

ZACHARY' S LOVE

By Gregory Warren Synstelien

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EXT. NYC - NIGHT

The iridescent streets of midtown beneath an enlightened Empire State Building shimmer lavender in the interminable rain.

TATTOO PARLOR

Buzzing.

A vibrating needle sweeps through a sea of red liquid.

The incessant humming quiets momentarily. A white cloth dabs at the crimson beads forming on the black inked outline of a pale green Luna Moth tattoo.

The needle reappears and the noise continues.

Millimeter by millimeter green dye shoots into the skin.

MAN (OS)
(Whimpering)
Oh, mother of man!

Millimeter by millimeter the long delicate tail of the Moon Moth fills in.

MAN (VO)
Bless me Heavenly Father for
I have sinned. It's been
thirty-odd years since my
last confession.

The needle retreats.

CLICK and SNAP - the color changes. Red on red amidst the green.

MAN (VO)
Probably 'cause I'm not
Catholic.

The white rag materializes and swabs the pale green bleeding skin.

MAN (VO)

Probably 'cause my world's an
arrogant phallogentric
patriarchal utopia.

The near finished tattoo.

MAN (VO)

Owned and operated by
xenophobic traditionalists
who incinerate the faggots
flittering too close to their
c'mon baby, light my fire.

Beautiful artistry.

MAN (VO)

I mean, Father, is there
really anything inherently
wrong with me being gay? I'd
think you'd have a damn good
reason for creating me like
this, wouldn't you?

Tongues of fire surround the delicate pale green Luna Moth.

Burning. The buzzing continues.

MAN (OS)

For the love of God!

STREET CORNER - OMINOUS BLACK NIGHT

After a heavy rain.

A lone glass beacon beckons the dark.

A Luna Moth smacks into the telephone booth's exterior glass
barrier, drawn *uncontrollably* to its light.

The telephone within rings uninterrupted.

The Luna Moth hits the glass wall - again and again.

The booth pulsates.

A muscular hockey player, BJORN, appears from out of the darkness and enters the booth. He wears skates and a numbered athletic jersey and sports a JAGGED SCAR across his cheek.

He seats himself.

He answers the phone.

BJORN
Hello? Who?

A micro fissure appears in the glass. Bjorn glances up at it.

BJORN
I knew this guy?

WHACK. Another crack. Bjorn stares at it.

BJORN
I suppose I gave him AIDS.

From above, the Luna penetrates the booth and lands on the Bjorn's head.

BJORN
He never got it? No kidding.
Lucky for him.

It spreads its wings on Bjorn's thick handsome head. Unnoticed, the beautiful Luna Moth relaxes.

BJORN
A whole hell of a lot of guys
loved me - if you know what I
mean.

Bjorn swats it to the floor.

BJORN
As if I'm gonna remember...

He slices and dices the pale green moth with his skate, repeatedly until it's unrecognizable.

BJORN
...some holy fuck named Zachary
Larssen.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

Rain pelts the busy streets of a neon-painted Sunset
Boulevard. Razzle-dazzle. Rainbow electric.

AUDITION ROOM

A man's LIPS part...

WOMAN (OS)
I love you.

...on a static filled TV screen.

WOMAN (OS)
Do you love me?

ZACHARY's lips. Blonde, blue-eyed Scandinavian Zachary's
lips.

ZACHARY
Um...

WOMAN (OS)
Do you love me?

Zachary's eyes dart back and forth. Fear. Tears.

ZACHARY
No. Not really.

The WOMAN CASTING DIRECTOR'S form reflects off the glass on
the TV screen. She comes into focus but still blends in with
Zachary's prominent *auditioning* image.

ZACHARY
I always figured you'd be in
the background - waiting for
me.

A PRODUCER reflects off the glass on the TV screen along side the Casting Director's reflection. The two reflected individuals communicate to each other through a series of shrugs and glances.

Is Zachary following the script?

The Casting Director glances. The Producer shrugs.

ZACHARY

Waiting for me to give up the
ghost of my perfect pretty
people dream of the perfect
man to come into my life and
make things - perfect.

The Producer motions to cut the camera.

BLINK - The TV screen goes out.

Zachary continues rambling to his reflection on the darkened screen...

ZACHARY

Waiting for me to feel
something for you. Anything.
Anything at all.

Zachary leans in toward his reflection on the TV screen.

ZACHARY

How long will you wait?

EXT. LOS ANGELES - PRESENT DAY

Sheets of rain pound the pavement as Leslie Gore tells the listening world she isn't owned.

Bumper to bumper traffic from the 405 all the way to the ocean slows a TOYOTA CELICA to a crawl as it winds its way down Wilshire Blvd.

The Celica swerves. Oncoming commuters react. Phew, by a nose.

The spasmodic Celica once again swerves herky-jerky. Once again, he avoids a collision.

INT. TOYOTA CELICA - DAY

Zachary applies a Nicoderm patch to his arm.

He recites positive affirmations written on a post-it stuck to the center of his steering wheel.

ZACHARY

I will learn something today.
I will be positive and
productive. Only good things
will direct my path. Only...

Pushing aside two tattered silk roses wrapped around his rear view mirror, Zachary frantically wipes the condensation from his window.

ZACHARY

I can't see you! Stay out of
the fucking road! Jaywalker!
I hate you!

Flashing red crossing lights reflect off the hood of Zachary's rain shiny car.

Zachary slams on the brakes.

A PEDESTRIAN freezes in the crosswalk like a deer caught in the headlights.

The pedestrian and Zachary make eye contact.

ZACHARY

Oh, my God! Oh, my God!

The pedestrian's visage looms toward Zachary. A JAGGED SCAR streaks the man's cheek. Hallucination?

ZACHARY

Oh, my God! Oh, my God!

The pedestrian backs away. He gestures a *fuck you* and then is gone.

Visibly shaken, Zachary pulls off the road and parallel parks.

Completely inept, lousy and dangerous at parking - he shuts off his motor.

Zachary swings open his car door and opens his umbrella.

Holding the opened umbrella outside his vehicle as a shield against the pouring rain, he reaches all the way over for his forgotten backpack on the floor of his passenger seat.

A CITY BUS COMPLETELY TAKES OFF ZACHARY'S DRIVER'S SIDE DOOR.

The umbrella becomes a memory.

Zachary snaps back to see the wide-open space where his door once was.

Blood trickles down his thumb.

ZACHARY

I won't smoke. I won't
smoke. I won't smoke.

INT. DR. LOLA KELLY'S OFFICE - DAY

Crowded floor-to-ceiling bookshelves spill manuals, hardcovers and paperbacks. A veritable googolplex of knowledge.

Spacious floor-to-ceiling windows shake from the wind and rain.

Luxurious hardwood floors span twelve hundred square feet.

DR. LOLA KELLY sits quietly at her desk next to a glowing fireplace breeding embers. She presses the *play* button on her answering machine.

DARION (VO)
Momster Mash. It's me. I
finally get through and
you're not answering. Damn.
Happy Birthday, anyway.

Dr. Kelly folds up a pair of woolen long underwear with a snap flap in the back.

DARION (VO)
You'll never guess in a
million years what I got you.
Go on. Guess.

A brand new super fluorescent dome-styled tent occupies the floor just in front the hearth.

DARION (VO)
Wrong. I figure, it's time
for something completely
different and... uh... it's being
delivered to your office, so
keep an eye out.

Lightning. Thunder.

DARION (VO)
Love ya forever. Bye.

Dr. Kelly gets up and clomps over to the windows wearing her brand new *industrial strength* hiking boots. She closes the vertical blinds.

INT. MINI MART - SAME

A soaked to the bone Zachary stands at the register. The CLERK sets a pack of cigarettes in front of Zachary.

CLERK
You have I.D?

INT. DR. LOLA KELLY'S OFFICE - CONTINUING

Dr. Kelly's telephone rings. Climbing out of her boots, she returns to her desk and answers it.

DR. LOLA KELLY
Darion? Hello?

She hangs up the phone. She looks at her watch.

DR. LOLA KELLY
Never a clear connection!

A Siamese kitten mews at her feet.

DR. LOLA KELLY
It's covert hostility.

Dr. Kelly picks EDDY up and holds him close.

DR. LOLA KELLY
That's all it is.

EXT. PACIFIC AVE. - SAME

Zachary stands next to his doorless Toyota with an armful of soggy headshots, clothing - stuff. Torrents of water swirl at his feet.

Pathetically, he smokes.

DR. LOLA KELLY (VO)
However, momma's gonna make
things all purrrfect. Yes,
she is.

INT. DR. LOLA KELLY'S OFFICE - CONTINUING

Eddy squirms out of Dr. Kelly's arms and to the floor.

Dr. Kelly confronts her *gift*.

She collapses the anathema back into its tent bag with very little success.

DR. LOLA KELLY

Shit!

Dr. Kelly's telephone rings.

The tent pops back open scaring the crap out of little Eddy.

Her telephone rings again.

Dr. Kelly snatches up the phone.

DR. LOLA KELLY

Little Dee? Zachary.

She opens a leather binder on her desk.

DR. LOLA KELLY

You're early. Come on up.

She buzzes him in. She then picks up the massive boots by the blinds and carries them into her micro-kitchenette and lays them to rest next to her garbage can. Dr. Kelly then fills two glasses with water.

DR. LOLA KELLY

As if *I* need a change!

She bursts into tears at the sink.

DR. LOLA KELLY

Damn you!

She places the water on a faded end table next to an enormous couch in the center of the room - her *hubbub* for doctoring.

A knock at the door announces Zachary's arrival. Eddy hides.

Dr. Kelly dries her face.

She then opens the door to a dripping Zachary holding an armload of *stuff*.

The cigarette dangles from his lips.

DR. LOLA KELLY
Well, Hi?!

Dr. Kelly pulls the drowned cigarette from Zachary's lips.

DR. LOLA KELLY
I'll take this.

She looks Zachary up and down.

DR. LOLA KELLY
You travel light.

Dr. Kelly ushers Zachary in.

DR. LOLA KELLY
Take off your shoes.

Zachary kicks off his shoes and drops his stack of stuff on the floor at his feet.

A traffic ticket remains in his hand.

ZACHARY
It's my life.

