Hunting Season

By

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EXT. HIGHWAY 17, NEW JERSEY-DAWN

A six-lane artery to New York, which looms dim and dirty in the background. A red Mercury Convertible soars over a crest, pulling out of New York like a bat out of hell.

SANDY (V.O.)
Most New Yorkers will have turned off at the Catskills, so traffic should be pretty thin by now...

INT. MERCURY CONVERTIBLE

MARTY clutches the steering wheel, and it's hard to tell who's driving who. Her face is pale, her lipstick black, her hair is big and long. She wears expensive and tragically trendy sunglasses. Despite all this, her beauty shines. Trying to relax, she pushes a tape into the tape deck. Frank Sinatra.

EXT. HIGHWAYS

As the sun wades into the winter sky, Marty speeds past increasingly sparse vistas, the Pizza Huts and gas stations giving way to stick-trees in snow.

SANDY (V.O.)
Go straight at the blinking yellow light, if you need gas, get it there, it's your last chance. Left at the stop sign, then a quick right down a steep hill, there'll be cows, so watch it. Past the Dairy Barn, under a railroad trestle, over a bridge....

Marty's car pulls up to a blinking yellow light perched over a slow intersection. There's a local business on each corner of the intersection, but they're all closed. Marty pulls through the intersection, into the wilderness.

SANDY (V.O) (contíd)
And there you are.

EXT. BARRY'S HOUSE-MORNING

A hammer lands nice and hard on a thumb.

REESE, a thirty-something ne'er-do-well, rears up from his workbench and shakes his hand, sticking it in his armpit. His gasps of agony crystallize in the frosty air. Behind him, BARRY perches on a ladder, placing insulation on the roof.

Marty's car rounds a bend. Reese stops his pain dance and watches, transfixed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REESE
Car’s coming.

BARRY
Hammer.

REESE
Sports car, I think.

Barry climbs down off the ladder, walks over to Reese and grabs the hammer. Reese doesn’t notice.

REESE (CONT.) (contíd)
It’s a ninety-f... ninety f... it’s red, a red car, sports car, a Chrys... Chev... it’s red. The lights are on....

The car whips by. Barry glances as he climbs the ladder.

REESE (CONT.) (contíd)
Yep. Red Chrysler, ninety-something.

BARRY
Eighty-nine. Merc convertible, twin cam. Gangster car. Girl at the wheel. Pretty girl.

Barry returns to his work. Reese peers after the car, then raises his hand to continue hammering. He stares at his empty hand, confused. Where did the hammer go?

EXT. DIANA’S-MORNING

Tires screech as the Merc passes Diana’s Country Restaurant. Shifting into reverse, the car backs right up to the front door, the only spot left. Marty climbs out of the car, blips the alarm. Adjusting her glasses, she feels her way along the car, past the New York license plate. She enters the restaurant, passing under a sign that says “Hunters Welcome”.

INT. DIANA’S-MORNING

Marty gets her bearings. Half the place is a tiny grocery store, still unlit. The other half is the restaurant, bright and warm, filled with large, grubby, mostly bearded men in coveralls, flannel shirts, orange jackets and boots.

Marty walks in high heels over linoleum smeared with filthy ice and water. She makes her way to the counter past sideways glances from the rest of the patrons, who otherwise don’t seem to notice her. She sits in front of sixteen year old SHARON flipping home fries and eggs.

CONTINUED:

MARTY
Could I get some coffee.

SHARON
Coffee!!

DIANA, the owner, grabs a cup from a rack on the wall, fills it with coffee and puts it in front of her.

DIANA
Here you go, sweetie. You want breakfast?

MARTY
(grimacing)
No. How much?

DIANA
Ninety cents.

Marty pulls a hundred dollar bill out of her tiny purse.

DIANA (contíd)
Coffee’s on the house. You come back and visit us again, now.

MARTY
I sort of need the change.

DIANA
It’s 6:15 in the morning. We don’t got the change.

SHARON
Bathroom!

DIANA
Help yourself.

Sharon methodically strips off her apron and marches back to the dark store.

MARTY
Okay, so I’ll have some hash browns.

DIANA
Can’t change anything larger than a twenty.

MARTY
Eighty-one dollars worth of hash browns.

CONTINUED: (2)

DIANA
Eighty. You've already had the coffee.

INT. DIANA'S-STORE

Sharon walks to the back of the store, where RYAN, a seventeen year old jughead, stands waiting. The two of them take hands and go into the ladies room together.

INT. BATHROOM

They flick the light on, close the door and without a word, start making out. They kiss with inept ferocity, tongues and hands flailing. Sharon breaks the kiss.

SHARON
(matter-of-factly)
My hashbrowns are burning.

She walks out, closing the door behind her. Ryan's face burns.

RYAN
Yeah.

INT. RESTAURANT

Sharon walks back in, puts on her apron and starts flipping browns.

DIANA
That's your car? The red guy? I don't think we can fit eighty dollars worth of hash browns in that little old thing.

MARTY
(points to the store)
What about in there? I need groceries. I'm really not a hash brown fan.

INT. STORE-DAY

The fluorescent lights flicker on as Ryan leaves the bathroom.

Marty grabs cheese doodles, twinkies, instant pudding, chocolate milk, every scrap of comfort food she can carry. She lugs it all to the cash register up front, and Diana totals it up.

DIANA
You having a party?

CONTINUED:

MARTY
Yeah. A wake.

DIANA
Well, this only brings you to $24.63.

MARTY
If this were New York, I’d be broke by now. Okay, how about I leave you the money, and we set up a tab.

DIANA
You gonna be around that long?

MARTY
Probably not.

SHARON
(from restaurant)
Bathroom!

DIANA
Go!

EXT. DIANA’S -MORNING

Marty and Diana haul the groceries out to the car. Marty opens the door. The car alarm pierces the pastoral calm. Marty quickly shuts it off, leaving only the complaining dogs in the distance.

DIANA
So, we’re open till five Monday thru Saturday, but only till two on Sunday, if you wanna put anything against the tab. If you want a refund, though, you gotta give me a little notice, okay? This ain’t like New York.

MARTY
How’d you know I was from New York?

DIANA
Call it a hunch.

EXT. RURAL ROADS

Spinning tires whip mud all over the Merc’s paint job, as Marty tears up the back roads.

EXT. SANDY’S HOUSE

Marty whips the Merc into the driveway, kills the motor and gets out, slamming the door, wrapping her coat around her. She takes a good look at the place. A nice, spread out woodsy little house, a slice of suburbia trying hard to look rustic. Sawhorses litter the lawn. A pile of lumber, covered in blue tarpaulin, off to the side. A work in progress.

She opens the back door of the car, and the alarm goes off.

MARTY
Jesus....

She marches to the front of the car, lifts the hood and disappears into the belly of the beast. The alarm shuts off abruptly. Marty closes the trunk, holding an alarm mechanism in her hand. She unceremoniously dumps it in the snow.

Marty schleps the groceries and a weekend bag up the walk, stepping through ankle deep snow. She tries the front door. Locked. She walks back out in the yard, the snow up to her knees now, and makes her way around the house, where the construction is.

In the back of the house, a ladder leads up to a newly installed sliding glass door, protected by mere plastic.

Marty matter of factly mounts the ladder, climbing it like she’s been climbing ladders in high heels since she was three.

INT. BEDROOM

Marty parts the plastic and enters the bedroom. She kicks off her wet shoes and unceremoniously pulls off her soaked black stockings. She shuffles over to the thermostat near the door and turns it up. She takes off her glasses to assess the bedroom.

Her right eye is black and swollen.

This place is a salute to hedonism. The bed is draped with sheer material, candles surround it. There is a mirror on the ceiling.

MARTY
Sandy, you old dog you.

INT. SANDY'S HOUSE

She throws the grocery bags on the kitchen counter, then grabs her weekend bag, carries it into the living room and unzips it.

Money, all hundreds, hastily thrown in. Marty pushes them aside and pulls out....

A large freezer bag packed with cocaine.

Marty tosses the bag on the coffee table. She grabs a bag of chips from the sacks on the counter, grabs a remote from the coffee table, clicks on the TV. Something's missing. A drink. Marty rummages through the cabinets, finds a glass, the booze, and an ice bucket, but she can find no ice.

MARTY
Snow.

EXT. SANDY'S HOUSE

Marty opens the front door, ice bucket in hand. A deafening siren WHUP-WHUPS. Too late, Marty notices the tell-tale key pad beside the door. The house has an alarm. Marty shakes her head.

EXT. ROAD

A green Volvo chugs down the road.

INT. CAR

LEEZA, the woman at the wheel, is sobbing as she steers.

EXT. BARRY'S HOUSE

Reese saws a board on a sawhorse, inadvertently sawing the sawhorse. As the Volvo rounds the bend, Reese watches transfixed.

REESE
Car!

BARRY
So?

The Volvo squeals to a stop in front of Reese. Leeza erupts from the car.

LEEZA
Murder! Somebody do something! They're all being killed! Please!

CONTINUED:

BARRY
(climbing down)
Where? Who?

LEEZA
It’s not fair. They never had a chance! They weren’t even armed!

BARRY
(shaking her)
Calm down! Who’s being killed?

LEEZA
The deer. The poor, defenseless, furry, with the big, big eyes....

BARRY
(a beat)
You come from the city?

LEEZA
How did you know? We gotta do something. Form a posse. What do you people do when savages start slaughtering defenseless animals?

BARRY
(heading back to the roof)
We wear a lot of orange.

LEEZA
Aren’t you gonna do anything?
(to Reese)
Please! Help me save them.

REESE
What year Volvo is that?

Shaking her head, Leeza climbs back in the Volvo and peels out. Having finished his sawing, Reese proudly holds up the pieces of board he has cut. Unnoticed, the sawhorse collapses.

EXT. DIANA’S

The Volvo drives by, then stops and fishtails back up to the front door. Leeza hops out, still sobbing.

INT. DIANA’S

Leeza bursts into the store.

CONTINUED:

LEEZA
Help! We need...

She stops short as...

All the orange-clad customers turn and look at her.

LEEZA (contíd)
Oh, God, they’re everywhere.

EXT. DIANA’S

She slams out of the door, passing under the Hunter’s Welcome sign. She climbs back into the car and takes off.

INT. CAR

Tears fill her eyes once again as she speeds down the road.

LEEZA
Oh, the inhumanity! The senseless waste of.... LIFE!!

A squirrel sits hunched on the road before her.

Leeza slams on the brakes, pulls the wheel hard to the right. When the car is still, she staggers out.

EXT. ROAD

Leeza stares back down the road.

A little lump of fur lays off to the side.

LEEZA
No. Oh, no, no, no, no.....

She falls to her knees and picks up the dead squirrel, petting it.

LEEZA
Another innocent furry brother, ground under the wheels of progress. When will it end? WHEN???

A Buick comes speeding over a crest, narrowly missing her. She raises the dead squirrel.

LEEZA
Drive safely, you animals! There are squirrels on the road!

INT. BUICK

Red, Fred and Sal are in the Buick, three big, fat “sportsmen” from Long Island. They all look intentionally scruffy, with bleary red eyes from a night of drinking and driving.

RED
(at the wheel)
Dafuck was that?!

SAL
Was that a deer? Why’d you swerve, man, we coulda bagged it!

FRED
Are we there yet?

RED
Dafuck!

SAL
You’re worse than my fuckin’ niece, you fetched! We would been there last night if you knew how to read a fuckin’ map.

FRED
Whoa, whoa, whoa!

SAL
What?

FRED
I smell hashbrowns.

RED
Dafuck!

Dafuck pulls the wheel hard.

