

# AMERICAN PSYCHO

by

Matthew Markwalder

Unproduced screenplay based on the book by Bret Easton Ellis

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FADE IN

TITLE CARD:

And as things fell apart  
Nobody paid much attention

Talking Heads

EXT WALL STREET - DAY

SOFT FOCUS on a blur of moving shapes and colors. SOUNDS of traffic and PEDESTRIANS on a crowded street. CREDITS ROLL as we SNAP TO SHARP FOCUS on...

...a swirling mass of SUITS, all of them clones: white MEN, mid-twenties to thirties, fashion slaves. INDIVIDUAL FACES reveal nothing. YUPPIES, circa 1989. Another business day ends as...

...an endless stream of taxis and limousines pour into the surrounding maze of streets. Traffic crawls as the CROWD surges forward, relentless...

Enormous grey buildings, cold and impersonal, reach up to the sky. HOMELESS PEOPLE lay passed out on the sidewalk, in doorways, on benches. A grotesque disfiguration on an otherwise perfect, gleaming surface, they beg for food, for change - anything. Pathetic and broken, they are ignored by Wall Street's ruling class.

A HOMELESS MAN holds a cardboard sign: I AM HUNGRY. PLEASE HELP

ME.

INT RESTAURANT, MEN'S BATHROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON a well-manicured HAND tightly gripping a Mont Blanc pen. The HAND is writing on the wall above a urinal... we see the first two neatly written letters: KI.

ESTABLISHING MONTAGE, MANHATTAN - DAY (1989)

(TO BE INTERCUT with previous SCENE in the MEN'S BATHROOM).

CREDITS CONTINUE ROLLING as we see a MONTAGE of life in late Eighties Manhattan: the good, the bad and the ugly side of the Big Apple. Juxtaposition the obvious with the obscure...

...The Empire State Building... red graffiti on the side of the Chemical Bank: ABANDON ALL HOPE... traffic barely moving as bicycle messengers fly past... a cop car disappears into an underground parking structure... a bus roars past, an advertisement for "Les Mis" on its side; the word "DYKE" scrawled across Eponine's face...

INT RESTAURANT, MEN'S BATHROOM - SAME

CLOSE ON the HAND, writing. Additional letters now visible: LL A.

CONTINUATION OF MONTAGE, MANHATTAN - DAY (1989)

...an out of business bistro covered up with posters featuring Donald Trump on the cover of Time Magazine... The Statue of Liberty... automated teller machines dispensing cash... a white cop frisks a black man... newspapers and garbage blowing through the streets... Rockefeller Center Plaza... delicatessens...

INT RESTAURANT, MEN'S BATHROOM - SAME

CLOSE ON the HAND still writing. Additional letters now visible: LL Y.

CONTINUATION OF MONTAGE, MANHATTAN - DAY (1989)

...a gay pride parade: muscle bound macho men and flamboyant drag queens proudly march arm in arm down Fifth Avenue... police... George Plimpton... Broadway theater marquees... Trump Plaza... subways... homeless people... mannequins in Bloomingdale's store front... Radio City Music Hall...

INT RESTAURANT, MEN'S BATHROOM - SAME

CLOSE ON the HAND writing. Visible letters: UPP.

CONTINUATION OF MONTAGE, MANHATTAN - DAY (1989)

...an old bag lady cracks a whip at pigeons fighting over crumbs on the piss-stained sidewalk... transvestites glare from the shadows... the Chrysler Building... taxis everywhere, all of them occupied... pigeons refuse to move... the homeless fight among themselves...

INT RESTAURANT, MEN'S BATHROOM - SAME

CLOSE ON the HAND. Now visible: IES.

SLOWLY PULL BACK to reveal an expensive looking set of cufflinks attached to the sleeve of a designer suit... PULL BACK further to discover the entire "message" written on the wall:

KILL ALL YUPPIES.

CONTINUATION OF MONTAGE, MANHATTAN - DAY (1989)

...graffiti on the side of a McDonald's: FEAR... rows and rows of brightly colored packages of detergent... models strutting on a catwalk in a fashion show... a homeless man pushing a shopping cart half-full of tin cans stops to look for hidden treasure in an overflowing trash can. Attached to his shopping cart is a sign: THE END IS NEAR...

END MONTAGE

EXT TIMES SQUARE - LATE AFTERNOON (1989)

High above the streets, enormous brightly lit billboards loom over Times Square. Flashing neon signs in X-rated storefronts battle for attention. Sensory overload, American style... inescapable, hypnotic.

...models, ten stories tall, selling underwear... "Coke Is It!"... "XXX GIRLS"... "Fly United"... laughing faces on the giant SONY Trinitron... "LIVE SEX SHOW"... "Fly Delta"... "Choice Of A New Generation"... "Fly Blue Star"...

On a massive billboard advertising a tropical resort are the words: DISAPPEAR HERE.

...ANGLE on a TAXI CAB in the Times Square traffic as CREDITS CONTINUE.

INT TAXI, MOVING - LATE AFTERNOON

PATRICK BATEMAN and TIMOTHY PRICE, both grand prize winners in the genetic lottery: perfect skin, high cheekbones and square jaws, sit in the back seat of a taxi slowly moving uptown, driven by an IMMIGRANT CABBIE.

Often mistaken as brothers, their natural good looks are further enhanced by perfectly tailored, designer suits. Obviously expensive yet subtle, understated. Very impressive. GQ Magazine come to life.

PATRICK stares out the dirty window, expressionless. TIM focuses straight ahead, in the middle of a passionate monologue:

TIM

I'm resourceful. Creative. I'm highly motivated, I'm skilled. In essence what I'm saying is that society cannot afford to lose me. I'm an asset.

(beat; then MORE)

TIM (CONT'D)

I mean the fact remains that no one gives a shit about their work, everybody hates their job, you've told me you hate yours. What do we do? Go back to Los Angeles?

INT TAXI, MOVING - LATER

TIM removes the Walkman from around his neck, opening his attache case.

TIM

I hate to complain -- I really do -  
about the trash, the garbage, the  
disease, about how filthy this city  
really is and you know and I know that  
it is a sty...

TIM places the Walkman in the attache case and pulls out today's  
New York Post, opening it up.

PATRICK (V.O.)

Oh... my... god.

TIM

In one issue -- in one issue -- let's  
see here...

PATRICK (V.O.)

Please... shut up.

TIM

...strangled models, babies thrown  
from rooftops, kids killed in the  
subway, a Communist rally, mafia boss  
wiped out, Nazis-

TIM flips through the pages excitedly...

TIM (CONT'D)

-baseball players with AIDS, more  
mafia shit, gridlock, the homeless,  
various maniacs, faggots dropping like  
flies in the streets, the cancellation  
of a soap opera, surrogate mothers...  
and the joke is, the punch line is,  
it's all in this city - nowhere else,  
just here, it sucks, whoa wait, more  
Nazis, gridlock, baby-sellers, black-  
market babies, coma baby, hot water  
burns baby, AIDS babies, bridge  
collapses-

TIM stops, catching his breath. He notices something through the  
window...

TIM'S POV:

A HOMELESS PERSON begs for change on a street corner.

TIM (O.S.)

That's the twenty-fourth one I've seen today. I've kept count.

BACK TO SCENE

PATRICK (V.O.)

Timothy Price began his spiel today, hours ago over lunch and has been going non-stop, more or less, ever since. I've mostly been ignoring him, although I did pay attention earlier at Harry's when he began ranting about Paul Owen and the mysterious Fisher account.

(beat; then)

Tim is an investment banker with Pierce & Pierce. We work in the same office.

TIM

Why aren't you wearing the worsted navy blue blazer with the gray pants?

PATRICK (V.O.)

Our destination this evening: Manhattan's Upper West Side - a quiet dinner with Evelyn and Courtney.

(beat; then)

Tim is twenty-six years old.

INT TAXI, MOVING - LATER

TIM

Diseases! There's this theory out now that if you can catch the AIDS virus through having sex with someone who is infected then you can also catch anything, whether it's a virus per se or not - Alzheimer's, muscular dystrophy, anorexia, autism, dyslexia, for Christ sakes -- you can get dyslexia from pussy-

PATRICK

(interrupting)

I'm not sure, guy, but I don't think dyslexia is a virus.

TIM

Oh, who knows? They don't know that. Prove it.

Traffic grinds to a halt... TIM and PATRICK are stuck at a RED LIGHT. Another TAXI pulls up next to them...

...in the back seat is LUIS CARRUTHERS: generically handsome, LUIS looks like every other young guy on Wall Street -- slicked-back hair, suspenders, horn-rimmed glasses.

LUIS' face lights up when he notices TIM sitting in the car next to him... LUIS waves "hello":

TIM smiles back, slowly extending his middle finger.

TIM (CONT'D)

Luis Carruthers... what... a... dick.

(beat; then)

Smile for the birdie, Luis.

PATRICK ignores both of them.

The traffic light turns green... LUIS is left behind.

INT TAXI, MOVING - LATER

TIM slaps his forehead and shuts his eyes, clenching his jaw as he looks out the window:

TIM

I'm leaving. I'm dumping Meredith.  
I'm gone. Twenty-six, twenty-seven...  
I mean I tell her I'm sensitive. I told her I was freaked out by the Challenger accident -- what more does she want? I'm ethical, I'm tolerant, I mean I'm extremely satisfied with my life, optimistic about the future-

TIM turns to PATRICK, suddenly concerned:

TIM (CONT'D)

I mean, aren't you?

Nearly comatose, PATRICK slowly turns to TIM:

PATRICK

Sure, but-

TIM

(interrupting)

And all I get is shit from her.

TIM's POV:

Three BUMS are sprawled out beneath a "Les Mis" poster.

TIM (O.S.)

Twenty-eight, twenty-nine, holy shit  
it's a goddamn cluster of bums. I  
tell you-

PATRICK (O.S.)

(interrupting)

Should we bring flowers?

BACK TO SCENE

TIM

Nah. Hell, you're banging her,  
Bateman. Why should we get Evelyn  
flowers?

PATRICK (V.O.)

I am fairly sure that Timothy and  
Evelyn are having an affair.

TIM

Jesus, Patrick... you should see how  
ripped my stomach is. The definition.  
Completely buffed out... ripped.

PATRICK (V.O.)

Timothy is the only interesting person  
I know.

EXT EVELYN'S BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

A typical Upper West side neighborhood: rows of brownstones

framed by tree-lined streets.

PATRICK and TIM stand on the front steps of EVELYN'S BROWNSTONE.

TIM RINGS the DOORBELL, adjusting his necktie...

INT EVELYN'S FOYER - NIGHT

The door is opened by COURTNEY LAWRENCE, late twenties, blond, physically perfect. She could easily have found fame and fortune as a model...

...PATRICK enters, removing his overcoat as COURTNEY carefully airkisses his right cheek. She greets TIM in the same manner.

COURTNEY

A bit late, aren't we boys?

TIM

Inept Haitian cabbie.

(beat; then)

Do we have reservations somewhere and please don't tell me Pastels at nine.

COURTNEY

Eating in tonight, darlings. I'm sorry, I know, I know, I tried to talk Evelyn out of it but we're having... sushi.

TIM breezes past COURTNEY, down the hall, OFF SCREEN.

TIM (O.S.)

Evelyn? Where are you, Evelyn?  
We have to talk...

PATRICK faces COURTNEY, dropping his hands to her waist.

PATRICK

It's good to see you. You look very pretty tonight. Your face has a youthful... glow.

COURTNEY

You really know how to charm the ladies, Bateman.

They KISS on the mouth, more than friends. COURTNEY pulls away, an eyebrow quizzically raised:

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

Should I tell Evelyn you feel this way?

PATRICK

No. But I bet you'd like to.

COURTNEY looks down, suddenly serious:

COURTNEY

Patrick. I think Luis suspects something.

PATRICK

Like what? That two plus two equals four? That you're secretly Nancy Reagan?

(beat; then)

Courtney, relax. Luis is... clueless. Blue socks? Grey trousers? Am I making sense here?

COURTNEY

Patrick, I'm serious. I think we should stop.

(beat; then)

Besides, you have a girlfriend.

COURTNEY's somber mood passes as it came: quickly and without warning. Looking up at PATRICK, she smiles:

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

Come on.

COURTNEY flirtatiously removes PATRICK's hands from her waist. Moving behind him, she steers PATRICK down the hall.

INT EVELYN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

A brightly lit, spacious kitchen dominated by shiny appliances and stainless steel fixtures opens to a large dining room.

A "Talking Heads" CD plays softly in the background.

EVELYN RICHARDS crouches over a countertop carefully arranging sushi on a platter. She has on virtually the exact same outfit as COURTNEY; they look like twins. Barbie Dolls, manufactured.

COURTNEY leads PATRICK into the kitchen as HE NOTICES --

-- TIM squeezing EVELYN's ass before wandering OFF SCREEN to investigate the mini-bar...

EVELYN doesn't look up as PATRICK approaches her from behind:

EVELYN

Oh honey, I'm sorry. I wanted to go to this darling little new Salvadorian bistro on the Lower East side-

TIM groans loudly, OFF SCREEN...

EVELYN (CONT'D)

-but we couldn't get reservations. Timothy, don't groan.

EVELYN picks up a piece of sushi, cautiously placing it near the top of the platter. Standing back, she inspects her work.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

I don't know. Oh, I'm so unsure.  
(to COURTNEY)  
The California Roll should circle the rim of the plate, no?

TIM (O.S.)

Bateman? Drink?

PATRICK

J&B. On the rocks.

EVELYN

Oh god. It's a mess. I swear I'm going to cry.

PATRICK

The sushi looks marvelous.

EVELYN

Oh, it's a mess. It's a mess.

PATRICK

No, no, the sushi looks marvelous.

PATRICK picks up a piece of the sushi and pops it into his mouth. Hugging EVELYN from behind, he groans inwardly with pleasure.

PATRICK

Delicious.

EVELYN playfully slaps at PATRICK as TIM walks into the kitchen, handing PATRICK a cocktail.

TIM raises his drink to PATRICK, a toast:

TIM

Bateman?

PATRICK

Yes? Timothy?

TIM

You're a dufus.

BOTH MEN smile widely, old friends. EVELYN is completely lost in her own little world courtesy of Valium and Xanax:

EVELYN

Oh leave Patrick alone. He's the boy next door. That's Patrick. You're not a dufus. You're the boy next door, aren't you?

PATRICK

No I'm not. I'm a fucking evil psychopath.

EVELYN doesn't miss a beat:

EVELYN

Oh so what. We have to eat this now or else we'll all be poisoned.

EVELYN continues arranging the sushi, totally spaced out...

Without warning, she SHRIEKS, nearly collapsing as --

-- COURTNEY and PATRICK rush to help her, concerned:

PATRICK

(to EVELYN)

What's wrong?

(to TIM)

For Christ sakes, Price! Help us!

Supported by PATRICK and COURTNEY, EVELYN becomes unhinged. She gasps for air, unable to speak...

COURTNEY

(frantic)

What's wrong? Tell me, Evelyn.

Trembling, EVELYN lamely points to where she had been working --

-- A MEDIUM-SIZED SPIDER slowly crawls across her countertop...

Gasping, EVELYN finally catches her breath:

EVELYN

A spider.

COURTNEY and PATRICK stare at each other. Fighting back a smile, they try hard not to laugh.

COURTNEY

It's okay, Evelyn. It's just a little spider. Don't be scared.

TIM erupts with LAUGHTER -- PATRICK glares at him:

PATRICK

Shut up, Price.

TIM moves closer, singing "The Itsy Bitsy Spider"...

TEARS stream down EVELYN's porcelain cheeks. Helpless, she turns to PATRICK:

EVELYN

Do something, Patrick.

PATRICK shrugs, rolls his eyeballs and smiles good-naturedly, as if dealing with a small child. Just another one of EVELYN's outbursts. Nothing unusual.

PATRICK removes a silk handkerchief from his jacket and gently

places it over the SPIDER --

-- using great caution, PATRICK delicately folds it over, safely trapping the SPIDER inside...

Already well into his second cocktail, TIM continues mocking EVELYN in a high, fey voice:

TIM

Patrick, do something! Save me!

EXT EVELYN'S BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

PATRICK opens the front door. He delicately sets the handkerchief down on the top step, unfolding it...

The timid SPIDER cautiously emerges as --

-- PATRICK looks up, distracted.

PATRICK'S POV:

A tall, thin beautiful WOMAN walks up the stairs of the brownstone next door. She fumbles with her keys as their EYES LOCK. Finding the right key, she smiles at him, opens her door and disappears.

BACK TO SCENE

PATRICK watches the helpless SPIDER struggle, his face expressionless.

Several moments pass before --

HE STEPS ON THE SPIDER, KILLING IT.

PATRICK pockets his handkerchief, smiling ear to ear.

INT EVELYN'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

PATRICK, TIM, EVELYN and COURTNEY are seated at a large, modern table. Several platters of brightly colored sushi are making the rounds. In place of silverware, EVELYN has provided her guests with chopsticks...

COURTNEY

It's delicious.

EVELYN  
(worriedly)  
Tempura?

PATRICK  
I'll have some.

PATRICK stabs a piece of eggplant, lifting it off the platter.

TIM  
(to COURTNEY)  
I mean, how can you say that? Don't you know anything about Sri Lanka? About how the Sikhs are killing like tons of Israelis there? Doesn't that effect us?

PATRICK  
Oh come on, Price. There are more important problems than Sri Lanka to worry about. Sure our foreign policy is important, but there are more pressing problems at hand.

TIM  
Like what? By the way, why is there an ice cube in my soy sauce?

PATRICK  
Well, for one thing we have to slow down the nuclear arms race. We must ensure a strong national defense, prevent the spread of Communism, the insidious evil, and work for peace in the Middle East while preventing a U.S. military involvement overseas. We also need to stop terrorism and end world hunger. Now that's not to belittle our domestic problems which are equally important, if not more so.  
(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
We need better and more affordable care for the elderly. We need to control and find a cure for the AIDS epidemic and we need to improve the

quality of education. We also have to crack down on crime and illegal drugs.

EVERYONE at the table stares at PATRICK. He's on a roll:

PATRICK (CONT'D)

But economically we're still a mess. We have to find a way to hold down the inflation rate and reduce the deficit. We also need to provide training and jobs for the unemployed as well as protect existing American jobs from unfair foreign imports. We have to make America the leader by promoting economic growth and business expansion.

PATRICK sips his drink and continues:

PATRICK (CONT'D)

But let's not ignore our social needs, oh no! We, as a society, are obligated to provide food and shelter for those who are unable to provide for themselves, however we must stop people from abusing the welfare system. We must unite in our fight against racial inequality and celebrate the diversity of this great nation. The abortion laws must be changed to protect the right to life yet still somehow maintain women's freedom of choice.

(beat; then)

But before any of this can happen, we must encourage a return to traditional moral values, curbing graphic sex and violence on T.V., in movies, in popular music, everywhere. Most importantly, we must promote general social concern and less materialism in young people.

PATRICK finishes off his drink, triumphant.

TIM shakes his head in disbelief, amused, applauding slowly... COURTNEY smiles, genuinely moved by PATRICK's speech... EVELYN stands up unsteadily, completely mystified:

EVELYN

Would anyone like dessert?

INT EVELYN'S BEDROOM - LATER

PATRICK and EVELYN lay in bed together, still fully clothed, alone for the first time tonight. Several vials of prescription pills sit atop EVELYN's night stand, open. PATRICK's necktie has been loosened...

...EVELYN is in a trance, watching television, the Home Shopping Club... glass dolls, embroidered throw pillows, lamps shaped like footballs... CALL NOW!

Unable to relax, PATRICK seems restless; something lays heavily on his mind...

PATRICK

What's going on with Courtney and Luis?

EVELYN

(staring at the television)

Oh god. The really dreadful thing about Courtney is not that she doesn't like Luis anymore. It's that she's really in love with her real estate broker.

(beat; then turning to PATRICK)

Are you gaining weight?

PATRICK

Jesus. No, Evelyn.

EVELYN

Your face definitely looks rounder. Less chiseled.

PATRICK

Why don't you just go for Price?

EVELYN

Oh god, Patrick. Why Price? Price?

PATRICK

He's rich.

EVELYN

Everybody's rich.

PATRICK

He's good-looking.

EVELYN

Everybody's good-looking.

PATRICK

He has a great body.

EVELYN

Everybody has a great body.

PATRICK reaches for EVELYN, playfully kissing and biting at her neck, massaging her thighs... a valiant attempt at foreplay.

EVELYN ignores his advances, craning her neck for a better view of the T.V. There will be no sex tonight.

EVELYN

You know, you can always be in better shape.

Defeated, PATRICK retreats.

EVELYN

Your hairline looks like it's receding. Are you using Minoxidil?

EXT/INT PATRICK'S APARTMENT, HALLWAY - DAWN

CLOSE UP: framed portrait of RONALD REAGAN.

SLOWLY PULL BACK and DOLLY through a dimly lit hallway into:

INT PATRICK'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAWN

PATRICK's spacious apartment exudes wealth, good taste and order. It is immaculate, almost sterile.

In the early light of dawn, we DOLLY through the LIVING ROOM to reveal:

...polished white oak floors... enormous floor to ceiling windows... a breath-taking view of Manhattan partially visible through half-opened Venetian blinds...

...a large white sofa dominates the room... a vintage Wurlitzer jukebox... a state of the art stereo system sandwiched between two tower speakers... a thirty-one inch television sitting above a VCR...

...a large portrait hanging over the marble fireplace of a naked woman watching TV on a Martian landscape (a David Onica original)... a black concert grand piano seems strange, out of place...

The ultimate bachelor pad. Think: Sharper Image Catalog meets Architectural Digest.

A television can be HEARD, faintly, OFF SCREEN.

DOLLY through the living room, stopping at: A BEDROOM DOOR.

-- the sound becomes louder... the glow from a television spills into the hallway --

DOLLY into the BEDROOM:

INT PATRICK'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAWN

A large futon in an oakwood frame sits, unmade. Four chests of immense mahogany drawers hide an entire wall. A thirty-one inch television set fills the room with sound and color.

PATRICK has just woken up. Dressed in silk pajamas, he is engaged in a series of stretching exercises on the floor in front of the television...

ON THE TELEVISION:

The Patty Winter's Show:

A daily tabloid talk-show moderated by PATTY WINTERS, mid-thirties, totally annoying yet highly entertaining...

ON STAGE, an older, overweight WOMAN sits in a chair, fidgeting nervously.

PATTY WINTERS (O.S.)

Well, is it schizophrenia or what's the deal? Tell us.

WOMAN

No, oh no. Multiple personalities are not schizophrenics. We are not dangerous.

PATTY WINTERS stands in the middle of the audience, microphone in hand:

PATTY WINTERS

Well... who were you last month?

WOMAN

Last month it seemed to be mostly Polly.

The audience reacts: a housewife's horrified face speaks a thousand words. The studio fills with murmurs as PATTY WINTERS regains control:

PATTY WINTERS (O.S.)

Now who are you?

WOMAN

Well... well, this month I'm... Lambchop. Mostly... Lambchop.

A long pause... CUT TO: close-up of a stunned housewife shaking her head, another housewife whispering something to her...

INT PATRICK'S APARTMENT, SHOWER STALL - DAWN

THE SHOWER HEAD roars to life, spraying PATRICK --

PATRICK (V.O.)

The universal all-directional shower head adjusts within a thirty-inch vertical range. It's made from Australian gold-black brass and covered with white enamel finish.

-- PATRICK's "showering ritual" begins: JUMP CUT as he

meticulously massages exotic gels, cleansers and shampoos all over his beautiful body.

PATRICK (CONT'D, V.O.)

I begin with a water-activated gel cleanser, then a honey-almond body scrub, and on the face an exfoliating gel scrub. Vidal Sasson shampoo is especially good at getting rid of the coating of dried perspiration, salts, oils, airborne pollutants and dirt that can weigh hair down and flatten it to the scalp, making you look older.

(beat; then)

The conditioner is also good.

INT PATRICK'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - DAWN

Marble sink. Gold fixtures. A framed portrait of Oliver North hangs over the toilet.

PATRICK steps out of the shower, toweling off... his perfect physique impossible to ignore.

PATRICK stands in front of the mirror, preparing to shave. We JUMP CUT through each stage of his "shaving ritual":

PATRICK (V.O.)

Before shaving, I always press a hot towel against my face for two minutes to soften abrasive beard hair. Then I slather on a moisturizer and let it soak in for a minute. You can rinse it off or keep it on and apply shaving cream over it -- preferably with a brush, which softens the beard as it lifts the whiskers, making hair removal easier.

(beat; then)

Rinse the razor and shake off any excess water before starting. Afterwards splash cool water on the face to remove any trace of lather. You should use an aftershave lotion

with little or no alcohol. Never, ever use cologne on your face since the alcohol content will dry your skin out and make you look older.

(beat; then)

Applying a moisturizer is the final step. If the face seems dry and flaky -- which can make it look dull and older -- use a clarifying lotion that removes flakes and uncovers fine skin. Then apply anti-aging eye balm.

