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Submit: A Narrative Film Production

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SUBMIT:
A NARRATIVE FILM PRODUCTION

A Thesis

Submitted to the Graduate Faculty of the
University of New Orleans
in partial fulfillment of the
requirements for the degree of

Master of Fine Arts

in

The Department of Drama and Communications

by

Tim Theuer

B.A., University of Louisville, 1991
May 2005

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ABSTRACT

Theuer, Timothy Louis, MFA Drama and Communications, University of New Orleans, May 2005. Submit: A Narrative Film Production. Major Professor: Dr. Wendy Hajjar.

This thesis documents the production of a seventeen-minute narrative film production, Submit. It includes chapters outlining the development, pre-production, production and post-production stages. In addition, the script, shot lists, equipment request form, budget, and camera reports are included.

Written, produced, and directed by the author, Submit is the story about a man's desire to right his life by winning back a former love. The story involves deceit and plays with notions of identity and place. The film was shot in seven days throughout the City of New Orleans. The goal of this project was to create a short piece that in turn would be employed to garner further resources to shoot a feature length film.

INTRODUCTION

In the summer and fall of 1997, I wrote the screenplay Submit. A feature length script, I had ambitious plans to film its entirety. The plan was to create a film of marketable length—feature length. Too much commitment, energy and organization goes into the filmmaking process, it was felt, to create a piece that would be ruled out for distribution because of its length. However, the first of many compromises was made when it was decided to create a short version of the script. Instead of shooting one scene from the script, I wanted to create a piece that gave a feeling for the whole of the story. This was the project to which I committed.

This project would lead me into a variety of technical and artistic arenas and challenges. I endeavor to explain how these challenges of art are planned, confronted, and executed for this particular film. Toward this end, this production book outlines the project in chapters from Development, Pre-production, Production, Post-production, and finally to Conclusion.

I aspire to showcase this film as a marketing tool to production executives, festivals and studios to obtain resources for a feature production.

CHAPTER 1: DEVELOPMENT

The Script

The script, for Submit, initially manifested itself as a collage of characters, ideas, and images. In no particular order did this collage present itself. There was the central character relationship between Louis, Caitlin, and Trip. Louis and Caitlin were former lovers. Louis and Trip were best friends from college, ten years removed. Louis, a prodigious child, was now an aimless, wannabe scribe. Trip was a wine salesman. His sales career had impacted his life, and his general outlook had a good dose of “dog eat dog.” Caitlin was searching for a sense of place in the world. She was developing a career in the film business, but her health had suffered from the stress related to her position.

The city of New Orleans was also a character that emerged early on in script formulation. New Orleans is a city where people from all over seem to migrate. New Orleans is colorful and sometimes quite seedy--literally speaking, from pastel colored homes to neighborhood bars and corner stores with hand painted signs. However, this is not the traditional New Orleans presented in media. No Cajun accents or Spanish moss inhabit the world of Submit.

An idea or theme that pervades the narrative is that of a sense of place with regard to the individual; how a place affects an individual’s feelings about themselves; and how a place associated with an individual informs how others think about that person. Often, people are born, live, and die in the same city or town or place. However, in contemporary times, people’s lives are sometimes dictated by the necessity of employment. They pull up roots; they “do what they have to do.”

Images play with this sense of place. The early scenes in Louisville take place in neighborhoods that are strikingly similar, architecturally, with that of some of the scenes in New Orleans. These visual similarities are an ironical juxtaposition to the narrative idea that Caitlin needs to leave Louisville to “find somewhere different.” These are the roots from which the feature length version of Submit grew.

The plot of Submit revolves around Louis’ attempt to get Caitlin back, and Caitlin and Trip’s attempt to keep their relationship secret from Louis. There is a serial killer, Racer X, loose in New Orleans. The unidentified killer uses a car as their weapon of choice. Caitlin and Trip conspire to link Louis with Racer X, at least in Louis’ mind.

The Thesis Version of Submit

The thesis version of Submit is a seventeen-minute visual synopsis for the feature. The object is to set up the key relationships, invest a peculiar tone of intrigue and mystery, present New Orleans in a fresh and interesting light, and demonstrate the potential for a unique, crafted, entertaining, and profitable feature.

For this synopsis, or extended trailer, key scenes are extracted from the larger piece to obtain the above stated goals. Like adapting a novel to the screen, some elements of the larger story have to be omitted for the pared down version. Scenes are chosen for impact and the ability to succinctly convey the plot.

What follows is the description of the scenes, or parts of scenes, chosen for this visual synopsis. Scene 1 from the thesis shooting script is of driving shots of New Orleans. Various street tableaus, such as a car wash, restaurant, neighborhood grocery, and bar establish the New Orleans character. These types of shots are employed throughout the synopsis as a bridging

devise between the expository scenes. They allow the audience to digest the information by returning to a similar motif.

Nighttime shots of city streets are taken from Scene 3. These nighttime shots are Racer X's point of view (POV). We look out into the beam of headlights traversing the streets. Similar shots are used throughout the synopsis, like the other driving shots, as a bridging device between scenes.

Scene 2 helps establish Louis and Trip's relationship. Louis has the habit of smelling his cigarette before he lights it, which Trip recognizes from the past. They talk about going out on the town, "like old times." Louis, however, states his reason for being in New Orleans--to rekindle his relationship with Caitlin. Of course, Trip is slightly aghast at the idea of someone moving cross-country in pursuit of a former lover.

From Scene 9, two sections of dialogue are extracted. This scene takes place at the "Oz" bar. This is a gay bar in the French Quarter. Louis is a bartender there. Once again, the idea or relationship between place and identity is at work. To much of the "straight" or, in particular, homophobic world it is fairly incomprehensible why a heterosexual would take a job in such a place. In one section of dialogue, Philippe, the gay proprietor of the bar, presents the notion that the French Quarter is a magnet for people to migrate to. He suggests that many of these people reinvent themselves, once they are here. Once again, the notion of place and identity surface.

In the second section of dialogue, from Scene 9, reading from a newspaper, Philippe introduces the serial killer, Racer X. The article reports that the killer has struck again.

Scene 11, and 12, depict Louis and Trip out on the town. They take a carriage ride in the French Quarter. They get drunk and invite a girl up for a ride. Eventually, seizing the opportunity, Trip makes his move on the girl.

Louis tracks down Caitlin in Scene 23. While Caitlin is getting an earful from her colleague, Louis intercedes. Caitlin is highly disturbed by Louis' sudden appearance. She elucidates her dismay at the notion of Louis tracking her down. Louis nonchalantly overlooks Caitlin's attitude.

Scene 28 has Trip and Caitlin together at dinner. Trip broaches the idea of trying to get Louis to leave town. Trip talks about Louis' drinking and driving and alludes to the serial killer's modus operandi. He suggests that because of Louis' aimless and unstable condition that he might be susceptible to believing that he is somehow connected with Racer X. Then for his own good, Louis would leave New Orleans.

In Scenes 35, 36, and 37 we start by seeing Caitlin and Trip on a couch in the evening. They recline on the couch, Trip moves on top of Caitlin in an embrace. We cut to Caitlin's window behind the couch, where Louis then appears. Then, we see Louis' POV from the window--the empty back of the couch. At least at this moment, Caitlin and Trip are hidden. Did Louis see them together before they disappeared or not? This is purposely ambiguous.

Scenes 46 through 49 depict Racer X running down a pedestrian. Racer X's nighttime POV shots open the sequence. We then see the Pedestrian. A car enters the foreground of the next shot with the Pedestrian walking in the distance. We go back to the Pedestrian. Headlights intensify on his back; he turns just as the vehicle overtakes him. He is left dead in the street.

Parts of Scene 62 are shot to depict Louis in his declining physical and emotional state. Louis has taken on a facial tic. He complains to Philippe that he feels sick and that he needs to take some time off.

Trip goes to the gay bar, trying to find Louis, in Scene 64. Philippe explains to Trip that he believes Louis is away on a binge, or in pursuit of Caitlin. Playing on what he senses, Philippe

invites Trip in for a drink. Trip, for once, is put on his heels from the perceived homosexual proposition.

Scenes 79 and 81 bring to a head the current status of Trip and Louis' relationship. Louis finds himself in a desolate industrial/wharf area of the city. He has no real recollection of how he got there or how he got a flat tire. This sets Trip off. Trip lets Louis know what he thinks of Louis' life--his drunken, slacker proclivities, as well as the pitiful notion of reclaiming his former girlfriend, Caitlin. Louis responds in his nonchalant manner, but with an air of irritated curiosity regarding Trip's concern over Caitlin. This is a type of, "me thinks thou protest too much."

The visual synopsis closes with scene 89. This scene shows Trip in the street. From the same point of view as the previous nighttime driving shots, Trip walks out into the street as the Killer's POV bears down upon him. It is an open ending. We do not see who the driver is. Was it Louis? Racer X? Or are they one in the same?

The Budget

The full funding for Submit was put together by the filmmaker. Initially, there was a hope of attempting to shoot the entire feature length script. However, the reality and logistics of shooting a feature became unwieldy at the time. Instead, the monies obtained were invested in producing this visual synopsis, for the highest possible production value and marketability.

Because production value is an emphasis, money is allocated for particular location and special equipment rental: the French Quarter carriage, crane rental, apartment rental. The crane came from Independent Studios and was rented at a half-day rate of 300\$. The apartment location was obtained through Cahn reality for 75\$ for the day. In addition, Cahn required proof of insurance. This was covered by the Louisiana State university system with no cost to the production.

The crew and talent's time was generously donated by the individuals, or bought off very cheaply. The respective owners donated the majority of locations, vehicles, and props. The bulk of equipment used was loaned free from the Department of Drama and Communications.

Film stock, laboratory fees, shipping, and catering were the main expenditures. Kodak and Motion Picture Laboratories provided student discounts for their products and services. See appendix D for final budget.

CHAPTER 2: PRE-PRODUCTION

The Crew

After some consideration, I decided to gear toward a small crew. From experience, I found myself most satisfied on a set where there was always something to do, whether that something had to do with my “position” or not. So, toward that end, a list of possible crewmembers was created from those who possessed cross over or multiple abilities, or whom where simply competent and trustworthy to take on several roles or do whatever needed to be done.

Mark Bergeron was pegged for assistant directing duties. He expressed interest in working on the project and he was experienced with a “professional” set. I was familiar with Bergeron’s assiduous preparation and organization and felt strongly agreeable with him as assistant director.

Hamp Overton was the first choice for director of photography. Having worked with Overton on several other projects, he demonstrated the type of on-set behavior I was looking for. More importantly, Overton possessed a technical ability that was confident to the task of carrying out my photographic designs. It was determined that Overton would also operate the camera.

It was then necessary to obtain a competent assistant to the director of photography. There was much fortune in conscripting Paul Farrow to assist Overton. An accomplished cinematographer in his own right, Farrow only bolstered the photography department. Ashley Scales was also brought on to assist the photography department. Her multifaceted crewing would also include script supervisor and assistant directing duties.

Keeping in mind a small crew and the importance of the grip/electric team, I sought the services of Randy Perez. Perez would handle all aspects under what would normally be two separate departments. His commitment of time and effort to the project was tremendous.

For sound recordist, Dan Sampey took the reigns. It was worked out before shooting however that he would have to miss some of the days or times. Chris Fauntleroy stepped up and committed to the days Sampey would be absent.

The project also received production assistance from Guy Wood on a per need basis.

Location Scouting

The scenes to be shot represented a variety of locations. This was a consideration taken for enhancing production value. The location sites needed were Louis' apartment, the 'Oz' bar, Caitlin's apartment, the movie set location, the industrial/wharf area, the French Quarter carriage, and a deserted stretch of road.

Louis' apartment needed the look of a small, cheap abode. My first choice was for a Lower Garden District locale. Ashley Haspel, a local film location manager, helped with some location related contacts. Cahn Enterprises, Incorporated was one such contact. Cahn manages real estate around the New Orleans area and was said to be film-friendly. After speaking a few times with a representative at Cahn, a meeting was set to view some of their properties. They didn't have any Lower Garden District sites, but did have a few apartments on the outskirts of the French Quarter. Three apartments were viewed, two in a building on Dumaine Street and one on North Rampart Street. All these locations basically met the scene needs. It was just a matter of making an aesthetic choice. The cinematographer and I visited the sites to make a final choice and insure that the appropriate power supply was available. One of the Dumaine apartments was decided upon. However, when speaking with the Cahn representative later, it was determined

that the desired apartment was erroneously shown as available for the shoot. Or at least, the desired apartment wasn't available for the one-day rental at the quoted price. So, the apartment at 716 North Rampart was secured for Louis' apartment. I returned a second time to this location to locate and inspect the fuse box.

The reasons for renting this apartment were twofold. Once again, for what little might be actually shot of the apartment, I wanted to carry through with not faking a different location but really being there. The second reason was for the actors. It was becoming apparent that untrained actors were going to be cast (this will be discussed later). I felt it was important for the actors to really be in a strange apartment--a kind of method location managing.

The location for the Oz bar was supposed to be a simple deal. The filmmaker had previously filmed at a French Quarter bar. However, the vicissitudes of human nature rose again, and the owner of the bar decided he didn't want a film crew at the bar this time. So, the search was on for something convenient and aesthetically acceptable. In the Lower Garden District, around an enclave of restaurants and bars there was found a visually interesting empty building. Because the filming of the Oz bar scenes could all take place on the exterior of the building, the sidewalk, and that the building itself was presently unoccupied, no official permission was sought.

Ashley's apartment was the easiest to secure. The filmmaker's apartment was of an appropriate style for Ashley's character and the scenes to be shot. Wood floors high ceilings and a separate dining and living room space fit the need.

The movie set location was a street exterior. An Uptown New Orleans location was called for, specifically a location out in front of brightly colored shotgun homes. Also, from a shooting standpoint, a long relatively flat sidewalk was desired--some flowering trees along the

roadside would be a bonus. Fortunately, the cinematographer lived Uptown, and the appropriate street topography was near his house. Overton's house would conveniently serve as a surrogate "honey wagon" and craft-services area.

The filmmaker spent several days traversing the river front area, specifically the area roughly between Jackson Avenue and downtown, searching for the industrial/wharf area. There are several locations that offered interesting architectural backdrops in a deserted, forlorn setting. The huge smokestacks that rise from an industry off Tchoupatoulas Street kept exerting themselves upon the consciousness of the filmmaker. At some point, they simply had to be involved. In the area was also a hulking electrical related structure. This electrical structure possessed a chaotic sense wrapped within an architectural frame--steel beams and wires shooting off in every direction, but somehow all coming together to form a pattern and whole. This sense of a form containing contradictory elements was perfect for the scene where the differences in two old friends come to a head. An opportune turn off Tchoupitoulas Street onto Celeste and the Celeste Street wharf proved an excellent staging area for the scene. The immediate surrounding barrenness of the flood wall area combined with the electrical structure and smokestacks as background-framing devices was perfect for the scene.

Basically, there wouldn't be a problem finding a carriage for the French Quarter carriage ride scene. The carriage scene really boiled down to the bottom line, how much was it going to cost? Once again, having the carriage ride scene was partly necessary for augmenting production value. The one supposed connection to a carriage driver proved to be no cheaper than the normal cost. The filmmaker went to the French Quarter and spoke with a few of the drivers trying to "feel out" which ones seemed like they might be most flexible regarding time and cost. Eventually, Susan at Royal Carriage was chosen for the ride. She seemed affable and was quite

comfortable with the notion of a film shoot. In fact, she said she had worked with one before, so the filmmaker hoped she would know what to expect. It was communicated to the carriage driver that the Lower Quarter, near Esplanade Avenue, would be the area for filming. The precise stretches of street, however, would be determined at the time.

The stretch of deserted road presented some logistical problems. The scene was going to employ the use of special equipment, and would necessitate the closure of a normal city street. After speaking with locations advisor, Ashley Haspel, and equipment supplier, Joe Catalanotto, it came to light that a stretch of Poydras Street was commonly used for filming street or car scenes. After surveying the area, it seemed okay. It wasn't anything too spectacular, but it would provide a cityscape backdrop to the shot. However, after consideration, filming on Poydras and closing down Poydras for a period of time was going to be prohibitively expensive. Security would have to be hired and extra funds would be spent for location power supply. Instead, the filmmaker came across a building on the University of New Orleans campus that was lit along the side. At night, with the adjacent parking lot empty, the stretch along the building had a nice, deserted, "something bad could happen here," feeling. The University police were informed about the shoot and the filmmaker was granted permission for use of the site. In addition, the occupants in the surrounding buildings were informed and electrical access was gained from them.

The establishing and transitional bar and street shots were designed to display a particular side of Uptown New Orleans. These scenes were discovered over several years and chosen for their timeless quality--the never changing New Orleans.

Casting

Casting this project was difficult, frustrating, and eye opening. A no-budget filmmaking experience. The parts that needed to be cast for this project were Louis, Trip, Ashley, Philippe,

Mattie, and Mills. I was looking for competent actors, of course, but in particular a physical coherence between the three characters: Louis, Ashley, and Trip. In other words, these three characters were involved in a sort of love triangle and it was important that they all look like they would be physically attracted to each other, or “in each other’s league.” The other three parts were more flexible.

With projected shooting dates in January and February 1998, I met with a local casting agent in mid-October 1997. This agent expressed an interest in helping to cast the project and thought the actors within her sphere would be anxious to get screen time for their ‘reels’ in exchange for the work. Communication was kept up over the next few months and potential actors were selected to read. Dates and times were planned for the reads, video equipment was procured for these sessions, but everything fell through (See appendix E). The agent had generally returned or taken calls, but the longer it went along and the closer the dates came for the shoot, the scarcer the agent became.

At the beginning of December, I approached the University of New Orleans acting professor teaching advanced acting with a flyer regarding the shoot and asked that he might announce the opportunity to his class (See appendix F). The flyer was also posted in the Green Room at the University of New Orleans. One response came from this action and she was too young.

A colleague was going to check his resources at Tulane University, but no results came from his actions.

So, the initial shooting dates were pushed. More time was given in hope of obtaining a seasoned cast. This action, however, threw wrenches in the plans of the crew. I knew that would happen but felt it necessary. It was now a balancing act between gaining actors and loosing crew.

By mid January, the hope for a seasoned cast was dashed. A second push on the shooting dates would have drastically affected the crew. What was I to do? We had to push forward and figure something out. All along I had not minded the prospect of acting myself. So, there was the first lock for the part of Louis.

Looking around at what resources I knew I had and keeping in mind the general physical rule involving the characters of Louis, Trip and Ashley, Mark Bergeron was targeted for the role of Trip. Bergeron was not an actor. Bergeron didn't want to become an actor. But, Bergeron was a team player, and while at first he reluctantly accepted his new role, eventually he began to feel a professional curiosity and interest in acting. For the filmmaker, Bergeron was an untrained actor, as simple as that--a directorial challenge, if you will. As an untrained actor he didn't carry the baggage, that sometimes travels with stage trained actors, of over acting or being "too big" for the camera. That was fine.

For the role of Ashley, Barbara Cook was elicited. Barbara Cook was an experienced and talented actor. She was at one time going to take on assistant directing duties for this project, and the filmmaker was confident that she would play Ashley. Cook accepted and so the three intertwined characters were set.

The character of Philippe is gay and sarcastic. Otherwise, Philippe's age could swing. The sound recordist, Dan Sampey, was an actor. He also had a physical size presence that would lend nicely to his character. Sampey agreed to play Philippe.

The role of Mattie was set fairly early. Marianne Blazack was a fellow graduate student and often took acting roles. She fit the role nicely. After reading the script, she accepted the role, even though she had reservations or concerns that she was being type cast into what she

considered ‘bitch’ characters. To alleviate any notion of that, she was cast for her physicality and talent.

The role of Mills was a young, pretty waitress type. It just so happened that the multi-purposeful crewmember, Ashley Scales, was also a waitress and young and pretty. She had harsh reservations about being in front of the camera. However, through barter and the fact that the role was non-speaking she accepted.

Cinematography

I relayed the photographic intentions of the project to Overton. Without stifling the cinematographer’s creativity, the filmmaker wanted to convey some general rules and choices regarding lighting, camera position, and texture. Trip’s character is very business oriented and direct. Trip’s outlook is “eat or be eaten.” As much as possible, and in particular when Trip and Louis have scenes together, Trip was to be seen in a cool light. For Louis then, in those scenes with Trip he would be shot in a warm light. Louis and Trip’s relationship was growing antagonistic. Their worlds were growing apart, and their lighting needed to reflect that.

Also important in the Louis/Trip character relationship would be their relative positions to the camera. In their scenes together it was emphasized that because of Trip’s upward mobility and aggressive outlook that he be positioned above Louis and be shot from a low angle. Conversely, even though Louis has made a move to New Orleans to get Ashley back, his move is viewed as stagnant, even regressive. So, Louis would be shot from high angles and physically positioned on the ground when appropriate.

The story and sights of Submit were sometimes harsh or rough or gritty, and the look of the image should reflect that when appropriate. The story is, after all, about friends stabbing a friend in the back. The subjects in the images of New Orleans, the stores and bars, were rough-

hewn, some with uneven hand-painted signs. In particular, the nighttime driving shots from the killer's point of view (traversing the city streets) needed to be gritty and even elliptical. Overton assured the filmmaker that shooting with 500 speed stock in low light and varying between 12 and 64 frames per second would produce a gritty image.

The filmmaker and Overton visited all locations to discuss any particulars regarding photography. At the industrial/wharf location items discussed were the use of the electrical power structure as a framing device as well as the dual, reverse dolly/zoom shots that were to be executed. The shot lists were devised and given to Overton several days before production commenced.

Production Design and Art

Production design was kept simple and to a minimum. Essentially, the location scouting served a dual purpose in aesthetically choosing sites for their look. The exterior day scenes were to display and use the colorful reality of the city, while interiors were muted and ground in earth tones.

Earth tones were the call for the costumes of Louis, Trip, Ashley, and Mattie. Once again, Louis, Trip, and Ashley were linked but also separate. Louis, like his lighting, was in warm or light colors, from mustard to a light tan. Opposing Louis, Trip was dressed in dark hues, like navy blue or dark blue and brown plaid. Ashley and Mattie wore loose, earthy, linen type materials.

Philippe and Mills diverged a bit from the others. Philippe wore multi-patterned shirts in an array of colors. The waitress, Mills, wore black, like a service industry person.

Rehearsal

The nature of this project was unique in that the script as a whole would not be shot. Therefore, the actors only had particular scenes and even particular lines within those scenes to memorize. All the actors were given complete scripts to read so that they were familiar with the story and their characters as a whole. Most of the shots were going to be close and/or with little blocking necessary. I needed to be able to answer character questions and fill in history and motivation for the actors when necessary. Basically, the lines were chopped up enough that the filmmaker knew he could give line readings to the actors if absolutely necessary.

The one exception was Bergeron. Being the most inexperienced actor with the most lines it was important to make sure he knew his lines and was as comfortable with them as possible. The filmmaker and Bergeron met one evening to go over the scenes and dialogue in full. The character of Trip is fairly clinical, in a business formal sort of way. Rather than try to get Bergeron to force some particular characteristic and risk going over the top, the filmmaker stayed with the way Bergeron was evenly delivering his lines.

Time was also allocated on set to rehearse with all the actors during set-ups.

Props and Vehicles

Once again, because of the close nature of many of the shots, very few props were needed because they simply wouldn't be in the shot. I provided what props were needed. A large canvas bag was purchased for Ashley's character. A bottle of bourbon and cigarettes were purchased for Louis' apartment. A bottle of wine was bought for Ashley's apartment, the glasses provided by the filmmaker.

The women actors provided wardrobe from their own closets, as Philippe's actor also provided his own wardrobe. Trip's outfit was a combination of Bergeron and the filmmaker's resources.

The filmmaker's vehicle was used for Louis' car.

Equipment and Supplies

The shooting dates were all on the weekend, so I made the appropriate reservations two weeks in advance of each shooting weekend for the equipment to be borrowed from the University of New Orleans. The choices for camera (Cinema Products 16mm), lenses, grip/electric equipment, and accessories were decisions made collectively by the filmmaker and director of photography (For a list of requested equipment, see appendix B).

The film stock was ordered by the filmmaker and shipped to the cinematographer for handling. Kodak 7274 and 7279 were chosen for their respective qualities. The 7274 stock would be used for daytime and the 7279 stock for nighttime and low light shooting.

CHAPTER 3: PRODUCTION

The production stage of Submit had five days of principal photography and two days of pick-ups. The schedule was for Saturday, 24 January; Saturday and Sunday, 7 and 8 February; and Saturday and Sunday, 14 and 15 February, all 1998. The first pick-up day was shot Wednesday, 11 February 1998 and the second pick-up day was shot Saturday, 14 March 1998.

Deserted Road – Saturday, 24 January 1998

Call time was set for 4:30 p.m. at the back lot of the University of New Orleans. The only on-screen talent was Guy Wood and he also was serving as production assistant, so he also came at 4:30. A fax was sent to Joe Catalanotto on Friday, the twenty-third, regarding his call time for 5:00 p.m.

Immediately, the crew started setting up for the first shot. This shot involved making a lighting rig on a dolly to mimic the headlights of a car. The filmmaker worked out the conception of the rig previously, and he along with dolly grip Perez manufactured the ‘lighting vehicle.’

Eventually, Joe Catalanotto arrived and assembled his crane. He also brought with him a generator to power the mobile dolly light gag. The other source of power was gained from lines that were run from an adjacent warehouse. These lines were hooked up and laid outside the building on the previous day.

Everything was set. The light hadn’t yet disappeared from the sky. We began rehearsing the shot.

