

**WIPWOP**

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FADE IN:

EXT. DAY — PARKING LOT

LUCY, an attractive but not glamorous woman in her late twenties, chats on her cell phone as she walks to her car.

LUCY

What about Daddy? Is he looking forward to his big six-oh party? I was going to get him that book, but then I thought, what about a puppy?

(laughs)

I know, I know, but can't you just see his face when he opens this box and sees a tiny little puppy? Maybe a toy poodle? It would be priceless!

An old service van with nondescript paint, minor body damage, and heavily tinted windows turns into the lane behind her and slows down. She walks on, oblivious.

LUCY

Oh, relax. I won't get him a dog. How about a cute little kitten? You say you're allergic, but you get along with my Kitty, don't you?

(beat)

Don't worry, Mom. I couldn't even afford the shots, much less the pet, and I wouldn't do that to you anyway. I'll probably go with a book, or maybe a nice bottle of scotch. Who all is coming? Did you wind up inviting Pastor Skippy?

She approaches her car and slows, feeling in her purse for her keys. The van edges nearer.

LUCY

Sure, he's your pastor, but dad says he is about as deep as a sandwich, and it's his birthday, right? When he starts quoting gospel, it'll drive dad bonkers.

(laughing)

Oh, he won't say anything, but

he'll be thinking peanut butter.

She sets her bag and purse on the roof of an older CAR and unlocks the door. The van backs in beside her as she opens her car.

LUCY

I'll let you know. Give daddy a  
kiss from me, okay? Love you too.  
Bye.

She turns at the SOUND of a van's side DOOR SLIDING OPEN. A look of shock crosses her face. Something flashes across the screen toward her. A fist? A club? Her purchases fall to the pavement.

CUT TO BLACK SCREEN:

FLOAT TITLE - "THE GARDEN"

INT. DAY - THE SHED

A BLACK SCREEN opens. We hear a woman STRUGGLING FOR BREATH and then MUFFLED WHIMPERING. A faint pattern of points of light appears: sunlight leaking through tiny holes in the metal walls of the shed. Lucy is curled on her side in a heavy metal tub. Duct tape covers her mouth. Her eyes dart about the room. Her wrists and ankles are taped together. She wears intact panties and a bra. Her outer clothes have been cut to shreds while on her and slide off as she moves. Her bag lies by her legs. She is barefoot.

She tries to move her arms and discovers the tape. Her fingers brush over the tape on her mouth. She stops WHIMPERING and tries to SCREAM, then swallows the scream and covers her mouth with her hands. Her breath whistles through her flared nostrils.

She tries to lift her head. Her cramped position in the tub forces her to lever herself up. She ignores the shredded clothing that falls away. She winces and looks at BLOOD from a small cut on the back of her hand. She touches the sharp edge of the tub and shudders. She starts to scream and again catches herself. She scratches at the tape over her mouth but can't get a firm hold on it. She moans in frustration, then suddenly spins and begins rubbing her lips from side to side on the sharp edge of her tub. When she finishes, BLOOD streaks the lip of the tub and drips from her lips, but at last she can open her mouth. She pants for a few moments, then begins tearing at the tape binding her wrists with her teeth.

The duct tape does not come off easily. Strips of it cling to

her teeth and mix with the blood on her chin when she finally can pull her arms apart. She whimpers as the tape takes hair with it, but then her arms are free. She begins working on the tape binding her ankles. It is easier because she can find the ends with her fingers. She jerks the last of the tape away and closes her eyes for a second, then rips the tape from her mouth and licks the blood away.

WOMAN

(very softly)

What...? Where...?

She climbs carefully from the tub, wincing as her feet take her weight. She sniffs and starts to retch but controls the urge. She crouches, listening. We hear a faint RUSTLING OF ANIMAL FEET.

LUCY

(very softly)

Is someone there? Please?

(beat)

Don't hurt me. Please?

She looks around. Behind her, a dark figure looms, huge and broad, with the body of a man and the head of a deer. She screams and leaps away, hurts her foot and cowers, crying.

LUCY

(whispers)

Please—

She breaks down, sobbing silently.

THE SHED - DAY

The woman has regained some control of herself. She stares up at the figure, waiting for anything. When it doesn't move, she pulls herself to her knees and feels around in the tub.

She pulls her purse from the tub and searches through it, then dumps it and feels through the contents for her cell phone. She flips it open. The light sharpens her face and deepens the shadows around her. She starts to punch in a number, then stops, stares at the screen, holds the phone to her ear, and sags when she realizes she has no signal.

LUCY

(whispering)

At least it's charged.

LUCY'S POV - THE SHED

The room is full of grotesque shadows - dim, half-human shapes

so still they almost seem to move. Two and three dimensional iron sculptures stand on circular bases. One is welded to a metal tub like the one the woman woke in. The room is a large rectangle with one corner cut out, leaving an inaccessible hole in her L-shaped space.

She points the light at the figure that frightened her. It is a metal sculpture of an Indian Shaman-animal head on a twisted human body. She spins around, holding her makeshift flashlight at arm's length.

The room is full of sheets of thick metal and metal-working tools: tongs, chisels, hammers, grinders, a workbench. Some of the metal has been cut and welded into sculptures which are mounted on heavy metal tubs. She picks up a hammer and hefts it. She makes her way to the wall and pokes it with the hammer. We hear a METALLIC CLANG. She immediately presses her hand against the wall to stop the ringing and spins around, pointing the light wildly.

LUCY

Oh god oh god oh--

Her swinging arm knocks over an acetylene welding rig. She grabs for it and misses. More CLATTER.

LUCY

Shhh. Shhh!

She freezes, listening for reaction. The cell phone light times out. She snaps it shut and reopens it.

LUCY

(timidly)

Hello? Is anyone here?

(louder)

Hello? Hello! Answer me!

(to herself)

This stinks.

She feels her way to a point on the wall where a little more light leaks in. She checks the phone, shakes her head, and continues. She tries to keep one hand against the wall while the other feels for obstacles.

Iron plates lean against the wall in places. She detours around those.

As she approaches a strange-looking bench, we hear a RUSTLING SOUND. The woman jerks around and crouches, holding the phone before her, and flicks on the phone's light. She sees nothing and waves the light wildly, then recovers herself and continues toward the bench. It is about hip-high. She looks at

it, puzzled. Another RUSTLING SOUND. She spins, leaning back against the bench, and again points with her light.

INSERT

An animal disappears behind a stack of metal scrap.

ON LUCY

She swallows a scream and controls herself, then returns to her circuit of the room. As she moves away, we see a large stain on her panties where she leaned against the bench.

THE SHED

The woman uses her light sparingly as she continues her circuit of the shed. She gets a spider web on her hand and wipes it on her hip, then transfers the stain to her face. When she uses the light next, it becomes clear that the stain is blood, but she is not aware of it. She rubs her hand on her side and leg absently and continues around the room.

The end wall of the short leg of the E1 is reasonably clear of scrap and metal. She finds the track of an overhead door and scrambles to the lock. She strains to lift the door. It doesn't budge. She falls to her knees, weeping with frustration.

The woman pulls herself together. She makes her way back to the workbench and picks up a hammer and chisel, then returns to the door. She opens her phone for light and starts to set the chisel against the lock. For the first time she notices that her hand is covered with blood. She plays the light over her body and sees smears of dried blood everywhere. Frantic, she searches herself for an injury, but finds nothing. She scrubs the blood, trying to remove it while backing away from the door, and backs into another of the metal sculptures.

