

Dad Say 'Bye (1980s)

(Unfinished script)

EXT. TEXAS — LATE AFTERNOON

On an average weekday in Galveston, Texas, we see people going about their routines at the end of the day. Traffic jams, people boarding buses, and crowding in the streets of this city of thousands.

Eventually, we are given an exterior view of a small house in a lower middle class section of Galveston.

INT. HOUSE — LATE AFTERNOON

Inside the house, in a bedroom on the second floor, Shelly's father, a large man named Alex, is standing next to a bed. His wife, Shelly's mother, lays in the bed holding the hand of her husband. The woman is dying from a knife wound received several hours before. Alex bends down to his wife to comfort her.

INT. HALL — AFTERNOON

At that moment, in the hall outside the room, Shelly is standing by the door, looking in. Shelly is small for her age, nine, and has light colored hair. Though Shelly attempts to not make any noise, the father soon hears her, turns, and sees Shelly peeking in. The father kisses his wife lightly on the forehead, and goes into the hall.

INT. HALL — AFTERNOON

The father enters the hallway, where Shelly is still on her knees from peeking in. He extends his hand and helps Shelley up.

SHELLY (frightened)

How is she? She'll be alright?

ALEX (gently)

She'll be fine. Go fix us some tea, okay?

The father smiles, pats Shelly on the head, and sends her on her way to the stairs. When she is gone, he turns back to the bedroom, and then goes in.

INT. KITCHEN — AFTERNOON

In the kitchen, Shelley turns on the stove, takes the kettle, and fills it with water from the sink. She puts the kettle on the stove, and turns around and stares up to her parents' bedroom as if expecting something to happen.

INT. BEDROOM —

In the bedroom, Alex is kneeling at his wife's bed, holding her hand and whispering to her.

ALEX

Gonna be alright, just fine, everything'll be fine. Shelleys just fine, she's downstairs making you some tea. Crazy child thinks something is wrong, but I told her...

The wife reaches with her other hand, and pulls herself up with her husband's help. She leans close to Alex.

MOTHER

Tell Shel... bye...

The mother falls but Alex pulls her back up quickly, and talks quickly and nervously to his now dead wife.

ALEX

No, you're fine, just fine, you're gonna be... alright!

Alex suddenly starts kissing his wife, all over her face and neck, quickly, and then after a moment stops, puts her on the bed, and turns away a second. He turns back, and one last time kisses her lightly on the lips.

In the kitchen, the kettle suddenly starts to whistle, startling Shelley out of her thoughts. She turns to the stove to turn it off.

But upstairs in the bedroom, the father stands at the bed, and like the kettle abruptly lashes out.

ALEX

You'll be alright!!

INT. HOUSE — NIGHT

That night at Shelley's house, Alex slowly reaches the top of the stairs to the second floor, very drunk, and holding a whiskey bottle in one hand, he starts walking along the hall, his other arm outstretched and touching it to help him maintain his balance.

He opens the door to Shelley's bedroom, and slowly swings the door open. It is dark inside, and Shelley is asleep in a bed to the right. The father enters, and stands over the bed, looking at his daughter. He puts the whiskey bottle down gently on a night table beside her bed, then reaches down with one hand and lightly strokes her hair. Quietly, he climbs onto her bed, and Shelley quickly awakes. She attempts to turn around to see who it is, but Alex gently holds her down.

SHELLEY (frightened)

Mom? Dad? Who is it?

With his other hand covering Shelley's mouth, Alex bends down.

ALEX

We're right here, baby.

As the scene fades, we hear one single scream.

INT. SHELLEY'S ROOM — NIGHT

In her room later that evening, Shelley sits by the window in a small wooden chair with her arms folded, shaking, her teeth chattering as if it was very cold. For a moment, she turns her gaze from the night outside the window to the bed. The bed has obviously been slept in, since the sheets are wrinkled and a pillow is on the floor. Shelley goes back to looking out the window. As she stares out the window we dissolve into a flashback to earlier that day.

EXT. STREET — DAY

On a street in a slum section of Galveston, Shelley is walking along with her mother, who is holding two paper bags full of groceries.

MOTHER

It said on the bottle two a day, every day.

SHELLEY

But why? Does it say why on the bottle?

MOTHER

Why? So you'll grow up strong, healthy, and beautiful, that's why.

SHELLEY

Do I have to take them?

Before the mother can answer, she is pulled away by a man, in his late twenties, and shoved against the wall. She drops the bags, and the man grabs her purse. He hands this to a second mugger who starts going through it.

MUGGER #1

You got any else, bitch. Fucking bitches hiding it all now so we think they got nothin'. Where you got it, baby?

The mother says nothing and only tries to break free of his hold. As she does so, unsuccessfully, she looks over at Shelley, standing nearby, looking terrified and confused as to what to do. When she doesn't answer the muggers become angry, and the first one slaps her so hard she falls to the ground.

MUGGER#1

Fuckin' bitch, you listenin' to me? Get her up.

The second mugger holds the mother up against the wall, and then goes to the end of the alley to stand watch. As Shelley sits nearby, the first mugger undresses her mother and rapes her on the ground. The scene slowly fades with the mother screaming.

EXT. STREET — AFTERNOON

A short while later on the block of their house, Shelley and her mother are walking, Shelley supporting her mother, who now has a serious stab wound to the chest. The two slowly make their way to their house.

Before they arrive, the father, Alex, comes from the house, and stands at the steps to the porch, looking at the two. The mother leaves Shelley at the gate to the house, and on her own begins

walking to her husband. Halfway there, she turns around and looks at Shelley, then falls. The father runs to her, and brings her into the house.

INT. HOUSE — MORNING

The next morning, in the hallway, the father is walking, looking very hungover, and depressed. He goes to the door of his room, opens the door, and looks in on his wife, whose body is still on the bed. He turns from this after a moment and walks farther down the hall to the door of Shelley's room. In front of the room is an empty whiskey bottle, which the father kicks away. He then opens the door, and quickly surveys the room. Shelley is not in her bed, or the chair in which she sat by the window. The window, however, is open, and the father rushes to this and looks out it. He looks around frantically hoping to see her in back of him, but she is not there. He walks to the bed, and sinks down to the floor, sitting against the wall. His hand reaches out and touches the wrinkled sheets of Shelley's slept-in bed, and then cries out.

ALEX

Shelley!! Shelley, come back here! Daddy says come back!

INT. KITCHEN — MORNING

Later that morning at the house, a female police officer answers the whistle of the tea kettle, as Alex sits at the kitchen table with another uniformed cop. The female officer turns the stove off and pours Alex some tea. Alex looks up at her and forces a smile.

ALEX

Thank you.

Several other plainclothes cops pace past the table as they ask Alex questions, the answers being written down by the uniformed cop who is seated.

COP #1

And she's never done anything like this before?

ALEX

No, of course not. Shelley's a good girl, she's always done what we told her before, always, though she did seem to respond better to her mother.

COP #2 (gently, calm)

By the way, lieutenant, the coroner's been called. They said it might be another hour. They're pretty busy today.

COP #1

Alright. Good.

Alex looks up with sudden interest. Cop #1, seeing this, turns to him, and takes a step toward the table.

COP #1

By the way, sir, we checked out your story. About the mugging? It seems to make sense. We've had several other reports about some young punks in this area. At least four other attacks in the past month —

ALEX

And what about Shelley?

COP #1

The word's out, her name and description have been circulated. We're working on reproducing that photo you gave us...

ALEX

But what else? Shelley is a small girl in a huge city, so telling me your patrols will be looking won't help me sleep much better. You tell me you're taking my wife's body, but she is already gone, and that is why I need my daughter, here, with me. Because she's all I have in this world now. I'm not sleeping tonight. It would be useless to try. So you might as well take the bed, too.

EXT. STREET — DAY

Several days later, on a street in a crowded business area, we see a bus pull over to the right side of the street and stop at a corner. Many people get off, including an overweight, middle-aged woman, who walks to a newsstand on the corner, where she purchases a newspaper. There is a news story about Shelley, who is still missing, on the radio at the newsstand. This quickly fades away, as the woman crosses the street on her way to another bus stop. As she is crossing she unfolds the paper, and reads the headline, it says "Missing Girl Feared Dead. Police Baffled After Fifth Day." Underneath this is a picture of Shelley. The woman shakes her head, folds the newspaper, and goes and stands at the bus stop. After a moment, the woman turns to the right and stares intensely at something we cannot see. She turns to the paper and nervously unfolds it, and stares at the picture of Shelley. We slowly pan from this to a bench to the left, where Shelley is sitting in between several other people. From the time the woman begins staring, we hear the voice of a newscaster.

ANNOUNCER

And Rick Johnson will be back later tonight to continue his special report on urban violence being committed by youngsters, so be sure to tune in.

Next, and coming up after station identification, we'll have the puzzling, but happy end to the case of Shelley Wolf, who disappeared five days ago. She was found today at a bus stop by Mrs. Loretta P. Marshall. She was unharmed, but police say, "a little dazed."

The woman goes over to Shelley, who stands up as soon as she approaches. The woman talks to Shelley a second, then the two walk off together.

INT. DOCTORS OFFICE — DAY

Several days later, Shelley is at a psychologist's office. She is sitting in a chair by a window, staring out. A young, tall woman with light hair enters, smiling at Shelley, who turns to acknowledge her. The woman is holding a file and some papers. She pulls up a chair opposite Shelley, and sits down.

JOAN

Hi, Shelley. My name is Joan. We're gonna talk a little bit, okay?

She smiles but Shelley doesn't, and glances out the window.

JOAN

You caused quite a ruckus here, Shelley. Where did you go for so long?

SHELLEY

You have a father? A mother?

JOAN

Everybody has a father and mother, Shelley.

SHELLEY

I don't have a mother. Anymore.

JOAN

Yes, you do. You'll always have a mother, and a father always. It's just that, your mother was sick, and...

SHELLEY

She was hurt. They hurt her bad.

JOAN

Is that why you went away, Shelley? Because your mother got sick?

SHELLEY

Daddy say, get Mommy some tea, and I went downstairs and then Mommy died. And then he said not to fight, don't fight, and he hurt me bad. HE did it, always, he, he, him, them... men.

The psychologist's smile fades slowly, and she bends closer to Shelley, and says gently:

JOAN

Shelley... what did he do?

Shelley says nothing, and just looks out the window intently.

INT. BOB'S ROOM — DAY

In Bob's small room in the apartment where he and his father live, Bob is sitting on his bed, with a large bong, toking at it intensely. We then pan left to the next room, his father's, where his father John is standing at a dresser, cutting some coke into several lines. The father takes a straw, and does two lines of coke. He then goes to a mirror on a wall and stands in front of it, fixing his hair, straightening his clothes. Then he screams out:

JOHN

Bobby! Bobby! Turn that shit down right now!

