

APPLE OF EDEN

Written by

MJ Brewer

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LOGLINE: A tragic accident forces a naive young mother to raise her daughter alone, secretly tiptoeing the perilous tightrope of sex, drugs, and Child Protective Services.

APPLE OF EDEN

06/10/16 - REVISION COLOR - Character List

Clover Johnson (7) Blond, mature for her age
Eve Johnson (20) Blond, contortionist, endowed and tall
Jerry Sweets (54) Thinning gray, set against drugs
Nina (19) Naive, blond, Marilyn Monroe-ish
Jade (20) Tall, pale, red curly hair to her waist, classy
Cindy (21) Natural auburn, bob cut, pale, short and thicker, cutesy
Coco (20) Long, lean, long black hair dressed ornately
Ricky (20) Shoulder-length brown hair, thin build, thief
Artie Tessler (44) Slender mechanic, shy a nut or two
Brittany Perkins (8) Brunette, mommy's girl
Nikki Montgomery (23) Short, fiery, friendly neighbor, sister to Adam
Adam Kingsley (26) Tall, great smile, principal

Guest: Jason Simpson

APPLE OF EDEN

Pilot Episode - "Not Far from the Tree"

06/10/16 - REVISION COLOR - Set List

EXTERIORS:

Eve's home
Garden of Eden Parking Lot
Street Corner
Sprucepines Parking Lot

INT/EXT:

Eve's home
Garden of Eden

INTERIORS:

Garden of Eden
Johnson's Home
Eve's Apartment
Sprucepines Classroom
Sprucepines Office
Principal's Office

APPLE OF EDEN

"PILOT"

TEASER

FADE IN:

MUSIC: BEASTER, AWAKENING

EXT. SUBURB - DAY

An establishing shot of a picturesque suburb.

EXT. ELM STREET - DAY

A police car, siren and lights off, casually drives down a suburban street. It stops at a well-kept UPPER MIDDLE-CLASS house with young girls playing jump rope on the walk.

EVE (V.O.)

I thought my life was over when I had a baby at 15. But that was only the warm-up. At least my parents stuck by me -- a lot of girls never get that.

Officers climb out of the car. The YOUNGER OFFICER pats CLOVER, 7 years old, one front tooth missing. She smiles and spins between the rope, singing a rhythmic song even louder.

The YOUNGER OFFICER peeks solemnly over his shoulder at the girls jumping. (SLO-MO) Clover leaves her friends, clambering to follow the officers onto the porch as --

(CU) of OLDER OFFICER'S finger ringing the bell. (UP TO SPEED)

SHOT WIDENS, Eve, 22, a toned body in casual shorts and tank top with blond hair pulled into high pony tail answers with a beaming smile. Her mouth moves in a happy "yes?"

The OLDER OFFICER speaks muted.

Eve's face drops and she holds the door frame, collapsing. The officers catch her. Clover looks to her friends jumping rope, pausing, as if this is the last time she'll see them.

CU on Eve'S distraught face. They all follow her inside.

INT. EVE'S PARENT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The officers help Eve to the couch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVE (V.O.)
My whole world was buried with my
parents.

EXT. CEMETERY - GRAVE SITE - FLASH FORWARD

A PREACHER, 55, silently reads a sermon. Clover and Eve stand at a plot with two excavated graves. Apart from them, older folks convene, solemnly. It's evident they've no interest in the survivors. Clover clings to her mother's hand. The little girl looks out of place dressed in black holding a TEDDY.

EVE (V.O.)
Everything but Clover.

CU on Clover witnessing her mother's breakdown. She squeezes the bear and clenches onto Eve.

EVE (V.O.)
Change was as inevitable as always.

I/E.

MONTAGE - EVE SEARCHES FOR EMPLOYMENT

With a stack of resumes in her hand, Eve leaves the house.

-- In a respectable restaurant, she hands her resume over to a MANAGER who smacks an EMPLOYEE sneaking past, with a menu.

-- In a fast food joint, talking to a SERVER, resume in hand, someone at the drive-thru throws a shake through the window.

-- At the zoo, a KEEPER talks as monkeys throw feces at her.

-- In a daycare, she follows a TEACHER, application in hand. A crying kid runs up and throws up right in front of her.

-- In a bank, she sets her resume down at a teller window. The TELLER holds a finger up with a smile and disappears.

Eve peers at A MAN at the next window handing a TELLER a piece of paper. He reaches into his pocket and withdraws A GUN! Eve bolts, dashes back, grabs the resume, and rushes out the door as an ALARM sounds.

INT. JACOBSEN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Exhausted, Eve enters the spotlessly clean living room of doilies and figurines with one resume left in her hand. Falling against the door, she wads the resume up. Tosses it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Clover, sitting with the babysitter on the couch, runs over and picks up the ball of paper giggling and throws it back. The wad of paper bounces off Eve's forehead.

INT. JACOBSEN HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room casts an old-fashioned glow of an older couple. A cane positioned by the bed. Slippers at the side with a pair of robes on hooks; one pink and lacy, the other blue striped. Matching slippers underneath. A sleeping mask and denture cup on the night stand next to a copy of the Bible.

Eve, in pajamas, sitting cross-legged, surrounded with half-packed boxes. She enters the closet and emerges, staggering with a heavy, sealed SECURITY BOX. CLOVER enters, STARTLING Eve. She nearly drops the box, but heaves it onto the bed.

CLOVER

What's that?

Eve catches her breath. Tries opening it. Can't.

EVE

I guess it's your grandma's. Must be private stuff. It's locked.

CLOVER

Where's the key?

EVE

We don't have it. But it's not our business, and we've gotta move this week.

Clover opens dresser drawers and feels around behind the clothing.

CLOVER

We're not staying here?

EVE

I'm afraid not.

CLOVER

Where will we live?

EVE

I'm not sure. Without income, we're screwed. I mean, I have insurance from them, but it won't last forever.

Clover's face scrunches up. Eve continues staring at the box.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOVER
Can Avery still sleep over?

Eve takes a deep breath and slowly exhales.

EVE
(losing patience)
Clover -- If you want to help, put
grandma's clothes in those boxes over
there.

Eve points to a stack of empty boxes. Clover carries one to the dresser and opens a drawer, withdrawing folded clothing to place in the box.

Eve has an armful of clothing on hangers. She tosses them onto the bed. Removing a dress, she folds it. Boxes it.

CLOVER
Will this work? It's too little for a
door.

Clover holds a small KEY in the air, dangling it with a smile.

Eve snatches the KEY from Clover.

EVE
Thanks.

Eve drops the key into her pocket. Baffled, Clover's hands go to her hips.

CLOVER
Aren't you going to open it?

EVE
It's private.

CLOVER
Grandma's dead. I could strap her bra
on my head and dance around the room
in her diapers. She's not gonna mind.

Pause. Eve stiffens and puts her hand to her ear.

EVE
Hear that?

Clover listens.

CLOVER
I don't hear anything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EVE

I think I hear Mrs. Dempsey's School
for Well-mannered Children calling
you. (pause) Why not hit the hay?

CLOVER

(whiney)
But it's only 8 o'clock.

EVE

Yeah, your bedtime.

Eve continues folding clothes and closing boxes.

CLOVER

On a Saturday?

Eve freezes, head down, shoulders rise. Clover bows her head,
closes the drawer, and sluffs out of the room.

