

## SCENARIO

by  
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FADE IN:

INT. THE HOUSE - MARK'S ROOM - NIGHT

MARK, teenager, blonde and a handsome young boy and his mother JOANNE, 30's, blonde and a very attractive woman, both sit at a table in a corner of the room.

Mark wears a red sweater and a pair of denim jeans. He is hunched over the table, staring with little interest at the hefty open book in front of him as he waves the pencil in his hand in a timely fashion, like a pendulum.

His mother sits to his right with her head tilted to the side, buried in her open palm. She stares at Mark, waiting for him to make an attempt. She wears a mini-skirt, revealing her legs and most of her thighs under the table, parallel with her son's legs.

Joanne SIGHS, tired of waiting.

Mark stops swinging the pencil and slams it onto the open page, defeated.

MARK

I don't know.

He puts his hands under the table, cupping his knees.

JOANNE

Come on, you have to know this one.

MARK

I don't know this one.

JOANNE

It's easy, look..

She nudges herself a little closer towards Mark, her knee ends up touching the back of Mark's right hand, which is still wrapping his knee. She takes the pencil and starts scribbling onto the page.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

First we calculate the value when we multiplied the determinants, then we calculate C using the Matrix Multiplication and since it's equal to the value of the multiplied determinants then.. See?

She puts the pen back on the open book, triumphant.

MARK

Maybe you should take the test instead.

JOANNE

I took the test, Sweetie. Long time ago and I aced it. You don't get to be a teacher without acing tests and you don't get to make your mom proud without acing tests.

MARK

It must have been even harder for you, back so many years ago.

JOANNE

Okay, first thing, not that long ago and second, it shouldn't be this hard for you. Imagine all the other students in your class who don't have teachers for parents. This must be twice as hard on them but I'm sure they still manage. Plus, my teachers were insane, you are in a paradise.

MARK

What did they do?

JOANNE

Who?

MARK

The teachers in your school.

JOANNE

Oh, my god. What didn't they do. The short temper, the lashing out, the hundreds of complaints to the parents, the hundreds of trips to the Principal's office. One of them actually got into a fist fight with one of the students.

MARK

What happened to him?

JOANNE

They got the kid's parents to come and eventually they all agreed to put this behind them.

(MORE)

JOANNE (CONT'D)

If it was today, that teacher would have ended up on the news and probably in jail. It was a different time back then.

MARK

The sixties must have been weird.

JOANNE

Ok, it wasn't the sixties and you already know that cause I told you my age before, so not funny, ok?

She runs her fingers through his hair once, rather roughly.

MARK

Sorry.

She looks down into the textbook. Something has caught her eye. She picks up a small strand of blonde hair from the open book and displays it in the air, clasped between her thumb and index finger.

MARK (CONT'D)

That's yours.

JOANNE

What?

MARK

That's from you.

JOANNE

No, it's not.

MARK

Yes, it is.

JOANNE

Look at it. It's small.

MARK

Yes. It's a small strand of your hair.

JOANNE

It's the same color as your hair.

MARK

Which is the same color as your hair.

JOANNE

How can you possibly know the difference?

MARK

Trust me. It's yours.

She eyes him for a moment and then diverts her eyes to the evidence. She shrugs, probably taking his word for it. She casually flicks the strand through the air. It disappears.

Joanne starts running her fingers through her hair, massaging it.

JOANNE

I need to change shampoos, I can tell you that.

MARK

You use the same one I use.

JOANNE

So? Don't tell me this is another 'mom, you're old' joke cause they're not funny anymore.

MARK

No, I'm saying it's not the shampoo. It's probably that plastic brush that you're using that's pulling the little hairs out. You should use one of those wide-teeth combs and just stroke really gently from bottom to top.

JOANNE

How do you know all that?

MARK

I know hair. It's a thing with me. We both have the same type of hair.

JOANNE

You're probably right. Your hair is not as oily as mine, though. You got your granddad's hair. He had a good set of hair on his head. I ended up with my mother's hair.

MARK

I think it's just cause you're exposing it to the sun a lot.

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

I think we basically have the exact same hair.

JOANNE

Alright. Enough of this. We're wasting time. Eyes back on the prize.

She points at the book and Mark reluctantly stares back into the open page.

She nudges herself back away from him a little. Under the table, she puts one leg onto the other leg, revealing a flash of black underwear for a brief moment.

Mark is back to staring blankly into the book.

INT. THE HOUSE - KYLIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

KYLIE, teen, brunette, and a good-looking young girl, lies on her stomach on the bed, feet raised in the air. She's in her pajamas. BRIDGET sits next to her on the bed. Cute brunette with short hair and the same age as Kylie. Bridget wears a tank top and jeans, dressed for a casual outing.

The phone is on the bed and so are a couple of boxes of pizza. The box next to Bridget is half-empty with a can of soda sitting upright next to the leftover slices, apparently an unfinished meal. In contrast, the pizza box next to Kylie is empty with a crushed soda can lying in the middle.

Kylie bites her lips as she holds the phone's handset next to her ear, up to no good. Bridget stares at her anxiously with a naughty smile of her own, her thumbnail stuck between her teeth.

A RINGING TONE can be heard, a call in progress..

BRIDGET

Don't tell him my name.

KYLIE

Ok, ok. Shh. It's ringing.

Somebody picks up.

BOY

(Filter)

Yeah?

KYLIE

Is Kevin there?

BOY  
(Filter)  
You're talking to him.

KYLIE  
Hi Kevin. Do you wanna meet the  
girl of your dreams?

Kylie and Bridget lean in closer to each other, sharing a  
GIGGLE with each other.

KEVIN  
(Filter)  
What?

KYLIE  
There's a girl whose madly in love  
with you.

KEVIN  
(Filter)  
Oh yeah? Is it you?

KYLIE  
No. She's sitting right next to me.

KEVIN  
(Filter)  
Is she hot?

KYLIE  
Oh, she's really hot. She's a  
brunette. She's got short hair and  
she's completely naked right now.

Bridget opens her mouth agape. She can't believe what she  
just heard.

KEVIN  
(Filter)  
Oh yeah? She's a naughty girl, huh?

KYLIE  
She's very naughty. Here, she wants  
to talk to you.

Kylie offers her the handset but Bridget wants nothing to do  
with it, waving her hand in protest.

KYLIE (CONT'D)  
Come on, he wants to talk to you.

Bridget caves in, holding the handset next to her ear.

BRIDGET

Hello?

Kylie glues her head next to Bridget's, listening in.

KEVIN

(Filter)

Hi there.

BRIDGET

Hi.

KYLIE

(Yelling)

Her name is Bridget Casey, by the way.

BRIDGET

Kylie, you said you won't tell.

Kylie bites her tongue between her teeth.

KEVIN

(Filter)

I know you. You sit behind me in class.

BRIDGET

Yeah.

KEVIN

(Filter)

Your friend wasn't kidding. You are hot.

BRIDGET

Yeah? You think so?

KEVIN

(Filter)

Aha, I know so. You have a sexy voice too. Come on, say something sexy.

BRIDGET

(Trying to be sexy)

Hi there.

KEVIN

(Filter)

Yeah, I like that.



KYLIE  
I wanna ask him something.

Bridget hands the phone back to her.

KYLIE (CONT'D)  
Kevin?

KEVIN  
(Filter)  
Yeah?

KYLIE  
Do you have a big penis?

Bridget falls on the bed, LAUGHING.

KEVIN  
(Filter)  
Why don't you come over here and  
see for yourself?

KYLIE  
Ew. I don't wanna see your penis.

KEVIN  
(Filter)  
Then why did you ask me?

KYLIE  
Cause Bridget wants to know.

BRIDGET  
No, I don't.

KYLIE  
What do you like about Bridget?

KEVIN  
(Filter)  
I like everything about her.

KYLIE  
Give examples.

KEVIN  
(Filter)  
I like her eyes. I like her smile.  
I like her body.

KYLIE  
You think she has a hot bod?

KEVIN  
(Filter)  
Oh, yeah. She's got a great fanny.

KYLIE  
(Unimpressed)  
Fanny? Are you ninety? Who says  
fanny?

KEVIN  
(Filter)  
I do.

KYLIE  
Eh.

KEVIN  
(Filter)  
What's wrong with that?

KYLIE  
You are not cool at all.

KEVIN  
(Filter)  
I am cool.

KYLIE  
No, you're not.

BRIDGET  
Stop it.

KYLIE  
Bridget is defending you. That  
sounds cool to you?

KEVIN  
(Filter)  
Come on. I'm cool.

KYLIE  
Prove it. Prove to Bridget that  
you're cool.

KEVIN  
(Filter)  
Sure, what do you want me to do?

KYLIE  
I don't know.  
(To Bridget)  
What do you want him to do?

BRIDGET

I don't know. What does he wanna do?

KYLIE

Bridget is asking what you wanna do.

KEVIN

(Filter)

Anything you want me to. I can write a song about her.

KYLIE

He says he can write a song for you.

BRIDGET

That's nice.

KYLIE

Not enough, Kevin. She wants a big gesture that shows her you're a real cool guy.

KEVIN

(Filter)

Ok. How about this? Tomorrow at school, I'm gonna go on the PA system and announce to the whole school that I love her.

KYLIE

There's no way you're gonna do that.

KEVIN

(Filter)

Yes, I will. I'll grab the microphone and I'll tell the whole school that I, Kevin Hannity, am in love with Bridget Casey.

KYLIE

That will never happen.

KEVIN

(Filter)

Yes, it will.

BRIDGET

What did he say?

KYLIE

He says he'll go on the PA system  
and tell the whole school that he's  
in love with you.

BRIDGET

Really?

KYLIE

No, not really. He's not gonna do  
that.

KEVIN

(Filter) (LOUD)  
YES, I WILL!

KYLIE

I don't believe you.

KEVIN

(Filter)  
Believe what you want, it's gonna  
happen.

KYLIE

Let's ask Bridget what she thinks.  
Bridget, do you believe him?

BRIDGET

Hmm, I'm not sure. He might. But he  
could just make an excuse tomorrow.

KYLIE

She says she's not sure if you're  
telling the truth or not.

KEVIN

(Filter)  
Well, she's gonna find out  
tomorrow. You're both gonna see.

KYLIE

I guess Bridget and I are just  
gonna see tomorrow if you're a man  
of your word, won't we, Bridget?

BRIDGET

Yeah, we'll see.

KYLIE

How about this? If you do it, then  
Bridget will show you her fanny.

BRIDGET

NO!

Bridget lunges at Kylie, attempting to swipe the handset from her hand but misses as Kylie swings it swiftly out of her reach.

A KNOCK on the door.

Kylie and Bridget both grab the handset and place it quickly back on the phone, bringing the conversation to an abrupt halt.

Joanne opens the door, peering from outside.

JOANNE

Bridget. Your mom's here.

BRIDGET

Alright, Mrs. Finnigan.

She closes the door and the two girls SNICKER quietly. That was close.

INT. THE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Joanne stands by the door to Kylie's room. She steps to the side, allowing Bridget to come out of the room, followed by Kylie. Another door is exactly opposite Kylie's door but it's closed. Mark's bedroom.

Bridget heads to the front door. Kylie is behind her and Joanne behind her daughter, forming a line that moves towards the front door at the end of the hallway. The front door has a stylish glass decor.

BRIDGET

Goodbye, Mrs. Finnigan.

JOANNE

Goodbye, sweetie. Say hi to your mother for me.

BRIDGET

Ok. Bye, Kylie.

KYLIE

See you tomorrow.

As soon as Bridget leaves, Joanne extends her arm over her daughter's head, pushing the door shut. Both Kylie and Joanne turn around, heading back to the inside of the house.

Joanne has a grip on one of her earrings as she heads towards the living room. Her hair bounces as she takes steps that appear rather quick compared to her daughter, who is taking her time as she heads back to her bedroom.

JOANNE

Kylie, did you clean up after your dinner?

KYLIE

(Slightly annoyed)  
I'm doing it now.

Kylie takes a turn to her left, going back into her room as Joanne continues her march forward.

INT. THE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mark is in the living room. The room looks a slight mess with various items scattered across the floor. Books, CDs and magazines are all over the sofa in the middle of the room. Under the sofa is a video game console with two joysticks sticking out.

Mark bends over and starts gathering the two joysticks, clumping the whole thing into a bundle. He picks it up.

Joanne comes out of the hallway, into the living room.

JOANNE

Mark.

MARK

(Understanding)  
Yeah, I'm doing it.

Joanne climbs the stairs from the living room, hopping each step as she fondles her other earring this time.

Mark takes the console with him and heads towards his room, in the direction of the hallway. As soon as he disappears, Kylie comes out of the hallway. She has the two empty pizza boxes in her hands. She crosses the living room, making her way to the kitchen's door, located at the left end of the room.

