HARD CANDY

Written by Brian Nelson

April 1, 2003

White - Revisions June 11, 2004
Blue - Revisions June 17, 2004
Pink - Revisions June 21, 2004
CLOSE ON A COMPUTER SCREEN

Instant messaging text appears, fast and furious. THONGGRRL14's text is in RED, LENSMAN319's text is in BLUE.

LENSMAN319: So we should finally hook up?
THONGGRRL14: maybe maybe
LENSMAN319: Baby baby.
THONGGRRL14: NOT a baby, i keep telling you
LENSMAN319: I'll have to see for myself.
THONGGRRL14: think a baby reads radio smith?
LENSMAN319: Dunno. Babies pretend to read.
THONGGRRL14: and you know this? you study babies?
LENSMAN319: Only one I study is you.
THONGGRRL14: guess it depends on the kind of baby you mean
THONGGRRL14: ;)

LENSMAN319: Be still, mabh heart! =)
THONGGRRL14: whatcha doing now?
LENSMAN319: Besides fantasizing over you? Nada.
THONGGRRL14: you oughta film me with that videocam
THONGGRRL14: then you wouldn't have to fantasize
LENSMAN319: This is very doable
THONGGRRL14: hmmm

LENSMAN319: Hmmm?
THONGGRRL14: yes I said hmmm
LENSMAN319: Which means?
THONGGRRL14: let's do it

LENSMAN319: What "it" did you have in mind?
THONGGRRL14: we can negotiate
FADE IN:

INT. CLOSE ON A COMPUTER SCREEN - DAY

Instant messaging text appears, fast and furious. THONGGRRRL14's text is in RED, Lensman315's text is in BLUE.

LENSMAN315: So we should finally hook up, baby?

THONGGRRRL14: NOT a baby, I keep telling you

LENSMAN315: I'll have to see for myself.

THONGGRRRL14: think a baby reads zadie smith?

LENSMAN315: Dunno. Babies pretend to read.

THONGGRRRL14: and you know this? you study babies?

LENSMAN315: Only one I study is you.

THONGGRRRL14: :)-- whatcha doing now?

LENSMAN315: Besides fantasizing over you?

THONGGRRRL14: you oughta film me with that videocam

THONGGRRRL14: then you wouldn't have to fantasize

LENSMAN315: This is very doable

THONGGRRRL14: like me -- KIDDING!

LENSMAN315: Tessa.

After the shortest of pauses --

THONGGRRRL14: okay, let's do it

THONGGRRRL14: hook up I mean

LENSMAN315: for real? where?

THONGGRRRL14: my big sister could drop me at Nighthawks

THONGGRRRL14: give me an hour to shower

LENSMAN315: I'll picture it

THONGGRRRL14: I'll picture you picturing it

THONGGRRRL14: I am?

LENSMAN315: done. go shower. now.

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

HARD CANDY

Written by Brian Nelson

April 1, 2003
Revisions October 19, 2003
LENSMAN319: Tease.

THONGRRRL14: that a complaint or a compliment?

LENSMAN319: let's do it

LENSMAN319: hook up i mean

THONGRRRL14: i know you mean it when you stop punctuating

LENSMAN319: tell me where

THONGRRRL14: my big sister could drop me at Nighthawks

THONGRRRL14: you hang there a lot, right?

LENSMAN319: ought to pay rent

THONGRRRL14: they've got yummy stuff

THONGRRRL14: including me

LENSMAN319: how soon?

THONGRRRL14: give me an hour to shower

LENSMAN319: i'll picture it

THONGRRRL14: i'll picture you picturing it

THONGRRRL14: 11 am?

LENSMAN319: done, go shower, now.

THONGRRRL14: get a little bossy when you're hot, do ya?

LENSMAN319: pplease

THONGRRRL14: that's better. see ya soon! XXXXXXXX

LENSMAN319: XXXXXXXX XXXXXXXX XXXXXXXX XXXXXXXX

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

EXT. NIGHTHAWKS - DAY

A coffeeshop with a design nod to Edward Hopper, somewhere on Ventura Boulevard near the Hollywood Hills.
LENSMAN319: pleaseasee

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

LENSMAN319: xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

THE SCREEN GOES BLACK, as the Archies' "SUGAR" plays and CREDITS ROLL AS WE CUT TO:
INT. NIGHTHAWK'S SALES COUNTER - DAY

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

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

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

HAYLEY
Oh. So good. I want more.

JEFF (O.C.)
Don't get greedy.

She whirles to see

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

HAYLEY
Jeff?

JEFF
Hayley.

HAYLEY
Oh, god...

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

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

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

JEFF
I will.

He dabs off a little cream from her lip and tastes it.
INT. NIGHTHAWKS SALES COUNTER - DAY

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

HAYLEY GARDNER, bright-eyed, fresh-scrubbed. Her athletic, slender frame is all of fourteen years old, but there's an intelligence and a daring in her eyes that feels much older. She's dressed for fun, in low-slung sweats with a belly chain, a faux-Woodstock-era top from Limited Too, and backpack. She tastes the cream, looks to the STORE CLERK in rapture.

HAYLEY

Yes, please. This is my first.
Are you married? What about you?

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

GEOFF

Hayley,

HAYLEY

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

GEOFF

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

HAYLEY

It's great, you should try it --

GEOFF

I will.

He dabs off a little cream from her lip and tastes it.
INT. NIGHTHAWKS SALES COUNTER - DAY

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

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

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

HAYLEY
Yeesaaaaaassss. This is what we call
COTS - Orgasm On The Spot.

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

She whirled to see

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

HAYLEY
Geoff?

GEOFF
Hayley.

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

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

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

GEOFF
I will.

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

HAYLEY
(staring; a little blush)
That's what I was thinking.

GEOFF
Pardon?

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

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

HAYLEY
Does my face lie?

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

HAYLEY
(laughing)
Excellent judge of character!

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

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Um? Two raspberry truffles, two lemon ganaches, two mint creams --

GEOFF
What's a ganache?

HAYLEY
You don't know ganaches? You're lucky you're with a woman of the world to introduce you to such things.
And two chocolate covered hearts.

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

GEOFF
I'm good.

HAYLEY
You do appear so.

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

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHTHAWKS SOFA ROOM - SHORTLY LATER

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

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

GEOFF
What's in the bag?

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

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

HAYLEY
-- no, I intend to sleep with only the RIGHT people -- plus, I want to finish Romeo and Juliet, it's a ninth grade book but I'm gonna have it done before school starts again --
Geoff pokes at a medical textbook bulging out of the knapsack.

**GEOFF**
This doesn't look like Elizabethan tragedy.

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

She moves the knapsack away to the floor.

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

**HAYLEY**
What are you, jealous?

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

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

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

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

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

**HAYLEY**
Really?
GEOFF

I was expecting someone not as impressive.

HAYLEY

(blushed in delight)

Me too.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHTHAWKS SALES COUNTER - DAY

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

HAYLEY

Cool shirt.

GEOFF

You want it?

HAYLEY

Didn't bring enough bucks.

GEOFF

And yet, not actually what I was asking.

HAYLEY

Sure, I want it.

Geoff leans over to the cashier --

GEOFF

Let's have one of these in her size.

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

HAYLEY

I can't let you do that.

GEOFF

Because then -- ?

HAYLEY

(not sure, but)

Because --

GEOFF

-- you'd end up so indebted to me that you'd have to -- ?
HAYLEY
(a beat; a smile)
I guess I can let you do that.

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

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

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

HAYLEY (CON'N'D)

Thanks.

(looks at the shirt)
It is so unfair.

WHAT?

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

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

GEOFF
Life as a teenager.

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

GEOFF
You'll be driving before you know it.

TURN ARROUND
HAYLEY
And in the meantime, I missed Elizabeth Wurtzel speaking at USC, and the Goldfrapp concert, and when

HAYLEY (CONTINUED)
I'm just lucky she could drop me here today.

GEOFF
I was at the Goldfrapp concert, actually.
HAYLEY
Was it great? It was great, of course it was great.

GEOFF
You could judge for yourself.

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

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

HAYLEY
You have the concert!?

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

HAYLEY
I have to hear this!

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

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

GEOFF
Good things are worth the wait.

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

GEOFF
(lightly)
I'm going to have to wait four years for you.

HAYLEY
(smiles)
You're bad.

GEOFF
I've been told I'm very good. You said I appear good. But maybe you were just leading me on.
HAYLEY
You're trying to distract me from the MP3.

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

HAYLEY
True.

As she thinks about it for a moment —

INT. NIGHTHAWKS HALLWAY — DAY

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

HAYLEY (O.S.)
Now don't peek.

GEOFF
(mock-bored)
You know, I shoot models for a living, it's not like you've got anything I haven't seen before.

HAYLEY (O.S.)
Oh, you're so sure.

GEOFF
I'm thinking: yeah.

HAYLEY (O.S.)
Maybe you SHOULD peek, then. Make the clerk wonder what's going on here.

Geoff smiles: this is going well.

GEOFF
In your dreams, little girl.

HAYLEY (O.S.)
Now I'm a little girl? What happened to how mature I was?

She opens the door to flash herself quickly in just bra and pants ---
HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Is this mature enough?

- and slams the door playfully.

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

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

HAYLEY (O.S.)
Is that so?

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

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHTHAWKS SOFA ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

GEOFF
And third?

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

Geoff makes a show of considering it --

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Geoff and Hayley ride together in an elevator to the parking lot -- silently, shyly watching each other --
EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

The top floor of a parking structure - downtown rising in the distance from one direction, the Hills looming from the other.

Geoff walks Hayley over to a Cooper Mini.

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

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

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

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

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Now worship me!

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

HAYLEY
You might be.

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

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

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

GEOFF
Yes, o magnificent Thonggirl. (And, lightly)
You sure about this?

HAYLEY
You bet. Hurry hurry.

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

CUT TO:
EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

GEOFF
Yes, o magnificent Thonggirl.
   (and, lightly)
You wanna call your sister, let her know where you'll be?

HAYLEY
Later. First the car. Hurry hurry.

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

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

CUT TO:
EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - DAY

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

CUT TO:

EXT. GEOFF'S HOUSE - TIMELAPSE

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

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

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

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

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

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

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

INT. MEDIA ROOM - DAY

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

HAYLEY

SO hot.

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

GEOFF

What's wrong?

