

EILEEN

Written by

Luke Goebel and Ottessa Moshfegh

Based on EILEEN, by Ottessa Moshfegh

SHOOTING DRAFT
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1 INT. DODGE, FOREST - DAWN 1

A frozen lake in a forest, seen through the windshield of a 1954 DODGE CORONET. Exhaust fumes rise out of the air vents and fill the car, blocking the view.

SUPER: Eileen

2 INT. DODGE/EXT. SEASIDE OVERLOOK - DAY 2

Eileen, parked at an overlook, spies on teenagers necking inside their cars. The ocean churns violently below.

Eileen leans out the open driver door, stuffs snow in her underwear, trying to quell her sexual urge.

3 INT. DODGE/EXT. SEASIDE ROAD - EVENING 3

Dodge speeds on a snowy seaside road, veering a bit carelessly.

4 EXT. DUNLOP HOUSE STREET - NIGHT 4

Dodge passes prim but humble houses with white picket fences, everything seemingly in order in this typical coastal New England town.

A loud BANG as the Dodge backfires.

5 EXT. DUNLOP HOUSE STREET - NIGHT 5

EILEEN DUNLOP is behind the wheel of the Dodge. She is 24 years old but still pubescent, pale, disheveled, and wears a ratty gray coat.

Eileen coughs, the cabin filling with exhaust. She struggles to roll down her window as she keeps driving, choking on the toxic fumes, panicking. Big violent cough.

Eileen's facial expression is flat and dead as she keeps driving. This "dead face" is her default expression, her death mask.

6 EXT. DUNLOP HOUSE STREET - NIGHT

6

Eileen pulls up and parks in the driveway of a shabby three-story colonial, no lights on inside. Eileen trudges through the snow to the front door and pulls her keys out of her purse.

She looks up to see a cluster of icicles hanging down like daggers from the rafter over the door. She opens the door.

As she closes the door behind her, an icicle cracks off from the rafter above, and falls, narrowly missing her head. She looks behind her and sees the shattered icicle.

7 INT. FRONT HALL/DUNLOP HOUSE - NIGHT

7

Eileen enters and turns the light on in the front hall. JIM, late 50s, peers out the front hall window, paranoid, sitting at the edge of the light in an old recliner. He smokes a cigar. An empty liquor bottle sits next to him.

He holds a pistol in his lap and looks out the window into the dark, suspicious. Eileen puts the bottles within his reach on the floor and goes upstairs.

Eileen goes to the kitchen and puts the empty bottle with a dozen others. She opens the fridge. It's empty.

Eileen closes the fridge and goes upstairs to her attic room.

8 OMITTED

8

9 INT. ATTIC/DUNLOP HOUSE - NIGHT

9

Eileen pulls a TIN BOX from a hiding place. On the lid of the tin is a newspaper photo of Manhattan. She opens the lid, takes the crumpled five-dollar bill from her pocket and adds it to the several hundred dollars already in the tin. She closes the lid.

A single bulb on the ceiling illuminates the room: dusty old trunks and boxes; spider webs in the rafters; a pile of library books; National Geographic magazines; a large mason jar tinged urine yellow.

Eileen, still in her gray coat, sits down on an army cot. She pulls a ratty afghan over her. She pulls out a bag of chocolates from her coat.

She chews a chocolate then spits it out into a Kleenex. She drops the Kleenex onto the floor. She pops another chocolate into her mouth. As she chews, she puts her finger in her nose curiously. She spits out the chocolate. Another chocolate.

10 INT. DODGE/EXT. PRISON PARKING LOT - DAY 10

A SECURITY GUARD opens the entrance gate and waves Eileen through.

11 INT. PRISON STAFF ENTRANCE - DAY 11

OVERNIGHT GUARDS, exhausted, in heavy coats over their uniforms, pass her.

12 INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY 12

Eileen walks calmly past the Visitors Area. Through the glass, adolescent BOYS sit with their relatives.

13 OMITTED 13

14 INT. OFFICE - DAY 14

In the prison yard young INMATES stand shivering.

A young boy, LEE POLK, 16, sits alone on a bench in the prison yard. A GUARD stands watching him.

Eileen watches him from the window by the coffee station in her office. She stirs a cup of hot water and creamer.

MRS. MURRAY

Eileen! Eileen!

Eileen turns. MRS. MURRAY a quirky middle-aged secretary looks at her from a counter where she receives a new inmate.

MRS. STEVENS sits at her desk, eating a donut, phone to her ear, licking the powder off her fingers.

MRS. MURRAY (CONT'D)

I need form I-37.

EILEEN

A transfer form?

MRS. MURRAY

No. Intake! I-37. Aren't you listening?

(to Intake Guard)

She's useless.

An INTAKE GUARD stands at the counter, talking to Mrs. Murray. Eileen goes to the filing room to get the form.

NEW INMATE, 13, who sits tearfully in his civilian clothes holding a tray and folded prison uniform.

Eileen grabs the form and heads towards the counter.

MRS. STEVENS (O.S.)

Dr. Frye still needs to sign it, but he's probably asleep in his office.

Eileen arrives at the counter.

MRS. MURRAY

Oh yeah, maybe you can go wake up Dr. Frye? Just blow softly into his ear. He loves that.

MRS. STEVENS

Leave Eileen alone, she's tired.

MRS. MURRAY

Oh is that what it is? I thought maybe it was that time of the month.

Eileen reaches for her keys on a hook by the door.

EILEEN

At least I have a time of the month.

MRS. MURRAY

Oh, yeah? You know something, honey. That won't last forever. You'll be old like us soon.

A loud bell sounds. Eileen walks down the corridor.

15 INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY 15

MOTHERS and their YOUNG CHILDREN wait to see their sons.
Randy walks past the doorway with the young INMATES.

16 INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY 16

Eileen pats down the last of the MOTHERS before escorting
them into the sally port and unlocking the door for them.

The mothers file into the visitation room. Each one hugs
their son quickly before sitting down.

17 INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY 17

Eileen sits at her desk by the door to the visitation room.
She stares blankly through the glass at tearful mothers and
sons. Her eyes drift to Randy, who stands guard.

Randy is picking his teeth. He looks back at Eileen before
taking his keys, unlocking the sally port door and joining
her in the waiting room.

Randy takes Eileen by the arms and forces her up against a
wall, pressing her face into the glass of a window. He licks
her ear, reaches his hand up her skirt, and rips her
stockings and panties. She moans and gasps as he unfastens
his pants. The mothers and sons pay no attention.

The loud buzz of the sally port suddenly brings Eileen back
into the room. She pulls her hand quickly out of her
underwear and sniffs her fingers as she walks to the sally
port to let the mothers back into the waiting room.

18 OMITTED 18

19 OMITTED 19

20 INT. STAFF ROOM CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS 20

Eileen walks down the corridor towards the staff room.
Guards, clerks and the secretaries eat chocolate cake off
paper plates and chatter.

Through the STAFF ROOM door window Eileen can see the WARDEN,
standing with DR. FRYE, in a floppy suit.

WARDEN

As much as we're going to miss the old dog, I hope you'll all be welcoming to Dr. Frye's replacement on Monday.

DR. FRYE

A fine, fine young doctor.

WARDEN

Yes, well, let's hope the boys take her seriously.

DR. FRYE

I'll take her! Seriously!

Laughter.

WARDEN

I think you'll be taking your insulin and your retirement package and that'll be enough for you.

DR. FRYE

That's right. I'll really miss all the fun around here.

WARDEN

Now let's hear it for Doctor Frye. Cheers!

21 INT. DODGE/ EXT. SEASIDE ROAD - DAY 21

Eileen drives with the windows away from MOOREHEAD PRISON, the sea churning in the distance. The prison an old, gray stone building reminiscent of a rich person's summer estate but surrounded by barbed wire chainlink fences.

Eileen shivers inside the Dodge. She leans over and rolls up the passenger window. She holds her hands out against the heating vents, but it's not much help.

22 INT. DODGE/EXT. LIQUOR STORE - DUSK 22

Eileen pulls up outside Lardner's Liquor Store. Through the store window BOB, 60s, is working behind the counter, talking to a COP, 50s. Eileen rolls up the windows, gets out of the car and enters the liquor store.

23 INT. LIQUOR STORE - DUSK

23

BOB (O.C.)

I see a lot of Anne these days.

In the aisle Eileen pockets chocolates as she traipses toward the gin. She picks up two bottles.

COP (O.C.)

Yeah, a lot of broken hearts out there.

(turns to leave)

You have a good one.

A bottle in each fist, Eileen approaches the counter. Cop sees her, suddenly softens, a bit falsely.

COP (CONT'D)

Hey hon.

Eileen is completely composed, flat.

EILEEN

Hey.

COP

How's your dad?

EILEEN

Good.

COP

(eyes the gin)

You know what, let me get that.

EILEEN

Thanks.

Cop pulls out his wallet. Eileen leaves.

24 INT. DODGE/EXT. DUNLOP HOUSE - NIGHT

24

Eileen drives along her street. Red lights flash up ahead.

Jim stands in the middle of the street, gesticulating wildly with his gun, red in the face. A cop car is parked out front. BUCK WARREN, a young cop tries to calm him down.

Eileen pulls up, windows down, and hears Jim yelling. There are neighbors peering through the curtains.

JIM

...And you can fuck right off. This is my neighborhood. Those God damned Lutherans next door are the problem, not me. I know who called.

Eileen parks, kills the engine, and rolls up her window.

BUCK

Chief, nobody's complaining. We just want to make sure you get inside safe and sound.

Eileen gets out of the car carrying two bottles and walks toward Jim.

JIM

Why wouldn't I be safe and sound? I keep the whole neighborhood safe and sound. What do you know?

EILEEN

Dad?

JIM

Eileen, go inside.

EILEEN

Why don't you keep me safe and sound? You're making a scene. Let's go inside together.

JIM

Trust me, Eileen, nobody wants nothing with you.

EILEEN

Come inside.

Eileen takes Jim by the arm and leads him up the front walk. Buck follows. Jim is obviously sloshed out of his mind.

JIM

Goddamn Lutherans. Your mother always hated those people.

25

EXT.DUNLOP HOUSE/INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

25

Eileen tries to sit Jim in the wingback. Useless decorations are thoughtlessly arranged around the room, collecting dust. Jim tries to stand as Eileen gets him to sit.

