

REBECCA'S BLUE SKY

Written by

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OVER BLACK:

A MAN'S voice, reeking of nervous energy:

DADDY (V.O.)
Hi, honey. Don't be afraid. It's
only Daddy.

FADE IN:

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK (MOVING) - DAY

The dashboard is wiped clean, but it doesn't hide the imperfections brought on by years of use.

STEVE (21), scrawny and not from good stock, signals right.

His passenger is REBECCA CARTWRIGHT (25). She has a sweet, unblemished face, but her cheap dress and shoes suggest a dollar store mentality.

In her lap -- a small bouquet of flowers. She stares blankly out the window as she speaks.

REBECCA
I get a bad feeling.

STEVE
It's just a cemetery. We come here
all the time.

REBECCA
No, not that. I'm talking about all
the pain and suffering in the
world. Famine. Disease. Volcanoes
blowin' their tops in Hawaii...

STEVE
And your point is?

She turns to him, her face troubled.

REBECCA
I think the end times are coming.

Steve contemplates this. Taken aback. He glimpses over, but she looks away before he can make eye contact.

EXT. CEMETERY - LATER

Rows of headstones, various shapes and sizes among the crabgrass. Away from the main road -- somber yet tranquil.

Steve waits in his truck, smoking a cigarette. He runs a hand through his hair and exhales. Out the window--

Rebecca kneels before a marker, her head lowered.

She rises, and turns toward the truck. From this angle it's obvious she's PREGNANT, third trimester most likely.

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK (MOVING) - LATER

Heading down a dusty road next to a lake. Steve takes note of a BOY sitting at the edge of the pier. He turns to Rebecca.

STEVE

You wanna go to the buffet and get something to eat?

She places her hand over her belly.

REBECCA

No. I'm not feeling up to it.

STEVE

Okay.

They drive further in silence. Steve stops the truck in front of a modest--

TRAILER

Laundry hangs on a line between two trees.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Sure I can't change your mind?
You're eating for two, you know.

He lovingly goes to put his hand on her stomach.

REBECCA

No! Don't... touch me.

STEVE

I'm sorry.

REBECCA

No, It's just... I'm sorry. You're real sweet, Steve. And you've been real understanding of my... condition.

She kisses his cheek.

STEVE

Thanks.

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

A box fan circulates the warm air. An open bag of bread on a table. The TV is on with no sound.

Rebecca sits on the couch, sweat beads on her forehead. Suddenly, she doubles over and groans, holding her stomach.

Clearly in pain. Her worried eyes search the room. She exhales several times.

REBECCA

Oh, God. Oh, dear God.

I/E. PICK-UP TRUCK/STREET - DAY

Steve drives, sips soda from a big cup.

Rebecca, in a WAITRESS UNIFORM, watches out the window.

A young black MAN pads along the sidewalk.

REBECCA

Something came to me last night,
Steve. Something very troubling.

He glances over.

STEVE

What is it?

REBECCA

I-- Wait. That's him!

STEVE

Who? What?

She points to the black guy, then covers her mouth.

REBECCA

The man who raped me. That's him.

STEVE

Are-- Are you sure?

REBECCA

Yes. Yes!

Steve pulls over, throws it in park.

STEVE
Stay right here.

The black man, COLIN (19), hesitates when he sees Steve coming for him.

STEVE (CONT'D)
You.

Colin looks around.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Yeah you!

Steve grabs Colin by the collar. The boy resists, but Steve's too strong. He forcefully marches Colin to the truck and presses his face against the window.

Rebecca is horrified. Steve's voice is muffled.

STEVE (CONT'D)
This him?

No answer.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Is this the guy that raped you?

She nods.

Steve yanks Colin away, leaving a trail of saliva on the window.

COLIN
What the fuck? I ain't no rapist. I don't know that woman!

Steve wheels a right, connects with Colin's ear.

Colin holds his head, but stands his ground.

COLIN (CONT'D)
I don't know her!

Steve hits him again. Blood trickles down Colin's lip.

Colin quickly swipes his foot low to the ground and takes out Steve's legs. Steve collapses. Colin takes off and doesn't look back.