HAYLEY

They teach us young things not to take any drink we haven't seen mixed ourselves.
ARRI 635 FOR THIS SCENE

C/ AERIAL 45 DEGREE ANGLE, SHOT (ON SITE WITH GC) OF 24 FPS 1/150 FPS

D/ SIDE BY SIDE ON ROAD, LOWER ANGLE CAMERA PROBE 1/2 CENTRE ON ROAD 1/4 THERE IS HAZE- IT WILL NEED LENS LEAK FOR DIMMER

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

High Speed

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - DAY

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - DAY

CUT TO:

CUT TO:

WE DONT WANT THIS TO BEwifi WITH A LOT OF TALK

SO THE 24 FPS ACTION WILL BE QUIET SPECIFIC.

SHOTS 1 HIGH SPEED SHOT OF HOLLYWOOD LOOKING ALONG

MUSIC & SOUND TRACKS OVER LAYOVERED 1/2 OF THIS SEQUENCE TO BE CAMERA CORD IN THE SEQUENCE SHOTaps WHILE DAVE SPORTS SHOT IN RACKING ELECTRONIC STATEG WE CUT TO BLACK SCREEN FOR MANNY PROGRESS.
EXT. GEOFF'S HOUSE - DAY

A vintage modernist house from the 50s. The Minis parked out front, with MUSIC CONTINUING UNDER... 

CUT TO:

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

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

LIVING ROOM...

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

MEDIA ROOM...

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

HAYLEY

S2 hot. She reaches over and takes - TURNS OFF HEAD...

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

HAYLEY

WHAT'S WRONG?

HAYLEY

They teach us young things not to take any drink we haven't seen mixed ourselves.
GEOFF
Smart. Come back to the kitchen and I'll pour it again.

HAYLEY
Nahhh, I can whip up something more entertaining than that.

She bounces out playfully, off Geoff's raised eyebrow.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

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

HAYLEY
Healthy dude, huh?

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

HAYLEY
Living longer is overrated.

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

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

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

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

HAYLEY
(laughing)
Right! And useless to me!

GEOFF
What use do you have in mind for me?

Hayley smiles a mischievous little smile at him, then closes the fridge and inspects the freezer.
HAYLEY
Aha! I knew there had to be something fun around here --

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

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
-- I mean, other than moi.

As Hayley whips through cabinets until she finds glasses,

TRACK WITH GEOFF INTO THE

MEDIA ROOM,

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

HAYLEY (O.S.)
Bet those babes have a little dirt on you.

GEOFF
(a good sport, but)
Those are models.

HAYLEY (O.S.)
Then why are they here on your wall, instead of some magazine cover?
(lightly teasing)
Looking at you while you do the most intimate things.

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

KITCHEN,

Where Hayley's finished pouring two screwdrivers. HERE IS

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

HAYLEY
All these were shot here?

Geoff cocks his head for Hayley to follow --

This frame is loose enough to slip.

GEOFF and HAYLEY HEAD BACK TO MEDIA ROOM
MUSIC CONTINUES UNDER. One of the bedrooms functions as Geoff's photo studio. An Aaron chair sits against a light table for inspecting slides. On one wall, an array of cameras and lenses, mostly Hasselblads. On the sides, racks of lights and props. And against the back wall, a set of colored photo tarps, with the current uncolored. Holding the screwdrivers, Hayley inspects it all, definitely impressed.

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

GEOFF
I get work.

HAYLEY
(off a Hasselblad)
These cameras give you that square Image, don't they?

GEOFF
How did you know that?

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

GEOFF
You're not reading now.

HAYLEY
(pleased)
I'm not, am I? It feels good.

She sips, hands him the other drink.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Don't fail behind.

GEOFF
We should toast.

HAYLEY
(clinking his glass)
Carpe omnis.

GEOFF
What's that?
Rarely.

HAYLEY

Poor Geoff!

GEOFF

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

HAYLEY

But I like worrying about you. It makes me wonder about --

(shakes her head)
Well, you probably --

GEOFF

What?

HAYLEY

No, no, no. Forget it.

GEOFF

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

Quickly she downs her drink, then races off --

HAYLEY

We need another screwdriver before I can tell you.

TNT, KITCHEN - DAY

EXTRA CLOSE UP

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

GEOFF

I'm waiting.

HAYLEY

One moment.

(after a new swig)
You're not keeping up --

Geoff polishes off his own drink, and --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

I just -- I was just wondering --

(sighing)

(MORE)
GEORGE
RARELY

HAYLEY
POOR GEOFF!

GEORGE
(SIPS HIS DRINK)
I'M COMPENSATED FOR MY TROUBLE, DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME.

HAYLEY
BUT I LIKE WORRYING ABOUT YOU. IT MAKES ME WONDER ABOUT — (SHAKES HER HEAD)
WELL, YOU PROBABLY —

GEORGE
WHAT?

HAYLEY
NO, NO NO. FORGET IT.

GEORGE
AW, COME ON. WHAT'S IN THAT INSANE MIND OF YOURS?

QUICKLY SHE DOWNS HER DRINK, THEN RACES OFF —

HAYLEY
WE NEED ANOTHER SCREWDRIVER BEFORE I CAN TELL YOU.

CUT TO:
TNT, KITCHEN — DAY

EXTRA MEDIUM

MIXING MORE DRINKS, SHE WATCHES WARILY AS GEOFF WALKS ACROSS THE LENGTH OF THE HOUSE TOWARD HER —

GEORGE
I'M WAITING.

HAYLEY
ONE MOMENT.
(AFTER A NEW SWIG)
YOU'RE NOT KEEPING UP —

GEORGE POLISHES OFF HIS OWN DRINK, AND —

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
I JUST — I WAS JUST WONDERING — (SIGHING)
(MORE)
HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Here's where you're supposed to make it easier for me and read my mind.

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

HAYLEY
(laughing)
No!
(but now that you mention it)
How many?

GEOFF
None of them.

HAYLEY
Got out.

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

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

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

HAYLEY
Because secretly you WOULD like to do them.

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

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
It's the drink, I don't know what I'm saying.

GEOFF
(slow)
There's just one I slept with. When we were BOTH younger.

GEOFF
(to HAYLEY)
(book one of the photos) MOUNTED ON KITCHEN WALL
This one?

GEOFF
(nods his head)
Not out here.
Hayley glances this way and that, then looks to Geoff impishly —

**HAYLEY**

_in the bedroom?_

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

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BEDROOM — DAY**

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

**HAYLEY**

What's her name?

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

**GEOFF**

(Sharply)

**HEY.**

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

**HAYLEY**

Janelle...

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

**GEOFF**

(softly)


**HAYLEY**

The first big girlfriend?

**GEOFF**

(still sensitive)

That's right.

(changing the topic)

Learned all my craft practicing on her.

Hayley studies the shot thoughtfully —
HAYLEY
Was this the day? The day that you
two -- ?

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

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Sorry. Where's she now?

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

HAYLEY
Oh my god, she's on magazine covers! I
know her! I mean, not personally,
but, like --

(reappraising him)
You get more impressive every second.

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

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

HAYLEY
You still love her.

GEOFF
(too lightly)
Nah.

Really?

HAYLEY
No.

GEOFF
Really? Really?

HAYLEY
No. No.

GEOFF
(more and more playfully)
Reeeeally reallyreallyreally?

HAYLEY

GEOFF

NO.

(then, regretfully)
It was a long time ago. I still love

(MORE)
GEOFF (CONT'D)
... how simple things felt back then.
You know?

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

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

HAYLEY
You're lonely.

GEOFF
No.

HAYLEY
I can hear it in your voice.

GEOFF
I'm a big boy.

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

GEOFF
I guess.

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

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

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

GEOFF
This is what you wanted to ask.

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

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

HAYLEY
(node, a good student)
Okay.

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

Right.

GEOFF

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

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

GEOFF (CONT'D)

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

He blinks for a second --

HAYLEY

You okay?

GEOFF

(shakes it off)

Let's try something.

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

LIVING ROOM. She pulls a CD out of her bag and puts it on the stereo.

Slowly dancing on the sofa —

HAYLEY

Uh-uh. Do me out here.

Geoff grabs a camera and circles her thoughtfully --

GEOFF

I shoot everyone in my studio.

HAYLEY

But I'm not everyone, am I?

She runs over to the sound system. Pumps the music, and dances playfully, sexily --

GEOFF

Clearly not.
HAYLEY

Come on. Shoot me.

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

GEOFF

(suddenly harsh)

Don't do that.

HAYLEY

What?

GEOFF

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

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

HAYLEY

I don't know if I --

GEOFF

(commanding)

Sit down.

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

HAYLEY

What's wrong?

He rises, teetering --

GEOFF'S POV

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

GEOFF AND HAYLEY

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

GEOFF

Don't feel so good. I --

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

GEOFF'S CAMERA POV

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

GEOFF
(suddenly harsh)

Don't do that.

What?

HAYLEY

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

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

HAYLEY
I don't know if I --

GEOFF
(commanding)

Sit down.

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

HAYLEY

What's wrong?

He rises, testering --

GEOFF'S POV

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

GEOFF AND HAYLEY

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

GEOFF
Don't feel so good. I --

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

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

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE UP:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

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

GEORGE (O.S.)
(or tersely)
Hayley -- ?

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

LIVING ROOM

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

Hayley

(sweetly)
Did you call me?

GEORGE

Wha -- ?

Hayley

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

GEORGE

(blinking)
I --

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

Hayley

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

GEORGE

Whaddid you -- ?
GEOFF’S POV

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

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE UP:

23
OMITTED

24
INT. LIVING ROOM – DAY

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

HAYLEY
(sweetly)
Did you call me?

GEOFF
Wha — ?

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

GEOFF
(blinking)
I --

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

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

GEOFF
Whadid you -- ?
He shakes his head, trying to get the blood flowing again.

**HAYLEY**

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

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

**HAYLEY (CONT'D)**

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

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

**HAYLEY (CONT'D)**

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

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

**GEOFF**

Don't understand --

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

**HAYLEY**

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

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

**GEOFF**

This isn't funny.

**HAYLEY**

True. True.

**GEOFF**

What the hell is this --?
He shakes his head, trying to get the blood flowing again.

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

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

**HAYLEY (CONT'D)**
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never drugged anyone before!

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in mock-concern, a little chatterbox --

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

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

**GEOFF**
Don't understand --

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

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

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

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

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

She splashes the rest of the water across his face --
GEOFF
This isn't funny.

RAYLEY
True. True.

GEOFF
What the hell is this --?
BAYLEY
Give me a moment. I want to look through the drawers over there.

