

Pedophilia: A Love Story

By

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FADE IN:

INT. PHYSICS CLASSROOM - DAY

HEATHER (29, race unimportant) IS A PhD STUDENT, TEACHING A PHYSICS CLASS FOR HER FACULTY ADVISOR.

THE CLASS IS BEING TAUGHT IN A SMALL AUDITORIUM WITH A PROJECTOR LOCATED IN THE CEILING THAT IS HOOKED UP TO HER LAPTOP.

CARL (16, white) IS A CHILD PRODIGY. HE IS FAR TOO YOUNG TO BE A REGULAR STUDENT IN AN ADVANCED PHYSICS CLASS IN COLLEGE, BUT HE'S THERE JUST THE SAME.

HEATHER

Class, we've just about wrapped up the first week of classes, so we need to get moving, we've got a lot of work to do this term. Who is familiar with the Higgs-Boson particle and its discovery?

TWO HANDS GO UP IN THE CLASS.

CARL IS FANTASIZING ABOUT THE TEACHER. IN HIS FANTASY, HE'S SCREWING HER ON THE BLACK TABLE, IN FRONT OF THE CLASS, WHO CLAP AND CHEER.

HE GETS AN ERECTION IN CLASS, AND TRIES TO SHIFT AROUND TO HIDE IT FROM EVERYBODY ELSE.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

I can see that we're just about out of time for today. Don't forget, read Michaelson chapters 4 & 5 for next time. I expect to have all of your surveys emailed to me by midnight tonight. Remember, there's no right or wrong answers on them, just state your experiences. Class dismissed. Can I see Carl Williams down here after class, please?

THE STUDENTS CLOSE UP LAPTOPS AND PUT THEIR PENS AWAY.

CARL HIDES HIS BONER WITH HIS BOOKS.

CARL

You wanted to see me?

STUDENTS FILE OUT OF THE CLASSROOM, LEAVING THEM ALONE. CARL IS VISIBLY NERVOUS.

CARL (CONT'D)

You wanted to see me?

HEATHER

Yes, Carl. I'm really impressed with your knowledge and work ethic in the class. You're quite the student, for someone so young.

CARL

Thanks. I always was too smart for my own good. I graduated high school when I was 13, and applied here because they have one of the best science departments in the country. I've been wanting to be a physicist since I was young.

HEATHER

I would say you're on your way to a brilliant career. Anyway, I had a question I wanted to ask you. As you know, I'm a graduate student here, and I'm earning my PhD. For my thesis, I'm working on discovering wormholes, whether natural or artificial. I need a research assistant to work with me. Would you be interested?

CARL

Absolutely! I'd love to work with you. I'm taking a pretty heavy class load, but I've got some time on the weekends. I'm too young to party with the regular students, so I don't get out much.

HEATHER

Terrific. It's settled then.

Heather takes out a piece of scrap paper and writes on it, then hands the paper to Carl.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Here's my number. Call me after dinner, and we'll discuss the particulars.

Carl stares longingly at the paper.

CARL

Y-yeah. Sure, I'll call you. When do you want to work on this?

HEATHER  
How about Saturdays?

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
We can work in the afternoons and  
evenings. Call me about 7 tonight.

CARL  
You bet I will. Thanks.

HEATHER  
You'd better hurry off now. I'm  
sure you've got better things to do  
than to stand here and talk to me.

Carl gets to:

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

CARL STOPPED BY AND IS TALKING TO HIS ROOMMATE, DEMARCUS (19,  
black.)

CARL LAYS ON THE LOFT BED. DEMARCUS SITS ON THE FUTON BELOW,  
FLIPPING CHANNELS ON TV.

DEMARCUS  
Man, there ain't a damn thing on  
this idiot box.

CARL  
I don't know what to do.

DEMARCUS  
What are you babbling about?

CARL  
I said I don't know what to do.

DEMARCUS  
About what?

CARL  
About my physics teacher. She's a  
grad student, and she's gorgeous  
and she gave me her phone number,  
and wants to work with me on her  
thesis.

