

Chill

Screenplay By
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FADE IN:

INT. SUBURBAN STREET-MORNING

SUPER: FALL 1994

BRENDA (V.O.)

I can remember it like it was
yesterday. Me with those glasses.
The bookworm. I prefer the smart
one from Boston, Massachusetts.
There I am. No, not the tall one.
The short one in the front by the
curb.

12-YEAR-OLD BRENDA. A seventh-grade student. A mild-mannered
young girl with a good heart. Light brown hair, brown eyes.

Her **red-framed glasses** are on. 12-Year-Old Brenda presses her
arms against the book that lies flat on her chest.

GIRL BULLY #1 and #2. Eighth-grade students.

Girl Bully #1 leans towards 12-Year-Old Brenda's face --

GIRL BULLY #1

-- So, you think your big shit
because your mommy's got a high
paying job, and you can ride the
bus with us?

12-YEAR-OLD BRENDA

If that'll help you sleep at night.

GIRL BULLY #2

You're not funny smartass!

12-YEAR-OLD BRENDA

Better than being a dumbass.

Girl Bully #1 punches 12-Year-Old Brenda on her shoulder --
12-Year-Old Brenda punches Girl Bully #1 on her shoulder --
Girl Bully #2 punches 12-Year-Old Brenda back --

A school bus pulls up and stops in front of the curb --

BUS DRIVER, early 40s. A bus driver for twenty years.

Girl Bully #1 punches 12-Year-Old Brenda -- The bus door
opens --

EXT/INT. BUS-MORNING

BUS DRIVER

Cut that out --

-- Girl Bully #2 looks at the Bus Driver -- She steps towards the bus -- The Bus Driver looks at 12-Year-Old Brenda --

BUS DRIVER (CONT'D)

Are you getting on or not!

INT. BATHROOM-CHRISTIAN SCHOOL-AFTERNOON

12-Year-Old Brenda stands in front of a mirror. She takes off her glasses. Girl Bully #1 steps towards her -- and smacks her glasses out of her hands -- Girl Bully #2 steps on the glasses --

GIRL BULLY #1

Whoops!

GIRL BULLY #2

I guess you need a new set
smartass!

12-Year-Old Brenda leans down -- Girl Bully #1 pushes 12-Year-Old Brenda to the floor --

GIRL BULLY #1

-- Loser!

Girl Bully #1 and Girl Bully #2 step out of the bathroom -- 12-Year-Old Brenda gets up from the floor --and grabs her broken glasses --

INT. DINING ROOM-EVENING

CLAIRE, 35. A paralegal. Sandy blonde hair, brown eyes. A caring and loving mother.

12-Year-Old Brenda sits at the table. She pokes her fork at the food on her plate --

BRENDA

-- Mom --

-- Claire cuts into her steak with a **steak knife** --

CLAIRE

-- Yeah --

-- She sets the knife down on the table --

BRENDA

-- Can I get contacts?

CLAIRE

What happened to your glasses?

BRENDA

They broke.

CLAIRE

What do you want contacts for?

BRENDA

I think I'll look better without glasses.

CLAIRE

We'll get you a prescription tomorrow.

INT. CLASSROOM-CHRISTIAN SCHOOL-MORNING

Girl Bully #1 sits in the back row of desks -- 12-Year-Old Brenda walks into the classroom. Her eyes are the focus for Girl #1, as she grips her desk in jealousy -- Girl Bully #2 looks speechless as 12-Year-Old Brenda sits down in the front row desk. Girl Bully #2 glares her eyes at 12-Year-Old Brenda.

INT. HALLWAY-CHRISTIAN SCHOOL-AFTERNOON

12-Year-Old Brenda steps through the hallway. Girl Bully #1 walks alongside 12-Year-Old Brenda --

GIRL BULLY #1

-- Hey --

--12-Year-Old Brenda looks at Girl Bully #1 --

12-YEAR-OLD BRENDA

-- Hi --

-- Girl Bully #1 wraps her arm around her back --

GIRL BULLY #1

-- Look, I'm sorry about breaking your glasses, and pushing you. Maybe we can be friends. Also, I'm having a sleepover tonight. How about it, will you come over?

12-YEAR-OLD BRENDA

Sure --

GIRL BULLY #1

-- Cool. Here's my address --

-- Girl Bully #1 hands 12-Year-Old Brenda a piece of paper --
She takes the paper -- Girl Bully #1 steps away --

INT/EXT. CLAIRE'S CAR-EVENING

12-Year-Old Brenda looks out the passenger window -- and hugs
onto her sleeping bag -- Claire looks at 12-Year-Old Brenda --
-

CLAIRE

-- Are you going to be alright?

12-YEAR-OLD BRENDA

Yes --

-- 12-Year-Old Brenda opens the passenger door --

CLAIRE

Call me if you have any problems.

12-YEAR-OLD BRENDA

Don't worry mom --

-- She gets out of the car -- and shuts the door --

CLAIRE

-- I love you --

12-YEAR-OLD BRENDA

-- Love you too mom --

-- 12-Year-Old Brenda steps towards the house --

INT. BEDROOM-EVENING

Girl Bully #1 walks 12-Year-Old Brenda into her bedroom --

GIRL BULLY #1

So, this is my room. Make yourself
at home. Can I get you something?

12-YEAR-OLD BRENDA

No thank you.

GIRL BULLY #1

Pick a spot and setup your sleeping bag. The other girls should be here soon.

12-Year-Old Brenda drops her sleeping bag onto the carpet floor -- Girl Bully #1 steps out of bedroom --

INT. BATHROOM-NIGHT

12-Year-Old Brenda combs her hair -- and looks at herself in the mirror -- Girl Bully #1 and Girl Bully #2 step behind her -- 12-Year-Old Brenda looks at them in the mirror --

12-YEAR-OLD BRENDA

-- What's up?

GIRL BULLY #1

Nothing. We just thought you might like a makeover.

12-YEAR-OLD BRENDA

No thank you.

GIRL BULLY #2

We weren't asking.

EXT/INT. CLAIRE'S CAR-NIGHT

12-Year-Old Brenda feels the ends of her hair --

12-YEAR-OLD BRENDA

(sob)

-- My hair --

-- Claire looks back at the house -- 12-Year-Old Brenda pulls the passenger door open -- and sits down in the passenger seat -- Claire shuts the door --

INT. KITCHEN-MORNING

Claire stands over the stove, cooking **scrambled eggs** and **bacon**. 12-Year-Old Brenda sits at the counter table -- and stares off into space --

CLAIRE

-- I don't want you to go back to that school.

12-YEAR-OLD BRENDA

I have to.

CLAIRE

No, you don't. I'm pressing charges against those little brats!

12-YEAR-OLD BRENDA

No, mom. I can't have you fight my battles for me.

CLAIRE

What do you want me to do? Just watch you get hurt again.

12-YEAR-OLD BRENDA

I won't get hurt. I'll stand up and walk in with my pride.

Claire looks at 12-Year-Old Brenda with a sincere look on her face.

INT. CLASSROOM-CHRISTIAN SCHOOL-MORNING

ENGLISH TEACHER, early 30s. An English teacher for ten years.

ENGLISH TEACHER

Brenda?

12-Year-Old Brenda looks at the English Teacher. She lifts her notebook up from her desks --

ENGLISH TEACHER (CONT'D)

-- Would you care to give your report?

12-Year-Old Brenda gets up from the desk -- and steps in front of the class -- She opens her notebook -- and sets it down on the **podium** -- 12-Year-Old Brenda stands -- and reads --

12-YEAR-OLD BRENDA

(reads)

-- My report is on Samson the Israelite and his battle with the Philistines. The man known as Samson is born with an unbelievable strength. A gift given to him from birth. A gift from God. All the messengers of God had requested from his mother was to not drink any strong drink or cut his hair. Samson had a weakness for women, but he continued fighting the Philistines.

(MORE)

12-YEAR-OLD BRENDA (CONT'D)

They wanted to know Samson's weakness, so they hired Delliiah to find out what made him strong. With little effort to learn about Samson, Delliiah gained the information that she learned, and cut his hair. After successfully cutting his hair and blinding Samson, the Philistines taunted a weakened Samson but with his last plea to God, he regained his strength. He took down the temple of the Philistines and killed them all. His strength and courage are the true power of God. Some things we take for granted.

Brenda closes the notebook, and takes it off the podium -- She looks at the class of students sitting in front of her --

12-YEAR-OLD BRENDA (CONT'D)

-- Another point I want to make is that no matter how you think of yourself, it doesn't matter how people see you. You're still you until God calls you home.

STUDENTS

(applause)

12-Year-Old Brenda steps towards her desk, and sits -- The English Teacher claps her hands -- and stands up from her desk --

ENGLISH TEACHER

-- Thank you, Brenda.

Girl Bully #1 watches 12-Year-Old Brenda while she sits at her desk.

EXT/INT. CLAIRE'S CAR-AFTERNOON

12-Year-Old Brenda steps to the passenger door -- and opens it -- She sits in the passenger seat --

CLAIRE

-- Did you have a good day?

12-Year-Old Brenda shuts the door --

12-YEAR-OLD BRENDA

-- The best --

-- She pulls the notebook out of her backpack -- and flips to her report -- A big **red "A"** written on the top of the paper -
- Claire takes the notebook --

CLAIRE
You got an A! We got to celebrate!

12-YEAR-OLD BRENDA
How was your day, mom?

CLAIRE
Yeah, guess what?

12-YEAR-OLD BRENDA
What?

CLAIRE
We're moving.

12-Year-Old Brenda looks at Claire --

12-YEAR-OLD BRENDA
-- Why do we have to move?

CLAIRE
Because that's where the job is
sweetie!

12-Year-Old Brenda's head leans back to the headrest -- and she covers her face --

12-YEAR-OLD BRENDA
-- Now I'm going to look like a
coward after giving my report. Is
that why you took the offer?

CLAIRE
It has nothing to do with that.
Come on, we'll go out to eat and
celebrate.

INT. BEDROOM-MORNING

12-Year-Old Brenda sits on the floor and closes a box. She reaches in and pulls out a photograph from the box. A photo of her father holding her as an infant. Claire steps into the bedroom -- and knocks on the door --

CLAIRE
-- It's time to go.

12-YEAR-OLD BRENDA
What about dad?

CLAIRE
He's going to see us in six months.

12-YEAR-OLD BRENDA
Is he fine with us moving?

CLAIRE
He's fine with it. Come on!

12-Year-Old Brenda lays the photograph down in the box -- and closes it -- 12-Year-Old Brenda gets up -- and lifts the box from the floor -- She walks out of the bedroom --

CUT TO:

EXT. SANTA MONICA SUBURBS-MORNING

The car pulls up to the curb.

INT. CLAIRE'S CAR-MORNING

Claire puts the AUTOMATIC in PARK. 12-Year-Old Brenda is asleep in the backseat. Claire reaches in the back -- and taps 12-Year-Old Brenda on the leg --

CLAIRE
-- Come on, baby!

12-Year-Old Brenda jumps up -- and opens her eyes --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
-- We're here.

12-Year-Old Brenda looks out the window.

EXT. SANTA MONICA SUBURBS-CONTINUOUS

ELLIOT, 38. A discharged marine. Dirty blonde hair, green eyes. Tall, handsome.

Elliot looks at 12-Year-Old Brenda.

INT. CLAIRE'S CAR-CONTINUOUS

12-Year-Old Brenda pushes the door open -- and rushes out --

12-YEAR-OLD BRENDA
-- Daddy!!