Eve removes the KEY. Rolls it between her fingers and looks
to the closet.

A door SLAMS down the hallway. Eve looks in that direction.

Placing the KEY in the lock, she turns it. The clasp opens
and the lid easily rises. Files inside are unmarked. Eve
removes a photograph from inside the front file.

A woman, suspiciously similar to herself, stands at a dancing
pole with pasties and a g-string. Written diagonally at the
corner is a signature, "To my darling Jim -- Love, Lola"

Eve's hands drop to her sides, holding the photograph, and
she sinks to her knees.

EVE

My mother was a Mormon.

Her eyes move toward a photograph by the bed. A photograph of
her parents, dressed in white, married. They're a few years
older than the photo in her hand. The Salt Lake Latter-Day-
Saint Temple in the background. Genuinely happy.

EVE (CONT'D)

Saved from the fires of hell.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. PARADISE - PARKING LOT - DAY

CLOSE ON THE RAIN-SOAKED WINDOW PANES. PEOPLE BARELY VISIBLE INSIDE DARK WINDOW OF A GLASS DOOR. PULL BACK TO REVEAL Eve POV from inside her car. She nervously watches as rain trickles down the windshield.

We see an old blue car with a taped tail light bump in and park. Artie (44) lanky in ratty clothes exits the car. He scans the lot and quickly disappears into the building.

CU - Looking into the rearview mirror, Eve's reflection. A freshly painted face reapplies red lipstick and mutters.

EVE

I can do this. I have to do this. I have no choice.

CLOVER (O.S.)

Don't worry, Mommy. You'll be the best server they've ever seen. You'll see.

Eve smiles, and exits her car.

OUTSIDE THE CAR

A dainty umbrella pops open shielding her short clingy dress from the rain. High heels accentuate long legs. She locks her doors with the push of a button. Glancing at her car, Clover peeks through the back window giving a thumbs up.

Eve motions for her to duck. Clover lowers behind the window. Eve pulls the door open. A bell, hanging on the hinge, JINGLES at the top.

INT. PARADISE - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The room consists of a small, carpeted, reception center, a desk, a couple of uncomfortable chairs and a love seat. A hallway behind the desk, a door to the side, and a door marked "Lounge" directly in front of it.

CINDY, (23) stocky redhead, ruddy skin, with a bob cut and platform shoes high enough to add a few inches, smiles and runs Artie's card. She gives him a receipt. Tucking it in his pocket, he visually absorbs Eve as she blocks the door open with a foot.

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CONTINUED:

VIEW FROM OUTSIDE

Eve shakes off the umbrella outside the door.

VIEW LOOKING ACROSS THE LOT

Spots Clover watching through the window and frowns. She closes the door.

BACK INSIDE

CINDY

You can go in, Artie.

Artie hungrily eyes the new arrival.

ARTIE

When does she start?

Cindy shoos him with her hands, playfully agitated.

Artie enters the Lounge.

Cindy grins at Eve.

CINDY

Hi. Can I help you?

EVE

(Uneasy) Yeah, uh, I guess. I mean, I hope you can help me.

Cindy waits with an edgy smile.

EVE (CONT'D)

I'm here to see Jerry if he's in.

Cindy's artificial smile broadens. Picking up the phone receiver from the desk, she DIALS and puts it to her ear. Her eyes fix on Eve, rolling up and down the new competition, she mutters into the phone.

CINDY

There's someone here to see you.
(checking Eve's face) Her name?

She rotates toward Eve.

EVE

My name is Eve.

Cindy nods and turns back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CINDY

She says it's Eve. (pause) Okay.

Cindy turns back to the desk and hangs up the phone.

CINDY (CONT'D)

He says you can go back. (thumbs over her shoulder) Last door at the end of the hall.

EVE

Thank you.

Cindy stares at Eve leaving. CU Eve's brows press together.

INT. JERRY'S OFFICE --

JERRY (54) Slightly hunched. A tank top. One hand twitches and his thumb and forefinger rub anxiously without a drink in them. His skin's yellowish glow advertises alcoholism and miles of heavily traveled road. He fidgets with a smirk. His language has a natural slur, he's had one for so long.

The wall's wood paneling dates it. The matching tortured desk fits the decor perfectly. A braided rug in the small office space with two unmatched metal chairs perched on top, in front of the desk. The wall has dancers' photos. Trophies.

JERRY

(stretching)

What can I do you for?

He chuckles.

Eve nervously canvasses the room. Lands back on him.

EVE

There was an ad -- in the paper?

JERRY

Well, well, well. You're looking to work in The Garden of Eden, huh?

He pulls a Soho Old Fashioned glass from a drawer. A half full bottle of whiskey joins it on his desk while he unscrews the lid and pours a smidgen in the glass. He replaces the bottle and fingers the drink.

EVE

Well, I just wanted to find out...

Jerry pulls up straight. His smile stitched on, eyes leering.

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CONTINUED:

JERRY

In case you hadn't noticed, I'm no young stud. That means I don't have lots of time. So let's cut to the quick. I'm lookin' for a sexy dancer. Are you lookin' for a job?

He dumps the drink down his gullet. Eying her with a sigh. She stammers, but then --

EVE

Y-yes. I'd like to work for you if the pay is decent.

He doesn't move, but continues staring for a second.

JERRY

Let's see what you got.

Jerry stands. He's sporting an extremely short pair of nylon, circus-striped shorts on his thin and tan legs.

EVE

Right now?

She gulps, uneasy.

JERRY

Sure, why not?

Crossing the room, he holds the door and follows her out.

INT. DANCE HALL

Jerry opens the door. The only movement is flashing red, blue, and white spotlights across an empty stage. Small, round tables, a chair on each side, litter the room.

One large stage on one wall with canned lights shining up on the stage surface like miniature searchlights.

Jerry tucks his thumbs in the waistband of his shorts. The room's desolate except the deejay booth to the side. Larry (22) blond, boyish good-looks with devious smile comes out.

LARRY

Hey, Jer! I need to talk to you...

But Jerry doesn't acknowledge him. Instead, he points toward the darkened hallway beside the stage.

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CONTINUED:

JERRY

We'll go back here and see the rest of the place.

LARRY

Jer!

Jerry stops and motions her to go on back with a gentle nudge. Turning to Larry, his mouth draws down.

JERRY

Can't you see I'm conducting business here?

LARRY

But, Jerry...

JERRY

No, I understand(he waves his arm) everything's part of the business. But this is new bidness. Catch what I'm sayin'?

Larry nods his head and jogs back to the booth.

INT. DRESSING ROOM

Eve takes in the wall of mirrors to the right. The other two walls have long dressing tables in an L shape. To the left are dressing racks filled with feathers, silk, and sequined gowns. Intermittent interruptions have tags with names, Nina, Coco, Cindy, Jade, Marlene, and Ricky, poking out the top.

JERRY

This is where the magic happens, as they say. The bathroom is between the racks back there.

He points between them to a closed door.

Eve resembles a child witnessing the mall for the first time during Christmas season, wide-eyed. Reaching a hand out she strokes the black feathers on a hanging boa.

JERRY (CONT'D)

The racks are here for everyone to hang their clothes on. You'll bring your own of course.

EVE

Of course.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Someone spilled a couple of her happy pills. The bathroom door opens. A thin girl with shoulder-length brownish-red hair enters. RICKY (20), pauses to inspect Eve, captures Jerry staring at her. She sniffles and wipes her nose.

