

Agnosia

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FADE IN:

INT. BATHROOM, MOTEL -- NIGHT (FUTURE)

A porcelain sink. Blood plops into the basin, trickles down into the drain.

We stay on the sink. FAINT CRY.

MAN'S VOICE

Awe...

More blood plops onto the basin. The CRY AMPLIFIES-

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Ow... No... No...

We rise to see the reflection of a shirtless man in the mirror. The SHRILL INCREASES-

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Why?... Why me?...

We rise to see an abdomen in the mirror-

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

WHY?!... LORD!... WHY?!...

We rise to see a chest in the mirror. The CRYING becomes LOUD-

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Owe!... Fuck!... Fuck!... Fuck!...

We rise to the neck, just before reaching the face.

INT. GROCERY STORE -- DAY

A young man studying a package of angel hair pasta. CHRISTIAN MANCINI, olive skin, 24, tosses the package into a grocery cart.

MAN'S VOICE(O.S.)

Tonight?

CHRISTIAN

Yup.

Christian starts pushing the cart. Following is another young man, DEVON JOHANSEN, same age.

(CONTINUED)

DEVON

So after a well-fought six years,
you're cavin'- signin' over your
rights to a dictator.

CHRISTIAN

I'll have more freedom than you
momma's boy.

DEVON

I told you not to call me a fuckin'
momma's boy... I'm a student man, I
got dream, so right now I got to
put up with a less copious
lifestyle.

CHRISTIAN

Right.

They turn the corner. Jaunt down the frozen aisle.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Where ya taking her?

Christian halts. Opens the freezer door. Grabs a bag of
frozen chicken and drops it in the cart.

CHRISTIAN

We are going to dine at the finest
eatery in the Northwest: A lovely
little joint called "Ristoranti
Mancini's."

Christian maneuvers behind the cart.

DEVON

Your place?...

They start.

CHRISTIAN

Serious, I'm like a bohemian chef
in that kitchen.

DEVON

That's great, but really, shouldn't
you mark the occasion with a little
more... class.

CHRISTIAN

It's not that, you know how she is,
she wouldn't want the attention of
me on one knee in public. People
eat that stuff up.

(CONTINUED)

DEVON

Ya seriously, what's her deal? Is she like morbidly depressed?

CHRISTIAN

I don't know.

Devon follows Christian over to the FLORIST DEPARTMENT. Christian jaunts bee-line to the FEMALE CLERK.

CHRISTIAN

Can I get two dozen red roses?

FEMALE CLERK

Ya...

The clerk walks away.

DEVON

What do you need two dozen roses for?

CHRISTIAN

Roses are an essential ingredient in the recipe of seduction.

DEVON

Ya, I got that, but why the shit do you need two dozen of 'em?

CHRISTIAN

Do you really want to know?

DEVON

Sure...

CHRISTIAN

No! Do you really want to know my secrets, Devon Johansen? I don't want no half ass "Ya." I want a HELL FUCKIN' YES SIR!

DEVON

HELL FUCKIN' YES SIR!

CHRISTIAN

Alright... First, yuh need to sprinkle rose pedals on the bed and in the bathtub before your guest has arrived. Oh ya, candles lit in the bathroom, very important... not in the bedroom, though that could be hazardous. Second, put on some

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)
top notch romantic shit, not Bryan
Adams. I'm talkin' Al Green, Barry
White, Marvin Gaye... uh...
Righteous Brothers... which reminds
me, do you own the movie "GHOST?"

The Clerk brings back two dozen roses.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
Thanks.

Christian takes them...

DEVON
Uh... I got Ghostbusters.

...gently places them in the cart.

CHRISTIAN
No, not Ghost busters. "GHOST."
Demi Moore, Patrick Swayze?

DEVON
No...

They walk away.

CHRISTIAN
Do yourself a favor and buy it,
it's your insurance policy. Any
kind of faux pas on your part will
be forgiven if you put that movie
in... Which brings us to step
three: can you cook?

DEVON
My mom can.

CHRISTIAN
Wow! Easy and romantic, you're one
cunning motherfucker... Devon this
is vital: No successful woo can
take place if you're not molto
bravo in cucina... Step four:
bubbly, you'll need it. It will
loosen her up in more ways than
one. Step five: you hafta dance...

DEVON
Fuck! you know I hate dancin'-
remember high school?

INT. GYMNASIUM -- NIGHT (HOMECOMING)

The principle on stage:

PRINCIPLE
 (Into the mic)
 And this years dance off champions
 are... DEVON JOHANSEN AND SASHA
 PRIOR!

The students APPLAUD. DEVON(18) and SASHA(17) run up stage.
 Devon gets up to the microphone-

DEVON
 (into the mic)
 Thanks...
 (Feedback, Applause)
 Thanks... But seriously... Fuck
 this award!

The gym grows SILENT.

DEVON (CONT'D)
 I hate Dancin'!

Devon kicks over the MIC.

INT. GROCERY STORE -- DAY

CHRISTIAN
 Relax. Slow dance, yuh don't hafta
 be Gene Kelly... Think of it as
 foreplay with your clothes on. Step
 six:

DEVON
 Christian! Ok I get it.

CHRISTIAN
 ...If you're comin' around third
 base- bring her to the "bed of
 roses." Caution: if done too early,
 it will backfire and you will be
 rejected on the grounds of
 premeditated sex...

DEVON
 Christian! For Christ sake!... I
 get it, now shut the fuck up!

Christian and Devon stroll to the checkout lane, behind an
 AFRICAN AMERICAN PAUPER, purchasing groceries.

(CONTINUED)

Cashier: CADENCE MICHELLE FISHER. She is in her early 20's. She bags the last of the groceries.

CADENCE

\$67.14

The pauper takes a wallet out of his coat pocket. Opens it.

PAUPER

Damn, I only got 40. Tell yuh what sweetheart- I'll give what I got, an' pay the rest later.

CADENCE

Ya... unfortunately corporate would have a fit if we started accepting IOU's. Um, do you want to put something back?

PAUPER

I can't, I need all of it.

CADENCE

You need the big tub of cookie dough?

PAUPER

Yuh know, I wasn't always dis bad off. I use to be married to a perdy lady such as yuh self, But she gone and lef' me for a damn woman- took along wit' her jus' bout everything I'd ever owned. Now... I ain't got much to look forward to dese days...

The pauper draws a COLT 45 PISTOL from his undercoat. Cadence remains calm despite the stressful situation.

PAUPER (CONT'D)

...besides my God damn cookie dough...

(Pointing the gun at her)

Now, I ask yuh politely ma'am-

(Pulls the trigger back)

...can we make a deal?

The store grows SILENT.

CHRISTIAN

Uh... I'll cover you sir.

The pauper looks at Christian in bewilderment.

PAUPER
(retracting the gun)
You sure bout that?

Christian steps over to Cadence and hands her cash.

CHRISTIAN
Ya... it's no problem.

PAUPER
I really appreciate dis, I never
take money from strangers, honest,
I got my problems, but I ain't no
begga'.

The pauper grabs his groceries.

PAUPER (CONT'D)
Thanks young man! God bless you!

The pauper starts. He pivots around while back stepping and
says-

PAUPER (CONT'D)
You're goin' places young man!
You're goin' to the moon! God
watches over people like you!

He exits the grocery store. Christian and Devon look at each
other, Christian shrugs. They proceed to checkout. Cadence
begins to scan their items.

DEVON
Givin' money to the homeless. You
are a big fuckin' commy.

CHRISTIAN
A- I think your definition of
communist is broader than fuckin'
China. B- I don't want no one
gettin' shot. That'll just ruin
my day.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
(To Cadence)
That was quite the scare. You
alright?

While scanning Christian's items-

CADENCE
I don't know...

CHRISTIAN

I can't believe the audacity of some folks. They go off with complete disregard for other people's feelings... I mean, that kinda shit scars people...

Cadence bags the last items. Glances up at Christian and studies him with a puzzled expression.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

...for a long time, some folks even need therapy-

CADENCE

Hey... I know you...

CHRISTIAN

Huh...

CADENCE

I've met you before. Where have we met?..

CHRISTIAN

Uh... I'm pretty damn sure I've never met you.

CADENCE

(bemused)

Ice rink? No...

CHRISTIAN

Look...

He glances at her name tag: CADENCE

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

...Cadence. I'm not humored by this anymore. Let me pay so I can leave.

CADENCE

(Eureka)

Wait a sec, I met you at Danny's party. Mark! that's your name... I was so tanked that night...

Cadence slaps Christian on the shoulder.

CADENCE (CONT'D)

...Why didn't you ever call me back?

(CONTINUED)

Christian begins to look annoyed by the engagement. He shells out cash, she takes it.

CHRISTIAN

Cadence! You're are obviously suffering from a case of dementia, because I have never met you.

Christian folds his wallet and slips it back into his pocket. Cadence appears baffled by Christian's statement.

CADENCE

What do you mean we've never met?... Is that how you treat a girl? We make out, spend the whole night together and you can't even remember?! Is it because you're tappin' so much ass you can't keep 'em straight- we're all just a bunch of look-a-likes to you, aren't we?

CHRISTIAN

Cadence! The communication process has broken down, so I'm going to put this in stereo- No, better yet I'm going to put this in Digital Surround sound for your ease of listening. We have never met! You are a slut! It was another guy! For Christs' fuckin' sake! Get the fuck over it!

Cadence bewildered by the scolding, sighs, rolls her eyes, and averts. She helps the next costumer. Christian rounds up the bags of groceries and departs.

As Christian heads out-

CADENCE

Or maybe you simply had too much to drink...

(Beat)

...Mark.

Christian stops dead in his tracks, another side emerges: A red hellish Demon.

Christian drops his groceries. He turns around and marches toward Cadence.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN
(infuriated)
You dick-suckin' Mother fuckin' cum
dumpster! How dare you sit there
like a pompous fuckin' bitch and
accuse me of being someone I'm not!

Devon grabs Christian's arm-

DEVON
Whoa there cowboy. Don't be a
knob...

Christian turns-

CHRISTIAN
NO!

-shoves him back.

CHRISTIAN
This broad is fuckin' tea-baggin'
me! What the fuck did I do? Huh?!

Christian looks around: The PATRONS are flabbergasted.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
I did nothing! Absolutely nothing!
I don't deserve this harassment!

Christian turns back around toward Cadence. He raises his
finger at her.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
You can go straight to the fiery
pit of mother fuckin'-

EXT. GROCERY STORE -- MOMENTS LATER

Devon drags Christian out of the store. Christian anchors
the groceries to the ground.

DEVON
What in eternal damnation was that?

Christian is distraught. He pants as the adrenaline rush
wears off.

CHRISTIAN
(dumbfounded)
I don't know.

Christian collapses against the outside of the building.

(CONTINUED)

He looks flustered, confused. Eyes shift.

DEVON

Dude, It was an honest mistake. She got you mixed up-

CHRISTIAN

(exasperated)

I DON'T FUCKING KNOW!

INT. DINING ROOM, MANCINI HOME -- NIGHT

A thin young woman sits at the table. ALEXA MARIE HARPER, 24, black hair, and a dark shade of lipstick glossed over her lush lips. Piercings riddle her facet giving a brawny appearance, but as we look closer, past the makeup and piercings, a soft innocence shines through.

ALEXA

I can't believe it! You never do stuff like this.

Christian has gone to great lengths to set a romantic mood. Lit candles on the table, lights dimmed, and smooth jazz playing in the background.

Christian walks into the dining room with one plate of chicken fettuccine in each hand.

CHRISTIAN

Ya... That makes it more special, right?

He sets the food on the table.

ALEXA

(rolling her eyes)

Right.

Christian returns to the kitchen.

We move away from Alexa to the right. Looking past her we are startled to see Devon observing Alexa through the window.

EXT. MANCINI HOME -- CONTINUOUS

We are outside the house with Devon. Devon looks at Alexa through the window. He gazes at her with a passionate glow, never taking his sight off of her. He places his pointer finger on the glass and traces a heart, encircling her body.

INT. MANCINI HOME -- CONTINUOUS

Alexa faintly hears the sound of rustling coming from the window. She pauses for a beat, puts her fork down, and looks behind her. We move with her to reveal that Devon has left. Alexa turns back around.

CHRISTIAN (O.S.)
How's the book coming along?

Alexa quickly chews and swallows-

ALEXA
Good. I met with an editor today.

CHRISTIAN (O.S.)
Fuck ya! I got braggin' rights if you get published! My hot little number is gonna be an author!

ALEXA
I am an author... just haven't made any money at it.

Alexa looks down in disappointment, dabs her mouth with a napkin.

Christian waltz's back in with a champagne bottle in his left hand and two wine glasses in his right.

He looks at her for a second.

CHRISTIAN
What's wrong?

Christian sets down the champagne bottle and glasses.

ALEXA
It just seems like no one takes me seriously.

Alexa sets the fork down.

ALEXA (CONT'D)
I don't know. Maybe it has something to do with my age.

Christian takes a long look at Alexa with all her piercings, black hair, makeup.

CHRISTIAN
(Amused)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)
 Or maybe it's all that
 self-expression... you're
 expressing... on your face.

Christian pops the cork, pours the champagne into the
 glasses.

ALEXA
 Uh. Excuse me Christian?

CHRISTIAN
 Alexa... you look hot. All I'm
 sayin' is that your body mod
 fixation is most likely not panning
 over well in the professional
 realm.

Alexa gives Christian a long cold glare.

ALEXA
 (In French)
 Je te deteste

ALEXA
 (In English)
 I hate you.

Christian takes a seat across from Alexa.

CHRISTIAN
 (In Italian)
 Ti Odio.

CHRISTIAN
 (In English)
 I hate you.

ALEXA
 I pray every day you get ball
 cancer.

CHRISTIAN
 Every time I go through a tunnel, I
 hold my breath and wish you an
 early onset of Alzheimers, so you
 wouldn't remember all the times I
 fuck with you.

Alexa immediately starts weeping after Christian's insults.

ALEXA
 (crying)
 I thank God everyday for giving me
 the love of my life.

CHRISTIAN

What? The fork?

ALEXA

(In French)

Je T'aime ma cherie.

ALEXA

(In English)

I love you, my darling.

CHRISTIAN

(In Italian)

Cara mia, ti voglio bene.

CHRISTIAN

(In English)

My darling, I love you.

ALEXA

(smiles)

My boo, as sweet as honey dew.

CHRISTIAN

You know I fuckin' hate it when you call me that. It's the most God awful word ever invented. I want to nuke the shit out of the word "boo"... Not even remotely romantic... more like I'm some terrifyin' sewer-dwelling abomination.

ALEXA

Would you shut the fuck up Christian. It simply means, you're my baby.

Christian's mouth widens as he takes a bite. He drops the fork.

CHRISTIAN

Oh, I gotcha somethin'.

Christian pulls out a small gift-wrapped envelope from the pocket of his undercoat, hands it to Alexa.

ALEXA

What is it?

She tears off the wrapping, opens the envelope, pulls out a picture of herself, taken for the school yearbook: She is smiling, appearance drastically different, less makeup, hair a lighter shade, few piercings in her ears but that's it.

Alexa gasps, looks up at Christian.

(CONTINUED)

ALEXA (CONT'D)
I forgot all about this.

She turns the picture over, on the back are the written words:

"BELLISSIMO ANGIOLETTO"

Setting the picture down-

ALEXA (CONT'D)
The last time I saw this was...

CHRISTIAN
The night we met.

ALEXA
I haven't seen it since. Where has it been?

CHRISTIAN
In my wallet, behind my drivers license.

Alexa gazes at Christian, she brings her right elbow over the table and smiles as she rests her cheek on her fist.

ALEXA
You're lucky Christian. Other girls would have thought you a creep.

CHRISTIAN
I wasn't afraid of that. I knew you weren't like the other girls.

ALEXA
You knew that just from looking at a picture?

CHRISTIAN
A picture is worth a thousand words.

ALEXA
Only to the eye of the beholder.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Christian, 18, walking outside school.

An object catches his eye, he looks down to Alexa's picture, face up, on the ground.

(CONTINUED)

He picks up the picture and holds it high, takes a moment to appreciate her beauty.

CHRISTIAN (V.O.)
 These words came to me...
 Italian... I'd never used 'em
 before... don't even know if I'd
 ever heard them.

Christian pulls out a ball-point pen. He turns the picture over and writes:

"BELLISSIMO ANGIOLETTO"

CHRISTIAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 It was as if God gave them to me to
 define such a beautiful creature.

EXT. PARKING LOT, HIGH SCHOOL -- NIGHT (THREE MONTHS LATER)

Christian and Devon approach the parking lot. Christian halts and gawks at a figure in the distance.

CHRISTIAN (V.O.)
 It has to be some cosmic joke- Our
 desires are never fulfilled when we
 see fit...

