

FREDERICO

Not now. I feel amazing right now.
I'll make you feel good too. I
promise.

He steps forward again and tries to kiss Emerson. She reaches up to push him away, but he grabs her wrists.

She violently head butts him. Blood spurts from his nose and he falls to his knees. Emerson holds her head in pain as well.

FREDERICO

Che cazzo?

But Frederico's normal pain receptors are being drowned out by the coke.

FREDERICO

Oh I see. Little punk girl likes it rough. I can play that game.

EMERSON

Stay down idiot. We're like cousins or something.

FREDERICO

You think I'm your little bitch?

He begins crawling towards her on all fours.

FREDERICO

Is this what you like Mistress?
Want me to beg to the Ice Queen.

Emerson swings one of her steel toe boots and smashes Frederico in the ribs. He collapses, gasping for breath.

Emerson turns and finds Andre, who has just come off stage, standing next to her with a look of approval.

They walk off, leaving Frederico half-crying, half-laughing on the dirty floor.

83

INT. HIPSTER BAR DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

83

START Andre sits in front of a small make up mirror while Emerson sits facing him on a smaller chair.

A line of blood slides out of Emerson's nose and slithers into her lips. A flick of her tongue catches it.

ANDRE

That your boyfriend?

Emerson shakes her head.

ANDRE

Not into boys?

EMERSON
Not into boyfriends.

Andre chuckles gleefully.

EMERSON
I'm jealous of boys. They're born
so fucking strong.

ANDRE
You seem to have gotten the better
of that one.

EMERSON
He's European. A bad dream.

ANDRE
Had nightmares lately?

Emerson nods.

ANDRE
Stormy weather as Billie would say.

EMERSON
Was the kick too much? It isn't him
I'm really mad at.

ANDRE
He'll survive.

EMERSON
I love your shoulders.

Andre smiles at the compliment.

ANDRE
I am a spirit of beauty and love,
trapped in servitude to a brutal
world, forced to hustle to survive.

EMERSON
What's the secret?

ANDRE
I wear a shitload of makeup and
carry a lifetime a pain. I
shouldn't even be talking to some
white girl. Nothing but trouble.

EMERSON
Cal told me to look for an Ariel.
He reads everything. Ariel's your
stage name?

ANDRE
My real name is Ariel. The state
calls me Andre. And your name?

EMERSON

Em.

ANDRE

Short for?

EMERSON

Emerson. But no one calls me that.

ANDRE

What do they call you?

EMERSON

Miranda. This is my father's doing.

ANDRE

The man in the alley. He was kind to me. That one time.

EMERSON

I don't know how he does it. But it happened before when I was little. I remember this play, The Tempest. I didn't know the word but the letters burned into my mind.

ANDRE

Did you read it?

EMERSON

Nope. I don't care what it says. I know what he wants.

ANDRE

What's that?

EMERSON

Revenge.

ANDRE

On who?

EMERSON

Me.

Andre starts to speak but stops himself. He steps forward and extends his hands to Emerson.

ANDRE

Stay here tonight. Let's stay together. And stay awake.

END

Frederico, still lying on the floor, half-groaning half-grinning, suddenly goes rigid. His eyes flutter and close.