DEMARCUS  
So, a gorgeous woman gave you her  
phone number, studly. What's so  
wrong with that?

CARL

I'm obviously too young to do anything about it. I mean, not seriously, anyway. She's got to be 10 years older than me.

DEMARCUS

So give me her number. I'll call her.

CARL

No, I don't think so.

DEMARCUS

Do you want her?

CARL

Yes, of course. I'm 16, I'm not dead. I got a hard on as soon as she touched me.

DEMARCUS

My man! Maybe she's into younger guys.

CARL

Yeah, except at my age, that's a felony.

DEMARCUS

What does she want you to work on her with?

CARL

You wouldn't understand.

DEMARCUS

Try me.

CARL

We will be looking in the telescope and working experiments in the lab to try to find the subatomic signatures of wormholes in nature, and try to replicate them artificially in the lab.

DEMARCUS

That's over my head.

CARL

Told you.

DEMARCUS CUTS OFF THE TV AND GRABS HIS BACKPACK.

DEMARCUS

Anyway, I've got a statistics class to get to. You two have fun.

INT. HEATHER'S HOME - NIGHT

HEATHER IS SITTING AT HER COMPUTER GETTING SOME WORK DONE WHEN HER CELL PHONE RINGS.

IT IS HER HUSBAND MICHAEL (mid-30s, race unimportant.)

HEATHER

Hi, babe. How are you doing?

MICHAEL

Hi, darling. I'm doing pretty well, how are you?

HEATHER

Good. I'm teaching a class for my faculty advisor and I've got some lab time tomorrow to work on my thesis. How is work?

MICHAEL

Busy as a one-legged man in an ass kicking contest. The foreman seems to think this job will be a couple of weeks. I'll try to get home sooner. I miss your face. And no, video chatting is not a worthy substitute.

HEATHER

Well, you don't worry about me, I'm going to be up to my ears in work for the next couple of weeks, so you just do your job and you can jump back in these loving arms when you get home.

INT. LAB - DAY

On SATURDAY AFTERNOON, CARL AND HEATHER MEET AT THE LAB.

HEATHER

Good afternoon, Carl.

CARL

Hi, Heather. Sorry, I got here as soon as I could. My roommate needed me.

HEATHER

No problem. I just got here,  
myself. Everything OK?

CARL

Yeah, everything's fine, his  
girlfriend just broke up with him,  
but I talked to him, and he's OK  
about it now.

HEATHER

That's good. Well, let's get  
started. We're going to spend a  
little time in the lab, then when  
it gets dark in a few hours, we've  
got some time on the telescope.

CARL

Sounds good to me. Where is the  
lab?

HEATHER

Come this way.

HEATHER WALKS CARL AWAY.

2 HOURS LATER...

INT. LAB - NIGHT

HEATHER AND CARL ARE WRAPPING UP THEIR LAB TIME.

CARL IS STANDING RIGHT NEXT TO HEATHER, LOOKING DOWN AT HER  
CLEAVAGE.

HEATHER

Nothing. Looks like tonight was a  
wash.

CARL

Not totally. We know what doesn't  
work, now.

HEATHER

You're always so positive. I like  
that about you. It's going to take  
you far.

HEATHER PLACES HER HAND ON CARL'S.

CARL KISSES HEATHER ON THE LIPS. SHE IS STUNNED, BUT LETS IT  
HAPPEN, THEN PULLS BACK.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

No. This is wrong.

CARL

What's so wrong about it? I like you, you like me. I fail to see a problem, here.

HEATHER

I'll tell you what the problem is, Carl. You're sixteen, and I'm your teacher.

CARL

Everybody's got to grow up, sometime.

HEATHER

Come on, studly. We've got telescope time now.

CARL'S CELL PHONE RINGS, BUT HE IGNORES THE CALL.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

MICHAEL AND HIS FRIEND FROM WORK, JAVIER (Latino, 35,) ARE SITTING AT THE BAR HAVING DRINKS.

MICHAEL

Yeah, I'm married, too, but she's 3 states away. You know what they say: when the cat's away, the mice will play.

JAVIER

Sometimes my English is not so good. What does that mean?

