

NIP/TUCK

"Anastasia Spivey"

by

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BLACK

SEAN (O.C.)
So tell us what you don't like about
yourself.

FADE IN:

INT. RECEIVING OFFICE

Sean and Christian are seated before what appears to be the perfect family. SARAH SPIVEY, early 40s, is all blonde, makeup and smiles. Beside her, JOHN SPIVEY, late 40s, looms, quiet and intense, an accountant made king.

SARAH
She only has one breast.

ANASTASIA SPIVEY sits beside her parents. A younger version of Sarah, she is well-developed for her age and knows it. She could easily pass for eighteen, especially in the way she acts. She gazes at Christian, brushing the end of a pen over her lips.

CHRISTIAN
She looks great.

SARAH
She's been wearing padded bras for nearly
two years.

ANASTASIA
And a half.

SEAN
So that means she's a late bloomer?

SARAH
Not really. She started developing when
she was ten. Just like her mother. Been
taking estrogen for two years to get the
other one to grow, but...

Christian and Sean exchange a look.

CHRISTIAN
(shocked)
You're thirteen?

ANASTASIA
You can't imagine what it's like. I
can't wear what I want because I have to
have freakish padded bras.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)

I have to hide when I'm changing for gym class. As for boys, well...

CHRISTIAN

Kids not so nice?

ANASTASIA

The kids aren't my problem.

Anastasia lifts up her shirt and bra. One half of her chest is barely developed. The other is large, round and full, perfect except for a small round discoloration near the areolas.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)

(re: her chest)

This is.

SARAH

(quickly, nervous glance toward John)

Anastasia.

ANASTASIA

Nothing you haven't seen before.

(to Christian)

Right?

CHRISTIAN

Your situation is not common, but it is treatable. We can also treat that slight discoloration if you want --

ANASTASIA

(putting down her shirt)

It's a birthmark.

CHRISTIAN

Well, it would be up to you, but I don't see any reason why you can't be living a happy, normal life.

SEAN

Except for the fact that she's still growing.

ANASTASIA

(re: her chest)

How much more am I going to grow?

SEAN

That's not what I meant. This is an invasive surgical procedure. Your body may change--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SARAH

We heard you were the best. Isn't that what follow-up treatment is for?

SEAN

Well, yes, but...

CHRISTIAN

Yes, it is.

SEAN

If we decide it's the best course of action. I don't think we can recommend surgery for anyone so young.

(standing)

Why don't you wait a few more years...?

Anastasia and Sarah look toward John, nervous, expectant. There is an awkward silence for a moment, until John speaks up, almost causing his family to jump.

JOHN

Schedule the operation.

Christian holds out his hand to John. John looks at it, then shakes it, avoiding eye contact.

CHRISTIAN

Great. Let us know her schedule and we'll fit her in as soon as possible, since you came by referral.

Christian emphasizes the last word to Sean, who realizes Christian is going to take this case with or without him.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

(to Anastasia)

You'll be having the boys calling you in no time.

Anastasia seems pleased with that.

SEAN

Is this what you want?

Anastasia glances at her parents.

ANASTASIA

I want to be normal.

FADE TO BLACK

CHRISTIAN (O.C.)

So tell me what you don't like about your
body.

FADE IN:

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

A GIRL is dancing at a club. She's looks young, eighteen if
you're lucky, dressed in little girl chic: Mary Janes, plaid
skirt, pigtails. She moves to the music, with Christian.

GIRL

What are you talking about? I love my
body.

CHRISTIAN

That's refreshing. So do I.

INT. MCNAMARA BEDROOM - NIGHT

Loud music plays as Sean undoes his shirt. Julia comes in,
heads for her dresser. They collide, look at each other a
beat. Sean breaks the spell.

SEAN

Did you wash the car?

JULIA

No, no. Tomorrow.

SEAN

Did you want me to wash it for you?

JULIA

I'm making Matt do it.

SEAN

You look nice.

JULIA

I shaved.

SEAN

Julia, I know... we haven't...

He smiles awkwardly, then turns his head --

SEAN (CONT'D)

Matt! Turn that down!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He turns back as the music is lowered to find Julia looking at him. Before he can speak, she answers his question.

JULIA

Okay.

INT. CHRISTIAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Christian pushes the girl back on his bed, grabs at his clothes. She tries to wiggle out of her clothes, take out her pigtails.

CHRISTIAN

No, leave them in.

GIRL

Oh, the doctor likes little girls.

INT. SEAN AND JULIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sean and Julia are tentatively kissing, as they move toward the bed. Sean trips over a pair of shoes, shakes his head. They break for a moment as he puts the shoes aside. Then he gestures to the bed.

INT. CHRISTIAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Christian is all over her, her Mary Janes bobbing in the air.

INT. MCNAMARA BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sean and Julia are on the bed, kissing heavily, when suddenly, Julia reacts, looks down. Sean, embarrassed, rolls onto his back.

JULIA

It's fine.

SEAN

I'm sorry.

JULIA

Don't worry about it.

Julia rolls over, brings the covers up close to her. Off Julia, feeling strangely hurt...

MAIN TITLES.

INT. MCNAMARA KITCHEN - DAY

Julia places a bowl of cereal in front of Annie as Matt digs in on his.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE

I want eggs.

JULIA

We're out of eggs. This is just as good.

ANNIE

No, it's not.

Julia is staring at Matt, near his forehead. Matt holds his hand to his forehead, self-conscious.

MATT

What?

Julia shakes her head, realizes what she's doing. Sean enters.

JULIA

Nothing. You need more milk?

SEAN

Morning.

He awkwardly tries to give Julia a kiss on the cheek. She plays it off, suddenly intent on moving the milk toward the table.

MATT

Can I go over to Ridley's place next Wednesday? We have our chem final Thursday.

SEAN

Ridley, isn't that who...

ANNIE

Who what?

MATT

It's over.

ANNIE

Who what?

SEAN

Obviously not. I thought you were trying to do the right thing.

