

PSYCHOPATH + CODEPENDENT: A LOVE STORY

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBS/PLAYGROUND - DAY

A barren playground near cookie-cut houses. TONY, 12, hammers nails into the sandbox.

ALICE, 9, approaches.

ALICE

Hi

Tony stops and looks up at the blond, pigtailed, Alice. Her arms behind her back, she smiles.

TONY

(passive)

Hey

ALICE

What'd you doin'?

TONY

Nothing much.

ALICE

My mom and dad are fighting again. I hate when they fight. When they fight my mom leaves. I hate when she leaves.

TONY

That's shitty, my mom gots her new boyfriend over. He's a preacher. I hate him.

Tony hammers a nail into the wood.

ALICE

Can I sit with you?

TONY

Sure, I guess.

Tony hammers another nail into the wood, he hits his thumb.

TONY (CONT'D)

OUCH FUCK!

Tony squirms in pain. Alice takes his throbbing thumb and blows on it.

ALICE  
Is that better?

TONY  
Yeah a little.

Tony watches Alice blow on his injured thumb--

PINKY, a small Pomeranian dog, runs and jumps on Alice. He BARKS and licks Alice all over.

Alice GIGGLES and LAUGHS as Pinky hops all over her.

Tony stares at the frantic little dog.

ALICE  
(Giggling)  
Pinky stop it... heee-heee... that tickles -- pinky stop it... hee-hee... you're funny Pinky... hehe stop it you're messing up my hair... heehe --

SMASH: and YELP from Pinky, as the hammer in Tony's hand comes cracking down on Pinky's furry Pomeranian head; once, then again, then a third and fourth time. The THUD of the blows are all Alice can hear.

Tony stops and looks at Alice. Alice is in shock.

Tony holds out his bruised thumb.

TONY  
My thumb still hurts.

Alice CRIES

CUT TO.

TITLE:

"Psychopath + Codependent: A Love Story"

INT. BEDROOM (PRESENT) - DAY

Tony, now 28, sits naked on the bed. He stares at the wall... beat... then, he inhales a line of cocaine off the dresser.

He drums his fingers against the dresser, takes the rolled up bill and snorts again.

BEGIN MONTAGE: (NOTE: these are quick edits)

Tony jerks-off to a picture of a woman in a heart-shape picture frame.

Tony puts on socks and underwear.

Tony snorts a line of coke.

Tony takes a shit, flips through a magazine.

Tony jerks-off a second time.

Tony, in a tuxedo, stares at himself in the mirror.

Another line of coke.

END MONTAGE

After a long beat of staring at his reflection, he takes out a plastic pill container, a compartment for each day of the week, he flips open the lid for "Sunday" takes a cocktail of pills and pops it in his mouth.

Then.

Tony grabs a wad of cash and jewelry from the dresser, stuffs it into his pockets, then exists, taking his bag with him.

INT. KITCHEN

Tony passes a broken window, goes to the refrigerator, opens it, takes a beer and gulps it down.

He SMASHES the bottle against the wall, then exits.

INT. FOYER

Tony unlocks the front door and exits.

EXT. HOUSE

A car pulls into the driveway as Tony walks away.

A MAN, 40s, gets out, as does a YOUNG WOMAN, a different woman than from the heart-shaped photo frame.

MAN

(calling out to Tony)

Hey buddy, why the fuck were you in my house?... Hey!

Tony ignores him and continues walking.

WOMAN

(to Man)

You don't know him?... Do you think he knows your wife?

MAN

I don't know, but I'm calling the police... I think he was wearing my tux.

EXT. RURAL RD. - DAY

A yellow Volkswagen Beetle sits on the shoulder of the road. MONIQUE, 35, is a Texas girl on her way to L.A. in pursuit of a long over-due dream. She stares in disbelief at her flat tire. A hand on her hip.

MONIQUE

Jesus H. Christ.

She looks up to the blue skies.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

(to God)

My momma always told me you had a helluva sense of humor.

The SOUND of gravel shuffling behind her - she spins--

Tony stands at the back end of the car, in his tuxedo, a bag strapped to his back. He eyes Monique.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

Jesus H. Christ! You scared the lord right outta me.

TONY

I can help you with your tire.

MONIQUE

Well, I'd be much obliged if you would. I don't know shit about fixin' cars.

Tony puts down his bag and moves to the trunk.

TONY

Pop the trunk.

She goes into the car and pulls the lever. The trunk pops.

INT. YELLOW VOLKSWAGEN BEETLE (TRAVILING) - LATER

Tony sits quiet. Monique sneaks a few glances at him.

MONIQUE

It's not everyday, ya get a handsome young man in a penguin suit come to your rescue. Ya James Bond or somethin'?

TONY

No. Just going to a wedding.

MONIQUE

Weddin's are fun aren't they?

No answer.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

Well, thank you darlin'. That was mighty kind of ya to help.

TONY

(glib)

Thank you for the lift.

MONIQUE

Hell, notthin' to it sweetheart. I'm kinda grateful to have the company. I've been drivin' on my own this whole way-- I left my deadbeat boyfriend back in Austin and decided to come to California to fulfill my dream. That little prick was good-for-nothin'-- couldn't hold down a job, even if that job was sleepin'... only thing he was good at holdin' down was me, but no more, 'adios amigo', and good riddance.

Monique catches her own gabbing. Not wanting to push it, she pauses, then pulls a cigarette out of her purse.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

You don't mind, do ya?

TONY

No.

MONIQUE

Would ya like one, darlin'?

TONY

Yes.

She gives Tony a cigarette. She lights her, and passes the lighter to Tony.

MONIQUE

(re: the cigarette)

I know it's a sin, but a gal has her needs.

Tony gives Monique a once over, her cleavage are like two balloons rubbing against each other. Tony gives her a smile. She smiles back.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

Of course I don't usually offer strange men a lift--I'm not that kinda gal. And I've heard the stories about California... But hell... you don't look like... well, you look like a decent kinda guy. Like James Bond.

TONY

I've always liked James Bond.

EXT. BANQUETTE HALL/COURTYARD

A beautiful courtyard surrounded by green trees, and colorful flowers. White chairs line either side of a rose peddled aisle which leads to a white wicker arch, and the bride and groome and priest. The ocean is just in the distant.

Tony and Monique walk in as the wedding ceremony is under way. They find a seat among the crowd. People glance over at them and scold them with their eyes.

The bride, Alice, now 25, and the groome, DEREK, 29, face each other as they place the ring on each other's finger and exchange vows.

DEREK

Alice, you make me a very happy man. And I am really thrilled for you to be my wife.

Derek looks to his audience for approval, he gives a smirk. Soft laughter, and adoring smiles is his reply. Derek turns back to, a bright and glowing Alice

DEREK (CONT'D)

I cherish our love for each other. You have helped me in my darkest times, you have been my light, my guide. You complete me. And for these reason, I take you as my wife to love and cherish, through health and sickness, for richer or poorer, through joy and sorrow, now and forever.

The priest gestures to Alice.

ALICE

Derek, I take you to be my husband, to love and cherish, when we are together and when we are apart. When we are in times of peace or times of turmoil, in times of joy or distress, in the times I am proud of you and the times I am disappointed. I will honour your goals and dreams and help you to fulfill them the best I can. I will be open and honest with you and I will love you now and forever.

They put the ring onto their respective partners fingers.

MINISTER

The wedding ring is a symbol of eternity. It is an outward sign of an inward and spiritual bond which unites two hearts in endless love. And now as a token of your love and of your deep desire to be forever united in heart and soul, you Derek, may place a ring on the finger of your bride.

Derek puts the ring onto Alice's finger

DEREK

I give you this ring as a symbol of my love and faithfulness to you."

MINISTER

By the same token Alice, you may place a ring on the finger of your groom.

Alice follows instruction, places the ring on Derek's finger.

ALICE

I give you this ring as a symbol of my love and faithfulness to you.

Monique who is very emotional, grabs onto Tony's hand. Tony is a little surprised but allows it.

INT. BANQUETTE HALL/MEN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

An eloquent banquette restroom, marble floors and counter tops. Floral pattern wallpaper. Stainless steel stalls all empty except for the last stall.

TOILET STALL

A line of cocaine is sucked up through a dollar bill tube.

Tony jerks his head back.

He sits on the toilet with the porcelain tank lid on his lap, another line of the white powder awaits.

His leg jitters.

The Bathroom door OPENS, then LOCKS. Two set of feet scuffle, intertwine, across the stall Tony is in. All Tony can see are a pair of mens, well polished, dress shoes, and a pair of sparkling woman's stilettos, from under the stall door.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Do you think its safe in here?

MAN (O.S.)

The risk of getting caught is part of the fun, baby.

The two are getting hot and heavy. A pair of panties fall around the girls ankles.

Tony sits and listens.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Wait... wait... aren't you going to check to make sure we're alone at least?

MAN (O.S.)

Yeah... sure.

(sarcastic)

Let's see if anyone is behind door number one.

The stall door swings open by Derek's hand. Derek and a YOUNG WOMAN, 20's, are actually shocked to find Tony sitting on the can, a line of cocaine on his lap.

TAMMY/YOUNG WOMAN  
For fuck sakes, Derek.

Tammy yanks her panties up and under her mini dress. Then storms out. She stumbles on unlocking the bathroom door, but then gets it and exits.

Derek and Tony stare at each other a beat. Then Derek zips up his trousers, letting the door swings shut again. Derek's dress shoes CLACK against the marble as he leaves. Alone again, Tony snorts his last line of blow.

INT. BANQUETTE HALL

A disco ball spins, colored stage lights flicker, gyrate, and move in a mechanical way to the MUSIC. Jovial WEDDING FOLK dance, laugh and cheer on the dance floor.

Tony glides toward the bar, as he does he eyes Alice, dancing with an OLDER MAN, 50's, she smiles and laughs.

He moves his attention to Derek in the corner talking to Tammy.

TONY's P.O.V. - Derek is trying to get Tammy to stay, but she won't have it, and leaves for good.

Tony reaches the bar.

BARTENDER  
What can I get you?

TONY  
Cola.

Alice spots Tony, from the dance floor and leaves her dance partner to greet him.

ALICE  
I'm happy to see you here.

TONY  
I almost didn't come.

Alice shrugs off the blunt reply.

ALICE  
Well you look good.

At that moment, Monique interrupts and grips onto Tony's arm.

MONIQUE  
(to Alice)  
Congratulations darlin' on such a  
beautiful wedding. My gosh, ya look  
so beautiful... and happy.

Alice takes in Monique's quite womanly and curvy body. A little surprised of her existence in Tony's life.

ALICE  
Thank you. Yes I am very happy.

Derek reaches the bar and slams his bottle down. Derek, stands a couple of feet taller than Tony, and quite a few inches wider. He is well built. He grips Alice's arm.

DEREK  
(intimidating)  
Babe, who are your guests?

ALICE  
This is Tony. You know, Tony?

Derek looks at Alice, it takes a moment, but then it clicks.

DEREK  
Tony?... Prison Tony?

ALICE  
Childhood Tony.

DEREK  
(chuckles)  
Oh shit. Tony. Yeah I remember now.

Derek let's go of Alice's arm, then slaps Tony's shoulder playfully.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
So you're Tony.

Then Derek turns his attention to Monique with a sly grin.

ALICE  
And this is?...

MONIQUE  
Monique. I'm Monique Hartford.

DEREK  
That's a cute accent.

MONIQUE

I'm a Texan' gal true n' blue...  
congrats on the weddin'.

DEREK

Oh fuck, it's nothing. I figured, I  
needed to sow my wild oats  
sometime.

ALICE

Honey, I don't think that's what  
that saying means.

DEREK

It's not what that saying means?  
(then)  
Well what the fuck do you know. Are  
you a writer?

Alice is not sure she should respond to the question.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Well... are you a writer?

ALICE

No, I'm not.

DEREK

Of course not.  
(to Monique)  
I've written five best-selling  
books.

TONY

Congratulations.

Derek pauses a moment as he's not sure if that was a sincere,  
or sarcastic tone. Then...

DEREK

So how was prison? Who did you have  
to kill to get in there?

Derek snickers.

Monique is a little surprised by the statement.

MONIQUE

(to Tony)  
You were in prison?

DEREK

Just got out of the slammer, right,  
Tony?

ALICE

Derek!

DEREK

What? The guy is a harden convict.  
He probable got his ass pounded a  
few times. I'm sure he can handle a  
bit of hazing.

(to Tony)

Right, buddy?

Tony smiles.

TONY

That's right.

The PA sparks to life as someone pats the mic, magnifying the sound into a series of BOOMS. The music cuts. Everyone looks toward the DJ booth where MIKE the MC, 25, holds a grand smile on his face.

