

The Last Obedient Dog

by

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A  
Teenage  
S&M  
Love Story

FADE IN:

EXT. RESTAURANT ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

PATRICK WALTERS, 18, lies on the filthy floor of a dark alleyway, huddled into the fetal position.

He wears a nice button-down, white, dress-shirt covered in his own blood. On the boy's face, rests a pair of broken eyeglasses.

Tears and blood run down his bruised cheek, into his swollen, bloodied mouth.

PATRICK'S PENIS (V.O.)

I'd like to introduce you to  
Patrick Walters.

(sighs)

I would have liked to of introduced  
him earlier when he wasn't looking  
so fucked up, but I figured seeing  
him now in this state would give  
you an idea of things to come.  
Right now if you haven't guessed  
it, he's in a lot of emotional and  
physical pain. She tells him he's  
better off dead. I guess that's  
true. Maybe he is. Who would miss a  
poor broken dog like him, anyway?  
But what do I know, I'm just his  
cock.

PATRICK

(to himself)

I don't understand it.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - MORNING

Patrick walks down a long crowded high school hallway to his locker, for his next important class. He balances his books, stacked like a pyramid in his arms.

His heavy bookbag weighs on him, like it might crush him to death at any minute.

Students in the hallway waiting to start their day, SLAM their lockers, yelling incoherent things.

A jock in a football jersey punches another nerdy kid in the gut. The nerdy kid hunches over and throws up. His books fall to the ground, landing in it.

The jock walks off laughing his head off and pointing.

Patrick walks right by not even looking up.

PATRICK'S PENIS (V.O.)  
Another smell to add to the halls.

Patrick and the jock nick shoulders.

JOCK  
Watch it, fuckin' loser.

Patrick ignores him and keeps walking.

The janitor comes over with his mop and bucket. The nerdy kid lies on the floor crying, trying to wipe the vomit from his books.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Patrick sits alone at a long white table. He sips from a bowl of soup. On his plate, one shiny green apple, a ham sandwich and a box drink. The flavor of choice this evening, grape.

A pillar placed right next to him cuts off his view of the three young cheerleaders on the other side behind him. The two that sit together are KAREN and JUDITH, both 17 and blonde.

Sitting by the pillar is WENDY, 17, red hair, beautiful.

Wendy holds a sandwich in her small beautiful hand. She giggles and takes a bite out of it.

PATRICK'S PENIS (V.O.)

Wendy. Our obsession. We love her passionately with a morbid intensity. The only way one can love a woman who never responds to our affection.

Patrick watches as she slowly eats her sandwich. Her friends look over a magazine, point and giggle as they flip pages.

PATRICK'S PENIS (V.O.)

Here's an interesting fact, her hair is naturally curly but she irons it out every morning for school. That is one of many interesting things we know and love about her.

Wendy smiles, plays with her hair. She lies the half-eaten sandwich down and picks up a green apple.

PATRICK'S PENIS (V.O.)

She always does that. Eats half of everything. She'll take one bite of that apple and throw it away.

Wendy takes one big bite and throws it in the garbage next to Patrick.

Their eyes meet...

PATRICK'S PENIS (V.O.)

Admiring her faults only makes her more perfect to us.

Patrick sneezes.

Her friends laugh at him as they walk by.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD SIDEWALK - DAY

Patrick wrestles to walk as the mammoth bookbag slowly crushes him. Each step he takes is a reluctant one.

The neighborhood is peaceful.

Loud rap music breaks the silence as a red Mercedes speeds down the road.

They fly past Patrick and spin into the driveway of a beautiful three story house up ahead.

Wendy steps out of the car angry.

ALEX, 18, clean cut, blonde haired, blue-eyed football player, steps out with her. He wears a red football jacket.

Wendy storms away from him, throws her bookbag at him. He does a football move to avoid getting hit.

ALEX

Can you talk to me?!

WENDY

Fuck off!

She goes through her purse, throws everything inside at him, hitting him with makeup, tampons, and money.

Alex runs after her but she pushes him away.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Don't fuckin' touch me!

ALEX

We need to talk about this.

WENDY

It's my choice! Never talk to me again! I've made up my mind!

ALEX

Made up your mind? That would be a first for you!

WENDY

Fuck off.

ALEX

I'm sorry. We-

Wendy walks off into the house.

ALEX (CONT'D)

--Fine. Walk away. It's what you're good at, Wendy!

Alex stands there looking around, sees Patrick awkwardly watching them.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Hey! Pat, right?

Alex collects the shit Wendy threw at him and runs to Patrick.

He runs across the street to greet him.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Hey bro, I guess you saw all of that. Pat, isn't it?

PATRICK

Patrick.

ALEX

Patrick, right. Yeah, would you mind taking this?

He hands Patrick all the things that were in her purse.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I know she'll want it when she cools down. Hold on to it for her, okay?

PATRICK

Okay. Sure.

ALEX

Thanks, man. Women, right?

Alex gets back in his car, gives Patrick a thumbs up as he speeds away down the street.

PATRICK'S PENIS (V.O.)

Believe it or not, back in preschool and all through middle school, Wendy and us used to be friends. Her father got crushed by a passing car when she was 13. That's when everything changed. She changed.

EXT. WENDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Patrick stands outside Wendy's house with her things. He nervously rings the doorbell. A little dog yelps behind the door.

MOTHER (O.C.)

Get the door!

WENDY (O.C.)

You get it!

MOTHER (O.C.)

I just did my nails!

WENDY (O.C.)

Who is it?!

MOTHER (O.C.)

I'm not sure. He looks like that kid next door!

The door unlocks.

Patrick fixes his hair and fingers his glasses.

The door swings open...

He presents her with a smile.

Out pops Wendy's and TINKERS' head.

WENDY

What do you want?

She kicks the dog out of the way.

MOTHER (O.C.)  
Tinkers, come see mommy!

Patrick shows her the stuff from her purse.

PATRICK  
You forgot these.

She slams the door in his face.

Patrick stands there awkwardly, clears his throat and rings the doorbell again.

Wendy opens it again holding a small trash bin.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
I was told to give this to you.

She dumps her stuff into the trash can and SLAMS the door in his face... again.

INT. PATRICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Patrick looks out of his window and sees Wendy crying in her room.

She wipes away her tears and takes notice of Patrick spying on her.

She gives him the finger and closes her green blinds.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA - MORNING

Patrick looks around the cafeteria with his tray of food. He spots Karen and Judith but no Wendy.

Patrick hurries over, sits down near the two girls. They take notice of him and he shies away.

They whisper to each other, get up and walk over to Patrick.

KAREN  
Stop looking at us, you sick freak.

JUDITH

Yeah. Fuck off.

PATRICK

Where's Wendy?

They laugh.

JUDITH

You're her stalker, you should know.

PATRICK

I'm not... I don't stalk.

JUDITH

How many times a day do you check her Twitter or Facebook?

PATRICK

Never.

KAREN

Liar.

JUDITH

Stop following us around, you pathetic freak.

They laugh in his face and walk away.

Everyone in the cafeteria stares and laughs at him.

The only thing Patrick can look at is the floor.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

MS. KRISTINE BLAINE, a sexy teacher in a tight red dress, writes a math problem up on the board. Her male students stare at her. It's hard not to take notice of her ass as it dances and waves hello to them.

She stops writing, turns around. She has long straight brown hair that's held up by a number 2 pencil. Some strands of hair fall in her eyes. She brushes them away.

MS. BLAINE

Okay class, can anyone answer this problem?

She searches the classroom with a marker. She stops at Patrick sitting in the first row. He's the only one that has his hand up.

She smiles.

MS. BLAINE (CONT'D)

Patrick. Why don't you give it a try?

Patrick gets up and takes the marker from Ms. Blaine. He writes the math equation's answer up on the board.

MS. BLAINE (CONT'D)

Very good.

PATRICK

Thank you.

The bell rings and everyone stands up to leave.

MS. BLAINE

Okay. In an orderly fashion. We have a test on this at the end of the week, so study your equations.

Patrick stays behind, putting his books in his bookbag.

MS. BLAINE (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Patrick.

Ms. Blaine closes the door behind the others.

MS. BLAINE (CONT'D)

You live next to Wendy, don't you?

He stops packing his books and looks up at her.

PATRICK

Yes.

MS. BLAINE

She didn't come to school today.  
Her mother said that she didn't  
feel well. I said I would send some  
of her work home for her. Since you  
live right next to her... why not  
drop by and hand them over?

On Ms. Blaine's desk is a stack of books.

PATRICK

You want me to give her the books?

MS. BLAINE

If it's not too much trouble. I  
would really appreciate it.

A smile grows across his face. He quickly covers it up.

PATRICK

Thank you, Ms. Blaine.

MS. BLAINE

Call me Kristine. Okay?

She smiles as she puts the red pen in her mouth.

PATRICK

Okay.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD SIDEWALK - DAY

Patrick runs down the sidewalk like he's on fire. He doesn't  
stop for anything or anyone.

PATRICK'S PENIS (V.O.)

This could be our chance. The only  
chance we'll get to tell her how we  
really feel.

INT. WENDY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Wendy lies on her bed with a pillow on top of her face.

MOTHER (O.C.)

Wendy? Someone is here to see you.  
Are you dressed?

WENDY

(muffled)

I'm dressed, mom! Who is it?!

The door opens and in steps Patrick with a smile on his face.