JERRY

Got a cold, Ricky.

RICKY

Little bit.

Ricky scuttles between them, gives Eve a distrusting sneer, and leaves.

JERRY

You'll have plenty of money to buy your own clothes. And the girls can tell you the best places to get them. But before I can sign you on, I need to see you shake your tail feathers.

EVE

Right. About that. I've never really danced before. I mean, I've had ballet and tap classes when I was a kid...

JERRY

Don't worry about it. Most of the guys don't care how well you can dance. It's how well you shake your boobies and make the Johns feel special.

He rubs his fingers together. Poking his head out the door, he hollers at Larry.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Hey, would you tell Cindy to come here? I need her for a second.

INT. SPRUCEPINES ELEMENTARY - CLASSROOM - DAY

The classroom bustles with 2nd graders. The floor moves with children hanging coats and umbrellas. Snatching notebooks and pencils from inside their desks, chattering and laughing all the while. Clover stands still inside the door and watches.

NIKKI MONTGOMERY (23), short, spunky, and friendly leaves her desk and approaches Clover. She bends down in front of her to speak indistinctly. The BELL RINGS. The kids scramble to their desks. Mrs. Montgomery stands and smiles, pointing to a vacant desk.

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CONTINUED:

As Clover approaches the desk, several nearby kids observe. BRITTANY, 8, with pristine pigtails complete with bows and fabric matching outfit stationed directly behind.

Brittany smirks and swishes her hand in the air with her face crinkled up. Clover is unaware, but the girls' giggling is audible. Mrs. Montgomery motions Brittany to the front of the room and leans over speaking in low tones.

Brittany returns. Sticking out her tongue at Clover and twisting to smile at the teacher before taking her seat.

NIKKI MONTGOMERY

Okay, class. The 2nd grade is one of the most exciting years you'll experience in your educational track. You'll learn exciting math concepts and the beginnings of conjugation.

Most are excited, a few groan.

NIKKI MONTGOMERY (CONT'D)

But before we dig into expanding our education, I'd like to introduce my newest friend to the class. Clover Jacobsen. (Indicates Clover)

The class, except for Brittany, claps and smiles at Clover.

Nikki steps to the side and wiggles her finger for Clover to approach the front. Clover does. Nikki smiles wide.

NIKKI MONTGOMERY (CONT'D)

Can you tell us about yourself? Then perhaps the kids can ask a few questions to learn more about you.

Clover shyly nods. She clears her throat, keeping her head tilted to watch her hands nervously fumble. She speaks quietly.

CLOVER

We used to live in the mountains in Draper. But then my mom and I had to move, so we decided to come to where my grandma grew up. Here.

Nikki steps behind her, placing her hands on her shoulders.

NIKKI MONTGOMERY

Exciting, right? Does anyone have a question to ask Clover?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRITTANY

Yeah, why are you named after grass?

To the front corner, CAMERA jets --

KATRINA MURDOCK (7) scraggly dishwater blond and worn clothes stands, glaring at Brittany.

KATRINA

Why are you named after a dog?

The class laughs, although most of their faces are quizzical.

Nikki frowns.

NIKKI MONTGOMERY

Keep the questions rational, please.
Why did you move?

CLOVER

My grandparents died.

A quiet fills the room.

BRITTANY

(interested) Was it a car accident?

CLOVER

Sort of. (uneasy, eyes meet
Brittany's)

KATRINA

Statistically, over a million people
die a year and over three thousand...

CLOVER

Their car was hit by a train.

The whole class goes quiet. Clover has everyone's attention.
Including the teacher's wide eyes and open mouth.

KATRINA

(murmurs)
Oh. I don't know how many are hit by
trains.

NIKKI MONTGOMERY

Oh my goodness.

CLOVER

The circus was leaving town and the
signals on the track weren't working.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Clover cries and scrambles to her desk, putting her head down on her arms.

(CU) Brittany's face twists up.

BRITTANY

Your grandparents were killed by clowns? That's freakin' weird!

INT. PARADISE - STAGE - DAY

Larry stands at in the booth, headphones on and peeks out his window. With a nod, he hits a button and A HEAVY THUMPING RHYTHM breaks out.

The stage is black. Red and blue circular lights blink a few times on the still figure of a woman facing away. On the fourth beat, she spins. It's Eve. Dressed in leather. Mini skirt, halter, and high heeled shoes, she swings her hips.

Jerry watches from the audience, smiling and tapping his foot. His head rotates back and forth as she sways and swings across the stage. She unzips her top and removes it, revealing a bra. Discarding her skirt reveals a T-back.

Eve smiles coyly and grabs a single-chained trapeze, she spins. Her legs lift up between her arms. She spreads them as she twirls, hair flowing behind her. Pulling her legs back down, she drops into the splits.

Jerry's eyes open in shock she did so well without experience. He stands and approaches her where she remains in the splits, sweating from nervousness.

JERRY

Congratulations!

He holds his hand over the circling railing to shake hers. Leaning toward him, vomit spatters all over the stage. Embarrassment racks her face and Jerry grabs a handful of napkins from the table, handing them to her.

EVE

I -- I'm so sorry.

JERRY

(laughing)

It's alright. You'd be surprised at some of the nervous responses I see. At least you didn't pee all over the stage. (rolls eyes) That's happened.

They both laugh and she gets to her feet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVE

I am a bit nervous but not quite that nervous. I really got the job?

JERRY

You betcha! Cindy did a good job in making you up. Now all we need to do is get you licensed. Get your clothes and I'll meet you out front.

EVE

Licensed?

She climbs to her feet.

JERRY

(cocks his head)

Yeah, you know. Background check, drug test, pregnancy test...

Eve's brows furrow.

EVE

Pregnancy test?

Jerry throws his head back and laughs.

JERRY

I'm just havin' fun with ya. Get dressed and meet me in the lobby.

CUT TO BLACK.

ACT IIEXT. SPRUCEPINES ELEMENTARY - PLAYGROUND - DAY

The kids run rampant over the playground. Chasing each other. Basketball hoops. Playing jump rope. Kicking balls. Clover stands by the building. Arms tucked behind her. Aloof.

BRITTANY

Why didn't you tell us about your dad?

Clover's lips press together tightly. MARIAH (7) light brown hair, tall and thin, dressed like a elementary school runway model, leans forward from behind Brittany.

MARIAH

Don't you have one?

BRITTANY

Of course she does. Everybody has a dad. They have to. That's where the baby's start off before they go into the mom. Maybe her dad saw how ugly she was and didn't want her.

Mariah turns and gives Brittany a fist bump.

MARIAH

Maybe he did want her until he found out she was being named after what dogs eat when they're sick.

BRITTANY

Or maybe -- her dad was a train-driving clown.

Both girls laugh.

Clover scowls. Her body tightens. She glowers at the girls.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

Uh oh, looks like Clover knows it's over.

Leaping at Brittany, Clover springs on top of her, knocking her to the ground. They both hit the pavement. Arms and legs flailing. Hair pulling. Mariah runs to get a teacher.

ALYSSA CASPERSON (27) short hair and black rimmed glasses reaches in and pulls Clover off of Brittany. Both girls' hair and clothes are dirty and tangled.

