

BORROWED BOY

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SKID ROW HOTEL - DAY

The homeless, drug addicts, prostitutes and pimps line the street in front of dilapidated flea bag SRO hotels.

The camera surveys the landscape, then pushes up the facade of a rotting Victorian, to a turret a few stories up.

INT. SKID ROW HOTEL - DAY

The room is barren, one hundred years of hard and lonely living having taken it's toll on the space and the occupants.

From the back, we see standing an attractive, naked WOMAN of twenty-four:

IRENE VARLEY.

The camera circles around to view Irene from the front.

A locket is around her neck, hanging between her breasts.

She clutches the locket, closing her eyes, deep in thought.

After a moment of introspection, she opens her eyes and looks up. She smiles...

EXT. WHEAT FIELDS AT SUNSET

They go on for miles, rippling in the wind. A crop-duster flies by.

Off in the distance is a SMALL MIDWESTERN CITY. A HIGHWAY stretches towards it.

A GREYHOUND BUS ROARS past, headed into town.

EXT. BUS STATION - NIGHT

The bus GRINDS to a stop, and the doors open with a HISS. PASSENGERS pour out.

Irene comes down the steps in drab clothes and no makeup, lugging a large duffel bag. Except for her excessive display of cleavage, she could be a young bag lady. She looks tired.

EXT. DESERTED STREET - NIGHT

Irene trudges along the sidewalk, close to the parked CARS, mainly recent models.

With her gaze straight ahead and her duffel bag obscuring the view, she surreptitiously tries each passing DOOR-HANDLE.

Locked. Locked. Locked.

Unlocked.

The car is old, beaten up.

A quick glance around, and she gets in.

INT. CAR - DAY

Irene shuts the door, then ducks down under the DASHBOARD. In a moment, she's tapping TWO WIRES together.

A SPARK and the engine SPUTTERS to life.

When the CAR DOOR is abruptly YANKED OPEN, she bolts upright.

In the street, a pissed off MAN glares down at her.

MAN

Get out of my car.

Irene sits perfectly still, staring straight ahead through the windshield. It's as if she's trying to ignore him away. Only her eyes betray the terror of a trapped animal.

MAN (CONT'D)

Get OUT!

Her hand lunges for the gearshift.

MAN (CONT'D)

No fucking way.

He reaches in and grabs her arm, then roughly pulls her halfway from the car.

Suddenly, Irene is a blur of flailing arms, her body twisting away from him. The man holds on despite her sudden flurry, but is losing his grip as her thrashing grows wilder.

She lets out a piercing SHRIEK and claws at his eyes.

The startled man jolts back from her slashing fingernails, only to SLAM the top of his head against the door frame.

MAN (CONT'D)

Shit!

As he lets go of her, she flops back into the seat and pulls her knees to her chest.

With an ANIMAL GRUNT, Irene KICKS the man in the chest. He sprawls backwards off his feet.

AS he hits the pavement, an oncoming CAR screeches to a HALT just inches from his head.

She slams the door, then looks down at him through the window.

IRENE
(with genuine regret)
I'm sorry.

He sits up, but makes no attempt to stop her as she DRIVES AWAY.

CUT TO:

INT. FRELAINE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Boyfriend and girlfriend BILLY FRELAINE and JENNIFER ROYCE are attractive fourteen-year-olds. They're doing their algebra homework, while a Nicholas Sparks style romance movie called Inside Of Me plays in the background.

JENNIFER
 $2x^2 + 4x - 16 = 0$. Why do people need to learn algebra? And what *is* a quadratic?

BILLY
My father says that without algebra no one could build cars, pyramids, computers or make movies.

JENNIFER
Well Danica McKellar says that without me learning algebra, only the stupid boys will want to kiss me.

BILLY
Well then you better keep on studying.

Billy leans in to kiss Jennifer and she kisses back. Jennifer then shifts her attention to a very romantic section of the movie playing on the TV. The BEAUTIFUL ACTRESS in the romance is floating on her back in a pond. Her wet clothing clearly shows the outlines of her attractive body as her HANDSOME BOYFRIEND kisses her and grazes her body sensually with his fingers. The music swells.

JENNIFER
I just love this scene. Don't you?

Jennifer's attention is on the romance, but Billy's eyes focus on the wet T-shirt action on the actress's chest and pelvis.

BEAUTIFUL ACTRESS
 (to her boyfriend)
 Show me how. Show me how to love
 you.

Jennifer's expression softens, then melts, as she grips
 Billy's hand.

Billy's attention shifts from the screen, to Jennifer. She's
 fascinated by the film, so she doesn't notice his gaze
 wandering her body.

He suddenly KISSES her on the lips. And she kisses back.

As they neck, his hand on her waist begins to slide upward,
 slowly, as if to not draw attention to itself.

When he reaches her breast, she abruptly pulls away.

JENNIFER
 Don't.

BILLY
 Sorry.

JENNIFER
 I told you not to...

BILLY
 (miffed)
 I said I'm sorry.

JENNIFER
 I'm just not ready.

BILLY
 They're doing it in the movie.

JENNIFER
 That's in movies. And they're
 adults.

Billy looks down at his erection.

BILLY
 I'm an "adult".

She rolls her eyes at his stupid joke.

JENNIFER
 It's getting late, I gotta go.

BILLY
 Jen?

She looks down at him. He's holding his hands up in the open-
 palmed "no weapons" gesture.

She eyes him with theatrical wariness. He holds the pose, so she leans forward till their lips are just a breath apart.

JENNIFER
No sudden moves.

A cautious kiss.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
Good night.

Jennifer turns to see a close up of the beautiful actress's face in ecstasy and her boyfriend's hands roving her body. Billy and Jennifer's expressions show that they understand the paradox and contradiction.

And off Jennifer goes.

INT. INDOOR SHOPPING MALL - DAY

The sprawling dining area of the food court. We DESCEND into the crowd and settle on...

BILLY AND THREE OF HIS FRIENDS, sitting around a cluttered table. They're fourteen and checking out girls: MARTIN still has baby fat, KEN is gangly, while STAN is the most attractive and knows it.

Their girl watching is accompanied by a running commentary.

KEN
(pointing)
No, the other one, in the mini.

MARTIN
Where? I still don't see...

STAN
So-so face, but a great ass.

MARTIN
Where?!

STAN
Above her legs, you idiot.

MARTIN
No, I mean...

LAUGHTER drowns out his protest. Ken takes a picture of the girl with his camera phone.

BILLY
Anyone else still hungry?

KEN
Not for food.

Billy gets up and walks away. Ken spots another GIRL.

KEN (CONT'D)
 Jeez, are those pants or spray
 paint?

He takes another picture.

MARTIN
 Send me a copy.

AT A NEARBY BASKIN ROBBINS, Billy buys a triple-scoop
 strawberry ice cream cone. He starts eating while the change
 is still dropping into his palm.

From behind him:

IRENE (O.S.)
 Any good?

He turns and sees her. With fashion model hair and makeup,
 she's now party girl sexy in a little black dress, again,
 heavy on cleavage. The gold locket dangles between her
 breasts:

IRENE

BILLY
 What?

IRENE
 The ice cream. How is it?

BILLY
 Uh...good.

IRENE
 May I?

Before he can respond, she takes his hand and pulls the cone
 toward her, her lips moving in to meet it.

As she takes a bite, she looks directly into the boy's
 startled eyes.

IRENE (CONT'D)
 Mmmmm, you're right. Thank you.

She releases his hand, her body still within his personal
 space. He stammers out a response.

BILLY
 You're welcome.

She glides past him to the counter and quietly orders. Billy
 wanders away, slightly dazed.

BACK AT THE TABLE

STAN
 (to Martin)
 No, I'm serious, you gotta check it
 out. Girls' gymnastics is a
 guaranteed hard-on.

KEN
 He's right. They're half naked,
 bouncing up'n down, doing splits...

Billy walks up to the table.

BILLY
 You guys'll never believe what just
 ha...

MARTIN
 Gazongas, ten o'clock.

Ignored, Billy sits down and eats his ice cream.

KEN
 God, they're bigger than her head.

He takes another picture.

STAN
 But she's fat.

MARTIN
 (incredulous)
 She is not!

KEN
 I wouldn't kick her outta bed.

STAN
 No, you couldn't, cause she's fat!
 You'd have to roll her off.

MARTIN
 Whoa!

STAN
 What?

They all follow Martin's gaze.

Irene approaches, carrying a tray with a single cup of
 strawberry ice cream. Her eyes scan for a suitable table.

STAN (CONT'D)
 (softly)
 Now that's more like it.

The boys quietly watch her, ever more furtively the closer
 she gets. Ken's camera phone creeps discreetly up above the
 edge of the table for a quick shot.

Irene stops nearby and looks around for a place to sit, seemingly oblivious to their presence.

Then she looks straight at them. They quickly avert their eyes.

Her eyes lock onto Billy like claws, just for a couple of seconds, but long enough to start him squirming in his chair.

She smiles warmly.

IRENE

Hi.

BILLY

Hi.

She continues on her way. They watch her go.

She glances back over her shoulder-- caught, they study the table.

As soon as she's out of earshot:

STAN

Wow, great eye contact.

KEN

She musta thought you were someone else.

BILLY

No, I just met her at the Baskin...

MARTIN

You know her?!

BILLY

Well, kinda. She, um...licked my ice cream.

THAT gets their attention.

KEN

She what?

BILLY

Licked my ice crea...

MARTIN

No way! Why would she do that?

BILLY

I dunno.

STAN

Did you ask her out?

BILLY
 (startled)
 What? No!

STAN
 Major fuck up. How many hints did
 you need?

BILLY
 In case you haven't noticed, she's
 gotta have ten years on me.

KEN
 Eight tops.

Irene settles at a table thirty feet away, then pulls a
 paperback novel from her purse. Eating ice cream, she starts
 to read.

STAN
 So ask her out now.

BILLY
 I can't do that.

MARTIN
 Why not?

BILLY
 (searching for a reason)
 'Cause I'm goin' out with Jenny.

STAN
 Oh Jesus, by the time she puts
 out...

STAN (CONT'D)
 (indicating Irene)
 She is hot, and, God knows why, she
 seems to like you. But, hey, if you
 wanna wimp out...

BILLY
 (annoyed)
 'scuse me, I'm not wimping...

STAN
 (softens his tone)
 C'mon, some friendly advice. Just
 give it a try. The worst she can do
 is say no. It's not like you'll be
 dead.

KEN
 (under his breath)
 You'll just wish you were.

They all stare at Billy expectantly, they barely stifle a cheer as he STANDS UP.

BILLY
Save my seat.

MARTIN
Can I have your ice cream?

He hands Martin the cone. Stan gives Billy a push.

STAN
Make us proud.

Conscious of their eyes on his back, he walks toward Irene with a slight swagger. His lips move as he quietly tests and discards opening lines.

When he's almost upon her, he forces a relaxed expression onto his face.

She looks up from her novel.

IRENE
Yes?

Strategies evaporate as his feigned composure crumbles. He searches for words, then points at the bowl.

BILLY
How is it?

IRENE
Good.

She scoops up and eats the last bite, then licks the spoon.

During this awkward pause, Billy searches for another topic.

He notices the GOTHIC ROMANCE in her hand. On the cover, a beautiful woman in a low-cut gown is embraced by a handsome aristocrat. They're on the edge of a cliff, waves crashing below. The title is "DREAD DESIRE."

BILLY
Uh, any good?

IRENE
What?

BILLY
The book.

IRENE
It's okay. Why, do you want to read it?

BILLY
Well, if it's any...no, not really.

IRENE
That's good. It's not really for
guys.

She extends her hand.

IRENE (CONT'D)
Debbi. With an "I".

He shakes it, his confidence growing.

BILLY
Billy. Also with an "I."

IRENE
(she laughs)
Nice to meet you, Billy. Or do you
prefer Bill? Or William?

BILLY
No, Billy's okay. So...did your
parents name you that?

IRENE
I chose it myself. And you?

BILLY
Me? What?

IRENE
Did you alter your own name?

BILLY
Did I...? No, I was just kidding.

His awkwardness returns.

BILLY (CONT'D)
The I's not at the end. It's sorta,
y'know, in the middle. Like normal.

IRENE
Okay.

She rises swiftly to her feet, catching Billy off guard. She
puts the book in her purse.

BILLY
You leaving?

IRENE
Yes.

BILLY
 (crestfallen)
 Oh. Well...bye.

She offers her hand again. He shakes it lethargically.

But she doesn't let go.

IRENE
 Billy?

BILLY
 Yes?

IRENE
 Come with me.

For a moment, her words hang in the air between them, not sinking in. But when they do, his eyes go wide.

BILLY
 You mean...want me to...

IRENE
 Come...with me. Yes.

Her gaze intense and inviting, her thumb lightly strokes the back of his hand.

BILLY
 I, uh...yeah, sure.

She starts to walk, all but pulling the surprised boy along.

THIRTY FEET AWAY

His friends stare, dumbfounded.

KEN
 I don't believe it.

STAN
 This is fuckin' weird.

MARTIN
 Jealous?

STAN
 Yeah, right. It's just weird, is all.

KEN
 Think he paid her?

Irene and Billy, now arm in arm, walk toward an exit.

While Irene seems oblivious to the stares of passersby, Billy glories in them, the envy of other boys, the competitive interest from the girls.

She leads him from the mall.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The stolen car moves through the city.

INT. CAR

Billy and Irene look straight ahead, she intent on her driving, he on his nervousness.

He sneaks a peek at her from the corner of his eye, she returns his glance. They both smile, then look away.

BILLY
We almost there?

IRENE
Be patient.

BILLY
(amused)
I can handle it, thanks.

They drive in silence. After several moments, Billy notices that the buildings are thinning out as they approach the edge of town.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Um, where're we going, Debbi?

IRENE
My name's Irene.

BILLY
(a long pause)
Irene?

IRENE
Yes?

BILLY
Where're we going?

IRENE
Do I look familiar?

BILLY
What do you mean?

IRENE
I just...feel like we've met
before.

BILLY
You mean, like, at the mall?

IRENE
Wherever.

BILLY
I dunno, maybe.

He takes a hard look at her.

BILLY (CONT'D)
No, I think I woulda remembered
you.

She can barely mask her disappointment.

IRENE
Then I guess we didn't. My mistake.

Billy is confused and fighting a growing sense of unease.

His eyes drift to the passing landscape. The town has given
way entirely to wheat fields.

With a mental jolt, Billy realizes that something is very
wrong.

He tries to feign "casual", but the panic in his voice grows
steadily.

BILLY
I have to go home now.

IRENE
What? No, you don't.

BILLY
No, really, I do. I hafta get home
right away. For dinner. Maybe we
should just turn around, okay?

IRENE
But we're almost there.

BILLY
No, it's too far. Just take me
home. If I'm late, my parents'll
get pissed and ground me and...

Irene JAMS on the brakes and the car skids to a stop on the
shoulder.

BILLY (CONT'D)
 Hey, what're you d...

As the car rocks in place, she LUNGES at him-- he jerks back -
 - her lips crush against his, silencing him.

They slide down onto the seat, Irene on top, her chest
 pressing against him, her hands grasping the sides of his
 head as her tongue probes his mouth.

His struggles are short-lived as terror gives way to instinct
 -- gradually, he becomes a full participant, kissing her back
 with equal passion.

When her lips finally pull an inch away:

IRENE
 You're right. If you come with me,
 your parents will be pissed.

Billy lets out a gasp when her hand closes on his crotch.

IRENE (CONT'D)
 But it'll be worth it.

Her eyes lock on his, she slowly backs away till she's
 upright behind the wheel.

As she pulls the car back onto the highway, he watches her,
 excited, confused, hungry.

CUT TO:

EXT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - DUSK

The decaying house stands alone in the middle of nowhere: two
 stories of peeling paint and rotting wood rising out of a
 weed-choked lawn. There are no other homes nearby, just
 neglected fields that stretch to the horizon in every
 direction.

The sense of desolation is heightened by the red glow of the
 setting sun.

Irene's car speeds towards the house on a disintegrating road
 that becomes the driveway. Just shy of the garage, it jolts
 to a stop.

INT. CAR

Numbed by the long drive, neither Billy nor Irene make a move
 to get out. They look at the house. Her face hints at fear.

BILLY
 You live here?

She doesn't reply. She digs through her purse, then nervously fixes her makeup in the rear view mirror.

EXT. RICHARD'S PORCH - A MINUTE LATER

Irene and Billy approach the house, Irene with her duffel bag.

As they step onto the porch, the sight of the front door causes her to freeze. An odd pause.

BILLY
Are we going in?

IRENE
(snaps out of it)
Uh, yeah. Of course.

From behind the door, UNSTEADY FOOTSTEPS APPROACH. Her stress seems to grow with each one.

As the knob turns, she forces a make believe smile. The door opens, revealing...

RICHARD

A worn out drunk in a bathrobe. Though only fifty, alcohol has carved ten extra years on his face. He doesn't recognize these people on his porch.

RICHARD
Whattaya want?

IRENE
Hello, Daddy.

Billy is startled.

But Richard is stunned. He just stares at her, glassy-eyed with shock, swaying as if in a strong wind.

IRENE (CONT'D)
Can we come in?

Richard SHUTS the door in her face.

He might as well have stabbed her.

She closes her eyes and swallows hard, as if fighting back tears.

IRENE (CONT'D)
He's, um...

She takes a deep breath, steels herself, then opens the door. They see Richard wandering away, as if lost in his own house.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Daddy?

Fearfully, he turns to face them.

RICHARD

You're gonna make trouble.

IRENE

No, I won't. I promise.

She steps INSIDE. Billy hesitates, then follows.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - FOYER

IRENE

Surprised to see me?

RICHARD

No. Why are you here?

IRENE

We need a place to stay.

Richard eyes Billy. His tone turns sarcastic.

RICHARD

Oh, I get it. Like somewhere the maid won't walk in on ya'. And I thought you came to see yer ol' man.

IRENE

I did. I mean, just for a little while, I promise.

RICHARD

Hey, you're my little girl. What's mine is yours.

He heads for the den.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Up the stairs, door on the left. Do your own laundry, this ain't a motel.

IRENE

But, wait...

RICHARD

What, do you want me to carry your bag?

She holds the duffel bag out to Billy.

IRENE
 Could you take this on up? I'll be
 along in a minute.

Billy starts to answer, but he can think of no response to express his confusion.

He takes the bag and carries it up the stairs. Irene watches him disappear onto the landing, then:

IRENE (CONT'D)
 Daddy, I just want you to know how
 happy I am to see you ag...

Richard cuts her off with a sharp LAUGH.

IRENE (CONT'D)
 What's so funny?

He reaches out and taps the tip of her nose.

RICHARD
 Still a loon.

She's alone. Her face scrunches up, fighting back tears. She turns and runs up the stairs.

