

Insatiable

By

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Fade In:

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

A young snow white woman with freckles and long, flowing, auburn hair lie on a black sheeted bed. A chef's knife juts out of her abdomen.

The woman's arms stretch out on either side while her legs contort to form the tail end of a 'J'. Blood pools around her body seeping into the sheets.

Adjacent to her on a stool sits a young man with fair skin and scraggly hair. Scratches span the length of his forearms.

A portrait painting of the dead woman stares back at the man from a canvas resting on an easel before him.

A paint brush falls from the man's hand.

EXT. AIRPLANE - DAY

The plane lands on a runway. Light rain falls from a gray, overcast sky.

An enclave of water and a vast, still ocean sits in the background.

INT. ALONGI'S RESTAURANT - DAY

Guests donning raincoats and thick umbrellas filter into the diner filling any vacant table they come across.

DERRICK (32) wiry build, straggly, black hair, stands at the front of the diner leaning against a podium. He clinches a pencil between his teeth and stares at a crossword puzzle in hand.

The diner door swings open.

In walks NAOMI (30), with a cocoa complexion and long auburn hair dampened by the rain.

DERRICK
Good afternoon, ma'am.
Welcome to Alongi's.

The woman surveys the diner.

WOMAN
Window seat please.

DERRICK
Right this way.

He escorts her to a--

WINDOW TABLE

Overlooking passersby.

Rain cascades harder on the other side of the window.
Droplets trace thick streaks down the glass.

Derrick pulls out a chair for the woman then hands her
a menu.

DERRICK
Here you go, ma'am. Will
anyone else be joining?

NAOMI
Please, call me Naomi.

DERRICK
I'm sorry. Naomi. May I get
you a drink?

NAOMI
It's alright. I'll take Dr.
Pepper if you have it.

DERRICK
We sure do. I'll be back in a
moment.

Derrick turns away. Naomi quickly, yet, gently grabs
his hands.

NAOMI

Maybe you can keep me company
in between working?

Her fingers slide the length of Derrick's wrist down
to his fingers.

Derrick stares at the woman. His jaw gapes and his
hands tremble.

DERRICK

Sure. I mean, yeah, I can do
that.

NAOMI

Thank you so much.

SODA DISPENSER

A pint sized glass sits underneath a funnel. Brown,
bubbly, liquid fills its inside.

WINDOW TABLE

Derrick looks back at Naomi. She sheds her overcoat
then flicks her long hair over her shoulders.

She then adjusts her top and sets her elbows on the
table. She rests her chin on her interlocked hands
while gazing through the window.

A smile etches onto Derrick's face as Naomi slowly
looks his way. She smiles back and waves.

MR. WILMETTE (O.S)

Derrick, you got soda
everywhere.

Derrick pulls the glass from underneath the dispenser
funnel.

DERRICK

Sorry, Mr. Wilmette.

MR. WILMETTE (55), tall, stocky and has a protruding
belly. His powder blue, short sleeved shirt hugs him
snugly.

MR. WILMETTE

Take that to our guest and
stop daydreaming.

WINDOW TABLE

Derrick sets the soda on the table, lays a straw down
as well.

DERRICK

Sorry about the wait. Have
you decided what you'd like?

An uneasy laugh escapes from his lips.

DERRICK *cont'd*

I mean, if you're ready to
order, I'm ready to...

NAOMI

Sit down, Derrick.

Derrick sits across from her.

NAOMI

How many times have I come
in, sat in this same spot,
ordered the same dish and
flashed a smile?

DERRICK

I dunno. I lost count.

NAOMI

And yet you haven't bothered
to ask me my number?

Derrick's mouth swings agape again, he forces a smile.

Naomi takes his hands into hers.

DERRICK

So these last few months were
a ploy?

NAOMI
(smiling)
Here's my number.

She withdraws a pen, scribbles onto his palm.

DERRICK
I always thought--

She reaches up, shuts his lips between her thumb and forefinger.

NAOMI
If you don't call me tonight
I'll be very disappointed.

Derrick stares at his palm.

Naomi closes his hand.

Derrick glances at Naomi. Huge, goopy, chunks of flesh connected by strings of skin melt to the table.

Derrick recoils yanking his hand away.

NAOMI
What's wrong?

He looks up once more and sees Naomi's smooth brown face, dimpled cheeks, and tiny mole on the upper left corner of her lip.

DERRICK
(sighs)
Chicken Alfredo fettuccini,
right?

INT. DERRICK'S APARTMENT - DAY

LIVING ROOM

A flat screen TV rests against one wall. At the center of the room sits a small coffee table and a sofa.

Dark hardwood spans the entire floor and an easel stands in two of the four corners.

Oil paintings of women in multiple poses: clothed, partially exposed, and full nudes adorn the walls.

A portrait near a shuttered covered window shows a woman lying on a black sheeted bed. A chef's knife protrudes from her abdomen.

Blood pooling from the wound flows over her waist and onto the sheets.

Blood droplets trickle onto the floor and ooze to the corner of the painting. It appears to almost flow off the canvas.

The rest of the room is fairly empty. Derrick walks through a hallway leading to a--

BEDROOM

Plain and modest décor.

He continues to a window off to the side. He peels back the curtain, peers--

OUTSIDE APARTMENT

A woman with straight raven hair, slightly tanned, and very petite, walks a Golden Retriever.

The dog stops, sniffs the tree trunk, urinates on it.

BEDROOM

Derrick reaches for a black notebook atop a dresser. He flips it open then looks back --

OUTSIDE

The Golden Retriever pins the raven haired woman to the ground. Its jaws clamp around her neck as it shakes its head back and forth.

Flesh rips from her neck, blood spurts in the air.

BEDROOM

Derrick rubs his eyes. Looks once more--

OUTSIDE

The raven haired woman waits and holds a leash while the Golden Retriever urinates on a tree. She looks up at Derrick, waves.

BEDROOM

Derrick sits at the edge of his bed. He sets his notebook on his lap, withdraws a pen from his pocket and presses the tip to paper.

DERRICK (V.O)

My name is Derrick Hatchet.
Two years ago I moved to
Seattle to escape my angsts
and anxieties. Before the
panic attacks seized me
constantly I went by a
different name.

INT. CHICAGO - ART GALLERY - NIGHT - SIX YEARS AGO

Dozens of vivid modern and abstract paintings and sculptures sit on display throughout the gallery.

Guests draped in posh attire, some holding wine glasses, delight in the different pieces.

DERRICK (V.O)

I was a young artist trying
to standout. Although not
quite as tainted then my
inner demon occasionally
perforated my vision.

White bloused, black slacked servers carry cheese and crackers and other hors d'oeuvres on silver trays as well as flutes of wine. They stop to tend to each guest.

Straggly haired EVERETT (26) at the front desk oversees all patrons inside.

DERRICK (V.O)

Its grip on me visible on my canvases, painting became as much a form of control as it was expression.

A BLONDE WOMAN (22) stunning, in a pink and white cocktail dress takes notices of the desk attendant, exchanges looks.

She proceeds toward him.

DERRICK (V.O)

Sometimes the excitement is too much. Sometimes my inhibitions are let loose.

The blonde sets her glass on the desk. Then she leans over, takes the attendant's specs, and puts them on.

BLONDE WOMAN

What do you think? Do they look fab on me?

Everett presses his elbows on the desk, clasps his hands together and rests his chin atop.

EVERETT

Can't say. Step back a bit and strike a pose or two, yeah?

The Blonde Woman steps back, strikes a pose with her hands on her hips then another of her blowing a kiss.

She reproaches the desk, sits on the edge, poses with her hands on her thigh and overlooking her shoulder toward Everett.

BLONDE WOMAN

How's this one?

EVERETT

Great. You look great.

BLONDE WOMAN

Thank you, handsome.

The Blonde Woman takes the specs off, places them on the Everett's face. Her hands linger on each of his cheeks.

BLONDE WOMAN *cont'd*
Join the party with me.

EVERETT
I would if I wasn't working.

BLONDE WOMAN
Okay, how about I stay close to you?

Everett puts his hand on hers, strokes his thumb across.

EVERETT
I'd like that... but won't your friends miss you?

BLONDE WOMAN
I'm not worried about them you shouldn't be either.

The Blonde Woman leans into Everett, her lips hover a quarter-inch from his.

BLONDE WOMAN *cont'd*
Would you like some of my wine?

She kisses his cheek then pulls back lifting her glass to him. He pauses but nods as he takes a sip.

BLONDE WOMAN *cont'd*
You're so cute.