Wendy's MOTHER, 40, holds an alcoholic beverage in her hand as a cigarette dangles from her mouth.

MOTHER

This is Patrick. The boy next door.  
He brought you your homework from  
school. Isn't that a nice thing to  
do?

WENDY

(rolls her eyes)

Yeah. Real nice, mom.

MOTHER

Well. Thank him, dear.

WENDY

Thank you for bringing me my  
homework.

PATRICK

No problem.

Long awkward silence...

MOTHER

I'll leave you two alone. Study  
study.

She smiles and leaves the room.

Wendy throws the pillow off her face. She stares at the  
strange sweaty boy staring right back at her.

WENDY

What do you want?

PATRICK'S PENIS (V.O.)

We're in her room! I'm beginning to believe the unbelievable and to understand the understandable!

WENDY

My books?

PATRICK

Um. Yeah.

Patrick takes his bookbag off and unzips it. Wendy sits up and walks over to him.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

They're in here. Just a minute.  
It's heavy.

He takes out her books, hands them to her. She ignores them, walks over to her computer next to the window Patrick likes to watch her from.

She turns to face him. He keeps her books out for her to take them.

WENDY

Do you know why I wasn't at school today?

PATRICK

No. Was it mono?

WENDY

(irritated)

No, it wasn't mono.

PATRICK

Flu?

WENDY

I'm not sick, dumbass. Do I look sick?

PATRICK

No. Then what was it?

WENDY

It's private.

PATRICK

That's fine. You don't have to tell me.

WENDY

I'm having an abortion.

PATRICK

You're pregnant?

WENDY

Yes. Until six o'clock that is. I really hate hospitals. It's always full of old people and sick kids. I hate them. I hate the way they smell, the way they talk, the way they move, the way they chew their food. I hate every part of them. I wish they would all die.

PATRICK

I'm sorry.

WENDY

(mean)

Sorry for what?

PATRICK

For your baby.

Wendy touches her belly.

WENDY

Why? I'm not. Who cares?

PATRICK

Why tell me?

WENDY

Because. You're nobody. It doesn't matter if you know or not. You don't have any friends you can tell. Plus, no one would believe you anyway if you actually did tell someone.

PATRICK

I'd never tell your secret to anyone.

She slaps the books out of his hands and laughs. He bends down to pick them up.

WENDY

Leave them.

He fixes his glasses, clears his throat.

PATRICK

If you are pregnant, why do you have tampons?

WENDY

What?

PATRICK

In your purse. You had tampons. I handed them to you yesterday.

WENDY

You can leave.

PATRICK

I'm sorry, I-

WENDY

Leave!

She points to the door.

PATRICK

--I'm sorry if-

WENDY

Leave! Now!

She pushes him out her bedroom door.

Patrick unwillingly leaves.

PATRICK

I'm going.

She shuts her door in his face.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Patrick sits at his desk with his head down. Ms. Blaine sits at her desk working on some papers.

The class is taking a test.

Once and a while Ms. Blaine peers up at Patrick.

Patrick picks his head up and stares at the piece of paper in front of him. He's answered only three math problems.

MS. BLAINE

Okay, class. Time is officially up.

Everybody stops working with a sigh.

Ms. Blaine gets up and takes everybody's papers.

She gets to Patrick...

MS. BLAINE (CONT'D)

Patrick?

He hands her his paper.

The bell goes off and everyone gets up and leaves. Ms. Blaine stops Patrick from leaving.

MS. BLAINE (CONT'D)

Patrick, you didn't finish the test.

PATRICK  
I'm sorry, Ms. Blaine-

MS. BLAINE  
Please, call me Kristine, remember?

PATRICK  
Kristine. Okay.

She walks over to her desk, lays the stack of test papers down.

MS. BLAINE  
Did you give Wendy her homework?

PATRICK  
Yes.

MS. BLAINE  
That's good. Wasn't too much of a hassle was it?

PATRICK  
No. Nothing like that.

MS. BLAINE  
Her mother said she won't be in school for at least a couple more days. So I'll need you to deliver her books for her.

Patrick looks at his shoes.

PATRICK  
I don't know.

MS. BLAINE  
For me?

He looks up at her.

PATRICK  
Okay.

She smiles.

MS. BLAINE

Great.

INT. WENDY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Wendy lies on her bed, flipping through a magazine.

MOTHER (O.C.)

Wendy! Your little friend is back again! I'm sending him up!

Wendy rolls her eyes as she flips pages.

Patrick stands out in the hallway with her books. She doesn't sit up or take her eyes off the magazine.

WENDY

You again?

PATRICK

Ms. Blaine wanted me to give these to you.

WENDY

Well aren't you the little errand boy.

(beat)

Give them to me, errand boy.

PATRICK

Okay.

Patrick stands out in the hallway not sure of what to do.

WENDY

You'll have to leave the hallway first.

PATRICK

Okay.

Patrick slowly walks in. He presents her with all her books. She ignores him and continues flipping through the magazine.

WENDY

Are you all sweaty again today?

PATRICK

What? No.

(beat)

About last time...

WENDY

Go ahead and ask.

PATRICK

Did you-

WENDY

Do it? Yeah. Wasn't so bad.

PATRICK

Are you feeling okay?

Beat.

She puts the magazine down, sits up.

WENDY

I see you looking at me through  
your window at night. It creeps me  
out. I bet you're some kind of  
stalker or something. Do you  
fantasize about me? I bet you think  
you're in love with me.

PATRICK'S PENIS (V.O.)

This is your chance!

WENDY

Are you in love with me or are you  
obsessed with me?

Patrick looks at his shoes.

PATRICK

I don't know.

She smiles, gets up and knocks the books on the floor.

WENDY

Liar. I knew it! I knew you were  
some kind of freak.

PATRICK

Wendy.

WENDY

What?

PATRICK'S PENIS (V.O.)

Say it!

Patrick looks up at her.

PATRICK

I love you.

WENDY

What?

PATRICK

Since we were kids, I've been in  
love with you.

WENDY

You don't know how to love, haven't  
even an idea of what love is.

PATRICK

I do. And I know I love you.

She laughs in his face.

WENDY

Wow! You're serious. For a second I  
thought you were kidding.

Patrick looks at the floor.

Next to the door, a shrine for her horse. Tons of pictures  
with her riding and posing with the show pony sit next to  
several large trophies.

She walks over to them.

WENDY (CONT'D)

A lot has changed since we were kids.

Next to a picture of her horse, rests her old riding outfit and a horse whip.

WENDY (CONT'D)

My horse. Do you remember his name?

PATRICK

Buttercup.

She smiles.

WENDY

Very good.

She takes up the picture.

WENDY (CONT'D)

I remember crying for three days when she died. That's two days more than I cried for my father.

PATRICK

I remember. We were gonna see a movie the day your dad died. It was your friend's birthday when you found out about Buttercup.

She makes a tight fist. A sinister grin grows across her face.

WENDY

So how much do you love me?

She puts the picture back.

PATRICK

I suffer more from it than you can imagine.

WENDY

Suffer? You suffer?

She laughs.

PATRICK

I would do anything for you. I love you, Wendy. More than anything in the world.

WENDY

Really?

PATRICK

Could you love me?

She takes the horse whip and SMACKS him across the face with it.

Patrick is taken off guard. He rubs the red mark where she hit him.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Shit. Why did you do that?

WENDY

Still love me?

PATRICK

Of course.

She hits him again. This time she doesn't stop. She keeps hitting him until he falls to his knees.

She gives one last really hard SMACK to his face. His glasses fly off.

Patrick looks up at her in pain.

WENDY

If you love me, you will let me hit you.

He holds his face.

PATRICK

Will you love me?

WENDY

Do you agree?

He silently nods his head in agreement.

She continues to beat him with the whip.

WENDY (CONT'D)

(whipping)

If you yell out in pain, I will  
never talk to you again.

Patrick covers his mouth with his hands. Tears run down his cheeks as she beats the shit out of him.

WENDY (CONT'D)

(whipping)

Tell me that you love me.

PATRICK

(in pain)

I love you.

WENDY

(whipping)

How much?

PATRICK

(in pain and crying)

More than anything in the world.

She stops. A smile grows across her face.

WENDY

That was fun. And you just let me  
do it.

She stares at the whip and at the beaten boy in front of her on his knees.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Pick up your glasses, Christ you're  
pathetic.

Patrick wipes his tears and reaches for his glasses.

PATRICK

Wendy?

WENDY

What?

PATRICK

You're bleeding.

Blood leaks down her leg under her dress.

She steps on his hand with a pair of sharp heels.

Patrick covers his mouth as he screams out in pain.

She digs the heel in further, wiggling around in the shoe.

She lets him go free.

He holds his hand as blood rushes out of it.

WENDY

Did you enjoy that?

He looks at his hand.

PATRICK

No.

WENDY

Do you still love me?

Patrick looks up at her.

PATRICK

Yes.

She smiles and puts the whip on her shoulder.

Patrick watches the blood run down her leg.

WENDY

Dangerous forces lie within me,  
errand boy. And you've awakened  
them.

(MORE)

WENDY (CONT'D)

(beat)

This was fun.

INT. PATRICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Patrick looks into Wendy's room through his window. He wraps a bandage around his hand, his face red and a little scratched from his beating.

PATRICK'S PENIS (V.O.)