The shot was complicated on two ends. Perez had to drive the dolly at the actor and switch on lights at the appropriate moment, while managing a trail of power cords running from the dolly. On the other end, the camera was positioned hovering above the talent and following

along as he walked. Catalanotto was stationed at the back of the crane but the optimal maneuvering position was at the front, so I took the duty of moving the camera and crane. After a long rehearsal period, it was dark. For the shot, the dolly had to push all the way up to the talent and quickly, so as to have some resemblance to an actual automobile. Because I was standing below the camera, operating the crane, I stood in close proximity to Perez's path. It was duly noted that the filmmaker's ankles often made sure the dolly stopped before the talent. However, it did prove to draw my attention slightly away from the fact that it was quite a frigid evening.

Going in, I knew the crane shots would be extremely time consuming from the need to rehearse. This would mean that the crew would be standing around even more than the usual. This became a bit of a problem as the night wore on and the temperature continued to fall. It was also very breezy. What was a mildly cool, sunny day, became a freezing night. This began to wear on the crew. One of the crane shots lifted the camera team up to the full extension of the crane. Evidently, it only got colder up there, and the camera team was beginning to physically have problems operating. Everyone toughed it out though and the production got what it needed. The crew was released around 10:00 p.m.

Exterior Oz Bar – Saturday, 7 February 1998

Call time was for 7:30 a.m. at the location. I made sure to arrive early, before any other crew, so that someone was there to spot the set. This was important because the set was on the exterior of an unused building. There wasn't an exact address, only a general location. Also, the street space along the building would be held, if possible, for the production, to allow freer movement for the crew.

All the crew arrived and began setting up for the first shot. The weather was working with us. The sunshine would accentuate the colorful, textural building wall.

Around 8:15 a.m., or so, a man passed the set and asked whether his vehicle was in the way or needed to be moved. The vehicle was down the street a bit from the set and wasn't a problem. We thanked him for his concern. As he continued on his way, he mentioned that if we needed his vehicle moved he could be found at Sharon's Bar down on Magazine Street.

All the shots for the day had a specific time constraint in which we worked under. The Seventh was a moving day. We had to get everything, have lunch, and rendezvous with the rented carriage in the French Quarter at 2:00 p.m. By mid morning, it was becoming clear that all the scheduled shots were not going to be covered. The decision was made that all of Sampey's shots were to be gotten, so that he would be through with the location. The following day, the Eighth, was scheduled a light, afternoon shoot. It was asked around if the crew could come back tomorrow morning to the Exterior Bar location for the rest of the shots, so that the production could take a relaxed lunch before moving on to the Carriage scenes in the French Quarter. Fortunately, the crew was able and graciously agreed to return in the morning, in exchange for the letting, of just a wee bit, of the filmmaker's blood.

There was a directorial decision made regarding Sampey's acting. His character, Philippe, is gay. In this condensed version of Submit, the greater sense of Philippe's character is not going to be seen. This greater sense was that he acted differently around people depending on what their sexuality was and how he wanted to play on that. It was thought at the time that it was better for Sampey not to over-do-it with some parody of a flamboyant homosexual. Sampey was having a little trouble with how to play the homosexuality of Philippe. Instead of trying to coax some stereotypical response out of Sampey, I instructed him to basically play it straight. It has

been noted that the subtleties in Philippe's language regarding a homosexual nature were overlooked or simply didn't register as such, or coming from such a character. In this shorter form, with Philippe's screen time at a minimum, it might have been a better choice to have Sampey play the homosexual in a more stereotypical manner, to make sure it registers with the audience.

There were occasional hold-ups for street noise, but otherwise, the sound recording by several different members of the crew worked out fine.

The production broke around 1:00 p.m. for lunch, which we had at the restaurant across the street from the set.

French Quarter Carriage – Saturday, 7 February 1998

The production broke down into two vehicles for the move to the French Quarter, noting that the parking would be a problem. So the rest of the crew left their cars behind. I made arrangements to meet the crew and equipment at the corner of Royal Street and Barracks Street, while I went to meet the carriage.

The carriage shots went well. The "lower" area of the French Quarter is more residential. I hoped this would prove more easily manageable for low budget filming--mainly less vehicle and pedestrian traffic. The driver was loose with the productions carriage time, only charging for one hour of time. She also completely waived the 'overload' passenger fee. At times, the carriage had various crewmembers hanging from unusual places on the carriage either assisting the camera operator or providing bounce light with reflectors.

The entirety of the carriage shots was MOS and so sound recording was not a factor.

The crew reconvened at the Bar location after the carriage shots with the equipment and was released around 4:30 p.m.

Exterior Oz Bar – Sunday, 8 February 1998

Call time was for 10:00 a.m. The weather was clear, facilitating the shoot. The final shot at the bar location was a close up on Louis' eye. The macro feature on the lens was employed for this shot. The production broke around 3:00 p.m. for lunch.

Stairwell Scene – Sunday, 8 February 1998

This scene was planned to occur at a specific time of day. After several weeks of tracking the sun and its position with respect to the stairwell, a time frame for this scene was set. The window was between four and four-thirty to shoot. However, because of this window, the crew was a little rushed. The space was very tight and the filmmaker conscripted the assistant camera to record sound. Despite the perfect lighting conditions, the footage had to be scraped because the lens had not been taken out of the macro position from the previous scene. I should not have placed the assistant camera on sound but rather maintained an environment where the crew did not feel rushed. If so, this error might have been avoided. The crew broke around 5:30 p.m.

Driving Scenes – Wednesday, 11 February 1998

Wednesday afternoon, Overton and I went out in the my automobile to capture the establishing images of New Orleans, in particular, parts of Uptown New Orleans. Making use of the sunroof, Overton used the opening to stabilize himself and the camera as he shot. The filmmaker drove like a veteran grip, or close to it. It was a beautiful afternoon and we got all we wanted, without too many pedestrians staring into the lens.

Industrial Area – Saturday, 14 February 1998

Call time was set for 7:00 a.m. This was going to be a very busy day. Once again, an Uptown morning would be followed by a move to the French Quarter. The trick of the day was not to run the crew over twelve hours.

The filmmaker's apartment was near the set location and easily found, so the crew met there at call for coffee. The production then pooled over to the set.

There were only a few shots for this location, but they were complex and much time was allotted for each of them. The two major shots were dolly/zooms. These shots were designed to be inter-cut and basically shot from reverse angles to each other. So the set ups for each shot involved moving track and dolly, and then extensive rehearsal for camera and then camera and talent. The shots were also reverse technically speaking for the camera operator and assistant. One shot was dolly in/zoom out, while the other dolly out/zoom in. This was designed to create the effect of space crunching in behind one character and retreating behind the other. By cutting between these shots, the apparent movement of depth or space would be flowing in the same direction.

It was fortuitous that extra time was allocated for these shots because there were some immediate problems on the set. There was some kind of problem with the DAT recorder. The sound recordist couldn't get the tape we had to cue up to the right position. There seemed to be a problem with the machine reading the time code on the tape. The tape had previously been recorded on and the DAT recorder didn't want to do anything more with that particular tape. The problem is the filmmaker didn't have an alternate tape handy, so someone had to run and get another.

While the production waited for the backup DAT tape, the director of photography filmed inserts. It was noted that the d.p. had no problem, in fact enjoyed, spending an extravagant amount of time lighting things like a pack of cigarettes or bottle of vodka in the interim period. The filmmaker commented to the cinematographer that they were the most beautiful objects of vice he had ever seen.

Thankfully, the new DAT tape arrived shortly after and production resumed. The morning went well from then on for the camera, but the sound was continually a problem. The location was extremely windy. There were industries in the vicinity providing a constant drone. It was the Mardi Gras fortnight of parades and during one morning interlude a line up of floats ran along Tchoupatoulas with their bands playing and general revelry providing a barrage of audio problems for the recordist. Eventually, the recordist positioned himself inside an auto with the DAT and microphone, using the entire vehicle as a sort of impromptu microphone blimp.

Special thanks from the filmmaker go to Tom Gilbert. Around Noon, Gilbert delivered the apartment key for the set location in the French Quarter. The rental agency would not let the production hold the key over night, so someone had to pick it up on Saturday, the day of the shoot. Gilbert kindly took this responsibility and with only a slight loss of direction found the agency and delivered the key to the set.

The production broke around 1:00 p.m. for lunch and the move to the French Quarter.

Louis' Apartment – Saturday, 14 February 1998

The production arrived at the apartment around 3:00 p.m. after having lunch and picking up props and set dressing from my apartment.

While I arranged the set, the camera department and grips blacked out the windows. While there was still plenty of daylight left in the afternoon, the d.p. decided to cover the windows and set lights so we could shoot with a consistent simulated daylight.

The time taken for setting lights afforded the filmmaker time to rehearse with Bergeron. The two left the set so that Bergeron wasn't in the harried mix of lights flashing and being moved around.

Bergeron was a little nervous in front of the camera, so I shot my own lines first. This way Bergeron could read his lines along with the shooting and hopefully become acclimated to the set.

The background sound of the French Quarter reared up a couple of times, but the covered windows and third floor position seemed to keep things relatively quiet for sound.

Luckily, I had made return trips to the location to inspect the wiring and fuse box. The fuses blew about half way through shooting. Then a bit of strangeness occurred. We replaced the fuses at first and nothing happened. There were also some pennies stuck in the ancient fuse slots. We weren't sure about those. Eventually, I pulled one of the new fuses out and shortly there after heard a call from upstairs that the lights were back on. Not being one to question something so obviously beyond comprehension, we pushed forward, and quickly. It certainly wasn't clear how much longer we had lights. However, from that point on everything went well.

The production broke around 8:00 p.m. If the power didn't go out, it wouldn't have been much more than a twelve-hour day. All things considered, I didn't feel bad.

Uptown Street – Sunday, 15 February 1998

Call time was set for 11:00 a.m. This day would include a move, but only a short jaunt around Uptown spots. The first half of the day would be a daytime exterior and the second half would be nighttime interiors.

The Uptown Street scene was designed as one continuous shot. The camera would run along an extensive stretch of track, moving with the actors. Several hours were allocated for rehearsing the camera and blocking talent to pull off the shot.

However, the weather did not cooperate. It did not just rain, it stormed from early morning to early afternoon.

Shortly after eleven a decision had to be made. The extensive tracking shot had to be scrapped and an interior location had to be found to shoot the scene. The evil specter of compromise had descended on the production once again. I felt I couldn't simply "lose" the day. So, I had the crew pack up the equipment and rally over to the evening location. I went ahead in order to get my mind together and figure out what the shots would be.

It was cold and wet, but the production pushed on and we got the lines on film. Obviously, I wasn't pleased at losing my big dolly shot in the colorful and quaint Uptown streets, but we did what we had to do.

The production broke for dinner around 4:00 p.m. At dinner, the filmmaker decided to cut a scene slated for later that evening. This released an actor and allowed the crew and schedule to breathe easier. This way we could concentrate on getting the rest the best we could and not be concerned about getting that actor back to the set. It was a scene easily pruned.

Caitlin's Apartment – Sunday, 15 February 1998

Upon returning from dinner the rest of the evening went well. The cut scene gave the rest of the shots extra time, which was particularly good for bonus rehearsal time. On the final shot, I kept the camera running while I coaxed and gave line readings to Bergeron, looking for him to get explosive. This would allow me to go back and take a line of the appropriate intensity. This volleying back and forth between actor and myself also loosened Bergeron up and provided a little comedic note for the crew to end the day.

One problem with the evening shoot was the camera noise. One magazine was quite successful in annoying the crap out of the filmmaker by continuously squeaking. This also probably distracted the talent, and certainly created more work in post-production.

The day finished around 11:00 p.m.

Exterior Caitlin's Apartment – Wednesday, 14 March 1998

Overton, Perez, and Bergeron met me at my apartment around 4:00 p.m. One shot was needed of Bergeron walking into the street and being rushed up on by an anonymous POV (the killer, Racer X). Track was laid, and several dolly shots were taken at various speeds.

Title Shots & Nighttime Driving POV – Wednesday, 14 March 1998

After shooting Bergeron walking into the street, Overton, Perez, and myself rigged a hood-mount on my automobile to shoot the nighttime driving shots.

First, we drove downtown to shoot the title shots. The word, "submit", was spray-painted on the sidewalk off Camp Street. I had stenciled the word submit onto a cardboard and then cut it out. I held this cardboard above the spray painted word and shined a light through it onto the sidewalk above the painted word. Overton shot while I did this.

We then locked the camera onto the hood-mount and drove around Uptown streets. We occasionally stopped to set the camera at various speeds.

CHAPTER 4: POST-PRODUCTION

Because of the nature of this project it was decided that the piece would be edited on video. The marketing aspect of the piece insured the need for ease and convenient viewing. The cost of making a film print was prohibitive and unnecessary. The process of post-production took several months. First, the film had to go through the lab. Then, the footage and sound were reviewed. The shots were synced. A rough cut was made and then a fine cut. And finally, sound design and mixing were applied.

The Lab

I had previous experience with Motion Picture Laboratories in Nashville. M.P.L. doesn't key code, which would be needed to go back to film. But because this project was finishing on video it didn't matter. So, M.P.L. was chosen for its prior relationship with me.

The cans of film were shipped to M.P.L. as they were shot. They were immediately processed and then held for future transfer to video. There were two reasons for this procedure. First, I wanted to save money on shipping and transfer costs by making it a one-time deal. Second, I planned to travel to Nashville to oversee the transfer.

There were some consequences to this route. The Stairwell scene that was shot with the lens in the macro position would have been caught much earlier and possibly been re-shot; if it were possible. M.P.L. didn't notify the filmmaker of the problem.

When it came time to make the trip to sit in on the transfer, the prior relationship didn't matter. Several attempts were made to schedule and re-schedule the appointment for the transfer. In the end, the fact was that the filmmaker was a student client, and I was repeatedly bumped for

more important clients. Finally, M.P.L. was told to go ahead with a one light transfer and not to color or exposure correct.

Footage and Sound Reviewed

It was mid-April by the time the filmmaker had all the footage back on video. The sound had been transferred from DAT onto BetaSP tape and it was possible to start considering the quality of the takes.

At this moment, however, it was difficult to gain much momentum or continuity due to the demand on the Avid editing suites at UNO. It was determined that the summer would be the better time to dive into editing.

In July, several weeks became available for concentrated work. The filmmaker was able to get into a rhythm by returning day after day to consider the material. The goal was to match the best performance and visuals with the best location sound. This project was only the second piece for the filmmaker to edit on the Avid and frankly the process was slow.

Syncing the Shots

Having removed from consideration some of the takes after reviewing the footage and sound helped speed up the syncing process. After syncing a few takes, the process began to speed up as the filmmaker became acclimated to the technology.

There were several ways to accomplish syncing on the Avid NT. This was the way it worked for this piece; I placed the video clip and the corresponding sound clip on the appropriate time lines, then counted the frames between the sound clap on the sound clip and the visual meeting of the clap stick on the video clip, then extracted that number of frames from the clip that had the sync reference later on the time line. After getting rolling, syncing took about a day and a half.

The Trial Sringout & Rough Cut

For a normal “trailer” type film, the order of the shots doesn’t necessarily correspond to the larger piece, and this was the decision that had to be made here. It ended up that the running time for this film was not going to be a normal trailer length. The basic order of shots was determined before shooting to correspond with the larger script, and it was decided to stay with that course. This was done to present a cohesive, linear, if not slightly elliptical, story line.

The individual scenes were kept separate, organizationally on the Avid, to be assembled later on a single time line. The scenes were trimmed to handle length.

The Fine Cut

This stage was a period of finding the right rhythm and cut points. On the Avid, or any non-linear system, the editor can easily add or subject frames from anywhere on the piece. The time and work it would take to do this with the actual film created a natural pause in the editor’s action. There isn’t such pause on the computer. The editor can try a seemingly infinite variety of ways to cut. From something the filmmaker read once, the notion of doing this, trying an infinite amount of cuts or taking a frame out or putting a frame back in on a non-linear system was referred to as “frame fudging”(PG). The lure to do this was undeniable. It was also time consuming and ultimately dulling to the senses--a bit of not knowing what was right anymore.

Eventually, the scenes were finalized and linked on one time line. The appropriate lengths of the linking nighttime driving shots and bar shots were added to the total picture. The picture was done.

Sound Design

I was looking for the audio to match and enhance the picture. The story had to do with old friends betraying one another. The film suggested the possibility that one “friend” may kill

the other. The image of the film was gritty, raw and even elusive during the nighttime driving shots (the killer's POV). The sound of the film was to reflect that. That was reasoning behind the accompanying song selections.

All the tunes have some grit or harshness or rough-around-the-edges sound. The lyrics come through antiquated microphones or filters that distort in a similar fashion. Or, the songs were imbued with discordant techno sounds and eerie lyrics.

The music that bridges the songs was to establish a lonesome or forlorn mood. Once again, these characters acted in an animalistic, selfish manner--a type of "I'm alone in the world", eat or be eaten attitude. Like the sound track from Jim Jarmusch's Dead Man, by Neil Young, a single guitar informs that sense or atmosphere of "alone in the world." This single guitar work was recorded in the Spectral sound suite, in the sound booth. The music was recorded onto the Spectral time line, then transferred into Sound Forge where it was looped and manipulated to give it an even rawer sound by applying a flange filter.

There was little Foley work to be done because of the nature of the shots. Most of the scenes were close up and so not much action was initiated to cover. I did provide a few Foley effects, though, like inhaling breath, rustling cloths, and footsteps.

Sound effects were employed on the Industrial Area scene. The scene involved the characters of Trip and Louis and their dissolving friendship. Visually, the scene shows the skewed spatial representation of the dolly/zoom shot. I manipulated sounds to go along with the visuals. The scene opens with an industrial pumping sound that fits the surroundings. As the scene progresses, a more ominous sound replaces the pumping sound. The rise of the ominous sound coincides with the dolly/zoom shots. The combination is supposed to create an unnerving or uneasy feeling.

The ominous sound was created in the Spectral sound suite. I had been recording various sounds of car engines and cars accelerating and decelerating. In the Sound Forge program these car sounds were then stretched and compressed. Pushing further and further the stretch on the sound of a car accelerating, I eventually discovered this new sound. This was a sound that sounded nothing like a car at all but perfect for the ominous sound that I was looking for in the Industrial Area scene with Trip and Louis.

Spotting for dialogue suggested that replacement wouldn't be necessary but that through leveling, filtering, and manipulation the dialogue could work. The need for leveling was something that could be accomplished directly from the Avid. The real problem with the dialogue tracks was not really the dialogue at all, but rather the accompanying noise. The noise was magazine squeak. This "squeak" occurred at odd times. It wasn't consistent in occurrence or loudness. It would start up, grow loud, disappear, and then occasionally let out.

In the Sound Forge program on the Spectral system there were a few different ways to try to mask noises: filters, equalizers, and a noise reduction feature. The problem with all of these ways was that they affected the overall sound of the recording, never just the unwanted noise. The scene at Caitlin's apartment, with Trip and Caitlin drinking wine at the table, demonstrated what the filmmaker's compromise was with the magazine squeak. This scene had the worst squeak anywhere in the film. Using the equalizer in Sound Forge I discovered a setting for the levels that was beneficial for squeak reduction while maintaining sound integrity. As mentioned before, this setting was only good enough to get most of the squeak out. The use of ambient "cricket" sound was then carefully sculpted onto a track to mask the remaining squeak. This same method was applied where needed to the rest of the film. Note: In Sound Forge, under the

Equalizer selection, my settings for magazine squeak reduction was saved as a type of template under “MagSqueak.”

The Sound Mix

I decided to finish the sound mix on the Avid. The original idea was to make a master mix on the Spectral system, but I decided I didn’t like the WAVE FILE transition from the Spectral to the Avid. The audio features on the Avid allow for multiple timeline mixes so the four audio tracks weren’t a hindrance--four could go into one, or three or two into one and other combinations.

The final print-to-master tape didn’t maintain the precise mixed levels of all the tracks when printed as a whole. For some reason, some of the subtleties of the sound track were slightly muted on the master print. That was to say the overall levels of the sound when played from the Avid time line were higher, or true to my intent, while on the printed version the sound was slightly subdued.

CHAPTER 5: CONCLUSION

The making of Submit was an experience that stretched the filmmaker's ability and knowledge. This project provided the opportunity for the filmmaker to further develop.

Directing a film and acting in a film demands the filmmaker's focus within himself as well as being in tune with the greater workings of the production. In each of his previous endeavors, the filmmaker put himself in front of the camera. New approaches and methods were learned with each production. It takes the ability to drop everything mentally and focus only on acting when the time comes. The filmmaker did an adequate job at this. Adequate, however, is not what the filmmaker was after. The character of Louis is on edge, emotionally, and the director/filmmaker should have conveyed a more frayed persona on screen.

Much of the acting just doesn't register on much of an emotional scale. In particular, Trip is flat or even keeled at best but mostly awkward and uncertain. This is not the character of the role or something compelling. The audience doesn't feel anything toward him. In general, the performances dissolve into a sort of mouthpiece for the script—simply relaying the information.

If the bottom line is what you get on the screen, then it might have been beneficial to pursue a back up acting core behind the professional cast originally sought. That is if the filmmaker had pursued a cast of actors from, say, the University over the months that he pursued a cast through a talent agency he might have had something better to fall back on.

As director, the filmmaker should have devoted, demanded, more time with his actors as well. Even though the number of lines was small, the director feels that he could have "crafted" the performances of all his actors if he would have given more time to rehearsal. Hopefully, this

last experience will facilitate a command, or better understanding, of the process on future projects.

Much of the mental ease that allows for a successful Production stage is established by a strong Pre-production stage. The preparation done regarding the photography and design enabled those facets to run smoothly, when outside forces weren't working against the production.

Overall the Production stage went well. The small crew worked well together, and enthusiastically accepted various duties that, in some cases, were thrust upon them.

The scouting and shot designs by the filmmaker paid off visually. The unique uptown bars, colorful upper French quarter houses, carriage shots, the compositions of the wharf/industrial location, and hovering above the shoulder of a Racer-X victim and craning shot stand out.

The Industrial Area scene regarding the dolly in/zoom out shot cut to a dolly out/zoom in shot raises a question. This sequence was designed to enhance the unease of the situation heightening between the two characters. The execution of the shots was not perfect, but the filmmaker feels strongly about the conception of the sequence and so decided to keep it in. However, it should be noted that a safety shot for the dialogue should have been taken, so that the risk of the dolly/zooms is covered for later editorial choice. The shots do draw attention to themselves; they are innovative together and that is something the filmmaker wanted to show.

What would have helped significantly would have been a producer more actively involved—a person that took on the administration and organization of the production. A project needs at least two people passionate about the overall production and taking care of the nuts and bolts.

Post-production was creatively invigorating and a learning experience. Working with the Avid non-linear editing system was still new to the filmmaker. It was a wonderful experience, “getting up to speed” on the current technology of the film editing world. Because of the newness to the University, there were logistical problems encountered in producing a final print. An exact formula wasn’t established for transferring edit decisions between the different computer systems. In fact, Avid, the manufacturer, hadn’t even definitively worked out the problem going between a p.c. and Apple. Eventually, space was freed up on a similar system and a master print was made.

Sound post was fun. While finishing the sound mix on the Avid may not have been the optimal situation. The process of laying down sound to work with the picture--rhythm points, matching musical crescendos with visual points, etceteras, proved to be a wonderful experience and one in which the filmmaker looks forward to doing again on future projects.

Hopefully, a higher production value was established and an intriguing, or hooking, story was presented. The varying locations and visual style result in a production that separates itself from an average student film. The story should stir the curiosity of the audience to want more.

It is to be seen whether this film, this visual synopsis, will help attain the goal of bringing together financing for the filmmaker to produce a feature film.

APPENDIX A

SHOOTING PORTION OF SCREENPLAY

EXT. - NEW ORLEANS; CITY STREETS - DAY

OPENING CREDITS ROLL OVER A MONTAGE OF IMAGES: neighborhood grocery stores with hand painted logos and advertisements, blocks of rundown and/or abandoned housing, men sitting in door stoops with brown bagged bottles, soul food joints and pastel colored shotgun houses.

Eventually, TRIP begins reciting over these images.

TRIP(voice over)

'...so Clem cautiously surveys the surrounding baggage claim area. Various couples and individuals cut the space at random angles like rebounding atoms. An animal cage sits forlorn amidst the bustle. "No one seems to be honing in on that cage," Clem thinks, looking around. He approaches the cage whispering sweet gibberish in calm tones to a sedated Golden Retriever. Clem's mind races as he deliberately grabs the cage and absconds. He loads the cage in his cab and takes off. As he drives away, he's not certain if he hears someone calling after him or not.

Clem wonders how much he can get for the thing. After a couple of days, Clem's fetid mind decides it would rather keep the animal. He has taken to beating the creature after work and finds it most relieving. Soon he's beating it habitually. Like a drug, Clem uses the dog to soothe his need for the feeling of dominance and control...'

INT. - LOUIS' APARTMENT - DAY

Louis' appearance is disheveled. He sits on a floor level bed bouncing a tennis ball against the wall. TRIP, in his late twenties, is pacing the room. He is holding some papers and continues to read from the text. Trip is neat in appearance and is dressed business casual.

TRIP

'However, even the Golden's innate lovingness and submissiveness gives way to instinctual self preservation. So, when Clem returns one evening to his old salt lick, his living punching bag snarls and lashes out. In a black out rage, Clem's hand is forced. When he regains his thoughts, an unknown time later,

he's beating a bloody dead dog. He falls back into a sunken couch --numb. His play thing is gone he realizes.'

Trip's arm falls limply to his side. He stops pacing.

TRIP

What the fuck is this?!

LOUIS

It's just sort of a character sketch, it's still... I mean it's not a whole story yet.

TRIP

No, I mean what the fuck is this sick Clem guy? Where'd this come from? This isn't the kind of shit you used to write.