INT PATRICK'S APARTMENT, WALK-IN CLOSET - MORNING

Dozens of designer suits, neatly pressed, hang in PATRICK's gigantic closet. A sense of neatness, order.

The door opens. PATRICK walks in wearing a bathrobe -- inspecting several of the suits, he chooses only one.

INT PATRICK'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - LATER

Dressed in the suit, PATRICK stands in front of a full-length mirror, examining himself... hmmm... nope, something isn't quite right.

INT PATRICK'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - LATER

PATRICK wears a different suit... standing in front of the mirror, he frowns... this one is no good, either.

INT PATRICK'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - LATER

PATRICK wears yet another suit... he turns around in front of the mirror, inspecting himself from all sides, but -- he's still not satisfied.

INT PATRICK'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - LATER

PATRICK has returned to the first suit he tried on. He closely examines his hair in the mirror... was EVELYN right? PATRICK smiles at his beautiful reflection. PERFECT.

INT PATRICK'S APARTMENT, HALLWAY - MORNING

PATRICK puts on his raincoat, taking a white scarf off the coatrack near the door...

...the scarf is embroidered with a cute, blue whale; something a child might wear. One corner of the scarf has been splattered with mysterious dark brown stains.

PATRICK drapes the scarf around his neck. EXIT.

EXT WALL STREET - MORNING

Wall Street roars to life... it's showtime.

EXT PIERCE & PIERCE BUILDING - MORNING

The offices of P&P are housed in an imposing building on Wall Street. The building's architecture suggests the Roman Empire at its height.

A taxi cab pulls up. PATRICK steps out, his chest swollen with the kind of confidence that only money can buy.

INT P&P LOBBY - MORNING

PATRICK strides through the crowded ornate marble lobby, a Wall Street journal tucked neatly under his arm.

Colleagues pass by, courteously greeting PATRICK before disappearing into the swirling crowd: Good Morning, Mr. Bateman!... Congratulations Flanagan!... Hey Goodsen, drinks? Harry's, seven o'clock... PATRICK smiles widely, unfazed as...

PETER FALLOW, a disheveled, drunken reporter last seen in Bonfire Of The Vanities materializes out of thin air...

Obnoxious as hell, FALLOW attempts to block PATRICK, waving a folded up newspaper inches from PATRICK's face, rapidly firing off questions:

FALLOW

Did Sherman McCoy kill Henry Lamb?  
How well do you know Mr. McCoy? Is  
there anything you'd like to say to  
the dead boy's family?

PATRICK picks up speed, a bull, unstoppable... trailing several  
feet behind his quarry, FALLOW unfolds his newspaper, holding it  
out in front of him -- the headline in bold, black letters: HONOR  
STUDENT IN COMA, COPS SIT ON HIT AND RUN...

FALLOW comes to a stand still:

FALLOW

Our streets flow red with the blood of  
the innocent. What do you say to  
that, Mr. Wall Street?

Ignoring the reporter, PATRICK walks into a crowded elevator,  
beaming... he winks at an attractive WOMAN as the elevator doors  
slide shut --

FALLOW shouts out to no one, to everyone:

FALLOW

Someone will pay!

INT P&P HALLWAY - MORNING

Elevator doors open. PATRICK steps out...

DOLLY with PATRICK walking down the hall:

...elegantly framed paintings of various wildlife scenes are hung  
alongside portraits of powerful men... dark wood, conservative  
earth tones... we are in the presence of old family money...

HOLD ON a large PORTRAIT OF A MAN as PATRICK passes by without  
notice:

...written on the brass plate beneath it: SEAN BATEMAN, SNR.,  
1920-1987, OUR FOUNDING FATHER... a MAN in his mid-fifties with  
sharp, memorable features... his expression stern, almost  
hostile... he bears an uncanny resemblance to his son, PATRICK  
BATEMAN.

INT PATRICK'S OUTER/INNER OFFICE - MORNING

A tastefully decorated waiting room: large leather sofa, two matching chairs, recent issues of Fortune, Money and Life Magazine neatly arranged on a glass coffee table...

...a framed reproduction of Salvador Dali's "Metamorphosis Of Narcissus" brings much needed color to the room...

PATRICK's secretary, JEAN, 26 years old, attractive, approachable, sits at her desk wearing an improbably expensive outfit by Chanel. She is a class act.

JEAN's cluttered workspace has been personalized with small signs, plaques and pictures:

...KNOW THYSELF... God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, courage to change the things that I can and wisdom always to tell the difference... a drawing of a cup of cappuccino overflowing with froth, the words: THE FUTURE in black letters...

PATRICK makes a grand entrance. JEAN looks up, smiling shyly:

JEAN

Good morning, Patrick.

PATRICK

What a good morning it is, Jean.

PATRICK's smile lights up the room...

Though strictly professional, there exists between JEAN and PATRICK an undeniable chemistry, something far deeper than sexual attraction.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Did you see the Patty Winters Show this morning?

JEAN

No. How was it?

PATRICK

I don't remember... I think I was hallucinating while watching it... I can't be sure.

(beat; then)

I really don't know.

PATRICK arches an eyebrow, flirting...

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Any messages?

JEAN

Charlie Babbitt has to cancel today.  
He didn't say what it was he is  
canceling or why.

PATRICK

Charlie imports sports cars... I'm  
thinking of buying one from him.  
Anyone else?

PATRICK walks past his secretary and opens the two large doors to  
his magnificent office -- JEAN gets up from behind her desk...  
nice ass.

PATRICK enters his office, JEAN following close behind.

JEAN

Doug Coughlin called. He wants to  
meet you for a drink tonight.

PATRICK

When?

JEAN

After six.

PATRICK

No can do, Jean. Cancel it.

JEAN

Oh? And what should I say?

PATRICK

Just... say... no.

JEAN

Just say no?

PATRICK

Is there an echo in here? I could  
swear I just heard an echo. You'd  
better check it out.

(beat; then)

Okay, Jean. I need reservations for  
three at Camols at twelve-thirty and

if not there, try Crayons. All right?

JEAN

Yes, sir.

PATRICK

Oh wait... and I need reservations for two at Arcadia at eight tonight.

For a brief moment, JEAN's face betrays her: she is crushed... a consummate professional, she recovers quickly:

JEAN

Oh, something... romantic?

PATRICK

No, silly. Forget it. I'll make them. Thanks.

JEAN

(insisting)

I'll do it.

PATRICK

(waving her off)

No, no. Be a doll and just get me a Perrier, okay?

JEAN turns to leave. Before reaching the doors, she turns back to PATRICK, already seated, his feet up on the desk:

JEAN

You look nice today.

Smiling, PATRICK says nothing as he puts on a pair of black Ray-Bans.

JEAN looks down, embarrassed. She exits, OUT OF FRAME.

PATRICK's large desk is surprisingly barren:

...a vintage German beer stein holding pens and pencils... a computer terminal... a multi-line telephone... a glass paperweight with a fish struggling to get out... a Rubix Cube... an issue of Sports Illustrated...

Scanning the desk, PATRICK picks up the RUBIX CUBE: the very definition of frustration, it is totally scrambled -- a puzzle begging to be solved.

Unable to resist its charm, we hear the unmistakable WHIR of the cube in motion as PATRICK's hands twist and turn, gliding over its surface, giving it everything he's got:

...two rows of solid white, three rows of solid white... only one more row of white is needed to complete the side... almost there... almost... SHIT!

A stubborn red square prevents PATRICK from completing the fourth row of white; PATRICK's hand movements intensify as he battles the defiant toy, his fuse visibly lit.

PAN through PATRICK's office:

...soft, muted colors... gigantic windows look out over Wall Street's financial institutions... uninspiring...

...a sleek, modular stereo system... an antique table with matching chairs... a life-size ceramic Doberman... an umbrella stand, unused... a George Stubbs painting on the wall... floor to ceiling, built-in bookshelves...

ZOOM ON a prominently displayed hardcover edition of Donald Trump's classic, The Art Of The Deal...

VOICE (O.S.)

Hello Patrick.

BACK TO PATRICK AT DESK:

DONALD TRUMP walks INTO FRAME looking like a million bucks.

PATRICK remains calm, as if there is nothing at all unusual about TRUMP's appearance --

PATRICK

Mr. Trump... this is a... surprise.

TRUMP

Please. My friends call me Don.

Getting comfortable, TRUMP sits on the edge of PATRICK's desk.

PATRICK

Don, I'm a real... I'm a huge fan of yours...

TRUMP

That's great Patrick. I see you have my book.

PATRICK

It's like, my bible.

TRUMP

I'm a rich man. Did you know that, Patrick?

PATRICK

Ummm... yes... yes I did.

TRUMP

You and me, we're a lot alike, Patrick. People think I have everything... people say, Oh Donald Trump, what more could he possibly want?

PATRICK

Well... umm...

TRUMP

All my life I've wanted only one thing. A secretary like Jean. You're a lucky man, Patrick. Be good to her.

TRUMP smiles, lightly slapping PATRICK across the knees, a fatherly gesture. He gets up and walks... OUT OF FRAME.

PATRICK reclines in his chair, relaxed... tuned out, lost behind dark sunglasses in a world of his own design.

A VOICE INTRUDES --

JEAN (O.S.)

Patrick? Patrick? Here's your Perrier...

Startled, PATRICK nearly jumps out of his chair... frantic, he looks around --

-- but DONALD TRUMP is nowhere to be found.

JEAN stands over him, concerned. She sets a bottle of Perrier on his desk...

JEAN

You have a reservation at Camols at twelve-thirty, non-smoking section.

(beat; then)

I brought you the Ransom file...

Patrick? Is something wrong?

PATRICK returns to reality:

PATRICK

Don't wear that outfit again.

CLOSE IN on PATRICK's black sunglasses...

EXT MANHATTAN SKYLINE, AERIAL - NIGHT

Bright lights, big city...

EXT HARRY'S - NIGHT

As old as Wall Street itself, Harry's is the watering hole of choice after a hard day's work in the world of high finance.

INT HARRY'S - NIGHT

A dark, cigar-smoke filled room. Large, yet somehow claustrophobic. An old-world saloon for the nouveau riche:

Red velvet curtains draped over large areas of exposed wall suggest a sense of tradition, power, wealth...

Black and white Depression-era photos hang framed on the walls... set next to a young, upwardly-mobile clientele, their effect is surreal, almost comical.

Dominating most of one wall is an antique, stained oak bar, tended by FREDDY: early fifties, well groomed, a likable guy. His crowd, mostly regulars, drinks martinis and bottled beers... The usual, sir? You bet, Freddy!

It's busy in here tonight: groups of men sit huddled at the bar, at tables, in dark booths... the din of conversation is broken only by sudden outbursts of laughter... individuals move from table to table, from group to group, shaking hands and smiling.

AT A TABLE NEAR THE FRONT:

PATRICK sits with CRAIG McDERMOTT and DAVID VAN PATTEN, colleagues from P&P. Both in their late twenties, CRAIG and DAVID are model-handsome... slicked-back hair, horn-rimmed glasses and suspenders -- neither of them have ever worried about getting a date.

Not yet drunk, DAVID and CRAIG are well on their way:

PATRICK (V.O.)

Sitting in Harry's with Craig  
McDermott and David Van Patten,  
tonight's topic of conversation is  
familiar: fashion do's and don'ts.

CRAIG

(to PATRICK)

Here's my question: is it proper to  
wear tasseled loafers with a business  
suit or not?

PATRICK (V.O.)

Inseparable since birth, David and  
Craig have an on-going bet to see who  
will get in the Question and Answer  
column of GQ Magazine first.

CRAIG

(to PATRICK)

Don't look at me like I'm insane.

PATRICK

Well guys...

(beat; then)

The tasseled loafer is traditionally a casual shoe...

CRAIG

But it's become acceptable just because it's so popular, right?

PATRICK

Yeah. As long as it's either black or cordovan it's okay.

DAVID

What about brown?

PATRICK

Too sporty for a business suit.

TIM walks up to the table, handing PATRICK a cocktail. Taking the seat across from PATRICK, he sits down and crosses his legs.

TIM

What are you fags talking about?

(beat; then to PATRICK)

Luis Carruthers is here.

PATRICK

(looking around)

Where? Where?

TIM

Over at the bar. Go say 'hi'.

WE SEE:

LUIS standing at the bar, waving his money, desperately trying to get FREDDY's attention... everyone else is served, but... LUIS IS IGNORED.

PATRICK (V.O.)

I honestly don't know what Courtney sees in this guy. I mean, look at his suit, for Christsake.

BACK TO SCENE

DAVID

Okay, okay. This is my question. A two-parter: are rounded collars too dressy or too casual? Part two, which

tie knot looks best with them?

TIM

It's a very versatile look, David. It can go with both suits and sports coats. It should be starched for dressy occasions and a collar pin should be worn if it's particularly formal.

(beat; then)

With a blazer it can be worn either pinned or unpinned. You want the collar to look soft. Since it's a traditional preppy look it's best if balanced by a relatively small four-in-hand knot.

(sipping drink; then)

Next question?

CRAIG

Buy the man a drink.

DAVID

Price?

TIM

Yes?

DAVID

You're priceless.

CRAIG

Hey Price. You got a question for GQ?

TIM

Yeah, I do.

(beat; then)

If all of your friends are morons, is it a felony, a misdemeanor or an act of God if you blow their fucking heads off with a thirty-eight magnum?

CRAIG

Not GQ material. Try Soldier of Fortune.

DAVID

Or Vanity Fair.

TIM cranes his neck, looking OFF SCREEN:

TIM

Who is that? Is that David Shawn?

CRAIG

No. That's Nigel Morrison.

TIM

Ahhh... one of those British faggots  
serving internship at-

PATRICK

(interrupting)

How do you know he's a faggot?

TIM

They're all faggots. The British.

DAVID

How would you know, Timothy?

TIM

I saw him fuck Bateman up the ass in  
the men's room at Morgan Stanley.

PATRICK

When are we going to Tunnel?

DAVID

What in the fuck is Morrison wearing?  
Is that really a glen-plaid suit with  
a checkered shirt?

TIM

That's not Morrison.

DAVID

Who is it then?

TIM

That's Paul Owen.

PATRICK

That's not Paul Owen. Paul Owen's on  
the other side of the bar. Over  
there.

WE SEE:

PAUL OWEN, yet another yuppie clone, drinking and laughing with two other members of his same tax bracket...

CRAIG (O.S.)

He's handling the Fisher account.

PATRICK (O.S.)

Lucky bastard.

DAVID (O.S.)

Lucky Jew bastard.

PATRICK (O.S.)

Oh Jesus, Van Patten.

BACK TO SCENE

PATRICK is outraged. Zero to sixty in four seconds... is that a vein popping on his forehead?

PATRICK

What does that have to do with anything?

DAVID

Listen. I've seen the bastard sitting in his office, on the phone, spinning a fucking menorah.

PATRICK

You spin a dreidel, David. Not a menorah. You spin a dreidel.

TIM

Oh my god, Bateman. What's your problem?

PATRICK

Just cool it with the anti-Semitic remarks.

TIM

The voice of reason. The boy next door.

PATRICK

Yeah, a boy next door who, according

to you, let a British finance intern sodomize him up the ass.

TIM

I said you were the voice of reason.  
I didn't say you weren't a homosexual.

DAVID

Or redundant.

TIM, CRAIG and DAVID enjoy getting a rise out of PATRICK...

TIM

Patrick.

PATRICK

(still pissed-off)

What?

TIM

Patrick, do you remember your first  
blow job?

PATRICK

No, Price. I don't.

(beat; then)

Of course I do.

TIM

Did you spit or swallow?

CRAIG and DAVID double over... PATRICK tries hard not to laugh,  
but... it's too damn funny. TIM got him good. PATRICK can't  
help but smile.

TIM looks OFF SCREEN:

TIM

Look who approaches. Watch me act  
thrilled.

BUD FOX, last seen in Wall Street, walks up to the table, a shit-  
eating grin on his handsome face.

TIM

Hey, Buddie boy, how you doin'?

BUD

Great Tim, any better it'd be a sin.

CRAIG

Still seeing that sexy French chick?

BUD

No. She asked the wrong question.

DAVID

What was that?

BUD

"What are you thinking?"

(beat; then)

Having sex with her was like reading  
the Wall Street Journal.

TIM

She had a heartbeat.

BUD

Wanna bet?

CRAIG

So what? I'd fuck her.

TIM

Buddie, Buddie... Mr. McDermott wants  
sloppy seconds.

CRAIG

(seriously)

I don't care. She is beautiful. I  
want to fuck her. I want to marry  
her. I want her to have my children.

The entire table cracks up laughing...

BUD

Oh wait, guys, listen, I got a joke.

TIM

Bud Fox, you are a joke. By the way,  
nice jacket... non-matching but  
complementary.

BUD

Ouch. Price, that really hurts...  
anyway, what do you call a black  
investment banker?

TIM

I don't know... what do you call a black investment banker?

BUD

A nigger.

DAVID high-fives BUD. TIM nearly falls out of his chair laughing as... the vein reappears on PATRICK's forehead:

PATRICK

Oh Christ. That's awful.

BUD

Why? It's funny. It's humorous.

CRAIG

Yeah, Bateman. Cheer up.

TIM

For Christ sakes, Bateman. What bothers you about that?

PATRICK

It's not funny. It's racist.

BUD

Bateman, you are some kind of morose bastard. You really should lighten up, stop reading all those serial killer biographies. Who was it last week? Ted Bundy? Son of Sam?

TIM

Don't you know, Buddie? Patrick can't read. He doesn't know how, do you Patrick?

PATRICK

Fuck both of you. Racist assholes.

BUD

(checking Rolex)

Listen men, I'm off. Will see you tomorrow.

DAVID

Yeah... same Bat Time, same Bat Channel.

BUD FOX walks away, OUT OF FRAME.

TIM

What a fucking loser... they should throw his ass in jail.

PATRICK

(calming down)

Do you know what Ed Gein said about women?

DAVID

Ed Gein? Maitre d' at Canal Bar?

PATRICK

No. Serial killer. Wisconsin, in the fifties. He was an interesting guy.

TIM

Oh Christ, Bateman. I don't want to hear this.

DAVID

Go on, Patrick. What did Ed say?

PATRICK

He said, When I see a pretty girl walking down the street I think two things. One part of me wants to take her out and talk to her and be real nice and sweet and treat her right.

DAVID

And what does the other part of him think?

PATRICK

What her head would look like on a stick.

(beat; then)

Are we going to Tunnel or not?

EXT TUNNEL - NIGHT

A small crowd has gathered behind the velvet ropes outside of Tunnel, the hippest place to see and be seen. A meet market... a meat market.

All of the MEN waiting to be let in are dressed in tuxedos. Two pony-tailed DOORMEN survey the CROWD, admitting a select few, denying entrance to most.

A HOMELESS PERSON sits nearby, begging for change...

TIM leads PATRICK, CRAIG and DAVID around the CROWD, directly up to the ropes...

...TIM nods to one of the DOORMEN. Recognizing him, the DOORMAN unhooks the rope, admitting all four of them without any hassle.

The CROWD surges forward, desperate to slide through in their wake. People shout out, hoping to be recognized... hoping to be let in.

TIM, PATRICK, CRAIG and DAVID acknowledge no one as they disappear inside the club.

INT TUNNEL, FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

A long hallway leading to the actual entrance of the club...

A small LINE OF PEOPLE wait to have their tickets ripped.

The FOUR MEN pass three beautiful WOMEN -- turning their heads to stare, the WOMEN abruptly stop talking as...

...PATRICK smiles handsomely, pleased with himself, enjoying the WOMEN's attention... TIM walks right past, aloof... DAVID and CRAIG follow, clueless:

PATRICK

This is what I call a target rich environment.

TIM

New Jersey's finest.

DAVID

(to PATRICK)

You live your life between your legs, Pat.

PATRICK

Van Patten, even you could get laid in a place like this.

DAVID

I'm telling you, I'd be happy to find a girl who'd talk dirty to me.

CRAIG

I worry about disease just walking into this place. These are some skanky chicks.

DAVID

I told you, dude, white guys can't get AIDS.

TIM, PATRICK, CRAIG and DAVID come to the front of the line... dance music getting louder... a WOMAN rips their tickets as the FOUR MEN pass through the turnstiles:

PATRICK (V.O.)

Tim only manages to get two VIP basement passes. At first this pisses me off but then it occurs to me that Tim is probably planning to ditch Craig and David at some point this evening so I don't have a panic attack about it or anything.

INT TUNNEL, VIP STAIRCASE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Loud dance MUSIC POUNDS -- conversation is possible only by screaming.

TIM, PATRICK, CRAIG and DAVID stand in front of a massive descending staircase just inside of the club... the staircase is blocked by an imposing SECURITY GUARD.

TIM hands two small cards to CRAIG and DAVID...

CRAIG and DAVID, taken aback by TIM's generosity, eagerly grab the passes from his hand.

CRAIG and DAVID proudly display their VIP passes to the SECURITY GUARD who steps aside, allowing them to descend...

PATRICK (V.O.)  
Goodbye, gentlemen.

INT TUNNEL, MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

A darkly lit room filled to capacity, mostly MEN, all holding champagne flutes.

TIM and PATRICK stand near the edge of the dance floor, an endless sea of bodies gyrating with the beat of the THROBBING MUSIC.

TIM shouts something into PATRICK's ear...

PATRICK (V.O.)  
Predictably, Price wants to find some Bolivian Marching Powder and though I'm not really in the mood for cocaine tonight, I don't really protest. What the hell, I'm thinking. This is the Eighties.

PATRICK nods, good idea...

INT TUNNEL, MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

TIM and PATRICK huddle in a well-lit toilet stall, the door closed.

TIM is jittery; his hands shake wildly. PATRICK keeps his cool, a tiny package of white powder held in the palm of his hand.

PATRICK removes his PLATINUM AMERICAN EXPRESS CARD... holding it in front of himself, he imitates Karl Malden's famous AmEx commercial:

PATRICK  
Don't leave home without it.

Both MEN giggle, pre-coke nerves... this shit better be good.

Taking his own Platinum AmEx card, TIM gently sticks a corner of it into the powder and brings it up to his face --

-- TIM inhales sharply. His eyes snap open... gasping, his face turns bright RED:

PATRICK

Easy, killer... easy.

PATRICK sticks the corner of his AmEx card into the powder and brings it up to his nose...

CUT ON -- the SOUND of PATRICK INHALING.

INT TUNNEL, CHANDELIER ROOM - NIGHT

An enormous room. Exposed brick walls. A massive crystal chandelier hanging from the cathedral ceiling. No WOMEN anywhere, just an army of PROFESSIONALS from Wall Street wearing tuxedos.

AT THE BACK OF THE CHANDELIER ROOM:

A steel RAILING overlooking non-functional twin TRAIN TRACKS garishly lit in shades of blue, green and purple.

TIM and PATRICK lean on the railing, overlooking the tracks, each with a cocktail...

The music isn't as loud in this room; conversation is possible:

PATRICK

Hey, I'm going out with Courtney tomorrow night.

TIM

(sarcastic)  
Great.

PATRICK

Well, why not? Luis is out of town.

TIM

Might as well hire someone from an escort service.

PATRICK

Why?

TIM

Because she's gonna cost you a lot more to get laid.

PATRICK

No way.

TIM

Listen, I put up with it too.

(beat; then MORE)

TIM (CONT'D)

Meredith's the same way. She expects to be paid. They all do. I hope I'm not causing you to relose your innocence, Bateman.

PATRICK

Price?

(sipping from his drink)

You're priceless...

TIM points over his shoulder, indicating the train tracks:

TIM

Where do those tracks go?

PATRICK

I don't know.

TIM's attention returns to the tracks. Hunched over the railing, TIM disappears inside himself...

The Chandelier Room is filling up quickly... a more even mixture of WOMEN and MEN.

PATRICK, high on cocaine, scans the crowd, half-heartedly nodding his head to the beat of the music:

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Aren't you high?

TIM stands up straight, murmuring to himself, his attention still focused on the TUNNEL:

TIM

I'm leaving -- I'm getting out.

PATRICK  
(confused)  
Leaving what?

TIM raises his glass in a grand sweeping motion, indicating something large, something unspecified:

TIM  
This!

PATRICK  
(looking at TIM's glass)  
Don't. I'll drink it.

TIM  
Listen to me, Patrick. I'm leaving.

PATRICK  
Where to?

TIM  
I'm leaving! I am leaving!

PATRICK  
(laughing)  
Well, where are you going?

TIM  
Away!

PATRICK  
Don't tell me. Merchant banking?

TIM  
No, Bateman. I'm serious, you dumb  
son-of-a-bitch. Leaving.  
Disappearing.

PATRICK plays along...

PATRICK  
(laughing)  
Where to? Rehab? Where?

TIM downs his drink in one gulp, turning back to the TRACKS.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I need a drink. Price, I'm going to the bar. Do you want something?

PATRICK waits for a response... nothing. He nudges TIM:

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Price, do you-

TIM

(interrupting)

Good bye, Bateman.

PATRICK shrugs, walking OFF SCREEN.

TIM stares off into the BLACKNESS OF THE TUNNEL...