EXT. DIANA’S

The Buick whips into the lone space in front of the door. The three men get out, beer bottles spilling in their wake. They make their way inside, scratching themselves.

INT. DIANA’S

The three Guys burst into the room and stand like kings at the threshold of the restaurant.

CONTINUED:

FRED
Yo. Where's the can? I gotta take a major leak.

Diana points to Sharon, who is heading towards the toilets.

DIANA
Follow her.

FRED
Anywhere.

SAL
We're fuckin' starvin'. How much for the hash browns.

DIANA
Buck twenty-five a side.

SAL
Gimme three LARGE sides.
(to Red)
Pay her.

RED
Dafuck!

INT. STORE

Sharon walks into the ladies room, and Fred, leering at her, goes into the men's room.

INT. MEN'S ROOM

Fred stands over the toilet, undoing his fly. From next door, moans of ecstacy. Fred stops. Listening, his cheeks redden, his breathing gets jagged. He is immensely turned on.

And then the noise turns off. He hears the door open, and rushes to his door, opens it.

INT. STORE

Looking no worse for wear, Sharon walks past Fred, staring out through a cracked open men's room door. Ryan follows her, staring at Fred as he passes. Fred shuts the door.

INT. RESTAURANT

Diana fills a to-go tin with hash browns.

CONTINUED:

SAL
Wo-wo-wo, you call that a side? It’s fuckin’ garnish.

Diana pleasantly adds more, packing it into the tin. Sal appeals to the local (JACK) sitting next to him at the counter.

SAL (contíd)
Who’s she think she’s dealing with here. I’m from Brooklyn.

JACK
You don’t say?

Fred comes out of the bathroom and starts leafing through the magazines at the front of the store.

SAL
So, where’s good hunting around here?

JACK
Oh, the place is crawling with deer. When hunting season starts next week, you’ll need a truck to...

SAL
Whoa! Next week?

RED
Dafuck!

SAL
Are you fuckin’ kidding me? We read it in the fuckin’ papers, man! Hunting season starts today.

JACK
In New York.

SAL
Where the fuck are we? Kansas?

JACK
Welcome to Pennsylvania, friend.

FRED
These the only fuckin’ magazines you got?

SAL
Hey, fuckhead. Did you know we’re in fuckin’ Pennsylvania?

CONTINUED: (2)

FRED
Dafuck!

RED
Dafuck!

FRED
No fuckin' way!

SAL
Pennsyl-fuckin'-vania!

FRED
Fuck me!

SAL
We can't fuckin' hunt here! We got these fuckin' jackets for nothing!

RED
They got jackets on.

SAL AND FRED
What?!

RED
They got jackets on!

SAL
You got jackets on. If you can't hunt here, why you wearing the fuckin' orange?

JACK
We're going to New York.

As one, everyone stands up and shuffles out, leaving only the three Guys, Sharon, the lovesick Ryan and Diana.

SAL
Uh-huh, uh-huh, fuckin' with the tourist, I get it. I'm from Brooklyn, I been there. You know what? I don't fuckin' care. You know why? 'Cause next week, I'll be home with my Pennsylvania deer on the wall, and you'll still be here, up to your fuckin' elbows in hash browns.
(to Red)
Gimme the thing.

RED
What thing?

CONTINUED: (3)

He pulls a wallet out of Red’s jacket, whips a hundred dollar bill out of the wallet, crumples it up and throws it to the ground.

SAL
There. Okay? Live it up.

RED
(bending to retrieve the bill)
Dafuck!

SAL
No, leave it there! It’s symbolic. Shows we don’t care, it’s only money.

RED
It’s only my money. ‘Course you don’t fuckin’ care.

SAL
Leave it! They never seen a fuckin’ C-note in their lives.

DIANA
Actually...

Diana holds up Marty’s hundred dollar bill. Sal and Red stare at her, then each other.

SAL
All right, take the fuckin’ money.

Red grabs the bill as Sal storms out. Red follows him.

FRED
Which way to New York?

DIANA
(points to departing trucks)
Follow them. And don’t forget your hash browns.

Fred grabs the three tins and races out.

INT. CAR

Fred leaps into the back seat.

SAL
Okay, Marco Polo, which way?

CONTINUED:

FRED
Follow them. And here’s your fuckin’ hashbrowns!

SAL
What’s your fuckin’ problem!

FRED
I’m horny.

RED
Dafuck!

EXT. BARRY’S HOUSE

The Buick drives off, following the pick up trucks, passing....

Barry standing by the road, taking an appreciative look at the house he is building. And speaking of the house....

It is beautiful, a grand structure with towering windows and a peak rising to the heavens. A dream house.

And Barry’s making it come true. He takes a long swig from his beer, and his face shines with accomplishment.

Then Reese falls off the ladder, breaking panes of glass. The moment shatters with the glass. Barry shakes his head and takes another swig of beer.

EXT. ROAD

The green Volvo drives past a tree with a POSTED sign tacked to it. The brakes screech. The Volvo backs up, Leeza pops out, grabs the sign off the tree and drives off, past Sandy’s house.

INT. SANDY’S HOUSE-NIGHT

Marty lies asleep on the couch, her clothing lays carelessly on her. The bag of coke has been breached. The TV drones on as the room dims with the evening.

INT. SANDY’S HOUSE-NIGHT

Marty startles awake, holds her breath and scans the darkness.

A figure sits in a chair, faintly visible in the TV glow.

MARTY
Chris?

CONTINUED:

CHRIS
You expecting someone else?

MARTY
How’d you find me so fast?

CHRIS
How many times I gotta tell you? We’re linked, you and me, our souls. There’s no breakin’ us up.
(embarrassed admission)
I found your address book, okay? Like I wouldn’t look in the tampon box.

MARTY
So, you here for your car, your drugs?

CHRIS
I’m here for you.

MARTY
I didn’t think you’d get here so soon.

CHRIS
What I wanna know is, why’d you have to ruin everything? We had a good thing, we....

Marty rolls her eyes. Chris stammers in quiet fury.

CHRIS (contíd)
You see, you... you roll your eyes like that, and I’m here with my fuckin’ heart on my sleeve.

MARTY
And my hair in your fist. And a roll of quarters in your other fist.

CHRIS
Don’t get smart with me.

MARTY
I knew you’d come. I thought I’d have more time, but, pfft! You’re here. So do it.

CHRIS
You wanna get hurt?

MARTY
I’m not gonna live like this. Do what you fuckin’ came here to do!

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS
You wanna get hurt?!

MARTY
Kill me. Kill me. Just get it over with.

She hauls off and slaps him. He smiles.

CHRIS
What are you hitting? I'm not even here.

True enough, Chris is no longer there. Marty is alone.

MARTY
Shit. We are linked.

EXT. ROADSIDE MOTEL-MORNING

The door to Room #13 kicks open and Leeza struggles out with a box full of xeroxed fliers. She throws them in the passenger seat of the car, climbs into the driver's seat, and squeals out of the lot.

EXT. AL'S HOUSE-MORNING

Leeza's Volvo pulls up to a trailer home. She leaps out of the car with a handful of signs and a couple of photos. Stepping over toys, carburetors and frozen pools, she knocks on the front door.

AL answers, an unshaven mechanic.

LEEZA
Hi! My name is Leeza? I was wondering if I could put these signs up on your property? As I'm sure you're aware, next week starts hunting season here, and it's already begun in New York. Here are a few pictures that I took while driving up here. These poor creatures thrown in the back of trucks like so much meat.

AL
These pictures ain't very good.

LEEZA
I know, yeah, the shutter speed was off. I like the grainy feel, it has a certain... you take photography?

AL
Is that buck a ten pointer?

CONTINUED:

LEEZA
That’s my thumb.

AL
No, this buck. A ten-pointer? I count at least eight...

LEEZA
Please don’t make me look at those again....

AL
Wait a minute....

LEEZA
By posting these signs on your property, you’d make it off-limits to poachers and “sportsmen”, and save the indigenous wild-life....

AL
That’s a twelve-pointer. God-damn! Where’d you shoot this? New York?

LEEZA
Shot in New York, yes.

AL
They got all the good deers over there. Fatter. More meat on ‘em. Marjorie?

MARJORIE (V.O)
Yeah?

AL
Pack up the kids. We’re going to New York!

LEEZA
So could I post these on your yard?

AL
You do and I’ll shoot you.

INT. BAR

Chris leans over Marty, who lies on the floor covering her face, and punches her, close-fisted, methodically. Bang! Bang! Bang!

INT. BEDROOM

Bang! Bang! Bang! Marty rouses from her sleep to the sound of hammers. She looks at the clock.

7:00 A.M.

She gathers the blankets around her and makes her way to the plastic door.

EXT. SANDY'S HOUSE

Reese is holding a large post as Barry hammers a support onto it.

Marty pulls aside the plastic layer and slides open the door.

MARTY
Excuse me?

Reese and Barry look up at her, wrapped in her blanket. Reese lets go of the post which slowly falls over towards Barry.

BARRY
Reese. Reese! Godammit!

Barry ducks out of the way as the post drops, splintering the support like kindling.

BARRY (CONT.)
What the hell is wrong with you! You never seen a woman in a blanket before?!

REESE
Not in this house.

Barry tosses him the hammer, which lands on his foot.

BARRY
Build me another support.

MARTY
Let's not, okay? Why don't you both knock off for another eight hours?

Barry ignores her, sets up a sawhorse table.

MARTY (CONT.)
How about I talk to your supervisor?

Barry continues to ignore her. Reese points over to their truck.

CONTINUED:

On the door, hand-painted; “Barry Williams-Independant Contractor”.

MARTY (contíd)
Oh, great. Entrepreneur.

BARRY
Brooklyn.

MARTY
Excuse me?

BARRY
You’re from Brooklyn. Right? Bay Ridge or Flatbush, I can’t quite place it.

MARTY
I live in the city.

BARRY
You’re Brooklyn. Get a Brooklyn girl mad, and Bam. Instant gum.

MARTY
Screw you.

BARRY
Flatbush.

MARTY
What’s your problem, Cletus? Don’t you have cows to tip or chickens to milk?

BARRY
Got a deck to build. A contract with Sandy Gershin.

MARTY
A carpenter with principles?

REESE
No, no. Barry used to be a cop.

MARTY
A cop with principles? What’d you do, shoot somebody?

BARRY
Not yet.

MARTY
I got a dozen donuts downstairs. You can have ‘em if you let me sleep.

CONTINUED: (2)

BARRY
I’m working for Sandy Gershin, okay?

MARTY
I’m Sandy’s wife, okay?

BARRY
(a beat)
Sandy’s gay.

MARTY
(feigning shock)
He is?! Oh, why is the wife the last to know? I should have known when he insisted on separate honeymoons.

Her laughter dies when she notices the cell phone in his hand.

MARTY (CONT.) (contíd)
Who’re you calling?

BARRY
Hi, Sandy? It’s Barry. I’m here with your “wife”. Naturally, I’m a little surprised. Give me a call when you get in.
(hangs up, to Marty)
I assumed that you were one of his acting students. But he’s supposed to be a good teacher, and you suck.

INT. SANDY’S BEDROOM-MORNING

Marty storms back into the room, grabs her wad of cash, muttering.

MARTY
Ignorant, backwoods....

EXT. FUTURE DECK-MORNING

Marty rips aside the plastic barrier.

MARTY
Ookay, look, Cletus, I’ll explain, and I’ll use little words. I want sleep. Worth a lot to me. How about I buy you out?

She tosses the bill. It floats on the wind to the ground. Barry stares at it.

CONTINUED:

BARRY
What am I supposed to do with that?

