

Pipeline

By

Jody Ellis

Jody Ellis  
(907) 230-6017  
Jody.Ellisak@gmail.com

FADE IN:

EXT. MOTOR HOME - NIGHT

Summer evening, Alaska. Close to midnight, but still light out. A late 70's RV drives down the highway.

INT. MOTOR HOME - NIGHT

A man drives and a woman sits next to him. She is smoking, blowing smoke ineffectively out of a slightly cracked window. Behind them, a young girl, LEAH, sits alone. Two little boys sleep on a large bed in the back.

Leah looks out the window. Leah's FATHER is the driver, her STEPMOTHER next to him. The town is quiet.

Suddenly a siren screams. Leah slaps her hands over her ears. The little boys in the back sit up, crying. Leah's father almost drives the motor home off the road before righting it.

FATHER

Whoa! What the heck is that?

The Stepmother practically breaks her neck, scanning all directions.

STEPMOTHER

What is going on?

The motor home pulls into the parking lot of a small bar. There is a neon sign made to look like a cocktail glass, and a sign next to it says "Billy's Place". The stepmother opens her side window and leans out to a man who is walking quickly towards the bar.

STEPMOTHER

What was that? What's the siren for?

PASSERBY

The oil just came in! It's in! We got oil!

LEAH (V.O.)

I was 12 years old when the first oil came into Valdez from Prudhoe Bay, via the Alaska Pipeline on July twenty-eighth, 1977. My family and I were on our way home from a driving vacation in the Lower 48.

LEAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

That's what we called the rest of  
the world. The real world.

The Stepmother turns to her husband.

STEPMOTHER

Lets go in! Looks like a party!

The streets have gone from vacant to suddenly full of the  
township. People make their way through the streets, hooting  
and hollering and not a few gunshots are heard.

LEAH (V.O.)

It wasn't quite the wild west, but  
close. My parents were always up  
for a party, especially my  
stepmother.

STEPMOTHER

Okay then, lets go!

FATHER

Uh-maybe we shouldn't leave the  
kids....?

STEPMOTHER

They're fine. Leah, watch your  
brothers.

LEAH

Can't I go in? I'm hungry.

FATHER

Let's go somewhere else. She's  
hungry.

The Stepmother glares angrily, first at Leah and then at her  
father.

FATHER

I'm just saying that maybe we  
shouldn't-

STEPMOTHER

No. This is an event, a once in a  
lifetime! Come on! They're fine.  
RIGHT Leah? Make yourself a  
sandwich.

LEAH

(mumbling)

I'm sick of sandwiches.

STEPMOTHER

What?

LEAH

I'm fine.

Her father doesn't say anything as his wife steps outside, joining the throng of people entering the bar. She cheers loudly. Leah's looks at her father as he shrugs and puts his hands up towards her, defeated.

FATHER

You'll be okay, right? Watch your brothers?

LEAH

I always do.

The door to the motor home shuts and Leah, after glancing back at her brothers, who are sleeping again, moves to the front of the motor home.

She digs one of her stepmother's cigarette butts out of the ashtray and lights it, inhaling deeply and exhaling expertly out her nose. She casually cracks the window more as she stares at the people walking into the bar, listening to the laughter and shouts of excitement.

LEAH (V.O.)

That was the beginning of the pipeline days in Alaska. Oil made our state rich, a wealth that spilled into our lives and homes. Everyone was affected, and the young people who grew up here were impacted more than we could ever realize. At 12 years old, I had no idea of the effect the black gold of Prudhoe Bay would have on my life.

Her hand dangles the burning cigarette out the window, flicking the ashes into the night.

INT. ANCHORAGE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

SUPER: 1986

That same hand, now older, puts a cigarette out in a free-standing ashtray. A pair of sky-high stilettos make their way down a walkway. Leah, now in her 20's, is hard-edged, and beautiful. She wears a full length mink coat, cinched tightly around her, with big 80's hair and perfect makeup.

Planes taxi by outside as Leah walks past a large stuffed grizzly bear, forever frozen in a snarl of rage. She stops at a gate. A parade of men stream from the jetway door. They all look somewhat alike, dressed in carhardts and work boots, carrying their bags slung over their shoulders. One young man breaks off from the crowd and makes his way over to Leah, her boyfriend JAMIE.

JAMIE

(southern accent)

That girl right there, all mine.  
Baby, you look so sexy!

Leah steps up and kisses him, long and deep.

LEAH

You've been gone too long this  
time.

JAMIE

I know darlin', those extra days.  
I'm sorry. But my boss said I can  
take an extra week off, so I'm home  
for three whole weeks!

A co-worker of Jamie's walks past, shaking his head as he overhears.

Co-worker

Fuck you, Jamie.

JAMIE

I'll take that as a "Welcome Home,"  
thank you very much.

Leah winds her arm through his as they walk, veering off towards the bathrooms. Jamie hesitates as she pulls him into the ladies bathroom.

Her coat slips open. She is wearing a black corset and lace panties, nothing else. Jamie quickly pushes her into a bathroom stall, locking the door. Her coat falls back and she undoes his pants in what seems like one motion.

JAMIE

Look at you.

He lifts her and slams her against the side of the stall. She braces her feet against the door as they fuck, quickly and quietly.

They finish in long gasps. Jamie slides his hands along her, kissing her neck. Leah looks down, noticing his broken down, red cowboy boots.

LEAH

Nice boots!

JAMIE

You know what they say, you can  
take the boy out of Texas...

LEAH

(laughing)

...but don't take him outta me?!  
All that southern charm.

JAMIE

You can't escape where you come  
from baby!

LEAH

C'mon let's go. Everyone's waiting.

JAMIE

Whoa, hold on, Everyone? Was kinda  
counting on just us tonight. Club  
Paris? C'mon babe, I just got home.

LEAH

It will be, just you and me baby.  
But first...

Leah reaches into her pocket and pulls out a small baggie  
with about a half inch of white powder in it.

LEAH

Here's to the start of celebrating  
your three weeks off.

JAMIE

Oh, I knew there was more.

She takes out a keychain with several keys on it, using one  
to scoop out a small amount of powder. She offers it to  
Jamie, who takes the key and lines the powder along Leah's  
neckline. He snorts it, then scoops out some with the key and  
holds it up to Leah's nose as she snorts it. They exit the  
bathroom and walk down the concourse, arms entwined.

EXT. AIRPORT ARRIVALS - DAY

Leah walks slightly in front of Jamie, escorting him outside  
the terminal.

JAMIE

Didn't you drive my truck? Can't  
get to parking on this level.

A souped up 1970 Monte Carlo pulls up. It a mint condition classic car, with center line wheels and stereo pumping. A bleach blonde leans out the passenger window, waving. Her bangs get caught in the door trim. This is Leah's best friend JESSICA. Two guys sit next to her. DYLAN is in the Driver's seat. TRAVIS is in the middle and has his converse shoes propped on the dash.

DYLAN

Get your shitty feet off my dashboard.

Dylan pushes Travis away and begins wiping down the dash.

JESSICA

Surprise! As you can see, nothing has changed. Welcome home.

JAMIE

Just us, huh?

Leah starts to step into the backseat, as the wind catches her coat and it swings open, revealing her lingerie. The entire car whoops and laughs. An older couple, getting into a car behind them, sees her. The man is mesmerized. His wife hits his arm and glares, shoving him towards the car and tsk-ing at Leah.

Leah giggles and turns back to Jamie.

LEAH

I think his heart popped out of his chest!

JAMIE

Of course it did. He's never seen anything like you.

He pulls her close, kissing her.

JAMIE

I've never seen anything like you either. I want you alone baby. I want some more of what happened back there. Come on, Leah.

LEAH

You'll get all you want, I promise. Come on, let's go have some fun right now though.

Jamie complies, jumping into the car.

INT. DYLAN'S CAR - DAY

Travis and Dylan both give him high-fives. Travis is small and thin, dressed sharp in a suit and thin tie, raybans perfectly balanced on his head. Dylan wears a t-shirt, mullet-style haircut and faded jeans. He grins almost manically, arm gripped tight around Jessica's shoulders. His other hand flutters, taps against the steering wheel, all nervous energy.

DYLAN

How was your hitch, man?

JAMIE

You know, the usual.

Travis lights up a joint and passes it back to Jamie.

TRAVIS

Time to start your R-n-R bro!

Jamie takes a hit, and passes it to Leah, who inhales deeply. Travis grabs at the joint.

TRAVIS

Jesus, Lee, don't bogart all the weed! You gotta mouth like a hoover.

Leah hands it over to him.

LEAH

You should know.

TRAVIS

Hey now, Jamie doesn't want to hear about all the hearts you've broken.

JAMIE

Yeah, I really don't.

Leah apologetically places her hand on Jamie's leg in the uncomfortable silence that ensues.

JESSICA

Guys, ease up on the testosterone. I want to party tonight, not deal with bullshit.

Dylan and Travis murmur agreement and blast the radio. Leah looks at Jamie, a little annoyed.

JESSICA

What's the plan?



JAMIE

The plan is I need to stop at my parent's house for a few minutes. If I don't, holy fuck, my mother.

LEAH

And we need to stop at our house too! So I can change into something more comfortable.

She flashes the front seat and everyone whoops again. Jamie isn't really amused. Jessica tosses some clothes at Leah.

JESSICA

Here! I knew you'd need these.

LEAH

Ha! You do know me.

Jessica smiles widely

JESSICA

Of course I do.

Leah fumbles in the backseat to pull on some very tight acid-washed, jeans with zippers at the ankles. Over her bustier, she pulls on a sweatshirt, artfully re-done with kitchen scissors to resemble the look of the movie Flashdance. She digs in her purse, pulling out a compact and applying some makeup while fluffing her big hair even bigger.

JAMIE

You look great babe, you don't need all that stuff.

LEAH

Every girl needs that stuff.

Dylan runs red light after red light as they head into south Anchorage and up into the hillside. They skid slightly on icy roads, fighting to keep going uphill, eventually leading them to a large circular driveway.

They park in front of a ominous cedar home, with spacious bay windows and a wrap-around deck. Jamie gets out and Leah follows, exiting from the drivers side with him. The others stay in the car.

JAMIE

Aren't you guys coming in?

DYLAN

Uh, thanks man but your mom....

JESSICA

She's not a fan of us, Jay.

LEAH

(laughing)

She's not a fan of me either, and I'm going in!

TRAVIS

I think we should wait here.

JAMIE

Fine with me. No skin off these boots.

He starts walking towards the front door. Leah follows.

LEAH

Just be a few minutes, promise.

INT. JAMIE'S PARENT'S HOUSE - DAY

They enter a large foyer. There are several trophy animals mounted on the walls, a moose and a sheep, as well as a large bear skin. They both kick off their shoes at the door.

JAMIE

Momma? Mom!

Jamie casually tosses his keys on an entryway table, walking through a doorway and into a large custom kitchen.

The click of high heels is heard and Jamie's mother, DIERDRE enters. She is about 55 years old, well-preserved, dressed impeccably. Her hair is Texas bouffant and her makeup is understated, yet flawless. Her nails are long blood-red talons. She carries a cocktail in her hand, despite it being early afternoon. Her smile at Jamie is genuine. Leah gets what's leftover. She has a soft southern accent that often fools people into thinking she is soft as well.

DIERDRE

Jamie! I'm so glad you're home darling. Oh my, it is so cold out, your cheeks are freezing!

JAMIE

(kisses her cheek)

Hi momma. How are you?

LEAH

Hi Mrs. Easton

DIERDRE

Hello Leah dear. Don't you look lovely, so casual and...shoeless.

She looks pointedly at Leah's bare feet, ignoring that Jamie is also without shoes.

LEAH

It's Alaska.

DIERDRE

Well, in Texas we leave our shoes ON rather than putting our dirty feet on people's floors. Alaska is such a strange place that way.

JAMIE

Momma you've lived here a long time now. Maybe you should adopt some of the local customs.

DIERDRE

What, like eating bear stew? No thank you. Its bad enough that your daddy insists on those poor dead creatures decorating the foyer.

(to Leah)

You like bear stew?

Jamie laughs and puts an arm around her shoulders.

JAMIE

You'd think you'd be used to it by now momma. Besides, Daddy hunted in Texas too.

DIERDRE

That was different. Texas is more civilized. And I can't tell you how much I miss the sun.

LEAH

We still get sunshine, it's just at zero degrees sometimes.

DIERDRE

Yes, dear, sunshine and zero degrees. Just like a certain couple I know.

Deirdre shoots Leah a hard glance. She turns her back and walks out of the kitchen, waving an arm as she goes and picking up a huge fur coat from a nearby chair.

DIERDRE

I have to go, I have an auxiliary meeting for Oil Services volunteer group. The president cannot be late! Even if it is a thousand degrees below zero outside.

She downs her drink and sets the empty glass lightly on the counter, turning away.

LEAH

Bye Mrs. Easton, nice to see you.

DIERDRE (O.S.)

You too dear, you too.

LEAH

I don't think your mom is ever going to like me. I'm too Alaskan for her.

JAMIE

I like you a lot. I'd like to fuck you right here on this Gen-u-ine Texas kitchen counter.

Leah lets him push her back against the kitchen island for a minute, then slides out from under his arms.

LEAH

Come on Texas boy, lets go. Our friends are waiting.

JAMIE

Sometimes I wish I could have some time alone with you when I first get home. You and your friends....

LEAH

Me and my friends what?

JAMIE

I don't know. You all are so..intimate. And you got too many inside jokes.

LEAH

What do you want me to do?

JAMIE

Nothing. Nothing. Let's go. Let's start the party at our house, okay?

LEAH  
That's more like it!

Leah blows kisses to the animal trophies on the wall as they leave.

INT. JAMIE AND LEAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Everyone piles into the apartment. It is small but classy, perfectly decorated, down to the Nagel print on the wall.

Dylan goes over and messes with the extravagant sound system, starting up the music. Jamie heads up a small wet bar. The girls take to the back bedroom to re-do their hair and makeup.

JAMIE  
What y'all drinkin'?

TRAVIS  
This all will have a vodka  
grapefruit, heavy on the vodka.

JAMIE  
Vodka Grapefruit? That's a girl  
drink.

TRAVIS  
I'm in touch with my feminine side.  
In fact, I think I better go help  
the rest of the girls get ready.

Travis takes his drink and sashays towards the back.

DYLAN  
How about some southern comfort?  
That manly enough for you?

Jamie shakes his head, pouring the drinks.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Travis enters Jamie and Leah's bedroom. It is all white and chrome, stylish but messy with clothes piled everywhere. Leah is in the walk-in closet, digging through clothes.

TRAVIS  
What are you doing, Milli?

LEAH  
Waiting for you to help me with my  
outfit, Vanilli!

TRAVIS  
This kind of help?

He pulls a baggie from his pocket, full of coke. He grabs a mirror from the side table and starts laying out lines. Jessica peeks out from the attached bathroom.

JESSICA  
Don't forget about me! This princess goes first.

TRAVIS  
(singing)  
Don't you, forget about me....

The girls join in with the chorus.

LEAH  
Okay guys, white leather? Pink halter? What do you think?

She displays the clothes against her body. Jessica and Travis both point at the white leather. Leah looks at it, then drops it on the floor.

LEAH  
Pink halter it is.

JESSICA  
That halter makes you look like a prostitute.

LEAH  
Maybe that's what I want.

TRAVIS  
Jessica, be nice.

Jessica, losing interest in the conversation, goes back to her line. She snorts it, swipes at the mirror residue with her finger and scrubs her finger along her gums.

JESSICA  
You two are boring. I'm gonna go see what Jamie is mixing up.

Travis lounges back on the bed. He watches Leah as she turns her back and pulls off her shirt. She is braless. She pulls the halter on, struggling with the straps.

TRAVIS  
Come here.

She backs towards him, not seeing his longing as he ties the halter for her.

LEAH

So seriously, where you been and why didn't you call me back last week?

TRAVIS

You called me? My answering machine has been all messed up lately.

Leah looks at him in disbelief. Travis smiles sheepishly. He offers her the mirror of coke, which she takes.

TRAVIS

You talked to your mom or dad lately?

LEAH

My mom called yesterday.

TRAVIS

And did you talk to her?

LEAH

Nope. I let the machine talk to her.

TRAVIS

You see your dad for Christmas? What about Patrick and Kyle?

LEAH

Patrick and Kyle are busy with their high school life now. They don't have time for their boring sister. And my dad...

