

CONDITION OF RETURN

Written by

John Spare

johnearlspare@gmail.com
724.712.0937

EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT -DAY

A completely full parking lot on this BRIGHT spring day.

Eve SULLIVAN, (31), tired, haggard, sits ALONE in her car. She closes her eyes, drops her head, struggles, stammers, speaking to herself.

EVE

Oh my...I am heartily...for...

Red damaged hands ending in chewed fingernails, clutch the steering wheel. Head bowed, she opens her eyes, looks towards a large cross at the entrance of the church.

Unable to complete her words, she exits with a duffel bag.

INT. ST. TOBIAS CHURCH-DAY

Eve enters the crowded CATHOLIC CHURCH. Her cumbersome bag STRIKES the door frame, causing parishioners to turn.

One SPINSTER smiles until her poor vision recognizes Eve; every wrinkle in her face transforms into a scowl.

Eve attempts to fix her hair, a senseless idea as she wears jeans, a hoodie, and remnant of EYE SHADOW and MASCARA.

FATHER WHITEHALL, (72), walks amongst the congregation, blessing them with HOLY WATER.

CONGREGATION

...I am heartily sorry for having
offended Thee, and I detest all...

An usher, FRANK GOODMAN, (34), approaches Eve.

FRANK

Eve? Are you feeling alright?

He places a hand on her shoulder. Eve clutches her bag.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I have a seat in the crying room.

He turns to point to one remaining seat. A DROPLET of HOLY WATER flies from the priest's aspergillum, spirals through the air, landing with a SIZZLE on Eve's head.

CONGREGATION

...but most of all because they
offend Thee, my God...

She wipes at the smoking mark with her reddened, damaged hand; surveys the crowd ensuring no one has noticed.

EVE
Where's Hope?

Frank returns his attention to Eve.

FRANK
In their with Missy. Full house.

Eve looks over his shoulder to the glass encased crying room, a cluster of standing families.

HOPE, a toddler wearing a white dress, walks to the glass, smiles, waves to Eve. Her mother, MISSY,(33), struggles past parishioners, pantomimes a reprimand to her daughter.

EVE
Get them and leave.

Confused, Frank is distracted by a LOUD KNOCKING, their attention returns to the crying room.

Through the glass Missy gives Frank a disgusted stare, holds her hands in an "are you going to help me" gesture.

CONGREGATION
...to sin no more and to avoid the
near occasions of sin. Amen.

Frank walks briskly towards his family; the elderly priest returns to the front of the church, his blessing complete.

From his altar perch, FATHER KINDER,(36), a handsome, young priest studies this odd parishioner at the entrance.

From her worn duffel bag, Eve retrieves a cumbersome MACHINE GUN. Struggling with this weapon, she aims towards the altar.

A rain of BULLETS create a scarring trail up carpeted steps, striking Father Whitehall. Dark pools of BLOOD and TORN FLESH BURST form his white robe!

The weapon kicks causing Eve to lose aim, spraying THUNDERING ammunition in all directions.

INSTANTANEOUS PANDEMONIUM! Parishioners scrambles for shelter under pews, behind pillars. Parents shield their SCREAMING children! Elderly churchgoers sit confused.

Stained glass SHATTERS, Stations Of The Cross CRUMBLE!

Eve's machine gun, smoking and empty, drops to the floor. A dazed Eve drinks in the carnage. She turns her head upwards waiting, squinting, whispering...

A beer bellied, balding parishioner, Wayne SHEPPARD, (46), an oversize bandage covering his forehead, roughly TACKLES her.

INT. KITCHEN-DAY

DR. DONALD THOMAS, (51), pudgy, graying temples hums, preparing a meal in a disorganized kitchen.

Discarded egg shells strewn about, mixing bowls, utensils, spilled flour, an open loaf of bread.

His son, D.J., (17), eats Easter candy, watching a skateboarding show through a mess of dark hair.

DR. THOMAS

Faye, come in here and help me!

FAYE THOMAS, (49, bespectacled, frumpy), responds from the living room.

FAYE

I'm cutting coupons.

The headline on her ignored front page of the Sunday paper reads: "Former NY Lottery Winner Charged In Family Slaying."

Dr. Thomas shakes his head, peers at a recipe book, compares the delicious image to the abortion in front of him.

A cellphone RINGS. Looking around, Dr. Thomas moves items on the kitchen island. The incessant RINGING more urgent.

FAYE (OS) (CONT'D)

You're cooking brunch!

D.J., without taking his eyes off the TV., pulls the phone out from beneath the flour, hands it to his father.

DR. THOMAS

Hello? Tony! It's been some time--
No, nothing really. How's Peggy? We
were just talking--

Dr. Thomas walks closer to the TV., reaches for the remote.

DR. THOMAS (CONT'D)

No, I haven't heard...

Rapidly, he scrolls through channels, stops on CNN.

D.J.
Christ, Dad! I was watching that!

On screen, an aerial view of St. Tobias Church: ambulances, State Police cars, fire trucks, parishioners.

The scroll reads: "CHURCH SHOOTING IN RURAL PENNSYLVANIA. 13 DEAD, SEVERAL INJURED"

DR. THOMAS
Jesus...

The screen splits, a female anchor on the left as the coverage continues on the right. Faye enters the kitchen holding scissors.

The image changes to Eve escorted from the church in handcuffs by two State Troopers.

DR. THOMAS (CONT'D)
Of course, I realize---yes,
tomorrow. I'm sure I can---

D.J. glares at his father, stands, storms past his parents.

DR. THOMAS (CONT'D)
Pittsburgh? Tony, thank you,
sincerely, for thinking of me, I
could really---No, no. That could
have went either way---

A still image of Eve on the television screen.

FAYE
Don?

He holds up his pointer finger, the universal sign for "give me a second".

DR. THOMAS
We'll sort it through. Can you
email me what you have? Anything
the media isn't privy to?

FAYE
Donald?

Dr. Thomas urgently SNAPS his fingers three times pointing at his wife, his sign for "shut the hell up!"

DR. THOMAS
Tony? Hello?

Removes the phone from his ear.

FAYE

Who is she? Is she sick?

He stares absently at the television, finally realizes his wife asked a question.

DR. THOMAS

What?

FAYE

Why do they do these things?

DR. THOMAS

I'm flying to Pittsburgh tomorrow.

FAYE

Are they paying you?

Faye watches her husband brush past her, the news now moving on to a fluff piece. Her eyes turn to the messy kitchen.

INT. DEN-NIGHT

Close up of a motivational poster: "How Badly You Want It?"

Other certificates, magazine covers and photos adorn the walls: Dr. Thomas with various celebrities, as well as one of a very AUTHORITATIVE LOOKING MAN.

A bookshelf holds titles featuring "Breaking Down Columbine", "The Atheist Vs. The Agnostic", "Modern History of Criminal Insanity".

Dr. Thomas sits at his desk sorting mail, several envelopes, stamped "PAST DUE".

Opening the bottom drawer, he tosses them onto a well worn book, "Catch & Release: The True Story of How One Expert Opinion Awarded A Killer His Freedom".

He turns to his laptop, an opened email from Assistant Director Anthony Scarpetto. He scratches his hands, cracks his knuckles, clicks "DOWNLOAD ALL".

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

Dr. Thomas selects a suit from his closet. He puts the jacket on over his pajamas. Too large, he selects another, dated but it fits.

Posturing in the mirror, he notices it's wrinkled. He sniffs the jacket.

DR. THOMAS

Faye!

FAYE (OS)

Don, D.J. is sleeping!

Faye materializes at the bedroom door.

DR. THOMAS

Would it kill you to have my suits dry cleaned? For Christ sakes, this thing is wrinkled, and it stinks.

FAYE

I'm sorry, let me see.

Faye turns her husband towards her, primping and sniffing.

FAYE (CONT'D)

It's not that bad. I can take these in tomorrow, I have a coupon--

DR. THOMAS

Come on! My flight leaves at seven in the morning.

FAYE

Let me just run an iron over it.

Annoyed, he oversees as she adjusts the jacket.

FAYE (CONT'D)

It'll be fine! Things always work out, you tell me that all the time. You got that call today. Here, take that off. Where are the pants?

He pulls the jacket off and points to the bed.

DR. THOMAS

Iron me a white shirt, too, OK?

FAYE

Please, just promise me you won't over think things this time.

He looks at her, a mixture of anger and confusion.

DR. THOMAS

It's late.

He turns his back on his wife, enters the corner bathroom.

Reaching for his toothbrush, he looks at himself in the mirror. Frustrated, he squeezes what toothpaste is left from the DEPLETED TUBE. Unable to help herself, she continues.

FAYE (OS)

I know you thought you were right.

He brushes his teeth violently.

FAYE (CONT. OS) (CONT'D)

It's not your fault his lawyer was so diligent.

His eyes narrow, his brushing takes on an even more furious pace, foam gushes from his mouth.

Dr. Thomas throws his toothbrush into the sink. Toothpaste spews from his mouth like a volcano. Faye, immediately remorseful, walks into the doorway holding the suit.

FAYE (CONT'D)

I'm just trying to---

DR. THOMAS

What? Give me a pep talk? You're going to stand there and give me career advice?

FAYE

Please, I didn't mean...

DR. THOMAS

How many years have I been doing this, huh? Tell me!

She slouches in the doorway. Tears well in her eyes. Dr. Thomas, toothpaste falling down his chin, glares. Faye looks for any trace of remorse finding none.

FAYE

You're becoming a soulless man.

She exits. He returns to the mirror, spits the toothpaste remnant into the sink onto his discarded toothbrush.

CUT TO:

INT. DANK HALLWAY - NIGHT

Two uniformed State Police Troopers, the militant OFFICER LINDEMUTH (55), and the cherry cheeked OFFICER MACDOUGAL (26), sit on metal folding chairs.

Lindemuth snatches a Dunkin Doughnut bag from the younger officer's hand.

OFFICER LINDEMUTH
Blueberry?

OFFICER MACDOUGAL
Yes sir.

Behind them, a large picture window reveals Eve sitting at an Old, weathered Formica table.

She still wears the clothes from the massacre. Legs shackled together, hands cuffed in front secured to a waist harness.

This ignored Break room doesn't resemble a police holding center at all. The HUM of a neglected COKE MACHINE breaks through the silence.

She turns her head, looks out the window at her guards. Lindemuth takes a hearty bite from his bagel; spits it out.

OFFICER LINDEMUTH
Fucking raisin! You got me raisin?

OFFICER MACDOUGAL
I asked for blueberry...

Lindemuth takes the remainder of his bagel, opens the door to the abandoned Break room, throws the food into an opened garbage can. Eve watches as he exits.

OFFICER MACDOUGAL (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. You want mine?

OFFICER LINDEMUTH
Where's my coffee?

From the window, Eve stands, hobbles over to the waste basket. She bends down, disappears from view.

OFFICER MACDOUGAL
She hasn't eaten yet. Maybe I should give her half of mine?

She reappears, in the window, ravenously eating the bagel.

OFFICER LINDEMUTH
Randy, you give her any of that fucking doughnut and I'll see to it you get off work with gout of the asshole, you understandin' me?

MacDougal stands, turns to the window, his eyes widen as he sees Eve feasting ravenously on the discarded bagel.

INT. TICKETING TERMINAL-DAY

Dr. Thomas stands at the ticketing terminal, a FEMALE EMPLOYEE checks her monitor.

FEMALE EMPLOYEE

Yes...it has been paid for, but we need photo identification and a credit card for verification.

He pulls out his wallet, hands her his drivers license, proceeds to fumble for a credit card.

DR. THOMAS

You're not running anything on it?

INT. AIRPLANE FIRST CLASS AREA-DAY

Dr. Thomas sits on the aisle seat, laptop open.

He glances up to notice a passenger a few rows ahead: a pleasant OLIVE SKINNED WOMAN, (55), holding a USA Today. She looks in his direction, offers him a polite smile.

He looks to the vacant seat beside him, picks up a newspaper. The front page dominated with the massacre.

Scanning to the bottom, he sees an Old publicity photo of himself, the headline: "DR. DONALD THOMAS, REMEMBER HIM?".

INT. AIRPORT TRAM CAR-DAY

Dr. Thomas sits in the full tram car. From THE WAIST UP, he sees a LATE PASSENGER enter. She is forced to stand as the tram lurches into gear.

Dressed in a red moo-moo, the flabby arms of THIS BLACK FEMALE holds a bottle of Coke in one hand, an oversize cloth bag in the other.

She turns in his direction, immediately forcing him to look at his shoes; the doctor, not about to forfeit his seat.

INT. AIRPORT-DAY

Dr. Thomas descends the escalator. Several chauffeurs search for their expected passengers, but no sign bears his name.

An ANCHOR MAN details the massacre on a lobby monitor.

ANCHOR MAN

Another victim from yesterday's shooting at St. Tobias Church in Glassville is now confirmed dead, bringing the toll to fourteen.

A well dressed black man, Agent MOLCHECK (42), approaches.

AGENT MOLCHECK

Why would someone do that?

Dr. Thomas turns to the stranger.

DR. THOMAS

Actually, that's why I'm here.

Molcheck shows no interest in the comment. Behind them, the OLIVE SKINNED WOMAN stands watching the report.

AGENT MOLCHECK

Still interested in the assignment?

The stranger now turns to face Dr. Thomas.

AGENT MOLCHECK (CONT'D)

Special Agent Molcheck.

DR. THOMAS

Yes, of course. Dr. Donald Thomas.

Dr. Thomas extends his hand, Molcheck studies him from head to toe. They shake. Behind them, oblivious to both, the woman's gaze shifts from the news report to the handshake.

INT. BREAK ROOM-DAY

Surrounded by empty candy wrappers, Eve, still shackled, sits at the table, whispering to herself.

EVE

...punishments...but most...but most of all...

The INTENSE HUM of the Coke machine. From the window, Officer MacDougal watches, disturbed by the odd scene.

INT. MOLCHECK'S BUICK (MOVING)-DAY

In the passenger seat Dr. Thomas studies his reflection in the mirror visor; a red skin irritation forming on his chin.

AGENT MOLCHECK

Did you set your watch ahead for
the time difference?

DR. THOMAS

Two hours?

Molcheck nods, glances at Dr. Thomas adjusting his aged watch. A sly smirk forms; Molcheck reaches to turn on the radio, "accidentally" exposing his Rolex.

MALE RADIO BROADCASTER

...game time is seven oh five. In other sporting news, the trial begins today in Detroit, as former Welterweight Champion Louis "The Beast" Pasi, charged with stabbing his business manager, wife and stepson gets underway.

Molcheck drives past the entrance to the City County Building. Several NEWS VANS and ONLOOKERS kept clear from the entrance by CITY POLICE.

AGENT MOLCHECK

These dogs are on the wrong trail.

