

good teenagers*

a short film
written + directed by
Matthew Cromwell

inspired by a short story
from the novella "*girls*"
written by Nic Kellman



(take off your clothes)

... lacrimae volvuntur inanes.

(... *the tears roll on, useless.*)

- The Aeneid, Virgil

What's your name?

Who's your daddy?

Is he rich like me?

- The Zombies

DARKNESS.

LABORED BREATHING. quick, rhythmic SLAPPING of skin.

INT. BATHROOM. DAY? NIGHT?

a set of middle-aged EYES clenched tightly.

SERIES OF SHOTS: "SPANK BANK" MONTAGE

BLURS OF EROTICA

PHOTOGRAPHS of NUDE WOMEN flashing at an accelerating pace - hundreds, thousands, zillions - it's oddly disorienting.

some shots are professional (Centerfolds, celebrities), while others are amateur models, grainy self-shots, ex-girlfriends, the girl next door.

On screen, we see...

**Good Teenagers
Take Off Your Clothes**

just as the IMAGES and GROANS rise to a violent crescendo, we hear a loud KNOCKING - BANGING - on the door--

INT. BATHROOM. EVENING.

JOHN PAULSON - 30s, stressed - hunches over the marble sink, the gushing gold faucet, slacks at his ankles, masturbating in front of the mirror like an 8th grader at summer camp.

The KNOCKING continues...

John hastily pulls up his trousers.

shuts off the faucet. stares placidly at his reflection.

crosses the bathroom. opens the door.

standing on the other side, hand raised to knock again, is his conservative-looking wife, RACHEL, 30s.

RACHEL
(eyeing him)
What are you doing in there?

INT. DINING HALL. LATER.

an opulent dining area decorated with black plants and provocative imagery: nude photographs; a black-and-white portrait of a young blonde girl with pigtails sucking on a Fudgesicle.

seated at the head of the table is WILLIAM, 50s; next to him is his newest trophy wife, ALICE, 30s; and next to her is her daughter from a previous marriage, CASSANDRA - 17, thin, tan, bikini-clad, gorgeous.

John's seated next to Rachel. Cassandra sits across from him. They inadvertently make eye contact.

only the sound of cutlery scraping against porcelain. then:

WILLIAM

Do you like your room?

RACHEL

Yes, it's... lovely.

JOHN

Thanks again, Will. For inviting us.

WILLIAM

(shrugs)

You said you needed a vacation.

(then)

Do you like the furniture?

ALICE

(to John; re: William)

He just enjoys the sound of his own voice.

WILLIAM

Those chairs? Made in Pakistan.

more silence. we PUSH IN on John, chewing. swallowing.

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

Oh, and if you were wondering... none of these plants are real.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM. NIGHT.

late; quiet. John and Rachel lay next to each other in bed.

she's quickly fading, he's still wide awake. casually, he reaches over and cups her tit.

RACHEL
(groggily)
Mmm-mm...

Rachel reaches under the blanket and feels for John's cock.

she climbs on top of him and silently starts bucking her hips, her face partially obscured by shadows.

John stares into the darkness...

as Rachel leans in from the shadows...

... her face has been REPLACED WITH CASSANDRA'S--

INT. KITCHEN. MORNING.

an orange being PULVERIZED by a juicer.

Alice hovers over the counter, hand-squeezing orange juice. assortments of fresh fruit in front of her.

Cassandra sits at the table, painting her toenails.

John enters.

JOHN
(without breaking stride)
Morning.

ALICE
Good morning, John.
(offering)
O.J.?

JOHN
No thanks. I don't like the pulp.

he looks down at Cassandra.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Good morning, Cassandra.

CASSANDRA
Hey.

EXT. POOLSIDE. DAY.

an architectural masterpiece, located somewhere in the rolling green hills of an exotic Caribbean island.

the Atlantic Ocean calmly beckons from the distance, over which, title appears:

SUMMER.

Cassandra sunbathes on an inflatable raft in the pool.

John, shirtless, lays poolside, idly reading a bulky business manual with the words "Interest Rates" prominently printed on the front cover. He peers over the top of the binder and stares at Cassandra.