MIKE

Ladies and Gentlemen. It's that  
time for the bride to lose her  
garter and to find out who the next  
lucky man will be, to lose his  
freedom.

A roar of laughter and whistles.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Alice. Derek. If you could make  
your way front and center.

Derek and Alice make their way. Derek leans close to Alice.

DEREK

(whispers)

So did he actually kill anyone?

Alice has no time to answer, nor does she want to. Mike places a chair in the center stage, as the crowd huddles close together. Alice sits herself.

Tony stays at the bar, and watches from a distance.

MIKE

Mr. DJ, will you spin that record,  
please?

The DJ slams his finger down on a button and twists a dial--  
The "Mission Impossible" themes booms.

The Crowd cheers. Derek soaks up the enthused crowd a moment before he gets on bended knee.

Tony watches over the crowd, as Derek brings, a bashful, Alice's wedding dress up, exposing her legs, and the garter.

Derek coaxes the crowd into a cheering chant. Satisfied, he spreads Alice's legs apart. Alice is a bit apprehensive, but this doesn't discourage Derek. He forces her legs apart.

Tony takes the Jack and Coke and drinks it, not taking his eyes off Alice's uncomfortable expression.

Derek kisses his way up between Alice's thighs 'til he reaches the garter, and with his teeth, he pulls it off.

In triumph of a great performance, Derek holds up the garter as a trophy, then Derek flings the garter into the crowd.

Alice is relieved it's over.

TONY

Watches the scene. Distant. Disconnected.

Monique stares at Tony, his attention on Alice.

EXT. SUBURBS/PLAYGROUND (1997) - DAY

YOUNG TONY

Watches something else now in the distance.

YOUNG ALICE

Runs into her house, crying.

Tony looks at his hammer, blood and tiny bits of skull, fur and brain matter covers its blunt end.

EXT. ALICE'S HOME - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Young Tony stalks the side of the house, peering into various windows. He spots ALICE'S MOTHER, BETH, 31, She gathers her coat and exits the house.

Tony follows her with his eyes, he hides among the bushes, Beth doesn't see him, she gets into her car and drives off.

Now gone, Tony continues peering into windows until--

EXT. ALICE'S HOME/BEDROOM WINDOW

Alice sits next to her father, MICHAEL TATE, 32, a normal looking man in a IT uniform, he has his arm around her, as she cries into his side.

ALICE  
(whailing)  
Pinky... Pinky... Pinky...

ALICE'S FATHER  
It's okay sweet-heart. Pinky is in  
a better place. We can get you a  
new doggy.

Alice balls her eyes-out.

ALICE'S FATHER (CONT'D)  
Shuush, shuush baby-cakes.

Alice's father places his hand on her bare knee.

Alice, on contact, stops her whaling, she sniffles herself to a stillness, she wipes her eyes and grows silent, she straightens herself and tenses up.

ALICE'S FATHER (CONT'D)  
Let's play that game we like to  
play. We like that game.

Alice's father leans in and kisses Alice on the head. His hand pulls her legs apart. He whispers in her ear.

ALICE'S FATHER (CONT'D)  
We like that game.

Tony, keeps his eyes peeled. Positioning himself so he is not to be seen. He watches...

CUT TO:

INT. MONIQUE'S CAR (PRESENT) - NIGHT

The car is parked, Tony silently stares off as Monique watches him... then.

MONIQUE  
Watcha thinkin' 'bout, darlin'?

TONY  
Nothing.

Beat... Monique shuffles a bit in her seat.

MONIQUE

Is it true, ya were in prison 'n all?

TONY

Yes, it's true.

MONIQUE

What were ya 'n for?

Tony gives her a look. Monique shy's away a little.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

Sorry, I suppose it ain't none of my business.

TONY

I was a kid when I went in.

MONIQUE

Ya were just a kid? That's awful. I didn't know they could send children to prison.

TONY

Yes they can.

Monique places her hand on Tony's hand. She gets close to him. She guides Tony's hand to her naked thigh.

MONIQUE

Ya ever been with a woman, darlin'?

Tony kisses Monique, soon they're grouping and unclothing each other.

LATER

Tony is on top of Monique in the back seat. He pumps himself inside her. Sweat pours from their naked flesh. Tony is manic in his love making as Monique encourages the savaging of her body... then, Tony climaxes inside her.

After a moment or two of contraction, Tony slumps forward onto Monique. His breath laboured, his head on her chest.

Monique strokes his hair.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

This might sound a little... well heck, my mamma always said, 'not to be afraid of expressin' y'all's feelin's' Ain't no shame in lovin' another human bein'. So...

(MORE)

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

I think I might just be falln' for ya. I know we just met n' all but I guess you can chulk me up as bein' a gal who believes n' love at first sight. And I don't care about ya bein' 'n prison n' all. The past is the past, n' who ya were back then, ain't mean that's who y'all are now.

Tony says nothing, his breathing calms to a normal pace.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

Truth be told, I'm glad ya came inside me. I can feel y'all little angels makin' their way home. I can feel a blessing in the makin', darlin'. Somethin' that'll bond us together. Somethin' that'll be special just for the two of us.

Tony pushes himself up from Monique, he stares at her, not words he cares to hear. There's something in Tony's eyes, something unsettling, unnerving, and Monique can feel it.

INT. TONY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It's the same house from Tony's childhood. Tony enters through the garage door, the only light on in the house is from the living room.

LIVING ROOM

Sitting in her chair is ANNETTE, 60's, Tony's mother. She smokes a cigarette, while watches TV.

Tony creeps into the room and stops, waiting for his mother to acknowledge him.

Annette turns from her program, gives Tony a quick up-and-down, then returns to her program.

ANNETTE

You finally decided to see your mother?

TONY

Yes Mother. I've finally caved-in.

ANNETTE

(watches the TV)

Where have you been staying? I know you got out last week.

Tony steps closer to his mother, snatches the cigarette pack off the a side-table, picks out a cigarette and lights it.

TONY

At a friends.

ANNETTE

A friend? You've got no friends worth having. What's with the tuxedo? You trying to make a good impression?

Tony flops on to the couch.

TONY

I borrowed it from my friend-- Alice got married--You like it?

Annette turns back to her son.

ANNETTE

Poor girl.

(re: the tux)

It makes you look smug. You've always looked smug, like your father, that smug-bastard.

TONY

Is that why you turned me in? To try and wipe the smug out of me, Mother?

ANNETTE

You were a trouble maker, a juvenile deviant. A sinner. You needed to learn that actions have consequences.

Tony gets up, he snuffs his cigarette in the ashtray. He is intimidatingly close to his mother. Annette is tense.

TONY

I learned that, with other people's actions comes consequences, Mother.

Silence, both wait for something to happen... Tony then kisses his mother on the forehead,

TONY (CONT'D)

Good night Mother.

He goes to the staircase, leading upstairs.

ANNETTE

I take it you're staying then?

TONY

That's right. It'll give us a chance to make up for lost times.

Annette turns back to her program, inhales and exhales smoke.

Tony goes up-stairs. The house is quiet.

INT. TONY'S ROOM

Tony enters the small bedroom, he takes in the familiar view.

It's preserved from Tony's youth, untouched by time. A single bed, neatly made, complete with a bible placed on the pillow, awaiting his arrival.

Tony sits on the bed. He picks up the Bible, flips through the pages.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STATE PENITENTIARY/CAFETERIA (2003) - DAY

Tony, age 18, eats his meal alone.

OTHER INMATES eat with in their respected cliques.

BOB "BUGGER", 43, a muscular, mean, tank of a man, approaches Tony with three other INMATES behind him. Dough Boy, 24, Marco, 32, and Larry, 26.

Bugger sits right across from Tony.

BUGGER

Hello sunshine.

Tony looks up at the four of them. Bugger smiles.

BUGGER (CONT'D)

Welcome to camp wolf.

Tony gives no reaction.

BUGGER (CONT'D)

You can call me Bugger. And these are my good companions.

Tony gives them a good up and down. No words.

BUGGER (CONT'D)  
 You don't like to talk much, huh?  
 That's a good thing. I've got a  
 better use for your mouth anyway.

TONY  
 Fuck off.

The three "oooh". Bugger just grins, he looks to his crew.

BUGGER  
 Looks like we've got a real tough  
 one here.

Bugger turns back to Tony, but still speaks to his crew.

BUGGER (CONT'D)  
 He may look soft on the outside  
 boys, but I believe he's tough as  
 my old lady on the rag, on that  
 inside of his. I think he could use  
 a little softening up on the  
 inside, don't you agree?

DOUGH BOY  
 I concur with that motha' fuckin'  
 notion.

Tony gets up from the table, about to walk away --

BUGGER  
 You should keep something in mind  
 sunshine. Being the fresh piece of  
 meat in a den of wolves. If you  
 wanna survive, you've gotta make  
 some friends. Now with a face like  
 yours, I'd be real friendly to ya.

Tony walks off, Bugger and his crew, watch him. Bugger still  
 with a smile.

INT. PENITENTIARY/LIBRARY - DAY

Tony organizes and places books on a shelf.

There are a few other INMATES at tables and a CORRECTIONS  
 OFFICER (JEFF) at his desk.

Tony and the C.O. exchange a glance. Tony goes farther into  
 the aisle to put away books.

He then hears some motion, he pokes his head out from an aisle and sees that everyone is gone. Including the C.O. Tony steps to the center of the room, puzzled.

He hears something behind him but it's too late to react--

--he's jumped from behind and knocked onto one of the tables. Larry and Marco hold Tony's arms and torso down, Dough Boy wraps a towel around Tony's Head and holds it down.

Bugger hops on top Tony's back.

Tony struggles but can't move.

TONY  
(screams)  
Guard! Guard! Get the fuck off me!  
Guard!

Bugger produces a knife and slips it under Tony's throat.

Tony shuts up.

Bugger gets close to Tony's ear.

BUGGER  
I can fuck you up the ass while you bleed out all over the floor. Or you can keep that pretty little mouth shut and live to see another day. What's it going to be sunshine?

Tony keeps quiet, after a moment. Bugger removes the blade from his throat.

Bugger pulls out from his pocket a small baggy of cocaine, and a small bottle of baby oil.

BUGGER (CONT'D)  
We've got three long beautiful hours together. Let's see if we can soften you up a little. Do a little bonding. Get to know each other.

Bugger snorts the cocaine.

BUGGER (CONT'D)  
I'll start. You wanna know why they call me Bugger?

Bugger takes down Tony's pants revealing his soft, smooth buttocks. Bugger then takes down his pants. Rubs baby oil on his dick and squirts a bit between Tony's butt cheeks.

Tony squirms in resistance, but to no avail.

BUGGER (CONT'D)  
 Easy boy. Why don't you tell me  
 what's it's like to have your  
 cherry popped.

Bugger rams his penis into Tony's ass.

Tony screams, and bucks. Bugger and the boys hold him down.

BUGGER (CONT'D)  
 That's what I like to hear boy.  
 That's what I like to hear.

Bugger gives another thrust, then another one.

Tony winces and grits his teeth. His neck veins pop, his face flush, as Bugger keeps ramming him.

Soon Tony gains control over his pain and forces his groans to be silent. His face red as a beet, he fixes his eyes on to Dough Boy, who holds Tony's head down with the towel.

Tony just stares at Dough Boy, this weirds him out, he can't help but look away from Tony's unyielding eye contact.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. PARK - (PRESENT) DAY (MORNING)

A jogging path is bustling with the REGULARS, who do their morning jog like clockwork, then there is Tony. Albeit at a passing glance he looks the part, a matching grey hoody and sweat pants, runners, sunglasses, iPod... but it's not long before Tony veers off the path and on to...

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET

Tony jogs up to a house, stops in front of it, checks his pulse as he scans the street.

A car drives by, a couple of KIDS walk pass, they look to be going to school, they pay very little attention to Tony.

Now with no one in sight, Tony continues to--

EXT. ALICE AND DEREK'S HOUSE/BACKYARD

A modest size yard with a good amount of floral gardens, makes for good cover and privacy.

Tony goes to the back door and peeks through the window.

Nobody in sight, so he pulls, concealed under his jacket, a hammer. Then kicks in the door with ease.

INT. ALICE AND DEREK'S HOUSE/KITCHEN

Tony glides toward the BEEPING alarm panel and smashes it with the hammer. The beeping ceases and the alarm is rendered useless, shattered into a million pieces.

Now with the hard part over, Tony peruses Alice's and Derek's home. First thing, opens the fridge and grabs a beer.