ANNIE

(over)

Who what who what who what who what who what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MATT

(over)
We're studying. Period.
(to Annie)
That's enough.

ANNIE

(quieted, disappointed)
You're just like Daddy.

Matt looks at his sister, unsettled.

MATT

No, I'm not.

ANNIE

Are too.

SEAN

As long as her parents will be home. Do
we have any eggs?

Julia slams the cereal box down.

JULIA

We're out of eggs.
(composes herself)
It's finals. I stayed up late last night
studying.

SEAN

You stayed up late?

JULIA

I got up after you went to sleep.

MATT

(to Sean)
Why couldn't you get eggs?

SEAN

We had eggs yesterday.

Matt rolls his eyes.

SEAN (CONT'D)

What? I'll go by the store today. I'll
just have to juggle a few things. We're
doing our internal audit and--

JULIA

Don't worry about it. I'll get them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SEAN

No, I want to help.

JULIA

Okay. I won't be home next Wednesday; I'm prepping for my practical. I need someone to watch Annie.

SEAN

I have surgery scheduled every day next week.

JULIA

Fine. I'll take Annie. I'm sure she'll love watching me dissect a corpse.

ANNIE

Eww.

SEAN

Don't be ridiculous.

JULIA

What do you want me to do? You want me to skip my finals?

SEAN

I didn't say that.

ANNIE

I can watch myself.

JULIA

Thanks for offering, sweetie, but no you can't.

MATT

I'll watch her.

JULIA

You will? What about your friend?

MATT

I'll have her come here.

SEAN

No. It's one thing for you to be together, but with no supervision?

MATT

Thanks, Dad, but just because you can't control yourself doesn't mean I won't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Matt grabs a banana and heads out, leaving Sean to avoid Julia's gaze.

ANNIE

Why can't Daddy control himself?

SEAN (O.C.)

I don't know.

INT. SCRUBBING ROOM - DAY

Sean and Christian are scrubbing up for surgery.

CHRISTIAN

You got tickets to the Dolphins and you don't know if you're going?

SEAN

I'm overbooked as it is...

CHRISTIAN

I'm telling you, this internal audit crap is a waste of our talents. Hire someone to do it. You need time to enjoy the finer things in life... like tacos, and whatever the girl sunning herself by the pool can do for you...

SEAN

I don't have time for tacos.

CHRISTIAN

Did you let Julia know?

SEAN

(ignoring)

You're the one who insisted we take on the Spivey breast enhancement.

CHRISTIAN

The Spiveys are the way in. With just this one job, we can have access to all those housewives in Bal Harbour, bored with their money and their bodies.

SEAN

They're connected; I get it.

CHRISTIAN

Old money, Sean. You know what I'm saying? One time a cop gave Papa Spivey a speeding ticket.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

The man couldn't buy a watermelon in town until he was begging on his knees for forgiveness. They own Miami.

SEAN

You think they'd want to buy those seats off of me?

CHRISTIAN

You'd sell them? Matt would die to go.

SEAN

I know. I don't think he wants anything from me right now.

CHRISTIAN

I'll take him.

SEAN

What if he thinks I'm buying him off?

CHRISTIAN

I'll find a way to break it to him that his dad loves him.

Sean finishes washing up, looks into the operating room, then at his watch.

SEAN

Where's our guest of honor?

INT. OFFICE - CORRIDOR - DAY

Christian moves down the corridor as he runs into Anastasia, closing the door to a room. She sees him and smiles.

CHRISTIAN

I know surgery makes people nervous, but we don't usually find them hiding in the supply closet.

ANASTASIA

(suggestive)

Are you ready to make a woman out of me?

PUSH IN on Christian. Is she for real?

CHRISTIAN

Where's your mom and dad?

ANASTASIA

My parents aren't worried. After all, I'm going to be in your hands. Can you tell me where the bathroom is?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks at her for a moment, makes a decision, then smiles.

CHRISTIAN

Let me show you the way.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

A loud, upbeat song about getting laid plays as the doctors perform surgery.

INT. MEDICAL SCHOOL LAB - DAY

Jude and Julia are on opposite sides of a body covered tastefully by a sheet.

PROFESSOR

By now you should recognize what's in front of you. Next week, you will be facing this alone, so make sure you give your partner a turn at the switch. Now please create an incision at the media stinum and begin with the nerves.

Jude offers the scalpel to Julia, who gestures impatiently for him to go ahead. He does.

JUDE

You know, you're going to have to talk to me sometime.

JULIA

That's a vein, not a nerve.

Jude checks, realizes she's right.

JUDE

Okay, you're right. I was hoping for something a little more personal.

JULIA

I think we have had too many personal conversations.

PROFESSOR

Switch.

Jude hands Julia the scalpel. She brings the scalpel close, but her hand hesitates.

JUDE

I would say I was -- I am a little jealous of you.

Julia looks at him like he's nuts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDE (CONT'D)

You have a family, you have someone to support you going through this. I know that things with your husband --

JULIA

I would trade places with you in a heartbeat.

PROFESSOR

Please do.

(moving in, loudly to all)

Next on to the superior vena cava. Ms. McNamara?

Julia lifts the scalpel, attempts a tentative cut at the chest cavity, as all turn to watch.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Better luck next week.

The Professor moves off. Julia sees her dreams ending.

JUDE

You know this, better than most people here. You just need someone to help you get over your corpse fright.

JULIA

(looking at Jude)

You know, you're right.

INT. SEAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Linda enters with a pile of folders.

SEAN

What are these?

LINDA

You asked me to sort through files to put into storage. These are all former patients we haven't heard from in a year.

As Linda leaves, Sean lifts up a file that reads "Meagan O'Hara." He opens it to a picture of her, smiling directly at him. He puts it down, only for his field of vision to be filled by Julia.

SEAN

Julia --

He puts the file away -- under some others.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEAN (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

JULIA

Good to see you, too.

SEAN

I'm sorry, it's just -- shouldn't you be studying?

JULIA

Yes. Actually, that's why I'm here.

