

**AMERICAN PSYCHO**

by  
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Based on the novel by Bret Easton Ellis

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INT. PASTELS RESTAURANT- NIGHT

An insanely expensive restaurant on the Upper East Side. The decor is a mixture of chi-chi and rustic, with swagged silk curtains, handwritten menus and pale pink tablecloths decorated with arrangements of moss, twigs and hideous exotic flowers. The clientele is young, wealthy and confident, dressed in the height of late-eighties style: puffy Lacroix dresses, slinky Alaïa, Armani power suits.

CLOSE-UP on a WAITER reading out the specials.

WAITER

With goat cheese profiteroles and I also have an arugula Caesar salad. For entrées tonight I have a swordfish meatloaf with onion marmalade, a rare-roasted partridge breast in raspberry coulis with a sorrel timbale...

Huge white porcelain plates descend on very pale pink linen table cloths. Each of the entrees is a rectangle about four inches square and look exactly alike.

CLOSE-UP on various diners as we hear fragments of conversation. "Is that Charlie Sheen over there?" "Excuse me? I ordered cactus pear sorbet."

WAITER

And grilled free-range rabbit with herbed French fries. Our pasta tonight is a squid ravioli in a lemon grass broth...

CLOSE-UP on porcelain plates containing elaborate perpendicular desserts descending on another table.

PATRICK BATEMAN, TIMOTHY PRICE, CRAIG MCDERMOTT and DAVID VAN PATTEN are at a table set for four. They are all wearing expensively cut suits and suspenders and have slicked-back hair. Van Patten wears horn-rimmed glasses.

The camera moves in on Bateman as his narration begins:

BATEMAN (V.O.)

We're sitting in Pastels, this nouvelle Northern California

place on the Upper East Side.

The Waiter sets down plates containing tiny, elaborately decorated starters. As he does so we hear Bateman's description of each of the men at the table.

BATEMAN (V.O.)

You'll notice that my friends and I all look and behave in a remarkably similar fashion, but there are subtle differences between us. McDermott is the biggest asshole. Van Patten is the yes man. Price is the most wired. I'm the best looking. We all have light tans. Right now I'm in a bad mood because this is not a good table, and Van Patten keeps asking dumb, obvious questions about how to dress .

VAN PATTEN

What are the rules for a sweater vest?

McDERMOTT

What do you mean?

PRICE

Yes. Clarify.

McDERMOTT

Well, is it strictly informal-

BATEMAN

Or can it be worn with a suit?

McDERMOTT

(Smiling)

Exactly

BATEMAN

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

McDERMOTT

But avoid matching the vest's pattern with your socks or tie. Wearing argyle socks with an argyle vest will look too studied.

VAN PATTEN

You think so?

PRICE

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

VAN PATTEN

Good point. Excuse me, gentlemen.

Van Patten leaves the table. As he does so, a busboy discreetly removes their largely untouched plates.

BATEMAN

Van Patten looks puffy. Has he stopped working out?

PRICE

It looks that way, doesn't it?

McDERMOTT

(Staring at retreating waiter)  
Did he just take our plates away?

PRICE

He took them away because the portions are so small he probably thought we were finished. God, I hate this place. This is a chicks' restaurant. Why aren't we at Dorsia?

McDERMOTT

Because Bateman won't give the maitre d' head.  
(He guffaws)

Bateman throws a swizzle stick at him.

McDermott scans the room, settling on a handsome young man with slicked-back hair and horn-rimmed glasses.

McDERMOTT

Is that Reed Robinson over there?

PRICE

Are you freebasing or what? That's not Robinson.

McDERMOTT

Who is it then?

PRICE

That's Paul Owen.

BATEMAN

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

He points to another handsome young man with slicked-back hair and horn-rimmed glasses.

McDERMOTT

Who is he with?

PRICE

(Distracted by the waitress's cleavage as she bends over to uncork a bottle of wine - the waitress glares at him)  
Some weasel from Kicker Peabody.

Van Patten returns.

VAN PATTEN

They don't have a good bathroom to do coke in.

McDERMOTT

Are you sure that's Paul Owen over there?

PRICE

Yes. McDufus, I am.

McDERMOTT

He's handling the Fisher account.

PRICE

Lucky bastard.

McDERMOTT

Lucky Jew bastard.

BATEMAN

Oh Jesus, McDermott, what does that have to do with anything?

McDERMOTT

Listen. I've seen the bastard sitting in his office on the phone with CEOs, spinning a fucking menorah. The bastard brought a Hanukkah bush into the office last December.

BATEMAN

You spin a dreidel, McDermott, not a menorah. You spin a dreidel.

McDERMOTT

Oh my God. Bateman, do you want me to fry you up some fucking potato pancakes? Some latkes?

BATEMAN

No. Just cool it with the anti-Semitic remarks.

McDERMOTT

Oh I forgot. Bateman's dating someone from the ACLU.

Price leans over and pats Bateman on the back.

PRICE

The voice of reason. The boy next door. And speaking of reasonable...

He shows McDermott the bill for the meal.

McDERMOTT

Only \$470.

VAN PATTEN

(Without irony)  
Not bad.

The others murmur agreement. Four platinum Amex cards slap down on the table.

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Bateman is pouring vintage champagne into flutes. Price is lighting up a cigar.

McDERMOTT

Last week I picked up this Vassar chick-

VAN PATTEN

Oh God, I was there. I don't need to hear this story again.

McDERMOTT

But I never told you what happened afterwards. So okay, I pick up this Vassar chick at Tunnel-hot number, big tits, great legs, this chick was a little hardbody-and so I buy her a couple of champagne kirs and she's in the city on spring break and she's practically blowing me in the Chandelier Room and so I take her back to my place-

BATEMAN

Whoa, wait. May I ask where Pamela is during all this?

McDERMOTT

Oh fuck you. I want a blowjob, Bate-man. I want a chick who's gonna let me-

VAN PATTEN

(Putting his hands over his ears)

I don't want to hear this. He's going to say something disgusting.

McDERMOTT

You prude. Listen, we're not gonna invest in a co-op together or jet down to Saint Bart's. I just want some chick whose face I can sit on for thirty, forty minutes.

Price throws a cigar at McDermott, who catches it.

McDERMOTT

Anyway, so we're back at my place and listen to this. She's had enough champagne by now to get a fucking rhino tipsy, and get this-

VAN PATTEN

She let you fuck her without a condom?

McDERMOTT

This is a Vassar girl. She's not from Queens. She would only-are you ready?

(Dramatic pause)

She would only give me a handjob, and get this...she kept her glove on.

The men sit in shocked, horrified silence.

ALL IN UNISON Never date a Vassar girl.

EXT. TUNNEL NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The limo pulls up to the sidewalk outside the Tunnel. McDermott holds the door open for a passing HOMELESS MAN, who looks confused.

McDERMOTT

I suppose he doesn't want the car. Price, ask him if he takes American Express.

PRICE

(Offering card)

You take Amex, dude?

The man stumbles away. The club DOORMAN, seeing the limousine, unhooks the velvet rope and welcomes them inside.

INT. LADIES ROOM, TUNNEL - NIGHT

Brilliant white light, a bemused elderly female attendant in a black-and-white maid's uniform trying to give out paper towels. MUSIC thuds through an open doorway. Trashed-looking girls stare into mirrors repairing their eye make-up or sit on the counter chatting to friends. There are almost as many men as women in the room. Couples stand in line, twitching as they wait to do coke. As soon as one bathroom door opens, a couple lurches out rubbing their noses while another couple rushes past them and slams the door.

PRICE

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-Alzheimer's, muscular dystrophy, hemophilia, leukemia, diabetes, dyslexia, for Christ's sake-you can get dyslexia from pussy-

BATEMAN

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

PRICE

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

Price and Bateman finally get a stall and rush in. Price is sweating.

PRICE

I'm shaking. You open it.

Bateman opens a tiny packet of coke.

PRICE

Jeez. That's not a helluva lot, is it?

BATEMAN

Maybe it's just the light.

PRICE

Is he fucking selling it by the milligram? (He dips the corner of his Amex card in the packet and takes a snort)  
Oh my God...

BATEMAN

What?

PRICE

It's a fucking milligram of Sweet'n Low!

Bateman dips his Amex in the envelope and snorts.

BATEMAN

It's definitely weak but I have a feeling if we do enough of it we'll be okay.

PRICE

I want to get high off this; Bateman, not sprinkle it on my fucking All-Bran.

The GUY IN STALL next door yells at them in an effeminate voice:

GUY IN STALL

Could you keep it down, I'm trying to do drugs!

Price pounds his fist against the stall.

PRICE

(screaming)

SHUT UP!

BATEMAN

Calm down. Let's do it anyway

PRICE

I guess you're right...

(Raising his voice)

THAT IS, IF THE FAGGOT IN THE NEXT STALL THINKS IT'S OKAY!

GUY IN STALL

Fuck you!

PRICE

(Trying to climb up against the aluminum divider)

No, FUCK YOU!!

(He collapses, panting against the stall door)

Sorry, dude. Steroids...Okay, let's do it.

BATEMAN

That's the spirit.

They both dig their platinum Amex cards into the envelope of white powder, shoveling it up their noses, then sticking their fingers in to catch the residue and rubbing it into

their gums.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Bateman saunters toward the bar as "Pump Up the Volume" plays in the background.

BATEMAN (to BARGIRL) Two Stoli on the rocks.

He hands her two drink tickets.

BARGIRL

It's after eleven. Those aren't good anymore. It's a cash bar. That'll be twenty-five dollars.

Bateman pulls out an expensive-looking wallet and hands her a \$50.

She turns her back and searches the cash register for change.

BATEMAN You are a fucking ugly bitch I want to stab to death and then play around with your blood.

The music muffles his voice. She turns around. He is smiling at her. She gives him his change impassively.

INT. BATEMAN'S APARTMENT- MORNING

Tableaux of Bateman's apartment in the early morning light. A huge white living room with floor-to-ceiling windows looking out over Manhattan, decorated in expensive, minimalist high style: bleached oak floors, a huge white sofa, a large Baselitz painting (hung upside down) and much expensive electronic equipment. The room is impeccably neat, and oddly impersonal - as if it had sprung straight from the pages of a design magazine.

BATEMAN (V.O.)

My name is Patrick Bateman. I am twenty-six years old. I live in the American Garden Buildings on West Eighty-First Street, on the eleventh floor Tom Cruise lives in the penthouse.

Bateman walks into his bathroom, urinates while trying to see his reflection in a poster for Les Miserables above his toilet.

BATEMAN

(V.O.) I believe in taking care of myself, in a balanced diet, in a rigorous exercise routine. In the morning, if my face is a little puffy, I'll put on an ice pack while doing my stomach crunches. I can do a thousand now.

Bateman ties a plastic ice pack around his face.



Bateman does his morning stretching exercises in the living room wearing the ice pack.

CUT TO:

A mirror-lined bathroom. Bateman is luxuriating in the shower steam, scrubbing his body, admiring his muscles.

BATEMAN (V.O.)

After I remove the icepack, I use a deep pore-cleanser lotion. In the shower, I use a water-activated gel cleanser, then a honey-almond body scrub, and on the face an exfoliating gel scrub.

Bateman stands in front of a massive marble sink applying a gel facial masque.

BATEMAN (V.O.)

Then I apply an herb mint facial masque which I leave on for ten minutes while I prepare the rest of my routine.

Bateman opens the door of a mirrored cabinet, which is stocked with immaculate rows of skin care products. He begins selecting bottles jars and brushes, laying them in readiness on the marble counter.

BATEMAN (V.O.)

I always use an after-shave lotion with little or no alcohol because alcohol dries your face out and makes you look older. Then moisturizer, then an anti-aging eye balm, followed by a final moisturizing "protective" lotion...

Bateman stares into the mirror. The masque has dried, giving his face a strange distorted look as if it has been wrapped in plastic. He begins slowly peeling the gel masque off his face.

BATEMAN (V.O.)

There is an idea of a Patrick Bateman, some kind of abstraction, hut there is no real me, only an entity, something illusory, and though I can hide my cold gaze and you can shake my hand and feel flesh gripping you and maybe you can even sense our lifestyles are probably comparable: I simply am not there.

INT. BATEMAN BEDROOM - MORNING

Another huge white room, equally minimal: a futon, ruffled white sheets, a bedside lamp with a halogen bulb, and a large expensive painting (Eric Fischl or David Salle) chosen by Bateman's interior decorator.

Dressed in silk boxer shorts, Bateman stands in front of a huge walk-in closet, filled with rows of expensive shirts, shoes and designer suits, organized according to color and tone.

BATEMAN (V.O.)

It is hard for me to make sense on any given level. My self is fabricated, an aberration. My personality is sketchy and unformed, my heartlessness goes deep and is persistent.

Fully dressed in Armani, Bateman stands in front of a full-length mirror in the middle of his vast bedroom, adjusting his cuff-links.

BATEMAN (V.O.)

My conscience, my pity, my hopes disappeared a long time ago, if they ever did exist.

He gives a last look at the mirror and likes what he sees. He gives his reflection a smile.

INT. OFFICES OF PIERCE & PIERCE - DAY

As Bateman walks down the corridor, he passes another MAN who looks just like him.

MAN

Morning, Hamilton. Nice tan.

Bateman walks past the desk of JEAN, his secretary, pulling his Walkman from around his neck. Jean is attractive, wholesome, earnest. She smiles shyly. She loves him.

JEAN

Late?

BATEMAN

Aerobics class. Sorry. Any messages?

JEAN

Ricky Hendricks has to cancel today. He didn't say what he was canceling or why.

BATEMAN

I occasionally box with Ricky at the Harvard Club. Anyone else?

JEAN

And...Spencer wants to meet you for a drink at Fluties Pier 17.

BATEMAN

When?

JEAN

After six.

BATEMAN

Negative. Cancel it.

Jean follows him into his office.

JEAN

Oh? And what should I say?

BATEMAN

Just...say...no.

JEAN

Just say no?

Jean stands at his desk, waiting for instructions.

BATEMAN

Okay, Jean. I need reservations for three at Camols at twelve-thirty, and if not there, try Crayons. All right?

JEAN

(Playfully)

Yes, sir.

She turns to leave.

BATEMAN

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

Jean turns around.

JEAN

Oh, something. . romantic?

BATEMAN

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

JEAN

I'll do it.

BATEMAN

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

JEAN

You look nice today.

Jean exits. Bateman straightens some magazines in his office, lifts a painting off the wall and puts it back at a slightly different angle. He fiddles with some pencils in a beer stein. He puts on some MUSIC and flips through a Sports Illustrated. He buzzes Jean. She comes in a moment later with the Perrier and a file.

JEAN

Yes?

BATEMAN

Is that the Ransom file? Thanks. Don't wear that outfit again.

JEAN

Ummm...what? I didn't hear you.

BATEMAN

I said "Do not wear that outfit again." Wear a dress. A skirt or something.

Jean stands there, then looks down at herself.

JEAN

(Smiling bravely)

You don't like this, I take it?

BATEMAN

Come on, you're prettier than that.

JEAN

(Sarcastically)

Thanks, Patrick.

The phone RINGS and Jean turns to leave.