LIVING ROOM

He stops at a life size cardboard cut out of Derek in a power pose, holding his book while two scantily clad woman cling to his leg at his foot. The book title is "MACKIN HARD AND LARGE"

Tony notices other books by Derek, near by: "MACKIN FOR IDIOTS", "MACKIN: THE ART OF THE ONE-NIGHT-STAND", "HOW TO GET MACKIN ON DEM HOES", "HOW TO GET MACKIN ON A BUDGET",

Tony sips from his beer, he flips through CD titles, DVDs, glances at various photos of Derek: Skydiving, skiing, book signing. Posed photos with various hot chicks. A posed photo with George St-Pierre. Not one photo of Alice.

Tony is not impressed, nor cares really.

INT. BEDROOM

Tony lies on one side of the bed, stares up at the ceiling.

He opens the closet door. Exercise, and sports equipment cram the space.

INT. EN-SUITE BATHROOM

Numerous hair products, skin lotions, colognes, manicure kit.

CABINET

Supplements, pills, Viagra. Clearly Derek's things.

Tony swipes the Viagra.

INT. BEDROOM

Tony rummages through drawers, he comes across a jewelry box. He jimmys it open, and finds rings, necklaces, an expensive woman's watch and an expensive man's watch.

Then, he finds a small necklace with a heart shaped silver locket. Tony opens it, inside it reads: "To Madison, with love. From Mom and Dad".

Tony closes it and puts it back, he takes the expensive man's watch but leaves everything else.

INT. EN-SUITE BATHROOM

Tony is on the can, takes a shit. A magazine on his lap, lined with coke, he sniffs a line. Then takes a pill from "Thursday's" compartment.

INT. FOYER/FRONT ENTRANCE

Derek and Alice storm in, luggage in hand.

DEREK

What the fuck was I suppose to do babe? You left me hard as a rock and out to dry. You know how I get, when I'm all pent up.

ALICE

It's our honeymoon!

DEREK

Exactly. I've never seen you so frigid. I was going to lose it. What was I suppose to do, force myself on you? You want that? Huh, you want me to rape you?

ALICE

Of course I don't want you to rape me. But It was our honeymoon for fuck sake. And she was barely legal. You promised you would stop. What am I suppose to think.

Derek tenses his fist, raising it, a threat of hitting her. He grits his teeth.

DEREK  
You're not suppose to think.  
Thinking is exactly what your  
problem is.

Derek goes to punch in the disarm code, when he notices the panel is smashed to bits.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
What the fuck?

A noise comes from up stairs.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
Stay put.

Derek grabs the first thing he can as a weapon, a golf club. He darts upstairs.

INT. BEDROOM

Derek enters, holding the club like a bat. He scans the room, taking every corner like there's going to be someone there.

DEREK  
(calls out)  
You picked the wrong fucking house  
you fuck!

Derek notices the window wide open. He lowers his club, disappointed he couldn't beat someone with it.

He then notices on the floor of the en-suite bathroom the magazine and white powder. He steps into --

INT. EN-SUITE BATHROOM

In the toilet is a big floating turd.

Derek in disgust.

DEREK  
What the fuck.

EXT. TONY'S HOUSE - DAY

A classic '64 black Mustang over shoots the drive way, screeches to a halt, backs up, parks in front of the house.

INT/EXT. '64 BLACK MUSTANG

MEGAN STOKE, 34, fit, athletic, tall and a looker, a body that's all woman, but carries herself like a man, checks a piece of paper in her hand, then to the house address--its a match.

She then kisses her two fingers and presses against a photo of her and another girl (ANGELA) that is pinned to her car visor. She then gets out.

EXT. TONY'S HOUSE

Megan approaches the front door, wearing a pair of aviator sunglasses, a leather shoulder bag and a poker face. She knocks on the door.

Waits...

Then knocks again.

The door opens, Annette, looks like she's been burning the midnight oil, coughs, then takes a drag of her cigarette.

ANNETTE

Yeah.

MEGAN

Morning ma'am. I'm here to see Tony Blake.

Annette takes another drag. Not budging from the doorway.

ANNETTE

He's upstairs.

MEGAN

Can I come in? I'm Megan Stoke, his parole officer.

Annette shrugs.

ANNETTE

Sure, suit yourself.

Annette moves from the door. She shuffles toward the living room as Megan steps inside.

INT. TONY'S HOUSE/HALL

Megan takes off her aviators to inspect the house.

Annette makes her way back to her lazyboy chair.

MEGAN  
You're Mrs. Blake. Tony's mother?

ANNETTE  
By title only.

Megan steps to the foot of the staircase.

MEGAN  
You said he's upstairs?

ANNETTE (O.S.)  
First door on the right.

Megan goes upstairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL

Megan leans close to the first door on the right, but just off to the side of it. She taps lightly.

MEGAN  
Tony. It's your parole officer,  
Megan Stoke.

Megan opens the door.

INT. TONY'S ROOM

Tony, awake and dressed, lies in his bed, reading the Bible. He greets Megan with a smile.

TONY  
Good morning.

Megan peeks about the room, keeping close to the door.

MEGAN  
Good morning, Tony.

Tony sits up.

TONY  
I didn't realize there were women  
P.O.s. Don't get me wrong, It's  
nice to have someone who looks like  
you as my P.O.--

MEGAN

Whoa. Before you continue that line of thought. I am your parole officer, so I wouldn't get any ideas about swinging that growth between you legs in my direction. Is that clear?

TONY

I didn't mean to offend. Prison has a way of making a guy appreciate the beauty of a woman.

Tony gets up.

Megan tense at Tony's sudden movement. Tony pauses, he moves slower. Megan relaxes a bit.

MEGAN

That's a nice thought, but I don't think it's appreciation they're feeling in prison.

TONY

Yeah, I guess you might be right about that. Would you like some coffee?

MEGAN

Sure. While we go over the ground rules.

INT. KITCHEN

Tony stares at the coffee maker.

Megan searches her bag, thumbing through numerous case files.

MEGAN

(muttering)

Seventy cases a month. Honestly I don't get how they expect us to be productive -- Ah there it is.

Megan withdraws a case folder, she looks over at Tony, who is trying to figure out the coffee machine.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Do you know how to use that?

Tony looks back at Megan, a sly grin kicks up.

TONY  
Actually no. I've never used one  
before.

Megan walks over. She pours water into the maker.

MEGAN  
Where's the coffee?

Tony yells into the living room.

TONY  
Ma... where's the coffee?!

ANNETTE (O.S.)  
(yells)  
In the cupboard above the fridge.

Megan checks the cupboard, grabs the can and scoops the coffee into the filter, and presses the button.

INT. KITCHEN (LATER)

Megan and Tony sit at the table, both with a cup of coffee. Megan, thumbs through a folder.

MEGAN  
I like to visit the residency on the first meeting. But in the future we can make arrangements to meet up elsewhere, somewhere more neutral. I may however drop by periodically unannounced just to see how you're doing. Now, I want you to know I'm more than just your parole officer. I want you to think of me as life adjustment coach as well. You were incarcerated as a boy, so you're going to find a little adjustment is needed. But you don't have to do it alone, that's why I'm here.

Megan hands Tony a business card.

MEGAN (CONT'D)  
If you are having a hard time, call me. Night or day, rain or shine. Okay?

TONY  
Yeah.

MEGAN  
Alright, do you have any questions?

TONY  
Are you married?

MEGAN  
No. Tony, we need to keep this strictly a profession interaction between us. That means my personal life is off limits. We are here because of you, and it's important we focus on you. And your re-entry into society. Is that clear?

TONY  
I'm trying to fit in.

MEGAN  
I know. So, we need to talk about finding you a job, and about your health condition.

Megan takes out from her shoulder bag as small brown baggie, she places it on the table. Tony looks at it.

TONY  
What's that?

MEGAN  
Condoms.

Tony drinks his coffee, with a tense quietness.

MEGAN (CONT'D)  
I don't think I need to tell you, being H.I.V positive, means any engagement in any sexual activity without the use of a condom, will result in a parol violation. Is that clear?

TONY  
Yes.

Megan looks to her file.

MEGAN  
Good. Now, I have a list of doctors and hospitals you will need to make an appointment with in order to continue with your medical treatment and check-ups.

Megan's voice drifts off, her words become inaudible as Tony sips his coffee and stares with tensivity.

EXT. TONY'S HOUSE - DAY (LATER)

Megan strides toward her car, when she passes Alice, who is sporting a pair of large sunglasses, carrying a box to the house next door.

They exchange glances. Megan smiles. Alice fumbles a bit and drops the box. Megan heads over to help pick up her things.

ALICE  
That's alright, I've got it. I'm  
just clumsy. No need to bother.

Megan bends down to help anyway, not giving Alice a choice.

MEGAN  
You live here?

Alice looks up at Megan. Then to her house.

ALICE  
Uh... oh... well this is my  
mother's house. I'm just visiting.

Megan notices a bruised eye peeking out from behind the sunglasses.

MEGAN  
Ouch, that looks like it hurt.

ALICE  
Huh?

MEGAN  
Your eye, that's a nasty bruise.

ALICE  
(nervous laugh)  
Oh, yeah it is. Like I said, I'm  
clumsy and accident prone I guess.  
I'm just unlucky that way.

Megan spots another set of bruises on her wrist. Then the wedding ring.

Alice, subconsciously pulls down her long sleeve shirt to cover the bruises.

MEGAN  
I'm Megan.

ALICE  
I'm Alice.  
(re: Tony's house)  
Do you know the Blakes?

MEGAN  
Only in an official manner.

ALICE  
Oh.

MEGAN  
Are you friendly with them? You  
know, neighborly?

ALICE  
Well, we grew up next-door to each  
other, but its been awhile.

MEGAN  
Do you know Tony Blake?

Alice shifts her sunglasses then takes out a cigarette.

ALICE  
(re: cigarette)  
Do you mind?

Megan gestures that it's okay. Alice lights. Sucks. And blows  
out smoke.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
(re: cigarette)  
Two years. This is my first pack in  
two years. That's gotta count for  
something, right?

MEGAN  
Of course it does.

Alice takes another drag.

ALICE  
He's home, isn't he?

MEGAN  
That's right.

INT. TONY'S HOUSE/BEDROOM

Tony watches the two women talk from his window. Megan places  
the last of the items in the box, then hands Alice a card.

Megan walks off to her car and Alice goes next door. Before Megan gets in her car, she steals one last glance at Alice. Then gets in and drives off.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

TANG, a nasty hooker, 40's, rides Tony reverse cowgirl style. Tony's grunts and groans along with the sound of flesh SLAPPING flesh, escalates until it crescendoes to a climax.

Tang, dismounts, revealing a spent and dishevelled Tony. His breath laboured. He zips up.

As Tang dresses, she feels her vagina, brings her hand up and spots semen on it.

TANG

You asshole. I thought you were wearing a condom.

TONY

Don't freak out, I don't have anything. And with your bleeding cunt. I doubt you'll have to worry about getting pregnant.

TANG

Just give me the rest of the doe.

Tony fishes out the jewelry he had stolen earlier, from his pockets. He tosses it on the bed toward Tang.

Tang looks at it, not digging it.

TANG (CONT'D)

What the fuck is this?

TONY

Jewelry.

TANG

What the fuck am I suppose to do with it? I ain't going to no opera.

TONY

Pawn it. I'm sure it's worth more than I owe you.

TANG

uh-uh. That ain't happing. Now give me what you owe me, in cash.

Tony begrudgingly takes-out a wad of cash and tosses the bills at her, they fall to the floor.

TONY  
Get the fuck out.

Tang picks up the money from the floor.

TONY (CONT'D)  
I paid you, now get the fuck out!

Tang swipes the last bill off the floor then goes to the door.

TANG  
You are a fucking rude person, you know. A real rude motha'-fucker.

She leaves, slamming the door.

Tony lights a cigarette, lies back and stares at the ceiling fan swaying as its propellers whirl around and around. Tony, blank, just stares at it.

INT. CHURCH (1999) - DAY

A PASTOR, 40's, preaches to his FLOCK in their pews, hanging on every word.

PASTOR  
Every one of you are sinners. Temptation is as common as the air we breathe, and we succumb to it every day, whether you may know it or not. Because we are born weak, we are all born sick with original sin. But there is good news, there is hope. There is salvation for every single one of you. Like a loving parent who teaches their children right from wrong, good from bad. God, Jesus will teach us the path to enlightenment, give us the wisdom and the truth for a holy, good life. He will guide us to salvation. Make us well and pure again. Give us our own keys to the heavenly kingdom.

The Pastor holds up his Bible.

PASTOR (CONT'D)

And it's within an arms reach for  
all of us, in plain English.

CONGRAGATION

Amen.

Tony, 14, is not interested in the words, nor salvation offered in the Bible. He sits next JEREMY, 13.

Tony picks his nose and shows Jeremy his snot. Jeremy scrunches up his face in disgust.