SEAN

It's just that here we are, with our recent boost in clients, we're archiving our records... and it's just so busy.

JULIA

Of course.

SEAN

That came across as...

JULIA

Patronizing? They're your kids, too, Sean. You don't get to not be a parent whenever it's inconvenient for you.

SEAN

Do you want me to cancel a client for next week?

JULIA

Forget it. That's not even why I came.

Julia gets up to leave.

SEAN

Wait, what did you come to talk about?

Linda pokes her head in.

LINDA

Jeff Voorhees is on the line regarding his procedure. He's pretty hysterical.

Julia goes out into --

INT. SEAN'S OFFICE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

-- and runs into Christian.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTIAN

Julia. What a nice surprise.

He kisses her congenially on the cheek.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

What did he do this time?

Julia smiles, pretends she doesn't know what he's talking about.

JULIA

I don't come here to complain.

CHRISTIAN

Of course not. So what did he do?

JULIA

(beat)

We ran out of eggs.

CHRISTIAN

Oh no.

JULIA

(smiling)

And then Matt wanted to have a certain female friend over.

CHRISTIAN

Good for him. I mean, the worst.

JULIA

And then... I have my finals next week.

CHRISTIAN

Oh, those are a doozy. Especially the practicals. Those'll make or break you.

Julia grimaces, uncomfortable, about the prospect of being broken. Christian leans in, mollifying.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Not all doctors can handle being surgeons. I'm living proof. But corpses I can actually handle.

JULIA

You must tell me your secret.

CHRISTIAN

I'll do one better. When is the lab open?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JULIA

It's open 24 hours. I was planning to go down next Wednesday.

CHRISTIAN

Then prepare to be dazzled, doctor. I'll pick you up at eight.

Christian moves off, charming smile flashing extra brightly, as Julia can't help but smile to herself as well.

INT. SEAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Sean enters his office, exhausted. The lights are out. He throws his coat onto the couch, then turns to see a man, LUCAS, leaning on the edge of his desk and another man sitting behind him. Sean moves closer.

SEAN

Mr. Spivey?

REVEAL John is at the desk, gazing at a picture.

SEAN (CONT'D)

It's late. Can I help you?

LUCAS

Oh, yes. You will. Where are my manners? I'm Lucas, an associate of Mr. Spivey.

SEAN

You're his lawyer?

LUCAS

Sit down, Doctor.

SEAN

He's, uh, in my seat...

LUCAS

Sit down.

Sean sits down in one of the patient chairs.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

Mr. Spivey's daughter is a special girl.

SEAN

You want to tell me what this is about?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCAS

He could never stand it if anything bad were to happen to her. Can you imagine what that does to a father?

SEAN

I know what that does.

LUCAS

Good. So as a father you can understand that when Anastasia's... innocence attracts unwanted attention, Mr. Spivey is inclined to take action that others might view as... extreme. You would understand how someone who hurt Anastasia might find a successful business suddenly difficult... close friends fleeting... his family absent...

(waving his hand away)

or...

SEAN

You come here, to my office, to tell me he's a good father?

LUCAS

You know why we're here.

SEAN

Are you accusing this office of something?

LUCAS

No. Anastasia is.

SEAN

That's impossible. No female patient is ever alone with any one person.

LUCAS

Never? Not even, say, on the way to the restroom?

Sean has no answer, his private suspicion growing.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

I don't need to describe to you Mr. Spivey's feelings upon finding out that someone took advantage of her. Someone she trusted. Her physician.

SEAN

Her physician...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LUCAS

The man who performed her operation.
You, doctor.

SEAN

What do you want?

John throws a legal-looking document at Sean.

JOHN

Sign this.

SEAN

What is it?

JOHN

An opportunity. Save everyone a lot of
pain. Come clean. We both know what
happened.

SEAN

Nothing happened.

JOHN

Then you have a problem.

FADE TO BLACK

ACT TWO

INT. SEAN'S OFFICE CORRIDOR - DAY

Sean is moving toward his office, as Linda catches up to him.

LINDA
Your 8:30 cancelled. Sudden death in the family.

This stops Sean, but then he hears Christian's laughter mingled with a woman's, in the other room.

SEAN
Then who's in there?

MARGARET (O.C.)
Whoa! It feels weird.

Sean moves into --

INT. SEAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sean moves in to see Christian, laughing with the attractive, 30-something MARGARET PATRILLO. The wobbly D-Cup in her hands slips, but Christian deftly catches it before it hits the ground. He gives it back.

MARGARET
Nice catch.

CHRISTIAN
I'm a natural at handling breasts.
This is my partner, Sean McNamara.

SEAN
(re: D-cup)
Maybe we should put that away.

MARGARET
You're right. He has no sense of humor.

CHRISTIAN
(off Sean's look)
I didn't say that.
(with a wink to Margaret)
Exactly.
(to Sean)
This is --

MARGARET
(standing, offering her hand)
Detective Margaret Patrillo, Miami Police.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sean glares at Christian, who is smiling at Sean to encourage him to continue the charade.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Don't worry. I'm not here to "take you downtown." Not unless you have a sudden urge to talk to me without a lawyer?

SEAN

I didn't do anything.

MARGARET

Worth a shot. Waste of my time, really. Twenty-five percent of these accusations are just a load of bull.

SEAN

So you're not going to investigate?

MARGARET

Oh, yeah, I have to. You know how it is. I'll subpoena your client records, but as long as you haven't slept with any of your other patients, you should be fine.

Sean and Christian look at each other with alarm.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

I don't see what the big deal is. Me, when I was that age -- phew -- parents just don't understand their little girls grow up a lot faster than they think.

SEAN

She's thirteen years old. A child.

MARGARET

Sure doesn't look like one. But then, who am I talking to? You're the one who made sure of that. See you soon.

Margaret hands Sean the D-Cup and exits. Sean turns to a concerned Christian.

CHRISTIAN

It's her word against yours.

SEAN

It's not *my* word I'm worried about.