LOUIS

It still lacks the smells. It's going to have a lot of tactile, tangible smells to it.

TRIP

What happened to the stuff you wrote in college? Those stories, you know, always kind of weird and had some sex twist to them. But they were funny man, I mean really damn funny.

LOUIS

Well, I'm not in college anymore.

Trip looks around the barren space, trying to find a place to lay the papers.

TRIP

No, certainly not.

Louis finally nods for him to just drop the papers near the mattress. Trip does so.

TRIP

So, you're still at least writing. I mean... you know what I mean.

LOUIS

Yeah, I know what you mean. But no, I'm not really writing much. It has taken me months just to put that on paper. Mainly I'm just drinking.

TRIP

I'm sure that can be a full time occupation, but ah, am I to understand you have a job?

LOUIS

Oh you have heard. I should have known
the news would travel far and wide.

TRIP

Well, that's when I learned you were
in New Orleans.

LOUIS

It's just a bar. Who cares?

TRIP

It's a fucking gay bar!

LOUIS

So what? It's a job, I've gotten
some great stories, met some weird
characters.

TRIP

You just told me you're not even
writing. What good is the story?[beat]
It's a gay bar! I mean, I don't
think that you're...

LOUIS

No really, thanks for the sentiment.

The two pause for a moment. Louis takes out a cigarette. He fondles it -
turning it over in his hands. He puts it up to his nose and slowly draws it
under inhaling deeply.

TRIP

Still doing that, huh?

LOUIS

The smell is still the best part.

Louis lights the cigarette.

TRIP

I guess we haven't done too good a
job keeping in touch?

LOUIS

About the same as with the rest of
the guys.

TRIP

Well, let's go out. This is the town
to blow it out. Just like the old
days.

LOUIS

Just like the old days huh?

TRIP

Yeah, we'll see what we can scare up.

LOUIS

Sure, why not. But, I'm not going to pick up any chicks with you.

TRIP

What?! Now you're scaring me Louis. I mean, even if we didn't go out for that specific purpose, if the opportunity arose...

LOUIS

No, I wouldn't! I came down here to get Caitlin back!

TRIP

Caitlin back?!

LOUIS

Yeah, she moved down here a little while ago. Right after we broke up. An old friend got her a job in the film business.

TRIP

What are you thinking? You followed your EX after she moved!

LOUIS

It's not like I'm some random psycho trekking cross country after some movie star. She's just an assistant set decorator.

Trip is speechless.

LOUIS

You see, when we get back together, I'll have the kind of stability I need. All the pieces will fall into place.

TRIP

I don't know Louis.

LOUIS

So anyway, changing the subject, what business brought you to this fine city?

TRIP

I'm an on-premise wine rep. I sell to the restaurants in town. Thankfully, it's a big drinking town.

LOUIS

So what's your angle. You've always got a scam working, don't you?

TRIP

Louis you just can't believe someone's out working a real job can you? Not enough glorification for you, huh?

LOUIS

I don't know. Sell-buy-eat-shit-sleep-sell-buy...

Trip steps in and intercepts the tennis ball Louis is throwing in mid flight.

TRIP

You know Louis, it might be all bullshit and spinning circles, but at least I'm 'doing' and not fucking... ahh!

LOUIS

Maybe our conversation should return to drinking.

Trip's arm falls to his side. He releases the ball and it gently bounces and rolls toward Louis.

TRIP

Listen, I need to run, I've got wine in my trunk I need to deliver.

LOUIS

No Ripple, eh?

TRIP

No. Fresh out of Ripple. Couldn't even carry that, the bums would sniff it right out of my trunk.

LOUIS

So when are we going drinking?

TRIP

Whenever, tomorrow night?

LOUIS

Sure, every night, what the hell.

Trip heads to the door.

TRIP

You've got my pager number. Give me a buzz tomorrow

and we'll just see if the old
Louis doesn't show up.

LOUIS

Yeah, yeah.

Trip exits. Louis takes out a cigarette. He draws it across his upper lip. Inhaling deeply, he suctions it to his nose.

INT. - RACER X'S CAR - NIGHT

Headlight beams spread out before the frantic and swerving vehicle. Blurred images pass along the side of the road. The headlights cross the centerline and onto the road side.

EXT. - FRENCH QUARTER STREET; OUTSIDE OF OZ BAR - DAY

Louis pulls up and parks his car. He gets out and goes into the bar. In a moment, Louis and PHILIPPE lean out the bar window ledge. Philippe is in his early forties. His slim build shows through a snug tee shirt. He has very short hair that is neatly kept. Philippe has a newspaper with him. He speaks with a French accent.

PHILIPPE

How are you feeling today, bruiser?

LOUIS

I'm feeling okay. As soon as all
the blue farmers kick in I'll
be liquid.

Philippe looks down at his paper and half speaks to himself.

PHILIPPE

Right.

Louis has a cup of juice in his hand. He occasionally takes sips. Each time the cup nears his mouth it begins to tremble.

LOUIS

You know, Philippe, cities
have personalities, they're
a breathing thing. And I'm
beginning to think there's
something about this city that's
working against me.

PHILIPPE

Maybe you're just not a morning, or
a daylight, person. Louis, sometimes
things are just shitty, sometimes
I wonder why I bother to wipe
my ass.

LOUIS

Well, I think I can safely say, we're all glad you do. But...

PHILIPPE

No pun intended...

LOUIS

...Of course, I keep finding these crawfish shells around, and I know they're a sign.

PHILIPPE

They are a ubiquitous part of the local scene.

LOUIS

Yeah, but how perfect. What better symbol to use than something ever present. These things are placed.

Philippe chuckles at Louis' notion.

PHILIPPE

This is the city 'using' the shells?

LOUIS

It's some damn conspiracy. You remember I told you about all those shells around when I got mugged. That was the first time, and I've been seeing them ever since.

PHILIPPE

Please don't go loopy on me.

LOUIS

No, I'm fine. I'm just watching out. That's all I'm saying.

Louis takes another shaky sip of his juice and pulls out a cigarette. Philippe starts reading from his paper.

PHILIPPE

So a USA TODAY poll has nicknamed the New Orleans killer as Racer X, while the NOPD has yet to even confirm that the hit-and-runs are connected.

LOUIS

Another run over?

PHILIPPE

Yeah. I guess the NOPD will be the last to know.

LOUIS

I saw an old college friend yesterday.

PHILIPPE

He's living here in town?

LOUIS

Yeah, evidently. Been here for a while. Shows how good we've kept in touch huh?

PHILIPPE

Well honey, we all have to travel our own paths now don't we?

LOUIS

It's strange. In school we hung out all the time. And then after graduating, we went to Europe, then came home, and it was like, okay, back to where we're from, have a good life.

PHILIPPE

What are you saying? You should have gotten married?

Louis returns a sarcastic look to Philippe's suggestion.

LOUIS

Yeah, that's what I meant. No, I mean, talking with him yesterday just made me feel like, like I didn't know him at all, like maybe I didn't ever really know him.

PHILIPPE

Look around you baby. All these people that come down here to the Quarter. Move from all over the country, shit, the world for that matter.

LOUIS

Yeah, there are some freaks.

PHILIPPE

My point is that most of these, um, folks are completely made over or remanufactured in some cases. You know what I mean.

LOUIS

Well I agree, but, how does this relate to me?

PHILIPPE

Settle down, you can be as straight as you want. What I'm saying is, there's no use trying to fit your old friend into what he used to be. You had good times right, so leave it as that.

LOUIS

That's well and all good. But I'm not talking about him getting a sex change. He's gotten harsh, or something.

PHILIPPE

Maybe he's moved on, taken some knocks out there?

LOUIS

Pardon me, are you insinuating something?

PHILIPPE

Listen, I'm in no position to judge. You're doing what you have to do. Hell, it's not everyone who will chase their love across the country.

Louis takes another sip of juice. He has to bend his head down to meet the lip of the cup, as he brings the cup up with both hands.

PHILIPPE

You know I'm going to have to buy you a hanky to tie to your wrist. So then you can do one of those pulley jobs around your neck.

LOUIS

What?

Philippe moves one arm up and down, while the other moves in response as if raising a cup to his mouth.

PHILIPPE

You see, this way you don't have to worry about spilling.

LOUIS

Ha.

PHILIPPE

And you'll look like a pro too.

LOUIS

I aspire to greatness.

PHILIPPE

Maybe that's where those conspiracy
hobgoblins come from. You lay off
the sauce and who knows...

LOUIS

Yeah, yeah.

EXT. - FRENCH QUARTER; HORSE CARRIAGE - DAY

Trip and Louis are taking a carriage ride. They appear boisterous and hold
drinks in their hands. Trip leans forward to address the CARRIAGE DRIVER.

TRIP

Whoa, hey, hold up captain!

LOUIS

Oh no, what did you spy?

Trip is looking back to the sidewalk behind the carriage.

TRIP

That chick walking there, don't
stare, but check her out.

Louis slowly turns.

LOUIS

The one with the pack?

TRIP

Yeah!

LOUIS

Pretty nice. What? Should
we invite her up?

TRIP

I think so!

MILLS is in her early twenties. She is attractive and dressed in black. As
she walks alongside the carriage, Trip begins to speak.

TRIP

Excuse me! Excuse me, the girl
with the pack.

Mills stops and looks to the carriage.

EXT. - FRENCH QUARTER; CARRIAGE - EARLY EVENING

Time has passed, and the carriage ride is over. Louis stands and is
obviously drunk. Trip and Mills are looking at each other.

TRIP
So Mills, do you have any
plans for the evening?

MILLS
Hmm, let me see.

Mills ponders in an over acting fashion.

MILLS
I think I'm free.

TRIP
That's wonderful.

Trip leans in and kisses Mills. The kiss lingers.

LOUIS
Well, I'll just be moseying
along then.

Louis steps across the two kissers to exit. He wobbles while bracing himself to step down. Just then, Mills' hand reaches out and takes hold of Louis' thigh.

INT. - RACER X'S CAR - NIGHT

The street is lit with the erratic behavior of vehicle headlights. The vehicle moves past a PEDESTRIAN, and then it turns the corner of a nearby street. The headlights stop in the road. After a few moments, the Pedestrian passes through the intersection in the rear view mirror.

EXT. - UPTOWN STREET - DAY

Louis crosses the street and walks toward Caitlin and Mattie. Caitlin has her back to Louis. As he grows closer, he can hear their conversation.

MATTIE
So what it means is that
for the Algiers location
we'll have to scrimp to cover
the excess here.

CAITLIN
But that's a whole office?

MATTIE
That's right, so we better
come up with some deals. I'm
not getting labeled 'over budget'
because you can't find any deals.

Louis stands near by. Caitlin is speechless.

MATTIE

You know I've been waiting
all along for you to bring me
a deal. But no, what do I get
but an outright purchase. You
know it's my ass you're hanging
out when this shit happens.

CAITLIN

Mattie, you make it sound as if...

Louis steps forward.

LOUIS

Hey! Is everything all right here?

Caitlin swings around, shocked. Louis steps toward Mattie, extending his
right hand.

LOUIS

Hi, I'm Louis, a friend of Caitlin's.

Mattie considers Louis for a moment.

MATTIE

Right.

She returns her gaze to Caitlin who has turned her face for the moment.

MATTIE

Listen! Just get me a deal.

Mattie turns and walks away. Caitlin stands speechless as she watches
Mattie.

LOUIS

Hey, I've come a long way to
see you!

CAITLIN

How did you find me here?

LOUIS

Well, pretty much everyone knew
you'd moved to New Orleans...

CAITLIN

No, no, how did you find me here?
Obviously I knew you were in
New Orleans. How did you find
this set location?

LOUIS

Well, this isn't LA. I just
found out the productions in

town and called the couple going on asking for you. Really, they are very helpful.

CAITLIN

Listen Louis. You and me, we're over. What didn't you understand about our breakup? I mean, Louis my God, only a freak would follow someone all this way.

LOUIS

Oh come on, you were always the romantic.

CAITLIN

Jesus, give it up, go back home! Get on with your life Louis.

LOUIS

That's what I'm trying to do.

CAITLIN

Louis, you can get all sorts of jobs because of your family and friends back in Louisville. Following a former girlfriend around the country is crazy!

Caitlin begins to walk off. Louis follows behind.

LOUIS

You'll come around. Come on, you know you love me. In the back of your mind you're flattered, you love it...

Caitlin turns to reply.

CAITLIN

No, Louis, it's fucked! That's what it is!

She turns back and heads off quickly. Louis stops. He pauses for a moment and turns back toward the direction of his car.

LOUIS

Whew, that old electricity!

Louis takes out a cigarette. While inhaling deeply, he slides it under his nose. He walks back to his car. He extends his right hand, then left hand - as if to shake an imaginary hand.

LOUIS

Hi, I'm Louis, nice to meet you.

EXT. - CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Louis is walking some deserted and rough hewn street. He appears laden with booze. He loosely swings a pint of bourbon by his side.

INT. - CAITLIN'S APARTMENT; DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Trip and Caitlin are sitting at the table. Caitlin puts her fork down, wipes her mouth and takes a swig of wine.

CAITLIN

Wow, Trip, that was unbelievable.
Really, it was one of the best
meals I've ever had.

TRIP

Well, thanks. I aim to please.

CAITLIN

Yes, I know you do.

Caitlin pauses and looks off.

TRIP

So, any more news on the serial
killer --Racer X.

CAITLIN

You know I just wish he would go home.

TRIP

What? I'm sure most people
would.

CAITLIN

You know those tire treads you
see on the highway, the ones
everybody has to swerve to avoid?
That's like Louis.

TRIP

Oh, you're on Louis.

CAITLIN

I remember driving one time and
this semi and I were playing cat
and mouse. You know, back and forth,
and I just couldn't get away from
him. And the thing was that
one of his tires was shredding,
and I knew at any second this
monstrous pile of rubber was going
to come flying at me at eighty
miles an hour.

She pauses to take a drink of wine.

TRIP

Yeah.

CAITLIN

Every time I passed him he would just come back and pass me. It's like Louis is that truck. He's hurtling down the road, if not endangering himself, then certainly a wreck for someone else.

TRIP

An out of control vehicle, huh?

CAITLIN

Namely me!

TRIP

You know, evidently he spends his time drinking himself into oblivion and formulating paranoid scenarios about crawfish and who knows what.

They both are silent for a moment. They take drinks of wine. Trip wipes his plate with a piece of French bread.

TRIP

He's headed for some kind of disaster.

CAITLIN

Yeah.

TRIP

His gay buddy at that bar mentioned that he drives home completely polluted all the time.

CAITLIN

I'm sure he does. He's the indomitable force. He thinks he can't be touched, or at least that's what he used to think.

TRIP

I think we agree that the best thing for all of us is for him to go back to Louisville.

CAITLIN

Well yeah! But he's, I just don't think he's going to go on his own.

TRIP

This might seem a little weird,
but what if there was a way, or
situation, to make him want to
go home.

CAITLIN

What do you mean? What, are you
going to beat him up or something?

TRIP

Beat him up? Right. No, what if
he felt he had to go home?

CAITLIN

Okay, okay, what the fuck are you
talking about?

TRIP

All right, he's apparently driving
around smashed all the time. Most
likely he's blacking out. At the
very least he would be very uncertain
about, say, what *might* have happened
on the way home.

Caitlin is silent for a moment in thought.

CAITLIN

Wait a minute, you don't actually
think Louis is out there killing
people?

TRIP

Well, no. But what if he were
to believe he was the one?

CAITLIN

What in the world have you
thought up?

TRIP

Okay, what if, say,
he wakes up one morning or
afternoon or whatever and walks
out to his car and finds
blood or, maybe, torn clothes
or something on his bumper.

CAITLIN

I guess he'd have to wonder.

TRIP

And maybe through the power
of suggestion, he might just
feel it were in his best interest
to leave town.

They both pause for a moment.

CAITLIN

That's not weird, that's fucking twisted. Besides, how could you know when the guy is going to strike?

TRIP

What? It's not like every dead body in New Orleans is immediately found. It's just the possibility he needs to dwell on. Anyway, it's just a thought.

CAITLIN

Fucking twisted thought.

TRIP

So, what happened with that truck and the tire?

CAITLIN

Oh, it blew out right as I passed, flew back and caused a wreck behind me.

INT. - STAIRWELL - DAY

Trip and Caitlin meet on the stairs.

TRIP

Hey, got your page. I just got away.

CAITLIN

Yeah, well, I want to do it. I've got to have Louis out of here.

Trip takes hold of her arm.

TRIP

Hey, is everything all right?

CAITLIN

It will be as soon as Louis is gone. When can you start your little plan.

TRIP

My? Aren't you in on this too?

CAITLIN

Well yes, but...

TRIP

Don't worry, I'm just kidding.
I'll take care of it.

CAITLIN

Thanks. I've just got so much
to do. When are you going
to start? I mean, you said
you had an idea, right?

TRIP

Don't worry, Louisville is
all ready looking more attractive.

CAITLIN

What do you mean? You didn't
all ready do something did you?

TRIP

No, no, you know, so to speak.
I was only joking.

CAITLIN

Uh huh, well, I've got to run.

She leans in and gives him a quick kiss on the lips.

CAITLIN

I'll talk to you later then.

She runs off.

TRIP

Right.

EXT. - OZ BAR - DAY

Louis drives up and parks beside the bar. He gets out to discover crawfish shells beneath his feet. He sweeps them aside to reveal a word spray painted on the sidewalk. The word reads, "SUBMIT." Philippe is at the bar window. He has a newspaper. Louis looks up to notice him. He starts across the street.

LOUIS

Sorry I'm running late. I
had some personal hygiene to
take care of.

He enters the bar. Philippe turns back toward the interior of the bar.

PHILIPPE

Did you get the liver flush, honey?

Louis comes to the window.

LOUIS
Something like that.

Louis notices the paper.

LOUIS
So what's the news.

PHILIPPE
Well, a police sergeant was busted for delivering a drug dealer to his rivals. They, of course, then whacked that dealer. Quite a little escort service the police run. Oh, and another somebody was run down uptown.

LOUIS
Do they think it was by that same guy?

PHILIPPE
That's what it says, but I didn't know it was a guy.

LOUIS
Well, it has to be a guy doesn't it? The violence of it, I mean. It just sounds like a guy.

PHILIPPE
I don't know about that. But I certainly know some queens who wouldn't mind pinning someone beneath their rubber.

LOUIS
Yeah, I'm sure.

PHILIPPE
I just wanted to let you know, in case you ever get bored chasing that other tail around.

Philippe looks out to Louis' car.

PHILIPPE
Your car seems to have had a makeover.

LOUIS
What's that?

Louis looks squeamish. His eyelid begins to twitch. He rustles and tugs at his clothes.

PHILIPPE
Your car, it looks like it

had a luffa job.

Philippe notices Louis' nervous behavior.

PHILIPPE

Anyway.

LOUIS

Yeah.

Louis pinches his cheek trying to stay his twitching eyelid.

LOUIS

You know Philippe, I don't feel so well. I think I've got a stomach virus or something.

PHILIPPE

Really?

LOUIS

You can handle it by yourself, right? I think I need to go home and rest.

Louis turns to leave then looks back at Philippe.

PHILIPPE

Yeah babe, go on. I'm sure you need something.

LOUIS

Thanks. I'll talk to you later.

Louis exits window frame. A bar PATRON steps into the window space.

PATRON

What's got him a wreck?

PHILIPPE

Good lord.

Louis emerges from the bar. He crosses the street in a hurry, gets in his car and leaves. The sidewalk space where Louis had seen the crawfish and message are empty and clear.

PATRON

So, do you think he wants to play.

PHILIPPE

No. As drunk as he gets, he would have ended up in somebody's bed by now, if he was.

PATRON

I'll take that as a maybe.

INT. - LOUIS' CAR - NIGHT

Louis drives down worn-out streets past the occasional burned out house. Groups of people hangout on corners and front yards and spill into the street. One GROUP has a kettle on the side of the road. Steam seeps out between the kettle and its lid, while a flame buffets underneath. Louis drinks a beer. From a bottle, he pours Old Forester bourbon on top of the beer. As he does this, the soft sound of a LION'S ROAR is heard. He drinks.

LOUIS

How close are any of us from
crossing the line. Living on
the streets; seeing a vision
of Mary in a knot of wood;
following some asshole to
your death.

He continues drinking.

LOUIS

I don't suppose the psychotic
recognizes when they've drifted
away, before they go on their 'spree.'

He drinks. The sound of the LION'S ROAR grows until it overwhelms.

EXT. - OZ BAR WINDOW - DAY

Trip pulls up by the curb. He gets out and walks up to the bar window. He motions to someone inside. TECHNO MUSIC plays from the bar.

TRIP

Hey, Frenchy, how you doing?

Philippe walks up to the window.

PHILIPPE

Well, well, Mr. Trip, bring
any more presents? If not,
you could just leave a pair
of yours'. I'd hang them up
and we could raffle them off.

TRIP

Ha, ha, that's funny Phil, I'm
flattered, really, but I came
by to see Louis. Is he around?

PHILIPPE

Honey, I haven't seen that boy
in days. I think he's off chasing
that girl of his. Or, he's doing
that, "lost weekend" thing.

TRIP

Really, he's not been working, huh?

PHILIPPE

That's right. Of course, Southern
Decadence is upon us. Maybe he's
out there wandering around
-finding himself. Maybe you should
go look. Go see the sights.

TRIP

Maybe out wandering around, huh?

PHILIPPE

Anything else I can do for you?
Why don't you come in for a drink?

TRIP

Sorry, I've got work to do.

PHILIPPE

Like it matters in this town.
Come on babe, you won't know
until you've tried it.

TRIP

We're not talking about
drinks anymore are we? I've
got to run. Take care now.

EXT. - INDUSTRIAL ROAD - DAY

Trip and Louis pull up in Trip's car. They get out and Trip starts walking around Louis' car looking down at the tires.

LOUIS
It's the front driver's.

Trip also takes survey of the area.

TRIP
Louis, how the hell did you
get here? I mean what the hell
were you doing here?

LOUIS
Is your jack in the trunk?

Trip bends down to inspect the tire.

TRIP
Yeah. No spare, no jack? What
the fuck Louis?

Louis pops the trunk on Trip's car.

LOUIS
Well, you know. I need all
the extra space for the bodies.

TRIP
Right. Well, I don't see a nail
or anything. Maybe you ran over
a sharp curb or something?

Louis is rummaging in the trunk. Trip stands up.

TRIP
So, how did you get here?

LOUIS
I'm not certain.

Trip pulls at his shirt and speaks to himself.

TRIP
Oh, shit.

EXT. - CITY STREET - TRIP'S CAR TRUNK - DAY

Several boxes of wine are there, along with the jack and blood stained shirt. Louis picks up the stained shirt.

LOUIS
What the hell?

EXT. - INDUSTRIAL ROAD - DAY

Trip is slowly walking toward his trunk.

TRIP
Hey! You got it?

Louis steps to the side of the car with a jack in his hand.

LOUIS
Yeah.

TRIP
I thought, maybe you got lost
again there buddy.

LOUIS
You've got a bunch of crap back
there. What's with all the wine?
Don't you have delivery people
for that?

TRIP
It's a little side thing I do.

LOUIS
Some type of scam?

TRIP
Sort of, I guess. Just filling
demand. I can use the extra
money Louis. Something you've
always been immune to.

LOUIS
I need it as much as the next guy.

Louis is bending down at the flat tire. He jacks the car up.

TRIP
Almost ten years out of undergrad
Louis and you've managed to just
float along. When is that mystery
trust fund going to run out?

LOUIS
That's funny Trip.

TRIP

You know, now it's like the Louis I knew in school was some aberration. I'm not so sure I really knew you at all.

Louis removes the bolts from the tire.

LOUIS

Please Trip. I'm the dramatic one, remember.

TRIP

Right before you called Louis, I had just gotten off the phone with one of my best restaurants. They informed me that they were dropping my wine from the house brand. 'Just for a change,' she said.

Louis struggles with removing the tire. He gets on the ground and underneath the car trying to push off the tire.

LOUIS

I'm real sorry Trip.

Trip looks at the jack. He looks at Louis' position under the frame of the car. He steps toward the jack.

TRIP

No, that's the fucking business Louis! It's their whim. So yeah, I pull a little shit business on the side. Not really for the money, just for the hope that a little favor here and there will keep those fucking *whims* to a minimum.

LOUIS

Call it whatever you want. You were always scamming something weren't you.

Trip steps back from the car.

TRIP

What about you Louis, why don't you get on with it. You're a fucking mess, man.

Louis comes back out from underneath the car. He finally pries the tire loose and takes it off. He sits on the ground as Trip speaks.

TRIP

You've moved hundreds of miles to chase a girl. A chick who, evidently, isn't interested anymore. You know, it's fucking pathetic! I've got to say. I'm sorry, but it is. As a friend, I'm just letting you know.

LOUIS

You know what's funny, Trip. I mean it's really touching and all, but I don't know why the fuck you care so much!

Louis stands, holding the crow bar.

TRIP

You're a smart guy. I just don't want to see you blowing your life away. Look around! You black out and wind up in the middle of nowhere with a flat tire. [beat] What do you think you might have hit when you blew that tire?

LOUIS

I think it was one of those big old rats.

TRIP

Yeah, who knows what you did? You're chasing some girl like the fucking Holy Grail and to top it off, you're working in a fucking gay bar!

Louis throws the crow bar into his car.

LOUIS

Wow, Trip, I'm speechless. Did you rehearse that? Because, I mean, you've just summed up my situation perfectly.

Silence is between them. Trip can only shake his head. Louis picks up the tire.

LOUIS

Old buddy, don't worry about me. Come on, we'll go out tonight. I'll help you pick up another random chick.

TRIP

Sorry, 'old buddy,' I've got plans.

LOUIS

A follow up date to a one nighter, huh?