TRAVIS

Boring, you're anything but. Us old twenty-somethings, right?

LEAH

You remember what it was like.

TRAVIS

Let's go see your mom next week.

LEAH

She'll just be drunk.

TRAVIS

She's practically my mom too, you know. I'd like to see her.

LEAH

Nobody's stopping you from seeing her. Why do you fucking care? It's not like she even notices who comes and goes.

Leah sits stiffly, upset. Travis puts a hand on her shoulder. She leans in towards him for a moment, allowing the embrace. A shout from the living room pushes them apart.

JESSICA (O.S.)

Are you two planning to come out and share that blow, or are you having some kind of cocaine love-fest for just the two of you?

Travis raises an eyebrow and offers a smile to Leah that speaks volumes. Leah, confused, gets up and walks back to the living room. Travis follows.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Jessica reaches eagerly for the mirror that Travis still carries in his hand as he enters. He pulls it out of her reach.

TRAVIS

Watch the product, will you. It's all I've got for three days.

JESSICA

Three days?

She snorts up a record line.

JAMIE

Son, with these girls, it won't last an hour. Better find more.

Jamie slaps Travis hard on the back.

TRAVIS

Is no one listening?

DYLAN

You might be the worst drug dealer on the planet.



LEAH

Yeah what kind of drug dealer are you? Coke is everywhere.

TRAVIS

How about some fucking slack, Leah. It's a part-time gig.

JAMIE

Hey, easy now.

TRAVIS

Don't easy me, *son*.

JESSICA

We need more for tonight. It's too big a night not to!

DYLAN

It's always a big night for you, cokehead.

Travis sees the angry sparks start flying with Dylan and Jessica.

TRAVIS

Fine, Marcus then. His party is at the top of the Cook tonight. Plenty of coke for all us cokeheads.

Jessica catches eyes with Leah across the room.

JESSICA

Leah hates Marcus.

DYLAN

Well, we can't have it both ways. Fucksakes, Leah, let shit go.

Leah throws her compact at Dylan's head. He ducks down then comes up like he might punch her.

LEAH

Mind your own bullshit, Dylan.

Jessica takes Leah's side, stepping away from Dylan with attitude and loyalty to her girl.

JESSICA

And here I thought you were my own personal prick.

DYLAN

Unlike the coke, there's plenty of  
me to go around, Jess.

JESSICA

(feigning a sweet smile)  
Such a shithead, Dylan. What's a  
girl to do?

JAMIE

Enough, you two. Leah, get my coat.  
(to room)  
I'm home, lets do this.

DYLAN

Ladies, you heard the man of the  
hour. Let's fucking go! Travis, you  
got the new wheels, we're taking  
your car.

EXT: MIDTOWN ANCHORAGE "THE STRIP" - NIGHT

It's a winter night, dark but for streetlights and  
stoplights. Despite the cold, tons of young people are out,  
many driving sports and muscle cars. They cruise by slow,  
some parked in small groups in parking lots, American  
Graffiti with sharp edges. Cops pass through, uncaring of the  
open containers and even more open drug use.

Travis' car rolls up, a Trans Am with a custom paint job. It  
parks itself next to a huddled group of other hot cars,  
glittering against dirty snow.

The friends exit the car, except Travis, who rolls down his  
window and leans out, slapping his hand briskly against the  
door panel.

TRAVIS

Hey! Who wants a warm up?

A couple of girls and a guy step up to the window. Dylan  
lights up a cigarette and Jessica grabs it away, smirking as  
she blows smoke at him. Dylan takes out another cigarette,  
lights it. Leah grabs that one. He turns his back, frustrated  
and lights up a third, inhaling deeply.

DYLAN

I'm so fucking hungry. Let's go  
eat.

JESSICA

No way. You're taking me out  
tonight.

DYLAN

What? Feed you and get my once a year blowjob in return?

Jessica punches him on the side of the face.

JESSICA

Fuck you! You are such an asshole!

TRAVIS

Jesus! Calm down! Don't fuck with my business, Jess!

JAMIE

Can ya'll just kill each other later?

Jessica gives Jamie a dirty look, but stops. Dylan is wiping blood off his lip.

DYLAN

See what my life is like? Dealing with this crazy bitch?

JESSICA

You think there aren't ten other guys lined up behind you? You can leave anytime you want.

DYLAN

More like ten guys lined up behind you.

JAMIE

Enough goddamnit. Give it a rest. Leah! Hey, Leah!

Leah has wandered away, tucked in with the crowd. Laughing and joking, she knows everyone there and they know her. Someone offers her a line and she does it before she turns to the sound of Jamie's voice.

LEAH

What?

He stands alone, hunched against the cold, slightly apart from everyone else. Leah murmurs her goodbyes and walks over.

LEAH

What? You ready?

JAMIE

Yeah, it's fucking cold.

Leah shrugs and shoves into the group surrounding Travis' car window.

LEAH

Finish up your illegal activities  
and let's go.

TRAVIS

Hey it takes money to feed your  
addictions.

LEAH

I can pay for my own addictions,  
thank you.

JESSICA

Are we leaving now or what? I wanna  
go dance!

DYLAN

Wrap it up Trav. Let's get inside.

INT. SHILOH CLUB - NIGHT

The group enters the Shiloh club, one of Anchorage's premiere nightclubs. The energy and excess is palpable. Strobe lights cast around the room. A large bar sits in the middle of a huge dance floor, packed with bodies. The music throbs, sliding under the skin and enticing everyone towards the dance floor.

The place is packed. People stand side by side, drinking, smoking and snorting. The girls drip in diamonds and fur, the guys run the gamut from suit-wearing banker types to oil workers just off the slope. Girls ride on guys shoulders on the dance floor. One of the girls flashes the crowd. It is completely irreverent and wild.

People greet the group familiarly, high-fives and hugs all around. They know EVERYONE, everyone knows them, they are THE "it" crowd of Anchorage.

TRAVIS

Let's dance our way to the bar,  
ladies!

He cuts an impressive image as he dances across the floor, Leah and Jessica right behind him. Jamie and Dylan hang back.

JAMIE

(yelling)  
Bring us some drinks!

DYLAN

Don't you ever worry?

JAMIE

About what?

DYLAN

That someday Travis and Leah might pick up where they left off. That was serious romance.

JAMIE

This where I am suppose to tell you some anecdote about cows coming home, Dylan? What the fuck are you saying?

DYLAN

(calmly)

Forget it. Nothing, man. I'm just surprised you never seem jealous of it, is all.

JAMIE

We all have a past. Leah's mine now.

They watch as the three others, having reached the bar, down shots together. Travis picks Leah up and twirls her around while Leah flings her head back, obviously having fun. The three of them boogie on out to the dance floor again.

DYLAN

You're a bigger man than me, my friend.

JAMIE

I guess we're on our own for drinks.

DYLAN

Cows don't really come home, do they?

Jamie shakes his head and takes hold of Dylan's shoulders to guide him tot he bar.

JAMIE

I think it depends where you call home. C'mon.

They pile into the crowd, joining their friends. Leah kisses Jamie hungrily and he smiles at Dylan and kisses her back.

Jessica starts dancing with some random guy. Dylan flaps a hand in disgust and motions to the bartender for two shots, which he downs one after the other.

The rest of the group cozies up at the bar. Travis breaks out a baggie of coke. The bartender sees him and comes over.

BARTENDER

Hey. Hey you!

TRAVIS

Is there a problem?

BARTENDER

What do you think you're doing, man?

TRAVIS

Uh well, I was planning on laying out some of this extra fine cocaine on this shitty beer stained bar top. Why?

BARTENDER

You can't do that here.

TRAVIS

Can I do it if I share?

The bartender glances back and sees the barback is busy, slinging drinks and spilling as much as he pours. She looks back at Travis and shrugs. He gestures for her to do a line and offers her a rolled up \$100 bill. She does the line, smiles and walks off with the money.

JAMIE

That's a helluva tip, son.

TRAVIS

You aren't the only one with money, son.

Travis smiles like he is joking. Leah looks hard at Travis, who looks back, deadpan. Dylan grabs another shot from the bar and holds it into the air.

DYLAN

To money, coke, and ass!

They shoot in unison.

EXT. SHILOH CLUB - NIGHT

The group filters out of the bar with several other drunk patrons. Dylan is staggering slightly as is Jamie. They head towards Travis' car.

DYLAN

Let's go see Marcus.

Leah stops in her tracks as everyone else keeps walking.

LEAH

Fine. Let's go.

JAMIE

Leah, let's just go home.

Leah ignores him and saunters towards Travis' car, drunk as the rest and just a little higher. Travis offers her another line as she approaches, and she does it hungrily.

JAMIE

I think you've had enough.

TRAVIS

Is there such a thing as enough?

JAMIE

I think you should shut your  
fucking drug dealer mouth.

Leah, inhaling a joint she's pulled out of her purse, pauses and looks back and forth at the two appear to square off for a second.

DYLAN

I think not, dear sir! I think not!

The tension breaks and they all get back in Travis' car.

EXT. CAPTAIN COOK HOTEL - NIGHT

The car rolls up to a swanky, tall hotel, the fanciest one in town. Sharp dressed people enter and exit. Travis pulls up to valet and everyone gets out, the girls laughing as they dart into the revolving door. Travis throws his keys at the valet.

TRAVIS

Easy on her, man.

The valet, an older man, makes a face that suggests he is sick of the young people who run this town. They all enter the hotel and pile into the elevator.

JAMIE

Where's this party? Did he rent a room or what?

DYLAN

Penthouse suite man. Marcus stays there a lot. Always parties at the penthouse.

JESSICA

Marcus knows how to do a party right.

DYLAN

What, and I don't?

JESSICA

So fucking sensitive. Relax.

Leah pulls her mink coat around her, quiet amidst the joking. Jamie doesn't notice, although his arm is around her, as he cracks jokes with Dylan. Travis leans back to get Leah's attention.

TRAVIS

Talk about relaxing. You need to.

LEAH

I really don't want to be here, Trav.

TRAVIS

I know.

Dylan overhears.

DYLAN

Don't be a buzz kill! Come on Leah, chill out!

JESSICA

Leave her alone, dickwad. She's fine.

The elevator door opens before the two can start fighting again. A low throb of music can be heard in otherwise quiet hallway. Two large doors sit at the end of the hall. Jessica eagerly steps up and flings them open as big wings into the penthouse. The music spills out.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT

The noise level and music assails the senses, second only to the crush of bodies in the room.



A big window fills one wall, showcasing the lights of the city below. There's a bar set up in a corner, with a bartender madly working to keep up. This is the oil-gifted elite population of Anchorage, the young people who make more money than they know what to do with, the social climbers, the up-and-comers, the been-there-done-thats.

Everyone has a drink in hand, everyone has drugs in their pocket. The friends are popular, sought after, as they make their way through the crowd. A very drunk girl stumbles into Jessica, giggling. She holds a large bottle of champagne in her hand.

DRUNK GIRL

Oooh, look at you! You're cute!

The drunk girl kisses a willing Jessica, open mouthed. Travis laughs and steers the girl away.

TRAVIS

Move along.

She recognizes Travis.

DRUNK GIRL

You sell. You got any for me?

TRAVIS

Maybe later baby.

She kisses Travis and he lets her. He takes the bottle from her, takes a long pull, and walks away. Leah looks on, disgusted. Dylan and Jessica are already arguing again.

DYLAN

I told you, I can't. I have to work tomorrow.

JESSICA

Tomorrow's Sunday! I wanted you to take me shopping.

DYLAN

I'll give you my card and you can go with Leah. You want to keep those diamonds in your ears and your closet full of Gucci, I gotta make an appearance at the office, do some trading.

TRAVIS

You don't trade on Sunday. Insider trading, you mean.

DYLAN

It's Monday somewhere, and Shut the fuck up, by the way.

JESSICA

Fine. I don't want to hear your bullshit when you get the bill. Oh, there's Marcus!

She disappears into the crowd.

JAMIE

Jesus. That girl's got some kick in 'er.

DYLAN

That kick is my foot in her ass if she's not careful. Money and coke. She lives for it.

TRAVIS

Nothing wrong with that.

DYLAN

I'll send you the bill.

They follow Jessica through the crowd, into the back of the room. MARCUS sits on a couch, girls tucked under each arm. He is a young African-American, shirtless, dripping in gold necklaces and charisma. A diamond flashes in his front tooth. He is all ripped muscle and caramel skin, handsome enough to be a model.

He callously shoves a girl off his lap as Jessica sits down next to him. A table sits in front of him with piles of cocaine, half-laid out lines eagerly snorted by half-naked girls. The rest of the group steps into his space.

MARCUS

'Bout time you showed.

TRAVIS

What is up, my man?

They are familiar in their loose handshake. Dylan steps in, eager and obsequious.

DYLAN

Marcus! How's business? I mean-

MARCUS

You already coked up enough Dylan.  
Calm down. Hyper motherfucker.

Jessica laughs with Marcus, aiming a look at Dylan. Dylan laughs too. He is too high to be hurt.

JAMIE

Marcus.

MARCUS

Texas boy. What up, Leah.

Leah's face is stone. Marcus smiles, his dimples and diamonds lighting up the room. He leans forward, beckoning for the group to gather around his table of cocaine. One of the girls who was sitting with him is shoved aside.

GIRL

Hey!

Marcus grabs her arm and squeezes.

MARCUS

Bitch. Get the fuck out of here.

She whimpers and scampers like an injured animal into an adjacent room. Jamie takes notice.

MARCUS

(to Jamie)

You let a coke whore rule, you lose  
the castle. Got me?

He gives that charming, 100-watt smile again and they slowly sit down with him. Jessica is snorting up line after line, as is Dylan. Travis does a couple lines. Leah stands at the end of the couch, uncomfortable. Jamie sits in a chair, observing, odd man out.

MARCUS

So Trav, we need to talk business.

TRAVIS

Not right now.

MARCUS

Not right now my ass. You don't  
want your girl to hear?

JESSICA

What girl? Travis is the lone wolf.

She giggles at herself and does another line.

JAMIE

Jess, you better ease up. You're gonna give yourself a heart attack.

(to Travis)

You got a new girl? Bring her around. Leah would love to meet...

TRAVIS

No new girl. No girl at all.

His eyes cut over to Leah. She leans against the couch, arms crossed.

MARCUS

I gots something for you all. Be right back. Don't be taking more than your share.

Marcus pushes the drunk coke whore into the adjacent room as she tries to get past him.

LEAH

What kind of business, Trav?

He doesn't look up at her, busily laying out more lines. Dylan jumps up.

DYLAN

I'm amped! I need a drink to mellow me out. Come on Jess.

Jessica ignores him. Jamie is looking back and forth between Leah and Travis, not liking what he sees.

JAMIE

I could use a drink.

Jamie and Dylan walk off towards the bar. Travis slides over to where Leah perches on the arm of the couch.

LEAH

If you go into business with Marcus, I'll never forgive you.

TRAVIS

Why? What is it with you and hating Marcus?

LEAH

It doesn't matter. You don't need to do it is all. You're doing okay, aren't you?

TRAVIS

Okay is just okay. There's always more. I want to take it all the way.

LEAH

All the way in your business means all the way dead. Or all the way in jail.

TRAVIS

Hey, I'm supposed to be the paranoid, coked up drug dealer. Relax. It's all gonna be fine.

Leah isn't satisfied with his answer but is interrupted as Marcus returns.

MARCUS

Leah. You haven't had any of my product. I mean, you haven't had any of *this* product.

LEAH

I don't want what you're selling Marcus. I'm not as stupid as the rest of this party.

MARCUS

You used to like what I was selling.

LEAH

Fuck off.

JESSICA

Hey! Who's stupid?!

TRAVIS

Lee, what's going on?

Jamie and Dylan appear, drinks in hand. Dylan holds a bottle of expensive scotch, which he is drinking like water. Jamie has loosened up, drunk enough that he ignores innuendo between Leah and Travis.

JAMIE

Some party, Marcus!

LEAH

I want to leave. Now.

JAMIE

You wanted to come. I haven't even had a whole drink.

LEAH

I don't fucking care!

Jamie, confused, slowly sets his beer down. Jessica digs in her purse and pulls out a small packet of pills. She hands one to Leah.

JESSICA

Here, you need to calm down.

LEAH

No I don't. I just need to leave. What's this?

JESSICA

I think you've seen a quaalude or two before. It'll take the edge off the coke.

