

Four Walls

By

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INT. SHANNON EDEN'S HOUSE - DAY

A tight space in impeccable order. Books lined straight, hardcovers through softcover. Photos of a young female track star crossing a finish line hang on wall. A cracked Polaroid photo of a little girl swaddling an infant, hangs separately.

(O.S)

Yes, Mrs. Keller, all of our track suits are, comfortable, Dry-Sport material...same ones used by the woman in the Olympic Trials..

The Dining Room is converted into an office space.

Wearing a phone headset and holding a gray cat is SHANNON EDEN (28). She is about to close a deal. She strokes the cat.

SHANNON

They can be delivered to your school in ten business days....That's great, Mrs. Keller. I know the girls will like the feel of the suits.

A noticeable rhythmic shake of SHANNON'S hand fills in a "25" in the Amount Box on the ORDER FORM.

SHANNON

Good luck this season and be sure to send me the championship team picture. I'll frame it and put it on my desk..You too Mrs. Keller. Don't hesitate to call. Bye.

She rubs her nose on the cat's head.

SHANNON

BUFFY..guess who closed another deal? Get you some of those fancy cat toys we looked at online the other day.

Carrying the cat, she folds the sales form into an envelope, opens a HATCH DOOR near the front door, attaches the letter to a 3-fingered mechanical arm and sends it out to the mailbox - smooth, efficient.

Faint rumbles of thunder cause BUFFY to leap from her arms and slip through the PET TRAP DOOR. Beyond the cat are YOUNG BOYS playing a pickup football game in a field across the walkway. Shannon pauses to watch the game.

(CONTINUED)

A loud ring from the telephone breaks the silence.

ANSWERING MACHINE

Hi, You know what to do.. thanks
for calling.

The beep is long.

VOICE

Hello dear.. I know it's a few days
late. I wanted to call to wish you
a happy birth....

The woman's voice turns to unexpected laughter as we hear another male voice in the background, laughing and sounding frisky.

Shannon's focus is locked on the YOUNG BOYS playing football.

MRS. EDEN

(trying to talk through
laughter off mic)

Frank will you.. stop please.. I am
trying to leave... Oh, will you put
that.. stop...(back into the phone)
Listen, hope all is well.. Happy
Birthday sweetheart. We hope to fly
back there soon..

There is silence. MRS. EDEN'S tone is less jovial.

MR. EDEN

Have you heard from your father?..
Well anyway, expect a little
package in the mail. Nothing big.
Happy Birthday sweetheart..Goodbye.

We hear laughter from MRS. EDEN before the call clicks silent.

Shannon watches intently on one particular BOY running to catch a pass.

CLOSE ON: The BOYS eyes are locked and focused on the ball. The balls floats into the BOY'S arms.

FLASH: TO THE FACE OF A DIFFERENT BOY FROM A DIFFERENT TIME.

Shannon reaches for her temples and takes a few deep breaths.

(CONTINUED)

BUFFY hops onto the windowsill and rubs against the window. Shannon's fingers, separated by a pane of glass, stroke BUFFY.

A bolt of lightning startles BUFFY off the sill.

Violent rainfall begins instantly.

SHANNON"s begins to panic. She looks at the PET TRAP DOOR. Nothing.

She runs to each window and looks out.

The lightning increases to biblical intensity.

Periodic flashes of lightning reveal the boys playing football, splashing in the mud.

SHANNON
(loudly)
Stupid kids..The lightning can
strike you..

She runs to the Hatch Door and opens it.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - DAY

The Hatch Door opens. Coming right at us is the accordion arm. Rain drips from the pronged hand. Shannon's mouth can be seen through the Hatch.

SHANNON
(yelling)
Buffy? C'mon baby...it's OK.

INT. SHANNON EDEN'S HOUSE - DAY

Face soaked, she clutches her chest and begins to breath deeply.

She leans on a chair for balance.

FLASH TO: A teen girl lying on a bed in a darkened bedroom. Her head is away from us. She turns her head and looks right at us.

FLASH TO PRESENT:

Shannon looks out the window. Lightning illuminates her face.