DR. LOLA KELLY
Okay. Move your *life* right over there...

She points to a spot just out of the way of the door.

DR. LOLA KELLY
...and I'll get you something to dry yourself.

Dr. Kelly notices the scratch on Zachary's hand.

DR. LOLA KELLY
Zachary, you're bleeding.

Zachary puts his hand to his mouth as Dr. Kelly goes into her bathroom just past the fireplace and the *tent*.

Zachary slides his *life* off to the side. He drapes his dank jacket over his damp things.

Returning with rose-embroidered towels under her arm, Dr. Kelly opens a band-aid.

DR. LOLA KELLY

Here...

She affixes the band-aid over Zachary's scratch.

DR. LOLA KELLY

Zachary?

ZACHARY

I know. I know. I know.
I am designing my destiny
with every choice I make.

Holding the ticket, he beelines it for the over-stuffed comfort couch.

ZACHARY

With every move I make. With
every step I take. It's all
up to me.

Following closely, Dr. Kelly hands Zachary one of the towels.

DR. LOLA KELLY

(touch of sarcasm)

Good, it's sinking in.

She quickly spreads the other towel out over the soft suede as Zachary plops down onto it. He buries his face into his rose embroidered towel.

ZACHARY

Mmmmm. Roses.

Zachary wipes his face.

ZACHARY

Thank you.

Zachary abruptly attacks and rips up the ticket and releases the pieces at his feet.

Dr. Kelly rescues the pieces as Zachary dries his hair.

DR. LOLA KELLY
Zachary, what happened?

PACIFIC AVENUE - TIME TRAVELING BACK TO ZACHARY'S BUS ACCIDENT

Rainwater gurgles out rippled reflections of storm clouds shifting.

Churning maple leaves through a gutter on Dr. Kelly's building, the rainwater zips in fast motion down to the sidewalk.

It quickly spills out over the cement through backward sloshing galoshes to the curb.

The water flows FORWARD as time goes BACKWARD.

In fast motion the gutter water flows past a Luna Moth. The water envelopes it, sucks it under and rapidly snakes down the street.

A dam of twigs, leaves and paper crashes into the rear right tire of Zachary's doorless Toyota Celica.

His license plate reads UFF DA!

The upside down Luna spins like a top in an eddy created by the dam. The spinning slows.

The moth's legs scramble to right itself but its wings are saturated. An endless nightmare suddenly sucked into a drain.

TOYOTA CELICA - FLASHBACK

Zachary's hands grip the steering wheel.

A tall, handsome uniformed Policeman, OFFICER DARION, looks into the doorless side of Zachary's car. He blocks the rain.

OFFICER DARION

You okay?

Zachary glances up at him.

ZACHARY

I think so.

OFFICER DARION

I'll need to look at your
driver's license and
registration.

Zachary unlocks his grip and reaches over to the glove compartment.

A bevy of post-its line the outside of the glove compartment and dashboard: *"Laundry, do it and you'll find the man of your dreams"*, *"You need to eat more than meat, buy groceries"*, *"Not all men want you to check them out."*

He opens the compartment, pulls out a book, and lays it atop his headshots in his passenger seat. Then Zachary reaches in and retrieves his registration and his license.

He hands them to the Officer.

The Officer looks at them - then leans in.

Rain drips off the Officer's cap onto Zachary's left leg.

OFFICER DARION

Mr. Larssen...

INSERT - BOOK TITLE

"Men are from Mars and GAY
MEN are from the Moon: the
Lola Kelly Connection"

BACK TO SCENE

OFFICER DARION

...Zachary.

Their eyes meet.

OFFICER DARION

Mooning?

Zachary loses himself in the Officer's jarringly beautiful eyes.

ZACHARY

Pardon?

A seductive smile permeates the Officer's face.

Mutual attraction?

BACK TO DR. LOLA KELLY'S OFFICE - CONTINUING

Dr. Kelly puts the pieces of the ticket on the table next to the couch.

DR. LOLA KELLY

Little pieces to the Zachary puzzle. We'll have to see if we can't put this back together.

She seats herself.

DR. LOLA KELLY

How's the confusion?

ZACHARY

Chaotic. I'm too young to have Alzheimer's.

DR. LOLA KELLY

Are you doing your exercises?

ZACHARY

I hate the notes. The notes make me want to kill all the *stupid* rude people.

DR. LOLA KELLY
Be specific. The notes are
to remind you not of the
things you know but of the
events and schedules that
slip away.

Zachary makes a mental note.

ZACHARY
They're there to remind me of
the ones that get away.

DR. LOLA KELLY
How are your auditions going?

ZACHARY
Super. Then I hear the randy
raven say, "Never more.
Never more."

DR. LOLA KELLY
That reminds me, I have a
copy of *Dante's Inferno*. You
can have it.

ZACHARY
You gave it to me already.

Dr. Kelly smirks.

ZACHARY
Who's Little Dee?

DR. LOLA KELLY
My son.

ZACHARY
You have a son?

DR. LOLA KELLY
I'm a proud mother of one.

Dr. Kelly looks over at the albatross in front of her
fireplace. Zachary sees it for the first time.

ZACHARY

Wow. It's... it's big.

DR. LOLA KELLY

And cheerful.

ZACHARY

It's not really you, is it?

DR. LOLA KELLY

How was your beer commercial?

ZACHARY

I couldn't burp.

CASTING OFFICE - FLASHBACK

The walls vibrate a migraine-inducing luminescent blue.

A SPIKEY HAired MAN sits with Zachary at a table facing another CASTING DIRECTOR.

They both pick up an unopened can of beer at the same time. They pretend to open it, pretend to take a drink and then Spikey belches.

Zachary appears to be heaving.

CASTING DIRECTOR

Don't throw up.

ZACHARY

I won't. I want to burp for you.

Zachary continues to push. His tongue comes out.

CASTING DIRECTOR

Don't worry about it. Not everyone can burp.

ZACHARY

The part calls for a burp.

The Casting Director looks them both up and down.

CASTING DIRECTOR

Uh huh. Who here is the swimmer?

Obvious as the sky is blue and men are true... to women.

SPIKEY

I am.

CASTING DIRECTOR

As we stated on the handout, we'll need you to take your shirt off.

SPIKEY

Right.

He stands and takes his shirt off, revealing riveting biceps and rippling abs.

CASTING DIRECTOR

Turn for the camera.

Zachary's eyes gravitate to the curly hairs around Spikey's navel.

Spikey sees this. Enjoys this. He winks and flexes for Zachary as he turns.

A bulge forms in Spikey's pants.

Zachary releases his ill-timed prolonged burp. Tears well up.

ZACHARY

Fuck me!

BACK TO DR. LOLA KELLY'S OFFICE - PRESENT DAY

Dr. Kelly shakes and folds the towel Zachary used to dry his hair.

DR. LOLA KELLY
A bit dramatic. But, not
necessarily too traumatic...

BACK TO CASTING OFFICE

Spikey exhibits a JAGGED BLEEDING SCAR painted across his
cheek.

BACK TO PRESENT

Zachary wipes a tear away.

ZACHARY
I'm such a jerk.

DR. LOLA KELLY
No, you just attract them.
Like flies. You need a
potent virility fly
repellant. One that zips the
zipper and keeps on zipping.

Zachary's cell phone rings from inside his backpack at the
door.

He dives for his bag with lightning speed.

DR. LOLA KELLY
And soon.

It rings again.

ZACHARY
Do you mind - terribly?

Dr. Kelly relents.

DR. LOLA KELLY
Might be your big break.

Zachary pulls out his Verizon wireless.

ZACHARY

Hello?

(Lowering his voice)

Oh, it's you. What's it been, five minutes?

DR. LOLA KELLY

Or not.

Zachary beams, smiles ear to ear - glances at the ripped up ticket.

Abruptly, Zachary closes up his cell and returns to the couch.

DR. LOLA KELLY

That was quick.

ZACHARY

Bad connection. He has big hands. What is it they say about guys who have big hands? Big hands...

DR. LOLA KELLY

Big heart.

ZACHARY

Really? Damn! I hung up on him.

INT. PARKED POLICE CRUISER - SAME

An empty animal carrier sits on the front passenger seat.

The Police Officer that gave Zachary the ticket sits in the driver's seat holding an incredibly small gray kitten and his cell phone.

He snuggles the kitten up to his face and to the phone.

OFFICER DARION

Sam. Sam. Sam I am. See? Nobody's on the other end - again.

His police radio SQUAWKS.

INT. DR. LOLA KELLY'S OFFICE - CONTINUING LATER

Zachary returns his emptied water glass back to the end table and reclines back on the couch with his feet up dangling over the arm.

Dr. Kelly places a bowl of Green Granny Apples on the end table and picks up the empty glasses. She makes her way back to the kitchenette.

DR. LOLA KELLY
Why'd you hang up on him?

ZACHARY
I don't know.

DR. LOLA KELLY
Not your usual abusive type,
huh?

ZACHARY
Is that my type? I was
wondering. He freaked me
out.

DR. LOLA KELLY
In what way?

ZACHARY
He's a police officer.

DR. LOLA KELLY
Ooh, freaky.

ZACHARY
He gave me a ticket! I have
to go back to traffic school.

DR. LOLA KELLY
A significant cause for
another tattoo?

ZACHARY

Maybe.

DR. LOLA KELLY

What number will that one be?

ZACHARY

You should be nice to me, you know.

DR. LOLA KELLY

And why is that?

ZACHARY

I pay you.

DR. LOLA KELLY

You do?

ZACHARY

I intend to.

DR. LOLA KELLY

So, why'd you hang up on him?

ZACHARY

I don't know. I forget. He reminded me of my brother.

DR. LOLA KELLY

How is Randy?

ZACHARY

He's on Lithium.

DR. LOLA KELLY

And your sisters?

Zachary folds up the towel he was sitting on and places it under his head as a pillow.

ZACHARY

Evil nasty Republican
bitches.

DR. LOLA KELLY
How's your mom?

ZACHARY
Sane.

DR. LOLA KELLY
Extraordinary. Why do you
think that is?

ZACHARY
She had five psychiatrists.

Dr. Kelly returns with two full glasses of water.

DR. LOLA KELLY
One of the many benefits of
my profession. Therapeutic
success.