He understood why she needed to do it. All she knew was pain. We were a catalyst for her. She needed us more than we needed her. Soon she will love us.

Wendy spots him through the window. She closes the green blinds.

INT. CLASSROOM - MORNING

Patrick plays with the bandage on his hand. He pokes it and watches as blood seeps through.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Patrick sits alone in the cafeteria, eating his lunch. Ms. Blaine walks over and sits down across from him.

MS. BLAINE

Hey.

She reaches across the table and takes his apple.

MS. BLAINE (CONT'D)

A real apple is more beautiful than a painted one, don't you think?  
Like a woman.

She smiles and takes a bite.

Patrick looks at his tray and at her as she eats his apple.

She looks over at his hand.

MS. BLAINE (CONT'D)  
What happened to your paw?

PATRICK  
What?

MS. BLAINE  
Your hand.

Patrick tries to hide it from her.

PATRICK  
Hurt it.

MS. BLAINE  
Can I see?

PATRICK  
No. It's fine.

MS. BLAINE  
You sure?

PATRICK  
No big deal.

MS. BLAINE  
Want me to kiss it, make it feel  
better?

She smiles.

Patrick nervously clears his throat.

PATRICK  
Um...

MS. BLAINE  
I'm kidding.

She stands up.

MS. BLAINE (CONT'D)  
Thanks for the apple.

Patrick smiles as she walks away.

EXT. WENDY'S HOUSE - DAY

Patrick rings the doorbell which triggers Tinkers to bark at him.

He waits for someone to answer. No one does.

Patrick rings it again.

Still nothing.

He looks up at the window to Wendy's room. The green blinds are closed shut.

PATRICK

Wendy?! I have your homework!

He takes her books out of his bag and props them up against the door.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I'll leave them here!

He walks back home.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Ms. Blaine reads a book as the students study by themselves. She takes every five seconds or so to look up at Patrick.

He sits there at his desk. He seems to be somewhere else.

MS. BLAINE

Patrick?

Patrick looks up.

PATRICK

Yes, Ms. Blaine?

MS. BLAINE

Study.

PATRICK

Okay.

She smiles and goes back to her book.

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY - DAY

Patrick walks around the school library. He grabs a book and keeps walking.

MS. BLAINE (O.C.)

Patrick.

Patrick turns around and sees Ms. Blaine. She holds a book in her hand, smiles at him.

Patrick smiles but shies away.

PATRICK

Hello, Ms. Blaine.

She walks over to him.

MS. BLAINE

Hey, call me Kristine.

She touches his shoulder. He keeps his head down. She drops the book down on the pile he's already carrying.

PATRICK

What's this?

MS. BLAINE

My favorite book. I want you to read it.

He looks up at her.

PATRICK

For class?

She smiles.

MS. BLAINE

For me. I think you'll like this.  
It's by Hegel.

PATRICK

German idealism? I don't know.

MS. BLAINE

Oh, c'mon. Give it a shot.

PATRICK

Okay. I'll check it out.

She walks away.

MS. BLAINE

See ya.

INT. WENDY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Wendy stands by her horse shrine. Patrick stands before her with contempt.

PATRICK

I came around yesterday to give you  
your homework. Where were you?

WENDY

I was busy. My whole world doesn't  
revolve around you. Unlike someone  
else I know.

PATRICK

Were you home? I saw the light come  
on.

WENDY

Do you want to be here?

PATRICK

Of course I do, Wendy.

WENDY

No. No more calling me by my name.  
You will call me Master.

(MORE)

WENDY (CONT'D)

(beat)

And from now on you'll be called  
dog.

WENDY (CONT'D)

On your knees, dog.

Patrick gets down on his knees. He looks up at her with puppy  
dog eyes.

She grabs her beloved horse whip from off the shrine.

Patrick flinches at the sight of it.

PATRICK

Now what?

She pokes him with the whip.

WENDY

Don't ask questions. Dogs don't  
question, they only do as their  
Master says, errand boy.

PATRICK

What do you want me to do?

She hits him with the whip.

WENDY

That was a question, wasn't it?

PATRICK

Yes.

She hits him again.

WENDY

Yes what?

PATRICK

Yes, Master.

She smiles, hits him across the neck with the whip.

WENDY

They say I should be called  
Mistress and you slave, but I think  
Master and dog is much better  
suited for someone like you. Don't  
you think?

PATRICK

Yes, Master.

WENDY

First things first. Kiss my hand.

She holds out her hand to him. Not giving it a second  
thought, he kisses the soft pink skin.

PATRICK

Thank you.

WENDY

Shut up. I looked some things up on  
the internet yesterday, some very  
interesting things.

She pulls out her smart phone, shows him some extreme bondage  
pictures.

WENDY (CONT'D)

There's even sicker images.

She taps the whip on Patrick's shoulder ever so lightly.  
Patrick's eyes go to the whip.

PATRICK'S PENIS (V.O.)

She's been doing her homework on  
torturing us.

WENDY

If I did all of this sick shit to  
you, would you still love me?

He looks up at her.

PATRICK

Of course.

WENDY

You love me even when I'm cruel?

PATRICK

Even more.

WENDY

If you love me, you'll do everything I tell you to do. If you don't, you'll be punished. And it won't be satisfying. You will hurt, you will bleed, you will feel more physical pain in your life than you have ever felt before. Understand?

PATRICK

Yes, Master.

WENDY

Good, boy.

She looks over at him. His neck is cherry red.

PATRICK

But.

WENDY

But what?

PATRICK

If I do this, will you love me?

She crouches down in front of him so she can look him straight in the eyes.

WENDY

I will love you like the dog you are. But you will be treated like one as well.

She spits in his face and kicks him.

Patrick tips over and moves to wipe the spit away.

She grabs him by the hair.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Leave it!

She lets go of his hair.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Get up! Lick it off.

Patrick rises as Wendy beats him back down.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Not like that! On your fuckin'  
knees!

Patrick gets back up but on his knees.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Lick it off.

Patrick licks the spit off his glasses.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Good, little doggy.

She smiles and gets up.

Wendy walks over to her bed, sits down, pulls out a pair of black spike heels and puts them on.

She walks over to her closet, pulls out a leather collar and a metal chain leash.

WENDY (CONT'D)

These used to belong to Tinkers,  
now they belong to you. My dog  
needs to be trained. Get down on  
your hands and knees.

Patrick obeys her order.

PATRICK

Now what?

She smacks him in the face with the whip.

WENDY

Dogs don't talk!

She kicks him in the gut. Patrick falls over.

WENDY (CONT'D)

And they don't ask questions! Get  
back on your hands and knees!

She kicks him in the face, cracking his glasses.

PATRICK

You broke my glasses.

WENDY

Dogs don't wear glasses.

She whips him numerous times on his back.

WENDY (CONT'D)

On your knees and then get on all  
fours!

He silently obeys her violent command.

WENDY (CONT'D)

I am beginning to enjoy this. Are  
you?

She wraps the leather collar around his neck, clips the leash  
on.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Of course you do. You love me and  
anything I give you, you'll adore.

Wendy pats his head like a dog.

WENDY (CONT'D)

That's a good dog.

She hops on top of him and rides him like a horse.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Let's go for a trip.

She digs her heels into his hands. She whips him along and tugs on the leash.

Patrick crawls out of her room.

HALLWAY

Wendy and her dog enter into the hallway. Wendy's Mother watches her TV shows in the living room downstairs.

They move past her unseen, into the bathroom.

BATHROOM

Wendy rides Patrick into her bathroom. They stop at the toilet.

WENDY

My dog must be thirsty.

Patrick looks into the bowl. It's been used and hasn't been flushed. Her urine is still in the bowl.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Drink.

PATRICK

I can't.

WENDY

Why not? I thought you loved me.

PATRICK

I do. But-

WENDY

You said you would do anything for me, so do it. Show me how much you love me.

Patrick gets closer.

He sticks his head down into the bowl of her piss.

He drinks it up.

Lapping it up like a dog.

WENDY (CONT'D)

That's a good boy. Every last drop.

He gags.

WENDY (CONT'D)

If you throw up, you'll have to eat it.

PATRICK

I'll try not to throw up.

WENDY

You know I've changed my mind. I want you to throw it back up.

She digs her heel into his hurt hand, twists it around.

PATRICK

I can't.

WENDY

Do it.

PATRICK

I can't.

She gets off him.

WENDY

Stand.

He hesitates.

WENDY (CONT'D)

I said stand, damn it!

Patrick stands up. He has a very present hardon in his pants. She sees it and grabs it, moves her hand around.

Patrick closes his eyes.

PATRICK

God. What are you doing?

He's about to cum.

She punches him in the gut with the end of the whip. He quickly vomits on the floor.

She grabs the leash and SLAMS him back to the floor.

WENDY

Eat!

She pushes his head down over it.

PATRICK

I can't.

WENDY

You will, if you love me.

PATRICK

I can't do it!

WENDY

Do you really love me?

PATRICK

Yes!

WENDY

Then eat, fucker!

She lets go of him.

He looks up at her.

She points to the vomit on the floor with the whip.

He slowly moves in to smell it, gags and looks back up at her.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Good, doggy. Look at me while you eat your supper.

He slowly laps up his vomit off the floor. Wendy rubs her thigh as she watches him look at her while doing it.

She closes her eyes, brings her hand between her legs. Instantly she throws up on Patrick's head.

