

WRONG

By

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FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Under-furnished but impeccably neat. The only thing slightly askew is the bedding. A body shifts underneath it a split second before an ALARM goes off.

KELBY (24) peers out to glance at the alarm clock. 5:55 am. He sits up sluggishly, threads his fingers through his hair, rubs the sleep from his eyes.

KELBY (V.O.)

Life sucks and then you die. That's what they say, anyway. On shirts and mugs and internet memes. I might not be the best person to weigh in on the subject, but I don't think death is the punishment it's made out to be. Sometimes death is the most merciful part of life.

The sun has not yet risen.

Kelby's lean silhouette changes into a pair of navy blue Dickies and a long sleeve button down with the name "KELBY" on the pocket.

He carefully folds the pajama pants and T-shirt he slept in and places them in a dresser drawer.

He makes the bed, smoothing out every last wrinkle.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

Coffee perks in a machine on the counter. The components for eggs benedict cook separately on the stove.

Kelby arranges two place settings at the tiny table. Faded china. A fork on one side, knife and spoon on the other.

RINGING comes from an old, wall-mounted phone next to the refrigerator.

He straightens the silverware before answering.

KELBY

Hello?... speaking...

Incredibly long pause. His facial expression doesn't change.

(CONTINUED)

KELBY

Okay.

He hangs up the phone. Goes back to what he was doing.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Sparingly furnished, but in immaculate condition. You could eat off the floor if you were so inclined.

Keys JINGLE a second before the door opens and SLOAN (19) enters. She wears a black belted trench coat and knee-high boots. Almost immediately she sheds the boots and tosses them haphazardly onto the sofa.

She enters the--

KITCHEN

--to find Kelby pouring two cups of coffee. He sets one down in front of each plate, which now holds the eggs benedict with a five-star presentation.

He pulls out her chair for her, waits patiently while she removes her trench coat. Underneath she wears a corset, leather short shorts and fishnet pantyhose.

She hangs the trench on the back of her chair and sits. Kelby sits across the table from her. He begins to eat while she draws shapes in her hollandaise with her fork.

Kelby watches her, frustration mounting.

KELBY

How was work?

SLOAN

Work?

(chuckle)

Work was... lucrative.

She reaches into a pocket on the trench coat for a fistful of crumpled cash, which she then sets unceremoniously in the center of the table.

Kelby glances at it, then goes back to eating. He looks up once more, sighs, and rakes it over to him. He straightens out the bills, arranges them in order of denomination.

He puts it back in the center, places the salt and pepper shakers on top to hold it in place.

Another painful eternity before:

(CONTINUED)

KELBY

Dad died.

No reaction from Sloan.

KELBY

Funeral's on Saturday.

She tosses down her fork. It CLINKS loudly against the china, causing Kelby to avert his eyes to hers.

SLOAN

I'll send a card. Do you think Hallmark makes one that says "Burn in Hell, you evil motherfucker"?

KELBY

We're going. You and me. To the funeral.

Sloan stares defiantly. He holds her gaze for only a second, then averts his attention to her uneaten breakfast.

KELBY

You could take a bite, every now and then.

SLOAN

Do what I do and see if you have an appetite after.

She stands up, SQUEALING the chair legs against the linoleum.

SLOAN

You're right, we should go. I never got to thank him for helping me decide on a career.

She trudges out of the kitchen.

INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - LATER

Kelby sets Sloan's boots neatly on a shelf in a closet, hangs her coat. Notices the bathroom door is slightly ajar.

INT. APARTMENT - BATHROOM - SAME

Sloan peels off her top. Her back is covered in fresh cuts and old scars. She scratches at the dried blood on the inside of her shirt.

(CONTINUED)

SLOAN

Fuck.

Kelby KNOCKS once before entering. Takes a look at her back and immediately retrieves a cotton swab and bottle of peroxide from the medicine cabinet.

KELBY

Cop?

SLOAN

Fireman.

Kelby dampens the cotton ball, cleanses each wound. Blows on them to ease the burn.

KELBY

Why do you let them do this?

SLOAN

It's twenty extra.

Kelby puts away the supplies, runs the bath water.

KELBY

I have to go to work. Last bus leaves at eight. Be ready.

Sloan slides off her shorts and hose, climbs into the tub. He watches her ease back into the steamy water, waiting for an acknowledgement that never comes.

EXT. FIRE STATION - LATER

A FIRETRUCK bolts out of the station, LIGHTS and SIREN blaring.

Kelby watches it tear down the street, then heads toward a BLACK SUV. He spares a glance in all directions before pulling out a pocket knife and slashing one of the rear tires.