ZACHARY
They're all dead.

DR. LOLA KELLY
One of the drawbacks.

Zachary eyes one of the Green Grannies.

Dr. Kelly goes to her bookshelves and scans the books.

DR. LOLA KELLY
Eat a Granny. They're
nutritious.

ZACHARY
Are you sure?

Dr. Kelly pulls a book out. Her picture is on the cover.

INSERT: THE BOOK TITLE

"How to Say NO and Mean It:
the Lola Kelly Connection"

BACK TO SCENE

DR. LOLA KELLY

Yes.

Zachary takes an apple and polishes it.

Dr. Kelly searches for another book - she pulls one from the shelf. A handsome man graces the cover.

He looks exactly like Bjorn.

INSERT: THE BOOK TITLE

"God Won't Mind: the RAYMOND
KELLY Correction"

BACK TO SCENE

Dr. Kelly removes this book's jacket - ridding the book of the handsome man's picture. She returns the jacket to the shelf.

Zachary bites into his apple.

ZACHARY

I feel like Snow White.

DR. LOLA KELLY

And I'm the evil witch?

ZACHARY

Man, I suck! No.

DR. LOLA KELLY

Ah. Prince Charming and the deep sleep antidote.

ZACHARY

Waiting on the kiss.

Zachary moves to the windows, eating his apple. He peeks out the vertical blinds.

DR. LOLA KELLY

So, why'd you hang up on him?

Dr. Kelly thinks twice about leaving the remaining book jacket on the book. She slips it off and returns it to the shelf with the other.

ZACHARY

Oh, man. I was terrorized..

Rain pours in torrents onto the ocean.

ZACHARY

...in New York. I could see
the Empire State Building
from my living room window.

Lightning skips across the surface of the ocean on the horizon.

ZACHARY

Leona always changed the
lights for the holidays.

Zachary lets go of the blinds and moves to an aquarium uncomfortably tucked in between shelves and teeming with books below it, above it and all around it.

DR. LOLA KELLY

I thought you lived on the
Upper West Side?

ZACHARY

Yeah, I did. Did you know
you have a dead fish in your
tank?

An orange bubble-eyed goldfish floats belly up.

DR. LOLA KELLY
Another one?

Speaking with his mouth full, Zachary notices an eight-inch fish.

ZACHARY
Whoa! A Leopard Plecostomus!

Dr. Kelly appears at Zachary's side with the two books.

ZACHARY
(referring to the dead
goldfish)
He'll suck it dry.

DR. LOLA KELLY
That's... not good. The whole
thing's... not good.

ZACHARY
Sure it is. He's a vacuum...

DR. LOLA KELLY
Another inexplicable gift
from my son. Could you pull
it out?

ZACHARY
The fish?

DR. LOLA KELLY
The fish. Could you please
get it out of the aquarium
for me?

Zachary fishes the dead goldfish out of the tank with his free hand and gives it to Dr. Kelly who whisks it away into the bathroom.

ZACHARY
I had a Leopard Plecostomus
once.

A toilet flushes.

ZACHARY

They're amazing fish.

Zachary's eyes follow the Plecostomus as it winds its way back and forth in the tank.

ZACHARY

They'll survive anything.

Dr. Kelly exits the bathroom.

ZACHARY

My mom didn't kill her
psychiatrists, you know.

DR. LOLA KELLY

I'll make a note of that.

Dr. Kelly returns to the couch with the two *jacket free* books.

ZACHARY

Dr. McKinley's wife shot him.
Double barrel. Between the
eyes.

Zachary returns to the couch.

ZACHARY

Dr. Zuponsick drove off a
cliff. We got our piano
tuned by Dr. Major-case-of-
syphilis.

Zachary tosses his apple core across the room into what appears to be a wastebasket at the front door - making it.

ZACHARY

Dr. Johnson had Kevorkian.

Dr. Kelly, without missing a beat, gets up and goes to the basket, still listening to Zachary.

ZACHARY
And my favorite - Dr.
Fleming. Good old Dr.
Phlegm-thing. He...

Zachary hacks/coughs.

ZACHARY
...hung himself. In his
closet. I laughed when I
found out.

Dr. Kelly winces at this revelation as she moves an umbrella
aside and retrieves the apple core.

ZACHARY
How rude of me.

DR. LOLA KELLY
Happens all the time.

ZACHARY
Sorry.

Dr. Kelly fills with emotion.

DR. LOLA KELLY
Excuse me.

She escapes to the bathroom with the apple core.

ZACHARY
Oh, man. I'm sorry.

LATER

Dr. Kelly turns open the vertical blinds.

The sun pokes through the clouds.

Rain continues to fall.

DR. LOLA KELLY
Tell me about Dr. Fleming.

As the blinds open, Zachary, facing away from the windows, turns into silhouette.

MINNESOTA WOODS - A ZACHARY NIGHTMARE

A drooling *painted* buck-toothed troll grins a gruesome grin as he holds Zachary's severed head.

FAMILY LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK

A family of hand-carved Torgersen Trolls sit atop a piano.

Plump and pimply DR. FLEMING holds conference in the living room. He sits on the piano bench just in front of the trolls.

Zachary's FATHER, wearing a minister's collar, sits next to Zachary. Zachary's family fills up every other seat in the room. Family emergency?

ZACHARY (VO)

My mother trusted him -
implicitly.

DR. FLEMING

I should start by saying...

Dr. Fleming loosens his tie and eyes each member of the Larssen family through his fish-eyed glasses.

DR. FLEMING

...I am a closet transvestite.

Zachary buckles over and dies a million deaths.

Zachary's MOTHER trembles and stays focused on her hands folded in her lap.

His father's lips disappear.

His siblings sit moon-faced with their mouths agape.

ZACHARY (VO)

What a mind fuck!

DR. FLEMING

Enough about me. Zachary is gay. And we'll start with Mom and go clock-wise expressing our feelings about it.

BACK TO DR. LOLA KELLY'S OFFICE - CONTINUING

Zachary peels off his socks and places them in front of the fireplace. He wiggles his toes at the flames.

ZACHARY

Mom said I should get hormone shots and make sure my testicles were the appropriate size.

From the couch...

DR. LOLA KELLY

She said that?

ZACHARY

A Doctor in Duluth did. He said they were small. I remember he had hairy arms.

DR. FLEMING FLASHBACK CONTINUED

KAYLA, Zachary's youngest sister, sits frozen and agog.

DR. FLEMING

Kayla? What are your feelings? Express yourself.

She looks to everyone else for encouragement.

Kayla bursts into tears.

DR. FLEMING

Very good. Randy?

RANDY looks up - startled - pale.

RANDY

What?

DR. FLEMING

Direct your feelings to
Zachary.

RANDY

Okay. Um.
(to Zachary)
It figures.

Randy shrugs and shifts and leans forward at a slant. He appears as if he is about to bolt out of the room.

Teary-eyed, LORI - the oldest of the five kids, wipes her nose with a tissue.

DR. FLEMING

Lori?

LORI

I feel like I've lost my
brother and we're at his
funeral.

She blows her nose.

LORI

How can you say you're gay?
You went to the prom.

ZACHARY

I've always been gay - since
I was five years old.

LORI

You can't know anything at
five. You're just trying to
get back at Mom.

DR. FLEMING

Darlene?

DARLENE, the middle sister, shifts and snaps at Zachary.

DARLENE
Homosexuals go to Hell.

DR. FLEMING
Did you want to say anything
else?

DARLENE
No.

Darlene looks away.

DR. FLEMING
Dad?

DAD
I suppose I always knew.

Zachary's minister father glares at Zachary's mother and then turns back to Zachary.

DAD
If you haven't had sex yet -
I will marry you.

ZACHARY
It's a little late for the
sex part, Dad. I met Leon
and we've already - partook.

MOM
At that school?

ZACHARY
Yes, Mom. Leon's black.

MOM
I didn't mean that. You know
I didn't mean that. I have
nothing against your friends.
You know that.

DAD

I guess that's that.

ZACHARY

Yes. That's that.

BACK TO DR. LOLA KELLY'S OFFICE - PRESENT DAY

Zachary squats at the door tying his shoes and then gathers up his pile of things.

Dr. Kelly hands Zachary the two books. Zachary stands and looks at Dr. Raymond Kelly's *God Won't Mind*.

ZACHARY

There's a crazy reverend always making the news who runs around with his kids waving signs at every gay funeral chanting, "Jesus hates fags. Jesus hates fags."

DR. LOLA KELLY

Yes, I know.

(referring to the book)

I sent him a copy.

ZACHARY

Am I his only patient... ?

DR. LOLA KELLY

Yes.

At the door.

ZACHARY

You're very different from him, aren't you?

Dr. Kelly opens the door.

DR. LOLA KELLY

Very.

ZACHARY

Thank you for taking me on.

DR. LOLA KELLY

You're welcome.

ZACHARY

I hung up on him because..

DR. LOLA KELLY

He's a gay police officer?

ZACHARY

I get confused. He reminds me of someone.

DR. LOLA KELLY

It'll come back.

ZACHARY

I don't know. I'm not sure I want it to.

INT. ZACHARY'S LOS ANGELES BEDROOM - DAY

Magazines with every Hollywood cover boy imaginable blanket the room. A beautiful Moroccan star, HASSAN, lays prominent atop the rest.

Zachary carefully trims this cover man with a scissors and then shellacs him to his bedroom wall.

LATER - NIGHT

Hassan lies next to Zachary.

Zachary reads *How to Say No and Mean it*.

Hassan rises out of bed. Completely naked, he nonchalantly walks to the bathroom.

HASSAN

I'm getting married tomorrow
to a beautiful Japanese girl.
She's an artist like you.

INT. DR. LOLA KELLY'S OFFICE - DAY - NEXT VISIT

Zachary punctures a pomegranate from the bowl that used to have apples. The red juice runs down his arm - over a new tattoo.

Zachary licks the juice off of his elbow as Dr. Kelly hands him a napkin.

Zachary crumples the napkin and tosses it to Eddy. Eddy bats the napkin around as a smaller scraggly gray kitten (SAM) does a flying leap from behind the couch landing on top of Eddy.