INT. IRENE AND BILLY'S BEDROOM

Billy fidgets nervously with the drapes as he watches the sun disappear below the horizon.

Irene rushes in, closes the door, then sags against it, tears streaming. Though in her direct line of vision, she doesn't seem to see him.

BILLY
 Irene?

She sees him. A small smile and a sniffle as she wipes her eyes.

IRENE
 Hi.

BILLY
 Hi...what's wrong?

Her smile broadens eerily. She starts toward him, PICKING UP SPEED as she closes in.

IRENE
 Not a thing.

She's on him like a wave, overwhelming him with a passion that's almost desperate.

IRENE (CONT'D)
 God, I've missed you so much.

She kisses him furiously as she guides him backward toward the bed. The back of his knees meet the edge, and they TUMBLE OVER.

INT. IRENE AND BILLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Moments after sex, Billy flops onto his back in a tangle of sheets, naked, covered with sweat, gasping for breath.

Irene, also naked (save for her locket), crawls into view and nestles beside him. Glowing with happiness, she watches his face, savoring the moment.

IRENE
 Y'know, it's lucky we met.

He laughs/gasps his agreement.

IRENE (CONT'D)
 I mean it. Do you know what the odds are against two people meeting?

BILLY
 Mmm-mmm.

IRENE
 Astronomical. I mean, we're only, like, ten years apart. That's nothing. What if we'd been born thirty years apart? Fifty. A hundred.

Her voice softens hypnotically as she gently strokes his hair.

IRENE (CONT'D)
 Think about it. There are people who should have been together, but were born thousands of years apart, or in different parts of the world.

Whatever force compels men to pass out after sex now tugs at Billy. His eyelids grow heavy.

IRENE (CONT'D)
 It just breaks my heart that these people, who should have been allowed to share their lives...never got to meet. They didn't even know the other one existed. And all the love in the world couldn't bring them together. Don't you see?
 (MORE)

IRENE (CONT'D)

Don't you see how lucky we are that we even met? Like Vili and Mary Kay.

(a pause)

Billy?

She studies his sleeping face. She moves her lips close to his ear and whispers directly into his subconscious.

IRENE (CONT'D)

No one will ever love you like I do.

She kisses him gently, then slips quietly out of bed.

INT. RICHARD'S DEN - NIGHT

The room is in darkness, except for one lamp on a table. Its sphere of light barely includes Richard sitting in a leather chair.

He's asleep. Or unconscious. A magazine lies open on his lap. On a nearby table, a vodka bottle and a half-eaten TV dinner.

Irene, dressed in a robe, steps cautiously out of the darkness, carrying an uncomfortable looking wooden chair. She sets it gently down and lowers onto it. Silence, broken only by the TICKING of a GRANDFATHER clock.

IRENE

Daddy?

(a beat, louder)

Are you awake?

His eyes struggle open. He seems confused, studying her face as though it were a painting.

IRENE (CONT'D)

You okay?

He's startled when he realizes she's not just a dream. He starts to speak, but no words come to him. Instead, his gaze darts to the magazine and he pretends to read.

IRENE (CONT'D)

I just came down to say good night.

RICHARD

'night.

An awkward pause. He spears a meatball from the tray and eats it.

IRENE

You don't have to eat that stuff. I can cook it for you.

RICHARD
Cooking just makes a mess.

IRENE
So I'll clean up.

RICHARD
That's okay. This suits me fine.

IRENE
But...

RICHARD
(annoyed)
I'm fine.
(in the tense silence, he
turns grudgingly cordial)
Would you like some?

IRENE
No, thanks... Do you miss her?

RICHARD
(momentarily taken aback)
No, I...I mean, what's the point?
It won't bring her back.

IRENE
But you think about her.

RICHARD
I try not to.

He stabs the last meatball a little too hard. Before he can get it to his mouth, she picks up the aluminum tray.

IRENE
Here, lemme just...

His hand lashes out and grabs her wrist.

RICHARD
Leave it!

IRENE
I was just...

RICHARD
I said...leave it. Can take care of
myself.
(He releases her)
Since you ran off, I'm what you'd
call self sufficient.

Rubbing her wrist, she speaks in a whisper.

IRENE
I'm sorry!

RICHARD
Yeah, well...

They sit for a moment in the gloom, then she wearily starts to get up. His now calm voice stops her:

RICHARD (CONT'D)
But I guess we could put that behind us.

She lowers back into her chair, suddenly hopeful.

IRENE
Yes, we can.

RICHARD
I mean, you would've left eventually. That's what children do.

IRENE
But I came back. We could maybe, you know, start over. Try again.

RICHARD
(a thoughtful beat)
Maybe.
(He returns to his magazine)
You look tired, Irene. You should get some sleep.

She gets up, barely able to contain her joy.

IRENE
I will. Thank you.

She impulsively kisses him on the forehead, then walks into the...

INT. DARKNESS

IRENE (O.S.)
Billy, wake up. I'm lonely.

INT. DREAM SEQUENCE

IRENE'S locket looms HUGE before our eyes.

IRENE (O.S.)
Wanna see something pretty?

Light dances off the gold front plate as fingertips pry it open, revealing...

INT. IRENE AND BILLY'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

DRAPES SLIDE OPEN LOUDLY...

...and SUNLIGHT washes over Billy's face, ending his DREAM. He wakes up squinting.

IRENE (O.S.)
Breakfast.

BILLY
Whuh?

She sits on the edge of the bed. Her dress and hair are now subdued, though vaguely reminiscent of a TV style 1950s housewife. She tousles his hair.

IRENE
Time to get up.

BILLY
(half asleep)
Jus' five more minutes, 'kay?

IRENE
Okay. Come on down when you're ready.

She kisses him on the forehead, then leaves. He sinks back into sleep.

His eyes pop open. He bolts upright.

BILLY
I am in so much fuckin' trouble.

IRENE
(cheerful)
Good morning to you, too.

He paces frantically back and forth. His panic is balanced by her calm.

BILLY
I'm screwed. I mean really screwed.

IRENE
Relax...

BILLY
You've gotta take me home. I mean, like, right now?

IRENE
(mock pouting)
You don't want to stay with me?

This stops him in his tracks.

BILLY

I...well yeah, of course I...I mean, I don't want to leave, I just...

IRENE

Then don't.

BILLY

What're you, crazy? Please, if you just drive me home right now, maybe they won't be so...Jesus, what am I talking about? Overnight?

IRENE

It's true, you're in a lot of trouble.

BILLY

Oh shit.

IRENE

I mean, it's not like you'll be in more trouble if you stay longer.

BILLY

Trust me, they'll think of something. Jesus, they're gonna ground me for life.

She walks slowly, seductively toward him.

IRENE

No, they won't. Just tell 'em you were kidnapped.

At first her words don't register.

BILLY

God, I wish I were dead. Hell, I am de...

(he stops cold)

...What?

Her face glides to within an inch of his. She looks into his eyes and gives him a long passionate KISS. Then:

IRENE

When you get back...

(kiss)

...just tell them...

(kiss)

...you were kidnapped...

(kiss)

...but got away. You can stay as long as you like...

(kiss)

...then go home. It's perfect.

BILLY

But...they'll never believe me.

IRENE

Sure they will. The world's full of
psychos stealing kids these days.
(the best kiss yet)
Please don't leave yet.

BILLY

I gotta think about this.

IRENE

You can think while you eat.

With what seems a real effort, she turns away from him.

INT. KITCHEN

Billy is standing at the dining room table.

Irene sets a plate of eggs on the table.

Billy hesitates, then sits.

Richard enters, sluggish and bleary-eyed.

Irene's expression turns cautiously hopeful, while Billy
guiltily averts his face from the man whose daughter he just
slept with.

IRENE

Good morning. Breakfast?

With a GROAN, Richard lowers himself into a chair.

RICHARD

Those eggs look good. Got anymore?

IRENE

(pleased)

Sure.

She gets her own plate and brings it to him. As she sets it
down, she kisses him on the forehead.

IRENE (CONT'D)

I'll just make some more.

She returns to the stove.

Richard reaches across the table and takes Irene's fork.

He and Billy eat quietly, not looking at each other.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

Billy's parents (FRANK and BETTY) sit in wooden chairs, holding hands. They're exhausted, physically and emotionally.

Across from them, DETECTIVE LANSDALE is at her desk, calmly jotting notes on a missing persons report. She's been through this a thousand times.

LANSDALE

Any recent custody battles?
Disgruntled ex-husbands or wives?

FRANK

No.

LANSDALE

Any arguments between either of you
and the boy?

FRANK AND BETTY

(in unison)

No.

BETTY

He wouldn't run away.

LANSDALE

When fourteen-year-olds go missing,
it usually turns out to be
voluntary. And they're usually back
in a day or two. He could be
waiting for you at home right now.

BETTY

But it's not something he would do.

LANSDALE

Is there anything causing more than
usual stress in his life? Pressures
at school, a fight or breakup with
a girlfriend?

FRANK

Jennifer? Last time we saw them,
they seemed fine.

LANSDALE

Is she missing?

BETTY

No.

FRANK

They're both pretty responsible.

LANSDALE

At that age, certain things can cloud their thinking.

BETTY

Please, detective, it's not just some...I know something's wrong. When I called his friends, a couple of them seemed...evasive, like they were covering for him. Maybe if you talked to them, they'd take this seriously.

LANSDALE

Yeah, probably. But like I said, he'll most likely be home soon.

Betty starts to object, but Lansdale raises her hand for quiet.

LANSDALE (CONT'D)

And if he's not back by, say, eight tomorrow morning, give me a call and I'll go talk to those friends. Deal?

Betty looks to Frank, then gives the detective a reluctant nod.

CUT TO:

INT. RICHARD'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT MORNING

Irene rummages through Richard's CLOSET. Billy waits nearby without a shirt, that "kid forced to try on new clothes" look on his face.

BILLY

Maybe we shouldn't be messin' with his stuff.

IRENE

He won't mind.

WE PULL BACK to reveal RICHARD, concealed just outside the open bedroom door. He looks like he minds.

She hands Billy an out-of-style shirt.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Here, try this on.

BILLY

I prefer my clothes.

IRENE

Gotta wash 'em sometime. Unless you
wanna run around naked.

BILLY

I will if you will.

She looks at Billy. A couple of sly grins.

CUT TO:

INT. BILLY AND IRENE'S BEDROOM --- A SHORT WHILE LATER

Billy and Irene thrash about under the covers.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Richard, Irene and Billy sit around the table, quietly eating lunch. Richard reads, the newspaper hiding his face from the "young lovers".

They flirt as they eat, trading shy smiles and meaningful glances.

With sudden concern, she reaches out and touches his chin.

IRENE

You have a scar.

BILLY

What? Oh, yeah, I got it when I was
ten.

IRENE

What happened?

They both reach for the salt. Their hands touch, then pull away politely, each yielding to the other. She goes first.

BILLY

Well, we set up this board as a
ramp, then tried to see who could
jump their bike the highest.

IRENE

And who did?

BILLY

Uh, me. I just didn't land right.

She gives him the salt. Their fingertips meet again, this time lingering around the shaker.

IRENE
But you went the highest.

BILLY
Yeah.

IRENE
Cool.

Richard lowers the paper, finally revealing his face.

RICHARD
Excuse me, would anyone mind if I
threw up?

Hands withdraw as Billy and Irene shrink into embarrassment.

IRENE
Sorry.

RICHARD
Hey, no problem. I'll just clear
the table so that you can have sex
on it.

Humiliated, she fights back tears.

IRENE
I said I'm sorry, it won't happen
a...

RICHARD
I'm kidding.

In the stunned silence, he grins.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Jesus, young people can be so
serious.

He SNAPS the newspaper straight between his hands and returns to his reading.

Irene forces a LAUGH, then returns to her food, shaken, feigning calm.

Billy watches, his expression guarded.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

Irene is bent over in front of the open dryer, pulling out warm clothes.

Billy appears in the doorway behind her. He stops and his eyes settle on her ass.

She continues working with a slight smile, aware of his presence, but not letting on. As she stands up and reaches for a hanger, she "notices" him.

IRENE

Oh, hi.

BILLY

Hi. Need any help?

IRENE

Nah. Thanks anyway.

She resumes her work. He hangs out to watch.

As she stands on tiptoe to fold a sheet, he admires her stretch.

As she rolls socks into balls, he watches her breasts shift in her blouse.

IRENE (CONT'D)

I swear, you're like a kid with a new toy.

BILLY

(innocent)

What?

IRENE

I gotta do the chores sometime.

BILLY

I know.

IRENE

If you're bored, go watch TV. That's gotta be more fun than watching me clean.

He starts to object, but she cuts him off.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Later. I promise.

With a petulant SIGH, he leaves.

WE FOLLOW BILLY as he walks out into...

INT. FOYER

Then Billy hesitates, confused, just now he realizing that he doesn't know where the television is.

Now unobserved, Billy pulls his mobile phone out of his pocket.

The display shows no bars and so the phone says "No Service", since the secluded farm is in a cell phone dead zone.

Across the foyer is a closed door. Billy crosses to it, opens it and steps into...

INT. RICHARD'S DEN

Billy stops in his tracks.

Richard sits in his chair, reading a book. His eyes flick up at the intrusion, then quickly back to the page.

BILLY
Uh, where's the TV?

RICHARD
In that cabinet. But, as you can see, the room is in use.

BILLY
Oh. Sorry.

Billy spots the bookshelf on the wall behind Richard. He gestures toward it.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Mind if I grab myself a...

Richard SLAMS shut the HARDCOVER.

RICHARD
Just...!

The man struggles to rein in his anger. He takes a deep breath.

Then, ignoring the startled boy, he re-opens the book, noisily flipping pages.

BILLY
Do you have Internet. Or Skype? Or an iPad...?

Richard grimaces. Billy can take a hint. He stalks indignantly from the room, SLAMMING the door behind him.

INT. FOYER - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Billy, looking bored, lounges on the stairs.

Irene enters from the laundry room, her basket loaded with clean clothes. Billy watches her approach like a dog watching meat.

She stops at the foot of the stairs and returns his gaze, noting his lust. She SIGHS, then gives him a knowing smile.

IRENE
C'mon, let's go.

She starts toward the kitchen. With a grin, he gets up and struts after her.

INT. KITCHEN

As Billy enters, she puts the basket down and pulls a pan from the cupboard.

IRENE
Time to make yourself useful.

He lets out a groan.

BILLY
I knew this was coming.

IRENE
What?

BILLY
Chores.

IRENE
Not really.

BILLY
So, what, you want me to mow the lawn? Paint the house?

IRENE
I'd like you to read to me.

BILLY
Excuse me?

IRENE
It'll help pass the time while I do chores.

BILLY
You're serious.

She pulls "Dread Desire" from her pocket and offers it to him.

IRENE
C'mon, it would make me happy.

Grudgingly, he takes the book.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Thank you.

She starts to make dinner. He opens to the bookmark and reads aloud.

BILLY

Shaundra's hair, fanning out like
angel's wings across the pillow,
shimmered in the firelight.

He stops, eyes rolling in disbelief.

IRENE

Humor me.

BILLY

(a sigh)

Her eyes glittered like opals,
misting over with love and desire
at the vision of his sculptured
body, now revealed. As the Count
lowered himself upon her, he
reached for the heaving neckline of
her taut bodice...

INT. FOYER - EARLY EVENING

Richard comes out of the den, headed toward the kitchen. He stops at the SOUND of LAUGHTER.

Across the foyer, Billy backs out through the kitchen door.

BILLY

So you want me to wait near the
bed?

IRENE (O.S.)

No, in the bed.

BILLY

Right. I'll be under the bed.

When he spins around and sees Richard, the boy's grin disappears.

An awkward beat, then Billy races up the stairs.

INT. KITCHEN

Irene's at the counter, HUMMING as she puts the finishing touches on a FANCY DINNER. Two of the three plates are sitting on a SERVING TRAY with drinks and CANDLES.

As Richard comes in behind her, she strikes a match and starts to light them.

RICHARD
Smells good.

IRENE
(happy to see him)
Oh, hi. I was just gonna call you.

He looks at the elaborate setup on the tray, then at the SINGLE place setting on the table.

RICHARD
What's goin' on?

IRENE
Me'n Billy are having a little picnic upstairs. Our one day anniversary.

She grins at the idea. One more candle to go.

RICHARD
So...I have to eat alone?

Irene stops cold, her good humor evaporating in the sudden chill. She's unsure if she just screwed up.

IRENE
Uh, just for one night.

A nervous glance at her stone-faced father reveals little.

IRENE (CONT'D)
I mean...if it's okay with you.

The forgotten MATCH BURNS her fingers.

IRENE (CONT'D)
Ow.

It falls with a HISS into a water glass.

He stares at her, impossible to read. Yet betrayal seems to hang in the air.

She strikes another match, lighting the last candle with a trembling hand.

IRENE (CONT'D)
We, um...I mean, we don't have to. We could eat down here if you like, the three of...

RICHARD
No, not necessary.

IRENE
It's really no troub...

RICHARD
 (abrupt)
 Don't.

She carefully puts her father's heaping plate on the table, then pulls out his chair for him. He doesn't sit.

IRENE
 You sure it's okay?

RICHARD
 (a dismissive shrug)
 Go on.

Truly shaken, she picks up the serving tray.

IRENE
 'kay.

She goes out the door, leaving him standing there.

INT. FOYER

At the base of the stairs, she glances back at the kitchen. Through the doorway, she can still see her father.

He picks up his DINNER...

And drops the ENTIRE PLATE into the GARBAGE CAN.

If Richard hears his daughter GASP, he ignores it as he pulls a TV dinner from the freezer.

CUT TO:

INT. RICHARD'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Lit only by moonlight, Richard sits in a chair, a half-empty vodka bottle beside him.

The SOUND of SEX FILTERS THROUGH THE WALL.

He doesn't move. He just listens.

His eyes are cold.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Irene scrambles eggs. She YELLS at the ceiling:

IRENE
 Daddy?! Breakfast!!

Billy lounges at the table and reads aloud from "Dread Desire". He seems to be getting into it, his performance now dramatic and committed.

BILLY

...was a cruel man, chiseled out of ice. How could she love such a man?

Irene shovels the eggs onto three plates, then puts them on the table. Billy doesn't notice.

BILLY (CONT'D)

One whose empire was built on the shattered lives of those who dared oppose him. Whose bed was forever moist with the tears of discarded lovers.

IRENE

DADDY!!

Disappointed, she puts a metal lid over Richard's food to keep it warm. She sits.

BILLY

And yet, despite this, or perhaps because of it, he stirred yearnings in her that she dared not ig...

She reaches across the table and shuts the book.

IRENE

You can't read'n eat at the same time.

BILLY

Sorry.

He starts to eat. She watches him expectantly.