Mark comes back into the living room. He starts gathering all the stuff on the sofa, piling the books, magazines and CDs, each item stacked into a pile of its own in a neat manner. He puts the stack of magazines on top of the stack of books and then puts the CDs on the cherry top of the pile.

He lifts it all at once. He heads towards the hallway again, lugging the stacks under his carrying arms.

Kylie comes out of the kitchen, still strolling her way across the living room with a very relaxed attitude.

She follows Mark into the hallway. Joanne appears, hopping down the stairs.

She takes a quick glance at the living room. The mess is gone.

She walks towards the light switch and flips it. The room goes dark.

She continues her march into the hallway.

INT. THE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The hallway has one light on. Joanne walks towards Kylie's room door, which is wide open and puts her hand on the knob.

JOANNE  
Good night, Kylie.

KYLIE (O.S.)  
Good night, Mom.

Joanne closes the door shut and heads towards a light switch that's next to the front door. Mark's bedroom's door is already shut.

JOANNE  
Good night, Mark.

MARK (O.S.)  
Good night, Mom.

Joanne flips the switch and the lights go out. She heads back to where she came from.

The place is dark and still.

INT. THE HOUSE - JOANNE'S BATHROOM/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joanne is in the bathroom, brushing her teeth. She wears a tank-top with shorts. She stands in front of the sink mirror as she thoroughly scrubs the inside of her mouth.

She takes a cup of water and holds the water in her mouth, swishing it around for a few seconds and then spits it out in the sink.

She grabs a towel that hangs next to her and dries her face.

On the sink, next to the toothbrushes and toothpaste, is a small dish filled with breath mints. She grabs a mint and heads out of the bathroom, hitting the bathroom's light switch before she walks out.

Joanne walks out of the now dark bathroom and into the bedroom. The bed is a double bed with two pillows lined next to each other. There's a bathrobe on the bed. Joanne's cellphone is on the night stand. The room is tidy and organized.

She grabs the robe and puts it on, tying the belt around her waist.

Her cellphone RINGS.

Joanne puts the mint into a small dish on the night stand, next to the phone. She picks up the phone.

JOANNE

Hello?

The voice on the other side can't be heard.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

Hi Stacy. How are you?.. Tomorrow?  
Tomorrow I just have the rest of  
last week's test scores. I already  
finished grading most of the  
papers. Why?

Joanne pulls a drawer and takes out a nail clipper. She sits on the side of the bed, positioning her feet above a small trash can next to the bed. She starts to clip her nails, sticking the cellphone between her ear and her shoulder.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's fine. I can do that..  
Oh, don't mention it. I know  
exactly what you're going through.  
I went through the same thing when  
I was pregnant with Kylie.

She switches sides, now holding the phone to the other ear, supporting it by her shoulder. She starts clipping the nails on her other foot.



JOANNE (CONT'D)

Oh, trust me it never gets easier. Even after you have the baby, after the trips to the hospital, after the scans and the months of vomiting, it's all nothing until you're in that hospital bed screaming your lungs out.

Joanne LAUGHS.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

Sorry, sweetie. Didn't mean to scare you. We all went through it at one point. Well, not all of us, if you know who I mean.

After she finishes, she puts the clipper back in the drawer and squirts out some hand cream in her palm. She rubs it softly over her hands.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

I know, right? Did you see the way she walks? Strutting her stuff like that? I mean, you're a teacher not a model. I heard even the boys in her classes are starting to talk. These days students are just dreaming to get a teacher like that. But I'd kill to have that figure, though.. Yeah? What did she do?

Joanne rubs her moist hand over her chest, enjoying the smooth sensation. She listens to Stacy on the other end for a while.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

No! How many times has it been now? Just for this month? She's pushing it. She's really pushing it. She doesn't have a family, she doesn't have kids. She keeps asking Gloria for permission to leave. She shows up every day late and on top of that she takes every other day off. You know if she hates her job that much she should just quit.

She gets up from the bed and walks over to the mirror. She takes a comb and starts running it through her hair.

JOANNE (CONT'D)  
I would. I'd so fire her. In a second.

JOANNE (CONT'D)  
Forget the late to work thing, I'd fire her just for those outfits.

She LAUGHS, Stacy probably laughing along with her.

JOANNE (CONT'D)  
Every single day she wears something new. It's like she's rubbing our noses in it. She's demoralizing all of us. Excuse me, but some of us have mouths to feed.

She sits back down on the bed, the comb still in her hand. She stops combing her hair, paying attention to the conversation.

JOANNE (CONT'D)  
Gloria said that? I guess she doesn't wanna go hard on her. She always does that. She takes sides.. Yes, she does.. Yes, she does! You mean you never noticed?

She puts the comb back on the dresser and picks up a nail file. She starts running the file across her nails. The phone is back to being held by her shoulder.

JOANNE (CONT'D)  
Remember when Linda had that big fight with one of the girls in her class and the girl's parents came to the school? She blamed everything on Linda. Half the school knew that girl was a trouble-maker and that she was lying about Linda hitting her but Gloria took her side! I'm telling you, she's always doing that.

Joanne puts one leg on top of the other, getting comfortable as she continues filing her nails. She smiles and nods.

JOANNE (CONT'D)  
Yeah.. Yeah.. Maybe you're right. Well, her job isn't easy, I guess. The students are something, I'll tell you that.

(MORE)

JOANNE (CONT'D)

Did you hear what happened to the two boys who got into a fight in the cafeteria Monday? Yeah, turns out one of the boys' dad was gay and the other kid's dad was also gay and they were fighting because their two dads were dating and then they broke up and each kid was blaming the other kid's dad for breaking up! Can you believe that? I mean what happened to students who just beat up each other up when they're called sissies? Now it's like, it's not my gay dad, it's your gay dad!

Joanne LAUGHS, enjoying the irony of her remark.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

I know, right?.. Oh, god yeah! Their excuses are the worst! Mrs. Finnigan, I have a headache! Can I go home? I go, yeah, if by home you mean the nurse's office. And this one says he can't do his homework cause he works at night and this one wants no tests on Tuesday cause it's his birthday and this one.. It just never ends with these kids.

She finishes filing her nails and puts the file back on the dresser. She lies down on the bed. She rests her back on the head board and scratches the back of her neck. There's nothing left for her to do.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

Mhmm.. Mhmm.. Yeah and their grades aren't as good either. I just finished grading a lot of last week's test papers and it's just one disaster after the other. You know, I have the same problem with Mark.. No, he gets good grades but he needs a lot of work. It's like if I don't stay up and study with him before each test, he won't pass.. I don't know. I'm starting to get concerned because every time I try to get him to focus on something he changes the subject. I just hope he doesn't have A.D.D. or something like that. That's the last thing I need.. Yeah..

(MORE)

JOANNE (CONT'D)

I have to go to bed too, it's  
getting pretty late.. Ok, sweetie..  
See you tomorrow.. Bye.

She looks at the phone and shuts it off. She puts it back on the night stand and gets up, heading towards the light switch.

She turns off the lights and gets back into bed. She takes one of the pillows and stacks it on top of the other one. She pulls the covers over her body and snuggles tight, her hands on the pillows.. She opens her eyes. She sits up and takes the mint that she placed in the dish next to her and goes back to snuggling in bed.

INT. THE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The living room is in a state of quiet darkness. The day is over for the family.

INT. THE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The two bedroom doors are shut and the hallway is dark. The only light seeps from outside the house through the glass decoration of the front door.

FADE TO:

INT. THE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Crickets CHIRP from the outside. Everything is still.

The insects' chirps come to a halt when the sound of FOOTSTEPS ON GRASS is heard. The FOOTSTEPS APPROACH, getting closer.

SOMEONE HUMS A FAMILIAR TUNE. It's the tune of SINGIN' IN THE RAIN.

SOMEONE OUTSIDE THE HOUSE (O.S.)

(Singin' in the Rain)

HMM, HMM, HMM, HMM, HMM. HMM, HMM,  
HMM, HMM, HMM, HMM.

A silhouette forms on the glass of the front door.

The door knob rotates.. The door opens..

Enter QUE, mid-40's, short but with average width. He wears a ski mask and is dressed in black from head to toe.

He holds a cane in his hand. He opens the door half way and signals for somebody behind him to follow him inside.

Enter EXX, 20's, muscular physique and intimidating height. He's also dressed in complete black attire. A machine gun hangs from his hand.

Right behind him enters VEE, female with slender shape. She's a bit extra thin. Dressed in black and a pony tail hangs from an opening in the back of her mask. A cleaver in her hands.

Que cautiously closes the door shut when they are all inside. The three lean in closer to each other.

QUE  
(Whispers)  
Now. Be very... Very...  
(Elmer Fudd)  
Vewy.. Quiet.

Que tip-toes very slowly in the hallway. His two disciples following suit behind him, forming a small train of tip-toers.

Que reaches the space in the hallway between Mark and Kylie's two opposite bedroom doors. He stops, lifting his index finger in the air, gesturing for Exx and Vee to wait..

He does a quick tap dance, apparently in a joyous mood.

He holds his cane tightly in his grip, hoisting it in the air..

QUE (CONT'D)  
(LOUD AS HE CAN)  
WE'RE HUNTING.. WABBITS!

He shoves his cane with all his might into Kylie's door, forcing it wide open.

KYLIE (O.S.)  
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Que shoots his index finger towards the now open room and Vee enters the bedroom. The lights flicker on from the inside.

VEE (O.S.)  
(Sweet voice)  
Come on, honey. Get up.

Que takes the cane and in over-the-top fashion, hoists it over his head and then pummels it into Mark's door. The door opens and Que this time uses both fingers to indicate the room. Exx enters Mark's room. The lights are already on.

MARK (O.S.)

HEY!

EXX (O.S.)

(Rough, raspy voice)

Rise and shine, boy.

Que adjusts himself from the indicating pose, standing upright with the cane planted over his shoulder. He twirls the cane as he walks forward towards the living room, WHISTLING along the way.

Exx and Vee come out of the rooms, holding Mark and Kylie, respectively. Exx's machine gun is pointed at the back of Mark's head, whose hands are both held together by Exx's strong left grip. Vee holds her cleaver to Kylie's throat, her other grip holds her by the collar of her pajamas. Mark looks afraid. Kylie is terrified, at the point of tears. The two push their hostages forward, following Que into the living room.

KYLIE

Oh god. Oh god.

VEE

Shut up.

INT. THE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Que is in the middle of the room, inspecting the place with little admiration, apparent by the frown on his face.

He takes a swipe of the sofa with his finger and rubs the swabbed sample with his thumb. No dust. He nods, impressed.

Exx and Vee enter with their captives. They throw the boy and girl on the ground in front of the sofa. They huddle close together in fear. Kylie looks on in horror, shivers run through her body.

Que stands behind the sofa, both hands on it as he regards the frightened two. He sizes them with his downward stare.

JOANNE (O.S.)

Kylie?

Joanne's voice comes from upstairs.

Que looks at Mark and Kylie and puts his finger on his lips, instructing them to be quiet.

He quickly moves and sticks his back to the area of the wall under the stairs, hidden from the view of anyone on the stairs above him. He gestures for Exx and Vee to go into the hallway, which they do.

Joanne runs down the stairs. She has her robe on, now untied.

JOANNE (CONT'D)  
Kylie, was that you?

As soon as her feet leave the last step, she falls face first onto the floor. She turns back and looks up.

Que stands giant over her. A broad, evil grin on his face. He hoists his cane over his shoulder.

JOANNE (CONT'D)  
Who are you?

QUE  
Me? Oh, I'm the guy you're supposed to hate.  
(Points towards the hallway)  
Now them..

She looks in the direction indicated. Exx and Vee stand by the hallway. Their weapons clear for her to see.

QUE (CONT'D)  
They're the ones who can't help but love me. Nice kids, by the way.

She immediately looks in the direction of the sofa. Mark and Kylie still huddled together.

QUE (CONT'D)  
Get up.

Que grabs her by the arm and takes her over to join her daughter and son. She holds them both under each arm, regarding Que with hateful eyes.

Que puts his hand on his heart, apparently touched by the togetherness of the family.

QUE (CONT'D)  
(That's sweet)  
Aww!

JOANNE  
(Cold as steel)  
What do you want?

Que walks over to the sofa and sits down. Behind the sofa, Exx stands to his right, the machine gun leaning on his shoulder and Vee to his left, her fingers playful against the sharp edge of the cleaver. Que holds the cane and rams it down on the floor, as if sinking a sword in the sand. Now, he is serious.

QUE

Life. What is life? Is it really a series of events that we must play out to the end? Or is it a perpetual state of non-existence that hasn't even started? Is it physical? Is it spiritual?

Que adjusts himself in his seat, the excitement starting to get the best of him. His hands now off of his cane as it stands supported by the sofa.

QUE (CONT'D)

What if.. all the scientists and all the philosophers and all the brilliant minds that we ever had, were all wrong? What if they were all looking at this question the wrong way? Maybe this isn't a question at all. Maybe, it's an answer.