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CONTINUED:

ALYSSA

Really, Brittany? It's the first day of school. Even too soon for a Perkins to start up, isn't it?

Brittany scowls and lowers her head. The teacher bends over inspecting Clover's face.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

You're the new addition this year. Clover, right?

Clover nods her head. Alyssa escorts away from the others.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

(whispering) You'd do best to steer clear of -- certain people. You need to find good friends and something constructive to do. Agreed?

The girls nod and walk away whispering. Brittany peeks over her shoulder and giggles.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

Clover coughs and blood spurts out her mouth.

INT. PARADISE - JERRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Jerry opens the filing cabinet. Probably the only furniture created since Jimmy Carter left office. He withdraws a folder, setting it on the desk and takes a seat. He removes a marker from the drawer and passes it across the desk to Eve.

JERRY

First, you need a stage name.

A knock at the door.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Yeah?

Ricky steps in and produces a wad of cash. Hands it to Jerry.

RICKY

That's from the bachelor party last night.

Jerry accepts the money. Quickly counts it. Counts out two equal piles and pushes one toward Ricky. The other he leaves to the side. Jerry opens a drawer and shoves the remaining stack into a metal box inside.

(CONTINUED)

JERRY
(to Ricky)
You make out okay?

RICKY
(smiles)
I did alright. Thinking I'll go a bit
more red though. What do you think?

JERRY
Whatever-whatever.

His eyes shift to Eve.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Our new friend here was just about to
give me her new name.

EVE
I haven't given it any thought,
really.

Ricky leans back on one leg. She eyes Eve, tucking her hair
behind her ear. Eve shifts uncomfortably in the chair.

RICKY
You look like a Jessica. Doesn't she
Jerry? Like Jessica Rabbit. Remember
that movie--

Jerry gives her a depreciating glance.

JERRY
How's about Tawny?

EVE
Like a little tawny kitten?

JERRY
Or Tawny Kitaen. I remember her.

Jerry tips his head, eyes to the ceiling. Ricky shakes her
head and points at her.

RICKY
Naw, I definitely see Jessica. Anyway,
welcome to the team.

Ricky smiles wickedly and extends her hand to shake Eve's.
She quickly leaves.

Jerry leans back, joining his fingers behind his head.

CONTINUED: (2)

JERRY

I'm sure whatever you pick will be fine.

Eve picks up the pen and writes on the form.

INT. SPRUCEPINES ELEMENTARY - OFFICE - DAY

MUSIC - ARC NORTH, IVORY

CU - CLOCK ON WALL - 1:15 P.M. Sitting on a chair in front of the office desk, Clover holds a tissue to her mouth. MRS. TROUT (60) dumpy, subservient, glances to the unusual site of the disheveled child and types on keyboard.

ADAM KINGSLEY (30) Tall, sharp, holds himself with the confidence of a CEO. Has a smile to make a baby jealous. He removes a folder from atop of Mrs. Trout's desk, peeking in.

ADAM

Clover?

Her eyes lift to him. Blood shows on the tissue.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Oh! Got a bleeder, eh?

She nods, apprehensive.

ADAM (CONT'D)

You okay?

She nods again.

ADAM (CONT'D)

C'mon in and let's have a talk about that. Shall we?

INT. PARADISE - LOBBY - DAY

Eve, dressed in a form-fitting dress and heels, enters. A metallic silver Cleopatra wig dances across her shoulders. The like makeup covers her face with black surrounding her eyes and a slave bracelet cinches her upper arm.

Ricky sits at the desk filing her nails. Jerry pops out of the hall.

JERRY

Holy smokes! Is that you, Eve -- er, uh, Jessica?

She smiles coyly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVE

Do I look stupid?

JERRY

Not even. The guys will be licking their chops when they see you. What's with the whicha-whatever?

He emphasizes her makeup with wiggly fingers.

EVE

Actually, thanks to Cindy and her makeup training, I look pretty good, right?

JERRY

I'd say.

Cindy comes in from the adjoining door.

CINDY

You look fantastic with the whole costume. Doesn't she, Jerry?

JERRY

Yeah, she's going to be very popular.

Ricky scrunches up her nose.

RICKY

Keep her grounded, kids.

Cindy cocks her head, taking Eve's appearance in.

The front door swings open, setting the bell off. Ricky and Cindy exchange glances. Ricky scoffs and stomps into the lounge.

CINDY

(smiling at customer)

Welcome. Have you been here before?

Eve observes JASON SIMPSON (30) thicker build, thinning blond hair in a tailored blazer and business shirt. His voice is one familiar with the setting, although new to this scene.

JASON

Uh-no. My friend told me about this place. Said I'd find my type of chick.

Cindy grins from ear to ear. She pulls a large book from the desk drawer and opens the pages.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CU - Full-sized shots of sexy women, covered -- barely. Lips parted and posed sensually.

CINDY

You're sure to find exactly what you want. We have a huge arrange of talent here--

JASON

(cuts her off)

Can I just go in and look around? You know, the dance show? (motions with a thumb)

Cindy closes the book as if slapped across the face. Her smile quickly returns.

CINDY

Sure thing. It's \$25 for the show, plus tips. And no alcohol.

Reaching into his wallet, he pulls out a couple of bills and hands them to her.

JADE (20) Tall, pale, curly auburn hair to her waist and a voice that makes men erect with a whisper, prances out. The glitter from her jewelry catches the sun through the window. She's a favorite and knows it.

JASON

I'll try my best to enjoy myself without the alcohol then. (pause) Why don't you allow it, anyway?

JADE

With the right girl (grins) you find alcohol inhibits your pleasure.

Jason moves past without answering and enters the door.

Eve wrings her hands. Her eyes shift around. Ricky comes back into the room.

CINDY

We get all kinds in here. A bit weird, but they're generally harmless.

Jade laughs, nodding her head, hard.

RICKY

Nervous?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

EVE
Yeah, a little.

JADE
That's normal. We've all experienced
first day jitters.

CINDY
The people who haven't aren't human.

Cindy disappears through the lounge. Eve smooths her skirt
with her hands.

RICKY
If you're really uptight, you can do
what most of us do our first few times
-- just don't let Jerry know.

Jade squints her eyes at Ricky, shaking her head.

EVE
What's that?

RICKY
What? (directed at Jade) You did it.

JADE
If you drink enough to take the edge
off the first few times, it actually
helps.

RICKY
Just don't be a Marlene.

EVE
Who?

JADE
What she's saying is not to drink so
much you lose control and make an ass
of yourself. Jerry's fired for less.

RICKY
That's true. A lot less. But, I'm
afraid it's just about my turn. I can
hear Larry giving my intro.

Ricky bolts through the door. Eve panics.

EVE
I've never had alcohol.

Jade checks her to see if she's joking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JADE

I've got a little something in my car.

EVE

Whiskey? I've heard that's awful.

Jade pushes the door open.

JADE

You'll like what I got, light weight.

EVE

You sure?

JADE

As sure as the fact I've never had a dissatisfied customer.

She throws her arm around Eve's shoulders as they go outside.

Focus shifts to dancers' trophies on a shelf behind the desk.

INT. SPRUCEPINES ELEMENTARY - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

MUSIC - LAZY PIRATE, FROZEN RIVER

The TICKING of a clock the only noise until we hear, focusing on school trophies on a shelf. SHOT WIDENS the CLOCK. 1:40 p.m. We see Adam at his desk. Clover on the opposite side, still pressing her tissue to her mouth.

