

NICK'S RIB

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. NICK'S BEDROOM - DAY

NICK, 22, a geek, at his desk, ogles his laptop: jacking off.

BRENDA, 21, hot girl roommate, swings open the door in a burst of excitement --

BRENDA
I got in. I was accepted --

Brenda stops, sees Nick manhandling his penis.

NICK
Jesus --

Nick covers himself, Brenda shuts the door.

NICK (CONT'D)
I was... ah... just changing.

HALL

Brenda giggles.

BRENDA
Sorry Nick. I shouldn't have barged
in on you... I'll tell you later.

Brenda leaves.

NICK'S BEDROOM

Nick, red faced, he looks at his computer screen -

BRENDA'S FACEBOOK PAGE

In a Bikini at the beach, family vacation photos.

Nick slaps his forehead.

NICK
Oh fuck.

He throws himself onto his bed, gives a dejected sigh. He looks at the door, then to his computer.

NICK (CONT'D)
Fuck it. I might as well finish.

He gets up, wedges his chair against the door, takes his laptop and lies on his bed.

He looks at the pictures while he strokes himself. He lies back, closes his eyes as he gets into the rhythm...

DREAM: A WHITE VOID

Brenda takes her top off, her breast bounce with joy, she smiles lovingly, cups her mammaries.

BRENDA

Do you want to suck on them?

Brenda wets her fingertip then circles her nipple with it.

BACK TO SCENE

Nick, eyes closed, on the bed, keeps stroking. He smiles.

NICK

(to himself)

Oh yes I do.

BRENDA'S BEDROOM

Brenda, is on the phone with TAMMY, 22, as she updates her Facebook status: "Got in to Juilliard! Suck it bitches. NYC here I come :D".

BRENDA

(into phone)

I know right? I was one of two-hundred to be accepted, out of like over two-thousand. It feels amazing! Good thing too, 'cause I worked like a bitch on my submission.

TAMMY (V.O.)

(over phone)

Way to go girl. A star is born.

BRENDA

Totes, right?... oh, guess what?

Brenda clicks on Nick's Facebook page, scrolls his timeline.

TAMMY (V.O.)

What?

BRENDA

The funniest thing just happened. I walked in on my roommate masturbating.

They laugh.

TAMMY (V.O.)

It was only a matter of time. Do you think he was thinking of you while slapping the pony?

BRENDA

Ewww I hope not... but probably.

TAMMY (V.O.)

So... would you do him?

BRENDA

I don't know... he's kinda cute, in a cute-dork kinda way -- whatever that means. Maybe I'm just horny, it's been awhile.

TAMMY (V.O.)

All work and no play... will make Brenda fuck any dull boy.

They laugh.

NICK'S BEDROOM

Nick's face contorts as he finishes. His body relaxes, he melts into his bed with serenity, he smirks.

NICK

Was that as good for you as it was for me Brenda?... Brenda... Brenda... Brenda...

He looks at Brenda's Facebook page as if it were actually her he was talking to.

Then, he notices her status update, he loses his smile.

LIVING ROOM - DAY

Brenda watches TV, eating M'n'Ms from a bowl.

Nick saunters in. She pays little attention to him. Nick sits, he glances at the TV, then at Brenda.

NICK
You wanted to tell me something?

BRENDA
(eyes glued to the TV)
Uh, what?

NICK
You barged into my room to tell me something. What was it?

Brenda turns to Nick. She beams with excitement.

BRENDA
Oh, yeah. I got into Juilliard. I start in the fall. Isn't that awesome?

Nick is not impressed.

NICK
What am I going to do about a roommate? I didn't even know you applied for school.

Not the reaction Brenda was looking for, she loses a little of her enthusiasm.

BRENDA
Well I have a friend looking for a place -- Tammy. You know Tammy, right? Besides, did you think I was going to make a career being a barista?

NICK
This is all of a sudden... I don't know Tammy... that well.

BRENDA
Well you didn't know me when I moved in. I'm sorry Nick, but I have to move come September.

Nick storms back upstairs.

Brenda rolls her eyes, then turns back to the TV, putting a fist full of M'n'Ms in her mouth.

NICK'S BEDROOM

Nick throws himself onto his bed, he sulks.

NICK
Just fucking great. Typical, dumb,
shitty luck I've got... Why does
the universe hate me?

A liquid drop lands on Nicks face, he flinches.

NICK (CONT'D)
What the...

He sits up, wipes his face, peers up at the ceiling -

A pink thing seems attached to it just above his head.
Another drop SMACKS his forehead.

NICK (CONT'D)
What the fuck?

Nick stands on his bed to get a closer look.

It's some sort of fleshy hole in the ceiling, layers of
pinkish folds. Nick, perplexed, studies it a moment --

A thought strikes him --

He hops off the bed, recovers a shoe box from under his bed,
flips off the lid, snatches the first adult magazine on top
of a stack.

He gets back on his bed, leafs through the magazine, then
stops at the center-fold: spread eagle and shaved.

Nick compares the image to the thing on the ceiling.

NICK (CONT'D)
(intrigued)
That's weird. It looks like a
vagina.

The ceiling vagina produces another drop of fluid, gravity
takes hold, it falls. Nick runs his finger along the fleshy
pink folds, like a curious boy. It drips more profusely. He
inserts his finger.

LIVING ROOM

Brenda shoves another fist full of M'n'Ms into her mouth --

She perks up, as if something has just pricked her.

NICK'S BEDROOM

Nick plays a little of the ol' in-and-out-in-and-out with his finger. The ceiling vagina's juices ooze with each stroke.

NICK

Jesus, it's so wet and warm.

LIVING ROOM

Brenda jerks with pleasure, flings her bowl of M'n'Ms to the floor, they scatter everywhere. She MOANS.

NICK'S BEDROOM

Nick hears Brenda's MOANS from downstairs. He pauses, silence, he fingers the ceiling vagina, Brenda MOANS.

Nick does this a few times, each time coincides with her vocal outbursts of pleasure. Nick continues gleefully.

LIVING ROOM

Brenda thrusts about in a spasmodic fit of pleasure.

BRENDA

Oh Fuck yes, oh my God that's feels
sooo good, what the fuck is hap --
Oh GOD YES!

Brenda clenches in orgasm.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

OOOOOOOHHHHH YEESSSS.

NICK'S BEDROOM

Nick is sprayed by the ceiling vagina. He pulls out his finger, he is soaked and not thrilled about it.

INT. HOME DEPOT - DAY

The painting section. An EMPLOYEE (40s), greets Nick.

EMPLOYEE

How'll ya doin'? Can I help ye wit
somethin'?