Jessica pops a pill. Leah sighs and takes one too. Marcus stands up.

MARCUS

Y'all can't leave yet. Travis, come talk to me man. The rest of you, take a spin around.

He waves a hand expansively towards the coke-filled table, bar and overall decadence. Looping an arm around Travis' shoulder, they walk off. Jessica and Dylan immediately plop back down.

DYLAN

Come on, sit down.

LEAH

I really don't want to be here.

DYLAN

I think we all get that now.

LEAH

Fine, we can stay, okay? Everyone happy? Good. Jess, fix me up a line.

Jessica cuts a line of cocaine and offers it to Jamie. Jamie shrugs and picks up his discarded beer.

INT. JAMIE AND LEAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jamie and Leah are in bed in their room. Jamie opens one eye and groans. Leah sits up, disheveled. The winter sun hangs low in the bluebird sky, but level with the window, blasting like a solar flare over the bed.

JAMIE

I think I'm dying honey.

LEAH

No, you're fine. I'm the one who's dying. I have to go to work.

JAMIE

Call in sick.

LEAH

I can't. If I call in sick again this month my boss will fire me for sure.

JAMIE

No one fires you, baby. Quit. I have enough money for us. Slope has so many shifts.

LEAH

That would be your money. Not ours. And you are gone enough already.

JAMIE

If you married me, it would be ours.

This conversation isn't new. Leah pulls away from Jamie's protests, shaking her head slightly. She walks into the living room where Travis is passed out on the couch, wearing nothing but boxers and white tube socks. She pours coffee and brings a cup to Travis, who doesn't open his eyes.

LEAH

Good morning.

TRAVIS

No such thing as a good morning.

LEAH

You going to work today?

Travis partially sits up and takes a sip of coffee.

TRAVIS

Maybe. I've been thinking about quitting.

LEAH

You love your job.

TRAVIS

And I think my executive sales skills can be better used elsewhere, ya know?

LEAH

I don't think that's why you got promoted. I'm not so sure about that Travis.

(pause)

How much coke did you do last night? More than I have ever seen you do.

TRAVIS

Uh, I think you're confusing me with yourself honey! I didn't do that much. I don't do it every day anyway. That's for junkies. Leah, this is more money than I've ever made in my life. And now Marcus wants to partner with me. In a year, I could have a cool million stashed away. Then maybe I could finally talk you into running away with me.

LEAH

I am begging you, don't do this. Marcus is shit, and you know that.

TRAVIS

What was that last night?

LEAH

Nothing.

TRAVIS

Nothing doesn't make you cry.

LEAH

I don't want to talk about it.

TRAVIS

Ugh, it's so bright in here. You live on the goddamn sun.



TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Fine then, Leah, so what about that running away together then? Can we talk about that?

LEAH

Travis. Jamie is in the next room. You know he hates it when you talk like that. You are my best friend, and for some reason that is a complication. Nothing more.

TRAVIS

I don't think it has to be complicated. Oh, and don't tell Jess I'm your best friend. She'll lose her shit.

Leah gets up and goes into the kitchen. Travis sits up fully.

TRAVIS

You going to see your mom today?

Leah steps back into the living room.

LEAH

Maybe after work.

TRAVIS

I'm going with you. Your mom loves the shit outta me. I'll pick you up.

LEAH

Yeah, she does. I don't know why.

TRAVIS

At least somebody does!

Leah pats the top of Travis's head.

LEAH

Misery loves company. Yes, please go with me. Now I gotta go to work!

TRAVIS

Tell the oil world I said hello.

INT. XP OILFIELD CORPORATE OFFICE - DAY

Leah walks into a large office space with several cubicles. Everyone is working. She is walking fast, late, coffee in one hand and a bag of pastries in the other.

She quickly scoots into a desk positioned outside a closed office door. The door opens and her boss, Mr. ABRAMS, peeks out.

MR. ABRAMS

Good morning Leah.

LEAH

Good morning.

MR. ABRAMS

I need to see the intake flow charts before 10 please.

LEAH

I'm working on those now, I'll get them to you shortly.

MR. ABRAMS

Thank you.

He starts to close the door and Leah breathes a sigh of relief. Then he opens it again.

MR. ABRAMS

At least clean your nose before you come into work late.

LEAH

I'm sorry, I....

He waves a hand at her and shuts the door. Leah slumps down, head in hands, hungover as hell. Jessica appears in front of her, sipping coffee.

JESSICA

What's Abrams problem? Not like he isn't hungover at work half the time. You know he wants to fuck me? I'm thinking about letting him. Write it off at the end of the year in my taxes, charity work.

Leah laughs and then winces as the laugh hurts her head. She hands a donut from the bag to Jessica.

LEAH

God I need a different job.

JESSICA

You and me both. Mmm this is good. Who says cocaine kills your senses.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Actually, if things work out, I might be able to leave this job, too.

LEAH

Dylan doing that well?

JESSICA

Dylan is investing all our money in some crazy stock. I don't know what it is. He's already starting to see some returns. It's gonna be big Leah. Really big.

(leaning in)

Gonna get me new titties. Abrams will shit himself.

LEAH

Don't you both make enough money already? How much bigger can it be?

Jessica demonstrates the size cup she intends for herself.

JESSICA

Huge. Like mansion on the hill huge. Maserati huge. Or maybe a Delorean, I'd love one of those! I'm talking the big money Lee, I'm tired of all this small-time shit. And if Dylan can't give me the next level, maybe I need a change.

LEAH

What do you mean?

JESSICA

Something else, someone else.

LEAH

What? You and Dylan have been together forever. You love him.

Mr. Abrams watches the two women from his office window. Jessica licks the powdered sugar from her finger tips.

JESSICA

You and Travis were together forever. You loved him.

LEAH

That's different. Travis and I were kids. And I still love him! Just not...

JESSICA

Right. And you've moved on. Jamie's a good guy, isn't he?

LEAH

Yes, he's awesome. It's hard sometimes though. He's not from here, and it's like he has one foot out the door sometimes.

JESSICA

That might not be a bad thing. I'm just tired of fighting with Dylan, ya know?

LEAH

Yeah, I know.

A pear-shaped girl, PEGGY, from a cubicle positioned in the hallway pops her head up.

PEGGY

Now you both know, how about you shut up and get some work done?

Jessica casually raises a hand up high and flips the girl off.

JESSICA

Fuck off Peggy. Go back to your piddly little numbers crunching job, and if you want to still *have* a job tomorrow, I suggest you think twice before you talk to an executive assistant like that.

PEGGY huffs and sits back down.

JESSICA

(back to Leah)

Nerds. Right?

LEAH

I need something for this headache.

Jessica opens her palm to reveal a small baggie of coke.

JESSICA

Come on, bathroom break!

Leah eagerly gets up, wincing as she moves too fast. They walk companionably towards the bathroom.

JESSICA  
One headache cure, coming right up!  
(to Peggy)  
You dropped this hon.

Jessica flips her off again.

INT. LEAH'S DESK-DAY

Leah is typing away on her computer when the phone on her desk rings.

LEAH  
Leah Kendall.

MALE VOICE  
What are you wearing, Leah  
Kendall..?

LEAH  
You're a pervert Travis.

TRAVIS  
Aren't you done working for the man  
yet?

Leah looks up at the ticking clock on the wall above her.

LEAH  
Five more minutes. Where are you?

INT. PHONE BOOTH-DAY

TRAVIS  
Just out here waiting for you.  
Still heading to your mom's?

LEAH  
Yeah, be down in a few.

EXT. XP OILFIELD CORPORATE OFFICE - DAY

Leah steps out a revolving front door. Travis stands outside his car, which is double-parked in a loading zone.

TRAVIS  
Come on! I don't wanna get a  
ticket. I didn't want you to have  
to walk down to the parking garage.  
Get in princess Leah, lets go. It's  
freezing.

LEAH  
Don't call me that dumb nickname.

INT. TRAVIS'S CAR - DAY

Travis revs the engine and looks at Leah over his stylish and very expensive sunglasses as they peel out and onto the main road. The Trans Am swerves and slides across the ice, almost hitting a parked car on the way out.

LEAH

Lot of car, Trav.

TRAVIS

Purchased with profits from your very own nose candy, my love. Well, the down payment anyway. It's not my full-time gig, yet.

LEAH

And it shouldn't be. God, look at me, I'm all stressed out. You know how I get about seeing her.

Travis reaches across and pops open the glove box. A baggie of marijuana with a couple rolled joints falls into Leah's lap.

TRAVIS

I know. Here.

Leah smiles and lights up.

The car swerves onto a snowy street, slowing as it approaches a shabby trailer with the number 32 spray painted to the right of the front door. There are trash bags piled out front and tin foil covering the windows. Leah takes big hit off the joint in her hand.

TRAVIS

We going in?

Leah exhales and the smoke escapes out the partially open window. A small native woman opens the front door and trips on the top step. The woman has a beer can in one hand and a trash bag in the other. She flings the bag atop the pile of accumulated trash. She looks worn, tired. She doesn't notice the car and goes back inside.

LEAH

Let's just go.

Travis puts a hand on her shoulder, which she shoves off. He sighs and puts the car in drive, slowly cruising down the street.

TRAVIS

Remember when we were little? When she used to make us cookies?

LEAH

I remember.

TRAVIS

And she took us berry-picking. She's the only reason I know a blueberry from a crowberry.

LEAH

I know all this.

TRAVIS

She isn't all bad, Leah. She's still your mom.

LEAH

Thanks for the advice. I'm here, aren't I. I saw her. She's alive. Let's go.

TRAVIS

You ever bring Jamie here?

LEAH

No, you've seen where he comes from.

TRAVIS

Yeah. I'll take you back after we stop for a drink.

EXT. XP OILFIELD CORPORATE BUILDING - DUSK

Jessica steps out from the revolving doors of the building, looking right and left. She wraps her fur coat tight around her. Frustrated, she starts walking.

A car drives up next to her, a cherry red porsche carrera with custom wheels and bass throbbing from the interior. The driver rolls down his window and leans out. It's Marcus.

MARCUS

Hey little mama. You need a ride?

JESSICA

Marcus! Dylan was supposed to pick me up from work, he's fucking late as usual.

MARCUS

I can drive you.

JESSICA

I was just gonna walk over to the Monkey Wharf and get a drink, wait for his dumb ass.

MARCUS

(laughing)

The Monkey Wharf?! That dump?

JESSICA

Well its fucking cold and it's close by. You want to buy me a drink or what?

Marcus quickly slides his car into a parking spot on the street corner and jumps out, rubbing his hands together as he joins her on the snowy sidewalk.

JESSICA

It's so fucking cold!

MARCUS

Colder than a white girl's titty.

Jessica looks a little uncomfortable, then Marcus laughs and so does she. He pulls out a joint and lights it, taking a hit and passing it over to her.

MARCUS

Uptight little mama, working in an office all day.

JESSICA

A little.

She takes a deep, experienced inhale and then lets it out.

MARCUS

Why you wanna work there anyway? Bunch of fat old men, pawing to get in that kitty.

JESSICA

They might be fat old men but they aren't hard to work with. I keep them in line. And I make good money there.

MARCUS

There's good money, and then there's *good* money.



MARCUS (CONT'D)

I always figured you'd go off to New York, be a model. You always talked about it. You're tall enough, skinny enough.

Marcus pokes her ribs. Jessica playfully pushes his hands away.

MARCUS

Beautiful as fuck.

JESSICA

Marcus.

They stop in front of a bar which has a flashing blue neon sign above it with the words MONKEY WHARF. As they enter, Marcus flicks the joint at a bundled and sleeping homeless man.

MARCUS

Smoke up.

INT. MONKEY WHARF - DAY

The Monkey Wharf is a dive bar, with dark warped wood, dirty tables and dim lights that haven't been cleaned in year. The big draw is behind the bar, where a large wall of plexiglass lines the entire back wall. Behind the plexiglass, a group of small rhesus monkeys with sad eyes and a bad attitudes hunch in a corner together.

The monkeys periodically screech and fling monkey crap onto the already shit-caked glass. People love it, laughing as the monkeys bare their teeth. Marcus makes a face at the smell and steers Jessica to a table in the corner. He waves at the waitress, who brightens when she sees who it is.

MARCUS

Where's the old man anyway?

JESSICA

I don't know. He was supposed to pick me up at five.

MARCUS

It's almost six.

JESSICA

I know! And even worse, he's driving MY car. He could at least be on time to pick me up in my own car.

MARCUS

Damn straight he could. That's not cool.

JESSICA

He does a lot of things that aren't cool.

The waitress interrupts, setting down two Mai-tais in faded red plastic coconut shaped glasses and two shots.

WAITRESS

Hey Marcus. How you doing?

MARCUS

Hey.

WAITRESS

You got anything for me today?

Marcus gives her an angry look.

MARCUS

Do I look like I want to do business right now?

She backs away, a little scared at his tone.

WAITRESS

Sorry, sorry. Let me know if you need anything else.

JESSICA

Life of a businessman, huh?

MARCUS

Every day. Work never ends.

JESSICA

I should get home.

MARCUS

For what? You think Dylan is waiting home for you? He's too busy with the stock market up his ass. Let me take you to dinner.

JESSICA

Where?

MARCUS

Anywhere you want.

INT. CLUB PARIS RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Travis and Leah sit in a booth. Leah nurses a drink, Travis is eating a large steak.

LEAH

I thought we were getting a drink.

TRAVIS

Uh, you have a drink. And I was hungry. Bite?

He waves his steak filled fork at her and she turns her head.

TRAVIS

Leah. Why do you let your mom upset you like that? I mean, sure she's got problems. We all do. But she's not some terrible person.

LEAH

I know that. I just hate being...part of her, of it.

TRAVIS

Part of what? You mean being part native?

Leah looks down, ashamed but defiant.

TRAVIS

Does Jamie know you were born in the village?

LEAH

Keep your mouth shut Travis, okay?

TRAVIS

Why would you want to be with someone who makes you ashamed of who you are? Of who WE are? That's a fucking mess, Leah.

Leah starts to give an angry response, then sees Jessica walking in. She jumps up, waving.

LEAH

Jess! What are you doing?

She pauses as Marcus comes in behind Jessica. Travis raises an eyebrow at Jessica, who looks back defensively.

TRAVIS

Well well well.

Jessica and Marcus make their way to the table. Jessica hugs Leah and sits down.

JESSICA

Dylan didn't show up to pick me up from work! Fucker. Thank God Marcus happened to be driving by.

TRAVIS

Yes, good thing he just *happened* to come by.

Marcus squeezes Travis' shoulder and sits down. He looks at Leah like a shark after bait. Leah is not pleased.

MARCUS

There I was, minding my own business and I see Jessica in a snow drift!

Leah turns to Jessica.

LEAH

Where's Dylan?

JESSICA

I have no idea. Maybe I should go call him.

Jessica glances towards the payphone on the wall, where a patron languishes, in the midst of what looks to be a long conversation. Marcus extracts a large cellular phone from the interior of his coat.

MARCUS

Here. Try my new mobile phone.

LEAH

What the hell is that?! I didn't know anyone even had those yet!

TRAVIS

I saw a thing on the news about those. They say they're gonna be the latest thing.

Jessica gingerly takes the phone from Marcus' hand and looks at it suspiciously.

JESSICA

The latest thing, huh? I don't see how anyone will ever use these. Only rich people can afford them. Or drug dealers.

Jessica punches a number to the phone and raises it to her ear, eyes lighting up as it starts ringing.

JESSICA

Oh it works!

MARCUS

Of course it does. I'm telling you, someday everyone will have these.

LEAH

No way. It's just a fad.

JESSICA

I got the machine.

She ends the call and hands the phone back to Marcus, who tucks it back into his coat. Marcus leans towards Travis.

MARCUS

Actually, I'm glad to see you, man. We need to finish our conversation from the other night, finalize things.

LEAH

Travis, don't. Let's go.

MARCUS

This ain't your business, girl.

LEAH

My friends are my business, Marcus. And you aren't my friend.

TRAVIS

Hey now. It's all right. Marcus and I have been talking about a business partnership. That's all.

MARCUS

In fact, my man, let me give you this as a sample. You let me know if you like it, if you think you can market that.

He palms a small plastic bag into Travis' hand. Travis doesn't look at it, just pockets it.

MARCUS

I gotta go. You call me this weekend and we'll work things out. Jess, you comin' with me?

Jessica glances at Leah's stoney face, then turns.