The figure has been placed on the tub that forms its base and the welding is partly done. The woman collapses against it, panting and staring at her hands. Abruptly, she sniffs. She bends over the gap between the base plate and the tub. She sniffs again and gags.

She tries to see into the gap, but it is too tight. She pushes on the figure and one side of the plate lifts. She holds her light near the gap and points it in, then SCREAMS.

INSERT

Through the gap we see the side of a very dead foot. Pink

nails on rotting flesh.

SHED

The woman drops her cell phone and backpedals, gagging. She comes to rest against the wall and slides down it, sitting with her legs straight out. She slowly pulls them to her chest and wraps her arms around them, sobbing uncontrollably. A flood of urine spreads beneath her. The dim light from outside fades to pitch black. In the dark, the woman WHIMPERS softly, then falls silent.

SHED - NEXT DAY

The pinholes of outside light show the woman as she jerks awake. She realizes that she is still in the shed. She feels around for her phone, but cannot find it. She crawls reluctantly toward the sculpture, patting the floor for her phone, but it is nowhere. She searches a wider area, then stops and stares at the sculpture.

LUCY

Oh, no. No. No!

She slowly curls into a ball with her back against the wall and stares at the sculpture.

LUCY

I can't. No.

SHED - TIME PASSING

The tiny points of light cast through pinholes in the metal walls crawl over the floor, the stacked metal, the sculpture on its base, and the woman, who stares at the tub with fascination and revulsion.

She makes her way to the tub she woke in and pulls out a handful of shredded clothes. She tries to clean herself, then straightens and combs her hair with her fingers. She is breathing very deeply. She fumbles through the pile from her purse and finds a lipstick. Trembling violently, she dresses her lips as though she were putting on armor, takes a deep breath, and then feels her way back to the overhead door. She picks up the hammer and chisel and crawls to the stinking sculpture. She uses the chisel and hammer to wedge the gap open far enough to reach in and fish out her light. She staggers to the wall and vomits, but she can bring up nothing.

## THE SHED

The woman lies in a fetal position against a wall. She is panting, then suddenly holds her breath. In the silence we hear a faint RUSTLING OF ANIMAL FEET. She struggles to her feet and opens the phone. She resumes her circuit of the wall, moving slowly because the cell phone light keeps timing out. She finds a small point of light coming from a tiny hole near a steel post. She presses her eye to the hole and peers out, then gives a HORRIFIED GASP.

## INSERT

Part of a yard is visible through the hole. Lit by the harsh glare of the desert sun: a sculpture garden. Dozens of tortured metal figures buried in sand to the tops of their tublike bases.

## THE SHED

Holding her hand over her mouth, the woman gropes her way as far from the hole as possible and sinks to the floor with her back against one of the two walls that cut into the shed's larger rectangle. She stares numbly ahead. She ignores the RUSTLING OF ANIMAL FEET. Tears run slowly down her face.

Suddenly she comes to full alert. She cocks her head, then lays on the floor with her ear pressed to the crack by the wall. We hear, very faintly, a RADIO EVANGELIST shouting sin and damnation. She rolls away from the wall and lays on her back.

LUCY

(softly)

Who's there...?

Her eyes dart around the room. They freeze on two cameras mounted near the ceiling of the outside corner of the L. She gasps, then jerks her eyes away from the cameras. She climbs to her feet and begins another circuit of the room. As she walks she looks upward from the corner of her eyes. She locates one more camera at the end of the long leg of the L, focused back toward her tub. Between them the cameras cover every foot of the shed.

The woman stands near a workbench. She rubs her hands over her face and glances around furtively, never looking directly at any of the cameras.

LUCY

(very softly)

Watching. Watching...me.

She leans against the bench, half sitting on it. She jerks away and spins, staring at the bench and holding her hand away from her body. She flicks open her phone and points its light at the bench.

INSERT - BENCH

A torture rack. Iron stirrups, chain, barbed wire, pincers, a saw. A bone-breaking hammer. Black stains, some sticky and some dried.

ON LUCY

She looks from the bench to her hand and the gummy blood covering it. She glances at the tub with its leaning sculpture where she bent it partially open and then sinks to her knees and weeps.

LUCY

You poor, poor.... Oh, poor!

She wipes her hand spasmodically on her breast. She takes control of herself and examines the bench from her kneeling position. She finds a partial case of water bottles under the bench and opens one, drinking eagerly. She ignores the red gum on the bottle.

THE SHED - LATER

The woman is exploring. She finds a door partially hidden by a stack of metal plates leaning against one of the interior walls. It is locked and covered by the same metal as the walls. She goes to the center of the room and closes her phone. She slowly turns around in the dark.

WOMAN'S POV

Tiny points of light from the outside yard dot the outer walls and the ends of the L-shaped room. Only the inside walls are completely dark.

THE SHED

The woman stares at the black area.

LUCY

(to herself)

There's a room there.

She flicks open her phone and lets the light guide her back to the door. It has a deadbolt keyhole, but no handle or knob.

She runs her hands around the edge of the door. The gap is very narrow. Her light is gone. She leans against the door, panting. She looks up and sees a dim glow centered in the door above her forehead. She looks around and sees a heavy block of wood. She pushes it against the door and climbs onto it, then puts her eye to the peephole.

INSERT

A brown eye peering back at her. It blinks.

THE SHED

The woman cries out and jerks back from the peephole. She loses her footing, falls on her ass, sits for a moment with her feet splayed in front of her, staring at the door, and suddenly she SCREAMS with rage.

She runs to the completed sculpture, bumping into tools, metal, heedlessly, and jerks out the chisel that wedged its base open. She grabs the hammer and runs back to the wall of the hidden room. She begins pounding on it with the chisel and hammer.

LUCY

Bastard! Son of a bitch! You  
filthy bastard! You...you...who  
are you? Who!

She paces along the wall of the hidden room, pausing frequently to pound on the wall, working her way toward the door, working the rage out of her system.

LUCY

You do this to me? You shit! Why?  
What did I ever do? Nothing! I  
did nothing to you! You think I'm  
a toy! You bastard, I am not a  
toy! I'm a person! You're not!

Exhausted, she slides to the floor near the door, breathing roughly.

LUCY

I'm a hungry, thirsty, scared  
person. You're not. You're an  
animal. Bastard animal.

Her eyes close.

## THE SHED - NIGHT

It is pitch black. The woman whimpers. She opens her cell phone. It barely lights her face.

LUCY

I didn't do anything. I  
didn't...why me?

(beat)

I'm so hungry.

She clutches a sharp chisel to her breast. Closes her eyes. The cell phone light times out.

## THE SHED - DAY

Pitch black, then the pinhole lights pop into existence as the woman opens her eyes. She lies still, breathing slowly.

LUCY

(softly)

You're not going to let me go,  
are you.

Her eyes flicker to the cameras.

LUCY

Stop looking at me!

She rises and walks to the two cameras in the outside corner of the L-shaped room. She throws the chisel at the cameras. They are hard to see, but loosely mounted to the wall. She misses with the chisel, but then she throws the hammer and retrieves the chisel and throws it again.

LUCY

(throwing)

Stop looking! You bastard! You  
fucker! You don't even who I am.  
You can't look at me! You can't  
do this to me!

She doesn't stop throwing until both cameras dangle, broken, from the wall.

LUCY

Look now. Pig. See me now?

She walks over to the door and slams the peephole with the hammer until the glass lens is broken. She sits with her back to the door.

LUCY

Pig. Sitting in there, eating  
your pizza, watching me-

(sniffs)  
 Son of a BITCH! You've got a  
 pizza in there!

She slams the hammer into the door above her head.

