

# **10A-10B**

By

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Adapted from the film 301-302 written  
and directed by Cheol-Su Park

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INT. KITCHEN. DAY

A TEN YEAR OLD GIRL, AMY, looks directly at the camera, as We SEE around her an older kitchen. This is in the Past. The fridge is old, the stove an Amana with large electric grills, which are slightly corroded.

AMY  
Our refrigerator is always filled  
with food...

The fridge opens, and we PAN around inside the well stocked shelves, seeing all the vegetables, the fruits, the cold cuts, the meats.

AMY (VO)  
When my mommy comes home, I'll be  
eating a warm meal.

We MOVE to the counter, where Amy has taken out a knife and is cutting something.

AMY  
But Mommy doesn't come home til  
very late, because she's always out  
working late...

Amy cuts herself some apple slices, with a very big knife.

AMY  
So what I do is take some of this  
peanut butter...and put it on my  
apple and...

Then she takes out some peanut butter--and smears in onto the apples. And walks out of the kitchen and into her mother's bedroom.

AMY  
...go watch my favorite show in  
Mommy's room...

INT. BEDROOM, NIGHT.

Amy lies on the bed--looks up at the large monitor and watches the Mousketeer Hour.

AMY

Some girls like Justin and other people like Christina, but me, I really, really like Saffron, she is so cool, I just love, love, love her, can't get enough her...

ON THAT OTHER 10 YEAR OLD, SAFFRON, on screen, dancing.

When she leaves the screen, Amy goes up to the TV/VCR and rewinds, bringing the image back to Saffron.

INT. FILM SET.

ON SAFFRON as the dance finishes. She looks at the camera. This girl is extraordinarily cute. She smiles at the camera.

DIRECTOR (V.O.)

Ok, that's it, kids, cut, let's take a break.

Saffron's smile disappears--and she races her fellow performers to the craft services table.

SAFFRON

On the set, there's lots and lots of food...from these people called Craft services.

CU ON A MASSIVE TABLE being rolled in front of her. It's filled with cold cuts.

SAFFRON

So much meat you can't eat...cause you see...

She reaches over and tries to take a slice, but suddenly her Mom intervenes, swatting Saffron's hand away from the food, as if it were a large and annoying fly.

SAFFRON'S MOM

...Saffy, you've got to watch your weight...you know, in the camera, it puts on...

SAFFRON AND MOM TOGETHER

...ten Pounds...

Saffron's less cheerful saying this than her mom.

TITLES BEGIN...

Between them we SEE

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING.

A ten story loft building, says A AND W RUBBER painted across the front. It's green, its signage ancient but only apparently rundown--it's been converted into small, residential lofts.

There's a shoe store on the bottom floor.

A MAN, 30s, paces outside the shoe store, looking, looking, then finding the narrow entrance to the building itself, tucked around to the side. He inspects the list of tenants.

SOMEBODY leaves, the man walks inside.

INT. KITCHEN 10A. PRESENT DAY.

A slab of butter plops into a hot sauce pan, sizzling as it melts...

Flour is poured into the pan, lapping up the butter and a whisk starts mixing the two together...

A rack of glistening kitchen utensils, silver bowls, very expensive pots, skillets...

In a bain Marie, chocolate becomes creamy as sugar and coffee are mixed into it....

We HEAR the whisking, see it, the chocolate mixture joining in with the butter and flour and milk...a little more sugar is added...

A FINGER reaches down into the thick mix, moves up to fat, full lips. Bright eyes, pudgy cheeks.

This is Amy, years later.

AMY

Umm, not bad...

A smile on her lips, she looks out the window--into the kitchen next door.

INT. LIVING ROOM, 10 B (NEXT DOOR).

It looks totally unused, not a pan in the sink, not a dish in sight.

MOVE THROUGH THE KITCHEN TO THE LIVING AREA.

A minimalist living space with a great view...the floor's bare, a few yellowing posters are on the walls. They're all of the same girl, SAFFRON, as she gets older...

ON HER AT 11, a Mouseketeer, one of a big group. Her face is circled in black, making it stand out. She's cute. She's got freckles, a Tomboyish look, but there's something yearning underneath, a kind of neediness.

ON SAFFRON AT 13, A COSTAR. She's in a movie. She's a star's daughter in the film. She looks very hopeful, though just a little wounded.

ON SAFFRON AT 13, she's the lead in a kid's movie. Suddenly, it's as if a real beauty has emerged from the pixie who was there before. But the neediness remains--she looks as though she's trying to give herself to someone else...and that someone else is no longer present.

ON SAFFRON AT 15, slipping down the billing list to number three. She's like a colt, her adolescence coming through more than her innocence. A little awkward, a little self-conscious as she looks out behind the arm of her "mom."

ON SAFFRON AT 19, just a little image in the corner of a larger poster. A throwaway but recognizable face. Slightly gawker, slightly thinner.

ON THE NEXT POSTER, where her face no longer appears, only her name: she's got fourth billing in a horror movie. SAFFRON BILLINGS...

Then suddenly the posters stop, leaving the right third of the wall empty...until we reach a final poster of Sunset Boulevard, Gloria Swanson staring out madly like an exclamation point gone awry.

INT. 10 A KITCHEN.

Just as the chocolate confection, a chocolate souffle, is slipped into the oven, A DOORBELL RINGS INSISTENTLY.

Amy stands up, slightly startled. Still a little overweight, as an adult, she has beautiful, glistening white skin, and odd, almost iridescent eyes. She's wearing designer clothes, which extend beyond a chef's apron, touching at the bottom thick ankles, a chef's sturdy shoes.

She walks toward the front door.

AMY

Who is it?

VOICE OFF

May I come in and ask you a few questions....

Amy looks up at the peephole and SEES the man put his face right up next to the peephole, distorting his looks, elongating them.

He's wearing a trench coat; his black suit looks mostly synthetic. There's a stain on his tie.

AMY

What's this about?

MAN

Your neighbor in 10 B...just a couple of questions...

There's a PAUSE. The man takes out his badge, puts it up to the peephole.

ON THE BADGE AND HIS ID. He's a detective, DETECTIVE RANDALL, it says.

She opens up her door.

Detective Randall walks into the apartment. He's good looking, slightly sullen.

He surveys the terrain--and follows her back into the fancy kitchen, where he smells the souffle.

DETECTIVE RANDALL

Hmm...smells great.

AMY

It's a chocolate souffle...do you want some, it'll be ready in a minute?

DETECTIVE RANDALL

Thanks, but I usually don't start out with dessert...

AMY

We can fix that too, have some cheese, a little pate...

DETECTIVE RANDALL

Okay. Don't mind if I do...it smells pretty amazing in here.

Amy takes a plate out of her beautiful walnut cabinets, pulls a kind of brie, some other truffled cheese out of the refrigerator, along with a pate.

She arranges them all onto a plate, on which she places a glob of Dijon mustard and some tasty, beautiful little cornichons.

He sits down at a center island, as she serves him the platter.

AMY

Try the light yellow one: it's got truffles in it...you won't believe how good it is...

He does what he's told. Grunts with satisfaction.

AMY

So how can I help you?

DETECTIVE RANDALL

It's about your neighbor, like I said...

He looks at an open bottle of wine there, pours himself some.

ON THE WINE HITTING THE GLASS, the glass being raised to his chapped lips.

AMY

You mean Saffron? Why don't you just ask her yourself?

DETECTIVE RANDALL

Because nobody's seen her in a week. We don't know where she is...

This seems to startle Amy.

ON THE WINE going into her glass, which she then picks up. She puts her nose into the glass, sniffs, takes a sip too, swirls it in her mouth. She's a connoisseur.

DETECTIVE RANDALL

You wouldn't know of any reason why she'd just disappear, do you?

AMY

None at all. She seemed fine when we had dinner together last week..

DETECTIVE RANDALL

She wasn't planning a trip...didn't tell you anything which would lead you to believe she was distressed?

Amy just shakes her head.

She takes off a piece of bread, puts some of the pate on it, offering it to the detective.

The detective takes a bite of the pot-au-feu and grunts appreciatively, looking around at the upscale kitchen.

DETECTIVE RANDALL

I feel like I'm in Julia's kitchen...may she rest in peace. You cook like a professional too. What's in this? I've never tasted anything like it...

AMY

Patchouli nuts, venison: I make my own.

DETECTIVE RANDALL

Unreal!

She turns on the oven light, checks out her souffle.

He rises, follows her around the kitchen.

DETECTIVE RANDALL

Did your neighbor have many men friends over?

AMY

No, actually, Saffron was about as interested in men as she was in food...that is, she wasn't interested at all.

DETECTIVE RANDALL

A girl that beautiful, really? Did she prefer women?

Amy just looks at him. A BEAT.

AMY

I'm not sure what she liked.

DETECTIVE RANDALL

How's that? I would have thought you knew her pretty well, Amy.

He comes closer to her.

AMY

How do you know my name?

DETECTIVE RANDALL

I'm a cop, we're supposed to know these things... before we ask the questions...

He takes out a photo of Saffron, looking pale, wan. It was made from a security camera.

DETECTIVE RANDALL

This is Saffron, right? Last Wednesday? Is that when you guys had dinner together?

Amy nods.

He looks at her piercingly.

Then he slips her a PICTURE OF SAFFRON AS A YOUNG CHILD, a child star.

DETECTIVE RANDALL

She looked so much more hopeful when she was young, didn't she?

Amy doesn't disagree. Looks back at the picture off the security tape.

DETECTIVE RANDALL

This is the last time she came into the building...that night when she came to eat with you, is that right?

AMY

How would I know? I think so...  
(a beat)  
Are you implying that I'm hiding her someplace inside here?

DETECTIVE RANDALL

Not in the least...at least I don't think I am.

At the suggestion, he scans the room. It's one large area, unseparated, with the kitchen behind the cooking island, in front of which is the table.

There's a nook at the other end of the large open space, in which one can just see the end of a bed.

DETECTIVE RANDALL

You did have dinner together that night? The night she was last here?

AMY

What does that have to do with anything?

DETECTIVE RANDALL

Let me be the detective here, Miss. It'll all make sense in the grand scheme of things, ok?

Amy hesitates, then takes a book off her shelf. It's a notebook, which she starts thumbing through.

ON THE BOOK, in which there are pictures inside, handwritten notes.

Finally she comes to the place. She's taken pictures of all the foods she made, which she now itemizes.

AMY

I made a Thai salad, with mangoes and a little shrimp, three shrimp exactly...

(she closes up the book)

(MORE)

AMY (cont'd)  
...But it didn't sit well with her.  
She threw it all up. Food rarely  
sat well with her.

DETECTIVE RANDALL  
So you keep track of everything you  
cook?

AMY  
Every time I try something  
different...

DETECTIVE RANDALL  
And how often would that be?

AMY  
Pretty much daily...

DETECTIVE RANDALL  
Are you going to write up today's  
meal?

AMY  
Of course...cheese and pate, a  
little stew I've got over there,  
then the chocolate souffle...are  
you ready for it?

DETECTIVE RANDALL  
If you're still offering....I don't  
think I've ever eaten better cheese  
and pate...

Amy takes the souffle out of the oven--its aroma makes the  
cop's nostrils twitch.

AMY  
Go ahead, have at it...

She sticks a spoon into the souffle--its surface gives and  
she brings out the rich, dark chocolate confection, putting  
it onto his plate.

He smiles even before he tastes it.

DETECTIVE RANDALL  
I think I'm going to have to come  
back and visit you more often...

He gives her an appreciative, slightly flirtatious look.

AMY

No problem...just call first next time, okay?

He grins, finishes up the souffle on his plate, in one huge gulp.

DETECTIVE RANDALL

Thanks for the meal. And for your help. I'll see you, Amy...

AMY

That's it?

DETECTIVE RANDALL

Unless you've got more to tell me...you haven't seen her since that night, right?

Amy shakes her head.

DETECTIVE RANDALL

Have any idea what friends I might call?

She shakes her head again.

AMY

Honestly, I'm not sure she had any...

He gives her his card.

DETECTIVE RANDALL

If you think of any, you'll call, won't you?

AMY

You bet. Bye, detective...

He walks out the door.

And we WATCH him through the keyhole with Amy as he starts toward the elevator, then hesitates, turns...

And, using a passkey, the detective lets himself into apartment 10 B.

INT. 10 B.

Randall investigates the room--

He stops to look at the youthful publicity stills, the posters on the walls.

There's one table, a laptop computer on it. Hundreds of videos, DVDs, books. A few scattered articles of clothing.

In the middle of the pile, there are three uncashed residual checks.

Randall holds them up, looks at them. One is dated "January 11," another "March 7," a third "June 22." Randall GRUNTS in reaction and heads through the bathroom's open door.

He checks out the medicine cabinet, which is full of doctors' prescriptions.

He holds up a bottle--checks out the drug, an anti-depressant.

ON THE BOTTLE: there's a doctor's name, Dr. Voigt.

He sticks the bottle into his pocket.

Next to the bathroom, in a small alcove, is the tiny bed.

He checks out her refrigerator. This one is empty.

He seems to see her everywhere, but she's not there.

ON A PILL BOTTLE on the desk--it says "anti-emetic."

Glancing at her desk, he looks at her handwritten text, next to the word processor.

DETECTIVE RANDALL

(reading aloud)

"Sex and food are disorders like  
love...food is a tool for  
controlling love..."

(in his own voice)

Sounds good to me...

He looks at another page. Reads aloud.