As the tire peters out, the CAR ALARM goes off.

Unfazed, he slashes the remaining tires before pocketing the knife and calmly leaving the scene.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - AFTERNOON

The bright sunlight beats down on Kelby as he rakes the fallen leaves.

Joggers, mothers with strollers and kids alike all pass him by as if he's invisible.

A kid on a bike tosses a fast food wrapper at a trash bin but misses. It ricochets off Kelby's back as the kid pedals off.

Kelby sets down his rake to pick up the trash and deposit it in the can.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Kelby enters to find the place much different than he left it. Pizza box and soda cans on the coffee table. TV left on. Sofa cushions askew. Clothes on the floor.

He exhales a sharp sigh, then begins the tedious process of cleaning up. Under the pizza box, he finds a trace of cocaine on the coffee table and a piece of a straw.

He trudges into the--

KITCHEN

--to dispose of the pizza box. As he turns to leave, he notices the stack of money is no longer under the salt and pepper shakers.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Completely trashed.

Kelby yanks the comforter off the bed. Sloan lies underneath, wearing an over-sized T-shirt and nothing else. Not even underwear.

He rolls her over, taps her on the cheek. No hint of consciousness. He hefts her over his shoulder.

INT. APARTMENT - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kelby sets Sloan down in the tub. Turns the cold water on. Almost immediately she springs to life, coughing and sputtering.

With a sigh, he lowers himself onto the closed toilet seat.

(CONTINUED)

SLOAN

What the fuck is your problem?

KELBY

Which one? I have three. You haven't packed, the apartment is a mess and your nose is full of our rent money.

Sloan reaches blindly for the water faucet. Takes a couple tries before she makes contact.

SLOAN

You shouldn't have left it.

He tosses a towel at her. Exits.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kelby obsessively scrubs the kitchen counter grout with a toothbrush.

The room around him is clean, once again.

Sloan trudges in carrying two suitcases. Drops them to the floor to signal her entrance.

Kelby glances back but keeps scrubbing.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS (MOVING) - NIGHT

Packed with people, all asleep. All except Kelby, who sits rigidly with Sloan asleep on his shoulder.

TIME LAPSE

The sun gradually rises outside the window.

The passengers awaken from their slumber and find means of entertainment (cell phones, iPads, mp3 players, etc).

Kelby hasn't moved a muscle. Sloan wakes up only long enough to conceal her bloodshot eyes with sunglasses, then lays her head on his shoulder and goes back to sleep.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

One full-sized bed. Dingy, outdated comforter and carpet. Looks like it's violating fifteen different health codes. A roach scampers across the floor.

SHOWER RUNS in the background.

(CONTINUED)

Kelby sits on the edge of the bed, a partially unfolded map in hand. In the white border, he does some calculations.

SLOAN (O.S.)  
This place is gross.

Kelby scratches out the calculations and starts over.

SLOAN (O.S.)  
There isn't even any soap in here.

He turns his back to the bathroom door.

SLOAN (O.S.)  
There's mold in the shower.

KELBY  
We're broke.

He folds up the map, perfectly matching every side. Crisps the creases.

KELBY  
We need to travel 656 miles per day  
to get there in time. We only did  
482 today.

SHOWER GOES OFF in the background.

Kelby slides the map into a pocket on his suitcase. Brings out a bottle of over-the-counter sleeping pills. Shakes out two into his palm, swallows it dry.

KELBY  
We should leave before sunrise.

Sloan exits the bathroom wearing another over-sized T-shirt. She pulls back the comforter and grimaces before crawling in. Glances over her shoulder expectantly at Kelby.

He takes his time joining her. Sloan backs up until she is spooning with him, then pulls his arm across her.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

A beam of sunlight streams in through a tear in the curtains, aimed directly at Kelby's face. His eyes flutter rapidly behind their closed lids before he awakens hastily, shielding himself from an invisible attack.

He slowly returns his hands to his side as he gazes around. The bed beside him is empty, as is the rest of the room. He consults the alarm clock. 11:47 am.

(CONTINUED)



Kelby ambles out of bed. On the way to the bathroom, he finds Sloan's T-shirt crumpled on the floor in front of the door.

A FEMALE MOAN comes from the bathroom. He tries the knob, but it's locked. He presses an ear to the door. Another MOAN followed by a MALE GRUNT.

Kelby peers in through the doorknob.

DOORKNOB POV

Sloan is bent over the sink while a MYSTERY MAN fucks her from behind. He pulls a handful of her hair, hyper-extending her neck, causing a moan of equal parts pleasure and pain to part her lips.