EXT. SANTA MONICA SUBURBS-CONTINUOUS

Elliot crouches down -- 12-Year-Old Brenda runs into Elliot's arms -- Elliot hugs her with all his strength -- He lifts her up off the ground --

12-YEAR-OLD BRENDA

(sob)

I missed you daddy!

ELLIOT

I missed you too, baby.

Claire walks towards Elliot -- Elliot looks at Claire --

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

-- Hi.

Claire hugs Elliot --

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Come on, let's go home --

-- Elliot puts 12-Year-Old Brenda down on the ground -- and grabs her hand -- Elliot walks towards their new home --

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

Brenda lies in her bed asleep. The sound of something breaking comes from another bedroom -- Brenda wakes up -- and sits up -- She gets off the bed --

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY-NIGHT

Brenda steps towards the door across from her -- and looks through the crack --

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

Claire sits on the bed -- and covers her face -- Elliot slaps her --

ELLIOT

-- Do you really think I can drop everything for you and move on when you want!

CLAIRE
(sob)

ELLIOT
Shut the hell up!

Elliot gets on top of Claire -- He kisses her --

BRENDA (V.O.)
That was the first time I saw my
mother get hit but it wasn't the
last.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY-AFTERNOON

SUPER: SEVEN YEARS LATER

BRENDA, 20. A high school graduate, and a law school student.
Light brown hair, brown eyes.

Brenda looks through three **law books** laid right in front of
her. She writes down the laws of **child custody, wrongful
arrest** and **breaking an entry**.

PETE ROBERTS, 22. A law student. Tall, thin-built, and a
well-dressed man.

Pete steps towards Brenda and leans over her head. He kisses
her on the cheek --

BRENDA
Where have you been?

PETE
I got caught up in traffic, and I
ran out of gas.

Brenda looks at the lipstick stain on the end of his collar,
and the bad fragrance of perfume that is giving her a
headache.

Pete sits across from her.

PETE (CONT'D)
Are we still on for tonight?

BRENDA
Maybe after you go home and wash
that bad smell off --

-- Brenda stands up -- and closes all the law books -- She lifts them up -- and walks towards the front desk --

LIBRARY LADY, early 40s. A librarian for ten years.

Brenda sets the books down --

BRENDA (CONT'D)

-- I would like to check out these books out.

LIBRARY LADY

I'm sorry but law books cannot be checked out.

BRENDA

Can't you make an exception?

LIBRARY LADY

I'm sorry but I can't. Best advice I can give you is to write down the information you need or go print them out on the copy machine.

BRENDA

That'll work. Thanks.

LIBRARY LADY

No problem.

Brenda walks towards the **copy machine** -- and holds all three books in her hands --

EXT. PARKING LOT-AFTERNOON

Brenda steps towards her car. Pete walks alongside of her --

PETE

-- What do you say about dinner? You and me?

BRENDA

Why don't we just order out and hang out at my place?

PETE

I don't know, that sounds kind of lame.

BRENDA

I'll call you later then --

-- Brenda opens her trunk -- and drops her carry bag in --
 She shuts the trunk -- and steps towards the driver door --
 Pete rushes in front of the door -- He blocks her from
 opening it --

PETE

-- Don't be like that --

-- Pete grabs Brenda by her waist -- and pulls her close to
 him -- He kisses her -- Brenda pushes herself back --

BRENDA

I got to go --

PETE

-- Come on! I was trying to have a
 tender moment here --

BRENDA

-- Maybe another time --

-- Brenda grabs the door handle -- and opens the driver door
 --

PETE

-- I'll call you tonight.

BRENDA

Sure.

Brenda sits down in the driver seat -- and shuts the door --
 Pete steps away from the car --

INT. BRENDA'S CAR-AFTERNOON

Brenda puts the key into the ignition -- and starts the car --
 -

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-EVENING

Brenda lays on her stomach -- She looks through her paperwork
 -- Her eyes grow tired -- She closes her binder -- and lays
 her head on her pillow --

INT. BAR-NIGHT

At the bar table, Pete sits on a stool.

CALL GIRL #1 and #2. Early 20s.

Pete looks at Call Girl #1 and then at Call Girl #2. He grins wickedly. Call Girl #1 looks at Pete --

PETE

Hi?

CALL GIRL #1

Hi, how are you?

PETE

Doing alright. What are you ladies drinking tonight?

CALL GIRL #1

Scotch.

PETE

My kind of ladies! Scotch, please!

EXT. ALLEY-NIGHT

Call Girl #1 leans against a brick wall -- Pete kisses her on the neck -- and lips -- Call Girl #2 kisses Pete on the cheek -- and lifts her hand up to his face -- A **police shield** in the palm of her hand --

CALL GIRL #2

-- Hey --

Pete looks at the shield -- and then looks at Call Girl #1 --

CALL GIRL #1

Mhmm!

INT. JAIL CELL-COUNTY JAIL-MORNING

Pete rests his head against the wall of the jail cell --

GUARD, early 20s. A guard for two years.

The Guard steps to the door of the jail cell -- and unlocks it --

GUARD

-- You made bail!

Pete stands up -- and grabs his jacket from the bench right in front of him --

PETE

Who posted my bail?

GUARD
I don't know.

EXT. COUNTY JAIL-MORNING

Brenda stands in front of the exit doors of the county jail. Pete pushes the exit doors open -- and looks at Brenda --

PETE
-- Oh.

BRENDA
I guess you were expecting someone else.

PETE
No. Just surprised.

BRENDA
Surprised that they called me or because you got caught!

PETE
Why'd you come and bail me out?

BRENDA
To tell you that you threw everything we had away for a one-night stand. What number are you at now?

PETE
Fourth --

BRENDA
-- We're done --

-- Brenda turns away from Pete -- and walks to her car --

INT. BRENDA'S CAR-AFTERNOON

Brenda drives her car. She fidgets her fingers against the steering wheel --

EXT. PARK-AFTERNOON

Brenda sits on a blanket. She reads a *romance novel* to herself. Brenda looks at the young couple sitting across the park from her. A saddened look grows on her face. Brenda looks away.

EXT. PATIO-RESTAURANT-AFTERNOON

Brenda and Claire sit at a table. Brenda drinks her **lemonade** with a **plastic straw**. Claire watches Brenda play with the ice. She holds her head up with her arm leaning against the table -- and her hand underneath her chin --

CLAIRE

-- When are you going to try dating again sweetie?

BRENDA

When men get a clue.

CLAIRE

I'm sorry but that's asking a lot from God.

BRENDA

It's not God's fault that men can't stay faithful.

CLAIRE

You're right.

BRENDA

I don't think I'm cut out for this dating thing. Every time I think of trying, I'm afraid I'm going to end up getting hurt again.

CLAIRE

How about you let me set you up on a date?

BRENDA

No thank you. I would rather let it happen on its own. If it's meant to be, it will happen.

CLAIRE

You have a lot of faith then.

BRENDA

I have to if I'm going to survive in this world.

(laugh)

INT. BEDROOM-EVENING

Brenda stands in front of a mirror.

MONTAGE

-- Brenda puts on lipstick.

-- Brenda puts on earrings.

Brenda puts on a red dress.

BACK TO SCENE

Brenda covers her face --

BRENDA

-- Ahh! This is useless!

Brenda sits at her **vanity** -- and takes off her earrings --

INT. LOBBY-FAMILY LAW FIRM-AFTERNOON

SUPER: ONE YEAR LATER

SECRETARY, early 20s. A secretary for two years.

Brenda sits in the lobby.

SECRETARY

You may go in, Ms. Michaels?

INT. OFFICE-FAMILY LAW FIRM-AFTERNOON

MANAGING PARTNER, early 40s. A managing partner for twenty years.

Brenda opens the door -- and steps in. The Managing Partner looks at Brenda --

MANAGING PARTNER

-- Good afternoon, Ms. Michaels.
Please, have a seat?

Brenda sits down -- and sets her **briefcase** down on the floor --

MANAGING PARTNER (CONT'D)

-- So, tell me about yourself?

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-EVENING

Brenda sits on her bed. She eats **noodles** from a **carton** --
 Brenda sets the carton down -- The phone rings -- and Brenda
 grabs the receiver --

BRENDA

-- Hello?

MANAGING PARTNER

Hello, Ms. Michaels?

BRENDA

Hello?

MANAGING PARTNER

I just wanted to let you know that
 you can start on Monday.

BRENDA

That sounds good.

MANAGING PARTNER

I'll see you Monday.

BRENDA

See you then. Thank you.

Brenda hangs up the phone --

BRENDA (CONT'D)

-- Yes!!

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK-AFTERNOON

Brenda steps onto the grass of the park -- and lays a blanket
 down -- She sets a **picnic basket** down, along with a **pillow**.
 She sits down --

BRENDA

-- Now, I'm all set --

-- Brenda reaches her hand into the picnic basket -- and
 pulls out a **Tupperware container** full of **Watermelon**. She
 opens the container -- and grabs a piece of watermelon --
 Brenda lays back on the pillow --

BRENDA (CONT'D)

-- Perfect!

Two pieces of watermelon are left in the container. Brenda reads her romance novel. A man walks towards her. An open book in his hand. NICK VALENS, 28. A custodian. Dark hair, brown eyes. A man with a lot on his plate at the moment.

Brenda reaches her hand out for a piece of watermelon -- Nick steps on Brenda's hand -- and falls to the grass --

BRENDA (CONT'D)

-- Ahh --

NICK

-- I'm sorry!

-- Nick rushes towards Brenda -- and grabs a hold of her hand --

BRENDA

-- Oh!

Nick slides closer towards Brenda. He grabs a hold of her injured hand, blows on it and rubs away the pain.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

(laugh)

What are you doing?

NICK

Mom always said to blow on someone's injury.

Brenda pulls her arm back.

BRENDA

Thank you. It actually feels better.

NICK

I'm sorry. I really didn't see you here. I was reading. Oh, where's that book?!

Brenda grabs it from alongside Nick and hands it to him.

BRENDA

Here you go.

Nick takes the book.

NICK

Thanks.

BRENDA

Are you having trouble with something?

NICK

Kind of. I'm trying to get visitation rights to see my daughter.

BRENDA

I'm a lawyer. Do you want me to help?

NICK

If you can spare some of your time?

BRENDA

I was just sitting here, having lunch and studying. Do you want to join me?

NICK

Yeah, sure. Maybe for a little bit.

BRENDA

My name is Brenda?

NICK

My name is Nick.

Nick reaches for Brenda's hand. She grabs a hold of his hand and shakes it gently.

BRENDA

What do you do when you're not walking in the park and stepping on a woman's hand?

NICK

I'm a custodian. I clean a couple of schools.

BRENDA

Do you like working as a custodian?

NICK

It's not bad. It puts a roof over my head and food in my stomach.

BRENDA

You got to have that.

Nick looks away for a second and then looks at Brenda.

NICK

Do you mind if I call you sometime?

BRENDA

I'm sorry. I just got out of a bad relationship.

NICK

What'd he do, if you don't mind me asking?

BRENDA

He was with another woman. I'll take your number?

NICK

Do you have a pen?

Brenda hands Nick a pen. He writes down his home phone number. Nick hands her back her pen and a paper with his phone number on it.

NICK (CONT'D)

I make it home thirty minutes after five. I'm free Saturday's and Sunday's.

BRENDA

(laugh)

Okay.

NICK

I better get going. I got a lot of studying to do.

