

DAVID SLADE
Director

HARD CANDY

Written by Brian Nelson

April 1, 2003

White - Revisions June 11, 2004
Blue - Revisions June 17, 2004
Pink - Revisions June 21, 2004

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FADE IN:

CLOSE ON A COMPUTER SCREEN

1

Instant messaging text appears, fast and furious. THONGGRRRL14's text is in RED, Lensman319's text is in BLUE.

LENSMAN319: So we should finally hook up?

THONGGRRRL14: maybe maybe

LENSMAN319: Baby baby.

THONGGRRRL14: NOT a baby, i keep telling you

LENSMAN319: I'll have to see for myself.

THONGGRRRL14: think a baby reads radie smith?

LENSMAN319: Dunno. Babies pretend to read.

THONGGRRRL14: and you know this? you study babies?

LENSMAN319: Only one I study is you.

THONGGRRRL14: guess it depends on the kind of baby you mean

THONGGRRRL14: :)--

LENSMAN319: Be still, mahh heart! =)

THONGGRRRL14: whatcha doing now?

LENSMAN319: Besides fantasizing over you? Nada.

THONGGRRRL14: you oughta film me with that videocam

THONGGRRRL14: then you wouldn't have to fantasize

LENSMAN319: This is very doable

THONGGRRRL14: hmmm

LENSMAN319: Hmmm?

THONGGRRRL14: yes I said hmmm

LENSMAN319: Which means?

THONGGRRRL14: let's do it

LENSMAN319: What "it" did you have in mind?

THONGGRRRL14: we can negotiate

FADE IN:

INT. CLOSE ON A COMPUTER SCREEN - DAY

1

Instant messaging text appears, fast and furious. THONGGRRRL14's text is in RED, Lensman319's text is in BLUE.

LENSMAN319: So we should finally hook up, baby? *

THONGGRRRL14: NOT a baby, i keep telling you *

LENSMAN319: I'll have to see for myself.

THONGGRRRL14: think a baby reads zadie smith?

LENSMAN319: Dunno. Babies pretend to read.

THONGGRRRL14: and you know this? you study babies?

LENSMAN319: Only one I study is you.

THONGGRRRL14: :)-- whatcha doing now? *

LENSMAN319: Besides fantasizing over you? *

THONGGRRRL14: you oughta film me with that videocam

THONGGRRRL14: then you wouldn't have to fantasize

LENSMAN319: This is very doable

THONGGRRRL14: like me -- KIDDING! *

LENSMAN319: Tease.

After the shortest of pauses -- *

THONGGRRRL14: okay, let's do it *

THONGGRRRL14: hook up i mean *

LENSMAN319: for real? where? *

THONGGRRRL14: my big sister could drop me at Nighthawks

THONGGRRRL14: give me an hour to shower *

LENSMAN319: i'll picture it

THONGGRRRL14: i'll picture you picturing it

THONGGRRRL14: 11 am?

LENSMAN319: done. go shower. now.

THONGGRRRL14: get a little bossy when you're hot, do ya?

DEFINITIVE

HARD CANDY

Written by Brian Nelson

April 1, 2003

Revisions October 19, 2003

LENSMAN319: Tease.

THONGGRRRL14: that a complaint or a compliment? *

LENSMAN319: let's do it

LENSMAN319: hook up i mean

THONGGRRRL14: i know you mean it when you stop punctuating *

LENSMAN319: tell me where

THONGGRRRL14: my big sister could drop me at Nighthawks *

THONGGRRRL14: you hang there a lot, right? *

LENSMAN319: ought to pay rent

THONGGRRRL14: they've got yummy stuff *

THONGGRRRL14: including me *

LENSMAN319: how soon?

THONGGRRRL14: give me an hour to shower *

LENSMAN319: i'll picture it

THONGGRRRL14: i'll picture you picturing it *

THONGGRRRL14: 11 am? *

LENSMAN319: done. go shower. now.

THONGGRRRL14: get a little bossy when you're hot, do ya? *

LENSMAN319: pleaseeee

THONGGRRRL14: that's better. see ya soon! XXXXXXXX *

LENSMAN319: XXXXXXXX

THE SCREEN GOES BLACK, as the Archies' "SUGAR" plays and CREDITS ROLL AS WE CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHTHAWKS - DAY

2

A coffeeshop with a design nod to Edward Hopper, somewhere on Ventura Boulevard near the Hollywood Hills.

LENSMAN319: pleaseeee

THONGGRRRL14: that's better. see ya soon! xxxxxxxx

LENSMAN319: xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

THE SCREEN GOES BLACK, as the Archies' "SUGAR" plays and CREDITS
ROLL AS WE CUT TO:

REVISED. rev. 7/13/04
LOTS OF PATCH KEYING
TODAY
3 INT. NIGHTHAWKS SALES COUNTER - DAY

SLOWLY PAN past the array of designer coffees to a shelf filled with truffles, cordials, caramels, nougats, pralines, ganaches and creams. Lifting a cream to her mouth is

HAYLEY STARK, bright-eyed, fresh-scrubbed. Her athletic, slender frame is all of fourteen years old, but there's an intelligence and a daring in her eyes that feels much older.

She's dressed for fun, in low-slung sweats with a belly chain, a faux-Woodstock-era top from Limited Too, and backpack. She tastes the cream, looks to the STORE CLERK in rapture.

HAYLEY

Oh. So good. I want more.

JEFF (O.C.)

Don't get greedy.

She whirls to see

JEFF KOHLVER, early 30s passing for late 20s, handsome, hip, a radiant smile. Not the kind of guy you imagine trolling adolescents on the internet: he looks like a walking ad for the Gap. Hayley can't believe her eyes, and blushes that her mouth's still full of cream --

HAYLEY

Jeff?

JEFF

Hayley.

HAYLEY

Ohmigod --

(wipes her mouth)

This is like -- I was going to be so sophisticated when we met --

JEFF

A little hard to do that with your mouth full of whatever-that-is --

HAYLEY

It's great, you should try it --

JEFF

I will.

He dabs off a little cream from her lip and tastes it.

3 INT. NIGHTHAWKS SALES COUNTER - DAY

3

SLOWLY PAN past the array of designer coffees to a shelf filled with truffles, cordials, caramels, nougats, pralines, ganaches and creams. Lifting a cream to her mouth is

8 HAYLEY GARDNER, bright-eyed, fresh-scrubbed. Her athletic, slender frame is all of fourteen years old, but there's an intelligence and a daring in her eyes that feels much older.

A She's dressed for fun, in low-slung sweats with a belly chain, a faux-Woodstock-era top from Limited Too, and backpack. She tastes the cream, looks to the STORE CLERK in rapture.

HAYLEY

8 You see, because of this... when we talk
 that's what we do. That's what we do.

GEOFF

~~you should come to the store with me?~~

She whirls to see

GEOFF HILL, early 30s passing for late 20s, handsome, hip, a radiant smile. Not the kind of guy you imagine trolling adolescents on the internet: he looks like a walking ad for the Gap. Hayley can't believe her eyes, and blushes that her mouth's still full of cream --

HAYLEY

C Geoff?

GEOFF

A Hayley.

HAYLEY

Ohmigod --

(wipes her mouth)

This is like -- I was going to be so sophisticated when we met --

GEOFF

C A little hard to do that with your mouth full of whatever-that-is --

HAYLEY

It's great, you should try it --

GEOFF

D I will.

He dabs off a little cream from her lip and tastes it.

E

3 INT. NIGHTHAWKS SALES COUNTER - DAY

3 *

SLOWLY PAN past the array of designer coffees to a shelf filled with truffles, cordials, caramels, nougats, pralines, ganaches and creams. Lifting a cream to her mouth is

HAYLEY STARR, bright-eyed, fresh-scrubbed. Her athletic, slender frame is all of fourteen years old, but there's an intelligence and a daring in her eyes that feels much older. *

She's dressed for fun, in low-slung sweats with a belly chain, a faux-Woodstock-era top from Limited Too, and backpack. She tastes the cream, looks to the STORE CLERK in rapture.

HAYLEY
Yeassssssssss. This is what we call
OOTS- Organ On The Spot.

GEOFF (O.C.)
So you "came" without me?

She whirls to see

GEOFF CULVER, early 30s passing for late 20s, handsome, hip, a radiant smile. Not the kind of guy you imagine trolling adolescents on the internet: he looks like a walking ad for the Gap. Hayley can't believe her eyes, and blushes that her mouth's still full of cream --

HAYLEY
Geoff?

GEOFF
Hayley.

HAYLEY
Ohmigod --
(wipes her mouth)
This is like -- I was going to be so
sophisticated when we met --

GEOFF
A little hard to do that with your
mouth full of whatever-that-is --

HAYLEY
It's great, you should try it --

GEOFF
I will.

He dabs off a little cream from her lip and tastes it.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

Yum.

HAYLEY

(staring; a little blush)

That's what I was thinking.

GEOFF

Pardon?

HAYLEY

Well. You know. You don't look like the kind of guy who has to meet girls over the internet.

GEOFF

I think it's better to talk to people online first. You get to know what they're like inside. You work as a photographer, you find out real quick: people's faces lie.

HAYLEY

Does my face lie?

GEOFF

(mock-studies her)

I look at those eyes and see -- a girl? who reads Zadie Smith -- who listens to John Mayer and Coldplay -- who loves old Monty Python episodes -- and who desperately -- deeply -- madly -- wants -- needs -- longs for -- more -- chocolate.

HAYLEY

(laughing)

Excellent judge of character!

The clerk rolls her eyes in the b.g., but flashes on a helpful smile as Hayley turns to order.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Um! Two raspberry truffles, two lemon ganaches, two mint creams --

GEOFF

What's a ganache?

HAYLEY

You don't know ganaches? You're lucky you're with a woman of the world to introduce you to such things.

less
eye
contact

8 /
captives the person

15

GEOFF
And two chocolate covered hearts.

HAYLEY
Plus a decaf latte for me, and --
(looks to Geoff)

GEOFF
I'm good.

HAYLEY
You do appear so.

She beams at him bashfully as he charms her with cool --

CUT TO:

4 INT. NIGHTHAWKS SOFA ROOM - SHORTLY LATER 4

F The back of the coffeeshop is filled with old, densely padded secondhand furniture. Against one wall, bulletin board with flyers advertising massage therapists, yoga classes, and a sad photo-flyer in search of missing teenager Costa Mauer -- like Hayley, a fresh-scrubbed and attractive girl -- whose face we will see again.

Hayley and Geoff settle in with their treats on a cozy, overstuffed sofa, her huge knapsack providing an effective safety zone between them -- for the moment.

GEOFF
What's in the bag?

HAYLEY
Oh, you know, books. If you stood me up, I wanted to have stuff to read. And I couldn't decide. There's this new Donna Tartt novel, and I'm reading about Jean Seberg, she was this actress who slept with the wrong people and ended up killing herself --

Emphasize
now
reading!

GEOFF
(mock-warning)
Don't you do that.

HAYLEY
-- no, I intend to sleep with only the RIGHT people -- plus, I want to finish Romeo and Juliet, it's a ninth grade book but I'm gonna have it done before school starts again --

Geoff pokes at a medical textbook bulging out of the knapsack. *

GEOFF
This doesn't look like Elizabethan
tragedy.

HAYLEY
No, this is so cool! My dad's letting
me audit one of his med school
courses! I don't know if I understand
half of it, but I love it!

She moves the knapsack away to the floor --

GEOFF
So you go to [redacted] and sit in the
lecture hall with all these grad
students? Do they hit on you?

HAYLEY
What are you, jealous?

GEOFF
Just admiring. I didn't know you were
interested in that kind of thing.

HAYLEY
(cooly)
You thought because we've been
chatting for three weeks, you know
everything there is to know about me?
Besides, these guys wouldn't hit on a
fourteen-year-old, they're old enough
to be my dad.

Geoff nods, thinking that over. She picks up on it --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
No, they're really older. Not like,
good-older like you. They're --
(appalled at herself)
God, that was articulate. Can I just
start over?

GEOFF
I get it. I get it. I just thought
they'd -- well, you look older than
you are. You ACT older than you are.

HAYLEY
Really?

F MOVING
FROM
GEOFF I was expecting someone not as
impressive

IN OWN WORDS

F MOVING
FROM
HAYLEY Me too.
(blushes in delight)

CUT TO:

5 INT. NIGHTHAWKS SALTS COUNTER DAY 5

Shortly, Hayley pays for one more ganache, and looks at a Nighthawks Cafe T-shirt on the back wall, adorned with the Hopper painting.

1970's
ANNIE WARDEN

INSERT OF SHIRT

HAYLEY
Cool shirt.

GEOFF
You want it?

HAYLEY
Didn't bring enough bucks.

GEOFF
And yet, not actually what I was
asking.

HAYLEY
Sure, I want it.

Geoff leans over to the cashier --

GEOFF
Let's have one of these in her size.

As the cashier nods and goes to search for it --

HAYLEY
I can't let you do that.

GEOFF
Because then -- ?

HAYLEY
(not sure, but)
Because --

GEOFF
-- you'd end up so indebted to me that
you'd have to -- ?

THE Vibe,
was the

HAYLEY
(a beat; a smile)
I guess I can let you do that.

GEOFF
You do have to model it for me,
though.

HAYLEY
(mock-agony)
Conditions, I can't live with all
these conditions!

A { The cashier drops the shirt on the counter, and Geoff hands over
bills for it, as Hayley pecks him on the cheek.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Thanks.

(looks at the shirt)
It is so unfair.

GEOFF
What?

She points at the image of the nighthawks on the T-shirt.

HAYLEY
This is when things happen. The
middle of the night. By which time I
am completely out of the scene.

GEOFF
Life as a teenager.

HAYLEY
I hate having to depend on Lindsay to
get everywhere.

GEOFF
You'll be driving before you know it.

TURNING AROUND

HAYLEY
And in the meantime, I missed
Elizabeth Wurtzel speaking at USC, and
the Goldfrapp concert, and when
~~Elizabeth Wurtzel was in town~~ -- I'm just
lucky she could drop me here today.

GEOFF
I was at the Goldfrapp concert,
actually.

HAYLEY

Was it great? It was great, of course
it was great.

GEOFF

You could judge for yourself.

HAYLEY

Oh, you gonna fly me out to their next
date?

GEOFF

No, I'm just gonna send you the
bootleg MP3.

HAYLEY

You have the concert?!

GEOFF

Just one song. And a little louder,
please, so the authorities know.

HAYLEY

I have to hear this!

GEOFF

What I'm saying! I'll send it to you!

HAYLEY

And I have to wait until you get home
and get around to it?

GEOFF

Good things are worth the wait.

HAYLEY

Oh, yeah? What have you waited for,
recently?

GEOFF

(lightly)

I'm going to have to wait four years
for you.

HAYLEY

(smiles)

You're bad.

GEOFF

I've been told I'm very good. You
said I appear good. But maybe you
were just leading me on.

HAYLEY

You're trying to distract me from the MP3.

GEOFF

Look, I have to send it, it's not like I can bring you over to my place to hear it. Considering we just met, this would be a little insane.

HAYLEY

True.

As she thinks about it for a moment --

CUT TO:

6 INT. NIGHTHAWKS HALLWAY - DAY 6

In the rear of the coffeeshop, a little hallway leads to a tiny bathroom. Hayley's behind the door changing, Geoff waits outside, talking to her through the door.

HAYLEY (O.S.)

Now don't peek.

GEOFF

(mock-bored)

You know, I shoot models for a living, it's not like you've got anything I haven't seen before.

HAYLEY (O.S.)

Oh, you're so sure.

GEOFF

I'm thinking: yeah.

HAYLEY (O.S.)

Maybe you SHOULD peek, then. Make the clerk wonder what's going on here.

Geoff smiles: this is going well.

GEOFF

In your dreams, little girl.

HAYLEY (O.S.)

Now I'm a little girl? What happened to how mature I was?

She opens the door to flash herself quickly in just bra and pants --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Is this mature enough?

-- and slams the door playfully.

GEOFF
Keep teasing me like that, you'll make
me crazy.

Silence. Geoff waits a moment. Finally comes Hayley's voice,
trying to be casual --

HAYLEY (O.S.)
Is that so?

Geoff smiles: yes, it's going VERY well.

CUT TO:

7 INT. NIGHTHAWKS SOFA ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 7

Back on the sofa, Geoff with Hayley in her new T-shirt, tied to
show her midriff --

MNOP { HAYLEY
There are three points I have to make.
First, you wouldn't take advantage
because you've been seen with me here
today, this clerk could testify if I
needed. Second, what can I say, it's
Goldfrapp.

GEOFF
And third?

HAYLEY
You said I'd be insane to come over to
your place. But! Four out of five
doctors agree that I am, actually,
insane. So in a way, I really HAVE to
come over, just to be true to myself.

Geoff makes a show of considering it --

CUT TO:

8 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY 8 *

Geoff and Hayley ride together in an elevator to the parking lot
-- silently, shyly watching each other -- *

SHOT
OF
THIS
LINE

9 EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

The top floor of a parking structure - downtown rising in the distance from one direction, the Hills looming from the other. Geoff walks Hayley over to a Cooper Mini.

HAYLEY
And then, the fourth reason. This amazing car.

GEOFF
In the face of logic like that, I bow down in worship.

HAYLEY
(playfully)
Bow down. Good idea. What are you waiting for?

Geoff bows on the concrete before Hayley, head at her feet.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Now worship me!

GEOFF
You are right, o royal Thonggirl. I am not worthy to kiss your feet.

HAYLEY
You might be.

Through her open-toed sandals, he kisses her toes once. Twice.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Oh, that's good.
(another two kisses)
Um. My.
(another kiss)
We'd better get going.

He rises and unlocks the passenger door to the Mini --

GEOFF
Yes, o magnificent Thonggirl.
(and, lightly)
You were about this?

HAYLEY
You bet. Hurry hurry.

She gets in; he looks around, then closes the door firmly.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

9

The top floor of a parking structure -- downtown rising in the distance from one direction, the Hills looming from the other. Geoff walks Hayley over to a Cooper Mini.

HAYLEY

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GEOFF

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HAYLEY

(playfully)

Bow down. Good idea. What are you waiting for?

Geoff bows on the concrete before Hayley, head at her feet.

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You might be.

Through her open-toed sandals, he kisses her toes once. Twice.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Oh, that's good.

(another two kisses)

Um. My.

(another kiss)

We'd better get going.

He rises and unlocks the passenger door to the Mini --

GEOFF

Yes, o magnificent Thonggirl.

(and, lightly)

You wanna call your sister, let her know where you'll be?

HAYLEY

Later. First the car. Hurry hurry.