The car halts as a SMALL MOB consisting of reporters and protesters cross the street to the court house.

AGENT MOLCHECK (CONT'D)

Vultures. They would give anything for a sound bite.

EXT. ALLEY-DAY

The car pulls between two brick buildings.

A white Agent, SPAULDING, (30), speaking to a UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICER, takes a final drag on his cigarette. Molcheck and Dr. Thomas approach.

SPAULDING

This him?

AGENT MOLCHECK

The one and only.

SPAULDING

Better get him in there before she empties the entire vending machine.

AGENT MOLCHECK

Still?

Dr. Thomas carries his briefcase, follows Molcheck up a flight of decayed steps, through a weathered metal door.

INT. OLD BUILDING-DAY

A few paces in front, Molcheck shakes his head.

DR. THOMAS

What did he mean by that?

AGENT MOLCHECK

It appears slaughtering a church full of parishioners works up quite an appetite.

Dr. Thomas quickens his pace, nearly stumbles into the Agent. Molcheck stops, looks down and behind at his heels, then slowly up at his pursuer.

DR. THOMAS

Sorry. I don't understand...

AGENT MOLCHECK

She's constantly eating. Drinking coffee by the gallon. Add that to the amount of cigarettes she smokes and she'll be dead before she gets sentenced. She keeps cooperating, they keep feeding her.

A professional older man approaches. As he gets closer it is revealed to be the man from the photo in Dr. Thomas' den, ANTHONY Scarpetto, (60).

DR. THOMAS

Tony! It's been too long!

Dr. Thomas grabs Scarpetto's hand, shakes much too vigorously and longer than necessary, a genuine smile on his face. Scarpetto's reaction is not as cordial.

SCARPETTO

Let's save the 'how you bins'.

AGENT MOLCHECK

Sir, do you want me present?

SCARPETTO

Not right now, but what you can do
is ensure those chain smoking
yinzers don't tip off the press.

AGENT MOLCHECK

Yes sir.

Scarpetto descends a flight of stairs; instinctively, Dr.
Thomas follows.

SCARPETTO

(over his shoulder)

This analysis needs done as quickly
as possible. No bullshit, no
fucking theories, just a quick, but
official she's sane enough to be
tried, capisce?

INT. DIRTY STAIRWELL-DAY

DR. THOMAS

I do, but it's still a preliminary
eval, I can't just pencil whip--

Immediately annoyed, Scarpetto stops in mid stride.

SCARPETTO

Hey! I'm not listening to your God
damn preamble. I'm throwing you a
crumb here because Christ knows you
need one. She shot up a fucking
church. On Easter Sunday. Old
folks, kids, a fucking priest. If
we can't execute her, the
Governor's not going to get his
four more years!

DR. THOMAS

No, no of course Tony.

SCARPETTO

Don't you ever fucking interrupt
me! A report. She's sane. Follow?

Scarpetto takes a deep breath, calms himself. He points down
the hallway.

INT. DANK HALLWAY-DAY

MacDougal and Lindemuth rise from their folding chairs as
Scarpetto approaches, Dr. Thomas brings up the rear.

OFFICER MACDOUGAL

Sir.

Scarpetto stops, his back towards the picture window. He points a thumb over his shoulder, inviting the doctor to get a closer look.

The doctor peers into the room, the reflection from the window shows himself and Eve SUPERIMPOSED OVER EACH OTHER.

Her skin color now more normal. Still surrounded by empty candy wrappers, her lips move as she talks to herself.

OFFICER MACDOUGAL (CONT'D)

She went through all my change.

OFFICER LINDEMUTH

And I told you not to piss down her mouth if her asshole was on fire!

OFFICER MACDOUGAL

She keeps whispering.

SCARPETTO

Excuse me, you two experts through?

INT. BREAK ROOM-DAY

Scarpetto and Dr. Thomas enter. The Coke machine produces a low CONSTANT HUM. Eve looks up with a pleasant smile.

SCARPETTO

No need to get up, Mrs. Sullivan, I promised I'd return.

Eve shifts her smile and attention to the doctor.

SCARPETTO (CONT'D)

This is Dr. Donald Thomas. He flew all the way in from Salt Lake City just to speak with you.

EVE

Doctor?

DR. THOMAS

I'm a psychologist. Call me Don.

Lindemuth and MacDougal watch the introductions through the window.

SCARPETTO

Now, we went through this earlier. Dr. Thomas is just here to speak with you as a formality. You already agreed to this meeting. To clarify, you still don't want your attorney present?

EVE

Agent Scarpetto...

SCARPETTO

Assistant Director Scarpetto.

EVE

I told you last night, I don't want to deal with her, or any attorney for that matter...ever.

Scarpetto, thrilled he doesn't have to deal with any legal red tape, smiles widely.

SCARPETTO

Okey dokey then.

DR. THOMAS

Why is that?

Annoyed, Scarpetto's smile quickly fades.

EVE

There's no lawyer in the world that can help me, wouldn't you agree?

She leans forward.

EVE (CONT'D)

I did what you both know I did. Everyone knows I'm guilty. I'm ready to sign any confession you put in front of me.

DR. THOMAS

OK, Eve, then let's get started.

EVE

Does Assistant Director Scarpetto need to be here?

Dr. Thomas turns to Scarpetto, waiting for a reply. Scarpetto rises from the chair, walks towards the door.

He drags the garbage can from earlier across the floor, a SHRIEKING like nails on a chalkboard. He props open the door with the dented receptacle.

Dr. Thomas looks up from his waking pad, shuffles through some files, places a small voice recorder and legal tablet on the table.

His cell RINGS, a Mozart ring tone. Embarrassed, he fishes through his jacket, looks at the screen, "Faye Calling; Answer? Ignore?". He turns off the cell.

DR. THOMAS

Sorry about that.

EVE

You're forgiven...if you don't mind that I smoke?

DR. THOMAS

Whatever makes you comfortable.

Dr.Thomas holds up the tape recorder. Eve nods her head.

She looks at the lighter on the table next to the recorder, then looks at the unlit cigarette in her cuffed hand.

Dr. Thomas, follows her gaze, picks up the lighter, leans across the table to light her smoke.

DR. THOMAS (CONT'D)

OK, before we start, can you sign this waiver please? You can read it if you like, it just states that you've declined to have your attorney present.

He gently slides a paper and a pen across the table. As she signs, her nails look nothing like they did earlier. The red marks on her hands are also gone.

She signs in triplicate, dotting the "i" in "Sullivan" with a small heart, passes the paper back. He notices the dotted "i", writes in his tablet.

EVE

Writing already?

DR. THOMAS

I find it curious that you dotted the "i" in "Sullivan" with a heart.

EVE

Did I?

Dr. Thomas holds up the paper. She beams, pleased.

EVE (CONT'D)

I haven't done that since I was a teacher.

DR. THOMAS

I was going to suggest we start with your husband, but if you want to start with your career, we could-

-

EVE

You mean you don't want me to just tell you I'm sane, that I'm ready for death row? Pennsylvania still has the death penalty, you know.

DR. THOMAS

I'm aware, yes. Was that your goal, the death penalty?

Through the window, Scarpetto stares daggers at the doctor.

EVE

It's much more involved than that.

DR. THOMAS

I'm listening...

EVE

I don't expect you to believe me.

DR. THOMAS

You might be surprised.

She smirks.

EVE

You really want to get into this? It would be a lot easier for you to just write in that little book how normal and unsick I am.

DR. THOMAS

Eve, I spent the last five hours on an airplane. Humor me?

EVE

Did they put you in First Class?

A smile escapes from his lips.

DR. THOMAS

They did. So, are we starting with
your career or your husband?

EVE

Ex-husband.

EXT. EVE'S HOUSE-DAY

DARREN (23), Eve and Wayne Sheppard move boxes from a U haul
onto the porch of a very Old house.

MUSIC plays from a cheap radio resting on the step. Darren an
immature man child, fresh faced, wears a t-shirt with the
Greek letters "Delta Nu" across the front.

Eve sorts through boxes, trying to make sense of the clutter,
discovering a large wind chime: silver pipes hang from small
chains attached to a round black top.

EVE

We talked about this, Darren. I
can't pass this up. Sorry.

WAYNE

Let's pack this truck back up Mrs.
Sullivan, and get him outta here.
No one wants a whiny bitch like him
in their town!

Locating an existing rusty hook on the ceiling of the porch,
Eve sets the wind chime in place.

DARREN

You two suck, you know that? If I'm
still here in three years I'm going
to wind up just like this asshole.
You want that, Eve? To be married
to a Hoopie?

Wayne laughs, attempts to carry more boxes into the house
than advisable, somehow succeeding.

The SONG of the wind chimes RING in the fall breeze.

DARREN (CONT'D)

When did you get that?

EVE

It's not yours?

Wayne exits the house, prepared for another load.

WAYNE

It ain't so bad living around here. Every year you get a new shipment of gals coming to the college, I'm talking young ones, eighteen years Old. They're more than happy to get a taste of life, live a little, sow some wild oats away from mommy and daddy. Right, Eve?

She looks up to give Wayne a sarcastic "you're so funny" face, indifferent that her opinion of him shows.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Then, after four years are up, less for some, more for others, they cycle through again! It's like the greatest gift God could give a man! Your birthright in a place like this. I lost count of how many memories this Hoopie has had with dem hunnies. Heck, if you was single, you'd never want to leave!

Wayne begins the inhuman feat with another load, as Darren unloads lighter items, intent on not breaking a sweat.

DARREN

Well, I'm not single and my cycling through days are over.

Darren sets a floor lamp down, proceeds to perform an exaggerated, hucklebuck stroll over to his sitting wife.

DARREN (CONT'D)

(in a redneck drawl)

Ain't that right, Mrs. Sullivan?

Darren leans down placing a kiss on the top of her head. Eve looks up from her work and smiles. A tender moment, ruined immediately as Darren dry humps Eve's face.

EVE

Gross!

DARREN

Me and Wayner are going down to The Roost, drinking some beer, watching some hunnies and making some memories! Let's go, boy!

EVE

What? Darren, we have tons of shit to unpack her! Come on!

Wayne, car keys in hand, shrugs his shoulders towards Eve as he follows Darren to his Mustang parked in the gravel drive.

DARREN

Don't worry, Evie, I'll be home early, and then it would be my pleasure to unpack your shit!

Wayne chuckles by this comment, waves to Eve.

WAYNE

He'll be good, you have my word.

EVE

Darren, we have mass tomorrow!

The Mustang RUMBLES to life.

DARREN

What's that? I can't hear you!

Wayne peels out of the driveway, gravel pelts the U haul, the ROARING MOTOR trails off leaving only the ISOLATED SONG of the found wind chimes.

EXT. FRATERNITY HOUSE-NIGHT

A large handmade banner hangs across the front porch of an ancient house: "DELTA NU HOMECOMING 2010 WELCOME ALUMNI!"

Several STUDENTS drink outside, laughing. LOUD MUSIC permeates from inside, plastic beer cups strewn across the unkempt front yard.

CUT TO:

INT. FRATERNITY HOUSE-NIGHT

A MOB talks loudly over the MUSIC. The majority are men, ranging in age from their late teens to their mid forties.

A pair of jean clad legs are suspended in the air. The torso of this individual, upside down, hands braced against the top of a beer keg, belongs to Darren.

The crowd worked to a frenzy.

MOB OF PEOPLE

(yelling over themselves)

Fuck yeah!....

(MORE)

MOB OF PEOPLE (CONT'D)
 Let's go sonsofbitches!....
 Represent the alumni you pussy!....

DARREN
 Proceed!

MOB OF PEOPLE
 (singing loudly in unison)
 Here's to Brother Darren, Brother
 Darren, Brother Darren!

Darren breathes in and out, focusing on the beer tap with the concentration of a boxer prior to the opening bell.

MOB OF PEOPLE (CONT'D)
 (still singing in unison)
 Here's to Brother Darren who's with
 us tonight! He eats it, he beats
 it, he even mistreats it! Here's to
 Brother Darren who's with us
 tonight!

The mob leans forward in anticipation, the drunken chorus evolves into SHOUTING.

MOB OF PEOPLE (CONT'D)
 Now chug motherfucker! Chug
 motherfucker! Chug motherfucker!

Eve, smokes a cigarette standing in the corner of the room with JESSICA (23), a homely, chubby girl with glasses. Both hold plastic cups of beer.

JESSICA
 Savages. Every last one of them.

EVE
 Not all...looks like there's some
 new pledges. Tonight's your night?

Jessica follows Eve's gesture and notices some very young Fraternity PLEDGES, obviously out of their element. They wear Delta Nu pledge pins, all standing like stoic soldiers.

JESSICA
 God, they're so young!

EVE
 Sad. Soon they'll be part of all
 this.

As they study the line of pledges, a brave one locks eyes with Eve. He appears to be the youngest of all, an "aw shucks" smile forms on his face, which Eve coyly returns.

Jessica notices the interaction.

JESSICA

Oh my God! Eve! He hasn't even
reached puberty!

Eve's smile develops into a lecherous grin as she flirts from
a distance.

EVE

So? Take a look around, it beats
the alternative.

An Old Britney Spears SONG begins to play. Eve sways to the
music, the pledge watches admiringly.

Loud clapping and cheering draws everyone's attention towards
the keg.

Darren is lowered to the ground. His face, blister red, eyes
watering. He stands on unsteady legs, falling into a
crouching position, hands on his knees.

Triumphant, he stumbles towards his wife.

DARREN

Did you see that? Your husband just
set the Delta Nu invert record!

Eve gives an insincere smile as Jessica shakes her head.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Oh Christ in the crippler cross
face, Jess? Why don't you get the
stick out of your twat and have
some fun? It's fucking homecoming,
your one chance all year to trick
someone into taking you home. Shit,
beer goggles are practically handed
out at the door!

More embarrassed than insulted, Jessica looks downward.

EVE

Leave her alone OK?

DARREN

I know what she needs...

Darren arrogantly approaches the attentive pledges.

Speaking out of ear shot to Eve's favorite pledge, he
gestures towards the girls. The intimidated pledge's eyes
follow Darren's pointing finger.

JESSICA

Can't you control him?

EVE

What's the harm in hooking up?

The young pledge grins. Through his inebriation, Darren realizes this boy is smiling at the wrong prey.

Furious, Darren throws his beer into the underling's face.

Shocked, angry, not knowing how to respond, the pledge stands at attention. Some of the alumni witness what is transpiring, sensing trouble, they approach.

Eve chews her nails holding her cup. Jessica, helpless, watches as Darren throws a round house right to the pledge's head, knocking him to the ground.

EVE (CONT'D)

Darren!

Darren is whisked away by his brothers as he attempts to stomp on the fallen pledge.