MARTY
You were a cop. Pretend it’s a bribe.

BARRY
I never took a bribe.

MARTY
Too busy breaking up fights at the Bingo games, huh?

BARRY
Look, Flatbush, I was a cop in Long Island. I wasn’t born here, I moved here. I like the land, I like the people, so can that Big Apple shit. And my name ain’t Cletus. It’s Barry. If you have trouble remembering it, just read it off the goddamn truck!

Marty looks at the truck. “Barry Williams-Independant Contractor”.

MARTY
You misspelled “independent”.

She walks back inside. Barry stares after her, then at the truck. Then he glowers at Reese. Reese hands Barry a brace without a right angle. It wouldn’t brace a book. Barry throws it to the ground in disgust.

EXT. RYAN’S HOUSE-DAY

Leeza knocks on the door, and Ryan opens it, sleepy and shirtless.

LEEZA
Hi. My name is Leeza? And I was wondering if I could post these signs....
(smiling)
Aren’t you, y’know, cold?

RYAN
I guess.

LEEZA
Okay. So, anyway, the signs...

RYAN
“Posted- No Hunting” Heh.

CONTINUED:

LEEZA
Just doing my bit. I hate to see the poor deer killed. After all, we're all animals, right? Deep down.

RYAN
I guess.

LEEZA
You need any help putting them up?

RYAN
Nah, that's okay.

LEEZA
Okay. Well, maybe I'll see you.

RYAN
Maybe.

LEEZA
What's your name?

RYAN
Ryan.

LEEZA
Leeza. Put a shirt on, Ryan. I wouldn't want you to freeze to death.

RYAN
Okay.

Leeza walks back to her car, looking back at Ryan over her shoulder. Ryan scratches his pit as he reads the signs.

INT. VOLVO

Leeza climbs in and smiles.

LEEZA
Me-ow.

Starting the car, she pulls out.

EXT. RYAN'S HOUSE.

The Volvo stops abruptly, as something yelps. Leeza hops out of the car and looks behind the rear tire.

LEEZA
Ryan. I just ran over your dog.

EXT. ROAD

The Buick roars down the road, Springsteen-type music blaring.

INT. BUICK

SAL
How the fuck do you get lost following someone?

RED
Dafuck!

FRED
There’s a sign up there.

SAL
Can you read it, Fuckhead, or do I gotta do everything?

The sign says: “Welcome to Pennsylvania- America Starts Here”.

FRED
We’re back in Pennsylvania.

RED
Dafuck.

SAL
Great. Come out for a week, get a little hunting in, and I spend it in the car with you fucks.

FRED
Let’s get some more hash browns, then turn around. What’s the big fuckin’ deal?

SAL
Wait a fuckin’ minute. Pull over.

EXT. ROAD

The Buick pulls over and Sal gets out, empty beer bottles spilling in his wake. He looks around at the terrain, looks for people.

Red and Fred climb out of the car.

RED
Dafuck?

CONTINUED:

FRED
Sooner we get the hashbrowns, the sooner we get back to New York.

SAL
We ain’t going back, Fuckhead. All the good deer’s been bagged already. We’re staying here. In fuckin’ Pennsylvania.

FRED
But it ain’t hunting season yet.

SAL
Exactly. We’re getting the jump on the rest of those in-bred hicks. We’ll bag the best bucks and leave ‘em the shitty little fucks.

RED
Dafuck! It ain’t legal.

FRED
It’s fuckin’ poaching.

SAL
It’s days, is all. Hunting season starts Monday. Five fuckin’ days. They gonna arrest us for that?

FRED
You’re a fuckin’ psycho, y’know that.

SAL
You dickless wonders want to go back to New York, be my guest. I’m staying. You staying?

FRED AND RED
Okay, we’re staying, etc.

SAL
Let’s find someplace to ditch the car, and set up camp.

Sal and Red get back in the car.

FRED
Can we still get some hash browns?

EXT. BACKYARD

Ryan and Leeza stand over an open grave, Ryan shovels dirt in.

CONTINUED:

LEEZA
I am so sorry!

RYAN
He was old.

LEEZA
Maybe if we'd taken it to the vet...

RYAN
Nah. Best to put it out of it's misery.

LEEZA
He knew it was for the best. When he looked up at you, just before you bashed his head in with the shovel? I think he knew.

RYAN
I guess.

LEEZA
You poor guy.

EXT. BACK ROAD

The Buick is parked out of sight. The Guys pull out packs.

EXT. FOREST

The Guys tromp through the forest, letting out an occasional "Whoop" or "Fuck".

EXT. CLEARING

The Guys kick away branches, clearing ground.

Red pulls a cord. Instant tent.

Fred pours kerosene into a generator. He flicks a switch and it chugs to life.

Sal lights a gas-soaked pile of wood with a flint lighter. The twigs burst like a nova, belching black smoke.

A digital clock/radio comes to life.

The propane Hibachi is set up.

Steaks come out of the cooler, followed by beer.

Guns are carelessly laid in a pile.

CONTINUED:

The Guys sit in folding chairs, their feet near the fire, a TV/VCR plugged into the generator, showing a porn film, beers in hand.

SAL
Home sweet home.

INT. TEMPO

Sharon hops into the front seat, where Ryan waits for her.

RYAN
Someone ran over my dog today.

SHARON
He was old.

They kiss.

EXT. SANDY'S HOUSE

There is now the frame of a deck. Barry and Reese rush around gathering up their tools. Barry calls up.

BARRY
We're knocking off, Flatbush. See you tomorrow, bright and early.

REESE
Why are we quitting so early?

BARRY
So we'll have an excuse to wake her up tomorrow. We'll finish the day at my house. Get the tool box.

Reese goes for the toolbox, then sees....

Marty up at the window, still in her blanket. She waves.

Reese waves back, then rushes off, forgetting the tool box.

Marty watches Reese climb in Barry's pick-up, which takes off.

LATER

Marty marches out of the house, wearing boots that are too big for her and clothing to match. Grabbing the toolbox, she climbs the ladder. Expertly laying a board in place, she starts to hammer.

INT. TEMPO

Ryan has Sharon pressed up against the passenger door, her sweater bunched up around her neck, her bra intact. Abruptly, she sits up.

SHARON
It’s almost five.

As she reassembles her clothing....

RYAN
When are we ever gonna do anything?

SHARON
We did plenty.

RYAN
I guess.

SHARON
Just need more time.

RYAN
I hear an hour’s plenty of time.

SHARON
Not for me.

She gives him an exuberant, hot, good-bye kiss, then climbs out.

SHARON (contíd)
There’s a party at the Coop Friday. Starts at eight.

RYAN
When do you have to leave?

SHARON
Ten. That’s two hours. Maybe you’ll get my bra off.

She licks his ear, then leaves.

RYAN
Maybe.

It starts to snow.

EXT. SANDY'S HOUSE-DUSK

Marty puts down the buzz saw, dips into her baggy of coke. She notices the falling snow.

EXT. BARRY'S HOUSE-DUSK

Barry kneels beside his truck, scraping the errant "a" off the door panel as the snow falls.

EXT. CLEARING-NIGHT

Red is peeing off to the side of the clearing, in a spot now soaking with urine. Finishing up, he zips his pants, pulls a beer out of his pocket and starts chugging.

The forest rustles. Red drops his beer in the pee, whips his jacket aside to reveal a gun in a hip holster. He pulls out the gun, cocks it, eyes wide with fear.

The noises stop.

Red holsters his gun, and returns to the fire circle. He nestles down and is soon snoring. The three of them lay covered in beer bottles, outside of their warm heated tent as the snow falls.

EXT. HIGHWAY-NIGHT

A man stands alone on the side of the road, hitch hiking. For one hopeful moment, he is silhouetted by oncoming headlights.

Then the headlights pass. He turns, his face lit by the red tail lights. It is Chris.

CHRIS
Eat shit and die.

He sticks his hand in his coat and trudges on through the snow.

EXT. CLEARING-MORNING

Red, Fred and Sal snore loudly beneath beer bottles and snow, drool frozen in their stubble. Their warm tent stands empty behind them.

Red shivers himself awake, snorting like a dragon.

RED
Da Fuck!!

CONTINUED:

He painfully rises, tries to rub his eyes, and finds his hands are stiff, frozen pokers. He shakes them, but they won't loosen.

RED
Dafuck.

He pushes himself to his feet, groaning, and staggers over to the piss spot, his boots skirting the edge of the opaque yellow ice.

With immense difficulty, he raises his jacket, sweater and shirt up over his white belly, exposing his gun. Then, with his stricken talons, he tries to undo his belt.

His frozen pinkie plays across his gun.

His thumbs dig into his fly and force the zipper down.

His pinkie catches on the trigger.

BLAM!! Birds screech, wild things run.

Red's boots slip on the frozen piss pond. He reels, scrambles, tries to get his footing, slips, shoots up into the air, and...

Lands, his face imbedding in the frozen pee, spider web cracks emanating from the back of his head. His arms lay, splayed and limp at his side. He's dead.

Fred and Sal hardly stir.

FRED
Da fuck!

SAL
Da Fuck!

They snore beneath their bottles. The morning resumes.

EXT. SANDY'S HOUSE

Barry and Reese pull up, the truck pushing through the snow. Barry and Reese hop out and wade through the snow to the deck. Barry pulls aside the tarp where he keeps the lumber. There's nothing there.

BARRY
Where the hell's the wood?

He sees the deck structure. There is no snow beneath the upper deck.

CONTINUED:

Barry waddles under the deck, not noticing Marty smoking a celebratory cigarette. He looks up, and finds his wood, nestled in the now-complete deck.

MARTY
You still here?

BARRY
Who did this?

MARTY
I did. You like?

BARRY
I didn’t know Brooklyn girls knew what a hammer was.

MARTY
My Dad was a handy-man.

BARRY
Well, it looks... it’s good. How long did this take you?

MARTY
I finished at five this morning.

BARRY
Stayed up all night, so you could get some sleep?

MARTY
I want to sleep when I feel like it, is all.

He looks hard at her.

BARRY
You’re wired.

MARTY
Yep.

BARRY
Drugs, hundred dollar bills, the shiner. Who’re you running from?

MARTY
That’s right. You used to be a cop.

BARRY
What’d you used to be? A pro?

CONTINUED: (2)

MARTY
“Pro?” You mean “whore”? Is “pro” supposed to imply respect? Why don’t you just come out and call me a whore.

BARRY
I didn’t...

MARTY
I mean, you don’t even know me. You think all women are whores, or just the ones from New York?

BARRY
Look, you fit the profile, is all.

MARTY
I’m not a whore. And you’re not a cop. You’re a carpenter with no job, so beat it.

BARRY
Look, I’m sorry....

MARTY
Beat it, before I call a real cop.

Barry shrugs and starts to make his way back through the snow to his truck. His cell phone rings. He pulls it out and answers,

BARRY
Yeah? Sandy. Well, speak of the devil... My erection?... oh, the deck. Heh-heh. Well, it’s, it’s done actually.... I’m faster than I thought, too. Actually, funny thing, your wife finished it last night... your wife.

Marty hides her head in her hands.

BARRY (contíd)
Yes. You never mentioned her, so ‘course I was a little surprised to find her here... describe her? She’s, uh, pretty, thin, long hair. Just how many wives do you have?...
(holds phone to her)
Your husband.

Marty takes the phone, and her tough facade crumbles. She smiles shyly as she speaks.

CONTINUED: (3)

MARTY
Sandy? Hi.
(turning from Barry)
Marty.

INT. SANDY'S APT.

