

DEAD BILLY

Written by  
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Story by  
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A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Scott Milder', written in a cursive style.

White Draft 7/4/12  
Blue Draft 9/21/12  
Pink Draft 10/11/12  
Yellow Rev. 11/01/12

BLACK SCREEN

White letters:

*"For a brazen anvil falling down from heaven nine nights and days would reach the earth upon the tenth.*

*And again, a brazen anvil falling from earth nine nights and days would reach Tartarus upon the tenth...*

*...And there, all in their order, are the sources and ends of gloomy earth and misty Tartarus and the unfruitful sea and starry heaven, loathsome and dank, which even the gods abhor..."*

- Hesiod

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

1 EXT. MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY - NIGHT (D4) 1

RACING down a windy mountain highway. HEADLIGHTS slash through the murk. Pine trees, jagged boulders WHIP past--

STATIC. VOICES buried in the drone--

Faster...Faster...

2 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING (D5) 2

BILLY -- 50s, skinny, wearing an oversized green Army jacket - sits stooped in silhouette on an old sofa against the window, nothing visible beyond the hooklike slash of nose and a pair of gleaming, diamond-chip eyes.

Sunlight streams through the moth-eaten curtains behind him. He drags on a cigarette. Embers FLARE in the gloom.

3 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY (FB20) 3

CALLIE, 18, stands in front of a cracked, dirt-spackled mirror. Her dark hair hangs in ropy tendrils.

She looks down at her hands. Blood streaks across her fingers, palms, wrists, forms Rorschach patterns all along the front of her white tank top.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

In a daze, she turns on the faucet and sticks her hands into the sputtering stream of rusty water--

4 BACK TO PRESENT. EXT. MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY - NIGHT (D4)

4

*FASTER*. We EXPLODE over a rise. A BLACK CLOUD roils over the jagged tree line--

--The STATIC collapses into the CRACKLING BLARE of a TV--

REPORTER (O.S.)

*--already unstable, but teetering  
on what appears to be a meltdown--*

SOUND BRIDGE TO:

5 INT. CALLIOPE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (D1)

5

CLOSE ON

A TV on the counter. IMAGES of devastation, water plowing through streets, cars swept away like toys, people running for their lives. A NUCLEAR POWER PLANT belches flames--

REPORTER (O.S.)

*--Following the quake and the  
tsunami came the blast at the  
Rawatbhata Nuclear Power Station.  
Reports that the roof of one of the  
reactors caved in offered a  
worrying sign--*

WIDER

CALLIOPE GIRARD -- 25, slight and pretty, long dark hair and wide brown eyes -- stands at the counter, knife in hand. Tears STREAM from her eyes. A half-chopped onion sits on the cutting board. Something SIZZLES, forgotten, nearby.

REPORTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

*--that the containment building may  
have been breached--*

--A door SLAMS. Calliope jerks, HISSES in pain, and looks down to see BLOOD beading between her thumb and forefinger.

ROY -- early 30s, African American, tall and solid-looking -- enters the kitchen from the living room.

(CONTINUED)

ROY (O.S.)

Holy *shit*, that smells good--

He sees the burning pan, the blood, the knife--

ROY (CONT'D)

Oh--

He thrusts the pan into the sink, takes her hand in his.

ROY (CONT'D)

What happened?

She blinks, confused. He guides her hand under the faucet. Blood swirls, mixes with whatever she had been cooking.

ROY (CONT'D)

You might need a stitch.

He shuts the water off. Blood wells in the split flesh between her thumb and forefinger. She grabs a paper towel.

Roy looks at the remains of whatever was in the pan.

ROY (CONT'D)

Well. It looked good, at least.  
You okay?

She looks ruefully at the pan, lifts the towel. The bleeding has slowed to a trickle.

CALLIOPE

I think it's all right.  
(smile)

I could use a Band-Aid, though.

He opens a cupboard and grabs a box of Band-Aids. He takes her hand and affixes one to the cut.

CALLIOPE (CONT'D)

I guess we'll have to make this  
salad night.

ROY

You sure? It's not Thursday. You  
think you can handle it?

CALLIOPE

I can improvise.

ROY

Chaos! Everything is *CHAOS*, I say!

(CONTINUED)

She smiles, turns back to the TV and continues chopping.

ROY (CONT'D)  
(going on and on)  
--Destruction and flames  
and...and...  
(suddenly dramatic)  
*New torments and new tormented  
souls I see around me wherever I  
move, and howsoever I turn, and  
wherever I gaze--!*

CALLIOPE  
Shhh!

He shuts up, follows her gaze to the TV.

ROY  
What's this?

CALLIOPE  
Earthquake in India. I guess this  
nuclear plant's about to blow.

Beat.

ROY  
Oh. Shit. Now I feel like an ass.

CALLIOPE  
As you should. How was it?

ROY  
Huh?

CALLIOPE  
The lecture. How was it?

Roy shrugs, takes a glass from the cabinet, fills it with water. Calliope opens the fridge, grabs a head of lettuce, a tomato, lays them on the board and gets to work.

ROY  
I dunno. Faulkner's so played out,  
you know? I mean, really, what  
more is there to say about "The  
Sound and the Fury"?

He takes a big swallow and sets the glass in the sink.

ROY (CONT'D)

Chandler did an OK job of locating him within the context of the Southern Gothic, but, I mean, we've all heard *that* exactly one billion times before, so--

CALLIOPE

(quoting)

*"I give you the mausoleum of all hope and desire--"*

ROY

Exactly. *"A man is the sum of his misfortunes. One day you'd think misfortune would get tired, but then time is your misfortune."*

CALLIOPE

You always have to outdo me.

ROY

What kind of postgrad would I be if I didn't?

CALLIOPE

A less pretentious one?

He feigns a stab to the heart.

ROY

*"O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth, that I am meek and gentle with these butchers!"*

He points at her, eyes BLAZING with mock fury.

ROY (CONT'D)

(shouting)

*--"Cry Havoc! And let slip the dogs of war!"*

CALLIOPE

Come on, that's not even the right scene.

The mask drops from Roy's face. He shrugs.

ROY

Meh. I've had some wine.

(CONTINUED)

He turns to the refrigerator. His eyes fall on a dry erase board. Scrawled in black ink: *"In his younger days a man dreams of possessing the heart of the woman whom he loves."*

ROY (CONT'D)

Proust.

CALLIOPE

Very nice. Your turn.

He erases the quote, grabs the pen and starts writing.

ROY

Anyway, it was what it was. The compare/contrast with O'Conner was interesting, I guess, if entirely pedestrian. I didn't learn much.

Calliope tosses the veggies into a bowl.

CALLIOPE

You don't *need* to learn anything. You know it all already.

He gapes at her, then BARKS a laugh.

ROY

*Ouch!*

CALLIOPE

What?

ROY

Thy passive-aggressiveness is thine own sweet skill-

She turns to him, eyes wide, color rushing to her cheeks--

CALLIOPE

*No!* I mean, no, shit, I didn't mean it that way--

He chuckles and wraps his arm around her, kisses her neck.

ROY

Uh huh.

CALLIOPE

*Really--!*

ROY

Yep.

CONTINUED: (5)

She pulls back, looks him in the eyes.

CALLIOPE

I just mean you're smart.

His eyes twinkle.

ROY

Sure.

She pushes away, slaps a petulant hand against his chest.

CALLIOPE

*Stop it!* You know what I meant.

He nuzzles her.

ROY

Tell me again how smart I am.

CALLIOPE

Why don't you just shut up and grab me a boiled egg from the fridge, smart guy. You want avocado?

He sighs, opens the refrigerator, grabs the egg, shuts the fridge and looks at her, suddenly nervous.

REPORTER

*--latest reports indicate that the quake registered 8.7--*

ROY

Hey, can you turn that off for a second?

She hears the edge in his voice, shuts the TV off and turns.

CALLIOPE

What's wrong?

He offers a shaky smile.

ROY

Nothing. Nothing's wrong. At least I *hope* not.

(beat)

*"All my life I've looked at words as though I were seeing them for the first time."*

(beat)

I rehearsed this in my head all day...

(CONTINUED)

She looks at him. He takes a deep breath.

ROY (CONT'D)

I know I don't tell you often  
enough how...how I *feel* about...I  
mean, I know you don't  
think...ah...Goddamnit, I had this  
all figured out in the car...uh,  
here--

He thrusts the egg at her, awkward. She takes it, confused,  
and sets it on the cutting board as he digs into his pocket  
with a shaky hand. He removes a little box from his pocket,  
drops awkwardly to one knee, opens the box.

ROY (CONT'D)

*"Doubt thou the stars are fire.  
Doubt that the sun doth move. Doubt  
truth to be a liar. But never  
doubt my love."*

He holds the box out toward her, offers a bashful smile.  
Inside: a tiny diamond ring.

ROY (CONT'D)

Calliope Girard, will you marry me?

Calliope stands stock still, staring down at the ring, her  
expression blank.

Roy looks down at the ring, nervous now.

ROY (CONT'D)

I know it's not much. I wanted to  
get something bigger--

She makes a choked little SQUEAK. He looks up.

She starts to shake. Just a little at first. Then the  
tremors SEIZE hold, and her head snaps back and forth as her  
eyes whip in their sockets.

Roy blinks up at her, stunned.

Spittle foams on her lips as they tear back from her teeth.  
She GRUNTS as her right ankle JERKS upwards, banging her hip  
against the counter. The cabinet doors RATTLE--

Roy lurches to his feet as she drops, SMASHING against the  
counter and then collapsing face-first to the linoleum floor.  
Blood fans out under her

CUT TO BLACK.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (7)

5

BILLY (V.O.)

Come here.

6 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY (FB20)

6

Callie scrubs at her hands.

CALLIE

(under her breath)

Come here. Come here. Come *here*.

Spatters of blood STREAK across the tiny sink.

7 BACK TO PRESENT. INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT (N1)

7

--Calliope opens her eyes. Thick bandages cover her nose. A large bruise swells under her left eye.

She swallows, thick, and looks around. She's laying in a narrow hospital bed, swaddled in a thin cotton gown. An IV needle juts from her arm. Something BEEPS.

Roy -- his shirt smeared with day-old dried blood -- sits slumped under a muted TV displaying the same footage of the earthquake from the night before. He SNORES.

CALLIOPE

(weak)

*Come here--*

Roy opens his eyes as DOCTOR ZELEZNIK, 50s, enters.

ZELEZNIK

You're awake.

Zeleznik grabs the chart from the front of the bed, reads.

ZELEZNIK (CONT'D)

So how're we feeling?

Calliope swallows, tries again to speak. The words catch in her throat. Zeleznik looks up, his eyes like lasers.

ZELEZNIK (CONT'D)

Can you talk?

She tries again. A CROAK--

ROY

She needs water.

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED:

7

He lurches toward the bathroom. Zeleznik looks at the chart.

ZELEZNIK

Well. We've had quite a night,  
haven't we Calliope?

Roy comes out of the bathroom, cup in hand. He sits on the bed, brushes her matted hair back and helps her take a sip.

CALLIOPE

(croak)  
What happened?

ZELEZNIK

It appears you had a seizure.

She looks at Roy, frightened. He shakes his head, unsure.

ZELEZNIK (CONT'D)

Can you tell me what you remember?

Roy looks away.

CALLIOPE

I...Roy...Roy just got home.

ZELEZNIK

Uh huh.

CALLIOPE

I...I cut my hand.

ZELEZNIK

Uh huh. And?

She thinks for a moment.

CALLIOPE

(under breath)  
*"Doubt thou the stars are fire...."*

She looks at Roy.

CALLIOPE (CONT'D)

Did you propose to me?

Zeleznik raises an eyebrow. Roy frowns, looks at him.

ROY

So was it a stroke or something?

(CONTINUED)

ZELEZNIK

Calliope experienced what we call a tonic-clonic event. What we used to call a grand mal seizure back in the Middle Ages. They can be triggered by any number of things: stress, malnutrition, flashing lights. Were you watching TV when it happened?

She glances at the television. He follows her gaze, grabs the remote and shuts the TV off.

ZELEZNIK (CONT'D)

Did you experience any strange feelings in the moments preceding?

She looks at him, confused.

ZELEZNIK (CONT'D)

Dizziness, maybe, or a strange surge of emotion. Altered vision, hearing, a strange smell, an overwhelming sense of deja vu?

Something flickers in her eyes.

CALLIOPE

I don't remember.

ZELEZNIK

Okay. Well. The seizure seems to have been idiopathic.

ROY

What does that mean?

ZELEZNIK

It's a fancy word for "we don't know." Is this the first time this has happened to you?

CALLIOPE

I...I don't--

She stops, thinking.

An old light fixture, flickering light bulb surrounded by amber glass, swimming in and out of a hazy layer of smoke.

8 CONTINUED:

8

Callie lies on the floor, staring up at the light fixture. A thin sliver of blood beads on her split lower lip.

She opens her mouth, issues a thick MOAN. A SHADOW falls across her, blotting out the light.

9 BACK TO PRESENT. INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT (N1)

9

Calliope blinks.

CALLIOPE

I think...when I lived with Billy.  
Or maybe right before--

ROY

Billy?

ZELEZNIK

And when was that?

CALLIOPE

I don't know, ten years ago? Nine?

ROY

Who's Billy?

CALLIOPE

I was a teenager.

ZELEZNIK

Uh huh. And was it just one time?

She looks at him, unsure.

CALLIOPE

I...I don't--

ZELEZNIK

Okay, get some rest. I'll be back to check on you. We'd like to keep you overnight and run some tests.

CALLIOPE

I...sure...okay...

He puts the chart back in its slot and leaves. Calliope reaches out and grasps Roy's hand. He squeezes.

ROY

(soft)  
Who's Billy?

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

She looks at him.

CUT TO BLACK.

BILLY (V.O.)

*Want to know why they call me Dead  
Billy?*

10 INT. HOSPITAL - RADIOLOGY - NIGHT (N1)

10

Calliope lays on her back in an MRI scanner.

BILLY (V.O.)

*It was '67, '68 maybe. Before the  
Tet Offensive. They sent us into  
this village north of Binh Giã.  
Everyone there was Cong, they said.*

11 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY (FB20)

11

A sink, two BLOODY HANDS under the faucet, scrubbing.

BILLY (V.O.)

*There was this black guy, we called  
him Big Charles, huge motherfucker,  
but a sweetheart, you know?*

12 BACK TO PRESENT. INT. IMAGE - MRI OF A BRAIN - NIGHT (N1)

12

BILLY (V.O.)

*Big Charles, he sees this girl,  
maybe seven or eight, sitting in  
the road out in front of the huts,  
and she's crying. He shoulda known  
better. He has a candy bar or  
something in his pack, and he  
doesn't like hearing her cry like  
that, so he goes to her to give her  
the candy, you know--*

13 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING(D5)

13

Smoke curls from a cigarette sitting in an ashtray.

BILLY (V.O.)

*--and she jumps up, throws  
something. Grenade, maybe.  
SOMETHING.*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

BILLY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*And then she's running and Big Charles catches it one handed, and he turns his big dumb eyes to me and the next thing I know I'm on my back and wearing his guts for a fucking necklace.*

14 BACK TO PRESENT. INT. HOSPITAL - RADIOLOGY - NIGHT (D1) 14

CALLIOPE's eyes, as the MRI machine THROBS around her.