DETECTIVE RANDALL

"In an affair, who uses the most energy...who has to give the most, the man or the woman? Who has the most nerves which come into play? We know it's the woman."

AMY (VO)

I can tell you something about that.

He looks up--startled.

Amy has followed him into 10 B.

AMY

She's gotten tired of acting. She wants something she can control somehow...she's tired of being dependent all the time on others...

DETECTIVE RANDALL

She said that to you...

AMY

In so many words...

DETECTIVE RANDALL

Okay. So?

AMY

So, she started to write. I think she'll be even more famous as a writer than she is as an actress...she's writing roles now, screenplays, plays but she doesn't even care whether she acts in them or not...that's her passion, just the writing.

DETECTIVE RANDALL

Her passion? No lovers...I know I asked you before, but look at her.

He gestures to the girl on the walls.

DETECTIVE RANDALL

No men, no one in her life?

AMY

She may not be seeing men, at least that I know of; but she gets phone calls sometimes...

DETECTIVE RANDALL

From whom? Agents, managers?  
Admirers? Fans?

AMY

She never answers. She changes her number all the time, but still someone finds it.

A PHONE RINGS.

INT. 10 B. PAST.

The phone ringing is a portable phone, on a stand.

In front of it, Saffron's at her desk. She's pale, her skin almost transparent. She's very beautiful as the one sheets framed and surrounding her attest. Yet she is uneasy in her beauty. She moves tensely over to the phone, watching it ring.

She lets an answering machine pick up.

It is a man's voice which comes to leave the message.

MAN'S VOICE OFF

Come on, Saffron. Pick up. Pick it up. You can do it. Life isn't as disgusting as you think it is.

She looks troubled. Looks at herself in the mirror. Nervous perhaps but still stunning.

MAN'S VOICE OFF

Pick up. Come on. Don't think you can ignore me forever. I'm worried about you....

She disconnects the phone. Just pulls out the jack from the phone.

AMY (VO)

She treated her callers like intruders, unwanted intruders.

(MORE)

AMY (VO) (cont'd)  
 He was an intruder. But maybe she  
 listened. I think she used to.  
 ...But once I moved in, she didn't  
 need any other intruders.

HEARING SOMETHING IN THE HALL, Saffron puts a shawl around  
 her shoulder and goes to the door.

Saffron peeps through the spyhole, seeing strangers come onto  
 her floor.

EXT. HALL. PAST

There's Amy coming in to inspect apartment 10 A for the first  
 time. She's with a REAL ESTATE AGENT and another couple.

AGENT  
 You're going to like this place.  
 It's made for the single  
 woman...great security, views,  
 hardwood floors.

AMY  
 Jack, hurry on up. Take a look with  
 me, would you?

ANOTHER MAN, JACK GREENLEE, comes up behind her--and follows  
 her inside the apartment.

AN OLDER WOMAN joins them.

AGENT  
 You're going to love the decor  
 and...

AMY  
 Just open the door, okay. You don't  
 have to sell me on it, I've got two  
 eyes...

And in they go.

We PULL BACK TO SAFFRON WATCHING through the keyhole.

As soon as Amy et al enter, Saffron leaves her apartment,  
 entering the hall after she makes sure she'll have no contact  
 whatsoever with the invaders.

While she's locking her door, suddenly the door to 10 A opens up again and one of the realtors leaves, brushing past Saffron.

JACK  
Excuse me, I'm sorry....  
(to the people inside)  
I'll be right back...

Saffron looks into the open room, seeing Amy.

Gawking, Amy is momentarily taken aback.

AMY  
Just, just show me the kitchen:  
it's by far the most important room  
in the house for me...

Looking faintly disgusted at the thought, Saffron leaves.

INT. 10 A, PAST.

The group walks into the kitchen, a large open area. Amy seems preoccupied.

AGENT  
So it's big and beautiful, don't  
you like all this space?

AMY  
Yes...I...do...

Jack and his associate ALEXANDRIA turn out to be interior decorators. Alexandria is large, with billowing skirts and wraps--and very large hoop earrings.

JACK  
How many rooms do you see yourself  
needing inside the whole space?

AMY  
How about one...like one big loft  
with everything integrated...that's  
the way it's supposed to be.

Jack and Alexandria look around. Alexandria runs her fingers over a wooden panel as the other couple leaves.

ALEXANDRIA

But these are such beautiful  
walls...

AMY

Yes, well, we're just going to tear  
them down, all of them. What I want  
is one large kitchen.

ALEXANDRIA

No dining room?

AMY

Why? We'll all eat here, in the  
kitchen...that's the best room in  
every house.

ALEXANDRIA

And I suppose you'll sleep here  
too?

AMY

Why not?

Jack looks at the concrete floors.

JACK

Shall we treat the concrete or  
would you like wood?

AMY

Pine, maybe, bleached  
out...pickled...

Alexandria nods. And goes to the wall above the sink, feeling  
the wallpaper that's there.

Amy walks over and grabs the edge of a strip of  
wallpaper...and pulls it with A LOUD RIP off the wall.

AMY

And let's get rid of this  
wallpaper, shall we? I'm taking  
this place.

Alexandria starts at the sound.

INT. HEALTH FOOD STORE. SIMULTANEOUSLY

Saffron walks through the homeopathic medicine section.

Looks at laxatives.

EXT. A AND W RUBBER. PAST, LATER.

Saffron and Amy cross on this the first day they meet. They stand and look at one another for a moment. Amy smiles. Saffron keeps walking.

Passing Amy, Saffron looks back at her. Amy, though handsome, is kind of frumpy comparatively, Saffron a pale, etiolated beauty.

AMY

(to herself)

A walking stick: she needs animal fat, she's probably anemic. I could do something for that one...doesn't she remind me of someone?

She looks back at Saffron.

Saffron looks quickly away.

SAFFRON

(to herself)

That girl's a sow: her breasts could feed a cast of thousands...she's disgusting.

INT. 10 B. PAST.

Saffron's at her word processor, tapping in this:

We SEE SAFFRON'S MOVIE: a young girl, Saffron at 12, is in a glass room. Her Mom leaves the room, Saffron moves to her but is stopped by A SLICK OLDER MAN, who pulls her back around toward him. He sticks his thumb in her mouth and when she pulls back in revulsion, he whirls her around, pulling off her dress as she turns. Then his large hands move up her naked torso, fondling her small breasts.

BACK ON SAFFRON AT THE WORD PROCESSOR: she looks at her shelf of films in incredible anger--and the shelf falls down.

A hole bursts open in the wall behind the shelf. And we SEE into the apartment next door. There's Amy, cooking, eager, buoyant.

AMY  
(talking to herself)  
This is good. So much better...

The shelf comes down again--and We're with Amy five months earlier.

INT. AMY'S FORMER HOME. EARLIER

Amy's 25 or 30 pounds heavier as she disengages her perfectly arranged dishes from an armoire. She carefully slides out the plates, which sit on one another.

Then she reaches behind to take out the larger serving dishes, which were stood upright, so they could be seen from afar.

Then she turns her attention to a rack of lamb. She pulls it out from a smoldering oven and bastes the lamb.

Then she drinks from a glass of red wine, swirling the wine professionally around in her mouth.

She puts away two other glasses.

AMY'S HUSBAND (VO)  
Need any help?

FRED walks into the kitchen, where Amy is now putting her dishes into packing sleeves. He looks rather like Robert McNamara, has wireless glasses, a three piece suit, a professional air.

He watches her as she puts the plastic sleeves with the plates into boxes. She's leaving.

AMY  
You must have gotten sick of my  
cooking over the last five years.

Her husband FRED sits at the end of the table.

FRED  
Actually your cooking's one of the  
things I'm going to miss about you.

Amy continues packing up her plates.

FRED

It's amazingly healthy and lean.  
I've lost 15 pounds eating it.  
Though of course it can't just be  
the food: you've put on about 30,  
right? You'd think you were the one  
who ate the whole hog.

She looks up at him.

AMY

Why not the bird? Go ahead and say  
it.

FRED

Right. You know you may say you're  
miserable, though with your size no  
one will believe you, but you were  
once a perfect wife, a good cook,  
organized, a great entertainer,  
you'll be welcome anywhere.

As she continues to pack things, he gets up, moves toward  
her.

FRED

But let me give you a little  
advice. Don't try to invest this  
settlement money yourself.

He's the expert, puts his fingers together in thought.

FRED

Give it to a financial advisor. Be  
prudent.

AMY

I was thinking of just buying  
myself a gigolo! It's so much  
easier than marriage.

She laughs at the thought. He seems non-plussed.

She brings a leather box to him.

AMY

What about these?

He opens it. It's their wedding silver.

FRED

They're our wedding present. You can have them. You should probably keep them.

AMY

Even if they're from your parents: okay, I'll take them as a divorce present. I can use them, which is more than I can say for you.

ON AMY LATER. Looking around her new kitchen. Rearranging the knives and forks.

AMY

(to herself)

I can still lose weight, even if I don't stop cooking. There's got to be a way.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY. DAY, PAST.

Saffron comes out of the elevator, goes to open her apartment.

Amy immediately comes out and smiles at her neighbor.

Saffron doesn't say a word in reply as she turns the key, opens up her apartment and enters.

Amy's hurt, looks after Saffron, but Saffron closes the door behind her.

INT. 10 B. SIMULTANEOUS.

Saffron looks through her mail, as a voice comes in over her answering machine.

VOICE OVER

Thanks for submitting your script, Saffron...and how are you? It's been so long! Call me if you want to talk about it, but though we liked the writing, the story just seemed too personal, too female driven for us...have you thought about Lifetime?

INTERCUT WITH

EXT. MARKETS.

Amy shops, looks at meat, picks out a flounder.

While Saffron tries to write, Amy returns to...

INT. 10 A KITCHEN.

She whacks off the flounder's head and starts to clean the fish.

She diligently scrapes off the scales, then she cuts the tail off--and sticks her knife into the center of the stomach, gutting it.

Roe come out with the deep red veins, the excrement.

Then she prepares a sauce for the fish, putting butter in a sauce pan. We HEAR it sizzle as...

Saffron emails her "development friend."

ON THE SCREEN.

SAFFRON

"Dear Alice, what in hell isn't personal? Try reading Doris Lessing...when's the last time you picked up F Scott Fitzgerald? You asshole!"

She erases the "You asshole" and just lets her finger slide over the dot, until there are rows of dots across the page.

And her doorbell RINGS.

SAFFRON

Who is it?

AMY (VO)

It's 10 A. Your neighbor.

Reluctantly, Saffron goes to the door and opens it.

It's Amy with a plate in hand.

AMY

I was just cooking and I thought you might like some...it's flounder with a lemon sauce.

Saffron looks mildly revolted.

AMY

I'm Amy. I love to cook and I like to share with my friends and family...this is my first dish in my new oven.

SAFFRON

Thanks for thinking of me, but I've already had dinner.

AMY

Then keep it--and eat it later.

Amy walks with the dish into the room, though Saffron actually tries to block her way.

The phone begins to RING.

SAFFRON'S ANSWERING MACHINE

This is Saffron, do what you have to.

VOICE OFF

This is Debby Waters from Lifetime...Alice Edwards told me to call about your script.

AMY

Are you a writer? I thought you were someone else...

SAFFRON

I...I Was. I act a little. Or I used to...

Amy sees the posters.

AMY

Yes, that's what I thought! Oh, I remember you! God I saw you in a whole bunch of things...everything.

Saffron has heard this all before and doesn't seem particularly interested.

Amy though is enthusiastic.

AMY

Wow, it's fabulous being your neighbor...it must be great to be your friend...

Saffron doesn't seem in much agreement with this, looks away, embarrassed and agitated.

AMY

You are so pretty, no wonder you've always acted...why is it you live by yourself?

Saffron doesn't respond.

AMY

Okay, I'm a little pushy-- people have always told me that. But here have this, I made it for you. It's flounder with lemon cream sauce.

SAFFRON

That's so kind of you, but as I said, I've already eaten...

AMY

Then save it for later! It'll keep 'til tonight...

She presses it into Saffron's unwilling hands.

SAFFRON

You sure you don't need it?

AMY

I made plenty: this is for you. I insist...

She won't take the plate back. And as Saffron doesn't invite her to stay...

AMY

Okay, well, I guess we'll see each other later....but here tell me what you think, I need to know.

Saffron's stunned at Amy's effrontery. She turns slightly, as Amy cuts the dish with a knife, and holds a bite in front of her face, the fish on the knife.

AMY

Eat. Come on. I need to know.

And she puts the fish to Saffron's lips--which open mechanically.

Saffron holds the fish in her mouth. We don't see her swallow.

SAFFRON

That's great, it's delicious.

AMY

You think so, really?

Saffron smiles grimly.

AMY

Okay, I'm going....

She starts to leave, to Saffron's relief.

Then she returns almost immediately.

AMY

But don't let it sit too long...it'll lose all its flavor.

Saffron smiles weakly.

SAFFRON

Thanks so much then...

AMY

Okay, bye.

As soon as she closes the door behind her uninvited guest, Saffron moves toward her kitchen, carrying the plate as if it held a severed limb.

She opens the fridge, throws the plate inside, on top of the one bottle of diet coke, the sliver of cheese.

Passing the sink, she spits the fish bits into it.

INT. 10 A KITCHEN. PAST

Amy sets another plate of the fish down in front of her carefully. She pours herself a glass of wine and puts her nose into the glass, sniffing the luscious golden Chardonnay, as

INT. 10 B. SIMULTANEOUS.