DEVON
 (Noticing his marvel)
 Hey, you alright? What the fuck are
 looking at?

Alexa, 18, being hounded by a "typical jock type" character named SHANE FOSTER, who has her sandwiched between him and a Yellow Ford Mustang.

CHRISTIAN (V.O.)
 ...but only at the most unexpected
 and usually inappropriate moments
 of our life.

Back on Christian, jaw agape at his miraculous find. He takes out his wallet from his pocket, and from behind his driver's license, pulls out the picture of Alexa.

CHRISTIAN
 Eureka, mother fucker. It's her,
 the girl I've been searchin' for.

Devon looks up to see Shane kissing an uncomfortable Alexa.

(CONTINUED)

DEVON

Looks like you showed up late,
holmes.

Alexa pushes Shane away. They engage in a shouting match.

SHANE

Look Babe, it's been three whole
fuckin' weeks. I ain't no God damn
celibate. Now we had a bet- Lancers
win, you put out.

ALEXA

I didn't think they'd win Shane,
this is the first game they won all
year.

SHANE

That don't change nothin'. You lost
fair and fuckin' square... The boys
keep askin' if I banged your ass
yet, and frankly, I'm sick o'
tellin' em no. Don't cha see baby
doll? I gots a reputation to keep.

ALEXA

Oh, well, my deepest apologies
Shane. I'm sorry to have put a dent
in your notoriety. Maybe you should
stick to the two-dollar hookers on
the cheerleader squad yuh
pig-fucker.

Back on Christian, who at this point is boiling over by the
treatment of Alexa. He clenches his fist, begins to move.
Devon grabs onto him.

DEVON

Christian, don't be a dummy, this
ain't your affair. Let 'em sort it
out.

SHANE(O.S.)

(To Alexa)

Fuck you!

CHRISTIAN

For Christs' sake, I can't just sit
here and watch this dickless
motherfucker harass her.

Back on Shane and Alexa. A couple of Shane's buddies come
into frame. JASON and CODY.

(CONTINUED)

CODY

Shane, lets fuckin' roll, we gotta hit up Katy's party before the beers gone.

SHANE

(To Cody)

One fuckin' minute boys- I'm workin' on somethin'.

ALEXA

(Seeing Shane's friends)

Fine Shane, I'm gonna be honest with you. See, I overheard a couple of girls talkin' about ya in the bathroom. And well, the reason I haven't put out yet is because...

(pause)

...they said you got a needle-dick.

Shane's face turns lava red from the scorning words.

SHANE

(exasperated)

You... crafty... wench...

Shane slaps Alexa with a force strong enough to pummel her to the ground. Devon and Christian immediately march over to aid Alexa.

Shane kicks Alexa in the stomach until-

Christian comes behind Shane, grips his coat, and shoves him face first into the Mustang, flips him around and punches him twice in the face, turns him and shoves him backwards into Devon's arms.

Devon catches Shane, flips open a SWITCHBLADE, brings it to his throat. Feeling the cold of the metal, Shane freezes.

Justin and Cody approach.

DEVON

Don't come any closer, unless you want Shane lookin' more like a pez dispenser.

Cody calls Devon's bluff, continues forward. Devon runs the knife just enough to leave a dinky cut.

SHANE

Ahh!!! Stop! Stay back! This motherfucker's serious!

(CONTINUED)

Christian strolls up to Shane. Shane urinates his pants.

CHRISTIAN

Shane Foster... you live off Third
and Meeker, right?

SHANE

How the fuck you know that?

CHRISTIAN

I delivered the paper to your
neighborhood for three years. I saw
you mowin' the lawn once.

(Leaning into Shane)

Listen Shane, if you ever lay one
fuckin' appendage on this girl, I'm
gonna finish Devon's surgical
procedure. Now, I want you and your
posse' to walk away from this place
like it's Sodom and fuckin'
Gammorah. And if you look back, I
swear to fuckin' God... I'll turn
your ass into stone.

SHANE

K... Got it... Can I go now?

Devon pulls the knife away. Shane blitzes, Justin and Cody
follow. As anticipated, they immediately start talking shit.

SHANE

Man, who needs a bitch who doesn't
put out anyway?

CODY

Ya- fuck her. We'll get you laid
tonight fo' sho'!

Christian jaunts over to Alexa, who picks herself up. She
dusts herself off.

CHRISTIAN

Are you hurt?

ALEXA

Just my pride.

CHRISTIAN

Look, I'm sorry that got so outta-

ALEXA

Don't... fuckin' apologize to me. I
don't need that, I'm fucking
humiliated. Just leave me alone.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

Well, is there anything I can do to help?

ALEXA

Ya... Leave me the fuck alone, I didn't need your help in the first place, Spiderman. Go save someone who's actually in trouble.

CHRISTIAN

Well uh. Ok. I'll um. Oh you got a little dirt here.

Christian pats dirt off Alexa's shoulder.

ALEXA

Oh. Thanks...

CHRISTIAN

I'll let yuh go, uh, good luck.

ALEXA

K... bye... Thanks, Spidy.

CHRISTIAN

No problem.

Christian strolls over to Devon.

DEVON

Dude that was so sweet. Didja see it? That fairy boy gone an' pissed his pants!

Alexa peers at Christian as he walks away.

ALEXA

Wait!

Christian and Devon turn around.

ALEXA

Since you scared off my ride, you can take me home!

INT. DINING ROOM, MANCINI HOME -- NIGHT

Alexa takes a sip of champagne. She takes a moment to reminisce. Alexa's eyes tear up as you see the pain of the past surfacing.

(CONTINUED)

ALEXA

Senior year... the worst time of my life. Everything was so damn temporary: Guys just wanted to fuck, girl friends were disbanding to college. No certainty... just a big foggy haze.

CHRISTIAN

It wasn't all doom and gloom. There was good stuff too.

ALEXA

Just you- the only decent thing to ever stroll into my life.

CHRISTIAN

Wow, that must have been hard for you. Guess I'll take it as a compliment.

ALEXA

However you want to take it, Christian. Words are lyrics without music, stale and dry. Actions are the tune that carry the words. And what you did for me that night was...

(Pause)

...the single most romantic ballad ever played for me.

INT. CHRISTIAN'S CAR -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Looking into Christian's BLACK VOLKSWAGEN JETTA. Alexa sits in the front alongside Christian. Devon sits in the middle-back seat, leaning in-

DEVON

I can't fuckin' believe this! Our last year of high school. Where's the time gone? Feels like just yesterday I was a little fuckin' first grader, runnin' around, pissin' my pants...

(To Alexa)

...just like that meat head you were with.

Alexa and Christian both laugh.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

You were still pissin' your pants
in the first grade?

DEVON

True fuckin' story, first day of
the first grade: It's recess, I
want my mommy, I'm scared shitless
of everything... then out of
fuckin' no where my dam starts
backin' up, right? and before I
know what 2 plus 2 is, I gots to
take a huge piss. I start searchin'
for the recess lady. I can't
fuckin' find her big yellow ass, so
I hafta make the first toughest
decision of my life- go in my pants
or whip it out and piss in the
fuckin' drinking fountain?
Eventually, I end up findin' this
little secluded area under the big
slide. I go under it, wait till the
coast is clear, squat down, and
flood my pants with pee.

ALEXA

(Amused)
Ha, gross.

CHRISTIAN

(Laughing)
I so would have gone in the
drinking fountain.

DEVON

Anyways, recess ends and I'm
fuckin' havin' a heart attack,
right? I'm gonna stink up the whole
fuckin' classroom with my pissy
pants. Everyone will know it's me.
How do I get myself out of this
one, Devon? So big fuckin' light
bulb goes off in my head. We get
back to class, I immediately raise
my hand and I'm like, "The reason
why I stink is cuz I tripped and
fell in mud." The teacher's like
"OK"... lookin' back I think she
knew.

CHRISTIAN

(laughing)
Geniass.

Christian pulls up along the side of the street, in front of
Devon's house.

(CONTINUED)

DEVON

(Exiting the car)

Don't forget to come get me Monday.
My moms gotta doc appointment.

CHRISTIAN

Ya. Ya... Get the fuck outta here.

Devon exits, the JETTA drives off. A long silence between the two brings an uncomfortable presence. The glow from a streetlight shines through the window revealing multiple scars across Alexa's wrist. The scars capture Christian's attention and he cannot help but give them a moments glance. Alexa takes note of Christian's observation and comments...

ALEXA

Do you want to know?

CHRISTIAN

I'll just assume you got caught in
some sticker bushes or somethin'.

ALEXA

You want me to tell you?

CHRISTIAN

No, I'm better off not knowing.

ALEXA

(Beat)

...Can I tell you?

CHRISTIAN

(sighing)

...Sure.

ALEXA

I woke up one day and looked out my window: It was rainy, clouds shrouded the sky. It was the same ol' gloomy day that frequents the northwest, but I didn't feel gloomy, I didn't feel downhearted. In fact, I never felt more jubilant in my life. The down pour of rain, the rolling of thunder, the whistling wind was nature's melodic concert playing for me. I sat down that morning and wrote 13 poems, I was in a state of rampant creative energy... It didn't stop either. I was experiencing this day after day. Vivid dreams, utopian states,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ALEXA (cont'd)
an unprecedented sense of well-being... But what no one mentioned- what I failed to realize- was a simple law of physics: What goes up, must come down. And I went down like a motherfucking skydiver... Hallucinations, voices, paranoia. I was free-falling down a bottomless pit of eternal darkness. I lived this way for nearly two months before realizing the only way outta this shit hole was to off my wretched existence. I had it all planned out- the perfect farewell to my life; I would go to the park on a sunny day, cut my wrists, and as I bleed out, drift into the white bliss of everlasting ecstasy.

CHRISTIAN
Ok... So... where's the part where your plans were foiled?

ALEXA
I ran the blade across my wrists...

EXT. PARK -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

HARD BEATHING, PANTING, WHEEZING. We focus in to see a young woman recklessly runs a razor blade across her lacerated left wrist.

ALEXA (V.O.)
Over and over, spraying blood all over my nice summer dress.

Alexa on her knees, in a YELLOW SUMMER DRESS, stained with blood. Her virgin-like appearance, coupled with the savage imagery of self-inflicted carnage is off-putting.

Alexa falls on her back.

ALEXA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I laid back and waited for God to take me.

Alexa with her eyes closed.

(CONTINUED)

ALEXA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Ten fucking minutes I waited, and I
was still alive. I concluded that I
didn't use enough force to sever
all the arteries.

Alexa looks over to the knife, she grabs it with her chalky
hand.

ALEXA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
So I grab the blade and dig,
penetrating as deep into my flesh
as possible.

Alexa on her knees frantically slashes her left wrist, then
her right, blood splatters all over her yellow dress. She
pulls out strings of coagulated blood to keep the blood flow
running.

ALEXA(V.O.) (CONT'D)
But there was a problem...

Loosing her grip on the blade.

ALEXA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...I was loosing strength in my
hands, they were morphing into
crippled nubs.

Alexa flings her chalky hooks around, she frantically
strives to clasp the blade with the lifeless extremities.
She barely manages to clinch the blade between her fingers,
as she brings it up, it slides out and pummels to the
ground. Alexa curls over in vexation.

ALEXA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I gave up and collapsed onto the
grass.

We hover over Alexa's dilapidated body. Tears of anguish
roll down her cheek.

The BREEZE. Alexa's expression turns to that of "hope."

ALEXA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
A cooling breeze brought the smell
of the salty ocean which gave me an
epiphany... I could go down to the
beach and drown myself under the
pier. Desperate for a way to off my
miserable existence, I pick myself
up.

Alexa's works feverishly to bring herself to her feet.

EXT. WOODS -- MOMENTS LATER

Alexa runs through the trees swinging her bleached arms.

ALEXA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I ran all the way down to the
fucking docks.

EXT. DOCKS, OCEAN -- MOMENTS LATER

Alexa wades into the cold waters of the Puget Sound. She drifts underneath the pier and plunges herself under the cold Pacific waters.

ALEXA (V.O.)
I plunged my head under the water
but, self-preservation, being the
most powerful motherfucker on the
planet, kept me going back up for
air.

Alexa comes back up and gasps for air. Then, goes back under the water. She's under for only a moment then comes back up, gasping for air again.

ALEXA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
My heart started to race, I began
to shiver convulsively.

A cold chalky looking Alexa shivering uncontrollably above the water.

INT. CHRISTIAN'S CAR -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

ALEXA
And it was in that moment I said to
myself, "what the fuck are you
doing, Alexa? Life isn't that bad,
whatever problems you have can be
remedied by a therapist and
medication." So I got the fuck
outta Dodge and went to the
hospital.

CHRISTIAN
Uh. So...
(Perplexed)
Why couldn't you have had the
epiphany before you got into the
water?
(Half-amused)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

I mean, at least you would of been dry.

ALEXA

Doctors said my body upped the adrenaline to combat the cold temperature of the water, which in turn, brought me back to Earth. They diagnosed me as a manic-depressive and
(With a smile)
put me on happy pills.

Christian obviously rattled by the unsettling story remains silent.

ALEXA (CONT'D)

(Studying Christian)

You think I'm a whack job, don't you? I can tell by your reservation.

CHRISTIAN

I think adolescence... is one sinister motherfucker. It was just an episode, you're still with us and that's all that matters.

They reach Alexa's residence, Christian puts the car in park.

CHRISTIAN

(Gazing at her)

Well, now that I know your life story, are you going to reveal your name?

ALEXA

Alexa, but just call me Lexa, and if you ever call me Lex, I'll rip your testicles off, Capice.

CHRISTIAN

Got it... I'm Christian, you can call me Chris, Christian or, even dickhead, I don't care... Are you sure you don't want to see a movie or somethin'?

ALEXA

My dad would flip the fuck out if he knew I was with a boy this late.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

Uh... Were you there when I fucked up your douche bag of a boyfriend?... I ain't scared of Pops.

ALEXA

(Candidly)

Don't pull the fuckin' Chuck Norris routine. That's what every boy does. He's a Green Beret- he'll make you squeal like a piggy.

Christian, humbled by the verbal backlash, remains silent. Alexa grabs her PURSE, gives him a kiss on the cheek and looks into his eyes.

ALEXA

(In French)

Vous avez de beaux yeux.

ALEXA

(In English)

You have beautiful eyes.

CHRISTIAN

(Blank stare)

Um... What?

ALEXA

French... the language I'm in love with... And if you want to hang out with me your gonna hafta learn it.

Alexa glances over to an ITALIAN FLAG DECOR hanging on the review mirror then to Christian's olive complexion.

ALEXA (CONT'D)

Are you?...

CHRISTIAN

(In Italian)

Allupato.

CHRISTIAN

(In English)

Hungry for sex.

Alexa slaps Christian across the face.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Owe!

ALEXA (CONT'D)

Italian slang was the first thing I learned on my cruise to Italy.

Movement from the house captures Christian. Alexa's father KENNETH HARPER, peering at them through the window.

(CONTINUED)

ALEXA
(sensing him)
Is it him?

Christian nods, Alexa looks back to see her father, he motions her to come inside.

ALEXA
I hafta go.

CHRISTIAN
(Grabbing her arm)
Alexa, wait! You're one of the few girls out there more than just tits and ass. You have a personality and it shines... So why are you being a pushover? Stand up for yourself. Do you want to go inside? Or you want to stay here with me?

Just then Kenneth opens the door with a .22 BOLT ACTION RIFLE.

KENNETH
Alexa Marie Harper! You getcha grounded ass in here right fuckin' na!

ALEXA
Let me go! He's gonna shoot you!
You want to die tonight,
Christian?!

Christian pulls HER PICTURE from his pocket.

CHRISTIAN
I found this two months ago. Didn't take me a second look to figure that you're the girl that I was meant to be with. Now that I've found you, I'm not letting you go!

KENNETH
(Loads the gun, aims at them)
I'm givin' you to the count of three to get your tooshie in here... I swear to God I shoot the both of yuh's!

ALEXA
(Hits the dashboard)
Go! Go! Go!

(CONTINUED)

Christian throws the clutch in reverse, backs up, and promptly speeds off. Kenneth lowers his gun.

KENNETH
That little bitch!

ALEXA
(Hyperventilating)
This is a mistake, this is a big fuckin' mistake. When I get back, he's gonna blow me away.

CHRISTIAN
Don't go back, stay with me.

ALEXA
(Ignoring her misspoken name)
Stay with you?! Christian, I've known you less than a day. What if I turn out to be a crazy bitch?

CHRISTIAN
Exactly, I already know you're a crazy bitch and I still like you.

ALEXA
Where are we gonna stay?

CHRISTIAN
With my grandpa.

INT. MANCINI HOME -- MOMENTS LATER

The door opens and we meet PASQUALE MANCINI, an old Sicilian man, well into his 80's.

