

FREEWAY

by **Matthew Bright**

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BLACK SCREEN:

A semi-literate GIRL with a Texas drawl is READING OUT LOUD.

VANESSA (O.S.)

The caaaa....

INT. CLASSROOM - SAME MOMENT

FADE IN to a classroom where the voice is seen to belong to VANESSA, a beautiful but hard-looking teenager with a cute little pony tail and a nose that looks like it's been busted a couple of times, standing by her desk reading from the blackboard while a SPECIAL ED TEACHER points to each word of a simple phrase in chalk, "The cat drinks milk". She's wearing tons of MAKEUP and lots of little girl plastic "Barbie" jewelry.

ANGLE ON STUDENTS

The BOYS are excruciatingly unattractive, their clothes proudly expressing their antisocial sentiments, while the GIRLS seem in competition to look as cheap and slutty as possible. Sitting by Vanessa is her BLACK BOYFRIEND CHOPPER, a huge fourteen-year-old who's built like a pitbull.

TEACHER

What's that, Vanessa?

VANESSA

Teee....

TEACHER

And what sound do we want?

VANESSA

Cat!

TEACHER

Good... Continue.

VANESSA

The cat drinnn...

TEACHER

Think of the "K" sound now with the "Ssss" sound after.

VANESSA

The cat drinks milk.

TEACHER

Good work, Vanessa.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHOPPER

All right!

The BELL RINGS and Vanessa turns to Chopper who grins proudly as he pulls her close for a kiss.

EXT. SCHOOL - FEW MINUTES LATER

Chopper's arm is around Vanessa as they walk toward a row of BIKES at a stand. Now Chopper removes the chain, holding the bike steady so Vanessa can perch up on the handlebars.

EXT. NATIONAL CITY BUSINESS DISTRICT - AFTERNOON

Vanessa and Chopper ride through town.

EXT. INTERSECTION - CURBSIDE LATE AFTERNOON

RAMONA, a scrawny hooker in her mid 30's, busily plies her trade from the curb adjacent to a traffic signal, doing her energetic best to flag down business. She wears a wrinkled black mini-skirt held up with a safety pin, has bad teeth, chain smokes Kools, her complexion's a mess, her hair unkempt and she speaks with a voice that's hoarse and alcoholic - yet amazingly STRIDENT. She's gaudily made up, looking as though her cosmetics have been applied without the aid of a mirror. Try as she might, she can't hide a nickel size herpy beneath her lower lip. Behind her stands a cheap MOTEL with rooms entered into from the outside.

ANOTHER ANGLE

A car with a respectable middle aged BLACK MAN at the wheel of a late model Buick stops for a red light next to Ramona.

RAMONA

Hey, mister... I got my own place.

Ramona gestures to the motel and grins invitingly but the man ignores her. When he finally moves on she mutters angrily.

RAMONA (CONT'D)

Yeah, screw you too... Fuckin' nigger.

Unknown to Ramona, Chopper and Vanessa ride up from behind where Vanessa slides off the handlebars to regard her angrily.

VANESSA

What are you doin', mom?

Ramona turns, horrified at the unexpected appearance of her DAUGHTER. So she goes brazen, trying to appear unruffled.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAMONA

Oh, hey there... What are you two
doin' home so early?

VANESSA

It's not so early, mom.

CHOPPER

How ya' doin', Mrs. Lutz?

VANESSA

Don't even talk to her, Chopper.

CHOPPER

I'll see you later, Vanessa.

Vanessa stares angrily at her mother as Chopper rides off.

RAMONA

Goodbye, Chopper... Give my best to
your mom for me.

CHOPPER

Will do, Mrs. Lutz.

Vanessa is now alone with her mother.

VANESSA

You said you weren't gonna do this
no more, mom.

RAMONA

Look, I am stressed out enough from
all the crap your father's given me
today, okay?

VANESSA

Larry's not my father, mom.

RAMONA

And if you're gonna be a smart
mouth, you can just get out'a my
face right now!

Vanessa turns and heads toward the motel.

RAMONA (CONT'D)

(calling)

You don't know a goddamn thing about
life, Vanessa! You know that? Not
a goddamn thing!

EXT. MOTEL ROOM DOORWAY, - MOMENTS LATER

Mom's 30-year-old boyfriend LARRY slouches in the doorway in
an undershirt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Covered in dark green prison tattoos, he sullenly nurses a beer and watches his common law wife flag down tricks. Vanessa is contemptuous as she approaches but he just grins stupidly, refusing to step aside for her.

VANESSA

Just lemme through, Larry.

LARRY

What's the magic word?

VANESSA

Fuck you, you piece'a shit!

Larry laughs as Vanessa pushes past him into the motel room.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - SAME MOMENT

The place is a RATHOLE - clothes strewn everywhere, grease stains on the walls, a hotplate and a tiny 'fridge on the dressing table, cardboard boxes overflowing with clothes and a T.V. bolted into the wall. Vanessa clears some space on the dresser to put her books down and takes a beer from the refrigerator before making some room on the couch so she can sit. Meanwhile, Larry continues slouching in the doorway watching mom trying to drum up business out on the curb.

LARRY

So how was school?

VANESSA

Oh, like you really care, Larry!

(muttering)

Fuckin' asshole...

Vanessa reaches between the cushions on the couch, finally finding the remote control and switching on the T.V.

LARRY

Look, your mama an' me spent the whole day securin' rent vouchers and we could both use a little consideration, okay?

Vanessa watches T.V. transfixed, ignoring Larry.

INSERT OF T.V. SCREEN

A Looney Toon featuring THE BIG BAD WOLF chasing LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANOTHER ANGLE

VANESSA

Don't it bother you, your own wife
bringin' off all them strange guys
for money?

LARRY

I make her use mouthwash after.

VANESSA

Oh, you like that minty fresh taste
huh, Larry?

LARRY

Vanessa Lutz, I am gettin' ready to
take a seriously big shit right on
top'a your pointy little head.

EXT. CURB - SAME MOMENT

A car pulls up by Ramona with a mousy little MAN regarding
her inside. She looks at him, muttering through clenched
teeth she hopes looks like a smile.

RAMONA

Hey there, you lil' fucker.

Now she leans in on the passenger side to negotiate.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - SAME MOMENT

As Vanessa stares transfixed at the cartoon, Larry lifts a
GLASS PIPE to his mouth, to take a massive hit of
AMPHETAMINE.

T.V. NEWSCASTER (O.C.)

We interrupt this program to go live
to L.A. County Sheriff's
Headquarters where a press
conference is now in progress
regarding the grisly find yesterday
morning along the San Diego Freeway
in Torrance.

INSERT OF T.V.

A laconic DETECTIVE in his fifties speaks to REPORTERS.

DETECTIVE WALLACE

The two females have been identified
as nineteen year old Tempest Mueller
of Downey and sixteen year old Corky
Poindexter of Bellflower.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE WALLACE (CONT'D)

Both females have extensive arrest records for prostitution and are now being considered as victims of the individual known as the "I-10 Killer."

The channel CHANGES.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Vanessa turns to see Larry holding the remote in his hand.

VANESSA

I happened to be watchin' that, Larry!

Vanessa tries to snatch the remote but Larry holds it out of reach.

LARRY

Forget it!

Now Vanessa gives up, folding her arms and sulking.

VANESSA

You just don't want me hearin' about that killer out there... But what if that guy just drove up right this second an' snatched mom, huh? What would you have to say then, smart guy?

LARRY

First of all, she'd kick his ass. An' second of all, that killer's all the way up in L.A., okay?

Larry slips the pipe under Vanessa's chin, expelling a huge cloud of amphetamine smoke into her face. She curses him under her breath and pushes his hand away as he takes another hit and leans breathlessly back into the cushions.

ANGLE ON VANESSA

as Larry's hand slowly moves INTO FRAME and FEELS HER BREAST in a recreational sort of way as opposed to aggressively. Vanessa doesn't notice at first, continuing to watch T.V. But then it impedes on her concentration and she absently pushes his hand away, still transfixed by the show. But when he reaches over a second time and roughly gropes her breast she notices in a big way and rears up on her knees to deliver a really hard punch to his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VANESSA
Keep your hands off my anatomy,
Larry, or I swear to fuckin' God...

LARRY
(laughs)
What'll you do, Vanessa?

VANESSA
I'll tell mom!

LARRY
Yeah, like she's really gonna
believe you.

VANESSA
I'm not up for your shit, Larry,
okay? In fact, I'm mad as hell at
you right now.

As Vanessa turns to walk away, Larry reaches out.

INSERT OF VANESSA'S REAR

Larry puts a finger in her belt loop and yanks her backward.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Vanessa is pulled back into a sitting position on the couch.

VANESSA
Goddamnit, Larry!

LARRY
Just one little bitty hit, okay?

Vanessa wriggles away, getting on her knees and punching his
head and shoulders and various vulnerable spots. And though
the blows really hurt, he's laughing too.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Shit! Ow! God, you hit hard!

VANESSA
Fucker!

Vanessa turns to watch T.V., her arms folded over her chest.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
Now you just behave!

INT. CAR - SAME MOMENT

Ramona's sitting next to a nervous and stammering TRICK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAMONA

Honey, I can't help you if you can't even tell me what you want.

MAN

Look, maybe we'd better just forget this whole...

Desperate to make a score, Ramona throws caution to the wind and openly solicits her trick.

RAMONA

(interrupting)

I bet ya' like gettin' your weiner sucked, don't ya'?

MAN

Uhhh... Yeah, I guess... Uhhh...

RAMONA

Now how come that don't surprise me?

MAN

What would a thing like that cost?

RAMONA

Thirty dollars.

Now the trick produces a BADGE - he's a VICE COP!

MAN

Sheriff's Department... You're under arrest.

EXT. CAR - SAME MOMENT

Two cop cars pull up from behind, and as the COPS get out putting on protective rubber gloves, Ramona entreats them with outstretched hands in hoarse and grating tones.

RAMONA

Officer, I did nothing wrong! I did not do anything wrong!

COP 1

Take it easy, lady.

As Ramona turns and attempts to just stroll away, her erstwhile trick grabs her, bending her over the hood of the car and cuffing her hands behind her back.

COP

Where do you think you're goin'?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAMONA

Oww! Owww! You're hurting me,
sir! You are hurting my arms!
(beat/matter of fact)
Listen, my smokes are in my back
pocket.

LADY COP

What's your name, miss?

RAMONA

Ramona Lutz.

The lady cop takes Ramona's purse and empties it onto the
hood of the car - lipstick, condoms, chewing gum, a card
that reads, "METHADONE AUTHORIZATION CARD," and her motel
key which the lady cop picks up and regards.

COP

You're staying at this motel?

Ramona nods, then watches the cop drop a SMALL GLASS PIPE
from her purse onto the hood of the patrol car.

RAMONA

I never saw that in my life and
that's the God's truth, officer!

LADY COP

You're telling me that brown residue
isn't narcotics?

RAMONA

Officer, that does not belong to me!

LADY COP

What is that, speed? You look like
a speedy kind'a gal.

RAMONA

Please... Just listen, okay... My
daughter's here with me... She just
got back from Children's Services...
I can't afford another bust or
they're gonna take her away again...
They're gonna take my baby!

LADY COP

You know, this pipe—constitutes
Probable Cause.

Ramona hasn't a clue as to what the cop is talking about.

LADY COP (CONT'D)

So we're gonna have to take a look
inside your motel room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RAMONA

Officer, please... My husband is in there resting.

COP 2

(cruel amusement)

Does your husband know you're out here soliciting?

RAMONA

Oh, give us fuckin' break!

LADY COP

Does your husband own a firearm, Ramona?

RAMONA

Larry's on parole, officer... He got rid of his guns a long time ago.

LADY COP

We're gonna be really unhappy if you're not telling us the truth, Ramona.

RAMONA

(breaking down)

Officer, I am telling you the truth!

LADY COP

Okay, come on... Let's go.

The lady cop takes Ramona's arm to lead her off to the motel.

RAMONA

Oh, God... You're makin' me wish I was dead, officer!

(really LOUD)

Are you FUCKIN' HAPPY ABOUT THAT?

The lady cop spins Ramona around to deliver a sharp rebuke.

LADY COP

You just cut that out right now or you're gonna be hogtied!

RAMONA

Oh, God... Officer, listen. Listen to me.

LADY COP

Shut your mouth now! Not another word!

Now the cops escort Ramona toward the motel.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The cops enter.

LADY COP
Sheriff's Department, Larry... We
need to talk to you a minute.

INT. MOTEL BEDROOM - SAME MOMENT

The cops enter to see Larry in boxer shorts and undershirt, straddling Vanessa's chest and sucking on his pipe. Now one of them grabs Larry by the hair in back, holding him steady so another can relieve him of the pipe in his hand.

LADY COP
Who's the girl, Larry?

As Larry is lifted to his feet Vanessa sits up. Just then Ramona is escorted into the room, unaware that her boyfriend was just discovered sitting on her daughter's chest.

RAMONA
Please don't take my baby!

LADY COP
You diddlin' the daughter, Larry?

RAMONA
What sort'a Goddamn question is
that?

LADY COP
I told you to keep quiet!

LARRY
Look, she ain't my real daughter,
okay... And nothin's goin' on...

Vanessa gets up from the bed, straightening her hair and clothes as the cops handcuff Larry.

LADY COP
Just who is this man to you?

VANESSA
He's my stepfather.

LARRY
Hey, could I get my smokes?

LADY COP
(to cops)
Take the parents in the other room
and I'll talk to the juvenile.

Larry and Ramona are taken out, leaving Vanessa with the cop.

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CONTINUED:

LADY COP (CONT'D)

What's your name, miss?

VANESSA

Vanessa Lutz.

LADY COP

(looks around)

Well, kid... I sure don't envy this situation you're in here.

VANESSA

My parents have been goin' through some rough times lately. You know, with finances an' all.

LADY COP

I see they still have enough money left over to buy drugs.

VANESSA

I wouldn't be comfortable talkin' 'bout stuff like that, 'mam.

LADY COP

I'm going to ask you a question, okay? And don't get upset either. It's important.

VANESSA

What?

LADY COP

Is there some sort of sexual activity going on between your stepfather and yourself?

Vanessa is silent, unwilling to incriminate family members.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - SAME MOMENT

Vanessa enters with the lady cop to see Larry and Ramona on the couch with their hands cuffed behind their backs.

RAMONA

Don't let them take my baby... Oh, please...

COP 4

If you love her so much, how come you don't clean up around here once and awhile?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAMONA

Sir, I do clean up! But my sister died in Washington three months ago... I have been under a great deal of stress... I am trying to get off methadone...

COP 2

You're on methadone?

RAMONA

(pleading)

Oh, gimme a fuckin' cigarette!

LADY COP

I told you to keep quiet!

VANESSA

Would you just let her have one?
She'll be okay if you just give her one!

The lady cop relents in "the battle of the cigarette," mostly to spare Vanessa further embarrassment.

RAMONA

They're in my back pocket.

Ramona turns so the cop can fish a pack of Kools from her pocket, putting it in her mouth and lighting it for her.

RAMONA (CONT'D)

(to Vanessa)

Are you mad at me, honey? Please don't be mad.

VANESSA :

I'm not mad, Mom.

RAMONA

Then come on over here and gimme a big old hug... I'm probably not gonna be seein' you for awhile.

Vanessa goes over and hugs her mother who's crying again.

RAMONA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, pooh bear... I'm so sorry.

(beat)

You still love me?

VANESSA

I love you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RAMONA
I love you more.

