

FOR YOUR LOVE

Written by

Heath Houseman

FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST/FORD - DAY 2 1:20 PM

A four-door 1977 FORD LTD. with a chop top roof - gives the vehicle a sleek hot rod look - parked in an isolated meadow surrounded by tall trees. Quiet, still, serene.

From this distance, with the sunlight reflecting off the windows, it looks like the vehicle is empty.

MOVING TOWARD the Ford, gliding along the driver's side, BELOW the WINDOWS, circle to the back, pass the trunk, bumper, Colorado license plate.

The car rocks a little, as if there were people inside shifting around.

Coming around the other side, the right front passenger DOOR is THROWN OPEN by JILL KALBFLEISCH (30).

She SCREAMS, shattering the pristine silence, her left cheek SWOLLEN from a punch to the face. She's pulled down suddenly, disappearing behind the bench-seat backrest, her LEGS KICKING OUT the open door.

The RIGHT REAR passenger DOOR OPENS and ROY ITO (29), falls out, a waterfall of suitcases, cardboard boxes, clothing following him - the REAR BENCH-SEAT is PILED HIGH with Jill's PERSONAL BELONGINGS.

Ito holds his belly as if he's in pain. He's wearing a HOODED PARKA, unzipped. He stands up, takes a step, drops like a rock, his back propped against the right rear tire.

INT. APARTMENT GUEST BATHROOM - NIGHT 1 9:30 PM

Jill stares at herself in the bathroom MIRROR, fingers clenching the porcelain sink. SOUNDS penetrate the bathroom, coming from the living room: FOURTH OF JULY PARTY CELEBRATIONS, CLASSIC ROCK, TV NEWS.

ADRIAN SULLIVAN (34) KNOCKS on the bathroom door.

ADRIAN (V.O.)
Kalby? Jill? Listen, I'm sorry...

Wide-eyed, Jill stares into the MIRROR.

INT. FORD - DAY 2 1:18 PM

Adrian lies on his back in the front seat with Jill on top - also on her back, legs kicking - his arms wrapped around her, squeezing her like a vice. He wears a tee-shirt with the sleeves removed, revealing strong, muscular arms.

His face is BRUISED from a fist fight. SCARS run along his jawline, nose, around his eyes - a handsome face buried beneath WOUNDS and extensive reconstructive PLASTIC SURGERY. His hair is black.

His right arm has similar scarring. The ARMY STAR, the phrase "U.S. ARMY" beneath, is TATTOOED to his biceps.

Jill fights hard, trying to break free.

She reaches for and finally grabs the STEERING COLUMN-SHIFTER. It's loosely attached to the worn-out shift lever bracket in the column. A RUBY-EYED CHROME SKULL KNOB, a custom accessory, is screwed to the end of the shifter.

She yanks the SHIFTER from the column and sinks the worn, pointed end into Adrian's leg. He SCREAMS.

INT. TENT - IRAQ (2009)

Adrian lies on a hospital gurney, his entire FACE WRAPPED IN BANDAGES. Can't move well. His cropped hair is blond.

A NURSE (30), with a LAPTOP, helps him SKYPE to HIS TWIN BROTHER, KEITH (23), who has long blond hair.

KEITH (ON LAPTOP)

Yeah, Keaton, she's a peach, ain't she?

A smiling GIRL (19), stands behind Keith, wearing enormous sunglasses, a wide-brimmed hat, her face almost entirely concealed. She COULD BE JILL.

KEITH (ON LAPTOP)

Say hi, Peaches.

PEACHES (ON LAPTOP)

Hi, Peaches!

EXT. FOREST/FORD - DAY 2 1:23 PM

Jill springs from the front seat and out the door, running into the forest.

A beat, then Adrian gets out, pulls the shifter from his leg, and chases after her. He throws the column-shifter aside. It lands NEXT TO ITO.

Still holding his belly, Ito watches Jill and Adrian run into the forest. Afterwards, he reaches into a pocket, pulls out an ENGAGEMENT RING, holds it to the sky, squinting at it in the sunlight. His fingertips are covered in blood.

The ring slips from his hand, falling into a POOL OF BLOOD forming around his body, leaking from a belly wound. When Ito see the pool of blood, he shouts:

ITO
No, no, no, no!

He leans forward, using both arms to scoop the blood back into his body.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 1 9:00 PM

Jill is LAUGHING. She stands in the center of the room, talking with friends, absolutely radiant, beautiful.

