

"MY MOTHER DREAMS

THE SATAN'S DISCIPLES IN NEW YORK"

FADE IN:

EXT. SOUTH DAKOTAN FARM - DAY

A lone farmhouse sits isolated against a prairie backdrop, silhouetted by a marbled dawn sky.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

MARIAN PETERSON, a gray-haired woman in her late sixties, meticulously packs a suitcase. She picks up a small, framed PHOTO from a chest-of-drawers and holds it up to her.

INSERT - PHOTO

It's a picture of a man about Marian's age. He has a sweet natured smile on his face. Marian looks at it longingly, then packs it carefully in her suitcase between some sweaters and closes it up.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

A paint-chipped truck rounds the corner on a dirt road leading into the farm.

Marian, waiting on the porch, ready to go, rises and waves.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER -

Marian's son, STEVE, dressed in jeans and flannel shirt, loads his mother's single piece of luggage into the bed of the truck, climbs back into the cab, where his mother is sitting, and drives off.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE SKY - DAY

A JETLINER descending in the hot, cerulean sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. KENNEDY INTERNATIONAL - AFTERNOON

Marian, looking a little forlorn and out of sorts, stands out by the taxi area with her suitcase on a tote, looking around for a cab, unsure what to do.

CURBSIDE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

MISCHA, a somewhat dissolute-looking Russian cabbie in his thirties, roughhouses Marian's single piece of luggage into

the dirty, cluttered trunk of his cab.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Marian is sitting in the back of the cab as Mischa opens the driver's side door and slams it shut, rattling Marian's nerves.

MISCHA

(brusquely)
Where to?

MARIAN

Are you sure you got my bag in?

MISCHA

What do you think? I left it on the curb?

MARIAN

I'm sorry, I'm a little nervous. It's my first time in New York. Just a minute.

Marian fumbles with a piece of paper she's rooted out of her purse.

Mischa, annoyed, slams the shift lever into Drive and lurches off.

Marian leans forward into the rectangular opening of the Plexiglas partition.

MARIAN

I want to go to 526 East 5TH. That's in the East Village. My daughter said it would cost thirty dollars.

In the REAR-VIEW MIRROR we glimpse Mischa giving Marian a sly look.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOCATION - DAY

The TAXI passes on a turnpike, streaming with vehicles, headed toward Manhattan. DRIVE-BY TRANSITION.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Hurtling along. Marian cranes her head through the partition and attempts to strike up a conversation with the surly cabbie.

MARIAN

I came to New York to visit my youngest daughter.

MISCHA

And where is she?

MARIAN

She would have come to the airport to meet me - she wanted to - but ... but, she just started a new job and, well, I guess no one drives here.

MISCHA

So, you come here all by yourself?

MARIAN

Uh, yes. My husband passed away recently ...

MISCHA

... Oh ...

MARIAN

... And the children thought I should take a trip.

MISCHA

Yeah.

MARIAN

I'm from South Dakota. Where are you from?

MISCHA

Moscow.

MARIAN

Ohhh. Do you know the East Village?

MISCHA

Oh, yeah ... yeah ... it's a hellhole.

MARIAN

(disconcerted)
You mean it's dangerous?

MISCHA

Nah, not dangerous. Not that dangerous.
(beat)
Not during the day.

Mischa chuckles as Marian sits back in the cab.

ANGLE ON MARIAN -

looking out the window, her face clouded with consternation.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Cars pouring into Manhattan over one of the many bridges

spanning the East River.

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST 5TH STREET AND 2ND AVENUE - DAY

The cab brakes to a halt, bringing Marian INTO THE FRAME, her face stricken with fear.

Marian climbs out of the cab as Mischa, in the background, opens the trunk to retrieve her bag. Marian, taking in the foreign surroundings, seems confused about something.

MARIAN

Pardon me, Mischa. Is this 526 East 5TH Street?

Mischa closes the trunk and approaches Marian with her one piece of luggage on a tote.

MISCHA

No, no. Sorry, I can't drive you to door. There's a roadblock on Avenue B
...
(he gestures down the street)
right there ...

MARIAN'S AND MISCHA'S P.O.V. -

At the far end of the block, we SEE a movable, blue NYPD roadblock.

BACK -

The two of them, Marian looking puzzled.

MISCHA

This is one-way street. You go down the block to the middle.

MARIAN

(pointing uncertainly)
This way?

MISCHA

Yeah. Not far. You will be fine.
(beat)
It's still day.

He chuckles to himself, but Marian doesn't get the joke.

MARIAN

I see. How much?

MISCHA

Forty-five all total.

MARIAN

Forty-five? I thought it was only supposed to be thirty?

MISCHA

Thirty is base price. Tolls, tax, tip ... it all adds up.

Marian unsnaps her wallet and grudgingly hands the disreputable cabbie two twenties and a five.

Mischa takes the money and starts away. Halfway back to his cab, he turns around and calls out to Marian, who stands frozen on the dilapidated street.

MISCHA

Hey, lady.
(Marian turns)
Hold purse like this.

