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Contains several random scenes from the dramatic feature-length drama script  
“**Lovers, Liars & Angels**” by Peter Sawczynek. View the serialized novel version on  
Kindle Vella. Contact: ps@blu-studio.com

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LOVERS, LIARS & ANGELS  
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**I/E. LIVING ROOM - DEAN'S "SKYVIEW" CONDO - RIVERDALE, NYC - NIGHT**

Shadows. Livid face. CAROLINA REVERON (34), Taino/Puerto Rican, pale beauty mark by lips, swank blonde hair flies.

She's en fuego -- leads with a carving knife.

Dean stumbles back, swipes at a crystal vase -- crashes down, flowers and glass flies. He backs out onto wide moonlit terrazzo terrace, whips a rose in defiance.

Carolina rushes. Dean sidesteps, pins her arms. They arc over glass rail... under stars... sway over 37 floors.

She twists, rips out his dangling black kunai earring with her teeth, spits it, viciously bites at his wrist.

DEAN

Calm down. Por favor, cálmate.

CAROLINA

I'll cut your cock off in bed.

**INT. SHAYLA'S ARTIST PENTHOUSE DUPLEX - W. VILLAGE - NIGHT**

Industrial. Atrium windows, oak floors. LED polyethylene couch glows. Glass spiral staircase leads up to sleep loft.

Shayla slaps a blue leopard catsuit, tokes a Chemdog spliff like she savors a cappuccino, rolls on a NEST scent. Climbs up Kristin on couch. Glides, slathers the scent on Kristin's neck. Blows rich smoke in her face, shotguns her mouth.

Kristin's mobile on couch lights: "DEAN".

Shayla flips it... hurls a pillow. Sullenly goes before windows. Kristin's after her.

SHAYLA

Still pretty boy's bitch?

KRISTIN

He loves me --

SHAYLA

You're not his love interest,  
you're his pussy guarantee.

Shayla shoves off Kristin, takes spiral stairs. At top, freezes.

KRISTIN

Don't you get bitter and jealous  
with me. It's almost destroyed me,  
but I've been true. Every damn  
waking and breathing second.

Kristin's door slam shudders the walls.

Silently, against all her willpower, Shayla wells up in tears.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DEAN'S CONDO - SAME TIME**

Dean swings front door in. He stalls in the frame.

Shayla, topless, stands on sectional, dangles glass of red,  
licks an éclair, stares, smiles. Offers a fingertips wave.

On terrace: Kristin topless in Skims shorts, white kicks,  
boxing gloves, works a FightCamp heavy bag. She strides in.

KRISTIN

Dean. Shayla. We met downtown. It's  
been, I think, ten years?

SHAYLA

Hi, Dean. I invited myself up. I'm  
admiring your irresistible view of  
those dangerous-looking cliffs.

She strolls toward the terrace. Offhandedly...

SHAYLA

Surreal art? Why's that?

DEAN

I feel it reflects the insanity of  
the reality around us.

SHAYLA

I like that. Come out. Make love to  
a bottle of wine with us.

Dean sets his ultralight on coffee table among a ravaged  
spread: lox, bagels, pickle, seltzers, coke, hash, joints...

KRISTIN

We met on a Yale study abroad to South Africa. Shay's a hot activist artist. She painted me.

Kristin waves to her portrait "Deux K" over the fireplace. Dean swipes pics on laptop: Shayla bares it in BMW 440i.

DEAN

Touching backstory, Kristie. Past and present, Shay's your hot activist lover. She called the other night.

Freighted silence blooms. Hangs. Kristin exhales low. Minutely presses line of her thigh to his shoulder. Fingers his hair... a conspiracy of suggestions.

KRISTIN

Shayla will do it.

Dean notes new hickeys as black-and-blue smears on Kristin's thighs. Markings erupt an uninvited intrigue, it grips, traps him -- renews heat for Kristin, incites, intoxicates...