As if sensing being watched, Sloan glances at the door.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Kelby leans over the railing, smoking a cigarette.

The room door opens and Mystery Man (40s), greasy hair and a pronounced beer gut, exits with a shit-eating grin. He's missing two front teeth. The rest look like they're not far behind.

Kelby all but ignores him until Mystery Man places a 20 dollar bill in his shirt pocket and a hand on his shoulder.

MYSTERY MAN

I'm in 15B. If you need more money.

Mystery Man hustles down the corridor.

Sloan slinks out of the room, dressed in a frayed mini skirt and a floral tank top. He looks her over.

KELBY

It's 40 degrees. Put some clothes on.

Sloan takes the cigarette from him, indulges in a long drag. Exhale the smoke into his face. She hands back the cigarette and goes inside.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS (MOVING)- EARLY EVENING

Another day, another bus. This one is loaded with passengers.

Kelby and Sloan sit in the back again.

A mother and child ahead of them watch an animated movie on a tablet, sharing a single set of earbuds.

Kelby watches the movie over their shoulders.

SLOAN

Which one?

Sloan holds out her hands, fists tightly clenched.

He taps on her left fist. She opens it to reveal that it's empty. Smiles broadly, then puts her hands behind her back and brings them out a moment later.

SLOAN

Which one?

He contemplates far longer than necessary before choosing her left hand again. And again he's wrong.

She juggles her hands behind her back and presents them once more. He chooses left. It's empty.

On the next try, he picks her right hand. Much to his chagrin, there's nothing there. He pries her left hand open. It's empty as well.

Sloan smiles triumphantly. Strokes his cheek.

SLOAN

You always were naive.

Kelby goes back to watching the movie.

EXT. MOTEL #2 - NIGHT

Chipped paint and graffiti. Litter everywhere.

Kelby leads the way, carrying the two suitcases. Sloan trails behind with a pizza box and a brown paper bag. He stops outside their room, sets down the bags, unlocks the door. Holds it open for Sloan to enter first.

INT. MOTEL ROOM #2 - CONTINUOUS

Just as shitty as the previous room. The only difference is this one has two twin beds instead of a full.

Kelby enters behind Sloan, sets down the suitcases, then flips on a light. Frowns.

SLOAN

Two beds?

KELBY

That's all they had.

He kicks the door closed, then places one suitcase on each bed. Sloan settles on her bed, tosses down the pizza box, reaches into the brown paper bag for a 40 ounce bottle of beer.

As she twists off the top, Kelby takes it from her, replacing it with a can of soda.

They eat their pizza in silence.

INT. MOTEL ROOM #2 - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kelby steps out of the shower, wraps a towel around his waist. His back is covered in old cigarette burns.

He swallows a couple of sleeping pills with a drink from the faucet. Stares at his reflection in the foggy mirror. Draws a giant "X" over his face.

ROOM

He emerges from the bathroom to find Sloan nestled in his bed.

He pulls back the comforter on her bed and climbs in. Flips off the lamp.

Almost immediately there is movement in the dark.

He flips the light back on in time to see Sloan shimmy into a pair of jeans.

KELBY

What're you doing?

She grabs her coat before heading for the door. Kelby bolts out of bed, meeting her there. Slams the door as she opens it. She turns to face him, but can't look him in the eye.

(CONTINUED)

SLOAN  
Let me go.

KELBY  
I can't.

Sloan grits her teeth.

SLOAN  
Let me go!

KELBY  
No.

SLOAN  
I hate you.

Tears pool in the corners of her eyes. Kelby clears them away with a sweep of his thumb the second they fall. Wraps her in his arms. Kisses the top of her head.

KELBY  
If I let you go, would you come  
back? Would I ever see you again? I  
don't think I could live with  
that... like that.

He leads her back to her bed. She climbs in, curls up on her side. He stands there for a beat, uncertain, then climbs in beside her.

She cuddles up against him, drapes his arm around her, closes her eyes.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS (MOVING) - DAY

Kelby leans against the window, mind a million miles away. Sloan sits beside him, studying a photo, the edges well worn.

INSERT - PHOTO

A middle-aged MAN with a much younger, beautiful pregnant woman and an adorable 5-year-old boy. None of them are smiling.

BACK TO SCENE

Sloan longingly caresses the woman's image.

SLOAN  
She was so beautiful.

(CONTINUED)

Kelby glances over, face curling with disgust at the sight of the photo. Focuses back out the window.

SLOAN

Do you think I look like her?

Kelby doesn't respond.

SLOAN

Do you think I have her eyes?