NICK

Yes... do you have something that
can get me close to the ceiling?
Something I can lie on?

EMPLOYEE

Dis for paintin'?

NICK

Something like that.

EMPLOYEE

Well... what ye need is scaffoldin'
we have sum just over hur...

The Employee leads Nick to another aisle.

EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)

(snickers)

Yer paintin' da sixteenth chapel or
somethin'?

NICK

Not quite... Oh, do you have door
locks?

EMPLOYEE

Sure do... we gots everythin'

They both walk O.S.

INT. NICK'S BEDROOM - DAY

The door lock securely in place.

Nick lights some candles and an incense burner.

He removes an almost full bucket of vadge-juice from under
the dripping ceiling vagina.

He shoves the bed to the side and wheels the small
scaffolding under the ceiling vagina.

He climbs the scaffolding, squeezes himself in between the
ceiling and the board, he lies flat.

His nose a few inches from the ceiling, he undoes his pants,
lines his hips with the ceiling vagina... He sticks his penis
in and instantly GROANS.

NICK

Holy shit that feels good.

He thrusts his pelvis up-and-down-up-and-down. Brenda MOANS through the wall.

Nick bumps and grinds the ceiling vagina vigorously.

NICK (CONT'D)

Oh fuck -- yes. Oh man that's good.
Oh, OH, OH!

Brenda's MOANS increase and increase in volume until both Nick and Brenda reach their climax simultaneously.

NICK (CONT'D)

OOOOOOOOOH OH OH O!

BRENDA (O.S.)

AHHHHHHH YEESSS!

Nick's pelvis against the ceiling, he clenches his buttocks and explodes inside the ceiling vagina... he pulls out and lies flat, tuckered.

The room is silent, Nick drifts off to sleep, a large grin tattooed to his face.

DREAM: A WHITE VOID

Brenda, a vision of a naked Angel with wings and all, approaches Nick, she smiles lovingly.

BRENDA

I am going to make your dreams come
true Nicholas.

BURN TO WHITE:

BEDROOM - NIGHT

The candles have melted into puddles of wax.

Nick wakes from his slumber. He pulls up his pants, he notices the ceiling vagina is gone.

NICK

What?

He pats the ceiling.

NICK (CONT'D)

(panic)
No, no, no... come on.

He can't find it.

NICK (CONT'D)

Damnit!

He climbs down the scaffolding, moves it out of the way, turns on the light and scans the ceiling. The ceiling vagina is no where to be seen.

NICK (CONT'D)
(to the ceiling)
Come on. This ain't fair!

Then: a KNOCK at the door. Nick unlocks the door and opens it to see Brenda.

BRENDA
Hey...

NICK
Hey.

BRENDA
See.. I knocked this time. Ha...

NICK
Yeah, I see.

Brenda peeks into the room, spots the scaffolding.

BRENDA
You painting your room?

NICK
No... well, sort of. No, not really.

BRENDA
Oh... so, uhmm -- I'm really bored and saw your light come on. I thought maybe I'd see if you're up to seeing a movie or something.

NICK
Yeah, for sure. Which one?

BRENDA
Uhhmm... what's playing?

NICK
I don't know.

BRENDA
Fuck it, let's just see whatever's playing. Meet you down stairs.

NICK
Sure, okay.

Brenda smiles, then heads downstairs.

Nick blows out the candles and grabs his coat -- he is struck with pain. He WINCES, his hand goes to his side.

He feels something under his shirt, he goes to the mirror, lifts his shirt, a lump protrudes from his ribcage.

NICK (CONT'D)

What the...

He prods the lump, then lowers his shirt. His mirrored expression is full of concern.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

MOVIE POSTER

"The Love Cancer directed by Franco Fossellini"

INT. MOVIE THEATER

Sad, melodramatic MUSIC plays from the screen.

Then: BANG! a gun shot sound effect from the screen.

Nick and Brenda laugh hysterically at the screen, whilst the other five SINGLE MOVIEGOERS do not.

INT. CAFÉ - NIGHT

They sit in a booth, across from each other. Brenda CRUNCHES on the ice cubes from her soda. Nick sips his coffee.

BRENDA

That was a hilarious movie dude.

NICK

Yeah... I think we're the only ones who thought so.

BRENDA

Ha... yeah. I guess that's why they kicked us out, huh?

NICK

I guess we're just a couple of rebels.

Nick and Brenda chuckle, then smile, they share a moment of eye contact... then break it.

BRENDA
I'm sorry for walking in on you.

NICK
Ah... sure... no big deal.

BRENDA
You were... well, you know... you
were...

Brenda strokes an invisible dick --

NICK
(curt)
I was just changing.

Brenda chuckles.

BRENDA
It's alright. It's not like I'm
your mother or anything... I know
what boys do... you can admit it.

Nick GULPS as he looks at Brenda's smirking face.

NICK
Well maybe I...

Brenda bursts into laughter.

BRENDA
I knew it. I can't believe I walked
in on you bashing the Bishop.
That's too funny.

NICK
It's not funny!

Brenda sees she touched a nerve.

BRENDA
I'm just fucking with you... My ex
use to masturbate in front of me
all the time. I think he liked
doing it more than sex. He was a
psychology major. Go figure. So
were you thinking of me when you
were doing it?

Nick stares at Brenda, calculating his answer.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
Well?...

NICK
No... no I wasn't.

Brenda looks at him incredulously.

BRENDA
Mm-hm...
(then)
Well, I wouldn't be offended if you
were.

NICK
You wouldn't?

BRENDA
Nah, I know what I look like. I'd
be offended if you weren't.

Nick squirms in his seat. His forehead beads with sweat.

NICK
Well... maybe I have, once or
twice... thought about you.

Brenda smiles.

BRENDA
See... I'm not as repulsed at the
admission as I thought I would be.

They lock eyes, sharing another moment, this time for longer.

Then:

Pain cripples Nick, he doubles over.

NICK
AHGGG, Shit!

BRENDA
You okay? What's wrong?

NICK
My side, it hurts.

Nick gets up and hobbles to the bathroom in a hurry.

INT. BATHROOM

Nick, at the mirror, lifts his shirt -- the lump has grown,
it now resembles a mutant like infant, growing from his side.

NICK
 Oh fuck, Oh God, what the fuck?
 What...the...fuck?!

The thing wiggles, its eyes pop open. Nick pulls his shirt down, to cover it up.

NICK (CONT'D)
 (freaked)
 Oh God... what is happening? Oh
 God. This can't be real, I'm
 tweaking...

He paces the cramped space, then, he runs from the bathroom.

INT. CAFE

Nick rushes past Brenda, out the door.