They walk toward Trip's car.

TRIP

Ha! Yeah, something like that.

LOUIS(cont)
So, early in the morning,
the lions go poking their
heads around the warthog
holes. You get the picture.
A few warthogs don't make it
to the first cup of coffee.'

Louis sits and stares out through the windshield.

EXT. - STREET OUTSIDE CAITLIN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Trip exits Caitlin's apartment. He carries some bunched up clothes. His hair is disheveled. His eyes are squinting.

INT. - LOUIS' CAR - MORNING

Louis starts his car. He takes the mug and dumps the rest of his coffee out the window.

 LOUIS
Don't want to spill anything.

Louis puts the car in gear. In the distance, Trip sort of staggers into the street.

EXT. - STREET - MORNING

Louis' car accelerates quickly.

EXT. - STREET IN FRONT OF CAITLIN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Trip is in the middle of the road. He pauses and scratches his head. He turns back toward Caitlin's door. He turns back the way he was going. Suddenly, he senses the presence of a vehicle bearing down on him. Trip turns toward Louis' car. A flash of white overtakes him.

APPENDIX B

EQUIPMENT REQUEST FORM

UNO FILM EQUIPMENT CHECK-OUT FORM

NAME Tim Thull DATE _____
 TELEPHONE 897-6722 SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER 242-92-4006
 DATE CHECKED OUT 1/5 DATE DUE 1/9

YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR CHECKING ALL EQUIPMENT THAT YOU RECEIVE BEFORE YOU LEAVE THE CHECKOUT ROOM.

I understand that I am solely responsible for repairing or replacing any of the items indicated below if lost or damaged during the dates specified while the equipment is in my care.

signature: Tim Thull date: 1/25/12

CAMERAS

- CP16, 9.5-57mm Ang. J5 servo zoom
- CP16, 12120mm Angerieux
- CP16, 12120mm Canon (macro)
- (CP16 come with lens hood, 4 core adaptors, 2 400' mags, 2 batteries, 2 chargers, 3 filters - 85, ND6, 85ND6, case)
- Bolex, H16 RX-5, 12120mm Angerieux
- Bolex, H16-5BM, 10-100mm Kern Vario-Switar
- Bolex, H16 RX-5, c-mount primes
- Bolex, H16 RX-2, c-mount primes
- (all Bolex, except RX-2, can come with 400' mag, 2 core adaptors, power supply, camera motor, mag motor, case)

LENSES

- 5.9mm (CP16)
- 10mm
- 13mm (TV)
- 16mm
- 50mm
- 12.5mm (TV)
- 15mm
- 25mm
- 75mm

FILTERS (all series 9 or 72mm)

- Polarizing
- Sepia
- 85B grad ND3
- 85
- Textured 1 - 2 - 3 - 4 - 5
- Reg. Fog 1/2 - 1 - 2 - 3 - 4
- Coral (1/4) - (1/2) - 1 - 2
- Low Con. 1 - 2 - 3 - 4
- Diffusion 1 - 2 - 3 - 4
- Double Fog 1/2 - 1 - 2 - 3 - 4
- Fluorescent
- Star
- ND3 grad Clear
- 85ND6

Other lens accessories: _____

CAMERA ACCESSORIES

- ASC manual
- AC Ditty bag (ditty bag comes with air bulb, mag light, erasable marker, tape measure)
- CP16 manual
- Bolex sync cable
- Minolta light meter
- Spectra light meter
- Color temp. meter
- Changing bag
- Color Chart
- Otonnor tripod(wood)
- Otonnor tripod (reg)
- Otonnor high hat
- Dolly w/ 2 side panels
- track wheels
- track 8' - 4' - 8' curved - starter
- Matthews Jib Arm (Jib arm comes with arm, tripod, wheeled spreaders, riser, extension, head adaptor, 6- 10lbs weights, 12- 25lbs weights)
- Bolex manual
- Bolex manual (recorder)
- Sekonic light meter
- Pentax spot meter
- Director's finder
- Slate
- Circuit locator
- Tripod spreader
- Otonnor baby legs

Other _____

NOTE: Students are responsible for providing their own camera tape, lens paper, cleaning fluid, lens brush, and canned air for proper maintenance of camera equipment.

LIGHTS

- M/R Tweenie Kit (kit has: 3-500watt lamps, 3 stands, 3 barndoors, 3 singles, 3 doubles, 3 1/2 singles, 3 1/2 doubles, 3 gel frames, case)
- Lowell-D Kit (kit has: 4-500watt lamps, 4 stands, 4 barndoors, 4 scrims, 4 1/2 scrims, case)
- Lowell Tota Kit (kit has: 4-500watt lamps w/ cord, 4 stands, 5 frames, 2 elbows, 1 clip, 1 c clamp, 1 bracket, 1 umbrella, 4 flex shafts, 4 flags, 1 sm. reflector, 1 lg reflector, 1 space clamp, case)
- Lowell Soft Light (kit has: 1500watt lamp, stand, reflector, 4 doors, case)
- 2 M/R Baby (comes with 1k lamp, stand, snoot w/ 4 rings, barndoors, single, double, 1/2 single, 1/2 double, gel frame)
- Colortran Baby (comes with 1k lamp, barndoors, snoot, single, 1/2 single, gel frame, stand)
- M/R Junior (comes with 2k lamp, stand, snoot w/ 4 rings, barndoors, single, double, 1/2 single, 1/2 double, gel frame)
- Colortran Junior (comes with 2k lamp, barndoors, stand)

GRIP EQUIPMENT

- Lowell Location Kit (kit has: 4 stands, 4 arms, 2 snoots, 4 grips, 4 scissor clips, 4 links, 2 ceiling links, 9 pins, 4 flag frames, 4' x 4' silk, lg clamp, case)
- 2 Grip Kit (kit has: 2 stands, 2 bases, 2 arms w/ knuckles, 2 flags, 2 silks, 2 singles, 2 doubles, case)
- 2000watt generator w/ ground rod
- 10 Power cords 10 Sand bags
- 3 Reflector cards Fog machine

Other _____

RECORDERS

- Sony Prof Walkman w/ case, a/c & XLR adaptor
- Nagra 4.2 with case
- Teac DAT with case, battery, a/c adaptor
- Tascam DAT with case, battery, a/c adaptor
- Sony manual Nagra manual
- Teac manual Tascam manual

MICROPHONES

- Electrovoice Realistic P2M
- Sony ECM-50 lav Sony ECM-55 lav
- Tram T50 lav with phantom power
- Sennheiser MK E2 lav with phantom power
- 2 Sennheiser ME kit (kit has: omnidirectional mic, minishotgun mic, cardioid mic, & power module)
- Sennheiser B15 shotgun w/ zeppelin, shockmount, & phantom power supply
- AT 4075A Kit (kit has: shotgun mic, zeppelin, shockmount, handle, stand mount, foam screen, phantom power, case, headphones w/ 1/4" adpt)
- AT 4075A w/ phantom power & case

RECORDER & MICROPHONE ACCESSORIES

- Sony Walkman headphones
- Sony Professional headphones w/ 1/4" adaptor
- Short boom Long boom
- Carrying case XLR cables
- 4 channel mixer 3 channel mixer

Other _____

Missing or Damaged Items: _____

noted by: _____ date: _____

APPENDIX C

SHOT LISTS

SUBMIT Shot list
Sat. January 24

Shot #	Description
46.1	Racer X's POV from car. LONG SHOT of PEDESTRIAN, in the street, under wash of street lamp.
47.1	CRANE SWING from the side and behind PEDESTRIAN. MEDIUM/AMERICAN ON PEDESTRIAN. Movement forward of the PEDESTRIAN then back. PEDESTRIAN turns to face camera and approaching vehicle. Note: car light gag on dolly moving in on Pedestrian.
48.1	LOW ANGLE, CLOSE UP on car as it passes over and by the PEDESTRIAN. Camera wheel level.
48.2	CLOSE UP, SIDE PANEL LEVEL, ON CAR. Car's front end bounces up over PEDESTRIAN.
49.1	CRANE UP. MOVEMENT, from straight on headlight level, UP and over passing car, revealing PEDESTRIAN laid out on the road.
49.2	MEDIUM/CLOSE on PEDESTRIAN laying in street. Head and shoulders.
49.3	EXTREME CLOSE UP on PEDESTRIAN'S EYE.

7:30 call

"SUBMIT" SHOT LIST/SHOOTING LIST for Sat. Feb. 7th.
Bar Location

Scene 9

- ✓ 9.3 CU on Philippe (all lines p.11)
- ✓ 9.1 MED/CLOSE on Philippe. Over Louis' shoulder. (all lines p.11)
- ✓ 9.5 MED/CLOSE on Philippe. Over Louis' shoulder (all lines p. 12).
- ✓ 9.2 CU on Newspaper being tousled/ folded.

Scene 62

- ✓ 62.6 CU on Philippe. (his line p.60)

Scene 64

- ✓ 64.2 MED/CLOSE on Philippe. Over Trip's shoulder. (all lines p.62)
- ✓ 64.3 CU on Philippe. Lines-"Honey... 'lost weekend' thing."
- ✓ 64.5 CU on Philippe's hands. Gesticulating over lines- "That's right. Anything else I can do for you? Why don't you come in for a drink?"

Pick-up
SUNDAY

- ✓ 64.1 MED/CLOSE on Trip. Over Philippe's shoulder. (all lines p.62)
- ✓ 64.4 CU on Trip. HAND HELD from 45degrees of front of face.
-Moving with Trip as he back peddles.
-lines(p.62) "Sorry... we're not talking... take care now"

Scene 9

Comp
back
to

- 9.3 CU on Louis (lines pgs.11,12)

Scene 62

- ✓ 62.5 CU on Louis. His lines p 60.
- ✓ 62.3 CU on Louis, tugging at his pants.



SUBMIT SHOT LIST/SHOOTING LIST CONT.
Sat. Feb. 7th.

Scene 62

62.2 XCU on Louis' eye - twitching.

62.3 XCU on Louis, pinching his cheek - staying the twitching.

CARRIAGE/FRENCH QUARTER LOCATION

Scene 11

✓ 11.1 TWO SHOT. Trip and Louis having drinks on the Carriage. 36 f.p.s.

11.2 LONG SHOT. HIGH ANGLE on Mills walking on sidewalk.

Scene 12

12.4 THREE SHOT OR PAN OVER THREESOME having drinks. 36 f.p.s.

12.1 CU on Mills. Over Trip's shoulder. Trip moves in on Mills. 36f.p.s.

12.3 MED on back of Trip's head - covering Mills. Louis' leg moves into frame. Mills' hand reaches out to grab Louis' thigh, as he tries to pass. 36f.p.s.

12.2 CU on Louis. Reaction to Trip and Mills. Louis gets up and exits frame.

3:00 pm call

"SUBMIT" SHOT LIST/SHOOTING LIST for Sun. Feb. 8th.

STREET IN FRONT OF CAITLIN'S APARTMENT LOCATION

Scene 89

- 89.1 LONG SHOT on Trip. Trip walks out into road, pauses and does business(p80).
- 89.2 CU Trip. Scratching head, doing business. HAND HELD.
- 89.3 DOLLY MOVE, STARING LONG and MOVING in of Trip as he does business and turns to camera.
- 89.4 DOLLY MOVE. From Trip's position, continuing direction from previous shot 89.3. Camera facing back toward Trip's position, TILTING UP as the move occurs.

STAIRWELL LOCATION

Scene 55

- 55.1 *two shot* MED on Trip. HIGH ANGLE. All lines pgs.54,55.
- 55.2 *CU on Trip High* MED on Caitlin. LOW ANGLE. All lines pgs.54,55.
- 55.3 *all lines low angle* CU on Caitlin. ~~McHAMP JIB or HAND HELD starting low and rising to level with Caitlin, for her line, "Well yes, but..."(p.55). ***OPTIONAL SHOT***~~
- 55.4 CU on Caitlin's arm. Trip grasps her arm.

7:00 call

SUBMIT shot list/shooting schedule
Saturday 14 Feb.

INDUSTRIAL LOT/ TCHOUPITOULAS STREET LOCATION

Scene 79

- 79.1 MEDIUM on Trip. His line: "So, how did you get here?"(p.71)
- 79.2 MED on Louis. Line: "I'm not certain"(p71) He looks around at the surroundings. He notices something in his car.
- 79.3 WIDE SHOT. Louis' POV of surrounding area.
- 79.4 CU on bourbon bottle in car seat.

79.5 - Louis looking into car

Scene 81

- 81.1 MED on Trip. Camera on high hat. Shooting up at Trip through the action of the pumping car jack. All Trip's lines p72,73.
- 81.2 MED on Louis. High Angle as Louis is kneeling and jacking car. His line: "That's funny Trip."

OPTION A

- 81.3 MED/CLOSE on Trip. Low Angle, Louis' POV. All lines for Trip p74.
- 81.4 MED/CLOSE on Louis. High Angle, Trip's POV. All lines for Louis p74.
- 81.5 CU on Crow Bar at Louis' side. DOLLY MOVE OUT from Close up into TWO SHOT on Crow bar and Trip.

OPTION B

- 81.6 MED on Trip. DOLLY IN with ZOOM OUT (all lines p74)
- 81.7 MED on Louis. DOLLY OUT with ZOOM IN (all lines p74)

3

LOUIS' APARTMENT LOCATION / 716 N. Rampart

Scene 2

- 2.1 MASTER TWO SHOT. All lines p4&5.
- 2.2 CU on Louis. High Angle. All lines p4&5.
- 2.3 CU on Trip. Low Angle. All lines p4&5.

TIME PERMITTING

Scene 24

- 24.1 WIDE on Louis. All action. (5.9 lens)
- 24.2 LOUIS' POV. HAND HELD MOVE INTO CLOSE UP on Bourbon Bottle.
Louis' hand reaches in, grabbing bottle.

Feb

SUBMIT SHOT LIST/SHOOTING SCHEDULE
Sunday Feb. 15

UPTOWN STREET IN FRONT OF SET LOCATION LOCATION

Scene 23

- 23.1 **MED/CLOSE** on Mattie. Over Caitlin's shoulder. Mattie's lines p33:
"You know I've ...shit happens."
- 23.2 **MED/WIDE** on Louis. He walks along the sidewalk. **DOLLY MOVE** with Louis as he approaches Mattie and Caitlin. The **MOVE** advances ahead of Louis and ends on Caitlin, for her lines:
"Mattie, you make it sound as if..."
- Louis catches up to shot and enters frame, for his lines:
"Hi, I'm Louis..."
- Camera **PANS LEFT** back to Mattie for her lines:
"Right ...Listen, just get me a deal."
Mattie exits frame **LEFT**.
- Camera **PANS RIGHT** back to Caitlin for her reaction to Mattie's exit. Caitlin also exits frame **LEFT**. Louis remains in frame.
- Camera **PANS LEFT** onto Caitlin walking away, down the side walk..
- 23.3 **MED** on Caitlin. She turns to face camera for her lines:
"Listen Louis ...get on with your life Louis."
- 23.4 **MED** on Caitlin. Walking away from camera, she turns back to face camera for her lines: "No, Louis, it's fucked! That's what it is!"
- 23.5 **MED** on Louis. All lines p34&35.

CAITLIN'S APARTMENT LOCATION

Scene 28

- 28.1 **MED** on Trip. Over Caitlin's shoulder. All lines p42&43.
- 28.2 **CU** on Trip. His line: "Anyway, it's just a thought."

CAITLIN'S APARTMENT LOCATION CONT.

Scene 28 cont.

28.3 MED on Caitlin. Over Trip's shoulder. All lines p42&43.

28.4 CU on Caitlin. Her line: "Fucking twisted thought."

Scene 36

36.1 MED/WIDE on Trip and Caitlin lying on couch. Light petting.

36.2 MED/WIDE on Trip and Caitlin. Moving from sitting position to lying position on couch. Heavy petting.

Scene 35

35.1 MED on Louis. Louis looking through window.

Scene 37

37.1 WIDE SHOT on Interior of Caitlin's Apartment. Louis' POV from window. He sees no one in the space.

Scene 51

51.1 MASTER. High Angle, WIDE (5.9 lens). All lines and action p53&54.

51.2 CU on Mattie. Low Angle. Approximating Caitlin's floor level POV.

51.3 CU on Caitlin. High Angle. Her speechless-impaired reaction to Mattie.

51.4 CU on Caitlin. High Angle. Her reaction to Louis' entrance.

51.5 CU on Caitlin. High Angle. Her line: "No wait!"

APPENDIX D

BUDGET

Budget for "SUBMIT"
 Tim Theuer, Producer

	AMOUNT	RATE	CASH	IN KIND
FEES/SALARIES				
Script/Director/Producer			* ...See Other	
Talent/5 Actors	19days	\$75perday		\$1425
AD	5days	\$300per		\$1500
DP	5days	\$400per		\$2000
AC	5days	\$275per		\$1375
2ndAC	5days	\$175per		\$875
Key Grip	5days	\$275per		\$1375
Grip/Electric	5days	\$175per		\$875
Sound	5days	\$300per		\$1500
Editor	5days	\$360per		\$1800
			Sub	\$12725
FOOD/CATERING				
Ten Crew/Cast	5days	\$100per	\$500	
			Sub	\$500
SUPPLIES				
Camera Stock	2400ft	\$101/400ft	\$606	
Audio Tape	2tapes	\$10per	\$20	
Editing	2beta tapes	\$35per	\$70	
	4SVHS	\$10per	\$40	
			Sub	\$736
EQUIPMENT				
Camera	5days	\$130per		\$550
-accessories	5days	\$104per		\$520
Grip equipment	5days	\$35per		\$175
Crane/generator/operator	1/2day	\$550per	\$300	
Recorder	5days	\$30per		\$150
-accessories	5days	\$105per		\$525
Electrical	5days	\$137per		\$685
Editing/Avid system	5days	\$200per		\$1000

Other					
-Dolly and track	3days	\$59per		\$177	
			Sub	\$300	\$3782
LABORATORY					
Processing	2400ft	\$.18per ft		\$432	
Supervised/timed					
Video transfer	2400ft/3hrs	\$175per hr		\$525	
			Sub	\$957	
OTHER					
ART DEPARTMENT					
Props/dressing/wardrobe				\$210	
Photography stills				\$30	
			Sub	\$240	
LOCATION					
Apartment Rental	1day	\$75per		\$75	
Apartment Rental	3days	\$75per		\$225	
			Sub	\$75	\$225
MUSIC					
Recording w/ 2 musicians	2days	\$400per		\$1600	
			Sub	\$1600	
SHIPPING					
	8 Cans at various rates			\$50	
PHONE					
				\$30	
			Sub	\$2888	\$18332
WRITER/DIRECTOR/PRODUCER FEE 5% SUBTOTAL					
				\$1061	
			Subtotal All	\$22281	
CONTINGENCIES					
			10%	\$2228.10	
			TOTAL	\$24509.10	

APPENDIX E

AGENCY CASTING LETTER

**To: Anne Massey
From: Tim Theuer**

The actors I'd like to see, for Thursday January 15, 6:30 are:

Eric Thompson

John Myers

Stacy Wolf

Christina Dupont

-note-under her photo listing in the Fame catalog she isn't listed as an actor, but we did talk about her. Is she available to act?

At UNO, the Performing Arts Center.

DIRECTIONS:

From I10, take the Elysian Fields Exit toward the lake.

Take a Left on Lyon C. Simon from Elysian Fields.

Take the Second Entrance on the Right, immediately following the University sign.

The Performing Arts Building is the first on the left following the soccer field.

Parking is available in the lot on the right, opposite the building.

Any problems, or questions, please reach me at 897-6928.

Thanks, Tim.

APPENDIX F

CASTING FLYER

CASTING

FOR A TRAILER
OF THE FEATURE FILM:
SUBMIT.

SHOOTING 5-9 JANUARY '98.

2 MEN -- LATE 20'S.
1 WOMAN -- LATE 20'S.
1 WOMAN -- 20'S.

The story is about Louis, who follows his ex-girlfriend, Caitlin, down to New Orleans in an attempt to win her back. Louis discovers an old college friend, Trip, also living in New Orleans. Unbeknownst to Louis, Trip is presently dating Caitlin. Meanwhile, a serial killer is loose in the city. Because of a peculiarity in the killer's modus operandi, Caitlin and Trip conspire to force Louis to leave town by making him believe that he might be the killer. Is he or isn't he the killer -Racer X?

PLEASE LEAVE HEAD SHOT
AND RESUME IN DRCM OFFICE
GRAD BOX OF TIM THEUER
OR CALL AND LEAVE MESSAGE
AT 897 - 6928.

APPENDIX G

SCREENPLAY (COMPLETE)

SUBMIT

a screenplay by Tim Theuer
©2000

FADE UP INTO BLACK AND WHITE:

INTERIOR - FAMILY ROOM; LOUIS' CHILDHOOD HOUSE - NIGHT

An image of the planet Earth is on a television screen. CHILDHOOD LOUIS, 7, lies prone on a Persian rug. Louis' MOTHER sits on a couch behind him reading a book. The Family Room is spatial and decorated in a minimalist fashion -modern, Bauhaus type furniture. Select cultural items inhabit the space, such as a wall hanging of Japanese calligraphy and a collection of African masks. Several maps are spread out around Childhood Louis. A globe sits to his side. He slides his finger along the surface of a map. He calls out various city names.

CHILDHOOD LOUIS

Manila ...Osaka ...Sydney ...Bombay
...Mannheim ...Zurich ...Vancouver.
Everywhere we've lived.

MOTHER

And how many of those do
you remember?

CHILDHOOD LOUIS

I don't remember Zurich,
or Sydney, or Manila.

MOTHER

You were just a baby.

CHILDHOOD LOUIS

I know.

MOTHER

That's really good though.
Can you find Louisville,
Kentucky?

CHILDHOOD LOUIS

Yes.

MOTHER

Does it bother you that
we move so much?

Louis rolls onto his side and searches the globe.

CHILDHOOD LOUIS

I like to see new things.
Sometimes other kids ask
me where I'm from though.

MOTHER

What do you tell them?

Louis shrugs his shoulders.

CHILDHOOD LOUIS

Here it is. Louis-ville.

MOTHER

You can tell them you're
a world traveler.

Louis spins the globe and stops it with his finger. He
reads from the globe.

CHILDHOOD LOUIS

The Bay of Bengal, that's
where I'm from.

His Mother puts her book down and moves to the floor with
Louis. She spoons up behind him and smooths her hand over
his hair. She kisses the back of his head. Louis snuggles
closer to her. She wraps her arm around him.

MOTHER

You know Louis?

She points up at the globe.

MOTHER

It doesn't matter where
you live on this place,
or where you're from. As
long as you're with me,

MOTHER(continued)
with someone you love.
We go where we have to go.

Louis' Father enters the room. His Mother looks up at him.
The Father sheepishly grins.

FATHER
Well, I told him.

Mother turns back to Louis.

MOTHER
Louis, honey. I have some
news.

The SOUND OF A CHILD SCREAMING builds preceding the
entrance of Louis' brother JIM. Jim, 10, enters running
and screaming. He stops short and stumbles back as his
Father reaches out. His face is red, and tears stream from
his eyes.

JIM
I don't want to go! You
can't make me! Why! Why
do we have to go!

MOTHER
Jimbo! It'll be all right.

Mother gets up and goes to Jim. Louis stares for a moment
in the direction of his brother, then turns back to the
globe. He slaps at the globe.

MOTHER(Off Screen)
Come on, let's go to the
kitchen. I'm sure we can
find something you like.

Louis slaps and slaps, spinning the globe faster and
faster. The CRYING AND SCREAMING subside. Father comes
over and squats down beside Louis.

FATHER
Louis, did mom talk to you?

Louis continues to spin the globe.

FATHER

I'm wanted somewhere else
now.

Father stops the globe.

FATHER

It's just something we need
to do.

CHILDHOOD LOUIS

Let me guess. Louis-ville,
Kentucky.

FATHER

That a boy.

Louis spins the globe again.

CHILDHOOD LOUIS

If the world spun like this
nobody would be able to
stay put.

FATHER

You know Louis. The world
does spin. A lot faster
than that.

Louis speaks as if from rote.

CHILDHOOD LOUIS

I know. It's 7926 miles
around at the equator. And
it takes 23 hours 56 minutes
and 4 seconds to spin all
the way around.

Louis scribbles some figures on a map.

CHILDHOOD LOUIS

So, we are spinning at...

CHILDHOOD LOUIS(cont)
well, something like 330
miles per hour.

FATHER
That's okay. That's very
close.

CHILDHOOD LOUIS
But it varies anyway, because
of a lot of reasons.

FATHER
That's right Louguy. You're
the smartest one in the
family.

Father strokes Louis' head as he stands.

FATHER
Let me go check on your
mom and brother.

Louis' Father walks away. Louis slaps and slaps at the
spinning globe.

EXT. - BALCONY; LOUIS' APARTMENT - DAY

A globe spins. -INTERTITLES- appearing over the spinning
globe read -LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY: 20 YEARS LATER-. A hand
stops the globe. The globe slowly turns so that we see a
big hole in it. The map on the globe is faded. CAITLIN
stands with her hand on the globe. LOUIS straddles the
balcony railing. The globe sits before him. As with
Louis, Caitlin is in her late twenties. She has on a dark,
knee length skirt. Her hair is long, but it is pulled back
and held tight and neat. Louis wears a frayed button down,
baggy dark chinos, and red Converse Chuck Taylors. In the
street below, two kids jog by dribbling and passing a
basketball.

LOUIS
Come on. It'll be fun.
A big house boat on the lake.

LOUIS(cont)

All our friends...

Caitlin withdraws from the globe. There's a pause between them.

CAITLIN

All our friends. You're not listening.

She paces about the balcony. She appears nervous.

LOUIS

What?

