

THAW

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INT. ICE FISHING TENT - DAWN

DOUG AND DENNY ARMSTRONG sit in an ice fishing tent atop a frozen Lake Winnippy. Their lines already dangle through a hole in the ice below them.

Doug pours coffee from a thermos. Denny opens a can of beer.

DOUG ARMSTRONG

A beer? It's not even five yet.

DENNY ARMSTRONG

Cheers.

DOUG ARMSTRONG

You're a piece of work. What's for lunch, shots of Jack?

DENNY ARMSTRONG

Before I got married we used to go fishin' five or six times a winter. Now we go once if all the stars align and Tina's not on the rag.

Denny takes a healthy pull off the can.

DENNY ARMSTRONG

(cont'd)

I'm gonna enjoy myself.

Both lines tense up.

The brothers look at each other, then each steadies his line.

DOUG ARMSTRONG

Looks like someone's come to join us for breakfast.

A few bubbles rise to the surface where the lines enter the water. They peer into the hole.

SPLASH.

A head with matted brown hair and china white skin pops through the opening.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - EARLY MORNING

POP. The can of Coke that LIEUTENANT CYRIL CASH holds explodes as he opens it. He continues to drive with his wrists as the can foams out of control.

Cy's fellow officer and partner, JIM WALSH, takes a sip from a Styrofoam cup of coffee.

JIM WALSH

Shit Cy, why can't you drink coffee in the morning like the rest of us?

Finally, the Coke flow is under control. Cy takes a slug from the can.

CY CASH

Where do you think those beans come from to make that dirt water you're drinking?

JIM WALSH

Columbia, I guess.

CY CASH

Exactly. So it really fucks me off that a former member of New York City's vice squad, like yourself, isn't boycotting all that country's exports.

Jim Walsh looks at his Styrofoam cup.

CY CASH (cont'd)

You think Juan Valdez doesn't have a few acres set aside for his cartel buddies to manage?

(beat)

It ain't Cremora they're sendin' up here.

Cy picks up the radio handset and puts it to his mouth.

CY CASH (cont'd)

Wake up coffee drinkers, wake up.

JIM WALSH

You're a fuckin' whack.

STATIC can be heard coming across the two way radio.

BEV THE DISPATCHER

(voice only)

Lieutenant Cash, this is dispatch.

CY CASH

(into handset)

Cash here. What's up Bev?

BEV THE DISPATCHER

(voice only)

Cy we just got a call about an hour ago about a body up at Lake Winnippy. Sheriff Carroll would like to have you join him up there as soon as possible.

CY CASH
 (into handset)
 Another beautiful morning shot in the
 ass. They got an EMT up there yet?

BEV THE DISPATCHER
 (voice only)
 Cy, it's in the lake.

Cy lights a cigarette.

CY CASH
 (to Jim Walsh)
 Looks like we're going fishin'.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

LIZ CASH, Cy's second wife, moves about the room. Her hands hurriedly pack personal items into a suitcase.

She opens a dresser drawer and takes out a .38 and some money and tosses it all into the suitcase.

On a bedside table sits a small, silver tray with a tiny pile of white powder on it. She leans in and snorts it up.

She removes her wedding band and places it on the tray near a wedding picture of herself and Cyril Cash.

She grabs the suitcase and exits the room.

EXT. THE MAYS' RESIDENCE - DAY

A dilapidated ranch house sits in a heavily wooded area.

INT. THE MAYS' RESIDENCE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Van Halen's "Ain't Talkin' About Love" blares from a pair of old speakers. RANDY MAYS, the local drug dealer/burnout, sits on a couch a Yankees hat on his head, his pants down around his ankles.

A YOUNG RED-HEAD, shirt open and bra on, but unclasped, works Randy with her head between his legs.

RANDY MAYS
 Go baby, uh huh, good, good, go, go, go.

Randy writhes as he climaxes. She obliges and takes it all.

Once done she rises, leans over a coffee table and snorts a quick couple of lines and then heads on down the hallway.

YOUNG RED-HEAD
(voice only)
Where's your toothpaste?

RANDY MAYS
Why? Aren't your teeth already as white
as they can be?

YOUNG RED-HEAD
(voice only)
You're a pig.

RANDY MAYS
Don't get bitchy, baby. It's in the
cabinet.

Randy pulls up his pants and leans toward a louvered set of closet doors. One door is open slightly.

RANDY MAYS (cont'd)
Right Ricky? That little piece of ass
has really grown up, huh?

Randy pulls a box of tissues off the top of an old television.

He hands them toward the opening between the louvered doors. A hand reaches out and grabs the box.

RANDY MAYS
Nothing like a real red-head, huh?
She just took the first deposit on a long
overdue payback.

A grotesque squeal emanates from behind the doors.

RANDY MAYS (cont'd)
Quiet now, she'll be gone soon.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

The young red-head finishes brushing her teeth and goes to put the toothpaste back into the cabinet.

She notices a bottle of pills with the name 'Diane Briggs' printed on the label.

She grabs them and heads back down the hall.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

She enters holding up the bottle of pills.

YOUNG RED-HEAD

You fucking pig. Do all your girlfriends
get a shelf, cause I was thinking about
leaving some tampons here?

Randy lights up a joint.

RANDY MAYS

Think I gotta cut you back on the meth,
baby. You're gettin' pair-uh-noid.

YOUNG RED-HEAD

Is there anyone in this town who isn't
fucking that old whore?

She throws the bottle at Randy.

It hits him square in the bare chest and explodes, showering
pills all about the room.

She storms out.

RANDY MAYS

You'll be back. Everybody loves to fuck
the Mays brothers.

He shoots a glance at the closet doors.

RANDY MAYS (cont'd)

Right, Ricky?

Randy laughs heartily then takes another drag off the joint.

EXT. LAKE WINNIPPY - DAY

Crime scene activities abound.

An OLDER POLICE OFFICER talks with Denny and Doug Armstrong.

A YOUNG COP stretches out crime scene tape.

Cy Cash and Jim Walsh walk by him then stop. Cy Cash has an
unlit cigarette in his mouth, he roots around in his pockets
for a match.

CY CASH

(to Young Cop)

You gonna shut down the whole lake, kid?

YOUNG COP

Yes sir, that's my intention.

CY CASH
Where you from, kid?

YOUNG COP
Washington D.C., sir.

Cy and Jim Walsh laugh.

CY CASH
You close this lake at the height of ice
fishing season and I guarantee we'll be
investigating not one, but two bodies out
here.

(beat)
Do you wanna be useful to the
investigation?

Young Cop nods emphatically.

CY CASH (cont'd)
Then go find me a match or a fuckin'
lighter.

SHERIFF WALT CARROLL calls to Cy from the lakeshore.

SHERIFF WALT CARROLL
Quit harassing my new recruit, Cyril.

Cy and Jim saunter down to the lakeshore. Walt hands Cy a
lighter.

SHERIFF WALT CARROLL
(cont'd)
I want it back.

CY CASH
Thanks Wally. What we got?

The Sheriff points toward the fishing tent.

SHERIFF WALT CARROLL
Doug and Denny say they caught a 'body'
this morning, but it got away so all we
have is their story, two nervous boys and
one big, frozen lake.

Cy looks out over the frozen lake.

CY CASH
Divers?

SHERIFF WALT CARROLL
 We're gonna get a bigger hole cut out
 there, but we'll have to wait on frogs.
 Jarrett's Diving Service down in Albany
 doesn't have anyone available for a few
 days.

Cy stares out at the frozen lake, mesmerized.

CY CASH
 Water's fuckin' cold too.

OFFICER JACK HILL stands out on the ice near the fishing
 tent. He holds up something nondescript over his head and
 calls ashore.

OFFICER JACK HILL
 Sheriff, come have a look at this.

Sheriff Walt Carroll starts off across the frozen lake. Cy
 Cash doesn't move from where he stands on shore.

SHERIFF WALT CARROLL
 Come on, Cy.

CY CASH
 No, thanks.

SHERIFF WALT CARROLL
 Cy, it's been colder than an old whore's
 heart the past two weeks. Believe me,
 she's frozen solid.

Cy waves for Walt to go on without him.

Sheriff Walt Carroll cups his hands to his mouth and yells
 toward Officer Jack Hill.

SHERIFF WALT CARROLL
 (cont'd)
 Bring it ashore.

Sheriff Walt Carroll rejoins Cy Cash and Jim Walsh on shore.
 Officer Jack Hill makes his way over.

OFFICER JACK HILL
 Look at this.

He holds up a section of fishing line containing tackle and a
 hook that holds lake plant life.

OFFICER JACK HILL

(cont'd)

This is off of Denny's rod.

Cy lights another cigarette off of the one he is finishing.

CY CASH

I'm not sure I want to look at something off any guy's rod, much less Denny's.

Jim Walsh and Sheriff Walt Carroll roll their eyes.

OFFICER JACK HILL

Very funny, sir. As I was saying, this is Denny's line. There's a little weed on the hook, but here,

(pokes at it with a ball point pen)

here I'm seeing possibly some hair and something that looks like part of a feather.

SHERIFF WALT CARROLL

Alright then, let's bag that line and get it off to Buffalo. I'd like to have a lab work-up on it as soon as possible.

Cy stares off out at the lake.

CY CASH

Let's ride some ass down in Albany, too. I want divers pronto, so at least we can verify that Doug and Denny just didn't catch a buzz this morning.

(under his breath)

Fuck this lake.

INT. KING'S BAR AND GRILLE - NIGHT (10 YEARS EARLIER)

A 25 YEAR OLD CY CASH sits and drinks with KYLE PARRISH at a back table. The table is filled with empties.

A local band pushes a bad imitation of the Lynryd Skynyrd's "Gimme Three Steps" on a boozy crowd.

CY CASH

I'm telling you, man, you're going to miss this shit. You've only been back a year.

KYLE PARRISH

It's a big move, but I always told myself that when I finished Med school I was gonna take a year, do my apps for a residency and then get the hell out again.

CY CASH

You should have applied to Sacred Heart in Albany.

KYLE PARRISH

What, and stay in this frozen fucking wasteland? Sorry Cy, but I got used to the sunny south at school. It's sun and waves in old F-L-A for this boy.

Kyle signals for another round of beers from DIANE BRIGGS, a waitress working the tables.

CY CASH

Have you told Diane yet?

KYLE PARRISH

Why do you think I'm getting drunk?

CY CASH

No nerve, son. No nerve. Mark my words, you'll fuck up and you'll be back.

KYLE PARRISH

When, and if, I come back it'll be in style my man, in style.

Randy Mays enters the bar and Cy notices.

CY CASH

It must be half-price night for assholes.

Kyle turns in his chair and sees Randy, followed by Beth Hargrove, Cy's recent Ex.

KYLE PARRISH

Looks like he's got a date.

CY CASH

That bitch.

Cy stands. He raises his voice well above the din and directs his comments at Randy and Beth.

CY CASH (cont'd)
 Look... at... this. If it isn't the
 burnout and the whore.

Randy and Beth both recognize the bellicose voice and
 reluctantly turn their attention to an obviously intoxicated
 Cy.

RANDY MAYS
 Fuck you, police academy faggot.

BETH HARGROVE
 (to Randy)
 Just ignore him. He's drunk as usual.

RANDY MAYS
 They teachin' you all the narc tricks
 down in Albany?

Cy wades into the crowd as far as he can until only a small
 table of PATRONS separates him from Beth and Randy. Kyle
 follows.

CY CASH
 (to Beth)
 I see you're working your way down the
 food chain again, Beth.

BETH HARGROVE
 Go to hell, Cy.

CY CASH
 The divorce ain't even final yet and
 you're already whorin' with not just any
 asshole, but the biggest shit for brains
 asshole in town.

Beth holds Randy back. Kyle holds back Cy.

Patrons at the table below them exchange nervous glances.

RANDY MAYS
 She woke up from her nightmare marriage
 to you, killer, and now it's just sweet
 dreams inside these lovin' arms.

Randy flexes then wraps his arms around Beth's waist.

CY CASH
 (to Beth)
 Watch you don't wake up in a choke hold,
 darlin'. By the way, shouldn't you be at
 home with Katie?

BETH HARGROVE

Don't you dare pretend to be concerned about her. She's safe and sound. Who are you to talk, anyway? You live in this damn place.

She looks past Cy to Kyle.

BETH HARGROVE

(cont'd)

Hello, Kyle.

KYLE PARRISH

Hey, Beth.

Cy pulls out a wad of money, peels off some bills and throws it at them.

CY CASH

Here, get drunk on me. Just do me one favor, fuck him in the car, not in my bed.

Diane Briggs approaches with a tray of beers and hands two to Cy. She flashes Beth a cutting look.

DIANE BRIGGS

Cy, sweetheart, take these two back for you and Kyle, on the house. Now go on.

Cy takes the two beers. He turns to Kyle and foists one of the beers at him.

CY CASH

(mimicking Beth's voice)

Hello, Kyle.

(mimicking Kyle's voice)

Hey, Beth.

(beat)

What are you, the fucking Welcome Wagon?

Cy tips his beer back and takes a long hit.

INT. KING'S BAR AND GRILLE - DAY (PRESENT)

Cy Cash finishes his beer and hands the empty bottle to a waitress named LORRAINE. She sets a fresh one down in front of him. He sits alone at a back table.

CY CASH

Thanks Lorraine.

LORRAINE

You're in early today.

Cy nods.

The bar manager, BUDDY COLE, enters the bar carrying money bags. He moves in behind the register and opens it.

BUDDY COLE

Afternoon, Cy. Lorraine, when the hell does Diane get back?

Cy gives a guarded look.

LORRAINE

In about a week. I think she's scheduled for next Saturday.

BUDDY COLE

No offense, but she's been here so long that the place just doesn't function real well without her.

LORRAINE

None taken. I'm not sure I want to get real good at this.

INT. DIANE BRIGG'S KITCHEN - DAY

A cat sits on the kitchen counter lapping at an old bowl left on the counter. It is startled as the phone begins ringing. The phone rings three times, an answering machine picks up.