SANDY, a kindly man with boyish enthusiasm, speaks on the phone in a beautiful, oak-lined New York apartment. Intercut as needed.

SANDY
Marty! I thought you'd fallen off the planet.

MARTY
I'm working on it.

SANDY
What are you doing spreading nasty rumors about me? Married? Straight? People will talk.

MARTY
I know. I'm sorry. I didn't know what else to do. I needed to get away.

SANDY
You finally wised up and left him. Right? Right? He called, you know.

MARTY
What did you tell him?

SANDY
What could I tell him? I didn't know we were married. Marty?

Marty is weeping, and trying hard to hide it.

MARTY
I'm here.

SANDY
You stay as long as you like. I'll be up for on Saturday. I'll have company, but there's always room for one more.

MARTY
I'll be long gone by then. But thanks.

CONTINUED:

SANDY
You take care. And talk me up to that hunky carpenter.

MARTY
I will. Tell everyone in class I miss them.

SANDY
Put me back on with Barry.

Marty hands the phone back to Barry.

BARRY
Hello?... I'll do that... it's not necessary, your wife did all the work...I appreciate that... See you then.
(hangs up)
He wants me to keep an eye on you.

MARTY
We're not married. He is gay. And he's got a major crush on you.

BARRY
More than I needed to know...

MARTY
I'm sorry I lied.

Barry nods, and heads back to the truck, drives off. Marty cocks her head, listens to the howls of a distant beast.

EXT. FOREST

A scream echoes through the tree tops.

SAL
NOOOOOOOOOOOO!

EXT. FOREST

Sal and Fred stand in their thermal longjohns and boots. Sal falls to his knees at Red's feet, still screaming.

FRED
Oh, God. He's dead.

SAL
This ain't happening!

FRED
This fucks up the whole weekend.

CONTINUED:

SAL
The whole weekend?! He's dead, man! This fucks up the whole week! Aw, what am I gonna tell his Mom?

FRED
Say it was an accident. That he died bravely. He drowned in his own pee and took it like a man. Look at him. He didn't fuckin' struggle.

SAL
That ain't right, man. I don't care how brave you are, you start suckin' pee, you're gonna put up a fight.

FRED
Maybe he was too shitfaced.

SAL
Or maybe he was already whacked when he hit the pee! You remember that gunshot?

FRED
Yeah. You think he whacked himself?

SAL
Fuckin' jerkoff! What's he gonna do? Shoot himself, put the gun back in his holster, then cuddle up in a puddle of pee? They fuckin' killed him, man!

FRED
Who?

SAL
They, man! The locals! The fuckin' inbred hick motherfuckers, they fuckin' whacked him, man! Oh, man, it's got fuckin' "Deliverance" written all over it. Look! They even undid his pants.

FRED
Better call the cops, man.

SAL
Don't you get it, man? Down here, they are the law. It's a conspiracy. We gotta bug outta here, man.

FRED
What about him?

CONTINUED: (2)

SAL
Leave him! He’s dead, dafuck!

FRED
What about the stuff?

SAL
Leave it! We gotta move fast to get away from these fucks. We’d stand out like two sore thumbs luggin’ that shit. Don’t you get it, Fuckhead? This is our life here.

FRED
What about the beer?

SAL
(a beat)
Yeah, we better take the beer.

INT. BARRY’S HOUSE-KITCHEN

Barry pulls a beer out of the fridge, takes a huge gulp and sets it on the table amidst blueprints and papers. He pulls out his phone.

BARRY
Diana? Hey. What’s the special tonight?...

He hears a dripping sound. He turns to find....

His beer can has foamed over. A puddle oozes towards the papers.

BARRY (CONT.)
Shit!...

He leaps to the table, swiping the foaming can to the floor, and plucks a pile of cocktail napkins from the advancing flood. He smooths them out against his chest, then checks them for damage.

The cocktail napkins are from Cafe Figaro. Drawn on the napkins are various rooms, and various exterior views of a house. The drawings are in a very effeminate hand, and there is a lipstick print on one of them. They are dry.

Barry sighs, then carefully pins them on a bulletin board. The last one he pins is a sketchy drawing of the front of Barry’s house.

EXT. BARRY'S HOUSE

A life-sized version of the napkin. The hammering continues.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD

Ryan and Sharon are submerged in each other's mouths. Ryan has his hand up under her sweater, and Sharon digs her hands down into his pants, squeezing his butt. But Sharon rips her hands out of Ryan's pants.

SHARON
Gotta go to work. See ya.

She walks away, fixing her sweater. Ryan watches her go in a blue-balled stupor.

WALTER, a very tiny kid with thick glasses and braces, approaches.

WALTER
I got the roofies.

RYAN
Okay. How do they work?

WALTER
Put 'em in her drink. She'll be putty in your hands. When she wakes up, act surprised, like it was her idea. "I had no idea you felt as strongly as I did." type of thing.

RYAN
Why don't you use 'em?

WALTER
I use 'em on my Dad.

Ryan shakes his head as he leaves.

WALTER (contíd)
You gonna be at the party Friday?

EXT. SANDY'S HOUSE

Marty stumbles out into the snow, her coke baggy in her hand. From behind a willow tree in the back yard, Chris steps out.

Marty leaps out of her skin. She drops the coke in the snow.

MARTY
Chris?

CONTINUED:

No one is there. With shaking hands, Marty picks up the dripping, practically empty bag of coke.

EXT. FOREST-DUSK

Sal and Fred stumble through the forest.

SAL
Where the fuck’s our car?!

FRED
We parked it next to the tree.

SAL
Which fuckin’ tree, Fuckhead? There’s gotta be a million of ‘em!

FRED
(starting to cry)
It was a big, big tree.

SAL
Are you crying? Are you fucking crying?

FRED
I wanna go home.

SAL
Stop crying and find the fuckin’ car!

FRED
Fuck you.

SAL
Fuck you!

FRED
Fuck you.

SAL
(handing Fred a beer)
Look, we’re New Yorkers here, all right? Fuck ‘em. They don’t think we can make it out of these woods? We drive in fuckin’ rush hour every day. We live in the fuckin’ biggest city in the center of the fuckin’ world, you think we’re gonna let Cletus and the boys kill our fuckin buddy and run us around like dogs? We’re gonna find the car, we’re getting the hell out of here, and we’re coming back with the whole fuckin’ local 289.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

SAL(contíd)

They'll wish they'd never fucked with New York.

FRED
Yeah.

SAL
(embracing him)
So quit the fuckin' waterworks and calm the fuck down.

FRED
It's just, we're out of our element, we can't find the car, and I've had a fuckin' hard on since Tuesday.

SAL
Whoa. Get the fuck away from me.

INT. SANDY'S BEDROOM-EVENING

Marty sits in the middle of the ransacked bedroom. She looks spectacularly strung out. An empty drawer lays on her lap.

MARTY
C'mon, Sandy, where do you keep the drugs?

EXT. SANDY'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Marty steps out into the blustery, snowy night, bundled inadequately in borrowed clothes.

INT. WALTER'S KITCHEN-NIGHT

A family of four sit at the table, all staring down at their plates, except for Walter, who stares at his dad, Al.

Al still wears his work coveralls. MARJORIE sits nearby, a heavy woman with frown lines etched on her face. She maintains a careful neutrality. SIS is indifferent to any stimuli.

AL
What is this slop?

MARJORIE
If you'da shot us a deer, it'd be venison.

AL
It'd be slop. All we ever...
(noticing Walter)
Why're you eyeballing me, boy?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AL(contíd)

(drinking)
Weird little faggot. When are you gonna try out for wrestling? Like a little...

His eyes roll back and he flops face first in his slop. The mood at the table immediately lightens. Marjorie smiles, Walter eats, even Sis seems vaguely interested in her food.

MARJORIE
Walter, Mother loves you very much.

A knock on the door. Marjorie rises to get it.

INT. WALTER'S HOUSE-DOOR-NIGHT

Marjorie opens the door. Marty stands outside, snow in her hair.

MARJORIE
Yeah?

MARTY
Hi. I'm staying in the house on Blackwell.

MARJORIE
Oh, yeah. You're the one doesn't like hash browns. What're you doing up at Sandy's house?

MARTY
He's my...
(thinks better of it)
I'm house-sitting for him.

MARJORIE
Left you with an empty cupboard, did he? Well, come on in.

INT. KITCHEN

MARJORIE
Kind of inconsiderate thing to do to your house-sitter. Guess there's a little man in Sandy after all.

SIS
There's plenty of men in him.

WALTER
Shut up, you stupid hick.

CONTINUED:

MARJORIE
Now, you both hush.
(to Marty)
So, what do you need? Flour? Sugar?

MARTY
Coke?

MARJORIE
Pepsi okay?

MARTY
Cocaine. The drug. Got any?

MARJORIE
Cocaine?

MARTY
Cocaine, coke, snow, blow, Bolivian marching powder, nose candy. I'd settle for pot.

They all stare at her for a moment.

WALTER
You want some roofies?

MARJORIE
Walter!

MARTY
Roofies?

MARJORIE
We don't know who she is!

WALTER
She's the hash brown lady.

MARTY
What the hell are roofies?

MARJORIE
She could be a cop.

WALTER
Entrapment. The charge wouldn't stick.

MARTY
What do roofies do?

They all turn to stare at Al, collapsed in his slop.

CONTINUED: (2)

MARTY (contíd)
I'll take all you got.

WALTER
Right this way.

Walter leads Marty off.

MARJORIE
Walter! Save some for your father.

INT. WALTER'S ROOM

Walter counts out money for her on the bed.

WALTER
Eighty, a hundred. There's your change.

Marty examines the roofies, starts to take one.

WALTER (contíd)
No. You'll never make it out of the room.

MARTY
Heh. Wouldn't want you taking advantage of me.

Walter just stares at her.

EXT. WALTER'S HOUSE- NIGHT

As Marty walks down to the road, she takes out a couple of the roofies and pops them as headlights flash behind her.

INT. BARRY'S TRUCK

Barry looks quizzically out through his windshield.

A lone figure (Marty) walks straight along the side of the road. Suddenly, she staggers weakly out into the middle. She serpentines ridiculously before she finally collapses in the road.

EXT. ROAD

Barry stops the truck, runs over to her, flips her over. Marty looks up at him.

MARTY
Boy, you're tall.

CONTINUED:

Her eyes close. Barry tries to rouse her, but she is OUT. Barry picks her up throws her in the back of his pick up, and takes off.

LOUISE (V.O.)
Need a ride?

INT. CAR

LOUISE, an attractive woman slowly approaching middle age, pulls back into traffic, eyeing the hitchhiker she's just picked up. She offers him the cigarette from her mouth. He takes it.

CHRIS
Nice car.

LOUISE
My husband's district attorney for New York, and my ex was a cop, so don't get any ideas.

CHRIS
Jesus. Only a fuckin' compliment.

LOUISE
Nice mouth. What do you drive?

CHRIS
Eighty-nine Merc convertible.

LOUISE
Gangster car. What happened?

CHRIS
Someone stole it.

LOUISE
Now you see how the other half lives.

CHRIS
I don't steal cars.

LOUISE
Uh-huh. You gonna call the cops?

CHRIS
I'll deal with the bitch myself.

LOUISE
Nice mouth. Nice eyes, too. Just a fuckin' compliment.

CONTINUED:

Their eyes meet, his angry, hers playful.

EXT. FOREST

FRED
What the fuck is that?!

Fred stares horrified, straight ahead. Sal follows his stare.

SAL
What?

FRED
Something’s out there, man!

There is a faint glint, like a reflection off of an eye.

SAL
Are you fuckin’ kidding me?!