LUCY  
 You don't have to do anything, do  
 you? You can starve me out. You  
 can wait for me to collapse, and  
 I'll wake up in that damn tub  
 again.

(beat)  
 Well, we'll see about that,  
 mister pig. We'll just see about  
 that.

She takes the cell phone and hammer and begins a careful search of the shed. She reaches the bench, stares at it in shock, horror. A cupcake sits on the end of the bench, between the home-made iron stirrups. She approaches it slowly, nervously, looking over her shoulders. She lifts it cautiously and sniffs it. She licks her lips, then suddenly throws the cupcake into the darkness, screaming.

LUCY  
 No!

She scrambles under the bench and grabs another water, then fumbles it open and drinks desperately. She rests silently for a moment, listening to the faint RUSTLING OF ANIMALS, and then she picks up another hammer and a roll of wire. She carries them back to the door. Just before she turns the corner of the L and passes out of sight of the camera, she pauses to show it her middle finger. She carries her tools to the door.

LUCY  
 Now what?

She examines the door. She counts the slabs of iron. She tries to move one. She can do it, but with difficulty. She tries to bend the wire to break it. She steps back and examines the problem, then goes for another water. While at the bench, she picks up a pair of wire cutters and a long rod. She stops on her way back to throw the camera another finger.

She uses the cutters to try to wire the chisel to her stick to make a spear, then gives that up and looks at the problem again. Something clicks.

She carefully moves the iron plates one at a time until they are perpendicular to the wall, leaning against the edge of one remaining plate, inches from the handle of the door. She cuts

a piece of wire and wires them together at the top, then uses the largest hammer to pound on the base until they are balanced delicately.

She ties a longer piece of wire from the loop at the top of the bound plates to the door hinge and steps back to survey her deadfall trap. She smiles.

LUCY

Now we'll see. Bastard.

She pounds on the door.

LUCY

Come out of there! You want something from me? What do you want? You want to get laid, mister piggy? I can do that. You want a blow job? Come and get me! Come out!

Nothing happens. She looks through the peephole, then steps away shaking her head.

LUCY

Yeah, you don't want sex, do you? That's too human for you. You sit in there with your pizza and your cameras and you watch people and then you stuff them in your ugly statues and bury them in your garden, that's what you do.

She backs away from the door. She looks at it thoughtfully. Her face changes.

LUCY

I know what you want, you disgusting little puke. I know what you've got to have. Me. Your little toy. I know.

She walks around the corner and gets the acetylene torch. She drags it to the far wall, where the remaining camera can see her and she can see the door. She lights the torch and begins to cut a hole in the outer wall of the shed.

We hear a THUMP from the door.

The woman turns off the torch and watches it. The lock turns and the door opens a quarter inch. The block of wood she stood on to see in the peephole stops the door from opening.

LUCY

Oh, shit!

She runs to the door, crouching low. A heavy weight is being thrown against it repeatedly but the wood holds. She waits for a pause between thumps, grabs the block of wood, and rolls with it away from the door.

There is a longer pause. Whatever is on the other side is thinking. Suddenly the door slams open. The wire goes taut and jerks on the stack of iron plates. A shadow steps through the doorway with a gun.

The iron plates begin to fall.

The shadow man looks up, then grunts with surprise. The plates roll over him with a THUD AND CLATTER. The gun skitters across the floor.

THE SHED DOORWAY, FROM THE HIDDEN ROOM

The woman is SCREAMING and pounding on the iron plates with the block of wood. The upper part of a body is hidden beneath a stack of iron plates. The visible legs and arm are covered by cammie pants and a checked work shirt.

LUCY

You bastard! You fucking pig! How do you like me now? Huh? You still want to play with me?

She pounds on the exposed legs until they are bloody and she winds down.

LUCY

Bastard.

She picks up the gun and heads for the hidden room.

THE HIDDEN ROOM

There's a filthy cot, a folding table with a microwave and a computer, a cardboard pizza box with half-eaten pizza, a 6-pack of warm beer, and a stack of DVDs in jewel cases. The screen of the computer shows an infra-red view of the shed from the remaining camera. The DVD cases are labeled with women's names and dates. A second door must lead outside.

ON LUCY

She looks around with growing horror. She turns back to the

doorway and looks at the figure under the stack of iron. Its legs stir.

She drops the pistol beside the keyboard, steps back to the second door, and jerks it open. The light outside is blinding. She slams the door and leans against it with her eyes squeezed shut. She covers them with her hands.

LUCY

Oh god.

The man GROANS. She looks at his legs.

LUCY

You! You want something? You want help?

She looks around, then picks up a slice of pizza and wolfs it down, staring at the body under the metal.

LUCY

I'm gonna help you, mister piggy.  
(chewing)  
Yes. I'll help you.

She takes another slice of pizza.

EXT. CAR

The woman is driving. She wears cammie pants and a checked workshirt. She turns on the radio and hears the same RADIO PREACHER. She turns it off.

INT. THE SHED - DAY

The lights are off. The shed is empty and mostly silent, except for the faint RUSTLING OF ANIMAL FEET. The CAMERA drifts slowly around the darkened shed. It lingers on the woman's tub. The sculpture of the shaman is now in place on top of the tub.

EXT. CAR

The woman is driving, staring intently ahead. Her expression is unreadable. She reaches for the radio and pauses with her hand on the switch. She turns it on and drives, both hands on the wheel, with white knuckles, listening to the preacher SHOUTING SIN AND DAMNATION.

INT. SHED

The newly-completed sculpture looms. A man GROANS IN PAIN and the sculpture rocks loosely in place. There is a soft THUMP of

flesh banging against the inside of the tub.

## "THE HARVEST"

INT. DAY - LUCY'S SHOWER

Lucy is in her shower. She has scrubbed her skin raw. Flakes of dried blood spiral down the drain mixed with streams of pink.

INT. DAY - LUCY'S BATH

She looks haggard. She rips open a package of birth control pills, punches out four, and swallows them dry. She gags, falls to her knees in front of the toilet and retches, then grimly punches out another four.

She stares at her reflection while she masters the urge to vomit again, then digs under her sink for a douche kit. Her TELEPHONE RINGS. She ignores it and climbs back into the shower with the kit.

INT DAY - KITCHEN

Lucy, wearing a dressing robe, stares vacantly into the refrigerator. Her cat snakes between her ankles. Startled, she kicks at it. The cat retreats, HISSING. She stares at it like she doesn't know what it is, then grabs it and falls into a kitchen chair, hugging it.

LUCY

Oh, Kitty, you're just hungry, aren't you? You're hungry and scared too, weren't you? You were so scared. So scared. You wanted to...to...but you didn't, did you? You were brave and you didn't let the bad...the bad... anybody hurt you. You were— Oh, God. I'm so sorry. It must have been horrible for you. You must have wanted to kill me. Someone. You wanted to kill someone, didn't you? But you didn't. You're a good Kitty, aren't you?

She tosses the cat away. Her head drops to the table.

LUCY

(continuing)

Oh, God. This isn't good. I'm not  
doing this very well.

The TELEPHONE RINGS. She ignores it.

INT DAY - KITCHEN

Lucy sets a dish of cat food on the floor and returns to the refrigerator. She pulls out a package of hamburger and cuts it open with a butcher knife. Bloody juice runs over her fingers. She stares at the juice. She touches her tongue to it and shudders.

A DOORBELL RINGS insistently. She stares into space, trying to place the sound, and then hears a KEY IN A LOCK and her DOOR OPENING. She grabs the butcher knife and holds it in front of her, defensively.