Brenda grabs her bent Tupperware from the ground. She hands it to Nick.

BRENDA

Take this?

NICK

Thanks.

Nick touches Brenda on her injured hand and shakes it gently. He gets up and walks away.

INT. OFFICE-FAMILY LAW FIRM-AFTERNOON

Brenda looks at her phone -- She hesitates -- and then grabs a hold of the receiver -- She looks at the written phone number in the palm of her hand -- and puts the receiver to her ear --

INT. BEDROOM-EVENING

Brenda stands in front of a mirror.

MONTAGE

-- Brenda puts on a blue blouse.

-- Brenda puts on a red blouse.

-- Brenda puts on a white blouse.

BACK TO SCENE

Brenda looks at the white blouse, and smiles.

BRENDA

Not bad.

INT. LIVING ROOM-EVENING

Brenda sits on the sofa. Nick sits alongside of her. He grabs a hold of Brenda's hand -- and rests it into the palm of his -- Brenda moves closer towards Nick -- Nick brushes his fingers through Brenda's hair -- and leans in for a kiss -- Brenda kisses him -- He reaches behind her back -- and pulls her closer towards him --

BRENDA

(laugh)

INT. GROCERY STORE-EVENING

Brenda pushes a **grocery cart** through the **produce aisle**. Nick steps behind her -- and kisses her on the neck --

BRENDA

(laugh)

-- Stop --

-- Brenda turns around -- and kisses Nick on the lips --

BRENDA (CONT'D)

-- We need to stop fooling around -

-

NICK

-- Okay, you're right. One more --

BRENDA

-- Ahh --

-- Nick kisses Brenda -- Brenda turns around -- and pushes the grocery cart -- Nick stands back -- and watches Brenda --

Brenda looks at Nick --

BRENDA (CONT'D)

-- What?

NICK

I'm appreciating someone that's standing right in front of me.

BRENDA

Come on babe! We got a lot of celebrating to do!

Nick steps towards the grocery cart -- and grabs the handlebar -- He pushes the cart with Brenda in front of him --

EXT. PATIO-NICK'S APARTMENT-EVENING

Brenda sits on the floor with Nick's one-year-old daughter. She hands the toddler two of her toys --

BRENDA

-- Here you go girlie.

Nick steps into the living room -- and sits across from Brenda --

NICK

-- How are my two favorite girls?

Brenda picks the toddler up from the floor -- and holds her in her arms --

BRENDA

-- We're just bonding.

Nick moves towards Brenda -- and pulls a **ring box** from his pocket -- He opens it --

NICK

Would you do me the honor of being my wife --

-- Brenda's eyes grow in shock --

BRENDA

-- Are you sure you want to? I mean, I don't want you to live to regret your choice.

NICK

I don't regret anything I decide. I love you. That should mean something --

-- Brenda sets the toddler down on the floor --

NICK (CONT'D)

-- Will you --

BRENDA

-- Yes --

-- Nick sits up on his knees -- and puts the **ring** on Brenda's ring finger -- She looks at the ring -- and hugs Nick --

BRENDA (CONT'D)

-- I love you too.

INT. AUDITORIUM-CHURCH-AFTERNOON

PASTOR, early 50s. A pastor for twenty years

At the altar, Nick stands. He looks around the church.

PASTOR'S WIFE, late 40s. Kindhearted and thoughtful.

The Pastor's Wife plays the piano -- Nick looks down the aisle.

FLOWER GIRL, 7-Years-Old. Blonde hair. Blue eyes.

The Flower Girl walks down the aisle -- and smiles at Nick -- Brenda steps down the aisle. A **boutique** of **white roses** in her hands.

Brenda steps towards Nick -- and stops -- Nick tosses the **veil** over her head -- He looks at her -- and leans in for a kiss --

PASTOR

(waves)

-- Please, let's do it at the altar.

NICK

I'm sorry, Pastor --

INT. BEDROOM-VALENS RESIDENCE-MORNING

Brenda lies in bed, asleep. Nick walks in. A **tray** of food in his hands. He sets it down on the nightstand. Nick sits on the edge of the bed. He touches her face. Brenda's eyes open. She smiles. Nick kisses her.

NICK
Good morning.

BRENDA
Good morning to you.

NICK
How'd you sleep?

BRENDA
Good. Real good.

NICK
Sorry about our honeymoon. Maybe we can go next week.

BRENDA
Yeah, maybe.

NICK
I better get to work. Are you sure you don't mind watching Nicola?

BRENDA
No. Go ahead.

NICK
I love you.

BRENDA
I love you too.

Nick kisses her and stands up. He walks out of the bedroom.

INT. KITCHEN-VALENS RESIDENCE-MORNING

Brenda sits in front of the toddler. The toddler sits in her **highchair** -- Brenda wipes the toddler's mouth off with a **rag** --

BRENDA
-- There you go baby girl --

-- Brenda lifts the toddler up from the highchair -- and walks her into the living room --

INT. LIVING ROOM-VALENS RESIDENCE-MORNING

Brenda sets the toddler down on a *baby blanket* -- Brenda sits in front of the toddler -- and grabs some toys -- She sets them down in front of her --

INT. KITCHEN-VALENS RESIDENCE-EVENING

Nick steps into the kitchen. A *paper bag* in his arms -- Nick sets the bag down on the counter --

NICK
-- Brenda!!

INT. BEDROOM-VALENS RESIDENCE-EVENING

Nick walks into the bedroom -- and sees Brenda asleep with the toddler on her chest -- Nick turns around -- and walks back to the kitchen --

INT. LIVING ROOM-VALENS RESIDENCE-NIGHT

Nick and Brenda sit on the sofa together. Brenda eats her food -- Nick takes a scoop of his food -- and eats it fast --

BRENDA
-- Babe?

NICK
Yeah?

BRENDA
Can I ask you a question?

NICK
Go ahead?

BRENDA
Why don't you want to drive?

Nick sets the plate down on the coffee table --

NICK
-- You want the truth?

BRENDA
Yes.

NICK
My mom.

BRENDA
Your mom?

NICK
She was killed in a hit and run.

BRENDA
Oh my!

NICK
Those weren't my words.

BRENDA
I'm sorry.

NICK
It's fine.

BRENDA
Did they ever get the guy?

NICK
He's dead.

BRENDA
How do you know?

NICK
Because I was there. I killed him.

BRENDA
Babe --

NICK
-- I'll understand if you want to
leave me.

BRENDA
What! No. I'm not going anywhere --

-- Brenda hugs Nick -- and then backs away -- She caresses
his face with the ends of her fingers --

BRENDA (CONT'D)
-- I love you --

-- Nick kisses her hand --

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE-FAMILY LAW FIRM-AFTERNOON

Brenda sits at her desk -- She types on her keyboard --
 Brenda starts to get sick to her stomach -- She rushes away
 from her desk -- and runs towards the women's bathroom --

CUT TO:

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM-FAMILY LAW-AFTERNOON

Brenda drops to her knees -- and leans her head into a **toilet**
 -- She throws up -- and looks up from the toilet --

CUT TO:

INT. PAITENT ROOM-WOMEN'S CLINIC-AFTERNOON

DOCTOR, late 30s. A doctor for ten years.

Brenda sits on the **exam table** --

BRENDA

-- Pregnant!

DOCTOR

Three weeks. Congratulations! I'll
 see you in a month.

Brenda looks at the Doctor --

BRENDA

-- Thanks.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-VALENS RESIDENCE-EVENING

Brenda walks into the living room. She sets her purse down on
 the coffee table -- and walks towards the kitchen --

INT. KITCHEN-VALENS RESIDENCE-EVENING

Nick stands at the counter aisle -- and slices **carrots** and
celery -- He stuffs the cut-up vegetables into a **chicken** --

Nick looks at Brenda --

NICK

Hey!

BRENDA

Hi.

Nick steps towards Brenda -- and kisses her on the cheek --
Nick backs away --

NICK

-- I tried calling you but your
secretary told me you stepped out.

BRENDA

I had something I had to do.

NICK

Is something wrong?

BRENDA

Nothing's wrong. I'm pregnant --

-- Nick looks at Brenda --

NICK

What --

BRENDA

-- I'm pregnant --

-- A smile forms on Nick's face -- Nick reaches his hands out
and touches Brenda's face -- He kisses her -- and hugs her --

INT. BEDROOM-VALENS RESIDENCE-MORNING

Brenda stands in front of the *bedroom mirror* -- and touches
her stomach --

MONTAGE

-- Brenda at three months pregnant.

-- Brenda at six months pregnant.

-- Brenda at nine months pregnant.

BACK TO SCENE

Brenda touches her stomach -- and feels some kicks --

BRENDA

-- You got some kicks. You're going
to be a good soccer player!

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY-HOSPITAL-EVENING

Nick walks through the hallway. A boutique of flowers in his hand.

INT. PAITENT ROOM-HOSPITAL-EVENING

Nick steps into the patient's room -- Brenda lays asleep. Nick steps towards her -- and kisses her on the forehead -- Brenda opens her eyes -- Nick backs away --

BRENDA

-- Hey --

NICK

-- Hey. I got you some flowers.

BRENDA

Thank you, baby.

NURSE, early 20s. A nurse for five years.

The Nurse pushes an **incubator** into the room -- She lifts the newborn up -- and hands the newborn to Brenda --

NURSE

-- Time for nursing!

Nick sits on the edge of the bed --

NICK

-- Do you have any names?

BRENDA

I thought that you could come up with one.

Nick thinks to himself. An idea of the best girl's name comes to mind --

NICK

-- How about Lola?

BRENDA

Lola? Why Lola?

NICK

Because I have a feeling, she's going to make a lot of people happy.

BRENDA
I like it.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT YARD-VALENS RESIDENCE-AFTERNOON

Brenda sits in a lounge chair. She holds a blanket over her chest -- and nurses the newborn --

Nick is on a *riding lawn mower*. His 2-Year-Old daughter sits on his lap while he drives the lawn mower around the lawn.

NICK
All finished baby girl --

-- Nick drives the lawn mower off the grass -- and into the garage --

INT/EXT. GARAGE-VALENS RESIDENCE-AFTERNOON

Nick lifts the toddler off his lap and carries her --

EXT. FRONT YARD-VALENS RESIDENCE-CONTINUOUS

Nick walks towards Brenda --

BRENDA
-- Nice job.

NICK
I had a helper.

Nick holds the toddler in his arms -- Her little feet hang underneath his arms --

BRENDA
-- Did you help daddy mow the lawn
--

-- Brenda tickles the toddler's foot.

The house phone rings -- Brenda gets up from the lounge chair -- and carries the newborn into the house -- Nick grabs the **screen door** -- and holds it open for her --

BRENDA (CONT'D)
-- Thanks.

INT. LIVING ROOM-VALENS RESIDENCE-AFTERNOON

Nick lays the toddler girl down in her **play pin** -- Brenda sits on the sofa -- and answers the phone -- The receiver in her hand -- She puts the receiver to her ear --

BRENDA

-- Hello?

CLAIRE (V.O.)

(sob)

Hi, honey?

BRENDA

Mom? You sound upset?

Nick looks at Brenda --

CLAIRE (V.O.)

It's your dad, honey. He passed away.

Brenda's eyes grow with emotion -- and begin to water --

BRENDA

How did it happen?

CLAIRE (V.O.)

I don't really want to get into this over the phone. I'll see you tomorrow.

BRENDA

Okay.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

I love you --

BRENDA

-- Love you too --

-- Tears stream down Brenda's cheek -- Brenda wipes them away -- and hangs up the receiver --

NICK

-- What is it?