FRED
Over there!

SAL
Fuck!

They drop their flashlights, draw their guns and start blasting.

FRED
Fuck you, you fat fuckin’ fuck, etc.!

SAL
Fuckin’ die, fuckin’ fuck fucker, etc.!

The ammo runs out. They continue clicking and screaming for a moment, then ease off.

FRED
Think we got it?

SAL
We fuckin’ bagged that sucker. We fuckin’ iced it.

FRED
Go check.

SAL
Fuck you!

CONTINUED:

Fred creeps reluctantly toward the glinting eye, disappearing into the blackness. Sal gropes around for his flashlight.

Suddenly, Sal is awash in bright white light. Covering his eyes, he stares at the source. Fred stands before it, silhouetted.

FRED
I found the car.

Sal walks over to the car, and he and Fred survey the damage. One headlight gone, two tires flattened, a bullethole in the windshield.

SAL
We found the car! Get the fuck in, man! We're gettin' the fuck outta here.

They climb into the car.

INT. CAR

SAL
At last, the nightmare is over, man.

FRED
Back to reality.

SAL
Back to the city, man.

FRED
Fuckin' A. Goin' home.

SAL
Fuckin' straight. Gimme the keys.

They stare at each other.

SAL AND FRED
Dafuck!

EXT. ROADSIDE MOTEL-NIGHT

Louise's car is pulled up adjacent to Leeza's Volvo.

INT. MOTEL ROOM #12-NIGHT

Louise and Chris are having sweaty, thrusting, animalistic, gymnastic, over-the-top SEX! They grunt, moan, gasp in pain or epiphany. Chris is riding the bucking Louise, thrusting her into the headboard, which bangs against the wall.

INT. MOTEL ROOM #13-NIGHT

Leeza sits on her bed, talking on the phone. Her wall thuds with an obvious rhythm.

LEEZA
No, Ma, I really gotta go. Love you.

Hanging up, she stares at the wall, affronted. Then concerned. Then horny. She runs her hands over her body.

EXT. BARRY'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Barry pulls up to his house, picks Marty up from the back of his truck and carries her inside.

INT. BARRY'S HOUSE-BEDROOM

A light flicks on in the hallway outside. Barry struggles up the stairs with his deadweight load. Bumping her feet, he maneuvers her into the bedroom and lays her, fully clothed, on the bed.

He laboriously removes her boots and socks. He rolls her onto her side to take off her jacket. She only wears a tank top underneath, and a lot of smooth skin is visible.

Barry's brow furrows as he notices a tiny round scar-a cigarette burn in her arm.

He rolls her back over, and her eyes are wide open, in fear.

MARTY
(slurred)
Chris. No. Don touch me...

BARRY
It's Barry. The builder.

MARTY
(fading out)
Chris.

Barry pulls a comforter over her, then gently runs a calloused thumb over her still bruised eye. He shakes his head. Giving her a last tuck, he hangs her clothes on the back of the door and walks out, closing the door, leaving her in the dark.

MARTY
Chris.

INT. ROADSIDE MOTEL ROOM #12-NIGHT

CHRIS
Marty.

Louise’s many-ringed hand turns on the lamp. She pulls a sheet over her breasts and stares hard at Chris.

LOUISE
You’re a very interesting fella.

CHRIS
What?

LOUISE
Marty?

CHRIS
What?

LOUISE
We sorta rushed into this, you don’t know me, I can understand callin’ out some girls name. But a guy?

CHRIS
What are you talking about?

INT. ROADSIDE MOTEL-ROOM #13

Leeza, her clothes haphazardly removed, lays there with one hand in her pants, one hand waving in a “get on with it” gesture.

INT. ROADSIDE MOTEL-ROOM #12

CHRIS
Marty’s the bitch that stole my car.

LOUISE
So, he’s your bitch. I woulda thought, handsome guy like you, you were the bitch.

Chris grabs Louise’s arm and whips her onto the bed. He pins her beneath him and gets right in her face, his eyes glaring.

CHRIS
Marty’s a woman. Got it?

LOUISE
Okay, okay, Jesus.

CONTINUED:

Chris rolls off her and stretches out on the bed. Louise gets up.

LOUISE (contíd)
What makes you so tough?

CHRIS
You'll find out, you keep talking.

LOUISE
I think I already know.

Chris looks over at her.

She stands over his discarded clothes, with his discarded gun in her hand, smiling playfully.

LOUISE (contíd)
Couldn't be this, could it?

CHRIS
Give me that. That's dangerous. Just hand it over....

The gun shoots, drilling the wall just over the headboard.

INT. ROADSIDE MOTEL ROOM #13

Leeza lay frozen, her eyes rolled up at the smoking bullethole just over her headboard.

INT. ROADSIDE MOTEL ROOM #12

Chris slowly rises from his cower by the bed. Louise stares at him in shock, then she starts to laugh.

CHRIS
It's not funny...

Louise fires again, laughing even harder. And again.

Chris rushes her, knocking her to the ground. He grabs the gun from her and sticks it in her face.

CHRIS (CONT.) (contíd)
You think it's funny? You think it's funny?

Clearly she does, as her laughter continues. But Chris's mood takes over. She looks at him and realizes he's going to kill her.

CONTINUED:

LOUISE
Well?

A bang on the door, an old male voice shouting outside. Chris looks for another escape, can’t find any, so he gathers his clothes.

EXT. ROADSIDE MOTEL ROOM #12

BILLY, the proprietor of the place, stands banging on the door, his rifle in his hand. Suddenly, the door flings open.

A partially clad Chris runs out and off into the night. No sooner does he digest this, then Louise runs out, shoving Billy aside, laughing, her clothes inadequately clutched to her body. She hops in the car and takes off.

Billy has no more than a second before the next door flings open and Leeza runs out, also halfway dressed, dives into her car and takes off, leaving Billy alone with his rifle.

INT. WALTER’S HOUSE-MORNING

Al stirs himself awake from his plate of last night’s food. He clears the mash potatoes from his eyes and sees.

Chris, looking a little worse for wear.

CHRIS
You got a boy named Walter. Where is he?

AL
What time is it?

CHRIS
Eight thirty.

AL
School?

Chris nods, gets up and gives Al a quick swipe on the back of the head. Al lands softly in his mashed potatoes as Chris leaves.

INT. BARRY’S HOUSE

Barry nudges the bedroom door open.

Marty is still out, wearing her tanktop and underwear.

Coloring slightly, he lays a tray of toast, juice and coffee on the bedstand and leaves the room, quietly shutting the door.

INT. HALLWAY

BARRY
(racing downstairs)
Shoulda put her in the guestroom.

INT.KITCHEN

The kitchen is now complete, and splendid. Barry plucks the napkins from the drafting table and lays them on the kitchen table. He looks around critically, running his hands through his hair. He checks the time. Anxious, he races up the stairs.

INT. LIVINGROOM

He stares out the window, searching. He sees....

Way off, Louise’s car tearing up the roads.

BARRY
She’s here. She’s here.

INT. KITCHEN

He runs into the kitchen, setting his coffee down on a perfectly set table. He grabs the coffee pot and whirls it around, the aromatic steam wafting around the room. He puts the pot back and races upstairs.

INT. BEDROOM

Barry bursts into the door, clapping.

BARRY
Okay, glad to help, but you gotta go now.
My wife is coming. Hello? Flatbush?
Jesus, what’s her name?

Barry grabs his phone by the bedstand and dials.

BARRY (CONT.) (contíd)
Hi, Sandy. What’s your wife’s name?

INT. SANDY’S APT.

Intercut as needed.

SANDY
Barry? Don’t tell me this is a social call.

CONTINUED:

BARRY
I just need your wife’s name, she won’t get out of my bed.

SANDY
She’s in your bed?

BARRY
Yeah, in her underwear.

SANDY
Lucky her.

BARRY
I got company coming. How’s it going to look?

SANDY
The mental image I have is splendid.

BARRY
Sandy! Her name. I know she ain’t your wife, but you know her name. I gotta get her the hell out of here.

SANDY
Her name’s Marty.

BARRY
Thank you.

SANDY
Barry. She’s had it rough last couple of years. You know how men can be.

BARRY
Uh...

SANDY
Go easy on her.

BARRY
I really gotta go.

Barry hangs up and pulls a chair to the bed.

BARRY (CONT.) (contíd)
Marty!

Marty’s eyes flutter open. Barry smiles.

CONTINUED: (2)

BARRY (CONT.) (contíd)
There you are. Good. You remember me? Barry, the builder? I picked you up last night, brought you home. My home. You're in my bedroom.

MARTY
Your bedroom? Did we...

A horn honks.

BARRY
Aw, jeez, she's here. Look, just stay here, all right, I'll show her the bedroom later, just don't make any noise.

MARTY
Did we have sex?

But the door is closed.

INT. KITCHEN

BARRY
(racing downstairs)
Shoulda put her in the guestroom.

EXT. DRIVEWAY

Louise is grabbing a briefcase out of the car as Barry stumbles out. He stops short at the sight of her.

BARRY
Lou.

LOUISE
God, this place is like the tundra. You got heat in there?

BARRY
Oh, yeah. You look good.

LOUISE
My skin is cracking.

She pushes past him into the house. He follows, disappointed.

INT. KITCHEN

Barry steps into the kitchen, but Louise has already moved on, her briefcase on the table.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Huge, with high ceilings and trapezoid windows. There is a gigantic fireplace, fire blazing away, and Louise stands in front of it, having tracked across the livingroom in her snowy boots.

Barry peeks in.

BARRY
There you are.

LOUISE
I can't warm up. My God, it's like Siberia up here.

BARRY
You grew up here.

LOUISE
Don't remind me. Brrrr.

BARRY
So. You like it?

LOUISE
The fire?

BARRY
The house.

LOUISE
(looking around)
Yeah. Think I'm finally ready to take this coat off. Well? Come on over and give me a proper hello.

Barry awkwardly hugs her and kisses her on the cheek. He stares into her eyes. She stares back, questioningly.

LOUISE (CONT.) (contíd)
Where do I hang my coat?

INT. KITCHEN

Louise sits at the kitchen table, opening the briefcase, pulling out papers, as Barry pours coffee.

BARRY
Coffee?

LOUISE
Tea, please. Something herbal.

CONTINUED:

BARRY
Herbal?

LOUISE
Just hot water. I brought my own bag.

Barry pours the coffee back and puts on tea water.

INT. BEDROOM

Marty tries to rouse herself. She flips the sheets off weakly. Grimacing at the taste in her mouth, she grabs the juice on the bedstand.

INT. KITCHEN

BARRY
It’s good to see you, Lou. You didn’t have to come all the way up here.

LOUISE
Well, I need these papers signed, and they kept getting lost in the mail. Right?

BARRY
Yeah, well. I’m glad you’re here.

INT. BEDROOM

Marty reaches to put the juice back, loses her balance and rolls out of bed, hitting the floor with a THUD!

INT. KITCHEN

Thud! Barry and Louise look up at the sound.

LOUISE
What the hell was that?

BARRY
Let me check....
(as he runs out)
Guestroom, guestroom,....

INT. BEDROOM

Marty sits stunned against the bed, legs akimbo. Barry bursts in.

BARRY
Keep it down, I got company.

CONTINUED:

MARTY
Did we have sex?

BARRY
Ssshhhhh!

Barry closes the door.

INT. KITCHEN

Barry runs back into the kitchen.

BARRY
Just ice, falling off the trees....

Louise isn’t listening. She’s staring at the napkins Barry left on the table. She looks around the kitchen.

LOUISE
Oh, my God....

Entranced, she gets up and moves to the livingroom. Barry follows.