Mischa hugs an imaginary purse close to his side. Marian apes his advice in all seriousness.

MISCHA

(nodding approval)
Good luck.

Mischa climbs back into his cab and peels off.

NEW ANGLE -

HIGH DOWN WIDE of Marian standing forlornly at the end of the street, a Dayton's shopping bag in one hand, her luggage strapped to the tote in the other.

TITLE IS SUPERIMPOSED:

MY MOTHER DREAMS THE SATAN'S DISCIPLES IN NEW YORK

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST 5TH STREET - DAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Marian pulling her luggage apprehensively down the street.

She passes THE SQUATTERS, a motley group of homeless teenagers, pierced, tattooed, wild hairdos and even wilder attire.

SQUATTER #1

Hey, lady, can you help us out with some change today?

Marian, shocked by their circumstances, rolls her luggage past them, smiling faintly.

SQUATTER #2

Come on. Every little bit helps. A little food, you know?

MARIAN

Maybe some other time.

SQUATTER #1

Thanks a lot anyway.

Marian continues on. She's distracted by ...

A WOMAN in her thirties, who looks like she hasn't slept in a week, bent over the railing of a second-story fire escape balcony, in the throes of a veritable rage.

WOMAN IN A RAGE

You forgot your fucking plant, you fucking asshole!

Marian stares up at her, even more disconcerted than ever.

The enraged woman continues her tirade at an unseen old boyfriend below.

WOMAN IN A RAGE

And there's a lot of other shit in there you forgot. Just wait there, I'm going to go fucking get it for you, all right? No, just wait there! Do you want me to go get it for you? Well, why don't I just do that, huh? I'm going to do that right now!

Marian looks away and, intrepid Midwesterner that she is, pushes on.

A MAN, dressed strangely, stands surreally in the middle of the street, blowing huge clouds of cigarette smoke.

A GAY COUPLE parade past, laughing hysterically.

NEW ANGLE - AT THE END OF THE STREET -

A PACK of unmuffled, chrome-coruscating HARLEYS round the corner in a ear-shattering approach.

MARIAN -

stops dead in her tracks and stares in heartstopping terror.

ACROSS THE STREET -

The BIKERS, wearing their club's colors embroidered on blue jeans, and leather, vests, back their motorcycles in a uniform row against the curb, kill their engines, park them at an angle on their kickstands, and dismount.

They high-five a biker known as the DISCIPLE PROSPECT, a small, mean-looking man with a red bandana tied taut over his head, and then disappear into the windowless clubhouse, passing through a large, forbidding, black door with the skeleton of Death riding a motorcycle painted on it.

The Disciple Prospect tosses the butt of a cigarette into a rusted steel drum and flames erupt.

MARIAN -

in horror, cannot pry her eyes away from them.

NEW ANGLE -

An upstairs window on a six-story, red-brick co-op building. PAULA, Marian's daughter, a pretty woman with short dark hair, is leaning out the window, waving.

PAULA

Mom! Hi! I'll be right down.

EXT. THE FRONT SECURITY DOOR - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Paula emerges to greet her mother.

Marian glances one last time across the street and exchanges oblique looks with the Disciple Prospect, now parked on a stool next to the burning drum. He seems to home in on her.

INT. CO-OP - TWILIGHT - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

A nice, one-bedroom co-op, tastefully furnished. Paula is unpacking Marian's things. Marian stands in the middle of the apartment, feeling relaxed, if still a bit shaken, for the first time since she arrived.

PAULA

So, what do you think?

MARIAN

Well, once you're inside, it's nice.

PAULA

You don't like where I live?

Marian walks over to the window and peers out.

MARIAN

Well, when I walked up the block, I ... well, my word!

PAULA

That's New York. It looks rundown, but it's safe during the day. You'll get used to it.

Marian returns her gaze to the view out the window.

EXT. STREET - TWILIGHT - MARIAN'S P.O.V. -

Out the window. Two BIKERS stand with their arms crisscrossed against their leather-vested chests, framing the burning drum on the sidewalk, guarding the phalanx of Harleys.

CUT TO:

INT. CO-OP - NIGHT - LATER

Paula and Marian are sitting at the dining table. They're studying one of those plastic laminated maps of New York that you can buy everywhere. Paula is attempting to acquaint her mother with Manhattan's complex public transportation system.

PAULA

You take the M-15 bus all the way to ... 79TH Street. And then you take the crosstown bus to 5TH Avenue, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art is right there. You can't miss it.

Marian removes her glasses and fixes her gaze on her daughter.

MARIAN

I wanted to ask you something. Those motorcycles across the street ...?

PAULA

Uh-huh?

MARIAN

... What are they all doing there?

PAULA

That's the Satan's Disciples' New York headquarters.

MARIAN

(alarmed)

The motorcycle gang? Don't they deal drugs and rape young girls?

PAULA

I've never had any problem with them. People say it's the safest block in the East Village.

(lays a reassuring hand on her mother's arm)

I just hope their motorcycles don't keep you up at night.