Saffron goes back to the fridge, grabs the plate and dumps its contents down her garbage disposal--which GRINDS THEM WITH A ROAR.

INT. 10 A KITCHEN. SIMULTANEOUS.

Amy raises a glass to herself, to her food.

AMY  
To my new life! To my  
independence...

She takes a swig of the wine--

And then she starts to eat and drink with relish and gusto.

AMY  
Goodbye motherfuckers! I'm going to  
enjoy everything...every last bite.

Gulping down a second glass of wine, she quickly dispatches the food in front of her, grunting with satisfaction.

When the fish is gone, she uses her fingers...to pick up the sauce and licks it off them, one by one.

Then she takes out a chocolate mousse from her stuffed refrigerator and places it down in front of her.

But before she starts in on the desert, she has another idea.

She puts on a CD and starts to dance.

She jumps up from the floor, on top of a chair, then up onto the top of her kitchen table. She reaches down and puts her finger in the mousse and licks off the chocolate.

On the CD, Tone Loc starts singing Funky Cold Medina. And, moving with Tone Loc, Amy starts to dance.

Her wine bottle in hand, darting in and out below her navel, she sways ever so sensuously.

She takes a swig from the bottle, her mouth enveloping its neck. She smiles and remembers.

AMY

Oh Amy. Control yourself. That's no way for a lady to behave.

And she LAUGHS as she dances.

She moves her hips sensually, she feels her stomach with her spare hand. The midriff's bare, she smiles, liking the way she feels, even if she's a little pudgy; her fingers grab fat, love handles.

She raises the bottle again.

AMY

To Amy's diet...you'll see I'll be a changed woman.

But even as she says that, you're not sure from her slackening jaw and empty eyes that she believes it.

INTERCUT WITH

INT. 10 B.

Saffron's reading a scene aloud.

It's from Chekhov. She's exasperated with herself. She stops suddenly and throws the book down.

Like one of Chekhov's women, she looks ready to faint, and she eases herself back into a chair.

INT. 10 A KITCHEN. LATER

Now Amy is rummaging through her fridge, throwing out everything that's fattening.

She regards her chubby body as it is reflected off the shiny surface of her fridge's front. It annoys her.

She takes on the cabinets, heaving bread, pasta, all the carbs over her countertop.

Then she dumps them ferociously into her waste basket, one by one.

She takes out some granola and throws it from the box, down the disposal, which kicks up with a blast.

CUT TO:

INT. AMY'S BEDROOM AREA. LATER

She's installed a treadmill and starts running on it. Her heavy thighs tickle one another as she runs.

Now she puts on moonboots--and raising herself up, gradually, she sticks the boots on the ceiling and

She hangs down from the ceiling, sweating, the drops running down her face like tears and dropping...

ONE DROP AT A TIME ON THE FLOOR.

INT. 10 B.

Saffron continues to work, types on her computer.

She drinks from a large plastic bottle water.

We see how long and emaciated her fingers are, as they grasp the bottle's neck: they seem barely able to hold onto the bottle's weight. It teeters, seems about to drop.

INT. SUPERMARKET.

Amy shops--she's got a basket of vegetables.

She smiles as A FAT GIRL comes up with her shopping cart overflowing, loaded with carbs, ice cream, diet nonos. Breads, pizzas.

The girl puts a snickers bar in her face and swallows.

INT. CASTING ROOM.

FIVE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMEN look up at Saffron as she enters a waiting room. They look competitive, as if they know her. They're sitting down. She just stands, as if she expects to be called in right away.

A CASTING DIRECTOR, FEMALE, opens the second door, looks at the assembled group. Scrutinizes them. Her eyes move past Saffron and settle on A VERY TALL LANKY 17 YEAR OLD.

CASTING DIRECTOR

Okay, Jennifer, let's try you next.

Jennifer walks by the woman into the next room; but the woman doesn't leave immediately. She looks at Saffron with some sympathy.

Moves over to Saffron and takes her by the arm, speaking quietly, confidentially.

CASTING DIRECTOR

Listen, Saffron, I don't mean to embarrass you...

She takes her outside the room, into the corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR.

CASTING DIRECTOR

...I told your agent that this was a real long shot. We're looking for someone more...(a beat)...someone unknown...

SAFFRON

Someone younger...

CASTING DIRECTOR

Yeah, well that might help. But really an unknown...we don't have any money for the role.

SAFFRON

I don't care. I like it...

CASTING DIRECTOR

Okay. Someone younger then...someone nobody's ever seen.

INT. AMY'S KITCHEN.

Amy cooks a poule au pot, heavy on the veggies.

She pulls the chicken flesh off the bone--and weighs it, measuring herself exactly 4 ounces to go with her carrots and leeks.

She sits down with the plate and a glass of water.

She savors the taste of the food and the thoughts of her new, thinner self.

INT. SAFFRON'S.

Saffron lies on her bed, suffering. The bell RINGS.

Saffron is irked at the interruption. But she goes to the door anyway.

She looks through her peephole, where she SEES Amy from across the hall.

AMY

It's me, 10 A...

When Saffron reluctantly opens the door, the newer, thinner Amy enters, doing a little twist to show herself off.

She's carrying a plate of food.

AMY

I hope I'm not bothering you, it's been a long time...

SAFFRON

Two weeks? Three?

AMY

Six weeks. A month and a half.  
Thank you...

She clears off a seat for herself, sits down and looks around.

AMY

It's like a cultural center in here, the books, the DVDs..do you really need all this stuff?

Saffron can't be bothered to answer.

Amy tries to hand her the plate she's brought.

AMY

Here, this is for you. Italian  
Sausage and peppers...

Saffron can barely resist the urge to retch. She turns her head away and holds her stomach.

At which point, Amy hops up and comes around in front of her.

AMY

Here you've got to try the  
sausage...it's not pork.

SAFFRON

No thank you, anything but...god I  
can't stand sausage...

She turns her eyes away from the offending object.

AMY

I'll bet you don't like sex  
either...you weren't molested, were  
you, raped?

Saffron turns away further.

AMY

I craved sex as much as  
cooking...Loved it! I even enjoyed  
it with my ex-husband...

She thinks about it and smiles, surprised at the thought.

AMY (CONT'D)

It didn't matter that there was no  
love involved..

Instinctively, Saffron gags.

Amy turns to look at her.

AMY

You are so skinny...you may not  
have noticed, but I've lost 25  
pounds recently...and for what? Why  
did I do it...just because the  
magazines said I should?

She scoffs at the thought. Takes a bite of the meal she's brought for Saffron.

AMY

That's why I've started cooking again...big time.

She looks at Saffron's table--at the sides taken from a larger script which is nearby.

AMY

Have you been acting again? You were always so great, god, in that Showtime thing...and the film with Brad... Any new great roles?

SAFFRON

None that I want...that's why I'm trying to write them.

AMY

I know what you mean...all the movies these days are so...superficial. Why don't you try to write a great comedy...a romantic comedy? Like the ones you used to do...

Saffron can't stand the sound of Amy any longer--and bolts for the john.

Amy reads from Saffron's computer screen...

AMY (READING)

When you wake up in the morning, you should get laid first thing...says "Alice." Hmm, my type of girl..

The phone starts to RING.

Saffron comes running in, a kleenex over her mouth, and answers the phone without bothering to see or hear who the caller is.

SAFFRON

Just leave me alone, okay? Please, stop calling.

She hangs up the phone--

Then she turns off her computer screen and retires toward her bed.

Amy's nonplused, in mid thought, left to fend for herself.

She picks up the food she's left, then she puts these untouched, meticulously prepared dishes into Saffron's fridge.

She opens the freezer, just to check up on Saffron's stock.

ON THE FREEZER INTERIOR: there's one frozen bird. Amy takes it out. The date on it is January, 2004.

She throws the chicken back into the freezer, then closes the freezer door

And she goes toward the front door.

AMY

Bye! Great to see you too!

And she slams the door on the way out.

When the door SLAMS shut, Saffron gets up and staggers to her fridge--

She takes out the plate and throws the food into her garbage can.

INT. 10 A KITCHEN.

Amy opens up an oyster--carefully detaching the flesh from the shell. She thinks about her neighbor.

AMY

The bitch. Like Nanny, my puppy.  
Hate my food, do you?

She opens another oyster, hacking it from the shell.

Then she slurps it down, the juice running down her chin.

AMY

Think I'm a sex starved bitch, do  
you? Well maybe I am. Sex isn't  
disgusting. Love is.

She throws the shells into a garbage can and puts the plate down before her.

The oysters look like engines of desire.

AMY

You'll see. I'll cook you everything I know how to make...if it's not the sausages, we'll find something for you.

She takes out some calamari and breads them.

AMY

I'm the wicked witch and I'm going to fatten you up...

She LAUGHS at the thought.

She tosses the calamari onto her sizzling skillet and fries them.

As they sizzle, she breads an oyster and throws that into the skillet.

Then she takes a calamari from the skillet and swallows it.

She smiles with delight--quickly pulling the rest of the seafood from the frying pan.

She flips the calamari, the oyster Rockefeller onto a plate and heads over to her neighbor's.

EXT. 10A/10B HALL. SIMULTANEOUS

AMY RINGS THE DOORBELL.

There's an eye behind the door. Amy pushes herself up against the peephole.

AMY

It's just me, your annoying neighbor....

No answer.

AMY

Open up. I know you're in there. I said open up.

The door opens. Saffron sticks her pale, stick figure in the narrow doorway space.

Wordlessly, Amy gives Saffron the oysters.

And wordlessly, without a thank you or even a protest now, Saffron takes the plate. And watches Amy as she slips back into her apartment, a crafty grin on her face.

INT. 10 A KITCHEN.

BACK AT HER OWN KITCHEN, Amy smiles and daydreams as she prepares veal piccata. She neatly cuts the lemon slices, as she throws the beautiful pink veal into the pan.

HER VISION: She SEES A DIFFERENT SAFFRON, with bigger tits and a larger butt, eating Amy's veal piccata joyfully.

Saffron laughs, literally guffawing, showing a spirit, an energy we've never seen.

AMY

There you are, the girl I knew was there. You were just playing, just acting. Be the hot thing you were with Tom, in that movie where you rob all those banks, show me all that desire...

AMY'S VISION: in the movie, on the screen, Tom the actor puts his hand around Saffron, and Saffron pulls him toward her, puts her hand on his head and pushes him down....as A MOTEL VACANCY sign flickers there behind them.

BACK TO REAL LIFE, joyously, Amy actually picks up the piccata from her skillet, garnishes them with lemon, parsley, and capers and goes next door again to deliver the piccata...

Where she's greeted by a silent, sullen Saffron...

SAFFRON

Thank you, just what I was hoping for...

She doesn't bother to expand on the thought. She just takes the plate....

INT. 10 B.

And the veal piccata goes directly down the garbage disposal-- pulverized with a ROAR.

RAPIDLY INTERCUT WITH AMY'S KITCHEN WHERE

INT. 10 A KITCHEN.

Amy cooks a stew, piling in vegetables, all suitably organic which...

Saffron dumps down her drain only to have

Amy prepare a beautiful rack of lamb, truffling it with small slivers of garlic and rosemary and mint, all of which...

Go into Saffron's garbage can.

Whereupon Amy peels shrimp and stir-fries them with an elegantly sliced onion and peppers. Maybe it's Chinese food which will do the trick. Healthy wok cooking.

Amy looks optimistic as she knocks on Saffron's door again. There is hope, a glimmer perhaps in Saffron's eye.

She takes a bite, one, then a second...

SAFFRON

You are so kind...you don't need to do this...

A faint smile and then she closes the door...

EXT. 10TH FLOOR HALLWAY.

Saffron leaves her apartment, with a garbage bag full of Amy's culinary treats.

Before she can get to the elevator, Amy comes out, carrying more new dishes.

AMY

Where are you going?

Saffron tries to hide the garbage behind her back.

SAFFRON

I'm sorry...

AMY

For what?

Suddenly Amy notices the garbage bag.

AMY

Let me see that.

Saffron tries to resist, but she's too weak: Amy easily pulls her arm from behind her back.

Amy opens the garbage bag--and spots her food.

Irked and anguished, she takes the bag from Saffron and slowly starts returning to her apartment, carrying it like a cross.

SAFFRON

I'm really very, very sorry...

Saffron follows behind Amy.

SAFFRON

I just couldn't eat it all!

Amy's suddenly infuriated.

AMY

Oh sure you can! Get in there!

She points to Saffron's apartment.

AMY

Hurry! Now!

And Saffron, excited perhaps, obeys the command.

Amy slams the door after her.

INT. 10 B.

Amy pushes Saffron across the room.

AMY

I'm going to show you you can eat that!

She marches her into the living room and brutally clears off Saffron's desk, tossing aside her papers and DVDs.

Then she puts the bag of refuse, her own spurned concoctions on the desk and unties the string, pulling out the dinner.

She puts the food on the wood, in front of Saffron.

CLOSE ON THE FOOD, the calamari, oysters, fish. All untouched.

AMY

Eat it! Hurry up! Eat it all.

Saffron starts to gag.

AMY

I said, eat it. It's my creation.  
Mine.

When Saffron resists, Amy picks up the food--and puts it right in Saffron's face, making her confront and absorb the smells, the sights of food.

Saffron turns her head, gagging.

SAFFRON

Please, please...

But Amy's relentless.

AMY

Please what? I made this all for you. Please, yes, please eat. Go ahead.

Then she goes to the cabinet and takes out a set of small dishes, which she fills up, willy-nilly with the food from the garbage can--and sets them down in front of the revolted Saffron.