CHRISTIAN

(sensing Sean blames him)
What are you saying, Sean?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SEAN

(avoiding)

It's the accusation. Just having it out there will ruin us. She's going to call our clients; they'll find out everything -- what's in the swamp --

CHRISTIAN

Margaret didn't seem that convinced anything happened. I'll talk to her.

SEAN

You weren't there. John Spivey isn't just going to go away. He's used to getting what he wants. And if they find out it's not me, they'll come after you.

CHRISTIAN

You lucked out because the patient you slept with is dead.

Sean flinches.

SEAN

Whatever I did, it doesn't hold a candle to what you've been doing for years.

CHRISTIAN

You must spend an awful lot of time thinking you're better than me.

SEAN

I'm just saying, they're going to go on your track record.

CHRISTIAN

I'm not the one who screwed around on my wife, and I'm sure as hell not the one accusing my best friend of molesting a child when you know what happened to me.

SEAN

I'm sorry. I wasn't... I forgot.

CHRISTIAN

I'm glad one of us can. You think you know what it's like; you think you have any clue what you're suggesting, well go ahead. You have a question you want to ask me, partner, ask it.

Sean pauses a beat, then turns away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

I didn't think so.

Christian stalks out of the room.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

A SUITED MAN sits, watching from a discreet distance the hustle of young adults. Matt comes out of the building, feels the man's eyes on him. The man looks away. Unsettled, Matt shrugs it off, then runs into Cara Fitzgerald. They look at each other a long beat, then she starts to move away.

MATT

Cara.

CARA

I'm sorry. I'm sorry I can't talk to you.

MATT

(lame)

You're taking Chemistry.

CARA

You want to talk to me about Chemistry?

MATT

I'm having a study session next week at my house. It might be helpful. To study together.

CARA

No, I don't think so.

Cara, flustered, moves off.

MATT

I don't want to be this person, the kind that wrecks lives, families, and doesn't even notice. I can change. I'm not a monster.

CARA

No, you're not... but thanks to you, I am.

Cara rushes off, leaving Matt, upset.

INT. MEDICAL SUPPLY CLOSET

Grace is looking through the supplies, clipboard in hand, when Sean enters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE

Oh, I'll be out of your way in just a minute.

SEAN

No hurry. Is something wrong?

GRACE

I'm missing a bottle of Vicodin. It probably fell down behind the case.

SEAN

Let me give you a hand.

Sean and Grace start to move the shelves holding the medicines.

GRACE

So, I hear you're a child molester.

His end of the shelf slips out of his hand. He scrambles to keep the supplies from falling out.

SEAN

Where did you -- ? How did you -- ?

GRACE

Relax. No one else knows.

SEAN

Except for, apparently, all our clients.

GRACE

How did this happen?

He shoots her a look.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Hey. For the record, I know you didn't do it.

SEAN

Thanks.

(as they start to move the shelf again)

Can I ask you something? What kind of person could do that to a child?

GRACE

If you're asking me who, it could be anyone -- family, neighbors, priests. Unfortunately, it's usually someone close, trusted. The abuse can be physical as well as sexual.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GRACE (CONT'D)

If you're asking me why, that's a whole
nother story...

SEAN

What if someone had been through the same
thing as a child?

GRACE

That all depends on the person.

Sean looks behind the case.

SEAN

I don't see anything. I'll check to see
if I have any in the examining room.

Sean starts to leave.

GRACE

Sean. Survivors, if that's what we're
talking about, don't generally grow up to
start the cycle over again.

SEAN

Okay.

GRACE

But some do.

EXT. MCNAMARA HOUSE - DAY

Christian is walking down the sidewalk, an envelope and a bag
in his hand. A MAN IN A SUIT walks by, bumping him and
causing him to drop the envelope.

CHRISTIAN

Hey!

The man keeps walking. Christian picks up the envelope.

A CAR drives by, very slowly, while an OLDER WOMAN appears to
glare at him.

Christian looks around, notices a NEIGHBOR in a baseball cap,
ostensibly sweeping the sidewalk, eyeing him.

Christian quickens his pace, and knocks on the door.

INT. SEAN AND JULIA'S KITCHEN - DAY

Matt opens the door to find Christian.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT

Hey. You okay? You look a little rattled.

CHRISTIAN

Yeah, I'm fine. I brought eggs. Just in case.

MATT

Dad ask you to bring them over? I don't believe him.

Annie comes in.

CHRISTIAN

Hey, Annie.

She ignores him.

ANNIE

Where's the remote?

MATT

I don't know. Hey, Christian brought eggs.

ANNIE

I don't want eggs. I want ice cream.

CHRISTIAN

Maybe your mom or dad will get you ice cream.

ANNIE

No, they won't. Mom is studying and Dad's insensitive.

Matt and Christian both laugh, surprised. Annie walks off. Christian hands Matt two tickets.

CHRISTIAN

Oh, before I forget. Two tickets to the game next week.

MATT

I can't believe you got tickets! Dad's been trying to get them for weeks. How'd you swing this?

CHRISTIAN

(beat)
I know someone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MATT

He'll never let me go. Didn't you hear?
He's insensitive.

CHRISTIAN

I'll talk to him. I have an in.

MATT

Good luck.

CHRISTIAN

Is this general hate-my-father teenage
angst, or is it something else?

MATT

I don't have teenage angst.

CHRISTIAN

Right, forgive me.

MATT

And it's not just me.

CHRISTIAN

Your mom.

MATT

She's trying to do something with herself
and he's like... not caring or doing
anything about it. Work is always a huge
crisis, like inventory is so important.

Christian registers the omission.

MATT (CONT'D)

But on top of all of that, he... you
know. What he did with that woman. I
know it's been awhile, but...

(beat)

I could have told her.

CHRISTIAN

Hey, that's not your job. Your job is to
screw around and enjoy life.

MATT

That's what I'm afraid of. What if
that's what's going to happen to me? I'm
not going to be like him.

(beat)

Am I?