(off his silence)

What about her hair? Mine's a little darker, but--

KELBY

(under his breath)

She left us.

SLOAN

I think it's similar. I definitely have her cheekbones and her figure. Before she had me--

He turns to her, anger nearly bubbling over.

KELBY

She was a whore!

A male passenger in the row ahead turns to glare at Kelby.

Kelby glares right back, unaffected. The man turns back around.

SLOAN

Like mother, like daughter.

He leans his forehead against the window.

KELBY

(under his breath)

You're nothing like her.

(long pause)

I'm nothing like him.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS (STOPPED) - NIGHT

Kelby awakens, sprawled across the seat. Sits up alertly, gazes around the bus. It's empty.

EXT. REST STOP - NIGHT

Kelby stumbles off the bus. Has a good look around. People mill about, eating, chatting and stretching.

KELBY

Sloan?

A few people glance in his direction, but no one speaks up. He approaches the closest cluster of people.

KELBY

Did you see the girl I was with?

They glance at each other, shrugging. He wanders away. Searching. Ends up outside the ladies restroom.

KELBY

Sloan.

No response. He knocks.

KELBY

Sloan?

The door opens and a few women trickle out.

KELBY

Is there a girl in there? 19?  
Short, small, dark hair?

The women shake their heads as they wander off.

INT. REST STOP - LADIES RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kelby searches the stalls. One by one, he discovers they are all empty.

EXT. REST STOP - CONTINUOUS

Kelby exits the ladies restroom. Eyes darting in every direction. Panic slowly rising to the surface.

KELBY

Sloan?!

Everything spins around him nauseatingly fast. The other bus passengers stare but no one intervenes.

The men's restroom comes into focus.

He rushes over, but the door is locked.

(CONTINUED)

KELBY

Sloan?!

No response. He bangs on the door.

KELBY

Are you in there?

Still nothing. He pulls violently on the handle.

KELBY

Open the door!

The door suddenly flies open and two terrified males rush out, nearly knocking Kelby to the ground. He turns to watch them retreat, then enters.

INT. REST STOP - MEN'S RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kelby searches the first stall. Empty. As he enters the second one, he hears WHIMPERING. But it's empty. He hastily checks the remaining stalls.

In the very last one, he finds Sloan curled up in a corner, clothes ripped and lip bleeding.

KELBY

Jesus.

He falls to his knees beside her. Takes his coat off and wraps it around her.

KELBY

Stay here.

He attempts to get up, but she clings to him.

SLOAN

You can't leave me!

KELBY

I'll be right back. Don't move.

He peels her hands away and rushes out of the stall and bathroom.

EXT. REST STOP - CONTINUOUS

The bus ENGINE fires up as the two men from the bathroom rush on board.

(CONTINUED)

KELBY

Hey! Wait!

The bus pulls out of the parking lot.

KELBY

Stop!

Kelby rushes after it, yelling and flailing his arms, but it's too late.

INT. REST STOP - MEN'S RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sloan stands at the sink, cleaning herself up. Kelby trudges back in. They make eye contact in the mirror.

He wedges himself between her and the sink. Takes the paper towel from her hand and wipes the blood off her lip.

KELBY

All our things were on that bus.

SLOAN

They would've paid. If you had just waited a few more minutes.

Kelby stares incredulously at her.

KELBY

Are you fucking crazy?!

As her expression sinks, remorse sets in

He pulls her into an embrace. Holds her against him for a good long while before resting his forehead against hers.

SLOAN

I can--

KELBY

Shhhh. Just let me think.

He runs his fingers through her hair. She strokes his cheek. Their lips come together for the briefest of moments before--

A BUSINESSMAN (50s) enters, manicured beard and glasses, wrinkled suit, tie loosened. Gives a start.

Kelby and Sloan break apart. He nudges her toward the door.

(CONTINUED)



BUSINESSMAN  
Holy fuck, you scared me.

Sloan exits. Kelby follows a few steps behind.

KELBY  
Sorry.

BUSINESSMAN  
Didn't see any other cars out there.

KELBY  
Got left behind by the bus.

Businessman moves to a urinal, unzips, urinates.

BUSINESSMAN  
Sounds like you could use a ride.

KELBY  
Where you headed?

BUSINESSMAN  
Dixon. On my way back from a business meeting. Been on the road a loooong time. You?

KELBY  
Funeral. Madison.

BUSINESSMAN  
Sorry to hear that.

He shakes off, pulls up his fly, flushes. Glances at Kelby over his shoulder. An unsettling glance.

BUSINESSMAN  
Madison's a bit out of my way, but I'm sure we can work something out.