The apartment is full of PEOPLE celebrating July Fourth, some wearing Fourth of July party hats, goofy sunglasses, etc. Patriotic party decorations/paraphernalia hang from the ceiling, small American flags here and there.

LOUD CLASSIC ROCK blasts from a stereo. A TV is set to the local NEWS, one GUY in his 20s watching NEWS ANCHORS and images of fireworks. Everyone parties it up.

Ito watches Jill from across the room, standing close to the BEDROOM DOOR. He fidgets with the engagement ring.

Jill senses Ito looking at her, turns and smiles sadly at him, then pushes through the crowd, walking toward him. When she finally reaches him, they stare at one another.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT 1 8:32 PM

CLASSIC ROCK, TV NEWS, VOICES - coming from the Fourth of July party in the living room.

Jill looks down at Ito. He is on one knee, arm outstretched, engagement ring in the center of his open palm. To his surprise, she closes his fingers over the ring.

A beat, then she turns, opens the door, CLASSIC ROCK and LAUGHTER filling up the bedroom, and steps into the party.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 1 9:00 PM

Jill is LAUGHING. She stands in the center of the room, talking with friends, Ito across the room by the bedroom door, fidgeting with the engagement ring.

Jill senses Ito watching her, turns and smiles sadly, then pushes through the crowd, walking toward him. She reaches him and they stare at one another, then she caresses Ito's cheek. He slips the ring into a pocket.

Having followed Jill, Adrian taps her on the shoulder.

JILL

Oh. Pardon me. Ito, this is Adrian.

Ito and Adrian shake hands. Adrian squeezes hard.

ADRIAN

Hi, Ito.

ITO

You can call me Roy.

JILL

He's the new employee at the plant.

ADRIAN

A fellow butcher.

ITO

Nice to meet you, I'm sure.

ADRIAN

Although, when it comes to butchering, she's the master. Not me. I'm just an apprentice.

FIREWORKS explode beyond the sliding glass door and balcony, lighting up the sky. Everyone but Ito moves to the windows/balcony, Adrian pulling Jill with him.

She looks back and gives Ito a reassuring smile: no worries. Ito watches and his eyes fill with tears.

INT. SMART CAR - DAY 2 11:15 AM

Ito WEEPS as he drives his SMART CAR. He has a hard time keeping the car on the road because he's so emotionally out of control. He SCREAMS and pounds the dashboard with a fist.

EXT. MEAT PLANT WILL-CALL DELIVERY AREA/PARKING LOT - DAY 2
11:35 AM

Jill storms out of the MEAT PROCESSING PLANT, marches to her Ford LTD., gets in, starts it up. Adrian follows, close behind, his face BRUISED from a fist fight.

She pulls out, but he steps in front of the car, stopping her. She looks out the back window, over her shoulder, revealing her pile of personal belongings in the back - suitcases, boxes, clothing, and the parka - hastily thrown in the back.

She hits the gas and the Ford shoots backward. She cranks the wheel and aims for the exit. But Adrian manages to get there first, blocks her way, panting hard from the run.

She hits the brakes and then REVS the engine. The car lurches forward, VAROOM-VAROOM! After a beat, Adrian sighs, touches his beat-up face, winces, steps aside, bowing to her.

Jill reacts. A beat, then she rolls the window down. Adrian walks carefully to the driver's side of the Ford, smiling and holding his hands up: not gonna hurt you.

ADRIAN

Where'd you get this old piece of
shit car?

JILL

Uh...? I'm a collector. I
collect... things - what do you
want?

ADRIAN

It's in great shape. Unusual too,
the chop top. Never seen an old car
like this with a chop top. Must
have been pretty expensive, huh?

JILL

I like Fords. Old Fords like this.
I like doing this to... old Fords.

ADRIAN

Jill the Motorhead. Jill the
Butcher.

JILL

Do you have something to say?

ADRIAN

Oh. Yeah. I am not a dull boy.

He makes a FIST, as if he's going to punch Jill in the face.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT 1 8:25 PM

Ito paces, nervous, excited, engagement ring in hand. The door opens and Jill enters, a few party FRIENDS seen in the background, CLASSIC ROCK and TV NEWS blaring. He motions for her to close the door.

JILL
(whispering)
What? What's going on? Honey, our
guests...

Ito presents the ring.

ITO
I got it. I finally got it. Can you
believe it? You know what this ring
has gone through.

EXT. NAGASAKI - DAY (1945)

A JAPANESE WOMAN (25) RUNS from the 1945 NAGASAKI ATOMIC BLAST, her LEFT HAND REACHING in desperation. The ENGAGEMENT RING is on her wedding finger.

