

INT. GARAGE - EVENING

The Mechanic is about to turn away when he sees Theresa outside the door, holding her head, wearing a frantic look and pleading with him. He GROANS with frustration and steps toward the door, unlocks and opens it.

MECHANIC

Sorry, miss. We're closed.

THERESA

But my car--

MECHANIC

It's okay. You can leave it here overnight. There's some nice hotels around here. Tell you what. I'll drop you off at the Best Western.

THERESA

No! I've got to get out of here tonight! You've got to help me!

MECHANIC

(amused)

Oh yeah? And why is that? Did you rob a bank?

THERESA

No! I...I saw...

She bursts into tears. The Mechanic looks upon her in sympathy, glances at the Fiat and sighs.

IN THE WAITING ROOM

The Mechanic comes into the bright room from the now lit garage, stands at the counter, glances at Theresa, now wearing a sweatshirt over her tank top, sitting on the couch, magazine in hand.

MECHANIC

You're all set, miss.

THERESA

I am? It's fixed?

MECHANIC

Just a blown hose. You were smart to pull off the highway. Could have totaled your whole engine.

THERESA

(standing)

Oh my God. Thank you so much. How much do I owe you?

MECHANIC

Don't worry about it. Like I said, it was just a broken hose. I also topped off the tank. After what you've been through, miss...

Theresa looks at him with tears of gratitude.

EXT. CHICO CITY CENTER - DAY

Theresa sees Hippie Guys checking her out, shudders. Hippy Michelle notices, smiles.

MICHELLE

Don't worry about those bozos. They just think you're cute.

THERESA

No. I'm used to guys staring. Damn. That must sound totally stuck up. There's just... There's someone who might be looking for me.

MICHELLE

An ex-? Sorry. You don't have to tell me. I get it. You want to blend in, right? I know exactly where to take you. You need something cooler anyway.

INT. GOODWILL STORE - DAY

Theresa comes out of a dressing room in hippie clothes that make her look dowdy. Michelle looks at her a moment, shakes her head. Another hippie look is even less flattering.

MICHELLE

You know what? Maybe this...
 (hands her a tight-fitting, short low-cut dress and her push-up bra)
 ...is more you.
 (after Theresa changes, comes out in dress; nodding--)
 It's more important to be you than to be anybody else.

Theresa looks a little uncertain, then sighs and nods.

INT. HEIDI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

HEIDI sits on the couch, snorting lines of white powder off a mirror on the coffee table.

Theresa comes out of the bathroom, wet and wrapped in a towel.

THERESA

Hey Heidi. When are you going to get the hot water fixed? Plus, the kitchen sink leaks and the water spot on the--

HEIDI

Don't kill my buzz, girl! Anyway, it's summertime. You don't need hot water when it's a hundred degrees outside.

THERESA

Yeah right. Who am I to talk? I just lost my job. I don't even know how I'm going to pay...

HEIDI

(off Theresa's emotion)

Hey, don't worry about it, girl. I'm not going to kick you out, ever. Now sit down and have a couple lines.

THERESA

No thanks. I don't do coke.

HEIDI

Hey, more for me. Anyway, don't be worrying. You're amazing. You'll get another job.

Theresa gives her a grateful look, then goes into the

BEDROOM

Where she takes off her towel, dries her hair, pulls on a summer dress. She glances at some boxes in the corner, sighs and carries one to her bed, opens it. She pulls out a few law books, sets them on the dresser, thinks again and puts them in the bottom drawer. Next she pulls out some sweaters and puts them on some shelves in the closet.

Looking in the box, Theresa spots a necklace with a golden figure of Jesus on the cross. She extracts and examines it.

FADE TO:

INT. BILLY BONES BAR - NIGHT

The same cross emblem rests above the cleavage of beautiful singer/dancer JULIETA, 21, wearing a short low-cut dress on a stool in the noisy, crowded bar. Theresa, in a sexy dress, stands behind the bar, wears an amused smile as she sets a drink in front of Julieta, flanked by adoring GUYS.

