

FADE IN:

1 INT. SPRAY BOOTH (WAREHOUSE) - NIGHT 1

AMANDA (20's)-- combat boots and baggy clothes-- metal blaring through her headphones.

Half of her face is hidden behind a RESPIRATOR as she spray paints a large CANVAS.

Besides her is la litany of unconventional art supplies.

She grabs a hand full of SAND from a small container, mixing it with paint from another container.

She uses her hands to smear the mixture onto the canvas.

With not a wasted movement, each stroke takes meaning, each line deliberate.

She snips, glues, scrapes, and tears into the canvas, stopping only to wipe the sweat from her brow.

2 EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT 2

Amanda smokes a cigarette, hidden in the shadows.

She turns to face the wall as a group of people walk by.

3 INT. BUS - NIGHT 3

Amanda rides the bus, a surgical mask on her face.

4 INT. STUDIO - ENTRANCE - NIGHT 4

Amanda opens the door to a PARTY HORN blaring from out of the darkness.

She almost jumps out of her skin.

AMANDA

Jesus, Matthew! Are you trying to give me a stroke?

MATTHEW

Did I forget to turn the lights on?

She flicks on the light revealing MATTHEW (20's)-- a handsome man behind pitch black shades--

on their couch, a bouquet of flowers placed on a table in front of him.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
Happy anniversary!

AMANDA
Happy anniversary.

He taps the empty seat besides him.

5 INT. STUDIO - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

5

She joins him on the couch.

MATTHEW
Let me go first.

He hands her a gift wrapped box.

Before she can open it-

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
Hold on. Let me get your reaction.

He reaches out to touch her face.

He pulls the surgical mask away.

HORRIBLE SCARS run all along the bottom of her face.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
Okay, go ahead. The lady at the store said it's really nice.

She opens the box. Inside is a PINK BUTTERFLY KNIFE.

He feels the corner of her lips curl up into a smile.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
You like it?

She gives it a few flicks, testing out the weight and balance.

AMANDA
I love it. Thank you. My turn.

She sets the box down and retrieves her now covered canvas.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
I finished it today so it's still a little wet.

MATTHEW

That's how I like it, baby.

She hands him the box and he tears through the paper like a giddy child.

Inside is the TEXTURED PAINTING.

He runs both hands across the bumps and ridges.

She climbs between his legs and guides his hand across the canvas,

Stopping to describe, in vivid detail, every pattern, color, and surface.

He oohs and aahs with every piece of the puzzle she provides.

She guides his hands wander further south, landing on her leg.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

And what's going on here?

His hand slowly climb her leg and down her pants.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

I think we're a bit off the canvas.

Her breaths shorten. Her shoulders relax.

AMANDA

Talk dirty to me.

MATTHEW

I can't wait to rip you out of these clothes.

AMANDA

What are you going to do to me?

MATTHEW

How does an apricot oil back rub sound?

AMANDA

Like heaven. What next?

MATTHEW

Then I'm gonna run you a hot bath.

AMANDA

Enough foreplay. Get to the porno part, baby.

MATTHEW

Next, I'm gonna dress you in something a little more presentable.

AMANDA

What?

MATTHEW

My parents just got back from vacation. They're coming over for dinner.

She stomps away.

AMANDA

Aww, fuck off.

MATTHEW

Amanda-

AMANDA

It's our anniversary!

MATTHEW

I know but we haven't seen them in months. Why not let them share our special day with us?

AMANDA

Share? You want me to share? With your *mother*? I can't believe I'm having this conversation.

Amanda grabs her keys.

MATTHEW

It's only one night.

AMANDA

I hope it's a lovely one. I'm going to do literally anything else.

MATTHEW

You have to be there.

AMANDA

Why? They're your parents!

MATTHEW

Play your cards right and they can be your parents too.

AMANDA
That didn't sound as smooth as you
think it did.

MATTHEW
Do it for me, please?

No response.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
You're going to miss lasagna from
Rao's.

Amanda drops her keys and huffs into the bedroom, her mood
now soured.

6 INT. STUDIO - KITCHEN - NIGHT 6

Amanda uncovers a platter, taking a huge whiff of steaming
lasagna.

She lets out a pleasurable moan.

The DOORBELL rings.

AMANDA
I'll get it.

7 INT. STUDIO - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS 7

Amanda opens up.

MARTHA, a stoic older woman with bad fashion sense (think
lularoe), appears at the door.

Besides her is her much fatter husband, HAROLD.

AMANDA
Martha, Harold, great to see you.
How have you been?