ADAM

You mind telling me what happened?

Her large eyes shift about his bookcase. Taking in the large globe by the window. Motivational posters framed around the room. Grabbing her attention:

POTENTIAL - "Look past the exterior, and see that there is so much more within. Then decide to unleash that potential to the fullest." ~ Lincoln Patz. A beautiful sunset over water.

Clover's face reddens and she removes the tissue.

CLOVER

I didn't want to move here.

Her FRONT TOOTH shoots out of her mouth across the desk.

With his eyes widened, Adam grabs a tissue and picks it up. He admires it for a second.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADAM

For someone who can extract her own teeth without even crying, you're pretty upset about living here.

Clover covers her eyes with her hands. She pulls her knees up on the chair. Sobbing.

CLOVER

I wanna go home. I want my mommy.

ADAM

Is she home?

Clover shakes her head, still down.

ADAM (CONT'D)

At work, huh? What about your dad?

Clover doesn't respond. Motionless. Sobbing stops. Her eyes are red. She wipes her eyes with the heels of her hands.

CLOVER

I only have a mom. It's her first day at work.

Adam pushes a button on the phone.

ADAM

Could you please call our new student Clover's mom and have her call me on her break?

MRS. TROUT

Yes, Mr. Kingsley.

His attention back on Clover. He hands a clean tissue to her. Pushing the wrapped tooth toward her at the edge of his desk.

ADAM

Make sure you put this in a safe place. (smiles) Sometimes the tiniest treasures reveal the biggest rewards.

Clover's hand sneaks up to snatch the tooth from the desk. Shoves it in her pocket. Wipes her nose with a clean tissue.

CLOVER

This is the worst first day I've had in my entire life.

END ACT I

ACT II

INT. PARADISE - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Eve stands shaking in the corner between two racks of clothes. A small glass bottle in her hand with red solution. Jade guards the door. Eve lifts the bottle above her head.

EVE
To Jolly Ranchers everywhere!

JADE
I ground up several candies, but the alcohol is still present.

She gulps down the mini bottle's contents. Smacks her lips.

EVE
Yummy!

JADE
(Laughing) Be careful.

She snatches the mini vodka bottle, examining the remaining miniscule portion.

EVE
(crinkling nose)
But it's so tiny.

JADE
If you choke up now, you'll vomit.

Eve's eyes are huge. She swallows exaggeratedly.

EVE
But it's so good.

Jade laughs. Puts the bottle in her purse. Sits down and pats the chair at the dressing table next to her.

JADE
I'm going up next. When you hear the ending of my second song, that's your cue, remember?

Eve swallows hard. She nods and sits. Jade powders her nose. Freshens her lipstick. Primps her hair and leaves.

EVE
(to her reflection)
You can do this. Tough.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Releasing a deep breath, her knees collapse together. She slumps and leans into her reflection.

EVE (CONT'D)
(drunkenly)
You're doing this for Clover.

RICKY
Who are you talking to?

Eve turns and nearly topples over, grabbing the table for support. Ricky's in her red satin robe. Eve breathes in and out. Fumbles to pick up mascara from her makeup bag, applies it. She pokes her eye and smears it. Grabbing a tissue --

EVE
I'm just nervous, that's all.

RICKY
Everyone gets the jitters. Just make sure you keep yourself in check. There's a guy out there that's a big tipper.

EVE
Oh yeah?

RICKY
Yeah. I think you were out there when he came in. He's a little weird, but he pays out well. Eye contact.

Ricky points two fingers at her eyes and then at Eve's reflection. Eve shifts her eyes from Ricky's to makeup.

RICKY (CONT'D)
One thing you'll figure out after you've been here a while -- we're family. We all help each other.

Ricky shrugs her silky robe off. Eve watches in the mirror.

CU of Ricky's arms reveal track marks. Ricky slides another dress on over the pin pricks and changes her shoes.

RICKY (CONT'D)
There is one thing about being a family I should tell you about.

EVE
What's that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RICKY

You need to know when to mind your own
damned business.

Ricky finishes dressing in two seconds. Eve waits. Her
reflection --

FLASHES the photo of her mother and BACK to Eve's confusion.

EVE

(whispers)

God help me.

She swallows. Picks up her own black satin robe and tiny tip
purse off the table, rising.

CAMERA ROLLS from where she leaves the room to her purse
under the dressing table. Her phone rings a happy tune.

INT. PARADISE - STAGE - CONTINUOUS

MUSIC - ANTON MCGEEZUS, J.A.T.F.B.S.

The room is dark. A few scattered men wait. Jade, robe on,
satchel in hand, circulates the room. With a peck on each
cheek, she gathers bills from the men. Jade picks up her
clothes from the stage side. Exits to dressing room.

Eve should be nervous. She's not. Her stride gives away her
intoxication. These men couldn't care less. They wait for the
unveiling of the newest Paradise girl. MUSIC fades. Larry
announces --

LARRY

Alright, gentlemen. Today is your
lucky day! Entering the stage is our
newest addition -- sweet, sweet
Jessica! Let's give her a warm
welcome.

The sparse crowd claps and one man gives a WOOT! WOOT! A few
of the girls at the back of the room cheer.

CINDY

Go, girl!

COCO (21) LEAN, BLACK, AFRO, metallic painted flower on face.
Dressed in tiger stripes with matching paint. WHISTLES.

NINA (19) CURLY BLOND, PERFECTLY ROUND BREASTS. Face like a
cherub or a young Marilyn Monroe. CLAPS especially loud.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Everything is dark. Eve takes her place in the center of the stage. Back to the audience. The lights pulse on with the music. Eve closes her eyes to concentrate. Painfully still.

MUSIC - JJD & ALEX SKRINDO, AURORA

Eyes remain closed too long. Eve shakes her hips, silhouetted against mirror. Eyes open. Spins. Falls into Chinese splits and rolls. Face to face with Jason, peeking over the bar. She freezes, eyes dart. Cindy, prompts her on in the background.

CU - Eve slides her finger in her mouth and closes her eyes. She SUCKS it, visibly TWIRLING her tongue. Jason stares -- angrily? He rises and promptly leaves. Eve stands, staring, confused. She gets her groove back and finishes her routine.

SHOULDER SHOT, WIDENING - Naked, Eve bows, feet crossed, arms STRETCHED to the sides. She teeters. Her leg shoots out to catch her. Rotating to the mirror, she BENDS over, SHAKING her rump. The music stops. Eve continues and bursts laughing.

LARRY

Thank you -- Jessica, for such a --
terrific show. We'll see you in a
while. Good-bye for now.

Eve straightens. Shielding her eyes, she strains, searching for Larry. He motions for her to clear out, but she can't see him for the lights. Collapsing to her knees, the wig sticks to her face. Crawling to the edge of the stage, she carefully slides off, next to the stairs.

Cindy jostles to the stage and grabs Eve's robe, handing it to her. Eve thanks her and staggers to the dressing room.

DRESSING ROOM

Jade's dressed. Her pulled up hair has flowers inserted. She's wearing a semi-sheer kimono.

JADE

How was it?

Eve drops her things on the floor. Collapses into a chair. And gives two thumbs up, exhaling heavily. Cindy rushes in with Eve's satchel.