PASQUALE
(Italian dialect)
Christian, fuori di testa. Who is dis'?

CHRISTIAN
Grampa, this is Alexa, she's our new roommate.
(To Alexa)
Alexa, Grampa Pasquale.

PASQUALE leans into Alexa, squinting.

PASQUALE
(To Alexa)
You lik'a spaghetti?

(CONTINUED)

ALEXA
I prefer lasagna.

PASQUALE
(he pinches Alexa's cheek)
I make'a da best lasagna outside'
Italy. Come in.

INT. LIVING ROOM, MANCINI HOME -- LATER

Alexa and Christian are sitting on the opposite ends of the sofa watching the movie "GHOST."

CHRISTIAN
So what do you think?

ALEXA
This is the corniest piece of shit
since Dirty Dancing.

CHRISTIAN
Oh... you're not... Ok.

Christian grabs the remote and powers off the TV. An agonizing silence fills the air. Christian glances over to Alexa, who appears quite somber.

He slides next to her and affectionately places his hand on her leg. Alexa looks uncomfortable.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
Is there anything you need?

ALEXA
Ya, a fuckin' blanket.

CHRISTIAN
Whoa, what the hell was that?

ALEXA
Look, I've had a hard night,
Casanova. The last thing I need
right now is another horny boy
tryin' to get in my panties.

Christian, exasperated by Alexa's comments, hesitantly complies with her request. He gets up, goes to a closet, and comes back with a blanket and pillow. Alexa lays out on the couch. He tosses her the pillow, and despite the verbal beating, unfolds the blanket and covers her like a gentlemen.

(CONTINUED)

ALEXA

I don't need yuh tukin' me in,
Daddy.

CHRISTIAN

(reaching the end of his rope)
You know what Alexa? I think you're
right. This was a mistake. I
underestimated you. You're way more
of a bitch than I anticipated.
Maybe you should do us both a favor
and go the fuck back home.

Christian stomps off.

Alexa stares off. A single tear runs off her cheek. She gets up and strolls into the kitchen. She opens a cupboard, closes it, opens another. She pulls out a cup. She moves to the sink. Stops as Christian's wallet comes to her attention. She sets the cup down. Grabs the wallet and removes the picture sticking out behind his drivers license. She analyzes it for a moment. She flips it around to see writing:

"BELLISSIMO ANGIOLETTO"

ALEXA

(To herself, smiles)
Beautiful Angel.

INT. BEDROOM, MANCINI HOME -- MOMENTS LATER

Christian lays in his bed staring at the ceiling. He hears the door open and turns his head to see Alexa entering the room. She climbs on top of him and envelopes his lips in a passionate kiss.

INT. DINING ROOM, MANCINI HOME -- NIGHT

Christian gets down on one knee-

CHRISTIAN

Alexa...

Pulls the ring box out of his pocket. Opens it. Alexa becomes emotional, covers her mouth in awe, her eyes fill with tears.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
(charmingly befuddled)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D) (cont'd)
We have been together for some time
now and have shared a lot of laughs
and its been perfect... well...
(Fumbling)
Almost perfect, there were a couple
times-

ALEXA
(impatiently)
Just ask me!

CHRISTIAN
(regains his composure)
Alexa... Will you marry me?

ALEXA
Yes!

Christian envelope's Alexa's lips.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE UP ON

INT. BENNIE'S BURGER BLISS -- DAY

Christian and Devon are seated at a local BURGER JOINT.

DEVON
That's not how it fuckin' works.
They don't just get on the news and
make an announcement that "in two
weeks time the United States will
be under martial law." They just do
it. There's no time to leave the
country.

CHRISTIAN
Alright Devon, I'm gettin' sick of
hearin' your conspiracy paranoia.
We are not going to be under
martial law unless we are invaded
by some big ass country.

DEVON
No, see you don't get it. We're
owned by people in other countries.
All we have to do is piss off some
multi-trillionaire in Sweden and
before you can say "I love my
freedom," we're under martial law
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEVON (cont'd)

and you're not allowed to stay out past 10. See you don't get it cuz you've been drinkin' fluoride and watchin' sitcoms all your life, they dumbed yuh down, Potsie, and now you don't even know what's goin' on in your own back yard.

CHRISTIAN

Bullshit, there are plenty of smart people around. Think about it, UW is right down the street, some of the smartest motherfuckers in the world study there.

DEVON

No, that's what they want you to believe, "you got into college, you must be one smart SOB." Dude, I'm takin' writing 101, easy as fallin' off a log.

A waitress heads their direction with food. She serves burgers and milkshakes to Devon and Christian.

DEVON

(To Waitress)

Thanks ma'am. Say, can I ask you a question? What's happy hour?

WAITRESS

Happy hour is when we give discounts on selected drinks and appetizers.

DEVON

Oh, so, how long is happy hour?

WAITRESS

From 3 to 6.

DEVON

So, why the fuck do you call it happy hour, when it's a whole three hours long?

WAITRESS

I don't know.

DEVON

You don't know? Is it because you're tryin' to trick us, make us

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEVON (cont'd)
 think it's just an hour long, so
 you can charge full price?

WAITRESS
 No, that's not-

DEVON
 Look. Why don't you just rename it,
 "happy hours?" So we can all
 understand that it's longer than
 one hour, without having to read
 the fine print. I mean, not all of
 us are fuckin' lawyers.

The waitress storms off.

WAITRESS(O.S.)
 fuckin' asshole!

CHRISTIAN
 (exasperated)
 Good goin' ass! Why don't you bring
 this shit up to a manager; Someone
 who actually makes these kinda'
 decisions?

DEVON
 (Cracking up)
 C'mon, that was sidesplitting.

CHRISTIAN
 (Annoyed)
 No, that kinda shit's only funny on
 T.V. I ain't goin' out in public
 with you anymore.

DEVON
 This ain't near as bad as the shit
 you pulled on "Miss Pedestrian
 Worker" the other day.

Christian lets the comment slide off of him and continues to
 eat his burger.

INT./EXT. BENNIES BURGER BLISS -- LATER

Christian and Devon are exiting the Burger Joint.

DEVON
 (Opening the door)
 So how's business. You rollin' in
 it?

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

(lighting up a cigarette)

The only thing I'm rollin' in, is debt.

DEVON

So you could really use a listing right now?

CHRISTIAN

Ya, if I wanta keep up my luxurious lifestyle of burgers and fries.

DEVON

My uncle is selling his house in Bellevue. This motherfucker's huge, 12 bedrooms and a swimming pool in the back.

CHRISTIAN

Puh. Not worth my time, I doubt this guy wants a noob Realtor sellin' his mansion.

DEVON

Well you better call and cancel the 9 o'clock appointment you have with him tomorrow morning.

CHRISTIAN

You sly son of a bitch. You-

DEVON

Yup...

CHRISTIAN

How?

DEVON

I told him you could sell beef to a Vegetarian, he went for it.

Christian in his excitement drops his cigarette and gives Devon a big hug.

DEVON

Ha ha, git off me gaymo!

EXT./INT. ADAM JOHANSEN'S RESIDENCE -- DAY

Christian driving a YELLOW CHEVY COLBALT turns into the driveway of an immaculate VICTORIAN MANSION.

CHRISTIAN
(To himself)
Bank.

ADAM JOHANSEN, 50, pulls the curtain back and watches Christian.

Adam observes Christian exiting the car, closing the door, and walking up to the house. He cups his hand over his mouth and huffs against it. Christian stops dead in his tracks, his face shrivels with disgust.

CHRISTIAN
(low volume)
God damn.

Adam observes Christian taking a piece of gum and sticking it in his mouth. Christian takes a couple of steps, stops, looks down and straightens his tie.

Christian continues... finally reaches the stairs, Adam opens the door.

A bit of awkwardness between them.

CHRISTIAN
Hey Mr. Johansen... Christian Mancini, how are you?

Christian extends his arm and shakes Adam Johansen's hand.

ADAM
Oh... Hi, Christian. Devon says you're a great Realtor.

CHRISTIAN
Well, tell Devon... I think he is a great friend.

EXT. MANCINI HOME -- MORNING (DREAM)

Alexa exiting her house, she is wearing formal attire. She gets into her BLACK FORD FOCUS, starts it, and backs out.

INT. ALEXA'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Alexa from the view of the passenger seat. We move to the left and flinch as a hand comes up touching the side of the driver's seat.

Alexa's face in the review mirror chewing gum. Devon's reflection rises up into the mirror. It only takes a second then Alexa notices Devon. She shrills in horror.

INT. BEDROOM -- DAY

Alexa screams as she rises up from her bed. She moves her hand on her heart and looks around, panting ferociously.

Alexa's eyes shift from side to side. She gets up out of her bed and walks out of frame.

INT. ADAM'S HOUSE -- DAY

Christian and Adam stroll into the living room. A picture of Devon and Adam, dressed in hunting gear, each holding a rifle. A deer head on the wall.

CHRISTIAN

This is a nice place... you hunt?

Adam sits on the couch.

ADAM

Ya, I have a cabin up in Wenatchee. I use to take Devon up there and we'd go shootin' together. I remember the first time I took that boy huntin.' He gone an' shot a dog while I wasn't lookin'. I says, "damnit boy, I ain't one for makin' rules, but you jus' gone an killed a member of someone's family. If you ever pull this shit again, I swear to God I'll put a bullet in your ass." He ran off and cried like a baby.

CHRISTIAN

I bet he never did that again.

ADAM

Have a seat.

Christian sits down and opens his briefcase.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

Well, I'd be happy to list your home. Um, just a few questions...

Adam notices a SWISS ARMY POCKET KNIFE attached to Christian's key chain.

ADAM

You shouldn't have that pocket knife with your car keys... It's too heavy, you'll go an ruin your ignition.

Christian picks up the knife. Flips out the bottle cap opener.

CHRISTIAN

Ya.. but this always comes in handy.

Adam laughs. Christian puts the pocket knife down.

CHRISTIAN

Ahem... anyways...

Adam notices an WHITE GOLD PROMISE RING on Christian's right ring finger.

ADAM

Congratulations, boy! You gettin' married, huh?

CHRISTIAN

Ya actually, I just asked her the other night.

Christian pulls out his paper work. Lays it on the table.

CHRISTIAN

I do charge a small commission, it's about-

ADAM

What's her name?

CHRISTIAN

Oh... uh... Alexa... Alexa Harper.

Christian's answer makes Adam uncomfortable.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Anyways-

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

Alright, I've had enough of this BS, now. I got stuff to do this mornin'... where do I sign?

CHRISTIAN

Well. Don't you want to know-

ADAM

No. I trust whatever you charge is fair. See, I am a man of first impressions and I can tell that you, my friend, are trustworthy.

(lull)

No, I'll be happy to get out of this overcrowded city an' move to the mountains. A simple life is an easy life, that's my motto.

(Pausing)

Besides, Devon praised your sellin' abilities, and that's all I need to hear. That boy's like a son to me.

(reflecting)

With as much time we spend together at the cabin, I just about raised the damn kid... I remember we'd just sit out on the deck some nights and just stare at the stars.

(holding back the tears)

But all that changed one night. He-

CHRISTIAN

Yuh know, that's alright, you don't have to-

Adam breaks down into a totally awkward emotional state.

ADAM

(Sobs)

He was so loud, I thought someone was in their hurtin' him or somethin'... otherwise I would of just left that boy alone.

(Sobbing heavily)

I wish I could see more of him. So... So I could help him. I know things have changed between us-

CHRISTIAN

Hey, don't say that. Look what he did for you, he brought you an excellent Realtor. He must care.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

Ya... you're right. Maybe I'm
takin' it the wrong way... Where do
I sign?

He turns the paperwork so it faces Adam.

CHRISTIAN

Here, take my pen.

Christian hands the pen off to Adam.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Sign here and initial there.

EXT/INT. CHRISTIAN'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Christian enters his car, he takes a moment to bask in the
glory of victory. He throws both arms in the air-

CHRISTIAN

Yes!

He looks to see Adam staring at him through the window.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Ahem.

Christian brings his arms down, pulls out his keys and
starts the car.

He lowers the E-brake. An ALERT from his phone. He draws the
phone from his pocket. A message from Devon:

"Basketball tonight you in?"

Christian puts the phone back in his pocket. Backs up
hastily.

The car stops abruptly. Tires screech, smoke emits from
them. He glances down at the E-brake, which has been pulled
by itself.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

What the hell?

Christian grabs the E-brake and tries to release it but it
won't budge.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch...

Christian uses both hands and frantically tugs the E-brake.
A car flies behind going easily twice the speed limit.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

(Jumps)

Whoa!

He looks over as the car speeds away. He bows his forehead into the palm of his hand, acknowledging, that somehow he just avoided a catastrophe.

Christian grabs the E-brake and releases it without much effort.

EXT. GYMNASIUM -- NIGHT

Christian and Devon are outside the gymnasium, leaning against the wall.

CHRISTIAN

Where are the other guys?

DEVON

On-time to them is showing up 15 minutes late.

(Pauses)

Hey man how are you takin' the whole "mom" thing?

CHRISTIAN

You know... For as much as I hate that broad...

(pausing)

...I still think about her... A lot.

In an act of compassion, Devon places his hand on Christian's shoulder.

DEVON

Because you don't have any closure? She needs a proper burial.

CHRISTIAN

No she doesn't, she deserves to sit in that freezer... No gravestone... No trace of her... Like she never existed.

DEVON

Do yourself a favor. ID the body and at least get her cremated. Does Alexa know?

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

No...

Christian takes out a pack of smokes. He faces them toward Devon, who takes out a cigarette. Christian lights up.

DEVON

How is Lexa by the way?

Hands the lighter to Devon.

CHRISTIAN

Lexa?.. When did you start calling her Lexa?

DEVON

Fuck man, you know I'm too lazy to add the extra syllable.

CHRISTIAN

She's good, she doesn't get out of the house much, which is kind of a concern.

DEVON

Well fuck man, take her somewhere.

CHRISTIAN

Last time I did that I got my ass kicked by a huge mother fuckin' Samoan.

DEVON

How?

EXT. WALMART -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Alexa pushes a cart into the parking lot. Christian is ten steps behind her. An old WHITE CHEVY CORSICA, with a Samoan couple inside approaches Alexa.

CHRISTIAN (V.O.)

Pedestrians always have the right of way, she lives and dies by that philosophy.

The vehicle drives up to Alexa. Alexa acknowledges the cars' approach but doesn't stop. The car T-bones the grocery cart-sends it flying.

(CONTINUED)

ALEXA

You motherfucking assholes! You almost killed me!

Alexa grabs a CAN OF CHILI. Pitches it at their windshield-SHATTERS.

SAMOAN WOMAN

(out the window)

You fuckin' bitch! I hope you know, you payin' for this shit!

ALEXA

And your payin' for my spilled milk yuh big hoe!

Christian takes her by the arm. Pulls her away.

CHRISTIAN

We're getting the outta here, right now.

Christian leads Alexa toward the car.

SAMOAN WOMAN

Yo, follow this bitch Semo!

The Chevy Corsica follows Alexa and Christian

CHRISTIAN

(To Alexa)

Don't fuckin' look at them, keep walking.

SAMOAN WOMAN

(out of window)

We gonna follow yuh to yo' car and trash it, bitch!

ALEXA

(Breaks free from Christian)

Why don't you hop on a boat and go back where you came from you big Tongan, motherfucking FOB!

The Samoan woman opens her car door. Alexa kicks it closed, which, if possible pisses the Samoan woman off even more. The Samoan woman manages to prop the door open and dashes toward Alexa in slow motion.

CHRISTIAN (V.O.)

Now it wouldn't take a fortune teller to predict the outcome of

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN (V.O.) (cont'd)
 this fight. I had to do what every
 man must do at some point in his
 life... fight for his woman.

In slow motion: the Samoan woman runs at Alexa with her fist cocked. Christian steps in front of Alexa. Takes a blow to the plexus solaris.

Christian keels over and falls to the ground, gasps for air. Other pedestrians become aware of the altercation.

WOMAN
 Oh my God! Someone call the police!

The Samoan woman becomes aware of the attention, and seemingly satisfied in taking out her vexation on Christian, snaps out of it. Returns to the car.

SAMOAN WOMAN
 C'mon Semo, lets get outta here,
 they ain't worth it.

The Chevy Corsica speeds off. Alexa hovers over a dilapidated Christian.

EXT. GYMNASIUM -- NIGHT

Still leaning against the wall.

DEVON
 (laughing)
 Haha, what a rip-snorting, cracking
 good yarn.

CHRISTIAN
 Glad to see you so humored by my
 angst. At least somethin' good came
 of it.
 (Pausing)
 See what your missin' out on. When
 yuh gonna find a girl, man?

DEVON
 Never... I don't want to be a
 vagina's cell mate for the rest of
 my life.