BRENDA
 Nick. Where're you go...ing?

It's too late he's gone. Brenda is dumbstruck and now alone.

INT. NICK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Nick lies in bed under the covers. His brow is covered in sweat, he's in a panic, his eyes dart back and forth, as he mumbles to himself.

NICK
 This is not real. This is just a
 nightmare. Yeah, just a dream or
 hallucination. This can't be
 happening --

VOICE (O.S.)
 (throaty)
 Nicholas, you are not dreaming.

Nick looks around for the origin of the voice. Then, he lifts his covers and peeks under.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 I'm here to make your dreams come
 true Nicholas.

NICK
 I didn't dream this. I don't want
 this. Why is this happening?

VOICE (O.S.)
There is a process to everything.
It'll be over soon. Go to sleep
Nicholas. Everything will be fine
in the morning. You will be as you
were, perfect.

Nick lowers the covers. His eyes blink with long intervals.

NICK
I'm feeling tired. Did you do
something to me?

Nick's closes his eyes...

FADE TO:

BLACK

VOICE (O.S.)
Giving birth is always
exhausting...

FADE UP:

NICK'S BEDROOM - DAY

Nick is asleep, a faint KNOCKING soon comes to full volume as
his eye lids flutter open.

Nick shields his eyes from the bright sunlight, he sits up.
The KNOCKING is persistent.

NICK
I'm coming. Give me a sec.

Nick notices he is naked. He peers under his covers, yep,
completely naked.

BRENDA (O.S.)
Nick, you in there?

Nick checks his side, it's normal, a SIGH of relief.

NICK
Thank God.

KNOCK-KNOCK --

BRENDA (O.S.)
Nick?

NICK
I'll be right there.

He rolls over to search for clothes on the floor, but finds --

CLONE-BRENDA

Naked on the floor, curled up in a ball.

Nick jerks back.

NICK (CONT'D)
Oh shit!

CLONE-BRENDA
She mustn't see me.

Nick stares at her. Clone-Brenda hands Nick his boxers.

CLONE-BRENDA (CONT'D)
Get rid of her.

Nick, slack-jawed, takes his boxers and nods in compliance.

He puts them on, a shirt and pants. Finally he answers the door, having to unlock it first.

Brenda stands on the other side of the door, not pleased.

BRENDA
What happened to you last night?
You stranded me across town.

NICK
I... ah...

Nick looks over his shoulder toward his bed, then back.

NICK (CONT'D)
I... I was sick. I'm sorry, I
didn't mean to just take off on you
like that.

BRENDA
Jesus Christ... well... that wasn't
cool dude. Are you feeling better?

NICK
Yeah, much better. I think.

Brenda gets a second surge of anger.

BRENDA

I mean I could have driven us back.
If you weren't feeling well, I
would have drove. Jesus Nick --

Brenda stops herself, takes a breath...

BRENDA (CONT'D)

(calmer)

You know what, let's talk about
this later -- or not at all. I'm
glad you're feeling better.

Brenda goes to her room, SLAMS her door shut.

Nick closes the door, puts the lock back in place.

Turns to his bed, cautiously steps to the other side of it.

Clone-Brenda looks up at Nick all doe eyed.

NICK

How is this possible?

She stands. She's the exact replica of Brenda, hot, naked.

CLONE-BRENDA

Well, how is life possible?...

Clone-Brenda guides Nick to the bed, sits him down.

Nick is transfixed on Clone-Brenda's beautiful naked body,
her luscious lips as they speak.

CLONE-BRENDA (CONT'D)

A cosmic flow of energy that turns
the vast nothingness into that rare
something. Like a switch turned on,
crystallizing an abstract idea; a
man and woman. Then, all that's
needed is nourishment to foster it
into something beautiful, something
rewarding.

Nick doesn't get her meaning, and doesn't care. He's
transfixed on her naked hotness.

Clone-Brenda undoes Nick's pants and slides them off.

CLONE-BRENDA (CONT'D)

I'm famished.

NICK

You're hungry? I can get you something to eat.

Clone-Brenda kneels before Nick, she pulls off his boxers. She wraps her mouth around Nick's staff and bobs her head up and down. Nick lies back in ecstasy.

NICK (CONT'D)

Oh God... That's amazing.

Clone-Brenda sucks away, she brings Nick to CLIMAX. Nick grabs the top of her head and holds it in place as he expels his payload into her throat. Then falls back on the bed.

Clone-Brenda raises her head, a large smile across her face, she glows with beautiful radiance, she wipes her mouth.

CLONE-BRENDA

That was satisfying.

NICK

You can say that again.

Clone-Brenda hops on his lap, she grinds against his groin.

CLONE-BRENDA

Now for dessert.

NICK

Now?... I don't know if I can... so soon after.

Clone-Brenda guides Nick inside her.

CLONE-BRENDA

Yes you can.

Nick clenches the bedsheets.

NICK

Oh fuck, how are you doing that? You feel so good. You're incredible.

Clone-Brenda rides Nick cow-girl style.

CLONE-BRENDA

I'm all yours, whenever you want me, however many times you want it, for as long as you want it. I was made for you Nicholas.

Nick's head arches back, his eyes roll up into his head.

NICK
(bliss)
OOOOH FUUCK.

INT. BRENDA'S ROOM

Brenda is on the phone, while she cleans her room.

BRENDA
(into phone)
He just left me there. With the
bill and everything. No guy has
ever ran out on me before. He said
he was sick, what a load of shit?
He looked fine to me this morning,
I mean he looked better than fine.

TAMMY (V.O.)
(over phone)
Why are you getting so worked up
over it? You got something for him
or something?

Brenda throws herself onto her bed.

BRENDA
No!

TAMMY (V.O.)
I don't buy it girl, something
tells me you're going to miss that
little pecker pounder, when you're
gone --

BRENDA
I don't have feelings for that dork
what-so-ever. It just pisses me off
that he just left me there...

Brenda hears faint MOANS from Nick's room.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
Great, I think he's whacking off
again.

TAMMY (V.O.)
He only does that in his room,
right? 'Cause if I move in there. I
want to have peace of mind that the
common area's aren't spunky.

BRENDA

Thanks, I never thought of that
'til now.

Nick GROANS in climax, Brenda rolls her eyes.

NICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nick and Clone-Brenda lie in bed. Clone-Brenda's head on Nicks chest. Nick combs her hair with his fingers. They are at peace with the universe...

CLONE-BRENDA

Nick?

NICK

Yeah?

CLONE-BRENDA

I satisfied every fantasy you had,
didn't I?

NICK

Oh yeah. Yeah you certainly did.
I've never... well, I've never...
you know, with a girl before. So,
to do the things we did... it's a
miracle... you're a miracle.