JESSICA

I thought we were having dinner.

MARCUS

Nah, let's leave these two to their thing. Let's go somewhere better. Crow's Nest for some lobster. That's how I roll out for my top girl.

Jessica eagerly jumps up and waves casually to Leah and Travis as she walks away. Leah is glaring at their backs.

LEAH

I can't believe you.

TRAVIS

Leah. It's a business opportunity. And Marcus isn't a bad guy.

LEAH

Yes. He is a bad guy.

TRAVIS

Why? Because he deals drugs, just like I do? Am I a bad guy?

LEAH

You don't understand.

TRAVIS

Then explain it to me. Help me understand, Lee? What is it about Marcus?

She is silent.

TRAVIS

I put in my notice at the car dealership. I'm going to partner with Marcus. Full-time. He's moving some new stuff in. Different stuff.

LEAH

Why the hell would you do that Travis? It's one thing to have fun, but you forget, this is all illegal shit.

TRAVIS

And YOU forget, you are just as quick to shove a line up your nose as anyone else. Don't be a fucking hypocrite Leah.

Leah angrily stands up.

LEAH

I'll tell you the same thing I told Marcus, since you and he are on the same level now. FUCK you, Travis. Fuck you.

She walks out, leaving Travis sitting alone at the table. He sits for a minute, then reaches over for Leah's drink and downs it.

TRAVIS

Fuck you, Leah. Cheers.  
And fuck love too.

INT. JESSICA AND DYLAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jessica quietly enters the apartment she shares with Dylan. It is almost a cookie-cutter of Leah and Jamie's place, with a similar Nagel print on and a black leather couch. The difference is the lack of pride, the litter of take-out boxes, overflowing ashtrays and dirty dishes it's main decor.

Dylan is passed out on the couch. Jessica is swaying, getting her bearings. Finally, she nudges Dylan with her foot. He stirs.

JESSICA

Where were you? Dylan! Where were you asshole?

DYLAN

Me? Where the fuck were you. I got to your work, you were gone.

JESSICA

I waited for almost 30 minutes. You didn't show!

She walks over to the kitchen and pours a drink from a bottle on the counter.

DYLAN

I was only 10 minutes late.

JESSICA

Fucking liar.

DYLAN

I was working!

Jessica slams down her drink, frustrated.

JESSICA

Fuck this stupid trading scheme.  
You're nothing but a make-believe  
stockbroker Dylan. Don't forget, I  
remember when you were a dirty  
grease monkey working in a garage.  
You're still a grease monkey  
underneath that three piece suit.

Dylan gets up and grabs her, shoving her against the wall.

DYLAN

Don't fucking talk to me like that!

They get into a shoving match until Jessica breaks away.

JESSICA

Stop it! Stop. I want out. I don't  
want to be with you anymore. I'm  
done with you.

DYLAN

Jess, you have to give me a chance.  
In three weeks, I promise, we are  
gonna have more money than you can  
imagine. I'll get you everything  
you want. We'll move to a bigger  
place, a nicer place. Get a  
housekeeper. I know you like nice  
things, I know you need more. I can  
give you all of it.

He presses her hard against the wall and rests his face into her shoulder. He starts to cry. Jessica softens and puts her arms around him, drunkenly.

DYLAN

I need you Jess.

JESSICA

Okay. But don't fuck this all up.

DYLAN

Foolproof baby. Like us.

Jessica closes her eyes against the guilt and lets Dylan do what he wants. They sink down the wall and to the floor. Dylan fucks a limp and lifeless Jessica.



INT. XP OILFIELD CORPORATE OFFICE - DAY

Leah is sitting at her desk, frustrated with a page of white out she is using on a large typewriter. Jessica sits on her desk.

JESSICA

Are you mad at me?

LEAH

No. I'm just busy.

JESSICA

Come on. We're never busy here.  
What's wrong?

Leah stops typing and sighs.

LEAH

I'm not mad. I don't like that  
you've been hanging out with  
Marcus, that's all.

JESSICA

What's wrong with Marcus? You  
obviously hate him but you won't  
ever say why.

LEAH

I just don't like him.

JESSICA

(whispering)  
'Cause he *sells drugs*?

LEAH

That's part of it, yes.

Jessica laughs.

JESSICA

Oh come on Lee! He sells, we buy.  
So silly, Leah.

LEAH

He just..... Marcus is for Marcus.  
He always has been.

JESSICA

Maybe. I don't really see that. I  
don't know why you have such a  
problem with him. You used to be  
friends with him.

LEAH

Do you, do you remember when he took me to prom? I was a freshman and he was a junior. I....

JESSICA

What? What about it?

Jessica's boss, Mr. DAVIES, comes around the corner. He is a heavysset, red-faced man in his early 50's, with a bad comb-over and a leering grin. He appears to be a little drunk from his three martini lunch.

MR. DAVIES

Jessica, where were you?!

JESSICA

Sorry Mr. Davies, I was just asking Leah about those flow charts she was working on.

MR. DAVIES

Flow chart-schmo chart. You girls need to have some fun. Lighten up, you're young! Jessica, can I get you to come help me with some *dictation* in a minute?

Jessica giggles.

JESSICA

Sure thing Ed, I mean, Mr. Davies.

He turns and makes his way back to his office, staggering slightly. Leah looks round-eyed at Jessica.

LEAH

(whispering loudly)  
Are you *sleeping* with him?

JESSICA

What? Gross, no. But I give him blowjobs sometimes. And he gives me a big fat bonus every month!

LEAH

Are you kidding? What the hell, Jess. It's like I don't even know you anymore.

JESSICA

Really best friend? Because you're the one who's been acting weird.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

You never used to care who I was fucking, or who you were fucking for that matter. When did you get so uptight?

Jessica turns and walks down the hallway towards her office.

LEAH

Wait, Jess!

Jessica pivots on her heel, slowly turning.

LEAH

I'm sorry. You're right.

Jessica doesn't respond, just looks at her.

LEAH

Let's go out tonight. Girls night. Jamie's on the slope, Dylan's probably working. Come on.

JESSICA

I don't know. Are you over being so judgemental?

LEAH

No more judging. I promise.

She raises her hand in a girl scout salute and Jessica cracks a smile.

JESSICA

Give me ten minutes to take care of old Ed's *dictation* problem.

Leah laughs in spite of herself as Jessica winks and walks off.

INT. SHILOH CLUB - NIGHT

Leah and Jessica are standing at the bar, drinks in hand. Travis saunters up, followed by Marcus.

TRAVIS

What are you lovely ladies doing out on a Wednesday night? Don't you have to work tomorrow?

JESSICA

Well duh, it's Ladie's Night! Free Tequila Sunrises all night for us girls!

TRAVIS

Free liquored up women? It's more  
like guy's night.

She raises her glass and cheers Travis. Leah is trying to ignore him. Travis leans up on her and puts an arm around her.

TRAVIS

Lee. Leelee. Come on. Don't be mad  
at me. Look what I have for you.

He pulls out a rather large baggie of cocaine and sets it in front of her. Jessica grabs it eagerly and puts it in her purse. Marcus smiles at both girls, pausing a moment to gaze at Leah, who studiously avoids his eyes. Jessica grabs Leah's arm.

JESSICA

Come on! Off to the girl's room!  
You guys don't go anywhere. We want  
to dance!

She drags Leah off behind her. Marcus and Travis watch them walk away.

TRAVIS

There's nothing going on with you  
and Jessica, is there?

MARCUS

Son, you know I never kiss and  
tell.

TRAVIS

That's not right, man.

MARCUS

Oh come on, Travis. You wouldn't  
take a slice of Leah if she offered  
it? I sure would. That Leah, she's  
a fine piece of ass.

TRAVIS

Shut up.

MARCUS

Oh I see how it is. You still got a  
thing for her, don't you. So you  
don't need to worry about what  
might or might not be going on with  
me and Jessica.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Leah and Jessica stand in the bathroom, amidst girls primping, smoking weed, drinking and doing lines of coke. Jessica lays out two lines on the counter and they both quickly do them. She lays out two more.

LEAH

No. I've had enough.

JESSICA

Since when is enough, enough? Come on! Marcus has some good shit.

Leah shakes her head. One of the other party girls leans over.

GIRL

If she doesn't want it, I'll take it!

JESSICA

Shove off, sister. Come on Lee. We haven't had fun together in a long time.

LEAH

Yeah, you're too busy having fun with Marcus.

JESSICA

What's your damage, Leah? Why do you have such a problem with Marcus? He gives us coke anytime we want, and he doesn't have to do that. He's our friend.

LEAH

He is not my friend.

JESSICA

Oh so it's okay to use him when you want drugs? Don't be such a hypocrite, Leah.

Jessica storms out of the bathroom. Leah is left alone, looking at herself in the mirror. She wipes a small trace of coke from her nose, sniffing.

LEAH

I've been called that more than once recently.

Leah steps out of the bathroom and makes her way back over to the bar. She touches Jessica's arm and mouths "sorry" at her. Jessica smiles and squeezes her shoulder. The "Electric slide" song comes on. Jessica squeals.

JESSICA

Ohhh!! This is my favorite! Come on guys! Lets go dance.

MARCUS

Wait, wait I have something for y'all first. Something new.

Marcus takes out a handful of small white pills. He places one under Jessica's tongue. He hands two to Travis and pops one in his own mouth. Travis turns to Leah.

TRAVIS

Try this. It's amazing. And its legal. Well its not illegal yet anyway.

LEAH

What is it? I don't like pills.

TRAVIS

It's called ecstasy. Marcus had it shipped up from his cousin in Florida. It just makes you happy, makes you feel sexy.

Leah shakes her head and pushes his hand away from her face.

LEAH

I don't know.

TRAVIS

I'm not going to give you anything that would hurt you Lee. Come on. It's fun. Just fun, that's all.

Leah cautiously opens her mouth and lets Travis place the pill under her tongue. He smiles and grabs her hand as they go join Marcus and Jessica on the dance floor, as the whole crowd executes perfectly orchestrated dance moves to the song.

Things get hazy. Time seems to move in slow-motion. They are all dancing, everything is a little out of control. Leah doesn't resist when Travis puts another pill in her mouth. She looks over at one point and sees Jessica and Marcus kissing. Then Travis kisses her.

LEAH

Wait...no...

TRAVIS

Why not? It's you and me Lee. You  
and me. It always has been.

Leah gives in.

MARCUS

Let's get out of here man.

The group leaves, Travis leading a very messed up Leah in  
tow.

EXT. PRUDHOE BAY - OUTSIDE OIL RIG - NIGHT

Jamie trudges outside in the night air, dressed in full cold  
weather gear, the air frosting his eyelashes and eyebrows. It  
is a desolate landscape, with an oil rig looming against the  
moonlit sky. The men are finishing their 12 hour shift,  
working in the days that are night, trying not to freeze.

Jamie and his co-workers trudge towards an open doorway, a  
warming beacon that leads them inside and towards home. One  
of the guys claps Jamie on the back, slowing him from his  
fast walk towards freedom.

CO-WORKER

Can't wait to leave us? What, you  
don't love us no more southern boy?

Jamie matches his walk to his co-workers, smiling.

JAMIE

If you were going home to what I  
have, you'd hurry too.

CO-WORKER

She's something special, huh?

JAMIE

She's the one.

INT. MARCUS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Travis and Leah lie together on Marcus' couch. They are  
kissing hungrily. Leah pulls her shirt off over her head,  
moaning. Travis buries his face in her neck.

EXT. PRUDHOE BAY - OUTSIDE OIL RIG

CO-WORKER

You're lucky. Most of us have been married and divorced twice by your age. This job does that. Women get lonely.

JAMIE

Not mine. She's perfect. I couldn't do any better than Leah.

INT. MARCUS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Travis lays a line out on Leah's stomach. She laughs as he snorts it. He fucks her, and she is loving it, clawing at his back, arching against him. She screams as she comes.

EXT. PRUDHOE BAY - OUTSIDE OIL RIG

CO-WORKER

Like I said, lucky man.

JAMIE

The luckiest.

They enter the building, ready to start their R&R.

INT. JAMIE AND LEAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

The front door opens and a disheveled Leah steps inside. Jamie is there, back to her, on the phone. He turns as she comes in, frantic.

JAMIE

Wait, she just walked in. No, no I'll call you later.

He hangs up and can't seem to figure out what to say. She acts like nothing is wrong, walking into the kitchen and starting the coffee, but will not look at Jamie.

JAMIE

Are you okay? The hell have you been? You were supposed to pick me up!

LEAH

I'm sorry. I thought you were coming in later tonight. Jessica and I went out last night. I crashed with her.



JAMIE

Oh really? That's interesting because I just got off the phone with Dylan and he said Jessica didn't come home last night either.

LEAH

We stayed at her sister's house! We were on that side of town. What is this?

JAMIE

I could ask you the same thing. What is going on with you Leah?

LEAH

Nothing! I told you, we all stayed at Jessica's sister's.

JAMIE

We all?

LEAH

Me, Jess, Travis-

JAMIE

Travis was there? Here we go.

LEAH

Yes Travis was there. He's my friend, Jamie. You know that. JUST my friend.

Leah takes a sip of coffee with shaky hands. Jamie knocks the cup out of her hand, splashing hot coffee everywhere. Leah is shocked, as Jamie has never shown an ounce of violence toward her.

LEAH

What the hell?! What is wrong with you?

JAMIE

Fuck! I'm sorry. This is a mess, all of it. Your friends.

LEAH

My friends? They're our friends.

JAMIE

No. They're always your friends first.

LEAH

Are you jealous of Travis?

JAMIE

Should I be? You've never forgotten to pick me up before, Lee. You've never stayed out all night. Look me in the eye and tell me I don't have anything to worry about and I will drop it forever. Go ahead, tell me Leah!

Leah pushes past him and storms towards the bathroom.

LEAH

I don't have time for this. I have to get ready for work.

JAMIE

You just can't fully let me into your life, can you.

INT. XP OILFIELD CORPORATE OFFICE - DAY

Jessica sits at her desk. She is doodling on a notepad, big letter "M"s and smiley faces. She looks up as Leah walks past her.

JESSICA

You're late.

LEAH

I don't care.

Leah looks terrible. She's wearing last night's dress with mascara racooned around her eyes.

JESSICA

Good God. Did you even go home?

LEAH

What happened last night Jess?

JESSICA

You don't remember?

LEAH

Not... not really. Did you go home?

JESSICA

No I didn't go home. I stayed with Marcus.

Leah starts to say something. Jessica puts a hand up.

JESSICA

No more judging, remember? Besides,  
you have no room to talk now.

LEAH

Jamie is really pissed.

Jessica shrugs.

JESSICA

He'll get over it.

LEAH

Maybe. I'm not sure I will though.

She slowly walks towards her office, Jessica looking after her.

INT. JESSICA AND DYLAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Jessica enters her apartment building foyer. There's a janitor slowly mopping the floor, and he watches her as she walks by. She gives him a dirty look.

JANITOR

Hey there pretty lady.

JESSICA

Get lost.

Jessica steps into the elevator. It stays open. She punches at the buttons repeatedly, frustrated.

JANITOR

It's broken.

The janitor points to a small handwritten sign is duct-taped to the wall "Elevator broke. Use Stairs"

JESSICA

Fucking great. As If I'm not tired  
enough.

She slams open the industrial door that leads to the stairs, slowly trekking up several flights till she reaches her floor. She walks down a dark hallway and fits her key into the door. She starts to open the door, but something is blocking it. She pushes against it.

JESSICA

Dylan! Open the door, what the-

Dylan peeks through the crack of the open door.

DYLAN

Oh you want in now. You don't even bother to come home last night and you want in.

JESSICA

Oh come on. I stayed the night with Leah!

DYLAN

Don't fucking lie to me Jess! I talked to Jamie, he said Leah never came home either.

JESSICA

We stayed at my sisters! Jesus!  
Open the goddamned door!

Jessica starts pushing and kicking at the door. She manages to reach an arm through and grabs at Dylan's laughing face. He grabs her arm and shoves, trying to slam the door. It catches on her arm and she screams, falling back. One of the neighbors, without opening their door, yells "You better stop or I'm gonna call the cops!" Dylan opens the door and steps out.

DYLAN

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to....

JESSICA

(crying hysterically)  
My arm! I think it's broken!

Dylan looks around and sees a couple neighbors heads peeking out. He puts an arm around Jessica and maneuvers her towards the door. She is hold her arm and crying hard.

