

(Then:)

TV, STEREO & VARIOUS. ...It took me nineteen years but I finally developed a good relationship...with my body!

(The silver chamber – in fact, it's an upright tanning bed – opens slowly, revealing **PATRICK BATEMAN**, naked except for his tighty-whities. And Wayfarer sunglasses. Bathed in blinding white light.)

(He steps forward, center stage. In excellent shape. In his glory.)

(He's a rock star – a god – as he begins explaining himself and his world.)

PATRICK. Whenever I tan, I wear a chilled, custom-made silicon gel mask to keep my eyes from looking puffy. Afterwards, I shower, using a honey-almond wash on my ripped body and an exfoliating spearmint gel on my face. I apply Clinique moisturizer before I shave – with a razor and cream by Pour Hommes. No cologne on the face, ever, as the high alcohol content dries out your skin and makes you look older..

My suit today is an eighties drape from Alan Flusser, with a bladed back to accommodate my impressive physique. My tie is by Valentino Couture; my shoes are by A. Testoni. Underwear by Ralph Lauren.

Polished, hardwood floors run throughout my apartment. The painting? A David Onica. My television? Thirty inches, digital, Toshiba. High contrast, highly defined, *plus* it has picture-in-picture capabilities, *plus*...it has freeze-frame.

(One more item:)

"RONALD REAGAN" ON THE TV. *And if all else failed, you could get a sense of patriotism from the popular culture. The movies celebrated democratic values and implicitly reinforced the idea that America was special. But now we're about to enter the nineties – and some things have changed.*

(**PATRICK** takes us into his bedroom, starts getting dressed to go out.)

PATRICK. My Walkman, with auto-reverse continuous play, is by Sony.

(Then:)

I am twenty-six years old, living in New York City, at the end of the century, and this is what *being* Patrick Bateman means to me...

(He hits play on his Walkman.)

[MUSIC NO. 01 "SELLING OUT"]

(**PATRICK** goes out, into the world...)

THE STREETS ARE HUMMING
I CAN FEEL WHAT'S COMING
I SAY!

ALL.

UGH OH, UGH OH, UGH OH

PATRICK.

YOU SEE ME GLIDING
BUT THERE'S SOMETHING
HIDING IN THE

ALL.

SHADOW, SHADOW, SHADOW

PATRICK.

I MAY BE DEALING
WITH A NAMELESS FEELING

ALL.

UGH OH, UGH OH, UGH OH
BUT EVERYONE KEEPS
SAYING THAT I LOOK AMAZING
SO I
DON'T KNOW, DON'T KNOW, DON'T KNOW

PATRICK.

I WANT IT ALL!

ALL.

UGH OH, THE NEXT TRANSACTION