EILEEN

Dad, you can't go around policing people.

JIM

Who says? Do you know who that guy was?

BUCK

We've got it all covered, chief. You can take it easy. Please.

Buck lingers by the front door.

JIM

You fucking take it easy!

EILEEN

You're not a cop anymore.

JIM

Yeah sure. I didn't want to go, they made me, cuz I was too goddamn good at it--pour me a drink.

BUCK

I gotta get back to the station.

JIM

Good. Get back to the station, Buck.

BUCK

Call us if you need anything, all right? Merry Christmas.

Buck leaves. Eileen starts taking Jim's shoes off his feet.

JIM

Hey, come here. What's that smell? Did you step in something?

EILEEN

No. Why? What do you smell?

JIM
Roadkill. Maybe you should keep
your distance.

EILEEN
Yeah, I'll keep my distance.

Eileen removes Dad's shoes.

JIM
What the fuck are you doing?

EILEEN
But maybe you should be nicer to
me. No one else is going to put up
with your shit.

Eileen takes Dad's shoes upstairs.

26 INT. MOTHER'S BEDROOM/DUNLOP HOUSE - NIGHT

26

JIM (O.C.)
(shouting from downstairs)
I've got Joanie.

Eileen opens the closet, full of her dead mother's clothes,
shoes, everything--she was a hoarder.

JIM (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Joanie wouldn't leave the place
looking like this. She's a real
woman, your sister. She smells like
a woman. And she knows how to keep
a house.

She pulls out a dozen pairs of her father's shoes.

EILEEN
And she doesn't live here. And
she's married.

JIM (O.C.)
Because she's not a hanger on.

EILEEN
And she doesn't want to talk to
you.

JIM (O.C.)

Sure, because she made a life of her own. She's made something of herself.

EILEEN

Whatever, dad.

JIM (O.C.)

Get a life Eileen. Get a clue.

27	EXT. DUNLOP HOUSE - NIGHT	27
	Eileen comes out through the front door, struggling to carry a dozen pairs of her father's shoes. She drops one, picks it up, then puts them in the trunk of the Dodge and slams it.	
28	OMITTED	28
29	OMITTED	29
30	OMITTED	30
31	OMITTED	31
32	OMITTED	32
33	OMITTED	33
34	INT/EXT. OFFICE/PRISON YARD - DAY	34
	Eileen stands at the coffee station stirring her usual hot water, creamer and sugar. She stares out the window.	
	Lee Polk sits alone on a bench in the prison yard. A GUARD stands watching him. Other INMATES are kept separate from him. Overseen by PRISON GUARDS.	
35	OMITTED	35

36 EXT. PRISON LOADING BAY - DAY

36

Eileen hauls a bag of trash toward the dumpster. In the background, a bright red PLYMOUTH BARRACUDA sails into a parking space.

REBECCA ST. JOHN, late 30s, tall, her hair whipping in the wind, gets out of the car with a sleek leather briefcase.

Eileen turns, confounded by the strange, colorful vision in this bleak landscape. Eileen lifts the dumpster lid and hefts the bag of trash up, watching as Rebecca strides toward the prison.

The bag gets snagged. Liquid spills onto the ground. Eileen steps back, dropping the bag, and the trash falls out at her feet, cups and coffee grinds and banana peels, etc. Eileen sees the splatter has hit her stocking. She picks up a used napkin from the trash pile and dabs at the stain.

37 INT. STAFF ROOM - DAY

37

Eileen enters, cheeks red from cold, nose dripping, her hands filthy from the trash.

Staff members are seated eating donuts, sipping from disposable drinkware. The secretaries stand by the door.

Rebecca smokes as if at a cocktail party, glamorously out of place and stunningly beautiful. She's completely self-possessed and radiant.

Warden stands next to Rebecca giving a speech. Eileen gawks: she's never seen anyone like Rebecca.

WARDEN

Listen up. As you know, in the new year we will be up for state review. So we're going to be tightening our procedures, and implementing new strategies based on some big new ideas. And on that note this new young lady to my left, Doctor Miss Rebecca St. John, is our new prison psychologist. She's just finished her doctorate at Radcliffe--

REBECCA

Harvard.

Warden bristles. Rebecca tips her cigarette to ash on the floor and blows smoke at the ceiling. The secretaries cluck their tongues.

WARDEN

Harvard... We may not be Harvard people, but I think we can keep up with her and hopefully she can keep up with us.

Rebecca looks across the room at Eileen. She smiles then turns her attention back to Warden.

WARDEN (O.C.) (CONT'D)

She may be easy on the eye but I assure you she's very smart... Ladies, I hope you'll show Ms. St. John around in her first few days as she learns our customs here.

Warden continues to speak, but there is no sound. Instead, there is Eileen, her face aglow as she stands transfixed by the vision of Rebecca. It is a conversion moment. The hint of a smile creeps across her face.

38

INT. STAFF ROOM - LATER

38

Later: the gathering has devolved a bit. Rebecca turns away from Warden. Mrs. Stephens and Mrs. Murray chat nearby, watching as Rebecca approaches Eileen tidying up the donut tray. Eileen picks up a stray sprinkle and eats it.

REBECCA

How much for a glazed?

EILEEN

Oh, no, they're free.

REBECCA

(eating a sprinkle)
Just kidding. I'm Rebecca.

She extends her hand.

EILEEN

I know.

Eileen wipes her hand off on her skirt. They shake.

REBECCA

Say, where can a girl freshen up
around here?

EILEEN

I can show you.

Eileen takes Rebecca's coat.

REBECCA

Sure, appreciate it.

EILEEN

Can I take your jacket?

REBECCA

Aren't you sweet. Thanks.

EILEEN

This way.

REBECCA

I don't think I caught your name.

EILEEN

Eileen.

39 INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY

39

Eileen carries Rebecca's coat as she escorts her down the
corridor to the locker room. Two young inmates mop the floor
behind them. Guards stand watching.

40 INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

40

Rebecca applies make-up at the sink mirror.

EILEEN

Where are you from?

REBECCA

Oh, I'm from New York originally.
Manhattan. I couldn't stand
Cambridge, way too uptight. Well,
there were a couple of interesting
people. But no.

((MORE))

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I just needed a break. Get some fresh air. And I love the beach.

Eileen stands holding Rebecca's coat by her locker. Rebecca moves to her locker, works at the padlock, turning the dial.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

(turning the dial)

Alright. 32, 24, 34. Practically my measurements.

Eileen smiles and shakes her head.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Some women think their figures are the only thing that matters. Honestly, I think that's kind of pathetic.

EILEEN

(inspired)

I completely agree. My sister's like that. But she's not very smart.

Rebecca opens her purse. She rifles through to find her compact.

REBECCA

Well, good, then we have better things to do than worry about our figures. Though that's not the popular opinion, wouldn't you say?

EILEEN

I don't care what's popular. There's no point. In a place like this.

REBECCA

Well look at you. A regular Katherine Hepburn. Rare to meet a young woman with so much gumption. I'm like that too. I don't give a rat's ass what people think.

EILEEN

They're probably scared of you.

Rebecca puts on an air of high snobbery.

REBECCA

Moi?... See you around.

Rebecca leaves. Eileen watches her go, entranced.

41	OMITTED	41
42	OMITTED	42
43	INT. PRISON CHAPEL - DAY	43

Mrs Murray stands on stage, spotlit, holding a script.

MRS. MURRAY

Every year we hold this special assembly to celebrate the birth of Our Lord Jesus Christ, and every year a few of you miscreant bastards ruin it for the rest of us.

Eileen sits on a stool at the back of the hall next to a spotlight. The chapel is full of boys in standard blue uniforms. They are a diverse group, aged 10-18. Some look like young men, some are small children.

Eileen scans the crowd for Rebecca, but doesn't find her. She looks toward the door. Eileen turns away.

MRS. MURRAY (CONT'D)

Well, you've disrespected Christmas for the last time.

Mrs Stevens and other members of staff stand at the back of the hall waiting for the nativity play to start.

MRS. MURRAY (CONT'D)

Because This year, you're going to sit on your hands, you're going to zip your lips, and if I see any of you biting, kicking, screaming, pushing, pulling hair, laughing, moaning, or if I hear one wayward comment, you're going straight to the cave.

Mrs. Murray turns to the Warden who nods in agreement.

MRS. MURRAY (CONT'D)

And now without further ado, and with special thanks to our friends from Mount Olive who once again this year helped me direct our Christmas pageant, I present to you, "Christmas in Prison."

Mrs Murray walks off stage and stands with the other guards against the wall. The lights go down.

Rebecca enters quietly, notebook in hand. She moves like a dream, turning toward Eileen and winking as she walks down the aisle to stand by the wall. Eileen smiles.

ACTOR 1, 16, bloated and pale and dressed in the standard inmate uniform, is marched on to the stage by ACTOR 2 who is dressed as a Prison Guard. He mimes throwing Actor 1 into his 'cell', slams the door and walks away.

ACTOR 1

Oh, what am I to do? Sentenced for three years to sit indoors among boys of my same creed--plain bad. So much time to plot what evildoings I'll undertake as soon as I get out. But in the meantime, I suppose I could read a book.

DELUCA (O.C.)

You can't read, motherfucker!

Guard 2 jumps, hits DeLuca in the neck with a baton. He cries out. Eileen stares at Rebecca during this commotion. Actor 1 takes his cue again and opens the Bible.

ACTOR 1

But in the meantime, I suppose I could read a book.

He opens his prison bible and the curtains part to reveal 'Bethlehem'. Two young inmates, "JOSEPH" and "MARY," enter on a donkey. "Mary" has a pillow up her dress to show pregnancy.

"MARY"

Well, I'm pretty tired. Can we rest in that barn over there?

She points to a crude manger.

"JOSEPH"

Better than paying for a motel.

Rebecca looks around, craning her neck--'what the hell is this shit?' Eileen brightens, hoping she's looking for her.

"MARY"

You're the best, Joseph. Thanks for taking us here to be counted in the census.

"JOSEPH"

Yes. Welcome back to Bethlehem.

DELUCA

Fuck you.

"JOSEPH"

Will you shut the fuck up? We practiced this!