DYLAN

Come on, get inside.

INT. JESSICA AND DYLAN'S APT. - DAY

He gets her in, pushing past a large dresser blocking the door. He brings her into their apartment, sitting her on the couch. He starts manipulating her arm.

DYLAN

You're okay, see? It's not broken.

JESSICA

It doesn't matter.

DYLAN

What do you mean it doesn't matter?

JESSICA

It's not broken, I am. I'm tired  
Dylan. I'm tired of the fights. I'm  
tired of living like this.

Dylan kneels in front of her. He puts his hands on each side of her face, smearing the tears and mascara that coat her cheeks.

DYLAN

Baby, remember, I'm a grease monkey  
under it all. Nothing broke I can't  
fix. Baby, I love you.

Jessica shakes her head and tries to pull away, but he tightens his grip.

DYLAN

Listen, listen to me. I wasn't  
gonna tell you till I had it all in  
hand, but things are changing for  
us.

JESSICA

Changing? Nothing is changing.

DYLAN

No, no they are! Look at me babe. I  
did it Jess.

He scrambles over to the kitchenette and grabs a manila folder. He starts showing Jessica paperwork.

DYLAN

I took a risk. I invested all of  
it.

JESSICA

All of what?

DYLAN

All our savings, everything I've  
been socking away. I got the  
information on this great deal,  
it's gonna net millions.

JESSICA

What?! What the hell? What have you  
done?

DYLAN

Look!

He shoves the paper at her, pointing

DYLAN

When I sell on Monday, its gonna be huge.

Jessica looks unsure. She grabs the paper out of his hand.

JESSICA

Are you sure about this?

DYLAN

We're in the big time now. You and me.

JESSICA

I don't...I don't believe it.

DYLAN (frantic)

I know! Its pretty unbelievable. But it's true. No more crappy job for you. We can move out of here, into a big house up on the hill! We're gonna have everything Jessica, I promise. I'll take you to Vegas, fuck, let's get married there! It's gonna be good now, baby. It's gonna be perfect.

Jessica crumples against him, wanting to believe.

JESSICA

Oh Dylan.

Dylan soothes her, hugging her. Jessica kisses Dylan with new commitment. Behind them, the smudged window looks out onto sideways falling, building snow.

INT. SHILOH BAR - NIGHT

Travis is sitting inside the smoky, dark bar. He has a shot and a beer in front of him. He takes a sip of beer, then downs the shot quickly. He is pensive. Marcus enters and comes up behind him.

MARCUS

Hey man, what's happenin'

TRAVIS

Not much.

He doesn't look at Marcus. Marcus claps him on the back.

MARCUS

Come on man, you upset about last night?

MARCUS (CONT'D)

It was just one of those things.  
Nobody forced anybody into  
anything.

TRAVIS

I'm not so sure Leah wanted to.

MARCUS

How long have you known Leah?

TRAVIS

I dunno, third grade.

MARCUS

You ever seen Leah do anything she  
didn't want to do?

TRAVIS

I don't know.

MARCUS

Girls like Leah, they pretend to be  
so high and mighty, act like  
they're special ass bitches. They  
pretend they don't want what every  
whore wants. But underneath it,  
they just do.

TRAVIS

What the fuck are you talking about  
man?

Marcus gestures to the bartender, a well-worn woman with  
breasts spilling out of a tight t-shirt.

BARTENDER

Marcus. What's you want, babe?

MARCUS

Same as my partner here, a beer and  
a shot.

Travis gestures another round towards himself and the  
bartender complies.

TRAVIS

I need more than a shot.

Marcus casually flips a baggy towards him. Travis shoves it  
quickly into his pocket.

TRAVIS

Don't be so obvious.

MARCUS

Nobody cares man. Don't put all that candy up your own nose, remember you gotta pay for what you use.

TRAVIS

Sure, I know.

MARCUS

You say you know, but do you know.

The bartender comes over and sets down their drinks. She leans over towards Marcus, flirting.

BARTENDER

So you got anything for me?

MARCUS

I don't know sweet stuff. You got anything for ME?

The bartender smiles. She walks over to the barback and taps his shoulder, letting him take over. Marcus gets up to follow her and she walks towards a back hallway.

TRAVIS

What about Jessica?

MARCUS

What about her?

TRAVIS

I thought-

MARCUS

You thought we was all Romeo and Juliet like you and Leah? That shit's all in your head man, life ain't that. Jessica knows that, she knows me.

Marcus leaves to tend to his own action. Travis grabs the bottle of whiskey sitting on the bar top and pours himself another shot, downing it fast.

INT. JAMIE AND LEAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Leah is in the bathroom, getting ready to go out. Her hands shake as she applies mascara. She stops and digs through her purse, pulling out a small baggy of cocaine and using the tip of a makeup brush to snort a quick blast. Jamie's voice echoes from the living room.



JAMIE (O.S.)  
You almost ready?

LEAH  
I'll be right out!

The phone rings and Leah runs to the bedside phone to grab it.

LEAH  
I'll get it! Probably Jessica!

She picks up, plopping down on the side of the bed.

On the phone-

LEAH  
Hey!

TRAVIS  
Hey yourself.

Leah glances furtively towards the bedroom door, fingers twisting furiously into the phone cord.

LEAH  
Why are you calling here?

TRAVIS  
What, I can't call you now?

JAMIE  
Tell Jess we'll meet them at  
'Koots!

LEAH  
Okay! Okay baby. One second!

TRAVIS  
Should I meet you guys at 'Koots?

LEAH  
Travis. Please. I'm trying to keep  
my life together here. My head is  
all messed up. You aren't helping!

TRAVIS  
I can't believe that what happened  
was just the drugs talking. I won't  
believe that.

Leah slams down the phone and puts her face in her hands.  
Jamie comes down the hall, standing in the doorway.

JAMIE  
What's wrong?

Leah jumps up and swipes at her face.

LEAH  
(feigned smile)  
Nothing! Let's go.

EXT. CHILKOOT CHARLIE'S - NIGHT

Jamie and Leah stand in line to get into The World Famous Chilkoot Charlie's bar. A tall, neon lined windmill stands out front and casts a warm glow. It is dark and smoke-filled, with large bouncers at the door scrutinizing ID's and collecting cover charges.

LEAH  
I can't believe they are charging a cover now!

JAMIE  
Only on the weekends.

LEAH  
I know, but still.

Leah sees Jessica and Dylan and waves. Jessica waves back eagerly, jumping over the rope that bars the entrance to hug Leah. Jessica grabs Leah's arm and shoves to the front of the line, fluttering her eyelashes at the bouncer.

JESSICA  
Jerry, you know Leah.

The bouncer barely makes eye contact as he waves them in. Jessica kisses him on the cheek.

JESSICA  
You're a peach! Thanks!

INT. CHILKOOT CHARLIE'S - NIGHT

The three of them enter the bar. Loud music pulses from a cover band in the corner. This is a rougher bar than Shiloh Club, an old log cabin converted to cutting edge. Sawdust is scattered on the floor and lights are dim, with a variety of characters pushing their way through the very crowded walkways.

Dylan stands over by a long bar on one side, and the others join him. A harried bartender notices and gestures with his head for them to order.

JAMIE

Four Bud lights and four shots of  
Jaeger.

JESSICA (LEANS IN TO LEAH)

So, are Marcus and Travis coming?

LEAH

How should I know?

JESSICA

What is wrong with you? Come on,  
its no big deal, okay?

LEAH

It's a big deal to me.

Jamie notices the two girls whispering furiously.

JAMIE

What's so serious ladies? Did you  
miss the Nordstrom sale?

Jessica and Leah glare at him.

JESSICA

Come on, Leah, let's go find  
someone to dance with.

The girls disappear into the crowd. Dylan quickly downs his shot and orders another one. Jamie watches Leah as she and Jessica join the crowd on the dance floor.

JAMIE

Has Jessica said anything about  
Leah lately?

DYLAN

Like what? Those girls are always  
saying dumb stuff.

JAMIE

Where do you think they were the  
other night?

Dylan takes a sip of his beer.

DYLAN

Jessica said they stayed at her  
sister's.

JAMIE

That's what Leah said.

DYLAN

You don't believe her.

JAMIE

I don't know.

DYLAN

That wasn't a question, buddy.  
Obviously you don't. What you need  
to ask yourself is why.

JAMIE

Do you believe Jessica?

DYLAN

It doesn't even matter now. As of  
next week, the money is going to be  
flowing in and Jessica and me,  
we're gonna be on easy street. No  
more worries.

He gives a "cheers" to Jamie and downs his beer, then  
gestures for another.

JAMIE

Well, damn, that's good.

DYLAN

Yeah?

JAMIE

Yeah, 'cause that means you're  
buying.

They laugh, grab their beers and push through the crowd,  
towards the girls on the dance floor. Travis is just walking  
in as they walk by.

DYLAN

Trav! Hey man!

Travis joins them as they make their way through the ever-  
growing crush of people. He is obviously high, sniffing and  
red-eyed. He grabs a cigarette out of the hand of a guy  
standing nearby as he walks through, ignoring the shout of  
outrage it generates.

DYLAN

Jesus, man. You got more of that?

TRAVIS

Sure man. Not for free though. I got a business now, you know?

DYLAN

Yeah, yeah okay. But can you spot me till Tuesday?

TRAVIS

(falsetto singing)

Hush, hush..voices carry!

DYLAN

What?

TRAVIS

Till Tuesday. You know!

DYLAN

Oh! Ha, I get it. They suck.

Travis slips him a bag.

TRAVIS

You better be good for it.

Dylan nudges Jamie and gestures at the bag in his fist. Jamie looks at Leah, then back at Travis.

TRAVIS

Don't worry man. I'll keep an eye on your girl. You know she's safe with me.

JAMIE

Is she?

Dylan interrupts by grabbing Jamie's arm.

DYLAN

Come on! We can dance after! Let's go. This one IS on me!

Jamie allows Dylan to pull him away. Travis turns his attention to Leah and Jessica on the dance floor. Leah is dancing with an older guy in cowboy boots, who is leering and grabbing at her. Travis steps in between them.

LEAH

(to older guy)

My guy has boots just like those.

OLDER GUY

Yeah, well these seen a few rodeos  
in my day, honey. Lot of ridin'.

TRAVIS

(fake drawl)

Partner, I'm gonna have to cut in  
here....

The older man blusters for a minute, then is left standing as Leah turns, pushing Travis deeper into the crowd and away from a potential fight. Travis wraps an arm around her waist as they dance.

TRAVIS

You look great.

LEAH

We have to talk.

TRAVIS

We do have to talk! But right now,  
we *really* have to dance!

He spins Leah out and then back against him.

LEAH

We have to talk about this. It's  
not happening!

TRAVIS

It already happened, Leah!

She starts to walk away and Travis grabs her, pulling her close again. Leah jerks away.

LEAH

You are coked out of your mind.  
Sober up, my friend. Before you  
lose everything.

She walks away. Jessica, not noticing the fight, makes her way over to Travis.

JESSICA

Hey there sexy, you got anything  
for me?

Travis wordlessly hands off a small baggie to her. She giggles and clutches it close.

JESSICA

Is Marcus gonna be here?

TRAVIS

Yeah. He should be here anytime.

Jessica kisses his cheek and heads towards the bathroom. Travis stands on the dance floor, alone. He takes another bag of coke out of his pocket and opens it, using a key from his key fob to take a hit. The crowd around him neither notices or cares.

Leah walks towards the bathrooms and is intercepted by Jamie. He grabs her arm and she looks down at his tight grip.

JAMIE

What did he say to you?

LEAH

You're hurting me.

Jamie lets go, ashamed.

JAMIE

Baby, what is going on with us?  
What did I do?

Leah cups his cheek with her hand, gazing at him sadly.

LEAH

Jamie. I love you. It's not you.  
You haven't done anything wrong. I  
just... I have a lot of baggage,  
you know? I don't know if I'm good  
for you.

JAMIE

Good for me? You're perfect for me!

They kiss.

LEAH

Let's go home. Can we just go home?

They head towards the door. Jessica comes out of the bathroom just in time to see them exit, and they don't hear her calling to them. Dylan stands at the bar, downing drinks. Jessica steps up to him.

JESSICA

Where'd they go?

DYLAN

Where'd WHO go? What the fuck are  
you talking about?

JESSICA

You don't have to be so rude.

DYLAN

Ha. You're rude to me every day.

JESSICA

You're drunk.

DYLAN

You drive me to drink!

He laughs raucously and grabs at Jessica. Disgusted, she turns away.

JESSICA

You're wasted. Go home. Don't wait up for me, I'm here to dance.

She walks away, disappearing into the throng on the dance floor. Dylan looks surprised for about a minute, then shakes it off.

DYLAN

Oh you'll see. When that money comes in, you'll want me then, any time I snap my fingers.

He turns and downs another shot, snapping his fingers into the air.

DYLAN

Fucking bitch.

He doesn't see Marcus entering the bar, making his way to Jessica and sliding an arm around her. They start slow dancing. Jessica grabs Marcus' hand and leads him away, while Dylan stands at the bar, back to them, drinking.

EXT. CHILKOOT CHARLIE'S - NIGHT

Jamie and Leah are walking towards Jamie's truck when they hear a commotion. Jamie looks to the parking lot, which has a gathering of people around the tall iconic windmill with its red and white neon lighting up the winter sky.

JAMIE

I think someone is climbing the windmill.

LEAH

What?



It's Travis. Leah breaks from Jamie and runs across the street, ignoring the cars that almost hit her.

LEAH

Travis! Travis what are you doing?!

Travis, scaling up the side of the windmill, looks down. He laughs.

TRAVIS

Leah! Princess Leah! There you are!

LEAH

Travis, come down. Please. Please honey. Come down to me.

TRAVIS

I need to tell you something though! I need to tell you.

LEAH

Come down and you can tell me. Please Trav, you're really high.

TRAVIS

I am really high!

Jamie joins Leah, not sure what's going on.

JAMIE

Hey Travis man. Come on down, what the fuck?

Travis waves wildly.

TRAVIS

Jamie! Jamie you're a good guy. I'm sorry man...I...Leah I gotta tell you!

A crowd grows at the base of the windmill. A SECURITY guard steps up to handle the situation.

SECURITY

Hey fucker! Get down or we're gonna call the cops.

TRAVIS

You my friend, do what you have to do! I need to tell my girl something important. From way up high!

Travis reaches the top, perching like a colorful bird. He lets go and the crowd gasps.

TRAVIS

Leah! Leelee!

LEAH

Trav, oh my God, please come down!

Jessica and Dylan enter the parking lot madness.

JESSICA

What the hell is going on? That Travis? Why is he on the windmill?

Travis laughs and waves. A drunk contingent starts chanting "jump-jump-jump".

JAMIE

Leah, what is he doing?

DYLAN

Jesus Travis! Get down. This is your brain on drugs, man. For sure.

JESSICA

Shut up asshole.

Leah grabs at Jessica's arm as Travis almost loses his balance. She starts to cry.

LEAH

Travis! Come down from there!  
Please.

TRAVIS

In a minute. I need to tell you...

LEAH

What? Tell me what?

Travis' arms pinwheel for a second, causing everyone below to gasp. Leah closes her eyes, then opens them as Travis starts speaking.

TRAVIS

That I still love you Leah! I still love you, and you need to know that I will do anything. Anything for you, even climb a windmill, to prove it.

Leah looks over at Jamie, who's mouth is hanging open. She puts a hand on his arm.

LEAH

He's just drunk Jamie. He doesn't mean....

TRAVIS

What happened the other night, that should show you Lee.

JAMIE

The other night?

LEAH

Oh my God. He gave me a ride home. That's it. He's drunk, and all coked up. He's confused.

JAMIE

Right.

He turns and starts walking away. Leah gives Travis an anguished look.

LEAH

Travis, get down here right now.

Travis seems to sober up abruptly, looking around at all the people laughing and pointing. He sits down on the windmill platform. Someone in the crowd shouts "Get off there!" Travis slowly climbs down. Security grabs him as soon as he steps off.

SECURITY

You're done here for the night, buddy. Go home. Jesus.

They strong arm him off. Leah turns away and walks to Jamie's truck, where he sits waiting.

INT. JAMIE AND LEAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Leah sleepily wanders to the kitchen and starts the coffee. Jamie is flopped on the couch, watching television. The news blares and Leah pays no attention. Jamie is half listening, then suddenly sits straight up.

