

CONDITIONAL LOVE

FADE IN:

EXT. IOWA LANDSCAPE- EARLY MORNING

Bird's eye view of the fields and rolling hills of the Iowa landscape.

EXT. CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA- ACREAGE- LARGE TREE - CONTINUOUS

A large black and white CAT is stealthily making its way up a large oak tree toward a nest with three CHIRPING, newly hatched, BABY BIRDS in it.

The cat gets to the nest, licks its chops and is about to feast on the baby birds when the MOTHER BIRD arrives.

The mother bird CHIRPS dangerously and pecks mercilessly at the cat's head. The cat runs back down the tree.

EXT. KRIS WALKER'S HOUSE- CONTINUOUS

The cat disappears through the kitty door of a two story house a few yards from the tree.

INT. KRIS'S HOUSE- ENTRY WAY- CONTINUOUS

The cat races through the cat door and toward the living room.

INT. PAN OF LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Very well kept home. The furniture is large and comfortable looking. A cozy gas fireplace stands against one wall. A large mantle above the fireplace holds several family photos.

The cat lies on a rug near the fireplace licking its wounds. The clock above the mantle CHIMES and, as if on cue, the cat runs toward the stairs.

INT. STAIRS- CONTINUOUS

Cat is followed up the stairs.

**INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY- CONTINUOUS**

The first door at the top of the stairs is open. Inside is a full sized bed littered with fluffy pillows of different shapes and sizes.

The cat continues past the first door to a second door on the opposite side of the hall.

The second door is closed. There is a sign on the door that reads: Trent's Room. The cat tries to get in but can't. It moves on to the third door in the hall.

The third door is slightly ajar. The cat pushes it open and walks inside.

**KRIS WALKER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The room is clean and uncluttered. A king size bed takes up a large portion of the room.

Thirty-six year old, KRIS WALKER, is asleep in the king size bed alone. Her tear stained face twitches as she dreams. A wedding photo of herself and her husband CARL is clenched in her arms. Used tissues are strewn on the night table and around the bed.

The cat jumps onto the bed. Kris gasps and sits up, startled.

**KRIS**

Do you have to do that every morning, Allistar?

She sets the photo on the bedside table next to the alarm clock that reads 7:02 AM. Kris pets the purring cat, gets out of bed and walks toward the bathroom.

**INT. HALLWAY- OUTSIDE OF KRIS'S BEDROOM- 7:30 AM**

Kris is dressed for work in a very conservative beige pantsuit. Her long brown hair is pulled back in a tight bun. Her face has no sign of make-up. Kris checks her watch and crosses the hall to the door with the sign on it. She knocks once and enters.

**INT. TRENT'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Kris's fourteen year old son, TRENT, is laying face up in bed, still in the clothing he wore the day before.

He is dressed in black from head to toe. He has dark make-up around his eyes and black lipstick and fingernails. His hair is a glossy fake black which falls almost to his shoulders. He has a set of earphones in his ears that are connected to an Ipod, hidden in his jeans pocket. Indistinguishable MUSIC is playing.

Kris gives Trent a shake and removes one of the earphones from his ears.

KRIS

Trent. Trent. Come on buddy, it's time to get ready for school. We're runnin' late.

Trent moans, opens one eye and then nods.

TRENT

I'm up. I'm up.

Kris smiles, ruffles his hair and leaves the room.

INT. KRIS'S CAR - CITY STREET- IN FRONT OF HIGH SCHOOL- HALF HOUR LATER

Trent sits in the front seat staring solemnly out the passenger window. Kris pulls up to the curb at Trent's high school.

KRIS

Honey, please remember to come right home after school today. We've got grandma's birthday dinner tonight and I don't want her riding me about being late.

TRENT

Mom, why do you even put up with her shit?

KRIS

You can't pick your relatives kid-o. I'm all she's got.

TRENT

That's bull-shit. She has Uncle Tom & Aunt Rachel too but you don't see them jumping through hoops every time she calls.

KRIS

Yeah, I know, but I'm the oldest.  
It's kind of my job to put up with  
her shit. Now, watch your mouth and  
get to school!