BILLY (V.O.)  
*I was standing five, ten feet away, and I didn't have a scratch on me. Charles was just a buncha pink mist and wet red pieces, but me, I was just fine.*

15 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM (FB20) 15

BLOOD dries on a filthy shag carpet.

BILLY (V.O.)  
*So everyone says later, "Jesus Christ, Billy, you shoulda been fucking DEAD." Right? And I SHOULD have been dead. I know that. But I didn't even singe my Goddamned eyebrows.*

Calliope TWITCHES. Saliva bubbles on her lips.

BILLY (V.O.)  
(laughs, bitter)  
*The fuck is THAT about, right?*

16 BACK TO PRESENT. INT. IMAGE - MRI OF A BRAIN - NIGHT (N1) 16

The brain scan. Red areas light up against a field of green.

BILLY (V.O.)  
*So then, like a month later, we're in this little bar in Saigon, and this guy Norman, big Navajo guy, he's trying to get me laid. All them guys, they thought I was a virgin.*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

BILLY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*And Norman decides he can't have that in his unit, so he's talking to this slope whore, and she don't speak English, you know, it's all just "Gee-Eye, Gee-Eye, blowie, blowie, fuckie, fuckie" that sort of thing.*

17 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY (FB20) 17

VOMIT hits a stained porcelain toilet bowl.

BILLY (V.O.)  
*The whores never liked me, always found some excuse, but Norm, he's made it his mission in fucking life to get me laid. I don't know, I guess he thought it was funny.*

18 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (FB20) 18

BLOOD spreads out in a widening pool across a linoleum floor.

BILLY (V.O.)  
*So he's telling her the story, about how I should be dead. She don't know what he's saying, but when he says "dead" she lights all up like a Christmas tree because she knows THAT word. DEAD.*

19 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT (FB20) 19

A cigarette, pressed and SIZZLING into flesh--

BILLY (V.O.)  
*So she looks at me with those big eyes and he's pointing, telling her how I should be dead, and she just shrugs and says "blowie?"*

Eyes roll up in sockets, showing nothing but white--

BILLY (V.O.)  
*All small and meek like. And Norman laughs and says "YEAH, Big Charles, HE blowie!" And she doesn't get it.*

20 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (FB2) 20

A pair of PANTIES drop to the filthy carpet.

BILLY (V.O.)  
*She just looks at me and she says  
"blowie? Blowie Gee-Eye? You want  
head, Gee-Eye?"*

A HAND running down a woman's naked BACK, pushing the sheet as it goes down...down...down. Gooseflesh RISES on skin.

BILLY (V.O.)  
*And Norman, he thinks this is the  
funniest shit he's ever heard.  
He's on the floor laughing his  
Goddamned head off, and he says  
"yeah, HEAD!"--*

21 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING(D5) 21

Calliope's hand, CLENCHING and UNCLENCHING at her side.

BILLY (V.O.)  
*--Go give Dead Billy some head!  
He make you go BOOM BOOM BOOM!"  
And he gives her five bucks and she  
takes me in this little room in the  
back and sucks me off--*

Calliope's head WHIPS back and forth.

BILLY (V.O.)  
*Took me thirty seconds, but I swear  
I damn near blew a hole in the back  
of her skull. Anyway--*

Spit streams from Calliope's mouth in ropy tendrils.

BILLY (V.O.)  
*--I been Dead Billy ever since.*

22 BACK TO PRESENT. INT. ROY'S CAR - NIGHT (N1) 22

Roy drives. Calliope sits slumped in the passenger seat, her nose purple and swollen. They don't look at each other. The only sound is the steady THROB of rain, the whisking SPLASH of water as cars go by.

Calliope stares at the wipers, becomes lost in their rhythm.  
*THWACK...THWACK...THWACK...*

23 FLASHBACK. INT. KAREN'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT (FB10) 23

CALLIE, 17, opens the bathroom door. Her left eye is swollen shut. A nasty bruise purples her chin and bottom lip.

Her mother, KAREN, 40s, stands in the hallway, silhouetted against the light blasting from the bathroom.

KAREN

Oh, what did you let him *do to you*?

She reaches. Callie flinches back, SLAMS the door.

24 BACK TO PRESENT. INT. CALLIOPE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM(N1) 24

Calliope -- dressed in baggy pajama pants and an oversized T-shirt -- sits cross-legged and slumped on the bed. She picks at her fingernails. She looks small, frail, used up.

Roy leans against the far wall, looking down at her.

CALLIOPE

I told you I ran away from home for awhile when I was a kid.

ROY

Yeah, but you never mentioned this Billy.

She bites her lip, offers a small conciliatory nod.

ROY (CONT'D)

Who was he?

CALLIOPE

Just this guy. A vet.

ROY

From the Gulf?

CALLIOPE

Vietnam. Or at least he said he was.

Roy's eyes widen.

ROY

*Jesus.* How old was he?

No response.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

ROY (CONT'D)  
And you lived with him?

She nods.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Was it...was it a...a sexual thing?

CALLIOPE  
Roy, please--

ROY  
Come on, were you fucking the guy?

She turns on him, suddenly fierce.

CALLIOPE  
What do you think?

He deflates a little, looks away.

CALLIOPE (CONT'D)  
I don't...

She stops herself. He looks at her.

CALLIOPE (CONT'D)  
I don't think I need to apologize  
to you.

He stares. She picks her fingernails.

CUT TO BLACK.

BILLY (V.O.)  
Now. Say you're sorry.

25 FLASHBACK. INT. KAREN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY(FB17)

25

Callie cringes--

CALLIE  
(screaming)  
*I'M SORRY--!*

--as a plate EXPLODES against the wall behind her.

26

BACK TO PRESENT. INT. CALLIOPE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM (N1)

26

Calliope and Roy lay under the sheets, backs to each other. Calliope's legs are pulled up to her chest. She clutches a pillow, lays there, listens to Roy's steady BREATHING.

CALLIOPE

Roy?

Beat.

ROY

Yeah.

CALLIOPE

Yes.

Silence. Water DRIPS somewhere.

ROY

Yes, what?

CALLIOPE

I'll marry you.

Roy rolls over.

ROY

Really?

She nods. He exhales, leans in and kisses her. Gentle, at first. Then more passionate. She MOANS, presses into him.

He climbs on top of her, WHIPS her T-shirt off over her head, sends it sailing, then reaches down and JERKS her pajama pants down around her ankles--

She GASPS--

BLACK

CLOSE ON

Roy's face, sheened with sweat. He grunts as he THRUSTS--

BLACK

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE ON

Calliope's face. She bites her lip, gazes with hyaline eyes--

BLACK

Water DRIPS--

Roy and Calliope PANT. Flesh SLAPS against flesh--

BACK

Calliope gazes up at Roy, his face, his neck, his Adam's apple, his collarbone. His face contorts a little, lips pulling back from teeth. He GRUNTS. Something enters his eyes -- dark, cruel...*familiar*. He whips her over onto her stomach, *SURGES* forward. She *CRIES OUT*--

BLACK

Roy grunts, low and breathy, like a BOAR--

BACK

Calliope gazes at the wall, her eyes glassy with mixed ecstasy and fear. Roy LOOMS above her, a shadow--

A high, keening WHISTLE rises, somewhere far away, as hands fall on Calliope's shoulders, whip her back to face him--

BLACK

The whistle BUILDS--

POV

--BILLY, early 50s, thin and angular, sweat beaded on a puckered brow, chapped lips pulled taut against bared teeth--

BLACK

The whistle BUILDS. Fists BEAT against a bare, sweaty chest--

BLACK

Silence.

27 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT (FB13) 27

Callie, 16, lays there, naked, legs pulls up under her chin. Billy sits on the bed behind her, his back to her.

He looks at her, eyes filled with concern, puts a hand to her lower back, rubs gently.

BILLY  
(soft)  
You okay?

The whistle BUILDS into a SHRIEK--

BLACK

Calliope SHRIEKS--

BLACK

Fists against a chest--

BLACK

Roy pulls back, stunned, hurt--

BLACK

Calliope RUNS down a dark hallway--

28 BACK TO PRESENT. INT. CALLIOPE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - (N1) 28

Calliope, nude, sits on the floor of the bathroom, legs pulled up to her chest. She breathes heavy and ragged, stares at the faucet. Water beads on the lip--

A KNOCK. Soft, barely a TAP--

ROY (O.S.)  
Calliope?

The water drips...

29 INT. CALLIOPE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING (D2) 29

Roy stands in front of the mirror, pulls on a polo shirt. Calliope lays in bed, bundled in the sheet, watching him.

ROY  
Hey.

(CONTINUED)

He turns, sits on the bed and puts a hand on her leg.

ROY (CONT'D)  
How're you feeling?

She nods.

CALLIOPE  
Okay. I think. Roy, I'm...

She stops. He raises an eyebrow. She shuts her eyes and turns away. He squeezes her leg, affectionate, reassuring.

ROY  
Can you call Doctor Zeleznik?

She nods.

ROY (CONT'D)  
We need to talk about this. Okay?

She nods. He leans over, kisses her forehead.

ROY (CONT'D)  
(whisper)  
*"Lovers and madmen have such  
seething brains--"*

She smiles.

CALLIOPE  
*"--Such shaping fantasies that  
apprehend, more than cool reason  
ever comprehends."*

He strokes her cheek, stands, grabs his wallet and keys from the dresser. He sets the open ring box on the night stand.

ROY  
Put it on when you're ready.

Sunlight skitters across the tiny diamond. He gives her cheek one more stroke and leaves.

Calliope, wrapped in a heavy bathrobe, pours herself a cup of lukewarm coffee. She drinks it down almost in one gulp. She closes her eyes, clutches the mug in tight fingers, takes a deep breath. Her eyes drift to the dry erase board:

30 CONTINUED:

30

*"What's to become of the morally sound? Left out in the cold, I suppose. We must heal the sick."*

She picks up the pen, writes "IBSEN" under the quote. She takes another sip of coffee and grabs the remote control from the rack next to the coffee pot. She turns on the TV--

--Helicopters SWOOP over the smoldering power plant.

Calliope turns to rinse her mug. Stops.

A YELLOW GLASS sits in the otherwise empty sink.

She picks up the glass. It's heavy, amber colored, the rim smudged and chipped. She holds it up to the light. Hard-water spots swirl across the yellow surface.

31 INT. CALLIOPE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING (D2)

31

The room is tight, ordered and modern. Calliope, now wearing a T-shirt and sweat pants, plops onto the leather couch.

She looks down at the coffee table. Several books sit on the surface. She picks up a Southern fiction compilation, thumbs through it. Dog-eared pages, notes in the margins, slashes of highlighter. Scrawled next to a highlighted sentence, in Roy's thick male handwriting: "BULLSHIT".

She smiles, sets the book down, picks up a Shakespeare book, lets it fall open in her lap, turns on the TV, mutes it.

--Helicopters, MEN and WOMEN in stark HAZMAT suits.

She glances down at the book in her lap. Her eyes go wide.

The book displays a watercolor painting of the Greek goddess CALLIOPE -- raven black hair, piercing eyes -- holding a lute and staring up from the wrinkled page.

Calliope slams the book shut. It's not Shakespeare at all. Rather, the battered cover features a rendering of ARES -- tall, skeletal -- holding his spear aloft above his head.

The title: "HEROS AND GODS OF THE GREEKS."

Calliope opens to the title page. Scrawled in blue ink: *"'Happy is the man whom the Muses love: sweet speech flows from his mouth.'* For MY Muse - LOVE DAD."

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

She flips through it, her face troubled. She stops on a page-rendering of a BLACK-HAIRED WOMAN, fire dancing around her inside a SWIRLING VOID. In thick letters, at the top of the page: "TARTARUS".

Calliope shuts the book, sets it on the coffee table with a shaking hand. She stares at it as if it were about to bite.

The TV BLARES suddenly. Calliope JUMPS, startled.

--Fire and smoke CRACKLE across the screen. A WOMAN writhes within the smoke, BREATHES a burst of fire--

She grabs the remote and shuts the TV off. She stares at the black screen, wary, trying to catch her breath. Her eyes zero in on a little porcelain STATUETTE sitting atop the TV. She crosses the room, picks up the statuette with hesitant fingers, rolls it over in her hand--

--CALLIOPE, the goddess, eyes closed, holding her lute. The statue is chipped, cracked.

BILLY (O.S.)

Callie. Hey Callie, look at me.

Her breath hitches in her throat.

--Billy's face fills the TV screen. He smiles.

CUT TO BLACK

...The steady BEEP-BEEP-BEEP of a digital alarm clock--

32 FLASHBACK. INT. LUCIEN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING (FB1) 32

The clock reads "7:30 a.m." Callie SLAMS her hand down on the snooze button. She sits up, letting the sheet bunch around her waist, stretches and rubs her eyes.

Books cover every available surface of the room: shelves, floor, bookcase, dresser, etc. "HEROS AND GODS OF THE GREEKS" sits on the bed table, next to the clock.

33 FLASHBACK. INT. LUCIEN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER 33  
(FB1)

Callie, wearing a ripped T-shirt and pajama bottoms, bounds into the kitchen, her pony-tail bouncing--

--She stops.

(CONTINUED)

ASHLEY, 24, extraordinarily pretty, thumbs through a magazine and sips coffee. She wears a flimsy and nearly sheer tank-top, panties, nothing else. She looks up.

ASHLEY

Oh. Hey there.

Callie stares.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

You must be Callie, right? I've heard so much about you.

Nothing. Color rushes to Ashley's cheeks. She CHUCKLES, nervous, and shakes her head.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Well, *this* is kind of fucked up.

The hall door BANGS open and LUCIEN GIRARD, late 50s, sweeps into the room. His bathrobe hangs open.

LUCIEN

(to Ashley, orating)

*"Nothing can discourage the appetite for divinity in the heart of man."* That's Camus, my dear--

ASHLEY

--Lucien.

She indicates Callie with a little nod of the head. Lucien turns, quickly gathers his robe about him.

LUCIEN

Muse. I...I thought you were staying with your mother.

CALLIE

It's Tuesday, Daddy.

Lucien looks at Ashley, at a loss. She has nothing to offer. He gathers himself and turns back to Callie.

LUCIEN

Well then.

He takes the coffee pot, roots around the cabinet for a mug.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)

Sit, Muse. Join us. Would you like some coffee?

Callie and Ashley exchange a stricken look.

CALLIE

I don't know, I better get to--

Lucien turns as he pours the coffee. He flashes Callie a cold professorial smile.

LUCIEN

Nonsense. *Sit.* Callie, this is Ashley. She's my grad student.

Ashley looks away.

CALLIE

Okay. Sure. Anyway, I'm gonna--

LUCIEN

*Sit.*

He smiles, holds out the mug and beckons with his other hand, welcoming. But his eyes are hard. Determined.

CALLIE

Okay.

She sits at the counter. Lucien sits next to Ashley, slides the coffee mug toward Callie and puts a hand to the back of Ashley's neck. Ashley looks as though she wants to die.

LUCIEN

Ashley, this is my daughter Callie.  
*My Muse.*

He winks at Callie, flashes a row of white teeth. Callie shrivels a bit. Ashley smiles, giving in.

ASHLEY

Pleased to meet you, Callie.

