

BORROWED BOY

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FADE IN:

3 EXT. WHEAT FIELDS AT SUNSET 3

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.

4 EXT. BUS STATION - NIGHT 4

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

One of them is an attractive WOMAN of twenty-five:

IRENE VARLEY.

She comes down the steps in drab clothes and no makeup, lugging a large duffel bag. She looks tired.

5 EXT. DESERTED STREET - NIGHT 5

Irene trudges along the sidewalk, close to the parked CARS.

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.

6 INT. CAR 6

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

A SPARK and the engines 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 trashing 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:

7 INT. TELEVISION SCREEN - NIGHT

7

As an AUDIENCE SCREAMS in horror, a circus ELEPHANT goes mad and kills its trainer.

JENNIFER (O.S.)
Yuck. This is gross.

8 INT. FRELAINE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

8

BILLY FRELAINE and JENNIFER ROYCE are attractive fourteen year olds. They're sprawled on the couch in the darkened room, bathed in light from the TV.

JENNIFER
Why do guys like this stuff?

BILLY
I could turn it off.

JENNIFER
No, wait...

A CRAZY MAN is climbing over a fence at the ZOO. He leaps down into the GRIZZLY BEAR exhibit, and is quickly mauled.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
Ewww.

Billy's attention shifts to Jennifer. She's fascinated by the carnage, so doesn't notice his eyes wandering her body.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
Bet they killed the bear, Like it was his fault.

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 (CONT'D)
Don't.

BILLY
Sorry.

JENNIFER
I told you not to...

BILLY
(miffed)
I said I'm sorry.

The ROAR of an angry LION and the SCREAMS of it's victim. They pretend to watch the screen for a few tense moments.

JENNIFER
I'm just not ready.

BILLY
So how come I'm ready?

JENNIFER
You're a guy. It's in your genes.

BILLY
Last time I checked.

She rolls her eyes at his stupid joke.

JENNIFER
It's getting late, I gotta go.

She stands up as a BULL gores some poor RODEO CLOWN.

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.

And off she goes.

9 INT. INDOOR SHOPPING MALL - DAY

9

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)
Jesus, 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, heavy on cleavage. A 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...

MAN

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.

10 EXT. STREET - DAY 10

The stolen car moves through the city.

11 INT. CAR 11

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:

12 EXT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - DUSK 12

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.

13 INT. CAR 13

Numbed by the long drive, neither Billy nor Irene make a move to get out. The 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.

14 EXT. RICHARD'S PORCH - A MINUTE LATER 14

They 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.

15 INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - FOYER

15

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.

16 INT. IRENE AND BILLY'S BEDROOM

16

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 snuffle 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.

17 INT. IRENE AND BILLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

17

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?

(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.

18 INT. RICHARD'S DEN - NIGHT

18

The room's in darkness, except for one lamp on a table. It's 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 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.

Am 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)

(MORE)

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 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...

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

20 INT. DREAM SEQUENCE 20

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...

21 INT. IRENE AND BILLY'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING 21

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.

22 INT. KITCHEN 22

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. She sets a plate of eggs on the table.

He hesitates, then sits.

RICHARD enters, sluggish and bleary-eyed.

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

IRENE (CONT'D)

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:

23 INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

23

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.

BILLY

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?

BILLY

No.

FRANK

They're both pretty responsible.

LANSDALE

At that age, certain things can cloud their thinking.

BILLY

Please, detective, it's not just some...I know something's wrong. When I call 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:

24 INT. RICHARD'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT MORNING 24

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:

25 INT. BILLY AND IRENE'S BEDROOM --- A SHORT WHILE LATER 25

Billy and Irene thrash about under the covers.

CUT TO:

26 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 26

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.

27 INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

27

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 onto...

28 INT. FOYER

28

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

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

29 INT. RICHARD'S DEN

29

He 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 reopens the book, noisily flipping pages.

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

30 INT. FOYER - A SHORT WHILE LATER 30

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.

31 INT. KITCHEN 31

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...

32 INT. FOYER - EARLY EVENING 32

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.

33 INT. KITCHEN 33

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.

34 INT. FOYER 34

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:

35 INT. RICHARD'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT 35

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:

36 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING 36

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
opposed 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.

IRENE

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.

37 INT. RICHARD'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON 37

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

38 INT. BILLY AND IRENE'S BEDROOM 38

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!

39 INT. KITCHEN

39

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
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.