Tony then rolls it into a green ball, takes out a straw and puts it in, then using it like a blow dart.

It smacks the back of a BALD MAN, 50's. Who brushes the back of his head as a knee-jerk reaction.

The boys giggle. Annette snatches the straw from Tony, and shushes them. Jeremy's own mother, SUSAN, 37, gives the boys a glare. Jeremy looks straight ahead, ignoring Tony.

Tony looks around, still bored. He spots Alice, 11, in her Sunday dress. Her mother, Beth, stares straight ahead ignorant to her husband.

Alice's father, Michael, has his arm wrapped around Alice as he whispers into her ear, strokes her knee, then kisses her on the head. Alice is very still, and also just stares ahead.

EXT. CHURCH/PLAYGROUND - DAY (LATER)

KIDS of various ages clump together in their groups.

Tony spots Jeremy and goes up to him.

TONY

Hey. Wanna see something funny?

JEREMY

Nah, I ain't allowed to hang around  
you.

TONY

Why the fuck not?

JEREMY

'Cuz I ain't allowed.

Jeremy takes off and joins another group of kids. Jeremy talks to MADISON, 13, she wears a heart shaped necklace.

Tony then spots Alice alone on the swings. She holds one of her hair-clips in her hand, she digs the sharp edge into her thigh and drags it across her naked flesh, opening a cut.

Tony goes over to Jeremy and Madison, Tony grabs Madison's necklace and yanks it from around her neck.

MADISON

Ouch! Hey!

JEREMY

Whacha' doin' man?

TONY

(to the group)

If anyone tells on me. I'll hurt you real bad.

Madison starts balling. Tony walks to Alice.

Alice on the swing looks up at Tony, tears wet her cheeks. Alice covers her cut with her hand.

Tony takes her hand away from the cut. Blood leaks from it.

TONY (CONT'D)

Does it hurt?

Alice nods yes.

Tony, still holding Alice's hand, places the locket in it.

Alice looks at the locket. Astonished. The silver glints in the sunshine.

TONY (CONT'D)

It's yours now.

Alice looks up at Tony again, as Annette, and a MAN, 40's, come from behind him.

ANNETTE

Tony, give back the necklace right now!

MAN

I'm gonna have a word with you, you little shit.

The Man, grabs Tony by the shirt and yanks him back.

Alice hides the locket on her person.

Tony flares about, trying to break free of the Man's hold.

TONY  
Get the fuck off me!

Alice watches as Tony is dragged away, kicking and screaming.

EXT. ALICE'S HOME/BEDROOM - NIGHT

TONY'S P.O.V - THROUGH ALICE'S WINDOW

Alice's bedroom hasn't changed much since she was a child. She sits on her bed in her panties, her back to the window. A mirror on her vanity gives a good view of Alice's bruised face. Alice cuts into her thigh with a knife, she winces with every slice. Then she lifts her head and through the mirror's reflection she sees Tony, as if she knew he would be there -- they lock eyes.

INT. MEGAN'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM (PRESENT) - NIGHT

Megan enters her apartment, exhausted, she throws her shoulder bag to the ground; a bunch of the file folders slide out. Not caring, she plops onto her couch with a loud sigh.

After a moment of rest, she looks down at the folders.

INT. KITCHEN

Megan swings open the fridge, her cell phone to one ear. Megan grabs a beer, twists the cap off and takes a swig as the other end of line picks up.

MEGAN  
(into phone)  
Freddie Lange please.

As the other end of line transfers her call she heads back into --

INT. LIVING ROOM

Megan sits back down on the couch and opens Tony's case file.

REPORT

Typed out is a list of charges. "One account of break and entry. One account of voluntary manslaughter."

A mug shot of a fourteen year old Tony.

"Victim names: Michael Morrison Tate"

BACK TO SCENE

Someone picks up at the other end.

FREDDIE (V.O.)  
(filtered)  
Lange here.

MEGAN  
(into phone)  
Freddie it's Megan.

FREDDIE (V.O.)  
(a pleasant surprise)  
Meg, how are ya?

MEGAN  
Good, I'm doing good. Look, I've  
got a favor to ask. You got time  
for a beer after your shift?

FREDDIE (V.O.)  
Yeah, I probable could use a drink.  
What's the favour?

INT. LEXXX STRIP-CLUB - NIGHT

It's a dive bar with very little patrons, the dim neon lights barely hide the decades old, tacky decor.

Megan enters and instantly spots Freddie, 43, there's no mistaking that this guy is a cop, fist tip-off: his comb mustache. He's eyeing one of the dancers, Niki, 20's, a little chunky, but she uses her curves to her advantage.

As Megan passes one of the WAITRESS, 30's, she smiles at her.

STRIP CLUB WAITRESS  
Hey ya, Meg.

MEGAN  
A boiler.

STRIP CLUB WAITRESS  
You got it, Hon.

Freddie sees Megan, he scoots over a little around the round table so Megan can take a seat, which she does.

FREDDIE

Ya know, when you called. I thought you were finally saying yes to that date. Although I didn't have this in mind.

Freddie looks up at Niki grinding against a poll.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

I ain't complain'. It's just not the first place I would've picked.

MEGAN

(chuckles)

The day I say yes to your breed is the day my mother accepts Jesus was a Jew.

FREDDIE

(laughs)

Alright, alright. Fair enough.

Freddie looks at Niki, she calls to him with her seductive dance, he then becomes serious.

The Waitress swings by and drops off Megan's boiler maker, a beer mug and shot glass.

FREDDIE

You hear about Manny?

MEGAN

The prick took the coward's way out.

Megan drops the shot glass into her beer and drinks it.

FREDDIE

Hung himself just before his trial. Good thing too, I have feeling he was going to spread some nasty shit about you. Shit that could destroy your career.

Megan looks at Freddie a moment.

MEGAN

Career? He destroyed my life. I hope it took him a long time to die.

FREDDIE

Why do you still come here?

Megan eyes Niki.

MEGAN

I like the people here... did you run that name?

Knowing not to press further. Freddie pulls out his little black writing pad.

FREDDIE

Alice Tate... she's on record, but there's no charges or pending warrants out on her.

MEGAN

What's she in the system for?

FREDDIE

A couple of complaints on her long-term boyfriend Derek Cheder, for domestic abuse. But she retracted them not long after being released from the hospital.

MEGAN

He put her into the hospital?

FREDDIE

About six months ago. A small investigation was done on him regardless of the dropped charges, but he came up clean and denied the allegations. So it was dropped.

MEGAN

It was dropped?

FREDDIE

It was dropped.

MEGAN

What's his last known address?

FREDDIE

Should I be worried if I give it to you?

MEGAN

No. There's nothing to worry about.

Freddie pauses with concern.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

It's incase one of my parolees has a run in with this douchbag.

FREDDIE

Alright. I'll get if for ya.

Freddie downs the rest of his beer, then gets up.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

Thanks for the beer... oh, and if you're gonna use me like some tool. I've got a tool I'd prefer you to use.

Freddie smiles, which in turn makes Megan smile.

MEGAN

Sorry Freddie, your tool has no place in my box.

Freddie chuckles.

FREDDIE

I'll call ya.

MEGAN

Thanks.

FREDDIE

Any time kid.

Freddie pats Megan on the shoulder then leaves.

Megan turns to watch Niki dance, except Niki is no longer Niki, but is the visage of ANGELA, 24, an angel, delicate as a china doll. She smiles at Megan, and dances only for Megan.

The song ends, and so does the illusion. Niki is herself again. She leaves the stage, leaving Megan to drink alone.

INT. PENITENTIARY/CELL 211 (2003) - DAY (EARLY MORNING)

Bugger is asleep on his cot, his eyes flicker open to see a figure hovering over him. His eyes gain clarity and now can see it's Tony.

BUGGER

(surprised)

How the fuck did you get in here?

Tony jabs at Bugger's throat, then stomach and sides with short, teres thrusts.

'Til he's a good twenty stabs in, and his hand and his shank is covered in blood, he stops and steps back.

Bugger grips his throat with his hand, in a futile attempt to stop the bleeding, he looks at his cell door, it's wide open.

Tony turns his back to Bugger to clean his hands and weapon in the sink.

Bugger laughs a horrific gargled blood soaked laugh. Tony turns back to him.

BUGGER (CONT'D)

(gargled)

You've got the "Monster" in you sunshine... I gave it to you. I fucked you good.

TONY

I fucked you good.

Tony watches as the light goes out in Bugger's eyes and his body goes still.

INT. ALICE'S HOME/BED ROOM (PRESENT) - NIGHT

ALICE

Stares at Tony, a bit shocked.

Tony is not as expressive. They both sit on Alice's bed and gaze into each other's eyes.

ALICE

What does it feel like... to kill someone?

TONY

You have total control.

Alice turns away from Tony, her mind wonders.

Tony takes Alice's long and slender wrist and strokes his fingers gently over the deep purple bruises, then drags his index finger down the palm of her hand.

TONY (CONT'D)

Does it hurt?

ALICE

What?

TONY  
When he hits you.

Alice takes her wrist back.

ALICE  
At first... but then I go numb.

TONY  
Did you leave him?

ALICE  
He kicked me out.

There's a small silence between them.

Then Tony leans over to kiss Alice--

Alice draws back.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

TONY  
I want to kiss you.

ALICE  
Oh... I don't know Tony. I don't  
think it's a good idea.

Alice moves a little away from Tony.

Tony gets up from the bed.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
Where are you going?

TONY  
I'll be right back.

Tony leaves.

Alice, dejected, slides off the bed and kneels beside it, she brings her hands to prayer position and closes her eyes.

INT. BATHROOM

Tony closes the door. He takes from his pocket a prescription bottle, with Viagra inside. He pops one in his mouth. Then takes his other pills from the "SATURDAY" compartment, pops that in, then drinks from the tap.

He then pulls from his pocket a baggy of white powder.

INT. ALICE'S HOME/BEDROOM

Tony returns, Alice is lost in some kind of trans. Tony holds up the baggy of white powder.

TONY  
I've got a treat for us.

Alice snaps out of her world. Sees the baggy.

ALICE  
What's that?

Tony pours the powder into lines on a near by hard cover children's book.

TONY  
It's bliss. You'll like it.

ALICE  
If that's coke, I've never done coke before.

Tony smiles at her.

TONY  
Then you'll really like it.

Tony snorts a line with a rolled up bill.

Alice watches like an astute student to see how he does it.

ALICE  
Will it make me freak out?

TONY  
It'll make you feel fucking good.  
Try it.

Alice thinks on it, then takes the rolled up bill and brings it to the line and sniffs up the coke, a little sloppy in her executions.

Tony laughs, as Alice coughs. Then it sets in, the euphoria takes hold of Alice.

ALICE  
Whoah.

TONY  
Do another one.

Alice take another line, then flings back on her bed.

ALICE

Shit... that does feels kinda good.

Tony moves on top of her, he kisses her. Alice is not as resistant or bashful this time. She runs her hands through his hair. Their hearts are pounding.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Tony...

TONY

I need human contact.

They lick each other's mouths and flesh.

ALICE

Tony, I... I don't know if it's a good idea.

TONY

If I can't have you, I swear, I will destroy everything.

They explore each other's mouths and bodies. They strip each other clothes off. The foreplay approaches its apex when--

ALICE

Do you have a condom?

TONY

I've never been with another woman.

Alice rubs her noses from a persistent itch.

ALICE

Still. I want you to wear a condom. Please. I don't wanna ever get pregnant.

Tony thinks for a moment, then takes one out. Shows it to Alice, then proceeds to slip it on.

Alice feels real good, she takes another line of coke. She leans back on her bed, eyes rolled into her head. She licks her lips. Everything feels fucking good to her.

Tony enters her. She moans instantly with ecstasy.

They become the monster-with-two-backs, while on the floor lays Tony's unused condom.

EXT. ALICE'S HOME/STREET - DAY

Megan's 64' black Mustang idles on the other side of the street. In the driver seat: Megan.

INT. 64' BLACK MUSTANG

MEGAN'S P.O.V

Alice's house: all is quiet. The window shades are closed. A MAIL MAN drops off some mail.

BACK TO MEGAN

MEGAN

(to herself)

What the fuck am I doing. I'm a  
fucking idiot. A complete and utter  
idiot.

Megan adjusts her aviators, puts the Mustang in drive and takes off.

INT. DINER - DAY

Megan drinks a cup of coffee, as she gazes out the window.

Freddie enters, he spots Megan, the sun gives a soft and angelic glow on her otherwise stern looking face. Freddie heads over to the booth and sits. They both smile.

FREDDIE

You look better every time I see  
ya... or maybe I'm just gettin'  
more desperate.