LATER

Two empty wine glasses sit to one side of the desk. Boisterous laughter from blonde and Everett resonate from elsewhere.

GALLERY

Only few pompous patrons meander about the gallery.

The blonde and the Everett hop from showpiece to showpiece.

She takes a sitting-on-air pose with her hand on her head alongside a statue sculpted in the same pose.

Everett stands a few feet away. He snaps her picture then the two make their way back to the desk.

The gallery is nearly empty as the few remaining guests make their way to and out the glass door exits.

BLONDE WOMAN

Let me see it.

She takes her phone from the Everett.

EVERETT

Good?

She sets the phone down, thumbs her fingers over his I.D badge which reads "Everett Thatcher".

BLONDE WOMAN

I saw your name on some of the paintings. They're pretty good.

EVERETT

Thanks.

BLONDE WOMAN

They're ominous, stylish, sexy--

She puts her hand under his chin, turns his face left then right.

BLONDE WOMAN

--A lot like you. Why are you the only artist working the desk? Shouldn't you have been boasting about your work?

EVERETT

Until I breakout, this helps
pay the bills.

BLONDE WOMAN

I especially like your
paintings of women. Do you
use models?

EVERETT

A few friends have volunteer.
You know, as a favor.

BLONDE WOMAN

How about one of me? I'll be
your friend--

She steps back strikes a petite pose, her knees bent slightly, one hand rests on her hip, the other over her lips as she smirks and looks over her shoulder. She flutters her eyes as well.

BLONDE WOMAN

You can call Magnificent
Megan.

Everett leans back in his chair.

EVERETT

I don't know, Megan.

MEGAN

Oh c'mon. I know you'll
capture me in a new
limelight.

Everett takes another look at Megan. A light above highlights her face.

Flesh unravels from her face starting at her nose. Her skin continues to peel away down her neck and past her collarbone. Red lines stain the inside of her pink and white dress.

Everett clinches his eyes shut and masks his face in his hands.

A fleshless hand pulls his hands from his face.

MEGAN (V.O)
Everett, Everett, you alright
there?

He opens his eyes. Megan's skin is normal, unscratched
and in tack.

He takes her arm, examines her inner forearm then the
outside. He stands and touches the side of her face,
traces his fingers along her jawline.

MEGAN *cont'd*
Well...

EVERETT
Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't mean
to--

He runs his fingers from Megan's neck, over her
shoulder, down to her hand.

EVERETT *cont'd*
--I have the perfect shade of
red to cover you with.

EXT. ART GALLERY - LATER - NIGHT

Guests exit off from the Art Gallery into different
directions.

Everett locks up the doors.

He turns around, Megan waits for him. She extends her
hand.

MEGAN
Shall we?

Everett descends the steps leading from the gallery,
extends his arm to Megan half crooked chivalrously.
She wraps her hand around it. They proceed along the
sidewalk.

EXT. CHEVY CAMARO - NIGHT

A midnight blue Chevy Camaro drives along a street. On either side are tall, well kept, apartment complexes. They vary in color from charcoal black to steel gray.

Some buildings are short, others are tall, some 'U'-shaped, others linear in design.

The Camaro stops in front of a slate gray, linear designed building that juts nine stories into the sky, splitting to a 'V' at the very top.

Everett and Megan step out of the car.

INT. EVERETT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A door opens. Light rushes in. Shadowed figures enter the room. One flicks on a switch.

MEGAN

Where should I...

She starts toward a black leather loveseat.

EVERETT

Right there is fine for now.
I have to set up.

He walks to a set of shelves, removes a few white tubes and a mixing pallet. He brings them to a mini table and easel.

EVERETT *cont'd*

Come over here--

He points to a corner of the room behind the easel. Square gold trim pillows in blue, red, green and orange lay strewn about a white carpet.

A sheer emerald cloth drapes across the walls.

EVERETT *cont'd*

-- And we can get started.

Megan walks past Everett as he mixes paint on the palette. She lies on the carpet in nothing but pink underwear, one arm on a sapphire blue pillow, the other behind her head.

Everett looks up, awes.

EVERETT *cont'd*

I didn't know you were going
to...

MEGAN

I thought this would be
better, but I still feel like
this pink clashes a little --

She adjusts her bra.

MEGAN *cont'd*

-- What do you think?

EVERETT

I think you look--

Megan removes her bra, tosses it away from the set.
She then shakes her hair till her long, blonde strands
settle over the top of her breasts.

EVERETT *cont'd*

-- Sorry, I usually don't
stare. You look good.

MEGAN

Thank you.

Everett dips his brush onto the palette, lifts his
hand to the canvas.

EVERETT

Let's get started.

LATER

Megan's portrait looks almost life-like.

MEGAN

How's it coming back there?

EVERETT

(soft)

I need to make a few more touches. You wanna see it?

Megan smiles, stands and walks beside him.

MEGAN

Wow, this is, this is, wow!
You're something else you know?

EVERETT

It's not so hard when you're working with a model as beautiful as you.

Everett stares at the painting. Megan leans over, kisses him.

MEGAN

It's sweet of you to do this for me. Is there anything I can do to show my gratitude?

Everett spins his stool. Megan sits atop his lap, they kiss.

Their lips part, Everett's eyes are closed still. He opens them slowly.

Megan's throat is slit clear across gapping open at the trachea. Blood pours down her breasts. One hand holds tight to her throat, the other grasps tight to Everett's shirt.

Everett screams and flips her off his lap.

MEGAN

Easy now. If you wanted me on the floor all you had to do was say so.

Everett eyes Megan up and down. Her neck is back to normal. No blood stains her or his shirt.

He paces back, bites down on his knuckle.

Megan sits up.

MEGAN *cont'd*
You don't look so good. Come
here; let me make you feel
better.

She pats down on the carpet.

Everett picks her bra up off the floor, grabs her
dress from the arm of the sofa. He then snatches Megan
up onto her feet.

MEGAN *cont'd*
What are you doing?

He drags her to the door.

EVERETT
You have to get out of here.

MEGAN
Why?

Everett puts Megan's cloths in her arms. He grabs her
purse from dining room table, puts it in her arms.

EVERETT
You don't want to be around
me when I'm excited. Trust me
on that.

He unlocks the door.

MEGAN
(intrigued)
Or maybe I do? You're not the
only one who's excited.

She leans into kiss Everett.

He stops her, places his hands on her shoulders.

EVERETT

Megan, please! I don't... I
don't want anything to happen
to you.

He opens the door and steps back.

Megan looks to the door and then back to Everett who
pants heavily while staring at the floor. She slips on
her dress, tucks her purse and bra under her arm.

MEGAN

You really missed out.

She kisses two fingers, places them on Everett's
cheek.

INT. DERRICK'S APARTMENT - DAY - PRESENT

The notebook closes.

Derrick stands, stretches, cuffs notebook in his hand
and continues to the --

KITCHEN

He sets the notebook on a round, oak table, heads to
the fridge.

He returns with half a turkey sandwich on plate, plops
down on the sofa, tunes into cartoons on his plasma
TV.

Derrick opens his palm, stares at the numbers written
inside. He fidgets in his pocket, pulls out a mobile
phone, reclines on the sofa as he dials the number.

After two rings a Naomi answers on the other end.

NAOMI (V.O)

Hello.

DERRICK

Hey, it's me. Are you free
tonight?

EXT. FAIR - NIGHT

A hand holds a water gun. A bell rings nearby then a finger squeezes the trigger on the water gun. Water bursts from the barrel end and hits a bull's eye.

A blue jacketed jockey on a horse figurine slides along a miniature racetrack rail. It finishes first ahead four other jockeys.

Yellow lights flash. In big red lettering *WINNER* swirls around the lights' casing.

CARNIVAL MAN (O.S)

We have a winner.

A man in a red/white striped shirt plucks a stuffed white tiger doll off the wall, hands it to Derrick.

DERRICK

Thank you.

He turns and gives Naomi the stuffed animal. Her eyes dilate and toothy smile stretches across her face.

NAOMI

Awe, it's beautiful.

She hugs the stuffed tiger. The two then walk along a grassy straw covered path.

NAOMI *cont'd*

It's about time you called me. I almost doubted you ever would.

Derrick scratches his neck, flashes Naomi a half smile.

DERRICK

Can't a guy be cautious? I'm not used to being pursued.

NAOMI

Well, I won't bite--

She stops, looks up at Derrick

NAOMI *cont'd*

-- Hard.

A little bit ahead stands a mirror fun house. Naomi looks over and notices it, grabs Derrick's hand.

