

S H A M E

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SHAME

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INT. BEDROOM. APARTMENT. DAWN.

BRANDON SULLIVAN [early 30's] lies staring up caught in a disarray of sheets until-

The PEEP PEEP PEEP of an alarm clock, from deep within a distant apartment.

The MUFFLED PAD of FOOTSTEPS crossing overhead-

BRANDON listens then gets up, pulls blinds and heads out towards the bathroom-

The SOUND of his feet disappearing down a distant corridor.

The MURMUR of an answer phone as we hear BRANDON peeing, in a far off bathroom.

2

INT. PLATFORM. SUBWAY. DAWN.

2

BRANDON stands, looking down, watching until-

A SUDDEN breeze, the subway train oncoming-

BRANDON boards.

The doors GLIDE SHUT-

BRANDON just visible through the window of the train, walking towards a distant seat.

3

INT. TRAIN. SUBWAY. MORNING.

3

BRANDON sits, eyes casually tracing over the faces in the crowded train. A HOMELESS MAN sits, further along the car, haggard and grey, and sleeping, the seat empty, either side of him. He looks more like a pile of clothes.

BRANDON turns back. The reflection of an PRETTY SUBWAY GIRL caught in the glass opposite.

4

INT. CORRIDOR. APARTMENT. DAWN.

4

BRANDON padding naked along a corridor. He flicks on an answer machine in passing-

FEMALE CALLER ON ANSWER MACHINE
Hey...It's me?...Pick Up.. Pick
Up...

He enters the bathroom.

5 INT. CORRIDOR. APARTMENT. DAWN. 5

We hear BRANDON peeing in the bathroom.

6 INT. CORRIDOR. APARTMENT. DAWN. 6

The answer machine message drowned by the flushing of the toilet, the shutting of the door and the shower being switched on.

7 INT. SUBWAY. MORNING. 7

A HOMELESS MAN head lolling, sat alone at the end of a busy car.

BRANDON considers, catching the eye of-

A PRETTY SUBWAY GIRL seated opposite, the whisper of a smile, grazing her lips.

BRANDON's eyes teasing over-

The fall of the PRETTY SUBWAY GIRL's hair-

The dip in her collarbone-

Her nail polish with French manicure-

BRANDON looks at her. She looks away.

BRANDON resumes staring. She looks back through the bodies of commuters. We see their eyes looking at each other. Their seduction continues through the collage of colors and bodies.

8 INT. OFFICE - BOARDROOM. DAY. 8

BRANDON, sits in a packed meeting room, a pitch just audible, **DAVID FISHER**, [early/ late 40's] BRANDON's boss, a kind of white noise, and yet-

DAVID (O.S.)

I find you disgusting..I find you
inconsolable..I find you invasive..

The IT TECHNICIAN just visible wheeling a cart away, with BRANDON's computer.

DAVID (CONT'D)

That is what the cynics used to
say..Companies would refuse to look
to the future..They'd say 'Can we
stop this virus"?

The scratch of a pencil against paper-

BRANDON sits distracted, facing COLLEAGUE #1. **MARIANNE** [mid/late 20's] seated further along the table, steals a look at BRANDON.

A glass door opens-

The PRETTY ASSISTANT brings in coffee, sliding down a cup in front of BRANDON.

DAVID(O.S.) (CONT'D)

As if it was a negative progression, a descent into hell, moving with stealth amongst those you need to affect, growing more and more with a momentum that is unstoppable.

BRANDON looks across the hall, distracted by the IT TECHNICIAN who is replacing the computer in his office.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Now, some inane kid snorting the entire load of his mother's spice cupboard and posts that on You Tube. They would watch as it would become the buzzword amongst high school kids everywhere. Eventually..their cynicism would turn to awe.

9

INT. FRONT DOOR. APARTMENT. NIGHT.

9

BRANDON to the front door and opens it to reveal an ATTRACTIVE WOMAN (ALEXA)

BRANDON

Hi.

ALEXA

Hi.

BRANDON

Come in.

BRANDON steps aside to let the ATTRACTIVE WOMAN in. She walks into the apartment as he closes the door.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Drink?

ALEXA

No thank you.

BRANDON picks up money from the table and give it to ALEXA. She counts it and nods to BRANDON.

ALEXA (CONT'D)

Perfect.

ALEXA puts the money in her bag.

BRANDON

This Way.

BRANDON gestures to his room. ALEXA turns and walks away. BRANDON follows.

10 **INT. BEDROOM. APARTMENT. NIGHT.**

10

A tidy bedroom-

BRANDON lies on the bed watching, waiting. ALEXA starts to take her top off.

BRANDON

Slowly.

ALEXA continues slowly, tosses it aside, and continues taking off her bra and panties. Finally putting her earrings on the bedside table. BRANDON reaches up to pull her onto the bed.

11 **INT. APARTMENT. MORNING.**

11

The SOUND of BRANDON getting up-

The SOUND of blinds being raised-

CLOSE UP of a discarded earring on the carpet.

BRANDON padding naked along a corridor.

The SHARP TONE of the answer machine flicked on in passing-

Audible from the corridor-

FEMALE CALLER ON ANSWER MACHINE

Hey, it's me..

We hear BRANDON turn on the shower.

FEMALE CALLER ON ANSWER MACHINE
(CONT'D)

Pick Up.. Pick Up...

BRANDON walks towards the kitchen and we hear him pour a glass of water.

FEMALE CALLER ON ANSWER MACHINE
(CONT'D)

Brandon?

BRANDON crosses the hall and enters the toilet.

FEMALE CALLER ON ANSWER MACHINE
(CONT'D)

Brandon?

BRANDON turns on the light, puts down his glass and urinates.

FEMALE CALLER ON ANSWER MACHINE
(CONT'D)

(whispers) Brandon Where are you? -
Brandon? Brandon? (louder)
Brandon... Urghhh!

BRANDON finishes, flushes toilet, steps off screen

FEMALE CALLER ON ANSWER MACHINE
(CONT'D)

This is me Calling you.. (SIGHS)
Fuck!

DEAD TONE

The CALLER hangs up

BRANDON re-appears and closes the bathroom door

12 **INT. BATHROOM. APARTMENT. DAWN.**

12

BRANDON in the shower, a sense of movement, his hand, barely visible, moving back and forth.

The fall of the shower-

BRANDON stands, letting the water wash over him.

13 **INT. SUBWAY. DAWN.**

13

BRANDON sits, looking over at the PRETTY SUBWAY GIRL sitting opposite-

The train moves on, after a while stopping at another platform.

PEOPLE get on, PEOPLE get off.

BRANDON's eyes travel down over the PRETTY SUBWAY GIRL's legs and up-

She opens them a little, the dip of her skirt, sinking deep between her thighs-

She looks up, senses BRANDON watching. She lets her fingers fall in her lap.

BRANDON shifts a little in his seat to get a better look through the crowd. Suddenly she stands and makes her way to the train door. Hand reaching out and clenching a metal pole for stability, revealing a wedding ring.

BRANDON's hand reaches for the pole too, touching her as he stands behind her. There is a gentle unison contact. BRANDON's breath, heavy on her neck. Both are frozen to the spot, caught in a mutual moment.

14

INT. SUBWAY. MORNING.

14

The train door bolts open and the PRETTY SUBWAY GIRL disembarks. BRANDON is blocked by a MALE PASSENGER as he gets out in quick pursuit of the PRETTY SUBWAY GIRL.

BRANDON is several paces behind now, pursues. She turns left into a stairwell.

It's almost like fighting a downward river. People are walking into his path as he struggles to keep pace with the PRETTY SUBWAY GIRL.

The tail of her coat vanishes at the top of the stairs. A moment later, BRANDON reaches the summit, to be greeted by a wrought-iron gate.

He looks left at one staircase. People ascend.

He looks right at another staircase. Other passengers ascend.

People come in and out of the turnstiles on the right-hand side. He has lost her. A sudden moment of disappointment crosses his face.

He descends the staircase, dejected.

15

INT. OFFICE. DAY.

15

BRANDON walks into his office and to his desk, stops in his tracks, heart thumping-

A bare space where BRANDON's computer once was and next to it a replacement computer. A pink fluffy gonk or the like stuck to the screen.

16

INT. CUBICLE. MEN'S TOILETS. OFFICE. DAY.

16

BRANDON walks into a toilet cubicle, shuts and locks the door. He cleans the seat with toilet paper, flushes, stands, and starts to masturbate.

17 **INT. OFFICE - DAVID'S OFFICE. DAY.**

17

A TAP on the door-

BRANDON enters DAVID's office, DAVID is lost in paperwork, looking up from his desk.

BRANDON
Do you know what's going on with my
computer?

DAVID
They took it.

BRANDON
Yeah, I know. Someone could have
told me.

DAVID
Some kind of Virus.

BRANDON
Cool.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
I walk in and it's not there? And I
get some kind of replacement?

DAVID
Some kind of virus. They're
stripping it all out.

BRANDON nods, swigs a Red Bull in his hands-

BRANDON
Cool.

BRANDON exits.

18 **EXT. STREET. BRANDON'S APARTMENT BUILDING.**

18

BRANDON is walking with shopping bags. He slows by the revolving doors, spots a mother with buggy about to come out of the other door and hurries over to open the door for her.

WOMAN comes out nodding her thanks.

19 **INT. APARTMENT. NIGHT.**

19

BRANDON looks through his vast record collection and carefully puts a disk on the record player.

20 INT. KITCHEN. APARTMENT. NIGHT. 20

The chink of beer bottles, banging up against one another as BRANDON opens the fridge door-

BRANDON peers in, considering the left over take out resting on the shelf. He takes it out, flipping open a bottle of beer in a familiar move and banging the door shut with his back.

A flyer for an fancy take out flaps under a magnet on the fridge door.

21 INT. LIVING ROOM. APARTMENT. NIGHT. 21

A comfortable apartment-

BRANDON spoons Chinese take out into his mouth, sliding down in front a laptop resting on his desk.

Music continues to surround the apartment.

The bright serenade of his laptop opening, BRANDON resumes, fingers absently tapping the keyboard-

A distant whir of a car alarm, far off.

22 INT. LIVING ROOM. APARTMENT. NIGHT. 22

BRANDON, in the dark, watching pornography on his laptop-

BRANDON's cell phone rings. He ignores it.

And then steady monotonous ring of a telephone close by, BRANDON barely wavers as it clicks onto answer machine-

The HEAVY DEAD TONE of the answer machine as the caller's message kicks in-

FEMALE CALLER ON ANSWER MACHINE
OK.....Me..again...I'm dying..I
have cancer...I have one week to
live..

BRANDON smiles-

FEMALE CALLER ON ANSWER MACHINE
(CONT'D)
It's the very worse kind of cancer.
Of the vulva-

BRANDON switches off the answer machine. Sighs, and returns to his laptop.

BRANDON
(sniggers)

WOMAN (O.S.)
(thru computer) (Moans)

23 **EXT. STREET. OUTSIDE APARTMENT. DAY.** 23

A beautiful day-

BRANDON's face now fresh, passing-

A CUTE NEIGHBOR heading into the building, lost in conversation on her cellphone-

CUTE NEIGHBOR
(in greeting)
Hey.

BRANDON
(nods)
Hey.

BRANDON juggling cellphone, keys and satchel, heading off to work, watching the sway of her ass.

24 **INT. OFFICE - BRANDON'S OFFICE. DAY.** 24

MARIANNE is on the phone in a busy office

25 **INT. HOTEL ROOM. BRANDON'S FANTASY.** 25

Profile of MARIANNE's bare back.

26 **INT. OFFICE - BRANDON'S OFFICE. DAY.** 26

BRANDON, seemingly in a trance, looking out across the office, eyes fixed on MARIANNE in her glass cubicle, unaware of BRANDON staring.

STEVEN's reflection in the window, we see him screw up a piece of paper and throw it at BRANDON.