EXT. WENDY'S HOUSE - DAY

Wendy pushes Patrick out of her house. He stands out in her lawn, hair covered in Wendy's vomit.

INT. PATRICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Patrick has come from the shower. He walks nude over to the window and looks out at Wendy's window. The green blinds are closed again.

He sighs and puts a clean shirt on.

Through the green blinds of her window, Wendy is seen peeking out.

Patrick slowly combs his hair, smells the brush.

PATRICK  
(to himself)  
It still smells like her puke.

Patrick creepily smiles.

INT. PATRICK'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Patrick awakes from his sleepy slumber.

PATRICK'S PENIS (V.O.)  
Was it a dream? How much of it was  
real?

Patrick moves to get out of bed. He's crippled with pain. His face shows every detail of the kind of agony he's put himself in.

He curls up in the fetal position.

PATRICK'S PENIS (V.O.)

Not a dream.

INT. PATRICK'S BEDROOM - LATER

Patrick stands in front of a mirror, looks over all the lashes on his back.

Bright red stripes cover his entire back. His face doesn't seem to have been marked up too bad, some red markings are still visible on his neck and cheeks.

His battle scars.

INT. WENDY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Patrick lies under her bed. Wendy stands over him. He looks up at her, under her dress.

PATRICK

Why am I under here?

WENDY

Alex is coming over.

PATRICK

Why am I here then? What do you want me to do?

WENDY

I want you to stay under there.

PATRICK

Then what?

WENDY

I want you to hear what he does to me.

PATRICK

What will he do to you?

WENDY

You're such an idiot. Wait. Listen.  
Hide. Got it?

PATRICK

I understand. But what will this  
prove?

WENDY

Can there be any greater cruelty  
for a lover than the unfaithfulness  
of the woman he loves? So wait.  
Listen. And hide. That's all you  
need to do.

Patrick slides completely under the bed. She leaves the room.

UNDER WENDY'S BED

Patrick hides under her bed. He's blanketed in darkness, a  
bug crawls along the floor.

Wendy giggles as Alex stomps up the stairs.

They enter the room...

WENDY (O.C.)

Come on.

ALEX (O.C.)

Are you sure about this?

The sounds of them kissing.

Alex's football jacket falls to the floor.

Wendy takes off her shoes and dress.

Soon all of their clothes come off.

They stand by the bed kissing.

Patrick looks over at their feet.

They leave their socks on.

They fall on to the bed with a loud THUD, bed strings crunching on Patrick's face.

They kiss some more.

PATRICK'S PENIS (V.O.)

(whispers)

You see no one, and no one sees you.

WENDY (O.C.)

Protection?

ALEX (O.C.)

Yeah, hold on.

Alex reaches down on the floor. He grabs his pants and takes out a condom.

WENDY (O.C.)

Let me put it on.

The sounds of sucking and more kissing mixed with moans fill the room.

The bed pounds up and down on Patrick's face.

WENDY (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Fuck me! Fuck me! Cum inside me, baby.

ALEX (O.C.)

I'm cumming!

The pounding stops.

A tear runs down Patrick's face.

ALEX (O.C.) (CONT'D)

I gotta get to practice, babe.

Alex drops his used condom in a pink trash bin next to the bed. He gathers his clothes from off the ground and puts them on.

ALEX (O.C.) (CONT'D)

I've missed you.

WENDY (O.C.)

Oh yeah?

ALEX (O.C.)

How are you?

WENDY (O.C.)

I'm fine. Never better.

ALEX (O.C.)

Are you sure? You haven't been answering the phone. Not for me or your friends.

WENDY (O.C.)

What does that mean? Why are you talking to my friends about me?

ALEX (O.C.)

I'm worried about you. When are you coming back to school?

WENDY (O.C.)

When I feel like it.

ALEX (O.C.)

I don't mean to piss you off.

WENDY (O.C.)

I'm not pissed off. You should go. You're gonna be late for practice.

He gives Wendy one last kiss and leaves the room.

Wendy peeks her head under the bed.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Are you crying?

Patrick slides halfway out.

PATRICK

No.

WENDY

I can see the tears in your eyes.  
Dogs don't cry, Patrick. Just  
whimper.

PATRICK

Sorry.

He looks away from her.

WENDY

Look at me, dog.

With big puppy dog eyes, he stares up at her. There's a tear.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Get up. Time to feed my puppy.

INT. WENDY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Wendy puts on her underwear and gets up off the bed. She waits impatiently for Patrick to slide his way out and walk over to her.

He does so with his head down.

Wendy caresses his pale freckled face.

WENDY

So sad. What am I gonna do with  
you?

She kisses him on the lips. Patrick looks up at her, shocked she'd kiss him.

She seems a little surprised by it as well.

WENDY (CONT'D)

On your knees.

Patrick gets down on his knees, looks up at her, stares at her in her underwear.

WENDY (CONT'D)

You like looking at me?

He nods yes.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Do you wanna touch me?

He looks down at the floor. She snaps her fingers to get his attention.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Do you wanna touch me?

He looks up at her and nods yes.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Then touch me.

He looks away.

She grabs him by the ear, brings his face to her bare stomach.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Lick my tummy.

Patrick slowly licks her belly button. She pulls his head back and grabs his mouth.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Like a dog. Taste his sweat on me.  
Lick it off.

She lets go of his head and lets him do it on his own free will.

WENDY (CONT'D)

The best thing about having a dog  
is to have them lick your toes.

He smells her. She runs her hands through his hair gently.

Patrick licks her stomach like a dog would. Wendy moans as his face goes down between her legs.

She stops him by kicking him over on his ass.

She sees his erection through his pants and kicks him in the crotch.

WENDY (CONT'D)

You're perverted. Fucking sick.

She kicks him again in the crotch. Patrick wiggles around on the floor in pain.

She grabs her whip.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Get on all fours! Do it now!

PATRICK

I'm sorry.

Patrick slowly gets on all fours. She kicks him in the gut.

WENDY

It's time for you to eat. Your dinner can be found in that trash can over there.

Patrick looks over at the pink trash bin by the bed. The one Alex dropped his used condom in.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Crawl over there and find your meal.

Patrick slowly crawls over, looks inside and reaches for the condom.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Dogs don't have hands. They use their mouths.

Patrick looks over at her.

WENDY (CONT'D)

You fuckin' heard me.

Patrick slowly looks into the trash can and slowly brings his face down into it.

He comes up with the condom hanging from his teeth, spitting it out onto the carpet.

PATRICK

I can't do this.

WENDY

If you don't, that means you never really loved me.

PATRICK

What? No. You know I love you.

WENDY

Lots of people say they love me, Patrick. Do you think you're special? Alex says he loves me all the fucking time. What makes you any different? Huh?

PATRICK

I love you more.

WENDY

Words are bullshit to me.

PATRICK

I'm not lying to you. I'm in love with you.

WENDY

Then prove it to me. Prove how much my dog loves me. Swallow.

PATRICK

I can't.

WENDY

Can't or won't?

PATRICK

I truly love you, Wendy. Believe me when I tell you that.

WENDY

This is what makes you different, Patrick. Doing this. Letting me do these things... that's how you're different. By proving to me how far you will go, shows how much you truly love me. Without this you're like all the rest. I wanna see if you're it.

PATRICK

It?

WENDY

The one.

PATRICK

I am. I know I am.

WENDY

Then fuckin' prove it to me!

PATRICK

Will you believe me? Will you believe that I truly do love you? More than Alex?

WENDY

Do it and find out.

Patrick looks down at the used condom.

PATRICK

This is how much I love you, Wendy.

Patrick takes the condom and empties it out into his mouth. He gags and chokes on the sperm.

WENDY

Welcome to my world.

She smiles sinisterly.

INT. CLASSROOM - MORNING

Patrick sits in his seat, eyes glazed over.

MS. BLAINE

Patrick? You okay?

Patrick snaps out of it.

PATRICK

What?

MS. BLAINE

The bell rang. Class is over.

PATRICK

Oh. Sorry, Ms. Blaine. I mean  
Kristine.

She smiles.

MS. BLAINE

Good. You caught yourself there.  
Wouldn't have to put you in  
detention.

All the students have gotten up and left already. Ms. Blaine  
walks over to Patrick and sits on his desk.

MS. BLAINE (CONT'D)

So what's up?

She touches his hand. He looks up at her.

PATRICK

What do you mean? Nothing. I'm  
fine.

MS. BLAINE

Where were you? Where was that  
pretty head of yours dreaming off  
to?

PATRICK

I was thinking.

MS. BLAINE

About what?

PATRICK

What it means to love someone and  
how to prove it.

MS. BLAINE

You're sitting in my class thinking  
about love?

PATRICK

Sorry. I know I should pay more  
attention to your lessons.

MS. BLAINE

My lessons are bullshit.

Patrick is taken back by her swearing.

MS. BLAINE (CONT'D)

Haven't you ever heard love  
conquers all things?

PATRICK

Yeah, I guess.

MS. BLAINE

Love is important. And very  
dangerous.

PATRICK

Dangerous? How?

MS. BLAINE

Being in love can easily be  
compared to a drug addiction.  
People will do horrible things for  
love. To themselves and to others.  
My opinion, love should be illegal.  
Ban it.

She jokingly smiles.

She rubs his hand and looks deep into his eyes.

Patrick shies away. She grabs his chin gently.

MS. BLAINE (CONT'D)

Giving someone your heart can be  
very scary and painful.