CUT TO:

INT. CO-OP - NIGHT

CRANE UP to Marian lying wide awake on a convertible sofa next to the street window. We (Marian!) hear VOICES, MOTORCYCLES REVVING, POLICE SIRENS, followed by what sounds like GUNFIRE, tires SCREECHING, a cacophony of sounds typical of summer nights in the East Village.

We go UP and OVER Marian toward the window as imaginary voices flood in and become intelligible.

RANDOM VOICES (O.S.)

Did that shipment of heroin come in?
That old lady see them?
We can kill her if we have to.

RAUCOUS LAUGHTER erupts.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - MONTAGE

A Kenneth Anger Scorpio Rising-like MONTAGE:
A black-booted foot kick-starts a Harley.
A gleaming chrome exhaust pipe vibrates and spits smoke.
A black-gloved hand revs a handle-bar accelerator.
A helmet is pulled down over a Hun-like face.
Flames roar in the steel drum as though a signpost in Hell.

One of the DISCIPLES, bare-chested, long-haired, sweating, swings a baseball bat and calls out to Marian in a singsong voice:

BIKER

Oh, Marian ...

Another half-naked BIKER, arms tattooed up and down, has Marian's suitcase open and is scattering her belongings out into the street. He finds the framed photo of her deceased husband and tosses it to the pavement. He raises his head slowly with a sneer and looks up at ...

MARIAN -

standing in the window in her nightgown, a hand covering her mouth, looking down in utter terror on the fire-lit tableaux of her nightmare.

THE BIKER ON THE STREET -

starts stomping on the photo with the heel of his boot, shattering the glass. Then he removes the photo from the frame and slowly drops it into the roaring conflagration in the oil drum.

The other dawdling Disciples guffaw loudly.

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. CO-OP - NIGHT

Marian wakes with a start, consciousness giving way to a sigh of relief.

FADE TO:

EXT. CO-OP BUILDING - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT of Paula's red-brick co-op, splashed with sunlight and framed by a bright blue sky.

INT. CO-OP - DAY

It's quiet in the co-op. Marian is dusting the bookshelves and humming to herself.

Behind a shelf of books she discovers a PHOTO ENVELOPE with some snapshots in them. Curious, she has a look-see.

SNAPSHOTS -

flipping through Marian's hands. They chronicle Paula and a BOYFRIEND on a recent vacation to a Caribbean island. Marian is amused by them ... until she comes to one showing Paula with her bathing suit top off, arms raised giddily in the air.

MARIAN -

gasps, then blushes and quickly replaces the pictures.

INT. CO-OP - DAY - LATER

Marian is at the window, peering through the furling curtains.

EXT. STREET - DAY - MARIAN'S P.O.V. -

Looking down on the Satan's Disciples' clubhouse. Two BIKERS and their GIRLFRIENDS swagger out of the clubhouse, don their helmets, mount their bikes, kick-start them to life and roar off down the street.

MARIAN -

draws away from the window. She picks up her "Streetwise Manhattan" laminated map, puts her glasses on, looks at it, debating whether to tackle the streets of New York or not.

A FEW MINUTES LATER -

Marian, determined now to get out of the co-op, pulls her purse over her shoulder and grips it like the cabbie instructed. Then she moves to the front door, opens it, and steps warily out into the hallway. She freezes when she

HEARS THUNDERING FOOTSTEPS.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Marian cowers against the half-open door as a young MAN, wearing faded jeans, black cowboy boots, and leather vest over a naked torso, comes charging down the stairs pulled by a frothing, pent-up BULLDOG on a leash.

As he passes, Marian retreats quickly back into her unit, closes the door, and locks the locks from inside.

CUT TO:

INT. CO-OP - NIGHT

Paula is hanging up her coat and setting down her briefcase, an incredulous expression on her face, looking at ...

Marian, sitting in a chair by the window, leafing through a magazine.

PAULA

(mildly rebuking)

You didn't leave the house all day?

Marian shrugs.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK - DUSK

Manhattan skyscrapers framed against a twilit sky.

INT. RESTAURANT/BAR - NIGHT

Marian and Paula are sitting at the bar. They each have a glass of white wine in front of them. Paula is looking at some PHOTOS of the farm that Marian has brought along.

MARIAN

Would you look at those strawberries.

They made the best jam.

(passes Paula the photos)

Here are some more pictures of the farm.

Crops were unbelievable this year.

Paula continues to browse through the snaps.

MARIAN

Plenty of rain. Your dad would have been happy with that.

Marian removes a pill from a small vial she's rummaged out of her purse and slips it discreetly into her mouth.

MARIAN

I just can't seem to focus on anything these days.

PAULA

(turning to her mother)
That's why it's good you came to visit me.

MARIAN

(washing her pill down with some wine)
How are you doing sweetheart?

PAULA

I'm good.

MARIAN

Dating anyone?

PAULA

No, I'm working too much, I don't have time.

MARIAN

What about the fellow in those pictures?

PAULA

What pictures?

MARIAN

You know ...
(raises both hands in the air)
... whoops!