IN THE CROWD, LATER:

It's standing room only tonight. PATRICK has a cocktail in his hand. He struggles to maneuver back to the train tracks without spilling it.

As if on cue, CRAIG and DAVID appear in the swirling mob, thrilled to have found PATRICK. The CROWD closes in on them:

DAVID

Skanky chicks. Beware. No hardbodies.

CRAIG

Basement sucks.

DAVID

Did you find drugs?

PATRICK

No. Negative. Couldn't find any.

Suddenly distracted, a huge wave of shock washes over CRAIG's face --

-- speechless, CRAIG grabs PATRICK by the arm. He points OFF SCREEN, over PATRICK's shoulder:

AT THE BACK OF THE CHANDELIER ROOM:

TIM has climbed up on the railing overlooking the train tracks... teetering, about to fall, he regains his balance... eyes closed... head tilted back... arms stretched out, Christ-like, as if blessing the CROWD.

PATRICK frantically pushes through the CROWD, his eyes locked on TIM, but... he can't move. HUMAN GRIDLOCK.

TIM's behavior goes largely unnoticed until...

...during a well timed byte of SILENCE, TIM SHOUTS:

TIM  
GOODBYE!

He's got their attention now...

TIM  
FUCKHEADS!

...the entire CROWD stares at TIM, frozen. What will he do next?

TIM gracefully LEAPS over the railing onto the TRACKS...

...he runs down the train tracks, half-drunk, a champagne flute bobbing up and down held out to his side...

...stumbling once, twice, TIM barely regains his balance before DISAPPEARING into the DARKNESS OF THE TUNNEL.

A SECURITY GUARD sits by the railing shaking his head... he says nothing, does nothing.

The CROWD cheers and yells, applauding TIM's "performance".

PATRICK is STUNNED. A blast of adrenaline pushes him through the CROWD --

PATRICK  
PRICE!

-- but he is soon forced to a standstill... it's just way too crowded.

PATRICK notices a beautiful young WOMAN passing next to him in the CROWD... moving away, she LOOKS back over her shoulder --

-- PATRICK returns her LOOK as... CRAIG approaches him from

behind:

CRAIG

Does Price know about a secret VIP  
room?

INT PATRICK'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Two halogen lamps burn brightly, one on each side of PATRICK's futon. A crystal ashtray sits on the nightstand, unused.

PATRICK's clothing hangs neatly on a clothes rack... a WOMAN's clothes lay scattered near the bed.

PATRICK, naked except for Ray-Bans, is on top of the WOMAN from Tunnel, thrashing wildly... engaged in acrobatic, animalistic SEX... she moans hysterically beneath him, ecstatic...

PATRICK thrusts into her silently, a machine:

WOMAN

I'm coming, oh god, I'm coming.

PATRICK finishes quickly. Rolling off, he immediately moves to the opposite side of the bed.

The WOMAN's expression turns from pleasure... to hurt... to anger... to resignation.

Exhaling loudly, the WOMAN sits up in the bed and reaches for her purse... opening it up, she removes a pack of cigarettes... putting one in her mouth, she fumbles around for her lighter.

Without looking at her, PATRICK monotones:

PATRICK

No. Don't.

The WOMAN pauses, an unlit cigarette dangling from her mouth... she looks at the ashtray, then at PATRICK, then back at the ashtray... what the fuck?

PATRICK stares across the room...

WOMAN

But you have an ash-

PATRICK

(interrupting)

Smoking is a filthy habit. Do not smoke in my apartment or around me.

The WOMAN, visibly upset by PATRICK's sudden outburst, silently mouths "okay"... the cigarettes are put away.

She closes her eyes tightly, sighing...

PATRICK reaches across the bed, tenderly touching her shoulder:

PATRICK

I think you should go home.

The WOMAN opens her eyes, scratches her neck.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I think I might... hurt you. I don't think I can control myself.

WOMAN

Okay. Sure.

The WOMAN slowly gets out of the bed, naked... she gathers her clothes from off the floor, dressing herself:

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I don't want to get too involved anyway.

PATRICK

I think something bad is going to happen.

The WOMAN pulls her panties on... checking her hair in the mirror, she notices PATRICK's reflection:

WOMAN

(nodding)

I understand.

The WOMAN finishes dressing in silence.

PATRICK

(hopefully)

You don't want to get hurt, do you?

WOMAN

That's why I'm leaving.

PATRICK

I think I'm losing it.

EXT/INT XCLUSIVE HEALTH CLUB - MORNING

A state of the art, Upper West Side private health club: weight machines, free weights, tennis and racquetball courts, two swimming pools, a sun deck, a café with a juice bar... this place has it all.

IN THE MAIN CARDIOVASCULAR ROOM:

A vast array of brand new exercise equipment is arranged throughout the enormous, well-lit room.

Dozens of perfect hardbodies flex, stretch, grind and sweat to throbbing electronic music...

PATRICK (V.O.)

The private health club I belong to is located four blocks from my apartment on the Upper West Side. Membership runs five thousand dollars annually.

PATRICK works up a sweat on the Stairmaster machine... every muscle in his well toned body bulges beneath his tight Lycra tank top and shorts.

The WOMAN exercising on the machine next to him pretends not to notice, but... she can't help herself:

PATRICK catches her staring... intimidated, the WOMAN turns away. PATRICK smiles, satisfied.

PATRICK (V.O.)

My fitness program incorporates both aerobic exercises and weight training. On the leg machines I do five sets of ten repetitions. For the back I also do five sets of ten repetitions. On the stomach crunch machine I've gotten so I can do six sets of fifteen and on the biceps curl machines I do seven sets of ten. This is followed by twenty minutes on the exercise bike.

JUMP CUT as PATRICK goes through his exercise regimen:

...leg machines, a stomach crunch machine, curl machines... riding the exercise cycle while reading Money Magazine, GORDON GEKKO pictured on the cover... the headline: GEKKO THE GREAT?

PATRICK (V.O.)

Using the free weights I do three sets of fifteen repetitions each of leg extensions, leg curls and leg presses followed by three sets and twenty repetitions of barbell curls, bent-over lateral raises, pulley rows, dead lifts, and bent-over barbell rows. For the chest I do three sets of twenty reps of incline-bench presses.

For the front deltoids I also do three sets of lateral raises and seated dumbbell presses. Finally, for the triceps I do three sets and twenty reps of cable pushdowns and close-grip bench presses.

JUMP CUT as PATRICK continues to exercise using the free weights...

INT XCLUSIVE HEALTH CLUB, LOCKER ROOM - MORNING

PATRICK stands in front of a mirror. Dressed in one of his signature business suits, he splashes water on his face and adjusts his perfect hairdo. BIG SMILE.

PATRICK (V.O.)

The Patty Winters Show this morning was about UFOs That Kill.

EXT/INT BARCADIA - NIGHT

A darkly lit dining room. Banquettes are clustered around a stainless steel sculpture in the center of the room. Modern jazz is piped in through ceiling mounted speakers...

The restaurant is packed: overflow from the bar spills into the dining room. Hip and trendy, Barcadia is the flavor of the month... here today, gone tomorrow. EVERYONE looks good, even the WAITSTAFF.

PATRICK and EVELYN sit across from each other at a small, candle-lit table near the back of the dining room:

EVELYN

Gregory's graduating from Saint Paul soon and will be attending Columbia in September. I've got to get him a graduation present and I'm at a total loss. Any suggestions, hon?

PATRICK

A poster from Les Miserables?

EVELYN

Perfect.

PATRICK

I have no idea who Gregory is. You do know that, right?

EVELYN

Mr. Bateman. I really like you. I adore your sense of humor. Ha ha ha.

PATRICK (V.O.)

I am sitting in a restaurant with Evelyn this evening because she caught me on call waiting while I was on the other line trying to secure a reservation at Dorsia which I had planned to use with Courtney.

EVELYN

Anyway, I was going to tell you what happened to Melania and Taylor and --

PATRICK's head droops -- he'd rather watch drying paint than have to listen to more of EVELYN's mindless bullshit:

EVELYN (CONT'D)

-- stop looking at my chest, Patrick.

1

Look at me, not my chest.

PATRICK refocuses his attention...

...slowly CLOSE IN on EVELYN's face.

HOLD ON EVELYN's non-stop MOUTH as her droning VOICE gradually  
FADES OUT...

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Now anyway, Taylor Grassgreen and  
Melania were... you know Melania, she  
went to Sweet Briar. Her father owns  
all those banks in Dallas? And Taylor  
went to Cornell... anyway, they were  
supposed to meet --

PATRICK (V.O.)

I keep studying Evelyn's face, bored  
by how beautiful it is, flawless  
really, and I think to myself how  
strange it is that she has pulled me  
through so much; how she's always been  
there when I needed her the most.

(beat; then)

Our waitress, a total hardbody, flirts  
with me every time she passes by our  
table. The thought of fucking her  
crosses my mind and though I  
conclude the odds are in my favor,  
it's... just... not... worth it.

(beat; then)

The boxer shorts I am wearing cost  
sixty dollars.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

-- at the Cornell Club and then  
they had a reservation at Mondrian at  
seven and he was wearing... no. Le  
Cygne. They were going to Le Cygne  
and Taylor was... oh god, it was  
Mondrian. Mondrian at seven and he  
was wearing a Piero Dimitri suit.  
Melania had been shopping... I think  
she'd been to Bergdorf's, though I'm  
not positive - but anyway, oh yes, it  
was Bergdorf's because she was wearing  
the scarf at the office the other  
day... so anyway, she hadn't been to  
her aerobics class for something like  
two days and they were mugged on one-

PATRICK (V.O.)

Dinner with Evelyn is a chore, an obstacle for me to overcome, however, today has not been that bad...

INSERT SEQUENCE -- EVELYN's mouth is still moving...

EXT AUTOMATED TELLER MACHINE - DAY

An ATM spits out five crisp twenty dollar bills. PATRICK neatly places them in a designer wallet already filled with cash.

PATRICK (V.O.)

After a two hour workout at Xclusive, I stopped by an automated teller machine where just for the hell of it I withdrew another hundred dollars, feeling better about having an even five hundred in my wallet.

INT VIDEOVISIONS - DAY

A crowded Upper West Side video rental store.

DIFFERENT ANGLES as PATRICK wanders from aisle to aisle searching for a videotape, visibly distressed.

Smiling COUPLES aimlessly stroll through the store, holding hands, in love...

PATRICK (V.O.)

Later in the afternoon I found myself wandering around VideoVisions, the video rental store I go to on the Upper West Side. Membership costs only two hundred dollars annually.

(beat; then)

I wanted to rent some pornographic videos, but because the store was more crowded than usual, I was forced to browse... but there were too many fucking movies to choose from.

PATRICK grabs Manhattan off of the display rack...

PATRICK (CONT'D, V.O.)

Feeling ripped off I settled for a Woody Allen movie but... I still wasn't satisfied. Then, almost by rote, as if I'd been programmed, I reached for Body Double, a movie I

have rented thirty-seven times.

PATRICK approaches the CASHIER with the empty boxes.

The CASHIER smiles politely... seeing the empty box for Body Double, he looks up and immediately recognizes PATRICK --

-- the CASHIER is horrified; PATRICK does his best to smile...

INT HARDWARE STORE - DAY

PATRICK and a STORE CLERK stand in front of an endless array of insecticides and pest killers --

PATRICK (V.O.)

On Evelyn's request, I stopped at a hardware store on Amsterdam to purchase something for her insect problem.

-- PATRICK removes a package from the shelf, inspecting it:

PATRICK

(to STORE CLERK)

Let's see what they say about this one...

(beat; then)

They tell you what it's ingredients are... and how it's guaranteed to exterminate every insect in the world. But they do not tell you whether or not it's painless.

(beat; then)

And I say insect or man, death should always be painless.

PATRICK stands in line, waiting to pay for his items...

PATRICK (V.O.)

In addition to the insecticide, I purchased a nail gun and a power saw, both by Black and Decker.

(beat; then)

On impulse I also bought twenty feet of barbed wire.

INT CHINESE DRY CLEANERS - DAY

A very small, cluttered dry cleaning shop near Columbia.

PATRICK (V.O.)

This was followed by a very tense scene at my dry cleaners.

PATRICK holds up a linen jacket, pointing to several massive, dark stains obviously the result of someone's blood. The GORE-SOAKED jacket is REVOLTING.

An old CHINESE WOMAN jabbars at PATRICK incomprehensibly... she doesn't really speak English, communicating instead with exaggerated body language.

An old CHINESE MAN stands next to her, mute... he pulls a blood-drenched shirt out of the laundry bag resting at PATRICK's feet and examines it.

PATRICK

Listen, wait...

(beat; then)

You're not... shhh...

(beat; then speaking very slowly)

What are you trying to say to me?

The CHINESE WOMAN's babbling intensifies as her yipping voice rises another octave...

...the CHINESE MAN removes another bloody shirt from the bag. He just stares at PATRICK's laundry, a dumb look on his creased face...

PATRICK nods, pretending to understand... still smiling, he leans into the CHINESE WOMAN's face:

PATRICK (CONT'D)

If-you-don't-shut-your-fucking-mouth-  
I-will-kill-you-are-you-understanding-  
me?

The CHINESE WOMAN's eyes open wide, her arms flapping like a goddamned bird... this is crazy.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Listen. I cannot understand you.

Running a hand through his hair, PATRICK starts laughing:

PATRICK (CONT'D)

What? You didn't hear me? You want some ham? Is that what you just said?

You want... some ham? Oh Christ.

(beat; then screaming)

You... are... a... fool!

EXT EVELYN'S NEIGHBOR'S BROWNSTONE - DAY

Two police cars are parked in front of Evelyn's neighbor's brownstone, lights flashing... POLICEMEN are roping off the area with "CRIME SCENE" tape.

PATRICK (V.O.)

On top of everything else today, the woman who lives in the brownstone next to Evelyn's was found murdered last night.

(beat; then)

So far there are no suspects.

BACK TO SCENE

INT BARCADIA - NIGHT

The entrees have already arrived... haute cuisine: is it food or is it art? The plates sit untouched, ignored.

Dewey-eyed, EVELYN reaches across the table, tenderly placing her hand over PATRICK's:

EVELYN

We should do it.

PATRICK

Do what?

EVELYN

Oh Patrick. Let's get married.

PATRICK

(his mind elsewhere)

Yeah... and live with me in a

storeroom behind a hardware store in Fairvale. We'll have lots of laughs.

(focusing)

Are you proposing to me, Evelyn?

EVELYN

(her mind elsewhere)

Weddings are so romantic... a diamond engagement ring.

(focusing)

You know, Patrick, I won't settle for less. It has to be diamond.

PATRICK (V.O.)

Evelyn seems to be holding up relatively well this evening considering the fact that her neighbor's head is in my freezer.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

What would we wear?

PATRICK

I would demand to wear Ray-Ban sunglasses. In fact I would demand that everyone would have to wear Ray-Ban sunglasses.

EVELYN

I'd want a zydeco band, Patrick. That's what I'd want. A zydeco band. Or mariachi. Or reggae. Something to shock daddy.

PATRICK

I'd want to bring a Harrison AK-47 assault rifle to the ceremony so after thoroughly blowing your fat mother's head off with it I could use it on that fag brother of yours. And though I personally don't like to use anything the Soviets designed, I don't know, the Harrison somehow reminds me of... Stoli?

EVELYN

Oh and lots of chocolate truffles.

Godiva. And oysters. Oysters on the half shell. Marzipan. Pink tents. Hundreds, thousands of roses. Photographers. Annie Leibowitz. We'll get Annie Leibowitz! And we'll hire someone to videotape it!

PATRICK

Or an AR-15. You'd like it, Evelyn: it's the most expensive of guns but worth every penny.

EVELYN

Patrick, I can't wait. I'm so excited.

INT BEDROOM - NIGHT

A dark bedroom. Light from a streetlamp creeps in through a window. Visibility is poor.

A MAN and a WOMAN lay in bed together... because of the darkness, their identity is unclear.

The MAN gets up and sits on the edge of the bed. Standing up, he runs a hand through his hair before walking across the room... TO THE CAMERA:

The MAN is PATRICK BATEMAN.

The flame from a cigarette lighter flickers in the dark, suspended over the bed in mid-air, illuminating the WOMAN's face:

The WOMAN is COURTNEY LAWRENCE.

COURTNEY lights up. Taking a deep drag, the "cherry" of her cigarette burns a hole into the darkness of the room. PATRICK turns to face her:

PATRICK

I never knew you smoked.

COURTNEY exhales, blowing smoke toward PATRICK:

COURTNEY

You never noticed.

PATRICK

Okay, I admit I'm embarrassed, but just a little.

COURTNEY

Listen, Patrick. Can we talk?

PATRICK walks over to the bed:

PATRICK

There's nothing to say, Courtney. You look marvelous.

(beat; then)

You're going to marry Luis. Next week, no less.

COURTNEY

Isn't that special?

PATRICK

Read my lips. You look marvelous.

PATRICK leans over, tenderly kissing COURTNEY on the forehead, unable to make eye contact. He turns and walks out the door...

COURTNEY

Patrick?

...he stops in the hallway just outside COURTNEY's bedroom:

PATRICK

Yes, Courtney?

COURTNEY

Nothing.

EXT MANHATTAN CITY STREET - NIGHT

The antique district below Fourteenth Street. PATRICK walks down the street passing a newsstand, a dry cleaners, a church, a diner...

The moon hangs just above the tip of the Chrysler Building. Steam rises from below the streets, billowing up in tendrils before evaporating. Bags of frozen garbage line the curbs. The siren from an ambulance screams... it echoes then fades.

The streets are empty. The only noise breaking up the silence is from an occasional taxi...

PATRICK (V.O.)

My watch has stopped so I'm not sure what time it is. I guess it's probably ten thirty or so. My mind is a mess. I don't know what to think or how to feel. The Patty Winters Show  
(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D, V.O.)

this morning was about the possibility of nuclear war, and according to a panel of experts the odds are pretty good it will happen sometime within the next month.

(beat; then)

The videotapes I forgot to return this evening will cost me a small fortune in late fees.

PATRICK notices a black BUM laying in the doorway of an abandoned antique store, asleep.

PATRICK walks OUT OF FRAME.

HOLD ON BUM... heavy-set, fortyish. Next to the BUM is a shopping cart full of personal belongings: newspapers, bottles, aluminum cans, etc. On the ground next to him: an empty bottle of cheap wine...

A handpainted cardboard sign reads: I AM HUNGRY AND HOMELESS PLEASE HELP ME.

PATRICK walks BACK INTO FRAME and approaches the BUM...

...the BUM yawns, waking up. PATRICK offers his hand:

PATRICK

Hi. Pat Bateman.

The BUM can barely breathe. He stares dumbly at PATRICK:

PATRICK (CONT'D)

You want some money? Some... food?

The BUM nods gratefully, about to cry. PATRICK reaches into his pocket and removes a thick wad of cash. He offers the BUM a ten dollar bill... reconsidering, PATRICK holds out a fiver instead:

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Is this what you want?

The BUM clears his throat, nods and looks away... he's still got his pride:

BUM  
I'm so hungry.

PATRICK  
It's cold out, too. Isn't it?

BUM  
I'm so hungry.

The BUM's entire body shudders with spastic convulsions. He looks away, embarrassed.

PATRICK  
Why don't you get a job? If you're so hungry, why don't you get a job?

Sobbing, the BUM inhales deeply:

BUM  
I lost my job...

PATRICK  
Why? Were you drinking? Is that why you lost it? Insider trading? Just joking. No, really - were you drinking on the job?

BUM  
I was fired. I was laid off.

PATRICK  
(nodding)  
Gee, uh, that's too bad.

BUM  
I'm so hungry.

PATRICK  
I know that, I know that. Jeez, you're like a broken record. I'm trying to help you.

BUM  
I'm hungry.

PATRICK

Listen. Do you think it's fair to take money from people who do have jobs? Who do work?

BUM

What am I gonna do?

PATRICK

Listen. What's your name?

BUM

(softly)

Al.

PATRICK

Speak up. Come on.

BUM

Al.

PATRICK

Get a goddamned job, Al. You've got a negative attitude. That's what's stopping you. You've got to get your act together. I'll help you.

BUM

You're so kind, mister. You're kind. You're a kind man. I can tell.

PATRICK

Shhh... it's okay.

BUM

Please. I don't know what to do. I'm so cold.

PATRICK kneels, gently stroking the BUM's face...

PATRICK

Do you know how bad you smell? My god...

BUM

I can't... I can't find a shelter.

PATRICK

You reek. You reek of... shit. Do you know that? Goddamnit, Al - look at me and stop crying like some kind of faggot.

Overcome with rage, PATRICK closes his eyes tightly, squeezing the bridge of his nose... he regains control of himself:

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Al... I'm sorry. It's just that... I don't know. I don't have anything in common with you.

The BUM sobs inconsolably as... PATRICK slowly puts the five dollar bill back into his coat pocket.

The BUM notices this and sits up. The sobbing abruptly stops... with his free hand, PATRICK gently touches the BUM's face:

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Do you know what a fucking loser you are?

The BUM nods uselessly as PATRICK removes a long, thin knife from his coat pocket...

PATRICK pushes half an inch of the blade into the BUM's right eye.

Shocked beyond words, the BUM opens his mouth but nothing comes out...

...balancing on his haunches, PATRICK yanks the BUM's pantsuit down and STABS him in the stomach.

The BUM instinctively covers himself with both hands as --

-- PATRICK repeatedly STABS him in short, staccato motions. Holding the BUM's head back, PATRICK slowly pushes the tip of the knife into his other eye.

The BUM finally begins screaming as PATRICK slits his nose in two, blood spraying from wounds like geysers...

Still kneeling, PATRICK throws a quarter in the BUM's face:

PATRICK

There's a quarter. Go buy some gum  
you crazy fucking nigger.

PATRICK stands up... smiling, proud of himself. His jacket is  
lightly splattered with the BUM's blood.

PATRICK calmly walks away, OUT OF FRAME.

The BUM is left to DIE.

EXT/INT YALE CLUB DINING ROOM - DAY

An elegant dining room. Every table is occupied: Ivy League  
graduates solving the world's problems over three-martini lunches  
on expense account.

PATRICK, CRAIG and DAVID are seated at a fairly decent table near  
the front. They are exceptionally well-dressed, show-stoppers,  
as always...

Each man has a cocktail in front of him:

PATRICK (V.O.)

I am sitting with Craig Van Patten and  
David McDermott in the dining room of  
the Yale Club, having lunch. Since  
the three of us have taken the rest of  
the afternoon off, we're all getting  
massages.

(beat; then MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D, V.O.)

Van Patten is wearing a glen-plaid  
wool-crepe suit from Krizia Uomo, a  
Brooks Brothers shirt, a tie from  
Adirondack and shoes by Cole-Haan.  
McDermott is wearing a lamb's wool and  
cashmere blazer, worsted wool flannel  
trousers by Ralph Lauren, a shirt and  
tie also by Ralph Lauren and shoes  
from Brooks Brothers. I'm wearing a  
tick-weave wool suit with a windowpane  
overplaid, a cotton shirt by Luciano  
Barbera, shoes from Cole-Haan and  
nonprescription glasses by Bausch &  
Lomb.

PATRICK scans the dining room and notices... LUIS CARRUTHERS sitting at a nearby table --

-- LUIS attempts to make eye contact as PATRICK turns away, ignoring him:

PATRICK (CONT'D, V.O.)

Luis Carruthers is sitting five tables away. He's wearing an unidentifiable suit from some French tailor and he keeps looking over here, trying to get my attention.

DAVID

What are the rules for wearing a sweater vest?

PATRICK (V.O.)

David's question looms over the table, filling me with a nameless dread.

CRAIG

What do you mean?

PATRICK

Yes. Clarify.

DAVID

Well, is it strictly informal-

PATRICK

(interrupting)

Or can it be worn with a suit?

DAVID

Exactly.

PATRICK

Well, according to Bruce Boyer-

DAVID

(interrupting)

Wait. Is he with Morgan Stanley?

PATRICK

No. He's not with Morgan Stanley.

CRAIG

Wasn't he a serial killer? Don't tell me he was another serial killer, Bateman. Not another serial killer.

PATRICK

No, McDufus, he wasn't a serial killer.

(beat; then turning to CRAIG)

That really pisses me off.

CRAIG

But you always bring them up. And always in this casual, educational sort of way. I mean, I don't want to know anything about Son of Sam or the fucking Hillside Strangler or, or... Featherhead, for god sake.

DAVID

Featherhead? Who's Featherhead? He sounds exceptionally dangerous.

PATRICK

He means Leatherface. Leatherface. He was part of the Texas Chainsaw Massacre.

DAVID

Oh. Of course.

PATRICK

And he was exceptionally dangerous.

CRAIG

And now okay, go on. Bruce Boyer, what did he do? Let's see -- skin them alive? Starve them to death? Run them over? Feed them to dogs? What?

PATRICK

(shaking his head, grinning)

You guys. He did something far worse.

(beat; then MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

He was the author of *Elegance: A Guide*

to Quality in Menswear.

(beat; then)

And no, Craig, he wasn't a serial killer in his spare time.

CRAIG

What did Brucie baby have to say?

