

PRISON

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. JUSTICE OF THE PEACE OFFICE - DAY

STAN, 40s, in coat and tie faces the JUSTICE, along with MISSY, 18, pretty and scared. Justice closes his book, and Stan leans over to kiss Missy. Just married.

INT. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Behind his desk in this second-rate office, CARL, 40s, a bit smarmy, examines a marriage certificate.

STAN (O.S.)
It's legitimate.

On the other side of the desk sits Stan in casual wear.

CARL
(hands back certificate)
I can see that.

STAN
So, what does that do for our case?

CARL
It saves you five years in prison
and a lifetime of sex offender
registration.

STAN
Because a wife can't testify
against her husband?

CARL
A wife can't be 'forced' to testify
against her husband. She can offer
to testify at any time.

STAN
But she won't do that, will you,
Missy?

Stan turns to the side where Missy sits. She nods and half-smiles.

INT. STAN'S HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - DAY

Missy watches a soap on a large, flat screen TV. In shorts and tee, she's fetching.

Into the room comes Stan, straight from work. He looks around at a room in need of basic straightening.

STAN
Whatcha been doing all day?

MISSY
Watchin'.

STAN
I thought we talked about this.
This was laundry day, remember?

MISSY
I remember, but I never did laundry
at home.

STAN
This is your home now, and you'll
learn. Come on, I'll teach you.

She's reluctant to leave the soap, so he grabs the remote and kills the show.

INT. STAN'S HOUSE - LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Stan dumps a basket of clothes on the floor.

STAN
The first thing is to sort. Whites
in one pile, colors in another.

He sorts the first few items.

STAN
When you finish sorting, call me.
I'll start dinner.

He leaves, and she sorts slowly, not into this.

INT. STAN'S HOUSE - LAUNDRY ROOM - LATER

Stan transfers damp clothes from the washer to the dryer. He closes the door, turns on the dryer, and sniffs. Something smells.

INT. STAN'S HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stan enters to find Missy watching TV.

STAN
You can't smell that?

MISSY
Smell what?

INT. STAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Stan rushes into a haze of smoke leaking from the oven. He grabs an oven mitt and pulls open the oven door, releasing a cloud of smoke. He grabs the burning food and transfers it to the sink where he runs the water.

As he waves away the smoke and goes to open a window, Missy comes in.

STAN
What the hell did you set the oven on?

MISSY
Four-fifty like you said.

STAN
It was two hundred, two hundred.

MISSY
Don't yell at me. I never cooked before.

STAN
Yeah, well, now dinner is ruined.
He grabs his keys. Watch the fucking dryer while I run out...
No, here.
(hands over keys and money)
Get us Chinese or something.

MISSY
I don't like Chinese.

STAN
Then, get whatever you fucking want.

She takes the keys and cash and stomps out. He turns off the water and slams the counter, as pissed as he can be.

INT. STAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Stan and Missy at the table, finishing a greasy Mexican takeout meal.

STAN

Hey, Missy, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have yelled at you. Forgive me?

MISSY

It's not like I did it on purpose.

STAN

I know, I know, it's, well, it's just a period of adjustment. Beginnings are always difficult.

He reaches over and takes her hand. She smiles.

INT. STAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Stan on top of Missy, in the throes of sex. He thrusts a couple of times and rolls off, spent. She's clearly not satisfied.

MISSY

Stan?

STAN

I'm sorry, baby, it's been a long day. And I gotta work tomorrow.

MISSY

But--

STAN

I'll make it up to you. I promise.

He rolls away and seems instantly asleep.

INT. STAN'S HOUSE - LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Stan irons a pair of pants. Missy comes to the door, cash and car keys in hand.

MISSY

I'm going for dinner. What do you want?

STAN

I thought I'd cook tonight. It's been a while.

MISSY

I promised Tiffany I'd meet her for
a coke. You don't mind, do you?

STAN

No, no, of course not. I guess
burgers would be all right.

She skips over and kisses his cheek before she disappears,
and he returns to ironing.

INT. STAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Stan frowns at his laptop and grabs the beer on the table.
As he sips, Missy enters, burger bag in hand, and she's
obviously tipsy.

MISSY

(tossing bag on table)
Dinner.

STAN

Sit down.

MISSY

I already ate with Tiffany.

STAN

Sit, please.

She sits, a bit agitated.

STAN

I went through the bank statement.
You've been spending a bit more
lately. Care to tell me what
you're buying?

MISSY

Girl things, not that you'd notice.

STAN

Where are the receipts?

MISSY

How would I know? I just buy
things.

STAN

We've discussed this before. You
can spend as long as you bring me
the receipts.

MISSY
You don't trust me?

STAN
Have you been drinking?

MISSY
(standing and tossing keys
on the table)
That's it. I'm going to shower.
You're welcome for the burgers.

She marches out.

STAN
Don't leave, Missy.

She ignores him.

INT. STAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Missy lies in bed, half asleep. Stan enters, slides under the covers, and rubs her back.

MISSY
Not tonight.

STAN
It's our six month anniversary.

MISSY
You should've thought of that when
you sent me out for burgers.

STAN
I was going to cook, remember?

MISSY
Not tonight!

He looks at her before turning away, beaten.