She gets in; he looks around, then closes the door firmly.

CUT TO:

She gets in; he looks around, then closes the door firmly.

CUT TO:

10+A EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - DAY 10+A *

GOLDFRAPP plays under as the Mini motors up the thin streets.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. GEOFF'S HOUSE - TIMELAPSE 11 *

A vintage modernist home from the 50s. The Mini's parked out front, with MUSIC CONTINUING UNDER --

CUT TO:

12 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 12

MUSIC CONTINUES UNDER as Geoff pours two glasses of San Pellegrino. PAN FROM HIM THROUGH THE

13 INT. DINING ROOM - DAY 13

Its walls bearing black-and-white art prints of beautiful, barely barely barely clothed young women -- shot with the eye of a David Bailey or Herb Ritts, not tawdry stuff. The furniture is sleek and modern, Philippe Starck chaire around a steel and glass table on wheels. CONTINUE PANNING INTO THE

14 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 14

Stylish with its Eames sofa and Herman Miller accessories: a design jamboree. On the walls, more artful blow-ups of young women just on the verge of being undraped. A foyer is visible, in which a tall palm grows from an interior rock garden. PUSH INTO THE

15 INT. MEDIA ROOM - DAY 15

Where the MUSIC FINISHES IN APPLAUSE as Bayley, listening to it on headphones, applauds as well.

HAYLEY

SO hot.

Geoff brings her a glass, but she looks at it skeptically.

GEOFF

What's wrong?

HAYLEY

They teach us young things not to take any drink we haven't seen mixed ourselves.

ARRI 635 FOR THIS SCENE

C/ AFTER 1 INTERIOR TRACKING SHOT (3 SHOTS MIN 250)
ON A WAGON AND THE 2ND TRACKING SHOT (3 SHOTS MIN 250)
A TRACKING VEHICLE WE CUT TO 24 / 150 FPS

D/ STATIC 8" SIDE OF ROAD LOWER ANGLE CAMERA
PROBABLY IN CENTER OF ROAD IF THERE IS HEAT
HAZE - WE WILL USE LONGER LENS FOR LATER
THIS SHOT IS DONE FIRST AT 150 FPS WITH LATE TURNING.

IN TRACKING SEQUENCE WE WILL NEEDED SOME OVERHEAD
TREES FOR PUTTING CONTINUITY.

3/10/04

13. A

High Speed

10

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - DAY

10

~~SCENE~~ plays under as the Mini motors up the thin straits.

CUT TO:

MUSIC OF SOUND BUILT OVER LENGTH OF THIS SEQUENCE TO BEATDOWN CORP
THE SEQUENCE DOWN WITH DRUM SOUND SEEMS WITH IT HEARS LAUGH BROTHERS
READING ELECTRONIC STOPS - WE CUT TO WHITE BLACK SCREEN
FOR MAIN PROCESS

WE START THIS SEQUENCE TO BEATDOWN WITH AT 24 FPS THEN
SO 24 AND 150 FPS ACTION WILL BE QUITE SMOOTH.
FOR THAT THEN 24 FPS THEN 150 FPS ACTION.

SHOT 1 HIGH SPEED SHOT OF HAYLEY LOOKING AHEAD

DEFLECTIONS AND LENS FLARE ALONG WITH MOVING FIRE

11 EXT. GEOFF'S HOUSE - DAY

11

A, * A vintage modernist home from the 50s. The Mini's parked out front, with MUSIC CONTINUING UNDER --

CUT TO:

12 ~~INT. KITCHEN - DAY~~

12

MUSIC CONTINUES UNDER as Geoff pours two glasses of San Pellegrino. PAN FROM HIM THROUGH THE

13 ~~INT. ROOM -~~

13

Its walls bearing black-and-white art prints of beautiful, barely barely barely clothed young women -- shot with the eye of a David Bailey or Herb Ritts, not tawdry stuff. The furniture is sleek and modern, Philippe Starck chairs around a steel and glass table on wheels. CONTINUE PANNING INTO THE

LIVING ROOM.

14

Stylish with its Eames sofa and Herman Miller accessories: a design jamboree. On the walls, more artful blow-ups of young women just on the verge of being undraped. A foyer is visible, in which a tall palm grows from an interior rock garden. PUSH INTO THE

MEDIA ROOM,

15

Where the MUSIC FINISHES IN APPLAUSE as Hayley, listening to it on headphones, applauds as well.

HAYLEY
So hot.

She shrugs over her back -- TAKES OFF HEADPHONES
Geoff brings her a glass, but she looks at it skeptically.

GEOFF
What's wrong?

HAYLEY
They teach us young things not to take any drink we haven't seen mixed ourselves.

D
C
GEOFF
Smart. Come back to the kitchen and I'll pour it again.

→ HE TURNS AROUND
AND THEN STOPS
AS HAYLEY SPEAKS
HE TURNS BACK

HAYLEY
Nahhhh, I can whip up something more entertaining than that -

4/D She bounces out playfully; off Geoff's raised eyebrow --

CUT TO:

16 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

16

E Hayley pores through the refrigerator, pulls out orange juice, more sparkling water, a bowl of salad covered in Saran Wrap --

HAYLEY
Healthy dude, huh?

GEOFF
(following, smiling)
I try. Figure I want to live as long as I can.

HAYLEY
Living longer is overrated.

E She pulls off the wrap and pops a pair of tomatoes in her mouth as she returns to the fridge --

F.H.M. SEEING INTO FRIDGE

GEOFF
You don't want to reach a ripe old age?

HAYLEY
for what? When I'm eighty, what'll I do for fun?

GEOFF
Well, when you're eighty, I'll be --
(calculating)
-- ninety-eight.

HAYLEY
(laughing)
Right! And useless to me!

GEOFF
What use do you have in mind for me?

E Hayley smiles a mischievous little smile at him, then closes the fridge and inspects the freezer --

HAYLEY

Ah! Knew there had to be something
fun around here --

She yanks a bottle of Absolut from the freezer in triumph.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

-- I mean, other than noi.

As Hayley whips through cabinets until she finds glasses

TRACK WITH GREGG INTO THE

MEDIA ROOM.

Where he puts on some SYNTH-HOUSE MUSIC. We can see one or two of the photo girls on the wall behind him --

HAYLEY (O.S.)

Get those babes have a little dirt on you.

GEOFF

(A good report, but)
Those are models.

HAYLEY 10-5-3

Then why are they here on your walla,
instead of some magazine cover?

(lightly teasing)

Looking at you while you do the most intimate things.

Geoff takes it in stride: it's hard to tell whether Hayley's flirting or just silly. He walks back to the

KITCHEN.

Where Rayley's finished pouring two screwdrivers

GEOFF

This isn't an intimate place, really. My house is my studio. When clients come here, they're walking into my giant portfolio.

HAYLEY

Q All these were shot here?

Geoff cocks his head for Hayley to follow --

THIS FRAME IS LOOSE ENOUGH TO SLIP CUT TO:

GEORGE AND WILEY HEAD BACK TO MEDIA ROOM

8 } 15. JOURNAL
 N } CENS. = DRINK
 AND PURPOSE
 FULLY REVEALS
 WHAT SHE IS
 DOING FROM
 PEACEMAKER POV
 THEN SHE WALKS
 AROUND TO GET
 DRINKS DOWN
 ON COUNTER
 AT POINTS OF
 OF TENS (HALL)
 DARK SILENTLY
 FROM POV TO
 DRINKS WHICH
 ARE A BIG IN
 FRAME

19

INT. STUDIO - DAY

19

MUSIC CONTINUES UNDER. One of the bedrooms functions as Geoff's photo studio. An Aeron chair sits against a light table for inspecting slides. On one wall, an array of cameras and lenses, mostly Hasselblads. On the sides, racks of lights and props. And against the back wall, a set of colored photo tarps, with the ~~white~~ tarp currently unrolled. Holding the screwdrivers, Hayley inspects it all, definitely impressed.

TWO
 TARPS
 ONE RED
 ONE YELLOW

HAYLEY

Ohmigod. You're like a big deal, aren't you?

GEOFF

I get work.

HAYLEY

(off a Hasselblad)

These cameras give you that square image, don't they?

GEOFF

How did you know that?

HAYLEY

I'm a goon. I just read constantly. You saw all those books in my bag.

GEOFF

You're not reading now.

HAYLEY

(pleased)

I'm not, am I? It feels good.

She sips, hands him the other drink.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Don't fall behind.

GEOFF

We should toast.

HAYLEY

(clinking his glass)

Carpe omnia.

GEOFF

What's that?

THIS SHIRT
 HAS A DARKER
 TONE

ONE
 TWO
 THREE
 FOUR
 FIVE
 SIX
 SEVEN
 EIGHT
 NINE
 TEN
 ELEVEN
 TWELVE
 THIRTEEN
 FOURTEEN
 FIFTEEN
 SIXTEEN
 SEVENTEEN
 EIGHTEEN
 NINETEEN
 TWENTY

LEFT LIGHT



Left Geoff

GEOFF
Rarely.

HAYLEY
Poor Geoff!

GEOFF
(sips his drink)
I'm compensated for my trouble, don't
worry about me.

HAYLEY
But I like worrying about you. It
makes me wonder about --
(shakes her head)
Well, you probably --

GEOFF
What?

HAYLEY
No, no no no. Forget it.

GEOFF
Aw, come on. What's in that insane
mind of yours?

Quickly she downs her drink, then races off --

HAYLEY
We need another screwdriver before I
can tell you.

*MEAN SHOT
B.V.
SHE MOVES TO LIGHT BOX
TRACK IN
SHE LOOKS SCARY
LOOKING DOWN*

CUT TO:

20 INT, KITCHEN - DAY

EXTRA ROSE VP. OF

Mixing more drinks, she watches warily as Geoff walks across the
length of the house toward her --

GEOFF
I'm waiting.

HAYLEY
One moment.
(after a new swig)
You're not keeping up --

Geoff polishes off his own drink, and -- *SCANS IT AND SEVERAL
MAYBE CLOS*

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
I just -- I was just wondering --
(sighing)
(MORE)

*B.V.
FACED
REAR
ADJUST*

Left right

GEOFF
Rarely.

HAYLEY
Poor Geoff!

GEOFF
(sips his drink)
I'm compensated for my trouble, don't
worry about me.

HAYLEY
But I like worrying about you. It
makes me wonder about --
(shakes her head)
Well, you probably --

GEOFF
What?

HAYLEY
No, no no no. Forget it.

GEOFF
Aw, come on. What's in that insane
mind of yours?

Quickly she downs her drink, then races off --

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*MEAN SHOT
B.V.
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SHE LOOKS SCARY
LOOKING DOWN*

CUT TO:

20 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

EXTRA ROSE V.P. OF

Mixing more drinks, she watches warily as Geoff walks across the
length of the house toward her --

GEOFF
I'm waiting.

HAYLEY
One moment.
(after a new swig)
You're not keeping up --

Geoff polishes off his own drink, and -- SCANS IT ON COUNTER
MOUTH CLOSED

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
I just -- I was just wondering --
(sighing)
(MORE)

*B.V.
PLACED
FROM THE
MOUTH.*

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Here's where you're supposed to make
it easier for me and read my mind.

GEOFF

You're wondering how many of these
models I've done it with.

HAYLEY

(laughing)

No!

(but now that you mention
it)

How many?

GEOFF

None of them.

HAYLEY

Get out.

GEOFF

They're underage, most of them. I'd
be arrested.

HAYLEY

You're not arrested for photographing
them like this? Aren't there laws?

GEOFF

I'm very aware of the legal
boundaries; I have to be.

HAYLEY

Because secretly you WOULD like to do
them.

Geoff stares at her in mock-reproach; she lifts her glass.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

It's the drink, I don't know what I'm
saying.

GEOFF

(a beat)

There's just one I slept with. When
we were BOTH younger.

GOING TO HAYLEY

(picks one of the photos) MONTIE D ON KITCHEN WALL
This one?

GEOFF

(shakes his head)

Not out here.

Hayley glances this way and that, then looks to Geoff impishly --

HAYLEY
In the bedroom?

Before Geoff can respond, she's racing off --

CUT TO:

21 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Sleek, simple as the rest. Geoff follows Hayley in; she's gazing at nearly a dozen 90s-vintage shots of a remarkably striking teenage beauty, fully clothed -- in the woods, at LACMA, on the beach, and looking particularly vulnerable in just a long man's T-shirt on a bed with stark white sheets.

HAYLEY
What's her name?

Geoff shrugs, doesn't answer. Hayley pulls off the bedroom photo and looks behind it --

GEOFF
(sharp y)
HEY.

But he's not fast enough -- Hayley sees the words 'Janella -- 3/19' written on the back of the photo. She savors the name like it's a mysterious secret --

HAYLEY
Ja-nellie,

For the first time, Geoff looks unsettled, sheepish. He covers it with a boyish aloofness --

GEOFF
rep. Janella.

HAYLEY
The first big girlfriend?

GEOFF
(still sensitive)
That's right.
(changing the topic)
Learned all my craft practicing on her.

Hayley studies the shot thoughtfully --

RESULTS

Was this the day? The day that you
two -- ?

Geoff gently but firmly takes the photo from her and hangs it carefully back on the wall -- almost as if he's handling a holy icon. Hayley takes a lighter tone, aware she's crossed a line ...

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Sorry. / Where's she now?

► NORMAN

GEOFF

These shots made a big splash. She signed with Ford, she's --

HAYLEY

Ohmigod, she's on magazine covers! I know her! I mean, not personally, but, like --

(reappraising him)

You get more impressive every second.

GROFF

My models are impressive. I just know how to bring it out.

He hasn't taken his eyes off Janelle's photos --

HAYTLEY

You still love her.

CROFF

(too lightly)

Man.

BAYLEY

Really?

GEOFF

No.

HAYLEY

Really? Really?

GEOFF

No. No.

HAYLEY

(more and more playfully)
Reeeeally reallyreallyreally?

ON SHOUT

GEOFF

NO.

(then, regretfully)

It was a long time ago. I still love
(MORE)

* LIFT

GEOFF (CONT'D)

... how simple things felt back then.
You know?

(MORE)

E { GEOFF (CONT'D)
I don't want to forget that.
(wistful)
We've moved on.

435

She sits on the bed, looking at him closely as he tries to play casual about his feelings.

HAYLEY
You're lonely.

GEOFF
No.

HAYLEY
I can hear it in your voice.

GEOFF
I'm a big boy.

HAYLEY
(nods thoughtfully)
Everyone has a Janelle, I guess.

GEOFF
I guess.

NORMAL

silly
doser

Hayley gets up with a more playful energy and stands next to the photos, imitating one of the poses.

B { HAYLEY
If you went and got one of your
cameras, what do you think you could
bring out in me?

Geoff blinks, turning his gaze from Janelle back to Hayley --

LIFT

E { GEOFF
This is what you wanted to ask.

She nods, shy but game, and his demeanor turns more pro --

GEOFF (CONT'D)
It's not as easy as you think.

HAYLEY
(nods, a good student)
Okay.

GEOFF
Models don't just put their brains on -
hold and pout their lips. They have
to be willing to open up. They show
us a little bit of their souls, their
secrets.

6/10/01

HAYLEY

Right.

GEOFF

And most people only open up from weakness. Nobody wants to see photos of weak people. We look at great models because they open up from a position of --

He pauses unexpectedly, frowns as if he's lost his thought. Then he resumes as if nothing had happened --

GEOFF (CONT'D)

-- of strength. They have the strength to believe they can do anything -- no matter how crazy -- no matter how --

He blinks for a second --

HAYLEY

You okay?

GEOFF

(shakes it off)

Let's try something.

He claps his hands and heads energetically out of the bedroom toward the studio, a little loose from the drink. But Hayley moves into the

LIVING ROOM. SHE PULLS A CD OUT OF HER BAG PUTS IT ON THE STEREO 3
Slowly dancing on the sofa --

HAYLEY

Uh-uh. Do me out here.

Geoff grabs a camera and circles her thoughtfully --

GEOFF

I shoot everyone in my studio.

HAYLEY

But I'm not everyone, am I?

She runs over to the sound system, GRABS A CD FROM HER BAG, PUMPS the music, and dances playfully, sexily

GEOFF

Clearly not.

FROM STUDIO

HAYLEY
Come on. Shoot me.

~~GEOFF'S CAMERA POV~~

Hayley playacts like Christina Aguilera, pulling off her top and dancing in her bra and pants, pouting for the camera --

GEOFF
(suddenly harsh)
Don't do that.

HAYLEY
What?

GEOFF
That phony music video crap. Be yourself. Be open. Weren't you just listening to me? Be strong. Sit down and look at me honestly.

Hayley stops dancing, confused; there's a frown on Geoff's face that we haven't seen before.

HAYLEY
I don't know if I --

GEOFF
(commanding)
Sit down.

REMAINS STANDING

She sits on the sofa, wide-eyed -- but as Geoff ~~REMAINS STANDING~~ he puts down his camera and rubs his forehead --

HAYLEY Δ ON THE TABLE NERVOUS
What's wrong?

He rises, teetering --

GEOFF'S POV

Hayley looks at him in concern -- but her image FADES AND SPINS just a bit --

GEOFF AND HAYLEY

Reach for each other, trying to figure out how to steady him --

GEOFF
Don't feel so good. I --

He leans on the back of the sofa and then SLIPS PAST IT, tumbling to the hardwood.

ARR.
435

HAYLEY
Come on. Shoot me.

GEOFF'S CAMERA POV

Hayley playacts like Christina Aguilera, pulling off her top and dancing in her bra and pants, pouting for the camera --

GEOFF
(suddenly harsh)

Don't do that.

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Hayley stops dancing, confused; there's a frown on Geoff's face that we haven't seen before.

HAYLEY
I don't know if I --

GEOFF
(commanding)
Sit down.



She sits on the sofa, wide-eyed -- but as Geoff sits beside her, he puts down his camera and rubs his forehead --

HAYLEY
What's wrong?

He rises, teetering --

GEOFF'S POV

Hayley looks at him in concern -- but her image FADES AND SPINS just a bit --

GEOFF AND HAYLEY

Reach for each other, trying to figure out how to steady him --

GEOFF
Don't feel so good. I --

22A He leans on the back of the sofa and then SLIPS PAST IT, 22A *
tumbling to the hardwood.

GEOFF'S POV

Hayley looks over the top of the sofa at him, shaking her head.
She doesn't seem surprised.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE UP:

23 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

23

Hayley, her top back on, looks through the medicine cabinet, unimpressed by the contents. Chloraseptic, Advil, Vaseline, shaving products. Ho-hum.

GEOFF (O.S.)