MOTHER (O.S.)

Hello? Lucy? You home?

Lucy moves the knife behind her. Her mother appears in the doorway and pauses, startled.

MOTHER

(continuing)

Oh! I didn't think you were home.  
You didn't answer your phone.

LUCY

Why did you let yourself in, Mom?

MOTHER

What?

LUCY

If you didn't think I was here,  
why did you come in?

MOTHER

I- Well, nobody's heard from you  
since Sunday. I wanted to check  
on...what's wrong, sweetie?

LUCY

Nothing's wrong.

MOTHER

Something's wrong. You didn't  
answer your cell.

LUCY

The battery is dead.

MOTHER

You should always keep it  
charged. I've told you that.  
Besides, you didn't answer here,  
either.

Lucy sets the knife on the counter behind her. She dumps the  
hamburger into a frying pan on the stove and starts poking at  
it with a fork.

LUCY

I didn't have the cell with me  
and I just got home.

MOTHER

You were out of town? You didn't  
tell me you were going out of  
town.

LUCY

It was sudden. I didn't have time  
to tell you.

MOTHER

Well, where did you go?

The woman mumbles something, maybe a curse.

MOTHER

What?

She walks behind Lucy and puts a hand on her shoulder. Lucy  
edges to the counter beside the stove and picks up the butcher  
knife again. She is obviously in pain.

MOTHER

Sweetie, tell me what's wrong. I  
can help. Whatever it is—

LUCY

No!

MOTHER

What?

LUCY

Something's wrong with the  
hamburger. It's gone bad.

MOTHER

It smells okay to me.

LUCY

It's wrong. It's rotten. Can't  
you smell it? It stinks!  
Everything stinks!

She picks up the pan and empties it in the sink. She clutches the knife with unconscious desperation and jabs at the meat.

MOTHER

Sweetie...?

LUCY

What do you want, mother? Why did you come here?

MOTHER

I was worried. We haven't talked in days, and your Dad's birthday is coming up. Ray couldn't reach you either. He called me. He's worried too. We couldn't reach you and we couldn't help thinking about that poor girl who disappeared last month.

LUCY

I forgot about her. I'm not her. You can't make me into her!

MOTHER

I wasn't trying to. I...why can't you tell me what's wrong?

LUCY

The meat is spoiled. That's all. Mother, I don't feel very well. Would you mind?

MOTHER

What can I do for you? You need some aspirin? Some pepto?

LUCY

Just go. If Ray calls again, tell him I'm fine, just under the weather a little.

MOTHER

Aren't you going to call him? He's your fiancé, after all. What did you get your father for his birthday?

LUCY

Mother!

MOTHER

Okay! None of my business. We'll talk later. I'll call tonight. Charge your phone.

LUCY

I will.

MOTHER

Would you rather talk to your father? I could send him over. Or Pastor Skippy?

LUCY

No! Absolutely not.

MOTHER

Unless it's man trouble? Something with Ray?

LUCY

Stop fishing. Just go. Call me tomorrow, okay?

Her Mother starts to leave.

LUCY

That girl. What was her name?

MOTHER

What girl?

LUCY

The one who is missing.

MOTHER

I'm not sure. Amy something. Why?

LUCY

No...I just forgot about her, and we shouldn't, should we? We shouldn't forget.

MOTHER

No, of course not. I'll call you tonight.

LUCY

Tomorrow.

Lucy watches her go, then looks at the knife in her hand. She starts to poke meat into the disposal, then abruptly clamps a hand over her mouth and runs for the bathroom.

INT. NIGHT — BEDROOM

The room is cluttered—a bed, bedside table, dresser, small desk with computer and printer, and a draftsman's table. A mix of fine art prints and drawings covers the walls. The drawings are sweet, cute. Lucy sits on her bed, talking on the telephone.

LUCY

Yes, I should have called in. You said that and I agreed, but I told you, I was sick. Listen to me! I apologized for not calling and I'll apologize for getting sick if you need to hear that, but—

(beat)

Nothing's got into me, Mister Pauley.

(beat)

Fine! I'll see you first thing tomorrow.

She hangs up and stares at the handset for a moment, then sighs and starts dialing.

LUCY

Hello, Ray? It's me.

(beat)

Mom said you've been calling her.

(beat)

I missed you too, but you know how my mother is. She decided something was wrong and ran over here to fix it.

(beat)

I don't need fixing, Ray. I can handle this.

(beat)

Nothing's wrong. I just called to apologize for not being... staying... for being.... oh, shit.

She hangs up and drops her face into her hands. The phone RINGS. She ignores it. When it stops ringing, she picks it up, takes a deep breath, and dials. Waits.

LUCY

Ray? I hung up accidentally. Sorry. You did? We must have got our calls crossed. Sorry.

(beat)

I love you too, and I promise I'd tell you if I needed help, but-

(beat)

Look, I can't tell you where I was. It was just something I was for...had to do, that's all. Something came up. Nothing to do with you. Or with us. You trust me, don't you?

(beat)

Well, you'll just have to.

(beat)

I'm really too tired tonight. Really tired. I- Okay. Maybe we need to talk, but not here.

She hangs up. She's exhausted, but she forces herself to her feet.

EXT. NIGHT - OUTSIDE BAR

The woman looks in the window. She sees RAY sitting at a table in the far corner. He is a moderately well-dressed man in his early thirties-not handsome, but earnest and clean-cut. She takes a few moments to work up her nerve, then opens the door.

INT. NIGHT - BAR

When he sees her, Ray stands eagerly and starts to kiss her. She turns the kiss into a stiff hug by missing his lips, and she pulls away quickly.

RAY

What's wrong?

LUCY

I'm tired. I told you that.

RAY

Your mother said you had some sort of problem. She said you wouldn't talk to her about it.

LUCY

You called her again?

RAY

Sit down, darling. I ordered you a glass of chardonnay. You like chardonnay.

LUCY

You shouldn't have called her.

RAY

We were both worried about you.

LUCY

She probably convinced you I'd been kidnapped and murdered.

RAY

It sounds a little silly now that you're back.

LUCY

It's her second favorite fantasy. Her favorite involves an obstetrician.

RAY

And you're not ready for that.

LUCY

I'm not ready for either. I really wish you hadn't called her.

RAY

Sweetheart, we're going to get married. We agreed on that, so when you disappear for three days, I can't ignore it. I can't just pretend that it doesn't matter to me. Can I?

LUCY

I suppose not.

RAY

And it's natural for me to be curious.

LUCY

I suppose.

Ray sits back, looking at her and waiting. She sips her wine, then takes a deep breath.

LUCY

I was kidnapped and murdered.

RAY

Damn it! You aren't going to tell me, are you?

LUCY

It doesn't have anything to do

with us.

RAY

I tend to disagree with that.

LUCY

Look, it was something that I have to...had to get over before we can be together, but it wasn't a man. It wasn't sexual. Nothing to threaten you. I promise you that.

(looking surprised)

It really wasn't sexual. Not another man. Not sexual. Just something to be dealt with.

RAY

Any time my girlfriend disappears for three-

LUCY

Just drop it, Ray!

RAY

What? You never talked to me like that before.

LUCY

How's your case going?

RAY

The trademark infringement? It's plodding along, but I took a new after hours job.

(enthusiastically)

It's pro bono, but a really good cause. A death penalty case. The prosecution made a couple of really stupid blunders and the defense didn't pick up on them, you know, so I'm going to-

LUCY

Did he do it?

RAY

Huh?

LUCY

The crime. Did your client do it?

RAY

That's not the point, darling.