She SCREAMS when the BLAST WALL hits her, REDUCING her SKIN TO ASH and revealing her SKELETAL FRAME beneath.

The last part of her body that turns to ash is her left hand. This happens IN SLOW MOTION, starting from the wrist, knuckles, and finally the bony tips - and in that moment, the ENGAGEMENT RING shifts and drops onto her finger bone.

When the ring drops onto the finger bone, the CLICK of metal on bone is audible.

BACK TO NORMAL TIME.

Powered by the blast wall, the WOMAN completely REDUCED TO ASH - skeletal frame and all - the ring flies forward and we PASS THROUGH IT.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT 1 8:31 PM

JILL
It's been through a lot, I know.

EXT. NAGASAKI - DAY (1945)

Powered by the blast wall, traveling like a BULLET, the ring passes through:

-- a bird.

-- the head of a startled MAN.

-- and finally imbeds itself into a mud-brick wall as the blast wave subsides, Nagasaki in smoldering ruins.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT 1 8:32 PM

ITO

I mean, think about it: *hii obaachan* wore this ring when they dropped the bomb on Nagasaki. She died. But this ring? It's indestructible, like it's made of plutonium or something, kryptonite maybe. It's the luckiest ring in the world!

(beat)

I made my mother to give it to me.

Jill takes the ring and examines it.

JILL

It's... it is beautiful, Ito.

Ito takes the ring, drops to one knee, opens his palm with the ring in the center.

ITO

It survived an atomic blast, Jill. That means we can survive anything. Marry me.

JILL

It's beautiful, Ito, but in the saddest way I can imagine.

Silence. She curls his fingers over the ring.

INT. OFFICE - DAY 2 11:00 AM

The meat processing plant OFFICE with OFFICE MANAGER BOB (35) sitting behind a desk.

JILL

"Jill Kalbfleisch."

OFFICE MANAGER BOB
Kable-what?

JILL
Forget it, it's German. I quit.

OFFICE MANAGER BOB
You can't do that.

JILL
Watch me.

She's leaving.

OFFICE MANAGER BOB
We need, you need to.. hey!

JILL
Ever have man problems...

She takes a close look at his name tag.

JILL
...Office Manager Bob?

OFFICE MANAGER BOB
Uh... Uuuh... Have you been talking
to Annie, at the front desk?

JILL
I have man problems.

OFFICE MANAGER BOB
You don't give us two weeks notice
it'll go on your butcher's union
record.

JILL
You can shove the butcher's union
and your two weeks up your nose,
Office Manager Bob.

OFFICE MANAGER BOB
It'll follow you around, ruin your
career, Jill Kabelwhatever.

JILL
"Kalbfleisch." It's German. Oh, and
Office Manager Bob?
(sing-songy)
Annie told me everything.

She points to his penis. Office Manager Bob cups his genitals, face reddening. Jill exits, walking toward the factory's Will-Call and Delivery Area PARKING LOT.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 1 9:10 PM

Fireworks explode beyond the sliding glass door and balcony, lighting up the sky. Everyone but Ito moves to the windows/balcony, Adrian pulling Jill with him.

She looks back and gives Ito a reassuring smile: no worries. Ito watches, eyes filling with tears.

A GUY sits on the couch, uninterested in the fireworks, watching the TV news in the corner of the living room.

TV NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

...dental records were used to make a tentative identification, but DNA comparison through the Colorado Bureau of Investigation confirmed the identity of the victim, the latest in a string of brutal murders by the elusive serial killer: the Colorado Springs Cadet Killer...

Fireworks light up Ito's face. He is fixated on Jill and Adrian standing together on the balcony.

Adrian whispers in Jill's ear. She appears to LAUGH, and then Adrian places his palm against the back of her head and they KISS, the fireworks exploding in the sky above them.

Ito reacts - and it's big. He weeps with absolute uncontained emotion and then opens the bedroom door, slamming it shut behind him, BANG!

EXT. MEAT PLANT MAIN ENTRANCE/PARKING LOT - DAY 2 11:15 AM

Ito pulls his smart car into a parking space, jumps out, tries to stop crying - can't - wipes the tears and snot from his face, and hunts for Jill's Ford: not there, so he runs to the Will-Call Area PARKING LOT at the back of the building.

INT. MEAT PACKAGING PLANT - DAY 2 11:20 AM

Jill empties her locker, throws the stuff into a bag, slams it shut, and there's Adrian with his beat-up face. He raises his hands above his head as if he's been caught by the cops and he's giving up.

