's funny about that imaginary line
That's no longer imaginary
It's scarlet
Don't call me a harlot...

INT. MARLENE'S ROOM - MORNING

Marlene asleep in bed. Door bursts open. Naomi stands, glares. Marlene, still dressed in her Lady Stardust outfit and smeary makeup on her face, groggily squints.

NAOMI

You're grounded.

Jim peers in behind Naomi.

JIM

And we don't expect to see any more behavior like that again. Is that clear?

Marlene rolls over. Ignores them. They close the door. She yawns. Picks up the copy of The Satanic Bible, begins to read.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Marlene scratches at the scraggly lawn with a hand spade.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Naomi sipping a beer, glances out the glass wall into the backyard. Frowns.

NAOMI'S POV

of a book sitting in the middle of the grass.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Naomi picks up the book, squints at it. It's a bible. Shakes her head. Sips her beer, puzzled--

ANGLE FROM ABOVE

looking down on Naomi. She's standing in the middle of a crudely scraped pentagram in the grass. She has no idea.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Marlene watches Naomi through the glass. Closes her eyes, whispers:

MARLENE

Curse you, bitch, curse you, Satan
curses you to hell, curse you to hell...

INT. MARLENE'S ROOM - NIGHT

BLACK SABBATH BLARES. We move around the room, take inventory.

Bowie posters, black light Jimi Hendrix posters, candles stuck in bottles, dimly flicker, huge peacock feathers sticking out of wine bottles, scrawled pentagrams, stacks of witchcraft books--it's a druggie '70s room, and finally we come to Marlene sitting in the debris outside her closet, she gently packs a cedar chest with her Barbie dolls, stacks them, pats them as if putting them to bed, and as BLACK SABBATH does their thing, WE HEAR:

MARLENE (V.O.)

The stories are all read
Winnie-the-Pooh is dead
And the teddy bear no longer
Sleeps in my bed.

SLAM CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: OCTOBER 23, 1974

--Slow, even BREATHING, occasional SNORESNORT, and WE:

CUT TO:

CHUCK RILEY'S 10TH GRADE SCHOOL PICTURE

Chuck's a moon-faced 15-year-old; chubby, clean-cut, a big grin. Looks like a nice kid. WE MOVE:

ALONG A SHELF

crowded with other Chuck Riley mementos, mostly bronze SAN RAFAEL INDEPENDENT JOURNAL CARRIER OF THE MONTH awards, all inscribed with CHUCK RILEY'S name. They're chintzy little statues of an old-fashioned newsboy with peaked cap. Apparently Chuck's quite a paperboy--he's won dozens of awards--all from the early '70s. SNORESNORT. WE MOVE ON TO:

CHUCK RILEY

sprawled in bed. Asleep. SNORESNORT. Chuck's twenty now, chubby, bushy sideburns and big hair. His room's sloppy, clothes and junk strewn around. The door opens, his mom, JOANNE, pokes her head in--

JOANNE

Wake up, Chuck. I'm making breakfast.

He GROANS, rolls over. Joanne smiles, shakes her head, leaves. Chuck hoists heavy eyelids, reaches under the mattress. Pulls out a baggy filled with pills. Pops a handful.

INT. RILEYS' KITCHEN - MORNING

Joanne busily makes scrambled eggs. Joanne's a heavysset, pleasant-looking woman. KERRY, Chuck's brother, a thin, good-looking kid a year younger than Chuck, chows down the heavy breakfast. Chuck shuffles into the kitchen, yawning. We get our first good look at him.

Baby-faced. Sloppy-looking. Needs some grooming tips. He wears overalls, a big workshirt over them. He's heavy and isn't having much success hiding it. He has a pleasant, almost smiling face and happy-go-lucky air--he's likeable.

KERRY

Hey, bro, what's happening?

CHUCK

(plops down)

Nothin'.

Joanne puts a huge plate of scrambled eggs and bacon in front of him.

JOANNE

There you go, honey.

CHUCK

Thanks.

Eats. Back door opens, OSCAR RILEY ENTERS. Oscar's in his late 40s, looks tired. He's wearing a Dolly Madison delivery uniform. His shirt has an OSCAR RILEY patch on the chest. He tiredly plops down at the table with his sons, tosses them both a couple of packages of Dolly Madison cupcakes.

OSCAR

Leftovers.

CHUCK

All right. Thanks, Dad.

Chuck immediately opens his, downs them along with his eggs.

JOANNE

Have a good night, honey?

Oscar shrugs. She slides a plate in front of him. He eats. They all eat.

KERRY

I got a hot date tonight. Borrow a few bucks, Chuck?

Chuck nods, pulls a huge wad of bills from his overalls, peels off a couple and hands them to Kerry.

KERRY

Cool. Thanks, man.

Oscar notices.

OSCAR

Sold some vacuums this week, huh?

CHUCK

Yeah. Couple.

OSCAR

You oughta find a real job. That commission stuff's too uncertain. Don't know how you manage now as it is.

Chuck and Kerry exchange knowing smiles.

CHUCK

There's ways.

INT. '66 BUICK SKYLARK - DRIVING - DAY

DEEP PURPLE: "Smoke On the Water" THUMPTHUMPTHUMPS out of the tape deck. Chuck's ROARING along the street in downtown San Rafael, thumping on the steering wheel in tempo to his BLARING stereo. A big roach clip dangles from the rearview mirror.

EXT. LINCOLN AVENUE - DAY

Chuck's '66 4-door Skylark, rotten muffler BELCHING, cruises. This is a truly memorable car. A piece of plywood for a hood, feathered dart for a hood ornament.

INT. THE SKYLARK - SAME

Chuck turns up his stereo. Pulls a box from under the seat. Overflowing with lids, loose joints. He yanks the roach clip off the mirror, fires up a big fat one. Opens the glove compartment. Filled with baggies of pills--every color in the crayon box.

Pops a couple in his mouth. Smiles. Reaches under the seat. Pulls out a beer. Washes down the pills. Sucks the joint, sings along--

CHUCK

(out of key)

Smoooke...oonnn...the waaateer...

EXT. 7-ELEVEN PARKING LOT - DAY

Chuck RUMBLES into the San Rafael 7-Eleven parking lot. STEVE DONNELLY, 21, hangs out with a couple of other DOPER GUYS. Steve's a long-hair, but he's also wearing Army fatigues, combat boots and seems light-years older than Chuck. Steve strolls to Chuck's window, leans in--

STEVE

Rocko! Whatcha got today?

CHUCK

Colombian's good...and some primo Maui Wowee.

STEVE

Fuck the Colombian shit...I want the Maui.

Chuck reaches over into his shoebox stash, hands Steve a couple of joints.

CHUCK

Have a taste on me...If you like it I got a couple lids...I'll come by your place later...Party today?

STEVE

Yeah...soon's my fuckin' mom goes to work.

CHUCK

Cool. Later, man.

Chuck fires up the Skylark, RUMBLES off. Steve sniffs the joints--

STEVE

(to the other dopers)
Large Charles' okay for a fat boy.

They laugh. Doper laughs.

EXT. TERRA LINDA HIGH SCHOOL FRONT LAWN - DAY

The thin strip of lawn right on the street in front of the school. Crowded with KIDS, as usual. Dopers. The official loading zone of Terra Linda High. Lots of controlled substances being consumed. And up RUMBLES the Skylark.

INT. THE SKYLARK - SAME

Chuck smooths his hair. Stuffs his pockets full of joints and pills.

EXT. TLHS FRONT LAWN - LATER

Chuck strolls through the KIDS, smiling, waving, everybody knows him. And through all this we have no dialogue, just lots of NOISY MUSIC. Maybe AEROSMITH, BLACK SABBATH--something noisy, druggy, rowdy.

We move with Chuck as he makes his rounds. He moves through the crowd with assurance, smiling, surreptitiously passing dope and getting cash.

But as Chuck moves through the crowd we notice that after they've made their deal, the kids ignore him. Girls roll their eyes after he's passed. He spots one GIRL laughing at him. Doesn't seem to faze him. But we feel bad. Chuck hands off some joints to a GUY, turns, and as he does the MUSIC STOPS COLD, AND:

Chuck stares at something. Smile fades.

CHUCK'S POV

of a GIRL curled up in the fetal position underneath a pine tree...moves toward her...she's writhing, crying, surrounded by KIDS, closer, the girl writhes, WEEPING...

CHUCK

is almost to her, fascinated, a zit-faced DOPER dances insanely around the girl whose face we can't see:

DOPER

You're an orange and we're gonna peel you! You're a kite and you'll never come down!

ANOTHER DOPER

We'll cut your string!

Everybody's laughing, and Chuck can't understand why, can't see the girl's face, it's curtained by long brown hair, he watches--

DOPER

Hey, Marlene, you're a rabbit and I can make you disappear!

And now Marlene's head SNAPS UP, she tries to focus on her tormentors, weeping, helpless, and Chuck watches as she begs:

MARLENE

Please stop it, just leave me alone!

Chuck hesitates, stares at her. He's struck by her innocence, helplessness, vulnerability--whatever it is he's interested, he pushes through the callous kids, kneels next to her, holds her--

CHUCK

Hey, it's okay, you'll be okay, I'll stay with you.

DOPER

Bad trip, Chuck. Her first time, too.

CHUCK

(pulls out a joint)
Wanna hit? Help level you out?

She shakes her head, long brown hair flaps in Chuck's face. Sharon Dillon comes up, grabs her arm, helps her stand--

If Marlene notices that Chuck's alive, she makes no sign of it. She's seeing things no one else can see right now. Sharon helps her off. Chuck stands. Watches. Smitten.

INT. STEVE DONNELLY'S HOUSE - DAY

It's hard to see much in Steve's house through the smoky pot haze. Steve is perched over a nuclear-power-plant-sized bong, SUCKS up enriched smoke, sounds like a 747 taking off--

It's your basic Terra Linda tract house--these places all look alike inside. Angular, boring moderne/white trash style. JETHRO TULL BLARES through the stereo. Larry Pederson's there, and so are other DOPERS, male and female, sucking joints, drinking beer, snorting coke-- Party time.

Chuck ENTERS, carrying baggies full of goodies. Steve unwraps his lips from the bong, throws Chuck a big stoned grin:

STEVE

Rocko! Bring my shit?

Chuck tosses him a lid.

STEVE

All right! Lemme get your bread--

Steve floats by, Chuck grabs his arm.

CHUCK

You know a girl at Terra Linda named Maureen or somethin'? Brown hair, kinda...you know, hot?

STEVE

Whoa, Rocko, you got your eye on some chick finally? Fuckin' 'bout time!

(louder, stoned giggle)

Everybody hear that? Chuck wants to know....what's her name?

CHUCK

(embarrassed)

Maureen I think. Brown hair, big green eyes.

A pair of DOPER GIRLS on the couch exchange glances, giggle. The thought of Chuck with a girl... Larry finishes snorting a line, wipes some cokey snot from his nose.

LARRY

Bet it's Marlene you're talkin' 'bout, man. Marlene Olive. Went out with her for awhile.

CHUCK

She goin' with anybody?

LARRY

Nah. She's too fuckin' weirded out.

CHUCK

Like how?

LARRY

Told her I was a warlock--I was just tryin' to get laid, you know? Then she gets way deep into all that shit like she believes it or somethin'. Weird bitch. Weird fuckin' eyes, too.

STEVE

Fuck you, Larry. Don't listen to him, Chuck.

(arm around Chuck, quiet)

Go for it, man. You need some snatch. Everybody's beginning to think you're a fag.

EXT. TLHS FRONT LAWN - DAY

The DOPERS congregate in clusters on the front lawn for morning Twinkies and hallucinogens.

Marlene's looking much better today, sits in a tight circle with the Dillons, some other DOPERS, and MIKE HOWARD, a scrawny little long-haired guy with the biggest Adams apple we've ever seen. They share a joint.

MARLENE

...So then my mom goes "Clean up the kitchen," and I go "Hey, like I don't care what the kitchen looks like," I go, "I don't care if there's fungus and stuff growing outa the refrigerator and the lettuce tries to grab you when you open the door," and then she goes "You're father's gonna--"

CHUCK (O.S.)

Hi!

They look up. Marlene's annoyed her story's been cut short. Chuck stands above them, smiles goofily. Wears a baggy Kung-Fu jacket over his overalls. Seems to have tried to groom himself a little better than usual. He thudplops down next to them, whips out a baggie of joints.

CHUCK

Here, brought you guys some freebies.

MIKE

You're the coolest, Rocko.

Everybody eagerly yanks goodies from the bag. Except Marlene. She looks at the ground.

CHUCK

(to Marlene)

Want one? Good shit. Prime Acapulco.

She doesn't say anything, suddenly looks up, grabs his eyes with hers. Holds them tight. He's eyelocked. Chuck's not sure whether he should shit or wind his watch. He pulls a joint out, gently hands it to her.

MARLENE

Thanks.

Won't let go of his eyes. He stammers, bumbles, acts like an infatuated fool.

CHUCK

Remember me from yesterday? Tried to help you out, remember? The bad trip?

MARLENE

I remember the bad trip.

(beat)

I don't remember you.

She finally looks away, Chuck takes the opportunity to wipe nervesweat from his forehead. Embarrassed silence. Chuck takes a deep breath--

CHUCK

CanItalktoyoualoneaminute?

MARLENE

Huh?

SHARON

He wants to be alone with you, Marlene.

Marlene doesn't make a move. Won't make this easy for him. Just looks at him. Everybody looks at him. He decides to go for it.

CHUCK
I thought like maybe...you'd wanna go out with me or something, you know?

And the group breaks up into GIGGLES. Marlene looks about ready to blow him off, then she looks at her laughing friends. Chuck's humiliated. And her expression softens. Looks back at Chuck with pity. She knows how it feels.

MARLENE
Sure. Why not?

CHUCK
Really?

He grins. Like a dope. Lovesick. He gazes into her eyes. No expression on her face for a moment, then a small smile.

MARLENE
Yeah, sure. Tomorrow night. Call me.
And bring dope.

Chuck stands, grins from ear to ear, hurries off.

CHUCK
(sotto)
Far fucking out!

Marlene turns back to her stunned friends. Shrugs. Weak smile.

MARLENE
Charity case.

EXT. 353 HIBISCUS WAY - NIGHT

The Skylark RUMBLES into the driveway.

INT. THE SKYLARK - SAME

Chuck sits, takes a deep breath. Fluffs his big hair in the rearview mirror.

CHUCK
(to reflection, voice deep)
Hello, Marlene. How are you?
(shakes head, more casual)
Hey Marlene. How you doin'?

EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Chuck musters his courage, RINGS the bell, shifts nervously, the door opens. Naomi stands, looks a little...tipsy. Wearing a housecoat. Looks at Chuck.

CHUCK

Hi, Mrs. Olive. I'm Chuck Riley. I'm here to pick up Marlene.

She just stares at him. Odd moment, then--

NAOMI

MARLENE!

INT. OLIVES' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Naomi leads him into the cluttered living room. Messy. Vacuum cleaner sits near the couch. Chuck stops, peers into a fishtank.

CHUCK

Nice fish.

NAOMI

(mumbles)

...precious fitzes...