RACHEL (O.C.)
Maybe I should be worried...

he looks up to find Rachel standing over him, frowning, twirling her tennis racquet.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
(sarcastic)
Looks like interest rates turn you
on more than I do.

she discreetly nods toward John's waist.

he looks down and quickly realizes he has BONER.

John sheepishly readjusts his towel and swim trunks.

Cassandra sits up, pushes up her sunglasses, looks over at John from the pool. Over which we can hear THUNDERCLAPS booming in the distance--

INT. MEDIA ROOM. DUSK.

tropical rain slaps against the windows in hissing waves.

"Bambi" (1942) plays on the giant projector screen.

Cassandra is sprawled out across the couch, wearing an oversized tee-shirt that reads: "Eat, Sleep, Smoke Cigars".

John strolls into the media room, casually peers over his shoulders. he curiously begins to admire the extensive DVD collection, mostly Disney cartoons from different decades.

John moves toward the couch. he plops down next to Cassandra.

a few beats. silence. nothing happens. John closely admires Cassandra's tan legs, her delicate ankles...

... just as Alice bursts into the room.

she looks at Cassandra and John.

ALICE

What have you two been up to?

before John can answer, Alice smiles jokingly and cross the room, stands behind the couch.

she gently begins playing with Cassandra's long black hair, pulling it into a loose braid.

Alice softly pulls Cassandra's head back - they look at each other upside down.

Alice kisses Cassandra's forehead and lets her head return upright, facing John.

as Alice stands behind the couch, Cassandra looks over at John. she SLOWLY licks her lips, then discreetly splits her legs, revealing her pink panties.

panicked, John looks up at Alice. but Alice is too absorbed in the cartoon...

... her hand still resting on her daughter's shoulder.

EXT. POOLSIDE. DAY.

a WASP crawling into a tropical flower, pollinating.

John sits in a lounge chair, wearing dark sunglasses, peering over the top of his expense report.

he adjusts his designer shades. looks back into his binder. peers over the brim.

he watches as Cassandra emerges from the pool in a pink bikini without drying herself off.

Her long black hair drips puddles onto the concrete.

John quickly buries his nose into his expense report.

beads of WATER run down Cassandra's smooth SKIN.

John pretends to ignore her as she struts toward him. he notices her narrow shadow lingering over his lounge chair.

while absently waving away a BUZZING wasp, he turns toward Cassandra as she slides onto the lounge chair next to him.

JOHN
(looking around)
Where is everyone?

suddenly, the WASP gets caught, confused among the pages of John's binder and STINGS him.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(jumping up)
Goddammit!

SMACK!! John SLAPS his chest with the binder. the flattened WASP tumbles down his stomach and lands on his towel.

awkward beat. John seems embarrassed by his (over)reaction.

JOHN (CONT'D)
They, uh -- y'know, they die...
once... they sting.

CASSANDRA
I know.
(then)
I just... never saw one die.

She peers over her sunglasses.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)
Oh my God, look. Your chest.

John looks down.

as he pretends to examine the wasp sting, he closely studies Cassandra's body from behind his shades: her petite breasts; her still-forming hips; her flat, bronzed belly.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)
Come on. I know what to do.

Cassandra's hand slips into John's as she leads him into--

INT. KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS.

John sits down on a stool. Cassandra disappears down a nearby hallway.

CASSANDRA (O.C.)
I'm gonna go get some aloe vera...

her voice trails off. John peers back through the open sliding-glass door, toward the pool.

he notices Cassandra's wet footprints, tiny compared to his.

Cassandra returns. John goes to stand. she pushes him back down into his chair.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

Sit.

he obeys.

Cassandra squirts some aloe vera into her palm.

she scoops up a small amount with her fingertips. delicately RUBS some aloe vera onto his wasp sting.

silence...

without looking up, Cassandra KISSES the welt on John's chest.

John freezes. stunned. he doesn't know what to do.

(we can hear his HEARTBEAT, the pace quickening).

when he fails to react, Cassandra KISSES the wasps sting again.

John reluctantly pushes her away. looks up at her.

she looks down at him - her pale green eyes blinking slowly.

nothing happens. then:

John violently grabs Cassandra by the back of her neck. they begin kissing passionately.

he tosses her onto the counter and spreads her legs, hooking her feet around his back.

his hands move down her smooth brown legs, which culminate with a hemp ankle bracelet dangling from her left foot.