40 EXT. FRONT YARD - A SHORT WHILE LATER

40

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 schools 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! Junior high 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' high school guys. Or older.

RICHARD

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

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:

41 INT. FRELAINE LIVING ROOM - DAY

41

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.

CUT TO:

42 INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

42

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.

43 INT. BILLY AND IRENE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

43

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.

44 INT. SECOND STORY LANDING

44

He 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, suing 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 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 press 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.

45 INT. BILLY AND IRENE'S BEDROOM

45

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?

46 INT. IRENE AND BILLY'S BEDROOM - DAWN

46

Irene and Billy are asleep, her body spooning his.

Her eyes open. She quietly nuzzles her face into his hair, then slips quietly out of bed, careful no 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 she gets to the bed, she 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 asleep, her fury turns cold.

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

47 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

47

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.

48 EXT. RICHARD'S FRONT YARD - DAY

48

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

He sees her 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...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, then pushes off with her legs. Giggling, they swing on the tire.

49 EXT. FIELD NEAR RICHARD'S HOUSE - DAY

49

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.

50 INT. IRENE AND BILLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

50

Irene's 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.

51 INT. KITCHEN - A MINUTE LATER

51

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.

52 INT. CELLAR 52

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

53 INT. KITCHEN 53

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:

54 INT. FOYER 54

She 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.

55 INT. STAIRS 55

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

56 INT. LANDING 56

She flips onto her back and kicks wildly at him. 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:

57 INT. RICHARD'S BEDROOM

57

She 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.

58 INT. CELLAR

58

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

BILLY
Irene?

59

INT. RICHARD'S BEDROOM

59

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, pushes, punches, 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 it's 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 let's 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.

60 INT. KITCHEN

60

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

61 INT. RICHARD'S BEDROOM

61

Her 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 rage 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 clambers 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:

62 INT. DARKNESS 62

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

63 EXT. HOOD OF THE MOVING CAR - DAWN 63

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
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
awhile? Then we'll get some food.
Build up your strength.

Confused, he lowers his hand.

64 EXT. FREEWAY - LATER THAT DAY 64

It passes through a medium sized town. Irene's car speeds
into view.

65 INT. CAR 65

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.

66 INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

66

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.

67 INT. CHECKOUT LINE

67

Irene empties the cart as a CASHIER scans the groceries.

Billy limps into view.

IRENE

Hi. Is the aspirin 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 up at the community BULLETIN BOARD.

Rows of FLIERS ask: "HAVE YOU SEEN ME?"

Suddenly unnerved, Billy slows slightly to scan the smiling faces of MISSING CHILDREN.

68 INT. CAR - DUSK

68

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

BILLY

(relieved)

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.

69

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

69

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...

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.

70 INT. REST ROOM

70

Billy enters, then stops in his tracks.

On the wall hangs a PAY PHONE.

71 INT. A COFFEE SHOP

71

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.

72 INT. REST ROOM

72

Billy flushes the urinal and walks to the sink.

As he washes his hands, his eyes dart to the phone reflected in the mirror.

Drying his hands, he starts to leave. It takes a real effort to avert his eyes from the phone as he passes. He puts his hand on the door, hesitates.

He walks back and grabs the receiver. Punches numbers. Nervously feeds in the required change.

RINGING. A CLICK.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

This is Jennifer. I'm not in right now...

ANOTHER GIRL (O.S.)

She's lying.

SEVERAL GIRLS BURST OUT laughing, their giggles cut off by the BEEP. Billy is momentarily at a loss for words, shaken by this brush with his old life.

BILLY

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

(a long pause)

(MORE)

BILLY (CONT'D)

I guess I better say something or
the machine'll cut me off...

Listen, Jenny, I...I really miss
you. I mean it, I miss you a lot.

73 INT. JENNIFER'S BEDROOM

73

His VOICE IS FILTERED through the answering machine.

BILLY (O.S.)

It's just that...well, things are
different now. Everything's
changed.

Jennifer enters, wearing a robe and towel drying her hair.

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

I can't go back to the way things
were. Please try to understand...

She recognizes his voice and bolts toward the phone.

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

...Goodbye.

She picks up the receiver, talking fast and frantic.

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 baby
sitter. The police think she did it
again.

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

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

Billy?...Billy?!

IRENE (O.S.)

(hushed)

Billy, wake up.

74 INT. FRELAINE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

74

BILLY IS FOUR YEARS OLD.

IRENE IS FIFTEEN.

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.