She puts the meat back on the kabob sticks. Then she pushes the sticks up against Saffron's lips.

AMY

Eat!

When Saffron gags, Amy eats, inches in front of her.

AMY

Eat like this! I got divorced because of my cooking, you're not going to reject me too...who are you to despise my food? Eat!

And she shoves the food into Saffron's face, smearing it up against her lips, her cheeks.

SAFFRON

I can't! My whole body rejects it!  
I don't want it.

AMY

Yes you do!

And she shoves more food into Saffron's face.

SAFFRON

Not only food, but everything that  
has to do with this mediocre world.

AMY

Eat, you fucking snob!

She takes a big bite of the kabob.

AMY

See? Who cares? It's dirty, filthy,  
it's real...

She offers the kabob again to Saffron who leans back away.

AMY

I said "eat!" You're going to eat.

She wrestles Saffron out of her chair.

SAFFRON

Please, what did I ever do to you?  
Just leave me alone. I wish I could  
just disappear!

She looks down at the food--and the sight makes her puke.

Holding her hand over her mouth, she runs for the bathroom.

Watching her go, Amy picks up one of the skewers and eats.

The taste of the food stirs her.

INT. 10 A KITCHEN.

Knife in hand, Amy is in her kitchen when the doorbell  
SOUNDS.

There's a table set for two, and, once she answers the door,  
Saffron walks in demurely.

Amy pulls up a chair for her--and the two sit down.

AMY

I'm sorry: I was out of my right  
mind.

From her angry glance at Saffron, it's not clear Amy means  
what she says.

SAFFRON

No, it was my fault.

Her words are barely audible.

AMY

In any case, I made another dish  
for you. This one I'm sure you can  
eat.

ON SAFFRON, bug eyed, scared.

Here's what she SEES:

SAFFRON'S VISION: Amy takes off the silver top which is  
settled on a dish and exposes...

THORNS.

Saffron sees the roses outside a house, their thorns.

Then she SEES the dish, the thorns cooked, amid carrots,  
other root vegetables.

Amy dips the thorns in tabasco sauce and starts eating--these  
are again the uncooked thorns of Saffron's imagination.

As she looks on, Amy chews and chews and starts bleeding from  
the mouth.

Blood trickles down Amy's chin.

And Saffron SEES

Herself lying on a table of food--with a man on top of her.

He forces food upon her which he picks up from the table top,  
bread, cream cheese, a banana, porridge, cheeses, more  
cheese...

Then she HEARS

AMY (V.O.)

Eat it. It's my food.

BACK TO AMY now, not the man, standing behind Saffron and forcing her to eat.

Amy is enraged.

AMY

You have to eat. Or you're going to die!

And Saffron SEES

EXT. A MODERN STYLE HOUSE. PAST.

She and her mother SHARON exit their Thunderbird somewhere near the top of Mulholland Drive.

A coyote roams nearby, just at the ridge. In the distance, smaller than it has become, is the San Fernando valley. They're perched right up it, on this dirt road at the top of the world of Los Angeles.

They pass many fancy cars as they go up to where a major party's going on.

INT. LIVING ROOM. PAST

She and her mother enter the house, going into the den, then the kitchen.

SHARON

Anybody home?

Immediately, in comes her Mom's friend BOB. He's all slicked up, about 45. His hair is in a pony tail. He's amped up.

BOB

Anybody? Everybody except you, babe. Have something to eat...hey, is this the daughter? Saffron, huh? Looks as pretty as her picture.

He puts an unwanted arm, surprisingly, on Saffron's shoulder. He looks at her, up and down.

She's 12, just the hint of breasts wrinkling the front of her blouse.

He motions them to the dining room table, which is laden with foods.

BOB

There's caviar over there, just smuggled in from Iran...grey, you ever taste it?...foie gras.

SAFFRON'S MOM SHARON

You didn't have to, Bob...

BOB

Oh, I didn't, did I? What kind of producer would I be if I couldn't produce a fiesta...here, Angel...Dom for everyone.

He takes a magnum of Dom Perignon from a waiting ice bucket--and proceeds to open it, popping the cork.

He pours Sharon a glass--and takes out another one for Saffron, who's resistant. Pours it.

BOB

Here, sweetie, it's about time you get in on the fun...

He gives it to her. She demurs. She is extraordinarily beautiful. Radiantly innocent.

SAFFRON

No, thank you...

BOB

Go ahead. You're going to be a star. You got to drink the Dom...come on.

And he puts it up to her lips, forcing her to open them gingerly.

She sips. He seems pleased.

BOB

Franciscan monks used to make this...the Dom was one of them. They invented this stuff, comes from some of the rockiest terrain in the world...and they make fortunes off it!

He lights a joint and inhales deeply, holding it out for Sharon. Maybe even for Saffron.

Sharon smiles, as he exhales, taking the joint and taking her own hit. She COUGHS.

And getting the j back and inhaling himself, Bob COUGHS TOO.

BOB

Good, isn't it? Just got it from a dude up in Mendocino.

SHARON

Where's everybody?

BOB

They're outside...

He motions toward the yard, where, through the plate glass doors, we can SEE a crowd, milling around a pool.

Sharon looks excited by the people out there. She idly takes a bite of the foie gras, spreading it onto a thin cracker. Putting it to her lips.

Saffron watches her mother swallow the thick unctuous foie gras.

Bob admires Saffron.

BOB

It's for you too, babe...foie gras, they stuff corn down duck's gullets just to make stuff this rich for stars like yourself.

SAFFRON

No thanks, I'm not all that hungry...

Bob gives her some foie gras, on a cracker anyway. Pushes it toward her lips.

SAFFRON

God, that smells.

BOB

What kind of prude are you turning her into, Sharon? You're going to be a star, sweetheart, a star: you've got to get used to the high life.

Her mother SNORTS WITH GLEE. Takes another drag off the joint.

SHARON  
High life is right!

Her mother leans over provocatively, as she gives Bob back the j.

She shows him her ample cleavage, though Bob isn't all that attentive to her.

He's giving Saffron an oyster now.

BOB  
Go ahead, try it.

SAFFRON  
It looks so slimy and cold!

SHARON  
(giggling)  
But it makes you so hot...

When Saffron turns away from the oyster, her mother takes it and swallows it down.

SHARON  
Speaking of which, did you get Jack to come?

BOB  
He's right outside, babe...and if you use your charms on him, you might just get him for Saffron's next flick. He loves beautiful young girls...and their mothers.

SHARON  
Which is more than they say about you...

He laughs nervously and Sharon starts to leave.

SHARON  
Do your Chekhov scene, honey. Bob will love that...

She goes out the pane glass doors and disappears toward the crowd.

Bob turns.

BOB  
You don't have to go to work for  
me. I think I'd like just about  
anything you do...

He puts his hands, carefully, on her cheekbones.

BOB  
You have the most beautiful lines  
and skin...how does it feel to be  
so breathtaking?

Saffron doesn't answer.

She puts her hands up to remove his, but he lets his fingers  
slip down to her shoulders, her arms.

BOB  
Don't be nervous...  
(he checks himself,  
smiles)  
Okay, be a little nervous.

He likes this thought somehow. It seems to excite him. His  
hands move up and down her arms.

BOB  
Don't worry. Your mother trusts  
me...

He moves in closer to her, his voice lowering.

BOB  
She knows you have to learn to do  
this right. If you're going to be a  
film star...That's why she's given  
you to me. I'm here to teach  
you...to help you get this right.

ON SAFFRON looking panicked, looking outside.

SAFFRON'S POV: her mother is smiling, her mother's hand goes  
over to hold onto Jack's arm. Her mother LAUGHS suddenly, and  
THE IMAGE BLURS, MOVES BACK AND FORTH.

BOB (V.O.)  
Don't worry, you don't have to do a  
thing. I'll handle this.

SAFFRON LOOKS BACK TO HER LEFT.

There's Bob, his hands moving up to her cheeks. She's pulled toward him.

BOB (V.O.,CONT'D)  
All you have to do is learn to love  
it...it's your note for today.

EXTREME CU ON SAFFRON. She starts to cry out, her lips open in fear and anguish. Her eyes bug out as

SAFFRON'S POV: Bob's lips come down to meet hers, to cover her, to squash her cries.

His face turns into a rictus of desire, as she's pushed onto the table.

ON HER HEAD displacing the food, as she's lain back onto the table and

NOW ON BOB'S FACE, as he smiles with desire and then

ON THE TWO HEADS, Bob's leaning down over hers as his hand comes into the frame and he stuffs her mouth with more foie gras.

Outside, she SEES her mother, vaguely, in the half light, talking to someone.

ON HER MOTHER laughing, flirting, a guy pulling her to him; she kisses him as

SAFFRON looks up at the man rotating a top of her. Tears start coming down her cheeks.

BOB  
There, there, baby, it's good,  
eat...go ahead...eat.

And he smears more foie gras onto lips, his lips, his teeth coming down and nipping at the edge of her mouth.

EXT. HOUSE. LATER. - NIGHT

Saffron is standing there listlessly, as her Mom talks to a man, JACK.

Saffron's looking rumped, creased; her posture is not the same; she's looking bent, but determined.

SAFFRON  
Momma, I've got to go.

Sharon pays no attention to her.

SHARON  
When do you think it'll shoot?

SAFFRON  
Momma, I'm going to go...

She grabs Sharon's arm.

Sharon turns to look at her, annoyed, distracted by the handsome man beside her.

SHARON  
Honey, can't you see? I'm booking  
you a job...right, Jack?

She looks right back at Jack.

JACK  
You're going to be terrific, honey.

SAFFRON  
(whispering, pleading)  
Momma, I'm dying here.

SHARON  
(to Jack)  
Excuse me just a sec, Jack.

She walks her daughter over to a corner of the huge, blue pool.

She looks back and forth to Jack on the other side, smiling at him, afraid he's going to split.

SHARON  
Don't you get it, Saffron? We're  
working this room, this isn't  
"fun". We're making your career  
here, thanks to Bob. Did you thank  
him for all his help?

Saffron laughs strangely.

Sharon gets right in her face.

SHARON

What else do you want us to do? Do you have a better idea...when I'm sacrificing everything for your career!

Saffron slumps back against the wall.

And Sharon leaves, returning to Jack before he begins talking to someone else.

SHARON

I'm sorry, Jack. It's such a tough life, being 13 and just about to become a major movie star!

Jack LAUGHS.

JACK

Yeah, and to have to be so plain too! God, who's going to give her the time of day?

Saffron slinks away, moving over to the pool, which is lit at the bottom.

It glows eerily above the city, which bursts in the distance, like automatic weapons fire.

A 17 YEAR OLD STARLET comes up to her.

17 YEAR OLD STARLET

Shall we take a swim?

SAFFRON

I don't know, it looks a little cold.

The starlet takes off her top, strips down to her underwear.

17 YEAR OLD STARLET

I like it that way, it makes my tits stand up...

She looks at Saffron and LAUGHS. Saffron looks vaguely shocked.

And the girl dives into the pool.

BOB (VO)

Hey, babe, you doing okay?

Saffron starts.

There's Bob, at her side, his voice whispering into her ear.

BOB

You've got the part. I guarantee  
it.

She moves away from him. Starts walking along the side of the pool. The starlet looks up, turns over onto her back and seems to backstroke next to Saffron, as Saffron walks away from Bob.

Only we SEE, before Saffron, that the starlet lags back a little. Her grinning eyes don't focus on Saffron.

She's grinning for Bob, who glances her way, grins slyly, but is more intent on the girl he's following, Saffron. He quickens his steps as she moves around the pool.

BOB

I said the job's yours. Aren't you  
happy? You should be...

SAFFRON

Who says I want that job?

BOB

Your mom says...you do...she's very  
happy about it. Look over at her.

They both look Sharon's way. She's flirting with Jack and A MALE FRIEND now.

She SEES Bob's smile directed at her. Smiles back, waves and turns her eyes toward Jack's friend, as

Bob whispers into Saffron's ear.

BOB

You are so good. Enjoy it. You'll  
never be better...

He starts to steer her away from the crowd, toward the side of his house. She doesn't know what to do. She starts walking faster again, almost running.

They pass A THREE YEAR OLD.

THREE YEAR OLD

Hey, Uncle Bobby.

BOB  
Careful, sweetie.

And he hurries by the little girl.

An extra step ahead, Saffron looks back at her mother.

Her mother looks at her, then looks away.

Bob keeps coming after her.

SAFFRON  
Stop!

Suddenly, the music AMPS UP DRAMATICALLY. Van Halen's playing.

No one can see them. Only the whole city down below seems to stare at them, like millions of lubricious eyes.

Bob moves toward her again and whispers into her ear.

BOB  
I can't get enough of you. Your  
cunt's silky and tight as a velvet  
fist...

She hits him, pushing him hard and he starts to fall off the deck. She kicks him then, but he grabs her--and the two topple over.

The yard, what there is of it, is sharply sloped. The two hit the ground with a THUD.

BOB  
Fuck you, you little whore!

She gets up and scrambles back up the yard, onto the ledge.

He goes after her, but she slips out of his hands.

As she runs off, she hits the three year old who's standing at the edge of the pool. The three year old CRIES OUT and pitches into the water.

LATER:

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT

ON AMBULANCES SCREAMING UP THE STREET OUTSIDE. FIRETRUCKS ROARING.

PULL BACK TO SAFFRON'S POV, FROM BEHIND HER SHOULDER: she stares out the kitchen window as the firemen hustle off their trucks, as others bring the little girl on a gurney.