IRENE

Wanna talk?

BILLY

Sure. 'bout what?

IRENE

Anything.

He thinks hard, then comes up with something.

BILLY

Are there any songs you like? Y'know, groups you listen to?

IRENE

(thinks about it)
Not really.

BILLY

Oh.

A beat.

IRENE

Are there some you think I should like?

BILLY

Sure, there's...well, actually, with music you kinda have to hear it and decide for yourself.

IRENE

Then that's what I'll do. I'll buy some music you like and listen to it.

BILLY

Okay. Are you going to download it?

IRENE

(oblivious)

Just write down what you want, and I'll pick 'em up after the groceries.

BILLY

Good deal.

IRENE

Good.

Their conversation dies out. In the silence, each searches for another topic. Nothing comes to mind. They eat.

INT. RICHARD'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

From his second floor window, Richard watches Irene DRIVE AWAY in her stolen car.

INT. BILLY AND IRENE'S BEDROOM

Short of sleep, Billy is taking a nap.

The CLICK of a LIGHTER startles him awake.

Richard stands at the foot of the bed, lighting a cigar.

Billy sits up quickly, wary.

BILLY

She's not here.

Richard says nothing. He just smokes and watches the boy.

BILLY (CONT'D)
 When she gets back, I'll tell her
 you were looking for her.

RICHARD
 So, young man, what are your
 intentions?

BILLY
 Whaddaya mean?

He takes a puff and ambles toward Billy, who's sitting
 nervously on the edge of the bed.

RICHARD
 I mean, for my daughter. Since
 you're fucking her...
 (puffs)
 ...you should marry her.

Now uncomfortably close, Richard blows a smoke ring over
 Billy's head.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 Unless you'd rather she adopt you.

BILLY
 What do you want?

RICHARD
 (smiles)
 I'm sorry, just playin' with ya.
 You hungry?

BILLY
 What? Uh, no. I just had breakfast.

RICHARD
 But I didn't. Wanna keep me
 company?

The boy clearly doesn't, but says nothing.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 I'll take that as a yes. C'mon.

He starts towards the door. When Billy doesn't follow:

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 (overly cheerful)
 C'mon!

INT. KITCHEN

Billy lowers cautiously into a chair.

Richard sets a tall drinking glass before the boy and fills it half with ORANGE JUICE, half with VODKA.

RICHARD

Enjoy.

Richard opens the fridge and pulls out some baloney.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Sandwiches okay?

BILLY

Sure, whatever.

Billy tastes the drink, seems okay. He takes a couple of gulps like you would plain orange juice.

Richard eyes the boy's progress, barely restraining a smile as he flops meat onto Wonderbread.

He places two sandwiches on the table, then casually "freshens" the boy's half-empty glass.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Thanks.

RICHARD

You're welcome.

Richard pours himself a straight drink, then falls into a nearby chair and takes a sip.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Mmm. I remember the first time I got laid. How old are you Billy?

BILLY

Fourteen.

RICHARD

Well, I was thirteen. No, twelve. Amy Galloway was her name. An older woman. High school. And gorgeous, coulda dated college guys. So we're watching TV, right? Just making out. All of a sudden, she unzips my pants, says she wants to give me a blow job.

(he relights his cigar)

Mind if I smoke?

BILLY

No.

RICHARD

Would you like one?

BILLY
 (a beat)
 No, thank you.

Richard chuckles quietly, then draws deeply. Billy drinks.

RICHARD
 Where was I?

BILLY
 (loosening up)
 She unzipped your fly.

RICHARD
 Oh yeah. So she unzips my fly,
 right? Then she, like, lunges at it
 with her mouth open. Well, all I
 see are teeth and braces. I'm
 completely freaked out. Looked like
 she was coming at my dick with a
 fucking bear trap.

Billy LAUGHS so hard, screwdriver spews from his mouth.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 Don't squirt it through your nose,
 you'll burn yourself.

Between the alcohol and laughing, the boy can barely speak.

BILLY
 I remember my first time...I was
 ten.

They both crack up.

Then Richard's smile fades. He seems to be studying Billy.

RICHARD
 Y'know, things woulda been so much
 simpler if I'd had a son.

He draws on the cigar and the tip glows red.

EXT. RICHARD'S FRONT YARD - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Richard and Billy, both wearing catcher's mitts, toss a
 BASEBALL back and forth across the lawn.

They're drunk, so they don't do it very well.

RICHARD
 ...and that's why you should always
 be dating two girls.

BILLY
 Like a spare?

RICHARD

A back-up, exactly.

BILLY

But what if they find out about each other?

RICHARD

Then they'll both dump you, which is why you should always be fucking a third. But that's another lesson. The point is, you're too young to be tied down to one woman. I mean, Irene's cute'n all, but you could do better.

BILLY

(incredulous)

Are you nuts? She's gorgeous!

RICHARD

Okay, granted, she's hot. But you gotta admit she's a little... strange.

BILLY

Wonder where she got that from?

RICHARD

Touche.

He throws the ball at Billy a little too hard. It hits the leather with a THWACK.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

The point is, a good looking kid like you could, with a little confidence, be up to his ass in gorgeous girls. I'm sure your school's full of them.

Their aim seems to be improving as the ball hurtles between them with ever greater force.

BILLY

Damn right. And, y'know, getting 'em to go out with you ain't that hard.

RICHARD

I rest my case.

BILLY

The hard part is getting them to have SEX WITH YOU! Freshman girls don't put out!

Working himself into a righteous anger, Billy hurls the ball at Richard - THWACK.

RICHARD

Then why are they always getting pregnant, huh? They gotta be fucking someone.

He hurls it back - THWACK.

BILLY

Yeah, the football team. The really cute ones are doin' Seniors. Or older.

RICHARD

Some things never change. Still, we already know you can attract older woman.

BILLY

(a beat)

Do you think that Irene would take me home?

RICHARD

Why don't you ask her?

BILLY

I think that she would say no.

RICHARD

Well if you try to walk home son, you'll probably die. There's nothing around here for twenty miles. And it can get pretty cold at night and the snow is coming.

BILLY

Could I ask you to take me home?

RICHARD

You could ask...

Billy heaves the ball way too hard and Richard trails off as he watches it arc up over his head. Toward the house.

It SMASHES through a WINDOW.

Billy's cockiness freezes into fear.

Richard slowly returns his unblinking gaze to the boy. They stare at each other for several excruciating moments.

Then Richard grins.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 Guess we'll have to finish the game
 inside.

CUT TO:

INT. FRELAINE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Frank and Betty on the couch, Detective Lansdale in a chair.

LANSDALE
 You were right, they were covering
 for him. Billy was last seen
 leaving the mall about four-thirty.
 With a young woman.

BETTY
 Not Jennifer?

LANSDALE
 No. The boys didn't know who she
 was. Neither did Billy, it seems.

FRANK
 Maybe she goes to another school.

LANSDALE
 Listen, I don't want to alarm you,
 but when I say a young woman, I
 mean mid-twenties.

BETTY
 An adult?

LANSDALE
 I'm afraid so.

She pulls two photographs from an envelope and lays them on
 the table.

LANSDALE (CONT'D)
 I hope these aren't too blurry.
 This one's a still from mall
 surveillance. And this is from his
 friend's camera phone. Do you know
 who she is?

BETTY
 I...God, she looks so familiar. But
 I just can't...

Frank's expression turns dark as he recognizes her.

FRANK
 Oh shit. It's *her*.

CUT TO:

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

The front door swings open for Irene. Arms loaded with groceries, she struggles the key out of the lock.

IRENE
Billy?!!

From upstairs, an ADOLESCENT LAUGH, then Richard's voice.

RICHARD (O.S.)
You can do it, boy. I have faith in you.

She bumps the door closed with her hip and carries the bags toward the kitchen.

IRENE
Honey?! Could you come down and help me with the groceries?!

In reply, a DRINKING GLASS FALLS FROM ABOVE and SMASHES at her feet, showering her with vodka and glass shards.

BILLY (O.S.)
Sorry.

She looks up. Fifteen feet above her head is...

BILLY

Arms outstretched and cigar in hand, he's balanced on top of the upstairs baluster rail. He walks along it haltingly as if it were a tightrope.

IRENE
(under her breath)
Oh my god.
(screaming)
BILLY!!!

Startled, he loses his balance, arms wind milling as he totters outward.

She drops the bags and bolts for the STAIRS.

Taking them three at a time, she reaches the LANDING in seconds.

Through more luck than skill, he regains his balance.

BILLY
Irene, lookit.

She wraps her arms around his waist and pulls him off the rail.

She lands on her back and Billy lands on top of her.

He rolls off her, his face to the ground. He starts to shake with what sounds like stifled SOBS. She lays her hand on his shoulder.

IRENE
(breathlessly)
Billy, are you okay?

He flops onto his back, LAUGHING so hard he can barely breathe.

The sound of CLINKING GLASS.

She looks up to see Richard watching them from the doorway of his room. Cigar clenched in his teeth, he fills a glass from a freshly opened vodka bottle.

RICHARD
Boy trouble?

She rises to her knees, filled with rage.

IRENE
Bastard!

Her father smiles, toasts her and takes a sip. Billy's now rolling from side to side.

BILLY
Bear trap, bear trap.

IRENE
Billy, please...

BILLY
(like a lewd come-on)
Adopt me, baby.

INT. BILLY AND IRENE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Billy is OUT COLD on the bed.

Irene huddles beside him, her eyes fixed on the CLOSED BEDROOM DOOR.

From the other side can be heard RICHARD'S SLURRED RAVINGS. He STUMBLES about BANGING into things and CURSING.

From the bleak look of exhaustion on her face, it's clearly been going on for some time.

He starts to SING, loud and off-key. She clutches Billy's limp hand for strength.

Her father's SONG ENDS abruptly with a CRY of FEAR, the CRASH of BREAKING GLASS, and several THUDS like FLESH HITTING WOOD.

Startled, Irene bolts upright.

In the sudden quiet, she listens.

A LOW MOAN of PAIN. Concern creeps into her face.

She slides reluctantly out of bed, then walks to the door.

As her hand touches the lock, she freezes. A moment of indecision. Or self-preservation.

Then her hand falls away, leaving the door closed and locked.

RICHARD (O.S.)
(weakly)
Please, I need...it hurts.

She takes a deep breath and releases the lock.

INT. SECOND STORY LANDING

The door opens a crack and she peeks out, wary of a trap.

An overturned table, some broken glass, but no sign of her father.

She moves cautiously out onto the empty landing.

IRENE
Daddy?

A groan.

She figures it out and rushes to the STAIRCASE.

Richard is sprawled on the steps halfway down. He clings to a baluster to keep from sliding any farther. He doesn't see her.

She takes a step down, then falters, not sure that she wants to get any closer.

IRENE (CONT'D)
(timidly)
Are you alright?

He looks up at her, his face upside down and flashes a friendly grin.

RICHARD
Ah, an angel.

IRENE
Do you need help?

RICHARD
Naw, I can handle it.

With much grunting and straining, he fumbles himself to his feet, using the banister for leverage.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
See? Nuthin' to it.

He loses his balance and starts to fall backwards, then crumples onto his own ass and slides down several steps.

She rushes down and grabs him under the arms, halting his bumpy descent.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Owww! Damn stairs! Never did get the hang a' them.

IRENE
Try to stand up.

RICHARD
I should just rip 'em out, put in an escalator. Or maybe a fireman's pole.

IRENE
You're too heavy. You gotta help.

RICHARD
Would you like that, honey? Slidin' down a pole?

She struggles to get him to his feet. He puts his arm around her shoulders and they start up the stairs, Irene doing most of the work.

IRENE
Steady...

He suddenly seems confused.

RICHARD
Why're you still here?

IRENE
I'm helping you to bed.

RICHARD
I mean, in my house. You got what you came for. The kid's your sex slave.

IRENE
It's not like that. We love each other.

RICHARD
Hey, he's gettin' laid, what's not to love?

When they reach the landing, Richard steps up to a non-existent stair and STUMBLES to his KNEES. She looks down at him sadly.

IRENE

You'll never understand. C'mon.

She tries to help him up, but he waves her away, averting his face, his eyes pressed shut as if fighting back tears.

IRENE (CONT'D)

What is it?

RICHARD

Listen, Irene...baby, I...

He chokes up.

IRENE

Are you okay?

RICHARD

These things I do...if I could take 'em back...but I can't.

He starts to cry.

IRENE

Here, lemme help you.

She gently pulls him to his feet, walks him toward his bedroom.

RICHARD

I still miss her, y'know? All these years...

IRENE

Me too.

RICHARD

When she died, I just wasn't thinkin' straight. I guess I...messed up pretty bad.

Irene stops in her tracks, amazed at what she's hearing. Is he actually apologizing?

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Irene, I'm...I'm so sorry.

Stunned, overwhelmed, she starts to cry.

She suddenly gives him a desperate HUG. His face is buried in her hair, his arms hang loose.

IRENE

Thank you.

Slowly, his arms rise behind her.

IRENE (CONT'D)
It's okay. I'm here.

He hugs her.

Too tightly.

IRENE (CONT'D)
Daddy, not so...

She winces as he squeezes even harder. She struggles in his embrace, but is unsuccessful in pushing away.

IRENE (CONT'D)
Please, you're hurting...

His lips graze her ear, his voice a whisper:

RICHARD
I missed you.

From across the landing.

BILLY
Jesus!

Like walking death, Billy stands gawking at them from the bedroom doorway.

Richard steps casually back, releasing Irene, though one hand defiantly holds her wrist.

Her eyes are filled with shame.

Shocked (and still a little drunk), the boy can barely find the words.

RICHARD
Go back to bed.

BILLY
But what are you...?

RICHARD
None of your business.

IRENE
(placating)
It's okay, Billy, I'll be along in a...

BILLY
(erupting into fury)
What the fuck did you do to her?!

Richard calmly slides his arm around his daughter's waist.

RICHARD

Listen, junior, you've blundered into a tender moment here. Family stuff. So just go away and maybe I won't ground you.

In an alcohol fueled rage, Billy lunges toward Richard.

BILLY

Get your hands off her!

As the boy bears down on her seemingly unconcerned father, Irene jumps between them. She stops Billy with her hands on his chest.

IRENE

Wait, nothing hap...

BILLY

I'm gonna break your face, you f...

IRENE

Don't hurt him! He's drunk, he doesn't know what he's doing.

Behind her, Richard leans against the wall, arms crossed.

RICHARD

I don't need you to protect me from a shit-faced little boy.

BILLY

You sick fuck!

IRENE

Billy!

She takes his face in her hands, finally getting his attention.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Billy, please don't. Don't.

Her pleas somewhat dissipate Billy's rage. He glares knives at Richard, but reluctantly obeys.

She gently takes the boy's arms and starts to lead him away, back toward the bedroom.

IRENE (CONT'D)

It's okay, c'mon.

RICHARD

Listen to your mother.

His eyes locked on Richard's smirking face, Billy has to be pulled the whole way.

As they pass through the doorway, Richard grins and waves goodbye.

INT. BILLY AND IRENE'S BEDROOM

Irene shuts the door as Billy begins to pace and fume.

BILLY
I don't fucking believe...I swear
I'm going to kill him.

She wraps her arms around him. He's as rigid as stone.

IRENE
You don't have to do that.

She kisses him lightly on the cheek, but he's too distracted by anger to notice.

BILLY
Can't believe you stuck up for him.

IRENE
Please try to understand. He
doesn't know how to act around
people. He's been alone a long
time.

BILLY
He deserves to be. C'mon, let's get
outta here.

Her hands slide down his shirt, undoing buttons.

IRENE
But he needs me.

Incredulous, he breaks free of her.

BILLY
I don't like him and I wanna leave.

IRENE
But...

BILLY
C'mon, Irene, lets get outta here.
Please?

IRENE
It's not that simple.

BILLY
Well, I'm going.

He marches angrily to the door, touches the knob...

IRENE

Wait...

He stops. She struggles silently.

IRENE (CONT'D)

I'll go with you.

BILLY

Great. Let's go.

IRENE

I have to tell him first.

BILLY

Why?

IRENE

Because...I have to. I just do.

He throws up his hands.

BILLY

Okay, fine. But I'll go with you in case he tries something.

IRENE

Not now. When he's...feeling better.

He starts to protest. She cuts him off.

IRENE (CONT'D)

In the morning. I promise. We really should get some sleep before we go.

He considers this. She gives him a slight smile, toys with his belt buckle.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Why are you still dressed?

INT. IRENE AND BILLY'S BEDROOM - DAWN

Irene and Billy are asleep, her body spooning his.

Her eyes open. She gently nuzzles her face into his hair, then slips quietly out of bed, careful not to wake him.

As she puts on her robe, she notices Billy's clothes scattered on the floor. She sighs good naturedly. Men.

She picks up his pants and his WALLET slips from the pocket and falls to the floor.

She retrieves it and starts to lay it on the dresser. But she stops, hand poised in midair, a puzzled look on her face.

With the wallet cupped in her palm, she moves her thumb slowly over the leather in a circular motion, tracing the shape of something inside. She flips it open.

And out slips a CONDOM.

Startled, she stares at it, then looks across the room at the sleeping boy.

Then her hands fly into action, searching the wallet for further contraband.

She finds it:

A PHOTOGRAPH of BILLY and JENNIFER. They're at a carnival, holding hands.

IRENE

Oh god.

Suddenly furios, she slams the wallet onto the dresser.

Across the room, Billy MOANS at the disturbance, but does not wake up.

In a white-hot rage, Irene suddenly marches toward Billy, all rational thought slipping away.

She gets to the bed, stops abruptly, looming over the boy. As she glares down at his face, her fist trembles, clenching and unclenching as if it yearns to hurt him.

Then her breathing slows and a creepy calm descends. As she watches him sleep, her fury turns cold.

She RIPS the PHOTO in half. Jennifer flutters to the floor.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

A hangover breakfast.

Billy, Irene and Richard sit quietly at the table, eating. Richard ignores the others, going about his meal as if alone.

Billy watches him, barely masking his contempt. Then he glances at Irene and discreetly motions with his head toward her father-- "tell him".

She returns his reminder with an icy stare.

Billy withers, confused at her anger. He returns to his breakfast.

He scoops up a fork full of scrambled eggs. As he starts to put the food in his mouth, he feels something FLAP against his chin. He looks down at the fork.

BILLY
What the hell...?

IRENE
What's the matter, Billy? Egg shells?

Richard looks at the boy, then let's out a LAUGH.

For hanging from Billy's fork are several inches of translucent rubber-- the CONDOM.

BILLY
(irked)
What is this?

IRENE
You tell me.

BILLY
I don't know what...
(he figures it out)
...oh shit.

She holds up the ripped picture of Jennifer.

IRENE
Who's this?

Fear crosses Billy's face, then quickly shifts into defiance.