LUCIEN

Ashley's quite the star in our humble little bailiwick. She's doing her thesis on *The Age of Reason*. Very provocative stuff.

Ashley relaxes a bit.

ASHLEY

I'm doing this Fourth Wave Feminist read of it, you know, breaking down the relationship between the mostly male Existentialists and--

33 CONTINUED: (3)

33

CALLIE

I'm sorry, but this is bullshit.

Ashley's mouth shuts with a snap.

LUCIEN

*Callie--!*

CALLIE

Not your thesis. Sorry. It sounds very, you know, interesting or whatever. I gotta go.

LUCIEN

Callie, you're being a child.

Callie throws him a black look, then looks warmly at Ashley.

CALLIE

Don't feel bad. I know he's very charming.

With that, she leaves.

34 BACK TO PRESENT. INT. CALLIOPE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM (D2) 34

Calliope lays on the floor, SEIZING. Spittle foams around her mouth. Her eyes are wide, glassy. Her vision SWIMS, finally coalesces around the statuette, which lays BROKEN on the floor next to her--

35 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (FB18) 35

The amber light fixture FLICKERS in the haze. Callie lays on the linoleum floor, blood pooling around her nose and upper lip. Billy PACES above her, won't look at her as he runs a hand through a wild shock of hair.

36 BACK TO PRESENT. INT. CALLIOPE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM (D2) 36

Calliope JERKS. Foam drips from her mouth, runs down her cheeks. The phone RINGS...RINGS...RINGS...Calliope's eyes roll toward the TV. STATIC. Then--

--A wide shot of BLUE SKY--

37 FLASHBACK. EXT. FLEA MARKET - DAY (FB1) 37

Callie stares through a pair of binoculars into the blue sky.

(CONTINUED)

OLD WOMAN (O.S.)

You buy, or you stop playing.

Callie lowers the binoculars and looks at the OLD WOMAN sitting in a battered lawn chair on the other side of a rickety table piled high with KNICK-KNACKS. An angry red birthmark traces from her neck up her cheek.

Callie puts the binoculars back on the table, turns.

The flea market is sparsely populated. Pickup trucks, wood-panelled minivans, station wagons sit behind crude canopies and tables covered with all manner of mostly useless crap.

Billy sits behind one of the tables in front of a rusted VW bus. He's handsome in a craggy, somewhat feral way, his face all sharp edges and abrupt angles.

He sits, legs crossed prissily before him, reads a paperback as Callie approaches his table, stacked with everything from books to ammo boxes and a case filled with knives.

Billy doesn't look up as Callie picks up one of the books, turns it over in her hand. It's a volume of Romantic poetry.

BILLY

(without looking)

You wouldn't like it. It's all full of words and stuff.

She shoots him a haughty look.

CALLIE

*"Maid of Athens, ere we part,  
Give, oh give me back my heart!"  
That's Byron.*

His eyes flick briefly to her, then back down at his book. It appears to be some sort of pulp Western.

BILLY

Good for you. You're a smart one.

She tosses the book to the table, turns to storm away.

BILLY (CONT'D)

*"This lad was known as Nicholas the  
Gallant. And making love in secret  
was his talent...."*

She looks at him, confused. He glances up at her with an evil little grin.

(CONTINUED)

BILLY (CONT'D)

*That's* Chaucer.

She smiles a little, in spite of herself.

BILLY (CONT'D)

So how can a useless truant like you quote Byron? What's your deal?

CALLIE

Like you said. I'm a smart one.

BILLY

Yeah, I can tell.

His eyes flick up and down her lithe runner's body with naked interest. She blushes a little, but doesn't wilt.

BILLY (CONT'D)

I ain't your dad, but aren't you supposed to be in school?

She gives him a withering look.

CALLIE

I'll go when they can teach me something they haven't learned in their *ignominious* little community college educations.

He LAUGHS, delighted. She relaxes, pleased with herself.

BILLY

Jesus Christ, how old're you?

The slightest hesitation.

CALLIE

Eighteen.

He examines her.

BILLY

Uh huh. What's your name?

CALLIE

What do you care?

He sighs.

BILLY

(commanding)

*What's your name?*

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (3)

37

CALLIE

Callie.

He waits.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Calliope, really, but only my Dad calls me that.

BILLY

Kind of a faggy name. Daddy a fag?

She BARKS a surprised laugh.

CALLIE

*Hardly.*

BILLY

Calliope. The Muse.

Her eyes darken.

CALLIE

He's the only one who calls me that, too.

He grins.

BILLY

Ah. I get it. *Issues.*  
(before she can respond)  
Here.

He picks up a little statuette from a group of figurines on the table and tosses it at her, underhanded. She catches it, startled. It's the Calliope figurine.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Take it. It'll make Daddy happy.

He goes back to his book. She scowls. He looks up at her.

CALLIE

I don't have issues.

BILLY

We *all* have issues, sweetie.

CALLIE

So what're yours?

BILLY

What do you think?

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (4)

37

She thinks.

CALLIE

You're, like, a vet, right? So you probably killed people.

BILLY

(still smiling)

That's none of your business.

CALLIE

Sorry. I thought we were talking about *issues*.

He sets the book aside, examines her thoroughly.

BILLY

You don't back off, do you?

CALLIE

Nope.

He nods, thoughtful.

BILLY

I'm Billy. Yeah, I killed people.

CALLIE

How many?

He thinks about that, leans forward.

BILLY

I like you, Callie.

She smiles back, coy.

CALLIE

I don't believe you. I don't think you killed anybody.

He gazes up at her for a long time, then finally picks up the book of poetry, writes something on the title page, hands it to her. She hesitates for a second, then takes it. She opens to the title page. Inside: an address.

BILLY

*"She walks the waters like a thing of life, and seems to dare the elements to strife."*

She looks at him.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (5)

37

BILLY (CONT'D)

Stop by next time you want to  
escape the *ignominy*.

He tosses off a little two-fingered salute.

BILLY (CONT'D)

See ya.

He picks up the paperback and starts reading.

38 BACK TO PRESENT. INT. CALLIOPE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM (D2) 38

Calliope lays on the floor, staring at the statuette.  
Spittle dries on her cheek and chin.

She sits up, wipes her mouth with the back of a shaking hand.  
Her eyes go to the TV. It's off, the darkness seeming to YAW  
at her, opening up like a vast wet mouth, revealing a  
bottomless black throat.

She gets to her feet, shaky, and picks up the statuette.

39 INT. CALLIOPE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER (D2) 39

Calliope picks up the yellow glass, hefts it as she looks  
between it and the shattered statue.

She looks up, thinking, her gaze landing on the dry erase  
board. Her eyes go wide.

On the dry erase board, in jittery block letters: "*SHE WALKS  
THE WATERS LIKE A THING OF LIFE AND SEEMS TO DARE THE  
ELEMENTS TO STRIFE*".

40 OMITTED 40

41 OMITTED 41

42 BACK TO PRESENT. INT. CALLIOPE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM (D2) 42

Calliope sits on the bed, chewing her lip and staring down at  
a shoebox in front of her. It's plain brown cardboard,  
unmarked except for a decal of an electric guitar on the lid.

43 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (FB2) 43

Callie takes a sip from a yellow glass. She COUGHS.

Billy stands above her, shirtless, gazes down at her though heavy-lidded eyes. A little smile plays with his lips.

BILLY

So whatcha doing here, Callie?

She shrugs, looks around. Boxes of books, military paraphernalia, old magazines fill the room. She glances down at the coffee table, sees a titty magazine called "MELPOMENE" sitting open under a pizza box. The WOMAN -- dark-haired, legs spread, eyes closed -- looks a little bit like her.

She glances over at an electric guitar sitting on a pedestal next to the couch. She looks back up at Billy.

CALLIE

Was that you playing? When I walked up?

He sets his drink down and whips the guitar into his lap. He belts out a BLUESY RIFF, grinning at her. She smiles.

44 BACK TO PRESENT. INT. CALLIOPE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - (D2) 44

She knocks the lid off the box. Inside: stacks of photos, folded pieces of paper. She sifts through them.

LETTERS, scrawled in the same jittery handwriting as the Chaucer quote. Others, written in soft floral script.

A PHOTO of a LITTLE GIRL, bright red hair and freckles, grinning into the camera. Calliope flips it over. Scrawled in Billy's handwriting on the back: "LISSA, 4 yrs".

Another PHOTO. Colors faded. MEN in fatigues, clutching automatic rifles, lined up against a jungle backdrop. Calliope reads the back: "NORMAN, CLEEVE, WATERS, POKEY, BIG CHARLES, FRANKLIN, MOREHOUSE '73."

Another PHOTO. Billy, grinning into the camera, hoisting a beer. Two FIGURES sit behind him, out of focus.

GRAPHIC MATCH:

45 FLASHBACK. INT. VFW HALL - BAR - DAY (FB3) 45

Billy GRINS, raises the beer. FLASH.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

STARKEY, 30s -- his face a lumpy mask of burnt flesh -- lowers the disposable camera with a grin. Callie sits behind them, with a MAN. We can't see his face.

MAN

--You ain't eighteen. No fucking way you're eighteen.

Callie looks away.

MAN (CONT'D)

Billy, no damn way she's eighteen.

Billy turns, catches Callie's gaze. She reddens.

BILLY

Mind your business.  
(to Starkey)  
Anyway, I ever tell you how I got  
the name Dead Billy?

Starkey rolls his one good eye.

STARKEY

Only every day, Bill. And it's  
different every *goddamn* time--

Billy CACKLES--

46 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (FB2) 46

Callie watches as Billy rips off another BLUES LICK. He shrugs, unslings the guitar and sets it against the wall.

BILLY

I'm not very good, but I like--

She grabs his face as he turns back toward her, KISSES him. He resists for half a second, then kisses back.

47 FLASHBACK. INT. VFW HALL - BAR - DAY (FB3) 47

Callie stares at her fingers. The MAN reaches forward and squeezes her hand.

MAN

(soft)  
You need some help, girl, you just  
call me and let me know.

His fingers are rough and dark, smeared with grease.

48 BACK TO PRESENT. INT. CALLIOPE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM (D2) 48

Calliope sets the photo aside and picks up a folded piece of paper. She opens it to reveal a detailed, half-finished ink DRAWING of Callie, nude, her mouth parted, her eyes slits.

49 OMITTED 49

50 OMITTED 50

51 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (FB2) 51

Billy, shirtless, lays on the couch, his head in Callie's lap. She's wrapped in a sheet, strokes his hair. The light pushing through the curtains behind them is thin and rosy.

BILLY

I think, maybe, this wasn't a great idea.

She runs her fingers through his hair.

BILLY (CONT'D)

I'm old enough to be your father.

CALLIE

But you're not.

He looks up at her, raises an eyebrow.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

My father.

He smiles. She leans back, closes her eyes.

BILLY

(soft)

Hey. Look at me.

She opens her eyes, looks down at him.

BILLY (CONT'D)

You're sure?

CALLIE

Yeah. But I better go.

He nods. She stands.

52 FLASHBACK. INT. KAREN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (FB17) 52

Callie enters, goes to the fridge. Karen sits at the table, smoking and eating sliced cheese off of a little plate.

KAREN  
Where were you?

Callie glances at her mother as she grabs the orange juice.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
You are *not* going to drink out of that carton.

Callie sighs, takes a glass from the cupboard.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
You didn't answer me.

CALLIE  
I was at Dad's.

Karen drags on her cigarette, gives Callie a measured look.

KAREN  
Uh huh.

Callie puts the orange juice back.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
And how was your dad?

Callie shrugs as she rinses the glass. Karen sighs and stubs her cigarette out.

53 BACK TO PRESENT. INT. OFFICE - DAY (D2) 53

SELENA VASQUEZ, mid 30s, sifts through a stack of folders on her cluttered desk, CURSING softly under her breath.

A soft KNOCK at the door. She looks up. Her eyes go wide. Calliope stands in the doorway. She smiles, a little shy.

SELENA  
Holy shit. Jesus Christ, come in!  
Shit, sorry.

She hurries around the desk, takes the stack and tosses them onto an already overloaded shelf. She gestures to the chair.

SELENA (CONT'D)  
*Sit. Jesus!* How are you, Callie?

(CONTINUED)

Calliope sits.

CALLIOPE  
I'm, uh, I'm *good*.

She holds up her engagement ring. Selena SQUEALS, grabs Calliope's hand and looks at the ring.

SELENA  
Congratulations! Who's the guy?

CALLIOPE  
His name's Roy--

SELENA  
Good name. A grown up name, if you know what I mean. What does he do? Where'd you meet him? Tell me *everything!*

CALLIOPE  
Well, let's see, he's a postgrad at the University. Comparative Lit--

Selena perches on the desk, swings her legs like little kid.

SELENA  
Sounds fancy.

CALLIOPE  
He's...ah...we met in a lecture. He was...jeez, it sounds horrible...but he was my TA.

Selena's eyes light up.

SELENA  
So you're still going to school?

CALLIOPE  
Got my bachelor's last fall. I just started the Master's program.

SELENA  
Comparative whatsis?

CALLIOPE  
No, English Education.

SELENA

That's great. *Really* great. I knew as soon as you got that GED, it would all fall into place for you. Seriously, deepest congrats.

Calliope smiles, relieved.

CALLIOPE

Thanks.

SELENA

So. What brings you by?

Calliope chews her lip.

CALLIOPE

I was...

(beat)

You're going to hate this.

Selena stares at her. Calliope won't return her gaze.

Finally:

SELENA

Fuck.

Calliope looks at her.

CALLIOPE

Selena--

SELENA

*NO, Callie.*

Calliope looks away.

SELENA (CONT'D)

*Calliope.* Look at me. You have to say something. This isn't some bullshit about closure, is it?

Calliope looks at her. She sighs and shakes her head.

CALLIOPE

I've been having seizures again.

Selena's jaw snaps shut.

SELENA

Oh. Jeez, okay, Calliope, you don't need to be talking to me. You need to--

CALLIOPE

I've *been* to the doctor, Selena. That's not why I'm here.

She opens her purse, pulls out the statuette, sets it on Selena's desk. Selena stares at it for a long time.

CALLIOPE (CONT'D)

You see it, right?

Selena looks at her.

SELENA

Of course I do. What--?

Calliope pulls out the glass, sets it next to the statue.

CALLIOPE

And you see *that*, right?

SELENA

Yeah, but--

CALLIOPE

What do you see?

Selena blinks at her, confused.

CALLIOPE (CONT'D)

Please, Selena, I'm trying to explain.

SELENA

I...ah...well, a little statue of, I don't know, is that Athena or something--?

CALLIOPE

Calliope. The muse.

Selena looks at her, sharp.

SELENA

Okay, *Calliope*. And a glass.

CALLIOPE

What color is the glass?

(CONTINUED)

Selena shakes her head.

SELENA

This is--

CALLIOPE

*Please.*

Selena sighs. She picks up the glass.

SELENA

It's amber. Okay? Now you have to tell me what this is all about.

CALLIOPE

Billy gave me that statue. And that glass is from his house.

Selena stares at her.

CALLIOPE (CONT'D)

When you got me out, I didn't take anything with me, did I?

SELENA

No. Of course not.

Calliope picks up the statue.

CALLIOPE

I just found this. In my house.  
(points to the glass)  
And that. Is *that* a seizure?