ADRIAN
Give me a chance. To explain.

Jill walks away. Adrian follows, calling after.

ADRIAN
I'm sorry I ruined the party.

JILL
What about my apartment? Sorry
about that too?

ADRIAN
Yes.

JILL
You're sorry about a lot of stuff,
Adrian. Or is it Keaton?

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 1 9:15 PM

Ito leans with his back against the bedroom door, firework explosions, cheering, and applause filtering through, the engagement ring in hand.

Eyes closed tight, he squeezes the ring so hard his fist shakes. His breathing is erratic, as if he's going to explode like the Nagasaki atomic bomb.

INT. HOUSE HALLWAY - DAY (2001) FLASHBACK

Ito's MOTHER (35) holds his hand. Ito is 10-YEARS-OLD. They're dressed as if they just got home from church, Ito in suit and tie, mother wearing a fashionable knee-length skirt.

Her back is against a wall and a MAN (40) leans heavily against her, kissing her neck.

Ito watches. His mother keeps looking down at him, then back to the man.

MOTHER
(breathless)
We shouldn't... no, stop....

The man does not stop. Neither does she.

MOTHER
Please... oh, we can't... my son,
he's... we musn't, we shouldn't,
not in front of Roy.

The man continues seducing Ito's mother until she gives in to her passion and MOANS deeply. The man unzips, lifts her skirt, and penetrates her. She squeezes Ito's hand, making him WINCE, which causes the man to look at Ito.

The man turns Ito's head away.

MAN
(breathless)
That's a good boy, Ito.

He and Ito's mother have sex. Close to orgasm, she grips Ito's hand, crushing it. Ito pulls his hand away, steps back. Takes another step back, then another until he is no longer in the hallway.

In the height of passion, Ito's mother has her LEFT HAND against the wall, fingers splayed, as the man pumps his hips against her.

She is wearing the NAGASAKI ENGAGEMENT RING.

Ito brings a BUTCHER KNIFE down on his mother's hand, slicing it clean-through, the knife imbedded in the wall. She SCREAMS.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 1 9:00 PM

Jill is LAUGHING. She stands the center of the room, talking with friends, her apartment full of PEOPLE celebrating July Fourth, CLASSIC ROCK playing, TV set to the NEWS, one guy watching.

Ito stands by the bedroom door, across the room, fidgeting with the engagement ring.

Adrian forces his way through party guests, moving toward Jill.

Jill turns to Ito, smiles sadly.

As Adrian nears her, Jill walks to Ito, pushing through the crowd. Once she reaches him, Adrian sees them staring at one another in silence.

Then Jill reaches her right hand to Ito's cheek and caresses it. This STOPS ADRIAN COLD. He frowns, his face hard and pensive.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY (2009) FLASHBACK

Adrian stands at the graveside of his brother, the SCARRING on his face inflamed - new wounds still healing - small but conspicuous bandages on cheeks/nose. His cropped hair is blond.

FAMILY and MOURNERS walk away in the background. Adrian looks at a worn PHOTOGRAPH held in his hands.

INSERT - PHOTO

-- a YOUNG MAN (23) with long blond hair smiles at the camera. It's KEITH, Adrian's twin brother.

-- a beautiful YOUNG WOMAN, back to the camera and face hidden from view, has her right arm outstretched, palm caressing his cheek, the IDENTICAL POSE between Jill and Ito at the Fourth of July party.

-- except for her hair color, the woman in the photo LOOKS LIKE JILL.

Adrian takes a steadying breath, then compares the gravestone and the photo:

-- Jill caressing Ito's cheek at the Fourth of July party.

-- the GRAVESTONE with the epitaph: "Keith Sullivan. Our son. Murdered. We weep. 1986 - 2009."

Furious tears fill Adrian's eyes.

INT. MEAT PACKAGING PLANT - DAY 1 11:00 AM

Dressed in a white knee-length smock, blue hard-hat and protective goggles, Jill shows Adrian, dressed similarly, how to butcher a side of beef.

She's specifically showing him how to quarter the carcass, cutting between the 12th and 13th rib, using a large pointed KNIFE, and then cutting the top from the bottom with a MEAT SAW.

A BELL RINGS. Jill indicates it's time for a cigarette break and Adrian is happy to oblige.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 1 9:10 PM

Fireworks explode beyond the sliding glass door and balcony, lighting up the sky. Everyone but Ito moves to the windows/balcony, Adrian pulling Jill with him.