They peer out at Shayla. All three catch an extraordinarily rare green flash sunset that mystically bathes the sky.

Ping. Kristin follows his gaze as Dean checks a text: "Fri, May 10, 2022 3:12PM Notifications. SONALI: How r u..."

Dean taps screen off. Looks up. Calls...

DEAN

Shayla, stay, do dinner. There's more of that Kenwood cab. A 2016.

Shayla turns back inward. Slips off her bikini bottom.

Languidly leans in terrace doorway.

Guzzles all of her red.

**INT. ALCOVE BEDROOM - DEAN'S CONDO - MIDNIGHT (LATER)**

Candles flicker. Dean naked on his side. Kristin spoons him.

DEAN

I surrendered to you. I was open, said we... you... could do it all.

KRISTIN  
I know. I couldn't. I didn't want  
to. Not with you.

Dean whips back, numbly stares.

He's up. Out on the terrace. Grasps rail. Leans out into  
high, driven wind, a new rain. Kristin's flies behind him.

KRISTIN  
We'll fall apart slowly.

Runs backs of her fingers up and down his back.

KRISTIN  
I gave so much of myself away. I  
want me back. When Shayla and I re-  
met, we went on like we never  
stopped. I'm leaving tonight. Now.  
I have a new place in Chelsea.

DEAN  
That's slowly falling apart?

KRISTIN  
We will, but I can't be here.

Kristin heads in. Dean rushes after, has her in his arms,  
propels them onto the bed. Sits over her, pins her.

Kristin squirms. Dean attempts kisses.

KRISTIN  
Stop, stop, don't fuck things up.

DEAN  
You're a traitor. To us.

KRISTIN  
There's no us, never has been.

Kristin convulses herself.

KRISTIN  
You're hurting me. Get off.

Dean lurches up, swaggers in Kristin's info hurricane --  
displacing, rearranging, changing everything.

KRISTIN  
Poor Dean. You set this up. You  
idled, used me, played games. I  
kept my nerve, followed my heart.

DEAN  
I get punished because I gave you  
too much freedom?

Kristin comes from the closet with filled shoulder bag.

Dean charges, forces her back to wall.

Punches directly by her face.

Viciously slams, drives one, two, three crunches...

DEAN  
I. Want to. Love you.

Kristin stricken with shock.

Dean freezes, also beyond belief.

KRISTIN  
Your inner scary fucker's breaking  
out. And don't ever call me Kristie  
again, you bastard.

She flees.

Dean sags cheek to wall.

Dead eyes stare at jag of dents.

**INT. GRACE'S STUDIO LOFT - BROWNSTONE - CHELSEA - NIGHT**

Clock: 2:15AM. Knocks. Dean glances in peep hole. Opens.

Kristin with a bottle of Tito's. Swigs from whiskey glass  
brimmed with ice and vodka. Wafts in. Eyes Grace, Dean.

KRISTIN  
What part of divorce do you  
interpret as it's some ongoing fuck  
buddies adventure? You are cutoff.  
Go to Sonali for cunt.

There's a brief air gap in the convo.

KRISTIN  
I know that dirty, indecent story.

DEAN  
I don't have to apologize to you.

KRISTIN

You were teen jailbait. She fucked you up. And then, worse, you came back to her at Skyview. Moved in with me, right down the hall from her. Now that's backstory, bastard.

DEAN

I don't think that makes us even.

KRISTIN

Go, run right back to her. Does she fuck your ass for you? Grace, make him leave. I can't stand him.

Grace pivots her eyes towards door. In doorway, Dean turns.

DEAN

One thing I can say I will not give up Skyview to live above a gas station in Queens so you can have a freestyle fuck life.

Kristin ferociously flings her heavy glass.

It strikes, mars the door frame right by Dean's face.

Vodka and ice flies. Glass bounces across the floor.