MRS. MURRAY

Guards!!!

Guard 2 grabs DeLuca and drags him out of the auditorium.

The two inmates in the 'Donkey' walk apart and 'Mary' falls to the floor. The crowd laugh. They cannot be tamed. Mrs Murray runs on to the stage, trying to keep the show going.

Eileen watches Rebecca stand and trudge back up the aisle to leave. She looks up to Eileen and shakes her head in disbelief, mouthing something.

44 INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

44

Eileen, her lipstick faded, but her face still aglow with the intoxication of the day, carries two bottles of gin to the counter, where Bob is reading a newspaper.

EILEEN

Hey.

BOB

(puts newspaper down)

Hey, hon.

EILEEN

This and a pack of Luckies.

BOB
 (rote)
 Oh, it's a lucky day, huh?

EILEEN
 Yeah. The luckiest.

BOB
 Yup. Cigarettes are great.

45 INT. KITCHEN/DUNLOP HOUSE - NIGHT

45

Eileen lights a cigarette on the stove.

JIM
 Don't light yourself on fire.

She comes up from the stove puffing and coughing, obviously not a seasoned smoker.

JIM (CONT'D)
 You're in a good mood, what's wrong with you?

EILEEN
 Nothing's wrong, Dad.

Eileen gets two dirty juice glasses and wipes them clean on her shirt. She unscrews the whisky and gin and pours.

JIM
 You look funny with that thing in your mouth.

EILEEN
 (pouring)
 How was your day, Dad?

JIM
 How was my day? I don't know. It was a day...just another day. What's the point?

EILEEN
 (coquettish, playful,
 almost like Rebecca)
 My day was a doozy.
 A big fight broke out during the
 Christmas pageant.
 (MORE)

EILEEN (CONT'D)

A kid got his collarbone broken,
and then I had to do all this
paperwork for the warden.

Eileen sets the glass on the kitchen table, where Jim is
cleaning his gun. She stands with her back against the wall.
Eileen ashes on the floor, sips her whisky, leans back.

JIM

Don't ash on the floor, it's tacky.

EILEEN

Anyway, it was one of those days
you never forget.

JIM

Yeah, days I'll never forget. Let's
see. December 16, 1944. First time
I held a dead man's head in my lap.
What a waste. Twenty degrees,
snowing. I don't know why I ever
came back.

EILEEN

Maybe because you had a wife and
two kids?...

JIM

Maybe.

EILEEN

I love the beach.

JIM

Good for you. The war kind of
ruined beaches for me.

Jim stubs out his cigarette.

JIM (CONT'D)

How's that Polk kid? He talked yet?

EILEEN

Huh?

JIM

Polk. The kid who killed his
father, who was a good cop, more or
less.

(MORE)

JIM (CONT'D)

What kind of kid would ever think of killing his father like that? Stabbed him in bed while he was asleep...In front of his mother. And then he just sat down. Never denied it. Never said a word the whole trial. Psychopathic.

Eileen sits, looking at dad.

JIM (CONT'D)

Course I wouldn't have to worry about you doing something like that, cuz you're a girl. Can't imagine you with a knife.

EILEEN

Can you imagine me with a gun?

Beat as Jim recognizes the opportunity to torture Eileen.

JIM

Yeah, I can see it. One day. When you've had enough, and you feel like ducking out. Maybe when I'm dead and gone and you've got nobody and you know you never will. I can imagine that. But you never would, would you? Because you're too good. Gimme one of those cigarettes. What've you got, Old Gold?

Eileen slides the pack over.

EILEEN

No.

Jim picks a Lucky out of the pack.

JIM

I like Old Gold.

EILEEN

I know.

Eileen enters the empty waiting room. She unlocks the sally port and slips into the prison corridor, unseen by the GUARDS

47 INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY 47

Eileen slips past the guards and down a corridor.

48 INT. SOLITARY CELL - DAY 48

Eileen stops at one of the cells and looks in onto Lee Polk lying on his cot. He has his back to her.

He turns and sees her face in the window. Their eyes lock in connection: two young people who are trapped.

49 OMITTED 49

50 OMITTED 50

51 INT. OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON (LATER) 51

Eileen searches the filing cabinet. She finds the Lee Polk's file and pulls it out.

Close in on...

-autopsy diagram.

-crime scene photo: a middle-aged white man lies face up in bed, throat slit, stab wounds through his pajamas, a puddle of blood pooled under him, a grizzly scene.

-various close-ups: knife, pool of blood etc.

-prison mugshots of Lee Polk.

Eileen hears footsteps coming down the corridor. She tries to replace the file and fumbles. The contents of the folder spill onto the floor. Eileen squats down to pick up papers.

REBECCA

(seeing the papers)

Oopsie. Can I help you?

Eileen looks up. Rebecca is standing in the office door, wearing a tight skirt suit, high heels and coat. She carries her briefcase.

EILEEN

No, it's okay. Just butter fingers.

REBECCA
(squatting down to help
her anyway)
Oh you should see me, I'm a total
klutz.

Rebecca holds up the crime scene photo.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Oh, right, Lee Polk. That's
something you don't see every day.

EILEEN
Yeah, it's pretty bad.

Rebecca brings the photo to Eileen and takes a closer look at
the file which lies open on top of the filing cabinet.

REBECCA
Bedtime reading?

EILEEN
I was just doing some filing.

Rebecca lights a cigarette as she looks through the photos.
The file remains open while they talk.

REBECCA
Some show yesterday.

She offers a cigarette to Eileen.

EILEEN
They do it every year.
(taking a cigarette)
Thanks.

REBECCA
(lighting her cigarette)
I'd call that cruel and unusual
punishment.

EILEEN
(coughs)
Sorry, I don't usually smoke.

REBECCA
Nasty habit. But that's why I like
it.

(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Not very becoming of a lady,
though. It turns your teeth yellow.
See?

Rebecca leans toward Eileen, hooking a finger on her bottom lip and stretching it away from her gums to show her teeth.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

That's coffee and cigarettes. And
red wine.

Eileen is astonished by Rebecca's beauty; her skin is miraculously smooth, like a baby's.

EILEEN

Your teeth look perfect.

Rebecca smokes, looks at the photos.

EILEEN (CONT'D)

I don't drink coffee. So my teeth
should be perfect, but they're all
rotted... due to my extreme
propensity for sweets.

REBECCA

A *propensity* for sweets. You don't
get enough sweetness in your life?

EILEEN

I just eat a lot of candy.

REBECCA

I wouldn't think to look at you!
You're so petite... Being tall has
its advantages, but most men are
just too short for me. Have you
noticed, or am I imagining, men
these days are all getting shorter
and shorter? Balder and fatter?

EILEEN

The men around here are all little
boys.

Rebecca laughs, wrinkles her nose.

REBECCA

You're funny.

Eileen blushes.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I meant outside of this prison.
Although you're right. The guards,
the warden, not much to look at.

EILEEN

You should have seen Dr. Frye. He
was really pretty nasty looking.

REBECCA

That doesn't surprise me. My office
isn't very becoming, and it all
smells like dirty leather. I'm
starting to wonder what went on in
there.

EILEEN

(trying to seem smart)
Nothing good.

Rebecca raises her eyebrows.

EILEEN (CONT'D)

I mean, I've never actually been in
that office.

REBECCA

Oh no? You should come by sometime.
Although, if the door is closed,
that means I'm with one of the
boys.

EILEEN

Aren't you ever scared? Being alone
in there with them?

REBECCA

No. You should stop by, all right?

Rebecca closes the file.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

But if you hear me screaming in
there, by all means, kick the door
down and rescue me.

EILEEN

Okay.

Rebecca slips the folder into her briefcase

REBECCA

I'm just kidding, honey. There's a
buzzer.

52 INT. OFFICE - DAY 52

Eileen stirs her usual cup of hot water and creamer. She turns to look out the window. Lee Polk is not sitting on his usual bench. Eileen stops stirring. The Prison bell rings.

53 OMITTED 53

54 INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY 54

A group of inmates are being escorted back to the prison side of the visitation room.

On her side of the sally port, Eileen is letting a group of tearful mothers and young children back into the waiting room. She locks the door after them.

She wears a new lipstick and a bit of face powder.

A woman wearing ill-fitting black slacks and a pilly sweater enters the waiting room with an air of defiant arrogance. She walks to Eileen at her desk.

MRS. POLK

I'm here to see Leonard Polk.

Beat as Eileen recognizes Mrs. Polk, mother of the boy she watched in the cave. She scans the schedule. Through the doorway, Randy leads Lee Polk down the hall toward the visitation room.

MRS. POLK (CONT'D)

Anne Polk.

EILEEN

You're not on the schedule. Were
you a late addition?

Mrs. Polk sighs and shakes her head.

MRS. POLK

I was called, I don't know. I'm here now.

EILEEN

You've got to fill out this form.

MRS. POLK

Aren't you chief Dunlop's kid?

EILEEN

Yeah.

MRS. POLK

(filling out form)

I thought so.

REBECCA (O.C.)

Mrs. Polk?

Suddenly Rebecca enters the waiting room, rushing toward them. Mrs. Polk nods.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I'm Doctor St. John. We spoke on the phone, thank you so much for coming.

(to Eileen)

No need to bother with that, we all know who you are. Eileen, will you help us with the door?

REBECCA (CONT'D)

(to Mrs. Polk)

Can I take your coat?

Eileen unlocks the sally port and Rebecca escorts Mrs. Polk into the visitation room. Eileen cranes her neck to see Lee Polk sitting at the table. He wears a strange look of contentment as his mother approaches.

MRS. POLK

(to Lee)

Why are you doing this to me?

Eileen locks the door. Behind the soundproof glass, Randy stands in the corner. Lee, Rebecca, and Mrs. Polk sit at the table. Mrs. Polk talks to her son. He stares at her but says nothing.

Rebecca scribbles notes as Mrs. Polk talks. Mrs. Polk is turning red, frustrated by Lee's implacable coolness and his refusal to acknowledge her. She breaks down crying and busies herself wiping her eyes with a handkerchief.

Mrs. Polk abruptly gets up and knocks on the glass.

MRS. POLK (CONT'D)
 (mouthing soundlessly)
 Let me out of here.

