

HOWARD (HOWARD AND BRIANNA SIDES)

INT. HOWARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brianna leans on the dresser, ARMS CROSSED HARD. Not going anywhere. Howard's on the bed.

HOWARD

It was a stupid pop-up. I told you.

BRIANNA

So she WAS on the internet? She told me she wasn't, so do I need to talk to her about lying or what?

HOWARD

NO. I was on the internet. Just drop it.

BRIANNA

NO.

In his face.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Was it porn? I don't care, I just want to be able to explain...

INT. HOWARD'S LIVING ROOM

Sherry plays with a beautifully, intricate doll-house.

HOWARD (O.S.)

Stop.

Sherry flinches, then keeps playing.

INT. HOWARD'S BEDROOM

Howard holds Brianna's hand softly.

HOWARD

Please. Sit down with me.

Brianna sits, nervous.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

I'm gonna tell you something. But
you have to believe me. THIS is the
real me. Not back then.

He's inside his head. SOMEWHERE HE DOESN'T WANT TO BE.
Brianna pleads into Howard's eyes.

BRIANNA

You're scaring me. Just tell me.

Wet eyes all around.

HOWARD

Promise you believe me? THIS is the
real me. I'm not the same person
that...

Looks into her eyes and lets out a deep breath. He sucks in,
and tears drop.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

...that did what we did.

BRIANNA

What did you do Howard?