THERESA

Beautiful necklace. Do you think it protects you?

JULIETA

(sipping drink from straw)
Huh? Oh. From what? These guys? They always bring protection!

The two Guys LAUGH boisterously. GUY 1 puts his hand on her waist for a second. Julieta pulls a \$5 bill out of her purse--

GUY 1

No, I'll get this one...
(lays down a \$20)
...and the next few.

THERESA

(to Julieta)
Hey! Didn't we apply for the same job at the Silver Fox? How's that working out for you?

JULIETA

It's okay. Mostly I'm a dancer. And I sing. Maybe you saw me... I do balloon-o-grams.

THERESA

Sounds fun.

JULIETA

It is. So much fun. And I get to be, you know, creative.

THERESA

Well, good for you. I'll have to catch your act sometime.

Julieta's eyes flash with interest. Theresa smiles and moves

away toward a Drinker's waving arm at the other end of the bar as Julieta watches.

INT. BILLY BONES BAR - NIGHT

Theresa, leather skirt and low-cut top, watches gorgeous cook VINNI, 20s, set a tray of hors d'oeuvres on the table and retreat to the kitchen. She catches Julieta, sexy dress and wearing a fake tiara, watching him too. Theresa sighs.

JULIETA

What's his name?

THERESA

Vinni Pernacano. His parents own the best Italian restaurant in town. But he got a job here to piss them off. He's probably a good Catholic boy.

JULIETA

(off Theresa's weak smile)

What's wrong, girl? Did you have an argument with your boyfriend?

THERESA

No. My brother. He's driving me bananas. We're both staying at my dad's but I... Never mind.

JULIETA

(eyes light up)

Hey! I live really close to here.

THERESA

And...?

JULIETA

Well...I live alone but I could use a roommate. The rent's only two-hundred so we could split it.

THERESA

Seriously? You barely know me.

JULIETA

I been trying but you keep saying no!

THERESA

You try holding down two jobs and going to school full time. And keeping your boyfriend happy.

JULIETA

No thanks! Hey, think of it! You could just, like, tumble out of bed and come to work.

THERESA

Tumble out of bed at six p.m.?

JULIETA

You know what I mean. Anyways, think about it, okay? I got a good feeling about you and me. I think we'd make a great team.

Theresa looks skeptical, but gives her a smile and moves away.

INT. JULIETA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - MORNING

Theresa sits at the dining table with toast and coffee, books and papers spread out. The front door swings open and Julieta staggers in, pulling BEACH BUM 1, 20s, in with her.

JULIETA

Okay, let's get this party started!

BEACH BUM 1

We been up all night, babe. Maybe we could catch a few winks...

JULIETA

(sees Theresa)

Oh! I forgot I have a roommate. Hi Theresa! You're sure up early.

THERESA

Good morning, Julieta. Don't mind me. I'm going to be leaving soon for work.

JULIETA

Work, work, work! Come sit on the couch and chill for a minute. Please?

THERESA

No, I'm fine. Thanks, though.

Julieta pulls Beach Bum 1 to the couch, plops down with him. Soon they are kissing, making out heavily. Theresa gathers her books and purse, sticks the toast in her mouth and exits.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE JULIETA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Inside a late-model sedan, Jon sits in the driver's seat and Theresa beside him.

THERESA

Thanks, sweetie. Sorry to be such a burden.

JON

If you'd let me pay for the repair I wouldn't have to be your chauffeur service.

THERESA

(kissing him)

Admit it. You enjoy it. Just a little. Anyway, I should earn enough in tips tonight to cover the car.

JON

(when she opens the door)

Do you want me to wait for you?

THERESA

That's okay. I can just walk over to Bones after I change.

JON

You going to be okay getting back? I heard there were some rapes and assaults on the beach.

THERESA

I promise I won't go on the beach. I'm afraid I might run into Julieta there.