She hugs her mother in law, who tries to get the process over
as quickly as possible.

MARTHA
Amanda, how many times do I have to
tell you? Old spice is no
substitution for lady's perfume.

She shoves Amanda out of the way as she barges into the
apartment.

8 INT. STUDIO - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

8

Harold embraces Amanda, giving her a healthy squeeze.

HAROLD
How ya been kiddo?

AMANDA
Better now that you're here.

Martha takes Matthew into her arms.

MARTHA
Baaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaby

She showers him with kisses.

MATTHEW
Hey, Mama.

Martha takes his face in her hand, whipping his head left and right, closely inspecting him the way you would a sick pet.

MARTHA
You're all skin and bones. You look like you haven't been fed in weeks.

AMANDA
He eats just fine. May I take your bag?

Martha scans Amanda from head to toe, and as usual, finds her lacking.

MARTHA
No. You could stand to gain a few pounds yourself.

Harold taps Amanda on the shoulder, drawing her away from Martha, who is now fidgeting with Matthew's hair.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
The state of you, I swear it's a blessing you can't see yourself.

Harold wraps his shoulder around her and turns so that their backs are to Martha.

He speaks in almost a whisper.

HAROLD
Got something for ya.

Harold sneaks a cigar from his breast pocket.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
Gurkha His Majesty's Reserve.

AMANDA
(shouting)
No fucking way!

Martha gives them a look of suspicion.

She's met with two innocent smiles.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Sorry. These are like seven hundred
bucks. I can't take this.

HAROLD
I can't get caught with contraband
and I think the wife is on to me.
Do me a favor?

Amanda puts the cigar up to her nose and takes a big whiff.

MARTHA
What are you two hissing about?

Amanda tucks the cigar into her shirt.

AMANDA
Who's ready for Dinner?

9 INT. STUDIO - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

9

Dinner is just wrapping up.

AMANDA
That was divine.

MARTHA
The tomato sauce was a bit too
salty but I know some people don't
mind the high blood pressure.

Harold lets out a belch.

MATTHEW
Looks like dad agrees with Amanda.

MARTHA
Wine, anyone?

HAROLD
I'll have some.

AMANDA
I'll grab a bottle.

MARTHA
Don't bother dear. We've brought something.

AMANDA
You didn't have to do that.

MARTHA
I'm afraid we did. The local gas station wine you're used to would destroy my constitution.

MATTHEW
Be nice, mother.

MARTHA
Oh hush dear, it was a compliment.

She pulls a wine bottle from her handbag and nonchalantly waves it in Amanda's direction.

AMANDA
Please, allow me.

She takes the bottle and treks to the kitchen.

Amanda grabs a corkscrew-- tightens her grip, then glares over her shoulders, at her mother in law.

MARTHA
(to Matthew)
You have to stop by the house.
We've just redone the bathroom--

HAROLD
All we did was give it a spit shine.

MARTHA
Don't say 'spit', it's disgusting.

HAROLD
\$10,000 for a lick of paint and some tiles. Can you believe that?

MARTHA
Ignore him. The Hendersons just planted some beautiful yellow carnations. I was thinking of planting a rose bush to compliment them.

HAROLD
I'm not digging any holes.

MARTHA
Be quiet, Harold.

HAROLD
You know about my back!

Amanda returns to the group.

AMANDA
You should plant violets. Purple
makes yellow pop.

She meets this suggestion with an a guffaw.

MARTHA
Violets are practically a weed.
Don't you know anything about home
decor?

She bypasses Martha's outstretched glass and pours for
Harold.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
You know, their daughter is back in
town. You remember Bertha
Henderson?

MATTHEW
Who?

AMANDA
The one with the tits last
thanksgiving.

MATTHEW
Oh, Balloon Breasted Bertha. Tell
her I said Hi.

Amanda bypasses Martha a second time grabbing Matthew's glass
instead.

AMANDA
Wine, honey?

MATTHEW
No thanks. I can't drink, at least
not for a little while.

AMANDA
How come?

MATTHEW

I have a doctor's appointment this week.

MARTHA

Oh my god, you're sick!

(to Amanda)

This is your fault. You don't take care of my son!

MATTHEW

I'm not sick. It's actually the opposite. I got a call from the hospital this morning. They've found a matching donor.

Martha lets out a high pitch squeal.

MARTHA

You're going to see again!? My baby is going to see again!

MATTHEW

But that's just the beginning of the good news.

He rises out of his seat.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Amanda?