EVE

I don't know. I danced okay, I think,
but --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CINDY
(laughing)
You forgot your tips!

Cindy drops the money satchel onto Eve's lap.

EVE
Thanks.

JADE
Don't worry, it gets easier.

Eve rotates the chair to the mirror and falls back. She spots a light blinking from her purse's outer pocket. She collects her phone. Pressing buttons, she holds it to her ear.

Nina and Coco enter.

NINA
Congratulations! You got a private on
your first dance.

Cindy shushes her and points. Eve's eyes shoot up at Nina, listening to the phone.

Coco puts her hands on her hips, leans forward, and shakes her head.

COCO
Girl, you be on fire!

CINDY
(directed to Nina)
With who?

EVE
Doesn't matter. I've gotta go.

Eve snatches the wig from her head, tossing it on the table. She grabs a wet wipe, scrubbing furiously at her face.

ADAM (PRELAP)
Are there problems at home?

INT. SPRUCEPINES ELEMENTARY - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - LATER

CU - CLOCK 2:05 P.M. WIDENS to Clover, red-eyed and sniffing. Wipes her eyes with tissue.

CLOVER
Mommy's trying so hard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Knock at the door. Eve enters, looking beat and incoherent as if recovering from a drunk tank. Clover drops the tissue and runs to her mom, throwing her arms around her waist.

CLOVER (CONT'D)

(crying)

I'm so sorry, Mommy. I tried to be good. I really did.

Her teary face turns up to her mother. Adam stands, circling the desk and extends his hand. Eve limply accepts while he eyes her suspiciously.

ADAM

Please. Sit down. I have to say I'm surprised to have you rush over so quickly.

EVE

Well, it is my daughter.

He takes a seat behind the desk. Clover and Eve follow.

ADAM

Thank you. I just wanted to tell you face-to-face, that despite a rough beginning, I'm sure Clover will enjoy her school.

Eve and Clover exchange glances. Eve squints at her.

EVE

What happened?

Clover's hands twist together. Her head averted, lifts. Her eyes shift between her mother and the principal.

CLOVER

There's this girl who was making fun of me all day. (shrugs) Finally, I guess I got fed up.

Eve allows the words to absorb, solemnly cocking her head. Twisting her head to the principal --

ADAM

The girl who did this was spoken to. I feel like it's handled and over. I felt it imperative to bring you in to help set the pace for the remaining 179 days.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EVE

(sighs)

I understand. Nip it in the bud.

Eve scissors her fingers in front of Clover's face, causing her to draw back.

EVE (CONT'D)

Got it.

Adam doesn't verbally reply. But an expression is worth more than speaking sometimes, especially caught off-guard.

Eve stands, guiding her daughter to her feet, hand on the door. Adam on their heels, clears his throat.

ADAM

Clover, can you wait outside for a moment? I need to talk to your mom alone. Okay?

Clover nods her head. Checks with her mother. Exits. Adam closes the door and motions back to the chair with a tilt of his head. Eve politely shakes her head.

EVE

I wanted to thank you for intervening, but I'm sure I can handle it from here.

ADAM

Listen. There are programs...

Eve searches his face.

EVE

What are you implying, exactly?

ADAM

Clover is having a tough time. I can't imagine anything worse than trying to adjust to a new home in a new neighborhood with a new school and trying to make new friends.

EVE

People do it all the time. She just needs a few days to adjust.

ADAM

What about you? I could smell you from across the room. I certainly can't let you drive in your condition.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Adam places his hand on the door, pressing it closed.

EVE

My cab is waiting.

Eve yanks the door open. Her phone SPILLS from her purse onto the floor, against the wall. She storms out.

EXT. EVE'S HOUSE - DAY

A cab pulls up to the sidewalk. Eve helps Clover out. Moseying up the sidewalk, Eve's carries her bag on one shoulder. Her other hand drapes Clover's shoulder. The cab pulls away.

INT. EVE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The basement apartment is big enough for two. A kitchen and living room adjoined. A hall leading to two bedrooms and a bath. Small. Out of the way. Prime for mental regrouping.

Clover grabs a book from the shelf and flops on the couch. Eve sets her duffel bag down. She gets a gallon of milk from the fridge and pours a glass. Two cookies from the cookie jar are placed on a napkin on the table.

EVE

I have some cookies and milk, if you want to talk.

She moves to the front window and peeks out. Kids run up and down the sidewalk. Boys on bikes. Girls walking. The boys yell something and laugh. Brittany, Mariah, and Alyssa talk. Mariah shrugs. Alyssa peeks at the house over her shoulder.

Mariah takes Alyssa by the hand and leads her away. Brittany watches her friends desert her and looks back to house.

Eve leaves the window. She approaches Clover eating cookies and drinking milk. Eve sighs and runs her hands through her hair, removing a piece of silver glitter from the tangles, tossing it in the garbage. She PLOPS into the other chair, slouching.

EVE (CONT'D)

We're going to be okay, you know.

Clover shrugs despondently and continues eating.

EVE (CONT'D)

Everything worth doing takes time and patience. We can do that, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Without answering, Clover takes a swallow of milk. Eve rises to get a cookie and a cup, pouring milk. She returns to sit.

EVE (CONT'D)
I have a plan.

Clover swallows the cookie in her mouth.

CLOVER
A plan?

Eve grins.

A KNOCK on the door. They exchange confused expressions. Clover gets up. Opens the door. It's Brittany.

BRITTANY
Want to play dolls?

Clover hesitates.

EVE
Go play! You deserve to have fun.

CLOVER
But --

EVE
Nope. No more moping. Go on!

Eve swooshes her hand toward the door and rises. She takes a good look at Brittany, sizing her up.

EVE (CONT'D)
Hi, do you live around here?

Brittany nods and lifts her chin arrogantly.

BRITTANY
My name is Brittany Perkins. We live
in the red brick house.

Brittany juts her thumb over her shoulder. Eve's eyes widen.

EVE
In the huge one set back from the
road?

Brittany nods again. She tugs a leash and a small dog appears from behind the hedge.

BRITTANY
I was taking Lucy for a walk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EVE

Clover loves dogs, don't you honey?

Clover dubiously nods. Brittany picks up her dog. She ducks behind her pet, wiggling it in the air as if it's speaking.

BRITTANY

Please come and play with us. I'll even let you hold my leash.

Eve pushes Clover toward the door.

EVE

I need to jump in the shower anyway. Go have a good time! And behave.

Her mother shoves her out and closes the door.

INT. SPRUCEPINES ELEMENTARY - CLASSROOM - DAY

Nikki grabs a stack of papers from her desk top. Puts them in her BRIEFCASE. Notices Clover's BACKPACK hanging where the jackets belong. A singular paper balanced on the white board.

CU of paper as she picks it up and reads. "Field Trip to Museum Tomorrow! Parental permission needed."

Nikki PLOPS down at her desk and opens a drawer. Removing a folder, she opens it. Flipping to the last page of names on the left and numbers on the right, she stops at number scribbled in pen. Her cell phone pops out and she dials.

INT. SPRUCEPINES ELEMENTARY - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Adam's briefcase tucked snugly under his arm. He waves to Mrs. Trout on his way out.

MRS. TROUT

Good night, Mr. Kingsley. See you tomorrow.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The cell phone by the wall rings several times. Mrs. Trout pokes her head in, scours the room, and picks up the phone.