Death is unconstitutional, or should be. You know that. We talked about it all the time. We're the only civilized country in the world that—

LUCY

(standing)

I have to go, Ray. I'm tired.

RAY

What? But...?

She walks away, looking sick.

INT. NIGHT — LUCY'S BEDROOM

She lies on her back with the cat on her chest, staring at the ceiling and stroking the animal.

LUCY

He's not stupid, Kitty. He's blind, that's all. That poor girl. He didn't see her foot there like she did her nails so carefully, like maybe she was thinking of someone, or just thinking how pretty she would be, and then she woke up in her tub and, and— Damn it!

She reaches for her bedside phone. As soon as it can escape, the cat runs away, hissing. She watches it go, frowning, then dials.

LUCY

Ray? Yes. Look, you don't have to apologize. I just, well, I've had a bad couple of days. I can't talk about it now. Maybe later, but I just wanted to tell you, well, nothing's changed between us. I still, well, you know. I didn't want to go to sleep without telling you. Yes, I know you do. Good night. Oh, Ray? When mom was here, she mentioned that girl who got kidnapped a couple weeks ago, what was her name? Amy something? Amy Collier? Right. No, just that mom mentioned her

and we couldn't remember her  
name, that's all.  
Yes. You too. Goodnight.

She lays back and stares at the ceiling.

LUCY

(tentatively)

Amy. I got the bastard, sister. I  
got him good. I put him in his  
own tub.

She pounds her pillow and squirms around, becoming more and  
more agitated, as she whispers to the dead girl.

LUCY

(continuing)

I did him like he was going to do  
me. Like he did you. I killed the  
son of a bitch. Oh, Amy, I killed  
him. I killed a man. No. Not a  
man. Not a man.

(beat)

Oh, shit!

She throws off her covers, strides to the computer desk, and  
sits. She stares intently at the screen and works the  
keyboard.

LUCY

(continuing)

Amy Collier. Let's see what the  
net has to say about you, Amy.  
Lots of Amy Colliers. You hiding  
from me, Amy? Let's see how many  
of them are missing. Let's see—  
Oh, God!

She stares at the screen.

INSERT COMPUTER SCREEN

One of those missing person websites. The headline pleads for  
any information, any kind of help. There is a reward of  
\$20,000 posted with an address and a phone number, a date  
missing, and a series of photos of a young, smiling, happy,  
pretty girl around seventeen. A link on the page leads to a  
page of messages and photos posted by friends and family. The  
messages vary in tone from hopeful to mournful, but are  
uniformly poignant. The pain is palpable. The pictures, in  
this context, are heartbreaking.

## LUCY'S BEDROOM

A look of horror spreads over Lucy's face. She covers her mouth and dashes for the bathroom.

## INT. PAULEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Pauley is behind the desk. Lucy sits uncomfortably on a chair facing him.

PAULEY

You look like hell. Are you sure you're ready to work?

LUCY

I'm sure. I need to. I think I-

PAULEY

Because Ellie can take over the account. She did a terrific job when you didn't show up-

LUCY

I need to get back to work, sir. I need to.

PAULEY

Graphics are tough. It's tough to be creative, even when you're in top form. I know that.

LUCY

Sir...?

PAULEY

To say nothing of dealing with clients. Especially the Bunny Foods account.

LUCY

Mr. Pauley? Please?

PAULEY

That's why I had to make a few adjustments-

## INT. DAY - ART DEPT

A bay with 2 3-person cubes. Each work station includes drawing table, graphics computer, printer, layout table, whiteboard, etc. Drawings and pictures of a cute little bunny cover the walls. Two of the stations are occupied. TRUDE, an artistic type in her late twenties, is coloring a drawing. The second desk is occupied by ELLIE, slightly older and

attractive in a more studied way. She isn't working, but watches the door to Pauley's office anxiously. The door is thrown open and Lucy strides angrily to her desk. Pauley appears behind her.

PAULEY

Ellie, could I see you for a few minutes, please?

Ellie follows him into the office. The door closes. Trude looks at it without comment, then turns to Lucy, who has begun drawing.

TRUDE

Well?

LUCY

Nothing. I'm unreliable. He needs someone reliable to handle the bunny campaign. That's all.

TRUDE

Shit! She's been working on him for weeks, wriggling her tail at the printer, flirting, rubbing on him. She wanted your job from the minute she walked in the door. It only took you missing one day without calling in, and she was in that office with the door closed, negotiating.

LUCY

Is that what you call it?

TRUDE

He's a horndog. She wouldn't have to ask but once, if she asked the right way.

Lucy is expressionless. She's drawing casually, almost without thinking.

TRUDE

(continuing)

Now she's in there, expressing her gratitude. On her knees, most likely.

LUCY

A girl's gotta do what she's gotta do to get what she's gotta have.

TRUDE

(throwing her pencil)

This job sucks!

LUCY

No, Ellie's job sucks.

Trude looks at her, surprised, and starts to snicker, then kills it when she sees Lucy's face: frozen, intent on her drawing. She's put a small version of the cute little bunny on the pad, curled as if asleep, and she has begun sketching a tub around it.

TRUDE

Well, somebody should do something. We should stop him somehow. Lucy?

LUCY

(tonelessly)

You're right. He's a pig. And we know what to do with pigs, don't we?

TRUDE

Lucy? Honey? Are you all right?

LUCY

I'm perfect. Just a little... tense?

She builds a horrible twisted sculpture atop the bunny in the tub.

LUCY

(continuing)

I'm not sure that's the right word. Tense. Maybe angry. No, that's too, oh, too strong. I don't feel strong right now.

TRUDE

Lucy? Are you feeling all right? Maybe you should take another day off.

Lucy scribbles through the page and rips it off her drawing pad.

LUCY

I'm fine.

She lifts her purse to her lap and opens it. Behind her, Trude watches with concern as she digs into the purse. She lifts the

handle of her butcher knife from the purse and digs under it for a tissue to dry her eyes.

LUCY

(continuing)

Work will be just the thing.

She gives the handle of the knife a lingering caress, then focusses on the drawing board, unaware of Trude's intent gaze.

INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lucy is in her robe, staring at her computer screen, which is open to the missing persons web site for Amy Collier. She HEARS KNOCKING at her door. She sighs and turns away from the screen.

RAY(O.S.)

Lucy?

LUCY

(closing screen)

Just a minute.

She checks her appearance, then looks in her purse and, after a moment's thought, sets it on the floor by her bed.

RAY(O.S.)

I let myself in. Hope you don't mind.

INT. LUCY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

There is a couch, two chairs, a coffee table, TV on a stand, and an inexpensive sound system. Ray is on the couch, opening a large pizza box on the coffee table. Lucy enters.

RAY

(continuing)

I brought pepperoni, double cheese. Is anything left of the six-pack I brought last week?

LUCY

You finished it. I think there's some chianti. Did I forget something? Do we have a date?

RAY

I just wanted to see you. Is this okay? I mean, you have to eat. Right?

LUCY

I was getting ready for bed.

RAY

At seven o'clock?

LUCY

It's been a bad day.

RAY

So get the wine. Tell me about it. You can start with Monday, if you want.

LUCY

(Stares at him)

Ray....

She turns and walks away.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lucy lifts a partial bottle of wine from her cupboard and sets it on the counter next to two glasses. She pulls the cork, sniffs it, and makes a face.

LUCY

(to herself)

You can do this. It's nothing.

RAY (O.S.)

Hey, Luce...we have any of those little parmesan thingies?

LUCY

Nothing at all.

She grabs one of the glasses.