Bob, toking away at the bong, hears none of this.

John takes a last look at himself, then leaves the mirror and the room. He goes to Bob's room, kicks open the door, and rushes in. John tears the record from the stereo and then goes to the bed, taking the bong from Bob in one hand and dragging Bob from the room with the other hand. He drags Bob down the hall, and into another room, and as the two leave view, we zoom in on the coke still laying on the dresser in the fathers room.

INT. SCHOOL — DAY

In a hall at Bob's high school, Bob stands at an open locker, taking some books out. From behind him comes Jerry, a sixteen year old, who is the school's main drug dealer. Jerry taps Bob on the shoulder. Bob looks and nods to Jerry, who stands next to him at the locker.

JERRY

How's it going, Bobby? Heard you got busted Sunday.

BOB

Yeah. That asshole has the balls to tell me I'm wrong.

JERRY

I guess my business will be off now that you won't be buying. You're my best customer, you know.

BOB

Nah, I'll still be partying. He never gives me any money anyway, I got to steal it from him. Every fuckin' Friday he takes the money from the gas station and pours it down his nose. All I can do is wait till the son of a bitch dies.

Jerry laughs, and Bob closes his locker.

JERRY

Yeah. You ever think about maybe speeding up that process?

The two start laughing, and then take off down the hall together.

EXT. GAS STATION — DAY

At Bob's father's gas station, the father stands at the main pump and leans to the window of a car. He takes a ten dollar bill, and waves, and says "Thank you" to the car as it pulls away. The father walks to the office.

INT. OFFICE — DAY

The office is shabbily furnished with a desk and a few chairs, and is very messy, with paper all over the place. The father enters, opens a drawer on the desk's left side, and throws the ten dollar bill on top of a pile of bills, thrown there messily. The father closes the drawer, sits down, opens a drawer on the opposite side, and lifts a tray with several lines of cocaine spread out on it. He redistributes the coke into one big line. Then he opens the money drawer and pulls out a hundred. Rising from his chair, he rolls the bill up, looking down the long line. He bends down to the desk and, with the hundred dollar bill, snorts the line, finishing at the end of his desk. Suddenly, he slowly looks up, some coke still on his nose, and sees a tall, muscular young man with a gun standing in front of him. The gunman smiles, and so does the father, wiping his nose.

FATHER

Too bad you didn't come in a minute earlier, I could have offered you something to snort. Now, I just have coffee, but you're welcome to that.

MAN

The money, asshole. Now. Upper left hand side don't touch nothin' else.

The father is still smiling as he sits back down slowly.

FATHER

Service is our motto. You'll observe I'm moving very slowly, so you might as well just get rid of that thing.

The robber continues pointing the gun on the father. The father opens the desk drawer, and starts putting the money on the desk.

FATHER

Sorry it's so messy, I usually count it at the end of the day.

The father then reaches for a gun that was being covered by the money, raises it, and shoots the robber in the chest. He drops his gun and staggers out of the office. The father gets up, goes around the desk, and picks up the phone. As he holds the phone to his ear, the father aims at the robber, who is slowly but surely getting away. The father shoots the robber again, this time in the leg, and the robber promptly falls. The father then looks up, and speaks clearly into the phone.

FATHER

Hi, police?

INT. — APARTMENT — EVENING

Several nights later, in the apartment where Bob and his father live, we pan slowly down the hall to Bob's room, and go through door, which is partially open. Bob is sitting on the bed, a his joint in his hand, talking on the phone. On the bed, there's a *Post* newspaper with the headline "Gas Station Hero Rewarded Two Thousand Dollars" by the *Post*, in our good citizens award. Bob is talking on the phone, and we hear him from just before the camera enters the room.

BOB

You wouldn't believe him, he's like a different a person. He told me yesterday he was gonna raise my allowance. I told him I didn't have an allowance, and he threw a twenty at me. He's gonna go through that two grand quick, though. Yeah, I think he's gonna start dealing. Hey, I gotta go. But put me down for a dime of that that, okay. Take it easy.

Bob hangs up the phone and crushes out the joint in an ashtray. He gets up, goes to the window, and stares out. He pulls up the blinds, and then opens the window. He stands at the window a moment, and then looks up, as if hearing something behind him. Before he can turn, he is shoved against the glass by his father, breaking the window. He falls against the wall, dazed, and then looks up at his father.

FATHER

At least this teaches me not to give you money.

The father turns and leaves.

EXT. STREET — DAY

Bob is walking on the street with his girlfriend, Denise. Denise is tall with long straight dark hair. The two are holding hands

BOB

I have to meet Jerry. Won't take long.

DENISE

But I'm hungry...

Bob turns to her, smiles, and kisses her lightly on the cheek.

BOB

Don't worry. Soon I'll be rich... and free.

The two go into a pizzeria.

INT. PIZZERIA — DAY

Inside, Denise and Bob stand at the counter as Bob empties his pockets, pulling out a few coins and handing them to Denise. As he does this he looks off to a booth in the back. After giving Denise the money, he heads to the back of the restaurant and finds Jerry leaning across a table and kissing a girl. Bob sits down next to Jerry as the two are in the midst of kissing, and nudges him in the side.

BOB

Jer, come on, I got to talk to you.

The girl he is kissing breaks off and sits back, staring at Bob. Jerry turns to Bob, taking the girl's hand.

JERRY

I'm a little busy.

BOB (to the girl)

Denise wants to talk to you. Why don't you go see what she wants? Thanks.

Bob turns to Jerry, having already forgotten the girl, who silently gets up and walks away.

BOB

Money man, I'm talking about major money.

JERRY

Okay, who are we gonna hit? First National Savings?

BOB

No, my father.

Jerry looks up, surprised and interested.

BOB

We're gonna kill my father. On the day that he takes all the money from the gas station to the bank. Plus we'll get the reward money. He has about fifteen hundred left, and the gas station's been doing good since he became a hero.

Jerry thinks a second, and then slowly smiles.

JERRY

Since he made the papers, the cops will just think some other guy was trying to see if they could rob him.

BOB

It's perfect... perfect.

Denise comes up behind Bob and taps him on the shoulder. He jumps up and kisses her.

BOB

Come over to my house tomorrow, we'll talk.

Jerry smiles. Bob puts his arm around Denise, and the two walk off.

INT. BOB'S ROOM — DAY

The next day, the two are in Bob's room. Jerry is sitting on Bob's bed looking through a *Playboy*, when Bob comes in with two joints in his hand. He pulls up a chair next to the bed, sticks a joint in his mouth, and lights it. He takes a while, then hands it to Jerry.

BOB

So listen, this is an average Friday for my father. He usually gets up about ten.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT — MORNING

Early that Friday morning, Bob is walking around the apartment. He goes to a closet, takes a large hunting knife from it, and walks toward his room. As he walks he takes the knife out of its sheath and stares at it. He puts it back in, goes into his room, and places the knife on the bed. He lights a joint just as the doorbell rings. He goes to the door and puts his eye to the peephole. Jokingly, he calls out:

BOB

Who is it?

Jerry, on the other side of the door, looks straight into the peephole, laughing.

JERRY

It's All City Father Extermination! I heard you have a dad here you want exterminated.

Bob opens the door, and Jerry is standing there holding a bigger knife than the one Bob has. He comes in and takes the joint from Bob's mouth.

INT. GAS STATION — DAY

Later that day, Bob's father is in his gas station, on his knees on the floor in the office, looking for cocaine anywhere. He is undergoing withdrawal, and is sweating profusely and shaking constantly. He gets up from the floor and rips a drawer from the desk. It falls to the floor, and money flies all over the place as the father bends down and tears through it looking for coke. He stands up, wipes some sweat from his face, and bends down at the desk, to the board where he spread cocaine into lines. He shakily holds the board up to his nose and presses his nose against the board in an attempt to snort any residue from it. He throws the board away, unsatisfied, and it hits a glass on a table, causing the glass to fall. He bends down to the floor again and gathers up all the cash he can. He stuffs it into his pockets and his jacket, and then goes from the office through a door to the garage.

INT. GARAGE — DAY

The father enters the garage from the office. It is open, and there is a car on one of the lifts. The father quickly hits a button on the wall and the door begins to close, slowly. After it has closed the father leans against the door, breathing quickly, and wipes some sweat from his brow. He turns and looks out one of the panes of glass in the garage door that is dirty and thick with dust. He looks out into the bright day, which looks cloudy and sad because of the dirt covering the window.

INT. APARTMENT — DAY

In the hall of the apartment, we hear keys being taken out and moved together nervously outside the door to the apartment. It is Alex's father coming home. He soon opens the door and comes in, pulling his key ring from the door. He throws the keys down as he rushes in and goes to his room. He stands at his dresser and clears some papers on top of it with one sweep of his hand. He opens a tinfoil package with cocaine and drops its contents on the dresser. He sloppily spreads it into several lines, and bends down to snort it. As he is snorting a line his face smashes down into the dresser, scattering the coke everywhere, mostly all over the father's face. As some blood runs from his nose and mixes messily with the cocaine, the father looks up and sees Bob standing behind him, holding a gun, and Jerry standing nearby. The father wipes the cocaine and the blood away, and slowly stands up.

BOB

Hi dad. where's the money? I want it all, now.

The father turns and looks at Jerry, who is holding his knife, and smiling.

FATHER

You two are crazy. I'm gonna beat your ass in backward. What do you think you're gonna do, kill me? Wanna see the reformatory for fifty years, kid?

BOB

Nah, dad, we're not gonna kill you, if we get the money. If that's it all over the dresser and your face there, well then, we are gonna kill you.

The father, staring straight into Bob's eyes with a vengeful look that makes Bob feel a little uneasy, reaches into his pocket and dumps the money onto the floor.

FATHER

You're dead, kid.

BOB

Dad? I lied. Bye.

Bob fires the gun once at point blank range, and a bullet rips into the father's chest. The father is thrown backward, and lands top of the dresser, his face once again immersed in the cocaine. With his last breath, he inhales deeply and snorts in some of the loose cocaine. Bob aims the gun at the fathers head.

EXT. STREET — NIGHT

That night, Bob, Denise, Jerry, and Lori are walking down the street to Bob's apartment. As they are about to enter the apartment, Bob and Jerry are seized by two undercover cops disguised as winos. From across the street more cops appear from a car, and descend on the scene, their guns drawn. They shove Bob and Jerry up against the wall and start searching them. One cops begins reading them their rights.