KITCHEN

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

HAYLEY
People keep the strangest things.
(off a baseball card)
I mean, why would you hang onto Albert Bell's?
[off his silence]
Some things can't be explained.

GEOFF (O.S.)
This is some ... teenage joke?

HAYLEY
Teenage, yes. Joke, no.
[looking at batteries]
We have way too many Triple-A batteries at our house, too. Why do they even make these?

GEOFF (O.S.)
Let me go. LET ME GO.

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

UTILITY ROOM

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

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

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

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

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

HAYLEY

People keep the strangest things.
(off a baseball card)
I mean, why would you hang onto Albert Belle?
(off his silence)
Some things can't be explained.

GEOFF (O.S.)

This is some ... teenage joke?

HAYLEY

Teenage, yes. Joke, no.
(looking at batteries)
We have way too many Triple-A batteries at our house, too. Why do they even make these?

GEOFF (O.S.)

Let me go. LET ME GO.

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

HAYLEY

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

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

HAYLEY

I saw this cop show once where the killer thought he'd cleaned up all the evidence. But his victim's blood had gotten on his shirt, and even though he washed his clothes, they found traces of the dried blood in the lint trap.
TRACK WITH HAYLEY past the front door, back to the LIVING ROOM, where she waves the lint in Geoff's face.

HAYLEY

Nothing in here I should know about, is there?

GEOFF

What the fuck are you doing?

HAYLEY

That's sort of been—my question, Geoff. What the fuck are you doing? Here in this house filled with photos of half-naked teenage girls? (sarcastically) None of whom you've EVER done it with!

GEOFF

(toward the windows)

HEELPPP ——

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

HAYLEY

No point in taking any risks, Geoff. Technically I could let you scream your brains out, nobody should really hear. I waited till today because —— (points to the north)

— Mr. Coughlan's at work all day —— (nods to the south)

— and the Carrascoes are vacationing in Santa Barbara. Still ---

(lifts Chloraseptic)

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

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

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Next time it'll be Windex.

She spins his chair for fun, and lets him spin and spin until he finally comes to a disoriented rest, facing away from her, unable to turn and see her face.
TRACK WITH HAYLEY past the front door back to the

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Where she waves the lint in Geoff's face.

HAYLEY
Nothing in here I should know about.
Is there?

GEOFF
What the fuck are you doing?

HAYLEY
That's sort of been my question, Geoff. What the fuck are you doing?
Here in this house, filled with photos
of half-naked teenage girls?
(sarcastically)
None of whom you've EVER done it with!

GEOFF
(toward the windows)
HELP! HELP!

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

HAYLEY
No point in taking any risks, Geoff.
Technically I could let you scream
your brains out, nobody should really
hear. I waited till today because --
(points to the north)
-- Mr. Coughlan's at work all day --
(nods to the south)
-- and the Carrascos are vacationing
in Santa Barbara. Still --
(lifts Chloraseptic)
-- I don't need some pedestrian to
happen by just as you're screaming. So
keep quiet or --

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

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Next time: bleach,

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

(voice now ragged)
You’ve been stalking me?

HAYLEY

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

GEOFF

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

HAYLEY

Mmmmm.

GEOFF

Come on? You think I faked all that?

HAYLEY

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

(a sweet smile)
Busted.

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

GEOFF

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

HAYLEY

Um... Is this torture to you? Because —

wow.

(MORE)
HAYLEY (CONT'D)

I guess you've never read anything from Human Rights Watch or Amnesty International. This is nothing. She flopped on the sofa, using a foot to push her hair back and forth away.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

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

(surveying the photos)

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

(lifts his camera)

I heard how your voice changed when you got this between us.

GEOFF

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

HAYLEY

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

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

GEOFF

Look, I'm a decent guy. Ask anyone.

(re: the wall photos)

Go ahead and ask these models. They'll tell you.

HAYLEY

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

GEOFF

You were coming onto me.

HAYLEY

They always say that, Geoff.
GEOFF

Who?

HAYLEY

(calmly, simply)

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

→ TURN HIM IN OR ELSE

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

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

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

GEOFF

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

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

GEOFF (CONT'D)

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

HAYLEY

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

GEOFF

And when'll that be?

HAYLEY

Not sure yet!
She stands behind him and gently pushes him into the
BEDROOM.

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

GEOFF

Don’t --

HAYLEY

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

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

HAYLEY (CONT’D)

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

GEOFF

(baffled)
What you’re dealing with.

HAYLEY

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

GEOFF

(angrily)
Again. NOT a pedophile.

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

HAYLEY

Right. You’re a photographer. It
takes genius to get paid for what
you’d be happy to do for free.
Go into the **bedroom**. The drawers along the right wall, pull out the third drawer, you'll see prints of my work for all kinds of environmental groups. Shots of the Utah wilderness, the Yukon Territory, Inuit villages in Alaska.

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

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

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

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

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

(moving to the closet)
So, a voyeur AND a conservationist!

**GEOFF**
I am NOT a voyeur.

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

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

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

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

GEOFF

I HAVE NEVER HURT ANYONE.

HAYLEY

(overlapping)

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

GEOFF

Those are mine.

HAYLEY

(sweetly)

Nothing's yours when you invite in a teenager's home.

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

CUT TO:

INT. MEDIA ROOM - DAY

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

HAYLEY

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

GEOFF

I thought I might make some money selling these on Ebay.

HAYLEY

(pulls off headphones)

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

GEOFF

All right, honestly? Some day I was planning on sending those to her. Reminding her what a bitch she was.
HAYLEY
Then again, sometimes you molest someone, they fight back, it gets out of control, and before you know it, you've hurt them.

GEOFF
I HAVE NEVER HURT ANYONE --

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

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

GEOFF
Those are mine.

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. MEDIA ROOM - DAY

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

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

GEOFF
Thought I might make some money selling them on Ebay.

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

GEOFF
All right, honestly? Some day I was planning on sending those to her. Reminding her what a bitch she was.
HAYLEY
Ohhh. A little angry, then. She broke your heart and you haven't gotten over it.

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

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

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

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

GEOFF
None of your business.

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

GEOFF
None of your business.

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

(off a portrait)
Is this what your work is? All part of the big search?
GEOFF
Magazines want photographs of attractive models. I provide a service.

HAYLEY
(dissipative)
Which underwrite your real work, photographing the endangered Alaskan caribou, right?

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

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
(mock--reflecting)
"Not the person I thought you were." What could she have meant?

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

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

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Maybe I should call and ask her!

GEOFF
-serious, calls her bluff-
Good idea. Get her over. She'll tell you this is crazy.

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

GEOFF (CONT'D)
Come on. Bring her to the party.

(off her silence)
You don't want to hear what she'd have to say about all this?

Hayley considers -- then turns to the laptop --

HAYLEY
Maybe there are more letters on here?

He pales. She smiles.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
I wonder if you're the kind of guy who saves his outgoing e-mails. (MORE)
GEOFF
Magazines want photographs of attractive models. I provide a service.

HAYLEY
(damning)
Which underwrites your real work, photographing the endangered Alaskan caribou, right?

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

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
(mock-reflecting)
"Not the person I thought you were." What could she have meant?

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

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

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Maybe I should call and ask her!

GEOFF
(serious, calls her bluff)
Good idea. Get her over. She'll tell you this is crazy.

Hayley stales for a moment; hes caught her offstride —

GEOFF (CONT'D)
Come on. Bring her to the party.

(off her silence)
You don't want to hear her say you're whacked?

Hayley considers — then turns to the laptop —

HAYLEY
Maybe there are more letters on here?

He pales. She smiles.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
I wonder if you're the kind of guy who saves his outgoing e-mails.

(MORE)
HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Just so you can read them over and
ever again and think about what you
said.

She opens his ISP and starts clicking around --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Ooocooohh.

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

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Wait a minute.

Click. Click. Click click.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Your download manager says you've
pulled some photos off the net. But
the photos aren't here.

GEOFF
(quietly arch)
Gosh. That's strange.

She spins back and faces him thoughtfully.

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

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

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

(MORE)
HAYLEY (CONT'D)
As long as they think they can get away with it, don't all hetero guys keep porn somewhere in their crib?

GEOFF
(cuttingly)
You've done studies on this, of course.

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

(beat)
Isn't that right, Geoff?

They stare at each other. Finally Geoff blinks.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

RAPID CUTS AS:

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

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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

She takes down more portraits of models, leaves them on the floor. Nothing.
She looks up the fireplace flue. Nothing.
She looks in the heating vent. Nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. MEDIA ROOM — DAY  
SNORKEL

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

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM — DAY

She takes down all the portraits. Nothing.
She looks under the dining table. Nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. MEDIA ROOM — DAY

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

CUT TO:

INT. FOYER — DAY

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

SHE KNEELLS AROUND THE ROCKS WITH HER HANDS

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

And under one of them is a combination safe.

HAYLEY
So clever!

CUT TO:

INT. MEDIA ROOM — DAY

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

Hayley comes around the corner, aglow with the search.

HAYLEY
So what’s the combination?
GEOFF

Eat me.

HAYLEY

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

She wipes the sweat from his brow delicately --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

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

(winks)
I am an honors student.

GEOFF

coldly
Take your time.

HAYLEY

I will. I've got plenty.

GEOFF

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

HAYLEY

I'm thinking no.

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

GEOFF

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

HAYLEY

quietly
What gives you that idea?

Geoff warms to his point, sensing some vulnerability --

GEOFF

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

Bayley turns, startled. Geoff keeps driving home his point --
GEOFF

Eat me.

HAYLEY

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

She wipes the sweat from his brow delicately --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

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

(winks)

I am an honors student.

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(coldly)

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HAYLEY

(quietly)

What gives you that idea?

Geoff warms to his point, sensing some vulnerability --

GEOFF

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

Hayley turns, startled. Geoff keeps driving home his point --
GEOFF (CONT'D)
You’re furious with them, but they do love you and they do pay for your existence, so you’re smart enough to realize you can’t express any of that anger toward them.

HAYLEY
(thinly)
I’m not angry at them.

GEOFF
Absolutely not. That’d be too dangerous. But you are angry, and that anger has to go somewhere.
(leaning in a bit)
So you find a guy, an older guy who reminds you a little of your dad. Let me guess, I look like him.

HAYLEY
(badly lying)
Nooo. You don’t look anything like him.

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

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

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

GEOFF
So tell me. Let me go and we’ll talk.

A tear wells up in Hayley’s eye; she blinks it back in resentment —

HAYLEY
Yeah, right.