She looks back and gives Ito a reassuring smile: no worries. Ito watches, eyes filling with tears.

A guy sits on the couch, watching the TV news.

TV NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
 ...dental records were used to make a tentative identification, but DNA comparison through the Colorado Bureau of Investigation confirmed the identity of the victim, the latest in a string of brutal murders by the elusive serial killer: the Colorado Springs Cadet Killer...

Adrian and Jill watch the fireworks.

Ito remains by the bedroom door, a dimly lit shadow in the background, watching Jill and Adrian on the balcony, Ito's body LIT UP by flashes from the fireworks.

Adrian whispers in Jill's ear. She GRIMACES and then Adrian places a hand behind her head, FORCING her to kiss him, the fireworks exploding in the sky.

In the background, Ito turns away, opens the bedroom door, and slams it shut behind him, BANG!

Jill pulls away from Adrian's kiss and SLAPS him.

EXT. MEAT PLANT WILL-CALL DELIVERY AREA/PARKING LOT - DAY 2
 11:25 AM

Having run from his smart car parked in the meat processing plant's main parking lot, out of breath, Ito looks for Jill's Ford: and there it is.

He dashes toward the car, crouching low, trying to hide.

When he gets to the Ford, the engine can be heard CRACKING - motor cooling. Still crouched low, he tries the rear passenger door. It's unlocked, so he opens it and there's Jill's pile of suitcases, boxes, clothing in the backseat.

The HOODED PARKA is on top of the pile. Ito puts it on.

EXT. MEAT PLANT WILL-CALL DELIVERY AREA - DAY 1 11:10 AM

Jill and Adrian sit on the concrete loading dock. She pulls out a pack of cigarettes, offers one to him.

He sits next to her, takes the cigarette. She lights it, protecting the flame with a palm.

Shadows dance across her face.

JILL

Where'd you get those scars,
Adrian, if you don't mind me
asking?

ADRIAN

The Tooth Fairy. Mean bitch. Puts
up a helluva fight.

JILL

Yeah, heard that. You're handy with
a meat saw, I give you that.

ADRIAN

Not as handy as you, Ms... I'm
sorry, your last name, I can't...

JILL

"Kalbfleisch." It's German. Forget
it. Just call me "Kalby." Everybody
does.

ADRIAN

Kalby...

He points to himself.

ADRIAN

Keaton.

Jill frowns: huh?

ADRIAN

Uh. Oh. Yeah. My real name. But I
hate "Keaton," so I go by "Adrian,"
my middle name. Everybody calls me
"Adrian."

A bell RINGS.

JILL

Back to the grind we go.

ADRIAN

All work and no play...

JILL

Makes you a dull boy.

(beat)

(MORE)

JILL (CONT'D)

Hey... Listen, if you're not doing anything for the Fourth tonight, feel the need for some human company, you're welcome to drop by my place. We're throwing a shindig, me and Roy.

ADRIAN

Roy?

JILL

Ito. Roy Ito, my boyfriend.

ADRIAN

Oh. You have a boyfriend. OK.

JILL

Should be fun.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 1 10:30 PM

The apartment is deserted, silent, dark.

The furniture is knocked out of place, the Fourth of July party decorations torn from the ceiling, glassware, food, utensils scattered on the floor next to crushed party hats and party paraphernalia. Looks like a riot hit the place.

Jill stands among it all, hands covering her face, weeping.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY 2 12:00 PM - MUSIC OVER SCENE

For Your Love, sung by Michael Been, plays over scene.

Adrian, with bruised up face, drives the Ford, Jill in the front passenger seat, curled into him, the left side of her head nestled into his side, like she's asleep.

He's laughing, driving like a lunatic, dangerous, fast, slapping his palms against the steering wheel to the BEAT of the ROCK SONG.

Wearing the PARKA, Ito has STUFFED HIMSELF UNDER Jill's belongings in the BACKSEAT, HIDDEN FROM VIEW. He grins, a SMALL CALIBER REVOLVER held close to a cheek.

INT. APARTMENT GUEST BATHROOM - NIGHT 1 9:30 PM

Jill stares at herself in the bathroom mirror above the sink, eyes wide and hands clenched to the porcelain.

MUFFLED sounds come from the living room: FOURTH OF JULY PARTY CELEBRATIONS, CLASSIC ROCK, TV NEWS.

A KNOCK on the bathroom door.

ADRIAN (V.O.)
Kalby? Jill? Listen, I'm sorry
about the kiss thing...