CUT TO:

INT. BREAK ROOM-DAY

Dr. Thomas listens intently.

DR. THOMAS

Did he ever hit you?

EVE

Are you kidding? He was a pussy. The only reason he punched that pledge is because he knew the kid wouldn't fight back, and if he did the rest of his brothers would have stood behind him. He never thought about consequences...punishment.

DR. THOMAS

Punishment?

EVE

He never considered anything! He had to stop with the drinking. I was a teacher, it wouldn't be right for my husband to get a reputation as the town trouble maker.

He pauses, letting Eve ponder what she just said.

DR. THOMAS

You were embarrassed by him?

EVE

Of course! Who wouldn't be? He needed some structure. On top of the drinking, at least keeping it to the weekends, and getting a job, he only had to do one other thing.

CUT TO:

INT. ST. TOBIAS CHURCH-DAY

An engaged Eve and bored Darren sit at mass. Darren's eyes meet Wayne's sitting across the room. Wayne smiles motioning his head at an attractive woman.

Darren follows the gaze, to see CHERYL, (29), attractive, pregnant, standing with her husband. Cheryl turns to greet his stare with a sinful smile.

EXT. FACTORY PARKING LOT-NIGHT

Eve's car pulls into the lot. Darren exits from the passenger seat with a thermos, walks towards the glass plant, defeated, preparing for the next menial eight hours.

EVE

Hey! Not even a tip for the driver?

Stopping in his tracks, his back facing the car, he turns, trudges back to the driver's side.

DARREN

Sorry, Evie. Thanks for the lift.

He gives her a small, unemotional kiss on the lips.

EVE

You're forgiven, honey. You're sure you have a ride home in the morning? I have to be at school by seven forty-five.

DARREN

Wayne's working the same shift this week, he'll get me home.

Darren turns back towards the plant, Eve sticks her head out the window again.

EVE
OK....I love you!

INT. CHURCH-DAY

Frank and Missy Goodman stand at the entrance. Missy holds their infant daughter, Hope, dressed in her baptismal gown. Entering parishioners smile at the family.

Darren leaves Eve's side, briskly walks towards Wayne who is chatting with another man in the vestibule.

Eve doesn't notice Darren's departure as she admires little Hope in her mother's arms.

MISSY
Did you bring the extra battery?

FRANK
I did.

Missy hands Hope to Frank, rips through her diaper bag.

MISSY
Did you put it in the side pocket like I told you?

FRANK
No, I put in the center console of the car, like you told me.

She shoots her husband an icy stare.

MISSY
Well, do you have the keys?

FRANK
Do you want me to get it?

MISSY
No, Frank, I wanted you to put it in the diaper bag like I told you before we left the house.

Eve turns to comment to her absent husband. Frank fishes the keys from his pocket with one hand, holds Hope in the other. Missy snatches the keys and departs.

Hope, realizing her mother is gone, begins to cry. Frank tries to calm his daughter. Hesitantly, Eve approaches.

EVE
Think she's getting stage fright?

FRANK
Honestly, I just don't think she
likes me.

Hope begins to cry harder. Eve extends her hands.

EVE
May I?

Frank hands Hope over. Eve rests the baby's head on her shoulder. Cooing to the infant, rocking softly, immediately achieving the desired result.

FRANK
Amazing...you're a natural.

EVE
I don't know about that.

Eve pretends that Hope is whispering to her.

EVE (CONT'D)
Oh...uh-huh...she said she loves
her daddy.

Missy returns with the keys in one hand, camera battery in the other, seeing a stranger holding her baby. Seething, she hands Frank the keys.

FRANK
She just starting crying when you
left, I mean really losing it.

Missy turns from Frank and reaches for Hope. Eve gently hands the infant to Melissa.

MELISSA
Thank you.

EVE
My pleasure, she's such a sweetie.
I'm Eve Sullivan.

Suspicious, protective, Missy responds.

MISSY
Melissa Goodman. And this is Hope.

Hope smiles at her mother and Eve.

FRANK

I'm Frank.

EVE

Pleasure.

MISSY

You're the elementary teacher?

EVE

I am, yes.

Darren approaches behind Eve.

EVE (CONT'D)

Well, congratulations.

Missy gives Eve a phony smile, heads into the church with Hope as Frank follows.

DARREN

You know them?

EXT. PLAYGROUND-DAY

Children play on the equipment. Eve watches, appreciating their simple joy, a warm smile appears on her face.

CUT TO:

INT. BREAK ROOM-DAY

The Coke machine continues it's DRONING HUM, faceplate flickering.

DR. THOMAS

Did you feel guilty about stopping the birth control on your own?

EVE

He told me once when we were dating he wanted children.

Eve attempts to read his face.

EVE (CONT'D)

You're judging me.

He places his pen down.

DR. THOMAS
How did Darren respond when you
told him the good news?

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM-NIGHT

Darren holds his newborn son, MICHAEL, as his eyes well with tears. Eve rests in the hospital bed, exhausted.

EVE (VO)
I'd seen him cry before, but over
stupid things, nothing real.

DARREN
He's so tiny.

EVE
He's a baby...he's our baby.

He carefully brings Michael over, resting him on her breast.

DARREN
I'm going to be a good father,
Eve. I am...and a better husband.

Eve gives a hesitant reassuring nod.

CUT TO:

INT. BREAK ROOM-DAY

EVE
See, I'm boring you?

DR. THOMAS
No, I'm just getting a little
hungry. Are you hungry?

Eve points to the wrappers, soda cans and coffee cups sitting in front of her. She pulls out another cigarette.

EVE
I could use another cup of coffee.
It tasted so good earlier.

Dr. Thomas rises with the lighter. He crosses over to Eve, lights her cigarette, turns off his voice recorder.

EVE (CONT'D)
This is fun, you listening to me.

She smiles.

EVE (CONT'D)
I thought you were hungry?

An awkward silence penetrates the room, making the MUSICAL PURR of the Coke machine seem louder.

INT. HALLWAY-DAY

Lindemuth scrolls through his cellphone, MacDougal has taken a seat, eyes closed, half asleep.

Scratching his hands, Dr. Thomas appears from the Break room. He looks to both officers.

DR. THOMAS
Do you think we could get a couple coffees? Maybe some sandwiches?

MacDougal sits upright, looks at Lindemuth for direction. Without looking up from his phone the older officer shrugs.

INT. BREAK ROOM-DAY

Eyes closed, Eve listens to the CONTINUAL VIBRATION of the Coke machine, WHISPERING to herself.

EVE
...I firmly resolve...

Dr. Thomas enters, strolls towards the machine, giving it a solid smack with his right hand, successful in silencing the song while ceasing the flickering, startling Eve.

The QUIET is deafening. Returning to his seat, he turns the voice recorder on.

DR. THOMAS
What is that you were saying?

EVE
That I could eat something.

DR. THOMAS
No, as I came in. You were talking to yourself.

EVE
No I wasn't.

Dr. Thomas slides the tape recorder closer to Eve.

DR. THOMAS
Let's talk about Michael.

CUT TO:

INT. EVE'S BATHROOM-NIGHT

Eve gives Michael, almost two years Old, a bath. The tub is full of bubbles and toys. Michael seems content, shampoo in his hair. Eve fills a pitcher with water from the tub.

EVE
OK, buddy, Mommy has to wash that shampoo out. Ready?

The child giggles as Eve pours the water over his head. A DIGITAL CAMERA sits on the bathroom vanity.

EVE (CONT'D)
You're such a big boy! Yes you are!
You don't even cry!

His laughter tapers off as she puts the pitcher down on the floor, reaches into the tub, UNDER the bubbles.

The LOCKED DOOR HANDLE begins to shake from the outside. A POUNDING on the bathroom door. Michael begins to cry.

DARREN (OS)
Evie?

Eve quickly pulls her hands out of the water, grabbing a towel from the floor, nervously wipes her hands.

EVE
I'm giving Mikey a bath, hold on,
let me dry my hands.

DARREN (OS)
Don't bother, I'm going to The
Roost with Wayne.

Shamed, she starts to weep, attempts to comfort her son.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Eve sits on the floor, cell phone to her ear. Michael, almost three years old, plays next to her.

EVE

Hey Cheryl, it's me. I've been trying to text you all night, just wanted to make sure we're still on for tomorrow. Call me.

The front door bursts open, allowing the CLANKING of the wind chimes on the porch to penetrate the room. Darren staggers in, plops on the sofa.

Eve's relieved to see him, until she realizes he's drunk.

DARREN

What?

EVE

When they switched you to second shift I thought you would be home by seven at the latest.

DARREN

Oh, come on Eve! Everyone goes out after work, you know that! It's only seven-thirty!

The clock on the wall reads TEN PAST NINE. She looks down, taking refuge in her son's oblivious playing. Unable to resist, she continues.

EVE

I kept him up so he could see you.

DARREN

You could have called me, you know, or texted or something. Fuck it! I'm gonna wash this stink off.

Her eyes follow Darren as he rises from the sofa and stumbles into the kitchen.

He opens the refrigerator door, takes out two bottles of beer, heads upstairs.

Eve stands, slowly padding her way to the stair case. A LOUD THUD behind her, she turns to see that Michael has fallen into the coffee table.

She races over, picking up her hysterical, CRYING son.

EVE
Oh, baby, what did you do? Come
here, let mommy look.
(yelling at the ceiling)
Michael bumped his head!

No response as the CRYING increases in intensity.

EVE (CONT'D)
Mikey, let mommy see, did that mean
table hurt your head? Let's see...

Eve gently pushes his hair back, looking at his already swelling forehead.

EVE (CONT'D)
Here, let mommy blow on it.

INT. KITCHEN-DAY

Eve races around the kitchen preparing for work. Michael, sits in his high chair, a noticeable lump on his forehead.

Darren enters the kitchen wearing underwear and a faded Rolling Stones t-shirt.

DARREN
Jesus, what happened to his head?

Eve continues throwing papers into her satchel.

EVE
My parents are coming to visit.

DARREN
You're kidding? Why?

EVE
Because we have an appointment.

DARREN
Come on! What the fuck?

EVE
Do you have no sense about
yourself? You're going to curse in
front of your son?

DARREN
What type of appointment?

EVE
There's a new priest at church.

Darren yawns, scratches his ass, opens the refrigerator.

DARREN

So?

EVE

We're going to talk with him.

He takes a drink of milk from the carton and belches.

DARREN

About what?

EVE

Us, Darren, us!

She glares at this atrocity, gives her son a quick kiss on the head, refusing eye contact with her husband.

EVE (CONT'D)

Don't forget to pick him up from
Little Lions at three.

DARREN

I'm off today, you can get him.

EVE

(exasperated)

Really, Darren? You should be
spending the whole day with your
son! All you need to do is pick him
up, that's it!

DARREN

I'm going to Wayne's.

Eve shakes her head in disbelief.

EVE

Jesus, just go when I get home!

DARREN

I worked overtime this week, I
deserve to have some time for me!

Eve opens the front door, wind chimes HARMONIZING on the post over her shoulder. She exits, SLAMS the door.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Books and keys in one hand, cellphone pressed to ear in the other, Eve attempts to open her car door.

EVE
I can't, I'm sorry. That asshole
didn't pick Mikey up from daycare.

CHERYL (OS)
(relaxed, yawning)
Really? Maybe something came up?

EVE
Oh, I know what came up!

CUT TO:

EXT. LARGE FARMHOUSE FIELD-DAY

Wayne Sheppard aims a small MACHINE GUN at a row of beer bottles perched off in a distance on a bale of hay. Eve's car speeds up the gravel drive.

He fires the weapon, a mixture of GREEN AND BROWN GLASS EXPLODES in a LOUD, THUNDEROUS display. He smiles. Eve slams her car into park. Michael sits in the back seat.

WAYNE
Hey Evie!

EVE
Where is he?

WAYNE
Oh, uh, he ain't here.

EVE
Cut the shit, Wayne, he never
picked Mikey up, I know he's here.

He looks up to the right, formulates a believable response.

WAYNE
Well, he was here. Said he had to
leave to go pick up the kid. Maybe
you two crossed paths on the way?

Eve shakes her head, both at the response and the image of Wayne holding the automatic weapon. She turns, STOMPS back to the car.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
Eve, you wanna take a shot?

She ignores the question, enters the car.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
Ok...maybe some other time.

INT. LIVING ROOM-DAY

Eve greets her parents, ANNE and PAT, (60's), at the front door. Darren reclines on the floor pretending to be Father Of The Year, playing with Michael.

Eve warmly hugs her mother, Pat puts their luggage down. Switching attention to her father, Eve gives him an OBLIGATORY HUG.

ANNE
Where's our angel? There he is!

Anne opens her arms as Michael wrestles away from Darren, who approaches his Father-In-Law.

DARREN
Let me help you with those.

PAT
I'm fine. Is that a beard?

DARREN
Working on one, deer season starts in a couple months.

PAT
You're a hunter now?

INT. KITCHEN-NIGHT

Anne rinses dishes off in the sink before loading them in the dishwasher as Eve wraps leftovers.

EVE
You have no problem watching him?

ANNE
Of course not. If it's warm enough, maybe I can take him to the park. I know your father won't go.

Anne turns off the water and looks to her daughter, head buried in the refrigerator.

ANNE (CONT'D)
Is there anything I can do?

EVE

That's just about everything, maybe
a few glasses left out there.

Eve emerges to see her mother wearing a concerned look.

EVE (CONT'D)

Oh. No, this is something we have
to work out.

ANNE

Honey, maybe if you just---

EVE

get a divorce?

ANNE

Evelyn Marie! That wasn't what I
was going to say.

Anne, catches her tone, attempts to be more sympathetic.

ANNE (CONT'D)

We're Catholic.

EVE

Mom, I was there, I grew up with
it, too, remember? I saw what you
went through.

ANNE

What we went through. All families
have ups and downs. Come here.

Eve crosses slowly towards her mother, they embrace.

Eve, hesitant at first, almost skeptical. She begins to sob
as the floodgates open.

DARREN (OS)

I'm gonna give Mikey a bath.

MICHAEL (OS)

No! Mommy gives me my bath!

Eve breaks their embrace. Darren enters, Anne facing him,
Eve's back towards him.

ANNE

She's fine.

EVE
(wiping tears)
Make sure you wash all the shampoo
out of his hair this time.

Aggravated, Darren departs.

INT. EVE'S CAR-DAY

Eve drives with a nervous, skittish, quiet Darren. They stop at a red light, Darren looks over at THE ROOST, his local watering hole. He turns to his wife.

Eve's attention focuses on a SIGN promoting BOBBY STEEL'S PAWN AND GOLD, held by a ragged OLIVE SKINNED WOMAN.

DARREN
He doesn't even have a wife!

Eve turns from the human menu board, addresses her husband.

EVE
We're going.