Vanessa is too demoralized to play the "I Love You More" game.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM DOORWAY - FEW MINUTES LATER

Vanessa stands with TWO COPS in the doorway while Ramona's on her stomach BEING HOGTIED by several officers. Meanwhile Larry sits in the rear of a black & white, banging his head over and over against the glass.

RAMONA
(harsh animal pain)
Owww! Owww! Tell this goddamn
bulldoze to get her fuckin' knee
out'a my back!

The cops hoist Ramona like a pig at a luau.

RAMONA (CONT'D)
You're hurting me, sir! Owww!
You're hurting me, goddamnit!
(animal pain)
My spine! My spine!

After Romona is hoisted into the rear of the black & white, the lady cop steps back to where Vanessa stands watching as Larry and her mother are driven away.

LADY COP
Children's Services are on the way.

VANESSA
Oh, that's just great.

LADY COP
No offense, kid... But anything's an
improvement over this.

Now Vanessa fixes the lady cop with a pointed stare.

LADY COP (CONT'D)
Okay, what do you think we should
do? Just leave you here?

VANESSA
I could go to your place.

LADY COP
What, are you kidding?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VANESSA

I'm serious... I could do all kinds of chores while you was out messin' people up.

LADY COP

I couldn't do that... Besides... It would be contrary to department policy.

VANESSA

You're lyin'.

LADY COP

No, I'm not.

VANESSA

Yeah, you are... If you don't want to, why can't you just say it straight out?

LADY COP

I don't want to.

VANESSA

(humiliated)

Okay then.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - SHORT TIME LATER

Vanessa stands with the lady cop, when a WOMAN driving a station wagon with a wire mesh grating separating the driver's seat from the rear of the vehicle pulls into the parking lot. This is MRS. SHEETS, a juvenile worker well known to Vanessa, getting out of her car and walking over.

VANESSA

Hey, Mrs. Sheets... I guess you heard the news.

MRS. SHEETS

Hello, Vanessa... I hear your mother might be away for awhile.

VANESSA

This is her third arrest this year so she's lookin' at a six months mandatory.

LADY COP

We're holding the stepfather on multiple parole violations.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. SHEETS

I'm so sorry about this, Vanessa.

(beat)

I can take over now, officer...

LADY COP

Good luck, kid.

VANESSA

Yeah, thanks... Come on over an'
ruin my life again real soon.

Now the lady cop gets in her car and drives off.

MRS. SHEETS

You didn't have to be so hard on
that officer, Vanessa. She was only
doing her job.

VANESSA

She just took my whole family off to
jail, okay?

Vanessa falls into Mrs. Sheet's arms, sobbing bitterly.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Gosh, I just hate pigs so much.

Vanessa pulls away from Mrs. Sheets and dries her eyes.

MRS. SHEETS

Come on now... Let's go gather up
your things.

Vanessa follows Mrs. Sheets toward the motel.

VANESSA

You're gonna put me in foster care
now, aren't you?

MRS. SHEETS

I'll consider any alternative you'd
like to suggest, but I don't...

VANESSA

My grandma'd be an alternative.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mrs. Sheets follows Vanessa in and looks around in disgust.

MRS. SHEETS

This is the first I've heard of a
grandma.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VANESSA

Yeah, on my father's side... My real father.

Vanessa takes an old and yellowed photo from her PLASTIC "BARBIE" WALLET, handing it to Mrs. Sheets.

INSERT OF PHOTO

showing a SWEET LITTLE OLD LADY. Then she turns it over to see an address reading, "NAOMI FROHLEGGER, BLACK FOREST TRAILER COURT - 11939 S. MANCHESTER BLVD., OAKLAND, CA."

VANESSA (O.S.)

She'd take me in... Most likely.

ANOTHER ANGLE

MRS. SHEETS

You don't sound too sure.

VANESSA

Actually, she don't know about me yet.

MRS. SHEETS

Well, that's not going to do us much good for tonight.

Vanessa appears crestfallen.

MRS. SHEETS (CONT'D)

Why haven't you gotten in touch with her before now?

VANESSA

Before I was born, there was 'sposed to be this bad blood between her an' my mom... I guess some harsh words were spoken, 'cuz mom's supposed to have tossed this chemical in her face that burned her skin.

MRS. SHEETS

Lovely...

VANESSA

I tried getting her on the phone once but she wasn't listed.

Vanessa sighs unhappily, then begins going through the mess, gathering her belongings in a shopping bag.

INT. MOTEL BEDROOM - SAME MOMENT

Mrs. Sheets enters and regards the mess with great distaste.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VANESSA (O.S.)

If I could just get up to that
Oakland place, I know I'd find her.

MRS. SHEETS

(patronizing)

Just like that, huh?

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mrs. Sheets steps in from the bedroom to see Vanessa
stuffing more belongings into her shopping bag.

VANESSA

Oh, I know what I need...

Vanessa goes to the DRESSER, glancing to make sure Mrs.
Sheets isn't watching, then REACHES INTO ONE OF THE DRAWERS.

INSERT OF DRAWER

Vanessa opens a small cardboard box to reveal various SEX
TOYS belonging to Larry and her mom - racy underwear, a
vibrator from Thrifty, french ticklers, a little sex
magazine, "Black Love incense," and a PAIR OF HANDCUFFS.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Vanessa turns and stares intently at Mrs. Sheets.

INSERT OF MRS. SHEETS' FEET

by the dressing table. Suddenly Vanessa's hand comes into
frame and in a single motion she cuffs Mrs. Sheets' ankle to
the leg of the dresser, effectively chaining her in place.

MRS. SHEETS (O.S.)

What on Earth!

Mrs. Sheets falls and twists her ankle, yelping in pain.
Now Vanessa moves in to help her into a more comfortable
position.

VANESSA

Oh, shit... I'm sorry... Lemme get
you turned around here.

Vanessa can't help but grin a little at Mrs. Sheets' plight.

MRS. SHEETS

Vanessa, this isn't funny!

Vanessa grabs the shopping bag containing her belongings and
the car keys from the dresser.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VANESSA

Now look... If you hollar loud enough, Mr. Wong'll come and set you free... He's the day manager. I'll leave the key for him here.

Vanessa lays the keys to the handcuffs on the floor, then turns at the door to add one final word.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Mr. Wong's Chinese.

EXT. MOTEL - SAME MOMENT

Vanessa hurriedly gets behind the wheel of a beat up old station wagon as Mrs. Sheets is HEARD beginning to shout for help from inside the motel room.

INT. VANESSA'S CAR - SAME MOMENT

Vanessa turns the ignition but it WON'T START. While she keeps working it, she spies the Chinese MANAGER on his rounds going nearer to the room in which Mrs. Sheets is calling for help. Now she sees him loiter at the door to listen before taking out his pass key to gain entry. Then she finally gets the motor to turn over, sighing in relief. But the SOUND of the engine indicates that this car is in terrible shape. Now she carelessly slams it in reverse and rolls backward into the street before slamming it in forward and driving off to leave billowing clouds of exhaust in her wake.

INT. VANESSA'S CAR - SHORT TIME LATER

Vanessa reaches under the seat and grabs a can of warm beer, popping the top and taking a gulp. Then she takes a cassette from the floor and puts on ear-splitting HEAVY METAL MUSIC.

VANESSA

(muttering/desperate)

Where the fuck are you, Chopper?

Now she turns a corner to spy CHOPPER on the sidewalk, evidently having an argument with TWO LATINO GANG MEMBERS.

EXT. SIDEWALK - SAME MOMENT

Vanessa pulls up in front of Chopper who turns to her.

INT. VANESSA'S CAR - SAME MOMENT

Chopper leans in the window to see Vanessa crying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VANESSA

We're fucked, Chopper! We're
totally fucked!

As Chopper climbs into the passenger seat and turns off the
music, Vanessa falls into his arms and sobs bitterly.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Just after you left, the pigs came
an' pinched my mom an' Larry both!

Chopper becomes appropriately grim.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

And then my probation officer showed
up like the motherfuckin' plague to
take me into foster care again...
Just like last time.

CHOPPER

So how'd you get here?

VANESSA

I cuffed her ankle to the big
dresser in the front room.

Though crying, she can't help but smile at the memory.

CHOPPER

That wasn't too smart, Vanessa.

VANESSA

I'm goin' up north, Chopper... And
unless you don't care about ever
seein' me again, you're gonna have
to get in this car right now an'
come along too.

CHOPPER

I gotta be in Court for sentencing
next week... I don't show, I'm gonna
get a year in Camp Gonzalez for
sure.

VANESSA

Then I'm on my own.

CHOPPER

Where you headed up north?

VANESSA

My grandma's up in Oakland.

CHOPPER

You got any money?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Seeing she has nothing, Chopper digs into his pocket and pulls out a WAD OF DOLLAR BILLS.

CHOPPER (CONT'D)
That's like ten bucks there... But
it won't get you to Oakland.

Now Chopper reaches into his waistband and produces a tiny .22 CAL. PISTOL which he places in her hands.

CHOPPER (CONT'D)
So you take this along an' try an'
sell it later on... It's from Spain.

VANESSA
I love you so much, Chopper.

Vanessa pulls Chopper close to share a last wet kiss.

EXT. VANESSA'S CAR - SAME MOMENT

Chopper steps out and watches Vanessa pull away.

INT. VANESSA'S CAR - SAME MOMENT

Tears stream down Vanessa's face as she drives off.

VANESSA'S POV

as she spies Chopper grow smaller in the rear view mirror.

VANESSA
Goodbye, Chopper... My beloved
boyfriend.

EXT. STREET - SAME MOMENT

As Chopper watches Vanessa drive off, a LOWRIDER CAR filled with LATINO GANG MEMBERS pulls up beside him at the curb. Then a SKINNY KID leans out the window, (ONE OF THE CHOLOS CHOPPER WAS ARGUING WITH MOMENTS BEFORE), regarding him with a really sick grin.

SKINNY KID
So like... Where's the party?

Chopper reaches for his pistol, then remembers he gave it to Vanessa. Now he leaps for cover behind some trashcans.

INSERT OF CHOLO'S PISTOL

a distinctive looking weapon (IMPORTANT FOR LATER), pointed out from the lowrider and FIRING REPEATEDLY IN SLOW MOTION.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON CHOPPER

at NORMAL SPEED, a hail of bullets cuts him down halfway to the trashcans. And as he hits the sidewalk, the car roars off, the horn honking the first few bars to "The Godfather". Meanwhile Chopper writhes in agony a moment, then DIES.

CUT TO:

EXT. FREEWAY ENTRANCE - SHORT TIME LATER

A sign at the onramp reads - "ENTRANCE - INTERSTATE 10 - TO LOS ANGELES". Vanessa pulls onto the ramp.

EXT. FREEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

As Vanessa pulls into traffic the freeway is shown to exaggerate the chaos of thousands of cars and trucks all roaring along in a choking yellow miasma of dust and exhaust.

INT. VANESSA'S CAR - DUSK

Vanessa can barely keep the car steady as water vapor rises from under the hood.

EXT. SHOULDER - SAME MOMENT

Vanessa pulls over and gets out, opening the hood for a look. While doing so a late model VOLVO STATION WAGON passes with a MAN inside who's seen to be regarding her, craning his head around as he passes. Then he pulls onto the shoulder ahead and backs up until he's just a few feet away. But with her head under the hood, Vanessa doesn't notice his approach.

ANOTHER ANGLE

BOB WOLVERTON steps out - a young, handsome, professorial kind of guy in his mid 30's.

BOB
Havin' some trouble there?

VANESSA
Yeah, the fuckin' cocksucker
won't...

Vanessa turns, instantly taken by Bob's good looks.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
'Scuse my bad language, mister.

BOB
Mind if I take a look?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VANESSA

Go for it.

Bob rolls up his sleeves and leans in under the hood.

BOB

Get in behind the wheel and give it
some gas.

Vanessa gets behind the wheel to turn the ignition, making
the engine sound like a bunch of coins in a garbage
disposal.

INT. VANESSA'S CAR - SAME MOMENT

Bob steps around and leans inside the passenger window.

BOB

I hate to break the news, kid... But
I'm afraid this car's had it.

VANESSA

I knew it was only a matter of time.

BOB

Where you headed?

VANESSA

My grandma's up in Oakland.

BOB

I'm only going as far as L.A... But
you're welcome to ride along if you
like.

VANESSA

Really, mister?

BOB

Come on.

Vanessa leans over into the back seat to grab the shopping
bag containing her belongings.

VANESSA

Lemme grab my stuff... And thanks!

As Bob walks back to his car, Vanessa takes the PISTOL
Chopper gave her from her waistband and stuffs it down amid
the clothes inside the shopping bag.

EXT. BOB'S CAR - SAME MOMENT

Bob sits behind the wheel as Vanessa steps over and tosses
the shopping bag in the rear of his Volvo.

INT. BOB'S CAR - SAME MOMENT

Bob watches as Vanessa gets in the passenger seat beside him.

BOB
Shouldn't we call a tow truck?

VANESSA
Nah... Cal Trans'll take care of
it... I know... My mom used to do
part time work for them.

(beat)
So what do I call you, mister?

Bob reaches over to shake hands with Vanessa.

BOB
My name is Bob Wolverton.

VANESSA
I'm Vanessa Lutz.

BOB
Well, Vanessa... Put on your
seatbelt and we'll get going.

Vanessa puts on her seatbelt. And as Bob pulls onto the highway she notices some BOOKS on the seat between them and picks one up to regard the cover.

VANESSA
So what's this all about?

BOB
It's a psychological manual I use at
my work. I'm a counselor at a
school for boys with emotional
problems.

VANESSA
Just boys, huh? No girls at all?

BOB
I'm afraid not.
(beat)
So how's your family feel about this
trip of yours to Oakland?

VANESSA
I don't got no family just at the
moment.

BOB
Everyone's got family.

VANESSA
Shows how much you know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB

You want to talk about it?

VANESSA

Not really.

BOB

I'm sorry... It's an unfortunate habit of mine... Sticking my nose in where I shouldn't.

VANESSA

That's a bad habit all right.

BOB

Don't rub it in, okay? It's my job.

(beat)

I see a kid who looks like they're in trouble, I automatically start asking all kinds of questions... I guess it's become second nature.

VANESSA

It's that obvious, huh?

BOB

What is?

VANESSA

Me bein' in trouble.

BOB

Hey, the offer's still open.

After a long moment, Bob speaks in gentle and friendly tones.

BOB (CONT'D)

It's funny how much easier it is sharing with a total stranger, things you'd never be able to talk about with your closest friends.

VANESSA

Yeah, I have noticed that... That's really crazy, huh?

BOB

Now the kids I work-with... I don't normally press them to go on about themselves... I just let them know it's okay if they want to.

VANESSA

I guess my biggest problem right now has to do with my mom bein' in jail.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOB

That sounds like a bad situation all right.

VANESSA

That's why I'm goin' to my grandma's.

BOB

You mind my asking why your mother's in jail?

VANESSA

It's pretty embarrassing.

BOB

Why should you be embarrassed because of another person's actions?

VANESSA

I'm not real comfortable talkin' about that stuff... I think it makes me look like a low type person.

BOB

You know... Most of the kids I see... Even the most troubled... Most of the time they just need someone to listen to them.

VANESSA

Yeah, but you probably get sick'a all them sad stories, day in an' day out...

BOB

No, I love my work... I couldn't imagine doing anything else... Not ever.

VANESSA

(fighting tears)

I wouldn't mind talkin' to someone, I guess. I just wouldn't know where to begin.

BOB

Why don't you start with your mother? But only if you want to.

After a moment, Vanessa speaks in a choked and tiny voice.