75 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

75

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
(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 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:

76 INT. REST ROOM

76

JENNIFER (O.S.)

Billy? Are you there?

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

CUT TO:

77 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET (FLASHBACK)

77

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

78 INT. REST ROOM

78

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.

79 INT. COFFEE SHOP

79

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:

80	INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT	80
	Frank and Betty rush from an opening elevator, then charge down the corridor.	
81	INT. HOSPITAL MRI ROOM	81
	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.	
82	INT. WAITING ROOM	82
	His parents on a couch, holding hands.	
83	INT. OPERATING ROOM	83
	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.	

84 INT. BILLY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

84

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.

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.

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:

85 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

85

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:

86 INT. BILLY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

86

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 small VOICE RECORDER.

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. In 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

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)

(MORE)

LANSDALE (CONT'D)

...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 that bitch beat you so bad, you needed a fucking operation.

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:

87 EXT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - LATER THAT DAY

87

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.

88 EXT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - NIGHT 88 *

Lansdale finds Richard's car behind the house and hides a GPS tracking device in the chassis. *

CUT TO:

89 INT. BILLY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DUSK 89

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.

Setting it 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're 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.

90

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

90

OFFICER JACOBSON, a uniformed policeman, sits in a chair outside Billy's door, reading a paperback.

He glances up briefly as Jennifer steps uneasily out of the room.

We MOVE with her 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. As she walks, she pretends to consult a chart stolen from the foot of some patient's bed.

Her hair is now cropped short and dyed another color.

Billy's color.

As Jennifer flies past, IRENE recognizes her. Without slowing, she 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 Jacobson.

With a quick glance, Jacobson casually admires the figure of the approaching nurse, then returns to his book.

As Irene walks past the officer, she pulls something from her pocket, then abruptly turns toward him.

Realizing he screwed up, Jacobson goes for his gun, but too late.

Irene also has a GUN and it's pointed at his face.

JACOBSON

Fuck.

IRENE

Shhhh.

Jacobson's eyes shift left (an empty hallway) and right (a far off nursing station), then back to Irene.

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...

91 BILLY'S HOSPITAL ROOM

91

Irene follows the policeman in, as she flicks a switch and floods the room with florescent 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.

92 INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - NIGHT 92

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.

93 INT. BILLY'S HOSPITAL ROOM 93

Stunned silence.

Then Irene snaps into action. She drags a chair into the middle of the room and steps onto 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 it to the ceiling and holds it under a SPRINKLER.

BILLY
No, don't, there are sick people...

The spray of WATER extinguishes the flame.

94 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR 94

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!

Doors open all along the corridor, and patients who can walk come pouring out, quickly clogging the hallway.

Lansdale now has to carefully weave her way through the panicked crowd.

95 INT. BILLY'S HOSPITAL ROOM

95

Oblivious to the rain, Irene jumps off the chair and falls to her knees before him.

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.

Then she's on her feet and heading toward the door.

96 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR 96

Nurses scurry among the wet and terrified patients, directing traffic and pushing wheelchairs through the rain. Orderlies carry invalids piggyback. Evacuees rush en masse down the hall.

Irene steps out of Billy's room and joins them.

97 INT. BILLY'S HOSPITAL ROOM 97

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.

98 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR 98

Drawn along by the crowd, Irene approaches the stairwell.

99 INT. HOSPITAL STAIRWELL 99

Lansdale struggles upward against the descending tide of people.

100 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR 100

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 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 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.

The 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:

101 EXT. SCHOOL YARD - DAY

101

Jennifer and the still bandaged Billy walk through the crowded schoolyard.

Lansdale walks some distance behind them, providing security against another appearance by Irene. Billy is not happy about Lansdale's unwanted presence, avoiding eye contact with her.

Lansdale stares at the back of Billy's head, naturally upset that he helped Irene escape.

Jennifer tries to hold Billy's hand as they walk. Their fingers mingle and then he pulls back. Jennifer's face shows her disappointment and disconnect from Billy.

Billy and Jennifer pass through the growing crowd of students, who regard Billy with awe and fascination. Because of Billy's kidnapping and sexual exploits, he is sort of a rock star at school.

Billy's mall buddies Martin, Ken and Stan appear. Stan's smile opens wide and he high fives Billy.

STAN

(ignoring Jennifer)

William! My man! Welcome back to civilization. Heard that you went to Tahiti and went native with the half naked poontang.

BILLY

It wasn't quite like that.