CAITLIN

It's always some little stupid thing I guess.

LOUIS

What is it?

CAITLIN

You know, I see this weekend happening and there's one thing that just keeps coming, or rising to the surface. It's insane. I don't know why. It keeps recurring to me. I mean, I don't even mind really.

LOUIS

Cait?

CAITLIN

I just know at some point, one of your friends is going to say, 'Louis, don't get married.' And they'll be drunk and kind of snickering. 'Let me just put it this way. You know the reason why the bride is smiling as she walks down the aisle at her wedding?

CAITLIN(cont)

Because she knows she's given
her last blow job.'

Louis chuckles.

CAITLIN

One of them always says it.
It's the same joke.

LOUIS

It's just a joke.

CAITLIN

No, what's insane is that
I don't care. I can't even
pin it down. I mean, of
course, it's not that it
offends me or anything.
Somehow it's just that I
know it's going to happen.

LOUIS

You're still talking about
the joke right?

Caitlin smiles at Louis' comment, then continues. He
slowly turns the globe.

CAITLIN

What it comes down to is
that they're your friends.
You've known them forever,
and I'm never going to
know them like that. I
just don't care.

LOUIS

This is where I'm from.
You know people here.

CAITLIN

You know people here. I've
got to find my own place.

LOUIS

What? We don't have to go on this trip.

CAITLIN

It's like that globe Louis. You try to pawn it off as kitsch. It's beyond kitsch Louis. It's just old and ratty.

LOUIS

My globe?

CAITLIN

But there's something there that you can't let go of.

LOUIS

Well, I could put it away I...

CAITLIN

And it's sort of cute. But I have no idea. I mean, that big hole and everything.

LOUIS

Well, my brother was pretty angry once. He took it out on the world.

CAITLIN

Listen, Louis. I've got to go.

LOUIS

What? You want to go get a drink?

Caitlin walks up to Louis. She strokes the side of his head. She kisses his forehead.

CAITLIN

Louis, I'm leaving Louisville. At least for a while.

LOUIS

Well, maybe...

CAITLIN

No Louis! I wouldn't want you to come with me. I have to get away.

She turns away. He reaches out for her arm and knocks the globe off the balcony. She pulls away from him.

CAITLIN

Louis, I've just always moved. Ever since I was a kid.

LOUIS

Well, that's! I'm...

CAITLIN

Listen, a friend got me a job in New Orleans. I'm going to be a set decorator, or assistant, on a film. It's as good a place as any.

LOUIS

Wait a second.

CAITLIN

But at least it will be mine.

Louis sniffs at his underarms.

LOUIS

What the fuck? Do I suddenly smell? What the hell did I do?

CAITLIN

It's not really anything you did, Louis. I'll always feel like 'Louis' girlfriend.'

Louis is silent but searching for something to say.

LOUIS

Well this is just fucked.
Why are you left fielding
me? You can't go.

CAITLIN

Louis, I can go. I'm sorry.
I've been meaning to tell
you. It just wouldn't come
out.

LOUIS

New Orleans? You're just
leaving? Right now? Just
fucking going?

CAITLIN

Oh come on Louis. You're
a big kid.

Louis closes his eyes.

LOUIS

Oh my God, she's giving me
the 'you're a big boy' shit.

Caitlin smiles. She walks over to the balcony ledge and
peers down at the broken globe.

CAITLIN

Well Louis, look on the bright
side. You may have lost the
world, but you still have
your Louisville.

LOUIS

Kiss me. Just kiss me on
the top of my head. One
last time.

Caitlin walks to Louis' side. She caresses his head and
pulls it onto her chest. She holds him gently and kisses
the top of his head.

INT. - AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

Louis' Mother kisses the top of his head.

MOTHER
I'm sorry honey.

She touches his face.

MOTHER
There's always someone else
coming around the corner.

LOUIS
Just as long as I've got
you, huh?

MOTHER
I'll always love you, Louis.

Louis' father walks up.

FATHER
So you know we're not going
straight home.

Father and Mother turn to each other.

FATHER
What, like the 18th or 19th
we'll be home.

MOTHER
Yeah, something like that.

LOUIS
Home. What's it like,
three years now? Are you
considered natives yet?

FATHER
Well, we know where to go
to pick the bananas.

AIRLINE ANNOUNCER(O.S.)
Final boarding call for flight
307 to London.

FATHER
It was good seeing you son.
I know how you feel about
moving but... oh, never mind.
You'll figure it out.

Father and son hug, and Father walks off. Mother leans in and gives Louis a kiss on his lips. As she pulls away, a PASSENGER running to board the plane jostles Louis.

MOTHER
Love you, bye.

Louis gathers himself after being bumped. His Mother has turned and soon disappears through a doorway leading to the plane. Louis mouths his response.

LOUIS
Love you.

INT. - LOUIS' APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Louis is sitting up in bed. A bed sheet and blanket are pulled up to his waist. The sheets are rumpled and resemble the contour of mountains on a three dimensional map. A single bedside lamp is on. The SOUND OF AN AIRPLANE IN A STORM grows over the mountainous contour of sheets.

INT. - AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Louis' Father is reclined and asleep. His Mother looks at the Father, then out of a window. Rain smears across the outer windowpane. Flashes of lightening illuminate.

INT. - LOUIS' APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

The topography of the bed sheets passes underneath while the SOUNDS OF AIRPLANE AND STORM intensify.

INT. - AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Out an airplane window, a lightening bolt strikes the wing of the plane. Traces of electricity circle the frame of the window.

INT. - AIRPLANE/LOUIS' APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

THE SOUND OF AN AIRPLANE RAPIDLY DESCENDING OVERWHELMS THE SOUNDS OF THE STORM.

THERE FOLLOWS A SERIES OF QUICK CUTS BETWEEN THE IMAGES OF THE SHEETS AND THE INTERIOR OF THE AIRPLANE, ENDING ON LOUIS' FACE WITH THE ERUPTING SOUNDS OF AN AIRPLANE CRASHING.

EXT. - LOUISVILLE, KY; A BUTCHERTOWN STREET - MORNING

THE CRASHING SOUND DISSOLVES INTO THAT OF A TRUCK BACKFIRING. The face of a pig jostles. The pig is sandwiched between the behinds of two other pigs and framed by a rusted gate. The pigs are unwitting passengers on the back of a truck. Shotgun houses line the sides of the road. A Toyota Land Cruiser approaches. It passes by and pulls to the side of the road. It backs up until just in front of a 1967 white Dodge Dart. JIM and MIMI get out of the Land Cruiser. They are in their early thirties. They are both dressed conservatively, professional. JIM wears a suit, Mimi a skirt suit. They approach the Dodge Dart.

JIM

He was lying in the seat?

MIMI

Yeah, I mean I'm pretty sure it's his car.

They go to opposite sides of the Dart. The windows are rolled down. Mimi is at the passenger window.

JIM
Fuck, is there blood?

INT. - LOUIS' CAR - MORNING

Louis lies with his head in the passenger seat. Mimi is leaning into the car. She cautiously reaches toward Louis' head.

MIMI
I don't think so. Do you smell that?

Jim leans into the car to draw a breath.

JIM
What?

Mimi touches Louis' head.

MIMI
Maybe it's because you're not near his head. It's a fucking distillery down here. And shit, his keys are still in the ignition.

A LOUD THUMP is heard outside Louis' car. Louis snaps awake with a slight GRUNT.

LOUIS
What?!

Louis looks up at Mimi.

LOUIS
Meems!

EXT. - BUTCHERTOWN STREET - MORNING

Mimi pulls out from the car window. A basketball bounces away from Louis' car. A LITTLE GIRL retrieves the ball.

LITTLE GIRL

Sorry. She can't catch too good.

MIMI

Too well. It's okay. He doesn't know the difference.

Mimi looks up the sidewalk. The Little Girl runs back to where a BABY in diapers sits. Mimi looks back into Louis' car.

INT. - LOUIS' CAR - MORNING

Louis remains reclined.

JIM

What the fuck are you doing?!

LOUIS

Hey Jimbo, big brother. Good to see you two. What are you doing to my car?

MIMI

Louis, you were passed out with your keys in the ignition.

Louis lifts his head to see.

LOUIS

So I was. Thankfully, I live in a safe neighborhood.

JIM

Louis, you're in fucking Butchertown.

Louis raises himself to a sitting position while looking around. A truck passes by, packed full of cows.

LOUIS

So I am.

Louis sniffs with emphasis.

LOUIS

Quite an odor, huh?

JIM

What the hell are you doing here?
It's seven in the morning.

Louis considers this for a moment. He answers with an air of still-drunk nonchalance.

LOUIS

You know, I was just going to
ask you the same question.

Jim and Mimi trade condescending looks.

MIMI

Louis, boy, you're lucky you're
not in jail or dead.

JIM

Fucking pull yourself together!
It's a weekday for God's sake.
You know, a workday.

LOUIS

Funny you mention it. I have some
news. I don't think I've told you
two yet, but I've decided to get
Caitlin back. Things just haven't
been the same. So, I'm fleeing
Louisville.

Mimi becomes exasperated with the situation.

MIMI

Louis she ...! No that's it, go
see the fucking wizard of New Orleans.
I'm sure he will have the answer.
Come on Jim, I'm going to be late.

Mimi exits the car window and walks back to the truck.

JIM

Fuck Louis, you know. You can still write copy for us if you want. Just fucking sober up. You're right Louis, 'things' are never going to be the same. It's not just Caitlin you need to get over.

Jim starts to pull away but comes back.

JIM

And *Louguy*, you know no one calls me *Jimbo* anymore. Asshole!

Louis' eyes are closed. He massages his right eyeball. Louis gives Jim a two-finger salute as Jim pulls away from the window. Mimi is standing beside the Land Cruiser. She is looking back at Louis and shaking her head.

MIMI

Follow the fucking yellow brick road Louis!

They get in and drive away.

FADE TO WHITE:

FADE UP INTO COLOR:

EXT. - NEW ORLEANS; CITY STREETS - DAY

OPENING CREDITS ROLL OVER A MONTAGE OF IMAGES: neighborhood grocery stores with hand painted logos and advertisements, blocks of rundown and/or abandoned housing, men sitting in door stoops with brown bagged bottles, soul food joints and pastel colored shotgun houses.

Eventually, TRIP begins reciting over these images.

TRIP(voice over)

'...so Clem cautiously surveys the surrounding baggage claim area. Various couples and individuals cut the space at random angles like rebounding atoms. An animal cage sits forlorn amidst the bustle. "No one seems to be honing in on that cage," Clem thinks, looking around. He approaches the cage whispering sweet gibberish in calm tones to a sedated Golden Retriever. Clem's mind races as he deliberately grabs the cage and absconds. He loads the cage in his cab and takes off. As he drives away, he's not certain if he hears someone calling after him or not.

Clem wonders how much he can get for the thing. After a couple of days, Clem's fetid mind decides it would rather keep the animal. He has taken to beating the creature after work and finds it most relieving. Soon he's beating it habitually. Like a drug, Clem uses the dog to soothe his need for the feeling of dominance and control..'

INT. - LOUIS' APARTMENT - DAY

Louis' appearance is disheveled. He sits on a floor level bed bouncing a tennis ball against the wall. TRIP, in his late twenties, is pacing the room. He is holding some papers and continues to read from the text. Trip is neat in appearance and is dressed business casual.

TRIP

'However, even the Golden's innate lovingness and submissiveness gives way to instinctual self preservation. So, when Clem returns one evening to his old salt lick, his living punching bag snarls and lashes out.

TRIP(cont)

In a black out rage, Clem's hand is forced. When he regains his thoughts, an unknown time later, he's beating a bloody dead dog. He falls back into a sunken couch --numb. His play thing is gone he realizes.'

Trip's arm falls limply to his side. He stops pacing.

TRIP

What the fuck is this?!

LOUIS

It's just sort of a character sketch, it's still... I mean it's not a whole story yet.

TRIP

No, I mean what the fuck is this sick Clem guy? Where'd this come from? This isn't the kind of shit you used to write.

LOUIS

It still lacks the smells. It's going to have a lot of tactile, tangible smells to it.

TRIP

What happened to the stuff you wrote in college? Those stories, you know, always kind of weird and had some sex twist to them. But they were funny man, I mean really damn funny.

LOUIS

Well, I'm not in college anymore.

Trip looks around the barren space, trying to find a place to lay the papers.

TRIP

No, certainly not.

Louis finally nods for him to just drop the papers near the mattress. Trip does so.

TRIP

So, you're still at least writing. I mean... you know what I mean.

LOUIS

Yeah, I know what you mean. But no, I'm not really writing much. It has taken me months just to put that on paper. Mainly I'm just drinking.

TRIP

I'm sure that can be a full time occupation, but ah, am I to understand you have a job?

LOUIS

Oh you have heard. I should have known the news would travel far and wide.

TRIP

Well, that's when I learned you were in New Orleans.

LOUIS

It's just a bar. Who cares?

TRIP

It's a fucking gay bar!

LOUIS

So what? It's a job, I've gotten some great stories, met some weird characters.

TRIP

You just told me you're not even writing. What good is the story?[beat] It's a gay bar! I mean, I don't think that you're...

LOUIS

No really, thanks for the sentiment.

The two pause for a moment. Louis takes out a cigarette. He fondles it -turning it over in his hands. He puts it up to his nose and slowly draws it under inhaling deeply.

TRIP

Still doing that, huh?

LOUIS

The smell is still the best part.

Louis lights the cigarette.

TRIP

I guess we haven't done too good a job keeping in touch?

LOUIS

About the same as with the rest of the guys.

TRIP

Well, let's go out. This is the town to blow it out. Just like the old days.

LOUIS

Just like the old days huh?

TRIP

Yeah, we'll see what we can scare up.

LOUIS

Sure, why not. But, I'm not going to pick up any chicks with you.

TRIP

What?! Now you're scaring me Louis. I mean, even if we didn't go out for that specific purpose, if the opportunity arose...

LOUIS

No, I wouldn't! I came down here to get Caitlin back!

TRIP
Caitlin back?!

LOUIS
Yeah, she moved down here a little while ago. Right after we broke up. An old friend got her a job in the film business.

TRIP
What are you thinking? You followed your EX after she moved!

LOUIS
It's not like I'm some random psycho trekking cross country after some movie star. She's just an assistant set decorator.

Trip is speechless.

LOUIS
You see, when we get back together, I'll have the kind of stability I need. All the pieces will fall into place.

TRIP
I don't know Louis.

LOUIS
So anyway, changing the subject, what business brought you to this fine city?

TRIP
I'm an on-premise wine rep. I sell to the restaurants in town. Thankfully, it's a big drinking town.

LOUIS
So what's your angle. You've always got a scam working, don't you?

TRIP

Louis you just can't believe
someone's out working a real job
can you? Not enough glorification
for you, huh?

LOUIS

I don't know. Sell-buy-eat-shit-
sleep-sell-buy...

Trip steps in and intercepts the tennis ball Louis is
throwing in mid flight.

TRIP

You know Louis, it might be
all bullshit and spinning circles,
but at least I'm 'doing'
and not fucking... ahh!

LOUIS

Maybe our conversation should
return to drinking.

Trip's arm falls to his side. He releases the ball and it
gently bounces and rolls toward Louis.

TRIP

Listen, I need to run, I've got
wine in my trunk I need to
deliver.

LOUIS

No Ripple, eh?

TRIP

No. Fresh out of Ripple. Couldn't
even carry that, the bums would
sniff it right out of my trunk.

LOUIS

So when are we going drinking?

TRIP

Whenever, tomorrow night?

LOUIS

Sure, every night, what the hell.

Trip heads to the door.

TRIP

You've got my pager number.
Give me a buzz tomorrow
and we'll just see if the old
Louis doesn't show up.

LOUIS

Yeah, yeah.

Trip exits. Louis takes out a cigarette. He draws it across his upper lip. Inhaling deeply, he suction it to his nose.

INT. - RACER X'S CAR - NIGHT

Headlight beams spread out before the frantic and swerving vehicle. Blurred images pass along the side of the road. The headlights cross the centerline and onto the road side.

INT. - LOUIS' APARTMENT; BATHROOM - MORNING

Louis is sitting on the closed toilet seat. He punches holes in a plastic bucket. A bag of ice is at his feet. Louis fills the bucket with ice. He carries the bucket over to the showerhead and affixes it underneath. Louis turns the shower on, disrobes and steps into the tub.

INT. - LOUIS' APARTMENT; KITCHEN - MORNING

Louis pours himself a cup of coffee. He takes a sugar cube and holds it so the corner touches the surface of coffee. The cube sponges the coffee and turns from white to brown. He drops the cube into the mug. Louis finds the carton of half-and-half empty. He takes out the milk and pours a little in the half-and-half carton. After shaking the half-and-half carton he pours the mixture into his mug. He takes a spoon and begins to stir the coffee with his right

hand. Louis stops and switches the spoon to his left hand. He continues to stir. Louis gets a bottle of Aleve and dumps about a dozen of the pills into his coffee.

INT. - ARCHITECTURAL SALVAGE/ANTIQUÉ SHOP - DAY

Caitlin is walking through a room filled with old shutters piled on top of each other. Her hair is pinned up in a loose, quick fashion. She is dressed casually nice, in earth tones and loose linen. She carries a notebook, and a Polaroid camera hangs from her shoulder. Caitlin occasionally steps forward to examine a particular shutter. She photographs a few. She runs her hand up the side of a shutter. She lifts it to examine the shutter beneath. As she lowers the shutter, her hand slides down a little and catches on a splinter. The splinter is thick and lodges deep. Caitlin's hand recoils. She removes the splinter. Her finger bleeds. She glances around for a moment and looks in her bag. Not finding anything to stay the bleeding, Caitlin sticks her finger in her mouth. Her cellular phone RINGS. She answers it and speaks in a defensive manner.

CAITLIN

This is Caitlin.

I'm at that architectural salvage
on Earhart Blvd.

Well no, not yet. Nothing that
meets the right description.

Yes, I mean I know we can't go
forward until we find them.

Right, I mean *I* find them.

Caitlin pulls at the neck of her shirt, then at the waist of her pants. She winds up scratching at the side of her leg. Following the path of her finger, a trail of blood is left on her clothes.

CAITLIN

I'll get there before two, and

CAITLIN(cont)

I'll have an intern tea dye those sheets.

If they don't, I'll teach them.
It'll be done!

Okay, see you then. Bye.

Caitlin's body is rigid with tension.

CAITLIN

Fuck! Fucking, God what a fucking bitch! What the fuck does she think I am?!

EXT. - LOWER GARDEN DISTRICT STREET - DAY

Louis has his car trunk open. He is bent over into the trunk. He raises up holding a marker in his teeth. He looks around furtively and shuts the trunk. He moves to get in the car. As he opens the door he notices crawfish shells on the ground in front of his car. He gets in and drives away, crushing the shells beneath the tire of his car.

EXT. - FRENCH QUARTER STREET; OUTSIDE OF OZ BAR - DAY

Louis pulls up and parks his car. He gets out and goes into the bar. In a moment, Louis and PHILIPPE lean out the bar window ledge. Philippe is in his early forties. His slim build shows through a snug tee shirt. He has very short hair that is neatly kept. Philippe has a newspaper with him. He speaks with a French accent.

PHILIPPE

How are you feeling today, bruiser?

LOUIS

I'm feeling okay. As soon as all the blue farmers kick in I'll be liquid.

Philippe looks down at his paper and half speaks to himself.

PHILIPPE

Right.

Louis has a cup of juice in his hand. He occasionally takes sips. Each time the cup nears his mouth it begins to tremble.

LOUIS

You know, Philippe, cities have personalities, they're a breathing thing. And I'm beginning to think there's something about this city that's working against me.

PHILIPPE

Maybe you're just not a morning, or a daylight, person. Louis, sometimes things are just shitty, sometimes I wonder why I bother to wipe my ass.

LOUIS

Well, I think I can safely say, we're all glad you do. But...

PHILIPPE

No pun intended...

LOUIS

...Of course, I keep finding these crawfish shells around, and I know they're a sign.

PHILIPPE

They are a ubiquitous part of the local scene.

LOUIS

Yeah, but how perfect. What better symbol to use than something ever present. These things are placed.

Philippe chuckles at Louis' notion.

PHILIPPE

This is the city 'using' the shells?

LOUIS

It's some damn conspiracy. You remember I told you about all those shells around when I got mugged. That was the first time, and I've been seeing them ever since.

PHILIPPE

Please don't go loopy on me.

LOUIS

No, I'm fine. I'm just watching out. That's all I'm saying.

Louis takes another shaky sip of his juice and pulls out a cigarette. Philippe starts reading from his paper.

PHILIPPE

So a USA TODAY poll has nicknamed the New Orleans killer as Racer X, while the NOPD has yet to even confirm that the hit-and-runs are connected.

LOUIS

Another run over?

PHILIPPE

Yeah. I guess the NOPD will be the last to know.

LOUIS

I saw an old college friend yesterday.

PHILIPPE

He's living here in town?

LOUIS

Yeah, evidently. Been here for a while. Shows how good

LOUIS(cont)
we've kept in touch huh?

PHILIPPE
Well honey, we all have to travel
our own paths now don't we?

LOUIS
It's strange. In school we hung
out all the time. And then after
graduating, we went to Europe,
then came home, and it was like,
okay, back to where we're from,
have a good life.

PHILIPPE
What are you saying? You should
have gotten married?

Louis returns a sarcastic look to Philippe's suggestion.

LOUIS
Yeah, that's what I meant.
No, I mean, talking with him
yesterday just made me feel
like, like I didn't know him
at all, like maybe I didn't ever
really know him.

PHILIPPE
Look around you baby. All these
people that come down here to
the Quarter. Move from all over
the country, shit, the world for
that matter.

LOUIS
Yeah, there are some freaks.

PHILIPPE
My point is that most of these, um,
folks are completely made over
or remanufactured in some cases.
You know what I mean.

LOUIS

Well I agree, but, how does this relate to me?

PHILIPPE

Settle down, you can be as straight as you want. What I'm saying is, there's no use trying to fit your old friend into what he used to be. You had good times right, so leave it as that.

LOUIS

That's well and all good. But I'm not talking about him getting a sex change. He's gotten harsh, or something.

PHILIPPE

Maybe he's moved on, taken some knocks out there?

LOUIS

Pardon me, are you insinuating something?

PHILIPPE

Listen, I'm in no position to judge. You're doing what you have to do. Hell, it's not everyone who will chase their love across the country.

Louis takes another sip of juice. He has to bend his head down to meet the lip of the cup, as he brings the cup up with both hands.

PHILIPPE

You know I'm going to have to buy you a hanky to tie to your wrist. So then you can do one of those pulley jobs around your neck.

LOUIS

What?

Philippe moves one arm up and down, while the other moves in response as if raising a cup to his mouth.

PHILIPPE

You see, this way you don't have to worry about spilling.

LOUIS

Ha.

PHILIPPE

And you'll look like a pro too.

LOUIS

I aspire to greatness.

PHILIPPE

Maybe that's where those conspiracy hobgoblins come from. You lay off the sauce and who knows...

LOUIS

Yeah, yeah.

INT. - CAITLIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Caitlin and Trip are on the couch. Caitlin lies propped on a pillow. Trip sits by her side.

CAITLIN

I could have an army of interns and I still couldn't get enough done to satisfy her.

TRIP

Oh come on, you're overreacting. You work all the time. I'm sure you're doing a great job.

Trip lifts one of her legs into a raised position.

CAITLIN

We are hitting all our deadlines -except those damn shutters! How

CAITLIN(cont)
hard can it be to find shutters?
These fucking shutters are going
to be the end of me!

While Caitlin is venting, Trip leans in and kisses the
inside of her thigh.

CAITLIN
Other than that we're fine,
and she goes around like she's
ready to rip my head off, like
I can't do anything right.

TRIP
Everything is going to be fine.
All you can do is your job.
She's obviously got her own problems.

CAITLIN
Yeah, maybe.
[beat]
So, you saw Louis?

TRIP
Yeah.

CAITLIN
And did you mention me, I mean
that you knew I was in town,
that we might occasionally 'run
into each other.'

TRIP
No. I really didn't want to get
into the two of yours relationship.

CAITLIN
You know I can't see him. He
should just go home.

TRIP
We made plans to go out tonight.

CAITLIN

Oh, yeah?

TRIP

He's definitely changed. Nothing like in school. He seems weird, or I don't know, crazy.

CAITLIN

He's always been a bit of a freak.

TRIP

Maybe it's just that he's acting like a fucking slacker.

Caitlin swings her legs up and over Trip. She moves to stand.

CAITLIN

Yeah well, he left another message.

She walks to the answering machine.

CAITLIN

Listen to his latest.

She plays Louis' message.

LOUIS(V.O.)

Hey Caitlin, hope everything is good. I still don't have a phone, but you know you can reach me at the bar, or leave a message. Listen, I have got to see you. Please just meet me for lunch or something. I've come all this way to see you. If you don't at least return my calls, I'm going to have to come and find you. And I know I've got the right number, so you can't blame it on that when I see you. I can recognize your voice, you know. So call, please, or I mean it -I'll track you down, in

LOUIS(V.O.cont)
a good way, that is. Love you,
see you soon.

CAITLIN
You see, what a freak! What am
I going to do?

Trip is a bit astonished and amused.

TRIP
Jesus, I don't know, call the
police.

CAITLIN
Really, what does he mean 'track
me down.' I can't handle Louis
going crazy on me, not right now.
You know that film before last,
all that craziness left me with
fucking shingles. That's not
happening again because of Louis.

Trip is not quite certain how to handle Caitlin in this
current state and keeps quiet. Caitlin walks to the end of
the couch and grabs her bag and a notebook.

CAITLIN
I've got to run. More fucking
shutters to look at!

Caitlin walks to the door. Trip stands up from the couch.