BRANDON shakes his head.

BRANDON
You're such a dick

STEVEN (O.S.)
What are you doing, man?

BRANDON once again looks up toward MARIANNE.

27 **INT. OFFICE. DAY.**

27

MARIANNE on the phone.

DAVID now appears in front of BRANDON. From afar, nods to him, and greets a group of CLIENTS.

DAVID
(WHISTLES) Alright, gentlemen, If
you'll just please make yourselves
at home.

CLIENT
Thank you.

28 **INT. OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY.**

28

Just visible, in the conference room-

BRANDON inside with the CLIENTS and DAVID. A sense of camaraderie. The meeting at an end. DAVID, slapping BRANDON on the back, the sense of celebration.

DAVID (O.S.)
It falls upon me, as your beloved
boss, to propose a toast. To
Success.

29 **INT. AFTER WORK BAR. NIGHT.**

29

The thump of music-

BRANDON, DAVID and OTHERS wedged in a leather booth, several shots and beer down, the table littered with beers. Cheers. Male camaraderie.

DAVID
I hope my wife appreciates it.

ALL chink glasses

DAVID (CONT'D)
Get a new tie, please.

COLLEAGUES
(snigger)

DAVID
Oh my goodness. (SNIFFS) I love
women in suits. I love women in
suits.

ALL Look off-screen at the women.

DAVID (CONT'D)
We could talk business, I would rearrange my life.. Wow, she's beautiful.

BRANDON
Grey suit?

DAVID
I'm gonna go talk to her.

BRANDON
You should go talk to her.

DAVID
OK...OK..Count me down...

BRANDON
Yeah you should

BRANDON fist bumps with DAVID

BRANDON (CONT'D)
5,4,3,2,1.

DAVID
Boom.

STEVEN
Have fun.

BRANDON
Twenty bucks says he fucks it up.

BRANDON starts to stand.

30

INT. AFTER WORK BAR. NIGHT.

30

ELIZABETH
Ash is amazing

LOREN
How's it humping an old man?

ELIZABETH
Well, usually I do him on scotch.

DAVID walks up to the bar behind the women.

RACHEL
Incoming

DAVID
Hi, excuse me.

(TO ELIZABETH)

Listen, I don't want to beat around the bush. I think you're absolutely gorgeous.

ELIZABETH (OVER)

Hi.

DAVID

My name's David.

ELIZABETH

Hi David.

DAVID shakes hands with ELIZABETH

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Elizabeth

DAVID

Elizabeth

ELIZABETH (OVER)

Nice to meet you

DAVID

It's a beautiful name. (TO LOREN)
Hi, I'm David. I don't mean to be rude.

DAVID shakes hands with LOREN and RACHEL

LOREN

Loren.

DAVID

Hi, how are you? (TO RACHEL) David.

RACHEL

Rachel.

DAVID

Nice to meet you, nice to meet you.
(TO ELIZABETH) Listen, can I buy you a drink? (TO ALL) Can I buy you all drinks?

ELIZABETH

Sure, why not.

DAVID

I would love that. That would be my pleasure. What are you guys drinking? What do you want?

ELIZABETH

Well, we were thinking shots.

DAVID
You were thinking shots?

ELIZABETH
Sure.

DAVID
We just did shots of tequila. Would you guys like a shot of tequila?

ELIZABETH
Bring it on.

DAVID
Love it. Love it.

DAVID (TO BAR TENDER) (CONT'D)
Excuse me, hey, bartender.
Bartender? Can we get four shots of your finest tequila? Thank you very much.

ELIZABETH
Hmm.

ELIZABETH sips her drink.

DAVID
I can see you're very successful. Yeah, I think part of the secret to my success is, is attention to detail and..

LOREN
Oh.

ELIZABETH
Detail?

DAVID
Yeah.

LOREN
Play the game.

ELIZABETH closes her eyes

DAVID
What game?

ELIZABETH turns to DAVID

ELIZABETH
Ok, er.. Blue or green?

The SUITED WOMAN closes her eyes, the flutter of her lashes oddly fragile, in waiting until-

DAVID
I like games, I like this game.
Blue..
(sudden change of tac)
Green. Green, it's green.

They spring open to reveal brown eyes-

DAVID hesitates, throws his arms up, resigned.

DAVID (CONT'D)
That's Brown. That's.. I don't know
how you change the colour of your
eyes like that. How do you do that
so quickly?

ELIZABETH (OVER)
Wow. Wow.

DAVID
That's amazing. That's a real
talent.

ELIZABETH
Yeah, detail man. Detail man.

BRANDON slides down next to DAVID, back from the washroom.

DAVID
Hey buddy, hey buddy. Hey.

DAVID puts an arm around BRANDON.

DAVID (CONT'D)
This guy, right here, fucking
nailed it today. (TO BRANDON) I
want you to know, you fucking
nailed it. You're the man. Your
pitch? (TO ELIZABETH) Amazing.
Amazing. (TO BRANDON) Listen, we're
playing a game here. (TO ELIZABETH)
Close your eyes again.

ELIZABETH
OK

ELIZABETH closes her eyes.

DAVID
Blue or green?

BRANDON
Brown..

The SUITED WOMAN flicks open her eyes, smiles.

DAVID
Fuck Off. (TO LOREN) Alright you.
Hey, Loren. Loren. Close your eyes.

DAVID turns to BRANDON

BRANDON
Blue.

LOREN
Blue.

DAVID
That's... you're just making that
up.

ELIZABETH (OVER)
See. He's good.

DAVID
He's just.. He's just picking
colors randomly.

ELIZABETH
You can have his shot.

ELIZABETH passes BRANDON a shot.

DAVID
You know what? Excuse me. We need
another shot, please.

LOREN
(LAUGHS)

DAVID
(LAUGHS)

ELIZABETH (TO BAR TENDER)
You can put these on me.

DAVID
No, no, no. I told you that... I
had it.

ELIZABETH (OVER) (TO BAR TENDER)
Thank you.

ELIZABETH (TO DAVID) (CONT'D)
No, I have it.

DAVID
Ill get the next round.

ELIZABETH
Sure.

DAVID
You're a strong, independent woman.
I like that, I like that.

ELIZABETH (OVER)
Thank you. Cheers

ELIZABETH raises her glass.

DAVID
Listen, cheers.

The others all raise their glasses

ALL
Cheers

ELIZABETH
To nailing it, and-

DAVID (OVER)
To nailing it.

BRANDON (UNDER)
To nailing it.

ELIZABETH
Success. Yes. Cheers.

ALL down their shots

DAVID
(reacts to the strong drink) Oh,
Fuck.

BRANDON
(Chuckles)

ELIZABETH
(reacts to the strong drink) Whoah.

BRANDON
So what do you girls do for fun?

ELIZABETH
Fun? Er, karate.

DAVID mimics karate moves

DAVID
(Mimics ninja sounds)

DAVID (CONT'D)
You hear this song. I love this
song, I wrote this song...

DAVID holds out his hand to ELIZABETH

DAVID (CONT'D)
And I would love it if you would
dance with me to this son that I
wrote for you.

ELIZABETH
Erm..

DAVID takes ELIZABETH's hand.

DAVID
Come on.

DAVID tugs her arm playfully

DAVID (CONT'D)
Come on, come on, come on. Let's go
on the dance floor. One song.

ELIZABETH
Oh..

DAVID
Yeah. Come on. You're a fun girl.
It'll be fun. Come on.

DAVID pulls ELIZABETH onto the dance floor.

DAVID (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'll bring her back. Swear to God.

ELIZABETH (UNDER)
Fine.

BRANDON turns to watch them on the dance floor.

DAVID (O.S.)
Come one, come on, it's fun. It's
fun.

31 **INT. AFTER WORK BAR - DANCEFLOOR. NIGHT.**

31

The pulsing thump of music, the latest cutting edge sounds-

DAVID pulls ELIZABETH into dancing, at first playful and
funny.

DAVID is insistent, pulling her closer, drawing her into a
frenzied awkward dance. BRANDON looking on, the SUITED
WOMAN's eyes grazing his, lingering on BRANDON as DAVID
stumbles.

DAVID
There you go. Mwah! You're
beautiful. Alright, alright,
spinning, spinning, spinning. Wooh!

BRANDON watches the duo dancing

LOREN
I'm grabbing her purse 'cos she's
gonna get robbed and roofied.

BRANDON
(Laughs)

RACHEL and LOREN walk off to the dance floor

LOREN
Dance?

BRANDON
No.

LOREN
Are you sure?

BRANDON
I'm sure.

LOREN (O.S.)
OK.

ELIZABETH and DAVID are amongst the dancers on the floor. DAVID is performing enthusiastically. ELIZABETH, slow, glances at BRANDON.

We see BRANDON through the dancers, watching.

32

EXT. AFTER WORK BAR. NIGHT.

32

DAVID struggling to push his arm through the twisted sleeve of his jacket, pursuing ELIZABETH and her friends up the street.

DAVID
Ok, ok, ok, ok, ok, ok. Hold on,
hold on. No, listen. I just got to
talk to you one more time, one more
time. Listen..

BRANDON comes out of the club, doing up his coat. Looks away at DAVID haranguing the trio.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Your eyes, they're beautiful. You
know why I didn't get it right the
first time? Because it's, it's like
a collage. Let me see your hand,
let me see your hand..

DAVID smiles, gently coaxing her in the opposite direction-

BRANDON hails a cab. DAVID continues haranguing ELIZABETH

DAVID (CONT'D)

Look at those eyes, look at those eyes. I know the color of your eyes.

BRANDON (OVER)

David, come on.

DAVID

Come on, we can play that game. That's so much fun when you play that game.

LOREN

Bye.

A cab pulls up.

DAVID

It's okay. 'cos I'm going this way.

BRANDON opens the cab door and waits with the taxi. DAVID walks towards BRANDON.

BRANDON

Hey man, he's going uptown.

DAVID concedes throwing his arms up, jacket half on. DAVID paws BRANDON affectionately, straightens BRANDON's jacket, gives him a kiss and stumbles into the cab.

DAVID

(Laughs) Ok.

BRANDON

I'll see you tomorrow

The cab pulls away.

33

EXT. STREET. NEAR AFTER WORK BAR. NIGHT.

33

A car glides close to the kerb-

BRANDON head down walking-

ELIZABETH

Hey. Wanna ride?

BRANDON smiles-

BRANDON

Sure.

BRANDON gets into the car.

34 **EXT. FREEWAY. BRIDGE. NIGHT.** 34

The incessant drone of cars, steady overhead-

Vast concrete supports edging the highway-

BRANDON presses ELIZABETH flat against the grit of the wall

Caught in the scissored half light, they move, with glorious
abandon-

The slice of passing headlights casting fractured light
across their writhing state until-

ELIZABETH gasps, her body shuddering, leaning into his as
they climax together, sweat beading skin.

35 **INT. BRANDON'S BUILDING CORRIDOR. OUTSIDE APARTMENT. NIGHT.** 35

BRANDON walking along the corridor-

He reaches for his keys, suddenly hesitating on-

The thump of music coming from his apartment-

BRANDON tentatively turns his key and pushes the door open-

36 **INT. LIVING ROOM. APARTMENT. NIGHT.** 36

BRANDON enters. He looks around, nothing-

The turn of vinyl on the record player-

I Feel Love by Donna Summer steadily rotating-

BRANDON makes his way back to the corridor and notices a
light on in the bathroom from the slit under the door.

He opens up an adjacent cupboard and fishes out a baseball
bat, and heads toward the bathroom.

37 **INT. CORRIDOR. APARTMENT. NIGHT.** 37

BRANDON steadily approaches the bathroom door, considers-

He shoves it open, hard, baseball bat at the ready-

38 **INT. BATHROOM. APARTMENT. NIGHT.** 38

BRANDON running, shrieking like a banshee, blinding waving
the baseball bat, slicing air-

BRANDON
(roaring)
I'll fucking kill you!-

SISSY SULLIVAN [mid/late 20's] leaps out of the bath, naked, screaming and dripping wet-

SISSY
(screams)

BRANDON
What the.. What the fuck?