EXT. REST STOP - LATER

Kelby walks briskly out of the restroom. Finds Sloan waiting nearby. He takes her by the arm and leads her hastily toward the only car in the lot.

KELBY  
Get in the car.

SLOAN  
With that guy? He looked like a fucking serial killer.

(CONTINUED)

KELBY

He's not coming with us.

He pulls a set of keys out of his pocket. Unlocks the front passenger door and ushers Sloan inside.

INT. CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Radio plays an OLDIES TUNE faintly in the background.

Kelby and Sloan ride in silence. She alternates glances at Kelby and out the front window. He focuses ahead, attention unwavering.

SLOAN

What'd you do?

He doesn't answer. Doesn't even blink. Tightens his grip on the wheel, until his knuckles turn white.

SLOAN

You were in there a long time.

She waits for a response, sighs loudly when she doesn't receive one. Reaches for the radio dial. He catches her wrist.

KELBY

Don't touch anything.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Middle of nowhere. An overgrowth of weeds sways gently in the light breeze. Movement gradually increases until--

Kelby and Sloan emerge from the brush. He glances down either end of the deserted street before heading right.

Behind them, about a half mile back, a fire spits flames and smoke into the night sky.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - MUCH LATER

Kelby and Sloan trudge along, just off the road. They both appear fatigued to their breaking points.

SLOAN

How much longer?

KELBY

We need more distance between us and the car.

(CONTINUED)

SLOAN

I can't.

She drops down to her knees in the dirt. Kelby glances back.

KELBY

Another mile. C'mon.

SLOAN

No.

He squats down in front of her, giving her his back.

KELBY

Get on.

(off her silence)

We need to keep moving.

Sloan wraps her arms around his neck. He struggles back up to his feet. Continues on.

Sloan wipes some sweat off his forehead with her sleeve.

LATER

Kelby's feet move slowly through the dirt. Each step appears more arduous than the last.

Sloan glances over her shoulder. Sees HEADLIGHTS approaching. Sticks her thumb out. He urgently puts it down.

KELBY

Could be a cop.

SLOAN

It's not a cop. Put yours out too.

Sloan grabs Kelby's hand and raises it in the air, both their thumbs extended.

A old PICK-UP TRUCK SPUTTERS to a stop beside them.

Sloan slides off Kelby's back as the DRIVER (male, 20s) sticks his head out the passenger window.

DRIVER

Where you guys headed?

KELBY

Dixon.

(CONTINUED)

DRIVER

I can getcha halfway.

EXT. PICK-UP TRUCK (MOVING) - NIGHT

Kelby sits slumped against the tailgate in the bed of the truck, smoking a cigarette. Eyes glued to the cab where Sloan and the Driver sit intimately close to each other.

She glances at Kelby over her shoulder, then leans over toward the driver until disappearing from view.

Kelby takes a pull of the cigarette, causing the end to flare up bright red. He removes it from between his lips, regards it for a second, then puts it out on his arm.

He doesn't even flinch.

INT. MOTEL ROOM #3 - NIGHT

Just as dirty as the others. One bed. Empty.

BATHROOM

Sloan sits in the tub, knees drawn to her chest, chin on her knees. Her arms and shoulders are covered in bruises. She makes no effort to clean up. Just stares straight ahead.

Kelby sits in a similar fashion outside the tub.

KELBY

I need a shower before bed.

Sloan scoots forward, creating enough room behind her for Kelby to fit.

Kelby gets to his feet, towering over her and the tub. She glances up expectantly at him.

KELBY

Five more minutes.

He leaves the bathroom.

INT. MOTEL #3 - LATER

Kelby searches his jacket pocket until locating a modest wad of money. He takes a five dollar bill, stuffs it into his pocket, puts the rest back in the jacket.

KELBY

I need to run to the gas station  
across the street for sleeping  
pills. You gonna be okay?

(CONTINUED)

When he receives no response, he turns to confront Sloan. She sits rigidly in bed, her back to him.

KELBY

Sloan?

No acknowledgement.

Kelby goes to her. Gets within a few steps before noticing something on her lap. A GUN.

KELBY

Sloan...

She stares hypnotically at the gun, giving it her sole attention.

SLOAN

There's 2 left. One for you and one for me.

KELBY

Where'd you get that?

SLOAN

What kind of a person has a gun in their glove box?

Kelby puts his hand out. It's shaking.

KELBY

Can I have it?

SLOAN

I can't decide who should go first. Maybe I should do the whole thing myself.

She aims the gun at him.

SLOAN

You.

Brings it against her forehead.