(hoarsely)

Hayley -- ?

She takes the Chloraseptic with her as she heads out into the

24 LIVING ROOM,

24

Where we find Geoff in one of his Aeron chairs -- TIED IN. His wrists are lashed to the armrests, his ankles to the legs. He's baffled, too groggy to understand what's happened to him.

WALKS INTO HAYLEY 1ST POSITION.

(sweetly)

Did you call me?

GEOFF

Wha -- ?

HAYLEY

Just looking through your medicine cabinet. Brrrrring. No Valley of the Dolls stuff at all. Can't help wondering what you use the Vaseline for, though.

GEOFF

(blinking)

I --

Hayley waits patiently, but he's still too out of it --

HAYLEY

You'll tell me when you're ready, I guess. Take your time.

GEOFF

Whaddid you -- ?

BRIAN

TRACK

NO XAX = S. Gc

GEOFF'S POV :

Hayley looks over the top of the sofa at him, shaking her head. She doesn't seem surprised.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE UP:

23 OMITTED 23

24 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 24

Where we find Geoff in one of his Aeron chairs -- TIED IN. His wrists are lashed to the armrests, his ankles to the legs. He's baffled, too groggy to understand what's happened to him.

HAYLEY
(sweetly)
Did you call me?

GEOFF
Wha -- ?

HAYLEY
Just looking through your medicine cabinet. Borrrring. No Valley of the Dolls stuff at all. Can't help wondering, though, why all the lubricants. *

GEOFF
(blinking)
I --

Hayley waits patiently, but he's still too out of it --

HAYLEY
You'll tell me when you're ready, I guess. Take your time.

GEOFF
Whaddid you -- ?

He shakes his head, trying to get the blood flowing again.

HAYLEY

Remember what I said about not drinking anything you didn't see made yourself? Good advice for everyone.

PRSE

Geoff stares at her, wondering if she's really saying what it sounds like. He flexes his arms -- no slack. He tries to kick his legs -- no deal. But he's still too zoned to understand why he can't move --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Sorry you were out for so long. I've never dragged anyone before!

WALL MOUNT

She pulls a little vial from her pants pocket, shows it to him in mock-concern, a little chatterbox --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

When I swiped this from my dad, it didn't come with any directions! And I couldn't very well ask him how much it would take to knock someone out, huh?! Then again, maybe I used more than I thought. Those screwdrivers could've affected my judgment, ya think?

STILL TOO LONG

She smiles as if to say: silly me! As she heads to the kitchen, Geoff slowly comes around, his tongue still thick --

GEOFF

Donn understand --

She pours him a glass of water from the tap, brings it over and carefully holds it to his mouth --

HAYLEY

Have some water. It'll help you come to. It's real water, scout's honor.

His eyes widen as he drinks, realizing how helpless he is, his adrenaline's rising --

GROFF

This isn't funny.

HAYLEY

True. True.

GEOFF

What the hell is this -- ?

He shakes his head, trying to get the blood flowing again.

HAYLEY

Remember what I said about not drinking anything you didn't see made yourself? Good advice for everyone.

Geoff stares at her, wondering if she's really saying what it sounds like. He flexes his arms -- no slack. He tries to kick his legs -- no deal. But he's still too zoned to understand why he can't move --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Sorry you were out for so long. I've never drugged anyone before!

She pulls a little vial from her pants pocket, shows it to him in mock-concern, a little chatterbox --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

When I swiped this from my dad, it didn't come with directions! And I couldn't exactly ask how much I'd need, right? Maybe I used more than I thought. Those screwdrivers could've affected my judgment, ya think?

*
*
*

She smiles as if to say: silly me! As she heads to the kitchen, Geoff slowly comes around, his tongue still thick --

GEOFF

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She pours him a glass of water from the tap, brings it over and carefully holds it to his mouth --

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Have some water. It'll help you come to. It's real water, scout's honor.

His eyes widen as he drinks, realizing how helpless he is, his adrenaline's rising --

GEOFF

Um. How come I got to be tied down first? If we're gonna play.

*
*
*

HAYLEY

Oh, playtime's over, Geoff. Now it's time to wake up.

*
*
*

She splashes the rest of the water across his face --

*

GEOFF
This isn't funny.

RAYLEY
True. True.

GEOFF
What the hell is this -- ?

BAYLEY

Give me a moment. I want to look through the drawers over there.

25

KITCHEN

25

TRACK HAYLEY into the kitchen, smoothly and casually opening the drawers and cabinets and sifting through their contents: batteries, baseball cards, pencils, real estate fliers, and on and on.

BAYLEY

People keep the strangest things.

(off a baseball card)

I mean, why would you hang onto Albert Belle?

(off his silence)

Some things can't be explained.

GEOFF (O.S.)

This is some ... teenage joke?

BAYLEY

Teenage, yes. Joke, no.

(looking at batteries)

We have way too many Triple-A batteries at our house, too. Why do they even make these?

GEOFF (O.S.)

Let me go. LET ME GO.

BAYLEY

Patience, patience. Just checking out this side of the house.

26

UTILITY ROOM

26

TRACK HAYLEY to the washer and dryer, where she looks at the collection of cleaning products. She takes a bottle of Windex and puts it under her arm. Then she looks behind the washer and dryer, between them, inside them. She even opens the dryer and pulls out the lint trap, gathering a wad of lint.

BAYLEY

I saw this cop show once where the killer thought he'd cleaned up all the evidence. But his victim's blood had gotten on his shirt, and even though he washed his clothes, they found traces of the dried blood in the lint trap.

INTO BONDAGE TOW
A LUT WAKES UP
HE THINKS YOU WANT TO
BRIAN
NOTES

AL PROCLINO
He 2

HAYLEY

Give me a moment. I want to look through the drawers over there.

25 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

25

TRACK HAYLEY into the kitchen, smoothly and casually opening the drawers and cabinets and sifting through their contents: batteries, baseball cards, pencils, real estate files, and on and on.

HAYLEY

People keep the strangest things.

(off a baseball card)

I mean, why would you hang onto Albert Belle?

(off his silence)

Some things can't be explained.

GEOFF (O.S.)

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(looking at batteries)

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GEOFF (O.S.)

Let me go. LET ME GO.

He starts to struggle, fighting and calling out for as long as * he needs to -- with Hayley just watching calmly as she works -- *

HAYLEY

Patience, patience. Just checking out this side of the house.

26 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

26 *

HAYLEY

I saw this cop show once where the killer thought he'd cleaned up all the evidence. But his victim's blood had gotten on his shirt, and even though he washed his clothes, they found traces of the dried blood in the lint trap.

1
27 { TRACK WIFE HAYLEY past the front door back to the
LIVING ROOM,
Where she waves the lint in Geoff's face.

27

HAYLEY

Nothing in here I should know about,
is there?

GEOFF

What the fuck are you doing?

HAYLEY

That's sort of been my question,
Geoff. What the fuck are you doing?
Here in this house filled with photos
of half-naked teenage girls?

(sarcastically)

None of whom you've EVER done it with!

GEOFF

(toward the windows)

BEELLLPP --

But midyell, she grabs his jaw and shoots the Chloraseptic down
his throat, and shoves the chair into the corner. As Geoff-
rolls into the wall, he's gagging and choking --

HAYLEY

No point in taking any risks, Geoff.
Technically I could let you scream
your brains out, nobody should really
hear. I waited till today because --

(points to the north)

-- Mr. Coughlan's at work all day --

(nods to the south)

-- and the Carrascos are vacationing
in Santa Barbara. Still --

(lifts Chloraseptic)

-- I don't need some pedestrian to
happen by just as you're screaming. So
keep quiet or --

She sprays a dash more Chloraseptic in his face just to drive
the point home, and sets the Windex on the table --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Next time it'll be Windex.

She spins his chair for fun, and lets him spin and spin until he
finally comes to a disoriented rest, facing away from her,
unable to turn and see her face.

E
HAND
HEAD
AND
VIOLENT
IT PRESSES

VIOLENT

X

1
27
A

TRACK WITH HAYLEY past the front door back to the

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

27

Where she waves the lint in Geoff's face.

HAYLEY

Nothing in here I should know about,
is there?

GEOFF

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HAYLEY

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(points to the north)

-- Mr. Coughlan's at work all day --

(nods to the south)

-- and the Carrascos are vacationing
in Santa Barbara. Still --

(lifts Chloroseptic)

-- I don't need some pedestrian to
happen by just as you're screaming. So
keep quiet or --

She sprays a dash more Chloraseptic in his face just to drive
the point home, and sets a pump-bottle of bleach on the table --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Next time: bleach.

*

She spins his chair for fun, and lets him spin and spin until he
finally comes to a disoriented rest, facing away from her,
unable to turn and see her face.

GEOFF
(voice now ragged)
You've been stalking me?

HAYLEY
(stays behind him)
Let's get this straight, Geoff.
You've been stalking me. I went into
chatrooms using other screen names,
and watched as you'd get to know other
women -- then drop the chats when you
realized they were older than me. You
took your sweet time sniffing out
someone my age.

GEOFF
I didn't talk long to the others
because they were boring. You and I
connected.

HAYLEY
Mmmmmmm.

GEOFF
Come on? You think I faked all that?

HAYLEY
Y'know, it's funny. I'd like mention
some obscure singer or band, and you'd
know such a lot about it. But not
right at the moment, just a few
minutes later. After you had a chance
to look it up on the net, maybe? You
used the same phrases to talk about
Goldfrapp as they use in the reviews
on Amazon.com.

(a sweet smile)
Busted.

Geoff uses the toes of his shoes to push out of the corner.

GEOFF
I wanted to impress you. I like you.
Or I did before this. Am I the first
guy to do something stupid to impress
a girl? Does that deserve being tied
up and tortured?

HAYLEY
Is this torture to you? Because --
wow.

(MORE)

Trace
in
here

BT 714

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

I guess you've never read anything
from Human Rights Watch or Amnesty
International. This is nothing.

WALKS INTO THE

SHOT WITH AN
INSANE LOOK ON HER

She plops on the sofa, ~~using a foot to push her chair back and~~
~~forth.~~

FACE
TO SAY

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Of course you're not the first guy to
lie to a girl. The operative word
here, though, girl. You know how old
I am. What makes someone who's barely
past her first period worth all that
research? I gotta wonder about a
grown man who goes to such trouble to
charm a girl. Hey! There's that word
again! GIRL.

THIS RIGHT TO
HIS FACE

(surveying the photos)
Maybe it's the camera thing.
Computers, cameras, they let you hide
a little, don't they? So safe.

(lifts his camera)
I heard how your voice changed when
you got this between us.

I have Webcam

GEOFF

My voice changed because I felt sick.
Because you drugged me.

HAYLEY

I think you were drugged, all right.
And the drug was little fourteen-year-
old flesh.

Geoff's paling, sweating. What did he do to deserve this?

GEOFF

Look. I'm a decent guy. Ask anyone.
(re: the wall photos)
Go ahead and call these models.
They'll tell you.

HAYLEY

Of course they will. You're not an
idiot. You don't piss where you live.
These girls are your work. I, on the
other hand, was play.

GEOFF

You were coming onto me.

HAYLEY

They always say that, Geoff.

Who?

GEOFF

HAYLEY

(calmly, simply)
"Who?" ~~The pedophile.~~ "She was so sexy. She was asking for it. She was only technically a girl, she acted like a woman." So easy to blame a kid, y'know? But just because a girl knows how to imitate a woman doesn't mean she's ready to do what a woman does.

→ TURN'S HIM PROFILE

She wheels him close, looks in his face -- not angrily, but like she's explaining multiplication tables.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

You're the grownup. If a kid's experimenting and says something flirty, you ignore it, you don't encourage it. If a kid says let's make screwdrivers, you take the alcohol away, you don't race them to the next drink.

GEOFF

Look. I've been lonely. And that makes me stupid --

He looks at her hard now, spitting back her accusation bluntly and directly --

GEOFF (CONT'D)

But I am not a pedophile. This is some horrible mistake. Untie me now and we can forget all this happened.

HAYLEY

~~Except, see, I'm not lonely and therefore not stupid.~~ ~~Until you,~~ You might understandably be a little peeved at me, who knows what you might do? When I'm ready to go, I'll call myself a cab, and then another cab to let you loose.

GEOFF

And when'll that be?

HAYLEY

Not sure yet!

Geoff
reaction

NOTE
FOR
BRIT

keeps

She stands behind him and gently pushes him into the

28 A BEDROOM,

28

While his eyes and his mind start racing at Mach 1, trying to figure out her game. She positions him in the corner and starts pulling open the drawers of his dresser and nightstand.

GEOFF

Don't --

HAYLEY

You can save yourself so much time by just dropping that word from your vocabulary. I'm gonna do what I want, Geoff.

B/L
Serenely she sets about inspecting his things -- odds and ends anyone might have. A postcard, playing cards, old receipts. A little vial of K-Y jelly raises her eyebrow, but she drops it and moves on. In the drawers are clothes, a couple of old photography magazines, a Dodgers program, still nothing suspicious. Hayley speaks casually throughout --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

See, a guy as smooth at seducing adolescents as you are, who takes this kind of photographs, he's gotta have something around the house that he doesn't want seen, right? And when I find it, I'll maybe know what I'm dealing with here.

GEOFF

(baffled)

What you're dealing with.

HAYLEY

I mean, what kind of pedophile are you? Just a voyeur?

GEOFF

(angrily)

Again. NOT a pedophile.

She looks at the shots of Janelle and snickers despite herself.

HAYLEY

Right. You're a photographer. It takes genius to get paid for what you'd be happy to do for free.

GEOFF *long room*

Go into the ~~middle~~. The drawers along the right wall, pull out the third drawer, you'll see prints of my work for all kinds of environmental groups. Shots of the Utah wilderness, the Yukon Territory, Inuit villages in Alaska.

HAYLEY

What does that mean, you love nature so you must be a nice guy?

GEOFF

I'm saying the modeling shots are just part of my portfolio, I've shot lots of subjects. Some of it's been important work.

HAYLEY

And that work was *soon* important to you that you decided I can't possibly hang it on the walls of my own home. I have to plaster my home with pictures of underage nymphs, and hide the nature shots where nobody can see them.

GEOFF

My Utah landscapes helped convince Clinton to place huge new regions under federal protection.

HAYLEY

Bill Clinton? Not the character reference you want to use right now, Geoff.

(moving to the closet)

So, a voyeur AND a conservationist!

GEOFF

I am NOT a voyeur.

HAYLEY

Not JUST a voyeur. Maybe you kick it up a notch into actual molestation.

Geoff straightens up, speaking strongly and convincingly, realizing he may be in real danger.

GEOFF

I am not a molester. I don't know who you've confused me with --

HAYLEY

Then again, sometimes you molest someone, they fight back, it gets out of control, and before you know it, you've hurt them.

GEOFF

I HAVE NEVER HURT ANYONE --

complex

HAYLEY

(overlapping)

She lifts a pack of letters, held together with a rubber band, from the depths of the bottom drawer. They're addressed to Geoff in girlish handwriting. Geoff visibly tenses --

GEOFF

~~Those are mine.~~

HAYLEY

(sweetly)

Nothing's yours when you invite in a teenager *into her home*

OFF Geoff, violated as he watches her handle the letters --

CUT TO:

29

INT. MEDIA ROOM - DAY

29

Hayley rests her feet on Geoff's lap as she listens to ~~Stacy's~~ through headphones, reading Janelle's letters.

HAYLEY

Don't love her anymore, huh? That explains why you saved these.

GEOFF

~~She's a bitch.~~ I thought I might make some money selling those on Ebay.

HAYLEY

(pulls off headphones)

Pardon me, I couldn't hear. Maybe it was the music. Or maybe it was the bullshit.

GEOFF

All right, honestly? Some day I was planning on sending those to her. Reminding her what a bitch she was.

HAYLEY

Then again, sometimes you molest someone, they fight back, it gets out of control, and before you know it, you've hurt them.

GEOFF

I HAVE NEVER HURT ANYONE --

HAYLEY

(waves a pack of letters)
We'll just see.

The pack of letters, held together with a rubber band, has been prized from the depths of the bottom drawer. They're addressed to Geoff in girlish handwriting. Geoff visibly tenses --

GEOFF

Those are mine.

HAYLEY

(sweetly)
Nothing's yours when you invite a teenager into your home.

OFF Geoff, violated as he watches her handle the letters --

CUT TO:

29

INT. MEDIA ROOM - DAY

29

Hayley rests her feet on Geoff's lap as she listens to Stan Getz through headphones, reading Janelle's letters.

HAYLEY

Don't love her anymore, huh? That explains why you saved these.

GEOFF

Thought I might make some money selling them on Ebay.

HAYLEY

(pulls off headphones)
Pardon me, I couldn't hear. Maybe it was the music. Or maybe it was the bullshit.

GEOFF

All right, honestly? Some day I was planning on sending those to her. Reminding her what a bitch she was.

HAYLEY
Ohhhh. A little angry, then. She
broke your heart and you haven't
gotten over it.

GEORGE

GEORGE
(a beat)
You walk into anyone's house, start
going through their things, you'll
find stuff that will embarrass them.
It doesn't mean shit.

HAYLEY
(quotes a letter)
"Geoff, I will never forget everything
you've done for me. If you're ever in
a jam, call me and I'll be there
faster than lightning. But right now I
need to take my life back for myself.
You're talented, you're funny, I have
to admit that you're still scrumptious -
but you're just not the person I
thought you were. And I can't be with
the person I'm seeing right now.
Please forgive me for not being the
girl you wanted."

Ask
him
Phewson
him

GEORGE
"Dearly, Janelle." you don't have to
read, I know what it says.

HAYLEY
Bet you do. How many times did you
read this letter over to yourself?

GEORGE
None of your business.

HAYLEY
What kind of person did she find out
you were?

BIG POINT, SC
FINISH

FINISH BEFORE HERE
GEORGE
None of your business.

HAYLEY
Depends on how you define business.
Did you find her? The girl you
wanted?

(off a portrait)
Is this what your work is? All part
of the big search?

A
B
C
D
E

GEOFF

Magazines want photographs of attractive models. I provide a service.

HAYLEY

(dismissive)

Which underwrites your real work, photographing the endangered Alaskan caribou, right?

She watches him for a long, quiet moment as he refuses to speak. Finally she tries to goad him into answering --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

(mock-reflecting)

"Not the person I thought you were."
What could she have meant?

(he's silent; another try)

Um, does it have anything to do with the fact that Janelle's the only model in this house who left all her clothes on? I did notice that.

Nothing from Geoff. Strategizing another way to provoke him, her eyes suddenly light up with a bright idea:

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Maybe I should call and ask her!