DARREN
You go. Tell me what he says.

EVE
This marriage is a fucking joke!

DARREN
Then leave!

EVE
I'm not divorcing you!

DARREN
Why? You don't love me. You love
this fucking town, and your fucking
job, and your fucking...

Darren stops, unable to end his sentence.

EVE
Were you going to say my son? Is
that what you were going to say?

DARREN
Did you ever love me, Eve? Tell the
God damn, truth!

Eve clutches the steering wheel. The light turns green, yet she is frozen in thought. Cars HONK their horns.

He gets out, slams the door, crosses in front of the car. Head down, shoulders hunched, he heads for the bar, passing the strange woman promoting the pawn shop.

The cars behind her HONK their horns more urgently. Eve punches the gas.

INT. FATHER KINDER'S OFFICE-DAY

Father Kinder leads Eve into his meager office.

He gestures to a chair, takes a seat behind the desk.

FATHER KINDER
Impressed?

EVE
Um, it's quaint?

FATHER KINDER
It's crap. But once Father Whitehall is introduced to Saint Peter, which between us could be any day now, I get his office. You know he has cable t.v. in there?

EVE
So that's where the money goes?

FATHER KINDER
Guilty.

EVE
He wouldn't come, Father.

Kinder gives her an over the top cold stare, pointing at a name plate on his desk that reads "CALL ME DAN".

EVE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. Dan.

FATHER KINDER
Priests freak him out a bit?

Eve's face reddens. Kinder pulls out a fresh deck of PLAYING CARDS. Methodically, he unwraps the packaging.

EVE
Marriage freaks him out.

FATHER KINDER
Married young, huh?

EVE

Not the smartest choice, I'm sure.

He places two cards on edge, lays another across the top.

FATHER KINDER

That's OK, don't beat yourself up. I was all of twenty-seven when I was ordained, just a kid. But you know, the church was desperate for priests. Still are. I got a signing bonus and an Escalade.

EVE

Really?

He chuckles, continues the process with three more cards.

FATHER KINDER

You have to wonder, how much can you really know about yourself when you're young, not to mention truly knowing another person?

Eve nods agreeing with this logic, yet distracted by the construction process of the cards.

FATHER KINDER (CONT'D)

We make decisions, some right, some wrong, some we just can't categorize yet. These decisions, how you react to them, they shape who we become.

EVE

Dan?

FATHER KINDER

These? A little hobby of mine. Here.

He hands her three cards.

FATHER KINDER (CONT'D)

Go ahead, build them just like this, right beside mine.

She laughs softly.

FATHER KINDER (CONT'D)

Here's how I see it. You and...

EVE

Darren.

Eve smiles, as the first level of their joint house of cards begins to take shape.

FATHER KINDER

You and Darren made a choice, you struggle every day to make this marriage work. I'm sure during Pre-Cana classes they warned you it wouldn't be easy.

He gives her a moment to reflect.

FATHER KINDER (CONT'D)

As a Catholic there are some things you just don't do. You don't eat meat on Friday's, at least during Lent, you don't kill yourself, you admit your sins, you honor your penance, and you certainly don't get divorced.

EVE

You sound like my mother.

FATHER KINDER

For about four grand, a few signatures and the promise of a home cooked meal, you can decide to have your marriage annulled. So, you have that going for you. Look, if you feel you've made a mistake you can get a divorce. Or, you could murder him, then ask for forgiveness.

He waits to see if Eve will acknowledge his bad joke. She does with a polite smile. He points to the rising second level of cards. Nervously, with care, she proceeds.

FATHER KINDER (CONT'D)

Maybe your marriage is going through this difficult time for a reason. Maybe, it's not as bad as you think. Maybe it's all part of what is making you...you.

Eve works on the right side of the second level. The priest moves onto the left of the third level.

FATHER KINDER (CONT'D)

It's all about what you want, what you believe. God is very forgiving, he knows we're not perfect.

(MORE)

FATHER KINDER (CONT'D)
That's why he accepts us back into
the fold when we ask for
forgiveness.

With more confidence, Eve constructs the third level.

FATHER KINDER (CONT'D)
I will say, though, it seems to me
that most people give up way too
easily. They can't wait for the
cookies to be finished baking, so
they take them out with five
minutes to go, and the dough is
just a little too raw, too chewy.
If they were only patient, let them
cook for those extra five minutes,
they could have had the best
cookies they've ever eaten, but
they would never know.

With the steadiest of hands, Kinder begins the fourth level,
only to see the entire creation collapse. Eve frowns.

FATHER KINDER (CONT'D)
Sorry. Let's start over.

INT. BREAK ROOM-DAY

EVE
Do you think I can stand up for a
minute or two, stretch my legs?

DR. THOMAS
Do you have enough slack to stand?

EVE
To stand, yes, to stretch, no.

INT. HALLWAY-DAY

Lindemuth reclines in the chair, eyes closed.

DR. THOMAS
She's getting a little stiff, wants
to stretch a bit, could you?

Slowly, the officer opens one eye.

LINDEMUTH
A little stiff, huh? Last I heard,
there were fourteen stiffs
stretched out in a morgue.

DR. THOMAS

Look, she just wants to stretch.

LINDEMUTH

Really? So you wouldn't mind if I shoot her if she so much as farts?

DR. THOMAS

It won't come to that.

Lindemuth stands, looks Dr. Thomas in the eye.

LINDEMUTH

Ever been wrong before, doc?

INT. BREAK ROOM-DAY

Lindemuth enters the room all business, kneels near Eve's legs. He looks up at her with rays of contempt.

LINDEMUTH

I'm going to unlock these leg irons. You are not gonna move, not even an inch. Then, I'm going to stand up and walk towards that doorway. At that point, you're very slowly and displaying an enormous amount of lethargy, rise. I'm gonna let you take three small steps backwards. Your universe is that three feet. You wanna stretch your legs, that's the space you got.

Eve nods. Lindemuth unlocks the shackles. She stays still. He slowly moves backwards towards the doorway.

She waits for a moment, then gently rises to her feet. Diligently following the instructions, she moves three steps backwards, letting out a sigh.

Dr. Thomas returns to his chair, studying his notes, clawing at his itchy wrists and forearms. Eve walks in a circle, hands chained to her waist belt.

As she turns away from the officer, he see a large BLOOD STAIN trailing down the back of her thigh, covering the bottom of her hoodie, down to the ass of her jeans.

Lindemuth quickly draws his gun, aims it at Eve. Startled, Dr. Thomas looks up.

LINDEMUTH (CONT'D)

Do not move!

Dr. Thomas rises from his chair. Eve, frozen.

LINDEMUTH (CONT'D)
Stay right there, doc. She's
bleeding all over her ass.

DR. THOMAS
I'm going to look, OK? Can I look?

LINDEMUTH
Slowly, Doc, do not fuck with me!

The gun still pointed at Eve, Dr. Thomas creeps closer.

EVE
I'm bleeding?

DR. THOMAS
You're spotting. It's her period.

LINDEMUTH
Gross...

Eve smiles, tears form in her eyes.

EVE
Really?

EXT. ALLEY-DAY

Dr. Thomas opens the doorway into the alley. MacDougal, precariously holding two carry trays of coffee, approaches Agent Molcheck & Scarpetto.

Officers swarm the trays like wolves on fresh meat. Out of earshot Dr. Thomas sees Molcheck speaking with Scarpetto.

Scarpetto heads to the doorway, removes his coffee lid.

SCARPETTO
Short of the disgusting
menstruation mess, we coming along?

DR. THOMAS
She's getting cleaned up now.

Steam rises from his cup, so hot it could be boiling. MacDougal approaches, hands Dr. Thomas two coffees.

OFFICER MACDOUGAL
Sorry it took me so long, but there
was some strange news lady trying
to ask me questions.

SCARPETTO

See that? We gotta finish this up.

DR. THOMAS

I understand the time element we're working with here, Tony, I do. You know, she's very smart.

SCARPETTO

Smart? How about just writing the word "sane" on the file?

Scarpetto, inhumanely guzzles his scalding coffee, turns and eyeballs MacDougal.

SCARPETTO (CONT'D)

Son, come on, the grown ups are talking here.

Scarpetto continues as MacDougal departs. He puts an arm on Dr. Thomas' shoulder, gently directs him down the alley, out of view of the other officers.

SCARPETTO (CONT'D)

Let me make this clear, again, I don't care. This whole clandestine meeting, it's nothing more than a formality. You do get that, right?

DR. THOMAS

Tony, I appreciate the situation.--

SCARPETTO

Shut up. I'm doing you a favor, asshole, and to tell you the truth, I can't for the life of me figure out why you came to mind.

DR. THOMAS

I said I'm grateful, but there's something--

Steaming coffee in his left hand, Scarpetto SLAPS Dr. Thomas with his right. Scalding coffee from the two cups in the doctor's hands spray from the closed lids.

DR. THOMAS (CONT'D)

Tony!

Scarpetto SLAPS him again!

SCARPETTO

You've had that coming for five years.

Scarpetto takes another chug of his boiling coffee. Dr. Thomas' hands tremble, causing more coffee to spill from the closed lids.

SCARPETTO (CONT'D)

You fucked up, now you gotta make things right. She's sane, Doctor, end of story.

Scarpetto tilts his head back to finish the last drop. Dr. Thomas, amazed not only by the ass reaming, but by the fact that anyone could down a boiling cup of coffee so quickly.

INT. BREAK ROOM-DAY

Dr. Thomas enters the room with the coffees. The HUM of the Coke machine has returned. He looks at his voice recorder, ensuring it was recording during his absence.

Again shackled, wrapped in a blue moving quilt. She accepts the sloppy Styrofoam cup, stains over the sides and lid.

DR. THOMAS

Sorry, I tripped coming down the stairs. You all cleaned up?

EVE

As best I could. No feminine products, but someone didn't honor and return the property of U-Haul.

Dr.Thomas takes his seat.

DR. THOMAS

We left off with Father Kinder.

EVE

Is he alive?

DR. THOMAS

I'm not sure.

EVE

They were all Catholic. They should be fine.

He shrugs. Dead silence, except for the returned intermittent DRONING of the Coke machine.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLAYGROUND-DAY

Eve sits on a bench with Cheryl. Michael and another young girl, OLIVIA, (5), play on a see-saw.

EVE

Michael, not so hard, OK? You and Olivia don't want to fall off.

CHERYL

So, anyway, you know how you can tell when a guy is trying to picture you naked?

EVE

Years ago....

CHERYL

Right? So, I know he was, and I have to tell you, usually, I wouldn't care who it was, I would be flattered, you know? Why shouldn't I be? But this guy was really skeeving me out.

EVE

Well, sure...

CHERYL

So I made up some story to get out of there, I may have been rude even, but I didn't care, you know?

EVE

Sometimes you---

CHERYL

But here's the best part! It was a week later, Chad and I were at mass with Liv, and I could just tell someone was staring at me, you know that feeling you get when---

A LOUD THUD. Michael's crying stops the gossip short. Eve and Cheryl race to the toddlers.

EVE

Mikey, what happened? Are you OK?

MICHAEL

She dropped me! Ow! Mommy!

CHERYL

Olivia!

EVE
Cheryl, it wasn't her fault.

MICHAEL
Yes it was!

OLIVIA
I just wanted off.

EVE
Where does it hurt, show mommy.

MICHAEL
Right here.

Michael points to his groin.

EVE
Let's go home and put ice on it.

MICHAEL
No!

EVE
We'll get a band aid, too, OK?

MICHAEL
Kiss it!

EVE
Oh, come on Mikey..

MICHAEL
Kiss it like you do!

Eve, flustered, looks up at a disturbed Cheryl.

EVE
He'll be fine.

MICHAEL
No I won't! Kiss it!

CHERYL
Livy, let's go.

Eve pulls Michael up meeting Cheryl's awkward stare.

OLIVIA
Bye, Mikey. Sorry.

She watches Cheryl and Olivia walk away, attempting to console her hysterical son.

EVE
I'll call you later, OK?

Cheryl doesn't respond as she leads Olivia away.

INT. KITCHEN-NIGHT

EVE (OS)
...who art all-good, and deserving
of all my love...

Eve, tear stained eyes, sits at the table, laptop open to a website on Catholic confession. She doesn't hear the front door open.

EVE (CONT'D)
...I firmly resolve, with the help
of Thy grace, to sin no more--

Darren, full beard, enters, on a mission, looking first in the living room, then the kitchen, shouting for his target.

DARREN
Eve!

She quickly rises from the table, leaving her laptop open, exiting the kitchen where she CRASHES into him.

EVE
Jesus, Darren, Mikey's sleeping!

DARREN
Fuck that! Do you know what's going
around? This entire town thinks
you're some kind of pervert!

EVE
What? Whoa, who said that? Wayne?
He thinks I'm a pervert?

DARREN
Aren't you listening? It wasn't
Wayne! The entire fucking town is
talking about you!

Eve loses some of the fire in her conviction, quickly scrambles to gain the upper hand.

EVE
You're drunk...again!

He makes his way past Eve into the kitchen, opens the refrigerator, snatches a beer. He takes a long swig, all the while glaring at his wife.

DARREN

You tell me why I don't just take him and head to Jersey?

EVE

Take who?

DARREN

(imitating Eve)

"Take who?" Who the hell you think?

EVE

You're not taking Michael anywhere!

DARREN

Why did I ever let you get me stuck in this fucking cesspool, huh?

EVE

What are you talking about?

DARREN

You molesting my son?

Flustered, she looks in disbelief. Darren gets in her face.

DARREN (CONT'D)

You're molesting Michael!

Eve, silent, hurt, confused.

DARREN (CONT'D)

How could I not fucking see this?

EVE

You're a sick fucking asshole!

She punches Darren hard several times in the chest. Furious, he grabs her wrists, looking her dead in the eye.

DARREN

Kissing his privates?

A wave of recognition envelops Eve's eyes as she quickly realizes the source of Darren's information.

EVE

You're having an affair!

From the top of the stairs Michael's voice.

MICHAEL (OS)

Mommy?

EVE

I'm coming right up, baby.

She wrestles away from Darren.

EVE (CONT'D)

Get the fuck out of this house,
now! You leave tonight!

Darren tries to step past Eve, as she blocks him from reaching the stairs.

She races up the stairs, snatching Michael in one fell swoop, leaving Darren standing at the bottom.

He throws his bottle up the stairs, storms to the kitchen where Eve's open laptop sits on the table.

EXT. PORCH-DAY

On the porch stands SHERIFF PALMER (60) a silver haired man with a matching mustache, accompanied by MS. TAYLOR, (42) an overweight black woman, wearing a business suit.

The front door opens to Eve in her robe, a concerned look on her face. Michael peers from behind her hip, clad only in Spongebob underwear.