BILLY
Came with the wallet.

She STANDS abruptly, jolting the table.

IRENE
WHO IS SHE?

He glares back at her, refusing to answer.

IRENE (CONT'D)
(soft menace)
Who is she?

BILLY
You had no right.

A standoff.

She CRUSHES the photo into a ball.

She stalks to the garbage can and throws it in. Then she's gone.

Richard CHUCKLES and resumes eating.

Billy stares after her through the empty doorway.

His eyes shift to the garbage can.

EXT. RICHARD'S FRONT YARD - DAY

Billy stands alone in the grass, near a tire hanging from the tree.

IRENE (O.S.)
I'm sorry.

Billy sees Irene standing nearby with her hands behind her back, looking remorseful. He doesn't reply.

IRENE (CONT'D)
I mean it, I'm really sorry. I had no right to go through your stuff.

BILLY
Hey, what's mine is yours.

IRENE
I've been thinking about this morning...I realize I have to learn to control my jealousy. It's an unhealthy emotion, I know that.
(an awkward pause)
That girl...did you and she...ever?

BILLY
No.

IRENE
So I'm your first?

BILLY
Yeah.

IRENE
I'm glad.

BILLY
Who was your first?

IRENE
(taken aback, because it was Richard)
...I brought you something.

From behind her back appears a triple scoop ice cream cone, just starting to melt. He almost smiles, but catches himself. He's supposed to be angry.

BILLY
A bribe?

IRENE
Yes.

BILLY
Strawberry.

IRENE
Yes.

BILLY
(softening)
My favorite.
(a beat)
When are we gonna leave?

IRENE
Soon. I promise.

She holds out the ice cream. His hand rises slowly and closes around the cone. She doesn't let go. He licks it.

She moves in and licks the other side. They move the cone out of the way and kiss.

She wraps her arms around him, pulls the two back onto the tree's tire swing, then pushes off with her legs. Giggling, they slowly gyrate suspended.

EXT. FIELD NEAR RICHARD'S HOUSE - DAY

Irene and Billy chase each other through the waist-high weeds, whooping and hollering like children.

They meet, embrace, break apart and the chase resumes.

INT. IRENE AND BILLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Irene is asleep.

Billy lies next to her, deep in thought. His mind wrestles with...issues.

He studies her face for signs of consciousness.

BILLY
(whispering)
Irene?

She doesn't stir.

He slips quietly out of bed, then tiptoes to the door.

He gently slides the bolt. The door swings open with inevitable SQUEAL of RUSTY HINGES. He looks back at Irene, still asleep.

INT. KITCHEN - A MINUTE LATER

Leaving the lights off, Billy moves cautiously into the MOONLIT room. His socks whisper across the linoleum.

When he reaches the garbage can, he starts to dig.

He finds what he's looking for. He uncrumples it and holds it up to the moonlight.

THE PHOTOGRAPH

Jennifer smiles at him from wrinkled paper.

He stares at her, his face a tangle of confused emotions.

Billy does not notice as Irene walks up quietly behind him.

When she sees the photo in his hand, her expression shifts instantly to rage.

He senses someone behind him and starts to turn.

She PUNCHES him in the side of the head.

Caught off guard, his sock-covered feet slip out from under him. As he FALLS to the floor, his HEAD HITS the edge of the COUNTER.

Her rage vanishes as quickly as it erupted.

She looks genuinely confused that Billy is sprawled at her feet, as if she just walked in and found him this way.

IRENE

Billy...? Are you okay?

He looks up at her with stunned eyes, consciousness wavering. Then his head lolls to the side as he passes out.

She snaps, chokes back a sob.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Oh God.

She falls to her knees, hands hovering helplessly in the air. She nudges him gently.

IRENE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. Please wake up.

He MOANS. She lets out a strangled, hysterical LAUGH.

IRENE (CONT'D)
 Oh, thank God, thank God you're
 alright, you're gonna be...come to
 bed, okay? Please get up.

The LIGHTS FLASH ON. Irene looks up with a GASP.

Richard stands in the doorway, fully dressed.

IRENE (CONT'D)
 Help me.

Her father doesn't move, doesn't blink.

IRENE (CONT'D)
 Please, we've got to get him to
 bed.

A beat. Richard strides forward.

IRENE (CONT'D)
 Thank you.

He hooks Billy under the arms and brusquely pulls him to his feet.

IRENE (CONT'D)
 Be careful.

Richard DRAGS the half-conscious boy toward a door OPPOSITE the one they entered. Irene follows.

IRENE (CONT'D)
 Where're you going? We have to take
 him upstairs.

Ignoring her, Richard shoulders the door open. STAIRS DESCEND into the CELLAR.

IRENE (CONT'D)
 (growing fear)
 Daddy? What are you doing?! NO!!

Richard gives Billy a SHOVE and the boy topples into darkness.

INT. CELLAR

Billy's TUMBLE down the stairs ends abruptly when his HEAD hits the CONCRETE FLOOR.

INT. KITCHEN

Irene is frozen in stunned silence.

Her father turns toward her. His face is now a mask of drunken lust.

With horror, she realizes what's about to happen.

IRENE

Oh God.

She BOLTS toward the kitchen door. He starts after her.

WE MOVE WITH IRENE as she bursts into:

INT. FOYER

Irene rushes to the front door and starts to pull it open.

Richard's body slams against it, forcing it shut.

She turns and hurtles up.

INT. STAIRS

Irene takes them three at a time, Richard at her heels. As she reaches the top, he catches her ankle, sending her sprawling onto:

INT. LANDING

Irene flips onto her back and kicks wildly at Richard. He stays just out of reach, attempting to grab her thrashing feet.

He captures an ankle, then the other, then forces her legs apart.

She pulls her knees to her chin, then rams her feet into his chest. He flails back. Only a lucky banister grab saves him from falling down the stairs.

As he pulls himself onto the landing, she's up and running toward the nearest open door. She plunges into:

INT. RICHARD'S BEDROOM

Irene slams the door and bolts it.

Then hurries over to the window and tries to slide it open.

It's painted shut.

Grunting, she strains unsuccessfully to free it.

There's a polite KNOCK at the door.

IRENE
GO AWAY!!

The door SMASHES OPEN. And Richard walks casually into the room.

Trapped, Irene backs fearfully into a corner.

IRENE (CONT'D)
Don't hurt me.

When Richard unbuckles his belt, she starts to cry.

IRENE (CONT'D)
Daddy, please...

RICHARD
Shhhhh.

He unzips his fly.

IRENE
It's not fair.

INT. CELLAR

Irene's SCREAM cuts through two floors. Billy's eyes pop open, filled with confusion and fear.

BILLY
Irene?

INT. RICHARD'S BEDROOM

Richard's forearm is pressed across her throat, pinning her to the wall. As she struggles madly to escape, he yanks her nightgown up above her waist. Her eyes filled with terror, she flails at him, pushing, punching, grabs handfuls of his hair. He tries to force down her panties. She kicks at his shins. He grabs her behind the knee and jerks her leg up off the ground.

She CLAWS at his eyes. A fingernail hits its target.

RICHARD
DAMN IT!!

He pulls back his FIST, ready to smash her face.

A DISTANT MUFFLED VOICE filters up through the floor:

BILLY (O.S.)
Irene?!

Richard turns his head abruptly at the sound.

During this brief moment of distraction, Irene's straining fingers manage to grab a VODKA BOTTLE off the night stand.

As he turns back towards her, the swinging bottle connects, SHATTERING across his face. He jumps back.

For a stunned moment, time stops and neither is sure what to do. Richard's hand moves to his hemorrhaging cheek and he flinches at the touch.

The sight of blood on his fingers fills him with rage.

RICHARD

Bitch.

Irene snaps out of it and tries to rush past him to the door.

As she flies by, Richard grabs her hair and her momentum almost pulls her off her feet.

She spins around and slashes at him with the jagged remains of the bottle.

A gash opens on Richard's arm. He lets loose a HOWL of pain.

She swings again. He lets go of her hair just in time to avert another slice. She backs up slowly toward the door, still swinging the bottleneck to fend him off.

INT. KITCHEN

Billy, on his stomach, drags himself up the last step and through the cellar doorway. He lays on the linoleum, exhausted and in pain.

INT. RICHARD'S BEDROOM

Irene's father inches forward, matching her cautious retreat. He looks like a wild animal, eager to hurt her if he could just get at her. His frustrated eyes dart between her face and the jagged glass arcing before her.

She suddenly turns and runs for the doorway.

Her escape is cut short by a flying TACKLE. He catches her legs and they both SLAM to the GROUND.

She rolls onto her side and yanks her right leg free.

Richard, on his stomach, still clutches the left.

She KICKS him in the face.

He's stunned, but doesn't let go. She kicks him three more times, rapid fire. He still won't let go. A fifth kick, especially savage, and his NOSE BREAKS with an audible CRACK.

He lets go.

Wild with fear and adrenaline surging, she keeps kicking, just to make sure. She sits up, arms braced behind her, eyes gone mad as years of pent-up anger come pouring out in a vicious barrage of kicks to his head, each blow accompanied by a CRY of animal rage.

Abruptly, she stops, stunned at her own ferocity. She scuttles away from him.

He doesn't follow.

She clammers to her feet and leans panting against the doorjamb. Her still wary eyes are locked on her motionless lump of a father, face down on the floor.

IRENE

You alive?

Richard slowly, painfully raises his bloody and battered face. She GASPS at his appearance. Glaring up at her, he struggles out words through broken teeth.

RICHARD

Fuck off.

He lays his head down, tired of discussing the matter.

She starts to speak, but can think of nothing to say. She swallows hard, fighting back angry tears at the injustice of it all.

In a last act of defiance, Irene reaches out and flicks off the light.

Framed by the doorway, her silhouette shuts the door, throwing the room into:

INT. DARKNESS

The SOUND of a CAR ENGINE STARTING, then a SCREECH of RUBBER.

EXT. HOOD OF THE MOVING CAR - DAWN

We see Irene and Billy as they drive out of the pitch-black GARAGE.

Billy flinches in the sudden glare of DAWN, quickly shielding his eyes.

Irene cries quietly behind the wheel.

Through the back window, the HOUSE recedes into the distance. Neither Billy nor Irene look back. They drive in silence, Irene's tears subsiding into sniffles. Finally:

IRENE
Canada or Mexico?

BILLY
(sluggish)
What?

IRENE
Where do you wanna go, Canada or
Mexico? Skiing or sunbathing?

He rubs his temples, clearly in pain.

BILLY
I' um...it's a toss up. I don't
care.

IRENE
Didn't draft dodgers go to Canada?
No one ever sent them back, did
they?

BILLY
I think criminals run to Mexico.

IRENE
(offended)
We're not criminals, Billy. We're
in love. Remember that.

BILLY
(slight appeasement)
Sorry...Canada?

IRENE
Fine. Map's in the glove box.

Billy reaches for it, then stops, his arm extended. He looks
at his HAND.

It's SHAKING.

BILLY
Irene?

IRENE
I don't think it's locked.

When she sees his trembling hand, fear flares within her. But
she quickly subdues it.

IRENE (CONT'D)
You didn't get much sleep. You must
be tired.

BILLY
Must be.

IRENE

Why don't you close your eyes for a while? Then we'll get some food. Build up your strength.

Confused, he lowers his hand.

EXT. FREEWAY - LATER THAT DAY

The highway passes through a medium-sized town. Irene's car speeds into view.

INT. CAR

Irene barely watches the road as she throws worried glances Billy's way.

His SLEEP is troubled, his face sweaty and pasty white.

Something up ahead catches her attention. A green highway sign sails by: HOSPITAL NEXT OFF-RAMP

Irene broods for a moment. Billy tosses fitfully. Ahead is the off-ramp, a hundred yards off. She slows the car, her mind struggling with indecision.

Fifty yards. The car slows even more, almost to a crawl.

A TRUCK rushes up behind them, HONKING ANGRILY as it changes lanes. Billy wakes up with a start, eyes frightened.

Thirty yards. Twenty. Ten. A choice has to be made.

Passing by the off-ramp, the car speeds up on its way down the highway.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Billy is in the magazine section, looking pale and sickly under fluorescent lights. He slowly spins a circular paperback display, watching the covers go by.

A book catches his attention. A weak smile as he pulls it off the rack.

INT. CHECKOUT LINE

Irene empties the cart as a CASHIER scans the groceries.

Billy limps into view.

IRENE

Hi. Is the Tylenol working?

BILLY
Kinda. Got you a gift.

He gives her the book.

BILLY (CONT'D)
The sequel to "Dread Desire".

IRENE
Wow, this is great! Thanks.

She hands it to the cashier, who scans it. As the book slides toward the BAGGER, Billy INTERCEPTS it.

BILLY
(turning playful)
Here, lemme read it to you.

She pays the cashier.

IRENE
You mean right now?

BILLY
Sure, why not?

IRENE
'cause we haven't finished the first one?

As she pushes the cart toward the exit, he starts to read:

BILLY
Shaundra's dreams had come true.
But dreams can crumble.

She laughs and pulls the book from his hand, tossing it in a bag.

IRENE
We'll read it in Canada.

BILLY
Yes, dear.

Because of his limp, he trails behind her, which is why she doesn't notice him glance back at the check out stands.

Rows of electronic cash register displays ask: "HAVE YOU SEEN ME?"

Suddenly unnerved, Billy slows slightly to watch the smiling faces of MISSING CHILDREN appear sequentially. And then Billy's face is shown, on dozens of checkout screens stacked in perspective.

INT. CAR - DUSK

They drive in silence. Irene sneaks a glance at Billy. He stares straight ahead, deep in thought.

IRENE
You okay?

BILLY
Hmm?

IRENE
You haven't said a word in hours.

BILLY
Sorry.

IRENE
Why don't you read to me? We're so close to the end.

BILLY
(a long pause)
I wanna call my parents.

The car swerves slightly as she tenses. Her voice goes cold.

IRENE
No problem. They can come pick you up.

BILLY
No, that's not what I want. It's just...I dunno, they're probably worried sick. I just think it'll make 'em feel better if they know I'm okay.

Several nervous beats while Billy waits for her response. Then:

IRENE
You are the most considerate man I've ever met, Billy Frelaine.

Billy wonders how Irene knows his last name.

BILLY
(under his breath)
Frelaine?

IRENE
Billy I swear to God, I love you more everyday.

BILLY
Then I can call 'em?

IRENE

No.

BILLY

But...

IRENE

Billy, you gotta know their phone's gonna be tapped. You call to say hi, the cops'll know where we are.

BILLY

So I'll use a pay phone. We'll be gone before they show up.

IRENE

We don't even want them to know what state we're in. They'd figure out where we're going and we'll end up having to run a roadblock. I'm sorry, but it's out of the question.

Oncoming headlights wash across their faces. Billy winces.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

They sit in a booth, quietly eating dinner. Billy barely touches his food. He breaks the tense silence.

BILLY

How 'bout a letter?

IRENE

Billy...

BILLY

Okay, a postcard. With a picture of London on it.

IRENE

And a postmark from here. Billy, listen to me.

(she puts a comforting hand on his)

I know how painful it is to leave home. Believe me, I do. But everyone has to eventually. Each of us goes out and starts a new life. Most natural thing in the world. You just got a head start, that's all.

BILLY

I dunno, I just thought I should send them an e-mail...

IRENE
 (suddenly harsh)
 Billy. You can't go back and be
 their "little boy" again.

BILLY
 I didn't say...

IRENE
 I mean, is that what you really
 want? To live under their rules?
Their curfews? Losing every fight?
 Punished anytime they feel like it?
 You gonna give up all this freedom
 for that? Are you?

BILLY
 (quietly)
 I' um...no, I guess not.

IRENE
 (calm again)
 Good. That's good.

She returns to her food. He considers her words, but finds no
 resolution in them. He stands, still clearly troubled.

BILLY
 I gotta pee.

He turns to leave.

IRENE
 Billy?

BILLY
 Yeah?

IRENE
 Billy, I...come here.

He does. She reaches up and slides her fingers into his hair.
 Looking up into his eyes, she pulls his head down till their
 lips almost meet.

IRENE (CONT'D)
 I love you.

She kisses him, long and deep.

Other customers start to notice, watching from the corners of
 their eyes. Several TEENAGE BOYS at a nearby table gawk
 openly, clearly impressed.

At last, the kiss concludes.

IRENE (CONT'D)
 When things cool down a bit, we'll
 let them know you're okay.

BILLY
 Thank you.

IRENE
 Wash your hands.

Billy limps away. He passes the teenage boys, oblivious to their admiration.

INT. RESTROOM

Billy enters, then stops in his tracks. He is finally alone.

He pulls out his cell phone. There are now bars on the screen and cell service is available. And there are sixty-seven messages displayed.

Shocked, Billy thrusts the phone back in his pocket.

INT. COFFEE SHOP

WAITRESS
 Can I get you anything else?

IRENE
 Just the check, thanks. No, wait.
 Do you have strawberry ice cream?

WAITRESS
 One scoop or two?

IRENE
 Three.

WAITRESS
 Coming right up.

Irene is pleased. But her smile quickly vanishes as TWO HIGHWAY PATROL OFFICERS walk into the restaurant.

INT. REST ROOM

Billy flushes the urinal and walks to the sink.

As he washes his hands, his phone rings in his pocket. Conflicted, he ignores the call.

Drying his hands, Billy starts to leave. He puts his hand on the bathroom door, hesitates.

He walks back into the restroom and grabs his phone. Punches numbers.

RINGING. A CLICK.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

Billy?

BILLY

(stunned at her voice)

Uh...hi, Jen. Could you do me a favor? Tell my parents I'm okay, okay? Tell 'em I love 'em.

JENNIFER

Billy, *where are you?*

BILLY

Listen, Jenny, I...I really miss you. I mean it, I miss you a lot. It's just that...well, things are different now. Everything's changed. I can't go back to the way things were. Please try to understand...Goodbye.

JENNIFER

No, don't hang up Billy. Please don't hang up. Where are you? Everyone's going crazy looking for you. Billy...?

A beat. Then:

BILLY (O.S.)

Yes?

INTERCUT BILLY AND JENNIFER

BILLY (CONT'D)

I'm fine.

JENNIFER

You gotta call the police. No, wait, tell me where you are, I'll call them.

BILLY

No, I'm fine. Don't worry about me. I'm sorry I made everyone crazy.

JENNIFER

God, Billy, she didn't hurt you, did she?

BILLY

Whaddaya mean?

JENNIFER

Irene.

His eyes go wide.

BILLY

I...don't know what you're talking about.

JENNIFER

The girl who kidnapped you. I mean, when you were a kid, the babysitter. The police think she did it again.

Billy has never been more shocked. He tries to respond, but can't find the words.

JENNIFER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Billy?...Billy?!

IRENE (O.S.)