DIANE BRIGGS

(voice only)

You missed me, you missed me, now you gotta kiss me. So leave a big wet one at the tone and I'll get back to you just as soon as I can. Thanks.

A long BEEP follows her message.

CY CASH

(voice only)

Diane, listen, I know you're gettin back next Saturday. Please, page me when you hit town. I'm sorry about all this crazy shit, but I just really need to see you.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH OUTSIDE KING'S - DAY

Cy Cash stands in a phone booth, smoking a cigarette. He hangs up the receiver he holds in his hand.

FLASH CUT

INT. CY CASH'S PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

Aerosmith's "Sick As A Dog" plays on the radio. Cy Cash bops to it as he tries to salvage the last remnants of white powder out of several baggies strewn about the vehicle.

He scrapes the remainders into a few scraggly lines on the top of an old road map. He snorts it up.

FLASH CUT

EXT. PHONE BOOTH OUTSIDE KING'S - NIGHT

Cy Cash, receiver in hand, listens to the repeated rings of a phone.

INT. CY CASH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

On the nightstand near a wedding photo of Cy and Liz Cash, a phone rings. An answering machine picks up. Cy's own voice offers a greeting.

CY CASH

(voice only)

Hay-lo, Liz and I can't get to the phone...

(female giggling)

...we're out in the name of law and order servin' justice upon the evil doers of this fair burg, so leave a message, cause once it's safe to walk the streets again, you'll be gettin' a call back for sure.

INT. PHONE BOOTH OUTSIDE KING'S - NIGHT

Through the receiver in Cy's hand the sound of a female giggling, then the BEEP TONE.

CY CASH

Liz, you there? Come on, pick up. Don't be paranoid. I know you're there. Hell, you never leave that fuckin' house, especially when the sugar jar's full of crank. Pick up the damned phone.

Cy slams the receiver back onto the hook.

CY CASH (cont'd)
Shit. Junkie bitch.

Cy looks overhead at a half moon in a clear sky.

EXT. LAKE WINNIPPY - NIGHT

A bright half moon hangs over the frozen lake.

INT. CY CASH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cy enters the front door. The house is pitch black.

He begins moving from room to room turning on lights.

CY CASH
Liz? Hello. Liz?

Cy turns on the kitchen light. The room is a mess of dirty breakfast dishes and open food containers.

CY CASH (cont'd)
(to himself)
Martha Stewart she ain't.
(yelling)
You asleep... awake... dead?

Turns off kitchen light. Blackness. Turns on bedroom light.

The room is a tussled spread of blankets, bed sheets and clothing. Liz is not there.

Cy walks to the bed and sits down next to the night table that holds the wedding picture, the phone and the answering machine.

He spots the wedding band on the a tray and delicately plucks it off.

Two messages blink on the machine. He hits play. BEEP. The first message starts. It is noisy, the sound of traffic fills the background.

LIZ CASH
(voice only)
Cy, it's Liz. By now you know I'm gone.
There's no way I'll ever get straight if
I stay.
(beat)
We're not married to each other, we're
married to it.

(beat)

Don't try to find me, I'll be okay. It's time we both start tryin' to take care of ourselves. People like you and I got no chance otherwise.

(beat)

I love you, Cy. I love what we coulda' been. Bye now.

A tear rolls down Cy's cheek.

EXT. LAKE WINNIPPY - NIGHT

Snow falls. BEEP. The second message plays.

CY CASH

(voice only)

Liz, you there? Come on, pick up. Don't be paranoid. I know you're there. Hell, you never leave that fuckin' house, especially when the sugar jar's full of crank. Pick up the damned phone.

BEEP. The message ends and turns to DIAL TONE.

FLASH CUT

INT. DIANE BRIGGS' KITCHEN - NIGHT (TWO WEEKS EARLIER)

Diane Briggs is on the phone and moving about the room as she puts together a bowl of ice cream for herself.

DIANE BRIGGS

This whole thing is a mistake.

(licking off spoon)

Listen, I'm not going to go through it all again. I don't have to explain myself to you. My god, I ought to have my head examined, this just can't continue.

(beat)

No, you can't come over. You know damn well I'm leaving for Florida in the morning.

(beat)

No, I don't need a ride, I've got a cab coming out.

(beat)

Listen, I think it would be better for everyone concerned if you just stopped calling and forget what happened. I'm sorry, but it's over and you've just got to get that through your head. Goodbye.

She hangs up and sighs. She looks at the bowl of ice cream on the counter and shoves it away.

INT. DIANE BRIGG'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Diane is perched on the edge of her bed, wearing just a tee-shirt and her underwear. She is taking off her earrings. She has one out when loud KNOCKING begins at her front door.

DIANE BRIGGS

(to herself)

I'm gonna kill that son of a bitch.

The KNOCKING becomes louder.

FLASH CUT

INT. CY CASH'S BEDROOM - DAY (PRESENT)

Loud, persistent knocking awakens a bleary-eyed Cy Cash. He fumbles about as he gets out of bed and tries to pull himself together.

CY CASH

Alright already, give it a break would ya'?

Cy makes his way down the hall, detouring just briefly to step into the kitchen and check the sugar bowl. Empty. He makes his way to the front door and yanks it open.

There stands the young red-head from Randy's apartment.

CY CASH (cont'd)

Well, darlin'. What a pleasant surprise. You're up early for a...

(pauses in confusion)

KATIE CASH

Saturday would be what usually follows a late Friday night. Early? It's almost eleven. You forgot again, didn't you, Daddy?

Cy leans out the door and kisses her on the forehead.

CY CASH

Now, Katie Cash, don't jump to any conclusions. I just got in late is all. We've got a murder investigation goin' on down at the station. Give me five minutes.

She steps in through the door and he heads down the hall. She follows him.

INT. CY CASH'S BEDROOM - DAY

KATIE CASH

Murder? Here? In town?

Cy looks at himself in a bureau mirror. He examines the clothes he is wearing that he slept in.

CY CASH

Out at the lake. A woman, we think, but that's just speculation and you didn't hear it here. How's this shirt look?

KATIE CASH

Like you slept in it.

CY CASH

Now that's good police work.

EXT. F & M DINER - DAY

INT. F & M DINER - DAY

LOCALS fill the diner booths and stools. FRANCES MILLS works the register and barks at the YOUNG WAITRESS'. Her husband, MATT MILLS, slings breakfast fare on a grill behind her.

Cy and Katie sit at the counter, midway through their own breakfasts.

CY CASH

How are you and your mother doin'?

KATIE CASH

Okay, I guess. She's on my ass as usual.

CY CASH

Good, somebody's got to keep you out of trouble. School?

KATIE CASH

Alright.

(beat)

You know, mom was talking a lot about you the other day.

Cy rubs his nose and shifts his eyes toward the ceiling.

KATIE CASH (cont'd)

She was sayin' how you always fixed everything up around the house so good. She said it was like living with a handyman.

Cy scoops up the last of his homefries and eggs onto his fork and shovels them into his mouth.

CY CASH

Reminds me. Tell her I'll try to get out this week sometime to take a look at that roof. Still leaking when it rains?

KATIE CASH

Whatever, I guess so.

(beat)

I think she misses you and I know you still love her, so...

CY CASH

Katie, we've been coming here practically every Saturday for the past six years and you always manage to steer the conversation onto the subject of your mom and I gettin' back together.

(beat)

If you remember, I got re-married to Liz. Your stepmother?

Katie's face twists as she looks anywhere except at Cy.

KATIE CASH

(under her breath)

Big mistake.

CY CASH

What?

KATIE CASH

I said, I know.

CY CASH (cont'd)

Besides, that was a long time ago. Your mother and I are different people now.

(beat)

We were then too. The one thing we do still have in common, though, is you.

Katie stops eating and stares straight ahead. Cy lights a cigarette.

CY CASH

C'mon, finish up, I got alot of work to do today.

(to Fran)

I'll take a coffee to go, Franny.

Fran nods and signals to a YOUNG WAITRESS to get one to go.

A bell above the diner entrance jingles as a punk-rock girl named Stacey Richards enters. She wears all black, hair shaved close on the sides with a full mane, dyed black, flowing down her back. She goes by the nickname STAR.

Frances Mills shoots her a dirty look. Matt Mills tries to be more diplomatic.

MATT MILLS

Mornin' Stacey.

Star gives him a half-hearted nod as she heads toward the counter.

KATIE CASH

Well, well, well. Miss Richards, it's not even noon yet. You're looking chipper.

Star eases herself onto the open stool next to Katie.

Cy rises without acknowledging her and moves toward the register.

KATIE CASH (cont'd)

(whispering)

I waited as long as I could last night, did you ever find any?

STAR

Randy says he ain't cookin' this week, thinks he's being watched. Then I ran into that fuckin' loser Mike, said he was holding. Said he'd set me up, but wanted to fuck first. Turns out he didn't have much and what he had was cut with somethin' nasty. I went home sore and sober about three.

Cy gets his change and his coffee to go from Fran.

Matt stops slingin' at the grille, turns toward Cy .

MATT MILLS

Cy, Fran and I were monitoring the scanner yesterday.

(beat)

Heard you got a body up at Winnippy?

CY CASH

Never any secrets in this town, I guess. Doug and Denny think they saw somethin' through a fishin' hole up there.

Cy shoots a look at Star as he heads toward the door.

CY CASH (cont'd)

Up to a minute ago I was layin' odds with the boys at the station that it was Stacey. But we all know this town's never had that kind of luck.

A ripple of laughter rises from the nearby tables. Katie shakes her head disapprovingly.

CY CASH

(to Katie)

Tell your mother I'll call her. Bye darlin'.

Star sits, turned away from Cy, at the counter. One hand holds a spoon and stirs a cup of coffee, the other is tucked close to her chest, closed into a fist with her middle finger extended.

Cy exits the door.

STAR

(to Katie)

I still refuse to believe you're related to that asshole.

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK - DAY

Cy Cash drives as he talks on the two-way radio. A cutting noise filters through the handset.

CY CASH

How's things goin' up there? Any frogs yet?

EXT. LAKE WINNIPPY - DAY

WORKMEN are out on the ice using an industrial cutter.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

Jim Walsh sits in a cruiser near the shoreline. Jim talks back to Cy on the two-way.

JIM WALSH

They promised me some divers later this afternoon. Right now, Bill Kennet and his boys are cutting a bigger hole for us.

CY CASH

(voice only)

Tell 'em to bag me some cubes, would ya? Alright then, I'm following up on a few hunches this morning. Talk to you later. Cash out.

EXT. TWO LANE ROAD - DAY

Cy Cash's pick-up moves up the road.

EXT. THE MAYS' RESIDENCE/GRAVEL DRIVEWAY - DAY

Cy Cash pulls up the drive and stops behind an old, beat up Cadillac.

Cy gets out, then reaches back in and grabs a badge which he tucks into his shirt pocket. He also grabs a handgun which he tucks into the back of his belt.

Distant muffled RIFLE ROUNDS fill the woods surrounding the property.

EXT. THE MAYS' RESIDENCE/SIDE DOOR - DAY

Cy knocks hard on the door and waits. There is no response. More RIFLE ROUNDS go off in the distance. Cy looks toward the woods.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Cy makes his way through thicket and twisted limb. The RIFLE ROUNDS becoming clearer as he goes.

Cy comes to a clearing. A 50 gallon steel drum, scorched from repeated fires, sits in the middle of it. In it is a mixture of charred beer cans, brush and garbage.

Cy reaches in and pulls out a twist of stripped, blackened pot plants. He takes a sniff.

CY CASH
 (to himself)
 Not bad for homegrown.

He tosses the twist back into the drum.

EXT. WOODS (DEEPER) - DAY

Randy Mays leans against a tall, dead oak and lines up a shot with a rifle tucked tight in against his shoulder.

At the end of his sights sits a small doe foraging the forest floor.

Cy spots Randy and the doe in the distance. He draws his revolver.

The doe looks up.

Randy begins to squeeze the trigger.

Cy fires into the air and the doe scurries off.

RANDY MAYS
 You stupid fuck.

CY CASH
 Little out of season, Randy?

Randy lights a cigarette.

RANDY MAYS
 Not if that pretty young lady's on my property, killer.

CY CASH
 You always have liked 'em underage, huh?

RANDY MAYS
 (under his breath)
 You got no idea.

CY CASH
 What's that, dooper?

RANDY MAYS
 I said, so sweet the cup so full yet still untouched.

Cy starts peeling off some bills from a roll of money.

CY CASH
 Alright Shakespeare, gimme an ounce.

RANDY MAYS

I'm not holdin'. I gave up cookin'.

Cy pulls out his revolver, cocks the hammer and points it at Randy.

CY CASH

Don't give me that bullshit, dooper. You been cookin' meth longer than anyone in this 'burg. You'd probably be a millionaire by now if you didn't have to feed that big old monkey on your own back.

Randy digs into his jacket pocket and pulls out a Ziploc sandwich bag about half full of white powder. He throws it to Cy.

RANDY MAYS

There, that's all I got right now. Take it, on the house, killer.

(beat)

Do me a favor and get yourself a new fuckin' source.

Cy walks over to Randy and stuffs the bills into his shirt pocket.

RANDY MAYS (cont'd)

I said, it's on the house.

CY CASH

One thing I know for sure, there ain't nothin' free attached to this shit. You pay for it, you beg for it, you steal for it, you fuck for it and maybe, just maybe, even kill for it.

Cy stuffs the baggie into his jacket pocket and starts to walk away, turning back to Randy at the last minute.

CY CASH (cont'd)

We got an arrangement, scumbag. You keep me supplied, you keep your mouth shut and I keep the rest of the department from coming up here and busting your ass.

RANDY MAYS

I hate your fucking ugly face, get the fuck out of here.

CY CASH

You got a right, I guess. No turnin' the clock back to better days, that's for sure.

(reflects for a moment)

Heard about your mom, sorry.