STAN

You are too modest my man. You came, you saw, you licked butt!

Stan grabs Billy and gives him a playful nuggie on his head, ignoring the bandage on Billy's scalp (and Billy's slight post surgical pain).

STAN (CONT'D)

The pink meat was more inviting and bodacious on the islands, I would say. When in Rome, Billy will go a roamin'.

Jennifer and Lansdale are not amused. But the growing crowd of school kids is.

Two flirty mean girls, friends NINA and JEANETTE appear. Nina wears a halter and low cut jeans and Jeanette sports a tube top and frilly skirt.

NINA

Billy, I heard that you have something made just for me.

Nina grabs a banana from her lunch bag and suggestively waves it in front of her face, softly breathing on the fruit.

JEANETTE

(playfully)

Well, ignore that bitch, I've got some yummy fruit for you to eat.

Jeanette smiles and pulls down her tube top, revealing her breast to Billy. The large crowd screams their approval.

Jennifer is not amused. Lansdale studies the bizarre interactions, while Stan grabs Billy around the shoulder again.

STAN

(to Billy)

I see that the Mutiny of the Bountiful has come from Tahiti and joined us here. Show us how it's done, Mr. Christian.

Stan shoves Billy towards Jeanette and her tube top. Billy hesitates, looks at Jennifer and Lansdale for (dis)approval. Jennifer looks horrified and makes difficult eye contact with Billy. He turns around and kisses Jeanette, long and hard, grabbing her butt and chest.

The crowd roars again. Billy looks at Jennifer both defiantly and apologetically.

Jennifer, very upset, turns to run, but comes face to face with GEORGIE, a sixteen-year-old Don Johnson blonde surfer type, with a tight t-shirt, jeans and bare midriff.

The stunned Jennifer kisses Georgie hard, retaliating against Billy having just kissed Jeanette.

GEORGIE
Well, hello tiger.

Georgie is joined by his attractive girlfriend GEORGINA, who is dressed identically to Georgie. He puts his arm around her bare waist, they saunter off to his Harley and they drive off.

Lansdale rolls her eyes. She's seen it all... she thought.

Stan smiles and leads Billy, Nina and Jeanette off, leaving Jennifer alone. Billy looks back guiltily at Jennifer.

Lansdale joins the stunned and saddened Jennifer.

JENNIFER
Detective Lansdale... what... is going on?

LANSDALE
He's the conquering hero now, the rock star du'jour.

JENNIFER
All he did is get kidnapped by some psycho. But he's still just my... Billy...

LANSDALE
Everyone's famous for fifteen minutes, even if they don't deserve it. Teenagers can be pretty stupid, if you haven't noticed... what's up with you and the man candy?

JENNIFER
Huh?

LANSDALE
That half naked surfer dude that you just kissed.

JENNIFER
Georgie?! He's disgusting. And Georgina, that slut girlfriend of his.

LANSDALE
So you sucked face with a guy who that you think is disgusting?
(MORE)

LANSDALE (CONT'D)

The world's most confused creature,
a teen age girl, with a
protoplasmic libido and her back up
against the wall. Reminds me of
someone else that we all know.

Lansdale cell phone rings.

LANSDALE (CONT'D)

(speaking into the phone)

Hey, DeAngelo? He's on the move?
Okay, see you in twenty.

Jennifer looks dejected.

LANSDALE (CONT'D)

Jennifer... do you love Billy?

JENNIFER

Ah, I don't know... he's really
hurt me with all of this.

LANSDALE

Well the road to true love is
sometimes a little bumpy. Sometimes
some other girl's tits are going to
end up in your boyfriend's mouth,
till you figure things out. Boys
are not that complicated, Jennifer.
A pretty face, a nice rack and the
right attitude go a long way...
something else is going on with you
two.

JENNIFER

What... are you talking about?

Lansdale gently places her hand on Jennifer's face.

LANSDALE

(smiling)

You have everything that you need.
You hate Billy and he hates you.
Irene has nothing and you have
everything. There is no way that
Irene can come between the two of
you.

JENNIFER

She already did.

LANSDALE

No she didn't... it'll be okay,
kiddo.

(MORE)

LANSDALE (CONT'D)

Some things have a way of working
out. It's right in front of you.
Smile...

Lansdale walks off, leaving a confused Jennifer.

102 INT. LANSDALE POLICE CAR - CEMETERY HILL SIDE - DAY 102

Lansdale drives her unmarked police sedan, while a computer screen in her car GPS tracks the progress of a vehicle. She pulls up to a police surveillance van in the cemetery, manned by her partner Detective DeANGELO.