JON

How is that working out?

THERESA

Oh, okay. We're like Felix and Oscar. Not that she's messy. Just a mess.

She climbs out wearing a wry look.

INT. JULIETA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

A KNOCK is heard at the front door. The door inches open.

THERESA (O.S.)

Hello! Anybody home? Are we decent?

She peers in, sees Julieta naked and passed out under the covers of her bed. BEACH BUM 2, in shorts and a tank top, sits on the edge of the bed, putting on his sandals.

THERESA

Sorry. Wrong question.

BEACH BUM 2

Just leaving. Tell Julieta...thanks.

He heads out the door, leaves it open. Theresa bristles, closes the door. She spots an empty bottle of vodka next to the bed, sits on the edge of the bed. Julieta stirs, stretches.

THERESA

Julieta? You okay?

JULIETA

(groggily)

Theresa? Come sit beside me.

(when Theresa hesitates)

Please?

Theresa climbs on the bed next to her. Julieta turns to her, strokes her hair.

JULIETA

I'm so glad we're roommates. You're so beautiful.

THERESA

Me? You are.

Julieta smiles with love, leans forward to kiss her. Theresa tries to stop her gently but when Julieta keeps trying, finally has to shove her away. Julieta tumbles back, settles in and goes back to sleep. Theresa rolls her eyes, rises, pulls a dress from the closet.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE JULIETA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Theresa and Jon stride toward the door to Julieta's apartment.

JON

I'll just wait out here.

THERESA

I'll only be a second.

She opens the door to the sight of Julieta walking by naked under an open robe, beer in one hand, joint in the other.

JON

(averting eyes)

Oh shit.

JULIETA

(sees Theresa; drunkenly--)

Hi you two! Come on in. I told the guys to take a hike.

Theresa shoots Jon a look, steps in and closes the door.

INT. JULIETA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Theresa closes the door, takes the bottle and joint from Julieta, sets them on the counter, closes Julieta's robe.

THERESA

Listen, girl. I really don't mean to judge but you keep acting this way, you're going to get yourself raped and murdered. Are you listening to me? Now I'm going to sleep over at John's, but I want you to lock and deadbolt the door when I go. You got that? Huh?

Julieta finally nods through her stupor. Theresa shakes her head and gets a few items out of a dresser. Julieta watches her with drunken desire as Theresa changes dresses.

INT. JULIETA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - DUSK

Julieta, in a tied robe, sits at the table, phone to ear.

JULIETA

I don't know where she is but I know she's got to come home to change. I saw her at the baseball game on Mission Beach. She got, like, the last out...I think. The guys were all cheering for her and stuff... Anyways, I'll get her to the Pennant at nine-thirty. I'll call if we're going be much later. Bye.

As she hangs up, the door opens and Theresa comes in wearing

sweat clothes, clearly exhausted. She closes the door and falls back onto the couch. Julieta jumps up, sits beside her.

JULIETA

There you are, birthday girl!

THERESA

My birthday was yesterday.

JULIETA

And we're celebrating today.

(lifting Theresa's hand high)

Also you winning the baseball tournament, you jock! And we never celebrated me getting in the band!

THERESA

(drops arm in fatigue)

Can we do it another night? Or you go celebrate for me. You're good at celebrating. I'm good at sleeping but I'm a little out of practice.

JULIETA

Oh no! You're not going to worm your way out of this one. It's all set up. Rebecca and Bob are meeting us at the Pennant. You know, the Pennant, like baseball? You'll wake up when you get there, believe me. I got a little coke if you need it.

THERESA

No thanks. I want to sleep tonight.

(after Julieta silently pleads)

Oh, all right. I don't mean the coke. I need another shower, though.

JULIETA

Perfect! I was about to take a shower.

Hopeful face. Theresa gives her a wry look of refusal. Julieta shrugs and rises, drops the robe and heads into the bathroom.

