

121. INT. TELEVISION STUDIO/HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

121.

Burt and Jimmy walking and talking (STEADICAM);

BURT
You smell like trouble --

JIMMY
I'm fuckin' hammered, Burt.

BURT
You ok?

JIMMY
ooohhhhhh no.

BURT
(re: cards)
Good. You look these over?

JIMMY
It's been the same fuckin' thing for
thirty years, Burt --

BURT
These adults are tough enough, I think
you'll be surprised -- the Mexican's
a bit of a question mark --

Jimmy FALLS STRAIGHT TO THE FLOOR.

BURT
Fuck - fuck - fuck - Jimmy -

CUT TO:

122. INT. CLAUDIA'S APARTMENT - THAT MOMENT. **

122.

Start here Claudia finishes throwing her drugs into a dirty t-shirt and throwing that dirty t-shirt into her laundry basket. Jim Kurring bangs away at the door.

JIM KURRING (OC)
OPEN THE DOOR.

CLAUDIA
I'm coming!

She runs towards the door, takes a small fall on the way, recovers, opens up;

CLAUIDA
Yeah. Hi. Hello.

REVERSE, CLOSE UP - JIM KURRING - 40fps.
CAMERA pushes in on him a little bit at his first sight of Claudia.

JIM KURRING

...yeah...

CLAUDIA

I'm sorry, I had to get dressed.

Wider Angle reveals Jim Kurring, in a bit of a daze, standing with his BILLY CLUB removed and at the ready. He stands back...they have SHOUT above the music;

JIM KURRING

-- you the resident here?

CLAUDIA

Yes.

JIM KURRING

You alone in there?

CLAUDIA

Yes.

JIM KURRING

No one else in there with you?

CLAUDIA

No, what's wrong?

JIM KURRING

You mind if I come in, check things?

CLAUDIA

For what?

JIM KURRING

Ok. For one thing, we're gonna need to turn that music down so we can talk, ok?

CLAUDIA

I'm sorry.

She turns and Jim Kurring moves to replace his billy club, but misses the holster and it FALLS straight to the floor, slides down the steps --

Claudia turns the music down, turns back and sees that he is gone.

Jim Kurring grabs his billy club from the bottom of the steps and bounces back up and into the apartment as if nothing happend;

JIM KURRING
You live alone?

CLAUIDA
Yes.

JIM KURRING
What's your name?

CLAUIDA
Claudia.

JIM KURRING
Claudia What?

CLAUDIA
Wilson.

JIM KURRING
Ok. Claudia Wilson: You tryin' to go deaf?

CLAUDIA
What?

JIM KURRING
Did you hear what I said?

CLAUDIA
Yeah, but I don't know --

JIM KURRING
-- listenin' to that music so loud:
You Tryin' To Damage Your Ears?

CLAUDIA
No.

JIM KURRING
Well if you keep listenin' to the
music that loud you're not only
gonna damage your ears but your
neighbors ears.

CLAUDIA
I didn't realize it was that loud.

JIM KURRING
And that could be the sign of a damaged
ear drum, you understand?

CLAUDIA
Yeah.

JIM KURRING
You got the TV on too, keep those
on at that same time usually?

CALUDIA
I don't know -- I mean. What is this?

JIM KURRING
Have you been drinkin' today,
doin' some drugs?

CLAUDIA
No.

JIM KURRING
I got a call of a disturbance, screaming
and yelling, loud music. Has there been
some screaming and yelling?

CLAUDIA
Yes. I had someone come to my door,
someone I didn't want here and I told them
to leave -- so -- it's no big deal.
They left. I'm sorry.

JIM KURRING
Was it a boyfriend of yours?

CLAUDIA
No.

JIM KURRING
You don't have a boyfriend?

CLAUDIA
No.

JIM KURRING
Who was it?

CLAUDIA
I was...he's gone...I mean it's not.
It's over, y'know --

Jim Kurring snoops a bit, she rubs her nose, nervous. Jim Kurring
heads closer to bedroom --

JIM KURRING
You mind if I check things back here?

CLAUDIA
It's fine.

Jim Kurring heads into the bedroom, looks around, stands by the
laundry basket --

CLAUDIA
What are you looking for?

JIM KURRING
 Claudia: Why don't you let me
 handle the questions and you handle
 the answers, ok?

CLAUDIA
 ok.

JIM KURRING
 You just move in here?

CLAUDIA
 About two years ago.

JIM KURRING
 Bit messy.

CLAUDIA
 Yeah.

JIM KURRING
 I'm a bit of a slob myself.

CLAUDIA
 Yeah.

JIM KURRING
 You and your boyfriend have a party
 last night?

CLAUDIA
 I don't have a boyfriend.

BEAT. Jim Kurring looks at Claudia and she looks back. HOLD.

END CUT TO:

123. INT. SMILING PEANUT BAR - THAT MOMENT.

123.

Donnie sits in his booth after two tequila's. He's slightly fucked up. He gets up, stumbles over to the bar and takes a seat uncomfortably close to Thurston, who's now holding court among three or four other PATRONS. Brad the Bartender is washing glasses, keeps half an eye on things...Donnie to Thurston;

DONNIE
 You look like you've got money
 in your pocket.

THURSTON
 Maybe I'm just happy to see my
 friend, Brad there.

The PATRONS laugh a bit, Brad nods, Donnie doesn't laugh or look anywhere but Thurston;