SISSY holds her hurt elbow

SISSY
Fuck! Fuck! Ow! Fuck! -

BRANDON (OVER)
Jesus Christ Sissy.

BRANDON stands, shaking staring at his naked startled sister-

SISSY
Brandon. Don't you fucking knock?

BRANDON
What the fuck. Why would I knock? I live here.

SISSY
Oh fuck.

BRANDON
How'd you get in?

SISSY (OVER)
Ow! You gave me fucking keys.

BRANDON
Fuck.

BRANDON goes for a towel, shoving it towards her, embarrassed. SISSY dries her face.

SISSY
(GROANS) You fucking scared me

BRANDON
Don't I always say call me first if you're coming into town?

SISSY (OVER)
Oh my god, I called you SO many times.

SISSY sighs.

SISSY (CONT'D)
You have a fucking baseball bat?

SISSY laughs. BRANDON relaxes. She tousles her hair.

SISSY (CONT'D)
(LAUGHS) (SIGHS) Mmmm.
What is this shit you put on your
hair? Honestly, it's awful.

BRANDON shakes his head, at a loss.

BRANDON
Shampoo

SISSY (OVER)
Is it for grooming dogs?

SISSY throws the towel and BRANDON

SISSY (CONT'D)
Good to see you.

BRANDON throws the towel back at her.

BRANDON
Lock the door next time.

SISSY
Yeah.

BRANDON turns to leave the room

BRANDON
Don't use all the towels

SISSY
I won't.

BRANDON closes the door to the bathroom.

39 **INT. LIVING ROOM. APARTMENT. NIGHT.**

39

We follow BRANDON as he walks through to the living room to the record player *I Feel Love* stuck in eternal groove. He gently lifts the needle off the record. He uses the baseball bat to pick up SISSY's scarf. He sniffs it.

Silence-

BRANDON stands considers-

40 **INT. BEDROOM. APARTMENT. NIGHT.**

40

Later -

BRANDON is watching pornography on his laptop, hears SISSY on the telephone. He listens.

SISSY

..I want you. I don't want anyone else. There is no one else. I love you. I'll do anything.

Pause

SISSY (CONT'D)

I'll do anything. Please don't say that. Please don't say that.

Pause

SISSY (CONT'D)

I love you. I love you. I'll do anything. I'll do anything.

BRANDON moves the laptop and starts to get up.

41 **INT. LIVING ROOM. APARTMENT. NIGHT.**

41

SISSY

I don't have to go out. I don't have to go out. I don't even fucking want to go out. I can stay with you. I don't care. I don't care. I don't need anybody else. I love you. I love you. I love you so much (CRIES) I love you, please. I love you. I love you.

42 **INT. BEDROOM. APARTMENT. NIGHT.**

42

BRANDON is listening at the door.

SISSY

Please (CRIES) I feel sick. I feel really sick-

BRANDON closes his eyes, resigned.

43 **INT. KITCHEN. APARTMENT. MORNING.**

43

BRANDON sliding whisked eggs into a pan of sizzling butter-

SISSY enters and sits on the kitchen counter, wearing a long-sleeved white t-shirt and holding the earring left by the Pretty Woman [prostitute]. Dangling it in front of BRANDON-

SISSY

Morning. Nice earring. Hot date?

Hiding his surprise, BRANDON gets some juice out of the fridge, passes it to SISSY.

BRANDON

Juice?

BRANDON gives SISSY a carton of juice. Still sitting on the counter, SISSY grabs it with both hands, almost like a child's bottle and starts drinking.

SISSY

Mmm.

BRANDON, irritated, says abruptly-

BRANDON

Will you use a glass?

BRANDON steps away, takes a glass from a cupboard and shoves it towards her.

SISSY

(MUMBLES) Sorry.

SISSY pours the juice into the glass and drinks. BRANDON steps back to the cooker, preparing food.

SISSY (CONT'D)

(SIGHS) You're going grey. Do you think I look fat?

BRANDON doesn't react.

SISSY (CONT'D)

Do you think I look fat?

BRANDON nods in the direction of the table.

BRANDON

Sit down.

She leaps off the counter and makes her way to the table. She slaps BRANDON's behind. BRANDON's face is one of despair and irritation.

SISSY

(GASPS) Fuck you!

SISSY slams her glass on an O/S table and throws the earring away.

SISSY (CONT'D)

I'm doing a couple of gigs.

BRANDON walks towards her with a pan of food.

BRANDON
Yeah, sure.

BRANDON serves the food.

SISSY
(sudden/cutting in)
Can I stay?

BRANDON hesitates-

BRANDON
You want toast?

SISSY
Just for a few days.

BRANDON ignores her question and walks away to the kitchen.

SISSY (CONT'D)
I'd stay with Mark but he's being a
fucking asshole.

SISSY stands and walks away, following BRANDON.

BRANDON
Mark?

SISSY wraps her arms around BRANDON from behind.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
(EXHALES) Jesus, Sissy.

BRANDON pushes her arms off, turns and walks to the fridge with the juice.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
What do you expect?

SISSY
Pretty please?

BRANDON
Look, you get the sofa and you get
your ass off it-

SISSY leaps on his back smothering him with flat lipped kisses all over his head until-

BRANDON (CONT'D)
Before I leave every morning.

SISSY (OVER)
(GASPS) I will. I promise. I will
(KISS) Mwah!

BRANDON
OK.OK.OK.OK.

BRANDON pushes her down as she gives him a big kiss.

SISSY (OVER)
(KISS) Mwah!

SISSY, happy, walks back to sit down at the table.

SISSY (CONT'D)
(SIGHS)

BRANDON
We leave in fifteen.

SISSY
OK!

SISSY sprinkles salt on her breakfast. She smile, playful, resumes eating-

SISSY (CONT'D)
(Reacting to food) Mmm. Mmmm!
(SHOUTS) So good.!

The door slams. SISSY sighs and stares towards the front door, a sadness hanging-

44

INT. PLATFORM. SUBWAY. MORNING.

44

SISSY stands, toes edging over the platform. BRANDON pulls her back.

BRANDON
Stop fucking around.

SISSY stares at BRANDON. Instinctively, BRANDON feels her gaze. He turns and looks. They hold each other's eyes for more than a beat. BRANDON turns away. SISSY begins picking pieces of fluff off BRANDON's shoulder. BRANDON, visually irritated.

SISSY goes again.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
Leave it.

SISSY
You have fluff.

BRANDON
I like it there.

A quick moment passes. BRANDON picks the fluff off his shoulder and puts it on SISSY's shoulder - to her amusement.

SISSY

(LAUGHS)

BRANDON

How are you for money?

SISSY

I'm good.

BRANDON

Cause if you need some money.

SISSY

Honestly, I even make money now and everything.

BRANDON

Yeah, sure.

SISSY

Huge amounts.

BRANDON nods at SISSY's hat.

BRANDON

Are you collecting mad hats?

Sissy smiles-

SISSY

(LAUGHS) You should come and hear me.

BRANDON

Yeah. I will.

SISSY

'Yeah I will', like, 'yeah I will' like last time? Please come.

BRANDON takes off her hat.

BRANDON

Where'd you get this, anyway.

SISSY

It's vintage.

BRANDON

Yeah, I can see that.

SISSY

(LAUGHS)

SISSY takes the hat and puts it on BRANDON.

SISSY (CONT'D)

Wow.

BRANDON
(WHISPERS) Do you like?

BRANDON adjusts the hat.

SISSY
Yeah.

SISSY gently bumps his shoulder with hers.

SISSY (CONT'D)
Please come.

BRANDON
Ok. I will.

SISSY stamps her feet excitedly.

SISSY
Yaay!

SISSY leans her head on BRANDON's shoulder and he puts his arm around her.

45

INT. OFFICE. DAY.

45

BRANDON hurries into the office area, unbuckling his coat as he does so. DAVID, phone pressed to his ear, mid way through a conference call clocks him, throws some lewd gesture.

BRANDON smiles, throws up his hands, he's late. What can you do...

BRANDON
Sorry. Sorry.

BRANDON continues into his office.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
Fuck, my computer.

BRANDON puts down his coffee, and takes off his scarf.

STEVEN
Well, well, well.

BRANDON
Morning, asshole.

STEVEN
Look who's decided to grace us with his presence.

BRANDON puts his scarf in the closet and takes off his coat.

BRANDON
Yeah.

STEVEN
Don't tell me. No cabs.

BRANDON
No, your wife wouldn't let me leave
this morning.

BRANDON hangs up his coat.

STEVEN
Ah! Hey, that's not cool.

BRANDON
(CHUCKLES)

BRANDON laughs as he sits down at his desk.

STEVEN
You should be so lucky.

BRANDON
Any calls?

STEVEN
Yes. Like, fifty.

BRANDON sips his coffee.

46

INT. OFFICE - COFFEE AREA. DAY.

46

BRANDON stands, in the coffee area making himself a generic filter coffee.

MARIANNE is seated in her glass office in the background at her desk.

DAVID approaches, slapping BRANDON on the ass.

DAVID
Hey! Heads up, buddy-?

BRANDON
(OVER) woah!

DAVID
So, how'd it go last night?

BRANDON pours coffee, glancing at DAVID behind him.

BRANDON
Yeah. Got home. Went to bed. Good
night.

DAVID looks at him, shakes his head in a knowing fashion.

DAVID

A-ha. Right, right. Let's do it again tonight. Some place classier though.

BRANDON

Well... My sister's playing downtown somewhere.

DAVID

She's playing?

BRANDON

She's a musician. Well, she's a singer.

DAVID

Okay. Yeah, yeah. You know what, that sounds er.. A lot of fun.

(taps coffee mug/walking away)

And that'll ruin your enamel.

BRANDON watches DAVID walk into his office, shutting his door behind him.

47 **INT. OFFICE - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE BATHROOM. DAY.**

47

He turns right abruptly, pass the coffee area, and then right again. A COLLEAGUE is coming out of a door. He holds it open for BRANDON as he walks in. The door slowly closes, exposing the MEN'S sign for the bathroom.

48 **INT. BOOM BOOM ROOM - COATCHECK. NIGHT.**

48

BRANDON and DAVID, not knowing what is to await them, walk towards the doors of the beautiful setting of THE BOOM BOOM ROOM.

DAVID

That elevator music's like a bad acid trip.

HOSTESS (O.S.)

Good evening.

BRANDON

Evening. Er.. Reservation. Sullivan?

HOSTESS

Great. I have you on the list. I'll have you follow me.

BRANDON and DAVID take off their scarves and coats.

BRANDON

Thank you.

BRANDON and DAVID give their coats to FEMALE STAFF MEMBER.

DAVID (TO COAT CHECK GIRL)

There you are.

HOSTESS

Right this way, please.

DAVID

Oh, wow, look at that ass. I could follow that forever.

DAVID glances back at BRANDON

DAVID (CONT'D)

Nice pick. (SNIGGERS) (WHISTLES)

DAVID and BRANDON walk on towards the bar.

49

INT. BOOM BOOM ROOM. NIGHT.

49

BRANDON and DAVID enter a beautiful bar. A spectacular 180 degree view of Manhattan. The room has the most elegant decor. It is to die for:

Metropolis meets Blade Runner, a glittering New York skyline to the North of the room, the grey endless black of the Hudson River to the South.

It surpasses DAVID's idea of classy.

The murmur of conversation-

The shake of cocktails mixed-

DAVID

Oh. Oh, I forgot how beautiful this city is.

BRANDON and DAVID follow the HOSTESS to take a seat at a far table.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Oh, thank you, thank you.

A stunning leggy COCKTAIL WAITRESS walks up to the table, dressed in silky 1930's cigarette girl costume.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

Hi guys. How are you both doing tonight? What can I get you?