JERRY (to the police)

What do you got, pigs? What's wrong? Did we miss a class in school or something? Come on cops, tell us what you got?!

None of the police officers say anything, and Jerry turns to Bob.

JERRY

Did you take out the garbage?

Bob nods, as Jerry is turned around by one of the cops and handcuffed.

JERRY

Then start smiling.

Jerry smiles, and is led off. The police handcuff Bob as he nervously looks to Denise.

INT. POLICE STATION — NIGHT

Inside an interrogation room, which is sparsely furnished with a wooden table and two chairs, Bob sits down, looking nervously at the barred door in front of him. A guard's face soon appears at the door. We hear the lock being turned, and the door soon swings open. A young, attractive woman enters holding a briefcase and several folders. She puts the briefcase down on the desk and turns and looks at the guard as he closes the door.

LAWYER

Hello. My name is Shirley, I'll be defending you.

BOB

I don't care. I don't give a fuck that you're my lawyer. I'm not talking to nobody till I see Jerry.

LAWYER

Trust me, making this difficult will not work to your advantage. It's more than likely you'll receive probation, considering your record and the circumstances in which the evidence against you was obtained. Even your friend, Jerry, he'll probably get off lightly.

BOB

What are we talking about, honey?

LAWYER

We're talking about your arrest for one ounce of marijuana, which was found with your father's body. Narcotics had been photographing Jerry dealing for month, so they decided to combine busts and pick you both up at the same time.

Bob sits back in his chair and smiles widely.

BOB

Now we're talking, baby.

INT. JAIL CELL — NIGHT

Late that night, Bob is brought to a holding cell. Jerry is already inside, and he rises from a cot when they start opening the door. Bob is standing in front of the door. As we see when the cell is opened, he's smiling. He enters, and the cell is then closed.

BOB

You hear the news, pal?

Bob shakes Jerry's hand, though Jerry doesn't understand why.

INT. JAIL CELL — NIGHT

The same night as the two sits and talk in the cell, we pan across the dark and silent cell block, hearing the two talking.

JERRY

This is fucking great! We pop your dad and we get off like this!

We then see Bob and Jerry are sitting underneath a barred window, smoking a joint that Bob had smuggled in. Bob takes a long toke and then passes the joint to Jerry.

BOB

Hey, that's not the best of it. Now I have my own gas station, man. That place is a goldmine.

Jerry tokes long on the joint, thinking, and then exhales some smoke.

JERRY

Yeah, but you better be careful. I hear gas station robberies are up.

The two burst out in laughter as Jerry passes the joint back to Bob and the scene fades.

INT. HOUSE — DAY

In Connie's house, which is a poverty level shack located in the Watts section of Los Angeles, we see the mother's hand reaching out slowly toward her daughter, Connie, who is young girl of thirteen, tall for her age but thin, with long light colored hair. Connie is sitting on the floor, playing with her mother, an attractive woman in her thirties. The mother touches the girl lightly on her left cheek, the two smiling, the mother with obvious pride. On the floor between them lays some games, including checkers, which they have just finished playing. The mother strokes her daughter's hair gently.

MOTHER

You win. God, you're so beautiful. You're going to have the best, you know.

Connie pulls away from her mother's touch, and still smiling, and starts rearranging the pieces on the board. She looks up at her mother.

CONNIE

Want to play again?

The mother nods, and helps her set up the pieces on the board. After a moment, she looks up at Connie.

MOTHER

Was that Tommy Morris I saw around here yesterday?

CONNIE

Yeah. He was the one who tried to kiss me in the third grade, remember? I slugged him for that one.

MOTHER

He's grown into a fine looking boy.

CONNIE

He wanted my math homework. He couldn't do math in the third grade either.

MOTHER

Well, did you give it to him?

CONNIE

Nah, I just slugged him again.

The two start laughing again, and then start playing.

INT. HOUSE — NIGHT

In the living room of the house that night, Connie's father is sitting on an old worn couch, watching television while gulping down a can of beer. From another room, we hear the mother on the phone. The father occasionally looks up with disinterest at the sound of the mother's voice.

MOTHER

It's that bad? (pause) Of course, yes, of course, I understand, it's just not going to be easy this time of year, Connie's not in school, so she's home most of the time. (pause) Oh, she's fine, she's great. But I guess that's no problem. Joe can stay with her... (pause) No, not yet, he's still looking. Well then, I'll see you in a couple of days, say hello to everyone, I'll pray for Momma, take care, bye.

The mother comes into the living room a few moments later, looking back and forth between the television and the father, whose eyes seem glued to the screen. The father drinks from his beer, tilting his head back to get the last drops, then lightly puts the can on the coffee table. Without looking his wife's way, he speaks to her.

FATHER

How long?

The mother says nothing, just smiles nervously, and grunts a laugh. She leans over to her husband, and puts her arm around him.

MOTHER

Not longer than necessary, I promise. Just take care of Connie for me.

The father, unseen by the wife, smiles at hearing this.

EXT. HOUSE — DAY

The next day, outside of their house, stands the mother, father, and Connie, holding onto a doll with one hand, and her mother with the other. A taxi is parked in front of the house. The mother bends down to Connie, and kisses her once.

MOTHER

Now you're gonna be a good girl, right? You're not gonna give your dad any problems now?

Connie, shedding a tear, nods yes, and the mother kisses her again. The mother stands up, letting go of her child, and sheds a tear herself. She kisses her husband once, then picks up her suitcase and gets in the taxi, her eyes never leaving Connie. Slowly, the taxi pulls away, leaving the father watching. Connie has already started into the house. When the taxi has left sight, the father turns around, expecting to find Connie. Seeing nothing. He starts toward the house, calling after her.

FATHER (angrily)

Connie! Connie! It's time again! Connie!

The father enters the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM — DAY

The father enters the living room, looking for his daughter, kicking a beer can out of his way as he looks behind the couch, and then the TV. He spins around suddenly, hearing something upstairs. He runs up the stairs, three at a time, calling Connie's name.

INT. BEDROOM — DAY

The father bursts into Connie's bedroom. Connie is sitting on the floor, playing with the game she played with her mother before. She looks up to her father with a smile. The father, not smiling, grabs Connie from the floor, and drags her from the room.

INT. MAIN FLOOR — DAY

On the first floor of the house, we see the father dragging Connie downstairs, and then through the living room and the kitchen. As he does, he angrily talks to Connie, who only screams and pleads with him to let her go.

FATHER

Every time, every single time, it's always the same the same thing. You're a bad girl, Connie. You're a bad girl every time! So this time, we're gonna just cut to the ending, and save some time.

The father, Connie in one hand, opens the door to the backyard with his other hand, and drags the girl out the door.

EXT. BACKYARD — DAY

As the two go out into the backyard, Connie lets out a loud scream. The father answers this by striking her once across the face, while moving both of them closer to the garage, a small shack barely large enough to house one car. The white paint is peeling and the wood is rotting. The father throws Connie into the garage and closes the door, then padlocks it.

INT. HOUSE — NIGHT

Inside the house a few hours later, we see the father enter, turn on the television in the living room, then go and get a can of beer from the refrigerator. Going back into the living room, he pulls the tab from the beer, takes a sip, and puts it on the coffee table. He bends down and picks up one of Connie's toys that is laying on the couch. He looks at it a second, and then throws it aside. He sits down, picking up the beer from the table, and, sitting back, takes a long gulp of beer, and stares at the television. We then begin to pan from this across the room to a window that faces the backyard.

EXT. BACKYARD — NIGHT

We pan across the yard, following a kitten that has entered it, and is walking along toward the garage. As it reaches the garage it meows several times, and Connie quickly comes to the door, moving like an animal herself, from a corner of the garage. She sits against the door, and reaches out to the cat through a hole in the bottom half of the door. She pets the cat, and it meows again in appreciation. Then, moving her hand back inside, Connie imitates the cat and begins to cry like the cat.

From a spot midway in the driveway leading to the backyard, we see a frail, elderly woman in her seventies, dressed in an old, wrinkled housedress, who is cautiously moving down the driveway, looking all around for her cat, calling to her, and poking at the bushes with a small flashlight. As she nears the garage, she sees the cat standing outside it. She smiles, then confidently walks to the garage. As she arrives there, she hear the cries of a cat, but it is clearly not her own. She shines the light down against the door and pokes into the hole in it, and we see the face of Connie, crying now exactly like the cat.

INT. OFFICE — DAY

At a psychologist's office several days later, Connie sits in a chair facing a desk, alone. The office is similar in style to the one that Shelley sat in, since it is the same psychologist, but it is two years later, and a different office. The woman enters, smiling at Connie, and takes her seat behind the desk.

JOAN

Hi Connie, my name is Joan. We're going to be spending some time together.

CONNIE

Where's my father?

JOAN

He's just fine, Connie, he's just fine. I talked to him just yesterday, and he says to say he loves you and hopes to see you real soon. Till then, we're gonna have to find a place for you to live. You have any aunts or uncles you know of, Connie?

CONNIE

Don't it say it some paper somewhere what I got, and where I'm going, and what I'm gonna do?

JOAN

They don't know everything, Connie. That's the truth. They don't know half as much as they make us think they know.

CONNIE

No aunts, no uncles, no brothers, no sisters, no daddy, and now, no mommy.

Joan grabs a pad from her desk, and begins taking some notes. Connie sees this, and just stares at Joan until she is taken notice of.

CONNIE

My mommy, she's gone for good ain't she?

Joan forces a smile, then puts her pen down.

JOAN

Ain't isn't a word, Connie. A girl as beautiful as you should learn how to speak properly.

CONNIE

I heard one of them officers talking. She ain't coming back, and I want you to tell me how she died.

The psychologist pauses a moment, not knowing whether to give into the child. Then she gets up, goes around to the other side of the desk, takes Connie's hand, and leans on the desk.

JOAN

She was coming back here... just to see you, she wanted to see you. She shouldn't have been driving, because when she heard her child had been hurt, she just wasn't thinking straight, she wasn't right. Her car crashed with another...

Connie begins to cry. Pulling away from Joan, she dries her eyes, then just lets all her emotions out and begins sobbing. She bends over in her chair, as Joan holds her.

CONNIE

Mommy's gone... daddy's not right... Joan? Tell me who's the best? Who's the best? Mommy said that's who I'm gonna have.

Joan tries to smile, but sheds a tear for Connie as well.

JOAN

You are, Connie, you're the best. And you are going to have the best, you are. Just not right now.

As Connie sobs with Joan, the scene fades.