MEGAN

Take it easy with the complements  
Freddie, you're gonna give me a  
complex.

They both laugh.

FREDDIE

Okay, okay. Seriously, you look  
good.

Megan doesn't take compliments well.

MEGAN

Thanks.

A WAITRESS drops by the table.

FREDDIE  
(to the waitress)  
Coffee, black. Please.

WAITRESS  
Sure thing.

She takes off.

Freddie hands Megan a manila envelope.

Megan takes out a folder from within the envelope.

FREDDIE  
So this Derek Cheder is some hack  
author, who writes books about how  
to score with the ladies.

Megan looks through some photos of Alice's bruises.

MEGAN  
Nice, reeeal nice.

FREDDIE  
That's about six months ago. I did  
a little more diggin' on the guy,  
and found he had a stalking  
compliant against him about five  
years ago, and a rape alligation  
just before he met Alice Tate --  
Which, if you can believe it, they  
just got married.

MEGAN  
I saw Alice's wedding ring.

FREDDIE  
He must be one silver tongued  
bastard--you saw her wedding ring?

MEGAN  
Yeah. So why hasn't he been  
charged?

FREDDIE  
Well, he's related to some pretty  
high up folk. And a lot of this is  
he-said-she-said. No one wants the  
stink on their hands.

MEGAN

They rather risk having blood on them. Have they seen these?

Megan holds up the photos. Detailed pictures of Alice's, swollen and bruised face. Not pretty pictures.

The waitress returns with the coffee, in time to catch the sight of the brutal photos, she puts down the coffee and scurries off.

Megan lowers the photos.

FREDDIE

Meg, do you really think you're ready to be doing this shit again?

Megan closes up the folder and puts it back in the envelope. She sips her coffee.

MEGAN

I'm fine.

FREDDIE

I've seen what Alice looks like under the bruises, she ain't a bad lookin' gal.

MEGAN

That's not what this is about.

FREDDIE

(incredulously)

Oh? Well I'm thinking it may not have much to do with your guy.

MEGAN

Why do I get the feeling you're judging me.

FREDDIE

I'm tryin' to look out for ya. It's my god-given right.

Megan gets up from the table.

MEGAN

Thanks for the info, but I've gotta run.

FREDDIE

Sure, no prob... Meg, you don't have to just call me when you want something... you can call me when you need something too.

Megan looks at Freddie apologetic.

MEGAN

I know. Thanks Freddie.

Freddie smiles, Megan leaves with the folder in hand.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX/APT 308 FRONT DOOR (RECENT PAST) - DAY

Megan, six-months earlier, knocks on the door in a pretty run-down, low rent apartment building.

There is no answer, she knocks obsessively.

MEGAN

(through the door)

Manny! I know you're in there.

MANNY PEREZ, 28, swings open the door --

MANNY

What the fuck!

He sees it's Megan, he's demeanor changes. He's shirtless, sweaty, shallow breath, as if he's just been exercising.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Ahhh, shit. Itz you.

MEGAN

Did I come at a bad time, Manny?

Manny forces a grin.

MANNY

Nah, it's always good to see my probe. You ain't so bad on the eyes you know, gives me a little somein' to think about when I'm rubbing one out.

MEGAN

Take it easy Manny.

MANNY

Ah, I'm juz fuckin' witcha. I know you likes da' ladies.

MEGAN

And how do you know that?

MANNY

I just know. I gotz my sources. I gotz common sense. No chick like you would fuck a guy.

Manny is giving no signs of inviting Megan in.

MEGAN

So you going let me in?

Manny cocks his head, then cocks it the other way, something is rattling in his noggin, all the while, keeping his grin.

Megan puts her hand on the door.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

I'd like to come inside, Manny.

Manny moves away from the door, giving Megan an opening.

MANNY

Shiiit, wherez my manners.

Megan steps inside.

INT. MANNY'S APARTMENT

As Manny closes the door, he spots Megan's gun, holster to her backside.

Megan peeks about the small, almost bare apartment. She spots a broken lamp on the floor, in the corner.

MEGAN

Where's Angela?

Manny moves to the kitchenette area of the small apartment. He takes hold of a bottle of whisky from the counter. There are a few empty whisky bottles about.

MANNY

She's around.

Megan turns toward Manny, he swigs from the bottle. Megan notices his bruised knuckles as they grip the bottle's neck.

MEGAN

You're not suppose to be drinking, Manny. You fall off the wagon?

Manny grins. He gives a little laugh.

MANNY

Shiiit, I guess I'm forgettn' all kindz of shit today. Itz jus been one of those days.

MEGAN

Where's Angela, Manny?

Manny takes another swig, his glazed over eyes gaze at her with contempt.

MANNY

Why you so interested in where Angela iz? You're here to see me, ain't 'cha?

Megan looks in the direction of the bedroom. She moves towards the door.

Manny follows, it doesn't take but a few steps in the small apartment before Manny is right behind her--

he shovers her against the wall--Megan's face smashes against the wall.

Manny grabs at her gun, but it's strapped in, he has a hard time pulling it out--

Megan, swings her elbow around and catches the side of Manny's face, knocking him backwards and on his ass.

Megan spins the rest of the way around, unsnapping her holster and pulls out her gun, aiming it on Manny.

MEGAN

Stay the fuck down!

Manny surrenders instantly, raising one hand up, as his other hand caress the side of his face.

Megan's nose is broken, blood flows from it, she ignores the injury. She gets her cuffs, her gun still on Manny.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

On your stomach, now!

Manny rolls over onto his stomach. Megan's muzzle jabs into the back of Manny's head, as her knee jabs between his shoulder blades.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Hands on your head!

Manny puts both his hands on his head. Megan snaps one end of the cuffs around his wrist, and brings the hand behind his back securing it under her knee. Her blood drips all over the back of Manny, as she then grabs the other hand, brings it around back and fastens it to the cuffs.

She gets up and yanks Manny to his feet, he winces.

MEGAN (CONT'D)  
Shut up you fucking baby.

MANNY  
Fuck you bitch!

Megan still with her gun on him, interlocks her arm around Manny's cuffed arm, so that he's doubled over, she walks him to the --

BED ROOM

ANGELA

Lies half off the bed, naked and dead. Her face beaten and bloody, a few teeth missing from being knocked out, her eye swollen half shut, nose broken, bruises on her neck from strangulation. She is as still as a picture.

MANNY (CONT'D)  
There she iz.

Megan is stunned, she stares at Angela a long moment, she can't turn away.

MANNY (CONT'D)  
She brought it on herself, the bitch.

Megan knees Manny in the head, hard, he crashes to the floor.

MANNY (CONT'D)  
Ahh, that hurt, you fucking bitch!

Manny in pain, adjusts himself into a more comfortable position.

MANNY (CONT'D)  
I gotz the feeling you didn't come here to see me, did ya?

Megan looks at Manny, he spreads a bloody grin.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. 64' BLACK MUSTANG (PRESENT) - DAY

Megan flips through the folder Freddie had given her. Photos of Alice, taken at the time she was in the hospital, six months earlier. Her eye swollen half-shut in one picture.

Megan closes the folder.

She then takes down the picture from her car visor.

PHOTO

Angela and Megan, share an ice-cream cone. It's a sunny day, Megan is in her aviators, both of them are happy, it's a "kodak moment"

BACK TO SCENE

Megan looks up from the photo to something outside.

MEGAN'S P.O.V - STREET

Derek exits a dry-cleaners with a suit in a clear plastic bag. He gets into his Porsche and takes off.

BACK TO SCENE

Megan follows.

EXT. STREET - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Megan's Mustang keeps a good distance as she follows Derek.

INT. 64' BLACK MUSTANG

MEGAN'S P.O.V - STREET

Derek pulls into a plaza, Megan follows. Derek parks, Megan parks not too far off. Derek gets out, gets his suit and enters "DUDLEY'S BAR"

BACK TO SCENE

Megan stares at the bar a moment, then turns off her ignition.

INT. DUDLEY'S BAR - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Megan walks in, the place is empty, being that it's still morning. She looks about for Derek, he's nowhere in sight.

She spots a poster with Derek's picture on it. "Author of Mackin' Large and Hard. Signing tonight, starts at six"

TED DUDLEY, 36, comes out from the back.

TED  
Hey, we ain't open 'til eleven.

Megan doesn't say anything, she just waves with acknowledgment and leaves.

INT. PENITENTIARY/VISITORS CENTER (RECENT PAST) - DAY

Tony, in his prison garb, is lead into the visitors room. Alice sits at a table, she wears sunglasses in a feeble attempt to conceal her battered face.

As Tony approaches the table Alice gets up and hugs him. After a moment, they sit.

ALICE  
How are you?

Tony takes Alice's sunglasses off, her eye is swollen half-shut. He gives the glasses back.

TONY  
Better than you.

Alice puts her sunglasses back on.

ALICE  
It was an accident. A fight that got a little heated is all.

TONY  
Does it hurt?

ALICE  
It's a little sore--but we patched things up.

Alice holds out her hand. She smiles.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
We're getting married.

Tony leans close to Alice.

TONY  
(hushed)  
I can make him hurt.

Alice shifts uncomfortably.

ALICE  
No, Tony. I love him.

Tony leans back.

Alice takes out a package wrapped in plain brown paper. She places it on the table, the paper has been opened.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
Your mother wanted me to give this to you. I added something to it.

TONY  
I'll put it with the others.

ALICE  
She's convince you just throw them away.

TONY  
I wipe my ass with the pages.

This lightens the mood, they both smile.

ALICE  
At least she's here in spirit.

TONY  
Yeah, I suppose.

ALICE  
I miss you.

TONY  
Why? What is it that you miss about me?

Alice is at a lost for an answer, she adjusts her glasses.

ALICE  
I just... I miss you.

TONY  
I have a good chance of getting parole in a few months.

Alice's face lighten's with joy.

ALICE  
My god, that's amazing, how?

TONY

Something to do with sentencing kids to life without parole being a cruel punishment or something. Either way I'll be eligible for parole soon enough.

ALICE

Tony, that's great. I'm excited. That's wonderful news. Will you come to my wedding, if you're out in time? It's in about six months.

Not the first thing Tony wants to do when he gets out

TONY

Why would you marry him?

ALICE

I love him. That's why.

TONY

Do you get off on the pain?

That stings Alice, she looks off.

TONY (CONT'D)

Tony, please.

TONY (CONT'D)

Do you like it when he forces himself on you?

Tony grabs Alice's wrist.

TONY (CONT'D)

(with venom)

You like being his girl? Daddy's little girl.

Alice tries to remove her wrist from Tony's grip, but can't. She's in pain, physically and emotionally

ALICE

Tony... please, you're hurting me.

A guard peers over at the two of them.

Tony lets go. Alice rubs her wrist.

ALICE (CONT'D)

I think I should be going.

Alice stands up. Tony doesn't say anything else, he just keeps his eyes on her. Alice can't seem to do the same.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
I'll pray for your release.

Alice goes to the door, the guard lets her out.

Tony grabs the book, he opens the wrapping. It's the Bible. He flips it open to where a photo of Alice is stuck between the pages. It's a photo-booth strip: all three pictures are of Alice smiling.

INT. PENITENTIARY/TONY'S CELL - DAY (LATER)

Tony returns to find Manny sitting on the bottom bunk.

Correctional Officer Jeff, is Tony escort back to his cell.

C.O. JEEF  
You got a new celly Tony. You two play nice.

C.O. Jeff leaves.

Tony places the Bible on top of a stack of many other copies. He studies Manny. Manny just grins.

MANNY  
Why you gots so many Bibles? You a cell to cell Bible salesman?

Manny snickers.

Tony doesn't answer.

MANNY (CONT'D)  
You know how to talk? Or you one of 'em idiots.

TONY  
You're sitting on my bed.

Manny looks at the cot he's sitting on.

MANNY  
Oh. Dis your bed? I thought maybe since I'm the bigger man, it would be, ah, logical, if I took the lower bunk. Don't that make logical sense to you?

Tony sits down on a chair, he watches Manny. Manny smirks, he lies down on the bed relaxed.

MANNY (CONT'D)

You seem like the kinda guy who'd ask, "what would Jesus do?". I like that. Dat's good.

INT. MEGAN'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM (RECENT PAST) - NIGHT

Angela and Megan make-out on the couch.

Deep, their tongues explore the bowels of their mouths.

Megan whisks her top off, now in her bra, she goes for Angela's jeans, unbuttoning them, then goes for her top, Angela shuts Megan's undressing attempt down.

Megan pulls away.

MEGAN

What's wrong? Why so shy all of sudden.

ANGELA

Can't we just kiss?

Megan smiles.

MEGAN

Yeah, but I want to kiss more than just your lips.

