

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

EXT. BEACH FLATS - DAY

Denny walks down the street; there's something sinister about the place even among the Boardwalk frivolity nearby. People watch him suspiciously in his business suit. He stops before a house, CHECKS the address, knocks.

Beautiful young AIMEE THIERRY, halfway opens the door, sees Denny in his suit and freezes like an antelope. But attraction flashes between them too.

AIMEE

Yes?

DENNY ANDERS

Does Nick Swanson live here?

AIMEE

(uncertain)

I... don't think I can give out that information.

DENNY ANDERS

Sorry, let me start over.

He takes out his card and extends it.

DENNY ANDERS (CONT'D)

I'm with the DA's office, and we're following up on his robbery.

She takes it, glances at it.

AIMEE

I wasn't here when it happened.

DENNY ANDERS

Are you his... girlfriend?

AIMEE

No. Just a friend. Roommate.

DENNY ANDERS

He be back anytime soon?

Aimee hesitates.

DENNY ANDERS (CONT'D)

Look, he's not in trouble or anything. The guys who attacked him might be robbing other people.

AIMEE

Maybe he's out on the beach. Or
sometimes he surfs over on West
Cliff Drive, by the lighthouse.

DENNY ANDERS

Okay.
(sighs)
Well, I tried.

AIMEE

Yeah, you tried.

DENNY ANDERS

Story of my life.

AIMEE

(laughs a little)
What a funny thing to say!

DENNY ANDERS

I'm a funny guy. Tell Nick he can
call me or come by the office.

Attracted, they delay separating.

DENNY ANDERS (CONT'D)

So... you from around here?

AIMEE

Minneapolis.

DENNY ANDERS

What brought you to Santa Cruz?

AIMEE

I made a wrong turn. Uh...
romantically speaking.
(beat)

Denny nods.

AIMEE (CONT'D)

...and it was the light.

DENNY ANDERS

The *light*?

AIMEE

The light here is incredible. Off
the ocean. I... I'm an artist.
Starving artist, of course.

DENNY ANDERS

Comes with the turf. So... what do you like about the light?

He looks out the window.

AIMEE

It's beautiful. Shining off the waves. Or the sun breaking through the fog... I used to work in watercolors but now I've switched to oils. They're expensive, though.

DENNY ANDERS

How old are you?

AIMEE

Twenty. I... dropped out of college.

DENNY ANDERS

Bet your parents didn't like that.

Aimee rolls her eyes.

AIMEE

Did your parents want you to be a lawyer?

DENNY ANDERS

Actually, my dad told me I was a born fuckup and I'd never make it.

AIMEE

How terrible.

DENNY ANDERS

(little laugh)
He was almost right.

AIMEE

But you showed him, huh?

DENNY ANDERS

Speaking of showing... why don't you show me your work. Your art.
(pleased, Aimee hesitates)
Sorry, I don't mean to put you on the spot.

AIMEE

You really want to see my stuff?

DENNY ANDERS

Sure. That would be serendipity. I go looking for a crime victim and instead I find... fine art.

AIMEE

(laughs)

You believe in serendipity?

DENNY ANDERS

Not exactly. But it seems to happen to me a lot.

AIMEE

Okay. C'mon.

She leads him through the house. She has created a bedroom by hanging sheets. Inside are a bed, easels and painting supplies. A rope rack holds her clothes.

AIMEE (CONT'D)

Welcome to my 'studio.'

(laughs)

Nick works for surf shops or does construction and stuff. I cook and clean, and he lets me stay on. It's pretty cool.

DENNY ANDERS

That's a good deal.

AIMEE

Sometimes I work the counter at snack bars. You know, whatever gets me by.

Denny examines the canvases and boards stacked against the wall. Her art captures the spirit of Beach Flats: personalities; derelicts, shady types, haunted young people.

AIMEE (CONT'D)

You know much about art?

DENNY ANDERS

I know talent when I see it.

AIMEE

(laughs self-consciously)

Really? Thanks!

DENNY ANDERS

Your work reminds me of Toulouse Lautrec.

Aimee looks puzzled.

DENNY ANDERS (CONT'D)
I just gave you a big compliment.

Aimee looks at him hopefully, embarrassed.

DENNY ANDERS (CONT'D)
He was a 19th century French
artist. He painted the demi monde --
people on the fringe.

AIMEE
(hesitates, shy)
I've seen you before. You and a
woman were riding the Big Dipper in
your business suits. That was
funny.

Denny laughs.

DENNY ANDERS
I work with her. She was showing me
her technique for attitude
adjustment.

Aimee laughs.

AIMEE
You go out with her?

DENNY ANDERS
No.. I... I'm married.

AIMEE
Forbidden fruit, huh?
(laughs)

DENNY ANDERS
Lots of that around.

They are standing a little too close. The sexual tension suddenly grows. But he catches himself.

DENNY ANDERS (CONT'D)
Well, thanks for sharing your art.
Tell Nick I stopped by.

She follows Denny toward the door. They pause at the front door. She puts her hand on his sleeve.

AIMEE
And thanks for the encouragement.
It... means a lot.

STRONG sexual tension. But Denny keeps up appearances. He turns away and opens the door. A sharp ray of sun reflects off the ocean, and they blink.

DENNY ANDERS
The light...

AIMEE
Kind of blinds you.

They kiss suddenly, hungrily. Break apart.

DENNY ANDERS
Oh man, I'm sorry. I didn't mean
for that to happen.

AIMEE
I did.

DENNY ANDERS
No, really. I shouldn't have...

AIMEE
It's okay.
(beat)
You keep a tight rein on yourself,
don't you, Mr. DA?

Denny shrugs.

AIMEE (CONT'D)
Maybe you need another ride on the
roller coaster.

DENNY ANDERS
I think I'm on it now.

They kiss again, high heat moment. Denny breaks away and departs abruptly. He walks hurriedly to his car, gets in.

INT. DENNY'S CAR - DAY

Denny sits and gazes at the street, shell-shocked.

DENNY ANDERS
Jesus fuck Christ.

He shakes his head and starts the car.

INT. BOOKSHOP SANTA CRUZ - DAY

In the busy shop, Denny finds and buys a big coffee table book of Toulouse Lautrec paintings.

EXT. SANTA CRUZ MALL - DAY

Denny opens the trunk of his car and stashes the book under blankets and paraphernalia.