

FADE IN:

JULY 2, 1984

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A loud buzzer rings throughout the house.

SHIRLEY, late twenties, rushes into the room and opens the smoke-filled oven. She grabs a potholder and removes a cookie sheet with crisp, black nuggets.

With a telephone nestled on her shoulder, she turns off the buzzer.

SHIRLEY

Damn! I forgot about Adam's stupid cookies!

EVAN'S VOICE

(on phone)
Adam's cookies?

SHIRLEY

Yeah, he has this big poker game planned for the Fourth of July. It's bad luck for Adam to play cards without my chocolate chip cookies. At least that's what he says.

EVAN'S VOICE

Shirley, why do you even bother?

SHIRLEY

I don't know. There's still a little something in me that loves him.

Using a butter knife, Shirley scrapes the burnt cookies off the sheet and onto a plate.

EVAN'S VOICE

If you still love him, then we can't be together. We can call the whole weekend off right now.

SHIRLEY

Evan...

EVAN'S VOICE

I'm serious. I don't want to be your back up plan. Either you love him, or you love me. Which is it?!

SHIRLEY

Evan...

EVAN'S VOICE

I'm waiting...

Shirley inspects one of her cookies, then bites into it with a loud crunch. She closes her eyes and chews the cookie slowly.

SHIRLEY

You know what I'm in the mood for?

Shirley sits on the kitchen table.

EVAN'S VOICE

Don't try to change the subject.

SHIRLEY

It's too late, Evan, I just bit into chocolate.

EVAN'S VOICE

You know how you get when you eat chocolate! What did you go and do that for?!

Shirley unzips her pants.

SHIRLEY

You better get over here.

EVAN'S VOICE

When's Adam coming home?

SHIRLEY

I don't know. He's at the bar.

EVAN'S VOICE

You always pick the worst times!

SHIRLEY

Hurry!

EVAN'S VOICE

Did you look for the money today?

SHIRLEY

Evan, just get over here!

EVAN'S VOICE

We've got to find where he hid that money by tomorrow. It's in that house somewhere. I'm not going home until we find it. I'm on my way.

ADAM'S VOICE

Don't waste your time. You'll never find it.

Shirley quickly zips her pants back up and climbs off the table.

SHIRLEY

Evan, that didn't sound like you.

Adam's voice can be heard laughing through the phone.

EVAN'S VOICE

Shirley, get the hell out of there!

Shirley hangs up the phone and looks around the kitchen.

SHIRLEY

Adam?

Heavy footsteps approach the kitchen.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

Adam honey? Is that you?

ADAM, a burly man in his early forties, appears at the door. He clenches a half-empty beer bottle with an evil smirk on his face.

ADAM

I've been keeping an eye on you.

SHIRLEY

I'm sorry. I know I shouldn't call those 1-900 numbers.

ADAM

Don't lie to me. I know very well who you were talking to. He's a con artist. Evan just wants your money. I mean, my money! I just can't believe you don't see through his act. But most of all, I can't believe how you treat your own husband.

SHIRLEY

Evan treats me like no guy ever has. I feel alive when I'm with him. You make me feel like trash.

ADAM

Not anymore.

Adam pulls a handgun from his pants. He points it at Shirley as she begins to sob.

SHIRLEY

So now you're going to kill me?

ADAM

Maybe.

Adam lowers his gun and Shirley calms down.

SHIRLEY

All I want is to be loved on the Fourth of July. This is my Independence Day. I want to break free, start over and live my life the way I want. Evan loves me for who I am, not for my money.

ADAM

It's my money.

SHIRLEY

Whatever.

ADAM

I think Evan's going to be dead on the Fourth of July.

Adam clenches the gun in his hand as car lights shine on him through the window.

Adam (CONT'D)

There he is now!

SHIRLEY

Adam! No!

Shirley looks around for something to grab. She picks up the empty cookie sheet and holds it like a weapon.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

I'm not going to let you hurt him.

ADAM

What are you going to do, hit me
with a cookie sheet?

SHIRLEY

I might.

Adam laughs as he points at the burnt cookies on the plate.

ADAM

You can't even make cookies with
that thing.

As the anger builds inside Shirley, she winds back her arm,
holding the cookie sheet like a frisbee.

As Adam continues to laugh, Shirley slices the cookie sheet
into his hip.

Adam drops his beer bottle and it shatters on the floor.

He looks down in shock at the cookie sheet sticking out of
his side, then stares at Shirley with puppy dog eyes.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I've got a cookie sheet in me.

SHIRLEY

I know.

Adam calmly sets his handgun on the counter, then uses his
hands to gently tug on the cookie sheet.

EXT. PARKER STREET - NIGHT

The street consists of several rows of modern town homes.

EVAN, a young man in his early twenties, closes the door to
his Monte Carlo, which is parked next to an old station
wagon.

Evan hurries up the sidewalk and bangs on the door. The
mailbox reads, "Dobson - 1156."

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Both Shirley and Adam hear the banging on the door.

Adam glares at Shirley as she reaches in a drawer behind her
and removes the first kitchen utensil she touches.

Adam's hand slowly reaches for the gun on the counter, but Shirley smashes his hand with a meat tenderizer.

Adam's bones are crushed. He shakes his hand in pain as Shirley uses the tenderizer to break the gun into pieces.

ADAM

Honey, I think you broke my hand!