RANDY MAYS

What do you mean, you killed her twenty years ago. We just got around to burying her last week is all.

CY CASH

Speaking of burials, you don't know anything about a dead gal up at the lake?

RANDY MAYS

I like mine living, thanks.

CY CASH

Well, if it's anyone you fucked then she was probably a suicide. Have a good one.

Cy walks on.

Randy rolls his eyes and then is stopped cold by the sound of something in the brush off to his right.

A doe raises her head and stands still.

EXT. RANDY MAYS' HOUSE - DAY

The side door hangs open. Cy enters.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - DAY

RICKY MAYS, Randy Mays' mentally impaired younger brother, sits on the floor watching pornography on a 35" TV. He is in his pajamas with a Yankees ball cap on his head.

All around him is a mess of old newspapers, fast food bags and containers.

CY CASH

Ricky. Ricky.

Ricky turns his head slowly from the image of a man and woman fucking on the screen. As his eyes set on Cy, he begins rocking back and forth excitedly and squeals.

CY CASH (cont'd)

How ya' doin', buddy?

Cy reaches into his pocket and pulls out a candy bar. He unwraps it and gives it to Ricky.

CY CASH (cont'd)
That crazy Randy treating you alright?

Ricky eats the candy bar and lays his head on Cy's shoulder.

Cy looks around the unkept room. He notices the pills all over the floor, picks one up and then discards it.

He spots the pill bottle and drags it to himself with his foot. He reads the label.

DIANE BRIGGS
1423 W. Marshall Ave.
Cloversville, NY 12144

Take once daily with food.

Cy takes the bottle, scoops a few pills into it and pockets it.

CY CASH (cont'd)
Alright Ricky, gotta get going.

Cy stands. Ricky turns his attention back to the pornography.

Cy notices a large buck knife with blotches of white powder on the blade laying on the coffee table.

He picks it up, licks a finger, swipes the blade with it and tastes it.

CY CASH
Stupid doesn't cover it. Ricky, I swear
you got more sense than your brother.

Cy places the buck knife on a high bookshelf.

He pulls a couple twenty dollar bills out of his pocket and stuffs them into Ricky's shirt pocket. Cy pats Ricky on the top of his hat.

CY CASH (cont'd)
You guys and the fucking Yankees.

Cy looks down at the pornography and winces. He grabs the remote and channels through. Cy comes across an episode of the Three Stooges and leaves it on.

CY CASH (cont'd)
Everything in moderation, my man.

Cy pats Ricky on the head and leaves.

EXT. LAKE WINNIPPY/SURFACE - DAY

A large ice cutting machine spits ice shavings and water.

EXT. LAKE WINNIPPY/SHORELINE - DAY

TWO DIVERS suit up. Sheriff Carroll and Cy's partner, Jim Walsh, stand around with other OFFICIAL TYPES.

EXT. LAKE WINNIPPY/SURFACE - DAY

Ice shards spray furiously, whiting out everything.

EXT. ST. PAUL'S CEMETERY - DAY

Cy sits on top of a grave stone. The inscription is hidden by the dangle of his legs.

Cy licks a finger and dips it into the bag of methamphetamine and brings it to his nostril and snorts. He repeats this action again and again.

A final snort and Cy's face becomes a TEENAGE CY's face.

EXT. WOODS/NEAR LAKE WINNIPPY - NIGHT (20 YEARS EARLIER)

Teenage Cy wanders about in the bright moonlight. His perception is fuzzy. He carries a bottle of liquor from which he takes pulls now and then.

TEENAGE CY
(loud and slurring)
Hey, you bastards, where are ya?
(beat)
Gene? Ricky? Randy?

He stumbles on.

Laughter comes from the darkness in front of him. He spots his older brother EUGENE CASH, TEENAGE RANDY and TEENAGE RICKY out in a clearing, but stays in the woods.

EXT. CLEARING IN THE WOODS - NIGHT

Ricky and Eugene dance fingers in front of each others faces. They laugh uncontrollably.

Randy lights a cigarette and continues lighting matches, throwing them in an arc through the air. He watches their paths intently.

EUGENE CASH

(to Ricky)

This is some of the best blotter I've ever gotten. Tell me it's blowin' your mind, little man?

TEENAGE RICKY

Could you repeat the question?

Both laugh hysterically.

TEENAGE RANDY

I don't feel a fucking thing except my skin crawlin' from all the speed and strychnine they cut this shit with now.

(beat)

Would you two girls like to pull it together?

Eugene and Ricky continue trying to freak each other out.

TEENAGE RANDY

(cont'd)

Gene, where's that waste product brother of yours? You best keep track of that little skid mark, it's his first trip, man.

Cy bursts out of the woods and plucks Randy's Yankees hat off his head, puts it on and keeps running.

TEENAGE RANDY

(cont'd)

You little prick.

Randy, Eugene and Ricky take off after him.

Cy runs through the woods pursued by the other three. He comes to the edge of a frozen Lake Winnippy and heads right out onto it.

He holds the bottle of liquor in one hand the ball cap in the other. He takes a pull off the bottle and puts the cap back onto his head.

Randy, Eugene and Ricky arrive at the shoreline.

Cy goes into a faux pitcher's wind-up.

TEENAGE CY

It's three and two, tying run on second,
winning run is waiting for the pitch from
this young ace.

TEENAGE RANDY

Get the fuck off the ice you little
smear. I want that hat back.
(to Eugene)
He's in for a beating.

TEENAGE CY

He shakes off the sign, shakes off
another. I think he wants to serve the
high heat and the high heat only.

TEENAGE RANDY

That's it.

Randy starts across the ice, Eugene and Ricky follow.

EXT. LAKE WINNIPPY - DAY (PRESENT)

The ice cutter whirs away spitting even more shards of white.

EXT. LAKE WINNIPPY - NIGHT (20 YEARS EARLIER)

TEENAGE CY

Here's the pitch.

Cy whips the bottle and it smashes in between Randy and
Eugene

EXT. LAKE WINNIPPY - DAY (PRESENT)

Ice cutting.

EXT. LAKE WINNIPPY - NIGHT (20 YEARS EARLIER)

TEENAGE CY

Stee-rike.

Randy tackles a hysterical Cy. Eugene and Ricky come to a
slippery stop near the two of them.

EXT. LAKE WINNIPPY - DAY (PRESENT)

The large circular chunk of ice being cut releases with a
SPLASH into the lake.

EXT. LAKE WINNIPPY - NIGHT (20 YEARS EARLIER)

The ice releases beneath Eugene and Ricky and they both plunge into the lake.

EXT. LAKE WINNIPPY - DAY (PRESENT)

DIVER #1 slides jumps into the lake through the new hole.

EXT. LAKE WINNIPPY - NIGHT (20 YEARS EARLIER)

Randy and Cy stop wrestling and look back at where Ricky and Eugene had been standing. The ice below them gives way as well.

EXT. LAKE WINNIPPY - DAY (PRESENT)

DIVER #2 enters the water.

EXT. LAKE WINNIPPY - NIGHT (20 YEARS EARLIER)

Cy plunges down through the freezing water.

Randy scrambles away from the collapsing surface.

EXT. LAKE WINNIPPY/SUB-SURFACE - NIGHT (20 YEARS EARLIER)

Eugene and Ricky plunge further down into the lake as they struggle to shed their heavy winter coats.

Cy attempts to swim toward the moonlight filtering through the ice break and into the water.

EXT. LAKE WINNIPPY/SURFACE - NIGHT (20 YEARS EARLIER)

TEENAGE RANDY

Ricky. Ricky. Help. Somebody fuckin'
help us.

Over by the original break through, Randy spots a hand shove out of the water. Randy eases his himself over to the hole.

Cy bobs up and down in the opening unable to pull himself up and out.

Randy grabs one arm, then another and pulls until Cy is up on the surface.

TEENAGE RANDY

(cont'd)

Where's Ricky? Where's Ricky?

Randy spots another hand coming from the other break in the ice and begins edging over toward it. He grabs the hand but is unable to pull the weight below it up and out.

Cy sits feet away dazed and panting.

TEENAGE RANDY
(cont'd)

Help me, Cy. Help me, Cy. Get off your
fucking ass and help me. I'm losing him

Cy's icy/stoned/shocked eyes are unresponsive.

TEENAGE RANDY
(voice only)

Cy... Cy... Cy...

EXT. ST. PAUL'S CEMETARY - LATE DAY (PRESENT)

Cy wipes his stoned, tear-filled eyes with his forearm.

He releases the empty Ziploc baggie into the wind and hops down off the cemetery stone which reads:

EUGENE FRANKLIN CASH
1961 - 1978

INT. KATIE CASH'S BEDROOM - LATE DAY

The room is as neat as a pin. The nature of the decor is for a girl much younger than the seventeen year old Katie. Teddy bears abound. A small wicker table holds framed photos of Katie and Cy down through the years.

The sound of a loud KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

INT. SITING ROOM - LATE DAY

Cy's first wife, BETH HARGROVE, moves through the room. The KNOCKING persists.

EXT. BETH HARGROVE'S RESIDENCE - LATE DAY

Cy stands at the screen door, it opens.

BETH HARGROVE

Cy?

CY CASH

How about a hot cup of coffee for a cold,
old bum, Beth?

BETH HARGROVE

Come on in. You don't look too cold.
(chuckles)

Cy enters and chuckles too.

INT. SITTING ROOM - LATE DAY

Cy sits in an old wicker chair and looks at a framed picture of Katie. Beth enters with a tray that holds two steaming mugs.

Cy puts the picture aside.

CY CASH

She's the best of what we had with each other, even if what we had wasn't all that much.

He takes his mug from the tray. She takes hers and they clink them together.

BETH HARGROVE

I'll drink to that.

CY CASH

Wish she'd stop hanging around that Stacey.

BETH HARGROVE

You just don't like the way she looks.

(beat)

Maybe you're right, you are getting old. You seem to forget that you were twice as wild as her at that age. Remember?

CY CASH

It's just that...

Beth cuts him short.

BETH HARGROVE

Stop.

(beat)

You're still the worrier after all these years. Leave it be, she's growing up and all your wishful thinking and all your paranoia can't change that.

Cy winces in pain and pinches his forehead with two fingers.

BETH HARGROVE

(cont'd)

You okay? You don't look good, Cy.

CY CASH

Fine. Just fine. Not enough sleep is all. We got a major investigation going on.

Beth sits behind a table holding a deck of tarot cards.

BETH HARGROVE

I heard, a body up at the lake. Maybe a girl, right?

CY CASH

I'd be surprised if I know anything more than anyone else in this gossip hollow. I mean why should I, I'm only the head investigating detective here in the county.

BETH HARGROVE

Little sensitive? You told Katie this morning, remember?

Cy goes to light a cigarette.

CY CASH

Oh, yeah. I forgot.

BETH HARGROVE

Cy, you know the rule about smoking in the house.

Cy slips the cigarette behind his ear.

CY CASH

You used to be fun.

She picks up the deck of tarot cards.

BETH HARGROVE

I also used to be short of breath, overweight and headed for rehab.

CY CASH

God, those were good times.

BETH HARGROVE

Come here. Let me do your cards.

Cy stands and moves toward her.

CY CASH

You know I don't believe in that crap.

BETH HARGROVE

Humor me.

Cy sits across from her.

EXT. THE HARGROVE RESIDENCE - LATE DAY

Katie Cash approaches the driveway. She notes Cy's pickup. A pleased look comes across her face.

INT. KITCHEN - LATE DAY

Katie enters the house quietly. The murmur of voices can be heard.

She moves slowly down the hall, stopping just short of the sitting room. Out of sight, she props herself against the wall and listens.

CY CASH

(voice only)

I've been thinking about you and Katie being all alone here at the house.

BETH HARGROVE

(voice only)

Been alone together here for a long time.

CY CASH

(voice only)

This lake thing has got me thinking about, well...

BETH HARGROVE

(voice only)

No way. You're not moving back here.

Katie's face falls.

KATIE CASH

(to herself)

Bitch.

INT. SITING ROOM - LATE DAY

CY CASH

Very funny. What it's got me thinking about is that you don't have any protection here. No dog, no alarm, not even a gun.

BETH HARGROVE

That's right. That's how we like it.

She starts turning over the tarot cards. Cy stands and takes his revolver out.

CY CASH

I want you to keep this here. I know you probably haven't fired one in a while, but it's just like riding a bike.

BETH HARGROVE

Forget it. No. No. No.

CY CASH

Yes, yes, yes. Besides, I recall you were quite a shot when I used to take you out to the range.

BETH HARGROVE

God, to think I once considered an outing like that a date.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Katie listens.

INT. SITING ROOM - LATE DAY

Cy stands. He checks and sees that the revolver is loaded.

CY CASH

I'm leavin' it here with you.

Katie peeks around the corner.

CY CASH (cont'd)

I gotta get going. Where do you want it?

BETH HARGROVE

You're still as stubborn as the day I met you. You wouldn't take no for an answer then either.

(beat)

Just put it in the tool cabinet in the garage, at least I can lock that.

CY CASH

Good girl. Gotta run. I'll be back next week to have a look at that roof.

BETH HARGROVE

You better be. I don't want to have to use my new firearm to hold you to your word.

Cy leans across the table and hugs her and starts to leave.

CY CASH

Told ya, just like ridin' a bike.

BETH HARGROVE

Hey, what about your cards?

CY CASH

I'll draw two and match the bet.

BETH HARGROVE

Get out of here, non-believer.

CY CASH

Pagan.

INT. HALLWAY TO KITCHEN - LATE DAY

Cy rounds the corner. Katie is nowhere to be seen.

INT. SITTING ROOM - LATE DAY

Beth looks down at the cards and starts turning them over. She turns over three cards with women on them and then the death card.

INT. CY CASH'S PICKUP TRUCK - DUSK

Cy drives. A call comes over the two-way from Jim Walsh.

JIM WALSH

(voice only)

Cyril Cash, you out there. This is Walsh. Come back.