BATEMAN

I'm not here. And high heels. I like high heels.

As Jean leaves, Bateman clicks on the TV set in one corner of the room and starts watching Jeopardy!

INT. TAXI - EVENING

EVELYN WILLIAMS, Patrick Bateman's fiancée, is making notes with a gold Cross pen and sipping a bottle of mineral water. Evelyn is blonde, classically beautiful, expensively educated, and utterly pleased with herself. She usually addresses Patrick as if he were a small child.

EVELYN

I'd want a zydeco band, Patrick. That's what I'd want, a zydeco band. Or mariachi. Or reggae. Something ethnic to shock Daddy Oh, I can't decide...And lots of chocolate truffles. Godiva. And oysters on the halfshell.

CLOSE-UP on Bateman, who is wearing a Walkman and staring out the window.

BATEMAN (V.O.)

I'm trying to listen to the new George Michael tape but Evelyn-my supposed fiancée-keeps buzzing in my ear.

Evelyn continues to make notes.

EVELYN

Marzipan. Pink tents. Hundreds, thousands of roses. Photographers. Annie Leibovitz. We'll get Annie Leibovitz.

And we'll hire someone to videotape. Patrick, we should do it.

BATEMAN

(Removing his Walkman)

Do...what.

EVELYN

Get married. Have a wedding.

BATEMAN

Evelyn?

EVELYN

Yes, darling?

BATEMAN

Is your Evian spiked?

EVELYN

We should do it.

BATEMAN

No-I can't take the time off work.

EVELYN

Your father practically owns the company. You can do anything you like, silly.

BATEMAN

I don't want to talk about it.

EVELYN

Well, you hate that job anyway. Why don't you just quit? You don't have to work.

BATEMAN

Because I...want...to...fit...in.

The taxi bumps to a halt.

INT. ESPACE RESTAURANT- NIGHT

A cavernous garage, harshly spot-lit, decorated in self-conscious brutalist chic. Iron girders, walls of waxed plaster featuring exposed rusted pipes, a huge Schnabel smashed-plate painting on one wall. The tables and chairs are made of extremely uncomfortable bolted steel.

BATEMAN (V.O.)

I'm on the verge of tears by the time we arrive at Espace since I'm positive we won't have a decent table, but we do, and relief washes over me in an awesome wave.

Tom Price and two downtown types, STASH and VANDEN, are already seated. Vanden is about twenty, pretty and sullen, with green streaks in her black hair. Stash is pale, with

ragged black hair and bad skin.

They are all trying to read large stainless steel menus that look like minimalist art.

PRICE

The menu's in braille.

He gets up to greet them, giving Evelyn a suspiciously long kiss.

PRICE

I have to talk to you.

He drags her away, half giggling and protesting.

EVELYN

(Over her shoulder)

Pat, this is my cousin Vanden and her boyfriend Stash. He's an artist.

BATEMAN

(After smiling at his own reflection in the mirror and checking his hair)

Hi. Pat Bateman.

Vanden takes his hand reluctantly, says nothing.

BATEMAN

Let me guess-you live in the East Village?

Pause.

STASH

SoHo.

COURTNEY RAWLINSON and LUIS CARRUTHERS arrive at the table. Courtney is blonde, classically beautiful and from precisely the same social background as Evelyn, but she is considerably more fragile and neurotic. Luis is half-English, half-Argentinean, slightly overweight (a rarity in this crowd), puppyish and eager to please. He wears the same type of designer clothes as Price and Bateman, but with foppish tendencies: velvet jackets, bow-ties, boldly patterned vests.

They exchange air kisses. As soon as Luis turns his back, Bateman sneaks a kiss on Courtney's neck.

COURTNEY

(Whispering)

Stop it!

Stash and Vanden watch them in silence.

LATER:

Price is whispering in Evelyn's ear. Everyone else is quietly eating, except Bateman, who is drinking and watching Evelyn and Price.

BATEMAN (V.O.)

I am fairly sure that Timothy and Evelyn are having an affair. Timothy is the only interesting person I know. Courtney is almost perfect looking. She's usually operating on one or more psychiatric drugs. Tonight I believe it's Xanax. More disturbing than her drug use, though, is the fact that she's engaged to Luis Carruthers, the biggest dufus in the business.

Courtney rouses herself from her drug haze.

COURTNEY

Tell me. Stash...do you think SoHo is becoming to...commercial?

CARRUTHERS

Yes, I read that.

PRICE

Oh, who gives a rat's ass?

VANDEN

Hey. That affects us.

PRICE

(Wired on coke)

Oh ho ho. That affects us? What about the massacres in Sri Lanka, honey? Doesn't that affect us, too? I mean don't you know anything about Sri Lanka? About how the Sikhs are killing like tons of Israelis there? Doesn't that affect us?

BATEMAN

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

PRICE

Like what?

BATEMAN

Well, we have to end apartheid for one. And slow down the nuclear arms race, stop terrorism and world hunger. But we can't ignore our social needs. either We have to stop people from abusing the welfare system. We have to provide food and shelter for the homeless and oppose racial discrimination and promote civil rights while also promoting equal rights for women but change the abortion laws to protect the right to life yet still somehow maintain women's freedom of choice.

The table stares at Bateman uncomfortably.

BATEMAN

We also have to control the influx of illegal immigrants. We have to encourage a return to traditional moral values and curb graphic sex and violence on TV, in movies, in pop music, everywhere. Most importantly we have to promote general social concern and less materialism in young people.

Price chokes on his drink. Everyone is silent and mystified.

CARRUTHERS

Patrick, how thought-provoking.

INT. EVELYN'S BEDROOM - LATER THE SAME EVENING

Bateman and Evelyn are lying on her bed watching television.

BATEMAN

Why don't you just go for Price?

EVELYN

Oh God, Patrick. Why Price? Price?

BATEMAN

He's rich.

EVELYN

Everybody's rich.

BATEMAN

He's good-looking.

EVELYN

Everybody's good-looking, Patrick.

BATEMAN

He has a great body

EVELYN

Everybody has a great body now.

Bateman unbuttons his shirt and makes advances to get Evelyn to have sex with him. She ignores him, watching the Home Shopping Channel with the remote in her hand. Finally, he straddles her, penis close to her face. She tries to look around him at the TV, then takes notice.

EVELYN

What do you want to do with that, floss with it?

Bateman flops back down beside her and stares at the television.

EVELYN

Are you using minoxidil?



BATEMAN

No. I'm not. Why should I ?

EVELYN

Your hairline looks like it's receding.

BATEMAN

It's not.

EXT. STREET - LATER THAT NIGHT

It is 3 a.m. Bateman is standing at an ATM, listening to the comforting sound of fresh bills thudding out of the machine. Bateman turns around and watches a solitary young woman walk past him. He collects his money, placing it carefully in his wallet, and then walks toward her, whistling. He catches up to her as she pauses at a red light.

BATEMAN

Hello.

The woman looks suspicious for a moment and then, seeing his smile, smiles back.

INT. DRY CLEANERS - DAY

Bateman, dressed in an Armani suit with an unlit cigar between his teeth is standing in a dry cleaners, arguing with the Chinese woman behind the counter.

BATEMAN

Listen, wait. You're not...shhh wait...  
you're not giving me valid reasons.

The woman continues to speak to him in another language, grabbing at the sleeve of the jacket.

BATEMAN

What are you trying to say to me?

Her husband has taken Bateman's horribly bloodstained sheets out of the bag and is staring at them.

BATEMAN

Bleach-ee? Are you trying to say bleach-ee?  
Bleach-ee. Oh my God.

She keeps pointing to the jacket and talking.

BATEMAN

(Talking over her)

Two things. One. You can't bleach a Soprani. Out of the question.  
Two.

(Louder)

Two. I can only get these sheets in Santa Fe. These are very expensive sheets and I really need them clean.

She keeps talking and Bateman leans into her.

BATEMAN

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

She talks faster.

BATEMAN

Now listen-I have a very important lunch meeting (Checks Rolex) at Hubert's in thirty minutes, and I need those ...no wait, twenty minutes. I have a lunch meeting at Hubert's in twenty minutes with Ronald Harrison and I need those sheets cleaned by this afternoon.

She keeps talking.

BATEMAN Listen. I cannot understand you.

Bateman starts laughing, slaps his hand down on the counter.

BATEMAN

This is crazy. You're a fool. I can't cope with this.

Bateman is on the verge of tears.

BATEMAN

Stupid bitchee! Understand? Oh Christ!

Someone enters the store behind him. It's VICTORIA, late-twenties, attractive but a little overweight, wearing a tailored business suit with white sneakers and sports socks.

VICTORIA

Patrick?

She takes off her sunglasses.

VICTORIA

Hi, Patrick. I thought that was you.

BATEMAN

Hello

(Mumbles uncomprehensible name)

Awkward pause.

BATEMAN

Well.

VICTORIA

Isn't it ridiculous? Coming all the way up here, but you

know. They really are the best.

BATEMAN

Then why can't they get these stains out? I mean can you talk to these people or something? I'm not getting anywhere.

Victoria moves toward the sheet that the old man is holding up. She touches it and the woman behind the counter begins talking again.

VICTORIA

Oh my, I see. What are those? Oh my.

BATEMAN

Um, well...it s cranberry juice. Cranapple.

VICTORIA

(Skeptically) Really?

BATEMAN

Well, I mean, um, it s really...Bosco. You know, like...

like a Dove Bar. It's a Dove Bar...Hershey's Syrup?

VICTORIA

(As if sharing a secret joke) Oh yeah. Oh I get it. Fun with chocolate.

BATEMAN

Listen, if you could talk to them

(He yanks the sheet out of the man's hand)

I would really appreciate it. I'm really late. I have a lunch appointment at Hubert's in fifteen minutes.

Bateman turns to leave.

VICTORIA

Hubert's? Oh really? It moved uptown, right?

BATEMAN

Yeah, well, oh boy, listen, I've got to go. Thank you, uh...

Victoria?

VICTORIA

Maybe we could have lunch one day next week? You know, I'm downtown near Wall Street quite often.

BATEMAN

Oh, I don't know, Victoria. I'm at work all the time.

VICTORIA

Well, what about, oh, you know, maybe a Saturday?

BATEMAN

(Checking his watch)

Next Saturday?

VICTORIA  
(Shrugging)  
Yeah.

BATEMAN  
Oh, can't, I'm afraid. Matinée of Les Miserables.  
Listen, I've really got to go. I'll-Oh...Christ...I'll call  
you.

VICTORIA  
Okay. Do.

Bateman glares at the woman behind the counter and rushes  
out the door. Victoria stares after him as we hear the sound  
of the bell on the closing door.

INT. BATEMAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Bateman is sitting on the sofa watching a video, talking to  
Courtney on a portable phone. He's holding a video box in one  
hand, perusing the title: Inside Lydia's Ass. Offscreen we hear  
the sounds of the porn movie as he talks.

BATEMAN  
Listen, what are you doing tonight?

COURTNEY  
What? Oh, I'm...busy.

BATEMAN  
Listen, you're dating Luis, he's in Arizona. You're fucking me,  
and we haven't made plans. What could you possibly be up to  
tonight?

COURTNEY  
Stop it. I'm...

BATEMAN  
On a lot of lithium?

COURTNEY  
Waiting for Luis to call me. He said he'd call  
tonight. Oh don't be difficult, Patrick.

BATEMAN  
You should come have dinner with me.

COURTNEY  
But-when?

BATEMAN  
Am I confused or were we talking about tonight?

COURTNEY  
Ummm . . yeah. Luis is calling me tonight. I  
need to be

home for that.

BATEMAN  
Pumpkin?

COURTNEY  
Yes?

BATEMAN  
Pumpkin you're dating an asshole.

COURTNEY  
Uh huh.

BATEMAN  
Pumpkin you're dating the biggest dickweed in New York.

COURTNEY  
I know. Stop it.

BATEMAN  
Pumpkin, you're dating a tumbling, tumbling dickweed.

COURTNEY  
Patrick don't call me pumpkin anymore, okay? I have to go.

BATEMAN  
Courtney? Dinner?

COURTNEY  
I can't.

BATEMAN  
I'm thinking Dorsia.

COURTNEY  
Dorsia's nice.

BATEMAN  
Nice?

COURTNEY  
You like it there, don't you?

BATEMAN  
The question is do you like it, Courtney? And will you blow off a fucking phone call from your sad excuse for a boyfriend to eat there tonight.

COURTNEY  
Okay. Yeah. What time?

BATEMAN  
Eight?

COURTNEY  
Pick me up?

BATEMAN  
Sounds like I'll have to. Don't fall asleep, okay? Wear something fabulous. Dorsia, remember?

Bateman hangs up, opens up the Zagat's guide and dials the number for Dorsia with trembling fingers. It's busy and so he puts it on speakerphone, constant redial. He waits with his head in his hands, sweating with anxiety, until there is finally an answer.

MAITRE D'  
Dorsia. Please hold.

He is on hold for a long time, getting very tense.

MAITRE D'  
Dorsia.

BATEMAN  
(Both of his eyes are closed)  
Umm...yes...I know it's a little late but is it possible to reserve a table for two at eight or eight-thirty perhaps?

Long pause. The Maitre D' starts giggling quietly and then more loudly until the laughter is almost hysterical and he hangs up the phone.

INT. TAXI- NIGHT

Bateman and Courtney are in the back of a cab. Courtney is heavily medicated.

COURTNEY  
A facial at Elizabeth Arden, which was really relaxing, then to the Pottery Barn where I bought this silver muffin dish.  
(She starts to pass out)

BATEMAN  
Is that Donald Trump's car?

COURTNEY  
(Thickly)  
Oh God, Patrick. Shut up.

BATEMAN  
You know, Courtney, you should take some more lithium. Or have a Diet Coke. Some caffeine might get you out of this slump.

COURTNEY  
I just want to have a child. Just...two...  
perfect...children...  
(Her voice trails as she descends back into a drug haze)

The cab draws up outside a restaurant. The awning reads "Barcadia."

INT. BARCADIA - NIGHT

An insanely expensive nouvelle Italian restaurant all polished natural brick, spotless white tablecloths, minimalist flower arrangements, discreet lighting.

A waiter has come to take their drink orders.

BATEMAN  
J&B. Straight.

COURTNEY  
Champagne on the rocks. Oh-could I have that with a twist? She starts to sink back in her chair and Bateman leans over and pulls her back up.

COURTNEY  
Are we here?

BATEMAN  
Yes.

COURTNEY  
This is Dorsia?

BATEMAN  
(Examining a menu that says "Barcadia" in large script)  
Yes, dear.

Courtney almost falls asleep while looking at her menu, and starts to slide off of her chair. Bateman grabs her by both shoulders and props her up.

BATEMAN  
Courtney, you're going to have the peanut butter soup with smoked duck and mashed squash. New York magazine called it a 'playful but mysterious little dish.' You'll love it. And then...the red snapper with violets and pine nuts. I think that'll follow nicely.

COURTNEY  
Mmmm...thanks, Patrick.

She falls asleep at the table.

INT. COURTNEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT  
Bateman and Courtney are in Courtney's bed. Bateman is on top of her, reaching for a condom in the ashtray. He tears it open with his teeth, puts it on.