INT. STAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Stan comes home from work, a bouquet of flowers in his hand. He looks around. Nothing is cooking, no sign of life. Into the room breezes Missy, as sexy as money. Stan holds out the flowers, and she smiles. She sniffs and kisses his cheek.

MISSY
Thank you.

She hands them back.

MISSY
Put them in some water for me.

She heads for the door.

STAN
Where are you going?

MISSY
Tiffany invited me over for dinner.

With a last flashing smile, Missy is gone. Stan looks at the flowers and then dumps them in the trash.

INT. STAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Stan sips coffee and reads the morning paper. Through the back door trudges Missy, and she looks as if she's had a rough night.

STAN
Where the hell have you been?

MISSY
I drank too much, so I stayed at
Tiffany's. I sent you a text.

She goes to the fridge and pulls out orange juice.

STAN
Like hell you did.

MISSY
I'm sure I did.

She pulls out her phone and looks at it.

MISSY
Here it is.

She shows him the phone.

STAN
You didn't send it. You have to
send it or I won't get it.

MISSY
Your apology is accepted. I need a
shower.

STAN
Missy!

She ignores him.

STAN
We'll talk after work!

He snatches up his keys and storms out the door.

INT. STAN'S HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - EVENING

Missy sits on the couch. Stan leans against the fireplace, beer on the mantle.

STAN
I hope you understand my concern.
When I don't hear from you, I
worry.

MISSY
Why did you marry me?

STAN
What?

MISSY
Oh, I know why you started fucking
me at sixteen, but why did you
marry me?

STAN
I would think that's obvious.

MISSY
It's obvious. You married me so I
wouldn't testify and send your ass
to prison.

STAN
Missy--

MISSY
What did you think would happen?
You're forty-something.

STAN
Forty-five.

MISSY
And I'm 19. You think that's good
for either one of us?

STAN

Missy, look, you know I love you.
And you love me. It's rough right
now, but it will get better.

She slips off the couch and heads out.

STAN

Where are you going?

MISSY

Out.

STAN

No, you're not!

She stops and faces him.

MISSY

One phone call. That's all it
takes. What do you say? Make the
call or go out?

He can't answer.

MISSY

I thought so.

She spins and is gone. He grabs the beer and hurls it across
the room.

INT. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Carl on one side of the desk. Stan on the other.

CARL

The prosecutor was pissed as hell
when you married her. You divorce
her, and he'll be all over you.

STAN

Can you make a deal?

CARL

Not like last time. It will be ten
to twelve.

STAN

What can I do?

CARL

The statute of limitations is seven
years. Six from today.

STAN

Six? I can't do six. I'll go crazy.

CARL

You want my advice? Be nice to her. Work with her. A little sugar goes a long way. Piss her off and, well, don't piss her off.

INT. STAN'S HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Stan enters and stops. On the couch sits JEREMY, 19, handsome in a dissipated and irresponsible way. He smokes a joint. Next to him is Missy, her blouse mostly unbuttoned.

JEREMY

Hi, Mr. S.

STAN

What are you doing here, Jeremy?

MISSY

Jeremy is here to fuck me, aren't you, Jeremy?

STAN

Get the fuck out of my house.

MISSY

(standing)

Jeremy is going nowhere.

Missy waves a finger, and Stan follows her out as Jeremy grins.

INT. STAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Missy enters just ahead of Stan. She begins to strip.

STAN

Missy--

MISSY

Don't bother.

In bra and panties, she comes up to him.

MISSY

Jeremy has been fucking me for a while, and he's very good, better than you.

STAN

I don't have to take this.

He turns to go.

MISSY

You leave, and I'll make the call.

He faces her.

MISSY

Here is what you're going to do.

INT. STAN'S HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jeremy is on the couch, watching a porn video, high. Stan enters.

JEREMY

You won't believe what that bitch can do with her mouth. Come on over.

Stan walks over as Jeremy spreads his legs.

JEREMY

On your knees.

Stan slides to his knees in front of Jeremy.

JEREMY

Now, Mr. S, show me why your math classes always sucked.

Stan reaches out to unzip Jeremy's jeans as Jeremy lights a joint.

INT. STAN'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Stan brushes his teeth furiously, as if he can't ever get them clean.

INT. STAN'S HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Stan creeps into the room, and he's visibly relieved when he finds it empty. He closes his eyes. When he opens them, he finds Missy in the doorway. She wears a short, silky robe with nothing underneath.

MISSY

About time you came home.

She walks into the room, followed by Jeremy in boxers.
Behind Jeremy comes RUFUS, huge, strong, in boxers and tee.

MISSY
We've been waiting.

STAN
Missy, I--

MISSY
Don't, Stan, don't say a word.
Jeremy brought Rufus just for you.

Rufus grins and plops on the couch.

MISSY
(taking Jeremy's hand)
Don't disappoint him, Stan.

Miss and Jeremy leave, and Rufus waves over Stan.

RUFUS
Turn around for me.

Stan turns all around.

RUFUS
That be nice. That be real nice.
Remind me of Fred in cell block B.

Rufus motions for Stan to kneel, and Stan does.

RUFUS
Sometimes, I make Fred scream.

Rufus grabs Stan's head.

RUFUS
Rufus gonna make you scream, just
like Fred.

FADE OUT.