MICHAEL

That means she's out of sight, and out of mind. What she don't know ain't gonna hurt her.

JAVIER

I think I understand. Look at this chica across the bar.

MICHAEL

Which one?

JAVIER

The one in the white dress. She's all over that guy.

(MORE)



JAVIER (CONT'D)

Wouldn't you like to be that guy  
for 20 minutes? The right 20  
minutes?

MICHAEL

No doubt. Look, at those ladies  
sitting over there at the table.  
I'll be right back.

INT. LAB - NIGHT

DR. COVINGTON (57, black) WALKS INTO THE TELESCOPE ROOM.

DR. COVINGTON

Good evening, Heather. Right on  
time. Who is this that you've  
brought with you?

HEATHER

Oh, Dr. Covington, this is Carl.  
He's my research assistant, and one  
of my students.

DR. COVINGTON

He looks awfully young to be one of  
your students, but I suppose  
everybody looks young too me.

CARL SHAKES HANDS AND GREETES DR. COVINGTON.

CARL

I'm 16. I'm one of those child  
geniuses you've probably read  
about.

DR. COVINGTON

Oh, great. Nice to meet you, Carl.  
Heather is a pretty good teacher.  
Stick to her, and you'll go far.

CARL

I intend to.

DR. COVINGTON

Anyway, Heather, I'm about to get  
out of here, so lock up when you  
leave, will you?

HEATHER

No problem, Jeff. Thanks again for  
arranging this.

DR. COVINGTON

You're welcome. You know I always have time for eager students. Carl, nice to meet you.

DR. COVINGTON EXITS.

HEATHER

Ok, let's get started. This is the workstation I'll be at, and your workstation is over there.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

I'll log them both in in just a second. This is not a traditional observatory, because we are looking through a space-based telescope, so all we're going to get is the images it beams down to us.

CARL

Are we going to be looking for the same tachyon particles?

HEATHER

Yes, we are. Here, I'll log you in. Just key in the coordinates you want to examine first.

HEATHER LOGS INTO HIS COMPUTER FIRST, THEN HERS.

CARL

Got it.

HEATHER

By the way, Carl, who called you earlier?

CARL

It was my mom just checking up on me. I'll call her back later.

HEATHER

Look, Carl, about earlier, I like you, I do. Probably more than I should. But you're a minor, and I'm married. Timing is just bad all around.

CARL

I understand.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

MICHAEL, JAVIER, AND TWO WOMEN ARE SITTING AT A TABLE TALKING AND HAVING DRINKS.

MICHAEL

Well, they called last call already. Guess we'd better get out of here. Good thing we've got tomorrow off. You ready, babe?

WOMAN 1

I'm ready for you, sexy.

MICHAEL

Then let's go.

ALL 4 LEAVE TOGETHER, GUYS ARM IN ARM WITH THE GIRLS.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

HEATHER AND CARL ARE IN A DARKENED MOTEL ROOM, MAKING OUT.

HEATHER

I can't believe I'm doing this.

THEY UNDRESS EACH OTHER AS THEY MAKE OUT.

GO TO BLACK SCREEN, THEN COME UP.

CARL ROLLS OFF HEATHER, SWEATING AND PANTING.

CARL

It was so much better that time. You were right.

HEATHER

Told you it would get better.

CARL

Well, give me a few minutes to catch my breath, and we can go again, if you want.

HEATHER

I forgot what it's like being with somebody so young.

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

CARL CALLS HIS MOM AND HER BOYFRIEND DWAYNE (white, 40s) ANSWERS.

DWAYNE

Carl! Great to hear from you finally. Did you get my message last night?

CARL

Yes, I did, Dwayne. Glad you and mom had a good time last night.

DWAYNE

I just wanted to make sure you were alright.

CARL

Sorry I didn't get to call you back. I was at the observatory.

CARL (CONT'D)

Remember that research project I told you about? I was working on that.

DWAYNE

That's good. Glad you found something to occupy your time. Are you getting somewhere with it?

CARL

Some yes, and some no. We got what we wanted out of last night, that's for sure.