John yanks off Cassandra's bikini top, exposing her breasts and triangle-shaped tan lines.

he rips off his swim trunks when suddenly a look of sheer anguish flashes across John's face.

Cassandra notices.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

Oh, God. Relax. I'm on the Pill.

after a long pause:

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

And I'm not, like, a virgin or anything. If that's what you're worried about.

bewildered, John just stands in the kitchen, conflicted, his swim trunks wrapped around his ankles.

JOHN

(so weak)

I think... I just heard a car.

He quickly tugs up his swim trunks--

LATER

Cassandra's woven, multicolored ankle bracelet.

as Alice and Rachel prepare dinner at one end of the kitchen, Cassandra - still in her bikini, still barefoot, still wet - chops vegetables at the other end of the counter.

John prepares a cocktail at the nearby wet bar: ice, vodka, vermouth, an olive.

he looks up at Cassandra, silently studying her every move.

ALICE (O.C.)

(sotto to Rachel;

re: Cassandra)

She hasn't really learned to do anything in the kitchen yet--

John sips his drink.

Cassandra slowly looks up at him, CHOPPING vegetables, grinning lasciviously.

INT. DINING HALL. EVENING.

a stalk of asparagus being speared by a fork--

INT. BATHROOM. NIGHT.

John brushes his teeth anxiously in ear-splitting silence.

as he spits, he realizes there's BLOOD mixed with his toothpaste and saliva.

he touches his gums with a delicate finger, which returns WET with BLOOD--

INT. STAIRCASE. MORNING.

we're OVERHEAD watching John as he slowly steps down the winding, spiral staircase. voices emanate from the kitchen.

John looks down to find Rachel standing at the bottom of the steps, hand on her hip.

RACHEL

What's wrong with you?

JOHN

Nothing.

(gulps)

Why? What hap... What happened?

a beat that seems to last FOREVER.

RACHEL

You know what happened.

JOHN

What? Just tell me--Just f... just say it, Rachel! Jesus.

RACHEL

(puzzled)

Okay...?

he nervously shifts his weight.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

You slept through our wake-up call.

a tidal wave of relief WASHES over John.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

(still skeptical)

C'mon. We're late for breakfast.

Rachel's HAND leading John into the kitchen.

INSERT CUT: JOHN'S IMAGINATION: CLOSE ON Cassandra's HAND leading him into the kitchen the day before--

EXT. POOLSIDE. DAY.

William and John sit together, smoking cigars.

Cassandra slides open the glass door and walks out. she's wearing a pair of faded jeans that are so tight they look *painted* on.

CASSANDRA
(to William)
You said you'd take me shopping.

WILLIAM
Excuse me, Cassandra. I'm in the
middle of something.

a beat.

CASSANDRA
Run them keys.

WILLIAM
Excuse me?

CASSANDRA
Gimme the keys. The Benz.

WILLIAM
No. Absolutely not.

CASSANDRA
(super sweet)
Hey, can I ask you a question?

WILLIAM
Absol--

CASSANDRA
(cutting him off)
Why the fuck are you such a fucking
dickhead?!

John watches Cassandra, even though her back is towards him.

WILLIAM
Jesus, Cassandra, what part of 'no'
don't you understand?

CASSANDRA
(means it)
Both fucking letters.

WILLIAM
Jesus Christ. I swear to God--

John studies Cassandra's ass as she shifts her weight.

JOHN (O.C.)
I-I'll take her, William.

WHIP PAN to REVEAL John, practically salivating, then back to
William.

CASSANDRA

(ad-lib)

Yeah, what the fuck -- he'll take me, William. You douchebag.

WILLIAM

Oh, that's really nice of you, John. But it's not necessary.

(eyeing Cassandra)

She really needs to be punished.

Cassandra looks over her shoulder at John.

JOHN

It's fine. I'm not...

(stubs out cigar)

I'm not exactly getting anything done here anyway.

William exhales a plume of smoke, nodding his head.

we play the tension. William studies them both suspiciously.

WILLIAM

Well... if you insist.

(to Cassandra)

Say "thanks" to John, Cassie.

Okay? He's doing you a favor.