Christian looks at him, unable to answer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ANNIE (O.C.)

Found it.

Annie walks in, prepares to flop down in front of the TV. Christian sees something O.C. out the window.

CHRISTIAN

Annie, get down.

ANNIE

What?

Christian moves forward and puts his hand over Annie's head as a BRICK comes CRASHING through the window as all three shield themselves from the flying glass.

After it settles, Christian takes off out the door as Matt moves to Annie.

MATT

Are you okay? Annie?

Annie nods, scared. Matt's eye falls on a piece of paper attached to the brick.

EXT. MCNAMARA HOUSE - DAY

Christian runs out. He looks around. The street is empty. Matt comes out, holding a piece of paper.

CHRISTIAN

Dammit.

MATT

What is this?

Christian looks at the paper. It reads in a disturbing scrawl: "Get out off our hood, chester. Leave are kids alone."

MATT (CONT'D)

There was this guy, before, at school...
Do they think that I...?

CHRISTIAN

Not you.

MATT

Oh, my God. What did Dad do?

As Matt stares in horror at the note, we...

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. SEAN AND JULIA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Julia paces, staring at the brick, opposite Sean, looking through his calendar, trying to be the calm rational one.

JULIA
Don't tell me to relax.

SEAN
I'll call a contractor first thing tomorrow morning. Will you be home?

JULIA
Sean, you're not even listening.

SEAN
You have your practical. I forgot. How about tonight?

JULIA
No. I have a... I booked the lab.

SEAN
I think I know someone who can come in the morning. It'll be good as new. Better.

JULIA
You can't fix this with a little elbow grease.

SEAN
It's nothing. I'll take care of it after I finish off at the office.

Julia drops the brick on Sean's calendar, jolting him.

JULIA
Someone threw a brick through our window. At our children.

SEAN
I know. But it's safe now. Trust me.

JULIA
Why is it safe now?

SEAN
I hired someone to keep an eye out for you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIA

Wow. My husband hired someone to watch me without my knowing. I feel safer already.

SEAN

It wasn't like that. I'm trying to protect this family.

JULIA

Do you know who did this?

SEAN

(looking at the note)

Apparently someone who failed high school English.

(off her look/honestly)

No, no I don't know. It could have been anyone.

JULIA

Yet you don't want to call the police. Explain that to me.

SEAN

I don't think it's a good idea, getting all that attention.

JULIA

Why not?

SEAN

The police, they never really solve anything.

JULIA

Cut the crap, Sean. Why not?

SEAN

Because it may make matters worse.

JULIA

Oh, God, Sean. What did you do this time?

SEAN

Nothing. It's about something... I was accused of at work, with one of our patients.

JULIA

You just couldn't keep it in your pants, could you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SEAN

What? What makes you think -- ?

JULIA

Am I wrong?

SEAN

No. Yes. No, nothing happened.

JULIA

This is why, isn't it?

SEAN

Why what?

JULIA

I'll give you a wild guess.

SEAN

Look, I don't know why... It's been a year... a year ago this month since... I guess I haven't gotten over Meagan.

JULIA

So you grabbed the first piece of ass that came along.

SEAN

She's a child!

This stops Julia.

JULIA

You... with a child?

SEAN

No, of course not. She's thirteen. It's an accusation, that's all. You know I would never...

JULIA

I don't know what you'd do.

The doorbell rings. Julia, expecting Christian and at a loss, ignores it.

SEAN

I'll get it.

JULIA

Wait, no, it's for me.

Sean is heading toward the door before Julia can stop him. He opens it and takes a step back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SEAN

I'm surprised to see you here.

JULIA

I can explain...

Sean opens the door wider to allow Cara to enter. Julia visibly relaxes.

CARA

Sorry to bother you, Dr. McNamara. Mrs. McNamara. Is Matt home?

SEAN

Straight down the hall.
(as Cara leaves, to Julia)
Who were you expecting?

INT. MEDICAL SCHOOL LAB - NIGHT

OPEN ON a corpse, covered in a sheet. A lock of hair peeps out from under it. PULL BACK to reveal Julia is looking at it with trepidation. Christian sits next to her, arms crossed.

CHRISTIAN

So how many of these puppies have you cut up?

JULIA

Do we have to refer to them as puppies?

CHRISTIAN

No puppies, check. We will approach your subject as if he were a patient.

Christian walks over and pulls back the sheet. He folds it over his arm, like a waiter.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Tell me, Bob -- May I call you Bob? What don't you like about your body?

(...)

I agree, a bit of lift around the eyes would add immeasurably.

JULIA

Can you be serious?

CHRISTIAN

Okay, this is serious. If you don't complete the practical on your own, you'll be out of medical school for good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Christian hands her a scalpel. Julia takes a step forward, her hands shaking. Christian gently takes her hand in his.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

First rule of surgery, no shaking hands.
Your patients will thank you.

JULIA

I can't help it. Nobody ever said...

CHRISTIAN

What?

JULIA

I keep looking at Matt. He has a great carotid artery... really pronounced... right there.

(gesturing to corpse's neck)

I couldn't help but think... it would be so easy... I keep seeing him...

She puts down the scalpel, backs away. Christian is impressed by her vulnerability and somewhat ashamed of his own attitude.

CHRISTIAN

He's not Matt.

JULIA

Does it ever go away? Do you ever stop seeing people as bodies?

CHRISTIAN

(looking at her)

Yes.

(beat)

Close your eyes and relax. Imagine it's anyone other than your son.

Julia does so. When she opens her eyes, instead of the corpse she sees

SEAN

laid out on the gurney. She takes a deep breath. Christian covers her hand in hers, drawing close. Julia calmly places an incision along the way. Dead Sean is blissfully unaware. A slight smile plays to her lips.

JULIA

Nice.

CHRISTIAN

That's what all the girls say.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JULIA
But this is the thyroid.

CHRISTIAN
Don't tell Sean.

The sound of his name is suddenly jarring in the room.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
(beat)
Now you can tell me why you're really
here.