(hushed)

Billy, wake up.

INT. FRELAINE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

BILLY IS FOUR YEARS OLD.

IRENE IS FOURTEEN.

They're on the couch, an afghan across their laps. The only light is from the unwatched TV. Strawberry ice cream melts in a bowl with two spoons.

The small boy SLEEPS, nestled against her, encircled by her arms. She whispers in his ear with just a hint of desperation.

IRENE YOUNG

Billy, wake up. I'm lonely.

His eyes open slowly. Delighted, she smiles.

IRENE YOUNG (CONT'D)

Hi.

BILLY YOUNG

(only half awake)

Hi.

IRENE YOUNG

I got a surprise for you. Wanna see something pretty?

She reaches down into the front of her shirt and pulls out the LOCKET. She holds it before Billy's eyes, then opens it to show him the PHOTO inside.

IRENE YOUNG (CONT'D)

See? It's you. Now you'll always be near my heart. You're beautiful, didja know that?

BILLY YOUNG

Mmmmm.

IRENE YOUNG

I thought so. It's your eyes, I think. I mean, your nose is cute'n all, but compared to your eyes...

She cuddles even closer.

IRENE YOUNG (CONT'D)

It's almost like...like you can look in 'em and see the man you're gonna be. A good man.

She taps Billy lightly on the forehead.

IRENE YOUNG (CONT'D)

He's right in here.

She kisses him on the forehead. He giggles. This makes her giggle. She kisses him on the lips, quick and playful.

As she pulls back, she looks in his eyes and her smile wavers. Her playful expression ebbs away, replaced by something else.

Something vaguely disturbing.

Then, slowly, she lowers her lips to his. This kiss is longer, more intense. Almost sexual.

When she finally pulls away, they look at each other, confused at what just happened. She's transfixed by his gaze, like a deer paralyzed by oncoming headlights. For several seconds, she's unable to look away. Then:

The decision snaps into place like a mousetrap. She knows what she has to do.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Marching down the sidewalk with a stolen suitcase, Irene pulls the now fully dressed boy by the hand. She moves so quickly, Billy almost has to run to keep up.

BILLY YOUNG

But where we goin'?

No reply. A car drives by, headlights sweeping past.

BILLY YOUNG (CONT'D)
Renee, where we...?

IRENE YOUNG
For a walk.

BILLY YOUNG
But it's dark.

IRENE YOUNG
Your mom said I should take you for
a walk.

BILLY YOUNG
She did?

IRENE YOUNG
She did. Has she ever lied to you
before?

BILLY YOUNG
No.

IRENE YOUNG
Then it's settled.

Billy tries to think this through, sensing flaws in the logic.

Oncoming HEADLIGHTS become an SUV. Irene stops abruptly.

BILLY YOUNG
Reenee?

IRENE YOUNG
(with genuine horror)
Oh God.

As the SUV drives past, she sees Frank's startled face in the window, Betty peering past him from the passenger side.

Irene drops the suitcase, picks up Billy and BOLTS down the street.

The car SQUEALS to a stop, doors opening.

WE MOVE WITH YOUNG IRENE

Terrified, she runs as fast as she can, struggling under the weight of a four-year-old. Frank is behind her, gaining steadily and closing the gap.

As streetlights whip by, the runners rush through pools of light, one after another. A blur of trees, shadows and glowing windows flashing by.

Her long hair waves wildly about Billy's face, her desperate BREATHING loud in his ear. Clutching the back of her neck, the boy rocks and jolts in her arms.

He sees the BLACK SILHOUETTE that pursues them growing larger. It bursts into light and becomes his FATHER.

BILLY

Daddy!

Frank is almost upon them, closer, closer, his arm stretches toward them. Billy watches his father's grasping fingers, inches away, straining to grab a handful of her hair.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTROOM

JENNIFER (O.S.)

Billy? Are you there?

Her FRANTIC VOICE is tinny and far away. Although his ear is to the phone, Billy doesn't hear her.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET (FLASHBACK)

In silence, Frank WRESTLES the small boy from Irene's arms. Then father and son watch Irene run crying into the night. Into darkness.

INT. RESTROOM

JENNIFER (O.S.)

Please talk to me.

BILLY

I...gotta go.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

No, don't hang...

His hand shaking, he hangs up.

For a moment he clings to the phone. Then his arm drops like dead weight.

He turns to the door.

And finds himself face to face with OFFICER PRESSLER of the Highway Patrol.

Billy GASPS. This makes Pressler smile.

PRESSLER
Everyone does that.

He walks past Billy into a stall.

INT. COFFEE SHOP

Back at the table, Irene fidgets nervously.

Billy, drained of color, limps slowly toward her. He moves as if the air were thick. When he arrives:

IRENE
(hushed)
I saw him. There's another one by the door. Just sit down and act natural. When the bill comes, we're outta here.

He remains standing, not quite there.

BILLY
Irene...

IRENE
Sit down, you'll draw attention to us.

Billy reaches sluggishly for her LOCKET.

When she realizes what he's doing, she grabs it first, wrapping her fist around it.

A standoff.

Her eyes are frightened, his unnervingly distant.

BILLY
Show me.

Her mind races for a way out, but can find none.

She timidly opens the locket, revealing Billy's four-year-old face.

IRENE
I...should have told you. I'm sorry.

Suddenly furious, he YELLS in a WHISPER.

BILLY
You're sorry?

IRENE

Yes, I...

BILLY

I don't believe this. That was you.
You're the one who kidnapped me.

He sags into his seat, trembling with rage.

IRENE

It wasn't like that. We were...

BILLY

I don't believe this. I don't
fucking...you lied to me.

IRENE

I never...I mean, I just...didn't
tell you everything.

BILLY

No shit.

Her eyes dart nervously to OFFICER ANDERSON, reading a menu
at a booth near the cash register.

IRENE

Please, could we discuss this
later?

BILLY

What, so you can lie to me again?

IRENE

Billy, none of that's important
now. It's just the past. All that
matters is that we love each oth...

BILLY

I should just hitch a ride with
those cops.

IRENE

Oh God, no. Please, it'll all
become clear if you just let me
explain. You're all I've got, so
you gotta let me..

Irene abruptly shuts up as the waitress appears and places a
bowl of strawberry ice cream in front of her.

WAITRESS

Will there be anything else?

IRENE

No.

The waitress pulls out the check pad, her eyes darting from Irene to Billy. She can sense the tension. She totals the bill quickly, then leaves.

Irene tentatively pushes the bowl across the table.

IRENE (CONT'D)
Here, I got this for you.

He makes no move to eat it. Just stares at the table.

IRENE (CONT'D)
Billy. I want you to listen to me,
'cause this is important. Maybe the
most important thing I've ever
said. Are you listening?

His angry gaze rises to her face. She speaks slowly and deliberately.

IRENE (CONT'D)
You...are the most precious thing
in my life. You always have been
and you always will be. Without
you, I would die...Do you
understand?

Silence. She searches his face for some sign of softening, but finds none.

IRENE (CONT'D)
(defeated)
I'll go pay the check. When I get
back, we'll, um...it'll be okay.

She gets up as if with her last ounce of strength. As she shuffles away, he watches her, his face finally showing a hint of sympathy.

His gaze shifts to the ice cream. He SIGHS heavily and picks up the spoon.

Suddenly, Billy has a SEIZURE.

The SPASMS that overwhelm his body last for only a second, then are gone.

The boy is left startled and confused. His eyes search out Irene, across the room paying the cashier.

Moving sluggishly, he tries to get up.

As he does, his eyes roll back in his head.

Unconscious, Billy drops to the floor.

Someone SCREAMS.

Irene looks up and sees that Billy is no longer at the table. Her eyes widen in fear. Several customers rise from their seats, blocking her view.

Craning her neck, she can just make out Billy's hand, limp on the floor. Still holding the spoon.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Oh God.

She shoulders her way between the gawkers and runs toward him.

Officer ANDERSON is suddenly blocking her way. She COLLIDES with him.

ANDERSON

Careful.

He steadies her, then darts toward Billy. As he weaves his way through a group of onlookers, he talks into his radio.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Get out here, we got a problem.

The officer kneels by the unconscious boy. He pulls back an eyelid, then checks pulse and breathing.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

(to the crowd)

Could you please stand back and give him some air, thank you!

(into the radio)

Mary, send an ambulance to the coffee shop on Route 33 at Mill Road.

Irene watches, helpless.

The gathering crowd eclipses Billy from her view.

And with all eyes on the boy, no one notices as she walks out of the coffee shop and into the dark.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Frank and Betty rush from an opening elevator, then charge down the corridor.

INT. HOSPITAL MRI ROOM

Billy's head glides into the gleaming white TUBE of an MRI.

He flinches at the sudden POUNDING NOISE, then holds still as instructed.

A cross section of his SKULL flickers on a nearby MONITOR.

Clearly visible on the surface of his brain is the dark blotch of a SUBDURAL HEMATOMA.

INT. WAITING ROOM

Billy's parents sit on a couch, holding hands.

INT. OPERATING ROOM

We hear RESPIRATION and a HEART MONITOR. Billy is unconscious on a tilted table, his head shaved and secured with clamps.

A SURGEON withdraws BLOOD from the boy's SKULL with a SYRINGE.

INT. OPERATING ROOM THEATER

Lansdale and DR. CHENERY view the surgery from the theater above the operating room.

LANSDALE

So Billy's cranial injuries are recent?

DR. CHENERY

He has anterior subdural hematomas on both the left and the right sides. The injuries are fresh, probably from within the last twenty-four hours. A delayed reaction seizure is common in this situation, as the bleeding progresses.

INT. BILLY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Billy sleeps, the top of his head WRAPPED in GAUZE.

His parents sleep on the other bed, cuddling close to fit in the narrow space. Lansdale sits in a chair.

The PHONE RINGS - Betty's eyes open sleepily - Frank picks up the receiver before the second ring and lays his hand reassuringly on her hair. Billy remains asleep.

FRANK

(softly)
Hello?

GIRL (O.S.)
Hi, can I talk to Billy?

FRANK
Who is this?

GIRL (O.S.)
I'm Lisa, from Billy's history class? We're all really upset about what happened. Is he okay?

FRANK
That's nice of you, thanks. The doctor says he'll be as good as new.

GIRL (O.S.)
That's really great. Can I say hi?

FRANK
He needs to rest now, but leave your number and I'll have him call you.

GIRL (O.S.)
Please? I'll be quick. I promise.

Frank can just make out the SOUND of TRAFFIC through the phone.

He looks at Betty. Her eyes are closed again, her breathing steady. Asleep? Hard to tell.

FRANK
Irene?

Betty bolts upright and starts to speak, but Frank gently puts a fingertip to her lips. She stays quiet. Lansdale is silent, but quickly types a message into her smart phone.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Irene?

A long pause. You can almost hear Irene thinking. Her voice drops an octave.

IRENE (O.S.)
Yes?

FRANK
You've got to stop this.

IRENE (O.S.)
You don't understand. I love him.

FRANK
You hurt him.

IRENE (O.S.)
But that was an accident, I swear
it.

FRANK
Irene, please, listen to me. You
can't call him anymore, or visit,
or...

IRENE (O.S.)
But I...

FRANK
Just stay away from him. You'll
only get yourself in more trouble.

IRENE (O.S.)
But I love him.

FRANK
You have to stop.

An awkward pause. Billy has struggled his eyes open to watch
his parents through a haze on anesthesia.

IRENE (O.S.)
Is he really okay?

FRANK
(bitter)
He will be.

IRENE (O.S.)
The doctors are sure?

FRANK
Yeah.

IRENE (O.S.)
I mean completely, positively sure?

FRANK
He'll be fine.

IRENE (O.S.)
That's good. That's really...
(she suddenly starts to
sob)
Please let me talk to...

FRANK
(at the end of his
patience)
Irene, enough. This has got to end.

A beat, then a CLICK as Irene HANGS Up.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Without lights or sirens, a POLICE CAR hurtles past blurred neon.

It suddenly veers toward the curb and SQUEALS to a stop.

Flashing red lights come to life as the SPOTLIGHT hits a PAY PHONE.

It's empty.

CUT TO:

INT. BILLY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

The lights are off and the vertical blinds are closed, but sunlight still manages to shaft in through the cracks.

LANSDALE

You comfortable? It's not too bright in here, is it?

Billy fidgets nervously in his bed. The detective sits in a nearby chair. Just the two of them.

BILLY

I'm fine.

LANSDALE

That's good.

She turns on a video camera setup on a tripod.

LANSDALE (CONT'D)

So what I'd like us to do now is just talk about what happened. You know, fill in some of the details. That okay with you?

He's staring at the table, too uncomfortable to meet her gaze.

BILLY

Sure, I guess.

LANSDALE

Okay, let's start at the mall.

The boy looks up uneasily at the detective.

BILLY

Ma'am?

LANSDALE

Yes?

BILLY
If you catch her...

LANSDALE
When we catch her.

BILLY
When you catch her...what're you
gonna do to her?

LANSDALE
I'm not going to do anything to
her. That's up to the court.
(a beat)
What's on your mind, Billy?

BILLY
Nothing. It's just that...I was
thinking...maybe if I don't press
charges, you guys could...

LANSDALE
That's not really an option.

BILLY
Why not?

LANSDALE
'cause you're a kid. You're too
young to make a decision like that.

BILLY
But I don't wanna get her in
trouble.

LANSDALE
She's already in trouble. And she
brought it on herself. What she did
was wrong.

BILLY
I know that, but...but she doesn't.

LANSDALE
Billy, that's not really...

BILLY
I mean, she doesn't understand what
she did was wrong. I don't think
she's quite...y'know...

Billy taps his temple.

LANSDALE
You're saying she's crazy?

BILLY

Well, kinda. I think she's been through some really bad stuff in her life and...I dunno, could use some help. You should send her to a doctor, not to jail.

LANSDALE

Like I said, that's not up to me.

BILLY

She didn't mean any harm.

Lansdale gives a tired SIGH.

LANSDALE

Yes, I understand. Irene's mother Kate Varley, died several months before Irene first kidnapped you. Traffic accident. I'm sure that tragedy was pretty hard on Irene, not to mention her dad, a Mr. Richard Varley. Did Irene ever talk about them?

BILLY

(lying)

No.

LANSDALE

Listen, Billy...very soon, you are going to have to testify in a court of law. So it's important that you understand one thing. If you get on that witness stand and say anything to protect her, and I mean anything...

(a dramatic pause)

...then the prosecutor will finally say out loud what everyone's been too polite to say, which is, you went with her to get laid, then stuck around to get laid some more, and to hell with your parents, and to hell with the agony you put them through.

Lansdale is quiet for a long moment to let Billy stew on this. The boy looks badly shaken.

LANSDALE (CONT'D)

(cold)

So just tell me what happened. Okay?

The silence hangs like a sword over his head. Then, in a voice almost too soft to hear:

BILLY

No.

LANSDALE

Excuse me?

BILLY

I said no. I won't help you put her in jail.

She leans back with a resigned SIGH.

LANSDALE

You want me to be honest with you, Billy? I don't give a fuck who you have sex with. I really don't. Hell, I got laid younger than you and I turned out fine.

Billy looks stunned that this adult would talk to him like this.

LANSDALE (CONT'D)

All I care about is that bitch beat you so bad, you needed a fucking operation. My mother died that way, she was in a fender bender, hit her head, but seemed completely normal. Dropped dead twelve hours later. There was a hospital right around the corner from that coffee shop, but Irene was just going to let your brain bleed to death.

BILLY

But she didn't.

LANSDALE

Stop protecting her, Billy, 'cause I will get her, with or without your...

BILLY

She didn't do this to me.

LANSDALE

Really? Then who did?

BILLY

I...fell down some stairs.

Lansdale LAUGHS.

LANSDALE

If I had a nickel for every time...

BILLY

It was her father.

LANSDALE
 (startled)
 Her what?

CUT TO:

EXT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - LATER THAT DAY

Lansdale is KNOCKING hard on the front door. From inside:

RICHARD (O.S.)
 Who is it?

LANSDALE
 Mr. Varley, my name is Detective
 Lansdale. I'd like to ask you a few
 questions.

After a beat, Richard cautiously opens the door. He looks as
 you'd expect a few days after a severe beating.

LANSDALE (CONT'D)
 Such as, what happened to you?

RICHARD
 I had an accident.

LANSDALE
 And that was...?

RICHARD
 I fell down the stairs.

Her professionalism cracks and a LAUGH slips out.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 Did I say something funny?

LANSDALE
 Sorry. I need to ask you about
 Irene.

RICHARD
 Has she been arrested?

LANSDALE
 Not yet.

He SIGHS deeply.

RICHARD
 That poor girl. It never ends.

LANSDALE
 Would you care to elaborate?

RICHARD
It's...difficult to talk about.

LANSDALE
Please try.

RICHARD
(voice dripping with pain)
Irene, she's, um...she'd always been a strange child. But the shock of her mother's death, it seems to have...well, the sad fact is, my daughter's insane.

LANSDALE
I assume there's some record of her medical treatment.

RICHARD
I'm afraid not. When I tried to take her to a doctor, she ran away.

LANSDALE
So how does this "insanity" reveal itself?

RICHARD
She lies. Constantly. Irene lives in a fantasy world, and if it's challenged, she can become...violent.

LANSDALE
Did she beat you up?

RICHARD
(annoyed)
I already told you what...I'm a grown man, Detective, I can take care of myself. That boy, however...

LANSDALE
You mean Billy?

RICHARD
I assume that's why you're here. By the way, is he really eighteen?

LANSDALE
Not quite.

RICHARD
I thought he was lying. Anyway, they showed up here last...Thursday, I think. I let them stay, of course. I do what I can for her.

LANSDALE

Of course.

RICHARD

But right away, they started to fight. Lots of screaming. After a few days, well, the boy tried to go home and...

He trails off, distressed by the "memory".

LANSDALE

And...?

RICHARD

She went crazy. Hurt him pretty bad. I tried to stop her, but...

LANSDALE

Why didn't you call the police?

RICHARD

They left right after. Didn't tell me where they were going.

LANSDALE

(a thoughtful pause)

The boy said you beat him up.

RICHARD

What?! That's absurd, why would I...I barely knew him.

LANSDALE

So he's lying to protect a woman who put him in the hospital?

RICHARD

For God's sake, he was sleeping with her. You figure it out.

LANSDALE

I'd like to hear your theory.

RICHARD

He thinks he's in love. Don't you remember being a teenager? It's like being retarded.

LANSDALE

(a slight smile)

Good point. Would you mind coming to the hospital to talk to him?

RICHARD

Why would I want to do that?

LANSDALE

Because I have to clear up this matter and thought maybe you'd want to clear your name.

RICHARD

Of course I...

LANSDALE

Confronting the boy could help. I find that most people won't lie about you right to your face.