GEOFF
We can sit on the sofa, and I’ll call a taxi for you. If you want, I’ll hold you. If you don’t want, I’ll keep my distance. You can let it all out. If you need to cry, if you need to scream. Whatever you need, Hayley.
GEOFF (CONT'D)
You're furious with them, but they love you, they pay for your existence, so you can't let them see any of that anger.

HAYLEY
(thinly)
I'm not angry at them.

GEOFF
Absolutely not. That'd be too dangerous. But you are angry, and you've got to do something.
(leaning in a bit)
So you find a guy, an older guy who reminds you a little of your dad. Let me guess: I look like him.

HAYLEY
(badly lying)
Noooo. You don't look anything like him.

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

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

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

HAYLEY
Yeah, right.

GEOFF
We can sit on the sofa, and I'll call a taxi for you. If you want, I'll hold you. If you don't want, I'll keep my distance. You can let it all out. If you need to cry. If you need to scream. Whatever you need, Hayley,
A tear streams down Hayley’s face without her knowing it. --

MAYLEY
You wouldn’t be mad -- ?

GEOFF
I just want -- to help you look at what you’re doing.

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

MAYLEY
Oh, God --

Another tear falls, she sits close to him --

MAYLEY (CONT’D)
Listen -- I have to ask --

Then suddenly her features RELAX -- cold and dispassionate.

MAYLEY (CONT’D)
Didja really think that’d work?

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

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

GEOFF
That’s not what --

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

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

MAYLEY (CONT’D)
(as the call answers)
Tracy, I met this guy, I’m gonna tell my mom that I’m at your house, okay? (beat)
No, he’s right here, I’ll tell you about it tomorrow! (then, bored)
(MORE)
A tear streams down Hayley's face without her knowing it --

**HAYLEY**
You wouldn't be mad -- ?

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

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

**HAYLEY**
Oh, God --

Another tear falls. She sits close to him --

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

Then suddenly her features RELAX -- cold and dispassionate.

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

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

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

**GEOFF**
That's not what --

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

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

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

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

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

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

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

(beat)

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

(beat)

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

She clicks off, sets down the Windex and
Geoff's PDA.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

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

CUT TO:

INT. POTER - DAY

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

HAYLEY

Janelle's birthday ...

Spin spin spin. Nope.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Janelle's telephone number ...

Spin spin spin. Nope.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Janelle's telephone number backward ...

Spin spin spin. Nope.

GEOFF

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

Hayley has stopped in the PDA on a particular date --
HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Yes, I'll be careful. I do know how to use a condom.

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

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Hi, Mom, it's me, I'm gonna sleep over at Tracy's tonight.
   (beat)
Yeah, her mom says it's fine. You and Dad go have a date for a change.
   (beat)
I love you too. I'll call you when I go to bed. Mmmmwwwwahhhhh, Bye-bye!

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. FOYER -- DAY

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

HAYLEY
Janelle's birthday ...

Spin spin spin. Nope.

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

Spin spin spin. Nope.

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

Spin spin spin. Nope.

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

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

Or I could just try March 19.

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

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

"March 19 -- first with Janelle."
What's this, Geoff? You are
Leeman319, after all. Was that the
first photo session? Or the first
time you banged her? Or were those
the same thing?
(off his silence)
Ohhh, he's shy. What year would that
have been?
(dialing the lock)
3-19-87? Nope.
(trying again)
3-19-89?

She pulls on the lock -- it opens.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

How sentimental you are -- !

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

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

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

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

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

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

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

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

And another girl with her clothes ON:
talk about innovative. What makes
this girl special enough to stay
dressed, Geoff?
We see the last picture, of a pretty teenager whom we have seen in another photo in the coffee shop. Donna Mauer.

**BAYLEY (CONT'D)**

I recognize this girl.

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

**HAND**

Her head falls hard on the rocks—she's knocked out, at least for the moment—

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

**CUT TO:***

**38**

**INT. HALLWAY — DAY**

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

**CUT TO:**

**39**

**INT. BEDROOM — DAY**

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

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

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

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

He cranes his neck, catches the butt of the gun in his teeth, and tosses it toward his bound hand. Wriggling on the bed, Geoff finally manipulates the gun into his hand, and starts wriggling back toward the edge of the mattress--
We see the last picture, of a pretty teenager whom we have seen in another photo in the coffee shop. Donna Mauer.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
I recognize this girl.

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

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

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

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:
INT. HALLWAY - DAY

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

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

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

HAYLEY? GEOFF

Searching furiously, he pushes himself slowly, painfully into
the
DINING ROOM --
THE KITCHEN --
THE UTILITY ROOM --

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

Suddenly, Saran Wrap covers his face--

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

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

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

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

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

And his head sinks, unconscious.

She works a moment to catch her breath; we can practically see
her heart beating through her chest. She pulls the gun out of
his hand and tosses it away. She checks his pulse -- still
active.
She nods, reassuring herself that it's all okay -- then she SUDDENLY, ANGRILY kicks the cabinets with her foot, once, twice, three times. This wasn't supposed to happen. She touches her bruises -- it's tender.

BAYLEY
Damn it. DAMN IT.

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

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

A BRIGHT, GLARING LIGHT

SLOWLY FOCUS TO REVEAL the lamp above Geoff's dining table.

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

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

BAYLEY
Welcome back.

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

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

GEOFF
I never touched you.

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

GEOFF
I was trying to get free. I wouldn't have touched you.
HAYLEY
Because that alcohol you were drinking
doesn't lower your inhibitions for a
second. What about that gun you had?

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

HAYLEY
Would you have shown the cops this?

She pulls out the photo of Donna Mauer.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
You know her?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HAYLEY
Just how happy did you make her?
GEOFF
Look at her. She's fully dressed. You can see the parking lot behind the coffee shop in the background. I never brought her home.

Bayley examines the picture; the back of Nighthawks is visible in the background of the portrait.

HAYLEY
And then you just said goodbye, kid. It's been fun?

GEOFF
We were actually going to meet again the next weekend.

HAYLEY
(mock-posturing)
So I'm not as special as I thought?

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

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

GEOFF
She was missing. It felt important.

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

GEOFF
(a beat)
You're right.

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

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

(MORE)
GEOFF (CONT'D)
You found them, I got scared and stupid.
(a beat)
Call the police. I'll cooperate.

HAYLEY
Yeah, right.

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

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Hayley goes to the fridge, pours herself some milk.

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

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

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

GEOFF
It'll ruin my career.

HAYLEY
Maybe. Didn't Roman Polanski just win an Oscar?
(and)
And I can see how well calling the cops would work. Officer, I drugged
this guy, assaulted him and tied him up, he's ready to talk.

She smiles, drinks, as Geoff tries to flux.

GEOFF (O.S.)
So why the ice?

Hayley comes over and wheels him to the...
Where the computer screen glows --

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

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
She took the bag of ice with a smile. looks over

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Both your hard drives!

Geoff looks at the screen, and pales.

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

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

HAYLEY (CONT'D),
(sarcastically)
Didn't sleep with any of these girls, though.

GEOFF
(grimly)
You'll notice there's no shots of Dóña Mauer.

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

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

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

HAYLEY
Feel that?
Geoff frowns, shakes his head. Hayley smiles —

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
So I guess I can call you numb nuts?

Geoff stares at her angrily, as she waltzes off calling from afar —

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

GEOFF
IT'S NOT ME.

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

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

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Everybody'll be safer if I do a little preventive maintenance.

She lifts the icebag and starts snipping away lightly.

GEOFF
(low, scared)
What the fuck are you doing?

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

GEOFF
— what?

HAYLEY
I've been using the medical library at my dad's school. You said I was pretty bright, right? I'm thinking I'm just bright enough to perform a successful castration.
Geoff loses his breath — then YELPS as Hayley pulls away the scissors.

GEOFF

Aaaa!

HAYLEY

Whoops! Guess you're not numb enough yet!

She puts back the icebag, sits beside him.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

What shall we talk about while we're waiting?

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

CUT TO:

INT. MEDIA ROOM - LATER

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

HAYLEY

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

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

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

*Thing is, and I have tried to pretend this isn't the case, but he talks about you an awful lot. I have this ooky feeling he's still in love with you, if you want to know the truth. And I'm pretty sweet on him too, but I don't want to go crazy over him if there's still some chance that you two might get back together. So so so so! (MORE)
HAYLEY (CONT'D)
I found your e-mail address in his PDA, and I thought I'd just ask. Is this insane? Am I insane? Is Geoff? PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE forgive me if I'm out of line, but I hope you can write me ASAP. And and and, this other girl he talks about all the time, her name is Donna Mauer, do you know anything about her? I found these photos on his computer, silly me, I can't figure out how to open them, but I'm attaching them to this note? Are they pictures of you or Donna? Anywho, thanks a mil -- your complete honesty will be much appreciated. Love and peace, Hayley."
(turns to him again)
I tried to make it sound as innocent and innocuous as possible. How do you think I did?
(off his silence)
Fine. Then all I have to do is click Send.

Geoff looks at her steadily, tries a new tack —

GEOFF
You're getting yourself in terrible trouble.

HAYLEY
Oh? How's that?

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

HAYLEY
And you speak from experience?

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

HAYLEY
Tell me what you're haunted by.

GEOFF
You want to remember this day whenever you're with a guy? On a date? On your wedding night? I promise you will. Don't do that to yourself.
HAYLEY
Now that is really thoughtful. You're speaking totally selflessly, there's nothing in this for you, you just want me to stop castrating you for my own benefit. I'm touched.

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

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Let's imagine somebody saying the same thing to you at some random moment.

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

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

(CLICK)
Stop.

(CLICK)
Don't do that to yourself.

(CLICK)
Don't do that to yourself.

(CLICK)
Stop.

(CLICK)
Stop.

She stares at him dispassionately. Silence.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

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

HAYLEY
You are GOOD and numb, aren't you?

GEOFF
Fuck off.

HAYLEY
Your conversational skills are deteriorating as the day goes on, I must say. Isn't there something else we can talk about?
CLOSE on Geoff, sweating as Hayley starts shaving his groin.

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

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

**GEOFF**
I'm not fucking livestock.

**HAYLEY**
You keep telling yourself that, stud.

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

**GEOFF**
HELLLLLLP! HELLLLLLPPP! HELLLLLLPPP!

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

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

**GEOFF**
{gagging}
Bitch -- you bitch --

**HAYLEY**
No more wiggling.

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

**GEOFF**
Your mother know you cut off men's balls?

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

*(mock-Mom voice)*

*(MORE)*
HAYLEY (CONT'D)
"Hayley, I know you needed a project for the Science Fair, but really?"