BRENDA

My father died.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROSE GARDEN-FUNERAL HOME-AFTERNOON

Brenda sits on a wooden bench and stare at the sky. Nick steps outside of the funeral home. He walks towards Brenda. Brenda looks at Nick --

NICK

-- I'm sorry. I can leave you alone.

Brenda pats her hand on the bench --

BRENDA

-- I could use some company --

-- Nick sits. He looks at Brenda.

NICK

I'm sorry.

BRENDA

He wasn't involved in my life, Nick. He didn't even come to the hospital when Lola was born. Same goes for me. I knew I had a dad, but I never saw him until I was twelve. He would call on my birthday and send me a present. All I wanted was him.

Brenda leans towards Nick and kisses him on the cheek --

BRENDA (CONT'D)

-- Thank you for being here.

Nick kisses Brenda on her head -- and wraps his arm around her back.

INT. OFFICE-FAMILY LAW FIRM-AFTERNOON

Brenda walks into her office -- and sits at her desk -- The Secretary steps towards Brenda's desk --

SECRETARY

Hey, Mrs. Valens?

BRENDA

Hi.

SECRETARY

I'm sorry about your loss.

BRENDA

I appreciate that. Did I get any calls?

SECRETARY

You keep getting a recommendation from a girl's home for a runaway girl.

BRENDA

What's the girl's name?

SECRETARY

Shelly Owens.

BRENDA

Nothing I can do about it. Tell them to keep us posted and to put a missing person's report out there!

SECRETARY

Got it.

The Secretary walks out of the office.

EXT. DINER-MORNING

Nick steps past a young girl in *raggedy clothes*. She reaches into Nick's jacket pocket -- and falls to the ground -- Nick steps towards her. 12_YEAR-OLD SHELLY OWENS. Blonde hair, blue grey eyes. A homeless girl with street smarts.

Nick's wallet lays on the ground with a chain attached to his jacket. The wallet zips back towards Nick --

NICK

-- What's wrong! You didn't expect that move, did you?

12-Year-Old Shelly gets up -- and pulls out a knife -- She swipes the knife at Nick -- Nick knocks the knife out of her hand -- 12-Year-Old Shelly kicks at his groin -- Nick grabs ahold of her foot --

NICK (CONT'D)

-- You got moves --

-- Nick flips her foot up -- and 12-Year-Old Shelly falls to her back -- 12-Year-Old Shelly gets up -- and drives her fist at Nick -- Nick grabs her by the arm -- and grabs ahold of her from behind --

NICK (CONT'D)

-- You got a name kid?

12-YEAR-OLD SHELLY

Shelly.

NICK

Are you hungry?

12-Year-Old Shelly thinks about it at the top of her mind --

12-YEAR-OLD SHELLY

-- Hell yeah!

INT. DINING AREA-DINER-MORNING

12-Year-Old Shelly sits -- and shovels all the food from her plate into her mouth. A feeling like it's going to disappear --

NICK

-- Hey! Take an easy!

12-Year-Old Shelly grabs a glass of *orange juice* -- and gulps it down -- She slams the glass down --

12-YEAR-OLD SHELLY

Where did you learn all that?

NICK

I used to box.

12-YEAR-OLD SHELLY

Like professionally?

NICK

No.

SHELLY

Can you teach me?

NICK

What for?

12-YEAR-OLD SHELLY

To kick someone's ass.

NICK

Where do you live?

12-YEAR-OLD SHELLY

I --

-- 12-Year-Old Shelly looks away --

NICK

-- What? Don't you have a home --

-- 12-Year-Old Shelly looks at Nick --

12-YEAR-OLD SHELLY

-- I'm on the streets.

NICK

What about your parents?

12-YEAR-OLD SHELLY

My dad left me at a gas station. My mom didn't want me.

NICK

How do you know?

12-YEAR-OLD SHELLY

My dad said so.

WAITRESS, early 20s. A waitress for two years.

The Waitress steps towards the table --

WAITRESS

-- Can I get you anything else, sir?

NICK

Can I get a Togo order?

WAITRESS

Sure thing.

EXT/INT. MOTEL ROOM #109-AFTERNOON

Nick unlocks the door to motel room #109 -- and pushes it open --He hands 12-Year-Old Shelly a paper bag -- and the room key --

12-YEAR-OLD SHELLY

-- What's this?

NICK

I bought you a day.

12-YEAR-OLD SHELLY

To do what?

NICK
To find your mom and to get
yourself off the streets.

12-YEAR-OLD SHELLY
I told you she doesn't want me.

NICK
You're afraid.

12-YEAR-OLD SHELLY
I didn't ask for your help!

NICK
I didn't ask to get robbed! Take
the room or not. I could give a
rat's ass --

-- Nick steps away from 12-Year-Old Shelly --

12-YEAR-OLD SHELLY
-- Hey --

-- Nick looks at 12-Year-Old Shelly -- 12-Year-Old Shelly
lifts her hand up -- and gives him the middle finger -- Nick
walks away -- 12-Year-Old Shelly looks at the motel room --
and steps towards it --

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-VALENS RESIDENCE-EVENING

Brenda sits at her vanity -- and combs her hair. Nick walks
into the bedroom. A towel wrapped around his neck -- Nick
grabs a pair of sweatpants from his dresser -- and puts them
on.

NICK
How was your day?

BRENDA
We had another issue today.

NICK
Some bad parents?

BRENDA
No. A runaway.

NICK
A boy?

BRENDA
No, a girl.

NICK
What's her name?

BRENDA
Shelly.

NICK
Oh.

BRENDA
I just hope that we find her soon
before it's too late.

Nick sits on the bed -- and thinks -- He brushes his hands
through his hair.

INT. MOTEL ROOM #109-MOTEL-NIGHT

12-Year-Old Shelly sits on the bed. She looks at a photograph
of her parents. She looks at the door.

INT. BEDROOM-VALENS RESIDENCE-NIGHT

Nick lays in bed. He moves the blanket -- and sits up --
Brenda opens her eyes -- and looks at Nick --

BRENDA
-- Babe, what's wrong?

NICK
I have to tell you something. That
girl, Shelly?

BRENDA
Yeah --

-- Brenda sits up --

NICK
I know where she is.

BRENDA
You do?

NICK
She's at a motel.

BRENDA
How do you know?

NICK
I'm the one that bought her the
room.

Brenda gets out of bed -- and grabs her cell phone from her
nightstand --

BRENDA
-- What's the number to the motel?

Nick hands Brenda the **receipt** -- Brenda sits -- and dials 9-
1-1 --

INT. MOTEL ROOM #109-MOTEL-CONTINUOUS

POLICE OFFICER #1 and #2. In their late 20s. Rookie officers
for three years.

Police Officer #1 kicks the door in. He steps in with Police
Officer #2 -- The television on.

Brenda looks in. She looks at Nick -- Police Officer #2 steps
out -- Police Officer #1 steps out --

POLICE OFFICER #1
-- The room is empty. When did you
get her the room?

NICK
At noon.

POLICE OFFICER #1
And you didn't go in with her?

Nick points at Brenda --

NICK
-- Do you really think that I would
go into a room with a twelve-year-
old girl when I'm married to her!

POLICE OFFICER #2
Take an easy, okay?

NICK
You people are sick!

Nick steps away -- Brenda steps towards Nick -- and pats him
on the back --

POLICE OFFICER #2
-- How do we really know she was
here?

Nick turns to Police Officer #1 and #2 --

NICK
-- Check the surveillance video!!

INT. OFFICE-MOTEL-NIGHT

MOTEL MANAGER, mid 40s. Manager for over thirteen years.

Police Officer #1 watches the monitor.

ON SCREEN

The video shows Shelly talking to Nick. He walks away. Shelly giving Nick the middle finger.

BACK TO SCENE

Police Officer #1 looks at Nick --

POLICE OFFICER #1
My apologizes. I was wrong for
accusing you of anything.

NICK
(Rolls eyes)

BRENDA
Can we do a search out?

POLICE OFFICER #2
The best idea I can give you is to
go home and get some rest. We'll
let you know when we have
something.

BRENDA
Thank you, officers.

Nick looks at the Manager --

NICK
(winks)

MANAGER
(winks)

Nick looks at Police Officer #1 --

NICK
(Rolls eyes)

Nick steps towards the door -- and pushes it open -- Brenda steps out --

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM-VALENS RESIDENCE-MORNING

Brenda sits at the table and feeds 3-Year-Old Lola. Nick steps into the dining room. 5-Year-Old Nicola sits in the end chair. Nick sits. He touches 5-Year-Old Nicola's face.

NICK

I should have told you about Shelly sooner.

BRENDA

All that matters is that you did.

Brenda steps towards Nick -- and sits on his lap --

BRENDA (CONT'D)

-- You're a good man for what you did.

NICK

I try to be.

BRENDA

You are.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATER CANAL-MORNING

12-Year-Old Shelly lies asleep underneath a bridge. Her eyes open and looks down at the water. She sits up.

SHELLY

Breakfast.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER-MORNING

12-Year-Old Shelly stands on the street corner. She holds a *coffee can* in her hand. PADESTRIANS #1 walks past --

SHELLY

-- Can you spare some change, sir?

PADESTRIAN #1

Get a job!

SHELLY

Get a girlfriend!

12-Year-Old Shelly reaches into her pocket and feels around -
- She pulls out a couple of **dice** and spins them around her in
her hand.

"So Human" by Lady Sovereign plays.

12-Year-Old Shelly rolls the dice on the ground --

GAMBLER #1, #2 and #3. Mid-teens. High school freshmen
students.

The dice rolls on 12-Year-Old Shelly's winning number.

12-YEAR-OLD SHELLY

Cough it up, loser!!

Shelly makes an "**L**" with her **right thumb** and **index finger** --

GAMBLER #1

We'll see who the real loser is in
a few minutes, loser!!

EXT. WATTS NEIGHBORHOOD-AFTERNOON

12-Year-Old Shelly walks down the sidewalk. A **jumbo burrito**
in her hands.

She eats it while she walks --

HOMELESS MAN, late 40s.

12-Year-Old Shelly reaches into her pants pocket -- and pulls
out a five-dollar bill -- She crouches down -- and lays it at
his feet - -

12-YEAR-OLD SHELLY

-- Go get yourself something to eat
--

-- Shelly stands up and continues walking --

INT. OFFICE-FAMILY LAW FIRM-AFTERNOON

Brenda sits at her desk and goes through paperwork. The
Secretary steps into the office --

SECRETARY
Excuse, Mrs. Valens?

BRENDA
Yes?

The Secretary lifts a **yellow envelope** up in her hand --

BRENDA (CONT'D)
Does it say who it's from?

SECRETARY
No.

The Secretary steps towards Brenda -- and hands her the envelope -- Brenda rips it open -- and pulls out a journal --

SECRETARY (CONT'D)
-- What is it?

BRENDA
A journal --

-- The Secretary steps out of the office -- Brenda opens the journal -- and finds a handwritten letter --

BRENDA (CONT'D)
(reads)
Hello, Brenda? I know this comes as a shock to you, but I had to get this journal to someone. The journal will explain everything and why I entrusted it to you. Take care, Rachel.

Brenda puts the letter to the side -- and looks through the journal.

RACHEL (V.O.)
Today is the best day of my life. I'm moving out of my mom's house. Something that I have been waiting for the past six years.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-THOMAS RESIDENCE-MORNING-FLASHBACK

SUPER: SUMMER 2000

RACHEL, 24. A cocktail waitress. Dark hair, brown eyes. A beautiful woman.