DWAYNE

That's good.

CARL

As good as it is talking to you, Dwayne, is my mom there?

DWAYNE

No. She went to the grocery store. I'll tell her you called, though.

CARL

Thanks, Dwayne. I've got to run for now, but I'll talk to you soon. Bye.

DWAYNE

Bye, Carl.

INT. WOMAN 1'S APARTMENT - DAY

Michael wakes up in Woman 1's bed. He grabs his temples like he's really hungover, then looks beside him.

WOMAN 1  
Good morning, sleepy head.

MICHAEL  
Oh, God. What have I done? Good morning.

WOMAN 1  
What do you mean, 'What have you done?' We had a great night last night. Don't you remember it?

It all comes back to him.

MICHAEL  
Yeah, I remember. I was just thinking out loud, I guess.

WOMAN 1  
That's not the right answer. Did I do something wrong?

MICHAEL  
No, not you. I did. Look, I don't know how to say this, so I'll just come out with it. I'm married.

WOMAN 1  
What!? You asshole. You cheated on your wife and you made me a part of it?

MICHAEL  
You're not a part of it. You just....

WOMAN 1  
Were there? Do yourself a favor, shut up now, you're just digging yourself deeper. Just get dressed and get the hell out of my house.

INT. HEATHER'S HOME - DAY

HEATHER WALKS IN THE DOOR TO HER HOME, AND AS SOON AS SHE DOES, HER PHONE RINGS. IT'S MICHAEL.

HEATHER

Hello, my loving husband.

MICHAEL

Hello, my wonderful wife. How are things?

HEATHER

I'm doing good. Just sitting around the house. It's kind of a lazy Sunday. Maybe I'll do some reading or something. I've got a lot of classwork to worry about. How about you?

MICHAEL

I'm good. I went out for drinks with a friend last night, and I think I drank too much. Not feeling so wonderful today.

HEATHER

Well, take some aspirin and drink lots of water. I'll talk to you later when you're feeling better.

MICHAEL

Ok, I'll take you advice. Listen, I hate to cut this short, but I feel awful, so I'm going to go back to bed.

HEATHER

Don't worry about it, babe. We'll talk later, when you feel better. I love you.

MICHAEL

I love you too. Goodbye.

CALL DISCONNECTS.

CARL HAS DECIDED TO GO HOME FOR SUNDAY.

INT. CARL'S MOM'S APARTMENT - DAY

CARL IS CARRYING A BASKET OF DIRTY LAUNDRY.

MOM (35) HAS A DRINK IN HER HAND AS SHE LOOKS CARL OVER.

CARL

Mom! I'm home!

MOM

So I smell. Well, they haven't been overfeeding you, that's for sure.

CARL

Come on, mom, don't start. I just missed everybody, and I'll do my own laundry. How are you?

MOM

I never change, you know that. That good-for-nothing Dwayne is out fishing.

CARL

Speaking of being able to smell things...Jesus, mom, you're drunk already, and it's only noon.

MOM

Don't start with your smart mouth.

CARL

Why did I even come home?

MOM

I don't know. Washing machine is busted. You'll have to go to the laundromat down the street...and take your brother with you.

CARL HEADS BACK TO THE BEDROOMS WITH HIS BASKET IN HIS HANDS.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY

CARL IS DUMPING ALL HIS LAUDRY INTO A WASHING MACHINE.

HIS LITTLE BROTHER, MAX (10) IS SITTING ON A BENCH INSIDE, TEXTING.

CARL

Mom has gotten worse since I've been gone.

MAX IS BARELY INVOLVED WITH THE CONVERSATION. HE'S PAYING MORE ATTENTION TO HIS TEXTING CONVERSATION.

MAX

Yep.

CARL  
You aren't even paying attention to  
me, either.

MAX  
Yep.

CARL  
Why did I come home?

MAX SETS DOWN HIS PHONE AND HUGS HIS BROTHER.

MAX  
I missed you. Maybe after you get  
done with your laundry we can go to  
a movie or something.

CARL  
Sounds like fun, but I'm not made  
of money.

MAX  
Some ice cream, then?