The wind chimes CLANK from the breeze predicting an approaching storm.

EVE

Can I help you?

SHERIFF PALMER

Mrs. Sullivan?

EVE

Yes.

SHERIFF PALMER

I'm Sheriff Palmer, this is Ms. Taylor from Children Youth Services. Can we come in?

Eve clutches her robe, her expression changes from confusion, to concern, and rapidly to fear.

SHERIFF PALMER (CONT'D)

Please ma'am?

INT. LIVING ROOM-DAY

Eve opens the door wider as the visitors enter. The sheriff drinks in the area from his position just inside the door. Michael clutches his mother's leg.

MS. TAYLOR
Hello, Mrs. Sullivan.

EVE
Is this about Darren?

SHERIFF PALMER
Let's talk in there.

The sheriff points towards the living room.

EVE
Sure, come on Mikey.

They enter the living room. Eve's laptop rests on the floor surrounded by empty beer bottles. Instinctively Eve attempts to gather as many of the empties as possible.

SHERIFF PALMER
Don't do that.

Eve looks up, embarrassed and confused.

EVE
He always leaves a mess for me.

SHERIFF PALMER
Ms. Taylor, do you mind taking the boy in the kitchen over there?

MS. TAYLOR
Come with me honey.

MICHAEL
Mommy?

EVE
It's OK, Mikey. Ms. Taylor is going to get you something to eat. He hasn't eaten yet, we got up late, do you mind?

MICHAEL
Pancakes?

MS. TAYLOR
Sure thing, I make the best pancakes this end of the state.

Eve, hands full of empty beer bottles, looks on as Ms. Taylor leads the child by the hand to the kitchen.

SHERIFF PALMER
Put those down right there.

She places the bottles in a pile on the floor.

EVE
What did he do?

SHERIFF PALMER
There's been some very serious
allegations made against you.

Eve stares blankly at the Sheriff.

EVE
I can explain that.

SHERIFF PALMER
Is that your computer?

EVE
Why?

The sheriff takes out his handcuffs.

SHERIFF PALMER
Let's do this nicely, OK. You
cooperate with me and your son
won't see any of this.

Eve attempts to speak, but nothing comes out. The sheriff turns her, softly attaches the cuffs.

CUT TO:

INT. BREAK ROOM-DAY

Dr. Thomas, blotches forming on his cheeks, listens over the now SLOWLY DYING WAIL of the Coke machine. Eve takes a sip of her coffee, stops and stares at him.

EVE
You're not drinking your coffee.

DR. THOMAS
I've had better.

EVE
Mine is delicious.

With unsteady hands, she pulls out another cigarette. Like a Pavlovian dog, he rises, leaning across to light her smoke. She notices the skin irritation on his hands.

DR. THOMAS

I understand there were also some pictures on your computer?

EVE

The whole thing was a fucking railroad job. Who doesn't have pictures of their children?

DR. THOMAS

I understand the majority of the photos weren't of Michael.

EVE

You understand wrong.

DR. THOMAS

Why didn't you take the plea deal?

She nervously takes a drag off of her cigarette.

EVE

I didn't deserve to be punished! I didn't do anything.

DR. THOMAS

You really thought a trial was the better option?

EVE

Absolutely, and it would've been, if they didn't lie under oath.

CUT TO:

INT. COURT ROOM-DAY

The polished District Attorney, DAVID ADAMS, (43), addresses the JURORS, in the crowded courtroom. A peculiar female juror with OLIVE SKIN listens intently.

Eve sits at the defendant's table with her counsel, ATTORNEY SUSAN BERGER (58), a battle scarred warrior, exuding confidence and accomplishment.

It's not the first dance for the presiding judge either, JUDGE MARKS, (68) Old, weathered with pure white hair.

ADAMS

The prosecution calls Jessica
Fowler to the stand.

Jessica, Eve's friend from the party, takes the stand.

Darren, sporting a full beard, morose and solemn, sits in the
courtroom, Cheryl directly beside him, clutching hands, both
stare at Eve as she watches Jessica being sworn in.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE OF JESSICA AND DARREN'S TESTIMONY

ADAMS

Would it be correct to say that you
know the defendant very well?

JESSICA

We were roommates from our second
semester, freshman year.

CUT TO:

Darren, fields Berger's questions.

BERGER

So, Mr. Sullivan, you expect the
court to believe that your wife,
the defendant, went out into
cyberspace, with all of her free
time teaching at the school,
raising your son basically by
herself, and collected these
pornographic images of children.

DARREN

She did. And she took disgusting
pictures of my son!

CUT TO:

ADAMS

You lived with her over the span of
three and a half years? Except of
course, semester breaks, some
months over the summer?

JESSICA

Yes. We did go on breaks together, too. One summer she came to stay with my family.

ADAMS

And how many people did your family consist of?

JESSICA

Me, my brother, my sister and my mother.

CUT TO:

BERGER

And you wouldn't have been able to download these pictures yourself?

DARREN

I don't know how to do that stuff.

BERGER

You mean to tell the court you don't even have the simple skill set to collect photos from the internet? Is that because most of your time was spent getting drunk?

ADAMS

Objection!
(to Judge Marks)
How is this relevant?

JUDGE MARKS

Ms. Berger?

BERGER

We intend to show that Mr. Sullivan's character is much more suspect than the defendant's, proving that the evidence, discovered illegally in the opinion of the defense---

JUDGE MARKS

(pounding his gavel)
Ms. Berger, we have been through the validity of the evidence prior, several times.

(to the stenographer)
Strike Ms. Berger's last comments from the record.

(MORE)

JUDGE MARKS (CONT'D)
Mr. Adams, your objection is
sustained. Move on to your next
point.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOME SWIMMING POOL - DAY

ADAMS (VO)
The summer the defendant spent at
your house, how old were your
siblings at that time?

JESSICA (VO)
My brother would have been sixteen,
and my sister fourteen.

Jessica and Eve sunbathe on chaise lounges. Jessica's
brother, SAMMY, plays in the pool with MANDY.

ADAMS (VO)
How was the Summer? Was it relaxing
as Break should be for students?

JESSICA (VO)
It started out fine, but about a
week in my mom asked me, made me,
tell Eve she had to leave.

ADAMS (VO)
That doesn't sound very hospitable.
What could have prompted your
mother to rescind the invitation?

Eve lifts her sunglasses to get a better look at Sammy, as
Jessica, oblivious, listens to her iPod.

JESSICA (VO)
My mother found Eve and Sammy.

ADAMS (VO)
Sammy?

JESSICA (VO)
My brother. My mom caught them in
the garage.

CUT TO:

INT. COURT ROOM-DAY

The D.A. proceeds to question Darren.

ADAMS

Do you recall when and how you discovered the pornography on the defendant's computer?

DARREN

Well, she was really upset with me. I came home from work one night, depressed. Everyone was talking about the fact that---

BERGER

Objection! It's not the place of the witness to deem what is fact and what is speculation.

JUDGE MARKS

Sustained. Mr. Sullivan, please refrain from stating your opinion or what you perceive to be fact.

DARREN

I came home, Eve was mad when I told her what I heard at work.

Darren looks to the judge for verification. Judge Marks nods.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN-NIGHT

DARREN (VO)

She got angry...defensive. She stormed upstairs. I didn't want to believe it.

Darren stands at the bottom of the stairs as Eve scrambles to the top, scoops Mikey up and enters the bedroom. Darren hurls a beer bottle up the stairs.

He enters the kitchen, takes a fresh beer from the refrigerator, notices the open laptop. He snatches the computer, exits the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Through blurry, bloodshot eyes, Darren grimaces as he studies the computer screen.

CUT TO:

INT. COURT ROOM-DAY

Jessica, very uncomfortable, blushing, continues her testimony.

JESSICA

She was giving Sammy a blow job.

ADAMS

Oral sex? Being performed on a young boy of the tender age of sixteen? And how Old was Mrs. Sullivan at this time?

JESSICA

She was twenty-one.

DR. THOMAS (V0)

Was that true?

CUT TO:

INT. BREAK ROOM-DAY

Eve waves the question off with her hand.

EVE

Don, Sam was almost seventeen, and she lied, I was still twenty. We were just kids doing what kids do. Jess's mom really overreacted. That makes me a bad person?

She drags her cigarette to the filter. Pulling out another, she stares at him, holding her new cigarette in the air.

EVE (CONT'D)

Do you mind?

Reddening hands slide the lighter across the table.

The ashtray overfilled, Eve drops the remnant of her lit cigarette butt into her empty coffee cup, watching the smoke rise from the small opening of the lid.

CUT TO:

INT. COURT ROOM-DAY

Eve enters the witness stand, eyes fixated on the BIBLE being presented by the BAILIFF (30's).

BAILIFF

Please raise your right hand, place your left on the Bible.

EVE TURNS HER GAZE TO LOOK AT THE JURORS. THE OLIVE SKINNED WOMAN MAKES DIRECT EYE CONTACT, GIVING EVE A SOFT SMILE.

BAILIFF

Ms. Sullivan?

With skittish bravado, she does as instructed.

BAILIFF (CONT'D)

Do you solemnly swear that you will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

Eve looks at her parents, then Darren and Cheryl.

EVE

I do.

CUT TO:

INT. COURT ROOM-DAY

The jurors enter taking their seats in the full courtroom. Eve fidgets, attempts to make eye contact with her parents.

Pat stares at his daughter with sad, shameful eyes. Anne sits, rosary beads in hand, eyes closed, mouth moving, whispering prayers.

Berger sits, glasses perched on her nose, reading a file. Adams sits at the prosecution table, casual, confident that he has proven his case.

BAILIFF

All rise!

Judge Marks takes his seat on the bench.

JUDGE MARKS

Please be seated.

An ELDERLY WOMAN remains standing in front of her fellow jurors, the same SPINSTER who scowled prior to the massacre.

JUDGE MARKS (CONT'D)

Has the jury reached a verdict?

ELDERLY WOMAN

We have, your honor.

JUDGE MARKS

Proceed.

ELDERLY WOMAN

On all counts of possessing child pornography, the jury finds the defendant guilty.

JUDGE MARKS

Is this unanimous?

The woman turns to her fellow jurors, a confident smile from the nodding olive skinned juror. She turns to the judge.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Yes, sir, it is.

JUDGE MARKS

Very well, will the defendant please rise for sentencing?

Eve looks to her parents. Anne still with eyes closed, praying, cradled in Pat's arms.

Darren and Cheryl rise and exit through the rear of the courtroom. Berger motions Eve to stand.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON PROCESSING AREA-DAY

MONTAGE:

Eve processing through the prison receiving area.

JUDGE MARKS (O)

Mrs. Sullivan, you have been found guilty on charges of possessing child pornography. It is this judge's opinion that you more than likely are guilty of far more than you have been charged with. You were a teacher of elementary aged children in our community!

Several ROUGH FEMALE PRISONERS along with Eve are subjected to cavity searches by FEMALE GUARDS.

JUDGE MARKS (O) (CONT'D)

Add to this, you are the mother of a young son, which leads me to ponder what evil may have transpired while this boy was in your care. You are to spend no less than fifteen years in the Bradford State Correctional Institution, effective immediately.

The prisoners receive their uniforms, many red jumpsuits, some green, Eve handed purple receiving a hateful stare from the issuing guard.

END OF MONTAGE

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM-DAY

Eve stands, lost, staring at her attorney.

JUDGE MARKS

It is your right to proceed with an appeals procedure if you are so inclined, however this court suggests you would be better served spending your time trying to cure your evil sickness rather than attempting to search for some out clause for your depravity. This court is adjourned.

Judge Marks THUNDEROUSLY SLAMS his gavel.

INT. CELL-NIGHT

Eve, in the fetal position on the top bunk, makes the sign of the cross whispering prayers in the darkness.

Her bunk begins to SHAKE VIOLENTLY.

Below, SORTIE, (25), a small, black, tattooed gang thug, kicks the bottom of Eve's bunk.

SORTIE (OS)

You best be ceasing with that
bullshit, nigger, I'm trying to
sleep down here! I'll fucking get
up there and give you some real
shit to be praying about, damn!

INT. PRISON CAFETERIA-DAY

Eve walks through the chow line in her purple jumpsuit, met with hateful stares from both prisoners and the guards.

One obese, female guard, GUFFSTASON, stands watch at the entrance to the cafeteria. She speaks out of earshot with a short, male guard pointing her baton in Eve's direction.

Eve proceeds, puts her tray down in front of a LATINO SERVER. The server unceremoniously slops oatmeal, powdered eggs and vile sausage links onto the extended tray.

LATINO SERVER

Enfermos fucking ramera, que Jesv/js
sancionar usted!

The server SPITS on the floor.

Eve meanders through the room. Not knowing where to sit, she crosses to the corner.

Scared, pale, nervous and hungry, she balances the tray with her left hand, clutching shriveled sausage with her right.

GUFFSTASON (OS)

Find a seat, asshole.

Startled, Eve looks up quickly.

EVE

I don't...I'm fine.

GUFFSTASON

You're not deaf and perverted, are you? Do you think I'm a hostess? I said find a seat!

She nervously scans the cafeteria, searching for an empty seat. In a sea of colored jumpsuits one black hand beckons.

Approaching the table, Eve holds her tray like a security blanket.

The waving hand belongs to ANGEL, (35), a very beefy, authoritative black woman, wearing a red jumpsuit, holding court with twelve other prisoners, her POSSE.

Angel gives Eve a quick once over. The coven of prisoners wait wearing sly smiles, eager with anticipation.

ANGEL

Girl, get yourself over here, sit down. Landa, slide your ass over.

EVE

Thank you.

ANGEL

My pleasure, baby.

Eve sits to the right of Angel, cautious of her environment. Slowly, she unwraps her plastic fork, stabs the sausage link, ready to bring it to her mouth.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Un-Uh. We say grace around here when we eat. Go on.

Agreeable, Eve instinctively makes the sign of the cross, clasping her hands in front of her, eyes open.

EVE

Bless us, Lord for these---

ANGEL

Stop. Stop. You're new, so I'll take the time to explain. I'm the lord in here. Try again, honey?

EVE

Bless us, Oh...
(turning to Angel)
you, for these---

ANGEL

What the fuck you calling me? You calling me a ewe, mother fucker? Ain't that some kind of goat or somethin'? I look like a nigger goat to you?

EVE

No, not...I---

ANGEL

Then why you sayin' 'dat?

EVE

I'm sorry...

ANGEL

You got no idea what sorry is, white girl.

EVE

What's your name?

ANGEL

You askin' me a question, cunt?

Angel's posse begins to LAUGH.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Best school your roomie, Shortie!

From the far end of the table, over the laughing, Shortie, wearing blue, leans over so she can be heard.

SHORTIE

That's Angel, girl, you best be respecting.