PAULA

(blushing)
Mother!

MARIAN

Well, they were right out in plain view.

PAULA

Behind the books.

MARIAN

But I was dusting.

PAULA

(reluctantly explaining)
I was seeing Aaron and there were some ... complications.

MARIAN

He seemed quite taken with you.

PAULA

I don't want to talk about it.

MARIAN

(hurt)

You know, you never tell me anything.

PAULA

That's not true.

(lays a placating hand on her
mother's arm)

Besides, I don't want you dusting. I
want you to see New York.

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST 5TH STREET - NIGHT

Marian and Paula, arm-in-arm, walk down the block back to her building.

A MOTORCYCLE rounds the corner, slows to a crawl, and one of the Satan's Disciples stares over at the two of them as if casing them out. Paula won't look at him, but Marian can't avert her gaze.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CO-OP - NIGHT

Marian lying awake in bed, the ENGINES of the Disciples' Harleys deafening ...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SATAN'S DISCIPLES' CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

DOLLY ACROSS a line of idling Harleys, the bikers, one at a time in succession, switching their single-beam headlights on.

PAN ACROSS the FACES of the Disciples, mounted on their cycles, dark helmets, faded blue jeans jackets embroidered with elaborate stitching of their club's insignia, cigarettes dangling from their hirsute mouths, baleful-looking countenances, revving their engines loudly, tauntingly.

NEW ANGLE -

From across the street, Marian, appearing like an apparition in her nightgown, surreally walks toward them, a beseeching look on her face.

MARIAN

Excuse me. Could you please turn your
motorcycles off? They're so loud, I
can't sleep.

GO TO SLOW MOTION as the BIKERS, some ten in number, slowly

approach the frail-looking Marian. Gently, they pick her up off the ground and raise her aloft. Then, like some moving human bier, they carry her through the forbidding black door into their clubhouse.

INT. CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

We follow Marian down a dark corridor leading into the bowels of the clubhouse.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DREAM CORRIDOR - NIGHT

At the end of another corridor, a MAN stands, silhouetted against an explosion of blue light. As we near the ghostly figure, we REALIZE it's Marian's deceased husband.

There's a GUN SHOT.

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. CO-OP - NIGHT

Marian wakes with a start, clutching a hand to her breast.

INT. KITCHEN - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Marian shakes a Valium out of a vial, puts it into her mouth, swallows it with a drink of orange juice.

FADE TO:

INT. PAULA'S CO-OP - THE NEXT DAY

Marian, not wanting to be a disappointment to her daughter, damn her fears, gathers her purse up and starts out the door.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Marian is again prevented from an easy exit when a young, hip looking COUPLE come bounding down the stairs. As she stands at her open door to let them pass, they completely ignore her as if she didn't exist.

EXT. EAST 5TH STREET - DAY - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Seen from Marian's perspective across the street, the front of the Satan's Disciples headquarters is quiet. There are only a couple Harleys parked out front.

Marian, relieved that there are no bikers out, hurries off in the direction of First Avenue, determined to see the sights of the city.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY - MONTAGE

A giddy, almost dreamlike, MONTAGE of Marian touring New York. She's SUPERIMPOSED over famous landmarks, as if she were standing stationery and the city were in a diorama rotating all around her. The Empire State Building; Circle Cruise Line; eating a hot dog from a street vendor; shopping at Macy's. Marian beams as she is magically whisked along, walking on air.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EAST 5TH STREET - DAY

Marian comes INTO THE FRAME around the corner. She has a spring in her step and a broad smile emblazoning her face. But her sanguine mood is quickly shattered when she HEARS shouting. She freezes in her tracks.

ACROSS THE STREET - THE SATAN'S DISCIPLES HEADQUARTERS -

The Disciple Prospect and another Biker are roughing up a teenage KID, wrestling him into submission.

DISCIPLE PROSPECT

You're just chilling, huh? Not on this block, do you understand?

MARIAN -

at the security door of Paula's building. She rummages anxiously through her purse, but she can't find her keys!

MARIAN

Oh, no.

Marian glances across the street, her face tensed with fear.

ACROSS THE STREET -

The Bikers continue to roughhouse the Kid. The Disciple Prospect brandishes a plastic bag under his nose.

DISCIPLE PROSPECT

What's this, huh?

KID

I ain't got shit on me.

DISCIPLE PROSPECT

What is that? You're chilling, man? Well, then maybe we need to warm things up for you, man. How many times do we got to tell you? You don't listen and you don't learn and that's the problem. That is the problem.

MARIAN -

turns away from the escalating violence across the street and punches one of the buttons on the intercom. A WOMAN'S VOICE crackles over it.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hello?

MARIAN

My daughter lives here and I'm her mother
and I've lost my keys.

There's no answer.

MARIAN

Hello? Hello?

Marian returns her frightened gaze to the altercation across the street.

ACROSS THE STREET - MARIAN'S P.O.V.

Two more DISCIPLES emerge from the clubhouse. One of them squirts lighter fluid on the fire burning in the steel drum and the flames explode. Then KID is dragged over toward the fire. The Disciple Prospect drags him dangerously close to the flames.