Cassandra squints beneath the sun.

CASSANDRA

Thank you, Mr. Paulson.

John smiles and shrugs. then shrugs and smiles.

EXT. CLIFF. LATE AFTERNOON.

overlooking the ocean. John's rented purple Jeep pulls up from a desolate dirt road and slowly rolls to a stop.

INT. JEEP (PARKED). CONTINUOUS.

John cuts the engine. silence. Cassandra sighs.

JOHN

We don't have to do this.

Yesterday wasn't... We don't...

Maybe we should just go shopping,
so nobody--

Cassandra waves him off, crawling into the backseat.

CASSANDRA
(snaps her gum)
Look, do you wanna fuck me or not?

she looks back at John over her shoulder and grins knowingly.
over which -- PRELAP -- PARTY CHATTER, JAZZ MUSIC--

INT. VILLA. NIGHT.

a champagne cork POPPING and FIZZING.

a cocktail party in full swing. GUESTS (mostly middle-aged RICH PEOPLE) chat and laugh with each other.

BANQUET SERVERS scurry amongst the crowd, offering hors d'oeuvres and champagne to the Guests.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM. SAME.

John roots through his luggage while the party continues pulsating from downstairs. His hand comes across a foreign object in his suitcase...

... a paperback book - a copy of "Lolita".

as John flips through the pages, we SEE a thin SILHOUETTE appear behind him in the door frame.

sensing someone behind him, he turns to find

CASSANDRA,

moving closer, wearing smoky eye make-up, expensive diamond earrings, a button-up shirt hanging over a satin miniskirt.

her heels wobble as she walks across the shag carpet.

they meet halfway across the room.

JOHN
(re: book)
Did you put this in my luggage??

CASSANDRA
Shut the fuck up.

she pushes John onto the bed. he drops the book.

she kneels in front of him, snapping down his zipper. she sloooowly begins to unbutton her shirt.

John looks up at the door, still ajar.

SHADOWS dance against the wall in the hallway.

he suddenly PANICS, pushes Cassandra away, tugs up his pants.

CASSANDRA (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ! Again??!

JOHN
Go! And... get back downstairs.
Before me.

Cassandra looks at him. reluctantly does what she's told.

John looks down at his lap - there's a large LIPSTICK STAIN on his khakis.

he quickly wiggles out of his pants, searches for a pair of jeans--

INT. DINING HALL. CONTINUOUS.

John returns downstairs, his mind racing.

he takes a seat next to Rachel. she leans closer:

RACHEL
Did you change your pants?

he looks at her, unsure of how to respond--

FREEZE FRAME

INT. BATHROOM. LATER.

John enters in a panic. something unusual catches his eye. he turns. on the mirror, scrawled in blood red lipstick, reads:

**cant stop thinking
abt ur cock!!!**

John nearly has a heart attack.

He unravels a roll of toilet paper. desperately tries to erase the words from mirror. but instead, he just smears around the lipstick, making it worse--

EXT. GARDEN. NIGHT.

John violently GRABS Cassandra by the biceps and SLAMS her against an ivy-covered fence.

JOHN
(hushed)
What the FUCK is your problem?

Cassandra laughs.

CASSANDRA
(voice rising)
I thought you'd think it was funny,
YOU FUCKING COCKSUCKER!!

John instinctively tries to put his hand over her mouth, which comes across as awkward as it sounds.

she SLAPS him in the face then SHOVES him in the chest. wipes her nose with the back of her hand.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

at the Breakfast Nook. William stands over Cassandra, both reading the same newspaper.

John sits at the table, drinking coffee, looking like shit.

WILLIAM
Cassandra... What's that on your
arm? What are these bruises?

in the b.g., we may notice John nearly choking on his coffee.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
Where did you get these?

tense pause.

CASSANDRA
I dunno.
(shrugs)
The pool, maybe? Sometimes I get
shit-faced and do cannonballs.

William looks closer at the bruises.

he can almost make out the imprint of his wedding ring--

INT. CASSANDRA'S BATHROOM. NIGHT.

a razor blade GLIDING up Cassandra's bronzed leg.

Cassandra is reclining in a bubble bath, wearing John's sunglasses.