SLOAN

Then me.

He eases onto his knees beside her. Nudges his open palm a little closer.

KELBY

Give me the gun, Sloan.

She sets it back on her lap.

SLOAN

What if one of us died and the other survived?

He moves his hand closer still. He can almost take the gun.

SLOAN

What if we went to different places? They say if you kill yourself, you go to hell.

KELBY

If we die, he wins.

Sloan shakes her head vehemently.

SLOAN

There can't be a hell. If there was a hell, there'd have to be a heaven. And if there was a heaven, there'd have to be a god. There's no god. There couldn't be.

He makes a move for the gun. Sloan grabs hold of it. Aims it at him. Pulls back the hammer. He tumbles back, hands up in surrender. She gets to her feet, towering over Kelby, gun aimed at his head.

SLOAN

Even if there was, he'd have to make an exception. Just this once.

She squeezes the trigger as Kelby screams, shielding himself. CLICK!

He peeks at her through his arms. She turns the gun, hands it to him, handle out.

SLOAN

Your turn.

He slowly reaches for it. Takes custody. Breathes a sigh of relief. Opens the chamber. The next shot would have been fatal. He dumps the two bullets out into his hand. Sets the gun on the nightstand, beside an alarm clock that reads 2:17 am.

LATER

(CONTINUED)

The clock now shows 4:42 am.

Kelby is wide awake in bed, staring up at the ceiling. Sloan lies on her side, back facing him. Also awake.

SLOAN

We don't have to go. To the funeral. We're almost to Mexico.

KELBY

What's in Mexico?

SLOAN

Anonymity. Our freedom.

KELBY

I'm not running away. I didn't do anything wrong.

SLOAN

You know how I do it? How I can be with all those men? When they're whispering filthy things in my ear and choking me and when they're inside me? I close my eyes... and I pretend it's you.

She rolls over to face him. He can't bare to look at her.

SLOAN

Because if it's you, it doesn't hurt any more. And all the vile things they do to me don't seem so vile.

Kelby tightens his jaw. Swallows hard.

SLOAN

There's nothing I wouldn't do for you. Nothing I wouldn't let you do.

She reaches for his face. He takes her by the wrist.

KELBY

It's wrong.

SLOAN

Who gets to decide what's wrong and right? Why should anyone decide for me? Or for you?

(long silence)

Maybe they're all wrong, and we're the only thing that's right.

(CONTINUED)

Kelby eases his hold of her wrist. She slips her hands under his shirt, caresses his chest. Lowers her lips to his. He kisses her, but only briefly, until his conscience catches up.

He pushes her hands away.

KELBY

No.

He rolls over, away from her, and closes his eyes.

BLACKNESS

SLOAN (O.S.)

Tell me you love me.

Kelby's eyes bolt open. He looks around. Doesn't see Sloan in bed beside him. Tries to sit up, but he can't move. That's when he realizes his wrists are tied to the headboard by his belt.

The ROOM SPINS around him. He blinks to try and focus. There's a bottle of sleeping pills on the nightstand beside the gun.

He pulls against the restraint. Sloan climbs into bed, completely naked. He struggles to free himself, a serious attempt this time. But it's too tight. The belt digs into his wrists.

KELBY

What're you doing?

SLOAN

Giving you what you want... without the guilt.

She straddles his hips.

KELBY

No. Sloan, no. Don't.

SLOAN

Tell me you love me.

He tries again to free himself, but it's no use.

KELBY

Sloan. Please.

She undoes his button and zipper, pulls down his pants. He struggles harder against the restraints. They cut into him, drawing blood.

(CONTINUED)



KELBY

Jesus Christ. Don't do this.

She eases him inside her. Throws her head back in ecstasy as she slowly and rhythmically undulates against him.

She licks his lips, then slips her tongue into his mouth. He turns his head to deny her. Undeterred, she kisses his neck. Trails her lips down to his chest, then stomach, and lower.

Kelby squeezes his eyes shut. Concentrating. Willing himself not to enjoy it. Willing himself to stop being aroused. But he can't.

Sloan rides him harder and faster as she's on the verge of orgasm. She convulses wildly on top of him, head thrown back, moaning with reckless abandon.

He clenches his jaw into a stubborn line. Lets out a cry of defeat as he loses the battle.

Sloan collapses on top of him. Breathing heavy.

SLOAN

Tell me you love me.

Kelby pulls violently against the belt.

KELBY

Get this off of me.

She rolls off of him. Sweat glistens off her naked body. A perverse, satisfied smirk curls her lips.

SLOAN

Next time will be better.

KELBY

Get this off!