Julia is flustered.

JULIA
I don't know what you're thinking...

CHRISTIAN
You know what you're doing. You've
wanted to be a doctor for as long as I've
known you. Why do you think you can't do
this?

JULIA
Of course I can do this.

Julia starts to put the scalpel to the patient, now a generic
corpse again, but her hands are shaking.

JULIA (CONT'D)
I'm a mother. How can I see my own
children as bodies? I'm trying so hard
to make everyone see me as a doctor, but
it's a sham. I'm a housewife. That's
all I've ever been.

CHRISTIAN
I see a doctor. Everything else has been
the sham.

Christian and Julia lock eyes as he takes her scalpel hand in
his. Before either know what they're doing, they fold into a
kiss.

Christian goes for her shirt.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
You don't know...

JULIA
Christian--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

He kisses her again, more urgent. She's into it as he pushes her back toward the corpse. Creeped out, she glances down to see Sean, dead. She tries to ignore him, but her eyes wander back to him again.

Finally, Julia tries to push Christian back, stop her from unbuttoning her shirt, growing more agitated.

JULIA (CONT'D)

No --

He pushes her against the body.

CHRISTIAN

You can't tell me you don't want this.

He won't stop. Frantic, she reaches back, grabs the scalpel and in a flash--

JULIA

I said no!

Christian is standing in front of her, panting, his hand bleeding from where she knifed him. He looks at his hand, aghast, then at her. He steps back as she tries to cover herself up.

CHRISTIAN

I'm... sorry.

He turns and lopes out the door.

Julia looks at the scalpel, then shoves it into the body on the table.

INT. MCNAMARA KITCHEN

Ridley is looking bored as Cara goes over yet another chemistry problem. Annie is reading a book in the background.

CARA

Next chapter.

ANNIE

Can we get ice cream now?

MATT

Maybe when Mom comes home.

ANNIE

When does she come home?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT
I don't know, later.

RIDLEY
I'm going to get something to drink.
Matt, show me what you got?

CARA
(to Annie)
I like ice cream.

ANNIE
Me too. Why do you have a scar on your
face?

Ridley moves toward the fridge, opens it, and immediately
turns to Matt and speaks under her breath.

RIDLEY
What is she doing here?

MATT
Studying?

RIDLEY
Is she even in our class?

MATT
I thought the more people we had
together, the better.

Annie moves up.

ANNIE
Can I watch TV now?

MATT
In a minute.

RIDLEY
I'm out of here.

MATT
Wait-- Why?

RIDLEY
I didn't sign up for babysitting.

MATT
We're studying.

RIDLEY
I didn't sign up for that, either. I
thought we were going to...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MATT

I told you, that's over. It was... it was wrong.

RIDLEY

I don't get any say in this?

ANNIE

Matt?

MATT

Do whatever you want, Annie.

Annie pouts, moves off.

MATT (CONT'D)

Look, I think we hurt Vanessa enough --

RIDLEY

But it's okay to hurt me?

MATT

I didn't mean to hurt you.

RIDLEY

I get it. This is pity night? You invite me and scar girl over, so we can feel better about ourselves. Thanks, don't need your help.

CARA (O.C.)

I think I should go.

Both look around, realize Cara has been standing there, hearing their conversation. Ridley moves off to get her stuff.

MATT

Don't go --

CARA

I know why you invited me over. And I came because I shouldn't have acted how I did before. I forgive you for what happened.

MATT

You do?

CARA

I didn't before, but that's not your fault. I was believing in false evidence, not the truth.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CARA (CONT'D)

You were just doing what you thought was right. You didn't cause the accident.

MATT

Actually, Cara...

CARA

No, you couldn't have. You can't be anything less than your Father's perfect son.

MATT

My father?

CARA

It's your birthright. And I'm sorry that I ever, even for an instant, saw you any other way.

Matt has nothing left to say, the forgiveness worse than the disease. She moves off, leaving him alone. He looks around, and surprise and concern registers on his face.

INT. CHRISTIAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Christian is sitting in his car, looking at his bleeding hand. He slams his hands against the steering wheel. Suddenly, his cell phone rings.

CHRISTIAN

What?

Intercut two-way with Matt in Sean and Julia's kitchen.

MATT

Christian?

Matt is beside himself, running around the house, looking in every room.

MATT (CONT'D)

I can't find her.

CHRISTIAN

Find who?

MATT

Annie. Annie. I don't know where she went. I was watching her and I don't know where she is.

CHRISTIAN

Is she hiding somewhere?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT

She's not inside. She's not outside.
She's gone. I screwed up. No surprise,
really, I can't do anything less.

CHRISTIAN

I'll handle it.

MATT

How?

CHRISTIAN

I'll handle it.

Christian hangs up, starts the car.

EXT. SPIVEY HOUSE - NIGHT

An exquisitely landscaped lawn breezes by as SOMEONE heads toward the white-columned palace that the Spiveys deign to call home. The doorway looms into view, with a dark gargoyle doorknocker that appears to be sticking its tongue out. A HAND grabs hold of it and bangs impatiently.

Our view turns suddenly to two large BARKING DOGS nearby. Someone takes a step back, when we hear the telltale click of the door opening.

MAID (O.C.)

Heel!

We turn to see the MAID opening the door.

MAID (CONT'D)

Can I help you?

The hand pushes back the door and sends the maid back in a tizzy. We move briskly through the door and into --

INT. SPIVEY HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

We move through the foyer, looking to the left --

MAID

Ma'am!

We spin to the right, where Sarah moves in, smoking a cigarette, Anastasia in tow behind her. We move towards them, as Sarah nervously starts to back up with smiling Anastasia into --

INT. SPIVEY HOUSE - STUDY - CONTINUOUS

--a dimly lit room, lined with bookshelves, and at the center of it all, John Spivey. He sits back at the desk, gazing impassively.

SEAN (O.C.)

This has gone far enough.

The brick lands on the desk.

JOHN

I was wondering when you would show up.

And we reveal Sean standing before John.