He gets up, excited. He starts to roam around the room.

QUE (CONT'D)

Now I know you're gonna ask me, but Que..

He stops.

QUE (CONT'D)

Oh wait. That's right. We haven't introduced ourselves yet. Well..

He sits back down.

QUE (CONT'D)

I guess now is as good a time as any. You know what, why don't we start with you? You look like nice folks.

(To Kylie)

What's your name, sweetie?

Kylie CRIES, an emotional train-wreck. Joanne hugs her closer.



JOANNE  
You leave her alone.

QUE  
I take it back. You're not nice  
folks at all. All I asked her was  
her name. There's no reason to be  
rude now. We're guests at your  
home.

JOANNE  
If you come near her, I swear..

Que immediately leans over and stares directly into Kylie's  
teary eyes.

QUE  
(Cold)  
What's your fucking name?

KYLIE  
K.. Kylie.

Que sits back on the sofa, his flat palms open in the air.

QUE  
See? Easy peezy, huh?  
(To Mark)  
And you, what's your name?

MARK  
Mark.

QUE  
Mark. Ok.  
(To Joanne)  
And you, my arch-nemesis, what's  
your name?

JOANNE  
Joanne.

QUE  
Joanne. Now that's a name I like.  
Joanne. It's full of  
(Starts snapping his  
fingers)  
Beauty. Feminism. Full of lust.  
Lust for..  
(Stops snapping)  
Life.

He reclines on the sofa, putting his hands behind his head and one leg over his knee.

QUE (CONT'D)

(Friendly)

My name is Que. Well, it's not really Que. I do have a real name and I sincerely wish I could share it with you but for apparent reasons, I can't. So, my name is Que. That's Q-U-E, by the way. This is Exx and this is Vee. And yes, with a double X and yes, with a double E.

He leans forward, rubbing his hands together.

QUE (CONT'D)

See, isn't this nice? We're getting to know each other. What was I talking about? Oh yeah. Joanne.

He joins his fingers together and places his chin over them, staring dreamily at Joanne.

QUE (CONT'D)

Do you like your life, Joanne?

Joanne doesn't answer.

QUE (CONT'D)

Meh. It's rhetorical, anyway. But if you were to answer, my guess would be.. Yes. That's what you'd say probably.

(Raises his voice)

BUT THE TRUTH..

Joanne hugs her family closer, lowering her face from Que's sudden outburst.

QUE (CONT'D)

(Lowers his voice to almost a whisper)

The truth is rarely said.

He jumps up and paces around the gathered family on the floor.

QUE (CONT'D)

Life is not something you like or dislike. It's something you do. It's an action, not a preference.

(MORE)

QUE (CONT'D)

All the time you hear people complain about it. As if their opinion was of any consequence. And the way they describe it.. It's just pathetic.

Que's anger builds up.

QUE (CONT'D)

(Mocking)

Oh, life sucks. Life's a bitch, man. Life ain't worth it. Life is so hard.

He suddenly stares at Kylie, his hands flapping in the air like a madman.

QUE (CONT'D)

(Insane)

SO WHAT?

Kylie reacts, clutching her mother and brother tighter. Tears are streaming down her face.

Que squats down, still addressing the poor girl.

QUE (CONT'D)

You know what you're doin'? You're describing what life means to you. You're not telling me what life is. Oh and then you have the ones who get real colorful. You know how they say it? They say.. Life is fucking boring.

Que LAUGHS.

QUE (CONT'D)

That's how they say it. Then, those people meet another bunch of people and you know what these people say? Life is fucking bullshit.

Que LAUGHS harder.

QUE (CONT'D)

I swear, that's what they say. So, life is fucking boring. Life is fucking bullshit. I, on the other hand, choose to look at life from a completely different perspective. I say. Life is fucking.. Imagine that! Life is fucking. And baby..

He stares deep into Kylie's shaking eyes.

QUE (CONT'D)

.. I wanna live!

His arm thrusts over Kylie's head, who shuts her eyes in fear. Joanne SCREAMS. Kylie opens her eyes to see Que has Joanne's hair in his grip.

He starts pulling the helpless woman from her family, dragging her across the floor, towards the stairs.

JOANNE

NO! LET ME GO!

Mark is about to get up when Exx's machine gun is shoved into his face. Mark looks up to see an unflinching Exx, staring down at him.

QUE

Come on.

Que has a relentless grip on Joanne's hair as he cruelly pulls her upward on the stairs. They disappear in the second floor.

JOANNE (O.S.)

HELP! HELP!

Exx sits down on the sofa. He brings out a cigarette and lights it as Mark eyes him with contempt.

EXX

Don't get any ideas, boy.

He puts the cigarette in his mouth, enjoying a long puff as he places the lighter back into his pocket.

Vee stands over Kylie. Kylie's red eyes stare sympathetically at an intimidating Vee, who frowns down at the little girl. She slowly flips the cleaver in her hand, now under the light shows the reflection of KYLIE'S SCARED EYES. KYLIE'S EYES now stare at the reflection.

Joanne's TERRIFIED CRIES fill the living room, mixed with Que's SADISTIC TAUNTS.

JOANNE (O.S.)

NO! STOP!

QUE (O.S.)

I'LL TELL YOU WHEN TO STOP! TAKE IT OFF! I SAID TAKE IT OFF!

JOANNE (O.S.)  
PLEASE, DON'T!

QUE (O.S.)  
YOU WANT ME TO TAKE IT OFF FOR YOU,  
DON'T YOU, YOU LITTLE WHORE? COME  
HERE!

The SOUND OF CLOTHES TEARING APART is heard as Joanne's pleas escalate.

JOANNE (O.S.)  
NOOOOOO! NOOOOOO! GOD, HEEELP!  
HEEELP!

Mark's arms are wrapped around his bent legs, cuddled into a ball on the floor. His eyes and face twitch, bottling the explosive anger inside him. He looks up to see Exx hasn't taken his eyes off of him for a second. His machine gun's barrel poised in his direction. He's helpless.

A SLAP brings Joanne's cries to a halt.

BED SPRINGS VIOLENTLY COMPRESS AND EXTEND REPEATEDLY AS QUE HAS HIS WAY WITH HIS PREY.

QUE (O.S.)  
YEAH! THAT'S IT, BABY! RIDE 'EM,  
COWBOY!

Que's SADISTIC LAUGH takes its toll on Mark, who buries his head down between his bent knees and holds himself closer, quivering.

QUE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
YEE-HAW! YOU KNOW YOU'RE LOVIN' IT,  
GIRL! MAKE YOUR MASTER HAPPY!

Joanne REACTS IN PAIN as Que starts SLAPPING HER BODY.

QUE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
YEAH! YOU LIKE THAT, DON'T YA?  
YOU'RE A LITTLE WHORE, AREN'T YA?  
SAY IT! SAY YOU'RE A LITTLE WHORE!

JOANNE (O.S.)  
(Feebly)  
I'm a little whore.

QUE (O.S.)  
LOUDER!

Another SLAP. Joanne CRIES.

QUE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
SAY IT!

JOANNE (O.S.)  
I'M A LITTLE WHORE!

QUE (O.S.)  
DAMN RIGHT YOU ARE! NOW TURN AROUND  
AND GET DOWN ON YOUR KNEES! YOU  
KNOW WHAT TO DO NEXT!

Mark slowly lifts his head up. His eyes meet Exx's eyes.

Que's MOANS OF PLEASURE can be heard. They bring a vengeful scowl to Mark's face and a cocky smirk to Exx's.

Mark's breath gets heavy as Que's MOANS get more frequent. Mark and Exx are locked in a stare down.

BEAT.

Exx blows him a quick kiss.

Mark LUNGES at Exx with all his power..

But he stops short by Exx's machine gun jammed against his throat. Exx's cigarette droops from his mouth.

EXX  
I told you not to get any ideas,  
boy. Not that I mind. I like a  
little challenge.

Exx shoves the machine gun further into Mark's throat, causing him to go backward all the way, until Mark is lying on the floor, Exx hovering over him.

Exx puts one of his boots on Mark's crotch. With the machine gun stuck to his throat and the boot weighting down on his body, Mark is trapped.

EXX (CONT'D)  
Ideas are no good when you can't  
move, are they? Show me how you  
gonna work your way outta this  
pickle.

Mark starts to wriggle underneath Exx's heavy weight, but to no avail.

EXX (CONT'D)  
 Boy, you are your mother's son.  
 Maybe you need a little smacking  
 around too.

SOUNDS OF HEAVY FOOTSTEPS coming from upstairs cause Exx to tilt his head to the side and look up. His weapon still firmly lodged against Mark.

Que appears descending down the stairs. Pools of sweat soak his black attire, clinging it to his body. His belt buckle is loosened, hanging down under his waistline. Each STEP he takes is like an axe chopping down a tree, his boots generating THUNDER with each step they meet.

He reaches the final step and heads groggily to the sofa. He appears exhausted.

He flips himself over from behind the sofa, letting his body roll down onto the sofa. Exx is a few inches away from him, giving him his back. His head is now tilted in the other direction as he stares at Que.

Que lets out a SIGH. His rest is about to begin.

EXX (CONT'D)  
 Boss..

Que doesn't react.

EXX (CONT'D)  
 (Careful)  
 Boss..

QUE  
 (Explodes)  
 WHAT?! CAN'T I RELAX FOR ONE  
 FUCKING SECOND IN THIS HOUSE?

Everyone stares at Que in silence. His sudden outburst has cast a suspenseful vibe across the room.

EXX  
 Sorry.

Que SIGHS once more. He puts a hand behind his head, getting comfortable.

QUE  
 (Cooled down)  
 What?

EXX

Whaddaya want us to do with these two?

QUE

They have rooms, don't they? I gotta think of everything all the time? You know what, all of you just clear this area. I can't have a moment for myself in this god-damn..

He gives up on finishing his rant as Exx drags Mark back on his feet and pushes his machine gun into his back, urging him to go forward towards the hallway.

QUE (CONT'D)

You got a smoke?

Exx brings out a cigarette and gives it to him.

QUE (CONT'D)

You want me to wait for it to catch on fire?

Exx brings out his lighter and throws it to him. Que catches it with ease from his close distance.

EXX

Move your ass, boy.

Exx and Mark disappear into the hallway.

Que lights up his cigarette and takes a soothing drag.

Vee grabs Kylie by the hair, lifting her up to her feet. She's about to take her to the hallway as well..

QUE

Wait.

Vee stops and looks at Que, awaiting his command.

QUE (CONT'D)

Go get the bitch upstairs. Leave this one here.

Vee throws the poor girl roughly onto the floor. She lands just beneath Que's horizontal body.

Vee heads upstairs.



Kylie looks up cautiously at Que, who still puffs away, almost not acknowledging her presence.

He calmly lifts one leg and places it on the very top of the sofa, making himself comfortable.

Vee quickly reappears carrying Joanne in her arms. She carries her down the stairs and places her under Que, next to her daughter.

Joanne's clothes are torn. A black bra sticks out from under the rip in her tank-top and a pair of elegant black panties are the only things that cover her lower body. She's a broken mess. Her make-up streaming down her face. Her eyes open but stare vacantly into the ceiling. Kylie runs her hand softly over her mother's face.

KYLIE

(Crying)

No.

VEE

Come on, girly.

Vee again grabs Kylie by her hair and violently drags her to the hallway.

Joanne lies on the floor, silent and motionless. She stares into the ceiling, not regarding the man that lies a few inches on the couch next to her. Que doesn't regard her either. He takes another puff of his cigarette and now puts the other leg on top of the leg he already had hanging on the top of the sofa.

INT. THE HOUSE - MARK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Exx sits on Mark's bed, which is tidy. His machine gun laid out next to him. He smokes his cigarette with scheming eyes as he stares at something in front of him.

Mark stands in the middle of the room. He exchanges the stare Exx gives him. The room appears organized, no mess on the floor, everything in its place and spotless.

Exx examines the boy's body with lust. His eyes trail from the bottom of Mark's feet and upward all the way to his face. A cloud of smoke forms as he exhales.

EXX

How old are you?

MARK  
I'm sixteen.

EXX  
My, my. So young.

Exx presents the cigarette in his hand. Mark nods, refusing.

EXX (CONT'D)  
Don't smoke?

MARK  
No.

EXX  
Smart boy. Yep, these things will  
kill ya.

He takes one more drag and puts out the cigarette, rubbing it into the bottom of his large boot. He throws the butt into a small trash can by the side of the bed. Apart from the extinguished cigarette, the trash can is empty.

He scratches his groin area as he takes another look at the boy.

Mark decides to take the risk of dialogue.

MARK  
Why are you doing this to us?

EXX  
What? Aw, now, listen here, boy.  
This ain't a friendly visit. There  
won't be any chatter happ'nin' in  
this room so you'd better just drop  
this Q&A right now. The only  
questions are gonna be comin' from  
my side, you understand?