Eileen opens the door, eyeing Mrs. Polk nervously. Mrs. Polk gathers her coat from where she left it in the waiting room, buttons it furiously, mumbling.

MRS. POLK (CONT'D)
 You all do what you want with him... Won't even talk to his own mother?
 (to herself)
 He's always been a nasty boy. A filthy, nasty boy.

Eileen watches Rebecca still sitting with Lee, leaning in close, talking to him calmly. She puts her hand on his.

Mrs. Polk sets her jaw, bristles, ignores Eileen, and leaves. Eileen steps into the open doorway and gestures to Randy with a shrug--'What now?' Randy taps his watch with his finger.

RANDY
 I need to lock up. Visitation hours were actually over twenty minutes ago.

REBECCA
 Of course. Thank you.
 (to Lee)
 Would you like to keep talking in my office.

Lee and Rebecca get up to leave. Randy reaches for his handcuffs.

RANDY
 Turn around--

REBECCA
 That won't be necessary.

RANDY
I need to cuff him.

REBECCA
No.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
(to Lee)
Don't worry, it's all right.

She leads Lee by the arm out of the visitation room, leaving Randy and Eileen befuddled.

RANDY
(mocking Rebecca)
That won't be necessary.

EILEEN
Don't do that. She's a doctor.

RANDY
I think she needs a doctor. That kid killed a cop.

EILEEN
He killed his father. There's a difference.

Eileen spots Rebecca's notebook on the table.

55 INT. REBECCA'S OFFICE CORRIDOR - DAY

55

Eileen, carrying Rebecca's notebook, struts down the corridor. She knocks on Rebecca's office door. Rebecca opens the door, irritated, but corrects her expression when she sees Eileen.

REBECCA
Oh, Eileen. Can I help you?

Eileen holds out the notebook.

EILEEN
You left your notebook.

REBECCA
Oh, thank you so much. I needed this. I hope you didn't read it.

EILEEN

Of course not.

Rebecca lets the door swing open. Inside her office, Lee Polk is looking at a large book of pictures.

REBECCA

I'm only kidding. It's just chicken scratch anyway.

Eileen turns to leave.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Wait. Eileen.

EILEEN

Yeah?

Rebecca steps out into the corridor and closes the door behind her.

REBECCA

I don't want to be forward, and I'm sure you have other plans, but... can I treat you to a drink tonight? I don't know anyone in this darn town and I'd love to treat you to a cocktail if you're game.

Beat as this sinks in. Eileen is flattered, flustered, breathless.

EILEEN

Okay.

REBECCA

Okay? I've twisted your arm?

Eileen smiles and nods.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

So who makes the best martini in town?

EILEEN

Maybe O'Hara's? It's actually the only bar in town.

REBECCA

O'Hara's sounds good. I'll see you there at 7? With bells on? Is that the expression?

EILEEN

Okay.

Rebecca winks and returns to her office, shutting the door. Eileen walks away down the hall. We see the joy and rising panic in her face. She picks up the pace.

56 INT. BATHROOM/DUNLOP HOUSE - NIGHT 56

Eileen is in the shower, shaving her legs with her father's razor. She nicks herself. Blood runs down the shower drain. Curious, she shaves some pubic hair.

57 INT. MOTHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 57

Eileen, wearing her bathrobe, pulls clothes out of the packed closet. She shakes out a few dresses, dismisses them.

Eileen tries on a series of outfits from past decades. She winds up in a black wool dress.

She sits at her mother's crowded vanity, brushes her hair, applies lipstick.

She tries on a wolf fur coat, dismisses it, chooses a fancy coat that actually makes her look a little like a starlet.

58 INT. FRONT ROOM/DUNLOP HOUSE - NIGHT 58

Eileen tiptoes down the stairs. The house is silent. She pulls on little white gloves.

Jim is asleep in his recliner by the window, his gun in his lap. Eileen gently picks up his bottle of gin, takes a long swig, winces, then polishes it off.

59 OMITTED 59

60 OMITTED 60

61 INT. O'HARA'S BAR - NIGHT

61

A Christmas carol plays on the jukebox. Eileen enters the dark warm din of the bar, a little nervous and glossy-eyed from the gin. She scans the clientele: all blue-collar men. Rebecca is already sitting cross legged on a barstool facing a booth of scruffy young men (BAR MEN). She is utterly out of place here, a diamond in the rough.

Eileen sidles up to her at the bar.

EILEEN

Hi.

Rebecca swirls around on the barstool, ignoring the men.

REBECCA

Oh, Eileen!

She moves her purse off the stool to her right and adds it to her coat on the stool to her left. Eileen pulls off her gloves and sits.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

What will you have?

EILEEN

I'll have a beer, I guess.

REBECCA

A beer...? Oh.

SANDY, 50's, a thick man with deep acne scars, a flirt, works behind the bar. He addresses Eileen with flat familiarity.

SANDY

Hi Eileen. Nice to see you, hon.

(to Rebecca, his face
lighting up)

What's next, sweetheart?

Rebecca puts her hand over Eileen's on the bar.

REBECCA

Oh my stars, you're absolutely
frozen.

(to Sandy)

One beer please and maybe a little
whisky to warm up my girl.

(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)

(to Eileen)

What say, huh?

She squeezes Eileen's hand, then lets it go. Eileen takes off her coat. Rebecca leans back to survey her.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Oh, my, you look very glamorous.

EILEEN

It's just an old dress.

Sandy serves Eileen her beer and whisky.

SANDY

(to Rebecca)

And how about you, sweetheart?
Another martini?

REBECCA

I'd love one. Thank you. But let's
hold the olives this time.

(to Eileen)

I thought I'd have a hard time
finding the place, but here it is.

Eileen shoots the whisky.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

You feel all right?

EILEEN

Oh yeah, I'm fine... There's
something wrong with my car so I
have to drive with the windows down
or else it fills with smoke.

Sandy serves the martini. Eileen sips her beer as the men in the background jostle each other. Rebecca's eyes dart around Eileen's face.

REBECCA

You're kidding me. That sounds
positively awful. Can't you get
your husband to fix that for you?

EILEEN

Oh, I'm not married.

REBECCA

(sipping martini)

I've always been single. And when I have a guy around me it's just for fun, and it's brief. I don't stay anywhere long, with anything. It's sort of my *modus vivendi*, or my pathology, depending on who I'm talking to.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

How long have you worked at Moorehead?

EILEEN

Three or four years. It was only going to be temporary while I moved back here for a bit while my mother was sick... and then she died.

(trying to sound chipper)

I've been at the prison and time's just flown by.

REBECCA

Oh God. Prison is no place for time to fly by. And your mother dying. That's a lot for a young lady.

EILEEN

I'm twenty-four.

REBECCA

Then you must be eager to get back out there. Are you? You know, I'm an orphan too. My uncle raised me out west where the sun shines. I'll never understand how you all do it up here. Winter after winter, positively creepy. I'm in a kind of strange love affair with New England. I love it and I also hate it. Things feel very real out here, don't they? There's simply no fantasy and no sentimentality. No imagination. Nowhere to hide.

Eileen, trying to hide being a little hurt, nods in agreement.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
(pushing away her empty
glass)

I'm sorry. I've had too much to
drink. I tend to talk too much when
I drink.

EILEEN
That's all right.

REBECCA
Better than talking too little.

She winks at Eileen and swivels on her bar stool, jostling
Eileen's legs. Eileen is uncomfortable, obviously guarding
her emotions.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Did you see Lee Polk today?

Eileen stiffens.

EILEEN
Um...

REBECCA
Did she say anything to you? Mrs.
Polk?

EILEEN
She was just upset. Those mothers
are always upset.

REBECCA
Did she seem like an angry woman to
you?

EILEEN
I don't know. Everyone is kind of
angry here. It's Massachusetts.

Sandy wordlessly serves Rebecca another martini.

REBECCA
I had this professor at Harvard,
brilliant, but very difficult. He'd
done some experiments on prisoners
with psychedelics to study
recidivism.

(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I don't agree with his methods--
there's no magic pill--but you can
set people free, if you get them to
tell the truth... to feel it.
That's what I want to do.

(picks up her drink)

Secrets and lies... I tell you
doll, some families are so sick, so
twisted, the only way out is for
someone to die. Don't you think?

PAT

(from the booth)

Hey! ...Hey! What'd you say your
name was?

Rebecca turns toward the men at the booth, returning to her
performance.

REBECCA

Who, me?

PAT

We were just saying, you look so
familiar. Are you in the movies or
something?

REBECCA

Hardly. I work at the boy's prison.
I'm Eileen.

Rebecca elbows Eileen surreptitiously.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

And this is my friend, Rebecca.
She's a psychologist.

Eileen demurs, hiding behind her glass of beer.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Don't be shy, Rebecca. These boys
won't bite.

JERRY, standing beside PAT, chimes in, revealing missing
front teeth.

JERRY

Unless you ask us to.

PAT

This is Jerry. But you can ignore him, he's married.

REBECCA

What happened to your teeth, Jerry? Did you get in a fight with your old lady?

JACKY

That's it, his wife's got an arm like Joe Frasier.

PAT

Naw, he just slipped on the ice.

JERRY

I'm gonna grow some new ones, I just need a few more of these.

Jerry holds up his drink. Rebecca holds up her martini.

REBECCA

Cheers to that. To Jerry. And his new teeth.

Everybody drinks. A dance song starts to play on the jukebox. Rebecca is tired of the men.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Feel like dancing, Rebecca?

EILEEN

With you?

Rebecca grabs Eileen's hand.

REBECCA

Yeah.

She leads Eileen toward the dance floor, then takes her hands in hers and leads her around, dancing. Eileen giggles and stops every few seconds, covers her face in embarrassment as Rebecca sways and shimmies.

Rebecca grabs Eileen by the hips and twists them in time to the music. Eileen is deliciously humiliated.

Rebecca shows Eileen how to dance. Eileen gets into it, her inhibitions fly away as this new "Rebecca." They dance together. The men follow with their drinks, nod to the music, watching them.

It gets more sensual. For Rebecca, it's a performance for the men, but for Eileen, this dancing is completely sincere in its eroticism, a new identity.

Pat attempts to cut in. Rebecca CLOCKS him. He staggers back, stunned, then lunges for her. Other men hold him back.