Dr. Kelly hands Zachary another napkin.

Both kittens wrestle and chase each other to the back of the couch.

Dr. Kelly takes Zachary's arm and examines his new moth tattoo.

DR. LOLA KELLY

Another heterosexual man? Do
you want to talk about it?

ZACHARY

Why?

DR. LOLA KELLY

Why not?

ZACHARY

I'm ripe, ready to pop.

DR. LOLA KELLY

It *might* be the most
important clue to the Zachary
phenomenon.

ZACHARY

He invited me to his wedding!

Dr. Kelly mimics playing a teeny-weeny violin with her thumb and index finger.

ZACHARY

Man, I pay you way too much.

DR. LOLA KELLY

How do you know him?

ZACHARY

LAX. He asked me if I had a box cutter.

DR. LOLA KELLY

You find terrorists irresistible?

ZACHARY

He's a flight attendant.

DR. LOLA KELLY

You find flight attendants irresistible?

ZACHARY

No.

DR. LOLA KELLY

No?

ZACHARY

They're unbearable snobs.

DR. LOLA KELLY

You're angry about his wedding because it isn't with you?

ZACHARY

I'm angry that I said; "Okay." when he said; "I want to fuck you."

DR. LOLA KELLY
Were you safe?

ZACHARY
In my dreams? I don't
remember.

DR. LOLA KELLY
Hassan's imaginary?

ZACHARY
He's from New York.

DR. LOLA KELLY
You knew someone like him in
New York?

ZACHARY
Yeah. Someone like him. He
called me.

DR. LOLA KELLY
From the altar?

ZACHARY
No. My gay police officer
called me.

DR. LOLA KELLY
Honest?

ZACHARY
Honest. He asked me to go
with him to Sedona to
experience a vortex.

DR. LOLA KELLY
And you said no?

ZACHARY
Of course. I'm not *that*
easy. So, then he asked me
to a hockey game.

DR. LOLA KELLY
And you hung up on him.

ZACHARY
Almost. Unfortunately, I
admire his persistence.
Anyway, the LAPD's giving him
a medal at an award's
ceremony and since I turned
downed the King's game and
Sedona did I want to go with
him to this honorable
respectable event.

DR. LOLA KELLY
He's gay. That's not exactly
your dream, I know. What's
his name?

ZACHARY
I don't remember.

Dr. Kelly pulls out her notepad.

DR. LOLA KELLY
You knew you were gay when
you were five years old?

ZACHARY
Yeah. What's your son like?

DR. LOLA KELLY
Why?

ZACHARY
Just curious, is all.

DR. LOLA KELLY
He's not your...
(she catches herself)
...regular, typical type. He's
passionate. He's strong.

ZACHARY
Like his father?

DR. LOLA KELLY

I used to think so.

ZACHARY

Do you love him?

DR. LOLA KELLY

With all my heart.

ZACHARY

Just not his gifts.

DR. LOLA KELLY

They're... not me.

ZACHARY

Why Little Dee?

DR. LOLA KELLY

When he was a toddler he would say; "Fiddle dee-dee".

ZACHARY

That's certainly better than *Queen of Hearts*.

ZACHARY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The moon lights up twelve-year-old Zachary's room through the WHIRRING fan in his window. It casts flickering shadows across several framed pictures of hockey players. A-HL Blackhawks. Eveleth Eagles. Biwabik Bears.

Zachary lies in bed with a cast on his leg that pokes out from under his covers.

ZACHARY

Dear God, the other boys called me *Queen of Hearts* again. They say I'm pretty. They say I'm a mistake.

Zachary sits up and pulls a miniature hockey stick out from under his pillow.

He jabs the curved end into the open toe of his cast and itches an itch.

ZACHARY

Maybe you meant to make me a girl. Maybe you should correct your mistake.

Zachary pulls the mini-stick out and slides it in under his cast at his knee.

He vigorously itches his leg.

ZACHARY

I'll just tell Mom *it* fell off and that I'm sorry I didn't work out as a boy. She'll understand.

Zachary puts the back-scratcher back under his pillow and lies back down.

ZACHARY

Bless everybody - okay?
Please save me from burning up in the fires of Hell.
Amen.

Zachary closes his eyes and pulls his covers up to his chin.

The fan in Zachary's bedroom window slows to a...

...WHOOSH, WHOOSH, WHOOSH.

Zachary bolts upright.

ZACHARY

No!

Panicking, Zachary checks under his covers to make sure everything is where it's supposed to be.

BACK TO DR. LOLA KELLY'S OFFICE - PRESENT DAY

Zachary wipes his face and hands then wraps up the remains of the pomegranate into his several napkins - kneading it into a ball.

ZACHARY

If the millions of people all over the world living in fear of eternal damnation realized Heaven and Hell is now - here on Earth - we would have a much healthier planet.

FLASH TO DR. LOLA KELLY'S BEDROOM

Dr. Kelly, wearing silk lacy pajamas opens the door to her bedroom closet.

The handsome DR. RAYMOND KELLY from the book jacket dangles from a rope of twisted panty hose. Lifeless.

BACK TO SCENE

Dr. Kelly takes the kneaded napkins from Zachary.

DR. LOLA KELLY

We certainly would.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - PRESENT DAY

A young SKINHEAD sits in the back seat of Officer Darion's cruiser.

Handcuffed and angry.

Officer Darion views him through his rear view mirror.

OFFICER DARION

Normally I'd ask my old man but he's not around anymore.

SKINHEAD

What happened to him?

OFFICER DARION

He's counseling angels. So,
what do you think?

The angry kid looks away.

SKINHEAD

A plant. Only if you care to
send the very best.

INT. DR. LOLA KELLY'S OFFICE - EVENING

Dr. Kelly opens an invitation to an LAPD awards ceremony.

DR. LOLA KELLY

A catered affair for you and
two guests.

She puts the card aside and picks up her leather Zachary
binder.

DR. LOLA KELLY

So, kiddo, what's real and
what's imaginary? Or is it a
combination of both?

She sets the binder down.

DR. LOLA KELLY

What are the odds?

She picks the LAPD card up.

DR. LOLA KELLY

No.

INT. ZACHARY'S LOS ANGELES BEDROOM - DAY

Zachary shellacs a *perfect* Italian man, DINO, to his menagerie
of men fanning out on his bedroom wall.

LATER - NIGHT

Dino climbs into bed with Zachary.

ZACHARY

Dino?

DINO

Yo.

ZACHARY

What are your thoughts on
love?

DINO

We can talk finances later.
I'm what you gays call a big-
ticket item.

Zachary, nonplussed, gets out of bed dragging his covers with him.

ZACHARY

I just realized..

Zachary stands on the opposite side of the room with his covers wrapped around him.

ZACHARY

...you should go.

DINO

I'll be in and out. You
won't even know I was here.

ZACHARY

That's a real comfort... but,
that's a given with me.

DINO

C'mon. You ain't gonna get
anyone better than me.

ZACHARY

Life's tragic that way.

INT. DR. LOLA KELLY'S OFFICE - DAY - NEXT VISIT

Zachary sits on the *doctoring couch* holding a potted plant.

Dr. Kelly approaches Zachary from her bookshelves reading from a plant book.

DR. LOLA KELLY
Verbena. Homestead Purple.
Grows to approximately 8
inches.

ZACHARY
My favorite. A verboten
purple homestead.

DR. LOLA KELLY
He left it outside your door?

ZACHARY
Yeah. I'd call the police,
but they're giving him a
medal.

DR. LOLA KELLY
And you're still invited?

ZACHARY
Yeah. Who'd have thought?

DR. LOLA KELLY
You should tell him the
truth.

ZACHARY
What's the truth?

DR. LOLA KELLY
You only date imaginary men.

ZACHARY
They're not imaginary.
They're real. He's just more
real...

Zachary fills with emotion.

DR. LOLA KELLY
...then you ever imagined.

ZACHARY
Okay. I'll tell him I'm in
therapy. I'll tell him I
exist in a state of total
delusion decorated with mini
post-its.

DR. LOLA KELLY
You don't need to tell him
you're in therapy. Just tell
him you're not ready to date.

ZACHARY
(referring to the plant)
It's pretty isn't it?

DR. LOLA KELLY
Yes. It is.

ZACHARY
And... maybe I need a little
bit of time to work on
remembering that I'm more
than just the epitome of
birth control.

Zachary hugs his plant.

DR. LOLA KELLY
Maybe.

INT. SUPERMARKET - PLANT FOOD SECTION - DAY

Zachary pulls a bottle from the shelf. He puts it back and
pulls another. The plant food bottles all display little
skulls and crossbones.

LARSSEN FAMILY FRONT PORCH - FLASHBACK

Snow drifts up and over the steps. EYES peek through a frosted glass window.

LARSSEN FAMILY LIVING ROOM - CONTINUING FLASHBACK

The eyes belong to SMÖRKA, the family collie. She whines at the door.

Zachary watches TV in his pajamas as Kayla practices the piano.

Their mother comes out of her bedroom, disheveled.

She holds a hairbrush.

MOM

Zachary! Take Smörka out,
now!

ZACHARY

I'm not dressed.

MOM

I don't want to hear it!

ZACHARY

Kayla is right there.

MOM

I don't want to hear it! I
don't want to!

She blacks out in a rage.

MOM

I don't want to!

Zachary's mother throws her brush at him. He ducks and gets up and moves to the front entryway.

Zachary's mother attacks him by the hair and shakes him.

Zachary throws his mother to the floor and then snatches up Smörka's metal leash from below the hallway mirror.

He strikes the floor with the leash.

He scrambles and fails to put his winter boots on.

He swings the metal leash wildly into the hall mirror shattering the glass.

Kayla stays frozen at the piano.

MOM

I want Dad! I want Dad home
now. I want him home.

She races to the telephone. Picks it up.

She dials - then again. She then slams the phone down over and over and over.

MOM

No! No! No!
(snarling)
Don't you ever, ever...

Zachary and Kayla both stare at her in shock.

She suddenly stops.

Zachary's father appears just inside the front door next to Zachary. He wears his minister's collar under his parka.

He pulls out a bottle of pills from his coat pocket and tosses it on the floor at Zachary's mother's feet.

He leaves as quietly as he arrived.