FADE TO BLACK.

ACT FOUR

INT. SPIVEY HOUSE - STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

Sean faces off with John, the brick sitting between them. Sarah stands nervously, obviously in the wrong place.

ANASTASIA
Don't be stupid, Dad.

John nods at Sarah and Anastasia, who exit.

SEAN
Call it off.

John picks up the brick, looks at it.

SEAN (CONT'D)
I want you to tell all your society buddies you made a mistake. Your daughter made a mistake.
(beat)
Do you hear me? Nothing happened. I would never... I have a daughter.

John stares at Sean, impassive.

SEAN (CONT'D)
That brick... could have killed her. And I can't have that. If you're not enough of a man to protect a ten-year-old girl...

John slowly opens a drawer, causing Sean to take a few steps back. John calmly reaches for a flask, then begins to pour it into a glass on his desk.

SEAN (CONT'D)
You don't care, do you? This won't stop.
(silence)
If I tell you what you want to hear, this will all go away? You'll leave my family alone?

John pushes the glass toward Sean. Sean paces.

SEAN (CONT'D)
I always tried to be a good father, husband. But there's always something there, something between us. I thought it was her. I really did. I thought it was because I hadn't let go... But it was staring me in the face; it was sleeping between me and my wife in bed.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEAN (CONT'D)

The truth is I let my family down. I'm not a good man, or father, or husband. Yes, Mr. Spivey - I did have an affair with one of my patients. But I never touched your daughter.

Sean stands fully upright.

SEAN (CONT'D)

So go ahead and do whatever you want, but leave my family out of it. They've been through enough.

JOHN

I had nothing to do with this. I can only assume one of your neighbors found out what kind of man you are.

(beat)

She's beautiful. Your daughter. I can see you when you get home; she runs up to see you. You pat her on the head, ask her how school was. She has no idea.

John pulls out a gun. Sean looks nervously at it.

JOHN (CONT'D)

My daughter, when she was that age, wore little pink dresses, just like her mom. But she never ran up to see me. I've done everything for her, but people like you made my little girl turn away.

John cradles the gun.

SEAN

People like me? This has happened before?

JOHN

I'm a rich man. I earned it. Anything I want, I get. Except for the perfect family. You took that from me.

SEAN

I didn't.

Sean is eyeing the gun nervously.

JOHN

You must have. Someone touched her. Who could have done this to her?

John clenches the gun in his fist.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SEAN
Someone close, trusted.

JOHN
(standing)
It was you.

SEAN
It must have been going on for awhile.
The areolas discoloration, that's not a
birthmark, is it? It looked like a...
cigarette burn.

They both look down at the cigarette butt in the ashtray, red
lipstick still on it. John grabs it and throws it away.

JOHN
You did this.

SEAN
You knew. You knew, but you ignored it.

JOHN
I couldn't be there. I had things to do.

Sarah enters, cigarette in hand. Sarah reads something in
John's eyes.

SARAH
Whatever he's told you, it's not true!

JOHN
Get out of here.

SEAN
There's got to be another way.

JOHN
No, there isn't.

Go tight on the gun as John pulls the trigger.

INT. MCNAMARA KITCHEN - NIGHT

Christian knocks at the door. Matt opens it, letting him in.

CHRISTIAN
I looked everywhere. I couldn't find
her.

MATT
I'm sorry -- I didn't realize...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Matt gestures toward the kitchen where Annie is now sitting, oblivious, eating a bowl of ice cream.

MATT (CONT'D)
She wanted ice cream.
(seeing Christian's hand)
You're bleeding! What happened?

Julia enters, tripping over Matt's books in the hallway.

JULIA
Matt, could you pick up your...

She realizes Christian is there.

MATT
I'll get you a bandage or something.

Matt moves off. Julia stands about as far away from Christian as possible.

CHRISTIAN
You got home alright?

JULIA
You've got a great racket going. You swoop in here with your game tickets and your casual smile, promising to make everything all right. You get cast as the hero, while we play the bad guys.

CHRISTIAN
You're mad because Matt called me?

JULIA
I doesn't matter how many times he calls you, how many times he says he wants you. You do not talk to him. You do not see him. You do not even think about him.

CHRISTIAN
He's my son.

JULIA
I don't care what science says. DNA lies. Sean and I, we're his parents. We raised him. You, you're not his father; you're not my husband. You're nothing.

Christian takes a step forward. Julia involuntarily takes a step back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRISTIAN

I made a mistake. Go ahead and blame me, use Matt if that helps, but that doesn't change the fact you wanted it too.

JULIA

No, it's what you wanted. Whatever we had, it's over. You made sure of that.

MATT (O.C.)

Mom?

Matt is standing in the doorway, a bandage in his hand, looking from first Julia, then to Christian and back.

MATT (CONT'D)

You?

JULIA

No... no honey. That came out wrong.

MATT

All this time, I've been feeling bad for you, because of what Dad did... and instead you...

(looking at Christian with new eyes)

And you.

Matt looks at them, unable to defend themselves. He turns and storms out.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Christian, stubble on his chin, grits his teeth in pain as he works on something intently. Sean enters the conference room, turns around and sees Christian. His jaw drops.

SEAN

Christian, stop that. What are you doing?

Christian is attempting to put stitches in his cut hand.

CHRISTIAN

I'm almost done.

Sean pulls him up.

SEAN

Oh my God, and you're sober.

Sean takes the needle out of Christian's hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEAN (CONT'D)

Let me. I hope you disinfected this.

Sean works on Christian's hand.

SEAN (CONT'D)

What happened? Who did this to you?

CHRISTIAN

I did. I did it.

SEAN

Did you take something?

Sean grabs Christian's head, looks into his eyes for signs of drug use.

CHRISTIAN

I just wanted to be happy, to see what it's like to be happy.

SEAN

So you sewed up your own hand?

CHRISTIAN

It doesn't ever come out, you know. You think you've made up for it. You think you can hide, live someone else's life, but everyone can see it. They know it's there. It's always inside you.