COURTNEY  
(Dazed on lithium)  
I want you to fuck me.

Bateman gets on top of her, starts to fuck her.

COURTNEY

Luis is a despicable twit.

BATEMAN

Yes, Luis is a despicable twit. I hate him.

He keeps fucking her.

COURTNEY

No, you idiot. I said "Is it a receptacle tip?"  
Not, is Luis a despicable twit. Is it a receptacle tip?  
Get off me.

BATEMAN

Is it a what?

COURTNEY

Pull out.

BATEMAN

I'm ignoring you.

COURTNEY

(screaming)  
Pull out, goddamnit!

BATEMAN

(Slowing down but not stopping)  
What do you want, Courtney?

She pushes him away from her.

BATEMAN

It's a plain end. I think.

COURTNEY

Turn the light on.

She tries to sit up.

BATEMAN

Oh Jesus. I'm going home.

COURTNEY

Patrick. Turn on the Light.  
He turns on the light.

BATEMAN

It's a plain end, see? So?

COURTNEY

Take it off.

BATEMAN



Why?

COURTNEY

Because you have to leave half an inch at the tip -  
(She covers herself with her comforter)  
to catch the force of the ejaculate!

BATEMAN

I'm getting out of here. Where's your lithium?

Courtney throws a pillow over her head and starts crying.

COURTNEY

(Screaming)

Do you think you're turning me on by having unsafe sex?

Bateman pulls the pillow off her and slaps her face.

BATEMAN

Oh Christ, this really isn't worth it. And see,  
Courtney, it's there for what? Huh? Tell us.

(He slaps her again lightly)

Why is it pulled down half an inch?

So it can catch the force of the ejaculate!

COURTNEY

(Choking crying)

Well, it's not a turn-on for me.

I have a promotion coming to me. I don't want to get AIDS.

Bateman grabs her head and makes her look at the condom.

BATEMAN

See? Happy? You dumb bitch? Are you happy, you dumb bitch?

COURTNEY

Oh God, just get it over with.

He fucks her quickly until he has a mediocre orgasm and  
falls down next to her. They lie side by side with their  
bodies not touching, eyes open, staring at the  
ceiling.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, PIERCE & PIERCE - DAY

Bateman and Luis Carruthers are seated at a long table in  
the conference room at Pierce & Pierce, which looks out onto  
a spectacular view of Manhattan.

CARRUTHERS

Patrick, thanks so much for looking after Courtney.  
Dorsia, how impressive! How on earth did you get a  
reservation there?

BATEMAN

Lucky, I guess.

CARRUTHERS

That's a wonderful jacket. Let me guess,  
Valentino Couture?

BATEMAN  
Uh huh.

CARRUTHERS  
(Reaching out to touch it)  
It looks so soft.

BATEMAN  
(Catching Luis hand)  
Your compliment was sufficient Luis.

Carruthers is distracted by a question from the colleague  
on his left. Paul Owen enters, carrying the Wall St. Journal  
under his arm. He is handsome, supremely confident and  
self-satisfied; he sees himself as a leader among men.

OWEN  
(To Bateman)  
Hello, Halberstam. Nice tie. How the hell are you?

BATEMAN  
I've been great. And you?

Their conversation fades down as we hear Bateman's  
thoughts.

BATEMAN (V.O.)  
Owen has mistaken me for this dickhead Marcus Halberstam.  
It seems logical because Marcus also works at P&P and in  
fact does the same exact thing I do and he also has a  
penchant for Valentino suits and Oliver Peoples glasses.  
Marcus and I even go to the same barber, although I have  
a slightly better haircut.

During this voiceover the CAMERA WANDERS over to MARCUS  
HALBERSTAM, who is conferring with a colleague in the  
opposite corner of the room. He bears a  
superficial resemblance to Bateman.

OWEN  
How's the Ransom account going, Marcus?

BATEMAN  
(Nervous)  
It's...it's...all right.

OWEN  
Really? That's interesting.  
(He stares at Bateman, smiling)  
Not great?

BATEMAN  
Oh well, you know.

OWEN

And how's Cecilia? She's a great girl.

BATEMAN

Oh yes. I'm very lucky.

McDermott and Price enter.

McDERMOTT

Hey. Owen! Congratulations on the Fisher account.

OWEN

Thank you, Baxter.

PRICE

Listen, Paul. Squash?

OWEN

Call me.

(Hands him a business card)

PRICE

How about Friday?

OWEN

No can do. Got a res at eight-thirty at Dorsia. Great sea urchin ceviche. There is a stunned silence as he walks away and sits in a corner of the room, ostentatiously studying papers.

CLOSE-UP on Bateman's face, cold with hatred.

PRICE

(Whispering)

Jesus. Dorsia? On a Friday night? How'd he swing that?

McDERMOTT (Whispering)

I think he's lying.

Bateman takes out his wallet and pulls out a card.

PRICE

(Suddenly enthused)

What's that, a gram?

BATEMAN

New card. What do you think?

McDermott lifts it up and examines the lettering carefully.

McDERMOTT

Whoa. Very nice. Take a look.

He hands it to Van Patten.

BATEMAN

Picked them up from the printers yesterday

VAN PATTEN  
Good coloring.

BATEMAN  
That's bone. And the lettering is something called  
Silian Rail.

McDERMOTT  
(Envious)  
Silian Rail?

VAN PATTEN  
It is very cool, Bateman. But that's nothing.

He pulls a card out of his wallet and slaps it on the  
table.

VAN PATTEN  
Look at this.

They all lean forward to inspect it.

PRICE  
That's really nice.

Bateman clenches his fists beneath the table, trying to  
control his anxiety.

VAN PATTEN  
Eggshell with Romalian type.  
(Turning to Bateman)  
What do you think?

BATEMAN  
(Barely able to breath, his voice a croak)  
Nice.

PRICE  
(Holding the card up to the light)  
Jesus. This is really super. How'd a nitwit like you get so  
tasteful?

Bateman stares at his own card and then enviously at  
McDermott's.

BATEMAN (V.O.)  
I can't believe that Price prefers McDermott's card to mine.

PRICE  
But wait. You ain't seen nothin' yet.

He holds up his own card.

PRICE  
Raised lettering, pale nimbus white...

BATEMAN

(Choking with anxiety)  
Impressive. Very nice. Let's see Paul Owen's card.

Price pulls a card from an inside coat pocket and holds it up for their inspection: "PAUL OWEN, PIERCE & PIERCE, MERGERS AND ACQUISITIONS." Bateman swallows, speechless. The sound in the room dies down and all we hear is a faint heartbeat as Bateman stares at the magnificent card.

BATEMAN (V.O.)  
Look at that subtle off-white coloring. The tasteful thickness of it. Oh my God, it even has a watermark...

His hand shaking, Bateman lifts up the card and stares at it until it fills the screen.

He lets it fall. The SOUND RETURNS TO NORMAL.

CARRUTHERS Is something wrong? Patrick...you're sweating.

EXT. STREET- EVENING

The financial district. The streets are eerily deserted.

Bateman stands at an ATM, enjoying the reassuring sound of \$500 in fresh bills thudding from the machine. As he turns to leave, he notices someone across the street.

A HOMELESS MAN is lying in a doorway on top of an open grate, surrounded by bags of garbage and a shopping cart. A cardboard sign is attached to the front of the cart: I AM HOMELESS AND HUNGRY PLEASE HELP ME. A small, thin dog lies next to him.

He is black, dressed in a stained, torn, lime-green polyester pants suit with jeans worn over the pants.

BATEMAN  
(Offering his hand) Hello. Pat Bateman.

The Homeless Man stares at Bateman, struggling to sit up.

BATEMAN  
You want some money?. Some...food?

The Homeless Man nods and starts to cry. Bateman reaches into his pocket and pulls out a \$10 bill, then changes his mind and holds out a \$5 instead.

BATEMAN  
Is this what you need?

The Homeless Man nods, looks away, wipes his nose.

HOMELESS MAN  
I'm so hungry.

BATEMAN

It's cold out, too, isn't it?

HOMELESS MAN

I'm so hungry.

BATEMAN

(Holding the bill just out of the man's reach)

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

HOMELESS MAN

(Shivering and sobbing)

I lost my job...

BATEMAN

Why? Were you drinking? Is that why you lost it?

Insider trading? Just joking. No, really-were you drinking on the job?

HOMELESS MAN I was fired. I was laid off.

BATEMAN

Gee, uh, that's too bad.

HOMELESS MAN

I'm so hungry.

The dog starts to whimper.

BATEMAN

Why don't you get another one? Why don't , you get another job?

HOMELESS MAN

I'm not...

BATEMAN

You're not what? Qualified for anything else?

HOMELESS MAN

I'm hungry

BATEMAN

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

HOMELESS MAN

I'm hungry.

BATEMAN

Listen, do you think it's fair to take money from people who do have jobs? From people who do work?

HOMELESS MAN

What am I gonna do?

BATEMAN

Listen, what's your name?

HOMELESS MAN

Al.

BATEMAN

Speak up. Come on.

HOMELESS MAN

Al.

BATEMAN

Get a goddamn 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.

HOMELESS MAN

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

BATEMAN

(Petting the dog)  
Shhhh...it's okay.

HOMELESS MAN

(Grabbing Bateman's wrist)  
Please...I don't know what to do. I'm so cold.

BATEMAN

(Stroking his face, whispering)  
Do ,you know how bad you smell? The stench, my God.

HOMELESS MAN

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

BATEMAN

You reek. You reek of...shit. Do you know that?  
(Shouting)  
Goddammit, Al-look at me and stop crying like some kind of faggot. Al...I'm sorry.

Bateman carefully puts the money back in his wallet.

BATEMAN

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

He opens his briefcase and pulls out a long thin knife with a serrated edge. He pushes up the sleeve of his jacket to protect it.

BATEMAN

Do you know what a fucking loser ,you are?

HOMELESS MAN'S POV as Bateman lunges at him with the knife.

EXTREME WIDE SHOT of the street. Bateman's shadowed figure

is hunched over the Homeless Man, stabbing him in the stomach. The dog barks wildly and Bateman stomps on it until it is silent.

LOW ANGLE shot of Bateman as he throws a quarter on the ground.

BATEMAN

There's a quarter. Go buy some gum.

Bateman walks calmly into the empty caverns of Wall Street. Cars drift past, their headlights momentarily illuminating the body left twitching on the ground.

INT. BEAUTY SALON - DAY

CLOSE-UP on Bateman's face and torso. His eyes are closed as a woman's hands rub cream into his face.

FACIALIST

What beautiful skin you have, Mr Bateman. So fine, so smooth...

His eyes open to look up at the facialist and then he closes them again.

BATEMAN (V.O.)

I have all the characteristics of a human being- flesh, blood, skin, hair-but not a single clear, identifiable emotion except for greed ,und disgust. Something horrible is happening inside me and I don't know why.

CUT TO:

Bateman sitting in a chair, looking down at the MANICURIST who is giving him a pedicure. She is cutting his nails with tiny sharp scissors. He stares at them longingly.

BATEMAN (V.O.)

My nightly bloodlust has overflowed into my days. I feel lethal, on the verge of frenzy.

CUT TO:

Bateman lying irradiated by ultraviolet light on a tanning bed, wearing goggles.

BATEMAN (V.O.)

I think my mask of sanity is about to slip.

INT. TEXARKANA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

An insanely expensive nouvelle Tex-Mex restaurant, with an ironic Southwestern decor: Santa Fe colors, Navajo blankets, naive cowboy art, rawhide banquettes.

Bateman bursts in the door, late, and approaches the MAITRE D'.



BATEMAN

Marcus Halberstam. For two at eight?

MAITRE D'

Your friend has already been seated. Follow me, Mr. Halberstam.

Paul Owen is seated at a table underneath an enormous pair of ram's horns. He is arguing with the WAITER.

OWEN

No, I want to know. I came here for the cilantro crawfish gumbo, which is after all the only excuse one could have for being in this restaurant, which is by the way, almost completely empty. Am I to believe that all ten people in this restaurant have eaten your entire supply of cilantro crawfish gumbo?

WAITER

I'm very sorry sir. There was a fire in the kitchen earlier today, and-

BATEMAN

J&B, straight. And a Dixie beer.

WAITER

Would you like to hear-

OWEN

Double Absolut martini.

WAITER

Yes, sir. Would you like to hear the specials?

BATEMAN

Not if you want to keep your spleen.

The Waiter leaves.

OWEN

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

This place is hot, very hot.

BATEMAN

Listen, the mud soup and the charcoal arugula are outrageous here.

OWEN

Yeah, well, you're late.

BATEMAN

Hey, I'm a child of divorce. Give me a break  
(Studying the menu; he's in a surprisingly good mood)  
Hmmm, I see they've omitted the pork loin with lime jello.

OWEN

We should've gone to Dorsia. I could've gotten us a table.

BATEMAN

Nobody goes there anymore.

There is a long disgruntled silence.

BATEMAN

Is that Ivana Trump over there? (Laughs) Jeez Patrick I mean Marcus, what are you thinking? Why would Ivana be at Texarkana?

Another pause.

BATEMAN

So, wasn't Rothschild originally handling the Fisher account? How did you get it?

OWEN

I could tell you that, Halberstam, but then I'd have to kill you.

He guffaws. Bateman laughs politely.

LATER:

Paul Owen is very drunk. BATEMAN cold sober.

BATEMAN

I like to dissect girls. Did you know I'm utterly insane?

Owen continues laughing and motions to the waiter for another drink.

OWEN

Great tan, Marcus. Really impressive. Where do you tan?

BATEMAN Salon.

OWEN

I've got a tanning bed at home. You should look into it.

Bateman nods, agitated.

OWEN

And Cecelia, how is she? Where is she tonight?

BATEMAN

Cecelia is, well...you know (Cecelia. I think she's having dinner with...Evelyn Williams.

OWEN

Evelyn. Great ass. Goes out with that loser Patrick Bateman. What a dork.

BATEMAN

Another Martini, Paul?

Owen nods drunkenly.

LATER:

The end of the meal. Owen is squeezing a lime onto the table, missing his beer, incredibly drunk. The check is laid down.

BATEMAN

(Talking to Owen like a child)  
Paul, give me your Amex card. Good boy.  
Bateman slaps the card down, looks at the check.

BATEMAN

Two-hundred-and-fifty. Very reasonable. Let's leave a big tip, shall we? My place for a nightcap?

OWEN

No, man. I'm gonna bail.

BATEMAN

Come on, you dumb son of a bitch.  
(Helping him into his jacket)  
I've got a preview of the Barneys catalogue and a bottle of Absolut waiting for us.

INT. BATEMAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The living room floor has been meticulously covered with newspaper.

Owen is slumped drunkenly in a white Eames chair, a glass in his hand. Bateman is looking through his CDs.

BATEMAN

You like Huey Lewis and the News?

OWEN

They're okay.

BATEMAN

Their early work was a little too New Wave for my taste. But then Sports came out in 1983, I think they really came into their own, commercially and artistically.

Bateman walks to his bathroom, taking a large ax out of the shower. He takes two Valium.