Exx clutches his weapon.

EXX (CONT'D)  
I said, understand?

MARK  
Yes.

EXX  
Yes, sir.

MARK  
Yes, sir.

EXX

That's how it's gonna be between  
you and me. No buddy buddy shit.  
You're a slave and I'm your master.  
That's how it's gonna be. You  
hearin' me, boy?

MARK

Yes, sir.

EXX

Yes, sir, what?

MARK

Yes, sir. I'm hearing you.

EXX

I think you're lyin'.

MARK

No, sir.

Mark is nervous.

EXX

You're lyin' to me, slave?

MARK

No, sir. I'm not lying.

Exx cools down.

EXX

Yeah? I'll be the judge o' that.

He stands up and takes off his black T-shirt, flinging it  
over the floor. His physique is impressive. Abdominal muscles  
hard as rocks and big arms rippled with veins.

EXX (CONT'D)

Get on your knees and crawl over  
here.

Mark stands frozen in his place, unsure if that was a serious  
command.

EXX (CONT'D)

Boy, one thing I hate is repeatin'  
what I say so you'd better get your  
ass on the floor and doggy your way  
on over here.

Mark gets down on his hands and knees.

EXX (CONT'D)  
Good boy, now come on.

Exx bends his index finger, gesturing for him to get close.

Mark starts crawling on the floor, slowly. His breath gets heavy as he gets closer to his captor.

Exx bends over as Mark nears.

EXX (CONT'D)  
Come here, boy. That's a good  
doggy. Come on.

Mark reaches him. Exx grabs a clump of the boy's hair. He painfully tilts his head up, forcing him to look into his eyes as he stares down.

EXX (CONT'D)  
You see where you are now? That's  
where a slave should be. You see  
where I am? That's where your  
master will be. Now, be a good  
little boy and lick my boots.

Exx lets go of his head. Mark looks down at the boots. They are extremely filthy boots, covered in dirt that seems to have been there forever. His eyes start to water. A tear drop falls on the black boot.

EXX (CONT'D)  
I ain't got all night.

Mark closes his eyes and sticks his tongue out. He starts to lean in closer to the horrible boots. His tongue is less than an inch away.

Exx LAUGHS.

EXX (CONT'D)  
Lick 'em clean, boy.

Mark pulls his head away.

MARK  
I can't.

EXX  
(I'm not kidding)  
Lick, boy.

Mark breaks down in TEARS.

MARK

I can't.

Exx suddenly grabs the machine gun from the bed and holds it at Mark's head.

EXX

You wanna die? You want me to kill  
you right now?

Mark's hands are wrapped around Exx's boots. Tears flow as he begs for mercy.

MARK

NO, NO, PLEASE DON'T!

EXX

NO, YOU'RE GONNA DIE! YOU'RE GONNA  
DIE RIGHT NOW!

MARK

NO! NO! PLEASE! PLEEEEEEASE!

THREE KNOCKS come from outside the room.

VEE (O.S.)

HEY, BE QUIET OVER THERE! I'M  
TRYIN' TO HAVE FUN HERE!

(to Kylie)

HEY, SIT DOWN, YOU!

SOUNDS OF SLAPPING are heard from Kylie's room. After the first two slaps, Kylie's VOICE IS HEARD, REACTING AFTER EACH SLAP.

KYLIE (O.S.)

OW! OW! PLEASE, STOP!

Exx CHUCKLES.

EXX

Looks like we ain't the only ones  
havin' fun, huh, boy?

Mark's head is buried between his boots. He's in a world of his own.

EXX (CONT'D)

Ah, get up. Come on.

Exx grabs Mark by the arm and helps him up, rather gently.

He sits him on the bed and he sits next to him. Mark wipes the tears off of his face. Exx pulls out a couple of tissue from the tissue box on the night stand and offers them to Mark. Mark wipes his face with the tissues.

EXX (CONT'D)

No need for cryin'. I was just pushin' your buttons. I wanted to see how long before you man up and say no.

Mark starts to get his composure back.

EXX (CONT'D)

You ain't so bad, kid. I gotta say though, I really thought you were gonna lick them dirty old boots.

Exx LAUGHS a throaty laugh, his kind of humor.

EXX (CONT'D)

Don't worry, kid. I ain't gonna let you do no more of that stuff. Truth be told, I'm startin' to like ya.

Mark looks at him with interest, half-believing his words.

Exx puts his hand on his shoulder. His hand slides down to the arms. He squeezes Mark's thin arms, measuring their thickness.

EXX (CONT'D)

But you are kinda scrawny. You should lift some weights. When I was your age, I was the biggest son of a bitch on the block. You see these?

He flexes his arm under Mark's eyes.

EXX (CONT'D)

Had these since I was a young boy in school. No body dared to say shit to me. They knew what I could do. Go ahead, feel 'em.

Mark is hesitant.

EXX (CONT'D)

Come on, it ain't gonna bite.

Mark feels up the round muscles quickly. He puts his hand into his lap when he's finished.

EXX (CONT'D)

I tell ya, kid. You wanna know what it's like to be a real man, you gotta work on gettin' some muscle. Beef up a little. Girls are gonna be all over ya, too. Gotta love pussy, right?

Mark hangs his head down, obviously the comment wasn't something he wanted to hear tonight. Exx is oblivious to his pain.

Exx puts his hand on his neck and starts twisting it around.

EXX (CONT'D)

My shoulders are killin' me.

He continues to contort his neck and shoulders, tryin' to get rid of the stiffness that's bugging him.

EXX (CONT'D)

Must be those weights I lifted this mornin'. Guess it's not all good this liftin', huh?

Mark doesn't have a response to that. Exx gives him a look of request, rather than command this time.

EXX (CONT'D)

Say, uh.. Could you rub my shoulders a bit?

Mark is nervous again, he starts to pull back. Exx puts his hand on Mark's hand, comforting him.

EXX (CONT'D)

No, I promise I ain't gonna do nothin'. It's just killin' me there. I could really use a man's hands.

Exx turns around, giving him his back.

EXX (CONT'D)

Just really get in there. I can take it.

Mark is convinced. He's safe. He puts his hands on Exx's shoulders and starts to massage them very gently.

EXX (CONT'D)

Harder, I can take it.

Mark gives him the kind of massage he wants.

EXX (CONT'D)  
Yeah, that's it.

Exx closes his eyes, enjoying the sensation. Mark looks over the shoulders to see the machine gun is on the bed, to the left of Exx, with nobody's hand on it. He starts to rub harder.

EXX (CONT'D)  
Oof. Yeah, now we're cookin'. Ah.

Exx's body starts to get numb. He wobbles around, giving in. Mark's eyes are fixated on the weapon. He looks at it then at Exx and then back to the weapon again, stealing quick glances.

Mark is ready.. He's gonna go for it..

Exx suddenly turns around and grabs Mark by the jaw.

He pushes him slowly onto his back until he's lying on the bed.

Exx takes both of Mark's arms and pins them to both sides on the bed. Their lips are aligned. Exx's breath gets heavy. He rises back up, pulling his face away from Mark's.

Mark stares in wonder.

Exx LAUGHS.

EXX (CONT'D)  
You're one dumb fucking kid, you know that, boy?

Under his body, Exx's leg quickly lifts up, hitting Mark in the groin. Mark REACTS IN PAIN.

EXX (CONT'D)  
You probably think I'm a dumb boy, don't ya?

Mark doesn't answer, still struggling with the pain.

EXX (CONT'D)  
Well, I ain't no dumb boy. And you..

He lets go of one arm, using it to clasp Mark's jaw.



EXX (CONT'D)

.. You better believe I ain't no  
fag either.

He lets go of Mark and grabs his machine gun. Mark rolls himself into a ball, both hands clutching his groin and rolls to his side. He WHIMPERS.

INT. THE HOUSE - KYLIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Kylie stands in front of one of the wallpapered walls in the room. Her arms crossed onto each other and glued to her abdomen, as if she's cold. She looks on in fear at something in front of her.

A DOOR SHUTS.

Vee is standing by the door that she just closed, one of her hands still planted on it. The other one holds the cleaver. She has her back to Kylie. She slowly turns around, facing her.

Kylie takes a step backward, now one with the wall.

Vee takes adamant steps towards her, the cleaver in a tight grip.

With no more backward steps for her to take, Kylie turns her head to the side and closes her eyes.

Vee and Kylie now an inch apart. Vee raises the cleaver in her hand, holding it high up in the air.. And throws it down on the floor. The CLANK as it hits the floor opens Kylie's eyes. She stares at the weapon on the floor, now out of Vee's reach and then stares directly at Vee.

Vee pushes herself onto Kylie, locking her lips in a long, passionate kiss. She presses her body against hers as she continues to kiss her lips and neck. Vee's hands are all over Kylie's hair and neck as she throws herself in uninhibited passion.

VEE

I love you. I love you, so much.

Kylie finally pushes her away. She wipes her now wet lips with her pajama sleeves.

VEE (CONT'D)

Please, don't. I love you. I swear  
I fell in love with you the first  
time I saw you.

Kylie looks at her with caution.

VEE (CONT'D)

I promise I'll never hurt you. I'm sorry I was so rough back there. I had to do it or they would have noticed something was wrong. Please, believe me.

Vee pushes one of Kylie's hairs to the side, uncovering her eyes. Kylie hangs her face down. Vee lifts her chin up until they're back on eye level. Kylie looks at Vee with her round, puppy eyes. Vee gazes, lost in her beauty. She closes her eyes as her lips gently approach Kylie's. They kiss. Kylie's eyes still open as they share a long, deep kiss. Vee sweetly parts her lips from hers.

Kylie is calmer now. Vee gives her a loving smile.

VEE (CONT'D)

You're so beautiful. I could never do anything to harm you.

Mark and Exx can be HEARD from Mark's room.

MARK (O.S.)

NO, NO, PLEASE DON'T!

EXX (O.S.)

NO, YOU'RE GONNA DIE! YOU'RE GONNA DIE RIGHT NOW!

MARK (O.S.)

NO! NO! PLEASE! PLEEEEEASE!

Vee BANGS ON THE WALL three times in a row.

VEE

HEY, BE QUIET OVER THERE! I'M TRYIN' TO HAVE FUN HERE!

(to Kylie)

HEY, SIT DOWN, YOU!

Kylie looks at her in confusion as Vee CLAPS HER HAND A COUPLE OF TIMES, pretending to slap her. Vee mouths 'Come on' to Kylie, urging her to be a part of the act.

Vee continues to CLAP HER HANDS as Kylie ADDS HER REACTION AFTER EACH HAND CLAP.

KYLIE

OW! OW! PLEASE, STOP!

Vee raises her hand, instructing her to stop. She listens for a moment. No more noises. Vee smiles, relieved.

VEE

They stopped. Come on.

Vee takes her hand and escorts her to the bed. They sit on the bed, facing each other. Kylie is almost back to her normal self again.

VEE (CONT'D)

I know this is very hard for you. After what you saw tonight, I can understand why you don't believe me. You probably think I'm playing a sick game with your head, I'm not. That's not me, that's Que. He's a sadistic bastard. It's like he can't feel anybody's pain.

Vee turns her head, lost in her thoughts for a moment. She snaps back and grabs Kylie by both hands and holds them to her heart.

VEE (CONT'D)

But I can. I can feel your pain and I wish you didn't have to go through what you went tonight. If I could undo all those things I would.

KYLIE

Why are you telling me all this?

VEE

Because I love you, Kylie.

KYLIE

I don't believe you.

Vee is silent, a little stung. She nods, understanding.

VEE

I understand. All you saw was me helping those two monsters hurt you and your family. I keep telling you, I'm not with them. I'm with you. But you still won't believe me. Look.

She gets up and moves to where the cleaver is, pointing down at it.

VEE (CONT'D)

I threw away the cleaver. If I wanted to harm you, why would I do that?

KYLIE

I don't know.

VEE

Well, then what am I supposed to do? Tell me, how can I prove to you that I'm telling the truth? Tell me and I'll do it.

BEAT.

KYLIE

Take off your mask.

VEE

I can't do that.

KYLIE

I have to see your face. I wanna know who you are.

VEE

Que told us a long time ago, if we reveal our identities to anyone, we should consider ourselves dead. We believed him and I still do.

KYLIE

That's the only thing that I want from you.

VEE

But he's gonna kill me.

Kylie stands up.

KYLIE

He's gonna kill me too.

Vee can't respond. She's lost the argument.

KYLIE (CONT'D)

And if you love me. If you really wanna be with me. Then you'll do anything for me. Even die for me.

The eventuality dawns on Vee. She walks to the bed and sits back down. Kylie sits back next to her. She puts her hand on her shoulder.

KYLIE (CONT'D)

At least this way we'll die together.

Vee looks up at Kylie, who offers a loving smile.

VEE

I'll do anything for you.