John, mind racing, sits at the side of the tub, shaving her legs.

he accidentally CUTS her.

CASSANDRA	JOHN
Jesus Christ, you dickhead!	I'm sorry--I didn't--I didn't
The fuck's your problem?	mean to...

the bath water quickly becomes slightly muddled with dark blood. she narrows her eyes at John.

after a thoughtful pause:

JOHN
I'm supposed to fly to P.I.
tomorrow.
(then)
With Rachel. And your parents.

CASSANDRA
Yeah, so? Don't go.

JOHN
Oh yeah? How do I do that?

Cassandra shrugs, reclines in her bubble bath, readjusts her surrogate sunglasses.

as John goes to put down the razor:

CASSANDRA
Whoa, whoa, whoa -- what the fuck,
dickhead? You said you'd shave my
pussy too.

INT. MEDIA ROOM. AFTERNOON.

John sits alone, looking "sick", swaddled in thin blankets, watching "Pinocchio" (1940) on the giant projector screen.

the colors splash across his pale, catatonic face.

a thermometer being dipped into a STEAMING cup of tea.

John quickly shoves the thermometer back into his mouth just as Rachel enters.

she checks his temperature.

RACHEL

Whew. One-oh-two? Maybe we should take you to the hospital.

JOHN

(ashamed)

I don't wanna ruin your trip.

(coughs)

I want you to go and have fun. I should stay here and rest.

(sincerely)

I feel like shit.

RACHEL

You look better.

Rachel sighs.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Do you think Cassandra will mind looking after you for the entire night?

John shrugs.

JOHN

I don't think I'll be any trouble.

I doubt I'll even get outta bed.

Rachel looks down at him sympathetically. she moves in for a kiss. He moves away.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Ew, no. Y'know. Cooties.

Rachel pulls back, nods understandingly (but kinda confused)--

EXT. DRIVEWAY. NIGHT.

Alice, William, and Rachel load their overnight luggage into an awaiting black towncar.

Cassandra and John (still wrapped in blankets) watch idly from the driveway.

ALICE

(to Cassandra; re: John)
Make sure he gets everything he
needs!

Cassandra shakes her head and begins walking back toward the villa.

Rachel blows John a kiss. he waves her goodbye.

William, Alice, and Rachel climb into the towncar and close their doors.

the towncar disappears into the night.

John's face, masked in shadows, glowing with excitement--

INT. MEDIA ROOM. NIGHT.

a romantic scene from "**Aladdin**" (1992) plays on the massive projector screen.

Cassandra and John lay together on the futon, making out. she pulls away and directs John's attention toward the screen.

CASSANDRA

Look, look -- this is the part I
was telling you -- You can totally
hear him say, "Good teenagers, take
off your clothes".

JOHN

Shut up. No you can't.

John keeps kissing her neck hungrily. she waves him away.

CASSANDRA

I swear to fucking Christ! Look.
Listen!

Cassandra cranks the volume.

ON SCREEN: as Aladdin bids Princess Jasmine farewell on his Magic Carpet, you can barely hear somebody whisper, "Good teenagers, take off your clothes" (maybe?).

Cassandra mutes the movie.

JOHN

Sounds like he was talking to the
tiger.

CASSANDRA
Sounds like some perverted shit.

JOHN
(grins)
That's what we're about to get
into.

Cassandra playfully shoves John in his chest. they continue making out--

INT. GUEST BEDROOM. NIGHT.

John walks in with a gold bottle of champagne to find Cassandra standing in front of his bed, wearing a revealing black-and-pink lace teddy.

she's also wearing a bobbed pink wig.

CASSANDRA
Ta-da!

JOHN
(re: wig)
Nice touch.

Cassandra crosses the room confidently in her stilettos.
(she delivers this next line with the utmost confidence)

CASSANDRA
(re: her outfit)
First, I want you to fuck me
wearing this.

she points to one of Rachel's blandly-coloured sundresses laid out across the bed.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)
(re: sundress)
Then I want you to fuck me wearing
that.
(then; re: Rachel)
I want you to pretend I'm her when
you're fucking me.

John's jaw nearly hits the floor.

cue cool MUSIC.