Rachel tosses **socks** and **underwear** into a **duffle bag** --

A loud noise comes from outside. Rachel opens the bedroom window -- and sticks her head out --

RACHEL
-- I'll be right down!!

Rachel steps towards her bed -- and drops a couple of pairs of **pants** into the duffle bag -- A few **tank tops** and a **red dress**.

Rachel zips the duffle bag up -- and grabs it --

INT/EXT. TRUCK-MORNING

Rachel opens the passenger door -- and gets in -- She shuts it --

CHAD, early 30s. A truck driver. Blonde hair, blue eyes. Muscular built. Short tempered and possessive.

Rachel leans towards Chad -- and kisses him -- He pushes her head against the back of the seat -- and looks back towards the steering wheel --

CHAD
-- Are you ready to go babe?

RACHEL
I was born ready!

The truck drives off --

CHAD
(laugh)
Woohoo!!

INT. TRAILER-BEDROOM-NIGHT

Chad sits up on the bed. Rachel sits on his lap, facing him -
- He goes up -- and down --

RACHEL
(moan)

She grabs ahold of his back -- and leans her head on his shoulder --

CHAD
(groan)

CUT TO:

INT. TRAILER-BATHROOM-MORNING

RACHEL (V.O.)
Believe it or not, Chad gives me
everything I need. A place to live,
a lot of love making. The works.

Rachel stands in front of the mirror -- and puts on **lipstick**
--

INT. TRUCK-NIGHT

Chad sits in the driver seat and Rachel sits in the passenger
seat. He slaps her across the face -- Rachel looks at him --

CUT TO:

INT. TRAILER-BATHROOM-NIGHT

Rachel looks in the mirror and has a black eye. She looks at
Chad in the mirror.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAILER-NIGHT

Rachel steps outside the trailer -- and shuts the door. She
lifts her duffle bag over her shoulder -- and walks down the
steps --

CUT TO:

INT. DINING AREA-DINER-MORNING

Rachel sits in the dining area, in a booth. She sips from a
glass cup and drinks a **chocolate milk shake**.

A man in a black suit sits in a booth. AGENT CARMINE, 29. An
FBI agent. Dark brown hair, green eyes. A thin built man.

Agent Carmine looks at Rachel. Rachel looks back at him --

RACHEL
(whisper)
-- Take a picture, it lasts longer.

Agent Carmine gets up -- and steps towards Rachel --

AGENT CARMINE
Hello, miss?

RACHEL
Hi?

AGENT CARMINE
Are you headed out?

RACHEL
Something like that.

Agent Carmine points at her black eye --

AGENT CARMINE
-- Did someone hit you?

RACHEL
I ran into a wall.

AGENT CARMINE
It must of have had a fist. Do you
mind if I sit?

RACHEL
It's a free country.

Agent Carmine sits -- and sets his badge down -- Rachel looks
at the badge and Agent Carmine --

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Do you always carry that thing
around to pick up young girls or
something?

AGENT CARMINE
I'm just here to make small talk.

RACHEL
What do you want?

AGENT CARMINE
How would you like to play pretend?

RACHEL
What am I playing?

AGENT CARMINE

An escort.

RACHEL

(laugh)

AGENT CARMINE

I'm serious.

RACHEL

Okay! I got to go. Thanks for the little chat, sir but --

AGENT CARMINE

(whisper)

-- I need you. Your country needs you!

RACHEL

(whisper)

Okay. What do you want me to do?

AGENT CARMINE

Have you ever heard of Xander Petrov?

RACHEL

A little. He runs a casino in Las Vegas, right?

AGENT CARMINE

Right. Besides that, he takes little girls off the street and turns them into his money-making machines.

RACHEL

I get it! No --

-- Rachel stands to her feet --

AGENT CARMINE

-- I'm not saying you're going in alone!

RACHEL

Are you going in with me?

AGENT CARMINE

The FBI will pay you!

RACHEL

Pay --

-- Rachel sits --

AGENT CARMINE

-- All you have to do is get
yourself in there and earn his
trust --

-- Agent Carmine pulls out a wad of **cash** from his pocket --
and counts out a thousand dollars -- He lays it out in front
of her --

AGENT CARMINE (CONT'D)

-- Payment up front.

Agent Carmine puts the wad of cash back into his pocket -- He
reaches into his other pocket -- and hands her a **cell phone** -
-

AGENT CARMINE (CONT'D)

-- When you make it to your
destination, hit 1.

RACHEL

Anything else?

AGENT CARMINE

Yeah. You're going to have to go
into deep cover.

RACHEL

What do you mean by deep cover?

CUT TO:

INT. BAR-PENTHOUSE-NIGHT

Rachel leans down over a **line of cocaine** -- and a **glass table**
--

RACHEL

(sniff)

Rachel looks up at the ceiling --

RACHEL (CONT'D)

-- Ahh!!

She wipes her nose --

XANDER, early 30s. A Russian mob boss and brothel owner.
Ruthless, aggressive and dangerous.

Xander steps past Rachel -- He smirks -- and sits at the bar --

GOON #1 and #2. Early 30s.

Goon #1 sits at the bar --

XANDER
-- What's the new girl's name?

GOON #1
Rachel.

XANDER
Bring her?

Xander gets off the stool -- and steps towards the stairs --
Goon #1 steps towards Rachel -- and taps her on the shoulder --
-- Rachel looks at Goon #1 --

GOON #1
The boss wants to see you upstairs.

INT. OFFICE-PENTHOUSE-NIGHT

Xander sits at his desk. Rachel steps in -- Goon #2 shuts the door -- Rachel looks at him --

XANDER
-- Why don't you come here by me?

Rachel steps closer --

XANDER (CONT'D)
-- Please, don't be nervous?
(waves)

Goon #2 steps out of the office -- Xander reaches his hand out -- and grabs Rachel's -- He pulls her in front of him and touches her underneath her skirt -- He pulls down her panties -- and undoes his nightclothes -- He grabs a **condom** from his drawer -- and rips it open --

XANDER (CONT'D)
Nobody gets to the new girls before me.

Xander pulls Rachel down --

RACHEL
(moan)

Rachel leans her head against the desk --

RACHEL (V.O.)
 That's how the girls were treated.
 No one got them before the boss
 did. I was his prized possession.

INT. LIVING ROOM-CONDO-AFTERNOON

Rachel walks around the empty living room and looks around --
 Xander steps towards her -- A key in his hand --

XANDER
 All yours!

Rachel swats her hand -- and tries to grab the key -- He
 lowers it -- He kisses Rachel -- Rachel leans steps back --

RACHEL (V.O.)
 The deal was I was allowed to
 escort as many clients as I wanted
 but I wasn't allowed to sleep with
 them. I was able to keep all the
 money. All I had to do was pay
 Xander a visit every month.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE-PENTHOUSE-NIGHT

Rachel lays her face up against the desk. Xander grabs her
 from behind -- Going back -- and forth --

RACHEL
 (moan)

XANDER
 (moan)
 Ahh!!

He leans on Rachel's back --

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY-NIGHT

Rachel stands up against a brick wall. Agent Carmine looks
 through a **paper report** --

AGENT CARMINE
 How's he treating you?

RACHEL

Alright.

AGENT CARMINE

You might have to talk to your mother.

RACHEL

Why are you concerned about my mother?

AGENT CARMINE

Believe it or not, I care about my undercover's parents.

RACHEL

Can you tell me what's going on with her?

AGENT CARMINE

She's about to lose her house --

-- Agent Carmine pulls a cell phone from his front pocket -- and hands it to Rachel -- Rachel takes it -- and dials in the phone number -- She put it to her ear --

INT. DINING AREA-DINER-MORNING

GLADYS THOMAS, early 40s. A woman with a bad tan, and cheap make-up. A bad fragrance of perfume and worn-out clothes.

Gladys sits across from Rachel in a booth.

GLADYS

It's good to see you baby girl.
It's been so long.

RACHEL

What do you need, mom?

GLADYS

I need money. The bank is about to repossess my house if I don't pay.

RACHEL

How much?

GLADYS

Fifty-thousand dollars.

RACHEL

I don't have that kind of money.

Rachel reaches into her pocket -- and pulls out ten-thousand dollars in an envelope -- She slides it on the table to her -
-

GLADYS

-- Thanks.

RACHEL

It's not fifty but it should help.

Gladys gets up -- and walks out of the diner --

RACHEL (CONT'D)

See you in another year.

WAITRESS, early 30s. A waitress for five years.

The Waitress steps towards the table -- and sets a chocolate milk shake down in front of Rachel --

RACHEL (CONT'D)

-- Thank you.

The Waitress steps away -- Agent Carmine steps towards the table -- and drops a **credit card** in front of Rachel --

RACHEL (CONT'D)

-- What's this?

AGENT CARMINE

Your payment.

RACHEL

How much longer am I going to be doing this?

AGENT CARMINE

Until we have enough evidence.

RACHEL

What, him having sex with me isn't enough proof?

AGENT CARMINE

We can't bust him for that and you're legal.

RACHEL

So, if I was a minor, you would be able to?

AGENT CARMINE

Yes.

RACHEL (V.O.)
I was already in too deep to pull
out now.

EXT. MOTEL-AFTERNOON

Rachel steps past Nick -- and eyes him.

RACHEL (V.O.)
Then I met him. One man that could
take my mind off my job. He did
exactly that.

INT. PHOTO BOOTH-NIGHT

Rachel sits on Nick's lap -- and smiles for the camera -- A
light flashes --

EXT. PICNIC AREA-FAIRGROUNDS-NIGHT

Nick dips his spoon into his *sundae* -- and feeds some to
Rachel --

RACHEL
-- Thank you, baby.

NICK
I hope you like your watch.

RACHEL
Are you kidding? I love it!

RACHEL (V.O.)
Nick is not like other guys. He has
never hit me or forced me into
doing anything. It was the other
way around. I hate myself for that
every time I see him.

INT. BEDROOM-VALENS RESIDENCE-BACK TO PRESENT

Brenda lays in bed. Nick steps towards the bed. She looks at
him, feeling sorry for him. A tear streams down her cheek --
Nick looks at her --

NICK
-- Are you alright?

Brenda closes the journal --

BRENDA

-- Yeah --

-- Brenda puts the journal underneath her pillow --

NICK

-- Was it sad?

BRENDA

What?

NICK

The book you were reading.

BRENDA

A tearjerker.

Nick sits on the bed -- and lays back -- He covers his legs with the comforter -- Brenda leans towards Nick -- and lays her head on his chest --

NICK

Are you sure you're alright?

BRENDA

Yeah. I just appreciate you.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT YARD-VALENS RESIDENCE-AFTERNOON

Nick sits on the lawn. 6-YEAR-OLD NICOLA sits across from him. He hands her a toy --

NICK

-- Here you go!

Brenda watches on from the porch, while sitting on a lounge chair. She lifts the journal up from her bookbag -- and opens it to the page she left off --

RACHEL (V.O.)

Today was one of the hardest days for me. Nick and I had a fight after I took him to meet Xander.

INT. DINING AREA-DINER-MORNING-FLASHBACK

Rachel sits in the booth.

RACHEL

(sob)
(cry)

AGENT CARMINE

So, this is what your job has come to. Diddling a blue-collar man and feeling sympathy for him.

RACHEL

Something that you know nothing about!

AGENT CARMINE

You're right.