Selena turns the glass over in her hands, chews her lip.

CALLIOPE (CONT'D)

I thought maybe you could tell me where he is.

Selena shakes her head.

SELENA

Absolutely not. No way in Hell. *Jesus Christ*, Callie, you're, like, my *ONE* success story! Do you remember what you were like when you got out of there? *I do.* Eighty pounds, at most. Someone would slam a door and you'd just about jump out of your skin.

53 CONTINUED: (5)

53

Calliope picks up the statue and glass, puts them into her purse. She stands, turns toward the door.

SELENA (CONT'D)

Calliope, *stop!*

Calliope looks at her, hand on the doorknob.

SELENA (CONT'D)

*Why?*

CALLIOPE

I don't want to talk to him,  
Selena. Or see him. I just need  
to know where he is.

Selena looks at her for a long, long time.

SELENA

I don't believe you. I've seen  
this way too many times before.  
No. I'm sorry, but no.

Calliope nods and opens the door.

SELENA (CONT'D)

Callie, *wait--*

Calliope leaves.

54 INT. CALLIOPE'S CAR - DAY (D2)

54

Calliope sits behind the wheel, looking down at the nude drawing clutched in her hand.

A loud SMACK on the driver's side window. Calliope SHRIEKS a little, looks--

--Nothing but empty parking lot.

Her cell phone rings. She jumps, takes it from her purse, answers it without looking.

CALLIOPE

Hello?

ROY (O.S.)

Hey, I was thinking of stopping by  
that new vegan Thai place on my way  
home. Want anything?

(CONTINUED)

CALLIOPE

Uh, yeah...Pad Thai--

ROY

--Tofu, egg noodles. Right?

She smiles, relaxing a little.

CALLIOPE

Yeah, and--

ROY

--And a ton of hot stuff. Got it.  
You want a Thai iced tea--?

*SMACK!* Calliope jumps with a GASP, looks. Nothing.

ROY (CONT'D)

Hey. You okay?

She licks her lips.

CALLIOPE

Yeah, just, uh, just banged my  
elbow on the gearshift. No ice  
tea. Thanks, though.

ROY

Okay. You home?

Beat.

CALLIOPE

I'll be there in a few. I'm just  
out running a couple errands.

Moments.

ROY

You doing okay?

CALLIOPE

Yeah. Just--

*SMACK!* She jumps a little, stifles the gasp, squeezes her  
eyes shut.

CALLIOPE (CONT'D)

Shit. Battery's crapping out. See  
you in a bit?

ROY

Okay--

(CONTINUED)

She hangs up, looks back out into the parking lot. A few cars at the far end, flanking an imposing concrete and glass office building. Nothing else.

A KNOCK at the other window. Calliope SCREAMS, spins with dagger-sharp eyes. Selena stands there, blinking at her.

Calliope takes a deep breath, hastily sets the drawing aside and rolls down the passenger window.

SELENA

There's nothing I can say to stop you, is there?

Calliope gives a little shake of her head.

SELENA (CONT'D)

And you know this is really stupid, right?

Calliope nods. Selena sighs.

SELENA (CONT'D)

I don't know where he is. After...you know...he just sort of dropped off our radar. You'll have to trust me on that.

CALLIOPE

Okay.

Selena digs in her purse, pulls out a folded printout. She hesitates, then shakes her head and passes it over.

SELENA

You need to know that this could get me fired.

Calliope takes the printout and opens it--

--A blurry photo of a YOUNG WOMAN, about Calliope's age, with blond hair and grey eyes. Obviously taken in a smoky bar somewhere. The woman's grin is wide, toothy, almost feral. Her eyes sparkle. She makes as if to punch the camera.

Calliope looks up at Selena, confused.

SELENA (CONT'D)

Alissa Kononen. *K-O-N-O-N-E-N*. She's a stand-up comic out of Brooklyn. After you left, I did a quick search.

(MORE)

54

CONTINUED: (3)

54

SELENA (CONT'D)

She's on the road right now, doing clubs all across the country. I don't have a number for her. But if you're up for a drive she'll be performing in the Springs this Saturday. Maybe you can catch her after the show.

Calliope shakes her head, confused.

SELENA (CONT'D)

She's his daughter.

Calliope looks back down at the photo. Alissa Kononen SNARLS silently up at her.

SELENA (CONT'D)

Calliope. This *CANNOT* come back on me. Okay?

CALLIOPE

Of course.

Moments. Awkward. Finally:

SELENA

Take care of yourself.

She stands and walks away. Calliope stares down at the printout, trying to remember...

55

FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (FB4)

55

Billy hovers over the sink, phone pressed to his ear. Callie watches him from the hallway.

BILLY

(even)

Yeah, Kay, I get it. But--

(beat)

No. I understand.

(beat)

I *do*, Kay. But--

Stops. Listens.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Can't you just put *her* on the--?

Stops. Listens.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

BILLY (CONT'D)

All right. Well, at least tell her  
happy birth--

He pulls the phone away from his ear, looks at it for a second, then sets it in its cradle. He leans over the sink. Callie approaches, tentative. She puts a hand on his shoulder, squeezes.

He grips her hand without turning, squeezes back.

56 OMITTED

56

57 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (N2)

57

Calliope sits on the couch, opens her Pad Thai container, digs in. Roy flops onto the couch next to her.

Her eyes drift to the TV. MUTED footage of HAZMAT WORKERS surrounding the steaming power plant.

ROY

Hey. You put it on.

She follows his gaze to the ring on her finger.

CALLIOPE

Of course I did. Why wouldn't I?

He shrugs, won't quite look at her. She takes his chin and lifts his eyes to hers.

CALLIOPE (CONT'D)

*Why wouldn't I?*

He smiles.

ROY

Love you.

CALLIOPE

Love you too.

Roy pecks her cheek, then shoves a forkful of noodles into his mouth. Calliope does the same.

ROY

You know, we should just go down to  
the courthouse and get it over  
with.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

ROY (CONT'D)

I mean, we can have a big get  
together for the friends and family  
later, but I don't want my mom to--

Calliope GRUNTS. Roy looks at her. The noodles slide from  
her slack mouth and PLOP into her lap. Her Pad Thai dish  
hits the floor with a SPLAT.

ROY (CONT'D)

Oh no--

He grabs her before she topples off the couch. She JERKS.  
Her eyes roll in their sockets--

BLACK

EYES, bulging in their sockets--

BLACK

ROY looming over, SHOUTING--

BLACK

Billy, shirtless, eyes black in the silvery moonlight--

BLACK

58 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT (FB5) 58

Callie lays on the bed. Billy lays next to her, propped up  
on one elbow. He smiles, tender, as he strokes her cheek.

BILLY

I want to show you something.

She smiles back.

CALLIE

Okay. What?

He kisses her forehead. His hand drifts to her collar bone.

BILLY

What it's like to die.

His hand encircles her neck. *SQUEEZES.* Her eyes BULGE as  
she tries to push him away--

(CONTINUED)

BILLY (CONT'D)  
(soft)  
*You feel it?*

Her fingernails RAKE down his arm, unheeded. Tears SPURT from her eyes.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
*Getting close, right?*

She GAGS.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Forty seconds, maybe less. That's all you have, baby. You right with God and everything?

Her fist catches his nose. He reels back, doesn't let go.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
You're seeing spots. Little explosions, like firecrackers, way in the back of your corneas. Your vision's narrowing down to a...tiny...little...pinprick...

She COUGHS out a weak sob.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Want me to count down for you?

Her tongue LASHES as she pushes desperately at his arm.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Thirty, twenty nine, twenty eight--

She stares up at him with pleading eyes.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Twenty seven, twenty six...enough?

She nods, frantic. He releases her. She COUGHS, thick and ragged. Her eyes spear him. Shocked. Hurt.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
*That's what it's like. To die.*

She HACKS. He sits up, looks dispassionately down at her.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
(mild)  
That guy.  
(MORE)

58

CONTINUED: (2)

58

BILLY (CONT'D)

Starkey's friend, the dude you were talking to at the VA. What was his name?

She clutches her bruised throat, shakes her head.

BILLY (CONT'D)

*His name, Calliope. What was it?*

CALLIOPE

(croak)

*I don't know--*

BILLY

Uh huh.

He strokes a tear away from her cheek.

BILLY (CONT'D)

I think he liked you.

She stares at him.

BILLY (CONT'D)

You can go out with him if you want to. I mean, if you really want to.

She takes a big, ragged gasp of air.

59

OMITTED

59

60

INT. HOSPITAL - EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY (D3)

60

Calliope leans back in the exam chair, squirming. The door opens and Zeleznik enters.

ZELEZNIK

Morning!

He sits, peers deep into her eyes.

CALLIOPE

Is it epilepsy?

ZELEZNIK

Epilepsy is a fairly meaningless term, but no I don't think so. Lookee here--

He opens a large folder on his desk, removes an image of an MRI scan.

(CONTINUED)

He hands it to her, taps a little red streak in the center of the brain. Her eyes widen. She looks up at him, opens her mouth--

ZELEZNIK (CONT'D)

Not a tumor. Don't worry. It appears to be a lesion. About the size of your pinkie nail.

He holds his pinkie up so she can see.

ZELEZNIK (CONT'D)

It's likely been there for years. Tell me, Calliope, have you been seeing things? Hearing voices? Anything like that--

She hesitates.

ZELEZNIK (CONT'D)

There's no percentage in not being honest about this, Calliope.

She nods.

ZELEZNIK (CONT'D)

Okay. First, no more TV. Not until we get this taken care of.

CALLIOPE

What...what're the options?

ZELEZNIK

Well, considering the seizures and the hallucinations and whatnot, I would say we're way past the "wait and see" stage. I'd be surprised if this was cancer, but we'll need to do a biopsy to be sure. Meantime, no TV, try not to drive, blah blah blah, you know the drill.

She nods. Zeleznik reaches and squeezes her hand.

ZELEZNIK (CONT'D)

Don't worry. This is nothing. A little pit stop, that's all. And congratulations, by the way.

He nods down at her ring.

61 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (FB4) 61

Callie squeezes Billy's shoulder. He grabs her hand.

CALLIE  
(soft)  
It's okay, Billy--

He WHIRLS on her suddenly, eyes BLAZING--

BILLY  
*The FUCK do you know about it?*

She staggers back, stunned.

He gapes at her. Sudden tears spurt from his eyes as he takes a step toward her.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Shit, *FUCK!* I'm sorry--

He grabs her and hugs her tight, stroking her hair and kissing her neck.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, I'm sorry, Callie, I  
love you--

She hugs back, weak, her face nestled into his heaving shoulder, her eyes wary.

62 BACK TO PRESENT. INT. CALLIOPE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - (D3) 62

Calliope stares into the sink. The garbage disposal gapes up at her -- black, bottomless.

A sudden coughing BELCH, deep in the pipes. Reddish fluid bubbles up out of the disposal, SPATTERS across the sink.

She drops to her knees, opens the cabinet beneath the sink. Bottles of cleaning supplies, packages of paper towels. Everything perfectly ordered, in its proper place...

She looks closer.

The trap under the sink DRIPS rusty water, stains the particle-board floor of the cabinet. She presses on the stain. The particle board is spongy, pliant. She digs at it. Bits flake up between her fingers.

She turns, sees Roy standing in the entryway, looking at her.

(CONTINUED)

CALLIOPE

We have rot--

He reaches into his pocket, pulls out a folded piece of paper. He opens it, looks at it for a beat, then turns it so she can see it. The nude drawing.

ROY

I found this. Under the bed.  
Billy drew this?

She looks down.

CALLIOPE

No.

He raises an eyebrow.

CALLIOPE (CONT'D)

That was...somebody else.

He sighs, sets the drawing on the counter, looks at it, brow furrowed. She leans back against the cabinet door, waits.

ROY

Calliope. You need to talk to me.

She looks away.

CALLIOPE

Roy, not right--

He SLAMS his palm on the counter.

ROY

No!

She jumps, startled. His eyes blaze as he strides toward her, drops to a crouch, grabs her shoulder, *squeezes--*

ROY (CONT'D)

(through gritted teeth)

*I. Have had. ENOUGH. Of THIS!*

She tries to squirm away from him. He squeezes harder.

ROY (CONT'D)

Do you understand what this is  
like, Callie? Do you get it at  
all?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

62

CONTINUED: (2)

62

ROY (CONT'D)

I'm...trying *so hard*, Callie, to not think you're just a fucking liar, and everything you've told me about yourself is a *fucking lie*, and everything we've been building together is a *fucking lie*--

CALLIOPE

Roy--

ROY

*Are you a fucking liar, Callie?*  
*TALK to me--*

CALLIOPE

Roy, *OW*, you're *HURTING ME*--!

He lets go and steps back, stunned. He shakes his head.

ROY

Calliope, I'm, oh fuck, I'm sorry--

He looks down at her, stricken. She gazes up at him, wary, rubs her shoulder.

63

FLASHBACK. INT. KAREN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (FB17)

63

Karen stubs her cigarette out. Callie rinses her glass, puts it in the strainer next to the sink.

KAREN

So. It's your birthday next month.

Callie looks at her. Karen lights another cigarette.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Eighteen. Wow. We should *do something*.

Callie stops by the refrigerator, looks at her mother. Karen gazes up at her, smiles mirthlessly.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Have a party or something.

(beat)

Oh wait, *that* won't work. I forgot. You don't have any friends.

CALLIE

Mom--

(CONTINUED)

KAREN

You know, in a month you'll be an adult, and you can do whatever the Hell you want. But for now, as long as you're *here*, under *my roof*, you--

CALLIE

Oh, Mom, just stop it.

Karen's eyes go hard.

KAREN

What?

CALLIE

Just stop with the concerned parent thing. You don't do it very well.

Moments.

KAREN

You're really something else. After *everything*...

Callie grits her teeth.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Do you want to go back to him?

CALLIE

Who? *Dad*?

Karen glares at her.

KAREN

You know who I mean. Where were you?

CALLIE

I *told* you--

KAREN

Yeah. At *Dad's*. Should I call him?

Callie blushes and looks away.

Roy hands Calliope a glass. She looks at it, dubious.

(CONTINUED)

CALLIOPE

I don't think I'm supposed to--

He sits on the couch next to her, squeezes her knee.

ROY

I made it weak.

She smiles, leans into him, takes a sip.

ROY (CONT'D)

So. Tell me about Billy.

The smile falters. She turns and stares at the blank TV. The darkness gapes at her...expands...

She blinks, turns away from it.

CALLIOPE

I can't really explain it. But I'll try.

She looks back, takes his hand, squeezes.

CUT TO BLACK.

Moments.

BILLY (V.O.)

*She was gorgeous.*

Billy's house. Window's dark.

BILLY (V.O.)

*I mean, not movie gorgeous or anything like that. First thing I thought when I saw her was that she was tired, that no one that young should be so Goddamned tired. She had these deepsunk eyes that just dug in like corkscrews, and this thin little mouth that I thought, I don't know, I thought I kinda wanted to kiss.*

We move in. Slow...

BILLY (V.O.)

*I always want to fuck the girls when I see 'em.*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BILLY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*Can't seem to help it. My eyes're  
wired straight to my prick.  
Doesn't matter who they are. First  
thing I think, when I see 'em, is  
how I want to get 'em naked, I want  
to get 'em under me, and I want to  
fuck the Goddamned shit out of 'em.*

Slow...toward the black chasm of the front window.