NAOMI *cont'd*

Come on. I love these places.

She leads Derrick to the fun house.

DERRICK

Okay, okay. What's the rush?

NAOMI

Growing up, the funhouse was my favorite part of the fair. I always wanted funhouse mirrors.

DERRICK

Mommy and daddy ever get them?

NAOMI

Yes, after I begged like a million times one summer.

DERRICK

You had to be an only child.

NAOMI

I have an older brother, but I'm the baby and kind of a daddy's girl.

DERRICK

I get it now.

Naomi playfully hits Derrick's arm.

NAOMI

I can't help if daddy spoils his princess.

The stop and stand at the end of a short line leading into the--

FUNHOUSE

A Clown's head covered with white make-up, black diamonds under its eyes, rosy red dimples, a tiny, blue bowler cap, and orange, puffy, cone-like spikes extending from its head composes the front of the funhouse.

Its mouth, outlined in red lipstick, gaps wide open forming a black hole the line of guests flow into.

END OF LINE

Derrick stares up at the face.

NAOMI

What's your favorite thing about the fair?

DERRICK

Huh? Oh, sorry. I didn't go to them much.

NAOMI

Why not?

DERRICK

Busy parents. I spent my time playing cards and board games with my granny.

NAOMI

Oh.

DERRICK

That old woman was a card shark. I learned to hustle in: Five Card Draw, Seven Card Stud, and Texas Hold'em by eight-years-old.

Naomi laughs.

NAOMI

No she didn't.

DERRICK

Texas Hold'em, Oklahoma, and
five-card-set were my faves.
I was pretty good at
Blackjack too.

Derrick and Naomi stand a few spots from the entrance.

Derrick stuffs his hands into his jacket pockets,
gazes at the ground. He then glances at Naomi whose
wavy auburn hair drapes over her faces as she plays
with her stuffed tiger.

Her fingers stop midway through its mane. She looks
over, her lips part and show a bright white smile.

NAOMI

Are you excited?

A furrowed expression etches on Derrick's face. He
takes a big gulp as if to swallow his tongue.

DERRICK

I can contain myself.

NAOMI

It's okay to show a little
enthusiasm.

DERRICK

I know; it's just sometimes I
get a little nervous.

Naomi reaches down, squeezes his hand.

NAOMI

Poor baby got the jitters.

She looks up, notices they're the next two up to
enter.

NAOMI *cont'd*

It's our turn. You ready?

INT. FUNHOUSE - NIGHT

NAOMI

Roar!

She crouches in front of a mirror that makes her upper body look wide and closer. She grins at the mirror as she holds the stuffed tiger by its paws.

Three other mirrors capture her from different angles.

DERRICK (O.S)

Having fun?

An image of him reflects on a mirror behind Naomi. She looks forward at him.

NAOMI

You know it.

She walks to Derrick, reaches for him, her hand hits glass.

NAOMI *cont'd*

Hey, where are you?

DERRICK

If I told you where I was
that would take all the fun
out of the funhouse.

His reflection vanishes. He continues along the hardwood through a--

CORRIDOR

Mirrors, varied in size and shape, line either side. All of which distort his image.

NAOMI (O.S)

Okay, mister. I'll play.

Derrick comes to another room. A couple teenagers leave out the other end as he enters. Their laughter echoes back at him. Naomi's voice chimes in the distance.

NAOMI (O.S)
Derrick, is that you? You
won't be laughing when I find
you.

She enters a --

SECOND ROOM

More concave and convex mirrors fill this room. Some make Naomi appear short and dumpy, others give her a slim, squeezed appearance.

The reflections in the mirrors seem to have infinite depth. More mirrors jut in toward the center of the room with more arranged diagonally behind them.

NAOMI
Derrick...

Her figure moves from surface to surface. She peeks behind a set of mirrors.

Behind her, a shadow breezes past.

Naomi shivers, rubs the back of her neck. She withdraws to the middle of the room then continues to the other exit.

She comes to a narrowing walkway with two mirrors set on each side.

A shadowy figure reflects on a mirror's surface to her left. Naomi turns, gasps, and then timidly approaches the mirror. The figure leans in. A thud echoes from behind her.

Naomi jumps, notices a coat rack and hat lay on the floor. Checking the mirror again, she sees the figure is gone. Naomi continues to lift the rack, hat, and coat in place.

A shadow approaches, it envelopes Naomi.

She darts to the exit, her stuffed tiger pressed to her chest.

Hands hang over her shoulders. A loud scream screeches, the hands grab Naomi's neck, pull her back.

She screams and pulls away, darts through to another corridor.

Panting, she stars back at the Second Room.

Loud, cackled, laughter emits from it.

Naomi reproaches.

Derrick rolls on the floor, hands gripped on his sides. Laughter bellows from his mouth.

NAOMI

That wasn't funny you jerk.

DERRICK

That's because you weren't on my end.

Naomi walks over to Derrick, kicks him soft.

NAOMI

Come on you big meanie.

Derrick's laughter fades to a chuckle as he gathers himself.

CORRIDOR

Derrick and Naomi near the funhouses' black veiled exit.

NAOMI

I don't know about you but I'm pretty hungry.

DERRICK

I could eat.

NAOMI

How about we get one of those big soft pretzels with extra cheese or...

Derrick looks to his left at a mirror. He stops and stares at it as Naomi continues without him.

MIRROR

A pale woman, auburn haired, blackened eyes, materializes in the glass. Blood flows out from a cavernous gash in her abdomen. She grips a bloody chef's knife in one hand.

He eyes the GHOSTLY WOMAN closer.

Derrick shakes his head, touches the glass's surface.

DERRICK

No, no.

FUNHOUSE EXIT

NAOMI

I could go for a burger with
all the fixing on it too.
What about you think?

She tucks the stuffed tiger to her chest, surveys around her, then behind her. She spots Derrick several feet away standing awed.

MIRROR

Derrick looks past the Ghostly Woman. A dark robed figure glides behind her.

DERRICK

Don't. Don't do this.

The robed figure slides the knife from the Ghostly Woman's hand. It then raises its dainty hand, stabs the chef's knife into the Ghostly Woman's abdomen.

The Ghostly Woman screams as the dark robed figure twists the knife deeper.

DERRICK

No!

NAOMI

Fine, how about a corny dog?

Derrick whips around. The mirror falls from the wall and shatters. The two figures in it dissipate in the scattered fragments.

DERRICK

Huh? Corn dogs?

He puts his arm around Naomi, walks through the corridor to the exit.

DERRICK *cont'd*

Sounds good. Really good.

EXT. FAIR - NIGHT

SNACK STAND

A cook, white paper capped, hands Naomi two foot long corn dogs.

NAOMI

Thank you.

She gives one of the corn dogs to Derrick, bites into the other.

They mosey away from the Snack Stand.

NAOMI

(muffled)

You do anything outside of working at the restaurant?

DERRICK

Come again?

Naomi swallows.

NAOMI

Hobbies, you got any?

DERRICK

I keep a journal.

NAOMI

(laughs)

You have a dairy? That's precious.

DERRICK

It's not a diary it's a journal. How do you pass your time, Ms. Giggles?

NAOMI

I don't really have any hobbies. I just like to get out and experience the world.

She takes a small bite of her corndog.

NAOMI

A friend of mine said to me "If you smile, laugh, cry, and love in one day, that's one hell of a day".

DERRICK

Hey, you come in the restaurant a lot.

NAOMI

Mhmm.

DERRICK

And you always stay awhile, after eating.

NAOMI

So you have noticed me.

DERRICK

Well yeah. What kinda job allows you all that free time?

NAOMI

Interior design. I can spruce up your pad if you want.

Derrick and Naomi approach the edge of the fair,
walkout onto the sidewalk.

NAOMI *cont'd*
You do anything outside of
Alongi's?

DERRICK
I dabble in the kitchen,
press pasta, whatever the
chefs ask me to do.

He glances down at his wristwatch.

DERRICK
It's getting late. I should
get you home.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Derrick and Naomi descend from a steel stairwell. A
train whistles as it rumbles along on track overhead.

The orange glow of streetlights illuminates Derrick
and Naomi's faces as they stroll on the sidewalk.

Brownstone houses, nearly stacked atop one another,
come to view. Each one has a large, jutting stoop.

NAOMI
You didn't have to escort me
all the way home.

They turn up a stoop to one of the brownstone houses.

DERRICK
You can never be too
cautious.

