

VOICE

May knew it wasn't natural for a grown man to be living with his mother, no hobbies, no diversions - It was like he was still in prison.

She folds the Herald so that it's manageable, grabs a RED FLAIR PEN from her bedside, and begins circling things in the newspaper.

VOICE

What he needed was a girlfriend, and May intended to help him find one.

TICK, TICK

INT. MCGORVEY HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MORNING

TICK, TICK, TICK. ANSONIA clocks line every available table, side table, and shelf, in the room. Shelf space is at a premium though. Most are adorned with HUMMEL PORCELAIN FIGURINES: little boys in charming Bavarian garb depicting the gentle innocence of childhood: *Afternoon Nap, Under an Umbrella, Star Gazer, Newsboy, Playing with a Train, and A Flower for Mother*. Someone is a serious collector. That someone is -

MAY, who sits in a swivel BARCALOUNGER with a folded NEWSPAPER on her lap, a PAD and PENCIL in her hands. She stares across the room to where Ronnie sits sipping coffee from a mug, and reading *Soldier of Fortune Magazine*.

MAY

There are two whole columns of lonely women here, and only a handful of men. The odds are on our side. Why wouldn't one of these women want to meet a nice person like you?

RONNIE

I'm not a nice person.

MAY

You did a bad thing. But that doesn't mean you're a bad person.

RONNIE

I have a psychosexual disorder.

MAY

You're better now. They wouldn't have let you out if you weren't.

RONNIE

They let me out because they had to.

May looks nervous.

MAY

Well, maybe if you found a girlfriend closer to your own age, you wouldn't have the bad urges so often.

RONNIE
I don't want a girlfriend my own age
Mommy. I wish I did.

MAY
What're you gonna do when I'm gone? Who's
gonna take care of you?

Ronnie looks alarmed. He gets up and sits at his mother's feet.

RONNIE
Whatsa matter Mommy? You sick or
something?

MAY
I'm an old woman. I'm not gonna live
forever. Who's gonna cook for you? Who's
gonna wash the dishes?

RONNIE
I can wash the dishes.

MAY
You never washed a dish in your life.

RONNIE
I could if I had to. I'm not a retard.

She reaches out and takes his hand.

MAY
No, you're not... you're a miracle
Ronnie... we're all miracles. You know
why? Because as humans, every day we go
about our business, and all that time we
know - we all know, that the things we
love, the people we love - at any time it
can all be taken away... we live knowing
that, and we keep going anyway. Animals
don't do that.

A moment.

MAY
Now, I'm not asking you to get married
Ronnie. I'm just saying put an ad in the
paper. *See what happens.*

Ronnie sighs; she's worn him down.

RONNIE
Fine. I'll do it if it'll make you happy.
But just one date, alright?

May beams. She scribbles something on the pad.

MAY
You have a nice smile. Why don't we start
with that?

Ronnie seems pleased, but also hungry for more praise.

RONNIE

What else?

May seems to be at a momentary loss, then -

MAY

You always eat what I put in front of you. You never complain.

She writes down these things but before she can continue -

RONNIE

What else.

MAY

(confident)

You're trying to get back in shape. You exercise.

Ronnie beams. May steals a look at her son, then continues the list.

INT. MCGORVEY HOUSE, ENTRY WAY - LATER - MORNING

Ronnie walks his YELLOW SCHWINN ten-speed past the kitchen, and heads to the front door.

MAY (O.C.)

Wait right there, young man.

May comes into the hallway from the kitchen.

MAY

If you're going out for some exercise, you can post this now.

She hands him an envelope. He glances down the address -

The East Wyndam Register - ATTN: PERSONALS DEPT.

RONNIE

Hmmm.

He opens the front door.

EXT. MCGORVEY HOUSE - MORNING

Ronnie stands framed in the open threshold. The FRONT DOOR behind him is plastered with LARRY'S FLYERS affixed with DUCT-TAPE. He stares out toward something as yet unseen, and smiles. He continues to stand there a moment, and then walks his bike off the porch. He gets on and rides down the -

DRIVEWAY, across which is spray-painted a singular word - E V I L

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE, ATTIC UTILITY ROOM - DAY

Brad stands nude, facing out the narrow window. A moment later, a nude Sarah rises up behind him, puts her arms around him, and reaches around to his crotch.