JAMIE

Leah! Lee come here!

Leah comes around the corner, scowling.

LEAH

What?!

Jamie turns up the volume on the TV. The newscaster on the screen looks harried, frightened.

NEWSCASTER

Once again, Wall Street has suffered an incredible loss today. It started in Hong Kong, then Europe and now here in the U.S. The Dow Jones plummeted 508 points in a single night, and the Nasdaq lost 11 percent. A loss only equal to the stock market crash of 1929. This is just... just horrific and we don't know yet what this is going to mean for the nation.

Leah looks at Jamie, confused.

LEAH

So, what DOES it mean?

JAMIE

I'm not sure what all it means, but it ain't good. Oil prices are contingent on the stock market. If prices go down, we could be fucked.

LEAH

Us?

JAMIE

ALL OF US.

The phone shrills into the silence. They both look at it, surprised at someone calling so early. Leah answers.

LEAH

Hello? Hello? Dylan? Dylan calm down, I can't understand you. Wait... wait he's right here!

She covers the ear piece with her hand.

LEAH

It's Dylan, he's all freaked out. Says it's gone, all gone. What is he talking about?

JAMIE

(groaning)

Oh my God! Dylan.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

He invested everything in the stock market. Everything. He even borrowed money against Jessica's car.

LEAH

What!

Jamie grabs the phone from her and goes into the kitchen, Leah continues to watch the television.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Jamie clutches the phone, speaking softly to calm Dylan.

JAMIE

Take a breath, man. Look we don't know what this really means. I know. I know. No, it doesn't necessarily mean you lost it all... it... Dylan! Come on! Smoke a joint or something, calm down. Dylan? Hello?

He shakes his head and hangs up. He looks into the living room where Leah is watching TV. She doesn't know he is watching her, she doesn't even see him.

INT. DYLAN AND JESSICA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dylan is standing with the phone in his hands. He watches the television footage of the train wreck that was once Wall Street. He is hyperventilating and sobbing. The TV tube shatters as he throws the phone into it.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Jessica is buried under the covers but sits up quickly at the noise. She has eye shades over her face and shoves them up as she leaps out of bed, running into the living room.

JESSICA

Is it an earthquake?

Dylan is sobbing into his hands on the couch.

JESSICA

Dylan? What the fuck is going on? What happened? Dylan you're scaring me!

DYLAN

It's gone Jess. The stock market crashed.

JESSICA

What do you mean? Why did you break the fucking TV? I don't understand!

DYLAN

I wanted to give you a better life. I don't want to lose you, baby I wanted to give you everything.

JESSICA

What. Did. You. Do?

She is slowly backing away from him as he stands and approaches her.

DYLAN

We can work it out. I'll get a new job. I'll get the car back...

JESSICA

Car? Get WHAT car back?

DYLAN

I... I told you. I borrowed against your car. I got a loan. An extra 10k to put in. But I'll get it back, I promise!

JESSICA

It's not even your car!

DYLAN

I would have quadrupled all of our money! I would have if this bullshit hadn't happened!

Dylan grabs the bong on the table and throws it at the television.

JESSICA

Oh my God. Oh my God. My car is gone? What else, what else motherfucker?!

She throws a coffee cup from the table at him and he ducks. It smashes against the wall, breaking.

JESSICA

Savings account?

DYLAN

I used that too. I am so sorry baby. Please Jess...

JESSICA

That was MY savings. It was all I had. That and my car. All I had. Oh God.

She starts to cry and Dylan puts his arms around her.

DYLAN

It'll be okay, I promise. I love you.

She breaks free from his arms, pacing.

JESSICA

It'll be okay? HOW will it be okay? I have nothing now! I have nothing. I don't know what I was thinking even being with you. You are a worthless loser. We're done Dylan. It's over.

DYLAN

No! No, don't say that. Jess! Please, I really need you now. I called work and they said there are investigators sniffing around...I could be in real trouble.

JESSICA

Real trouble for what?

DYLAN

Some of the trading I did. It wasn't really...legit.

JESSICA

What was I thinking? What the hell was I thinking, staying with you? I'm out of here. You made this mess, you sleep in it.

DYLAN

Jessica! No, damnit! Come on!

They begin to struggle. She scratches him across the face, making him scream and reel back. He lunges at her, striking her hard in the face and sending her flying against the door. She lays there sobbing. He starts to go to her but she scrambles up against the door, screaming.

JESSICA

NO! NO! Get away from me!  
You stay away. We are over, OVER!

Jessica bolts out the door, blood from her mouth running down her face. She staggers outside the apartment building, digging for change as she approaches a payphone by the door. She makes a call.

JESSICA

Can you please come get me. Please,  
yes, right now.

She hangs up and sits down on the curb, crying, head in her hands.

INT. DYLAN AND JESSICA'S APARTMENT-DAY

Dylan stares out the living room window. In the parking lot below, Marcus' sleek sports car pulls up. Dylan watches Jessica get into Marcus's ride, then punches through the double-paned window.

DYLAN

Jess! Jess....

Dylan pulls his hand out and he sobs. Blood drips to the snow below.

INT. MARCUS' APARTMENT - DAY

Travis is asleep on the couch in Marcus' apartment. It is a high-class penthouse style place. Bottles crowd the glass coffee table in front of the couch, along with bags of cocaine and weed, scales, rolled up bills and partially snorted lines galore. a packet of small white pills is spilled partially onto the floor, scattered across the dark wood.

Marcus enters from the bedroom, wearing nothing but silk boxers. He slams around the kitchen, intentionally making noise.

TRAVIS

Jesus! Give it a rest, Marc.

MARCUS

We got a problem, Travis.

Travis slowly sits up, obviously hungover.

TRAVIS

What problem?

MARCUS

You. You my problem, my man.



Travis looks confused. Marcus gestures to the product laying everywhere.

MARCUS

You are supposed to be selling this. Not shoving it in your fucked up face.

TRAVIS

I am selling it!

MARCUS

Barely! Number one rule, don't do your own product. You work for ME now. And you ain't making it. Not at all.

TRAVIS

I thought we were partners!

MARCUS

Partners bring in 50-50. You're getting in deep now with me. You keep it up, your ass will be mine.

TRAVIS

Fuck, Marcus, we're supposed to be friends.

MARCUS

We are friends. This is business.

He gestures towards the coffee table. Jessica comes stumbling out of the bedroom. She is wrapped in a sheet, hair tousled, eyes puffy.

JESSICA

And what am I? Am I business?

Marcus smiles and walks over to her, cupping the back of her neck in a proprietary way.

MARCUS

You? You're the best kind of business.

Jessica looks over at Travis, who is wide-eyed. She is enjoying his shock.

JESSICA

Hi Trav.

TRAVIS

I feel like Rip Van Winkle. Did I  
fall asleep for 20 years or  
something?

JESSICA

Change is a hundred miles per hour  
in this town lately.

TRAVIS

I guess so.

Marcus turns Jessica and propels her towards the bedroom.

MARCUS

I meant what I said Travis. No  
fuckin' around with business.

They disappear into the bedroom and Travis is left sitting on  
the couch. He rubs his face and looks at the mess of drugs  
that surround him. He picks up the large cell phone that is  
sitting on the coffee table and dials a number. A message  
machine clicks on immediately.

LEAH'S VOICE

"Hi you've reach Jamie and Leah! We  
can't come to the phone right now  
so leave--"

Travis hangs up and flings the phone onto the couch. Moans  
and the noise of a creaking bed filter up the hall from the  
bedroom.

TRAVIS

What a fucking world.

He leans over and does a line, then drinks from a half full  
bottle of warm beer, grimacing.

INT. XP OILFIELD CORPORATE OFFICE-DAY

Leah sits at her desk, setting in with coffee, and ragged  
from head to toe. She jumps up as she sees Jessica enter.

LEAH

Jess?

Jessica avoids any normal contact with her friend. She busily  
puts her purse and coat away, then finally glances over.

JESSICA

Oh, hi.

LEAH

Why haven't you been returning my calls? And why haven't you been at work?

JESSICA

Dylan and I broke up.

LEAH

I know, he told Jamie. But why haven't you called me? I'm supposed to be your best friend and I have to find out from Jamie what's going on with you?

JESSICA

I just didn't feel like talking about it.

LEAH

God Jessica. We've been friends since kindergarten.

JESSICA

I don't need judgement from you Leah, okay? Not everybody wants what you want. I just didn't want to hear it. I still don't.

Leah, hurt, steps back.

LEAH

I-I didn't know you felt that way. I'm sorry, I....

The loudspeaker above them suddenly interrupts. It is Mr. Davies's guttural, fat neck voice.

MR. DAVIES

All employees, please report to the main lobby for an emergency meeting. All employees to the main lobby.

Everyone crowds to the elevator, where Leah steps to the back, upset. As the elevator fills, Leah finds herself standing next to Jessica again.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

The employees group like cattle in the small box.

LEAH

Jessica?

JESSICA

You didn't do anything, okay? It's not always ABOUT you Leah.

INT. MAIN LOBBY - DAY

Mr. Davies steps up, visibly upset.

MR. DAVIES

Thank you for coming down so quickly. I have an announcement. This is, this is very difficult.

He presses his fingers against his eyes for a moment.

MR. DAVIES

As you know, since the market crash things have been challenging. Oil prices are dropping daily, with no end in sight. Unfortunately, effective immediately, all non-essential personnel are going to be laid off. This includes reception, the secretarial pool, and administrative assistants.

There is a collective gasp and everyone looks horrified.

MR. DAVIES

I wanted to tell you in person. You've all been a great asset to this company. I'm sorry this has happened. You will be given your final paycheck, with two weeks severance pay, within the next three days. Thank you. And... I'm sorry.

He steps away and walks straight out the front doors and outside the building. There is silence for a moment, then the lobby is filled with voices as people exclaim over the shocking news.

JESSICA

Great. Now I'm out of a job, on top of everything else. What bullshit.

LEAH

What are we going to do? What about you? Now that you aren't with Dylan, you have to pay your rent on your own.

JESSICA

Don't worry about my rent. I've got that covered.

LEAH

Why? What do you mean?

JESSICA

Marcus wants me to move it with him.

LEAH

Jess, you can't.

JESSICA

Christ, Leah, worry about your own shit. Last I checked, you had plenty piled up.

Jessica stomps off angrily. Leah stands alone in the expanse of the lobby, tears in her eyes.

INT. JAMIE AND LEAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Leah walks in the front door, exhausted. Jamie is sitting on the couch, staring off into space.

LEAH

Hey. You look like you saw a ghost.

JAMIE

My mother just called. She and my dad are leaving. Tonight. Dad lost his job today. Mom says they're just gonna walk away from all of it. Literally, just leave to the airport. The house is worth nothing, she said she doesn't care. Since when doesn't my mom care about material things? This place has gone fucking crazy.

LEAH

Yeah, well I got some news today too. I got laid off too.

Jamie takes a sip of his beer, not removing his eyes from the TV. Leah is nonplussed at his lack of response.

LEAH

Wow. Thanks for that.

She goes into the bedroom, slamming the door behind her. Jamie doesn't move. Leah sits on the bed for a long moment.

Then she picks up the phone and dials. It is Leah's mom, DOROTHY.

On the phone-

DOROTHY

Hello. Hello? Leah, that you?

LEAH

Mom.

DOROTHY

Leah. You think I don't know the sound of your own silence?

(pause)

Sings Yup'ik lullaby softly into the phone.

Leah hangs up.

INT. MARCUS' APARTMENT - DAY

Travis sits on the couch. His eyes are bleary and he takes a long pull of a beer while messing around with several bags of coke on the coffee table. He is clumsily trying to weigh and measure, spilling more than he bags. The TV drones, as Sally Jesse Raphael talks to a woman about her obesity issues. Marcus walks in, glancing over at Travis in disgust.

MARCUS

You planning on going out to work for me today?

TRAVIS

Yeah, yeah I am. What are you, my pimp now?

Marcus stands over Travis, who is too busy snorting another line to look up. Marcus grabs the hair at the top of Travis's head and pulls him back.

MARCUS

You got any idea how much money you owe me? You've been living on my couch for a month now, and I haven't seen you sell one gram.

Travis struggles in Marcus's barely exerted hold.

TRAVIS

All my contacts have dried up, man. The economy has gone to shit if you haven't noticed.

Marcus suddenly grabs Travis by the throat with his other hand and shoves him back against the couch. Travis puts his hands up.

TRAVIS

Whoa! Don't go crazy on me! Come on!

MARCUS

You owe me. You owe me money. You owe me blow. You owe me TIME. If you can't get it together and get your sales going again, we gonna have to figure out another way you can pay me back. Otherwise, friendship or not, you might just find yourself hell bound with a message from me stabbed into that pretty motherfucking head of yours.

He shoves off Travis and walks away. Travis is gasping for air. He seems scared for a minute. Then he looks down at the coke on the coffee table and helps himself to another line.

INT. MARCUS' APARTMENT BEDROOM - DAY

Marcus walks into the bedroom where Jessica is laying tumbled in the sheets. She raises her head querulously, hungover.

JESSICA

Mmm... what's going on?

Marcus gets in bed with her and starts moving his hands across her body.

MARCUS

You are. It's showtime girl.

Jessica pushes him away, weakly.

JESSICA

Oh God, I don't feel so good, Marc.

MARCUS

What are you talking about? You feel great to me.

She pushes him away more forcefully.

JESSICA

I don't want to!

Marcus shoves her down on the bed, straddling her.

MARCUS

What the fuck is wrong with you people? You and Travis, you think I just do for you, give my shit away, for free? Nah baby, it ain't gonna be like that. You know how much blow you did in the last couple weeks? All on me. Payback is payback. You give me anything I want. Unless your sweet ass wants to hustle a corner for a place to sleep.

JESSICA

That's crazy. I can leave, you know!

MARCUS

(laughing)

Where you gonna go? Dylan can't give you what you need. Baby, Planet Earth just fucking fell out from underneath your ass.

Jessica sags back against the bed, shocked at the change in Marcus.

JESSICA

I didn't know you were like this Marcus. I thought you were my friend, more than my friend!

MARCUS

Oh I am more. I'll take care of you, I'll give you what you want. But that means you give me what I want too. The only important person in my life, is ME. Get used to it.

He flips her over on her stomach and rapes her from behind, twisting a hand into her hair and shoving her face into the pillow. Jessica tries to fight, but he is too strong and she eventually gives up, knowing he is right and she has nothing.

INT. MARCUS' APARTMENT - DAY

Travis hears the noises from the bedroom, but doesn't get up. Instead, he vacantly stares at the piles on the table in front of him.



INT. JAMIE AND LEAH'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY

Leah sits on the bed, phone in her hand. She hangs up and goes into the living room. Jamie is morose, on the couch. He sips a beer and flicks through the television channels.

LEAH

Let's do something.

JAMIE

We have no money to do anything. I haven't gotten called back to work this week, if you didn't notice my longest stay here ever. I may not even have a job by the end of the month. Between that and you not working, I don't know if we can even make rent.

LEAH

You don't have any saved up? You make so much up there.

JAMIE

Savings! We spend money faster than we make it! My truck, your car, all the trips to Hawaii we've taken, all the drugs you've done... there's nothing left.

LEAH

I seem to remember you doing some drugs too.

JAMIE

And here I am in this shithole. My parents are headed back to Texas, I'm here in this God forsaken ice box.

LEAH

There's the door, cowboy. Your horse and your mama are waiting.

JAMIE

Leah.

LEAH

Could you please step out from in front of the fucking TV and do something? Anything? Let's go out. We need to have some fun. It's been too depressing.

LEAH (CONT'D)

I have a little money leftover from my last paycheck. Just us, finally, right?

JAMIE

I can't believe I'm saying this, but you should call Jessica.

LEAH

I don't know what is going on with her, she acts like she's mad at me and I didn't even do anything. I'll call now then get ready.

JAMIE

I thought about calling Dylan, but I don't think it's a good idea. He's even broker than us. I heard he was at the Inlet Inn.

LEAH

Really? That shithole. Should we ask him to stay with us?

JAMIE

We can't take that on.

INT. SHILOH CLUB - NIGHT

The club has an ominous energy. Still loud and packed, Patrons talk amongst themselves instead of the typical social mixing.

JAMIE

You ever get a hold of Jess?

LEAH

I left her a message on the machine, but she never called me back. I told her we were going to 'Koots, though, not the Shiloh.