(beat)

I'm going to confess.

SEAN

What? Why?

CHRISTIAN

You're a good man, Sean.

SEAN

John Spivey was arrested. He killed his wife.

CHRISTIAN

Why?

SEAN

She had been... abusing Anastasia. All those years it must have been going on, and he didn't see it. To be betrayed by someone he should have trusted the most.

CHRISTIAN

I just wanted to be happy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SEAN

He wasn't paying attention. That's all.
I screwed up. I screwed up with Julia,
and with you. I want to apologize.

CHRISTIAN

Please don't.

SEAN

You're not a saint, but I know, I should
know, that you're not a monster either.
When it really counts, you do the right
thing.

As Sean finishes the dressing on Christian's wound, Christian wallows in guilt and self-loathing.

INT. MCNAMARA KITCHEN - MORNING

Julia is at the counter, looking through her medical books. Sean, Annie, and Matt swarm around her, looking in cabinets for plates, in the fridge for food.

ANNIE

I'm hungry.

SEAN

I'll make you something.
(looking in fridge)
Do we have any eggs?

JULIA

I threw them out.
(off Shawn's look)
They were rotten.

Matt glares at Julia, silent. She silently pleads with him, but he turns away.

ANNIE

I want ice cream.

MATT

I think you had enough ice cream.

ANNIE

Sorry.

They all settle down with bowls of cereal, and Julia tries to find her place among a pile of Matt's books.

SEAN

(to Annie)
Next time you want something, ask for it.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEAN (CONT'D)

I promise I'll listen, even if I have to say no.

ANNIE

Okay.

SEAN

(to Matt)

You going to the game tonight?

JULIA

I told him he couldn't go.

MATT

Mom didn't like what happened last night, but I'm the one who got punished.

SEAN

Okay, yes, he should have been watching Annie more, but she left without telling him.

ANNIE

I don't get to watch TV ever again.

JULIA

For one month.

ANNIE

Forever.

SEAN

So maybe we can let him go this one time...

JULIA

I really don't think it's a good idea--

SEAN

It's a waste of a ticket otherwise--

JULIA

There are more important things--

SEAN

Christian is happy--

MATT

I'm not going with Christian.

SEAN

What am I missing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Julia glances nervously at Matt. He glares at her, hating her for forcing him into silence.

MATT
Something came up.
(to Sean)
Do you want to come instead?

SEAN
You want me to take you to the game.

MATT
Is that so crazy? I read somewhere that fathers sometimes do that with their sons. Right after they teach them how to throw a ball or something.

JULIA
He has work.

SEAN
Actually, turns out we've had a lot of surprise cancellations lately, so...
I'll pick you up at 6.

MATT
Alright.

Sean and Matt get up, start heading for the door.

SEAN
(to Julia)
Bye. Good luck.

JULIA
(to Matt)
Can you clean up your mess here?

MATT
I don't know. Can you clean up yours?

INT. RECOVERY ROOM/CORRIDOR - DAY

Christian enters, examining a clipboard.

CHRISTIAN
You're here for a follow-up, Ms. Porter?

He stops when he sees Anastasia, wearing a smock, her hair done nicely. She looks the picture of her mother.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
You're not Ms. Porter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANASTASIA

I am now. It was my mother's maiden name.

She takes off her robe, seductive.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)

What do you think? You can't even see where my "birthmark" was.

CHRISTIAN

Get dressed.

ANASTASIA

Relax. After my dad killed my mom, the courts had no problem emancipating me. I'm an adult now.

CHRISTIAN

No, you're not.

ANASTASIA

That didn't bother you last time. Oh, don't look at me like that. You wanted it too; you still do.

CHRISTIAN

Doing this won't make it go away.

ANASTASIA

Yes, it will. You fixed me. Now no one will ever know.

CHRISTIAN

You'll know.

Christian picks up her things and throws them on the bed. A bottle of pills roll out. Christian looks at them as Anastasia continues on.

ANASTASIA

Don't you get it? There's nothing wrong with me anymore. I'm normal.

SEAN (O.C.)

I'm sorry, I --

Sean has just entered, looks at Christian bewildered. Christian tosses the vial of pills at Sean.

CHRISTIAN

Vicodin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANASTASIA

Those are mine. My doctor, my real
doctor, prescribed them for me --

Sean opens the door, gestures to O.C. Linda.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)

Didn't you hear me?

SEAN

They don't even have your name on them.

ANASTASIA

(pointing at Christian)
He had sex with me!

Linda comes in, picks up Anastasia's bag, gently starts to
escort Anastasia out. Anastasia jerks her arm away.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)

No, for real. It happened.

SEAN

I'm sorry about what happened, but taking
these drugs won't help. We'd be happy to
recommend a psychologist--

Linda continues to escort Anastasia out.

ANASTASIA

Screw your psychologist. He did it!
(trying to convince Linda)
He raped me. I'm only thirteen!

And Anastasia is out the door.

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

I'm only thirteen!

Christian looks after her.

INT. MCNAMARA BEDROOM - NIGHT

Julia and Sean are lying in bed, unable to sleep.

SEAN

I can't believe Matt wanted me at the
game.

JULIA

You are his father, after all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEAN

I think he was mad at me, before. I wonder what I did to change his mind.

Julia remains silent.

SEAN (CONT'D)

How was your practical?

JULIA

Turns out I know how to handle a scalpel.

Sean brushes some hair out of her face.

SEAN

Good. I'm sorry that I wasn't ready, before. I'm ready to try again. Are you?

Julia shrugs noncommittally, though Sean interprets it as a yes. He leans forward to kiss her. She suddenly pulls back.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Did I scare you?

JULIA

No. No, I'm... I can't.

SEAN

I'm sorry... you're not ready. I should have... Did you want to talk about it? If there's anything you need to know...

Julia shakes her head.

JULIA

Go to sleep, Sean.

She turns on her back as he goes to sleep, clutching the covers close to her like a shield.

END OF SHOW