GEOFF

(serious, calls her bluff)

Good idea. Get her over. She'll tell you this is crazy.

Hayley stalls for a moment; he's caught her offstride --

GEOFF (CONT'D)

Come on. Bring her to the party.

(off her silence)

You don't want to hear what she'd have to say about all this?

Hayley considers -- then turns to the laptop --

HAYLEY

Maybe there are more letters on here?

He pales. She smiles.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

I wonder if you're the kind of guy who saves his outgoing e-mails.

(MORE)

GEOFF

Magazines want photographs of
attractive models. I provide a
service.

HAYLEY

(dismissive)

Which underwrites your real work,
photographing the endangered Alaskan
caribou, right?

She watches him for a long, quiet moment as he refuses to speak.
Finally she tries to goad him into answering --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

(mock-reflecting)

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(he's silent; another try)

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the fact that Janelle's the only model
in this house who left all her clothes
on? I did notice that.

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her eyes suddenly light up with a bright idea:

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Maybe I should call and ask her!

GEOFF

(serious, calls her bluff)

Good idea. Get her over. She'll tell
you this is crazy.

Hayley stalls for a moment; he's caught her offstride --

GEOFF (CONT'D)

Come on. Bring her to the party.

(off her silence)

You don't want to hear her say you're
whacked?

Hayley considers -- then turns to the laptop --

HAYLEY

Maybe there are more letters on here?

He pales. She smiles.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

I wonder if you're the kind of guy who
saves his outgoing e-mails.

{MORE}

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Just so you can read them over and over again and think about what you said.

She opens his ISP and starts clicking around --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Oooooooooohh.

Click. Click. Click click. CLOSE on Geoff, closing his eyes as the clicking continues. After a few moments --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Wait a minute.

Click. Click. Click click.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Your download manager says you've pulled some photos off the net. But the photos aren't here.

GEOFF

(quietly arch)

Gosh. That's strange.

She spins back and faces him thoughtfully.

HAYLEY

A smart guy doesn't leave photos on his computer. That's the first thing the cops do, take it with them. And you're into mementos. So -- where do you keep the stuff you've pulled off the net? You have a little hiding place?

GEOFF

I live alone. Why would I need a hiding place?

HAYLEY

Well, here's what I keep wondering. I've looked through your whole house, through all your closets and cabinets and drawers, and I've found a lot of stuff. But no porn. I have not found a single bit of porn in your house. Now, guys really tend to have porn around, don't they? I mean, nothing against them, it's just the way they're brought up.

(MORE)

GETS
UP
HERE

VERBOSITY

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

As long as they think they can get away with it, don't all hetero guys keep porn somewhere in their cribs?

GEOFF

(cuttingly)

You've done studies on this, of course.

CROSS TALK

HAYLEY

And I thought, well, maybe these photos he's hung on the wall, maybe those are his porn, that's all he really needs. But I just bet they're not your stroke shots. I bet whatever porn you've got is so juicy, it needs its own special little cubbyhole.

(beat)

Isn't that right, Geoff?

They stare at each other. Finally Geoff blinks.

IMAGE SHAKER / HAND HEAD / 119 CUT TO:

30 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

30:00 LON DONE HAND HEAD

RAPID CUTS AS:

BUT ALREADY FINDING CUTTING POINTS

Hayley knocks on the floorboards to see if any of them are false. Nothing.

FINDING CUT POINTS

She pulls up the sheets, looks under the mattress, then under the bed --

THESE SHOTS

Where there's a small mahogany box, gaff-taped to the bedframe.

RETURN TO

She pulls the box loose, opens it and takes out a 9 mm Glock from its resting place --

PIQUETTE

AS IMAGE

GETS MORE

AND MORE

She appreciates it for a moment, then tosses it on the bed and pulls out the siding of the box. Nothing.

AGGRAVATED

She takes down the pictures of Janelle, looking on the backs of the photos, looking on the walls behind them. Nothing. She frowns, checks her watch: it wasn't supposed to take this long. But she sets her chin and charges ahead --

CUT TO:

31 INT. HALLWAY

31

She takes down more portraits of models, leaves them on the floor. Nothing.

She looks up the fireplace flue. Nothing.

She looks in the heating vent. Nothing.

CUT TO:

32 INT. MEDIA ROOM - DAY *SNORKEL* 32

Alone at last, Geoff pulls and pulls, works his right shoe off.

CUT TO:

33 INT. DINING ROOM - DAY 33

She takes down all the portraits. Nothing.

She looks under the dining table. Nothing.

CUT TO:

34 INT. MEDIA ROOM - DAY 34

Geoff scrapes his foot *snore* as he pulls it through the bonds, watching and sweating in case Hayley circles back.

CUT TO:

35 INT. FOYER - DAY 35

Hayley stands at the front door, wondering where to look next. With her foot, she idly fidgets a rock from the rock garden as she thinks --

Then she considers. The rocks move. She drops to her feet, pulling them up --

And under one of them is a combination safe.

HAYLEY

So clever!

CUT TO:

36 INT. MEDIA ROOM - DAY 36

Geoff works to slip his shoe back on and wrap it back "in place" before --

Hayley comes around the corner, aglow with the search.

HAYLEY

So what's the combination?

GEOFF

Eat me.

HAYLEY

Look at how he's sweating! This worry you, Geoff?

She wipes the sweat from his brow delicately --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

I'll figure it out soon, you might as well tell me.

(winks)

I am an honors student.

GEOFF

(coldly)

Take your time.

HAYLEY

I will. I've got plenty.

GEOFF

Not much. Aren't Mom and Dad going to miss you if you're not home before dinner?

HAYLEY

I'm thinking no.

She starts back to the safe, when Geoff's voice stops her --

GEOFF

Oh. Is that it? ~~They're too busy to~~ keep track of you? So you reach out to someone who seems like maybe, he might care about you ~~when they don't?~~

HAYLEY

(quietly)

What gives you that idea?

Geoff warms to his point, sensing some vulnerability --

GEOFF

And you're so mad at them because they ignore you, they've always made the fuss over your older sister because she learned to do everything first.

Hayley turns, startled. Geoff keeps driving home his point --

GEOFF

Eat me.

HAYLEY

Look at how he's sweating! This worry
you, Geoff?

She wipes the sweat from his brow delicately --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

I'll figure it out soon, you might as
well tell me.

(winks)

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GEOFF

Not much. Aren't Mom and Dad going to
miss you if you're not home before
dinner?

HAYLEY

I'm thinking no.

She starts back to the safe, when Geoff's voice stops her --

GEOFF

Oh. Is that it? They're too busy to
keep track of you? So you reach out
to someone who seems like maybe, he
might care about you?

HAYLEY

(quietly)

What gives you that idea?

Geoff walks to his point, sensing some vulnerability --

GEOFF

And you're so mad at them because they
ignore you, they've always made the
fuss over your older sister because
she learned to do everything first.

Hayley turns, startled. Geoff keeps driving home his point --

GEOFF (CONT'D)

You're furious with them, but they do love you and they do pay for your existence, so you're smart enough to realize you can't express any of that anger toward them.

HAYLEY

(thinly)

I'm not angry at them.

GEOFF

Absolutely not. That'd be too dangerous. But you are angry, and that anger has to go somewhere.

(leaning in a bit)

So you find a guy, an older guy who reminds you a little of your dad. Let me guess: I look like him.

HAYLEY

(badly lying)

Noooo. You don't look anything like him.

GEOFF

If you say so. You've got to let out the anger somehow, I seem like a good target. I get it.

Hayley's eyes widen; he's getting through to her -- she tries to keep a lid on her anger --

HAYLEY

Shut up. Just shut up. You don't know anything about me.

GEOFF

So tell me. Let me go and we'll talk.

A tear wells up in Hayley's eye; she blinks it back in resentment --

HAYLEY

Yeah, right.

GEOFF

We can sit on the sofa, and I'll call a taxi for you. If you want, I'll hold you. If you don't want, I'll keep my distance. You can let it all out. If you need to cry. If you need to scream. Whatever you need, Hayley.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

You're furious with them, but they love you, they pay for your existence, so you can't let them see any of that anger.

HAYLEY

(thinly)

I'm not angry at them.

GEOFF

Absolutely not. That'd be too dangerous. But you are angry, and you've got to do something.

(leaning in a bit)

So you find a guy, an older guy who reminds you a little of your dad. Let me guess: I look like him.

HAYLEY

(badly lying)

Noooo. You don't look anything like him.

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Hayley's eyes widen; he's getting through to her -- she tries to keep a lid on her anger --

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GEOFF

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A tear wells up in Hayley's eye; she blinks it back in resentment --

HAYLEY

Yeah, right.

GEOFF

We can sit on the sofa, and I'll call a taxi for you. If you want, I'll hold you. If you don't want, I'll keep my distance. You can let it all out. If you need to cry. If you need to scream. Whatever you need, Hayley.

A tear streams down Hayley's face without her knowing it --

HAYLEY
You wouldn't be mad -- ?

GEOFF
I just want ~~you~~ to help you look at
what you're doing.

Hayley breathes slowly and deeply, like it's just starting to
occur to her how far she's really gone here --

HAYLEY
Oh, God --

Another tear falls. She sits close to him --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Listen -- I have to ask --

Then suddenly her features RELAX -- cold and dispassionate.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Didja really think that'd work?

Geoff stares in amazement at her transformation. She's
completely back in control.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
You're good at what you do, Geoff.
What you do is work with teenage
girls. Put them at ease. Make them
relaxed enough that they trust you
with their secrets.

GEOFF
That's not what --

HAYLEY
And guess what? There's another
reason why my folks won't be wondering
about me --

She dials the cellphone as she points the Windex at his eyes --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
(as the call answers)
'frsey, I met this guy, I'm gonna tell
my mom that I'm at your house, okay?
(beat)
No, he's right here, I'll tell you
about it tomorrow!
(then, bored)
(MORE)

PICKS UP

ADT

WINDEX

PUTS THE IN GEOFFS

LAL

SHE PICKS UP

SHE WHEELS

HEM BACK OUT

TO Foyer

37

FOYER

A tear streams down Hayley's face without her knowing it --

HAYLEY

You wouldn't be sad -- ?

GEOFF

I just want to help you look at what
you're doing.

Hayley breathes slowly and deeply, like it's just starting to
occur to her how far she's really gone here --

HAYLEY

Oh, God --

Another tear falls. She sits close to him --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Listen -- I have to ask --

Then suddenly her features RELAX -- cold and dispassionate.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Didja really think that'd work?

Geoff stares in amazement at her transformation. She's
completely back in control.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

You're good at what you do, Geoff.
What you do is work with teenage
girls. Put them at ease. Make them
relaxed enough that they trust you
with their secrets.

GEOFF

That's not what --

HAYLEY

And guess what? There's another
reason why my folks won't be wondering
about me --

She dials the cellphone as she points the bleach at his eyes -- *

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

(as the call answers)

Tracy, I met this guy, I'm gonna tell
my mom that I'm at your house, okay?

(beat)

No, he's right here, I'll tell you
about it tomorrow!

(then, bored)

(MORE)

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Yes, I'll be careful. I do know how to use a condom.

She clicks off, dials another number as Geoff watches in shock.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Hi, Mom, it's me, I'm gonna sleep over at Tracy's tonight.

(beat)

Yeah, her mom says it's fine. You and Dad go have a date for a change.

(beat)

I love you too. I'll call you when I go to bed. Mmmmmmmwahhhh. Bye-bye!

She clicks off, sets down the Windex and ~~placemat~~ ^{leaves frame, comes back with} Geoff's PDA.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Shall we make it interesting? If I don't figure out the combination in thirty minutes, I'll take my top off again for you.

CUT TO:

INT. FOYER - DAY

Hayley looks through the PDA, trying different combinations on the safe. Geoff watches helplessly from his chair.

HAYLEY

Janelle's birthday ...

Spin spin spin. Nope.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Janelle's telephone number ...

Spin spin spin. Nope.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Janelle's telephone number backward ...

Spin spin spin. Nope.

GEOFF

You're an honors student. Try every combination of numbers possible on the lock. It should only take you the rest of the week, if you figure in breaks for meals.

Hayley has stopped in the PDA on a particular date --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Yes, I'll be careful. I do know how
to use a condom.

She clicks off, dials another number as Geoff watches in shock.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Hi, Mom, it's me, I'm gonna sleep over
at Tracy's tonight.
(beat)
Yeah, her mom says it's fine. You and
Dad go have a date for a change.
(beat)

I love you too. I'll call you when I
go to bed. Mmmmmwwahhhh. Bye-bye!

She clicks off, sets down the bleach and picks up Geoff's PDA. *

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Shall we make it interesting? If I
don't figure out the combination in
thirty minutes, I'll take my top off
again for you.

CUT TO:

37 INT. FOYER - DAY

37

Hayley looks through the PDA, trying different combinations on
the safe. Geoff watches helplessly from his chair.

HAYLEY
Janella's birthday ...

Spin spin spin. Nope.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Janella's telephone number ...

Spin spin spin. Nope.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Janella's telephone number backward
...

Spin spin spin. Nope.

GEOFF
You're an honors student. Try every
combination of numbers possible on the
lock. It should only take you the
rest of the week, if you figure in
breaks for meals.

Hayley has stopped in the PDA on a particular date --

HAYLEY

Or I could just try March 19.

Geoff's expression flattens. Hayley grins, knowing she's onto it at last --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

"March 19 -- first with Janelle."

What's this, Geoff? You are
Lewman319, after all. Was that the
first photo session? Or the first
time you banged her? Or were those
the same thing?

(off his silence)

Ohhh, he's shy. What year would that
have been?

(dialing the lock)

3-19-87? Nope.

(trying again)

3-19-89?

She pulls on the lock -- it opens.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

How sentimental you are -- !

Hayley pulls out papers from the safe. House deed, car deed,
other paperwork. A CD marked "Stuff." Photos of Janelle --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

What makes these photos of Janelle so
special? Was this The Day? March
19th? A day that will live in infamy.

-- and other photos that we don't see, as CAMERA TILTS to
Hayley's unsettled reaction.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Oh.

(and)

Oh, man. This is what they make those
federal laws for, Geoff. This is
officially sick.

She pages through the photos, stopping at the last one --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

And another girl with her clothes ON:
talk about innovative. What makes
this girl special enough to stay
dressed, Geoff?

We see the last picture, of a pretty teenager whom we have seen in another photo in the coffee shop. Donna Mauer.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
I recognize this girl.

With all his strength, Geoff uses his free foot to kick her viciously, knocking her over --

Her head falls ~~hard on the rocks~~ ^{edged table} -- she's knocked out, at least for the moment --

Furiously Geoff struggles to push himself back upright. After a couple of attempts, he breathlessly rights himself again, back on all four wheels. He pushes himself into --

CUT TO:

38 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

38

The portraits of models lie around the floor like fallen leaves, dropped by Hayley in her search for the safe. Geoff pushes himself through the pile, but two of the shots wedge into the archway leading to the rest of the house. Finally he pushes himself up so that he can roll over the shot -- wincing as he does --

CUT TO:

39 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

39

Geoff wheels himself into the bedroom and his face falls as he sees the room turned upside down --

But there on the mattress -- his gun. He wheels to the edge of the bed, and pushes off his foot so that he can bounce onto the mattress --

No luck. The chair lands again on the floor with another small THUD. He freezes again --

A moment passes. He's cool. He tries again to push off -- and lands on the mattress, the gun inches away from his head --

He cranes his neck, catches the butt of the gun in his teeth, and tosses it toward his bound hand. Writhing on the bed, Geoff finally manipulates the gun into his hand, and starts wriggling back toward the edge of the mattress --

CUT TO:

HAND
WHEELS
CHAIR
1 N. AGE
SHAKES

edged table

SHE FALLS IN FRONT OF SLIDING
DOORS

We see the last picture, of a pretty teenager whom we have seen in another photo in the coffee shop. Donna Mauer.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
I recognize this girl.

With all his strength, Geoff uses his free foot to kick her viciously, knocking her over --

Her head falls hard on the edge of a table -- she's knocked out, at least for the moment --

Furiously Geoff struggles to push himself back upright. After a couple of attempts, he breathlessly rights himself again, back on all four wheels. He pushes himself into --

CUT TO:

38 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

38

The portraits of models lie around the floor like fallen leaves, dropped by Hayley in her search for the safe. Geoff pushes himself through the pile, but two of the shots wedge into the archway leading to the rest of the house. Finally he pushes himself up so that he can roll over the shot -- wincing as he does --

CUT TO:

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But there on the mattress -- his gun. He wheels to the edge of the bed, and pushes off his foot so that he can bounce onto the mattress --

No luck. The chair lands again on the floor with another small THUD. He freezes again --

A moment passes. He's cool. He tries again to push off -- and lands on the mattress, the gun inches away from his head --

He cranes his neck, catches the butt of the gun in his teeth, and tosses it toward his bound hand. Writhing on the bed, Geoff finally manipulates the gun into his hand, and starts wriggling back toward the edge of the mattress --

CUT TO:

40 INT. HALLWAY - DAY 40

Geoff pushes himself down the hallway, gun in hand, toward --

41 THE FOYER, 41

Where the photos and papers lie on the floor -- but Hayley's gone.

Frantically he looks about! Shadows from the trees in the backyard cast a shadow through the living room -- he whirls with the gun. Silence.

HAYLEY?

GEOFF

Searching furiously, he pushes himself slowly, painfully into the

DINING ROOM --

THE KITCHEN --

THE UTILITY ROOM --

Where he peers at the side door. Does it look like it's been opened? Could she have gone?

Suddenly, Sarah Wrap covers his face --

Hayley, bruised at her hairline by the fall, holds the Sarah Wrap over his nose and mouth -- she'd been inside the storage cabinet by the door -- and she's gradually suffocating him --

Geoff uses his foot to propel them into the wall, trying to smash her off him --

HE FIRES A SHOT into the closet in his struggle, unwilling to drop the gun but unable to do anything else --

He twists his neck, fighting to get free as his eyes bulge --

Still Hayley holds the Sarah Wrap tightly until he finally slows his struggles --

And his head sinks, unconscious.

She works a moment to catch her breath; we can practically see her heart beating through her chest. She pulls the gun out of his hand and tosses it away. She checks his pulse -- still active.

AIT
IMAGE
SUNDER
WHEELCHAIR

She nods, reassuring herself that it's all okay -- then she SUDDENLY, ANGRILY kicks the cabinets with her foot, once, twice, three times. This wasn't supposed to happen. She touches her bruise -- it's tender.

HAYLEY
Damn it. DAMN IT.