Jill continues to stare into the MIRROR - strangely, the mirror looks like a window instead of a mirror. Light from the bathroom falls out the mirror/window into the opening beyond, revealing...

...darkness around the outside edges of the mirror/window, as if she's looking out a window in a house at night.

ADRIAN (V.O.)
... I don't know what I was
thinking. Jill...? Jill...?

A SHUFFLE beyond the bathroom door, surprised VOICES/SHOUTS over the CLASSIC ROCK and TV NEWS coming from the party.

ITO (V.O.)
Stay away from her, you son of a
bitch!

A BIG BANG against the door! A FIGHT between Ito and Adrian has broken out.

Jill continues to stare into the mirror/window, ignoring them.

EXT. APARTMENT PARKING LOT - DAY 2 10:00 AM

Jill stuffs her belongings into the Ford's backseat, burying it in suitcases, cardboard boxes, etc. She lays the HOODED PARKA on top.

In boxer shorts and tee-shirt, Ito watches helplessly.

ITO
Please! Don't leave me!

Jill opens the driver's door, slips behind the wheel, starts the Ford, and yanks at the RUBY-EYED CHROME SKULL steering column-shifter. She knocks it from the column.

The driver's door remains OPEN as she leans down, picks up the column-shifter, then expertly places it back in the steering column: she's done this before.

ITO
Where are you going? Tell me!

Ito takes hold of open driver's door.

JILL
Let go, Ito. Roy. Just let go.

Ito continues to hold the door open.

ITO
Tell me where you're going, dammit.

JILL
(careful)
OK... To the meat plant, where I
intend to quit my job. Then I'm
leaving Colorado Springs, and you,
forever. And you won't be able to
find me. You won't be able to go
where I'm going, so don't bother
trying.

She grabs the column-shifter, puts the Ford in drive, hits the gas, and drives away, the front door torn from Ito's hands. His TEARFUL, PLEADING figure in the REAR WINDOW gets smaller and smaller.

INT. FORD - DAY 2 1:00 PM

Adrian slaps Jill.

ADRIAN
Wakey-wakey!

She sits up, touches her face and flinches: her left cheek is SWOLLEN from a punch to the face. Adrian looks her over.

ADRIAN
Aw, you look like shit.

He opens and closes his fist.

ADRIAN
Never hit a woman before. Easier
than I thought, though - I mean,
one punch was all it took and you
were lights out, baby. Thought I
might have broke your jaw.
(beat)
I love it out here. So... quiet.
Peaceful.

(MORE)

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

No one around for miles and miles,
just you, me, and Mother Fucking
Nature.

He brushes the hair from her face.

ADRIAN

You're quiet too. Keith was quiet.
Remember Keith?

JILL

What? Who? No.

ADRIAN

You are a liar, Jill the Motorhead.
Huh. You don't know anything about
Fords, let alone know how to turn a
Ford into this mean machine. I
wonder what happened to the guy who
did, right? The guy who chopped its
top got his top chopped. By you,
Jill the Butcher. Jill the
Collector.

Adrian reveals a LARGE POINTED KNIFE, shows it to Jill, then
lays it on the dashboard.

ADRIAN

Keith Sullivan. My brother. Long
blond hair? Died in 2009? Here,
maybe this'll help.

He pulls out the PHOTOGRAPH of his brother with the long
blond hair and the girl caressing his cheek, shows it to
Jill.

ADRIAN

Ring any bells? Remember anything?
Hello? McFly?

JILL

...please.

ADRIAN

Funny. 'Cause I remember you.

INT. TENT - IRAQ (2009)

Adrian lies on a hospital gurney, his entire FACE WRAPPED IN
BANDAGES. His cropped hair is blond.

A NURSE (30) with a LAPTOP helps him SKYPE to his TWIN
BROTHER, KEITH (23), who has long blond hair.

KEITH (ON LAPTOP)
Yeah, Keaton, she's a peach, ain't she?

A smiling GIRL (19) stands behind Keith, wearing enormous sunglasses, a wide-brimmed hat, her face concealed. She COULD BE JILL.

KEITH (ON LAPTOP)
Say hi, Peaches.

PEACHES (ON LAPTOP)
Hi, Peaches!

KEITH (ON LAPTOP)
This is my favorite picture of us. I'm gonna send it to you 'cause, one, I love you, man, and two, it'll give your wounded-ass something to think about while you recover. Goals, buddy. It'll give you goals.

He leans close to the laptop camera.

KEITH (ON LAPTOP)
(whispers)
Did I not say she had a body to die for, my brother?