BILLY (V.O.)

*But, with her, all I wanted was...I  
just kinda wanted that kiss. I knew  
she was too young for me, yeah, but  
I still wanted that kiss. All I  
thought about for days.*

*(beat)*

*Shoulda left it there, I guess.*

Slow...

BILLY (V.O.)

*I thought she could make me normal.  
I never been with a normal girl  
before. But I thought, I dunno,  
maybe she could do it.*

*(beat)*

*Maybe I could love her normal.*

Slow. Almost to the window now...

BILLY (V.O.)

*When she was gone, I felt like my  
chest was this big black cave.*

Slow...

BILLY (V.O.)

*I was seventeen Goddamned years  
old, and I felt like it was over.  
I was dead.*

The darkness PULSES. Vibrates. Something MOVES within--

CUT TO BLACK.

BILLY (V.O.)

*I guess maybe that's why they call  
me Dead Billy.*

66 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT (FB5) 66

Callie, curled up in a ball, lies with her back to Billy. He sits up, an ashtray balanced on his chest. He stares, thoughtful at the smoke curling off the end of his cigarette.

BILLY

I know what you're thinking. I know what you want to do. Don't think I don't.

She doesn't answer.

67 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (FB9) 67

Callie sits on the floor near the sofa. Her hair hangs limp on her shoulders. Dark eyes peer out of hollow sockets.

Starkey sits across from her, grinning as he cuts several lines of cocaine. Billy paces in the kitchen behind them, holding the phone to his ear.

STARKEY

(to Callie)

Special occasion. It's *Thursday!*

(to Billy)

Bill! Better get your ass in here before we finish this off!

He winks at Callie. She tries to smile. Fails.

68 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT (FB6) 68

Callie sits on the bed, dressed in lingerie. She tries to shrink into herself, stares at the black square of the door.

Billy steps into the door frame, barely visible in the murk. He grins, lascivious, then looks down the hall.

BILLY

Come on! I'm not paying by the hour here--

A WOMAN LAUGHS from the hallway. Calliope watches as she steps into frame, wraps her arms around Billy. Marble skin rippling under her black silk dress. Cascading black hair, shimmering in the amber light.

Callie watches as she and Billy kiss, deep. He turns a little. His eyes find Callie over the woman's satin shoulder. They TWINKLE--

69 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT (FB5) 69

Billy stares at the twisting smoke. He takes a drag and looks at Callie.

BILLY

It's okay, you know. Look at me.

She rolls over. He offers her the cigarette. She takes a drag, goes to hand it back--

--He SEIZES her wrist. The ashtray topples to the bed, spilling butts across the sheet. She tries to pull away.

BILLY (CONT'D)

(whisper)

It's okay.

He guides her fingers toward his chest, presses the cigarette down into his flesh. He HISSES in pain, but holds her fast.

BILLY (CONT'D)

It's okay, Callie.

His skin SIZZLES.

70 BACK TO PRESENT. INT. CALLIOPE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - 70  
EVENING(D3)

Calliope looks at her hands. Roy stares at her, horrified.

ROY

(choked)

How...how long were you...?

She shakes her head, won't look at him.

CALLIOPE

I don't remember. A long time.  
They took me away.

ROY

*Who?*

CALLIOPE

A...a social worker. And...my mom.  
I think I was seventeen when they  
got me out.

Moments.

(CONTINUED)

ROY

You know it wasn't your fault,  
right?

She looks away.

ROY (CONT'D)

Calliope.

He touches her chin, turns her face to his.

ROY (CONT'D)

You were just a kid. It *wasn't*  
*your fault.*

She takes his hand, kisses it.

CALLIOPE

You're lovely.

ROY

Calliope--

CALLIOPE

Roy, listen to me. I *wanted* to be  
there.

(beat)

I'm not...I'm not exactly who you  
think I am.

He looks at her, eyes brimming.

ROY

Calliope, don't do this--

CALLIOPE

I'm not who you want me to be.

Moments.

ROY

I love you.

CALLIOPE

I love you, too.

ROY

What about the drawing?

She shakes her head.

CALLIOPE

That doesn't matter.

(CONTINUED)

ROY  
(exasperated)  
*Calliope--*

CALLIOPE  
Look.

She stands, grabs her purse from next to the TV. She pulls out the statue. She sets it on the coffee table.

CALLIOPE (CONT'D)  
I have to go somewhere. To talk to somebody.

He looks at the statue, then at her.

ROY  
Him?

CALLIOPE  
I don't know. Maybe. I hope not.

He stares at the statue.

ROY  
I want to go with you.

Long moments.

Calliope shakes her head.

CALLIOPE  
I'm sorry.

Long moments. His eyes cloud over with hurt. He looks down at the picture.

ROY  
I don't understand this.

He looks at her, lost.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Do you still *want* him?

She blinks, shocked at the question. Opens her mouth to respond, but the words get stuck there. Nothing escapes but a thin HISS of air.

He stands abruptly and leaves the room.

71 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (FB9) 71

Starkey sits across from Callie at the coffee table. Billy paces in the kitchen, phone to his ear.

STARKEY

Bill! Better get your ass in here  
before we finish this one off!

He winks at Callie. She tries to smile, fails. Starkey bends over and snorts a line of coke. He sits up and shakes his head, eyes watering.

STARKEY (CONT'D)

Hooo-DADDY!

He offers Callie the straw. She takes it, watches Billy.

BILLY

(into phone)

GodDAMNIT, Kay! She's my fucking  
kid too!

Callie snorts a line as Billy's face turns red with fury.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Yeah, well, I'm not the one being a  
cunt about it--!

Starkey leans in close.

STARKEY

You gotta listen to him shouting  
like that all the time?

He puts a hand on her bare leg, slides it upward. Callie pulls away as she snorts another line. Starkey scowls.

STARKEY (CONT'D)

Don't fucking bogart, all right?  
This shit ain't cheap.

He snatches the straw away from her as Billy SLAMS the phone back into its cradle. Callie and Starkey look at him. Billy stands there, face flushed, eyes wild, staring with purpose into the corner. His lips move.

CALLIE

(tentative)

Billy?

He looks at her without recognizing her. His lips move as he mumbles to himself.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

STARKEY

You havin' a flashback, Bill?

His voice catches as he tries to stifle a laugh, shoots Callie an amused glance. Callie goes to Billy.

CALLIE

Billy?

His eyes dance around the room. His breath *CHUNKS* in and out of his lungs. Callie puts a light hand on his arm. He pulls away with a *HISS*, turns on her with blazing eyes.

BILLY

(with murder)

*Don't.*

She backs off a step.

He suddenly grabs one of the amber glasses from the counter and *HURLS* it. She drops with a *SCREAM* as the glass *SHATTERS* against the wall behind her.

Billy *ROARS*, punches a hole in the wall above her. She cowers. He glares down at her, eyes wild.

Starkey *CHUCKLES*. Callie rounds on him.

CALLIE

*GET OUT!*

Starkey's mouth snaps shut. Billy storms down the hall. The *SLAM* of the bedroom door. Callie hurries after him.

72 BACK TO PRESENT. EXT. INTERSTATE - EVENING (D4)

72

Cars *WHIP* past as Calliope drives down the Interstate. The sun sets behind high mountains on one side. The granite cliffs *GLEAM* in the fading light. Vast, gold-yellow plains splay out toward the horizon on the other.

73 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT (FB6)

73

Callie -- still wearing the black nightie, now with one strap torn -- lays on her side, her eyes wide open. Billy *SNORES* on the other side of the bed.

A woman's arm extends from the space between them, falls over Callie's midsection. Lacquered fingernails stroke her arm.

74 BACK TO PRESENT. INT. CALLIOPE'S CAR - EVENING (D4) 74

The radio SPITS a stream of static. Under it, a low CHUCKLE. Calliope snaps the radio off, squeezes her eyes briefly shut.

VOICE (O.S.)

Look at me...

She reaches out with a shaking hand and puts on her blinker.

75 EXT. INTERSTATE - CONTINUOUS (D4) 75

The car drifts to the shoulder, rolls to a stop.

76 INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS (D4) 76

Calliope puts the car into park. She takes a deep breath.

A RUMBLE in the distance.

Callie gazes into the distance. The rumble BUILDS as something BLACK coalesces on the horizon, spreading outward...outward...

VOICE (O.S.)

LOOK. AT. ME--

The SEIZURE grips her. Her hand beats feebly at the gearshift as she ROCKS back and forth, her teeth gritted. Tendons stand out like cables on her neck.

The darkness expands, fanning out in swirling tendrils. The earth SHUDDERS--

77 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT (FB6) 77

The lacquered nail traces up Callie's bare arm, shoulder, neck. They brush the hair from her face. Red lips press to her ear, WHISPER something.

78 FLASHBACK. EXT. PARK - DAY (FB7) 78

Callie sits on a bench next to the man from the VFW. We still can't see his face.

MAN

What about your Mom?

(CONTINUED)

78

CONTINUED:

78

Callie opens her mouth, then shuts it with a snap. She shakes her head.

MAN (CONT'D)

I got room.

She looks at him, surprised.

MAN (CONT'D)

I mean, if you need a place...no, you know, no strings or anything.

She looks away, chews her lip.

CALLIE

I don't know. Maybe.

Moments.

MAN

I'd really like to draw you.

She looks at him, surprised, then LAUGHS.

MAN (CONT'D)

(mock affronted)

What? I can draw.

She GIGGLES.

79

BACK TO PRESENT. INT. CALLIOPE'S CAR - EVENING (D4)

79

Calliope opens her eyes. Cars ZIP past on the Interstate outside. The darkness is gone. The sky is clear and blue.

Calliope sighs and wipes a tendril of spittle from her lips with the back of her hand. She puts the car back into drive.

80

EXT. INTERSTATE - CONTINUOUS - EVENING (D4)

80

The car rolls back onto the road and speeds away.

81

FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING (FB11)

81

Callie pours coffee into two cracked mugs. Billy paces in the living room, nervous. He runs a hand through his hair.

Callie STARES, unblinking, into the swirling coffee.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

Billy flops onto the couch, then EXPLODES to his feet a second later. He charges into the kitchen, snatches up one of the mugs, takes a sip. He gives her a cool look.

BILLY

*Four sugars.*

She snaps out of it, blinks stupidly at him.

CALLIE

Sorry-

BILLY

Jesus, Callie, how many times--?

CALLIE

I'm sorry, Billy.

He snorts, dumps a copious amount of sugar into the coffee, takes a swallow, eyes her over the brim of the mug.

BILLY

The fuck is wrong with you, anyway?

She looks down, shakes her head. The coffee SWIRLS--

The sound of an ENGINE. Billy downs his coffee, TOSSES the mug into the overflowing sink, hurries to the door.

Callie looks out the window. A battered old sedan idles in the drive. A WOMAN sits behind the wheel. All we see is the rich mane of her hair, the bobbing ember of a lit cigarette.

BILLY (CONT'D)

You. GO!

He points -- brusque -- toward the bedroom, then opens the door and charges outside.

Callie watches as Billy makes his way down the walk. A TEENAGE GIRL gets out of the passenger seat. She stands back, wary. We see a glimpse of torn bluejeans and blond hair through the filth encrusted glass of the kitchen window.

Callie turns and heads toward the bedroom.

82 BACK TO PRESENT. INT. BASEMENT COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT (N4)

82

SARAH, a young comedian, finishes her act as Calliope squeezes slides into a stool at the bar.

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

The place is sparsely populated, just a few PEOPLE scattered in tables in front of the stage. Nevertheless, loud heavy metal BOOMS from the speakers, rattling the walls. \*

\*  
\*

On stage, a BEARDED MAN looms over the microphone, LEERING.

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EMCEE  
Bitches, right?

A group of DOUCHEBAGS near the front of the stage LAUGH.

EMCEE (CONT'D)  
(singing along with the  
metal song)  
*DID YOU COME TO PARTY!*

DOUCHEBAGS  
(singing along)  
*I FUCKING CAME TO PARTY!*

\*

The music snaps off with a SQUEAL of feedback.

EMCEE  
All right, our next comic came all  
the way out here from New York  
Fucking City, and if you ask me  
she's way too impressed with  
herself. Put 'em together for  
*ALISSA -- MOTHERFUCKING -- KONONEN!*

The audience APPLAUDS as ALISSA KONONEN, mid 20s, bounds energetically to the stage. She's all full of manic energy. Her eyes dance with malicious glee as she grabs the mic.

ALISSA  
Yeah, *BITCHES*, right?

The audience CHUCKLES.

ALISSA (CONT'D)  
Hey, so, anyway, my name's Alissa.  
I'm gonna ask you how you're doing,  
but you don't have to applaud or  
anything. You can boo. But you  
don't have to do that either. Just  
make whatever noise is in your  
heart. How are you?

Scattered applause, a few HOOTS from the crowd.

ALISSA (CONT'D)  
Ok, so, *medium* then--

The BARTENDER appears, as if by magic.

\*

BARTENDER  
Whatcha want?

\*

Calliope waves her off, keeps her eyes on Alissa.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

It's a two-drink minimum, lady. \*

ALISSA

--Me, I'm doing awful. I came here with a cold and now I'm delirious enough to kind of love it--

CALLIOPE

Ah...glass of Zin, I guess.

The bartender moves off. Calliope stares at Alissa. \*

ALISSA

--When everyone's looking for someone to cuddle with through the winter, its kinda nice to have my own portable little cuddle buddy, even if it *is* disease. I tried to eat some vegan chili earlier to fix it, but I ate too fast and now I have heartburn. And my face is hot. But you know what I really hate? I hate it when nice dudes refuse to call women cunts.

She leans into the crowd.

ALISSA (CONT'D)

Specifically *this* woman. Because if you don't do it, I'll find someone who will. And they'll probably suck.

DOUCHEBAG

You're weird!

Alissa glances down at the DOUCHEBAG -- a fratboy with his arm around his GIRLFRIEND -- who shouted. His buddies LAUGH.

ALISSA

(to the audience)

See?

Nervous CHUCKLES.

DOUCHEBAG

Tell a joke already!

Alissa sits on the edge of the stage in front of the guy.

ALISSA

What's your name, pal?

He makes a "get on with it" gesture.

ALISSA (CONT'D)

Come *on*, man. What's your name?

He looks a little nervous now.

DOUCHEBAG

Um, Dave--

ALISSA

Okay, *Um Dave*. Go for it. Call me a cunt.

He blinks at her.

ALISSA (CONT'D)

*Come on*, you know you're thinking it.

He glances at his girlfriend with wide, terrified eyes. Nervous LAUGHTER from the crowd.

ALISSA (CONT'D)

Don't worry about her. She won't mind.

He looks between Alissa and his girlfriend, not sure what to do. Alissa shrugs.

ALISSA (CONT'D)

Ah, I get it. Fine. Whatever. Pussy.

The audience ROARS. His buddies CACKLE. Dave scowls.

ALISSA (CONT'D)

(to the rest of the crowd)

See what I mean? All you nice guys out there, let's all of you just do me a favor, please, and call me a *fucking cunt* when I'm being a *fucking cunt*, so I can stop hearing it from abusive assholes.

(gestures to Dave)

You know what I also don't understand? What's *really* wrong with fucking your cousin?