CARL  
That I think I can handle.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

MICHAEL IS HAVING DRINKS WITH JAVIER, AND TALKING IN HUSHED  
TONES.

MICHAEL  
Listen, Javier, I've got to talk to  
you about something serious.

JAVIER  
Go on.

MICHAEL  
What happened the other night can  
never happen again. I'm married,  
and I feel bad about cheating on my  
wife while she's at home. I mean,  
she's teaching a few classes and  
studying for her PhD. I can't  
leave her at home like that. I  
just want to get this job finished  
and get back home to her.

JAVIER  
Don't worry. I won't say anything  
to her when I see you with her.



MICHAEL  
Let's just forget this ever  
happened, ok?

INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

DEMARCUS IS ON THE COUCH WATCHING TV WHEN CARL COMES IN.

DEMARCUS  
Hey. Somebody's in a good mood.  
Get laid this weekend?

CARL  
I don't see where that's any of  
your business.

DEMARCUS  
Of course it is. And you didn't  
say 'no,' so I'm guessing you did.  
How did it feel?

CARL  
How did what feel?

DEMARCUS  
Getting laid!

CARL  
Same as it always feels.

DEMARCUS  
Aha! And I've got to call bullshit  
on that. The last time you got any  
action was with Rosy Palm and her 5  
sisters.

DEMARCUS CUTS OFF THE TV.

CARL  
Ok, it was amazing. Is that what  
you want to hear? It was the  
thrill of my young life.

DEMARCUS  
I knew it.

DEMARCUS FAKES A SNIFFLE AND WIPES AWAY AN IMAGINARY TEAR.

DEMARCUS (CONT'D)  
My little boy is all growds up.  
So, did you finally bang that  
teacher you were telling me about?

CARL

NO! Her name was Beth, and we went to high school together. She's still there, and doesn't graduate until next year.

DEMARCUS

(resigned)

Yeah. If you don't want to talk about it, that's cool.

CARL

And she's married. The teacher, I mean.

DEMARCUS

That doesn't stop as many people as you would think it does.

CARL

She is so hot, though.

DEMARCUS

Don't you have an 8:00 class tomorrow morning? You'd better get to bed.

CARL

Yeah, Physics with the hottie. I'm going to drink a beer and go to bed.

DEMARCUS

Don't you think you're a little young?

CARL

I'm not too young to get laid, and I'm not too young to drink a beer.

INT. PHYSICS CLASSROOM - DAY

CLASS IS OVER FOR THE DAY. HEATHER DOESN'T WANT TO CALL ATTENTION TO HER ESCAPE WITH CARL, SO WHEN HE'S LEAVING, SHE STOPS HIM.

HEATHER

Carl, can I talk to you for a minute?

CARL GETS OUT OF THE LINE GOING OUT THE DOOR.

CARL  
Sure, what's up?

HEATHER  
Just a minute. Wait until  
everybody is out of here.

THE CLASS CLEARS OUT.

CARL  
Ok, we're good.

HEATHER  
You were great the other night. I  
know it's wrong, but I want to see  
you again. I'm not teaching  
tomorrow. What are you doing after  
dinner tonight?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

BLACK SCREEN. JUST THE SOUNDS OF THEM HAVING SEX.

WHEN THE PICTURE COMES IN, CARL IS OUT OF BED, WEARING ONLY  
HIS BOXER SHORTS. HE IS STANDING BY THE MINI-FRIDGE DRINKING  
A BEER.

HEATHER  
Carl, when did you start drinking?

CARL  
It's just a beer. Calm down. I  
had one the other day, and it  
tasted pretty good to me.

CARL CROSSES TO THE BED AND KISSES HER.

HEATHER  
I'm just surprised, that's all.  
You're growing up right before my  
eyes.

CARL  
Wanna go again?

THEY START TO GO AT IT AGAIN. HEATHER'S CELL PHONE RINGS.  
IT'S MICHAEL.

HEATHER  
Hey, baby!

SHE PUTS HER FREE HAND TO HER LIPS IN A SHH MOTION.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

How are you?