CU phone screen - "Nikki Montgomery" She flips it open.

MRS. TROUT

Hello?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NIKKI MONTGOMERY
Hi, this is Clover's teacher at
Sprucepines --

MRS. TROUT
(panicky)
Hold on!

She dashes out the door with the phone.

EXT. SPRUCEPINES ELEMENTARY - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Trout RUSHES out the front door of the school. Adam
nears his black Toyota Prius. A CHIRP of an alarm sounds with
a flick of his wrist. WAVING the phone at him, she gallops.

MRS. TROUT
Mr. Kingsley! Mr. Kingsley! It's Mrs.
Montgomery.

Adam frowns. Whose phone is it? Mrs. Trout's on him in no
time, waving it at his face until he accepts it.

ADAM
(befuddled)
Hello?

He looks at the phone's face and puts it back to his head.

NIKKI MONTGOMERY
Adam?

ADAM
(overlapping)
Yeah. Why are you calling?

NIKKI MONTGOMERY
(overlapping)
Why are you on Ms. Jacobsen's phone?

Adam raises his eyebrows in a question. Eyes to Mrs. Trout.

ADAM
Um, why do I have Ms. Jacobsen's
phone?

Mrs. Trout charades where she found it. Adam doesn't get it.

ADAM (CONT'D)
She must have left it in the office.

Silence.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM (CONT'D)

Hello?

NIKKI MONTGOMERY

Okay... so, since Clover left early,
she forgot her permission slip for
tomorrow's field trip.

Silence.

ADAM

That's too bad.

NIKKI MONTGOMERY

Have you left yet? Are you taking her
phone to her? Could you have her call
me for confirmation?

ADAM

Well, I, uh...

NIKKI MONTGOMERY

Thanks, Adam. I knew I could count on
my big bro. TTFN!

CLICK

The Mrs. Trout waits like a dog anticipating a pat on the
head. Adam SNAPS the phone shut and clears his throat.

ADAM

Thanks.

MRS. TROUT

(lifts her chin)

No need to thank me, Mr. Kingsley.
Just doing my job.

END ACT II

ACT IIIEXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

The little dog toddles down the sidewalk, toward the street. Clover holds the leash with Brittany right behind. They clear the hedges at the side of the lot, out of Eve's sight.

Clover walks for a minute so the dog can SNIFF. Brittany stops short. Clover notices she's alone and turns to view behind her. With her feet solid and hands clenched in fists, Brittany scowls. Clover's observation skills failed her.

BRITTANY
Bring her back to me.

CLOVER
But I just barely started my turn.

Brittany stomps her feet.

BRITTANY
(points down)
I said, bring her back to me. Now.

Clover steps toward her and stops. Her arms dangle at her sides, limply holding the loop.

Lucy peers up at Clover, who is distraught and confused.

CLOVER
But you said I could walk her.

Brittany bends over with her hands on knees.

BRITTANY
Come here, Lucy. Come on, girl.

She slaps her thighs.

CLOVER
Fine.

Clover lets go of the leash and the dog SNIFFS toward Brittany. The owner displays a smugness as she stands upright. Lucy steals a glance at Clover and SNIFFS the air.

CLOVER (CONT'D)
(face crinkled)
What's that smell?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRITTANY

Probably smelling yourself if the wind is blowing. I just got used to it. (to dog) C'mon, Lucy. Let's go home. I introduced myself like daddy told me.

A SKUNK dashes out from under a hedge and STREAKS across the suburban street. Lucy dashes behind it, the leash dragging.

CLOVER

Oh no! Lucy!

BRITTANY

(angrily rants)

Now look what you did! You'd better get her before she becomes road kill.

A car barely misses the two animals. The skunk turns in circles, confused. The dog hunkers down, BARKING. Clover dashes to retrieve Lucy. The skunk's TAIL lifts as a car HONKS and runs over it with a SQUASH.

INT. JACOBSEN HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Bathrobe on and hair pulled up in a towel, Eve opens the fridge. A sweaty bottle of water sings perfection. She takes a swig and exhales with her eyes closed.

The door SPRINGS open. Clover and Brittany come in.

CLOVER

We need a drink. It's hot out there.

EVE

So, I see it worked out and you're friends?

Brittany nods.

CLOVER

Yeah, we started off not as friends, but we've matured now.

Eve removes two glasses from the cupboard. She sets them on the counter.

EVE

Matured, huh? Does that mean you'd prefer milk over lemonade?

BRITTANY

Not even if I found out lemons were vegetables in disguise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Both girls giggle.

EVE

(Laughing) I need to finish getting ready. Help yourself.

Eve goes down the hall. Brittany plants herself at the table.

BRITTANY

I can't believe you guys don't have soda. That's weird. Is your mom one of those health freaks or something?

CLOVER

No. We just moved and don't have a lot of extras yet. Mom's got a job as a hostess. It won't be long.

BRITTANY

Cool. So we can get free food?

Clover removes lemonade and closes the fridge, carrying it to the table.

CLOVER

'Fraid not. She works in the city. By the time she brought it home, it'd be cold.

Clover retrieves the glasses, freezing halfway to the table.

BRITTANY

So, wanna go to my house?

CLOVER

Hey, how 'bout we sell lemonade? It's hot outside, and everyone loves it. Then we could buy our own soda!

Pouring lemonade into each glass, she sets the pitcher on the table and takes a swallow, gliding into her chair.

BRITTANY

My mom's the top advertising agent at her firm. She says the best way to sell is to give it a new twist -- different, you know?

Clover stares blankly for a moment. Brittany drinks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLOVER

A new twist...

BRITTANY

You have any of those tiny umbrellas that go in drinks? That might work.

Clover straightens and POUNDS her fist on the table. She hops down, opens the fridge, and slides the drawer open and closed. Slamming the door, she hurriedly opens the kitchen drawers and cupboards one at a time, pounding them closed.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

We could always go to my house.

Opening the pantry door and standing on her toes, Clover changes positions. She reaches behind a few things on the lower shelf.

CLOVER

No need. I think I just solved our problem.

Taking another swig and making another face, Brittany sets her glass down and pushes it aside.

BRITTANY

What is it?

CLOVER

Fruit flavoring!

She removes a vodka bottle with the word "Strawberry" neatly printed across it on a piece of masking tape.

BRITTANY

Awesome! Not to be rude, but this lemonade could really use it.

MUSIC: GALANTIS - NO MONEY

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - LEMONADE STAND - LATER

On a cloudless day, Clover and Brittany have a table set up with a long strand of butcher block paper across the front. "The Best Lemonade EVER! Secret Angreedyant"

A pitcher of pink lemonade on one end. Cups stacked upside down at the other. A cooler full of ice between the girls' chairs. Kids line up to get their secret recipe lemonade.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A couple of boys in baseball gear approach the girls, tossing a ball and catching it. The young ladies clasp pinkies under the table and smile.

INT. JACOBSEN HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

A TIMID KNOCK. KNOCK.

Eve closes the fridge door, a bottle of water in her hand --

EVE

Why are you knocking, Clov --

Eve opens the bottle, sets the cap on the counter, taking a swig. She answers the door with a smile that quickly drops, confused.

A silhouette of a man blocks the sunlight.

EVE (CONT'D)

Yes? Aren't you --

MUSIC: SHIP WREK & ZOOKEEPERS - STRANDED

(MID SHOT) Pushing her back, he follows her in. He kicks the door shut and locks the dead bolt. (OPEN SHOT) It's Jason.