DAVID (OVER)

Hi. Your.. Your accent. Are you..?
Are you from erm..?

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

Brazil.

DAVID

(looking around)

Rio. Hmm?

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

Sao Paulo.

BRANDON looks down and chuckles to himself.

DAVID

Oh! Oh, that is a beautiful city.
That's..

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

(LAUGHS) You've been there?

DAVID

Once or twice.

BRANDON

Can we get two dry martinis with
olives.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

Hm-hm.

DAVID

And a little bit later, why don't
you come by for a drink with us?
Hmm?

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

I'll make sure I get those drinks.

DAVID

Thank you.

BRANDON

Thanks.

The COCKTAIL WAITRESS smiles, moving on, she's heard it all
before.

DAVID smiles, clocks BRANDON's look.

DAVID

She would be offended if I didn't
try.

BRANDON shakes his head and looks down.

BRANDON
Unbelievable.

DAVID (OVER)
Ah. (LAUGHS)

DAVID and BRANDON look around the room

DAVID and BRANDON are fortunate to be here. The clink of glasses, the noise of laughter waft through the room.

Across the room, a familiar face.

Her wavering a little at first on seeing BRANDON across the room. Their eyes lock.

She smiles, with quiet surprise-

BRANDON looks away, ignoring SISSY's gaze, not wanting to look at her. SISSY plays on, inwardly crestfallen, her fingers working across the piano keys.

DAVID leans back, eyes grazing over SISSY, a kind of white noise to SISSY's beautiful music-

The seeping first bars of 'New York New York' filtering through-

SISSY
(singing)
*Start spreading the news. I'm
leaving today. I want to be a part
of it. New York..New York.*

It's a familiar song but in SISSY's hands, every word punctures like an emotional fireburst-

SISSY's voice is oddly haunting underscoring the bubble of conversation,

SISSY (CONT'D)
(singing)
*I want to wake up in a city that
doesn't sleep. And find I'm king of
the hill, top of the heap.*

SISSY's eyes dart back to BRANDON, seemingly lost in his conversation, but competing now with SISSY and her song-

SISSY (CONT'D)
(singing)
My little town blues-

Suddenly SISSY's fingers drop from the piano, her whole body curving into the microphone offering a blues vocal acoustic, slowly but quietly captivating-

SISSY (CONT'D)
*They're melting away. I gonna make
a brand new start of it.*

Even DAVID's listening now-

 SISSY (CONT'D)
 (singing)
In old New York....

SISSY's up moving now, she is completely lost in the song and the room is coming with her-

BRANDON concedes, looking back at SISSY, now holding the room.

 SISSY (CONT'D)
 (singing)
If I can make it there-

A kind of hushed still has descended-

 SISSY (CONT'D)
 (singing)
*I'll make it anywhere. It's up to
you..New york, New york. New York,
New York-*

SISSY comes closer, walking between the tables, flirting and laughing and drawing the audience in until they are in the palm of her hand.

 SISSY (CONT'D)
 (singing)
*I want to wake up in a city, that
never sleeps...And find I'm a
number one-*

SISSY grazes past BRANDON's table, eyes catching on BRANDON, singing for him now-

 SISSY (CONT'D)
 (singing)
*Top of the list, king
of the hill-*

BRANDON drinks, not looking at SISSY. She closes her eyes, tears stinging, reeling back into herself-

 SISSY (CONT'D)
 (singing)
A number one...

SISSY draws out the note, bringing the song momentarily to a silence-

SISSY's misty eyes open as BRANDON at last looks at her, the moment oddly fragile between them, brutal and yet tender. Even DAVID sensing something until-

SISSY (CONT'D)
(singing)
These little town blues-

SISSY turns, makes her way back to the piano, enjoying it now-

SISSY (CONT'D)
(singing)
Are melting away...

Fingers touching the keys once more, masterfully picking up and improvising with the last few bars-

SISSY (CONT'D)
(singing)
*I'm gonna make a brand new start of
it - in old
New York..*

SISSY leans back. She is on fire now, singing with every fibre of her heart and soul, like no other rendition heard.

SISSY (CONT'D)
(singing)
*And if I can make it there, I'm
gonna make it
anywhere It's up to you-*

SISSY holds BRANDON with a voice, a sudden flickering emotion threatening to topple her, somehow in SISSY's hands this song is heartbreaking...

SISSY (CONT'D)
(singing)
*New york New york
(quieter now)
New York..New York..
(even quieter)
New york New york
(almost to a whisper)
New york New york.*

SISSY strikes one last note, lost deep within herself-

HUSHED SILENCE-

DAVID
Wow. Wow! Bravo!

Sudden APPLAUSE, CHEERS, OVERWHELMING-

DAVID turns to BRANDON

DAVID (CONT'D)
(LAUGHS) She's good! She's good!

BRANDON looks away, eyes filling with tears.

BRANDON puts down his drink, blotting his coaster with the imprint of the deep red rim of his glass-

He's the only one not applauding.

50

INT. BOOM BOOM ROOM. NIGHT.

50

SISSY is being congratulated by a HIP MEDIA TYPE and his WIFE. The scene is one of congratulations, SISSY is admired.

SISSY confident approaches DAVID and BRANDON. She is bold and self-aware.

DAVID
Hi.

SISSY
Hi.

DAVID
I'm David.

SISSY
Sissy.

DAVID
It's a pleasure to meet you.

SISSY
Nice to meet you.

DAVID (OVER)
I think you were fantastic and you look great in the dress, too. Please sit down.

SISSY
Thank you. (TO BRANDON) What did you think?

BRANDON
Yeah, it was... interesting.

SISSY
(LAUGHS) What do you mean?

BRANDON
Er.. No, it was, er.. It was good. It was good.

DAVID finishes his martini.

SISSY

It was good?

DAVID

He was crying. He was crying. There were tears coming down his face. I saw it. You made a grown-man cry.

SISSY

Really?

DAVID

Hm-hmm.

BRANDON

I'm gonna get some more drinks.

DAVID

That's a great idea. Why don't you get a round for the table, buddy?

SISSY (OVER)

Yeah.

Brandon exits.

DAVID

OK, I'm really sorry about that, I.. He's had a rough day at work. I think he's a bit emotional right now.

SISSY

Yeah.

DAVID

Yeah.

(beat)

So you guys grew up in Jersey, right?

SISSY

Yeah.

DAVID

Hmm. You still live there?

SISSY

GOD, no.

DAVID

That's good. That's good. Where do you live now?

SISSY

Kind of all over the place.

DAVID
Yeah? What's the last city you've
been to?

SISSY
LA.

DAVID
Los Angeles?

SISSY
Mm-Hmm.

DAVID
Oh boy. You like it there?

SISSY
I mean, I'm going back.

DAVID
That must mean you love it then,
huh?

SISSY
No! I can't even fucking drive.
It's a nightmare.

BRANDON reappears.

DAVID (OVER)
(LAUGHS) Whoa, wait a minute, wait
a minute. You can't drive?

SISSY
No.

DAVID
Why not?

SISSY
I tried when I was a kid, and I was
horrible.

DAVID
Wait, how old were you when you
quit driving.

SISSY
Sixteen.

DAVID
You were 16 years old?

SISSY
Mhmm.

DAVID

So wait, wait, wait a minute. How do you get along in Los Angeles?

BRANDON sits behind them.

SISSY

I take the bus.

DAVID

No, no, no, no, no no. Look, look.

DAVID takes SISSY's hand. BRANDON notices, looking uncomfortable.

DAVID (CONT'D)

A girl like you cannot be taking the bus.

One of Sissy's sleeves rolls down to her elbow, as she casually puts her hand under her chin, charmingly tilting her head - revealing a cross stitch of scars, the trail of self harm laced up her arm. DAVID notices.

DAVID (CONT'D)

What.. Waht happened to your arm here?

SISSY

Oh, just.. When I was a kid I was bored.

SISSY takes her hand back.

DAVID

Well, you must have been really bored.

SISSY

I was.

DAVID

Alright, we've got a problem. your sister cannot be taking the bus anywhere. OK. I know a guy who owns a car rental company. We're gonna get you a car, we're going to drive around in circles in a parking lot and you are going to learn how to drive.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Not a stick, automatic. It's a little easier.

SISSY

I would love that.

DAVID

You'd love that. That's good. You know what? Better yet..

DAVID (CONT'D)

We're going to get you a golf cart. We're gonna get you a gold cart and you will drive the golf cart around.

SISSY (OVER)

Wow, now we're talking. I would..yeah.

DAVID (OVER)

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

SISSY

Everybody should drive golf carts.

DAVID (OVER)

A golf cart right up Fifth Avenue, huh? (LAUGHS)

SISSY sips her drink.

SISSY

(LAUGHS) Mmm.

DAVID

You know, they should They should. It would be a lot cleaner and greener. It would be great for the city. Brandon, what do you think?

BRANDON

Sounds great.

DAVID

Yeah?

DAVID looks at BRANDON. BRANDON looks like he would rather be anywhere than where he is now.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(laughs)

I love your, brother. What an amazing man. How long are you here for?

SISSY

I don't know.

DAVID

You don't know? Can I see you again? Please?

Sissy laughs.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Is that too forward? I just.. I find you fascinating, I really do. I think you're a fascinating creature, I'd love to see you again.

(beat)

Listen, why don't we.. this is a celebration, let's have champagne.

SISSY

Yes!

DAVID

Champagne for everybody. For the whole table. Come on!

SISSY (OVER)

Champagne!

BRANDON looks unenthusiastic

BRANDON

Champagne.

51 **INT. CAB (CROWN VIC STYLE). NIGHT.**

51

BRANDON wedged in the back of the cab, with DAVID and SISSY as they are lost eating one another's faces.

Looking uncomfortable, BRANDON frequently takes glimpses in the rear view mirror.

DAVID and SISSY continue making out. It's almost animal.

52 **EXT. STREET. OUTSIDE APARTMENT. NIGHT.**

52

A dimly lit street-

A cab is pulling up. DAVID opens the door.

DAVID

I've got it, I've got it. Get out, get out, get out, get out.

DAVID is wearing SISSY's hat.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Come here, come here, come here, come here.

Finally SISSY steps out of the cab, DAVID lifts her over his shoulder.

SISSY
(YELPS) Oh, God! No! (LAUGHS)

DAVID
(STRAINS) Come on, come on with me,
come on...

SISSY
Get off. Get off. Get off.

DAVID (OVER)
You wanted me to do that. How did
that work?

SISSY
Get off me.

SISSY starts to enter thru the revolving door. DAVID follows

DAVID
Ah come on, come on, come on, come
on, come on...

BRANDON is left alone to pay the driver.

53 **INT. BRANDON'S APARTMENT - CORRIDOR. NIGHT.** 53

BRANDON waits in the lobby, pressing the button for the
elevator. An elevator arrives. He ignores it and sits down.

54 **INT. CORRIDOR/KITCHEN. APARTMENT. NIGHT.** 54

Darkness-

BRANDON enter his apartment door.

He hears giggling from his bedroom.

SISSY (O.S.)
(LAUGHS) Well, I am hot, I am hot.

DAVID (O.S.)
You are hot.

SISSY/DAVID (O.S.)
(LAUGHTER and chatter)

BRANDON walks to his kitchen.

HE hits the kitchen cabinet in frustration.

He walks into the living area and paces.

BRANDON considers, looking out through the window, he sits on
the ledge, wringing his hands.

BRANDON

Sissy, get out of my room?

SISSY doesn't move.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Sissy, get out of my room.

All this time, BRANDON has not looked at SISSY, staring up to the blank ceiling. He SCREAMS at the top of his lungs-

BRANDON (CONT'D)

GET THE FUCK OUT! GET OUT!

SISSY gets up, deliberate, as if rising from the dead, and slowly walks around the bed.

SISSY SLAMS the bedroom door on her exit.

