

SAMPLE:

**INNOCENTS : THE ECSTACY OF...  
(teleplay)**

by

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## INNOCENTS - THE ECSTASY OF... (teleplay) by BRIAN CRANO ©

Will extends a closed fist to Mathieu.

WILL

You want to know what love is?

Will opens his hand, revealing, two bright red hits of X with a big heart engraved in them. Mathieu stares at the pills, smiles at Will. Rebecca *also* smiles at Will.

WILL (CONT'D)

These will show you...and...

(knowingly)

Whomever...

MATHIEU

Amazing.

Mathieu takes the pills.

WILL

(to Mathieu)

They're slow release, so it's a gradual up. And a long beautiful roll. These were a bitch to get.

(to us)

Occasionally, I stop and consider how many people it takes to get these pills into my friend's mouths. Scientist, solvent-makers, manufacturers, distributors, smugglers - their asses filled with condoms, regional dealers, neighborhood dealers, all the way down to me. This is one of those times. I consider...

(to Mathieu)

So enjoy 'em.

Mathieu starts to go. Then turns back.

MATHIEU

Your girlfriend is crying.

WILL

Shit. Looks like it's time to hop the attention train to Taylor-town. Lock up when you leave.

Will is out the door. Matt looks at Rebecca.

MATHIEU

Who's your prospect?

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REBECCA  
I don't know that you'd approve.

MATHIEU  
Try me--

REBECCA  
(dismissive)  
Find Peter--

MATHIEU  
Who is it!

REBECCA  
Changing the subject, where's...*Will*?

MATHIEU  
No shit!

A wide involuntary smile streaks across Mathieu's face.

MATHIEU (CONT'D)  
You've been keeping this from me.

REBECCA  
I want to know what love is.

INT. THE PIT - CONTINUOUS

Becks and Mathieu air kiss and part ways. We follow Rebecca as she pushes into the living room. She passes Will and Taylor making up. We OVERHEAR:

WILL  
(to Taylor)  
I'm sorry. I love you, baby--

TAYLOR  
It's not that easy Will. All this party shit is taxing. When's it just us? I don't like being this girl--

WILL  
Just enjoy the night. Nothing's wrong. We're together.

Becks passes them.

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REBECCA

(to us, in a single breath)  
After a summer away, spent touring  
European museums, a summer spent thinking  
about Will Cunningham, and about breaking  
the unwritten rule - two best friends of  
a said party - Mathieu - shouldn't date.  
Not to mention the written rule - don't  
steal your friend's - Taylor's -  
boyfriend, even if she's a sociopath. I  
find myself a couple glasses in and I'm  
ready to get what I want.

WILL

You know I only want to be with you.

Becks stops. Will sees her. They meet eyes, he looks  
back to Taylor.

TAYLOR

I know. So. You ready to drop?

WILL

Huh?

TAYLOR

Are you ready to drop?

WILL

Ready for anything with you--

TAYLOR

I mean, do you even love me?

WILL

Tay. Don't be stupid.

TAYLOR

Sure, just write me off like I'm crazy.  
This--

WILL

This - Let's do this!  
(he pulls out their pills)  
Please, I'm so fucking excited. Just  
come with me.

Becks turns to him.

WILL (CONT'D)

Becks?

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REBECCA

Yeah?

WILL

Want to come with?

REBECCA

What?

TAYLOR

What?

An awkward moment.

WILL (CONT'D)

(to us)

There's a certain have your cake and eat it aspect to this...I know...but worth a shot--

(to Rebecca)

You want to take a trip with us?

TAYLOR

Will--

Um--

REBECCA

WILL (CONT'D)

I have extras.

REBECCA

I don't want to interfere.

(to us)

But I'm going to.

TAYLOR

(clenched jaw)

Don't be silly. My boyfriend wants you to--

WILL

Yeah, it will be awesome. The...three of us.

CUT TO:

INT. THE PIT, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mathieu walks down the hall. He opens a door, looks inside.

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INT. THE PIT, BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

In the bathroom, on her knees, ERICA FINNLEY (town jizz-jar) attempts to suck the genetic code out of BEN CHURCH (a friend of Peter's, from Middle America, nouveau society-Hollywood socialite on-the-make). Ben is rolling, hard, his eyes glassy as he tries to focus on Mathieu. Mathieu starts laughing. Erica, dismounts her face from Ben's knob, turning to Mathieu.

MATHIEU

Erica. Stop blowin' dudes!

A RANDOM GUY stops in the doorway behind Mathieu.

RANDOM GUY

(to Erica)

Have some self-respect.

The Random Guy continues on down the hall.

BEN

Be cool. It's all about love man, just be cool.

Ben, pulls Erica's head back on to him. Mathieu slams the door on them.

INT. THE PIT, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mathieu continues down the hallway. He reaches the door to the balcony. It's open, he pops his head out the door.

EXT. THE PIT, BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

The balcony is crowded. Mathieu starts pushing his way down the balcony, farther and farther, through EMO KIDS and NOUVEAU MODS, through LESBIANS and PUNK-INFLUENCED PREPPIES. At the end of the balcony, standing alone, facing the city is the figure of a young man. Mathieu would know his outline anywhere, PETER. And then, as if psychically on que, Peter turns his head over his shoulder.

PETER

Mathieu...

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Peter's mouth is probably the first thing you notice about him, petulant lips begging for attention, charm and a kind of loose-easy sexuality spills out from him in all directions, there is something earnest in him as well, impossible to disbelieve or resist.

PETER (CONT'D)

(to us, in a single breath)

I am Peter Marber, the Peter Marber. I don't quite understand why people say that. My reputation must precede...The reverence, I guess, is nice, but it also creates a distance, a chasm between me and most everyone. Not Mathieu, hmmm. My status, such as it is, doesn't seem to interest him in the least. Nor, the fact that I am heir to the Solo Coffee Cup Empire; played varsity soccer in high school; have slept with forty-one women, no men; am a virgo; and my favorite cuisine is Chilean...I could go on but I want to get to this conversation--

Peter turns toward Mathieu.

MATHIEU

Peter Marber...where have you been all my...night?

PETER

You know, watching the city. Waiting for someone to find me.

MATHIEU

Anyone in particular?

PETER

I made plans to roll with someone, but they never showed up.

MATHIEU

Really? Who would have the nerve to stand you up? Maybe she's just running late--

PETER

(playfully)

She? Who said it was a--

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MATHIEU

I assumed.

(smiles)

What's plan B?

PETER

I'm looking at him. What's in your pocket?

MATHIEU

Currently, a lot of things. Want to take a look?

PETER

Let my fingers do the looking,  
etc...fag...

They smile at each other. Neither knowing exactly what is happening.