INT. LIVINGROOM

Louise looks at the room, consults the napkin, and laughs.

LOUISE
Unbelievable. It’s perfect.
(pointing to the stairs)
The bedroom’s up there?

Barry’s smile dies horribly on his face.

INT. BEDROOM

Marty rises slowly from the floor, reaching for here clothes hung on the back of the door.

INT. STAIR

Barry runs backwards up the stairs, trying to fend off Louise.

BARRY
I don’t want you to see it yet, Lou. It ain’t finished.

LOUISE
I want to see how much you got.

INT. BEDROOM

Having made it to the door, Marty grabs for her clothes.

INT. STAIR

Louise pushes past Barry and grabs the door handle. Barry squeezes in between her and the door.

BARRY
You should see the guest room. I'm really proud of....

Louise shoves the door open.

INT. BEDROOM

The door opens, swinging in on Marty, pinning her against the wall, blocking her from sight. Louise barges in.

LOUISE
Oh, Barry, I'm impressed.

BARRY
(searching for some sign of Marty)
Yeah. Me, too.

LOUISE
This is why you made me come out here. This is what you had up your sleeve.

BARRY
(patting the bed as he sits)
I'm a tricky guy.

LOUISE
You built the house.

BARRY
Our house, Lou. I built our house.

Louise looks at him, then at anything but him.

Behind the door, Marty listens.

LOUISE
(re: the napkins)
I had no idea these old things were still around.

CONTINUED:

BARRY
You know, that restaurant isn't even there anymore. It's a S'barro's, or some damn thing.

LOUISE
That makes these collector's items. We should sell 'em.

BARRY
No way. Never.

LOUISE
Okay, let's wrap this up. I gotta get back to the city. Ben's got some charity thing going on...

BARRY
Aw, Lou, how can you talk about going home to that weasel.

LOUISE
He's not a weasel.

BARRY
He's a weasel, a back-stabbing, ass-kissing...

LOUISE
Make up your mind, all right?

BARRY
Bribe-taking weasel. He cheats on you, you know that? I still got friends on the force, they tell me he's got some Spanish tail holed up on the West side.

LOUISE
I cheat on him, so what?

BARRY
What?

LOUISE
It's not like before. None of that romantic bullshit, all right? I'm through waiting for the bells to ring. Ben's an up-and-comer, and if he takes bribes, who cares?

BARRY
He doesn't love you!

CONTINUED: (2)

LOUISE
So what? Who cares? I don't love him! I didn't marry him for love. I'm through with that. We married for love, and look at us. What did you think? I was gonna drop everything 'cause you built me a house? I live in a fuckin' penthouse in New York City. So it's the house we dreamed of, so we wrote it on napkins, so what? It's a house in Siberia, I don't want it.

Barry hangs his head. Marty hangs hers.

LOUISE (CONT.) (contíd)
You gotta move on, Barry. I mean, you built this for me, and I'm sorry, but that's pathetic.

Marty raises her head, her eyes light with rage.

LOUISE (CONT.) (contíd)
You been just waiting for me to see the light and come running back to you? (laughs) It's almost flattering, in a way....

The door slams shut. Louise and Barry look up.

Marty stands there, underwear and tank top. Hot! She saunters over to Barry and gives him a big, wet, open-mouthed kiss.

She looks Louise right in the eye.

MARTY
I smell... coffee.

She walks out, down the stairs.

LOUISE
Who the hell is that?

BARRY
Marty.

LOUISE
MARTY?!

EXT. DRIVEWAY

Barry hands her the signed papers, Marty tosses her a used herbal tea bag, and Louise burns rubber, taking off, soon disappearing behind some mountain.

BARRY
We didn’t have sex last night.

MARTY
You don’t say. I’m hungry.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD-MORNING

Chris wanders across a cemetery towards the schoolyard, where children are hanging out during lunch. He approaches a particularly cool group, bums a cigarette and asks them a question. One of the prettier girls points to....

Walter, sitting alone, reading a comic book.

Chris saunters over.

CHRIS
Walter, right?

WALTER
I’m sold out right now.

CHRIS
I’m not buying. I’m looking for someone. New in town. Real looker. Can’t miss her.

WALTER
(suspicious)
No, I haven’t seen her. I just sell to the local kids.

CHRIS
Why don’t I believe you? Your supplier’s a friend of mine, you don’t help me, he’ll cut you off. He’s the one gave me your name. This girl, she’s got a real taste for the stuff, she’d be drawn to you like a fuckin’ magnet.

WALTER
I don’t...

PAULIE, a huge jock with a gaggle of kids behind him, struts up.

CONTINUED:

PAULIE
Hey, Geek’s got a friend. This your punk, boy?

CHRIS
Why don’t you go back to fucking sheep, jughead?

Whipping out the gun, he fires at Paulie’s feet, the bullets sending the snow flying. Paulie scurries away with his entourage.

CHRIS (contíd)
Not a very patient man.

WALTER
Sandy Gershin’s house on Blackwell Road. The one on the right.

CHRIS
Which one on the right?

WALTER
The only one on the right.

Chris pockets the gun and walks off through the now deserted playground.

As Walter watches him leave, Paulie’s entourage gathers behind him.

KID
Who was that?

WALTER
Friend of mine needed help.

The entourage is impressed.

EXT. ROADSIDE

Leeza squats beside her parked Volvo, eating a sandwich. She hears a sound and looks up.

A chicken peeks through the shrubbery across the street, looks at her cautiously, then pecks at an errant breadcrumb in the snow.

Leeza smiles kindly.

The chicken emerges from the shrubs, pecking at a trail of crumbs leading it across the street, closer to Leeza.

CONTINUED:

A horn blares, and tires crush the chicken.

Leeza’s jaw drops as Ryan looks out the window of his Tempo and examines the mess. He smiles.

RYAN
Chicken? In the winter? Oh, well. I’d move it, but I’m wearing these jeans to the party tonight, and I don’t want to get guts and stuff all over. It’s at the coop. You can come if you want. Take it easy.

He drives off, the rear tires thumping over the chicken.

LEEZA
Oh, why did the chicken have to cross the road?

EXT. DIANA’S-DAY

Ryan pulls up to Diana’s.

INT. DIANA’S-DAY

Ryan walks in, eyes Sharon and heads back to the restrooms.

SHARON
Bathroom!

DIANA
Go.

Diana is handing a tin of food to Barry, who glumly takes it. Reese trips over, spilling coffee.

REESE
Hey, boss. So, did she like the house, huh? You guys gonna live happy ever after, huh?

BARRY
You’re fired.

Barry passes Reese, who drops his coffee. Jack steps up.

JACK
Set us up with ten of those, darling.

DIANA
You find the city boys yet?

CONTINUED:

JACK
If these hash browns don’t work as bait, we’ll use your little helper.

DIANA
Yeah, if you can get her out of the bathroom.

EXT. FOREST-MORNING

Sal and Fred are working their way through the forest.

FRED
It’s this way.

SAL
Yeah, and an hour ago it was that fuckin’ way.

FRED
No, I hear the generator... oh, shit!

SAL
What the fuck....

Sal peeks into the clearing at what Fred saw.

The locals from Diana’s, led by Jack, still in their hunting vests, are poking around the campsite, rifles in arm.

INT. CLEARING

Jack pulls out a tin of hashbrowns, ripping the plastic lid off.

JACK
Guess they got spooked when they found their buddy all drowned in his pee.

LOCAL #1
Guess we better find ‘em before they starve to death.

JACK
Wonder where they went?

INT. FOREST

SAL
They’re closing in for the fuckin’ kill, man.

CONTINUED:

FRED
(starting to cry)
They got hashbrowns, man. It ain't fair.

SAL
Take cover. I'm gonna fuckin' finish this thing.

Fred squats behind the case of beer as Sal reaches into his gun bag and pulls out a semi-automatic AK-47.

FRED
What's you fuckin' bring that for?

SAL
In case we ran into a herd. You gotta fuckin' problem with that?

Letting out a scream, Sal closes his eyes and starts shooting.

EXT. CLEARING

Jack and the locals run for cover at the sound of gunfire.

Bullets start to ping off the generator and imbed themselves into the case of beer. Fred peeks out.

Sal shoots until he opens his eyes, sees the empty campsite.

SAL
Take that, you inbred, butt-fucking mother fuckers! Haha-HAH! Did you see that, you fuckhead? Huh?

FRED
Yeah, man. Cool. All right.

SAL
WOOO-HOOOO!

He triumphantly shoots his semi-automatic up into the air, through the overhanging branches.

A big branch falls on Fred, crushing him swiftly behind the leaking case of beer.

Sal looks over and sees Fred's flattened body.

SAL (CONT.) (contíd)
Nooooo!!

CONTINUED:

Grief-stricken, he stumbles over, falls to his knees, then lovingly cradles the case of beer. He carries it off, howling into the wilderness.

As his cries fade in the distance, Jack and the Locals emerge from their hiding places. They shuffle towards Fred, dead in the snow. Jack leans over him, feeling for a pulse.

LOCAL #1
Is he dead?

JACK
(mystified)
Oh, sure. But he's got a hard-on.

INT. BARRY'S HOUSE

Marty sits at the kitchen table, still in her underwear, shovelling hash browns into her mouth like there's no tomorrow. Barry sits across from her, still and wounded.

MARTY
Y'know, I never used to like hash browns, but these are exquisite. What's the secret, you think?

BARRY
Paprika.

MARTY
The red stuff? I thought that was just like food coloring. You know, you're a pretty god-awful host. First guest in your new house, all you can say is paprika.

BARRY
You asked for the secret. Paprika. What is there to say?

MARTY
(looking at the napkins)
So you drew this house up on a date?

BARRY
She was new in the city, homesick. I was this streetwise cop. It was just date talk, you know. But she brought me home to meet her folks, and I fell in love with the place. So I built the house. You can do that up here. New York, it's, you gotta join the union, regulations. Why bother?

CONTINUED:

MARTY
Building a house, though. It's something. Most of my friends, it's all they can do to get up in the morning. Paying the cable bill's a major accomplishment.

BARRY
What are you doing here? Aren't you going through shopping withdrawal or something?

MARTY
I'm here to enjoy myself. A last fling.

BARRY
Last fling? You're graduating?

MARTY
No.

A dead end. Barry tries another tack.

BARRY
So are you? Enjoying yourself?

MARTY
(smiling)
Soon.

Marty leans in and kisses him. Barry's eyes close.

BARRY
God, you taste good.

MARTY
Mmm. Paprika.

EXT. COOP

Sort of a ramshackle place, but brightly lit and loud. The snowy front lawn is littered with empty beer cans, and there are five beer kegs on the front porch.

INT. COOP

The front door opens, and about half of the crowded livingroom turns to greet Ryan and Sharon.

This crowd is pre-collegiate. None of the girls are into big hair and heavy make-up, all of the guys are into acne and wispy facial hair. Everyone is wearing jeans and sweatshirts, some with T-shirts visible underneath.

CONTINUED:

Not a lot of dancing, touching or making out, but everyone has a beer. The priorities are clear.

Ryan and Sharon separate, she to a group of girls, he to the keg and the boys that surround it. As Ryan draws himself a plastic cup of mostly foam, he spies....

Walter sitting in the corner. Walter gives him the thumbs up.

Ryan nervously returns the sign.

INT. COOP-UPSTAIRS

Walter leads Ryan down the hall.

WALTER
I got here early and checked the place out for you. I figure there are three rooms you could bring her.

RYAN
You got here early?

WALTER
I want things to go off without a hitch. Quality control.

RYAN
I guess.