Cy picks up the handset.

CY CASH

Y'ello, Jim, Cash here. What's up?

EXT. LAKE WINNIPPY - DUSK

Diving activity is winding down for the day. Equipment is being stowed.

Jim Walsh stands just outside cruiser, talking into the handset.

JIM
I'm hoping a little that
town's first murder investigation
twenty years isn't getting in
your social calendar?

(beat)
Where you been?

CY CASH
(voice only)
Following leads. What's the word?

JIM WALSH
They've been diving all afternoon.
Nothing. Shutting it down. Nighttime,
you know.

INT. CY CASH'S PICKUP TRUCK - DUSK

CY CASH
Alright then, have a good night and I'll
see you out there bright and early.
Thanks. Cash out.

EXT. LAKE WINNIPPY - DUSK

Jim Walsh drops the handset from his mouth and stares out at
the frozen lake.

EXT. SOUTH ORCHARD PARK - NIGHT

Star and a teenage boy named ZIPPER get out of a car parked
in a local park.

Star pulls a heavy sweater over her topless frame. Zipper
adjusts his pants and is about to slip a jacket on.

STAR
Fucking cold. Gimme your coat.

Zipper hesitates.

STAR (cont'd)
Zipper, a gentleman always offers his
coat to a lady. So, come on. Give me
the fucking jacket.

Zipper tosses it over. Star puts it on.

STAR (cont'd)
Hit 'em with some lights, go on.

Zipper reaches into the car and turns on the headlights.

The lights hit Katie and a teenage boy named BONGO in the midst of making out against a tree in the distance. They stop.

BONGO

Kill the lights, man.

Katie is laughing.

STAR

What, were you guys talking all this time?

BONGO

Don't be an asshole, kill the lights.

STAR

I can't help it if she's a prude, Bongo. Now get your ass up here. It's my intention to smoke the rest of your pot.

Katie starts up toward the car. Bongo hesitates.

STAR (cont'd)

Bongo, are you deaf? I'm on a tight schedule. I've got to kill your bag and be out of here in the next half hour. I've got a date to keep with a real man with real drugs.

Katie laughs all the way to the car.

Radiohead's "Creep" comes on the car radio.

KATIE CASH

Turn it up.

Zipper reaches back in the car and cranks it.

Katie begins dancing in the glow of the car headlights.

Star is transfixed by her movements, which she sees in slowed motion.

Katie's face, hair, lips, breasts, hips and ass.

Bongo and Zipper stand near Star. Bongo offers her a packed bowl.

ZIPPER

She's good.

Star lights the bowl and takes a hit.

Perfect. STAR

Very hot. BONGO

Don't go fallen in love, boys. She's gonna be my lover. STAR

I'm into that, man. BONGO

Three's a crowd, baby. STAR

What about me? ZIPPER

Hey, here's an idea. Why don't you put a dress on Bongo, fuck him and I'll watch. STAR

Star turns to Bongo and hands him the bowl.

This is empty, again. STAR (cont'd)

The dance continues and Star becomes transfixed again.

EXT. THE ROYAL MOTEL - NIGHT

INT. THE ROYAL MOTEL - NIGHT

Liz Cash sits on the edge of the bed. She wears only a towel wrapped tight around her body, her wet hair dangles in front of her eyes.

She lights a cigarette as she talks on the phone.

LIZ CASH
I know what I said a few days ago.
(beat)
I am quitting. Soon. I just need a little to finish out the weekend.

It is unclear who she is speaking to, but Liz listens for a moment.

LIZ CASH (cont'd)
Just a couple of grams is all.
(beat)

Yes, I've got money. Do you want me to swing by?

(beat)

No, I'm not at the house. I'm at the Royal Motel, room 109.

(beat)

So, I'll get it tonight, when?

(beat)

No, I'm not going anywhere. Whenever is just fine as long as it's tonight. I'll be up all night.

(beat)

I left him, but I don't want to talk about that. Hey, tell you what, you bring it down yourself and you'll get more than just cash for your trouble, you'll get a little Liz Cash.

(beat)

Okay then, bye.

She hangs up the phone and catches a glimpse of herself in the mirror on the wall. She fusses with her wet hair just a bit.

EXT. KING'S BAR AND GRILLE - NIGHT

INT. KING'S BAR AND GRILLE - NIGHT

A YOUNG WAITRESS wipes the table off where Cy sits.

The bar is lively and full of PATRONS. A LOCAL BAND plays on a small corner stage.

Cy looks over the crowd. Time passes as he downs drink after drink. After a while he sees Beth enter the bar with THREE FEMALE FRIENDS.

Cy stands and calls across the crowded room for Beth to come over and join him.

She turns to her friends. Their collective body language says 'No, thanks'.

Cy is making a spectacle of himself, gesturing wildly to Beth. She relents and joins him.

CY CASH

Good to see you here. I didn't think you even ventured out anymore.

BETH HARGROVE

I was actually out for dinner with the girls and they talked me into coming here instead of calling it a night.

Cy flags down the Young Waitress.

CY CASH

We're in need of refreshment. The lady will have...

Cy points to Beth.

BETH HARGROVE

Seltzer with lemon.

CY CASH

Come on, how about a glass of wine. Let your Ex buy you a drink for chrissakes.

(to the Young Waitress)

We used to be married you know. I let a good one get away, that's for sure. We got the prettiest daughter you ever seen, though.

(to Beth)

Say, hon, isn't she a rose in full bloom?

YOUNG WAITRESS

She's havin' a seltzer, is that it or do you want somethin' too?

Cy is put off by her impatience.

CY CASH

Sure then, just bring the same low grade poison this place has pushin' since it opened. Double beam, no rocks.

Cy pulls a couple of tens off the table and tosses them onto her tray as she leaves.

CY CASH (cont'd)

Buy yourself some manners when you get off.

BETH HARGROVE

How long have you been here?

CY CASH

Little while.

BETH HARGROVE

How many doubles is a little while?

Cy downs the last of the drink still in front of him.

CY CASH

It's funny, when we were married I was
the worry wort.

BETH HARGROVE

I'm not worried about you, if that's what
you're implying.

He lights a cigarette.

BETH HARGROVE

(cont'd)

I do care, though, what Katie hears
about. People we all know see you in
here like this, they talk.

CY CASH

The people in this bar, excuse me, in
this town, are all fucking losers and...

Cy stops short and looks out across the crowd. She wrenches
around to see what he is staring at.

Cutting through the crowd carrying a tray of drinks is an
older Kyle Parrish.

Cy rises from his seat, a glint in his eye.

KYLE PARRISH

Drinks, on the house for the lovely
couple occupying table number sixteen on
the seating chart.

Cy starts toward him.

CY CASH

I don't believe it. You beautiful son of
a bitch. I thought you were dead, you
beautiful son of a bitch.

He grabs Kyle in a bear hug. Kyle struggles to keep the tray
of drinks from spilling.

KYLE PARRISH

You know I don't dance, chief. Careful.

Cy spins him slightly and lets out a YOWL.

Kyle catches Beth's eye, Beth catches his.

A WAITRESS grabs the tray from a still spinning Kyle.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

A tray of fresh drinks arrives at the table that now holds Cy, Beth and Kyle.

KYLE PARRISH

I just got sick of the practice. I mean, looking up people's asses all day for four years does something to you. So, I split. Travelled through South America, worked in clinics to keep a little green in my pocket and just basically lived the life of a gypsy.

CY CASH

You mean, bum.

KYLE PARRISH

Exactly.

BETH HARGROVE

That's wonderful. I always wished I'd gotten out of here.

KYLE PARRISH

So, you two an item again?

Both Cy and Beth issue quick denials. There is an awkward pause. Cy raises his glass.

CY CASH

(slurring)

Who needs one?

BETH HARGROVE

No, thanks.

KYLE PARRISH

I'm good.

CY CASH

Come on, just like the old days. Have another. This is a celebration. You bugged out of here ten years ago and never mailed so much as a postcard. It feels like I got part of my family back.

KYLE PARRISH

I missed you too. I just can't drink like I used too. But there'll be plenty of time to catch up, I plan on stickin' around for a while. Believe it or not, I'm actually considering settling down here again, maybe open a practice.

Beth seems pleasantly surprised by this information.

CY CASH

I remember tellin' you ten years ago you'd be back. I ain't as worldly as you, but I know people.

Cy rises from the table and hugs Kyle.

CY CASH

Best news I've heard in ten years. Tell you what, you open that practice and I'll make sure there's a line of assholes waiting for you to look up. This town's still full of 'em.

Kyle nods in appreciation.

CY CASH

I hear the little boys room callin', don't you dare go anywhere.

Cy leaves and sways through the crowd.

BETH HARGROVE

He missed you something terrible.

Kyle slides his hand across the table and puts it on top of Beth's.

KYLE PARRISH

Anyone else miss me?

BETH HARGROVE

You know I did. I kept every letter.

EXT. KING'S BAR AND GRILLE - NIGHT

The parking lot is almost empty save for Cy's pickup and three other vehicles.

INT. KING'S BAR AND GRILLE - NIGHT

The bar is now empty save for the the table that Cy, Beth and Kyle occupy. An extremely drunk Cy spouts on. The lights come on.

CY CASH

(slurring)

Back to my place. Everybody back to my place.

BETH HARGROVE

I'm not sure Liz would appreciate that.

KYLE PARRISH

Liz?

BETH HARGROVE

His wife.

CY CASH

She doesn't give a shit, cause she left me the other day.

Cy tips back in his chair and hits the floor.

CY CASH (cont'd)

The bitch.

(laughing loudly)

Kyle and Beth get up to help Cy off the floor.

The bar manager, Buddy Cole, wanders over.

BUDDY COLE

Hello, Beth.

Buddy looks at Cy on the floor. Cy has passed out.

BUDDY COLE (cont'd)

Hello, Cy.

Buddy turns to Kyle and extends his hand. Kyle shakes his hand.

BUDDY COLE (cont'd)

It's Kyle, right.

KYLE PARRISH

You got quite a memory, Buddy. It's been ten years.

BUDDY COLE

I remember two kinds of people, the ones who pay their tabs and the ones I have to toss out of here cause they don't.

KYLE PARRISH

I'm not sure I want to know what category I fall into.

They all look at Cy passed out on the floor.

KYLE PARRISH (cont'd)

I can get him out to the car, but honestly I don't know where he lives these days.

BETH HARGROVE

You know, Buddy, I don't tolerate his boozing anymore. I don't want Katie waking up to this.

BUDDY COLE

Listen, you guys get yourselves home safely. Just help me get him onto the cot in the back office. Tomorrow won't be the first time he's woke up back there.

Cy lays back on the floor and snores slightly.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The floor of this dark room is a mosaic of discarded clothing. In bed, Kyle and Beth make love.

INT. THE ROYAL MOTEL/ROOM 109 - NIGHT

Liz Cash writhes in sexual climax on the edge of the bed. Though not seen, it is clear that there is someone between her legs.

INT. BACK ROOM @ KING'S BAR AND GRILLE - NIGHT

Cy Cash, fully clothed, sleeps soundly on a cot.

EXT. THE ROYAL MOTEL - NIGHT

An old beat up Cadillac pulls out of the parking lot and onto the highway.

A half moon is high in the sky.

EXT. LAKE WINNIPPY - NIGHT

A half moon is high in the sky.

EXT. LAKE WINNIPPY - DAY

Activity abounds as divers prepare to re-enter the lake. Jim Walsh is summoned on the two-way radio.

BEV THE DISPATCHER

(voice only)

Detective Walsh, this is dispatch.

JIM WALSH

This is Jim, Bev. Go ahead.

BEV THE DISPATCHER

(voice only)

Jim, I'm sorry to bother you up there, but no one seems to be able to get a hold of Cy.

JIM WALSH

That's okay, I expected to see him up here a few hours ago myself. What can I do for you?

BEV THE DISPATCHER

(voice only)

We just got a phone call from the folks up at the Royal Motel. Apparently one of the cleaning people says she found a body in a room about a fifteen minutes ago.

CY CASH

(voice only)

Walsh, Bev. This is Cash.

Jim Walsh looks at his watch.

JIM WALSH

Good morning, sleeping beauty.

INT. CY CASH'S PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

Cy digs in the ashtray with his fingers, pulling out and examining different spent cigarette ends.

CY CASH

My wake-up service ain't worth a damn anymore.

Cy pulls a cigarette nub from the tray, pops it into his mouth and lights it. He grimaces as he takes a hit from it.

CY CASH (cont'd)

Listen Jim, I'll head out to the Royal. Probably some high school kid passed out and left for dead at one of them motel mixers they're always having.

(beat)

Bev, anyone else heading out there yet?

BEV THE DISPATCHER

(voice only)

Two black and whites and an EMT so far.

Cy falls into a coughing spat.

CY CASH

Jim, you still there?

JIM WALSH

(voice only)

Back at ya'.

CY CASH

I know I've mentioned my old buddy, Kyle Parrish to you about a thousand times. Ain't seen him in years, right? Well, he's back, saw him last night at King's.

EXT. LAKE WINNIPPY - DAY

Jim Walsh shakes his head.

JIM WALSH

Kings, huh? No wonder you never showed.

CY CASH

What's that?

JIM WALSH

Nothing. Said I'm looking forward to meeting the myth.

INT. CY CASH'S PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

CY CASH

You won't be disappointed. Cash out.

As Cy leans to put the handset back he notices a full, unopened pack of cigarettes in his shirt pocket. He pulls them out, gives them a quizzical look and drives on.

EXT. ROYAL MOTEL - DAY

Cy Cash pulls his truck into the parking lot which already holds various emergency and police vehicles.

He steps out and is met by the Royal Motel owner, JAKE BROOKER, who is a long time acquaintance.

CY CASH

I'm tellin' you, Jake, you gotta stop renting rooms to those high schoolers. They're turning your place into a brewery.

Jake is shaking his head as he reaches Cy. He puts his arm around Cy and turns him back toward the road.

