

HELEN (CONT'D)
What happened?

FRANK
I went to prison.

She rolls her eyes in exasperation.

HELEN
I meant with "Deborah."

Frank looks down and takes a long time to reply.

FRANK
She met some rich guy...who wasn't
going to prison.

He stares at his glass morosely.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Helen and Frank stroll.

HELEN
Why didn't you try to make a deal
and testify against Chris?

FRANK
I figured he'd kill my parents.

Something in Helen's eyes says she agrees with his logic.

FRANK (CONT'D)
It was bad enough dragging them
through the trial. And then my dad
blows his retirement savings on my
appeal.

HELEN
Sounds like he really loves you.

FRANK
He did. And it killed him. Heart
attack.

Compassion paints Helen's face. She looks like she's about
to lean in for a kiss when he suddenly speaks again.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Mind if I ask you a few questions?

Not what she was expecting. She smiles warily.

START

↓
CONT.

HELEN

That depends on the questions.

Frank smirks.

INT. HELEN'S CAR - DAY

Helen drives as Frank studies her.

FRANK

So you're an actress?

She laughs to herself.

HELEN

That was the idea, anyways. Dance by night, audition by day.

FRANK

Didn't work out?

HELEN

Couple of one-line parts on TV...a commercial once - local, not national.

FRANK

Ever think about doing something else?

HELEN

I wanted to be a psychologist. I even took a few classes in community college.

FRANK

What happened?

She looks at him, mildly annoyed by the question.

HELEN

Life.

Frank looks cowed. She notices and seems to feel bad.

HELEN (CONT'D)

I just...It's really hard to work all night and then study all day.

(beat)

And I got used to a certain... standard of living.

Beat.

CONT.

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FRANK

But you don't like it anymore.

She's stung by this clearly accurate assessment.

HELEN

What makes you say that?

FRANK

You cry behind the club...and you get drunk.

She's near tears as she pulls the car into her apartment's underground lot and parks.

She wipes a tear from her eye and looks over at Frank.

HELEN

You think you've got me all figured out, don't you?

He stares at her sympathetically.

FRANK

Why don't you quit?

HELEN

And do what? I don't know how to do anything else!

(beat)

Besides, I can't. I owe a lot of money to...someone.

Frank nods solemnly. He knows the feeling.

HELEN (CONT'D)

I can't make \$1500 a night like I used to - I'm too old.

(her voice shakes)

But I still do okay.

She gets out of the car.

INT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Frank and Helen slowly walk in, both looking depressed.

Frank shuts the door and watches as she sets her purse and keys down on the table and stares sadly at the white roses.

FRANK

You're not old.

END

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