60

INT. OFFICE. DAY.

60

Midday-

The office is in full flow-

BRANDON crosses it, clearly worse for wear.

A TECHNICIAN wheels a computer out of BRANDON's office.

STEVEN

(in passing)

Hey slacker, your computer's back.

BRANDON heads towards his desk, stopping on seeing-

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Dave's looking for you.

STEVEN exits again.

BRANDON observes, his computer is back at his desk.

61

INT. OFFICE - DAVID'S OFFICE. DAY.

61

BRANDON puts his head around the-

DAVID (O.S.)

(INTO PHONE) Yeah, yeah. It was really great last night.

SKYPE SON (OVER)

(THRU COMPUTER) Daddy, daddy.

DAVID (O.S.)

(INTO PHONE) Ah, listen, I gotta go. OK, thanks for calling.

DAVID (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(INTO COMPUTER) Hey, buddy.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Er, listen, we said an hour French
and then Isobel's gonna pick you up
because Mommy's picking up Nathan.
Alright? You can go after.

SKYPE SON
Yeah, I know. But Mommy says I
can't

DAVID (OVER)
OK, well. Let's go talk to Mommy
hmm..?

SKYPE SON
Aw.. She's all the way downstairs.

DAVID (OVER)
Well, go downstairs and tell her
that Daddy said it's okay for you
to go to Jason's

SKYPE SON
Ohhh..

DAVID
Hah? Come on. How about that? Do
it. YOU can do it. Get up.

SKYPE SON
OK.

DAVID
Yeah.

SKYPE SON
Mommy? Mommy?

DAVID's SON exits the computer screen. David looks up at
BRANDON.

DAVID
(LAUGHS) What's up, man?

BRANDON
Well, Steven said you wanted to see
me?

DAVID
Yeah. Er, Dude. Nine o'clock this
morning, where were you?

BRANDON
Dentist. Root canal.

DAVID

Oh, shit. Now, what did I tell you about that? Who d'you see?

BRANDON

Gary Sher... King's practice, West 57th street.

DAVID

Good. Good. You're stinging that company health care plan, I hope, right?

BRANDON

Sure.

DAVID

That's what it's there for, man. Alright brother.

BRANDON turns to leave.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Listen, one more thing.

BRANDON turns back.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Your hard drive is filthy, all right. We got your computer back. I mean, it is, it is, dirty. I'm talking like hoes, sluts, anal, double anal, penetration, inter racial facial, man. Cream pie. I don't even know what that is.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Do you think it was your intern?

DAVID finally looks up, holds BRANDON's gaze, with discreet challenge until-

BRANDON

(beat)

On my hard drive?

DAVID nods, resumes working-

DAVID

Yeah, someone's fucking with your account, man. And we're blowing our wad in cash, you know? It takes a really really sick fuck to spend all day on that shit.

BRANDON nods, makes to go.

From beyond-

SKYPE SON
Daddy...Daddy...

BRANDON exits.

DAVID
 Yeah. Hey buddy, Er, what she say?

SKYPE SON
 She said I can go to Jason's for half an hour but I have to be home by five for dinner.

DAVID
 OK. That's great. See? Best of both worlds. You got everything you want.

BRANDON takes this opportunity to leave.

SKYPE SON
 Yep.

DAVID
 You happy?

SKYPE SON
 Yeah.

DAVID
 Yeah. You better be. Get out of here.

SKYPE SON
 OK. Alright. See you

DAVID
 OK.

DAVID looks up, watches BRANDON heading back to his desk, quietly considering.

A child's painting stuck to the wall behind DAVID.

62

INT. COFFEE AREA - OFFICE. DAY.

62

BRANDON, lost in familiar routine, pours sugar into his coffee-

MARIANNE
 Hey-

BRANDON looks up, MARIANNE loiters-

BRANDON

Hey.

MARIANNE

You like your sugar.

BRANDON

(nods/ smiles)

I do.

MARIANNE is still standing, waiting. They look at each other. Eventually she turns and walks out.

63

EXT. PIER. HUDSON RIVER. NIGHT.

63

BRANDON stands at the end of a long pier, looking out toward the Hudson River, the LAP of murky water, audible. He hovers for a moment, and considers, then slowly makes his way back to the main road.

The glittering lights of Jersey stretching wide beyond.

64

EXT. NEAR STANDARD HOTEL. NIGHT.

64

Above, the tall, endless glass of *The Standard Hotel*, scored with a honeycomb of windows, randomly illuminated like tiny still lives.

BRANDON comes to a corner, lights a cigarette and leans. Above him, engraved in stone is "1949." He looks up toward the tall building, which appears like a Stasi East Berlin building. Stark and authoritative.

A KID slaps his palms against the glass of a fourth floor window, a FILIPINO NANNY ushers him away.

A WOMAN, early 30s, phone to her ear, dressed in black jeans and t-shirt, paces along the window. Catching sight of BRANDON, she PULLS the curtain along the length of the glass.

A MAN stares blankly out, clearly fresh in on a flight and jet lagged, enjoying the view two floors up.

A FEMALE CLEANER just visible lost in the monotony of cleaning, makes large brush strokes with a large pink fluffy duster.

And then BRANDON sees her-

A MIDDLE AGED WOMAN stands, naked her body pressed against the floor to ceiling glass, high up, overlooking the Hudson River. The steady back and forth of the MIDDLE AGED MAN behind her gradually reveals both are lost in a stand up fuck.

BRANDON hesitates, quiet fascination flickering across his face as for a brief flickering moment BRANDON's eyes lock with the MIDDLE AGED WOMAN's dead gaze, standing high above-

A CAR HORN LOUD UNREMITTING-

BRANDON turns, his hypnotism broken. It's as if he comes back to himself.

65

EXT. STREET. NEAR RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

65

A distant restaurant illuminating a dimly lit street-

MARIANNE waiting inside the bar, seated, with a drink, clearly there for some time. Her eyes checking the room, with quiet concern.

BRANDON stands watching from a distance-

BRANDON makes to cross, hovering on the edge of the gutter until-

66

INT. RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

66

BRANDON enters the restaurant.

BRANDON

Hi.

MARIANNE

Hello-

BRANDON

Hello. (LAUGHS)

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Did you find it okay?

MARIANNE

Yes, I'm glad you made it.

BRANDON

Oh, yeah. I'm late. Sorry.

BRANDON sits down at the table where MARIANNE is already seated.

MARIANNE

You look handsome.

BRANDON

You look amazing.

A WAITER enters.

WAITER

Hi.

WAITER places the wine list in front of BRANDON and hands out menus.

MARIANNE (UNDER)

Thank you.

WAITER

OK.

BRANDON

Thanks.

WAITER

I have few specials on the menu, if you'd like to hear them?

MARIANNE smiles, eyes darting to BRANDON, playful. The WAITER oblivious, clearly on a roll.

BRANDON

Sure.

WAITER (O.S.)

Erm.. The soup of the day is tomato with basil oil and Parmesan crostini. The special is marinated swordfish, tabbouleh and Moroccan Chermoula. It's really good. Er, we're also serving a DeBragga and Spitler New York Strip with a side order of fries and the salad is snow pea and radish with a cider vinaigrette. Can I start you off with a sparkling water?

BRANDON nods, (CLEARS THROAT)-

BRANDON

Tap water's fine.

WAITER

OK and the wine menu's right next to you. Yep. There you go-

BRANDON pulls out a wine menu hidden under his bread plate.

BRANDON

You want some wine?

MARIANNE

Sure.

BRANDON

White? Red?

MARIANNE

Red maybe..

The WAITER hovers, points to a red on the menu-

WAITER

The Pinot Noir is er..light..
Erm.If you like it like.. Light.

The GLIDE of a napkin across BRANDON's lap, the WAITER a constant presence, on the edge of irritating.

BRANDON

Great.

WAITER

OK. I'll be back.

The WAITER smiles, at last moves off-

They sit looking at their menus.

BRANDON steals a moment, eyes tracing over-

MARIANNE's fingers playing with the edge of her menu-

The flutter of her lashes-

Nipples ghosting her dress.

An ring indent around her wedding finger, the shrink of skin.

BRANDON

So (CLEARS THROAT) Where do you
live? (LAUGHS)

MARIANNE

(LAUGHS) Brooklyn.

BRANDON

Nice.

MARIANNE

Born and raised. Where you from?

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

Where you from?

BRANDON

I was born in Ireland. We moved
here when I was a teen.

The WAITER enters again, with water.

MARIANNE

Do you get back much? (TO WAITER)
Thank you.

WAITER pours water for MARIANNE

BRANDON
A couple of times.

MARIANNE
A big family? You miss them?

BRANDON
Er.. I have a sister.

MARIANNE
I have two.

BRANDON
Oh, yeah?

MARIANNE
Yeah.

BRANDON
Older, younger?

MARIANNE
Older and younger. I'm in the middle.

BRANDON stares at MARIANNE

MARIANNE (CONT'D)
What?

BRANDON
Just wondering.

MARIANNE
(LAUGHS) are you nervous?

BRANDON
Why would I be nervous?

MARIANNE smiles, holds his look.

MARIANNE
You look a little nervous.

BRANDON
Do I? No.

MARIANNE
Well, what's a date?

BRANDON shrugs-

BRANDON
It's no big deal.

MARIANNE

It took me an hour to figure out
what to wear.

BRANDON

You chose wisely.

MARIANNE shrugs, smiles-

BRANDON laughs-

The WAITER returns-

WAITER

I forgot to say the crab comes in
the shell.

BRANDON

Great.

The WAITER pauses, expectantly.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Oh. Yeah... I haven't even looked
at this.

MARIANNE

Erm, I'll have the lamb.

The WAITER scrawls it down on a pad, barely looking up.

WAITER

The Lamb.

BRANDON

I'll have the Lamb too. That sounds
great.

MARIANNE

(LAUGHS)

WAITER

Erm, No appetizer?

BRANDON

(looking to MARIANNE)
You want-?

MARIANNE shrugs, closes her menu.

MARIANNE

I'm fine.

BRANDON

No.

WAITER
OK, and how would you like the
lamb?

BRANDON
Medium.

WAITER
We recommend it pretty pink.

The WAITER waits-

BRANDON looks at MARIANNE, they giggle.

BRANDON
OK.

MARIANNE
Hm-hm.

WAITER
Pink it is.

The WAITER takes the menus. MARIANNE stares at BRANDON.

WAITER (CONT'D)
Thank you. Excuse me.

The WAITER exits.

BRANDON
So, you seeing anyone at the
moment?

BRANDON (CONT'D)
No.

MARIANNE
No. Really? Why? Why is that?

BRANDON
I don't know. Just er, it's just
the way it is.

MARIANNE
It's just the way it is. Yeah, I
erm... actually, I'm separated.

BRANDON
Right.

The dip of skin, soft under her chin, a finger grazing over
it, nervously.

MARIANNE
Yeah. Kind of a recent thing.

BRANDON
OK. You were married for long?

MARIANNE
No.

The WAITER returns.

WAITER
Did we decide on the wine?

BRANDON hesitates, on the edge but-

BRANDON
Erm, well, yeah erm.. The Pinot..
Was it the Pinot Noir, you said?

BRANDON scours the wine menu at a loss-

BRANDON looks to MARIANNE, she shrugs-

WAITER
Yeah, great..Great choice. OK.

The WAITER nods, at last moves off-

MARIANNE
I wasn't married long. Gave it a
shot. It didn't really work out.

BRANDON
No.

MARIANNE
Wow.

BRANDON
What?

MARIANNE
Well, you just seem, like..
(LAUGHS)

BRANDON
What?

MARIANNE
...averse to the whole idea.

BRANDON
Well, yeah. I mean, I just don't
understand why people would want to
get married. Especially nowadays, I
mean, it's.. You know.. I don't see
the point.

MARIANNE
In relationships?

BRANDON

It doesn't seem realistic.