CLONE-BRENDA

Good, that makes me happy.

NICK

Ahh... Did I... uhm... satisfy you?

CLONE-BRENDA

Oh yes. Your seaman fills me with
the most glorious state of being.
Like drinking the sweet heaven's
golden sun rays and life-
electrifying moonbeams. Like skinny
dipping in the milky-way and
basking in the sunrise of a new
spring day. Like being reborn from
the ashes, fresh and new and alive!

Nick shifts to get a better look at Clone-Brenda's face.

NICK

You really get off on it, huh?

Clone-Brenda looks into Nicks eyes.

CLONE-BRENDA
Get off on it? Without it, I would
cease to exist.

Nick stares at Clone-Brenda, trying to read her, then sits
up. He shuffles out of bed.

CLONE-BRENDA (CONT'D)
Where are you going?

NICK
I'm thirsty.

Nick throws on some pants and a shirt.

NICK (CONT'D)
You want something?

CLONE-BRENDA
No. I'm fine.

NICK
Right. Well, I'll be back.

Nick leaves the naked Clone-Brenda in bed.

KITCHEN - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

Nick scans the fridge's bare insides, he gives up and slams
the door shut. He notices the front door open, a faint
CRUNCHING sound. He wonders over.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Brenda sits on the steps, a plastic cup of ice-cubes in her
hand. She places a cube between her teeth and CRUNCHES down,
a surprisingly nerve rattling sound. She stares off into the
night sky as she CRUNCHES another cube.

NICK
That's an unattractive habit.

Brenda spins to see Nick -

BRENDA
Good thing I'm not trying to
attract anyone. You must be feeling
better.

Nick sits on the step, Brenda makes room.

NICK

Yup, feelin' like the man.

Brenda looks at the stars.

BRENDA

I bet. Seems like you've got quite the stamina. Are you working towards some pathetic Boy Scout badge for masturbation?...

She turns to Nick.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

Have you ever tried sucking your own dick, Nick?

NICK

NO!

Brenda chuckles.

BRENDA

If I could tongue my cooter, I'd do it. Lap it up like a dog hopped up on peanut butter and speed. I bet you'd want to see that, wouldn't you?

NICK

Yeah... well... I probably would, but I ain't going for any "masturbation badge" -- And I was in the Boy Scouts by-the-way.

Brenda pops in another cube, GRINDING it with her molars.

BRENDA

Yeah, well, what were you doing? Practicing your grunting and moaning technique?

NICK

I was doing the real thing with a real woman.

Brenda whips her head to Nick, stares into his eyeballs.

BRENDA

Fuck off... you've got a girl in your room?

NICK

That's right.

BRENDA

So I've been listing to the two of you go at it the whole day and night? What happened to being sick?

NICK

I was --

BRENDA

She was in your room this morning, wasn't she?... Did you ditch me last night to get some poontang?

NICK

No -- that's not what happened.

Brenda gets up.

BRENDA

(upset)

Don't lie to --

She stops herself... Breathes in, flings the rest of the ice-cubes onto the lawn, then storms inside.

Nick is left alone, stupefied.

NICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

Nick enters, the room is dark, but he can still make out Clone-Brenda, she hasn't moved, she just waits for him.

Nick rubs his face, as he gives a frustrated SIGH.

CLONE-BRENDA

You can't tell her about me.

Nick sits on the bed.

NICK

I wasn't going to. I wouldn't know how to anyway.

Clone-Brenda massages his shoulders, she leans to his ear.

CLONE-BRENDA

She is going to be curious about me. She'll want to know who I am.

NICK

So what should I do?

Clone-Brenda lies Nick on the bed. She lies next to him.

CLONE-BRENDA
 (playful)
 You can't speak to her about me.
 You shouldn't speak to her at all.

Clone-Brenda pecks Nick's cheeks and forehead with kisses.

NICK
 I can't just stop talking to her.
 She's moving out anyway.

CLONE-BRENDA
 Well, just make sure you don't talk
 to her about me.

Her hand makes its way to Nick's crotch -- his hand stops it before it has a chance to grab anything.

NICK
 I'm really not in the mood. We've
 been doing it all day.

Clone-Brenda takes back her hand.

CLONE-BRENDA
 Okay, you're right my love... get
 some sleep.

Nick rolls over onto his side, his back to Clone-Brenda, she watches as he drifts off to sleep.

INT. NICK'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sunrays flood the room. Sexual MOANS and pleasurable verbal emissions, are heard O.S. -- Then, Nick's head pops up.

NICK
 (in discomfort)
 Oh. AH. AH. Ouch. Not so rough.

Nick on the edge of the bed, holds on to Clone-Brenda's head, that is buried deep in his naked lap, he tries to control her aggressive suckling.

NICK (CONT'D)
 Hey. Ah. Ow. Ahh. Oh. Ah. Ow-ow-ow.

BRENDA'S ROOM

Brenda, in bed, rises from under her covers, her face in disgust as she hears Nick through the wall. She looks to her clock: "8:23 am".

BRENDA
Ughhhhhhh!!

She buries her head under her pillow.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
(muffled)
Shut the fuck up!

NICK'S BEDROOM

Nick attempts to lift Clone-Brenda's head up and off him, but her suction holds. Then, he loses control of his body, he tenses, eyes shut tight, grit teeth, he spasms.

NICK
ARRRGH... AHHHHH.

Clone-Brenda raises her head from his lap with a smile, she wipes the corner of her mouth.

Nick flops backwards on his bed.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Nick in sweatpants and a T-shirt, puts ice cubes in a bag, presses it against his crotch.

Brenda walks in, dressed for work, she sees Nick tending to his crotch.

BRENDA
That bad, huh?

NICK
Things got a little rough is all.

BRENDA
She seems like a keeper... Oh, I think I'm going to move out a little sooner than I thought.

NICK
What? Really?... Why?

BRENDA
I've got lots to do before the semester starts. I think it's just best I move to the city sooner is all.

NICK
(crestfallen)
Oh... okay.

BRENDA
I gotta go to work.

Brenda takes a few steps, then stops.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
Hey we're friends, right?

NICK
Yeah of course... you consider me a
friend?

BRENDA
Sure I do...

Brenda wants to say something else but doesn't.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
Kay, see ya later.

NICK
Okay.

Nick watches Brenda leave, he smiles.

NICK'S BEDROOM

Nick enters, bag of ice against his crotch. Clone-Brenda,
beaming with life, greets Nick with a kiss.

She wears clothing. Nick notices.

NICK
Where did you get those?