Megan forces up Angela's top, and her grin is wiped clean off as she sees the bruises on Angela's abdomen.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

What the fuck are these?

Angela brings her shirt back down.

ANGELA

I took a spill at the club, on the damn poll.

MEGAN

That's bull shit!

Megan gets up from the couch.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

That mother fucker--I'm going to put him away for good. That mother fucker!

Angela hops up in panic.

ANGELA

No, baby, please don't say anything. Please! Just forget about it. It doesn't hurt that bad.

Megan can't understand what she's hearing.

MEGAN

Angela...

ANGELA

I don't want him to find out about us... not yet. Please Baby, Please just let it go. This once. For me.

Angela pecks kisses on Megan's cheek.

Megan looks into Angela's eyes, fear stares back. Megan is at a lost.

MEGAN

I can put him away, he won't be able to hurt you again.

Angela nuzzles close to Megan, their noses touch.

Megan pulls away and goes for her gun and badge.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

I can't let this slide.

Angela bites her thumb. She became frantic.

ANGELA

I knew I shouldn't have come over. I knew it. This is a big fucking mistake. A real big fucking mistake!

Angela puts on her boots.

Megan pauses.

MEGAN

Babe, what are you talking about? Where are you going?

ANGELA

I'm going home. I've gotta warn Manny.

MEGAN

Why the fuck would you do that? He won't ever lay his fucking hands on you again. We could finally be together without all this bullshit--

ANGELA

That would be real convenient for you, wouldn't it! You don't think he can't hurt me from prison?

Megan can see Angela means it. She's almost out the door. Megan puts down her gun, and intercepts Angela, wrapping her arms around her.

Angela is shaking, tears streaming.

MEGAN

Alright. Alright, I'm not going. Please, just stay here. Please.

Megan strokes Angela's hair. Angela calms herself, resting her head on Megan's shoulder.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

I love you.

Megan kisses Angela's lips, slow, gentle, affectionate.

ANGELA

I'm sorry.

MEGAN

It's okay. It's okay baby.

The two sway by the doorway, their foreheads together, their eyes exploring the depths of each others soul.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY (PRESENT)

Alice, looks over a tomb stone. The name "Michael Matthew Tate" is chiseled on it. There are some flowers on the grave. Alice, picks them up and tosses them aside.

Megan approaches her from behind.

MEGAN

Hey.

Alice turns, surprised to see Megan.

ALICE  
Hi.

Alice then places Megan.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
Your...

MEGAN  
Megan. We met at your house.

ALICE  
My mother's house. You're Tony's  
parole officer.

MEGAN  
That's right...

A moment of awkwardness slips between them.

MEGAN (CONT'D)  
(re: the grave)  
Your father?

Alice takes out a cigarette.

ALICE  
He never liked flowers. He was  
allergic. Yet my mother still...

Alice lights the smoke and takes a drag.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
Why are you here?

MEGAN  
I have a friend, not too far that  
way. I was paying my respects when  
I saw you.

ALICE  
Oh...

Megan becomes flush.

MEGAN  
I'm sorry. This might sound weird.  
But I couldn't help... but, the  
thing about your bruises.

This make Alice instantly uncomfortable and self-conscious of  
her appearance.

ALICE  
They're nothing really.

MEGAN  
No. I'm sorry--It's just I've seen those types of bruises before and I want... to help you.

ALICE  
It's not what you think. I'm fine. I don't need help. I've gotta go.

Alice politely moves away from Megan. Megan follows suit.

MEGAN  
I've dealt with these types of situations. You don't need to be afraid, or ashamed.

ALICE  
I appreciate the concern, but you've got the wrong idea. I've got to go.

Megan reaches out and grabs Alice's arm.

MEGAN  
He's going to kill you someday.

Alice freezes, she looks at Megan. A complete stranger is trampling mud all over her clean white carpets. How dare she.

ALICE  
Who the fuck are you?

Alice then eyes Megan's grip on her arm.

Megan, realizing her boundaries, lets go. Alice walks off.

Megan, helpless, just watches as Alice walks off.

INT. DUDLEY'S BAR - NIGHT

Derek sits at a table, a pile of his books next to him. A modest line-up of guys waiting for a signature.

A POOR BASTARD is at the table getting his book signed.

POOR BASTARD  
So uhmm, what would you say is the easiest technique to use on a girl?

Derek looks up at the dumpy looking Poor Bastard.

DEREK  
I'd say, it's to say... "hello" to  
her.

Poor Bastard not totally thrilled with the answer.

POOR BASTARD

Oh.

Derek hands him the book.

DEREK  
(re: book)  
You can pay at the bar.

Poor Bastard timidly walks off. The next guy walks up.

From the back, Megan sits at a booth and watches the sorry group of guys waiting for their "sage" advice on how to score. But she particularly eyes Derek.

The BAR WAITRESS drops by the table and leaves a draft and a shot. Then takes off. Megan drops the shot glass in the draft and drinks it, not taking her eyes off Derek.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER

Derek talks to Ted, who is behind the Bar.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
It's a wife's duty to her husband  
to put-out when he wants it. Am I  
right...

Ted shrugs, as he gives Derek a full glass of beer.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
(as he sips)  
It's right there in the "good book"  
all in black and white. Well,  
she'll learn. She'll learn.

TED  
I didn't know you were religious.

DEREK  
I'm not. But she is.

TED  
Where's she at now?

DEREK  
At her mother's.

A grin pulls up on his face.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
She fucking hates it there.

Derek spots Poor Bastard readying himself to approach a very ATTRACTIVE WOMAN (Libby), mid 20s, she's busy with her smart phone at the other end of the bar.

Poor Bastard buzzes near her, wiping his hand compulsively on his pants, to rid it of sweat, his other hand grips Derek's book for dear life.

Derek nudges Ted to the scene about to unfold.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
Check this shit out.

Poor Bastard finally gets the nerve, he takes a few steps-- stops, goes back and puts down the book at his table, then proceeds to greet Libby, who is blind to his existence.

POOR BASTARD  
Ahhh... Hi. Hello.

Libby looks askance at Poor Bastard.

POOR BASTARD (CONT'D)  
Hello, my name is--

LIBBY  
No. Nah-huh. I don't think so.

Poor Bastard didn't have a chance in the world. He gulps, spins around and heads back to his table.

Libby goes back to her drink and smart phone.

Derek laughs. Ted snickers, but more to follow along.

DEREK  
That poor bastard is gonna make me look like a fucking prince.

Derek gets up and walks over to Libby.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
He was only trying out what he read in one of my books.

Libby, glances at Derek, this time not with as much disgust, but with wary.

LIBBY  
One of your books?

DEREK  
That's right.

Derek points to his cardboard cut-out of himself, holding his "Mackin' Hard and Large" book.

LIBBY  
What are you some kind of professional pick-up artist?

DEREK  
I'm more of a pick-up guru. A best seller too. My Porsche can testify to that.

LIBBY  
Well, I don't think your books work very well.

Derek snickers.

DEREK  
Well his technique and execution needs a little work, but the principles are solid.

Libby sucks dry the rest of her drink.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
Can I buy you another?

LIBBY  
You're more than welcome to buy, but it doesn't mean I'll drink it.

DEREK  
That's fair. So what are you having?

LIBBY  
Rum and coke.

Her smart phone "DINGS". She looks at a text.

Derek gestures to Ted for the rum and coke, then turns back to Libby, looking not to pleased at what she's reading.

DEREK  
You meeting someone?

She turns off the screen.

LIBBY  
A friend, but she won't be here for  
another twenty minutes.

Derek grins.

DEREK  
You know what I think?

LIBBY  
What?

DEREK  
I think I'm one god-damn lucky man.

LIBBY  
Oh, is that so?

Ted places the rum and coke next to Libby and takes her empty glass. Libby doesn't touch the drink.

DEREK  
That is so. I've just got twenty  
minutes to get to know one of the  
most beautiful, smart and very  
intriguing woman I've had the  
pleasure buying an adult beverage  
for. Call it fate, call it  
serendipity, call it kismet. I call  
it being god-damn lucky.

LIBBY  
Don't mind if I call it being a  
little cheesy.

Derek laughs.

DEREK  
Not at all. I would probably say  
the same thing, except it doesn't  
seem that way to me, 'cuz I'm  
really feeling something here. And  
I'm not ashamed to admit it.

Derek gently brushes his finger against Libby's arm.

The eye contact can burn a hole right to their souls.

Libby smiles, then she moves her arm from Derek's hand and takes the rum and coke, and takes a sip.

MEGAN

Still in the back booth, finishes another pint, places it with a few other empty glasses. She holds onto the picture of her and Angela.

INT. DUDLEY'S BAR/WOMAN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

Derek and Libby stumble into the bathroom. They're on each other like rabid horn-dogs. They smash into a stall.

Derek spins her around, yanks up her mini-skirt, pulls down her panties, she braces herself against the wall, he then undoes his pants and jams his penis inside her.

He thrusts in-and-out, his pelvis SLAPPING her ass. They both moan ferociously.

Derek reaches around her top and groups at her breast, while his other hand grips onto a good amount of her hair, yanking her head back. He's not gentle about any of it, and she's not minding, in fact it's turning her on.

DEREK

You like it rough?

LIBBY

Huh-huh.

He slaps her ass with his hand--

The stall door is yanked open: Megan has her gun drawn, she jabs the muzzle into the back of Derek's head.

MEGAN

Take your dick out of her now.

Derek turns around not realizing what is poking the back of his head, then he sees it: the barrel in his face.

DEREK

Oh fuck!

He pulls out and pushes Libby out of his way and moves to the back of stall to get away from the gun. They both are stunned, then fear sets in.

Megan motions for Libby to leave.

MEGAN

Go. Leave.

Megan reveals her badge to her.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

I'm a cop.

Libby pulls up her panties and eases around Megan. Once past, she darts for the door.

Now it's just Megan and Derek.

Megan, gun on Derek, sways slightly, her eyes glazed over.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

You like to beat on woman. You like it rough?

Megan moves forward, gun straight at Derek's head. Derek cowers, he slides down on the toilet seat, his pants around his ankles.

DEREK

(scared)

I don't know what you're talking about. You got the wrong guy. You got the wrong fucking guy!

Megan jams the gun into Derek's lap, between his legs.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Oh fuck!

MEGAN

Shut up! I know exactly who you are... Derek... Cheder. And I know what you've done. If you ever... ever lay a hand on a woman again. I will blow your fucking dick off and let you bleed to death.

DEREK

You've got the wrong--

Megan pushes the gun harder against his crouch. Derek shuts up, and nods yes.

Megan's eye's are intense and locked on Derek. She sways a bit. Her finger slowly squeezes on the trigger, she just might squeeze it all the way, blowing his cock to a fleshy mess--

Then the sound of PEEING snaps her out of the thought.



A MOTH

Flutters its wings under a florescent lights.

Megan is mesmerized by it's persistence.

Freddie enters the garage from the main house, a cup of coffee in his hand. He hands it to Megan.

Megan takes it. Her head throbs.

MEGAN

Thanks.

FREDDIE

Sure... sorry we've got to hang out here. Marnie's entertaining some family from outta town.

MEGAN

That's okay.

Freddie pulls up a chair.

FREDDIE

So you pulled a gun on the son-of-a-bitch.

MEGAN

Yeah. Threaten to shoot his dick off.

Freddie slaps his knee and chuckles.

FREDDIE

One bang he wouldn't forget.

Megan cocks a smirk.

MEGAN

It ain't so funny, Freddie. I could get in some serious shit here.

FREDDIE

He ain't going to tell anyone.

MEGAN

How do you know?

FREDDIE

Because he's got too big of an ego. You think he's gonna spread around that some woman--no offense--emasculated him. He won't tell anyone.

Freddie slaps Megan's knee, then gets up from the chair.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

What is it about that Alice girl, that's got you playing avenger, anyway?

Megan massages her temples with one hand.

Freddie goes fishing in near by freezer.

MEGAN

I don't know... I don't know.

He pulls out two popcicles.

FREDDIE

Well its somethin', cuz you're running around half-cocked and ready to castrate fuckers with your daddy's colt '45.

He offers one of the popcicles to Megan, she refuses it. She sips her coffee, and after a moment of thought.

MEGAN

He knew.

FREDDIE

Huh? Who knew, what?

MEGAN

Manny. He knew... he knew about us.

FREDDIE

The fucker would have found any reason to beat her to death. It could've been over burnt toast.

Megan looks up at Freddie.

MEGAN

But it wasn't over burnt toast.

FREDDIE

Meg, don't do this to yourself, not again.

Megan gets up.

MEGAN  
I should have done something. I  
could have done something.

Megan walks to the garage door.

FREDDIE  
What could you have done? What  
should've you done?