PATRICK

You're a clod. It's an excellent book. His theory remains we shouldn't feel restricted from wearing a sweater vest with a suit.

(beat; then to CRAIG)

Did you hear me call you a clod?

CRAIG

Yeah.

DAVID

But doesn't he point out that a vest shouldn't overpower the suit?

PATRICK

Yes...

(beat; then)

With discreet pinstripes you should wear a subdued blue or charcoal gray vest. A plaid suit would call for a bolder vest.

CRAIG

And remember, with a regular vest the last button should be left undone.

SEVERAL TABLES AWAY:

LUIS stands up, wipes his mouth with a napkin and glances over at PATRICK before EXITING the dining area.

PATRICK

I thought you hadn't read this... this book.

(beat; then)

You just told me you couldn't tell the difference between Bruce Boyer... and John Wayne Gacy.

CRAIG

It came back to me.

PATRICK

Listen. Wearing argyle socks with an argyle vest will look too studied.

DAVID

You think so?

PATRICK

(to DAVID)

You'll look like you consciously worked for this look.

(to CRAIG)

Featherhead? How in the hell did you get Featherhead from Leatherface?

CRAIG

Ah, cheer up, Bateman.

DAVID

Yeah, buddy. Don't worry, be happy.

PATRICK stands up and pushes his chair in:

PATRICK

Listen. I just want everyone to know that I'm pro family and anti-drug. Excuse me, gentlemen.

PATRICK leaves the table, walking OUT OF FRAME as DAVID grabs a passing waiter:

DAVID

Is this tap water? I don't drink tap water. Bring me an Evian or something, okay?

PATRICK walks through the main dining room... he smiles and shakes hands with several men seated at a table as he passes by:

PATRICK (V.O.)

One of the many questions I must now face: Would Courtney spend more time with me - the time she now spends with Luis - if he was out of the picture, no longer an alternative... if he was perhaps... dead?

PATRICK exits the main dining room...

THE MEN'S ROOM DOOR... is pushed open by PATRICK.

INT MEN'S BATHROOM - DAY

A deserted bathroom. All of the stalls are unoccupied except for one at the end, its door slightly ajar. The SOUND of a MAN pissing echoes from it...

PATRICK admires himself in the mirror as he slides on a pair of black leather gloves. He flashes a big smile and winks at himself...

PATRICK cautiously approaches the occupied stall:

LUIS CARRUTHERS stands in front of the toilet bowl, his back to PATRICK, urinating. Sensing movement, LUIS stiffens as the SOUND of his urine hitting the water abruptly STOPS --

-- PATRICK steps forward, silently encircling his hands around LUIS' neck, his index fingers touching just above the Adam's apple...

PATRICK closes his eyes and squeezes tightly, but --

-- strangely, there is no struggle...

PATRICK's grip is loose enough to allow LUIS to turn around... PATRICK's eyes snap open:

LUIS looks down at PATRICK's wrists, still clasped around his neck in a stranglehold... PATRICK is unable to react as...

...LUIS lowers his head and gently kisses PATRICK's left wrist.

He looks up at PATRICK with a loving expression that is only half awkward.

LUIS

God, Patrick. Why here?

This is WAY TOO MUCH for PATRICK to handle... he is FROZEN, unable to move.

LUIS gently begins running his fingers through PATRICK's hair, grinning...

LUIS (CONT'D)

I've seen you looking at me. I've noticed your hot body.

LUIS tries to kiss PATRICK on the mouth as...

...PATRICK snaps out of his trance, backing into the stall door, accidentally closing it, trapping him.

PATRICK's hands drop from around LUIS' neck... LUIS immediately replaces them:

LUIS (CONT'D)  
Don't be shy.

Still in shock, PATRICK once again drops his hands from around LUIS' neck...

...LUIS grabs PATRICK by the shoulders and begins working himself up into a frenzy, squeezing and kneading PATRICK's muscular upper arms:

LUIS (CONT'D)  
You don't know how long I've wanted it...

PATRICK calmly turns around and opens the door, EXITING the stall. LUIS trails close behind...

PATRICK stands in front of the large bathroom mirror, concentrating on his reflection, doing his best to block out LUIS who has walked over and sat down on the sink next to him:

LUIS (CONT'D)  
I want you...  
(beat; then)  
...too.

PATRICK is beside himself, unable to take it all in...

LUIS makes another feeble attempt to kiss him as --

-- PATRICK BREAKS FREE, storming out of the MEN'S ROOM...

INT PATRICK'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

JEAN sits at her desk doing paperwork, business as usual...

The telephone RINGS:

JEAN answers it on the first ring...

JEAN

Patrick Bateman's office, may I help you?

EXT PHONE BOOTH, MID-TOWN MANHATTAN - DAY

PATRICK stands at a phone booth somewhere in mid-town Manhattan... he is frantic, totally unglued:

INTERCUT:

PATRICK

Jean? Hello, Jean?

JEAN

Patrick? Is that you?

PATRICK doubles over with stomach cramps...

PATRICK

Oh my god.

JEAN

Patrick, what's wrong?

PATRICK

Jean, I'm not going to make it... I'm not going to... make it... to the office this afternoon.

JEAN

(alarmed)

What is it, Patrick? Are you alright?

PATRICK

Stop sounding so fucking... sad.  
Jesus.

JEAN

Patrick, I'm sorry. I mean I meant to say-

PATRICK hangs up, cutting JEAN off...

...PATRICK rips the Walkman off his neck and throws it into a nearby trashcan... steadying himself, PATRICK holds onto the rim of the trashcan, breathing heavily, his suit jacket tied around his waist...

BEGIN SEQUENCE -- PATRICK falling apart...

ANOTHER ANGLE, LATER... PATRICK moves rapidly up Broadway, the sun melting the mousse on his head, mingling with his sweat... he runs a hand through his hair, licking greedily at the palm...

ANOTHER ANGLE, LATER... PATRICK stands on a corner, scowling at people... bike messengers whiz by, oblivious... no one even pretends to notice PATRICK's condition...

ANOTHER ANGLE, LATER... PATRICK appears to have regained his normalcy... he walks toward a row of storefronts... suddenly, he doubles over in excruciating pain, literally dropping to his knees...

He recovers enough to hobble into a nearby pet store:

...large, white rats furiously scramble through elaborate Habitrail systems... exotic parrots screech... piranhas glide gracefully behind a glass tank...

PATRICK moves through the aisles, about to explode...

ANOTHER ANGLE, LATER... PATRICK walks down Broadway, sweating and moaning, pushing people out of his way, foam pouring out of his mouth...

ANOTHER ANGLE, LATER... PATRICK rushes up and down the aisles of a Gristede's, inspecting a truly baffling array of sundries: exotic bottled waters, individually wrapped imported cheeses, wine bottles shaped like fish, cookies shaped like windmills, Japanese pears, star fruit, red peppers, yellow peppers, green peppers, purple peppers... it's fucking endless...

PATRICK takes a canned ham off the shelf, looking around cautiously... when the coast is clear, he conceals the thing under his jacket...

With the canned meat hidden under his coat, PATRICK calmly walks

to the front of the store... nodding to a clerk, he walks out of the grocery store, uncaught...

ANOTHER ANGLE, LATER...PATRICK is in the lobby of a luxury apartment building... he tries to blend in, hiding behind a large, stainless steel sculpture... he looks totally deranged... a DOORMAN watches him, about to say something...

PATRICK opens the canned ham with his keys... he scoops handfuls of the pink meat into his mouth, like an animal, making disgusting slurping sounds... the DOORMAN approaches him:

PATRICK

OH GOD!

ANOTHER ANGLE, LATER... PATRICK is at a bus stop, chanting while puking up the canned ham...

PATRICK

I've got to return my videotapes, I've got to return my videotapes, I've got-

...he leans against a poster for Les Miserables and kisses Eponine's face, smearing it with bile and vomit as...

...PATRICK backs into a fruit stand in front of a Korean deli, collapsing stacks of apples and oranges and lemons, sending them crashing onto the sidewalk, into the street as...

...a KOREAN MAN instantly appears, jabbering away in broken English... PATRICK apologizes, offering his platinum American Express card, then a twenty... taxis and busses pass by, crushing the fruit...

...the KOREAN MAN immediately takes the twenty then grabs PATRICK by the lapels of his stained jacket, pulling him closer to his face...

...the KOREAN MAN bursts into the chorus of "Lightnin' Strikes"... PATRICK pulls away, horrified...

ANOTHER ANGLE, LATER... PATRICK is in a shabby delicatessen on Second Avenue... a short, fat Jewish WOMAN slowly approaches him...

PATRICK

Listen. I have a reservation.

Bateman. Where's the maitre d'? I know Jackie Mason.

WOMAN

I can seat you... don't need a reservation.

The WOMAN leads PATRICK to a small table near the back...

PATRICK rushes up behind her, grabs the menu and reseats himself at a "better" table near the front:

PATRICK

Is this a goddamn joke?

The WOMAN turns and shrugs, resigned... she's seen it all.

Before she can approach the new table, PATRICK holds his hand up in the air, signaling to her:

PATRICK (CONT'D)

A cheeseburger. I'd like a cheeseburger and I'd like it medium rare.

The WOMAN sighs, pointing to a sign up front --

WOMAN

I'm sorry, sir. No cheese. Kosher.

PATRICK tries to remain calm...

PATRICK

Fine. A kosherburger but with cheese, Monterey Jack perhaps, and - oh god.

PATRICK winces in enormous pain as the cramps return:

WOMAN

No cheese, sir. Kosher-

PATRICK

(interrupting)

What in the fuck is going on?

WOMAN

I'll get the manager-

PATRICK

(interrupting)

No, wait! Bring me a beverage. Bring me a fucking... vanilla... milkshake. EXTRA THICK!

CUT TO BLACK

EXT ROCKEFELLER CENTER PLAZA - DAY

CLOSE ON an illuminated, glowing STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

Slowly PULL BACK to reveal an enormous CHRISTMAS TREE...

...PAN DOWN to Rockefeller Center's famous ICE RINK:

Hundreds of skaters appear as bursts of bright color, a graceful human kaleidoscope...

PATRICK (V.O.)

Days pass. I don't know how many.

(beat; then)

December arrives without warning.

PAN ACROSS to the SIDEWALK --

Two fat MEN dressed as SANTA CLAUS ring bells for the Salvation Army -- nearby a HOMELESS WOMAN helplessly begs for change... Ho! Ho! Ho! Merry Christmas!

PEDESTRIANS jam the PLAZA, loaded down with oversized packages and shopping bags.

ANGLE ON PEDESTRIANS as thousands of people pass by, anonymous...

...a familiar FACE sticks out from the CROWD --

-- STAY ON PATRICK BATEMAN, moving along with the flow of traffic...

PATRICK (CONT'D, V.O.)

My priorities before Christmas include the following: (1) to get an eight o' clock reservation on a Friday night at Dorsia, (2) to find out as much as humanly possible about Paul Owen's mysterious Fisher account, (3) to get

myself invited to Donald Trump's Christmas party and (4) to apologize to Evelyn without making it look like an apology.

EXT BLOOMINGDALE'S STOREFRONT - DAY

PATRICK moves with great purpose past enormous storefront window displays... metallic MANNEQUINS, forever frozen, act out fragmented scenes from the life of a perfect nuclear family: the kitchen, the dining room, a day at the beach...

PATRICK (CONT'D, V.O.)

There are many presents that I still need to buy and though I could have sent my secretary Jean to make these purchases, I feel prepared to deal with this myself thanks to a vigorous two hour workout at my private health club on Manhattan's Upper West Side.

INT BLOOMINGDALE'S - DAY

Christmas SHOPPERS everywhere, chaos... once an upscale department store, Bloomingdale's is now a virtual war zone.

A QUICK SERIES OF SHOTS --

...as PATRICK wanders through Bloomingdale's, assaulted by a dizzying array of essentially useless products:

PATRICK (CONT'D, V.O.)

Paisley ties and crystal water pitchers, tumbler sets and office clocks that measure temperature, humidity and barometric pressure, electric calling card address books and margarita glasses, sets of dessert plates and correspondence cards, mirrors and shower clocks and aprons and hand-knitted cotton snowflake sweaters. Porsche-design ski goggles and diamond earrings. Vodka glasses, cameras, aftershaves, salt and pepper shakers, aluminum lunch pails and shoe horns that cost two hundred dollars.

INT BLOOMINGDALE'S COSMETICS DEPARTMENT - DAY

PATRICK slumps over the counter in the Cosmetics Department, breathing heavily. The beautiful SALESGIRL behind the counter abruptly stops her sales-pitch midsentence... the SALESGIRL and her CUSTOMER stare at PATRICK --

Attempting to stand up straight, PATRICK clutches at his chest, his face creased with pain... frantically rifling through his pockets, PATRICK acknowledges the WOMEN with a weak smile --

PATRICK (CONT'D, V.O.)

Some kind of existential chasm opens  
before me in Bloomingdale's, filling  
me with a nameless dread.

-- PATRICK pops a small black PILL into his mouth, swallowing spastically... the SALESGIRL and her CUSTOMER turn away.

PATRICK (CONT'D, V.O.)

A Xanax fails to ward off the panic.  
(beat; then)

Saks Fifth Avenue intensifies it...

INT SAKS FIFTH AVENUE - DAY

Another department store... another battlefield.

ANOTHER QUICK SERIES OF SHOTS --

-- as PATRICK darts through Saks Fifth Avenue on the verge of a full blown panic attack:

PATRICK (CONT'D, V.O.)

Pens and photo albums, electric shoe  
polishers and heated towel stands.  
Portable palm-sized color TVs with  
earphones, birdhouses, ice buckets,  
jewelry boxes and scarves, pillow  
cases, foreign-currency-exchange  
minicalculators, and diamond earrings.  
Two hundred dollar shoe horns and  
customized tennis balls and--

CUT TO BLACK

EXT EVELYN'S BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

A light snowfall can be seen in the artificial glow of a street lamp near EVELYN's brownstone...

...the trees and lampposts lining the street have been tastefully decorated with red bows, ribbons and miniature white lights: everything is perfect in this "winter wonderland", except for --  
-- the POLICE LINES still up around EVELYN's neighbor's home.

Four limousines are parked in front of EVELYN's brownstone, idling...

PATRICK (V.O.)

In the weeks leading up to Christmas, my presence will be required at many, many cocktail parties -- the majority of which I would rather not attend.

(beat; then)

The first of them... and by far the worst, is tonight.

INT EVELYN'S BROWNSTONE, LIVING ROOM/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Tall, full blue spruces covered in white twinkling lights stand on either side of the fireplace... a BARTENDER wearing a tuxedo pours champagne and mixes drinks behind a makeshift bar decorated with poinsettias...

...a long buffet table features a mind-boggling assortment of exquisite, gourmet food... candles have been lit everywhere, all of them burning in sterling silver candleholders...

...there are quite a few PEOPLE here tonight: predictably, most of them are "YUPPIE-TYPES", however several residents of the East Village also appear to have been invited --"ARTISTE-TYPES" way, way out of their element...

The mood is light, the evening is young... most of the MEN, including PATRICK, have a pair of ridiculous-looking paper antlers tied onto their heads.

EVELYN'S CHRISTMAS PARTY IS IN FULL SWING.

FACES in the CROWD: CRAIG McDERMOTT, DAVID VAN PATTEN, PAUL OWEN, LUIS CARRUTHERS and, of course, COURTNEY LAWRENCE...

SEVERAL MIDGETS festively dressed in GREEN and RED elf suits walk around the party with trays of appetizers, offering them to EVELYN'S GUESTS.

EVELYN approaches PATRICK holding a piece of mistletoe in one hand, a large candy cane in the other --

EVELYN  
Mistletoe alert!

-- EVELYN playfully dangles the mistletoe branch over PATRICK's head before kissing him dryly on the cheek:

EVELYN (CONT'D)  
Merry Xmas, Patrick.

PATRICK's hands are full: a plate of Waldorf salad in one, a martini in the other.

PATRICK  
Merry... Xmas.

EVELYN is her usual zombified self, the result of one too many Xanax... or was it Valium? Too much eggnog? Most likely a combination of all three.

EVELYN  
You're late, honey.

PATRICK  
No, Evelyn, darling. I'm not late.

EVELYN  
Oh yes you are.

PATRICK looks around the room, uncomfortable... already desperate to escape:

PATRICK  
I've been here. You just didn't see me.

EVELYN  
Oh, stop scowling. You're such a Grinch.

PATRICK  
Bah humbug.

EVELYN  
How's the Waldorf salad? Do you think

it tastes alright?

A GUEST passes next to EVELYN --

GUEST

Great party, Evelyn.

-- EVELYN involuntarily turns to her GUEST, ignoring PATRICK...

EVELYN

Are you sure? Are you having a good time? Did you try the Waldorf salad?

PATRICK

Delicious.

...EVELYN turns what's left of her attention back to PATRICK:

EVELYN

But Mr. Grinch was late. And not a word about that damn Waldorf salad.

PATRICK

You know, Evelyn, there were a lot of other Xmas parties in this metropolis that I could have attended tonight yet I chose yours. Why? you might ask. Why? I asked myself. I didn't come up with a feasible answer, yet I'm here, so be, you know, grateful, babe.

EVELYN

(sarcastic)

Oh, so this is my Christmas present? How sweet Patrick, how thoughtful.

PATRICK looks down, noticing a noodle stuck on his shirt cuff...

PATRICK

No, this is. Here.

...he picks the noodle off of his shirt, presenting it to EVELYN  
--

-- who delightedly accepts, holding it up to the candlelight, examining it as if it were the Hope Diamond...

EVELYN

Oh Patrick, I'm going to cry. It's gorgeous. Can I put it on now?

PATRICK

No. Feed it to one of the... midgets.

EVELYN

Oh, Patrick. They're elves. Christmas elves. Santa's helpers. God, what a sourpuss. Look at them. They're adorable. That one over there is Rudolph, the one passing out candy is Blitzen. The other one is Donner-

PATRICK

(interrupting)

Wait a minute, Evelyn, wait.

(beat; then)

I... those are the names of reindeer. Not elves. Blitzen was a reindeer.

EVELYN

Oh... is this true?

PATRICK

Yes, Evelyn... I distinctly remember Blitzen being a reindeer, not an elf.

EVELYN

Oh, so what. Don't you think it's Christmasy?

PATRICK

You're absolutely right, Evelyn. I couldn't agree with you more. It's very Christmasy.

(beat; then)

Excuse me. I need another drink.

PATRICK manages to break free, as --

-- EVELYN moves onto her next VICTIM, oblivious...

EVELYN

(to no one, to everyone)

Is that Michael J. Fox over there?

...STAY on PATRICK moving through the CROWD.

COURTNEY and LUIS are holding hands, deep in discussion with another yuppie COUPLE --

-- COURTNEY turns her head slightly, registering PATRICK's presence.

She pouts her lips at him, silently mouthing the words "call me" before returning her attention to LUIS and the other COUPLE...

...PATRICK ignores her, steadily moving through the CROWD.

LUIS' face instantly lights up as he sees PATRICK over COURTNEY's shoulder --

-- suddenly animated, LUIS winks at PATRICK before silently mouthing the words "I'll call you"... he even goes so far as to raise his free hand to his ear, thumb and pinkie finger outstretched, symbolizing a telephone.

Sensing COURTNEY's glare, LUIS abruptly looks away from PATRICK, gazing into his beautiful girlfriend's eyes --

-- a fake smile plastered on his face, LUIS dutifully gives COURTNEY a little peck on the lips.

PATRICK rolls his eyes, laughing to himself.

PATRICK (V.O.)  
Oh... my... god.

AT THE BAR:

PAUL OWEN is examining an antique silver pocket watch while waiting for the BARTENDER to prepare his drinks.

PATRICK approaches, holding out a hand --

PATRICK  
Owen!

PAUL  
(shaking hands)  
Marcus! Merry Christmas! How've you been? Workaholic, I suppose.

PATRICK  
All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

PAUL

We just got back from the Bahamas.  
Meredith insisted that I take her, so  
what could I do?

PAUL elbows PATRICK in the ribs -- BOTH MEN chuckle knowingly...

SOMEONE bumps into PAUL from behind -- he turns around,  
exchanging pleasantries: "Hey Kinsley! Yeah, so do you..."

PATRICK (V.O.)

Paul Owen apparently thinks that I'm  
someone named Marcus Halberstam which  
I guess is understandable since Marcus  
and I both pretty much look the same.  
Marcus also works at P&P, in fact  
doing the same exact thing I do.

(beat; then)

Being mistaken for Marcus doesn't  
really me bother all that much except  
for when I accidentally get sent his  
junk mail and I have to spend hours  
tracking him down. That gets to be a  
real fucking nuisance.

PATRICK

Are you still handling the Fisher  
account?

PAUL

Yeah. Lucked out, huh, Marcus?

PATRICK

You sure did. Wow...

PAUL

We're going to Nell's later. Limo's  
waiting out front.

PATRICK

We should have lunch.

PAUL

Yes, that would be great. Maybe you  
could bring...

PATRICK (V.O.)

Shit. Who is Marcus dating? What is  
her fucking name?

PATRICK  
Cecelia?

PAUL  
Yes. Cecelia.

PATRICK  
Oh, Cecelia would... adore it.

PAUL  
Well, let's do it.

PATRICK  
Yes. We could go to... Le Bernardin  
for some... seafood perhaps? Hmmm?

PAUL  
Le Bernardin is in Zagat's top ten  
this year. You know that?  
(beat; then)  
Sea urchins. Meredith loves the sea  
urchins there.

PATRICK  
Oh does she?

PAUL  
(motioning behind PATRICK)  
Meredith! Come here.

PATRICK looks around nervously --

PATRICK  
She's here?

PAUL  
She's talking to Cecelia over there.  
(shouting out to MEREDITH)  
Meredith!

MEREDITH POWELL, late twenties, beautiful in a boring way, walks  
INTO FRAME with... EVELYN.

MEREDITH  
Yes boys? What are you two talking  
about? Making up Christmas lists?

PAUL  
The sea urchins at Le Bernardin,

darling.

MEREDITH moves in closer, draping an arm over PATRICK's shoulder:

MEREDITH

To die for. Simply to die for.

PATRICK

(suddenly quite interested)

Really? To die for?

MEREDITH

They're absolutely fabulous.

EVELYN

What does everyone think of the  
Waldorf salad? Did you like it?

PAUL

Cecelia, darling, I haven't tried it  
yet... but I'd like to know why there  
are midgets serving eggnog.

EVELYN

Those aren't midgets! Those are  
Christmas elves. Patrick, what did  
you tell him?

PATRICK

Nothing, Cecelia!

EVELYN

Oh, Patrick. You're the Grinch.

Attempting to draw PAUL and MEREDITH's attention away from  
EVELYN's little faux pas, PATRICK lifts a sprig of parsley from  
off of one of the ELVE's passing appetizer trays and holds it  
over EVELYN's head --

PATRICK

Mistletoe alert!

EVERYONE near the bar ducks for cover as --

-- PATRICK kisses EVELYN on the mouth, taking her completely by  
surprise.

EVELYN

Oh Patrick-

Moving quickly, PATRICK forcefully takes her by the arm.

PATRICK

(interrupting)

Cecelia! Come here at once.

(to PAUL and MEREDITH)

Excuse us. We have to talk to that elf and get this all straightened out.

EVELYN shrugs apologetically as...

EVELYN

(to PAUL and MEREDITH)

I'm so sorry.

...PATRICK drags her away:

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Patrick what is going on?

INT EVELYN'S BROWNSTONE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

The kitchen is deserted, with the exception of several ELVES reloading their appetizer trays.

EVELYN is confused, upset:

EVELYN

Patrick? What are we doing in the kitchen?

PATRICK grabs her shoulders, facing her:

PATRICK

Listen. Let's get out of here.

EVELYN

Oh Patrick. I can't just leave. Aren't you having a good time?

PATRICK

Why can't you leave? You've been here long enough.

EVELYN

Patrick, this is my Christmas party.  
Besides, the elves are going to sing  
'O Tannenbaum' any minute now.

PATRICK

Come on, Evelyn. Let's get out of  
here. I want to take you away from  
all this.

EVELYN

From all what?

(beat; then)

You didn't like the Waldorf Salad, did  
you?

PATRICK

Let's go. Be daring. For just once  
in your life, Evelyn, be daring.

(beat; then)

Come on... let this be my Christmas  
present.

EVELYN

Oh no, I was already at Brooks  
Brothers and-

PATRICK

(interrupting, pleading)

Stop it. Come on, I want this.

EVELYN remains unconvinced... she's not going anywhere.

Unwilling to accept defeat, PATRICK brings out the heavy  
artillery:

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Mrs. Bateman?

EVELYN

Oh Patrick.

EXT EVELYN'S BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

The four LIMOUSINES remain in front of EVELYN'S brownstone,  
idling.

PATRICK and EVELYN peek around the corner from an adjacent alley:  
the coast is clear...

PATRICK leads EVELYN over to the nearest limousine... he opens the door, pushes her in.

EVELYN

Patrick. This is so naughty. And a limo-

PATRICK shuts the door, cutting her off.