Rebecca returns to Eileen. They dance alone, holding each other close. The men are now ensnared in a fight of their own. Rebecca and Eileen ignore them.

62 EXT. O'HARA'S BAR - NIGHT

62

Eileen and Rebecca exit the bar and walk to Rebecca's car.

They smoke, huddled against a wall in the parking lot. Rebecca stares at Eileen's face. Light snow sparkles in the air. Their breath shows.

REBECCA

You remind me of a girl in a Dutch painting. You have a strange face. Plain but fascinating. It has a beautiful turbulence. I love it.

Eileen is transfixed.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I bet you have brilliant dreams. I bet you dream of other worlds. Maybe you'll dream of me and my morning remorse, which is certain. I shouldn't drink, but I do. Thank you.

She throws her cigarette, gives Eileen a quick hug, and a platonic peck on the lips, gets into her car. Eileen watches as she drives away, swerving a bit in the snow.

Once the car is out of sight, Eileen does an about-face and heads back into O'Hara's.

63 INT. O'HARA'S BAR - NIGHT

63

Eileen takes Rebecca's seat at the bar. The young men behind her in the booth eye her resentfully. They're drunk, and embroiled in their own raucous drama.

Eileen fingers a half-smoked Pall Mall in the ashtray. It has Rebecca's lipstick on it. She puts it to her lips. Sandy walks by. Eileen clears her throat.

EILEEN

Hey Sandy. Can I get another martini and some matches?

SANDY

You better be careful, Eileen.
(lighting her cigarette)
I don't want any trouble with your dad.

EILEEN

My dad isn't gonna cause any trouble.

A song plays on the jukebox. Eileen perks up, playing Rebecca. Shoots her martini.

64 INT. DODGE/EXT. DUNLOP HOUSE - MORNING

64

Eileen wakes up slumped over the steering wheel with an exquisite headache. A frozen pool of vomit sits on the seat next to her. Her pantyhose are full of runs. The windows are down.

She blows on her hands, reaches for the keys in the ignition, but they're gone. She checks her purse for the keys but doesn't find them.

She looks at herself in the rearview mirror, sees a mad woman: messy hair, lipstick smeared down her chin.

She turns around, sees that the trunk is open. The shoes have gone. Dad's footprints in the snow lead to the house.

65 EXT. DUNLOP HOUSE - MORNING

65

Eileen stumbles through the snow to the side door. It's locked. She peers through the window, where Jim is lying on the living room couch, his worn black Oxfords on his feet.

EILEEN
(not too loud)
Dad.

She bangs on the window; Jim doesn't budge.

66 EXT. DUNLOP HOUSE - MORNING 66

She goes around the back of the house, and tries to open the cellar door, cursing.

EILEEN
Stupid drunk motherfucker...
Damn it.

As she tugs at the door, she gags and vomits up yellow bile. It takes her a few moments to catch her breath. She picks up a big handful of snow and eats it.

67 EXT. DUNLOP HOUSE - MORNING 67

Eileen goes to the side of the house. Through the window she sees Jim, shirtless. He is thin and frail but full of tension, jolting slowly with a bottle in his hand. He seems to have grown small breasts.

68 EXT. DUNLOP HOUSE - MORNING 68

Eileen tries the window. Strangely, it is unlocked. She opens it and crawls in.

69 INT. FRONT ROOM/DUNLOP HOUSE - DAY 69

Eileen walks across the front room.

EILEEN
Hey, have you seen the keys?

Eileen goes to the bottom of the stairs.

EILEEN (CONT'D)
Dad, can I have the keys?

Suddenly Eileen is hit by a book thrown down the stairs.

JIM
No, you may not have the keys!

Jim stands on the upstairs landing.

JIM (CONT'D)

Not until you read that book from cover to cover. I want to hear every word.

Eileen picks up the book. It's *Oliver Twist*. She clears her throat and turns to the first page. Then she changes her mind--she won't be tortured today.

EILEEN

Where did you put the keys?

Jim blushes with rage. He disappears into mother's bedroom, returns with a pillow. He throws it down the stairs at Eileen.

JIM

Make yourself comfortable. You're not going anywhere until you read the last word.

EILEEN

Dad, this is ridiculous. I have to go to work.

JIM

Out all night. Nearly crashed the car, sleeping in your own sick and now you're worried about getting to work on time? I can hardly look at you I'm so ashamed. *Oliver Twist* would be grateful for this home, this nice house, but you, Eileen...
(voice cracks with emotion)

You seem to think you can just come and go as you please. Trash, Eileen. Just trash.

EILEEN

I went out with a girl from work.

JIM

A girl from work? Do you think I was born yesterday? Who is he? I at least want to know who the boy is before you get knocked up and sell your soul to Satan.

Eileen refuses to defend herself.

EILEEN

Please, can you just give me the keys? Please. I'll be late.

JIM

You aren't going anywhere dressed like that. Now really, Eileen, how dare you? That's the dress your mother wore to my father's funeral. You have no respect. Get changed. I don't want anyone to see you in that getup. They'll think I'm dead.

70 OMITTED 70

71 INT. DODGE/EXT. DUNLOP HOUSE - DAY 71

Eileen has changed into her clothes for work. She pushes the frozen vomit off the vinyl seat into the snow with a rag. It comes off easily, but leaves a large stain. She sprinkles the powder on it and scrubs.

A police cruiser pulls up on the street. Buck Warren, big and dopey, eyes still full of sleep, gets out of the cruiser, corrects his cap, is surprised to see Eileen in the driveway. Buck is dutifully formal.

BUCK

Miss Dunlop? May I have a word?
It's about your father.

Although she is hungover and feeling like hell, Eileen now straightens.

EILEEN

Oh Jesus. Well, he's inside. Go talk to him.

BUCK

It's about his gun.

EILEEN

This oughta be good. Pray tell, Buck.

BUCK

Yesterday afternoon we received several calls from neighbors and from Connie at the school that Chief Dunlop was sitting at that north-facing window--

(gestures toward living room)

--pointing his weapon at children walking home from school.

BUCK (CONT'D)

Well, actually, he's agreed to relinquish his property to your care. As long as you promise not to use it on him. His words.

Eileen laughs sardonically, genuinely amazed, and walks toward the house. Buck follows her.

BUCK (CONT'D)

Can I come in?

EILEEN

Fine, yes. You wanna hang it on me like an ornament?

72

INT. FRONT HALL/DUNLOP HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

72

Eileen and Buck enter the house. Eileen puts her bucket in the sink and walks through the front room towards the door.

Buck follows her in. Jim comes tottering downstairs pointing the gun at them. He's been drinking.

BUCK

I trust Ms. Dunlop will take excellent care of the weapon.

JIM

(gesturing to the house with the gun)

As she does with all things, as you can see.

Buck takes the gun, then places it gently into Eileen's open palms, giving her a look that means 'don't ever let him get this gun back.' Eileen holds the gun.

It's a Smith & Wesson Model 10. "DUNLOP" is etched into the handle. In her eyes, something glimmers.

Eileen shoves the butt of the gun under her chin and pulls the trigger. Her head explodes and she falls straight back in the hallway. Buck and her father blink stupidly, in shock.

73 INT. DODGE/EXT. SEASIDE ROAD - DAY 73

Eileen puts the revolver in the glovebox as she speeds to work, windows down, hair whipping. Music screeches from the radio.

Eileen starts gagging, sticks her nose out the window, reaches to turn off the radio, mistakenly turning the wheel of the car and almost hitting oncoming traffic. A truck horn blares.

74 INT. PRISON STAFF ENTRANCE - DAY 74

Eileen runs through security. It's deserted, quiet.

75 OMITTED 75

76 INT. OFFICE - DAY 76

Eileen rushes down the corridor and into the office. Mrs. Murray and Mrs. Stevens glare at her.

MRS. MURRAY
Look what the cat dragged in.

MRS. STEVENS
Good afternoon, Eileen.

Mrs. Stevens is on the phone, covering the receiver.

MRS. MURRAY
You look fresh as a daisy, like
always.

EILEEN
I had car trouble.

MRS. MURRAY
Yeah? I believe the trouble part.

EILEEN

It's almost Christmas, can you give me a break?

MRS. MURRAY

No. Get to work.

Eileen glares back at them and sits. Her head is throbbing. She starts flipping through the papers on her desk.

MRS. STEVENS

I need the Polk file.

She turns to Eileen at her desk, who looks worse than ever.

EILEEN

Oh, I think Dr. St. John has it.

MRS. STEVENS

Perfect.

(into the phone)

This will have to wait until after the holidays. We have a new doctor on staff and apparently she doesn't follow procedures...

EILEEN

(to Mrs. Murray)

She's not in today?

MRS. MURRAY

She's already been and gone. Back after Christmas.

MRS. STEVENS

(into the phone)

Yep will do. Thank you. Bye bye.

Eileen's face falls even further. She's depressed. She looks back at her work, up at the clock, rubs her eyes. She can't take it anymore. She gets up.

MRS. MURRAY

Where are you going?

EILEEN

The infirmary. I think something's going around.

MRS. MURRAY

You look like you've been going
around.

Eileen walks out past Mrs. Stevens, who puts down her phone.

MRS. STEVENS

(bitchy, to Mrs. Murray)
She's a boozer.

Eileen exits the office and passes Rebecca's door. She looks
around to make sure she's not being watched and slips inside.

77 OMITTED 77

78 OMITTED 78

79 INT. REBECCA'S OFFICE - DAY 79

Eileen shuts the door behind her. It's quiet, dim. She slowly
luxuriates in exploring the room, touching all the old
leather, a few keepsakes on the shelves. She's on edge from
her trespassing.

She looks through a few files and books on the desk, picks up
the book laid open. It is the book Lee was looking through.

She sits down in Rebecca's chair, snoops through the desk
drawers. She finds an address book, flips through. She rifles
further into a file drawer.

Finally she lays her head on Rebecca's desk and watches as
snow falls out the window. She closes her eyes.

80 INT. FRONT HALL/DUNLOP HOUSE - EVENING 80

Eileen enters through the front door carrying two bottles of
gin. She looks into the kitchen. Her father's chair is empty.

EILEEN

(taking off her coat)

Dad?

(no answer)

Dad?

Silence. She puts the bottles by the sink. She goes upstairs,
finds Jim has fallen down the attic stairs. He isn't moving.