Peaches reaches over Keith's shoulder, waves at the camera, LAUGHS, then SNATCHES the PHOTO from Keith. The image FREEZES on Peaches as she does this.

INT. FORD - DAY 2 1:05 PM

ADRIAN
This - this is the only photographic evidence that Peaches ever existed.

He points to the photo.

ADRIAN
And this...

He points to his face.

ADRIAN
...was the only physical evidence that Keaton ever existed, and I don't look like Keaton anymore.
(MORE)

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

I look like Adrian. Keaton got his face blown off in Iraq.

Insert full-body BEFORE and AFTER images of Adrian.

-- BEFORE: KEATON is written above the image. He is smiling, an infantryman posing with his COMPANY in the 2nd Iraqi Army Division, LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE HIS TWIN BROTHER, KEITH, but with cropped blond hair.

-- AFTER: ADRIAN is written above the image. He is smiling, dressed as a civilian, FACE SCARRED and REBUILT, hair black.

ADRIAN

But, man, I thought you knew for sure. At the very least, I thought you suspected. When I told you my name, "Keaton"? Holy shit, thought the fucking cat had hit the fucking fan.

(beat)

Doesn't matter now, course, whether you recognized me - recognized my brother - or not. 'Cause I finally found your ass, didn't I, Peaches? And that means your fuzzy ass is mine.

Ito rises from the backseat, REVOLVER in hand.

ITO

I don't think so, shithead.

The revolver FIRES, KA-BLAM! Blows a hole in the dashboard.

A beat as everyone reacts. Then Ito and Adrian go at it, wrestling for the gun, the bench-seat backrest a barrier between them.

Jill reaches for the door, but Adrian pulls her hair with one hand, yanks her back, gets her in a one armed choke-hold. Then he smashes his forehead into Ito's face, knocking him backward, BLOOD SPLATTERING from Ito's nose.

Adrian grabs the knife from the dashboard, pulls Jill toward him, wrapping his arms around her, knife at her throat.

Ito rises from the backseat, dizzy from the blow, gun in hand and aimed at Adrian.

ITO

Don't, don't you do it.

Long beat.

ADRIAN

Well. Isn't this a pickle? You shoot me, I kill her first.

ITO

I shoot her first, then I kill you.

Adrian and Jill react to Ito's comment, and then...

ADRIAN

You... were going to kill her.

JILL

You... were going to kill me.

Adrian bursts out LAUGHING.

ITO

Shut up.

ADRIAN

Bummer for you, huh, Peaches? Your fiancé was planning to murder you.

JILL

He's not my fiancé.

ITO

I am too.

ADRIAN

I don't think she agrees, Roy.

ITO

Shut up!

ADRIAN

What are you going to do? Cry? You got some man issues, man.

ITO

And you don't?

ADRIAN

Heeey, now. I never said I don't have issues. I have issues. They're just not man issues, like yours. I want justice.

Ito pulls the hammer back on the revolver, CLICK!

ITO

I want justice.

ADRIAN

No. You're just a baby-boo-hoo who can't handle rejection. Everybody saw it at the party, you and that ring.

ITO

You saw my mother's... my engagement ring, but...?

ADRIAN

Yeah. Everybody knew Jill Kab, Kabel, Kabelfff...

(to Jill)

Sorry, Peaches, how do you pronounce your last name again? "Kabelfishfuckenbitchshitfuck!"

Blood trickles down Jill's throat as the knife blade cuts into her flesh.

JILL

I'm Jill. Jill Kalbfleisch. It's...

ADRIAN

German. I know, I know. Holy crap. What is up with this chick, right?

(to Ito)

So, as I was saying, Roy, everybody at the party knew your fiancé turned you down.

JILL

I was never his fiancé.

ITO

Her last name is supposed be "Ito."

(to Jill)

You should be "Jill Ito!"

ADRIAN

That would be "Peaches Ito," but I don't think your fiancé agrees.

JILL

I'm not his fiancé!

ITO

Yes, you are, you are, you are! I even told my mother!

ADRIAN

I don't give a fuck about your mother.

ITO
I don't give a fuck about your
brother.

ADRIAN
You should, dumbass. Look at the
picture. Look!

Ito carefully reaches for the photo, picks it up.

ADRIAN
Recognize anyone?

Ito examines the photo, points to the woman with her back to
the camera.

ITO
That's... Jill?

ADRIAN
And that's my twin brother, Keith.
Before he cut his hair. Before he
joined the Air Force Academy.
Before he became Cadet Sullivan.