They make their way through the crowd. It's as crazy and wild as ever, yet to Leah it's all the same old shit. Jamie fights his way to the bar while Leah looks around. She waves at a few people. One girl walks over to her.

LEAH

Hey Cheryl.

CHERYL

Oh my God I haven't seen you in like, forever Lee! What have you been doing?

LEAH

Oh you know, work, life.

CHERYL

So, you and Jessica aren't friends anymore?

LEAH

What are you talking about?

CHERYL

Oh. Well I heard from Karen that Jessica and you aren't talking anymore. And Jessica....she's living with that DRUG dealer.

LEAH

You mean Marcus.

CHERYL

Yeah. Karen saw her out last week with him and she was so fucked up! She was like, pole dancing behind the bar at 'Koots. I think that Marcus guy might be a pimp AND a drug dealer. So gross!

Leah turns away from her mid-sentence and makes her way through the crowd, back to Jamie. She takes the drink he hands off to her.

JAMIE

Was that Cheryl Kobuk?

LEAH

Yeah, and you won't believe what she said. Did you know Jessica and Marcus are living together?

JAMIE

I heard that.

LEAH

And you didn't bother to tell me.

JAMIE

I figured Jessica would have told you. And who cares? She's a big girl, it's her life.

LEAH

I don't trust Marcus.

JAMIE

You don't trust him, but you buy  
blow from him AND Travis, who  
happens to be Marcus' little bitch  
these days from what I hear.

LEAH

I'm worried about her, and Travis  
too.

JAMIE

Maybe you should worry about  
something more important. Like me.  
Like us. Why do you even care what  
they do anyway?

LEAH

Because they're my friends.

JAMIE

Yeah? And what am I? What am I to  
you Leah?

Leah takes too long to think about the question-

JAMIE

Anytime Jessica or Travis needs  
something, you run to them. And  
it's always about how they're your  
best friends, how you grew up  
together. And somewhere in there,  
someone always makes a point that  
I'm NOT from here. I'm not Alaskan.  
So I can never fit in, and I can  
never be quite enough for you. You  
know what, I not only get it that  
I'm not from here, I am okay with  
it. Everyday, I know who I am at  
heart. You happy with who you are,  
Leah?

LEAH

I can't do this. Not right now.

She slams her drink on the bar, startling the patrons around  
her, and pushes past Jamie into the crowd.

JAMIE

Leah, wait!

Strobe lights flicker, illuminating Leah's face in a sickly  
glow as she shoves past people. An arm reaches out from the  
bar and grabs her. It's Travis.

TRAVIS  
Stop running away.

LEAH  
Let go, I need to get somewhere  
else. Everything's wrong.

TRAVIS  
What did Jamie do?

LEAH  
Jamie. And you. And Jessica. And  
that fucking scumbag Marcus.

TRAVIS  
I'm sorry about what happened. You  
know I'd never hurt you. Here-

He pulls a baggie from his pocket.

TRAVIS  
Let's do some blow. It'll be  
better.

LEAH  
That's your answer to everything,  
isn't it. Life gets tough, do a  
little blow. Gets tougher, do a  
little more. Spare me the drug  
dealer sales pitch.

She hands the baggie back to him and continues through the  
crowd. Travis watches her go. Jessica and Marcus come up from  
behind

MARCUS  
What she trippin', man?

TRAVIS  
She says she doesn't know me.

MARCUS  
We need to change that.

JESSICA  
Let her go.

Marcus stares Jessica back into her shell.

MARCUS  
(to Travis)  
That Leah, she is disrespectful.

TRAVIS

What do you mean?

MARCUS

Jessica. You go find her. You tell her you're sorry. You still wanna be friends. Then she's gonna come back to our place. You tell her it's just gonna be the two of you, for some of that girl chat bullshit.

JESSICA

What? I don't want to tell her I'm sorry. I'm NOT sorry. Why should I have to-

Marcus grabs her upper arm, squeezing hard enough to make her gasp.

MARCUS

Unless you can pay back what you owe me, you do what I want. I'm not some pussywhip like Dylan.

Jessica tries to pull away, but Marcus grips her harder. After another second he lets her go, pushing her away.

MARCUS

Get the fuck out of here.

Jessica turns into the crowd. Travis waves at the bartender for another shot.

TRAVIS

And one for my friend here. He needs a shot or two. Oh and put it on his tab. Apparently he's already up my ass so I might as well get what I can.

MARCUS

I decided how you're gonna pay me back.

Travis's bravado turns to stark revelation.

TRAVIS

Leah.

MARCUS

Smart man. That coke hasn't totally friend your brain yet.

TRAVIS

Marcus, you could have any girl you want. Why are you so hung up on Leah?

MARCUS

We gonna have a little time machine party.

TRAVIS

You know how I feel about Leah.

MARCUS

Exactly. Cash on delivery, my man.

Marcus takes Travis's shot.

MARCUS

Boy, you about to be debt free. And everyone is going to get a little wake up call tonight.

TRAVIS

I need to wake up? Leah hates you, man. And what about Jessica?

MARCUS

You don't worry about Jessica. And you are gonna explain to Leah just how important it is that she figure shit out.

TRAVIS

I'm not going to let you hurt Leah.

MARCUS

I'm not going to hurt her. I'm going to give her what she really needs. Besides, not like you have much choice, do you.

Travis looks down at his empty drink. Marcus snaps his fingers at the bartender.

MARCUS

Give him all he wants. All night. On my tab.

Marcus puts his hand on Travis' shoulder, squeezing it in a way that makes Travis wince.

MARCUS

When you get your liquid courage up enough, you go help Jessica talk to Leah. I want her at my place, tonight. You three take a cab after the bar closes. I'll wait for you there. Trust me, there's nothing to worry about, until there's something to worry about.

Marcus disappears into sea of patrons.

INT. DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Leah is standing against the wall near the dance floor, drink in hand. She is expressionless, watching the dancers. Jessica sidles up to her.

JESSICA

Leah.

Leah looks around, startled.

JESSICA

I'm sorry for how I've been acting. I don't know what my problem is. I guess I was just feeling a little jealous of you and Jamie. You have such a great relationship, and there I was with Dylan, the world's biggest loser.

LEAH

Jamie and I don't have any great relationship Jess. He's losing his job at the end of the month. We had to give notice on our apartment.

JESSICA

What are you gonna do?

LEAH

His parents went back to Texas. They left their house on the hillside, I guess they are just going to let it go into foreclosure with the bank. Jamie still has a key, we're gonna stay there for awhile, till we figure it out.

JESSICA

So you're going to squat in a foreclosed property like a couple of hobos? That's funny!



She laughs drunkenly and Leah isn't sure if Jessica is laughing at her or with her.

JESSICA

Anyway. Where's Jamie?

LEAH

We got in a fight. I think he left.

JESSICA

Perfect. I mean, that's fine, we are gonna hang tonight! Just like old times.

LEAH

Old times.

Leah allows Jessica to lead her out on the dance floor where they mingle with the crowd and dance. Travis looks over, watching them. He gets up and joins them, putting on a happy face and showing off his always perfect dance moves.

EXT. SHILOH BAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Travis, Jessica and Leah make their way out of the bar. Leah stumbles in the parking lot, grabbing at Jessica.

JESSICA

Are you okay, Lee?

LEAH

I think I'm a little drunk. What's new, right?

Jessica and Travis each take an arm, making their way to Travis' car.

TRAVIS

Let's go to my place.

LEAH

I don't know. Jamie is probably still mad at me. I should go home.

Jessica stops the group and turns to look Leah in the eye.

JESSICA

Who cares about Jamie. Look around, where is he? We are the ones here, baby. Texas ain't got shit to offer. It's always been us.

LEAH

(reluctantly)

I want to wake up from all this and be a little girl again, Jess. I'm tired. I want a do-over.

JESSICA

We can do that tonight.

Jessica and Travis share a glance as they load Leah into the backseat. Jessica gets in next to Leah, holds her head in her lap, pets her fondly.

EXT. MARCUS' APARTMENT-NIGHT

Leah is a rag doll in her friends arms. She drags her feet along the snow caked sidewalk, humming the song her mother sang to her on the phone.

LEAH

Where are we? This isn't your place, Trav.

TRAVIS

It is now. Me and Marcus are roommates.

Leah is confused.

LEAH

I guess I knew that.

Travis and Jessica lead her into the building, and into the elevator.

LEAH

I've missed you guys.

TRAVIS

Lee, maybe I should take you home. You are pretty drunk.

JESSICA

(to Travis)

No, Leah we haven't hung out together in ages. We are gonna do this.

LEAH

No, I've really missed you guys. I love you both so much.

Jessica glares at Travis as they step off the elevator. He isn't happy, but opens the apartment door.

INT. MARCUS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment is low-lit with candles and music. Marcus is in the kitchen, opening champagne. He turns around, putting his charm on full-force.

MARCUS

Look who's here!

LEAH

Marcus?

MARCUS

I got us some champagne chilled, some blow spilled, and something else really special.

JESSICA

Like what?

MARCUS

Special for Leah. It's high time we establish our friendship. Bygones and shit.

LEAH

Fine, Okay.

Leah flops onto the couch. Marcus sits next to her. He lays out lines of coke. Jessica goes first, then Marcus. Travis shakes his head no. Marcus shrugs and offers both lines to Leah, who does them eagerly. Marcus smiles at Travis.

LEAH

That's some good strong shit.

MARCUS

That's 'cause I'm Marcus, baby.

LEAH

(laughing)

What does that even mean?

MARCUS

Travis, why don't you and Jessica go get some more champagne? One bottle ain't enough for this party crew!

LEAH

Oh, let's all go.

MARCUS

Leah, I got something here for you.  
Try this.

He hands her a small pill.

LEAH

What is it?

MARCUS

It's better than coke. You'll love  
it. Jessica has tried it, she'll  
love it won't she, Jess?

Jessica looks very uncomfortable as Leah looks eagerly at her  
and takes the pill, washing it down with champagne.

JESSICA

Sure I did.

MARCUS

You two go. We'll wait here.

TRAVIS

I think one bottle of champagne is  
plenty.

LEAH

Hurry up you guys.

MARCUS

Go on.

The three have a stare-down which results in Travis and  
Jessica turning away, walking out the door.

LEAH

(to Jessica and Travis)  
Hurry back so we can start this  
party!

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Travis and Jessica don't speak as they walk down the hallway  
towards the elevator. Travis pulls a small flask from his  
coat pocket and takes a long pull. He offers it to Jessica  
and after a second, she takes some too. They exit into the  
elevator.

INT. MARCUS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Leah flops back on the couch. Her eyes are heavy, unfocused.  
Marcus puts another glass of champagne in her hand.

MARCUS  
Drink up, pretty.

She closes her eyes and furrows her brow.

LEAH  
Maybe I shouldn't have any more...  
don't feel so good.

MARCUS  
You know how beautiful you are?

LEAH  
Marcus, what... Ugh my head.

MARCUS  
I think, I think you're the most  
beautiful thing I've ever seen.  
I've always thought so.

He takes the drink gently from her hand and sets it down on the table. He strokes her hair as she sinks into the couch, obviously sick.

LEAH  
Marcus, stop.

Leah weakly pushes his hand away. Marcus gets closer.

LEAH  
I feel really dizzy. My head. What  
did you give me?

MARCUS  
Just a little something to help you  
relax. Come on, you can go lay  
down.

LEAH  
Yeah, okay.

Marcus scoops her up. Leah flops bonelessly in his arms. He smiles and walks towards the bedroom with her.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marcus tosses Leah unceremoniously on the bed. She whimpers. He opens the buttons of her blouse and pulls her bra down. He runs his hands over her bare breasts, squeezing one and then pinching it hard enough to make Leah cry out.

MARCUS  
You like that baby? Yeah you do.  
You know you do.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

You been waitin' for me. You been'  
waitin' since we last did this.

Leah pushes at his hands.

LEAH

Stop, Please Marcus, I--

MARCUS

Please? That's right, tell me  
please, ask for it.

He stands, undoes her jeans and pulls them off her. She is  
trying to kick at him and roll away. He easily pins her down.

MARCUS

See, the problem, the problem is  
you just don't know what a real man  
can do. You don't know how to be a  
woman. You never gave me a chance  
to show you.

Leah has a flashback-

INT. EAST HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

She is 15 years old, Marcus a couple years older. They are at  
prom, dancing.

They sneak into janitor closet. A younger and equally strong  
Marcus rips at her dress, gets his fingers between her legs.  
The teenage Leah screams.

Back to-

LEAH

No, stop it!

There is a sudden pounding at the front door. Marcus,  
frustrated, stops for a moment and yells.

MARCUS

Get the fuck outta here,  
motherfucker!

LEAH

Travis, help me!

There is a loud crash. Marcus jumps up just as Jamie enters  
the room. Jamie pulls a gun from his waistband and shoves it  
into Marcus' open mouth. Marcus puts his hands up.

MARCUS

(garbled)

Whoa, whoa man. Calm down.

JAMIE

Calm down? What the fuck are you doing to my girlfriend, you fucking piece of shit?

MARCUS

There ain't nothing going on here that she don't want, man.

Leah scrambles up and shaking, gathers her clothing.

LEAH

Jamie, oh my God. Jamie. I thought...

Jamie shoves the gun hard enough into Marcus' mouth that he pushes Marcus back against the wall. He pulls slightly at the trigger. Leah is weaving in the doorway.

LEAH

Jamie... please, I want to go.

Jamie rears back and kicks Marcus in the groin as hard as he can. Marcus screams as he falls.

JAMIE

You come near her again, I won't just kick your fucking balls in, I'll shoot them off.

They exit. Marcus moans and rolls on the ground. He vomits, then raises his face to the empty door, tears in his eyes.

EXT. MARCUS' APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Jamie exits the building, holding up Leah as they walk. She is crying and stumbling.

LEAH

Oh God, Jamie... how did you know where to find me?

JAMIE

I made the rounds. When I got home you weren't there. I drove over to Jessica's sister's and her car wasn't there. So I came here. I just wanted to make sure you were okay. Where the hell were Travis and Jessica? You are messed up.

LEAH

I don't know what happened to them. They just left. Marcus gave me a pill, said it would relax me. I feel so sick.

JAMIE

They fucking knew what he was gonna do to you.

LEAH

No, no. What do you mean?

JAMIE

Wake up Leah, these people aren't your friends. They're a bunch of cokeheads, that's all they care about. Marcus wants you and they owe Marcus money. A lot of money I think.

LEAH

Money? Money for what.

JAMIE

Don't be so fucking naive, Leah. What do you think?

LEAH

Where are we gonna go?

JAMIE

Stay at my parent's place for awhile. Marcus is pissed and I don't trust him. Let him cool off.

LEAH

I just can't believe this. Travis and Jessica....

Jamie stops at a pay phone on the side of the street.

LEAH

What are you doing?

JAMIE

I'm gonna slow Marcus down a little.

Jamie picks up the phone and dials 911.

JAMIE

Hi, I need the police to 525 Inlet View Condominiums.



JAMIE (CONT'D)

I heard screaming. I think the person who lives in 23A is a drug dealer. My name? No, I'm not giving my name.

He hangs up. Leah is visibly upset.

LEAH

Why did you do that? He'll know it was you!

JAMIE

Because it might keep him in jail for a couple days while we make arrangements to leave.

LEAH

I can't leave.

JAMIE

After all this, you still want to stay here? For what? Your dad, who never even calls you? Your brothers, who you barely know? How about your mom? You tell me she's just a drunk. Or wait, maybe your FRIENDS. Your awesome, best friends Travis and Jessica. They're definitely worth staying for in this shithole.

LEAH

Stop it! Stop!

Leah stops in the street and sobs. Jamie is unmoved.

JAMIE

This is it Leah. I'm leaving as soon as I can get a flight. With you or without you.

LEAH

Fine, okay, fine.

JAMIE

Okay what?

LEAH

Okay, I'll go with you.

Jamie reaches out and smooths her hair, suddenly tender.

JAMIE

Once we're out of here, it will be fine. You'll see. Believe or not, I've always tried to do good by you. We have to go if we are gonna move forward.

Leah doesn't answer, looking dully at her reflection in the truck window. Jamie pulls the seat belt tight across Leah's lap.

EXT. MARCUS' APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Marcus, in handcuffs, is being escorted out of the building. Travis and Jessica, walking towards him on the street, stop at a distance and watch as he is loaded into the car. He sees them and lunges towards them, restrained by the officers.