She leans back against the wall, looks to Geoff -- helpless on ~~the floor~~.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

5b NRM

45 A { A BRIGHT, GLARING LIGHT 45
SLOWLY FOCUS TO REVEAL the lamp above Geoff's dining table.

Geoff now lies on the table. His arms are pinioned back, tied to the legs of the table. He blinks at the glaring lamp above him --

B/C { TRACK ALONG THE TABLE to reveal that Geoff is stripped from the waist down. A big sandwich bag filled with ice from his freezer sits on his private parts, obscuring them from view. His ankles are tied to the far legs of the table.

HAYLEY
Welcome back.

He darts his gaze to the left, where Hayley is silhouetted by the afternoon sun. She walks around the table and into clearer view, ~~she's got a new energy~~ She's got a new energy -- is it apprehension or excitement?

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry to expose you like this.
It's not about sex. Although, I have
to admit it: you are built.

GEOFF
I never touched you.

HAYLEY
Not if you don't count kicking me so
hard that I passed out for a moment.

GEOFF
I was trying to get free. I wouldn't
have touched you.

G
D
E
P

HAYLEY

Because that alcohol you were drinking doesn't lower your inhibitions for a second. What about that gun you had?

GEOFF

I was trying to keep you off me while I called the police.

HAYLEY

Would you have shown the cops this?

She pulls out the photo of Donna Mauer.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

You know her?

GEOFF

Of course I know her. Her picture was in my safe, you expect me to say I don't know her?

HAYLEY

So why's there a photo of Donna Mauer in your safe? Do you know where she is? Because nobody else does.

GEOFF

You've been all through the damn house. Do you see her anywhere?

HAYLEY

(like Geoff in coffeeshop)
"And yet, not actually what I was asking."

GEOFF

No. No. I don't know where she is.

HAYLEY

That's one question. The other was, why do you have a pic of this disappeared girl in your safe? A girl who was last seen at the Nighthawks coffeeshop. Let's see, whose favorite hangout is that?

GEOFF

Listen. I did meet Donna for coffee. Took a shot of her to make her happy.

HAYLEY

Just how happy did you make her?

GEOFF

Look at her. She's fully dressed. You can see the ~~parking lot behind the~~ ^{she's} coffeeshop in the background. I never brought her home.

Hayley examines the picture; the back of Nighthawk ^{coffeeshop} is visible in the background of the ~~portraits~~.

HAYLEY

And then you just said goodbye, kid, it's been fun?

GEOFF

We were actually going to meet again the next weekend.

HAYLEY

(mock-posting)

So I'm not as special as I thought?

GEOFF

Then she disappeared, it was all over the news. You know the kind of ~~work~~ ^{work} I do, I couldn't be part of that scandal. I just locked up the shot in the safe and pretended I never knew her.

HAYLEY

Could've thrown the photo away. Didn't. NEEDED to hang onto it.

GEOFF

She was missing. It felt important.

HAYLEY

But if you'd talked to the police, maybe you could've given them some sort of clue. A lead on what happened to Donna.

GEOFF

(a beat)

You're right.

HAYLEY

Maybe you had something to hide. Like your extensive kiddie porn collection.

GEOFF

All right. Yeah. I have photos I shouldn't have.

(MORE)

GEOFF (CONT'D)

You found them. I got scared and stupid.

(a beat)

Call the police. I'll cooperate.

HAYLEY

Yeah, right.

GEOFF

(ruefully)

Look. I'm not the monster you think. But okay, I crossed a line. I'll face it. Call the cops.

46 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

46

Hayley goes to the fridge, pours herself some milk.

HAYLEY

And then the cute pedophile pleads guilty, but ohhhh, it's not his fault. He's sick. He has an addiction.

GEOFF

I'll do jail. Isn't that what should happen?

HAYLEY

You might get jail. You might get therapy. Drugs, group discussions, notifying people when you move to a new house. How bad is that really?

GEOFF

It'll ruin my career.

HAYLEY

Maybe. Didn't Roman Polanski just win an Oscar?

(and)

And I can see how well calling the cops would work. Officer, I drugged this guy, assaulted him and tied him up, he's ready to talk.

She smiles, drinks, as Geoff tries to flex.

GEOFF (O.S.)

So why the ice?

Hayley comes over and wheels him to the...

47

~~THE COMPUTER SCREEN~~ *MAIN LIVING ROOM AREA*⁴⁷
Where the computer screen glows --

HAYLEY

While you were out, I finished looking through your hard drive.

~~She takes the bag of ice with a smile.~~ *looks over*

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Both your hard drives!

Geoff looks at the screen, and pales.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Not much in either place. But then I looked at the CD from your safe. "Stuff." More of Geoff's home entertainment. Burned a little CD for yourself so it wouldn't be on your system, huh?

We do not see the photos, but the light changes on Geoff's face as Bayley clicks the keyboard and moves from one photo to another.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

(sarcastically)

Didn't sleep with any of these girls, though.

GEOFF

(grimly)

You'll notice there's no shots of Donna Mauer.

HAYLEY

Nope. That's true. But with your handwriting on this CD, you can't even claim these shots were collected by someone else. So illegal, Geoff sweetie.

[Handwritten signature]

48

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

48

Where the afternoon light is brighter. She lifts the bag, touches him.

HAYLEY

Feel that?

→ TO ENY

Geoff frowns, shakes his head. Hayley smiles --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

So I guess I can call you numbnuts?

OUT OF FRAME

Geoff stares at her angrily, as she waltzes off ~~and the camera~~,
calling from afar --

HAYLEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I've read the psych profiles of the
man who took Donna Mauer. Somebody
who's a loner. Who thinks he's pretty
damn bright. Who thinks he's not as
powerful as a sexy teenage girl.
Who'll probably strike again. Sounds
so much like you.

GEOFF

IT'S NOT ME.

HAYLEY (O.S.)

Maybe not. But with all these photos,
with the way you let me get drunk
today, you're a headline waiting to
happen.

EXTENDED
TAKE BEGINS

She returns with a scissors, a razor and shaving cream.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Everybody'll be safer if I do a little
preventive maintenance.

USE
ARMENIA
AS
AUDIO CUE

She lifts the icebag and starts snipping away lightly.

GEOFF

(low, scared)

What the fuck are you doing?

HAYLEY

Need you shaved down here. Don't want
any hair on the incision site.

GEOFF

-- what?

HAYLEY

I've been using the medical library at
my dad's school. You said I was
pretty bright, right? I'm thinking
I'm just bright enough to perform a
successful castration.



Geoff loses his breath -- then YELPS as Hayley pulls away the scissors.

GEOFF

Aaaa!

HAYLEY

Whoops! Guess you're not numb enough yet!

She puts back the icebag, sits beside him.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

What shall we talk about while we're waiting?

She smiles sweetly. Geoff slowly realizes she's not kidding --

CUT TO:

49

INT. MEDIA ROOM - LATER

49

Hayley types away on the keyboard, an e-mail form open on the screen before her:

HAYLEY

Okay, how does this sound? "Dear Janeile. My name is Hayley Stark, I hope you don't mind my writing you out of the blue like this! I met this guy that I think you know, Geoff Culver. He's so cute, and he seems to really like me -- he even asked me over to his place to do some photography! I am sooooo excited about this because, well, for a fourteen-year-old like me, this could be a huge break, y'know?" And here I put in a little smiley-face icon!

She looks to Geoff, still on the table in the living room. Silence.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

"Thing is, and I have tried to pretend this isn't the case, but he talks about you an awful lot. I have this icky feeling he's still in love with you, if you want to know the truth. And I'm pretty sweet on him too, but I don't want to go crazy over him if there's still some chance that you two might get back together. So so so so!

(MORE)

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

I found your e-mail address in his PDA, and I thought I'd just ask. Is this insane? Am I insane? Is Geoff? PLEASE PLEASEE forgive me if I'm out of line, but I hope you can write me ASAP. And and and, this other girl he talks about all the time, her name is Donna Mauer, do you know anything about her? I found these photos on his computer, silly me, I can't figure out how to open them, but I'm attaching them to this note? Are they pictures of you or Donna? Anywho, thanks a mil -- your complete honesty will be mucho appreciated. Love and peace, Hayley."

(turns to him again)

I tried to make it sound as innocent and apocryphal as possible. How do you think I did?

(off his silence)

Fine. Then all I have to do is click Send.

Geoff looks at her steadily, tries a new tack --

GEOFF

You're getting yourself in terrible trouble.

HAYLEY

Oh? How's that?

GEOFF

You cut me in any way, you won't forget it. It changes you when you hurt somebody.

HAYLEY

And you speak from experience?

GEOFF

I've just lived. Unlike you. And the things you do wrong, they haunt you.

HAYLEY

Tell me what you're haunted by.

GEOFF

You want to remember this day whenever you're with a guy? Do a date? On your wedding night? I promise you will. Don't do that to yourself.

*
*

HAYLEY

Now that is really thoughtful. You're speaking totally selflessly, there's nothing in this for you, you just want me to stop castrating you for my own benefit. I'm touched.

She turns the computer monitor, so Geoff can see the screen --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Let's imagine somebody saying the same thing to you at some random moment.

CLOSE on Hayley's face as we hear the CLICKING of the mouse, the light on her face changing as new pics rise on the monitor.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Imagine that when you downloaded this little girl, I was by your side saying, "Stop. Don't do that to yourself." Would you have listened?

(CLICK)

Stop.

(CLICK)

Don't do that to yourself.

(CLICK)

Don't do that to yourself.

(CLICK)

Stop.

(CLICK)

Stop.

She stares at him dispassionately. Silence.

CUT TO:

50

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

50

The icebag removed from Geoff's groin, Hayley finishes snipping away, and sprays a little shaving cream on the area. Geoff is sweating, breathing hard.

HAYLEY

You are GOOD and numb, aren't you?

GEOFF

Fuck off.

HAYLEY

Your conversational skills are deteriorating as the day goes on, I must say. Isn't there something else we can talk about?

WALKS INTO
OF MEDIA
ROOM.

1

2

CLOSE on Geoff, sweating as Hayley starts shaving his groin.

GEOFF

This is like a prank. You're not serious.

HAYLEY

Would I go to the trouble of getting surgical scrubs for a prank? Turns out castration is one of the easiest surgical procedures around. There's thousands of farmboys across the country gelding their livestock. If they can do it, I think I can pull it off. If you know what I mean.

GEOFF

I'm not fucking livestock.

HAYLEY

You keep telling yourself that, stud.

Geoff watches her silently for a moment -- then SHOUTS --

GEOFF

HELLLLLP! HELLLLLPPP! HELLLLLPPP!

She drops the razor, shoots bleach down his mouth. He GAGS. *

HAYLEY

Now look what you made me do. ~~That wasn't necessary.~~ That wasn't necessary.

GEOFF

(gagging)
Bitch -- you bitch --

HAYLEY

No more wiggling.

She resumes her work, shaving him. Geoff works to clear his throat -- from now on his voice is raspy, pained.

GEOFF

Your mother know you cut off men's balls?

HAYLEY

Not yet. Never done it before today. Maybe I'll tell her about it when I get home, see what she says.

(mock-Mom voice)

(MORE)

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

"Hayley, I know you needed a project for the Science Fair, but really?"

GEOFF

So you and your mom are both whacked.

She lifts her little pink safety razor in the air, tut-tutting him with it, her eyes warning: is now really the time to provoke me? Then she resumes calmly --

HAYLEY

That's the whole nature versus nurture question, isn't it? Was I born a cute vindictive little bitch, or did society help make me this way? I go back and forth on that.

She climbs upon the table and sits cross-legged between his spread thighs, concentrating on shaving him --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Almost done.

GEOFF

There's money in that safe, too.

HAYLEY

Um ... so?

GEOFF

So you can take it. Take the computer, too.

HAYLEY

Then I'd be the one in possession of kiddie porn, Geoff. Do I want to incriminate myself?

(knocks on his head)

Hello? Start thinking.

GEOFF

Take the camera equipment. Take whatever you want.

HAYLEY

I am.

GEOFF

You think you're not incriminating yourself in something now?

HAYLEY

You move right along. From denial to anger to bargaining.

2

1

HAYLEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(after a beat)
And after the bargaining phase comes
depression.

She returns and pours a few drops from the bottle over his
groin, then returns the icebag.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
After all that scraping I did, the
blood's probably rushing back in.
Let's numb you out a little more.

Setting the icebag firmly in place, she walks away casually --

Geoff hears A DOOR OPEN somewhere -- looks around in
astonishment that he could be left alone --

But he can't waste this chance -- he starts squirming on the
table, trying to wriggle out of his bonds --

After a moment, he stops -- there's no give in the ropes --

So he tries flexing his hip muscles -- desperately trying to
MOVE THE TABLE ITSELF --

CUT TO:

51 EXT. ROOF - DAY

Bayley's on top of the house, looking around the horizon. She
reaches out to a tree that overlooks the backyard, tests one of
the branches. She's not too impressed with it. She walks to
the southern edge of the roof, where a beam protrudes over a
grassy yard. She stands on the beam, testing its strength.
Hmmm. She smiles nervously -- as if amazed at herself --

CUT TO:

52 INT. LIVING ROOM - RESUME

Geoff's managed to roll the table toward the cellphone on the
kitchen counter. Can he somehow bump the table into the phone
and manipulate it into reach? He sweats as he studies the
situation --

CUT TO:

53 EXT. ROOF - DAY - RESUME

Hayley hears a TRUCK trundling down the road. She flattens
herself on the roof so as not to be seen --

CAMERA
MOVES AROUND
TO SEE
OPEN DOOR
AND WH
PHONE

on table

AS HE
STRUGLES
IN

CAMERA
TRACKS

IN

TO (1)

OR

WHEEDLE
HE GETS
TO

THIS GORDON REW
SC sound's

REVISED

rev. 7/10/94 60.

PAN ACROSS AND DOWN THE STREET -- three houses down, MRS. TOKUDA, early 40s, an attractive but tightly wound soccer mom, is trimming her rosebushes. The NOISE of the truck makes her turn --

And she sees Hayley picking herself back up again on the roof.

She frowns -- not upset, just curious. She turns and goes back to her rosebushes --

Then she turns again. Did she see what she thought she saw? She looks back to Jeff's roof -- but Hayley is gone.

CUT TO:

53A EXT. JEFF'S HOUSE - TIMELAPSE - DAY

53A *

Jeff's car is parked in front of his house with a letter leaned* against the side of the house. *

54 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

54

Jeff flexes and strains; no luck. He's not getting any closer to the telephone when suddenly --

HAYLEY (O.S.)

Someone I can call for you?

She lifts up the phone, places it on the table.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

You're bored, aren't you? We should get the show on the road.

As she rolls him back to his earlier position --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Truly impressive. I thought it'd be fun to see how far you could get, but I only expected a few inches, Jeff. Like down here.

She taps the glass between his thighs, smiles innocently. The tension of all his effort for nothing, the pressure of being tied down and helpless for so long, is wearing hard on Jeff --

JEFF

Why don't you just kill me?

HAYLEY

Is that what you think I want?

JEFF

Isn't it?

PAN ACROSS AND DOWN THE STREET -- three houses down, MRS. TOKUDA, early 40s, an attractive but tightly wound soccer mom, is trimming her rosebushes. The NOISE of the truck makes her turn --

And she sees Hayley picking herself back up again on the roof.

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~~OFF-SCREEN~~

54

~~IN THE BACKGROUND~~

54

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GEOFF

Why don't you just kill me?

HAYLEY

Is that what you think I want?

GEOFF

Isn't it?

3
PANEL
2

RACK

FOCUS
TO HER

THEN BACK

TO GEOFF

MOVE UP
TO HAYLEY'S
FACE

HAYLEY WHEELS GEOFF INTO
MEDIA ROOM

HAYLEY
(shakes her head)

CLOSE

CUT TO:

B. R. C. L. A. Y

55

INT. MEDIA ROOM - DAY

55

Quickly Hayley wheels Geoff into the media room and floods the
room with light, aiming every lamp she can find at the table.
Geoff watches as she pulls a plastic-backed absorbent cloth from
her backpack, and slides it under his groin --

GEOFF

What's that for?

HAYLEY

Soak things up. Then I can take it
with me. I hope you appreciate the
work I did to find one of these -- I
could've let you mop it all up.

MOVES ALL
WAT THROUGH

ROOM TO

AS HAYLEY

SETS UP ROOM

She reaches into her pack and pulls out a small prescription
bottle, setting it on a shelf --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

You allergic to any antibiotics?
Here's a little anti-inflammatory. I
caddged it from my doctor. You'll want
to take a couple a day after the
operation, keep it up till they're all
gone. This is for your own good, you
understand?

W. FOLLOW HAYLEY

AS SHE SETS UP

No answer. Hayley picks up a videocam and hooks it up to
Geoff's bigscreen. Geoff stares at the ceiling.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

I love that you have all this stuff.
This way, you can watch.

Geoff closes his eyes --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Now I'm hurt. I go to all this
trouble and you don't want to watch?
You don't really mean it.

She takes some time aiming and focusing the camera, getting it
just right.



HAYLEY'S
selling ^{it} on
CAMERA
ACTION
RUNS
OVER
THE
FIRST PART
OF THIS
SHOW

GROFF

(even still closed)

I — I stayed the summer with my Aunt Denise when I was a kid — her own kids like were four and five, I was seven, I didn't want anything to do with them — the little girl, Lynnle, loved me --

(a slow breath)

-- her favorite game was to jump out of her bathtub -- all soaking and her fingers all pruney -- and jump on me -- tickling and shouting, "Prune attack! Prune attack!" I couldn't fight back because I'd break her arm if I really got mad --

(a boat)

-- Aunt Denise walked in from gardening in the middle of a tickle attack -- she saw her little girl all over me -- without any clothes -- my clothes all wet -- she yelled LYNNIE GET BACK IN THAT TUB AND STAY THERE -- NOW -- then she looked at me --

(a beat)

(MORE)

世界圖書出版公司
北京分公司
發行

move
slowly to ②

GEOFF (CONT'D)

-- "Get your clothes off" -- she grabbed my wrist and dragged me to the kitchen -- she switched on the front burner of the stove -- she picked me up -- the burner redhot under me. Dirt from her garden on my skin. "I could throw your ass down on that burner. Would that be fun?" She held me nearly a minute -- I could feel her arms getting tired -- I cried and cried -- the tears sizzled when they hit the burner --

(a beat)

She put me down. "If I catch you with Lynn like that ever again."

~~(a beat)~~
My mom came and got me the next day to pick me up. I never talked to Aunt Denise again.

PAUSE THEN MOVE OFF

Hayley looks at him for a moment, then claps her hands.