GEOFF
So you and your mom are both whacked.

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

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

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

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Almost done.

GEOFF
There's money in that safe, too.

HAYLEY
Uh ... so?

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

HAYLEY
Then I'd be the one in possession of kiddie porn, Geoff. Do I want to incriminate myself? (knocks on his head) Hello? Start thinking.

GEOFF
Take the camera equipment. Take whatever you want.

I am.

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

HAYLEY
You move right along. From denial to anger to bargaining.
GEOFF
How much do you want? Take my wallet. I’ll tell you my PIN numbers. Just leave and you can go clean me out.

HAYLEY
You can’t talk me out of this by bribing me, Geoff.

GEOFF
How can I?

HAYLEY
Talk me out of it? Haven’t thought about that. Almost done --

She bites her lip as she works, intent on doing a good job --

HAYLEY (CONT’D)
Do you have any touching childhood stories? Anything that’d make me see you as an actual person, rather than just a perpetrator?

GEOFF
I don’t need to tell you anything more about me.

HAYLEY
Suit yourself.

She hops off the table, rests her chin on the surface by his face --

HAYLEY (CONT’D)
I don’t believe it! What if you had anything else you wanted to get rid of? How do you think I’m doing?

With an impish grin, she shoots off toward the kitchen, out of Geoff’s sight.

HAYLEY (O.S.) (CONT’D)
I’m thinking we should sterilize the site before we start. Should I use the vodka, or is there any other alcohol you want to offer me?

Geoff remains silent -- overwhelmed --
HAYLEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(after a beat)
And after the bargaining phase comes depression.

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

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

Setting the ice bag firmly in place, she walks away casually --

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

51
EXT. ROOF - DAY

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

CUT TO:

52
INT. LIVING ROOM - RESUME

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

CUT TO:

53
EXT. ROOF - DAY - RESUME

Hayley hears a TRUCK trundling down the road. She flattens herself on the roof so as not to be seen --
PAN ACROSS AND DOWN THE STREET — three houses down, MRS. TOKUDA, early 40s, an attractive but tightly wound soccer mom, is trimming her rosebushes. The NOISE of the truck makes her turn —

And she sees Hayley picking herself back up again on the roof. She frowns — not upset, just curious. She turns and goes back to her rosebushes —

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

CUT TO:

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

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

54 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jeff flexes his arms: no luck. He's not getting any closer to the telephone when suddenly —

HAYLEY (O.S.)
Someone I can call for you?

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

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
You're bored, aren't you? We should get the show on the road.

As she rolls him back to his earlier position —

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

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

JEFF
Why don't you just kill me?

HAYLEY
Is that what you think I want?

JEFF
Isn't it?
PAN ACROSS AND DOWN THE STREET -- three houses down, MRS. TOKUDA, early 40s, an attractive but tightly wound soccer mom, is trimming her rosebushes. The NOISE of the truck makes her turn --

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

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

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

Geoff flexes and strains: no luck. He's not getting any closer to the cellphone when suddenly --

HAYLEY (O.S.)

Someone I can call for you?

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

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

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

As she rolls him back to his earlier position --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

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

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

GEOFF

Why don't you just kill me?

HAYLEY

Is that what you think I want?

GEOFF

Isn't it?
HAYLEY (shakes her head)
Clinic.

CUT TO:

INT. MEDIA ROOM - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
I love that you have all this stuff. This way, you can watch.

Geoff closes his eyes --

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

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

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

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

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

(a beat)

(MORE)
GEOFF (CONT'D)
"Get your clothes off" — she grabbed my wrist and dragged me to the kitchen — she switch ed on the front burner of the stove — she picked me up — the burner red hot under me. Dirt from her garden on my skin. "I could throw your ass down on that burner. Would that be fun?" She held me nearly a minute — I could feel her arms getting tired — I cried and cried — the tears sizzled when they hit the burner —
(a beat)
She put me down. "If I catch you with Lynnie like that ever again."

My mom came and got me the next day to pick me up. I never talked to Aunt Denise again. PAUSE THEN MOVE OFF.

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

Okay, we're set!

She removes a scalpel from a sterile package; it shines in the light. Geoff looks at her searchingly, desperately, starting to CRY —
Don't.

Told you not to use that word.

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

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

I need therapists.

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

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

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

I'll leave. I'll move out of town. Please.

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

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

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

Anything.

(mocking)
GEOFF
Anything. Please on me. Feed me glass. I'll be your toy. You can do anything to me. Just. Just. Just.
(losing it)
Please. Call the cops. I'll say I did whatever you want. Please. Please. PLEASE, HAYLEY --

HAYLEY
(quietly)
Anything.

GEOFF
ANYTHING. ANYTHING. JUST. PLEASE.

HAYLEY
(t-eat)
When I talked about sending Janelle that e-mail, you changed the subject.

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

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
I could send her the e-mail, pack up and go.

Geoff looks at her silently --

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

GEOFF
Leave her out of it. Please.

HAYLEY
(CLICKS the mouse)
Oopsie! Clicked the right-hand button by mistake! Didn't mean to scare you!

(off his silence)
Still, I sent the e-mail to Janelle, and it's all over. What do you say, Geoff?

(quietly, curiously)
What do you say?
Geoff starts panicking, animal instinct taking over, all the pressure and fear finally overloading him —

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

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

GEOFF (CONT'D)
DON'T — DON'T DON'T DON'T DON'T — PLEASEASSE I'LL — I'LL DO WHAT YOU PLEASEBEPLEASEDON'T DON'TDON'TBEPlease (gasping now)
OHHHHH — AAAAAAAA — YOOOOOO — AAAAAAA — aaaaaa — aaaaaaaaaaaa —

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
It's so hard to find something really new on TV.
She turns to the sound system, looks for a CD —

**HAYLEY (CONT'D)**

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

(silence)

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

(silence)

No, I like this.

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

**HAYLEY (CONT'D)**

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

**GEOFF**

You'd get help?

**HAYLEY**

(a beat)

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

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

**HAYLEY (CONT'D)**

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

She moves in and begins the operation —

**HAYLEY (CONT'D)**

You don't feel that, right?

**GEOFF**

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. GEOFF'S HOUSE - DAY

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

CUT TO:

INT. MENTAL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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

HAYLEY

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

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

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

Surgical thread flashes across Geoff's line of vision.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

This would be easier if I had a nurse.
Someone to pat the sweat off my
forehead.

(MORE)
BAYLEY (CONT'D)

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

(pause)

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

Geoff flinches at the tug. He closes his eyes.

BAYLEY (CONT'D)

Okay! Halfway done! Over the hump, right?

GEOFF

(drain)

Can't you -- stop? Please -- SPEND MORE TIME WITH THIS LINE

BAYLEY

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

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

BAYLEY (CONT'D)

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

(a beat)

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

(a beat)

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

(a beat)

Snip!

Geoff sheds one last tear, and Hayley uses the remote to CLICK off the bigscreen. She TURNS OFF ROLES and goes back to work.
HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Okay, sewing this one up and then the whole package. Thos needlepoint lessons in Home Ec paid off after all!

Hayley reaches for sutures and begins sewing.

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

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

GEOFF
(whispers)
I saw Lynnie at Aunt Denise's funeral - I told her what Aunt Denise did - she didn't believe me.

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

Geoff starts to laugh helplessly, pathetically, deliriously.

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

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

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

She replaces the icebag on his groin.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
I would cancel any appointments for the next few days. You're going to be sorer than you've ever been.
She folds up the textbook --

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

She sponges him off and pulls out the sheet --

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

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

HALEY (CONT'D)
You want souvenirs?

Geoff closes his eyes.

HALEY (CONT'D)
OK? What should I do with them?

57A

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

HALEY (CONT'D)
We could see how far they bounce.
(silence)
Then again, some animal might decide they were his afternoon snack. Wouldn't want a little squirrel or coyote to get sick. Especially with you being such a conservationist.

58

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

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

HALEY
Maybe this would be best. Grind them up in the garbage disposal.
(MORE)
HAYLEY (CONT'D)

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

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

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Just wanted to see if it works.
(silence)
You can hear me, right, Geoff?

CUT TO:

INT. MEDIA ROOM - DAY

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

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

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

HAYLEY (CONT'D; O.S.) (CONT'D)
Guess they weren't brass.

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

GEOFF
No. No.

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

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

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

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
But maybe Donna's smiling somewhere, just a tad.
GEOFF

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

HAYLEY

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

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

CUT TO:

60
INT. KITCHEN - DAY

CUT TO:

61
INT. MEDIA ROOM - DAY

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

HAYLEY

Here. You need to rehydrate.

Geoff takes in a couple of sips -- then spits them back at her,
laughing weakly. Hayley blinks, towels herself off, and resumes
trying to get Geoff to drink.
HAYLEY (CONT'D)
You really ought to have this.

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

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
That's my boy.
(dabs his lips gently)
Want more?

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

GEOFF
Why are you being so nice to me now?

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

(laughs lightly)
Still, he won't tell any nurses, any golf buddies, right? They won't tell their friends, and their friends won't tell their friends. And you won't have to wonder after a couple of years if everyone knows, if your publishers know, if the models know... if Janelle knows.
She pulls off her surgical blouse, mops her forehead with it.

**HAYLEY (CONT'D)**

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

**GEOFF**

(whispered)
I'll find you. I'll find you.

She kneels down beside him, eye to eye.

**HAYLEY**

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

**GEOFF**

I'm just saying.

**HAYLEY**

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

**GEOFF**

I'm just saying.

**HAYLEY**

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

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

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

**CUT TO:**
INT. MEDIA ROOM - DAY

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

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

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

CUT TO:

INT. MEDIA ROOM - DAY

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

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Hayley reaches to test the water in the shower.

CUT TO:

INT. MEDIA ROOM - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

He curls over and unties his right ankle - flexing his sore limbs carefully as he sees himself off the table.
INT. MEDIA ROOM - DAY

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

CUT TO:

OMITTED

INT. MEDIA ROOM - DAY

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

CUT TO:

OMITTED

CUT TO:

INT. MEDIA ROOM - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

He curls over and unties his right ankle -- flexing his sore limbs carefully as he eases himself off the table.
He's free. His groin covered by his shirt, we don't know the full extent of the damage that was done to him -- and neither does he. Bracing himself against the media unit, he takes a moment to reach beneath his shirt, to nurse his wound there --

And he stops cold.