He walks around the car and taps on the DRIVER's window...

...the DRIVER slowly lowers it, an unlit cigar clenched between his teeth.

PATRICK holds out his hand...

...but the DRIVER just sits there, expressionless.

PATRICK

Hi. Pat Bateman.

(beat; then)

Pat Bateman. What, ah, what is it?

The DRIVER rudely stares at PATRICK's head without a word.

PATRICK tentatively raises a hand to his head and is shocked to find... two pairs of paper antlers!

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Oh Jesus, whoa!

PATRICK rips them off his head and throws them on the ground... smoothing his hair back into place, PATRICK regains his composure:

PATRICK (CONT'D)

So, Pat Bateman.

DRIVER

Uh, yeah? Sid.

PATRICK

Listen, Sid. Mr. Owen says we can take this car, so...

DRIVER

Who's Mr. Owen?

PATRICK

Paul Owen. You know. Your customer.

DRIVER

No. This is Mr. Barker's limo. Nice antlers, though.

PATRICK

Shit.

PATRICK runs around the limo and opens the door:

EVELYN

Patrick, darling, I love it.  
Champagne -- and truffles, too.

EVELYN holds up a bottle of Cristal and a small gold box.

PATRICK grabs her by the arm, yanking her out:

PATRICK

Wrong limo -- take the truffles.

PATRICK gracefully guides EVELYN over to the next limo, opens the door and pushes her in.

PATRICK approaches the SECOND DRIVER, his hand outstretched:

PATRICK

Hi. Pat Bateman.

They shake hands.

SECOND DRIVER

Yeah? Hi. Donald Trump. My wife  
Ivana's in the back.

PATRICK

Hey, watch it. Listen, Mr. Owen says  
we can take his car. I'm... oh damn,  
I mean Marcus.

SECOND DRIVER

You just said your name was Pat.

PATRICK

No. I was wrong. I was wrong about  
my name being Pat. My name is Marcus.  
Marcus Halberstam.

SECOND DRIVER

Now you're sure of this, right?

PATRICK

Listen, Mr. Owen said I can take his car for the night, so... you know, let's just get on with it.

SECOND DRIVER

I think I should talk to Mr. Owen first.

PATRICK

No, wait! Listen, I'm... it's fine, really. Mr. Owen is in a very, very bad mood.

SECOND DRIVER

I'm not supposed to do this. No way. Forget about it.

PATRICK

Oh come on, man.

SECOND DRIVER

It's totally against company regulations.

PATRICK

Fuck company regulations.

SECOND DRIVER

Fuck company regulations?

PATRICK

Mr. Owen says it's-

SECOND DRIVER

(interrupting)

Listen, mister.

PATRICK

Marcus.

DRIVER 2

Marcus. Whatever. It's company rules. I'm not gonna break 'em. Good bye.

The SECOND DRIVER begins rolling up the window, waving "bye-bye"...

...PATRICK reaches through the window, grabbing him by the lapels of his uniform:

PATRICK

Let me put it this way... they've got midgets in there. Midgets who are about to sing 'O Tannenbaum'... do you know how scary that is? Elves harmonizing?

(beat; then MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I just don't think I can leave until I get just a little compassion from you.

PATRICK realizes that he has overstepped a boundary of some sort: he loosens his grip on the MAN's uniform.

The SECOND DRIVER remains silent, a smug expression on his inbred face. He starts that waving shit as the window goes up again.

Exasperated, PATRICK reaches for his wallet:

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Shit. Here's a hundred.

PATRICK waves two crisp fifties in the DRIVER's unimpressed face --

SECOND DRIVER

Two hundred.

PATRICK

This city sucks.

-- PATRICK reluctantly removes two more fifties from his wallet and hands him the money...

SECOND DRIVER

Where to?

INT LIMO - NIGHT

PATRICK and EVELYN have made themselves comfortable in the back

of the plush limousine.

Scraps of wrapping paper have been strewn about everywhere.

Once again, EVELYN looks ready to cry.

PATRICK

What... what did I do?

EVELYN

Oh Patrick. It's lovely. I don't know what to say.

PATRICK

Well... I don't either.

EVELYN holds up a diamond necklace. Wait a minute -- where'd that come from?

EVELYN

Help me put it on, darling. You're not the Grinch, honey.

PATRICK

Uh, Evelyn.

EVELYN

It's lovely, oh I love it...

PATRICK

But... that's not...

EVELYN

What? What are you saying? Oh, honey, you have something else for me?

PATRICK

No, I mean-

EVELYN

(interrupting)

Come on, you devil. You've got something else. Let me guess. A ring to match? A matching bracelet? A brooch? So that's it! It's a matching brooch.

EXT WEST SIDE HIGHWAY, AERIAL SHOT - NIGHT

The limousine races along the West Side Highway, dwarfed by the city's awesome skyline.

PATRICK (V.O.)

My luck could be worse. It really could.

INT LIMO, LATER

EVELYN

Patrick, where are you taking me?

PATRICK

It's hip. It's totally hip.

EVELYN

Have you ever been there?

PATRICK

Millions of times.

EVELYN

Where honey, tell me.

PATRICK

It's a surprise.

EVELYN

Chernoble? No, not Chernoble. Honey, it's Christmas.

PATRICK

What in the hell does that mean?

EVELYN

I don't understand why you have to ruin this time of year for me.

(beat; then)

Oh Patrick, please. Honey, it's Christmas.

PATRICK

You keep saying that as if it meant something.

(beat; then)

Where would you like me to take you, Evelyn? The Rainbow Room?

EVELYN

Oh why not, Patrick? They have the best Waldorf Salad in town at the Rainbow Room. Did you like mine? Did you like my Waldorf Salad, honey?

PATRICK

Oh my god.

(beat; then)

Why wasn't Donald Trump invited to your party?

EVELYN

Not Donald Trump again. This obsession of yours has got to end! That's why you were acting like such an ass.

PATRICK

It was the Waldorf Salad, Evelyn. It was the Waldorf Salad that was making me act like an ass!

EVELYN

Oh my god. You mean it, too! I knew it. I knew it.

PATRICK

But you didn't even make it! It was catered!

EVELYN

Oh my god. I can't believe this.

INT LIMOUSINE/EXT CLUB CHERNOBLE - NIGHT

The limousine pulls up in front of the club... a CROWD ten deep is waiting to be let in.

Always the perfect gentleman, PATRICK reaches over to open the door for EVELYN --

-- she gets out of the car, but... PATRICK remains seated.

PATRICK

You go on inside, Evelyn.

EVELYN

Patrick? What's going on?

PATRICK

There's something I need to pick up.

EVELYN

Oh for god's sake, just buy your drugs downstairs if you have to.

PATRICK

Evelyn, honey, I'll be back before midnight.

EVELYN

Patrick, you made me leave my own goddamned party.

PATRICK

Don't have a hissy fit, Evelyn.

EVELYN

You're impossible. There's something seriously wrong with you.

PATRICK

Just go on inside and order me a Foster's, okay? I'll be back.

PATRICK slams the door shut and sits back, relieved...

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Don't you bet on it.

...stunned, EVELYN bursts into tears as the limousine squeals away.

EXT MEAT PACKING DISTRICT - NIGHT

Manhattan's infamous meat packing district: dark and deserted except for the occasional PROSTITUTE, PIMP or DRUG PUSHER.

Giant NEON LETTERS on the side of a warehouse: M E A T --

-- the "M" flickering, ready to burn out...

Hot steam rises from deep beneath the city as a black limousine slowly cruises down the street, a rarity in these parts --

The LOCALS shout out to the passing car: "Hey, big boy! Where you goin', huh?", "Whachowan, man? I geddit for you!", "I fuck you real good, baby", etc....

ON THE CORNER:

A WHORE pretends not to notice the commotion caused by the approaching limousine.

Young and white, this WHORE could easily be mistaken for an NYU girl --

-- CLOSE UP she's trashy but by no means is she too used up... blond, slim, pale, fire-engine red lipstick on a pouty little mouth. She's definitely not dressed for cold weather.

The limousine pulls up next to her, idling.

The young WHORE lingers casually, pretending to be unaware of what the limousine actually signifies...

...a tinted window is lowered to reveal:

PATRICK BATEMAN, smiling a rictus.

The WHORE quickly looks away --

PATRICK

I haven't seen you around here.

WHORE

You just haven't been looking.

PATRICK

Do you take American Express?

The WHORE glares at him: go fuck yourself, Mr. Limousine.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Just a joke, I'm only kidding...

(beat; then)

Would you like to see my apartment?

The WHORE looks at PATRICK, then at the LIMOUSINE, then back at PATRICK... is she playing "hard to get"? My god...

WHORE

I'm not supposed to.

PATRICK reaches for his wallet; the WHORE has trouble hiding her delight.

PATRICK

(chuckling)

What's the matter? Are you afraid of me? Do I look dangerous?

PATRICK removes a thick wad of cash, mostly hundreds. He holds out a hundred dollar bill, offering it to her...

...without a word, the WHORE greedily takes the money.

PATRICK

Do you want to come up to my apartment or not?

WHORE

I really shouldn't, but...

The WHORE looks around cautiously --

WHORE (CONT'D)

I can make an exception.

-- before she opens the door and gets in...

INT PATRICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Silence. PATRICK and the WHORE lay in the bed, sleeping...

The WHORE restlessly shifts in her sleep -- rolling over, she mumbles something incomprehensible...

She brushes up against PATRICK's wrist --

-- his eyes immediately SNAP open:

PATRICK

Don't touch my fucking Rolex.

The WHORE doesn't wake up... instead, she snuggles up to PATRICK, an almost involuntary reaction on her part: rubbing his well-defined chest muscles, she moves down... down... down... BINGO!

Disgusted by the WHORE's pathetic attempt at intimacy, PATRICK abruptly rises from the bed -- the WHORE barely registering his absence.

STAY ON PATRICK walking across the bedroom --

-- he stops to check his reflection in the mirror above the armoire: it's been a rough night but PATRICK is still the perfect vision of male beauty -- and he knows it.

OFF SCREEN, the groggy WHORE beckons PATRICK: "baby, come back to bed... baby, come here..."

SOMETHING on the armoire catches PATRICK's attention --

-- with the concentration of a neurosurgeon, PATRICK arranges and then, apparently unsatisfied, rearranges the items on top of his dresser.

At last PATRICK turns around, facing the WHORE --

-- IN HIS HAND: a rusty coat hanger and a large jar of seasoning salt:

PATRICK

We're not through yet...

PATRICK walks OUT OF FRAME, approaching the bed.

The WHORE can be heard OFF SCREEN: "what are you doing? no, no, don't... stop it... you're hurting me..."

PATRICK (V.O.)

She leaves an hour later, bleeding but well paid.

CUT ON the SOUND of the WHORE SCREAMING IN AGONY.

EXT MANHATTAN SKYLINE (SUMMER) - DAY

A panoramic view of the World's Greatest City.

PATRICK (V.O.)

For a limited period of time I am actually capable of being halfway cheerful and outgoing.

INT BARNEY'S - DAY

A TWO-YEAR-OLD BABY'S FACE fills the FRAME --

-- smooth pink skin, bright blue eyes, all grins and giggles...  
awww, how cute!

PATRICK (O.S.)

(sing-song, babytalk)

I'm a psychopathic murderer, oh yes I  
am...

PATRICK playfully lifts the BABY up over his head:

PATRICK

(shaking his head, smiling)

I like to kill people, oh yes I do,  
honey, little sweetie pie, yes I do...

A beautiful young WOMAN standing next to PATRICK waits for a  
SALESCLERK to ring up her purchases, an empty stroller at her  
side...

...PATRICK eyes the WOMAN up and down before handing the BABY  
over to her. Nicely dressed, thin, classy: she easily passes his  
inspection.

The WOMAN gently takes the BABY from PATRICK, placing her in the  
empty stroller.

WOMAN

I think she likes you.

PATRICK

What a beautiful baby... she looks  
just like you.

WOMAN

(blushing, looking down)

She's not actually mine. I'm just  
watching her.

(beat; then)

Do I know you from somewhere?

PATRICK continues to play with the BABY, waving his American  
Express card in front of her face...

PATRICK

I don't know... do you?

WOMAN

Are you a model? I could swear I've seen you in a magazine or somewhere.

PATRICK smiles, says nothing...

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Ohmygod, I know who you are! You're that actor! You were in... um...

PATRICK

No. Flattering, but no.

WOMAN

Are you sure?

(beat; then)

So... what do you do?

PATRICK

I'm into, oh, murders and executions mostly. It depends.

WOMAN

Do you like it?

PATRICK

Umm... yeah, sometimes. I guess so. Why do you ask?

WOMAN

Well, most guys I know who work in mergers and acquisitions don't really like it.

PATRICK

That's not what I said.

Without warning, LUIS CARRUTHERS materializes out of thin air, literally BUMPING into PATRICK.

LUIS' physical appearance has undergone something of a transformation: it's very subtle, difficult to pinpoint. The blond highlights in his expensive haircut are new... the silk scarf around his neck belongs only in a caricature --

-- LUIS looks and acts so flamboyantly gay, he GLOWS!

LUIS

Patrick? Ohmygod, Patrick? Is that

you?

The sexual energy built up between PATRICK and the WOMAN instantly disappears --

-- derailed, PATRICK shakes LUIS' outstretched hand, making a huge production of it.

PATRICK

Luis Carruthers. Well, well.

PATRICK looks around nervously, trying to wipe off his right hand without being noticed. There is a brief moment of uncomfortable silence:

PATRICK

We were just--

LUIS

(interrupting)

What a cute baby!

LUIS can't help himself: he immediately departs for a distant planet where unicorns freely run through open fields of brightly colored flowers, leaping over rainbows to the sound of Judy Garland singing her heart out...

...the WOMAN's attention turns from PATRICK to the BABY as she journeys with LUIS to Planet Queer.

LUIS kneels down in front of the stroller: aww, coochie-coochie-coo... my, you're a big girl, oh yes you are... you sure are, my little buttercup...

The WOMAN is completely overcome as her maternal instincts take over, destroying her capacity for rational thought and adult conversation, rendering her "gaga".

PATRICK squints his eyes tightly as he squeezes the bridge of his nose: try to stay calm PATRICK, try to stay calm...

PATRICK (V.O.)

Oh my god.

PATRICK looks around nervously -- time for a graceful exit:

PATRICK

I think I need... to be... alone right

now.

LUIS and the WOMAN can't be reached -- they're way too busy being "cute" with the baby...

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Excuse me, I have to purchase a tie.

PATRICK turns away from LUIS, the WOMAN and the BABY --

-- his departure barely registering with either of them.

STAY ON PATRICK walking:

PATRICK

(under his breath)

Fuck, fuck, fuck...

PATRICK grabs a towel from a display rack and vigorously wipes off his right hand, cleansing himself of LUIS...

...PATRICK drops the towel on the floor and WALKS OUT OF FRAME.

INT BARNEY'S, TIE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Row after endless row of neckties in every size, shape and color: a monumental achievement in the fine art of retail display.

Humbled, PATRICK thoughtfully examines a necktie.

He thinks it over carefully, weighing his options before setting it back on the rack...

...PATRICK gently runs his hand across a row of colorful silk ties, closing his eyes, enjoying the sheer physical sensation of the beautiful material.

A VOICE INTERRUPTS --

LUIS (O.S.)

(whispering)

What are you doing here?

LUIS has magically reappeared.

Standing next to PATRICK, LUIS picks up a tie, pretending to look it over...

...PATRICK does his best to ignore him, but... LUIS persists:

LUIS

Patrick, why won't you look at me?  
Look at me.

PATRICK

Please, please leave me alone, Luis.

LUIS

Come on, let's have a drink at Sofi's  
and talk about this.

PATRICK

Talk about what?

LUIS

Well... about us.

PATRICK

Did you follow me in here?

LUIS

(innocently)

Me? Follow you?

(scoffing at PATRICK)

Oh come on. Jesus.

PATRICK

Luis. Please leave me alone. Go  
away.

LUIS

Patrick. I love you very much. I  
hope you realize this.

(beat; then)

Patrick, what are we doing here?

PATRICK

Well, I'm trying to buy a tie -- and  
you're trying to give me head, figure  
it out. Jesus, I'm getting out of  
here.

LUIS

Patrick, we've got to talk.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT FIFTH AVENUE - DAY

PATRICK battles his way through the Mid-town crowd, his stress level at an all time high...

PATRICK (V.O.)

...I find myself cursing the earth and everything I have been taught: morals, choices, knowledge, prayer - all of it was wrong, without any final purpose, yet I am still able to find solace in many things: the new compact disc from Huey Lewis and the News, dress shirts from Ralph Lauren, the fact that I don't live in a trailer park or work in a bowling alley, the dinner reservations I have this evening with Paul Owen, the Patty Winters Show this morning was about shark attack victims...

INT TEXARKANA - NIGHT

A flashy new restaurant unremarkable in every way, except... where are all the people? This place feels deserted: the bar is empty and only five tables have people at them in the dining area.

PAUL OWEN sits alone in a booth near the back.

PATRICK approaches PAUL smiling, his hand extended...

PAUL

(checking his Rolex)

You're late.

PATRICK

(laughing)

Hey, I'm a child of divorce. Give me a break.

They shake hands as PATRICK sits down.

PAUL motions to a WAITER, silently ordering a round of drinks by pointing to his already empty martini glass.

PAUL

This is really a beehive of, uh, activity, Halberstam.

PATRICK

Listen, I tried making a reservation

at Dorsia, but--

PAUL

(interrupting)

I know, I know. Forget it. They've got a twelve-month waiting list. Twelve months, can you believe it? For Christ sake, Stallone can't even get in there!

PATRICK

I didn't hear about this.

PAUL

Yeah. Last week... they turned away Rambo himself.

PATRICK

Just... say... no.

PAUL

How've you been, Marcus?

PATRICK

Great. Great... and you?

PAUL

Terrific. Never better.

PATRICK

Are you still handling the Fisher account?

PAUL

Yeah. Lucked out, huh?

PATRICK

How'd you get it?

PAUL

Things just fell into place.

The WAITER reappears with the drinks...

PATRICK

Wow...

(beat; then)

So how were the Bahamas? You just got back, right?

PAUL

Well, Marcus, let me tell you -- travelers looking for that perfect vacation this summer may do well to look south, as far south as the Bahamas and the Caribbean islands. There are at least five smart reasons to visit the Caribbean...

DISSOLVE TO LATER

PAUL's martini is nearly gone... PATRICK's remains almost full.

PAUL (CONT'D)

...those who can't take a full week away will find the Caribbean an ideal spot for the alternative weekend escape.

PATRICK

This is enlightening.

PAUL is just about completely shit-faced... he slams the rest of his drink in one huge, drunken gulp as the WAITER silently delivers him a fresh martini:

PAUL

For the active vacationer there is mountain climbing, cave exploring, sailing, horseback riding, white-water river rafting...

DISSOLVE TO LATER

The entrees have been served: mostly uneaten, they remain beautiful works of culinary art.

PAUL continues to pound down the martinis as quickly as they arrive...

PAUL (CONT'D)

...for those who wish to gamble, there are casinos on many of the islands. As for dining out, the islands have attracted numerous world class chefs - American, British, French, Italian... even Dutch expatriates own many of the restaurants.

PATRICK

My life is a living hell... and there are many more people I, uh, want to... want to, well, I guess, murder.

PAUL

What you need is a vacation, Halberstam. You and that beautiful lady of yours, what's her name?

PATRICK

Cecelia, Paul. My girlfriend's name is Cecelia.

PAUL

That's right. You and Cecelia should really think about... getting away.

PATRICK

Where would you suggest? The Bahamas, perhaps?

PAUL

(genuinely surprised by the idea)  
Why not? She'll love it.

(beat; then)

Do you golf, Marcus? The golf courses and tennis courts in the Bahamas are unlike anything you've ever seen. During the summer months, the pros at many of the resorts are made more available...

PATRICK (V.O.)

Paul Owen is so drunk by the time dinner is over that I (1) make him pay the check, which comes to over two hundred and fifty dollars, (2) make him admit what a dumb son-of-a-bitch he really is...

INT PATRICK'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Every light in the apartment is on; the venetian blinds are closed.

PAUL is slumped over PATRICK's mini-bar, doing his best to pour a glass of wine...

PATRICK (CONT'D, V.O.)

...and (3) get him back to my place,  
where he makes himself another drink.

PAUL staggers through the living room, stopping near the stereo system to examine PATRICK's enormous CD collection.

A white aluminum folding chair has been set up in the center of the living room, the floor beneath it covered with newspaper...  
hmm, that's odd.

PATRICK silently enters the living room wearing a shiny new raincoat -- IN HIS HAND: a very large AX...

Unaware of PATRICK's presence, PAUL straightens up and slowly stumbles backward, sipping from his wineglass...

...he seats himself in the folding chair, comfortably numb.

PATRICK slowly continues his silent approach, buttoning up the raincoat with his free hand.

Still getting settled in the flimsy chair, PAUL looks around, drunk and confused:

PAUL

(slurring)

Hey, Halberstam.

PATRICK

Yes, Owen.

PAUL

Why are there, um, copies of the Style section all over the place? Do you have a dog? A chow or something?

PATRICK arrives at the folding chair...

PATRICK

No, Owen.

Standing directly in front of PAUL, PATRICK raises THE AX high above his head --

-- but PAUL is so wasted that he doesn't even notice...

PATRICK brings the AX down, STOPPING just short of his target.

Reconsidering, PATRICK changes his grip on the AX, instead holding it like a baseball bat. He lowers it to his waist as if preparing to swing at an oncoming ball...

PAUL

Anyway, I used to hate Iggy Pop but now that he's so commercial I like him a lot better than-

The AX HITS PAUL midsentence, straight in the face, finally shutting him up.

PAUL weakly grabs at the handle of the AX, the force of the blow having sapped his strength, a rustling SOUND filling the room as newspapers tear beneath PAUL's kicking feet...

PATRICK pulls the AX out, almost yanking PAUL out of the chair by his head -- blood slowly pouring out of his massive facial wounds.

PATRICK STRIKES HIM with the ax ONCE AGAIN, directly in the face...

...PAUL falls to the floor, bleeding profusely.

PATRICK

FUCKING STUPID BASTARD! FUCKING STUPID BASTARD!

(beat; then calming down)

Things just fell into place, buddy.

FADE TO RED --

PATRICK (V.O.)

It takes Paul five minutes to finally die. Another thirty to stop bleeding.

FADE TO BLACK --

PATRICK (CONT'D, V.O.)

The aftermath: no fear, no confusion.

INT PATRICK'S OFFICE - DAY

Seated comfortably behind his desk, PATRICK is once again hard at work... attempting to solve the Rubix Cube. The soothing SOUNDS of soft jazz fill the room.

PATRICK's hands feverishly TWIST and TURN... bright squares of color come to life in a WHIRL of hypnotic moving patterns...

PATRICK's INTERCOM BUZZES:

JEAN (V.O., INTERCOM)  
Patrick?

PATRICK  
What is it?

JEAN (V.O., INTERCOM)  
Patrick, a Mr. Donald Kimball is here  
to see you.

PATRICK  
Who?

JEAN (V.O., INTERCOM)  
(hesitating)  
Detective Donald Kimball.

PATRICK's hands STOP moving. He sits up, alert. Did she say...  
detective?

PATRICK  
Tell him...  
(beat; then)  
Tell him I'm at lunch.

JEAN (V.O., INTERCOM)  
Patrick... I think he knows you're  
here.  
(beat; then)  
It's ten-thirty.

PATRICK considers his limited options --

PATRICK  
Well... send him in.

-- and realizes that there is NO WAY OUT of this.

PATRICK takes a deep breath before rising from his chair...

...he walks over to a large mirror and checks his hair.

PATRICK stares into the mirror, lost in his own beauty.

WE HEAR A DISTANT, FAMILIAR VOICE:

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Are you a model?

The FAMILIAR VOICE is none other than that of the WOMAN with the cute BABY from Barney's...

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Ohmygod, I know who you are! You're that actor!

PATRICK smiles confidently. Who cares about the detective?

The doors to PATRICK's office fly open --

-- as DETECTIVE DONALD KIMBALL ENTERS.

KIMBALL is in his late twenties: clean cut, good-looking, casually hip in a slightly disheveled Armani suit, an apparent victim of one too many episodes of "Miami Vice".

PATRICK waves him in, offering his outstretched hand.

PATRICK

Hi. Pat Bateman.

The MEN shake hands...

KIMBALL

Donald Kimball.

PATRICK sits down behind his desk, motioning for KIMBALL to be seated:

KIMBALL

I'm sorry to barge in on you like this, but I was supposed to talk to Luis Carruthers and he wasn't in and... well, anyway, you are, so...

KIMBALL surveys PATRICK's desk: next to the Rubix Cube, several magazines lay open to pictures of women in bikinis.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)

I know how busy you guys can get. If it's any problem for you, I can--

PATRICK

(interrupting)

No. It's no problem at all.

PATRICK very nonchalantly tries to clear his desk by pulling out a drawer and sweeping everything into it --

PATRICK (CONT'D)

So... how can I help you?

