

HUNTSVILLE

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OVER BLACK -

MAN (V.O.)
There are all sorts of stories.

The VOICE heard speaks slowly, laconically, and has a distinctive SOUTHERN DRAWL to it.

FADE IN:

A series of shots as the voice over continues:

MAN (V.O.)
Happy ones.

-A family enjoys a barbecue by a pool on a sunny day. The father at the grill laughs with his son who is helping him.

MAN (V.O.)
Wild ones.

-A group of attractive and sexy girls and guys in a nightclub raise their shot glasses in a toast before downing them. Cut to them grinding on each other as neon lights illuminate their faces.

MAN (V.O.)
Thrilling ones.

-A '67 Mustang fishtails around a corner, tires SQUEALING. A police car is in pursuit. A man grins as he drives the Mustang and the woman next to him, wearing the same excited grin, slips out the passenger window and begins firing a gun at the cop car.

MAN (V.O.)
Mundane ones.

-Slowly push in from the side on a forty-something year old guy sitting at a kitchen table alone. He holds a spoon overhanded as he absentmindedly shovels LUCKY CHARMS cereal into his mouth. He stares at something non-existent a foot in front of his bowl.

MAN (V.O.)
Sad ones.

-We continue moving in on the scene at the table. The guy keeps shoveling the cereal into his mouth.

MAN (V.O.)
Pathetic ones.

-After one more bite, the man turns his head and looks right at us.

MAN
Mine.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: HUNTSVILLE

FADE IN:

It's DAWN in SEBRING, FLORIDA. A slight breeze shakes the large leaves on the many palm trees surrounding the empty street.

We see:

-A sign that says "Welcome to Sebring. Home of the 12 Hour Grand Prix."

-A sleepy, historic "downtown" that looks untouched from the first half of the 20th Century.

-An old clock with Roman Numerals. It has "Sebring 1912" on it.

-Lake Jackson, right on the edge of the city. The water is still and quiet. We stay on this shot.

MAN (V.O.)
That's Lake Jackson. At one point, they tried to call it Rex Beach Lake because some writer named Rex Beach up and shot himself while livin' there. I ain't ever read his writin' and I guess the name didn't stick.

EXT. LAKE JACKSON - DAWN

Walking up the shore is the MAN from the breakfast table earlier. He carries a fishing rod and a small tackle box. Seeing him now standing up, we realize he's a large man, an imposing man (think MICHAEL SHANNON). He's not fat, but thick and tall. He walks slowly and deliberately, not unlike the way he speaks and there's a vacancy in his eyes.

MAN (V.O.)
That's me. Hank.

Hank walks over to a METAL CANOE that's chained to a pine tree and begins to unlock it.

HANK (V.O.)

I don't got much. But I got this
lil' drifter and I like to fish for
bass before anyone else gets out
here.

EXT. LAKE JACKSON - DAWN - LATER

Hank, now a little ways from shore in his canoe, casts his line. A red and white bobber undulates on the surface of the water. It's QUIET, almost EERILY so. Hank is still, just watching the bobber.

HANK (V.O.)

Fishin' ain't too bad here. On a
good mornin' I can catch supper for
the next couple days. Good eatin'
fish too.

He gets a NIBBLE - the bobber starts to move. Hank watches, waiting...the bobber GOES UNDER. It's a bite!

ANGLE ON: Hank, straight on. He turns his attention from the fish on his line and looks almost directly at us. He tilts his head slightly to the side and his EYES NARROW. His line REELS as the fish on the other end tries to pry itself loose from the hook. Hank knows it's happening but his focus stays STRAIGHT AHEAD.

QUICK FLASH: We quickly reverse from Hank's POV and see a LONG HAIR MAN sitting in the boat and staring straight back at Hank. His hair is stringy and greying, just like his scruffy beard. His clothes are orange and dirty.

BACK ON: Hank, his reel still spinning, but he keeps looking straight ahead. Finally, the reel runs out of line and the pole JERKS in his hand. Hank SNAPS OUT of it, looks back over toward the bobber and begins to reel.

WIDE ANGLE: We see Hank is in the boat alone, reeling in the fish.