Zachary's mother looks at the pill bottle blankly. Dazed, she carefully picks it up, walks back to her bedroom and quietly closes the door.

Silence.

KAYLA
(Breaking down)
Why didn't you just take
Smörka out? You always just
think of yourself.

Kayla stands and confronts Zachary.

KAYLA
This is all your fault! It's
always your fault! You're
not God's gift - you're the
opposite!

Zachary slaps Kayla across the face.

She stares back at him.

KAYLA
(quietly)
And you're going to be just
like her, too.

FLASH BACK TO SUPERMARKET

Zachary replaces the skull and crossbones bottle back to the
shelf.

A cute STOCKBOY startles Zachary.

STOCKBOY
Can I help you?

ZACHARY
Get away from me! No, don't.
Maybe. I don't know. I need
something created by God and
evolution to prevent
extensive overpopulation here
on Earth and the eventual
extinction of all mankind.

The stock boy pulls a bottle from the shelf.

STOCKBOY

This works good for Homestead
Purple Verbenas.

INT. DR. LOLA KELLY'S OFFICE - DAY - NEXT VISIT

Zachary sits in front of Dr. Kelly's fireplace.

He sips hot tea.

From her desk...

DR. LOLA KELLY

Are you just like your
mother?

ZACHARY

We have the same heart
murmur.

Zachary gets up and pokes at the embers in the fire sending
sparks up the chimney.

DR. LOLA KELLY

Can you tell me about Leon?

ZACHARY

You want to know if he's
real?

DR. LOLA KELLY

Is he?

ZACHARY

Is anyone? He's real. He
exposed me to the utter
absurdity of abstinence. I
mean, how would you *know*
unless you tested the water?

ON STAGE - FLASHBACK

Zachary, bloodshot eyes and cheeks flushed, takes the stage dressed in a white tuxedo.

He seats himself at an all white piano.

The stage lights flicker.

FLASH TO A TV SCREEN

A WEATHERMAN gives a theatrical review in front of a big yellow cardboard sun. He looks familiar... similar to Bjorn... with a bolt of lightning across his cheek.

WEATHERBJORN

The sets of this monstrosity
are painted in three colors.
White for Act I, blue for Act
II and Pink for Act III.

FLASH BACK TO ZACHARY ON STAGE

Zachary *imperceptibly* sways to and fro.

BACK TO WEATHERBJORN ON TV

Mr. Bjorn replica holds a pointer. He steps to one side revealing a miniature screen in the center of the big yellow sun that has Zachary sitting at the white piano on the white stage.

WEATHERBJORN

The direction is
monochromatic and boring.
Most of the players are
laughable. If you absolutely
must see this play, see it
for one reason and one reason
only.

He points his pointer to the tiny screen centered in the sun.

WEATHERBJORN
The debonair acting of
Zachary Larssen.

BACK TO ZACHARY ON STAGE

Zachary carefully rests his face on the piano keys.

WEATHERBJORN (VO)
His Algernon is velvet
heaven. He is sweet and
impish and a delight to
watch.

The lights flicker out with a clap of thunder.

Zachary hiccups in the dark.

LEON, wearing a white tuxedo with a black boutonnière, enters from stage left and approaches Zachary, illuminating him with the beam of his flashlight.

LEON
Wake up, fool! The show is
canceled. We're going home.

ZACHARY
Why?

LEON
A tornado hit the building.

ZACHARY
I'm still here.

Leon shines the flashlight into Zachary's lap, revealing a bottle of Southern Comfort.

LEON
Just my luck.

Leon lifts the empty bottle from Zachary's lap and throws it into the wings.

LEON

You're drunk.

ZACHARY

In love with you.

LEON

Fuck that! Where are my
flowers?

ZACHARY

You didn't want them. They
embarrassed you.

LEON

I changed my mind.

ZACHARY

I popped their heads off.
You'll find them in the big
garbage can at the exit.

Leon leans in close to Zachary.

LEON

That's alright. 'Cause,
here's what we're gonna do.
You're gonna forget about me,
okay? We didn't happen. *It*
never happened. I'm not like
you. I'll never be like you.

BACK TO WEATHERBJORN

He folds his arms in triumph.

WEATHERBJORN

Absolutely delightful!

TATTOO PARLOR

The tattoo gun rumbles to life and fills in the last bits of
color to an Egg Tattoo.

The egg tattoo morphs into a real egg.

It hatches. First a little crack then another.

A big chunk of shell falls off.

Moisture oozes out.

A soaked red rosebud pushes its way out of the shell.

It blooms.

From inside the shell and beneath the red rose a black oozing moth forces its way out.

The moth crawls up with its long spindly legs onto the rose.

FLASH BACK TO DR. LOLA KELLY'S OFFICE

Zachary pulls back his shirt to reveal a tattoo of a Sphinx Moth on his shoulder - perched on a rose - hatching out of an egg.

DR. LOLA KELLY
That's a Sphinx?

ZACHARY
My first.

DR. LOLA KELLY
Of many.

INT. ZACHARY'S LOS ANGELES BEDROOM - NIGHT

Zachary lies on his bed lost in the collage of men on his ceiling. Models, actors and athletes cover every square inch. They bend around corners. They flow over light switches and thermostats - smiling, inviting, seducing.

Leon smiles among the men. He shares this magazine cover with a blonde surfer-type, KRIS. Both hold Oscars.

FLASH TO SANDY BEACH

Zachary sits on a towel looking out into the ocean.

ZACHARY (VO)

A lot of my gay friends won't have anything to do with straight guys.

Cover boy Kris, toting a surfboard, appears quite a distance away walking on the beach toward Zachary.

ZACHARY (VO)

They can't believe I pay for an acting class that accepts them. Or that I do love scenes with *girls*.

Kris interacts with some bikini-clad beach babes on his way toward Zachary.

ZACHARY (VO)

I tell them it's acting. I'm a very good actor. I'm attentive to their needs.

Kris finally reaches Zachary.

ZACHARY

Were you able to get a hold of your mom?

KRIS

She sent me money through Western Union.

ZACHARY

Thank God. Let's eat.

KRIS

I only have enough for me, dude.

ZACHARY

What? I haven't eaten since yesterday! Some fucking spring break! I spent all my money on you and you ditch me for three days!

KRIS

It's a dog eat dog world. Deal with it! Give me the keys.

ZACHARY

You're not taking the car!

Kris drops his surfboard. He grabs Zachary's knapsack and rifles through it.

Zachary snatches it back.

Kris slams Zachary in the mouth, knocking Zachary to the ground.

Zachary jumps back up and charges Kris.

Kris hits Zachary a couple more times. Gravity pulls at Zachary.

Kris helps it out with one last punch. He falls with Zachary to the ground, pinning Zachary underneath him.

They face each other.

ZACHARY

I hate you.

KRIS

First you love me then you hate me. I wish you'd make up your mind.

Zachary cries.

KRIS

Aw. Did I upset little Zachary? Does Zachary want an itsy bitsy kiss from big ol' Kris?

Kris puckers his lips for Zachary.

KRIS

No, you like this.

Kris rubs his chest and pinches his nipple.

KRIS

You want some more of this, don't you?

Kris stands with Zachary's knapsack and grabs his crotch.

KRIS

You want me to pluck a couple reminders for you?

Kris reaches in, pulls out a set of car keys from Zachary's knapsack and tosses it atop an immobile Zachary.

KRIS

Stick to your own kind.

ZACHARY

I didn't touch you.

KRIS

The fuck you didn't.

ZACHARY

I didn't. I swear to God, I didn't.

KRIS

You didn't have to. People talk. They see us together.

The beach babe bunnies avert their eyes.

KRIS

We're not fucking together.
We never will be.

FLASH BACK TO DR. LOLA KELLY'S OFFICE

In front of Dr. Kelly's fireplace, Zachary shows off a Cecropia Moth tattoo on his stomach.

ZACHARY

This one's a Cecropia. He was a legendary King. I like to remember him as Alexander the Great. My conqueror.

From her desk...

DR. LOLA KELLY

What about that one?

Dr. Kelly points to the inch long scar six inches above Zachary's navel.

ZACHARY

That's... that's a birth defect.

Zachary pulls his shirt further up and shows off the Polyphemus Moth on his chest.

ZACHARY

This is Polyphemus. It has the eye of the Cyclops. Odysseus blinds him in order to escape him by stabbing him through his eye.

DR. LOLA KELLY

Tell me about the scar on your neck.

Zachary puts his hand over a thin scar that extends from his lower ear to his jugular.

ZACHARY

It's not real. Um... I don't remember.

INT. DARION'S CRUISER - DAY

Darion's cruiser idles at the curb. Dr. Lola Kelly sits next to her son in the front seat.

DR. LOLA KELLY

Who are you bringing?

DARION

Besides you?

DR. LOLA KELLY

You and two guests. I just want to know who the other guest is.

DARION

I don't know, yet.

DR. LOLA KELLY

Are you seeing someone?

DARION

Maybe.

DR. LOLA KELLY

You have a Savior complex. I don't want you seeing anybody that you feel you must save.

DARION

What is this? You always make me feel like I'm dating one of your patients.

DR. LOLA KELLY

Are you?

DARION

How would I know? I don't know any of your patients. I knew all of Dad's patients.

DR. LOLA KELLY

I doubt it.

DARION

I knew he had a few wealthy patients. Some of them he talked about.

DR. LOLA KELLY

He was unethical.

DARION

He was a lot of things.

DR. LOLA KELLY

Does your boyfriend have tattoos?

DARION

I have tattoos.

DR. LOLA KELLY

Since when?

DARION

Since basic training.

DR. LOLA KELLY

I don't want you seeing anyone with tattoos.

DARION

I love you.

DR. LOLA KELLY

What?

DARION

I love you.

DR. LOLA KELLY

Stop it.

DARION

I want you to go camping with me in Sedona.

DR. LOLA KELLY

Darion!

DARION

You used to go every weekend.

DR. LOLA KELLY

Things are different, now.

DARION

How's Sam?

DR. LOLA KELLY

I needed another kitten like...

DARION

You needed Dad?

Dr. Kelly immediately gets out of the car. Darion catches up with her halfway down the block. She turns on him.