KIMBALL

I've been hired to investigate the disappearance of Paul Owen.

PATRICK

Ah, I see... yes.

(beat; then)

You're not with the FBI or anything, are you?

KIMBALL

No, no. Nothing like that. Just a private investigator.

PATRICK

So... no one's dealing with the homicide squad yet or anything, right?

KIMBALL eyes PATRICK: that was a very strange question...

KIMBALL

No... no... I just have some, you know, basic questions. For my file.

PATRICK

For your file.

KIMBALL

About Paul Owen. About yourself-

PATRICK

(interrupting)

Coffee?

KIMBALL

No, I'm okay.

PATRICK  
Perrier?

KIMBALL  
No, really. I'm fine.

KIMBALL removes a small notebook and a pen from his coat pocket... he opens it up, finds the right page and begins writing.

PATRICK BUZZES JEAN:

JEAN (V.O., INTERCOM)  
Yes, Patrick?

PATRICK  
Jean, can you bring Mr. --

PATRICK pauses, looking over to KIMBALL for help with his name...

KIMBALL  
Kimball.

PATRICK  
Mr. Kimball a bottle of San Pelle-

KIMBALL  
(interrupting)  
Oh no, really, that's not necessary.

PATRICK  
It's no problem at all.

KIMBALL scribbles in his notebook. He frowns, scratching it out...

JEAN ENTERS THE OFFICE:

She sets down a bottle of San Pellegrino along with a crystal tumbler on the desk in front of KIMBALL.

KIMBALL looks up at JEAN and smiles politely --

-- PATRICK scowls at her: GET OUT!

JEAN EXITS QUICKLY.

PATRICK sits up in his chair, clasping his hands together:

PATRICK

So. Where were we then?

KIMBALL

The disappearance of Paul Owen.

PATRICK

Oh right. Well, I haven't heard anything about Paul Owen's disappearing act...

(beat; then jokingly)

At least not on Page Six.

KIMBALL

I think his family wants this kept quiet.

PATRICK

That's understandable.

PATRICK gestures toward the untouched bottle of water:

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Lime?

KIMBALL

No, really. I'm okay.

PATRICK

You sure? Because I can always get you a lime.

KIMBALL

I just have a few questions for you and then I'll be on my way--

PATRICK shuts both eyes tightly. He squeezes the bridge of his nose. Beads of sweat glisten on his brow. PATRICK is not doing very well right now --

KIMBALL (CONT'D)

Pardon me, but... are you okay?

-- PATRICK's eyes open wide:

PATRICK

Why do you ask?

KIMBALL

You seem... nervous.

PATRICK reaches into a desk drawer and pulls out a bottle of aspirin...

PATRICK struggles with the child-proof bottle... he finally manages to get it open, in the process spilling most of the pills all over his desk:

PATRICK

Nuprin?

KIMBALL

Uh... no thanks.

PATRICK quickly pops two of the little white pills into his mouth, gulping them down without any water.

KIMBALL pulls out a pack of Marlboros, laying them down on the desk next to an unused crystal ashtray --

-- PATRICK fearfully stares at the offensive package:

PATRICK

Bad habit.

KIMBALL

I know. I'm sorry.

PATRICK continues staring, consumed --

KIMBALL (CONT'D)

Do you... would you rather I not smoke?

PATRICK

No... no... I guess it's okay.

KIMBALL

You sure?

-- PATRICK snaps out of his trance:

PATRICK

Of course. It's no problem at all.

KIMBALL takes out a cigarette and lights it, sucking in hard while looking through his notebook...

...he finally exhales an enormous cloud of cigarette smoke:

KIMBALL

Where were you on the night of Paul Owen's disappearance?

EXT CENTRAL PARK ZOO - DAY

The Central Park Zoo: New York's wildest animals behind bars, a sanctuary from the urban sprawl. Horsedrawn carriages pass in front of the entrance gates...

...DRUG DEALERS hang out, hoping to make a sale... a BLIND MAN gnaws on a jumbo pretzel, his mouth open... two drunk FAGGOTS console each other on a park bench as a young MOTHER publicly breast feeds her INFANT...

The tips of skyscrapers and apartment buildings on Fifth Avenue peek out high above the surrounding trees.

PATRICK enters the zoo:

PATRICK (V.O.)

Unable to maintain a credible public persona, I find myself roaming the zoo in Central Park.

A SERIES OF SHOTS -- various animals...

...dirty polar bears lay across giant slabs of concrete... an alligator floats across an oily pond... puffins and toucans stare out from their cages, bored...

EXT CENTRAL PARK ZOO, SEAL EXHIBIT - DAY

Seals dive off artificial rocks into a pool of murky water... they resurface, barking as a ZOO KEEPER rewards them with fish.

A small CROWD has gathered in front of the seal tank: mostly ADULTS, a few accompanied by CHILDREN... they APPLAUD and CHEER mechanically.

PATRICK joins the CROWD, quickly making his way to the front for

a better view of the action...

...he notices a SIGN:

COINS CAN KILL - IF SWALLOWED, COINS  
CAN LODGE IN AN ANIMAL'S STOMACH AND  
CAUSE ULCERS, INFECTIONS AND DEATH.  
DO NOT THROW COINS IN THE POOL.

PATRICK looks around cautiously --

-- before tossing a handful of change into the seal's tank...

PATRICK SMILES, pleased with himself.

INT PENGUIN HABITAT - DAY

A dark, cavernous room. A large banner, "EDGE OF THE ICEPACK", hangs on the wall. Penguins lazily glide underwater behind gigantic glass walls as FAKE PENGUIN NOISES play over a cheap sound system...

A large, NOISY CROWD watches the graceful, flightless birds.

IN THE CROWD:

A five year-old BOY watches the penguins, captivated by their charm as he chews on a candy bar.

His MOTHER, early thirties, average in every way, smiles lovingly at her SON as he finishes his candy bar and hands her the empty wrapper...

The MOTHER gives the wrapper back to the BOY, POINTING OFF SCREEN as she speaks to him, smiling and nodding...

...the BOY nods, understanding what she wants him to do... he smiles and happily skips OUT OF FRAME.

The MOTHER smiles, pleased. Her attention returns to the penguins.

AT THE BACK OF THE PENGUIN HABITAT:

The BOY approaches a large trash can in a dimly lit corner of the room. Standing on tiptoes, he carefully throws the wrapper into the trash.

Crouched behind the trash can, PATRICK peeks out, smiling:

PATRICK  
Psst... hi.

The BOY stands still --

-- he looks at PATRICK apprehensively, yet fascinated...

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Would you like... a cookie?

The BOY nods up and down, smiling.

In one swift move, PATRICK reaches into his coat pocket, pulling out a knife as he lunges forward --

-- GRABBING the unsuspecting BOY.

BACK TO THE CROWD:

The MOTHER is still watching the penguins, unaware...

PATRICK MOVES INTO FRAME, joining the CROWD.

PATRICK stands next to an attractive WOMAN. He taps her shoulder and winks as he points to a penguin preparing to dive...

...the WOMAN smiles back at PATRICK, openly flirting.

The MOTHER scans the CROWD, craning her neck for a better view --

-- turning around she sees SOMETHING OFF SCREEN.

She smiles, relieved.

The MOTHER walks toward the back of the room, OUT OF FRAME...

AT THE BACK OF THE PENGUIN HABITAT:

Clearly visible behind the trash can are two tiny feet, slowly kicking up and down...

...the MOTHER approaches, smiling:

MOTHER

Are you playing hide-and-seeK, honey?

BACK TO THE CROWD:

PATRICK and the WOMAN continue to flirt, PATRICK occasionally craning his neck to scan the room...

A WOMAN'S SCREAMS PIERCES THROUGH THE NOISE OF THE CROWD.

Several PEOPLE turn in the direction of the SCREAM, however most ignore it, content just to watch the goddamned birds.

PATRICK instantly turns around, his handsome face a mixture of horror and genuine concern --

-- he runs toward the screaming MOTHER, pushing PEOPLE out of his way:

PATRICK

I'M A DOCTOR! MOVE BACK, I'M A  
DOCTOR!

THE TRASH CAN HAS BEEN PULLED AWAY FROM THE WALL --

-- the young BOY lies on the floor, gasping for breath, grabbing at his throat, his legs kicking weakly --

-- his face covered with BLOOD.

The MOTHER kneels next to the BOY, hysterical.

PATRICK drops to his knees and delicately lifts the little BOY's head while checking for a pulse, desperate to save his young life...

MOTHER

DO SOMETHING! DO SOMETHING!

Unable to ignore the MOTHER's screaming, the CROWD focuses its collective attention, forming a semi-circle around PATRICK, the MOTHER and the BOY.

Members of the CROWD gasp in horror as A WAVE OF PANIC surges through the penguin habitat...

SOMEONE runs from the CROWD to "go get help" --

-- a TOURIST with a camera takes flash pictures...

The penguins freak out, slamming themselves into the glass wall

behind the CROWD.

PATRICK holds the BOY, soothing him as the MOTHER totally loses control, shrieking and wailing... PATRICK harshly slaps her face, a futile attempt to calm her down.

NO ONE blinks twice at any of the "DOCTOR's" actions...

Two ZOO OFFICIALS and a SECURITY GUARD burst through the main doors, running to the bleeding BOY --

-- the SECURITY GUARD pushes PATRICK away, carefully lifting the BOY's limp body, carrying him outside...

The MOTHER runs after them, PATRICK right behind her --

-- as the CROWD follows, chasing the excitement.

EXT PENGUIN HABITAT - DAY

The SECURITY GUARD gently lays the BOY down on the ground as a ZOO OFFICIAL removes the BOY's blood soaked shirt.

An EMERGENCY MEDICAL TEAM arrives -- but it's too late.

THE BOY GASPS, DIES.

PARAMEDICS fight to restrain the hysterical MOTHER.

Two POLICE OFFICERS arrive on the scene...

POLICE OFFICER

Okay, people -- let's go! Keep moving... keep moving.

HIGH ANGLE on PATRICK as he blends back into the CROWD, his hands and suit stained with blood.

PATRICK slowly backs away, UNCAUGHT.

INT PATRICK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

PATRICK is at his desk finishing up some paperwork. It's late; way past quitting time...

PATRICK (V.O.)

My appearances in the office the last month or so have been sporadic to say

the least. I have all the characteristics of a human being -- flesh, blood, skin, hair -- yet I feel empty, hardly here at all. I am only imitating reality.

(beat; then)

These are terrible times.

JEAN gently knocks on PATRICK's half-open door --

-- without looking up, PATRICK motions for her to enter...

JEAN approaches PATRICK's desk, delivering a file... she looks especially attractive this evening, more so than usual.

JEAN

Doin' the crossword puzzle?

PATRICK silently nods... JEAN walks behind his desk for a better look:

JEAN (CONT'D)

Need help?

ON THE DESK --

A crossword puzzle, every square filled in with the words "MEAT" and "BONE"... next to the puzzle is a small pile of no. 2 pencils, snapped in half...

JEAN emits a slight gasp before dutifully picking up the broken pencils. PATRICK has the greatest secretary in the world: she is completely and totally devoted to her boss.

JEAN turns to leave --

PATRICK

Jean?

JEAN

Yes, Patrick?

PATRICK finally looks up from the crossword puzzle:

PATRICK

Would you like to accompany me to dinner? That is, if you're not... doing anything.

JEAN has dreamt of this moment for a very long time...

JEAN

(embarrassed; looking down)

Oh no. I have no plans.

JEAN is putty in his hands... PATRICK turns on the charm:

PATRICK

Well, isn't this a coincidence?

(beat; then)

Where should we go?

JEAN

Anywhere you want?

PATRICK

No, no, no. How about anywhere you want.

JEAN

Oh Patrick. I can't make this decision.

PATRICK

Come on. Anywhere you want. I can get us in anywhere.

JEAN

How about...

PATRICK (V.O.)

Don't say Dorsia, don't say Dorsia, don't say Dorsia...

JEAN

...Dorsia?

PATRICK

S-o-o-o... Jean wants to go to Dorsia? Dorsia it is.

Too proud to back down, PATRICK casually picks up the telephone and dials, smiling...

PATRICK (into TELEPHONE)

Can you take two tonight, oh, let's say, in around twenty minutes?

(beat; then)

Oh, really? That's great!

(beat; then)  
See you then.

PATRICK hangs up, smiling --

-- but JEAN is confused... something is bothering her:

PATRICK  
Yes? You look... fine.

JEAN  
(puzzled)  
You didn't give them a name.

PATRICK  
They know me.

INT DORSIA, ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Manhattan's hippest, busiest restaurant... it is a cool, happening place, but come on -- a twelve month waiting list for dinner reservations?

The CROWD is an eye-pleasing mix of YUPPIES, MODELS and assorted SCENE-MAKERS... their NOISE is deafening.

The MAITRE D' is dressed entirely in black, his greying hair pulled back into a "hipper-than-thou" ponytail...

...he leaves his post to seat a glamorous young COUPLE.

PATRICK and JEAN approach the podium.

The reservation book lies open, unguarded...

Awestruck, JEAN looks around as PATRICK casually leans over the podium, trying his best to read the reservation book without being too obvious about it...

PATRICK carefully scans the book... most of the names have already been crossed out: this is not good... his eyes dart back and forth across the page... JACKPOT!

HE SEES:

9:00                    2 PEOPLE                    SCHRAWTZ

PATRICK (V.O.)

Oh Jesus.

BACK TO SCENE

The MAITRE D' has just seated the first COUPLE... already on his way back, he's criss-crossing through the dining room --

-- PATRICK looks around nervously:

PATRICK

Why don't you go to the women's room?

JEAN

What?

PATRICK

Don't you want to use the ladies' room?

JEAN

Why? I mean... do I?

The MAITRE D' is getting CLOSER!

PATRICK

Just... go.

JEAN

But I don't need to go, Patrick.

PATRICK

Oh Christ.

The MAITRE D' arrives at the podium, an eyebrow quizzically raised as he inspects PATRICK and JEAN from head to toe:

MAITRE D'

Yes?

PATRICK

Reservations at nine... for two.

MAITRE D'

Yes? Name?

PATRICK

Um, Schrawtz. Mr. and Mrs. Schrawtz.

JEAN is absolutely STUNNED... what in the hell is going on?

Without a second thought, the MAITRE D' crosses the name off in the reservation book and grabs two menus...

MAITRE D'

Follow me.

PATRICK turns to JEAN, grinning like an idiot, a very handsome idiot... he takes her hand, leading her into Dorsia's crowded dining room.

INT DORSIA, DINING ROOM - LATER

PATRICK and JEAN have been seated at a small table for two near the open kitchen... it's not the best table in the restaurant, but hey -- it's better than nothing!

A WAITER drops off their drinks, disappears.

JEAN is absorbed in the menu, studying it like a text book... every now and then she glances up at PATRICK and giggles. She couldn't be happier.

Straight through the dining room, PATRICK has a perfect view of the podium:

A flashy young COUPLE has just arrived... there seems to be some confusion, some problem with the reservation book... oh my god, no!

The MAITRE D' glares at PATRICK from across the entire restaurant -- if looks could kill...

PATRICK

Something bad is happening.

His face turning beet red, the MAITRE D' marches through the dining room with the real MR. AND MRS. SCHRAWTZ following close behind...

JEAN

Why? What's wrong?

They arrive almost instantly, the MAITRE D' looming over the table:

MAITRE D'

(sternly, to PATRICK and JEAN)

Mr. and Mrs.... Schrawtz?

EXT SIDEWALK - NIGHT

The sidewalk in front of Dorsia: a homeless MAN desperately cries out for spare change...

PATRICK

(chanting)

I should have known better... I  
should have known better... I should  
have known better...

JEAN skips ahead, laughing.

JEAN

That was so funny. Your sense of  
humor is so spontaneous.

(beat; then)

Where to now, Mr. Schrawtz?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT ARCADIA - NIGHT

Arcadia is pure elegance: WAITERS in tuxedos silently move through a dimly lit dining room decorated entirely with paintings and sculptures of characters from Greek Mythology.

PATRICK and JEAN are enjoying a candle-lit dinner at a secluded table near the back -- hanging above their table is a framed reproduction of Nicholas Poussin's "Echo and Narcissus".

JEAN stares lovingly into PATRICK's eyes, listening to his every word... she focuses on his lips, the shape of his perfectly formed mouth... his recently manicured, almost feminine hands... JEAN is spellbound.

PATRICK is really coming into his own, thoroughly enjoying himself: talking, smiling, he even pauses to refill JEAN's wine glass, lingering for a moment to appreciate just how physically beautiful she really is, how... delicate she seems.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT JEAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A classy Upper East Side apartment building: not too shabby, JEAN. A DOORMAN stands in the lobby, suspicious of EVERYONE.

It's a beautiful, clear night... a curtain of stars, miles of them, glow scattered across the sky.

PATRICK and JEAN are standing in front of her apartment building, tense with expectations... what now?

JEAN

Well. Here we are.

PATRICK

Here we are.

JEAN

Dinner was wonderful. Thank you very much.

PATRICK

Actually, the food was mediocre, but you're welcome.

JEAN

Do you want to come up?

PATRICK

Do you have any peyote?

JEAN

What?

PATRICK

Just a joke.

(beat; then)

I'd love to but I have to return some videotapes.

JEAN

(checking her watch)

Now? It's almost midnight.

PATRICK

Well, yeah...

JEAN

Then, I guess... it's good night, Mr.  
Bateman.

PATRICK and JEAN are both giddy, like teenagers on a first date -  
- the evening has gone quite well... maybe it shouldn't be ending  
just yet.

PATRICK awkwardly reaches out to JEAN --

-- they shake hands, but...

...JEAN won't let go.

PATRICK and JEAN lock eyes --

-- as she throws her arms around PATRICK,

KISSING HIM ON THE MOUTH.

PATRICK (V.O.)

I am so used to imagining everything  
happening the way it occurs in movies,  
that I almost hear the swelling of the  
orchestra...

...an orchestra suddenly swells up, the string section bursting  
forth with the promise of a never-ending romance --

PATRICK (CONT'D, V.O.)

...can almost hallucinate the camera  
panning low around us...

-- PAN AROUND PATRICK and JEAN as they kiss, starting low,  
gradually rising --

PATRICK (CONT'D, V.O.)

...as fireworks burst overhead in slow  
motion...

-- as colorful fireworks EXPLODE high above...

PATRICK (CONT'D, V.O.)

...the seventy-millimeter image of her  
lips parting, murmuring "I want  
you..."

EXTREME CLOSE UP OF JEAN'S LIPS glistening as she seductively mouths "I want you..."

BACK TO SCENE

Back to REALITY: the fireworks are gone, the orchestra has cut out...

PATRICK is FROZEN, tense -- JEAN continues kissing him, her eyes closed...

...but PATRICK remains frigid. He lightly pushes her away.

JEAN looks away, embarrassed and confused...

PATRICK

Listen, I've got to go.

(beat; then)

I don't want any... late fees.

JEAN

Okay. Bye.

PATRICK

Night.

PATRICK turns, walks away...

JEAN shouts out to him:

JEAN

Patrick! Don't forget you have a breakfast meeting... tomorrow...

JEAN can't decide if she wants to cry or jump for joy, her intense crush on PATRICK leaving her powerless over her own strong emotions...

...watching him disappear into the darkness, she wonders: does he feel the same way?

EXT INTERSECTION, UPPER EAST SIDE - NIGHT

Very few PEOPLE are out tonight... it's quiet, tranquil.

PATRICK hails a passing TAXI CAB.

The cab pulls over, PATRICK gets in...

INT TAXI, MOVING - NIGHT

PATRICK sits in the back of the cab, emotionally and physically exhausted. He takes a deep breath, relaxing.

PATRICK silently stares at the bizarre assortment of signs and stickers decorating the interior of the cab:

..."God is my co-pilot"..."Peace, love, happiness"..."Don't worry, be happy"..."Abused? Battered? Get help"..."Say no to drugs"..."Bush & Quayle '88"...

PATRICK's attention drifts...

He leans back in the seat, staring at the ceiling... staring at nothing --

INSERT SEQUENCE:

EXT CENTRAL PARK - DAY

A beautiful spring day. Central Park looks surreal, heavenly: the trees are in full bloom, the grass has never been greener, there's not a cloud in the endless blue sky...

The park is empty, except for:

PATRICK and JEAN, both casually dressed in blue jeans and a white T-shirt...

...they chase each other through the park, smiling and laughing like little children.

On PATRICK's left hand: A SILVER WEDDING BAND --

-- on JEAN's left hand: AN ENORMOUS DIAMOND RING.

PATRICK finally catches up to JEAN --

-- he takes her hand... she smiles.

They passionately KISS ON THE MOUTH as...

...a MAN SELLING BALLOONS magically appears.

His balloons are visually stunning, breath-taking in their simplistic beauty: red ones, yellow ones, blue ones, green

ones...

JEAN jumps up and down, thrilled as --

-- PATRICK gives the MAN some money...

The MAN smiles, handing the balloons over to JEAN. He waves "good-bye" and WALKS OFF.

PATRICK and JEAN look deep into each other's eyes...

AIN'T LOVE GRAND?

PATRICK smiles, "accidentally on-purpose" tripping JEAN --

-- she falls down, playfully dragging PATRICK with her.

They KISS --

-- JEAN's hand opens, letting go of the balloon strings...

The BALLOONS FLOAT AWAY quickly, forever lost --

-- their bright colors FRAMED against the clear blue sky, they rise... higher and higher...

...until they drift OUT OF FRAME.

INT LUKE - NIGHT

A bistro almost too chic for its own good: nouvelle Chinese cuisine served with a Creole flair... only in Manhattan.

The atmosphere is surprisingly calm and subdued given the fact that nearly every table is occupied.

PATRICK and EVELYN are seated at a decent table near the front, their entrees already served.

PATRICK stares off into space, daydreaming...

EVELYN

(smiling)

Patrick? Yoo-hoo, Patrick.

EVELYN waves her hand in front of his face.

PATRICK snaps out of it --

-- he looks at EVELYN with a sheepish grin:

PATRICK  
I'm back.

EVELYN  
What's the matter, honey?

PATRICK  
Nothing. I've just got a lot on my  
mind. You know, work.

EVELYN  
What work? What work do you do? I  
don't understand.

PATRICK  
Evelyn... did you... take your  
medication?

EVELYN  
Why don't you just quit? You  
practically own that damn company.

PATRICK (V.O.)  
I wonder if Evelyn would sleep with  
another woman. Probably not; the odds  
don't look good.  
(beat; then)  
But what if I forced her at gunpoint?

A BUSBOY clears the table.

PATRICK (CONT'D, V.O.)  
For dessert I've arranged something  
special.

A WAITER arrives carrying a large plate covered by a shiny silver  
dome...

EVELYN's eyes LIGHT UP in anticipation...

...PATRICK smiles, enjoying his GIRLFRIEND's reaction.

With EVELYN distracted by the WAITER, PATRICK quickly empties the  
contents of her water glass into a nearby ficus, setting the  
empty glass down in front of her.

The WAITER makes a huge production of presenting the plate to  
EVELYN, expertly milking the moment for every possible ounce of

drama before lifting up the silver dome:

WAITER

Voi-ra!

UNDER THE SILVER DOME:

A Godiva box wrapped in a silk bow sits on a large porcelain plate, attractively garnished with fresh, colorful flowers.

EVELYN coos with delight as the WAITER sets a spoon down next her empty water glass...

EVELYN

Patrick, that's so sweet.

EVELYN smiles as she eagerly unwraps the gold box.

IN THE GODIVA BOX:

A single mouth-watering oval-shaped piece of chocolate...

EVELYN (CONT'D)

I adore Godiva.

PATRICK smiles, waving the WAITER away when he tries to set down another spoon...

EVELYN anxiously hovers over her dessert, concerned:

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Aren't you having any?

PATRICK

I'm not hungry. Dinner was...  
filling.

EVELYN leans down, smelling the brown oval:

EVELYN

Are you... sure?

PATRICK

No, darling. I want you to eat it.  
There's not a lot there.

EVELYN takes her first bite, chewing dutifully --

-- but something isn't right: this doesn't taste like Godiva

chocolate...

Nearly gagging, EVELYN manages to swallow... she grimaces and shudders before taking another tentative bite.

The BUSBOY appears with a pitcher of ice water --

-- PATRICK quickly waves him away before he can pour any into EVELYN's empty glass...

PATRICK (V.O.)

Earlier today I stole a urinal cake from the men's room at the '21' Club, took it home, covered it with chocolate syrup and froze it.

PATRICK

How is it? Go on... eat it.

EVELYN

It's so...

PATRICK

Yes? It's so... what?

EVELYN's face twists and contorts with displeasure. Anxious to please PATRICK, she swallows a second mouthful.

EVELYN

It's so... minty.

(beat; then)

It just... so minty.

EVELYN involuntarily reaches for her water glass --

-- only to find it EMPTY!

Desperate to rid her mouth of the putrid taste, she grabs PATRICK's full glass of water and drains it in a heartbeat.

She pushes the tainted plate away, smiling appreciatively...

PATRICK (V.O.)