People look back, look toward the kitchen window, seem to be starting accusingly at Saffron.

The girl's mother SCREAMS.

THREE YEAR OLD'S MOTHER  
Look what you did!

She turns away from the woman screaming outside and looks now back toward the party area, which has mostly emptied out. Looks past the camera, dead-eyed.

CU ON SAFFRON: SITTING, WATCHING IN THE KITCHEN, SAFFRON IS COVERED WITH CHOCOLATE. HER WHOLE FACE BLACK.

Her hands are in her mouth, as she cries. Sobs, the tears running down through the chocolate.

BACK TO THE SAFFRON AND AMY TOGETHER:

INT. 10 A KITCHEN. THEIR PAST

Saffron pushes away a chocolate souffle, with horror.

SAFFRON  
How can I eat, when my body's full  
of such dirty things, such dirty  
thoughts?

Amy watches on, moved.

SAFFRON  
How can I stuff anything into  
it...any food, any men? Any  
Thing! I wish I could just  
disintegrate.

Amy reaches out to Saffron and tries to comfort her, but Saffron moves back from Amy's hand.

AMY

From now on, I'll just fix you  
tender food.

She looks at Saffron almost lovingly.

AMY

Comfort food. Sweet and easy food.  
I'm a great cook, you know.

Going around the kitchen island, she puts her hand on  
Saffron's slender back.

AMY

I guarantee you you'll enjoy my  
cooking...

Saffron stiffens. But Amy doesn't notice.

AMY

I'll even write a cooking diary  
just for you.

She turns, leans back, and thinks about the prospect almost  
lasciviously.

EXT. FARMER'S MARKET.

Amy is shopping, looking for strong, healthy things,  
healthful too. She's at a vegetable stand. Picks up some  
beets.

Talks to the LADY AT THE STAND.

AMY

Do you have any spinach...I can't  
find it.

LADY AT THE STAND

Right over here...totally organic.

Amy approves. Takes some.

She picks out some mushrooms, kale.

INT. 10 A KITCHEN. NIGHT

Amy cooks up a nourishing fish soup.

Prepares a gratin of potatoes and a handsome red rouille for the soup.

The rouille takes a while, just blending the mayo's ingredients. Professionally, she makes the aoli, adding garlic to eggs and olive oil and lemon. Then she puts in a touch of cayenne pepper.

She tastes the rouille and glows with appreciation.

Then she puts some carrots, the spinach in a cuisinart, and juices up a vegetable smoothie.

All for her little friend Saffron who, minutes later.....

INT. 10 A. NIGHT

Throws the whole thing up into her toilet, the green and orange smoothie dripping down her chin.

Amy comes in bringing the gratin, this the next course, only to note, seconds after entering, the trail of vomit extending from the kitchen table to the bathroom.

She follows the tracks.

AMY  
Saffron?

When she gets to the bathroom, she SEES through the open door Saffron's chin resting on the toilet bowl, her eyes closed. Saffron looks as if she's passed out.

Amy comes tenderly to her--and washes the vomit off her chin and cheeks and lips. Saffron barely moves.

Amy reaches over and turns on the hot water on the bathtub. It spills in voluptuously.

Saffron only wakes up when Amy eases her into the bath--and hoses her down gently with the spray.

She carefully washes off Saffron's shoulders and chest.

Saffron's small nipples don't react to Amy's touch. They seem to hang there listlessly.

AMY

I'm sorry...the farmers' market  
must have sold me spoiled  
goods...and the spinach, I should  
have thought of it, it's so hard to  
digest.

SAFFRON

(her eyes mere slits)  
It's not that. I just can't swallow  
anything. I can't keep it down, no  
matter how it tastes.

Amy lifts her up and continues washing her gently, tenderly.

Saffron's color doesn't change: it's sallow, almost yellow.

Amy turns her and moves her hands over Saffron's tight, thin,  
scrawny back, over her ass, which is a simple extension from  
her spine, two tiny melons hanging listlessly above her  
extraordinarily attenuated legs.

Turning Saffron back to her, Amy moves the wash cloth over  
Saffron's stomach, down over her loins.

Amy puts her into a bright white terry cloth robe.

AMY

Get some rest now...

She leads Saffron, who walks almost mechanically beside her,  
like a small sick girl out of the open bathroom, past her  
computer, to the tiny nook which she uses as her bedroom.

Amy places her in bed.

Saffron looks up at her and smiles, a wan, sallow smile.

Amy puts her hand on Saffron's sweaty brow--she runs it  
through her beautiful blonde ringlets.

AMY

You are so beautiful, do all  
beautiful women suffer this much?

Saffron puts her face into her hands. Her words are barely  
audible.

Amy has to put herself right up against Saffron, just to  
understand what she has to say.

SAFFRON

Yeah and more. They have to...  
Suffer.

(she pause and seeks  
painfully for an  
explanation)

They're hated by that part of the  
world which doesn't desire them and  
misperceived by all those who do...

She takes a very deep breath, turning over, onto her side,  
her robe coming open again to reveal her small firm breasts,  
the ribs extending from her side.

Amy lets her fingers slip down from Saffron's hair. They run  
lightly over her neck and down her back and side.

Saffron shivers. Is that with pleasure?

AMY

Does that feel good?

Goosebumps appear on Saffron's arms.

CU on the goosebumps appearing on Saffron's breasts, around  
the bottoms of them. Her nipples seem to harden as Amy runs  
her fingertips over them.

AMY

I'm going to take care of you...  
So you can eat my wonderful food.  
It's going to cure you...

Saffron shudders.

SAFFRON

Oh you are. You think you can?

Amy starts to run her lips up Saffron's side, kisses, sucking  
on the one large rib which distends upwards.

She puts her hand over Saffron's flat, almost transparent  
skin, over her midriff, and she slowly begins to kiss  
Saffron's breast.

AMY

Yes I can...I'm going to show you  
how good life can be...

Saffron shakes her head as we SEE

Amy put her fingers up to Saffron's mouth, trying to push them inside.

Saffron turns her head, closes her eyes, shutting them tightly now as

Amy kisses her neck, then back to her other breast, sliding her legs up against Saffron's.

Her hand reaches down between Saffron's legs, which involuntarily come together.

SAFFRON

No.

But Amy insists.

AMY

Oh yes, relax, just let yourself feel good...

Her mouth follows her fingers down Saffron's body, which stiffens rather than relaxes.

AMY

I want to too, I didn't know I could want this so...

But, while she's ever more excited, Amy doesn't seem to notice Saffron is crying.

AMY

Just relax. Just feel me.

She begins to kiss Saffron all over, her lips making sweet susurrant sounds, her tongue gliding in and out, all over Saffron.

Saffron begins to tremble, her body starting to shake. She whimpers, making sweet sounds.

AMY

You are, aren't you? You're feeling me...

Saffron nods--her eyes suddenly gleam, life coming back into them.

Excited, Amy's hands run up and down Saffron's legs.

Her head bobs up and down on Saffron, who turns slightly on her side.

ON AMY'S EYES, they close with pleasure, wildly seeking out Saffron's, looking for it, her hands moving more excitedly.

AMY

Sure you can. I'm going to show you  
just how delicious it can feel.

She bites Saffron's neck, gently, and she reaches over and takes some of the gratin in her fingers.

AMY

Just how delicious things can  
taste.

She kisses Saffron on the ear, coming atop of her, and then she reaches over and tries to stuff the potatoes into Saffron's mouth.

CLOSE ON AMY'S HAND coming over Saffron's mouth, the potatoes smashing against it.

Saffron's coughs, spits, and then

SAFFRON'S POV: there's another, hairier hand coming down with food in it, the rich, dense, disgusting texture of foie gras.

ON SAFFRON'S EYES: the light goes out of them; her pupils are as dead as a fish's.

Tears streak once more down her cheeks as she shakes her head and makes a MUFFLED SOUND.

Amy stops, looks up and

Saffron is heaving, retching, her hands cupped under chin. She's keeps retching.

ON HER CUPPED HANDS: there's nothing in them, no food left inside the woman's body.

And she now starts SOBBING.

Amy looks aggrieved, shocked, distraught.

SAFFRON

No! No! No!

Amy slumps back.

AMY

My God, what can I do for you?

Saffron doesn't respond. She looks plaintively at Amy, and Amy picks up the end of the white terry cloth robe and flips it gently back over Saffron's nude body.

INT. 10 A KITCHEN. PRESENT

Detective Randall shakes his head in exasperation.

DETECTIVE RANDALL

Eating, not eating, starving  
yourselves, dieting, fattening,  
fasting...you women are an entity  
unto yourselves. So strange!

AMY

How's that again?

His cell phone starts to RING, and he picks it up.

DETECTIVE RANDALL

Hello, yeah, it's me...what can I  
do for you?

INTERCUT WITH

EXT. AMY'S FORMER HOME.

A nice suburban ranch house, in front of which stands  
DETECTIVE MARSHALL. He's short, squat, looking like an overly  
fit gym teacher.

DETECTIVE MARSHALL

According to her husband, I mean  
her ex-husband...the woman killed  
the family pet.

The thought makes him angry. He looks around. THREE NEIGHBORS  
gather on a nearby porch. They still seem shocked.

DETECTIVE MARSHALL (CONT'D)

Can you believe that? An African  
grey.

BACK ON RANDALL, WITH AMY.

DETECTIVE RANDALL  
A parrot? Jesus! What for?

He gives Amy an odd look.

DETECTIVE MARSHALL  
For supper. The neighbors say she killed the thing, stuck it into some kind of French stew and fed it to her husband for supper.

DETECTIVE RANDALL  
There's some proof of this?

DETECTIVE MARSHALL  
No, but that's what they think.

DETECTIVE RANDALL  
Now which one are we talking about here, let me get this straight, 10 A or 10 B?

Marshall nibbles out of a pack of trail mix, very healthily.

DETECTIVE MARSHALL  
10 B, obviously, the cook. The neighbors say that's why her husband finally divorced her.

DETECTIVE RANDALL  
That's grounds for divorce?

DETECTIVE MARSHALL  
I'd say it would be for me...if you believe it...the judge didn't...

DETECTIVE RANDALL  
What are you eating, by the way? I can barely hear you for the chewing.

DETECTIVE MARSHALL  
Trail mix...

DETECTIVE RANDALL  
Get yourself some real food, okay? And forget about losing weight. Detectives are supposed to be unhealthy...it's the stress.

He looks at Amy, who stares pensively back at him.

AMY'S MEMORY:

INT. AMY'S FORMER HOME. NIGHT.

A PARROT, THE FAMILY PET NAMED SEBASTIAN, swoops down upon a slightly chubbier Amy. She's kneading bread. Sebastian pecks at her fingers.

AMY  
Sebastian! Get away.

SEBASTIAN  
Polly wants a croissant! A  
croissant!

AMY  
God, don't you ever stop eating?

Sebastian's so insistent, she reaches into the fridge.

The bird flutters onto the table, looks at her.

AMY  
Don't pee on the table, baby. Mommy  
will get you something.

Amy's cooking--and she takes a small bag out of her refrigerator.

She puts the bag under Sebastian's nose. He MEWLS delightedly.

Out of it, she stakes a bunch of chicken livers, and, starting another skillet, she sprays in some oil, then tosses in the livers, which hit the skillet with a reassuring susurration.

And Sebastian's wings flutter excitedly.

Amy's doing chicken cordon bleu for her and her husband, working on the sauce. She adds a little cream into this, the third skillet she's maneuvering.

The telephone RINGS--and Sebastian goes over the pecks on the speakerphone.

VOICE  
Mrs. Morgan? Are you there?

Amy finds this cute and picks Sebastian up, chuckling his cheek.

AMY

Yes, this is Mrs. Morgan...formerly Miss Manners...haha. Hi baby, my cooking diary today's going to be very special...

AMY'S HUSBAND (VO)

It always is when you cook, honey.

AMY

Yeah, well, thank you very kindly, Fred...today, on the menu is...

FRED

No, no, surprise me. I like to be surprised.

AMY

I think I can do that...in more ways than one...

There's the SOUND OF A THWACK. Amy turns around--doesn't get it, then knows it's Sebastian who continues...

SEBASTIAN

(in perfect imitation of Fred's voice)

God I love your butt, you're so, so hot...

Thwack! The sound's Sebastian imitating her butt being slapped. Amy giggles...

FRED

Where did he pick that up?

AMY

Oh, I wonder...Sebastian is the spy in the house of love.

FRED

And I'd like to be there feasting my eyes on what he's drooling over...It's Friday night, time for the young at heart to get wild..

AMY

You get here early, baby and you won't be disappointed.

She smiles--and looks back at her wedding photo. There's a reason why she married this guy.

He may seem a little corporate in the picture, stiff in his tux shirt, his long tailed tuxedo, his self-important smile. But she obviously sees something else in him: like the muscular pecs appearing in another photo next to it, where the two are sunning, their bodies up against each other on a beach.

She decides she'll make something even more elaborate to top off this evening.

She grabs some champagne from the pantry and puts it on ice.

She starts melting butter in a fourth sauce pan.

Then she melts chocolate in the same pan.

She takes out a box of lady fingers and dips them in a liqueur. She's making her husband's favorite dessert, a chocolate Russe.

LATER:

Made up and beautiful, she serves her man. He's wearing a three piece suit, but he takes off his tie.

She stares at him lovingly, as he savors the first course: an appetizer of soft shell crabs, tempuraed.

AMY

How is it, any good?

FRED

The best...

AMY

They're young enough, tender enough?