A moment passes. Steve pulls out a cigarette and lights it. He spits on the ground and gets up.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - LATER

Steve sits at one end of a picnic table. He's pissed. Rebecca sits at the other end. A car passes.

REBECCA
It looked like him.

Steve takes a drag of his smoke, but doesn't speak.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
I swear to God I thought it was
him.

STEVE
All right!

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK - NIGHT

Steve turns on a flashlight. It illuminates his thin, anxious face as he ruminates about what he's going to do.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

A symphony of crickets in the dusk light. The beam from the flashlight wanders across the headstones.

There's a small marker with a bouquet of flowers resting at its base. He shines the light on it.

INSERT:

William Cartwright b. 2006 d. 2006

Tender Child Of God, Taken Too soon

BACK TO SCENE

Steve stares at the words -- confused.

The beam from the flashlight weakens. He hits it with his hand. It goes out altogether.

He looks up.

Something rustles off in the thicket.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Steve, plain white T and work pants, loads fifty pound bags of feed onto the bed of his truck.

INT. BARN - LATER

His blackened silhouette against the brilliant sun, Steve stands near the doorway. Talks on his phone.

STEVE

I don't think it's a good idea we see each other anymore. I think it's for the best.

REBECCA (PHONE)

(muffled)

Best? For who? Not for me, it's not.

STEVE

You won't even let me touch you, Rebecca. It's been three whole months. This is just not going the way it should.

REBECCA (PHONE)

Is that what's important to you? Touching me?

STEVE

Well no. And yes. I'm sorry.

There's a long silence. Rebecca mutters something inaudible.

STEVE (CONT'D)

What was that?

REBECCA (PHONE)

I'm gonna fuckin' kill myself.

She hangs up.

Steve raises his head and squints at the sun. He looks out to his truck, and a pallet of feed that still needs to be loaded.

EXT. TRAILER - NIGHT

Steve's pick-up slowly lumbers into view and stops.

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

Rebecca sits on the couch. The lights are dim as she mechanically caresses her baby bump.

Her eyes distant and cold.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Thirteen-year-old Rebecca cowers in a corner. She trembles as tears run down her cheeks.

DADDY (40s), beaten down by life, SCREAMS. Rants.

He settles down, goes to Rebecca. He tries to comfort her, his voice now soothing and gentle.

DADDY

What's wrong, baby? It's only
Daddy. This is how Daddy shows his
little angel he loves her.

Rebecca flinches. Daddy blocks her escape, veins protruding from his wiry tattooed arms.

KITCHEN

MOTHER (40s) sits at a table, her back facing us. She has COTTON in her ears. On the table is a BIBLE.

She reads aloud. Almost a whisper.

MOTHER

...be still before the Lord and
wait patiently for him; do not fret
when people succeed in their ways,
when they carry out their wicked
schemes. Do not fret. It only leads
to evil.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Rebecca runs through the black night, mouth agape and out of breath. Rain slaps her haggard face.

DADDY (V.O.)

You wanna make Daddy happy, don't
you?

Her arms flail wildly, like she's reaching out for help.

MOTHER (V.O.)
 Do not fret when people succeed in
 their ways... Do not fret... Do not
 fret...

The darkness envelops her.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

Steve pokes his head through the door and enters. He cautiously scans the room.

STEVE
 Door was open.

Rebecca's still on the couch.

STEVE (CONT'D)
 You all right?
 (no answer)
 What is this?

Then he sees it--

A PISTOL on the living room table. Within arms reach of her, but not him.

REBECCA
 I'm scared, Steve. I'm really
 scared.

STEVE
 Scared of what?

REBECCA
 This thing. This thing that's
 inside me, Steve. It's like it's
 always been there. Clawing. Trying
 to get out.

STEVE
 What are you talking about?

She locks eyes with him.

REBECCA
 The Devil. He's in here, Steve.
 Inside of me.
 (swallows)
 And he wants to come out.

Steve raises both hands, palms out.

STEVE

Rebecca, you're talkin' crazy now.

REBECCA

I didn't think it true at first, either. This is madness, I thought. Then it became clear. Everything going on. All this hate.