DISCIPLE

Roast him!

KID

(screaming)
All right all right all right.

MARIAN -

petrified, as if she'd stepped into a re-enactment of a passage out of Revelations, walks briskly down to the middle of the block toward a pay phone.

DISCIPLES CLUBHOUSE -

The Disciples kick the drug-dealing Teenager a couple more times, then set him free, laughing as he flees down the block in mortal fear.

PAY PHONE -

Marian drops the appropriate coins in the coin slot and dials a number from memory.

MARIAN

(quavery voice)
Yes, is Paula there? ... Could you leave
her a message, please? Tell her it's

urgent.

(gathers herself)

Her mother has lost her keys and is stranded on the street with the Satan's Disciples ... When she comes back, would you tell her to come home as quickly as she can? ... Thank you.

Marian hangs up the phone and turns, quails in terror.

NEW ANGLE -

The Disciple Prospect is towering over her, staring down at her with a scowl on his face.

MARIAN

Oh, please, don't hurt me.

DISCIPLE PROSPECT

I just need to use the phone, lady.

MARIAN

Oh, let me get out of your way then.

DISCIPLE PROSPECT

What happened? Did you lose your keys?

MARIAN

(withdrawing anxiously)

Have a nice day.

WIDE SHOT -

Marian walks quickly ACROSS THE FRAME. As she EXITS RIGHT, the Disciple Prospect ENTERS LEFT and trails after her.

EXT. PAULA'S BUILDING - DAY - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Marian is at the front entrance, uncertain what to do. She quailss when the Disciple Prospect approaches. Without a word, he reaches his arm over her and presses a buzzer to one of the units.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hello.

DISCIPLE PROSPECT

Washing machine repairman.

The DOOR BUZZES almost at once, and the Disciple Prospect pushes it in and holds it open until Marian is safely inside. He looks at her a little annoyed. Marian is absolutely nonplussed.

CUT TO:

INT. CO-OP HALLWAY - LATER THAT DAY

Paula comes running up the stairs. She stops when she SEES:

MARIAN -

sitting on the floor, propped against the door to their unit.

Paula shakes her head reprovngly at her mother who just shrugs, chagrined.

INT. CO-OP - BATHROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Paula is in the bathroom. She has her mother's vial of Valium in her hand.

PAULA

Maybe you should lay low tomorrow. I'm going to see if I can get off early and maybe we can take the ferry cruise. Okay?

LIVING ROOM -

Marian is standing at the window looking down on the street.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - MARIAN'S P.O.V.

The Disciples are backing their bikes against the curb, parking them, and filing into the clubhouse.

BATHROOM -

Paula dispenses the remaining pills into the palm of her hand.

PAULA

(to herself)
Three left.

LIVING ROOM -

Marian looking apprehensively down at the Disciples' headquarters, stupefied.

Paula emerges from the bathroom in the background. Marian doesn't turn to acknowledge her. She continues to stare transfixed at the bikes and the fire-burning oil drum.

PAULA

(softer)
Okay? Does that sound like a plan?

Marian doesn't answer.

Paula stands some distance from her distracted mother, a worried expression featured on her face.

FADE TO:

INT. CO-OP - DAY

Looking through the security eyepiece, a FISH-EYE LENS SHOT of an attractive, but distraught woman in her twenties, puffing a cigarette, eyes red and swollen from crying.

MARIAN

Who is it?

MARIKA

It's Marika. Is Paula there?

MARIAN

She's at work. I'm her mother.

MARIKA

Oh. I thought today was Saturday.

Marian, seemingly reassured, opens the door for her. She sees Marika, realizes she's upset about something, and feels immediately compassionate toward her.

MARIKA

I'm sorry. I had a wretched night.

MARIAN

Oh. You need a cappuccino.

And she lets Marika in.

INT. CO-OP - DAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

They're sitting at the dining table, having coffee. Marian is listening sympathetically to Marika's tale of woe.

MARIKA

And there was this number on my phone bill that I didn't recognize. Calls made at three and four in the morning. So, I called the number ... and a woman answered. And I ... I hung up.

(leans forward)

So, then I followed him. Just like in the movies. And I found out that he has a wife and a little girl living in Brooklyn. We had been going together for almost a year.

MARIAN

(shaking her head in disgust)

Men ... they're all the same.

(beat)

Our pastor in Sioux Falls was caught with his wife's sister.

MARIKA

(brightening)
Really?

MARIAN

Oh, it was such a big scandal.

MARIKA

What happened?

MARIAN

Poor man had to leave town.
(Marika laughs)
And I hear that other women came forward.

This makes Marika laugh even harder. Marian's story seems to have assuaged her own grief in some parallel way.

MARIAN

You know, you ought to come out to South Dakota some time and meet my son, Steve. He's single.

MARIKA

What does he do?

MARIAN

He's an organic farmer.

MARIKA

(chuckling)
Oh. Well, that would be a ... change.
(smiles warmly)
Thank you, Mrs. Peterson. You have a very reassuring voice.