Vee pulls her mask up. Her face is revealed. An attractive woman with innocent features. Her big brown eyes stare in request. Kylie smiles. She believes her. Vee responds with an innocent smile.

KYLIE

I'll do anything for you too. Why did you choose us? Why this family?

VEE

Alright, I guess you deserve to know. I'll tell you everything.

Vee takes a long SIGH in preparation.

VEE (CONT'D)

It was all Que's idea. We all used to work together. We would break into people's houses at night and take whatever looked valuable. Over time, the houses we got into got bigger and bigger. We had a tiny fortune on our hands. That's when Que changed.

Vee scratches her arms, perhaps a nervous tick.

VEE (CONT'D)

He always used to say money didn't matter to him anymore. That he felt there was more to life. He started by reading anything that could give him a clue about the reason for life. Science books, religion, philosophy, anything he could get his hands on, he'd stay up night after night, just.. swimming in these books. That's when he got into this weird philosophy stage. He..

Vee hangs her hands apart in front of Kylie, waiting to form a complete thought.

VEE (CONT'D)  
He decided to take all the  
information he gathered and..

She shortens the space between each hand.

VEE (CONT'D)  
Compress it all down to one single  
idea. He said, if we are human  
because we evolve, and we evolve by  
procreation, then it goes to show  
that human life's main purpose is  
to procreate. So life.. is fucking.

Kylie is attentive. Her eyes look down as she takes it all in.

VEE (CONT'D)  
You see, Kylie? This is what he  
wants to do. He doesn't wanna rob  
people anymore. He wants to force  
them to live up to his code of  
living. Sex is the only thing that  
he wants and not just for himself.  
Everybody has to follow the code.  
In his twisted mind, he thinks he's  
doing the job that nature failed to  
do.

KYLIE  
But why are you helping him?

VEE  
Because he knows too much about me  
and about Exx. We've been through  
so many things. We did so many  
things that nobody should know we  
did. Que told us as long as we're  
together, we can trust each other.  
Nothing could ever break us apart.  
Until that day I saw you.

KYLIE  
You saw me before?

VEE  
Yeah. We always scope out potential  
people before we do a break-in.  
'Students' Que likes to call them.  
(MORE)

VEE (CONT'D)

We have to make sure everyone in that house needs a lesson. I was assigned to watch you.

Vee's dreamy eyes look deep into Kylie's face as she reminisces.

VEE (CONT'D)

I saw you every day. Going to school, hanging out with your friends, going in and out of places. Talking to boys sometimes. I was so jealous of those boys. Every time you were near, I just wanted to get out of the car and run to you. Just to get a closer look at your face. Or one day tell you I love you. I finally did.

She offers a pretty little smile.

KYLIE

After we do what he says, is he gonna kill us?

The smile disappears from Vee's face.

VEE

We've done this a million times in a million houses. Just follow his orders and don't argue with him over anything.

KYLIE

Did he kill anyone in those houses?

Vee doesn't answer.

KYLIE (CONT'D)

Did you kill anyone?

VEE

You want my advice? Forget the past, Kylie. Tonight is just one night of your whole life. Our lives. Tomorrow, it's gonna be just you and me. No more of that sadistic bastard.

Kylie swallows. She gently leans closer to Vee and shares a kiss. She stares in silence. Her lips start to quiver. She's about to cry.

KYLIE  
(Dying person's plea)  
Save me.

Vee hugs her, secure under her arms.

VEE  
Don't worry. As long as I live, he  
won't even touch you. I promise.

Kylie wraps her arms around her, holding her tight. Her only hope.

INT. THE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Que still lies on the couch, both his legs on top of each other, hanging on the sofa's top edge. His cigarette now hangs loosely between his fingers, the fingers poised a few inches up from the sofa. He's completely at ease. The cane remains in its position, leaned on the couch.

Joanne still hasn't moved. Her eyes stare blankly above as she lies on her back. She's exhausted.

Que takes his free hand and SCRATCHES under his thigh.

She lets out a short COUGH, which immediately catches Que's attention.

He sits himself into the proper position, pulling his legs from over the sofa and without touching any part of the sofa, he lands them on the ground next to her.

Her half-closed eyes move to the left, regarding the man hunched down on the sofa, staring down at her. They lock into a stare for a moment.

He gets up and walks groggily towards the kitchen. His belt buckle still loose and dangling in the air as he moves. His cigarette held in his right hand.

Alone in the living room, Joanne doesn't even flinch. Her chest rises up and down but her breathing is silent. She can hear the SOUNDS coming from the kitchen. A FRIDGE DOOR OPENS, followed by a CLANK OF BOTTLES AND CANS. The SOUND OF BAGS RUFFLED. The noises stop for a moment.. Until the SOUND OF A BELT BUCKLE CLICK can be heard. A CAN TAB OPENS.

Que walks back into the living room. He has an opened beer can in one hand and his other hand is clasped shut. His belt buckle is adjusted again. The cigarette is gone.



He sits on the couch and takes a sip of the beer. He brings the clasped hand to his mouth. The clasped hand is holding sunflower seeds. He pops a seed into his mouth and BREAKS it. Turning his head left, he SPITS out the hull, eating the kernel. He continues to eat more seeds and sip beer in between, filling up the side of the floor that's left to the sofa with the empty hulls.

He extends his right leg, placing it gently on Joanne's bosom, still popping the seeds into his mouth. Joanne doesn't seem affected by this. His leg now rises and lowers along with her chest.

MARK (O.S.)  
NO, NO, PLEASE DON'T!

EXX (O.S.)  
NO, YOU'RE GONNA DIE! YOU'RE GONNA  
DIE RIGHT NOW!

MARK (O.S.)  
NO! NO! PLEASE! PLEEEEEASE!

THREE KNOCKS come from the walls in the hallway.

VEE (O.S.)  
HEY, BE QUIET OVER THERE! I'M  
TRYIN' TO HAVE FUN HERE!  
(to Kylie)  
HEY, SIT DOWN, YOU!

SLAPS can be heard. After the first two slaps, Kylie's VOICE STARTS TO REACT AFTER EACH SLAP.

KYLIE (O.S.)  
OW! OW! PLEASE, STOP!

Que SIGHS, annoyed by the noises. Now that the seeds are finished, he takes one last, long sip of the beer and places the can in the upright position on the sofa. He beats his palms into each other, wiping off any trace of the salty seeds and rises up, pulling his leg from over Joanne's chest. She takes a deeper breath this time, relieved the weight was lifted.

Que lifts the cane back into his grip and starts to examine the room. He takes his time as he roams around in a very relaxed manner. He reaches the right end of the sofa and puts his two open palms in front of him, trying to figure out the sofa's position in the room. He moves the sofa a small inch to his left and pulls back, admiring his accurate modification.

Suddenly, he pushes the sofa to a corner in the room with all his might. A big space in the middle of the room is now clear.

He walks over to Joanne and looks down at her again. His big grin returns.

QUE

Hey, Jo. Time for the real show.

Que sticks the cane under his arm, freeing his hands and CLAPS in authority.

QUE (CONT'D)

(Loud)

ALRIGHT, EVERYBODY GET BACK HERE.

The DOORS IN THE HALLWAY can be heard opening, almost immediately after his instructions. Que places the cane over his shoulder. Mark and Kylie appear, pushed from behind by their captors. They sit down with their mother. They help her sit up.

The family of three now all sit, looking up at the intruders. Mark to the right, Kylie to the left and Joanne in the middle. Que stands over them, his cronies on both sides. Exx to his left and Vee to his right, holding their weapons.

Que starts walking in a circle around the three on the floor, inspecting. He moves past Mark, who looks up, his eyes meeting Exx's. Exx's scowl won't budge. Que walks past Joanne. Her pupils roll to the upper corner of her eyes, sensing Que as he walks behind her. She's tense. He walks past Kylie. She sneaks a quick glance up at Vee, who is looking down at her as well. Vee quickly lifts her head, breaking the eye contact. To her left, Exx is watching her. He noticed.

Que comes full circle and stops back where he was, in the middle of his gang. He places the cane on the floor, leaning on its top with his two hands.

QUE (CONT'D)

Lesson number two.

The three captives now all shift their attention to the speaker.

QUE (CONT'D)

Barriers. What do we know about them? They can be physical barriers. They can be mental. They can be moral barriers. Some are all three.

(MORE)

QUE (CONT'D)

It's those ones that really interest me. You know, the brain knows a neat trick. It knows what's good and what's bad for you, but it won't tell you. You know why? Cause what's good for you but might not be good for your brain. So, what it will do is, it'll take all those all things that are bad for it but good for you and it'll tell you that they're bad for you. Am I going too fast with this? Are ya still with me?

Nobody answers.

QUE (CONT'D)

I'll take that as a yes. Anyway, what I'm trying to say is, the brain and the body are two separate things and even though they're linked to each other, they're not necessarily in cahoots. The body is low-tech. The brain is top of the line. What they each want is similar but not exact. Now, what I say is, why not? Why can't the brain and the body want the same exact thing? The answer? Barriers. All three of 'em. We need to break down the barriers.

He suddenly squats on the floor, at their face level.

QUE (CONT'D)

Mark. Kylie. Joanne. That's a family. You know, even families have barriers. For example, Mark, I'm sure there are some things you just can't say to your mother. And you, Joanne, somethings you just can't talk about with him. There's a mother-son vocabulary that has to be upheld and it's a very limited vocabulary. But why? Why must we limit our potential with inhibitions? Inhibitions that we introduce to this world for no reason at all? Why can't you say whatever you want to your own mother?

He leans closer to Mark.

QUE (CONT'D)

I bet you never used the F-word  
with your mom, huh? Did ya?

Que bites his lips, anxious to hear the answer. Mark shakes his head, a "no".

QUE (CONT'D)

Yeah, I knew it. I'm not surprised.  
That's what good boys do. They  
don't use the F-word when they're  
talking to their moms.

(To Joanne)

What about you?

JOANNE

No.

QUE

You never said fuck? Not even  
slipped out by mistake?

JOANNE

No.

QUE

(To Mark)

See now? That's what I don't like.  
How can a mother-son relationship  
ever develop and, and, and blossom  
into its natural conclusion if they  
can't even say what's on their mind  
to each other? They can't even say  
fuck. Well, luckily, I'm here and I  
know what the natural conclusion of  
that relationship should be.

He stands up, his index finger poised in the air.

QUE (CONT'D)

I have an idea.

DING-DONG, DING-DONG. The DOOR BELL RINGS. The first half of a "Four Ding-Dong" medley..

Everybody's quiet. Que's face is tilted towards the hallway, the source of the bell. He turns his face all the way back to the family, who share his look of confusion. Joanne, Mark and Kylie stare at each other.

The second-half of the medley plays. DING-DONG, DING-DONG.

BRIDGET (O.S.)  
 Hello? Kylie? Are you up? Mrs.  
 Finnigan? Anybody there?

Que nods at Kylie and then nods to the door. Kylie gets up and walks towards to the hallway. Que gestures for Mark and Joanne to follow him as he heads upstairs. They follow him as Exx pushes the sofa back into its place. Vee stands behind him.

INT. THE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kylie approaches the front door, tentative. She leans her ear close to the glass-decorated door, listening to the voice from behind.

BRIDGET (O.S.)  
 Kylie? Open the door.

Kylie is hesitant.

BRIDGET (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 I can see you! Open the door.

Kylie opens the door. It's Bridget.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)  
 I'm really sorry. I think I left my  
 cell phone in your room. Can I  
 just..

Without finishing the sentence, Bridget squeezes past Kylie, heading to her bedroom. Kylie sticks like glue on her trail behind her.

KYLIE  
 It's really late, Bridget.

BRIDGET  
 Don't worry. I'll take less than a  
 minute. I promise.

INT. THE HOUSE - KYLIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

The door is already open and the lights are on as Bridget and Kylie enter. The room is still as messy as it was before. Bridget inspects the room, flipping the magazines and books on the table, turning whatever is in front of her upside down.

BRIDGET

I know I left it here. I checked everywhere at our house. I really need it cause tomorrow morning my sister is driving me to school and she usually gives me a missed call. Can you believe that?

Bridget stops her rummaging and turns around, looking for a response from Kylie. Kylie offers a nervous smirk.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

She doesn't even wanna come out of the car. Says she's gonna be late for work if she goes inside. I'm, like, if you want an excuse not to see our mom, I can give you a better one than that, you know?

Bridget stares at the mess around her.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Your mom's right. It's like a hurricane went through this room. You really should tidy it up a bit.

KYLIE

Okay, Bridget.

Bridget goes to the bed and flips over the pillows and sheets.

BRIDGET

I remember it was here.

Nothing is on the bed.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

I'm sure it was here.

KYLIE

Are you sure it's not at your house or something?

BRIDGET

Okay, I already answered that question and by something you mean this room.

KYLIE

(Not in the mood for this)  
Okay, Bridget.

Bridget sits down, peering under the bed.

BRIDGET

Found it.