FRED

Just like you, sweetheart. Well, maybe not quite that tender.

She refills his champagne glass.

AMY

Are you sure I haven't gotten too tough? Too meaty?

FRED

It didn't seem that way to me last time I took a taste...

AMY

It's been a couple of days, maybe you should make sure...

She comes and puts a hand on his arm. He turns to her.

FRED

Maybe I should...I've been a little derelict, haven't I?

AMY

Yes indeed...take a taste..it's all I've been thinking of all day.

FRED

Me too...

She sits on his lap and he kisses her neck, slipping his hand inside the back of her dress, and placing his glasses on the table.

AMY

You don't want to do it here, do you?

FRED

Why not? It's your main room...

And LAUGHING, she slips out of her panties...

As Sebastian watches on, from atop the fridge, she pulls her dress over her head and moves over to him.

She quickly unbuttons his shirt, and she slips her hands underneath it.

Kissing him, she takes his shirt off.

Then nibbling at his chest and stomach, she moves down and unbuckles his pants.

She pulls them down, giggling at his tented briefs.

Then, pulling them down, she kisses his cock.

He leans against the kitchen wall, his eyes closed.

He eases himself down to the floor and lifts her up onto his lap, where he starts to fuck her.

She bites his neck and tongues his ear, as he pulls her up and down on top of him.

Then he pulls out of her, going down on her instead, and she comes, with a ribald groan.

As she smiles delightedly, he lifts her up onto the table, laying her among the dishes and starts to fuck her again when....

Suddenly, swooping down, Sebastian knocks a plate over--Amy looks down at it as it crashes into the wooden flooring and breaks.

AMY

Sebastian!

She moves away from Fred, reaching down to pick up the shards. He's miffed.

FRED

What are you doing?

AMY

I'm picking it up. I'm going to have to glue it back together. It's my favorite plate!

He lies there, dismayed and horny.

FRED

But what about me? Don't I get to get off too?

She just keeps picking up the pieces.

SEBASTIAN

Hot! Hot, you turn me on, baby! God I love to fuck you!

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM, MORNING. PAST CONTINUOUS

It's first light out and Amy's arm touches her husband's empty spot on bed.

Her eyes open anxiously, predatorily, looking for her errant mate.

AMY

You're not leaving, are you?

She looks up lubriciously at him.

He's buttoning up a sleek, well-starched white shirt, putting on cuff links, perfecting the details, in the mirror, of his power look.

AMY

Come on, ten more minutes.

He shakes his head, as he puts on his tie, and turns to look back at her.

She looks fetching on the bed, but Fred is not easily swayed. He's a corporate charger. He walks over to her and kisses her perfunctorily.

FRED

I can't, honey. You don't want me to get fired, do you?

She sits up.

AMY

I'll take responsibility for us if you get fired...

FRED

Right! You'll be doing what exactly? You think you can manage to pay for all this?

He motions to their plush environs, the lush foliage just outside their bedroom window, the pool that sparkles in the distance.

AMY

Why not? I'll start my own cooking school. Maybe the Food Channel will give me my own show.

He looks at her with complete and utter disdain. And she looks back at him similarly: he has no clue how powerful she just may be.

He leaves, anyway, and just as the door closes, we HEAR THWACK! As the parrot swoops into the room.

INT. 10 A KITCHEN. PRESENT

The two women, Amy and Saffron, contemplate this particular insult.

Saffron seems shocked by all this sexual activity.

Then we RETURN WITH THEM TO AMY'S STORY.

INT. AMY'S KITCHEN. PAST

Amy selects James Beard's cookbook out of a shelf full of them.

She thumbs through the pages, looks at fish, tuna, bluefin, sturgeon, then she gets an idea.

EXT. FARMER'S MARKET. DAY. PAST

ON THOUSANDS OF BLUE POINT CRABS SQUIRMING.

She picks one out and its claws grasp at her.

She continues onto the vegetable sellers, pulpating plump melons, hefting a zucchini.

She looks the very epitome of a young and stylish wife as

She goes to a stall selling plates and selects some Pennsylvania style cups and saucers and plates.

She picks up flowers on her way out--her arms overflow with the most natural produce.

INT. AMY'S FORMER HOME. NIGHT.

She picks up her phone and calls. She's wearing her chef's apron.

AMY

I was busy today...

FRED (PHONE CHANNEL)

I bet you were.

AMY

What would you like to eat tonight?

FRED (PHONE CHANNEL)

Anything your heart desires...You know I'm a little busy right now, why don't you give Sebastian a bath if you have the time? Haven't you noticed? He's starting to stink to high heaven...

And he hangs up.

Amy looks over at Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN

(in Fred's voice)

Oh, I like that! I like that!

AMY

You think? I don't remember!

ON THE CRABS in boiling water, flailing for their lives.

ON Fred eating dinner, later.

Fred's already taken off his tie, but his vest is still tightly buttoned up.

AMY

So how are the crab cakes? Do you fully taste the crab? You know most of the time in a restaurant you only taste the corn meal..

Fred's bored.

FRED

They seem fine, yeah.

She puts spinach into a boiler, reducing it, then saucing it.

AMY

I thought I'd do it oshitashi  
style, like in Japanese  
restaurants.

She sprinkles on some bonito flakes and serves it to Fred.

Fred's more intent with playing with Sebastian. He offers  
some of the spinach and bonito to Sebastian, who averts his  
head in disgust.

SEBASTIAN

Polly wants a croissant!

Fred laughs. Fred gets up and goes and get some meal and  
seeds from the fridge. Brings it to Sebastian, who sits on  
the table.

AMY

What's the matter with you? Don't  
feed Sebastian on the table, he's  
got to get used to eating in his  
cage or we'll never have a minute  
to spare.

FRED

Come on, Amy, it's no big deal.

AMY

I get the feeling, you feeding the  
bird, that my food doesn't interest  
you all that much...

FRED

No, your food's great...

AMY

Really, it tastes good?

FRED

Yeah, of course, it does; but Amy,  
you know everything doesn't always  
have to be about food...

She's taken aback.

AMY

Oh it doesn't...I thought you liked  
it...

FRED

Yea...here Sebastian, come here...

He lets Sebastian sit on his shoulder, nipping at his fingers.

Then he offers Sebastian the remainder of his crab cakes.

SEBASTIAN

Who's your daddy? Huh, who's your daddy?

There's a large strand of crab which Fred holds up.

Sebastian goes for it--Fred raises it, and Sebastian grabs it by the end, pulls it until it breaks.

Fred laughs, doesn't even look at his wife.

She looks ready to break down into tears.

AMY

Do you realize I spent all day making this for you?

FRED

Well don't. You don't have to. You can do something simple for once, one time it doesn't have to be so elaborate...

AMY

Right. Like a TV dinner...

FRED

I've eaten them before. I don't think they killed me.

AMY

Maybe, but that's not what I consider cooking...it's not going to happen around here. What kind of wife serves her family TV dinners...

FRED

Maybe one who's got a life.

He looks over at her, slightly disdainfully. He gets up from the table.

He walks away from his half eaten plate of food. Stands there looking at her.

He begins imitating her voice.

FRED

"How is it?" "How's that taste?"  
 "Is it good?" "Do you like it?"  
 "Are you sure?"

The imitation's not very good--but it does what he wants it to: tears well up in her eyes.

FRED (CONT'D)

(back in his own voice)  
 God, I'm sicking of hearing that every single evening, as if there's nothing else in the world worth thinking about.

Amy starts crying...uses her napkin to muffle her sobs.

FRED

This is ridiculous, I'm going to do some work...

He holds out his hand--and Sebastian comes flying over, settling on his arms.

Fred on one side, with Sebastian, Amy on the other, they face off.

AMY

You know, I can't believe how much you've changed...

FRED

Well, I haven't. We've been having this exact same conversation for the last year...you gotta find something to do with yourself, Amy! This just isn't enough...

He walks out of the dining room, turning back for one last outburst.

AMY

And it's my fucking parrot!

FRED

Yeah, well, until Sebastian just  
got bored out of his mind...

He slams the door.

SEBASTIAN

Thwack! Thwack!

Disconsolate, Amy goes back to the table and finishes her  
dinner alone.

She reaches over and grabs one of his remaining crab cakes  
and eats it too.

INT. KITCHEN, ANOTHER DAY.

Amy's wearing a pink chef's apron today, and We WATCH her  
chop up onions and then blend them in with ground meat.

She chops garlic and does the same with tomatoes.

Then she takes out pasta shells and, stuffing them with the  
meat and onion and tomatoes, layers them into an ever  
enlarging lasagna.

It's labor intensive work--and she does it conscientiously.

INT. FRED'S STUDY. NIGHT.

Fred's working on his computer, and Amy comes in with a plate  
of manicotti.

AMY

Here, baby, have some. You hardly  
ate any earlier.

He keeps typing.

She puts the lasagna in front of him.

AMY

If you didn't like it, maybe the  
recipe wasn't any good...

He keeps on typing. She nudges the lasagna nearer to his  
computer, up against the keyboard.

AMY

I think it's good, but I could make you something else.

FRED

Enough already! Jesus...I don't want any more fucking food!

And he pushes the lasagna away from the computer.

Crushed, Amy takes the food away, out of the den.

INT. KITCHEN, CONTINUOUS.

Once she gets into the kitchen, she starts eating the lasagna off the plate, with her fingers.

Crying, she sits down on the floor and puts her head in her hands.

Then she furtively looks at the lasagna again--and starts cramming the rest of it into her mouth.

She swallows one shell after another until there seems to be only one shell left.

She reaches out for it, then catches herself, leaving it there and continuing to chew.

She'll do that again in the coming days, engorging anything that is placed in front of her:

BACK ON THE STEAMING POT: she's making a cassoulet this time, a confit of duck with beans and sausages, all stewed in pork fat, the whole simmering seductively.

She takes a big spoon, dips it in and takes a big bite. Loves those beans. That duck.

She adds tomato puree and stirs it in, takes another big bite.

ON HER SMOOTHENING OUT FLOUR WITH A ROLLING PIN: she's going to bake a luscious cherry tart.

She cuts up the crust very delicately--and snacks on a couple of cherries in their jelly.

She licks the jam off her fingers and thinks about Fred.

AMY'S VISION: She SEES him smile. Her husband's going to love this.

He reaches out for her and...

She slips out of her panties, her legs just way chubbier than they once were, and...

INT. FRED'S STUDY. NIGHT, LATER.

She brings the luscious desert into him.

He's lying on the ground in front of the computer, meditating on his work.

She tries to feed him the tarte with a spoon.

AMY

Have a bite honey. I've brought you some pie, some cherry pie...

FRED

Amy! Come on. I don't want any pie, Jesus.

He spurns the food, pushing her hand away from his lips, waving her away.

She tries to interest him in herself.

AMY

Okay, forget about the food. We'll forget about it.

FRED

You should...

AMY

What am I supposed to think about then?....You?

She cuddles up next to him, whispering, blowing into his ear.

But he turns over, away from her. Looks at Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN

You're good. You're so good! I want to fuck you so hard.

But he doesn't: Amy puts her head on the pillow beside her husband; he keeps his head turned firmly toward the bird.

Sebastian suddenly makes a loud sound, the SOUND OF A KISS.

Fred laughs.

FRED  
Thank you little sweetie.

SEBASTIAN  
I want to fuck you so hard..

And to her husband's chagrin, she knocks the bird away. He rises, his wings twitching madly.

FRED  
Amy, what in hell are you doing?

Amy bristles, as if she's just been slapped.

INT. BEDROOM, NIGHT.

She carries the food into the bedroom and eats by herself, on their bed. She's crying silently.

Turns on the TV, turns it up.

Spends most of the time admiring the cassoulet, eating it by the forkful.

Then she puts it aside, and turns her attention to the cherry tart, which she takes a big slab of.

Half eaten, half inhaled, it lingers on her cheeks.

Seeing the cherry smeared on her chin, she cleans it off, then returns to eating the rest of the cassoulet.

INT. KITCHEN. ANOTHER DAY.

Now she's cutting up a homemade pate.

ON HER MOUTH ingesting a piece: it fills the screen.

WIDEN just enough to show how broad her face has become.

WIDEN STILL FURTHER to show she's just in front of her stove. She dips down and checks out a cheese souffle, which is baking in the oven.

Next to the stove, there's a TV and on it is Starr Jones who says...

STARR JONES

I'm large and...in Charge...you can be too.

Amy takes the souffle out of the oven now...and goes with it into the dining room.

INT. DINING ROOM. PAST

She places the souffle in the center of the dining room table: there are about a dozen dishes, quite an impressive spread.

There's a cake with candles on it, meat and fish and a gratin of potatoes.

There's also her homemade pate.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL HER watching the tube. She's about 25 pounds heavier than when we saw her, all lithe and sensuous, making it with Fred.

She goes through the dining room into the den. There she sits in front of the TV and snacks on what's left of the cheese souffle batter.

A phone RINGS. She picks up.

AMY

Hey, Mom...

AMY'S MOM (PHONE CHANNEL)

Happy Anniversary, honey!

AMY

Thank you...

AMY'S MOM (PHONE CHANNEL)

Turn the TV off, would you? I can barely hear you.

Amy clicks it to mute, with her remote. You can tell even that effort's somewhat of a strain.

AMY'S MOM

I've got great news for you.  
Remember my friend Lew Rosen? He's  
got the exclusive distributorship  
for this new product, SlimJim...

Amy frowns at the suggestion.

AMY'S MOM

It uses this ancient Chinese herb  
and it works wonders. It really  
works.