BATEMAN

(Said partly from the bathroom)  
The whole album has a clear, crisp sound and a new sheen of consummate professionalism that gives the songs a big boost. Bateman comes back out and leans the ax against the wall. He walks to the foyer and puts on a raincoat, watching Owen from behind all the time.

BATEMAN

He's been compared to ELvis Costello but I think Huey has a more bitter, cynical sense of humor.

Owen is absent-mindedly leafing through the Barneys catalogue.

OWEN  
Hey, Halberstam?

BATEMAN  
Yes, Owen?

OWEN  
Why are there copies of the Style section all over the place? Do you have a dog? A chow or something?

BATEMAN  
No, Owen.

OWEN  
(Confused)  
Is that a raincoat?

BATEMAN  
Yes, it is.

Bateman moves to the CD player. He takes a CD out of its case and slides it in the machine.

BATEMAN  
In 1987 Huey released this, *Fore!*, their most accomplished album. I think I heir undisputed masterpiece is "HiP To Be Square," a song so catchy that most people probably don't listen to the lyrics. But they should because it's not just about the pleasures of conformity and the importance of trends. It's al~ a personal statement about the band itself.

Bateman puts on "Hip To Be Square."

BATEMAN crosses the room and picks up the ax.

We follow BATEMAN from behind as he walks up to Owen, the ax raised over his head.

BATEMAN  
Hey, Paul?

As Owen turns around, FROM OWEN'S POV we see Bateman swing the ax toward his face.

Blood sprays onto the white raincoat.

FROM BEHIND OWEN, we see BATEMAN as he yanks the ax out.

Owen drops to the floor. His body falls out of the frame. We stay on his legs twitching mechanically.

Blood pulses onto the newspaper-covered floor.

BATEMAN

(Raising the ax and screaming)  
Try getting a reservation at Dorsia now, you fucking  
stupid bastard!

LOW ANGLE ON BATEMAN as he beats Owen with the back of the  
ax.

OFFSCREEN, the sound of the ax hitting Owen.

BATEMAN  
(Panting)  
Fucking bastard...

Bateman takes his raincoat off, still panting. He folds the  
coat carefully in half, bloody side in, and drapes it neatly  
over the back of a chair.

He sits back on the white sofa and surveys the scene. He  
checks his Rolex and lights a cigar.

OFFSCREEN, Paul Owen's last faint sighs are heard.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

BATEMAN drags a large, blood-soaked sleeping bag through the lobby,  
past the bored doorman, who looks up from the Post for a moment.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

BATEMAN is trying to hail a cab. Owen's body is at his  
feet. Luis Carruthers and a Japanese girl walk up to him.

CARRUTHERS  
Patrick? Is that you?

BATEMAN  
No, Luis. It's not me. You're mistaken.

CARRUTHERS  
This is Gwendolyn Ichiban. This is my very good  
friend Patrick Bateman. Where are you going? We're going to  
Nell's. Gwendolyn's father's buying it.  
(Looking down at the body)  
Where did you get your overnight bag?

BATEMAN  
Commes des Garcon.

A cab stops. BATEMAN opens the door and manages to get  
Owen's body into the backseat.

Bateman gets into the cab.

CARRUTHERS  
Call me please, Patrick.

BATEMAN

Jesus lives, Luis.

INT. BATEMAN'S HELL'S KITCHEN APARTMENT - NIGHT

A bare room, lit by one light bulb. The walls are blank except for a Les Miserables poster. There is one ratty chair.

Bateman pours lime over Paul Owen's body, which is lying in a bathtub. He plays Huey Lewis, smokes a cigar, watches the body dissolve.

INT. PAUL OWEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bateman is letting himself into the apartment. It is very similar to Bateman's, but even more minimalist. The walls are white-pigmented concrete with a large minimalist painting on the wall. One wall is covered in a trendy, large-scale scientific drawing above a long, black leather couch.

BATEMAN

Where to send the bastard? Dallas? Pans?

He throws some clothes into a suitcase, randomly grabbing toiletries and shoving them in.

BATEMAN

Singapore? London. I'll send the asshole to London.

He puts some music on to help muffle his voice, then leans over the answering machine.

He does a passable imitation of Owen's speech.

BATEMAN

Hi, this is Paul. I've been called away to London for a few days. Meredith, I'll call you when I get back. Hasta la vista, baby.

INT. BATEMAN'S OFFICE - MORNING

Bateman is sitting at his desk, with the latest copy of Sports Illustrated in front of him and his Walkman playing Kenny G. We hear the MUSIC until Jean enters and he takes the Walkman off.

BATEMAN

(Faintly irritable)  
What is it?

JEAN

Patrick?

BATEMAN

(Condescendingly)  
Ye-es, Je-an?

JEAN

Patrick, a Mr. Donald KIMBALL is here to see you.

BATEMAN  
Who?

JEAN  
Detective Donald KIMBALL?

Silence. Bateman stares out the window, then down at the drawing of a headless woman he's been doodling on the back cover of Sports Illustrated.

BATEMAN  
Tell him I'm at lunch.

JEAN  
(whispering)  
Patrick, I think he knows you're here.  
It's only ten-thirty.

Silence.

BATEMAN  
Send him in, I guess. As she exits, he picks up the cordless phone and pretends to talk to someone at the other end.

BATEMAN  
Now, John, you've got to wear clothes in proportion to your physique. There are definite do's and don'ts, good buddy, of wearing a bold-striped shirt. A hold-striped shirt calls for solid-colored or discreetly patterned suits and ties...

The door to the office opens and he waves in DETECTIVE DONALD KIMBALL. KIMBALL is surprisingly young - about Bateman's age - and good-looking, dressed in a crumpled linen Armani suit of the type Bateman and his friends might wear.

Kimball sits down and crosses his legs with a self-assurance that makes Bateman so nervous he forgets to carry on with his fake conversation. Kimball looks up at him curiously, noticing the silence.

BATEMAN  
(Realizing that Kimball is staring at him)  
Right. And yes...always tip the stylist fifteen percent.

Bateman shrugs at the detective, rolling his eyes in exasperation.

KIMBALL nods understandingly.

BATEMAN  
Listen, John, I've got to go. T Boone Pickens just walked in...  
(He laughs inanely)  
Just joking...  
(Pause)

No don't tip the owner of the salon. Okay, John, right, got it.  
(He hangs up the phone and pushes the antenna in)  
Sorry about that.

KIMBALL  
No, I'm sorry. I should've made an appointment.  
(Gesturing toward the phone)  
Was that anything important?

BATEMAN  
Oh that? Just mulling over business problems.  
Examining opportunities...Exchanging rumors...  
Spreading gossip.

They laugh politely.

KIMBALL  
(Holding out his hand)  
Hi. I'm Donald KIMBALL

BATEMAN  
(Shaking firmly)  
Hi. Pat Bateman. Nice to meet you.

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, you're here, so...I know how busy you guys can get.

KIMBALL stares at the three open copies of Sports Illustrated and the Sony Walkman lying on Bateman's desk. Bateman sees the look and sweeps the magazines into the top drawer along with the Walkman, which is still running.

BATEMAN  
(Forcing himself to sound friendly and relaxed)  
So, what's the topic of discussion?

KIMBALL  
I've been hired by Meredith Powell to investigate the disappearance of Paul Owen.

BATEMAN  
You're not with the FBI or anything, are you?

KIMBALL  
Nothing like that. I'm just a private investigator.

BATEMAN  
Ah, I see...Yes. Paul's disappearance...Yes.

KIMBALL  
So it's nothing that official. I just have some basic questions. About Paul Owen. About yourself-



BATEMAN  
Coffee?

KIMBALL  
No. I'm okay.

BATEMAN  
Perrier? San Pellegrino?

KIMBALL  
No, I'm okay.

KIMBALL takes out a small black notepad and the same gold Cross pen that Bateman and his friends all use. Bateman buzzes Jean.

JEAN (O.S.)  
Patrick?

BATEMAN  
Can you bring Mr...

KIMBALL  
KIMBALL.

BATEMAN  
Mr. Kimball a bottle of San Pelle-

KIMBALL  
Oh no, I'm okay.

BATEMAN  
It's no problem

Bateman watches intently as KIMBALL writes something down in his notebook, then crosses something out. Jean enters and places the bottle of San Pellegrino and a Steuben etched glass on the table, shooting a concerned glance at Bateman. He glares at her. KIMBALL smiles and nods at Jean as she leaves.

BATEMAN  
Well, what's the topic of discussion?

KIMBALL  
The disappearance of Paul Owen.

BATEMAN  
Oh right. Well, I haven't heard anything about the disappearance or anything...  
(Trying to laugh)  
Not on "Page Six" at least.

KIMBALL  
I think his family wants this kept quiet.

BATEMAN  
Understandable.

(Staring at the untouched bottle of San Pellegrino)  
Lime?

KIMBALL  
No, really. I'm okay.

BATEMAN  
You sure? I can always get you a lime.

A pause.

KIMBALL  
Just some preliminary questions that I need for my own files, okay?

BATEMAN  
Shoot.

KIMBALL  
How old are you?

BATEMAN  
Twenty-six. I'll be twenty-seven in October.

KIMBALL  
(Scribbling in his notebook)  
Where did you go to school?

BATEMAN  
Harvard. The Harvard Business School.

KIMBALL  
Your address?

BATEMAN  
Fifty-five West Eighty-First Street. The American Gardens Building.

KIMBALL  
(Looking up, impressed)  
Nice. Very nice.

BATEMAN  
(Flattered)  
Thanks.

A pause as KIMBALL studies his notebook. Bateman closes his eyes, as if in pain.

KIMBALL  
Pardon me, but are you okay?

BATEMAN  
Who do you ask?

KIMBALL  
You seem...nervous.

Bateman reaches into his desk drawer and brings out a bottle of aspirin.

BATEMAN  
Nuprin?

KIMBALL Uh...no, thanks.

Kimball takes out a pack of Marlboro's and lays it on the desk.

BATEMAN  
Bad habit.

KIMBALL  
I know. I'm sorry.

A pause, as Bateman stares at the cigarettes.

KIMBALL  
Would you rather I not smoke?

BATEMAN  
No, I guess it's okay.

KIMBALL  
You sure?

BATEMAN  
No problem.  
(Buzzing Jean)

JEAN (O.S.)  
Yes, Patrick?

BATEMAN  
Bring us an ashtray for Mr. KIMBALL, please.  
She whisks in with a crystal ashtray as they sit in silence.

KIMBALL  
What can you tell me about Paul Owen?

BATEMAN  
Well...

He coughs, shakes two Nuprin into his hand and swallows them dry.

KIMBALL  
How well did you know him?

BATEMAN  
I'm...at a loss. He was part of that whole...Yale thing, you know.

KIMBALL

Yale thing?

A pause.

BATEMAN  
Yeah...Yale thing.

KIMBALL  
What do you mean...Yale thing?

A pause.

BATEMAN  
Well, I think for one that he was probably a closet  
homosexual. Who did a lot of cocaine...that Yale thing.

A silence during which the sound of the air conditioner  
becomes deafening.

KIMBALL  
So...there's nothing you can tell me about Paul  
Owen?

BATEMAN  
He led what I suppose was an orderly life. He...  
ate a balanced diet.

KIMBALL  
What kind of man was he? Besides...  
(He hesitates tries to smile)  
the information you've just given.

BATEMAN  
I hope I'm not being cross-examined here.

KIMBALL  
Do you feel that way?

BATEMAN  
No. Not really.

KIMBALL  
(As he writes without looking up)  
Where did Paul hang out?

BATEMAN  
Hang...out?

KIMBALL  
Yeah. You know...hang out.

BATEMAN  
Let me think. The Newport. Harry's. Fluties. Endochine.  
Nell's. Comell Club. The New York Yacht Club. The regular  
places.

KIMBALL

He had a yacht?

BATEMAN

No, he just hung out there.

KIMBALL

And where did he go to school?

A slight pause.

BATEMAN

Don't you know this?

KIMBALL

I just wanted to know if you know.

BATEMAN

Before Yale? If I remember correctly, Saint Paul's...  
Listen, I just...I just want to help.

KIMBALL

I understand.

He makes another note.

KIMBALL

Anything else you can tell me about Owen?

BATEMAN

We were both seven in 1969.

KIMBALL

(Smiles)

So was I.

BATEMAN

Do you have any witnesses or fingerprints?

KIMBALL

Well, there's a message on his answering machine saying he  
went to London.

BATEMAN

Well, maybe he did, huh?

KIMBALL

His girlfriend doesn't think so.

BATEMAN

But...has anyone seen him in London?

KIMBALL

Actually, yes.

BATEMAN

Hmmm.

KIMBALL

Well, I've had a hard time getting an actual verification. A Stephen Hughes says he saw him at a restaurant there, but I checked it out and what happened is, he mistook a Hubert Ainsworth for Paul, so...

BATEMAN

Oh.

KIMBALL

Was he involved at all , do you think, in occultism or Satan worship?

BATEMAN

What?

KIMBALL

I know it sounds like a lame question, but in New Jersey I know this sounds like a lame question, but last month-I don't know if you've heard about this, but a young stockbroker was recently arrested and charged with murdering a young Chicano girl and performing voodoo rituals with various body parts-

BATEMAN

Yikes! No. Paul wasn't into that. He followed a balanced diet and-

KIMBALL

Yeah, I know, and was into that whole Yale thing.

A pause - the longest so far.

BATEMAN

Have you consulted a psychic?

KIMBALL

No.

BATEMAN

Had his apartment been burglarized?

KIMBALL

No, it actually hadn't. Toiletries were missing. A suit was gone. So was some luggage. That's it.

BATEMAN

I mean no one's dealing with the homicide squad yet or anything, right?

KIMBALL

No, not yet. As I said, we're not sure. But... basically no one has seen or heard anything.

BATEMAN

That's so typical, isn't it?

KIMBALL

It's just strange.

(He stares out the window, lost in thought)  
One day someone's walking around, going to work, alive,  
and then...

BATEMAN  
Nothing.

KIMBALL  
People just...disappear.

BATEMAN  
The earth just opens up and swallows people.  
(He checks his Rolex)

KIMBALL  
Eerie. Really eerie.

Silence.

BATEMAN  
(Standing up)  
You'll have to excuse me. I have a lunch meeting  
with Cliff Huxtable at Four Seasons in twenty minutes.

KIMBALL  
Isn't the Four Seasons a little far uptown? I  
mean aren't you going to be late?

BATEMAN  
Uh, no. There's one...down here.

KIMBALL  
Oh really? I didn't know that.

Bateman leads him to the door.

BATEMAN  
Yes. It's very good.

KIMBALL turns to face him.

KIMBALL  
Listen, if anything occurs to you, any information  
at all...

BATEMAN  
Absolutely, I'm 100% with you.

KIMBALL  
Great, and thanks for your, uh, time, Mr. Bateman.

Bateman closes the door firmly on KIMBALL. He closes his  
eyes and leans against the door, sweating.

INT. BATEMAN'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

A perfectly lit kitchen still-life - a bottle of Evian,

a white porcelain plate on which sits a sliced kiwi, some perfect green grapes, a few berries.

OFFSCREEN, the SOUND OF SCREAMS AND A CHAINSAW can be heard from the living room.