She extends her arm under the bed and brings out the cell phone.

KYLIE

Good. I'll see you tomorrow at school.

Kylie puts her hand on the back of Bridget's shoulder, urging her to leave the room as Bridget fiddles with her phone. They start to head to the door.

BRIDGET

Four missed calls? No way!

INT. THE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kylie pushes Bridget towards the front door. They reach the door and Kylie places her hand on the knob. Bridget abruptly plants her hand on Kylie's hand, stopping her.

BRIDGET

Before I go, can I have a glass of water?

KYLIE

Bridget.

BRIDGET

I haven't had anything to drink since we ate that pizza. I'm really thirsty.

(Puppy eyes)

Pleeeeeease!

Kylie lets out a SIGH, defeated. She does a sweeping gesture with her open palm, allowing her to go ahead. Bridget heads to the kitchen. Kylie follows her. Her hands clung to her face.

INT. THE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bridget and Kylie walk through the living room. There's nobody there but them. The sofa is back in its original place. They continue into the kitchen.

INT. THE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bridget walks over to the bottled water cooler. She takes a glass on top of the large water bottle and pours into it. She stands next to the cooler, facing Kylie and starts to drink her glass. Kylie seems uncomfortable. Bridget takes all the time in the world as she drinks that glass. She fiddles with her cell phone again. On the counter next to the water cooler is an open bag of sunflower seeds.

BRIDGET

Hey, guess who called our home phone after I left? Kevin.

KYLIE

Yeah?

BRIDGET

He said he can't do it.

KYLIE

Do what?

BRIDGET

What? You forgot? Our little bet.

KYLIE

Oh, yeah.

Bridget places the phone in her jeans' back pocket and shoves her free hand into the bag of sunflower seeds. She starts to eat the kernels, spitting out the hulls in a small trash can next to her leg. Kylie stares at her with a blank expression.

BRIDGET

He begged me to call it off. Said if he did it, the guys will give him a hard time. They won't let it go until he graduates.

KYLIE

Mm, hmm.

BRIDGET

I told him no way I'm calling it off. You said you'd do it, now you gotta do it. He was like all, but everybody's gonna be laughing at me. I said, yeah, so? If you really love me, you gotta prove it. Right?



KYLIE

Right.

BRIDGET

I don't know why they'd laugh at him anyway. I think it's romantic. Boys are so stupid sometimes. You know what the boys in the team do in the showers after their practice?

Kylie's patience is exhausted. She lets out a big SIGH.

KYLIE

So are you ever going home or are you hungry now?

BRIDGET

Jeez. Bitch-alert.

KYLIE

I'm sorry. I'm just really tired. I really wanna go back to sleep. Really.

BRIDGET

Ok, you coulda just told me. You didn't have to jack up the bitch-o-meter to one thousand.

Bridget throws the rest of the seeds in her hand into the trash can and puts the glass back in its place. She wipes the salt off of her hands, rubbing them into her jeans.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Ok, I'm going.

She heads out of the kitchen and Kylie follows.

INT. THE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bridget and Kylie walk through the living room.

INT. THE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bridget is heading for the door. Kylie is behind her. A SUDDEN NOISE comes from Kylie's room. Bridget immediately stops and looks at the room's door. Kylie is now extremely nervous.

BRIDGET  
What was that?

KYLIE  
What?

BRIDGET  
Didn't you hear that?

KYLIE  
I didn't hear anything. You really should go, Bridget. Your mom is still waiting for you.

BRIDGET  
I heard something. It came from your room.

Bridget heads back towards Kylie's room. Kylie blocks her path.

KYLIE  
Bridget. Please, go home.

Bridget stares at her with studying eyes.

BRIDGET  
You have a boy in your room, don't ya?

KYLIE  
No.

BRIDGET  
Don't lie to me, Kylie.

KYLIE  
I'm not lying, Bridget.

BRIDGET  
I knew you were acting a little weird. Who is it? I have to know who he is.

KYLIE  
Nobody. Please.. Leave.. Now.

Bridget and Kylie have a stare down. Bridget turns around, about to leave. Suddenly, she squeezes past Kylie and runs into her room.

KYLIE (CONT'D)  
Bridget, wait!

INT. THE HOUSE - KYLIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bridget runs in through the open door. Kylie follows her. Bridget starts to inspect the room once more.

BRIDGET  
Ok, where is he? Come out, come out, wherever you are!

KYLIE  
You're insane. There's no one here.

She spots the big closet to her left.

BRIDGET  
Aha.

She approaches the closet and places both hands on the knobs. She looks over to Kylie, who's a nervous wreck.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)  
If he turns out to be Kevin, I'm gonna kill you.

She opens the closet doors wide open. Bridget looks confused. There's nothing in the closet but a few hanging apparels. She pushes the clothes to the side, investigating further. Still nothing.

She turns back, staring at Kylie.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)  
Girl, you are no fun at all. This is kinda sad. I'm really gonna go now. Good-bye.

Bridget SHUTS THE CLOSET DOORS, making quite a noise. Kylie is relieved. She takes a step to the side, making the path clear for Bridget to walk out. Bridget heads to the door. Kylie follows her, much more relaxed now.

INT. THE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bridget comes out of Kylie's room, into the hallway and abruptly stops. She stares in front of her in silence. Vee stands there in front of her, dressed in her ski-mask and black attire. She's standing in the doorway of Mark's room. Bridget stares in confusion. Vee is speechless.

BRIDGET  
Who are you?

Bridget stares down at Vee's hand. The cleaver is in her hand.

KYLIE

Oh my god, Bridget, it's ok.

It dawns on Bridget.

BRIDGET

Oh my god! Oh my god!

Kylie's bedroom door swings and out comes Exx from behind.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

OH MY G..

Exx shoves the tip of his machine gun into Bridget's back and covers her mouth. She shivers.

EXX

Don't cry. Don't yell. Everything's ok. Just listen to what I'm gonna say.

The SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS as Que, Mark and Joanne come down the stairs and into the hallway. They witness the situation. Que seems apprehensive.

JOANNE

Oh no.

Exx looks at Que and then looks at Bridget. He shoves the weapon deeper into her back. He talks into her ear, the scowl back on his face.

EXX

Now listen to me, little missy. You're gonna walk outta here the same way you walked in. Cool, calm and quiet. You're gonna go back to your mom and tell her everythin's fine here. You came to find your cell phone, you found your cell phone and that's all that happened. If..

Bridget struggles to break loose. Tears stream down her face. Exx holds her tighter.

EXX (CONT'D)

If anybody else finds out that we were here, then we're gonna find out where you live and you won't like what we'll do to you and your family. You understand?

Bridget nods her head, understanding.

EXX (CONT'D)

Good. I'm gonna let you go now, but I don't want your mom to be suspicious so I'm gonna ask you to wipe your tears and then walk, not run, walk calmly to the car and just leave. Can you do that for me?

Bridget nods again. Exx slowly unclasps her mouth and takes a step back. She turns around, facing everybody in front of her. Exx's machine gun is still pointed in her direction. She wipes off her tears with her arm and takes a moment to gain back her composure as she snuffles. Kylie puts her hand on her shoulder.

KYLIE

Bridget.

Bridget looks at the gathering in front of her. She turns around and walks to the front door, calmly. She places her hand on the front door's knob. She takes a DEEP BREATH and walks out.

Kylie walks to the door. Bridget's silhouette disappears from the glass. Kylie leans on the door.

Everybody is on edge now.

INT. THE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Joanne, Mark and Kylie all sit next to each other on the couch. They all share a sullen mood.

Vee stands next to the kitchen's open door, her back against the wall. She stares at the floor. A look of guilt on her face.

Through the open door, Que and Exx can be seen in the kitchen. Que sits at the round kitchen table while Exx stands behind him. Exx is extremely on edge, sliding his palm across his face to wipe the nervous sweat.

INT. THE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Exx starts to pace around the kitchen, agitated. His machine gun is on the counter. Que has his elbows on the table as he massages his head. Unable to contain his anxiety, Exx stops his pacing and places his hands on the table. He leans forward as he looks at Que.

EXX

What if she tells someone? Her mother was here all the time. What if she gets suspicious?

QUE

She's not gonna tell.

EXX

How do you know that?

QUE

You scared the life outta her. Would you tell if someone threatened to kill your whole family? I mean, that gun.. You really pressed it deep..

EXX

Even if she doesn't tell. What if somebody senses something? What if she decided to call the police? What if..

QUE

What if you shut up for a minute? I can't think with you barking in my ears like that.

Exx quiets down.

QUE (CONT'D)

Everything's gonna be fine. I'm gonna take care of it tomorrow.

EXX

What are you gonna do?

QUE

You don't need to know that. I know what I have to do and I'm gonna do it tomorrow morning. Ok? So just relax.

EXX  
(Exhausted patience)  
What are you gonna do?

QUE  
HEY!

Que brings out his cane from under him and SLAMS it on the table. Exx stands up straight, put back in his place.

QUE (CONT'D)  
I wasted enough time on this distraction. We came here to do something and we're not gonna leave until we finish what we started.

Que clasps his cane, gripping it forcefully. He's visibly upset now.

QUE (CONT'D)  
That stupid bitch. She had to make this a lot harder for everyone.

EXX  
We should have never let her in.

QUE  
Not her. I'm talking about that dumb knife-wielding cunt standing outside.

Exx frowns.

QUE (CONT'D)  
She just had to come out of the room too soon.

EXX  
She says she heard the closet door and thought it was the front door.

QUE  
I don't care what she says. She's always been more of a burden than a benefit.

EXX  
What do you want us to do now, boss?

Que looks at the cane in his hands in admiration. He looks up at Exx. His devious smirk returns.

QUE  
Now, the show goes on.

INT. THE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Que comes out of the kitchen and strolls to the back of the sofa, his cane still in his grasp. Exx comes out after him and stands to the left of the kitchen's door frame. He positions his machine gun on his chest and looks at Vee who stands to the right side of the door frame. He gives her a firm nod of the head and she responds with a timid smile. She clinches the cleaver tighter in her hand.

Que is now behind the sofa. The Finnigans are almost oblivious to his existence, all quiet, deep in their thoughts. Que has both hands on the sofa, leaning down closer towards them. The top of the cane protruding from between his thumb and index finger.

QUE  
(Sincere)  
So how's everybody's doin'? You're  
all okay?

The three nod their heads, half-hearted in their attention.

QUE (CONT'D)  
Good, good.

In a sudden move, Que puts his hands under the sofa and tilts it upward, sending all of them CRASHING face-down to the floor.

Mark, Joanne and Kylie all turn backward, facing Que as they lie on the floor.

Que throws the sofa away and it LANDS upside down behind him, clearing a big space in the middle of the room. He flings the cane up in front of him, catching it mid-air in style. He walks from behind the sofa over to Joanne, who is in the middle between her son and daughter. He stands at her feet.

QUE (CONT'D)  
The show must go on.

Exx and Vee rush over towards the three on the floor. Exx grabs Kylie and pulls her back on her feet. Vee grabs Mark and drags him back on his feet.



QUE (CONT'D)

The show, like everything else in this life, must reach its natural conclusion.

Exx takes Kylie to where he was standing, next to the kitchen's door and pins her to the wall, shoving the tip of his weapon into her gut. Kylie starts to breathe deeply, terrified.

Vee pushes Mark to the wall next to the hallway's open doorway. She puts her arm across his neck, the cleaver still in hand.

Both Exx and Vee now have their victims pinned to both sides of the room. Que stands in the middle, hovering over the fallen Joanne.

Que pins Joanne down by the bottom of his cane, placing it between her breasts. She REACTS, the pain causes her to squirm.

QUE (CONT'D)

I still have an idea. Are you listening, Jo?

Joanne can't respond, struggling to fight the unbearable pain.

QUE (CONT'D)

My idea is called.. Fine-tuning the environment so that nature can take its intended course. Sounds catchy, right? Let me tell you what it means.

He takes off the cane and she catches her breath in relief. He lets the cane fall down to the floor. Que leans down, facing her.

QUE (CONT'D)

You must have heard that line "Let nature takes its course", right? Well, that would be really hard if nature doesn't have a clear path in front of her. You see nature is just like the body, low-tech. It can perform only one function. The one function that it knows best. Mmm, but..

He raises his index finger as Joanne watches him with half-opened eyes.

QUE (CONT'D)

In order to perform that function everything else has to be at a constant. If one thing changes, then nature's path is blocked and we can't have that, can we? That's why, we have to alter the variables into constants. In other words, we have to fine-tune it.

He nods his head, as if fully confident that his point has hit the target.

QUE (CONT'D)

And that's where I come in. My job? I get to decide what the variables are. First variable? The female.

He sinks his hand into her torn outfit and RIPS OUT the remaining shreds. Joanne is now in her black bra and panties. She looks at Que in worried anticipation. Que stands up. He walks in a circle around her.