JAKE BROOKER

Jesus Cy, I'm sorry... uh...

Cy stares dead into his eyes then breaks away, sprinting toward the room that POLICE OFFICERS stand outside.

CY CASH

(screaming)

Katie. Katie.

OFFICER JAY COSTELLO blocks the door to Room 109.

CY CASH (cont'd)

Costello, get the fuck out of my way.

Officer Costello moves aside.

Cy enters the room.

INT. THE ROYAL MOTEL/ROOM 109 - DAY

Laying on the bed, face up, in just a loose shirt is Liz Cash. A silk scarf is draped across her neck.

CY CASH

Liz. Liz. Wake up, it's Cy. Come on darlin'. Please. God, no. Please.

Cy gently shakes her lifeless body.

The Coroner, BEN OAKLEY, enters the room with Officer Costello. He puts his hand on Cy's shoulder.

BEN OAKLEY

Cy, I'm sorry. God, I'm so sorry. Come on, let me take care of her now. Please.

Ben nods to Officer Costello who comes forward to help escort Cy out.

Cy notices the drug paraphernalia sitting on the night table.

CY CASH

(to Ben Oakley)

She wasn't a junkie, Ben. She wasn't, I swear.

BEN OAKLEY

I know, Cy. Listen, whatever happened in here I have a feeling that scarf has more to do with this than whatever residue we find on that stuff. By the looks of her neck, I think that thing ended up pretty tight around it.

Cy leans over and kisses her head. Officer Costello helps him to his feet and leads him toward the door. A teary-eyed Cy turns back at the door.

CY CASH

Ben, be gentle with her.

EXT. ROYAL MOTEL - DAY

Cy wipes tears away and lights a cigarette. He turns to Officer Costello.

CY CASH

Jay, spread the word. Nobody leaves this motel until we get statements from every fucking person staying here last night.

(to Jake Brooker)

Jake, anyone check out yet?

JAKE BROOKER

Not yet.

CY CASH

When did she check in?

JAKE BROOKER

Looks like two days ago. I wasn't here at the time. The register shows she used a different name.

Officer Costello approaches Cy with a group of OTHER OFFICERS.

CY CASH

Alright, let's wake 'em up.

Cy heads for the door marked 110. He knocks hard. There is no answer. He knocks hard again. The door opens. Kyle and Cy stand face to face.

KYLE PARRISH
(sounding surprised)
Cy. Hey, buddy.

Kyle tries to tuck the door tight behind himself.

CY CASH
I'm not here to take you out to
breakfast, unfortunately.

KYLE PARRISH
(nervous and puzzled)
What's up then?

INT. ROYAL MOTEL/ROOM 110 - DAY

Beth Hargrove steps out of the bathroom tying a towel around her wet hair and without looking up she begins speaking.

BETH HARGROVE
Kyle darling, let's go get a big ol'
breakfast.

EXT. ROYAL MOTEL/ROOM 110 - DAY

Kyle starts to open his mouth, but nothing comes out.

Cy's eyes and lips tighten as he recognizes the voice.

BETH HARGROVE
(voice only)
Eggs, bacon, homefries, the works.

Cy reaches past Kyle, shoves open the door and pushes through.

Beth is stunned.

BETH HARGROVE
(cont'd)
Cy?

CY CASH
You whore.

BETH HARGROVE
You don't own me.

CY CASH

I'm thinking about you kissing Katie with that same mouth later on and it's making me sick inside.

KYLE PARRISH

Cy, don't talk to her like that.

Cy turns and punches Kyle low and hard. Kyle collapses.

Beth screams and goes to his side.

CY CASH

You're under arrest you transient piece of shit not for fucking my first wife...

Cy kicks Kyle hard in the ribs. Beth screams.

CY CASH (cont'd)

... but for killing my second.

He kicks Kyle again. Kyle groans. Beth wails.

CY CASH

Save your tears for Liz. She won't be crying any of her own again thanks to your new boyfriend. He choked the life out of her.

(beat)

The only thing we don't know is whether it was before or after he fucked you.

Cy begins to walk out, but turns back.

CY CASH (cont'd)

How does it feel to have absolutely no soul at all?

Cy heads out of the room.

EXT. THE ROYAL MOTEL - DAY

CY CASH

(yelling)

Somebody come cuff this piece of shit in one ten.

Cy follows the black body bag being carried out of Room 109. The two EMT ATTENDANTS load the bag onto a stretcher and into a waiting ambulance.

The back door to the ambulance closes.

INT. THE HARGROVE RESIDENCE - DAY

The screen door slams closed as Star enters the house through the kitchen. She wanders through the house.

STAR

Hello? Anybody home? Kay-tee? Miss Hargrove? Katie Lynn?

Star comes to Katie's bedroom.

INT. KATIE CASH'S BEDROOM - DAY

Katie sleeps atop her made bed. She is clothed just in a shirt and panties. Star runs her gaze across the contours of Katie's body.

Star approaches the bed and stands over her. She reaches down and caresses the length of one of Katie's exposed legs.

Katie sighs then awakens, startled.

KATIE CASH

Jesus, what the hell are you doing in here? You scared the shit out of me.

Katie sits up and pulls her arms close across her chest. Star sits down beside her.

KATIE CASH (cont'd)

Did you touch me or was I just having a creepy dream?

STAR

Creepy?

(beat)

No dream, sweetheart. I ran my hand down one of those beautiful legs of yours. Please forgive me. I've been cranking all night and it was just too much, you laying there like a fawn in the dew.

(beat)

I could make you feel so good right now. No one's home. I walked right in.

KATIE CASH

You know, I think the world of you. You're the only friend I've got in this god forsaken place. But I'll say it once again, I just don't feel that way toward you or any other women for that matter. I'm hopelessly heterosexual and you better get used to it. Sorry darling.

Katie gets off the bed and begins slipping into clothing.

STAR

Boys. Men. What do they know? What have they ever known? Just their own selfish needs, that's what. They're all the same. They all want to do as little as possible for you and still expect you to let them come on your face. It's all cheap pornography to them followed by sleep or tv.

(beat)

Only we know what we need. Only I know what you need.

KATIE CASH

Are you done? Listen, I appreciate what you're saying, but you can't fight biology.

STAR

Just remember that.

KATIE CASH

What's that supposed to mean?

STAR

Nothing. I'm gonna go and see if I can score early today. My goal is to be up until homeroom Monday morning. That'll make it close to seventy-two hours without sleep.

KATIE CASH

You're not only a bi-sexual, but a masochist as well.

STAR

That sounds better than bull dyke, I guess.

INT. WINNIPPY POLICE STATION - DAY

Cy makes his way to his desk.

He opens the drawer. In it is a fifth of Jim Beam.

CAPTAIN JOHN GARRETT

(voice only)

If you're pouring one, pour two.

Cy looks up at him. Hesitates.

CAPTAIN JOHN GARRETT
(cont'd)

Go ahead. Who wouldn't, under the circumstances?

Cy unscrews the cap and takes a hit.

Captain John Garrett reaches out, takes the fifth and kicks back a slug.

He settles in on the corner of Cy's desk.

CY CASH

Funny, what your mind settles on. I was thinking, tryin' to remember if the last time I left the house did I say, "Goodbye"... like it matters, like that would have saved her.

CAPTAIN JOHN GARRETT

In thirty-two years of police work, seventeen alone in the Rotten Apple, I've seen it again and again. The last goodbye, the kiss on the cheek, the only ifs. I've had to face a lot of young widows and it always comes down to the little things, a last touch, a look, a word.

CY CASH

How do the priorities get so fucked up?

CAPTAIN JOHN GARRETT

I don't know Cy, but priorities are just as important now that she's gone. Your first one oughta' be to find out who really killed Liz.

Cy gives him a puzzled look.

CAPTAIN JOHN GARRETT
(cont'd)

This guy you had us pull in, Parrish, he's got a pretty good police brutality case against this department if he pursues it.

(beat)

And I certainly can't lock him up for having consensual sexual intercourse with a grown woman.

(beat)

Even if she is your Ex.

CY CASH

I grew up with this guy, but I haven't seen or heard from him in ten years. What's this guy about now?

CAPTAIN JOHN GARRETT

I can appreciate what you're saying, but I've got nothing on him.

CY CASH

All I know is he's been back in town a few days and we got a dead woman in a room right next to his. Add the one that might be in the lake and that's two possible homicides. Hell, we haven't even had one since I came on ten years ago.

CAPTAIN JOHN GARRETT

Funny, we used to get two a day in the ninth precinct in the Apple. I accepted that as normal until I moved up here. But two a day or two every ten years, the same due process applies and I just don't have the evidence to hold him.

(beat)

By the way, he's not pressing charges.

CY CASH

Big of the murdering Don Juan.

CAPTAIN JOHN GARRETT

It's big for you. If he had, I'd have no choice but to suspend your ass. As it is, you can still work. But I want you to take whatever time you need for Liz and yourself.

CY CASH

Thanks, but work is the best for me right now.

Captain gets up.

Cy winces, closes his eyes for a second.

CAPTAIN JOHN GARRETT

You alright.

CY CASH

Sure. I gotta start eating better.

The Captain points at the fifth on the desk.

CAPTAIN JOHN GARRETT

Don't matter what you're eating if you're washing it down with that stuff.

(beat)

By the way, I'm putting you up at the lake.

CY CASH

What?

CAPTAIN JOHN GARRETT

Walsh will lead the motel investigation.

CY CASH

But...

CAPTAIN JOHN GARRETT

Cy, don't fuck with me on this.

The Captain walks away.

Cy stares at the bottle, picks it up and uncaps it and is going to take a hit. He collapses instead.

BLACK

The TIC TIC TIC of a clock.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The second hand of a large clock TICS around the face.

Cy's doctor, NORMAN LEID, finishes taking Cy's pulse.

Cy is conscious and sitting on the side of the hospital bed. He roots around in his shirt pocket, pulls out a cigarette and puts it between his lips.

DR. NORMAN LEID

You're a real comedian. Not only will you not smoke that in here, but if I was you I'd think twice about lighting up ever again.

CY CASH

What, are you my doctor?

DR. NORMAN LEID

You're material needs work. When's the last time you were in to see me? Two years ago, three?

Cy shrugs his shoulders.

DR. NORMAN LEID

(cont'd)

You may have had a heart attack at the station. I'd like to do an EKG, a chest x-ray, draw some blood.

Cy gets off the bed and roots around in his pockets looking for a light.

CY CASH

Sorry, gotta run, Norman. Little busy at the moment, somebody killed my wife this morning.

DR. NORMAN LEID

Sorry about Liz, Cy.

(beat)

Lemme just run a few quick tests. We don't need to lose you too.

CY CASH

See ya'. Thanks

DR. NORMAN LEID

Listen, you've been smoking since you were a kid, you're thirty-five pounds overweight and your idea of exercise is running out for a six pack. Cy, you're not a kid anymore. Just a few tests.

CY CASH

EKG's too long. I've got shit in my blood a police officer should only be policing, if you know what I mean.

(beat)

One chest x-ray. You got ten minutes.

INT. X-RAY LAB - DAY

Cy stands in front of an X-ray panel with his shirt off. He is impatient.

An X-RAY TECH sits at a machine and hits a switch.

X-RAY TECH

Dr. Leid has asked for a series so bear with me. Okay just another second and I'll need you to say cheese. Alright, here we go then. Smile.

A decided BUZZ fills the room for a split second.

The x-ray tech looks around the machine to see that Cy is gone.

X-RAY TECH

Asshole.

INT. THE MAYS' RESIDENCE/KITCHEN - DAY

Randy finishes cooking up a batch of methamphetamine. Star sits on the counter smoking a joint.

She spins a small prism that hangs in the window above the sink. The sunlight hitting it sprays colorful speckles across the tiny room.

STAR

It's like when I was a little girl and my mom baked cookies. I was so impatient, asking her when they'd be ready over and over again. It pissed her off I think. Of course, later she split and that was the end of the cookies.

RANDY MAYS

Poor neglected girl, this batch is just for you. I've got my cook so clean and pure now, you'll feel like the Mrs. Fields of crank. Just keep your pants on for another hour, while I strain, dry and bag this shit.

Star is removing her top, revealing her breasts.

STAR

You didn't say anything about having to keep your pants on.

She slides off the counter.

Randy turns toward her.

Star's hands reach out and undo his zipper.

Her head moves forward.

BLACK

RANDY MAYS

(voice only)

Jesus H. Christ.

EXT. LAKE WINNIPPY - DAY

A white, bloated head with long hair comes through the large hole that's been cut in the frozen lake.

Two Divers surface as they try to push the torso out of the water.

Jim Walsh stands above them and directs a number of RESCUE PERSONNEL.

JIM WALSH

Jesus H. Christ. Grab under the arms and pull goddamnit.

The body is pulled from the lake. Rescue personnel help pull the divers out.

Jim Walsh stands over the body and looks down. He shakes his head.

INT. BETH HARGROVE'S KITCHEN - DAY

Beth moves about the kitchen cleaning up dishes from the day before.

Katie wanders in from the hallway.

BETH HARGROVE

Good morning, sleepyhead. Or should I say, good afternoon?

KATIE CASH

(yawning)

I must have fallen back to sleep, I was up earlier. Where were you?

Katie just stares at Beth, a whimsical smile on her face.

BETH HARGROVE

What would you like to eat? Breakfast? Lunch?

Beth opens fridge and peers in.

BETH HARGROVE

(cont'd)

Not much of anything here.

She turns to Katie and notices Katie's odd stare.

BETH HARGROVE

(cont'd)

What on earth are you looking at me like that for?

KATIE CASH

Late night, mom?

BETH HARGROVE

Yes, I suppose it was.

KATIE CASH

I ran into Billy Bremmer's cousin Dale at McDonalds last night.

BETH HARGROVE

So?

KATIE CASH

He said he saw you at King's.

(beat)

Sitting with Daddy.

BETH HARGROVE

And?