He put out his hands. She takes them

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

A new chapter of my life is about to start. Things are going to drastically change and I don't really know what that entails but I know I want you there with me.

He retrieves a satin black box from his pocket and takes a knee.

Amanda lets out an audible gasp at the sight of The ENGAGEMENT RING.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

The lady at the store said it's really nice.

AMANDA

Yes.

MARTHA

No!

MATTHEW

Yes, it's nice or yes you'll marry me?

AMANDA

Both!

Martha jumps out of her seat and over to Matthew's side.

MARTHA

You can't do this.

HAROLD

God dammit, woman don't you ever shut up.

MARTHA

You're making a rash decision.

MATTHEW

(to Amanda)

It only took three dates for me to realize that I wanted to spend my life with you.

MARTHA

I know you're excited to be normal again-

AMANDA

(shocked)

Normal?

MARTHA

Stay out of this!

MATTHEW

You can't speak to her like that anymore.

MARTHA

Matthew, please.

MATTHEW

No more jabs at her looks, no more back handed comments, no more fighting. That all ended when she said yes.

MARTHA

Matthew-

MATTHEW

Any insult to her is an insult to me. I hope I've made myself clear.

After a moment of contemplation, her anger melts away.

MARTHA

After all these years, I can't believe you're still doing this. When are you going to grow up?

MATTHEW

As soon as you let me.

She turns to Amanda.

MARTHA

When Matthew was a little boy, he used to pick up strays and hide them in his room. Ugly ones with sunken eyes and missing limbs. Emaciated broken things. I'd never let him keep the filthy things, but he always begged and pleaded. That's what you are. An ugly, broken, filthy, thing he's dragged into my home.

Amanda slams down on the table.

AMANDA

Dinner's over! Get the fuck out!

Martha scoffs at this.

MATTHEW

I'll walk you guys to the car.

MARTHA

Matthew-

MATTHEW

Dad, can you help me gather your things?

(to martha)

Use this time to apologize to my future wife or you're no longer welcome here.

Matthew and Harold disappear into the bedroom.

Amanda and Martha have a brief stare down.

AMANDA

Well?

Martha pulls a piece of paper from her purse.

She hands it over to Amanda. It's a check for \$50,000.

Amanda is confused.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

A simple sorry would do but I gotta say this is one hell of an apology.

MARTHA

It's not an apology. It's for you to do with whatever you like. As long as you leave Matthew out of it.

Amanda tears the check to shreds.

Martha sighs heavily, then begins writing another one.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

It's for your own good, you know. What do you think is going to happen when Matthew sees again?

Martha gesturing to her scars.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Do you think he's going to want to come home to this every night?

AMANDA

He knows about what happened to me. He knows what I look like.

MARTHA

But he's never seen you. He hasn't seen a woman in a very long time. You're about to have some stiff competition.

Amanda begins eyeing the check.

AMANDA

He isn't that shallow. He's not going to leave just because of a few scars.

MARTHA

I don't doubt that, the guilt would drive him crazy.

AMANDA

Our relationship runs much deeper than aesthetics. I wouldn't expect you to understand that.

MARTHA

That might have been true when you were both...different. But he's about to be all better. And you're staying the same. You're such a **strong** young woman. Do you really want to be with someone who's only with you out of pity? I'm offering you an out.

She pushes the check towards Amanda.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Consider it.

Just then Harold and Matthew return.

HAROLD

Come on woman, let's get in the car.

Harold gives Amanda a hug goodbye.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Sorry about cutting dinner short, kiddo.

MARTHA

It's fine. We have a cycling class in the morning, anyway.

Amanda gives Martha one last glare.

HAROLD

Only thing I'm cycling through is a six pack.

And with that, the three leave the apartment.

Amanda looks over the check again. She grabs the wine bottle and takes a sip.

10

LATER

10

Rock music penetrates the house.

Amanda chugs straight from the bottle.

Matthew returns.

He holds his ears in agony as he turns the volume down on the SOUND SYSTEM.

AMANDA
I was listening to that!

MATTHEW
So were half the neighbors. I don't want to have to pick up a new set of eardrums as well.

AMANDA
What's a celebration without a little music? And alcohol?

She holds up the half drunken wine bottle triumphantly as she stumbles over to Matthew.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Come on baby, have a drink with me.

The smell of alcohol is strong on her breath.

MATTHEW
I think you've had enough.

AMANDA
Just one sip.

MATTHEW
The doctor said no alcohol, remember?

AMANDA
Just a little-

MATTHEW
None.

She tries to force the bottle into his mouth.