Beat, as Ito turns his widening eyes on Jill.

ITO
What are you saying?

ADRIAN
Oh my goodness. You're Lennie
Small. You're Lennie Fuckin' Small.
In the flesh.

ITO
Who? What, what are you, that
Jill... that Jill's the...?

ADRIAN
Connect the dots. Come on. You can
do it.

ITO
A serial killer? No. That's
ridiculous.

ADRIAN
You know, Ito - may I call you Ito?

Ito nods: yes.

ADRIAN

You really are a moron. But I am beginning to like you.

ITO

I... I don't have a lot of friends.

ADRIAN

I know. And we're not friends and if you think we are, fuck the hell off, fuckface. I fucking hate you. But we have something in common - a fellow hatred for this lying bitch right here - and, yeah, that doesn't makes us buds, but it does mean I kind of like you.

JILL

Boys...?

A beat.

JILL

Can I sit up?

(beat)

Come on. You've got a knife and you've got a gun, and I'm just a girl...

Adrian and Ito look carefully at one another, then they nod together, agreeing to let Jill sit up. After she rises, she touches the wound/blood on her throat.

JILL

Ouch. That is going to leave a mark.

She pinches her fingertips together, rubs the blood, looks at Adrian then Ito.

JILL

OK. Here's what's going to happen.

INT. APARTMENT GUEST BATHROOM - NIGHT 1 9:30 PM

Jill stares into the MIRROR, but it looks like she's staring through a window instead. Light falls out the mirror/window into the opening beyond, revealing darkness around the outside edges, as if she's looking out a window at night.

A SHUFFLE beyond the bathroom door! Surprised VOICES over CLASSIC ROCK and TV NEWS coming from the Fourth of July party in the living room.

ITO (V.O.)
Stay away from her, you son of a
bitch!

A BIG BANG against the door! A FIGHT between Ito and Adrian.

Jill ignores them, just stares into the mirror/window. We enter into the mirror and there's nothing but DARKNESS, turn and see Jill in the mirror/window, looking directly into it.

Jill and the mirror/window get SMALLER and SMALLER as a UNIVERSE OF DARKNESS EXPANDS AROUND HER until the LIGHT from the BATHROOM shines like a single star in the night sky.

The darkness continues to expand until the starlight GOES OUT, leaving INFINITE DARKNESS and dead SILENCE.

EXT. FOREST/FORD - DAY 2 1:30 PM

Ito lies against the right rear tire of the Ford, the pool of blood encircling him, almost dead, the ENGAGEMENT RING pinched between two fingers.

The trunk to the Ford is open, Jill standing above it, holding the trunk-lid with one hand, the REVOLVER in the other. Adrian lies in the load-space, his leg bleeding badly.

ADRIAN
My brother... would have done
anything -

Jill slams the trunk-lid closed.

ADRIAN
- FOR YOUR LOOOOOOOOOVE!

She POUNDS the trunk with her fists, SCREAMING back at Adrian.

EXT. TIRE - DAY 2 1:35 PM

Jill crouches next to Ito and studies him. After a beat, she PULLS the ENGAGEMENT RING from his pinched fingers.

EXT. FOREST DAY 2 1:45 PM

Jill stands with her back to the Ford. She opens a pack of cigarettes, lights up. She palms the match, the flame reflecting off the ENGAGEMENT RING on her WEDDING FINGER.

The match-flame makes shadows dance across her face.

JILL

Amateurs.

She inhales, blows smoke out, takes another drag.

Then DIRECTLY BEHIND HER: Ito appears, the RUBY-EYED CHROME SKULL steering column-shifter held in his raised fist.

Ito brings the column-shifter down, PIERCING the BASE OF Jill's SKULL, the shifter slicing through her neck and coming out her suprasternal notch, just above the sternum.

Blood sprays from her mouth, nostrils, neck. One eyeball instantly fills with blood. She falls to the ground, face first, the column-shifter rising from the back of her head like a flag pole.

She gasps for breath, dying.

Ito CRUMBLES next to her, stretches out an arm, fingers grasping for the ENGAGEMENT RING.

ITO

It survived... an atomic...
blast...

With his last breath, his fingertips touch the ENGAGEMENT RING and pinch it tight.

Jill and Ito lie dead, frozen in death together.

Adrian POUNDS on the trunk from the inside, CALLING FOR HELP.

Parked in the isolated meadow, the 1977 FORD LTD is surrounded by tall trees and, but for Adrian's screaming, it's quiet, still, serene.

FADE OUT.