EXT. RIVIERA APARTMENTS - MORNING

A beat up, two-tone BROWN DODGE RAM TRUCK pulls into a parking spot in front of a two story, open air apartment complex. It's teal colored with white trim and it's showing signs of age.

Hank exits, reaches in the truck bed and grabs a metal chain holding about a dozen fish. We follow him upstairs and down the way to his place.

HANK (V.O.)
Riviera Apartments. They ain't so
bad, I guess. Been livin' here
since I came to Florida.

Hank approaches the door and just to the side of it, there is a METAL MAILBOX FLAG bolted to the window frame. Hank lowers it so it's parallel to the ground before heading inside.

INT./EXT. HANK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Hank walks past his table toward the kitchen.

KITCHEN -

He PLUGS the left side of the white sink and sets the fish in it. He gently pours the contents of his freezer's ice bin on top of the fish.

LIVING ROOM -

Hank takes a seat in a ragged La-Z-Boy recliner facing his old television. He turns on the tv for background noise - something like JUDGE JUDY - and reclines in his chair. He opens the newspaper.

OUTSIDE HIS APARTMENT -

Walking up the stairs to the second floor is ROMERO, 30s, Latino. He handles the grounds and maintenance for the Riviera Apartments. He approaches Hank's door and lifts up the mailbox flag that Hank put down earlier.

LIVING ROOM -

Over Hank's shoulder, we see Romero in the window. He KNOCKS twice on the window and Hank, without turning around, raises his hand to acknowledge him.

HANK (V.O.)
That's Romero. He takes care of the
building, the grounds - keeps
everythin' lookin' half-way decent
'round here.

Hank turns to another page in the paper.

HANK (V.O.)
Far as that flag, well, it's
simple.
(MORE)

HANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I don't wanna be one of those
people who passes alone in their
apartment and then is only found a
week later cause of the rotten
stench that seeps through the walls
and vents and makes people want to
vomit. Then someone comes in an'
finds you bein' eaten by flies and
maggots all because you choked on a
chicken bone. Figure this way, even
if I go right after Romero comes
by, it's about 24 hours max until
he finds me. There'll be some
decomposition, but it won't be too
bad.

EXT. HANK'S APARTMENT - BALCONY - A LITTLE LATER

A sliding door opens and Hank steps out onto his balcony. Lining three walls of the balcony is an outdoor TORTOISE HABITAT. It's clearly homemade but it's cleverly done. Restraining walls keep them inside and there are several small ponds, rocks and shrubbery throughout. Hank reaches in and picks one up.

HANK
Hello there Neville.

At the edge of his railing, he's hung CAMO NETTING like hunters use. It's not opaque, so some sunlight can come through and he can see out, but he values his privacy. Outside the netting, two other bi-level apartment buildings surround a pool and a cracked cement shuffle board court that's sprouting weeds all over.

WOMAN (O.C.)
(sing-song)
Yoohoo! Haaaaank!?

Hank SIGHS, his head and shoulders slump slightly. He puts Neville back in the habitat, pulls back the netting, and looks over his railing. He sees MARTHA JOYNER down below. She's rotund, 60s, and wears a visor that has an American flag on the bill. Her patio has red, white, and blue striped astroturf. A United States Flag hangs from a pole mounted to a wooden beam. Various other American tchotchkies abound.

HANK
Mornin' Mrs. Joyner.

MARTHA
Well how many times am I going to
have to tell you to call me Martha?

She speaks with a northern accent. Minnesota perhaps?

HANK (V.O.)
Martha Joyner. Lives with her
husband Gordie below me. You can
say they're...patriotic.

HANK
Sorry ma'am. Just doesn't come
natural.

MARTHA
You Southern boys are just so
goshdarn sweet, you know that?

HANK
Yes ma'am.

MARTHA
Where've you been? I haven't heard
from you or seen you in weeks.

HANK
Oh I'm around. Here and there, by
the by. How's Mr. Joyner?

MARTHA
Oh just fine. Out getting in a
quick 9 holes. Back won't let him
do much more. Speaking of which,
you think you could come by
sometime this weekend to help out
with a little project?