PATRICK

I know.

MS. BLAINE

So who does your heart belong to?

PATRICK

My heart belongs to someone who  
doesn't want it.

She reaches in and kisses him on the lips, then tongue.

She moves his hand to her thigh.

The bell rings again and she backs away.

MS. BLAINE

Whoever she is, she's an idiot to  
not want it.

She kisses his forehead.

PATRICK

I-

MS. BLAINE

You're gonna be late for next  
period.

PATRICK

--Okay.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Patrick eats alone at his table. He doesn't touch his food,  
feels his lips where Ms. Blaine kissed him.

PATRICK'S PENIS (V.O.)

Dogs are loyal, Patrick.

Alex sits down across from Patrick. He snaps his fingers to get his attention.

ALEX

Yo. Dude.

Patrick looks up.

He's shocked to see him.

PATRICK

Alex?

ALEX

Hey. I gotta ask you somethin',  
bro.

PATRICK

Ask me what?

ALEX

It's about Wendy.

Patrick shift around uncomfortably in his seat.

PATRICK

What about her?

ALEX

You gonna eat that?

Alex reaches over and takes some fries off Patrick's tray.

PATRICK

No. Go ahead.

ALEX

Anyway. About Wendy, you've been  
seeing a lot of her, right? Taking  
her homework over and shit like  
that, right?

Alex eats a handful of fries all at once.

PATRICK

Yeah. She should be ready to come back to school soon.

He reaches over and grabs Patrick's drink to wash them down.

ALEX

She say anything to you?

PATRICK

Me? No.

ALEX

She mention why she's been out?

PATRICK

No. Just sick.

ALEX

How is she? How has she been? We haven't really talked all that much since she got... sick, you know. She never answers the phone when I call. The other day was weird.

PATRICK

What?

ALEX

I can't even really explain it. Things were weird. I wanna know how she is.

PATRICK

She's fine. I think. I'm not really the best person to ask.

ALEX

Yeah, I know. But you're kinda the only one to see her. She won't even talk to her friends.

Alex scratches his head.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I know you don't wanna be bothered by our relationship issues, I'm sure you have better things to do.

PATRICK

Not really.

Alex laughs.

ALEX

Would you mind giving this note to her?

Alex reaches into his football jacket and pulls out a folded note.

PATRICK

Note?

ALEX

Yeah, thought I'd go old school, you know. I figured you're gonna see her anyway for her books, why not hand this over to her. I feel completely stupid about this.

PATRICK

Okay. No problem.

PATRICK'S PENIS (V.O.)

(to Patrick)

Look at you being so fuckin' pathetic.

ALEX

Thanks, man. You have no idea how much I appreciate this. If there's anything I can do, let me know.

Alex slides the note over to him.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I can trust you, right? I don't  
haveta tell you not to read it,  
right?

PATRICK

Yeah, sure. I wouldn't.

ALEX

Just checkin'.

He smiles and walks away with Patrick's drink.

INT. WENDY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Patrick sits alone on Wendy's bed. He looks around her girlie  
room.

He grabs one of her pillows and smells it. He gets up and  
walks over to her horse shrine.

He picks up the picture of her horse and touches Wendy's  
face.

Patrick puts it down, runs his hand across the whip she uses  
to beat him with.

He walks over to her underwear drawer and takes out some of  
her panties.

He puts them back and runs over to the hamper with her dirty  
clothes. He reaches in and takes out a pair of dirty, pink  
panties...

Sniffs them.

WENDY (O.C.)

Okay, mom! God!

Quickly, he stuffs them in his pants, runs over to the bed  
and sits down.

Wendy walks in with a sandwich. She stops and looks at him  
acting suspicious.

WENDY (CONT'D)

You look guilty. What did you do?

PATRICK

Nothing.

WENDY

Don't lie. You're up to something.

Patrick reaches into his pocket and holds out the note Alex gave him.

WENDY (CONT'D)

A note? So old fashioned.

PATRICK

It's from Alex.

WENDY

What?

Wendy puts down her sandwich and walks over.

She grabs the note away from Patrick and reads it to herself.

She crumbles it up, hands it over to him.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Eat it.

Patrick looks at it.

PATRICK

Eat it?

WENDY

Stop repeating things I say. It's annoying. Eat it.

She spits on it.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Now it has a part of me on it.  
Fuckin' eat it!

Patrick takes the crumpled up note and shoves it in his mouth, chews it around.

He spits it out.

PATRICK

It's too big.

Wendy sits down on the bed next to him.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

What did it say?

WENDY

None of your fuckin' business.

She lies down on the bed.

PATRICK

Are you angry?

WENDY

I'm never angry at anything that's natural. I'm tired.

Patrick rips up the note and eats the pieces.

WENDY (CONT'D)

I miss my friends. At least I think I do. I'm tired of being stuck inside every day.

PATRICK

When will you come back to school?

WENDY

When I'm ready.

She looks over at him eating the paper.

PATRICK

I'm sure everyone misses you.

WENDY

Your love for me, do you suffer over it?

PATRICK

Yes. My love for you has become a sort of madness. The thought that I might lose you, perhaps actually lose you, torments me day and night.

WENDY

But you don't yet possess me.

She rolls over on her bed.

PATRICK

Do you want me to leave?

WENDY

Do what you want.

Patrick gets up, grabs his bag and heads for the door. He turns around, looks at her. She keeps her back to him.

PATRICK

I want to stay.

WENDY

Then stay. Turn off the lights and come over here.

Patrick puts his bag down and turns off the light. He slowly closes the door...

INT. WENDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wendy cuddles with Patrick on her bed. Her face sinks into his chest. Patrick rubs his thumb on her shoulder, smells her hair.

WENDY

Things will end badly. For you I mean.

PATRICK

My love for you will never end.

WENDY

You're an idiot.

PATRICK

You make me stupid.

WENDY

No. You make yourself stupid.

PATRICK

If you can't be mine, all mine and  
for always, then I'll be your  
obedient dog. I'll serve you,  
suffer everything from you, if only  
you won't drive me away.

WENDY

You're a strange dog, Patrick.

PATRICK'S PENIS (V.O.)

We didn't know why she was being so  
nice to us. We didn't dare to  
question it. We held her for hours  
and hours, not saying a word.  
Holding and being.

PATRICK

What's wrong?

WENDY

My heart is nothing but a void,  
it's completely dead. That makes me  
sad.

Wendy looks up at him with tears in her eyes. She holds him  
tighter.

She breaks down and sobs uncontrollably.

PATRICK'S PENIS (V.O.)

We knew right then and there that  
after this, things were gonna get  
more severe.

INT. WENDY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Wendy tightens a belt around Patrick's neck. He gags and tries to take it off.

She ties some rope around his wrists, gets behind him and tightens the belt even tighter. Patrick looks as if his eyes are about to pop out of his head.

The belt breaks under the pressure.

Patrick is suddenly set free, gasping for air, coughing and dry heaving.

WENDY

Fuckin' Versace belts. Hold on, let me get another one.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - MORNING

Patrick walks through the hallway of his high school, head down, bookbag slowly crushing him.

He's beaten and worn out.

Broken.

WENDY (O.C.)

He's such a creep.

Patrick stops in his tracks and looks up. He spots Wendy and her friends walking down the hallway.

They pass by laughing at him. Patrick's eyes roll in the back of his head and he faints.

INT. NURSE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Patrick lies on what looks to be a hospital bed. White sheets, pillows, a curtain for privacy.

The curtain is pulled back and Ms. Blaine pops in.

MS. BLAINE

Hi.

Patrick opens his eyes.

PATRICK

Am I dead?

MS. BLAINE

Here. Drink this.

She gives him a paper cup filled with some water. Patrick takes it and slowly sips from it.

Ms. Blaine sits down next to him, touches his hand.

PATRICK

What happened?

MS. BLAINE

You fainted in the hallway.

Patrick coughs.

Ms. Blaine takes the empty paper cup and touches Patrick's neck. He recoils from her touch.

MS. BLAINE (CONT'D)

Sorry.

She pulls back, tears fall from her face.

PATRICK

I'm gonna be okay, right?

MS. BLAINE

Who did that to you?

Patrick touches the belt bruise around his neck and throat.

PATRICK

It's nothing.

MS. BLAINE

It isn't nothing. It looks like someone tried to strangle you, Patrick.

PATRICK

It isn't like that.

She looks up at him.

MS. BLAINE

Either someone did this to you, or you did it yourself. Which is it?

PATRICK

I... it isn't what you think. Really.

She squeezes his hand.

MS. BLAINE

If someone is hurting you, please promise me you'll tell me.

PATRICK

No one is hurting me.

MS. BLAINE

Promise.

PATRICK

I promise.

She kisses him on the mouth and hugs him.

MS. BLAINE

I love you, Patrick.

INT. BOY'S PUBLIC SCHOOL BATHROOM - DAY

Patrick runs water through his hands, splashes his face.

PATRICK

What am I doing?

He looks himself in the mirror.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

She loves me?

ALEX (O.C.)

You got a girl, Pat?

A startled Patrick slowly turns around to find Alex stepping out of a stall.

PATRICK

What?

ALEX

A girl. You fall in love?

Alex walks over to washes his hands.

PATRICK

Maybe. I don't know.

ALEX

You said she loves you. Sounds like you got a girl to me.

Alex laughs as he soaps up his hands.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Shit. So who is it?

