

need

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Shooting Draft
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OVER BLACK:

FRANCINE (V.O.)
Love, even just a little bit, can
make everything better. If we all
just loved, in the right way, the
world... it'd be a nicer place.
Love is all we need.
(BEAT)
Love is all I want.

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

FRANCINE (30) - scrawny hair, tacky make-up, is dressed in a provocative skin-tight get up. A lit cigarette dangles from her red lips, in her other hand is a bottle of Scotch.

A NECKLACE with a small ROSE charm on it hangs from her neck.
She stands on a run-down, deserted street corner.

LATER

Francine, Scotch still in her hand, staggers down the street.
She brings the Scotch to her lips and drinks.

As Francine passes under a street-light --

Her face becomes more visible. Puffy eyes. Black mascara runs down her cheeks.

SUDDENLY -- headlights.

A CAR rolls up. It pulls up to a stop.

The window is rolled down to reveal --

LESTER (50) - a horrible looking excuse of a man.

LESTER
Hey.

Francine takes a step forward.

FRANCINE
I'm charging you double.

LESTER
You look like shit.

Francine takes the Scotch, puts the tip to Lester's mouth.
She forces him to take a sip.

FRANCINE

After a few of these we won't care.
It'll all be numb.

Francine smiles a grin that hides pain.

EXT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

In an abandoned car park somewhere --

Lester's car ROCKS. Inside, MOANS can be heard.

LATER THAT NIGHT

Francine stands against a street-light in the car-park. She smokes a cigarette and stares blankly. With her is --

NICOLA (late 20's, early 30's) - a beautiful woman with dirty habits and an even dirtier outfit.

NICOLA

Who was that guy?

FRANCINE

Huh?

NICOLA

That guy who drove off before I got here, what was his name?

FRANCINE

Lester... his name was Lester.

NICOLA

You know him well?

Francine takes a long drag of her cigarette.

FRANCINE

Kinda.

Francine passes the cigarette to Nicola. As she takes a drag, Francine looks up at the sky. Immersed in thought...

FRANCINE (V.O.)

Wanting love is difficult. Because sometimes, the meaning gets lost. Sometimes we never get what we want...

FADE TO:

EXT. BRIDAL SHOP - DAY

SUPER: FIVE YEARS EARLIER

FRANCINE (now 25) - exits the shop.

She looks much better here. Younger. Happy.

She walks down the street with a bouncy stride.

Nothing can ruin her day.

EXT. HOUSE - LATER

Francine approaches her house, a downtrodden two storey in the middle of a small neighborhood.

She's on her cell-phone.

FRANCINE

(Into phone)

It was so lovely! Obviously, it needed a few alterations, it was cheap. Like, nice cheap. Not, like, obvious cheap.

(BEAT)

No, no... Mark sorted all that, the invites are sent!

Francine pulls her keys out of her bag.

FRANCINE (CONT'D)

Listen, I've got to go, I'll call you later.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Francine enters, slips off her jacket.

She looks into a nearby mirror which hangs on a wall.

With a quick shake of the head, Francine fixes her hair.

Then, in the B.G, her eyes spot something on the stairs --

A pair of jeans... she turns around, walks to the stairs, picks them up.

Francine looks up the stairs, spots a BRA on the top step.

INT. HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Francine appears in the upstairs hallway.

More clothing is strewn everywhere. Most of the clothes belong to a FEMALE...

Francine moves down the hallway. Approaches the door.

MOANS and ROCKING and LAUGHTER can be heard from behind the closed door...

MARK (O.S.)

Fuck!

More ROCKING... tears flood Francine's eyes.

Francine is about to open the door. Her hand hovers over the handle... but then she stops.

She looks down at the engagement ring on her finger.

Gently, Francine removes the ring, stares at it, then sets it on the floor outside the door.

Her nightmare is confirmed.

Crying, Francine turns and walks away.

FADE TO:

EXT. PLAYGROUND - MORNING

SUPER: TWELVE YEARS EARLIER

A slight DRIZZLE falls overhead from the clouds.

FRANCINE (now 18) - is on the swings in the middle of the playground. She wears a giant hooded sweatshirt that swallows up her body.

KRIS (19) - swings beside her on the opposite swing. Kris is slightly overweight and dresses like a Hollywood wannabe.

FRANCINE

And so, I was telling her, you know, that if I ever had a kid, in like ten years or something, I'd love to have a girl and call her A--

KRIS

Where were you last night, I called like, five times?

FRANCINE

Cindy and I went for a drive and then she died my hair, I guess my phone was in the car.

KRIS

I thought Cindy's car was broke?

FRANCINE

(Upon clearing her throat)
Ah, yea, her Grandpa fixed it, it's like new, actually.

(MORE)

FRANCINE (CONT'D)

I think she's picking me up later
to go to the movies.

Kris comes to a stop on the swing.

KRIS

I thought you were going to come
over and help me with my school
shit?

Francine shrugs.

FRANCINE

We can do it another night,
besides, any time I come over to
help you with "school stuff" you
know it means you want to do other
stuff instead.

Kris gets to his feet, begins to pace.

KRIS

You know what, I'm sick of this.

Francine's eyebrow furrows.

FRANCINE

Of what? The playground? If you
want we can --

KRIS

No! Of you, and this attitude, and
this new look you've got! You're
spending too much time with Cindy,
what am I now? Just some guy you
think you can run back and forth
from?

