

EXT. PARK - DAY

CHRISTIAN MORIN, 22, is sitting on a park bench. Fidgeting. He is impossibly pale.

ELIZABETH ROWLEY, TIMOTHY'S mother, a MOVIE STAR, pulls up along the park in her Lexus.

ELIZABETH walks to CHRISTIAN'S park bench. CHRISTIAN turns away.

CHRISTIAN
Not a good time, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH
An old broad actress might scare
your connection?

ELIZABETH looks around.

ELIZABETH
Which one is he?

CHRISTIAN
Elizabeth, this is not a good time.

ELIZABETH sits at the other end of CHRISTIAN'S park bench.

ELIZABETH
The great thing about booze is you
can ruin your life in the privacy
of your own home.

CHRISTIAN
I gotta go.

CHRISTIAN gets up and moves to another park bench.

ELIZABETH remains on her park bench.

CHRISTIAN comes back to the original park bench.

CHRISTIAN
I need you to go. Please. Go.

CHRISTIAN goes back to the other bench.

ELIZABETH does not move.

CHRISTIAN comes back.

CHRISTIAN
Please, Elizabeth. Please.

ELIZABETH
I'm not giving up on you.

CHRISTIAN
You should.

ELIZABETH
Timothy never gave up on me. And
I'm not giving up on you.

CHRISTIAN sits.

CHRISTIAN
He hates me.

ELIZABETH
No. Never. He loves you. We both
do.

CHRISTIAN
I can't stop. I don't know why. I
just can't.

ELIZABETH
Come with me. We'll get coffee.
Come.

CHRISTIAN turns. HIS CONNECTION is pacing back and forth
thirty feet away.

ELIZABETH gets up. She takes CHRISTIAN'S hand.

ELIZABETH
Come. Now. We'll go anywhere. It
doesn't matter.

CHRISTIAN looks at her. Then, He looks at HIS CONNECTION.

ELIZABETH
Come. We'll go anywhere you want.

ELIZABETH begins to lead CHRISTIAN away, keeping a tight hold
on his hand.

THEY walk a few feet. Then a few feet more.

THEY move toward her parked car.

ELIZABETH
We're almost there.

CHRISTIAN stops.

CHRISTIAN

I'm sorry.

CHRISTIAN takes his hand out of hers.

CHRISTIAN

I'm really sorry.

ELIZABETH watches as CHRISTIAN walks away from her toward HIS CONNECTION.

INT. ELIZABETH'S CAR - EDGE OF THE PARK - LATE NIGHT

ELIZABETH sits in her car. It is the middle of the night.

HER POV: CHRISTIAN sits on the park bench. He is talking to HIMSELF non stop. Gesturing.

ELIZABETH continues to watch.

INT. ELIZABETH'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

ELIZABETH is putting her makeup on.

TIMOTHY, 26, her son and CHRISTIAN'S lover, is leafing through the Playbill for the production of HER play.

ELIZABETH

He's going to be okay. He is. It takes time.

TIMOTHY

Yes, well, you'll always be the expert in this area. I bow to your infinite wisdom. As usual.

ELIZABETH

Be as angry with me as you like.

TIMOTHY

I'm not angry.

ELIZABETH

Then you're an idiot.

TIMOTHY

Ah, just the loving words a wee lad wants to hear from his loving mum.

ELIZABETH

You aren't helping me get into my role.

TIMOTHY

Oh, well, my sorrow about that is
limitless. Mea culpa.

TIMOTHY is silent.

ELIZABETH

I wish, selfishly I know, I wish I
knew you forgave me.

TIMOTHY looks at her in the mirror. He is silent.

ELIZABETH

I live on the hope you'll say it to
me one day and mean it.

TIMOTHY continues to page through the Playbill.

ELIZABETH slaps the Playbill out of his hand.

ELIZABETH

I'm talking to you!

TIMOTHY

Fuck you, mother, dear.

TIMOTHY gets up. ELIZABETH pulls him down.

ELIZABETH

If you have something to say to me,
have the decency to say it. I know
those whores in publishing have
offered you money to slander me. If
it would make you happy, take it.
You couldn't possibly make me feel
worse than I do.

TIMOTHY

You, you, you. It always comes down
to you.

ELIZABETH

Yes, I'm vivid and vibrant and
larger-than-fucking-life. Damned
straight I am! Anyone with balls is
larger-than-life. Life sucks. You
have to be larger.

TIMOTHY

Are you done? Can I go?

ELIZABETH

No. You can't.

ELIZABETH stares at him in the mirror.

ELIZABETH
What is behind your fucking smirk?

TIMOTHY
You never said it. I am sorry. You never ever said it.

ELIZABETH
My ass! I've said it in a million rooms, in a million meetings. Of course I've said it!

TIMOTHY
To me. You have never said it to me. I am sorry, son. Please forgive me. You have never said it just to me.

ELIZABETH
My life is built on sorrow for what I did to you.

TIMOTHY
Oh, yes. Indeed. I harmed my son. How neat. All wrapped up with a bow. I harmed my son. In a stage whisper that plays to the very back row. Night after night. But it's too neat, mother. Too neat by half.

ELIZABETH
(reaches out)
Darling, please---

TIMOTHY
You fucked me up.

ELIZABETH
Timothy, please---

TIMOTHY
You fucked me up. For good. I thought I found the love of my life.

ELIZABETH
Of course you have. Of course.

TIMOTHY
No, mother. I found another you. An actor. He performs, mother.
(MORE)

TIMOTHY(cont'd)

He'll do anything to get what he wants. He'll stand on his head. He'll let strangers he'll never see again fuck him, so he can get the stuff he wants to shove in his nose and his arm and his ass.

ELIZABETH

Timothy, please---

TIMOTHY

I thought I found love. But I just found you. I wasn't looking for you. I swear.

TIMOTHY gets up.

TIMOTHY

I swear I wasn't looking for you.

TIMOTHY leaves.

ELIZABETH

Timothy, please!

ELIZABETH looks at HERSELF in the mirror.