THERESA

(to herself)

No, you're supposed to go into the bathroom, then drop the robe.

IN THE SHOWER

Julieta enjoys a hot shower, takes a deep breath of pleasure.

IN THE MAIN ROOM

Theresa stretches out on the couch, closes her eyes. She hears a SHRIEK through the open door of the bathroom, jumps up and hurries through the bathroom door.

IN THE BATHROOM

Theresa comes in the door.

THERESA

Shit, Julieta! Are you okay?

JULIETA (O.S.)

No! I just got some real bad cramps!

THERESA

Bummer. I think we're out of aspirin.

JULIETA

(shower goes off, curtain opens)

It's okay. I have a Quaalud.

THERESA

(hands her towel)

You sure? That's going to knock you out.

JULIETA

I'll be all right. As long as I don't drink anything.

Julieta grimaces, wraps the towel around her, heads for the door.

IN THE BATHROOM - LATER

Theresa, dressed to kill, completes her makeup at the mirror.

IN THE MAIN ROOM

Theresa emerges from the bathroom to find Julieta in a sexy dress on the couch, grinning, slurring--

JULIETA

Boy. You look hot. Where's my purse.

THERESA

You look like you're feeling better.

Where'd you hide the booze?

JULIETA

(getting up with an effort)
I'm not drunk. I took a Quaalude. And
just one single beer I was saving.
We're going to have lots of...
(staggering)
...fun.

THERESA

I think you're having too much fun
already.

JULIETA

(sits down)
You know what? Maybe I'm kind
of...tired. Maybe I should just play
it safe tonight. You won't be mad,
will you?

THERESA

No, I won't be mad. We can celebrate
another time.

JULIETA

(sweet smile)
Yeah, we can, can't we? Thanks,
sweetie.
(as Theresa moves toward door)
Theresa?
(when Theresa turns)
Happy birthday. I love you.

THERESA

Thanks, you nut. Don't forget to dead-
bolt the door and don't open it to
anyone.

She opens the front door, locks the doorknob, exits, closes
the door behind her.

INT. JULIETA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

VINCENT, 40s, shorts and Hawaiian shirt, steps up to the open
door holding a newspaper, knocks. Craig intercepts him.

CRAIG

Sorry, pal. This is a crime scene.

VINCENT

Yes, I know. I was Julieta's boss. The girl who... Can I speak with Theresa for a minute? It's really, really important.

Craig sighs, looks at Theresa skeptically. She nods eagerly. He shrugs. To Vincent:

CRAIG

What the hell. Why not make a party out of it. Just don't touch anything.

Eyes wide, Vincent holds up the rolled newspaper to Theresa, waves her over to the table. He passes Craig, who sits on the couch as Theresa and STACEY join Vincent at the table.

VINCENT

(frantic)

Have you seen this? Have you seen this? We got to get you out of here!

THERESA

Seen what? What are you talking about?

VINCENT

Just listen.

(reads from paper)

"A young Mission Beach woman who worked as a singer and dancer for a San Diego musical message company was found strangled in her apartment shortly after midnight Monday. Julieta Raines, 21, also had been beaten and apparently sexually assaulted, police said."

STACEY

(sobbing)

Oh my God! Poor Julieta! Poor Julieta!

THERESA

I thought she might have.

VINCENT

No! That's not what I meant. Just listen. "Police believe she surprised a burglar who entered her apartment after stealing a wallet from an adjacent apartment. Raines' roommate, Theresa Reuter, discovered the body at

about 12:15 a.m. when she returned to the studio apartment--

THERESA

Wait. What? My name is in there? My name? They...identified me?

VINCENT

(as STACEY cries more)

You've got to get out of town right away or else this guy is going to find you and kill you.

THERESA

(in shock, then--)

Let me see that.

(accepts paper, studies it)

The Times. The Times did this. The L.A. Times. The L.A. fucking Times...

INT. HEIDI'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

In their shared bed, HEIDI is jarred awake by the sound of Theresa SHRIEKING in terror in her sleep.