Katie pours herself a cup of coffee.

KATIE CASH

Well, it's not like you made it home last night.

Beth pours herself a cup of coffee.

BETH HARGROVE

Did Billy Bremmer's cousin, Dale, mention that there was another man sitting with us?

The whimsical look leaves Katie's face.

BETH HARGROVE

(cont'd)

Sit down, Katie. How do I explain?

Beth stops short. Her eyes glaze over as she stares blankly out the kitchen window.

Her hands begin to tremble and the saucer and cup she holds begin to RATTLE against one another.

FLASH CUT

INT. THE ROYAL MOTEL/ROOM 110 - NIGHT

The BREAK of glass as a tall, thin vase holding two fake flowers on the nightstand is toppled by Beth and Kyle's lovemaking.

Beth lets go a passionate SCREAM.

FLASH CUT

INT. ROYAL MOTEL/ROOM 110 - DAY

Beth SCREAMS as Cy kicks Kyle.

FLASH CUT

EXT. THE ROYAL MOTEL/PARKING LOT - DAY

The scream of the SIREN as the ambulance transporting Liz Cash's body pulls out.

FLASH CUT

INT. BETH HARGROVE'S KITCHEN - DAY

Katie still stands, confusion on her face.

KATIE CASH

Mom.

(beat)

Mom.

The cup and saucer Beth holds no longer rattle.

Beth stares blankly out the window.

She looks at two young boys playing across the way.

BETH HARGROVE

(voice only)

They ran like wild horses together back then. Everything changed after the accident.

EXT. PORCH SCREEN DOOR - DAY

Cy stands. Listens.

BETH HARGROVE

(voice only)

Cy became distant, haunted. He'd disappear for days.

INT. BETH HARGROVE'S KITCHEN - DAY

Beth stands over the kitchen sink, the same blank look on her face.

BETH HARGROVE

When he was there, we'd just both get out of it...

EXT. PORCH SCREEN DOOR - DAY

Cy stands. Listens.

BETH HARGROVE

(voice only)

... the first years we were married he was hiding from his dead brother. I was hiding from my own heart.

(beat)

I'd fallen in love with his best friend, Kyle Parrish.

A look of dismay comes across Cy's face.

INT. BETH HARGROVE'S KITCHEN - DAY

Beth turns to Katie.

BETH HARGROVE

Do you have any idea what it's like to love two people and lose them both?

KATIE CASH

So, this guy with you and Daddy last night... Kyle, right?

(beat)

So, Daddy's not why you never came home last night?

Beth shakes her head 'No'.

KATIE CASH

Why are you telling me all this now? Why should I care who you slept with last night.

BETH HARGROVE

Not just last night. Oh, darling, I'm so sorry.

EXT. PORCH SCREEN DOOR - DAY

Cy's facial expression puts two and two together.

He shakes his head and silently mouths 'No'.

INT. BETH HARGROVE'S KITCHEN - DAY

Katie glares at Beth.

KATIE CASH

What are you saying? You're not saying...oh, no. No. No fucking way.

BETH HARGROVE

I'm sorry. I should have told you before this. I should have...

Katie cuts her short.

KATIE CASH

This is just your twisted way of getting back at me for being so close to him. You liar. Shut up. Don't say another word.

Katie puts her hands over her ears and runs out of the kitchen. The front door opens then SLAMS shut.

Beth stands frozen in her space until she hears the SWING and SLAM of the screen door leading out to the porch.

Cy enters the kitchen.

He moves slowly about the kitchen and lights a cigarette.

CY CASH

So, I guess I broke up a little family reunion this morning. Aren't you getting a little old to be trying for number two?

BETH HARGROVE

Please Cy, don't. I want you to know I really did love you.

CY CASH

Don't insult me. Just how much does your lover know?

BETH HARGROVE

He's not my lover.

CY CASH

(laughing)

He sure as hell isn't your accountant.

(beat)

Now that I think about it she's got your hair, his eyes, your body, his nose, your lips...

Cy punctuates the next three words by punching through the glass of a corner cabinet that holds dishes.

CY CASH (cont'd)

... his... fucking... blood.

Beth cowers as a whimper builds into a pained cry.

Cy uses his bloodied hand to remove the smoldering cigarette from his lips.

CY CASH (cont'd)

(quietly)

How long has he known she was his? My guess is he's known from the beginning.

Beth composes herself and nods in affirmation.

CY CASH (cont'd)

You make me sick. You both just turn my stomach. The best friend turned bastard, the bride turned bitch.

BETH HARGROVE

Why is it when a man follows his heart there's this absurd macho integrity attached to it, but when a woman does she's a whore?

CY CASH

Is that what you've been following, your heart? Well, you better start ignoring its selfish beat and hope it can lead you to a very confused daughter wandering around out there.

Cy walks out.

Beth cries.

INT. THE MAYS' RESIDENCE/FAMILY ROOM - DAY

Star sits snorting from a bag of methamphetamine.

Randy, obviously jacked, sits crosslegged on the floor intensely scraping meth into baggies with his buck knife. Lynryd Skynyrd's 'That Smell' plays in the background.

STAR

You know, for a guy who's not real good looking, you're pretty lucky?

Randy is annoyed at her confrontational tone.

RANDY MAYS

What's your problem, Scar?

STAR

Well, considering you get it from both me and Katie.

RANDY MAYS

Katie?

STAR

Go ahead, pretend to be surprised.

(beat)

Listen, we tell each other everything. Compare notes, you know.

RANDY MAYS

Why do you have to be such a bitch? You're bringing me down.

STAR

Ooh, wouldn't want to ruin little old Randy's high.

RANDY MAYS

Speaking of highs, the Mays brothers keep you and all your pathetic little friends well supplied.

STAR

Speaking of brothers, where is the little retard?

RANDY MAYS

He's down Albany visiting family.

(beat)

Don't ever fucking call him that again. The last thing I need around here is some disrespectful bitch speaking her mind about shit she doesn't know a fuckin' thing about.

STAR

Who? Like Diane Briggs?

Star begins to walk toward Randy.

STAR(cont'd)

She ain't been around much.

RANDY MAYS

She's in Florida.

STAR

You sure?

RANDY MAYS

What's your point? This is getting tired.

STAR

What's interesting isn't who Diane's been fucking, but who else she's been fucking.

(beat)

Cy Cash for instance.

Randy stands up and walks to the stereo and turns the music down.

RANDY MAYS

I've had enough of your mouth. Why don't you just take what little is left of that bag and get the fuck out. Find yourself a new cook and lick the batter off of his beater.

STAR

Fine. But I'll bet Diane won't be around anymore either for your too cut cook and your too quick climaxes.

RANDY MAYS

You're just talking shit.

STAR

We'll see who's talking shit come spring when Winnippy thaws.

Randy looks puzzled.

Star walks around the room, licking her fingers, dipping them into the bag and sticking them up her nose or in her mouth.

STAR

It's funny because I was getting tired of you balling her and Katie was getting tired of her daddy balling her, although it was working in her favor as far as helping to break up his marriage to her bitch step-mother, Liz.

INT. CLOSET - DAY

Ricky looks on through the louvered doors.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - DAY

STAR

It's interesting how two people can die so differently.

INT. DIANE BILLING'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Diane kicks and thrashes, knocking over lamps and tables as she does. Star holds a tight grip on either end of a short extension cord that she has around Diane's neck.

STAR

(voice only)

I strangled both of them. Diane fought like hell, real spunky.

EXT. LAKE WINNIPPY - NIGHT

Star pulls the Diane's body out of Randy's Cadillac and across the the partially frozen lake.

STAR (cont'd)

(voice only)

I should have just left the body there, but I was so tweaked on meth that before I knew it I was dragging her out of the car and across the ice until I found this spot that wasn't frozen all the way.

Diane's body enters with a splash.

INT. CLOSET - DAY

Ricky watches Star as she talks to a wide-eyed Randy.

STAR

Now Liz, on the other hand, that gal likes her drugs.

INT. THE ROYAL MOTEL/ROOM 109 - NIGHT

Star helps Liz tie off and shoot up.

STAR

(voice only)

I delivered the bag she called you for,
but I helped her shoot up before we even
touched the meth.

Star and Liz snort meth.

STAR (v/o cont'd)

We did a bunch of meth but that horse
kept her ride real mellow. She got real
relaxed.

Star goes down on a bottomless Liz.

STAR (v/o cont'd)

And even more relaxed when I balled her.

Star, laying back on the bed, holds a barely conscious Liz.

STAR (v/o cont'd)

I was rockin' her to sleep when I just
pulled back on that stupid silk scarf she
had around her neck.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Star puts her purse across her shoulder and begins digging in
it.

STAR

I've got the money for that bag she
bought in here somewhere.

Randy shakes his head.

RANDY MAYS

I don't give a damn about the money. You
killed two people you sick fuck. Why the
hell did you do that?

Star stops digging in the purse.

STAR

Why do I pay you good money for crushed
up cold medicine cut with bathroom
cleanser, then snort it all in a matter
of hours so I can stay up for days
fucking anyone and everyone in hopes

they've got just one more line of the
same shit?

Randy walks over to an endtable and picks the receiver of a
phone up.

RANDY MAYS

I'm calling the cops.

STAR

I hope Katie's more appreciative than
you.

Star bends down and picks the buck knife off the floor and
lunges at Randy.

INT. CLOSET - DAY

Ricky gasps as he sees Star begin maniacally stabbing Randy.

Randy drops to the floor, unable to ward off the endless
thrusting of the knife.

Star straddles him and continues to stab.

All is still.

Ricky squeals slightly.

EXT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Star hops off Randy and spins toward the louvered doors of
the closet.

STAR

And who do we have here?

Star flings open the doors to reveal a trembling Ricky. She
grabs him by the hair and pulls him out. He screeches.

STAR (cont'd)

Well, if it isn't Ricky, the retarded
peeping tom.

Star pushes him down onto his blood soaked brother.

She picks up the knife and forces him to hold it in his hand.

Ricky sobs.

STAR (cont'd)

Headline: Retard Kills Older Brother In
Bloody Stabbing Frenzy.

Star laughs as she rises, stuffs a few of the bags of meth Randy was weighing out into her purse and heads for the door.

She pulls a long leather trench coat off a hook and puts it on.

STAR (cont'd)
Remember Ricky, if you jerk off too much at the mental hospital they'll put you in a straightjacket.

She walks out, laughing.

INT. CY CASH'S PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

Rain falls on the windshield as wipers smear it back and forth.

Tears run down Cy's face. As he drives, Cy scoops white powder from a baggy with his fingers and snorts it up his nose.

A RADIO DJ's voice gives a weather report.

RADIO DJ
(voice only)
The warm, wet weather continues. El Nino is making for one wild ride this winter. Presently it's sixty five degrees with only an expected low of fifty tonight. Tomorrow, cloudy a chance of showers throughout the day with a high of almost seventy. The five day looks like this...

The DJ's voice fades into the background.

A truck drives slowly in front of Cy.

Cy hits the horn.

CY CASH
Come on duffer, it's the one next to the brake.

The brake lights of the truck in front of him glow red again.

Cy whips around the truck into the path of an oncoming car.

INT. KYLE'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

Kyle lays on the horn.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Cy's truck jerks hard right, goes off the road and busts through some chicken wire, finally coming to rest in a field.

Kyle's rental car speeds past.

INT. KYLE'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

KYLE PARRISH

Asshole.

INT. CY CASH'S PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

CY CASH

Asshole.

Cy picks up the handset of the two-way radio.

CY CASH (cont'd)

Walsh, this is Cash, you around?

EXT. LAKE WINNIPPY - DAY

A black body bag is being zippered up by an EMT.

JIM WALSH

(voice only)

Cy, this is Walsh.

Jim Walsh sits in his cruiser talking into the handset.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

JIM WALSH (cont'd)

Jesus, Cy, I'm so damn sorry about Liz.
She was a lovely lady.

CY CASH

(voice only)

And a junkie, but thanks, I appreciate that.

INT. CY CASH'S PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

CY CASH

I've got a feeling the floater and her
have a killer in common. How's the
fishing been?

JIM WALSH

(voice only)

We hooked one this morning. It's amazing
what water does to a body.

CY CASH

Any chance of making an ID?

JIM WALSH

(voice only)

We're pretty sure it's Diane Briggs,
little gal who cocktails over at King's.
You know her, right?

Jim's voice continues but Cy is too dumbfounded to hear
anything more. His disbelief gives way to a flashback.

EXT. KING'S BAR AND GRILLE - NIGHT

Cy is on the pay phone outside. He is obviously intoxicated.

CY CASH

Diane, just listen, don't hang up. I
need you. Please, this thing can work.

(beat)

Can I just come over? Five minutes is
all I'm asking for.

(beat)

Let me take you to the airport.

The phone goes dead. Cy slams the receiver again and again
into the pay phone cradle.

INT. CY CASH'S PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

Jim Walsh's voice fades back in.

JIM WALSH

(voice only)

We'll be out of here by tonight. Good
thing too, all this warm weather's been
making for some thin spots out on the
ice.

(beat)

Cy, you there?

CY CASH

Sure, Jim. Nice job. Doesn't sound like
you need me out there.

EXT. LAKE WINNIPPY - DAY

JIM WALSH

Jesus, Cy. In all the excitement up here I almost forgot. I heard on the wire that a gal workin' the midnight shift at the Mobil Mart spotted an older Cadillac tearing out the the Royal's parking lot at about two-thirty 'a'.

INT. CY CASH'S PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

Cy pulls his truck out onto the road as he lights a cigarette.

CY CASH

Older Caddy? I know where I'm headed. Cash out.

(beat)

Dispatch, this is Cash.

BEV THE DISPATCHER

(voice only)

Go ahead, Cy.

CY CASH

Bev, gimme a couple cars up at Randy Mays place.

BEV THE DISPATCHER

(voice only)

Copy that Cy.

CY CASH

Thanks Bev. Cash out.