Kristin slams door shut on Dean's face.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DEAN'S CONDO - NEXT DAY**

Dean's hand freezes on door lever. Bag clumps down. He feels zombie-like along the sectional. Grips terrace door frame.

Endless sheltering sky silhouettes a petite figure in hooded beach coverup. She takes in the day. Turns. Holds up keys.

SONALI

They say the sky is like a mirror. Look up to see who you are, who you can be. I see you're back with a... wife. I thought this'd help you out. Roz sold this to you for me.

Tenderly, possessively, she fingers Dean's dangling earring.

Glancing touch turns irresistible rush, arms on him, a melee of burning kisses, wildly desperate and demanding.

DEAN  
I've still never been kissed like  
that.

SONALI  
I still can tell.

MOMENTS LATER

Pillows keel and toss on the bed. They love in white sunlight.

**INT. KITCHEN - SONALI'S CONDO - LATER**

Chris, just showered, naked, enters. Pours a joe.

Sonali rises, proffers the pearl blue mobile. Puts a finger  
on a pic: Chris and women in yacht pool.

CHRIS  
Hmmm, must've met them once.

SONALI  
I found this in the house. A  
burner. You're a drug runner?

CHRIS  
I'm leaving the city later today.

SONALI  
Stay in Martinique then.

CHRIS  
Not for me. I like more exotic.

She slides forward a second pic: Kristin sixty-nines Chris.

SONALI  
Exotic like Kristin exotic? Your  
unforgettable starlet fuck.

She growls, rushes with fist up that quivers. Strikes and  
strikes and strikes, solid shots to solid chest. Viscously...

SONALI  
A-hole. You smell like her in bed.  
What? You love her? You think? You  
share her. She's Dean's every  
single day easy piece of ass.

CHRIS  
I don't love you. Christ, I met you  
in a sleazy bar. I finally have the  
grace and power. I'm leaving you.



She starts a retort. Instead watches his ass as he leaves.

**MONTAGE - I/E. HIGHWAYS - CALIFORNIA COAST - VARIOUS TIMES**

- **RED VELOSTER TURBO/A-1.** Gangsta rap pumps. Kristin's bare feet on dash. Dean catches Robin's eyes in rearview, she pauses, displays big yellow pineapple gum on tongue tip, flicks it back in, chews lustily.
- **SAN FRANCISCO.** Place des Artes, Fisherman's Wharf, dinner. Argonaut Hotel: hi-floor, moodily-lit intimate corner room.
- **ROOM 7A.** Morning. Dean packs. Sisters wake. Kristin shoots to bathroom. Robin sits up, reveals displaced lacy teddy, half-moon dark areolas. Looks soulfully at Dean.

ROBIN

Kristin's like water. She mixes with anyone. And then turns out you want her, need her, all the time... like water for your life.

**END MONTAGE**

**INT. DOOR/HALL - DEAN'S SUITE - MORNING**

Distant waves crash. Kristin steps into the hall.

SHAYLA

I'm sorry. I wouldn't do it the same way again. It was a mistake to run away from you. Kristin, listen --

Shayla grabs Kristin's shoulders. Cracks her mouth, delivers aggressive, lingering kiss that converts to a soft smash...

SHAYLA

Listen... listen, I have to tell you. Dean attacked me once.

KRISTIN

You, unh, what?

SHAYLA

After you guys first split. He came to my studio to revenge fuck me. And there's something else... I'm fucking pregnant. It's Dean. From the night we did it with him. I wasn't sure what to do...

Kristin falls back against wall. Tears pop. She stresses every word to show she's begging...

KRISTIN  
I've got to go. Now.

Frenzied, Kristin spins back in hotel room.  
She drops in bed so to ensure Dean's up.

KRISTIN  
Maybe I'll go to California. Not  
sure how I feel about the city  
anymore. Too much has happened...

DEAN  
Kristin... no, I --

KRISTIN  
I'm unsure, how much the past few  
months was just about the sex?