She goes into the kitchen, gets her Scotch. Chuck just looks at her.

JIM (O.S.)

Who's this?

Chuck turns, startled, Jim's standing at the hallway, holding papers, a pleasantly expectant smile. Chuck hustles to impress.

CHUCK

(shaking hands)

Chuck Riley, Mr. Olive. Nice to meet you, sir.

JIM

Pleasure Chuck. Sit down, Marlene'll be ready in a minute.

Chuck tries to get comfortable. Nerves work against him.

JIM

So, where're you taking Marlene tonight?

CHUCK

I thought maybe into the city. Dinner, maybe a movie. Kinda depends what she wants to do.

JIM

Uh-huh. How'd you meet Marlene? Are you in school with her?

CHUCK

Uh, no sir. I graduated already. I uh, met Marlene through friends.

JIM

Oh. How old are you?

CHUCK

Twenty. Sir.

Jim reacts. A bit surprised. Bothered.

JIM

I see. Are you in college?

CHUCK

No sir.

JIM

Do you work?

Chuck's floundering big time here. Eyes dart about, spots the vacuum cleaner, smiles--

CHUCK

Looks like you've got a pretty old vacuum over there. I'm a Kirby salesman, I could get you a new one for a discount.

JIM

Actually, we're quite satisfied--

CHUCK

Kirby has the most powerful motor of any vacuum on the market for greater suction. And it has the exclusive patented vibrating 'Beaterbar' that shakes the grit--

MARLENE (O.S.)

Hi.

Marlene is ready. Looking good, lots of makeup, tight leather mini, big platforms. Naomi glares at her, but this time holds her tongue. Chuck stands, he's forgotten Jim, Naomi-- Marlene is all he sees. Or cares about.

MARLENE

Ready?

CHUCK

Yeahsureyoubethca--

JIM

Nice to meet you, Chuck. Have her back by eleven.

CHUCK

Yessir.

He and Marlene EXIT. Jim smiles pleasantly.

JIM

Seems like a fine young man for a change. A real go-getter.

Naomi studies one of her fish tanks. MUMBLES. Doesn't seem to hear. Suddenly somewhere else. Jim looks at his wife. Sadly. Goes to her. Hugs her. She hugs back. But look at her expression. She's confused. Frightened.

He lets go, heads back down the hall to his office. Naomi stares into the fish tank.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT BOOTH - NIGHT

Chuck and Marlene are in one of those curtained booths in a Chinatown restaurant. A CHINESE WAITER swoops in occasionally to tend them. Chuck clumsily tries to use chopsticks, drops a shrimp in his lap. Marlene watches him. Hard to read her face.

CHUCK

I been dealin' for a long time. Had to go undercover for awhile, some bigtime guys from Mexico wanted to kill me, but I hired some muscle to get rid of 'em.

MARLENE

Kill them?

Chuck just smiles enigmatically. It's painfully obvious that he's bullshitting.

CHUCK

Hey, gotta do what you gotta do.

MARLENE

You're lying. I bet you couldn't kill anything. Not even a little bug.

Chuck's humiliated. Doesn't have an answer. Marlene smiles sweetly, gobbles down a shrimp. He tries, but he can't not look at her.

EXT. NORTH BEACH - NIGHT - MOVING

With Chuck and Marlene, as they stroll past the seedy strip joints and peep shows--

MARLENE

I starred in a porn movie once. When I lived in Ecuador.

CHUCK

No shit?

MARLENE

Yeah, it was called 'To Die of Love'. That was when I was lead singing for a band in Guayaquil.

CHUCK

You were in a porn movie? Do you like have a copy of it I could borrow?

MARLENE

Nah. It was like just your basic skin flick.

CHUCK

Wow. Sometimes I sell coke to porn stars.

MARLENE

(not listening)

I learned witchcraft in Ecuador from our maids.

The 'Can You Top This' is starting to get ridiculous.

CHUCK

Like what kind of stuff can you do?

They stop walking in front of a flashing LIVE SEX sign. A BARKER CACKLES about the pleasures awaiting inside.

MARLENE

Anything I want. I can control people
with my mind. And my eyes.

Chuck gazes into those green eyes. They sure control
him.

EXT. T-BURGER - DAY

A greasy-spoon teen hangout in Northgate Mall. The
Skylark RUMBLES up.

INT. T-BURGER - DAY

Chuck rolls in, spots a high-schooler DRUGGIE PAL in a
booth with a couple of other PALS, goes to them.

CHUCK

Hey. Got it.

Passes Druggie Pal a baggie. Druggie Pal passes back
some cash.

DRUGGIE PAL

All right, Rocko.

Chuck notices a couple of school books by Druggie Pal's
arm.

CHUCK

You in Spanish?

DRUGGIE PAL

Yeah. Sucks.

Chuck slides the money back to him. Takes the book.

CHUCK

You just sold your book, man.

EXT. TLHS FRONT LAWN - DAY

The usual gang is doing dope. It's the place to be at
TLHS. Marlene is dressed in black, looks--odd. Too much
makeup. But the others treat her now as an equal.
Sharon Dillon hands Marlene a joint.

SHARON

(looks behind Marlene, laughs)
Oh-oh, Marlene. Look who's coming.

Marlene turns, holding a big hit. GASPS it out when she sees Chuck striding toward her. Carrying a bouquet of flowers.

MARLENE

Ay, cabron...

Chuck comes to her, a big shit-eating grin. Holds out the flowers.

CHUCK

(hesitant, bumbling)
Estoy...loco por ti.

Marlene's mortified. Just looks at him. He thrusts the flowers at her. She takes them. Glares at him. If he was expecting a romantic response, he was wrong.

CHUCK

You like understand Spanish, right? It means 'I'm crazy about you.'

MARLENE

I know what it means! Your accent sucks.

Sharon and the others laugh. Definitely not going well for Chuck.

SHARON

Fuck school. Let's go over to Steve's and get wasted.

The gang: "Yeah, cool, fuckin' A." Marlene glares at Chuck. He smiles nervously.

INT. STEVE DONNELLY'S HOUSE - DAY

Ever-present pot haze. THROBBING HEAVY METAL on the stereo. KIDS getting stoned, staying stoned. Sucking joints. Bongs. Snorting coke. Drinking beer, whiskey. Eating pills. RON MADDUX, a good-looking 16-year-old, makes out furiously on the couch with a STONED GIRL. Major-league '70s teenage debauchery.

Marlene's on the couch, flirts with TRAVIS, a dashing-looking longhair. Chuck is across the room, swilling a beer, sucking a joint. Watching. We don't hear what they're saying, just the NOISY HEAVY METAL. Chuck watches, getting more agitated and jealous.

Travis laughs, Marlene laughs, they share a beer. Travis puts his arm around her; she flirts shamelessly.

Chuck watches, more and more pissed. Eats the roach, washes it down with beer, heads toward Marlene. Leans over to Travis.

CHUCK
Whataya think you're doin', man?

TRAVIS
Huh?

MARLENE
Hey--

CHUCK
Marlene's...like my old lady, you need to fuckin' back off.

TRAVIS
Hey, man, I didn't know, she was comin' on to me, I--

MARLENE
(yells)
I'm not your old lady! Stop acting like you own me or something!

Every head in the place swivels to the embarrassing little romantic scene. Chuck shrinks back from her.

MARLENE
You're such a jerk! Just leave me alone!

Chuck backs away, humiliated. They're laughing at him. Marlene burns holes in him with those green eyes...

EXT. 353 HIBISCUS STREET - NIGHT

Travis drops Marlene off in front of her house. Waves, ROARS off. Marlene sways, eyes glassy, heavy-lidded. Staggers up the driveway to the front door. Takes a deep breath. She's blitzed out of her mind.

MARLENE
(sotto)
Okay....okay....One...two...three...
Straight!

Pushes open the door--

INT. OLIVES' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Naomi waits. Jim waits. And they're not happy.

MARLENE

Oh...hi. G'night.

NAOMI

Not so fast! Where've you been?!

JIM

We've been worried, honey.

MARLENE

(tries to maintain)
Friends. Just with friends.

Naomi stands, holding ever-present Scotch. Toddles over to Marlene. Mother and daughter are both in chemical hazes.

NAOMI

How dare you come home...like this!
Have you been drinking?!

MARLENE

Not as...not as much as you.

She strides off to down the hall to her room.

JIM

Don't speak to your mother that way!

MARLENE

She's not my mother!

SLAMS the door to her room. Jim stands helplessly. Naomi glares down the hallway. At her daughter's room...

EXT. NORTHGATE MALL - NIGHT

Chuck meanders past the stores. Reaches into his pockets, eats pills. Power eats them like M&Ms. Stops at a drinking fountain. Eats more pills. He's depressed, angry. Embarrassed. Strolls. Mumbles. Getting more and more and more stoned.

CHUCK

(slurred)

Marlene....Marlene....love Marlene...

And then he satches violently, pukes, and passes out on the grass.

Dissolve

INT. MARLENE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Marlene sits in front of her makeup mirror. BOWIE:
"Starman" on the stereo. She gazes into the mirror.
Studies her eyes. Tries to look intense. Wipes away the
heavy makeup from one eye. One side of her face looks
like a hooker; the other, a little girl. She glances
down.

HER POV

of the table covered with Tarot cards. She turns one
over. The HIGH PRIESTESS.

MARLENE

holds the card next to her face. Studies the dual
reflections in the mirror. She smiles. WE HEAR:

MARLENE (V.O.)

I'm evil, I'm so evil
I'm darkness in disguise
I know just what to do to steal
The color from your eyes.

EXT. HIBISCUS WAY - NIGHT

Chuck staggers down the quiet, lonely street. Late at
night. Mumbling--

CHUCK

Marlene...loveyouMarlene...Marlene...

About to pass out, close to her house, wobbly-legged,
almost there--

CHUCK

Loveyouloveyouloveyoulovemeloveme--

At her house. Sways, stares at it, keels over on the
lawn, gets up on his knees, swaying, gonna pass out,
pleads to the night air:

CHUCK

Iloveyou,Marlene...loveyou,loveme...do
anything,anything,I'myoursyoursyours,
loveyouloveyouloveyou--

--And then he retches violently, pukes, and passes out on
the grass.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. 353 HIBISCUS WAY - EARLY MORNING

PAPER BOY rides by on his bike, tosses a paper in the driveway, THWACK-- Chuck's still on the lawn, the noise wakes him up, he GROANS, scrambles to his feet, shuffles away--

Jim comes out, gets the paper. Just misses him.

INT. TLHS ENGLISH CLASSROOM - DAY

Marlene in front of the class, reading. The TEACHER, hip, longish hair.

MARLENE

"To Dostoevsky, the theme of parricide, or the murder of one's parents, represents the highest symptom of social decay, a disruption of human ties that contradicts the obligation of universal forgiveness and the promise of resurrection."

The class looks bored. The teacher nods, impressed.

INT. OLIVES' LIVING ROOM - DAY

INT. TLHS CLASSROOM - LATER

The class files out.

TEACHER

Marlene? Talk to you a minute?

(she stops)

I was very impressed by your paper.

MARLENE

Dostoevsky's all right. I like his stuff.

TEACHER

You're very bright. If you'd just...try a little harder in school you could really go far.

MARLENE

Yeah. Guess so.

Uncomfortable silence. Marlene rubs her arm. She wears the odd-looking bracelet Naomi gave her for Christmas back in Ecuador. The teacher notices it.

TEACHER

That's very nice. Exotic. Where'd you get it?

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MARLENE

I...made it. With my dad. When I lived in Ecuador, he knew some Indians up in the Andes, a witch doctor who made holy jewelry and stuff, and he talked him into teaching me how to make 'em. I mean I helped him, too, he taught me to work with silver and how to do...make mystical Incan symbols. The bracelet has power, you know? Only I know how to make it do stuff and that.

The teacher listens incredulously. Her stream of consciousness lie is so transparent. What can he say?

TEACHER

Uh-huh. Well, it's very nice.

MARLENE

Thanks. Maybe I'll make one for you some time. I gotta go.

She quickly EXITS. The teacher just smiles, shakes his head--

INT. OLIVES' LIVING ROOM - DAY

The lush, over-produced sound of 101 STRINGS washes through the house. WE HEAR Naomi HUMMING along with the elevator music, but we don't see her. At first. Just the living room. Then:

She WALTZES into view, holding a beer can, moving with the music. Alone. She joyously moves, housecoat flapping, and it's really sad watching her, but she does seem to be transported someplace else, she momentarily stops in front of one of the aquariums:

NAOMI

My precious little fitzes, how are my precious little fitzes today?

And she waltzes away. The front door opens. Marlene ENTERS. With Sharon Dillon. Stands, glares at her mother with disgust.

MARLENE

Nice, Mom. Had much to drink?

NAOMI

(keeps on waltzing)
You look slutty, Marlene. You too, Sharon--

MARLENE

Hey! Don't talk about her--

SHARON

It's cool, Marlene, no problem.

NAOMI

When I was your age I was the most beautiful girl in the county, every boy wanted to take me to dances--

Naomi's really out there, dancing, waltzes past them, they just watch her: Sharon with disbelief, Marlene with growing embarrassment and anger.

NAOMI

--Every boy wanted me. And I didn't have to behave like a harlot to woo them. I was a lady.

MARLENE

And now you're a crazy drunk.

NAOMI

(ignores her)

I could've had anybody. Anybody! All the boys wanted me. But I chose your father, and I ended up in that godforsaken country Ecuador.

MARLENE

Let's go in my room, Sharon...crazy lady's too weirded out for me.

NAOMI

I AM NOT CRAZY!

MARLENE

Yeah, right.

NAOMI

I didn't have to be a slut. Not like you.

Naomi stops waltzing, swigs the beer. Stands a few feet from Marlene. They stare at each other. And then Naomi begins to cry--

NAOMI

The boys all wanted me...could've had any of them...

SHARON

I think I'll see you later, Marlene.

She hurries out. Marlene looks at Naomi with disgust.

MARLENE

You're a fucking basket case.

NAOMI

AND YOU'RE A WHORE!

Jim emerges from the office down the hall, just in time to see Naomi hurl her beer can at Marlene, she doesn't duck quick enough, it SMACKS her in the head--

MARLENE

YOU'RE DEAD, BITCH!

Jim grabs Marlene as she LUNGES at Naomi, holds her back as she SHRIEKS at Naomi, Naomi's weeping, but smiling--

INT. JIM'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Marlene holds a washcloth to her temple. She's calmed down somewhat. Jim sits next to her.

JIM

You need to get along with your mother. She's very ill.

MARLENE

Then lock her up! She's nuts.

JIM

I won't do anything of the kind, young lady. She's ill. I'm trying my best, but she won't see a doctor. We need to help her.

MARLENE

You always take her side. If you love me you wouldn't be on her side.

JIM

I do love you, Marlene. But I'm married to her. And I don't know what else to do.

MARLENE

(slips into Spanish,
subtitled)
It's either me or her.
(long pause)
Take your pick.

INT. MARLENE'S ROOM - DAY

YES blares on the stereo. Marlene lounges on her bed. Her black cat, Rascal, is with her. She pets him. Thinking. Goes to her cluttered dresser, digs out a wax paper bag. Drugs? Dumps it out on her bed. The baby beads. She arranges the letters, plays with them. PHONE RINGS. She grabs it.