Cy secures handset to radio.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Cy Cash's pickup truck pulls on up the road.

EXT. THE MAYS' RESIDENCE - DAY

Cy pulls his truck up the driveway. A police cruiser is already parked outside the house. The Cadillac is nowhere to be seen.

INT. THE MAYS' RESIDENCE - DAY

OFFICER DONNY FARRIS picks about the living room.

OFFICER BILL ABBOTT holds Ricky by his collar near the body of his dead brother. Ricky whimpers.

INT. ENTRYWAY - DAY

Cy Cash walks through the open door into the house.

OFFICER BILL ABBOTT

(voice only)

What, did your brother try to rape your dumb ass? Just went crazy on him, didn't ya?

Cy draws his gun and bursts into the room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cy levels his gun at Officer Abbott.

OFFICER BILL ABBOTT

Lieutenant Cash, looks like the little retard went nuts on his brother with a knife.

CY CASH

Get your fucking hands off him, Abbott.

OFFICER DONNY FARRIS

Cy, let's just cuff the little bastard.

Ricky tries to move away, but is pulled back by Abbott.

Cy moves forward and hits Abbott in the face with the butt of his gun.

Abbott releases Ricky and drops to one knee.

Ricky cowers in the corner of the room.

OFFICER DONNY FARRIS

(cont'd)

What the fuck are you doing?

Cy levels his gun at Farris.

CY CASH

Back off. This is my case.

Cy looks down at the writhing Abbott.

CY CASH (cont'd)
 Pick his ass up and take it outside.
 Call Bev and have her get in touch with
 the Coroner's Office.

Farris pulls Abbott up to his feet.

Cy pulls a handkerchief out of his pocket and throws it at
 Abbott.

Here.

CY CASH (cont'd)

Abbott holds his face.

OFFICER BILL ABBOTT
 Fuck you Cash and your little mongrel
 killer.

Cy walks over and puts his arm around a shaking Ricky.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Randy's Cadillac motors on down the road.

INT. CADILLAC - DAY

Star drives as she tunes in The Rolling Stone's "Gimme
 Shelter" on the radio.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Star spots Katie Cash walking alongside the road. She pulls
 the Cadillac over, beeps the horn and leans out the window.

Katie turns, runs to the car and gets in.

INT. CADILLAC - DAY

Katie throws her arms around Star's neck.

KATIE CASH
 They're killing me, Star.

Who?

STAR

All of 'em.

KATIE CASH

(beat)

You know, my mother just told me some
 shit about Cy not being my real father.

Katie begins to cry.

KATIE CASH (cont'd)
I can't take it. I just can't take it.

Star strokes her hair.

KATIE CASH (cont'd)
Just make it stop. Make 'em all go away.

STAR
I can do that, you know.

KATIE CASH
(sarcastically)
Sure ya' can.

STAR
I've already been busy. I just hate to see you this way. I just want you to be happy.

KATIE CASH
Let's just go up to Randy's and get out of it.

Star pulls back from Katie and looks into her face.

STAR
You're so beautiful.

Katie wipes at her tears and her nose.

KATIE CASH
Are you kidding, look at me.

STAR
I am.

There is an awkward moment of silence.

Star leans in and tries to kiss Katie.

Katie resists.

KATIE CASH
What are you doing?

Star continues to grope.

STAR
Come on baby, nobody loves you more than me.

KATIE CASH

Stop it. I told you before, I'm just not into it.

They break apart.

STAR

You would be if you let yourself.

Katie fixes herself in the rearview mirror.

Star caresses Katie's face with her hand.

Katie grabs her hand hard at first and then gently moves it back to Star's lap.

KATIE CASH

Come on, let's hit Randy's. I'm buying.

STAR

I don't think we can do that.

KATIE CASH

Why not, is he out of town?

STAR

Out of town and out of time.

Star begins laughing.

Katie looks uneasily at her.

KATIE CASH

You're acting weird, I mean weird even for you. What the fuck are you talking about.

STAR

Let me spell it out for you shoolgirl.

(beat)

I killed him.

Star unbuttons her trenchcoat to reveal her blood spattered shirt and jeans.

STAR (cont'd)

Do you think if I pre-treat these they'll wash out okay?

Katie starts to scream.

KATIE CASH

God damn, what did you do?

STAR

I took a big fucking knife and I stabbed him until he stopped moving.

Katie moves to open the car door.

Star hits the power locks, reaches under the seat and pulls out a handgun.

STAR (cont'd)

Get your pretty little hand away from the door and slide over here. We're taking a ride.

Katie hesitates.

Star shoots out Katie's window.

Katie screams and begins to cry harder.

STAR (cont'd)

Slide over here, bitch. You're gonna drive.

Katie slides over.

Star pulls the keys from the ignition and gets out of the car.

Star opens the back door and slides in behind Katie. She passes the keys to her.

Star grabs a handful of Katie's hair and pulls her head back.

Katie whimpers.

STAR (cont'd)

I should have known this was going to be a bad day. I got my period this morning.

Star leans forward and tongues Katie's ear.

STAR (cont'd)

(whispering)

Start the fucking car and drive.

Katie starts the car and drives.

Star settles back in the seat and lights a cigarette. She begins to speak dreamily as she gazes at nothing out the window.

EXT. BETH HARGROVES'S RESIDENCE - LATE DAY

Beth and Kyle stand next to Beth's old VW Bug. Beth holds her handbag.

KYLE PARRISH

He didn't hurt you when he was here?

BETH HARGROVE

No, nothing like that.

(beat)

I don't think he ever would, no matter what the circumstance.

KYLE PARRISH

I didn't mean to imply anything.

BETH HARGROVE

I know.

She touches his hand.

BETH HARGROVE

(cont'd)

Listen, I've got to go look for Katie. She's really confused by all of this.

KYLE PARRISH

Let me drive you.

Beth kisses his cheek.

BETH HARGROVE

This might not be the right time for you two to meet.

She gets into the car and starts it.

KYLE PARRISH

If I can help find her, at least it's a beginning.

He reaches for her hand. She squeezes his hand.

BETH HARGROVE

I could use the company.

KYLE PARRISH

Good.

Kyle makes his way around the car and gets in. They drive off.

INT. POLICE STATION - DUSK

Through a two-way mirror, Cy watches Ricky sitting at a table inside an interrogation room.

An OFFICER sits in a chair, reading a paper, in the corner of the same room.

Ricky repeatedly attempts to wipe the dried blood off his shirt with his handcuffed hands.

Captain Garrett walks up behind Cy.

CAPTAIN JOHN GARRETT
He's in alot of trouble.

CY CASH
Maybe. Maybe not.

CAPTAIN JOHN GARRETT
You're in a bit yourself.

Cy nods in affirmation.

Cy turns and starts walking down the hall. Captain Garrett follows.

CAPTAIN JOHN GARRETT
(cont'd)
Abbott's pressing charges.

CY CASH
Let him.

CAPTAIN JOHN GARRETT
Farris is his witness.

CY CASH
Good. Let me know when they're getting engaged. I'll send 'em some fucking flatware.

Cy stops at a vending machine and starts dropping quarters into it.

CAPTAIN JOHN GARRETT
I've gone to bat for you, what, once or twice a year, every year, for the last ten?

(beat)
This time you're on your own, Cy.

Cy's selection doesn't drop. The candy bar hangs half in, half out of the metal coil that feeds it.

Cy starts rocking the machine.

CY CASH

Fucking machine. Come on, give it up.

The Captain steps in between Cy and the machine.

He feeds a couple more quarters in and makes the selection.

Both the hanging candy bar and the one behind it fall.

The Captain retrieves them both.

CAPTAIN JOHN GARRETT

I'm suspending you Cash. I want your badge and your gun on my desk before you leave.

He hands Cy one of the candy bars.

CY CASH

You've had one hell of a week. Do yourself a favor, do me a favor. Go home, have a drink and go to bed.

(beat)

Quit looking for trouble. It's looking for you.

The Captain walks down the hall. Cy heads back toward the interrogation room.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Inside with Ricky is a bandaged Officer Abbott and an investigator named TOM JARROD.

OFFICER BILL ABBOTT

(to Ricky)

Did you stab your brother to death?

(beat)

Why'd you do it?

(beat)

You killed Randy, right?

Ricky just shakes his head 'no'.

TOM JARROD

I think he's saying he didn't.

OFFICER BILL ABBOTT
Of course the little prick is. Who wants
to go to jail for the rest of their life?
(to Ricky)

You can room with Cy Cash when you get
there. Sound good, ya' fuckin' spaz?

Cy bursts into the room.

OFFICER BILL ABBOTT
(cont'd)

Cash.

CY CASH
I can do the other cheek, if you like.

Cy and Abbott square off.

OFFICER BILL ABBOTT
Let's go you sorry alcoholic son of a
bitch.

Sheriff Walt Carroll is heard through a talk-back speaker
hanging in the corner of the room.

SHERIFF WALT CARROLL
Good evening, gentlemen.

Sheriff Walt Carroll enters the room and walks up to Cy.
They shake hands.

SHERIFF WALT CARROLL
(cont'd)
Cy, my condolences. She was a beautiful,
sensitive woman. If there's anything
Mary and I can do just call up at the
house. I mean that.

The Sheriff looks at Abbott.

SHERIFF WALT CARROLL
(cont'd)
They make you an investigator recently,
son?

OFFICER BILL ABBOTT
No. I mean...

SHERIFF WALT CARROLL
Then you've got no business being in this
room.

The Sheriff begins to take his coat off. His star shaped badge is pinned to the left pocket of his shirt.

Ricky's eyes grow wide. He starts to squeal.

CY CASH

What Ricky? What's wrong?

Ricky pushes away from the table, stands and moves quickly toward the Sheriff.

He clutches at the Sheriff's badge.

Abbott, Cash and Investigator Tom Jarrod descend upon Ricky.

Captain John Garrett bursts into the room with his revolver drawn.

Ricky is pried loose but not before ripping the badge from the Sheriff's shirt.

Ricky scurries into a corner and begins jabbing the badge into his own chest.

Tears roll down his face as he extends the bloodied star for all to see.

Ricky drops the badge. Cy comes to his side.

Abbott moves toward Ricky.

OFFICER BILL ABBOTT

Fucking animal.

CY CASH

Don't hurt him. I know what he's doing,
I know what he's doing.

CAPTAIN JOHN GARRETT

Abbott, out of this room now. You too,
Jarrod.

Abbott begins to protest.

CAPTAIN JOHN GARRETT

(cont'd)

Out, now. Or I'll pull your badge and
your piece.

They leave.

CAPTAIN JOHN GARRETT
(cont'd)

You okay, Walt?

SHERIFF WALT CARROLL
Besides having one of my better shirts
ripped, I'm okay.

(beat)
Although, I would like to know what in
the hell is going on.

CAPTAIN JOHN GARRETT
Cy, you got thirty seconds to explain
this bullshit before I have little Ricky,
here, fitted for a straightjacket. So,
go.

CY CASH
You all know my history with the Mays'
brothers. I know as much about them as I
know about myself.

CAPTAIN JOHN GARRETT
What's your point?

CY CASH
Randy was a fucking waste for sure, but
he loved Ricky and Ricky looked up to
Randy like a father. The point is that
there's no way in hell he would ever have
hurt his brother.

SHERIFF WALT CARROLL
He came at me pretty good.

CY CASH
All due respect Walt, Captain, the
killer's still out there.

Cy picks up the bloodied sheriff's star and holds it up.

CY CASH (cont'd)
And this is Ricky's own crude way of
telling us what happened to his brother.

(beat)
I'd like to get an APB on Stacey
Richards. She goes by the nickname Star
and my gut says she just might be our
killer.

There is a silence as the Captain, the Sheriff and Cy eyeball
the Ricky and each other.

CAPTAIN JOHN GARRETT
 My gut says 'no' to this goose chase, but
 I'm gonna give you one here on account of
 Liz.

(beat)
 I'm still gonna process Ricky and have
 him taken down to the hospital for
 observation. You got your APB, but you
 better hope it pans out. You're treading
 on thin ice at the moment, very thin.

EXT. GRAVEL ROAD - NIGHT

Randy's Cadillac pulls off the main road down a gravel road
 with signs that point the way to a rifle range and to Lake
 Winnippy.

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

STAR

Pull over here.

KATIE CASH

Please, just let me go. I won't say a
 thing.

STAR

No chance doll. Hand me the keys and get
 out of the car slowly.

Star levels the revolver at Katie as she passes the keys.

Both exit the car.

EXT. GRAVEL ROAD - NIGHT

KATIE CASH

I don't give a fuck about Randy. Please,
 why are doing this?

Star motions with the gun for Katie to move toward the back
 of the car.

They make their way back and Star opens the trunk.

STAR

Get in. And think about this while I get
 into something more comfortable.

(beat)

Doesn't bother you, huh? It bothered you
more that Diane Briggs was doing Randy
 than it did that that old whore was doing
 Cy. Now get in.

KATIE CASH

Please.

STAR

Get in now or your mom, your dad and your other dad will get a chance to catch up at the funeral.

Katie climbs in. Star closes it. SLAM.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

SLAM. Cy puts his revolver and then his badge on a counter top.

He stands across the counter from OFFICER ROBERT COYLE.

OFFICER ROBERT COYLE

Sorry Cy, Captain Garrett's orders.

CY CASH

That's okay, Bobby.

OFFICER ROBERT COYLE

Sorry about Liz.

CY CASH

Appreciate that.

Officer Robert Coyle points over Cy's shoulder.

OFFICER ROBERT COYLE

They've been waiting for you.

Cy turns to see Beth and Kyle sitting in a nearby corner.

Cy walks toward and out the double doors just past where they sit.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Cy crosses the parking lot and gets into his truck.

Beth and Kyle follow at cross the lot.

Beth jumps in the passenger side and slides over to the middle to allow Kyle to get in as well.

Cy pulls a revolver from under the dash. He checks its load.

CY CASH

Get out of the truck.

