

SEDUCTION OF DELUSION
By
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FADE IN

THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS PAINT A PERFECT BACKGROUND.

EXT. ROAD - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Sign on the side of the highway reads: WELCOME TO ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA.

EXT. STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

STREET SIGN READS: KINGSTON ROAD

A beautiful rural area scattered with attractive homes. Bathed in trees, bushes and flowers, it looks like a picture perfect place to live. It is truly God's country.

EXT. MARGARET CARSON'S HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

MARGARET CARSON, a Baby Boomer is attractive, dressed in a pink dress that shows off a shapely figure. Her brunette hair is mid-shoulder length and ripples in the breeze as she trims one of her many rose bushes.

The bushes face her neighbor's house.

EXT. TONY AND PAT DIMONO'S HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

TONY DIMONO is sixty-one with gray hair; warm smile; paternal nature. He wears glasses and is dressed for golf.

PAT DIMONO is thin with sandy blond hair. Dressed in a sweat suit, she starts her jog and gives a quick wave to Margaret.

Tony opens the garage door and notices Margaret, he moves to the fence.

TONY

Hey Maggie, how are you doing this morning?

Margaret instantly stops her task.

Margaret has a laid back California tone of voice.

MAGGIE

Fine. I see you're off to play golf again, huh?

TONY

You know it!

MARGARET

Does your wife play?

TONY

Pat? Golf? No, she tried it a couple of times. It's not her thing.

MARGARET

That's too bad. I'm just the opposite. I love the game. Where's the nearest course?

TONY

Just a couple of miles down the road. The Fairview Public Golf Course. It's where I go.

Margaret returns her attention to the roses.

MARGARET

Well, have fun.

Tony gives a friendly nod and climbs into his car.

He backs out of the driveway, stops and taps his horn. He waves Margaret over to him.

He lowers the passenger side window.

Margaret bends towards the passenger window.

TONY

Hey, I was just thinking. If you'd be interested, you can come golfing with me next weekend? I can show you around.

MARGARET

Oh, that's so sweet. You sure it's okay with Pat?

TONY

Don't worry, she won't mind. Really.

MARGARET

I'll think about it.

TONY

I'll tell you what. Next Saturday I'll be leaving at ten AM, so if you want to come along, just meet me out front.

Margaret backs away from the car and soon it cruises down the street. She looks after it for a long time.

INT. MARGARET'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Margaret is on the sofa. On the coffee table in front of the sofa is a glass of iced tea. She sips it and extracts a huge photo album from under the table.

First she studies the picture of herself. Under it is a caption that reads: "AFTER PICTURE". She flips the page and stares at the photo of a woman in a wheel chair.

A mist covers her eyes.

SHE DRIFTS TO THE PAST

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY, 1950

INT. MARGARET'S PARENTS APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM DOORWAY AREA - DAY

Margaret's P.O.V.

Two year old Margaret stands by her father, EDWARD CARSON. He has white hair and his body posture is distant from his daughter.

They watch as MARY CARSON shuffles into the room. Mary is crippled and needs the aid of two canes to get herself situated into the rocker by the door.

Once Mary is seated, Margaret sobs uncontrollably as she rushes onto her mother's lap and wraps herself around her tightly.

Tears roll down Mary's flushed cheeks as she kisses the top of her child's blond hair.

MARGARET

Mommy, mommy, please don't go away again.
I missed you a big bunch.

MARY

Oh sweetheart, I'm back now. Were you a
good girl for daddy?

Edward moves in and brushes his wife's cheek with an embarrassed kiss.

EDWARD

(looks at Margaret)
You've been gone six weeks and she (MORE)

hasn't stopped sitting by the window waiting for you to come back. I didn't know what to do with her. It's a good thing your mother was able to help me with her.

Margaret holds on tightly to her mother.

MARY

Everything is okay Margaret. You just be a good girl and mommy will never go away again. I promise.

FOUR YEARS LATER

INT. MARGARET'S PARENTS APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Margaret now is six and a chubby child with long hair. She sits on a stool in front of her mother who tries to comb through a mass of knotted hair.

Margaret holds her head and runs to the other side of the room.

MARGARET

You pulled my hair! I don't want to get my hair combed!

MARY

(frustrated)

If you listened to me and stopped twirling your hair and making knots, we wouldn't have to go through this. Come back here. Now!

Margaret stands there defiantly.

MARY (CONT'D)

Did you hear me young lady?

Mary makes a 'you had better come here now face'. When Margaret does not respond, Mary struggles to stand.

She tries to grab her canes, but they crash to the floor.

MARY (CONT'D)

You get over here right now or I'll call the bad kids home and let them take you away!

On a small table next to Mary is a phone, she reaches for it.

Margaret's face turns pale, she retreats into fear mode. Immediately, she runs back to her mother.

MARGARET

I'm sorry mommy. I'm sorry. Please don't let them take me away. I'll be good. I promise.

Mary returns the phone and resumes the painful process of getting the knots out of Margaret's hair.

EDISON, NEW JERSEY 1992

INT. MARGARET'S HOUSE/DEN - DAY

In the corner of the room Margaret now thirty-four years old sits at a desk typing frantically on a typewriter. While still attractive, she is thirty pounds overweight and has red hair.

Two sweaty boys run into the room. The older male is JACK, Margaret's fifteen year old son. He chases his eleven year old brother BILLY into the room. Jack waves a huge plastic baseball bat over Billy's head.

JACK

Come here you little creep, I'm gonna bash your head in!

Billy runs to Margaret for protection.

Margaret stands between them. She speaks in a strong loud JERSEY ACCENT.

MARGARET

(to Jack)

What's wrong with you?

Jack tries to reach around and bat Billy, but Margaret intercedes and reaches for the weapon. Jack does not let go easily. But, unexpectedly he releases his grip. Margaret falls back, bangs into Billy who falls on the floor in a heap.

Jack laughs as Billy cries.

JACK

You both look stupid! What a couple of dorks!

He roars with laughter.

Margaret helps Billy to stand.