WALTER
(opening one door)
Mike’s room. Good for the next couple of hours, but at ten he fights with Ingrid, and she’ll come up here to cry.

Walter opens the next door.

WALTER (CONT.) (contíd)
His parents’ room.

They both cringe. Walter opens the last door like it’s a shrine.

WALTER (CONT.) (contíd)
His sister’s room. She’s at Penn State and her last class ends tonight at nine thirty, so no surprises You have to leave it like you found it, otherwise there’ll be a whole interrogation, but that’s standard for high school. I’d say it’s your best bet.

CONTINUED:

Ryan steps into the room, getting a feel for it. It’s dark and heavy with fabric. Rainbow and unicorn posters abound. It still has that high school feel, as though it’s collegiate occupant never got around to redecorating. There is an old poster of Luke Perry on the wall opposite from the bed. Ryan sees it and smiles.

RYAN
It’s perfect.

EXT. COOP

Snowshoes trod boldly through the snow up to the front door. Black stockinged feet abandon the shoes and high heels are slipped on.

INT. COOP

The door opens and Leeza stands there in a beautiful black party dress reminiscent of Marty’s dress earlier.

The sweatshirt and T-shirt crowd stare at her, the boys appreciatively, the girls not so much.

LEEZA
I’m a friend of Ryan’s.

They all nod and return to their conversations. Leeza wanders through the party, smiling openly at all who glance her way. She sees a group spilling out of the den.

INT. COOP-DEN

Leeza enters the den, where another less crowded keg has been set up. Filling her plastic cup, she surveys the room.

A deer head.

A stuffed duck.

A collection of woodchuck tails.

Leeza screams in fright, dropping her drink.

Everyone else in the room drops their drink and stares at her.

LEEZA
(recovering, hand to mouth)
Sorry. Sorry.

EXT. SANDY’S HOUSE-NIGHT

Chris walks up in mud covered shoes and cuffs. He steps off the plowed road, into the snowy yard and up to the hulk of a car buried in the snow. He wipes away snow to reveal the color red.

INT. SANDY’S HOUSE-ENTRANCEWAY

Chris walks in through the unlocked front door. The security alarm panel beside the door dangles, having been pried off.

INT. SANDY’S HOUSE-KITCHEN

Chris stalks through, looking for some sign of her.

INT. SANDY’S HOUSE-BEDROOM

Put off by the lushness of the room, Chris steps lightly. He finds the wad of cash, only slightly dwindled, and pockets it.

INT. SANDY’S HOUSE-LIVINGROOM

Running his fingers through some dust on the coffeetable, he puts it in his mouth. It’s not dust. Chris nods. He’s found her. He sits down in the chair in front of the TV and dozes off.

INT. BARRY’S HOUSE-BEDROOM

A TV screen clicks off. Marty’s arm, draped in a blanket, swings away from the power button and over to the window. Outside, millions of stars.

MARTY
I’ve never seen so many stars. It’s crowded up there.

Barry lays on the bed, naked, staring at her.

BARRY
Look at you, in that blanket. Like the first time we met.

MARTY
Heh. Our balcony scene.

BARRY
Without the balcony.

CONTINUED:

MARTY
(returning to the bed)
And you can just look out from your bed. What a house.

True enough, the star light washes over their pale skin, turns them into creatures of light.

BARRY
Gonna have to build a lot of houses to pay for this one.

MARTY
It’ll be worth it.

BARRY
Listen, I want to thank you for tonight, for this morning.

MARTY
Please.

BARRY
You must think I’m pretty pathetic.

MARTY
I think you’re amazing. You said you’d do something, and you did it. You made your own life. I just got trapped in mine. You know what I’m afraid of? They say before you die, your life passes in front of your eyes? I’m not afraid of dying, really, but I don’t want to see my life first. Just a lot of bad acting and stupid scenes. Like a kung-fu movie without the fight scenes. Coming up here was the first decision I made for myself in a long time. And the best.

BARRY
Every decision costs you, though.

MARTY
It’ll be worth it.

BARRY
You thirsty?

Marty nods. They kiss, and Barry hustles out of bed and out the room, leaving the door ajar. The stairwell light shines into the room, Smiling, Marty lies back, luxuriating in the warm bed.

CONTINUED: (2)

A creak. Marty turns to the sound.

A shadow appears in the doorway.

Marty grimaces in shock.

It’s Chris.

Marty shakes her head.

Chris looks down the stairs, then back at Marty, cocking his head.

Chris pulls the gun out of his coat, positioning himself beside the door, as Barry’s feet come padding up the stairs.

MARTY
(choked with fear)
No.

Chris puts a finger to his lips.

Marty is terrified, and can barely watch as....

Barry steps onto the landing, advances towards the threshold.

Chris pulls the trigger, the bang is deafening.

Marty plunges her face into the pillow.

BARRY (CONT.)
You like pizza?

Marty lifts her head, completely at a loss.

Barry stands silhouetted by the stairway light. Chris is nowhere to be seen.

Marty hides her face with shaking hands.

BARRY (CONT.) (contíd)
Oh, yeah, the light. Sorry.

MARTY
Leave it on!

BARRY
Sure. Anyway, I found this pizza mix downstairs. We could whip it up. Home cooking

MARTY
I have to go.

CONTINUED: (3)

BARRY
You have to go? Why?

MARTY
Look, I had fun, y'know, it was great. But you're looking for someone to cook for, and....

BARRY
What, you're not hungry?

MARTY
It's not that.

BARRY
I mean, don't eat if you're not hungry.

MARTY
I'm just saying,you have your life, you don't need me to drag you down.

BARRY
What spooked you?

MARTY
Nothing.

BARRY
You're safe here. I was a cop. No one's gonna hurt you....

MARTY
Look, I felt bad for you, with your wife and all. Don't make more out of it than there is.

BARRY
What am I, the Yearling? You gonna chase me away with rocks next?

MARTY
I came up here to do something, and it wasn't you.

Barry swallows this like a giant pill.

MARTY (CONT.) (contíd)
I don't know where I am here. Would you please take me home?

BARRY
Right away, Flatbush. Get a move on. The meters running.

CONTINUED: (4)

Gathering his clothes, he leaves her alone in the room.

INT. COOP

Ryan works his way to the keg spout, to find Leeza there, sucking back one brew after another like there was no tomorrow.

RYAN
Hey.

Thrilled to see him, she puts a familiar hand on his chest and kisses him on the lips. She's a little tipsy.

LEEZA
Ryan. There you are. I been looking all over for you, babe. How are you?

Her happy demeanor fades, she rests her head against his chest.

LEEZA (contíd)
Ryan. There are deer heads on the wall.

RYAN
Yeah. I helped mount 'em.

LEEZA
You poor boy. Of course, this is all you know. There's so little you've been exposed to. So much I can show you.

RYAN
I guess.

The moment lingers between them. Ryan grabs two beers and uncomfortably pushes his way out of the crowd.

A plastic mug of beer rests on a mantle. A roofie is plopped in, foaming it a little. Ryan lifts the beer off the mantle, leaving a ring stain on the wood.

He wades through the crowd, drinks held high, making his way towards Sharon. He hands her the doctored beer, which she accepts and drinks without suspicion.

Ryan is as close as a Pennsylvania teen can get to beaming. His eyes find Walter across the crowded room. He gives Walter an ecstatic thumbs up. Walter returns the gesture.

Leeza squats by the fire beside Reese, two drinks in her hand.

CONTINUED:

LEEZA
And he just fired you? Like that?

REESE
Wouldn’t even give me a reason.

Reese leans against the hearth, burns his hand, falls over. Ryan walks by, Sharon slung over his shoulder, two beers in hand.

EXT. SANDY’S HOUSE

Barry’s truck pulls up in front and Marty climbs out. She stands awkwardly for a moment.

MARTY
Well.

BARRY
Yeah.

MARTY
So.

BARRY
Right.

MARTY
Okay.

Barry peels off. Marty watches him go, then heads into the house.

INT. SANDY’S HOUSE

Marty pours herself a drink, taking the bottle with her to the couch.

CHRIS
Where the fuck have you been?

She stares at him impassively for a moment.

MARTY
Well, well, well. What a surprise.

This is not what Chris expected.

CHRIS
You knew I’d come for you. You knew I wouldn’t let you just walk out. We’re linked, you and me...

CONTINUED:

Marty gets up and walks back to the kitchen.

CHRIS (CONT.) (contíd)
Where the fuck are you going?

MARTY
If this is going to be a long speech, I'm gonna need more ice.

CHRIS
(rising)
Don't you walk out on me.

MARTY
You know, I gave up a perfectly good night of sex and pizza to wait for you. I'm not wasting my time with another goddam vision.

CHRIS
What the hell are you talking about?
(follows her into kitchen)
You had sex with someone? I'll fucking kill him!

MARTY
Oh, Chris, shut up!

She swings the bottle at him. Much to everyone's surprise, it connects, shatters, knocking Chris out cold. He drops.

Marty stares at the jagged bottleneck in her hand. She looks down at Chris.

MARTY (cont'd) (contíd)
Chris?

She kicks him, not sure he's there. She rolls him over with her feet. His gun peeks out from his waistband. She hurriedly picks it up.

MARTY (cont'd) (contíd)
My God. A fight scene.

She smiles.

EXT. COOP

Leeza and Reese come stumbling out of the Coop, Leeza because she's drunk, Reese because he's Reese.

CONTINUED:

LEEZA
I gotta tell you, there’s some great raw material in this town. I don’t care if you are vicious killers.

REESE
You really have a sixty-seven Volvo?

LEEZA
Come on, Reese-y...

She stares around the lawn. All the kegs and beers are gone.

LEEZA (CONT.) (contíd)
Didn’t there used to be beer out here?

EXT. FOREST

Grunting like an animal, Sal drags a keg of beer through the snow.

SAL
Bastards. I’ll show ‘em.

INT. COOP -SISTER’S ROOM

Ryan flings Sharon’s limp mass onto the bed. He puts her beer on the headboard shelf,, then puts his on a desk beside the door. He looks at Sharon

Sharon sleeps, her beauty diminished by her utter lack of animation. A rivulet of drool escapes from the corner of her mouth.

Ryan smiles adoringly. He looks at his watch.

RYAN
Plenty of time.

He gulps some beer, sets down the glass, and begins.

With clumsy hands, he tries to undo the buttons of her jeans. Because they’re so tight, the button and flap are nearly welded. He pulls with both hands, then stands on the bed to get better leverage. Finally, the button gives. Ryan goes flying.

Ryan sits beside Sharon on the bed and starts pulling her tucked-in shirt out of her jeans. It seems to have no bottom as he pulls yards and yards of fabric out of her pants, like some sort of magic trick. Finally, the shirt comes out, exposing Sharon’s smooth belly and the bottom of her bra.

CONTINUED:

Ryan lifts a foot and pulls a shoe and sock off. He pulls the other shoe and sock off. He stands up, starting to breath heavily, and grabs the bottom of her jeans. He pulls....

And pulls Sharon right off the bed. Her head hits the floor with a thud. Ryan winces.

Pulling her back on the bed, Ryan tries to pull her jeans down from the waist. He manages to pull her down on top of him.

Throwing her back on the bed face down, he kneels over her and starts rolling the jeans down like a sardine can lid. No good.

Pausing for a drink he grabs a couple of rulers off the desk. He sticks them down the side of her pants and tries to wedge the jeans away from her hips. Both rulers snap.

Growling, he jumps up on the bed, grabbing her jeans legs and shaking them, like a desperate child with a piggy bank. Sharon’s head joggles up and down on the bed. Slowly, the feet disappear into the pants.