BETH HARGROVE

What, are you going to shoot us?

CY CASH

Turn you two into martyrs? Not a chance.

KYLE PARRISH

Listen, we want to help. This isn't about you or me or Beth at the moment. It's about Katie.

CY CASH

Oh, so now you're a parent. Seventeen years too late you back stabbing bastard.

KYLE PARRISH

I never wanted all this to happen. My god, man. How do you stop feelings that are so strong?

Cy loads the revolver.

CY CASH

You walk away.

BETH HARGROVE

He did.

CY CASH

After the damage was done.

KYLE PARRISH

I left because I didn't want to hurt you or Beth.

CY CASH

But you didn't stay away, did ya'?

KYLE PARRISH

It all caught up to me. I ran as long as I could, but when I stopped I realized I was still in love with her.

CY CASH

Well, so am I. Only I didn't run away from what I thought was my responsibility.

KYLE PARRISH

You call the way you ruined your marriage to Beth responsible?

CY CASH

Keep talking and they'll find your
bloating body floating face down when
Winnippy thaws.

BETH HARGROVE

(hysterical)

Shut up. Shut up. Both of you

(to Cy)

Do you have any ideas where she might be?
I've been looking in the usual places all
afternoon.

CY CASH

All I've got is a hunch.

Cy starts the truck and they pull away into the black of the
night.

IN BLACK

STAR

(voice only)

You're awfully quiet in there.

(beat)

How about if I talk?

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

Star sits in the back seat. The dome light is on.

She has a pile of methamphetamine lying on a road map in her
lap that she snorts from with a silver straw.

STAR

Out of everyone, who has been the most
sympathetic to your situation in the past
few years?

Star takes a long snort.

INT. CADILLAC TRUNK - NIGHT

Katie shakes and sobs.

STAR

(voice only)

Me, You bitch. That's who

(beat)

I get the sense you don't appreciate what
I've done for you.

(beat)

When Diane got in the way of your

happiness, I choked the whoring life out of her. That's a huge favor, don't you think?

(beat)

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

STAR

Do you know, I've heard every complaint, every wish, every desperate desire you've ever had? Randy was a mistake I admit. I was pissed. But, Liz, that was gold as far as our relationship goes.

INT. CADILLAC TRUNK - NIGHT

KATIE CASH

(voice only)

Liz? What did you do to her?

The sound of the car door opening and slamming shut. Then footsteps.

The trunk pops open.

EXT. GRAVEL ROAD - NIGHT

Star stands over the trunk with the revolver drawn.

Katie cowers as she moves up onto her knees.

STAR

See, you don't even hear yourself. I'm always looking out for you, hanging on every word. Noting them. Not forgetting a thing.

KATIE CASH

I don't understand.

STAR

That's okay too. You don't have to be smart, you're beautiful.

(beat)

Last summer, and I quote, 'I could just kill that bitch for marrying my father'. But ironically Cy may not be your father, so maybe I shouldn't have killed Liz after all. If I only knew then what I know now.

Star laughs hysterically.

KATIE CASH

No, please say you didn't.

STAR

I did. Now get out of the trunk,
darling.

Katie crawls out of the trunk and stands in front of Star.

Headlights illuminate them.

They both stare into the blinding white.

Star slips the gun into her coat pocket.

STAR

Just behave yourself, sweets.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

OFFICER TIM MAYFIELD picks up the handset of his two-way.

OFFICER TIM MAYFIELD

Dispatch, this is Mayfield. I'm out on
the road to the rifle range just off
Lakeside Highway.

INT. CY CASH'S PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

Cy, Beth and Kyle listen intently to the two-way.

OFFICER TIM MAYFIELD

(voice only)

I think I've got a make on that brown
Caddy. There appears to be two Caucasian
females standing near the rear of the
vehicle.

BEV THE DISPATCHER

(voice only)

Approach with caution, Tim. I'm sending
backup.

OFFICER TIM MAYFIELD

(voice only)

Copy.

Cy Cash punches the trucks accelerator.

KYLE PARRISH

If I remember, we're not far from there.

BETH HARGROVE

Real close.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The pickup truck pulls on up the road. The outline of the vehicle quickly becomes just two red taillights.

EXT. GRAVEL ROAD - NIGHT

Officer Tim Mayfield approaches the girls with a flashlight.

STAR

What seems to be the problem officer?

The officer works his way to the side of the Caddy.

OFFICER TIM MAYFIELD

Just stay still ladies.

He points the flashlight into the car and sees no one else.

He walks back toward them.

OFFICER TIM MAYFIELD

(cont'd)

I'm gonna need to see I.D. from both of you.

Katie looks at Star who is reaching into her coat pocket.

BLAM. A gunshot rings out.

INT. CY CASH'S PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

Turning onto the gravel road, Cy, Beth and Kyle see Officer Mayfield drop to the ground.

Their headlights illuminate the girls at the back of the Caddy even more.

One of the girls turns and runs into the woods.

The second girl takes off in the same direction.

BETH HARGROVE

That's Katie. That's Katie. The first one, I'm certain.

Cy grabs the gun off the dash, opens the pickup door and gets out.

Kyle gets out his side.

Beth starts to slide out Cy's way.

CY CASH

Stay.

BETH HARGROVE

But...

CY CASH

Someone has to be here when back up gets
comes. Sit tight, I'll get her.

Cy runs up the road. Kyle follows.

Cy stops and checks Mayfield. He is dead.

Cy and Kyle run into the woods.

EXT. WINNIPPY LAKE - NIGHT

Katie comes running out of the woods and onto the frozen
lake. Star follows.

Katie slips and falls and slides across the ice.

Star catches up and grabs her by the hair.

STAR

(out of breath)

I'm starting to get the impression you
don't like me anymore.

Star pulls her hair hard. Katie cries out.

Cy and Kyle come out of the woods and stop just short of the
ice.

KATIE CASH

Daddy.

STAR

Daddy? You sure about that?

(yelling to Cy)

Are you her daddy? I think I'm gonna
need to see a blood test before I can
release her to you.

Cy looks at the ice, then back to Star dragging Katie by her
hair. He exhales and starts out onto the ice.

Cy's pickup pulls down the boat launch of the lake. The
headlights illuminate the action out on the lake.

Beth gets out of the truck and stands by it.

BETH HARGROVE

Katie. Kay-tee.

Cy makes a slippery bee-line toward Star and Katie. Kyle follows.

STAR

You two must be related, he's as stupid as you.

Katie takes the revolver away from Katie's head and fires it in Cy's direction.

Cy falls as he is hit in the side. He drops his revolver.

Katie screams. Star laughs.

Kyle moves in and hunches over Cy.

Kyle looks back at Star, grabs Cy's revolver and begins to get up off the ice.

KYLE PARRISH

You little bitch.

The ice beneath him releases sending both Cy and he into the lake.

Kyle holds Cy by the arm and flails to stay afloat. Cy is completely submerged.

Star pulls a screaming Katie up by the hair and starts walking her toward the pickup.

Beth looks back into the pickup at her purse which lies on the passenger side floor.

STAR

Miss Hargrove. So nice to see you again. Step away from the fucking truck.

SIRENS can be heard in the distance.

Beth backs away slowly.

KATIE CASH

Mom. Mom, please, help daddy.

BETH HARGROVE

It'll be okay darling. I'm here.

Kyle screams for help.

STAR

That's right. Mom is here and you know what? Mom's gonna take a little ride with us too.

(beat)

Okay, mom, get in the middle. Katie-pie's gonna drive.

They all enter the vehicle.

Katie buckles her seat belt and looks at Beth as she does it.

Beth buckles hers too.

The SIRENS are getting louder.

STAR (cont'd)

Won't be the first time we lost the cops up here, huh, Katie? All those parties, all those drugs, all those boys. Yes, Miss Hargrove, your sweet little Katie. The boys sure got a thing for her and some of the girls from what I understand.

(beat)

Let's go. You know the drill. Up along the grass, around the lake 'til we hit the the boat access road.

EXT. LAKE WINNIPPY/SURFACE - NIGHT

The headlights pull off Kyle who pulls Cy just above the surface as he struggles to hang on to the edge of the ice.

INT. CY CASH'S PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

Katie guns the truck through a small chain barrier and onto the boat access road.

STAR

Go on girl, go. That's the spirit.

The truck pulls off into black.

EXT. LAKE WINNIPPY - NIGHT

Two police cruisers pull down onto the boat launch.

OFFICERS get out and start out onto the lake.

EXT. LAKE WINNIPPY/SUB-SURFACE - NIGHT

Cy grasps at his chest with his free hand. His body buckles in pain.

EXT. LAKE WINNIPPY/SURFACE - NIGHT

Kyle loses his grasp on Cy. Cy's head slips under once again.

EXT. LAKE WINNIPPY/SUB-SURFACE - NIGHT

Rachmaninov's "Vespers Op. 37" (Joyful Light) replaces the sound of Cy's bubbling descent.

He sees the reflected light from the full moon dancing on the surface above him. *- this should be P.O.V.*

Cy looks down and sees his brother Eugene swimming toward him from below.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Katie races the pickup truck through town.

She swings it onto a road heading out of town.

STAR

How do you ladies feel about Canada this time of year?

Star laughs.

STAR (cont'd)

Of course, driving all that way with Beth here in the middle won't be comfortable for any of us.

(beat)

What do you say we let mommy dearest off up the the road here in a bit.

Star opens the revolver and sees that there are no bullets left. She snaps it shut.

Katie steals a look at her mom.

Their house is coming up on the right side of the road.

Star looks down between her feet at Beth's purse.

STAR

We got any cash or credit cards in here, mom.

Beth grabs for the purse, so does Star.

STAR

Let go of it or I'll shoot you right here.

Katie floors the pickup and veers hard right, off the road and toward the house.

Everyone jams against each other.

Star looks up just in time to see they will hit a tree near the garage.

BAM. The car slams into the tree.

EXT. THE HARGROVE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

A porch light and a garage light illuminate the wreck.

All is quiet for a moment, then Katie pushes her door open and stumbles out onto the grass. Blood drips across her face.

She limps badly toward the garage.

The passenger door kicks open and Star emerges, her face badly cut and bleeding from impact with the windshield.

Star's left arm hangs limply. It is broken.

Through cut lips she slurs.

STAR

Kay dee, cum mon. Don runaway.

Star picks up the pace as Katie enters the garage.

INT. CY'S PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

Beth comes out of her haze and releases her seatbelt.

She scans the vehicle and her eyes land on her purse.

She grabs it off the floor.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Katie pulls the door to the tool cabinet open and looks in.

She begins to search frantically, pulling items out by the handful.

KATIE CASH

I know she put it in here. It's gotta be.

Star enters the garage.

STAR

Thstill looging fur love in all the wrong
play thez, Kay dee?

Star picks up a broom standing in the corner and snaps the
brush part off with a slam of her foot.

Katie raises her arms over her head in self defense.

Star brings the handle into the air.

BLAM. BLAM-BLAM.

Three gunshots stop Star in her tracks.

She looks glassy eyed at Katie for a moment then collapses.

Behind Star stands Beth with a revolver.

She drops the gun and runs to Katie.

They embrace.

SIRENS become louder and louder.

Over the garage the full moon is high and bright.

EXT. SKY - DAY

The sun shines brightly.

The SIRENS become the play-by-play of a New York Yankees'
game.

The sound of the game fades.

FLASH CUT

INT. THE MAYS' RESIDENCE - DAY

Randy Mays snorts a line of meth-amphetamine that runs down
the from the belly button of a naked Diane Briggs.

Randy finishes the line and buries his face in her crotch.

FLASH CUT

INT. THE MAYS' RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Music blares from the stereo. Star and Katie dance around the room. Randy sits, weighing out meth.

FLASH CUT

INT. THE MAYS' RESIDENCE - DAY

Liz Cash and Star snort from a tabletop of white powder.

FLASH CUT

INT. THE MAYS' RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Randy moves in and out of Liz Cash. Star sits on a couch arm above them surfing channels on the TV set.

FLASH CUT

INT. THE MAYS' RESIDENCE - DAY

Liz Cash sits on the floor and brushes Star's hair.

Randy intensely re-organizes a wall of record albums.

RANDY MAYS

Who put Steppenwolf in with the AC/DC? A fuckin' S goes in the fuckin' S section.

FLASH CUT

INT. THE MAYS' RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Beth Hargrove slides a small baggie of white powder into her purse, leans forward and gives Randy a peck on the cheek.

BETH HARGROVE

Thanks Ran.

She turns and leaves.

FLASH CUT

INT. THE MAYS' RESIDENCE - DAY

Van Halen's "Ain't Talkin' About Love" blares from a pair of old speakers. Randy sits on a couch, a Yankees hat on his head, his pants down around his ankles.

Katie Cash, shirt open and bra on, but unclasped, works Randy with her head between his legs.

RANDY MAYS

Go baby, uh huh, good, good, go, go, go.

Randy writhes as he climaxes. She obliges and takes it all.

Once done she rises, leans over a coffee table and snorts a quick couple of lines and then heads on down the hallway.

KATIE CASH

(voice only)

Where's your toothpaste?

RANDY MAYS

Why? Aren't your teeth already as white as they can be?

KATIE CASH

(voice only)

You're a pig.

RANDY MAYS

Don't get bitchy, baby. It's in the cabinet.

Randy pulls up his pants and leans toward a louvered set of closet doors. One door is open slightly.

RANDY MAYS (cont'd)

Right Ricky? That little piece of ass has really grown up, huh?

INT. CLOSET - DAY

Ricky's eyes peer out the louvered doors.

The sound of a New York Yankees' play-by-play announcer.

INT. HOSPITAL/GROUP TV ROOM - DAY

Ricky's eyes set and not blinking.

He sits in a chair, dressed in institutional pajamas, and watches the Yankees on TV.

ANNOUNCER

(voice only)

A beautiful spring day for the Yankees' home opener this year. The Red Sox in town for a three game series...

Ricky's eyes.