More LAUGHTER. Calliope stares, rapt.

(CONTINUED)

ALISSA (CONT'D)

I mean, I was at a wake last week for my grandpa. I was sitting across from this cousin I've never met before, and I found my drunk-ass self making eyes at him. For real. You ever done that?

(to Dave)

You, pussy, Um Dave or whatever, you ever done that? *Come on.*

She points to his girlfriend.

ALISSA (CONT'D)

Don't y'all do that here? *Come on, Dave. We're all friends. Be honest. She your cousin? Yeah, I'll bet she is.*

LAUGHTER. Dave looks like he wants to die. Alissa shrugs.

ALISSA (CONT'D)

See, I'll bet you're wishing you'd called me a cunt when you had the chance. Anyway, back to *my* cousin. At first I was ashamed but then I thought, "well I don't want kids so I don't have to worry about anything getting, you know, *retarded*, so what's the fucking problem? Right? So let's just blow this popsicle stand and *really* come together the way grandpa would have wanted."

The crowd LAUGHS--

Billy lies on the bed, shuddering, eyes wet with tears. He clutches the blanket to his chest, STARES at the far wall. Callie opens the door and comes in, cautious, climbs onto the bed next to him. She strokes his hair.

CALLIE

Billy?

He shudders.

BILLY

I'm sorry I scared you.

CALLIE

It's okay. What happened? What did she say--?

BILLY

Don't leave, okay?

She blinks.

CALLIE

What--?

He rolls over, looks up at her with pleading eyes.

BILLY

You can kill me if you want. Slit my throat in my sleep or something. Just *don't* leave.

A little smile touches her lips.

CALLIE

I'm not going to kill you, Billy. Jesus.

He stares up at her.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

And I'm not going anywhere. You're stuck with me.

He smiles back, relieved, reaches up and strokes her cheek.

BILLY

(whisper)

*"Lovers and madmen have such seething brains--"*

She smiles.

CALLIE

*"--Such shaping fantasies that apprehend, more than cool reason ever comprehends."*

She bends down and kisses his forehead.

A BEARDED GUY with wild eyes paces the stage, oozing sweat and shouting into the mic like Sam Kinison.

Alissa leans against the bar, murmuring low conversation with a couple FANS, a cool smile on her lips. One nervously presents a CD to her. She signs it with a flourish.

Calliope approaches, tentative, and leans in next to her. She summons the bartender with a raised finger. Alissa gives her a sidelong glance as the bartender approaches. \*

CALLIOPE

Water. No ice, please.

Alissa glances at her again. Calliope catches her gaze.

CALLIOPE (CONT'D)

Hi.

ALISSA

Hey.

CALLIOPE

You were really good.

Alissa raises an eyebrow. The bartender slides a glass toward Calliope. It's filled with ice. An enormous lemon wedge hangs off the side. Calliope looks at it and sighs.

Alissa CHUCKLES. Calliope glances up at her. Alissa gestures toward the lemon

ALISSA

Can I have that?

CALLIOPE

Sure.

Alissa snatches it, pops it into her mouth, sucks the juice noisily. \*

ALISSA \*

Hey, Kristen. \*

She SPITS the lemon wedge out behind the bar. The bartender gives her a black look, bends to pick it up. \*

BARTENDER \*

Fuck you, Alissa. \*

Alissa turns to Calliope and grins. \*

ALISSA

See? That's how you do it.

Calliope smiles a little. Alissa narrows her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

ALISSA (CONT'D)

Do I know you?

CALLIOPE

Ah...no. Not exactly.

Alissa stares. Calliope can't quite meet her gaze.

Alissa's eyes widen.

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84 CONTINUED: (3)

84

ALISSA  
(breathless)  
Oh. *Fuck.*

Calliope looks at her.

85 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY (FB11) 85

Callie lays on top of the covers, eyes closed, knees pulled up to her chin. Her eyes flutter open.

The bedroom door is ajar, just a crack. Alissa gazes in at her from the hallway. She yanks the door shut with a BANG--

86 BACK TO PRESENT. EXT. COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT (N4) 86

Calliope stands next to her car, shuffling her feet.

ALISSA (O.S.)  
Yo.

Calliope turns. Alissa approaches from the alley.

ALISSA (CONT'D)  
This your ride?

CALLIOPE  
Yeah.

Alissa comes around the hood, holds her hand out.

ALISSA  
I want to show you something. Toss me the keys.

Calliope blinks, surprised, then digs the keys out of her pocket and tosses them to Alissa. Alissa catches them one handed and opens the door.

87 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY (FB11) 87

Callie lays on the bed, clutching her knees.

*MURMURING* outside.

88 BACK TO PRESENT. INT. CALLIOPE'S CAR - NIGHT (N4) 88

Alissa drives. Calliope watches the city lights float past.

(CONTINUED)

ALISSA

So I'm assuming this isn't a coincidence. You showing up.

CALLIOPE

No.

Alissa nods, unsurprised, and turns on the radio. She surfs the channels until they come to some THUMPING hip hop.

ALISSA

Fuck, yeah! This is my jam!

She grins ear to ear, her grey eyes FLASHING in the shifting streetlights as she bobs her head, then starts to BARK along with the lyrics, SHOUTING at the top of her lungs. Calliope stares at her with wide eyes.

Another car weaves in front of them, drunkenly cutting them off. Alissa lays on the horn.

ALISSA (CONT'D)

*CUNT!*

She turns to Calliope, lips stretched in a berserk smile.

CALLIOPE

(shouting)

*WHAT--?*

ALISSA

*HUH?*

CALLIOPE

*WHAT WAS IT YOU--?*

ALISSA

*WHAT? I CAN'T HEAR YOU!*

Calliope takes a deep breath.

CALLIOPE

*WHAT WAS IT YOU WANTED TO SHOW ME?*

Alissa CACKLES.

ALISSA

*LET'S GET FUCKED UP FIRST!*

Calliope's gazes at her, uneasy, as she bumps up the radio.

89 FLASHBACK. INT. PARTY HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT (FB14) 89

Callie leans over the toilet and RETCHES. Vomit SPLASHES into the bowl. She RETCHES again. Music THUDS through the walls. A WAILING GUITAR, the steady THROB of bass--

--A KNOCK.

CALLIE  
(voice raw)  
*Hold on!*

She flushes the toilet.

90 BACK TO PRESENT. INT. NIGHTCLUB - HALLWAY - NIGHT (N4) 90

Alissa leads Calliope by the hand down a long hall toward a busy NIGHTCLUB. A long line of PUNK ROCKERS and GOTHS stretch out the door.

Calliope catches a glimpse of the FLASHING STROBE LIGHT within the black square of the entryway. FIGURES writhe within. She hesitates.

ALISSA  
*Come on!*

She drags. Calliope follows, slow, staring at the strobe--

91 FLASHBACK. INT. PARTY HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT (FB14) 91

Callie weaves down the hall toward the living room. PEOPLE mill about -- smoking joints, drinking, making out with hands down each others' pants. Most of the MEN are in their late 30s or older. Most of the WOMEN are significantly younger.

She staggers around a corner--

92 FLASHBACK. INT. PARTY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (FB14) 92

--Into the living room. Music SNARLS from speakers. A sticky cigarette haze obscures the PEOPLE lounging, smoking, drinking, snorting lines of coke or crank. Starkey stands by the wall, drooling and rocking on the balls of his feet. He stares at Callie with dull eyes.

On the couch, Billy makes out with a WOMAN. Black hair, long silk dress. He catches sight of Callie over the woman's shoulder. The skin around his eyes crinkles into a smile.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

92

A cheap little strobe light sits on the shelf next to the stereo, blinking stupidly in the miasma of undulating smoke.

---FLASH FLASH FLASH FLASH---

CUT TO BLACK

Bass THUDS--

93 INT. PARTY HOUSE/NIGHTCLUB - SERIES OF SHOTS - NIGHT (FB14)/(N4)

93

A strobe FLASHES--

People DANCE, bodies GRINDING against each other--

WHIRLING lights--

Starkey throws back his head and LAUGHS--

A DANCER -- nude, long black hair -- twirls before the crowd, flaming torches twirling in her hands--

A sweaty brow, lank black hair, thick and greasy--

HANDS moving across a blank sheet of paper, scratching at it with a charcoal pencil--

SWIMMING LIGHTS in a smoky bar--

Streetlights FLASH in Alissa's eyes--

The strobe FLASHES--

The dancer lowers the torch to her mouth, BREATHES FIRE--

A charcoal EYE. The hand MOVES--

A GOTH COUPLE have rough sex against the wall. The woman CLUTCHES her exposed breasts--

Callie STAGGERS--

The bass THUDS--

Starkey stares and drools--

Billy makes out with the dark-haired woman--

Alissa makes out with a MAN near the nightclub rest room--

Billy's eyes drift to Callie--

(CONTINUED)

93

CONTINUED:

93

Alissa's eyes drift to Calliope--

The hand moves across the paper, draws slightly parted LIPS--

Needles pierce flesh--

The black-haired woman starts to turn--

High-pitched LAUGHTER--

The strobe FLASHES--

The dancer lifts into the air, suspended from hooks--

Callie FALLS--

Sirens SCREAM, become the feedback-laced SHRIEK of a guitar--

Billy looms over Callie, strobe FLASHING behind him--

BILLY

Callie! Look at me--!

94

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT (N4)

94

Calliope RETCHES on her hands and knees. Vomit hits the pavement with a wet SPLAT--

Alissa stands behind her, rocking unsteadily on her feet. Her eyes are bleary, bloodshot--

ALISSA

(slurred)

Hey. Hey, look at me.

Calliope turns. Her eyes are swimmy, unfocused. A rope of spittle dangles from her lips.

ALISSA (CONT'D)

You okay?

Calliope nods. Her vision SWIMS--

95

INT. CALLIOPE'S CAR - NIGHT (N4)

95

Calliope's forehead rests against the passenger window. She gazes with dull, unfocused eyes at the passing streetlights. A bit of bright blue FOAM bubbles the corner of her mouth.

Alissa drives. She talks, voice coming as if through fog:

(CONTINUED)

ALISSA

--come to my bedroom, not every night or anything, you know, maybe, like, once every three or four months. And he never *did* anything. But he'd, you know, *stand there*. And *look*. When I was younger I'd pretend I was asleep. Like, I *knew* it was creepy or whatever, but I didn't know *why*. When I got a little older I'd stare right back at him. Never told him to leave. And he'd still just, you know, *stand there*. Then he'd close the door and I'd hear him shuffling off down the hall to his bedroom. I'd get up in the morning and we'd have breakfast, usually wheat toast, sometimes little fruit cups, never eggs because he *hated* eggs, and Mom would be blathering on and on about whatever, and he'd sit there reading the newspaper and I'd eat my fruit cup and we'd never talk about it. And you know what's fucked up? The whole thing was kinda *hot*.

(beat)

Anyway, I told my mom finally, a few years ago. She called me a lying little bitch. Didn't raise her voice, just sounded tired--

Calliope licks her lips.

CALLIOPE

(croak)

Where--?

ALISSA

--You'd think if I was *lying* I'd make up something else, like him shoving a broom handle in me or me having his little dumpster babies or something--

Calliope licks her lips again, tries to turn her head toward Alissa, blinks her eyes against the throbbing pain.

CALLIOPE

Where--?

(CONTINUED)

ALISSA

--Oh shit.

Alissa yanks the wheel, sending the car SCREAMING across the road. She fumbles for the doorhandle, leans out, VOMITS--

Calliope closes her eyes. Alissa VOMITS again.

ALISSA (CONT'D)

*Fuck, it's BLUE. What did I drink?*

Calliope opens her eyes as Alissa sits back up.

CALLIOPE

Where--?

Alissa barely glances at her. She wipes the back of her hand across her lips.

ALISSA

So, anyway, Billy was never so bad.  
At least he didn't stare.

She puts the car into drive.

Billy shirtless, LOOMS over the camera, lips pulled back in a SNARL. His mop of hair falls in his eyes, brushes against his forehead as he THRUSTS. Sweat DRIPS from his brow.

ALISSA (V.O.)

You know, you really broke his heart when you left. *Really*. All he would fucking talk about. His little Calliope. His little muse.

(laughs)

I mean, I barely knew the guy. I only met him like four or five times. First time I was, I dunno, maybe five? He gave me a doll. Fucking thing was missing an arm. Second time I was eight. I was old enough then to know I probably didn't want anything to do with him. But he kept calling my Mom, bugging her to let him see me, and finally she gave in and dropped me off at his place one afternoon. It was *horrible*. So fucking *BORING*.

Billy HUFFS and THRUSTS--

ALISSA (V.O.)

Then there was that one time you were there. He took me out for the afternoon. Told me we could do whatever I wanted to do. We just drove around for awhile. And he talked. And talked. And fucking talked. He took me to some bar and introduced me to a bunch of his scumbag friends. I mean, I did feel sorry for him. He seemed to really want to be my dad or something. I don't know.

Billy THRUSTS. Sweat DRIPS--

ALISSA (V.O.)

You know he tried to kill himself after you left, don't you? Yeah.  
(laughs)  
Tried to cut his wrists with a pair of safety scissors. I don't think he was serious. Then he was going to jump off a bridge or something.

Billy THRUSTS--

ALISSA (V.O.)

That's around when he started calling me. All the time. Leave me these long messages. Sometimes he'd cry. Usually he'd get himself all mad and eventually call me an ungrateful cunt or something like that, tell me I better call him back or he'd come and shoot himself in front of me or something. I played one of those messages for my roommate once. God, did we LAUGH.

Billy THRUSTS--

ALISSA (V.O.)

He called me one day to tell me you came back. And after that he didn't call me anymore.

Billy THRUSTS--

CUT TO BLACK.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: (2)

96

A strobe FLASHES.

CUT TO BLACK.

BILLY (V.O.)  
 (shouting)  
*Look at me!*

97 FLASHBACK. INT. PARTY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (FB14) 97

Billy LOOMS. The strobe FLICKERS across the ceiling.

BILLY  
*Callie! Look at me!*

He swings his hand, palm flat. *CRACK!*98 BACK TO PRESENT. EXT. WOODS - NIGHT (N4) 98

Calliope sits on a stump, trying to blink herself back to sobriety. Alissa leans against the hood of the car, smoking. The only light is the steady glow of the headlights.

ALISSA  
 I never really got it. \*

Calliope looks at her. \*

ALISSA (CONT'D)  
 What you were doing with him. \*

Calliope shakes her head. Alissa studies her, drags on her cigarette.

ALISSA (CONT'D)  
 Did you find him sexy or something?

Calliope nods, utters a bitter laugh.

CALLIOPE  
 Yeah. I did.

Alissa drags on her cigarette.