RICHARD

Am I being arrested?

LANSDALE

No. Not at this time.

A pause as he considers his options.

RICHARD

Then...good night.

He closes the door.

CUT TO:

INT. BILLY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DUSK

Billy sleeps.

From across the room comes a small SOUND, barely audible.

His eyes open a fraction.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

Hi.

He bolts upright, eyes huge.

It's dark, save for a reading lamp in the farthest corner. It shines on Jennifer in a chair.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

It's okay, just me. Sorry I scared you.

He lets out a long breath and slumps back against the headboard.

BILLY

How long you been here?

JENNIFER

Awhile. Brought some homework. Quadratic equations.

Mentioning quadratic math has a slightly flirty context because of the steamy chick flick that they were watching originally. Setting her homework aside, she gets up and walks tentatively toward him.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

How ya doin'?

BILLY

There's a hole in my head.

JENNIFER

I always thought so.

A week ago he would've laughed. Now he just fidgets nervously, his manner distant.

BILLY

Where are my parents?

JENNIFER

They went home. Looked pretty tired.

BILLY

You saw 'em?

JENNIFER

That cop wouldn't let me in till they vouched for me. Musta thought I was Irene disguised as a kid.

Awkwardness hangs in the air between them. She points back at the reading lamp.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Sorry about that. They said I should leave the lights off.

BILLY

No, it's fine.

JENNIFER

She turn you into a vampire?

BILLY

Light hurts my eyes. 'Cause of the head trauma.

JENNIFER

Jeez. Forever?

BILLY

No, just...it'll go away...um, listen, Jennifer, I'm not really feeling that well.

JENNIFER

Oh, I'm sorry. Would you like me to get the nurse?

BILLY

Maybe I should just get some more sleep.

JENNIFER

Oh...I guess I should go.

BILLY

Yeah, I guess.

She makes no move to leave.

JENNIFER

Well...bye.

BILLY

Bye.

JENNIFER

I'll drop by tomorrow, okay?

BILLY

Sure. I'll be here.

JENNIFER

Okay.

BILLY

'kay.

She waits for a reprieve. None comes.

Lansdale enters and watches Jennifer leave. Lansdale turns to Billy and sees a tear in his eye.

LANSDALE

Billy?

BILLY

(weakly)

Yes?

LANSDALE

I've been looking at the police report from when Irene kidnapped you ten years ago. There were some suggestions from one of Irene's aunts of sexual molestation by Irene's father Richard. Does that sound plausible to you.

BILLY

What?

LANSDALE

I'm talking about rape Billy. And I'm talking about incest. It would appear that these illegal sexual acts started after Irene's mother died.

BILLY

He tried to rape her. Richard did...I guess. They had these humongous fights.

Lansdale shows Billy an eleven year old photo of a very happy and healthy looking Richard, arms wrapped affectionately around wife Kate and thirteen-year-old Irene.

LANSDALE

That's a photo of Irene with her father Richard Varley and her mother Kate, just before Kate died.

Billy is visibly shocked. Richard looks very young, before the booze and the grief took it's toll. The family looks angelic, playful and serene.

LANSDALE (CONT'D)

The booze will do that to you kid.

Lansdale shows Billy another photo, a news clipping of a teenage Boy Scout becoming an Eagle Scout. The photo is captioned "Richard Varley, new Eagle Scout Troop 504".

Billy chuckles at the photo of the clean cut teenage Richard and thinks about the stories that Richard told him about his high school sexual hijinks.

BILLY

(to himself)

Bear trap.

LANSDALE

Do you have any idea what Irene's been doing for the last ten years since she originally kidnapped you?

BILLY

No.

LANSDALE

We don't know either. She fell completely off the grid. There's no record of her having a driver's license, public assistance, going to school, no paper trail at all. As a fugitive felon, her life options were limited. Maybe she became a crack whore or found some sugar daddy. Who knows.

(MORE)

LANSDALE (CONT'D)

After Kate Varley died, Richard Varley sold his home here in town and moved to that farm house where you stayed. It's been in his family for several decades.

Billy has no answers about Irene's past.

LANSDALE (CONT'D)

Why did Irene take you to her father's house, of all places?

BILLY

If you were kidnapping a fourteen-year-old, where would you take him?

LANSDALE

Because?

BILLY

I don't drive and Richard's house was too far away from civilization to escape from. My cell phone didn't work. I was trapped.

LANSDALE

But her father was there. Wasn't that awkward?

BILLY

Irene sorta wanted to make her father happy. I don't know why. He's a weird, scary guy. Maybe it's simple, Irene loves her father, as screwed up as he is. You can't choose your parents.

LANSDALE

As yes, thank you for that. Billy, here's the most important question. Why did you run away with Irene?

BILLY

Because of...her.

LANSDALE

Who, Irene?

BILLY

No...Jennifer.

LANSDALE

But you already had Jennifer. She's your girlfriend. Right?

BILLY

Not really. Not in the way that mattered.

LANSDALE

Jennifer is...this is all about Jennifer, not Irene?

BILLY

Irene did something really good for me, even though I guess that it's wrong. When I woke up in the morning, Irene was there. And she wasn't wearing any clothes. And she looked really, really...nice. And then she'd kiss me. And then she'd...

(restrained smirk)

And then she'd tell me how much she loved me.

LANSDALE

And so what was the problem, Romeo?

BILLY

Irene wasn't Jennifer. She's nice and all and she's really sexy. But she's kinda...stupid.

LANSDALE

(smirk)

That she is.

BILLY

What I really wanted to do was wake up with Jennifer. I can talk to Jen, or at least I thought I could. I wanted to do with Jennifer what I did with Irene. But Jen wouldn't let me. She got really mad.

Lansdale leans back, smiling. It's all about sex. Some things in life never change.

LANSDALE

You know Billy, I also ran away from home when I was your age. I was fourteen and he was twenty. His name was Robin and he rode this hog. I met him at the arcade.

BILLY

What's a hog?

LANSDALE

It's a really bitchin' motorcycle, a Harley. And Robin was the sexiest thing. And he swept me off my feet.

BILLY

(getting interested)

How did he do that?

LANSDALE

He wasn't afraid of anything.
Especially me. I ran off with him
and we went camping by the river,
the Murray. We got drunk, we fucked
all night, starting at sunset and
then all night long.

Billy is once again shocked that Lansdale would tell a kid
these things.

BILLY

What happened then?

LANSDALE

He went swimming, I guess...but we
were drinking...

BILLY

And?

LANSDALE

I woke up the next morning and he
wasn't in the sleeping bag with me.
So I got up and looked around. His
body was floating in the river,
stuck on a branch. He got drunk and
then drowned.

Billy is stunned.

BILLY

What happened then?

LANSDALE

I got on Robin's hog and I drove
back home. Big bike. Good thing I
was tall for my age. My mother
didn't punish me. She was sort of a
free thinker. My mom, she cried
with me. She knew what it was like
to be in love at fourteen. And when
I say in love, I mean a really
crazy kind of obsession, that could
make a girl do anything. You know,
deep inside most girls is a little
drama queen, this wild animal that
wants to get out.

BILLY

You mean like Irene?

LANSDALE

No, not quite that insane. I never
kidnapped anyone. But every girl
dreams of being bad. With the right
man, anyway.

(MORE)

LANSDALE (CONT'D)

And to get that girl, all that you have to do is figure out how to be that man, the right kind of guy. Someone *dangerous*. Any girl will admit this, *if* she's telling the truth.

BILLY

So Jennifer was lying to me?

LANSDALE

Lying about what?

BILLY

About wanting to...to have sex with me.

LANSDALE

Women lie to themselves. About who they really are. Sure, lots of men will lie to women, they'll say anything to get into the sack with a dame. And conversely, some women will believe anything to get that guy into bed with her.

BILLY

So what do I do now? With Jennifer?

LANSDALE

You have to understand that boys and girls think differently. Men use love to get sex and women use sex to get love. Which did you use with Irene?

BILLY

I was four. I didn't use anything.

LANSDALE

All that a four-year-old has is love.

Billy is still confused.

LANSDALE (CONT'D)

So with Jennifer, maybe you got love and sex backwards. Maybe you have to wait a little longer. Not every girl is a precocious little cycle slut like I was. Billy, don't do any more stupid things, like run away from home, like I did. Try to think like a girl, see things from her crazed point of view. And then maybe things can work out with Jennifer.

BILLY

So what does Jennifer want?

LANSDALE

What all women want. To be swept away in a sea of passion. And just when she's least expecting it. Sex is always best with someone that you love. Or that you hate.

Lansdale exits the hospital room past OFFICER JACOBSON, a uniformed policeman, sitting in a chair outside Billy's door.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

We MOVE with Jennifer as she wanders down the hall, dazed by rejection. Then her pace quickens, her face scrunching up to fight back tears. She starts to RUN...

...toward an approaching NURSE:

It's Irene, of course, dressed like one, Florence Nightingale white apron and cap, too vain to wear the standard issue pedestrian scrubs of the real nurses. As Irene walks, she pretends to consult a chart stolen from the foot of some patient's bed.

Irene's hair is now cropped short and dyed another color.

As Jennifer flies past, IRENE recognizes her. Without slowing, Irene lets slip a flash of anger, looking over her shoulder to watch the teenager rush off.

Then she returns her gaze to the chart and continues her steady march toward Officer Jacobson.

A group of very attractive nurses in scrubs walks past Jacobson. His head follows their walk, as he admires them from behind.

IRENE

(O.S.)

Those nurses are pretty hot.

Jacobson turns his head back towards Irene, who has a GUN pointed at his head.

IRENE (CONT'D)

But not as hot as me.

JACOBSON

Fuck.

IRENE

You're not my type.

Jacobson's eyes shift left (an empty hallway) and right (a far off nursing station), then back to Irene, who appears incongruous wearing her very low cut nurse's white uniform, with the gun still aimed directly at him.

JACOBSON

Miss Varley...

IRENE

Inside.

Jacobson looks into her eyes and sees the righteous fanaticism. She would kill him if necessary.

He carefully lowers his hand from the grip of his gun, stands, and steps into...

BILLY'S HOSPITAL ROOM

Irene follows the policeman in, as she flicks a switch and floods the room with fluorescent light.

Startled, the boy sits up, covering his squinting eyes.

BILLY

Irene?

IRENE

Hi.

JACOBSON

Miss Varley, please...

IRENE

Shhhh. Give me your gun.

He slowly draws it from the holster and slides it across the floor. Billy watches in amazement.

IRENE (CONT'D)

And your radio. Billy, get dressed.

The boy doesn't move. Jacobson pulls the radio from his belt, then slides it to her.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Get in the closet.

JACOBSON

Please don't do this.

IRENE

The closet. Handcuff yourself to the pole and throw me the key.

Angry and humiliated, Jacobson does as he's told.

When he's safely restrained inside, she shuts the closet door.

Then she turns toward Billy, inadvertently POINTING THE GUN AT HIM.

IRENE (CONT'D)
I'm so happy to see...

Horrified, he jerks back against the headboard, not breathing. Startled by his reaction, she follows his terrified gaze down to the gun in her hand.

IRENE (CONT'D)
Oh God, Billy, you didn't think I was gonna...?

She stuffs it in her pocket and rushes to him.

IRENE (CONT'D)
I would never hurt you. Never. I'd cut off my hands before I'd...

Overwhelmed, she hugs him, her voice choked with emotion.

IRENE (CONT'D)
I missed you so much. C'mon, get dressed, we'll celebrate later.

BILLY
But I can't just...

IRENE
Billy, there's no time to talk now, we have to leave.

BILLY
But I'm sick.

IRENE
No, you'll be fine. Your dad said so.

BILLY
I should really stay.

IRENE
(incredulous)
How can you say that? You're like a prisoner here. They've got guards on the door, they won't let you talk on the phone. Face it, Billy, you might as well be under arrest. And I'm here to set you free.

BILLY
They're just trying to protect me.

IRENE
From what?! I'm not going to hurt
you. I love you.

BILLY
Irene...

IRENE
(her tone softens)
Billy, I've got something important
to tell you.

BILLY
(cautiously)
What?

Words won't do this moment justice. She reaches into a pocket and pulls out a flat white plastic stick. She holds it up triumphantly, close to his face. There's a small window with a blue plus sign.

Billy stares at it, baffled. She gives him a huge grin.

IRENE
Our baby. He's inside me.

BILLY
You're...

IRENE
So you see, I had to come back. I
had no choice. I owed it to our
baby to bring you home. 'cause he
needs his father. One parent
families, they just don't work. A
child needs both of his...

Irene just now notices a tear sliding down Billy's stunned face.

IRENE (CONT'D)
Billy, what's wrong?

Suddenly, Billy loses it, breaking down completely. Tears stream, convulsive sobs rack his body.

She tenderly cups his face in her hands.

IRENE (CONT'D)
Shhhh, it's okay. Shhhh.

BILLY
But I don't want a baby.

IRENE
Of course you do. That's why people
fall in love in the first place. To
create a child.

Her hands drop to her chest and open the locket.

IRENE (CONT'D)
Trust me, Billy, our baby's gonna
be so beautiful...

She lifts it to his eyes, shows him his own four-year-old
face.

IRENE (CONT'D)
...'cause you are.

BILLY
But I'm...I mean, I'm not really
old enough to...

IRENE
Billy, we've been through this,
remember? 'bout how everyone has to
grow up?

BILLY
But I don't want a baby.

Anger creeps into her voice.

IRENE
Listen, I know this is a big
responsibility, but you have to...
Billy, I want you to stop crying,
okay? It's getting on my nerves.

BILLY
I'm sorry.

Sniffling, he tries to fight back the tears.

IRENE
It's okay, just stop crying. You
have to be an adult about this. You
have a responsibility to your
child. But that's not a bad thing.
It's just a part of growing up. Do
you understand?

She takes his hands in hers.

IRENE (CONT'D)
Do you?

BILLY
Yeah.

IRENE
That's good. Now put on your
clothes and let's go.

BILLY

I...can't.

A long, tense pause.

Still holding his hands, Irene suddenly LUNGES BACKWARDS, YANKING the startled boy head-first OFF THE BED.

Still tangled by the sheets, he tumbles to the floor, landing with a GRUNT on his side.

As she tries to pull him to his feet, he struggles loose, then quickly scuttles under the bed. She clings to his ankle.

IRENE

Stop it, you're acting like a baby!

BILLY

Lemme go!

He kicks free, crawls out of reach.

She throws up her hands in frustration and goes around to the other side of the bed.

There she finds Billy huddled against the night stand, face hidden behind his knees. She glares down at him.

IRENE

Billy? What kind of man gets a girl pregnant, then refuses to...? LOOK AT ME!!!

He looks up, scared and very young.

The RADIO on the floor SQUAWKS to life.

LANSDALE (O.S.)

Hey, Jacobson, is the kid awake? I need to talk to him again.

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - NIGHT

Through the automatic doors, we MOVE with Lansdale as she walks out of the night into the bright lobby.

LANSDALE

(into her radio)
Jacobson...? Jacobson?! Oh shit.

Lansdale bolts into the hospital.

INT. BILLY'S HOSPITAL ROOM

Stunned silence.

Then Irene snaps into action. She grabs a bottle of rubbing alcohol and douses the curtain with it. She reaches into her pocket.

BILLY
Irene, what're you...?

IRENE
Trust me.

She pulls out a CIGARETTE LIGHTER and flicks on the FLAME.

Then she lifts the fire to the curtain and it dramatically ignites.

BILLY
No, don't, there are sick people...

A spray of WATER rains down from the SPRINKLER.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Lansdale runs down an empty hall, yelling into her radio.

LANSDALE
...and a possible officer down! I
need as much backup as...

Her voice is drowned out by the FIRE ALARM.

LANSDALE (CONT'D)
God dammit!

Lansdale now has to carefully weave her way through the panicked crowd.

INT. BILLY'S HOSPITAL ROOM

IRENE
Please, Billy, don't leave me
alone!

BILLY
You gotta get outta here.

IRENE
(talking fast)
I'm not leaving without you and if
we stay they'll catch me and throw
me in jail and our son'll be raised
in prison. Is that what you want?

BILLY
Reenee, please, if you don't go,
they'll arrest...

IRENE
Come with me. We can start over.

BILLY
No.

She starts to speak, but he cuts her off.

BILLY (CONT'D)
No!!
(then softer)
No.

A long beat as it finally sinks in. Mascara runs down her face and a sad calm descends.

IRENE
Will you miss me?

BILLY
Yes.

IRENE
Promise?

BILLY
I promise. You better go.

She leans in and gives him a heartbroken kiss.

IRENE
No one will ever love you like I
do.

Irene pours more rubbing alcohol on an empty gurney, sets it ablaze, opens the doors and shoots the flaming bed into the corridor, igniting another curtain outside. Then she's on her feet and heading toward the door.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Nurses scurry among the terrified patients, directing traffic and pushing wheelchairs through the smoke and sprinkler rain. Evacuees rush en masse down the hall. Others grab fire extinguishers, in the chaos.

Irene steps out of Billy's room and joins them.

INT. BILLY'S HOSPITAL ROOM

He watches the closed door as though hypnotized.

POUNDING from inside the CLOSET. The boy lets out a startled GASP, having forgotten the handcuffed officer was there.

With barely the energy to accomplish it, Billy gets up and opens the closet.

JACOBSON

Find a cop.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Drawn along by the crowd, Irene approaches the stairwell.

INT. HOSPITAL STAIRWELL

Lansdale struggles upward against the descending tide of people.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

When Irene sees the detective come through the doorway, she freezes. She knows instinctively who this angry looking woman is.

Lansdale also stops, not fooled for a moment by the over the top nurse costume.

For a beat, the two woman stare at each other, drenched, the mob surging past.

LANSDALE

Irene...

Irene turns and plunges back the way she came, forcing her way between terrified patients. Lansdale bolts after her.

Dodging wheelchairs and gurneys, Irene scrambles through the crowd, Lansdale on her heels. People scatter before them.

When BILLY steps out of his room into the corridor, he sees Irene and Lansdale rushing toward him through the downpour and smoke.

And they see him.

IRENE

BILLEEEEE!!!!

LANSDALE

Get outta the way!!

Billy presses his back to the wall.

He watches Irene's desperate face approach.

Gaining on her, Lansdale stretches out her arm, grasping fingers inches from Irene's collar.

As they hurtle past Billy...

He thrusts out his leg.

The detective trips, sails through the air and goes down hard, sprawled on her stomach as she slides along the wet linoleum.

Irene plunges into the crowd...

...and is gone.

Lansdale scrambles to her feet, unable to believe what's just happened. She stares down the hall at where Irene used to be.

Then she turns on the boy, enraged.

LANSDALE (CONT'D)
You little fucker!

Unashamed, Billy meets the detective's fiery gaze.

