

INT. WALTER'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Vicki is woken up by Walter who makes the moaning sounds of someone having a nightmare. She turns on her side and watches him.

Walter wakes up with a start, then sees Vicki and cuddles close. She runs her fingers through his hair and kisses his forehead.

VICKI
Hey, there.

WALTER
(sleepy)
Hi.

He closes his eyes again. Vicki looks at him closely.

VICKI
What happened to you?

Walter opens his eyes. Vicki continues to stroke his hair.

VICKI (cont'd)
Walter, what did you do?

Walter pulls away.

WALTER
Why do you want to know?

VICKI
Because I like you.

Walter is silent.

VICKI (cont'd)
I won't run away.

There's a long pause. He rests back down against the pillows.

WALTER
What's the worst thing you ever
did?

VICKI
The worst?

WALTER
Yeah.

Vicki looks at him.

VICKI
Fucked my best friend's husband.

Walter listens with no reaction.

VICKI (cont'd)
I mean my best friend since the second grade. Her husband was hot for me and, god, he was cute. She was an international flight attendant, so we would get it on for days, while she was off in some country we couldn't pronounce. Then he told her, the shit. It broke up our friendship, broke up their marriage. Later she had a nervous breakdown, quit her job, then moved in with her sister who she despised.

Vicki lights a cigarette and takes a long drag.

VICKI (cont'd)
I still feel like the lowest piece of shit, when I think about it.

She looks at Walter. He says nothing, his expression blank.

VICKI (cont'd)
So, what did you do?

WALTER
I molested little girls.

VICKI
Molested little girls?

WALTER
Yeah.

Vicki laughs.

WALTER (cont'd)
You don't believe me?

She shakes her head no but the laughter begins to die.

WALTER (cont'd)
I wish the judge had your sense of
humor.

Vicki is quiet.

VICKI
You're not joking.

WALTER
Twelve years in prison is no joke.

Walter gets out of bed and pulls on his pants. Vicki doesn't
move, the cigarette burns in her hand.

WALTER (cont'd)
(signaling to the door)
Look, you can go now.

VICKI
How many girls did you molest?

Walter walks over to the window.

WALTER
Obviously one too many.

(bitter laugh)
Vicki looks away.

WALTER (cont'd)
Sorry.

VICKI
What did you do to them?

WALTER
(looking back out the window)
It's not what you think.

VICKI
How young?

WALTER
Between ten and twelve. Once a nineyear-old told me she was eleven.
Once a fourteen-year-old told me she was twelve. I always asked how old they were.

Vicki is visibly shaken. She puts the cigarette out.

VICKI
So it was mostly fondling? Shit like that?

Walter looks at her.

WALTER
I never hurt them. Never.

VICKI
Twelve years in prison?

WALTER
The judge had a thing about sex offenders. Later I heard his daughter had been raped. If I hadn't had a good lawyer, it would have been twenty-five to thirty.

Vicki is silent.

WALTER (cont'd)
Why don't you just go now, okay?

VICKI
I told you I'm not easily shocked.

WALTER
You should be shocked. Or do you get off on this shit?

VICKI
What?

WALTER
Get your kicks somewhere else.

VICKI
Hey, I'm not --

WALTER
Depraved? My mistake.

VICKI
Walter.

Advancing towards her.

WALTER
Get the fuck out of here!

Vicki doesn't move. After a long moment, Walter sits down next to her.

VICKI
You don't molest little girls
anymore, do you?

WALTER
No. Never again.

Vicki looks away, struggling to digest the news.

WALTER (cont'd)
(quiet)
You should go now.

Vicki gets up and pulls on her clothes. She looks at Walter who sits motionless on the bed. She leaves.