HEIDI

Theresa! Theresa! Wake up!

She shakes Theresa till she comes to, hugs HEIDI in terror.

THERESA

Don't call me Theresa! I'm not Theresa!

HEIDI

It's okay, honey. ZoAnn. You're safe here. It was just a bad dream.

THERESA

No, it wasn't a dream! You don't understand. It could have been me. She was going to go out and I was going to stay home... I was going to stay home.

She closes her eyes and sees a vague flash of

INSERT: Julieta's naked body lying lifeless on the floor.

HEIDI strokes Theresa's hair as Theresa trembles in her arms.

INT. HEIDI'S HOUSE - THERESA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Psychedelic music PLAYS. A smoking bong and a pile of weed sit on the coffee table. Theresa and HEIDI sit on the couch, Liz on a chair. Theresa stares at a handwritten letter.

THERESA

I can't believe he sent me a Dear John letter.

LIZ

Dear Jane.

THERESA

Right. His name is Jon. Dear Jon.

(laughs, then emotional)

I mean, I can understand not being able to do the long-distance thing, but how can he... It's been a month. A fucking month since I left. He met someone. He's already getting married!

HEIDI

Fuck off! What a prick. You need a hit of this gnarly sinsemilla.

THERESA

I'm still buzzed from last night and I have a job interview at eleven.

(sighs, puts letter down)

But thanks. Cool music, anyway.

LIZ

It's a demo tape of my friend's band way back in, like, 1972 or something.

THERESA

1972. I was in high school in Big Bear. Life was so much...easier then.

HEIDI

In high school? I don't think so!

The three share boisterous laughter, then Theresa yawns, closes her eyes for a moment.

THERESA

Not used to dancing till four a.m.

HEIDI

How about a little pick-me-up.

THERESA

No! No more. I'm fine. I just need to rest my eyes for a minute.

She leans against HEIDI, closes her eyes. In a moment she's asleep. HEIDI wriggles away, lets Theresa stretch out on the couch. HEIDI and Liz watch her sleep. Affectionately--

HEIDI

Lightweight.

FADE TO:

THERESA'S DREAM: In Julieta's living room, a knife gleams in the hand of GRANGE, the murderer, who stares at Theresa with a bloodthirsty, toothy grin.

GRANGE

It's you... You're supposed to be dead, not her.

Theresa stares in fright at Grange as he lifts the knife.

HEIDI (V.O)

(distant voice, as Grange's face becomes blurrier and finally goes blank)

Theresa! ZoAnn! Come on, wake up!

FADE TO:

HEIDI'S LIVING ROOM

Theresa opens her eyes to the sight of HEIDI and Liz leaning over her with concerned looks.

HEIDI

Welcome back to reality, little girl. Another bad dream?

THERESA

I was there. He...was there. I saw his face.

LIZ

You did! So you...remember his face. This is important. So you know every guy isn't the killer come to get you.

Theresa concentrates, sighs, shakes her head helplessly. She furrows her brow in sudden pain, rubs her temples.

INT. HEIDI'S HOUSE - DINING AREA - DAY

Theresa sips coffee at the kitchen table with her mother MARILOU, 50s, in a robe. Zacky sits down at the table. Sniffing compulsively--

THERESA

Hey. Sorry. Mom just... I wanted...

ZACKY

No problem. I guess your allergies are acting up again.

MARILOU

(ironic smile)

You mean the sniffing. The...allergies are a new thing. Theresa...sorry, ZoAnn usually just had a...cough.

THERESA

Yeah, when I was a teenager... Mom!... Hey, sure is peaceful. Did Wes leave?

MARILOU

I think he's still sleeping out in his tent. I'll go see if he wants some breakfast.

THERESA

No! Not yet.
(off Zacky's questioning look)
Wes is the brother from hell.
Different father. Very different.

MARILOU

Oh, Wes is not all that bad.