EXT. BUS STOP — DAY

At a bus stop in Los Angeles three years later, we see the action of the midday traffic moving, and several people waiting at the bus stop, which is outside a candy store and luncheonette. Shelley enters the picture from the left, walking along casually, carefree, humming and smiling. She is naturally older, and is dressed like a tomboy, with loose jeans, sneakers, and a black Pink Floyd shirt. The only reminder of the girl from Texas three years earlier is a slight Southern accent that occasionally surfaces, usually under stress. Shelley enters the candy store.

INT. CANDY STORE — DAY

Shelley enters the store, taking her hands from her pockets and looking around. It is a narrow store that extends deep, with a counter and tables in the back, and magazine racks in the front. Shelley goes to a comic book stand and starts looking through the comic books intently. She takes one from the stand and begins flipping through it, looking up as she does. Seeing nobody is looking, she slips the comic in the inside pocket of her denim jacket. She does this twice more, taking two, then three at a time. A person standing behind a cash register spots Shelley and points toward her.

MAN

Hey, kid, get your ass over here!

Shelley stuffs the two comics she's looking through in her jacket and jumps over to the door. As she is about to exit, two cops are coming in. She spins around, heading for the back. As she goes past the comic stand, she grabs as many comics as she can. Shelley heads for the back, knocking over one waitress loaded with plates, and then enters the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN — DAY

In the kitchen, there are three cooks by several stoves to the left, who are unaware of Shelley's presence until she knocks over a pile of dishes. Shelley doesn't stop, diving for a door to the right. A moment later, the cops burst in.

EXT. ALLEY — DAY

In the alley outside the candy store, Shelley literally falls out the door. She pauses a moment gaining her breath against the opposite wall. She looks in the kitchen, and, seeing the cops,

starts off again, going toward the street at the end of the alley. As the cops enter the alley and continue chasing her, one reaches for the gun in his holster.

EXT. STREET — DAY

Shelley goes out onto the street and for a moment doesn't know which way to go. She then spots a bus at the bus stop, and runs to it, just making it on as the doors close. It is a crowded bus since it is just after noon, and there are many going to lunch from work. It is so crowded Shelley doesn't even make it up to the farebox, and is pressed against the door. She watches one of the cops run to the bus. The cop sticks his hand inside just as the doors close. Shelley grabs the gun from the cops hand, which the cop then pulls free. The cop persists, running with the bus as it pulls away. Shelley then sticks the barrel of the gun through the door. Pointing down at the cop's head, she fires. The cops falls away as the bus picks up speed, and, on the bus, Shelley sighs in relief.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD — DAY

Outside a nearby high school, after the school day has ended, we see young children who do not attend the school running to the left and into the schoolyard. They run to a dark corner of the yard, where Shelley is waiting, sitting on some steps with her books, and the comic books. The kids run up to her and crowd her, and Shelley quickly orders them:

SHELLEY

Alright, form a line everybody, you know the routine.

The kids quickly obey and form a single line in front of her, and then take out their money. Shelley then begins to silently hand each of them comic books, taking their money. Each kid runs off after they've received theirs.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD — DAY

At that moment outside the gate to the schoolyard we see Bob walk into the yard. He is two years older, now fifteen, and he goes to where Shelley and the other kids are. He doesn't take a place on the line; instead, he waits nearby until the last kid has gotten their comics, and then steps up to Shelley and smiles.

BOB

Just give me the regular, ma'am.

Shelley hands him his comic book, and Bob passes her the money.

SHELLEY

You always smile so much? Aren't you a little old for comics anyway? About now, boys are going through their drug phase.

BOB

I guess you could just say I'm slow. You know, all this time, I never got your name.

Shelley packs up the rest of the comics into her bag, and answers dryly:

SHELLEY

That's funny, Bob, since you sit two rows over from me in science class.

BOB (embarrassed)

Oh, yeah, that's right... Shelley, is it? (pause) So, how do you get the comic books? (another pause) We're gonna kill together, Shelley. You and me. We're gonna kill together. And it's going to be better than you ever thought it could be. (pause as he looks around scratches his head, then smiles) And, if by some chance I'm wrong about you, if you're not the kind of person I think you are... well then, we'll just fuck.

Bob laughs as Shelley looks around, then reaches into her bag and pulls out the cop's gun. She it right at Bob's head, and Bob nervously takes a few steps backward. She doesn't fire, but then she smiles as Bob's smile fades away.

SHELLEY

Gee, you're right, that does feel good. Now you listen, you're gonna walk out of here, and you don't ever come back, for comics, to get laid, or for any more sparkling conversation, because, if you do, I'll blow your balls off. And if you even look at me from two rows over in science class, I'll do the same. (She puts the gun away slowly, as Bob takes another step back.) And, oh, yeah, Bob? Bye now.

Bob looks at Shelley and smiles, says her name to himself twice, and then turns and walks away. Shelley watches him walking away, then puts her hand in the bag, not taking out the gun, but obviously holding it, then takes her hand from the bag and walks in the opposite direction.

EXT. STREET — DAY

As Shelley walks along a residential street to her apartment building, we hear the following part of a letter from Shelley's father, Alex, which is spoken in his voice. As we hear this we see Shelley walk along and into a shabby-looking apartment building.

ALEX

My dear, dear Shelley. I am now without doubt the happiest man in the world. Yesterday it was announced I would be paroled in two weeks. I cannot wait to see you, my darling beautiful daughter, and to hold you in my arms as before.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY — DAY

We see Shelley enter the lobby and press the button for the elevator. After waiting a few seconds for it, she opens a door marked stairs and goes in. Alex's letter continues.

ALEX

Only you can release me from this empty hell I've lived in for two years. Release me, my child. Release me.

INT. STAIRS — DAY

(Suggested music for scene — "Stand Back" by Stevie Nicks)

Shelley enters the stairway and starts up it. She goes up two flights, then exits the stairs.

INT. SHELLEY'S ROOM — DAY

Shelley enters her bedroom, which is sparsely furnished, painted red, with nothing on the walls. She puts down her bag, taking the letters from it, which are still unopened. She looks at them a moment, then throws the letters into a wastepaper basket. She grabs her bag and leaves the room.

EXT. STREET — DAY

Shelley exits the apartment building and walks to the right. She walks seriously, with an intent look of purpose on her. A police car cruises along in the street. It slows to the pace Shelley is walking on the sidewalk, and we then see the other cop from before, who chased Shelley in the candy store, which ended in another cop's death. Shelley notices the car but only glances at it so they won't know they have been seen. The car speeds up and then stops in front of Shelley with the second cop from the candy store getting out. Shelley immediately turns and runs. She goes around a corner and plunges into a street crowded with people. She continues to run, pushing her way through the crowd. The cop turns the corner the next moment. He sighs, looking around, then plunges into the crowd right behind Shelley. Shelley sees a video arcade, and starts toward it. As she is about to go in she glances back to look for the cop, who is still struggling through the crowd.

INT. ARCADE — DAY

Shelley enters the arcade, looking around, and then behind her for the cop. It is a dark place, dirty, with three rows of video games with youngsters of all races behind them. She steps farther into the dimly lit arcade, and starts fishing through her pockets for quarters. She finds one, and then steps up randomly to any machine. As she puts the quarter in, she sees the coin box is loose. It has been left open, and when Shelley reaches down to see what's wrong with it, the coin box falls into her hands. Shelley looks around, but has not been spotted. She walks calmly from the arcade back into the street.

EXT. STREET — DAY

Shelley exits onto the sidewalk, looking around, then starting to the left, back the way she came. The cop is still searching through the crowd. He is coming up behind Shelley, and spots her for a moment, but she then disappears into the crowd again. He pushes his way through, but is still moving slowly. Then he sees a figure enter an alley. The cop breaks away from the crowd and enters the alley, which appears empty, though there are two or three doors with little alcoves. We see Shelley is hiding in the one closest to the cop. She turns the handle to the door, but it is locked. The cop withdraws his gun and starts down the alley, slowly. Before the cop can see her, Shelley jumps out, holding the gun she stole from the other cop, and shoots him in the right leg. He falls, and his gun falls from his hand as well. The cop struggles to gain his balance, but has only made it to his knees when Shelley steps in front of him and aims the gun at his head. She fires, and the cop falls.

INT. SHELLEY'S ROOM — DAY

Later that day, Shelley enters her room, takes the coin box from her bag, and throws her bag onto her bed. She then opens the coin box and pours a huge pile of quarters onto the bed. Shelley smiles.

The song "Stand Back" ends here.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL — DAY

After classes the next day, we see a car with a sign on top saying “Student Driver,” and inside the car is a boy about fifteen, and Bob, who are both sitting in the back seat. In the front seat sits an overweight man, the driving instructor, who sifts through some papers, then looks back to the two boys.

INSTRUCTOR

We're just waiting for one more, fellas. It's a girl, so you can guess why we're waiting. Do either of you know Shelley Wolf?

Hearing Shelley's name, Bob looks up, and then sees Shelley approaching the car, coming from the school. Shelley stops at the window where the instructor is sitting.

SHELLEY

Hi. I'm Shelley Wolf. Sorry I'm late.

INSTRUCTOR

That's okay, Shelley. Why don't you get in front? You can go first.

Shelley goes around to the driver's side and gets behind the wheel, keeping her bag next to her.

INSTRUCTOR

Why don't you put your bag in the back, Shelley?

SHELLEY

No, that's okay, I'd rather hold on to it.

BOB

I'll hold your bag, Shelley.

Shelley spins around to see Bob, who is smiling, sitting right in back of her.

INSTRUCTOR

Okay, before we start, have any of you ever driven a car before?

None of them says anything.

INSTRUCTOR

Well, I guess there's only one way to learn. Shelley, start her up.

Shelley guns the engine, pumps the gas once, then puts the car in drive, and speeds off.

INT. ARCADE — DAY

At the same arcade a few days later, Shelley enters, and casually walks around, looking for a manager or anyone who works for the arcade. She takes out a quarter and puts it in a random machine and starts playing the game. Bob is also in the arcade, and is watching Shelley from a few machines down, just staring at her, who has just finished playing the game. She stares at the screen a few seconds longer, then reaches into her bag. Shelley pulls out a screwdriver, and then bends down a little, putting the screwdriver near the locked compartment, next to the

lock. She quickly rips the lock open, then reaches in and takes the coin box like she did with the open machine. She puts the box in her bag, and then slowly exits the arcade. Bob just stays where he is, and watches Shelley exit.