MICHAEL

Great! I just wanted to call you.  
I know it's your day off.

HEATHER

Well, I'm glad you called. I miss  
you.

MICHAEL

You sound out of breath. Is  
something wrong?

HEATHER

No, no. Of course not. I was just  
in the other end of the house from  
my phone, and I ran to get it.

MICHAEL

I've got news for you...I'm coming  
home on Sunday.

HEATHER

That's...great! I can't wait to  
see you. I guess this means the  
job is going well.

MICHAEL

Yeah, we're wrapping things up, and  
will be done by Saturday afternoon.  
I'm going to get a good night's  
sleep before I drive.

HEATHER

Good idea.

MICHAEL

I wanted to call you as soon as I  
found out the good news, but I've  
got to get back at it. My lunch  
break is almost over.

HEATHER

Alright, well, I love you,  
sweetheart. Be careful on the job,  
and I'll see you soon.

MICHAEL

Love you, too.

CALL DISCONNECTS.

CARL  
Was that your husband?

HEATHER  
Yes, it was. He's coming home this weekend. We really need to stop meeting like this.

CARL  
No, we don't.

HEATHER  
Come on, sexy. Let's get dressed so we can check out of this motel.

INT. HOTEL ROOM 2 - NIGHT.

MICHAEL IS NEXT TO THE BED MAKING OUT WITH WOMAN 2.

MICHAEL  
You know I can't stay, right?

WOMAN 2  
It's ok. I know it. I have to get to my conference tomorrow, anyway.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

IT IS LUNCHTIME, AND MICHAEL AND JAVIER ARE EATING LUNCH TOGETHER.

MICHAEL  
I was a bad boy again last night.

JAVIER  
I thought you said it would never happen again?

MICHAEL  
Yeah, that's what I said, but I just couldn't help myself. She was so sexy.

JAVIER  
Was it any good?

MICHAEL  
Yeah, she was fantastic. Hot little Brunette. Petite. But I shouldn't have done it when I have a smoking hot wife at home, and she's got the whole package.

JAVIER

No, you shouldn't have. Am I going to have to keep you on a leash?

MICHAEL

I don't think so. We'll be done with this job Saturday, and I'm going home to Heather on Sunday.

JAVIER

Are you sure you love her like you said, or is she just a piece of ass that wanted to marry you?

MICHAEL

Of course I love her, but we've only been married for two years, and I guess I'm not used to it yet. I'm still living like a bachelor.

JAVIER

Come on, bachelor, it's time to go back to work.

INT. HEATHER'S HOME - DAY

HEATHER IS CLEANING HOUSE WHEN THERE IS A KNOCK AT HER DOOR.

HEATHER

Nobody's supposed to come over yet.

HEATHER OPENS THE DOOR AND SEES THAT IT IS CARL WITH HIS HANDS BEHIND HIS BACK.

CARL

Hello, gorgeous. Surprise.

HE PULLS HIS HANDS IN FRONT, REVEALING A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS.

CARL IS DRUNK.

HEATHER

What are you doing here? How did you know where I live? And why are you drinking at 11 in the morning?

CARL

When you were in the bathroom the other day, I went through your purse. Don't be mad. And secondly, I'm not drunk. I've just had a few drinks, that's all.

HEATHER

Well, don't just stand there. Come in the house before somebody sees you.

CARL STEPS IN. HEATHER TAKES THE FLOWERS.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Thank you for the flowers. We shouldn't meet like this, I mean, at my house. Neighbors talk. But it's good you're here. We need to talk.

CARL

Yes, we do. I'll go first. I love you.

HEATHER IS SHOCKED.

HEATHER

That's just the liquor talking. You don't know who or what you love.

CARL

Of course I do. Don't insult me.

HEATHER

Wow. How do you expect me to respond to this?

CARL

How about you love me, too.

HEATHER

How about, I'm a married woman, I'm your Physics teacher, and you're 16 years old. But we've got another problem. These last weeks with you have been great, but I took a pregnancy test, and it came back positive.

CARL

You mean we're going to have a baby? That's so great! Now, we'll be bonded forever!