HANK (V.O.)
This is why you never see me.

HANK
Yea, I suppose I could.

MARTHA
Oh you are just as sweet as maple
syrup. You have a good day now!

HANK
Thanks Mrs. Joyner. You too.

Hank turns to walk back inside.

GORDIE (O.C.)
Is that Hanky Panky?

Hank closes his eyes tight and drops his head back.

HANK (V.O.)
I really wish he'd stop callin' me
that.

He turns and heads back to the railing.

HANK
Mr. Joyner...how'd ya hit 'em
today?

GORDIE
As crooked as my old wrinkled
crank!

MARTHA
Gordon!

GORDIE
What? It's true.

HANK (V.O.)
He's crass...

GORDIE
When are we going to get you out on
the course?

ROMERO (O.C.)
Hank doesn't play golf.

Out of nowhere, Romero walks by the Joyners' porch holding hedge clippers. He startles Mr. Joyner.

GORDIE
Jesus Christ Romero! How many times
am I going to have to tell you not
to sneak up on me like that?

ROMERO
Lo siento, Señor Joyner.

GORDIE
English, Romero! This is the U.S.
of A! Don't make me ask for your
papers!

HANK (V.O.)
...and can be a dick sometimes.

Romero keeps walking. A small smile breaks over his lips that only we see.

GORDIE

I swear, if he doesn't cut that shit out I'm going to report him to the INS. Probably taking a job away from a capable American.

MARTHA

Gordon, you leave him alone! Romero is just fine.

HANK

He's from Miami.

GORDIE

So he says.

HANK

Either way, he's right. Never took to the game.

GORDIE

Damn shame. It's a helluva good time.

HANK

Maybe one day.

(then)

Alright I've gotta run. I'll talk to ya'll later.

Martha, already close to their door, heads inside. Mr. Joyner sees her shut the door.

GORDIE

(whispering)

Hey, Hank.

HANK

(whispering)

Yea?

GORDIE

(whispering)

That uh, thing we talked about...you know the, uh...

HANK

(whispering)

Yea, I know.

GORDIE

(whispering)

Well?

HANK
(whispering)
Not sure yet.

GORDIE
(whispering)
Alright. Lemme know.

HANK
(whispering)
I will.

GORDIE
(overly loud)
Alright Hanky Panky! You take care!
See you later!

Hank turns toward his door shaking his head.

HANK
(to himself)
Jiminy Christmas.

INT. HANK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Hank prepares his lunch for the day - a ham sandwich, sliced apple, and some Fritos. He places it all in a brown paper sack and neatly folds down the top.

HANK (V.O.)
The Joyners, I guess they ain't so bad. But damn, you know, a man wants to be left alone sometimes. That's what the hell I came here for.

EXT. SEBRING HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Hank sits in his truck at the entrance of the school parking lot. The windows are down, the radio SOFTLY plays Willie Nelson's "Nothing I Can Do About It Now," and Hank looks bored.

One by one, cars file into the parking lot. Mostly old, some rusted out, nothing too shiny or new. Hank SURVEYS the scene, just watching, waiting...

HANK (V.O.)
Sebring High, home of the Blue Streaks. And a bunch of punk kids.

A souped-up CHEVY TRUCK that sits on lifters SQUEALS its oversized tires as it enters the school lot. Two GUYS sit in the cabin while THREE OTHER GUYS sit in the truck bed.

HANK
Hey slow down!

One PUNK in the bed stands up, even as the truck is speeding into the lot. He GRABS HIS CROTCH.

PUNK KID
EAT IT SPANK!

The rest of the guys in the truck all LAUGH and CHEER, knowing Hank won't do a damn thing. Hank simply shakes his head.

HANK (V.O.)
It's a job. Pays the bills and I
guess all in all it ain't so bad.

Hank grabs the newspaper and starts to read it. All of the kids are in school now and the parking lot is quiet.

PARKING LOT POV - We watch Hank reading the paper in his truck from a distance.

HANK'S POV - Hank, perhaps sensing something, lowers his paper just enough to see over it. He scans the lot but doesn't see anything. He pulls the paper back up and continues to read.