MARLENE

'lo!?

INT. CHUCK'S HOUSE - DAY

Chuck holds the phone. We can tell he's spent a long time working up the courage to call Marlene.

CHUCK

Marlene? It's Chuck. Chuck Riley.

INTERCUT:

MARLENE

(doesn't seem pissed at him)
Hiya, stranger.

CHUCK

I...just wanted to tell you...I'm sorry about bein' so weird...you know?

MARLENE

It's okay. I freak sometimes, too.

CHUCK

You...wanna try again? I mean like going out or something?

Marlene plays with the baby beads.

MARLENE

I guess.

Chuck silently high-fives the air, mouths "All right"--

MARLENE

How 'bout right now? I gotta get outa this fuckin' place. And bring some blow.

EXT. NORTHGATE MALL - DAY

The hulking green boxlike Emporium department store. Rolling Marin hills in the background.

INT. THE EMPORIUM - DAY

Chuck with Marlene. Follows her around as she pulls clothes from the racks, hands them to him.

MARLENE

I'm gettin' sick of them. They're always on my case about something stupid. I dunno why they can't just leave me alone.

Hands him a blouse decorated with flesh-colored flowers.

CHUCK

Same with my old man. Always givin' me shit about getting a job.

MARLENE

Parents are such a fucking drag.

A middle-aged SALESLADY wanders over.

SALESLADY

Do you need help?

MARLENE

No.

Saleslady seems miffed by her rudeness, leaves.

MARLENE

Let's go. I got what I want.

CHUCK

You got money?

Marlene just smiles.

INT. EMPORIUM ENTRANCE - DAY

Chuck, holding armloads of clothes, stands near the door. Marlene heads out.

MARLENE

C'mon.

Walks out. Chuck hesitates, follows. A WOMAN SHOPPER holds the door open for him. Smiles helpfully.

CHUCK

Thanks.

EXT. NORTHGATE MALL - DAY

They stroll with their booty. Easy pickings.

MARLENE

Sharon taught me that rippin' shit off is easy. Just don't look guilty. Just walk out the door like you own the place.

CHUCK

Will your parents freak when they see all this stuff?

MARLENE

Nah. They don't notice anything.

(beat)

They don't care about me. I'm so sick of 'em. All they do is hassle me. All the time, you know?

They walk. No words for a moment. Marlene stops. Stares into a store window, not really looking at anything. We watch her reflection in the window, and her expression becomes as cold and hard as the glass--

MARLENE

Sometimes I wish they were dead. I wish somebody'd kill them.

SLAM CUT TO:

TITLE CARD:

CHRISTMAS DAY
1974

NAT KING COLE: "The Christmas Song" soothing, festive, "Chestnuts roasting on an open fire..." --ah, the holidays...

INT. OLIVES' DINING ROOM - NIGHT

It's Christmas dinner. The table is all set, a big ham at the center, steaming dishes with good eats. The table is surrounded. By Jim and Naomi. Chuck. The very stoned Dillon sisters. Ron Maddox.

And Marlene. Dressed and made-up so bizarrely she looks like a cross between Ziggy Stardust and Satan. The TV is on, Naomi sips a beer and watches a rerun of CANNON, doesn't seem to be aware of what's happening. Jim's trying to be his perky self.

JIM

(POPS the cork on champagne)
Well, I'm glad Marlene invited you all
to join us for Christmas dinner. And to
celebrate, I'm gonna let you all have a
little champagne--just a bit. Nobody'll
arrest you for that! Merry Christmas!

He laughs, the kids exchange jaded glances. Naomi
watches TV.

CHUCK

Thanks, Mr. Olive.

THE DILLONS, RON

Yeah, thanks, man.

Jim pours champagne. Marlene smiles at Chuck. Warmly.
Chuck's losing weight, dressing better, taking care of
himself. Being in love seems to be doing some good.
Marlene's looking a little chunkier, though. And tired.
She reaches over, takes his hand. Gives him a grin.
Chuck's in bliss.

JIM

Mind if we turn off the TV for dinner,
Nomi?

NAOMI

For heaven's sake, Jim, of course!
'Cannon's' my favorite show.

She stares at the TV.

JIM

All right, darling.

Naomi takes a big guzzle of champagne. The massively
stoned Dillon sisters giggle. The doorbell RINGS. Jim
goes to answer it while everybody dishes up eats.

AT THE FRONT DOOR

A pair of SAN RAFAEL POLICEMEN.

COP

We're trying to find a kid named Ron
Maddox. His car's parked out front. Is
he here?

JIM

Well, yes he is, Officer. He's having
Christmas dinner with us.

AT THE TABLE

Ron's eyes widen--

RON

Shit! It's the fuckin' pigs!

And he DIVES under the table, scrambles to the other side, knocks off dishes and silverware, runs out the sliding glass door into the back yard. Marlene and Chuck watch. Marlene grins. Exhilarated. Loves it. The blitzed Dillons are more interested in stuffing their faces. They've got a bad case of the munchies.

MARLENE

What'd he do?!

Chuck shrugs. The cops run across the living room and out into the back yard. Naomi's gaze is finally pulled from the TV to the action in her own home. Jim stands, speechless. The cops come back inside, leading a handcuffed Ron. He smiles winningly at Jim.

RON

Sorry if I messed up your dinner, man.

JIM

What did this young man do, officer?

COP

He was seen with an escapee from Juvenile Hall.

RON

Hey man, I didn't know he busted outa juvie! He told me he got let out!

The cops hustle Ron out.

RON

Merry Christmas!

And just as he's pulled out the door, Marlene SLAMLOCKS eyes with him. Disengages her hand from Chuck's. Her interest in Chuck just evaporated. And Chuck knows it. Naomi looks from the TV to the carnage in her house.

NAOMI

It's just like television!

INT. OLIVES' HOUSE - DAY

Jim on his knees in front of the front door. Wielding a screwdriver. Installing a deadbolt and a chainlock. Naomi stands above him, Scotch in hand. Watching.

JIM

I don't really think this is necessary,
Nomi. This is a very safe neighborhood.

NAOMI

If it's so safe why did the police have
to arrest that...criminal...in our house
two days ago? Tell me that!

MARLENE

lounges on the couch behind them. Watches with a smug
smile. Pops a pill into her mouth.

Jim diligently installs the locks; Naomi watches over his
shoulder. Marlene pops another pill. Then grabs her
mother's half-empty Scotch bottle, washes it down. She's
silently laughing at them.

INT. BEDROOM AT STEVE DONNELLY'S HOUSE - DAY

The SOUNDS of the endless party out in the living room.
But the GASPS and MOANS of sex in the bedroom are louder.
Marlene in bed. With Ron Maddox. She's on top. Riding
him like a pony. And with each calculated thrust she
watches his face.

MARLENE

--you could kill the bitch...you could
kill the fucking bitch for me, Ron....

Another thrust, Ron's GASPING, not really in the mood to
talk--

MARLENE

....or find somebody to do it...the
bitch needs to fucking die...

Another thrust. She looks at him. Oddly expressionless.
Having sex with Marlene is...certainly different--

MARLENE

...you could help me...

RON

(gasp)
Yeah, sure, maybe!

INT. STEVE DONNELLY'S LIVING ROOM - SAME

Chuck ENTERS. Steve Donnelly looks up from doing a line.

STEVE

Chuckie! Bring s'more blow?

Chuck tosses him a vial. Chuck seems grumpy.

CHUCK

Marlene here?

STEVE

(hyper giggle)

Yeah, man. But I don't think you wanna see her.

CHUCK

Where is she?

Steve points down the hall. Big snorty chortle--

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

Getting close to finishing--

MARLENE

....kill the bitch for me, Ron, kill 'er!

Door opens. Chuck stands. Marlene looks over at him, smiles. Doesn't even slow down. Eyes flutter.

MARLENE

....mmm, hi Chuck....

Chuck SLAMS the door on the way out. Marlene tosses her long hair back, keeps riding Ron.

EXT. STEVE DONNELLY'S HOUSE - DAY

Chuck rushes out the front door, stands, agitated, insanely jealous, SMASHES the wall with his hand SLAMSLAMSLAM!, jumps in the Skylark, ROARS off down the street--

INT. OLIVES' LIVING ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON A GURGLING AQUARIUM

guppies sway in the bubbles. WE SEE Naomi's face on the other side of the aquarium, grotesquely distorted by the bubbles.

NAOMI

watches her fish. Facial tics, eyebrows moving up and down oddly. Confused. Out of it. Holds a Coors.

BLARING HEAVY METAL floats out from Marlene's room. Marlene wanders past her into the kitchen. Ignores Naomi. Marlene's starting to look tired, drawn. Too much partying. Gets a glass of orange juice from the refrigerator. She acts as if Naomi's not even there.

NAOMI

Are you seeing that criminal Ron Maddox?

MARLENE

Don't worry about it.

Starts to leave.

NAOMI

DON'T WALK AWAY FROM ME!

Marlene stops. Gives her one of those looks.

MARLENE

What!?

NAOMI

Why aren't you seeing Chuck anymore?
He's a nice young man.

MARLENE

I see who I wanna see.

And as Naomi takes a deep breath for the ugly argument we know is coming, WE:

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. 353 HIBISCUS WAY - DAY

The Olives' house. Pleasant. Suburbia. Except for the indistinct SCREAMING ARGUMENT from inside. We don't need to hang around and listen to the specifics...it's just more of the same. Venomous. Ugly. Hate. Mother and daughter. And WE HEAR:

MARLENE (V.O.)

My words are hollow
And echo in the house
Filled with the crumpled paper thoughts
Of my parents
Now their thoughts pile up
In the rooms and halls
And deaden the echo.

EXT. JUVENILE HALL - DAY

A squat governmenty-looking building at the edge of
Juvenile Hall. Sign out front: FAMILY MEDIATION
SERVICES.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

The cramped little office is like every bureaucratic
place we've ever been. DMV, IRS--all the acronyms.

Juvenile Officer SCOTT NELSON sits behind his desk.
Thirty-ish, 1975 long hair, hip clothes. A poster of the
various parts of marijuana plants hangs on the wall
behind him.

NELSON

I like to start these family sessions
with a little run-down of things you
might see around the house. Surprises
me sometimes what parents don't know--

Opens his drawer. We take the opportunity to see who
he's talking to--it's the Olive family. On folding
chairs in front of his desk. Marlene in the middle,
bookended by Jim and Naomi. Marlene chews gum. Looks
supremely bored--as only a 16-year-old can. Naomi is
dressed up, eyes dart nervously. Jim smiles pleasantly.

Nelson slides a box across the desk. Filled with drugs
and paraphernalia: roach clips, lids, pills, pipes.

NELSON

Look familiar?

JIM

Some of it. Yes.

He casts a long glance at Marlene. She smiles
weakly...caught. What can she say?

NELSON

It's good that you decided to come in,
Mr. Olive. I think I can help you. To
help your family.

JIM

We...just seem to be having a little problem getting along together lately.

NAOMI

The only problem is that Marlene behaves like a tramp.

JIM

Nomi--

NELSON

No, no, that's all right, Mr. Olive. We need to get these feelings out in the open.

MARLENE

(snide)

My mom never has any problem telling me her feelings.

NELSON

I'd like to try something that sometimes helps in these situations. It's called reverse role-playing. Marlene, I want you to introduce yourself as Naomi. Try to see things through her eyes.

Marlene and Naomi fold their arms in unison.

NAOMI

I don't see--

MARLENE

This is stupid, how come--

NELSON

(firmly)

Just give it a try. Please.

Nobody moves. Marlene and Naomi sit, arms folded. Jim looks pleadingly at the two women in his life--

MARLENE

Okay, okay. My name's Naomi Olive...I used to be beautiful but now my face is wrinkled and the veins in my legs show...I don't do anything...anything real. I sit around all day drinking beer and Scotch...I watch TV and take long naps and talk to myself and feed my fish and act crazy...I don't do anything important, I don't even like to go outa the house 'cause I'm afraid of everything...I don't love anybody but myself...especially not Marlene...
...'cause I'm not even her real mother...

She smiles at Nelson. Stares at him. And he's really unsettled.

MARLENE

How was that?

NELSON

Okay, now it's your turn, Naomi.

He tries to look away from Marlene. She won't let go. Smiles seductively. Finally lets him look at Naomi. She sits, angry and hurt. Eyes rimmed with tears.

NAOMI

I....can't do this...

JIM

Please Nomi. Just give it a try.

NAOMI

(voice shaking)

I'm Marlene Olive. I could be pretty if I didn't wear so much makeup and cheap clothes. I could do well in school if I tried and didn't hang around with garbage like those Dillon girls. I try to hurt my parents with my foul mouth and slutty ways--

(voice rising, getting into it)

And I don't care about anyone but myself, I use drugs and whore around with trash like that Maddox criminal, and I don't clean my room or do any chores I'm supposed to do around the house and I don't treat my mother with respect and I'm rude and abusive and I'm slutty/and/I'm/selfish/and/I/don't/CARE/ABOUT/ANYONE/BUT/MYSELF!

Sudden silence. Only the SOUND of Naomi GASPING. Nelson looks at them. He's never seen anything like this. Marlene SMACKS her gum. Grins at him.

SLAM CUT TO:

TITLE CARD:

FEBRUARY 22, 1975

JIMI HENDRIX: "All Along the Watchtower"--

INT. MARLENE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Marlene lounges on her bed, listens to Jimi. Dressed in black. Black sheets on the bed. Smokes a joint. BANG on the door.

NAOMI (O.S.)

Turn down that noise!

Marlene doesn't move. Flips off the door. Bored. Looks at the phone. And as if by wishing, it RINGS.

INT. PHONE BOOTH OUTSIDE JACK-IN-THE-BOX - NIGHT

Chuck nervously waits for an answer.

CHUCK

Hi, Marlene?!

INTERCUT:

MARLENE

Hi.

CHUCK

It's Chuck.

MARLENE

I figured. How you been?

CHUCK

Okay. I...heard Ron Maddox took off.

MARLENE

Yeah, with his mom. Someplace back east. The pigs were gonna pop him for rippin' off somebody's house.

CHUCK

Hmmm. Too bad. So...how you been?

MARLENE

I'm grounded for a month. Can you believe that bullshit? No reason except my fuckin' mom hates my guts.

CHUCK

Sucks.

MARLENE

I hate these fuckers.

CHUCK

Parents are a drag, for sure.

MARLENE

Sorry about that stuff with Ron.

CHUCK

No problem.

MARLENE

I should be nicer to you.

CHUCK

Yeah, you should.

They both laugh, the ice is broken, and:

The phone conversation continues, but as it does, every time we INTERCUT we also TIMECUT, and although the conversation is continuous, every time we go to Chuck he's in another phone booth in Marin, wearing different clothes, and every time we go back to Marlene, she's dressed differently, and different MUSIC blares on her stereo, and:

MARLENE'S ROOM

GRAND FUNK RAILROAD: "We're an American Band".