She suddenly charges toward him while reaching into her jacket. Billy is startled. Is she really going to pull a gun on him?

Of course not, Lansdale takes out her radio as she SHOVES past him. She slams through the door to his room to check on Jacobson's fate.

As it swings shut behind her, Billy leans against the wall, exhausted.

We PULL BACK. The boy is eclipsed from view by crowds of evacuees crisscrossing through the artificial rain.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SCHOOL YARD - DAY

Billy and Jennifer walk through the busy school yard, nervously not looking at one another. Billy still has his head bandages on, it is just a few days after Irene's escape.

Stan approaches Billy, smiles an evil grin and high fives Billy, pointedly ignoring Jennifer.

STAN
Hey Billy. How's the rock star?
(to Jennifer)
And how's the virgin queen?

As Billy and the disgusted Jennifer move past Stan, the crowd of students around Billy and Jennifer grows in size. The students know about Billy's kidnapping, from the news reports.

Some gawk, some whisper gossip, others give knowing smirks of admiration to Billy, "I'm not worthy" bows and faux military salutes.

Stan smiles at Billy and then starts chanting:

STAN (CONT'D)
Billy, Billy, Billy!

The throng of students gets caught up in the mob like frenzy that Stan is whipping up. The crowd's chanting of Billy's name becomes louder and more rhythmic.

Two flirty sixteen-year-old Mean Girls, friends NINA and JOHNETTE appear. Nina wears a halter and low cut jeans and Johnette sports a tube top and short frilly skirt. They are a couple of years older and more corrupted than Billy and Jennifer.

Johnette looks at Nina for approval and then teasingly pulls down her tube top flashing Billy with her breast.

Jennifer is shocked.

STAN (CONT'D)
Wardrobe malfunction!

Still chanting, the crowd roars its approval. Now emboldened, Nina pulls up her halter top, also revealing her breasts to all.

The crowd yells again!

Nina and Johnette giggle at one another and at Jennifer, while Stan continues to egg on the mob. BUBBA, a tall, muscular football player in a Letterman jacket stares at Jennifer, who nervously refuses Bubba's look.

Jennifer looks mortified and Billy saddened, as we push into their faces. The chanting of Billy's name reverberates.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Billy is lying in a hospital style bed that has been temporarily setup in the center of his bedroom. He continues to wear his head bandage. His normal bunk bed is still at the far side of the room, opposite the door.

Jennifer sits silently in a chair, pretending to read a book. They glare at one another. Impasse.

JENNIFER
Billy...can you do me a favor?

BILLY
Yes.

JENNIFER

Could you tell me what happened with you and Irene? When she kidnapped you.

BILLY

I told Detective Lansdale everything that happened. You could ask her.

JENNIFER

If you told her, then you could tell me.

BILLY

No I can't...I tried to tell you before, but you wouldn't listen.

JENNIFER

Billy, I'm your girlfriend. Your special person. You can trust me with anything.

BILLY

I tried to tell you before. But you...said no. And stop with calling me your boyfriend. You don't know what that means.

JENNIFER

What did I say no to?

BILLY

You know what you said no to... during the movie and algebra.

JENNIFER

No, I don't know what you mean... maybe you could teach me what it means to be your girlfriend. I get straight A's in every other subject. Did Irene teach you?

BILLY

Maybe you're too young to learn the subject.

JENNIFER

Were you too young?

Billy doesn't want to talk about the fact that Irene had sex with him and Jennifer wouldn't.

There is a knock at the door. Betty and Frank enter the room with sandwiches and snacks. They notice the tension between Billy and Jennifer and attempt to diffuse it.

Betty lovingly strokes Jennifer's hair and then impulsively hugs her.

BETTY

Jennifer, we've loved you since you were eight years old. You've always been such a good friend to Billy.

JENNIFER

I love you too, Mrs. Frelaine.

Betty sees a tear in Jennifer's eye.

BETTY

(stroking Jennifer's cheek)

What's wrong, Jennifer? You have your entire life in front of you. There's so much happiness and joy in your future.

JENNIFER

(half hearted)

I know.

BETTY

You take care of Billy. He needs you now. You are everything that he needs to be happy.

Betty and Frank sense the impasse between Billy and Jennifer and so gently retreat from the room.

Resigned, Jennifer goes back to reading her book.

And then Billy notices *which* book.

Dread Desire.

BILLY

(slightly panicked)

How did that you get *that*?

JENNIFER

What?

BILLY

That book.

JENNIFER

Oh, it's good...it's sort of dumb. I don't think that you would like it.

BILLY

Maybe I would.

JENNIFER
It's sort of for girls.

BILLY
That I know.

Jennifer is inquisitive.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Read it to me. Out loud.

JENNIFER
What?

BILLY
Read it to me.

Jennifer has no idea about why Billy would want to be read to, especially from a romance novel. But she starts reading aloud anyway.

JENNIFER
In love, timing is everything, thought Shaundra. For if she had been the Count's first and only love, maybe the carnal world of flesh and temptation would not have hardened his soul to her adoration of him. Could not the count see that Shaundra was his true love? A woman who still saw the inner beauty of that sweet boy from long ago, poised on the slippery precipice between the innocence of youth and the depravity of adulthood.

Billy interrupts, reciting aloud the next paragraph of the book, *from memory*.

BILLY
Were the star crossed lovers never to be soul mates? His love was so close, yet so far. In his long absence, Shaundra had saved herself for him. But in Paris he betrayed her and had returned from the continent a cold hearted monster, a serial manipulator of female flesh.

Billy nods to Jennifer to continue reading aloud.

JENNIFER
No man can know the secrets in a woman's heart. How cruel that the Count could always intuit and thus possess Shaundra's deepest confidences, nay her very being.
(MORE)

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
 But then he crushed her love
 beneath his boots.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
 (Looking up)
 Wow.

BILLY
 Yes, wow.

JENNIFER
 Do you think that Shaundra and the
 Count will ever find true love?

BILLY
 I haven't finished reading the
 book, so I don't know yet. But I
 think that Shaundra was a little
 too young to really understand
 love.

JENNIFER
 Juliet was only thirteen when she
 married Romeo.

BILLY
 And look what happened to them!

Billy goes to his computer and starts to click on a file.

Jennifer wonders what will happen next.

Billy has a beatific smile on his face.

As Jennifer realizes that an old video of Billy and her is
 playing, happiness spreads across her face.

It's an adorable home movie of Billy and Jennifer from when
 they were eight-years-old. It is of a cotillion, training for
 children in ballroom dancing and etiquette.

The eight-year-old Billy and Jennifer on video are formally
 dressed, as if at a prom. She wears a gown and white gloves,
 plus a corsage. He wears a white tuxedo.

In the home movie Billy bows to Jennifer, asking for a dance.
 She curtsies back.

The contemporary Jennifer looks at Billy warily. She was not
 expecting this.

BILLY (CONT'D)
 It's just me, Jen. Sorry that I
 forgot my tux. May I have this
 dance?

Jennifer surrenders and smiles back at Billy. He bows and she curtseys, as they once did. Jennifer moves close to him, as she accepts his nostalgic invitation.

We intercut between the video screen Billy/Jennifer dancing, and contemporary Billy and Jennifer doing the same steps. On video the children waltz, the teen age Billy and Jennifer box step.

On screen the eight-year-old Billy dips Jennifer and the current Jennifer giggles as they mimic the video, their lips inches apart. It is like old times.

Billy and Jennifer slow dance, nice and close, Jennifer's head resting on Billy's shoulder.

JENNIFER

At cotillion, my mother used to say that dancing is like making love standing up.

BILLY

Adults can be so weird. But that is probably true.

JENNIFER

You were so adorable when we were eight.

BILLY

I had two left feet.

JENNIFER

That is so true! But you were cute with your bow tie and those shiny black shoes.

BILLY

I loved your white gloves. When the light was behind you, I could see right through your dress.

JENNIFER

Boys.

The on-screen children dance the bunny hop, as do Billy and Jennifer.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Did you like the bunny hop?

Billy smiles at the memory, hums the Bunny Hop theme along with the TV and caresses her waist from behind, as they hop to the silly rhythm.

BILLY

I loved holding your hips.

The cotillion home movie ends with a close up of little Billy and Jennifer dancing cheek to cheek. There is an awkward silence between the contemporary Billy and Jennifer, as they are still embraced as the music abruptly ends and they are now slightly embarrassed in their closeness. They look up at one another, not knowing what to do or say next.

And so Billy goes to the computer and turns on the romance film Inside Of Me, which was originally playing when Billy was first rejected while touching Jennifer's breast during algebra.

The BEAUTIFUL ACTRESS and HANDSOME BOYFRIEND in the film on the TV are in a love montage, dancing.

The film Inside Of Me switches to the love theme music and the on-screen couple is in the water again, her wet diaphanous dress now sheer and clingy.

Jennifer awkwardly notices that the pivotal scene is playing.

Billy runs his hands through Jennifer's hair. A shiver ripples through Jennifer's body. She turns, looks at him and then kisses him deeply.

BILLY (CONT'D)
(mock romance)
Hello, Shaundra.

JENNIFER
Hello, Count. Why didn't you wait
for me?

BILLY
Why did you make me wait?

JENNIFER
(sadly)
I don't know.

On screen HANDSOME BOYFRIEND's hand grazes the BEAUTIFUL ACTRESS's breast, as his fingers caress the skin on her pectorals.

Billy and Jennifer dance close.

BILLY
If I were older, like those
football players...or we were
older, would it have been better?

JENNIFER
Sometimes you were too, I don't
know...nice. Six years is a long
time...

BILLY
Am I being too nice now?

Billy tugs romantically on Jennifer's hair.

JENNIFER
(melting)
You are just right...

Billy smiles and massages Jennifer's breast, as in the on-screen film.

Much to Jennifer's surprise, Billy's breast massage feels pretty nice.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
(ooohing with pleasure)
No...no...no...

Jennifer's positive reaction encourages Billy.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
(moaning)
No...no...no!

And then Jennifer's "no" stops meaning "yes", the "no" starts really meaning "no" and she screams. Billy has once again moved too fast.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
No!

BILLY
Soul mates, huh? You're no Shaundra.

JENNIFER
You're no Count.

BILLY
Oh yes I am! You know what I liked about Irene? I could do whatever I wanted without getting yelled at. I could play with her tits whenever I wanted to. *And she loved it.* But you treat me like a boy. You Virgin Whore!

JENNIFER
What?!

BILLY
Virgin and whore, both at the same time!

Jennifer starts crying and climbs into the upper bunk bed, looking down at Billy in the hospital style bed.

JENNIFER
Fuck you, Billy! You don't know anything!

She pulls a pillow over her head, as if that will solve the problem.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It is about an hour later.

Billy is alone in bed. Until he feels an arm lovingly wrap around him.

BILLY
(happily)
Jennifer...?

Billy smiles and turns to embrace her. Except that it is Irene in bed with Billy, not Jennifer!

IRENE
My name is Irene, not Jennifer.
You're not still thinking about
that skanky little bitch.

BILLY
Irene...

Irene then sits astride Billy and boldly mounts him. Billy's resistance fades slightly as Irene is penetrated.

Irene sways her hips rhythmically, cowgirl style.

IRENE
(dreamily)
Billy, let's make another baby. I'm
already pregnant with our first
child, maybe if we do it again we
could have twins...fraternal twins.

As Billy's face grimaces with the biological impossibility of Irene's bizarre twins idea, he catches Jennifer's eye. Irene does not know that Jennifer is hidden in the upper bunk bed, with a bird's eye, voyeuristic view of their lovemaking. Jennifer wants to run, to call the police. But exit to the bedroom door is blocked by Irene and Billy in the lower bed. Jennifer realizes that Irene might still be armed and could even *kill* her. Irene has proven that she is a woman who will do anything to keep the "man" that she loves.

As Billy makes out with Irene, his eyes lock with Jennifer and his look becomes defiant. And so Jennifer hides her head under her blanket, to escape Billy's stare.

But curiosity gets the better of the cat. And like the Stockholm Syndrome, Jennifer surrenders to the moment. She unhides her face from the sheets and surrenders to the lure of the unknown...

Jennifer watches Billy and Irene make love, with morbid fascination and repulsion. It is one thing to see explicit love making in a romance film, another to experience in person. These are acts that she *perhaps* has never seen so close and the variety, romance and subtlety of the sex surprises her. Jennifer is both attracted and repelled.

And who is Jennifer to interfere? Yes, what Billy and Irene are doing in front of Jen is illegal, private and bizarre. But Billy has free will and Jennifer is going to let Billy exercise it, for this moment allows Jennifer to explore deeply buried mysteries.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (MONTAGE)

This love making montage has the feel of a music video, hard rock music for the first part (The Mirrors I Don't Know), with dramatic camera crane movements orbiting around the scene.

Billy and Irene's embracing shadows dance on the wall behind Jennifer.

The second part of the montage uses softer music. The classic Turtles song So Happy Together plays. The song provides irony and counter-point when combined with voyeur Jennifer watching Billy and Irene making love.

Irene clutches her locket of Billy, as she spasms with pleasure in his embrace.

Billy continues to secretly make eye contact with Jennifer, unbeknownst to Irene. With Billy's expressions he challenges Jennifer, almost saying, "This could be you. This *should* be you".

IRENE
(moaning)
Billy. I will love you forever.

Billy pumps Irene's pelvis, as she wraps her legs around him.

BILLY
(looking at Jennifer, *not*
Irene)
I'll love you forever too.

Irene has unknowingly been used and betrayed by Billy. And Jennifer's expression shows that she understands this.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Later, Billy and Irene are finally asleep, spooning in bed together naked.

Jennifer climbs down from the bunk bed, to the sleeping Billy and Irene.

Jennifer stands and nudges Billy with her toe.

Billy does not stir.

So Jennifer gently kicks Billy.

Still asleep, Billy starts to move.

Jennifer kicks harder. And then even harder. As Jennifer kicks her way through a growing frenzy of anger, Billy groggily wakes up.

BILLY
(conciliatory)
I love you...

Jennifer's voice is low and on the edge of explosion.

She kicks again.

JENNIFER
You love me? *You love me!*

Billy protects his body from the onslaught of the kicks.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
You were supposed to fuck me, *not her.*

Irene awakens to see Jennifer yelling.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
(to Irene)
He's mine. *Get out.*

Irene looks over at Billy for help. But Billy motions with his eyes for Irene to leave.

But Irene's expression is defiant, standing her ground.

Jennifer rips the bedspread off of Irene, leaving her naked and vulnerable. Irene defensively covers her body with her arms and pulls up her legs, almost to the fetal position.

Irene looks up at the top bunk bed. And then looks at Jennifer. And then...Irene knows that she was *watched*. Irene sadly looks at Billy, whose guilty look confirms that he has *played* Irene by having sex with her in front of Jennifer. Betrayal is in the air. And the loss of innocence.

IRENE
(to Billy)
She saw us?

JENNIFER

Scat!

It's two against one and Irene senses that she has lost.

IRENE

(to Billy)

You pig!

Irene hurriedly starts to get dressed and ready to leave, under Jennifer's watchful stare.

But then Irene has an epiphany and rethinks her retreat.

IRENE (CONT'D)

(to Jennifer)

You little *bitch*! You little cheater. Billy, how could you leave me for this whore *who fucks football players*.

Billy looks confused. Irene rips off her top, exposing her breasts and pointing to them.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Billy! Listen, to me. You're giving up *these* for that skinny, two timing whore. No one will ever love you like I do.

The topless Irene screams and prepares to attack Jennifer.

IRENE (CONT'D)

(to Jennifer)

You bitch! I'll scratch your eyes out!

A cat fight ensues. The topless Irene lunges at Jennifer, clawing at her face.

Jennifer kicks Irene in the groin, which only enrages Irene further.

Irene hisses like a cat at Jennifer and then jumps on top of her.

But Jennifer deflects Irene, who lands on the ground with a thump.

Jennifer starts kicking Irene in the abdomen.

JENNIFER

You better stop fighting, you cunt. You should think of your *baby*.

Jennifer keeps kicking Irene in her belly, doing everything in her power to end Irene's pregnancy right then and there.

Irene manages to stand up.

IRENE

Billy will never love you. Who would want to have a baby with a whore like you?

Irene prepares to attack, claws drawn for battles.

But a TASER DART pierces Irene's naked breast.

Irene does a stunned double take, looking down from the dart in her chest, up to her new assailant.

The camera cuts to reveal Lansdale at the shooting end of the TASER gun.

LANSDALE

Ms. Varley, please shut up.

Lansdale then pulls the trigger and Irene collapses to the floor with the 50,000 volt shock.

LANSDALE (CONT'D)

You've got beautiful women fighting over you, Billy. You've become quite the alpha male.

Lansdale holds her fired TASER pistol up and pretends to blow smoke out of the barrel, a tongue in cheek compliment to Billy's out of the box romantic exploits.

The commotion has roused Betty and Frank and they arrive to see the topless Irene lying on the ground. Betty looks at Billy and Jennifer, wondering what has happened.

Despite the fact that Irene has lost much of her muscle control because of the TASER shock, she staggers upwards and slumps onto Betty in a clumsy embrace.

Betty is at first disturbed by being held so tightly by crazy, naked Irene.

But then Irene starts to softly sob.

Betty softens...

BETTY

Irene, what happened to you? You were such a beautiful girl.

IRENE

I fell in love, Mrs. Frelaine.

BETTY

(conciliatory)

I was so close to your mother.

(MORE)

BETTY (CONT'D)

It was so sad when she died,
especially for your wonderful
father Richard. Would your mother
want to see you like this?

Irene looks up at Betty with great pain.

BETTY (CONT'D)

What *happened* to you?

IRENE

(softly)

You were meant to love Frank. My
mother was meant to love my father.
And I was meant to love Billy. It's
destiny.

BETTY

Listen to me, Irene. Your mother is
in heaven right now. And she is
crying, looking down at you,
weeping at what you've become.
There is someone else for you. I
just know it. Someone perfect for
you. Because Billy loves Jennifer.
He always has, since they were
eight years old. A mother knows
these things.

Irene resists the reality.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Irene, I loved Katherine Varley.
Everyone did, how could they not?
She was my best friend in the
world. And you are *not* in love with
my son. You just think that you
are. *You love your mother*. Everyone
did. But now it's time to say
goodbye.

Irene is close to tears, as she closes her eyes to sob. Her
mother is not coming back to life and now even Billy is being
taken away from her.

EXT. BILLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Police lights from outside play over the home, as the
shackled Irene is rolled in a gurney by EMTs. Frank comforts
Billy and Betty consoles Jennifer, as Lansdale wraps up the
arrest.

Billy and Jennifer hold hands as the paramedics and cops
start to wheel Irene away.

IRENE
 (to Jennifer)
 Thanks for lending Billy to me.