INT. LUCY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lucy enters with the bottle and a glass. She sets it in front of Ray and pours.

LUCY

No thingies, but I found some wine. Did you say you were going to make a discovery on Monday?

RAY

Not make a- Look, discovery is one part of the legal process. Some people tend to hide their assets, and we need to discover

how much the opposition has. You know, property, cash, and other-

LUCY

(suddenly interested)  
Property? You mean like real estate? Houses or...land?

RAY

Precisely, so if the case is going to procede, we need to-

LUCY

But suppose they lie? I mean, suppose you thought a certain property belonged to a client, how would you find out?

RAY

(impatient)  
You just ask at the county clerk's office, or the treasurer. They have all that. I was trying to tell you about discovery-

LUCY

Ray?

RAY

I'm not stupid, Lucy. You're changing the subject. I almost believe you don't want to tell me where you were the last few days.

LUCY

You're right. I don't want to talk about it, and I'm not going to.

Ray stares at her for a moment, totally nonplussed.

RAY

I've been thinking....

LUCY

Oh, no.

RAY

We've been engaged, well, talking about getting engaged, for over a year now, and I tend to think perhaps it's time to, you know...?

LUCY

Set a date? Elope?

RAY

I was thinking more of going public with our intentions. Making it public, so to speak.

LUCY

We've been a couple for two years, and you want to admit, out loud, that maybe we're going to decide to get serious at some time in the future, possibly? Is that what you're saying to me?

Ray takes her hand.

RAY

We could announce it Friday, at your father's birthday party.

(beat)

I do love you, you know. Really.

LUCY

I know.

RAY

(embracing her)

I really love you.

LUCY

Just hold me, Ray. I just need to be held tonight.

RAY

Of course you do. We haven't been together, you know, for almost a week. You have to miss it. Me.

LUCY

Is that what this is all about?

RAY

You can at least pretend you need me, can't you?

LUCY

I really just need to be held, Ray.

(resigned)

I guess I could pretend.

Ray pulls her toward the bedroom, kissing her all the while,

trying to work his magic on her, but paying no real attention to her reaction as long as she is moving in the right direction.

INT. TUB - NIGHT

Total blackness, then a point of light that wanders over Lucy's body, sealed in the tub, threshing and banging hopelessly against the metal, then suddenly paralyzed as the top is peeled back and something light drops near her feet, and then a hand gropes into the tub while she remains frozen, and touches her cold feet, and lifts out the object, which was a cell phone, and the lid over her tub is replaced, and then she can move again, and she jerks awake with a scream caught in her throat, uncertain if she is Amy or Lucy.

INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

She fumbles the bedside lamp on and sits, gasping for breath.

LUCY

Oh, God. Oh, God! Ray?

She looks desperately for him, and finds only a note on his pillow. She reads it, crumples the paper, and throws it. She lays back and stares at the ceiling, barely controlling herself.

LUCY

Oh, God. Amy? Are you here? Am I there? Please don't- I can't go back in there. I can't.

She turns off the light, but in the dim light from her window, she still stares at the ceiling.

LUCY

(continuing)

Why am I alive? Why aren't you?

She closes her eyes, then pops them open. She goes to her computer and turns on the screen. It opens to Amy's web page. She stares at the picture for a moment, then picks up her phone and dials the reward number. A woman picks up on the third ring.

WOMAN ON PHONE

(Barely awake)

Thank you for helping save Amy.  
Hello?

LUCY

I....

WOMAN ON PHONE

Hello? Can I...can you help me?  
Help us?

LUCY

I'm...sorry.

WOMAN ON PHONE

Amy needs you. Where's my little  
girl? Do you know?

LUCY

(beat)

...so very sorry.

WOMAN ON PHONE

Listen, there's a reward. Do you  
know about the-

Lucy hangs up, then sits listening to the dial tone.

INT. LUCY'S CUBE - DAY

Lucy, Trude, and Ellie are at their desks. Lucy is doodling while the other two work on their computers. Pauley appears behind Lucy.

PAULEY

Why are you here?

LUCY

What?

PAULEY

You obviously aren't here to draw  
the bunnies we're paying you for,  
so why are you here?

LUCY

I was-

PAULEY

What are these things? Carrots?  
They're grotesque.

INSERT - LUCY'S DRAWING PAD

It is covered with drawings of sculptures sitting on little  
tubs, planted in rows. There are dozens of them.

INT. LUCY'S CUBE - DAY

Lucy shakes her head, confused.

LUCY

It's like a...a garden. I thought we could use it.

PAULEY

Instead of the bunnies our client is paying us for?

LUCY

Bunny foods. Frozen vegetables. I thought, vegetable garden.

PAULEY

For who? The Adams family? What kind of vegetables are these supposed to be? They look poisonous. But that isn't even the point. The client wants happy bunnies.

LUCY

You said the customer doesn't always know best. Didn't you?

PAULEY

I said if the customer always knew best, he wouldn't be paying me.

(beat)

You better come in my office.

INT. PAULEY'S OFFICE — DAY

He's at his desk, exasperated. She is in the lecture chair.

PAULEY

Look, I've been ignoring a lot of, okay, signs, this week. Signs that you aren't fully committed to this project. That, well, that you just don't give a shit, right?

LUCY

I was sick.

PAULEY

Too sick to pick up a phone? But that's not what I'm talking about. Not all of it, anyway.

Lucy watches him and waits.

PAULEY

(continuing)

Look, I already had to replace you once. The campaign needed someone reliable running it, someone willing to do what it takes, and Ellie was grateful for the opportunity.

LUCY

I bet.

PAULEY

Right now, I'm asking myself if you're even committed enough to stay on the project.

LUCY

I see.

PAULEY

Do you? I hope so, because we're not just talking about the bunny campaign here. We're talking about your future with the company, and in this town, that means your future in the business.

LUCY

I see.

PAULEY

I'm willing to give you one more chance, Lucy, just one, but I want to see a better attitude. Bunnies, not those ugly... whatever they were. And I want to see some gratitude, too. You understand?

LUCY

Yes.

PAULEY

More like Ellie.

LUCY

I understand.

PAULEY

Do you?

LUCY

You want me grateful, right? You

want me to get on my knees and  
thank you, right?

PAULEY

Well...maybe we could find a more  
comfortable position.

(stares at her)

Take a couple hours off. Think it  
over. I'll see you after lunch,  
unless you're ready to clean out  
your desk right now.

LUCY

No. I'll see you after lunch.

PAULEY

Bring a better attitude.

EXT. LUCY'S CAR - DAY

She is driving through the desert, stone-faced. The car kicks  
up a plume of dust. She brakes suddenly and the dust surrounds  
the car as it stops.

INT. LUCY'S CAR - DAY

She slowly leans her head against the steering wheel. Her  
shoulders shake for a few seconds. When she lifts her head,  
she is laughing, but her eyes are red. She puts the car in  
gear and spins the wheels, accelerating, and then turns on the  
radio. She punches the tuner and turns up the volume on a  
RADIO EVANGELIST shouting sin and damnation.

EXT. LUCY'S CAR - DAY

The car brakes violently again. The engine and radio fall  
silent. Lucy climbs out into the cloud of dust. It settles and  
the EXTERIOR SHED appears. The door is open. It squeeks  
faintly as Lucy approaches it.

She stops to gather her strength, then steps forward.

INT. HIDDEN ROOM - DAY

The SOUND OF BUZZING FLIES fills the room. The open doorway is  
a bright rectangle in the shadows. It is broken by Lucy's  
silhouette as she steps in, clamps a hand over her mouth and  
nose, and starts to gag. She backs out of the shed.