NAOMI
I'm a big girl. Besides --

They stop atop of the stoop. Naomi unlocks the door
then leans into Derrick pushing her freehand against
his stomach.

NAOMI *cont'd*
-- Daddy taught his little
girl to always carry a knife.

She giggles. Derrick's eyes widen. He takes a step back, looks down and notices the folded strap of Naomi's purse pushing against him.

DERRICK
Oh.

Naomi grabs his hand, pulls him close.

NAOMI
Close your eyes.

Derrick shuts his eyes, puckers his lips. Naomi's lips graze his. She brings the stuffed tiger to his lips.

NAOMI
Muaah.

Derrick opens his eyes. The stuffed tiger's mouth presses against his. Naomi laughs.

DERRICK
Funny, very funny.

She opens the door, steps one foot in.

DERRICK *cont'd*
Can I...

Naomi turns, kisses his cheek.

NAOMI
Goodnight, Derrick.

DERRICK
Goodnight.

Naomi steps inside, shuts the door.

INT. DERRICK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

KITCHEN

A glass shatters against a wall.

Derrick paces back and forth.

DERRICK

Be a good boy? I am a good
boy.

He goes to the living room, picks up the black notebook, opens it and presses pen to the paper.

INT. CHILD'S ROOM - NIGHT - 27 YEARS AGO

A little boy, YOUNG EVERETT (5), sits curled at the edge of a bed.

Voices from a man and woman shouting at each other seep through the closed door and into the child's room.

MRS. THATCHER (O.S)

Who is she?

MR. THATCHER (O.S)

Who?

A thud beats in the background.

MRS. THATCHER (O.S)

I did the wash today. I found lipstick on your jacket and a letter in the pocket.

MR. THATCHER (O.S)

Honey, it's not--

MRS. THATCHER (O.S)

--And now you're coming in at 4 in the morning. Who is Michelle?

MR. THATCHER (O.S)

Honey, I was going to tell you but--

MRS. THATCHER (O.S)
--But what? You wanted to see
how long you could creep
around behind my back?

MR. THATCHER (O.S)
I love both of you. I'm sorry
that hurts you but I do.

A slap resonates through the walls into child's Room.

LIVING ROOM

MR. THATCHER (35) a very handsome man with short
blackish silver hair holds his lip. He pulls his hand
back, blood smears his fingertips.

MRS. THATCHER (33), dark black hair, tan, wholesome
appearance and build pouts teary eyed.

MRS. THATCHER
Get out.

Mr. Thatcher pleadingly presents his hands palm side
up then reaches for Mrs. Thatcher.

MR. THATCHER
I know you're mad but think
about our son. I need to stay
for him.

She slaps his hands away.

MRS. THATCHER
You should've thought of that
when you chose to find your
excitement elsewhere.

She walks to the door, opens it wide, and then faces
Mr. Thatcher.

MRS. THATCHER *cont'd*
You made your bed with
Michelle, sleep in it. We
don't need you here.

Mr. Thatcher sullenly trudges out the door, which slams shut behind him.

Mrs. Thatcher continues to --

CHILD'S ROOM

The door opens. She sits on the bed, wraps her arms around the boy.

MRS. THATCHER

Baby, what are you doing up?
Did you hear mommy and daddy
fighting?

The little boy nods.

MRS. THATCHER *cont'd*

Don't worry your beautiful
head about that. Mommy took
care of it.

She hugs the little boy, kisses his forehead.

MRS. THATCHER *cont'd*

(sighs)

I love you so much. Mommy
would do anything for you,
you know that?

The little boy nods. She lies him down, tucks him under the comforters then kisses him again.

MRS. THATCHER *cont'd*

Be a good boy, get some sleep
and remember, don't ever be
like your father.

INT. ART GALLERY - DAY - SIX YEARS AGO

Everett stands in front of a new painting of a woman with golden blonde hair, fully nude except for pink underwear.

The bottom right corner reads *E. Thatcher*.

Behind him an auburn haired woman, Ivory (25), takes form. She comes within arms-length of him, clears her throat.

Everett looks back.

IVORY

That's some piece there.

EVERETT

You think so?

IVORY

Oh, yes --

She circles around Everett stepping between him and the painting, folds her arms and cocks her head.

IVORY *cont'd*

-- The soft contrast of colors, the distinct textures and layering and the model --

She turns to Everett.

IVORY *cont'd*

-- Did you know her well?

Everett paws his neck, averts his gaze to the floor.

EVERETT

No exactly. Wait, excuse me?

Ivory bites her pinky as she looks Everett up and down.

IVORY

You are E. Thatcher aren't you?

Everett stares at her fiery auburn hair. His lips part, silent words mouthed.

The Ivory giggles then approaches him and closes his mouth.

IVORY

I'm Ivory. The woman in your painting is a friend of mine.

EVERETT

I'm sorry.

IVORY

Don't be. Are you always this chocked up when you're excited?

Everett smiles, stares further at Ivory. Her eyes are bright green; her long, thick hair covers part of her face; and her milky complexion has a dash of peppery red freckles.

JAMES (O.S)

How long do we have stay here? I'm bored.

A 15-year-old boy appears dressed in all black except for a bright yellow smiley face on his t-shirt.

IVORY

(to James)

We're leaving now, James.

She starts to cross the room, glances over her shoulder to Everett.

IVORY

Care to join me for a bite? I just have drop my little brother off first.

Everett shrugs.

INT. CONVERTABLE - DAY

Behind the wheel Ivory sips from a large Styrofoam cup. Everett glances at her every few moments from peripheral.

EVERETT

Did Megan give any impressions about me?

IVORY

Only that you're cute and
play hard to get.

EVERETT

It's a little more
complicated.

IVORY

I don't doubt that but we've
got plenty of time explore
each other.

EVERETT

Let me guess, you want to
model for me too?

IVORY

(laughing)

Not anytime soon. I think
there should be some
separation between business
and personal endeavors.

The maroon convertible pulls up beside a midnight blue
Camaro. Everett notices the car on his right.

IVORY *cont'd*

Megan may not get you but I
do.

She shifts the car to park, leans into Everett mere
inches from his lips. She picks lent from atop his
hair, recoils back.

IVORY

Call me when you get home.

EVERETT

I don't have your number.

Ivory smiles at Everett.

IVORY

Sure you do, sweetheart.
Check your phone.

He takes his phone from his pocket. It shows he has a new message. He opens it and it reads "773 555 1515 Ivory".

Everett steps out of the convertible with a grin on his face.

EVERETT

You're an interesting girl.

IVORY

You have no idea but you'll see.

She blows him a kiss.

MONTAGE

- A paintball splatters on Everett's helmet. He spots Ivory atop a hill laughing and thrusting her paintball gun in the air victoriously.

- Everett snaps a picture of Ivory posing on a park bench and another of her running through a flock of seagulls with her arms extended.

- Ivory mixes cake batter while Everett readies a pan. She flicks batter on him, he flicks some back and then they kiss.

- Under pulsing lights and thumping music Ivory grinds against Everett on a crowded dance floor.

- Sat in a steaming hot tub Everett and Ivory sit legs overlapped with an arm around each other.

END MONTAGE

INT. HOT TUB - NIGHT

Ivory lays her head on Everett's chest. Wine glasses set in the background.

EVERETT

What would you say if asked
you to meet my mother?

Ivory sits up attentive.

IVORY

I'd say we need to color
coordinate our attire.

EVERETT

So that's a yes?

IVORY

Of course, babe.

She kisses his lips soft.

Everett opens his eyes after the kiss. The water in the hot tub bubbles blood red. He looks down at Ivory; a Chef's knife protrudes from her back as she lies face down in the water.

He thrusts himself up and onto the edge of the hot tub.

Ivory puts her hand on his thigh.

IVORY

Honey, you're shaking. You
alright?

Everett blinks a few times the water is clear and bubbling. He turns to Ivory, her porcelain skin glows as softly as they day they first met. No punctures or cuts anywhere.

EVERETT

I'm sorry. I guess I got a
little excited at the thought
of you meeting my mom.

Ivory climbs onto the edge of the hot tub, puts her arms around Everett.

IVORY

Don't be sorry. I'm excited
too.

She stands up.

IVORY *cont'd*
Come on, let's go inside.
It's getting chilly out here.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The décor is stylish and fancy. Patrons wear formal dress.

Toward the center of the restaurant sits Everett, his mother, and Ivory.

Mrs. Thatcher is wholesome in appearance and has short, dark, bobbed hair.

MRS. THATCHER
(to Ivory)
So how did you and my boy
meet?

IVORY
It's kind of difficult to
explain.