She crouches beside him, touches his face. His chin is gashed, blood gushing out.

She shakes him. He moans.

EILEEN (CONT'D)
Dad! Can you hear me?

Panicking, and desperate to stop the bleeding, Eileen takes a towel from the bathroom and presses it against his chin.

EILEEN (CONT'D)
Dad...

JIM
(croaking)
My gun...

EILEEN
Nobody's after you. Sit up, sit up...

81 INT. DODGE/EXT. X-VILLE - EVENING

81

Eileen drives Jim to the hospital. He slumps against her, drunk, afraid, still holding the towel to his chin, soaked in blood.

EILEEN
We're almost there, Dad.

As Eileen drives, Jim's hand absentmindedly reaches across her, touches the inside of her leg.

JIM
Joanie, Joanie, Joanie...

EILEEN
Dad--

She moves his hand away.

JIM
Quit fussing, Joanie.

82 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

82

Eileen speaks to a DOCTOR who is smoking a cigarette and wearing a Santa hat. They stand at a drinking fountain.

DOCTOR

We stitched it up, and I don't think he has a concussion. But his blood alcohol level is point one-seven. His liver's enlarged, he's covered in bruises. I'm not blaming you, honey, but who's letting him live like this?

EILEEN

My mom died, and he's not working. What else is he supposed to do?

DOCTOR

There are men who don't drink all day.

EILEEN

I know that.

DOCTOR

I know this is hard for you, but if he stops drinking he might die, and if he keeps drinking it will definitely kill him. I don't know what else to say to you.

Dad walks down the hospital corridor pulling on his coat. Head bandaged, cigarette hanging from his mouth.

83 OMITTED 83

84 INT. MOTHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 84

Eileen pulls back the covers on the bed.

He sits. She kneels, takes off his shoes, a bit stern. She pulls his sweater over his head, getting him ready for bed.

EILEEN

You know that doctor told me you're gonna die?

JIM

Like he's not?

EILEEN

If you keep drinking like this,
it'll kill you.

JIM

Screw him. You know they killed
your mother at that hospital. They
owe me more than stitches.

Eileen tries to get him to lie down.

EILEEN

Can you lean back?

JIM

Of course I can lean back. You
don't think I know how to go to
bed?

Eileen turns as she goes to put dad's sweater in the closet.
Dad gets up and tries to leave through the bedroom door.

JIM (CONT'D)

I need a drink. And anyway, I do
not sleep here. It's haunted.

EILEEN

Please Dad. If I bring you a bottle
will you lie down?

JIM

No. I wanna have a drink with my
daughter. You're different these
days. You're almost interesting.

85 INT. LIVING ROOM/DUNLOP HOUSE - NIGHT

85

A fire burns in the fireplace. Jim and Eileen stare at the
flames, sitting apart on the sofa, drinks in hand.

JIM

What do you do with all the money
you make at work?

Eileen wears her mother's coat.

JIM (CONT'D)

Why don't you ever buy your own
clothes?

Jim stares at the coat. Eileen strokes the fur collar.

JIM (CONT'D)

I remember that coat. I remember your mother...

EILEEN

How does it look on me?

JIM

Your mother looked beautiful in that coat. I bought it for her to wear when she got out of the bug house.

Eileen says nothing.

JIM (CONT'D)

You know I loved your mother. No matter what you think it looked like, I loved her. I know what people say about me. They think I made her crazy because I'm a hard ass. I may have yelled a few times but... she always forgave me. Cuz we loved each other. Love will make you crazy, Eileen. You'll probably never understand that.

EILEEN

Why?

JIM

Some people, they're the real people. Like in a movie, they're the ones you're watching. They're the ones making the moves. And the other people are just there, filling the space. And you take 'em for granted. You think, aw, they're easy. Take a penny leave a penny. That's you, Eileen. You're one.

86

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

86

The phone rings inside the house.

Through a window, outside, Eileen follows her dad as he trudges through the snow to the side door, carrying the cardboard box of bottles.

Eileen removes her keys and opens the door.

87 INT. KITCHEN/DUNLOP HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 87

The phone continue to ring but is unanswered. Eileen follows her dad into the kitchen. He rips off the top of the cardboard box and pulls out two bottles.

Eileen pulls a gun and shoots him in the head. Blood hits the wall.

88 INT. BATHROOM/DUNLOP HOUSE - DAY 88

Eileen lies in the bathtub. Her nose and mouth beneath the water. Downstairs the phone rings. Eileen closes her eyes. After a moment Jim yells up the stairs.

JIM (O.C.)

Eileen!

EILEEN

What, Dad?

JIM (O.C.)

The phone rang. Some woman looking for you.

Eileen sits up, yells back.

EILEEN

What did you say?

JIM (O.C.)

Nothing. I know nothing and said nothing.

Eileen leaps out of the bathtub.

89 INT. KITCHEN/DUNLOP HOUSE - DAY 89

The phone dangles off the hook, receiver thudding against the wall. Eileen flies in, soaking wet, wrapped in a towel.

EILEEN

Hello?

REBECCA (O.S.)

(tinny through the phone)
Hello, Christmas angel.

EILEEN

(brightening)
Rebecca?

As Rebecca speaks, Eileen's face transforms from dead tired to gleeful and beaming.

REBECCA (O.S.)

Look, I was just thinking of you and... well, I don't know what you're planning for Christmas Eve, but I thought maybe you'd like to come over. There are some records we could play, and maybe dance again, if all goes well... Unless you have a better offer, of course.

EILEEN

I don't have a better offer.

REBECCA (O.S.)

So you'll come?

EILEEN

Yeah.

Eileen holds the phone against her heart. God has answered her prayer.

REBECCA (O.S.)

Hello?

EILEEN

(holding the phone back
up)
Yeah, I'm here.

REBECCA (O.S.)

Let me give you the address.

EILEEN

Okay, hold on.

REBECCA (O.S.)
 It's 32 Maple Street. So, see you
 later. Okay, bye.

Eileen finds a pen and paper and starts writing. Jim stands at the sink peeling a boiled egg.

Eileen finishes the call and runs upstairs, taking them two at a time. Jim pops the whole egg into his mouth.

PRE-LAP: 'All These Things' by Art Neville.

90 INT. DODGE/EXT. DUNLOP STREET - DUSK 90

Eileen, dressed for her date drives happily. The roads are calm. The snow falls softly. Homes are full of happy families. Lights blink on Christmas trees.

Church bells chime through bare trees. The sky looks beautiful, tinged orange and blue as the sun sets.

Eileen is so happy.

91 OMITTED 91

92 OMITTED 92

93 INT. DODGE/EXT. MAPLE STREET HOUSE - NIGHT 93

Eileen drives down a residential street. She spots Rebecca's red Barracuda sitting parked in the driveway of a two-story brown home with peeling white trim. There are lights on in every window, music on inside, loud enough to hear outside.

Eileen parks, rolls up her window, smoothes her hair and applies lipstick in the rearview mirror, then gets out of the car with the bottle of wine.

Eileen unlatches the gate and steps into the yard. She walks carefully, not wanting to slip. In the window, a shadow moves behind yellow curtains. At the front door, Eileen knocks.

94 EXT. MAPLE STREET HOUSE - NIGHT

94

Rebecca swings open the door, holding a fat cat. She wears a large cardigan over her clothes. Her hair is mussed, her makeup a bit faded.

REBECCA

You made it! Oh, thank God you're here. It's a Christmas miracle.

EILEEN

Sorry it took me so long.

The cat claws at Rebecca's hair. She drops the cat on the porch.

REBECCA

I think that cat is possessed.

It hisses and runs away.

EILEEN

(holding out the bottle)
Merry Christmas!

She hands Rebecca the bottle of wine.

REBECCA

Well aren't you a peach. Come in!

They go inside the house.

95 INT. MAPLE STREET HOUSE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

95

The front hall of the house has peeling wallpaper, a hissing radiator. It's messy and lived-in. Something like a Pat Boone record (a song like "Secret Love") turns on the record player, filling the home with music.

REBECCA

Eileen, I'm sorry the place is such a mess. I haven't--I mean--I tried to clean up a bit, but it's just beyond me. I hope it doesn't make you uncomfortable. Let's open this wine.

Eileen follows Rebecca down the hallway toward the kitchen. They pass a living room: coffee table piled high with junk. Everything messy. There are squares on the wallpaper where frames have been removed.

A telephone hangs in the kitchen doorway. It rings. Rebecca picks it up and hangs it up.

96

INT. MAPLE STREET HOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

96

In the kitchen there is one chair at a small enamel table. The sink is full of dirty dishes, peanut shells and empty cans of Schlitz beer.

REBECCA

Here, sit down. I hope you didn't have to drive too far--was it far?

EILEEN

No, I drive all over the place.

Eileen sits awkwardly. She touches her face self-consciously, as if something might be on it. She unbuttons and re-buttons her coat. Rebecca stands and stares at Eileen, then collects herself.

REBECCA

Let me take your coat?

EILEEN

Oh thanks.

Rebecca helps Eileen take off her coat, then hangs it on a peg near the basement door. Rebecca fingers the fabric.

REBECCA

So nice and soft.

EILEEN

It was my mother's.

REBECCA

She must have been a really classy lady to have such a classy daughter.

EILEEN

She was something of a clothes horse, actually...

Rebecca returns to the kitchen and picks up the bottle.

REBECCA

Let's open this wine!

EILEEN

I hope it's a kind you like.

REBECCA

Oh, I'm sure it's delicious. A
drink sounds nice, actually. Let's
see where the corkscrew is
hiding...

Rebecca doesn't know where the corkscrew is. She pulls a rattling drawer and closes it. She opens a cabinet. Cans of soup, spices. It's a mess. She opens another drawer and it gets stuck halfway out. Exasperated, she turns to Eileen.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

You know, I've been so busy lately,
I can't seem to remember... There
must be one somewhere in all this
mess, huh?

She riffles through another drawer of spoons and forks.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Let me see... You know, a very
handy young PhD student once taught
me a trick for how to open a bottle
if you're ever stranded without a
corkscrew.

Rebecca takes off her shoe, puts the bottle into it, and slams it into a wall repeatedly.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Philosophers are always the biggest
drunks. Although he was kind of
cute.