ANGEL

You heard 'dat? That's right, try it again, go on now.

EVE

Bless us....Oh Angel, for these thy gifts which we are about to receive, from thy bounty through....

(long contemplative pause)

Angel, our...Amen?

ANGEL

That was good, girl. You awright.

Somewhat relieved as the table proceeds to finish their breakfast, Eve prepares once again to eat.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Waitamin, waitamin. You gotsta give me up an offerin'.

Angel glares at Eve, all business.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Oh, you don't want to? Listen here, motherfucker, you wearin' purple. You look around here, you see any other bitches wearin' purple? You don't, do you? You think that's cause you're special, yous one of a kind, is that it? Well, you know what, you is. Look at me, I got on red. You look around, you see some other red, here and there, but theys frontin'. You know what red fo', right? I earned my red, proud of it. You proud of your purple? No? I know what purple fo'. Red always gonna trump purple and green and blue and motherfucking polka dots, ya feel?

Angel turns to her audience, proud of her speech.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

It's your lucky day, bitches! Angel can't eat another bite this mornin', no sir. But our little violet over here says she's willing to make Angel an offerin'. I let her sit at our home here, every meal, and she gonna share wit us, ain't that right?

The table quiets, waiting for Eve's reaction.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Well what you fuckers waiting fo'?

The entire posse stabs everything they can from Eve's plate. A sea of mainly red sleeves, with a few blue, leaving only an unopened carton of milk knocked over on it's side.

Eve watches helplessly. The table disperses as Eve begins to whimper, catches herself, consciously fighting off a full breakdown. At least she still has her milk.

She reaches for the carton, turns it right side up. With as much dignity as she can muster, she folds open the spout.

A black hand reaches over her shoulder, SNATCHES the milk. Within a second, the EMPTY CARTON thrown onto the tray.

INT. CELL-DAY

Eve sits on her bunk, holding Anne's rosary beads.

Rocking back and forth, praying silently, lips moving frantically as if the more words she regurgitates, the better the odds they will be heard.

Shortie walks in carrying a laundry bag, shakes her head. Eve opens her eyes, impulsively sliding back further on her bunk, flush to the cell wall.

Dropping her laundry bag, Shortie turns and exits the cell.

INT. CELL-NIGHT

With only lighting from the hallway providing illumination, Eve lies on her bunk, weak and pale, still praying.

Shortie, lays on her stomach, glances upwards. She rolls over, pulls out a clear Rubbermaid bin from under her bed.

Inside are various sweets, chips and crackers. She takes a variety of items from the container and stands up, just her eyes visible from Eve's bunk.

SHORTIE
(whispering)
Hey...hey..

Eve stops, delirious from her prayers and torment.

SHORTIE (CONT'D)
Eat these. Go on, eat. But you
gotta promise me somethin'.

EVE
(quietly)
God sent you...

SHORTIE
We gotta get something straight
'bout that, too. You gotta stop
with that bullshit, girl.

She unwraps crackers, placing them near Eve's mouth.

SHORTIE (CONT'D)

There really ain't no God up in here, can't you see that? This about the last motherfucking place God gonna be checking his messages. If he was, he'd come the fuck down here by now, and made you shut the fuck up!

Eve, wide eyed, takes over ravenously feeding herself, shoving snacks into her mouth, nodding her head.

INT. PRISON CAFETERIA-DAY

Eve sits at the table to Angel's right, hands at her side, head down. Everyone at the table laughing; several inmates nonchalantly take food from Eve's tray.

Shortie watches, turning her eyes to Angel, who meets her gaze. Shortie stands, leans over, snatching a slice of bread from Eve's now empty tray.

EXT. PRISON YARD-DAY

Eve sits alone on the ground against a chain link fence.

GUFFSTASON (OS)

Hey, pervert.

Eve looks up, glassy eyed and gaunt.

GUFFSTASON (CONT'D)

You know, I've been watching you pray, and cry every day, all night. When are you gonna realize? You're being punished. You're in here because of those things you've done. You're praying for release from a God that put you here in the first place.

Guffstason kneels down, face to face with Eve.

GUFFSTASON (CONT'D)

I'll let you in on another fact. I've been here fourteen years. You're not gonna make it.

She looks down, contemplating Guffstason's words.

GUFFSTASON (CONT'D)

Look at me when I'm talking to you!

Eve looks up.

GUFFSTASON (CONT'D)

We got a bet going on here. See, Maury over there thinks you're tougher than I do. He says you gonna make it at least another ten days. I took the under. I'm a Catholic. Maury, well, he's a Jew. Now, wouldn't you like to see a fellow Catholic a hundred bucks to the better than a Jew? We both know he'll just hold onto his winnings. You do right by me and call it a day by week's end, you have my word, I'll take my winnings, part of them at least, and light a candle at mass for your rotten soul. What do you think?

Guffstason, smiling, stands and takes a few paces backwards.

GUFFSTASON (CONT'D)

You think about, it OK? What would Jesus do? I'm pretty sure he would want us Gentiles to stick together.

CUT TO:

INT. BREAK ROOM-DAY

DR. THOMAS

Obviously she didn't win the bet.

EVE

If suicide didn't exclude a soul from entering heaven, knowing what I know now....I would have done it.

INT.PRISON COMMON AREA-DAY

Prisoners mill about. Guffstason and two other male guards halfheartedly keep an eye out for trouble.

A LATINO INMATE exits a janitor's closet with a mop and bucket, nervously looks around. Eve walks laps, holds her rosary beads, praying.

As she approaches the open janitor's closet, across the spacious room from the guards, Angel, Shortie and three other posse members approach from behind.

Eve walks past the open door, Angel BUM RUSHES her, pushing her inside. The three other inmates quickly force their way into the room, Shortie being the last to enter.

The Latino quickly closes the door, secures the lock, then proceeds to mop the commons.

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET-DAY

Eve, thrown into the corner, frightened, helpless, circled by her attackers.

ANGEL

You like to touch kids, bitch? I's got a little son of my own, you know that?

She cowers in the corner, eyes closed as tight as possible, rosary clutched in her hands.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Those ain't gonna help you!

An inmate wrestles the rosary from Eve, breaking the chain, beads and medals CLANK on the floor.

EVE

I don't deserve this! Please!

Angel leans over directly into Eve's face.

ANGEL

Oh, you so, so wrong. You do deserve this. You got to pay the price. Ain't no one ever hear you say you was sorry yet.

Angel straightens, staring at Eve in the fetal position, sobbing hysterically.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Spread this bitch out.

The three inmates each take a limb, leaving her right leg loose. Angel turns to Shortie.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Let's go nigger, grab that leg.

Shortie sits on Eve's right leg.

Angel looks around spotting a broken mop handle. She takes it, drops it between Eve's spread legs, the CLUNK of wood on concrete.

After three attempts, Angel finally rips open Eve's purple jumpsuit as the wailing and thrashing becomes much louder, more intense.

SHORTIE

Come on, Angel, she gonna get us gigged, yo?

ANGEL

Shut yo' mouth!

Angel punches Eve in the face three times. Eve still continues to thrash and wail.

EVE

Help! Jesus! Help me!

Angel covers Eve's mouth with her large black hand.

ANGEL

Jesus? You callin' on Jesus? Landa, cover this bitches mouth.

The inmate attempts to stifle Eve's screams as Angel opens her red jumpsuit, reaching down near her crotch. The SOUND of adhesive ripped from cheap cotton.

Eve gasps heavily, taking in quick breaths. Her eyes widen in terror and disgust at what she sees. FADE TO BLACK as Eve's SCREAMING becomes abruptly MUFFLED.

INT. PRISON INFIRMARY-NIGHT

Eve lies on a gurney asleep, face swollen and bruised, an I.V. in her arm.

A female NURSE sits at a desk, looking through paperwork. A MALE GUARD opens the door, pointing Shortie inside. Without looking up, the nurse addresses this new patient.

NURSE

What is it this time, Shones?

SHORTIE

Ma'am, I got like a tickle in my throat, way back.

NURSE

Come over here in the light.

The nurse takes a tongue depressor from a jar on her desk as Shortie takes a quick peek towards Eve.

NURSE (CONT'D)
Open wide. It looks a little
red...I'll get you some lozenges.

The nurse opens a cabinet, pulls out some boxes, not finding what she wants.

NURSE (CONT'D)
Stay here. Don't touch anything.

Opening the door, she motions for the guard. Out of earshot, she gestures to keep an eye on the two inmates. Shortie stands motionless two feet away from Eve.

SHORTIE
Yo, white girl. White
girl...roomie. Bitch wake up!

Eve's eyes flutter open. Gets her bearings, makes eye contact with Shortie, instinctively recoiling in fear.

SHORTIE (CONT'D)
Girl, please...I'm sorry...this is
so fucked up...I'm sorry, girl, I
didn't want to hurt you, you know?
I wanted to see you...tell you
that...but girl, you gotta
understand somethin'...it ain't
gonna get no better...you gotta
fight, do somethin'...I told you
God ain't gonna help you...shit,
you praying to the wrong God up in
here, this place closer to hell
than heaven. You's got to make a
choice, girl...

Shortie's attention drawn to Eve's open hand resting on the gurney. Eve raises her hand slowly towards her roommate.

Looking to the window, the guard reading his newspaper, Shortie reaches out her hand, soothing Eve's. The sincere contact broken by the returning nurse.

NURSE
These are not to be traded.

Shortie accepts the bag, looking back to Eve. Eve silently nods, blinks once, a tear streams from her eye.

CUT TO:

INT. BREAK ROOM-DAY

Eve, proceeds with hesitation.

EVE

If God wasn't listening to me, then
maybe something else would...

INT. CELL-DAY

Eve sits Indian style on her top bunk, eyes closed, face
swollen and bruised.

EVE (V.O.)

It was more like pleading...I
didn't know what I was doing, how
to go about it. I was desperate.

EXT. PRISON YARD-DAY

Eve sits against the chain link fence, again Indian style,
eyes closed. From across the yard, Guffstason watches.

EVE (V.O.)

It's not like it spoke to me. I
didn't hear any voices...but the
inmates, the guards, they started
to leave me alone. I just sat, and
wished, and wanted...that's the
right word...wanted.

INT. PRISON CAFETERIA-DAY

Eve walks slowly, limping, carrying her tray. Conditioned,
she heads towards Angel's table. She passes the table,
proceeds to a newly vacated one, takes a seat.

Angel, notices, stops her conversation with Shortie, then
continues the discussion, disregarding Eve's defiant action.

EVE (V.O.)

There was a sense of calm, a
feeling that things would be fine,
like I could will these wants into
existence. It felt right.

INT. PRISON HALLWAY-NIGHT

Eve and Shortie are awakened by a COMMOTION. Shortie rises
first looking through the bars, Eve approaches behind her.

Guffstason, her billy club around Angel's throat, struggles with two GUARDS to drag Angel down the hallway.

ANGEL

(gasping)

Bitch...yous don't know..what
yous...doing...

GUFFSTASON

(grunting)

Pick up her feet!

Inmates stand in their cells, watching the spectacle. Angel, struggling to stand, but not fighting back, receives several punches to the back from the guards.

Guffstason's face turns red, veins bulging, sweat pouring, using more force with the club.

MISC. INMATES

What the fuck going on?....That
bitch's face is as red as a
baboon's ass! Hey! Motherfuckers!
You gonna kill her!

From inside a cell, an inmate throws a cup of yellowish liquid onto all members of the struggle.

ANGEL

(wheezing in a whisper)

...forgive...

As the scuffle approaches Eve's cell, Angel let's out a final gasp, falling limp onto the floor, taking Guffstason and the guards tumbling down with her.

Angel's lifeless eyes stare at Eve. The heckling of the inmates cease. SILENCE.

Eve and Shortie, gaze wide eyed at the limp body of Angel directly in front of their cell. One of the guards begins to gag. Guffstason clutches her chest, breathing hard.

SHORTIE

She dead? She dead...Oh, nuh huh
man, she shit herself! Damn!

Shortie covers her mouth and nose with her jumpsuit sleeve.

Guffstason reaches for a wall to lean on, accidentally touching an INMATE in her cell, who pushes her away.

INMATE

Get the fuck off me, bitch!

Guffstason, still clutching her chest, drops to her knees.

CUT TO:

INT. BREAK ROOM-DAY

Eve smiles as she reminisces about the events.

EVE

Guffstason had a heart attack. She didn't die right there in front of me like that savage did, but she never made it out.

Dr. Thomas, contemplates, carefully chooses his words.

DR. THOMAS

Well, you mentioned that she was overweight, out of shape.

Eve gives the doctor a sly smile.

DR. THOMAS (CONT'D)

Do you think your prayers to this "something" were answered?

EVE

Do you?

DR. THOMAS

Why don't you tell me how you got out of prison?

EVE

You don't know? I'm sure it's somewhere in that stack of papers.

DR. THOMAS

I want to hear it from you.

INT. CHERYL'S KITCHEN - DAY

Eggs burn on the kitchen skillet. Oblivious, Cheryl stands by the stove in her bathrobe smoking a cigarette.

EVE (V.O.)

I wasn't there, obviously, but I was told later what happened.

Darren enters from outside, carrying his thermos.

DR. THOMAS

Told by whom? The Warden? Your attorney?

EVE (V.O.)

Nope. Neither of them knew the full details.

DARREN

Jesus, hon, you're burning those.

Darren opens the fridge, oblivious to the manila envelope held to the door by a Dora The Explorer magnet.

DARREN (CONT'D)

You shouldn't be smoking either.

He opens the fridge, pulls out a beer, pops the cap, takes a long swig. Leaving the door open, he cools off in front of the frigid air, takes the envelope from beneath the magnet.

DARREN (CONT'D)

What's this?

Darren opens the envelope, paying no attention to his girlfriend's silence.

DARREN (CONT'D)

The kids at your mom's?

Cheryl grips the handle of the frying pan tightly. Darren pulls pictures from the envelope; his chin hits his chest.

CLANG! Darren drops to ground, the photos SCATTER across the linoleum. Cheryl stands over him, viciously STRIKES him with the frying pan four more times.

CHERYL

It was you! You sick fucker!

Every word prompts another BEATING from the weapon. Darren's BLOODY HEAD lays inside the fridge, his torso and legs CONVULSE on the ground.

Cheryl drops the weapon, SCREAMS in rage. She grabs the open refrigerator door, SLAMS it over and over again until Darren's head is nothing but a BLOODY STUMP.

The phone on the wall RINGS snapping her out of her savage act. In a haze she crosses the kitchen, her bare feet walk over NUDE PICTURES of Olivia and Michael.

In a shocked stupor, she takes the phone from the cradle.

CHERYL (CONT'D)

Hello?

A PLEASANT FEMALE VOICE responds.