Adam holds his hand up to the light. It is mangled.

ADAM (CONT'D)

You bitch!

Adam lunges at Shirley with his good hand and tries to strangle her.

As she struggles to breathe, she pounds Adam on the head with the meat tenderizer. The cookie sheet remains stuck in his side.

Suddenly, blood splashes on Shirley's face as the tenderizer lands in Adams's forehead and stays there.

He falls onto his back and moans in pain.

10 YEARS LATER - JULY 2, 1994

EXT. PARKER STREET - DAY

JEREMY, fourteen years old, rides a skateboard down the sidewalk of Parker Street.

His hair is shaved on the back and sides, but long in the front, with the bangs hanging over one eye.

He skates up to a door marked "McDaniel - 1156." The lawn is maintained with colorful flowers and neatly trimmed bushes.

He opens the mailbox and pulls out a skateboarding magazine and a handful of envelopes.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The kitchen has been remodeled since we last saw it with new appliances, cabinets and flooring.

MAURA, a middle-aged woman, pours a glass of orange juice.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Maura sits at the end of the table.

AMBER, who is sixteen, is already at the table eating a plate of food. An untouched plate waits at an empty seat across from her.

MAURA

I better fight this cold off or else I'm going to get booed off the stage on Saturday night.

AMBER

Mom, your jokes aren't funny. You're going to get booed off the stage anyway.

MAURA

Amber! Am I really that bad?

AMBER

I was just kidding, mom. You're hilarious.

MAURA

I hope so. There's going to be some talent agents in the audience. This could be my big break.

AMBER

What time do you want me there?

MAURA

Nine-thirty, but you should really get there at nine if you want a good seat.

They hear the front door slam shut.

AMBER

Gross. He's home.

MAURA

Jeremy, get in here and eat your dinner before it gets cold!

Jeremy slides into the room on his skateboard.

MAURA (CONT'D)

How many times do I have to tell you that skateboard's not allowed in the house! You've ruined the floor enough already!

Jeremy ignores her.

JEREMY
What's for dinner?

AMBER
Are you blind?

Jeremy gets in Amber's face with his eyes closed.

JEREMY
Amber?! Is that you, Amber?! I
can't see. Where are you?!

Amber pushes him away.

AMBER
Oh. My. God. Have you ever brushed
your teeth?

Jeremy intentionally blows his breath on Amber.

AMBER (CONT'D)
You're so immature.

Amber kicks Jeremy in the shin and he hobbles onto the chair
across from her.

MAURA
That's enough, you two. Jeremy,
leave your sister alone. I'm under
a lot of stress getting ready for
my show. The last thing I need is
you two going at each other's
throats. It's almost the Fourth of
July. Is a little peace and quiet
too much to ask?

Jeremy kicks Amber under the table, but she lets it go.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

Evan, who is now in his early thirties, has a full beard and
mustache with long hair flowing down his back. His eyes are
bloodshot and his arms are covered in needle marks.

Using a key from his pocket, he opens a small mailbox marked
#95. Flipping through the mail, he stops at a particular
letter.

EVAN
Shirley??? How long's it been? Ten
years?

The return address is from Shirley Dobson. He rips open the letter and reads:

SHIRLEY'S VOICE

Dear Evan, I'm sorry it's been so long. We went our separate ways on good terms, so there is no reason I shouldn't have written you sooner. But when you finish reading this letter, you will probably wish you never heard from me. As I'm sure you remember, it has been exactly ten years since you and I killed my husband, Adam Dobson.

Evan stops reading and glances around him. He takes a deep breath and continues:

SHIRLEY'S VOICE (CONT'D)

I loved my husband, and just as much loved you. We both had problems, and at the time neither one of us understood what we had done. We committed murder, a horrible gruesome murder that went on for days. It makes me sick to even think about it. The guilt I've carried over the last ten years has finally gotten to me. As you read this letter, I will have already turned myself in to the police to confess to everything. Every detail. Please forgive me.

Evan stumbles as he clenches his hair with his fist.

EVAN

No! This isn't happening!

SHIRLEY'S VOICE

You still have time to run, and for the inconvenience, I've left you the enclosed map. It will tell you exactly where the money is. Yes, the money that Adam hid from me. It is still in a suitcase at 1156 Parker Street. I didn't find the map until recently and there is another family living there now. The map will give you instructions on how to retrieve it. I doubt the current occupants have found it. Good luck. All apologies, Shirley.

Evan looks at the enclosed map, then puts it in the envelope with the letter. He shoves it in his back pocket.

Paranoia has already set in as Evan looks out the front window of the lobby. He then hurries up the stairs.

EXT. BROOKSVILLE POLICE STATION - DAY

The police station is nestled in a cozy park setting with a pond, green grass and a nearby playground.

Shirley, now in her late thirties, steps off a bus and heads toward the entrance of the police station.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Shirley appears thin and weak. Her hair is dirty and parted in the middle. She has a homely look, far from the beauty she once had.

Shirley approaches LISA, the receptionist.

LISA

Welcome to Brooksville. How may I help you?

SHIRLEY

Hi, my name is Shirley Dobson and I would like to confess to a murder.

Lisa's mouth hangs open, not sure how to respond. After an awkward moment of silence, Lisa composes herself.

LISA

Have a seat. Somebody will be with you shortly.

Shirley sits on a sofa and picks up a magazine.