VANESSA

My mama's a whore.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Tears spring from Vanessa's eyes as she makes this admission.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Thanks, mister... I mean, Bob.

(beat)

I can't believe I'm talkin' about this stuff.

BOB

So you have no one right now.

VANESSA

My mom's in jail... An' it looks like my stepfather's next parole officer ain't even been born yet.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - SHORT TIME LATER

Vanessa sits happily eating an enormous hot fudge sundae, a plate smeared with gravy giving evidence to her having just finished a large meal.

VANESSA

Now my real father was this merchant marine out'a Texas. But he got stabbed to death on one'a them container ships by this guy from Pakistan before I was born.

(beat)

All I have'a him's this one picture.

Vanessa pulls a WORN PHOTO from her wallet, giving it to Bob.

INSERT OF PHOTO

a heavy-lidded, somewhat darker version of RICHARD SPECK.

VANESSA (O.S.)

(proudly)

That's my daddy.

ANOTHER ANGLE

BOB

He looks... Interesting.

VANESSA

You think?

BOB

Oh, absolutely.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VANESSA

I think so too.

BOB

And I know your grandmother's going to be so proud when she finds out what a lovely granddaughter she has.

Vanessa blushes at being called lovely.

BOB (CONT'D)

But given your situation, I think maybe foster care might be the way to go for now.

VANESSA

You don't know, Bob. Sometimes them places are okay... But a lot'a times them people are just in it for the check the state sends to help with your upkeep.

BOB

I take it you've had some bad experiences.

VANESSA

That last one I was in, this old guy was there everyone called "grandpa"... And he had this disease called Wiesenheimers I think it was, where your brain cells all run out in your pee.

BOB

Yes, it's a form of senility;

Finished with desert, Vanessa throws down her napkin.

VANESSA

Thanks, Bob... Best fuckin' dinner I've had all month.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - SHORT TIME LATER

Bob and Vanessa step from the restaurant.

BOB

I'd like to stretch ~~my~~ legs a little before I get behind ~~the~~ wheel again. You mind?

VANESSA

I've got all the time in the world, Bob.

EXT. BRIDGE - FEW MINUTES LATER

Bob and Vanessa walk in the moonlight to a bridge where they look out at the ocean several hundred yards to the west.

VANESSA

... So them foster parents, the Morales... You'd think that state check every month would've been enough... But noooo... They figured on me helpin' out with grandpa too.

BOB

(angry)

So you had to provide care for this man?

VANESSA

Get crucial... That guy was pissin' his sheets nearly every night... Just bein' near 'em made me wanna barf my guts out.

BOB

So what happened when you refused?

VANESSA

They started treatin' me like I was the biggest bitch who'd ever been born... But this one night, a few weeks after I got placed there, I woke up to see grandpa standing over me, holdin' his cane in one hand and his "you know what" in the other.

BOB

Jesus Christ... What did you do?

VANESSA

At first I just told him to get the hell out.

BOB

I take it he didn't.

VANESSA

No, he didn't... What he did was start tryin' to get under the covers with me... And that's when I just went crazy on him.

BOB

What does that mean, you went crazy on him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VANESSA

Look, I was mad anyway cuz' I couldn't be with my mom... So havin' that old perv' waggin' his "you know what" in my face... It was just the last straw totally.

BOB

So what did you do?

VANESSA

I got up on my knees and just slapped his dentures half out'a his face... Then I dropped down on his chest and started wailin' on him all over, just punchin' him all bloody and swearin' so loud...

BOB

Oh, my God.

VANESSA

Then the lights went on an' there was Mr. Morales runnin' up in his pajamas...

BOB

It's a good thing he was there.

VANESSA

Yeah, right... He punched me so hard my jaw had to be wired shut nearly three months. My nose was broke too... That's how come it's so big.

BOB

It's not so big.

VANESSA

It's pretty damn big.

BOB

Was this man ever punished?

VANESSA

Are you kidding? A pillar of society like Mr. Morales?

(beat)

Anyway, my mom got cut'a rehab a few days later so I didn't have to go back or nothin'.

BOB

You mentioned your stepfather was on parole.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VANESSA

Yeah, he's been in all these pens...
Mostly this Federal place in
Illinois... Marion... Mostly for
drug shit... Manufacturing
methamphetamine... Stolen
property... But nothin' really bad.

BOB

Look, don't be offended if I ask you
this... But did you stepfather ever
molest you?

VANESSA

Oh, my God! This lady police woman
asked me that very same question
just a few hours ago!

BOB

Maybe that should tell you
something.

VANESSA

Yeah, it feels like I got "Daddy's
Fuckhole" tattooed on my forehead.

BOB

Maybe this is an issue you should
explore.

VANESSA

I've never even told my fiance about
this stuff.

BOB

Look, you keep a thing like this
bottled up, Vanessa... It could just
wreck your whole life.

VANESSA

Now you're scarin' me.

BOB

That wasn't my intention... It's just that, right now you
have a real opportunity to get over some of this terrible
anguish and trauma you've been suffering through for so
long.

VANESSA

(near tears)

I do got trauma, huh?

They reach the car.

BOB

Let's not kid ourselves, okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Now Bob puts his arm around Vanessa as she fights off tears.

VANESSA

An' I been anguished so long, I
don't ever remember bein' happy.

BOB

You have to face up to this pain,
Vanessa... You're going to have to
look it right in the eye...
Otherwise it's going to rule your
life.

(beat)

Now I can help you... But you've got
to let me in.

Vanessa shivers.

BOB (CONT'D)

You're cold.

VANESSA

I was just thinkin' about my fucked
up life is all.

Bob opens the passenger door for Vanessa.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Bob gets behind the wheel to find Vanessa crying freely.

VANESSA

I'm sorry... Here I am blubberin'
like a big old baby and all you're
tryin' to do is help me.

BOB

Hey, now... Just take your time.

Bob pulls out onto the highway. And now in the dark,
Vanessa goes from tearfulness to quiet determination to
proceed with an extremely painful and embarrassing subject.

VANESSA

I was eleven when Larry first hit on
me.

BOB

And where was your mother?

VANESSA

Oh, some stupid halfway house.

BOB

And how did this abuse begin?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VANESSA

Well, with my mom gone, I had all these extra chores she'd normally do... Like the laundry and the groceries.

BOB

So you'd become the "woman of the house."

VANESSA

Yeah, and I was so proud... But this one night we were watchin' T.V. like we always do after dinner... And that's when Larry told me how one'a mama's chores had always been to massage his "you know what".

BOB

Did he expose himself to you?

VANESSA

Yeah, all through the show.

BOB

Did Larry have an erection?

VANESSA

That's puttin' it mildly.

BOB

Did he want you to perform oral sex on him?

VANESSA

(voice small/ashamed) :

At first, he'd just have me hold onto his "you know what" durin' whatever'd happen to be on T.V. He didn't get around to that other thing you just mentioned for awhile... I guess he figured if he went all slow like, I wouldn't freak out an' get him in trouble.

(beat)

But I was just this kid... Back then, I didn't even know that stuff we was doin' was criminal.

BOB

Victims commonly blame themselves, Vanessa... And make no mistake... You've been a victim.

VANESSA

Really, Bob?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOB
Absolutely.

VANESSA
I mean, I was so dumb back then, I didn't even know why a man'd want that stuff done to him in the first place.

BOB
Vanessa, you were a child!
(pause)
My God... You must have been so confused.

VANESSA
And the first time he had me do that other thing you mentioned... I swear, I thought he was goin' to the bathroom in my mouth.

BOB
Vanessa, do I have your complete trust?

VANESSA
I guess I trust you more'n I ever trusted anyone in my whole life... And I really mean that, Bob.

BOB
I'm asking because, I'd like to try a powerful new psychological technique here that I think could maybe help you... Would you be willing to give it a try?

VANESSA
Sure, I guess.

BOB
It consists of a battery of questions that are designed to trigger certain elements of your subconscious. It could get a little uncomfortable.

VANESSA
Go for it, Bob... If you think it'll help.

BOB
Okay, then... Let's start... You ready?

Vanessa nods that she's ready.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BOB (CONT'D)

Okay... Tell me now... During these encounters with Larry, did you ever feel any sort of sexual arousal?

VANESSA

What, are you fuckin' crazy?

BOB

Vanessa, this technique is supposed to be uncomfortable.

VANESSA

Okay... I'm sorry... It just took me unawares is all.

BOB

Let's start again then, okay.

(beat)

A moment ago, you said you felt like Larry was going to the bathroom in your mouth. Those were your exact words... Do you remember?

Vanessa shudders from remembered horrors.

BOB (CONT'D)

At the exact moment when Larry first ejaculated into your mouth, did you feel as though you'd somehow been transformed into a human urinal?

VANESSA

What kind'a fuckin' questions are these?

BOB

Just answer with the first thing that comes into your mind, okay? It's important.

VANESSA

I knew I was flesh and blood!

BOB

Yes, but it's necessary that you say exactly how you felt... You've got to express your feelings out loud.

VANESSA

It felt just like you said.

BOB

Say it out loud, Vanessa.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

VANESSA

It felt like I'd been transformed
into this human urinal.

BOB

And what made you feel this way?

VANESSA

(really agonized)

Havin' Larry 'jaculate in my mouth.

BOB

Okay, that's good... Really good...
Now tell me... And this is
absolutely crucial... Are you ready?

VANESSA

Yeah, I guess.

BOB

Did Larry fuck you up the ass?

ANGLE ON VANESSA

VANESSA

Oh, God... He tried... Later on.

BOB (O.S.)

(cajoling)

Vanessa?

Suddenly the hair stands up on the back of Vanessa's neck
and she turns to look at him.

VANESSA'S POV

of Bob staring at her with an ENORMOUS GRIN. His teeth look
looking really long and his tongue is hanging out - AN IMAGE
OF LASCIVIOUSNESS.

BOB

Did Larry fuck you up the ass?

BACK TO SCENE

VANESSA

You goddamn piece'a shit!

BOB

Vanessa, I told you... This is all
part of this technique.

VANESSA

Pull on over an' let me out'a this
car!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

BOB
But we aren't finished.

VANESSA
Yeah, we are definately finished!
Now pull on over!

BOB
You could suffer irreparable harm if
we break it off this way, Vanessa.

Vanessa reaches over and yanks the KEY from the ignition.

EXT. ROAD - SAME MOMENT

The engine off, Bob coasts over to the side of the freeway.

INT. CAR - SAME MOMENT

Vanessa reaches for the door handle.

INSERT OF (ABSENT) DOOR HANDLE

as her fingers close on NOTHING - for it's been REMOVED.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As Vanessa turns back to look at Bob, he's holding the doorhandle in his hand and smiling again. And now he punches her in the face and a fight ensues in which he manages to strike her in the eye. Now she cups her eye with her hands and sobs in pain and outrage.

BOB
Now are you gonna settle down?

VANESSA
(tiny, scared voice)
I'm gonna kill you!

Bob whips out a straight razor and grabs Vanessa by the hair, making her freeze in terror.

BOB
Because I can just cut your fucking
throat for you right now! Is that
what you want?

VANESSA
I'm stopping, okay?! Okay?

BOB
Now reach down on the floor and find
my goddamn keys!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Vanessa reaches down to feel on the floor for Bob's keys, he reaches over and SLICES OFF HER PONYTAIL. Then when she rises with the key, she sees Bob holding her ponytail and regarding it madly as though it were some sort of talisman.

VANESSA

(regarding razor)

I wish you'd put that away, Bob.

Vanessa hands Bob the key and then recoils as he makes slicing motions with his razor, coming frightfully close to her face.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

You wouldn't like it if someone did that to you!

BOB

(laughs)

No, I most certainly wouldn't.

VANESSA

Then stop it!

BOB

Only if you promise to behave.

VANESSA

I promise I'll behave.

Bob puts the razor away. Then after a long pause.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Are you that guy on the news, Bob?

BOB

I'm sorry?

VANESSA

Are you that guy who's been killin' all them girls on the freeway?

Bob grins, confirming Vanessa's suspicions.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

How come you're doin' all that stuff, Bob?

BOB

Because I've absolutely reached my limit with people like you.

VANESSA

And what sort'a people am I 'sposed to be?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOB

The drug addicts... The
alcoholics... The men who screw
their daughters... The diseased
whores with their criminal
associations and their bastard
offspring... The filthy...

VANESSA

(interrupts/outraged)
I ain't no trick baby!

BOB

I call them garbage people... And
you are definately one of them.

VANESSA

I am not!

BOB

You're already an expert at
manipulating men...

VANESSA

I didn't run nothin' on you!

BOB

It's so basic to your nature, you
don't even know you're doing it.

Bob starts the engine and pulls back onto the highway.

VANESSA

So what, now you think it's okay to
do all kinds of bad stuff to me?

BOB

That's an open ended argument
dealing with deep philosophical
ramifications... Not something
you'd be able to grasp. You're far
too limited. In fact, take it from
me, a professional... You're an
absolute moron.

VANESSA

Maybe I'm not smart like you...
Maybe I haven't finished school.
But at least I'm no-hypocrite.

BOB

(amused)
Tell me how I'm a hypocrite,
Vanessa.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

VANESSA

You act like you're all on some kind'a mission... But you just want to get off in a sex type way.

(scared tiny voice)

Are you gonna do sex to me now?

BOB

I promise, if we start to get really intimate, you're gonna be way past being offended.

VANESSA

What, you're gonna fuck me when I'm dead?!!

Bob appears to grin in anticipation.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Mister, I'm a person... A human being!

BOB

Like that filthy, drug addict, whore of a mother of yours?

VANESSA

I sure wouldn't want to meet your mom, Bob.

Bob shoves his elbow into Vanessa's stomach, knocking the wind out of her.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Oh, you can talk about my mom but I can't talk about yours?

BOB

We're not here to talk about me, Vanessa... We're here to talk about you...

(beat)

Now get those pants down! Now! And then you can tell me how your father used to fuck you in your mouth!

VANESSA

Just lemme go, Bob... Please...

Bob punches Vanessa hard on the side of the head.

BOB

Didn't you hear me, cunt?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

VANESSA
(crying/outraged)
What'd you call me?

BOB
(out of control, crazed)
I called you a CUNT! Now pull down
those pants, you dirty, fucking,
illiterate CUNT!

VANESSA
Please, Bob...

BOB
I said move, CUNT!

Vanessa reaches down to remove her boots.

VANESSA
Okay! Okay! I gotta get my boots
off first! Lemme do that! I got
all these laces an' stuff.

Now Vanessa rises, HITTING BOB IN THE FACE with her STEEL
TOED BOOT. As he swerves SHE FLIPS BACK INTO THE REAR SEAT.

BOB
Oh, you just wait, Vanessa!

ANGLE ON VANESSA

frantically ripping open her shopping bag and GRABBING HER
PISTOL. Meanwhile Bob swerves wildly as he recovers control
of the car. Then he turns to bring his razor to bear but
before he's able, SHE SHOVES HER PISTOL UNDERNEATH HIS EAR
and pulls the hammer back with a loud click, the SOUND alone
telling Bob that he's under the gun.

VANESSA
Now you just settle down, Bob... You
just settle down right now.
(pause)
Now you drop that razor out the wind
wing... And you try anything, I'm
gonna shoot you so many times.

Trembling, Bob tosses his razor out the wind wing.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
You should'a let me out when I asked
you, Bob... See where bad manners
get a person?

BOB
Vanessa, listen...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

VANESSA

I've heard all I'm gonna from you,
Bob.

Vanessa hits Bob with her gun, making him cry out in pain.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

So there!

She regards him a moment before suddenly hitting him again.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

And that's for trickin' me into
tellin' you about all that stuff I
never even told my fiance!