Christian takes a moment to think about Devon's odd statement.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN
A vagina's cell mate?...

DEVON
Ya, man I'm really in touch with my bachelorhood.

CHRISTIAN
Wow you sound like a total homo right now.

DEVON
Well, actually there is this one girl. She's hot, but... she's gotta boyfriend.

CHRISTIAN
(sarcastic)
Oh, she's gotta boyfriend? Then you should leave her alone. Chasin' another man's property is immoral. Have I taught you nothing? Am I failing you Devon? We've discussed this before.

CHRISTIAN
(CONT'D)
(with a lilt)
A boyfriend's the guy, used to get by, until she can find something better.

DEVON
(with a lilt)
A boyfriend's the guy, used to get by, until she can find something better. Ya Ya Ya...

DEVON (CONT'D)
But it's more complicated than that. I think she really likes him. They might even get married soon.

CHRISTIAN
Never give up, until the vows are spoken. You still have a shot my friend.

DEVON
Thanks, I needed the pep talk. maybe I'll ask her out for some coffee, or somethin'.

CHRISTIAN
Oh, which reminds me, how you enjoying the barista gig?

(CONTINUED)

DEVON

The proper term for a guy who makes espresso is baristo. I'm a fuckin' baristo.

Devon slaps Christian on the shoulder. Christian flinches.

DEVON

Hey, a couple of friends and I want to open an espresso stand. Our take is going to be guys in short shorts... We are going to call it "Butt Cheek Baristo." You interested?

Christian drops his cigarette and laughs hysterically.

INT. GYMNASIUM -- LATER

Christian, Devon, and a few other people inside the gymnasium playing basketball.

Christian is guarding ZACK STORMS, a chubby stocky guy. Zack makes a move for the inside. Christian strips the ball from Zack with his left hand.

ZACK

Shit!

Zack gives up the task of chasing him down the court. He rests his hands on his knees as he is out of breathe. Christian takes the ball to the opposite side of the court and scores on a layup.

INT. GYMNASIUM -- LATER

It's the end of the game. Christian congratulates the opposite team on a good game and gives them high-fives. Christian walks up to Zack, gives him a high five.

ZACK

Nice chops this week bro.

CHRISTIAN

Thanks, Zack.

Christian walks over to the next player.

ZACK

(To Christian)

Way better than last week.

(CONTINUED)

Christian drops the smile and turns to face Zack.

CHRISTIAN
I wasn't here last week.

ZACK
Bullshit. You were guarding me last week. Yuh did a shitty job too.

Christian stares down Zack with an annoyed, pissed off look... Zack gets nervous and looks over to Devon.

ZACK
Hey, Devon! Can you throw my ball over here! Otherwise I'll end up forgetting it.

Christian jaunts over to Zack. Pushes him hard enough to knock him back a few steps.

ZACK
What the hell was that about?

CHRISTIAN
You dumb fuck! You have me confused with someone else!

The other players notice the altercation. The gym grows quiet.

ZACK
Easy bro, I know what I saw OK. I'm not going to take it back jus' because you're butt hurt.

Christian's face boils red hot with anger.

CHRISTIAN
No! I know what you saw! Someone else! Not me, Helen Keller!

PLAYER
(places hand on Christian's shoulder)
Easy man. No reason to get upset.

CHRISTIAN
(hits arm away)
No! Don't touch me!

CHRISTIAN
I'm sick of fuckers confusing me with someone else! Why?... Why is everyone doing this to me?

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

(to Devon)

Devon can't you see it!? Can't you see what's going on!? I'm a fucking clone! That's the only explanation!

DEVON

It's just a coincidence, man.

Christian rests his arms on his hips, drops his head down. Eyes shift as he frantically searches for an answer.

ZACK

(Condescendingly)

Maybe you are, buddy.

(laughs)

Maybe you were built in a lab next to some sheep.

Christian looks up at Zack, eyes lock in, teeth clench. He marches toward him-

CHRISTIAN

You dirt bag fucker...

Christian clinches Zack in a headlock. Punches him over and over again in the face.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

How... about... something to remember me by?

The other players take hold of Christian, trying to pry him away from Zack. Christian loosens his grip. Zack breaks free.

Almost as Christian's intense anger gives him super strength, he breaks away from the grasp of the other players. Christian bee-lines to Zack and punches him in the face so hard, it lifts his feet off the ground- sends him flying back five feet.

Christian continues toward Zack, Devon tackles him from the right... They struggle.

The other players come to aid Devon as he gets on top of Christian.

DEVON

You fuckin' idiot!

They bound Christian's arms and legs.

(CONTINUED)

DEVON

Aren't you getting tired of making
an ass out of yourself?

Christian shrills in a fiery fit of demonic rage.

CHRISTIAN

Get off of me!

DEVON

Look, the thing at the store-
Whatever.

Christian's right arm breaks free- hits Devon in the nose.
Devon fastens the jail broken arm. Blood drips from Devon's
nose onto Christian's face.

DEVON

But this isn't a store... This is
my basketball game and you're not
being polite to my guests!

From Christian's point of view, Devon drops his right elbow
on his face- knocks him out.

QUICK CUT TO BLACK.

FADE UP ON

INT. MANCINI HOME -- LATER

Christian opens the door- enters. He glances at Alexa, but
remains silent. Jaunts toward the bathroom in a zombie-like
manner... Alexa is typing at her laptop.

ALEXA

Hey, Babe! How was the game?

CHRISTIAN (O.S.)

... Good.

Alexa stops typing, she senses that something is wrong. She
looks over toward the bathroom.

ALEXA

Is everything alright?

CHRISTIAN (O.S.)

... Fine.

Alexa sighs and folds down her laptop, gets up off the chair
and heads to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM, MANCINI HOME -- CONTINUOUS

She walks into the bathroom. Christian in front of the mirror, using toilet paper to clean blood from under his nose.

ALEXA

(Gasps)

What happened?

CHRISTIAN

It was nothing, I just got elbowed.

Christian continues to clean the blood.

ALEXA

Well, do you need anything? Is there anything I could do?

CHRISTIAN

No, just...

(sighs)

...let me clean up.

Alexa snatches a WHITE HAND TOWEL, dampens it. Then approaches Christian.

ALEXA

No, let me help. Sit down.

Christian tosses the bloody toilet paper in the garbage and sits down on the toilet.

Despite Alexa's rugged appearance, a softer, motherly side surfaces as she gently dabs the wet cloth over Christian's face.

ALEXA

Maybe your candy ass should stay away from basketball for awhile.

CHRISTIAN

Bravo Alexa, if you attempted to make me feel better, you definitely succeeded with that tactful comment.

Alexa runs the cloth under cold water to drain some of the blood out.

ALEXA

Who did it?

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

Some guy.

ALEXA

Some guy?

She walks back over to clean the rest of the blood off his face.

ALEXA

You didn't pick a fight again? Did you?

CHRISTIAN

(Looks up, glares)

What do you mean "again?"

ALEXA

Like... The thing at the grocery store?

CHRISTIAN

I never told you about that? Who did?

ALEXA

(Fumbles)

Uh... there were... some employees talking about it, when I was shopping there today.

As Alexa cleans Christian's face, she notice's a cicatrice on the top right of his forehead.

She rubs her thumb over it.

ALEXA

You still haven't told me how you got that scar.

Christian reaches up with his right hand and touches the scar... His eyes widen and he breathes in... A suppressed memory emerges.

MONTAGE.

A. The back of a mysterious woman who is watching T.V.

B. Fists pummel down over and over again.

C. The screen turns to black. A women SCREAMING in a fit of rage. A boy CRYING in horror. Words are faint, barely audible.

INT. BATHROOM, HOME -- NIGHT

Christian snaps out of it with a cold emotionless stare stamped on his face.

CHRISTIAN
My mom she... hit me.

ALEXA
(gasps)
You mean to tell me your mom hit you so fuckin' hard, it left a permanent scar?

CHRISTIAN
I guess...

ALEXA
What did you do?

CHRISTIAN
I don't recall... look- are we done here? I gotta-

ALEXA
We have been together for six fucking years and not once have you mentioned her until now, and the first thing I learn about your mother is that she beat you so bad, it left a permanent fucking scar?

CHRISTIAN
Ya... I don't like talking about her. Let's talk about somethin' else. How's your book?

ALEXA
(ignoring him)
Well, if I ever meet her I'm going to give her a piece of my mind, then I'ma leave a scar on her and it's going to be permanent too.

CHRISTIAN
You won't ever have to worry about meeting her.

ALEXA
Why? Is she outta state?

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN
No... She's dead.

EXT. MAIL BOX, MANCINI HOME -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Christian runs outside to the mailbox...

CHRISTIAN (V.O.)
My mother had beat me to an inch of my life. I was hospitalized for nearly three months. When I was released, my grandparents took me away. They told me my mother was locked up and I wouldn't see her for a long time, which was only half right.

He opens the front of the mailbox and takes out an envelope. It is addressed from Mary Mancini.

Christian opens the envelope revealing a letter...

CHRISTIAN (V.O.) CONT'D
Truth is- I never saw her again.

...The letter reads:

MARY MANCINI (V.O.)
To my baby boy,

The guilt I live with day to day has become unbearable. I look in the mirror and I see a monster. A mother's betrayal is the hardest thing for a women to live with. I gave you life, then put you through hell. For that, I know I should pay. Know that the direction in which my sail has set, is not steered by you, or anyone else, but by an existence built on fear, hate, lust, and self pity. I feel that there is nothing I can do for you in this life. But maybe, with a little luck, I can be there for you in the next one. I want you to know that I love you, I always did. I hold on to one more dream before I die: to be your Guardian Angel.

Love always,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARY MANCINI (V.O) (cont'd)

Mom.

Christian's phone RINGS, he takes it out and squints at the unrecognizable number.

CHRISTIAN (V.O.)

I think deep down, I already knew.

Christian answers the phone.

CHRISTIAN

Hello...

DETECIVE STEVENS (V.O.)

(delayed)

Hi, Is this Christian Mancini?

CHRISTIAN

(pausing)

Yes.

DETECIVE STEVENS (V.O.)

This is detective Stevens with the King County police. I regret to inform you, that your mother expired today at 14:35.

The detective's voice fades out.

INT. BATHROOM, MANCINI HOME -- NIGHT

Alexa runs her hand over Christian's head in a compassionate way.

ALEXA

How?

CHRISTIAN

Drug overdose.

ALEXA

Why didn't you ever tell me? Why have you kept this a secret?

CHRISTIAN

I don't want you to know about her. I want her to be forgotten. She died alone, there's nobody around to remember her... except for me.

(CONTINUED)

ALEXA

When is the last time you saw her?

CHRISTIAN

Grandma's funeral... She tried to say hi... I called her a bitch.

(Beat)

That was the last word... bitch.

ALEXA

You still hate her?

CHRISTIAN

I hate her...

Christian looks up at Alexa, teeth clench, a passion surges through him.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

...every moment I exist.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, MANCINI HOME -- MOMENTS LATER

Alexa and Christian walk into the bedroom. Christian sits on the bed and unties his shoes.

Alexa walks out of the bedroom, toward the hall closet.

ALEXA (O.S.)

Hey, I'm going to take a shower.
You want to stay there, while I
talk to you about the wedding?

CHRISTIAN

Sure.

She comes back in with a towel and leaves the door open as she walks into the bathroom... Alexa turns the faucet on and gets into the shower... Christian kicks off his shoes and sits contently.

ALEXA (O.S.)

So Jamie, Sarah, and Chelsea are going to be in the wedding for sure. But I don't think Kaylee is, because she's going to be in Florida for the summer.

Alexa's phone, which is sitting on top of the nightstand, BEEPS... Christian looks over toward the phone then back to the bathroom... He slowly reaches for the it. A message from "Rick," that reads:

(CONTINUED)

"He did it again this time it was worse"

ALEXA (O.S.)(CONT'D)
But, you know, I thought about it.
and I think it's better that way...

Christian looks toward the bathroom, then back to the phone... He sends a message to Rick, posing as Alexa.

"Who did it?"

ALEXA (O.S.)(CONT'D)
...Because, if I only have three
bridesmaids, it would be more
esthetically pleasing because it's
an odd number.

Christian receives another message from Rick:
"?"

Christian jumps to his feet. He marches into the bathroom and pulls back the curtains. Alexa gasps- covers herself up.

ALEXA
What the hell!?

Christian shows Alexa the phone with Rick's message.

CHRISTIAN
Who is this? Who's Rick!?

ALEXA
What the fuck are you doing? Why
are you looking through my phone,
you grabby fuck?!

CHRISTIAN
Who is this!? And what the hell is
he talking about? Who did what!?

ALEXA
I don't know!

Christian snaps- lunges forward at Alexa in an intimidating manner.

CHRISTIAN
Bullshit, "I don't know" You do!
You're just not telling!

Alexa breaks down and begins to sob.

(CONTINUED)

ALEXA

(sobs)

It's Devon! I'm sorry!

A look of confusion crosses Christian's face as he processes the information that has been handed to him.

CHRISTIAN

What?...

Alexa struggles to get the words out.

ALEXA

I kept his number under a different name because I didn't know how you'd take it... if you knew I was talking to him.

Christian places the phone on the counter next to the sink, he turns away from her.

CHRISTIAN

Devon?

ALEXA

(nodding)

Ya.

CHRISTIAN

(pausing)

Why the hell would you hide Devon's name in your phone? He's my best friend. Why would I care about that?

ALEXA

I don't know! I don't know what I was thinking! I'm sorry.

CHRISTIAN

If you weren't conniving about the whole thing, I wouldn't care.

Christian calms down, he walks away without a word... Alexa snatches a towel and covers herself up.

CHRISTIAN (O.S.)

I'm going for a drive. I need to clear my head.

ALEXA

Please... Please, don't leave me here by myself.

(CONTINUED)

The sound of RATTLING KEYS... The DOOR OPENING.

CHRISTIAN (O.S.)
I will be back later.

SLAM. Alexa, still wrapped in her towel, picks up the phone, calls Devon...

DEVON (V.O.)
Hey Sexy!

ALEXA
Don't talk to me that way. Do you have any idea what kind of shit you just put me through, dickhead?

DEVON (V.O.)
What happened?

ALEXA
He knows... He knows we're talking.

DEVON (V.O.)
How's that a big deal?

ALEXA
It's not, it's just. I don't want him to find out...

DEVON (V.O.)
Do you regret it?

EXT. GROCERY STORE -- NIGHT

Christian pulls into a parking space... Exits the car. Jaunts toward the entrance of the store.

Cadence, in her uniform, exits the store. Christian notices her as she walks by and places his arm on her shoulder.

CHRISTIAN
Wait!

Cadence looks up. Gasps- pulls away.

CADENCE
Leave, or no joke, I will call the police.

She steps back from Christian. He steps closer to her... Cadence reaches into her purse- withdraws MACE.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN
(Throwing hands into the air)
Whoa! Whoa! No, you don't have to
do that.

Flings the mace in his face-

CADENCE
Don't make me use this on your
crazy ass!

CHRISTIAN
OK, I'll leave. Please don't spray
me, that's the last thing I need!
I've had a really bad day. I just
wanted to make an apology for the
way I treated you... I'm sorry. I
took it to far.

She lowers her guard.

CADENCE
You think you're having a bad day?
Do you know what I did after you
yelled at me?
(pausing)
I went to the back of the store and
cried... For twenty minutes, I sat
there and cried!

CHRISTIAN
I'm sorry, I can explain-

CADENCE
O.K. So you weren't the guy I
remembered. That doesn't give you
the right to bite my head off.

CHRISTIAN
You're right, it doesn't. No one
deserves to be treated that way...
Not even my mother.

CADENCE
(puzzled)
Well... Can you please explain to
me what your problem is? So I don't
walk around thinking I'm some big
dumb bitch.

Christian surveys a bench near the store's entrance.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

Do you want to have a seat?

CADENCE

(Hesitates)

Sure.

They walk over to the BENCH and seat themselves. Christian looks down and sighs while he organizes his thoughts.

CHRISTIAN

You're not the first one I've lashed out to. See, my mother nearly killed me fourteen-years ago. Ever since then I've lived with this curse... I look like other people.

CADENCE

(laughing)

Puh! Haha! That's it? That's your curse? Wow, how traumatic. You had me going there for a second.

CHRISTIAN

No, seriously, it's really inconvenient. Sometimes I'm a scorned woman's ex-lover...

INT. FOOD COURT, MALL -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

A woman marches up to Christian-

WOMAN

This is for fuckin' my sister.

Knees him in the groin- Christian keels over.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

You pig.

The woman pitches hot coffee in his face.

CHRISTIAN

AWE!!!

EXT. HARDWARE STORE -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Christian exits a HARDWARE STORE holding a CORD OF FIREWOOD.
A man walks up to Christian, stops him.