PARKING LOT POV: We are now closer to Hank, still watching him.

HANK'S POV: Hank turns the page of his paper and begins reading a new page. A crow SQUAWKS in the distance. As he goes to turn another page, he lowers the paper slightly and glances around the lot.

INT. HANK'S APARTMENT - DUSK

Hank walks in the door to his apartment and flips the television on.

HANK (V.O.)
Well, there you have it. That's
what goes on 'round here - for me
anyhow.

The local news plays as he enters the kitchen.

KITCHEN -

HANK (V.O.)

Betcha weren't imagining I was for real when I said a story about me would be boring, mundane and pathetic.

He reaches into the sink where he set the fish earlier and pulls one out. Over the other side of the sink, He begins to clean the fish - scraping off its scales, filleting it, removing the bones, etc. He continues to do this with each fish that's in the sink.

HANK (V.O.)

Truth is it would have been...

We follow Hank as he breads the filets from the fish in flour and throws them into a pan of scalding hot oil.

HANK (V.O.)

...if someone didn't knock on my door this one night.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. Hank looks over at his door with a confused look on his face - why is someone knocking on my door?

He turns his attention back to the fish frying in his pan. After a moment, another KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. Hank turns down the burner of his stove, sets down his spatula, and walks toward the door.

EXT. HANK'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A hand raises up and begins to KNOCK in the same cadence we heard from inside. After the second of three KNOCKS, the door swings open and Hank stands there looking at the knocker.

HANK

Everythin' alright out here?

From Hank's POV, we lay eyes on JOSIE for the first time. She wears red jeans and a sleeveless black SLAYER t-shirt that reveals some of her midriff; she has cropped, platinum blonde hair, wears black Chucks on her feet and has a stud in her left nostril. A colorful sleeve tattoo encompasses the entirety of her left arm. She looks 16 or 17, though perhaps older, and she's decidedly cute.

JOSIE

Everything's just fine thanks.

Josie flashes a big, BRIGHT SMILE at Hank. He's a bit surprised, confused even, but Josie's smile is infectious; he can't help but return it.

HANK

Alright, well what can I do for ya?

JOSIE

Well I'm just moving in here and Romero - I think that's his name - pointed to your door and said
(does a voice)
"a big, burly strong man lives in there and he'll help you out."

Hank CHUCKLES at Josie's interpretation.

HANK

Oh he did now? I reckon he said that as he got in his truck and high tailed it outta here.

JOSIE

Somethin' like that. So how about it? Lend me a hand?

Hank looks back inside toward the kitchen and begins to STAMMER.

HANK

Uhh, umm you know I've got...

Hank turns back around and looks back at Josie, who is now wearing that big grin of hers.

HANK (CONT'D)

...uh, yea. I can help you. Just gimme a minute.

JOSIE

Great! My car's down in the lot.
Meet you down there.

Josie begins to walk away. The back of her shirt has DIY cutouts, showing her HOT PINK bra strap and plenty of skin. She abruptly STOPS and TURNS.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

Hey what's your name?

HANK

Hank.

JOSIE
Hank, I'm Josie. Nice to meet you.

HANK
Yea. Nice to meet you too Josie.

EXT. RIVIERA APARTMENTS - PARKING LOT - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

The trunk on Josie's old Chevy hatchback FLIES OPEN. Hank and Josie stare down at the contents: six large, sealed boxes.

HANK
That it?

JOSIE
That right there is the lot of my earthly possessions.

HANK
Pretty damn organized.

JOSIE
Not my first time movin'.

INT. JOSIE'S APARTMENT - A LITTLE LATER

Hank walks in the front door carrying the sixth box and sets it down next to the five others in the middle of the living room.

HANK
There we are.

JOSIE
Thank you! Couldn't have carried all those boxes up the stairs.

HANK
Pleasure's mine.

Hank surveys the room with his hands on his hips. Josie looks at him as an awkward beat passes - Hank should probably go, but doesn't quite want to just yet.

HANK (CONT'D)
No furniture?

JOSIE
Got a blow up mattress in one of these. That'll do until I can get a few other things.

Hank, still looking around.