BOB

We're gonna have an accident!

She hits him again only not quite as hard this time.

VANESSA

And that's for cuttin' off all my
hair, you fucker!

BOB

Look, I know you're upset... You've
got every right to be. But listen
now... Something black and terrible
came over me. But I swear, I wasn't
going to hurt you. You've got to
believe that.

VANESSA

Yeah right! I am so sure!

BOB

I only wanted to scare you... I have
no idea why, but it's obvious to me
now... I can see now that I'm a
profoundly sick man.

VANESSA

I won't argue with you there, Bob.
Anyone who'd do sex with a dead
person is definately sick.

BOB

Don't you see... You've just
admitted I'm sick...

VANESSA

Oh, shut up.

There's a long silence; when Bob suddenly pipes in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

BOB

What are you thinking about now?

VANESSA

What, you wanna hear more'a my
innermost secrets?

(muttering)

Fuckin' asshole.

BOB

I want to know what you're planning
to do.

VANESSA

I'm gonna turn you in to the pigs.

BOB

You know what'll happen then?

VANESSA

You could end up suckin' gas at San
Quentin.

(laughs)

Yeah... You just might.

BOB

Vanessa... People like me don't go
to the gas chamber.

VANESSA

Then you'll go to the penitentiary
where the mighty Aryan
Brotherhood'll make you wish you'd
never been born.

BOB

Vanessa, there's no possibility
whatever of my going to prison.

VANESSA

What, you think they're gonna just
let you walk?

BOB

It'll be like that time Mr. Morales
broke your jaw.

VANESSA

You think so, huh?

BOB

Nobody'll believe I'm a killer,
Vanessa... All that'll happen is,
I'll go free and you'll go to some
new foster home.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

BOB (CONT'D)

Only maybe this one'll make that Mr. Morales' place seem like a happy memory in comparison.

Vanessa's expression hardens.

BOB (CONT'D)

Then again, you could play it smart for once in your life.

VANESSA

How'd I go about doin' that, Bob?

BOB

I've got some money on me... We could find an ATM and get some more. Then we'd go our separate ways and you'll never see or hear from me again.

Vanessa is silent for a long moment.

BOB (CONT'D)

What do you say, Vanessa?

VANESSA

I say, turn off at that next exit.

BOB

But we're in the middle of nowhere!

Vanessa leans forward, pressing her pistol under Bob's ear.

VANESSA

You wanna get shot a whole bunch'a times? Now do like I tell you!

BOB

Okay! Okay!

EXT. FREEWAY EXIT - SAME MOMENT

Bob takes an exit leading off into a dark and deserted area.

INT. CAR - SAME MOMENT

BOB

(flippant)

Okay, now what? Are we gonna drive around for the next three hours lookin' for a cop?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VANESSA

Keep flappin' your gums, Bob. Who
cares if nobody's listening?
(spies something ahead)
Turn on that dirt road up there.

EXT. ROAD - SAME MOMENT

Bob turns the car onto a dirt road.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

The area is quite dark.

BOB

Oh, this is nice... Isn't this
something? Terrific scenery.

VANESSA

And you called me stupid.
(beat/pointing)
Pull up under that tree there.

EXT. FIELD - SAME MOMENT

The sky is brilliant with stars as Bob pulls under a tree,
the only feature in an otherwise barren landscape.

INT. BOB'S CAR - SAME MOMENT

Bob looks in the mirror at Vanessa as she begins speaking in
slow measured tones, trying hard to make herself understood.

VANESSA

Now I know there's a lot'a sick guys
out there who get all hard thinkin'
about women gettin' messed up...
Hell, that's all you ever see on
T.V. But when a guy actually goes
an' does that stuff for real, like
you was plannin' on doin' to me...

BOB

I was only trying to scare...

VANESSA

You had your turn to talk, okay!
It's only fair to let me get my two
cents in!

BOB

Of course... Go on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VANESSA

Now when a guy actually goes out an' hurts people who never hurt them... Then that makes 'em a criminal first an' a sick guy second... It's like, bein' sick has to take second place to bein' crooked... An', Bob... You're crooked... You proved that tonight with me.

(beat)

Am I makin' any kind of sense?

BOB

(gushing)

Yes, but what you don't...

VANESSA

(gently interrupts)

Bob...

BOB

(still gushing)

There's so much more to me than what you've seen here tonight...

VANESSA

(gently interrupts)

Bob...

BOB

What?

VANESSA

The time for talk's over now, Bob.

(pause/gently)

Now I'm gonna ask you a question. And it's really, really important, okay?

BOB

What?

VANESSA

Do you believe in Jesus Christ and accept him as your Lord and personal Savior?

Vanessa scoots across the backseat so she's directly behind Bob, holding her pistol up to the back of his head.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Tell me now, Bob.

VANESSA'S POV

of Bob in the rear view mirror, looking into her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOB
You're scaring me, Vanessa.

VANESSA
You need to answer now, Bob... Do
you accept Jesus Christ as your Lord
and personal Savior?

BOB
Yes... Yes, I do...

VANESSA
Good... That's good.

EXT. CAR - SAME MOMENT

A SHOT is HEARD in the car accompanied by a BRIGHT FLASH OF
LIGHT, illuminating the two figures within for just an
instant.

INT. CAR - SAME MOMENT

INSERT OF BOB'S HANDS

tensing on the steering wheel, now they start to relax. And
then they SEIZE UP and his fingers begin tapping
frantically.

BACK TO SCENE

Vanessa looks on in horror as Bob begins going through some
REALLY GRISLY CONVULSIONS - thrashing, turning, twisting
about and making terrible wet gasping noises.

EXT. CAR - SAME MOMENT

Bob bursts from the car and staggers off, holding his head
in agony. Meanwhile Vanessa steps from the car and regards
him as he attempts to get away. (And if ever this kid could
look ugly this is that moment).

INSERT OF CAR DOOR

Vanessa's severed PONYTAIL falls out into the grass -
(IMPORTANT FOR LATER).

ANOTHER ANGLE

Vanessa walks toward Bob, easily catching up with him.

BOB
No! Not like this! Oh, God!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Vanessa moves up on Bob, her expression hard and drawn. When she's standing over him, she raises her pistol and FIRES over and over, kicking up dirt when she misses, sometimes hitting him solid. Then he falls to his face, making futile and pathetic swimming motions in the dirt.

ANGLE ON VANESSA

regarding Bob OFF CAMERA, he's heard scrabbling around in the dirt, pleading for his life in a high pitched slurry voice.

BOB (O.S.)
No, Vanetha! Pleesh! Godth!

Now Vanessa leans forward to deliver the coup d'gras, taking careful aim at Bob's skull and FIRING one more time. Then as his body relaxes she turns away and goes toward the car where she drops to her hands and knees and pukes her guts out. Then she sways on her hands, perspiring and gulping air until she's somewhat recovered and then raises herself into a kneeling position, looking into the night sky and clasping her hands together in prayer.

VANESSA
Oh, God... Dear God... That was so fuckin' bad... But I was at a loss so I left it for you to take care of... I love you with all my heart, and I hope you don't hate me now any more'n you do already. Please look after mama an' Larry an' Chopper... Amen.

Now Vanessa LOOKS IN AWE at something OFF CAMERA, while the faintest of WHITE LIGHT plays across her features.

VANESSA'S POV

of an ENORMOUS SHOOTING STAR sailing across the night sky.

INSERT OF VANESSA'S FACE

her features relax and she smiles, taking this tiny celestial event as a sign from above, an auspice absolving her of all guilt.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Now Vanessa goes back to Bob and reaches down to grab his wallet. Counting out the cash she tosses it, then turns to run off toward the freeway a few miles in the distance.

EXT. GAS STATION - SHORT TIME LATER

Vanessa appears under the lights, going up to a VERY HANDSOME YOUNG MAN gassing up his BIG TEN TON SEMI TRUCK.

VANESSA

Listen, I'm goin' to my grandma's.
You think I could ride with you
awhile?

The young truck driver regards her appreciatively.

FADE TO:

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM RECEPTION - NIGHT

A NURSE inputs data on a computer, ignoring the SOUND of an CAR outside. Moments later the whoosh of an automatic door is heard, then footsteps dragging forward like Frankenstein.

NURSE

(looking in screen)

One moment...

Finally looking up at the unseen person, the nurse gasps in alarm at the sight that greets her OFF CAMERA.

ANGLE ON BOB

bloody and swaying uncertainly. He's nearly unrecognizable. Outside his car is visible through the glass doors, having rolled up against the railing just outside the entrance, the driver's side door standing open and the engine still idling.

BOB

(RASPY WHISPER)

Call polithe... An' my wife...;

Bob collapses.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRUCK STOP - 4:00 A.M.

Vanessa and the young DRIVER are engaged in some steamy necking in the darkness between two tanker trucks.

DRIVER

I got a couple of thousand lobsters
gotta be in Salt Lake by mornin'.
You sure you ain't gonna come with?

VANESSA

No, I'm goin' to my grandma's.

INT. CAFE - SHORT TIME LATER

Vanessa enters to where a crowd of TRUCK DRIVERS eat full course meals at four in the morning. In the light now, she's seen to have great splotches of BLOOD all over her face and clothes. As she sits at the counter, a WAITRESS steps over to take her order.

VANESSA

I'll have grits, ham, coffee, white toast, an' a large size cherry coke...

Noticing the waitress staring, she looks down to take note of the blood splashed all over herself.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Oh, I must'a got another bloody nose, cuz'a the dry air. I'll just go an' wash up in the ladies room.

INT. LADIES ROOM - MOMENT LATER

Vanessa enters the bathroom, then regards herself in the mirror for a long moment before reaching into the sink and washing the blood off her face and arms.

INSERT ON SINK

blood spins down the drain.

INT. RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Vanessa speaks cheerfully over the phone to a 911 dispatcher.

VANESSA

Yeah, he's by his car off the Cherry Hill exit... Yeah, he's all messed up... Yeah, he's all shot. No, I'm not leavin' my name... 'Just a concerned citizen. But he's that I-10 Killer ya'll been lookin' for...

(suddenly annoyed)

Yeah, well... Fuck you very much!

Vanessa slams down the receiver and turns away angrily.

INT. RESTAURANT COUNTER - MOMENTS LATER

Vanessa takes her seat as the waitress brings her order.

INT. CASH REGISTER - HALF HOUR LATER

Vanessa watches the CASHIER ring up the total, then pulls some BLOOD STAINED CASH from her pocket. Then as she waits for her change she notices a MAN staring at her.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAWN

Vanessa steps out gnawing a toothpick, when she's suddenly SURROUNDED BY A BUNCH OF COPS WITH DRAWN WEAPONS.

COP
Freeze! Police!

VANESSA'S POV

the COPS appear feral and wolfy to Vanessa as they point their guns in her face.

BACK TO SCENE

VANESSA
What's going on, officer?

The cop reaches into her waistband, TAKING HER PISTOL. Then she's thrown to the ground where she's frisked and cuffed, acting in the manner taught to her by her mother.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
Sir, I did not do anything wrong! I did nothing wrong!

INSERT OF VANESSA'S FACE

pressed flat on the pavement and looking quite unhappy.

FADE OUT:

INT. COUNTY JAIL INTAKE - SHORT TIME LATER

Vanessa's hogtied and struggling against THREE COPS, one of whom is of large girth, as they carry her down a long corridor toward some double doors with "JUVENILE INTAKE - NO WEAPONS BEYOND THIS POINT" painted on them.

VANESSA
Assholes! Fuckin' assholes!

COP
You've got a dirty mouth, kid!

VANESSA
Yeah and you've got an ugly pig face, Mr. Oinkman fuckwad!

INT. JAIL INTAKE - MOMENTS LATER

The cops maneuver a struggling Vanessa through the double doors to where TWO MATRONS stand by a table where an ORANGE JAIL JUMPSUIT has been set out for her.

VANESSA
Motherfuckin' pigshit! You fat fuck!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

One of the matrons steps around the table toward Vanessa.

MATRON

Hold her tight...

The cops hold Vanessa between them as the matron steps over and SPRAYS HER IN THE FACE WITH MACE, making her scream and then slump in a faint.

MATRON (CONT'D)

Just where the hell does she think
she is?

CUT TO:

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - SAME MOMENT

Bob lays on a gurney, groaning with piles of vaselined gauze HIDING most of his face and head. He's lost an eye, and the part of his scalp that's visible is shaved and raw-looking. Detective Wallace (the news conference cop), and his 30-year-old black partner (BREER) appear with a DOCTOR at his side.

DOCTOR

Mr. Wolverton?

BOB

(loud, terrified)

Don't wanna... Noooo... Please...

DOCTOR

Mr. Wolverton's just learned he's
going to have to undergo a radical
colostomy.

WALLACE

That's really rough.

BREER

Yeah... Jeez...

DOCTOR

Mr. Wolverton... Some detectives
from the Sheriff's Department are
here to see you.

BOB

The pain... It hurths... Oh, God!
Hurths tho bad... Make me thleep.
Break out the fuggin' morphaccine!

DOCTOR

Soon, Mr. Wolverton... In just a few
hours, when we're finished with our
neurological testing...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB'S POV

of Wallace leaning in to talk to him.

WALLACE

Mr. Wolverton, my name is Jack Wallace... I'm with the Sheriff's department... I know you're in a lot of pain right now, but I want you to take a look at this photo and tell me if this is the girl who shot you.

Wallace pushes the photo up in front of Bob's face.

INT. WAITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Wallace and Breer step out to see Bob's wife MIMI WOLVERTON - a terribly anguished woman in her mid forties.

WALLACE

He made the I.D.

MRS. WOLVERTON

So what happens now?

WALLACE

Well, keep in mind, we're talking about a juvenile here.

MRS. WOLVERTON

What, are you telling me you're going to let her go free?

WALLACE

No, of course not... She could be held until she's twenty-five;

MRS. WOLVERTON

What, that's all? Ten years!

WALLACE

Okay... What do you think should happen to her?

MRS. WOLVERTON

My husband's in there with God knows how many bullets in his head and back! She shot him deliberately, over and over and over! Of course she needs to be held responsible! And if my husband dies that should extend to the electric chair too!

BREER

We use gas in California.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. WOLVERTON

I think you know what I mean,
detective.

(beat)

I certainly hope the people
responsible for prosecuting this
case are able to muster a little bit
more sensitivity towards the rights
of victims than you both appear to
have!

BREER

I didn't mean to sound uncaring,
Mrs. Wolverton.

MRS. WOLVERTON

I want that little monster tried as
an adult. For me, for my husband,
and for the next person out there
she'll end up hurting or killing if
she's let back out on the streets
again!

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION INTEROGATION ROOM - DAY

Vanessa sits at a long table with a TAPE RECORDER on it,
wearing an orange jail jumpsuit and obsessively chewing her
fingernails. Wallace and Breer enter and sit down.

WALLACE

Vanessa Lutz?

VANESSA

Yes sir.

WALLACE

My name is Jack Wallace... This is
my partner, Mike Breer. We're with
the Los Angeles County Sheriff's
Department.

VANESSA

You're that guy on T.V.!

WALLACE

Yes, in connection with the I-10
Killer case.

VANESSA

Yeah, well... You can all take a big
old cruise now cuz' I took care'a
that piece'a shit but good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BREER

Mr. Wolverton's in critical condition, but he isn't dead.

VANESSA

Yeah, right... I shot him so many times.

BREER

Aren't you concerned about being tried as an adult for murder?

Vanessa becomes fearful.

WALLACE

The reason we're here, Vanessa... Is to give you the opportunity to change your story.