CHRISTIAN (V.O.)
Or a family member.

MAN
Ronnie! How the hell have you been,
you rascal? Hey, you missed the
family reunion this year- we had a
luau. Man, it is really nice to see
you. Have you heard about Rob's
older brother?...

Christian struggles with the heavy wood. Falls backwards.

EXT. SIDE WALK, STREET -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Christian strolls along the sidewalk. A police car drives by
him, continues down the road. The sound of POLICE SIRENS,
Christian looks up to see the police car turning around,
heading his way.

CHRISTIAN (V.O.)
Or, a wanted criminal.

The police car stops in front of him, the cops get out with
their guns drawn on Christian.

COP 1
Put your hands in the air where I
can see 'em boy!

Christian raises his arms.

COP 1
Now walk over here slowly and show
me some ID.

Christian does exactly that. He jaunts over, and pulls his
license from his wallet.

The cop carefully studies the license, looks back up to
Christian, then back down to the license again.

COP 1
Uh.. sorry boy. We gotcha confused
with another guy.

The cop hands back Christian's license. They get back into their vehicle and speed off. Christian stands there, bewildered.

EXT. GROCERY STORE -- NIGHT

Still sitting on the bench...

CHRISTIAN

It gets to me. Sometimes I snap...

Cadence stares at him like some unraveled mystery.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

I don't know what it is or where it comes from. But... I know it has taken its toll: Burned bridges, broken friendships, and a lover that keeps her distance.

Cadence's resentment turns to compassion as she listens to Christian.

CADENCE

Well, have you thought about seeing a psychologist?

CHRISTIAN (O.S.)

No.

CADENCE

Why not?

Christian brings his head up. He gives her a slight smile as he looks into her eyes.

CHRISTIAN

I'm afraid they'll think I'm crazy.

Cadence pulls out a cigarette and a lighter.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

I can change. I can do it on my own. I have to...

Cadence flicks the lighter, Christian follows the flame with his eyes.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

...I can't ever do it again.

She takes a drag off her cigarette and looks at Christian.

(CONTINUED)

CADENCE
Do what again?

CHRISTIAN
Can you keep a secret?

CADENCE
Yes.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, MANCINI HOME -- NIGHT

Alexa still wrapped in her towel sitting on the bed... Tears well-up in her eyes.

ALEXA
I needed someone to comfort me.
It's just that... after the
incident... it wasn't been the same
between us...

DEVON (V.O.)
What incident?

EXT. MANCINI HOME -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

It is a warm, sunny day. Christian mowing his lawn in shorts, t-shirt, and a pair of shades.

ALEXA (V.O.)
It was about a year ago.

Christian's neighbor, TODD GALLAGHER, walks out of his house with his dog on a leash.

Todd Gallagher is an older man in his late sixties. Age hasn't been that kind to him as he seems to have degenerated mentally. When he walks, it's like he doesn't know where he is going. He's a little off, confused.

He is the proud owner of a PITT-BULL named ROXIE... The dog starts barking at Christian.

TODD
Roxie! No!

Roxie overpowers Todd and he loses grip of the leash... Roxie barks as she runs toward Christian. Christian stops the lawn mower.

(CONTINUED)

TODD
Hey! You little shit!

Todd chases Roxie across the street toward Christian. Roxie reaches Christian and continues to bark at him.

Todd finally catches up to Roxie and grabs the leash.

TODD
No! Bad Roxie!... If you pet her,
she'll stop barking.

Christian hesitates, then bends down to pet Roxie. He moves his hand down. Roxie snips at him- Christian pulls his hand away just in time.

CHRISTIAN
Whoa!

TODD
Oh. Sorry... I guess she hates your
guts.

Christian laughs at the off-handed remark. Todd gets down on his knee and pets Roxie.

TODD
It's OK, girl. It's all right.

Roxie drops the barking and licks Todd's face.

TODD
That's the trick. You just need to
give her some kisses. Go ahead!

CHRISTIAN
(shaking his head)
No... No, thank you.

Todd stands up, he squints as the sun hits his eyes.

TODD
You know, I don't think we have had
a formal introduction.

Sticks his hand out.

TODD
Name's Todd. You can call me MR. T.
If you'd like.

Christian shakes his hand.

CHRISTIAN

Christian. Nice to meet you Mr. T.

Todd makes a feeble attempt to perpetuate the conversation.

TODD

Christian... Christian. I like that name. That's a good name.

CHRISTIAN

It's a common name, there had to be 20 Christian's in my high school.

Todd gives Christian a long inquisitive stare.

TODD

Hey... You're not Christian. You're... You're... That celebrity. Who's on that sitcom. You know, with all the friends?

CHRISTIAN

(pausing)

Are you thinking of "Friends?"

TODD

Ya... Friends. You're that goofy guy with... with the dark hair.

CHRISTIAN

David Schwimmer...?

TODD

Ya... David Schwimmer. What are you doing up here in the northwest? Glad to have you as a neighbor. I'll let you go, you probably have lots to do.

Todd laughs, as him and his dog walk back toward their house.

TODD

Have a good day DAVID!

TODD

(To him himself)

We live across the street from Mr. Schwimmer. Ha ha! I'ma tell Betty, she'll getta kick outta this!

Christian scratches his head. Starts the lawnmower.

EXT. MANCINI HOME -- DAY (WEEK LATER)

Christian, dressed for work, is exiting his house. He remote unlocks his car as he walks toward it.

ALEXA (V.O.)
At first, he was just annoyed by
Todd.

Todd looks out his blinds at Christian. Todd jumps out of his chair and runs toward the door. He opens his door and yells at Christian.

TODD
Hey, Mr. Schwimmer!

Christian stops and looks up at Todd.

TODD(O.S.)
I hope you have a fun and
productive day at work! Mr. David
Schwimmer!

Christian pouts as he opens the door.

CHRISTIAN
(To himself)
God damn son of a bitch.

INT. CHRISTIAN'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Christian gets in the car. He grips the steering wheel as anger surfaces.

CHRISTIAN (V.O.)
That's when I began to hate Todd
Gallagher. I wanted him gone... out
of my life.

Christian backs out of his driveway and speeds off.

INT. MANCINI HOME -- NIGHT (FOLLOWING WEEKEND)

Alexa wakes up. She moves her arm toward Christian's side of the bed, feels around but no one is there.

ALEXA (V.O.)
His side of the bed was cold. He'd
been gone for a while.

Alexa looks toward the window. She gets out of bed and walks toward it.

(CONTINUED)

Alexa gasps as she looks out the window. TODD'S HOUSE UP IN FLAMES.

CHRISTIAN (V.O.)

I didn't want to hurt anybody; I waited until they went on vacation. I... I took it too far.

Alexa runs out of the bedroom, hysterical.

CADENCE (V.O.)

What did you do?

Alexa runs toward the front door... Christian enters: He has a hood pulled over his head. A gas canister in his left hand.

Alexa falls to her knees, gasps, and covers her mouth in horror. Her eyes well up in tears.

Christian pulls back his hood, revealing his face.

ALEXA (V.O.)

He... burned Todd's house down.

EXT. GROCERY STORE -- NIGHT

Christian and Cadence are still sitting on the bench. Cadence glares at Christian.

CADENCE

So you... never got caught?

CHRISTIAN

No one would ever suspect me of burning down Todd's house.

CADENCE

Why?

CHRISTIAN

We never fought. Never argued. There was never an altercation. According to Todd, I was just the friendly, celebrity neighbor who lived across the street.

CADENCE

(stands up)

You should have burned in that fire.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

Think so...? Do you think I'm a bad person?

CADENCE

No, I don't think you're a bad person...

Cadence bends over and kisses Christian on the cheek

CADENCE

I think you're pure evil.

Christian rubs his cheek, Cadence laughs and walks away.

CADENCE (O.S.)

I hope you find peace someday, Christian.

INT. BEDROOM, MANCINI HOME -- NIGHT

Alexa is on the phone with Devon. She is painting her toenails(black of course).

DEVON (V.O.)

Huh... So that's your version of the story.

Alexa halts her nail painting activity.

ALEXA

He told you?

DEVON (V.O.)

Ha ya, we got drunk one time... He spilled the beans.

INT. PARTY HOUSE -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Christian and Devon each holding a beer. They stand by a ping-pong table. Christian doesn't look like he is having much fun. JASON STALLBERG, 22, comes into frame.

JASON

Who's up for beer pong? Christian, c'mon on?

CHRISTIAN

(inebriated)

No thanks.

(CONTINUED)

DEVON
(To christian)
Fuck man, you've been mopin' all
night, what's your malfunction?

Christian sobs uncontrollably.

CHRISTIAN
I burnt down a retarded man's
house!

DEVON
What the fuck?!

INT. BEDROOM, MANCINI HOME -- NIGHT

Alexa still sitting on the bed.

DEVON (V.O.)
Why are you still with him? Aren't
you scared of the guy?

ALEXA
Sometimes. That boy is night and
day- happy camper one minute,
raging bull the next.

DEVON (V.O.)
Ya. Well, I don't think he'll ever
find out about us. Unless, you
can't handle keeping a secret.

ALEXA
I can... it's hard.

DEVON (V.O.)
Well you're gonna haft to. You're a
writer, don't you have some diary
you can tell secrets to?

ALEXA
Ha. Ya... Well I have to go.

DEVON (V.O.)
Hey, wait! you want to get some
coffee?

ALEXA
No thanks. I have to go.

(CONTINUED)

DEVON (V.O.)

Wait-

Alexa hangs up the phone.

ALEXA

(to herself)

bug-a-boo.

EXT. MANCINI HOME -- DAY

Alexa has just finished an early morning jog. She approaches the house through the drive way. As she walks past THE BLACK CHEVY COBALT, Devon rises from behind the vehicle gawking her.

EXT. MANCINI HOME -- MOMENTS LATER

Devon walks up to a TRASH CAN. He studies the contents. Starts rummaging.

INT. DINING ROOM, MANCINI HOME -- CONTINUOUS

Alexa enters the dining room where Christian is drinking coffee and reading a newspaper.

CHRISTIAN

How was your jog?

ALEXA

Horrible. I felt sick.

Alexa sits down, Christian stands up. He snatches a pack of cigarettes off the table. Christian glances over to Alexa who is giving him "the look."

CHRISTIAN

What...? I'm down to five a day,
give me a break.

ALEXA

They say that five cigarettes a day
triples your risk of cancer.

CHRISTIAN

Ya, and you want to know what will
happen when I quit? I'll die of
cancer anyways, only I wouldn't
have enjoyed years of smoking.

(CONTINUED)

Christian sighs and throws the pack of cigarettes on the table. He sits back down in his chair.

CHRISTIAN

What do you want to do today?

ALEXA

Park?

INT. DEVON'S HOME -- DAY

Devon walks through the door and marches toward his bedroom with a small plastic bag.

DEVON'S MOM(O.S.)

Devon, is that you?

DEVON

Ya.

DEVON'S MOM(O.S.)

Are you hungry? You want Mommy to make you some dinner?

DEVON

No! I'm busy!

Devon enters his room and closes his door.

INT. DEVON'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Devon tosses the bag on his bed. He opens his closet and pulls out a BLOW UP DOLL: The doll resembles Alexa, a PHOTO OF ALEXA is pasted over the dolls face. He places the blow up doll on the bed. He opens up a desk drawer and pulls out a tube of GENERIC SUPER GLUE.

He sits down on the bed, in between the blow up doll and the plastic bag. Out of the bag. Devon pulls strands of dark hair. He drips glue on the blow up dolls head and strategically places bits of hair over the glue. Devon takes toenail clippings out of the bag and carefully glues them on the blow up doll's toes.

DEVON

We've made progress today Alexa.
You're almost as real as she is.

Devon gives the doll a long passionate kiss on the lips.

(CONTINUED)

DEVON

Do you want to make love tonight?

Devon stares at the doll, almost as if he expects it to utter an answer.

DEVON

No... OK. Well, we can just cuddle.

Devon walks over to his stereo and puts on a CLASSICAL SCORE. He walks over to the doll and takes her hand.

DEVON

May I have this dance?

Devon grabs the doll and slow dances with it. Devon dances with the doll as if were a real lover. He holds the doll tenderly, dips her, and twirls her around. Devon gives the doll another long passionate kiss, We begin to understand the true depth of Devon's psychotic nature.

EXT. PARK -- DAY

Alexa and Christian walking at the park.

ALEXA

Last time I was here was the most miserable day of my life.

CHRISTIAN

You wanted to come.

ALEXA

I know I wanted to come because I had to know what it felt like.

CHRISTIAN

And...

ALEXA

(In french)
Je suis magnifique.

ALEXA

(In English)
I feel magnificent.

CHRISTIAN

That's great. Thank God for therapy.

ALEXA

It wasn't therapy. It was you. You were the cure to my illness.. Think about it, I haven't had an episode since we've met.

(CONTINUED)

(pausing)
I can't believe it's been six
years.

CHRISTIAN
Six years. Not Bad. They said we
wouldn't last two.

ALEXA
Your grampa knew... I miss him, the
way he always ranted in Italian. I
can't believe he left us his home.
He was the nicest ol' man I've ever
met.

CHRISTIAN
I miss his spaggetti.

ALEXA
(playfully shoves him)
You ass...
(pause)
My mom was right, find a man with a
sense of humor and you'll fall
asleep everynight with a smile.

CHRISTIAN
Ya, less drama too.

ALEXA
(pausing)
Don't forget about Todd.

Christian stops. Alexa walks ahead.

CHRISTIAN
I told you never to bring that shit
up ever, ever meaning- never, ever
say the name "Todd."

ALEXA
Don't throw your temper at me, you
should be locked up in prison,
bein' raped in the butt by some big
black man.

CHRISTIAN
(sigh)
Maybe I should turn myself in, face
my demons.

(CONTINUED)

ALEXA

Hell no, what's done is done. Besides no one's dead, and Todd gotta big fat paycheck. Just take it for what it is- a learning experience.

CHRISTIAN

Do you forgive me?

ALEXA

Of course I forgive you... I just haven't forgotten... I'll never forget.

Christian sighs and sits in the grass. Alexa sits next to him.

CHRISTIAN

There's always one thing... One thing that taints a relationship. Ours has to be arson.

ALEXA

Christian, it's more than just arson. You burned a man's home down for no reason... I mean... We're getting married, what if I got pregnant? What if we had a baby?... I'll be honest. I don't think I could leave it alone with you.

(pausing)

I mean... you need to prove yourself.

CHRISTIAN

It's been almost 2 years!

ALEXA

Well, maybe I'll feel differently in another one.

Christian pulls out a pack of cigarettes and lights up. Alexa looks away. Christian takes a puff of the cigarette, then holds it up as he analyzes it.

CHRISTIAN

I love you... But you know what else I love? Cigarettes. They smell good, taste good. I could smoke forever.

Christian pauses as he looks deep within himself. He takes another puff.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

But as much as I love 'em I know damn well they don't love me. Every time I take a puff on one of these little fuckers, they get closer to killing me. And worse than that, they hurt you... I know how much you want me to quit. I know how scared you are of losing me, Alexa. That's why...

Christian puts his cigarette out in the grass. He stands up and throws his pack of cigs in the woods.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

I'm quitting.

ALEXA

That's great hunny, but...

Christian bewildered.

ALEXA (CONT'D)

What if a kid wanders over there and finds them?... I mean, we are in a park with lots of-

CHRISTIAN

Ok. Ok. I'll go find them and throw 'em in the trash.

Christian walks toward the woods.

INT. BEDROOM, MANCINI HOME -- DAY

Christian is sleeping on his side, on the right side of the bed, with one arm over the empty space, that Alexa, would usually occupy. PUKING coming from the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM, MANCINI HOME -- CONTINUOUS

Alexa on her knees, hovering over the toilet. One hand holds her hair back.

INT. BEDROOM, MANCINI HOME -- CONTINUOUS

Christian's ALARM sets off... The sound of FLUSHING from the bathroom.

Alexa lays on the bed, out of breath from all the puking. Christian wakes up. She faces Christian, he opens his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

ALEXA
Breakfast?

INT. DINING ROOM, MANCINI HOME -- LATER

The table is set with two plates, two cups, Pancake syrup, and butter.

Christian sits at the table, yawning, groggy as hell. Alexa is making pancakes.

ALEXA (O.S.)
How did you sleep?

CHRISTIAN
I slept like a crack-head coming
off of a 21 day cocaine binge.

Alexa pauses as she tries to put together what Christian said.

ALEXA (O.S.)
What!?

CHRISTIAN
I said good!

ALEXA (O.S.)
Oh!

Alexa walks into the dining room and pours a cup of coffee into Christian's cup... She walks back into the kitchen to put the coffee away.

She comes back in with a plate, stacked with pancakes... She sets the pancakes in the middle of the table. Alexa sits down in her chair.