PATRICK

What?

ALEX

The girl, man? She cute? I know her?

PATRICK

What? No. She doesn't go here.

ALEX

That sucks. What school does she go to? Maybe I know someone that knows her.

PATRICK

Um... I just remembered I got to  
get back to class.

ALEX

Okay. See ya.

Patrick nervously runs out of the bathroom.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

The bell rings to end the school day. All of Ms. Blaine's  
students get up and leave.

MS. BLAINE

Remember these formulas, guys.  
There will be a test tomorrow on  
everything we covered today. For  
your sake, guys. Study.

STUDENTS

Yes, Ms. Blaine.

Patrick waits until all the students have left to walk in.

She sees him and smiles.

PATRICK

Sorry I was late for class.

MS. BLAINE

Don't be silly, you were excused.  
You feelin' any better?

She walks over to him.

PATRICK

Hi.

MS. BLAINE

Hi.

She closes the door.

PATRICK

I have to ask you somethin'.

MS. BLAINE

Shoot.

PATRICK

What did you mean by saying you love me?

MS. BLAINE

What do you mean whadda I mean? I love you. Is it strange for you to hear that?

PATRICK

I don't know.

She touches his face.

MS. BLAINE

It's okay if you don't feel the same way. I know I can't compete with these high school girls in the looks department. But I know how to treat a man.

PATRICK

I'm just a boy.

MS. BLAINE

You're 18, right? You're an adult. You need to start thinking of yourself as a man. I know I can make you feel like one.

She kisses him on the lips. This time she slides in her tongue.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD SIDEWALK - DAY

Patrick walks down the sidewalk to his house. He stops and glances over at Wendy's house across the street.

He continues to walk up his driveway and enter his house.

INT. WENDY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Wendy's Mother sits on the couch, painting her toenails each a different color as she watches TV.

Wendy walks into the kitchen, looks through the refrigerator.

MOTHER

Where's that little friend of  
yours?

WENDY

Who?

MOTHER

The one next door?

She rolls her eyes, ignoring her Mother's question.

WENDY

There's nothing to eat in here.  
When is the last time you went to  
the store?

MOTHER

There's a turkey in the freezer.  
Have that.

She opens the freezer door and pulls out a giant frozen turkey.

WENDY

It's frozen.

MOTHER

It won't be once you put it in the  
oven. Don't they teach you anything  
in school?

Tinkers comes over and yelps her little heart out at Wendy holding the turkey.

The turkey slips out of her hands, lands straight down on Tinkers.

The poor little doggy gets flattened like a bloody dog meat pancake.

Wendy's Mother turns around and looks over at the kitchen.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Tinkers?

INT. PATRICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Patrick sits at the edge of his bed, sniffing Wendy's pink panties.

He drops them on the floor and stares at them.

PATRICK'S PENIS (V.O.)

Never feel safe with the woman you love, Patrick. A woman's nature conceals more dangers than you think.

A noise comes from Patrick's phone. He gets up and walks over. There's a text message from Wendy.

Patrick looks out his window. Her curtains are shut.

WENDY (V.O.)

What happened to you today?

Patrick texts her back.

PATRICK (V.O.)

I fainted.

She responds.

WENDY (V.O.)

Why?

Patrick looks over at her window and writes...

PATRICK (V.O.)

I don't know.

There's a long beat until she replies.

WENDY (V.O.)

Come over tomorrow after school.

You need to be disciplined.

EXT. WENDY'S HOUSE - DAY

Patrick rings the doorbell, waits...

There's a faint sound of crying coming from the backyard. He walks around back to investigate...

EXT. WENDY'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

In the back, he finds Wendy's drunken Mother sobbing. She's wearing a giant sun hat, a drink in one hand and a small shovel in the other.

She looks over at Patrick.

MOTHER

You the pool boy?

Patrick looks around the backyard.

There's no pool.

PATRICK

Is Wendy home?

MOTHER

Who?

PATRICK

Your daughter.

MOTHER

Oh. What time is it?

PATRICK

About 4.

MOTHER

That late? Shit.

She takes a sip of her drink and shoves the shovel in the ground.

PATRICK

What are you doing?

MOTHER

What does it look like I'm doing?  
I'm burying my dog.

PATRICK

Tinkers died? God, I'm sorry. How?

MOTHER

That bitch killed him! Like she  
kills everything.

PATRICK

Wendy?

MOTHER

Turkey. Right on top of him.

PATRICK

I'm sure it was an-

MOTHER

Accident? Yeah, I'm sure it was. It  
always is.

PATRICK

What does that mean?

MOTHER

How well do you really know her?

PATRICK

Pretty well, I think.

MOTHER

No one knows that girl. No one.  
Stay away from her, kid. It's for  
your own good.

She wipes some sweat and tears away with her drink arm.

PATRICK

Are you okay?

MOTHER

Yeah, I'm fuckin' fantastic, kid.

She slides some dirt over the grave.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Who are you, anyway?

PATRICK

I'm Patrick Walters. I live next  
door.

She walks over to a beach chair beside the house, plops down  
and rests.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Can you tell her I was here?

MOTHER

What I wouldn't do to be 16 again.

She takes off her sun hat.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Do you think I'm attractive?

PATRICK

What?

She gets up, walks over to him, reaches down and grabs his  
butt.

Wendy walks into the backyard to see her Mother molesting  
Patrick.

WENDY

Mother! What are you doing?!

She stops, turns around...

PATRICK

I was looking for you.

WENDY

Well, you found me.

MOTHER

You missed Tinkers' funeral.

WENDY

Funeral for a dog, mom? Are you drunk?

MOTHER

Dealing with you without being drunk is too hard of a task to handle. You're like your father.

WENDY

Fuck you.

Wendy storms off in anger.

PATRICK

Wendy, wait!

Patrick runs off after her.

MOTHER

You're running to your doom, kid!  
You'd be running the other way if you knew any better!

EXT. WENDY'S HOUSE - DAY

Wendy wipes away some tears as Patrick runs up to her.

PATRICK

Wait up!

She turns around and punches him in the mouth. He falls to his knees, holding his jaw in pain.

WENDY

Don't you ever do that again!

PATRICK

What?

She runs over and kicks him in the gut.

WENDY

Talk to my mother!

PATRICK

I'm sorry!

She gets on top of him and shoves fistfuls of grass into his mouth.

WENDY

Eat it!

He spits and gags.

She rubs dirt on to his face.

PATRICK

Stop it!

WENDY

Love lasts for only a brief moment,  
Patrick. Your moment is up.

PATRICK

Stop this, please.

WENDY

Those who can't be obedient will  
quickly feel the other's boot on  
the back of their neck.

She strangles him in a blind rage.

Patrick beats at the ground, face turning beet red.

PATRICK  
People... will see.

She loosens her grip, looks around.

Quickly she gets off him and runs inside her house.

Patrick gasps for air.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Patrick eats alone at his usual spot. He looks around the cafeteria for Wendy. She's nowhere to be found.

He touches a bruise on his left arm. He rolls back his sleeve to reveal several more bruises.

PATRICK'S PENIS (V.O.)  
The price to pay for the one you  
love. Even if the one you love is  
the one making you pay.

INT. WENDY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Patrick stands in front of Wendy with his head lowered.

PATRICK  
I'm sorry.

WENDY  
Sorry for what?

PATRICK  
Everything.

WENDY  
You're a stupid dog. And stupid  
dogs make mistakes.

PATRICK  
It won't happen again. I'm sorry.

WENDY  
Not my mother.

PATRICK

I know.

She slaps him across the face.

WENDY

A slap in the face is more effective than me lecturing you. You're so damn pathetic.

PATRICK

I know I'm pathetic. I'm a stupid dog.

WENDY

No.

(beat)

You're my stupid dog.

PATRICK

So you aren't mad at me anymore?

She SLAPS him hard across the face. His glasses go flying across the room.

WENDY

You're my stupid dog. But stupid dogs must still be punished.

She smiles as Patrick's nose bleeds.

Wendy pushes Patrick over on the floor, walks over to her closet.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Last year I went to Europe.

She opens the closet door, pulls out a semi large suitcase.

PATRICK

What's that?

WENDY

Dumb dog, this is a suitcase. This is the suitcase I took with me.

(MORE)

WENDY (CONT'D)

I brought over some high priced cheeses in it, and since then, the suitcase smells disgusting. As you're about to find out.

(beat)

Get in.

She opens the suitcase.

PATRICK

What?

WENDY

Do I have to repeat myself? Get in.

Patrick crawls over and looks inside.

PATRICK

It smells horrible.

WENDY

In.

Patrick looks up at her. She forcibly points at the suitcase.

Without another word, Patrick crawls inside. He's small and skinny enough to fit.

PATRICK

How long do I have to stay in here?

WENDY

As long as it takes.

She closes the flap and zips him up.

EXT. WENDY'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Wendy drags the suitcase out onto the back porch in the middle of the night.

She walks off, leaving the case there by itself.

PATRICK (O.C.)

Wendy? What's going on?

Wendy comes back with a dirty shovel.

EXT. WENDY'S BACKYARD - LATER

Wendy pushes the suitcase into a hole she dug. She's all dirty. Face, clothes, hands, all covered in dirt.

WENDY

This is what stupid dogs get when they aren't obedient. They die and get buried in the back of the fucking yard.

She grabs her shovel and scoops up dirt to bury the hole back up.