The living room: Bateman is maniacally doing abdominal crunches as the television plays a video of Texas Chainsaw Massacre. There is a pile of horror videos on his coffee table, next to a copy of GQ.

LATER:

Bateman is sitting in his armchair, phone book in hand, jerking off. He is squealing into the phone and breathing.

BATEMAN

You like that, slut?

The person on the other end clearly hangs up.

CLOSE-UP on his fingers dialing the phone.

BATEMAN

You want to know what I'm wearing? Sixty-dollar boxer shorts by Ralph Lauren, a hundred-and-fifty-dollar white cotton T-shirt by Commes des Garçons.  
(He snorts like a pig)  
My Rolex cost-

Another hang-up. He dials again.

BATEMAN

(Whispering)

I'm a corporate raider. I orchestrate hostile takeovers. What do you think of that?

(Makes disgusting sucking noises and grunts)

Huh, bitch?

GIRL (O.S.)

Dad, is that you?

Bateman hangs up, frustrated.

EXT. STREET/INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Bateman cruises around in the limo. It pulls up alongside CHRISTIE, a pretty blonde hooker in shorts and leather jacket. Bateman opens his window to speak to her.

BATEMAN

I haven't seen you around here.

CHRISTIE

You just haven't been looking.



BATEMAN

Would you like to see my apartment?

Bateman flips on the light inside the limo. He's wearing a tuxedo.

CHRISTIE

(looking away to some dark corner)

I'm not supposed to.

Bateman is holding out a \$100 bill, which Christie now notices, then takes.

BATEMAN

Do you want to come to my apartment or not?

CHRISTIE

I'm not supposed to.

(She pockets the bill)

But I can make an exception.

BATEMAN

Do you take American Express?

Christie is still looking out behind her.

BATEMAN

Do you take American Express?

Christie looks at him like he's crazy.

BATEMAN

I'm joking. Come on, get in.

As they drive uptown, Bateman dials the cell-phone. He reads off a credit card number.

BATEMAN

I'd like a girl, early twenties, blonde, who does couples. Couples. Fifty-five West Eighty-First, the American Gardens Building. Apartment 7C. And I really can't stress blonde enough. Blonde.

He hangs up.

BATEMAN I'm Paul. My name is Paul Owen, have you got that? You are Christie. You are to respond only to Christie. Is that clear?

INT. BATEMAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Christie is in the bathtub, Bateman is pouring in white milky bath oil.

BATEMAN

That's a very fine Chardonnay you're drinking.

Long pause, in which Christie is luxuriating in the tub and Bateman is casually touching her breast.

BATEMAN

I want you to clean your vagina.

Christie reaches for a washcloth.

BATEMAN

No. From behind. Get on your knees.

Christie shrugs.

BATEMAN

I want to watch. You have a very nice body.

The doorman RINGS. Bateman answers.

BATEMAN

Thank you. Send her up. Christie, get out and dry off, choose a robe-not the Bijan and come and meet me and our guest in the living room for drinks.

Bateman answers the door.

BATEMAN

You've arrived! How lovely, let me take your coat. I'm Paul. How good of you to come.

The escort girl looks somewhat bewildered. Bateman takes her coat and inspects her body and face.

BATEMAN

Not quite blonde, are you? More dirty blonde. I'm going to call you Sabrina. I'm Paul Owen.

Bateman escorts her into the living room and brings her a glass of wine. Christie enters, sitting next to Sabrina on the couch, and Bateman sits across from them. There is a long silence.

BATEMAN

So, don't you want to know what I do?

The two girls look at each other with uncomfortable smiles. Christie shrugs.

CHRISTIE

No.

SABRINA

(Smiling)

No, not really.

Bateman is visibly irritated, recrosses his legs.

BATEMAN

Well, I work on Wall Street. At Pierce & Pierce.  
(Long pause)  
Have you heard of it?

Another long pause. They shake their heads. Christie stands up and goes over to the CD collection.

CHRISTIE  
You have a really nice place here...Paul.  
How much did you pay for it?

BATEMAN  
Actually, that's none of your business, Christie,  
hut I can assure you it certainly wasn't cheap.

Bateman leaves to refill his wine glass and Sabrina takes a pack of cigarettes out of her purse.  
Bateman returns, carrying a tray of chocolates.

BATEMAN  
No, no smoking. Not in here.

He walks over to Christie.

BATEMAN  
Varda truffle?

Christie stares at the plate and shakes her head. Sabrina takes one.

BATEMAN  
I don't want you to get drunk, but that's a very fine Chardonnay you're not drinking.

Bateman goes over to his CDs and scans his vast collection. He takes one out and examines it.

BATEMAN  
Do you like Phil Collins? I've been a big Genesis fan ever since the release of their 1980 album, Duke. Before that I really didn't understand any of their work. It was too artsy, too intellectual. It was on Duke where Phil Collins' presence became more apparent. He puts aside the CD and takes out another one.

BATEMAN  
I think "Invisible Touch" is the group's undisputed masterpiece.

He puts on the song and gestures for them to follow him into the bedroom.

BATEMAN  
It's an epic meditation on intangibility, at the same time it deepens and enriches the meaning of the preceding three albums. Christie, take off the robe.

Bateman puts out a lace teddy. He motions to Christie to put it on.

BATEMAN

Listen to the brilliant ensemble playing of Banks, Collins and Rutherford. You can practically hear every nuance of every instrument. Sabrina, remove your dress.

Bateman starts to undress.

BATEMAN

In terms of lyrical craftsmanship and sheer songwriting, this album hits a new peak of professionalism. Sabrina, why don't you dance a little?

Sabrina dances awkwardly. Christie sits on the bed.

BATEMAN

Take the lyrics to "Land of Confusion." In this song, Phil Collins addresses the problem of abusive political authority.

Bateman knots a silk scarf around Christie's neck - rather menacingly - then helps her into some suede gloves.

BATEMAN

"In Too Deep" is the most moving pop song of the 1980s about monogamy and commitment. The song is extremely uplifting. Their lyrics are as positive and affirmative as anything I've heard in rock.

He turns on the video camera.

BATEMAN

Christie, get down on your knees, so Sabrina can see your asshole.

Bateman looks through the viewfinder.

BATEMAN

Phill Collins solo efforts seem to be more commercial and therefore more satisfying in a narrower way, especially songs like "In the Air Tonight" and "Against All Odds." Sabrina, don't just stare at it. Eat it.

He walks over to the sound system in his bedroom and slides in the CD.

BATEMAN

But I also think that Phill Collins works better within the confines of the group than as a solo artist-and I stress the word artist. This is "Sussudio," a great, great song, a personal favorite.

SEX MONTAGE CUT TO "Sussudio." We see this in WIDE SHOT, or through the LENS OF THE VIDEO CAMERA.

CUT TO:

Bateman asleep in his bed with Christie and Sabrina on either side of him. Sabrina accidentally touches his wrist. Bateman's eyes open.

BATEMAN

Don't touch the Rolex.

Bateman gets up from his bed and goes over to his armoire.

He opens the drawer in which are a nail gun, a coat hanger, a rusty butter knife and a half-smoked cigar. He turns around to see Christie and Sabrina both starting to get up and get dressed. He takes the coat hanger.

BATEMAN

We're not through yet...

CUT TO:

Bateman ushering them out the door impatiently. They are both sobbing, badly bruised and bleeding. Bateman has a deep scratch on his hand and one on his shoulder. In the b.g. Phil Collins' "In the Air Tonight" is playing.

INT. YALE CLUB - DAY

McDermott, Van Patten and Bateman are having drinks. Price walks by with a gorgeous girl and gives them the finger.

BATEMAN

What an asshole.

McDERMOTT

Why is Laurie Kennedy dating Price? He's a fucking drug addict. No self-control.

VAN PATTEN

But Laurie Kennedy is a total hardbody. What do you think, Bateman?

BATEMAN

I know her. I knew her.

McDERMOTT

Why do you say it like that? Why does he say it like that?

VAN PATTEN

Because he dated her.

BATEMAN

How did you guess?

VAN PATTEN

Girls dig Bateman. He's CQ. You're total CQ,  
Bateman.

BATEMAN

Thanks, guy, but...she's got a lousy  
personality.

McDERMOTT

So what? It's all looks. Laurie Kennedy is a  
babe. Don't even pretend you were interested for any other  
reason.

VAN PATTEN

If they have a good personality, then something  
is very wrong.

McDERMOTT

If they have a good personality and they are not  
great looking-who fucking cares?

BATEMAN

Well, let's just say hypothetically, okay? What if  
they have a good personality?  
(He smiles giving up)  
I know, I know-

ALL IN UNISON

There are no girls with good personalities!  
(They laugh and high-five each other)

VAN PATTEN

A good personality consists of a chick with a  
little hardbody who will satisfy all sexual demands without  
being too slutty about things and who will essentially keep  
her dumb fucking mouth  
shut.

McDERMOTT

Listen, the only girls with good personalities who are  
smart or maybe funny or halfway intelligent or even  
talented-though God knows what the fuck that means-are ugly  
chicks.

VAN PATTEN

Absolutely.

McDERMOTT

And this is because they have to make up for how  
fucking unattractive they are.

Pause.

BATEMAN

Do you know what Ed Gein said about women?

VAN PATTEN

Ed Gein? Maitre d' at Canal Bar?

BATEMAN

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

McDERMOTT

So what did Ed say?

BATEMAN

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."

Pauses, finishes his drink.

McDERMOTT

What does the other part of him think?

BATEMAN

What her head would look like on a stick.

McDermott and Van Patten look at each other and then back at Bateman. Bateman starts to laugh, and the other two uneasily join in.

Luis Carruthers walks up to the table.

CARRUTHERS

(Shyly)

Hi, guys. I wanna get your opinion on something.

McDermott rolls his eyes at the rest of the table.

McDERMOTT If it's about the bow-tie you're wearing, you know how we feel about it. Luis laughs good-naturedly.

CARRUTHERS

Yes, I do. No, it's my business card-I decided to get a new one too.

He pulls out something incredibly tasteful. Everyone compliments Luis except Bateman. The SOUND DROPS and all we hear is the beating of his heart as he stares at the card enviously. Luis plucks it from his hand and walks away, pleased with himself.

VAN PATTEN

Listen, what about dinner?

BATEMAN

(Suddenly angry)

Is that all you ever have to contribute, Van Patten? "What about fucking dinner?"

McDERMOTT

Ah, cheer up, Bateman.

(Slaps him on the back, massages his neck)  
What's the matter? No shiatsu this morning?

BATEMAN

(Watching Luis going into the men's room)  
Keep touching me like that and you'll draw back a stump.

McDERMOTT

Whoa, hold on there, little buddy.

BATEMAN

Excuse me.

He gets up from the table. As Bateman walks away, Van Patten grabs a waiter.

VAN PATTEN

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

INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY

Bateman pulls on his gloves as he enters the men's room. Carruthers is standing in a stall with his back to Bateman. The sound of his urinating is heard until Bateman approaches, then abruptly stops. Slowly, Bateman brings his hands up over the collar of Carruthers' cashmere jacket, circling his neck until both thumbs and index fingers meet. All we can hear is the sound of Bateman's heavy breathing. Slowly he starts to squeeze. Almost in slow motion, Carruthers turns around.

Carruthers looks down at Bateman's wrists as if lost in thought. Then he lowers his head and kisses Bateman's wrist. He looks back at Bateman with a shy, love-struck expression, then reaches up and tenderly touches the side of his face.

CARRUTHERS

God, Patrick. Why here?

He strokes Bateman's hair.

CARRUTHERS

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

Carruthers tries to kiss him on the lips but Bateman backs away. He drops his hands from Carruthers' neck. Carruthers immediately takes them and places them back. Bateman drops them again.

CARRUTHERS

Don't be shy.

Bateman takes a deep breath, closes his eyes and tries to lift his hands again, but abandons the attempt.

CARRUTHERS



You don't know how long I've wanted it. Ever since that Christmas party at Arizona 206. You know the one, you were wearing that red-striped paisley Armani tie.

Bateman looks down and sees that Carruthers' pants are still unzipped. He moves past him out of the stall and stands by the sink and pretends to wash his hands until he realizes he still has his gloves on. Carruthers comes up behind him.

CARRUTHERS

I want you. I want you...too.

Bateman storms out of the men's room, bumping into a waiter and several customers and cursing. Noticing the maitre d' and another waiter conferring and looking at him strangely, Bateman straightens up and smiles and waves cheerfully at them. Carruthers walks up behind him.

BATEMAN

(Hissing)

What...is...it?

CARRUTHERS

Where are you going?

BATEMAN

(Stumbling away from him)

I've gotta...I've

gotta...return some videotapes.

CARRUTHERS

Patrick?

BATEMAN

What?

CARRUTHERS

(Silently mouthing the words)

I'll call you.

Bateman storms out of the restaurant.

INT. COURTNEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bateman is lying on top of Courtney in her bed, after sex. Still panting, he rolls off her, onto his back. He feels something lumpy underneath him and pulls out a stuffed toy, a black cat with blue jewel eyes. There is silence.

COURTNEY

Will you call me before Thanksgiving?

BATEMAN

Maybe.

Courtney sighs and reaches for a bottle of pills on her nightstand, swallowing several. Bateman gets up and begins

to dress, admiring himself in the mirror. Courtney watches the TV at low volume.

COURTNEY

What are you doing tonight?

BATEMAN

Dinner at the River Cafe. Au Bar afterwards, maybe.

COURTNEY

That's nice.

BATEMAN

You and...Luis?

COURTNEY

(Lighting a cigarette)

We were supposed to have dinner at Tad and Maura's, but-you know how Luis is...

BATEMAN

I never knew you smoked.

COURTNEY

(Smiling sadly)

You never noticed.

Bateman is making final adjustments to his tie.

COURTNEY

Listen...Patrick. Can we talk?

BATEMAN

You look marvelous. There's nothing to say. You're going to marry Luis. Next week, no Less.

COURTNEY

(Sarcastically)

Isn't that special?

(A pause)

Patrick?

BATEMAN

Yes, Courtney?

COURTNEY

If I don't see you before Thanksgiving, have a nice one, okay?

BATEMAN

(Flatly)

You too.

Courtney picks up the black cat and starts petting its head. Bateman heads down the hallway to the front door.

COURTNEY

Patrick?

BATEMAN  
Yes?

COURTNEY  
Nothing.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A big eighties nightclub with a mixed crowd: hip-hop kids, visitors from Jersey, downtown art people, yuppies.

I Bateman makes his way through the crowd to the bar, and tries to attract the bartender's attention. He is wearing a suit and his tie is loosened. Kimball approaches him.

KIMBALL  
Mr. Bateman?

Bateman gasps and recovers.

BATEMAN  
Detective Kendall...uh Campbell?  
KIMBALL  
Kimball.  
(Extending his hand)  
Call me Don.

BATEMAN  
Don.

KIMBALL  
So...you hang out here a lot?

BATEMAN  
Uh, yes...I mean...whenever necessary. You know.

Pause.

BATEMAN  
How's the investigation going? Taken anyone in for "formal questioning?" (He makes quotation marks in the air and laughs a not-so-relaxed laugh)

KIMBALL  
Oh no. Informal conversations, mostly. What's that, Stoli?