Though satisfying, watching Evelyn eat something that I and countless others have pissed on is a poor excuse to put up with her for three hours. Nothing is worth this... endless torture.

EVELYN signals for the WAITER to remove her plate...

EVELYN

I want a firm commitment.

PATRICK (V.O.)

Oh my god.

PATRICK

I think, Evelyn, that... that we've lost touch. We need to talk.

EVELYN

Why? What's wrong, Patrick?

(beat; then)

If you're going to start in again on why I should have breast implants, I'm leaving.

PATRICK

Just... just hear me out, Evelyn. My need to engage in... homicidal behavior on a massive scale cannot be, um, corrected. But I -- I have no other way to express my blocked needs.

(beat; then)

It's over, Evelyn. It's all over.

EVELYN

Touchy, touchy.

PATRICK

I'm serious. It is fucking over. Us. This is no joke.

EVELYN

Let's just avoid this subject, all right? I'm sorry I said anything.

EVELYN rummages through her handbag --

PATRICK

I'm not going to push the issue, but--

EVELYN

(interrupting)

How uncharacteristic of you, Patrick.

-- and pulls out a compact... she checks her lipstick in the tiny mirror.

PATRICK

Why must you constantly undermine my stability?

(beat; then)

Evelyn. This has got to end.

(beat; then)

I don't think we should see each other any more.

EVELYN closes the compact, looking directly at PATRICK:

EVELYN

But your friends are my friends. My friends are your friends. I don't think it would work.

(beat; then)

You have a tiny fleck on the top of your lip. Use your napkin.

Exasperated, PATRICK brushes the fleck off his lip...

PATRICK

Listen, I know that your friends are my friends and vice versa. I've thought about that. You can have them.

EVELYN

You're really serious aren't you?

PATRICK

Yes I am.

EVELYN

Do you have something against me, Patrick?

PATRICK

Evelyn. I'm sorry. You're just... not terribly important... to me.

EVELYN's calm facade is about to crack... barely able to contain her hysteria, she opens her handbag and takes out a designer pillbox...

EVELYN

Well, who is? Who do you think is, Patrick? Who do you want?

(beat; then)

Cher?

EVELYN unsnaps the pillbox, her hands shaking --

-- swallowing hard, she nearly chokes as the bitter pill goes down...

PATRICK

(smiling, confused)

Cher? Cher? What are you talking about?

(beat; then serious)

Forget it. I know my behavior is erratic sometimes-

EVELYN

(interrupting)

Oh god, Patrick. You're so lousy. You're inhuman.

A large, wet tear runs down EVELYN's cheek -- the dam is ready to burst!

PATRICK

No, I'm... in touch with humanity.

(beat; then)

I'm...

EVELYN

You... are not...

PATRICK

I'm not what?

EVELYN

You are not all there. You don't add up.

PATRICK

I do too. I do too add up.

(beat; then)

Listen, Evelyn. I've assessed the situation and I'm going.

EVELYN reaches across the table, taking PATRICK's hand --

EVELYN

Don't. Please don't go.

PATRICK

I'm leaving Evelyn.

EVELYN

Where are you going? Tell me,  
Patrick, where are you going?

PATRICK

I'm just leaving.

EVELYN

But where?

PATRICK has reached the end of his rope -- he throws his hands up  
in the air:

PATRICK

Jesus Christ, does it matter, Evelyn?  
I'm going to Libya, ALRIGHT? LIBYA!

DEAD SILENCE.

EVERYONE in the dining room STOPS MOVING --

-- ALL EYES ARE ON PATRICK.

He looks around, caught off-guard... what next?

PATRICK finally stands up, ready to leave:

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Because of your outburst I'm not  
paying for this meal.

EVELYN breaks down sobbing...

...PATRICK EXITS.

EXT TRIBECA STREET - NIGHT

Just past midnight on an empty Tribeca street. It's misty, on  
the verge of rain. PATRICK walks along peacefully, passing  
storefronts and boarded-up restaurants.

A young MAN in a white beret plays a very beautiful but cliched  
saxophone solo in the doorway of an abandoned  
bistro -- at his feet, an open umbrella with a dollar and some  
change in it.

Unable to resist, PATRICK approaches the SAXOPHONE PLAYER --

-- who is grateful to have an audience.

The SAXOPHONE PLAYER nods at PATRICK before launching into a new song -- his head leaned back, the MAN lifts his instrument up, blowing with everything he's got, really putting his heart and soul into it.

PATRICK is not immune to the strong emotions evoked by the melancholy sound of the saxophone --

-- he can actually feel the power of the music working on him, tugging on his heart-strings, sweeping him along...

In one fluid motion, PATRICK removes a .45 CALIBER PISTOL from a holster beneath his coat, expertly screwing a SILENCER onto it.

The SAXOPHONE PLAYER opens his eyes, immediately NOTICING the GUN in PATRICK's hand --

-- he stops playing, the tip of the saxophone still in his mouth.

PATRICK nods for him to continue...

...the MAN tentatively resumes playing as --

-- PATRICK RAISES THE GUN to his face.

Terrified, the MAN continues blowing into his sax.

PATRICK PULLS THE TRIGGER IN MIDNOTE.

A huge crimson ring instantly appears behind the SAXOPHONE PLAYER's head as...

...the BOOMING SOUND of a gunshot rings out, stunning PATRICK.

THE SILENCER DIDN'T WORK!

The SAXOPHONE PLAYER falls to his knees, collapsing onto his bloody instrument.

PATRICK angrily pops the clip, replacing it with a full one... goddamn silencer!

Without warning, A POLICE SIREN PIERCES THE NIGHT --

-- where the fuck did that come from?

PAN OVER to a POLICE CAR, slowly cruising down the street, it's red and blue lights FLASHING...

PATRICK casually walks away from the trembling SAXOPHONE PLAYER, as if innocent...

...but the POLICE CAR accelerates, a VOICE BLASTING out of its loudspeaker:

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE

Halt! Stop! Put down your weapon!  
Don't move! Drop your weapon!

PATRICK breaks into a full-fledged run --

-- the POLICE CAR screeching after him...

...PATRICK makes a left onto Broadway, heading down toward City Park Hall, the SQUAD CAR CLOSING IN FAST.

PATRICK ducks into an alleyway --

-- the SQUAD CAR follows him but only manages to make it halfway, a spray of BLUE SPARKS flying out before it gets stuck as the alley narrows...

...exiting the alley, PATRICK sprints onto Church Street, flagging down a passing CAB.

PATRICK hops in the front seat, waving his gun at the CAB DRIVER, a young Iranian GUY:

PATRICK

LET'S GO! GET OUT OF HERE! FAST!

The CAB DRIVER is STUNNED -- hands held up high, he cries out in mangled English:

CAB DRIVER

Don't shoot me, please don't kill me!

PATRICK

Oh shit! JUST FUCKING DRIVE!

CAB DRIVER

Oh don't shoot me man don't shoot--

PATRICK

Fuck yourself!

PATRICK raises the gun to the CAB DRIVER's face and PULLS THE TRIGGER --

-- SPLATTERING THE DRIVER'S HEAD OPEN.

PATRICK opens the door, pushing the corpse out onto the street...

...he slams the door shut and starts driving, BUT --

-- HE CAN'T SEE THROUGH THE BLOODY WINDSHIELD!

PATRICK veers sharply to the right, narrowly avoiding a head-on collision with another taxi cab...

...instead CRASHING into the side of a parked LIMOUSINE.

Frantic, PATRICK turns on the windshield wipers and shifts into reverse...

...he attempts to clean off the inside of the windshield with his gloved hand while blindly racing down Greenwich.

PATRICK COMPLETELY LOSES CONTROL, swerving into a Korean deli --

-- the cab rolls over fruit stands, smashing through a glass wall into a karaoke restaurant full of JAPANESE BUSINESSMEN, the BODY of a CASHIER thudding across the hood...

...PATRICK tries to put the cab in reverse, BUT --

PATRICK (V.O.)

Patrick tries to put the cab into reverse, but...

-- NOTHING HAPPENS.

PATRICK (CONT'D, V.O.)

...nothing happens.

PATRICK staggers out of the car --

-- shaken, he leans against it, surveying the situation:

TOTAL CHAOS.

...the BODY on the hood of the taxi moans in agony, smashed tables everywhere, JAPANESE BUSINESSMEN taking flash pictures, speaking in tongues, smashed fruit, a karaoke tape still playing...

PATRICK

Nice going, Bateman.

PATRICK limps out of the newly destroyed restaurant, shaking his head in disbelief...

ACROSS THE STREET:

A COP RUNS toward PATRICK, yelling into his walkie-talkie.

PATRICK (V.O.)

Patrick has no idea where the cop across the street has come from. Patrick is stunned, but...

PATRICK lunges out, knocking him to the sidewalk before the COP can get to his gun --

PATRICK (CONT'D, V.O.)

...still manages to surprise him, lunging out before the cop can get to his gun.

PATRICK and the COP struggle, the COP wheezing from exertion as he tries to wrestle the pistol from PATRICK's grip.

A CROWD has gathered to watch the struggle, to stare at the wreckage...

...BUT NO ONE HELPS THE COP.

PATRICK and the COP roll into the street --

-- two pairs of hands holding the same gun.

PATRICK (V.O.)

Patrick feels infected, like gasoline is coursing through his veins instead of blood.

A sudden surge of adrenaline enables PATRICK to bring the gun up to the COP's face -- HE PULLS THE TRIGGER.

The first bullet DOESN'T KILL the COP --

-- but the SECOND ONE DOES.

...some of the SPECTATORS scream, some do nothing, some hide, some run back into the restaurant...

PATRICK gets up, still holding the gun, as...

...a SQUAD CAR appears, SCREECHING TO A HALT --

-- PATRICK trips over the curb, collapsing onto the sidewalk, at the same time reloading the pistol.

THE DISTANT WAIL of approaching POLICE SIRENS fills PATRICK's ears:

What now?

The POLICE OPEN FIRE --

PATRICK (V.O.)

Patrick realizes that he is involved  
in an actual gunfight...

-- PATRICK returns their gunfire from his belly, bullets flying in both directions as he CRAWLS FOR COVER behind the corner of a nearby building...

PATRICK (CONT'D, V.O.)

...I have no idea what I've done to  
increase my chances of getting caught.  
I shot a saxophonist? A saxophonist?  
Who was probably a mime too? For that  
I get this?

...a SECOND SQUAD CAR arrives.

PATRICK FIRES REPEATEDLY, no longer bothering to aim.

One of PATRICK's stray bullets hits the gas tank of the first  
POLICE CAR --

-- its headlights dim before... IT BURSTS APART!

A THUNDEROUS EXPLOSION shakes the ground as a fireball billows up into the darkness, the bulb of a streetlamp above it exploding in a burst of yellow-green sparks, flames washing over the BODIES of POLICEMEN, shattering dozens of windows...

...PATRICK RUNS OFF, disappearing into the darkness.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT TRIBECA STREET - NIGHT

It's raining. Fog drifts through the passageways created by the skyscrapers.

PATRICK sprints down the street, uncaught...

PATRICK (V.O.)

There's no use in denying it: this has been a bad week.

FADE TO BLACK as PATRICK disappears into the night.

EXT OUTDOOR CAFÉ - DAY

A small sidewalk café on Columbus, near Central Park. WAITERS in white aprons attend to a cluster of little white tables roped off from the relentless crush of Sunday morning PEDESTRIANS.

PATRICK and JEAN sit at one of the tables, enjoying the beautiful day, each sipping a cappuccino.

PATRICK scowls at the passing PEDESTRIANS, lost in thought... JEAN tries to get his attention:

JEAN

Come on, Patrick. Smile. You have no reason to be so sad.

PATRICK snaps out of it, disarming her with his handsome smile:

PATRICK

I know. You're right, but...

(beat; then)

It's... tough to smile -- these days.

At least for me it is.

JEAN registers this comment, unsure what to make of it...

PATRICK (CONT'D)

You know what I think?

(beat; then)

I think that we're all in our private traps. Clamped in them tight. And none of us can ever get out. We scratch and claw, but only at the air. Only at each other. And for all of it we never budge an inch.

JEAN

Sometimes we deliberately step into those traps.

PATRICK

I was born in mine.

(beat; then)

I don't mind it anymore.

JEAN

Awww, poor baby.

JEAN leans across the table, taking PATRICK's hand --

JEAN (CONT'D)

Listen, Patrick. We need to talk about something. Or at least I need to talk about something.

-- JEAN falters, unsure if she should continue:

JEAN (CONT'D)

I've learned what it's like to be alone and... I think I'm in love with you.

PATRICK smiles tenderly, holding a finger up to his lips:

PATRICK

Shhhh...

(beat; then)

I was at a restaurant the other night... and I saw some guy in the men's room... a total Wall Street guy.

JEAN nods, puzzled by PATRICK's response.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I saw...

CUT AWAY:

INT RESTAURANT, MEN'S BATHROOM - DAY

ANGLE ON THE HAND FROM THE OPENING SEQUENCE... we see ONLY the HAND and the first two neatly written letters: KI.

PATRICK (CONT'D, V.O.)

...he was writing...

BACK TO SCENE:

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
...something on the wall over the...  
urinal he was standing at.

CUT AWAY:

INT RESTAURANT, MEN'S BATHROOM - DAY

ANOTHER ANGLE on the writing HAND... additional letters now  
visible: LL Y.

PATRICK (CONT'D, V.O.)  
When he saw me come in...

SLOWLY PULL BACK to reveal more of the HAND... the sleeve of a  
designer suit, expensive cuff-links...

BACK TO SCENE:

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
He stopped writing -- like he was  
nervous or something... then he  
left the room.  
(beat; then MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Anyway... I went over to use the  
urinal and... I leaned over... to read  
what he wrote.

JEAN  
Which was?

CUT AWAY:

INT RESTAURANT, MEN'S BATHROOM - DAY

ANOTHER ANGLE AS THE HAND FINISHES WRITING...

SLOWLY PAN ACROSS the entire message: KILL ALL YUPPIES.

PATRICK (V.O.)

Kill... all... yuppies.

PULL BACK FURTHER to reveal the UNKNOWN WRITER's identity:

PATRICK BATEMAN is standing in front of the urinal, a Mont Blanc pen in his hand.

BACK TO SCENE:

JEAN

Gosh, Patrick...

PATRICK

How many people in this world do you think are like me, Jean?

JEAN

I don't... think anyone.

PATRICK

Let me rephrase the ques -- wait, how does my hair look?

JEAN

Uh, fine.

PATRICK

Okay. I think... uh, you know how they say no two snowflakes are alike?

JEAN nods slowly, unsure -- what is this guy talking about?

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Well, I think a lot of snowflakes are alike... and I think that a lot of people are alike, too.

JEAN

What are you saying, Patrick?

PATRICK

Appearances can be deceiving.

JEAN

No. I disagree. I don't think they are deceiving.

PATRICK

Sometimes, Jean, the lines separating

appearance -- what you see -- and reality -- what you don't -- become, well, blurred.

JEAN

That's not true. That's simply not true.

JEAN's emotional outpouring has left PATRICK uncharacteristically vulnerable: he struggles as years of repressed emotions threaten to surface. He does his best to hold it all inside, to appear strong...

PATRICK

Really?

...but it's a losing battle: PATRICK CANNOT HIDE FROM WHO HE REALLY IS.

JEAN reaches across the table, tenderly taking PATRICK's trembling hand in hers:

JEAN

Patrick... talk to me... don't be so upset.

PATRICK

I think it's... time for me to... take a good look... at the world I've created.

INT DR. NOVA'S OFFICE - DAY

A sparsely furnished PSYCHIATRIST's office.

PATRICK, stretched out on the leather sofa, stares up at the ceiling --

-- just out of PATRICK's view is DR. NOVA, seated in a matching leather chair: early thirties, looking sharp in a slightly ruffled Armani suit... an academic doing his best yuppie impersonation.

DR. NOVA flips through a file, making notations on a legal pad... he resets a small stopwatch and clears his throat:

DR. NOVA

Let's pick up where we left off last week, shall we Patrick?

PATRICK nods, exhales deeply...

The room falls DEAD SILENT, except for --

-- the SOUND of the stopwatch: TICK, TICK, TICK...

CLOSE ON PATRICK struggling to form a sentence --

-- beads of sweat glistening on his beautiful, tortured face...  
WELCOME TO HELL, PATRICK.

PATRICK'S HALLUCINATION MONTAGE - LATE EIGHTIES

(A variation of CAMERA ANGLES and OPTICAL PROCESSES underscore the almost SURREAL sense of TERROR and CONFUSION during this RAPID-FIRE MONTAGE).

...black and white news footage of buildings exploding... police cars... neatly cut lines of cocaine... a CLIP of "Wheel of Fortune": Vanna White turning two letters in a new puzzle, subtitled "EVENT" -- xxxxxxDDxx... the American flag, proudly blowing in the wind... a CLIP of RONALD REAGAN's Address on Defense and National Security, March 23, 1983:

RONALD REAGAN

My fellow Americans, thank you for  
sharing your time with me tonight.

...a cooing, happy baby... a sharpei... the Mets winning the 1986 World Series!... a CLIP of Huey Lewis and the News' video for "Heart and Soul" -- Huey and his girl open a closet door and come face to face with a speeding steam locomotive... BACK to REAGAN's Address on Defense and National Security:

RONALD REAGAN

...I want to offer hope for the  
future.

...a CLIP of "Alf"... PATRICK and LUIS French kissing... MORE "Wheel of Fortune": a contestant spins the wheel... raw meat hanging on a hook... nuclear reactors on Three Mile Island... the Challenger exploding... a CLIP of TED BUNDY's FINAL DEATH-ROW INTERVIEW:

TED BUNDY

...I grew up in a wonderful home with  
two dedicated and loving Christian

parents...

...an Apple Macintosh computer... semi trucks on a freeway... an AIDS rally: SILENCE = DEATH!... lottery balls being drawn by a hardbody in a bikini... MORE "Wheel of Fortune": Vanna turning another letter in the puzzle -- xxMxxxDDxx... a commercial for shampoo: a woman looks into the camera, "Don't hate me because I'm beautiful"... a CLIP of REAGAN's First Inaugural Address, January 20, 1981:

RONALD REAGAN

From time to time, we have been  
tempted to believe that society has  
become too complex...

...the Royal Wedding of Princess Diana and Prince Charles... a CLIP of the Smurfs... a CLIP of the video game "ZAXXON"... MORE of the Challenger exploding... MORE of TED BUNDY:

TED BUNDY

...I don't want to infer that I was  
some helpless victim...

...crime scene tape around EVELYN's neighbor's brownstone... MORE raw meat hanging on a hook... ANOTHER ANGLE of PATRICK and LUIS French kissing... a CLIP of Berlin's video for "Sex"... dead fish floating on the ocean... FLASHBACK to PAUL OWEN'S DEATH, blood and gore everywhere... freight trains in a switching yard... MORE of TED BUNDY:

TED BUNDY

...I'm not blaming pornography for  
what I've done...

...a black BMW BURNING in the middle of Fifth Avenue -- WITHOUT SOUND... Pope John Paul blessing a crowd... a CLIP of "First Blood - Part II": Sylvester Stallone firing a machine gun, biceps bulging... a CLIP of REAGAN's State of the Union Address, 1985:

RONALD REAGAN

Of all the changes in the past twenty  
years, none has more threatened our  
sense of national well-being than the  
explosion of violent crime.

...a CLIP of RONALD REAGAN being shot... a CLIP of the video game "PAC-MAN": Pac-Man gobbling his way through a phosphorous maze, four ghosts following close behind... a CLIP of GORDON GEKKO's famous speech from WALL STREET:

GORDON GEKKO

...greed is good.

...automobiles rolling off an assembly line... a CLIP of WWF Wrestling... Liberace playing the piano... MORE "Wheel of Fortune": Pat Sajak saying, "Big money, come on, BIG MONEY!"... Bernhard Goetz in a courtroom... hundred dollar bills rolling off a printing press... BACK TO GORDON GEKKO:

GORDON GEKKO

Greed works, greed is right.

...a CLIP from "Body Double": a WOMAN being impaled by a power drill... an ultrasound of a fetus... BACK TO REAGAN's 1985 State of the Union Address:

RONALD REAGAN

There can be no economic revival in ghettos when the most violent among us are allowed to roam free.

...FLASHBACK: PATRICK killing PAUL OWEN... lines of unemployed factory workers... Mikhail Gorbachev addressing a crowd... a CLIP of the video game "Double Dragon": a computer-generated woman being repeatedly whipped by cartoonish gang members... MORE OF TED BUNDY:

TED BUNDY

People need to realize that those of us who have been so influenced by violence in the media--

...a CLIP of David Letterman's Stupid Pet Tricks... Japanese businessmen singing karaoke... EVELYN looking into the camera, "I love you, Patrick"... footage of an airline disaster... MORE OF TED BUNDY:

TED BUNDY

-- in particular pornographic violence --

...a CLIP from a cheap PORNO: a WOMAN, "Oh god, fuck me, FUCK ME!"... a severe automobile accident, blood and guts spilled on the pavement... MORE of "Wheel of Fortune": Vanna turning the letter "G" -- ARMAGxDDxx... FLASHBACK to PATRICK killing the BLACK BUM... a CLIP of RONALD and NANCY REAGAN's Campaign Against Drug Abuse speech, September 14, 1986:

RONALD REAGAN

Drugs are menacing our society. They're threatening our values and

undercutting our institutions.

...oil soaked birds... a hungry rat... the crime scene tape around EVELYN's neighbor's brownstone... a trailer park, rows and rows of mobile homes... MORE lines of cocaine... MORE of TED BUNDY:

TED BUNDY

-- are not inherent monsters. We are your sons and we are your husbands. And we grew up in regular families.

...a CLIP of the "CALIFORNIA RAISINS" dancing and singing... FLASHBACK to PATRICK torturing the WHORE... a CLIP of REAGAN's 1984 State of the Union Address:

RONALD REAGAN

For a time we forgot the American dream...

...a commercial for Kool-Aid, the "Kool-Aid Man" running through a suburban yard... a CLIP of MTV's famous "Apollo rocket" station identification... Moammar Quadaffi... a CLIP of REAGAN's address to the nation after the Challenger disaster, January 28, 1986:

RONALD REAGAN

I know it is hard to understand, but sometimes painful things like this happen.

...a CLIP of MMMMMMAX HEADROOM!... Jim and Tammy Faye Baaker crying... ANOTHER ANGLE of PATRICK and LUIS kissing... a crucifix... the aftermath of the bombing in Beirut... a commercial for Budweiser featuring Spuds Mackenzie... a CLIP of RONALD and NANCY REAGAN'S Campaign Against Drug Abuse Speech:

RONALD REAGAN

Today there's a new epidemic: smokable cocaine, otherwise known as crack.

...a CLIP of the movie "Gremlins"... famine in Africa... a Toy's R Us COMMERCIAL: "I don't want to grow up, I'm a Toy's R Us Kid"... a CLIP of Genesis' video for "Land of Confusion"... MORE OF THE SILENTLY BURNING BLACK BMW... MORE "Wheel of Fortune" -- the spinning wheel lands on BANKRUPT... BACK TO GORDON GEKKO:

GORDON GEKKO

Greed clarifies, cuts through, and captures --

...Jimmy Swaggert crying... a commercial for Meow Mix: cats singing along with a WOMAN... MORE footage of an airline disaster... MORE of GORDON GEKKO:

GORDON GEKKO

-- the essence of the evolutionary spirit.

MORE of the Campaign Against Drug Abuse Speech:

NANCY REAGAN

...so much has happened over these last years, so much to shake the foundations of all that we know and all that we believe in.

...babies crying... black and white footage of the Hindenberg disaster... FLASHBACK: PATTY WINTER's Show about multiple personalities... a CLIP of CNN... MORE of TED BUNDY:

TED BUNDY

...we're talking about an influence which was an indispensable link in the chain of behavior--

...a CLIP of "The Cosby Show"... FLASHBACK: PATRICK wrestling with the COP... a CLIP of "Miami Vice"... MORE of TED BUNDY:

TED BUNDY

-- the chain of events that led to the assaults, murders...

...MORE lines of cocaine... a CLIP from a JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER DAY SAINTS public service announcement... a CLIP of the video game, "Marble Madness"... MORE of TED BUNDY:

TED BUNDY

Alcohol... with the use of pornography reduced my inhibitions...

MORE of the Campaign Against Drug Abuse Speech:

NANCY REAGAN

Say yes to your life. And when it comes to drugs and alcohol just say no.

...factories belching out filth and pollution...a CLIP of the KEEP AMERICA BEAUTIFUL public service announcement: an AMERICAN INDIAN surveys the land as a tear rolls down his cheek... MORE "Wheel of Fortune": a contestant saying , "I'd like to solve the puzzle, Pat"... MORE of the video game "Pac-Man": the ghosts catch up to Pac-Man, ending his "life"... MORE of the Campaign Against Drug Abuse Speech:

RONALD REAGAN

Think for a moment how special it is  
to be an American.