Ryan grabs the empty leg portions and jerks with all his might. Abruptly, the struggle is over, the battle won. Sharon’s empty jeans lie limply in his hands, limper even than Sharon.

Sharon lies on the bed, her legs splayed, in not particularly attractive underwear, her long shirt draping her carelessly.

Ryan stands over her, panting. He reaches for the beer, takes a gulp, and replaces it on the headboard shelf.

Something suddenly troubles him. He looks to the door.

On the desk stands a beer. His beer.

Her beer is finished, foam slides down the inside of the cup. The drugged beer. The beer he just drank. The empty glass taunts him.

RYAN

No...

Ryan starts unbuttoning his shirt. Round about the third button, his hands aren’t working so well. He tears at his jeans, pulls them down, but as he rises, his eyes roll back.

He collapses on the bed next to Sharon, face down.

INT. VOLVO

Leeza and Reese are kissing. Leeza is on top, her hand up his sweatshirt, down his pants.

REESE
You’re not from around here, are you?

LEEZA
Oh, Ryan...

REESE
Reese.

LEEZA
(kissing down his belly)
Sorry.

REESE
That’s all right.

His foot kicks the stick shift.

EXT. VOLVO

The shaking green Volvo starts to roll backwards.

LEEZA
Oh, wow. Did you feel that? Like everything moving.

REESE
Everything is moving.

LEEZA
That never happens the first time. That sort of chemistry is rare. Usually the third date before...

REESE
Before the car starts rolling?

LEEZA
Yeah. At least. The car’s rolling?

REESE
Yeah. Backwards.

LEEZA
Oh, God. That’s incredible.

The car picks up speed as it crashes through a gate and disappears over a hillock. A pained MOO.

EXT. COOP

Dawn breaks over the debauched cans and empty lives. A car with Penn State stickers pulls up. A fresh scrubbed freshman girl hops out of the car. Mike's SISTER. She steps over drunks and debris with all the pretension she can muster.

INT. SISTER'S ROOM

Sister opens the door to her room, and drops her bag, skeeved.

SISTER
Eeeeuuuwgh! God! Mike!!

She stomps off in search of her little brother.

The noise wakes Ryan, still face down on bed. Getting his bearings, he turns to Sharon beside her on the bed.

Only it isn't Sharon. It's Walter, bare-chested and smiling.

WALTER
I had no idea you felt as strongly about it as I did.

Ryan turns his head, and his eyes fall on the Luke Perry poster.

EXT. FIELD

Leeza wipes her nose as she finishes filling in a grave the size of a Buick. Sticking the shovel in the dirt, she delivers a tearful eulogy.

LEEZA
I hope it wasn't painful, Bessie. If there's a cow heaven, I know you're there. And you'll never have to be milked again. I was only trying to help. I should have stayed home.

INT. CAR

Leeza tearfully drives through the backroads.

A deer clomps out onto the road.

Leeza's teary eyes bulge as she braces against the steering wheel.

Her foot stomps on the brake.

CONTINUED:

She pounds the horn.

The deer freezes, staring right at her.

Leeza pulls the wheel.

The car starts to skid

Leeza’s eyes clench shut.

She stands on the brake.

The car squeals painfully, leaving black rubber tracks.

With a final jolt, the car comes to a stop, rocking with deceptive calm. Leeza opens her eyes.

Forest protected by a puny guardrail. The car has spun sideways.

Leeza turns her head.

The deer stands there, staring at her with no comprehension whatsoever.

Leeza laughs breathlessly and cautiously climbs out of the car. She looks across the roof at the deer.

The deer looks back at her, head held majestically high, nose twitching suspiciously, deep, brown eyes wise and still.

This is the high point in Leeza’s life.

Awkwardly, the deer trots off over the guardrail, into the forest.

Leeza clutches her hands to her chest in a strangled prayer, tears streaming down her face. Laughing, she hops into the car and tears off, tires squealing.

EXT. RYAN’S HOUSE

Ryan sits on his porch, staring inwardly. Leeza pulls up, spitting gravel. As she hops out of the car....

LEEZA
Ryan! Ryan!

RYAN
What’d you kill this time?

CONTINUED:

LEEZA
Nothing! Well, last night a cow, but this morning I didn't kill a deer. I came this close, but I stopped in time. We looked at each other across my car, and... Ryan, it absolved me.

RYAN
It was Catholic?

LEEZA
We make mistakes, it said. We're not perfect and sometimes we do more harm than good. But if we do what we do out of love it'll be okay. And it forgave me.

These words affect Ryan strongly. Leeza has crossed the lawn, and they stand on the porch, face to face.

RYAN
The deer said this?

LEEZA
Yes.

RYAN
Smart deer.

They kiss passionately, hands groping furiously.

LEEZA
Are your folks home?

RYAN
Yeah.

LEEZA
My place.

They race to her car, and the tires screech as the pull away.

INT. SANDY'S CAR

Sandy drives BERT, his handsome companion, over the bridge and past Barry's house.

EXT. SANDY'S HOUSE-DAY

Chris lies unconscious on an old rag rug being dragged through the snow by Marty, his gun butt peeking out of her jacket pocket.

CONTINUED:

Marty sees him start to rouse. She drops the rug and steps away ten paces. Setting on a fallen oak, she waits for him to fully come to.

Chris opens his eyes to find himself in the middle of the woods.

MARTY
I've been thinking about it, Chris, and I think you and I should just be friends.

Chris scrambles to his feet, reaches for his gun. It's not there. Marty holds the gun up with one hand.

CHRIS
You threatening me with my own gun? It ain't even loaded.

BOW! A bullet spits up snow at Chris' feet.

MARTY
The power of positive thought.

CHRIS
Jeezus, Marty! You gonna kill me?

MARTY
I got your car keys here. You can have 'em if you promise to drive off and never come back.

CHRIS
You don't mean that. You steal my car and money, and you think I'll just disappear? You knew I'd come. You wanted me to come.

MARTY
Maybe I did.

Marty cocks the gun. Chris starts to get nervous.

CHRIS
I forgive you, okay? If you want, we can cool things off when we get back, but you can't stay up here. Think they got restaurants up here like back home? Think they got stores, or drugs, or anything you need? You're nothing up here, you're worthless.

CONTINUED: (2)

MARTY
I built something up here. My worthless days are over.

CHRIS
What, what'd you build?

MARTY
(close to tears)
It doesn't matter.

Her finger tenses on the trigger.

BARRY
She built a deck.

Barry emerges from the trees, a rifle nestled in his armpit. Marty keeps the gun leveled at Chris.

CHRIS
Woop-de-fucking-doo.

MARTY
What brings you out here?

BARRY
Gunshots. It ain't hunting season yet. He ain't no deer.

MARTY
Don't you retired cops ever retire?

BARRY
Put it down, Marty.

MARTY
It's him or me, Barry, don't you see?

BARRY
Maybe it used to be. Not any more. Put it down.

He eases the rifle out of his armpit and pumps a shell in the barrel. He doesn't actually point it at Marty, but the import of the gesture is unmistakable.

MARTY
What? You're gonna shoot me?

BARRY
Nobody's shooting anyone.

CONTINUED: (3)

MARTY
Unless I shoot him, and then you shoot me.

BARRY
Don’t shoot him.

MARTY
I want to shoot him.

BARRY
I can’t let you shoot him.

MARTY
I don’t fucking believe this.
(appeal to Chris)
Last night, he was gonna make me pizza, now he’s gonna shoot me.

BARRY
Just put it down, Marty.

CHRIS
This is the pizza sex guy?

MARTY
Y’know, forget it. I will put the gun down, and when he shoots me, I hope you’re happy.

She tosses the gun in the snow.

Chris lunges for it, but Barry is ahead of him, pointing the rifle at his head.

BARRY
You move one more inch, and I’ll kill you.

MARTY
Oh, sure, you can shoot him. I can’t shoot him, but you can shoot him. Fuckin’ guys.

BARRY
Nobody’s shooting anyone.

SAL
Dafuck!

Sal steps out of the trees, his AK-47 leveled at Barry. Barry swings his gun at Sal.

CONTINUED: (4)

CHRIS
Who the fuck are you?

Sal beams like he’s found his lost soul.

SAL
You’re from Brooklyn.

MARTY
I’m from Brooklyn.

BARRY
Long Island.

SAL
You fucks ain’t gonna be happy ‘till we’re all dead. Well, the fuckin’ tide has turned.
(to Barry)
Drop your fuckin’ gun.

MARTY
How’s it feel, bigshot?

Chris picks up his gun and points it at Marty. Barry swings his gun back at Chris.

SAL
I ain’t fuckin’ around, man. Drop the fuckin’ gun! Count of three! One!

BARRY
(to Marty)
I wouldn’ta shot you.

MARTY
I know.

SAL
Two!

SANDY
Sounds like a rehearsal for Chorus Line.

All turn to Sandy and Bert. Bert has a rifle trained on Sal.

MARTY
Sandy!

SANDY
Dahling!

CONTINUED: (5)

SAL
I know he’s from the city.

SANDY
Marty, the man with the rifle is Bert, a friend of mine.

MARTY
Bert.

BERT
Marty.

SANDY
He’s a little aggressive, so just tell me if he shouldn’t be pointing his rifle at Grizzly here.

MARTY
No, he’s fine.

BARRY
Well, we’re even. So how about we all put down the weapons nice and slow?

Nobody moves.

BARRY (cont’d)
Didn’t think so.

SAL
It’s two on two, man. Even fucking Steven. Just a question of who blinks first.

JACK
Well, I’ll be.

Jack stands waving a tin of hash browns.

JACK (cont’d)
Fellas. We’re gonna need more hash browns.

From the trees, the Locals emerge, all of them carrying rifles.

Sal waves his gun at them.

JACK
Now put the gun down, city boy.

CONTINUED: (6)

SAL
Fuck you!

JACK
No way to talk, son, we’re here to help.

SAL
Fuck alla youse! You’re not bendin’ me over.

JACK
Just what part of the city you from?

SANDY
Watch it, Jack.

JACK
Oh, hey, Mr. Gershin. No offense.

SAL
(grinning)
Fuck you, you fucks!

He leaps like an elephant through the hole in the net. Chris races after him.

They storm through the forest, taking branches and small trees with them. Sal looks behind him.

The Locals don’t follow.

Sal turns back around to find....

He’s coming upon a guardrail. Fast.

SAL
WHOA, FUCK!!

EXT. ROAD

Sal slams into the guardrail full speed, flips over and falls flat on his back on the road.

Chris pulls himself to a halt.

CHRIS
You okay?

Painfully, Sal pulls himself up. He looks at gravel on his hand.

CONTINUED:

SAL
The road. Civilization! I fuckin' did it, man! I'm fuckin' home!!

A horn honk.

Sal lifts his head, freezes in shock.

The car slams into him doing sixty. Sal rolls up the hood, smashing into the windshield. As the car screeches to a stop, Sal rolls back off the hood and onto the road, dead.

Leeza grips the wheel of the car, comatose with shock. Ryan doesn't know what to say. Finally....

RYAN
Wanna go back to my house?

EXT. ROAD

Ryan drives the Volvo, Leeza beside her in the front seat, shaking her head. On the hood of the car, Sal is tied. A convoy of Locals follows them.

They pass Chris, driving out of town in his red Merc like a bat out of hell.

EXT. BARRY'S HOUSE-MORNING

The convoy passes Barry and Marty, kissing in front of the house. They walk inside.

MARTY
This place could use a deck.

EXT. DIANA'S

The convoy pulls into Diana's parking lot, presumably for the hash browns.

the end