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

GEOFF
{whispered}
I'm all here --

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE KITCHEN,

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

69

MEDIA ROOM,

A

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

CUT TO:

70

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

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

CUT TO:

71

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

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

But the shower is empty.

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

72

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

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

CUT TO:
73  INT. KITCHEN - DAY

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

CUT TO:

74  INT. MEDIA ROOM - DAY

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

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER

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

CUT TO:

75  INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

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

As she turns, she accidentally knocks over a vase — it SHATTERS and she stumbles, looking at the shards, the men driving her crazy ... VASHE MASTER SHE EXITS FRAME TO LEFT

76  INT. HALLWAY - DAY

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

... until he drops the scalpel, clearly unconscious.

CUT TO:

77  INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

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

CUT TO:
INT. KITCHEN - DAY

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

CUT TO:

INT. MEDIA ROOM - DAY

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

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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

CUT TO:

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

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

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

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

— until he drops the scalpel, clearly unconscious.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Hayley finishes sweeping up the vase shards into a plastic bag —
INT. FOYER - DAY

As Hayley wipes down surfaces on the safe and the surrounding rocks, she speaks on a cellphone —

HAYLEY

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

(listening)

No, I'm not telling you.

(listening)

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

(listening, laughing)

Get out!

(listening, frowning)

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

(listening)

Surprise, I'm five.

(listening)

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

(and)

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

(and)

I shouldn't have said anything.

Listen, just look at the Calendar section and figure out what you want to see. My treat. Bye-bye —

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

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

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

CUT TO:
INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Hayley pulls one of the chairs into the kitchen, the rope coiled around her shoulder. (strained)

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

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

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

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

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO - DAY

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

BAYLEY
— yes, this is Lieutenant Bayley, LAPD. You’re acquainted with a photographer, one Geoffrey Culver?

(listening)

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

(listening)

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

(listening)

We appreciate that. The address is —

(listening)

(MORE)
HAYLEY (CONT'D)

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

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

We hear MUSIC QUIETLY PLAYING UNDER, instrumental jazz covering old Johnny Mercer tunes. Hayley speaks gently —

HAYLEY (O.C.)

—that's it -- up we go -- that's right --- upside-down —

CLOSE ON GEOFF'S EYES

Flickering open, frowning, as MUSIC CONTINUES UNDER.

HAYLEY (O.S.)

I must say you have some great tunes.

Looking down on Hayley as she gently helps him stand up —

Full shot.

Geoff standing on a chair, wobbling a little but supported by Hayley -- his wrists still tightly bound. As soon as he's upright, she pulls a cord taut and ties it off -- a cord leading to a noose around Geoff's neck. Geoff's eyes widen as he realizes his trap.

HAYLEY

Careful now. Steady. Stand straight.

THAT'S A BOY.

GEOFF

You're insane.

HAYLEY

Which I did tell you when we met!

Remember, four out of five doctors agree!

(no answer)

I'd like to think, you work as carefully as I do, you have to be sane. But maybe no sane person would have the patience to figure all this out. I should ask my therapist what she thinks about it.
GEOFF

Ask her how much it would cost you to get a padded --

THE DOORBELL RINGS. Geoff and Hayley look to each other -- realizing what's at risk --

GEOFF STARTS TO YELL FOR HELP -- EVEN AS HAYLEY TAKES A DRESSAGE AND STUFFS IT IN HIS MOUTH, HARD AND DEEP, TO KEEP HIM FROM PUSHING IT OUT WITH HIS TONGUE. THE DOORBELL RINGS AGAIN --

Geoff's struggling, making MUFFLED CRIES, working not to fail from his perch. Hayley works not to hyperventilate -- AS THE DOORBELL RINGS AGAIN --

Hayley runs to answer it --

EXT. GEOFF'S HOUSE - DAY

Mrs. Tokuda stands at the door with boxes of cookies. Hayley opens the door, breathless --

HAYLEY

Hi.

The faintest of MUFFLED CRIES in the b.g., -- Hayley unlocks the door and steps outside with her visitor ---

MRS. TOKUDA

Oh, hello. Is Mr. Culver here?

HAYLEY

He's asleep. He's not feeling so well. I think it's food poisoning. Can I --?

MRS. TOKUDA

(overlapping)

I'm sorry to hear that. Are you --?

HAYLEY

His niece.

MRS. TOKUDA

(thoughtfully)

Oh, really?

HAYLEY

Um-hum.

She looks at Hayley carefully -- Hayley grins nervously under the inspection.
MRS. TOKUDA
Can I ask you something?

HAYLEY
Uh, Okay.

MRS. TOKUDA
I may be out of line here.

HAYLEY
Uh.

MRS. TOKUDA
Do you babysit?

Hayley smiles broadly; a touch of relief in her features --

HAYLEY
I do! But I'm only here for a couple more days, I'm sorry.

MRS. TOKUDA
Too bad. I am on a constant patrol for new babysitters.

HAYLEY
(off the cookies)
Are those -- ?

MRS. TOKUDA
Yes! Mr. Culver's cookies!
(guiltily)
My daughter's in the Girl Scouts, we've been trying to deliver these but we keep missing Mr. Culver, here they are! Yummy stuff!

Hayley takes the cookies --

HAYLEY
Thanks. Uncle Geoff loves the Girl Scouts.

She's opening the door extremely casually, heading back in, when Mrs. Tokuda clears her throat --

MRS. TOKUDA
You should probably --

HAYLEY
(nervous for a sec)
What?
MRS. TOKUDA

Well. Pay me.

MRS. TOKUDA

Six.

Hayley digs in her pocket -- pulls out a five -- hands it to Mrs. Tokuda --

BAYLEY

(his head will explode)

Can you wait here?

MRS. TOKUDA

You bet.

Hayley heads inside -- closing the door gently but FIRMLY --

INT. KITCHEN

Hayley runs to Geoff, tossing the cookies to the floor -- he has nearly pushed the dishrag out of his mouth. She crams it back in as he continues his MUZZLED CRIES --

Then she digs in his pocket, pulls his wallet out, extracts a single, and runs off --

EXT. GEOFF'S HOUSE - DAY - RESUME

Hayley springs out and hands the dollar bill to Mrs. Tokuda --

BAYLEY

Here you are!

MRS. TOKUDA

Did I hear something?

BAYLEY

(apologetic)

The food poisoning. He's throwing up.

MRS. TOKUDA

I'm so sorry. Well, if you're going to be around any longer, I'm three houses down and across, I can always always always use a sitter.

BAYLEY

(winningly)

I wish I could.
MRS. TOKUDA
Me too. Well.
(she'd meant to ask --)
Oh! So! How's the roof?

HAYLEY

-lost
-- Sorry?

MRS. TOKUDA
You were lying down on the roof.

HAYLEY

(a beat)
I was,

MRS. TOKUDA
A little while ago. I was trimming my roses and I saw you and I wondered, who's that? What's she up to?

HAYLEY
Right.
(searching)
We. We have this leak.

MRS. TOKUDA
(mildly appalled)
Your uncle sent you up there to look for it?

HAYLEY
Well. He's sick and all. I said I would. See if the roof was torn through.

MRS. TOKUDA
Right.
(but)
Did it rain?

Hayley looks blankly at her for a moment --

HAYLEY
I need to get back and help my uncle.

Smiling apologetically, Hayley starts to close the door --

MRS. TOKUDA
Tell him Mrs. Tokuda says hello --

HAYLEY
You bet. Thanks!
Hayley disappears — and Mrs. Tokuda furrows her brow. A long moment. Still frowning, she finally walks away slowly —

CUT TO:

89
INT. FOYER

The door closed, Hayley leans back against it, rolling her eyes in anger at how she performed —

CUT TO:

90
INT. KITCHEN

Geoff watches with spite as Hayley returns, picking the cookies up off the floor and opening a box. She's off her stride, but moving with an extra adrenaline.

HAYLEY
(removing his gag)
Want one? "Yummy stuff!"

GEOFF
(cuttingly)
A leak. That's all you could come up with. Pathetic.

Angrily she jousts the chair with her foot, threatening to knock him off his perch.

HAYLEY
Hey. I wouldn't piss me off just now, Uncle Geoff.

GEOFF
(venomous now)
She'll be back. She thinks you're a little flaky, you might need help.

(said)
Putting it fucking mildly.

HAYLEY
(still bitter)
You saying I should hurry, take care of you fast? Think about your strategy here.

(as the district attorney)
When you got loose, Geoff, did you call the police? Run for help? Like an innocent person would do?
GEOFF
(angrily)
I did call.

HAYLEY
(dripping sarcasm)
Chi? Ohhh? Let's hit redial and see.

She walks to the phone, punches a button, looks at the display.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Yuh-huh.
(taking a cookie)
Face it, Geoff, you could have gotten away! But somehow I just kinda knew you wouldn't. And now it's simple --

She hops up on the counter, closer to his eye level, and folds her legs underneath her girlishly.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
You can wait here after I leave, wait for somebody to find you. Along with the photo of Donna, and your confession that I typed up for you. But here's the special limited-time offer: step off this chair -- and it all -- and I'll take care of the evidence. Destroy the photos. Delete the confession. Nobody will ever know why you had to kill yourself. (and)

Not even Janelle.

Long pause.

GEOFF
(defiant)
I didn't kill Donna Mauer.

HAYLEY
We've been over this.

GEOFF
Fuck you. I'm not gonna beg.

HAYLEY
You mean, not going to beg AGAIN? Because you do it so well. Not please? (off his silence)
Pretty please with a cherry on top (MORE)
HAYLEY (CONT'D)

(and, cruelly)

That you just had to pop?

She takes more cookies, munches on them idly, as Geoff sneers at her in disgust —

GEOFF

You'll leave a clue. You've already messed up, bitch. More than once. I knocked you out; how do you know you're still thinking straight? Mrs. Tokuda's dead —

CLOSE on Hayley -- considering -- unsettled --

GEOFF (CONT'D)

They'll find you.

HAYLEY

They might.

GEOFF

{voice stronger now}

They will. You'll spend your life looking over your shoulder. Waking up in the middle of the night, afraid some little noise means they've found you. Don't think it'll ever be over.

Hayley sits back, troubled. Geoff studies her, sensing he's gotten through to her.

HAYLEY

(a beat; a new question)

How hard do you think they'll look for me?