HEATHER

No, we won't, Carl. I should have never gotten involved with you, but now that I did, maybe if we call it quits now, we can get away with this.

CARL

But you're not going to do that.

CARL FORCEFULLY KISSES HEATHER. SHE SLAPS HIM.

HEATHER

Look, I told you it's over.

CARL

And I told you I loved you. We're going to have a baby together and be a family. Just like we're supposed to.

HEATHER

No, Carl. I'm having an abortion.

CARL SLAPS HER, KNOCKING HER DOWN TO HER COUCH, WHERE HE RAPES HER.

CARL

Now, maybe you'll remember who loves you.

HEATHER

(crying)  
Just get out.

CARL LEAVES WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

JAVIER IS DRIVING A PICKUP TRUCK WITH MICHAEL IN THE PASSENGER SEAT.

THERE IS ONLY ONE OTHER TRUCK IN THE LOT, IT IS MICHAEL'S.

AS THEY STOP AND MICHAEL OPENS THE DOOR.

MICHAEL

Well, thanks for the ride, amigo.

JAVIER

See you next week.



MICHAEL  
Yeah, this time I'm driving. Pick  
you up Saturday morning.

JAVIER  
Same place? Saturday at 7?

MICHAEL  
Yep.

MICHAEL EXITS AND GETS IN HIS TRUCK.

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

CARL SITS ON HIS BED, DRINKING A BEER. HE HAS ALREADY HAD A  
FEW.

DEMARCUS WALKS IN WITH HIS BACKPACK.

DEMARCUS  
Hey, Carl. How was your weekend?

CARL  
Good enough, I suppose.

DEMARCUS  
You've been drinking again. I'm  
worried about you, bro.

CARL  
Why are you worried about me?

DEMARCUS  
Because, it's not like you, but the  
last week or two, you're drunk  
every time I see you. I mean, slow  
it down, dude.

CARL  
You don't know the crap that's  
going on in my head. If you did,  
you'd be drinking, too.

DEMARCUS  
Yeah, whatever, but maybe you  
should talk to somebody about  
things. You know, get some stuff  
off your chest.

CARL  
It wouldn't help. Trust me.

DEMARCUS

Try me. I'm here for you.

INT. HEATHER'S HOME - DAY

HEATHER IS SITTING ON HER COUCH, BLOUSE TORN OPEN, PANTIES AROUND HER KNEES, SKIRT DISHEVELED.

SHE IS CRYING.

MICHAEL OPENS THE DOOR.

MICHAEL

Honey, I'm home.

HE NOTICES HER ON THE COUCH CRYING.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Oh, my God. What's wrong?

HEATHER PULLS HER PANTIES ALL THE WAY OFF AND GOES TOWARD MICHAEL. SHE HUGS HIM.

HEATHER

Oh, Michael! I'm so glad you're home.

MICHAEL

I missed you, too, but you look terrible. What happened?

HEATHER

I was raped.

MICHAEL BITES BACK HIS ANGER.

MICHAEL

Do you know who did it?

HEATHER

Yes, I know. I feel responsible, though. I've done a terrible thing. I had an affair while you were gone, and I kind of led him on.

MICHAEL

It doesn't matter what you did or didn't do, there's no excusing raping somebody. Now, who did this to you?

HEATHER

It was my research assistant, Carl.  
He's just a kid.

MICHAEL

Do you know where to find this  
piece of shit?

HEATHER

I know where I can reach him, but  
Michael, please don't do anything  
rash. It's my fault it happened.

MICHAEL

No, it's not your fault this little  
bastard raped you. It's his fault,  
and his fault alone. Now get him  
on the phone. Tell the bastard you  
want to see him. Draw him out in  
the open.

HEATHER

Ok.

Heather grabs her phone and dials Carl's number.

Intercut conversation.

CARL

Hi, Heather. You finally came to  
your senses, I see.

HEATHER

I want to see you. Can you meet me  
downtown?

CARL

Of course. Where?

HEATHER

The corner of River Street and 5th.

CARL

Give me half an hour...I'll be  
there.

Call disconnects.