HAYLEY

Okay, we're set!

ON HAYLEY

She removes a scalpel from a sterile package: it shines in the light. Geoff looks at her searchingly, desperately, starting to CRY --

STAY ON
HAYLEY
IF WE
MOVE
IT

GEOFF
Don't.

HAYLEY
Told you not to use that word.

GEOFF
Hayley, you need help. A teenage girl
doesn't do this --

HAYLEY
Don't even start. I've seen your idea
of what a teenage girl should do with
her days.

GEOFF
iii pay ~~I know~~ therapists. ~~it's not for me~~

HAYLEY
Thanks, but if I end up seeing a
shrink, I want to make my case really
interesting.

GEOFF
Please. What do you want me to do?
Please. Call the cops. I'll say I
did whatever you want.

HAYLEY
I don't think the police will buy a
confession under these circumstances.

GEOFF
(crying harder)
I'll leave. I'll move out of town.
Please. *PLEASE HELP*

HAYLEY
Donna's body will still be where you
left it.

She pulls away the icebag, starts putting on rubber surgical
gloves as he begs pitifully --

GEOFF
I'm not the guy! I swear! Please!
Anything!

HAYLEY
(mocking)
Anything.

①
ON
GEOFF

②

GEOFF

Anything. Please on me. Feed me glass.
I'll be your toy. You can do anything
to me. Just. Just. Just.

(losing it)

Please. Call the cops. I'll say I
did whatever you want. Please.

Please. PLEASE, HAYLEY --

HAYLEY

(quietly)

Anything.

GEOFF

ANYTHING. ANYTHING. JUST. PLEASE.

HAYLEY

(a beat)

When I talked about sending Janelle
that e-mail, you changed the subject.

No answer. She stops with one glove on, looks at him, nods:
this idea has silenced him. She walks to ~~the computer~~, reaches
for the mouse

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

~~I'm still out of control.~~ I could
send her the e-mail, pack up and go.

Geoff looks at her silently --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

It could be the best thing that ever
happened to you. You could stop
torturing yourself with the idea you
might get her back some day.

GEOFF

Leave her out of it. Please.

HAYLEY

(CLICKS the mouse)

~~Copsies! Clicked the right-hand
button by mistake! Didn't mean to
scare you!~~

(off his silence)

Still, I send the e-mail to Janelle,
and it's all over. What do you say,
Geoff?

(quietly, curiously)

What do you say?

MOVE TO

OUT AND GETS

THE COMPUTER

AND

THE

BLEACH

①

Geoff starts panicking, animal instinct taking over, all the pressure and fear finally overloading him --

GEOFF
(hoarsely)
GET THE FUCK OFF ME -- GET THE FUCK
AWAY -- GODDAMN FUCKING BITCH STOP --
STOP -- FUCK STOP --
(louder, more fearful)
-- FUCK DON'T CUT ME -- FUCK DON'T CUT
ME -- DON'T -- PLEASE -- PLEASE PLEASE
-- DON'T --

She looks at him blankly, as if he weren't speaking at all. Geoff's words accelerate, freaking out, growing louder, more desperate, until finally he can't even put words together, he's so lost and scared that he's practically pre-verbal --

GEOFF (CONT'D)
DON'T -- DON'T DON'T DON'T DON'T --
PLEASE PLEASE -- I'LL -- I'LL DO WHAT YOU --
PLEASE PLEASE DON'T DON'T DON'T DON'T --
(gasping now)
OH HHH -- AAAAAAAA -- YOUUUUU --
AAAAAAA -- aaaaaa -- aaaaaa aaaaaa --

He uses up his breath -- last little moans and gasps -- then silence.

HAYLEY
(considerately)
I shouldn't have teased you like that.
I shouldn't have let you think there
was a way out of this.

She balances an open medical textbook on Geoff's side table.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Now I'm gonna leave my medical text
right here, so in case I forget
anything, no need to panic.

Then she turns on Geoff's bigscreen. Geoff's eyes widen.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
I knew you'd want to watch:

We see only a glimpse of a scrotal sac, but the glow from the screen and Geoff's eyes will say it all.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
It's so hard to find something really
new on TV.

PASS MONITOR
DISPLAYING SCROTAL
SACK FOCUS ON
HAYLEY

HOLD FOR

She turns to the sound system, looks for a CD --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Y'know, those TV surgeons like to play music while they perform operations. What would you like?

(silence)

Supertramp? Nine Inch Nails? "You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'" -- ?

(silence)

No, I like this.

She drops a CD in the player: a recording of BOLERO begins. As Bayley pulls on the other glove, lifts the scalpel --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Now if you try to squirm, you'll really be putting yourself in danger. Wriggle about too much, and I might nick the perineal artery. This would be very, very bad. You'd bleed to death before I could get help here.

GEOFF

You'd get help?

HAYLEY

(a beat)

It wouldn't come in time, that's the point. Hold still --

She sets the bleach next to his head, taps it lightly.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

And no screaming, either, or it's back to this. Remember, at this point, you want me to have a steady hand.

She moves in and begins the operation --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

You don't feel that, right?

GEOFF

Why do you care so much whether I can feel it or not?

HAYLEY
Be thankful for small favors.
(an incision)
That went well. Now.

CUT TO:

56 EXT. GEOFF'S HOUSE - DAY

56

BOLERO plays under, haunting, tense, building in passion. A
PASSERBY ambles past, looks for a moment at the ladder leading
to the roof, keeps on walking. After a while, a leaf falls.

CUT TO:

57 INT. MEDIA ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

57

BOLERO under. CLOSE on Hayley, sweating as she begins.

HAYLEY
You told that Aunt Denise story very
well. Very very well.
(silence)
Was it supposed to make me worry for
you? Was it like the magic key to
explain why you are the way you are?
(silence)
It doesn't.

PAN to Geoff, face ashen as he watches the bigscreen.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Okay, which testicle should I do
first? Right or left?
(no answer)
Are you right or left-handed? You'd
think with all I know about you, I'd
know that by now.
(no answer)
Let's say right. Okay. One little
slice to free it up. Snip!
(a beat)
... and now I need to suture that up.

Surgical thread flashes across Geoff's line of vision.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
This would be easier if I had a nurse.
Someone to pat the sweat off my
forehead.

(MORE)

TRON

2

V STAY

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

But when I asked my girlfriend if she wanted to help me castrate a guy, she just made ooky sounds like I was asking her to swallow worms. Well. In about eight years, we'll just see who gets into medical school and who doesn't.

(pause)

Okay, you may feel a small tug as I tie this off. I'm trying to be as gentle as I can, but I want to get this knot tight.

ON GEOFF

PAUSE
VIDEO HERE
THEN RELEASE

Geoff flinches at the tug. He closes his eyes.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Okay! Halfway done! Over the hump, right?

GEOFF

(drained)

Can't you -- stop? Please --

SPEND MORE
TIME WITH THIS LINE

HAYLEY

Geoff, some men go through life with just one ball and they're perfectly fine. I've read, I wouldn't know from experience. But I don't think you're reeessally punished if you've only lost a spare.

MOVE TO (1)

Geoff stares at her, streaming sweat, now hyperventilating in shock --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Stay with me, Geoff. You're going to get through this.

(a beat)

You're better off without the other one, anyway. Wouldn't want you walking around crooked. Where'd I put those scissors?

(a beat)

Okay. Hold your breath. You're entering a whole new world, Geoff.

(a beat)

Snip!

Geoff sheds one last tear, and Hayley uses the remote to CLICK off the bigscreen. She TURNS OFF BOLERO and goes back to work.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Okay, sewing this one up and then the whole package. Those needlepoint lessons in Home Ec paid off after all.

Hayley reaches for suture and begins sewing.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

This really is one of the simplest operations you could imagine. Makes me wonder why they teach Girl Scouts things like camping and selling cookies when they could teach them something really useful like this.

(a beat)

Then again, I don't know how they would design a merit badge for this type of activity.

TO GEOFF

GEOFF

(whispers)

I saw Lynnise at Aunt Denise's funeral -
- I told her what Aunt Denise did --
she didn't believe me.

HAYLEY

If you could talk to Aunt Denise now, what would you say?

Geoff starts to laugh helplessly, pathetically, deliriously.

GEOFF

I'd say, "Help! A pathological teenager cut my balls off! Call the police!"

He's crying again, wrestling with shock and grief. Hayley watches dispassionately.

HAYLEY

Based on how sympathetic she was to you last time, I don't know if you should waste your breath.

She replaces the icebag on his groin.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

I would cancel any appointments for the next few days. You're going to be sorer than you've ever been.

She folds up the textbook --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

And give it eight or nine days before taking the stitches out. Which I advise you to save yourself some embarrassment and do yourself. Just take a little tweezers and snip snip. Not unlike what we did here today.

She sponges him off and pulls out the ~~white~~ sheet --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Oh, and learn this internet address: alt.eunuchs.questions. Eunuchs is spelled e-u-n-u-c-h-s, I had trouble with that. But there really is this newsgroup that will give you advice about how to deal with your castration. Don't try to go through this alone.

She lifts two shot glasses filled with grey, bloody blobs.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

You want souvenirs?

Geoff closes his eyes.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

No? What should I do with them?

57A TRACK HAYLEY THROUGH THE HOUSE, opening the sliding door ~~55A~~ the rear patio, like she's ready to toss the contents of the shot glasses down the hill.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

We could see how far they bounce.
(silence)

Then again, some animal might decide they were his afternoon snack. Wouldn't want a little squirrel or coyote to get sick. Especially with you being such a conservationist.

58 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

58

Hayley walks over with the shot glasses, and turns on the faucet full-blast, CALLING OUT OVER THE NOISE --

HAYLEY

Maybe this would be best. Grind them up in the garbage disposal.

(MORE)

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

(mock-gasp)

Maybe I could sew them back in! We have this shop teacher who sawed his thumb off -- demonstrating safety, of course -- but he picked it up, grabbed some ice from the cafeteria, and drove to the emergency room. Showed up in school the very next day with his whole thumb. Didn't bend so well, but he could still hitchhike.

She reaches over for the disposal switch, turns it on FOR A MOMENT OF GRINDING, then off again --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Just wanted to see if it works.

(silence)

You can hear me, right, Geoff?

CUT TO:

59

INT. MEDIA ROOM - DAY

59

Geoff breathes thickly, hearing THE WATER, wondering how much more Hayley is capable of --

HAYLEY (O.S.)

Still, if we've got a real pair of brass balls here, the disposal won't do much to them.

Geoff winces as THE GARBAGE DISPOSAL STARTS. Its horrible grinding noise lasts for twenty seconds -- then stops abruptly.

HAYLEY (CONT'D; O.S.) (CONT'D)

Guess they weren't brass.

Geoff's head rolls to the side; quietly he whispers --

GEOFF

No. No.

Hayley returns to his side, sits on the table and touches his cheek for a moment; he looks up at her helplessly.

HAYLEY

You don't feel like laughing. This is not a laughing matter, is it?

She reaches for Geoff's photo of Donna Mauer, considers it.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

But maybe Donna's smiling somewhere, just a tad.

PIC OF
DONNA
MAUER +
CLASS OF
WATER

TRACE BACK TO VIEW

1 TONSE

REVERSE LOOKING

BACK RT HAYLEY

WE MOVE FAST TO



GEOFF
(quietly)
... didn't do anything to her ...

HAYLEY
Well. Maybe you did and maybe you didn't. Someone did. If it wasn't you, maybe you'll want to track the guy down yourself. Warn him what's waiting for him. Or kick him in the balls. After all, it's his fault all of this is happening.

She looks at Donna's photo again, and moves off into --

CUT TO:

60 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

60

~~Hayley enters the kitchen and sees Geoff.~~

CUT TO:

61 INT. MEDIA ROOM - DAY

61

Hayley gently brings the glass of ice water to Geoff's lips.

HAYLEY
Here. You need to rehydrate.

Geoff takes in a couple of sips -- then spits them back at her, laughing weakly. Hayley blinks, towels herself off, and resumes trying to get Geoff to drink.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

You really ought to have this.

Finally Geoff takes another sip, and slowly finishes the glass.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

That's my boy.

(dabs his lips gently)

Want more?

A moment. Then he shakes his head. She nods, understandingly.

GEOFF

Why are you being so nice to me now?

HAYLEY

(gently)

Well. You're kind of pitiful now, aren't you? It's going to be tricky for you. Keeping people from finding out. Never going to bed with anyone, never using a public shower. Someday, though, you'll need a physical, your doctor'll see.

(laughs lightly)

Still, he won't tell any nurses, any golf buddies, right? They won't tell their friends, and their friends won't tell their friends. And you won't have to wonder after a couple of years if everyone knows, if your publishers know, if the models know ... if Janelle knows.

She pulls off her surgical blouse, mops her forehead with it.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Been sweating like a horse! I need a shower, then I promise to get out of your life.

GEOFF

(whispered)

I'll find you. I'll find you.

She kneels down beside him, eye to eye.

HAYLEY

Is it wise to make threats now, when you're still tied down?

GEOFF

I'm just saying.

HAYLEY

Well, if you're threatening me, what do you expect me to do about it?

GEOFF

I'm just saying.

HAYLEY

The smart thing would actually be to kill you. So you don't come after me. But I've already told you I'm not going to do that. You don't get off that easy, Geoff.

(rising)

I'm whacked. Let me scrub up and then we can chat more, if you want.

She grabs her backpack and walks off, leaving Geoff alone. He cranes his neck to watch her leave --

CUT TO:

63 INT. MEDIA ROOM - DAY 63

WATER RUNNING in b.g. Geoff strains at the ropes. No use.

CUT TO:

64 INT. BATHROOM - DAY 64

Hayley drops her scrubs, reaches to pull off her top.

CUT TO:

65 INT. MEDIA ROOM - DAY 65

WATER RUNNING in b.g. Geoff pulls at the ropes with his right hand. His skin starts to tear. He's past caring. He slowly pulls, biting his tongue, inch by inch, as blood slowly colors the ropes --

CUT TO:

66 INT. BATHROOM - DAY 66

Hayley reaches to test the WATER in the shower --

CUT TO:

7 INT. MEDIA ROOM - DAY 67

WATER RUNNING in b.g. Geoff's nearly over the knuckle -- wincing in pain --

And at last, with a huge gasp, he's free -- coughing back the agony.

He reaches across himself, blood dripping on the table. He fumbles as he tries to untie his left wrist, but in a moment he's free --

He sits up and drops the icebag to the floor, not wanting to think about it yet --

He can't reach his ankles. He stretches out and pulls the table over toward the desk, where the scalpel and suture still remain from the operation --

He picks up the scalpel and uses it to reach the last few inches, cutting the cord away that tied his left ankle --

He curls over and unties his right ankle -- flexing his sore limbs carefully as he eases himself off the table --

CAMERA
REVERSE
FROM
HOLD

63 INT. MEDIA ROOM - DAY 63

WATER RUNNING in b.g. Geoff strains at the ropes. No use.

CUT TO:

64 OMITTED 64

65 INT. MEDIA ROOM - DAY 65

WATER RUNNING in b.g. Geoff pulls at the ropes with his right hand. His skin starts to tear. He's past caring. He slowly pulls, biting his tongue, inch by inch, as blood slowly colors the ropes --

CUT TO:

66 OMITTED 66 *

CUT TO:

67 INT. MEDIA ROOM - DAY 67

WATER RUNNING in b.g. Geoff's nearly over the knuckle -- wincing in pain --

And at last, with a huge gasp, he's free -- coughing back the agony --

He reaches across himself, blood dripping on the table. He fumbles as he tries to untie his left wrist, but in a moment

67A he's free -- 67A

He sits up and drops the icebag to the floor, not wanting to think about it yet --

He can't reach his ankles. He stretches out and pulls the table over toward the desk, where the scalpel and suture still remain from the operation --

He picks up the scalpel and uses it to reach the last few inches, cutting the cord away that tied his left ankle --

He curls over and unties his right ankle -- flexing his sore limbs carefully as he eases himself off the table --

A
B
C
D
E
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O

He's free. His groin covered by his shirt, we don't know the full extent of the damage that was done to him -- and neither does he. Bracing himself against the media unit, he takes a moment to reach beneath his shirt, to nurse his wound there --

And he stops cold.

Then he pulls up an ALLIGATOR CLIP that was snapped across the scrotal veins -- he SHAPS it open and shut, mystified --

GEOFF
(whispered)
I'm all here --

CLOSE on his face as he looks down, inspecting himself -- then gasping with relief ... laughter ... and confusion.

He pulls his pants on as he turns on the widescreen -- an old Republic western (something public domain) comes on the screen. Quickly he hits the VOLUME CONTROL to silence the movie --

Perplexed, he looks to the videocam, turns it on, points it around the room. He looks to the widescreen -- the western keeps playing. No feed from the videocam.

He traces the cable on the videocam -- it disappears behind the computer monitor. He pulls it loose: it's not attached to anything. Now he's really baffled.

On an instinct, he looks at the VCR. A symbol on the front indicates there's a tape inside. He hits the eject button --

And a videotape emerges from the player. Its label reads: "CASTRATION PROCEDURE: INSTRUCTIONAL VIDEO -- UCLA SCHOOL OF MEDICINE -- DO NOT REMOVE FROM LIBRARY."

GEOFF (CONT'D)
(quietly, realizing)
You whacked little bitch.

He sets the cassette down on the desk, his features twisting with a mix of amazement -- and fury. Adrenaline starts pumping: despite all he's been through, he's not missing his chance to make Bayley answer for all this. TRACK WITH HIM INTO

THE KITCHEN,

Where he starts to dial the cellphone. But after dialing nine, he stops -- listening to the hum of the WATER RUNNING. The empty shot glasses stand before the switch to the garbage disposal. He touches the switch; his jaw tightens.

Geoff
Okay. Okay.

He sets the phone down; TRACK WITH HIM INTO THE

69 MEDIA ROOM,

69

A { As he picks up the scalpel and weighs it in his hand.
B {

CUT TO:

70 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

70

WATER RUNNING in b.g. Quietly, with a mixture of exhaustion and excitement, Geoff walks toward the bathroom, scalpel ready. His face blends both anger and a certain pleasurable anticipation. He pauses by the doorway to the bathroom, takes a deep breath --

CUT TO:

71 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

71

Geoff bashes his way into the bathroom, scalpel raised, and charges toward the shower, throwing open the door to strike --

But the shower is empty.

Out of the corner of his eye, he sees Hayley bolting out of the bedroom -- dressed in the clothes in which she started the day -- but before he can react, Hayley SHOVS Geoff with one hand into the shower --

He tumbles into the water, struggling to keep his balance, struggling not to cut himself with the scalpel --

And as he falls, we see what Hayley carries in her other hand: a small TASER.