Kris makes a face at him. Trent smiles and gets out of the car.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - FRONT GROUNDS- CONTINUOUS

With his head down, Trent slowly walks toward the groups of teenagers standing around the school grounds. He talks to no one.

INT. KRIS'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Frowning, Kris watches for a few moments and then pulls away from the curb.

EXT. DOWNTOWN BUSINESS DISTRICT- MOMENTS LATER

POV of Kris out her car window toward downtown

As Kris approaches the stop light, she sees her estranged husband walking hand-in-hand with a YOUNG SHAPELY WOMAN.

INT. KRIS'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Kris immediately becomes teary-eyed. She fans herself with her hand, cursing under her breath, trying not to cry.

KRIS

God-damn it, Carl. You asshole!

She turns the corner and drives a few blocks before pulling over. Kris breaks down sobbing. After a few moments she begins hitting the dash and interior of the car. She screams and curses Carl's flaws with each assault.

Through the rearview mirror, a police car can be seen pulling up behind Kris's car. The policeman gets out of the police car and slowly approaches the driver's window of Kris's car.

Kris, oblivious to the policeman approaching, continues to scream and beat the steering wheel.

KRIS

I hate you! Stupid ass-hole! I hate you! I hate you!

EXT. KRIS' S CAR - SIMULTANEOUSLY

The policeman bends down and looks in the driver's window of the car and watches Kris for a few seconds. With a concerned look on his face, he places one hand on his gun and knocks on the car window with the other.

INT. KRIS' S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Startled, Kris screams as she sees the face of the police officer looking in at her. He motions for her to roll down the window. Kris does so, obviously embarrassed.

OFFICER MOEN

Ma'am are you okay?

Kris wipes her eyes and nose as quickly as she can with her hands, nodding emphatically.

KRIS

Yes, I'm fine, just fine. I'm sorry officer. I just needed a few minutes...

The police officer looks at Kris with concern as he speaks.

OFFICER MOEN

...Are you having car trouble? Have you been hurt...

Kris looks at the policeman blankly as he speaks and then begins to giggle hysterically. The policeman stops talking and observes Kris, obviously alarmed by her reaction. Kris begins talking in a hysterical tone.

KRIS

...Have I been hurt? Yeah, I guess you could say that. No, no, that wouldn't be quite accurate.

Kris's words become laden with anger. The policeman looks even more alarmed.

KRIS (CONT' D)

It's more like someone stripped me  
of eighteen years of my life and  
then ripped my heart out of my  
chest!

Kris seems to take comfort in clearly defining how she feels  
and takes a deep breath. Policeman Moen raises an eyebrow.

OFFICER MOEN

Ma'am, do you have some  
identification?

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Sixty year old, NEVA STEPHENSON, hastily grabs a bottle of  
whiskey and then another and deposits them in her cart as she  
glances around the store to see if anyone is looking. Her  
stride is confident and purposeful as she heads for the  
checkout counter with her cart full of groceries and liquor.  
Her hair and make-up are flawless. She's wearing a long  
sleeved turtleneck, even though it's the middle of summer.

INT. CHECKOUT COUNTER- CONTINUOUS

Neva greets the CASHIER almost haughtily and unloads her cart  
onto the conveyor. The cashier, a pretty young girl in her  
early twenties with too much make-up on her face, is chewing  
gum and speaks in a fast, baby-like voice.

CASHIER

You're total today is one hundred  
twenty-nine dollars and fifty five  
cents.. Would you be interested in  
purchasing a lottery ticket today?

NEVA

No, thank you.

CASHIER

Are you sure? I'm reminding  
everyone to get their tickets for  
the big drawing tomorrow night!  
It's a record jackpot, you know?  
Thirty-million dollars! The store  
that sells the lucky ticket gets a  
million dollars and our store  
manager said he'll split it up  
between all the employees if it's  
us!

Neva answers sarcastically.

NEVA  
Wow! Good luck with that.

The Cashier mistakes Neva's sarcasm for genuine interest.

CASHIER  
Sooo? Will you buy one? It's for a  
good cause too cuz if our store  
wins, I'm gonna use the money to go  
to beauty school.

Neva punches buttons on the debit machine as quickly as she can. The cashier continues, grabbing and gesturing with her breasts.