PATRICK (O.C.)

Wendy! You can't do this!

WENDY

Sure I can.

PATRICK (O.C.)

Let me out of here! You can't leave me in here!

WENDY

Don't you get what the moral of this tale is, Patrick? Whoever allows himself to be whipped, deserves to be whipped. Everything I've done to you, you've deserved.

PATRICK (O.C.)

No!

INT. WENDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wendy turns the light on in her room and unzips the giant suitcase.

Patrick quickly jumps out.

WENDY

What's wrong with you?

Patrick looks around, out of breath, a little dazed and confused.

PATRICK

I had a dream. You buried me in the backyard while I was stuck in that thing.

WENDY

Pretty good idea. Wish I thought of it.

PATRICK

It felt so real.

WENDY

This suitcase idea was stupid anyway. Seemed better in my head.

PATRICK

What time is it?

WENDY

Four in the morning.

PATRICK

I was in there for eleven hours?

WENDY

Guess so. I'm going back to bed, do what you want.

Wendy gets back into bed.

PATRICK

Okay. I'll go home then.

WENDY

Shut the light off as you leave.

Patrick turns the light out.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - MORNING

Patrick walks over to his locker, looks over and sees Wendy talking with her friends.

He lowers his head and opens his locker. Inside there's a note.

He looks over at Wendy.

She's gone.

He quickly reads it, shuts the locker door and runs off.

INT. BOY'S PUBLIC SCHOOL BATHROOM - MORNING

Patrick runs into the bathroom.

The bell rings for class to start.

Patrick looks at himself in the mirror.

He looks sickly.

Wendy walks in with a depraved smile on her face.

WENDY

How is my dog today?

PATRICK

Class started.

WENDY

I know, now no one can bother us.

She grabs him, forces him on his knees.

PATRICK

What are you going to do?

WENDY

Is my dog thirsty?

She lifts up her skirt.

WENDY (CONT'D)

I've been holding it all day.

Alex walks out of one of the stalls, sees Wendy with her skirt up, Patrick on his knees.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Alex.

ALEX

What the fuck is going on?

Wendy runs out of the bathroom.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick is thrown out into the hall. Alex grabs him by the shirt, swings him around, SLAMS him against a locker.

PATRICK

Let me go!

Ms. Blaine runs out into the hallway with a bunch of other students.

MS. BLAINE

What the hell is going on out here?!

Alex punches Patrick in the face. He shakes it off like it's nothing.

PATRICK

(to Alex)

I'm really sorry.

ALEX

Fuckin' tough guy?

Alex punches him again, gets on top of him, pounds his face in with his fists.

Wendy watches from behind the crowd that's gathered around them.

Ms. Blaine runs over, stops him from punching Patrick any further.

MS. BLAINE

Get off him!

Alex looks around at the people watching the show. He looks at his bloody fist and at Patrick.

ALEX

Fuck.

Alex runs off down the hall.

MS. BLAINE

Are you okay, Patrick?

Blood pours from his busted lip and nose. Patrick closes his eyes and smiles.

INT. WENDY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Patrick wears panty-hose on his head with a leash around his neck.

He's naked, all but his underwear.

Wendy wears her normal school clothes. Skirt, heels, whip.

She whips him with the horse whip, tugs on his leash, BEATS him in the face with the whip.

She steps on his gut and kicks him in the crotch. Patrick wiggles around in agony.

Patrick takes the panty-hose off his head.

WENDY

I'm not done with you yet.

She kicks Patrick across the face. He falls over and coughs up some blood. His nose drips blood and snot.

She kicks his back, stops, paces around her room.

Patrick lies on the floor in the fetal position.

Wendy stops pacing and puts her hands on her hips.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Stay away from me. Don't even look at me when we're at school.

PATRICK

You still wanna see me?

WENDY

Not at school I don't. It was a bad fuckin' idea.

PATRICK

Do you still want me to come over?

WENDY

I don't know, Patrick.

PATRICK

You used my name.

WENDY

What?

PATRICK

You called me Patrick. My name.

WENDY

Fuck off.

PATRICK

I won't come over if you don't want me to.

WENDY

Stop being so fuckin' passive all the fuckin' time! You let everyone walk all over you. You're so fuckin' pathetic, Patrick! You make me sick! You let Alex hit you, didn't even bother to fight back!

PATRICK

I'm sorry.

WENDY

Shut up! Shut the fuck up!

PATRICK

I'll leave.

Patrick gets up and heads for the door.

WENDY

Wait.

He turns around.

WENDY (CONT'D)

We aren't done yet.

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY - DAY

Patrick walks around the school library with a bunch of books in hand.

MS. BLAINE (O.C.)

(whispers)

Patrick.

Patrick looks around the library but sees no one there.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Wendy eats with her friends. She seems chipper and eats everything on her plate.

JUDITH

So what's the deal?

WENDY

What do you mean?

KAREN

The deal with you and that freak.

WENDY

Christ, Karen. Nothing is going on.  
We've already been through this.

JUDITH

Stop lying, Wendy.

WENDY

I'm not lying, Judith.

JUDITH

Something is going on with you two.  
Alex wouldn't go apeshit on him for  
no reason.

WENDY

It was probably roid rage or  
something. I don't know.

KAREN

You seem different lately.

JUDITH

Are you two a thing now or  
something?

Wendy laughs.

WENDY

No way.

KAREN

Something is definitely going on.

JUDITH

You can tell us, Wendy. We're  
you're friends.

WENDY

Okay, fine. He... helps me.

JUDITH

(whispers)  
Like sexually?

WENDY

No! Don't be gross.

KAREN

So you guys talk?

WENDY

No. Not really.

JUDITH

Then what, Wendy? I don't get it.

WENDY

He helps me get out some of my aggression.

JUDITH

Now I really don't get it. What does that mean?

WENDY

He lets me hit him sometimes.

Beat.

They let it soak in for a few seconds.

JUDITH

Are you serious?

WENDY

Yeah. You should see the things he lets me get away with. It's hilarious.

KAREN

Christ. That's... sick.

WENDY

I know, I think he has mental problems or something.

KAREN

No, Wendy. I mean you.

WENDY

What? Me? No. He's the sick one.

JUDITH

She's right, Wendy, you're the one with mental problems.

WENDY

He lets me do it. It isn't like I force him or anything.

JUDITH

God, I mean if you were having sex with him, maybe, maybe I'd understand. Maybe. But this is just too weird.

KAREN

Is that why you and Alex broke up? Cause of freak boy?

WENDY

I'm kidding. I made it all up to see how you'd react.

She pretend laughs.

KAREN

I don't think we can hang out with you anymore.

JUDITH

Yeah, it's best we don't get seen talking to you.

Karen and Judith get up and walk away from her.

WENDY

Fuck you two! Fuck you!

Everyone in the cafeteria looks over at her.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Fuck all of you too!

She gets up and runs out.

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY - DAY

Wendy wipes away her tears and enters the library. The place is pretty empty.

She looks around.

WENDY  
(to herself)  
Where are you, dog?

She stops and quickly hides behind a bookshelf.

Patrick stands there talking with Ms. Blaine. She puts her hand on his shoulder.

MS. BLAINE  
I miss you.

She puts her hand on his bruised cheek.

PATRICK  
I miss you, too.

MS. BLAINE  
I wish you'd tell me where these  
bruises come from.

PATRICK  
I'm all right.

MS. BLAINE  
You aren't all right. Was it Alex?  
Is he the one that's been hurting  
you?

He holds her hand.

PATRICK  
I'm sorry I make you worry about  
me.

She kisses him.

Wendy bites her lip and storms out.

INT. WENDY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Patrick puts his shirt on. Bruises cover his entire back.

Wendy wears a leather outfit. She takes a seat on the edge of her bed, lights up a cigarette and wipes her sweaty forehead.

She lies back and enjoys the smoke.

PATRICK

When did you start that?

WENDY

Few days ago. Does it make me look older?

PATRICK

You look like you.

WENDY

I saw you with her in the library.

PATRICK

Who?

WENDY

You know who.

PATRICK

We were talking.

WENDY

And kissing.

PATRICK

I didn't ask her to. She just did.

WENDY

Lucky you.

PATRICK

I love you, Wendy. Always have and always will.

WENDY

You're a fucking idiot.

He looks her straight in the eyes.

PATRICK

Wendy, let's go out.

WENDY

What do you mean?

PATRICK

Like out.

She sits up.

WENDY

Like to a movie?

PATRICK

Sure.

WENDY

Why would you ask me that?

PATRICK

Was wondering.

WENDY

The answer is no.

PATRICK

Dogs watch movies too. My cousin has a dog that watches TV with her all the time.

WENDY

Ask her out then. Christ.

She takes a drag from her cig.

PATRICK

Sorry I asked.

WENDY

I can't be seen with you where people from school might see us. My reputation is already in shambles now because of you.

PATRICK

I thought maybe you'd like-

WENDY

That's your problem, Patrick. Stop thinking.

PATRICK

I'm sorry.

WENDY

Fuckin' leave.

PATRICK

I wanna do something normal with you is all.

WENDY

Normal? What about this isn't normal? Seeing you on your knees, bleeding in front of me. That's normal to me. That's natural.

She walks over to her desk, pulls out a tiny sewing kit.

PATRICK

What is that?

WENDY

Something I've been saving.