QUE (CONT'D)

The female has to be in perfect condition. She has to be old enough to sustain and young enough to initiate. She has to be beautiful enough to attract but just pretty enough not to be picky.

Que squats down by her head and looks her in the face.

QUE (CONT'D)

This world is too choosey these days. Last thing nature needs is its lowly products developing a higher standard for themselves, you know what I mean?

JOANNE

What do you want?

QUE

Tsht, tsht. Just listen. Cause now comes the best part.

Que sits down beside her, anxious to finish his thoughts.

QUE (CONT'D)

The perfect female has to have no inhibitions whatsoever. Get it? No barriers!

(MORE)

QUE (CONT'D)

Now let's take a look at you. You fit the bill perfectly. You're just what nature intended. We just need to break down a couple of barriers.

Without looking at him, Que SNAPS his finger in Exx's direction and Exx lets Kylie go. Que gestures for her to come closer. Kylie takes careful steps until she stands by her mother's head. Que gestures for her to sit down. She obliges.

QUE (CONT'D)

Hold your mother's hand.

Kylie holds Joanne's hand.

QUE (CONT'D)

Hold it tightly, really pin her to the ground.

Kylie puts her mother's hands to the floor but doesn't really push.

QUE (CONT'D)

See, now you're not gettin' me. You see ol' Exx, here? You see that big ol' gun he has? If you don't hold down your mom's hands to the ground, then he's gonna pop her full of bullets from her eye brows to her toe nails. You understand now?

Kylie nods her head, holding back her tears.

QUE (CONT'D)

Now hold her down and really put an effort into it.

Kylie pushes down the hands. Joanne is pinned to the floor.

QUE (CONT'D)

Good. By the way, did I mention that the perfect female also has to be good at taking orders? Yeah, I guess I forgot to mention that. Anyway. Second variable.

Que has his hand in the air, about to snap his fingers in Vee's direction. As soon as she spots his raised hand, Vee pushes Mark to the wall and unbuckles his belt, leaving it hanging down by his waist. She unbuttons his jeans and pulls down the zipper. With her hand still on the lowered zipper, she turns back to see Que still hasn't snapped his fingers. His hand still poised in the air.

QUE (CONT'D)

You know what? Why don't we go back to the first variable.

Que stands up, still has his back to Vee.

Vee looks bemused by this. She lets go of the zipper and looks at Exx in the corner, who shares her confusion.

Que turns around and takes confident steps towards Vee. He stares at her, accusingly.

QUE (CONT'D)

One thing that nature doesn't need is a flawed, unalterable female. Who adds nothing but the biggest, worst kinds of barriers she can make. She's unimprovable. She's not perfect but she's unimprovable. She's a liability.

Que's accusing tone makes Vee look down to the floor, feeling guilty.

QUE (CONT'D)

Liabilities are the worst. They're not constants or variables. They're just liabilities.

Que extends his open palm to Vee.

QUE (CONT'D)

Come on, don't worry.

Vee puts her hand in Que's and he escorts her, rather calmly, to the front of the hallway. Only a couple of steps away from she was standing.

He suddenly spins her around, facing everyone else in the room and wraps his arm around her neck, choking her. The cleaver immediately drops to the floor. She reacts, frantically kicking her legs in the air.

QUE (CONT'D)

(Whispers into her ear)

Shh. It's okay, sweetheart. It's not up to you anymore. It's not up to you anymore.

After a quick few seconds, Vee stops struggling. Her hands fall down. Her neck slumps. She's dead.

Exx regards the incident with disapproval. His arms folded. The Finnigans watch in silence. Kylie lowers her head. Her eyes still open wide in fear. Her last hope is gone.

Que gently rests her down to the ground. He runs his hand over her face, rolling her eye lids shut and backs away. His breath is heavy. He looks at the stares around him.

QUE (CONT'D)

It's not up to me either. All barriers have to come down.

Que points at Mark.

QUE (CONT'D)

Variable number two.

Que SNAPS his finger and Exx walks over to Mark, grabbing him by the air and dragging him to his mother and sister.

Que steps away from the fallen Vee, raising his foot over her as he walks past her.

QUE (CONT'D)

The perfect male. Oh, he too has to be young enough to initiate. He doesn't have to be old though. He's not the one who needs to sustain. He merely provides. The longer he provides, the longer he remains perfect.

Que walks in a circle around Mark, who is standing idly. Que is engrossed in his rant.

QUE (CONT'D)

His looks, his age, his attitude, his emotions, his dreams, his, his, his work, his LIFE.. All of it means nothing cause they're simply not a factor.

In a sudden move, Que lands his hands on Mark's shoulders, squeezing hard. Mark's body reacts.

QUE (CONT'D)

How old you are you, Mark?

MARK

Seventeen.

QUE

Seventeen. That is really young.  
It's not too young, though. It's  
definitely not old. In fact, I'd  
say you're perfect.

Que rests his head on Mark's shoulder. Their heads now next  
to each other. Que looks down at Joanne, her wrists still  
pinned down by Kylie.

QUE (CONT'D)

Mark, do you think your mom's  
attractive?

Mark looks down at his mother. He doesn't answer, still  
threatened by Que's close presence.

QUE (CONT'D)

Come on, you must think she looks  
good. I mean, look at her.

Mark stares at Joanne, contemplative. Que lets go of the boy  
and stands next to him. He scopes Joanne. He takes a studious  
pose, placing his chin in his hand.

QUE (CONT'D)

She's perfect, isn't she? She's  
certainly pretty. She's got a cute  
face. Cute eyes. Lovely smile. What  
do you think of her body?

Mark doesn't respond.

BEAT.

QUE (CONT'D)

COME ON!

Mark reacts to the sudden outburst, taking a step away from  
Que.

QUE (CONT'D)

Her body is fantastic. Most boys  
your age would kill to be with  
someone like her. You look like a  
healthy young man, what's the  
problem? Oh..

Que looks at Joanne and then at the nervous Mark.

QUE (CONT'D)

Oh, I see. It's because she's your  
mother, isn't it?

Que places his hands on his hips, as if upset.

QUE (CONT'D)

You know, this is really starting to make me angry. It really is. How many barriers do I have to break down to let nature run its course? Every time I break one down, someone puts another one up! I mean, come on, already!

Que SIGHS, pretending to regain his composure.

QUE (CONT'D)

You know what? We can get through this. Don't worry. Come here.

Mark takes another step back, sensing insincerity in Que's voice.

QUE (CONT'D)

It's ok, come.

Mark takes a couple of steps towards him and Que wraps his arm around his shoulder, trusting him.

QUE (CONT'D)

You know what you should do? You need to forget that she's a mother and remind yourself that she's a woman. Imagine you're the king of a kingdom. Your warriors just won the biggest battle in history against your most bitter rival. A man who is despicable in every way, made everyone suffer, all because his wife, the queen, wanted him to do all those things. The king dies and the queen is captured. In order to show their appreciation, your loyal soldiers bring you the queen of your defeated rival and offer her as a gift. There she is.

Que points down at Joanne.

QUE (CONT'D)

She's held down for you. You don't even have to hold her down. You just have to take her. Think of all the troubles she caused you. All your soldiers who lost their lives trying to protect yours.

(MORE)

QUE (CONT'D)

All their wives who were widowed  
and all the children that became  
orphans. It's all because of her.  
And the one satisfaction that she  
doesn't want you to have is the  
satisfaction of having her. Now  
show her how she has to pay for her  
actions.

Que lets go of Mark and steps back towards the flipped over  
sofa and sits down on it, observing from a distance. Exx is  
on his left, still leaning on the wall with his arms folded.

Mark's heavy breathing increases as he stands over Joanne.  
They share a long, knowing stare. She nods slightly.

Mark walks to Joanne's feet and stands in readiness. His  
unbuckled belt still hangs by his waist. His head tilts down,  
looking at his mother's feet. He examines her from the bottom  
up. His eyes trail her body from her feet all the way upwards  
to her face. He looks up further. Kylie stares back at him in  
anticipation, waiting for him to make his move.

QUE (CONT'D)

Come on, boy. We ain't got all day.

Mark sits down by Joanne's feet. His trembling hands extend  
forward.

His right hand moves slowly towards her left foot and it  
caresses her heel..

His left hand hovers over her right foot and passes it,  
reaching her right ankle. His hand wraps around the ankle and  
his fingers press gently against her skin..

His right hand now reaches her left knee.. The hand skims  
past the knee, barely touching it as it continues to go up..

Both hands now are pressed against the sides of her waist.  
They slide up the sides for an inch or two and then the hands  
let go..

Mark's arms are now spread open at both sides of Joanne's  
waist. He's on his knees, hovering over her.

Que stares at the two from a distance. A hint of suspicion in  
his eyes.

Mark grabs Joanne by the elbows with both hands. His right  
hand feels up her elbow and moves upward, touching her arm..



He takes off his right hand and pushes aside a part of her hair, moving it from her forehead and placing it behind her ear, running his fingers gently along the way. His loving hand finally rests on her cheek.

Joanne lifts her eyes from his positioned hand to Mark, who is deep into the moment.

Kylie lifts her eyes from Mark's hand to Mark's face, shooting a strange look his way.

He pulls his hand from under Joanne's cheek. A strand of blonde hair is in his palm. He clinches his hand into a fist. Mark presses his lips, bottling his anger. He snaps out of his mood and looks at the two in front of him. Their stares get to him.

He looks to the right. A furious Que stands up and stomps forward..

Que kicks Mark off with his boot, causing him to land to the side.

JOANNE

Mark!

Mark slides closer towards his mother and sister. His head hangs down, staring at the floor. A fire burns inside him. His fist is still clinched.

Que paces around the room, frustrated. He stomps over to Exx and snatches his machine gun from his hand. He heads back to the Finnigans, grouped together on the floor. Que's bottled anger explodes.

QUE

IRREPARABLE. That's what you all are. It's a fruitless endeavor. I try and I try and I try and you never even begin to grasp the, the magnitude and majesty of what I'm trying to tell you.

Que spreads his arms open in amazement.

QUE (CONT'D)

I'm giving you a plan. Everyone's running around, scared and confused, because they don't have a plan. Probably because they don't know what the plan is supposed to be.

(MORE)

QUE (CONT'D)

I'm here, givin' you the plan based on everything that represents us. Logic. Roles. Functions. Our place in the universe. Don't you get it? Did you understand anything from what I said? Is it my fault? Am I a bad teacher?

Que SIGHS, giving up. He wags his finger, indicating "no".

QUE (CONT'D)

It's not me.

He points his accusing finger at the Finnigans with assuredness.

QUE (CONT'D)

It's all of you. It's this family. I overestimated you. I can see that now. It's too late. Your places have been chosen already. It's irrerversible at this point. That's it.

Que raises the machine gun, placing it vertically on his chest.

QUE (CONT'D)

So, I guess that means.. Time for the third and final lesson. Death.

The Finnigans are now on edge. They stare up at Que in nervous anticipation. Mark shoots a sharp, hateful stare from the corners of his eyes.

QUE (CONT'D)

What is death? Well.. I can't tell you that. But I can tell you what it's for. It's nature's cruelest trick ever. It's what your role is after all the roles have been handed out. It's what you're really worth to this planet.

Que smirks.

QUE (CONT'D)

It's nature taking down the biggest barrier by itself. No need for Que to get his hands dirty for that one. Good ol' mother nature.

(to Joanne)

See what she does to her own sons and daughters?

(MORE)

QUE (CONT'D)

You don't dare to think about your son lost and alone somewhere. Just like a cat, eating the most helpless of its litter. It's cruel, maybe yeah. But it's necessary. It's not up to us to decide yes or no. The liabilities have to be erased, the variables have be turned to constants and all  
(Psychotic)  
ALL BARRIERS MUST COME DOWN.

Que starts slowly pacing left and right in front of the Finnigans. The machine gun clasped tightly in his hands.

Kylie lets go of her mother's hands, wrapping her arms around herself. She shakes as she cries. Joanne wraps her arm around her and wraps her right arm around Mark. They all know what's coming next. Que froths at the mouth as he rages on.

QUE (CONT'D)

YOU KNOW WHAT'S THE BEST WAY TO TAKE DOWN A BARRIER? YOU KNOW WHAT YOU NEED TO HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF YOUR MAKER'S DIRTY BUSINESS? YOU'LL BE SURPRISED WHAT IT IS! YOU WANT ME TO TELL YOU? YOU WANT ME TO TELL YOU? YOU REALLY WANNA KNOW?

VEE

OUCH!

In a sudden move that captures everyone's attention, Vee sits up and grabs her right arm. She's behind Que, who is giving her his back, looking over his shoulder. Everyone in the room regards her as Vee rubs her right arm.

Vee stares back at the hanging eyes all around her.

Que turns his head in frustration. He takes off his mask and turns back to Vee. He's LEWIS now.

LEWIS

(Last thing I need)  
Lorraine, what are you doin'?!