IMAGE
SHAKES
HAYLEY
FIELD
END
She fires the taser, and voltage SIZZLES through Geoff, knocking him off his feet. The jolt makes him drop the scalpel involuntarily -- Geoff fights falling into unconsciousness. Hayley steps over him carefully, and methodically turns off the water. She leaves the bathroom, and with what little sense he has, Geoff reaches again for the scalpel --

CUT TO:

72 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

72

A Hayley leaves the hallway, heading into the bedroom. In a
B moment she returns with her backpack, pulling out a cloth --
C

CUT TO:

HANDHELD

73 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

73

The cloth damp now, Hayley starts wiping all the surfaces she has touched. She opens the fridge and wipes the salad bowl and orange juice she touched, then opens the freezer and wipes down the vodka bottle.

CUT TO:

74 INT. MEDIA ROOM - DAY

74

Hayley takes the castration videocassette and replaces it in her knapsack. She opens a fresh file and starts to type on the computer screen.

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER

Hayley folds the surgical tools into her knapsack, then uses the Windex to clean the table. Then she starts wiping down surfaces in the room.

CUT TO:

75 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

75

Hayley pulls on a pair of skater's gloves and starts rehangng all the art photos. She stops before one of them, thinking. Gently, sadly she shakes her head.

As she turns, she accidentally knocks over a vase -- it SHATTERS and she tenses, looking at the shards, the mess driving her crazy --

76 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

76

She marches to the severely dazed Geoff -- who after all this time has crawled about fifteen inches into the hallway. She takes out her annoyance about the vase on Geoff, TASERING HIM AGAIN, TWICE, THREE TIMES --

-- until he drops the scalpel, clearly unconscious.

CUT TO:

77 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

77

Hayley finishes sweeping up the vase shards into a plastic bag --

CUT TO:

73 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 73

The cloth damp now, Hayley starts wiping all the surfaces she has touched. She opens the fridge and wipes the salad bowl and orange juice she touched, then opens the freezer and wipes down the vodka bottle.

CUT TO:

74 INT. MEDIA ROOM - DAY 74

Hayley takes the castration videocassette and replaces it in her knapsack. She opens a fresh file and starts to type on the computer screen.

CUT TO:

75 INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 75

Hayley folds the surgical tools into her knapsack, then uses a * glass cleaner to clean the table. Then she starts wiping down * surfaces in the room.

CUT TO:

Hayley pulls on a pair of skater's gloves and starts rehanging all the art photos. She stops before one of them, thinking. Gently, sadly she shakes her head.

As she turns, she accidentally knocks over a vase -- it SHATTERS and she tenses, looking at the shards, the mess driving her crazy --

76 INT. HALLWAY - DAY 76

She marches to the severely dazed Geoff -- who after all this time has crawled about ~~fifteen~~ inches into the hallway. She takes out her annoyance about the vase on Geoff, TASERING HIM AGAIN, TWICE, THREE TIMES --

-- until he drops the scalpel, clearly unconscious.

CUT TO:

77 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 77

Hayley finishes sweeping up the vase shards into a plastic bag --

CUT TO:

78 INT. FOYER - DAY

As Bayley wipes down surfaces on the safe and the surrounding rocks, she speaks on a cellphone --

BAYLEY

Hey, it's me, Trace. I'm gonna be done with my thing sooner than I thought. You wanna see a movie?

(listening)

No, I'm not telling you.

(listening)

No, it does not involve a boy. There are things in life other than boys, contrary to your opinion!

(listening, laughing)

Get out!

(listening, frowning)

~~I'm not lonely. I have you. Don't~~
you think that's enough?

(listening)

Seriously. I'm five.

(listening)

Look, I've been in a really good mood today, don't lecture me. I can't stand when you get all Dr. Laura.

(and)

I told you I'm not telling you. I'm sorry. There are some things you maybe don't want to know, anyway.

(and)

I shouldn't have said anything. Listen, just look at the Calendar section and figure out what you want to see. My treat. Bye-bye --

She hangs up, sighs for a moment, lost in thought. Then she returns to wiping down surfaces.

CUT TO:

79 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

79

Bayley uses the scalpel to cut off the extra rope that's tying Geoff to the bed. He sleeps, unconscious and vulnerable. She coils the length of it around her shoulder.

CUT TO:

80 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

80

Hayley pulls one of the chairs into the kitchen, the rope coiled around her shoulder. *(struggle to get up)*

CUT TO:

81 INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

81

As Hayley quickly wipes down surfaces, TRACK WITH HER INTO THE

82 MEDIA ROOM,

82

Where she sits back down at the keyboard and moves the mouse. A screensaver filled with wilderness images dissolves away to reveal the note Hayley was typing earlier. As she types an additional sentence,

CLOSE ON THE SCREEN, ON THE WORDS SHE TYPES: "TRIED TO SHOOT MYSELF. CAN'T EVEN DO THAT RIGHT."

CUT TO:

83 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

83

Hayley gently loosens the bonds that keep Geoff tied to the bed, although the bonds around his wrists are still taut. She takes a deep breath and starts to lift him from the bed --

CUT TO:

84 INT. STUDIO - DAY

84

Hayley wipes down surfaces in this room as well, while in the midst of a new cellphone conversation --

HAYLEY

-- yes, this is Lieutenant Hayley, LAPD. You're acquainted with a photographer, one Geoffrey Culver?

(listening)

There's been an incident here, is it possible that you can assist us?

(listening)

I'm not at liberty to discuss it at this moment, ma'am. But it's a very delicate matter, and the sooner we can speak with you here, the better the chance we can keep this out of the newspapers.

(listening)

We appreciate that. The address is --

(listening)

(MORE)

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Yes, that's the place. How soon do you think you can be here?

CUT TO:

85 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

85 *

~~IN BLACKNESS~~ A we see hayley struggling in 30 + C.V.

We hear MUSIC QUIETLY PLAYING UNDER, instrumental jazz covering old Johnny Mercer tunes. Hayley speaks gently -- *

HAYLEY (O.C.) *

-- that's it -- up we go -- that's right -- upsydaisy -- *

B CLOSE ON GEOFF'S EYES

Flickering open, frowning, as MUSIC CONTINUES UNDER. *

HAYLEY (O.S.)

I must say you have some great tunes.

REVERSE ANGLE:

HAND HELD

Looking down on Hayley as she gently helps him stand up -- *

~~PULL BACK TO REVEAL~~

Geoff standing on a chair, wobbling a little but supported by Hayley -- his wrists still tightly bound. As soon as he's upright, she pulls a cord taut and ties it off -- a cord leading to a noose around Geoff's neck. Geoff's eyes widen as he realizes his trap. *

HAYLEY

Careful now. Steady. Stand straight. Thattaboy. *

GEOFF

You're insane.

HAYLEY

Which I did tell you when we met! Remember, four out of five doctors agree!

(no answer)

I'd like to think, you work as carefully as I do, you have to be sane. But maybe no sane person would have the patience to figure all this out. I should ask my therapist what she thinks about it.

F
GEOFF
Ask her how much it would cost you to
get a padded --

C
B
H
THE DOORBELL RINGS. Geoff and Hayley look to each other --
realizing what's at risk --

GEOFF STARTS TO YELL FOR HELP -- EVEN AS HAYLEY TAKES A DISHRAG
AND STUFFS IT IN HIS MOUTH, HARD AND DEEP TO KEEP HIM FROM
PUSHING IT OUT WITH HIS TONGUE. THE DOORBELL RINGS AGAIN --

Geoff's struggling, making MUFFLED CRIES, working not to fall
from his perch. Hayley works not to hyperventilate -- AS THE
DOORBELL RINGS AGAIN --

Hayley runs to answer it --

86

EXT. GEOFF'S HOUSE - DAY

86

Mrs. Tokuda stands at the door with boxes of cookies. Hayley
opens the door, breathless --

HAYLEY

Hi.

The faintest of MUFFLED CRIES in the b.g. -- Hayley unlocks the
door and steps outside with her visitor --

MRS. TOKUDA

Oh, hello. Is Mr. Culver here?

HAYLEY

He's asleep. He's not feeling so
well. I think it's food poisoning.
Can I -- ?

MRS. TOKUDA

(overlapping)

I'm sorry to hear that. Are you -- ?

HAYLEY

His niece.

MRS. TOKUDA

(thoughtfully)

Oh, really!

HAYLEY

Uh-huh.

she looks at Hayley carefully -- Hayley grins nervously under
the inspection.

MRS. TOKUDA
Can I ask you something?

HAYLEY
Uh. Okay.

MRS. TOKUDA
I may be out of line here.

HAYLEY
Um.

MRS. TOKUDA
Do you babysit?

10/5/04 Hayley smiles broadly; a touch of relief in her features --

HAYLEY
I do! But I'm only here for a couple
more days, I'm sorry.

MRS. TOKUDA
Too bad. I am on a constant patrol
for new babysitters.

HAYLEY
(off the cookies)
Are those -- ?

MRS. TOKUDA
Yee! Mr. Culver's cookies!
(guiltily)
My daughter's in the Girl Scouts,
we've been trying to deliver these but
we keep missing Mr. Culver, here they
are! Yummy stuff!

Hayley takes the cookies --

HAYLEY
Thanks. Uncle Geoff loves the Girl
Scouts.

She's opening the door extremely casually, heading back in, when
Mrs. Tokuda clears her throat.

MRS. TOKUDA
You should probably --

HAYLEY
(nervous for a sec)
What?

MRS. TOKUDA
Well. Pay me.

HAYLEY
Of course! How much?

MRS. TOKUDA
Six.

Hayley digs in her pocket -- pulls out a five -- hands it to Mrs. Tokuda --

HAYLEY
(her head will explode)
Can you wait here?

MRS. TOKUDA
You bet.

Hayley heads inside -- closing the door gently but FIRMLY --

87 INT. KITCHEN

87

Hayley runs to Geoff, tossing the cookies to the floor -- he has nearly pushed the disrag out of his mouth. She crawls it back in as he continues his MUFFLED CRIES --

Then she digs in his pocket, pulls his wallet out, extracts a single, and runs off --

88 EXT. GEOFF'S HOUSE - DAY - RESUME

88

Hayley springs out and hands the dollar bill to Mrs. Tokuda -- *

HAYLEY
Here you are!

MRS. TOKUDA
Did I hear something?

HAYLEY
(apologetic)
The food poisoning. He's throwing up.

MRS. TOKUDA
I'm so sorry. Well, if you're going to be around any longer, I'm three houses down and across, I can always always always use a witter.

HAYLEY
(winningly)
I wish I could.

1000
A
B
C
D

87
H
G

FROM
DPLK 82

1000
A
B
C
D

MRS. TOKUDA
Me too. Well.
(she'd meant to ask --)
Oh! So! How's the roof?

HAYLEY
(lost)
-- Sorry?

MRS. TOKUDA
You were lying down on the roof.

HAYLEY
(a beat)
I was,

MRS. TOKUDA
A little while ago. I was trimming my
roses and I saw you and I wondered,
who's that? What's she up to?

HAYLEY
Right.
(searching)
We. We have this leak.

MRS. TOKUDA
(mildly appalled)
Your uncle sent you up there to look
for it?

HAYLEY
Well. He's sick and all. I said I
would. See if the roof was torn
through.

MRS. TOKUDA
Right.
(but)
Did it rain?

Hayley looks blankly at her for a moment --

HAYLEY
I need to get back and help my uncle.

Smiling apologetically, Hayley starts to close the door --

MRS. TOKUDA
Tell him Mrs. Tokuda says hello --

HAYLEY
You bet. Thanks!

Hayley disappears — and Mrs. Tokada furrows her brow. A long * moment. Still frowning, she finally walks away slowly —

CUT TO:

88 INT. FOYER

89

A The door closed, Hayley leans back against it, rolling her eyes in anger at how she performed --

CUT TO:

90 INT. KITCHEN

90

Geoff watches with spite as Hayley returns, picking the cookies up off the floor and opening a box. She's off her stride, but moving with an extra adrenalin.

HAYLEY
(removing his gag)
Want one? "Yummy stuff!"

GEOFF
(cuttingly)
A leak. That's all you could come up with. Pathetic.

Angrily she jostles the chair with her foot, threatening to knock him off his perch.

HAYLEY
HEY. I wouldn't piss me off just now, Uncle Geoff.

GEOFF
(venomous now)
She'll be back. She thinks you're a little flaky, you might need help.
(and)
Putting it fucking mildly.

HAYLEY
(still bitter)
~~You saying I should hurry, take care of you fast? Think about your strategy here.~~
(as the district attorney)
When you got loose, Geoff, did you call the police? Run for help? Like an innocent person would do?

B
F
H

GEOFF
(angrily)
I did call.

— NOT defensive

HAYLEY
(dripping sarcasm)
Oh? Ohhh? Let's hit redial and see.

She walks to the phone, punches a button, looks at the display.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Yuh-huh.
(taking a cookie)
Face it, Geoff, you could have gotten away! But somehow I just kinda knew you wouldn't. And now it's simple --

She hops up on the counter, cicer to his eye level, and folds her legs underneath her girlishly.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
You can wait here after I leave, wait for somebody to find you. Along with the photo of Donna, and your confession that I typed up for you. But here's the special limited-time offer: step off this chair -- and it all -- and I'll take care of the evidence. Destroy the photos. Delete the confession. Nobody will ever know why you had to kill yourself.
(and)
Not even Janella.

X

Long pause.

GEOFF
(defiant)
I didn't kill Donna Mauer.

HAYLEY
We've been over this.

GEOFF
Fuck you. I'm not gonna beg.

cherry on top

HAYLEY
You mean, not going to beg AGAIN because you do it so well. Not please?
(off his silence)
Pretty please with a cherry on t
(MORE)

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
(and, cruelly)
That you just had to pop?

She takes more cookies, munches on them idly, as Geoff sneers at her in disgust --

GEOFF
You'll leave a clun. You've already
messed up, bitch. More than once. I
knocked you out; how do you know
you're still thinking straight? Mrs.
Tokuda's ~~and~~ you. *... you*

CLOSE on Hayley -- considering -- unsettled --

GEOFF (CONT'D)
They'll find you.

HAYLEY
They might.

GEOFF
(voice stronger now)
They will. You'll spend your life
looking over your shoulder. Waking up
in the middle of the night, afraid
some little noise means they've found
you. Don't think it'll ever be over.

Hayley sits back, troubled. Geoff studies her, sensing he's
gotten through to her.

HAYLEY
(a beat; a new question)
How hard do you think they'll look for
me?

She lets it sink in, then continues --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
The police find a pedophile killer all
gift-wrapped for them, you really
think they're gonna care who did their
work for them? You think they're even
gonna bring it up?

GEOFF
Someone will. Some prosecutor'll make
a career out of you.

HAYLEY
One problem with that theory, Uncle
Geoff. They never try girls as
adults. Sexist but true.
(MORE)

use to happen

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
(and, cruelly)
That you just had to pop?

She takes more cookies, munches on them idly, as Geoff sneers at her in disgust --

GEOFF
You'll leave a clue. You've already
messed up, bitch. More than once. I
knocked you out; how do you know
you're still thinking straight? Mrs.
Tokuda's made you.

CLOSE on Hayley -- considering -- unsettled --

GEOFF (CONT'D)
They'll find you.

HAYLEY
They might.

GEOFF
(voice stronger now)
They will. You'll spend your life
looking over your shoulder. Waking up
in the middle of the night. Jumping
at little noises.

Hayley sits back, troubled. Geoff studies her, sensing he's
gotten through to her.

HAYLEY
(a beat; a new question)
How hard do you think they'll look for
me?

She lets it sink in, then continues --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
The police find a pedophile killer all
gift-wrapped for them, you really
think they're gonna care who did their
work for them? You think they're even
gonna bring it up?

GEOFF
Someone will. Some prosecutor'll make
a career out of you.

HAYLEY
One problem with that theory, Uncle
Geoff. They never try girls as
adults. Sexist but true.

(MORE)

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Plus I'll have the biggest legal defense fund you ever saw. If everyone who's ever been molested sends in just five dollars, I'll be able to afford any lawyer I want. The worst, absolute worst case scenario? I do two years community service with psych evaluations, and Jodie Foeter directs the movie version of the whole thing.

(beat)

Who do you want to play you?

She jumps down with the cookies, turns to the fridge --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Can I just take something to wash these down with? These are great, I should've been a Girl Scout --

She opens the refrigerator, takes a swig of milk, wipes her mouth, then turns to say goodbye --

And Geoff JUMPS from the chair, wrapping his legs around her neck --

He's choking as they struggle, his legs scissored around her, squeezing her -- she pulls back, pushing him away --

HE'S ASPHYXIATING -- strangling as the noose pulls tight, his eyes bulging, his legs flailing like wild --

Hayley stands shocked and pale for a moment -- it was one thing to plan this, it's another thing to watch it --

And suddenly Geoff KICKS her to the floor, GASPING and WHEEZING as he uses the momentum from the kick to swing backward and pull his feet onto the kitchen counter --

Hayley looks at him gaining his balance; she looks different than we've ever seen her, virtually sitting in her pants as she scrambles to her feet and bolts away down the hall --

Balancing himself on the counter, Geoff works his bound wrists underneath his legs, so they're in front of him. He wrestles the noose from around his neck --

KNIFE BLOCK

Then he reaches into a drawer and digs out a steak knife to cut his hands loose --

Drenched in sweat, he rises, the knife in one hand as he wipes his forehead with the other hand, unusually calm --

CUT TO:

ARR 1
435

KNIFE
SHARP

FRANK
12/10/04



91 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

E MUSIC quietly under. Hayley works to catch her breath, get herself back under control. She looks at a photo of Janelle, nervously checks her watch --

CUT TO:

92 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

92

*WALK
LIVING
ROOM
7/1/14* MUSIC quietly under. Geoff walks into the living room, looks to the front door -- it didn't slam.

GEOFF

X Still here somewhere, aren't you, Hayley? That's right. You don't want to leave me. Do you?

CUT TO:

93 EXT. REAR OF HOUSE - DAY

93

B Stealthily edging through the sliding door, Hayley looks this way and that -- which way can she go?

CUT TO:

94 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

94

P MUSIC quietly under as Geoff walks in. No sign of her here. But the sliding door to the backyard is open --

CUT TO:

95 EXT. NORTHWEST CORNER OF HOUSE - DAY

95

A Hayley darts from the front of the house toward the kitchen door, taking off her belly chain as she moves -- *EXT.*

Away Even while Geoff stalks along the rear of the house in the same direction --

C She opens the kitchen door, slides inside and closes it JUST AS Geoff turns the corner to the north side of the house, tracking her like a beast of prey.