INT. ANOTHER ARCADE — DAY

The next day, in another arcade not far from where the first arcade was, we see Bob standing in the back with another teenage boy. Bob hands the boy some bills and the boy quickly exchanges the money for a small bag of marijuana. Bob stuffs it in his pocket, smiles, and nods as he walks away from the dealer. As he does, he sees Shelley come in. Seeing this, Bob pulls a quarter from his pocket, goes to a random video game, inserts the quarter, and starts playing the game, though still constantly looking up at Shelley. Shelley goes to a machine not far down from Bob in the same line of video games. She takes the screwdriver from her bag, and, looking around, breaks open the coin box. As she is removing the coin box, she is grabbed by the manager, a rough, overweight man in his fifties. Shelley looks up, and Bob notices this from his own machine.

MANAGER

You little fucker. I ought to kick your ass around here just to show the other little shits not to rip me off. Come on.

The manager, holding Shelley by her arm, pushes her along to the back. Bob looks up as Shelley and the manager pass him. After they pass, he slams his fist down. We see on the games screen it is flashing "Game Over."

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE — DAY

The manager kicks open the door to his office, which is a small, messy closet, with two out of order video games in the back, a desk and chair, and a file cabinet, out of order as well. The manager throws Shelley into a corner, closes the door, sits down, and picks up the phone. As he is about to dial, there is a knock at the door. Bob opens the door without permission and steps in, looking at Shelley and then the manager.

MANAGER

What the fuck is it, kid?

BOB

Uh, the change machine is all out of quarters.

MANAGER

Well, you can go out there and wait your little ass five minutes, or go fuck yourself.

BOB

Okay, sorry to bother you.

Looking at Shelley one more time, Bob is about to leave when he grabs Shelley's bag from the manager's desk. He rips through it, spilling some of the contents onto the floor, and finally pulling out the gun. The manager, the receiver still in his hand, slowly looks up.

BOB

Drop the phone. Okay, Shelley, let's go.

Shelley goes over to Bob and grabs her bag from him, then bends down and puts her things back in.

SHELLEY

What the hell are you doing?

BOB

It looks like I'm saving your ass. I bet you're glad you didn't kill me now, huh? Come on, let's go. Shelley gets up, looks at the manager a second, then goes over to him. He rises from his chair.

Shelley grabs a key ring from his belt, then kicks him in the crotch so he falls back in his chair.

She turns to Bob, smiling, holding up the key ring.

SHELLEY

I have a better idea.

INT. ARCADE — DAY

Bob and Shelley are going through the arcade now, emptying out all the machines with the manager's key. They are in the first row of machines, and Bob is now holding a large sack already heavy with quarters, Shelley is opening the machines and pouring the money in.

SHELLEY

What the hell were you doing here, anyway?

BOB

What would any sixteen year old be doing in a video arcade? Buying dope, of course.

SHELLEY

Oh. So you are going through your drug phase. Have you thought about that asshole in there?
He's seen us.

BOB

He's also seen about a thousand other kids every day of his life.

SHELLEY

Maybe.

INT. MANAGERS OFFICE — DAY

Not long later in the manager's office, Bob and Shelley are standing over the manager, who is now tied to his chair, his mouth gagged. Bob stuffs the keys in his pocket, and Shelley puts the change in her bag. Bob hands her the gun.

BOB

There's nothing in those machines. I say we split.

Bob goes to the door to check if anyone is coming. Shelley stands over the manager, waving the gun around. Finally, she aims the gun directly at the manager's head.

SHELLEY

Sounds good. How deep are you willing to get in?

BOB

What? Shelley, no —

Shelley fires once, hitting the manager at point blank range. She grabs her bag, stuffs the gun in, and runs out. Bob remains a moment to look at the now dead man, then follows Shelley.

EXT. SHOPPING MALL — DAY

Shelley and Bob run out into the shopping mall, which is crowded. The crowd begins to disperse in every direction as soon as the two exit the arcade holding their guns in plain sight. Shelley runs toward the parking lot, and Bob has no choice but to follow.

BOB

Where the hell are you going?

SHELLEY

We can't take the bus home. We have to get a car.

BOB

Okay, I'll drive.

SHELLEY

Think again, lover boy, I'm driving.

BOB

But you've only driven once before!

SHELLEY

You've only driven once before too!

BOB

Yeah, but I'm the man, we're better drivers by instinct.

Shelley stops at a car where a man in his twenties is sitting in the driver's seat.

SHELLEY

Don't pull that shit now, I have the gun.

Bob says nothing to this, and goes around to the other side of the car. Shelley gets in the car on the driver's side, and pushes the man over with the gun. The man sits, silent, between Bob and Shelley. Shelley starts the car.

SHELLEY

Okay asshole, we're going for a little drive.

Shelley puts the car into reverse and jams her foot on the gas. The car backs up and hits the car in the lane across from them. Shelley puts the car in drive and pulls out, hitting more parked cars with the car's side, but continuing on, jumping over a curb to get out of the parking lot.

BOB

I stand corrected, you're a much better driver than me.

Shelley hands Bob the gun.

SHELLEY

See if you can hold on to this without blowing your own balls off. Something tells me we're gonna be having company.

Just then sirens are heard. Bob turns and sees two police cars approaching quickly from behind. Shelley looks in the rearview mirror and turns to Bob.

SHELLEY

You're on, Bobby.

Bob rolls open his window, and sticks his head and left hand out. He aims for the police car, and fires. He misses. He fires and misses again. Shelley sees this, and attempts to go faster.

SHELLEY

You, in the back.

The man climbs in the back, but while climbing falls to the floor. Shelley abruptly turns a corner without warning, so fast, the now two police cars can't turn to chase them. She stops the car not far from the corner, and puts it in park.

SHELLEY

Trade places, you're driving.

Bob sticks his head back in the car and the two climb over into each other positions, Shelley grabs the gun from Bob, then Bob puts the car in drive and pulls out.

BOB

I thought you wanted to drive.

SHELLEY

Now that I've seen you're shooting, I think we'll be better off with you driving. You better not fuck up, or I may just save one bullet for you.

The two police cars have turned around and are now behind them again. Shelley sticks her head and hands out of the window. She fires once, and hits the tire of one of the police cars. The car swerves out of control, and smashes into two other civilian cars.

Shelley aims and fires again, and this time hits the driver of the second car in the head. The driver falls against the wheel, and the car is hit from behind by another car. Shelley pulls herself

in, and reloads the gun. Soon, another police car arrives. This time a cop begins firing on them. The man in the back rises up just in time just to receive a bullet in the head as a gunshot rips through the window. Shelley looks at the now dead man, then leans out of the window again. She fires once and hits the police car's tires. The car speeds out of control and rams into the rear of another car. The car with Shelley and Bob roars off into the sunset, leaving behind the wreck of cars. One police car explodes into flames as they turn the corner.

EXT. HOTEL — NIGHT

That night, we see the car parked in front of the entrance to a sleazy hotel in a slum area. There are prostitutes waiting outside the entrance, and as we pan up to a third floor window, we see Shelley staring down at them.

INT. HOTEL ROOM — NIGHT

Inside the room, as Shelley stands at the window, Bob is shaving in the bathroom. The room is hardly furnished besides the bed, a small dresser, and a black and white TV with a radio on top of it. Bob puts down the razor and leaves the bathroom, going to Shelley at the window. She turns and looks at him a moment, then goes back to looking out the window.

SHELLEY

Did you see the look they gave us coming in here? It was like they knew we were just going to sleep.

BOB

Maybe we should prove them wrong.

SHELLEY

Do you like proving people wrong? Did you like proving to me that I was wrong about you?

BOB

I'm so so sorry. I assumed you would be glad that you didn't kill me.

SHELLEY

What do you want from me? You want to fuck me?

BOB

I just want to be with you.

SHELLEY

For now. Twenty minutes from now it'll be I just want to be with you under the sheets.

Bob turns and looks at the radio next to the black and white TV. He goes to it and turns it on. The song "Garbo" continues, and Bob turns to Shelly and holds out his hand.

BOB

Just dance with me.

Shelley reluctantly takes his hand, and the two begin to dance slowly around the motel room.

BOB

You're not from L.A.

SHELLEY

Oh, no. Texas. Though with every year that passes, it fades from me more and more.

BOB

Your memory, or your accent?

SHELLEY

My accent only, I'm afraid. My memories I hold in pain, forever.

BOB

What memories?

SHELLEY

Of my father, mother, and boys unlike you who I wish I had killed.

BOB

What did they do to you?

SHELLEY

Things it's better not to discuss.

BOB

I want to kill them. I want to kill them all.

SHELLEY

Yes. At first, revenge is always the way. But you'll learn, like me, it can never satisfy the soul.

BOB

What does?

SHELLEY

I don't know.

INT. BEDROOM — NIGHT

Not long later, Bob and Shelly walk hand in hand to the bed. They silently undress, looking at each other, and then get on the bed. They begin to make love, kissing each other wildly and quickly, as if each kiss was their first, not only with each other but as if this was the first time either has ever experienced love. We fade to.

INT. BEDROOM — NIGHT

After making love, Shelley and Bob lay awake on the bed.

SHELLEY

I hope you're happy. Look what you made me go and do.

BOB (excited)

Shelley, I just figured it out. I know what makes it better. I know what does satisfy the soul.

SHELLEY

Well, don't keep me in suspense, what is it?

BOB

Love.

SHELLEY

You know, my father raped me when I was twelve. My mother had just died. I guess he was depressed, who the fuck knows what makes everything happen. But, when he did it, I wondered, is this just another way of saying "I love you," or I wondered, was I being punished for something bad I'd done? I look back now and wonder if it was love that made my father do it.

BOB

Is he alive?

SHELLEY

Yes, he's in Texas. He's getting out of an institution in two days.

BOB

Not for long. We're gonna kill the motherfucker. You're gonna love it. There's nothing like blowing away the son of a bitch that put you here.

EXT. STREET — DAY

The next day, we see Bob sitting in a car smoking a joint, looking across the street at an arcade. Shelley exits the arcade and starts walking across the street. Shelley is not only dressed differently, in a dungaree jacket, a T-shirt, and faded jeans, but walks differently as well, walking now like a girl, with no trace of the tomboyish quality she displayed before. Shelley walks over to the driver's side window, bends down slowly, and kisses Bob. Then she walks around to the passenger side door and gets in. She opens the glove compartment, takes a look around, then takes out a gun and starts loading it.

BOB

How's it look??

SHELLEY

Looks clean. There's only one kid who works the floor, giving out quarters. I'll take care of him.
(She hands the loaded gun to Bob) You have to find the manager's office. It's straight in the back.

BOB

SHELLEY

Let's do it.

INT. ARCADE — DAY

Bob enters the arcade first, and starts immediately for the back, looking at a man in his early twenties who stands near the door, changing dollar bills for quarters. Bob goes to the back. The first door says MEN on it, and Bob continues on. The second door says PRIVATE. Bob stops, looks both ways, then takes out the gun from his jacket. He kicks in the door and jumps in.

