

RONNA / GAINES

"GO" 12/26/88 Rev. (Ron) (A. J. JON) 13 14

IN THE BACKGROUND

A WOMAN with a ballerina's body comes out of the bedroom. She tucks an unrealistically large breast down into her tight top.

GAINES

You leaving?

She leans over the back of the sofa for quick, tonguey kiss. In a sneak attack, she shoves a Santa's hat down to his ears. He bats the white pom out of his eyes.

GAINES

Be good.

The woman is out the door without a word. Gaines looks back over at Ronna, not the least bit self-conscious about the hat.

START →

GAINES

I take it this is not a social call.

RONNA

I need a favor.

GAINES

A favor? Wow. I didn't know we were such good friends, Ronna. Because if we were, you would know I give head before I give favors. I don't even give my best friends head, so the chance of your getting a favor right now are pretty fucking slim.

(beat)

You might try just telling me what you want to buy.

RONNA

Twenty hits of ecstasy.

CONT →

~~He takes a deep drag on the cigarette, looking at her. Blows the smoke out. He picks up a remote control. Aims it at the stereo.~~

CLOSE UP

~~The volume meter, climbing fast.
Out of the green, into the red.
The MUSIC is deafening.~~

ON GAINES

~~On top of Ronna, face in her ear. His hand wraps around her head, holding her tight. We can't HEAR what he's saying. Ronna's eyes betray her fear.~~

(CONTINUED)

~~He backs off. She looks confused.~~

~~He nods. Do it.~~

~~The MUSIC still BLARING, she stands and slowly unbuttons her shirt. Takes it off -- very self-consciously. Pulls her t-shirt off over her head. Just her bra underneath. He motions for her to turn around. She does, then back.~~

~~Her hands are shaking. She holds them together.~~

~~Gaines aims the remote at the stereo. The MUSIC retreats.~~

GAINES

CON → You come here out of the blue asking for twenty hits. Just so happens twenty is the magic number where intent to sell becomes trafficking.

RONNA

Todd, I would never fuck you like that.

GAINES

How would you fuck me? ██████████

He climbs over the sofa to a dresser. In a drawer, he digs down through a pile of socks to find a wide-mouthed bottle. And an empty Tylenol bottle. Blows out the dust.

GAINES

What's the occasion?

RONNA

There's this big Christmas party thing. Warehouse, you know. A bunch of us are doing sort of a pre-party thing.

GAINES

Friends of yours. You're not going to go and try to sell this on me, are you?

RONNA

No.

GAINES

You're not dealing.

RONNA

Swear to God.

He transfers pills from the big bottle to the Tylenol bottle.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (4)

GAINES

I already got a fucking Swatch. I need something I know you'll come back for.

~~END~~ Ronna looks at the Tylenol bottle in his hands. Thinking...

15 EXT. THE BEAST - NIGHT

15

Ronna kneels down beside the passenger window. Knocks on the glass. Claire rolls down the window. MUSIC spills out.

RONNA

Claire, could you come up with me for a sec?

16 EXT. DOORSTEP - NIGHT

16

The release BUZZER stops as Ronna pulls open the door to the stairs. Claire just stands there, disbelieving, making no motion to go in.

RONNA

Forty-five minutes. Hour, tops. You just have to sit there.

CLAIRE

Hello! He's a drug dealer.

RONNA

Jesus, Claire. Don't get 818 on me here. How much shit have I done for you? This is nothing.

CLAIRE

No. No! You're making me an accessory.

RONNA

Claire. That bracelet of mine you're wearing is an accessory. You are just some chick who's sitting in an apartment. That's it.

It's not just the matter at hand but years of minor adjustment and one-upsmanship. Ronna finally drops the pravado.

RONNA

Okay, no bullshit. I need this. I don't get this money, I get evicted. My ass is out the street.

CLAIRE

You could...

(CONTINUED)