The Disciple's MOTORCYCLES GROWL OFF SCREEN, interrupting their tête-à-tête.

Marian and Marika both rise simultaneously from the table and amble over to the window together.

MARIKA

I wish they wouldn't come and go in packs, then they wouldn't be so loud.

They reach the window.

EXT. STREET - DAY - MARIAN'S AND MARIKA'S P.O.V.

The Disciples dismounting from their bikes below, shutting down their engines and removing their helmets.

INT. CO-OP - DAY

At the window, Marian and Marika standing side by side.

MARIAN

I wonder what they do in there? Don't they frighten you? They all look so ...

MARIKA

... Manly?

Marian does a double-take and throws a backward glance at Marika.

MARIKA

You know, probably none of them had a mother like you.

Marian and Marika smile at each other.

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST 5TH STREET - DAY

Marian's FOOT STEPS OFF THE CURB.

WIDER ANGLE -

Marian crosses the street headed in the direction of the Satan's Disciples headquarters.

The Disciple Prospect is sitting alone, guarding the line of parked Harleys. He's wearing dark aviator shades and his trademark red bandana tied over his head. Marian steps bravely right up to him.

MARIAN

Excuse me, sir.

(the Disciple Prospect looks up, poker-faced)

I just wanted to thank you for helping me get into my building yesterday.

DISCIPLE PROSPECT

Yeah, sure, no problem, you're welcome.

MARIAN

My daughter lives across the street from you people and she tells me that you keep this area safe. Is that true?

DISCIPLE PROSPECT

We like to think so, yeah.

MARIAN

And you don't deal drugs?

The Disciple Prospect removes his sunglasses and looks at her mock reprovably.

DISCIPLE PROSPECT

Who told you we deal drugs?

MARIAN

I'm just concerned about my daughter.

DISCIPLE PROSPECT

You don't have to worry. She's going to be fine. We're law-abiding citizens just like you.

MARIAN

What about yesterday? Kicking that poor boy?

DISCIPLE PROSPECT

(mildly annoyed)

That poor boy's a crack dealer from Alphabet City. We do not allow his kind on this block.

Marian seems to accept the explanation. She glances up.

THE CLUBHOUSE DOOR -

The black, forbidding door leading into the clubhouse with its painting of Death on a stylized Harley, gripping lightning bolts for handlebars.

DISCIPLE PROSPECT -

looking at Marian looking up at the door.

DISCIPLE PROSPECT

Is there something else I can do for you?

MARIAN

Well, I'd love to see inside your club.

DISCIPLE PROSPECT

(taken aback)

You want to come inside?

MARIAN

Well, if you're not holding a meeting or anything.

EXT. CLUBHOUSE ENTRANCE - DAY - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

The Disciple Prospect emerges from the club with the HEAD DISCIPLE, a gentle giant of a man with a long, flowing wispy beard and an old man's paunch. They're muttering about something.

DISCIPLE PROSPECT

Her daughter lives across the street and she was wondering ...

HEAD DISCIPLE

What?

DISCIPLE PROSPECT

She's curious ...

The Head Disciple glances over at Marian standing curbside, expectantly awaiting approval. He sees that she's ingenuous.

HEAD DISCIPLE

What the hell ...
(calling out to Marian)
Come on in.

Marian, smiling, comes forward.

HEAD DISCIPLE

(pointing to the steps leading
up to the door)
You watch your step here.

And the three disappear inside.

INT. SATAN'S DISCIPLES' CLUBHOUSE - DAY

The hallway leading into the clubhouse is dark and gloomy. ROCK MUSIC assails them as they make their passage into the main room.

CLUBHOUSE MAIN ROOM -

They reach the main room where about ten or so DISCIPLES are lounging about. One has his nose in a book, *The Road Less Traveled*. Another reads the *Wall Street Journal*. Two others are seated at a card table, playing a game of poker. Still another is sprawled on a couch, smoking a cigarette. The walls are festooned with biker posters. The place is a bit of a mess, but innocuous.

The Head Disciple stands in the center of the room and addresses his clan.

HEAD DISCIPLE

Hey, guys. This here is, uh ...

He turns to Marian, realizing he doesn't know her name.

MARIAN

(meekly)
Marian.

HEAD DISCIPLE

(booming voice)
Marian!

A CHORUS OF VOICES

Hi, Marian.

Hey, Marian.
Yo, Marian.

Marian blushes at their warm response to her unexpected appearance.

HEAD DISCIPLE

(explaining her visit)
Marian's daughter lives across the street
and she was a little worried about her.

DISCIPLE #1

Swear to God, lady, she's not here.

Laughter erupts. Marian smiles.

DISCIPLE #2

Hey, is she cute?

DISCIPLE #3

Does she like motorcycles?

DISCIPLE #4

Can she cook?

Amiable laughter fills the room. Marian laughs with them. She glances all around her, fascinated by this dungeon she had dreamed and fantasized about since she first arrived in New York.