ALISSA  
 That's weird. \*

(CONTINUED)

Calliope nods. Alissa pins her with her cool gaze. \*

ALISSA (CONT'D) \*

What do you even know about him? \*

Calliope shrugs. \*

CALLIOPE \*

I know he fought in Vietnam-- \*

Alissa SNORTS. \*

ALISSA \*

Really? \*

CALLIOPE \*

He said he-- \*

ALISSA \*

Billy said a lot of things. \*  
He told my Mom he made a fortune \*  
selling rare coins. He told me he \*  
used to be a roughneck in \*  
California. That he shot a guy in \*  
the back of the head after the guy \*  
broke into his apartment and tried \*  
to stab him in the kidney. He said \*  
he went to the guy's grave to take \*  
a piss on it, but when he got there \*  
he realized it was Memorial Day and \*  
the cemetery was full of people, so \*  
he just settled for spitting on it \*  
instead. \*

Calliope looks away, stunned. \*

ALISSA (CONT'D) \*

He never told you that story? \*

Calliope stares at her hands. \*

Moments. \*

ALISSA (CONT'D) \*

*"Do you know why they call me Dead  
Billy?"* \*

Calliope's head snaps up. Alissa offers tight little smile \*  
as she drags on her cigarette. \*

ALISSA (CONT'D) \*

So what're you doing here, Callie? \*

CALLIOPE

I need to find him.

Alissa gazes at her, cool. She raises an eyebrow.

ALISSA

Why?

Calliope struggles for an answer.

ALISSA (CONT'D)

He's dead.

Calliope's eyes snap to her. Alissa shrugs, the small ghost of a smile still on her lips.

ALISSA (CONT'D)

I mean, probably. Right?

Calliope shakes her head, unsure.

ALISSA (CONT'D)

You want to know what I think?  
Probably not, but I'm gonna tell  
you anyway. I think you miss him.  
(beat)  
Am I right? Yeah, I am.

Calliope blinks, shakes her head. Alissa LAUGHS.

ALISSA (CONT'D)

You looove him.

Calliope looks at her, tries to focus her gaze.

CALLIOPE

I--

She shakes her head, trying to clear it.

CALLIOPE (CONT'D)

You don't know what he did to me.

All the mirth drains from Alissa's eyes.

ALISSA

(even)  
What he did...to you.

Calliope nods.

Long moments. Finally, Alissa pitches her butt away.

(CONTINUED)

ALISSA (CONT'D)

Come on. I want to show you something.

She strides to the edge of the headlight beam. Calliope tries to will her legs to work. Fails. Alissa turns back.

ALISSA (CONT'D)

Come on.

After a second, Calliope manages to stumble after her. They stop next to a tree. A youngish pine, no different than any of the others around it. Alissa kneels. \*

ALISSA (CONT'D)

You see this tree? \*

Calliope follows Alissa's extended finger to a tree. \*

ALISSA (CONT'D)

My Mom, she hated Billy. And then, after I told her about my step dad - - you know, the staring -- she hated him. Not *at first*. She didn't believe me at first. But then she thought about it for awhile and, well... \*

(beat)

My step dad just dropped dead while mowing the lawn one day. Heart attack. Boom. I was...away. My Mom was all alone. I told her...I told her about him and then I left. Left her where all she had was silence and her thoughts. \*

She strokes the bark lightly with one finger. \*

ALISSA (CONT'D)

Thoughts, you know, they're like pimples. You *pick pick pick* at them until they either pop or they get infected. \*

(beat) \*

ALISSA (CONT'D)

I was gone when she drove out here  
and sat at the base of this tree.  
She had my step dad's pistol.  
Billy wasn't serious, but *she* was.

Calliope looks at her with horror.

ALISSA (CONT'D)

Last time I was here, about a year  
ago, you could still see the blood.  
It was faded and pink, but it was  
there.

(beat)

Finally faded away.

Long moments.

CALLIOPE

What you told your Mom... about  
your stepfather...

Alissa glances up.

CALLIOPE (CONT'D)

Was it true?

Alissa raises an eyebrow. After a second her face breaks  
open in a wide grin.

ALISSA

What did you do to him, Callie?

Calliope blinks at the sudden change of subject, confused.

CALLIOPE

What--?

Alissa LUNGES, grabs Calliope by the hair. Calliope SHOUTS--

ALISSA

(screaming, spittle  
flying)

WHAT DID YOU DO TO HIM?

She YANKS. Calliope CRIES OUT--

ALISSA (CONT'D)

I mean, you went back, right? My  
Mom was dead. I thought, maybe, he  
and I could...I don't know, *work on*  
*things*. He was the only family I  
had left. But he was *gone*.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ALISSA (CONT'D)

You went back to him and then he  
was *GONE*. And now *here YOU are*.  
So. What did you do to him?

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98 CONTINUED: (6)

98

She YANKS again. Calliope CRIES OUT. Alissa raises a fist and punches. *CRACK!* Calliope SHRIEKS, tries to pull away. Blood POURS from her nose. Alissa holds her fast.

ALISSA (CONT'D)  
WHAT DID YOU DO TO HIM?

*CRACK!*

*CRACK!*

CUT TO BLACK.

99 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY (FB20) 99

Callie stands over the sink, hair hanging in her face, staring down at the BLOOD streaking her hands and arms.

CUT TO BLACK.

100 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY (FB7) 100

Callie, nude, lies back on the dirty sheet, tries awkwardly to strike a pose.

BILLY (V.O.)  
*Look at me!*

HANDS glide over paper, sketching her.

101 FLASHBACK. INT. PARTY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (FB14) 101

Callie lies on the floor in the middle of the party, SEIZING. Billy kneels over her.

BILLY  
*Callie! Look at me!*

Callie's eyes SNAP back and forth.

102 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY (FB7) 102

The hands sketch--

103 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT (FB5) 103

Billy looms, moonlight spilling over his bare shoulders.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

BILLY

You can go out with him if you want to.

The blackness of the hallway expands around him.

104 FLASHBACK. INT. VFW HALL - BAR - DAY (FB3)

104

Callie stares at her fingers. A HAND reaches across the table, squeezes hers.

MAN (O.S.)

You need some help, girl, you just call and let me know.

Her eyes FLUTTER--

105 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY (FB7)

105

The hands sketch. Callie lets the sheet slide down her body.

BILLY (V.O.)

I mean, if you really want to.

The door OPENS. Callie GASPS, gathers the sheets.

106 FLASHBACK. INT. KAREN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (FB17)

106

Karen stares at Callie, cigarette smoldering between her fingers.

KAREN

Should I call him?

Callie shakes her head.

CALLIE

Mom. Just--

Karen picks up the cheese plate and suddenly whizzes it at Callie. Callie flinches away as it EXPLODES against the wall behind her. Karen lurches to her feet.

KAREN

What the hell is *wrong* with you!  
First your dad and then this...this  
*man!* Is that who you want to *be*?

Callie backs up into the wall. Tears brim in her eyes.

107 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (FB18) 107

Callie lays on the floor, blood oozing from her nose. Billy STOMPS around her, agitated, pushing his hands through his thick hair. He won't look at her. She COUGHS--

108 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY (FB20) 108

Callie stares at the blood on her hands and arms.

109 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY (FB7) 109

Callie lies back, posing. She smiles, shy, at the man--

--Roy. Wearing the tattered canvas of an old Army jacket, jeans ripped at the knees, T-shirt streaked with motor oil. He tips his eyes up over the sketchpad, *smiles*.

The door OPENS behind him--

110 FLASHBACK. INT. KAREN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (FB17) 110

Karen pushes away from the table.

KAREN

Go back to him, then. I won't stop you. GO!

Callie staggers to her feet and lurches for the door.

111 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT (FB6) 111

A lacquered hand traces up Callie's gooseflesh-dappled arm. Red LIPS whisper into her ear--

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The black-haired dancer gazes out at the SCREAMING CROWD, her eyes cool, as the hooks punch through the flesh of her shoulders. Blackness SWIRLS behind her.

CUT TO BLACK.

112 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM (FB20) 112

Callie looks from her blood-streaked hands into the mirror. Her lips stretch into a wide, horrific GRIN.

CUT TO BLACK.

Silence.

Then:

Soft, muffled WEEPING--

FADE IN:

113 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT (FB6) 113

Callie sits in the dark on the toilet, WEEPING. She presses her hand tight to her mouth, trying to muffle the sound. Rusty water BEADS on the lips of the faucet...drips...drips...drips...

The *CREAK* of bed springs in the other room. Her eyes snap to the closed bathroom door. She holds her breath.

The knob twitches. She waits.

Moments. Then: soft FOOTSTEPS fade down the hall. Callie wipes the back of her hand across her eyes and stands.

114 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (FB6) 114

Calliope, still sniffing, tiptoes into the kitchen.

WOMAN (O.S.)

(soft)

Hey.

Calliope STARTS and looks up. The dark-haired woman sits in the gloom of the living room, a sheet wrapped around her naked body. A cigarette FLARES.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

You okay?

CALLIE

No.

(CONTINUED)

The woman grabs the pack of cigarettes off the coffee table. She lights another, the flame briefly illuminating her face, then holds it out toward Callie. Callie crosses the living room and takes it.

WOMAN

So you want to talk about it?

Callie looks at her, then SNORTS a humorless laugh. She slumps into the chair next to the couch. She drags hard on her cigarette, COUGHS--

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Callie, right?

Callie nods.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I'm Selena.

Sure enough. Even in the gloom we can just make out the contours of Selena's face. Her eyes GLITTER in the moonlight. Callie nods again.

CALLIE

I remember.

Callie gazes at her, can't find an answer. Selena leans forward. Moonlight kisses her pale cheeks. She drags on her cigarette, lets the smoke trickle from her nostrils.

SELENA

You know what I used to do when I first started? I'd just shut my eyes and go away somewhere. Let myself be anyone other than me.

(beat)

Not a movie star or anything. Just...maybe a wife. And a mom. I'd picture myself in some suburb somewhere, working from home as a graphic designer or interior decorator. I used to draw. I was pretty good at it.

She shrugs.

SELENA (CONT'D)

Anyway, something like that. I'd have three kids. Twin girls and a little boy. His name would be Josh, like my brother. The girls would be Cara and Kyra.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SELENA (CONT'D)

My husband would work in real estate. David. But I'd call him Dee. A handsome guy, sort of soft, skinny, with a little pot belly. Weak eyes.

(chuckles)

I've always had a thing for guys with glasses.

She drags on her cigarette.

SELENA (CONT'D)

He'd come home early sometimes and we'd take the kids out for dinner. Nothing fancy. Chuck-E-Cheese. Where ever the kids wanted to go. On our five-year anniversary he'd take me to this little bed and breakfast up in the mountains and we'd wander the streets and window shop and then go up to our room and make love for hours by candlelight. He'd always be gentle. In the morning he'd give me a little pair of diamond stud earrings. All he could afford without taking out a loan, so nothing all that special. But nice. Lovely. Our life would be lovely.

She drags on her cigarette.

SELENA (CONT'D)

That's what I'd see when...the men would, you know, be doing...what they'd be doing. It helped. For awhile. For awhile I thought it might even still be possible. He could still be out there. My Dee. And maybe I could still meet him some day and he could give me my nice, lovely little life somewhere. Where I could be somebody else.

(beat)

This is the last one, I'd tell myself. This guy, this hundred bucks. I'm getting out. I'm done.

She stubs the butt out.

SELENA (CONT'D)

Now I can't even remember what he was supposed to look like. My Dee.

(CONTINUED)

She picks up a crumpled hundred dollar bill from under her pack of cigarettes, turns it over in her hands.

SELENA (CONT'D)

He left this out here. I don't think you were supposed to see it. I was supposed to be gone before you woke up. He's not going to get any better, Callie.

Callie gazes at the burning tip of her cigarette. Tendrils of smoke catch the moonlight and shimmer.

SELENA (CONT'D)

Callie. *None of this is going to get any better.*

She squeezes Callie's leg.

SELENA (CONT'D)

(earnest)  
You're *so young.*

Callie stares at the cigarette. Finally she stands.

CALLIE

You should go.

She stubs out the cigarette and goes into the kitchen. Selena regards her for a moment, then nods. She stands and heads off down the hall.

Callie picks an amber glass out of the pile of dishes in the sink and rinses it with rusty water.

The bedroom door OPENS. Billy MURMURS something. Selena responds with a light, practiced GIGGLE.

Callie stares into the glass, the swirling brown water...the dull black eye of the garbage disposal underneath...

The bedroom door shuts with a quiet CLICK--

CUT TO BLACK

The hooks pull taut as the dancer begins to rise into the air.

115 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT (N4) 115

Callie LOOMS, grinning with wild eyes. She pulls her fist back. The blood on the knuckles catches the light of the headlamps before she PISTONS it forward. CRACK!

CUT TO BLACK

Somewhere far away: DING DING DING DING--

116 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER (N4) 116

Calliope blinks. DING DING DING DING--

She sits up. Her face is a mess of bruises and smeared blood. The headlights spill across her, weaker than before.

The car door hangs open, the dome light GLOWING within. DING DING DING---

She lurches to her feet, looks around. Alissa is nowhere to be seen.

Calliope limps toward the car and throws herself inside.

117 INT. CALLIOPE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS (N4) 117

The keys hang from the ignition. She pulls the door shut, turns the key. The engine GROANS, then catches. The headlights brighten. The radio burbles a river of STATIC.

She closes her eyes, puts the car into reverse, and backs out onto the road.

118 EXT. MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY - NIGHT (N4) 118

The car WEAVES down the road.

119 INT. CALLIOPE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS (N4) 119

Calliope hunches over the wheel, blinking and trying to focus. Headlights SLASH through the night, spill over the tall pines.

Calliope blinks, shakes her head. Her vision swims.

She crests a rise--

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

A BLACK CLOUD rolls over the jagged tree line.  
Expanding...expanding...

--The static SHRIEKS--

Calliope SPINS the wheel. Tires SCREAM--

CUT TO BLACK.

*CRUNCH!*

Silence.

FADE IN:

120 FLASHBACK. EXT. BILLY'S HOUSE - DAY (FB16)

120

Callie lays back on a battered old chaise lounge, reading "Heros and Gods of the Greeks." Alissa sits next to her.

ALISSA

--A retarded midget and a baby are  
*basically* the same thing, right?  
Except one of them can run.

Callie SNORTS a startled laugh.

ALISSA (CONT'D)

See? It's good, right?

Callie nods.

CALLIE

Yeah, that's pretty good.

ALISSA

*Told you.* Mitch Hedberg would be  
jealous.

CALLIE

I don't know who that is.

Alissa flaps a dismissive hand. Callie turns a page. The nude woman stands against the black void of Tartarus.

Alissa gazes Callie, suddenly thoughtful.

ALISSA

You know, you really broke his  
heart when you left.

Callie lowers the book and looks at her.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

120

ALISSA (CONT'D)

Really. All he would fucking talk about. His little Calliope. His little muse...

Callie's eyes fall.

121 FLASHBACK. INT. PARTY HOUSE - LIVING - NIGHT (FB14) 121

Callie's eyes flutter open. Her face is puffy, bruised.

BILLY stands near the door, lip trembling as he talks to an EMT. He glances at Callie, eyes filled with worry. The partygoers stand around, shuffling their feet.

BILLY

--Was it, I dunno, was it a stroke or something?

A COUGH. Callie rolls her head to the side--

122 OMITTED 122

123 BACK TO PRESENT. INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER - DAY (D5) 123

Calliope, wearing a hospital gown, sits on the edge of the bed, staring listless at the floor as a handsome young DOCTOR talks to her. The bruises on her face are thick and purple.

DOCTOR

--see no evidence of a concussion or any other lasting damage. So you're free to go.

Calliope stares.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Do you have someone who can come pick you up?

Her eyes flicker.