CUT TO:

INT. SHANNON EDEN'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DUSK

Shannon pulls her face from a wash cloth and stares in the mirror.

INT. SHANNON EDEN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -DUSK

The rain stopped. Shannon walks to the window. A vast empty field. She looks around for BUFFY and quickly glances to the PET TRAP DOOR.

She pulls out a softcover "Crossword Puzzle" book slotted right next to a book titled "It's Safe To Go Outside", Overcoming Agoraphobia".

She settles in the rocking chair, puts on a pair of thick reading glasses and methodically starts the crossword puzzle.

Her eyes dart from the puzzle to the PET TRAP DOOR. The rocking chair increases in speed, crunching the wooden floor below.

The rocking increases with SUDDEN SPEED.

Shannon flings the book out of her hands and clutches her chest.

She is in a full panic attack.

She lets out a primal scream.

SHANNON

Please come back to me!

On a table next to the rocking chair is a pill bottle labeled "Xanax". She pulls herself to the bottle and pops one in her mouth, dry.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHANNON EDEN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Shannon lies motionless on the bed staring at the ceiling.

A gust of wind pops opened the PET TRAP DOOR.

SHANNON

Buffy? Is that you baby?

Her eyes peruse the empty room.

(CONTINUED)

She rests her head back onto the pillow. Her eyes slowly shut.

Rising in volume is the sound of children running and playing.

FLASH TO:

EXT. TIMBER WOODS - DREAM - DAY

Running through the woods are four boys. Running ahead are three older 12 year old boys. Trailing behind is BILLY EDEN (8). BILLY is small in stature and yearns to be one of the "big" kids.

Further back from the boys is an athletically attractive sixteen year old SHANNON EDEN, wearing a track suit jacket and shorts. Her tan legs are beautifully toned.

SHANNON
(calling out)
Hey guys.. stay close. Billy get
back here.

Popping into frame, startling Shannon, is dark haired, heart-throb, ANDREW LANZA (17).

Shannon is flustered.

ANDREW
I waited for you after your track
practice. Must have missed ya.

SHANNON
Which door? Sometimes we leave from
the gym.

She tries to look over ANDREW'S shoulder at BILLY who now is running over a hill and out of sight.

ANDREW
Not the gym door.. Oh well.. no
biggie. Hey, did you find out from
your parents if you can come to our
concert at St. Theresa's Carnival?

SHANNON
What time does your band go on?

ANDREW
Eight Thirty.. right after some
stupid Cutest Dog Contest.

(CONTINUED)

SHANNON

I can't wait to see you play

An awkward silence.

Andrew gently grabs Shannon's hand and pulls her into a clearing off the main trail.

They stand as close as possible to each other. Shannon's chest and cheeks are red with blotches. Andrew's lips glide toward Shannon's half opened mouth

CUT TO:

EXT. TIMBER WOODS CREEK - DREAM - DAY

Billy is running alone. The other kid raced ahead of him. Billy stops and watches the older boys head down a ravine toward a creek.

Billy turns in the direction of Shannon. He decides to move forward. He runs toward us out of frame.

BILLY

Hey, wait for me guys...

CUT TO:

EXT. TIMBER WOODS - DREAM - DAY

Shannon and Andrew have progressed to a full out make out session. Both are groping each other madly.

Shannon reluctantly breaks away.

SHANNON

I have to go check on BILLY

Andrew puts his finger on Shannon's lips.

ANDREW

Shh.. he is fine...they are running
all around

(kissing her neck all around)

and around... and around...

This pushes Shannon over an erotic edge. She rakes his thick dark hair and kisses him with teen passion.

CUT TO:

EXT. TIMBER WOODS CREEK - DREAM - DAY

One of the older boys swings freely from a rope into the creek. A large splash entices the three twelve year old boys to start a splashing fight.

Billy climbs up to the rope and grabs it.

The boys in the creek notice Billy grab the rope.

BOY #1
Hey, look at Billy... Yeah Billy..
join the Creek Swing club..

One of the other boys shows concern

BOY #2
Billy, put the rope down..

BOY #1
C'mon... the kid won't leave us
alone.. He wants to be a Big Kid.
Now's the time to prove it.