CHRISTIAN
You know what?

Christian jabs his fork into the stack and places two pancakes on his plate.

ALEXA
What?

CHRISTIAN
I'm going to start the day being
thankful for something.

(CONTINUED)

ALEXA

Like what?

CHRISTIAN

I'm thankful that I have a girl who can cook.

She giggles as she puts two pancakes on her plate.

CHRISTIAN

See, I figure if I send out good karma into the universe the universe will respond and I will have a good day today.

ALEXA

That might work.

Christian and Alexa take a few bites of pancake.

ALEXA

Are you excited about the wedding?

CHRISTIAN

Ya!

Alexa gasps and looks up in excitement.

ALEXA

I have an idea! We should get a puppy!

Christian doesn't seem as thrilled.

ALEXA

A little Sharpei, and we can name him Ruggles. Awe, wouldn't that be cute?

CHRISTIAN

No, this is exactly what women do. They want to be Mommy's so they bring in a bunch of animals to take care of. It starts off with a puppy, an' before you know it, the house is a fuckin' zoo. Criters shitin' an' pissin' everywhere.

Alexa gives Christian a look that could say a thousand words.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Ya, I guess, but you hafta scoop
it's shit. That's your job, cuz I
ain't doin' it.

Alexa continues to look at Christian with that suggestive
expression.

CHRISTIAN

Fine... I'll do it.

Christian looks down at his watch.

CHRISTIAN

Oh, shit. I have to go to Adam's
house and get the keys.

Christian grabs his briefcase and walks toward the door.

ALEXA

What do you need his keys for?

CHRISTIAN

Open house. He's staying at his
cabin for the weekend.

ALEXA

O.k. Drive safe.

Christian comes to a stop as Alexa's words trigger a memory.

MONTAGE.

A. Christian's car coming to a screeching halt.

B. A shot of the E-brake that was pulled up with no help
from Christian.

C. The car flying behind him.

Christian stands their motionless.

CHRISTIAN

Ya, I will... drive safe.

Christian leaves.

EXT. ADAM'S HOUSE -- LATER

Christian knocks on the door, Adam opens it.

ADAM

Hey there. How's my favorite
Realtor?

CHRISTIAN

(nervous laugh)

Hey Adam, I'm just here to pick up
the keys.

ADAM

Oh yes, just a minute.

While Christian stands at the doorway, Adam walks away to get the keys off the table. Adam brings back the keys. Hands them to Christian.

CHRISTIAN

Thanks, Adam.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

(walking away)

And, uh... Have fun at your cabin
this weekend. I hope you kill
stuff, an' cook it, an' all that
noise.

Christian gets in his car. Drives away.

INT. BATHROOM, MANCINI HOME -- DAY

Alexa PUKING in the bathroom again. FLUSHING. Looks at herself in the mirror- breathes out a sigh of relief. She looks down and opens a drawer- pulls out a pregnancy test. Rests her eyes on it for a second.

INT. BATHROOM, MANCINI HOME -- MOMENTS LATER

Alexa sits on the toilet. Pulls up the pregnancy test- rests her eyes on it, waiting for the results.

ALEXA

(To Herself)

Please. Please. Pretty please.

Alexa brings her hand over her mouth and gasps.

INT./EXT. ADAM'S HOUSE -- DAY

The door. KNOCKING. Adam walks into frame. Opens the door:
It's Devon.

DEVON

Hey Unc.

Adam smiles, gives Devon a big hug.

ADAM

Devon! Good to see you, boy. Come
in! Visit with your old Uncle for a
bit.

DEVON

No thanks, I can't. I got stuff,
yuh know... young people stuff...
goin' on.

ADAM

Oh, Ok.

DEVON

But I was wondering if I could have
a key for the house. See, Christian
has some things to do before the
open house and he asked me to come
in and make sure it's ready for
viewing...

ADAM

Oh, of course. There's no one I
trust more with my keys than my
favorite nephew.

Adam reaches in his back pocket and pulls out a set of keys
that he gives to Devon.

DEVON

Thanks.

ADAM

Just leave 'em under the mat when
you're done. It's my last set,
don't lose them.

DEVON

I won't.

DEVON

(walking away)

And uh... Don't worry Unc... I'll
take good care of your place!

Devon gets in his car and drives away.

EXT. MANCINI HOME -- LATER

Devon slowly drives by Christian's house and scopes it out. He watches Alexa who is in the kitchen drinking a glass of water.

Devon parks down the street... Exits his car. Scopes out the area. Heads toward the Mancini home.

INT. DINING ROOM, MANCINI HOME -- MOMENTS LATER

Alexa sits at the table with her head buried in her hands.

ALEXA
(To herself)
I can't believe this is happening
to me.

Alexa raises her head- she jumps and screams. An unidentifiable figure dashes past the window.

ALEXA (CONT'D)
(To herself)
What the hell?

She moves toward the window and opens it. Leans out- looks to the right- to the left. Nothing. She closes the window.

ALEXA (CONT'D)
(To herself)
Great. I'm hallucinating.

EXT. BACKYARD, MANCINI HOME -- MOMENTS LATER

Devon walks around the back end of the house. He approaches the back door. Turns the knob- opens the door and invites himself in.

INT. DINING ROOM, MANCINI HOME -- MOMENTS LATER

CU of Alexa as she types on her laptop. We move left and jump as Devon pops into frame lurking behind her.

DEVON
You should never...

Alexa screams- turns around.

(CONTINUED)

DEVON (CONT'D)
Leave your door unlocked.

ALEXA
Asshole! You scared me!.

Devon pulls up a chair. Takes a seat next to Alexa.

DEVON
What are you doing?

ALEXA
I'm working.

DEVON
On what?

ALEXA
My book, ass. I'm almost done.

DEVON
Well be thankfull for capitalism:
it's the reason you can just sit on
you ass an' make buttlloads of cash
writing bullshit all day.

ALEXA
Well, then yes, I am thankful for
capitalism.

DEVON
You got anything to eat? I'm
fuckin' starving.

Devon strolls into the kitchen. Removes an apple out of the
fruit bowl.

ALEXA
What the hell are you doing here?

DEVON (O.S.)
I need to borrow something.

Devon walks back into frame.

DEVON
From Christian-

Plops down on the chair. Takes a bite of the apple...

ALEXA
Take whatever you need and get the
fuck out!

(CONTINUED)

Devon scoots his chair closer to her. Leans in. Grips a lock of her hair- smells it. Alexa pushes him away-

ALEXA

Get off me. I'm not your fuckin' whore.

Devon sits back and laughs.

DEVON

No, you're a little more than that... Just a little.

Alexa springs out of her chair screaming-

ALEXA

Get the fuck out of here! I never want to see you again! I mean it! Don't call me! Don't text me! Just get out of my life!

Devon rises from his chair. Recedes.

DEVON

Whoa... O.K. I get it. I'm leavin'.

He strolls toward the door. Tosses the apple on the floor.

DEVON

You know, it's a shame. I really like you and... I don't know how he'll take it-

ALEXA

You wouldn't dare...

DEVON

Shit. I would be scared, with that damn temper of his.

ALEXA

Devon... please don't... it will kill him.

DEVON

Why shouldn't I?... Huh? You're not giving me what I want.

ALEXA

He will come after you too.

DEVON

Oh, I've got my bases covered, hunny. See, I like to use my time to do productive things... like planning, rather than writing stories no one will read.

ALEXA

Maybe you should get a girlfriend... Then you can leave me the fuck alone and torture someone else!

Devon stops and turns around- dashes toward Alexa.

DEVON

Even if I had a girlfriend... I could never stop.

He strokes her cheek with the back of his hand.

DEVON (CONT'D)

There's something about you, Alexa. You're like a drug. Intoxicating. I can't get you out of my head... Ever since-

ALEXA

It was just a kiss.

DEVON

Don't play it down. I love you, Lexa.

(singing)

You're my sunshine, my little sunshine. You make me happy when skies are grey.

ALEXA

Shut up! Shut up! You were a mistake! That's all you were and that's all you'll ever be. A big fuckin' mistake!... Get over it and move on. You're infatuated, obsessed... Grow up, this is highschool bullshit all over again.

Devon withdraws.

DEVON

Think about it toots! It's just your body. We can avoid a lot of hassle if you just... give it up.

Devon exits.

INT. CHRISTIAN'S CAR -- LATER

Christian at the wheel. The phone rings. He answers.

CHRISTIAN
Hello.

ALEXA (V.O.)
(fantically yelling)
Come home!... You have to come
home!

CHRISTIAN
What's wrong?

ALEXA (V.O.)
Just come home. We need to talk.

CHRISTIAN
OK. Just hang tight. I'm on my way.

Christian hangs up the phone.

INT. LIVING ROOM, MANCINI HOME -- NIGHT

Christian enters. Alexa, on the couch sobbing next to a box of tissues. Christian approaches Alexa.

CHRISTIAN
You O.K?

ALEXA
(looking away, ashamed)
NO!

Blows her nose.

CHRISTIAN
Well, what's wrong?

Christian takes a seat next to her. Attempting to lighten the mood-

CHRISTIAN
Can't think of a good name for your
protagonist?

(CONTINUED)

ALEXA
DON'T JOKE!

ALEXA (CONT'D)
(sobbing)
Please, for God's sake, don't joke,
not now, please... I messed up. I
need to tell you.

CHRISTIAN
What?... What did you do?

Regains her composure.

INT. LIVING ROOM, MANCINI HOME -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Alexa on the couch.

ALEXA (V.O.)
It was a week after the incident.

Christian pacing.

CHRISTIAN
God! I could have sworn I saw it in
the kitchen last.

Alexa keeps her head down. She is still, terrified.

ALEXA (V.O.)
I was so scared of you. After what
you did to Todd.

CHRISTIAN
Did you put it anywhere? Where's
the last place you saw 'em?

ALEXA (V.O.)
I couldn't even get myself to
answer a simple question.

Christian tosses the cushions off the couch. Scrummages.

CHRISTIAN
Damn it! I'm going to be late!

ALEXA (V.O.)
I didn't know what was going to
happen; if we were going to last.

INT. LIVING ROOM, MANCINI HOME -- NIGHT

Christian next to Alexa. Both sniffing. Alexa dabs her tears with tissues.

CHRISTIAN

But we made it. We got through it.

Christian leans over to comfort her. He puts his arm around her.

ALEXA

(pushes him away)

Please! Don't. There's more.

INT. KITCHEN, MANCINI HOME -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Alexa at the sink, washing dishes. She wipes the sweat off her forehead with the back of her hand.

DEVON (O.S.)

Open up! Police!

Alexa shuts the faucet off. Flings the water off of her hands. She opens the door: It's Devon with biker gear on and a helmet held under his left arm.

DEVON

Hey, is Christian around? I want to show him my new bike.

ALEXA

No, you just missed him. He went to work.

Devon invites himself in.

DEVON

Oh... Whatcha doin'?

ALEXA

Oh just...

DEVON (CONT'D)

Don't you get bored being cooped up in the house all day? Doing dishes, writing... blah, blah, blah?

Alexa chuckles, shrugs off the insult... Devon sits on the couch, sets his helmet on the floor and takes his coat off.

(CONTINUED)

ALEXA
Ya, sometimes it-

DEVON
I wonder what's on T.V.?

Devon picks up the remote. Alexa gets impatient with him. She takes the remote out of his hand.

ALEXA
Nothing... is on T.V.

DEVON
(With a long deep stare)
You know what you need? Someone to hang out with. Someone to be here and share in the monotony of staying home all day.

ALEXA
(laughs)
It's actually not that bad. I can manage.

Devon SLAMS his hand on the couch to illustrate his enthusiasm.

DEVON
No, I'm going to stay here and keep you company whether you like it or not.

ALEXA
I don't think that's a good idea.

DEVON
I won't take no for an answer.

Alexa sighs and sits down next to Devon.

INT. LIVING ROOM, MANCINI HOME -- LATER (FLASHBACK)

Alexa and Devon are sitting on the floor in front of the T.V. playing checkers.

ALEXA (V.O.)
We watched a movie, and played games.

Alexa captures two of Devon's checker pieces, she throws her arms in the air.

(CONTINUED)

ALEXA

Woot! Ya, motherfucka!!!

She looks at Devon and slowly brings her arms down.

Both of them sit in silence and give each other a long passionate stair. You can almost feel the sexual tension brewing between them.

ALEXA (V.O.)

In that moment, I saw him as the sweetest man in my life. He seemed kind, thoughtful, vivacious and best of all, I wasn't afraid of him. It was already too late, I lost control of the steering wheel and was in a crash course with disaster.

Devon and Alexa leaning into each other like they are going to kiss.

INT. LIVING ROOM, MANCINI HOME -- NIGHT

Christian's head turned away from Alexa. His eyes are welled with tears as he holds back the flood of emotion. Alexa also emotional, reaches her hand over his leg.

CHRISTIAN

Don't...

(pushes her hand away)

...touch me.

Alexa sighs and brings her arm back. You can sense the emotional tension building in the room.

CHRISTIAN

Did you?...

ALEXA

Ya... we..

Christian picks up the glass vase sitting on the table and throws it against the wall- SHATTERS with glass pieces flying everywhere. The room grows silent and Alexa's petrified with fear. She looks at the broken glass on the carpet.

ALEXA

No, please!... Let me finish!

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

My best fucking friend, Alexa! Wow, you are a piece of work with all that bullshit you fed me the other day.

(smug)

"You were the cure to my illness."
Puh, what a crock.

ALEXA

Christian! It's not what you-

Christian SLAPS Alexa in the face- knocking her off the couch. Alexa touches her hand against her cheek, she looks at Christian: Christian beat red, clenching his jaw, breathing through his teeth.

He realizes the seriousness of his actions, the anger fades. Christian rises off the couch, darts toward the front door.

ALEXA

Where are you going?

CHRISTIAN

Motel... Down the street.

ALEXA

Are you going to come back?

CHRISTIAN

For my things...

Christian SLAMS the door shut.

EXT./INT. ADAM'S HOUSE -- DAY

Christian props the door open as his guests exit the house.

CHRISTIAN

Thanks, have a good day! Think about it!... Not a bad price!

After the final guests have left, Christian closes the door. He holds his arm over his stomach.

CHRISTIAN

(To himself)

God. I'm starving.

He walks around the house to make sure that everything is powered off. He exits out the front door and gets into his car. Christian pulls out of the driveway and leaves.

EXT. ADAM'S HOUSE -- DAY

Devon hides in his car a ways down the road. He watches Christian drive away. Devon gets out of his car and walks to front door. Unlocks the door and walks in.

INT. ADAM'S KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Devin rolls a PROPANE BBQ into the kitchen. He turns the knob allowing the gas to leak out.

INT. LIVING ROOM, MANCINI HOME -- LATER

Alexa on the couch watching the news.

NEWS REPORTER.

(TV)

Firefighters are responding to a house fire on 64th Street...

Alexa looks down at a copy of Adam's listing sheet. Alexa studies the address of the listing: 64th St. Christian unlocks, opens the door. Alexa jumps-

ALEXA

No! Get the fuck outta here, Christian!

CHRISTIAN

Alexa! Huh... What happened?

ALEXA

I'll tell you what happened!
(pointing toward the t.v)
It's on the news! Now, If you want pork I'll round up the fuckin' pigs!... Get the fuck out!

CHRISTIAN

No! Someone set me up-

ALEXA

Bullshit!

CHRISTIAN

Someone is tryin' to ruin my fuckin' life! Now listen Alexa- we've been through some shit, I've done some fucked up things, but if there's one thing I ain't, it's a fuckin' liar-

(CONTINUED)

ALEXA

(Sobbing)

Bullshit! You fuckin' did it again... We had a life, It was going somewhere...

(Sobbing heavily)

...And you chose this... You chose this over us... Dontcha' get it, Christian? I can't live with this. I want to be happy... I don't want to be sad.

Alexa continues to sob, burrying her face into her hands... Christian walks over and takes a seat next to her.

CHRISTIAN

(Compassionately)

Alexa, I want you to be happy... I don't want you to hurt like this... I don't want you to cry anymore and you don't have to because it wasn't me I don't know, maybe I forgot to turn somethin' off, or maybe it was just a freak-

Alexa hits Christian in a fit of rage.

ALEXA

Stop lyin', you psycho! fuckin' pyro! Fuckin'!

Alexa continues to hit Christian until he is forced to get up and move away from her. Alexa, in all her vexation and angst, collapses on the couch and sobs heavily, the kind of sob where your body enforces intervals of breathing just so it can get oxygen.

CHRISTIAN

(After a pause)

You're right... How are you supposed to believe me? I wouldn't believe me.

Alexa sniffles, takes a moment to collect her thoughts, and picks herself up.

ALEXA

I'm sorry, Christian... it's over.

CHRISTIAN

What!?

