

Saturn's Children First 10

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INT. ART STUDIO - MILLS HOUSE- DAY

50's doo-wop music plays on a home record player as a pair of HANDS create large pieces of art. Whittling terrifying wooden figurines, painting red landscapes, mixing paint, chipping granite, nothing you wouldn't see in a mildly eccentric artist's home.

ROGER MILLS, (45), is a tall bespectacled man with a curious smile. Though some of his art is gruesome, others are quite tender.

Currently, he's painting from a photograph of a faun in a meadow. He smokes weed out of a hickory pipe. Opening the door behind him is DANA MILLS (16), pale, yet pretty. Her arms are always in her hoodie's POCKETS.

DANA
Nice alla prima, dad.

Roger jumps.

ROGER
Hey, kiddo.

DANA
I'm going down to the stream in a few minutes to draw.

ROGER
Great. Thanks for letting us know.

DANA
Ok.

Roger catches himself.

ROGER
Wait, come back.

Dana turns around.

DANA
What is it?

ROGER
You don't have to tell us every time you're going to the "stream", or the "park", or the "library." You're almost an adult. I think your mom and I can trust you.

DANA
You can try telling her that.

ROGER
Believe me, I am.

DANA
Alright. Well. Thanks.

Dana is about to leave when Roger snaps his fingers again.

ROGER
One thing! Sorry! I just
remembered. Can you fetch some
ivory black from the lab?

DANA
But you're doing watercolor.

ROGER
I know, but I'll need it later.

Dana's heart jumps.

DANA
OK.

INT. LAB - BASEMENT - DAY

The lights in the lab flicker on. The restoration lab has a greenish glow. It's clean as a whistle. Rows and rows of paints, tools, brushes, and other art instruments fill the cabinets. Some reference materials are left out, but most everything else is in its defined place.

It's a sterile, seemingly uninspiring environment to work. Dana makes her way slowly down the steps into the lab. In the center of the lab is a pair of thick magnifying glasses, and a BAROQUE-style painting depicting the "Beheading of Holofernes."

Dana walks past the painting and finds a locker with dozens of cans of oil paint.

INT. ART STUDIO - MILLS HOUSE - DAY

Dana emerges from the lab with the paint. She puts them next to Roger's chair.

ROGER
Thanks, hon. Did you see the new
one?

DANA
It's pretty gnarly.

ROGER
It's not real. I mean, it's not
period. It's really an oil
painting. But someone's paying a
lot of money to have it cleaned.

Dana is obviously not interested.

DANA
Cool, dad.

Dana leaves Roger to his art.

ROGER
That's my name, don't wear it out.

EXT. MILLS HOUSE - DAY

The Mills home is an oddity in the lively, idyllic neighborhood lined with well-kept houses. Perched on a hill, the old colonial manor looms like a castle.

Dana is about to walk off when she sees a modest car pulling to a stop up the Mill's driveway.

DANA
Shit.

Dana runs back inside and closes the door. Out of the car comes, ANNE MILLS (40), a strong woman, attractive in her sun dress and TALL BOOTS. She steps out of the car carrying bags of groceries.

One of the bags rips and Anne bends over to pick up stray items.

In the bushes, two young boys, MARK and TRAVIS, (10), lustfully watch Anne as she bends over. Anne sighs and pretends not to notice.

INT. FOYER - MILLS HOUSE - DAY

Anne walks into the house and places her bags on the table.

ANNE
Dana!

INT. DANA'S ROOM - MILLS HOUSE - DAY

Dana puts on her HEADPHONES, and begins typing on her laptop at her desk. She only types with one hand.

Her OTHER HAND is MISSING.

ANNE(OS)

Dana!

Dana pretends she doesn't hear her mother calling from downstairs.

EXT. MILLS HOUSE - DAY

Anne returns outside. She makes eye contact with Mark. She gives a disapproving grin.

ANNE

I see you, Mark.

Mark lowers his head. Anne spots Travis.

ANNE (CONT'D)

And you too, Travis.

The two boys cower.

ANNE (CONT'D)

It's not polite to snoop. Why don't you boys help me bring in the groceries?

Mark and Travis grumble, but do as they're told.

INT. FOYER - MILLS HOUSE - DAY

Mark and Travis carry Anne's groceries into the house. Anne points in the direction of the kitchen.