BATEMAN  
Yeah. No Finlandia, as usual. Fucking dump.

KIMBALL  
(Looking at his glass)  
Too true. You know, Bateman-people tend to reveal so much more about themselves when they're in a relaxed setting, don't you think?

Bateman is nodding nervously, idiotically.

KIMBALL

Some people just can't help themselves. Another Stoli?

Bateman shakes his head.

KIMBALL

I mean they want to get caught.

BATEMAN

Dan, great to see you again. Like I said, you need anything at all, I'm your man. I don't envy your job. I mean Owen was a...complex man.

Bateman wanders away.

He looks back uneasily at KIMBALL, who is watching him from the bar. A GUY WITH DREADLOCKS walks by.

BATEMAN

(Holding up his hand to high-five) Rasta Man!

The man stares at him.

BATEMAN

I mean-Mon. We be jammin'...

The man walks by, shaking his head.

Bateman wanders into the next room, which is filled with a more familiar crowd: young men in designer suits, girls in black designer dresses. Across the room he spots McDermott and Price sitting with three models, all wearing black mini-dresses. Price and McDermott are having a whispered argument.

PRICE

I have to talk to these girls? They're models.

MCDERMOTT

Someone has to get the Bolivian marching powder. You went last time. Stay here.

McDermott waves gaily to the girls and disappears.

Bateman looks at the models. DAISY and CARON are staring into space, smoking. LIBBY is trying to work out how to unfold her napkin. Price signals to Bateman for help.

PRICE

(Clapping his hands together)  
Let's have a conversation. So...it was hot out today, no?

Silence.

LIBBY

Where did Craig go?

PRICE

Well, Gorbachev is downstairs. McDermott is going to sign a peace treaty with him between the United States and Russia. McDermott's the one behind glasnost, you know.

LIBBY

Well...yeah. But he told me he was in mergers and acquisitions.

PRICE

You're not confused, are you?

LIBBY

No, not really.

CARON

Gorbachev's not downstairs.

DAISY

(Smiling)

Are you lying?

PRICE

Yes, Caron's right. Gorbachev's not downstairs. He's at Tunnel.

BATEMAN

(To Daisy)

Ask me a question.

DAISY

So, what do you do?

BATEMAN

What do you think I do?

DAISY

A model? An actor?

BATEMAN

No. Flattering, but no.

DAISY

Well...

BATEMAN

I m into, well, murders and executions mostly.

DAISY (Unfazed)

Do you like it?

BATEMAN

Welt...it depends, why?

DAISY

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

Silence.

BATEMAN

So, where do you work out?

MUCH LATER IN THE EVENING:

The club is half-empty now. Price is leaning over a balcony, messed-up on drugs. Bateman comes up behind him in a menacing way that suggests he might push him over the railing. Price turns around, wild-eyed, just as Bateman is reaching for him.

PRICE

(Shouting)

I'm leaving. I'm getting out.

BATEMAN

Leaving what?

PRICE

This.

Bateman is confused, he thinks Price is referring to his drink.

BATEMAN

Don't, I'll drink it.

PRICE

(Screaming)

Listen to me, Patrick. I'm leaving.

BATEMAN

Where to? Are you going to go get a gram?

PRICE

I'm leaving! I...am...leaving!

BATEMAN

Don't tell me...merchant banking?

PRICE

No, you dumb son of a bitch. I'm serious. I'm disappearing.

BATEMAN

(laughing)

Where to? Morgan Stanley? Rehab? What?

Price looks away.

McDermott and Daisy walk up to them.

McDERMOTT

Hey-don't worry, be happy.

Price lifts his arms up as if greeting the crowd and is shouting something that can't be heard, then

PRICE

Goodbye! Fuckheads!

He climbs over the railing.

DAISY What is he doing?

BATEMAN

Price! Come back!

Price leaps from the balcony. He disappears for a moment then resurfaces and runs off into the crowd.

EXT. CLUB - NIGHT

Bateman and Daisy are waiting for a cab.

DAISY

My ex-boyfriend, Fiddler, who was in there, he plays in this band that just opened for U2-he couldn't understand what I was doing with a yuppie.

BATEMAN

Oh really?

DAISY

He said...

(She laughs)

He said you gave him bad vibes.

BATEMAN

That's...that's too bad.

DAISY

You think I'm dumb, don't you?

BATEMAN

What?

DAISY

You think I'm dumb. You think all models are dumb.

BATEMAN

(insincerely) No. I really don't.

DAISY

That's okay. I don't mind. There's something sweet about you.

She takes his hand as they get into a cab.

INT. DAISY'S HALLWAY - LATER THAT NIGHT

Bateman leaves Daisy's apartment carrying a suitcase. He pauses in the hallway and tucks some long blonde hair back inside the case.

INT. BATEMAN'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Bateman sits at his desk wearing Wayfarers doing the New York Times crossword puzzle at dusk.

Jean knocks gently on the half-open door and walks in with a folder in her hand. Bateman ignores her.

JEAN  
Doin' the crossword?

Bateman nods without looking up.

JEAN  
Need help?

BATEMAN doesn't respond. We see that every space on the puzzle has been filled in with the words MEAT or BONE. Jean drops the folder on his desk and then walks out.

BATEMAN  
Jean?

JEAN  
(Re-enters office)  
Yes, Patrick?

BATEMAN  
Would you like to accompany me to dinner?

He erases one of the M's on the crossword puzzle.

BATEMAN  
That is...if you're not doing anything.

JEAN  
Oh no. I have no plans.

BATEMAN  
(Lowering his Wayfarers)  
Well, isn't this a coincidence.

A pause.

BATEMAN  
Listen, where should we go?

He leans back and pulls a Zagat's from the desk drawer.

JEAN  
Anywhere you want?

BATEMAN  
Let's not think about what I want. How about anywhere you want.



JEAN  
Oh Patrick, I can't make this decision.

BATEMAN  
No, come on. Anywhere you want.

JEAN  
Oh, I can't.  
(Sighs)  
I don't know.

BATEMAN  
Come on. Where do you want to go? Anywhere you want.  
Just say it. I can get us in anywhere.

A long pause.

JEAN  
What about...Dorsia?

Bateman stops looking through the Zagat's guide and smiles at her.

BATEMAN  
Soooo...Dorsia is where Jean wants to go...

JEAN  
Oh, I don't know. No, we'll go anywhere you want.

BATEMAN  
Dorsia is...fine.

He dials the number.

MAITRE D'  
Dorsia, yes?

BATEMAN  
Yes, can you take two tonight, oh, let's say at nine o'clock?

He checks his Rolex and winks at Jean.

MAITRE D'  
We are totally booked.

BATEMAN  
Oh really? That's great.

MAITRE D'  
I said we are totally booked.

BATEMAN  
Two at nine? Perfect.

MAITRE D'  
There are no tables available tonight. The waiting list is

also totally booked.

BATEMAN

See you then.

He hangs up the phone. He walks over to the coat rack. He glances over at Jean, who is still standing in front of the desk, confused.

BATEMAN

Yes? You're dressed...okay.

JEAN

You didn't give them a name.

BATEMAN

They know me.

Pause.

BATEMAN

Why don't you meet me at my house at seven o'clock for drinks, okay?

She turns to leave.

BATEMAN

And Jean? You'll want to change before we go out.

INT. BATEMAN'S APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING

Jean stands by the floor-to-ceiling windows, looking out.

JEAN

Patrick, it's so...elegant. What a wonderful view.

Bateman opens up the freezer where Daisy's head is clearly visible.

BATEMAN

Jean? Sorbet?

JEAN

Thanks, Patrick. I'd love some.

Bateman walks in with a bottle of wine and a corkscrew in his hand and hands her the sorbet.

Jean is eating the sorbet.

JEAN

Want a bite?

BATEMAN

I'm on a diet. But thank you.

JEAN

You don't need to lose any weight. You're kidding, right?  
You look great. Very fit.

BATEMAN

(Weighing the corkscrew examining the point for sharpness)  
You can always be thinner. Look...better.

JEAN

Well, maybe we shouldn't go out to dinner. I don't  
want to ruin your willpower.

BATEMAN

No. It's all right. I'm not very good at controlling  
it anyway.

Silence, as Bateman walks around his apartment, opens up  
his knife drawer, looking at the knives.

BATEMAN

So listen, what do you really want to do with your  
life?

Pause.

BATEMAN

And don't tell me you enjoy working with children,  
okay?

JEAN

Well, I'd like to travel. And maybe go back to school,  
but I really don't know...I'm at a point in my life  
where there seems to be a lot of possibilities, but I'm so...  
I don't know...unsure.

Bateman is touching a knife in the drawer, feeling the edge  
of the blade.

BATEMAN

Do you have a boyfriend?

JEAN

No, not really.

BATEMAN

Interesting.

JEAN

(Shyly)

Are you seeing anyone? I mean, seriously?

BATEMAN

Maybe. I don't know Not really.

Bateman opens up a cupboard where there are a lot of very  
neatly ordered weapons - an ax, a rifle, a chain saw, duct tape,  
twine and a nail gun.

BATEMAN

Jean, do you feel...fulfilled? I mean, in your life?

JEAN

Well, I guess I do. For a long time I was too focused on my work, I think, but now I've really begun to think about changing myself, you know, developing, and...growing.

BATEMAN

Growing. I'm glad you said that.

Bateman picks up the duct tape.

BATEMAN

Did you know that Ted Bundy's first dog, a collie, was named Lassie? Had you heard this?

JEAN

Who's Ted Bundy?

BATEMAN

Forget it.

JEAN

What's that?

BATEMAN

Oh. Uh, tape. Duct tape. I...need it for...taping something. Bateman goes back to the cupboard for the nail gun.

JEAN

Patrick, have you ever wanted to make someone happy?

Jean puts her spoon down on the table.

BATEMAN

(Looking up from loading nails into the gun)  
What...No! Put it in the carton.

JEAN

Sorry.

(She puts the spoon in the carton)

BATEMAN

Jean? What?

JEAN

Make someone happy-have you ever wanted to?

From behind, we follow Bateman as he walks across the room and stands behind the couch.

BATEMAN

I'm looking for...I guess you could say I just want to have a meaningful relationship with someone special.

JEAN  
HMMMM.

He points the nail gun at the back of Jean's head.  
The phone RINGS. Startled, Bateman hides the nail gun behind his back. The answering machine picks up. As Bateman listens he discreetly places the nail gun behind the couch. He sits down opposite Jean, enjoying her discomfort as she listens to the message.

EVELYN  
Patrick I know you're there. Pick up the phone, you bad boy. What are you up to tonight? It's me. Don't try to hide. I hope you're not out with some little number you picked up because you're my Mr. Bateman. My boy next door. Anyway you never called me and you said you would and I'll leave a message for Jean about this too to remind you but we're having dinner with Melania and Taylor-you know Melania, she went to Sweet Briar, auld Taylor, he went to Cornell-and we're meeting at the Cornell Club, so I'll call you tomorrow morning probably-bye, honey-oopps! You hate that. Bye Mr. Big Time CEO Patrick. Bye. Bye.

Silence. Jean is obviously embarrassed and upset.

JEAN  
Was that...Evelyn?

Silence.

JEAN  
Are you still seeing her?

Silence.

JEAN  
I'm sorry, I have no right to ask that.

Silence.

JEAN  
Do you want me to go?

A long pause.

BATEMAN  
Yes. I don't think I can...control myself.

JEAN  
I know I should go. I know I have a tendency to get involved with unavailable men, and...I mean, do you want me to go?

Another long pause.

BATEMAN  
If you stay, I think something bad will happen. I think I might hurt you.

(Almost hopefully)  
You don't want to get hurt, do you?

JEAN  
No. No, I guess not. I don't want to get bruised.  
You're right, I should go.

She gets up to leave.

JEAN  
And don't forget you have a breakfast meeting with  
Frederick Bennet and Charles Rust at '21.

BATEMAN  
Thanks. It slipped my mind completely.

He sinks back on the sofa and shuts his eyes.

INT. BATEMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Bateman enters P&P, walks up the corridor and pauses outside  
the door to his office. He sees KIMBALL in conversation with  
Jean, and Jean looking through her date book. He watches for  
a moment, frozen with anxiety. He then bursts in, shutting  
the door behind him.

BATEMAN  
Kimball-I've been wanting to talk with you, Come  
into my office. Jean, great jacket. Matsuda?

Jean looks flustered.

Kimball follows Bateman into his office.

KIMBALL  
I actually came to see Timothy Price, but he's  
taken a leave of absence.

BATEMAN  
Yeah, gone into rehab. Shame.  
(Hopefully)  
Is he a suspect?

KIMBALL  
Not really.

A pause.

KIMBALL  
Do you remember where you were on the night of  
Paul's disappearance?  
(He checks his notebook)  
Which was on the twentieth of December?

BATEMAN  
God...I guess...I was probably returning  
videotapes.

He opens his desk drawer and pretends to search through his diary.

BATEMAN

I had a date with a girl named Veronica.

KIMBALL

Wait. That's not what I've got.

BATEMAN

What?

KIMBALL

That's not the information I've received.

BATEMAN

Well...I...Wait...What information have you received?

KIMBALL

Let's see...

(He flips through his notebook)

That you were with-

BATEMAN

Well, I could be wrong.

KIMBALL

Well...When was the last time you were with Paul Owen?

BATEMAN

(Clearly nervous and under pressure)

We had...gone to a new musical called...Oh Africa, Brave Africa. It was...a laugh riot...and that's about it. I think we had dinner at Orso's. No, Petaluma. No, Orso's. The...last time I physically saw him was...at an automated teller. I can't remember which...just one that was near, um, Nell's.

Kimball is clearly giving up on Bateman for now. He opens his briefcase to put away his notebook.

KIMBALL

Well, thank you, Mr. Bateman.

BATEMAN

Patrick, please. I hope I've been informative. Long day-a bit scattered.

KIMBALL

Listen, I'm a little spent for now but how about lunch in a week or so when I've sorted out all this information?

BATEMAN

Great, yes, I'd like that.

KIMBALL

And if you could try and pin down where you were the night of Owen's disappearance, it would make my job a lot easier.

BATEMAN

Absolutely. I'm with you on that one.

Kimball is rifling through his briefcase. He pulls out a new shrink wrapped CD and holds it up.

KIMBALL

Huey Lewis and the News. Great stuff. Heard it? I just bought it on my way here.

Bateman stares at the CD - stunned, terrified.

BATEMAN

Never. I mean...I don't really like... singers.

KIMBALL

Not a big music fan, eh?

BATEMAN

No, I like music. Just-they're-Huey's too... black sounding. For me.

KIMBALL

Well, to each his own. So-lunch, Thursday? I'll call your secretary about reservations.

BATEMAN

I'll be there.

EXT. MEAT PACKING DISTRICT/INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

The same street corner where Bateman found Christie before. The limo is kept idling as he talks to her through a half-opened window.

CHRISTIE

I'm not so sure about this. I had to go to Emergency after last time...

BATEMAN

Oh this won't be anything like last time, I promise.

CHRISTIE

I don't think so.

He hands her a \$500 bill.

BATEMAN

Just come in the limo and talk to me for a minute.