JENNIFER
 Thanks for borrowing him from me.

IRENE
 (to Billy)
 No one will ever love you like I
 do. *No one.*

JENNIFER
 (defiantly)
 I will.

EXT. BILLY'S STREET

Lansdale walks just across the street from Billy's house and peers into a parked police cruiser, as Irene is wheeled away in the distance. A policeman and a policewoman are seated in the car, bound and gagged. They are totally naked, except for their police caps, which is the only thing that still identifies them as cops. The expression on the shackled police officers' faces is one of sheer embarrassment.

A look of bemused disgust comes over Lansdale's face, as Irene is loaded into the ambulance. Irene has a shit-eating grin on her face. Lansdale now realizes in hindsight that Irene was able to subdue the two officers that were surveilling Billy's house. Lansdale looks back at Irene with a grudging respect and then a look of disdain at her officers.

LANSDALE
 (dismissively)
 Idiots!

Shaking her head, Lansdale waves her hands flippantly, signalling to the other police officers to free their shackled colleagues.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM

The romantic and bittersweet Jann Arden song All the Days swells up.

Jennifer gets into bed with Billy.

They are both clothed. Jennifer looks deeply at Billy. Their eyes both acknowledge the bittersweet pain that they have put one another through.

Jennifer expression has a flash of anger and then she turns away. But being away from him is also too painful, so she abruptly moves and cuddles with him.

They lay together for a moment.

Jennifer gets up, and sits astride Billy, cow girl style. She romantically grazes Billy's shirt with her fingers.

She takes off her top, leaving on her bra. She slides her pelvis off of Billy and then cuddles with him again.

JENNIFER
(facetiously)
Show me how. Show me how to love
you.

And Jennifer kisses Billy deeply.

Jennifer squeezes Billy tightly, as if to keep him from ever being stolen away again.

INT. AMBULANCE

Irene is strapped into the gurney.

Lansdale considers her.

Irene caresses her supposedly pregnant abdomen somewhat manically, staring back at Billy's window. Through the ambulance back door, Irene sadly views the embracing Billy and Jennifer looking out the house window at her.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK to a montage of Irene's memories.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Irene is fourteen. In slow motion she is happily running through the grass with her pre-alcoholic father Richard, prancing Golden Retriever SONNY and beautiful mother Kate.

Richard, Kate and Irene play baseball. We cut close to Richard tossing the ball back and forth with Irene, mirroring his later ball play with Billy at the farmhouse.

CUT TO:

INT. YOUNG IRENE BEDROOM - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

Richard and Kate look lovingly into the bedroom of their daughter, fourteen-year-old Irene. They kiss.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RICHARD AND KATE BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Richard and Kate in their bedroom, romantically and passionately making love.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KATE'S CAR - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Richard and Kate are in the front seats, dog Sonny and fourteen-year-old Irene riding in the back. As Kate drives, she lovingly caresses Richard. Kate is not paying attention to the road, but instead looking at Richard. Terror crosses the faces of the four occupants as the bliss is broken up by the honk of oncoming traffic. The car crashes into a truck and flips over and over, in slow motion.

As the car comes to a tumultuous stop, we see the faces of Irene, Richard and Sonny. The dog clamors over to Kate, licking her face. But Kate's head is bloodied, slumped over the steering wheel. She does not move...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Irene, Sonny and Richard at Kate's funeral. Richard is devastated, slumped over and clinging onto young Irene for emotional support. Sonny is smiling and happy, as always. The tombstone has an engraved *mezzotint* portrait of Richard, Kate, Sonny and Irene, in a romance novel type of painting, reminiscent of the cover of Dread Desire.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A broken, drunken Richard molesting the fourteen-year-old Irene. She is terrified as she runs from Richard and cries when she is finally caught, subdued and raped.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

We reprise the scene of fourteen-year-old Irene lovingly babysitting the four-year-old Billy, then kidnapping him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The fourteen-year-old Irene walks down a grimy skid row boulevard, where prostitutes are lined up, awaiting customers. One prostitute named LAUREN sees Irene crying and comes to her. Irene looks up with pain in her eyes, as Lauren strokes Irene's hair. The other prostitutes gather round and take young Irene in.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BILLY AND IRENE'S BEDROOM - (FLASHBACK)

Flash forward to the current Irene happily making love with fourteen-year-old Billy (two weeks ago). The scene has an idyllic and dreamy quality to it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. IRENE SEEDY HOTEL ROOM BATHROOM - (FLASHBACK)

One week previous, Irene is in a flea bag hotel. The lighting is green and sickly, from the cheap fluorescent lights. Irene sadly looks at her Home Pregnancy Test HPT stick, which is *negative* (one week ago). Irene then applies *food coloring* to the HPT stick, so that it appears to be *positive* for pregnancy.

She holds the HPT up to the light, admiring her fraudulent handiwork. We now know that Irene was not actually pregnant.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BILLY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - (FLASHBACK) - FOUR DAYS PREVIOUS

In MOS we reprise the scene of Irene in the hospital, *lying* to Billy about her being pregnant, her lips silently mouthing the words.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - (FLASHBACK)

In the hospital hallway Jennifer runs away from Billy, passing by Irene, but seen from a different camera angle than from before.

So now it is revealed that Jennifer *runs into the arms of Bubba*, the Letterman jock football player from the earlier "rock star" scene at the school yard, where the students chanted Billy's name. Jennifer cries as she deep kisses Bubba.

But the Mean Girl cheerleaders Nina and Johnette walk up and Letterman Bubba smiles broadly at them. They smile back.

Jennifer is appalled by the presence of the cheerleaders and Bubba's unhealthy coziness with them.

So Jennifer breaks free from Bubba and runs.

Irene sees these interactions between Bubba, Jennifer and the cheerleaders.

Irene and Jennifer's eyes meet. Irene now knows Jennifer's secret, that she has previously cheated on Billy with a football player. Jennifer hides a look of guilt from Irene, whose icy stare at Jennifer is now twice as cold as it was a moment before.

Jennifer runs from Bubba and Irene, most of the actual events now revealed to the audience.

CUT TO:

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - (PRESENT)

The camera pulls out from Jennifer's conflicted face, as we see that we are current day, with her still in embrace with the sleeping Billy.

CUT TO:

INT. AMBULANCE

The camera pushes into Lansdale's face as we FLASH BACK.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER BANK DUSK - (FLASHBACK)

The fourteen-year-old YOUNG LANSDALE is making out with her older handsome and shirtless rebel bad boy lover ROBIN. They recline on a sleeping bag on the shore, while Robin's hands run through Lansdale's hair. Young Lansdale passionately nibbles Robin's lips and then her mouth moves to Robin's bare chest. One of Robin's hands caresses Lansdale's butt and the other teases her breast.

Young Lansdale looks into Robin's eyes with adoration and passion. She leans onto her back and pulls Robin on top of her. Young Lansdale surrenders...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RIVER BANK SUNRISE - (FLASHBACK)

Lansdale awakens alone in the sleeping bag, the embers of their campfire still smoldering.

Lansdale can still feel Robin inside of her from the night before.

But where is he?

Lansdale walks along the pastoral river shore line, the sound of rapids in the distance.

And then...

She finds the drunken and drowned Robin floating in the river, stuck on a branch. His bottle of alcohol bobs nonchalantly nearby. Robin's body is bloated and almost unrecognizable.

Lansdale pulls back in disgust and shock.

Young Lansdale staggers back to the camp site.

She gathers her emotional strength and rides off on Robin's Harley.

CUT TO:

INT. AMBULANCE - (PRESENT)

The camera pulls out on Lansdale's face. She is crying, still grieving her dead boyfriend Robin from forty years past.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BILLY BEDROOM - (FLASH BACK)

We reprise the voyeur scene with Irene in Billy's bedroom, covertly watched by Jennifer.

Irene straddles Billy cow girl style, making love to him.

She pumps her pelvis, holding the locket in one hand and presses her other hand to Billy's shoulder.

Irene has a deranged look on her face as Billy perhaps ejaculates inside of her.

IRENE

I'm going to have our baby, Billy.

CUT TO:

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - DAY (PRESENT)

Close on Billy's face, as he sleeps with Jennifer.

Billy awakens with a start, his eyes opening in shock. Billy has a shocking epiphany dawn on him, that Irene was insuring that she really was pregnant when she had sex with him again earlier that night. Irene's line echoes through Billy's thoughts.

IRENE

I'm going to have our baby, Billy.

CUT TO:

INT. BILLY'S HOSPITAL ROOM (FLASH BACK)

Once again Billy sees Irene hold up the doctored Home Pregnancy Test. He has an epiphany that the test was not really positive.

CUT TO:

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - DAY (PRESENT)

Billy looks over at Jennifer. He flashes back to Irene earlier that night.

CUT TO:

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

IRENE

(to Jennifer)

You little bitch! You little cheater. Billy, how could you leave me for this whore who fucks football players?

CUT TO:

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - DAY (PRESENT)

We see Billy's eyes as he flashes back to the school yard scene where the students chant Billy's name.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL YARD - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Unseen in the previous "rock star" scene is Billy now observing uncomfortable and incriminating body language and glances between Jennifer, Letterman Bubba, Johnette and Nina.

CUT TO:

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - DAY- (PRESENT)

Billy is cuddling with the sleeping Jennifer, but a frown crosses over his face.

Jennifer awakens with a shock, as Billy turns to her.

BILLY
(accusing)
Bubba!?

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

Jennifer is with her friends at the field, during the Varsity football practice. Bubba is going through athletic drills with the team. It is hot and he takes off his shirt. He is tall, sweaty and very muscular.

Jennifer makes guilty and confused eye contact with Bubba. Something sexual stirs within her that she has not felt up to this point with Billy.

CUT TO:

EXT. RICHARD'S FRONT YARD - (FLASHBACK)

Richard and Billy toss the BASEBALL.

BILLY
Yeah, the football team. The really cute ones are doin' Seniors. Or older.

RICHARD
Some things never change. Still, we already know you can attract older woman.

CUT TO:

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - DAY- (PRESENT)

Billy is in bed with Jennifer.

BILLY

Bubba?

CUT TO:

INT. BUBBA'S BEDROOM (FLASHBACK)

Bubba's bedroom is surprisingly modern and luxurious.

The camera circles around Jennifer as she is making out with Bubba. He is still wearing his Letterman jacket as Jennifer's hand lustily moves inside his shirt.

As they neck, Bubba's probing hand deftly enters Jennifer's bra.

JENNIFER

(moaning with pleasure)

No...no...no...

Jennifer looks up at Bubba's face with surprise.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Oh my God, that feels good.

Bubba smiles and moves his mouth down to Jennifer's breast.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

No...no...no...

Bubba's tongue hits the spot.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Yes...yes...*how do you do that!?*

But then they are interrupted by the sound of the bedroom door opening.

It is cheerleaders Johnette and Nina entering the room, the ones who later would take their tops off in front of Billy and Jennifer at the school yard "rock star" scene.

Bubba's hand is still inside of Jennifer's bra, as he casually addresses Johnette and Nina.

BUBBA

Hey girls, what's new?

JOHNETTE

(lustily)

The question is, what's up with you? Fresh meat?

Bubba moves to French kiss Johnette, which leaves an opening for Nina to move to Jennifer and fondle her breast and butt.

NINA
 (seductively)
 Bubba, you have always had the *best*
 taste in women. Your name is
 Jennifer, right?

But Jennifer was definitely not expecting a *ménage à trois*,
 or in this case a *ménage à quatre* with Bubba and the two
 bisexual cheerleaders.

JENNIFER
 Bubba, what is going on?

BUBBA
 Don't be a downer, Jenny. You have
 two of the most beautiful girls in
 school here. They'll do *anything*
 and everything to make you happy.
 And so will I.

Johnette moves close to Jennifer, whispering in her ear.

JOHNETTE
 You are one cute girl, Jennifer
 Royce. Bubba, Nina and I could eat
 you up.

Jennifer is horrified. She does not want to have sex with
 girls, but Bubba is still seducing Jennifer with his bedroom
 eyes.

JENNIFER
 (to Bubba)
 You're supposed to fuck me, *not*
them!

Conflicted, the crying Jennifer bolts from the room.

CUT TO:

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - (PRESENT)

JENNIFER
 (guiltily)
 Bubba...he's awful. And he's
 stupid...he's no Count. He's not
 you...I was confused.

Billy is furious. He grabs Jennifer roughly.

BILLY
 All that time, when I was doing it
 with Irene. I was always thinking
 of *you*. Who were you thinking of?
 With Bubba. When you fucked him.

JENNIFER

I didn't fuck him. And I didn't
fuck *them*.

Billy angrily feels up Jennifer's breast.

BILLY

Who are you thinking of now?

JENNIFER

You...just you...

BILLY

For real?

Jennifer makes peace.

She affectionately lays her head down on Billy's belly.

She moves her face up to Billy's chest, kisses it and then
lays her head against Billy's.

JENNIFER

I saw what you did with Irene.

Silence..

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

I want you to do that with me.
Someday, anyway. Okay? Can you
forgive me? I made a mistake with
Bubba. I thought that he was
something that he wasn't. Something
that you are and have always been
for the last six years.

Billy softens.

BILLY

Are you on the rebound?

Jennifer laughs in agreement.

Billy strokes Jennifer's hair.

He looks into her eyes as he holds her.

He takes his time...

CUT TO:

INT. RICHARD'S BEDROOM - (PRESENT)

A beaten and disheveled Richard is alone in his farmhouse
bed, curled up with a vodka bottle, crying.

The camera pushes into his bruised and saddened face, as he thinks of his deceased wife Kate.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RICHARD AND KATE BEDROOM - (FLASHBACK TEN YEARS)

The camera dollies around the naked Richard and Kate. They are on their knees, embracing on the bed. As the camera orbits around, it reveals that the dog Sonny and Richard's cat SEYMOUR are happily watching their masters make love. Seymour is cuddled up with the dog and affectionately licks Sonny, mirroring the affection that Richard and Kate are showing one another.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RIVER BANK - DUSK - (FLASHBACK FORTY YEARS)

Young Lansdale and Robin make love very passionately on the shore of the beach.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AMBULANCE - (PRESENT)

Lansdale has a tear in her eye. A part of her still loves deceased bad boy, alcoholic statutory rapist Robin, from forty years back.

CUT TO:

EXT. BILLY'S HOUSE - DAY - (FLASHBACK TWO WEEKS AGO)

A shabbily dressed Irene is in her stolen car, casing Billy's house. A sign says "The Frelaines" on the home exterior.

Irene was last at the house ten years previous, when she first kidnapped little Billy.

But now Betty and Billy walk out of the house to Betty's car. Of course Irene immediately recognizes Betty, since she has not changed that much in ten years. Irene's eyes widen as she excitedly realizes that the fourteen-year-old Billy is the same person as the four-year-old one.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY - (FLASHBACK TWO WEEKS AGO)

Irene is in her stolen car, surveilling Billy and friends Stan, Martin and Ken walking out of the campus, as hundreds of students stream out.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHOPPING MALL (FLASHBACK TWO WEEKS AGO)

Irene spies on Billy, Stan, Martin and Ken, as they enter the mall.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FIELD NEAR RICHARD'S HOUSE - (DREAM)

Irene and Billy chase each other as before, through the waist-high weeds.

They meet, embrace, take off their clothes and make love in the open field.

But then Irene sees a visage: Her mother Kate is in the distance of the cornfield, glowing in an ethereal back light.

Kate beckons to Irene.

Irene runs to Kate and embraces her. The true love...

As the camera spins around Kate and Irene, the young fourteen-year-old Irene replaces the contemporary Irene.

Billy smiles, seeing Kate and Irene together in their dreams.

CUT TO:

INT. IRENE IN AMBULANCE - (PRESENT)

Flash forward to present, shackled Irene in the ambulance. She looks up to Lansdale. They both have tears in their eyes, remembering the true love that will always be lost to them.

Lansdale moves to Irene and gently takes hold of her handcuffed hand. Enemies, but erstwhile soul mates.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - (PRESENT)

Billy is now dressed and looks down at the sleeping Jennifer.

He leans down to her and gently kisses her.

BILLY
Goodbye...

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Jennifer is alone, among the crowd of students.

She is looking for Billy.

Where is he?

Then she spots him, in the throng. He avoids her gaze.

As she moves closer, she sees that Billy is with another girl.

SCARLET.

Just as beautiful as Jennifer, Scarlet listens with fascination as Billy talks her up. She is affectionate to him and gives Billy a mock punch in his shoulder as Billy romantically teases her.

Billy bear hugs Scarlet and gives her a sexy little nuggy on her head. They lock eyes and then kiss gently.

Billy looks up at Jennifer, from across the room.

BILLY
(silently mouthing the
words to Jennifer)
Goodbye...

Jennifer is shocked. Billy has left her.

Bubba, Nina and Johnette appear nearby.

Billy's eyes accusingly point Jennifer back to Bubba and his girls.

Jennifer is visibly crushed. She cheated on Billy and Billy cheated on Jennifer. Innocence lost.

Bubba, Nina and Johnette motion for Jennifer to join them in their unholy troika. But all that Jennifer cares about is that she has lost Billy.

From across the room:

BILLY (CONT'D)
(mouthing silently)
Goodbye...

JENNIFER
(crushed)
Goodbye...

Jennifer looks sad, but then brightens up.

She smiles at Billy and playfully pulls up her blouse, for a quick, sentimental peekaboo of her bra.

Nina and Johnette smile, acknowledging that Jennifer is gently giving homage to their breast flashing at the school yard "rock star" scene.

Billy responds in kind, by pulling up his shirt, playfully exposing his naked pectoral to Jennifer.

They smile at one another, even though they both know that it is over.

Scarlet reacts calmly and warmly, understanding that what Billy and Jennifer sort of had together for six years should be honoured.

The camera cranes up on the crowded cafeteria, as Billy walks off with his hand casually in Scarlet's rear jeans pocket. He looks back wistfully at Jennifer and then with happiness at Scarlet.

Jennifer, the prettiest girl in school, is alone. She can't have Billy and under the circumstances she can't go back to Bubba and his harem.

But then Jennifer rushes up to the departing Billy and Scarlet.

She smiles weakly at Billy and then hugs him. Billy gracefully hugs her back.

As their embrace unlocks, Jennifer's eyes cannot hide her disappointment.

She stretches out her hand and touches fingertips with Billy, their digits just grazing. And then ever so slowly, Billy's fingers pull away. There is a look of sadness in his eyes as he sees Scarlet and then turns to Jennifer. One last look...

And then Billy and Scarlet walk off.

Jennifer stands in her solitude, as the camera widens to the crowd in the cafeteria.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

(under her breath)

Am I the only virgin left in this school?

Jennifer smiles and cries at the same time, as Paul Williams love song That's Enough For Me plays over the credits.

END