EVERETT
We met through a friend.

MRS. THATCHER
That doesn't sound
complicated at all.

Everett and Ivory laugh. Mrs. Thatcher frowns.

A waitress comes to the table.

WAITRESS
Good evening, everyone. Can I
start you start you off with
anything to drink.

MRS. THATCHER
Yes, I'll have a Manhattan.

EVERETT
I'll have a Freddy Fudpucker.
What would you like, Ivory?

IVORY

You know I don't drink.
Besides, one of us has to
drive.

(to Waitress)

I'll just have a Dr. Pepper.

WAITRESS

Alright: one Manhattan, one
Freddy Fudpucker and one Dr.
Pepper coming right up.

The waitress walks away.

Everett brushes the hair covering Ivory's face aside.

EVERETT

You've got a little something
right here.

He rubs his finger near the corner of Ivory's mouth.

IVORY

What is it?

EVERETT

I don't know. It's just a
little something.

IVORY

Excuse me a minute. Don't
miss me too much.

She gives Everett a peck on the lips, scoots her chair
out.

IVORY

Pardon me, Mrs. Thatcher.

Ivory proceeds to a hallway with a restroom sign
posted inside.

MRS. THATCHER

I don't know about this girl.
She reminds me too much of
"her".

EVERETT

She's nothing like "her".

MRS. THATCHER

You and your father have the same taste in women. This Ivory, she's no good for you.

EVERETT

I'm sorry, mother, but Ivory is nothing like "her".

Ivory appears at the edge of the table.

INT. DERRICKS' APARTMENT - NIGHT - PRESENT

KITCHEN

Derrick closes his notebook, sets it on the counter. Underneath the countertop he opens a drawer, removes a piece of paper. It reads "Forever Everett Heart Ivory."

He flips the paper over revealing a photo of him and a beautiful, auburn haired porcelain skin woman. He kisses the photo.

DERRICK

I am a good boy.

INT. ALONGI'S RESTAURANT - DAY

KITCHEN

An egg cracks in the foreground. The yolk falls onto flour. Two more yolks follow.

Hands mix the flour and yolk together into dough. Hands continue to knead the dough.

A ball of dough presses through a pasta machine over and over until flat and thin. The flat dough is fed through the pasta machine again and shred to fat, flat noodles.

MR. WILMETTE

Derrick, come here a second.

Derrick takes off his apron, hangs it up on a wall.

DERRICK

Yes, Mr. Wilmette.

MR. WILMETTE

A customer is asking for you.

WINDOW TABLE

A BUSINESS WOMAN (34) sits with a newspaper in hand shielding her face. Only her wavy, auburn is visible from Derrick's perspective until she peer over the edge of the paper as Derrick's approach.

DERRICK

How may I help you?

A smile washes over his face.

BUSINESS WOMAN

You don't seem to busy today.

The business woman folds the paper, sets it on the table. Derrick's smile dissipates to a straight look.

He skims over the restaurant. A few big groups of guests sit and eat.

DERRICK

Not very. My boss says you have a request.

The business woman scans him over.

BUSINESS WOMAN

My request? Oh my request.

She strokes her chin, scans Derrick over once more.

DERRICK

Yes, ma'am. He said you have a specific request you.

BUSINESS WOMAN

Well what I want is you.
You're not terribly busy.

She rises from her seat, and then runs her fingers from the bottom button of his shirt to the collar and back down to his belt.

BUSINESS WOMAN *cont'd*

How about it?

Derrick pants, removes the woman's hands.

BUSINESS WOMAN *cont'd*

No need to be shy.

Hands quickly cover Derrick's eyes from behind.

NAOMI

He's not shy. He's just a
little excited.

She spins Derrick around. The two women laugh.

DERRICK

(laughing)

Okay, you got me. That was
low but you got me.

NAOMI

Thank you, Melissa.

MELISSA

No problem, Naomi. The
expressions on his face were
priceless.

She gathers her purse, walks away. She and Naomi exchange waves.

NAOMI

(to Derrick)

What are you doing tonight?

DERRICK

I don't...

NAOMI
You're coming with me--

She pulls a pair of tickets from her purse, holds them up.

NAOMI *cont'd*
I want you to check out this
new place with me.

DERRICK
Okay, what kind of place is
it?

NAOMI
You'll see when we get there.

INT. DERRICK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

PAINTING

Focus narrows on the face of a woman with fiery auburn hair. Her eyes, half-open, look slightly up and away; freckles dot her milky complexion at the tip of her nose and just under her eyes.

COUNTERTOP

A hand grabs a ring of keys. In the background a door thuds shut.

EXT. COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

The passenger door of a--

BLUE CAMARO

Opens. A foot wearing a black, open toe, stilettos, steps out.

INT. COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

Naomi dressed in a black, wearing an open back dress, holds Derrick's hand in the air while walking through a crowd of people.

DERRICK

Where are we going?

Naomi looks over her shoulder.

NAOMI

All the best seats are up
front.

The two settle at two large, velvet armchairs. A small, dark marble stand connects the chairs. A soft, candle shaped light illuminates the stand. More furniture with the same setup extends up to the middle of the club.

Around the stage are stylish, black leather chairs and black framed tables veiled with dark blue tablecloths. Lit white candles sit atop each table.

Waitresses drift between guests bringing drinks on silver serving trays.

STAGE

Spotlights shine on a comic wrapping up his performance. He delivers a punch-line, the crowd erupts into laughter.

COMIC

Thank you, guys, you've been
great.

The audience cheers as he makes his way offstage.

The HOST (38) meets the comic halfway, shakes his hand, and then takes to the microphone on stage. The host carries in his hand a clear water bottle.

HOST

How y'all doing? Good, good,
give another round of
applause for our last comic.

Again the audience claps and cheers. Black lights and red lights cast a ghost-like illumination over them. Near the stage lighting coming from the spotlights makes the surrounding guest more visible.

HOST
Alright ya'll simmer down
now. For this next segment I
need two volunteers for
improvisation.

Low murmurs rumble through the audience.

The Host takes a swig of water then stares at the
audience perturbed.

HOST
Don't all jump up at once.

A few throaty chuckles arise from the audience.

Naomi stares at the Host intrigued. She lays her hand
on Derrick's.

NAOMI
Let's go up.

DERRICK
I'm no comedian.

NAOMI
Doesn't matter. It'll be fun.

DERRICK
I don't know.

Naomi leans over, smiles at Derrick while resting her
hand on his forearm. He stares back.

DERRICK
Tell you what... if you can
guess what number I'm
thinking I'll go up.

Naomi reclines back, puts her hand to her face, and
taps her chin. Her eyes veer up and out to the left. A
gasp overwhelms her. She bites her bottom lip as she
leans into Derrick once more.

NAOMI
Two.

DERRICK

How did you--

NAOMI

--I don't know. I can just
read you sometimes.

INT. EVERETT'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - FIVE YEARS AGO

On a brown, leather, sofa. Ivory sits with her legs tucked under herself and her head on Everett's shoulder. A white blanket wraps around her shoulders.

Everett holds a remote in one hand and runs his fingers through Ivory's hair with the other.

All the lights are off save for a dim lamp in the far back corner of the room. Several takeout boxes and plates lay atop a coffee table. Chopsticks extend from two of the boxes.

The bluish glow of the TV shins on Everett and Ivory.

IVORY

If we get married I am never
having kids.

EVERETT

That's a little extreme.

Ivory picks up one of the takeout boxes, takes a bite of beef and rice then sets it down.

IVORY

(mouthful)

Did you see their eyes? They
were all red and glowing
like--

She contorts her face opens her eyes wider with her thumbs and forefingers while sticking out her tongue. Bits of food fall out.

Everett recoils and laughs.

Ivory growls as she laps her tongue around her lips.

EVERETT

You don't want a demon child,
okay, okay.

He leans in and kisses her.

IVORY

Who needs a little hell spawn
when I have a devil like you?

She caresses Everett's cheeks and jawline, grazes her
nose over the tip of his and then gives his lips a
peck.

IVORY *cont'd*

You want to do the dishes?

EVERETT

Oh no you don't. I made lunch
today. You do the dishes
tonight.

IVORY

What if I make it up to you
later?

(kisses Everett)

EVERETT

How about we settle this the
way anyone would settle a
serious matter--

He lifts his hand into Ivory's view with his thumb
jutting straight up.

EVERETT *cont'd*

--Thumb wrestle.

IVORY

You're going down.

She locks fingers with Everett's. Their thumbs cross
twice.