CLONE-BRENDA
From Brenda's room. Do you prefer
me naked? I can take them off.

Nick wobbles over to his desk.

NICK
No. That's alright... maybe I
should buy you some clothes.

CLONE-BRENDA
Don't waste your money, these are
fine.

NICK

(stern)

But they don't belong to you.

For the first time Clone-Brenda loses her sunny disposition, she takes off the top, flings it at Nick's head.

CLONE-BRENDA

Fine. I don't need them.

She undoes the pants.

Nick removes the shirt from his head.

NICK

Leave them on.

Nick turns his attention to his computer.

Clone-Brenda removes the pants. She goes to Nick, his back is to her, she runs her hands through his hair, then moves to his shoulders, massaging them. She tries to warm up to him.

CLONE-BRENDA

Why are you so tense?

Her hands move down his arms. Nick's attention on his screen.

NICK

I don't know.

She spins him around to face her, then gets on her knees. Her hands run up his thighs to the ice-bag.

NICK (CONT'D)

I'm not in the mood.

She removes the ice-bag and runs her hand over his crotch, an instant reaction of hardening. Nick WINCES.

CLONE-BRENDA

It seems to be in the mood.

She slips her hand in his sweatpants. Nick erects himself, and shoves Clone-Brenda off him and to the floor.

NICK

I said NO!

Clone-Brenda stands, not pleased. She stares at Nick, this stare gives Nick an uneasy feeling, his posture shrinks to a submissive slouch.

His eyes dart about the room, where as her gaze is locked on him... Nick inches away from her --

She leaps on him, they crash on to the bed.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

CAPPUCCINO MACHINE

HISS and STEAMS as it produces a WHITE FROTHY cappuccino.

Brenda, in Uniform, hands it to a MALE CUSTOMER, 30.

BRENDA
Have a nice day.

The man nods, smiles, then leaves.

Brenda turns to TAMMY, a tall, sporty girl, also in uniform. She picks up where she left off.

TAMMY
Hell has no fury like a woman scorned.

BRENDA
That's not what I'm saying.

TAMMY
Well, that dork as you so affectionately call him, seems to have your panties in a bunch girl, 'cause you keep talking about him like he cheated on you. Who's this other girl anyway?

BRENDA
I don't know. I haven't met her.

TAMMY
So you're upset over your roommate doing it with some phantom girl?...

BRENDA
I'm not upset. And I don't care who he fucks --

CUSTOMER (O.S.)
Ahem...

Brenda turns to see a WOMAN CUSTOMER, 60's, stands at the counter. Brenda smiles.

BRENDA

What can I get started for you?

WOMAN CUSTOMER

(snooty)

I'll have a Venti, 5 pump White mocha, 3 pump Peppermint, half soy, half non-fat, no foam, one hundred and eighty, light chocolate whip, caramel drizzle inside and out, with cinnamon and chocolate powder on top, white mocha.

Tammy and Brenda look at each other.

BRENDA

Coming right up.

Tammy punches in the order.

TAMMY

(to Woman Customer)

four-sixty-five.

(to Brenda)

Did you mention I was interested in renting out your room.

Brenda, pumps the peppermint. The woman watches.

BRENDA

You seriously want to move in there?

WOMAN CUSTOMER

You put in too many pumps of peppermint. I said 3 pumps not 4.

Brenda stops.

BRENDA

Oh... Sorry.

WOMAN CUSTOMER

Well I think you better make another one.

BRENDA

Of course.

Brenda starts a new drink. Tammy leans against the counter.

TAMMY

Yeah I want to move in. It's cheap rent, ain't it? Plus my grandma is really getting on my nerves...

Tammy looks directly at the woman customer.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

Old, bitchy people really drive me crazy.

Brenda hands the drink to the woman.

BRENDA

Have a nice day.

WOMAN CUSTOMER

What's this?

BRENDA

Your order ma'am.

WOMAN CUSTOMER

This can't be mine. My drink is suppose to have chocolate and cinnamon sprinkled on top. I don't see any chocolate or cinnamon.

Brenda SIGHS, she grabs the chocolate powder and cinnamon and sprinkles it on top, she overkills it a bit.

BRENDA

There.

The Woman just stares at her in disgust... then.

WOMAN CUSTOMER

You girls don't have any respect for anyone, lest of all yourselves. You talk about your whoring exploits. You're rude. You can't get a simple order right. You two are just awful employees.

TAMMY

Well you're the worst customer we've ever had...

Tammy cocks her head and smirks.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

So I guess it evens out. Have a nice day.

The woman leaves in disgust.

Tammy looks at the clock.

TAMMY (CONT'D)
Well, I'm off.

BRENDA
That's right, leave me... I hate
working nights.

TAMMY
Mornings are worst.

Tammy grabs her bag and coat.

TAMMY (CONT'D)
I'll drop by tomorrow, to check out
my new room... oh, and try not to
fuck up any more orders. We are
suppose to be professionals after
all. So keep the whore talk to a
whisper.

Tammy and Brenda laugh.

BRENDA
Yes ma'am.

TAMMY
Bye girl.

Tammy leaves. Brenda is on her own.

EXT. COFFEE HOUSE - NIGHT

Brenda locks up. She walks towards the bus stop, then she spots a lonely car in the parking lot. She recognizes it, so she heads toward it.

EXT. CAR

In the driver seat, Nick is passed out. Brenda TAPS on the window. Nick stirs awake. He rolls down the window.

BRENDA
What are you doing here?

Nick looks shaken and nervous.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
What's up? Are you OK?

Nick just stares at her with nervous eyes.

EXT. CITY LOOKOUT - NIGHT (LATER)

Nick's car is parked along a hill side that overlooks the twinkling lights of the city.

BRENDA (O.S.)
You're fucking serious, aren't you?

NICK (O.S.)
I'm serious. She just attacked me.

INT. CAR

Nick lifts his shirt to show deep scratches along his side.

BRENDA
Holy shit! Where did you find this girl?

NICK
I never thought I would say this... but, you wouldn't believe me if I told you.

BRENDA
Is she a hooker? Some cracked out hooker? 'Cause I had an ex-boyfriend, who slept with a genuine crack-whore and she nearly bit his dick off... Needless to say, when I saw the damage on his junk, and found out how he got it... it was over between us.

NICK
No. I think... I think she's a... demon... or an angel -- or something.

CUT TO:

INT. NICK'S BEDROOM

Clone-Brenda sits naked on the bed, the room is dim. Her eyes ignite with a tense burning light.

INT. CAR

Brenda furrows her brow.

BRENDA

Dude, I don't care if she's a hooker. It's your dick. But come on, a demon or angel?...