THERESA

Mom is always spoiling him. Now that we're all living together...
(glances at drug-laden coffee table, then at Zacky)
Maybe I should spend a few days at Zacky's house.

Zacky grins. Marilou looks at them skeptically.

INT. ZACKY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Zacky sits on the couch, watching TV, bored, clearly in a bad mood.

The front door opens and Theresa staggers in. She gains her footing, looks around, spots Zacky, smiles.

THERESA

Oh there you are! I was looking for you but then I...I...

ZACKY

Where the hell have you been, Zo? I figured you were dead.

THERESA

No, I'm not dead but I'm really, really tired.

ZACKY

I don't suppose you saved any 'shrooms for me. For us.

THERESA

(deep sigh)

The 'shrooms. Right. I... I'll get them tomorrow, I promise. I was just a little busy today.

ZACKY

Today? You've been gone for three days, Zo.

THERESA

Three days? Wha... No fucking way. I know because I haven't been home and I sure as hell didn't sleep. I sure could sleep now. I've been up...all day. You coming to bed, sweetie pie?

Zacky gets up and approaches her. She tries to kiss him but he recoils.

THERESA

Okay, well, I'm going to bed.

ZACKY

(when she starts, grabs her wrist)

You've got a problem, Zo.

(standoff, then she melts in acknowledgment)

You need help.

THERESA
(weak, vulnerable)
Can you help me?

ZACKY
(embraces her)
Yes, sweetie. I can help you.

INT. ZACKY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The blurry room slowly comes into focus. Theresa opens her eyes, orients herself, realizes she's duct-taped to a chair in a short dress. She struggles against her bonds.

THERESA
What the hell? Zacky! What the hell is happening to me?

ZACKY
(coming in from the living room)
Thank God. I've been stuck waiting for you to wake up for the last two days.

THERESA
Good. You can untie me. Why am I tied up?

ZACKY
For your own damned good, babe. You're addicted to coke. It's not helping your P.T.S.D. It's just turning you into a walking freak case.

THERESA
Hey, I understand you're pissed about the mushrooms--

ZACKY
Fuck the mushrooms! That's what I mean. That was days ago. You're in your own little coked out dream world.

THERESA
Not anymore. Now I'm in hell. Untie me right now and I won't report you to the police. Anyway, you've got to cut me free. I've got to pee.

ZACKY
Go ahead.

THERESA

Yeah right. Is that part of the punishment, to have me go all over myself?

ZACKY

This isn't a punishment, Zo. And you're wearing Depends.

THERESA

Oh. That is fucking weird. I don't feel right peeing into a diaper.

ZACKY

You already did. You think you can sleep for two days without peeing?

THERESA

Look. Just... I don't feel right. Just set me free and you can tie me up afterwards, okay? Please?

ZACKY

(shakes head no, approaches with bowl of cereal and spoon)
You hungry?

THERESA

Give me a break. I'm not going to let you fucking feed me.

ZACKY

Oh, come on. Frosted flakes. Your favorite.

THERESA

(refuses his attempt to feed her)
Stop! I can't eat when I have to pee.

Zacky shrugs his shoulders, sets the bowl down.

LATER

Theresa squirms on the chair in extreme discomfort, finally goes limp and lets herself pee.

LATER - NIGHT

Zacky comes up to Theresa, sighs at the sight of her sleeping. He kneels down and starts pulling her Depends down. She wakes up, realizes what's happening, SOBS as Zacky

finishes the operation.

ZACKY

It's okay, baby. We're Zo and Zacky.
We're superheroes, remember? You'll be
so much better for this.

THERESA

That's not why I'm crying. It's
just...you're so sweet. You really,
truly care about me.

ZACKY

Of course I do, baby.

THERESA

(off a heartfelt kiss)

Mmm. Why don't you untie me so I can
show you my gratitude.

ZACKY

(considers, grins--)

Not just yet. Now that is how much I
care for you, Zozo.