FEMALE VOICE (OS)

My, you certainly showed him!
Bravo!

CHERYL

I killed him...

FEMALE VOICE (OS)

Yes, Cheryl, that is without
question, but what now?

Her BLOODY RIGHT HAND holds the phone, her left softly
touches her BABY BUMP encased in her bathrobe.

CHERYL

I don't know...who is this?

FEMALE VOICE (OS)

I'm your best friend, dear. Would
you like some help?

Tears form in Cheryl's eyes.

FEMALE VOICE (OS) (CONT'D)

Excellent. Darren, he likes to
hunt, yes?

Cheryl can only nod at the question.

FEMALE VOICE (OS) (CONT'D)

You are familiar with how to load
the rifle I believe?

Again, Cheryl responds with a nod.

FEMALE VOICE (OS) (CONT'D)

Perfect. I think you should
retrieve the firearm, load it, put
the barrel fully in your mouth,
then simply pull the trigger.

CHERYL

But Olivia...and Michael...

FEMALE VOICE (OS)

Oh, they'll be fine, much better
off. Wouldn't you agree?

CHERYL

Ok...

FEMALE VOICE (OS)

Good girl, well done.

INT. CELL-DAY

Shortie reclines on the bottom bunk, reading a comic book, eating a Suzy-Q, listening to MUSIC. Eve enters.

The same song plays that Eve enjoyed many years prior at the Fraternity party. Shortie sings to herself, until she realizes Eve's presence.

SHORTIE

What? You never seen a black girl sing Britney before?

EVE

I'm getting out.

SHORTIE

Wha' you say?

EVE

I listened to you, in the infirmary...

SHORTIE

Girl, we past that, right? I gotta live with myself over that, you know...between us...it ain't even been a day, but...I feel good...you know, she gone and all, and that fat bitch, too...you mess around in the dirt, you gonna get dirty or dead, you know I sayin'?

Eve turns off the radio and climbs onto her bunk.

SHORTIE (CONT'D)

Oh, so we done here? You come in with how you getting out, turn off the music, my radio I may add, and you gotta take a nap?

Eve looks at her red flaking hands.

SHORTIE (CONT'D)

You want a Suzy-Q? I got them Reese Cups in here, too...

EVE
 Could I have a Suzy-Q?

SHORTIE
 Woman, I offered!

Shortie rises with the pastry, hands it to Eve, noticing the condition of her hands. Looking to Eve's face, she sees the rash also covers her neck. Eve unwraps the treat.

SHORTIE (CONT'D)
 Shit, girl, what's wrong with you?
 You got the HIV or somethin'? Damn!
 I'm staying the fuck down here.

Eve takes a LARGE BITE producing a disgusted face. She spits the remainder into her damaged hands.

EVE
 This is stale.

SHORTIE
 What you mean stale? I had two of those before you came in here all talking shit, hands and neck all looking like raw meat. Maybe you gettin' your period.

CUT TO:

INT.BREAK ROOM-DAY

EVE
 But I wasn't. My period just stopped....until today.

DR. THOMAS
 The menstrual cycle slows, even stops sometimes, due to changes in diet, increased stress--

EVE
 You're an atheist, aren't you?

DR. THOMAS
 I don't see what my worldview has to do with anything?

EVE
 You don't believe in anything. I guess it really doesn't matter.

DR. THOMAS

What are we talking about here?

Eve leans in over the table closer to the doctor.

EVE

It doesn't involve brimstone and contracts written in blood. You just ask, and you receive.

DR. THOMAS

Receive?

EVE

Haven't you ever wanted or needed something, I mean, really, with every fiber of your being?

DR. THOMAS

Perhaps, but not enough to bargain away my soul.

EVE

Do atheists even have souls?

EXT.PRISON ENTRANCE-DAY

Eve exits the prison gates carrying a duffel bag. Her bruises from the rape barely noticeable. The rash, however, has taken over her neck, hands and face.

One car idles near the entrance in the light rain. She turns her gaze in the opposite direction.

Father Kinder gets out of the idling car and approaches.

FATHER KINDER

Eve?

Eve turns in the direction of the voice.

EVE

What are you doing here?

Kinder reaches for Eve's bag.

FATHER KINDER

Let me take that. Let's get in my car, OK, get out of this rain.

EVE

Where's my mother?

INT.KINDER'S CAR-DAY

Kinder turns on the windshield defroster.

EVE

My mom and dad are picking me up
with Mikey. I can't talk long.

FATHER KINDER

Do you mind if I smoke? I'll put
the window down.

She shrugs. He rolls his window down a crack, takes a pack of
cigarettes from his coat pocket. Placing a smoke in his
mouth, he engages the car lighter.

As an afterthought, he presents the pack to Eve, nervously
chewing her damaged nails.

EVE

It's been years...I didn't want to
be the teacher that smokes...

She takes a cigarette. Kinder pulls out the lighter, lights
his, then holds it for Eve, he notices the terrible condition
of her hands. Both take their initial drags.

FATHER KINDER

I went through half a pack on the
drive here.

EVE

Why are you here? St. Tobias is
like three hours away.

Eve takes another puff, the cigarette doesn't taste right.
She opens the window and throws it away.

FATHER KINDER

You've been through some terrible,
trying times. I know that, but God
does some things sometimes, they
don't make sense.

EVE

Please. I'm fine. I'm leaving all
of that shit behind me. Darren's
dead, and that bitch Cheryl. I have
Michael, my parents, my freedom, I
just want to start over, and faith
is not in the restructuring plan.

Kinder throws his cigarette out the window.

FATHER KINDER
Your parents aren't coming.

CUT TO:

INT. PAT & ANNE'S CAR-NIGHT

Pat drives through the pouring rain, Anne in the passenger seat turns to the back, gives Michael a difficult smile.

ANNE
You ok back there?

The child stares out the rain covered window.

FATHER KINDER (OS)
They were going to get a room so they could stay over, to be here first thing...

Pat hears the concern in her voice, takes his right hand off the wheel, places it on her shoulder. She looks to her husband, he takes his eyes off the road to return her gaze.

BRIGHT LIGHTS appear in the windshield. Too late, Pat SLAMS on the brakes as the car CRASHES into the grill of the SEMI TRUCK.

CUT TO:

INT. KINDER'S CAR-DAY

Eve stares dumbfounded.

FATHER KINDER
There were several trees down...and a truck...

EVE
No...you're a God damn liar..

FATHER KINDER
Eve, I'm truly sorry...

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY-NIGHT

Pat's mangled vehicle loaded onto a wrecker. Several State Police vehicles idle, LIGHTS flashing.

A TROOPER directs traffic with a flashlight, guiding an ambulance to the side of the road scene, just past THREE SHEET COVERED BODIES.

Another officer takes notes, interviews the driver of the semi-truck: An overweight, flannel clad BLACK WOMAN.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN-NIGHT

Sitting at the table, an untouched sandwich and a cold cup of coffee rests in front of Eve.

Sorting through the mail, she stops on an envelope addressed to her from Fidelity Insurance. She opens it to find a life insurance check.

CUT TO:

INT. BREAK ROOM-DAY

Eve pulls out yet another cigarette, lighting it herself.

EVE

What happens to a soulless body
after death? Try to wrap your head
around that one, right?

She takes an extended, enjoyable drag on her cigarette.

EXT. PLAYGROUND-DAY

Hunched on a bench, Eve watches children play. MOTHERS stand across the playground, keeping one eye on their children, the other on Eve.

Out of ear shot, they do little to hide the subject of their conversation. A GIRL, five-years Old, approaches Eve.

GIRL

Hi.

EVE

Hello.

GIRL

Mommy looks sad at night like you.

EVE

Does she?

GIRL

I see her and daddy after they put me night night, but I can't sleep. She's sad a lot.

Eve and the toddler stare at each other. Eve smiles awkwardly, content that someone, even a child, will speak to her.

One of the mothers pulls on Frank Goodman's sleeve, as he talks on his cellphone. She points towards the girl and the presumed monster.

Frank puts his cell away, walking slowly, but directly towards his daughter.

GIRL (CONT'D)

What's a more gog??

EVE

Mortgage?

GIRL

Yeah.

FRANK

Hope! Hope, honey, come on!

Eve recognizes Frank, then recalls Hope from her baptism.

EVE

You're Hope!

FRANK

Hi...sorry about that, she likes to chat a lot.

EVE

No, that's fine...you're Frank.

FRANK

Yeah, hi. It's been awhile.

Hope sits on the bench beside Eve.

FRANK (CONT) (CONT'D)
I'm sorry...about your
parents...and all of that..

EVE
All of that...thank you.

FRANK
Hope, honey, we have to go, mommy
will be home soon.

HOPE
(to Eve)
She's meeting with the bank.

EVE
Oh, well, it was nice talking with
you, Hope.

Hope rises and takes her father's hand.

FRANK
Say goodbye.

HOPE
Bye.

Eve watches as they walk towards the parking lot.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

The television tuned to a late night talk show. A half empty
bottle of Wild Turkey sits on the coffee table.

Eve crafts a noose from an orange extension cord. She pulls
the knot taught, stands, walks over to the staircase.

The talk show breaks for a commercial. BOBBY STEEL's
hillbilly voice emanates from the television.

BOBBY STEEL (OS)
Hey folks, Bobby Steel here for
Steel's Pawn and Gold. Needin' some
cash? Got somethin' valuable?
Bring it in for some dough!

The cord tight around the wooden railing, she pulls down on
the noose, deciding on the required length. On screen, Bobby
Steel, a slick huckster, continues to pimp his shop.

Images of watches, dirt bikes, guitars, etc. flash rapidly
across the screen as he continues his pitch.

BOBBY STEEL (CONT'D)
 Need ta get out of a little bind?
 Bring me somethin' of value till
 you can pay me back! Only five
 percent interest per week!

This last comment catches Eve's attention.

BOBBY STEEL (OS) (CONT'D)
 Look, folks, everyone gets in a fix
 sometime, let me help! I'll hold on
 to your valuables, put a little
 somethin' somethin' in your pocket,
 and you can always come back and
 get your stuff! Honest! Special
 deals now through Easter! What do
 you got to lose?

INT. LIBRARY-DAY

Disheveled and groggy, Eve sits in front of a computer.

The screen flashes with images of Satan, literature from history regarding the selling of souls, Wikipedia articles on the legend of Faust and the works of Milton.

Her search leads to more modern images: Marilyn Manson, Richard Ramirez, a review of Polanski's "Rosemary's Baby", You Tube videos of Phil Donahue interviewing Satanists, etc.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Eve, eyes closed, sits erect on the floor, candles lit around the room, towers of books on Jesus, Satan and religion surround her.

She stands, moves the coffee table and Michael's toys to the corner. She opens a small burlap bag.

EVE (VO)
 I preformed this ritual faithfully
 for six nights. There was no doubt
 in my mind that I was going to
 conjure Lucifer, right there in my
 living room.

Chanting in Latin, turning in a circle, she pours a white grain from the bag over the floor, creating a pentagram. Her creation complete, she finds herself standing in the center.

CUT TO:

INT.BREAK ROOM-DAY

The MECHANICAL BUZZ of the Coke machine now only a whisper. Dr. Thomas scratches his irritated chin, chuckling.

EVE
You think I'm crazy.

DR. THOMAS
I don't use that word.

EVE
I know why you're here.

DR. THOMAS
I was assigned to meet with you.

EVE
Who assigned you?

DR. THOMAS
Assistant Director Scarpetto.

EVE
You're sure? You know, he wants me to be sane, he told you that, right? He told me that they're going to stick poison in my veins and make an example of me. Why don't you just give him what he wants? Tell him I have all my wits about me. Or do you think I don't?

DR. THOMAS
I'm a professional---

EVE
You're also human. You want to make him happy, I can tell. Your mind's been made up before you turned on that tape recorder.

Eve's words trouble Dr. Thomas.

The QUIET HUMMING of the Coke machine completely ceases. The room now dead SILENT. The flickering light of the front fizzes out, leaving only the darkened logo.

Dr. Thomas takes a deep breath, reads from his notes, uses air quotes.

DR. THOMAS
Did Lucifer appear "right there in your living room"?

INT. THE ROOST-DAY

Eve enters the bar, light streams in from the open doorway. The heavy door loudly BANGS closed behind her, leading to a dark, dingy gin mill.

Cigarette smoke from the two sole PATRONS fills the air, mixed with the SOUND of the television.

Eve walks towards the bar, takes a seat far away from the only two customers: an out of place middle aged CONSTRUCTION WORKER and a very Old UNKEMPT MAN.

The door to the bar opens again, but NO SUNLIGHT ENTERS, NO SOUND made as when Eve opened the door.

A female figure approaches the bar and sits next to her. Eve, head resting on her forearms, doesn't even glance at this new patron.

An expensive leather purse placed on the bar very close to Eve's face. The BARTENDER, carrying two cases of beer from the back, shouts out to his new customers.

BARTENDER

I'll be right there, ladies.

Eve raises her head, looks at the woman with the olive complexion. She knows she has seen her before. The bartender approaches, puts his cases behind the bar.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

OK, ladies, what'll it be?

OLIVE SKINNED WOMAN

(to Eve)

You first, please.

EVE

Whiskey, a glass, not a shot.

BARTENDER

OK...and for you?

OLIVE SKINNED WOMAN

I'll have a nice gin and tonic.

BARTENDER

(loudly)

I need to see some i.d.'s.

EVE

You're fucking kidding me, right?

BARTENDER
See that jagoff down there?

Eve looks in the direction of his extended thumb.

EVE
Yeah, so? He must be eighty, did you card him too?

BARTENDER
Not him, the other jagoff in the fake construction get up. He's undercover Liquor Control, been here all week. Til he gets out of my ass, I'm carding everyone, no exceptions, dems the rules.

The olive skinned woman opens her purse, pulls out her passport, politely passing it to the bartender.

Eve digs crumpled money out of her pocket along with her driver's license tossing both on the bar. The bartender opens the passport.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)
(loudly)
OK, Miss Elizabeth Firr...

OLIVE SKINNED WOMAN
Liza, please.

BARTENDER
Whatever, you're good, and...

He takes Eve's license, then rudely flicks it back to her.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)
...everyone knows you.

He heads to the other end of the bar to pour the drinks.

EVE
Do I know you?

LIZA
I should think so. You've been trying to reach me for the past six nights, Dear.

The bartender returns with the round.

BARTENDER
So, we running a tab?

LIZA

I'm just having the one, but here..

Liza pulls a loose hundred dollar bill from her purse.

LIZA (CONT'D)

I'll get hers also. The least I can do. Keep the change, Love.

BARTENDER

Decent! Just holler if you need anything else.

The bartender leaves as Eve continues to study Liza.

EVE

How do you know about that?