Agent Carmine stands up -- and drops a ten-dollar bill to the table --

AGENT CARMINE (CONT'D)

-- I'm just a pencil pushing nerd that never got the hot girl --

-- Agent Carmine straightens his tie --

AGENT CARMINE (CONT'D)

Just remember, if you fail, I fail!
Wipe that sad look off your face
and get your pretty little ass out there!!

Agent Carmine walks away --

EXT. REHABILITATION CENTER-MORNING

Rachel stands and looks at the rehabilitation building. She looks down at her left wrist -- and steps towards the building --

RACHEL (V.O.)

The first two nights were hard. All I wanted was a little fix.

CUT TO:

INT. PATIENT ROOM-REHABILITATION CENTER-NIGHT

Rachel lays in bed. She shivers and sweats.

RACHEL (V.O.)
 I continue to look at my watch.
 Somehow, it gives me hope.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-NICK'S APARTMENT-AFTERNOON

Nick walks into the living room -- and sets a box down --
 Rachel steps towards Nick -- and kisses him on the cheek --

RACHEL (V.O.)
 I called Nick and told him I was
 done with rehab. I couldn't live
 alone anymore, so, I moved in with
 him. I had an opportunity to have
 someone close by. Our relationship
 became stronger those two days. I
 still had one thing to take care of
 first.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING AREA-DINER-MORNING

AGENT CARMINE
 Your what!!

RACHEL
 I'm done.

AGENT CARMINE
 Why are you making this choice now?

RACHEL
 I'm pregnant.

AGENT CARMINE
 So, that's it! You throw away your
 life for a loser!!

Rachel stands up --

RACHEL
 -- He's not a loser! He's the
 father of my child!! You came to
 me, remember?!

AGENT CARMINE
 Come on! We were almost there!!

Rachel reaches into her pocket -- and sets the cell phone down on the table --

RACHEL
-- So long --

-- Rachel reaches into her other pocket -- and pulls out a credit card -- She lays it flat on the table -- Rachel walks out of the diner --

RACHEL (V.O.)
This is for Nick.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN-NICK'S APARTMENT-MORNING

Rachel sits in the kitchen -- and nurses her newborn daughter.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NICK'S APARTMENT-AFTERNOON

Nick crouches down to the bottom of the sofa -- and slides a **tape recorder** underneath --

RACHEL
-- What are you doing under there?

NICK
I just dropped my keys.

Nick steps towards Rachel --

NICK (CONT'D)
Are you going to be alright?

RACHEL
Yeah.

Nick leans down -- and kisses Rachel on the lips -- Nick steps away --

NICK
I got to go!

RACHEL
Have a good day!

Nick opens the door -- and steps out -- He slams the door shut --

RACHEL (V.O.)
 Then, just like that, my happy life
 gets interrupted by the devil
 himself!

INT. LIVING ROOM-NICK'S APARTMENT-AFTERNOON

Rachel sits on the sofa. She nurses the newborn. A knock on the front door. She covers herself and lays the newborn in her bed. Rachel opens the front door.

GLADYS
 Hello, Rachel?

RACHEL
 Mom?

GLADYS
 Aren't you gonna invite me in?

Rachel opens the door. Gladys steps in and looks around. She looks at Rachel.

GLADYS (CONT'D)
 Nice place you have here. Must be
 the boyfriend's, right?

RACHEL
 How did you find me?

GLADYS
 Your friend Xander told me you were
 hanging around some guy. I had to
 see it for myself.

Gladys walks towards the newborn.

GLADYS (CONT'D)
 And you must be my granddaughter?

Rachel follows Gladys.

GLADYS (CONT'D)
 What did you name her?

RACHEL
 Nicola.

GLADYS
 Beautiful.

RACHEL
 She is.

Gladys turns to Rachel.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

What do you want mom?

GLADYS

What, a mother can't come and check on her own daughter's well-being?

RACHEL

The last time I saw you, you took money from me and ran off. I don't have any money. I gave up that lifestyle.

GLADYS

Everyone needs a little fix once in a while.

RACHEL

I don't want what you have to offer me. I have everything I need right here. A boyfriend that loves and takes care of me.

Gladys reaches into her purse and hands Rachel a bag of cocaine -- Rachel smacks the bag from Gladys's hand -- It falls to the floor --

GLADYS

-- That was rude!

RACHEL

You're the devil.

GLADYS

There's more where that came from.

RACHEL

Get out!

Gladys steps towards the front door. She opens it, walks out, and slams the door shut. Rachel looks down at the bag of cocaine and picks it up.

RACHEL (V.O.)

Her little plan worked and just like that, I was back to being in her house. A whole year of hard work down the drain. Little did I know that Nick had done the unthinkable and gotten it all on tape.

(MORE)

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Mom had lied about being in the apartment, and framed Nick for the drugs she planted in the apartment. So, rather than be the bad guy, I went and saw Nick's new girlfriend. Lawyer, something like that. Sweet woman.

INT. DINING AREA-DINER-MORNING

Brenda sits at a booth. A cup of coffee in front of her. Rachel sits down across from her.

RACHEL
I'm glad we could take a chance to meet.

BRENDA
Me too.

RACHEL
I'm sure you don't have a lot of kind thoughts about me.

BRENDA
What I think doesn't matter because it doesn't matter how I feel. You'll always be Nicola's mother. Nick doesn't want to take that away from you either.

RACHEL
Wow!

BRENDA
What?

RACHEL
You're a lot stronger than I thought. So well spoken, and a good head on your shoulders.

BRENDA
I guess Nick can pick them.

RACHEL
The man has good taste. All I can say is take care of him. Nicola too.

BRENDA
There's still hope for you.

RACHEL

No, there's not. It was a pleasure talking to you though.

Rachel stands up -- and walks towards the exit door --

BRENDA

-- She's a great kid, Rachel. You should be proud of her.

Rachel looks back at Brenda --

RACHEL

-- I am.

Rachel steps out of the diner.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT YARD-VALENS RESIDENCE-BACK TO PRESENT

NICK

Babe?

Brenda looks at Nick --

BRENDA

-- What --

-- Brenda closes the journal --

NICK

It's time to go in. The girls are getting tired.

Brenda puts the journal into her bookbag --

NICK (CONT'D)

Are you reading that for an important client?

BRENDA

Something like that.

Brenda's eyes begin to water with emotion --

NICK

Do you care if I order out?

BRENDA

No, that's fine.

NICK
Are you alright?

BRENDA
I'm fine.

Nick leans down -- and kisses Brenda on the cheek --

BRENDA (CONT'D)
What was that for?

NICK
I just felt like doing it.

Nick steps into the house -- and shuts the door --

BRENDA
(sob)

Brenda wipes her eyes -- She stands up -- and opens the door --

INT. DINING ROOM-VALENS RESIDENCE-MORNING

Nick sits at the end of the table -- He holds Nicola and Lola in both arms -- Brenda looks at the girls asleep in his arms -- Brenda takes her camera off the table -- and takes a picture -- The flash goes off -- Brenda sets the camera down on the table --

BRENDA
-- Look at them. Enjoying time with their daddy --

-- Brenda stands up from the chair -- and steps towards Nick -- She picks Lola up -- and lays her on her chest -- Nick stands up -- and rests Nicola over his shoulder -- Brenda walks down the hallway -- and Nick follows her --

INT. BEDROOM-VALENS RESIDENCE-NIGHT

In the bed, Nicola lays next to Brenda. Lola lays next to Nick.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE-FAMILY LAW FIRM-AFTERNOON

SUPER: EIGHT YEARS LATER

Brenda sits at her desk. The Secretary steps into the office -- and sets a **wrapped fruit cake** down on Brenda's desk --

SECRETARY

-- Merry Christmas, Ms. Valens.

BRENDA

Merry Christmas to you.

SECRETARY

Do you and Mr. Valens have any plans this week?

BRENDA

It's Nicola's birthday today.

SECRETARY

How old?

BRENDA

Thirteen.

SECRETARY

Wow. Tell her happy birthday for me?

BRENDA

I will.

The Secretary steps out of the office --

CUT TO:

INT. BACK YARD-VALENS RESIDENCE-AFTERNOON

NICOLA, 13 years old. A shy girl. Light brown hair, and brown eyes. A seventh-grade student.

LOLA, 10 years old. A bright minded girl but shy. Light brown hair, brown eyes. A fifth-grade student.

Lola stands behind Nicola. Nicola blows out the candles --

BRENDA

-- Blow them out baby!!

Nick lifts Nicola up -- and kisses her on the cheek --

NICK

-- Good job!!

LOLA

(clap)

Nick sits her down in the chair -- Brenda puts a **cake cutter** in Nicola's hand -- and she helps her make a slice --

BRENDA

Nice one.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER-MORNING

SHELLY, 19. A street hustler. Blonde hair, blue grey eyes.

SHELLY

Any spare change?

Shelly thinks to herself -- and grabs ahold of the entrance door to the convenience store -- She opens the door -- and steps in --

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE-MORNING

Shelly walks towards the **deli aisle**.

STORE OWNER, early 40s. Store owner for ten years.

The Store Owner watches Shelly walk towards the deli foods. Shelly grabs a **sub sandwich** -- and hides it in her jacket --

STORE OWNER

-- Thief!!

Shelly rushes towards the exit door --

CUT TO:

INT. ISOLATION CELL-COUNTY JAIL-AFTERNOON

Shelly lays down --

GUARD, late 20s. A guard for two years.

The Guard opens the cell door --

GUARD

Alright! Time to wake up!

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM-COURTHOUSE-AFTERNOON

The Guard walks Shelly into the courtroom. **Chains** attached to the **cuffs** on her hands and feet. Shelly looks at Brenda standing at the podium.

SHELLY (V.O.)

Here I am. About to face the judge for being hungry. I see her, and I somehow feel like I gained someone to call a friend.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. MOTEL ROOM #216-AFTERNOON

Shelly looks at the motel room and looks at Brenda. Shelly steps into the motel room --

SHELLY

-- Why are you doing this?

BRENDA

You would do the same for me if you were given a chance. Get some sleep? I'll call you tomorrow.

Brenda closes the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK YARD-VALENS RESIDENCE-AFTERNOON

Brenda walks into the back yard.

BRENDA

Baby, why are you letting the grill burn like --

-- Brenda steps towards Nick -- She looks at him -- She drops to her knees -- and covers her mouth.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

Ahh!!

Brenda drops her head and hugs him with little strength she has left in her from the sight of his DEAD BODY.

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM-CHURCH-AFTERNOON

Brenda sits and looks at Nick lying in the casket.

BRENDA
(sob)

CUT TO:

INT. DINING AREA-DINER-EVENING

Brenda sits in a booth. She twirls a piece of straw paper around her fingers.

BRENDA
Thank you for coming.

SHELLY
No problem.

BRENDA
I can't be in that house right now.
I look at the girls and can't bring
it to myself to stay calm.

SHELLY
What was your husband's name?

BRENDA
Nick.

SHELLY
Nick? What did he did he look like?

Brenda reaches into her pocket -- and pulls out her wallet --
She opens it -- and shows Shelly a photo -- Shelly looks at
it --

SHELLY (CONT'D)
This is the same Nick that helped
me.

BRENDA
That was what he did. He helped
people.

SHELLY
No. He once bought a room for a
night.

BRENDA
I know, he told me.

SHELLY
Let me know if you need anything?