She opens it, shows him all the different sized needles inside.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Where should we start? I bet Ms. Blaine would love to see you with pierced nipples.

She takes out a needle, runs it down his bare chest.

PATRICK

Don't...

She pokes him with it.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Fuck!

WENDY

Missed.

She grabs another needle, shoves it through one of his nipples.

PATRICK

Fuck!

WENDY

Stop yelling.

She takes out another needle, pokes it through his cheek.

Patrick jolts up in pain.

He slowly pulls the needle out of his face.

PATRICK

Enough!

WENDY

It will never be enough!

He turns to leave...

WENDY (CONT'D)

If you walk out that fucking door.  
We are done. You will never talk to  
me again. I will never accept your  
love.

He stops dead in his tracks.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Are we finished?

Beat.

PATRICK

No.

He shuts the door and walks back over to her.

WENDY

Good.

She grabs another needle and stabs it through his nose.

INT. PATRICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Patrick lies awake in bed, his face and body is covered in red holes left over from the needles.

His cell phone rings.

He looks over at the name popping up, it's Wendy.

He quickly answers it.

PATRICK

Hello? Wendy?

WENDY (O.S.)

Fine.

PATRICK

What's fine?

WENDY (O.S.)

Let's do it. Let's go out.

PATRICK

Really?

WENDY (O.S.)

Before I change my mind.

PATRICK

Okay! When?

WENDY (O.S.)

Now. Dress nice.

She hangs up.

Patrick smiles.

PATRICK

A date.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Violins play as people eat their expensive food. Wendy and Patrick are shown to their table.

Patrick wears a nice button shirt with a blazer. Wendy wears a beautiful dress with a pearl necklace.

Patrick looks around at how fancy everything is. Wendy smiles and puts her purse under her chair.

PATRICK

Everything is so adult.

WENDY

You're graduating this year aren't you?

PATRICK

Yeah.

WENDY

College?

PATRICK

Yeah. Not sure where though yet.

WENDY

I bet you have a bunch of options.

PATRICK

What about you?

WENDY

Not sure. Haven't really thought  
about it.

Patrick looks at her but can't seem to make it last longer  
than a couple of seconds.

He looks at the menu in front of him.

WENDY (CONT'D)

You'll be starting with the soup.

PATRICK

The soup? Okay.

Patrick smiles and puts the menu away.

WENDY

You're nervous.

PATRICK

I guess I am.

Patrick looks at his hands. They're shaking.

Their WAITER comes over to take their order.

WENDY

I'll have the Caesar salad. He'll  
have the soup special.

WAITER

Very good, ma'am.

The waiter walks off.

PATRICK

This place is nice.

WENDY

This is what you wanted, right?  
Something normal?

PATRICK

Yes. It's like a dream come true or  
something.

WENDY

I could pinch you, make you wake up.

She grabs her fork.

PATRICK

That's okay, I don't think I'd wanna wake up.

He smiles but keeps his head lowered, still too nervous to look at her.

She sighs, puts the fork down.

WENDY

Look at me.

Patrick looks over at her.

PATRICK

You're beautiful.

She takes a sip of wine.

WENDY

They never check ID here. As long as you can pay for it, they don't care.

PATRICK

Cool.

Patrick looks at his hands again. They're still shaking.

WENDY

Stop being so damn nervous. You're shaking like Michael J. Fox.

PATRICK

Sorry. I can't help it.

Patrick reaches over and grabs a glass of water across from him.

Quickly, he gulps the water down.

WENDY

I want you to relax, Patrick.

The waiter comes back with their food. He puts the bowl of soup in front of Patrick. Steam rises up to his nose.

Patrick reaches for a spoon.

WENDY (CONT'D)

(to Patrick)

Not yet.

The waiter walks off.

Wendy pushes her salad to the side and reaches under the table.

PATRICK

What are you doing?

WENDY

Your soup isn't complete yet.  
There's still one more ingredient  
left.

She takes a plastic bag out of her purse. Inside is some brown fudge looking stuff.

PATRICK

What is that?

She unzips the baggy and plops it into his soup.

WENDY

Now you can eat.

PATRICK

What was that?

WENDY

Eat and find out.

She smiles and puts the baggy away.

Patrick has no problem looking at her now.

She slides her salad over and enjoys.

Patrick spoons the fudge looking stuff in his bowl.

PATRICK

It smells like-

WENDY

That's because it is.

Patrick puts his spoon down.

WENDY (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

PATRICK

I'm not doing this.

WENDY

Sure you are.

PATRICK

No. I'm not.

WENDY

Of course you are. Why did you think we were here?

PATRICK

I thought...

WENDY

I told you, you think too much.

PATRICK

It's my fault. I should have known not to believe in you. I shoulda known not to have expectations. I told myself not to, but I did. I thought maybe you felt what I felt. Or you at least could. But I was fooling myself. I don't deserve this. I'm better than this.

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I don't need to eat dog shit to prove to you that I love you. I shouldn't have to prove myself this way!

Everyone looks over at them.

WENDY

Human.

PATRICK

What?

WENDY

It's human shit. And you're wrong, Patrick. You do have to prove yourself to me. You should be thankful I even give you a chance to prove anything to me.

PATRICK

I'm not doing this anymore with you!

WENDY

Fine!

Wendy dumps the bowl of soup on his lap. Patrick quickly jumps up from the table and brushes it off.

She gets up and runs out the back way. Patrick sees her purse, grabs it and runs after her.

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - NIGHT

Wendy runs through the kitchen with Patrick chasing right behind.

PATRICK

Hold on!

She goes out the exit.

EXT. RESTAURANT ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Wendy runs out into the alleyway. Patrick storms out behind her.

PATRICK

Wait!

He holds up her purse.

She stops and turns around to face him.

WENDY

Thanks.

Patrick walks over to her, holding out her purse.

PATRICK

You can really move.

He smiles.

WENDY

Help! Someone help me!

Wendy slaps herself on the face.

PATRICK

What are you doing?

FOUR DRUNK GUYS getting into a taxi hear her distress call. They quickly run over to help her.

She tugs the purse away from Patrick and runs over to the four drunk guys.

WENDY

(crying)

Thank god! He took my purse and tried to rape me!

PATRICK

What? Why are you doing this?

The four drunk guys beat their fists into their hands.

They slowly walk over to him.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

She's lying.

WENDY

You deserve to die!

They punch Patrick in the face. His glasses shatter into a million little pieces on his face.

Blood shoots out of his nose and mouth.

They kick him while he curls up in a ball on the ground.

Wendy walks off and takes the taxi the drunk guys were getting into.

They punch and kick Patrick until he pees his pants. They stop and look at the bloody boy in front of them.

They all take turns spitting on him as they leave.

EXT. WENDY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Patrick shuffles to Wendy's front door.

It's unlocked.

He shows himself in.

INT. WENDY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Patrick stands in front of Wendy, broken and beyond bruised. She stands by her computer.

WENDY

Welcome home, dog.

She SLAPS him across the face with her hand.

PATRICK

I'm sorry for what I said.

She touches his bruises.

WENDY

They really beat the shit out of you.

He grabs her hand.

PATRICK

About what I said. I mean it, I can't do this anymore.

She snaps her hand back.

WENDY

I thought you loved me.

PATRICK

I do. But I can't do this with you anymore.

WENDY

But there's only one last test left. It will prove to me that you truly do love me.

PATRICK

No more tests.

WENDY

This is the last one. The final offering.

She opens a drawer to the computer stand, takes out a pair of scissors, hands them to Patrick.

PATRICK

What's this for?

WENDY

Take them.

He takes them.

PATRICK

What do you want me to do with this?

WENDY

I want you to pull out your cock  
and cut it off.

He scoffs.

PATRICK

No way. You're crazy.

WENDY

Yes, I'm crazy. But you are too.  
That's why you'll do this.

PATRICK

No.

WENDY

If you love me, you will cut it  
off.

PATRICK

I can't. I won't do that.

WENDY

Do you want me to do it?

(beat)

Fine.

She unzips his zipper and pulls out his penis. She gets him  
hard.

PATRICK

Will you love me?

(beat)

If I do this.

(beat)

Will you love me?

WENDY

See, told you you were crazy.

PATRICK

Will you?

WENDY

If you love me, you will do it!

She SLAPS him across the face.

PATRICK

Will you love me? If I do this for  
you and only you, will you tell me  
you love me?

Patrick readies the scissors. She punches him in the jaw. He  
doesn't seem bothered by it at all.

WENDY

Fuckin' do it, you fucking asshole!

She wails on him, knocks his already broken glasses off his  
face.

He stares at her.

PATRICK

Will you love me?

WENDY

Cut it off! Do it! You stupid dog!  
Do what I tell you!

She gives him one last slap across the cheek.

PATRICK

Will you love me?

WENDY

If you truly love me, you will do  
it.

The scissors inch closer.

He stops...

...looks her straight in the eyes.

PATRICK

This can't be love. Love isn't this  
twisted.

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

(beat)

Is it?

WENDY

This is what true love really is.  
Pain and suffering.

PATRICK

Do you love me?

WENDY

Do it and I'll tell you.

Patrick cuts off his penis in one snip. Blood squirts out over her carpet and her bare legs.

He shows it to her.

She walks over and hugs him.

PATRICK

(whispers)

Do you love me?

She whispers in his ear...

WENDY

(whispers)

How could I ever love a dog like  
you?

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END