The driver's here, you'll be safe.



Christie gets in hesitantly.

BATEMAN  
Nothing like last time, promise.

CHRISTIE  
Alright.

He pours her a shot of vodka and makes her drink it.

BATEMAN  
(Chatting as if they were at a cocktail party)  
So, you're looking great, how have you been?

CHRISTIE  
(A little confused)  
Well, I actually might need a little surgery after last time.

BATEMAN  
(Mock shock)  
Really?

CHRISTIE  
My friend told me I should maybe even get a lawyer.

BATEMAN  
Oh, lawyers are so complicated-don't do that. Here.

He writes her a check for \$1,000 to cash and hands it to her. She snatches the check out of his hand and gets quickly out of the limo, walking hurriedly down the street.

BATEMAN  
Bitch.

He follows alongside her slowly in the limo, waving a huge wad of cash at her. She hesitates; he uses the money to lure her into the car. As she reluctantly gets into the limo, she reaches for the money.

He snatches it away.

BATEMAN  
Uh uh uh. Half now, half later.

She takes the money and puts it inside her shirt.

BATEMAN  
Okay, your name is Christie. We're meeting a friend of mine, Elizabeth. She'll be joining us in my new apartment shortly. You'll like her. She's a very nice girl. Don't say anything about yourself. Is that clear. Christie?

Christie nods.

INT. PAUL OWEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The living room: ELIZABETH has kicked off her shoes and flopped down on the couch underneath the Baselitz. Elizabeth is an attractive, dark-haired society girl who models occasionally. Christie is sitting on the couch opposite her, pretending to examine a CD.

ELIZABETH

You look really familiar. Did you you go to Dalton?

Christie shakes her head.

The kitchen: Bateman is grinding up tabs of Ecstasy and putting them in a bottle of wine. In the living room, Elizabeth is still staring at Christie as if she came from Mars.

ELIZABETH

I think I met you at Au Bar, didn't I ? With Spicey?

Christie looks blank.

ELIZABETH

Well, maybe not with Spicey but it was definitely at Au Bar.

Christie still blank.

ELIZABETH

You know, Au Bar?

Christie shakes her head.

ELIZABETH

Anyway, Au Bar sucks now, it's terrible. I went to a birth day party there for Malcolm Forbes. Oh my God, please.

Bateman enters carrying the bottle of wine and two glasses. Christie, who seems frightened, sips her wine and stares at the floor. There is an awkward silence.

CHRISTIE

This is nicer than your other apartment.

BATEMAN

(Offended that she prefers Owen's apartment)  
It's not that nice.

Silence.

CHRISTIE

Where did you two meet?

ELIZABETH

Oh God! I met him at, oh God, the Kentucky Derby in '86-no, '87, and...

(Turning to Patrick)

You were hanging out with that bimbo Allison Poole.

(Sarcastically)

Hot number.

BATEMAN

What do you mean, she was a hot number.

ELIZABETH

If you had an American Express card she'd give you a blowjob.

(To Christie)

Listen, this girl worked in a tanning salon, need

I say more?...What do you do?

A long silence. Christie reddens and stares at the floor.

BATEMAN

She's my...cousin.

ELIZABETH

(Skeptically)

Uh huh?

BATEMAN

She's from...France.

A pause. Elizabeth looks at Bateman dubiously.

ELIZABETH

Where's your phone? I've got to call Harley.

Bateman hands her a cordless phone. She dials, and stares

At Christie while she waits for someone to answer.

ELIZABETH

Where do you summer? Southampton?

Christie looks at Bateman and then back at Elizabeth.

CHRISTIE

No.

ELIZABETH

(Listening to the receiver)

Oh God, it's his machine.

BATEMAN

Elizabeth, it's three in the morning.

ELIZABETH

He's a goddamn drug dealer! These are his peak hours.

BATEMAN

Don't tell him you're here.

ELIZABETH

Why would I?

Bateman has poured her another glass of wine. She downs the whole glass, making a face.

ELIZABETH

This tastes weird.

(She examines the label and shrugs)

Harley? It's me. I need your services. Translate that anyway you'd like. I'm at-

BATEMAN

(Whispering)

You're at Paul Owen s.

ELIZABETH

Who?

BATEMAN

(Whispering)

Paul Owen.

ELIZABETH

I want the number, idiot.

(She waves him away and continues into the reciever)

Anyway, I'm at Paul Norman's and I'll try you later and if I don't see you at Canal Bar tomorrow night I'm going to sic my hairdresser on you.

She hangs up.

ELIZABETH

Did you know that guy who disappeared? Didn't he work at Pierce & Pierce, too? Was he a friend of yours?

BATEMAN

No.

ELIZABETH

Do you have any coke? Or Halcyon? I'd take a Halcyon.

Bateman sits next to Elizabeth on the couch and pours her another glass of the drugged wine.

BATEMAN

Listen, I would just like to see...the two of you...get it on. What's wrong with that? It's totally disease-free.

ELIZABETH

(Laughing)

Patrick, you re a lunatic.

BATEMAN

Come on. Don't you find Christie attractive?

ELIZABETH

Let's not get lewd.

(Flirty)

I'm in no mood to have a lewd conversation.

BATEMAN

Come on. I think it would be a turn-on.

ELIZABETH

(To Christie)

Does he do this all the time?

Christie shrugs.

BATEMAN

Christie, you're not drinking your wine.

Christie looks at her wine and gingerly takes a sip.

BATEMAN

(To Elizabeth)

Are you telling me you've never gotten it on with a girl?

ELIZABETH

No! I'm not a lesbian. Why do you think I'd be into that?

BATEMAN

Well, you went to Sarah Lawrence for one thing.

ELIZABETH

Those are Sarah Lawrence guys, Patrick. You're making me feel weird.

LATER:

Elizabeth is now writhing around on the couch and making out with Christie. Bateman holds up a Whitney Houston CD, showing them the picture of Whitney on the cover.

BATEMAN

Did you know that Whitney Houston's debut LP called simply Whitney Houston had four number-one singles on it? Did you know that, Christie? Whitney's voice leaps across so many boundaries and is so versatile-though she's mainly a jazz singer-that it's hard to take in the album on a first listening.

ELIZABETH

You actually listen to Whitney Houston? You actually have a Whitney Houston CD? More than one?

She giggles, rolling off the sofa onto the floor.

BATEMAN

(Ignoring her)

It's hard to choose a favorite track among so many great ones, but "The Greatest Love of All" is one of the best, most powerful songs ever written about self-preservation and dignity. It's universal message crosses all boundaries, and instills one with the hope that it's not too late to better ourselves. to act kinder. Since, Elizabeth, it's impossible in the world we live in to empathize with others, we can always empathize with

ourselves.

As he speaks, he opens the case and carefully places the CD in the player, admiring its pristine silver surface, and watches it slide into the machine.

BATEMAN

It's an important message, crucial, really, and it's beautifully stated on the album.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

AN OUT-OF-FOCUS HOME VIDEO SHOT of Elizabeth, Christie and Bateman in the throes of sex, in the master bedroom.

CUT BACK TO WIDE SHOT of the bedroom, partially blocked by the video camera in the foreground. Their bodies are an incoherent tangle of arms and legs. The only sounds are moans, heavy breathing and the slapping of flesh against flesh. CLOSE ON Christie's head and shoulders. Her eyes are shut as she grimly concentrates on giving a good professional performance, turning her head every so often to check the progress of her partners.

OFFSCREEN WE HEAR Elizabeth panting in genuine pleasure, moaning loudly. Her voice gets louder and louder and then shifts to actual pain.

Bateman rises up off the bed, suddenly appearing behind Christie. There is blood on his face.

Christie turns her head and sees him. She screams and leaps off the bed, running out of the room. She slams the mirrored door behind her, and as it swings shut for a split second we see Elizabeth writhing in pain on the bed.

We follow Christie out of the room, panicking, screaming.

Christie runs down a darkened hallway, frantically opening doors, looking for an escape.

She hears the SOUND OF A CHAINSAW coming from the bedroom.

She opens a closet. The closet lights up as she opens the door and sees two dead, women hanging inside. She screams, then claps a hand over her mouth. She stops and listens. THE DISTANT SOUND OF THE CHAINSAW.

She backs away slowly, into another dark room, lit only by the light from a television set. Through the darkness she sees a head on the top of the TV and starts to whimper.

She runs toward the nearest door. Finding herself in the main hallway, she begins to jog toward the front door, then runs.

Bateman appears from nowhere, holding the chainsaw,

spattered with blood.

Christie screams and changes direction. Bateman leaps at her, bellowing.

They run through the bedroom and into the bathroom. Christie trips over Elizabeth's body, which is half in the bathtub.

Both are slipping on the floor, which is slick with blood.

Christie falls, tries to get up. Bateman grabs her leg. He tries to bite it.

She kicks him in the face and gets up, running toward the front door.

He runs after her.

BATEMAN

Not the face, you bitch. Not the fucking face, you piece of bitch trash!

Christie, screaming, makes it out the front door.

Bateman runs after her.

She runs down the hall screaming and banging on doors.

She moves to the elevator, pounding hysterically on the buttons. She sees the stairwell and runs for it.

Bateman sees this and runs after her, revving the chainsaw.

She runs down the stairs, Bateman two flights behind her. He stops, leans over the railing to look at her, then aims the chainsaw at her and drops it.

Christie SCREAMS OFFSCREEN, then is suddenly silent.

FROM BATEMAN'S POV we see Christie's body sprawled facedown at the bottom of the stairwell. The chainsaw sticks out of her back like a sword.

INT. CRAYONS - EARLY EVENING

An insanely expensive restaurant with a childhood motif: paper tablecloths and jars of crayons for drawing, lots of primary colors, and a goldfish bowl on each table.

Bateman is at a table with Evelyn. They are both drawing on the tablecloth. Bateman is drawing Christie with the chainsaw in her back.

EVELYN

I want a firm commitment.

BATEMAN

I think, Evelyn, that we've...lost touch.

Evelyn waves to a couple across the room.

EVELYN

(Distracted)

Why? What's wrong?

BATEMAN

(Speaking very carefully, measuring each word)

My need to engage in homicidal behavior on a massive scale cannot be, um, corrected, but I have no other way to fulfill my needs.

The woman across the room holds up her hand, displaying a new bracelet. Evelyn smiles and nods approvingly.

BATEMAN

We need to talk.

EVELYN

Talk about what, Patrick? What is there to talk about?

BATEMAN

It's over, Evelyn. It's all over

EVELYN

(Motioning to the waiter for water)

Touchy, touchy. I'm sorry I brought the wedding up. Let's just avoid the issue, alright? Now, are we having coffee?

BATEMAN

I'm fucking serious. It's fucking over. Us. This is no joke. I don't think we should see each other anymore.

EVELYN

But your friends are my friends. My friends are your friends. I don't think it would work.

(Reaching over to dab his face with a napkin)

You have a little something on your upper lip.

BATEMAN

(Brushing her hand away)

I know that your friends are my friends. I've thought about that. You can have them.

Evelyn stares at him, suspicious and bewildered, a realization dawning.

EVELYN

You're really serious, aren't you?

BATEMAN

Yes, I am.



EVELYN

But what about the past? Our past?

BATEMAN

We never really shared one.

EVELYN

You're inhuman.

BATEMAN

I'm...in touch with humanity. Evelyn, I'm sorry.  
(He pauses, as if searching for the right words)  
You're just not terribly important to me.

Evelyn begins to cry.

EVELYN

No, no, no.

BATEMAN

I know my behavior is...erratic sometimes.

She reaches desperately across the table and takes his hand. Bateman pulls his hand away.

EVELYN

(Sobbing)

What do you want me to do, what is it you want?

The occupants of nearby tables begin to stare. Bateman is becoming increasingly agitated and embarrassed.

BATEMAN

(Looking uncomfortably around the room)  
If you really want to do something for me, you can stop making this scene right now.

EVELYN

Oh God, I can't believe this.

BATEMAN

I'm leaving now. I've assessed the situation and I'm going.

Evelyn makes an effort to compose herself. She blots the tears so they will not affect her make-up.

EVELYN

(Surprisingly calm)  
Where are you going?

BATEMAN

I'm just leaving.

EVELYN

But where?

BATEMAN

I have to return some videotapes.

He rushes out of the room.

EXT. TRIBECA STREET - EVENING

Bateman wanders into misty Tribeca streets, sees a stray cat.

BATEMAN

Here kitty, kitty.

The small mangy cat rubs against him. He picks it up and walks toward an ATM, holding the cat. He puts his card in the machine. The screen reads: FEED ME A STRAY CAT.

Bateman begins to attempt to shove the kitten into the deposit slot with some difficulty. The kitten squeals. He takes a gun from out of his pocket and points it at the kitten. He doesn't notice the woman waiting behind him.

WOMAN

Oh my God! Stop that! What are you doing?

Bateman wheels around and shoots her. She falls screaming to the floor.

Responding to the gunshot, A POLICE CAR SIREN WAILS in the distance. Bateman breaks into a run. The police car screeches after him.

COP CAR (O.S.)

HALT STOP. PUT DOWN YOUR WEAPON.

Bateman ducks down an alley.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

A COP rushes toward him, seemingly from out of nowhere, and tackles him, trying to get the gun away from him.

Bateman manages to shoot the cop in the face while both of them have their hands on the gun, then shoots him again. He reloads the gun. The sound of more COP CARS arriving.

He runs out of the alley.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

As he reaches the street, he finds A PHALANX OF POLICE CARS approaching.

COP CAR

Halt. Put down your weapon.

The cops leap out and fire a warning shot in the air. Bateman shoots at them. The police return fire.

Bateman ducks down behind a parked car and continues shooting wildly. A bullet hits the gas tank of one of the police cars. It catches fire and explodes. The flames light up the scene, illuminating the bodies of policemen both living and dead.

NEW ANGLE: Bateman flees from the scene. The camera follows him as he runs along a row of Porsches, trying to open each one, setting off a cacophony of CAR ALARMS.  
THE SOUND OF POLICE SIRENS draws near.

NEW ANGLE: He runs, panting, until he ends up in front of a tall, brilliantly lit office building. As he approaches, the lights in the building are going off floor by floor.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

He rushes into the lobby, running for the elevator.

NIGHT WATCHMAN

Burning the midnight oil, Mr. Smith? You forgot to sign in.

Bateman wheels around and shoots him. He runs toward the revolving doors. As he swings around in the doors, he notices a JANITOR who has witnessed the shooting. He revolves back into the lobby and shoots the janitor.

NEW ANGLE:

He runs out of the building and across the street to an identical office building, the one that houses Pierce & Pierce.

INT. PIERCE & PIERCE LOBBY - NIGHT

Bateman nods at the Pierce & Pierce NIGHT WATCHMAN and signs in. He breathes a sigh of relief as the elevator doors close behind him.

INT. BATEMAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Bateman stands looking out through the floor-length windows at a panoramic night view of the city and the river.

Below him he sees a SWAT TEAM swarming over the roof of the opposite building. There are ambulances standing by, flares everywhere, distant sirens.

Suddenly, THE SOUND OF A HELICOPTER draws near. Frightened, he drops to the floor behind his desk.