CAITLIN
Maybe I won't ruin my
clothes this time!

Caitlin opens the door, then pauses. She realizes she's
leaving Trip alone at her apartment.

CAITLIN
Oh, it will lock on its own. I'm
sorry I'm rushing. I'm not getting
lanced again because of Louis!

Caitlin leaves, pulling the door shut behind her.

EXT. - FRENCH QUARTER; HORSE CARRIAGE - DAY

Trip and Louis are taking a carriage ride. They appear boisterous and hold drinks in their hands. Trip leans forward to address the CARRIAGE DRIVER.

TRIP
Whoa, hey, hold up captain!

LOUIS
Oh no, what did you spy?

Trip is looking back to the sidewalk behind the carriage.

TRIP
That chick walking there, don't stare, but check her out.

Louis slowly turns.

LOUIS
The one with the pack?

TRIP
Yeah!

LOUIS
Pretty nice. What? Should we invite her up?

TRIP
I think so!

MILLS is in her early twenties. She is attractive and dressed in black. As she walks alongside the carriage, Trip begins to speak.

TRIP
Excuse me! Excuse me, the girl with the pack.

Mills stops and looks to the carriage.

TRIP

Yeah, hi. My name is Trip,
and this is Louis.

LOUIS

How you doing?

MILLS

I'm doing okay.

TRIP

Anyway, are you in a hurry?

MILLS

Not really, I just got off work.

TRIP

Oh, really. Where's that?

MILLS

This Japanese place -Samurai Sushi.

TRIP

Hey, Cajun sushi. That's like deep
fried, huh?

MILLS

Ha, ha. Yeah, well...

LOUIS

Listen what we where thinking
was that we were enjoying this
fine tour...

TRIP

But that it was beginning to
feel a bit awkward up here,
just the two of us. And so,
if you're not running off somewhere,
would you like to join us for
a little ride?

LOUIS

And a cool beverage!

Mills stands on the sidewalk considering.

TRIP

Come on. I bet you've never
been on the tour.

MILLS

A cold beverage huh?

LOUIS

Most certainly so!

MILLS

What the hell, all right!

Mills runs over to the carriage. Trip turns to Louis.

TRIP

I knew you had it in you.

Mills jumps up and in. She settles between them.

MILLS

So where are you from? And
don't say here, because nobody
is from here.

LOUIS

Well I was about to say New Orleans.
But originally from Louisville.

TRIP

And what's your name?

MILLS

Oh yeah, I'm Mills.

TRIP

You live in the Quarter?

MILLS

No, over in the Marigny.

Louis reaches down between his legs. He pulls out a cup.

LOUIS

May I get you a drink? We
just happen to have an extra
cup!

EXT. - FRENCH QUARTER; CARRIAGE - EARLY EVENING

Time has passed, and the carriage ride is over. Louis stands and is obviously drunk. Trip and Mills are looking at each other.

TRIP

So Mills, do you have any
plans for the evening?

MILLS

Hmm, let me see.

Mills ponders in an over acting fashion.

MILLS

I think I'm free.

TRIP

That's wonderful.

Trip leans in and kisses Mills. The kiss lingers.

LOUIS

Well, I'll just be moseying
along then.

Louis steps across the two kissers to exit. He wobbles while bracing himself to step down. Just then, Mills' hand reaches out and takes hold of Louis' thigh.

INT. - RACER X'S CAR - NIGHT

The street is lit with the erratic behavior of vehicle headlights. The vehicle moves past a PEDESTRIAN, and then it turns the corner of a nearby street. The headlights stop in the road. After a few moments, the Pedestrian passes through the intersection in the rear view mirror.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. - NEW ORLEANS STREET - DAWN - LOUIS' DREAM

Louis is walking along the sidewalk. He occasionally stops to take in his surroundings. The dawning sun illuminates the sky behind distant buildings. A tall, skinny CRACK HEAD calls out to Louis from behind and across the street. Louis turns to notice him, giving a wave as he continues to walk.

Louis looks back over his shoulder to find the Crack Head walking beside him on his inside shoulder. The Crack Head appears directly in front of Louis, commanding his attention. He points over toward the rooftops at the rising sun. Louis turns to see.

The Crack Head's fingers clench into a fist. Louis begins to turn back. The Crack Head's arm swings out and around locked in a straight arm -it blurs. As the arm approaches Louis' face, it transforms into a baseball bat. It closes in on Louis' mouth. The burned in label on the bat reads 'Louisville Slugger.'

The Crack Head's fist retreats from Louis' mouth. Louis collapses at the waist, bending over and reaching for his mouth. A tooth drops amid a stream of blood, like a white barrel in a ruby Niagara. Crawfish shells lie in a mound behind Louis' blood filled hand. From his bent perspective, Louis turns his head to see his attacker running off. He turns toward the other direction to see Caitlin approaching. Continuing to the ground, the tooth falls amidst the shells. Louis looks back toward the ground. He digs his hand into the crawfish pile.

FADE TO RED:

FADE IN:

INT. - TRIP'S APARTMENT - DAY

Trip picks up a pair of red panties from the floor. He begins to lift the underwear to his nose, but then holds back. He looks around the room for a moment then stuffs them in one of his dresser drawers. He slams the drawer purposefully loud. Mills awakes in his bed.

TRIP

Hey, good morning sunshine!
Sorry I'm rushing, but I've got
a meeting to get to.

She collects herself.

MILLS

Oh, sorry, yeah, I'll just
be a second.

Mills sits up in bed with the sheets under her arms. She surveys the room.

TRIP

Mills, really, your morning
after modesty is cute, but
I have got to run.

Trip picks up her pants and shirt and gives them to her. Mills looks under the sheets and then bends to look over the edge of the bed.

MILLS

It's just that I can't find...

TRIP

What's that?

MILLS

Well...

TRIP

You're missing something?
Whatever it is, if I find it,
I'll get it to you later. But

TRIP(cont)

I've got to go.

MILLS

Yeah, okay.

Mills pulls her pants on under the sheets and turns her back as she puts her shirt on. They leave.

EXT. - PARKING LOT - DAY

Trip is unloading some cases of wine into the arms of BALLARD. Ballard is a man in his mid to late fifties and conservatively dressed.

TRIP

Okay then, that's three cases.
A couple of the Jekel and one
Brolio.

Ballard places the wine into his trunk.

BALLARD

All right, thanks a whole lot
Trip. This really beats the
liquor store.

TRIP

Hey, I'm just glad I could
help you out. Any time, you
know how to get a hold of me.

BALLARD

Everything going all right,
otherwise?

TRIP

Yeah, same old, same old.

BALLARD

Here you go.

Ballard hands Trip some money.

BALLARD

Take care now.

TRIP

All right, you too Ballard.

EXT. - CITY PARK - DAY

Trip and Caitlin are having lunch. They sit on a bench.

CAITLIN

So you were meeting with who?

TRIP

No one really. This guy who once worked with the company and wanted a deal. I sold him a few cases.

CAITLIN

And you did it in a parking lot?

TRIP

It was just convenient for both of us. It's no big deal. Kind of a scratch each other's back thing. And I get the cash in my pocket.

CAITLIN

Sounds like a drug deal. Is this sort of thing legal?

TRIP

Well, not exactly. I bill the sale to one of my accounts. A busy one, like one of the Brennan restaurants. It doesn't really matter that it's on their sale. There's no money owed by them.

CAITLIN

So how was last night?

TRIP

It was good. Louis may be going out of control, but it was a good time, pretty much like the old days. Except, of course, when he had a chance with a young lady.

CAITLIN

A young lady?! Where'd she come from?

TRIP

We were taking a carriage ride in the Quarter.

CAITLIN

Oh, that's cute. I'm sure you two made a handsome couple. Did you tie a rainbow flag to the carriage?

TRIP

Ha! Anyway, so we meet a nice girl along the way. She really dug Louis, but he wouldn't take it up.

CAITLIN

So you stepped in?

TRIP

What?!

CAITLIN

That's when you should have stepped in and convinced him.

TRIP

Right. Yeah I should have, or I should have thought of that.

CAITLIN

Was she a tourist?

TRIP

No, she lived around there.

CAITLIN

I take it back. I'm glad he didn't get with her. Louis doesn't need to hook up with some Quarter rat.

TRIP

Actually, she lives in the Marigny.

CAITLIN

Whatever. Same thing.

Trip picks up a newspaper that sits between them.

TRIP

Hey, did you see? Another hit and run last night. It says the police now think that these might be connected. Racer X -you have to admit it's a pretty cool name for a serial killer.

CAITLIN

Yeah, I guess. [beat] You don't think he's gay do you?

TRIP

The killer?!

Caitlin shoots Trip a look.

TRIP

Louis? Hell, I don't know.

CAITLIN

But no, then why would he be down here following me?

Suddenly Caitlin snaps out of her train of thought and gets up to leave.

CAITLIN

Shit I'm sorry, I've got to run. Call later, huh? Or, I'll call you. The perfect shutter awaits.

Caitlin runs off.

EXT. - OZ BAR WINDOW - DAY

A hanging bar sign reads 'Oz.' Louis and Philippe lean out on the window ledge.

LOUIS

So I think my next story will be about the Quarter. It will be entitled, 'broken glass and urine.' Lots of tangible smells in it.

PHILIPPE

What about puke, if you're going to cover that kind of territory?

LOUIS

Yeah, I suppose it'll be in there too.

PHILIPPE

I almost forgot. I found a friend to marry me.

LOUIS

Really?

PHILIPPE

Yes, she got divorced not long ago, and said she didn't plan on anything soon.

Louis laughs.

LOUIS

So what is it costing?

PHILIPPE

Well, she is making her money on it. But hell, it's going to be worth it. I'm nothing without that green card.

LOUIS

Can I be best man?

PHILIPPE

Shit honey, you can be my maid of honor, is more like it.

LOUIS

I don't know, don't you think the judge will get a little suspicious with two maids of honor?

PHILIPPE

You're right. I'm spending too much on this to risk fucking it up for a little joke.

Trip pulls up in his car and parks. He gets out and walks up to the window.

TRIP

Louis, looks like a busy day for you.

LOUIS

Yeah, I have to hold this wall up. How's the wine trade?

TRIP

It's excellent, actually. Thanks for asking buddy.

Louis motions toward Philippe.

LOUIS

Trip, this is Philippe.
Philippe, Trip.

Trip extends his hand.

TRIP

Nice to meet you Philippe.

PHILIPPE

Likewise.

Trip aggressively shakes Philippe's hand. Philippe returns the same.

TRIP

Louis, I just wanted to stop by and see how things were going. Make sure you got home all right last night.

LOUIS

Sure, just fine.

TRIP

Yeah, you were fucking tight man.

LOUIS

I just put the old baby in automatic pilot.

TRIP

Yeah, I'm sure. Oh, I also brought you a memento from our friend Mills.

Trip pulls the pair of panties out from his back pocket and throws them at Louis.

LOUIS

Nice. I'm sure she wanted me to have them.

PHILIPPE

Is that your training pair Trip?

TRIP

No, just something to remind
Louis of what he could have
had last night.

PHILIPPE

Well, Trip, why don't you come
back later tonight. I'm sure
you'll be quite popular.

TRIP

Thanks, but no. I'm good
from last night.

PHILIPPE

Oh, Trip, I'm not talking about
that kind of loving.

Trip begins to walk slowly backwards.

TRIP

Right. No really, I think I'm good.
Besides you know, Louis here
and me, two straight guys in
the bar, I wouldn't want the
place to get a reputation.

PHILIPPE

The offer's always open.

LOUIS

I'll see you later, Trip.

TRIP

Yeah, Louis, it was fun. I got to
run but give me a buzz and we'll
do it again sometime.

LOUIS

Yeah man. Make a killing, eh.

TRIP

Always do! Watch your back,
ah, as they say. And oh yeah,
it looks like someone has

TRIP(cont)
been using your car as a
garbage can.

Trip turns and walks to his car. Louis leaves the window.
Philippe calls out to Trip.

PHILIPPE
Oh babe, would you like some fries
to go with that shake?

Trip opens his car door and looks back to Philippe.

TRIP
Yeeeah. Right.

Trip gets into his car and drives off. Philippe laughs to
himself. Louis exits the bar. He sees a pile of crawfish
shells on his car hood.

EXT. - FRENCH QUARTER STREET - DAY

A DRUNK MAN stands half visible in a doorway off of the
street. He gently sways in the opening. A plastic cup of
beer sits at his feet. His hands are down at his crotch.

INT. - WASHATERIA - NIGHT

Jars of instant iced tea sit in an unzipped backpack.
SOUNDS OF COINS JINGLE. The backpack is on a chair
opposite a row of washing machines. A coin purse drops
down beside the backpack. Caitlin moves to the washing
machines -inserting coins in three of them. As the coins
drop in, the machines begin filling with water. She turns
toward the entrance. An ATTENDANT is standing by the
doorway. Caitlin throws him a smile.

ATTENDANT
You know, you could leave that
with us. We can do that.

CAITLIN
Oh, no. Thanks. I... I like just

CAITLIN(cont)
getting out of the house.

ATTENDANT
Okay.

The Attendant steps back behind a counter. Caitlin turns away.

CAITLIN
Where is he?

EXT. - WASHATERIA - NIGHT

Trip walks in front of the laundry store carrying two cups of beer.

INT. - WASHATERIA - NIGHT

Caitlin releases the drawstring on the top of a large bag and pulls out some white sheets. Trip nods in the direction of the Attendant as he walks into the store.

TRIP
Hey, hey! There she is!

Caitlin lifts the lids on the washing machines. They stop running.

TRIP
Brought some refreshment.

CAITLIN
Here.

Caitlin reaches out for one of the beers. She takes a large draw off the beer then sets it down. She takes Trip by the arm and positions him next to one of the washing machines.

TRIP
Hey, where are the interns?

CAITLIN

Interns? Shit I don't know!

Caitlin grabs a couple of jars of tea from the backpack and dumps the tea into the washing machine.

CAITLIN

They screwed-up a batch on their own. I don't have time to fucking hold their hands on everything.

TRIP

Oh, I see.

CAITLIN

Now just stand there and block the view of that guy back there.

Trip looks back over his shoulder. Caitlin grabs two more jars of tea and dumps them in the machine.

TRIP

Oh, I see. So you think they would mind a high concentrate of tea in their washing machines do you?

Caitlin takes a wooden spoon out of the backpack and stirs the tea.

CAITLIN

You know, I don't know; but I'm not taking the time to work something out with the guy.

TRIP

I believe if you just closed that lid it would probably stir itself nicely.

Caitlin stops stirring and considers this for a moment.

CAITLIN

Huh? I knew there was a reason for you being here.

She closes the lid and the machine starts again.

CAITLIN

Your duties still include making
sure I'm not seen doing anything
out of the ordinary.

Caitlin puts the spoon back in the backpack. She picks up
a couple of sheets and pauses by the working machine.

TRIP

Don't worry honey, I'm here for
you. I'll protect you.

Trip looks around at the empty laundry store.

TRIP

Nope. Just a couple of ordinary
people doing ordinary things here.

Caitlin lifts the lid on the washer and stuffs the sheets
into the tea. She takes another drink of beer, nearly
finishing it off. She puts the cup down and leans into
Trip.

CAITLIN

Yeah, you're my manly man, huh?

Caitlin kisses Trip. While kissing, she reaches around and
squeezes his ass.

INT. - OZ BAR - DAY

Louis is on the telephone. He has a pen and paper. He's
scribbling something. Philippe hangs a disco ball in the
background.

LOUIS

...Great, thanks a lot.

Louis hangs up the telephone. A pile of quarters rests on
the counter. He picks the phone back up and looks back at
Philippe. Louis looks at the disco ball. IN THE TWINKLING

OF THE BALL IT MOMENTARILY FLASHES INTO A GLOBE, THEN BACK TO DISCO BALL.

LOUIS
New look for the place?

PHILIPPE
Gearing up for Decadence.

LOUIS
Thought that was every night.

PHILIPPE
Southern Decadence, the event.

Louis deposits a quarter in the phone, punches a phone number, then turns back to Philippe.

LOUIS
Another city fest, huh?

PHILIPPE
Well, sort of baby. It's a gay thing. I'll be hanging stuff all week.

LOUIS
Yeah, you hanging your stuff, huh?

PHILIPPE
Careful boy, you getting a little nasty.

Louis speaks to the phone.

LOUIS
Yes, Hi, I'm trying to track down an assistant set-decorator named Caitlin.

Well, you see, I've got a picture frame she's thinking about renting. So I thought I'd meet her at the set. Do you have that address?

LOUIS(cont)

Well, I'm going to be out and I thought I'd just swing by when I got a chance.

Sure, I understand she's moving around. If I could just get all the locations she might be at.

Yeah, that would be great.

Louis props the telephone between his shoulder and ear. He writes something down.

LOUIS

All right, thanks. He hangs up.

PHILIPPE

Hey doll. Before you go running around after that girl and forget. Remember where you have to be at ten tomorrow morning.

LOUIS

What? You think I'd forget your wedding?

PHILIPPE

Well there are several hours you're not going to be in my sight. I'm just checking.

EXT. - UPTOWN NEW ORLEANS - DAY

Caitlin is standing on the sidewalk with MATTIE, the set-decorator. Mattie is in her late twenties/early thirties. She is dressed comfortably, in loose, earth toned clothes. She carries an oversized bag stuffed with folders and swatches of material.

MATTIE

I can't believe it's all we can find, but that side board from Stan Levy is the only acceptable one.

CAITLIN

And you know he won't rent?

MATTIE

Yes, I know he doesn't rent!

Down the street, Louis' car pulls to the side of the road.

EXT. - UPTOWN STREET - DAY

Louis parks his car. He sits for a moment looking down the street.

INT. - LOUIS' CAR - DAY

Caitlin and Mattie are in the distance talking. After a moment, Louis exits the car.

EXT. - UPTOWN STREET - DAY

Louis crosses the street and walks toward Caitlin and Mattie. Caitlin has her back to Louis. As he grows closer, he can hear their conversation.

MATTIE

So what it means is that
for the Algiers location
we'll have to scrimp to cover
the excess here.

CAITLIN

But that's a whole office?

MATTIE

That's right, so we better
come up with some deals. I'm
not getting labeled 'over budget'
because you can't find any deals.

Louis stands near by. Caitlin is speechless.

MATTIE

You know I've been waiting
all along for you to bring me
a deal. But no, what do I get
but an outright purchase. You
know it's my ass you're hanging
out when this shit happens.

CAITLIN

Mattie, you make it sound as if...

Louis steps forward.

LOUIS

Hey! Is everything all right here?

Caitlin swings around, shocked. Louis steps toward Mattie,
extending his right hand.

LOUIS

Hi, I'm Louis, a friend of Caitlin's.

Mattie considers Louis for a moment.

MATTIE

Right.

She returns her gaze to Caitlin who has turned her face for
the moment.

MATTIE

Listen! Just get me a deal.

Mattie turns and walks away. Caitlin stands speechless as
she watches Mattie.

LOUIS

Hey, I've come a long way to
see you!

CAITLIN

How did you find me here?

LOUIS

Well, pretty much everyone knew
you'd moved to New Orleans...

CAITLIN

No, no, how did you find me here?
Obviously I knew you were in
New Orleans. How did you find
this set location?

LOUIS

Well, this isn't LA. I just
found out the productions in
town and called the couple going
on asking for you. Really, they
are very helpful.

CAITLIN

Listen Louis. You and me, we're
over. What didn't you understand
about our breakup? I mean, Louis
my God, only a freak would follow
someone all this way.

LOUIS

Oh come on, you were always the
romantic.

CAITLIN

Jesus, give it up, go back home!
Get on with your life Louis.

LOUIS

That's what I'm trying to do.

CAITLIN

Louis, you can get all sorts of
jobs because of your family and
friends back in Louisville.
Following a former girlfriend
around the country is crazy!

Caitlin begins to walk off. Louis follows behind.

LOUIS

You'll come around. Come on,
you know you love me. In the
back of your mind you're flattered,
you love it...

Caitlin turns to reply.

CAITLIN

No, Louis, it's fucked! That's
what it is!

She turns back and heads off quickly. Louis stops. He
pauses for a moment and turns back toward the direction of
his car.

LOUIS

Whew, that old electricity!

Louis takes out a cigarette. While inhaling deeply, he
slides it under his nose. He walks back to his car. He
extends his right hand, then left hand -as if to shake an
imaginary hand.

LOUIS

Hi, I'm Louis, nice to meet you.

EXT. - NEW ORLEANS COURTHOUSE - DAY

Louis runs up the courthouse steps. He trips and stumbles.
A pack of cigarettes fly out of his chest pocket. Louis
bends down to retrieve the fallen cigarettes. He's
stuffing them back in the pack when he notices Mills
standing a few yards away.

MILLS

Louis! You okay?

He pauses for a moment.

LOUIS

Hey, oh, Mills. Yeah, sure,
you know, just some rat or
something tripped me up.

Mills smiles curiously.

MILLS

So you going to touch those
cigarettes up to your nose?

Louis looks at the pack.

LOUIS

Don't know which ones are which
now. You know, it's like the
smell of coffee beans. It's
different when it's brewed.

MILLS

Yeah, I guess.

Louis puts the pack of cigarettes back in his chest pocket
and stands up.

LOUIS

Hey, I've got your, um, I
mean I've to go. I mean,
I've got to keep running up
these steps here.

He looks up at the courthouse.

MILLS

Yeah, okay, me too. I've
got to run myself.

LOUIS

I'm taking the pictures for
a friends wedding.

Louis starts up the steps.

MILLS

Okay, I'll see you around Louis.

LOUIS

Yep. And oh, you want me to
tell Trip 'hey' for you.

Mills starts off down the steps.

MILLS

No need. I'm seeing him tonight.

Louis watches her leave.

INT. - JUDGE'S OFFICE; COURTHOUSE - DAY

Hardwood furniture and desk, a floor to ceiling bookshelf, and a wall of photographs are the prominent features of the JUDGE'S office.

THE SCENE IS A MONTAGE OF STILL IMAGES:

LOUIS GIVES THE BRIDE A KISS ON THE CHEEK.

PHILIPPE HANDS LOUIS A POLAROID CAMERA.

STANDING BETWEEN THE BRIDE AND PHILIPPE, THE JUDGE RECITES FROM A BOOK.

LOUIS STANDS ON THE JUDGE'S DESK CHAIR.

FROM UP HIGH, THE BRIDE AND PHILIPPE KISS.

STANDING BEFORE THE NATIONAL AND STATE FLAGS, PHILIPPE, BRIDE, AND JUDGE POSE.

LOUIS STANDS WITH THE JUDGE BY THE WALL OF PHOTOS.

LOUIS POINTS TO A PICTURE.

THE JUDGE HOLDS A PICTURE SMILING.

LOUIS NODS AND SMILES.

LOUIS AND JUDGE SHAKE HANDS.

PHILIPPE MOTIONS FOR LOUIS TO COME ALONG.

THE JUDGE SMILES AND WAVES GOODBYE.

INT. - LOUIS' APARTMENT - DAY

Louis is throwing a tennis ball against the wall. At first he throws with his right hand. Then he switches to his left. He attempts to duplicate his throwing motion each time. His intensity builds until he is throwing furiously, using only his left arm. This intensity begins to resonate as compulsive or neurotic behavior. He stops in an exhaustive snap, as if careening over a mental precipice.

Louis glances over to his notebook, then some books, and finally a bottle of liquor. He walks over to the bottle

and picks it up. He places it back down and picks it back up with his left hand. He unscrews the cap. He picks up a pen with his right hand and scribbles a couple of lines.

LOUIS

When the lion speaks, all is lost
in the deafening roar -or, there's
no place like home.

He swigs from the bottle.

EXT. - SAINT ROCH FISH MARKET - DUSK

Trip and Caitlin walk in front of the fish market. A CELL PHONE RINGS. Trip digs into his pocket and takes out a phone. They stand outside the market while Trip answers the phone.

TRIP

Hello.

Hey. Hold on one second.

Trip covers the phone with his hand.

TRIP

Hey Cait, go on and take a
look around. Ah, just a little
business to follow up on.

CAITLIN

Oow, what restaurant?

TRIP

Local winery gone bad.

CAITLIN

Local winery my ass.

She turns to go in the market.

TRIP

Remember to look for clear eyes.
Fish with clear eyes.

She looks back at Trip as she enters the market.

CAITLIN
Cloudy eyes like cloudy skies..

TRIP
Go away.

Trip takes his hand off the phone.

TRIP
Hey, sorry, so what's up Mills?

Oh shit, I know, I know we talked
about doing something, but...

Exactly, I'm the one stuck
entertaining this dude from
out of town.

It'll be late. I just can't
swing it tonight. But listen,
what about, ah, I mean will you
be around your place tomorrow
afternoon?

EXT. - LOUIS' APARTMENT - DUSK

Louis exits his apartment to discover crawfish shells on the sidewalk. He glances side to side, in a paranoid manner. He walks to and gets in his car. Lurching back, Louis examines the rear seat. He returns to face forward. He rolls down the window.

LOUIS
Those crawfish are telling me
something. They're there for a
reason.

He starts the car and pulls away.

EXT. - STREET CORNER - DUSK

Two NEW ORLEANIANS sit on the curb. A large brown bag sits between them. Crawfish shells are scattered around their feet and the sidewalk. They dig into the bag, pulling out crawfish. They eat the crawfish and discard the shells to the street and sidewalk.

INT. - CAITLIN'S APARTMENT; KITCHEN - NIGHT

Caitlin and Trip are preparing a meal. Trip stands at the stove. He scrapes chopped onions into a frying pan. Caitlin is behind Trip at the counter. She inspects some bottles of wine. She screws a bottle opener into the cork of one of the bottles.

TRIP

You always start by sautéing onions and garlic in olive oil.