NICK

Ok, ok. I don't know what she is, but she ain't human... She looks just like you.

INT. NICK'S BEDROOM

Clone-Brenda SCREAMS in a burst of rage. She thrashes at the pillows, the mattress, and the sheets with razor sharp fingernails. Fluff and feathers litter the air.

INT. CAR

BRENDA

(chuckles)

Okay, let's go back to the house. I wanna meet my twin.

Nick slams his palms against the steering wheel.

NICK

(upset)

I'm not fucking joking! I'm afraid she might hurt you.

BRENDA

Nick, this is sounding fucking loony. You know that, right?

Nick takes a moment to collect himself.

NICK

I know...

They sit, observe the lit-up city in awkward silence...

BRENDA

So, what do you want to do?

NICK

Can we just sit here for a while?

BRENDA
Sure, I guess so.

Brenda turns on the radio, there's still an awkward silence.

NICK
I was, you know.

BRENDA
You were, what?

NICK
Thinking about you... when you
walked in on me...

BRENDA
Changing...

Nick looks at Brenda. They lock eyes... he looks at the view.

NICK
I can't help it... I'm always
thinking about you, it doesn't
matter what I'm doing.

Brenda moves closer to Nick, he turns back to her.

BRENDA
You are nowhere near the kinda guy
I go for...

NICK
I... I... I...

Brenda surges forward, they kiss.

Brenda pulls back ever so slightly, she is amazed.

BRENDA
(softly)
You taste exactly how I thought you
would.

NICK
(softly)
How do I taste?

She smiles.

BRENDA
Salty... yet, sweet.

They lock lips again. Their passion intensifies, they dive deeper into each other's mouths with their tongues.

The mad groping turns to undressing each other with urgency. Nick grabs Brenda's chest. Brenda's grabs at Nick's crouch -- Nick pulls back, he grips Brenda's wrist.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
What? What is it?

NICK
I'm sorry... it's just... I'm really sore... there. Could we just... make-out?

Nick releases Brenda's wrist.

BRENDA
Yeah, sure, of course. We can play it old-school. I like old-school. Reminds me of simpler times.

They both smile. They draw close again, their lips lock, their tongues wrestle.

EXT. CAR

The windows steam up.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NICK'S BEDROOM

It's a total disaster, a train wreck.

Clone-Brenda sits on the bed in a trance. Her eyes glow like embers of a hot fire.

FADE TO:

BLACK

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK -

FADE UP:

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Tammy waits at the front door for an answer. She KNOCKS again, then once more --

The door UNLOCKS and opens a crack.

Tammy waits for the door to open the rest of the way, but it doesn't... so she pushes it open.

TAMMY
Brenda?... Nick?

Tammy enters.

INT. TOWNHOUSE/FRONT ENTRENCE

TAMMY
Brenda? It's yo girl Tammy.

Tammy closes the front door, then turns back to see Clone-Brenda at the end of the hallway, naked.

TAMMY (CONT'D)
Hey girl... what's up with the casual slut wear?

Clone-Brenda doesn't respond, she just stands and stares.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. CAR/BACKSEAT

Nick and Brenda are asleep. Then Brenda snaps her eyes open. She studies her surroundings, realizes where she is. She looks at the sleeping Nick, nudges him awake.

BRENDA
Hey... hey, wake up. Nick, wake up.

Nick rubs his eyes open.

NICK
Yeah... I'm up, I'm up.

BRENDA
We have to go back to the house.

Nick sits up.

NICK
Why?

BRENDA
'Cause I got the strangest feeling.

NICK

What do you mean? What kind of feeling?

BRENDA

The kind you don't ignore, we have to go back to the house.

Nick opens the back door and gets out, he does up his shirt.

NICK

I don't think we should go back there.

Brenda gets out, does up her shirt.

BRENDA

(panic)

Tammy was suppose to come by the house this morning.

NICK

You have a bad feeling something might have happened to her?

BRENDA

It's more than just a feeling.
(off Nick's confused look)
I... I have... I have the taste of... blood in my mouth. I taste blood!

Nick freaks.

NICK

We can't go back there. We can't.
We just can't go back there!

Brenda hops in the front seat of the car.

INT. CAR

KEYS

Still in the ignition, she starts it.

NICK

(through window)

We can't go back there!

BRENDA

Get the fuck in the car Nick!

Nick, unsure what to do, he stares at Brenda's distressed eyes... He SLAMS his hands against the car.

NICK

Fine.

He gets in.

NICK (CONT'D)

Now I've got a bad feeling about this.

Brenda PEELS out.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Nick, followed by Brenda, enter as quietly as they can. The house is an unnerving silence.

They approach the stairs with caution. Nick gives Brenda a look, silently pleading to turn around. Brenda ushers him onward. They proceed.

SECOND FLOOR HALL

Nick reaches the top first, he stops to inspect, all the doors are open except for his room at the end of the hall.

Brenda comes up behind him, she nudges him forward. They move toward Nick's bedroom door. Brenda behind Nick, step-by-step, they hold hands.

They reach the door. Nick goes for the handle, he pauses a moment... then opens it... the room is dark, the light from the hall illuminates the trashed bedroom. Nick looks at Brenda.

NICK

Fuck.

BRENDA

Wait a sec.

Brenda goes to her room... she comes back out with a guitar, she holds it by the neck as a weapon ready to swing.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

Okay, lets go in.

NICK

(hopeless)

Fuck.

NICK'S BEDROOM

Nick tries the light switch, but it does nothing.

BRENDA

Tammy? You in here?

Something moves in the corner of the room, behind the turned over desk, a figure stands, its features shrouded in darkness, save for a pair of reflective eyes that gaze onto Nick and Brenda.

Nick pulls out his cell phone, taps on the flashlight app. He shines it towards the corner --

Reveal: Clone-Brenda covered in blood.

Brenda, awestruck with her doppelganger, lowers her guitar.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

What the fu--

The door SLAMS shut.

CUT TO:

BLACKNESS

A SCREAM echoes outward... then fades to silence.

INT. NICK'S BEDROOM - DAY

Disembodied GRUNTING and SUCKING noises float about the room.

Brenda's eyes open, she takes in her situation, bound and gaged to a chair. She struggles to free herself but to no avail. Then, she looks over at -

Nick, naked, hands and feet tied to his bed posts. Clone-Brenda hunches over his lap, bobs her head. A scattering of WHITE FEATHERS protrude from Clone-Brenda's back.

Nick flinches and winces in pain, tears stream from his eyes. His body clinches and he releases into Clone-Brenda's mouth.

Clone-Brenda erects herself, licking her lips in fulfillment. She stretches and arches her back, the feathers retract back under the skin, she smiles. Then she notices Brenda is awake.

