

Near the end of the alley he comes to a Lamborghini Diablo. It is parked askew, the key in the ignition and the driver-side door wide open. A slight and plaintive ringing tone keeps reminding the driver, ever so politely, to close the door.

The driver, PRESTON EDWARDS, a beautiful twenty-one year old blonde girl, is draped out the door of the car and rests face-down in a greenish-yellow pool of her vomit. She wears a white evening gown and a black baseball cap the with words, "SERIOUSLY FUCKED UP" stitched in gold on the visor. Her fingers stir as she hears Pepper walk by.

PRESTON EDWARDS
(drunkenly)
Anybody know where the fuchhkk I
am?

Pepper stops to light a cigarette at the end of the alley. Preston opens one eye from under her visor and looks at him.

PRESTON EDWARDS (CONT'D)
Smoking is the number one cause
of... I forget what.

Pepper stares at the Lamborghini. His eyes glisten at the thought of its value. Probably near a million. Could be dollars or euros. Could be either. Near a million. He inhales deeply.

Preston suddenly shouts like a welfare shrew.

PRESTON EDWARDS (CONT'D)
I want to know where the fuck I am!

Pepper looks at the car, then at Preston.

PEPPER
You're in a suburb of hell.

PRESTON EDWARDS
Say, are you black?

PEPPER
I was this morning.

PRESTON EDWARDS
So what am I?

PEPPER
Either you're a drunk white or a
white drunk. You could be a noun or
you could be an adjective. Can't
tell which.

PRESTON EDWARDS
Fuck you! FUCK YOU!

Preston begins choking.

Pepper keeps smoking. He is unmoved and - except for the car - uninterested. Preston changes her tone to a whimper.

PRESTON EDWARDS (CONT'D)
Hey! Tell you what, just get me
back, and I'll pay you for your
trouble. How's that sound?

PEPPER
Back where?

There is a long silence. The SOUNDS of cats and rats negotiating over territory fill the alley.

PRESTON EDWARDS
Fuck if I know. Must be somewhere.
You in...terested?

Pepper looks at his cigarette, a 305 Purple 100, a cheap 305 Purple 100, then looks at the car.

PEPPER
How much?

PRESTON EDWARDS
Oooh, I rang your bell. A lot. I'm
oozing cash.

Pepper walks toward Preston, who still dangles out of her car and is plastered tightly to the driveway.

PEPPER
That's not all you're oozing.

Preston begins laughing in her vomit, forming giddy bubbles.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT - BY THE LAMBORGHINI

Pepper kneels down next to Preston. Her eyebrows lift when she sees the bloody napkins hanging from Pepper's shoulder and the bruises on his fists.

PRESTON EDWARDS
Fuck. Was your pie that cold?

Pepper looks at his shoulder and fists and turns to Preston matter-of-factly.

PEPPER

I really mean 'how much' when I say
'how much.'

PRESTON EDWARDS

Ah, one thousand dollars less one
hundred for ... not being
penniless. What does that make?

PEPPER

Nine hundred.

PRESTON EDWARDS

I was going to say that before you
fucking interrupted me. Nine
hundred.

PEPPER

Real money?

PRESTON EDWARDS

Is that in contrast to unreal
money?

PEPPER

In contrast to counterfeit.

PRESTON EDWARDS

Really? How interesting. Didn't
consider that option. Look in the
purse on my jacket. Front seat.