IVORY *cont'd*

On three. One--

Everett stares down at their unwavering thumbs.

IVORY *cont'd*
(rapidly)
Two, three.

She stretches her thumb over Everett's, pins it down.
He squirms trying to wriggle free. Three seconds pass.

IVORY *cont'd*
(gloating)
Ha! I win.

EVERETT
Only because I let you win.
(kisses Ivory)

IVORY
No you didn't.

EVERETT
How do you know?

IVORY
Because, I can read you.
(kisses)

Everett smiles and then collects the dishes and
takeout boxes.

IVORY *cont'd*
Baby, you want some help
taking that to the kitchen?

EVERETT
No, no, I got it. You won,
remember?

IVORY
You're too sweet.

Everett starts toward the kitchen. Ivory slaps his
butt.

Dishes and silverware CLANG together in the background

EVERETT (O.S)

Hey, babe, why don't you find us another movie while I load the dishwasher?

IVORY

Okay.

She picks up the remote then re-wraps the white blanket around herself. She scrolls through a TV listing.

The doorbell RINGS.

EVERETT (O.S)

Babe...

IVORY

I got it.

She walks around the sofa, crosses the hardwood floor to the door. The doorbell RINGS a second time as she undoes the locks and finally opens the--

DOOR

Mrs. Thatcher stars in from under the faint yellow light of the hallway. Her eyes widen till they bulge out of their sockets. Gradually they narrow, her brow frowns and her lips curdle up to a smirk.

MRS. THATCHER

Is my son home?

IVORY

Yes, he's--

EVERETT (O.S)

Who's at the--

He appears at the open doorway beside Ivory.

EVERETT *cont'd*

--Oh. Hey, mom.

(to Ivory)

Hey, babe, you got that movie picked out?

IVORY

Right, I'll let you two talk.

She continues to the sofa.

MRS. THATCHER

Mind telling me what you're still doing with her?

EVERETT

I'm a grown man; I'll see whoever I want.

MRS. THATCHER

She's no good for you, Everett. She's a little whore. Just like the skirts your father chased.

EVERETT

(aggressive)

Stop that. I'm nothing like him, and maybe if you got to know Ivory you'd like her.

Mrs. Thatcher runs her hand along the side of his face.

MRS. THATCHER

I forget how young you were when that woman took your father from us.

EVERETT

She may have taken him... but you made sure he couldn't come back.

INT. COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT - PRESENT

HOST

How about you two?

He points to a couple near the stage.

The couple shakes their heads fervently.

Naomi's hand shoots in the air. The rest of her body follows.

NAOMI

Over here!

The Host gazes into the audience, he spots Naomi as she pulls Derrick from his chair.

HOST

Alright, you folks come on up.

Low banter murmurs throughout the audience. They applaud as Naomi walks onto stage with Derrick in tow.

The Host approaches with the microphone. He looks Naomi up and down impressed.

HOST *cont'd*

You are delicious. What's your name, beautiful?

He puts the mic to Naomi's mouth.

NAOMI

Naomi.

HOST

Naomi. Beautiful name for a beautiful woman.

(to Derrick)

You hit the jackpot on this one, brotha. What's your name?

DERRICK

Derrick.

HOST

Let's do a little improv. I want you all to start naming time periods.

AUDIENCE MEMBER #1 (O.S)

Nineteen-twenties.

AUDIENCE MEMBER #2 (O.S)
Third Grade.

AUDIENCE MEMBER #3 (O.S)
Cretaceous.

HOST
I heard Cretaceous. Let's
modify that. Derrick and
Naomi, are you ready to rock
like the Flintstone?

DERRICK & NAOMI
Yeah.

HOST
Derrick, you come home to
your cave. You notice Naomi
acting different, suspicious
even.

He exits off the stage.

Naomi takes to one side of the stage, flails her hands
up and down in a wave motion as if shaking something
out.

Derrick grasps the air, extends his hand, steps in. he
glances to his left, then right, continues to Naomi
while scratching his head.

Naomi folds the air, kisses Derrick's cheek.

NAOMI
Hey, honey. How did the hunt
go?

DERRICK
Don't "Hey, honey" me.

NAOMI
What's the matter?

DERRICK
I just saw someone running
from this cave.

NAOMI

Hold that thought.
(growls/mews)
I have to feed the saber-
tooth.

DERRICK

Another cat?

She walks to the end of the stage, reaches down,
cradles the air on the way up.

NAOMI

Look at his cute little fangs
and pretty little paws. Pet
him.

DERRICK

I don't want to pet the
little mongrel.

NAOMI

Honey, not so loud in front
of the baby.

Derrick takes something invisible from her arms, sets
it on the floor and nudges it away.

DERRICK

It's not a baby. Keep that
cat outside. I don't want it
crapping in the cave.

NAOMI

You didn't have to do that.

DERRICK

The boys in the hunting party
told me some things about you
and Flint.

NAOMI

Our next cave neighbor?

DERRICK

Heard you and him been
getting hairier than two
sweaty mammoths in heat.

NAOMI

Oh, is that ape Turk
spreading rumors again?

DERRICK

No, Flint. Right as I wrung
his neck.

Derrick squeezes Naomi's shoulders, dips her back.

They lock eyes. His brow furrows. A clinched tooth
smile stretches across his mouth.

A mass of gasps escape from the audience as scores of
them lean forward on edge.

Derrick stares down. He pictures Ivory teary, wide
eyed, face looking up at him. Her lips tremble.

A hand runs along Derrick's arm and then pats the back
of his arm.

DERRICK *cont'd*

(mumbling)

Ivory?

NAOMI

(whispering)

That's good, really good.
You're a natural.

Derrick looks up. The Host returns to stage clapping
his hands.

HOST

That was intense. Great job,
guys.

Derrick lets Naomi up. She holds his hand, waves to
the crowd. Applause ascends to the stage.

EXT. NAOMI'S APARTMENT - STOOP - NIGHT

Footsteps resonate in the foreground. A hand glides up a railing. The entirety of the person soon comes to view as Naomi turns.

DERRICK (O.S)
I guess I'll see you later.

SIDEWALK

Derrick stares at the concrete with his hand tucked in his pockets.

STOOP

NAOMI
Yeah... have a goodnight.

SIDEWALK

Derrick lifts his head, smiles, and then waves. He starts to walk away.

NAOMI (O.S)
Derrick--

Derrick turns back whimsically.

STOOP

NAOMI *cont'd*
You wanna come in? I can make some tea and we could just talk.

INT. NAOMI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Brown, transparent liquid swishes in a white ceramic mug. The mouth of a kettle rises away from it.

NAOMI
Refill?

DERRICK
Sure, I could go for another cup.

Naomi fills his mug then sets the tea kettle down.
Silence envelops the room.

Derrick holds his mug firm, taps his finger on the
rim. Naomi stares at Derrick while he looks into his
mug.

NAOMI

Who's Ivy?

Derrick ceases tapping, perks up.

DERRICK

I'm sorry?

NAOMI

Ivy, you mumbled it during
the skit.

DERRICK

I didn't know, I didn't mean
to.

He takes a sip from his mug.

NAOMI

It's okay.

DERRICK

Her name was Ivory--

He glances at Naomi.

DERRICK *cont'd*

You reminded me of her then
and there, just for a moment.

Naomi takes a sip.

NAOMI

That's, that's nice. I hope.

Derrick looks down, notices his shaky hand. Naomi
clutches her hand atop of his and smiles.

DERRICK
(clears throat)
You have any honey?

NAOMI
Yes, I'll get some for you.

She rises, Derrick stops her.

DERRICK
I'll find it, be right back.

He walks into the --

KITCHEN

He opens a far left cabinet.

NAOMI (O.S)
Should be in the cabinets
above the sink.

Derrick opens the cabinets over the sink, reaches in
takes out a bottle of honey.

A bloc of black hilted knives catches his attention
from the corner of his eye.

Derrick steps back, sets the honey on the countertop
then glides his fingers over the hilt of the knives.
He slowly slides out a chef's knife.

NAOMI (O.S)
Did you find it?

DERRICK
(ominous)
Yeah, I found it.

He continues out the kitchen with the knife in hand.

Derrick looks down at the blade once more. For an
instance blood drenches it and dribbles over his
knuckles.

Derrick clinches his eyes shut, takes two deep
breaths, and then opens them.

The flat of the blade flickers spotlessly under the florescent light.

LIVING ROOM

Derrick, with the honey in hand, forces a smile as he crosses the room hesitantly.