VANESSA

Well, that'd just make me a big fat liar now, wouldn't it?

BREER

Cooperate, kid... Because right now, we're the best friends you've got.

VANESSA

Yeah, like I'm totally sure!

WALLACE

Don't you believe we're your friends?

VANESSA

Give me a break... You're both here to ruin me.

(pause)

Look, I never said I wouldn't talk. It's just that I might not happen to be sayin' what you want to hear... So you want me to talk, that's fine... But you gotta let me call my fiance after, okay?

Wallace and Breer try to hide their glee.

BREER

Fine... No problem. Now talk.

VANESSA

What do you want to know?

BREER

Did Mr. Wolverton say he was the I-10 Killer?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VANESSA

He didn't say he wasn't.

BREER

I haven't said I'm the I-10 Killer.

VANESSA

You haven't said you were gonna slash me dead with a razor and do sex to my dead body neither.

WALLACE

Mr. Wolverton told you that?

VANESSA

After he cut off all my hair and told me I was one'a them garbage people... An' when I asked him if he was that killer, he just started smilin' all proud like....

WALLACE

Last night, we arrested a man who's confessed to being the I-10 Killer.

VANESSA

I think you just got yourself a crackpot who likes to confess.

WALLACE

Come on, kid... Don't you want to clear your conscience?

VANESSA

I told the truth... And the truth's eternal.

BREER

You didn't tell us why you were walking around with a loaded pistol in the first place.

VANESSA

I wanted to sell it so I could finance my trip.

BREER

Yet you ended up shooting some poor slob who'd had the decency to give you a ride instead.

VANESSA

Yeah, 'cept for the "decency" part.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BREER

So when did you decide to rob him?
Was it before or after you shot him?

VANESSA

That perv' owed me for pain and
suffering. So yeah, I took his
money.

BREER

Why didn't you just turn him in?

VANESSA

I wanted to... But he kept sayin'
it'd be his word against mine...
'How he'd get off, while I'd end up
in foster care again... And I knew
if I let him go, he'd just go out
an' kill some other girl and it
would'a been my fault... I couldn't
of lived with that... No way...

WALLACE

Why were you so convinced we
wouldn't believe you?

VANESSA

Because I've been in the system.
And once a person's been in the
system, nobody's ever gonna believe
'em again... That's just how it is.

WALLACE

Tell us about some of your past
legal troubles, Vanessa.

VANESSA

All that stuff's in my file.

WALLACE

We'd like to hear it from you... In
your own words, all right?

VANESSA

Okay... Okay... I had this
shoplifting problem when I was
younger, okay? I got caught and the
court made me go to all these group
therapy sessions with all these
girls who were s'posed to be klepto.

BREER

How many times were you picked up
for shoplifting?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

VANESSA
(embarrassed)
Seven times.

BREER
What else?

VANESSA
Okay... This isn't as bad as it
sounds... I learned later I had
this problem with anger. But I
don't have that problem no more.

BREER
Just answer the question.

VANESSA
Back in Texas, the cops said I'd lit
this shed on fire.

BREER
(amused/disparaging)
What, you were charged with Arson?

VANESSA
Nobody got hurt, okay... And the
judge said it'd get "explunged" from
my record if I went to all these
group therapy sessions with all
these teenagers who were supposed to
be firebugs... But that judge got
switched so it's still there.

BREER
How many times were you charged with
Arson?

VANESSA
(tiny voice)
Three times.

BREER
Okay, what else?

Now Vanessa's eyes begin to fill with tears.

WALLACE
Go ahead, Vanessa...

VANESSA
(tiny voice)
Soliciting.

BREER
Just doin' what came natural, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

VANESSA

Just what the hell's that supposed to mean?

WALLACE

Look... Let's get back to...

VANESSA

Wait a second! You think prostitution comes natural, like bein' a nigger?

Breer rises in outrage, Vanessa rises ready to fight herself.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Oh, you don't like bein' called a nigger? Well I don't like bein' called a natural born whore, so there!

WALLACE

Sit down, Vanessa.

VANESSA

(bellowing)

He's talkin' to me the way that fuckin' guy did!

BREER

Is that why you shot him? Or was it because you wanted what was in his wallet?

VANESSA

(slow/deliberate)

I already told you why I shot him, you shitskin motherfucker.

This is too much for Breer who now lunges across the table at Vanessa who rears up and ATTACKS.

INSERT OF BREER'S FACE

As Vanessa LANDS A SOLID PUNCH TO HIS EYE.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As Wallace moves to restrain Vanessa, she lifts her folding chair high over her head and brings it down on Breer, stunning him. Now he drops to his hands and knees as Wallace finally grabs hold of her shoulders to restrain her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

VANESSA

Yeah, come on, you fuckin' coon!
I'll kick your black ass all over
this station!

Now Breer rises, staggering around the table to kick
Vanessa's ass.

WALLACE

Breer! Both of you!

Breer stops, swaying uncertainly as Wallace looks on.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

You okay?

Breer nods that he's okay.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

You're gonna face another charge for
that, kid.

VANESSA

Yeah, well I got so many now, I
ain't gonna worry.

WALLACE

Why'd you call him those names?

VANESSA

'Cuz he didn't say he was sorry an'
I knew it'd piss him off.

WALLACE

You'll be hearing from us, miss.

VANESSA

What about my phone call?

INT. CORRIDOR - MOMENT LATER

Wallace and Breer watch Vanessa at the payphone.

VANESSA

Come on... Come on... Six more
quarters!

Wallace unsuccessfully tries to find more change, then looks
to Breer who hand some over, irritated at having to shell
out for this pint-sized young bigot who's given him a
shiner. Vanessa takes the change, dropping it in the phone.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Hey, Mrs Wood... It's me, Vanessa.
Is Chopper there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Vanessa grows limp as she hears that Chopper is DEAD. Then hanging up, she turns to the two detectives.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
My boyfriend's dead.

Then Breer catches Vanessa as she falls in a swoon.

FADE TO:

INT. COURTROOM - THREE WEEKS LATER

Vanessa's at the defendant's table as her ATTORNEY and the PROSECUTOR stand nearby discussing her case. The judge has not yet arrived.

INSERT OF VANESSA'S FACE

looking around at the people present, now she spies something OFF CAMERA that causes her to mutter silently to herself.

VANESSA
Holy shit...

VANESSA'S POV

of BOB entering the courtroom, being pushed along in a wheelchair by a MALE NURSE and his appearance is alarming to say the least. He's GROSSLY DISFIGURED - the left side of his face is all seized up, exposing all the molars on one side of his jaw and making him look like a REAL LIFE HORROR MOVIE MONSTER. Mrs. Wolverton stands at his side.

ANOTHER ANGLE

VANESSA
Is that you, Bob? I can't believe
such a teeny weeny gun'd make such a
mess out'a somebody.

ATTORNEY
Are you out of your mind?

ANGLE ON SIDE DOOR

As a scary-looking FEMALE JUDGE in black robes emerges from her private office into the courtroom, only Vanessa doesn't notice because she's so carried away with haranguing Bob.

VANESSA
You are so ugly now, Bob... That's
gonna cramp your style with the
babes bigtime, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Now the judge takes her seat, her eyes glued to Vanessa who still doesn't notice her presence, her hands cupped over her mouth to better hurl abuse at Bob.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

I hear you're wearin' one'a them
bags to catch your poop now... Is
that right, Bob?

VANESSA'S ATTORNEY

Jesus! Be quiet!

Just then a pissed off looking MARSHALL takes Vanessa by her shoulders and pushes her down into her seat.

MARSHALL

Sit down and shut your mouth!

VANESSA

(taunting)

You think'a me everytime you empty
that fuckin' thing, okay, Bob?

JUDGE

(roaring)

One more word and I'll have you
gagged, young lady!

Vanessa whirls around to see the judge, horrified at being caught in this sort of behavior.

JUDGE

Case number #7774A5, The People
versus Vanessa Julia Lutz...

D.A.

Your Honor, in view of the
seriousness of the charges facing
the accused, the State is moves that
she stand trial as an adult.

VANESSA'S ATTORNEY

Your Honor, my client is an
illiterate child... One only has to
look at her to see...

JUDGE

(interrupting/angry)

Oh, I've had my look, counselor!
And I've been listening too!

(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JUDGE (CONT'D)

(beat)

And I'm going to direct the Youth Authority to prepare a report on the defendant's suitability to be tried as an adult!

FADE TO:

EXT. JUVENILE DETENTION FACILITY - NIGHT

The JUDGE'S VOICE CONTINUES OFFSCREEN as a STATE VAN pulls up at the entrance. Then Vanessa is escorted out, wearing an orange jumpsuit, handcuffs and leg chains.

JUDGE (O.S., CONT'D)

A hearing will be held in this court to decide this issue in three weeks...

The Marshall waits as a MATRON steps out for Vanessa.

INT. T.V. ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

Vanessa carries her bedding, accompanied by a perpetually cheerful MATRON hereafter referred to as MRS. CULLINS, passing a bunch of GIRLS watching T.V.

INT. ROOM - FEW MINUTES LATER

There are three beds in this room. Two Latina CHOLAS are present - MESQUITA and another GIRL. One look at Vanessa and they're groaning in disappointment.

MESQUITA

Why you gotta move a paddy in here?

MRS. CULLINS

There's only one color here at Bridgewater, Mesquita...

(to Vanessa)

This is your bunk... It's to be made up at all times, unless you're in it... I guess that's everything... Welcome to Wing 4.

The Mrs. Cullins walks out as Vanessa begins making her bed.

MESQUITA =

Hey, white girl... They catch you ditchin' school, or what?

Vanessa ignores the girl, continuing to make her cot up. Mesquita sees this as disrespect and steps up behind her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MESQUITA (CONT'D)
Hey, I'm talkin' to you.

Vanessa takes a deep breath, then turns and throws herself on the girl, knocking her to the floor and going absolutely apeshit, way beyond anything we've come to expect from her.

INT. DAY ROOM - SAME MOMENT

The girls hear Vanessa yelling, then gleefully hurry off in the hope of seeing the new arrival get her ass kicked.

VANESSA (O.S.)
You chola bitch!

INT. VANESSA'S ROOM - SAME MOMENT

ANGLE ON DOOR

The girls pile into the doorway where their glee turns to stunned silence at the sight greeting them OFF CAMERA.

GIRL'S POV

of Vanessa straddling Mesquita's chest and screaming at the top of her lungs as she smashes the nearly unconscious girl's head over and over into the floor. Meanwhile, the second roommate attempts to pull this deranged stranger from her friend, only to find Vanessa has given herself over to her fury with such wild abandon that she's demonstrating the same sort of superhuman strength people on PCP do, using one arm to push the girl across the room into a sprawl.

VANESSA
My name is Vanessa Julia Lutz!

VANESSA'S POV

of a stunned and bloody Mesquita.

VANESSA (O.S.)
Say it 'fore I ruin you, you chola cunt!

BACK TO SCENE

VANESSA
Say my name 'fore I fuckin' break your goddamn head! ==

Mrs. Cullins moves through the crush of girls in the doorway.

INSERT OF MESQUITA'S FACE

as Vanessa's fist breaks her nose with a LOUD CRACK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANOTHER ANGLE

The matron pushes Vanessa aside to attend to Mesquita.

MRS. CULLINS (O.S.)
Somebody get Dr. Khashogi!

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Vanessa is escorted into the hall.

VANESSA'S POV

of a cute but rather "dykie" looking GIRL about Vanessa's age, giving our heroine the faintest of smiles.

INT. ISOLATION CELL - SAME

Vanessa is maneuvered into the cell by several matrons who force her into a "four point position" - (wrists and ankles chained to the four corners of the bed frame).

VANESSA'S POV

some middle eastern/indo-euro something in a white coat is coming at her with a SYRINGE.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Vanessa's eyes go askew moments after the injection.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

INSERT OF TYPEWRITER

SOMEONE unseen types out a page reading - "Vanessa Lutz - Subject is combative, explosive temperament, no remorse noted, poor coping skills, severe dyslexia, illiterate, poor impulse control, marked contempt for authority, attention deficit disorder. Diag. ANTI-SOCIAL PERSONALITY DISORDER - Prognosis: VERY POOR. Recommendations: This individual is probably too far gone to benefit from corrective behavior modification of the kind offered in a setting for juveniles."

BACK TO SCENE

The writer is the ever cheerful matron - Mrs. Cullins.

FADE TO:

EXT. VANESSA'S DREAM TRAILER - DAY

The trailer is glorious, glowing with a light of its own and lensed to look romantic and fantastic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Birds chirp, a gentle waterfall is heard nearby and it's surrounded by a lush garden and a vine covered picket fence. Amid the thick foliage are some of Vanessa's favorite things - doll houses, fur coats, kitchen appliances, a washer and dryer, a Miata sports car, a caged parrot and even a CHIMPANZEE on a tricycle. Then GRANDMA steps out looking like a fairy god mother in a white flowing gown smiling joyfully. END DREAM.

INT. "THE HOLE" - NIGHT

INSERT OF VANESSA'S FACE

she's asleep, dreaming of the trailer in paradise. Her eyelids are aflutter and the corners of her mouth keep twitching upward into a partial smile. But then a harsh metal on metal sound intrudes upon her dream awakening her to bitter reality.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Vanessa sits up and looks toward the ugly sound.

POV

of a SLOT in the door which someone is pushing a cellophane wrapped sandwich and a carton of chocolate milk through - her lunch. Then the slot is shut again with a loud clang.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Vanessa sits on the cot looking at her surroundings which consist of a metal toilet, a sink, and cot. Now she rises, taking the sandwich and removing the cellophane. Then taking a toothbrush from the sink, she wraps the cellophane around the bristles over and over. Then she unbuttons her pants so she can reach into her crotch, pulling out a half empty pack of contraband cigarettes with a BOOK OF MATCHES stuck in it.

INSERT OF TOOTHBRUSH

as Vanessa lights a cigarette, then holds the match flame under the celophane wrapped around the head, melting it into a hard lump of black plastic.

ANOTHER ANGLE - MOMENTS LATER

Vanessa sits on the floor scraping the blackened part of the toothbrush against the cement, sharpening it into a HOMEMADE KNIFE - (referred to in penal settings as a "shiv").

FADE TO:

INT. ISOLATION CELL - SHORT TIME LATER

Vanessa holds up her shiv to check out her work, then plucks a hair from her head and tests the blade, satisfied now that she's got a RAZOR SHARP WEAPON. As she inspects her handiwork, the SOUND of the lock in the door is heard turning, so she hurriedly sheathes the shiv in a tampon tube before hurriedly stuffing it down in her pants and up into her crotch. At that moment, Mrs. Cullins enters holding a ring of keys in her hand.

MRS. CULLINS

Hello, Vanessa... Do you think you could join the rest of us now without any further trouble?

VANESSA

If nobody gives me no more problems.

Mrs. Cullins helps Vanessa to her feet and out the door.

INT. DAY ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

Chattering GIRLS go silent as Vanessa is led past them, carrying her bedding and looking like a somnabulist.

ANGLE ON MESQUITA

Her eyes are still blackened and she's wearing a nose splint.

INT. ROOM - MOMENT LATER

Vanessa is led into a room where the girl with dirty blonde hair who smiled at her earlier sits on her bunk reading.

MRS. CULLINS

Hello, Rhonda... This is Vanessa...
Your new roomie.

Vanessa sits on a cot and stares into space like one of the "Children of the Damned".

MRS. CULLINS (CONT'D)

Maybe you could show Vanessa around the crafts shop later, Rhonda.

RHONDA

I'm on restriction.

