

M/F

MATT

They're for Ava. I'm stocking up.

CHRISTIAN

Why?

MATT

Because we're going away.
(pointedly)
Forever.

OFF Christian, deeply upset and shocked --

INT. AVA'S HOUSE -- DAY

CLOSE ON ice cubes slinking into a cut-crystal glass. Ava pours vodka as Christian glowers over her shoulder.

AVA

Go ahead -- turn me into the police. I'll deny everything, Matt will support me entirely, and all you'll accomplish is starting a criminal file for your very own son.

CHRISTIAN

Matt won't be arrested, you will.

AVA

Pharmaceutical drug theft is a felony. Do your research before you come into my house with your pathetic Chicken Little act.

She walks over and coolly extends the drink.

AVA (CONT'D)

Vodka, rocks. If memory serves, you downed it the last time you came into my house barking similar hollow threats. Drink up. And then get out.

Christian knocks it out of her hand. The glass shatters to the ground. Ava looks at the puddle of glass, then at him.

AVA (CONT'D)

How barbaric. Despite your doctor's degree and your slick veneer of sophistication, when it comes to women and how to treat them you've crawled right out of a cave.

CHRISTIAN

I'd watch that mouth if I were you.

AVA

Or what? You'll hit me?

CHRISTIAN

If you were a man, after the hell you've caused my family, you'd be on the floor.

AVA

And you'd be on top of me, wouldn't you Christian? Because you want me, don't you.

CHRISTIAN

You lubricate acid, if I put my dick inside you it would sizzle off.

AVA

It would sizzle, all right.

(a beat)

Matt's not here, but you knew that before you walked in carrying your big stick you're afraid to swing. You're not upset that Matt's seeing me...you're upset that you're not.

CHRISTIAN

You're crazy. And let me be clear that I'm not leaving this hell house until you agree to stop seeing Matt. I'll kill you before I let you take him out of this country.

AVA

Screw the petty threats. You want me to stop seeing, Matt? Then make me.

She lightly slaps his face, backing him up, emasculating him.

AVA (CONT'D)

You want me to stop? Then there's only one thing for you to do, Christian -- make me want you more. Conquer me.

She slaps him again, and again.

AVA (CONT'D)

But you don't have the guts. Neither does Sean, or Julia. I have the power and I'm keeping it.

More slapping. More backing him up.

AVA (CONT'D)

I see now you're like the rest of them -- threatened, kowtowed... spineless.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AVA (CONT'D)

Terrified of the unconditional, of a woman with mental and sexual intelligence.

More slapping.

AVA (CONT'D)

You disappoint me, Christian. In the end, you're all bark and no bite.

That's it. He grabs her arms, roughly. They are nose to nose.

CHRISTIAN

Bite me.

AVA

How hard?

A long tense beat. And then, Christian and Ava --

CONNECT. Kissing roughly, passionately. He pushes her, roughly, to the couch. She smiles. She likes it.

He's on top of her now. Kissing. Petting. His hands push up her skirt. Her eyes open. He's crossed a line.

AVA

No.

CHRISTIAN

You started it, you're finishing it.

He pulls down his zipper. She grows alarmed and fights back but he holds her down.

AVA

Stop it.

He pulls down her underwear. She's alarmed and excited. She slaps him. He smiles.

CHRISTIAN

You want to be conquered? Consider it done.

Christian thrusts himself into her. Ava arches with excitement. PUSH IN on Christian. He stops thrusting. And just stares at her.

We hold on the charged carnal moment. Then, with no warning, Christian pulls out, pulls up his pants, and starts out. Ava stands, upset.

AVA

What's wrong? Am I too much of a woman for you?!

(CONTINUED)