EXT. SHED — DAY

Lucy leans against the wall by the open door. She is breathing deeply and swallowing convulsively. She calms herself, then looks around and sees the sculpture garden.

She walks into the garden, touching one sculpture or another as they draw her attention. Suddenly she stops and grabs one, shaking it violently.

LUCY

Ugly ugly ugly ugly!

The gravel raked over its base shakes and she can see that it is anchored by a steel tub. She swallows bile, runs to another sculpture, shakes it, and finds another tub. She runs to a third and begins shaking it, then abruptly stops. She collapses, scrapes away enough gravel to expose the top of the tub, and puts her hand on it.

LUCY

(very softly)

What was your name, sister?

(beat)

I'm sorry. I didn't mean you.

She is on the verge of tears, but fights them back. She lifts her eyes to the shed, then pulls herself to her feet and walks slowly to the shed, caressing sculptures as she goes. When she reaches the shed, she stands by the door for a moment.

LUCY

You can do this. You gotta do this. A girl's gotta do what—

She grabs a deep breath and steps back into the hidden room. She holds her breath and searches the computer table, then the floor. She sees the GUN on the floor under the table and crawls under the table to get it. She holds it in front of her while still on her knees and looks at it, strokes it, and closes her eyes.

LUCY

Yeah, you'd like that wouldn't you. Mr. Piggy. Get me on my knees. Bastard.

She stands quickly and steps to the door to the inner shed.

LUCY

(screaming)

Well, how do you like it in there, Mr. Piggy? How do you like your position? Is it comfortable?

She points the gun into the inner shed and fires until the magazine is empty.

LUCY

Is it a comfortable position?  
How's your attitude now? How's  
your little- Your little-

(beat)

Oh God. I'm sorry, Amy. So very  
sorry. I forgot you were in  
there. I didn't mean to disturb  
you.

She heads for the door. Just before leaving the shed, she turns.

LUCY

I'm going for help. Amy? You  
hear? I'm going to help you.

INT. LUCY'S CAR - DAY

Lucy sits behind the wheel looking at the gun. The shed is visible through the opposite window. The desert and the car are totally SILENT as she lifts it to her head, then lowers it again. She very self-consciously takes the barrel in her mouth. She sucks on it for a moment, then giggles.

LUCY

Oh, yeah. Ellie's got the hardest  
job.

She drops the pistol on the seat beside her, starts the car, and speeds off.

INT. GUN SHOP - DAY

A clerk is examining Lucy's gun.

CLERK

A present, you say? For your  
girlfriend?

LUCY

(nodding)

And I need some bullets.

CLERK

But she's been fired.

LUCY

She? Who? Amy?

CLERK

Huh? I'm talking about this here revolver. She's been fired.

LUCY

I saw a snake.

CLERK

Well, you need to clean her up. You can't just leave her like this.

LUCY

(nodding)

I'll wash it, her, just as soon as I get home.

CLERK

(astonished)

Wash her? You can't just— you mean, like with soap? Water?

LUCY

No? What should I use?

The clerk reaches behind the counter and puts a cleaning kit in front of her, next to the revolver.

CLERK

This is what you need. There's instructions inside.

LUCY

Okay. About the bullets...?

CLERK

Well, she takes a .38 special round. How many you want?

LUCY

One.

CLERK

One...box?

LUCY

Oh, yes. Of course.

The clerk looks at her suspiciously for a moment. She smiles blandly, and he shrugs, then rings up the purchases.

CLERK

That'll be fifty-two and thirteen cents.

Lucy hands him a credit card, then grabs it back.

LUCY

Wait! I've got cash.

CLERK

I figured you might.

They complete the transaction and Lucy turns to go.

CLERK

You kill him?

LUCY

Excuse me?

CLERK

That snake. You kill him?

LUCY

Not yet.

CLERK

Well, you got fifty more chances there, but I tell you what, don't go trying for no head shot. You just point her at the chest and keep pulling the trigger until he's dead. You know?

LUCY

Thanks.

CLERK

And then you clean her up. Clean her up real good.

Lucy's been edging toward the door and finally reaches it.

LUCY

I will. Thanks again.

CLERK

Clean everything up good. You understand me? You don' wanna leave a mess that's harder to live with than that snake.

Lucy nods slowly.

EXT. LUCY'S CAR - DAY

She sits with the door open, fumbling rounds into the magazine one at a time. She finishes and drops it back in her purse, then starts to close the door and stops, looking at a payphone by the shop.

EXT. GUNSHOP PAYPHONE — DAY

Lucy has the phone pressed tightly to her head.

LUCY

I want to report that girl, Amy  
Collier. She's dead, stuck in a—  
I'm not giving my...you don't  
need my name. You just need to  
help Amy. Listen—

She gives up, slams down the phone, and hurries to her car.

INT. LUCY'S CUBE — DAY

Ellie is working when Lucy walks in and drops her purse on her desk with a heavy clunk. She boots her computer and begins arranging her pens and drawing pad, mostly just fussing. She is nervous.

LUCY

Where's Trude?

ELLIE

Taking a long lunch, I guess.

LUCY

Oh.

ELLIE

She waited for you to come back.  
She waited until almost one.

LUCY

I went for a drive. I— Pauley  
said I had a decision to make.

ELLIE

Oh.

(beat)

Did you?

LUCY

I don't know. I need the job, you  
know?

ELLIE

Yes.

Ellie focuses on her screen, typing slowly. Lucy starts to sketch a bunny dancing with an ear of corn.

LUCY

Do you like it? Your job?

ELLIE

It pays the bills. I've got resumes out, but....

LUCY

Not much available in town, is there?

ELLIE

No.

Pauley opens the door to his office. He sees Lucy and smiles.

PAULEY

You made a decision. Smart girl!

LUCY

I suppose. Maybe.

PAULEY

Can I see you in my office? We need to discuss a few things. Your position.

Lucy drops a hand to her purse. Her fingers play with the zipper. She slides it back and forth.

LUCY

Not right now.

PAULEY

Would you rather stay after work?

LUCY

I can't. My father's birthday party is tonight.

PAULEY

It doesn't to me sound like you made a comitment to this job.

LUCY

I...I'm free Monday.

Pauley stares and slowly shakes his head. Trude breezes in with a package.

TRUDE

There you are! When you didn't show for lunch, I decided to skip the tuna salad and go shopping and—

(notices the tension)

What's going on? Are you sick again? Where did you disappear to?

LUCY

I had to get a gift.

(watching Pauley, frozen)

For my da- father's birthday.

TRUDE

What did you get him?

LUCY

Some bullets.

TRUDE

He's a hunter?

LUCY

He might start.

PAULEY

Get a box, Lucy. Clean out your desk.

LUCY

Yes sir. Okay.

ELLIE

Hey! No!

TRUDE

What? Why?

ELLIE

Give her another chance, okay?  
She didn't mean anything.

PAULEY

I've had enough of her attitude.  
She's no better than anyone else  
here.

ELLIE

Look, let me talk to you,  
privately. This isn't right.

LUCY

No! I...I can...make my own case.

PAULEY

It's too late for that, Lucy.

LUCY

Please? I'll be good. You'll see.

TRUDE

Oh. This sucks.

ELLIE

She isn't well. You can see she

isn't well, can't you? Let me talk to you for her, just this once.

PAULEY

If she's willing to speak for herself, I'm willing to listen.

LUCY

(standing)

I can speak for myself.

PAULEY

(holding his door)

Well, come on then.