MRS. CULLINS

Oh, Rhonda... What did you do this time?

RHONDA

Mrs. Joyner said I was touchin' Wanda Z. all inappropriate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. CULLINS

Oh, Rhonda... I swear...

Exit the happy matron, leaving Vanessa to stare into space from her cot.

RHONDA

I heard you executed a guy.

VANESSA

Yeah, but he lived.

RHONDA

I'm here for runnin' away.

VANESSA

(disbelief)

You're got sent here for that?

RHONDA

They found a gram'a tar in my cooch durin' the strip search.

(beat)

You like tar?

VANESSA

Heroin's way too gnarly for me.

RHONDA

Well, whatever you're fucked up on right now, I'd sure like fixin' some up.

VANESSA

I ain't loaded... I just get this way when I get out'a Isolation.

FADE TO:

INT. T.V. ROOM - THAT NIGHT

Vanessa watches as Rhonda plays PING PONG with another GIRL.

ANGLE ON TWIN SISTERS

across the room on a couch watching T.V. are two sixteen year old brunettes who look like very wholesome, fresh-faced cheerleaders with radiant smiles and thick Texas drawls.

TWIN 1

Hey, new girl... Is that you on the T.V. there?

Vanessa, Rhonda, and all the girls within earshot step over to the T.V.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

where a PHOTO OF VANESSA with an UNFOCUSED BAND over her eyes is visible, behind a MALE and FEMALE pair of ANCHORS in the middle of their delivery.

VANESSA

Oh, my God!

FEMALE NEWSCASTER

... accused in the shooting of a respected therapist from Orange County, Mr. Robert Wolverton... As the suspect police believe responsible is a minor, we've electronically covered her features to protect her identity.

VANESSA

Gimme a break! Anyone can see that's me.

MALE NEWSCASTER

Mimi Wolverton, the wife of the victim has formed a political action committee, "COMMON SENSE NOW," a grass roots organization calling for the Death Penalty for juveniles who commit particularly heinous crimes... One of their newest and certainly their most powerful supporters is none other than the Governor of California.

Now a STOCK SHOT of PETE WILSON.

PETE WILSON

I have no problem with executing juveniles if their crimes are heinous enough... Certainly not.

BACK TO SCENE

The twins make room so Vanessa can sit on the couch, while Mrs. Cullins steps over to watch the show too.

INSERT OF T.V.

Bob and his wife being interviewed by a REPORTER. Bob looks miserable, swathed in bandages and stuck in a wheelchair.

REPORTER

Would you describe some of the hardships you've had to endure since this ordeal began?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FAVORING SHOT OF BOB

pathetic looking to anyone who's unaware of his vileness.

MRS. WOLVERTON

My husband is permanently
disfigured. How can he work with
children again? His appearance is
frightening to them... He's unable
to have sexual relations.

BACK TO SCENE

A rather large young BLACK GIRL interjects as the others
laugh at Bob's appearance.

BLACK GIRL

Oooh, you messed that motherfucker
up good!

ANGLE ON T.V.

NEWSCASTER

(crucial interest)

You're saying your husband is no
longer capable of achieving an
erection?

MRS. WOLVERTON

That part of our life is over now...
But the thing that just makes me so
angry...

BLACK GIRL (O.S.)

Oooh, her stinger's out now.

ANGLE ON T.V.

MRS. WOLVERTON

Is how this monster ridiculed us at
her preliminary hearing. And how
dare the media talk about her
horrible life! What about us?

BLACK GIRL (O.S.)

What'd I tell you?

CAMERA PLAYS over Bob to show his injuries in detail.

MRS. WOLVERTON (O.S.)

This psychopath's been locked up
nine, ten times... Why was she ever
allowed back on the streets again in
the first place?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NEWSCASTER

If the teenager who allegedly shot
your husband were here right now,
what would you want to say to her?

MRS. WOLVERTON

First, I'd make her look at what
she's done. And then I'd ask her,
was it worth the three hundred
dollars she took from my husband?

ANOTHER ANGLE

VANESSA

What a dumbass.

Mrs. Cullins is disgusted by Vanessa's "callous" commentary.

MATRON

Vanessa!

VANESSA

Well, she is! She ought'a thank me
for fixin' it so he can't get
erected no more!

The girls laugh.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm serious! What woman'd
wanna be fucked by a serial murderer
anyhow? You tell me.

MATRON

I don't think this commentary is at
all appropriate.

Vanessa turns away muttering, disgusted with the matron.

VANESSA

God, what is her problem?

INSERT OF T.V.

NEWSCASTER

Are you bitter, Mr. Wolverton?

When Bob speaks, it's with an ELECTRONIC VOICE BOX, making
him sound like a ROBOT in a bad science fiction movie.

BOB

Not after all the letters of support
we've received from around the
country... No, I am not bitter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Vanessa grins, then MIMICS Bob's voice, speaking like she's got an electronic voice box too.

VANESSA

My dick may not function... But I
have not lost my smile...

The girls break into laughter.

INSERT OF T.V.

Now the TWO ANCHORS replace the "out in the field"
reporters.

WOMAN ANCHOR

Their courage is a real inspiration.

More laughter from the girls.

MALE ANCHOR

Here, here...

WOMAN ANCHOR

And now, stay tuned for some
exclusive and very revealing photos
of the late Liberace!

Vanessa gets up and walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. VANESSA'S ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Rhonda awakens to see Vanessa tossing about and having a nightmare. Now she gets out of her bunk and creeps over to Vanessa's side, sitting on the edge and taking her by the shoulders in an effort to wake her.

RHONDA

Come on, Vanessa... Wake up.

Suddenly, Vanessa sits up with a wrenching gasp, awakening.

VANESSA

Holy shit!

RHONDA

It's okay... Everything's okay.

Vanessa falls into Rhonda's arms, trembling and holding her so tightly she can barely breathe. Rhonda strokes her hair, whispering "shhhh" over and over, afraid her roomie's unstable.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RHONDA (CONT'D)

Okay... Lay on down... Everything's
okay now... Lemme get you a drink of
water.

As Rhonda gets up, Vanessa pulls her back to her side.

VANESSA

(demanding)

No!

(moderating)

I'm not thirsty.

Rhonda climbs under the covers and cuddles with Vanessa.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry... I'm so sorry... I just
always seem to get nightmares
whenever I get out'a Isolation.

RHONDA

I'm always so happy to get out I
can't sleep at all let alone have
nightmares.

VANESSA

For me, it's like I get all shrunk
down.

RHONDA

I don't get what you mean.

VANESSA

It's like all the parts that make me
who I am... They just get stripped
away until I'm just like a dog or a
cat... Until I'm just like they all
are...

(pause)

If I end up in the "Hole" too much
more, I ain't gonna be fit for human
consumption no more... I'll be like
this hermit, shunnin' all human
contact... All scary...

RHONDA

Everyone needs people.

VANESSA =

I ain't so sure 'bout that.

RHONDA

So what do you think you need?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VANESSA

I'll tell you... I learned way back
in the "Hole" that all I really need
is my will to live...

Vanessa shows Rhonda her knife.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

An' a knife helps too, so I'm not
so's at the mercy of events.

Rhonda takes the shiv in her hand and inspects it.

RHONDA

You made this?

VANESSA

(proudly)

My stepfather taught me how...

RHONDA

What are you gonna do with it?

VANESSA

Get the hell out'a this place.

RHONDA

You might have to mess up some'a the
staff... You ready for that?

VANESSA

What, you feel all sorry for 'em?
You think nice people just get up
one morning an' decide they're gonna
work in a prison? They're
degenerates. Every last one of 'em.

RHONDA

I just meant you could end up in
worse trouble.

VANESSA

Don't matter... Any'a them staff
stand in my way, well they're just
gonna wish they hadn't.

Rhonda looks in Vanessa's eyes, wanting to make a pass but
fearful of rejection. Then she goes for it, giving Vanessa
a quick peck on the lips, then looking to gauge her
reaction.

RHONDA

What'd you think'a that?

Vanessa returns Rhonda's quick kiss on the lips.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RHONDA (CONT'D)
You like that?

Now Rhonda rolls over and gently straddles Vanessa, lowering her face so their lips are nearly touching.

VANESSA
I'll make out with you... 'But no fuckin', 'cuz I'm straight.

Our delinquent teenagers begin making out in earnest.

FADE OUT:

INT. CORRIDOR - MORNING

One of the matrons steps from one of the bedrooms.

MATRON
Don't go back to sleep now, ladies.

INT. VANESSA & RHONDA'S ROOM - SAME MOMENT

The matron enters, looking down at our girls OFF CAMERA.

MATRON'S POV

of Vanessa and Rhonda, asleep in each other's arms.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

INSERT OF TYPEWRITER

someone UNSEEN is typing more unfavorable notations in Vanessa's file. It reads, "Vanessa Lutz was found in innappropriate sexual activity with another ward with known homosexual proclivities, in violation of statute #388d9.001, California Youth Authority regulation #299.9CC.00.01, forbidding all sexual contact between charges. Punishment: Isolation - Three Days."

BACK TO SCENE

Again, the author of this terribly unfavorable notation is the ever cheerful matron - Mrs. Cullins.

FADE TO:

INT. COURTROOM - THREE MONTHS LATER

Bob uses TWO CANES to get around now, having made a remarkable recovery. All the teeth on the left side of his face are still exposed, making him look absolutely outlandish, like a horror movie monster.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He's with his wife who regards Vanessa at the defendant's table as though she were a dangerous animal. Wallace and Breer are also present. Meanwhile, her attorney is addressing the judge as he reads from the report on her suitability to be tried as an adult.

ATTORNEY

"Vanessa is nearly illiterate, emotionally immature, prone to impulsivity, unpredictable..." Then it says she should stand trial as an adult.

JUDGE

And stand trial as an adult she will.

(refers to notes)

Jury selection will commence on June 8th at ten A.M.

As the judge gets up and walks out, MARSHALS begin converging on Vanessa to take her back to Bridgewater.

VANESSA'S POV

of Bob and his wife staring back at her.

INSERT OF VANESSA'S FACE

silently mouthing the words "FUCK YOU" to Bob.

BACK TO SCENE

Vanessa's callousness makes Mrs. Wolverton burst into tears.

MRS. WOLVERTON :

You monster! You monster!

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

A state VAN with security grating over the windows rolls down the highway back to Bridgewater.

INT. VAN - SAME MOMENT

Vanessa rides in the rear with Mesquita (the girl she beat up) and the twin sisters from Texas. A handsome young MALE GUARD drives, while Mrs. Cullins sits in the passenger seat.

MRS. CULLINS

We're stopping to get some gas, ladies... So if any of you need to use the toilet, this'll be your last chance for quite awhile.

EXT. GAS STATION - FEW MINUTES LATER

The tank is being filled by an ATTENDANT, while the girls are escorted to the ladies room at the side of the station by Mrs. Cullins and the young male guard.

EXT. LADIES ROOM - SAME MOMENT

The matron unlocks the door with a KEY attached to a foot long WOODEN STICK. (handed her by the attendant), then lets the four girls enter.

INT. LADIES - SAME MOMENT

The girls enter, taking turns on the bowl in an open stall. Vanessa goes first, getting her jeans unbuttoned.

ANGLE ON VANESSA

her pants are down as she sits on the toilet. But instead of peeing, she removes the shiv stashed in her girl parts while the girls stand outside the stall engaged in casual banter, unaware she's up to anything out of the ordinary.

TWIN 1

You think that little guard's cute?

TWIN 2

I guess... 'Sort'a punky.

VANESSA

Listen, things are gonna get a little crazy around here in a minute.

The twins watch in delight as Vanessa pulls out her tampax tube, unsheathing the KNIFE inside.

TWIN 1

You gonna cut up that cute little guard?

VANESSA

If he don't look out, I will.

The twins regard one another, grinning in anticipation.

TWIN 2

What else you got up there?

VANESSA

Very funny.

MESQUITA

You're stupid if you think you can get past both them two.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VANESSA

What do you care what happens to me?

MESQUITA

I'm here on a double murder, okay?
In two years, I'm gonna be eighteen
an' then I'm gonna get sent to
Frontera for twenty fuckin' years!
So why shouldn't we help each other,
okay? Two heads are way fuckin'
better than one head.

EXT. LADIES ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mrs. Cullins stands outside the ladies room by herself.

MRS. CULLINS

Hurry up in there, ladies.

Getting no answer, Mrs. Cullins enters the ladies room.

INT. LADIES ROOM - SAME MOMENT

As the matron enters, Vanessa slams her against the wall and puts the shiv up to her throat.

VANESSA

Don't you even breathe.

As the twins step out, Mesquita darts back in again.

MESQUITA

That hack ain't out there.

MRS. CULLINS

He went to get a Slim Jim, Mesquita,
and he'll be back... And you won't
be able to get past the both of
us... Think about it.

Mesquita whips her headband off and tosses it over Mrs. Cullin's head, then with her other hand she snatches the bathroom key attached to the stick, putting it between the headband and the back of the matron's neck. Now Mesquita twists the stick, tightening the band really hard around Mrs. Cullin's throat, leveraging it so it's done with much more force than if it were simply being done by hand. And now the matron's eyes bulge, her tongue protrudes, and her face turns blue. And as her legs finally give out Mesquita follows her down, only releasing her when her eyes go completely vacant.

MESQUITA

That'll shut her big fat mouth.

EXT. GAS STATION - SAME MOMENT

The guard steps through the door, chomping away on a Slim Jim, going around to the ladies room where the twins stand outside whispering and giggling together.

TWIN 2

My sister Brenda thinks you're cute.

TWIN 1

I do not!

The young guard grins in embarrassment, then sees their gaze go to something over his shoulder behind him. Now he turns to see Vanessa standing outside the bathroom door, holding her shiv out like a gun. Finding the threat contemptable he shoves her against the door hard, but then she springs forward and SLASHES HIM from shoulder to belly. And while the wound isn't deep or life threatening, it's over TWENTY INCHES LONG and bleeding a great deal.

VANESSA

Who told you you could fight?

The guard regards his wound and assumes he's dying.

GUARD

You didn't have to kill me.

VANESSA

I didn't kill you, you dirty little pervert! Now gimme them car keys or next time I will kill you!

Suddenly the guard's legs give out and he falls in a faint, at which point the twins regard him with radiant smiles.

TWIN 1

He sure is bloody.

TWIN 2

You still think he's cute?

TWIN 1

Yeah, I guess.

TWIN 2

So why don't you just get down and fuck him right now, Brenda?

Twin 1 begins laughing, putting her hands around her sister's neck in a mock gesture, while Vanessa reaches down and snatches the KEYS TO THE VAN from his belt.

TWIN 1

(to sister/laughing)
You're so bad!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Vanessa opens the door to the ladies room and looks inside.

VANESSA'S POV

inside the ladies room, Mesquita is stomping the living shit out of Mrs. Cullins.

ANGLE UPWARD ON MESQUITA

this would be Mrs. Cullin's POV if she was in any state to look up at the girl stomping the shit out of her.

ANOTHER ANGLE

finished, a winded Mesquita looks up with a grin.

VANESSA

I'd like to go now.

Mesquita leaves the semi-conscious matron, stepping out and looking down at the guard who's fainted.

MESQUITA

You messed him up bad, huh?

VANESSA

He ain't so bad off.

TWIN 2

(grins)

'Nothin' two million stitches won't take care of.

Mrs. Cullins is heard groaning from the ladies room and for just a moment the four girls grin triumphantly. Then Mesquita rifles through the guard's pockets, removing his wallet and taking out some bills.

VANESSA

(to twins)

You wanna go away with us?