INT. OFFICE — DAY

In an office, we see the manager, who is Connie's father. He is sitting at a desk, writing, and looks up when the door is burst open. Bob is standing at the door. He walks in and closes the door, withdraws a gun from his jacket, and aims it at the manager.

BOB

All right, let's have the keys, come on, now.

The manager begins to unhook the keys from a hook on his belt when there is a knock at the door. Bob stands beside the door, opens it slightly, then allows it to open the rest of the way. Shelley and the man who was handing out quarters enter. Shelley puts away her gun as the manager hands the keys over to Bob. Shelley puts two chairs back to back, and takes some rope from her bag.

BOB

Okay boys, now let's sit down, nice and slow.

The two men go to the chairs and sit down slowly.

INT. ARCADE — DAY

In the arcade room, we see Connie standing at a video game, playing it with little apparent interest in the outcome. She glances to the right and sees Bob and Shelley going from machine to machine and emptying the coins from the games into Shelley's bag. Connie now disregards the game entirely and turns around to watch the two. After doing the last machine in the row, Bob and Shelley head back to the manager's office. Connie waits a second, looks around curiously, and then follows them.

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE — DAY

Bob and Shelley are standing in the office, and Bob is searching through the desk for any more money. Connie enters the office.

CONNIE

Daddy, who are those two kids out there?

Connie breaks off, seeing her father tied up, and Shelley quickly withdraws her gun and closes the door, pushing Connie into the office.

BOB

Who are you?

I hope you're happy. Look what you made me go and do.

30

CONNIE

His daughter.

BOB

Well, we won't be long. And since you two are related, we're gonna make sure you stick real close to each other. Shelley —

CONNIE

Wait! Take me with you. I can help you —

SHELLEY

Forget it honey, get in the chair.

CONNIE

I know where he hides all of the money. There could be as much as five thousand there. I'll get it if you let me come with you.

BOB

You'll get it even if we don't let you come with us.

Connie says nothing, and only gives Bob a hateful look for a long moment, then goes to the desk. She opens the bottom drawer, reaches right into a hole in the desk, and pulls out a stack of bills bound in a rubber band. She gets up and throws the money to Shelley, who looks up to Bob. Bob nods, and he and Shelley head for the door.

CONNIE

Wait, you have to take me. You have to now.

Connie reaches into the drawer and pulls out a gun. In the confusion, as Bob and Shelley are struggling to aim their weapons, Connie takes a step toward her father, aims the gun directly at his head, and fires. Connie lowers the smoking gun and looks up to Bob and Shelley.

CONNIE

Bye, Dad. See you later.

Connie looks up to Bob and Shelley, then takes off out the door before they do. Bob and Shelley look to each other, and then leave as well.

EXT. STREET — DAY

Connie runs out into the street, and stops to let a car pass. Bob and Shelley catch up with her.

CONNIE

I hope you guys have a car or something.

BOB

That will teach you not to kill anyone without making transportation arrangements first.

SHELLEY

It's this way, come on, fast.

The three start across the street and run into a parking lot.

Shelley gets into the driver's side of a red car, and Bob gets in on the passenger side and opens the back door for Connie. The car takes off out of its parking spot, and speeds through the exit gate without paying its fee.

INT. CAR — DAY

Inside the car, Bob turns around, keeping one eye on Connie as he begins to unload his gun.

BOB

It's a good thing you have your own gun, because one thing we don't do in this gang is supply weapons. Shelley got hers from a cop she popped. I got mine from my father, who I killed with it.

So what was wrong with your daddy? He didn't give you enough quarters to play Space Invaders with? Or was it a lack of attention from an early age? Come on, honey, tell me what tiny, mundane thing it was that caused you to change the warrant on us from armed robbery to murder? Tell me before I commit murder.

Shelley takes a look back at Connie after stopping at a red light. Connie looks at Bob, then Shelley, then says quietly:

CONNIE

He used to lock me up. Closets, garages, anywhere he could close me in. He told me once it was to protect my beauty, that if he let me out there something inside me would be lost forever. He'd tell me anything just to lock the door.

BOB

Maybe you were just a pain in the balls. It makes me think, maybe I'm inheriting his problem. Bob closes the now loaded gun, holds it up, and looks at it a moment.

CONNIE

No, later on I don't think he liked me much.

SHELLEY

Why not?

CONNIE

I'm a lesbian.

Bob sighs, looks to Shelley, and then turns back to Connie.

BOB

Oh, that's just fucking great. Well then, we just better get something straight right now; she's mine, got it? Stay away from her, don't open your mouth too much, and I'll consider letting you come along for the ride.

CONNIE

Where are we going?

SHELLEY

Texas. I have to... visit some relatives.

(Suggested music for scene — “Murder” by David Gilmour)

EXT. ARCADE — DAY

Outside of the arcade at the end of that day, a large crowd has formed, blocking the entrance and even the street, where cars now have to fight to get through a wall of people. Several cops come out of the entrance and begin to force a path. Moments later, a covered stretcher, with the body of Connie's father, is carried out by two men in white. They go through the crowd to an ambulance, and then get in the ambulance to leave.

We see Reg through the front window of the arcade, standing inside. He is a detective in his mid-thirties, of average height and build.

INT. ARCADE — DAY

Now inside the arcade, we see Reg walk away from the window to two police officers standing nearby, one writing on a clipboard. He pauses and talks with them briefly and then heads toward the back of the arcade, stopping at the door to the manager's office, which is now closed. He opens it and stands at the doorway, looking in, but never goes inside. Then he walks away.

INT. TV STUDIO — DAY

At a local television studio, we see Reg standing just behind several cameras and a crew of people. In front of the cameras is a quiet, calm set of three chairs, a table, some plants in the background, and a sign hanging that says “The New Psychology.”

Sitting in one of the chairs is Joan, the psychologist, who is the host and creator of the show. There are two teenage boys sitting in the other chairs. Joan turns to the camera to sign off, then a sign that blinks “On the Air” turns off. The two boys exit the set, and Joan sits there going over some papers. Reg walks to the set, reaching in his coat pocket for his badge. When he reaches Joan, he shows her the badge and introduces himself.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS — DAY

At a police station, we see Reg enter a large file room, with rows and rows of files, and computer terminals, and uniformed police officers working. Reg walks along to one file cabinet, opens it, and starts looking through it.

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE — DAY

Outside the hotel where Bob and Shelley are staying, we see two cars parked with plainclothes cops inside. The usual crowd of prostitutes and derelicts is gone. Bob soon exits, and starts for his car on to the left. The plainclothes cops get out of their cars and start down the street toward Bob. Reg is present, but is standing behind the other cops. Bob glances over his shoulder and sees the cops. Bob stops right in front of his car. He whirls around, reaching into his jacket and withdrawing his gun. He fires twice and hits one of the cops. The cop

falls into Reg's arms, a bullet wound in his chest. Bob jumps into the car and takes off. The rest of the cops start for their cars, and start off after him.

INT. BOB'S CAR — DAY

Inside the car, Bob holds the wheel with one hand as he pops open his gun to reload with the other. He reaches under the seat and pulls out a bag. He turns it over and dumps its contents on the seat. Three more guns, and many bullets pour onto the seat. A cop car pulls up on the left. Bob grabs one of guns from the seat, and fires out the window, hitting a cop in the front seat in the chest. Bob jerks the wheel to the right and the car turns around a corner. At the end of the block we see there is a roadblock. Bob looks in his rearview mirror and sees two more police cars are turning the corner. He steps on the gas, and a crowd of cops begins to disperse, but not quick enough as Bob rams through cops and cars, killing a few careless cops who got in the way. Whoever survived takes off in whatever cars made it. In the car, Bob tries to open the glove compartment, to no avail. It's locked. Since he can't stop to use the key, Bob picks up one of the guns and blasts the lock off, and the compartment flies open, spilling a bundle of money tied in rubber bands. Another cop car appears, this time on Bob's right, and as Bob holds up the bundle of money, the cops begin firing on Bob. Bob drops the money, and picks up a gun again.

EXT. OTHER HOTEL — DAY

On the street, as the two cars race side by side in the street, unknown to Bob, Shelley is standing at a corner as the two cars race by her. Shelley, holding a bag of groceries, looks off after the cars, and then crosses the street and goes into another slummy looking hotel.

One of Bob's tires is hit by a bullet, causing the car's front end to sag, and Bob to partially lose control of the car. As it sways to each side, Bob fires out his window, hitting a cop purely by accident. Another bullet hits another tire, and Bob loses control completely. The car goes to the left and then comes to an abrupt halt. From inside the car, Bob fires at the cop car as it pulls to a stop. Just as the cop puts the car into park, he is struck in the head by a bullet, and falls dead into the arms of another cop, who is then in turn struck in the head by a bullet, because he was distracted by the other cop's death.

Bob picks up two of the other guns and gets out of the car. He is under fire by the last surviving cop, but manages to get away from the car and hide behind some trash cans. The cop, thinking Bob has fled, gets out of his car and goes to Bob's car. He looks in, sees nothing, then looks up when we hear a noise offscreen. Bob fires one shot and the car explodes, cooking the cop in the process.

Bob takes off into an alley. As he is running, three new cops appear behind him and fire on him. Bob is hit in the leg as he spins around, firing, hitting one cop, before he ducks around a corner and begins to reload. As he is reloading, Bob pauses and looks down. He has been hit in the leg. He raises his arm and looks at his watch, and then screams in pain and rage.

BOB

You mother fuckers! You made me late for a date with Shelley!

Bob snaps his gun closed, jumps around the corner, and fires on the two remaining cops, hitting one instantly. A police car speeds around a corner, past the last cop, who is running toward Bob. Bob fires on the corner, and hits the driver and only occupant of the car in the

shoulder. The car comes to a halt just short of where Bob is standing. Bob looks up to the last cop, who is still approaching.

He raises his gun and fires once. He goes around to the driver's side of the cop car and opens the door. The cop who was shot in the shoulder is fumbling for his gun.

BOB

What, you're still alive!?

Bob aims down toward the cops crotch and fires once, then pulls the cop out of the car and gets in. Bob takes off just as Reg, in another car, arrives on the scene. Reg takes off after Bob.