LORRAINE

An ant bit me.

LEWIS

What?

LORRAINE

There it is.

Lorraine steps on the ant, ending it. She turns back to see Que still stupefied.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

What?

LEWIS

WHAT DO YOU MEAN WHAT? We're in the middle of something here. You couldn't stay in character for one more minute?

Lorraine tilts her head, amazed at his inability to understand her actions. She takes off the mask and looks at him with her big puppy eyes.

LORRAINE

Well, I'm sorry if I'm not Robert fuckin' DeNiro, ok? These things hurt!

Lewis throws his hand in the air.

Exx shakes his head and takes off his mask. He's now MIKE.

The Finnigans all relax. Kylie and Joanne break their hug and Mark lays down, resting his back on the floor. Everybody's at ease now. It was all a show.

LEWIS

Who cares? We were exactly one minute away from finishing this whole thing.

LORRAINE

I have a mild allergy. Gimme a break here, Lewis. I didn't know I was gonna be spending the rest of the night on the cold floor.

Lewis is speechless.

LEWIS

I.. I.. I don't have any words for this. I..

JOANNE

It's ok, honey. She didn't know.

LEWIS

Didn't know?! This isn't the first time we do this!

(MORE)

LEWIS (CONT'D)

You're tellin' me she didn't know that she's supposed to stay in character no matter what? Oh yeah, it's not like I tell her that every single time!

LORRAINE

I told you, I have a mild allergy.

Lorraine SNEEZES. She SNIFFLES.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

I think it's acting up.

(To Mike)

Honey..

MIKE

It's ok, sweety.

Mike walks towards her and lifts her back to her feet.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna go get you some tissues.

Mike walks into the hallway, leaving Lorraine standing in the middle of the room, holding her stung arm.

Que puts his hands on his hips.

LEWIS

You know what this means, right? We're gonna have to do the whole thing all over again from the start.

Everybody in the room REACTS, disagreeing.

JOANNE

No way. These two have school tomorrow. They have to go to bed right now.

Mike comes back from the hallway with a box of tissues. He offers some to Lorraine.

LORRAINE

Thanks, sweetie.

They share a quick kiss and Mike walks back to his spot. He folds his arms and leans on the wall. Lorraine BLOWS her nose into the tissues.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

Ugh, I feel all itchy.

She scratches her neck. She massages her neck and glances at Lewis.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)  
My neck hurts.

LEWIS  
(Not this now)  
Oh, come on.

LORRAINE  
You really wrapped your arms around it. It kinda hurts.

LEWIS  
I had to make it look real. You're still alive! You're standin' up!

MIKE  
There was no need to do that, man.

LEWIS  
Oh, so everything' my fault now? Well, I had to do something cause someone turned this whole night into a mess.

MIKE  
Hey, she said she was sorry for that.

LEWIS  
One second, just one second and that girl would have left the house and we could just go back to what we were doin'. But no, your brilliant wife had to walk out of the room, tra la la la, and twist my hand into changing the whole scenario into a piece of flaming shit you dumb cunt.

MIKE  
HEY! That's enough!

LEWIS  
AH, FUCK THIS!

Lewis SLAMS the machine gun to the floor and it BOUNCES OFF like a toy. It's clearly a prop.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

I can't go to sleep now! I can't do anything! I feel like I'm stuck in the moment. I can't go back and I can't go forward. Ugh, this is so irritating.

KYLIE

Can we focus on the big problem here? My best friend thinks I'm a hostage at my own house.

LEWIS

I'll take care of that first thing tomorrow morning, don't worry about that.

Kylie shakes her head, not amused.

KYLIE

She just had to forget her phone tonight.

LEWIS

It's ok. At least you knew how to handle her.

(To Lorraine)

You hear that? At least my daughter knows how to improvise.

JOANNE

Lewis, enough. Leave her alone. What's done is done.

MIKE

Yeah, man. Come on. What's the point of arguin' now?

MARK

They're right, dad.

Lewis turns to Mark, ready to dish out his frustration on his son.

LEWIS

You.. You're the last person who gets a say about any of all of this. You won't even take any of this seriously. Look at you! You're dressed like you're goin' out somewhere.

Kylie, in her pajamas, looks at her brother as he gets berated.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

And on top of that, we open your door and the lights are on? The lights are on?! You won't even turn off the god-damn light? Is it really that hard? Time after time after time, you screw something up and I let it go but at least show that you have the slightest of efforts. Flipping a switch. You don't think I deserve at least that much respect?

Mark bites his lips in patience, not wanting to prolong this discussion. His arms cover his eyes.

Everybody quiets down. The anxiety has disappeared.

MIKE

I'm gonna go get a glass o' water.

Mike goes into the kitchen.

Lewis sits down on the floor, scratching his head. Joanne lies back on the floor, resting. Kylie sits down, her back to the wall and Mark is still lying on his back, his arms cover his face.

Lorraine still stands in front of the hallway, rubbing her right arm.

LORRAINE

I think it's clearing up.

BANG.

Everybody REACTS the moment the gun shot is heard. Lewis covers his head with his arms, practically burying himself, face down into the floor. Kylie turns to her right, clinging to the wall with eyes shut and Joanne and Mark both spin into each other's direction, holding each other instinctively.

Lorraine falls, face first to the floor. Behind her, Bridget stands with a smoking gun held in her trembling hands. Her eyes shut and her face tilted to the side as she holds back her tears.

Mike walks in from the kitchen. The Finnigans start to open their eyes, finding out what just happened.



MIKE (O.S.)  
Lorraine?

CRASH.

The water glass falls to the floor and breaks into pieces as he rushes to his fallen wife.

He puts his hands under Lorraine's body. Blood in his hands.

He looks up to see Bridget now standing with her eyes open. Scared to death, she drops the gun and runs into the hallway. The SOUND OF THE FRONT DOOR OPENING can be heard as she flees.

Tears well in Mike's eyes. He closes his eyes and rests his head on hers as he CRIES.

Lewis is now back on his feet, watching this along with the rest of his family.

LEWIS  
Is she..?

MIKE  
She shot her. She killed her.

Lewis turns back to Kylie.

LEWIS  
Where did she get that gun?

MIKE (O.S.)  
Her dad..

Lewis turns back to Mike.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Her dad's a cop. That's what I was afraid of. That's what I wanted to tell you. But I didn't know how.

Mike shifts his attention to Lewis as his anger builds up.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
You and your stupid little games. I was just about to whisper it into her ear. I was gonna tell her it wasn't real. The moment you came down those stairs.. I knew I had to keep it goin'. I wasn't gonna be the asshole who breaks character.  
(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)  
It's all because of you.. You  
killed her..

Mike's eyes are red with anger.

Lewis takes a step back, putting his hands in front of him in  
fear.

Mike is just about to get up..

LORRAINE  
(fragile)  
Mike?

Mike turns his attention to Lorraine. She's still alive.

MIKE  
Honey. Are you ok? Talk to me.

LORRAINE  
My.. arm hurts.

Mike takes her healthy arm and wraps it around his shoulder.  
He lifts her up to her feet. Her left arm is bloody. Mike  
smiles, relieved.

MIKE  
She got your arm. Oh, thank god.  
Honey, you're gonna be ok. Don't  
worry. I'm takin' you to a hospital  
right now. Hang in there.

She leans on Mike's shoulder as he turns her towards the  
hallway, both about to leave. Mike looks over his shoulder at  
a frightened Lewis.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Don't ever call or come to our  
house again. Find someone else to  
be your sick puppets.

Mike and Lorraine go into the hallway.

MIKE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
It's ok, sweetie. Everything's  
gonna be just fine.

THE SOUND OF THE FRONT DOOR CLOSING.

Lewis is in a state of disbelief. He sits down and leans with  
his shoulder on the wall. He runs his fingers through his  
hair.

KYLIE

I'm gonna go find Bridget and tell her everything. She must have walked here, she can't be that far.

Kylie gets up and hurries towards the hallway. She stops to pick up Bridget's gun, holding it carefully like it's on fire.

KYLIE (CONT'D)

Fuckin' Bridget.

She puts the gun in her pajama pocket and runs into the hallway. THE FRONT DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

The only people left in the living room are Lewis, Joanne and Mark. Joanne wipes her face with her hands, exhausted.

JOANNE

What a night.

Joanne turns towards Lewis, lying on her side with her elbow on the floor, supporting her head. Behind her is the cane.

Mark slides over to the wall, leaning on it with his back. He turns to his left to look at his father, giving him his back. Mark's stern look hasn't faded all night.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

Honey.

LEWIS

She could have died.

JOANNE

But she didn't. And don't worry, I'm sure Mike is gonna forgive you after a while. He's just really upset. We've all been through a lot.

LEWIS

And that girl.. My daughter's best friend could have gone to jail. She was gonna be a murderer. All because of me.

JOANNE

Stop it. You didn't know she was gonna get a gun.

LEWIS

I didn't know her dad's a cop. I swear, if I'd known that I would have stopped the whole thing and told her everything.

MARK

You would have, huh?

Lewis turns, facing Mark.

LEWIS

What does that mean?

JOANNE

Lewis, come on, he didn't mean it.

MARK

I mean every fuckin' word I say.

JOANNE

Mark.

MARK

Remember what you told us the very first time you wanted us to do this? Nobody's gonna get hurt. I promise you. Those were your words. Now, look what happened. Everything's a mess. You think tomorrow morning everything's gonna go back to normal? You're dreaming. This isn't one of your stupid scenarios. People know about you now. You think they're just gonna let this go? You don't think they're gonna talk about what happened? Don't you think the hospital is gonna ask Lorraine how she got shot?

JOANNE

Mark, stop it.

MARK

Let him hear it. Let everyone hear it. Maybe then they'll see him for what he really is. A pathetic, little drunk.

Lewis holds back his tears.

JOANNE

Mark, that's enough.

Lewis BREAKS DOWN IN TEARS, his fingers running through his hair.

MARK

That's your excuse, isn't it?  
You're an addict so we either play  
along or you go back to the bottle.  
Making your own family feel guilty  
like that? You want me to respect  
you? You're pathetic.

Lewis wipes away his tears, trying to gain enough composure to fight back.

LEWIS

At least I'm not pathetic enough to  
be in love with my own mother.

Mark looks at Joanne. Joanne is put on the spot.

JOANNE

Lewis! What are you doing?

LEWIS

Yeah, she told me the way you look  
at her. Talking to her like she's  
the only girl in the world. Sharing  
secrets with each other, going out.  
I saw you back there. That wasn't  
an act of lust. You're in love with  
her? Are you fucking dumb? She's  
your mother. You wanna fuck her  
too?

Mark is furious. He looks at Joanne who doesn't know what to say.

MARK

Well, one of us has to.

Joanne rests her head on the floor. The damage is done.

LEWIS

What is that supposed to mean?

MARK

Yeah, she told me about you too. I  
guess all that booze really did a  
number on you down there, huh?

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

No wonder you have so much time on your hands.

Lewis is upset. He looks at Joanne, who now has her face covered by both hands.

LEWIS

What a nice little family I have. A son that hates me and a wife that can't keep a secret.

MARK

Well, if you'd taken the time to find out more about your wife and your son, instead of forcing them on each other at gun point, then you wouldn't feel that way, would you? But I guess it's, what did you call it? The natural conclusion?

Lewis stands up.

LEWIS

That wasn't real! They were just characters! It's acting! I didn't know you were gonna fall in love in real life! You can't tell the difference between reality and fiction?! You could easily identify each one if you just took the time to really listen to the words, instead of just hearing them like they meant nothing! Did you ever do that? Did you ever listen?

Mark's fury has reached the top.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

No, you didn't! That's the problem with you, you never pay attention!

Lewis turns around, about to head to the hallway when Mark jumps up, grabs the cane from behind Joanne's back and rushes towards Lewis..

JOANNE

MARK, NO!

Mark SMACKS the cane right into the back of Lewis' skull. Lewis falls down on his face.

Lewis turns around, looking up at Mark who hovers over him like a giant. He spots the cane in his hand.

Mark shoves the cane into Lewis' chest, twisting around sadistically. Lewis is in pain.

MARK

What? You don't like that? You don't mind it when it's someone else, do you, you sadistic freak? Tell me. What's life, what's love, what's death, huh? Here, I have one. What's hate?

Mark starts PUMMELING Lewis with the cane, SMACKING his skull with it time after time. Blood starts spurting out onto Mark's face and clothes..

The blood starts splattering over Joanne. With each hit, more blood comes out and more blood covers her from head to toe..

Mark finally stops pummeling his father. He's out of breath, his chest rises and falls as he INHALES and EXHALES.

A trembling Joanne opens her now blood-covered eyes. She looks at Lewis, not moving..

She looks up to see Mark..

He stands over his victim with his legs apart..

His belt still unbuckled and dangling and his zipper open..

The cane is clinched in his fist..

He stares at Joanne with fire in his eyes..

FADE OUT.