EVE (CONT'D)

What the hell do you think you're doing?

JASON

Well, well, well, Jessica. You sound surprised to see me. Why is that?

Eve struggles for a second with what to say. Recognition drains her face.

EVE

At the club --

He grabs her wrist and the bottle DROPS. It BOUNCES across the floor. Water trails in puddles.

JASON

That's right. That's where I finally found you. How stupid are you to think you could even enter the state without me knowing? I'm onto you like stink on --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He grabs her wrists in one hand within a second. Pushing her back toward the bedroom. Desperate, she struggles to keep her footing. He shoves her back with an animal's force.

EVE
(smiles uneasily)
Wait, you're confused. I'm not --

Wrapping her hair around his hand with a flick of his wrist, he yanks her into --

THE BEDROOM

EVE
Stop it. You're hurting me.

At the foot of the bed, Jason lets go of her hair and SMACKS her face. She falls to the floor beside the bed, cowering. She gingerly slips her hand between the mattress and box springs.

Jason moves around the side. One of her hands is behind her.

JASON
You're such a tease, Jessica. At first, I didn't believe her. I thought you were too smart to come back. But now I see she was right. You haven't had your fill yet, have you, you slut?

Clutching her arm, he bends close to her face.

CLOSE UP of his face, she SPRAYS him with pepper spray. His hands shield too slow. He SCREAMS like a wounded animal, wiping at his eyes. Eve JUMPS to her feet and sprints.

KITCHEN

Eve's hands fumble desperately at the lock. She unlocks the tumbler and twists the knob, GASPING as the door opens. Halfway through the doorway, Jason jerks her back by the hair, SLAMMING the door. He grabs her shoulder and tears her sleeve, threatening her with hatred in his eyes.

Craning her head down, she bites down on his arm. Running --

HALLWAY

Pictures of Clover growing up hang in a cluster on the wall. Her parents smiling. Her hands on her daughter's shoulders. Some CLATTER off the walls as she staggers --

HER BEDROOM

Spinning to close the door, Jason crams his foot to block it.

EVE

No! No!

JASON

C'mon, you know you've missed me.

Pushing his shoulder against the door, it pops open. Staggering past the bed, she stumbles into the --

BATHROOM

Jason nearly makes it. Reaching his hand in, she SLAMS the door on it. He YELLS at her in deafening tones. Using all of her body weight, she throws herself against the door, mashing his hand. Withdrawing it, he fumbles and RAGES. She locks it.

JASON

What you gonna do, Jessica? I can wait forever. It took five years for you to come back to me. Don't think for a minute I'm about to leave now.

EVE

Leave me alone!

She inspects her frazzled image in the mirror. Whispering --

EVE (CONT'D)

What are you going to do?

Her body LUNGES to the tub. A window well on the outside of the pane with weeds sprout past from under a heavy grate.

A light of recognition washes over her face. Her eyes grow wide and her mouth opens. She's screwed.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - LEMONADE STAND - MOMENTS LATER

The girls count the money, ecstatic with the results.

CLOVER

Now we can get any kind of soda we want.

BRITTANY

I'm going to get ice cream with my share. We'll split it 50/50. Okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOVER

Okay.

Brittany starts counting "one for you, one for me" onto the table as a black Prius pulls up in front of them.

Adam climbs out of the car, tiptoeing through staggering drunk kids. Mariah and Katrina struggle to walk, arms around each other, heading to the sidewalk. They pause, check Adam out, and crack up laughing hysterically.

He focuses on Clover and Brittany's stand. Eyes shifting back and forth at the peculiar-acting children. The girls don't notice him. He loudly clears his throat. The girls spring to attention.

CLOVER AND BRITTANY

(in unison)

Hi, Mr. Kingsley.

BRITTANY

Sorry, but we're all out. Maybe next time?

Adam's attention tunnels to Brittany.

ADAM

Ms. Perkins, is there something you'd care to fill me in on?

Ignorance envelopes her face. Her hands freeze, clenching the bills in a wad.

BRITTANY

I don't know what you mean.

ADAM

We both know whenever there's something amiss, your name is somewhere in the depths of creativity.

CLOVER

We haven't done anything, Mr. Kingsley, I swear. We're earning money for soda by selling lemonade.

Adam steps closer. He picks up the empty pitcher and sniffs.

FADE OUT.

ACT IV

INT. EVE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

MUSIC: DJ_MARSA - Free music for Free people hardtek set

Jason leans against the bathroom door. Listening.

JASON

Little pig, little pig, let me come
in!

Jason KICKS at the door and give the room a quick once over.

BATHROOM

Eve, stands at the mirror, looks at the tub. A RUBBER DUCKY sits on the corner. Clover's character towel on the towel rack. Eve reaches for her phone in her pocket. Empty. Panick-stricken, she stares at her reflection, whispering.

EVE

Don't come home now, baby. Not yet.
Mommy needs to fix this first.

She searches the countertop with makeup and hair products scattered. Pulling the cupboard beneath open, she fumbles around. She emerges with Extra Hold Hair Spray.

The door knob RATTLES. A LOUD and DESPERATE KNOCK. It RATTLES again.

EVE (CONT'D)

Go away!

Pounding on the door. The voice changed.

ADAM (O.S.)

Mrs. Jacobsen?

Eve cautiously unlocks the door. Holding the other hand ready with hair spray pointing at the door's opening. She cautiously cracks the door. It BURSTS open, surprising her.

HEAD SHOT - Turning her head away, she extends her arm and SPRAYS the hair spray at the perpetrator.

Manly SCREAM

Eve opens her eyes to see Adam COUGHING and GASPING, wiping at his eyes with his arm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVE

Oh my god! I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

She grabs a towel and places it in the sink, turning the cold water on to drench it.

Adam wipes fingers across his eyes. Eve dabs at them with the wet towel.

Jason appears behind Adam and smiles. He pulls up a kitchen KNIFE over his head, preparing to sink the blade into Adam.

Adam sees the wide eyes of Eve and spins, knocking the knife from Jason's hand onto the floor. Adam PUNCHES Jason in the jaw, knocking him back.

Jason thrusts a lamp at Adam and SMASHES him in the head. Adam crumbles to the floor.

CLOVER (O.S.)

Mom? Are you okay?

Eve rushes past the men and the ruckus. Into the hallway --

HALLWAY

Staggering up the hallway, Eve is seized from behind and jerked back.

EVE

No-o-o-o!

Jason knocks her down and SCRAMBLES past her. He runs out the front door.

LIVING ROOM

MUSIC: SHIP WREK - ABYSS - INTRO

Eve emerges from the hallway. The front door hangs open. Clover enters from the kitchen. She's alone.

CLOVER

Principal Kingsley said you forgot your phone.

She hands it to her mother.

Adam staggers from the hallway. Towel in hand. He's tousled and has a cut on his cheek and lip.

Clover hugs her mother. Adam dabs his eyes with the towel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADAM

So what's your real name?

EVE

It's actually Miss Jacobsen. Thanks
for asking.

MUSIC: SHIP WREK - ABYSS - CONT'D

Eve's brows furrow. She follows his gaze to the wall. Across
it, in spray paint, "JASON + JESSICA = FOREVER"

THE END.