MARLENE

I can't handle these people much longer, Chuck. Even my dad's hassling me. And my mom's a fucking psycho--

INT. PHONE BOOTH OUTSIDE 7-ELEVEN - NIGHT

CHUCK

You could run away. With me or something.

MARLENE'S ROOM

MARLENE

I don't wanna run away. I want them to die or something. Drop dead. Bam! Just like that.

LED ZEPPELIN: "Stairway to Heaven". She's in jeans, tie-dyed T-shirt.

CHUCK

Maybe they'll die in a car crash or something.

MARLENE

Or we could cause a car crash.

INT. PHONE BOOTH OUTSIDE THE VILLA RAFAEL MOTEL - DAY

CHUCK

They'll lighten up.

MARLENE

They better. If they don't we gotta do something. You and me, you know? Would you help me if I needed help?

CHUCK

Yeah...sure. Anything.

MARLENE

Good. I know I can depend on you.

MARLENE'S ROOM

MARLENE

Are you a virgin, Chuck?

AEROSMITH: "Dream on."

She's in tight, ultra-short cutoffs, skimpy tank top--

CHUCK

Uh....no way...course not!

MARLENE

What do you do? Like to make a girl happy?

CHUCK

You mean, like sex and stuff?

MARLENE

Yeah, tell me what you do...how you do it.

CHUCK

Uh...well, I...uh kiss her.

MARLENE

Yeah...when you kiss her do you--

EXT. PHONE BOOTH OUTSIDE A&W - NIGHT

CHUCK

--tongue her....yeah, sure, I tongue her good, then I kiss her neck, then I move down--

MARLENE'S ROOM

MARLENE

--and feel her tits, do you squeeze her tits, reach up under her clothes, then do you rip off her clothes? After you tear them off do you pull off--

ARGENT: "Hold Your Head High."

Marlene in her nightgown, stretched out on the bed--

EXT. PHONE BOOTH OUTSIDE DANNY'S MARKET - NIGHT

CHUCK

--her bra, I rub her, yeah, rub her tits, her nipples get hard, I touch 'em, rub 'em, then I--

MARLENE'S ROOM

MARLENE

(breathless)

--lick them, lick her tits, do you suck her--

EXT. PHONE BOOTH OUTSIDE SAFEWAY - NIGHT

CHUCK

--tits, yeah, suck 'em hard, even bite 'em a little, the nipples, then I grab her panties and slide 'em down, and then I grab--

MARLENE'S ROOM

MARLENE

--her ass, do you grab it? Do you run your hands over her ass? Is she hot, is she moaning and stuff? When she's really starting to get hot do you kiss--

BACHMAN TURNER OVERDRIVE: "Let It Ride"--
Marlene writhes in bed--

EXT. PHONE BOOTH AT NORTHGATE MALL - NIGHT

CHUCK

--her cunt, yeah, I do all that, make her moan, you know? Whatever she wants, I do it, make her come, you know? Whatever she wants--

All Chuck hears is Marlene's HEAVY BREATHING-- It's late at night, he's completely alone. Deserted parking lot surrounds him. He has an old sleeping bag wrapped around him to ward off the cold. After the conversation he's just had he looks very agitated.

CHUCK

You still there?

MARLENE

(gaspy)

You'll do anything I want?

CHUCK

(whisper)

Anything...

MARLENE

Come and get me.

EXT. HIBISCUS WAY - NIGHT

Chuck sits in the Skylark a few houses down from the Olives. Waiting.

EXT. 353 HIBISCUS WAY - NIGHT

Marlene sneaks out the front door, carefully closes it, runs down the driveway.

EXT. HIBISCUS WAY - THE SKYLARK - NIGHT

Marlene runs up...the passenger door swings open. Chuck sits inside, a thin smile...Marlene eyelocks him tight...gets in...things are different now, something weird, sexual, even though they've never really touched they've been intimate, and the Skylark RUMBLES off into the night--

INT. THE SKYLARK - DRIVING - NIGHT

Speeding along Civic Center Drive. They're not speaking. Stereo BLARES: DEEP PURPLE: "Highway Star". Marlene looks at Chuck. Reaches over, rubs his thigh, hand moves up, rubs him--

MARLENE

Drive faster! Floor the fucker!

Chuck PUNCHES IT--

EXT. CIVIC CENTER DRIVE - NIGHT

The Skylark pierces the night, it may be a beat-up, plywood-hooded piece of shit but it sure can move and Chuck sure can drive, and it ROARS--

INT. THE SKYLARK - DRIVING - SAME

Marlene laughing, Chuck's high on Marlene, she HOLLERS wildly, HOOTS, rubs him, he's in heaven, Skylark ROARS, Deep Purple BLASTS, and:

SLAM CUT TO:

SILENCE.

The screen is black--
No...no it's not. It's just pitch dark out, and it takes us a minute to see an image--

EXT. MARIN CIVIC CENTER LAGOON - NIGHT

The Skylark parked. SILENCE. Now we can make out the inky water of the lagoon. Lonely.

INT. THE SKYLARK - SAME

Chuck and Marlene. Sitting. Silent. Marlene rubbing Chuck's thigh. He leans toward her, lips almost touch, she turns away. Teases. Smiles--

CHUCK

What, what? You don't want to?

Turns back toward him, he smiles, moves back in for that first, momentous kiss, and-- She takes his hand, kisses the fingers, sucks them, Chuck's getting real hot, she licks his fingertips--then CHOMP!--

--BITES his hand, SINKS her teeth into his flesh like a ravenous great white, he cries out, she bites harder, SLAPS his face with her other hand, he's in pain, can't do anything about it, finally lets go, he jerks his bleeding hand back, rubs it, gazes at her with horror, his blood smeared around her lips, he can't pull his eyes from hers--

MARLENE

Now...

She licks his blood from her lips; reaches toward him.
Grabs his shirt's floppy collars...YANKS!--
And on the BRRRRPP! of RIPPING polyester, we--

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. THE SKYLARK - NIGHT

Silhouetted against the dark lagoon. Alone. Silent.
And WE HEAR:

MARLENE (V.O.)

The ice is thin
You're taking a chance
You mustn't give in to everything
That enchants you.

SLAM CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: MARCH 15, 1975

Soft, soothing CHAMBER MUSIC--

INT. VELVET TURTLE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jim and Marlene at a window table overlooking Highway 101. Jim's dressed in a suit--basic businessman. And Marlene--she looks like a Sunset Strip hooker: rings on every finger, jangly bracelets, enough eye makeup for five women, tight mini. Other DINERS toss them odd looks.

JIM

What can we do to make our family work,
Marlene? I'm at wits' end.

MARLENE

Lock her up.

JIM

That's not an option! You have to help
me. She's getting worse...and so are
you. I don't know what to do. Help me.

Marlene's tough exterior softens. Still has a soft spot
for daddy.

MARLENE

Make her get off my back...lemme do what
I want.

JIM

You're only sixteen--

MARLENE

--I'm not a baby.

A COUPLE walks by on their way out, glance at Marlene, she glares daggers at them, and the rest of the scene she speaks in Spanish, Jim responds in English--

MARLENE

(subtitled)

--you guys have to give me a chance to be on my own.

JIM

Then try harder to get along with her. With us. We can't go on with this...fighting. If not for your mother's sake, then for mine. Please help me. Please.

MARLENE

(whisper, subtitled)

I don't know if I can anymore--

She reaches across the table. Takes Jim's hand. Smiles wanly. We stay on her face, and as her smile fades and her expression hardens, WE HEAR:

MARLENE (V.O.)

I wish you could have stayed
Beside me father to keep things straight
Who knows these days what might happen?
I just might break.

INT. NAOMI'S BEDROOM - DAY

Naomi's asleep/passed out in her bed. Empty beer cans on the nightstand. It's daytime, sunlight streams in the window. TV's on. BARNABY JONES. Buddy Ebsen chases a drug dealer a third his age. Naomi sleeps, mouth gaping open--

INT. MARLENE'S BEDROOM - DAY

ELO: "Evil Woman" plays softly on the stereo. Chuck sits on the bed with Marlene. She wears skimpy cutoffs, too-tight t-shirt. Chuck's macho in Levis and a tank top. He's definitely better-looking these days. They're smoking dope.

CHUCK

Sure your mom won't catch us?

MARLENE

She's too drunk to notice anything.

He leans over, covers her, a big open-mouthed spit-swapping kiss, Marlene drops her joint on the carpet, Chuck stomps it--

CHUCK

Shit, you tryin' to burn the house down?

And they giggle. Kiss. Hard. Marlene pulls away.

MARLENE

We have a connection. In past lives.

CHUCK

What?

MARLENE

I wasn't going to tell you, but I think you need to know. I was accused of being a witch...in Salem. And you were the only one who defended me.

CHUCK

(smiles)

C'mon.

MARLENE

I don't kid about this kind of stuff.

Throws him a look that freezes him. Smile fades.

MARLENE

We belong together. I'm still a high priestess. I have power. Don't forget it.

She pulls off the cheap bracelet Naomi gave her so long ago in Ecuador.

MARLENE

Wear this. I can communicate with you anywhere in the world as long as you wear it.

CHUCK

(slips it on)

Where'd you get it?

MARLENE

A warlock...in Ecuador. During a blood sacrifice, right after the virgin died, he gave it to me. And now it's yours. I've given it power...

Chuck rubs his wrist. He sure believes her. She's very persuasive, even when she's way out there-- Naomi GROANS in her bedroom. Marlene looks disgusted.

MARLENE

Let's get outa here. I don't like being too close to that bitch.

INT. THE SKYLARK - DRIVING - DAY

Cruising North San Pedro Road. Marlene opens the glove compartment.

MARLENE

Any goodies?

CHUCK

Always. Some rainbows, reds, couple tabs.

She rummages around, pulls out a revolver. Big grin.

MARLENE

What's this for?

CHUCK

(tries to sound badass)
The business I'm in, never know when somebody might try and rip you off.

EXT. MUDFLATS - DAY

BLAMBLAMBLAM! Bottles SHATTER! Chuck blows the smoke from the barrel like a gunfighter, hands it to the eager Marlene. She holds it with both hands, aims, squeezes the trigger, BLAM! Misses. Tries again. BLAM!missesBLAM!missesBLAM!hits one! She's got a big high off this, rubs the barrel, gives it to Chuck--

MARLENE

Let's go to the firepit!

EXT. CHINA CAMP FIREPIT - DAY

ELO: "Evil Woman" on the soundtrack.

A beautiful spot. Oak trees form a canopy, lush. Beautiful. The Skylark is parked by a large, circular concrete cistern. It used to hold water for cattle, now it's a big barbecue pit. Perfect place for Terra Linda teens to party and make out.

Which is exactly what Chuck and Marlene are doing right now. Except what they're doing is something more than your average teenage make-out. They're underneath a gnarled, scary-looking tree up the hill from the cistern.

Marlene's arms are bound behind her and she's tied to the tree trunk. She struggles against the ropes. Chuck sits in front of her, looks frightened. Odd. She's the one tied up.

MARLENE

Use the knife!

Chuck swallows, takes out a switchblade, hesitates--

MARLENE

Do it!

SNAPS open. We notice that he has the gun tucked in his waistband. He moves toward her with the blade, she gasps, closer, he POPS the top button on her blouse--

MARLENE

Fuck you, punk!

Fantasy time. He POPS the next button, the next, Marlene squirms, spits at him, and now he's getting into the game, pops the last button, rips off her shirt...slides the knife under her bra strap, hesitates...cuts it, pulls off her bra, she squirms--

MARLENE

More! Rip off the fucking pants!

He follows orders, pulls off her jeans, she's fighting him but going along too, he's losing control, she's losing control, this is way too kinky, frightening, sickly erotic, then--

MARLENE

(gasping)

The gun! Use the gun!

Chuck doesn't understand at first, pulls back, she looks down where her pants used to be, he understands, is absolutely horrified--

CHUCK

--no...you could...get hurt or something--

MARLENE

USE THE FUCKING GUN!

He can't say no. He pulls the gun from his belt. And for the rest of this we stay on their faces--

CHUCK
I'll take out the bullets...

MARLENE
Leave 'em in! I want 'em in, now, use
it. USE IT!

Chuck is disgusted, exhilarated. He moves the gun out of
frame, movement, Marlene's eyes suddenly widen, then
flutter--

MARLENE
...yeah, move it...yeah, that's right...

She quivers, aroused beyond words, Chuck watches her
reaction, horrified, turned-on, can't believe this--

MARLENE
--pull back the hammer....

CHUCK
God no!

MARLENE
(gyrating)
Pull/back/the/hammer/now/I/want/it/now--

He can't resist. METALLIC CLICK! And Marlene's in
orbit, throws her head back, lets loose with a feral
HOWL--

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. THE BARBECUE PIT - LATER

Chuck and Marlene sit on the edge of the concrete
barbecue pit. Disheveled. Marlene has her ripped
clothes back on. Chuck looks exhausted. Smokes a joint,
offers Marlene a hit.

She takes it. Neither says anything for a moment. Late
afternoon sunlight filters through the oak canopy.
After. Not much to say. Marlene suddenly stiffens, sits
up.

CHUCK
(notices)
What?

MARLENE
I'm scared.

CHUCK
Of what?

She stands, paces. Looks up.

HER POV

of the tree canopy above. Spins, twirls--

MARLENE

spins 'round and 'round. Starts to laugh. Then, a blood-curdling SCREAM--

CHUCK

Jesus, what's wrong?!

MARLENE

Get me outa here! I told you, I'm scared!

CHUCK

Of what?!

MARLENE

ME!

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. CHINA CAMP - DAY

The dirt road leading from the firepit. Thin plumes of dust behind the Skylark, it drives off toward North San Pedro Road, San Pablo Bay in the distance, and WE HEAR:

MARLENE (V.O.)

Drink from the silver goblet
Blood that pours through my veins
Focus your anger on evil
Notice the knife in your hand
The sweet aroma in the air
Makes it easier to follow my dare

SLAM CUT TO:

TITLE CARD:

MARCH 26, 1975

AEROSMITH: "Walk This Way" all through the following--

INT. THE EMPORIUM DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Chuck and Marlene wander through the cosmetics department. Marlene picks up a compact, absently looks at it, then slips her hand into Chuck's back pocket. Pats his butt like a good girlfriend. So long compact.

INT. THE EMPORIUM - LATER

Now in the jewelry department. Marlene looks at some earrings, pulls a couple off the display, slips them into Chuck's pocket.

INT. THE EMPORIUM - STILL LATER

Marlene browses racks of bell bottoms, hands some to Chuck. He dutifully carries them along behind her. Has a huge load of clothes.

EXT. EMPORIUM PARKING LOT - DAY

Chuck and Marlene head toward the Skylark, giddy:

MARLENE

We got some great stuff...stupid
assholes never noticed!

She puts her arm around him. He can hardly walk he's carrying so much stuff. They come to the Skylark, he opens the trunk, then:

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Stop right there!

They spin. Two PLAIN CLOTHES SECURITY GUYS run toward them.

CHUCK

...fuuuuck....

SECURITY GUY

Set the clothes down. You'll need to
come back inside.