He struggles again, this time rocking the entire bed. Sloan unfastens the belt, releasing him. Kelby sweeps her into his arms and rushes into the--

BATHROOM

He dumps her into the tub and turns on the water. Grabs a wash cloth and scrubs vigorously between her legs.

SLOAN

You can't wash it away.

(CONTINUED)

He throws the sopping wet rag at her, then retreats as far as he can get. Rests his forehead against the door. Utterly defeated.

SLOAN  
Kelby?

KELBY  
Do you have any fucking idea what you've done?!

She is startled by the volume of his voice.

SLOAN  
We could've made a baby. Half you and half me. Living, breathing proof that we love each other.

He turns to regard her as if she's insane.

KELBY  
If that happens, you're getting rid of it.

SLOAN  
I won't.

KELBY  
You will or I'll rip it out of you with my bare hands.

Sloan sobs, confused and betrayed.

SLOAN  
Why? Because everyone will know? Because you're a coward who's too fucking ashamed to admit--

KELBY  
Because you're my sister!

Sloan turns off the water. Wraps herself in a towel. Steps out of the tub.

KELBY  
Stay away from me!

He attempts to leave the room, but she comes up behind him, pushes the door shut. He turns with a fire in his eye. Grabs her by the neck. Forces her against the wall.

She lets out a strangled cry as his fingers tighten. She gasps for air that won't come. Swats at his hands. But he doesn't ease up. Not even a little.

KELBY

You turned me into a monster.

Sloan's feet leave the floor as he lifts her up the wall. She pounds desperately on his chest while her legs flail.

KELBY

Now I'm just like him.

He releases her. She collapses to the floor, gasping greedily for air, holding her neck.

Kelby bursts out of the room, leaving Sloan barely conscious on the floor.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM #3 - NIGHT

Kelby smokes a cigarette, pacing back and forth, mind racing. He stops to punch the wall. Again and again and again. Like he's completely lost his mind.

INT. MOTEL ROOM #3 - LATER

The room is empty.

Kelby enters, calm now. Almost too calm. He searches for Sloan, then heads to the bathroom door. His right hand hangs limply at his side, dripping blood onto the carpet.

The bathroom door is closed.

KELBY

Sloan...

He waits but doesn't hear a sound from within. He tries the doorknob, but it's locked.

KELBY

Did I hurt you?

He puts a hand against the door, leaving a blood stain. He glances back at the nightstand. The gun is no longer there. Panicked, he reaches into his pocket, pulls out only one bullet.

KELBY

Sloan!?!

A GUNSHOT rings out from the other side.

Kelby rams his shoulder into the door several times before it bursts open and he tumbles into the--

BATHROOM

Sloan is slumped over on the floor, BLOOD and BRAIN MATTER dripping down the shower curtain.

INT. TAXI (MOVING) - DAY

Kelby sits stoically in back, wearing a dark-colored hoodie. Face completely expressionless.

TAXI DRIVER glances at him several times in the mirror before finally:

TAXI DRIVER  
Buddy, you okay?

Kelby doesn't reply. Continues to stare straight ahead.

Taxi driver notices a smear of blood on Kelby's neck, just above the zipper of his hoodie.

TAXI DRIVER  
You got something there on your...

Kelby pulls up the zipper the rest of the way.

EXT. CHURCH - LATER

Kelby exits the idling taxi, reaches into his pocket for the wad of cash. Hands the entire thing to the Taxi Driver, who looks up with confusion.

TAXI DRIVER  
You only owe me forty.

Kelby walks away.

INT. CHURCH - SAME

Filled to capacity with black-clad mourners. There's a closed casket positioned on the altar. A photo rests on top of a man in his 50s, still handsome despite his age, intimidatingly large build.

A gray-haired woman, AUNT JENNIE (60s), stands at a podium, delivering a eulogy.

AUNT JENNIE  
I was privileged enough to be there at the end. He was in so much pain, but he still had his sense of humor. He took my hand and looked me in the eye and said: "Have I ever told you how ugly you look when you cry?"

(CONTINUED)

Aunt Jennie chuckles through her tears, causing a chain reaction with the mourners. She dabs at her eyes with a balled up tissue.

AUNT JENNIE

He wasn't one to mince words. It was one of those things you either loved about him or hated.

A few of the mourners nod their heads in agreement.

AUNT JENNIE

The last thing he said, and I'll never forget this, he said: "I've made a lot of mistakes in my life, but I've done a lot of good, too. Make sure I'm remembered more for the good than the bad". That's what I ask of all of you here today. Remember the good.