INT. CAR — DAY

In the police car Bob has stolen, Bob throws his gun down on the seat and picks up a rifle from the floor. Looking at the police radio making noise, he lowers the gun for the wrong second. A cop car with four cops in it appears on the right of Bob, and begins firing on him. One shot hits Bob in the shoulder, and the car swerves out of control for a second as he recovers. Bob then raises the rifle, and slows down slightly so he can hit the two officers in the backseat. He fires and hits one, but the other cop is ready and jumps out the window, firing his gun. It hits one of Bob's tires. Bob fires the rifle again, while the second cop falls out of the window, still alive. On the ground, stunned from the fall, he slowly begins to get up. As he does, a car comes speeding from behind him, hitting the cop, who falls in a heap back to the ground.

In the car, Bob puts down the rifle, and picks up the CB radio.

BOB

How do you like that! How do you like it? And I'm not done! What do you got, what do you got on me? Nothing! And there are two more out there. It looks like you may run out of cops before we run out of ammo!

The cop car pulls up alongside Bob again, and Bob grabs the rifle, and fires at the car's engine. The car spins around, the hood on the fire, the brakes squealing, and, out of control, it spins into a gasoline truck.

Both truck and car explode at once. In the car, Bob is finding it hard to drive with one tire flat. The car is swaying from side to side, and increasing amounts of smoke are coming from the hood.

EXT. HIGHWAY — DAY

On a road that runs parallel to a large highway, Bob gradually stops the stolen police car. He gathers the rifle and his gun, and then gets out of the car. He slams the door to shut it, but instead it slams against the car and then falls off. Bob looks back and then starts up the road. As he is going up the road, we see Reg, his gun out, hiding in some bushes. As Bob approaches, Reg jumps out of the bushes. Bob automatically raises his, but it is too late for both as they fire simultaneously and hit each other in the head. Both fall to the ground dead, and we begin to pull back as we hear the voice of a television anchorman not long later.

In the hotel room, Shelley and Connie are watching the program. Connie has risen from her seat and is already packing her things, as Shelley sits motionless in a chair.

CONNIE

Get your things, baby, we're moving out.

SHELLEY

They got him...

CONNIE

That's right. Bob is dead. And we're alive.

SHELLEY

So are we. What has Bob told them about us...

Connie puts down a bag on the couch and looks down at Shelley.

CONNIE

He was an asshole, but I don't think he told them anything...

SHELLEY

He was not an asshole!

CONNIE

No, he wasn't an asshole, Shelley, but he is dead. And we're alive. And there may not seem to be a whole big difference between the two right now, but there is. And we have got to get out of here...

SHELLEY

He was strong...

CONNIE

Be strong for him. And be angry.

Connie gets up goes into another room, and then comes rushing out the next minute.

CONNIE

He had all our guns!

Shelley reaches down into her bag and pulls out a gun. Shelley gets up and opens the door and leaves.

EXT. STREET — DAY

Shelley walks out into the street in front of the hotel, slowly and calmly, but the crowd in front of the hotel begins to disperse when they see the gun she is holding at her side. She walks up the block, and as the crowd parts, we soon see a uniformed cop standing near the end of the block. Shelley approaches him, and when he sees Shelley has a gun, he reaches for his revolver. At this point Shelley raises her gun and shoots the cop in the head. The cop falls. By this time, Connie has caught up and is carrying their bags. She and Shelley run across the street to a parking lot. They run up to a car where a man is watching the action. The

man holds his car keys in his hand, but when Shelley approaches, drops them and runs. Shelley picks up the keys, throws them behind her for Connie to catch, and then Shelley turns to the crowd and laughs at them. Connie, meanwhile, has already opened the door and thrown their stuff in. Shelley turns from the crowd, and makes as if she is going to get into the car. At the last second as Connie starts the engine, Shelley spins around and fires the rest of her load into the crowd. Four bullets — one hits a small boy, one an old lady, one her old husband, and the last another man. Shelley hops in the car as what's left of the crowd runs for safety. The car takes off.

INT. CAR — DAY

Inside the car, Shelley reaches into her bag and pulls out some bullets with which she reloads the gun.

CONNIE

Why did you do that?

SHELLEY

I was angry...

CONNIE

I'd hate to see you when you're really pissed off.

On the road up ahead is a roadblock with four or five police cars blocking the girls' path to a steep hill. The cops, armed with rifles, stand in front of the cars. Connie, with no choice, steps on the gas as Shelley braces herself. She angles the car so they crash into the mess of cars with the right side of the car, making a hole for the car, which has momentarily stopped. It soon recovers and they go through, and on up the hill. A cop, laying on the ground, with one of the trashed cop cars over his legs, looks off after the car. Beaten, he lowers his head and closes his eyes.

EXT. ANOTHER HILL — DAY

In the late day a month later, we see another car ascending another steep hill, this one leading to a huge old house at the top. Inside the car is Shelley, and from the paper bags on the seat next to her, you would assume she has done some shopping. She goes up the hill and parks the car on the side of a house. Next to the garage there is a garden where Connie is working. Connie waves to Shelley and smiles and Shelley passes with the first of the bags of groceries. Standing on the porch in front of the house is an old woman, Ana Brackett. She is eighty-five, a widow, and owns the house. She waves to Shelley and smiles and she approaches.

INT. SUPERMARKET — DAY

A month earlier, at a local supermarket, Ana is alone doing the shopping, weakly pushing a cart along. She stops at a shelf to pick up a bag of sugar. Not anticipating the weight of the bag, Ana drops it, and the bag falls to the floor, bursting open. Ana bends down, and as she does, Shelley appears and bends down with her. She is wearing her Southern accent today.

SHELLEY

Are you okay? This stuff is heavy. You got to use two hands. Here, let me take care of it.

Shelley picks up the broken bag and dumps it in a nearby trash can. As Ana rises, Shelley kicks some sugar out of sight under a shelf.

SHELLEY

One bag of sugar more or less, I don't think they'll mind.

Shelley reaches to the shelf, picks out another bag of sugar, and puts it in Ana's cart.

ANA

Uh, thank you, I guess. My arthritis, I sometimes get...

SHELLEY

Oy yeah, my grandmother used to have arthritis. I know how terrible it can get. You kind of remind me of my grandmother... do you have any children?

ANA

No, none of my own...

SHELLEY

Now that's terrible. Oh, I'm sorry, I'm Shelley.

ANA

Ana Brackett. Thank you. Really.

SHELLEY

No problem. It was nice meeting you. Bye

Shelley waves goodbye and then walks off abruptly. Ana looks after her, confused.

EXT. PARKING LOT — DAY

In the parking lot a short time later, Ana is walking to her car, a 1973 Ford LTD, carrying two bags of groceries. Shelley and Connie are walking through the parking lot and Shelley goes up to Ana. She picks up one of Ana's bags from the ground and puts it in her trunk.

ANA

Hi. That's okay, oh, thank you...

SHELLEY

That's okay. This is my sister, Connie. This is Ana Brackett.

Connie says nothing, just stares at Ana and nods.

ANA

Hi. Can I give you two a lift somewhere?

INT. CAR — DAY

Inside the car, Ana drives, and Shelley sits next to her in the front seat. Connie sits, silent, in the back.

SHELLEY

We came from up North. Our father finally died, but then we had nowhere to go. My mom died bringing me into the world.

ANA

What do you mean your father finally died?

SHELLEY

He started raping Connie when she was five. I guess he liked me even less, he never even touched me.

ANA

She doesn't talk much... is she alright?

SHELLEY

Oh, Connie has to get to know you first, but she is just fine. Once she starts though, you can't quiet her down. Once she's sure you're not going to do her any harm...

Shelley looks at Connie, and smiles, then gently strokes her hair. Connie then smiles.

SHELLEY

But Connie, she's just fine...

INT. FRONT HALL — DAY

Shelley opens the front door, and begins bringing in the groceries. In the front hall of the house, Ana is coming down the stairs as Shelley passes.

ANA

Oh, Shelley? (pause) Could you come up to my room after you're finished?

SHELLEY

Sure thing. I'll just be a minute with this.

ANA

Good. And Shelley? (pause) Thank you.

SHELLEY

Thank me? But what for?

ANA

For coming into my life.

Shelley waves her hand at Ana and laughs lightly to herself as she walks into the kitchen.

INT. — KITCHEN — DAY

Shelley is standing in the kitchen, at some shelves packing away the groceries. She is suddenly grabbed from behind, by Connie who turns her around, and then throws her up against a wall. Connie kisses Shelley roughly, and Shelley breaks away.

CONNIE

Come on, I got something to show you.

Connie takes Shelley by the hand, opens a door to the basement, and leads her downstairs.

INT. — BASEMENT — DAY

In the dark, dusty old basement, Connie takes Shelley, letting go of her hand to turn on a light that brings light to the numerous antiques accumulated over a lifetime. Shelley walks around, but Connie immediately goes to a closet and opens it. She takes out two rifles, old and dusty.

ANA

Where is Connie?

SHELLEY

Still gardening, I think.

ANA

She hasn't become as talkative as you promised.

SHELLEY

I'm sorry about that. She just can't let go... of her memories. But she likes it here. She tells me that, often.

ANA

Do you like it here?

SHELLEY

Of course I do.

ANA

What do you know about my husband, Shelley?

SHELLEY

Not much. He was a banker, in New York, very wealthy...

ANA

Very. I met him in a bar when I was twenty. From the ages of sixteen to twenty, I had sex with more than one hundred women. But three weeks after we met, we were married. Occasionally, I would see one of my female friends, but mostly I was faithful to him. It was something I saw that told me he would make it. Fifteen years later this man was worth three million dollars. Of course,

in his will, it all went to me, his darling wife, and so, for the next forty years, I waited for him to die.

CONNIE

Take a look at this.

Shelley turns around, sees the rifles. She runs over to Connie and takes one.

CONNIE

It took me three days to pick the lock on that closet, but I knew it would be worth it. Her old man must have used them for hunting.

SHELLEY

I haven't held a gun in a month. It feels so... powerful.

CONNIE

Well, if your fucking boyfriend hadn't taken guns to hell with him, we'd be halfway across the country by now instead of kissing this old bitch's ass!

Shelley says nothing, but walks to the center of the basement and looks down at the dirt floor.

SHELLEY

Do you have the plastic?

CONNIE

I got it. And the shovels over there. Soon?

SHELLEY

Soon. Real soon.

INT. ANA'S ROOM — DAY

Ana stands with the aid of a cane by the window in her dark tidy room. It's the end of the day. There is a knock at the door.

ANA

Come in, Shelley.

Shelley enters, closes the door behind her, and stands near Ana's bed in the center of the room.

ANA

Are the groceries away?

SHELLEY

Yes, they are. Of course what didn't happen was that he didn't die. He had a stroke at fifty-five, and then I thought I was close, but. So, at sixty, I decided to help him along. A little poison in the food, they thought it was a heart attack and closed the case. And so, here I am.