SERIES OF SHOTS: "SEXY NIGHT" MONTAGE

- * John, naked, clumsily CHASES Cassandra, naked, through the empty villa.
- * SLOW MOTION: Cassandra POURS champagne into John's mouth.
- * Cassandra dances provocatively in the media room, images from the projector FLASHING across her body.
- * John slouches on the couch in a bathrobe, sipping vodka, watching Cassandra dance.
- * lines of cocaine being cut with a black credit card.
- * Cassandra uses her finger to put cocaine onto her gums. she motions for John to do the same thing.
- * a disco ball SPINNING from the ceiling.
- * SLOW MOTION: John SPRAYS whipped cream onto Cassandra's tits, then he greedily LICKS it up.
- * Cassandra switches wigs and outfits; applies different shades of lipstick and eyeliner.
- * Cassandra, dressed in one of Rachel's sundresses, lays on the bed, wearing a nappy reddish-brown wig.
- * John and Cassandra laughing, goofing around, play-wrestling.
- * John SPREADS Cassandra's legs in various rooms: on the sink basin in Rachel's bathroom; on the carpet of the Master Bedroom; out by the pool, on the diving board.
- * Cassandra SNORTS a thick line of cocaine. reacts accordingly.
- * John's POV: Cassandra STARES straight into his eyes.
- * Cassandra's woven, multicolored ankle bracelet propped up on John's shoulder.
- * John SNATCHES a fistful of Cassandra's wig; pulls it off. they start laughing. He throws it across the room.
- * SLOW MOTION: John POURS out champagne onto Cassandra's tits, which he greedily laps up.
- * giggling, John and Cassandra take turns doing WHIP-ITS from the nozzle of the whipped cream canister.

- * SLOW MOTION: CLOSE ON Cassandra's mouth, licking her lips, sticking out her tongue, touching the tip of her nose.
- * John SNORTS an equally large line of cocaine. rubs his nose.
- * Cassandra positions her butt towards John. he pushes up the sundress and squirts some baby oil onto Cassandra's ass.
- * We're behind John as he trots down the diving board and does a CANNONBALL into the illuminated pool. we're following with him as he plunges underwater, the lights casting an eerie glow beneath the surface.
- * Cassandra continues her provocative dance in the media room, images from the projector still FLASHING across her body.
- * CLOSE ON Cassandra peering over her shoulder seductively.
- * John, underwater, swimming toward the surface.
- * John SQUEEZES Cassandra's slender throat. he quickly releases his grip.

CASSANDRA
(hoarse whisper)
No, no. Keep... keep doing it.

- * John tightens his grip around Cassandra's neck. he BANGS her head against the headboard. she MOANS with pleasure.
- * Cassandra, getting fucked from behind, turns toward John and whispers something inaudible and falls out of focus.
- * John's "Oh-Face" as he nears an orgasm.
- * Cassandra's "Oh-Face" as she FAKES it.

LATER

the disco ball still SPINNING.

the CAMERA slowly PUSHES IN on John, wide awake, with Cassandra sleeping peacefully in his arms. he quietly smells her hair. Savors the moments.

He stares into...

DARKNESS

we hear the same LABORED BREATHING and SKIN SLAPPING from the beginning--

SERIES OF SHOTS: "SPANK BANK" MONTAGE

as PHOTOGRAPHS of NUDE WOMEN flash at a nauseating speed, the PANTING and SPANKING sounds build to a satisfied CLIMAX.

we notice the pace of the NUDE PHOTOS flashing slower now, at a decreasing speed, shuffling at a deliberate pace, crudely falling out of focus. then...

silence. heavy breathing.

INT. BATHROOM. NIGHT.

John's tightly CLOSED EYES as he climaxes.

his HEAD gently falls against the mirror.

he pants exhaustively. his EYES slowly open.

we're in the same bathroom from the beginning. John exhales. pulls his pants up. he washes, then dries his hands.

stares placidly at his reflection.

crosses the bathroom. opens the door.

INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

John's bare feet TIP-TOEING across the shadows.

with a stellar amount of grace, John crosses the room and crawls into the king-size bed, where Rachel lays, snoring.

he spoons her and gently kisses her on the cheek.

she slightly stirs, remains asleep.

John rolls over and stares into the camera, smiling, as we--

CUT TO:

BLACK FRAME

THE END