Naomi perks up, pats the seat cushion.

NAOMI

Took you long enough.

Derrick sits and continues to pour honey into his tea. His hand shakes feverishly as he squeezes the bottle.

INT. HALLWAY- NIGHT - TWENTY-THREE YEARS AGO

All is black and then a small shaky hand stretches out, grasps a doorknob.

As the knob turns, screams screech in the background. A repetitive wet, squish thunk follows.

A bedroom door opens part way.

BEDROOM

A woman in blood stained clothes, visible only from behind, rises from a squatted position. She wraps a piece of cloth around her bleeding forearm.

Sniveling cries whimper from the opposite side of the room.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S)

(crying)

No, no, no.

The blood stained woman turns faces toward the cries. Her face comes to view revealing Mrs. Thatcher.

MRS. THATCHER

Shut up! I don't wanna hear another peep outta you.

She points a bloody chef's knife at Michelle (30) a gorgeous red haired woman crouched in the corner of the room wearing nothing save for panties.

Blood drips from the blade like thick, red molasses.

Mrs. Thatcher straddles atop a pale, bare chest man, fixes the blade's point downward and stabs him.

The victim's legs shake under Mrs. Thatcher upon her stabbing.

The face of the man beneath Mrs. Thatcher comes to view as he groans wail faintly. It's Mr. Thatcher.

MICHELLE (O.S)

(panicked)

My god, please, please stop.

The door opens a bit further.

A stream of blood dribbles from Mr. Thatcher's agape mouth.

Mrs. Thatcher hunches over forcing the blade deeper into Mr. Thatcher.

MRS. THATCHER

You want to leave me for that
lil' redhead slut?

Mr. Thatcher groans, a tear streams down his cheek.

MICHELLE

(crying)

I'm so, so sorry. We never
meant...

Mrs. Thatcher's eye's well up.

MRS. THATCHER

(annoyed)

I'm trying to talk to my
husband.

(to Mr. Thatcher)

I don't excite you anymore?

She slides the knife from Mr. Thatcher's chest. He coughs and gurgles on blood. His eyes glaze over.

Mrs. Thatcher shuts them and kisses each eyelid.

She then gazes across the room, turns back to Mr. Thatcher's dead body, and grins.

MRS. THATCHER *cont'd*

I know what you see in her. I
get chills just looking at
her.

She climbs off the bed, struts across the room.

MICHELLE

(frantic)

No, no, please don't do this!

The door opens wider.

Michelle props her back against a wall. Blood covers her breast and sheer panties. Her hands holdfast to her side abdominal, which pusses blood through the spaces of her fingers.

MRS. THATCHER

Come here, bitch!

Mrs. Thatcher snatches Michelle up from the floor by her hair. The knife shakes in her hand.

Michelle cries and continues to clinch her side as she tries to hold onto Mrs. Thatcher's hand yanking her hair.

MICHELLE

I never meant to fall in love
with your husband. Please
don't kill me.

Mrs. Thatcher twitches. An uneasy grin graces her lips.

Both the women's eyes well up.

Mrs. Thatcher cups Michelle's face in her hand, pulls her close, then screams as she thrusts the blade into Michelle's belly.

She maneuvers the blade upward, rips a larger gash up to Michelle's diaphragm.

Michelle gasps shallow breaths. Her eyes deadlock with Mrs. Thatcher's then her gaze drifts to the door where nine-year-old Everett.

Mrs. Thatcher lets go of Michelle, who falls limply gripping the knife lodged in her gut, and then wipes her hands on the bed sheets.

The boy's eyes widen to the size of walnuts, his body petrifies perfectly still.

MRS. THATCHER

Did mommy wake you, Everett?

Everett glances at Mr. Thatcher's corpse. His mother covers the body with the sheets then tends to him, kisses his cheek.

MRS. THATCHER *cont'd*

Let's get you to bed,
sweetheart.

INT. NAOMI'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - PRESENT

NAOMI (O.S)

Derrick, Derrick?

She places her hand on his wrist.

DERRICK

Huh, sorry. I... I have to go.

He rises.

Naomi

What's wrong?

Derrick continues quickly to the door. Naomi follows, grabs his hand.

He looks back at Naomi. His hand slips from her grasp.

Naomi kisses Derrick's cheek.

INT. ALONGI'S - DAY

Derrick leans against the podium at the front of the restaurant.

Naomi passes by the windows. She does a double take upon seeing Derrick then continues inside the restaurant.

Derrick averts his gaze as Naomi approaches.

She lays a hand atop of his, which grips tight to the podium.

NAOMI

Hey..

Derrick slides his hand free and continues to toward the soda dispenser machine.

NAOMI *cont'd*

Derrick?

Derrick grabs a cup, fills it with water, and takes three gulps.

MR. WILMETTE

Everything alright, Derrick?

Derrick sighs as he turns to Mr. Wilmette's way. He sees a bloody knife thrust in his boss's chest and his hand outstretched and slashed up.

Mr. Wilmette rests his lacerated hand on Derrick's shoulder. At the moment Derrick sees his boss's face take the guise of his father's.

The cup falls from Derrick's hand. Water splashes the floor and his feet.

He hops back, rubs his eyes. Mr. Wilmette stands before him staring at him curiously.

Derrick rushes out of the restaurant. He walks outside to--

EXT. STREET - DAY

Naomi spins him around.

NAOMI

You're acting really weird..
Did I do something wrong?

Derrick rubs his hands together, places them behind his head.

DERRICK

No, it's not you, you're perfect. I'm just scared.

NAOMI

Of what?

DERRICK

What will happen if we keep seeing each other?

Naomi steps closer, places one hand on his cheek, the other on his chest.

NAOMI

I'll keep smiling.

Derrick holds Naomi's waist.

DERRICK

Naomi, I don't think you understand. You excite me.

NAOMI

(laughing)

Never heard that before--

Derrick's hands tremble. Naomi takes one, lays it against her cheek.

NAOMI *cont'd*

-- But, you excite me too.
Hey, let's pick up where we
left off last week.

INT. NAOMI'S APARTMENT DOOR - NIGHT

Door opens, on the other side stands

DERRICK

Am I early?

NAOMI,

No, no, come in.

Derrick steps inside. From the doorway he peers into the dining room. Mr. and Mrs. Thatcher flash before his eyes.

His eyes flutter until his vision dissolves the form site in an grayed man, BENJAMIN (57) and an grayed woman, LOIS (57) seated at a table.

DINING ROOM

Derrick gathers himself, clears his throat, and approaches Benjamin extended hand. They shake

BENJAMIN

Good to finally meet you,
son.

Derrick nods, continues to Lois who hugs him.

LOIS

Good evening, dear. How are
you?

DERRICK

I'm alright, ma'am.

NAOMI (O.S)

Derrick, you want to give me
a hand in the kitchen?

LOIS

I'll help. Let the boys be.

She disappears into the kitchen.

BENJAMIN

You don't have to stand
zombified, son. Pull that
chair out, have a seat.

Derrick sits across from Benjamin.

DERRICK

Thank you.

Naomi and Lois course to and fro, setting several dishes on the table. Derrick makes brief contact with Naomi each time she enters the dining room.

BENJAMIN

My daughter tells me you know
your way around a stove.

DERRICK

I dabble in recipes a little.

BENJAMIN

Makes me wonder why you
aren't working your way up
the culinary ranks.

DERRICK

Cooking's my hobby. I, I
prefer to paint.

BENJAMIN

Ah! An artist. Have you shown
any pieces in exhibits?

NAOMI (O.S)

Here comes the main course.

She sets a silver tray with a huge roasted rack of lamb atop and then sits beside Derrick while Lois settles beside Benjamin once more.

LOIS

You better be playing nice,
Ben.

BENJAMIN

Honey, I'm always nice. The boy was telling me about his paintings.

LOIS

(surprised)

Interesting. Do tell us your style.

NAOMI

(stern)

Mom, Dad...

DERRICK

It's okay. I had two exhibits in Chicago, sold a few pieces there as well.

BENJAMIN

You're pretty good then. I'll be sure to look into your work.

DERRICK

Thank you, sir.

(to Lois)

As for my style, I guess I'm more modern gothic.

Benjamin and Lois nod. Naomi rises.

NAOMI

This lamb won't carve itself.

She picks up a carving knife and fork, pierces the meat.

The blade slices across slowly. Pale, white flesh replaces the seasoned, crisp, brown one. Blood excretes from the cut and onto the blade.

Derrick looks up at Naomi, who smiles at him, and then back to the lamb.