HE RUNS AND VERY TURN TURNS CUT TO:

96 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

96

Y MUSIC quietly under. Hayley bunches down below the windows as Geoff is visible outside, calling out to her.

Geoff

You've spent too much time on me to walk away. Now you get your reward. I'll make it so good for you. I promise.

Off her silence, Geoff stalks toward the front of the house. Hayley rises, looks out the window to see that Geoff has moved on -- and reaches for the rope.

CUT TO:

97 EXT. GEOFF'S HOUSE - DAY

97

Circling the front, Geoff walks into the street. No sign of her in either direction. Carefully he moves back to the house --

CUT TO:

98 EXT. GARDEN - DAY

98

Geoff edges around the south side of the house; still no trace of Hayley. SUDDENLY MUSIC BLARES FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE -- THE JAZZ TURNED UP FULL BLAST. GEOFF BOLTS AHEAD --

CUT TO:

99 INT. MEDIA ROOM - DAY

99

MUSIC BLARES. Nobody here. ~~Through~~ the rear window of the house, Geoff is visible arriving, searching for her. He's trying not to hyperventilate, knowing how he's being jerked around. He heads for the open door from the bedroom --

CUT TO:

100 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

100

MUSIC BLARES O.S. Geoff sidles through, knife ready, moving carefully as he remembers how he was ambushed before --

CUT TO:

101 INT. MEDIA ROOM - DAY

101

MUSIC BLARES UNTIL GEOFF RUNS TO KILL IT. As he stands in the silence, he sets his jaw -- determined to see this through to the end.

O.S., A DOOR SLAMS --

CUT TO:

GEOFF

You've spent too much time on me to walk away. Now you get your reward for teasing me so well. I'll make it so good for you. You'll beg for more. I promise.

Off her silence, Geoff stalks toward the front of the house. Hayley rises, looks out the window to see that Geoff has moved on -- and reaches for the rope.

CUT TO:

97 EXT. GEOFF'S HOUSE - DAY

97

Circling the front, Geoff walks into the street. No sign of her in either direction. Carefully he moves back to the house --

CUT TO:

98 EXT. GARDEN - DAY

98

Geoff edges around the south side of the house; still no trace of Hayley. SUDDENLY MUSIC BLARES FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE -- THE JAZZ TURNED UP FULL BLAST. GEOFF BOLTS AHEAD --

CUT TO:

99 INT. MEDIA ROOM - DAY

99

MUSIC BLARES. Nobody here. Through the rear window of the house, Geoff is visible arriving, searching for her. He's trying not to hyperventilate, knowing how he's being jerked around. He heads for the open door from the bedroom --

CUT TO:

100 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

100

MUSIC BLARES O.S. Geoff sidles through, knife ready, moving carefully as he remembers how he was ambushed before --

CUT TO:

101 INT. MEDIA ROOM - DAY

101

MUSIC BLARES UNTIL GEOFF RUNS TO KILL IT. As he stands in the silence, he sets his jaw -- determined to see this through to the end.

O.S., A DOOR SLAMS --

CUT TO:

102 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

102

Geoff runs into the kitchen, where the side door was slammed in exit. He's about to follow, when he freezes for a moment, confused. The kitchen is empty --

And the rope from which he was hanging is missing.

GEOFF

Ohhhh. You're so good.

CUT TO:

103 EXT. GEOFF'S HOUSE - DAY

103

Still and quiet. Without warning Geoff darts out of the front door, sweating, knife ready --

Silence everywhere. He takes a moment to lean against the wall, to wipe his brow, to blink away sweat. The day's taking its toll on him, but he takes a breath and pushes onward --

CUT TO:

104+A EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - DAY

104+A *

Up the same streets that we saw Geoff's Mini driving, follow now a sleek BMW. The driver is a worried JANELLE ROGERS, mid 20s, in jeans and a simple T-shirt, beautiful without make-up, not looking like she's aged a day since she posed for Geoff.

CUT TO:

105 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

105

Geoff walks carefully back through the house, looking out every window, knife ready, calling out --

GEOFF

You're just like her. You want to drive a man crazy, then dance on your fucking way --

He stabs one of the photos on the wall -- again and again and again -- until he leans against the wall, unsatisfied, weak with unanswered rage.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Hayley. You're right. This is who I am. Thank you for helping me see it. Thank you, babydoll.

He smiles despite himself -- when suddenly he freezes at the sound of FOOTSTEPS ON THE GRAVEL AND TAR ROOF.

CUT TO:

106 EXT. GEOFF'S HOUSE - DAY

106

Geoff walks out, energized with the prospect that she may have trapped herself --

He starts to climb the ladder -- but halfway up he pauses, shakes his head as if he must be crazy, and heads back down --

Yet as he reaches the ground -- Hayley's belly chain falls from the roof.

He picks it up, fingers it -- and heads back up the ladder with determined anger.

CUT TO:

107 EXT. ROOF - DAY *LATE AFT.*

107

Hayley stands on the south side of the roof, the late afternoon sun framing her in crimson.

HAYLEY

Thought you'd never get here.

Geoff pulls himself up to the roof, belly ~~chain~~ in one hand, knife in the other. He teeters for a moment, almost losing his balance, then rights himself and slowly paces toward her.

GEOFF

You dropped this.

HAYLEY

I had to.

GEOFF

Oh, yeah?

HAYLEY

Otherwise you might've stayed down there forever. What were you doing, jerking off? Oh, silly me, you can't.

GEOFF

What?

HAYLEY

You're never going to get much entertainment down there again, are you? Every time you want to use your dick, you're gonna remember your balls ground up in the garbage disposal.

(beat)

And you thought I didn't castrate you.

Geoff's features change; she's right. He walks toward her, knife gleaming—

GEOFF

Which do you want to fuck first, me or the knife?

— but he stops when she lifts up his gun.

HAYLEY

Nope. Nuh-huh. No way.

GEOFF

You don't know how to use that.

HAYLEY

Now you're kidding, right?

She cocks the gun, grins lightly.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

You forgot I'm an honor student?
Nothing I can't learn when I set my —

Without warning he throws the belly chain at her. — She FIRES INTO THE AIR as she fends it off —

He slides toward her with the knife, slipping on the gravel —

She scrambles away, faster and healthier, toward the apex of the roof, so its peak is between her and Geoff.

She FIRES

on the gravel —

toward the apex of the

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
(breathless)
Nice try. Now toss the knife in the
backyard.

GEOFF
Or you'll shoot again? Shoot me. What's stopping you?

HAYLEY
(shakes her head)
Won't have to. See, the deal's still
open. Look over there.

She cocks her head to the south. The noose lies on the roof,
tied to a beam that extends over the garden.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
You can put the noose around your neck
and end this whole game.

I'll still pick up the evidence after
you. You're running out of time.

GEOFF
I've got adrenaline going, honey. I
can wait you out up here. Shoot me.
Nothing stopping you. Let's see you
try.

Hayley looks at him doubtfully -- whatever adrenaline he's had
is running low now. Gently, tactfully, she warns him --

HAYLEY
It's not me you have to worry about.
It's Janelle.

Geoff pales, silent.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
I called her. Said I was Lieutenant
Hayley from LAPD. How far does she
live, Geoff?

Geoff looks down at the street --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Won't be long, will it? And while
we're up here, she'll head in and find
it all.

Hayley (cont'd)

The deal's still open. Put the noose
around your neck, you end the
whole game. I'll still pick up
the evidence. But you're running
out of time.

GEOFF
(throat dry)
Who ... are you?

HAYLEY
Then I'll pull off some clothes, drop
into the backyard, run into her arms.
~~And since it never rains, it pours.~~

GEOFF
She'll know there wasn't an LAPD
officer here.

HAYLEY
I have a feeling that detail won't
come back to her. Even if it does,
it'll be competing with my little
story, and the photo of Donna Mauer
and the confession on your computer
screen.

GEOFF
Unless I ... hang myself?

HAYLEY
Yeah. Operators are standing by.

Gecif stands in shock, unmoving. His eyes dart toward the
western edge of the roof.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
You scamper off, you'll just be
leaving it all for Janelle. Not to
mention the rest of the civilized
world.

Gecif reacts -- clutching at straw now --

GEOFF
I ~~can't~~ track you down. Pay you back.

HAYLEY
Assuming you know anything about me.

GEOFF
Calabasas girl whose dad teaches at
UCLA? Shouldn't be hard to find.

HAYLEY
You believed all that?

*shuts
away*

HAYLEY

*PAST BING
EARDONE*

unless I hang myself

*yes
now all*

GEOFF
(throat dry)
Who ... are you?

HAYLEY
Then I'll pull off some clothes, drop
into the backyard, run into her arms.
Arms that'll never hold you again.

Geoff stands in shock, unmoving. His eyes dart toward the
western edge of the roof. *

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
You scamper off, you'll just be
leaving it all for Janella. Not to
mention the rest of the civilized
world. *

GEOFF
Unless I -- hang myself? *

Hayley nods. Geoff reels -- clutching at straws now -- *

GEOFF (CONT'D)
I'll track you down. Pay you back. *

HAYLEY
Assuming you know anything about me. *

GEOFF
Calabases girl whose dad teaches at
[REDACTED] Shouldn't be hard to find.

HAYLEY
You believed all that?

GEOFF
(a beat)
Who are you?

HAYLEY
Hard to say for sure. Maybe not a
Calabassas girl. Maybe not a daughter
of a med school professor. Maybe not
a little sister.

GEOFF
Maybe not even a friend of Donna
Mauer.

HAYLEY
(a congratulatory smile)
Maybe not even named Hayley.

GEOFF
— who the hell are you -- ?

HAYLEY
Every little girl you ever watched.
Touched. Hurt. Screwed. Killed.
And we're all back now to put you off.
Snip snip.

THE SOUND OF A CAR from the street -- Geoff turns --

CUT TO:

108 EXT. GEOFF'S HOUSE - DAY 108

Janelle's BMW pulls up; she looks at the house uncertainly.

CUT TO:

109 EXT. ROOF - DAY - RESUME 109

Geoff ducks down, out of sight, stares at Hayley lethally.

~~GEOFF
I could ram up off this roof, smash
your head in the pavement. Even if
you kill me, at least you'll be dead.~~

Hayley studies him -- realizing she may have taken him so far
over the edge that he'll take her with him. She speaks quietly,
thoughtfully, nodding toward Janelle --

HAYLEY
She's going to find out. I can still
stop it.

GEOFF

(a beat)
Who are you?

HAYLEY

Hard to say for sure. Maybe not a
Calabassas girl. Maybe not a daughter
of a med school professor. Maybe not
a little sister.

GEOFF

Maybe not even a friend of Donna
Mauer.

HAYLEY

(a congratulatory smile)
Maybe not even named Hayley.

GEOFF

— who the hell are you — ?

HAYLEY

Every little girl you ever watched.
Touched. Hurt. Screwed. Killed.
And we're all back now to cut you off.
Snip snip.

THE SOUND OF A CAR from the street -- Geoff turns --

CUT TO:

108 EXT. GEOFF'S HOUSE - DAY

106

Janelle's BMW pulls up; she looks at the house uncertainly.

CUT TO:

109 EXT. ROOF - DAY

109

Geoff ducks down, out of sight, stares at Hayley — she speaks *
quietly, thoughtfully, nodding toward Janelle --

HAYLEY

She's going to find out. I can still
stop it.

(MORE)

*
*

GEOFF
We're past that now, ~~Hayley~~.

HAYLEY
~~Don't lie. It's always been about~~
~~Janelle, for God's sake.~~
(pause; he can't deny it)
Put on the shoes and jump. ~~I'll grab~~
~~the phone. I'll turn off the~~
~~computer and run out. Nobody is ever~~
~~going to know about any of this. Janelle will~~
think you were a terribly troubled man
whom she never should have deserted.
She'll remember you with a little fond
sadness for the rest of her life. ~~Wait~~
~~and~~
(and)
If you do it.

OFF Geoff, wrestling with it -- weighing her words carefully,
realizing both their lives are in her hands --

CUT TO:

110 EXT. GEOFF'S HOUSE - DAY

110

Janelle closes her car door, walks up from the car, looking
curiously at the ladder in front of the house. She stops as she
hears a POLICE SIREN in the distance.

CUT TO:

111 EXT. ROOF - DAY - RESUME

111

Geoff and Hayley listen to the POLICE SIREN, WHICH WILL GROW
PROGRESSIVELY CLOSER THROUGHOUT. Hayley leans in as Geoff
hesitantly sets down the knife.

HAYLEY
(whispering)
~~But these things are bothering me. I'm not sure~~
~~about the knife or what way.~~
(whispering)
Bad things will happen to you in
prison. You'll wish you'd killed
yourself when you had the chance.
(a gentle smile)
It's the only way.

Geoff looks at her with wide eyes, in a last plea --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Put on the noose. And jump. Janelle will think you were a terribly troubled man whom she never should have deserted. She'll remember you with a little fond sadness for the rest of her life.

OFF Geoff, wrestling with it -- weighing her words carefully, realizing both their lives are in her hands --

CUT TO:

110 EXT. GEOFF'S HOUSE - DAY

110

Janelle closes her car door, walks up from the car, looking curiously at the ladder in front of the house. She stops as she hears a POLICE SIREN in the distance.

CUT TO:

111 EXT. ROOF - DAY

111

Geoff and Hayley listen to the POLICE SIREN, WHICH WILL GROW PROGRESSIVELY CLOSER THROUGHOUT. Hayley leans in as Geoff hesitantly sets down the knife.

HAYLEY

(whispers)

Bad things will happen to you in prison. You'll wish you'd killed yourself when you had the chance.

(a gentle smile)

It's the only way.

Geoff looks at her with wide eyes, in a last plea --

Handwritten: Not necessary

GEOFF
(whispers)
I didn't kill her. It was me and another guy. He did it. I just watched. I wanted to take pictures, but he wouldn't let me. I'll tell you his name, help you find him --

HAYLEY
(whispers)
Hey, I know his name. And it's funny, Aaron told me you did it. Before he killed himself.

Geoff's features fall, as he realizes what she means. It's like the weight of the whole day is falling in on him now --

GEOFF
(whispers)
It wasn't me. It was him.

HAYLEY
(so quietly)
I don't care.

CUT TO:

EXT. GEOFF'S HOUSE - DAY

112

SIREN UNDER. Janelle KNOCKS on the door, waiting patiently --

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF - DAY - RESUME

113

Handwritten: GETS UP
SIREN UNDER. Geoff ~~lies~~ *GETS UP* on the roof, helplessly, lost. Hayley walks over, picks up the noose and hands it to him carefully, almost tenderly -- respectful of the courage he will need to take this last step.

HAYLEY
(whispers)
You can do it.

Geoff nods, puts the noose around his neck. Hayley tightens it like she might fasten his necktie as he heads out for the prom.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
(whispers)
That's good.

From below, the sound of Janelle KNOCKING again --

JAMILLIE (O.S.)
HELLO ?

The sound of her voice is like a dagger for Geoff. He walks quickly to the edge of the roof --

HAYLEY
(hissed)
Don't worry. I promised I'd take care
of it all --

GEOFF
(hissed)
Thank you --

His eyes full of desperation and loss, he steps off the roof AND PLUMMETS UNTIL THE ROPE SNAPS TAUT --

She stands over him, looking down -- we see the rope contorting as he twists below. She kneels down and whispers to him --

HAYLEY
Or not.

We can hear him GASPING FOR BREATH, THE THIN WHINE OF AIR
GETTING FAINTER AND FAINTER

CUT TO:

114 EXT. GEOFF'S HOUSE - DAY

116

SIXES UNDER. Jamillie's leaning against the door, listening, about to knock again when she hears a THUD from the south side of the house. The sound of Geoff's body swinging into the side of the house.

JAMILLIE
HELLO? GEOFF?

Alarmed, she digs in her purse for keys. She carefully walks around to the south side of the house, to

118 THE GARDEN.

115

Where she sees Geoff's legs dangling in midair - motionless --
dead.

CUT TO:

116 EXT. ROOF - DAY - RESUME

116

SIREN UNDER. AS WE HEAR JANELLE SCREAMING O.S., Hayley wipes *
 down Geoff's gun, tosses it on the tarpaper, and jumps down from *
 the roof on the north side. Her backpack lies on the ground *
 below -- she picks it up and tosses it onto her shoulder -- *

CUT TO:

117 EXT. STREET - DAY

117

SIREN UNDER. Hayley walks down the street with a deliberate *
 casualness -- but every emotion in the world plays across her *
 face. Joy -- guilt -- satisfaction -- pain -- fear -- and *
 finally, confidence --

CUT TO:

118 CLOSE ON A COMPUTER SCREEN

118

As chatroom dialogue appears fast and furious --

SNIPPYGRRL14: why should I tell you? guess

2BVICTOR: Twenty-two.

SNIPPYGRRL14: wayyy too old

2BVICTOR: 17

SNIPPYGRRL14: closer

SNIPPYGRRL14: take a look at my screen name, bright guy

2BVICTOR: No way. You are far too smart to be fourteen.

SNIPPYGRRL14: and yet it's true

2BVICTOR: talk about mature for your age

SNIPPYGRRL14: this would bother some guys

2BVICTOR: wimps

SNIPPYGRRL14: lol. you're not scared off?

SNIPPYGRRL14: maybe you should be ;)

SMASH TO BLACK.

THE END

*

116 EXT. ROOF - DAY 116

SIREN UNDER. AS WE HEAR JANELLE SCREAMING O.S., Hayley wipes down Geoff's gun, tosses it on the tarpaper, and jumps down from the roof on the north side. Her backpack lies on the ground below -- she picks it up and tosses it onto her shoulder --

CUT TO:

117 EXT. STREET - DAY 117

Hayley rolls down the hill. *

117A EXT. STREET - DAY 117A *

SIREN UNDER. Hayley walks down the street with a deliberate casualness -- but every emotion in the world plays across her face. Joy -- guilt -- satisfaction -- pain -- fear -- and finally, confidence -- *

CUT TO:

118 INT. CLOSE ON A COMPUTER SCREEN - DAY 118

As chatroom dialogue appears fast and furious --

2EVICTOR: no way. you are far too smart 2 b 14 *

SNIPPYGRRL14: yet it's true *

2EVICTOR: talk about mature for your age

SNIPPYGRRL14: bothers some guys *

2EVICTOR: wimps

SNIPPYGRRL14: lol. you're not scared off?

SNIPPYGRRL14: maybe you should be ;)

SMASH TO BLACK.

THE END