MARIANNE considers, lips grazing the rim of the glass.

MARIANNE

Are you serious? I mean..

BRANDON

Yeah, I am, really.

MARIANNE

(LAUGHS) Well, then, you know, why are we here, if we don't matter to one another?

BRANDON

Well..

MARIANNE

Why are you here?

BRANDON

The food's supposed to be really great here. (LAUGHS)

MARIANNE nods, doesn't look amused-

BRANDON (CONT'D)

No, no, no, no. I'm not.. I'm not saying it like that. I mean, I just mean, you know.. One person for the rest of your life? I mean, it's.. I mean, you know, you come to restaurants, you see couples sitting together and they don't even speak to one another. They don't have anything to say, they don't have anything.

MARIANNE

They probably don't have to speak because they're connected.

BRANDON

Or they're just bored with one another.

MARIANNE

Every..

The WAITER approaches, a bottle of wine in hand.

WAITER (OVER)

Here we go.

The WAITER uncorks the wine.

MARIANNE
What's your longest relationship?

BRANDON
Erm..

He pours a little into BRANDON's glass.

MARIANNE
Exactly.

BRANDON gestures for the WAITER to pour.

BRANDON
Oh, that's.. you can pour.

WAITER
Sure.

WAITER fills BRANDON's glass.

BRANDON
Four months.

WAITER finishes pouring BRANDON's wine and starts filling MARIANNE's.

MARIANNE
You have to commit. You have to actually give it a shot.

BRANDON
I did.. (LAUGHS).. For four months.

WAITER (UNDER)
I'll leave the bottle.

The WAITER slides the bottle down, moving off-

MARIANNE
For four months.

67 **EXT. STREET. OUTSIDE RESTAURANT. NIGHT.**

67

A dirty grey street, brightened by the glow of BRANDON and MARIANNE seated inside the restaurant.

68 **EXT. STREET. NEAR RESTAURANT. NIGHT.**

68

LATER-

BRANDON and MARIANNE stand heady from the wine and a little awkward in the freezing cold-

They walk-

BRANDON sneaks a side glance, MARIANNE smiles. It's freezing. They're breath and bodies steaming as they walk.

MARIANNE
Thank you.

BRANDON
Look, touch that.

BRANDON bows, pointing to the back of his head.

MARIANNE
Your head?

MARIANNE turns to touch BRANDON's head. As she does so, he GROWLS at her, like a little dog.

BRANDON
GRRRRRR.

MARIANNE shrieks.

They BOTH laugh.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
(LAUGHS) Oh, no, no, no...

MARIANNE
(LAUGHS) You're such a.. Weirdo.

She pushes him playfully.

BRANDON
No, seriously, seriously. Touch it.

MARIANNE
OK.

There's a massive knot on the back of his head.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)
Oh, my God.

BRANDON
Do you feel that?

MARIANNE
Yeah, what is it?

BRANDON
It's a remnant.

MARIANNE
A remnant?

BRANDON

Yeah, from the Neanderthals.
There's only a few of us left since
the homo sapiens took over.

MARIANNE (OVER)

OK. Hmm.. That would explain the
forehead.

BRANDON

What's that supposed to mean?

MARIANNE

'What's that supposed to mean?'

BRANDON

What do you mean?

MARIANNE

(CHUCKLES) No, seriously, how did
you get it?

BRANDON

(COUGHS) I used to play this game
with my cousin.

MARIANNE

Hm-hmm.

BRANDON

Where I would sit on his feet and
he'd fly me through the air. I hit
my head on the ceiling and I
blacked out.

They both laugh. Marianne laughs hysterically. BRANDON laughs
along.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

I was knocked out for 5-10 minutes.
I peed my pants.

MARIANNE

(Reacts Sympathetically) Oh.

BRANDON

If you had a choice to live in the
past or future and you could be
anything you wanted, what would you
be?

MARIANNE

What would you be?

BRANDON

I always wanted to be a musician in
the sixties.

MARIANNE
That's cool A musician?

BRANDON
Yeah.

MARIANNE
Sixties is tough though. I saw
GIMME SHELTER recently, you know
the Rolling Stones documentary?

BRANDON
Yeah.

MARIANNE
It kind of seemed like hell.

BRANDON
What?

MARIANNE
(LAUGHS) Yeah, the sixties would be
the last place I'd want to be.

BRANDON
No way!

MARIANNE
Yes. Eugh, chaos!

BRANDON
So where would you wanna, and what
would you wanna be?

MARIANNE
Erm.. You know. Here, now.

BRANDON
That's boring

MARIANNE
Fuck you. (LAUGHS)

Still walking along, BRANDON thinks for a moment. BRANDON turns and stares at MARIANNE, holding his gaze. MARIANNE blushes. There's a silence as they walk on. They get to a subway entrance.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)
OK. Well, this is me.

BRANDON nods, hovers by the subway, awkward and yet-

BRANDON
This is you.

They stand heady from the wine and a little awkward.

MARIANNE

Thank you very much Brandon.

BRANDON

Thank you very much MARIANNE. We should do this again.

SILENCE

They loiter on the edge of something more.

MARIANNE

Right.

SILENCE

BRANDON hovers, momentarily fragile, the sting of uncertainty. MARIANNE descends into the depths of the subway, with a half wave.

BRANDON

So, is that a yes?

MARIANNE (O.S.)

Maybe, yeah.

69

INT. CORRIDOR. APARTMENT. NIGHT.

69

The CLICK of the door-

BRANDON enters. The sound of the record player, which had finished hours ago, rotates empty on the turntable.

Pulling off his jacket-

BRANDON

Hello? Sissy?

SILENCE-

BRANDON puts the needle back in it's dock. HE hangs up his jacket, takes his bag, heads towards the living room. He spies all SISSY's crap spilling out across the floor-

He sighs.

Heads to the kitchen and gets a can out of the fridge.

70

INT. CORRIDOR. APARTMENT. NIGHT.

70

The lock of the front door rotates. Someone is entering the apartment.

Darkness-

SISSY bursts through the door, in a hurry.

After a moment the bathroom door opens, cutting a slit of light into the darkness.

From the blackness we see BRANDON framed, masturbating in front of the bathroom sink.

SISSY, shocked, stands with her hand still on the door handle, transfixed by a naked BRANDON.

As BRANDON instinctively turns, SISSY runs from view.

SISSY slams the door shut.

BRANDON (O.S.)
Oh! Fuck!

SISSY
(SNIGGERS) Fuck!

BRANDON looks at himself in the mirror, full of shame and bewilderment and deep embarrassment.

Slowly but surely these expressions turn into rage. He hits the wall in frustration.

SISSY (CONT'D)
Fuck!

71

INT. LIVING ROOM CORRIDOR. APARTMENT. NIGHT.

71

BRANDON opens the bathroom door, with towel tied around his waist, looking for SISSY.

BRANDON
What? Are you fucking spying on me?

SISSY
(LAUGHS) Lock the fucking door,
Brandon.

BRANDON (OVER)
Are you fucking spying?

SISSY
(Mimicking him) Uhh.. Are you
fucking spying?

BRANDON leans over SISSY, pushes her down onto the sofa.

SISSY (CONT'D)
Fuck! (LAUGHS) Brandon..

BRANDON (OVER)
What do you want? What do you want?

BRANDON climbs onto SISSY, straddling her.

SISSY

Oh, you wanna fight? You wanna fight? You wanna fight? You wanna fight?

BRANDON (OVER)

Yeah? You want some of this? You want some of this?

BRANDON's towel falls down as he forcefully pins her down.

SISSY (UNDER)

You wanna fight? You wanna fight? You wanna.

BRANDON (OVER)

What do you want from me? What do you want from me?

SISSY

Brandon!

BRANDON shakes SISSY by the shoulders. She reacts, upset now.

BRANDON

(SHOUTS) What do you want?

SISSY (OVER)

(SHOUTS) Get off me!

BRANDON

(SHOUTS) Why did you come here? Why?

SISSY (OVER)

Get off me! Get off me!

BRANDON

Why?

SISSY (OVER)

Get of me!

BRANDON

Why?!

SISSY

Ow! You're fucking hurting me.

BRANDON (OVER)

Talk to me! You fucking bitch!

SISSY (OVER)

Fucking get the fuck off, you fucking weirdo.

BRANDON stands and exits. SISSY shouting after him.

BRANDON (O.S.)
Fucking slut!

72

INT. BATHROOM. APARTMENT. NIGHT.

72

BRANDON locks the bathroom door.

He exhales, letting the moment slowly pass until-

SISSY (O.C.)
Brandon-

BRANDON lowers himself onto the floor, desperately struggling with his emotions-

He closes his eyes, eyelashes fragile and flickering until-

BRANDON opens them, reaches a hand out, almost mechanically, turns up the shower, the room now swirling in steam, trying to drown SISSY's voice out.

SISSY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Brandon, I'm sorry.

BRANDON closes his eyes, tears pricking-

73

INT. LIVING ROOM. APARTMENT. NIGHT.

73

SISSY walking back from kitchen, resigned-

BRANDON's laptop on and open on his desk.

SISSY approaches it, sinking down in front of the illuminated laptop.

She absently taps the mouse, dragging open a series of held windows, the shifting lights of the screen cast across her face, revealing-

Slowly SISSY's face changes, a blurred smorgasbord of porn sites, graphic and obscene, their colors reflecting across her face and body. An escalating collage of graphic images, obscene sexual messages and a provocative sexual conversation hanging mid sentence addressed to a live sex chatroom. The images haunting, brutal, from the weird to the sadomasochistic. The open windows, an endless stacking of obscene chatroom conversation, emails posted with graphic sexual photos and live webcam images of every combination of fucking disappearing into the screen in infinite form.

SISSY is taken aback and strangely intrigued-

Suddenly a voice from the screen, images briefly glimpsed, a woman legs splayed-

FROM SCREEN

Hey, where's Brandon? Are you
Brandon's girlfriend? Do you want
to play?

SISSY looks closer, mildly appalled.

FROM SCREEN (CONT'D)

Do you wanna play with my tits? I
know Brandon would really like it..
And I know exactly what Brandon
likes.

BRANDON picks up the laptop and heads towards his bedroom.

SISSY takes her coat and leaves the apartment.

74

INT. BEDROOM. APARTMENT. NIGHT.

74

LATER-

The thump of music-

BRANDON sitting on the edge of his bed, the pumping music from a stereo in the apartment seemingly getting louder, hands grasping his hair. Then suddenly he enters the whole contents of his bedside drawer into a black garbage bag.

Then, BRANDON moving like a dervish through the apartment, a black garbage bag in his hand, dumping pieces of paper, post it notes and business cards with hastily written cellphone numbers on the back.

BRANDON moves on, picking up anything he can find. An old jacket, elbows worn. A handful of old t-shirts.

He moves off down the corridor with growing frenzy, grabbing more crap along the way, one of SISSY's dirty thongs on the floor. He picks it up, moving on.

75

INT. KITCHEN. APARTMENT. NIGHT.

75

An open fridge-

BRANDON tipping bowls of old food and long past it sell by date mush into the bag.

Cans of Red Bull, crappy cereals, jam with mould on top, an old joint, magazines all get dumped on route.

BRANDON heads out, picking up more detritus along the way, old pens, an old cellphone, a pair of defunked headphones-

A pile of porn mags, in a cupboard, pulled out as he heads down along the corridor.

76

INT. LIVING ROOM. APARTMENT. NIGHT.

76

BRANDON strips the room, pulling out an old pair of sneakers smelling and cracked from under a chair. He peers up, looks around the room almost bare-

His laptop resting on his desk. BRANDON stops, considers, initially resistant and then something finally compels him to do it-

He picks up the laptop, yanking the plug hard from the wall. Dumping it inside the garbage bag, he moves on picking up an ipod, a gameboy, ipod nano, wires and cables and stuff. Slapping a tangle of wires into the garbage, he drags the heaving bag of crap out into the corridor.