CASHIER (CONT' D)  
And to get my boobs done too, of  
course, cuz my boyfriend Rob thinks  
that they should be more like...

Neva is horrified at this disclosure, grabs a dollar from her wallet and quickly interrupts the cashier before she goes into any further detail about her breasts.

NEVA  
Yes, you know, I think I will buy a  
lottery ticket, thank you.

The Cashier beams. Neva hastily takes the ticket from her and stuffs it into her purse.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF GROCERY STORE - DAY

Neva mumbles to herself about the cashier as she puts the last bag of groceries in the backseat of her car and gets in it to leave.

EXT. MAIN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Neva's 2000 Taurus makes its way up main street toward the park.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO PUBLIC PARK - CONTINUOUS

A small group of teenagers are smoking pot near the entrance to the park. One of the girls in the group makes out with a SCRUFFY LOOKING TEEN who has his hand up her shirt.

INT. NEVA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

POV Neva looking out her car window toward the park

Neva sees the teenagers, scowls and then does a double take as she realizes that the girl making out with the scruffy boy is her fifteen year old granddaughter, KIM

Neva screeches the car to a halt, throws it in reverse and turns in her seat to look out the back window. She floors the accelerator.

EXT. MAIN STREET - IN FRONT OF PARK - CONTINUOUS

Neva's car weaves dangerously around oncoming traffic. Cars honk and careen out of the way as she speeds backwards toward the offending teens.

INT. NEVA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Neva slams the car into park a few feet from the park entrance and jumps out of the car with surprising agility.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO PUBLIC PARK - CONTINUOUS

Neva strides toward her granddaughter, Kim

Kim is a curvy fifteen year old girl dressed in an overly tight pair of low-rise jeans and a low-cut blouse. Her long sandy blonde hair is messy and half covers her heavily made-up face.

Kim is caught off guard as Neva grabs her by the arm and wrenches her away from the scruffy teen boy. Neva's face is within inches of the boy's face.

NEVA

If you so much as think about  
coming near my granddaughter again,  
I will personally see to it that  
those hands and that penis lose all  
feeling and function... permanently.  
You got me!?

Scruffy teen boy nods vigorously.

Neva hauls Kim off toward the car.

EXT. NEVA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Neva opens the passenger door and raises an eyebrow at her granddaughter.

NEVA  
Well, get the hell in the car, Mae!

Neva pushes Kim into the front seat. She glares one last time at the boy and slams the car door shut.

INT. NEVA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Neva steals a glance every few seconds at her granddaughter as they set off down the street.

Frustrated by Kim's pout & silence, Neva confronts her.

NEVA  
Just what in the hell do you think you were doing back there young lady!?

KIM  
(mumbling)  
Nothing.

NEVA  
Nothing!? Nothing, is far from what you were doing. That boy had his hands all over you, Kim! What were you thinking!? Why would you let him do something like that? Have you lost your mind!?

KIM  
I like him grandma! That's what you do when you like somebody and you want them to like you back.

Neva looks at her granddaughter like she's insane. Kim throws her hands up in frustration.

KIM  
You don't get it!

NEVA  
Kim, you don't get a boy to like you by letting him feel you up!  
(MORE)

NEVA (cont' d)  
 If that's all it took, every  
 prostitute in the world would be a  
 happy housewife!

KIM  
 Whatever, grandma. Who's Mae?

NEVA  
 What?

KIM  
 Mae. You called me Mae back at the  
 park.

Neva looks Kim up and down, shakes her head and looks back at  
 the road.

NEVA  
 Mae West. She was a full figured,  
 promiscuous movie star in the late  
 twenties and early thirties. You  
 two seem to have a lot in common,  
 including your make-up.

KIM  
 My make-up is like a movie star's?  
 Awesome! See? I told you I look  
 cool.

Neva glances at Kim.

NEVA  
 The only thing "cool" about that  
 make-up is the fact that your face  
 can support all of it without  
 caving in.

Kim glares at Neva.

KIM  
 I am so glad you weren't my mom. I  
 don't know how mom could stand it.

Neva's gaze remains on the road.

NEVA  
 Well, in a few minutes, you'll get  
 a chance to ask her.

Kim tries to hide her alarm.

KIM  
 Why? Where are we going?

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