TWIN 1

Sounds like fun... But our lawyer got us this release date next month an' we don't wanna blow it.

TWIN 2

But y'all have a real good run.

EXT. SERVICE BAY - MOMENT LATER

Mesquita gets behind the wheel of the van with Vanessa. Then they drive off, leaving the twins to wave goodbye.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Wallace and Breer sit across from SHARON, a hard and icy teenager who's Vanessa's best friend in Special ED. Now Wallace refers to some notes as he speaks to her.

WALLACE

I see here that you and Vanessa were arrested together... Twice over a period of two years.

SHARON

Yeah, we needed money... An' we thought it'd be all grownup turnin' tricks on Warren Avenue outside the Pic N Save... But we got pinched in like five minutes.

BREER

You two were engaged in acts of prostitution in the sixth grade?

SHARON

We was only gonna jack 'em off is all.

BREER

What else?

SHARON

We tried drowning this stupid cat in a trash can... But it got loose an' clawed us up so bad. So the welfare people made Vanessa go to this state institute for super fucked up girls.

WALLACE

Uh huh... And have you ever seen Vanessa act in an overtly hostile manner with an actual human being?

SHARON

(laughs)

You mean, like shoot somebody in the head five or six times?

BREER

Oh, you think that's funny?

SHARON

Yeah, so fuckin' what? You got a law against people laughin'?

BREER

What about her boyfriend who passed away?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHARON

They was pretty exclusive.

BREER

I thought you turned tricks together.

SHARON

God, that barely qualifies as fuckin'.

WALLACE

Thank you, Sharon.

Sharon gets up and steps over to the door, stopping.

COP'S POV

of Sharon standing by a TINY PHOTOGRAPH OF CHOPPER festooned with crepe paper and a note reading - "WE MISS YOU CHOPPER - ALL YOUR FRIENDS IN SPECIAL ED". Beneath that are the barely legible signatures of the kids in class.

SHARON

I know she's blowin' it over him.

ANOTHER ANGLE

A curious expression comes over Breer's face as Sharon turns from the photo and exits. Now he gets up and goes over to check out the photo of Chopper himself.

BREER O.S.

Well, what do you know?

ANOTHER ANGLE

Breer steps over to show Wallace the photo.

BREER

Vanessa's boyfriend.

WALLACE

Surprised her fella was black?

BREER

Yeah, I guess I am.

WALLACE

You know, every kid we've talked to so far seems to hold the Lutz girl in pretty high regard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BREER

Yeah, well look at those friends of hers out in the hall... They're the most fucked up bunch of kids I've ever seen...

(agonized/muttering)

Still... Oh, shit... You mind if I went and took another look at the crime scene?

WALLACE

That's a two-hour drive!

Wallace can tell by Breer's silence that he's suddenly not comfortable with the case against Vanessa.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Go ahead... Get it out of your system.

INT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Breer steps into the corridor to see Vanessa's classmates from Special Ed waiting their turn to be interviewed. He regards the youngsters in annoyance before going on.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DUSK

Breer pulls up some fifty yards from the TREE where Vanessa shot Bob Wolverton, where some police tape still hang in shreds about the site. Now he gets out and walks around, finally going under the tree and looking around. Seeing nothing out of the ordinary, he sits down, and while absently running his fingers through the grass he feels something OFF CAMERA that piques his interest.

INSERT OF BREER'S HAND

slowly coming out of the grass, he's got VANESSA'S SEVERED PONYTAIL in his fingers.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Breer regards Vanessa's ponytail and suddenly it's all clear - VANESSA'S BEEN TELLING THE TRUTH. As he heads back to his car the CELLULAR PHONE in his pocket begins RINGING.

BREER

This is Breer...

Now Breer hears of Vanessa's escape.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BREER (CONT'D)

She did what?

CUT TO:

EXT. RURAL BILLBOARD - LATE NIGHT

Vanessa sits in the darkness, her back propped up against one of the pillars beneath the billboard. Mesquita sits nearby, watchful and alert, when a CAR pulls up OFF CAMERA.

MESQUITA

My homies are here, Vanessa!

A LOWRIDER CAR PULLS UP, filled with LATIN GANG MEMBERS, one of whom is the SAME GUY WHO KILLED VANESSA'S BOYFRIEND CHOPPER. Now he steps out, a skinny kid named FLACCO, a head shorter than Mesquita. Vanessa's oblivious as she watches Mesquita share a passionate kiss with her boyfriend's killer.

MESQUITA (CONT'D)

Flacco, this is my pal, Vanessa.

Vanessa holds out her hand in greeting but Flacco doesn't respond - (for Flacco dislikes Anglos).

MESQUITA (CONT'D)

Shake her hand, Flacco! God!

Flacco shakes hands with Vanessa.

MESQUITA (CONT'D)

She needs a car, okay?

FLACCO

So what are you lookin' at me for?

MESQUITA

Go and get her one, pendaño! You wanna get with me tonight, you better be a gentleman, Flacco, all out partying while I rot in jail for a whole year!

INT. LOWRIDER CAR - SHORT TIME LATER

Vanessa and Mesquita are putting on new clothes that the gang members brought, while Flacco and two HOMIES hot wire an enormous CONVERTABLE CADILLAC.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MESQUITA

I know it sounds all feminist an' all, but one thing I learned in jail is, girls have to help out other girls... Especially convicts girls... If they can't do that, they ought'a be fuckin' dead.

Mesquita pulls out a bunch of bloody CASH which she stole from the matron and the guard and hands it to Vanessa.

MESQUITA (CONT'D)

Now you're gonna need this.

VANESSA

Mesquita, you've already done so much for me...

MESQUITA

Hey, that ain't even twenty bucks! An' those bombers are total gas hogs. Don't be stupid.

Vanessa takes the money as Flacco steps back over to them.

FLACCO

It's ready to go... Touch the two loose wires in the ignition an' it'll start right up.

VANESSA

Now all I need's a gun.

Mesquita reaches under the seat to take out the same pistol Flacco shot Chopper with earlier, handing it to Vanessa.

INSERT OF PISTOL

as Vanessa pulls back the slide expertly to find it's loaded.

FLACCO (O.S.)

You're gonna give her my quarta?

BACK TO SCENE

Vanessa lifts the pistol, feeling its weight and twirling it cowboy style (another neat trick learned courtesy of Larry).

MESQUITA

You'll get another one, Flacco! I swear.

EXT. CADILLAC - MOMENTS LATER

Vanessa and Mesquita step over to the idling Cadillac. And now we're able to see her new clothes - A vinyl mini-skirt and halter top (the same outfit her mom wore in the first scene).

MESQUITA

Watch out for the pigs, Vanessa.

Vanessa embraces Mesquita.

VANESSA

I'm sorry I fucked your nose all up.
I was real upset that day.

MESQUITA

I was tryin' to work it so you'd put
out for me later on... I guess I
went about it pretty dumb.

VANESSA

Mesquita, I'd put out for you any
day'a the week.

MESQUITA

I only do that kind of shit in lock
up.

The girls embrace. Then Mesquita watches as Vanessa gets in her brand new Cadillac and pulls away from the curb.

INT. CADILLAC - SAME MOMENT

Vanessa puts on the radio, turning it to a heavy metal station as she drives off into the night.

: CUT TO:

INT. WOLVERTON HOME - DAY

The hallway is dark with a dismal and shut in quality about the place. Now there's a knock at the door and Mrs. Wolverton appears, stepping over to peer through the peephole, then undoing various deadbolts and chains and finally opening it to reveal Wallace, Breer, and several grim faced DETECTIVES.

MRS. WOLVERTON

Have you found her?

WALLACE

Not yet, I'm afraid.

EXT. PORCH - SAME MOMENT

BREER

I really don't think you're in any danger, Mrs. Wolverton.

MRS. WOLVERTON

Oh, you don't, do you? Well, let me tell you... If Bob's oxygen and medical supplies weren't here, we'd have left town the minute we heard she was back out on the streets.

WALLACE

Mrs. Wolverton... Is your husband here now?

MRS. WOLVERTON

He's over at St. John's doing his physical therapy...

Wallace takes an official looking piece of paper from of his coat pocket and hands it to Mrs. Wolverton.

WALLACE

Mrs. Wolverton, I have here a Search Warrant.

(aside to detective)

Go to St. John's and bring Mr. Wolverton here.

Wallace hands Mrs. Wolverton a pen as she looks on in shock and disbelief.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Would you sign this please...
Anywhere's fine.

Mrs. Wolverton just stares speechless.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

(to another detective)

Make a note that Mrs. Wolverton refused to sign.

(to detectives)

We'll take the upstairs... You take the downstairs and the garage.

Mrs. Wolverton watches as Wallace and Breer walk up the stairs to the upper floor.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Mrs. Wolverton... But certain circumstantial evidence has come to light which we're duty bound to investigate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. WOLVERTON
What sort of evidence?

WALLACE
I'd prefer we discussed this when
your husband is present... If that's
all right.

FADE TO:

INT. LIVINGROOM - HALF HOUR LATER

Wallace and Breer go down the stairs where Mrs. Wolverton
sits on the couch looking devastated.

BREER
(to Wallace)
I'm gonna see how it's going in the
garage.

As Breer goes out, Wallace notices how upset Mrs. Wolverton
is.

WALLACE
Look, I realize this is very
difficult for you.. But, Mrs.
Wolverton... A life is at stake
here... We have to be as sure of
these proceedings as we possibly
can.

MRS. WOLVERTON
I understand the Lutz girl stabbed a
young man when she escaped from
custody. Shouldn't that tell you
everything you need to know about
her?

WALLACE
We'll see.

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Breer enters the garage, where the two other detectives
search through boxes and stored furniture.

BREER
How's it goin'?

DETECTIVE
Place's clean so far.

Breer is about to step back into the house, when he notices
some LARGE CARDBOARD BOXES up on the RAFTERS out of reach.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BREER
What about those?

The two detectives look up at the boxes.

DETECTIVE
You'll need a ladder.

Breer grabs a folded CARD TABLE from a corner and carries it over to set up under the rafters.

BREER
Hold it steady.

Breer maneuvers himself up to the rafters, but he can only just touch the bottom portion of one of the cardboard boxes.

DETECTIVE
Breer, you're gonna break your fuckin' neck.

Breer pushes on the underside of the box, when suddenly the it falls on top of him, collapsing the table under his weight and dumping him onto the cement floor. He's in pain, but uninjured. Just then Wallace and Mrs. Wolverton enter.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The box Breer pushed from the rafters has broken open, spilling an enormous collection of truly sickening PORNOGRAPHIC MAGAZINES and what appear to be AMATEUR PHOTOS too vile to show on camera. However the extreme reaction from who do see them are an indication of how bad they are.

ANGLE ON MRS. WOLVERTON

beginning to violently tremble.

INT. KITCHEN - FEW MINUTES LATER

Mrs. Wolverton stands watching from the doorway as Wallace talks over the phone to headquarters. One of the detectives from the garage is so shaken by the sight of the porn that he has to splash water over his face at the kitchen sink.

WALLACE
(on phone)
Robert Wolverton... Age thirty two.

As Wallace hangs up, Breer enters past Mrs. Wolverton.

BREER
Forensics is on the way... Tony found some remains... Human... Animal... Who knows?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLACE

Were you aware your husband had
mental problems, Mrs. Wolverton?

Mrs. Wolverton looks up at Wallace, too beside herself with
shock and horror to make herself understood.

MRS. WOLVERTON

Those were chil... Chil... Chil...

BREER

Children? Yeah... Just like that
Lutz girl you've been dying to see
get strapped down in the gas
chamber.

Mrs. Wolverton stares at Breer a moment biting her lip, then
turns and walks out.

INT. STAIRWAY - SAME MOMENT

Mrs. Wolverton trudges up the stairs like a robot.

WALLACE

Don't be so hard on her... None of
this is her fault.

BREER

Yeah? Fuck her... Right now, my
only concern is for that Lutz kid.

The sharp RETORT of a GUNSHOT is HEARD upstairs. Breer and
Wallace look at one another, then bolt off toward the
stairs.

INT. BATHROOM - SAME MOMENT

Wallace and Breer burst into the bathroom, stopping at the
sight of Mrs. Wolverton through a thick haze of blue
gunsmoke, sitting on the toilet with a PISTOL on her lap.
Her eyes are wide open and the back of her head's been
vaporized, her brains running in a bloody swath up the tiles
behind her to the ceiling.

CUT TO:

INT. BOB WOLVERTON'S CAR - SHORT TIME LATER

Bob is driving home, making a left turn onto his street.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB'S POV

down the street, a bunch of POLICE CARS and NEWS VANS are parked outside his house where GUYS in green windbreakers with "D.A." on the backs are carrying CARDBOARD BOXES filled with the Wolverton porno and body parts collection to a waiting VAN parked at the curb.

BACK TO SCENE

Bob pulls over, then makes a quick U-turn. As he continues driving, he appears quite desperate.

CUT TO:

INT. SELF SERVE GAS & MINI-MART - DAY

Vanessa brings a BAG OF GUMMI BEARS to the CASHIER.

VANESSA

Lemme have these here... And six dollars and fourteen cents on ten.

EXT. GAS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Vanessa watches the pump as she fills the tank, then gets back in the car and drives off.

INT. CADILLAC - SHORT TIME LATER

Vanessa drives through a seedy, rural skid row sort of area, seeing some LATINA HOOKERS who specialize in servicing migrant farm workers, plying their trade from the curb.

INT. CADILLAC - MOMENTS LATER

Vanessa parks and looks in the mirror, a bit freaked out.

EXT. SIDE STREET - SAME MOMENT

Vanessa steps out with her bag of gummi bears, then walks over to stand among a small knot of HOOKERS.

EXT. CORNER - MOMENT LATER

Vanessa takes her place on the curb, and here we see the Gummi Bears were purchased to serve as a prop to attract tricks. Now she starts drumming up business, imitating her mother perfectly as she lets it all hang out for the MALE DRIVERS who might want to spend some time with her.

ANGLE ON PROSTITUTES

watching Vanessa, rather impressed at the professionalism shown by this unusually young kindred spirit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON VANESSA

as a CAR pulls to a stop for a red light in front of her, a silicon valley sort of "Walter Mitty" WHITE GUY in a white shirt and tie sits behind the wheel.

VANESSA
(smiling at driver)
You wanna squirt, baby?

The light changes and the car pulls away, to be replaced by a young BLACK MAN in another car listening to RAP MUSIC. Vanessa gets his attention with a "2LIVECREW" imitation.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
"Oooh, me so horny..."

Now the guy rolls his window up and drives off, being replaced at once by the WHITE GUY in a white shirt and tie. Vanessa smiles invitingly for him.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
Oh, it's you again... Wanna fuck?

TRICK
How much?

INT. CAR - SAME MOMENT

Vanessa opens the passenger door, cheerfully getting in next to the trick.

VANESSA
Depends on what you're into.

The trick pulls from the curb and they ride in silence a moment.

TRICK
So, uhhh... What are you into?

VANESSA
Anything you are... Most likely that is.

Vanessa holds the bag out to offer the man a gummi bear.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
You want a gummy bear?

The man ignores her, blurting out his question instead.

TRICK
(repressed, creepy)
Do you suck cock?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Though Vanessa's skin is absolutely crawling, she makes a heroic effort to appear delighted.

VANESSA

Sure, I can do that.

TRICK

I just wanna get sucked.

VANESSA

You find us an alley, I'll suck you right where you're sittin'.

TRICK

I'll pay twenty five dollars.

VANESSA

I can live with that.

They drive in silence a moment.

TRICK

You're underage, aren't you?