AMY

It's probably pure speed...

AMY'S MOM (PHONE CHANNEL)

No, it's organic! All healthy. I'm  
going to send you some. You know  
you need to start watching your  
weight...

AMY

Oh really? You think so?

Amy smells something, turns--she looks back into the kitchen  
where...

A pot's on fire. Sebastian's flying up and away.

SEBASTIAN

Byitch! Beeyitch!

Amy runs to try and douse the fire, flailing at it with a  
kitchen towel, moving Sebastian away as...

AMY'S MOM

(phone channel)

Guys don't like it...I lost Herb  
that way and I don't want to see  
you go through the same pain...of  
course he was a philandering jerk  
and...can you hear me?

Amy's put down the phone, so she can pour water on the fire.

AMY'S MOM

(phone channel)

Okay, don't listen if you don't want to...but don't complain nobody told you so when you watch Fred walk out the door!

AMY (FROM ACROSS THE ROOM)

Thanks Mom for the advice. It really makes me feel a lot better!

AMY'S MOM

(phone channel)

What was that? I can barely hear you. Is Fred there yet?

Amy puts the rest of the fire out.

Then she returns to the phone, picking it up.

AMY'S MOM

(phone channel)

I said "Is Fred home yet?"

AMY

No! He's not. Good-bye Mom. Have a blessed day!

And she hangs up--and slithers down the side of the cabinets, totally depressed.

As she does so, her skirt rips in the back.

She feels around her bulging butt--and her fingers slide over the tear.

It increases, the rip growing larger and larger.

She goes away to change clothes and when she returns, now in a pants suit with a full blouse...

She fans the still noisome air--and opens a window to let the smoke out.

Naturally she looks out into the night.

AMY'S POV: there, below, is an unrecognizable white car, out of which Fred emerges.

The car window zooms down and Amy SEES A WOMAN'S LONG HAIR fill the space, as Fred pulls her to him one more time.

FRED'S WOMAN FRIEND (VO)  
 Hey, baby, one last kiss...

He turns, walks back and gives her what she wants.

Half the hair falls off the woman's face.

Amy watches, and the distress ripples over her as

She SEES Saffron. Saffron, the girl, the star, Saffron, the child star whose hair slips again over her face.

Amy blinks--and Saffron disappears behind Fred's face.

Amy can now see Fred's thick fingers moving over the woman's breasts.

AMY'S VISION: She imagines Fred fumbling inside the woman's panties. Saffron's panties.

She sees him mounting the woman, then pulling her up on top of him as he sits on the floor in their kitchen.

A car door OPENS LOUDLY below.

Amy snaps out of her imagination. Looks down.

Fred has forgotten his gift--he takes it out of the back seat. SLAMS the car door. And then holding the woman's hand, romantically, Fred backs away, finally letting go.

The woman waves. She's got BLONDE HAIR, deep red lips. She's not Saffron, not at all. But her lips form a kiss, which she blows Fred's way.

Sebastian flutters.

SEBASTIAN  
 Thwack! Thwack!

Then the bird rises and goes toward the door--as if he recognizes the sound of Fred's step.

Amy grabs Sebastian, but the bird flaps its wings, escaping--and flies back to the door.

AMY  
 So he's your love, is he? You're a fucking slut...

Amy grabs Sebastian and takes him into the bathroom.

She turns on the water, full steam--and throws Sebastian into the bath.

She leaves Sebastian there and closes the door, firmly, coming right back out to find

Fred entering the apartment. He's carrying a gift sloppily wrapped. A lame assortment of flowers.

FRED

I'm sorry, I know it's our anniversary...

She walks by him, her double or triple chin flapping in the wind.

FRED

I was really busy today...

AMY

Yeah, I know, busy fucking.

He offers up the present---she walks right by him, pushing the present away.

He is stunned, obviously feeling guilty, wondering if he's been busted. He takes off his coat and walks into the kitchen, following her.

FRED

Why are you acting this way?

AMY

No reason. I should content myself by keeping busy in the home, right?...stuffing my face while you're out stuffing yourself into somebody else.

She goes over to the table and starts taking the dishes she's made off it.

They CLANG one after the other as she jets them over into the sink.

Still she can't help but have a spoonful of the cheese souffle. Smacks her lips.

He comes to her.

FRED

I'm sorry. We'll have a party tomorrow.

AMY

What for--celebrating your new girlfriend?

She takes another spoonful of souffle.

He ignores her remark and walks around her, taking off his tie, his vest.

FRED

Sebastian? Where are you, stud?

Amy looks at him spitefully.

AMY

(babytalking it)

There's your real wit-tle partner...you should marry him, it's legal in Spain, you know.

Irked, he walks toward the other end of the house, getting away from her as fast as he can.

FRED

Oh yeah, the present is from my friends...

AMY

Oh, they thought about the day. You forgot! That makes things all better.

He walks into the closed bathroom and....

Suddenly he runs back into the dining room, holding Sebastian aloft.

Sebastian is wet, freaked, harried.

FRED

What in the world happened to Sebastian?

AMY

Hot! He's hot, hot, hot!

Fred grabs a napkin and tries to wipe Sebastian down.

FRED

Jesus, you can't even take care of  
a pet!

Sebastian flutters, angry and fearful, as Fred goes into his  
study, slamming the door.

INT. FRED'S STUDY. NIGHT.

Amy comes inside, wearing a nightgown.

AMY

Okay, treat me like a whore! Like  
one of your whores, I don't care.  
At least the sex might be good.

She looks over at him. He's passed out.

She picks up a knife--and slams the knife down on his glasses  
case, whacking it in two.

His glasses shatter into distinct pieces.

INT. KITCHEN. MORNING

Ready for work, in a crisp blue suit, Fred comes in to find a  
table set for one. He sits down, unfolds his napkin.

FRED

Let's eat a light breakfast from  
now on.

He takes a swig of Orange Juice, another of coffee.

FRED

I'm not criticizing your cooking,  
okay? It's just that these days,  
they're bringing in big lunches at  
the office. They've gotten some  
kind of special deal...with Joe's  
or someplace on the street.

AMY

Oh? So? You getting a little lunch  
hour action?

She brings him some soup, with broth.

AMY

Buying women on the street? Can't keep your mind off it, can you?

FRED

What in the world are you talking about?

AMY

You're not just a cheat. You're a liar. This'll be the last time I cook for you.

She leaves the room--goes in and sits in the den in front of the tube.

AMY

I'm such an idiot! That's your favorite kind of food--poule au pot! So soothing! Like your mother's chicken soup!

FRED

In the morning?

He looks at her; he's puzzled.

AMY

Why not? Look I'll do what you want. I just need money for it. I'll start cooking ever more complicated dishes. Things you've never tasted before. Never even dreamed of tasting.

FRED

What do you mean by that?

He takes one more taste of his breakfast.

FRED (CONT'D)

This is really weird tasting...

Suddenly, and looking shocked, he jumps up, getting some idea of what she may be suggesting.

He leaps over to check the pot on the stove.

Taking off the lid, he SEES

Fred'S POV: a large boiled head inside the soup. Looks like a bird's. A parrot. Sebastian.

He stares at her in rage and horror. Her eyes are dead.

INT. FAMILY COURT. DAY.

An even larger Amy looks directly at the court (and us)

AMY

I've only wanted a simple  
life...sparkling silverware,  
beautiful crystals and beautiful  
music, a Chopin concerto, a man to  
love...

She looks over at her husband, who shakes his head.

AMY

I thought I was the kind of person  
who could enjoy that kind of life.

FRED

All this woman thinks about is  
cooking and sex.

The judge pushes over a simple declaration of non-  
compatibility for both to sign.

AMY

Both of which are beyond his  
capacity...he's ruined all my  
dreams...and I had to substitute  
food for love.

Fred makes a face.

AMY

In place of his dwindling interest,  
all I had was...ice cream. Instead  
of his love, I had pies.

Fred leans forward.

FRED

Your Honor, think of my pain. I  
married a beautiful, charming  
woman.

(MORE)

FRED (cont'd)

A fun person, a prospective Mom...and I woke up next to a food freak. That's all she cared about. I had to eat all that food. I had to appraise it and praise it and criticize it...It disgusted me!

AMY

Well, my body now disgusts me. Only food pleased you...and in some perverse way, eating all that food was my way of placating you for your relentless criticism, your distance, your coldness..

She tears up.

AMY

I used to be beautiful, yes. I weighed a hundred pounds and now I weigh 158...I can't live without being touched. Is that so much to ask of your husband...that he be a lover too?

FRED

How can you make love to someone who murders your family pet? She actually cooked and fed me our parrot...she called it Supreme de Volaille. She's crazy! And sick.

AMY

The bird he loved way more than his wife...

FRED

Next she'll be cooking me...

JUDGE (V.O.)

Easy, here. You're still alive, as far as I can tell. She hasn't attacked you physically, has she? You're not making that claim?

FRED

No, but at her size, I'm going to have to start watching out...

JUDGE

Listen, you've had this woman's admittedly wonderful cooking for 5 years, am I right? You've had her body and her time...you're going to have to compensate her for both.

FRED

But she killed our pet! It's got to be illegal...

JUDGE

What proof do you have? Have you done a DNA analysis?

Fred just looks at him.

FRED

I ate it!

JUDGE

Who says it wasn't just bad chicken? Everything tastes like chicken, doesn't it? Maybe your bird just ran away? Listen, however distasteful the loss of your pet must be, under the laws of this state, your wife has to be given alimony and support.

INT. 10 B.

ON SAFFRON NOW listening intently.

AMY (VO)

Had we lived together any longer, I would have killed him. The wretched cheat! He's lucky to be alive.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL AMY WITH SAFFRON, musing.

AMY

Lucky the judge separated us...hmm, I wonder what he does taste like!  
(she makes a face)  
Rancid and fatty's my guess...very bad for the cholesterol.

She chortles at the thought.

AMY

He wanted to be in your business. A writer...but he failed at that too. Had to write advertising copy, fucking everybody all the way to the top, I'm sure!

But Saffron is disturbed by the whole concept, the story.

SAFFRON

What made you think of cooking the parrot?

AMY

Truthfully?

Saffron nods, repulsed nonetheless.

AMY

Because he was too hyper, he needed something to make him relax! Chicken soup--only I didn't have a chicken handy....

She starts to laugh hysterically. Saffron's disgusted, appalled.

AMY

Only the world's most irritating bird..the only problem was getting his feathers off...

She puts her hand on Saffron, who instinctively backs off.

AMY

But once I did, there wasn't all that much left to eat.

She comes in front of her "friend."

AMY

So I just made a dish for one...and at first, Fred just wolfed it down. Whatever he said. He loved it. His thin little lips leapt for joy.

The thought amuses her, almost as much as it paralyzes Saffron with revulsion.

Amy looks at her and swallows her giggles.

AMY

Maybe I shouldn't be telling you,  
of all people, this-- I'll go make  
you some juice.

INT. 10 A KITCHEN. PRESENT

Amy cuts up carrots and lemons and bananas.

She puts them in the blender with some raspberries. Hits the  
switch and we FIND

Detective Randall pacing in front of the kitchen island.

DETECTIVE RANDALL

So you say she disappeared...one  
day Saffron just left, like that?

He looks at Amy dubiously, as she flips in a final piece of  
mango and dips down to check the speed on the dial.

She adds milk and hits the switch.

The blender starts up with a ROAR, mixing the elements for a  
smoothie.

DETECTIVE RANDALL

I don't get it. Why would she  
leave? She had work to do, her  
agent says, she had a whole new  
role. And people were even  
interested in her writing. Wasn't  
she excited?

Amy looks back at him and thinks.

AMY

You men are such idiots! All of  
you!

And she remembers this:

INT. 10 B. PAST.

The telephone RINGS as Amy starts to leave Saffron's  
apartment.

In the background, we can just SEE the belt Saffron's white terrycloth robe extending from the bed onto the concrete floor.

The answering machine picks up.

DR. VOIGHT (ON THE MACHINE)  
Saffron, are you there? You haven't  
been returning my phone calls? I  
need to hear from you immediately,  
I...

There's a SCREECH as Amy picks up.

DR. VOIGHT  
(phone channel)  
Saffron? Saffron?

AMY  
Who's calling?

DR. VOIGHT  
(phone channel)  
Dr. Voight, her therapist, who are  
you?

AMY  
A friend.

DR. VOIGHT  
Do you know where Saffron is? Is  
she there? Can I speak to her?

AMY  
I don't think so...No.

DR. VOIGHT  
I have to speak to her immediately,  
if you know where she is...

Amy hesitates.

AMY  
Where are you located, Dr.?

DR. VOIGHT  
She knows very well.

AMY  
That's not what I asked you...

INT. DR. VOIGHT'S OFFICE.

He seems excited as Amy stands in front of him.

DR. VOIGHT

She's in trouble. This is a girl  
who left her therapy, stopped  
taking her pills...

AMY

Do you feel abandoned, Dr.?

DR. VOIGHT

Why would you ask?

He moves toward his therapist's mode.

AMY

Because your voice sounds very much  
like the voice of one of her  
suitors, I think, one of these men  
chasing her.

DR. VOIGHT

Just what are you suggesting?

He stops abruptly, staring at her.

She seems to see everything or more at any rate than he  
wants.

DR. VOIGHT

(starting up again before  
she can speak)

Never mind. Never mind. I just need  
to see her. Think what you wish.  
She could do anything. I should  
have her institutionalized again...

AMY

Again?