(CONTINUED)

ALEXA

You're sick You have problems, and I don't have it in me to take 'em on.

(pauses)

Besides... There is someone else I have to think about... besides you and me.

CHRISTIAN

What the fuck?!

Alexa remains silent trying to articulate how she want to say this.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

OK, yuh better start chirpin' cuz that could mean a few different things-

ALEXA

I'm pregnant, Christian!

Christian is caught in disbelief. He collapses on his knees.

CHRISTIAN

When did you find out?

ALEXA

Yesterday.

Christian falls to his knees.

CHRISTIAN

This is amazing! A little bambino of our own!

(In a stupor)

And I'm gonna be a babbo.

ALEXA

No... No you're not.

Christian's excitement fades away and turns to terror.

CHRISTIAN

What?... Why?

(shakes her)

What the fuck does that mean?!

Alexa looks away from Christian as she can't handle the gut-wrenching sight of his reaction to her answer.

(CONTINUED)

ALEXA

I.. I don't think it's yours.

Christian is gut stricken. His eyes shift, mania sets in. He keels over holding his stomach.

CHRISTIAN

I'm going to be sick.

ALEXA

I'm sorry, I think it's Devon's.

CHRISTIAN

Oh, my fucking God! What the fuck..
Why?... Why are you doing this to
me!?

Places her hand on Christian's back.

ALEXA

Look, I thought I loved you but I
was wrong. You were there for me
when I needed out, you were just a
way to escape my miserable fucking
life... And that's all you were...
besides, you're controlling like my
dad and I don't need that anymore.
I mean look at me, I'm stuck in the
house all day. I don't have any
social life whatsoever...

Christian's eyes shift back and forth, beads of sweat roll down his face. He desperately tries to cope with the situation.

ALEXA

I guess you just...

(pause)

...remind me too much of him.

Alexa's words trigger Christian, a blank stare of death crosses his face. All emotion is gone in a flash.

He stands up and walks toward the front door... Alexa is caught off guard by his reaction... She watches Christian as he leaves.

ALEXA

Are you going to be O.K?

Christian doesn't say a word. He opens, exits, and slams the door shut.

EXT. HARDWARE STORE -- LATER

Christian walks out of the store with a package of HEMP ROPE.

INT. BEDROOM, MOTEL -- NIGHT

Christian lies face up, toward the ceiling, on his bed in the motel.

He lays there emotionless, dead in a way. Christian brings his hand over his face.

CHRISTIAN
(Screaming)

AH!

MONTAGE.

A. Young Christian walks up to his mother who is watching TV in the living room.

YOUNG CHRISTIAN
Mom... Can you play with me?

B. Young Christian plays with his toy cars in his room.

YOUNG CHRISTIAN
Zoom! Zoom!

C. Living room. Christian's mother sitting on a couch, yelling at him.

WOMAN (V.O)
I told you I don't want to play,
yuh little shit!

INT. BEDROOM, MOTEL -- NIGHT

Christian sits straight up on the bed and shakes his head, taking deep breathes trying to remain halcyon... He gets up off of the bed and walks into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM, MOTEL -- CONTINUOUS

Christian takes a long hard look into the mirror. He touches his face.

A QUICK FLASH of Christian in the same position and posture but with cuts all over his face.

(CONTINUED)

MONTAGE.

A. Screen fades to black.

WOMAN (V.O)
(Screaming)
You gonna come out of your room
again!?

BOY (V.O)
No, Mom! I'm sorry!

B. Young Christian's hand, gripping a pen, scrawls over his face in a photo.

INT. BATHROOM, MOTEL -- NIGHT

Christian undresses. His hand shakes. Beads of sweat run down his face. He walks over and turns on the shower.

Christian gets into the shower and closes the stall. He closes his eyes and brings his face right under the shower head. Christian's eyes open with an expression of horror. He starts hyperventilating and falls to his knees in the shower.

Christian continues to gasp for air. He pushes open the stall and crawls to the toilet. He hunches over the seat. The shower continues to run. Christian PUKING.

INT. BEDROOM, MARY MANCINI'S HOME -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Young Christian, 10, alone in his bedroom. He is a cute kid, squeezable cheeks, a little on the pudgy side.

He entertains himself with toy cars, bashing them into each other, playing like a normal boy.

YOUNG CHRISTIAN
Zoom... zoom... burrrrrrr.

Christian stops playing, he pauses. The room grows cold, silent. As we look around the room, we begin to sense something.

Back on Christian. We look into his eyes and suddenly, a deep emotion emerges from the pit of our stomach as we realize that this is the loneliest little boy we could possibly imagine.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG CHRISTIAN

Sigh...

INT. LIVING ROOM, MARY MANCINI'S HOME -- MOMENTS LATER

Christian walks into the living room. His mother, MARY MANCINI, 33, watches T.V.

At first glance, Mary looks like a normal stay at home mom. She wears comfortable stretch pants and laughs as she watches her T.V. shows.

As you look closer into her eyes you can see that years of hate and anger have left their mark. Crows feet, wrinkles around her lip, her face makes her appear much older than her actual age.

Christian hesitates as he walks toward his mother. He looks down nervously... Mary is munching on a bag of popcorn as she watches T.V.

YOUNG CHRISTIAN

Hey... Mom?

MARY

I told you not to come out of your room.

YOUNG CHRISTIAN

I know Mom-

MARY

Then what the hell are yuh doing, Christian Lorenzo Mancini?

YOUNG CHRISTIAN

(bashfully)

I don't have anybody to play with.

MARY

And I forgot the part where that's my problem. Go outside an' make a mud pie or somethin'. Just leave me the fuck alone.

She laughs at the TV. Christian twirls his thumbs in a nervous fashion.

YOUNG CHRISTIAN

(hesitantly)

Do you want to play with me?

(CONTINUED)

A monster emerges, comparable to the one that resides in Christian. She turns toward Christian and bites his head off.

MARY

(In a deep demonic howl)

No! Go back in your room before I smack you! I brought you in to this world, I can take you out!

Christian steps backwards, he turns around and scampers back to his room.

INT. BEDROOM, MARY MANCINI'S HOME -- CONTINUOUS

Christian hops onto his bed and wraps himself in a blanket, his eyes fill with tears. As the young boy lies there, he stares at a framed picture of himself: in a little league outfit, holding a bat up to his right shoulder, he sports a smile that could melt your heart.

Little Christian gets up and grabs the picture, and scans it with a cold detached stare. He throws it against the wall. The frame breaks, the glass shatters.

Christian pauses for a moment, then looks over to the nightstand: a BLUE PEN. He snatches it, walks over to the picture and scrawls the pen over the face in the photo.

After the bizzare tantrum, Christian goes back to where he left his toys and resumes his playful activities...

YOUNG CHRISTIAN

(Playing with his Hotwheels)

Vroom! Vroom!

He stops, He sniffles his nose and wipes the tears from his eyes.

Christian drops his toy, sits back and just stares off into space. Studying Christian, we begin to fathom the true emotional pain of his existence. It's companionless, deserted, and desolate, void of any love and affection.

Christian pauses, you can almost see him debating in his head whether he would rather be lonely, or yelled at again.

INT. LIVING ROOM, MARY MANCINI'S HOME -- CONTINUOUS

Christian walks back into the living room where his mother is still watching T.V.

YOUNG CHRISTIAN
Mom... It's just that-

MARY
God damnit, Christian! I told you,
I don't want to play! I don't even
want to look at you!

YOUNG CHRISTIAN
Why!?

MARY
Because you remind me too much of
your damn father! You're like his
fuckin' twin. Same laugh... Same
smile... Same God damn sneer. Not
one resemblance of me.
(Pause, hate surfacing)
I hate that flaky fuckin' father of
yours. Always cheatin'! Blowin'
money on drugs! Can't even
contribute one fuckin' cent for
your ass.

YOUNG CHRISTIAN
But Mom...

Mary throws her popcorn across the room. She hastily brings herself off the couch. Christian tries to run away but he is not fast enough.

MARY
That's it, you little...

Christian's mother gets up and starts beating him... Mary's fist pummeling down upon Christian. He screams in a shrill that makes us cringe.

YOUNG CHRISTIAN
No!!! Ah!!!!

MARY
You gonna come out of your room
again!?

Mary's fist descends, the unmerciful beating continues. Blood spatters on Mary's face.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG CHRISTIAN

No! Mom! I'm sorry!

MARY

I don't want to look at your face
anymore! I want to kill you!

Mary lands a blow that finally silents young Christian. It is then that Mary haults the rampage. Breathing heavily and sapped from the long beating, she moves back to the couch. We finally see Christian and the extent of the damage. He is bloodied, unrecognizable, and unconscious.

MARY

Good going! You made me spill my
popcorn! Now, I have to make
another batch! What do you have to
say for yourself, Christian?

(No response, she looks back
at him)

Christian! Quit fakin'. Wake up!
Christian! Christian!

Nothing, he's out for the count. She walks over and shakes him.

MARY

Christian!... Help! somebody help!

FADE TO BLACK

FADE UP ON

INT. BATHROOM, MOTEL -- NIGHT

Christian flushes the toilet. Shower continues to run... He rises, wraps a towel around his waist and walks out of the bathroom into the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM, MOTEL -- CONTINUOUS

He grabs his jeans and removes the SWISS ARMY POCKET KNIFE from his key chain. Christian walks back into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM, MOTEL -- CONTINUOUS

Christian stands in front of the mirror. He flips out the blade and analyzes it. Christian elevates the blade to his face.

INT. DINING ROOM, MANCINI HOME -- NIGHT

Alexa sits at the table eating a grilled cheese sandwich. She sighs, takes a bite. Gags and shakes her head.

ALEXA
(To Herself)
Huh uh.

She tosses the rest of the sandwich into the trash. Alexa's PHONE RINGS. She draws it from her purse: UNKNOWN NUMBER. Alexa hesitates, then answers.

ALEXA
I'm not interested.

DEVON (V.O.)
Is he gone?

ALEXA
Devon? Why the fuck are you callin' me through a private number?

DEVON (V.O.)
Is he gone?

ALEXA
If you come around here, I'm callin' the cops on your stalkin' ass.

Devon hangs up- DISCONNECT TONE. Alexa scampers around the house, locking all the doors.

EXT. MANCINI HOME -- NIGHT

Devon drives by the house. He peers through the window: Alexa sitting at the table drinking coffee.

Devon looks around for Christian's car. He determines that the coast is clear and parks a lengthy distance down the street.

Devon exits the car. Opens the trunk. Withdraws a RED GAS CANISTER and a SLEDGE HAMMER.

INT. LIVING ROOM, MANCINI HOME -- MOMENTS LATER

Alexa walks into the living room while sipping on a cup of coffee.

She stops and studies a framed photo of her and Christian hanging up on the wall: Christian and Alexa holding each other while smiling for the camera.

Alexa takes a moment. We can sense a bit of sadness in her expression.

MONTAGE.

A. Alexa looking through the window with the flames reflecting in the window pane.

B. Christian walks through the door with the gas canister in his hand.

Alexa snaps out of it. She walks over to the picture and takes it down.

EXT. MANCINI HOME -- NIGHT

Devon moves to the back door, sets down the red gas canister. He steps back, winds up the sledge hammer. Devon halts and gives his surroundings a second take.

He scans the neighborhood until he discovers a window with the TV playing inside. Devon sighs, lowers the hammer.

Devon surveys the house until he comes to an ajar MASTER BEDROOM WINDOW. He slides it open and crawls in.

INT. MOTEL -- NIGHT

A porcelain sink. Blood plops into the basin, trickles down into the drain.

CHRISTIAN

Ow!... Fuck!... Fuck!... Fuck!...

We rise to see that Christian has done a number on his face: incisions in all quarters, hardly recognizable. Slowly brings his right hand up to his face, touches the wounds.

CHRISTIAN

(wincing)

Owe!!!

(CONTINUED)

Christian turns on the faucet, lowers his face and splashes himself with water. Christian turns off the faucet, reaches for a towel, covers his face.

The shower continues to run. Mirrors become foggy. Christian removes the towel from his face to reveal words inscribed over the foggy glass:

"CHRISTIAN"

CHRISTIAN
Who are you?

More words appear:

"THE ONE RESPONSIBLE"

The message infuriates Christian.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
Get out of here! Leave! I don't
need your fuckin' help, Demon!

Christian punches through the wall and falls to his knees.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
Mom... why did you do this? Why?!

No response.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
How do I...
(crying)
How do I end it? How do I break
this curse?

More words appear:

"FORGIVE"

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
Forgive?

More words on the mirror:

"SAVE HER"

Christian's face lights up with anger, he rises to his feet. Snatches the bloodied towel and wipes the glass, erasing the words.

EXT./INT. DINING ROOM, MANCINI HOME -- NIGHT

CU of Alexa, nothing can be seen in the background. We move ever so slightly to the left: Devon pops into frame behind Alexa. We move back to the right, Devon disappears.

We are behind Alexa now from Devon's POV, as he moves closer behind her, so do we...

Devon covers her mouth with his hand. Alexa lets out a muddled shrill.

INT. BEDROOM, MOTEL -- NIGHT

Christian, now fully dressed, seated on the bed reflecting on the tragedy that has befallen him. He looks over to the night stand where his wallet sits. Reaches over and snatches it.

He removes his drivers license to uncover the picture of Alexa. He graces her face with his fingers.

CHRISTIAN

(To himself)

Everything is gone. My girl... My career... Are you happy? Is this what you wanted, Alexa?

INT. MANCINI HOME -- NIGHT

Alexa and Devon are struggling. Alexa labors to grapple her phone, which is sitting by her laptop. Devon tackles Alexa, gets on top, and holds her arms down.

DEVON

Manifest Destiny! Isn't it a lovely phrase? Such a nice lilt to it, just rolls off the tongue. Do you know what it means Alexa?

(Alexa ignores his words)

It's the philosophy that the United States is divinely ordained to conquer and expand over the North American continent!

Alexa spits in Devon's face. Devon slaps Alexa across the face so hard that she is nearly KO.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Now you may be askin' yourself? Why the fuck is this guy talkin' about

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEVON (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Manifest Destiny at a moment like
this? "And what does this have to
do with me?"

Alexa reeling from the blow.

DEVON (CONT'D)
Well Alexa, Manifest Destiny is
what's goin' to happen to you. I'm
goin to rape, defile, and conquer
your land, an' there ain't a damn
thing you can do about it.

Devon bends over and licks the side of her cheek. Alexa
appears quite horrified. Then an expression of revelation.

ALEXA
OK... I won't fight. Please. Lets
go to the bedroom, I can make it
enjoyable for you.

DEVON
Nah...
(runs his fingers through her
hair)
What could be better than watching
you squirm?

Alexa moves her lips up to his ear

ALEXA
(In a sexy, breathy voice)
Have you ever felt real pleasure?

DEVON
Real pleasure?

Alexa's fingernails run down his back. Devon winces in
sexual excitement.

ALEXA
I can give you real pleasure.

DEVON
Convince me...

Devon Sweating bullets.

ALEXA (CONT'D)
You'll lose control. Your leg will
shake. Convulsions will over take
you as one big supernova of a
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ALEXA (CONT'D) (cont'd)
motherfuckin' explosion detonates
throughout your entire body. When
it's over, you won't know which way
is up... which way is down. Time
will stop as you slowly become
aware that what you've just
experienced was the most powerful
orgasm of your life.

Devon gulps, beads of sweat roll down his face.

ALEXA (CONT'D)
So if you have felt real pleasure,
then go with your "manifest
destiny," bologne. But I
garan-fuckin'-tee you, It won't
come close to what I hafta offer.

DEVON
(nervously)
Uh. Sure. We can do that stuff.

Devon gets off Alexa and helps her up... He follows her to
the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM, MOTEL -- CONTINUOUS

Christian stands on a chair, under a NOOSE that is tied to
the CEILING FAN.

INT. BEDROOM, MANCINI HOME -- CONTINUOUS

Alexa hops on the bed, she lays face up. Devon kicks off his
shoes, then lays on top of her... She brings her left hand
toward Devon's crotch.

ALEXA
(Pants)
Oh... You're ready, aren't ya, big
guy?

Alexa reaches her right hand toward the nightstand, where a
GOLD COLORED METAL LAMP sits.

DEVON
Hell... fuckin' ya.

She grips the lamp.

(CONTINUED)

ALEXA
Well here yuh go... Perve!

Alexa bashes Devon in the head with the lamp.

DEVON
(shrills)
Owe! fuckin' Bitch!

Alexa kicks Devon off. Devon falls off the bed... Reeling from traumatic injury, Devon rolls around screaming in agony.

DEVON (CONT'D)
AWE! You'll pay for that with your
life!

Alexa runs out of the bedroom. Devon recovers, gets back up on his feet. From Devon's perspective: the room's spinning.

