

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.