124 INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY (D5) 124

Calliope leans against the wall to steady herself, phone pressed to her ear.

RING...RING...

125 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY (D5) 125

Calliope sits on the bed, staring at the floor. Two UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS hover over her.

POLICE OFFICER  
--nothing more you can tell us?  
(beat)  
Ma'am?

She blinks and looks at him.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)  
You're *sure* there's nothing more  
you can tell us?

She licks her lips.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Ma'am--

She stares at him, lost.

126 INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY (D5) 126

Calliope clutches the phone. RING...RING...

127 FLASHBACK. INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY (FB15) 127

Callie lays on the bed. A SOCIAL WORKER sits in a chair next to her. She looks a lot like Selena.

SOCIAL WORKER  
Callie. I'm here to help you. Do  
you understand?

Callie doesn't respond.

SOCIAL WORKER (CONT'D)  
Your mom is on her way--

Callie looks at her, stricken.

CALLIE  
No. Not *her*.

The social worker's eyes don't waver.

CALLIE (CONT'D)  
It's not up to you, Callie.

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

127

Beat.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

What are they going to do with him?

The social worker hesitates.

SOCIAL WORKER

He's going to jail.

Callie's face crumbles. She squeezes her eyes shut.

128 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY (D5)

128

The police officer puts a hand on her shoulder.

POLICE OFFICER

(gentle)

Ma'am. If this was your boyfriend,  
there are resources we can--

She shakes her head, wincing a little at the pain. The two officers exchange a look. The silent one writes something down on a little pad of paper.

129 INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY (D5)

129

RING...

130 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (FB19) 130

Callie sits on the floor, knees pulled up to her chest, phone pressed to her ear.

RING...RING...RING...

ROY (O.S.)

(on phone)

H'lo?

Beat.

CALLIE

(shaky)

Hi...

A SIGH.

ROY (O.S.)

What?

(CONTINUED)

CALLIE

I--

The word sticks in her throat.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

Moments.

ROY (O.S.)

It's not your fault. I shoulda  
known better. Don't know what the  
fuck I was thinking.

CALLIE

I--

Another sigh.

ROY (O.S.)

What?

Beat.

CALLIE

Can I still...if I leave...can I  
come to your place?

Beat.

ROY (O.S.)

Didn't you already leave him once?

She chews her lip. A tear brims on her eyelid, streaks down  
her cheek.

ROY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I thought, I dunno...I  
dunno what I thought. I don't need  
this shit, okay? Good luck.

*CLICK.*

Calliope squeezes her eyes shut.

CALLIOPE

(soft)

Roy--

131 CONTINUED:

131

AUTOMATED VOICE (O.S.)  
*The number you have dialed has been  
disconnected or is no longer in  
service. If you think you have  
reached this recording in error--*

Calliope hangs up the phone.

132 INT. GREYHOUND BUS - DAY (D5)

132

Granite mountains roll by on the left. Calliope -- dressed in hospital scrubs -- leans against the window. She stares as the sun SINKS toward the tops of the mountains.

The sudden sound of STATIC--

BILLY (V.O.)  
Look at me.

133 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY (FB7)

133

Callie sits on the bed, the dirty sheet gathered around her bare shoulders. She stares at the far wall.

The front door CLOSES. She doesn't look.

FOOTSTEPS in the hallway. She stares.

The bed springs SQUEAK as Billy sits next to her. He gazes at her for a long time.

BILLY  
(gentle)  
Callie. Look at me.

She does.

CALLIE  
(voice shaking)  
We didn't--

He strokes her leg with a light finger.

BILLY  
I know.

He sets the drawing on the bed next to her. She looks down at it. Tears well in her eyes. She looks quickly away.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
You're beautiful. You know that?

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

133

A tear rolls down her cheek. She won't look. He puts a finger under her chin, tilts her head up to his.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
(deep love)  
You need to know there was never  
anyone else but me.

She nods.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
I love you.

CALLIE  
(almost inaudible)  
I love you, too.

He leans over and kisses the tear from her cheek.

134 BACK TO PRESENT. INT. CALLIOPE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - 134  
EVENING (D5)

The lock *CLICKS* and the door swings open. Calliope stands there, gazes in at the empty living room. No furniture except for the couch, pushed up against the window. TRASH covers the floor.

CALLIOPE  
Roy?

Her voice ECHOES. Nothing.

135 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING (FB20) 135

Callie DICES an onion. Tears well in her eyes. Images of destruction FLICKER across an old black-and-white TV on the counter. The Calliope statuette sits atop it.

Billy leans against the refrigerator behind her, sipping a beer. He gazes at her with heavy-lidded eyes.

BILLY  
I been thinking...and...if you  
want...we could, you know, have him  
over some night.

Her eyes flicker as she chops, but she doesn't look.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
I mean, only if you want.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED:

135

She stares at the TV. Billy chuckles, sips his beer.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
You two obviously...I mean, it  
could be *hot*. Right?

He trails off, shrugs.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Fuck it. Look, if you *want*, we'll  
have him over. And, you know, you  
guys can...do...whatever....

Her lips press into a tight line. He chuckles again.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
You were cool with Selena. I can  
be cool with this.  
(grins, chuckles)  
If you want, I'll be way cool.

She squeezes the knife, chops faster.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Jesus, not too much, okay? You  
only need a pinch to bring out the  
flavor. Anyway.

She stands there, stares down at the half-chopped onion, the  
knife clutched in her white-knuckled fist.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
*Callie.*

He sips his beer.

136 BACK TO PRESENT. INT. CALLIOPE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM (D5) 136

Calliope stands in the doorway and stares in at the empty  
room. The trash covers the carpet from wall to wall.

*THUD.* The house SHAKES. She STAGGERS--

*THUD--*

Sudden DARKNESS outside. Car alarms BLARE up and down the  
street. She lurches away--

137 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT (FB5) 137

Callie presses a cigarette into Billy's chest. Skin SIZZLES. He HISSES, but smiles through the pain. A line of black, pinhole scars dots his flesh.

She pulls the cigarette away, drops it into an ashtray.

BILLY

So what's next, Callie?

She offers a coquettish smile, leans forward and kisses him.

138 INT. CALLIOPE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - EVENING (D5) 138

Calliope stumbles down the hallway.

THUD--

BILLY (V.O.)

Callie.

She BANGS against the wall, keeps going. The house SHAKES as a throbbing ROAR builds all around her. She shoulders open the bathroom door and CAREENS inside--

139 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (FB20) 139

Callie stares at the TV.

BILLY

Calliope--

On the TV: SMOKE belches as helicopters CIRCLE overhead. The Calliope statuette seems to stare at her.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Okay, you know what, give me the silent treatment if you want. That's fine. But I'm gonna call him. And you know what else? I'm gonna tell him that he can fuck you for a hundred bucks.

(laughs)

Fifty if he lets me watch--

Her face TWISTS in sudden rage and she WHIRLS, knife raised--

140 IMAGE - TARTARUS (FB20) 140

The rendering of Tartarus. Swirling. Black. We push in...

A140 INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT (N4) A140

The dancer smiles--

141 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT (D4) 141

Alissa LOOMS, grinning with wild eyes. She pulls her fist back--

ALISSA

*LOOK AT ME!*

--she pistons it forward. *CRACK!*

142 BACK TO PRESENT. INT. CALLIOPE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - EVENING (D5)/(FB20) 142

Calliope leans over the sink and *RETCHES*. The house *THRUMS* around her.

She stares into the sink, *GASPING* for air. The drain *GAPES* up at her. Black. *Inviting.*

ALISSA (O.S.)

Calliope.

Calliope stares into the sink.

INSERT

Tartarus. Growing. *Expanding.*

A142 INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT (N4) A142

The dancer's lips part--

B142 INT. CALLIOPE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - EVENING (D5)/(FB20) B142

Calliope stares into the drain.

ALISSA (O.S.)

Calliope. Look at me.

(CONTINUED)

B142 CONTINUED:

B142

She looks up into the mirror.

Alissa stares back at her.

Calliope blinks.

*Callie* -- her hair limp, gore streaking across her face and up and down her arms -- stares back.

143 FLASHBACK. INT. LUCIEN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT (FB1) 143

Callie lies under the flimsy sheet. Moonlight spills through the window behind her. She opens her eyes.

Lucien stands in the door, staring at her. She stares back.

144 FLASHBACK. INT. KAREN'S CAR - DAY (FB8) 144

Rain PELTS the windshield. The wipers *WHISK*--

Callie sits crumpled against the passenger door, looking at Karen behind the wheel, scowling and sucking on a cigarette.

KAREN

(cool)

You're a lying little bitch.

Callie looks away.

145 BACK TO PRESENT. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - EVENING 145  
(D5)

Calliope claps a hand to her mouth, staggers back into the wall. She stares at Callie with wide, stricken eyes.

INSERT

Tartarus expanding...expanding...

146 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (FB20) 146

Callie LUNGES forward, plunging the knife into Billy's stomach. He REELS backward with a CRY of pain.

Callie looks down at the knife in her hand, the blood DRIPPING from the blade. Billy clutches his stomach. Blood SPURTS through his fingers. He looks up at Callie with wounded eyes.

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED:

146

BILLY  
(unbelieving)  
You...

Moments.

CALLIE  
Oh my God--

She drops the knife, runs to him--

147 BACK TO PRESENT. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - (D5) 147

Calliope stares at Callie with horror. Callie stares back, cool.

*THUD*. The mirror CRACKS--

Calliope whirls and CHARGES out into the hallway--

148 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (FB20) 148

Billy, covered in blood from groin to sternum, lurches across the room. He stumbles over the table, FALLS to the sofa. Callie kneels next to him, frantic.

CALLIE  
Oh my God, oh my God--

She presses her hands to his wound, trying to stop the bleeding. She looks at him with stricken eyes.

CALLIE (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry--

He smiles, eyes glassy. Blood BUBBLES from his lips.

CALLIE (CONT'D)  
I need to call somebody--

He GRABS her wrist, HISSES with pain as he *PUSHES her hand into the wound*--

CALLIE (CONT'D)  
Billy--!

His smile turns into a leer.

BILLY  
(hoarse)  
Say you're sorry.

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED:

148

CALLIE

I'm sorry--!

He lets go of her wrist. She yanks her hand back. Blood SPURTS--

BILLY

(weak)

Good. I forgive you.

His eyes FLUTTER--

149 BACK TO PRESENT. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN (D5)

149

Calliope runs into the kitchen--

Billy sits on the couch in the otherwise empty living room, silhouetted against the window. She pulls up short, stares at him with wide eyes. A low RUMBLE builds in the distance--

Her mouth falls open. She tries to speak, but the words catch in her throat and the only sound she can produce is a strangled SQUEAK.

BILLY

How're ya doin', Callie?

She sinks to her knees behind the counter, falls back against the refrigerator. The RUMBLE builds. Car alarms SHRIEK--

BILLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

It's good to see you.

Brown water streams from the cabinet under the sink, creeps across the linoleum toward her.

BILLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You remember--

(chuckle)

You remember that song I wrote for you? How did it go?

He hums tunelessly to himself.

BILLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(singing)

"...dah, dah, dah...um, dah,  
dah...your stars are fire...you  
stop the sun..."

Calliope shuts her eyes.

150 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (FB2) 150

Callie sits curled up on the couch, beaming and flushed with pleasure, as Billy plays his guitar and sings--

BILLY (V.O.)  
(singing)  
*"The truth of me may be a  
liar...but never doubt my love..."*

Billy smiles at Callie and winks--

151 BACK TO PRESENT. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN (D5) 151

Calliope squeezes her eyes shut.

BILLY (O.S.)  
You know, I...never wanted...I  
mean, I...ah, shit, sorry. I'm  
fucking this up.

He laughs.

BILLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Goddamnit, I had this all figured  
out in the car.

Calliope opens her eyes. She clutches at her stomach. The brown water crawls toward her, glistening like BLOOD--

BILLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
You know, I always knew it was  
wrong. The whole, you know, you  
and me thing. I didn't want it to  
be, but it was. I just...I wanted  
you *so much*. I really wanted it to  
be *different* this time, you know?  
I thought you were my chance  
to...ah fuck, I don't know...  
(beat)  
And so, I don't know, I think...I  
guess...I made things worse.

She struggles for air.

BILLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I told myself all the usual things,  
you know, about how mature you were  
and how you were an old soul, or  
whatever the fuck. But you were a  
kid. I should never have...  
(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

151

BILLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Anyway. I guess, maybe, I sort of  
took it out on you.

(beat)

Didn't I?

She leans back against the fridge. The bloody water reaches  
her fingers. She stares at it, unheeded.

BILLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

But I did love you.

(voice catching)

I *do* love you. You...

(beat)

Jesus Christ, Callie, you were the  
best thing that ever happened to  
me. And I...I fucked it up.

Her leg has stopped twitching. She takes a deep breath,  
licks her lips.

CALLIOPE

No. No you didn't.

She stands--

MATCH CUT TO:

152 INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING (D5)

152

Callie stands and looks into the living room. The gore on  
her hands and face has dried, turned a dark brown. The blood-  
spattered knife sits on the counter next to the half-chopped  
onion. Dried blood forms a glistening and hard ebony shellac  
across the cheap Formica.

She gazes into the living room. Billy sits on the sofa,  
silhouetted against the window, staring at her.

A cigarette BURNS in the ashtray.

CALLIE

*We did.*

Callie crosses the room and sits next to him. She picks up  
the cigarette and takes a drag. She looks at him.

Billy's long dead -- at least a week. His skin has turned  
dark purple. His hands clutch at the black wound on his  
stomach. He stares with dull, lifeless eyes at the ceiling.

The picture sits on the coffee table, next to the photo of  
Alissa as a child. Both are SPATTERED with dried blood.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED:

152

She nestles up next to him.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

I love you too.

She takes his hand -- bloated, black with lividity -- and squeezes. The engagement ring on her finger GLINTS in the soft light.

153 FLASHBACK. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING (FB12) 153

Billy and Callie lounge on the couch, GIGGLING about something. Billy looks at her, eyes tender. He smiles as he strokes her cheek.

BILLY

Hey.

CALLIE

Hey what?

BILLY

I want to give you something.

She smiles, curious.

CALLIE

Okay.

He reaches into his pocket, pulls out a little ring box, thumbs it open.

Her mouth falls open. She looks at him, breathless.

BILLY

You like it?

She lays her head on his shoulder as she takes the ring box from him.

154 BACK TO PRESENT. INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM (D5) 154

Callie lays her head on Billy's stiff shoulder, squeezes his dead fingers. The ring GLITTERS.

CALLIE

*Doubt thou the stars are fire.  
Doubt that the sun doth move. Doubt  
truth to be a liar. But never  
doubt my love.*

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED:

154

She kisses his open, blood-streaked mouth. Light. Tender.

CUT TO BLACK.

155 INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT (FB14)/(N4)

155

The dancer rises, hooks tearing at her flesh. She spreads her arms wide, closes her eyes in ecstasy.

The crowd CHEERS.

156 INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING (D5)

156

Callie pulls away. Billy's glassy eyes gaze up at the ceiling.

CALLIE

I'm sorry, Billy, but I have to go.

She lets go of his hand, stands, and walks to the door.

FADE OUT.

THE END.

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