103 EXT. CEMETERY HILLSIDE - DAY 103

On a hill in the cemetery, the camera orbits around Lansdale, DeAngelo and their vehicles, revealing the beauty of the manicured grounds and the forest beyond.

Lansdale is deep in thought, knees curled up against her chest, waiting for Richard's car to arrive. DeAngelo regards her.

DEANGELO

This is the day that she died?

LANSDALE

Yepp.

DEANGELO

Well, he's on his way.

LANSDALE

My mother used to garden. A real green thumb. And she hated weeds.

DEANGELO

So?

LANSDALE

You know that I was sort of a wild thing when I was a teenager. Drove my mother nuts. When I was thirteen, there wasn't any chunk of man candy that I wouldn't cuddle up with. The older, the better. Especially those high school and college boys. I was quite a piece of jail bait in those days.

DEANGELO

So now you've joined the other team. Chasing down statutory rapists and boy nappers.

LANSDALE

Maybe I should become a double agent?

DeAngelo checks the GPS tracking and then they both see Richard driving up to a tombstone, down the hill from the detectives' vehicles.

EXT. TOMBSTONE - DAY

Richard parks his car.

A slightly cleaned up Richard stands at the tomb, although he has yet to fully heal from his contusions.

DeAngelo operates a telephoto video camera, aimed at Richard. Lansdale watches the monitor.

We move close on the tombstone. The name engraved is Kathryn Varley and also etched is a photo of a younger Richard, Irene and wife/mother Kathryn. Much happier times.

Irene drives up in her stolen car. She appears behind Richard. This is hallowed ground and there will be no fighting here.

IRENE

It seems like yesterday.

Richard turns to see Irene, but he is not really surprised to see Irene.

RICHARD

Eleven years flies, when you're not having fun.

IRENE

She wouldn't want us to fight... there wasn't a mean bone in her body.

RICHARD

Things would have been different if she was still here. Everything would have been so different.

Richard gently touches Irene's shoulder and she does not object.

EXT. CEMETERY HILLSIDE - DAY

Lansdale is very surprised to see Richard and Irene getting along.

EXT. TOMBSTONE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Lansdale then sees a flashback of the funeral from eleven years previous. There are many mourners and a fourteen-year-old Irene holds a younger Richard's hand tightly. They are both crying.

The younger, flashback Irene makes eye contact with the present day Lansdale. There is no craziness in Irene's eyes and Lansdale sees Irene completely differently, with empathy.

EXT. CEMETERY HILLSIDE - DAY

LANSDALE
(to DeAngelo)
Cover me.

DEANGELO
Huh?

LANSDALE
Get out your rifle and cover me.
I'm going in.

EXT. TOMBSTONE - DAY

Lansdale strides down the hill towards the shocked Richard and Irene. Lansdale's holstered pistol is clearly visible inside her open jacket.

Irene pulls her gun, but Lansdale is unfazed.

LANSDALE
Irene, my partner is on the hill
behind me. Do you see him?

Irene now notices the glint of DeAngelo's telescopic rifle sight.

LANSDALE (CONT'D)
Detective DeAngelo would love
nothing more than to put a nice big
hole through that pretty little
head of yours. He's a little rusty
on his marksmanship and a child
rapist like you would make a nice
trophy on his mantle...
(MORE)

LANSDALE (CONT'D)

Billy is not going to want to fuck
you ever again if there is a bloody
stump where your face used to be.

Irene alternates pointing the gun at Lansdale and at DeAngelo
the sniper, but she realizes that she can't win.

Lansdale grabs the gun from Irene.

LANSDALE (CONT'D)

Guns are not toys. Children
shouldn't play with them.

IRENE

I am not a child.

Lansdale smirks. Richard looks around warily.

LANSDALE

I'd like to sit down with both of
you and discuss this intelligently.

RICHARD

Are you going to arrest her?

LANSDALE

Not yet.

Lansdale reaches into her pocket and hands some candy to
Irene.

IRENE

Gummy Bears!

Richard grimaces, but Lansdale smiles gently and then sits
down on the grass.

LANSDALE

When I was little, my mother had a
garden. It was very beautiful and
manicured, much like where we are
now. But she hated weeds. She was
always trying to kill them. For
reasons that I never really
understood. God made the grass, the
trees and the weeds, so why was one
plant evil and the others were
good?