Chuck smiles pleasantly, does as he's told. The security guys look into the trunk. Overflowing with stolen goods. They exchange looks--

SECURITY GUY

Jesus, you two've been busy--

EXT. JUVENILE HALL FIELD - DAY

Juvie INMATES play basketball. Marlene stands alone at the tall chain link fence. Gazes. At freedom. Wants out bad. Crying.

INT. SCOTT NELSON'S OFFICE - DAY

The Olive family sits in front of Nelson's desk. Marlene is off to one side this time--Jim and Naomi to the other. Parents vs. child. Marlene isn't so cocky anymore.

NELSON

It's serious this time, Marlene. You're in big trouble.

Marlene begins to cry. Nelson frightens her.

NELSON

And your boyfriend's been charged with grand larceny.

JIM

I thought Chuck was a good kid. She certainly won't be seeing him anymore. He pulled her into this, I'm sure she wouldn't be in this trouble if it wasn't for the people she runs around with.

NELSON

(stern)

Marlene has to take responsibility for her actions, Mr. Olive.

Marlene sniffles back tears. Naomi sits, stewing. Unmoved.

NELSON

You've had a week in the hall, Marlene. Made any decisions?

MARLENE

(weepy)

Yeah.

NELSON

And?

MARLENE

I don't wanna be locked up, I wanna come home and start fresh, I want us to be a family.

NAOMI

How can we ever believe you? Your room's always a pigpen, you stay out all night with those criminals, you dress like a streetwalker, you treat us with contempt. And now you drag all these people into our private affairs. You...sometimes I think you hate me...sometimes I think I might get murdered in my bed!

The bizarre non sequitur elicits confused looks from everybody.

JIM

That isn't helpful, Nomi.

(to Nelson)

Marlene's just confused...you know how teenagers can be. Bad friends and all.

NELSON

Are you willing to try, Marlene? To change?

MARLENE

Yeah.

She's weepy, contrite, for all the toughness we've seen, she's still a frightened 16-year-old.

MARLENE

I'll...follow their rules, I'll be better, I promise...I love them both, I'll show them the real Marlene, inside I'm good...I just wanna get outa here, I wanna go home!

JIM

I can't stand having my little girl in jail. Please let her come home with us.

Nelson considers. Less than sure. Marlene looks at Naomi. Naomi's eyebrows move strangely. And WE HEAR:

MARLENE (V.O.)

Shall we pick our roles and play a part?
If you can be an animal and reflect the
beast in me
Why can't I be a person and reveal the
human in you?

INT. THE VEGA - DRIVING - DAY

Marlene in the back seat, red-eyed from crying. Naomi's furious.

NAOMI

Well, wasn't that humiliating. Parading our family troubles in front of the world.

MARLENE

I'm sorry.

NAOMI

Why weren't you sorry before you were arrested? Why'd you have to drag us through this hell?!

MARLENE

I said I was sorry!

JIM

Let's not shout at each other.

(beat)

Things are going to change, Marlene. First off, you are not to see Chuck anymore. Is that understood?

MARLENE

It's not his fault!

NAOMI

It is his fault! All the trouble you've gotten into since we moved here is because of the hoodlum friends you have. And Chuck's the worst. He pretended to be a good, he dragged you down, he's a terrible person!

MARLENE

He's harmless. He'd do anything for me.

NAOMI

(suddenly goes ballistic)

HE'S HORRIBLE!

Naomi starts JABBERING, we don't hear what she's saying, Marlene tunes out, stares out the car window at the passing Marin hills, and WE HEAR:

MARLENE (V.O.)

It's the same old thing
Yelling and screaming
Accusing everyone and everything
No, you haven't changed at all.

INT. MARLENE'S ROOM - NIGHT

ELTON JOHN: "Love Lies Bleeding" on the stereo. Loud. Marlene chops coke with a razor, hoovers a couple of lines. Scribbles mad, coke-induced poetry on a yellow pad. Picks up the phone, dials:

INT. CHUCK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Phone RINGS. Chuck is at the kitchen table, eating a Pop Tart, rubs the bracelet Marlene gave him. Looks depressed.

CHUCK

'lo?

INTERCUT:

MARLENE

Are you okay?

CHUCK

Hi! Yeah...miss you. I'm out on OR. Parents are sure pissed, though. My dad said I gotta get a job or they'll kick me outa the house. How 'bout you?

MARLENE

We're fucked. They won't let me see you anymore. We gotta do something.

CHUCK

What?

MARLENE

I'll think of something. You're still on my side, aren't you?

CHUCK

Always. I love you.

MARLENE

Yeah. Good. 'Bye.

She hangs up. Opens a baggie, eats a couple of pills--

INT. JIM'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Jim's hard at work at his desk. Door opens. Marlene stands, leans against the doorjamb. Heavy-lidded. Wobbly. Blitzed out of her mind. Jim finally senses she's there, looks up.

JIM

Hi honey. It's awfully late.

MARLENE

(slurred)

Three's a crowd. Maybe you and Mom can make it better without me.

JIM

Just because your mom and I are married doesn't mean that you're excluded.

She stands, stares at him. Looks about ready to pass out. "Love Lies Bleeding" in the background. She says nothing, walks back into her room:

INT. MARLENE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Closes the door behind her. Goes to her desk, picks up a framed picture of her with her parents in Ecuador. Happier times. Pulls the picture out. Stares at it. Takes the coke razor. Begins to slowly SLASH it. And with Elton in the background, WE HEAR:

MARLENE (V.O.)

There's a voice behind me
I fear the tone it speaks
For it knows what I don't
I wish it would vanish
Or loosen its control
But I fear it's too late
For it has taken me over
And is playing my fate

SLAM CUT TO:

TITLE CARD:

MAY 23, 1975

STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO TITLE MUSIC--

INT. NAOMI'S BEDROOM - DAY

Naomi is in bed. TV on to a STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO rerun. Slurps up a Coors. Drunk.

NAOMI

Marlene!

INT. MARLENE'S ROOM - DAY

Marlene watches cartoons. Hears Naomi. Smokes a joint. Ignores her.

NAOMI (O.S.)

Make me lunch, please. I'm hungry.

Doesn't move. Picks up a pill-filled baggie.

NAOMI (O.S.)

Marlene! I'm hungry!

She looks at the baggie.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY - CLOSE

on a bubbly saucepan of soup. POWDER sprinkles on its surface.

MARLENE

holds an open capsule over the soup. Empties it. Opens another. Dumps it in. Stirs. Opens another capsule--

INT. NAOMI'S ROOM - DAY

Marlene brings a tray in. Bowl of soup. Coffee. Salad. Nice lunch. Puts it by her mother. A cheesy-looking, big-eyed childhood portrait of Marlene hangs over the bed.

NAOMI

Thank you.

MARLENE

Sure--

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Marlene stands by Naomi's door, listens.

NAOMI (O.S.)

There's something wrong with this soup, Marlene. It tastes bitter. Marlene!

MARLENE

Then don't eat it!

NAOMI (O.S.)

There must be something wrong with my tastebuds.

Marlene stands in the hallway. Disappointed. Relieved? Whatever. The line's been crossed. Watch Marlene's face. Thinking. Eyes moving. Excited. She peeks in Naomi's door:

MARLENE'S POV

of Naomi. Watching TV. Slackjawed. Uneaten lunch in front of her. Sips her beer. And WE HEAR:

MARLENE (V.O.)

It's nearly the end
And you sit there idle
Wearing funny faces
And reaching for a drink
It's nearly time for you to fall asleep
So drunk from a hard day's labor
Of doing nothing
Shed no tears for we all must end
Sooner or later we all come to an end.

EXT. VILLA RAFAEL MOTEL - NIGHT

Traffic rushes by on Lincoln Street. The Skylark is parked in the lot.

INT. VILLA RAFAEL ROOM 42 - NIGHT

Chuck and Marlene. Having wild sex. Marlene is all over him. On top. Marlene MOANS, she's getting what she wants. Hard to tell about Chuck. She's done. Rolls off. Sweaty.

MARLENE

Fucking bitch.

One track mind. Lights up a joint. Rings under her wild eyes, sallow, gaining weight, she's hyper, losing touch, getting worse--

MARLENE

The fucking bitch's gotta die, Chuck.
Can you find somebody to kill her for me?

Chuck gets up, pulls on his pants. Obviously disturbed by murder talk.

CHUCK

Dunno. Maybe.

Grabs the joint from her, takes a big hit.

MARLENE

(sing-songy)
Chu-uuck...if you won't help me I'll
find somebody who will.

CHUCK

Okay, okay, I'll see what I can do.

MARLENE

Cocksucking bitch! It's getting harder
and harder to sneak out to see you. I
dunno how much longer we can do this.

(beat)

I got an idea! You break in the house,
rape me, kill them, I tell the pigs that
some crazy dope fiend did it!

She laughs hysterically. Chuck isn't amused.
She stops laughing as suddenly as she started.

MARLENE

Do something, Chuck. I can't take the
fuckers much longer.

Eyelocks him. He can't look away.

MARLENE

Gimme your knife.

He takes it out of his pocket, hands it to her. She
CLICKS it open. Smiles seductively.

MARLENE

C'mere.

INT. OLIVES' DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Silent, angry dinner. The three of them might as well be
a million miles apart. Marlene's blitzed, looks rotten.
Naomi's hungover, Jim's just weary.

JIM

(to Marlene)

The juvenile judge issued a court order
today. At my request.

MARLENE

Huh?

JIM

We're not stupid, Marlene. We know
you've been sneaking around with Chuck.
So now there's a court order forbidding
you from seeing him. And if you do,
you'll both be in even more trouble.

Marlene's so stoned she just shrugs.

MARLENE

Yeah. Whatever.

JIM

I wish I knew what was going on in your head.

Marlene looks up. Focuses on him. With a tired sigh:

MARLENE

(in Spanish, subtitled)
It's better you don't.

INT. STEVE DONNELLY'S HOUSE - DAY

The endless party. As usual. BLACK SABBATH: "Paranoid" blaring. Chuck lounges on the couch, sucking the ever-present joint. Sharon Dillon plops down next to him.

SHARON

Some little bitch named Jody's been complaining about a lid Marlene owes her. Says she paid Marlene and never got the weed.

CHUCK

Probably just forgot.

SHARON

Tell Marlene. The chick's really pissed. Said if she doesn't get her money back she might narc.

CHUCK

Yeah. Fuck her.

Chuck leans forward to take a hit, Sharon notices a blood spot on the couch behind him.

SHARON

Hey, you're bleeding!

He just nods. She looks at his back. A big wet bloody splotch. She gently eases his shirt off his shoulder. He doesn't resist. She sees what it is--

SHARON

Jesus!

CLOSE ON CHUCK'S SHOULDER

and we see what's bleeding. Neatly carved in his shoulder: M L O.

SHARON

What kinda shit are you into with her?!

CHUCK

is a long way off. Somewhere else.

CHUCK

They're trying to keep us apart. She wants me to kill 'em.

SHARON

She's using you, Chuck. You aren't gonna help her with this murder stuff, are you? Do you love her that much?

CHUCK

I'll do what needs to be done.

(beat)

I'd die for Marlene.

INT. MARLENE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Marlene sprawls on her bed, BLUE OYSTER CULT: "Don't Fear the Reaper" on the stereo. She's reading a witchcraft book. Door swings open. Jim stands there, glaring at her. Naomi right behind him.

JIM

Turn down that garbage.

There's a gruff tone in his voice we haven't heard before. Neither has Marlene. She turns off the music.

JIM

I got a call today from a man named Martin Swafford. Sound familiar?

MARLENE

No.

JIM

He told me you were going to sell his daughter Jody some drugs. He told me you stole her money. He told me that if you don't square it with them he's going to call the police and turn you in as a dealer.

MARLENE

It's no big deal. I don't even know the broad. Besides, it was only pot, it could've been heroin.

JIM

I've reached the end of my rope with you, Marlene. So this is what's going to happen: for the rest of the summer you are not to see any of your friends. You are not to leave the house without my permission. And next fall you're going to boarding school. Like it or not. That's the way it is.

He turns, walks out. Naomi stands, smirks at Marlene.

MARLENE

What're you looking at, you fucking bitch! This is what you wanted, isn't it?! Get rid of me so you can have Daddy all to yourself!

Jim comes back into the room, strides to Marlene, stands above her for a moment, then SLAPS her.

JIM

Don't talk to your mother like that.
Ever again.

Marlene's so shocked she doesn't react. Jim goes to the door, stands with Naomi, Naomi throws Marlene a last triumphant smirk. Parents vs. Daughter. Daughter loses. Naomi slowly shuts the door.

Marlene doesn't scream, swear, weep--nothing you'd expect. A single tear slowly leaks out the corner of her eye. And WE HEAR:

MARLENE (V.O.)

No more time to stand alooking
No more time for child's play
Now we're down to the nitty-gritty
There's no back door that way.

EXT. WALKWAY BETWEEN HIBISCUS AND FREITAS PKWY. - NIGHT

Late at night. Quiet. Narrow walkway between cookie-cutter houses. Overhanging trees, shrubs. Chuck paces nervously. Waiting.

MARLENE (O.S.)

Chuck!

He turns. Marlene, a dark SILHOUETTE at the end of the walkway. He rushes to her. Hugs her. They kiss. All very romantic. Until she starts to talk--

MARLENE

The fucking bitch has to die. Soon.

CHUCK

C'mon, Marlene. Forget about all this killing--

MARLENE

(jerks away from him)
They're sending me away.

(long, long pause)
You better do something fast or we're
finished.

SLAM CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1975
10:15 A.M.

CHUCKACHUCKACHUCKA of Rainbird sprinklers--

EXT. HIBISCUS WAY - DAY

The first day of summer. Suburbia. We look around the street. Sprinklers. A SUBURBIA GUY mows his lawn. Another SUBURBIA GUY washes his car. A KID shoots hoops in his driveway.

353 HIBISCUS WAY

Quiet. No activity outside. Green Vega wagon parked in the driveway.

INT. MARLENE'S ROOM - DAY

SCOOBY DOO on the TV. Marlene watches. While she WHACKS at one of her 6-inch platforms with a large, red-handled claw hammer. Trying to fix a broken strap. Not having much luck. Jim pokes his head in the door.

JIM

I'm going to move some things into the new office with Phil. We've got a two o'clock appointment with Jody Swafford and her dad at the Safeway parking lot. I don't want them coming here and upsetting your mother.

MARLENE

Yeah. Okay.

JIM

You are not to leave the house.

MARLENE

Okay! I'm not retarded or something.

INT. OLIVES' KITCHEN - LATER

Marlene pours herself some orange juice. Naomi sits at the dining room table. Housecoat. Tipsy.

NAOMI

Do the dishes.

MARLENE

I'm watching TV.

Marlene walks back to her room. Naomi follows.

INT. MARLENE'S ROOM - DAY

Naomi at the door.

NAOMI

Do the dishes! NOW!

MARLENE

You do it! You're just a drunk crazy lady!

NAOMI

At least I'm not a dope pusher like some people I know! You're trash, Marlene, white trash--

MARLENE

Shut the fuck up!

NAOMI

Foul-mouthed gutter whore! Drug addict, slut, you don't care about anything but yourself, selfish little Latin swine!

