

INT. TIRSTON'S CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

The car changes gears, REVVING up as it fishtails around a corner. Arthur hangs on, trying to look unconcerned.

Tirston takes out his anger on the road as he WEAVES through suburban divisions of identical middle-class homes.

TIRSTON

First of all, I want you to know I don't blame you.

ARTHUR

For what?

TIRSTON

For driving Bren to suicide, you scumbag!

ARTHUR

Are you sure she did it?

Tirston HITS THE BRAKES beside a golf course and Art FLIES into the dash. Trees line the side of the road, providing cover. Tirston's been drinking, or crying. His face is bloated and blotchy.

TIRSTON

You're like I was. You want to make a name for yourself. And screw anything that gets in your way. But it doesn't work. You want to lay dying some day and all you have to show for your life is the line of people you fucked over?

ARTHUR

You don't understand this story! There's an offer on the table!

TIRSTON

A woman died, there's no table. You built up her hope one last time and she jumped off.

Arthur pulls out the photo of Kane and Lena Brand.

ARTHUR

This is Lena Brand? Recognize her?

TIRSTON

No.

ARTHUR

Then why did you twitch like that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tirston can't hold it back. He SLAMS on the gas and they SCREETCH onto the golf course, the car bucking and bouncing.

Arthur drops the photo, scrambling for it as Tirston GRINDS across the green.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing?!

Tirston heads for a flag, TEARING across the fairway in the setting sun, turf spraying up behind them.

TIRSTON

Lena Brand ruined my fucking life.

HE SPINS DONUTS around the fourth hole, dirt and turf FLYING.

ARTHUR GRABS FOR THE WHEEL and Tirston SLAMS on the brakes.

They SKID to a stop, KNOCKING over the flag.

ARTHUR

We'll be arrested, you lunatic.

TIRSTON

Relax. The Lotto Commission pays for a summer series here every year. I could take a crap on the clubhouse floor and they'd kiss my shitty ass.

Arthur pulls himself together as a LAWN MAINTENANCE MAN runs up furiously brandishing a club. Tirston reaches into the glove compartment... and pulls out a flask.

TIRSTON (CONT'D)

How many car chases you seen on TV? You ever seen anyone get away from the cops? Ever? ...I did, in '79.

The irate Lawn man sees Tirston and becomes instantly obsequious.

LAWN MAN

You fucking...! Oh. Mr. Tirston.

TIRSTON

No sweat, Manny. I'll send somebody over.

Then he whispers sadly to Arthur:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TIRSTON (CONT'D)

I could fuck his wife and he'd grease up the condom for me. Do you see what power does to people?

ARTHUR

Yeah!

Art sees, and he likes it.

TIRSTON

Back off now while you still...

Tirston can tell it's hopeless.

Arthur's eyes are practically glowing.

Tirston SLAMS on the gas and they FISHTAIL off the green, straight for the line of trees.

Tirston SWINGS the car around and onto the road, nearly sideswiping another CAR. It BLARES its horn.

TIRSTON (CONT'D)

Kane met her at that sci-fi convention. She was jailbait, but it was the '70s. You know.

ARTHUR

I was like 8 years old.

TIRSTON

You could do anything in the '70s. He dumped Brennie. He dumped all his friends. Then his career went to shit. And I laughed, because I thought I had a career without him.

ARTHUR

Who killed him?

TIRSTON

He was Captain Kirk! The man could troll a mall any day of the week and pick up a college girl. Maybe Jack finally pissed off someone who cared.

Tirston pulls to a stop in front of his house.

ARTHUR

I saw those reels. You liked Brennie a lot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TIRSTON

She revenge-fucked all Jack's friends.

ARTHUR

Did you love her?

TIRSTON

I told you, it was the '70s! Those things don't last. I know you know that.

Arthur grimaces, thinking to himself.

TIRSTON (CONT'D)

Kane was a giant human suckhole.

Art is suddenly alert. He leans over, pointing to the curb in front of Tirston's house.

ARTHUR

Hey, where's my car!

TIRSTON

Relax. It just looks like my house.

ARTHUR

It's... not?

TIRSTON

These places all look alike. When I first moved in I came home and walked in there by mistake. The weird thing is, I didn't notice until I started reading the mail.

He pulls out a cigarette and lights it, rolling down his window.

TIRSTON (CONT'D)

I always wonder who lives there.

ARTHUR

Maybe you do.

TIRSTON

It's your future too, and it's all I have left. *Don't fuck it up.*

The sun has finally set. Tirston stares into Arthur's eyes—dead serious. Art looks around him at the comfortable and homogenous wasteland.