...DETECTIVE KIMBALL: "I've changed my mind. I think I will take that lime, Patrick"... a CLIP of ABC's video, "How To Be a Zillionaire"... a CLIP of the television show, "Night Flight"... MORE "Wheel of Fortune": the contestant carefully pronouncing, "Arm-a-ged-don" -- the audience CHEERS!... MORE of the Campaign Against Drug Abuse Speech:

RONALD REAGAN

To some extent, we are also victims of  
our own success.

...a CLIP of "USA For Africa" musicians... a CLIP of the video game "Sinistar": an evil face appears spinning through outer space, laughing, "I HUNGER! I LIVE!"... a CLIP of a nuclear bomb exploding... MORE famine in Africa... stainless steel surgical instruments... a KKK rally... MORE of REAGAN's 1986 State of the Union Speech:

RONALD REAGAN

This is reality. Closing your eyes  
will not make reality disappear.

...a CLIP of OLIVER NORTH testifying before Congress... poachers shooting elephants... crash test dummies... footage of the US bombing of Libya... a CLIP of REAGAN's 1988 State of the Union Speech:

RONALD REAGAN

How well prepared are we to enter the  
Twenty-First Century?

...FLASHBACK: JEAN, "I think I'm in love with you"... FLASHBACK: PATRICK killing the spider... a trailer park destroyed by a tornado... MORE Japanese businessmen singing karaoke... Mt.

Fuji... POLICE shooting targets at a firing range... MORE of REAGAN's 1983 State of the Union Speech:

RONALD REAGAN

Are we at the end?

...an anti-abortion protest... ANOTHER ANGLE of PATRICK and LUIS kissing... MORE of the Challenger explosion... a commercial for Wendy's, "Where's the Beef?"... MORE of MAX HEADROOM... a CLIP of the 1984 presidential debate:

RONALD REAGAN

Where's the beef?

...MORE "Wheel of Fortune": Vanna finishes turning the remaining letters -- ARMAGEDDON -- the contestant jumps up and down, Pat and Vanna smile brightly... MORE of TED BUNDY:

TED BUNDY

What I hope will come of our discussion is that society deserves to be protected from itself...

-- a very loud RINGING ALARM from DR. NOVA's stopwatch INTERRUPTS THE MONTAGE.

BACK TO SCENE

CLOSE ON PATRICK --

-- tears streaming down his face...

DR. NOVA (O.S.)

I'm sorry, Patrick. Our time is up.

INT BARNEY'S, MEN'S DEPARTMENT - DAY

ON PATRICK wandering through the men's department of an upscale department store...

SOMETHING CATCHES HIS EYE --

-- he STOPS in front of a MALE MANNEQUIN stylishly dressed in an expensive designer suit.

The strangely familiar MANNEQUIN bears far more than just a passing resemblance to PATRICK... so life-like, yet so dead.

PATRICK stares in awe at the MANNEQUIN, devastated by how impossibly hip the MANNEQUIN's suit actually is: the cut, the fabric, the color, the pricetag...

PATRICK remains motionless, weakened by the MANNEQUIN's power, gripped by a burning desire to... OWN THIS SUIT!

A VOICE INTERRUPTS PATRICK'S TRANCE --

LUIS (O.S.)

Patrick? Is that you?

PATRICK SNAPS back to REALITY:

LUIS CARRUTHERS has once again appeared without warning.

Virtually unrecognizable from his first appearance, LUIS has successfully transformed himself into a SCREAMING QUEEN: jaguar-print silk evening jacket, deerskin gloves, a felt hat, fur-lined knee-high boots, aviator sunglasses...

LIBERACE, EAT YOUR HEART OUT!

PATRICK (V.O.)

Oh... my... god.

LUIS smiles expectantly, thrilled to have found his "MAN":

LUIS

Patrick? Hello?

PATRICK

Don't make me say it, Luis.

PATRICK casually looks over at LUIS, taking it all in stride... even LUIS' presence can't make PATRICK forgot how fucking cool, how utterly desirable the MANNEQUIN's designer threads really are.

PATRICK has to have that goddamned SUIT!

LUIS

Patrick? What do you mean?

PATRICK

I'm ignoring you, Luis. Can't you tell? I'm ignoring you.

LUIS carefully removes his expensive, yet hideous gloves --

LUIS

Patrick, can't we just talk?

-- THROWING them at PATRICK, hitting him in the head.

LUIS (CONT'D)

Patrick -- look at me!

PATRICK does his best to ignore LUIS' little outburst:

PATRICK

There is nothing, nothing to talk--

LUIS

(interrupting)

We can't go on like this. I can't go on like this.

PATRICK

You are sick.

LUIS oh-so-casually examines his hand, checking his nails, trying to avoid PATRICK's stare...

LUIS

If I'm sick it's because of you.  
Because of you I am sick and I will not get better.

PATRICK

You have distorted this obsession of yours way out of proportion. Way, way out of proportion.

LUIS

But I know you have the same feelings I do. And I know that just because...  
(beat; then)  
Just because you won't admit...  
certain feelings doesn't mean you don't have them.

PATRICK tries to stay cool, but -- HE'S LOSING HIS GRIP!

The MANNEQUIN, the SUIT, LUIS... NO ONE deserves to go through anything like this.

PATRICK

What are you trying to say?

LUIS whips off his sunglasses, dramatically illustrating his point:

LUIS

That I know you feel the same way I do.

(beat; then)

Is it so wrong to love you, Patrick?

PATRICK

Jesus Christ, Luis. Get a hold of yourself.

LUIS

To want you? To want to be with you? Is that so wrong?

PATRICK

What is this continuing inability you have to evaluate this situation rationally? Huh?

(beat; then)

Go away.

LUIS bursts into tears, falling to the floor at PATRICK's feet...

LUIS

Oh god, Patrick, why don't you like me?

PATRICK looks around, embarrassed. THIS IS FUCKING RIDICULOUS. PATRICK manages to keep it together, but...

...LUIS is really, REALLY pushing the envelope.

PATRICK

Get up. Get up.

LUIS pounds his fist on the floor, crying like a baby, grabbing at PATRICK's leg with his free hand...

Several other SHOPPERS pass nearby, gawking at the unbelievable spectacle unfolding in the men's department.

PATRICK smiles and shrugs helplessly...

LUIS

Why can't we be together?

LUIS is having a complete and total NERVOUS BREAKDOWN on the floor of the men's department in Barney's!

PATRICK looks around to see if he knows ANYONE in the store:

PATRICK

Because I... don't--

(beat; then almost whispering)

-- find you... sexually attractive.

PATRICK closes his eyes, trying to stay calm --

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I can't believe I actually said that.

(beat; then)

Leave me alone. Please.

LUIS

Please, Patrick, please don't leave me.

-- but it's too late: PATRICK's face is bright red:

PATRICK

Listen to me, Luis. If you do not stop crying, you fucking pathetic faggot, I am going to slit your fucking throat. Are you listening to me? I mean it, Luis.

LUIS

(sobbing incoherently)

Oh just kill me. If I can't have you, I don't want to live. I want to die.

PATRICK is at the end of his rope --

-- he grabs LUIS by the shoulders, SHAKING HIM VIOLENTLY:

PATRICK

Listen to me. ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME? I don't usually warn people, so-be-thankful-I-am-warning-you.

LUIS tenderly looks up at PATRICK, still dreaming the impossible dream...

PATRICK (CONT'D)

You want to die, Luis? I'll do it, I swear to god, Luis, I'll fucking kill you. I'll rip your fucking stomach open and cram your intestines down your fucking faggot throat until you choke on them.

LUIS

Please, Patrick, please. Listen to me--

PATRICK

(interrupting)

Shut up, Luis. My god, just shut the fuck up.

LUIS

I love you.

Realizing something, PATRICK CALMS DOWN...

PATRICK

I'm convinced Luis. You've convinced me. Now get up.

PATRICK extends his hand --

-- LUIS takes it, pulling himself up off the floor...

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Just, you know, have the guts to face, uh, reality.

LUIS smiles sheepishly, blushing as --

-- PATRICK looks away, staring off into the distance at the rows, the endless rows of well-dressed MANNEQUINS, all of which are lifeless, inanimate carbon-copies of... PATRICK BATEMAN.

INT PATRICK'S OFFICE - DAY

PATRICK is comfortably reclined in his large leather chair, expensive designer shoes defiantly kicked up on the desk, his face buried in a book -- PETER FALLOW's bestseller, THE REAL McCOY AND THE FORGOTTEN LAMB...

The INTERCOM BUZZES, interrupting his concentration:

JEAN (V.O., INTERCOM)

Patrick? Tim Price would like to see you.

PATRICK stops reading -- he can't believe his ears. TIM PRICE? PATRICK is too spaced out to even bother asking questions...

PATRICK

Send him... in.

Still recovering from the initial shock, PATRICK carefully sets down his book and stands up as --

-- the office door BURSTS OPEN:

TIM PRICE enters the office, smiling, radiating confidence.

TIM looks remarkably well -- in fact, he has never looked better. Inexplicably, there is a dark smudge in the shape of a cross on TIM's forehead... very, very strange.

The two MEN shake hands, smiling.

PATRICK

Price. Where have you been?

PATRICK notices the smudge on TIM's forehead: my god, what in the hell is that? Does he have AIDS? Sweet Jesus...

TIM

Oh, just making the rounds. But hey, I'm back.

PATRICK gestures to the chairs in front of his desk, motioning for TIM to have a seat...

Sitting down, TIM notices the RUBIX CUBE on PATRICK's desk. He grabs the scrambled puzzle, absent-mindedly playing with it as he talks to PATRICK, too cool to care about anything.

PATRICK

Far out. How was... it?

TIM

It was... surprising.

(beat; then suddenly quite far away)

It was... depressing.

(beat; then refocusing)

Hey, how are you, Bateman?

PATRICK

I'm okay. Just... existing.

TIM

And Evelyn? How is she?

PATRICK

Well, we broke up.

TIM

That's too bad. Courtney?

PATRICK

She married Luis.

TIM smirks, continues playing with the RUBIX'S CUBE...

...PATRICK falters, missing a beat as his mind struggles to make sense of this bizarre encounter:

PATRICK (CONT'D)

You've been gone, like, forever, Tim.  
What's the story?

TIM abruptly stands up.

TIM

I've been back. You probably just  
missed me. Lost track, you know?

PATRICK picks up a dish of colorful jellybeans, offering them to  
TIM:

PATRICK

Would you like a jellybean?

TIM declines, shaking his head --

TIM

You're a madman, Bateman. An animal.

-- as he drops the RUBIX CUBE on PATRICK's desk.

TIM (CONT'D)

A total animal.

TIM smiles widely, victorious.

PATRICK's eyes nearly POP out of his head when he notices --

-- all six sides of the RUBIX CUBE now display solid colors.

TIM PRICE SOLVED THE PUZZLE!

PATRICK slowly shakes his head, FLABBERGASTED.

PATRICK

I can't disagree.

INT TAXI CAB - DAY

PATRICK sits in the back seat of a taxi slowly making its way through Mid-town gridlock.

Wearing his favorite pair of black Ray-Bans, PATRICK half-heartedly reads the Wall Street Journal as his Walkman blasts out music loud enough to be heard a mile away.

The bearded, Middle Eastern TAXI DRIVER suspiciously eyes PATRICK in the rearview mirror --

-- PATRICK notices the TAXI DRIVER's stare as he carefully refolds the newspaper, putting it down.

PATRICK looks away, avoiding the TAXI DRIVER's eyes --

-- but it's too late... the TAXI DRIVER knocks on the plexiglass divider, motioning for PATRICK to remove his headphones.

PATRICK slowly removes the WALKMAN, visibly irate.

A LOUD CLICK as the car doors automatically LOCK SHUT.

The cab lurches forward, breaking out of traffic as it turns onto the West Side Highway, heading down to Wall Street...

PATRICK

(irritated)

Yes? What?

The cab swerves into the far right lane, speeding.

TAXI DRIVER

Hey, don't I know you?

PATRICK

No.

PATRICK begins to put his headphones back on --

TAXI DRIVER  
You look familiar.

PATRICK  
No I don't. You don't either.  
(beat; then attempting to be friendly)  
Chris Hagen.

A sly, knowing smile creeps across the TAXI DRIVER's face...

TAXI DRIVER  
Come on. I know who you are.

PATRICK  
I'm in a movie. I'm an actor. A  
model.

TAXI DRIVER  
Nah, that's not it.  
(beat; then struggling to remember)  
I've seen your face somewhere.

PATRICK  
You have? Really? Interesting. Just  
watch the road, Abdullah.

PATRICK reopens the newspaper, flipping through it as the TAXI DRIVER continues staring at him, trying to remember where he has seen PATRICK before...

...the TAXI DRIVER's face suddenly lights up:

TAXI DRIVER  
I know. Man, I know who you are.

The car rapidly accelerates, running through a RED LIGHT.

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)  
You're the guy who kill Solly.

PATRICK lowers his sunglasses, glaring at the TAXI DRIVER:

PATRICK  
Who, may I ask, is Sally?

TAXI DRIVER  
Man, your face is on a wanted poster  
downtown.

PATRICK takes a deep breath...

PATRICK

I think I would like to stop here.

TAXI DRIVER

You're the guy, right?

PATRICK slowly shakes his head "no"... this isn't happening, this CAN'T be happening... trembling, PATRICK removes a pen from his briefcase:

PATRICK

I am going to take your license number down--

TAXI DRIVER

(interrupting)

You kill Solly. You son-of-a-bitch!

EXT DOWNTOWN DOCKS - DAY

A speeding yellow taxi cab swerves off the highway, racing into a deserted parking lot...

INT TAXI CAB - DAY

The TAXI DRIVER races through the parking lot, CRASHING into a rusty aluminum fence, knocking it down --

-- PATRICK IS TERRIFIED, his hands twisted into paralyzed fists, his knuckles white.

WHAT IS THIS CRAZY FUCKING CAB DRIVER DOING?

A flock of seagulls scatter as the car nears water...

The TAXI DRIVER stops the car and turns around --

-- pointing a HANDGUN at PATRICK:

TAXI DRIVER

The watch.

PATRICK

Is this some kind of prank?

TAXI DRIVER

Get out.

A LOUD CLICK as the DOORS UNLOCK --

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)

Get the fuck out of the car.

PATRICK gathers up his briefcase, opens the car door and cautiously steps out of the vehicle.

The TAXI DRIVER remains seated behind the wheel as he leans out the window, his gun pointed at PATRICK's head:

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)

The watch, you scumbag.

PATRICK

Listen, I don't know what it is you think you're going to accomplish or what it is you think you're going to be able to do. I've never been fingerprinted, I have alibis--

TAXI DRIVER

(waving the gun, interrupting)

Shut up! Just shut your fucking mouth!

PATRICK

I am innocent.

The TAXI DRIVER cocks the gun.

TAXI DRIVER

The watch.

PATRICK unhooks his ROLEX, sliding it off his wrist... he reluctantly hands it to the TAXI DRIVER.

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)

Wallet. Just the cash.

PATRICK slowly opens his wallet, handing over the cash.

PATRICK

What are you going to do? Isn't there a reward of some kind?

TAXI DRIVER  
No. No reward.

PATRICK  
How do you know I'm not going to call  
you in and get your license revoked?

TAXI DRIVER  
Because you're guilty.

PATRICK removes a small blood-stained knife from his coat  
pocket... where'd this come from? He examines it cautiously,  
offering it to the TAXI DRIVER --

PATRICK  
Like you know.

TAXI DRIVER  
The sunglasses. Get the knife away  
from me.

PATRICK  
How do you know I'm guilty?

TAXI DRIVER  
Look what you're doing, asshole. The  
sunglasses.

PATRICK  
These are expensive.

Immediately realizing his mistake, PATRICK lamely attempts to  
correct himself...

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
I mean cheap. They're very cheap.  
Just... isn't the money enough?

TAXI DRIVER  
The sunglasses. Give them now.

PATRICK removes his Ray-Bans and hands them over. The TAXI  
DRIVER tries them on -- he looks at himself in the rearview  
mirror and smiles before taking them off and putting them in his  
jacket pocket.

PATRICK  
You're a dead man.

TAXI DRIVER

And you're a yuppie scumbag.

PATRICK

You're a dead man. Count on it.

The TAXI DRIVER starts up the cab...

TAXI DRIVER

Yeah? And you're a yuppie scumbag.  
Which is worse?

...and steps on the gas, SQUEALING AWAY.

PATRICK IS STRANDED.

Humiliated and broken, PATRICK slowly begins the painful walk back to the highway, Manhattan's SKYLINE LOOMING dramatically in the distance...

PATRICK slows down, choking back a sob:

PATRICK

(chanting under his breath)

I just want to... keep the game going,  
I just want... to keep... the game...  
going... I just want...

A crusty old HOMELESS WOMAN hobbles out from behind a "Les Miserables" poster at a deserted bus stop. She holds out a puffy red hand, begging for change.

PATRICK tries to shoo her off --

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Oh, will you please go away?

-- but she won't go down without a fight:

HOMELESS WOMAN

Get a decent haircut.

PATRICK stares at her, ASTONISHED --

-- pushed over the edge, PATRICK breaks down CRYING hysterically, HOWLING like an animal.

INT HARRY'S - NIGHT

Harry's is jam-packed tonight. A quick scan of the CROWD reveals the usual host of familiar YUPPIES FACES -- yet something is different about Harry's tonight... something has changed.

Several large television monitors hang suspended from the ceiling.

ON EVERY TELEVISION SET:

RONALD REAGAN has just begun delivering his farewell address to the nation --

RONALD REAGAN

It's been the honor of my life to be your president. So many of you have written the past few weeks to say thanks, but I could say as much to you. Nancy and I are grateful for...

-- REAGAN's speech drones on, barely audible above the NOISE of the CROWD.

PATRICK sits at a table near the back with CRAIG McDERMOTT and DAVID VAN PATTEN. The three MEN mostly ignore each other, each lost in his own private vision of hell:

CRAIG concentrates on the portable stock-quotation device sitting on the table in front of him as --

-- DAVID half-heartedly watches REAGAN's speech on a nearby television, lazily sipping from his martini --

-- and PATRICK scans the CROWD looking for BABES, bored...

SOMEONE catches PATRICK's eye --

-- he squints, rubbing his eyes...

OH MY GOD!

Seated three tables away is PAUL OWEN -- ALIVE and WELL!

PATRICK nearly falls out of his chair... IT CAN'T BE!

He looks over at PAUL OWEN's table again, but --

-- PAUL IS NO LONGER THERE... in his place: a generic YUPPIE look

alike.

PATRICK runs a nervous hand through his hair, relieved... of course PAUL OWEN isn't in Harry's tonight! PAUL OWEN is not here tonight because... HE IS DEAD!

CRAIG and DAVID remain oblivious to PATRICK's "discovery".

PATRICK takes a long sip from his cocktail, turning his attention to RONALD REAGAN.

ON TELEVISION:

RONALD REAGAN

It's been quite a journey this decade,  
and we held together through some  
stormy seas. And at the end,  
together, we are reaching our  
destination.

Fortified by his cocktail, PATRICK once again finds the strength to look around the room:

PAUL OWEN is definitely not in HARRY's tonight, although...

...DONALD TRUMP is standing at the bar!

PATRICK bursts out laughing... DONALD TRUMP, of course!

CRAIG and DAVID laugh along with him, involuntarily, not wanting to be left out --

RONALD REAGAN (O.S.)

America is respected again in the  
world and looked to for leadership...

-- predictably, their attention quickly returns to the television set...

PATRICK once again looks over at the BAR:

Not only is DONALD TRUMP still standing at the bar -- he has now been joined by... PAUL OWEN! The two of them laugh and smile, patting each other on the back, old friends.

Noticing PATRICK, they BOTH turn around and raise their champagne flutes, offering a toast from across the room --

-- PATRICK smiles, laughing out loud as he raises his glass in

response, returning the gesture...

TIM PRICE walks up to the table, taking a seat next to PATRICK.

Nursing a fresh cocktail, TIM watches RONALD REAGAN's televised speech in horrified silence, methodically sucking on each one of his ice cubes before spitting them back into the cocktail glass.

TIM is obviously not pleased with the PRESIDENT's speech: he rapidly graduates from spitting the ice cubes out to crushing them between his perfect set of teeth, his frustration level reaching new heights.

ON TELEVISION:

RONALD REAGAN

Common sense told us that when you put a big tax on something, the people will produce less of it. So, we cut people's tax rates, and the people produced more than ever before. The economy bloomed like a plant that had been cut back and could now grow quicker and stronger...

TIM motions to the nearest television monitor, to RONALD REAGAN's enormous techni-color head:

TIM

How can he lie like that? How can he pull that shit?

This comment gets everyone's full attention -- all eyes are now on TIM:

PATRICK

Oh Christ. What shit? What the hell are you talking about?

TIM continues to stare at the television, slack-jawed...

TIM

I don't believe it. He looks so... normal. He seems so... out of it. So... undangerous.

CRAIG

He is totally harmless, you asshole. Just like you are totally harmless. Look at Bateman over there... I'll bet he's totally harmless, aren't you

buddy?

PATRICK

(doing a terrible REAGAN impression)  
I have no recollection of any wrong  
doing whatsoever.

DAVID and CRAIG laugh, high-fiving each other...

TIM

I just don't get how someone, anyone,  
can appear that way yet be involved in  
such total shit.

RONALD REAGAN (O.S.)

The lesson of all this was, of course,  
that because we're a great nation, our  
challenges seem complex.

DAVID

How about because Nancy was right  
behind him? Because Nancy did it all?

TIM turns away from the television, focusing on DAVID:

TIM

How can you be so fucking, I don't  
know -- cool about it?

DAVID

Some guys are just born cool, I guess.

PATRICK looks around, noticing other familiar FACES in the CROWD:

PETER FALLOW, BUD FOX, and the WHORE from the Meat-packing  
District are sitting four tables away, laughing and talking...

...ANOTHER ANGLE -- DETECTIVE KIMBALL and the WOMAN FROM BARNEY'S  
sitting at another table conversing with the MAITRE 'D from  
DORSIA...

...ANOTHER ANGLE -- the LIMO DRIVER and AL THE BUM are in a booth  
talking to two gorgeous MODELS...

...ANOTHER ANGLE -- the beautiful WOMAN FROM TUNNEL walks by  
PATRICK's table, pouting her full red lips, silently blowing him  
a kiss...

PATRICK bursts out laughing at the ridiculousness of this entire  
situation: TIM's overreaction, DAVID's lame response, the DEAD

walking among the LIVING... it's all too much.

TIM is having a difficult time tolerating PATRICK's wild fit of laughter --

TIM

And Bateman -- what are you so fucking zany about?

PATRICK

I'm just a happy camper. Don't worry, Price. Be happy.

CRAIG

Be all that you can be.

TIM

Oh brother. Look...

(beat; then pointing at the television)

He presents himself as a harmless old codger. But inside...

(beat; then looking at the GUYS)

But inside...

CRAIG

Inside? Yes, inside? Go on, Tim.

TIM does his best to come up with an intelligent response, some kind of answer, but... he comes up with nothing.

Desperate, he turns to PATRICK:

TIM

Bateman - help me out, here. What do you think about this?

PATRICK neatly folds his hands, resting them on the table as he carefully considers what he wants to say... eventually he finds the magic words:

PATRICK

Inside... doesn't matter.

THERE IS NO RESPONSE.

CRAIG, DAVID and TIM turn their attention back to REAGAN...

Fed up with the whole situation, PATRICK turns around, facing the back of Harry's --

-- his mind a complete mess, PATRICK manages to focus his attention on the red velvet drapes partially covering the back door to Harry's...

RONALD REAGAN (O.S.)

...a final word to the men and women of the Reagan revolution, the men and women across America who for eight years did the work that brought America back. My friends: We did it.

(MORE)

...above the door there is a SIGN, clearly legible from PATRICK's POV --

RONALD REAGAN (CONT'D, O.S.)

We weren't just marking time. We made a difference. We made the city stronger, we made the city freer, and we left her in good hands. All in all, not bad, not bad at all.

-- THIS IS NOT AN EXIT.

ROLL CREDITS.

INTERRUPT CREDITS --

-- EXTREME CLOSE UP on PATRICK BATEMAN:

PATRICK

I've been a big fan of Genesis ever since the release of their 1980 album, Duke. Although I found all of their previous albums to be too artsy, too intellectual, I was able to embrace Duke, mainly because the music became more modern, the drum machine became more prevalent and the lyrics started getting less mystical, more specific. Complex, ambiguous studies of loss became, instead, first-rate pop songs. A classic example of this is "Misunderstanding", which not only was the group's first big hit of the Eighties, but also seemed to set the tone for the rest of the decade.

Duke was followed almost immediately by ABACAB, yet another weapon in an increasingly impressive musical arsenal. Once again the songs reflect dark emotions, focusing on people who feel lost or are in conflict. Sound depressing? Hardly. The production and sound, courtesy of producer Hugh Padgham, are gleaming and upbeat. One of my favorite songs, "Who Dunnit?" profoundly expresses the theme of confusion over a funky groove and what makes this song so exciting is that it ends with its narrator never finding anything out at all--

CUT TO BLACK as --

-- Alfred Hitchcock's infamous "PSYCHO" strings fill the theater.

THE END