With another slam, the cork rises.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Aha!

EILEEN

Wow! I didn't know you could do
that.

Rebecca pulls the cork out with her teeth.

REBECCA

Eugene Henderson, Harvard!

She spits out the cork. Eileen looks around with optimism but the home is completely incongruous with Rebecca's character and beauty.

EILEEN

What a great trick.

REBECCA

Now we need some glasses.

Rebecca looks through more cabinets, can't find any glasses. She comes back with two cheap coffee mugs, both chipped. She pours the wine.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

To Eileen, my Christmas savior.

EILEEN

Savior? I didn't do anything.

REBECCA

You're being a friend. That's everything.

Eileen blushes. Rebecca drinks. Eileen looks into Rebecca's eyes. Rebecca looks away nervously, her mind is clearly somewhere else. Eileen takes a sip, makes a sour face; she doesn't like the taste and worries the wine is not good.

EILEEN

Oh God, this is awful.

REBECCA

(purring)

Mmmmmmm. No. It's a punch of flavor, that's what Syrah is. I hope you haven't spent too much on it. To Jesus Christ, happy birthday!

Rebecca laughs.

EILEEN

Do you live here alone?

REBECCA

Oh no. Oh sure. I simply can't have roommates. I like my own space. You know, I still like to have fun. And I like to make a lot of noise. And make a mess, as you can see. I can play music as loud as I want, too. I can scream as loud as I want.

Rebecca sings an operatic high note.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Aaaaah!

EILEEN

I can't stand roommates either. In college I had to lock my door-

REBECCA

That's right. You were in college. What did you study again?

EILEEN

Just the required courses. If I hadn't left, I probably would have ended up a secretary anyway.

REBECCA

Eileen, you're not really a secretary. Mrs. Murray and Mrs. Stevens, they're secretaries. Because they do what they're told. And that's why they're miserable and nasty... You've got a big life in front of you, I'm sure.

EILEEN

Okay. I'm not a real secretary.

REBECCA

No, you're not. Because you're smart. And you're curious, aren't you?

EILEEN

I was never that good in school. I'm just kind of average, I think.

REBECCA

Oh don't say that, Eileen. Never say that. Do you really think of yourself as a normal person?

EILEEN

Normal how?

REBECCA

I really am a bad hostess. Maybe we'll feel better if we eat something.

Rebecca opens the old refrigerator.

EILEEN

I feel fine.

She pulls out a hunk of cheese.

EILEEN (CONT'D)

Can I use your bathroom?

REBECCA

(stiffly)

Sure. It's just up the stairs.

97

INT. MAPLE STREET HOUSE UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

97

Eileen slowly creeps up the stairs, taking in the strangeness of the house and all its creaks and cracks. The carpet on the steps is worn and faded.

At the second floor, she looks down a dismal hallway. A door is slightly open. She carefully tiptoes toward it, pushes it gently and looks inside. It's a small bedroom with a twin-sized bed. The small mattress is stripped and sagging.

Rebecca suddenly yells from the foot of the stairs, making Eileen gasp.

REBECCA (O.S.)

It's the other door, on the right.

Eileen hurries quietly to the other door.

98 INT. MAPLE STREET HOUSE BATHROOM - NIGHT 98

Eileen enters the small bathroom and looks at her reflection in the greasy mirror. On the lip of the sink there is a bar of soap with tiny curled hairs dried to its chalky surface. She peers at them.

She fingers the edge of the medicine cabinet door, pulls it a bit--something CLANGS downstairs--but resists opening it.

99 INT. MAPLE STREET HOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT 99

Eileen returns to the kitchen, more perturbed than when she left. Rebecca has set a hunk of cheese and a jar of pickles on the table. She stands with her arms crossed, a serious look in her eyes. She seems to have composed herself.

Eileen lets out a high neurotic giggle.

EILEEN

I'm sorry.

Rebecca opens the jar of pickles.

REBECCA

What do you have to be sorry about?

Rebecca studies Eileen. Eileen studies her back, then blushes. Eileen picks at the cheese with her fingers.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Go on, eat, eat. Have a pickle too. You're right. Why do we need a little cheese knife? To keep our fingers clean? It's all ridiculous. Everything is. All these stupid traditions. Like that warden and his prison, at Christmas.

EILEEN

What do you mean?

REBECCA

I've tried to explain how things need to change, but all he cares about is whether the boys are going to think about me while they molest themselves in their cells at night. God forbid.

(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)

There's a strict no masturbation policy at Moorehead. It's illegal to get off in prison. You know that, right?

Eileen pulls a pickle out of the jar and just holds it up.

EILEEN

Ummm.

REBECCA

As if that's the downfall of civilization. People having orgasms... You can't count on men to fix anything... People are so ashamed of their desires. Especially men.

Eileen puts the pickle back in the jar.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Eileen, as you can probably tell by now, I live a little differently from most people.

EILEEN

Oh not at all. Your house is really nice. It's cozy.

REBECCA

(rising intensity)

I don't mean the house. I have my own... ideas. Maybe you and I even share some of those ideas.

Eileen nervously picks at the cheese and eats it.

EILEEN

What ideas do we... share?

Rebecca leans toward Eileen, her voice suddenly soft, but urgent.

REBECCA

May I confide in you?

She takes Eileen's hand.

EILEEN

Of course.

REBECCA
It's about Lee Polk.

EILEEN
It is?

REBECCA
Yes. Tell me, Eileen. What would
make a person want to kill their
father?

EILEEN
Everybody wants to kill their
father.

REBECCA
No they don't. Who told you that?

Eileen shrugs.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Really think about it. What would
make you do it? Because Lee snuck
into his parents' bedroom in the
middle of the night and hacked
through his father's throat with an
old kitchen knife, stabbed him in
the chest repeatedly. His mother
claimed she thought there'd been a
break-in. How do you sleep through
something like that?

EILEEN
I don't know.

REBECCA
You don't. That's why I called her
in. You were there. The poor boy
could barely look at her. So
afterward, I just asked him point
blank. I said, what did your father
do to you? What made you want to do
that to your father's body? And he
spilled it all in a matter of
minutes. Nobody had ever bothered
to ask him before. Nobody had
wanted to know. Wouldn't you want
to know? Wouldn't you be curious?

EILEEN

Yes.

REBECCA

Do you want to know?

EILEEN

Yes.

REBECCA

Eileen, you can never tell anyone, you understand. Do you understand? Promise me.

EILEEN

Promise.

Rebecca sticks out her slender pinky finger. Eileen hooks hers around it. Rebecca kisses Eileen's hand.

REBECCA

The first thing you need to know is that This isn't my house, Eileen. It's the Polk house. I have Mrs. Polk tied up downstairs.

Eileen is heartbroken. Suddenly it becomes obvious to her that Rebecca's friendship is not motivated out of admiration and affection, as she'd prefer to think. Rebecca has forged a rapport as part of a strategy. She has assumed that Eileen would be useful to her.

Eileen stands slowly and walks to the front door, taking her coat as she goes. Rebecca calls after her.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Eileen! Please wait. I thought I could do this alone. Eileen, please don't go. Please.

100 OMITTED 100

101 INT. MAPLE STREET HOUSE FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS 101

Rebecca runs after her, stops her at the front door. Eileen pulls on her coat, getting ready to leave.

REBECCA

Eileen!

Rebecca throws herself at the door, blocking Eileen in.

EILEEN

I thought you invited me here
because you liked me.

REBECCA

Oh, I do. I'm sorry. Please just
give me a moment. Let me explain. I
need a friend.

Eileen says nothing.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I came here yesterday afternoon to
check on Mrs. Polk. I said I could
see she was upset after our meeting
with Lee, and was there anything
she wanted to discuss. She said
nothing, so I pressed her. I told
her what Lee had told me. She spat
at me, called me the pervert and
called her husband a saint. I left
my card, told her to think it over
but I knew she wouldn't call. And
then I left. I couldn't sleep last
night because I couldn't stop
thinking about what Lee told me--
what his father did to him and how
his mother had let it happen. I
don't even remember driving over
here. I was so angry. But suddenly
I was pushing past her asking how
could you do it? How could you be
complicit in such torture? And she
snapped, started screaming,
attacking me. See.

Rebecca shows Eileen her ripped sweater and scratches on her
shoulder.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

So I defended myself, we fought and
I don't know what happened but
somehow we fell downstairs to the
basement. I thought she was going
to kill me so I hit her with a
chair and tied her up.

(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I tried to talk to her, rationally, to explain that I was here to help Lee, that I could help her too, if she'd let me but she just kept screaming that I'd kidnapped her, that her husband was a cop, and I was going to go to jail. So, I found some codeine in the bathroom and got her to be quiet. And then I called you, because as you can see, I'm in a bit of a pinch.

EILEEN

What can I do?

REBECCA

I need her to confess. And I need a witness. Two against one, you understand? I can't go to jail.

EILEEN

Okay.

A moment passes before the solution comes to Eileen, so simple and easy she almost laughs.

EILEEN (CONT'D)

Wait here.

102 INT. DODGE/EXT. MAPLE STREET HOUSE - NIGHT 102

Eileen walks across the street to her parked car, leans into the Dodge and takes something from the glove compartment. She puts it in her coat pocket and strides back to the house.

103 INT. MAPLE STREET HOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT 103

Eileen carefully sets the gun on the table.

REBECCA

It's incredible. Why do you have that? Why did you bring that around here?

EILEEN

My dad's sick.

REBECCA

Pick it up. Show me how you'll hold it.

Eileen does as she's told, holding the gun with both hands, extending her arms out straight, lowering her face.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

That's very good, Eileen.

Rebecca wrinkles her nose and closes her sweater tight around her body.

Eileen and Rebecca go to the cellar door, slide the chain off the lock and pull it open. Rebecca turns, breathy and smiling, and grips Eileen's shoulder.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Alright. Be cool.

Eileen follows her down the stairs.

104

INT. MAPLE STREET HOUSE BASEMENT - NIGHT

104

Eileen and Rebecca go down into the basement together. Eileen gets a look at the junk in the corners of the room: a pile of wood pieces, a rusted sink, a washer and dryer.

Rebecca leads her into the darkness of the basement. She reaches to pull another light on. Mrs. Polk in a torn and dirtied nightdress, sits on the floor. She is gagged and bound by the hands to a pipe. There is dried blood in her hair and on her forehead.