The SLAM of the front door-

77

EXT. STREET. OUTSIDE APARTMENT. NIGHT.

77

BRANDON heading down the steps of his apartment, heaving the swelled and dripping bag into a heaving garbage can parked on the sidewalk. A pile of black garbage bags already piled up along the street in waiting for collection.

Further down the street a YOUNG COUPLE holds hands, walks by the arrangement of trash bags littering the sidewalk.

A SIREN goes past-

The DISTANT banter of a GANG OF KIDS.

BRANDON heads back up to his apartment, shutting the door firmly.

78

INT. BRANDON'S OFFICE. DAY.

78

BRANDON, now the voyeur, looks across the room, into MARIANNE's office. He studies her, almost like prey. The moment seems to last a lifetime. There is much want in BRANDON's face, but from this distance seems unobtainable.

Suddenly, and without any warning, BRANDON walks into his dream, entering MARIANNE's office, and pulls her behind a partition, kissing her unapologetically and passionately.

She responds, startled, but happy to be taken. She surrenders.

They pull away, looking at one another. She smiles, laughing, his spirit infectious, drawing her on.

BRANDON

Come on.

BRANDON leads MARIANNE away.

79 **EXT. STANDARD HOTEL. DAY.**

79

BRANDON and MARIANNE stepping out of a cab, BRANDON leading MARIANNE, both giggling and tripping.

MARIANNE
Where are you taking me? (LAUGHS)

BRANDON
Come on. You'll see

MARIANNE stops. She smiles, quizzically, allowing herself to be guided and yet-

MARIANNE
No, where are we going? (LAUGHS)

BRANDON
Come on.

80 **INT. BATHROOM. STANDARD HOTEL. DAY.**

80

BRANDON snorts two lines of coke in quick succession on top of the white water tank in the toilet.

Exiting, we see MARIANNE looking out onto the Hudson from the large hotel window.

81 **INT. BEDROOM. STANDARD HOTEL. DAY.**

81

BRANDON enters the bedroom, stopping to prepare a drink. Watching MARIANNE at the window.

BRANDON
You wanna drink?

He pours a drink from the mini bar.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
What are you looking at?

MARIANNE
The view is amazing.

BRANDON approaches nervously, standing next to her.

BRANDON
Hey.

MARIANNE leans up and kisses BRANDON.

MARIANNE
(LAUGHS)

MARIANNE takes BRANDON's hand and leads him to the bed. We see both of them slowly discovering each other through tender touches.

MARIANNE caresses BRANDON's face and kisses both his eyes. BRANDON attempts to do the same to MARIANNE, slowly but surely. This ritual becomes more aroused, clothes start to fall away, revealing for the first time both each other's flesh.

BRANDON rolls up her skirt, laughs at her panites. MARIANNE giggles.

BRANDON
(LAUGHS) Are they vintage?

MARIANNE
A little bit. (LAUGHS)

The ritual begins to get more passionate, as they feel for each other's breasts and thighs.

At the height of this passionate encounter, BRANDON's attention strangely, slowly starts to fade. It's as if the intimacy that he has discovered starts to frighten him.

He recoils, unable to continue.

Both lie on their backs silently, in frustration, breathing heavily. MARIANNE's face is one of puzzlement and hurt. She looks at BRANDON for some kind of answer. He gets up. MARIANNE, unsure what to do, sits up and pulls down her skirt, adjusts her hair.

82

INT. BEDROOM. STANDARD HOTEL. DAY.

82

Late afternoon sunlight seeping across the room-

BRANDON sits at the edge of the bath looking out onto the view.

MARIANNE
Brandon? Erm...

MARIANNE looks at him, the moment fragile. She does up her bra.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)
You know, it's cool. It's OK.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)
Should I go?

BRANDON
Sure.

Hurt, MARIANNE put on her top, picks up her bag and makes to leave

BRANDON (CONT'D)
I can walk you down.

MARIANNE (O.S.)
That's OK.

SILENCE-

BRANDON looks back out over the grey of the Hudson River.
BRANDON's face is one of embarrassment and failure.

The CLICK of the door, MARIANNE gone.

The HUM of the traffic, audible through an ajar window.

BRANDON reaches his hand out, catching the breeze, peering down, a man on the edge.

83 **INT. BEDROOM. STANDARD HOTEL. DAY.** 83

BRANDON banging the life out of HOTEL LOVER, doggy style,
tits pressed up against the glass of the window-

The DISTANT SCREECH of horns.

84 **EXT. STREET. BELOW STANDARD HOTEL. DAY.** 84

The trawl of cars-

The grey of the Hudson River-

BRANDON and the HOTEL LOVER just visible high above, caught
full frontal in the window-

85 **INT. BEDROOM. STANDARD HOTEL. DAY.** 85

BRANDON close to climax-

A cold sweat beading BRANDON's forehead as he comes, face
twisted before the slow seep of release.

BRANDON withdraws, laughs. The HOTEL LOVER laughs as well.

BRANDON turns, for a moment she is almost beautiful.

HOTEL LOVER smiles, already pulling on her underwear. BRANDON
watches her, pulling on a tiny thong. She looks up, stares at
him.

BRANDON looks away, fighting back the cold flutter of shame.

BRANDON
Can I get you a drink?

HOTEL LOVER hesitates, smile, shakes her head.

HOTEL LOVER
No.

BRANDON nods. HOTEL LOVER fingers fastening a cheap nylon bra.

HOTEL LOVER (CONT'D)
Fuck.

BRANDON
Need a hand?

HOTEL LOVER
The hooks odd-

HOTEL LOVER (CONT'D)
(SIGHS) There you go.

86 **INT. BEDROOM. STANDARD HOTEL. DAY.**

86

BRANDON sits on the bed, now alone, caught in the half light of dusk-

The rise and fall of a distant lift.

87 **INT. LIVING ROOM. APARTMENT. NIGHT.**

87

BRANDON is sitting on the couch, watching a cartoon. SISSY enters the apartment, on her cell phone. BRANDON ignores her

SISSY (O.S.)
(into phone) David?.. Pick up. I take it you're at your pottery class.

SISSY hangs up.

SISSY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Have you eaten?

BRANDON
No.

SISSY (O.S.)
Are you hungry?

BRANDON
No.

SISSY Sits down next to BRANDON on the couch.

SISSY

Can you just give me a hug?

BRANDON puts his arm around her. She snuggles up to him.

BRANDON

He's not gonna screw you again.

SISSY

(SIGHS).

BRANDON

You left a message didn't you? You can't help yourself. It's disgusting.

SISSY

Why are you so fucking angry?

BRANDON

Why am I so fucking angry? That's my boss! You sleep with him after twenty minutes and now you're calling him up? What's the matter with you? You know he's got a family, right? You know he's got a family?

SISSY

No.

BRANDON

You didn't see the wedding ring on his finger?

SISSY

No.

BRANDON

You're a liar.

SISSY

I'm sorry

BRANDON

You're always sorry.

SISSY

At least-

BRANDON (OVER)

That's all you ever fucking say!

SISSY (OVER)

Well, least I say I'm sorry.

BRANDON

Try doing something, actions count!
Not words.

SISSY

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I fucked up.
I'm not perfect. But I'm...trying.

BRANDON

Some people fuck up all the time.

Pause.

BRANDON removes his arm from around SISSY.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Look, just forget it. This isn't
working out. Obviously. You need to
find somewhere else to live.

SISSY

I don't have anywhere else to go.

(beat)

This isn't about him. I make you
angry all the time and I don't know
why.

BRANDON

No. You trap me. You force me into
a corner and you trap me. "I've got
nowhere else to go." I mean, what
sort of fucking shit is that?

SISSY

You're my brother.

BRANDON

So what, I'm responsible for you?

SISSY

Yes!

BRANDON

No I'm not!

SISSY

Yes you fucking are!

BRANDON (OVER)

I didn't give birth to you! I
didn't bring you into this world.

SISSY

You're my brother, I'm your
sistern. We're family. We're meant
to look after each other.

BRANDON
You're not looking after me.

SISSY
I'm-

BRANDON (OVER)
I'm looking after myself.

SISSY (OVER)
I'm trying to help you!

BRANDON
How are you helping me? Huh? How
are you helping me?

BRANDON grips SISSY's face in his hand.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
How are you helping me? Huh? Look
at me. How are you helping me? You
come in here, and you're a weight
on me. Do you understand me? You're
a burden. You're just fucking
dragging me down. You can't even
clean up after yourself. Stop
playing the victim.

SISSY
I'm not playing the fucking victim.
If I left now, I'd never hear from
you again.

SISSY pulls BRANDON's hand away.

SISSY (CONT'D)
Don't you think that's sad? Don't
you think that's sad? You're my
brother.

BRANDON
Why is it always so dramatic with
you? Everything is always the end
of the world.

SISSY
It's not fucking dramatic. I'm
trying to talk to you!

BRANDON
I don't want to talk. Try not
talking. Try just listening or
thinking for a change.

SISSY
Yeah, 'cos that's working great for
you. You're completely fine.

BRANDON

Well, I've got my own fucking apartment.

SISSY

Oh, whopee-fucking-shit. You have your own apartment, that's amazing. Your job and an apartment, I should be in awe of you.

BRANDON

Well, at least I'm responsible for it. At least I don't depend on people all the time. You know, you're a dependency, you're a parasite.

SISSY

You don't have anybody. You don't have anybody. You have me and your fucking pervert boss.

BRANDON

You slept with that fucking pervert boss. So what does that make you?

SISSY

Don't talk to me about sex-life Brandon. Not from you.

BRANDON

Whatever.

BRANDON makes his way to the closet, taking his coat.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

I'm going out.

SISSY

Great. And then you'll just come back and we'll just have this same fucking conversation again.

BRANDON

No, you'll move out.

SISSY

And then I'll never hear from you again?

BRANDON exits the apartment.

BRANDON's reflection in the window as the train travels.

We see that BRANDON has a nasty cut on his cheek.

89

INT. BAR. NIGHT.

89

Earlier that night-

BRANDON sits, drinks alone at the bar-

An OLDER GUY paws a GAUNT YOUNG WOMAN plying her with drinks, knocking them back much to his delight.

BRANDON watches, catching the eye of a girl (CARLY) walking towards the bar, her friends playing pool-

CARLY

Hey-

BRANDON

Hey.

CARLY smiles, as she leans against the bar, her breasts spilling out of her T-shirt.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

(close to)

You want to get out of here?

CARLY giggles-

BRANDON (CONT'D)

I could take you somewhere.

CARLY looks over at her MUSCULAR BOYFRIEND just visible across the bar talking to a couple of GUYS.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

What? Are you with someone? Does he go down on you? I do..That's what I like to do..

CARLY looks at him, sobering and yet-

BRANDON's hand discreetly reaches down, up and under the girl's skirt, shocking her a little and yet-

BRANDON (CONT'D)

I like the way it feels. I like the way it's just me and it... I wanna taste you. I like to slip my tongue inside you-

CARLY leans in closer, her lips blotting the edge of a glass overfilled with beer.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

...just as you come.

CARLY hesitates, the moment hangs dangerous between them.
BRANDON sucks his fingers.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
Want me to make you come?

BRANDON (CONT'D)
I can do that. Want me to do that?

BRANDON strokes her chin-

MUSCULAR BOYFRIEND
Hey-?

From behind, CARLY'S MUSCULAR BOYFRIEND approaches, quizzical-

MUSCULAR BOYFRIEND (CONT'D)
What's up babe?

CARLY nods, deflects-

CARLY
I was just getting some drinks.

MUSCULAR BOYFRIEND
Yeah, huh?

BRANDON
I was just telling your pretty
girlfriend here, that I'd like to
fuck her in that tight pussy of
hers.

MUSCULAR BOYFRIEND
(CHUCKLES)

BRANDON
I mean bone her real hard til she's
clawing up my back.