STEVE

Rebecca, don't do this. Let me help you.

REBECCA

It's too late.

STEVE

No, it's not. There's good out there, Rebecca. There is. You just gotta look harder.

She straightens.

REBECCA

I've looked! It's not out there because I've looked! And if it was out there I would've found it by now.

(then)

You left me, Steve. You left me when I needed you most.

STEVE

(shakes his head)

Rebecca, please...

REBECCA

Yes. When I needed you most. And now look at us.

He looks at the gun.

STEVE

Don't do this, Rebecca. There's still hope left. R-remember that time we went to the lake? When we first started dating?

REBECCA

(softly)

Yes.

STEVE

The sky was so blue that day. Do you remember what I told you?

REBECCA

You told me it didn't matter whose baby it was, or how it got there. That you would love it because you loved me.

Steve exhales. Relieved.

STEVE

Yes.

He inches closer.

The box fan blows in the corner. A clock on the wall has stopped.

Rebecca watches as Steve approaches--

QUICK FLASH:

Daddy -- eyes blacked-out -- teeth like fangs -- he draws near -- closer still--

BACK TO SCENE

Rebecca grabs the gun.

REBECCA

Bye.

She presses the barrel to her gut.

Steve stumbles forward--

STEVE

No, goddammit, no!

BLAM! The report is earsplitting. Steve trips, and crashes onto the table.

A DOG barks from somewhere.

Rebecca's body goes limp. Arms at her sides, head tilted awkwardly.

Steve moans. Whimpers. His ears ringing. He glances up.

A puddle of blood forms on Rebecca's thighs. But there's no blood at the point of entry -- just mangled foam and clear liquid.

Steve reaches with trembling hands and slowly lifts her shirt.

She's wearing a fake PREGNANCY BELLY. A tag on it reads: MADE IN INDONESIA.

Blood continues to collect on her thighs, trickling from the wound in her stomach.

Her eyes are open. And dead.

EXT. TRAILER - LATER

A group of NEIGHBORS have gathered around the perimeter.

Steve leans against a POLICE CRUISER, clearly jolted. He smokes a cigarette. Blue and red lights reflect on his face.

His fingers unsteady as he taps his ash.

An OFFICER (50s) approaches.

OFFICER
You all right?

STEVE
I've been better.

OFFICER
That's understandable. Anyway, I think you're done here.

STEVE
I'm free to go?

OFFICER
Yeah. Unless you want to confess to killing her.

Steve half-laughs nervously, shakes his head.

STEVE
I didn't kill her.

OFFICER
I know that. Look, this isn't our first dance in this neck of the woods, son.

(MORE)

OFFICER (CONT'D)

Truth be told, this doesn't
surprise me at all.

STEVE

What do you mean?

OFFICER

You didn't know her family well,
did you?

STEVE

(shakes his head)
I didn't know 'em at all.

The Officer nods knowingly, looks to the trailer, then back.

OFFICER

I did.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

The water shimmers under the bright sun. Summer leaves rustle
in the breeze.

Steve gazes out from the edge of the grass. His face
expressionless and dull. His eyes vacant.

He steps onto the dilapidated planks of a dock that juts out
over the water.

A young BOY sits at the end, feet dangling over the side. He
holds a MAGNIFYING GLASS.

STEVE

Whatcha doing? Killing ants?

BOY

(shakes his head)
No, sir. I don't like killing 'em.
It's cruel. I just like seeing 'em
better.

Steve nods.

STEVE

That's good.

BOY

What are you doing out here?

STEVE

I don't know really. Just thought
I'd come out here.

(then)

Why ain't you out there swimming?

BOY

Don't have a bathing suit. My old
one got too small for me. Mom said
she's gonna get one, but she ain't
done it yet.

STEVE

I think I got one at home. I'll
bring it for you next time.

BOY

Thanks.

Steve steps to the edge of the pier. Back to the water, he
holds out his arms like he's going to fly.

He smiles down at the boy.

BOY (CONT'D)

You goin' swimming with your
clothes on, Mister?

Steve looks up to the cloudless, blue sky. He closes his
eyes.

STEVE

Sure. Why not?

He falls in.

FADE OUT.