SHELLEY

Did you ever love him?

ANA

I loved his ambition. Other than that, we were strangers who lived together.

SHELLEY

It must have been awkward.

ANA

I survived. Looking at you now, I think God let me survive just so I could meet you. We're alike, you and I, Shelley, and I want you... now.

Ana embraces Shelley, holding her and kissing her lightly. Shelley, shocked, doesn't know how to react, but doesn't return Ana's affection. She just stands there. Ana notices this, but cannot keep her hands off Shelley now, and says in between kissing her:

ANA

I love you, Shelley. I've always loved you.

At this point, Shelley removes a knife from her pocket. She stabs Ana in the chest, and then removes the blade, allowing Ana to fall to her knees. Shelley puts her knife back in her pocket, then goes to the window and draws the shades. When she turns around, Ana is gone. Shelley calmly walks out of the room.

INT. FRONT HALL — DAY

Shelley walks down the stairs and meets Connie, who is holding two of the rifles.

CONNIE

I can't find the car keys!

Shelley takes one of the rifles, says nothing, and follows a trail of blood that leads to the basement.

INT. BASEMENT — DAY

Shelley opens the rifle to see if it is loaded as she descends the stairs. At the foot of the stairs, Shelley stops, and looks toward Ana, who is on her knees looking in the closet where the rifles were. Ana, realizing the rifles are gone, crawls to the center of the basement.

SHELLEY

Just give me the keys, and we'll send the police back to get you.

Ana unfolds her right hand and drops the keys on the floor. Shelley looks up at Ana, smiles, and then lifts the rifle to Ana's head and fires.

INT. BASEMENT — DAY

Not long later, Connie is in the basement digging a hole as Shelley sits on the side near the stairs on some old boxes, writing in her diary.

CONNIE

You know, you could lend a hand here.

SHELLEY

I did my job, now you do yours.

CONNIE

Yeah, but your job was fun.

Shelley says nothing, then looks away from Connie and writes in her diary. We hear what she writes.

SHELLEY (V.O.)

Yes, I guess it was fun. But she must not know I feel this way. Killing is fun that must be reserved for desperate moments only.

Shelley closes her diary and sits back, thinking.

INT. BASEMENT — DAY

A short time later when Connie is finished, Shelley is asleep in a dark corner of the basement. Connie puts the shovel down near the stairs, next to their guns, and then goes to where Shelley is sleeping. She bends down to wake Shelley.

CONNIE

Shelley, wake up. Shelley it's done, wake up...

Shelley slowly wakes, and stares at Connie seriously. Shelley slowly reaches up with her left hand, gently taking Connie by the shoulder, and guiding her down to the floor. Then Connie quickly, almost violently, throws herself against Shelley, kissing her. The two make love in the corner of the basement.

EXT. HOUSE — NIGHT

That night Connie opens a back door of the house, steps out holding two rifles, and looks around. Shelley comes out a moment later, carrying two bags and another rifle. Shelley puts their stuff in the back, and then stands at the passenger side, waiting for Connie, who is on the driver's side still looking for any sign of life. Shelley whispers, almost to herself.

SHELLEY

No more loving...

Connie turns to Shelley, but only for a second.

CONNIE

What did you say?

SHELLEY

No more loving. What just happened back there can never happen again. We're lucky to just get out with our lives now, and there are certain luxuries we simply can no longer afford. And that's one.

CONNIE

For your information, I have no fuckin' intention of going celibate at age sixteen.

SHELLEY

Well that's my rule. You have no choice but to follow it.

Shelley turns, and continues to the car for a second, then turns around again.

SHELLEY

And, by the way, we're going back.

Connie throws down the bags.

CONNIE

That is it. That's the fuckin' end...

Shelley raises one of the rifles, and fires a shot just over Connie's head, and then aims the gun straight at Connie's head.

SHELLEY

You just understand, you don't have any choice.

INT. CAR — DAY

Near the end of the day, the car pulls out. Connie is driving, as Shelley sits next to her with a shotgun, low, but barely visible. The car pulls into a cemetery as the last bit of day fades. Shelley gets out of the car, rifle in hand, and looks around nervously.

Connie waits in the car as Shelley walks into a row of graves, shining a flashlight on each one, until she comes to one marked Robert. She waves to Connie that she has found it, and then bends down next to the grave, which looks poorly and quickly constructed. She takes a some flowers out of her bag and places them beside the grave.

SHELLEY

It's the best I could do, Bob. You died on short notice. I guess I will as well, and I'll be lucky if someone spits on my grave. We're going to Texas. My father's out, and we're going to get him. You had your chance, and Connie had hers, and Bob, if there's some way you can make it so I can get mine, well, if you could, I promise I will come visit you real soon.

Suddenly, from behind Shelley, there is the strong voice of a police officer.

OFFICER

Maybe sooner than you think, Shelley.

Shelley jumps up and spins around, pulling one of the rifles from inside her coat and firing, hitting one of three cops now standing behind Shelley, the closest only ten feet away. This one falls first, and the others open fire as Shelley begins to run for the car, which Connie has already started. Shelley hits another one of the cops, then jumps into the car, which immediately speeds away, but toward the tall iron fence that surrounds the cemetery.

CONNIE

We'll never get through that.

SHELLEY

Then they won't have to take us far to bury us.

Nevertheless, Connie continues speeding toward the fence, but then at the last second spins the wheel to the left, the back of the car smashing into the fence. The car rides along the fence, the left side occasionally touching the fence. As they ride along the fence, a police car on the street outside the cemetery pulls up alongside Shelley. A cop in the back with a rifle begins to take aim. Shelley quickly aims her rifle at the driver, and fires. The car falls out of sight, its driver dead. Connie jerks the wheel left again, and the car begins knocking over graves as it makes a path to the exit. As the car barrels toward and then out the exit, one surviving cop comes running up behind the car, shooting. When he hits one of the windows, Shelley pulls herself out of the passenger side window, one of the rifles in hand. She aims and fires, and the cop falls to the ground. As the car pulls away, Shelley waves goodbye to the last cop, and then gets back in the car.

(Suggested music for scene — “The Edge of Seventeen”)

EXT. HIGHWAY — DAY

The car pulls onto the highway on its way to Texas. Connie drives as Shelley reloads their weapons and counts their remaining money.

This sequence ends with the car pulling into a truck stop diner.

INT. DINER — DAY

Shelley and Connie enter, and two truck drivers sitting at the counter immediately take notice. Shelley leads the way to a booth in the back, but as they are passing, one of the truck drivers stands in their path, blocking them.

1st TRUCKER

Are you girls hitchhiking?

Connie steps forward to handle the situation, pulling out a small handgun and aiming it directly at the truck driver's crotch, then looking up at him and cocking the gun.

CONNIE

If you walk away, you might be able to charm some other girl into bed, but if you don't, well then, that won't matter.

The truck driver meekly sits down, but gives a threatening look. Shelley and Connie sit down at a booth, where a waitress promptly serves them.

SHELLEY

Coffee for both of us. And can we see a menu... please?

The waitress steps away, and Shelley looks around, then at Connie.

SHELLEY

You really know how to get people to like you.

CONNIE

I don't give a fuck if they like me, I just want them to respect me.

The waitress drops two menus on their table as she is passing by.

CONNIE

I may leave her a bullet as a tip. (pause) I think I forgot to lock my door.

Shelley, looking through a menu, looks up momentarily.

SHELLEY

Then you had better take care of it, right?

Connie stands up and exits the diner as the truck drivers watch.

Shelley continues looking through her menu, and then looks up and out the window into the parking lot where they are parked. The car is still there, but Connie has not yet reached it. She rises, looks around, and sees Connie is nowhere in sight. Shelley walks to the door, then pulls out a gun. She goes through one of two doors leading outside, and is looking around through the other. When she is barely outside the diner a cop jumps out, putting his gun right on her head. A second cop grabs Shelley's gun, which she lets go in amazement. Farther off, another cop, with a handcuffed Connie, appears, and leads her into a car. Soon Shelley is handcuffed, and taken away.

((Suggested music for scene — "Sable on Blond."))

INT. POLICE STATION — NIGHT

In the small town's small police station, two cops sit at their desks, one with his feet up reading a newspaper, the other doing paperwork. They both look up, smiling, when four more cops enter, dragging Shelley and Connie, now chained, into the station.

The other two cops rise and open two doors on the left side of the room that lead to holding cells in the basement. As Shelley and Connie are dragged into the darkness, they look up at each other.

INT. BASEMENT — NIGHT

Shelley and Connie are brought down the stairs to a dimly lit area where there are three old, rotted cells. The cops form a circle of men around the girls, and they slowly start to close in. Connie, ready to fight, waits for them to make the first move, while Shelley, in shock, stares off in anticipation. The men grab them again and throw them against the bars of the prison cells, and begin to tear their clothes off. Shelley begins to scream, loud and long, as if reliving that night of so many years ago. Connie struggles, but is restrained, and quite helpless.

Their clothes off, the men throw them on the ground again, and turn to each other. A moment later one of the bulkier cops turns and looks down at the girls. He is in control, the symbol of authority. He points at Connie. The other three pick her up and handcuff her arms and legs to the bars of the cell. The first cop unzips his pants and rapes Connie. Shelley, witnessing this, crawls into a corner and begins to scream again. A second cop goes to her, bends down next to her, and tries to kiss her, but Shelley fights him and only screams louder.

INT. CELL — NIGHT

Later, Shelley sits in a corner inside the cell as Connie twists around trying to sleep in a bed. They are both still naked. Shelley crawls, like a small child, across the floor to the bars. She reaches out, and grabs her shirt, which is ripped, but still wearable. She puts it on, slowly, and when she has, she goes to the wall where the only window is. She looks out it, and we can see the light of another day coming through. Slowly, she goes back to get her pants.

EXT. POLICE STATION — DAY

Outside the police station nothing moves or is heard, until the noisy engine of a Jaguar is heard, and then the car pulls around a corner onto the main street and makes its way up to the police station. The driver's identity should be withheld until later, but make it evident that it is a man, well dressed, in his early forties. The man gets out of his car, locks it, and then starts toward the police station. He walks in.

INT. POLICE STATION — DAY

There are three officers present as the man walks in. The second cop, who kissed Shelley, stands, and steps forward.

2nd COP

Yes, can I help you?

At this point it is revealed the man is Alex, Shelley's father.

ALEX

My daughter is here, Shelley Wolf.

The second cop looks back at the other officers for a second, then at Alex.

2nd COP

Of course, then you must be her father.

ALEX

Exactly (pause) May I see her?