CARLY
He's kidding.

CARLY gently bars her MUSCULAR BOYFRIEND, trying to diffuse
lead him away.

BRANDON
After I fuck her hard up the ass, I
put my balls in her mouth while I
come on her face.

MUSCULAR BOYFRIEND
(To CARLY) You won't let me fuck
you in the ass.

CARLY
Christ.

MUSCULAR BOYFRIEND
You get to fuck her in the ass?

BRANDON
You know.

MUSCULAR BOYFRIEND
Tell me more man, because you.. I'm
fucking loving this.

BRANDON turns, smiles provocatively, knows what's coming next.

BRANDON
Smell it.

The MUSCULAR BOYFRIEND reacts as BRANDON shoves his fingers under his nose.

MUSCULAR BOYFRIEND
(SNIFFS) Yo!

The MUSCULAR BOYFRIEND shoves BRANDON.

CARLY
Jesus, come on.

MUSCULAR BOYFRIEND
You mother fucker.

BRANDON laughs, sips his drink-

90 **EXT. STREET. OUTSIDE BAR. NIGHT.**

90

BRANDON is rounding a corner, doing up his jacket. The MUSCULAR BOYFRIEND runs out after him.

MUSCULAR BOYFRIEND
Hey, Romeo.

He spins BRANDON around and punches him.

The slip and slide of BRANDON's shoes, his face smashed against the sidewalk. The MUSCULAR BOYFRIEND comes in hard again, kicking him, sharp in the ribs. BRANDON recoils yet almost seems to want more as he struggles to stand. He spits on BRANDON.

91 **EXT. STREET. NEAR BAR. NIGHT.**

91

BRANDON walking, aimless and bleeding-

The DRONE of taxi's streaking past-

TWO WOMEN seated outside a bar, drinking and smoking, lost in their laughing conversation oblivious-

BRANDON walks on-

A YOUNG MAN with a satchel roughly brushes past him-

The YOUNG MAN wavers on seeing BRANDON is crying, moving on-

BRANDON's face head down wanting to get away.

A rush of TEENAGERS and MIDDLE AGED COUPLES spilling out of a cinema-

BRANDON walking, disorientated, jaywalking through the traffic.

The SCREECH of horns-

BRANDON ignores them, he crosses streets, traffic, darting off the sidewalk into the road, when human, dog or stroller gets in his way until-

92

EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

92

BRANDON walking past a blur of yellow Neon and glow of shop signs-

Across the street, a snaking queue of MEN wait in line outside a club.

He keeps walking, eyes scouring-

TEENAGERS loiter, in oversized clothes, sunk under caps and hoods.

93

EXT. STREET NEAR CLUB. NIGHT.

93

A lively bar; a couple of HOT GIRLS entering-

BRANDON considers, goes to enter, barred by BOUNCERS, who point him back along the cue-

He stands in line-

Across the street, a THICK SET GUY eyes him. He stands smoking outside a heaving bar. BRANDON looks away-

A GANG OF GIRLS pass, The BOUNCERS let them in with ease. BRANDON reaches for his iPhone, tries to cover his face with his phone to get into the club-

BOUNCER

Woah! Not tonight, buddy.

100 **INT. SUBWAY. DAWN.**

100

The grey snake of a subway coming up from under ground-
 BRANDON stands on a platform. It's not the rush hour yet.
 The RATTLE of the subway pulling in-
 BRANDON boards the train.

101 **INT. TRAIN. SUBWAY. DAWN.**

101

A virtually empty car-
 BRANDON sits-
 A COLUMBIAN WOMAN across the car, head lent against the
 window, half asleep, clearly at the end of a long shift.
 Above a poster of a sunny shiny family advertising LIFE
 INSURANCE-
 BRANDON's eyes graze over the poster-
 He stands his reflection mirrored back at him, preparing for
 his stop-
 The train SCREECHES to a sudden halt-
 Wheels SCREECHING along the track-
 The COLUMBIAN WOMAN wakes-
 A YOUNG STUDENT plugged headphone on, looks up from reading
 her book.
 BRANDON inwardly curses.
 The train sits in the station. Doors not opening.
 The silence at last punctured by the SHRILL hum of the
 intercom-

INTERCOM

*Ladies and Gentlemen, at this time,
 due to a police investigation, we
 have to discharge this train.
 Please follow the conductor to the
 rear of the train.*

The long low PING of the intercom fading out-
 They wait. And wait in silence.

BRANDON leans his head against the glass, closes his eyes, a
 hangover kicking in.

The other few commuters in the carriage sit awkwardly, wondering why the doors aren't opening in the station. Details of the carriage appear.

Half-drunken cup of coffee.

An old New York POST.

Graffiti on all the car windows.

They wait.

Suddenly passengers from other carriages are making their way through the carriage that BRANDON's in, with the CONDUCTOR ushering the passengers to make their way down to the end.

CONDUCTOR (O.S.)
Watch your step between cars.

Passengers asking, "What's going on?"

BRANDON finally makes his way down with the other passengers to the last carriage. As he steps out, he looks down to his far left and sees a POLICE CAUTION LINE being unraveled, and ENGINEERS and FIREMEN making their way to the far front of the train.

102

INT. SUBWAY. DAWN.

102

A LARGE BLACK WOMAN, face bowed, sits talking to a POLICE OFFICER giving a statement-

CONDUCTOR
Watch your step.

Several ENGINEERS stand further down the platform surrounding a TRAUMATISED DRIVER-

CONDUCTOR
Follow, me please. Follow me.

Two PLATFORM ATTENDANTS talk to POLICE OFFICERS.

CONDUCTOR (CONT'D)
Watch your step. This way. This way. Quickly

FEMALE CONDUCTOR
This way. Nothing to see. Move on.

CONDUCTOR (O.S.) (OVER)
Right this way, please.

FEMALE CONDUCTOR
Move on. This way.

BRANDON makes his way past the wrought-iron gate with other passengers, going up the stairwell.

103

EXT. STREET. OUTSIDE SUBWAY. DAWN.

103

BRANDON climbs the stairs, filing out of the subway, eyes catching on-

A WOMAN'S shoes, like Sissy's earlier at the Boom Boom Room, discarded. BRANDON picks up his pace.

The intermittent WHIR of sirens-

BRANDON emerging from the subway, already reaching for his cellphone-

Beyond the glow of an ambulance-

BRANDON keeps walking, heading off up the road quietly distracted. He taps the keys pressing the cellphone to his ear.

The PULSE of a distant phone ringing-

The answer machine kicks in-

ANSWER MACHINE

*This is Sissy..leave a message..
Don't if you're an asshole.*

BRANDON flicks it off, slips it back in his pocket. BRANDON picks up his pace.

He flicks out his phone again. Tries again-

ANSWER MACHINE (CONT'D)

This is Sissy..leave a me-

BRANDON is running now, heart beating fast now, breath quickening, a seeping panic threatening to unleash-

BRANDON

Shit!

SUDDENLY he makes a dash for it, weaving through the sidewalk at pace.

104

INT. BRANDON'S BUILDING - LOBBY. DAWN.

104

His finger repeatedly presses the elevator button as if by doing so will make it arrive quicker.

105 **INT. BRANDON'S BUILDING - ELEVATOR. DAWN.** 105

BRANDON enters into the elevator. The door shuts immediately behind him.

106 **INT. BRANDON'S BUILDING - CORRIDOR. OUTSIDE APARTMENT. DAWN.** 106

Exiting, BRANDON heads along the faceless corridor, reaching his front door.

He is already pulling out his keys and pushing them into the door with growing dread-

107 **INT. CORRIDOR. APARTMENT. DAWN.** 107

The sound of running water from the bathroom. BRANDON stops with relief, leaning his forehead against the bathroom door, letting himself exhale-

BRANDON

Sissy-

SILENCE-

BRANDON hesitates, a seeping concern pricking his skin-

108 **INT. BATHROOM. APARTMENT. DAWN.** 108

BRANDON walks into the bathroom, freezing on seeing-

SISSY sunk on the floor wedged between the bathroom and the toilet-

The pump of blood seeping from her wrists, already pooled across the floor-

BRANDON reaches for SISSY gripping her wrists, deep slashes scissoring the veins, the flap of skin, flaying-

BRANDON pushes the fat of his thumb on each slash, blood seeping between his fingers-

BRANDON looks at her wrist, every time he moves his fingers, he releases the pressure the blood flows.

BRANDON grips them tighter, a quiet determination to stop the bleeding-

The skid of blood underfoot, BRANDON cradles her in his arms, grappling with his phone, desperately calling 911.

BRANDON desperately holds her, cradled between his legs, his fingers pressing her wrists, temporarily stemming the flow of blood, the phone wedged between shoulder and chin.

The slip of Sissy's wrist through Brandon's fingers. He slams down the phone, struggling to hold her in his grasp. She slips again.

109

INT. HOSPITAL. DAY.

109

Brandon head bowed. Sitting by Sissy's bedside-

Sissy lies, sleeping, skin white, strapped to a drip. The gentle rise and fall of her breath.

Brandon's gaze falling on Sissy lying in the hospital bed, her wrists bandaged.

Brandon, eyes falling on the scars covering her arms. He reaches out a hand, on the edge of touching them, letting his fingers hover over them until finally-

A finger lightly outlines a snaking scar seeping up her arm. She stirs a little but-

Sissy's eyes just opening, focusing on him until-

Sissy
(murmuring)
Shithead.

Relief overwhelming Brandon, he laughs, exhales on the edge. Brandon turns to stroke Sissy's hair, rests his head next to hers. She sleeps again.

110

EXT. WATERFRONT. HUDSON RIVER. DUSK.

110

Brandon now walking along the side of the river, railings seemingly speeding up his journey.

Beyond, the shadowy black figures of a broken jetty stretch out toward the open river.

111

EXT. DOCK. HUDSON RIVER. DUSK.

111

The endless grey of the Hudson River, close now-

Brandon walking along a concrete jetty-

A rusting building, oxidized and stained salt green, edging along the jetty until-

Brandon reaches the edge of the jetty, looking out-

The LAP of grey water beneath.

BRANDON stands, a hangover kicking in-

And at once BRANDON is crying, the tears flowing slow at first until they rush, like floodgates opening. He reaches for breath, trying to stifle the howls emanating from his body, inconsolable now, flooded with emotion-

BRANDON sinks squat to the ground, buckled in two, body shuddering.

The LAP of the water steady now-

BRANDON sobs and sobs and sobs, a mess of snot and tears as he looks out over the wide sweep of the Hudson River.

Far off the drone of the freeway, the early evening trawl of traffic kicking in-

The froth of the tide back and forth, rising and breaking, back and forth.

112 **INT. PLATFORM. SUBWAY. MORNING.**

112

BRANDON stands in his familiar spot on the platform, waiting for the train that will take him to work. Wearing a vacant face, the train pulls into the station. BRANDON boards.

He takes a seat automatically, as if pre-programmed. The train leaves the platform.

113 **INT. TRAIN. SUBWAY. MORNING.**

113

Looking into no man's land, BRANDON feels the heat of someone's gaze. As he instinctively looks up to respond, a mixture of surprise, fear, excitement and doubt across his face.

The PRETTY SUBWAY GIRL who we met at the beginning of our story is staring down at BRANDON, this time in a more engaging fashion. She looks because she wants to be looked at.

Again, a dance begins. This time, she leads. Engaged, active, decisive.

BRANDON's face is fractured into many conflicting emotions. It's as if a magnet is drawing him in, but at the same time he's trying to resist.

At this moment, the PRETTY SUBWAY GIRL stands up, eyeing BRANDON as she makes her way to the door, blocking BRANDON as the train pulls in to her stop.

114 **INT. PLATFORM. SUBWAY. MORNING.**

114

The train pulls away from the station and disappears into the tunnel. We do not know if BRANDON is still aboard or has succumbed to his urges.

115 **THE END**

115