MARIAN

You know, this isn't so bad. It looks
like our kids' rooms when they were
growing up.

INSERT SHOTS -

of overflowing ashtrays, crushed beer cans, fast food
wrappers balled up and strewn on tables.

BACK -

to Marian, her brow knitted thoughtfully in a schoolmarmish
expression.

MARIAN

Could use some cleaning.

INSERT SHOTS -

of several of the Disciples' FACES, turning to her in SLOW
MOTION with mock baleful looks of disapprobation.

THERE'S A BEAT, then ...

CUT TO:

INT. CLUBHOUSE - DAY - MONTAGE

A MONTAGE, with abbreviated SCENES DISSOLVING one into another of Marian supervising a thorough, top-to-bottom cleaning of the clubhouse:

One Disciple sprays Easy-Off in a blackened oven.
Another empties ashtrays.
Yet Another vacuums.
Still others pick up wrappers from under the couch, while Marian wags a reproving finger at them.
One Disciple tosses the contents of an ashtray under the couch while Marian isn't looking.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CLUBHOUSE - DAY - MONTAGE CONTINUING - LATER

Marian in the kitchen, wearing the cut-off blue jeans insignia jacket of the Satan's Disciples, their colors emblazoned on the back. She pops the top on a can of beer and pours some of it into a huge pot of chili she's stirring over a stove, while the Disciples sit patiently in the background at a bar awaiting the food.

Marian tries a sip of the beer and some of the Disciples smile approvingly.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER -

Marian ladles chili into all of their bowls in a series of **JUMP CUTS.**

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CLUBHOUSE - DAY - STILL LATER

All the Disciples are huddled around Marian in the middle of the clubhouse, as if she were the mother hen, arms folded across their chests, smiles creasing their faces, sated.

MARIAN

Well, I'd better be going. It was nice meeting all of you.

DISCIPLE #1

Thanks, Marian.

CHORUS OF OTHER DISCIPLES

Thanks, Marian.

DISCIPLE #2

The food was outstanding.

Marian starts off.

HEAD DISCIPLE

You know, if we can do anything for you,
Marian, you just let us know.

MARIAN

(turns, considers for a moment)
Well, there is one thing.
(beat, mildly scolding)
At night, your motorcycles are so darn
loud, I'm not getting much sleep. Now,
I'm going home in a few days, so ...
could I ask you to keep them quiet?

Some of the Disciples exchange petulant looks, rolling their
eyes at the request.

HEAD DISCIPLE

(mollifying)
Well, we'll, uh, see what we can do,
Marian.

All the Disciples break into laughter.

MARIAN

Thank you.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

A narrow, stand-alone ten-story isosceles-shaped office
building, on an island of land in downtown Manhattan.
ESTABLISHING SHOT.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Paula, with her mother in tow, knocks on an open office door.

PAULA

Hello.

NEW ANGLE -

DON PALMER, an avuncular-looking man in his mid-forties rises
from his desk.

MR. PALMER

Come in.

Paula and Marian enter the office and halt mid-room across
from his desk.

PAULA

Don, this is my mother.
(turns to Marian)
Mom, this is my boss, Don Palmer.

MARIAN

(enthusiastically)
Oh, it's so nice to meet you.

MR. PALMER

We're very glad to have your daughter working for us.

MARIAN

(blurting out)
I met the Satan's Disciples today.

MR. PALMER

(chuckling nervously)
Really?

PAULA

Mother, I ...

MARIAN

(waving her daughter off)
My daughter lives right across the street from the Satan's Disciples' clubhouse, and I was so worried about her ... so, I went over and introduced myself. And they were the nicest people.

Paula and Mr. Palmer exchange disquieting glances.

MR. PALMER

(playing along)
Well, that's a very unusual New York experience.

MARIAN

I had a wonderful time.

Paula is in a mild state of shock hearing her mother's fantastical anecdote.

CUT TO:

INT. CO-OP - NIGHT

Paula is sitting at the dining table with a plate piled with roast chicken, potatoes, and broccoli in front of her. She has a worried look etched on her face.

Marian is in the kitchen in the background, feeling light and happy, a singsong quality to her voice. She brings a plate of food for herself to the table.

MARIAN

And they were so friendly those young men. Though I do think they should shave their beards and ... and get some nicer clothes.

Marian sits down at the table and takes a sip of her wine, picks up her utensils and gets ready to dig in. She turns to Paula who isn't touching her food, her head in her hands. Marian, seemingly oblivious of her daughter's feelings, prattles on.

MARIAN

What do you say ... we take a subway uptown and see a play tonight?

Marian finally notices that Paula isn't listening.

MARIAN

What's wrong?

PAULA

Mom ... I mean, it's amusing to imagine such a thing, but ... how many of those pills have you been taking?

MARIAN

(stung, taken aback)
Oh, that has nothing to do with it.

PAULA

No, no, it's my fault. I've been pushing you too hard to do things on your own.

Marian retreats into herself, sips her wine - as if she, herself, now wonders if she's lost her mind - and her buoyant mood deflates almost at once.