Lucy looks around the room, then picks up her purse and starts to open it, changes her mind, and leaves it on her desk. She walks into Pauley's door and turns to the others.

LUCY

This is alright. Really. I can do this.

She closes the door behind her.

TRUDE

This sucks. We can't let this happen.

ELLIE

I offered. I knew it wouldn't do any good, but I offered.

TRUDE

You suck too. If you'd said no to him, it would never have come to this.

ELLIE

Yes, it would. He is what he is. Besides, I...shit! If you're so pure, you better decide what you're going to do, 'cause you're next up.

TRUDE

I know it. I'm going to...do something. Damn, this sucks.

She opens her desk and pulls out a packet of tissues, then goes to Lucy's purse and opens it.

ELLIE

What are you doing?

TRUDE

When she comes out, she's going  
to need some—

(stares into the purse)

Oh!

ELLIE

What's wrong?

TRUDE

Nothing. She already has tissues.

Trude stares at the door, then zips the purse and returns to her desk. Ellie begins typing. Trude starts to draw a bunny. A WHIMPER comes from the closed office door.

ELLIE

This is going to be a long  
afternoon.

TRUDE

Yeah.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT — NIGHT

Lucy stands at her bathroom vanity in a dressing gown, leaning into the mirror. Kitty sits on the counter beside her, watching her complete her makeup. She hasn't done a very good job. Tears keep making her makeup run. She isn't crying, just leaking. Her brush trembles slightly as she works. The DOORBELL RINGS. She ignores the doorbell and fixes the makeup. She controls the tears by taking deep breaths. The DOORBELL RINGS again.

LUCY

That's as good as we're gonna  
get, Kitty.

She slips out of her robe and dresses. The DOORBELL RINGS.

LUCY

Persistent, isn't he?

Lucy puts on her earrings. There is LOUD KNOCKING from the door.

LUCY

What do you say, Kitty? Shall we  
shoot him?

(beat)

Where did I put Daddy's present?

She searches in the closet, shakes her head, then finds it on her bed. She picks it up, puts it down, opens her purse, and

takes out the gun.

LUCY

Let's see who's at the door,  
shall we, Kitty? Persistence  
should be rewarded, you know.  
Let's go reward the fucking son  
of a bitch.

She jerks the door open and looks around, but no one is there. As she closes the door, she notices a business card tucked under the outer knob. She brings it inside and reads it by the lamp on her end table.

INSERT BUSINESS CARD

It is from the local police department. Written on it is "Det. Andrew Gomez" and a telephone number.

ON LUCY

She collapses onto the couch.

LUCY

Oh, god.

(beat)

Where the hell was he last Sunday?

She puts the gun in her purse, grabs the present, and heads for the door. The cat tries to rub against her legs as she leaves. She kicks at it.

INT. PARENT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lucy's mother opens the door, accompanied by her UNCLE JOHN, a fit man in his late 40s. Lucy's brother, MICHAEL, is chatting with his wife, ROBIN, just behind them.

MOTHER

Lucy! You didn't come alone, did  
you? Where's Ray? Are you feeling  
better?

LUCY

He's still working. He's having a  
little trouble getting a killer  
back on the street.

MOTHER

What?

LUCY

He had to work late, Mom.

MOTHER

That's too bad. He's such a hard worker. Give me your purse, dear, and put your present in the dining room. There are some canapés in the kitchen, if you wouldn't mind carrying a tray around?

(beat)

What have you got in here?

LUCY

The usual. Keys, make-up, pepper spray, lotion, wallet, gun, tissues, credit cards....

MOTHER

(laughing)

I'll put it on the bed in your old room with the rest of the firearms. Your father is in the den with Reverend Skippy and his wife and Grandma Coletti. I expect they'll be happy to see those canapés.

MICHAEL

(approaching)

After you feed the preacher, you better check the Scotch level for Dad and Granny. You know how thirsty a sermon makes them.

LUCY

Michael, it's good to see you and Robin. Very good. And Robin!

ROBIN

How have you been, Lucy?

MICHAEL

It's only been two weeks, Luce. What could change?

LUCY

You'd be surprised. I'm fine, Robin. How's the baby project?

UNCLE JOHN

They'll be parched. Nothing

drives my brother to drink faster than a sermon, and Skippy could find a sermon in a meatball.

MOTHER

He's not that bad.

MICHAEL

Still practicing. We had a scare-

ROBIN

-a false alarm. It got Mom's hopes up-

MICHAEL

Ours too, actually. But then, nothing.

UNCLE JOHN

What do you bet he finds a gospel in those canapés?

ROBIN

I'm surprised you haven't heard the whole dismal story. It's all she talks about. You must be out of the loop.

MICHAEL

Yes, what gives, Luce? Mom said you were out of it.

LUCY

The canapés!

As Lucy makes a quick escape, the doorbell rings again. Lucy's mother hangs back to answer it.

INT. LIVING ROOM

INT. KITCHEN

Lucy is consolidating hors d'oeuvre onto one platter when Michael enters.

MICHAEL

How's it going, sis?

LUCY

She is almost ready to leave for her father's birthday party when the doorbell rings. It is the cop, Gomez. She barely manages to stonewall him. He leaves her, unsatisfied, and she collapses with Kitty feeling as completely trapped in her life as she was in the tub. She leaves for the party in a state approaching nervous exhaustion. Audience should wonder how much more she can take.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Birthday party. Lucy brings the gun of course. Ray and Mom gang up on her.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

It is the birthday party for Lucy's father. She and Ray have just had a confrontation over the death penalty, and her father decides to settle the matter.

MOTHER

"Thou shalt not kill." It's God's law.

LUCY

He doesn't enforce it very well, does he?

MOTHER

He enforces it in the hereafter. You know that.

LUCY

That didn't do Amy much good.

MOTHER

Who?

RAY

The girl who disappeared last month. She's obsessed with her for some reason.

LUCY

It could have been me, Ray. It could have been me he killed, or Mom, or you. No one is safe.

RAY

You don't know she's dead, darling. She could have run away. Girls run away all the time.

LUCY

She's dead, okay. But let's just suppose. Say she was kidnapped, and a man was going to kill her, and she killed him first. Say she tricked him and knocked him down and killed him, that would be okay, wouldn't it? Because it's self-defense?

MOTHER

No. Thou shalt not kill, dear.

RAY

It depends. Could she have escaped when he was knocked down? If she had any chance not to kill him, then she's guilty.

He didn't say "thou shalt not kill killers." He's pretty much against anybody killing anybody.

Even in self defense? Is that okay with God, or is it just a loophole we wrote into the commandment?

Lucy: "I'd kill him."

Mother: "What?"

Lucy: "I said, if the man who killed Amy Collier was here, I'd kill him. I'd blow his damned head off!"

Ray: "You don't mean that."

L: "Don't tell me what I mean, Ray. You don't have the right. No one has the right."

and then they get into the fiancé  
business.

When asked (by implication) how she changed so much over her  
missing 3 days, she explains the missing time:

SOMEONE

You've changed so much. You would  
never have spoken to your father  
like that before.

I went to one of those seminars  
where they lock you in a room and  
don't let you out until the end.  
You have to change, you see? You  
have to. That's all it was.

RAY

Which one was it? EST?

LUCY

I can't say. I went with a friend  
and she wants to keep it private.  
If I talk about it her name could  
come up. I promised her. Sort of.

MOTHER

Which friend, dear?

LUCY

You don't know her.

He doesn't know and he never will  
because he can't see. Some of us  
are evil, just pure evil, and  
need to die. Need to!

FADE OUT :

END