Mrs. Polk's eyes bulge as they see Rebecca getting closer. She mumbles indiscernibly through the gag.

REBECCA

Mrs. Polk, just tell us the truth and I'll let you go free.

Rebecca kneels beside Mrs. Polk.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Families can heal. You're not a lost cause. Nobody is. I'm sure things were hard for you, being married to a man like that. It's obvious you're having a hard time.

(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Why don't you tell us what happened in this house? Why you helped your husband do what he did. And then we'll be even, and we can all walk out of here and we can figure out how to help Lee.

Mrs. Polk nods in agreement and Rebecca removes the gag.

MRS. POLK

Fucking untie me! Untie me! You crazy bitch, get out of my house! You're in big trouble if you think you're gonna get away with this. You're going to jail for a long time.

Rebecca turns to Eileen who stands in the shadows.

REBECCA

Eileen.

Eileen steps towards Mrs. Polk.

MRS. POLK

What the hell is she doing here?
What are you doing here?

EILEEN

I really think you need to tell us the truth, Mrs. Polk.

MRS. POLK

What the hell are you talking about?!

EILEEN

If you don't, we could leave you down here tied up. The human body can't live very long without food or water. And sooner or later you're going to have to take a shit. I guess you'll just have to shit all over yourself... and piss. That's not gonna feel very good.

MRS. POLK

I'm not scared of you--I know you. I know who your dad is.

EILEEN

If you know my dad, then you oughta be scared...

MRS. POLK

Scared of a womanizing drunk piece of shit who everybody knows is batshit crazy? You think he didn't have problems of his own? You think he didn't have secrets of his own? You think your mom didn't know about 'em? Think it didn't drive her crazy?

Eileen takes the gun from behind her back and points it at Mrs. Polk's head.

EILEEN

I am going to fucking kill you. If you don't start talking. Right now.

Mrs. Polk gasps and blubbers.

MRS. POLK

Please...

MRS. POLK (CONT'D)

Please, don't kill me.

EILEEN

I won't have to kill you if you talk.

REBECCA

I can't help you unless you confess.

She is truly terrified. She looks up at Eileen, who stares intently back at her. Eileen cocks the gun, determined.

MRS. POLK

Okay. You win...

MRS. POLK (CONT'D)

When you get married, and you have children... You take an oath, when you get married, to honor and obey your husband. You'll never understand that.

Eileen steps back but keeps the gun pointed at her as she talks.

MRS. POLK (CONT'D)

At first, I thought Mitch was just checking on him in his sleep, like any father would. Like he just wanted to be sure his son was safe and sound in bed. Sometimes I'd feel him getting out of bed; sometimes I'd just feel him when he'd come back. And he'd kiss me or hold me and... you know? We hadn't really been together since Lee'd been born. And not much before that. But suddenly Mitch wanted me. I was flattered. I didn't know what was going on, but I started getting these infections down there... oh God. I figured it was my fault. And then I wondered if Mitch had brought something home with him. Then one time I got up in the middle of the night. I don't remember why. Glass of water, I don't know. I thought maybe it was a dream. I went and looked in. It didn't dawn on me right away. I swear to you. You don't expect your husband's going to do something like that, you know. Nobody would believe it anyway. What was I gonna do? What could I do? And then I figured, if he was clean, an enema and a bath before bed, it would be better for all of us.

She bends forward, shakes her head back and forth, stunned it seems by her own words.

MRS. POLK (CONT'D)

I knew what I was doing wasn't quite right. But who do you tell? You do the best you can. You know what happens when you have children? Your husband never looks at you the same. But after he went to bed with Lee, he'd come to me. And it was like a big burden had been lifted. He was relaxed.

(MORE)

MRS. POLK (CONT'D)

And it felt good, how he'd hold me. He loved me then. He'd whisper and kiss me and say nice things. It was the way it had been before, when we were young and happy and in love, and it felt good to me. Is that so wrong? To want to feel that way? I had my husband back. You wouldn't understand. You're young. You haven't had your heart broken--

Eileen pulls the trigger--BOOM!--and hits Mrs. Polk in the shoulder. Rebecca screams.

Mrs. Polk starts to scream, struggling against her restraints. A quickly spreading darkness seeps through Mrs. Polk's nightdress.

MRS. POLK (CONT'D)

I'm bleeding! Help me! HELP ME!

She is becoming hysterical. Rebecca goes to Mrs. Polk's side.

REBECCA

Eileen! Help me!

She covers Mrs. Polk's mouth with her hand but she cannot be soothed. She pants like a crazed animal and shakes her head violently against Rebecca's hold, trying to scream for help.

Rebecca takes the bottle of sedatives from her pocket. Mrs. Polk twists her neck and bucks her head. Eileen reaches to grab Mrs. Polk's face, one fist under her jaw.

They wrestle Mrs. Polk's head like a farmer with a cow, pinch her nose closed. She clenches her jaw, holds her breath, stares up fiercely into their eyes. Finally her lips part and Rebecca works the pills into her mouth.

Finally Mrs. Polk stops moving, passed out.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Why did you shoot her?

EILEEN

I was upset.

REBECCA

What do we do now?

EILEEN

Take her to my house. My dad's always whipping his gun out, everyone knows it. We'll make it look like he shot her in a blackout. He's just a drunk piece of shit, right? He's gonna die or go crazy. The doctor said so. Then we can go to New York for the New Year just the two of us. I love you. It's okay.

Rebecca agrees.

EILEEN (CONT'D)

Come on.

105 OMITTED 105

106 EXT. MAPLE STREET HOUSE - NIGHT 106

Eileen reverses her car into the back yard. She gets out and helps Rebecca carry Mrs. Polk down the stairs to the car.

They bring her to the driver's side and Eileen opens the back door. They shove Mrs. Polk in and close her inside.

REBECCA

Go ahead to your father's house and wait for me there. I'll clean up here. We can't leave any evidence behind.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I'll be quick.

Rebecca turns to dash back into the house, hops up the icy stairs and closes the door behind her. Eileen jumps into the car and races off.

107 INT. DODGE/EXT. X-VILLE - NIGHT 107

Eileen drives fast through the deserted town with Mrs. Polk in the back seat. She's exhilarated.

- 108 INT. DODGE/EXT. DUNLOP HOUSE - NIGHT 108
Eileen pulls deep into the driveway behind the house and parks. She is serious, emboldened. She looks back at Mrs. Polk, who is still breathing and gets out quickly.
- 109 INT. KITCHEN/DUNLOP HOUSE - NIGHT 109
Eileen moves quietly through the dark house and finds Jim asleep in his chair by the window. She hurries upstairs.
- 110 INT. ATTIC/DUNLOP HOUSE - NIGHT 110
Eileen grabs the tin of money and stuffs the cash into a small purse. She moves fast, knowing Mrs. Polk could wake up. She looks out of the window, checking for Rebecca's imminent arrival.
- 111 INT. MOTHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 111
Eileen reaches into her mother's closet and takes a beautiful fur coat. She looks out the window to make sure that Mrs. Polk is still passed out. She is.
- 112 INT. FRONT ROOM/DUNLOP HOUSE - NIGHT 112
Eileen tiptoes down the stairs and enters the front room pulling on her mother's fur coat. She stands at the window and watches the road. No sign of Rebecca yet.
Eileen lights a cigarette. She smokes for a minute, considering her entire life.
A range of emotions triggered by the last few hours play across her face. She settles on austere self-preservation. This is not her death mask but something more integrated.
She is alive now. No sign of Rebecca. Slowly it dawns on Eileen that Rebecca is not coming. She sits back on the arm of the couch.
- 113 EXT. DODGE, DESERTED ROAD, NEW JERSEY - DAWN 113
Dodge headlights travel through the dark.

114 EXT. FOREST, NEW JERSEY - DAWN 114

The Dodge stops in a forest clearing overlooking a frozen lake.

115 EXT. FIELD, NEW JERSEY - DAWN 115

Eileen walks through the trees and breaks cover into an open field of snow. The sun starts to rise.

JIM (O.C.)

Eileen.

Eileen turns towards the voice.

116 INT. FRONT ROOM/DUNLOP HOUSE - NIGHT 116

Eileen has not left. She still sits at home staring out of the window.

JIM (O.C.)

Eileen.

Eileen turns to face her dad who has started to wake in his wingback.

EILEEN

Go back to sleep, dad.

JIM

Where are you going?

Eileen turns back to look out the window at the empty road. No sign of Rebecca.

EILEEN

I think I might just get on the road.

JIM

Well all right, then.

Eileen stubs out her cigarette.

EILEEN

Goodnight, Dad.

- 117 INT. FRONT HALL/DUNLOP HOUSE - NIGHT 117
Eileen stands in the front room. She looks up the stairs, saying goodbye to the house. She turns and opens the front door.
- 118 EXT. DUNLOP HOUSE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS) 118
Eileen steps outside. Eileen shuts the front door. An icicle breaks off the rafter and falls, slicing her cheek. She is shocked. She touches the blood and tastes it.
- 119 OMITTED 119
- 120 INT. DODGE/EXT. DESERTED ROAD, NEW JERSEY - DAWN 120
Eileen looks at her face in the rearview mirror. The cut on her face has clotted. She drives down an empty road.

In the back seat, Mrs. Polk stirs.

Eileen looks back at her, concerned. It's now or never. She pulls over to the side of the road and down a narrow track.
- 121 EXT. FOREST, NEW JERSEY - DAWN 121
The Dodge stops in a forest clearing overlooking a frozen lake.

Eileen rolls up the windows and closes the door gently, leaving the engine running. The car fills with fumes.
- 122 EXT. ROAD - DAWN 122
Eileen walks down a road, sticking her thumb out to hitch a ride. A truck pulls over.
- 123 EXT. FOREST, NEW JERSEY - DAWN 123
The car stands alone overlooking the frozen lake. From inside all the windows fog up with exhaust fumes.

124 INT. TRUCK/ EXT. ROAD - MORNING 124

Eileen sits in the passenger seat of a semi. Christmas carol on the radio. She smiles to herself.

125 EXT. ONRAMP - HIGHWAY - MORNING 125

The truck enters the highway from the onramp and merges with traffic.

THE END