Caitlin uncorks the bottle of wine. Trip turns around at the sound of the POP.

TRIP

What did you choose?

CAITLIN

Louis showed up at the uptown location today. Right while Mattie was laying into me about this fucking expensive piece that we have to buy.

TRIP

What did he do?

CAITLIN

He walked up and introduced himself to Mattie. She didn't say anything. She just looked like, 'What the fuck is this? Keep your fucking personal shit at home!'

Trip chuckles at Caitlin's despondency.

TRIP

Sorry.

CAITLIN

No, really. I can just hear her now, 'You know this business isn't good for relationships. If you can't keep focused on what you're doing, maybe you should find a different line of work!'

TRIP

Come on, it can't be that bad.

CAITLIN

I'm telling you, she's got it out for me. Jesus, all I need is Louis acting crazy around the set.

TRIP

Why don't you pour a couple of glasses.

CAITLIN

I'm serious. Mattie will whack me in a second. I know she's got an old friend that's local that she would love to have replace me. I can't fuck up at all.

Trip steps over to the counter and pours two glasses of wine.

TRIP

You're just stressed because Louis is around. I'm sure you're doing a fine job.

Trip hands her a glass of wine.

TRIP

Cheers.

They clink glasses.

CAITLIN

I don't know. She's still a bitch.

Trip walks over to the oven and turns it on.

TRIP

Hand me a couple of plates.

Caitlin reaches up to the cupboard.

Caitlin

So where'd you learn to cook?

TRIP

Well darling, I haven't always been so terribly successful you know.

She hands him the plates and he puts them in the oven.

TRIP

I did a couple of week's stint in a restaurant in Atlanta. I just paid attention when I was in the kitchen.

Caitlin turns back to the bottle of wine, and picks it up.

CAITLIN

So is this Jekel Meritage fantastic, mister sommelier?

Trip takes a sip, swishes it around in his mouth and swallows.

TRIP

Well, as you might have noticed, this '92 starts with an herbal-vegetal edge, but then balances that out with just the right amount of cherry and berry fruit.

CAITLIN

Really?

TRIP

Eh, it got an 83 from the Wine Spectator. It's decent.

Caitlin smells and then takes a drink of wine.

CAITLIN

I'm not sure I'm getting all that. I'm not sure I even know what a vegetal edge is.

TRIP

That's sales protocol to pull that kind of bullshit out. It's sort of nice to think it's there though. Like an art dealer having to find something special to say about a zillion different paintings.

EXT. - CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Louis is walking some deserted and rough hewn street. He appears laden with booze. He loosely swings a pint of bourbon by his side.

INT. - CAITLIN'S APARTMENT; DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Trip and Caitlin are sitting at the table. Caitlin puts her fork down, wipes her mouth and takes a swig of wine.

CAITLIN

Wow, Trip, that was unbelievable. Really, it was one of the best meals I've ever had.

TRIP

Well, thanks. I aim to please.

CAITLIN

Yes, I know you do.

Caitlin pauses and looks off.

TRIP

So, any more news on the serial killer --Racer X.

CAITLIN

You know I just wish he would go home.

TRIP

What? I'm sure most people would.

CAITLIN

You know those tire treads you see on the highway, the ones everybody has to swerve to avoid? That's like Louis.

TRIP

Oh, you're on Louis.

CAITLIN

I remember driving one time and this semi and I were playing cat and mouse. You know, back and forth, and I just couldn't get away from him. And the thing was was that one of his tires was shredding, and I knew at any second this monstrous pile of rubber was going to come flying at me at eighty miles an hour.

She pauses to take a drink of wine.

TRIP

Yeah.

CAITLIN

Every time I passed him he would just come back and pass

CAITLIN(cont)

me. It's like Louis is that truck. He's hurtling down the road, if not endangering himself, then certainly a wreck for someone else.

TRIP

An out of control vehicle, huh?

CAITLIN

Namely me!

TRIP

You know, evidently he spends his time drinking himself into oblivion and formulating paranoid scenarios about crawfish and who knows what.

They both are silent for a moment. They take drinks of wine. Trip wipes his plate with a piece of French bread.

TRIP

He's headed for some kind of disaster.

CAITLIN

Yeah.

TRIP

His gay buddy at that bar mentioned that he drives home completely polluted all the time.

CAITLIN

I'm sure he does. He's the indomitable force. He thinks he can't be touched, or at least that's what he used to think.

TRIP

I think we agree that the best thing for all of us is for him to go back to Louisville.

CAITLIN

Well yeah! But he's, I just don't think he's going to go on his own.

TRIP

This might seem a little weird, but what if there was a way, or situation, to make him want to go home.

CAITLIN

What do you mean? What, are you going to beat him up or something?

TRIP

Beat him up? Right. No, what if he felt he had to go home?

CAITLIN

Okay, okay, what the fuck are you talking about?

TRIP

All right, he's apparently driving around smashed all the time. Most likely he's blacking out. At the very least he would be very uncertain about, say, what *might* have happened on the way home.

Caitlin is silent for a moment in thought.

CAITLIN

Wait a minute, you don't actually think Louis is out there killing people?

TRIP

Well, no. But what if he were to believe he was the one?

CAITLIN

What in the world have you thought up?

TRIP

Okay, what if, say,
he wakes up one morning or
afternoon or whatever and walks
out to his car and finds
blood or, maybe, torn clothes
or something on his bumper.

CAITLIN

I guess he'd have to wonder.

TRIP

And maybe through the power
of suggestion, he might just
feel it were in his best interest
to leave town.

They both pause for a moment.

CAITLIN

That's not weird, that's fucking
twisted. Besides, how could you
know when the guy is going to strike?

TRIP

What? It's not like every dead
body in New Orleans is immediately
found. It's just the possibility
he needs to dwell on. Anyway, it's
just a thought.

CAITLIN

Fucking twisted thought.

TRIP

So, what happened with that truck
and the tire?

CAITLIN

Oh, it blew out right as I passed,
flew back and caused a wreck
behind me.

EXT. - CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Louis walks the streets. He pauses and looks confused about where he is going. The exteriors of several bars are reflected in Louis' eyes. Finally, Louis approaches his car.

LOUIS

Finally! Damn tricky thing,
moving like that.

The small, front, vent window has been broken out on the passenger side of his Dodge Dart. The trunk is ajar.

LOUIS

Look at this shit.

Louis goes to the trunk. He lifts the trunk door.

LOUIS

Ha! I bet they got a surprise
when they saw you. Guess they
wouldn't steal you, old Humpty.

Louis shuts the trunk. He goes to the door and struggles to fit his key in the lock. He gets the key in the slot and engages the door lock. The 'T'-shaped knob on the door falls. Louis has locked his door. He pulls at the door trying to open it. He fits the key back in the slot and unlocks the door. He gets in and rolls down the window.

LOUIS

I know you've been in here.
I can smell you. You fucking
stink man.

He starts the car and pulls away. Louis flings something out his window. The shell of a crawfish falls to the street.

INT. - CAITLIN'S APARTMENT; LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Caitlin and Trip are on the couch. They lie in an embrace.

EXT. - THE STREET OUTSIDE CAITLIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Louis' car pulls up a few houses away. As Louis gets out, he looks quickly about. He darts between vehicles and runs up the sidewalk. He pauses in a pool of light. Suddenly he jumps off the sidewalk into the cover of some bushes.

EXT. - BUSHES OUTSIDE CAITLIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Louis looks out onto the sidewalk. A PAIR OF SHOES enter the pool of light and stop. A SUCKING SOUND is heard. As the shoes move on, the shell of a crawfish falls to the sidewalk.

EXT. - SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF CAITLIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Louis emerges from the bushes. He cautiously approaches Caitlin's door.

INT. - CAITLIN'S APARTMENT; LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Trip is positioned above Caitlin on the couch. He kneels over her.

EXT. - CAITLIN'S APARTMENT DOOR - NIGHT

Louis is peering through the window that is to the side of the door.

INT. - CAITLIN'S APARTMENT; LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Trip is lying next to Caitlin on the couch. Louis is peering through the window.

EXT. - CAITLIN'S APARTMENT DOOR - NIGHT

Louis looks through the window. From Louis' P.O.V., the back of the couch hides Caitlin and Trip. Louis goes to the door and knocks.

INT. - CAITLIN'S APARTMENT; LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Caitlin and Trip lie on the couch. A KNOCK is heard.

CAITLIN

Who the hell is that?

TRIP

Don't answer it.

She pushes him to the side, and gets up to answer the door. When she gets to the door, she takes a peek out the side window. She quickly steps back to the couch. Another KNOCK is heard.

CAITLIN

Shit, keep fucking quiet.
It's Louis.

TRIP

I'll go to your bedroom.

CAITLIN

No, he could see you pass
from the window.

She goes back to the door and answers it.

CAITLIN

Louis?! What are you doing here?

LOUIS

Well, hello to you too Cait.

Louis extends his left hand to shake. Caitlin considers this for a moment. Louis shakes his left hand out.

LOUIS
C'mon, c'mon!

She reaches out with her right hand.

LOUIS
No, no, not one of those. Your
left hand.

Caitlin does so and they shake left-handed.

LOUIS
Doesn't that feel better -like
you've balanced yourself out
a little.

Caitlin retracts her hand.

CAITLIN
Louis!

LOUIS
I just wanted to see you.

Louis looks back over his shoulder.

LOUIS
But, can I come in? I think
someone is following me.

Louis takes a step toward the entrance, but Caitlin blocks
his path.

CAITLIN
Umm, Louis it really isn't
a good time.

EXT. - CAITLIN'S DOORWAY - NIGHT

Louis spies the dining table with its two settings and
bottles of wine.

INT. - CAITLIN'S APARTMENT; DOORWAY - NIGHT

Louis pauses for a moment, swaying a bit.

LOUIS

Well what, is *she* still here, or something? Ha, that's funny, since I'm the one who works at..., oh never mind.

CAITLIN

Yes Louis, he is here, but he's asleep.

LOUIS

Oh, can't hold his wine, huh?

CAITLIN

Yeah, that's it.

LOUIS

Well let's see him then. I'd like to know what I'm up against.

CAITLIN

I don't think so Louis.

LOUIS

Oh, come on darling, anyone I know? No I suppose not.

CAITLIN

Louis, it's late, and you've obviously had enough wine for a small army, so...

LOUIS

So, I should obviously stay with you. Or, you could come with me, yeah, that would be even better. We'll just let the princess here sleep it off. I'm sure he'll be fine.

CAITLIN

Ha, ha. No, I don't think so, Louis.

Louis gesticulates for her to come with him.

LOUIS

Come on, come on.

Louis sways a bit more. Caitlin says nothing.

LOUIS

Come on!

INT. - CAITLIN'S APARTMENT; LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Trip lies tucked into the bend of the couch.

INT. - CAITLIN'S APARTMENT; DOORWAY - NIGHT

CAITLIN

No.

Caitlin twists the bottom of her shirt around her fingers.

LOUIS

Caitlin, come on, I know you still...
I know.

CAITLIN

Go home, Louis. Go back to Louisville.

LOUIS

All right. If that's what you
want. Come on. Let's go home
if that's what you want. I'll
go back with you.

CAITLIN

No, Louis! That is where you
are from! I'm not from anywhere!
Fuck Louis, I only lived where
I was born for a couple of months!

LOUIS

So what, you're with me. It's the same thing.

CAITLIN

No it's not Louis. I'll never feel that way. You remember when we first started dating that you, you joked how, 'if you're not from Louisville, you'll flee Louisville.'

LOUIS

That's just a joke.

CAITLIN

Go home, Louis. Go back and marry some nice Louisville girl.

LOUIS

I don't care where we live then.

CAITLIN

God Louis, just go away, you're drunk. I'm not talking any more.

Caitlin begins to close the door.

LOUIS

Okay listen. Let's talk again some other time then.

She closes the door and leans against it.

LOUIS(O.S.)

I know you love me. I'm going to be there where ever you go. Not in a bad way I mean, just until you come to your senses.

CAITLIN

Go to bed, Louis!

She leans back against the door and speaks softly to herself.

CAITLIN

And don't kill anyone on the way home.

She walks over to a light and turns it off.

EXT. - CAITLIN'S APARTMENT; SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Louis looks up at the apartment. The lights go out.

LOUIS

Aahh.

Louis looks around nervously. He quickly returns to his car and gets in.

INT. - LOUIS' CAR - NIGHT

Louis shuts the door and locks it. He picks up a bottle on the seat beside him.

LOUIS

Ahh.

He guzzles from the bottle. The SOUND OF A LION ROARING is heard as he guzzles. He starts the car and drives off.

INT. - CAITLIN'S APARTMENT; LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Caitlin turns a light back on.

CAITLIN

I think he's gone.

She walks over and takes a seat beside Trip.

TRIP

Persistent, if nothing else.

CAITLIN

Jesus, he is just a mess. He sounds like a fucking stalker.

CAITLIN(cont)

I can't have him... Jesus, he's going to screw up my career if he hangs around long enough.

TRIP

What was that comment about, 'somebody I know?' You don't think he saw me do you?

Caitlin is lost in thought.

CAITLIN

What? Oh, no, he didn't see you.

TRIP

What do you want to do?

CAITLIN

I don't know.

Trip leans in to kiss her neck.

CAITLIN

No, Trip. Thanks for dinner, but I'm... I just want to go to bed. I'm sorry.

INT. - RACER X'S CAR - NIGHT

Headlights spill out before the vehicle. It travels down an extremely undulating and pothole ridden street. It makes its way until it comes across a PEDESTRIAN. The vehicle slows for a moment, then accelerates quickly toward the Pedestrian.

EXT. - CITY STREET - NIGHT

The Pedestrian walks along the road. He whistles a tune. Quickly turning back, headlights beat down on him. The hood and headlights of Racer X's car bounce violently up and speed over the Pedestrian. Pedestrian is a mangled form in the street.

EXT. - CAITLIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CAITLIN'S DREAM

The front door swings open but no one is there.

INT. - CAITLIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CAITLIN'S DREAM

The front door continues opening. The doorway and front steps are vacant. Caitlin's POV retreats facing the doorway and moves to the floor, looking up to the ceiling.

CUT TO:

Caitlin lies on the floor. Polaroid pictures of shutters fill the floor space around her.

CUT TO:

Mattie stands over Caitlin.

MATTIE

What are you doing? Where
have you been? Find the damn
shutter!

Caitlin tries to speak, but she is unable to produce any sound.

MATTIE

What's the matter? I don't even
care. Get me that fucking shutter!

Caitlin is still speechless. Her shoulders are apparently pinned to the floor, as she struggles to lift them.

MATTIE

You're just not going to
make it, are you?

Suddenly, Louis stumbles into the apartment and bumps into Mattie. Add horrified to Caitlin's mute and constrained state.

MATTIE

Oh my God. You again. This

MATTIE(cont)
is ridiculous.

Mattie storms out of the apartment. Caitlin suddenly regains her voice, leaning forward and yelling.

CAITLIN
No wait!

INT. - CAITLIN'S APARTMENT; BEDROOM - NIGHT

Caitlin leans forward in bed.

CAITLIN
No wait!

Startled, she quickly realizes she's in bed.

INT. - RESTAURANT WINE CELLAR - DAY

Trip is scribbling notes in a book. The restaurant SOMMELIER is with him. The Sommelier is in his forties. His appearance is neat and he wears a suit.

TRIP
Okay, I'll get this over to you
by tomorrow afternoon.

SOMMELIER
Yes, that's fine. No rush.

TRIP
And, is Chef around?

SOMMELIER
Oh sure. You know where to find him.

INT. - RESTAURANT KITCHEN - DAY

Trip approaches CHEF as he's reading through some note cards. Chef is a bit portly. He wears the traditional

white jacket and black and white checkered pants. Reading glasses are propped on the end of his nose.

TRIP

Hey Chef! How you doing?

Chef looks up, removing his glasses. He speaks with a Scandinavian accent.

CHEF

Ah, hello mister wine man.
You come to explain why you
haven't been in to eat lately?

TRIP

Oww, yeah I'm sorry. Just been
busy. You know, I've got to show
my face at some other places every
now and then.

CHEF

Yeah, okay. Don't be a stranger.
I hate to forget what your face
looks like.

TRIP

No, I won't let you do that. Hey,
you know there's only one Chef.

CHEF

Okay, okay. So what can Chef do
for you today?

TRIP

Well, I don't know if I've ever
mentioned it to you or not, but
I like to dabble in the kitchen
a little myself.

CHEF

So what, you've come to tell me
you're opening your own restaurant?

TRIP

No, no. I could never dream of

TRIP(cont)

competing with you. I just had this idea, or I mean this dish I wanted to try and make for my girl.

CHEF

Something you had here?

TRIP

Yeah, right. It was something ...a la royale. It was like a rabbit stew type thing, with truffles...

CHEF

Ah, yes, yes. Lievre a la royale. A civet or game stew. I make it with salsify and white truffles.

TRIP

Right.

CHEF

And you wish to make?

TRIP

Yeah, well there was also something about the dish I remember. Something about using blood...

CHEF

Yes, I use the game's blood to thicken...

TRIP

Yeah, that's it. I want to do this right, you see. So I was hoping that maybe you could set me up with some rabbit blood.

CHEF

Well, you see the hares are not large animals, and I don't have any extra blood from them around. But, you can substitute pig blood.

TRIP

Oh yeah?

CHEF

Sure. It adds a little bit more oily flavor, but good.

TRIP

And could I get some from you?

CHEF

What, I'm dealing in blood now?

TRIP

You know, just enough for the job/dish.

CHEF

What, you want it right now?

TRIP

Yeah, if it's not too much trouble Chef.

Chef picks up a towel and a butcher knife. He wipes the blade.

CHEF

Maybe you can repay the favor sometime.

TRIP

You like the port, right? I think we can work something out.

CHEF

Hey Dante!

DANTE is a prep cook in his early twenties. He emerges from the back of the kitchen. He's got a shaved head, pork chop sideburns, and a couple of days stubble. Dante speaks with a native New Orleans East accent -reminiscent of a Brooklyn, New York sound.

DANTE

Yeah, what's that?

CHEF

Take this gentleman back and
put some pig blood in a
plastic ramekin, for him to take.

DANTE

Pig's blood? Watch out!
Some kind of sacrifice/ritual
thing, huh?

CHEF

Always the smart guy. Maybe
I sacrifice your job.

DANTE

Whoa there! C'mon.

Dante swivels and heads toward the back. Trip follows.

TRIP

Thanks, Chef.

CHEF

Yeah, yeah.

INT. - KITCHEN - DAY

Dante opens a walk-in refrigerator door and enters. Trip
waits by the door.

TRIP

So Dante, you came down
here to cook -become a chef?

DANTE(O.S.)

Down here? What's that?

TRIP

You're from the East, right?
New York or something?

DANTE(O.S.)

Yeah, I'm from the East, all right.
From fucking Gentilly.

TRIP

Gentilly?

Dante emerges with a small tub of pig's blood.

DANTE

Dude, I'm from here. Lived here
all my life. Here's your blood.
Have a ball with it. I don't even
want to know.

Dante hands Trip the tub.

TRIP

Yeah, thanks man.

INT. - STAIRWELL - DAY

Trip and Caitlin meet on the stairs.

TRIP

Hey, got your page. I
just got away.

CAITLIN

Yeah, well, I want to do it.
I've got to have Louis out
of here.

Trip takes hold of her arm.

TRIP

Hey, is everything all right?

CAITLIN

It will be as soon as Louis
is gone. When can you start
your little plan.

TRIP

My? Aren't you in on this too?

CAITLIN

Well yes, but...

TRIP

Don't worry, I'm just kidding.
I'll take care of it.

CAITLIN

Thanks. I've just got so much
to do. When are you going
to start? I mean, you said
you had an idea, right?

TRIP

Don't worry, Louisville is
all ready looking more attractive.

CAITLIN

What do you mean? You didn't
all ready do something did you?

TRIP

No, no, you know, so to speak.
I was only joking.

CAITLIN

Uh huh, well, I've got to run.

She leans in and gives him a quick kiss on the lips.

CAITLIN

I'll talk to you later then.

She runs off.

TRIP

Right.

EXT. - OZ BAR WINDOW - DAY

Louis drives up and parks. He gets out of his car and
enters the bar. Philippe is at the window, standing on a
small ladder and hanging decorations. Toward the inside of
the bar, Philippe addresses Louis.

PHILIPPE

So how bad did you pack the old
liver last night?

Philippe notices a stain on Louis' car.

PHILIPPE

Looks like your car got into
something. Where have you
been driving?

Louis steps into the space at the window ledge.

LOUIS

Yeah, I ah, went with the invisible
shield.

They share a quiet moment.

LOUIS

I saw Caitlin. She was a bit
hostile, I think. She acts like
Louisville is some incestuous
community.

PHILIPPE

She's not from Louisville is she?

LOUIS

No, not originally. But she
lived there for quite a while.

PHILIPPE

You're not deterred are you?

LOUIS

Of course not.

PHILIPPE

That's the spirit.

They share a quiet moment.

LOUIS

How about that, there is some..

LOUIS(cont)
dirt or paint or something on
the old baby. Probably from some
damn pothole. One of the million
I hit every day in this town.

PHILIPPE
Dirt or paint? I don't know,
puddin'.

LOUIS
Mud?

PHILIPPE
Sure is funny looking mud.

LOUIS
Yeah, maybe I should go clean
it up. It looks kind of bad.

EXT. - NEW ORLEANS' CITYSCAPES - DAY

Boats traffic the Mississippi. People shuffle along in the
Central Business District. Street people course the
Warehouse District and Lee Circle. Cars saunter down
undulating streets; tires disappear into potholes. The sun
descends behind the statue of General Lee.

INT. - POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - TRIP'S DREAM

Shadows beneath Trip's eye sockets swing side to side. His
eyes are lined dark.

OFFICER(O.S.)
You like that name don't you?
Yeah, you do. I guess that
makes me some sort of Speed
fucking Racer.

Trip's hands are tied behind the chair in which he sits.
His bare chest shows beneath an open leather vest.

TRIP

I don't know what... I mean...
I didn't... I'm not...

Trip looks down at himself. He wears a short plaid skirt. He has a tattoo around the top half of his navel that reads, "TOTO'S DISH." A bare bulb illuminates and sways above Trip's head.

TRIP

What the fu...

OFFICER

We've got the bloodstain
from your skirt.

Trip's skirt has a square cut from inside a stained area.

OFFICER

It matches the latest. The
killer queen. How about that?

TRIP

Wait a minute! But I'm not a...
It's from a pig. It's from
a pig! And I'm not a queen...

OFFICER

Oink, oink. Is that supposed
to be some kind of joke?
Funny boy.

TRIP

It's a pig! A pig!

INT. - CAITLIN'S APARTMENT; BEDROOM - NIGHT

Caitlin is curled up asleep to one side of the bed. Trip is on his back, the covers removed from his body. He talks in his sleep.

TRIP

Squeal like a... oink, oink?

Trip wakes -head darting side to side.

TRIP

Oh, shit!

Caitlin remains asleep. Trip gets out of bed.

EXT. - LOUIS' APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING/DAWN

Trip is at Louis' car applying blood to the bumper and wheels. He thinks he hears someone coming and gets up to quickly exit. He spills some blood on his shirt while running away.

EXT. - TRIP'S CAR - EARLY MORNING/DAWN

Trip removes his stained shirt. He tosses it in his trunk.

EXT. - LOUIS' APARTMENT - DAY

Louis exits his apartment. He starts to get in his car but holds up. He moves to the front of the car. He seems confused and startled at the sight of the blood on his car. He gets in and drives away.

EXT. - CAR WASH - DAY

Louis is scrubbing the blood stain on the bumper. He scrubs the spot obsessively, neurotically.

EXT. - OZ BAR - DAY

Louis drives up and parks beside the bar. He gets out to discover crawfish shells beneath his feet. He sweeps them aside to reveal a word spray painted on the sidewalk. The word reads, "SUBMIT." Philippe is at the bar window. He has a newspaper. Louis looks up to notice him. He starts across the street.

LOUIS

Sorry I'm running late. I had some personal hygiene to take care of.

He enters the bar. Philippe turns back toward the interior of the bar.

PHILIPPE

Did you get the liver flush, honey?

Louis comes to the window.

LOUIS

Something like that.

Louis notices the paper.

LOUIS

So what's the news.

PHILIPPE

Well, a police sergeant was busted for delivering a drug dealer to his rivals. They, of course, then whacked that dealer. Quite a little escort service the police run. Oh, and another somebody was run down uptown.

LOUIS

Do they think it was by that same guy?

PHILIPPE

That's what it says, but I didn't know it was a guy.

LOUIS

Well, it has to be a guy doesn't it? The violence of it, I mean. It just sounds like a guy.

PHILIPPE

I don't know about that. But I

PHILIPPE(cont)
certainly know some queens who
wouldn't mind pinning someone
beneath their rubber.

LOUIS
Yeah, I'm sure.

PHILIPPE
I just wanted to let you know,
in case you ever get bored
chasing that other tail around.

Philippe looks out to Louis' car.

PHILIPPE
Your car seems to have had a makeover.

LOUIS
What's that?

Louis looks squeamish. His eyelid begins to twitch. He
rustles and tugs at his clothes.

PHILIPPE
Your car, it looks like it
had a luffa job.

Philippe notices Louis' nervous behavior.

PHILIPPE
Anyway.

LOUIS
Yeah.

Louis pinches his cheek trying to stay his twitching
eyelid.

LOUIS
You know Philippe, I don't feel
so well. I think I've got a
stomach virus or something.

PHILIPPE

Really?

LOUIS

You can handle it by yourself,
right? I think I need to go home
and rest.

Louis turns to leave then looks back at Philippe.

PHILIPPE

Yeah babe, go on. I'm sure you need
something.