BRENDA
I'll let you know.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING GARAGE-EVENING

Pete walks towards his car. He reaches into his jacket pocket -- and pulls out his cell phone -- He dials in a phone number -- and puts the cell phone to his ear --

INT. BEDROOM-VALENS RESIDENCE-EVENING

Brenda answers her cell phone --

BRENDA
Hello?

PETE (V.O.)
Brenda?

BRENDA
Pete! Wow!

PETE (V.O.)
Look, I know this might seem strange and all. Remember when Rachel sent you that journal?

BRENDA
Yeah?

PETE (V.O.)
The person that killed your husband, worked for Rachel's former boss.

BRENDA
What?

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING GARAGE-CONTINUOUS

PETE
And when they confronted me about where she sent it --

BRENDA
 -- Yeah, go on?

PETE
 I told them that she sent it to
 him.

BRENDA
 You what!!

PETE
 I'm sorry.

BRENDA (V.O.)
 Not as sorry as I'm going to make
 you --

-- The phone clicks --

PETE
 -- Hello!

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-VALENS RESIDENCE-CONTINUOUS

Brenda ends the call -- and tosses her cell phone to the sofa
 --

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING GARAGE-CONTINUOUS

Goon #1 and Goon #2 step towards Pete. Pete runs the other
 way -- Xander steps out -- and Pete stops --

PETE
 -- Xander?

XANDER
 Pete, what's the rush?

PETE
 You know, I got to beat traffic.

Goon #1 steps towards Xander's limousine -- Pete watches Goon
 #1 --

XANDER
 -- Who were you talking to?

PETE
An old friend.

XANDER
Girlfriend perhaps.

PETE
No.

Xander wraps his arm around Pete's shoulder -- and walks him towards his limousine --

XANDER
I just want to have a civilized conversation with you. I remember when you were helping one of my girls out. You know, Rachel was her name. I offered you a one-night deal.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-PETE'S APARTMENT-NIGHT-FLASHBACK

Pete and Rachel lie in bed together. Rachel goes back -- and forth --

RACHEL
(groan)

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING GARAGE-CONTINUOUS

XANDER
That wasn't cheap for me. Rachel was ruined by that Valens guy. It didn't stop or pressure you from going all the way with her. Now, she's dead and so is Nick --

-- Goon #1 opens the back door -- Xander pushes Pete into the limousine --

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRFIELD-AIRPORT-NIGHT

Pete sits on his knees. His bloody face, and closed eye look at Xander --

XANDER

-- One more time, who did she send
the journal to?

PETE

I already told you.

XANDER

Come on, Pete! I keep better track
of your life than you do. I read
your record. From the beginning,
you were only in one serious
relationship. Brenda Michaels.

XANDER (CONT'D)

It's Brenda Valens now, isn't it?
If you tell me, I give you my word
that I won't do anything. I will
leave her alone. Tell me?

PETE

Xander?

XANDER

Yes?

PETE

Go to hell!

Xander pulls out a gun -- and grabs Pete -- He stands him up
-- and turns him around -- He shoots him twice in the back --
and once in the head -- Pete falls to the ground -- Xander
steps away --

XANDER (SUBTITLE)

(in Russian)
Stupid American!

GOON #1 (SUBTITLE)

(in Russian)
What about the woman?

XANDER (SUBTITLE)

(in Russian)
Leave her! She's no threat to me.

Xander gets into the limousine -- and shuts the door --

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK-AFTERNOON

Brenda sits on a bench. She looks at the couple lying on the grass. Brenda closes her eyes.

Her POV:

Across from us, in a **GAZEBO**, is Nick. He turns his head and looks at Brenda. Nick walks towards her and pulls a white rose from behind his back -- and hands it to her -- Brenda takes it --

NICK

-- He kisses her upon her cheek --
all to make her blush -- Does it
work?

BRENDA

(blush)

Nick kisses her on the cheek --

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK-CONTINUOUS

SHELLY

Hey!

Brenda looks at Shelly --

BRENDA

-- What?

SHELLY

I said hey?

Shelly looks at Brenda --

SHELLY (CONT'D)

You must have dosed off. Sorry it
took me a while to get here.

BRENDA

It's fine. I had time to think some
things over.

SHELLY

What kind of things?

BRENDA

Where to have you go next.

SHELLY

Sorry but every girl I looked at is American. Not a foreign student in sight.

Brenda reaches into her pocket -- and pulls out five-hundred dollars -- She hands it to Shelly --

SHELLY (CONT'D)

What's this for?

BRENDA

For doing your part. I have a feeling that she disappeared.

SHELLY

So, you're just going to quit?

BRENDA

I never said I was. I have to face the facts. She probably figured out we were onto her and went back to her country.

Shelly hands Brenda the money back --

SHELLY

-- This was never about money for me. It was about doing the right thing.

Brenda takes the money -- Shelly gets up -- and walks away --

BRENDA

-- Where are you going?

SHELLY

I'm going to do my job. Wait for my call, please?

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE-FAMILY LAW FIRM-AFTERNOON

Brenda sits at her desk --

The Secretary sets a **newspaper** down on her desk --

SECRETARY

-- Here's today's headline.

Brenda picks up the newspaper -- and looks at it --

BRENDA
 (reads)
 Pete Roberts shot and killed near
 airfield. When did this happen?

SECRETARY
 Last night. Why?

BRENDA
 Just wondering.

INT. LOBBY-FAMILY LAW FIRM-AFTERNOON

DETECTIVE #1 and #2. Early 30s. Police Detectives for five
 and eight years.

Detective #1 pushes the door open -- and steps towards the
 Secretary's desk -- Detective #2 looks around --

DETECTIVE #1
 Is Mrs. Valens in?

SECRETARY
 May I ask what this is about?

DETECTIVE #2
 It's private.

BRENDA (O.S.)
 Send them in?

INT. OFFICE-FAMILY LAW FIRM-AFTERNOON

Detectives #1 and #2 step into the office --

Brenda sits at her desk --

DETECTIVE #1
 -- Good afternoon, Mrs. Valens?

BRENDA
 Good afternoon, detectives. What
 can I do for you?

DETECTIVE #2
 May we sit?

BRENDA
 I'm sorry, but I don't have a lot
 of time. I have to pick up my
 daughter from school.

DETECTIVE #1

We apologize for disturbing you at this time. I also like to give my condolences to you on the loss of your husband.

BRENDA

Thank you.

DETECTIVE #2

We understand that Pete Roberts called you last night. What did you two have to say to each other for the last four minutes?

BRENDA

He was apologizing for my loss.

DETECTIVE #1

When did you see him last?

BRENDA

Eleven years ago.

DETECTIVE #2

We apologize and thank you for your time. Enjoy the rest of your day.

BRENDA

Thank you.

Detectives #1 and #2 walk out of the office -- Brenda stands up -- She grabs her briefcase and coat --

INT. HALLWAY-FAMILY LAW FIRM-CONTINUOUS

Brenda steps past the Secretary --

BRENDA

-- I'll see you in a little bit.

SECRETARY

Okay, Mrs. Valens.

Brenda looks at the Secretary --

BRENDA

-- You can call me Brenda.

SECRETARY

Okay. See you later, Brenda.

Brenda pushes the down button for the **elevator**.

INT. BRENDA'S CAR-AFTERNOON

Brenda drives the car close to the curb of the school.
Sunglasses on. She parks.

EXT. CHRISTIAN SCHOOL-AFTERNOON

The school bell rings, and the girl students scatter out
through the front doors.

Lola steps out of the school -- and rushes towards the car --

BRENDA

-- There's my pretty girl! How was
school?

LOLA

Awesome --

EXT/INT. BRENDA'S CAR-AFTERNOON

Lola opens the passenger door -- and sits down --She shuts
the door -- Lola hugs Brenda --

LOLA

-- Mommy!

Lola sits back -- and fastens her seatbelt --

BRENDA

-- What do you want to do?

LOLA

Can we go to the pier?

BRENDA

Sure. What do you want to eat?

LOLA

Can we get pizza?

BRENDA

Sure. Guess what?

LOLA

What?

BRENDA

Nicola is there right now. Let's
bring her a couple of slices.

LOLA

Yes!

Brenda puts the AUTOMATIC in DRIVE --

ROAD

The car drives down the road and heads for **Santa Monica Pier**.

EXT. BOARDWALK-BEACH-AFTERNOON

Nicola sits on a picnic table. A **green baseball cap** on her head. Lola steps towards Nicola -- and sets a **pizza box** down on the table --

LOLA

-- Nicola!

NICOLA

What's up?

Brenda steps towards the table -- and takes the baseball cap off Nicola's head -- and drops it in her lap --

BRENDA

It's not polite to eat while you're wearing a hat.

NICOLA

Are you supposed to be my mother or something?

BRENDA

A friend of your father's.

Brenda sits. She looks at Brenda. Brenda looks at her --

NICOLA

-- What!

BRENDA

Nothing. How's it going over at your grandmother's?

NICOLA

Good. She likes to yell.

BRENDA

Has she hit you lately?

NICOLA

No.

Lola opens the pizza box --and sets her **glasses** down on the table -- Nicola grabs a slice -- Brenda looks at Nicola -- Nicola looks at Brenda --

NICOLA (CONT'D)

-- What?

BRENDA

You forgot to say grace.

NICOLA

(Closes eyes)

Grace!

(Opens eyes)

Nicola bites into the slice --

BRENDA

(Shakes head)

Nicola steps down from the table -- and puts on her baseball cap --

NICOLA

It's been nice seeing you. I got to go! I got to meet my friends. Thank you for bringing my sister to see me --

-- Nicola rushes off -- Lola grabs a hold of Brenda's hand --

LOLA

-- Can I go with her?

BRENDA

No, kiddo. She's going too far.

LOLA

(sob)

I never get to do anything fun!

BRENDA

I'm sorry. Let's get back to the office.

Brenda picks up the pizza box from the table --

LOLA

-- My glasses!

BRENDA

Where'd you put them?

LOLA
They were right here!

AGENT CARMINE
Excuse me?

Brenda looks at Agent Carmine --

BRENDA
-- Yes!

AGENT CARMINE
Are these your glasses, little
girl?

Brenda looks at Agent Carmine with an untrusting look -- She
snatches the glasses from him --

BRENDA
-- Thanks.

Brenda hands the glasses to Lola -- Brenda grabs a hold of
Lola's hand -- and rushes towards the parking lot --

AGENT CARMINE
-- Enjoy the rest of your day!

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE-FAMILY LAW FIRM-AFTERNOON

Shelly sits on top of the desk. She shakes two dice in her
hand -- and drops them -- Brenda steps into the office --

BRENDA
-- Make yourself right at home!

Lola runs into the office --

LOLA
-- Mommy!

BRENDA
Yeah?

LOLA
Can I have a change for a soda?

BRENDA
Just a minute?

Shelly reaches behind her back -- and pulls out a **coca cola
bottle** --

SHELLY
-- I have one.

LOLA
Can I?

BRENDA
Say thank you.

LOLA
Thank you.

Lola rushes towards the desk -- and grabs the bottle --

Shelly takes the cap off with a **bottle cap opener** -- Lola sits down in front of Shelly --

LOLA (CONT'D)
-- Thank you --

-- Shelly grabs **headphones** from the desk -- and puts them on Lola --

SHELLY
-- Sorry! A little loud --

-- Shelly plugs the headphones into the computer --

SHELLY (CONT'D)
-- There!

Brenda sits in the seat next to Lola --

BRENDA
-- What do you have for me?

SHELLY
I got a face and name. She calls herself Joy. She's from Russia.