DEAN  
I wanted to help.

Kristin's on top, straddles Dean. Grasps his chin.

KRISTIN  
No. It's been about the sex.

Slaps his face like a missile hit.

KRISTIN  
You fucking bastard. You went to  
attack Shalya just for her cunt.

Flails on his chest, face -- thrashes, everywhere, anywhere.  
Dean, lip cracked, scrambles from under, blasts from bed.  
Kristin at bed edge, poses like a lioness. Bitterly spits...

KRISTIN  
You married me and helped me for  
cunt. You do everything for cunt.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - SONALI'S VACAY/RETIREMENT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Packed. Reggaetón pounds. Ganja clouds. Tasteful candlelight  
glimmers. Killer catered Caribbean southern soul: curry goat,  
jerk, roti, chitlins, collards, cheesy grits...

Sonali beelines to Dean. He slips her a 1/4 gram in a vial.

SONALI  
For later. Uhhmm, you shaved.

She cranes up. Inhales his cologne. Pecks thanks. Time on his lips purposefully, meaningfully a fraction over long.

SONALI

I wanted intimate. But, friends they thought it'd be cool to invite all ex-husbands and my big flings. All here. Oh, hello, Taylor --

OLDER TAYLOR (42), black pearl studs, blazer, polo, grips Dean's shoulder without looking. Perfunctorily hugs Sonali.

TAYLOR

Happy, happy. I'm saying hi to everyone. We'll catch up.

Out on the veranda Taylor joins Chris and group. Taylor vapes, laughs. He makes blasé and intent, "why not" eye contact with Dean. Sonali bumps Dean.

SONALI

He's an entertainment lawyer now. Hey, this is our party...

Opens her clutch. Joints, vape pen, parfum rollerball, lip gloss, lipstick, some pills. Drops in Dean's coke gift.

Stephanie appears. Sips Malbec from a large cabernet goblet.

STEPHANIE

Don't think I'm jealous, Sonali, it's the opposite of that. Dean and I, we are in a mutual respectful situationship, that's all.

SONALI

Stephanie, Chris is on the veranda.  
(takes Dean's hand)  
My birthday wish? I'd rather just look at the moon and talk.

STEPHANIE

I'm not what you want, Dean, I'm what you need.

Stephanie glares at Dean's stunned backward glance. Sonali edges Dean into the crowd for the stairs. She calls after...

STEPHANIE

I'll be having Dean when you're dead.

Stephanie lets her wine glass dangle from her hand.

Spills a trail of red wine across a white velvet sectional.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DEAN'S CONDO - MOMENTS LATER (6 A.M.)**

River breezes carry rush of rustling leaves. Far off, birds chirp, dogs yap, kids call. Miles overhead, a departing jet, a pale spec, races, leaves a lingering white contrail. Dean sags in terrace doorway. Effortlessly breaks, cries it out.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DEAN'S CONDO - NEXT DAY**

Dean crafts a pitcher of Singapore Slings. He day trades.

She slips in. Mum. Kicks off shoes. Paces by the bed, trails her hand on it. Pours one, gulps it. Crunches ice. Repeats.

DEAN

For you, everything about us was an accident or on purpose?

SONALI

I could not mean it more, Dean.  
Everything. Very much on purpose.

She's at his back, traces his shoulders with an ice cube.

SONALI

(starts to cry, blurts)  
You're seeing someone. Young.  
Stunning. I knew I had to be ready  
for this. That I'm older, and  
someday it'd make a difference.  
Nothing would keep you. Go. Forget  
me. Oh, please, just be happy.

She shoves Dean. Flies. Races the hall to her place. Dean's after. Smashes into, can't stop it. Her door seals.

Inside: Sonali collapses against door. She breaks, slides to floor, silently racks, heaves, tears stream, mascara runs.

Outside: Dean slips slowly down door, head hangs.

Inconsolable sobs from within.

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