INT. MOTEL -- CONTINUOUS

Christian kicks the chair out from beneath him. He plummets-- the HANGMAN'S KNOT tightens. Christian squirms.

INT. LIVING ROOM, MANCINI HOME -- NIGHT

Alexa grabs the phone and fumbles it around in a frantic frenzy. She manages to type 911 on her phone. Just when she goes for the dial button Devon grabs the back of her shirt. Alexa SCREAMS.

ALEXA
No!

Devon throws her into the wall like a Crash Test Dummie, her head breaks through the dry wall.

She falls to the ground and drops the phone.. Alexa's eyes roll back into her head, as she obviously has suffered a concussion.

Alexa's phone: Dials Christian on its own.

INT. MOTEL -- CONTINUOUS

Christian hanging by the neck, flails around. Eyes bulge. Face red as a tomato.

Over the phone: Alexa's picture pops up, the phone's ring becomes audible.

(CONTINUED)

Christian's body becomes still. He begins to die.

MONTAGE.

A. A POOL OF BLOOD. ALEXA'S DEAD BODY lying on the kitchen floor.

B. The words "SAVE HER" that was written on the bathroom mirror earlier.

C. The words "FORGIVE," also written on the foggy glass.

Using what little life force Christian has left, he reaches up the rope with his right hand. Pulling himself up, allowing the blood flow to circulate.

His right hand reaches down to his pocket. He pulls out the SWISS ARMY KNIFE. Uses his teeth to unfold the blade. He saws the rope feverishly.

SNAP. Christian falls to the ground. He gets up. Snatches his keys off the bed. Runs out the door without any shoes on.

INT. LIVING ROOM, MANCINI HOME -- MOMENTS LATER

Alexa, recovering from her concussion cannot see anything besides a blurred figure hovering over her. Slowly, her vision comes into focus to see that the figure is Devon.

DEVON

(Clapping)

Alexa Harper... that performance deserves an Academy Award. I got to hand it to your fiance: He picked one feisty bitch.

Alexa blinks, her eyes shift around as she starts to remember the predicament she is in.

ALEXA

(inhibited)

What?... what's?..

DEVON

(Gets down on his knees, next to Alexa)

I wanted you to wake up first, sweetheart. That way, we can both enjoy the beauty of sex.

Devon lays on top of her. He kisses her cheek and smells her hair.

EXT. MANCINI HOME -- MOMENTS LATER

Christian approaches. He looks down the road: Devon's vehicle.

CHRISTIAN
(To himself)
Dickless fucker.

Christian parks in the driveway, gets out his car, and sprints to the house.

EXT/INT. MANCINI HOME -- MOMENTS LATER

Christian runs up to the door and looks through the window to catch Devon laying over Alexa.

CHRISTIAN
(gasps)
No, no, no, no, no, no.

Christian jiggles the handle, the door is locked. He runs away from the door. Stops. Drops his shoulder and guns it like a running back trying to make his way through the defensive line.

Christian bulldozes his way through the door, it swings open. Devon flips around to Christian sprinting his direction at full-throttle. A man on a mission, Christian's scared face is filled with furry, a sight that's both horrific and inspiring at the same time.

Christian kicks Devon in the stomach: Devon lifts off the ground, rolls on his back. Christian jumps on top, hits Devon in the face. Christian grabs Devon by the collar and pulls him up.

DEVON
What the hell happened to your-

CHRISTIAN
It's a make-over. You like it? I hope so, because you're getting one too.

Christian raises his fist.

DEVON
Wait...

Christian freezes while his fist is held up, cocked, ready to shoot.

(CONTINUED)

DEVON

It was her. She wouldn't stop calling me. I told her to stay away.

CHRISTIAN

Doesn't change a thing. You were going to rape her, I saw it with my own eyes!

DEVON

I came here to tell her it was over. I didn't wanta hurt my best friend anymore. She lost it and attacked me. I was only defending myself. For fuck sake, Christian, look at my head.

Alexa sits up.

ALEXA

NO...

Christian looks over at Alexa who is barely conscious, she struggles to speak a few words.

ALEXA

He became obsessed. Stalking-

DEVON

Don't listen to her, Christian. We've been friends since the 3rd grade! I've stuck by you through thick 'n' thin.

Christian still holding Devon by the collar.

DEVON

Remember the locker room thing... Junior year.

INT. LOCKER ROOM, HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Christian and Devon stripping their clothes off in the locker room. Christian takes off his boxers revealing a SLIGHTLY INADEQUATE PENIS.

DAMON ROCKWELL, a "bigger" fellow takes note and decides to make it public knowledge.

(CONTINUED)

DAMON

Hey guys, ha... Check out
Teeni-Weeni-Asian-Peenie over here.

Damon's comments sound off a wave of LAUGHTER. Christian's penis gathers an array of attention.

DAMON

Hey... hey, Nubby.
(More laughter)
Is that a penis? or just a really
big cooter?

Damon turns around. Devon winds up a toil. SNAPS Damon in the ass. Damon SQUEALS like a girl.

INT. MANCINI HOME -- NIGHT

Christian still has a powerhold on Devon.

DEVON

Ok, man, I know I messed up, and
I'm sorry. Please find it in your
heart to forgive an old friend.

CHRISTIAN

What about the abomination growing
in her? How do you explain that?

DEVON

What the fuck are you talking
about?

Alexa uses every ounce of energy to muddle a few words.

ALEXA

(Struggling to speak)
I lied because I was scared... We
only kissed... We... never... went
all the way.
(Pausing)
Christian... the baby... it's
yours.

Tears roll down Christian's face. He loosens his grip on Devon. All the anger and resentment fades away as the power of Alexa's statement flows through him.

Devon takes advantage of Christian's vulnerable state. Pushes him off and breaks free. Christian rolls over, Devon picks him up by the collar and throws him against the wall.

(CONTINUED)

ALEXA

No!

Devon hits Christian across the face with his right fist. Blood pours from his infected wounds.

ALEXA

Stop! Please!

Devon punches Christian in the face again.

DEVON

If I can't have her, no one will!

Devon throws Christian into...

INT. KITCHEN, MANCINI HOME -- CONTINUOUS

...The kitchen slamming him against the counter. Devon attacks- Christian greets him with an uppercut- Devon falls back and hits the fridge. Christian leaps forward with his fist cocked- Devon clocks him with a side arm to the ear.

The blow causes Christian to lose his footing. He falls- hits his head against the counter-top on the way down.

Christian lands on the kitchen floor, immobilized by the blunt force trauma.

Devon takes a knife out of the sink... He stoops down to Christian's level. Christian shakes his head in a fight to regain consciousness. Devon holds the knife to Christian's throat.

DEVON

You know what? I've got a better idea.

Devon lays the knife on the countertop and jaunts out of frame. Christian places his hand on the wall and tries to pull himself up. He falls back to the floor.

Devon returns with the SLEDGE HAMMER and the RED GAS CANISTER, he left by the door earlier. He sets the GAS CANISTER down.

DEVON

Should I smash in your fuckin' head and put you outta your misery? Or should I start with your legs and work my way up? Yuh know, keep yuh around for all the great fun?

(CONTINUED)

(Christian silent)
 Alright, I'll make this even
 easier. Thumbs up for head smash-
 thumbs down for leg smash.

Christian brings his thumb out, facing horizontally. Instead of giving Devon a thumbs up or thumbs down, he gives him the finger.

DEVON
 Enough said.

Devon raises the sledge hammer up to an apex, then pummells it down on Christian right leg shattering the bone.

CHRISTIAN
 (Horrific shrilling)
 Awe!!! Awe!!!

Devon raises the sledge hammer again and brings it down on Christian's left leg.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
 (shrilling)
 Awe!!!

INT. LIVING ROOM, MANCINI HOME -- CONTINUOUS

Alexa rises to her feet. She stumbles toward the kitchen to save her lover.

INT. KITCHEN, MANCINI HOME -- CONTINUOUS

Alexa enters the kitchen as Devon brings the hammer down on Christian's right femur...

CHRISTIAN
 Awe!!!

Alexa grabs the knife that Devon had left on the counter earlier. Christian looks at Alexa... As Devon raises his hammer he catches Alexa's reflection in Christian's eyes.

He swings the hammer around- Alexa dodges it and tackles Devon, making him drop the sledge hammer. Devon falls on his back, Alexa falls beside him.

Alexa jumps on Devon and pummells the knife down toward his face. Devon catches her wrist narrowly avoiding decapitation.

(CONTINUED)

Devon pushes her over- gets on top and lands a solid blow across her face. Alexa drops the knife. Devon hits her again and again until she becomes immobile. Devon rises to his feet.

From Devon's POV: Christian and Alexa laying side by side.

DEVON

(Taking a moment to catch his
breath)

Couple a...

(Breathing heavily)

Tough cookies..

Devon takes a moment to regain his stamina. He looks over to the RED GAS CANISTER.

DEVON (CONT'D)

I'm having a great time with you
guys, but I can't be out late.

Mom's gonna start worryin'.

Devon grabs the RED GAS CANISTER and begins dousing Christian and Alexa.

DEVON (CONT'D)

In all sincerety... I'm gonna miss
you guys. We had some good times.

Devon finishes, tosses the canister. He withdraws a book of matches and rips out a single match. Takes a moment to admire the young couple: Christian and Alexa battered, bruised, and bloody.

DEVON

Look at you two love birds. Now
this is a Kodak moment. Where's a
camera when you need it?

CHRISTIAN

(struggling to speak)

Devon... Why are you doing this?

DEVON

Why am I doing this, Christian?
It's simple, really. All my life I
have watched you conquer, Manifest
Destiny, if there was a phrase to
describe you- that would be it.
Despite the fucked-up childhood you
still succeeded. You broke
barriers, climbed mountains. Me, on
the other hand, I'm still at home

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEVON (cont'd)
suckin' my mother's teet. Manifest
Destiny. I wish I could use it to
describe myself... but I can't.
You've always been better than me,
Christian, and as you can see- it
drove me nuts. So if I can't have
your life, then I'll just burn it
to the ground.

Christian studies the gas canister and the matches.

CHRISTIAN
You... you burned down Adam's
house.

DEVON
Bingo, motherfucker, I never liked
that ol' man anyway. Enough talk...

Devon lights the match. Alexa and Christian reach out and
hold hands in a final goodbye.

Just then someone kicks the door open. A 12 GAUGE SHOTGUN
SHOOTS Devon- BLOWS him five feet into the air. Devon hits
the floor and dies instantly. The mysterious gunman: ADAM
JOHANSEN.

Adam Johansen looks over: bloodied Christian and Alexa
holding hands.

ADAM
Shit!

He pulls out his cell phone and dials 911.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Operator, I got two young kids here
that need medical attention right
now!
(Responding to Operator)
Ya, off 23rd and Pine...
(Responding to Operator)
Alright, thanks.

Adam hangs up, moves to Alexa and Christian.

ADAM (CONT'D)
You kids are gonna be alright, I'll
make sure of that.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN
How... did you know?

ADAM
Guess I kinda became suspicious
after I caught him makin' love to
that blow up doll.

INT. BEDROOM, ADAM'S CABIN -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

PITCH BLACK. A young man GRUNTS. The bed-frame BANGS AGAINST THE WALL.

ADAM(V.O)(CONT'D)
He was makin' such a racket in
there. I thought someone was
stranglin' him.

Adam opens up the door, Devon covers himself in blankets.

DEVON
Get outta here!

Adam immediately slams the door shut.

ADAM (V.O)
Now, I know I saw him in their with
somethin' but I had no idea what.

INT. HALLWAY/BEDROOM, ADAM'S CABIN -- DAY (NEXT DAY)

Adam walks by the bathroom. The SHOWER RUNS.

ADAM (V.O)(CONT'D)
I waited 'til he was busy, then I
went in that room to see what the
hell that boy was fuckin'.

Adam looks under the bed to see a BLOW UP DOLL. Adam pulls the doll out and sets it on the bed. The blow up doll is the one we saw earlier: resembles Alexa with a photo of her covering it's face.

ADAM
(To himself)
What the hell...?

Adam turns the doll around. Written on the back of the neck with PERMANENT BLACK MARKER:

"MANIFEST DESTINY: I AM ORDAINED BY GOD TO CONQUER ALEXA."

(CONTINUED)

ADAM (V.O)(CONT'D)
Reasonably, I grew suspicious of
the boy, so I started to follow
him.

He places the doll back under the bed.

EXT. STREET/MANCINI HOME -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Adam drives behind Devon, giving him a reasonable distance.

ADAM (V.O)
All I had to go off of was a
measely first name. So I began
following the boy in hopes I could
find this Alexa gal.

Devon slows down as he approaches the Mancini home. Adam
pulls over to the side of the street. Devon gawks at the
house.

Christian exits out the front door. Devon speeds off.
Christian carries an OPEN HOUSE A-BOARD to his car. Alexa
trails Christian outside.

Adam follows Alexa with his eyes.

ADAM (V.O)
Hey, she kinda looks like that
doll, I says to myself. But I had
to know for sure. Seein' that you
were a Realtor, I told Devon I was
sellin' my home. He recommended you
to me.

INT. ADAM'S HOUSE -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

A WHITE GOLD PROMISE RING on Christian's right ring finger.

ADAM
Congradulations, boy! You gettin'
married, huh?

CHRISTIAN
Ya, actually I just asked her the
other night-

ADAM
What's her name?

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

Oh... uh... Alexa... Alexa Harper.

Christian's answer makes Adam uncomfortable.

ADAM (V.O)

The last piece of the puzzle. This was the girl Devon preyed upon. I had to do what I could to protect her.

INT. KITCHEN, MANCINI HOME -- NIGHT

Adam cleans off Alexa's bloodied face with a wash cloth.

ADAM

Woulda got here sooner if that boy didn't burn down my Goddamn house. Now what the hell he do that for?

Christian and Alexa give each other a look and avoid answering, the question. Alexa reaches out and touches Christian's scars.

ALEXA

Oh my God, Christian...

She reaches out and touches his right cheek. He flinches in pain and pulls away from her hand.

CHRISTIAN

They'll fade... I hope.

ALEXA

(crying)

I never meant for this to happen. I never meant to hurt you like this...

CHRISTIAN

(hushes her)

I don't want to see anymore tears. I want to see a smile.

Alexa gazes at Christian with a love that is pure of heart. Her eyes lock onto his.

ALEXA

(In Italian)
Ti amo.

ALEXA

(In English)
Love You.

CHRISTIAN
 (In French)
 Je t'aime.

CHRISTIAN
 (In English)
 Love You.

EXT. MANCINI HOME -- MOMENTS LATER

Two ambulance cars, with FLASHING LIGHTS, pull up to the Mancini home.

EXT. PIER, OCEAN -- DAY (1 MONTH LATER)

Christian and Alexa looking over a pier. Christian is bound to a wheelchair. The scars on Christian's face are visible but less prevalent.

Christian holds up an URN.

CHRISTIAN
 I'm sorry I didn't do this sooner,
 mom.

Alexa looks at Christian.

ALEXA
 Are you ready?

Christian nods his head.

CHRISTIAN
 Yes.

As Christian opens the urn, the ashes blow over the ocean... Alexa and Christian marvel at the beautiful sight.

ALEXA
 So, Christian Mancini, are you
 still as damned as holy hell?

CHRISTIAN
 Damned maybe, but how can I look
 like other people with a face like
 this?

MAN'S VOICE(O.S.)
 (In the distance)
 Hey! Jeff!

Christian and Alexa turn around. A man runs up the pier.

(CONTINUED)

CALVIN
Hey man, it's Calvin!

CALVIN, 22, reaches them.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
I haven't seen you since high school. Holy cow...
(Studying Christian)
...What happened to your face, man?

CHRISTIAN
Uh-

CALVIN (CONT'D)
You played some good ball... Why are you in a wheelchair? Man, you're all sorts of fucked up since I seen you last.

CHRISTIAN
Sorry, Calvin, you have me confused with someone else.

CALVIN
Ha! You're pullin' my leg. Biggest clown in high school. Remember that time you faked a seizure on April Fool's Day? That was priceless. I'll never-

CHRISTIAN
Calvin. I'm not Jeffery. My name is Christian Mancini. This is my fiance, Alexa, and...
(pointing to the urn)
...This is my mom... Mary.

CALVIN
Oh, my apologies...

Calvin walks away.

CALVIN
(To himself)
Oh my God! How embarrassing.

CHRISTIAN
(sigh)
Let's get outta hear. As we speak, Ruggles is marking his territory on our furniture.

(CONTINUED)

Alexa wheels Christian down the pier toward the SHORE.

Alexa halts as something in the distance comes to her attention.

ALEXA
(horrified)

No...

Christian looks over to what's captivating Alexa. LARGE WORDS inscribed in the SAND ON THE BEACH:

"MANIFEST DESTINY"

FADE OUT.

THE END.