IRENE

The weeds crowd out the other
plants.

LANSDALE

Exactly. So she would spend all of her time killing the weeds, but if you ask me, they could have planted a beautiful garden with just weeds. They don't allow any weeds to grow in this cemetery, but in the forests past the fence, the weeds grow whenever they want and people leave them alone and they are beautiful, in their own way.

Irene listens closely.

LANSDALE (CONT'D)

The problem here is, that people, that our society thinks of you Irene, as a weed.

IRENE

I am not a weed. Billy and I are in love.

LANSDALE

Well I can see the beauty of what you and Billy have shared together, but I'm also the sheriff in this town and the town folk here don't like weeds in their garden. Metaphorically speaking. So if you and Billy were in Timbuktu or out in that forest, beyond the long arm of the law, then your love for him could blossom. Weed or flower, no one could stop you. But that is not the way that it is. We are in the garden and weeds are not allowed. It is sad, but that is the way that it is. In four years, when Billy is eighteen, you two can be together anytime you want and have the most beautiful life together. But right now, in my town, you are a weed and you are going down.

IRENE

Destiny brought us together. Our time is now, the time for our love is now.

LANSDALE

I have to tell you the truth, when I was a teenager, I was very romantic and very horny.

(MORE)

LANSDALE (CONT'D)

I did lots of things that society said no to. Just like you. I was a weed myself and so I understand you. But if I let you go, someone else will stop you. That is what happens to weeds. They are killed or banished from the garden.

Irene thinks about what Lansdale is saying.

LANSDALE (CONT'D)

There is something else. Are you sure that Billy's destiny lies with you? He's just a boy, his mind could change. And when it does, he will hate you forever. If you divert his heart from its truest path, he will never forgive you.

IRENE

Billy is in love with me and he will always be in love with me. Someday you will see us together, in the light of day and you will see how beautiful what we share is.

Lansdale stands up and walks up the hill.

LANSDALE

(referring to Irene's
captured gun)

Thanks for returning police
department property.

Lansdale leaves behind a stunned Richard and Irene.

LANSDALE (CONT'D)

(walking away)

Do the right thing, Irene. Before I
take you in. Let Billy go.

EXT. CEMETERY HILLSIDE - DAY

Lansdale returns to DeAngelo.

DEANGELO

Are you nuts? Why didn't you arrest
her?

LANSDALE

No one's getting arrested yet, not
yet Louis.

DEANGELO
Who's Louis?

DeAngelo doesn't get the Casablanca joke, and Lansdale smirks.

105 EXT. BILLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

105

Jennifer sits on the curb outside Billy's window. She is undecided about whether to go in.

Lansdale drives up in her unmarked police van.

Jennifer looks up in surprise at Lansdale's arrival.

LANSDALE
What are you waiting for? Go in.

JENNIFER
I... why should I?

LANSDALE
Every beautiful and scary thing
about life is right inside that
window. Go in.

Jennifer has a look of fear and hesitation.

LANSDALE (CONT'D)
It will be fine. Tonight will be
one of the most incredible and
unexpected nights that you will
ever experience.

Jennifer looks unconvinced.

LANSDALE (CONT'D)
Tell Billy that the two of you are
soul mates.

Lansdale pats Jennifer on the butt to spur her forward.

With Jennifer now inside Billy's house, Lansdale aims her night vision camera and spy microphone at Billy's window.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Billy is in a hospital bed that has been temporarily setup in his room. His normal bunk bed is still there.

Jennifer walks in the door and firmly closes it behind her.

JENNIFER

Is it okay for me to come in?

Jennifer is slightly embarrassed when she realizes that she has already closed the door behind her. But she is also defiant.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Are we soul mates?

Billy's face shows his surprise.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Because if we're soul mates, then you can tell me what happened. It'll be okay.

BILLY

I can't tell you. You wouldn't understand. And stop with the soul mate stuff. You don't know what that means.

JENNIFER

Maybe you could teach me what it means to be soul mates. I get straight A's in every other subject.

Billy notices something unexpected in the corner of the room, a copy of *Dread Desire*.

BILLY

(slightly panicked)
How did that get there?

JENNIFER

What?

BILLY

That book.

Jennifer turns around and sees *Dread Desire*.

JENNIFER

Oh, that's mine. I guess that I left it here before. 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.