MARLENE

Stop it, just stop right now, I'm--

NAOMI

--Your mother was a whore, she was a knocked-up whore, and you're just like her!

MARLENE

My mother was a million times better
than you!

NAOMI

She was a whore, whorewhorewhore!

MARLENE

(slams hands over ears)
SHUTUPSHUTUPSHUTUPSHUTUPSHUTUP!

NAOMI

She gave you away, mommywhore gave her
baby away because she knew you were a
little babywhore!

That's it, Marlene LUNGES at her, SLAMS her up against
the wall, Naomi takes a boozy swing at her--

MARLENE

I HATE YOU!

NAOMI

I HATE YOU TOO!

MARLENE

BITCH! COCKSUCKING BITCH!

Marlene SHOVES her out of the room, SLAMS the door,
GASPING, weeping, grabs the phone, dials--

INT. RILEYS' KITCHEN - DAY

Phone RINGS. Oscar and Joanne are drinking coffee,
reading the paper. Chuck hurries in, grabs the phone.

CHUCK

Got it!
(beat)
Hello?

INTERCUT:

MARLENE

(through tears)
Get your gun. The bitch dies.

Chuck tries to cover up so his parents won't know who it
is.

CHUCK

Yeah. Hi. Uh, I don't have it, Mike
Howard loaned me some money, I let him
hold it for collateral.

MARLENE

Get it back!

CHUCK

Well, but my car's busted.

MARLENE

Then walk! Hitch-hike, I don't care!
Get the gun. I'll call you at Mike's.

She hangs up. Chuck holds the phone. Slowly hangs up.

OSCAR

(looks over top of newspaper)
Who was that?

CHUCK

Nobody.

He hurries out. Oscar and Joanne exchange disapproving glances. They know who it was.

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS NEAR CHUCK'S HOUSE - DAY

He strolls along the abandoned railroad tracks. Walks on one rail, tries to balance. Slips off. Pulls out a pill-filled baggie, sucks up a handful. Fires up a joint. Acting...odd. Even for Chuck. Detached. Disjointed. Stoned. Heading toward Marlene.

EXT. 1414 LINCOLN AVENUE - DAY

A ratty-looking, two-story office building.

SUPER:

11:15 A.M.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Jim and Phil Royce move a desk into place. Newly-painted sign on the glass door: GENERAL BUSINESS SERVICES.

JIM

Oughta about do it.

PHIL

We'll open her up Monday morning, huh partner?

JIM

Sure. Good. Listen, I've got to head home. Little problem with Marlene.

PHIL
(understanding smile)
Teenage girls are a real joy, aren't
they?

Jim smiles wearily.

INT. NAOMI'S ROOM - DAY

She's passed out/napping in her bed. TV on. Unwatched.

INT. MARLENE'S ROOM - DAY

Marlene, puffy-eyed, angry. Stares at CARTOONS on TV.
Enraged.

INT. OLIVES' LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jim ENTERS. Walks down the hall. Stops at Marlene's
door. But doesn't look in. Goes to Naomi's door, peeks
in. She's asleep. He goes to the master bedroom--

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

He sits on the bed, slips off his shoes, glances at the
alarm clock on the nightstand--

THE ALARM CLOCK - 12:05 P.M.

JIM

leans back against the headboard, gets comfortable.
Quick nap time.

INT. MARLENE'S ROOM - LATER

She CLICKS off the TV. Picks up the red-handled claw
hammer. Studies it.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Marlene stands at Naomi's door. Looks in. Naomi's
asleep. Marlene holds the claw hammer. Stares at her
mother. Moves to Jim's door. Peeks in. He's napping.
Breathes slowly and evenly. She holds the hammer up.
Looks at him. Then the hammer. Considers. Silence.
Except for Jim's breathing. She turns, goes into her
room:

INT. MARLENE'S ROOM - SAME

Closes the door, picks up her 6-inch busted platform shoe and just BEATS THE LIVING HELL out of it with the claw hammer--

INT. MIKE HOWARD'S HOUSE - DAY -

Mike and Sharon Dillon drink beer and make out on the living room couch. KNOCK at the door. Mike disentangles from Sharon, goes to the door. Chuck walks in, bedraggled and stoned.

MIKE

Hey, Rocko.

CHUCK

Parents home?

MIKE

Outa town. Me and Sharon gonna get fucked up big time.

CHUCK

Cool.

He pulls some joints from his pocket. Tosses one to Sharon, hands the other to Mike.

SHARON

Thanks, Chuck.

CHUCK

No problem.

(to Mike)

I need my gun back, man.

(beat)

Let's do some blow.

Chuck's scary. He's doing frightening amounts of drugs. Chases his snort with a couple of pills and a hit off the joint. Even Mike and Sharon watch him with concern.

MIKE

Flyin' high, Rocko?

Chuck doesn't answer, just snorts another line. Phone RINGS! Sharon answers.

SHARON

Yeah, he's here. Just a minute.

(beat, to Chuck)

It's Marlene.

Chuck hurriedly snorts another line, rubs the leftovers on his gums, grabs the phone from Sharon.

CHUCK

Hi.

We don't hear Marlene's side of the conversation.

CHUCK

I dunno. Hit her hard, I guess. Hit her as hard as you've ever hit anybody.

Mike and Sharon exchange glances.

CHUCK

Okay. Okay. Yeah. Bye.

MIKE

(whispers, to Sharon)
Poor fucker's so pussy-whipped.

SHARON

For sure.

Chuck staggers back over to them. He's way out there.

CHUCK

Need the gun, man.

MIKE

Yeah, okay.

Mike goes back to a bedroom. Chuck reaches into his pocket.

CHUCK

Wanna drop a tab?

SHARON

Uh-uh. You're really getting fucked up.

CHUCK

Yeah. So? What the fuck?

SHARON

Nothing. Just making conversation.

Chuck sucks up the tab, washes it down with a beer guzzle. Mike comes back out with the gun. Chuck checks it.

CHUCK

(pissed)
It's not loaded!

MIKE

(jokey)
Gonna shoot somebody, Rocko?

Chuck just looks at him.

INT. SEARS SPORTING GOODS DEPARTMENT - DAY

MUZAK: "Hey Jude"--incredibly bland.

Chuck and Mike wait behind a nice-looking Terra Linda FAMILY as they buy a croquet set. Mom, Dad, two little kids. Loving family. Chuck's heavy-lidded, drugged out eyes stare at them. He holds a box of bullets.

EXT. LAS GALLINAS AVENUE - DAY

Chuck waits to cross the busy street. A paper lunch bag on the ground at his feet. Picks it up, pulls the gun out from under his shirt and puts it in the bag. We've never seen him so stoned, blitzed, out-of-this-world before. Having trouble focusing. Runs across the street, a car SCREECHES, HONKS, Chuck runs across the street, doesn't care--

EXT. HOLLY DRIVE - DAY

Chuck wanders down the sidewalk, closer, toward Marlene--

EXT. HIBISCUS WAY - DAY

Chuck carefully sneaks up to Marlene's house. Stands at the corner. Stares. Tries to focus.

CHUCK'S POV

of 353 Hibiscus Way. Green Vega in the driveway. Moves closer, closer, closer-- Marlene in the kitchen window. Waves him away.

CHUCK

ducks behind some azalea bushes in the yard next door. GASPING, stoned, tries to maintain, losing touch with reality. Studies the azalea leaves, he's out of it, frightened, fucked-up, gasping, can't control his breathing, and:

EXT. 353 HIBISCUS WAY - SAME

The green Vega wagon backs out of the driveway, and:

CHUCK'S

head SNAPS up from the azalea bushes, sees the Vega driving by, Jim at the wheel, Marlene spots Chuck, nods, Chuck jumps up, heads toward 353 Hibiscus Way, and:

THE DRIVEWAY

Chuck hurries to the front door, guilty-looking, tries the front door, it swings open, he hesitates, goes in, and:

THE FOYER

Chuck stands, gasping, can't catch his breath, holds the gun/bag up, freezes:

CHUCK'S POV

his image in the full-length foyer mirror, gasping, disheveled, fucked-up, gazes at himself, fascinated, like a nightmare, stands, stares, then looks toward the hall, and:

THE HALLWAY

he moves slowly, slowly, tall bureau in the hall, odd, takes up so much space, moves down the hallway, holds the bag, gasping, moving, moving...toward Naomi's room, moving, gasping, closer, closerclosercloser at the doorway, about to go in, and:

EXT. SAFEWAY PARKING LOT - DAY

SUPER:

1:57 P.M.

Green Vega pulls up. Jody Swafford, 16-years-old with long straight hair and her father MARTIN, a crabby-looking man of forty-five, wait in their car. Martin and Jim get out. Their daughters stay in their cars. Don't look at each other.

JIM

Martin Swafford?
(Swafford nods)
A check be okay?

MARTIN

Yes. I don't condone my daughter trying to buy drugs, but you're daughter needs serious help.

JIM

We're trying. She's just fallen in with a rough crowd. This isn't like her. She's a good girl.

Marlene sits in the Vega, stone still. Stares off into the distance at the brown Marin hills. A million miles away. Jim writes a check, and:

INT. THE HALLWAY - DAY

We look down the hallway. Don't move. Dim. WE HEAR:

CHUCK (O.S.)

(panic-stricken, crying)

Jesus, motherfucker, oh Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!

We move, SLOWLY, down the hall, toward Naomi's room, toward Chuck's horrified voice, slowly, slowly, NOISE, CRACKING SOUND--

CHUCK (O.S.)

No, NoNoNo, Jesus, No, God, get it offa me, get it offa me, oh, fuck, Jesus--

Moving, slowly, toward the doorway, almost there, his voice, horror in his voice--
And we come to the door,
we slowly, excruciatingly,
make the turn, look into Naomi's room, and:

NAOMI'S ROOM

He's hunched over her, in bed. We move to the side, and: Jesus, most ghastly thing we've ever seen, there's the red claw hammer buried in Naomi's head, blood, Chuck pulling on the hammer, Naomi's GURGLING, GASPING, STRUGGLING--

CHUCK

NO, JESUS CHRIST, NO, GET IT OUT, GET IT OUT!

--As she struggles, he YANKS the claw hammer, POPS out of her skull, wet CRACK!, BLOOD GEYSER shoots across the room, SPLATTERS, Chuck splashed, Naomi CONVULSING, horrible GASPING, GURGLING, FLOPPING, Chuck madly tries to rub the blood off his arms--

CHUCK
JESUS, GET IT OFF, GET IT OFF!

Naomi FLOPS on the bed, blood FLIES, SPLATTERS, Chuck tries to dodge it, can't, getting splashed, can't take it, JUMPS on the bed, raises the hammer, Naomi GASPS, WET, DYING GURGLE, and Chuck, in tears, can't take it, make her stop bleeding, make her stop breathing, HAMMER COMES DOWN!, and on the BONECRUSH!:

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. 353 HIBISCUS WAY - DAY

The green Vega pulls up in the driveway. Jim gets out, Marlene stays in the car. Jim looks at her.

JIM
You coming?

She slowly gets out of the car. Acts like she's somewhere else.

JIM
What on earth is wrong with you?

MARLENE
Don't...go in there.

He gives her a puzzled look, closes the car door, and:

INT. NAOMI'S ROOM

Chuck hears the CAR DOORS, drops the hammer, blood-covered, panicked, fucked-up, grabs the gun/bag, scrambles out of the bloody room, into:

THE HALL

Panicked, confused, runs one way, front door opens, spins, hides behind the big bureau in the hallway, gasping, crying, terrified, blood rolling down his face like sweat, and:

THE FOYER

Jim heads down the hall. Marlene stands in the foyer. Looks at her reflection in the foyer mirror.

JIM (O.S.)
Nomi? We're home.

We stay with Marlene.

HER FACE

Closes her eyes. Like she expects something. Waits.
Her face. Opens her eyes.

NAOMI'S ROOM

Jim ENTERS--

JIM

OHMYGOD, NOMI, WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU?!

THE HALLWAY

Chuck scrambles from behind the bureau, staggers, runs
toward the foyer, stops at Naomi's door, and:

NAOMI'S ROOM

Jim SPINS on the sound, sees Chuck--

JIM

WHAT...I'LL KILL YOU, YOU BASTARD!

CHUCK

frozen, run, hide, what to do?! Frozen, Jim screaming at
him, blood everywhere, can't move, raises the gun/bag,
and:

CLOSE ON MARLENE'S EYES

They SLAM SHUT!--BLAMBLAMBLAMBLAMBLAM! DULL THUD of a
body falling on the carpet. SILENCE. PULL BACK TO
REVEAL:

MARLENE

standing, rigid, in the foyer. Eyes locked shut.
Breathless. Waits. FOOTSTEPS come toward her. Wait.
Her EYES OPEN. Chuck stands at the hallway. Holds the
paper bag. Bottom blown out by gunshots. Still smokes.
He looks dully at Marlene. Walks past her. Flops on the
couch. She stands in the foyer. Won't--or can't--move.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Chuck sits on the couch. Stares into the fireplace.
Covered with blood. Still holds the gun/bag. LYNRYD
SKYNYRD: "Freebird" on the stereo.

Marlene sits next to him. Gently caresses his blood-
spattered hair. He's drugged, in shock. Drops the gun.
Marlene strokes him, rubs his chest.

MARLENE

Everything's all right now, Chuck.
 Don't worry. We'll always be together.
 We'll get married after we get the
 inheritance.

She begins to kiss him. He doesn't respond. She kisses
 his face, neck, chest. He begins to acknowledge her.
 Rubs her. She's getting turned on, kisses, pulls off his
 shirt, he pulls off her blouse, FREEBIRD WAILS, and as
 they begin to have sex:

INT. NAOMI'S ROOM - SAME

Blood-splattered walls. Her body on the bed. Jim's body
 sprawled on the floor by the closet. And with FREEBIRD
 in the background, WE HEAR:

MARLENE (V.O.)

Sheets and pillowcases torn all to
 pieces
 Bloodstains on the wall
 Lord, I wasn't aiming for this.

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

SUPER:

4:10 P.M.

As Chuck and Marlene stand at the doorway, look in at the
 nightmare.

MARLENE

Get all their identification.

Chuck dutifully pulls out Jim's wallet, watch. Marlene
 stands above the obscenely ravaged body of Naomi. Grabs
 her hand. Roughly tugs at her wedding ring. YANKS it
 off.

MARLENE

They should never have been married.
 (holds up the ring)
 And now they're not.

Chuck gazes at her. The bloody room. Jim. Naomi. Then
 back at Marlene. Eyes glazed. She smiles at him.

MARLENE

Let's get to work--

INT. NAOMI'S BEDROOM/HALLWAY/GARAGE - LATER

And all through this WE HEAR only ELTON JOHN: "Love Lies Bleeding." A perky, hummable tune that contrasts the horror of what we're watching. Because what we are seeing is beyond belief:

- 1) Chuck and Marlene bundle the bodies in blankets, and:
- 2) Drag them down the hall, and:
- 3) They dump the shrouded bodies in the garage, and:
- 4) Scrubbing the carpet, wringing out crimson water into pails, sickening, scrubbing walls, wipe blood splatters off the cheesy childhood portrait of Marlene, and:
- 5) The cats skittering madly, blood makes them crazy, Chuck and Marlene try to clean up the mess, and:
- 6) Moving furniture, cleaning the room, faint crimson smears on the walls, and: The MUSIC STOPS.

