

LAMENTATIONS

With the incessant CHATTER of a 16mm film projector...

FADE IN:

TO A CALIFORNIA SHORE ON A BRIGHT SUMMER DAY

The film is grainy, old, but the two little kids who laugh as they run along the shore are barely three-years young. Golden locks dance across their sun-kissed shoulders. They look identical. They are in fact twins. Tiny angels, a boy and girl, scampering along the water's edge.

THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE rises behind them.

The boy stumbles, falls. He looks to his knee -- the tiniest cut. The girl runs back, sits beside him. They both look to her knee where A DROP OF BLOOD forms. He kisses it better, lays his head over the sore. She lays her head on his.

Suddenly they look up, as if roused by a sound. They smile at someone off camera, hoist each other up and run towards us, laughing all the way. A YOUNG MAN smiles, opens his arms to receive them...

DISSOLVE TO: THAT SAME SMILING FACE,

aged fifteen years, and we are --

INT. POLICE LOCKER ROOM - DAY

JIM MADISON, a happy man with an easy smile, stands before a gathering of uniforms and suits who chant: SPEECH! SPEECH!

JIM

All right, all right. No speech,
but you guys get to be the
recipients of my first order, as
lieutenant. Those of you starting
your shifts, be safe, be smart, and
have a good night. Those of you
concluding your shifts, Detective
Vega has --

VEGA

Cocktails!

DAVID VEGA, crew-cut, works out four nights a week at the local gym, cracks open an ice chest of beer. The crowd BOOS and CHEERS as he tosses cans of Schlitz to raised hands.

VEGA
(falsetto)
He's my partner! He's my partner!

INT. MADISON HOUSE - KITCHEN -DAY

ALISON MADISON, Jim's picture perfect wife, and AUNT CLAIR, someone's old aunt, watch TV as they prepare supper.

DARLA MADISON, 18, long hair a golden brown, prances down the kitchen staircase wearing a prom dress. She's fantastically dramatic.

She pirouettes.

DARLA
How do I look, Mother?

Alison melts, her eyes pool.

ALISON
Lovely. Doesn't Darla look
absolutely lovely, Aunt Clair?

AUNT CLAIR
She looks okay.

DARLA
(to staircase)
Donny! Where are you!

VOICE (O.C.)
(from upstairs)
Coming, Princess!

DONNY MADISON, Darla's fine-featured twin, hurries down the stairs in a tuxedo. One look at Darla and he stops short, makes a show of catching his breath.

DARLA
Well? I look hideous, don't I?

DONNY
You. Are. Ravishing.

DARLA
(pouts)
You lie! Or you wouldn't be able to
control yourself.

She turns away. He grabs her, dips her, kisses her.

DONNY
R-R-R-Ravishing.

Alison smiles: kids will be kids. She tends to supper.

DARLA
Good. Now let me up, you're messing
my hair.

He brings her up. She heads into a bathroom off the kitchen.

DARLA
Come on, Donny. Hurry.

Donny waits for Alison to notice his tux. She does.

ALISON
Is that the tuxedo we picked out?

DONNY
Uh-huh.

ALISON
Oh...

AUNT CLAIR
Look, Allie, Bethany's doing the
mambo.

DARLA (O.C.)
Doneeeee!

Alison chuckles at the TV, Donny forgotten. He crosses off.
Jim enters the side kitchen door.

ALISON
There you are.

JIM
Here I are.

She greets him with a kiss. Takes his jacket, his briefcase.
He grimaces at the sight of --

DARLA'S LEGS, panties down around her ankles, and the rest of
her out of view as she's sitting on the toilet. Donny stands
in front of her, holding the bottom of her dress above her
lap, like an umbrella.

DONNY
Hi, Dad.

Darla leans into view.