LIZA

You called for me, here I am. If you've had a change of heart I understand. I'll finish my cocktail and leave. I must, however, insist you cease contacting me. I do have a full schedule you can imagine.

EVE

OK, wait...just let me...Why did I try to reach you?

LIZA

Well, I can only assume you're not pleased with the outcome of our initial arrangement, isn't that so?

Eve takes a long drink as Liza delicately sips her gin.

EVE

(lighting a smoke)

Fuck you! My family is dead. My son, I don't even know what happened to him before all of this. Everything I eat, drink, these fucking cigarettes, they all taste like shit.

LIZA

Quite sorry to hear that, sincerely, but you must know, that tragedy with your family, that was not my doing. She plays dirty, Dear.

EVE

Really? So you had nothing to do with that?

LIZA

Your husband and that harlot, yes, your parents and little boy, no. You seem surprised. No one ever thinks she has it in her.

Eve finishes her drink and signals for another.

LIZA (CONT'D)

Everyone ignores that tiny trick she played on Abraham, where she asked him to kill his son.

EVE

What's going to happen to me?

LIZA

Yes, the grand question. What happens when we die? Well, for those whose soul has been dealt..

The bartender fills Eve's glass and departs.

Eve awaits the answer, taking a gulp of the whiskey, cigarette still burning in her hand.

LIZA (CONT'D)

I'm afraid it's not pleasant, not at all. I don't think you will take to it. But, I know why you tried to reach me, and I must say, you're a plucky one. Would you like it back?

Eve, glassy eyed, nods, Liza takes a sip of her drink.

LIZA (CONT'D)

Well, I'm open to negotiation, I like to think of my self as fairly savvy, willing to work with past customers, come to some arrangement, a win-win.

A glimmer of hope, a fresh emotion for Eve. She straightens in her seat, more attentive.

EVE

How?

LIZA

Right to the point, I knew you were different. Not many past clients have the gumption or the tenacity, to try to bargain with me after the fact. Even less are willing to go through with the next step. Oh, there has been some in recent years. Have you heard about that fighter? He just wanted to win the championship, which he did. That was an easy one, very receptive.

EVE

The boxer who stabbed his family?

LIZA

And his manager, too...pity....You know, you would be amazed at the things people want, most of the time, it's a steal. I feel guilty sometimes, really, I do.

Liza drifts off thinking about her past deals.

LIZA (CONT'D)

It's easier to make the initial arrangement than most think. Everyone wants something. It's when they want something so desperately that it permeates their subconscious, it's at that point, if my competitor is too busy to respond, which she frequently is, or thinks she is, self righteous diva, I seize my opportunity.

Eve, hanging on Liza's every word, relating to the polite, almost musical tone of her voice, totally entranced.

LIZA (CONT'D)

Score one for me, yes? This one time, a boy, lovely lad, only wanted this specific girl to perform very unladylike acts on him, that was it. He wanted it so badly, couldn't live without it, it seemed. I did feel bad about that one. So did he, after the fact, very remorseful. Full of moxie, though, that one. He was one of the few sharp enough to reach out for me, like you. He actually agreed to my condition of return.

EVE

How did he get it back?

Liza casually takes another sip of her gin.

LIZA

Well, I had him take some lives at his school, very tragic, many deaths, you probably read about it, all over the media. But you know, these things aren't easy to regain. Things of worth never are, would you agree? Still interested?

Eve slams her whiskey, stubs out her cigarette, determined.

EVE

Yes...

Liza smiles, the die has been cast yet again.

INT. THE ROOST-NIGHT

Eve enters the bar, hair done, skin tight jeans, flashy red sleeveless blouse. On the surface, she looks very appealing to any red blooded male, but her eyes are lifeless.

The Roost, now much busier. MUSIC plays from the jukebox, COLLEGE KIDS shoot pool, COUPLES throw darts.

The Old man from earlier as well as the undercover Agent are still here, several empties in front of them. Eve returns to the seat she claimed earlier.

Wayne sits directly across the bar drinking with a SKANKY BARFLY. He spots Eve, but doesn't recognize her.

He holds up a full shot glass, saluting Eve, smiles, knocks it back. Fueled with liquid courage, he makes his way around the bar to this new, sexier challenge.

Eve pulls a cigarette from her purse as Wayne's arm reaches over her shoulder. With one hand, he strikes a lit match. She lights her smoke, gives a nod to her potential suitor.

WAYNE

Buy you a drink?

EVE

Sure, Wayne.

Wayne, puzzled, focuses on Eve's face.

WAYNE
Eve? Holy shit!

Trying to make himself more sincere, more serious, Wayne straightens his shoulders, looking concerned.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
I've been meaning to call you...

EVE
Really?

WAYNE
I just didn't know if you'd want me to. You know, I never took sides, Eve, I didn't.

Her agenda in place, Eve plays along.

EVE
It's no big deal, I believe you. No grudges, it's a new day.

WAYNE
A new day....you're the last person I expected to see out tonight.

EVE
Me? What about you? It's Holy Saturday, tomorrow's Easter. Don't you still go to mass every Sunday?

WAYNE
Yes, ma'am, I do, and I'll be there tomorrow, too. I haven't missed an Easter mass in all of my forty-six years, that's got to count for something when my card gets drawn.

The same bartender from earlier, chewing on a toothpick, approaches, not recognizing Eve.

BARTENDER
What are we drinking, beautiful?

EVE
Need to see my license again?

Wayne, very territorial, sizes up the bartender, not wanting him to interfere with the possibility of getting this conquest into his bed. The bartender places her face.

BARTENDER

Hey, Wild Turkey. That rich broad that was with you today? She went to the shitter, right after you stormed outta here. She never came out. Just gone.

EVE

Really?

BARTENDER

Hand to God! Creeped me out, Charlie and the fraud down there, too. They started drinking real hard after that. Fucking weird. Who was she?

WAYNE

Buddy, you gonna get the lady her drink or do I have to come back there and pour it myself?

The bartender takes the toothpick out of his mouth, turns his attention to Wayne.

BARTENDER

Chode, whatcha going do if I cut you off?

INT. WAYNE'S TRAILER-NIGHT

Wayne, staggering drunk, chivalrously opens the door to his trailer letting Eve enter first.

The walls are adorned with several buck's heads, gun racks, stuffed trout and various other trophies.

A heavy marble statue of a hunter rests on top of stacks of porn and hunting magazines. Wayne fumbles toward the kitchen.

WAYNE

Get you a beer?

EVE

You have a nice place here.

WAYNE

Want to see the bedroom?

EVE

Give a girl time to get her bearings. We like to be pursued...hunted.

With a broad smile, he opens the beers, handing one to Eve.

EVE (CONT'D)

You have a lot of rifles up on the wall. I remember you being a very skilled hunter.

WAYNE

Well, you know---

She approaches, puts a finger to his lips shushing him.

EVE

I recall that day I saw you with that automatic rifle. Sexy.

WAYNE

Really?

EVE

Can I see it?

Eve moves the bottle from her lips, down his chest, to his groin. Wayne, feeling he has hit the jackpot, his dry spell over, chugs his beer.

He quickly leaves the living room area and darts down the tiny corridor.

WAYNE

Don't go nowhere.

She quickly looks around the room. She regards the bottle in her hand, but it may not get the job done, she needs something heavier.

Searching under cushions on the sofa, on top of the television, nothing. Finally, she spots the marble hunter. She picks it up, hiding the weapon behind her back.

Wayne returns carrying a hard metal case. He lays it on the ground, kneels down. Pausing for a moment to admire the exterior, he unhinges the clasps opens the lid.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Well, what do you think of her?

Drunk and lost in the wonder of his "baby", Wayne stares as if it was the Holy Grail. Receiving no response, he turns up to look at Eve, met by a VICIOUS CRASH to the head.

EXT. CHURCH-DAY

Eve's car circles the parking lot, searching for a space.

EVE (VO)
I've asked for forgiveness. I'll
ask every day until my
execution....I'm playing by God's
rules, they can't be changed. The
entire religion is based on
forgiveness. You don't believe me?

DR. THOMAS (VO)
It's not my place to believe you or
not.

EVE (VO)
Everyone has their own
beliefs...their own wants.

DR. THOMAS (VO)
Good luck, Eve.

CUT TO:

INT. BREAK ROOM-DAY

Eve sits looking at Dr. Thomas.

EVE
Will you pray for me?

DR. THOMAS
I don't know if that would be any
benefit. We've already discussed my
religious beliefs.

Eve, a coy, knowing smile appears on her face.

EVE
Would you mind if I prayed for you?

MONTAGE

Dr. Thomas sits alone filling out forms, writes: "SUBJECT FIT
FOR TRIAL". He presses play on his voice recorder, listening
to Eve's quiet mumblings. He increases the volume.

Eve clearly reciting the Act Of Contrition.

EVE (VO) (CONT'D)
 Oh my God, I am heartily sorry for
 having offended you...

Eve escorted down the hallway by Lindemuth and MacDougal.

EVE (VO) (CONT'D)
 ...and I detest all my sins,
 because of your just punishments
 but most of all because they offend
 you, my God...

THE GOODMAN'S HOUSE. Frank walks to his mailbox. Among the past due bills and junk mail, he comes across an envelope simply labeled "The Goodman's".

EVE (VO) (CONT'D)
 ...who are all-good and deserving
 of all my love.

In the dusk of the ALLEY, Dr. Thomas hands a smiling Scarpetto his forms. They shake hands as Scarpetto points to a waiting, sour Molcheck.

Frank Goodman opens the envelope, full of cash.

EVE (VO) (CONT'D)
 ...I firmly resolve with the help
 of your grace to sin no more and to
 avoid the near occasion of sin.

MOLCHECK'S BUICK, driving on the parkway, takes the exit ramp for the airport.

END MONTAGE

INT. AIRPLANE FIRST CLASS AREA-NIGHT

Dr. Thomas places his briefcase and coat into the overhead compartment. His cellphone falls out of his pocket onto the seat. Realizing it has been turned off, he powers it on.

It immediately begins to CHIRP, as the display reads "6 NEW MESSAGES". He sits in the aisle seat, dials the phone.

DR. THOMAS
 Faye?

FAYE(OS)
 Donald, finally, I've been trying
 to reach you all day!

DR. THOMAS

You knew I wouldn't be able to talk, what's wrong?

FAYE(OS)

Nothing's wrong, unless you consider Piers Morgan's producer calling three times wrong. They want to schedule a live interview!

DR. THOMAS

Really? They called today?

FAYE(OS)

They want to do it this Thursday night, in New York!

DR. THOMAS

You have their number?

FAYE(OS)

That's not all.

A WOMAN approaches the aisle and places her items in the overhead compartment.

FAYE (OS CONT.) (CONT'D)

Dr. Jacoby from Princeton called! Remember him? He said they need someone in the psych department to finish out the year and cover the summer courses!

DR. THOMAS

Yes, of course---

FAYE(OS)

And Don, D.J. got accepted today!

DR. THOMAS

You're kidding?

FAYE(OS)

No, I'm not...Brigham Young...can you believe it?

The woman stands beside Dr. Thomas, waiting patiently for him to finish his conversation.

DR. THOMAS

That's....unbelievable...that's great! Listen, we're about to take off, let me call you when I land.

FAYE(OS)
 OK, OK...Don..it's happening, isn't
 it...this is what we waited for.

DR. THOMAS
 It looks that way.

FAYE(OS)
 I love you! Hurry home!

Dr. Thomas reflects on his new found good fortune. His thoughts are broken by the polite voice of the woman standing beside him.

WOMAN (OS)
 So sorry, but would you be a dear
 and let me sit in the aisle? I tend
 to move around a bit.

He looks up at his fellow first class passenger. He recognizes her...

DR. THOMAS
 Sure...no problem.

Dr. Thomas slides towards the window as this woman takes the aisle seat. It is the OLIVE SKINNED WOMAN, Liza.

LIZA
 Didn't mean to eavesdrop, but
 sounded like good news.

DR. THOMAS
 It was, my wife, she told me a talk
 show, Piers Morgan, would like to
 interview me. I'm a psychologist.

LIZA
 Fascinating! Good for you, sir.

Smiling, Dr. Thomas extends his red, chapped hand.

DR. THOMAS
 Dr. Donald Thomas, Salt Lake City.

Daintily, she shakes his hand.

LIZA
 Liza Firr, pleasure.

DR. THOMAS
 What type of business are you in
 Liza?

LIZA
 Buying, selling....sometimes
 selling back...boring, really.
 Let's celebrate, shall we?

The first class STEWARDESS walks through the cabin, closing all the overhead bins, preparing for take off.

LIZA (CONT'D)
 (to the stewardess)
 So sorry, don't mean to trouble
 you, but my friend here just
 received some excellent news. Could
 we perhaps get some champagne
 before take off, please?

STEWARDESS
 Ms. Firr, you know I'll always bend
 the rules for you! Let me see what
 I can find.

As the stewardess leaves to retrieve the champagne, Dr. Thomas studies this curious passenger. He scratches his rapidly reddening neck.

DR. THOMAS
 That wasn't necessary, really.

LIZA
 Nonsense! You need to treat
 yourself! I always say, life is too
 short, you can't enjoy it when
 you're dead you know.

A click of LOUD STATIC, the CAPTAIN's voice on the intercom.

CAPTAIN (OS)
 Hello everyone, this is flight 1665
 non stop from Pittsburgh to Salt
 Lake City. We'll be departing
 shortly. Our atten---

The LOUD STATIC as well as the Captain's voice abruptly silenced.

The stewardess returns with two glasses of champagne, handing one first to Liza, then the other to Dr. Thomas. He accepts with his red, raw right hand.

STEWARDESS
 Here you are. Congratulations!

LIZA
 Thank you so much dear.

Turning to Dr.Thomas, she raises her glass for a toast.

LIZA (CONT'D)
To the future!

The clinking of their glasses produce no sound. Liza takes a sip, wearing a satisfied face. Dr. Thomas swallows the champagne, a horrible, disgusted look crossing his face.

The champagne does not appeal to his taste buds in the least.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE COACH AREA-NIGHT

A BLACK FEMALE HAND moves down in front of obese black legs, reaching into an oversize bag on the floor.

From the bag, a large, worn, leather bound book is retrieved.

The book in hand ascends slowly, passing a red moo-moo, an Ipod earphone wire runs up the owners chest, finally resting on the fold out airline tray.

An open can of Coke deposited beside the book.

The hands open the book. Hundreds of pages overflowing with TALLY MARKS.

Finally, the page turning ceases near the end marked by a white cloth ribbon.

TALLY MARKS also here, but a much lower quantity.

In calligraphy, the title on this page reads: "LOST".

Wielding a cheap pen, the black hand adds an additional TALLY MARK to the open page.

The seated passenger is Angel.

FADE TO BLACK