PAULA

The, um, other night, I got up to get a glass of water and you were standing by the window talking to daddy. I called out to you, but you didn't answer. You remember?

Marian doesn't remember, and her daughter's words pierce her. She's afraid to object.

PAULA

New York is a ... it's a strange place in the summertime. The noise, the warm air, it's ... easy to imagine things.

Paula lays a reassuring hand on Marian's arm, talks to her condescendingly, as if she were a child.

PAULA

Now, you know you didn't go into the clubhouse, did you?

Marian doesn't bother to argue, fearing anything she might say would compromise her.

PAULA (CONT'D)

It's okay. Dad's dying put a lot of stress on you. But you're going to be all right. We're all going to be all right. Where did you get this vivid imagination, huh?

Paula grips Marian's arm a little tighter and shakes it gently as if snapping her back to reality. Marian returns her a tight-lipped smile.

FADE OUT.

INT. CO-OP - NIGHT

Marian, lying supine on the convertible sofa bed by the open window, snoring peacefully.

EXT. EAST 5TH STREET - NIGHT

On the sidewalk, the Disciple Prospect sits next to the fire breathing oil drum, standing sentry over the Harleys.

One of the Disciples comes out of the clubhouse and they high five. The Disciple mounts his Harley and is about to kick start it to life, when the Disciple Prospect rises from his stool.

DISCIPLE PROSPECT

Yo, man!

The Disciple about to start his bike, turns.

The Disciple Prospect raises two fingers to his lips in a kind of warning, then gestures up to Paula's co-op where Marian is sleeping.

The Disciple, remembering the new rule, nods assent with a slightly annoyed expression.

Then, he puts his Harley into neutral, dismounts, and starts slowly walking it down the quiet, ill-lit street.

INT. CO-OP - NIGHT

The room is cast in soft ambient light from the street. Paula comes into the living room and lies down next to her mother on the sofa bed and rouses her awake. Marian swims leadenly back to consciousness.

PAULA

Mom, I need to talk to you.

MARIAN

(still drowsy)
If it's about the bikers, dear, I don't want to talk about it.

PAULA

No, I had a dream about daddy. Do you think I'll ever meet anyone like him?

MARIAN

Oh, I hope so, dear.

PAULA

You know that guy in the pictures you saw?

MARIAN

Aaron?

PAULA

Yeah ... turned out to be a real jerk.

MARIAN

I'm sorry.

Marian pats her daughter on the arm. Paula pricks up her ears for a minute.

PAULA

It's unusually quiet tonight, isn't it?

MARIAN

Mm hmm.

FADE TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

A lovely, sun-drenched day. Shadows dapple a promenade along one of the park's many ponds. Paula and Marian walk arm-in arm.

PAULA

I think you should consider coming out and staying with me longer.

MARIAN

Oh, I don't want to be in the way. You've got your career and everything.

PAULA

You wouldn't be in the way. I like having you around.

MARIAN

Dear, I was thinking. Why don't we go to Paris next year? I've never been. Your father, God bless him, wasn't much for traveling.

PAULA

I'd love to.

They walk off into the golden light.

CUT TO:

INT. CO-OP - DAY

Marian is finishing up her packing. Paula comes from the kitchen, bearing a gift for her mother to take home with her.

PAULA

Here you go.

(Marian accepts the gift)

I think you should talk to Dr. Byrne when you get back about how much Valium he's prescribing. Okay?

MARIAN

At my age, I'm going to take any pill that makes me feel better.

PAULA

Mother!

MARIAN

I can make my own decisions.

Paula extends her arms and embraces her mother.

PAULA

I love you, Mom.

(turns to leave)

I have to run. You remembered to call the limousine service, right?

MARIAN

Mm hmm.

PAULA

(pulling on her backpack)

Well, bye. And have a safe trip ... and ... Paris in the spring!

MARIAN

(pensive)

Goodbye, sweetheart.

Paula blows her mother a kiss and Marian throws her daughter a little wave.

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST 5TH STREET - DAY

Marian steps down the stairs of her daughter's building. A smile breaks out on her face when she SEES:

A MOTORCADE -

of idling Harleys in the middle of the street, waiting for her.

MARIAN -

turns to the Head Disciple, materializing behind her, carrying her luggage. He gestures with his head toward the motorcycles.

THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET -

The Disciple Prospect takes Marian's luggage from the Head Disciple and hauls it over to one of the waiting Harleys and straps it on to the carrying rack.

Then, he helps Marian onto the back of the Harley she's going to be riding to the airport. Gently, he places a helmet - festooned with decals of fire-breathing reptiles - over her head and affixes the chin-strap.

DISCIPLE PROSPECT

All right?

Marian nods and beams at the same time.

The other Harleys form a circle around Marian's motorcycle.

The Disciple Prospect gives them a signal and they start off, one by one, forming a V-shaped procession.

Marian, completely comfortable on her motorcycle, her arms around her Disciple escort, her fever dream now manifest.

CRANE UP as the procession heads down East 5TH.

WHITE OUT -

CREDITS