She lets it sink in, then continues —

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

The police find a pedophile killer all gift-wrapped for them, you really think they're gonna care who did their work for them? You think they're even gonna bring it up?

GEOFF

Someone will. Some prosecutor'll make a career out of you.

HAYLEY

Uno problema with that theory, Uncle Geoff. They never try girls as adults. Sexist but true.

(MORE)
HAYLEY (CONT'D)
(and, cruelly)
That you just had to pop?

She takes more cookies, munches on them idly, as Geoff sneers at her in disgust --

GEOFF
You'll leave a clue. You've already messed up, bitch. More than once. I knocked you out; how do you know you're still thinking straight? Mrs. Tokuda's made you.

CLOSE on Hayley -- considering -- unsettled --

GEOFF (CONT'D)
They'll find you.

HAYLEY
They might.

GEOFF
(voice stronger now)
They will. You'll spend your life looking over your shoulder. Waking in the middle of the night. Jumping at little noises.

Hayley sits back, troubled. Geoff studies her, sensing he's gotten through to her.

HAYLEY
(a beat; a new question)
How hard do you think they'll look for me?

She lets it sink in, then continues --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
The police find a pedophile killer all gift-wrapped for them, you really think they're gonna care who did their work for them? You think they're even gonna bring it up?

GEOFF
Someone will. Some prosecutor'll make a career out of you.

HAYLEY
Uno problema with that theory, Uncle Geoff. They never try girls as adults. Sexist but true.

(MORE)
HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Plus I'll have the biggest legal defense fund you ever saw. If everyone who's ever been molested sends in just five dollars, I'll be able to afford any lawyer I want. The worst, absolute worst case scenario? I do two years community service with psych evaluations, and Jodie Foster directs the movie version of the whole thing.

(beat)
Who do you want to play you?

She jumps down with the cookies, turns to the fridge —

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Can I just take something to wash these down with? These are great; I should've been a Girl Scout —

She opens the refrigerator, takes a swig of milk, wipes her mouth, then turns to say goodbye —

And Geoff JUMPS from the chair, wrapping his legs around her neck —

He's choking as they struggle, his legs scissors around her, squeezing her — she pulls back, pushing him away —

HE'S ASPHYXIATING -- strangling as the noose pulls tight, his eyes bulging, his legs flailing like wild —

Hayley stands shocked and pale for a moment -- it was one thing to plan this, it's another thing to watch it —

And suddenly Geoff KICKS her to the floor, GASping and WHEEZING as he uses the momentum from the kick to swing backward and pull his feet onto the kitchen counter —

Hayley looks at him gasping for balance: she looks different than we've ever seen her, virtually shitless in her pants as she scrambles to her feet and bolts away down the hall —

Balancing himself on the counter, Geoff works his bound wrists underneath his legs, so they're in front of him. He wrestles the noose from around his neck —

Then he reaches into a drawer and digs out a steak knife to cut his hands loose —

Drenched in sweat, he rises, the knife in one hand as he wipes his forehead with the other hand, unusually calm —

CUT TO:
INT. BEDROOM - DAY
MUSIC quietly under. Hayley works to catch her breath, get herself back under control. She looks at a photo of Janelle, nervously checks her watch —

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY
MUSIC quietly under. Geoff walks into the living room, looks to the front door — it didn’t slam.

GEOFF
Still here—somewhere, aren’t you, Hayley? That’s right. You don’t want to leave me. Do you?

CUT TO:

EXT. REAR OF HOUSE - DAY
Stealthily edging through the sliding door, Hayley looks this way and that — which way can she go?

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY
MUSIC quietly under as Geoff walks in. No sign of her here. But the sliding door to the backyard is open —

CUT TO:

EXT. NORTHWEST CORNER OF HOUSE - DAY
Hayley darts from the front of the house toward the kitchen door, taking off her belly chain as she moves —

Even while Geoff stalks along the rear of the house in the same direction —

She opens the kitchen door, slides inside and closes it JUST AS Geoff turns the corner to the north side of the house, tracking her like a beast of prey.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY
MUSIC quietly under. Hayley hunches down below the windows as Geoff is visible outside, calling out to her.
Off her silence, Geoff stalks toward the front of the house. Hayley rises, looks out the window to see that Geoff has moved on — and reaches for the rope.

CUT TO:

EXT. GEOFF'S HOUSE — DAY

Circling the front, Geoff walks into the street. No sign of her in either direction. Carefully he moves back to the house —

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDEN — DAY

Geoff edges around the south side of the house, still no trace of Hayley. SUDDENLY MUSIC BLARES FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE — THE JAZZ TURNED UP FULL BLAST. GEOFF BOLTS AHEAD —

INT. MEDIA ROOM — DAY

MUSIC BLARES. Nobody here. Through the rear window of the house, Geoff is visible, arriving, searching for her. He's trying not to hyperventilate, knowing how he's being jerked around. He heads for the open door from the bedroom —

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM — DAY

MUSIC BLARES O.S. Geoff sidles through, knife ready, moving carefully as he remembers how he was ambushed before —

CUT TO:

INT. MEDIA ROOM — DAY

MUSIC BLARES UNTIL GEOFF RUNS TO KILL IT. As he stands in the silence, he sets his jaw— determined to see this through to the end.

O.S., A DOOR BLAMS —

CUT TO:
GEORGE
You've spent too much time on me to walk away. Now you get your reward for teasing me so well. I'll make it so good for you. You'll beg for more. I promise.

Off her silence, Geoff stalks toward the front of the house. Hayley rises, looks out the window to see that Geoff has moved on -- and reaches for the ropes.

CUT TO:

EXT. GEOFF'S HOUSE - DAY

Circling the front, Geoff walks into the street. No sign of her in either direction. Carefully he moves back to the house --

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

Geoff edges around the south side of the house; still no trace of Hayley. SUDDENLY MUSIC BLARES FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE -- THE JAZZ TURNED UP FULL BLAST. GEOFF BOLTS AHEAD --

CUT TO:

INT. MEDIA ROOM - DAY

MUSIC BLARES. Nobody here. Through the rear window of the house, Geoff is visible arriving, searching for her. He's trying not to hyperventilate, knowing how he's being jerked around. He heads for the open door from the bedroom --

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

MUSIC BLARES O.S. Geoff sidles through, knife ready, moving carefully as he remembers how he was ambushed before --

CUT TO:

INT. MEDIA ROOM - DAY

MUSIC BLARES UNTIL GEOFF RUNS TO KILL IT. As he stands in the silence, he sets his jaw -- determined to see this through to the end.

O.S., A DOOR SLAMS --

CUT TO:
INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Geoff runs into the kitchen, where the side door was slammed in exit. He's about to follow, when he freezes for a moment, confused. The kitchen is empty --

And the rope from which he was hanging is missing.

GEOFF

Ohhhh. You're so good.

CUT TO:

EXT. GEOFF'S HOUSE - DAY

Still and quiet. Without warning Geoff darts out of the front door, sweating, knife ready --

Silence everywhere. He takes a moment to lean against the wall, to wipe his brow, to blink away sweat. The day's taking its toll on him, but he takes a breath and pushes onward --

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - DAY

Up the same streets that we saw Geoff's Mini driving, follow now a sleek BMW. The driver is a worried JAMELLE ROGERS, mid 20s, in jeans and a simple T-shirt, beautiful without make-up, not looking like she's aged a day since she posed for Geoff.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Geoff walks carefully back through the house, looking out every window, knife ready, calling out --

GEOFF

You're just like her. You want to drive a man crazy, then dance on your fucking way --

He stabs one of the photos on the wall -- again and again and again -- until he leans against the wall, unsatisfied, weak with unanswered rage.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Hayley. You're right. This is who I am. Thank you for helping me see it.
Thank you, babydoll.
He smiles despite himself -- when suddenly he freezes at the sound of FOOTSTEPS ON THE GRAVEL AND TAR ROOF.

CUT TO:

106 EXT. GEOFF'S HOUSE - DAY

Geoff walks out, energized with the prospect that she may have trapped herself --

He starts to climb the ladder -- but halfway up he pauses, shakes his head as if he must be crazy, and heads back down --

Yet as he reaches the ground -- Hayley's belly chain falls from the roof.

He picks it up, fingers it -- and heads back up the ladder with determined anger.

CUT TO:

107 EXT. ROOF - DAY

Hayley stands on the south side of the roof, the late afternoon sun framing her in crimson.

HAYLEY

Thought you'd never get here.

Geoff pulls himself up to the roof, belt in one hand, knife in the other. He teeters for a moment, almost losing his balance, then rights himself and slowly paces toward her.

GEOFF

You dropped this.

HAYLEY

I had to.

GEOFF

Oh, yeah?

HAYLEY

Otherwise you might've stayed down there forever. What were you doing, jerking off? Oh, silly me, you can't.

GEOFF

What?
HAYLEY
You're never going to get much entertainment down there again, are you? Every time you want to use your dick, you're gonna remember your balls ground up in the garbage disposal.
(beat)
And you thought I didn't castrate you.

Geoff's features change; she's right. He walks toward her, knife gleaming—

HAYLEY
Which do you want to fuck first, me or the knife?

— but he stops when she lifts up his gun.

HAYLEY

GEOFF
You don't know how to use that.

HAYLEY
Now you're kidding, right?

She cocks the gun, grins lightly.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
You forgot I'm an honor student? Nothing I can't learn when I set my—

Without warning he throws the belly chain at her. She FIRES INTO THE AIR as she fends it off—

He slides toward her with the knife, slipping on the gravel—

She scrambles away, faster and healthier, toward the apex of the roof, so its peak is between her and Geoff—
HAYLEY (CONT'D)
(breathless)
Nice try. Now toss the knife in the backyard.

GEOFF
Or you'll shoot again? Shoot me. What's stopping you?

HAYLEY
(shakes her head)
Won't have to. See, the deal's still open. Look over there.

She cocks her head to the mouth. The noose lies on the roof, tied to a beam that extends over the garden.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
You can put the noose around your neck and end this whole game.

I'll still pick up the evidence after you. You're running out of time.

GEOFF
I've got adrenaline going, honey. I can wait you out up here. Shoot me. Nothing stopping you. Let's see you try.

Hayley looks at him doubtfully -- whatever adrenaline he's had is running low now. Gently, tactfully, she warns him --

HAYLEY
It's not me you have to worry about.
It's Janelle.

Geoff pales, silent.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
I called her. Said I was Lieutenant Hayley from LAPD. How far does she live, Geoff?