DR. VOIGHT

It's really none of your  
concern...I can't really answer  
that, it's a matter of  
patient/doctor confidentiality.

AMY

Again? What are you saying, Dr.?

DR. VOIGHT  
She was let go. I let her go.

AMY  
Why?

DR. VOIGHT  
Because she asked me to...

AMY  
Did she ask you "pretty please?"

DR. VOIGHT  
It wasn't doing her any good...

AMY  
Did you do her any good, Doctor?

He seems very distraught.

AMY  
Did you? Did you?

Her voice keeps rising.

AMY  
Did any of you?

EXT. STREETS, DOWNTOWN.

Saffron and Amy get out of a cab in front of a large commercial building.

AMY  
You should be going over there.  
They'd take you in a minute...

She points to another building, on which we see signage for Green Knight Advertising.

SAFFRON  
How's that?

AMY  
That's Fred's place, my husband,  
the asshole. Mr. Big Shot  
Advertiser. He loved you...

She laughs meanly.

AMY (CONT'D)

Among others...so many fucking  
others...

SAFFRON

You can have them all...

She turns, walks directly into the other building.

Amy follows.

INT. CASTING OFFICE.

Saffron goes back into the same room this time--and Amy is  
with her. Her arm's on Saffron, who's resistant. No one else  
is there.

SAFFRON

Look, I appreciate this. But I've  
done it a million times, alone, I  
just don't need the help..

AMY

Yes, you do. Be honest. You skipped  
the last appointment.

SAFFRON

For good reason. It was a waste of  
time...they don't want me.

AMY

Well they must. They called you  
again. Maybe with a little neglect,  
they'll want you more...like all  
men.

SAFFRON

No, they've got a million more of  
them right behind me--all the head  
cheerleaders Texas ever  
produced...that's who they deserve.  
And that's who they want.

AMY

Not according to your agent. He  
says they want you. Y-O-U.

The door opens--there's the casting director, happy to see  
her, kind, excited.

CASTING DIRECTOR  
 Hey, Saffron, I knew we'd find  
 something...you deserve it.

She takes Saffron by the arm, disengaging her from Amy, who  
 seems happy for her neighbor, proud of herself.

INT. CASTING STAGE.

They walk up toward the front. A few people sit in seats, in  
 the dark. There's a light up front. A chair.

CASTING DIRECTOR  
 You're read it, right?

SAFFRON  
 I can do it, yes. 30s, bitter,  
 disappointed...half dead.

CASTING DIRECTOR  
 Smart! Brilliant!

SAFFRON  
 (laughing sardonically)  
 Not smart enough! Maybe not quite  
 stupid enough either...

CASTING DIRECTOR  
 Well, they want you. You. Get with  
 it. Or get out of here. Seriously.

She takes a seat, leaving Saffron time to take a breath and  
 walk up on the stage.

The light's on her.

SAFFRON  
 I'm Saffron Nelson...

A MAN'S VOICE  
 Yeah...

CASTING DIRECTOR  
 Go ahead, from the top....

Saffron concentrates, is about to start when...

SAME MAN'S VOICE  
 How are you, Saffron?

Saffron looks up, looks out.

SAFFRON'S POV: the darkness obscures the faces. They start to come into focus, slowly. A WOMAN, the casting director...

SAME MAN'S VOICE  
Still looking good...the  
unforgettable Saffron Nelson...

The voice is farther to her right. There it is. The face comes into focus. Their eyes lock. The voice is familiar.

SAME MAN'S VOICE  
Right, it's your old buddy Bob.  
Still looking out for you. Other  
people may have given up on  
you..but not me. Go ahead now...

ON SAFFRON--seeing the man who raped her at 13. She looks like she's being eaten by worms, her whole body sagging, the middle of her collapsing. Can't move, can't speak, scared, angry, stupefied.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL AMY watching.

Amy enters the room forcefully.

Before she can speak, Saffron starts shaking her head.

AMY  
Go, go ahead. You have to...

SAFFRON  
Leave me alone...no, no, no,  
leave...just out of here, just  
go..get away from me!

And she collapses into a ball.

Various people help her out of the room, away from Amy.

EXT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING

Saffron exits the building. She's alone, paranoid, looks around. No Amy.

She slumps against a small wall. Looking around.

SAFFRON'S POV: there's the advertising agency "Green, Knight."

She takes a pocket mirror out of her purse. Looks at herself in the mirror.

Pursing her lips, determined, she walks into Green, Knight. Fred's building.

BACK TO

INT. 10 B.

The blender now SHRIEKS as more ice is shoved in it.

DETECTIVE RANDALL

Where is she?

She hovers over the blender, then takes the combo and pours it into a glass filled with ice.

Randall watches her carefully. She scrutinizes him back.

His eyes stray down her smock, catching on her ample breasts, her legs, holding on her thighs, the midriff, until her stare brings them up.

She offers him the smoothie.

AMY

Drink this and leave, would you please.

He nods his head in agreement and we SEE

INT. 10 B. PAST.

Saffron accepting the same type of smoothie from Amy's hands.

She takes a small sip, and as Amy turns to look at her, we HEAR

Saffron beginning to vomit.

She slumps onto the floor, her head on the parquet, regurgitating.

Saffron looks like a beached and dying grouper as she gasps for air.

Amy is troubled by the violence of her friend's reaction--for the first time, perhaps, she looks pained and tender.

She wants to reach out for Saffron, maternally, but Saffron has already turned away, cringing.

ON SAFFRON HAWKING, trying to clear her mouth, her stomach.

INT. SUPERMARKET.

Amy is cruising the market again, looking for something salubrious and regenerative for her friend.

Her eyes light on lush, deeply red strawberries, with all their revitalizing vitamin C.

She SEES cabbages, with their anti-oxidants, carrots and zucchini.

She stops before a fishmonger and palpates his wares, knowing that each mackerel, each salmon has so much omega 6.

But when she passes the meat section, she sees row upon row of meat,

Then she sees the deli--and her attention flickers to the pates.

ON ROW AFTER ROW OF PATES and

ON AMY'S MEMORY OF SAFFRON'S STORY:

she sees A HAND reach up and smear the pate on Saffron's thickening pubescent lips.

Amy is distressed at the thought, the vision.

She SEES her friend suffering under the weight of the man, his finger opening wide her lips. His fat index finger twists into the pate, then burrows into Saffron's mouth.

Saffron looks dead; she doesn't bite, she doesn't move. She just lets the man hold her still, while he heaves his body up and down on top and inside her.

Amy drops her basket at the supermarket and leaves.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD.

Appalled, she walks home. She thinks of....

INT. 10 A KITCHEN.

A KNIFE dropping into its slot, in the wall above Amy's countertop.

INTERCUT WITH AMY WALKING, musing sadly of.....

INT. SAFFRON'S.

Saffron lying on the floor, ashen and sick to the bone.

INT. 10 A KITCHEN.

Amy pours a glass of wine for herself.

She looks out and SEES Saffron walking in her white terry cloth robe.

AMY  
There's nothing in this world, you  
know, for you to eat.

Saffron walks behind her, as she takes a sip from her glass of wine, and touched, Saffron touches Amy, putting her hands on her shoulders.

Amy doesn't pull away from Saffron's sort of caress.

SAFFRON  
At that time, you know back then,  
do you think...

She comes to the side and looks intently at Amy.

SAFFRON  
...do you think Sebastian felt any  
pain?

Amy doesn't respond, lifting her glass to her lips.

SAFFRON  
What do you think?

Something SLAMS, a knife, against the counter.

SAFFRON  
I'm still alive.

CLOSE ON AMY contemplating this suggestion.

ÉNRLARGE TO SHOW Saffron coming in front of her. She drops her terry cloth robe.

She's naked underneath, but she doesn't seem to present herself sexually. Her body's frail; it seems barely able to sustain itself.

She turns around, presenting herself from behind. There's some heft to her ass, there's muscle tissue on her back, her shoulders.

SAFFRON

Do you think I'd taste good too?

Amy jumps up and approaches her friend. She's not quite sure what is being asked of her.

She scans her eyes for clues. Then she takes Saffron in her arms.

The two regard one another, then Saffron falls BELOW FRAME, going down to her knees.

Amy's face contorts in discomfort.

ON SAFFRON, DOWN ON HER KNEES, her face twisted into a plea. An anguished lament.

ON AMY disgusted with the thoughts that are surging inside her. She coughs, tries to suppress the phlegm, the vomit, the fluids that rise inside her too.

BACK ON SAFFRON, on her knees, pleading. She puts something in her mouth. A pill. Others flow out of a vial.

Amy cries out, slaps her, and Saffron coughs out the pill. She looks at Amy in surprise, then falls to the ground, completely prostrate.

Amy takes her to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM.

Amy places Saffron in her huge, silver metal tub. Saffron is completely nude, yet she looks more like a felled deer than a human being.

And Amy leaves the room, goes through the open door out to the living area, the work room, the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN.

Amy paces, seems confused and distraught until the phone RINGS, the MACHINE picks up, and we HEAR...

FRED (VO)

Hey, babe, it's me. I'm sorry I've been a little absent. But since I threw out the psycho bitch, like I told you, I've been afraid she was following me, shit I was afraid she might have seen you the other day...I told you she had this jones for you when she was a kid, I even still have this picture of her dressing up like you...and you were hot then...just like you still are!

Amy GASPS.

Looks through the open door into the bathroom where Saffron has turned at the sound of Fred's voice and is now staring back at her.

Amy slams down the off button on the machine.

AMY

Why didn't you tell me?

There is a slight, anguished smile on Saffron's lips.

Amy takes a knife out of the rack. A cleaver. And she comes back into the bath.

INT. BATHROOM.

Saffron reaches up her hand, faintly; then pulls Amy down to her with a surprising force.

SAFFRON

Because I...I wanted you...to let me go, to hate me...

And she slumps back part way into the tub, a faint smile coming across her lips.

A tear in her eye, Amy raises the cleaver over her head. Below her we SEE Saffron's foot, her leg running up the bathtub, as

Amy comes down with the knife in one fierce WHACK.

Blood spurts over the bathroom as we HEAR another fierce WHACK and ANOTHER AND ANOTHER.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY

Then blood spurts over the kitchen too, as she rolls the body into the room and picks up another knife.

We HEAR it CLICKING ONCE, TWICE, MANY TIMES.

ON AMY, looking at herself in a mirror. She's got spots of blood on her face, blood on her white cooking apron.

She seems dazed, stunned at what she's done.

She washes her hands and the blood comes slowly off them.

The water is a dark pink, as it circles the drain in the sink.

She reaches in and extracts a mass of hair which is temporarily plugging the drain. And the water rushes out once more.

INT. KITCHEN/DINING ROOM. PAST

Amy is on her haunches in front of her sink.

She takes off her bloody apron and we

FOCUS ON HER CUTTING BOARD, which she wipes clean. A shiny knife drops down on it. And

She lights two red candles, one at a time. They shine up at us like eyes.

ON A CLEAN WHITE PLATE, A BOWL WITH A BLUE RIM, Amy's elegant silverware, next to which we SEE a boeuf bourgignon.

TWO HANDS pick up the silver and the right hand cuts, then brings the meat up toward

AMY'S MOUTH. Her lips divide, as she savors the taste.

She chews slowly and carefully.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL ACROSS FROM HER, IN HER IMAGINATION

SAFFRON, eating too now, smiling as she tastes the boeuf bourgignon. She seems to keep the food down. She even raises up a glass in salutation.

BACK ON AMY, dressed differently, alone with her wine glass in front of the food. She fiddles with it, as if checking out the taste carefully.

She looks toward the bathroom where she SEES

AN IMAGE OF SAFFRON, sitting up in the tub, her throat slit.

The blood looks as if it's in a straight line, across her neck. She looks like a slaughtered calf.

ON THE EATING AMY, dropping her fork.

CUT TO:

INT. 10 A. BED

Amy twists and turns in her bed. There's just a glimmer of the day's first light.

Then she SEES this, HER ULTIMATE AND FINAL FANTASY.

There's a KNOCKING at the door.

AMY (V.O.)  
Who is it?

SAFFRON (V.O.)  
It's me, 10 B.

ON AMY IN BED, HALF ASLEEP. She's naked.

THE GHOST OF SAFFRON comes around behind the bed, behind Amy-- an elegant wraith, she looks down at her friend.

She reaches down and plays with Amy's long black hair. Amy's rosy cheeks start to shine.

SAFFRON  
From now on, I'll write a cooking diary for you...

She paces behind the bed.

Amy continues to sleep.

SAFFRON

You'll eat deliciously,  
spectacularly. There's nothing you  
won't be able to do...

Saffron throws open the pantry.

She puts one pot, one skillet after the other, just flinging  
them onto the counter, the stove top.

She turns, as if to leave, then stops and looks back at the  
sleeping Amy.

ON AMY, whose eyes, though closed, dance underneath her lids.

Her mouth grimaces, as if she's talking to herself. She  
twists and turns. She's clearly extremely agitated.

SAFFRON

And you'll understand I'll forgive  
you...

Saffron walks over to Amy and puts her hand on Amy's  
forehead, then gently she pats back Amy's hair. As Saffron  
strokes her, Amy's tortured sleep calms. Her face relaxes,  
the lines disappear from it.

SAFFRON

And you'll forgive me too...

Amy's eyes cease palpitating underneath her lids. She sleeps  
the sleep of the just, leaving Saffron to disappear and us to  
ponder

ON THE SLEEPING AMY and her strangely untroubled dreams.

FADE OUT.