Megan stops at the threshold of the interior/exterior of the garage.

FLASH

Angela's dead face, pale as a ghost, eyes rolled up in her head, one eye swollen half shut, mouth agape with her front teeth smashed in, blood crusted from her nose, strangle marks on her neck.

BACK TO SCENE

MEGAN  
(her back to Freddie)  
I should've killed him.

Megan doesn't look back.

FREDDIE  
Well you didn't, kid. And trust me,  
you would be in a even darker place  
if you had.

Megan walks off.

Freddie calls out after her.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)  
Where ya going? You should just  
stay here tonight, sleep it off.

Megan continues to her car.

MEGAN  
That's okay, Freddie. I think I'll  
just drive it off.

EXT. GARAGE/DRIVEWAY

She hops in her car and guns it.

From across the street, is another car, in the car is Tony. Quietly watching.

TONY'S P.O.V

Freddie, with nothing else to do goes back inside, hitting the automatic garage door open/close button.

INT. PENITENTIARY/LIBRARY (RECENT PAST) - DAY

Tony is busy in his duties, placing books on a shelf.

C.O. Jeff peers between the aisles at Tony. Tony ignores him.

C.O. JEEF

You got a visitor, Tony.

Tony gives Jeff his attention. Jeff gestures Tony to follow.

C.O. JEEF (CONT'D)

C'mon.

INT. PENITENTIARY/ROOM

Jeff leads Tony into a small quiet and very private room. There are only two chairs and a table. He sits. Jeff leaves.

Moments later, Freddie enters, closing the door behind him. He sits at the table across from Tony. For a moment the two men size each other up.

FREDDIE

From what I understand, you're eligible for parole, in a few months.

Tony says nothing. Freddie continues.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

I'll be one of the people deciding your fate.

TONY

Okay... what can I do for you?

Freddie leans back in his chair.

FREDDIE

Your cellmate. Manny Perez. Do you know what he's in for?

TONY

No.

FREDDIE

He was originally in for drug charges, being a low life neighbourhood thug slash drug dealer. He made parole. While out, he decided to beat his beautiful girlfriend to death. Then fuck her corpse.

Tony doesn't flinch. Freddie's not surprised at Tony's stone expression.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

That shit don't bother you, does it? A guy beatin' his girlfriend to death, then fuckin' her corpse.

TONY

I didn't say that.

FREDDIE

Well some might think that. The counseling you received when you were first incarcerated, pointed to signs of sociopathic tendencies. I guess that makes you a psychopath.

TONY

Those results were not definitive... and he was chomo.

Freddie studies Tony a bit more closely.

FREDDIE

Well, regardless, that word, 'psychopath', doesn't usually go over well at a parole hearing. But I don't think there's a need for it to come up as long --

TONY

I already asked. What can I do for you?

Tony's tone rattles Freddie's nerves a moment. This gives Freddie pause in what he's about to ask. But then...

FREDDIE

I want you to get rid of your cellmate. And of course you can't be linked to it.

(MORE)

FREDDIE (CONT'D)  
 Jeff will help you out. Is that  
 something you can handle?

Tony nods yes.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)  
 Do you need to know why I'm askin'?

This question is more of an attempt to justify Freddie's own actions, than for Tony's sake. And Tony knows it.

TONY  
 No.

Freddie nods in agreement, and gets up. On his way out.

FREDDIE  
 And we don't see each other again,  
 after your parole.

Freddie leaves. Tony sits and thinks.

INT. PENITENTIARY/TONY'S CELL (RECENT PAST) - NIGHT

Manny is sound asleep in the lower bunk... then he wakes up to see what looks like someone watching him from the chair at the desk in the dark, but it's too hard to tell.

MANNY  
 Tony?

The shape moves.

TONY  
 (calm)  
 Yes.

MANNY  
 What the fuck you doin' bro?

TONY  
 Just thinking.

MANNY  
 Well you're thinking like a creep.  
 Can you think outta my line of  
 sight.

Tony moves to his top bunk bed. Manny stares at the mattress above him.

MANNY (CONT'D)  
 You're a weird dude, Tony.

TONY (O.S.)  
 Did you think we were all normal  
 people in here, Manny?

Manny sees Tony's point, he shifts, trying to find a comfortable position to sleep again, but can't.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. TONY'S HOUSE/BEDROOM (1999) - DAY (DUSK)

It's a normal looking room that belongs to a boy. Posters of various bands. "NIN", "NIRVANNA", "SMASHING PUMPKINS", the room is tidy, well organized.

Young Tony is at his desk on a computer, when, from outside, the sound of a car door SLAMS shut, then DRIVES off. He walks to the window and peers out.

The window outlooks onto the front yard, its view shows the orange skies in the distance as the sun sets. Alice's mother drives off in her car.

INT/EXT. ALICE'S HOME/BEDROOM

Tony finds his usual peeping spot and peers into the window.

Tony's P.O.V - Alice's bedroom.

Alice's father is hunched over Alice on her bed, he is pumping his pathetic penis inside of her. Alice is barely visible under the mass of fatty, sweaty, repulsive flesh that eclipses her. Only her bare legs and hands wrapped around her father's neck are visible.

In one of her hands, she clutches onto the silver heart-shaped necklace.

Alice's father, with shallow breath, whispers in Alice's ear.

ALICE'S FATHER/MICHAEL  
 (panting)  
 Daddy loves you. Daddy loves you so much... tell me you love me... come on, tell me you love me. Tell me.

Michael thrusts furiously as he presses his body on Alice.

MICHAEL  
 Tell me.

Alice with almost the faintest of volume.

ALICE  
I...love...you.

Michael grunts to a climax inside Alice. Then rolls off her.

Alice, on her back, covers herself instantly, she spots Tony at the window. Their eyes meet, neither move or flinch, they just stare at each other, accepting of the situation.

Michael strokes Alice's hair, he whispers in her ear.

MICHAEL  
I love you. You're my sweetest  
little honey bee. You're my sweet  
little baby girl. Forever and ever  
and ever.

Alice rolls over, curling herself up into a ball, facing away from her father. Michael continues to run his fingers through Alice's hair.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
My little girl forever.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

Alice sways back and forth on a swing. She has a knife in her hand, she makes small shallow cuts into her leg.

Tony comes up to her. Alice is not afraid to hide her self-inflicted wounds. Tony sits on the swing next to her. They both sway in silence... Then.

TONY  
Does it hurt when he--

ALICE  
Yes. Yes it hurts real bad.

Alice goes to make another slice in her leg--Tony takes the knife from her hand. Alice looks at him.

TONY  
Hold out your hand.

Alice pauses a moment, then holds it out, palm up.

Tony takes the knife and makes a incision in her palm. Alice winces, but handles the pain well.

Then Tony makes an incision in his own palm. Alice and Tony then press their palms together, making sure the wounds touch, the blood mixes. They keep their hands pressed together.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Now we're bonded to each other.

INT. ALICE'S HOME/BED ROOM (PRESENT) - NIGHT

Alice wakes up from a nap on her bed. She's not sure what time it is. She looks at the Clock: "9:30PM". She accidentally knocks her pillow on the ground. She reaches over to pick it up when she spots--

THE UN-USED CONDOM.

She picks it up and studies it, her head a bit foggy, she's perplexed by the condom. Then --

CUPBOARDS SHUTTING from the kitchen gets Alice's attention. She leaves her room to investigate.

INT. ALICE'S HOME/HALL

Alice makes her way through the hall towards the kitchen.

ALICE  
Mom?

Alice rounds the corner into the --

INT. KITCHEN

Derek is pouring himself a drink of liquor. He sees Alice.

ALICE  
Derek.

Derek fills the glass 'til the bottle is empty.

DEREK  
Why does your mother bother hiding the liquor? It's not like anyone cares that she's drinking herself to death.

ALICE  
I care.

Derek downs the drink. He wipes his mouth. He's seems on edge.

DEREK

Oh. Well I stand corrected. Yet again. Maybe it's just me no one cares about.

Alice can feel his tension. A mood she knows too well.

ALICE

I'm happy to see you.

DEREK

Happy? You're happy to see me?

ALICE

Yes.

DEREK

That's good. That makes me happy. Alice, do you love me?

ALICE

Yes of course.

Derek strides toward Alice.

DEREK

No I mean, do you really love me?

Alice looks up into Derek's eyes. She worried where this line of questioning is heading. But she answers anyway.

ALICE

Yes. I do... I love you.

Alice puts her arms around Derek, she kisses him on the lips, but Derek is still as a cold statue. Alice holds him anyway.

Derek then grips the back of Alice's head with one hand and with the other he places it on her shoulder. He applies pressure, forcing her downward.

Alice's instinct is to resist but she gives in. She is pushed onto her knees, staring eye to crotch. Derek then unzips.

Alice looks up at Derek, her head shakes.

ALICE (CONT'D)

I can't, not now. Not here.

Derek knees Alice in the face, she snaps backwards and onto her back. Blood spurts from her nose.

DEREK  
You've got to be fucking with me!  
Are you fucking with me?

Alice groans, dazed, she rolls on the floor.

Derek stands over her, he places his foot on her throat,  
Alice gargles as she gasps for air.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
We haven't even consummated our  
fucking marriage. Oh nooo, you were  
to fucking busy crying and bitching  
and whining. You say you love me.

Derek removes his foot, then spits in her bloody face.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
I'll believe that, the day you  
actually do something worthy of my  
love.

Alice's crawls her way to the couch, propping herself to sit  
up right.

ALICE  
(catching her breath)  
I'm sorry babe.

Derek walks back and forth.

DEREK  
I thought I knew all your friends,  
honey. But I guess you've been  
holding out, keeping one of them a  
secret. Telling her all sorts of  
shit about me. Huh, I bet you've  
been talking all kinds of shit  
about me. Your own husband. Who you  
apparently love.

Alice shakes her head no, using her shirt to plug her nose.

ALICE  
No... baby. I haven't.

Derek rushes to her and back hands her. Then grips her by the  
hair and shakes her head.

DEREK  
Don't fucking bother. Don't bother  
talking.

Derek clamps her cheeks with his hand and squeezes.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
 Don't open that fucking mouth of  
 yours.

Alice wells up with tears. Her nose bleeds on Derek's hand.

Derek stares at her, thinking what to do with her. He then starts feeling her tit, messaging it. Alice squirms, she weeps. Derek disgusted with her, shoves her to the floor.

He gets up and kicks her in stomach. Alice curls into a ball.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
 Cry, cry, cry, that's all you ever  
 do. I'm sick of it.

Derek places his knee on Alice's back, grabs her arm and twists it around her back, she screams in pain. Derek forces Alice onto her stomach.

Derek pulls down her pants and panties, then undoes his own pants. He mounts her from behind. Twisting her arm, and shoving her face to the floor. He begins fucking her.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
 You... are... my... wife. And...  
 you... will... act... like... one.

Derek violently rapes Alice.

From the living room window. A cigarette's cherry glows bright red, as Tony inhales it. He watches from just outside. Watches with indifference as Derek rapes Alice.

INT. ALICE'S HOME/BATHROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

Alice soaks in a hot bath, her knees against her chest. A cigarette in one hand. Her face bruised and swollen. With a washcloth, she dabs at her injuries.

DEREK (O.S.)  
 (through the bathroom  
 door)  
 Babe... I'm really sorry, Babe.

Alice is silent, she continues to gently clean herself. Then grabs hold of a pair of large scissors, she proceeds to make a small cut on her arm with its blade. She winces.

DEREK (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 I love you babe. I just lost my  
 head. I was very angry.  
 (MORE)

DEREK (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I know I shouldn't have... done,  
what I did. I think I might have  
some issues...

Alice soaks up water with the cloth, rings it out over her  
fresh wound, the blood washes away.

DEREK (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I think I might need help...  
babe... you hear me?

Alice submerges herself under the water.

BATHROOM DOOR

Derek leans against the door frame, he talks to the door.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
I was assaulted too. I know what it  
feels like. I'm really sorry babe.  
I love you more than anything.

A SPLASH of water is heard through the door.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
I don't know how I can hurt you  
like I did. I really don't know why  
I do that. I can't live without you  
babe.

The door opens, Alice has a towel wrapped around her. With a  
blank expression she looks at Derek in silence.

Derek places his hands on Alice's shoulders.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
I love you, Babe.

INT. ALICE'S HOME/BEDROOM - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

Alice in fresh clothes, limps her way to the bed. Derek is on  
the other side. Alice crawls in, curls up into a fetal  
position, facing away from Derek.

Derek moves close to her, spoons her. He strokes her hair.

DEREK  
I don't know what I would do  
without you. I really don't. You're  
my girl. You'll be my girl forever  
and ever and ever.