With tears in her eyes, Aunt Jennie approaches the casket. She kisses her fingertips, then places them against the top. On her way back to her seat, she catches sight of--

Kelby, entering through the back doors. In a daze, he trudges up the center aisle. The front of his pants are covered in blood.

As he reaches the altar, Aunt Jennie tries to approach him, but a man next to her pulls her back.

AUNT JENNIE

Kelby? What happened to you?

He reacts as if she hasn't spoken. As if no one else is in the room. On a mission, he continues on to the casket.

AUNT JENNIE

Where's Sloan?

Kelby regards the photo for a moment before taking it down.

AUNT JENNIE

Kelby?

He flips open the casket, causing a LOUD THUD.

Kelby's FATHER (late 60s) lies inside wearing an ill-fitting suit. He looks so old and frail. Not a trace of the man from the photo left.

(CONTINUED)

Kelby stands there for what seems like an eternity. No words. No emotion. Finally, he positions himself behind the podium.

KELBY

No one knew Joseph Cartwright. Not really. Not the way Sloan and I did.

Aunt Jennie sinks into her seat.

KELBY

He used to put his cigarettes out on my back. If I cried, he would do it again. "Only girls cry". That's what he always said. Then he'd press a knife to my crotch and he'd say: "You wanna be a girl?"

AUNT JENNIE

Kelby...

KELBY

I cried at my mother's funeral. Afterwards, when everyone had gone home, he took off his belt and beat me until I couldn't stand up anymore. Then he tied me to the kitchen chair and beat me some more. I was four.

The mourners shift uncomfortably in their seats, exchanging uneasy glances with their neighbors.

KELBY

Later that year, he met and married Cecily, Sloan's mother. She would give me a lollipop almost every day... one of those big ones that took a while to finish. And she'd say "I'll be home before you're done", and then I'd watch through my bedroom window while she got into someone's car. A new car every day. I don't know which one of them knocked her up, but it sure as hell wasn't Joseph. He got himself sterilized after I came along. Said he didn't want to make that mistake ever again.

(CONTINUED)

AUNT JENNIE

He loved you, Kelby. He loved you both.

KELBY

Cecily started drinking and taking sedatives a couple years later, which made it a lot easier for Joseph to pay Sloan those nightly visits.

Aunt Jennie bolts to her feet, tears pouring down her cheeks.

AUNT JENNIE

No, Kelby! Don't you dare! That's a filthy lie!

As she attempts to rush the podium, Kelby pulls out the gun from under the hoodie. He doesn't aim it at anyone, just casually sets it down on the podium.

The mourners GASP. A few begin to cry. Men shield their wives and children.

Aunt Jennie takes a step toward Kelby.

KELBY

Sit down.

She takes another step. Hands out in front of her.

AUNT JENNIE

You don't want to do this.

KELBY

Sit. Down.

Aunt Jennie holds her ground. He picks up the gun, aims it at her.

KELBY

Sit down!

AUNT JENNIE

Okay. Okay.

Aunt Jennie relents, backing up into her chair. Kelby places the gun back on the podium.

KELBY

When I found out Cecily was pregnant, I was relieved. Not

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KELBY (cont'd)  
because I was excited to have a brother or sister, but because I thought he would have another kid to focus on. Maybe he would leave me alone. That was before I had to listen to her screams. Before I had to clean up when he was done. Before I had to hide her from him, under my bed or in the closet, taking the beating instead. Before we decided to run away.

Aunt Jennie buries her face into her hands, openly weeping.

KELBY  
That was the night Cecily left. He was angry. Angrier than I had ever seen him. I packed up as much as I could fit into a duffle bag and lowered it and Sloan out my bedroom window. We got as far as the next county before he pulled up in his pick-up truck and threw us inside. I thought he would kill us that night. Instead, he left us wishing we were dead.

Aunt Jennie bolts to her feet.

AUNT JENNIE  
No, no, no. You stop it. You stop it right now. You hear me?! Stop this!! Where's Sloan? Is that her blood on you? What did you do to her?

He picks up the gun.

KELBY  
She's waiting for me. I told her I wouldn't be long.

AUNT JENNIE  
Kelby, don't!

KELBY  
I have to go now.

He aims it at his temple, pulls back the safety.



AUNT JENNIE

No!!!

She attempts to rush the podium, but the man beside her holds her back.

CUT TO BLACK

KELBY (V.O.)

Life sucks and then you die. That's what they say, anyway. On shirts and mugs and internet memes. I might not be the best person to weigh in on the subject, but I don't think death is the punishment it's made out to be. Sometimes death is the most merciful part of life.

BANG!