DR. LOLA KELLY

I needed him. I needed him more than anything. He didn't need me.

DARION

That's bullshit! He needed you.

Dr. Kelly continues to her building and quickly mounts the stairs with her son in hot pursuit.

DARION

Then why all the guilt?

Dr. Kelly completely breaks down.

DR. LOLA KELLY
I have patients...

DARION
His patients.

DR. LOLA KELLY
I see only *one* of his
patients.

DARION
Why do you see *any* of his
patients?

Before Dr. Kelly can enter her building, the door swings open. An elderly man and his male nurse slowly make their way out of the building. Dr. Kelly, in an instant, shifts gears... she smiles at the couple. They smile back.

DR. LOLA KELLY
What does your precinct think
about you bringing a date?

DARION
Most of them are cool with
it.

DR. LOLA KELLY
Those that aren't?

DARION
I don't worry about them.

Dr. Kelly backs into her building.

DR. LOLA KELLY
I miss him.

She closes the door.

DARION
So do I.

FLASH TO *SURVIVOR-ESQUE* TROPICAL BEACH - NIGHT

Four men sit on stumps facing Zachary - who's tied to a stake with colorful *tribal* headbands wrapped around him and brambles at his feet.

The four men are Bjorn clones.

Zachary struggles with his bonds. A wild animal cackles.

The first of the Bjorns holds up a white placard.

INSERT PLACARD:

"ZACHARY"

BACK TO SCENE

BJORN #1

Sorry, Zach. I had a great time with you. Nobody can take that away from me.

The second holds his *Zachary* placard up.

BJORN #2

I formed an alliance with the young and the good-looking.

The third Bjorn holds his *Zachary* placard up - on cue.

BJORN #3

That's me.

The final Bjorn flips his up, as well.

BJORN #4

And me.

BJORN #1

It's all about trust, Zachary. It has nothing to do with you being..

BJORN #2

...whatever.

An effeminate Bjorn sits off to the side putting marshmallows on the end of a stick. He waves to Zachary.

Bjorn's #1, #2 & #3 toss their placards on top of the weeds at Zachary's feet.

Bjorn #4 lights the corner of his white placard. It burns slowly.

BJORN #4

Besides, it's just a game.

Bjorn #4 tosses his burning placard onto the pyre. The fire burns quickly, engulfing Zachary.

INT. DARION'S CRUISER - DAY

Darion cruises west down Santa Monica Boulevard in West Hollywood. Zachary occupies the passenger seat.

Complete *uncomplicated* silence, then...

ZACHARY

Thanks.

DARION

No problem.

ZACHARY

I should have my car back tomorrow.

DARION

Good. How was driver's school?

ZACHARY

I passed.

DARION

Good.

Again with the silence, then...

ZACHARY

What does one wear to a
policeman's ball?

DARION

Award ceremony.

ZACHARY

What does one wear to a
policeman's award ceremony?

DARION

Versace, Armani...

ZACHARY

Really?

DARION

Actually, I don't know. I've
never been to one.

ZACHARY

Why?

DARION

I've never been invited until
now.

ZACHARY

Do you get to make an
acceptance speech?

DARION

You'll go with me, then?

ZACHARY

No.

DARION

That's it. No more rides.

ZACHARY

I get my car back tomorrow.

DARION

Good.

ZACHARY

When do the King's play
again?

Darion looks at Zachary with suspicion.

DARION

Do you want to go?

ZACHARY

Maybe.

A Police cruiser passes them going eastbound on Santa Monica Boulevard. Darion nods to the driver.

ZACHARY

I haven't been to a hockey
game since... I don't remember.

DARION

I love hockey.

ZACHARY

I love hockey...

Zachary catches himself. Coughs.

ZACHARY

...players.

Darion smiles from ear to ear.

DARION

Did I mention I played?

INT. DR. LOLA KELLY'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Kelly opens up her floor-to-ceiling windows revealing a balcony with an ocean vista. One of the windows slides over the other offering an opening to the salty ocean air.

Zachary and Dr. Kelly both step out.

BALCONY

Zachary takes in the view at the railing as Dr. Kelly seats herself in one of two wooden deck chairs.

ZACHARY

I'll bet it took about a
hundred stitches to close it
up.

Zachary turns back toward Dr. Kelly.

ZACHARY

They did a good job, don't
you think?

He glides his finger the entire length of the scar on his neck.

ZACHARY

It's like paper-thin. It
kinda hides itself.

Zachary puts his hand on his chest.

ZACHARY

This one didn't heal as well.
I remember the doctor said I
should have died.

Zachary turns back to the ocean. He breathes deep the ocean air.

ZACHARY

I quit smoking. They say
it's more difficult than
heroin.

CHARLIE'S AT 75th & BROADWAY IN NYC - FLASHBACK

Smoke filled room.

Hazy gray *painted* graffiti invades the walls.

Small groups huddle.

Guys ogle.

The macho guys look down their noses with their drinks near their bulging crotches. They hold cigarettes at their lips, growing long tender ashes.

The guys leer.

Sticky sawdust carpets the floor.

Zachary's nose runs. He fumbles through his pockets.

His coins drop out and a rolled up bill falls into a crack in the multi-cracked floor at his feet.

Swaying, Zachary smooths out a crumpled bill and with drunken precision, he places it into his empty wallet.

He drops his wallet.

Night blindness turns to flashing spots with the sudden emergence of the house lights.

Cockroaches scramble.

Zachary eyes the BARTENDER.

SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF CHARLIE'S

The bartender escorts Zachary out of Charlie's.

ZACHARY

You're so damn sensitive!

BARTENDER

Go home! Get some sleep!

ZACHARY

But I wanna a kiss!

The bartender closes and locks the door leaving Zachary alone on the sidewalk.

Charlie's neon goes out.

ZACHARY

Why don't you guys like to
kiss?

Zachary pouts for a moment...

ZACHARY

I depend on the kisses from
strangers.

...then, with *renewed* vitality, Zachary takes off running North on Broadway.

The dawning light weighs a ton on Zachary's eyelids. His feet slap heavily on the cement with each stride.

He strives to accomplish exaggerated *extra long* strides.

WEST SIDE PARK

As if in a dream - Zachary, Bjorn and a filthy HOMELESS WOMAN romp around an enormous tree that sprouts roots like an octopus. Bjorn wears the same numbered athletic jersey from the telephone booth - only this one's tattered and grungy.

Street worn.

There is no *jagged scar* on Bjorn's cheek. And the park appears to have been his residence for quite some time.

Bjorn tackles Zachary and wrestles him to the ground.

Bjorn's homeless woman *friend* flicks open a switchblade.

Party time, but...

A very sloshed Zachary kisses a very filthy Bjorn on the mouth.

HOMELESS WOMAN
Goddamn fucking faggots!

She spits on the ground.

HOMELESS WOMAN
Goddamn fucking faggots!

The romping continues between just Bjorn and Zachary.

86TH & ROOSEVELT

Zachary sprints solo through the intersection escaping Bjorn and the bitter bag lady.

90TH & COLUMBUS

Zachary's glazed eyes read a street sign.

ZACHARY
Where's Broadway?

Puzzled and bewildered, Zachary slides down onto his haunches. He hugs the signpost and heaves.

Pulling himself up, Zachary walks East.

Glass breaks behind him across the street.

He increases his pace.

95TH & BROADWAY

Laughter erupts behind Zachary - spinning him.

Empty streets. He moves faster.

ZACHARY'S NEW YORK APARTMENT BUILDING

Zachary pulls open the front door to his apartment building.

The stained glass entryway doors catch his tennis shoe, pulling it off and slightly bending the metal jamb so that the doors don't shut all the way behind him as he enters.

Zachary bends down and picks up his shoe.

HALLWAY

Zachary stumbles noisily past his neighbor's apartments.

He bumps the walls.

Clambering the steps he trips and slaps his hands down hard on the rubber guard.

ZACHARY

Ouch. Bummer.

Wiggling his derriere Zachary puts his shoe back on.

He then grabs the railing and ascends hand over hand the flight of stairs.

In front of his own door, he drops his keys.

ZACHARY

Dag!

He drops down to his hands and knees to pick them up.

ZACHARY

Take me back home where...

Standing, with both hands on his key, he points it to the lock.

Zachary drops his keys again.

ZACHARY

Shit Sherlock!

He picks them up.

ZACHARY

Oh, man!

(whispering)

There is nothing sure in this world.

(giggling)

There is nothing pure in this world.

He inserts the key and turns the lock.

ZACHARY

Voon de Bah!

As his door breathes open and light creeps into the hallway, Zachary's world disappears into a black pin drop speeding to his face and then to nothingness.

LATER

On Zachary's four-poster bed, Bjorn forces himself into Zachary's mouth.

Zachary throws up all over himself and Bjorn.

ZACHARY

Off! Get off!

ZACHARY (VO)

I had the vaguest
recollection that I was an
infant baby being smothered
by a cat.

Zachary throws himself to the floor. He scrambles, half-crawling, out of his bedroom through the living room and to the bathroom located near the front door.

BATHROOM

Zachary vomits in the sink.

The bathroom door slams inward knocking Zachary into the bathtub.

The aluminum bar holding his 'Billy Idol' shower curtain rips and bends under Zachary's weight.

Zachary shoots up and out of the bathroom.

FRONT DOOR

Zachary fumbles with the deadbolt and chain.

Bjorn snatches Zachary's hair, pulls him back and then shoves Zachary into the door, reclosing it on Zachary's fingers.

He puts a knife to Zachary's neck.

Body hugging Zachary, Bjorn re-locks the dead bolt with his free hand then drags Zachary back towards the bedroom.

LIVING ROOM

Zachary goes limp and drops to the carpet pulling Bjorn down with him.

Bjorn settles beside Zachary with his knuckles white around the knife, breaking the skin in Zachary's neck.

Blood runs down into Zachary's T-shirt.

BJORN

Stand up!

ZACHARY

No.

BJORN

Move!

ZACHARY

I want to stay right here.

BJORN
Cocksucking faggot. Stand
up!

ZACHARY
No. I can't.

Bjorn's lips brush Zachary's ear; swallowing it.

BJORN
Gonna be you and me. Just
you and me. Don't you care
about me? I thought you
cared about me?