FRANCINE

Are you on crack?!

Francine laughs.

Kris stomps forward. GRABS a clutch of Francine's hair.

She gasps with pain as Kris PULLS her head towards his mouth.

KRIS

Listen, this is not how this
relationship works! If you want me
to love you, then you will do what
I say. You will listen to me,
Francine, okay? Or so help me --

Francine pulls herself free and stands up.

FRANCINE

Or what?! What are you going to do, Kris?! I've went through enough shit in my life already to just stand here and let you treat me like I'm your property!

KRIS

You are my property!

Kris SMACKS Francine across the face.

KRIS (CONT'D)

The sooner you get that into your skull, the better!

Kris SMACKS her again.

Francine collapses and squirms on the ground.

KRIS (CONT'D)

Look at you, you're pathetic!

FRANCINE

Stop!

MARK (O.S.)

Hey!

Kris turns around -- *BAM!*

MARK (now 19) - rushes into shot and punches Mark right in the face!

Francine gasps!

Mark throws another punch. It sends Kris backwards in a stumble. Mark moves forward again.

MARK (CONT'D)

You like beating up girls, huh?!

Kris, like an angered bull, runs forward.

But Mark throws another stronger punch!

Kris hits the deck this time. He gasps and wrenches.

Mark turns around and helps Francine to her feet.

MARK (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

Francine looks into Mark's eyes.

FRANCINE (V.O.)

Even when you're young, and you feel free and you haven't got a worry about the problems of the world on your shoulders... you think you'll find it. The One, that one person, who makes the pain go away. Who makes your past a nonexistent dark memory. You might find it, but then you'll learn, you were naive. It doesn't exist. Love, it was a lie, it was a... nonexistent memory instead.

Mark rubs a finger across the RED MARK on Francine's cheek.

FRANCINE

I'm fine.

FADE TO:

EXT. FRANCINE'S PARENTS HOUSE - NIGHT

SUPER: **TWENTY YEARS EARLIER**

A bungalow sits on a street corner.

INT. FRANCINE'S PARENTS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

FRANCINE (now 10) - sits on a sofa. Her hair is greasy and she's dressed in clothes that are too small for her size.

DONNA (early 30's) - enters the living room, a glass of SCOTCH in her hand. She walks up and down the living room.

DONNA

Ya' know, your father was an asshole. He was a drunken night ten years ago. But your step-dad, your pathetic replacement that I stupidly married, he's worse! I sent him out for food three hours ago!

Francine gulps.

FRANCINE

We can go play dress-up, mom? That could help us pass the time?

DONNA

Grow up. Grow up, you stupid little girl!

Donna downs the rest of the drink and walks back into the --

KITCHEN

Where she pours herself some more Scotch.

Francine watches, then hops off the sofa and leaves the room.

As she walks away, her arms sway back and forth.

They're covered in bruises...

INT. FRANCINE'S PARENTS HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Lights out. Bedtime.

Donna lies in bed, fast asleep.

INT. FRANCINE'S PARENTS HOUSE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

CREAK!

The front door opens.

LESTER (early 30's) -- enters the hallway.

He stumbles as he closes the door. Obviously, he's drunk.

This Lester is a little less fat, a lot more creepy.

INT. FRANCINE'S PARENTS HOUSE - FRANCINE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Francine's room is tiny. Just a bed and a TV and a box filled with clothes. Francine is asleep in bed when the door OPENS.

Lester walks in. He closes the bedroom door gently.

Lester stumbles across to Francine's bed and takes a seat at the edge.

LESTER

Baby, my little girl...

He rubs Francine's head.

LESTER (CONT'D)

Wake up, wake up Francine.

Francine's eyes open. She's SHOCKED upon seeing Lester.

He GRABS Francine's arm.

Francine winces. Lester kisses her hand.

LESTER (CONT'D)

I love you, Francine.

Lester pulls down his zipper.

STAY ON FRANCINE

As tears fall down her cheeks...

FRANCINE (V.O.)

I thought I had it so many times.
All I wanted was to feel special
and... and loved by someone... it's
what we all want, right? But like
I said, what we get and what we
want are two different things...
two *really* different things.

FADE TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

SUPER: **PRESENT DAY**

Sunshine and blue skies. The cemetery is beautiful.

ABBY (13) - stands in a dress in front of a headstone.

We see the headstone from BEHIND.

She has some sort of an old necklace on, but it's obscured by the dress slightly.

Abby rubs the head-stone.

ABBY

Who was he, mom?

A moment passes...

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

A bad man. You don't need to worry
about him anymore.

Francine, looking well and beautiful, enters shot. She smiles down at Abby. Abby smiles back. They both take hold of one another's hands.

FRANCINE

Ready to leave?

ABBY

Can we go to the park?

FRANCINE

Sure, honey.

Francine looks down one last time at the tombstone. She hides her pain behind a smile as she and her daughter walk off, happy.

PULL DOWN to the grave --

Lying there... A RED ROSE.

FRANCINE (V.O.)

For a long time I was messed up and lost. But then, I discovered something, a little thing. Hope.

(BEAT)

We don't need love, we need hope. Because if you have it, sometimes everything works out. *Sometimes* it all gets better. And love finds you...

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END