Brenda struggles to free herself, she tries to speak but the gag makes it hard to understand her.

Clone-Brenda moves from the bed, toward Brenda.

Brenda becomes even more frantic in her struggle to escape, but still with no result.

CLONE-BRENDA
He can't be yours.

Brenda tries to speak, but she can't be understood. So Clone-Brenda removes the cloth from her mouth.

CLONE-BRENDA (CONT'D)
What are you trying to say?

Tears flow from Brenda's red puffy eyes.

BRENDA
I don't want him. You can have him.

Nick looks at Brenda, dejected.

CLONE-BRENDA
You can't lie to me. I'll know.

BRENDA
I'm not. He's all yours, do whatever you want with him. I don't love him. Pleeease let me go.

Clone-Brenda scrutinizes Brenda's frighten face... She smiles, goes back to Nick, presses her ear against his chest.

CLONE-BRENDA
See, she could never love you.

Brenda nods in agreement, tears stream down her cheeks.

Nick MOANS in despair. He yanks at the ropes, but no effect.

Clone-Brenda sits up on the bed.

CLONE-BRENDA (CONT'D)
But... he has feelings for you. And I feel real bad about this, but until you are gone, he won't choose me.

BRENDA
(in tears)
I don't want to die... I don't want to die... I... don't... want to... die.

CLONE-BRENDA
 (confused)
 You don't want to die?...

Clone-Brenda thinks on the concept a moment... then, gets it.

CLONE-BRENDA (CONT'D)
 You don't want to die... that's
 only because you don't know. If you
 knew...

Clone-Brenda hushes herself, she looks at the ceiling.

Brenda's becomes less hysterical.

BRENDA
 If... I... knew... what?

CLONE-BRENDA
 The secret... they like their
 secrets.

BRENDA
 What secrets?

Clone-Brenda looks back at Brenda.

CLONE-BRENDA
 They're my secrets too. I can't
 reveal them. I'm sorry, I've broken
 enough rules already. They'll know
 where I am if I say anything.

Nick struggles with the ropes.

BRENDA
 Are you going to kill me?

CLONE-BRENDA
 I feel just terrible about it. You
 look so scared...

Clone-Brenda steps back, she thinks... then, gets an idea.

CLONE-BRENDA (CONT'D)
 I want to show you something. I
 can't tell you. But... I know who
 can.

Clone-Brenda goes to the corner of the room and from behind
 the tipped over desk she picks up --

TAMMY'S DECAPITATED HEAD

Eyes rolled into her head, mouth agape, a frozen scream.

Brenda SCREEEEEEEEAMS... 'til her vocal cords give out.

Clone-Brenda looks at the head, then at Brenda's frozen expression of terror.

CLONE-BRENDA (CONT'D)

This is your friend?...

Brenda is non-responsive.

CLONE-BRENDA (CONT'D)

I'm real sorry. I thought she was here to see Nick. I might have over reacted a tad bit.

Nick struggles, he snaps his arms and legs about, trying to free himself, he GRUNTS with anger and rage.

Clone-Brenda keeps her attention on Brenda.

CLONE-BRENDA (CONT'D)

It's okay... I want to show you something.

Clone-Brenda takes her free hand and slips her finger into her vagina. She strokes it, produces a viscous liquid, collects it on her finger tip and smears it onto the blue, dead lips of Tammy.

The head comes alive, Tammy's eyes roll back in place, they look directly at Brenda. Tammy smiles.

TAMMY

Hey Girl.

BRENDA

Tammy?

Tammy smacks her lips.

TAMMY

What's that taste? Lemon tart?

BRENDA

Tammy, are you okay?

TAMMY

Hell no! I'm fucking dead.

CLONE-BRENDA

Clearly you're not.

Tammy eyes Clone-Brenda, the best she can.

TAMMY

This bitch killed me... then drank
my fucking blood like some...
some... I don't know, but she drank
my blood.

CLONE-BRENDA

I'm sorry.

Tammy shifts her peepers back to Brenda.

TAMMY

I thought it was you... Shit was I
relieved when I found out it
wasn't.

Clone-Brenda shakes Tammy's head.

CLONE-BRENDA

Tell her... tell her the secret.

TAMMY

(to Clone-Brenda)
Fuck you.

BRENDA

Tam, she's going to kill me. Is
there a Heaven? Will I be okay
after this life?

TAMMY

It's fucked here girl. I don't know
what you would call it, but it
ain't no Heaven.

CLONE-BRENDA

Come on, it's not that bad.

TAMMY

(to Clone-Brenda)
Sure for your kind, but for the
rest of us...

(back to Brenda)

I can't wait to return.

BRENDA

Return?

TAMMY

We get to come back, reborn.

CLONE-BRENDA

See, you don't really die... You'll
be back...

From the corner of the room, Tammy's headless and bloody body rises, it has one arm, the other one has been torn off. Clone-Brenda takes no notice, as she rambles on, her back to it.

CLONE-BRENDA (CONT'D)

You won't be the same person, but
you will come back... I on other
hand, I'm not suppose to be here...

Brenda's view moves from Clone-Brenda to Tammy's body, inching closer, then to Tammy's head. Tammy winks.

CLONE-BRENDA (CONT'D)

I have worked hard to get here. I
like it here, and I plan to stay
for a long time...

Brenda looks back at Clone-Brenda, her eyes begin to glow.

CLONE-BRENDA (CONT'D)

And that means you must go. I'm
real sorry, but there's no other
option.

Tammy's body is now right behind Clone-Brenda.

Clone-Brenda rises her hand, razor sharp nails ready themselves.

Brenda winces in anticipation.

Tammy's body hooks its only arm around Clone-Brenda's neck, pulls her back. Clone-Brenda drops Tammy's head.

Brenda feels something on her wrist, she looks to see Tammy's other arm, untying the rope.

TAMMY

That bitch is not going to kill my
BFF. No fucking way.

Nick flares about, unable to escape, or speak.

Clone-Brenda and Tammy's body fall backwards, they crash to the ground. Tammy's body wraps its legs around Clone-Brenda, they struggle.

Brenda's hands are freed, she goes to undo her ankles.

TAMMY (CONT'D)
 She lives off of Nick's sperm. To
 send her back, you've got to cut
 off Nick's balls.

Nick stops his flaring about.

NICK
 (muffled)
 Huh!?

Brenda, pauses, looks at Tammy's head.

BRENDA
 What?

TAMMY
 You have to get a knife and cut off
 Nick's balls. It's the only way to
 get rid of her. Bren, you need to
 hurry.

Brenda considers the act, unsure if she can do it.