LOUIS

Thanks. I'll talk to you later.

Louis exits window frame. A bar PATRON steps into the
window space.

PATRON

What's got him a wreck?

PHILIPPE

Good lord.

Louis emerges from the bar. He crosses the street in a
hurry, gets in his car and leaves. The sidewalk space
where Louis had seen the crawfish and message are empty and
clear.

PATRON

So, do you think he wants
to play.

PHILIPPE

No. As drunk as he gets, he
would have ended up in somebody's
bed by now, if he was.

PATRON

I'll take that as a maybe.

INT. - LOUIS' CAR - NIGHT

Louis drives down worn-out streets past the occasional burned out house. Groups of people hangout on corners and front yards and spill into the street. One GROUP has a kettle on the side of the road. Steam seeps out between the kettle and its lid, while a flame buffets underneath. Louis drinks a beer. From a bottle, he pours Old Forester bourbon on top of the beer. As he does this, the soft sound of a LION'S ROAR is heard. He drinks.

LOUIS

How close are any of us from
crossing the line. Living on
the streets; seeing a vision
of Mary in a knot of wood;
following some asshole to
your death.

He continues drinking.

LOUIS

I don't suppose the psychotic
recognizes when they've drifted
away, before they go on their 'spree.'

He drinks. The sound of the LION'S ROAR grows until it overwhelms.

EXT. - OZ BAR WINDOW - DAY

Trip pulls up by the curb. He gets out and walks up to the bar window. He motions to someone inside. TECHNO MUSIC plays from the bar.

TRIP

Hey, Frenchy, how you doing?

Philippe walks up to the window.

PHILIPPE

Well, well, Mr. Trip, bring
any more presents? If not,
you could just leave a pair

PHILIPPE(cont)

of yours'. I'd hang them up
and we could raffle them off.

TRIP

Ha, ha, that's funny Phil, I'm
flattered, really, but I came
by to see Louis. Is he around?

PHILIPPE

Honey, I haven't seen that boy
in days. I think he's off chasing
that girl of his. Or, he's doing
that, "lost weekend" thing.

TRIP

Really, he's not been working, huh?

PHILIPPE

That's right. Of course, Southern
Decadence is upon us. Maybe he's
out there wandering around
-finding himself. Maybe you should
go look. Go see the sights.

TRIP

Maybe out wandering around, huh?

PHILIPPE

Anything else I can do for you?
Why don't you come in for a drink?

TRIP

Sorry, I've got work to do.

PHILIPPE

Like it matters in this town.
Come on babe, you won't know
until you've tried it.

TRIP

We're not talking about
drinks anymore are we? I've
got to run. Take care now.

Trip backs up, gets into his car, and drives away.
Philippe laughs.

INT. - TRIP'S CAR - DAY

Trip drives through the French Quarter. He sees A MALE COUPLE walking down the street wearing nothing but boots, leather vests, and codpieces. On a corner, Trip sees a CONGREGATION OF MEN. As he slowly drives by, through spaces in the crowd, he sees one DECADENCE MAN on his knees in front of a SECOND DECADENCE MAN.

TRIP
Holy shit!

He turns the corner and sees a THIRD DECADENCE MAN grabbing at a FOURTH DECADENCE MAN'S zipper/crotch. The Fourth Decadence Man swats the hand away.

FOURTH DECADENCE MAN
Stop! I'm telling you to stop!

TRIP
Jesus Christ!

Trip turns his head forward and drives on.

TRIP
I avert my eyes, city of Gomorrah.
Louis cannot be around here.

EXT. - CITY PARK - DAY

Trip and Caitlin are meeting.

CAITLIN
Here it is!

She takes Trip's arm and leads him to the trunk of her car. She opens the trunk and shows him the shutter.

CAITLIN
Voila! The perfect shutter.

INT. - CAITLIN'S CAR TRUNK - DAY

The shutter glows.

EXT. - CITY PARK - DAY

TRIP

Wow, it's glowing.

CAITLIN

She's finally pleased.

TRIP

Hey, some more good news, maybe.
It looks like Louis may have
flown the coup.

CAITLIN

What?

TRIP

Yeah, fag boy told me he's
disappeared. He hasn't been
to work in days.

CAITLIN

What? He doesn't know where
he is, or heard from him?

TRIP

Gone.

Caitlin pauses for a moment in thought.

CAITLIN

He just left town without a word?

TRIP

Sure. Why not?

CAITLIN

Something is wrong. Louis

CAITLIN(cont)
would have said something.

TRIP
What's wrong. He's gone.

CAITLIN
What if something happened to
him? There is some freak running
around the city, you know!

Trip is speechless.

CAITLIN
What did you do?

TRIP
What do you mean?

CAITLIN
What did you do to him?

TRIP
What do you mean, 'what did
I do to him?'

CAITLIN
What the hell was your plan
to get him to leave town?

TRIP
Nothing. It was no big deal.
I hadn't even done anything yet.

CAITLIN
Bull shit, Trip. Yes you have.

TRIP
What? I'm in trouble now.

EXT. - OZ BAR - DAY

Philippe is at the window. Patron stands beside him. Caitlin drives up to the curb by the bar window. She stays in her car.

PATRON

...And so the only reason he was arrested was because he kept trying to unzip the zipper of an undercover cop. Honey, the cop kept saying 'no,' over and over.

CAITLIN

Hello there.

PHILIPPE

May I help you?

CAITLIN

Do you work with Louis?

PHILIPPE

I believe I recall the name, but my memory struggles with the distant past.

CAITLIN

I'm Caitlin.

PHILIPPE

Oh my word. It's the princess.

Caitlin laughs.

PHILIPPE

It's the long lost love of that poor boy's life.

CAITLIN

Do you know where he is?

Philippe turns to Patron.

PHILIPPE

I thought, maybe they eloped.

CAITLIN

No, I haven't seen him, or heard from him in days.

PHILIPPE

How does it feel to affect someone so?

CAITLIN

I'm worried something happened to him.

PHILIPPE

I mean, granted, his endeavor might seem a bit 'psycho,' but I think it's sweet. I wouldn't mind someone being that crazy about me.

PATRON

Nope. Me neither.

CAITLIN

So you have no idea? You haven't heard from him at all?

PHILIPPE

All I know is he showed up one day with what looked to me like blood on his car, and in a bad state. Of course, he's always looking like he's got one foot in the bottle. And then he disappeared.

CAITLIN

Blood?

PHILIPPE

Yeah, honey. I didn't push him on it, but whatever the situation, that can't be a good thing.

CAITLIN

He had blood on his car?!

She turns her car back on and starts to pull away.

PHILIPPE

Sweetie that's what it looked
like to me.

EXT. - CAITLIN'S APARTMENT STEPS - DAY

Caitlin exits apartment as Trip is walking up the sidewalk.
They meet on the steps.

CAITLIN

Blood?! Trip, you put blood on
his car?!

Trip looks around, embarrassed at her level of voice.

TRIP

Hey easy, what are you talking about?

CAITLIN

The guy at the bar told me
about the blood.

Trip is a little surprised.

TRIP

Well Caitlin, you knew about
that. I told you, it was
apart of the plan.

CAITLIN

No! I couldn't have known.
You put blood on his car?!

TRIP

Caitlin, remember, the plan
to get him to leave town?

CAITLIN

Trip, I don't know. Maybe it

CAITLIN(cont)
didn't register. But that
is fucked. And where is he
now?

TRIP
He left. He's safely in Louisville.

CAITLIN
No, he didn't leave. He would
have come by, or at least called.
Anything could have happened to
him.

TRIP
You were in on this too, you
know.

CAITLIN
I don't want to see you right now.

She storms off. Trip is left slack jawed.

TRIP
Nice selective memory.

INT. - LOUIS' CAR - DAY - LOUIS' DREAM

Louis is driving his car in a deserted industrial area. He
looks to the side of the road. As he does, things turn
SLOW MOTION. A BODY lies on the side of the road. Louis
looks back up to notice something moving across his path.

EXT. - CITY STREET - DAY - LOUIS' DREAM

In SLOW MOTION, Louis rides a bike. He cuts across the
path of his car. He and the car collide. Louis spills
across the hood of his car and comes to a rest. He looks
up into the windshield.

INT. - LOUIS' CAR - DAY - LOUIS' DREAM

In SLOW MOTION, Louis' head and shoulders lurch forward. He stares out through the windshield.

EXT. - CITY STREET - DAY - LOUIS' DREAM

In SLOW MOTION, Louis stands alone in the street. One eyelid twitches. Louis is revealed facing his car. Blood pours down, washing over the roof and hood of the car.

INT. - LOUIS' CAR - DAY

Louis is asleep in the front seat. He wakes in shock.

EXT. - INDUSTRIAL ROAD - DAY

Louis sits up in his car. He is in a deserted stretch of industrial road, near the wharves and Mississippi River.

EXT. - CITY STREET - DAY

Trip stands next to his car. He is on a cellular phone.

TRIP

...Yeah, always have work on my mind.

You're kidding.

She said she just wanted a change.

No, I understand. Every one needs a change every now and then. Just as long as it wasn't something we did, or that I could change.

Well, you know we'll have the new Fetzer in a couple of months.

TRIP(cont)
Okay, talk to you soon. Have
a great day! Bye.

Trip hangs up.

TRIP
Fuck! Fuck, fuck, fuck!

His phone rings.

TRIP
Hello, this is Trip.

Louis, what the fuck man, where
have you been?

Okay.

EXT. - PAY PHONE - DAY

Louis is on the phone.

LOUIS
So I've got a flat, and I
need a ride to get it fixed.

Yeah, I'm down on Tchoupitoulas.

EXT. - CITY STREET - DAY

Trip is on the cellular phone.

TRIP
Okay, I'll be there shortly.

EXT. - INDUSTRIAL ROAD - DAY

Trip and Louis pull up in Trip's car. They get out and
Trip starts walking around Louis' car looking down at the
tires.

LOUIS
It's the front driver's.

Trip also takes survey of the area.

TRIP
Louis, how the hell did you
get here? I mean what the hell
were you doing here?

LOUIS
Is your jack in the trunk?

Trip bends down to inspect the tire.

TRIP
Yeah. No spare, no jack? What
the fuck Louis?

Louis pops the trunk on Trip's car.

LOUIS
Well, you know. I need all
the extra space for the bodies.

TRIP
Right. Well, I don't see a nail
or anything. Maybe you ran over
a sharp curb or something?

Louis is rummaging in the trunk. Trip stands up.

TRIP
So, how did you get here?

LOUIS
I'm not certain.

Trip pulls at his shirt and speaks to himself.

TRIP
Oh, shit.

EXT. - CITY STREET - TRIP'S CAR TRUNK - DAY

Several boxes of wine are there, along with the jack and blood stained shirt. Louis picks up the stained shirt.

LOUIS
What the hell?

EXT. - INDUSTRIAL ROAD - DAY

Trip is slowly walking toward his trunk.

TRIP
Hey! You got it?

Louis steps to the side of the car with a jack in his hand.

LOUIS
Yeah.

TRIP
I thought, maybe you got lost again there buddy.

LOUIS
You've got a bunch of crap back there. What's with all the wine? Don't you have delivery people for that?

TRIP
It's a little side thing I do.

LOUIS
Some type of scam?

TRIP
Sort of, I guess. Just filling demand. I can use the extra money Louis. Something you've always been immune to.

LOUIS

I need it as much as the next guy.

Louis is bending down at the flat tire. He jacks the car up.

TRIP

Almost ten years out of undergrad
Louis and you've managed to just
float along. When is that mystery
trust fund going to run out?

LOUIS

That's funny Trip.

TRIP

You know, now it's like the Louis
I knew in school was some
aberration. I'm not so sure I
really knew you at all.

Louis removes the bolts from the tire.

LOUIS

Please Trip. I'm the dramatic
one, remember.

TRIP

Right before you called Louis,
I had just gotten off the phone
with one of my best restaurants.
They informed me that they were
dropping my wine from the house
brand. 'Just for a change,' she said.

Louis struggles with removing the tire. He gets on the
ground and underneath the car trying to push off the tire.

LOUIS

I'm real sorry Trip.

Trip looks at the jack. He looks at Louis' position under
the frame of the car. He steps toward the jack.

TRIP

No, that's the fucking business
Louis! It's their whim. So
yeah, I pull a little shit
business on the side. Not really
for the money, just for the hope
that a little favor here and
there will keep those fucking
whims to a minimum.

LOUIS

Call it whatever you want.
You were always scamming
something weren't you.

Trip steps back from the car.

TRIP

What about you Louis, why
don't you get on with it.
You're a fucking mess, man.

Louis comes back out from underneath the car. He finally
pries the tire loose and takes it off. He sits on the
ground as Trip speaks.

TRIP

You've moved hundreds of miles
to chase a girl. A chick who,
evidently, isn't interested
anymore. You know, it's fucking
pathetic! I've got to say. I'm
sorry, but it is. As a friend,
I'm just letting you know.

LOUIS

You know what's funny, Trip. I
mean it's really touching and all,
but I don't know why the fuck
you care so much!

Louis stands, holding the crow bar.

TRIP

You're a smart guy. I just

TRIP(cont)

don't want to see you blowing
your life away. Look around!
You black out and wind up in
the middle of nowhere with a
flat tire. [beat] What do you
think you might have hit
when you blew that tire?

LOUIS

I think it was one of those
big old rats.

TRIP

Yeah, who knows what you did?
You're chasing some girl like
the fucking Holy Grail and to
top it off, you're working
in a fucking gay bar!

Louis throws the crow bar into his car.

LOUIS

Wow, Trip, I'm speechless.
Did you rehearse that? Because,
I mean, you've just summed
up my situation perfectly.

Silence is between them. Trip can only shake his head.
Louis picks up the tire.

LOUIS

Old buddy, don't worry about me.
Come on, we'll go out tonight.
I'll help you pick up another
random chick.

TRIP

Sorry, 'old buddy,' I've got
plans.

LOUIS

A follow up date to a one
nighter, huh?

They walk toward Trip's car.

TRIP

Ha! Yeah, something like that.

INT. - CAITLIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Caitlin and Trip are on the couch. Caitlin leans back on Trip's chest.

TRIP

So, he got the tire on and drove off -I'm sure to the nearest bar. I don't know what he's going to do.

Caitlin turns to face Trip.

CAITLIN

Stop. I don't want to talk about him anymore tonight.

TRIP

You seemed suddenly concerned.

CAITLIN

Nope, no more tonight. Okay?

TRIP

Okay.

They kiss. She repositions herself so that she's straddling him. He puts his hands on her hips. Trip leans forward and they kiss. Trip continues his advance. He lays Caitlin on her back. He moves down into a kiss. GLASS SMASHES outside against Caitlin's door. They are startled and momentarily freeze.

TRIP

What the fuck was that?!

CAITLIN

I don't know.

Trip gets up to investigate. He goes to the door and looks out through the side window. He opens the door. Shards of glass litter the stoop. Caitlin comes to the door. They both look at the glass. Trip bends down and picks up the label from the bottle. It's the label for Old Forester bourbon.

TRIP
Random drive by?

EXT. - OZ BAR WINDOW - DAY

Philippe leans out on the window ledge. Louis stands on the sidewalk.

LOUIS
Yeah, I think I've had my fill
of New Orleans.

PHILIPPE
So, what then, off to some new
city 'to do,' so to speak.

LOUIS
No, I'm heading back to Louisville.

PHILIPPE
Oh, not that dreary place.

LOUIS
Philippe, have you ever been
to Louisville?

PHILIPPE
Of course not.

LOUIS
That's what I thought. No place
like home.

PHILIPPE
So, tomorrow huh?

LOUIS

Yeah, early. Right after some business, I'm on the road.

PHILIPPE

Will you keep in touch?

LOUIS

Philippe, you don't want to do that routine. I'll write a couple/few times and then more and more time will go by and then before you know it...

PHILIPPE

Well, you've got the wedding pictures to remember.

LOUIS

I'll never forget.

PHILIPPE

Hmm, nobody writes these days.

LOUIS

Seriously though, it was great meeting.

PHILIPPE

Yeah, yeah, get out of here!

Louis' red Converses swivel and exit. He walks to his car.

LOUIS

Yep, there's no place like home Philippe.

PHILIPPE

Maybe for some of us. Take care, ya fuck. And watch out for those quickly approaching vehicles!

Louis waves his hand up in the air as he gets into his car.

EXT. - STREET IN FRONT OF CAITLIN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Louis sits in his car a few houses down from Caitlin's.

INT. - LOUIS' CAR - MORNING

Louis has a mug of coffee resting on the seat. There's also a micro tape recorder in the passenger seat.

LOUIS

Whew, we've got a long drive
ahead of us old baby.

He pats the dashboard.

LOUIS

You'll do all right.

Louis takes a sip of coffee. Then he picks up the recorder. Louis begins reciting into the microphone.

LOUIS

Okay, so there's this character
named...Tim. Yeah, simple,
biblical. And Tim relates a little
story to this other character
named -to be named later.
And the story goes, 'so I was
watching the Discovery Channel
the other day, and this
show was on African warthogs.
They're actually cute little
bastards when they're small.
So, these warthogs live in the
ground, in holes. And in
the morning, they're groggy.
It's as if they naturally,
perpetually, wake up hung
over. So when they first
poke their heads out from the
ground, they're a bit slow.
And you know, that's really an
unfortunate state of nature,
because the lions have noticed.

LOUIS(cont)

So, early in the morning,
the lions go poking their
heads around the warthog
holes. You get the picture.
A few warthogs don't make it
to the first cup of coffee.'

Louis sits and stares out through the windshield.

EXT. - STREET OUTSIDE CAITLIN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Trip exits Caitlin's apartment. He carries some bunched up clothes. His hair is disheveled. His eyes are squinting.

INT. - LOUIS' CAR - MORNING

Louis starts his car. He takes the mug and dumps the rest of his coffee out the window.

LOUIS

Don't want to spill anything.

Louis puts the car in gear. In the distance, Trip sort of staggers into the street.

EXT. - STREET - MORNING

Louis' car accelerates quickly.

EXT. - STREET IN FRONT OF CAITLIN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Trip is in the middle of the road. He pauses and scratches his head. He turns back toward Caitlin's door. He turns back the way he was going. Suddenly, he senses the presence of a vehicle bearing down on him. Trip turns toward Louis' car. A flash of white overtakes him.

INT. - LOUIS' CAR - MORNING

Louis bounces up as he rides over Trip. A little ways up he stops the car.

LOUIS

Hmm, something's just not right.
I got too much on the right.

Louis throws the car into reverse and backs up until he runs back over Trip. He puts the car in forward gear and runs Trip over again. Driving on he smiles.

LOUIS

Much better balance!

EXT. - OZ BAR - DAY

Philippe is at the window. He reads a newspaper. He turns back to address a bar patron.

PHILIPPE

How about that Smitty, they
arrested Racer X, that
serial hit and runner.
Now everyone can relax.

INT. - OZ BAR - DAY

Philippe looks into an empty bar.

EXT. - OZ BAR WINDOW - DAY

Philippe turns back facing the street.

PHILIPPE

Where did he go?

Philippe leans out the bar window and looks down the street.

PHILIPPE

Where the hell did that old drunk bugger go? You'd think with people getting murdered every day, a city would rather have only one person responsible.

Just then Caitlin pulls up by the curb in her car. She appears tense.

PHILIPPE

Look who it is.

CAITLIN

Is Louis around? I have to see him!

PHILIPPE

Honey, he's gone. You missed your chance.

CAITLIN

Please, just tell me where he is. Something horrible has happened, and I've got this condition when I'm stressed.

PHILIPPE

Something horrible is always happening, isn't it?

CAITLIN

A good friend of his was killed this morning by that crazy driver!

PHILIPPE

What? That Racer-X confessed yesterday. Some disgruntled Tulane kid from Jersey.

Philippe takes hold of his newspaper.

PHILIPPE

It says so right here.

CAITLIN

What?! That's not right.
Listen, where is he!

PHILIPPE

I'm not playing. Your sweet
heart has gone back to that
dreadful old home town.

CAITLIN

Whatever. Please tell him
I'm at... just tell him
that I need him.

Philippe looks in disbelief, as she's evidently not paying
attention to what he's been saying.

PHILIPPE

Okay girlfriend. I'll let him
know just as soon as I see him.

CAITLIN

Augh!

Caitlin drives off in a rush.

INT. - LOUIS' CAR - DAY

Louis drives down the highway. He wears a happy-with-
myself grin. He takes out a cigarette. He slowly draws it
beneath his nose. He lights it.

EXT. - HIGHWAY - DAY

Louis' car speeds past below. The highway leading the way
transforms. It becomes paved in yellow brick.

INT. - HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Caitlin sits huddled in a sterile white and chrome room.
Lights glare down from above.

EXT. - CITY STREET - NIGHT

The blinding light of an automobile headlight glares.
Racer X sits behind the wheel cloaked in darkness.

INT. - RACER X'S CAR - NIGHT

In the rearview mirror, a PEDESTRIAN passes behind the car
in the distance.

EXT. - CITY STREET - NIGHT

Racer X sits in darkness behind the wheel. The glaring
headlight moves forward.

EXT. - STREET SIDEWALK - DAY

A paint-splattered card is placed on an area of white
sidewalk. The letter "S" is sprayed with purple paint, and
then followed by the whole card with the word "SUBMIT"
stenciled in it. The paint-can reenters and sprays. The
can and card exit. A crawfish shell falls on the painted
word. THE SOUNDS OF SUCKING ARE HEARD. Two CRAWFISH
EATERS walk by. They walk down a French Quarter street.
In the distance, a YOUNG MAN is running down the street
occasionally bending down to spray his word. The two
Crawfish Eaters are digging into a brown sack, pulling out
crawfish, breaking them apart, sucking their cavities,
pinching their tails, and discarding the shells to the
ground. They continue eating as they saunter down the
street.

EXT. - ENTRANCE TO CAVE HILL CEMETERY; LOUISVILLE - DAY

TWO KIDS walk past dribbling basketballs. Louis drives
into the cemetery.

EXT. - CEMETERY ROAD - DAY

Louis stops to the side of the road. He gets out and opens his trunk.

EXT. - CEMETERY ROAD; CAR TRUNK - DAY

Louis' globe sits in the trunk. It has been taped together into a patch work design. Louis picks it up, along with a shovel. He walks off into the cemetery.

EXT. - CAVE HILL CEMETERY - DAY

A SERIES OF CEMETARY IMAGES ROLL: the grave of Colonel Sanders and other prominent grave stones.

EXT. - CAVE HILL CEMETERY - DAY

Louis stands by a freshly dug hole. He gets on his knees. He picks up the globe and tries to spin it, but it doesn't really work. He places the globe in the hole. Louis sweeps the first wave of dirt into the hole. The globe has written on it, "MOM=CAITLIN."

DISSOLVE TO:

Louis stands by the grave.

LOUIS
All the king's horses and
all the king's men, it's Louis
back in the 'ville again.

EXT. - LYNN'S PARADISE CAFÉ; LOUISVILLE - DAY

The early morning light is golden. A cement menagerie inhabits the parking lot. The buffaloes, bears, and cows are fancifully painted green, orange, blue, etcetera.

SUPERIMPOSED TITLE READS -SIX MONTHS LATER-

A deflated basketball rests against a wall in the parking lot. Brown water pours from a huge coffeepot into a huge mug.

INT. - LYNN'S PARADISE CAFÉ - DAY

Coffee pours into a mug. TWO LYNN'S PATRONS sit at a counter drinking coffee and smoking.

PATRON ONE

...Exactly, who gives a shit about the Preakness and Belmont.

PATRON TWO

The Derby is the shit. And those foreign horses?

PATRON ONE

That's, of course, anything bred outside Kentucky. Not just the fruity French and Irish...

A SERVER carrying a pot of coffee passes behind the Two Patrons sitting at the counter. The Server walks to a table where Louis and Caitlin sit. The restaurant has an interior tree adorned with lights. The tables and chairs are mismatched. Gaudy garage-sale lamps sit perched upon the formica table tops. Overalls made from tea bags hang from the ceiling. The Server refills Louis and Caitlin's mugs and walks off.

LOUIS

I just wanted to...

CAITLIN

Shh, no, no more.

She presses her fingers to his lips.

CAITLIN

You don't need to say anything more. I'm glad you stuck with me. Done.

They share a moment of silence.

CAITLIN

You know, these last couple of weeks, I've realized how comfortable I can be in Louisville.

LOUIS

It has its moments. And between those, yeah, it is just sort of comfortable.

CAITLIN

Hey, do you keep in touch with anyone from NOLA? Like that French guy at that bar?

LOUIS

No. I prefer to just move on.

CAITLIN

'Just move on,' I guess that made me special then huh?

Louis smiles.

CAITLIN

But what was up with him? He got married right? What, was he going both ways?

LOUIS

No, he was all-gay alright. He wasn't French either. He's a Canuck or Montrealian or whatever.

CAITLIN

Really, huh?

LOUIS

It was a little twist on the buy your citizenship through marriage thing.

CAITLIN

So, gay man marries woman for
green card. What was she a
dyke?

LOUIS

No, I don't think so.

CAITLIN

Oh, she has to be a lesbian.

LOUIS

I don't know.

CAITLIN

Anyway. So I know your deal
with flying, but you could
have driven to the funeral.

LOUIS

I just... I couldn't put the
wear on that old car.

CAITLIN

That car, I don't know, that
thing is like that old globe
you had. I don't know why
you keep it around.

Louis just smiles.

CAITLIN

Anyway, you ready.

She stands up from the table.

LOUIS

She's got a little more work
left in her.

He stands up next to her. They turn toward the door.
Caitlin slaps Louis on the ass.

CAITLIN

So do I.

They exit.

END CREDITS ROLL.

APPENDIX H

DVD DUB OF FILM

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VITA

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