He instinctively pushes her away, spilling everywhere.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
What is the hell is your problem?

AMANDA
What's **your** problem? It's just one drink on our anniversary. It's not going to kill you.

MATTHEW

Are you out of your fucking mind?

AMANDA

Is that how you're going to talk to me when we're married?

MATTHEW

I don't know what's gotten into you, but the wine isn't helping.

AMANDA

Forgive me for wanting to whoop it up with my new fiance.

Matthew takes a seconds to calm down.

MATTHEW

Let's not fight. If there's something wrong, you can just tell me.

Amanda retrieves the check from her pocket.

She hesitates.

AMANDA

I know what you're doing?

MATTHEW

You're going to have to help me out here.

AMANDA

You only proposed tonight because you know you won't want to later.

MATTHEW

What? That's absurd.

AMANDA

Is it? Maybe you're just barreling forward with this now because you know that once you look at me...

MATTHEW

I'm not sure what you want me to do here. How can I prove that I love you, no matter what?

She shoves the bottle into his chest.

AMANDA

Have a drink with me.

Matthew takes the bottle.

He slowly pours the bottle onto the ground.

MATTHEW

Ten years. I have been waiting on a list for ten years. That's a decade of missed sunsets. That's never getting to see my nieces and nephews grow up. Ten years of being coddled like a child by strangers. Ten years of living in the dark because circumstances ripped that gift away from me. Someone has offered to give it back. I'm not jeopardizing that for anything.

A pregnant pause.

AMANDA

I don't want you to see the way that people look at me.

MATTHEW

You know I don't care-

AMANDA

Well I do and you will too!

Amanda runs out of the apartment, SLAMMING the door behind her.

11 INT. STUDIO - BEDROOM - DAY 11

Matthew awakes, milky white eyes staring back at us.

He turns to feel the empty spot where Amanda usually is.

12 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT 12

Last night.

Amanda walks down the street drinking and swearing at passersby.

She sweeps through a range of emotions-- Fear, anger, regret-- until-

She throws up behind a dumpster.

13 INT. STUDIO - LIVING ROOM - DAY 13

Matthew walks out into the living room.

MATTHEW

Amanda?

No answer.

14 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT 14

Amanda wipes away a tear as she looks at the check.

She contemplates cashing it-- tearing it into a million pieces-- cashing it -- setting it on fire-- cashing it.

She gets a call from Matthew. She ignores it.

15 INT. STUDIO - LIVING ROOM - DAY 15

Matthew on the phone. Its ringing. The voicemail picks up.

AMANDA (V.O.)

You know what to do.

MATTHEW

Hey it's me again. I'm sorry. Call me, please.

16 EXT. PARENT'S HOUSE - NIGHT 16

Amanda bangs on a door. Moments later, Harold answers.

HAROLD

Hey kiddo. You okay?

Her words come out slurred.

AMANDA

I was in the neighborhood. Can I use your bathroom?

17 INT. STUDIO - LIVING ROOM - DAY 17

Matthew on the phone.

MATTHEW

No Dad, I haven't seen her since last night.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

(beat)

She stopped by? Is she still there?

18 INT. PARENT'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT 18

Amanda grabs her butterfly knife and begins carving into the wall.

She steps back. The words "FUCK YOU" remain etched into the wall.

She retrieves Martha's check and sets it on fire. She uses the flame to light her cigar in triumph.

19 INT. STUDIO - KITCHEN - DAY 19

Matthew dials Amanda again.

The ringer sounds outside the door.

20 I/E. HALLWAY/APARTMENT - DAY 20

He walks out to hear the ringer coming from incredibly close.

Then a groan from Amanda, who lies slumped on the ground.

Matthew takes a seat next to her.

MATTHEW

Rough night?

She answers with a groan.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about dinner, and my mother-

AMANDA

She's not your fault.

MATTHEW

And for what I said. You 're the most important thing to me-

AMANDA

I shouldn't have put you in the position I did. Asking you to choose me over seeing again. How selfish am I?

Beat.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I'm just so god damn scared.

MATTHEW

I can't begin to understand how others make you feel. I only know how you make me feel.

Matthew moves closer. Her runs his fingers along her scars.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

I know I love every scrape, every line, and every bump. You're beautiful, even if the whole world says different. Even if you don't think so. So, with eyes wide open, figuratively of course, I want to ask you again. Amanda Mckinley Jones, will you do me the honor of being my wife?

AMANDA

I guess, but only because you asked twice.

They share a kiss.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I fucked up your mom's bathroom.

FADE OUT.