The seasoned, crisp, brown rack of lamb returns to view. Two slices of lamb fall onto a plate in front of the tray.

Naomi sets the plate before Derrick.

DERRICK

Thank you.

Naomi smiles.

LATER

All the side dishes are cleared from the table. The rack of lamb sits in place with half the chops carved off.

LIVING ROOM

Naomi withdraws two jackets from a closet.

Benjamin takes one, throws it over his forearm, grabs the second and holds it as Lois slips her arms in.

LOIS

Dinner was delicious, Naomi.

(kisses Naomi's
cheek)

Thank you for having us.

BENJAMIN

Good food, good company,
goodnight, sugar.

He kisses Naomi's cheek then shakes Derrick's hand.

DERRICK

Goodnight.

Benjamin and Lois exit. Naomi sighs relieved.

Derrick stands still, hands in his pockets. Naomi rubs her palms together.

They lock eyes.

NAOMI

So, some night, right?

DERRICK

Yeah, some night.

Naomi smirks.

Derrick's bottom lip quivers.

They immediately embrace each other and kiss wildly.

Naomi presses Derrick's back against a wall with a heavy thud.

DERRICK

Wait--

He grabs Naomi's waist, holds her at a bay.

DERRICK *cont'd*

I should, I should get, uh,
going. I should go..

He opens the door. His fingertips linger on the knob.

Derrick stares over at Naomi who backpedals through the living room and drifts into a room off to the side.

NAOMI'S BEDROOM

Panting and wet kisses fill in the air.

A flurry of clothes shoots from two silhouettes entwined with one another under the sliver hue of the moon shining through a nearby window.

Derrick and Naomi fall upon a downy pillow littered bed. Naomi mounts herself on top.

She flips her head back, her auburn hair shimmers under the soft moonlight.

Hands reach up caressing her sides while she presses on Derrick's broad shoulders.

FADE TO:

Derrick lies in bed staring at the ceiling.

Naomi sleeps soundly beside him.

He glances at his hands. Blood stains them up to his wrists. Blood soaks the entire bedspread.

Derrick lurches forward, panting sporadically.

The blood vanishes.

He hops out of bed. Continues to --

KITCHEN

Lights flicker on. The white tile illuminates a ghostly blue/white hue.

A chef's knife slides from the knife block atop the counter.

Young Derrick's cherub face reflects on the blade.

MRS. THATCHER (V.O)

She's no good for you. Get
rid of the little redheaded
slut.

Derrick's face reflects on the blade. He curls the knife behind his forearm and heads for--

NAOMI'S BEDROOM

Derrick's frame blots out the moonlight. As he moves closer to the bed his shadow creeps up the comforter.

He un-cups the knife, glides the blade over Naomi's contour.

INT. EVERETT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - FOUR YEARS AGO

EVERETT (O.S)

(whispers)

I love you, I'm sorry.

Shallow wheezes fill the air.

Everett kneels on a bed hunched over Ivory. A knife protrudes from her chest. Blood pools from the blade's insertion point and puddles onto black satin sheets.

Ivory's reaches up, brushes her hand against Everett's face smearing red on his cheek. She then nimbly touches the hilt of the blade.

Just then a face leans forward from the opposite side of the bed, Mrs. Thatcher.

MRS. THATCHER

(whispering)

You can't have my baby.

Ivory's hand falls limp and her eyes glaze over. Everett shuts them.

EVERETT

Why? Why, mother?

MRS. THATCHER

She's no good for you.

EVERETT

How would you know? You never gave her a chance.

MRS. THATCHER

I didn't need to. She nothing but a home wrecker like that floozy your father...

EVERETT

(angrily)

I'm not my father and you can't keep comparing us. It won't change what you did.

Mrs. Thatcher presses her lips together, rubs Everett's shoulder.

MRS. THATCHER

Everett, mommy knows best.
Now get rid of her and clean
this mess.

EVERETT

No!

He yanks the blade from Ivory's lifeless body, charges Mrs. Thatcher, who stumbles backward into a wall.

Everett shoves the knife into his mother's gut.

Mrs. Thatcher grits her teeth, her eyes well up.

EVERETT

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

INT. NAOMI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - PRESENT

Derrick continues to trace the knife along Naomi's slumbering body. He sees flashes of Ivory's expressionless corpse.

DERRICK

(muttering)

I'm sorry, Ivory. I'm sorry.
I'm so, so sorry.

Naomi stirs in her sleep.

NAOMI

(groggy)

Stop apologizing and go to
sleep.

Derrick presses the blade tip against Naomi's arm. She jolts up.

NAOMI

Ouch! What was...

Derrick stares at her entranced. The chef's knife gripped so tight his knuckles turn pale white. Derrick runs the knife along Naomi's legs.

NAOMI

Derrick, babe, what are you doing? You're scaring me.

DERRICK

I can't help myself around you. Every time I'm near you it happens all over again.

Naomi reaches for Derrick's hand. He recoils and holds the knife up defensively.

NAOMI

Easy now. What happens all over again?

DERRICK

The dreams, the nightmares, this insatiable appetite to rip you apart. I want to walk away but I can't.

Naomi eyes bulge as she gasps. She takes note of the anguish in Derrick's face. Tears stream down his cheeks.

NAOMI

We can get through this, but you have to give me the knife.

Derrick flips the knife handle to Naomi. Tense and sniveling he shakily starts to yield it over.

NAOMI

That's it. Hand it over.

DERRICK

No!

He hops off the bed and paces along the bed; all the while he the yanking his hair.

DERRICK

No. My mother was right... I have to get rid of you. It's the only way to end this.

He points the blade at Naomi. An insidious smile bears on his lips.

NAOMI

Derrick, wait!

Derrick flips his hair from his eyes and lunges at Naomi. Naomi slips to the side and uses Derrick's momentum to toss him over the bed.

Derrick slams his head into a wall.

Naomi springs from the bed and out the room.

HALLWAY

She dashes to the linen closet sifts her hands through for anything. Derrick lumbers behind her.

DERRICK

Naomi! I'll make this quick.
I promise.

He charges toward the linen Naomi.

NAOMI

Shit.

Finally Naomi grasps on to something hard. She whips around slugs Derrick with an iron. Derrick stumbles back dazed as Naomi slugs him two more times.

Derrick slashes at her back as she runs away again.

Naomi trips but continues to crawl away. Derrick snatches her by her hair before she can make any progress.

He spins her around and Naomi punches him in the face hard enough to make his nose bleed.

Derrick recoils. He then licks blood from his upper lip and grins.

Naomi grabs a cordless phone from an end table. She punches in three numbers and presses the phone to her ear but there's no dial tone.

Derrick glares at her with the cut phone chord in hand.

DERRICK

Nah uh uh.

NAOMI

Derrick, please. I can get you help.

DERRICK

Liar! The only one who could help me was my mother and she's gone now.

He slashes at Naomi slicing her forearm.

Naomi races to the front door. Just as she gets it open Derrick slams it shut. She throws her shoulder at him, shoving him away, and opens the door once more.

Derrick slams door shut again and brings the knife up to Naomi throat. She pushes against his wrists and strains to keep the knife at bay.

Derrick slaps Naomi down then stabs at the floor. He misses.

Naomi rises to her feet. She hops back repeatedly as Derrick slashes at her until her back presses against a couch.

Derrick lunges straight for Naomi's gut. She grabs his hand, stops the blade short of piercing deep.

The couple freezes in place at a stalemate.

NAOMI

Derrick, please stop. I still love you.

Derrick's mouth gapes open as he sees a vision of Ivory crying. The image morphs into Naomi crying.

MRS. THATCHER (V.O)
I'm the only one who truly
loved you. Be a good boy and
kill her!

His blade hand forward inches forward.

DERRICK
I love you too.

Derrick turns the blade toward his self and lunges forward. He and Naomi tumble over the couch and crash onto the glass coffee table.

Dazed and groggy eyed Naomi groans. She looks down and sees Derrick beneath her convulsing. Blood coats her hands and the knife lodges deep just under Derrick's diaphragm.

NAOMI
Derrick! Hang on. I'll get
you help. Let me just find my
cell phone.

Derrick grips her hand just as she start to pull away.

DERRICK
It's better this way. There's
so much about you that
excites me.

Naomi kisses Derrick's forehead and strokes his hair back. She starts pull away again but Derrick holds her close.

NAOMI
Why won't you let me help
you?

DERRICK
I never wanted to hurt you.
I'm sorry.

Derrick's hand falls limp and his eyes close.

FADE TO BLACK