EXT. SCHOOL YARD-HIGH SCHOOL-AFTERNOON-FLASHBACK

JOY, An 18-year-old young lady. Her sweet smile and glowing blonde hair hide the fact that she is a coldblooded killer.

Joy walks towards Shelly.

SHELLY (V.O.)
I have a strong feeling about this one.

INT. OFFICE-FAMILY LAW FIRM-BACK TO PRESENT

BRENDA
When do you see her again?

SHELLY
Right now. Shit --

-- Shelly jumps off the desk -- and rushes out the door --

SHELLY (CONT'D)
-- Sorry for my language!

BRENDA
No problem!

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-MORNING

Brenda lays in bed. Her cell phone rings. Brenda reaches for it -- and answers it --

BRENDA
-- Hello?

SHELLY (V.O.)
Brenda! I'm in jail!

BRENDA
What! How'd you get put in there?

SHELLY
Never mind that. Can you come get me?

INT/EXT. BRENDA'S CAR-AFTERNOON

Brenda drives up to the curb of a **bus transit station**. Brenda reaches into her pocket -- and pulls out two-hundred dollars. She hands it to Shelly --

BRENDA
-- Try to stay out of trouble.

SHELLY
It's the best I can do.

BRENDA
Thank you. Take care of yourself, okay?

SHELLY

Okay.

Shelly opens the passenger door -- and gets out --

EXT. BUS TRANSIT STATION-AFTERNOON

Shelly steps towards the station -- and looks at Brenda --

SHELLY

(wave)

INT. BRENDA'S CAR-AFTERNOON

BRENDA

(wave)

Brenda drives the car --

EXT. PARK-AFTERNOON

Brenda sits on a bench. She watches Nicola and Lola play with dice.

LOLA

That's how she does it?

BRENDA

Where'd you get those?

LOLA

From your friend.

BRENDA

Did she give those to you?

LOLA

She said I could have them.

BRENDA

That was nice of her.

Nicola stands up --

NICOLA

-- Come on, let's go play on the monkey bars!

LOLA

Yes!

Lola and Nicola rush towards the **playground** --

Brenda reaches into her bookbag -- and pulls out the journal -- Brenda looks at it -- and opens it to the page she left off at --

RACHEL (V.O.)

Today will be my last entry. I felt it's time to move on with my life and leave my mother's house. Regardless she'll find a way to get to me through Nicola. I've given up all my parental rights to Nick and his new wife, Brenda. I'm sending this journal to Brenda. With my thoughts, it will be safer in her care.

INT/EXT. RACHEL'S CAR-AFTERNOON-FLASHBACK

Rachel licks the **glue** on the yellow envelope -- and closes it --

EXT. STREET CORNER-MORNING

Rachel steps towards a **mailbox** -- She opens the lid -- and drops the envelope in --

RACHEL (V.O.)

The best advice I can give you, Brenda is to watch out for a man in a black suit and black framed glasses. Take care of my daughter and love her as your own. Rachel.

EXT. PARK-BACK TO PRESENT

Brenda closes the journal -- and looks around -- She becomes aware of her surroundings and the sneaky snake that is watching her from a distance.

INT/EXT. CAR-AFTERNOON

Agent Carmine sits in the driver seat and holds a **scope** over his eye. He looks from a far distance, watching Brenda. He lowers the scope --

XANDER (O.C.)

-- Are you getting a good view?

AGENT CARMINE

A great one.

Xander steps towards the car -- and leans into the window --

XANDER

They have a name for agents like you.

AGENT CARMINE

Really? What?

XANDER

Stalker. Creep.

AGENT CARMINE

I'll take it. Any word on that Owens girl?

XANDER

She's got herself a whole world of trouble coming. Just a matter of time before my butterfly leaves her to take the fall.

Agent Carmine looks through the scope --

AGENT CARMINE

-- Looks like it's going as planned.

XANDER

Great work agent!

AGENT CARMINE

I'll see you later.

Agent Carmine puts the scope down -- and starts the ignition --

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL CELL-COUNTY JAIL-AFTERNOON

Shelly sits on the bed. She looks around.

SHELLY (V.O.)

No telling who the real fool was. Me or Agent Carmine. Jail was just a place to house me for a couple of days. Little did they know, I had backup too. After all the destruction was done.

(MORE)

SHELLY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I had accomplished something that
Nick gave me the courage to do, and
know my mother wanted me back then
and now.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM-ADULT SCHOOL-NIGHT

Shelly sits in the classroom and fills in the **bubbles** on her
test sheet --

SHELLY (V.O.)
Still, I had unfinished business.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING GARAGE-AFTERNOON

Agent Carmine steps towards his car. Shelly leans back
against the trunk of his car -- and rolls dice on it --

SHELLY
-- Hello?

AGENT CARMINE
Do I know you?

SHELLY
No but I know you. You act like you
know me, don't you, Jeff.

AGENT CARMINE
I don't know who you are or why
you're touching my property, but
you better leave before I call the
police.

SHELLY
Four years ago, you and Xander
kidnapped my friend. How do I know
that? I recorded it. Do you know
who gave me such a brilliant idea?
Nick Valens! The same man you
hated! You hated him because he won
the affection of the same woman you
hired, Rachel. Still, you took
advantage of her.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-APARTMENT-FLASHBACK

RUSSIAN GOON holds Brenda. The Goon is in his late 30s. A mean look on his face.

Russian Goon carries Brenda out of the apartment. Agent Carmine steps behind him -- and follows him out of the apartment --

CUT TO:

INT. CAR-NIGHT

Agent Carmine lays on top of Rachel -- He goes back -- and forth --

AGENT CARMINE
(moan)

RACHEL
(moan)

SHELLY (V.O.)
I know the story. She did it to
keep you from killing Nick.

INT. PARKING GARAGE-BACK TO PRESENT

Shelly reaches into her back pocket -- and pulls out a **tape recorder** --

AGENT CARMINE
I covered my tracks. So, how did
you find out?

SHELLY
Xander kept files on everyone that
worked for him. All it took was one
visit to his office. You got to
remember; I was there when he died.

AGENT CARMINE
What do you want?

SHELLY
A confession. That you killed
Rachel, Nick and Pete.

Shelly holds the tape recorder behind her back -- and presses the record button --

SHELLY (CONT'D)

Admit it!

AGENT CARMINE

Alright! I did it. I hired her and wanted her. Xander got to have her, and I wanted to make her mine. Still, she loved him. I gave Xander the word to end it. Both of them. Pete Roberts too.

SHELLY

Boy! How did you ever become an agent if you fell for that!

Shelly stops recording -- and shows the tape recorder to Agent Carmine -- He looks at the tape recorder -- and rushes at Shelly -- Shelly moves out of the way -- Shelly slides the tape recorder underneath a car --

AGENT CARMINE

-- Okay! I guess we'll do this the hard way.

Shelly puts her feet in a **boxing position** -- and holds her hands up -- She balls them up --

AGENT CARMINE (CONT'D)

-- What the hell.

SHELLY

There are somethings you don't know about me.

EXT. ALLEY-EVENING-FLASHBACK

Nick stands in front of 12-Year-Old Shelly -- He throws his fist --

NICK

Like that!

12-Year-Old Shelly throws her fist --

12-YEAR-OLD SHELLY

How was that?

NICK

Good.

INT. PARKING GARAGE-BACK TO PRESENT

Shelly looks at Agent Carmine --

SHELLY

-- He taught me everything.

AGENT CARMINE

Whoopie doo!! Come on!

Agent Carmine rushes towards Shelly -- Shelly punches him across the face -- Agent Carmine touches his lip -- and looks at the blood on his hand --

AGENT CARMINE (CONT'D)

Nice shot! Try to stop this!

Agent Carmine rushes towards Shelly -- and strikes her to the chin -- He punches her in the stomach -- He drives his knee to her face -- Shelly falls to her back -- She gets up -- and Agent Carmine kicks her in the stomach -- Shelly sits up on her knees --

AGENT CARMINE (CONT'D)

I got to give you credit little girl, you have balls. Not like mine though!

Agent Carmine grabs Shelly by her hair -- and raises his fist over her face --

AGENT CARMINE (CONT'D)

-- Now, I guess I can go pay Brenda a visit after I go and see that daughter of yours.

Agent Carmine swings his fist at Shelly's face -- Shelly grabs ahold of his hand -- and trips him to the ground with her foot -- Agent Carmine holds himself up with one arm on the ground -- Shelly drives her foot to the back of his elbow --

AGENT CARMINE (CONT'D)

-- Ahh --

Agent Carmine sits up -- and looks at Shelly -- He pulls himself up to the ledge --

AGENT CARMINE (CONT'D)

-- What do you think is going to happen after you kill me? There will be more people. Worse than me.

SHELLY

I've done what I needed to do. Now
you can rot away in a prison cell!

Shelly steps away from Agent Carmine -- Agent Carmine rushes towards Shelly -- Shelly punches him across the face twice -- and drives her fist into his nose -- Agent Carmine falls to his back -- and hits the ground --

SHELLY (CONT'D)

-- He taught me that too!

Agent Carmine lies on the ground, dead. Shelly steps away -- and leans herself against his car --

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. AMBULANCE-NIGHT

Shelly sits in the ambulance.

PARAMEDICS #1 and #2. In their early 20s. Paramedics for two and three years.

Paramedic #1 feels Shelly's ribs --

PARAMEDIC #1

How does that feel?

SHELLY

Like someone's piercing my side.

PARAMEDIC #2

Okay. We have to take you in.

POLICE OFFICER, early 30s. A police officer for five years.

The Police Officer steps towards Shelly --

POLICE OFFICER

-- Any reason why this guy would
attack you?

SHELLY

He was having a bad day.

POLICE OFFICER

Did know him?

SHELLY

He looked like another creep to me.

Paramedic #1 looks at the Police Officer --

PARAMEDIC #1
 -- Sorry, but we got to get her to
 the emergency.

POLICE OFFICER
 We'll be in touch.

SHELLY
 Have a good night, officer.

The Police Officer steps away from the ambulance --

SHELLY (V.O.)
 So much for taking a beating!

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-VALENS RESIDENCE-MORNING

Brenda sits on the sofa. Her cell phone rings. She picks it
 up -- and puts it to her ear --

BRENDA
 Hello?

SHELLY (V.O.)
 Hey!

BRENDA
 How's it going over there?

SHELLY (V.O.)
 Good. I'm having my book published
 soon.

BRENDA
 That's good. What's it called?

SHELLY
How To Spot a Butterfly.

BRENDA
 Any special meaning?

SHELLY (V.O.)
 Actually, it does have a meaning.
 You'll know it when you read it.

BRENDA
 Okay. Thanks for calling. Shelly?

SHELLY (V.O.)
 Yeah?

BRENDA

Thank you for what you did. We all appreciate it. Take care of yourself.

SHELLY (V.O.)

I will. You too.

EXT. BALCONY-HOTEL-MORNING

Shelly ends the call. She looks at the sky. Shelly walks into the hotel --

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-VALENS RESIDENCE-CONTINUOUS

"Chill" By MAD FVN plays.

Brenda sits up on the sofa. She grabs an **audio cassette** from the coffee table. She slides the cassette into her pants pocket -- and stands up --

BRENDA

-- Hey, Lola?

LOLA (O.C.)

Yeah!

BRENDA

Are you ready for our daily coffee run before school?

LOLA (O.C.)

I'll be right there!

Brenda steps out of the living room and walks down the hallway.

FADE OUT:

THE END