Billy gets up, picks up the book and gets back in bed. Leafing through the pages, he finds a section to read aloud.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Shaundra thought of the time when she and the count were but children, before he was taken to France to enhance his father's fortune. The young count was so much sweeter as a boy, before the world of adults had hardened his soul. And what of all the promiscuous Parisian trollops whose virtue the count had stolen in his slow descent into decadent and loveless adulthood? Or had they taken his? Of course the young count was all baby fat, without the delicate curve and muscular definition that now elicited such tension within Shaundra's now swelling bodice. In love, timing is everything. For if Shaundra was the count's first, maybe the world of flesh would not have hardened his soul to the love of a real woman. A woman who saw the inner beauty of that boy, poised on the slippery precipice between loving, enveloping manhood and the rough hewn, brutish morals of an alley cat. Yes, timing was everything for the star crossed lovers. Never to be soul mates. His love was so close, yet so far. In his long absence, she had neglected his true love. And he had returned from the continent a cold hearted monster, a serial manipulator of woman flesh.

JENNIFER

Wow.

BILLY

Yes, wow.

JENNIFER

Do you think that Shaundra and the count will ever find true love?

BILLY

We'll have to read the sequel to know that.

JENNIFER

There's a sequel? Cool.... But I mean, do you think that Shaundra and the Count could be soul mates?

BILLY

Shaundra hurt the Count. She broke his heart. By the time that she decided that she loved him, it was too late. He found someone else. But they were just children when she loved him. That's not real.

JENNIFER

Juliet was only twelve when she fell in love with Romeo.

BILLY

And look what happened to them!

Jennifer notices a framed photo on the wall. It is of eight-year-old Jennifer and Billy ballroom dancing together in formal wear. She brings it down to Billy.

JENNIFER

You were so adorable.

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

When the light was right, I could see through your dress.

JENNIFER

Boys.

Billy stands up, bows and motions for Jennifer to dance with him. She curtsies and accepts. They box step, their bodies getting closer.

BILLY

My mother used to say that dancing is like having sex standing up.

JENNIFER

That is probably true. But adults
can be so weird.

BILLY

Yeah.

JENNIFER

Especially Detective Lansdale.

BILLY

Especially.

Billy runs his hands through Jennifer's hair. She looks at him and kisses him deeply.

Billy motions her to the bed and takes off her shoes.

BILLY (CONT'D)

(speaking to the shoes)

Hello Cinderella.

Billy rubs Jennifer's feet. She likes the foot massage and starts to melt.

Billy moves beside her and rubs lotion on her hands. Jennifer looks at him romantically.

He rolls her onto her belly and rubs her back, but keeping her clothes on. Jennifer's back is stiff and she moans with approval. He rubs her butt and she moans with more pleasure.

Billy turns Jennifer over on her back and massages her ears, forehead and shoulders. Then he moves to her belly. And then to her breasts.

JENNIFER

No!

BILLY

Soul mates, huh? You're no
Shaundra.

JENNIFER

You're no count.

BILLY

You know what I liked about Irene?
I could do whatever I wanted
without getting yelled at. You
treat me like a boy. You virgin
whore.

JENNIFER

What?!

Jennifer starts crying and climbs into the upper bunk bed, looking down at Billy in the hospital bed.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
Fuck you, Billy!

She pulls a pillow over her head.

107 INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

107

Billy is asleep in the large bed, Jennifer slumbers in the upper bunk.

It is dark. There is a stirring. Shadows move slowly across the room.

Billy feels a female form in bed with him. His hand moves down her body and feels a breast. He smiles.

BILLY
Jennifer..

Then the prone female rolls over in bed and it is Irene!

IRENE
Fuck you Billy!

BILLY
What the fuck are you doing here?!

IRENE
It's fine, Detective Lansdale says that it's okay.

BILLY
Ahhhh... okay...

IRENE
And my name is Irene. I'm not that stupid little virgin trollop of yours.

Lansdale in the van hears all, casually practices aiming her gun.

Irene softens.

IRENE (CONT'D)
Billy, I know that we got off on the wrong foot.
(MORE)

IRENE (CONT'D)

And that I wasn't always
considerate of your feelings. So I
want to make it up to you.

Lansdale in the van, looks bemused and disappointedly tosses
her gun on the seat.

Jennifer is now awake, perched in the bunk bed and watches
the scene below with shock.

Billy and Jennifer make eye contact, but Irene does not know
that Jennifer is present.

BILLY

How?

IRENE

Let's have twins. There's already
one in the oven, let's do it again,
so we can have twins.

BILLY

Ahhhh, it doesn't really work that
way...