THE LIVING ROOM - LATER

They are on the couch. Exhausted. Smoking joints. Hard day's work.

CHUCK

What...are we gonna do with 'em?

MARLENE

I know just the place. Tonight.

(beat)

Let's get outa here for awhile. See if Mike and Sharon wanna do something.

Chuck nods. Marlene suddenly lurches up.

MARLENE

Oh shit!

CHUCK

(as jumpy as you can get)

What, what?!

MARLENE

I forgot to feed the cats!

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. LION'S SHARE - NIGHT

Noisy bar/nightclub. A BAND BLARES bad covers of 1975 rock. Crowded with LOCALS, dancing, drinking, friends having a good time, dark, flashing lights, crowded tables, booze-it-up good times--

SUPER:

8:25 P.M.

Chuck, Marlene, Mike Howard and Sharon Dillon at a small table. Pitcher of beer. Marlene and Chuck don't seem too bothered now. Having fun. Marlene, strangely, is all over Chuck. Solicitous girlfriend. We haven't seen her act this way in public before. Chuck soaks up her affection. Mike and Sharon watch. Very strange. Marlene gives Chuck a big open-mouthed kiss.

CHUCK

My feet hurt.

MARLENE

Want a massage?

He plops his feet in her lap. She pulls off his boots, rubs them. Mike and Sharon just watch.

CHUCK

Kiss them.

There's a scary, threatening tone in his voice. Marlene smiles, pulls off his socks, leans over, kisses his feet, licks his toes. Grins at him. Mike and Sharon can't believe what they're seeing. Neither can PEOPLE at nearby tables. Watch, point. Chuck and Marlene don't care. Chuck smiles. Stud.

EXT. 101 DRIVE-IN - NIGHT

DEATH RACE 2000 is showing. Cars SPLATTER people--

INT. THE VEGA - NIGHT

Chuck and Marlene, Mike and Sharon watch the movie. Pass a joint around. Chuck and Marlene watch the pretend violence...starting to look bothered.

MIKE

Surprised your old man let you guys use the car, Marlene.

MARLENE

My dad's been pretty cool lately.

EXT. MIKE HOWARD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

They drop off Mike and Sharon.

MIKE

Wanna come in and party for awhile?

CHUCK
Can't. Got stuff to do.

MIKE
Cool. See you later.

And as Chuck and Marlene drive off into the night, Mike and Sharon watch.

MIKE
They're gettin' fuckin' weirder and weirder.

EXT. 353 HIBISCUS WAY - NIGHT

ELTON JOHN: "Love Lies Bleeding" again. This song is so right. The Vega backs into the garage.

SUPER: 1:10 A.M.

INT. THE GARAGE - NIGHT

They load the bodies into the Vega. Wordless. Throw bloody bedding and mattress in...

INT. THE VEGA - DRIVING - NIGHT

Along North San Pedro Road. Bodies bounce around in the back. Chuck keeps glancing up in the rearview mirror. Marlene moves something around in the palm of her hand.

CHUCK
What're you doing?

CLOSE ON HER HAND

as her finger touches the baby beads.

MARLENE

closes her hand on the beads, stuffs them in her pocket.

MARLENE
Now I'll never know who I am.

Chuck's clueless. He's got enough on his mind without having to try and decipher what she's talking about. Road BUMP. Bodies BOUNCE behind them. And on ELTON'S soaring upbeat, WE:

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. CHINA CAMP - NIGHT

SILENCE. Big full moon hangs over the silhouetted hills. Now we hear CRICKETS. The BUZZ of insects. And the approach of a CAR--

EXT. NORTH SAN PEDRO ROAD - NIGHT

The Vega pulls up to the side of the road, goes off onto a dirt fire road.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Vega slowly moves along, headlights flashing on weirdly-shaped trees, tall grass, eerie--

INT. THE VEGA - DRIVING - NIGHT

Through the windshield, headlights flash on dead, monster-shaped trees, Chuck and Marlene stare out the windshield. Bodies BOUNCING around behind them.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

The Vega strains through the weeds, SCHWEEE!, stuck, wheels SPIN--

INT. THE VEGA

CHUCK

Motherfucker!

Jams it in reverse, then drive, rocks it, nothing doing--

CHUCK

FUCK, FUCK, FUCK!

BODIES FLOP around--

EXT. THE ROAD

Chuck gets out, holds a flashlight. Wheels sunk in the soft dirt and weeds. Chuck's panicky, frightened--and then, the SOUND of a passing CAR on North San Pedro. Chuck DIVES to his belly, distant headlights pass by.

CHUCK

(hisses)

Fuck! Marlene, c'mere!

She jumps out, he opens the tailgate--

CHUCK

Sit on it, I'll try to get it goin'!

She hops on, he jumps in, GUNS it, ROOSTERTAILS of dirt and weeds fly, rocks, won't budge, won't budge-- HEADLIGHTS from another car on San Pedro Road pass by, Chuck watches them disappear into the night, hyperventilating, horrified, gonna get caught, car won't move, ROARS, back and forth, won't go, gonna get busted, then:

POPS free, Marlene hops off the tailgate, gets in, they drive on, and:

INT. THE VEGA - DRIVING

Dirt road ahead, trees and bushes line it, nothing at the end of the headlight beam, then:

THE FIREPIT/CONCRETE CISTERN

LOOMS into view. They slow, move toward it. A white, gleaming ring in the night--

EXT. THE CISTERN - NIGHT

The Vega pulls up next to it, turns around, backs close to the edge. Cistern illuminated by the red taillights. Engine off. Silence. Except for the BUGS. They get out. Go to the back of the car. Open it. Drag out the bodies. Mattress. Bedding. Bodies are heavy, hard to move. Stack them at the edge of the cistern. Red taillights glow on the bodies.

Stack branches over Jim and Naomi. Chuck pours gasoline on the pile. Red taillights. They stand. Stare at the bundled bodies. Consider. Say nothing. They get in the car. Coast away a few yards.

Stop. Red taillights now faint. Almost can't see anything. Chuck goes to the pyre. Hesitates. Gasps. Nightmare. Lights a match. Tosses it on the pile:

AND A WHOOSH OF FLAME

lights up the cistern like daylight, HUGE, ROARING FLAME, Chuck shields his face, backs away, runs to the Vega, hops in, SPEEDS off into the night, we stay with the bonfire, almost burns the oak canopy far above, watch the smoke, follow it up, and:

ANGLE ON THE NIGHT SKY

Stars. Through the eerily fire-lit treetops, tongues of flame lap them, smoke spirals into the starry Marin night and dissipates into thin, gauzy tendrils...

EXT. SAN RAFAEL JACK-IN-THE-BOX - NIGHT

Chuck and Marlene parked in front of the big plastic JACK-IN-THE-BOX drive through. Chuck, soot-stained face, squints at the menu--

JACK-IN-THE-BOX
(scratchy speaker)
Blrgh caskdo dffiofe lboe brdeord?

Typical. Totally distorted.

CHUCK
Yeah, four orange juices.

JACK-IN-THE-BOX
Clsibse blgish brolubel.

EXT. ORDER PICK-UP WINDOW - NIGHT

A perky TEEN hands Chuck the OJs, Chuck pays him.

PERKY TEEN
(re: Chuck's sooty face)
Been fightin' fires?

Chuck just glares, FLOORS IT outa there--

PERKY TEEN
You forgot your change!

INT. THE VEGA - NIGHT

Chuck and Marlene parked in the driveway of 353 Hibiscus.

MARLENE
We did it! We're free.

CHUCK
Yeah. Guess so.

MARLENE
I don't wanna go back in there. Not tonight.

He nods. Puts his arm around her. She lays her head on his chest. Closes her eyes. He sits. Eyes open-- Staring.

EXT. 353 HIBISCUS WAY - NIGHT

The Vega parked in the driveway. Moonlit. Quiet. Home. A safe place.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE SAME SHOT

except dawn smudges the eastern sky.

INT. THE VEGA - SAME

Marlene asleep. Still leaning on Chuck's chest. He's awake. Stares at the house. Gently shakes Marlene.

CHUCK

Hey, wake up.

Marlene's eyes POP open, and a HORRIFYING SCREAM!:

MARLENE

DADDY!

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. OLIVES' LIVING ROOM - DAY

STYX: "Lady" BLASTING on the stereo. Chuck, Marlene, and Sharon Dillon guzzle beer, suck a big bong, having a good time, the house is already starting to look ratty, empty beer cans and crap strewn on the floor, but they don't have to care anymore.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Marlene on the phone:

MARLENE

...that's what's so strange, Mr. Royce. They've never just left without telling me where they're going before.

INT. GENERAL BUSINESS SERVICE OFFICE - SAME

Phil Royce at his desk. Worried.

PHIL

I need to talk to your dad. Are you sure you're okay, Marlene?

INTERCUT:

MARLENE

Yeah. I guess. I'm really worried about them. But when they come back I'll make sure he calls you, okay? Bye.

She hangs up. Sharon is in the kitchen with her, eating a Twinkie. Chuck snoozes on the couch.

SHARON

You don't know where they are?

MARLENE

Guess they're just someplace not here.

Sharon looks doubtfully at her. Long pause. Afraid to ask. Does anyway.

SHARON

Did you croak 'em?

Marlene is expressionless for a moment, then smiles.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

The cats YOWL at Naomi's door, fur standing on end, bloodcrazed. Marlene pulls open the linen closet. Takes out an armload of Naomi's unused towel stash. Chuck and Sharon stand behind her.

MARLENE

Now her fucking precious towels can do something useful.

INT. NAOMI'S ROOM - LATER

Chuck, Marlene and Sharon diligently scrub at the carpet. Walls. Try to finish the job Chuck and Marlene started. Marlene pulls an ironing board over a large bloodstain on the carpet.

MARLENE

Good enough.

Chuck and Sharon stop scrubbing. Look to Marlene. They're like her little slaves. Marlene grins, wildness in her eyes, she's gone--way, way gone. Pulls off her blouse. Unbuttons her pants.

MARLENE

Fuck me, Chuck. And then I want you to
fuck Sharon.

Chuck and Sharon exchange glances. Marlene pulls off
clothes. And they begin to undress--

EXT. COW PALACE - NIGHT

SUPER: WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25, 1975

INT. COW PALACE

YES on stage, lit by a single shattered beam glittering
off a big revolving mirrored ball high above. CHEERING
FANS. And YES starts its set: "Out on the Edge".

A ROW OF SEATS

The gang: Chuck, Marlene, Sharon, Mike, Steve Donnelly,
Nancy Dillon standing at their seats, passing joints,
moving with the music, enveloped in the rock concert
smoky pot haze and good times. Everybody having a stoned
blast. Except Marlene.

She's blitzed, has trouble maintaining, accepts the
joint, but look at her, something's haywire, something's
wrong, nobody notices, she looks to the left:

MARLENE'S POV

a GUY in silver face makeup, big red tear painted on his
cheek. Grins at her. Like a clown demon.

MARLENE

jerks her head away. Can't catch her breath, looks like
hell, gasping. Lips begin to move, but the place is so
noisy we can't tell what she's saying, lips keep moving,
and as they do, WE MOVE CLOSE ON HER FACE:

MARLENE

....my parents...my parents...killed...
my...parents...I killed my parents...I
killed my parents...

Getting louder, but everybody around her is oblivious,
can't hear her, but we can, and as if to tempt fate she
says it louder and louder and LOUDER:

MARLENE

I killed my parents. I killed my
parents. I killed my parents! I KILLED
MY PARENTS!!

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. MARIN HEADLANDS - NIGHT

Chuck and Marlene stroll. Alone. Beautiful view of San
Francisco across the bay. Windswept.

CHUCK

My dad found me a fuckin' job. At a
Waterbed place. Told me I gotta start
it tomorrow. Or else.

MARLENE

If it helps keep him off your back.

CHUCK

Rather be with you.

MARLENE

It's just a fucking job, quit
complaining!

She hurries up the path ahead of him, he follows,
confused.

FURTHER UP THE PATH

he catches up to her, grabs her arm, spins her toward
him.

CHUCK

Hey, what the fuck, what's wrong? I
just wanna be with you all the time and
stuff. When we gonna get married?

MARLENE

I dunno.

She's suddenly indifferent toward him. Reminds us of
when they first met.

CHUCK

Hey, this is bullshit!

Grabs her arm, she jerks away--

MARLENE

Hey, fuck you! Why don't you just kill
me like you killed my parents?!

Rage. Reflex. He SMACKS her in the face, knocks her to the ground. Instant regret.

CHUCK

Shit, I'm sorry!

He's on his knees to help her. She looks up at him. Trickle of blood oozes from her lip. Licks the blood away. Then--

MARLENE

You look good in Daddy's shirt.

Smiles. Pulls him on top of her, kisses, starts pulling off Jim's shirt--

EXT. 353 HIBISCUS WAY - DAY

Phil Royce pulls up in the driveway, gets out of his car.

SUPER:

SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1975

Looks around curiously. Can hear SCREECHING HEAVY METAL from inside. KNOCKS on the door. Marlene pulls the door open. She looks crappy. Blitzed. Stringy hair. Pale. Behind her, inside, we can see that the house is a pigsty. Partying, stoned KIDS inside, debris everywhere. Royce sees the same thing. Then looks at Marlene.

PHIL

Are you all right, Marlene? I'm worried about you being here all alone.

MARLENE

Got...friends here sometimes.

PHIL

You still haven't heard from your parents? That's just not like Jim.

MARLENE

Maybe they...had to go out of town or something...I don't know...kinda worried about 'em...dunno where they are...hope they're okay...

(tears suddenly appear)

I'm like really worried.

HEAVY METAL SCREECHES behind her. LAUGHING partyers. Phil looks at them. Then her.

INT. GENERAL BUSINESS SERVICES OFFICE - DAY

Royce sits at the desk he and Jim moved into their office. Dials the phone. WE HEAR:

DISPATCHER

(on phone)
San Rafael Police Department.

INT. OLIVES' LIVING ROOM - DAY

Marlene's alone now. BOWIE: "Lady Stardust" on the stereo. The house is a putrid mess. Bags of unopened new clothes everywhere, garbage, stacks of Penthouse magazines mixed with Seventeen, beer cans, pizza boxes--

And Marlene dances through the debris. Smoking a joint, moving with the music, and we won't belabor the point, but she reminds us a bit of Naomi dancing to her music.

Marlene's so wrapped up in the music that she doesn't notice the KNOCK at the front door, just keeps dancing and waltzing to the music. Another, more insistent KNOCK. Dancing. Dancing. Bowie. Lady Stardust.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Marlene? Marlene Olive?!

She SPINS toward the voice. Two San Rafael COPS stand in the foyer.

INT. SRPD INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Scott Nelson and SGT. STINSON, an older, avuncular guy with a friendly smile that masks a razor sharp cop mind, look down at Marlene. She sits behind a formica table. Harshly lit. She looks bad. Real bad.