MARCUS

You tell that fucker Jamie, I'm comin' for him! Just as soon as I'm out of this, I'm coming.

The police officer roughly shoves him into the back of his patrol car. Travis and Jessica watch the car drive past, with Marcus staring angrily at them, his mouth moving furiously but no words heard.

TRAVIS

Come on, we can't go back to the apartment till all the cops leave.

JESSICA

So where are we supposed to go?

TRAVIS

I have money. Let's go check into a hotel room. I'll come back tonight and get our stuff. I'll get the product and money Marcus has hidden in the safe too, if the cops didn't find it.

JESSICA

I wonder where Leah is. I hope she's okay.

TRAVIS

If she is, it's no thanks to us.

JESSICA

You're a shitty friend.

TRAVIS

I'm a shitty friend? Who was the one who stopped talking to her? Who was the one who was so fucked up they didn't even care what Marcus might do to her?

JESSICA

Fuck you Travis! I didn't see you stepping in. You didn't say one word! Not one fucking word!

TRAVIS

Alright, alright! Jesus. Let's get a hotel room. Figure this out.

JESSICA

Do you think Marcus was serious about going after Jamie?

TRAVIS

Yes. Dead serious.

INT. JAMIE'S PARENTS HOUSE - NIGHT

Jamie and Leah enter the house. The foyer, once so grand-seeming, is now discarded and musty. The lights don't work. Otherwise the house looks untouched, as though the residents are sleeping.

JAMIE

Welcome home. For a little while.

Leah has his jacket draped over her shoulders but still shivers.

LEAH

It's so cold in here.

JAMIE

No heat.

He walks towards the kitchen. Leah follows. The kitchen looks like it was left mid-meal. There are dirty dishes in the sink and a rotting casserole on the counter. Leah opens the fridge and gags at the sight and smell of more rotting food.

LEAH

They didn't even clean up?

Leah wanders into the living room, touching the ghost-like furniture. The coffee table is on it's side and things are strewn around like the place was ransacked.

LEAH  
Unbelievable.

JAMIE  
They probably thought someone would  
be here sooner.

LEAH  
I still can't believe they just  
left it like this.

Jamie makes rounds through the house, opening windows to  
quell the stench.

LEAH  
It's too cold.

Jamie pauses and stares at Leah.

JAMIE  
This house is mortgaged to the  
hilt. Just like everybody else's.  
There's probably a dozen or more  
homes just like this one around  
here.

Leah drifts around the room, stopping to retrieve a plant  
that is laying on the ground, dirt spilled. Jamie goes to the  
wet bar and digs around. He unearths some rum from under the  
bar.

JAMIE  
Rum's what I got.

LEAH  
Sure, that's fine.

Jamie pours heavy handed drinks and hands one off to Leah.

JAMIE  
Sorry there's no ice.

Leah shrugs and winces.

LEAH  
Ugh, that's a lot of rum.

JAMIE  
You drink like a fish, what's the  
problem?

LEAH  
I think I'm just tasting how tired  
I am of it, is all.

Leah closes the largest bay window in the grand room.

JAMIE

I'll call the airline tomorrow and see when we can get out. I know everyone seems to be leaving town, the flights are probably full. And I don't have much money left.

LEAH

I don't have any money.

JAMIE

I can't wait to get out of this place. I fucking hate Alaska. Don't you hate it? Aren't you ready to leave? The people here, they're just... trash.

LEAH

People are just people, Jamie. Everywhere.

JAMIE

Yeah, 'cause you've been hanging out with such a great group.

LEAH

I don't need to hear this again.

JAMIE

Come on Leah, admit it, your friends are losers.

LEAH

It's Marcus. He's the problem.

JAMIE

Nobody shoved the coke up their noses. Nobody forced them to sit there and watch while Marcus tried to rape you. Look at you, you're still defending them!

LEAH

Perfect. So it's my fault. I almost got raped and it's my fault.

Leah storms out of the room.

JAMIE

Leah!

He doesn't follow her, instead sitting down at the kitchen barstool. He pours rum tot he rim of his glass.

EXT. ANCHORAGE POLICE STATION - DAY

Jessica is pulled up to the curb, driving Marcus' porsche. Marcus exits the police station and walks over to the car, he gets into the passenger seat, slumping down and angry. Jessica is nervous, jittery.

INT. MARCUS' CAR-DAY

JESSICA

I did what you told...

MARCUS

Just drive the fuckin' car. Get me out of here.

Jessica carefully pulls out and they drive.

MARCUS

So where are they?

JESSICA

Who?

Marcus grabs her by the hair and jerks her towards him. Jessica screams.

JESSICA

What the fuck?! Marcus you're gonna make me get in an accident. Ow! You're hurting me, please!

MARCUS

You crash my car, you dumb bitch, and you'll get more than this. You best hope all my shit's in place.

He shoves Jessica's head back suddenly so it cracks against the driver's window. She cries out. The car swerves and she rights it quickly, looking fearfully at Marcus.

JESSICA

I don't know. Travis is gone.

MARCUS

Gone? What do you mean?

JESSICA

He took everything out of the safe. It was him, not me! He left.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I don't know where he went. I haven't seen him in two days.

Marcus is furious. He punches the ceiling of his car.

MARCUS

I knew it! I knew he'd screw me over.

Jessica flinches each time his punch connects, as if it's her he is hitting.

JESSICA

I'm sorry. I didn't--

MARCUS

You're SORRY. Yeah, you are sorry, one sorry fucking whore. So where is she?

JESSICA

Who-I mean-You mean Leah? I heard she and Jamie are holed up at his parent's old place.

MARCUS

That shitkicker Jamie called the cops on me. Leah right there with him. And you see what she did to my face?

He turns and shows three long, partially healed scratches on his cheek.

JESSICA

Oh. Well, you know, I think they're leaving town. Let them leave town baby, I'm here.

MARCUS

They ain't gonna be leaving town. Tonight, we take care of them. Tomorrow, I'll find Travis and take care of HIM. And unless you want me to take care of YOU, you do what I say? You got that?

He grabs a fistful of her hair again.

JESSICA

Yes, okay okay! Ow, please!

He shoves her away.

MARCUS

Let them leave. Stupid bitch.  
Nobody does me like that. NOBODY.

Jessica's entire body shakes in fear as she drives.

MARCUS

Now drive to my apartment. I need  
to see what's left of it.

INT. MONKEY WHARF - DAY

Travis sits alone at the bar top, throwing peanut shells at the monkeys behind the bar. They beat on the Plexiglas, a pack hell bent on getting Travis. An older Native man sits next to Travis. The monkeys lose interest.

NATIVE MAN

I come here to watch them. Funny  
thing, you know what?

TRAVIS

What.

NATIVE MAN

I don't think they've ever even  
seen snow. I was here the day they  
brought those monkeys. It was a big  
deal back then. They were in small  
wooden crates. Straight from the  
boat to those cages. You gotta  
wonder if they know what it's like  
to live here, don't you?

TRAVIS

Right.

Travis slumps back down as the Native man moves over one stool. The phone behind the bar rings and the bartender picks it up, searches the room.

BARTENDER

Yeah, he's here. TRAVIS!

Travis looks up.

BARTENDER

You got a phone call.

The bartender unceremoniously dumps the phone on the counter. Travis picks up the receiver and ducks into his own chest.

TRAVIS

Yeah?



JESSICA

Travis? Travis don't come back to the apartment. Marcus is really pissed off. He's talking crazy.

TRAVIS

What's he saying?

JESSICA

He found the safe open, he knows you took the money and the coke. He says he's gonna kill Jamie and Leah for turning him in, then you.

TRAVIS

Kill us? He's not gonna kill us, Jess.

JESSICA

No, this isn't a joke Travis.  
(whispering)  
He he has a gun. I have to go... I have to-

There's a click as they are disconnected.

TRAVIS

Jessica? Jessica! What about Leah?  
Fuck! Fuck.

Travis slams the phone down, upset. The bartender looks over angrily.

TRAVIS

Sorry. Sorry.

Travis throws a few bills on the bar and leaves. The monkeys walk single file along the Plexiglas, mirroring Travis' trot as he exits.

INT. JAMIE'S PARENTS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jamie has just finished building a fire in the fireplace. He has taken a sheet off one of the beds and is wrapped up in it. Leah walks in.

LEAH

Hi.

JAMIE

Hi.

He opens an arm and she slips in next to him. He hugs her.

JAMIE

I'm sorry.

LEAH

You're right about all of this.

He hugs her closer and they look into the fire together.

JAMIE

I bought our tickets, we leave tomorrow night. Non-stop to Houston.

LEAH

Okay.

JAMIE

Leah, do you want to go with me? Or are you just going because you have nowhere else to go?

LEAH

Does it matter?

He runs his fingers through her hair and she lets him, dropping her head onto his shoulder. Outside the bare windows, cold and dark blanket the world.

JAMIE

I don't want to do there what we've done here.

Leah nods.

INT. MARCUS' CAR - NIGHT

Marcus and Jessica sit in his car. He has the engine and lights off. He watches the glow of the fireplace. His hands tighten on the wheel.

JESSICA

Marc, it's really cold.

MARCUS

Do another line, that'll warm you up.

He shoves a bag of coke towards Jessica, who takes it. She is a mess, makeup smeared, hair ratty, nose running. She uses a fingernail to scoop out some coke from the baggie and snorts it. Marcus glances at her, disgusted.

JESSICA

Maybe we should just go.

MARCUS

Shut up.

JESSICA

What are you going to do? Marcus,  
you gonna show them you're a big  
man?

Marcus slaps her, hard.

MARCUS

What part of shut up don't you  
understand, bitch?

Marcus gets out of the car and goes to the trunk. He opens it and takes out a gas can. He walks towards the house, then around the perimeter, pouring out gas as he goes. Jessica jumps out of the car.

JESSICA

You can't do this. Marcus please!  
Please stop.

MARCUS

Get back in the car.

He shoves her and she falls on the ground. She scrambles to her feet and runs at him.

JESSICA

Marcus stop! Leah! LEAH!

Marcus punches her in the face. Jessica collapses, unconscious. He continues to slowly and methodically pour gasoline around the house, on Jessica. The lights from the fireplace create a warm glow from inside.

INT. JAMIE'S PARENT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Leah and Jamie are asleep on the floor in front of the fireplace. She wakes hazily, sits up.

LEAH

Jamie? Wake up. I heard something.

Jamie mumbles in his sleep and rolls over. The empty rum bottle clanks as he hits it and it falls and rolls across the floor. Leah lays back down and closes her eyes.

EXT. JAMIE'S PARENT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Marcus drops the empty gas can in the snow. His eyes reflect the flame as he lights a match. He smiles and drops it into the shrubbery lining the house. Flames burst up.

He moves back towards his car, stepping over Jessica's comatose body laying in the middle of the walkway.

He watches.

INT. JAMIE'S PARENTS HOUSE-NIGHT

The glow of the fireplace makes Leah stir, as the light is glowing brighter. A crackling sound is heard. She opens her eyes and looks at the fireplace, which has settled to a dull glow. She sits up, seeing that the brightness is coming from the living room windows that frame the fireplace.

She stumbles up, wrapped in the sheet, and walks over to the window. She recoils as flames shoot up in front of her and screams.

LEAH

Jamie! Oh God, fire, FIRE!

Jamie sits up. He is still drunk. He stands and stumbles, looking blearily towards the windows.

JAMIE

Fire? Oh God, we have to get out!  
Come on!

They run towards the front door, both panicked. Jamie starts to open the door and Leah stops his hand.

LEAH

No! Wait.

She touches the doorknob gingerly and recoils. Jamie looks through the paned glass in the door, only to see more flames.

JAMIE

It's all around us!

He grabs Leah's arm and drags her upstairs. They enter a bedroom and Jamie races to a sliding glass door, throwing it open and pushing Leah out onto the balcony. She looks down to see nothing but flames below them. She steps back.

LEAH

We can't get out that way! Call  
911, call for help!

Jamie grabs a phone sitting on a nightstand. He frantically pushes the receiver buttons.

JAMIE

The phone's dead!

They stare at each other as the flames light up the window behind them.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Marcus backs away as the flames shoot up. Jessica, waking groggily, stumbles to her feet. Marcus gets in his car. Jessica lunges at him, scratching and screaming. He punches her in the side of the head and she crumples again.

From the base of the driveway, lights flash and Travis' car comes speeding around the corner, blocking Marcus from behind. Travis jumps out.

TRAVIS

What the fuck did you do? Marcus!  
Where's Leah?

MARCUS

You always worried about the wrong  
people.

A thin scream cuts the cold air. Travis turns.

TRAVIS

She's IN there?

Marcus smiles and shrugs. Travis punches him and he reels back against the car. Angrily wiping blood from his nose, Marcus reaches behind him, pulling out a gun. Travis grabs his hand and they struggle. Travis manages to get the gun away from Marcus and points it at him. Marcus puts his hands up.

MARCUS

You better be goddamned willing to  
pull that fucking trigger. You  
don't, then it just one more thing  
you've fucked up.

TRAVIS

This is the first right thing I've  
done.

MARCUS

You ain't gonna pull--

Travis shoots Marcus in the head. Marcus goes down, eyes open. Travis drops the gun and runs towards the house. He drapes his coat around his head and steps into the flames as he kicks through the front door.

TRAVIS

LEAH! Jamie!

Flames race along the ceiling. A pounding from the rooms above sends Travis charging up the stairs. He opens a door to find Leah laying on the floor. He kneels beside her.

TRAVIS

Leah, Leah wake up baby. Please.

Leah moans. Travis grabs a sheet from the bed and wraps her in it, covering her head, then scoops her up into his arms. He carries her down the stairs and out the front door. He lays her down in the driveway.

TRAVIS

Leah? Please wake up. Leah!!!

Leah coughs and opens her eyes. She looks around, disoriented. Jessica, now conscious, crawls over to them.

LEAH

Where's Jamie?

Travis looks back at the house, nearly fully engulfed.

JESSICA

Trav. It's too late.

Travis gets up. He looks at Leah for a long moment. Then he turns and charges back into the house. Jessica grabs at him, missing.

JESSICA

Travis! No!

Leah sits up, still half out of it.

LEAH

Jess? What's going on? What....

Her eyes adjust to the flaming nightmare in front of her. She tries to get up. Jessica wraps her arms around her, holding her back.

LEAH

Travis! Jamie! Oh God, no! NO!

Jessica holds her tight as Leah fights her. They are both crying. The roof of the house begins to give. Sirens can be heard in the distance, red lights winding up the road. Leah sags against Jessica.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

It is a biting cold winter day, with the sun low and casting long shadows across an ice-covered cemetery. A small crowd gathers around a coffin. Jessica stands next to Leah. Both are dressed in black, shivering as the preacher drones about the next life. TRAVIS' MOTHER, a small native woman, drapes herself on the coffin and another young man, a brother or cousin, pulls her back. Leah watches, face stoic.

PREACHER

We will remember young Travis as  
the man he was, the kind and loving  
son, friend and brother....

JESSICA

Honey, you doing okay?

LEAH

I guess.

JESSICA

I'm sorry I didn't come see you in  
the hospital Lee. I'm sorry...  
about a lot of things.

LEAH

No matter, it was just a couple  
days.

JESSICA

I am still trying to figure myself  
out. Jamie gone now?

LEAH

His parents took his body back to  
Texas. They threatened to press  
charges against me if I ever try to  
contact them.

JESSICA

Imagine that.

Leah shrugs. She watches as they lower the casket. Slowly, her hand reaches out to grip Jessica's. The wind picks up and Leah raises her eyes, looking to a close grass covered hill, where her mother stands, wrapped in an oversized parka, head covering.

JESSICA

I'm going to miss him so much.

LEAH

Yeah.

JESSICA

At the same time, I don't want any  
of this back.

LEAH

I'd do it again, and again, and  
again. Until I got it right.

JESSICA

I hope someday you can forgive me.

LEAH

We aren't those girls anymore.  
Those girls are long gone, Jessica.

JESSICA

Are you going to leave state?

LEAH

No. I don't think running away is  
the answer Jess. What's here is who  
we are.

JESSICA

It's never going to be the same.

LEAH

No it's not. But maybe... maybe it  
can be better.

Leah lets go of Jessica's hand. She turns away and starts  
walking up the hill, towards her mother.

FADE OUT