Alice is silent, she stares off, stone expression, as Derek continues to stroke her hair. He kisses her on the cheek.

INT. ALICE'S HOME/HALL - NIGHT (LATER)

The house is silent. A hand grips on to a hammer. The hand belongs to Tony. He quietly glides through the hall towards Alice's room.

ALICE'S BEDROOM DOOR

Tony gently and slowly opens the door. He readies his hammer.

ALICE'S BEDROOM

By the moon light, he can see Alice sitting up in the bed. Derek lies beside her. Alice is like a statue.

Tony switches on the light.

Alice is covered in blood. Blood pools around Derek, he has a pair of scissors sticking from his throat, the same pair Alice used to cut herself with earlier.

Alice is transfixed on her bloody hands, she then looks up at Tony.

ALICE  
(unnatural calm)  
He's dead.

Tony puts down the hammer.

TONY  
I want you to go and clean  
yourself.

Alice stares at her hands again.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Alice!

Alice looks up at Tony.

ALICE  
I... killed him.

TONY  
I know. Now go and clean yourself.  
Go!

Alice gets up from the bed and walks past Tony toward the bathroom.

Tony goes to the bed. Derek's throat has been puncture quite a few times, a frozen expression of surprise on his face.

Tony rolls the bed sheet up around him.

INT. BATHROOM

Alice is in the shower with her clothes on. The water rinses the blood down the drain. She's on autopilot.

Tony enters, dragging Derek's body, he drops it on the floor.

TONY

You're clean enough. Come out.

Alice steps out of the shower. Tony gives her a towel. Alice goes to look at the body but Tony snaps her attention to his eyes.

TONY (CONT'D)

Get dress. Then wait for me by the front door.

Alice takes a few moments but finally responds with a nod yes. Alice exits the bathroom.

Tony moves the body into the bathtub.

INT. ALICE'S HOME/FRONT DOOR

Alice comes to the front door, dressed. Tony is waiting for her, when he sees her, he opens the door and they both exit.

EXT. TONY'S AND ALICE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The first signs of light is just over the horizon, it's peaceful in the pre-dawn.

Alice and Tony walk across her lawn in silence, then through Tony's lawn and up to his --

TONY'S FRONT DOOR

Tony opens the door for Alice, she goes inside.

Tony then proceeds around to the garage, he opens the garage door. Inside is Monique's yellow Volkswagen Beetle.

Tony goes to the corner of the garage and picks up a bag of tools. He then hops into the Beetle, backs it out and drives it over to Alice's house, parking it in the driveway.

INT. TONY'S HOUSE/HALL

Alice leans up against it. She shakes, then slides down the door, cradling her knees to her chest. She cries.

A voice interrupts her weeping. It's Annette.

ANNETTE (O.S.)

Alice?

Alice looks up at Annette, who is in her house coat.

ANNETTE (CONT'D)

Can I make you some tea, sweet heart?

Alice stares at her a few moments, then nods.

INT. ALICE'S HOME/BATHROOM

Tony with a hack saw is hacking up Derek's body into smaller pieces. It's hard work.

Tony's stops, he hears a cupboard door SHUTTING from the kitchen. Covered in blood, he goes to see who's in the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Alice's mother (Beth), with a bottle of whisky and glass in her hand, plops herself on the couch, ignoring the blood stained carpet, where Alice's bleed all over.

TONY

Misses Adler?

Beth pours the whisky into her glass, takes a gulp. She's a haggard drunk. A feeble, defeated woman, years of alcohol abuse. She then acknowledges Tony's presence.

BETH

You're the boy from next door.  
Tony, right?

She seems not to notice the blood covering Tony.

TONY

Yes, that's right.

BETH

It's been a while since you've been around.

Beth pours more liquor into her glass, then gulps it down.

BETH (CONT'D)  
Where's Alice?

TONY  
She's at my house.

BETH  
Oh. Of course. Well it's better  
than being here.

Drinks more.

BETH (CONT'D)  
She's a good girl. Poor girl,  
doesn't seem to have much luck...

Drinks.

BETH (CONT'D)  
She had a puppy once, she really  
loved that puppy. She was so upset  
when she lost him. She never wanted  
another puppy again. Poor girl just  
doesn't seem to have much luck at  
all. No decent, wholesome man could  
have her, no good man would ever  
want her. Poor girl, she's damaged  
goods... ha... well, aren't we  
all...

Beth finishes her drink, then gets up, bottle and glass in  
hand. She heads back upstairs to her room.

BETH (CONT'D)  
Well... don't mind me, finish  
whatever you were doing...

Tony watches as Beth climbs the steps. She pauses a moment.

BETH (CONT'D)  
It's good he's gone. It's a good  
thing, that he's gone.

Beth could be talking about Derek, or Alice's father, it's  
not quite clear. She continues on up.

Tony goes back to the bathroom.

INT. TONY'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY (EARLY MORNING)

Alice and Annette sit at the kitchen table. Alice nurses her tea, she's pale, her bruises fresh. She can't quite look Annette in the eye, but Annette eyes her.

ANNETTE

(re: her battered face)  
Who did this to you?

ALICE

My husband, Derek.

ANNETTE

And where is he?

Alice is silent, but her silence is more telling than not. Annette pours some hot water in Alice's cup.

ANNETTE (CONT'D)

Is Tony with him now?

ALICE

Yes.

ANNETTE

He always had a thing for you. An unhealthy obsession. If I didn't know better I would have thought he was in love with you...

Annette lights two cigarettes, then passes one to Alice, she takes it.

ANNETTE (CONT'D)

But I'm not ignorant to the workings of the Devil.

Alice looks at Annette.

ALICE

He's not evil Mrs. Blake.

ANNETTE

I suppose the words good and evil mean nothing to Tony. They're one and the same thing to him.

ALICE

Evil is relative.

ANNETTE

Oh no my child, evil is evil. There are no degrees of evil or of good, there are only absolutes. Absolute as the judgement laid down upon you by the lord himself.

Alice casts her eyes to the floor.

ANNETTE (CONT'D)

I know my boy likes to watch you. Watch you through your bedroom window. Watch what your daddy had done to you all those times. It ain't right, the way he just watches. Me, it ain't none of my business. What goes on behind close doors is between your family and the Lord. Doesn't mean I didn't try doing something about it, I prayed for you dear. I did it every night.

Alice looks back up at Annette.

ANNETTE (CONT'D)

I don't know if God heard my prayers, but I sure as hell know the Devil was listening. I'd say he's got a good ear for misery and good eye for the damned. I saw you two lying in the filth of sinners. Well my dear, I stopped prayin' for you, 'cuse all the praying in the world ain't going change your judgement now.

ALICE

What are you talking about?

ANNETTE

The Devil will trick your mind, rob you of your soul, and poison your body, and before you know it, he's taken your breath away and you'll stand speechless before Saint Peter himself. And all in the name of love. Tony's father did it to me, and now Tony has done it to you.

ALICE

You watched me and Tony... what has Tony done to me?

ANNETTE

Tony is H.I.V. positive, dear. I suspect, now you are too.

Alice is in shock. She processes this.

Annette takes a long drag of her cigarette.

Alice eases herself up. Not knowing where to go but not able to stay there. She makes her way out of the house.

ANNETTE (CONT'D)

Where are you going, dear?

Alice exits the kitchen.

INT. 64' BLACK MUSTANG - DAY (TRAVELING)

Megan drives, seemingly aimlessly, she's been driving all night. And now finds herself on Tony's and Alice's street.

EXT. TONY'S HOUSE

The sun rises over the horizon, the gold, yellow rays bathe Alice's face, as she steps onto the front lawn. Lost in her own mind. She stares off into some invisible void. Then collapses to her knees on the grass.

INT. 64' BLACK MUSTANG

Megan's 64' Black Mustang pulls up in front of Tony's house. Megan get's out, she spots Alice and rushes to her.

As Megan reaches Alice.

MEGAN

Alice! Alice, are you alright?

Alice is speechless, deaf to Megan's voice and presence.

Megan examines Alice's bruises, she turns to see Derek's Porsche parked in front of her house. Megan turns back to Alice.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Stay here, Alice.

Megan gets up and heads back to her car.

INT. 64' BLACK MUSTANG

From under her seat, Megan pulls out her gun and holster. She snaps in a magazine and cocks it.

EXT. TONY'S HOUSE

Megan strides across the lawn towards Alice's front door.

Alice, still on her knees, finally registers Megan, she peers over at her as Megan approaches her house, gun drawn.

EXT. ALICE'S HOME

Megan cautiously passes by the Yellow Volkswagen Beetle, as she does, the trunk pops open--.

Megan looks at the trunk, a sheet covers something, but before she can get a better look, Tony exits the front door, carrying a couple of garbage bags.

She raises her gun to him. Tony freezes in his place.

MEGAN

Tony? What are you doing?

TONY

I'm helping.

MEGAN

Helping to do what?

TONY

Derek, he made a real mess of things. He messed up Alice pretty good. I'm helping to clean it up.

Megan steps a little closer, she peers at the garbage bags.

MEGAN

Where is Derek?

TONY

(re: the gun)

Do you need to point that at me?

MEGAN

Did you do something to him?

TONY

No.

MEGAN  
Where is he?

TONY  
He took off. I don't know where.

Megan gestures with her gun...

MEGAN  
What's in the bags?

TONY  
Trash. I cleaned up.

Megan looks at the Yellow Beetle.

MEGAN  
Where'd you learn how to drive?

TONY  
You can learn to do a lot of things  
in prison.

MEGAN  
Except how to make a cup of coffee.

Tony smirks.

TONY  
Yeah, except how to make a cup of  
coffee.

Megan can't help but smile too, she then lowers her gun.

Megan is taken by a smell in the air, she sniffs at something rotten.

MEGAN  
What's that smell?

She turns towards the trunk of the Beetle. She reacts to the stronger intake of the stench.

MEGAN (CONT'D)  
Fuck that's ripe.

She moves towards the trunk. When Alice screams out.

ALICE  
Please, Tony, don't!

Megan spins to catch Tony running at her, with a knee-jerk reaction, Megan fires her gun at Tony as he body checks her into the car.

Megan slams her back and head hard against the Beetle, knocking the wind out of her and dropping her gun.

The car rocks with the Megan's impact, a dead arm falls out from the sheet.

Megan is in extreme pain, she rolls on the driveway trying to catch her breath but can't. Her vision is a bit dazed.

Megan, searches for her gun on all fours, finding it difficult to move without agony. She can't find her gun.

She can hear Alice near by weeping. Megan, finally getting her senses back, can see Alice, hunched over Tony, who is lying on his back on the lawn, not moving.

Alice tries to stop bleeding from Tony's abdomen, but blood squirts from his gut.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Tony! Tony, no, no.

Megan moves towards them, when Alice turns to Megan and aims her own gun at her. Megan stops.

ALICE (CONT'D)

No. You stay the fuck away.

Megan backs away, she leans up against the Beetle.

The sun shines brightly down on the gruesome scene.

Alice cradles Tony, panic, trying to figure out what she can do to save Tony. Blood is pooling everywhere.

ALICE (CONT'D)

(in tears)

Please, God, don't go. Don't leave me. Don't die. Please, God!

Tony grips Alice's arm, his face does well to hide the pain. He pulls Alice close to him. They are cheek to cheek. Tony smells Alice's hair, and delights in her scent.

TONY

(weak)

I thought we would die together.

Alice kisses Tony on the lips.

Annette appears by the side of the house doing little more than just watching.

Megan notices her quiet presence.

MEGAN

Call 911!

A moment goes by... Annette then turns around and goes back into the house.

Alice cradling Tony on the grass, rocking him back and fourth, Tony stares up at Alice's face, she has a halo of golden sun light behind her.

BURN TO WHITE.

ALICE'S HOME/BEDROOM - (1999) - DAY

Young Tony, age fourteen, holds a bloody hammer in his hand, palpable blood drips from its blunt end.

His face is spotted with blood cast-off. His breath shallow, his eye intense and gaze locked onto something, someone. He's almost frozen, hammer raised and ready for another swing, but it's over...

Michael Tate, lies deadly still, his face mangled beyond recognition, like a smashed melon, by the repeated blows of Tony's hammer.

Tony lowers the hammer, then moves from Michael, to the end of the bed, by Michael's feet. He sits, exhausted, he looks at young Alice, who is in kneeled down in the corner, concealing her eyes.

It's quite, she looks up at Tony siting on the bed. The feet of her father, motionless.

Alice gets up and goes to Tony's side, she sits next to him, wraps her arms around him and hugs him.

Her head rests on his chest, her hair beneath his chin. Tony doesn't hug her back, but instead he smells her hair.

The two sit still in this pose, frozen in the moment, the sun light pours into the bedroom...

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END