VANESSA

What, is that a problem?

TRICK

Young people need to live too.

VANESSA

You sure got that right.

EXT. STREET - MOMENT LATER

The car pulls into the alley and shuts off his engine.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

The trick undoes his zipper and turns to Vanessa.

VANESSA

Get 'em down, okay? Makes it a whole lot easier that way.

The man looks around, then pulls his pants down to his knees before turning again to Vanessa.

TRICK'S POV

of Vanessa aiming Flacco's pistol at him.

VANESSA

Now gimme your money... All of it...
Every last cent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BACK TO SCENE

TRICK

You goddamn...

As the man lunges at Vanessa, she FIRES THREE SHOTS from her pistol, SHATTERING the window behind him.

TRICK (CONT'D)

Jesus! Okay! I'm sorry!

VANESSA

I was aimin' at your head, mister.

TRICK

Okay! I'm sorry! Okay!

VANESSA

If we get this over quick, we'll both be a lot happier, okay?

Now the trick turns to lean into the backseat.

TRICK

My cash is in my briefcase in the backseat.

VANESSA

Don't move it... Just lean on over an' open it where it's layin'.

Now the man tries to pull his pants up.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

And keep those pants where they are, Mr. Dirty Mouth!

TRICK

Okay! Okay! Okay!

The man now leans over the seat to open his briefcase.

VANESSA

You swing that at me, you're dead! Do you believe me?

TRICK

Why are you doing this?

VANESSA

'Cuz I'm pissed off and the whole world owes me! Now gimme your goddamn money!

The man's got his briefcase open, taking out his wallet and handing it to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Now she opens it to find a single five dollar bill inside.

VANESSA

Where's the rest of it? Where's the money?

TRICK

It's all I've got...

VANESSA

(outraged)

What, you were just gonna give me five bucks?

TRICK

Take it please! Oh, god! Oh, god!

VANESSA

Get the hell out'a this car!

EXT. CAR - MOMENT LATER

The man steps out and begins pulling his pants up.

VANESSA

No, uh uh! In fact, get all them pants off! Now! Do it!

As the trick hesitates, Vanessa FIRES another round plugging a garbage can. So now he hurriedly strips off his clothes, finally naked except for loafers and black socks, hiding his privates with his hands. Now Vanessa opens the trunk and gestures with her pistol for him to climb inside.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Get on in there... Now!

TRICK

Please! I'm claustrophobic!

VANESSA

Yeah, well I get claustrophobic suckin' strange dick! Now move!

TRICK

I have to pee.

VANESSA

Good! Do it in there! Now!

When the man climbs into the trunk, Vanessa slams it shut on him, then turns and walks off toward the street.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INSERT OF VANESSA'S FACE

As she stops, we think she might quietly break into tears. But instead she dominates her emotions, and now her expressions hardens in the same sort of manner it did just before she shot Bob Wolverton.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Vanessa goes to the rear of the car, AIMING HER PISTOL INTO THE TRUNK. But when she pulls the trigger - IT WON'T FIRE! Trying again, she bursts into tears and angrily tosses the thing into an enormous pile of trash overflowing from a dumpster.

INT. CAR - SAME MOMENT

Vanessa gets behind the wheel and starts the engine. Now she pulls out of the alley.

CUT TO:

INT. DENNY'S - SAME MOMENT

INSERT OF PHOTO

It's the PHOTO of Vanessa's GRANDMA, now with dried blood stains on it from when Bob got shot. Now the person holding it turns it over to reveal the address of her trailer park.

ANOTHER ANGLE

BOB WOLVERTON sits wearing dark sunglasses in a booth, regarding the photo with grim intensity. Now a pretty young WAITRESS holding a pot of coffee steps over.

WAITRESS

How 'bout a warm up, sir?

Bob regards the waitress, his gaze turning to a leer as he realizes he's looking at a real babe. Now he looks her up and down, then speaks through his ELECTRONIC VOICE AMPLIFIER.

BOB

You really are a lovely young woman... Aren't you, dear?

Bob's deformities make his dirty thoughts even more apparent, making the waitress grimace as she pours his coffee. Now she gives him his check and takes her leave. Alone, Bob counts out a handful of pills, then swallows them down with coffee before getting up to leave.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME MOMENT

Bob leaves the restaurant, then steps over to his car which he's got parked in a "handicapped" space.

FADE TO:

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

Vanessa stands just inside the entrance to the seemingly deserted trailer park, ignoring the guy pounding and calling from the trunk just a few yards away. Looking around, she spies a row of MAILBOXES under a wooden awning.

INT. MAILBOX ENCLOSURE - MOMENT LATER

Vanessa steps under the enclosure, attempting to READ the names on the legend. Meanwhile, it's RAINING HARDER.

POV

as she glides her finger over the lettering, trying to make out a name, but having extreme difficulty with her reading.

VANESSA (O.S.)

Ffff.....Ffff..... Ffff.... Frrr...

Frrr... Froh... Froh... Froh...

INSERT OF VANESSA'S FACE

squinted up as she continues to work her phonics.

VANESSA

Frrrr... Frrrr... Frohhh...

CUT TO:

EXT. FREEWAY - SAME MOMENT

Wallace and Breer's unmarked police car races through traffic at a really high rate of speed.

INT. WALLACE & BREER'S CAR - SAME MOMENT

Breer's driving like a maniac.

WALLACE .

Would you slow down, for Christ's sake?

BREER

I can't. I'm too damn worried.

WALLACE

You're gonna miss the exit!

EXT. FREEWAY - SAME MOMENT

Breer cuts across several lanes to make the exit.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAILER PARK - SAME MOMENT

INSERT OF VANESSA'S FACE

she's still painfully trying to find her grandma's name on the registry.

VANESSA

Ffff... Ffff... Fro...Ffff...
Ffff...

INSERT OF REGISTER

Vanessa's finger comes to the name, "FROHLEGGER" and the number "64".

INSERT OF VANESSA'S FACE

breaking into a smile - she knows she's FOUND IT!

VANESSA

Frohleger! Number sixty four!

BACK TO SCENE

Vanessa tears off in search of her grandma's trailer.

EXT. TRAILER PARK AVENUE - MOMENTS LATER

Vanessa walks down the trailer lined avenue, seeing only lights from the T.V.s people are watching inside. Meanwhile, IT'S RAINING HARD, the water causing her makeup to run and streak, giving her an absolutely demented look.

VANESSA'S POV

as she passes all these trailers, looking for #330.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As Vanessa continues down the avenue, paying no mind to the rain that seems to fall harder and harder by the moment.

EXT. TRAILER PARK ENTRANCE - SAME MOMENT

Breer and Wallace pull up outside the trailer park, next to Vanessa's car. Then they get out, going over to the mailbox enclosure where they begin looking for Vanessa's grandma.

INSERT OF MAILBOX LEGEND

Breer's finger instantly comes to "N. FROHLEGGER".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bingo. BREER (O.S.)

ANOTHER ANGLE

The trick's pounding and calling suddenly intrudes on the two detective's consciousness.

TRICK (O.S.)
Help me! Please! Help me!

Now they step cautiously over to the trunk where Breer produces a sturdy looking FOLDING KNIFE, then shoves the blade under the lock to spring it. Instantly the TRICK bursts from the trunk like a Jack In The Box, naked from the waist down and trembling violently in the chilly rain.

TRICK (CONT'D)
She's got a gun!

Breer throws a pair of HANDCUFFS over the trick's wrists.

TRICK
(in surprise)
What are you doing?

BREER
Just shut up and wait right there!

Wallace and Breer head for their car.

EXT. TRAILER PARK AVENUE - SAME MOMENT

Vanessa steps onto the porch of the most remote trailer in the park, one that is completely dark inside. It's parked by a fence, beyond which is a field. The only light to really see by is from a BILLBOARD some distance across the field by the freeway with a slowly FLASHING RED LIGHT atop it.

VANESSA'S POV

of some sort of OFFICIAL NOTICE tacked onto the door.

BACK TO SCENE

Vanessa takes the note and regards it, but is unable to make out the words by the available light, not to mention the fact that she can barely read. So unsure as to whether she's at the right trailer, she looks around for some means to be certain.

VANESSA'S POV

of a trailer some yards away. The flickering light within tells us that someone inside is watching T.V.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BACK TO SCENE

Vanessa walks toward the other trailer.

EXT. TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

Vanessa knocks on the door and seconds later a GUY in his late sixties steps out.

VANESSA

I'm sorry to bother you at such a crazy hour, but I lost my glasses and I can't read this note here... You think you could help me?

The man takes the note and reads it.

MAN

Naomi had her 'lectricity shut off again? Darn...

VANESSA

My name's Vanessa... And Naomi's my grandma.

Vanessa and the man shake hands.

MAN

Oh, hey... I'm Chuckie Wilson. I'm a friend of hers.

VANESSA

Oh, yeah?

MAN

I've got a little woodshop out in the back... I fix things for her once an' awhile too... Jeez, her power's off. Listen, tell her I can spot her a few bucks if she needs it.

VANESSA

So that's my grandma's trailer?

MAN

It sure is.

VANESSA

Thanks, Mr. Wilson.

George goes back inside his trailer while Vanessa hurries off to grandma's trailer where she steps onto the porch and begins knocking on the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VANESSA
Hey, grandma! Hey, grandma! It's
me, Vanessa... You in there? Hey,
grandma!

Getting no response, Vanessa tries the door to find it
UNLOCKED.

INT. TRAILER - SAME MOMENT

Vanessa enters, blind but for the LIGHT from the billboard
across the field outside that's slowly flashing a dull red
through the windows. Now she spies something OFF CAMERA
that causes a curious look to come over her face, while the
SOUND of PAINT SNORING is HEARD.

VANESSA'S POV

of GRANDMA in bed across the room, lightly snoring in
slumber. Now Vanessa goes to awaken her.

VANESSA
Grandma?

Vanessa stands at her grandma's bedside.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
You are here... Come on now... Wake
on up, grandma... It's me,
Vanessa... Your granddaughter.
Come on now... I'm gonna take
care'a you now forever and ever.

VANESSA'S POV

In the dull red light, it's just possible to make out
grandma with a blanket pulled up so only her eyes and the
hairnet she's wearing can be made out.

BACK TO SCENE

VANESSA
Grandma?

Vanessa pulls out some damp matches and after some
difficulty, manages to get one lit so she can see better.

INSERT OF VANESSA'S FACE

peering at grandma.

POV

grandma's eyes are open and staring directly at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BACK TO SCENE

Vanessa jumps a little, disconcerted at seeing grandma's eyes wide open.

CLOSE ON GRANDMA

something about her appearance is TERRIBLY WRONG, but in the darkness it's hard to tell exactly what that might be.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Though we may not know what's wrong, VANESSA'S GOT IT FIGURED OUT. Now she tries to jerk the blanket down, but grandma holds it in a powerful grip. But even so, that single jerk of the blanket has REVEALED something to Vanessa that has not yet been revealed to the audience.

VANESSA

(slow, contemptuous)

Those are some big, ugly fuckin' teeth you got, Bob.

VANESSA'S POV

as she whips the blanket off "grandma" - revealing the person to indeed be none other than - BOB WOLVERTON!

BACK TO SCENE

Now Bob rises to a sitting position, an enormous AUTOMATIC PISTOL in his hand which he puts up to Vanessa's skull, pulling the hammer back with a loud click.

BOB

You like how it feels, Vanessa?

VANESSA

Where's my grandma, Bob?

BOB

You want to see your grandma?

Bob suddenly produces a super bright halogen FLASHLIGHT in his other hand which he switches on, shining it to illuminate a spot OFF CAMERA directly behind Vanessa.

BOB (CONT'D)

Why don't you give her a kiss?

Vanessa turns to see what Bob's shining his flashlight on.

VANESSA'S POV

of grandma in a semi-sitting position, propped against the wall, looking absolutely hideous.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

There's a bullet hole in the center of of her forehead and her mouth is open to an impossible degree in a rictus of death.

BACK TO SCENE

Vanessa turns to see Bob standing now, still holding his pistol against her head.

VANESSA

You fucker...

EXT. GRANDMA'S TRAILER - SAME MOMENT

Wallace and Breer pull up outside the grandma's trailer, their headlights showing Chuckie the neighbor holding a folded newspaper over his head to protect himself from the rain and carrying a Coleman lantern up onto the porch.

INT. WALLACE & BREER'S CAR - SAME MOMENT

Wallace and Breer notice the neighbor step up to the doorway of grandma's trailer.

BREER

(regarding neighbor)

Now who the hell is this?

INT. GRANDMA'S TRAILER - SAME MOMENT

Bob's holding Vanessa at gunpoint when the neighbor appears in the doorway.

CHUCKIE

Hey, Naomi, I brought you a lantern
so you wouldn't have to go around
half blind and...

Bob SHOOTS THE NEIGHBOR in the belly, cutting him off in mid sentence.

INT. CAR - SAME MOMENT

The detectives watch as the wounded man stumbles from the doorway, his hands over his stomach, blood running between his fingers. Now they rush forward.

INT. TRAILER - SAME MOMENT

As Bob turns his gun to bear on Vanessa again, she LEAPS FORWARD and knocks him to the floor. Now he struggles wildly, but it's an uneven contest. She gets atop him, giving him the same treatment she gave Mesquito that first day in lock up, while he attempts to get his pistol pointed at her, FIRING BULLETS REPEATEDLY.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Only she's got his wrists pinned with her knees, making the shots fly wildly about as she beats him over his head and shoulders with her fists.

VANESSA

You like that, Bob? Huh? You like that?

Bob struggles, protesting through his ELECTRONIC VOICE BOX which is set at such a deafening volume, it's making loud and annoying FEEDBACK.

BOB

Not like this! Not like this!

VANESSA

Go on an' die, goddamnit!

EXT. TRAILER - SAME MOMENT

GUNFIRE, Bob's electronic VOICE, and Vanessa's SCREAMS are HEARD. The two cops have their pistols drawn, but are too scared to enter the darkened trailer while bullets whiz past them through the walls and the open door.

VANESSA (O.S.)

Die, you fucker! Die! Die!

BOB (O.S.)

No! Vanessa! Vanessa!

Bullets continue whizzing past the two detectives.

INT. TRAILER - SAME MOMENT

Vanessa rips off Bob's glasses, unable to free them because of the CORD holding them around his neck so they won't fall off. And now her experienced eye sees a ready means for dispatching Bob as she puts her knee in his back and proceeds to GAROTTE him from behind. And now the finer points of stangulation are explored in clinical detail until BOB WOLVERTON FINALLY LAYS DEAD.

EXT. TRAILER - SAME MOMENT

Vanessa staggers onto the porch and sits on the stoop, while the detectives move cautiously into the doorway where Breer shines his flashlight around the interior of the trailer. Vanessa takes no notice, while the sound of approaching sirens are HEARD in the distance.

INT. TRAILER - SAME MOMENT

Wallace and Breer look around inside the ruined trailer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POV

their gaze passes over Vanessa's dead grandma, then over to Bob Wolverton. His hands are up to the cord around his neck, and by the disposition of his body there's no doubt that Vanessa strangled him. His expression is one of absolute horror.

EXT. TRAILER - SAME MOMENT

Vanessa sits on the porch, when Wallace and Breer step out to stand over her.

POV

of Vanessa, beginning to grin joyfully, her makeup running so she looks completely insane.

VANESSA

I choked him all out for you.

BACK TO SCENE

Black & whites pull up all around, while Breer looks down on our heroine with the warmest of smiles. Bob is dead and our ending is happy. Now camera pans upwards to the sky.

TA DA!!!