Geoff looks down at the street --

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Won't be long, will it? And while we're up here, she'll head in and find it all.

Hayley (cont'd)
The deal's still open. Put the noose around your neck, you end the whole game. I'll still pick up the evidence. But you're running out of time.
GEOFF (throat dry)
Who ... are you?

HAYLEY
Then I'll pull off some clothes, drop into the backyard, run into her arms.

GEOFF
She'll know there wasn't an LAPD officer there.

HAYLEY
I have a feeling that detail won't come back to her. Even if it does, it'll be competing with my little story, and the shots of Donna Mauer, and the confession on your computer screen.

GEOFF
Unless I ... hang myself?

HAYLEY
Yessir. Operators are standing by.

Geoff stands in shock, unmoving. His eyes dart toward the western edge of the roof.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
You scampers off, you'll just be leaving it all for Janelle. Not to mention the rest of the civilized world.

Geoff resin -- clutching at straws now

GEOFF
I'll track you down. Say you back.

HAYLEY
Assuming you know anything about me.

GEOFF
Calabasas girl whose dad teaches at UCLA? Shouldn't be hard to find.

HAYLEY
You believed all that?
GEOFF
(throat dry)
Who ... are you?

HAYLEY
Then I'll pull off some clothes, drop into the backyard, run into her arms. Arms that'll never hold you again.

Geoff stands in shock, unmoving. His eyes dart toward the western edge of the roof.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
You scamper off, you'll just be leaving it all for Janelle. Not to mention the rest of the civilized world.

GEOFF
Unless I -- hang myself?

Bayley nods. Geoff reels -- clutching at straws now

GEOFF (CONT'D)
I'll track you down. Pay you back.

HAYLEY
Assuming you know anything about me.

GEOFF
Calabasas girl whose dad teaches at
Shouldn't be hard to find.

HAYLEY
You believed all that?
GEOFF
(a beat)
Who are you?

HAYLEY
Hard to say for sure. Maybe not a Calabasas girl. Maybe not a daughter of a med school professor. Maybe not a little sister.

GEOFF
Maybe not even a friend of Donna Mauer.

HAYLEY
(a congratulatory smile)
Maybe not even named Hayley.

-- who the hell are you --?

HAYLEY
Every little girl you ever watched, Touched. Bart. Screwed. Killed. And we're all back now to cut you off. Slight snip.

THE SOUND OF A CAR from the street -- Geoff turns --

CUT TO:

108 EXT. GEOFF'S HOUSE - DAY
Janelle's BMW pulls up; she looks at the house uncertainly.

CUT TO:

109 EXT. ROOF - DAY - RESUME
Geoff ducks down, out of sight, stares at Hayley lethally.

GEFF
Could ram me with this, could smash your head in the pavement. Even if you kill me, at least you'll be dead.

Hayley studies him -- realizing she may have taken him so far over the edge that he'll take her with him. She speaks quietly, thoughtfully, nodding toward Janelle --

HAYLEY
She's going to find out. I can still stop it.
GEOFF
(a beat)
Who are you?

HAYLEY
Hard to say for sure. Maybe not a Calabasas girl. Maybe not a daughter of a med school professor. Maybe not a little sister.

GEOFF
Maybe not even a friend of Donna Mauer.

HAYLEY
(a congratulatory smile)
Maybe not even named Hayley.

GEOFF
— who the hell are you —?

HAYLEY
Every little girl you ever watched. Touched. Hurt. Screwed. Killed. And we're all back now to cut you off. Snip snip.

THE SOUND OF A CAR from the street -- Geoff turns --

CUT TO:

EXT. GEOFF’S HOUSE - DAY

Janelle’s BMW pulls up; she looks at the house uncertainly.

CUT TO:

109

EXT. ROOF - DAY

Geoff ducks down, out of sight, stares at Hayley — she speaks * quietly, thoughtfully, nodding toward Janelle --

HAYLEY
She's going to find out. I can still stop it.
(MORE)
GEoff
We're past that now. [crossed out]

Hayley
Don't lie...this always comes up about
Janelle, doesn't it?
(pause; he can't deny it)
Put on the hose and jump. I'll grab
the photos. I'll turn on the
computer and sabotage it. Janelle will
know about any of this. Janelle will
think you were a terribly troubled man
whom she never should have deserted.
She'll remember you with a little-fond
sadness for the rest of her life.

And
If you do it.

OFF Geoff, wrestling with it — weighing her words carefully,
realizing both their lives are in her hands —

CUT TO:

110 EXT. GEOFF'S HOUSE — DAY

Janelle closes her car door, walks up from the car, looking
curiously at the ladder in front of the house. She stops as she
hears a POLICE SIREN in the distance.

CUT TO:

111 EXT. ROOF — DAY — RESUME

Geoff and Hayley listen to the POLICE SIREN, WHICH WILL GROW
PROGRESSIVELY CLOSER THROUGHOUT. Hayley leans in as Geoff
hesitantly sets down the knife.

Hayley
(whispered)
Bad things will happen to you in
prison. You'll wish you'd killed
yourself when you had the chance.
(a gentle smile)
It's the only way.

Geoff looks at her with wide eyes, in a last plea --
HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Put on the noose. And jump. Janelle will think you were a terribly troubled man whom she never should have deserted. She'll remember you with a little fond sadness for the rest of her life.

OFF Geoff, wrestling with it -- weighing her words carefully, realizing both their lives are in her hands --

CUT TO:

110
EXT. GEOFF'S HOUSE - DAY

Janelle closes her car door, walks up from the car, looking curiously at the ladder in front of the house. She stops as she hears a POLICE SIREN in the distance.

CUT TO:

111
EXT. ROOF - DAY

Geoff and Hayley listen to the POLICE SIREN, WHICH WILL GROW PROGRESSIVELY CLOSER THROUGHOUT. Hayley leans in as Geoff hesitantly sets down the knife.

HAYLEY
(whispers)
Bad things will happen to you in prison. You'll wish you'd killed yourself when you had the chance.
(a gentle smile)
It's the only way.

Geoff looks at her with wide eyes, in a last plea --
GEOFF
(whispers)
I didn't kill her. It was me and another guy. He did it. I just watched. I wanted to take pictures, but he wouldn't let me. I'll tell you his name, help you find him --

HAYLEY
(whispers)
Hey, I know his name. And it's funny, Aaron told me you did it. Before he killed himself.

Geoff's features fall, as he realizes what she means. It's like the weight of the whole day is falling in on him now --

GEOFF
(whispers)
It wasn't me. It was him.

HAYLEY
(so quietly)
I don't care.

CUT TO:

EXT. GEOFF'S HOUSE - DAY

SIREN UNDER. Janelle KNOCKS on the door, waiting patiently --

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF - DAY - RESUME

SIREN UNDER. Geoff looks on the roof, helplessly, lost. Hayley walks over, picks up the noose and hands it to him carefully, almost tenderly - respectful of the courage he will need to take this last step.

HAYLEY
(whispers)
You can do it.

Geoff nods, puts the noose around his neck. Hayley tightens it like she might fasten his necktie as he heads out for the prom.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
(whispers)
That's good.

From below, the sound of Janelle KNOCKING again --
HELLO

The sound of her voice is like a dagger for Geoff. He walks quickly to the edge of the roof —

BAYLEY

(hissed)
Don't worry. I promised I'd take care of it all —

GEFF

(hissed)
Thank you —

His eyes full of desperation and loss, he steps off the roof AND FLUMMETS UNTIL THE ROPE SNAP TAUT —

She stands over him, looking down — we see the rope contorting as he twists below. She kneels down and whispers to him —

BAYLEY

Oh, no!

We can hear him GASPSING FOR BREATH, THE THIN WHINE OF AIR GETTING FAINTER AND FAINTER


114
EXT: GEOFF'S HOUSE — DAY

BLED UNDEER. Janelle's leaning against the door, listening, about to knock again when she hears a THUD from the south side of the house, the sound of Geoff's body swinging into the side of the house.

JANELLE

HELLO? GEOFF

Alarmed, she digs in her purse for more. She carefully walks around to the south side of the house, —

115
THE GARDEN

Where she sees Geoff's legs dangling in midair — motionless — dead.

CUT TO:
EXT. ROOF — DAY — RESUME

SIREN UNDER. AS WE HEAR JANELLE SCREAMING O.B., Hayley wipes * down Geoff's gun, tosses it on the tarp, and jumps down from the roof on the north side. Her backpack lies on the ground * below — she picks it up and tosses it onto her shoulder — -

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET — DAY

SIREN UNDER. Hayley walks down the street with a deliberate casualness — but every emotion in the world plays across her face. Joy — guilt — satisfaction — pain — fear — and finally, confidence —

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A COMPUTER SCREEN

As chatroom dialogue appears fast and furious --

SNIPPYGRRL14: Why should I tell you? guess

2BVICTOR: Twenty-two.

SNIPPYGRRL14: wayyy too old

2BVICTOR: 17

SNIPPYGRRL14: closer

SNIPPYGRRL14: take a look at my screen name, bright guy

2BVICTOR: No way. You are far too smart to be fourteen.

SNIPPYGRRL14: and yet it's true

2BVICTOR: talk about mature for your age

SNIPPYGRRL14: this would bother some guys

2BVICTOR: winps

SNIPPYGRRL14: lol. you're not scared off?

SNIPPYGRRL14: maybe you should be ;)

SMASH TO BLACK.

THE END
EXT. ROOF — DAY

SIREN UNDER. AS WE HEAR JANELLE SCREAMING O.S., Hayley wipes down Geoff's gun, tosses it on the tarpaper, and jumps down from the roof on the north side. Her backpack lies on the ground below — she picks it up and tosses it onto her shoulder.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET — DAY

Hayley rolls down the hill.

EXT. STREET — DAY

SIREN UNDER. Hayley walks down the street with a deliberate casualness — but every emotion in the world plays across her face. Joy — guilt — satisfaction — pain — fear — and finally, confidence.

CUT TO:

INT. CLOSE ON A COMPUTER SCREEN — DAY

As chatroom dialogue appears fast and furious —

2BVICTOR: no way. you are far too smart 2 b 14

SNIPPYGRRL14: yet it's true

2BVICTOR: talk about mature for your age

SNIPPYGRRL14: bothers some guys

2BVICTOR: wimps

SNIPPYGRRL14: lol. you're not scared off?

SNIPPYGRRL14: maybe you should be ;)

SMASH TO BLACK.

THE END