TAMMY (CONT'D)
 She's going to kill you! Trust me,
 you don't want to die, it's not
 your time -- Get a knife, cut off
 his balls!

Brenda continues to untie herself.

Nick squirms more fanatic, desperate to free himself.

Clone-Brenda battles with Tammy's one armed, headless body.

Brenda, now free, runs out of the room.

Tammy's arm maneuvers Tammy's head toward Clone-Brenda.

TAMMY (CONT'D)
 Oh Daddy's pissed at you girl.

Clone-Brenda stops her struggling a moment, she peers at
 Tammy's head, the best she can.

CLONE-BRENDA
 Daddy knows where I am?

TAMMY
 He knows, and he's pissed.

Brenda returns, a large knife in hand. She moves to the bed.

Clone-Brenda struggles to free herself from Tammy's grip.

Nick struggles to free himself from the ropes.

CLONE-BRENDA

Please don't. Don't do it.

Brenda hovers the blade over Nick's scrotum. She looks at Nick, he shakes his head in a frantic pleading NO!

TAMMY

You have to do it. She will kill you. She killed me, she'll kill others. Do it! Cut off his balls!

Brenda looks at the scrotum, then at Nick's scared face, then back at the scrotum. She bites her lip, her hands shake.

Clone-Brenda tares Tammy's other arm from her torso.

Brenda snaps her head to see --

CLONE-BRENDA

Shoots to her feet, fire in her eyes, she HISSES --

Brenda, without thinking, takes Nick scrotum in her hand and severs it from his person with the blade --

Nick SCREAMS, his mouth wide open reveals his missing tongue.

Clone-Brenda SCREAMS, she flares up in a hot flash of intense fire, then spontaneously combusts, leaving nothing but a pile of ash, and a few white feathers.

A river of blood flows from between Nick's legs. Brenda in a feeble attempt, tries to stop it by applying pressure with her hands.

Nick fades into unconsciousness, then... he's gone.

Brenda bursts into tears.

BRENDA

I'm sorry, I'm sorry Nick, I'm so sorry...

Brenda slides to the floor, brings her knees to her chest.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

Tammy's head is lifeless again.

Amidst the pile of ash, pokes out a single rib bone.

FADE TO:

BLACK.

A sad instrumental soundtrack plays.

WOMAN (V.O.)

I did love Nicholas. For the life
of me, I don't know why... but I
loved him. I swear...

FADE UP:

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

MOVIE SCREEN

The voice belongs to Cecil, 30's, in a fedora and trench
coat, stands in the rain, the scene is BLACK & WHITE.

CECIL (WOMAN V.O.)

But in that moment, face to face
with death... frightened,
confused... there wasn't an ounce of
love to be found for him... I hated
him, I hated him! --

Humphrey, 40's, enters frame, he grabs Cecil by the shoulders
and shakers her.

HUMPHREY

You killed him, Cecil, you killed
him in cold blood...

THEATER

It's the same movie theater as before, a SPARSE CROWD of
SINGLE MEN and WOMEN sit and watch the screen, sad, morbid
expressions stain their faces, they've been beaten and broken
by life. Brenda is one of them.

HUMPHREY (O.S.)

How could you kill a man like that?
A man you say you loved.

LAUGHTER erupts from the back of the theater. Brenda watches
on, doing her best to ignore the rude interruption.

MOVIE SCREEN

Cecil in tears, the man grips her still.

CECIL

I'm only human Humphrey... I'm only a woman... I was given the damndest choice anyone could have been given. So go ahead, judge me with your moral superiority. But you would have made the same choice. You and anyone else on this miserable rock, given the same circumstances. And you know it...

Cecil pulls away from Humphrey's grip, dabs her wet eyes with a handkerchief.

Humphrey swoops in again, swings Cecil around toward him and embraces her in his arm, they are close, noses almost touch.

HUMPHREY

I don't know what I would have done, if it were me. And even though he was my brother. I can't bare the thought of losing you. I love you too much, to see you go to prison. I lov --

BANG!

Humphrey's face becomes strained, in shock. He backs up from Cecil, she grips a revolver in her hand. Humphrey feels his gut, then looks at his bloody hand.

HUMPHREY (CONT'D)

Why?...

Cecil cries, she drops the revolver.

CECIL

Because I don't deserve you. I only deserve what's coming to me.

MOVIE THEATER

The LAUGHTER is even loader. A YOUNG MAN, 20, and YOUNG WOMAN, 19, can't contain their GIGGLES and CHUCKLES.

Brenda turns toward them, berating them with a stare. They notice, their laughing simmers but they can't stop.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

The poor souls saunter out of the theater. The young couple giggle to themselves. Brenda, carries a box, as she walks past the poster "The Love Cancer".

INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

A small compact room, packed boxes fill most of the space. Brenda sits on her bed, in a pair of sweatpants that look a lot like Nick's sweatpants. She stares at the box for what seems like a long time, then, she opens it.

Inside is the rib bone. Brenda strokes it with her finger.

BRENDA
(soft)
I'm sorry Nick.

She removes the bone and lies down. She stares at it, stroking it with her finger tips.

Brenda kisses the bone gently, then licks it, sliding her tongue up and down it.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
Sweet and salty.

Brenda wraps her lips around the bone, slides it in-and-out, sucks on it. She really gets into it, sexually.

She slips the bone into her sweatpants, her hand glides the bone into her pink, neatly trimmed, love pillows. She MOANS, as she guides the bone in-and-out, in-and-out, in-and-out.

Not wasting time with pleasantries, she's gun-ho on hitting the sweet spot -- then: she explodes with an orgasmic rush of ecstasy, she SCREAMS in climax...

She eases her body on the bed, her breath labored, smiles.

She pulls out her hand, it doesn't hold the rib bone anymore. Perplexed, she lifts the elastic waist band to peek under, nothing. She puts her hand back in, searches for the bone, it's nowhere to be found.

DORM COMMON BATHROOM

Brenda, on the toilet, she strains, trying to pass something large. She grips on to the handicap rail and pushes with all her might, face red, neck veins throbbing.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
ARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRG!

Then:

PLOP

A relief comes over Brenda, she SIGHS.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
(exhausted)
Holy shit. Thank God.

Brenda stands, looks in to the toilet bowl. She crouches by the toilet for a better look. She reaches in, retrieves what looks like an egg, holds it up to the florescent lights.

The shell is thin and translucent, she can see the outline of a kidney shaped baby, it moves. Brenda smiles.

DORM ROOM

Brenda places the egg on her pillow, she then lies down next to it. She stares at it, she smiles.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
I'm happy you came back, Nick.

FADE OUT.