Just as the boys turn to look back at Billy, he launches himself and swings out over the creek.

His face of freedom and confidence turns to fear as his head bounces off a large branch. Billy tosses and turns awkwardly in air.

FLASH: WE SEE THE BOYS FACE AGAINST THE BLUE SKY JUST AS SHANNON SAW IN HER FLASHBACK

FLASH TO: SHANNON MAKING OUT WITH ANDREW

FLASH TO: Air bubbles rising from brown creek water.

The other boys have drifted down the creek and are too far to help.

BOY #2
BILLY! BILLY!

CUT TO:

EXT. TIMBER WOODS - DREAM - DAY

Shannon stiffens. She leaps out of Andrew's arms and runs frantically in the direction of the scream..

Shannon's white panicked face is coming toward us.

(CONTINUED)

SHANNON
No...God no...

FLASH

INT. FUNERAL PARLOR - DREAM - DAY

In the foreground is a gun metal Grey casket, lid opened. The lid shuts to reveal a motionless Shannon. Grown ups around her gasp in pain and tears. Shannon doesn't blink.

CUT TO:

INT. THE EDEN HOUSE - KITCHEN- DREAM - NIGHT

Silence and sadness fills the low lit house. Food and drinks are scattered about. The last few mourners are escorted to the back door by DOLORES EDEN (38). Sitting at the kitchen table in silence is BILLY EDEN, Sr,(42). A bottle of Jamison whiskey and glass sit in front of him.

MOURNER # 1
(softly)
We are just one town over. If you
need anything, please phone.

The mourner looks at BILLY EDEN Sr sitting in a trance at the table. She sadly looks at DOLORES and exits.

Dolores walks to the table and sits. Billy and Dolores sit in silence. Billy pours a drink.

BILLY
Where is she?

Dolores ignores Billy question, rises from the table and walks away. This agitates Billy.

BILLY
(loudly)
I just have a couple of questions
to ask her.

CONTINUOUS

INT. THE EDEN HOUSE - SHANNON'S BEDROOM - DREAM- NIGHT

Shannon is lying on the bed in darkness. She holds a baseball mitt close to her chest. Her tears glisten as she listens to the argument below.

DOLORES (OS)
 (sarcastically)
 That's what she needs now. To be
 interrogated.. as if this wasn't
 traumatic enough.

BILLY (OS)
 It's kinda hard to keep an eye on
 your brother when you getting your
 jollies off with some punk kid.

CUT TO:

INT. THE EDEN HOUSE - KITCHEN- DREAM - NIGHT

Dolores and Billy are now standing face to face arguing out of control.

Billy grabs the bottle of Jamison and throws it against the wall. The whiskey splashes all over medals and ribbons on the wall.

He walks to the door, opens it and then slams it violently. The glass shatters.

FLASH TO REALITY

INT. SHANNON EDEN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Shannon leaps from the nightmare.

Sunlight blasts through the linen drapes. She shields her eyes and flops back down onto the bed, dried tears stamped on the corners of her eyes.

Faintly, we hear the cry of BUFFY. Shannon pushes the covers off of the bed and races to the bedroom window.

She look around and sees nothing.

She races to the Living Room window.

Sitting at the base of the Tulip tree are three menacing TURKEY VULTURES. Shannon's eyes travel slowly up the trunk of the tree.

(CONTINUED)

Dangling from a branch for it's life is BUFFY.

Shannon quickly glances at the FRONT DOOR KNOB.

Her body begins to shake uncontrollably.

She reaches for the bottle of XANAX and throws it across the room.

She lets out a primal scream and proceeds to rip all of the Track Trophies off the shelves and plaques off the walls.

She falls to the ground.

Her eyes slowly move to the B&W photo of the girl holding the infant.

After a beat she slowly moves to the front door.

She grasps the door knob and pulls herself up off the floor and pulls opened the front door.

Perfect rays of sun splash on her face and body.

Standing confidently erect, she walks, step by step, through the threshold.

Shannon disappears, leaving behind the splash of sunlight.

FADE TO BLACK