ZACHARY
I do. I do care.

BJORN
Fuck you!

ZACHARY
I do...

BJORN
Then why was you running?

ZACHARY
I was confused. I'm sick.

BJORN
You think I'm trash don't
you?

ZACHARY
I'm just spinning too much.

BJORN
You think 'cause I live in
the park, I'm trash.

ZACHARY
No.

BJORN

Bullshit!

ZACHARY

I don't think you're trash.
I didn't know you lived in a
park.

BJORN

You said you loved me and you
can just throw me away?

ZACHARY

What? I don't remember.

BJORN

You scaggy Motherfucker! You
bullshit me.

ZACHARY

I wouldn't bullshit you.

BJORN

You bullshit me all night.
You hate me. You think I'm
scum. The scum of the earth.

ZACHARY

I don't think that.

BJORN

You think I'm trash.

ZACHARY

I don't...

Zachary hyperventilates.

BJORN

Mendacity.

ZACHARY

What?

BJORN

Fucking liar. Do you think
I'm stupid?

ZACHARY

No.

BJORN

I've got degrees you little
prick. You'd be so proud of
me.

ZACHARY

I am.

BJORN

You're mendacity.

ZACHARY

That's not true. I need to
use the bathroom.

BJORN

Show me how much fun we had.

Bjorn lifts Zachary up.

ZACHARY

Don't move me.

Zachary drops back to the floor causing the knife to slide
over his neck. Blood covers his front.

Bjorn kisses Zachary; sticking his tongue deep into Zachary's
mouth.

ZACHARY

Don't!

Zachary pushes the blade away from his neck and bites into
Bjorn's cheek.

BJORN

Fucking faggot!

Zachary wrests the knife away from Bjorn - SLASHING BJORN JAGGED ACROSS HIS FACE.

Bjorn kicks Zachary in the stomach, sending Zachary flying backwards into a wall. Zachary scrambles. Bjorn trips him and pins him face down to the floor - on top of the knife.

It pokes all the way through.

Bjorn then rapes Zachary, shoving Zachary's face deep into the carpet.

BJORN

All us queers are equal in
the eyes of the Lord.

LATER

Bjorn, dressed in Zachary's clothes, dabs a towel at his slashed face.

Zachary lies motionless on the living room floor.

Bjorn leaves the room and returns stuffing his mouth with white bread.

He drops the bread on the blood stained carpet.

BJORN

Mother fuck!

HALLWAY

Zachary flees down the hallway and down the steps. Naked and bloody, he clutches the knife in his chest.

Zachary staggers at the stained glass entrance. He turns back then back again to the entrance.

Zachary crumples into a fetal position; curling up on the bottom steps - holding onto the knife.

STAIRWELL

Two POLICE OFFICERS enter through the stained glass doors.

Bjorn materializes and freezes above Zachary nestled in the stairwell. He holds the blood soaked towel to his face.

Zachary's NEIGHBOR peeks out from behind a slightly cracked door.

FEMALE OFFICER

(to Zachary)

You call the police?

NEIGHBOR

(in Spanish)

Yes.

(referring to Zachary)

God punishes him. He brings shame to this building.

FEMALE OFFICER

(into her radio)

That's a 10-24 possible assault with a deadly weapon. EMS is needed. Roger that. That's a 10-54.

BJORN

He attacked me.

ZACHARY

Arrest him.

BJORN

My boyfriend's crazy as a son of a bitch. He stabbed me.

Zachary pulls the knife out of his chest. Both officers draw their guns on Zachary.

MACHO OFFICER

Drop the knife.

ZACHARY

I don't have a boyfriend.

BJORN

He's fucking whacko.

MACHO OFFICER

Shut up!

(to Zachary)

Drop it, now!

Zachary lets the knife slip from his fingers. It drops down the last couple steps landing at the Macho Officer's feet. The Officer kicks it out of the way.

Bjorn pees down his leg.

ZACHARY

Those are my jeans.

Zachary oozes blood. He plugs the hole with his fingers.

FEMALE OFFICER

(into her radio)

Make that mandatory rubber gloves.

ZACHARY

He's peeing my jeans!

Bjorn rams his hands into his pockets.

MACHO OFFICER

(to Bjorn)

Get your hands where I can see them.

BJORN

These are my jeans.

ZACHARY

He... He... He doesn't belong in this building. Please, make him go.

Zachary's neighbor interjects...

NEIGHBOR

(In Spanish to Zachary)

What do you expect when you
bring home trash. You infect
all of us.

FLASH BACK TO THE BALCONY - PRESENT DAY

Zachary curls up in the other deck chair. Dr. Kelly leans
over and takes his hand in hers.

DR. LOLA KELLY

Your low self-esteem has been
dogging you for an eternity
and ruining your life.

She wipes his tears away.

DR. LOLA KELLY

It finally caught up with you
in the form of this horrible
man. He's your destructive
inner demon given shape.

ZACHARY

He said I was trash. He told
me what I already knew.

Zachary brushes Dr. Kelly off and moves to the railing.

ZACHARY

I thank God for my
experience.

DR. LOLA KELLY

Zachary, he never called you
trash.

HOSPITAL ROOM - FLASHBACK

Zachary lies in bed wrapped in bandages and surrounded by blood pumping machines. He pulls at the tubes in his chest.

Zachary's mother sits next to Zachary's bed.

MOM

Leave them alone.

ZACHARY

I don't want them in me.

Zachary pulls at his intravenous tubes in his arms.

MOM

Zachary, please don't.

ZACHARY

I want to go home.

Zachary sits up.

MOM

You mustn't do that. Lie back down. Be good.

She calms him and he lies back down.

ZACHARY

You always tell me to be good. That's so funny.

She tucks him in.

MOM

You should listen.

ZACHARY

You're always wrong.

MOM

I do the best I know how. But you never listen to anybody but yourself.

Zachary's mother scans and searches the room.

MOM

You never think about anybody
but yourself.

ZACHARY

I learned everything I know
from you.

She spots her purse on a chair by the window.

MOM

If that was true, you
wouldn't be so alone.

ZACHARY

And in bad company.

A nurse comes in and adjusts the tubes and checks all the knobs and dials. She smiles at Zachary and his mother and leaves.

MOM

Everything you *think* you know
about yourself is wrong.
Today...

ZACHARY

...is the tomorrow I was
worried about yesterday. I
know, I know, I know.

Zachary's mother snatches her purse out of the chair in front of the solitary window in the sanitary, claustrophobic box room that confines them and brings it over to the bed.

She empties its contents over Zachary's covers.

MOM

Today is the proof of what
you *think* you know.

She separates pieces of candy from the other items in her purse.

MOM

You'll join a church.

She returns everything back to her purse except the candy.

MOM

You'll sing in their choir.

She unwraps one. Pops it into her mouth. Savors it.

MOM

There's a hospital in
Rochester...

ZACHARY

Minnesota?

MOM

You're not safe on your own.
You need to come back home.

ZACHARY

Home, where we never even
whisper the word...

MOM

Everything is gay with you.
Haven't you degraded yourself
enough?

ZACHARY

...love. I was going to say
love.

FLASH BACK TO DR. KELLY'S BALCONY - PRESENT DAY

Zachary closes his eyes, tight.

DR. LOLA KELLY

Zachary? Who are the moths,
really?

ZACHARY

Hello and goodbye. All men
say hello and goodbye.

Dr. Kelly moves close to Zachary.

ZACHARY

Said in close proximity those
words make me want to die.

Zachary opens his eyes and smiles. Dr. Kelly steps back.

ZACHARY

But hey, it's what I'm used
to. It's what I expect.

Zachary pulls up his sleeve and exposes a ring of little moths
encircling his bicep. Next to each moth burns a single flame.

ZACHARY

I decorate my body with these
colorful creatures because
they're so uncontrollably
attracted to burning up.
They're my only memories of
me. I'm the moth.

FLASH TO A HOCKEY RINK

Face-off.

Zachary, in a hockey uniform, faces off with Bjorn. Bjorn
sports his enormously wicked *jagged bleeding scar*.

BJORN

Gravity is an illusion,
Zachary. The Earth actually
sucks.

Bjorn pummels the ice with his stick.

BJORN

And to die is to suddenly
stop sucking.

Zachary's entire family, dressed as cheerleaders and holding pompoms, jump up and down cheering in the hometown section of the bleachers.

Zachary's dad wears his minister's collar under his cheerleading outfit.

FAMILY

Zachary! Zachary! Zachary!

Dr. Lola Kelly stands high above the bleachers on a platform dressed in a beautiful nightgown.

A spotlight illuminates her.

She holds a microphone.

DR. LOLA KELLY

(singing)

Oh say, can you see...

BJORN

Got time for a quickie before
you die, gay boy?

Bjorn grabs his crotch.

BJORN

C'mon, what do you say?

DR. LOLA KELLY

(singing)

...by this man's sorry plight.
What so proudly we assailed
as one not worth dreaming.

Several CHRISTIAN COALITIONERS group together in the visitors section of the bleachers.

They throw bibles out onto the ice.

An OLD CROTCHETY LADY among them froths at the mouth.

CROTCHETY LADY
 You keep your mad cow disease
 to yourself!

DR. LOLA KELLY
 (singing)
 Through bold steps and deep
 scars, Zachary keeps strong
 with the fight.

Zachary's MASKED GOALIE skates to the center of the rink.

GOALIE
 Don't listen to her Zachary.
 Just because you're on my
 team doesn't mean you have
 foot-n-mouth.

He returns to the hometown goal.

DR. LOLA KELLY
 (singing)
 The far right says, "not
 here!" Heterosexual men
 fear. That gays given rights
 is the sin of the year.

An OLD CROTCHETY MAN sends a bible soaring past Zachary's
 face.

CROTCHETY MAN
 Tell it to the Marines,
 pervert!

Kris skates out onto the ice and positions himself just behind
 Bjorn.

KRIS
 Each and every one of them,
 boyfriend.

Leon, licking his lips and winking at Zachary, joins Kris out
 on the ice.

LEON

Still dreaming up a few good
men, Zachary?

Dino and Hassan skate into the rink, joining up with Kris and Leon.

DINO

Yo, lover boy. Accept
reality, already.