IRENE

Billy, make me feel like a woman
again. In the way that you are so
good at.

Billy gets a shit eating grin on his face, slowly moves down
to the foot of the bed, makes eye contact with Jennifer
again, pulls up the covers at Irene's feet and moves in for
the kill.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Oh Billy. I knew that you loved me.

JENNIFER

No!!!!

IRENE

What the hell was that?

JENNIFER

He's mine!

IRENE

You're a little girl. You don't
love Billy. What were you doing up
there, watching us?

(MORE)

IRENE (CONT'D)

If you loved Billy, you'd be down here with him, instead of up there watching us like some pervert peeping tom. You're just a skinny, stupid little girl, who can't keep her man. You'll never be a real woman and you'll never have a real man like Billy. You'll never love him like I do and he'll never love you like he loves me. All relationships have problems and so has ours. But you work these things out, all couples do. Detective Lansdale says that everything will be fine, that I should just do the right thing..

Lansdale, eaves dropping in her van, groans at Irene's stupidity.

Irene has thrown down the gauntlet to Jennifer. Much of what Irene has said is nonsensical, but part of it makes a weird kind of sense to Jennifer.

Jennifer climbs down from the bunk.

She walks slowly to Billy and kisses him deeply. She guides his hands around her hips. And kisses him again.

Billy kisses her back.

Irene stands there stunned, as Billy and Jennifer make out in front of her.

IRENE (CONT'D)

(bitterly)

You two, get a room.

JENNIFER

This *is* our room.

Irene slinks out of the house, with her tail between her legs.

When Irene is gone, Billy starts kissing Jennifer, but she slaps Billy in the face.

Billy winces, because Jennifer hurt his head bandage.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
Did I hurt you?

BILLY
No, not really.

Billy goes to kiss Jennifer again, but Jennifer punches Billy harder.

JENNIFER
Maybe *this* will hurt.

BILLY
(reeling from the sucker
punch)
Huh? I thought you liked me.

JENNIFER
You stupid idiot. I just did that
to get rid of that stupid bitch. I
can't believe that you put your
dick into that! She's a mental
retard. You actually fucked an
idiot like her?

110 EXT. BILLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 110

Irene encounters her erstwhile new ally Lansdale. They talk about life in the mental institution. Lansdale sees the night vision video, which is out of Irene's sight.

111 INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 111

Billy is "confident" with Jennifer, as Richard had suggested that a man who wants to be successful with a woman will be.

Jennifer reluctantly gets back into bed with Billy. We can't see what they are doing, besides cuddling.

They stand up and slow dance. Wings Live And Let Die plays.

112 EXT. BILLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 112

Lansdale and Irene bond, like Mother and Daughter. Lansdale

has the same first name as Irene's mother, Kate.

Lansdale explains to Irene that she had sex young, that it had scarred rape victim Irene, but not Lansdale. The detective thinks that Billy might come out well from the experience, despite the negative effect of the kidnapping and head injury.

Lansdale shows Irene the night vision video replay of Billy and Jennifer dancing.

Irene runs from Lansdale, ready to kill Jennifer. Not again, shrugs Lansdale.

Lansdale to Irene: Love is a battlefield. Men are pigs.

113 EXT. BILLY'S HOUSE - DAWN

113

Billy and Jennifer walk outside to see the sunrise. They are surprised to see Irene asleep, fetal like, in her mommy Lansdale's lap. Tough Lansdale is bemused by Irene's affections, which she sees as partially an unhealthy transference. Vice police often let prostitutes operate unfettered, so that the prostitutes can lead the detective to bigger fish. Parents often will let a child take the chance of hurting themselves on a swing, etc, because being over protective creates a forbidden fruit syndrome and does not allow the child to learn from failure.

When police deal with a barricaded hostage taker, they can either negotiate with the kidnapper or call for the SWAT snipers. Either method might obtain the release of the hostages, depending on the circumstance. When Lansdale "bonds" with Irene, she is switch hitting between "SWAT" and negotiator methods. Lansdale is cynical and pragmatic. She does what works. When Irene get's up out of Lansdale's lap, we see that, comically, Irene is already handcuffed.

Lansdale still arrests Irene. The daughter she never had. Billy and Jennifer understand the unlikely and beneficial catalyst that crazy Irene has been for them.

PRISON BUS -INT DAY

Irene and Lansdale in prison bus

INT. FRELAINE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Billy and Jennifer kiss like the end of Welcome To LA.