MARLENE

(continuing, confused, tired)
...but I don't know, I was with Sharon Dillon a lot of the last week, I was scared 'cause my parents left without telling me, but I bet they'll be home any time...

STINSON

(sighs tiredly)

Okay. Let's take inventory. They had a fight and took off to make up and have a second honeymoon. They had a fight and your dad tried to kill your mom and they went their separate ways. A robber broke in and kidnapped them. They deserted you. But you were never worried enough to call us. Have I missed anything? Are there any more stories you want to tell us?

Marlene glares at him. He stares right back.

MARLENE

Your eyes are bothering me. I can't think with you staring at me.

A TAP at the door, a COP pokes his head in.

COP

Need you Sergeant.

STINSON

Back in a few.

Nelson nods, Stinson EXITS. Nelson sits down across from Marlene.

NELSON

You okay, Marlene?

MARLENE

I don't like him.

NELSON

Let's stop all the bullshit. Level with me, I know you well enough to know that if you look me in the eye you'll tell the truth. Look at me!

She obeys.

MARLENE

My...parents been fighting a lot, having trouble, took a long drive, said they were going out to China Camp to talk stuff out, when I came home from Sharon Dillon's there was some suitcases and stuff missing...I think they decided to go away for awhile and try to make up.

Nelson smiles.

NELSON

Finally. See, wasn't so hard to tell
the truth, was it?

Stinson pops his head in the door.

STINSON

Need you a minute, Scott.

He EXITS, on the way out:

NELSON

Be right back, Marlene.

She smiles. A big smile.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Nelson walks with Stinson to another interrogation room.

NELSON

Finally got her to tell the truth.
Parents are fine. Had a fight, probably
went off to kiss and make up.

STINSON

Hmmm. Is that right?

Stinson opens the door to the other interrogation room.
Sharon Dillon sits there.

STINSON

Tell him what you just told me.

SHARON

(scared)

Marlene...told me she and Chuck killed
her parents and crispy fried them out at
China Camp.

Nelson looks like a guy who suddenly wishes he was on a
long vacation.

STINSON

You let those big green eyes con you,
son.

EXT. THE FIREPIT/CISTERN - DAY

POLICE swarm the firepit, dig through the ashes, grid the
area off, sift dirt, debris--

An INVESTIGATOR fishes something out of the ashes, gazes
at it--

CLOSE ON HIS HAND

Bone fragments. And a human tooth with a filling.

INT. WATERBEDS WEST - DAY

SUPER: MONDAY, JUNE 30, 1975

Chuck stains a waterbed frame. Wears overalls. Seems content. Busy warehouse/factory, other WORKERS around. Stinson and Nelson walk up behind him.

STINSON

Chuck Riley?

Chuck turns, smiles. Friendly. Eager to please.

CHUCK

Yeah?

STINSON

(flashes badge, smiles)
Need to talk to you, Chuck.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

The same room Marlene was in earlier. Chuck smiles, is friendly and helpful. So polite. Stinson and Nelson with him.

STINSON

We know you killed the Olives and burned their bodies out at China Camp. Curious to know how we know?

CHUCK

I didn't kill anybody, sir.

Stinson CLICKS on a tape recorder.

SHARON'S VOICE

....and I had weird vibes so I asked Marlene if she and Chuck croaked off her parents and she said yeah, and I helped clean up some of the blood in the room where they killed her mom with a hammer and shot her dad--

CLICKS it off. SILENCE. Stinson and Nelson watch Chuck.

And what happens next takes a minute, but Chuck's face-- the only way to describe it is to say it collapses. Chin quivers. Tears well. Now he's scared to death.

CHUCK

(weepy, whispers)
I had to, she told me I had to do it,
she begged me for months to do it, I had
to, I had to, you know?! Because if I
didn't--

(beat)
She wouldn't love me anymore.

INT. JUVENILE HALL HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Marlene alone in the Spartan cell. Curled up on the bed.
Sobbing.

MARLENE

I want my daddy! I WANT MY DADDY!

And as she sobs, WE HEAR:

MARLENE (V.O.)

I built a world of fantasy
And now it's become reality.

INT. SCOTT NELSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Nelson ENTERS, hangs up his coat. Looks down at his
desk, startled:

NELSON'S POV

of the desktop. A blow-up of Marlene's mug shot. Just
the eyes cut out, taped to the desk. And even in a fuzzy
photo, they're still hypnotic.

NELSON

looks at the picture. Unnerved. Then, chortling CO-
WORKERS outside his door. Funny joke. Nelson's not
laughing.

SLAM CUT TO:

TITLE CARD:

THREE MONTHS LATER

INT. MARIN COUNTY JAIL TV ROOM - NIGHT

INMATES lounge around, watch the local NEWS. Chuck's
there. He's looking really good now. Lost even more
weight. Buffed up. Fu Manchu, big bushy sideburns.
Seems calm, okay. Except he's in jail. Helmet-haired
ANCHORS on the news.

ANCHOR

Trial begins next week for twenty-year-old Charles Riley, accused slayer in the notorious Marin 'Barbecue' murders.

Chuck stares at the TV as a photo of him appears next to the anchor. Another INMATE laughs.

INMATE

Hey, Barbecue, all right! On TV!

The other inmates laugh, hoot, Chuck soaks it all up, loves being the center of attention. Stud.

CLOSE ON THE TV

ANCHOR (V.O.)

Prosecutors will press for the death penalty. Jury selection is expected to last a week, with the trial lasting three weeks.

And now a still photo of Marlene appears on the screen:

ANCHOR (V.O.)

Marlene Olive, Riley's girlfriend and adopted daughter of the victims, will be tried in juvenile court after Riley's trial. Due to lenient sentencing guidelines, if found guilty, Miss Olive could be held in juvenile custody only until she is twenty-one.

CHUCK

stares at the screen, same old Marlene intensity. His attitude's just taken a big change.

ANOTHER INMATE

That your woman, Q? Ever hear from the bitch?

CHUCK

No.

Chuck stares at the TV, even though the news has moved on. Expression cold. Bitter.

EXT. CALIFORNIA YOUTH AUTHORITY VENTURA SCHOOL - DAY

A sprawling high-schoolish-looking place out in the fields and lemon groves. Except it's a high school surrounded by high fences.

INT. MARLENE'S ROOM - DAY

An institutional-looking, small room. Marlene at a desk, writing, doing homework. On the walls around her--

--pictures of Jim. Family snapshots. A nice portrait of him, suit and tie, businesslike. Clean. Orderly. Lady Stardust...witchcraft...all that stuff's long gone. Now her room's a shrine to Jim. TOBY FRANKLIN, another female inmate, Marlene's age, tough, ENTERS.

TOBY

Hi.

Marlene turns, smiles warmly. Toby hands her an envelope.

TOBY

You got another letter.

MARLENE'S POV

of the envelope. Turns it over. Scrawled on the back: "For my Lady Stardust."

MARLENE

doesn't open it.

TOBY

Is it from him?

MARLENE

I hope he pays for killing my parents.
I can't ever forgive him.

She tosses the letter into the trash. Unopened. Toby sits next to her. Takes her hand. They kiss. And WE HEAR:

MARLENE (V.O.)

Here I am
Not wanting out
Not wanting in
Not wanting anything
But forgiveness for my sin.

INT. CHUCK'S JAIL CELL - NIGHT

He paces. Upset.

CHUCK

Hey!

The DUTY OFFICER comes to the cell door.

DUTY OFFICER
What's up, Chuckie?

CHUCK
You gotta help me! I gotta get the bracelet! It's the only way I can communicate with her! Please!

The Duty Officer just looks at him.

INT. CHUCK'S CELL - LATER

He's curled up on his bunk. Weeping. Duty Officer comes to the cell door, tosses the bracelet on the bunk.

DUTY OFFICER
You can have it until the morning. But keep your mouth shut, they'll bust my balls if they find out I gave it to you.

Chuck grabs it, slips it on his wrist. It's as we remember--cheap, hieroglyphic-looking. Chuck rubs his wrist, breathes heavily, lips moving, praying to contact her, feel her again--

INT. CHUCK'S CELL - MORNING

He sits on the side of his bunk. Bummed. Dully rubs his wrist. Duty Officer comes to the cell door. Chuck wordlessly hands the bracelet to him.

INT. JAIL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Chuck sits, stares listlessly. His lawyer, W.O. WEISSICH, silver-haired and distinguished, and assistant, SUZANNE GRABER, young, eager, discuss the case as if Chuck's not even there--

WEISSICH
...there's still the possibility of pleading insanity, with all the witchcraft business and the testimony of her friends about her power over people.

GRABER
I don't think any jury's going to buy that, we should--

CHUCK
I didn't kill her.

Both Weissich and Graber's heads pivot to him.

WEISSICH

Excuse me, Chuck?

CHUCK

I wasn't sure until last night. It was all so foggy, but then when I really thought about it and tried to remember I realized I didn't kill Mrs. Olive.

(beat)

Marlene did.

INT. JAIL CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Chuck sits, rigid, eyes closed. Lawyers stand, watching.
A BEARDED HYPNOTIST sits in front of Chuck.

CHUCK

(voice thick, sleepy)

...I walk down the hall, go in the room, Mrs. Olive's on the bed, Jesus, there's a hammer in her head, God, sticking out of her head--

HYPNOTIST

And then what did you do?

CHUCK

(crying)

Gotta pull it outa her head, blood, blood on me, I have to get the blood off, I can't stand it, it burns, gotta get it offa me...the car's back, they're back, I'm scared, Mr. Olive's home, hide behind the dresser in the hall, I can't get out, the door in the bedroom is blocked, got to go past him to get out, Mr. Olive walks in the room, "Ohmygod Nomi, what's happened to you?!", he sees me, gonna kill me, I gotta kill him or he'll kill me, I shoot him, I shoot him, don't wanna kill him, oh god, kill him!

INT. JAIL CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Chuck sits, exhausted, still weeping. Weissich and Graber stand off to the side with the hypnotist. Speak quietly.

WEISSICH

What do you think?

HYPNOTIST

He believes he didn't do it.

GRABER

Is it possible?

HYPNOTIST

He's the most easily hypnotizable subject I've ever worked with. But he's probably the most suggestible, too. Hard to say what the truth is. I doubt he'll ever know for sure.

GRABER

(to Weissich)

We have to convince the jury that Marlene killed her mother before she and her dad went to meet Jody Swafford and her father. Awfully hard to swallow.

WEISSICH

We don't have any choice.

They look back at Chuck. Wiping his eyes. Pathetic.

EXT. MARIN CIVIC CENTER - DAY

The blue-topped, Frank Lloyd Wright-designed building stretched along the Marin hilltops.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE COURTROOM NUMBER FIVE - DAY

A huge CROWD is lined up outside the courtroom doors. Mostly high school KIDS. Giddy, laughing. It's so exciting!

INT. COURTROOM NUMBER FIVE - DAY

Small, everything in the place is relentlessly walnut-panelled and relentlessly round. Packed to the rafters. Chuck is led in by a BAILIFF. High school GIRLS wave at him, giggle. Chuck smiles back. Star. Stud. His parents and brother Kerry sit in the front row behind him. He smiles at them.

And now WE PULL BACK, down the aisle, to the rear of the courtroom, through the doors, they SWING SHUT, we PEER in through the round windows, and we see everyone rise, JUDGE WARREN MCGUIRE strides into the chamber, we can't hear what's being said, but he sits, and Chuck's trial begins--

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CALIFORNIA YOUTH AUTHORITY VENTURA SCHOOL - DAY

Marlene sits alone out on the grass field. We move closer to her. Stares at something in the palm of her hand. Move closer. Closer.

ON HER PALM

The baby beads. She moves them around, tries different combinations. But none of them make any sense.

MARLENE

stares at them. Then looks up at the sky. Beautiful Ventura day. And WE HEAR:

MARLENE (V.O.)

Heard my mother crying
She was calling out my name
Whispering in the darkness
Saying who's to blame.

INT. COUNTY JAIL TV ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON THE TV SCREEN

Steve Donnelly, looking jovial, being interviewed.

STEVE

Chuck used to just be a fat kid, championship paperboy, everybody made fun of him--called him Rocko 'cause he was fat, he pretended it was 'cause he was cool. Sold a lot of dope--'course I don't do dope, but I was aware of it. You know, fat kid, trying to buy friends and stuff. Everybody knew that. He's the kind of guy who overamped on everything. He overamped on weed, and when he met Marlene he overamped on her.

CHUCK

stares at the TV. Steely bitterness.

SLAM CUT TO:

TITLE CARD:

JANUARY 26, 1976

INT. COURT ROOM NUMBER FIVE - DAY

Chuck stands with his lawyers. His family stands behind him. Judge McGuire looks sternly at Chuck.

JUDGE MCGUIRE

Having been found guilty of two counts of first degree murder with special circumstances, it is the judgement of this court that you shall suffer the death penalty at San Quentin State Prison in the manner and time prescribed by law.

Chuck stands, unmoving. His mother weeps. He's expressionless. He turns to his parents, smiles wanly, gives a thumbs up. And:

FREEZE FRAME.

SILENCE for a moment, then, as Marlene's image is slowly, slowly SUPERED over Chuck's, WE HEAR:

MARLENE (V.O.)

Can I believe you'll fulfill my
fantasies?
Can I believe you'll always be true?
And never leave me blue?
Can I believe I'm still Lady Stardust
No matter what it takes
(long, long pause)
Can I still believe in you?

SLAM CUT TO BLACK:

CREEDENCE CLEARWATER REVIVAL: "I Put a Spell on You"
over the END CRAWL:

IN 1977, THE CALIFORNIA SUPREME COURT
OVERTURNED THE MANDATORY DEATH PENALTY
AND CHUCK RILEY'S SENTENCE WAS COMMUTED
TO LIFE. BECAUSE HE REFUSES TO ACCEPT
RESPONSIBILITY FOR NAOMI'S MURDER, HE
HAS BEEN DENIED PAROLE AND WILL NOT BE
ELIGIBLE UNTIL AFTER THE YEAR 2000.

HE IS A MODEL PRISONER.

MARLENE OLIVE WAS FOUND GUILTY AND
SERVED THREE YEARS IN THE CALIFORNIA
YOUTH AUTHORITY. SHE COMPLETED HER
ASSOCIATE OF ARTS DEGREE AND PLANNED TO
ENTER UCLA, BUT UPON HER RELEASE BECAME
INVOLVED IN PROSTITUTION AND DRUGS. SHE
HAS BEEN ARRESTED MANY TIMES, AND A
WARRANT IS OUT FOR HER ARREST IN LOS
ANGELES ON FORGERY AND CREDIT CARD FRAUD
CHARGES.

HER CURRENT WHEREABOUTS IS UNKNOWN.

MARLENE CONTACTED CHUCK ONLY ONCE SINCE THEIR TRIALS. IN 1981, SHE VISITED HIM AT THE CALIFORNIA MEN'S COLONY IN SAN LUIS OBISPO. DURING AN UNEASY FEW HOURS TOGETHER, MARLENE OFFERED TO SMUGGLE IN DRUGS FOR HIM.

And the next line gets the screen all to itself:

CHUCK POLITELY DECLINED.

FADE OUT