Helicopter searchlights scan the building, illuminating Bateman's office for a few moments with a blaze of light.

He is crouched in one corner, half-sobbing, talking into

the phone, as the searchlight keeps circling.

BATEMAN

Harold, it's Bateman. Patrick Bateman. You're my lawyer so I think you should know-I've killed a lot of people. Some escort girls, in an apartment uptown, some homeless people, maybe five or ten, an NYU girl I met in Central Park. I left her in a parking lot, near Dunkin' Donuts. I killed Bethany, my old girlfriend, with a nail gun. and a man, some old faggot with a dog. Last week I killed another girl with a chainsaw-I had to, she almost got away There was someone else there, maybe a model, I can't remember but she's dead too. And Paul Owen. I killed Paul Owen with an ax, in the face. His body is dissolving in a bathtub in Hell's Kitchen. I don't want to leave anything out here...I guess I've killed 20 people, maybe 40-I have tapes of a lot of it. Some of the girls have seen the tapes, I even... well, I ate some of their brains and I tried to cook a little. Tonight I just, well, I had to kill a lot of people and I'm not sure I 'm going to get away with it this time-I mean I guess I'm a pretty sick guy. So-if you get hack tomorrow, I may show up at Harry's Bar, so, you know, keep your eyes open.

Bateman hangs up the phone. The helicopter searchlight circles back, briefly illuminating the room. The camera rises up over Bateman huddled in the corner, staring blankly at the sky.

INT. SMITH AND WOLLENSKY RESTAURANT - DAY

KIMBALL and Bateman are sitting at a corner table.

KIMBALL

(Very surprised)

No hash browns?

BATEMAN

Not in the mood, I guess.

KIMBALL

But...everyone orders the hash browns here. I

mean- it's-have you been here before?

BATEMAN

(Deliberately nonchalant)

Yes, of course. The hash browns are delicious. I'm just...not... ordering them.

KIMBALL

(Looking at him like he's nuts)

Suit yourself, I guess.

Pause.

KIMBALL

So, the night he disappeared? Any new thoughts on what you did?

BATEMAN

I'm not really sure. I had a shower...and some sorbet?

KIMBALL

I think maybe you've got your dates mixed up.

BATEMAN

But how? Where do you place Paul that night?

KIMBALL

According to his date book, and this was verified by his secretary, he had dinner with...Marcus Halberstam.

BATEMAN

And?

KIMBALL

I've questioned him.

BATEMAN

Marcus?

KIMBALL

Yes. And he denies it. Though at first he couldn't be sure.

BATEMAN

But Marcus denied it?

KIMBALL

Yes.

BATEMAN

Well, does Marcus have an alibi?

KIMBALL

Yes.

A pause.

BATEMAN

He does? You're sure?

KIMBALL

(smiling)

I checked it out. It's clean.

BATEMAN

Oh.

KIMBALL Now where were you?

(He laughs)

BATEMAN

(Laughing with him)

Where was Marcus?

KIMBALL

He wasn't with Paul  
Owen.

BATEMAN

So who was he with?

KIMBALL

He was at Atlantis with Craig McDermott, Frederick Dibble,  
Harry Newman, George Butner and -  
(He pauses, Then looks up)  
- you.

A moment of stunned silence.

BATEMAN

Oh, right. Of course...We had wanted Paul Owen  
to come. But he said he had plans...I guess I had dinner  
with Victoria...the following night.

KIMBALL

Personally I think the guy went a little nutso. Split town for  
a while. Maybe he did go to London. Sightseeing. Drinking.  
Whatever. Anyway, I'm pretty sure he'll turn up sooner or  
later.

(A pause)

I mean, to think that one of his friends  
killed him, for no reason whatsoever would be too  
ridiculous. Isn't that right, Patrick?

McDermott stops by the table.

McDERMOTT

KIMBALL! How's the investigation?  
Talking to Bateman? Don't believe a word he says.  
(Laughs uproariously slapping him on the back)  
Bateman, what's wrong with ,you?

Bateman looks at him in silence,  
panicking.

McDERMOTT

You can't eat at Smith and Wollensky  
without ordering the hash browns. Jesus, Bateman, you're a  
raving maniac. Been at Pierce & Pierce too long.  
(He wanders off muttering)  
No fucking hash browns...

INT. PAUL OWEN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Bateman walks into the lobby of Paul Owen's building. He  
has a surgical mask in one hand.

DOORMAN

What can I do for you, sir?

BATEMAN  
20B.

DOORMAN  
Of course. Mrs. Wolfe is up there right now.

BATEMAN  
Mrs. Wolfe?

DOORMAN  
The real estate agent? You do have an appointment,  
don't you?

Bateman steps out of the elevator and walks cautiously down the hallway. Owen's door is open. The apartment is freshly painted and has been immaculately redecorated in English country-house style: overstuffed sofas, lots of chintz. There are flowers everywhere, and a YOUNG YUPPIE COUPLE stands admiring the place talking to the realtor, MRS. WOLFE. Bateman wanders down the hallway, looking for familiar signs. He stops at the closet where we last saw two dead girls hanging. He opens the door and the light switches on, but it is empty. Mrs. Wolfe approaches, smiling.

MRS. WOLFE  
Are you my two o'clock?

BATEMAN  
No.

Mrs. Wolfe eyes him strangely, then looks down at the surgical mask clutched in his hand. Her expression changes.

MRS. WOLFE  
Can I help you?

BATEMAN  
I'm looking for...Paul Owen's...place.

She stares at him impassively.

BATEMAN  
Doesn't he live here?

MRS. WOLFE  
No, he doesn't.

BATEMAN  
Are you sure?

MRS. WOLFE  
You saw the ad in the Times?

BATEMAN  
No. Yes. I mean yes, I did. In the Times. But...  
doesn't Paul Owen still live here?

MRS. WOLFE

There was no ad in the Times.

Bateman is shaking as they continue to stare at each other.

MRS. WOLFE

I think you should go now.

BATEMAN

But I think...I want to know what happened here.

MRS. WOLFE

Don't make any trouble. Please. I suggest you go.

Bateman backs away slowly.

MRS. WOLFE

Don't come back.

BATEMAN

I won't...don't worry.

Mrs. Wolfe glares at him as he walks down the hall, rattled, and gets into the elevator.

EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Bateman enters the revolving door of an office building, panicking and breathing heavily. He is sweating, his hair is wild, and he looks deranged. He goes around the revolving door twice and comes out onto the street again, where he bumps smack into a GUY just like him.

GUY

Hey, Kinsley.

Bateman looks up at him wild-eyed.

GUY

See you at Fluties, okay?

The guy walks away, utterly unfazed. Bateman wanders down the street, banging his briefcase against walls, garbage cans, etc.

EXT. MIDTOWN PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Bateman searches his pockets for pills. He finds three different pills and swallows them. He's sweating, and takes his jacket off to wipe his face, dialing a number.

JEAN (O.S.)

Patrick Bateman's office.



BATEMAN  
Jean? Hello? Jean?

JEAN (O.S.)  
Patrick? Is that you?

BATEMAN  
Hello? Jean, I need help!

JEAN (O.S.)  
Where are you?

BATEMAN  
Jean-I'm not-

JEAN (O.S.)  
Craig McDermott called. He wants to meet you and  
David Van Patten and Tim Price at Harry's for drinks.

BATEMAN  
Oh God, what did you say, you dumb bitch?

JEAN (O.S.)  
Patrick? I can't hear you.

BATEMAN  
What are I doing?

JEAN (O.S.)  
Where are you? Patrick, what's wrong?

BATEMAN  
I don't think I'm gonna make it, Jean.

Pause.

BATEMAN  
...to the office this afternoon.

JEAN (O.S.)  
Why?

BATEMAN  
(Screaming)  
Just...say...no!

JEAN (O.S.)  
What is it, Patrick? Are you alright?

BATEMAN  
Stop sounding so Fucking sad! Jesus!

He hangs up. He throws the Walkman which is around his neck  
into a nearby trash can, and wipes his face with his  
jacket.

INT. BATEMAN'S OFFICE- SAME DAY

Jean sits at Bateman's desk. She looks around, and then opens his desk drawer and tentatively begins to search through it.

INT. HARRY'S BAR - EVENING

Bateman comes into the bar, a little cleaned up from the previous scene (he's smoothed his hair), but still panicking and disheveled. He spots his friends in a corner, sits down, still breathing heavily.

Price is on his cell-phone, trying to get reservations.

McDERMOTT

Bateman, you're looking a little wild-eyed rough day at the office?

They all laugh.

McDERMOTT

Hey, look-Price is back. And he's drinking Perrier. He's a changed man. Except...he still can't get a reservation to save his life.

Bateman sits down silently.

McDERMOTT

Why don't you try I 50 Wooster? Just fucking call them.

BATEMAN

(On automatic)

I'm not going anywhere unless we have a reservation.

VAN PATTEN Le Cirque, Flamingo East, Oyster Bar, come on, faggots-just get a res.

PRICE

Keep your shirt on. Maybe lose the suspenders.

Bateman spots HAROLD CARNES at the bar, tenses.

BATEMAN

(He downs his drink)

Excuse me, gentlemen. Right back.  
He approaches Carnes cautiously.

CARNES

Face it-the Japanese will own most of this country by the end of the '90s.

Bateman approaches, trying to act casual.

BATEMAN

Shut up, Carnes, they will not.

Carnes is surprised, turns around, looks vaguely confused.

BATEMAN

So, Harold, did you get my message?

Carnes lights a cigarette, stalling. Then laughs.

CARNES

Jesus, Davis. Yes. That was hilarious. That was you, wasn't it?

BATEMAN

(Waving smoke out of his face)  
Yes, naturally.

CARNES

Bateman killing Owen and the escort girls? Oh that's fabulous. That's rich...

Pause

CARNES

It was a pretty long message, wasn't it?

BATEMAN

What exactly do you mean?

CARNES

The message you left.

Carnes is distracted, waving at people.

CARNES

By the way Davis, how is Cynthia? You're still seeing her, right?

BATEMAN

But wait, Harold, what do you mean?

Carnes isn't really listening.

CARNES

Excuse me. Nothing. Good to see you. Is that Edward Towers?

He turns to go.

BATEMAN

Carnes? Wait.

CARNES

(Sighing)

Davis. I'm not one to bad-mouth anyone, your joke was amusing. But come on, man, you had one fatal flaw: Bateman's such a dork, such a boring, spineless lightweight, that I couldn't fully appreciate it. I wasn't fooled for a second. Now, if you'd said Price, or McDermott...Otherwise, it was amusing. Now, let's have lunch or dinner or something. Hilarious, Davis. A killer.

BATEMAN

What are you talking about? Bateman is what?

CARNES

Oh Christ. He can barely pick up an escort girl, let alone...what was it you said he did to her?

Carnes looks around the club, raises his glass to a passing couple. He laughs politely.

CARNES

Now, if you'll excuse me, I really must...

BATEMAN

(Desperate, shouting)

Wait. Stop. You don't seem to understand. You're not really comprehending any of this. I killed him. I did it, Carnes. I'm Patrick Bateman. I chopped Owen's fucking head off. I tortured dozens of girls. The whole message I left on your machine was true.

CARNES

Excuse me. I really must be going.

BATEMAN

No! Listen, don't you know who I am? I'm not Davis, I'm Patrick Bateman! I talk to you on the phone all the time! Don't you recognize me? You're my lawyer.

Carnes stares at him in confusion and annoyance.

BATEMAN

Now, Carnes, listen to me. Listen very, very carefully. I killed Paul Owen and I liked it. I can't make myself any clearer

CARNES

But that's simply not possible. And I don't find this funny anymore.

BATEMAN

It never was supposed to be! Why isn't it possible?

CARNES

(Eyeing Bateman worriedly)  
It's just not.

BATEMAN

Why not, you stupid bastard?

Carnes stares at him.

CARNES

Because I had dinner with Paul Owen twice in London...just ten days ago.

BATEMAN

No, you...didn't?

CARNES

Now, if you'll excuse me.

Bateman returns back to his friends' table, in a daze. They are all looking at the television, where Ronald Reagan is giving a speech about Iran Contra. They are halfheartedly arguing about whether or not he's lying.

PRICE

How can he lie like that? How can he pull that shit?

VAN PATTEN

What shit? Now where do we have reservations at? I mean I'm not really hungry, but I would like to have reservations somewhere.

PRICE

(To Bateman)

I don't believe it. He looks so...normal. He seems so... out of it. So...undangerous.

McDERMOTT

He is totally harmless you geek. Was totally harmless. Just like you are totally harmless. But he did do all that shit and you have failed to get us into I 50, so, you know, what can I say?

PRICE

I just don't see how someone, anyone, can appear that way and yet be involved in such total shit. How can you be so fucking, I don't know, cool about it?

VAN PATTEN

Some guys are just born cool, I guess.

Bateman laughs at this. Price shoots him a look.

PRICE

And Bateman, what are YOU SO fucking zany about?

BATEMAN

I'm just a happy camper. Rockin' and a-rollin'.

VAN PATTEN

(To Price) Rehab's done wonders for you, pal. Working for UNICEF now?

McDERMOTT

Do you want another Perrier Timothy? Some seltzer water?

PRICE

Oh brother look-he presents himself as a harmless Old codger. But inside...

Pause.

PRICE  
But inside...

The SOUNDS OF THE BAR FADE AWAY and we hear Bateman's thoughts:

BATEMAN (V.O.)  
But inside doesn't matter...

THE SOUNDS OF THE BAR RETURN.

McDERMOTT  
(Bored)  
Inside? Yes, inside? Believe it or not, Price we're actually listening to you.

PRICE  
Bateman? Come on, what do you think?

Bateman looks up and smiles at Price. Then shrugs.

BATEMAN  
Whatever.

The conversation breaks up as Van Patten takes out his phone.

VAN PATTEN  
Whose moronic idea was it to drink dry beers? I need a Scotch.

The sounds of the bar fade down. The following voiceover runs over images of Bateman and his friends ordering drinks, talking on portable phones, talking, laughing - combined with images of other very similar young men at other tables drinking, talking on portable phones, talking, laughing,

BATEMAN (V.O.)  
There are no more barriers to cross. All I have in common with the uncontrollable and the insane, the vicious and the evil, all the mayhem I have caused and my utter indifference toward it, I have now surpassed...

INT. BATEMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Jean is alone in Bateman's office, looking through his diary. We see the pages that she is looking at. They are filled with doodles of mutilated women and their names...Jean looks lost and frightened, and begins to cry.

BATEMAN (V.O.)  
My pain is constant and sharp and I do not hope for a better world for anyone. In fact I want my pain to be inflicted on others. I want no escape.

INT. HARRY'S BAR - EARLY EVENING

As the film ends the camera moves CLOSE on Bateman. He is leaning back in his leather armchair, drinking a double Scotch, his eyes blank.

BATEMAN (V.O.)

But even after admitting this, there is no catharsis. I gain no deeper knowledge about myself, no new knowledge can be extracted from my telling. There has been no reason for me to tell you any of this. This confession has meant nothing...

The camera moves up to a sign on the wall behind him:

"THIS IS NOT AN EXIT."

CREDITS ROLL