ANNE

In there.

Mark and Travis set the groceries on the counter and return to Anne. She pulls out two single dollar bills.

ANNE (CONT'D)

No more snooping.

The boys nod and take their money.

INT. DANA'S ROOM - MILLS HOUSE - DAY

Dana stands in front of a mirror. She puts on an uncannily realistic hand for a moment, looks at herself in the mirror, then tosses it aside and covers her stump with a sock.

INT. KITCHEN - MILLS HOUSE - DAY

Anne stands at the kitchen counter wearing a white apron over her dress. She chops up vegetables with a long, sharp knife.

INT. FOYER - MILLS HOUSE - DAY

Dana marches down the staircase toward the front door. Anne shouts from the other room.

ANNE

Dana!

Dana stops, takes off her headphones.

ANNE (CONT'D)

I've been calling you.

Dana shrugs her shoulders.

DANA

Headphones.

ANNE

Alright, fine, but I need your help before you go feeding grand dad.

Dana sighs.

DANA

Sure.

Dana marches back up the stairs.

ANNE

Thank you.

INT. CORRIDOR - MILLS HOUSE - DAY

Dana knocks on her grandfather's door.

INT. GRAND DAD'S ROOM - DAY

Dana enters a stuffy, nursing room, where her

grandfather, ARTHUR MILLS (90) lays still. The sounds of soft breathing and electrical whirring of health equipmen fill the room.

He is an ancient, senile man, housebound for decades, but genial toward Dana.

He reaches out to pet her. She lets him.

DANA

Good morning, Grand dad. Ready for your breakfast?

Dana mixes bags of brown fluid and attaches them to a tube that runs the old man's veins. Dana motions at the TV across from the old man playing reruns from the 1950's.

DANA (CONT'D)

What are we watching today?

Arthur smiles and falls asleep.

DANA (CONT'D)

Good job, Grand Dad. Same time tomorrow?

EXT. MILLS HOUSE - DAY

Dana opens the garage and retrieves a LONGBOARD. When she turns around she spots Mark and Travis watching her from the bushes.

MARK

We weren't snooping.

Dana takes the sock off her stump and waves it at the boys who turn and run. She lets herself smile, then gets on the long board and rides down the hill.

INT. KITCHEN - MILLS HOUSE - DAY

Anne is busy preparing a chicken. She doesn't notice the FOOTSTEPS quietly approaching her.

Boots CLACK on the kitchen tile, coming closer and closer.

CLACK. CLACK.

Anne spots a reflection off of a hanging spoon and whirls around with her knife.

She sighs a deep relief when she sees who it is.

ANNE

Roger!

Roger smiles. He rubs his hand against her cheek.

ROGER

Expecting someone else?

ANNE

I thought you were painting.

ROGER

I ran out of "inspiration."

Anne gives a whiff.

ANNE

Is that what they're calling it
now?

Anne smiles under a feigned disapproving look and crosses her arms playfully. Roger wraps his arms around her waist.

ANNE (CONT'D)

My God, I'm married to a teenager.

Roger breathes in Anne's scent.

ROGER

You smell delicious, Mrs. Mills.

Anne smells Roger.

ANNE

And you smell awful! When's the
last time you took a shower--

Roger kisses her passionately on the lips. She laughs as he presses his body into hers. She bites her lip. Roger turns Anne around and rubs himself against her backside.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Come on, Roger, we're in the

Roger doesn't stop. He touches her below.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Dana could come back at any second.

Roger whispers in her ear, and nibbles on it.

ROGER

So let's take a shower.

Anne struggles to finish a coherent thought as she's being ravished.

ANNE

I'm making... dinner.

Roger sighs and lets go of her. She squeezes her legs together.

ANNE (CONT'D)

I'll be up as soon as it's ready.

Roger smiles and takes a bite of carrot before he walks away. Anne playfully slaps Roger on the ass as he walks past her. She smiles mischievously.

EXT. STREAM - FOREST - DAY

The picturesque green stream flows gently through overgrown foliage on both its banks.

Dana sits beside the stream next to her longboard on a tree stump. She sketches a decaying dead rat, its skull and innards partially exposed, its eyeballs missing completely.

A half dozen slugs eat its rotting flesh. Dana uses her left stump to turn the page. A voice from behind grabs her attention.