MICHAEL

Good. Now, I'll be right back.

MICHAEL GOES TO THE BEDROOM. IN HIS NIGHTSTAND DRAWER HE  
GETS HIS REVOLVER AND A KNIFE.

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

CARL AND DEMARCUS SIT ON THE FUTON.

DEMARCUS  
Was that your mystery girl?

CARL  
Yeah, that was her.

DEMARCUS  
And you said she's pregnant?

CARL  
Yes. I've got to get ready to go  
meet her.

DEMARCUS  
I really hope everything works out  
for you. Listen, I've got to go to  
soccer practice, so if I'm not here  
when you get back, that's where  
I'll be.

CARL  
See you later.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

HEATHER IS STANDING ON THE STREET CORNER, WITH MICHAEL ACROSS  
THE STREET WATCHING HER.

CARL COMES WALKING UP.

POLICE 1 (25) WILL SHOW UP AT THE LAST MOMENT.

CARL  
Hey, gorgeous!

CARL TRIES TO KISS HER, BUT SHE TURNS HER HEAD, AND HE GETS A  
MOUTHFUL OF HAIR.

HEATHER  
Come into the alley.

THEY WALK AROUND THE CORNER, MICHAEL KEEPS AN EYE ON THEM.

CARL  
Tell me you squashed that stupid  
abortion idea.

HEATHER

No, I'm going through with it. I want you to pay half, since you were halfway responsible.

MICHAEL APPROACHES FROM ACROSS THE STREET.

MICHAEL

This is the little punk you told me about? This is the guy?

Michael pushes him.

CARL

Hey, what gives? Who the hell are you?

MICHAEL

I'm her husband, you little bastard. I'm not even going to waste my breath on you.

MICHAEL PULLS OUT THE REVOLVER.

CARL HITS HIS HAND JUST AS HE FIRES A SHOT.

THEY TRADE BLOWS, AND CARL IS GETTING THE UPPER HAND.

MICHAEL KNOCKS CAR TO THE GROUND.

HEATHER SEARCHES AROUND AND FINDS THE GUN.

HE STANDS OVER CARL AND PULLS OUT HIS KNIFE AND BRINGS IT DOWN TO STAB CARL.

THEY STRUGGLE OVER THE KNIFE, AND CARL PUSHES IT INTO MICHAEL'S CHEST.

HEATHER FIRES A WARNING SHOT TO GET THEM TO STOP, BUT IT IS TOO LATE.

SHE RUSHES TO MICHAEL'S SIDE AS HE BREATHES OUT HIS LAST.

CARL GETS TO HIS FEET.

HEATHER RAISES THE GUN TOWARD CARL.

POLICE SIRENS BLARE IN THE DISTANCE.

HEATHER

You son of a bitch! You killed my husband!

CARL

What was I supposed to do, he was trying to kill me. Don't you see, now nothing can keep us apart!

HEATHER

Carl, it's over. I'm calling the police. You raped me, and you're going to fry for it.

CARL

No, I don't think so. You see, if you call the police, I'll just have to tell them that we've had a sexual relationship for weeks. I don't think a stint in prison is going to look very good on your resume. Now give me the gun, Heather.

POLICE SIRENS ARE GETTING CLOSER.

CARL STEPS TO POINT BLANK RANGE OF THE GUN.

CARL (CONT'D)

Give me the gun, Heather. Come on. This isn't funny, anymore.

CARL TRIES TO GRAB THE GUN FROM HER.

IT GOES OFF, SHOOTING CARL IN THE CHEST.

HE FALLS BACKWARDS, BLOOD TRICKLING FROM HIS MOUTH.

HEATHER

Oh, my God! What have I done?  
Carl?

CARL DIES.

SIRENS COME TO A STOP RIGHT AT THE STREET CORNER.

POLICE 1

Release the hammer slowly and  
surrender your weapon!

HEATHER UNCOCKS THE REVOLVER AND LOWERS IT.

SHE MAKES A SNAP DECISION.

SHE RAISES THE GUN TO HER HEAD AND BLOWS HER BRAINS OUT.

FADE OUT.