Hassan breaks to a stop, showering shavings of ice.

HASSAN

Yes, Mr. Zachary. There are
no *real* men for you.

Zachary looks at Bjorn in terror. Bjorn crackles and sizzles. Smoke fingers lick the side of his face - from his jagged open scar up into his nose and then out his mouth. Steam streams out from under his uniform.

BJORN

Hello and goodbye, Zachary.

DR. LOLA KELLY

(singing)

Today is this matter yet
paved. O'er this land of the
free and this home of the
saved.

A hockey puck falls from out of nowhere onto the ice.

Bjorn pulverizes it. The puck flies with incredible speed toward Zachary's Goalie.

Zachary's Goalie braces himself for impact.

He has Darion's eyes.

BACK TO THE BALCONY - PRESENT DAY

Zachary abruptly jumps up and out of his chair.

ZACHARY

Oh my God, the game!

DR. LOLA KELLY

What game?

ZACHARY

Darion invited me to a hockey game.

Zachary disappears back into Dr. Kelly's office.

DR. LOLA KELLY

Darion?

From inside...

ZACHARY (OS)

My police officer.

Dr. Kelly listens to her office door open and then close.

DR. LOLA KELLY

You mean *my* police officer.

She puts her hand over her mouth.

INT. DARION'S SPORTS UTILITY VEHICLE - NIGHT

Darion commands the wheel as Zachary exists innocuously childlike in the passenger seat wearing a King's jersey and cap whilst busying himself with an official miniature King's zamboni.

ZACHARY

For some reason, I thought there would have been a lot less violence.

Saguaro dot the horizon like giant prickly musclemen.

DARION

Civility on ice. That's nice. I think he even appreciated the suggestion.

Zachary does a double take at a road sign that says: Welcome to the Mojave Desert.

ZACHARY

The goalie was impressive *and* he was polite.

He looks at the open stretch of highway in front of him.

ZACHARY

We're not heading for Hollywood, are we?

DARION

Do you like to camp?

ZACHARY

I get the urge to be stereotypically snippy, sometimes, I think.

DARION

You hate camping?

ZACHARY

I love camping. Other than hockey, camping is something Minnesotans love to do more than anything.

A golden moon rises in the East.

ZACHARY

I just... I didn't pack my long underwear.

INT. DR. LOLA KELLY'S OFFICE - SAME

Dr. Kelly pours over her Zachary notes.

DR. LOLA KELLY
Erroneous assumptions. Some
aspects of him are even
endearing.

She flips through a several pages in her leather Zachary binder.

DR. LOLA KELLY
My muddle-headedness in this
matter is disconcerting.

Dr. Kelly closes the binder.

DR. LOLA KELLY
I simply *can't* feel his pain
or understand his joy. I can
only hope I make a
difference.

Dr. Kelly's kittens, Sam and Eddy, observe her fervor just a few feet away; entranced with her every word.

DR. LOLA KELLY
I just don't want that
difference to have anything
to do with my son.

Dr. Kelly picks up her phone and dials. She slams the phone back down on the receiver.

DR. LOLA KELLY
Damn my professional ethics!

She hurls her phone across the room, rending a bookshelf into an avalanche of topsy-turvy *How To's*.

One of the displaced comes to a halt open-faced... flaunting a smiling portrait of Dr. Raymond Kelly.

DR. LOLA KELLY
And damn you for killing
yourself!

Dr. Kelly abruptly stands and pivots to a closet behind her desk. She yanks open the door and pulls out a box labeled *Dr. Raymond Kelly*. She drags it over to the spot just in front of the fireplace and opens it.

Dr. Kelly pulls out a folder entitled: *Zachary's Love*.

INT. DARION'S SPORT UTILITY VEHICLE - CONTINUING

Darion and Zachary pull into a campground - a smorgasbord of Saguaro cacti and Joshua trees protected by mountainous rock.

The setting sun turns the desert sands orange.

They pass an occupied campsite teeming with LITTLE LEAGUERS paying homage to a campfire.

LITTLE LEAGUERS

(singing)

Eddy Coochi Cotchy Cammy Toss
a Nara, Toss a Knocka, Sammy
Cammy Wacky Brown. Fell into
the well. Fell into the
well. Fell into the deep
dark well.

ZACHARY

Did you know that every four
seconds a woman has a baby?

LITTLE LEAGUERS

(singing)

Who? Eddy Coochi Cotchy
Cammy...

DARION

Somebody should find her and
stop her.

LITTLE LEAGUERS

(yelling in unison)

Drowned.

Darion pulls into a secluded empty lot.

ZACHARY

I think I've done my part.

INT. TENT - LATER

Zachary snuggles into his sleeping bag... dressed in woolen long johns with a snap flat in the back. Darion, in a separate sleeping bag, puts his arm over Zachary and pulls him close.

Zachary tenses...

DARION

I won't. If you don't want me to.

Zachary eases...

ZACHARY

I want you to.

Darion cups his hand behind Zachary's head, pulling Zachary in close, and gently closes his mouth around Zachary's lips.

FLASH TO THE LITTLE LEAGUER'S CAMPSITE

All of their fragile young male heads explode simultaneously as if made of glass. Their headless bodies collapse to the earth.

EXT. DR. LOLA KELLY'S OFFICE - DAY

Zachary excitedly pounds on Dr. Kelly's door.

ZACHARY

Dr. Kelly! Dr. Kelly!

INT. DR. LOLA KELLY'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Kelly quietly greets Zachary at the door.

DR. LOLA KELLY

What a pleasant surprise.

Zachary breezes past her and immediately plants himself in the middle of her cathartic purgative centerpiece.

DR. LOLA KELLY

I wasn't expecting to see you
until - your *regularly*
scheduled appearance.

Zachary rolls over with excitement.

DR. LOLA KELLY

How was your weekend?

ZACHARY

Optimum excellence.

Dr. Lola Kelly quietly closes her office door. She breathes deep.

ZACHARY

It was the most thrilling,
exciting, life altering
experience I've ever had.

Dr. Kelly gathers some papers and her leather binder off the *vacant* end of the couch and seats herself next to Zachary. She places her collection on the end table next to an opened bottle of Johnnie Walker Black and an empty rocks glass.

ZACHARY

All those welled up years of
wondering answered with one
kiss.

DR. LOLA KELLY

That's just - ducky. And
understandably newsworthy.

Zachary catches sight of an abundance of books strewn about the room. Willy-nilly and in tidy mounds. The shelves are emptied and so is the closet behind Dr. Kelly's desk.

ZACHARY

Eureka?!

DR. LOLA KELLY

Yes. All flesh is grass.

ZACHARY

Pardon?

DR. LOLA KELLY

What do you remember about your time with Dr. Raymond Kelly?

ZACHARY

I don't remember any of it.

DR. LOLA KELLY

I think you do.

ZACHARY

I don't even remember what he looks like.

DR. LOLA KELLY

I think you remember. You just don't want to. I think you see his face in every man you were ever with.

ZACHARY

What?

DR. LOLA KELLY

Why did my husband kill himself?

ZACHARY

I don't know.

DR. LOLA KELLY

Please tell me!

Zachary backs away from Dr. Kelly... to the door.

DR. LOLA KELLY

Why did you ask me to be your doctor?

ZACHARY

I... I figured you could help me remember.

DR. LOLA KELLY

Remember what, Zachary?

Zachary backs into the front door and grabs hold of the knob.

ZACHARY

I don't know.

DR. LOLA KELLY

That you were in love with my husband?

ZACHARY

No!

DR. LOLA KELLY

I don't believe you!

ZACHARY

He was in love with me.

DR. LOLA KELLY

Did he fuck you?

ZACHARY

No! He raped me!

DR. LOLA KELLY

Did he tell you he loved you?

ZACHARY

Yes! Every fucking visit. I trusted him! I gave up my life to him! But, I wouldn't love him so he drugged me and raped me and said he couldn't live without me.

DR. LOLA KELLY

He told you he planned on
killing himself?

ZACHARY

Yes. He hung himself in
front of me. I couldn't
move. He gave me just enough
so I couldn't move.

Dr. Kelly pulls out a folded piece of paper. Folded many
times over.

DR. LOLA KELLY

I know.

ZACHARY

When I was finally able to
move, I left.

Dr. Kelly stands. She picks up her liquor bottle and walks
over to her desk.

ZACHARY

I gathered up my things and I
left. I was numb. I forgot
everything, including myself.

DR. LOLA KELLY

You should leave, now.

Zachary turns the knob.

DR. LOLA KELLY

And please, don't see my son,
anymore.

ZACHARY

Your son?

Zachary opens the door. Darion stands in his path.

FLASH TO A *PAINTED* MONARCH BUTTERFLY TREE

Millions upon millions of monarchs fill every inch of the tree as if they were its very leaves.

In an instant, every single one of them takes flight filling the air with a blood red fiery tempest.

They spread out over the evening sky, heading toward the setting sun.

INT. AUDITORIUM - EVENING

The Chief of Police stands at a podium in front of a microphone. He leans in.

CHIEF OF POLICE
And for outstanding service
in the line of duty. Darion
'Little Dee' Kelly.

Darion rises from his seat and moves to the front past Dr. Lola Kelly. She applauds.

The Chief pins the medal on Darion.

OFFICER DARION
Thank you.
(into the microphone)
Thank you. This is an honor
and quite a memory in the
making.

Zachary applauds. He sits one seat away from Dr. Lola Kelly.

OFFICER DARION
The world's got so many
troubles that the last thing
a person needs is to fear the
ones they trust. Protecting
and serving is what I was
trained to do. Thank you for
recognizing that.

Standing ovation. Dr. Lola Kelly reaches over and takes Zachary's hand. Zachary embraces her.

Darion smiles from ear to ear.

A teardrop trickles down his cheek.

As the tear falls, a paintbrush brushes over it. Lacquering it to a wall.

Zachary's wall... of men.

FLASH TO THE *PAINTED* MONARCH BUTTERFLIES

En masse, the butterflies fly toward the *painted* sun.

As they near the sun, each and every one of them bursts into flames, exploding into millions of tiny fiery sparkles. The exploding butterflies fizzle back to Earth as if it were the Fourth of July.

FADE OUT