HANK

Place is in decent shape. Lot better than mine was.

JOSIE

Yea I think it'll suit me just fine.

Hank nods in agreement while still shifting his eyes over every nook and cranny in the living room and kitchen. Another couple beats of awkward SILENCE pass.

HANK

Well I'm sure...

JOSIE

I've gotta...

Hank and Josie both LAUGH.

HANK

Yea, well it was nice to meet you. Welcome to the building.

JOSIE

Thanks. You too.

HANK

And if you need anything, you know where to find me.

Josie SMILES at Hank.

JOSIE

Indeed I do.

HANK

G'night Josie.

JOSIE

Night Hank.

Hank steps outside of Josie's apartment and shuts the door. He walks down the outdoor corridor with a SLIGHT SMILE on his face. He glances left toward the parking lot for a brief moment but then keeps looking straight ahead. From the empty parking lot, we see Hank go inside his apartment.

PRE-LAP: A school bell RINGS loudly.

INT. SEBRING HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM

STUDENTS file into a classroom and begin taking their seats. MS. ELKINS, youthful and warm, stands in front of the class waiting for them to settle. Included in the students are the PUNK KIDS from earlier who made lewd gestures at Hank.

MS. ELKINS
Settle in everyone!

The students begin to quiet down.

MS. ELKINS (CONT'D)
Good. Alright today, we're going to start working on your final projects for the end of the year. We only have three weeks left and you're going to need all of them.

The classroom door OPENS and everyone's heads immediately turn toward the door, yet no one is visible to the class yet.

JOSIE (O.C.)
Are you Ms. Elkins.

MS. ELKINS
Yes dear, come on in.

Josie enters, somewhat shyly, and begins to head toward the back of the class.

MS. ELKINS (CONT'D)
No dear, up here.

Josie stops, hangs her head slightly and walks to the front of the class. She sticks her hands in her pockets and looks more at the ground than she does the other students.

MS. ELKINS (CONT'D)
Everyone this is your new classmate, Josephine Starks.

JOSIE
(quietly)
It's uh Josie actually.

MS. ELKINS
Hmm?

JOSIE
Josie. My name is Josie.

MS. ELKINS
Oh ok. Everyone, Josie.
(beat)
Well say hello!

CLASS
(lethargic)
Hi Josie.

MS. ELKINS
Go ahead and take a seat honey.

Josie scans the room seeing two or three open desks. She catches the eye of the PUNK KID who nods his head at an open seat next to him. She GOES FOR IT.

After she sits down, Ms. Elkins carries on:

MS. ELKINS (CONT'D)
For your project, you're going to be paired up with a classmate and you'll be graded collectively. What you'll need to do is pick an animal, plant, tree - whatever- something organic and living, and create a--

Ms. Elkins' voice fades into the background as the Punk Kid leans over toward Josie.

PUNK KID
Name's Marcus.

Marcus is rugged, with an angular chin and would probably be handsome if he cared about a thing like that. He wears camo pants, military style boots and a black t-shirt.

JOSIE
Hey.

MARCUS
Hey.

They just kind of look at each other for a prolonged beat. Ms. Elkins' voice fades back in.

MS. ELKINS
So with that, I'm going to leave it up to you all to pick your own partners. With Josie joining us we have an even number.

The STUDENTS come to life, talking and pairing themselves up. One of Marcus' friends from the truck, GATOR, comes up to him. He too wears camo pants, but unlike Marcus, he's got a shaved, round head and a pudgy gut.

GATOR
(with a twang)
You believe this shit? Sounds like
too much damn work to me.

Marcus looks up at Gator and nods his head. He turns his attention back to Josie.

MARCUS
Hey you wanna be partners?

GATOR
The hell?

Josie looks up at Gator who has a sour and confused look on his face.

JOSIE
Uh, I mean sure but, your friend
here...

MARCUS
Don't worry about Gator. He'll get
someone else, won't you Gator?

GATOR
That's fucked up.

MARCUS
You'll survive.

Gator walks off in a HUFF.

GATOR
(sotto)
Dick.

JOSIE
You sure that's ok?

MARCUS
Yup. He'll be fine. So we gotta get
together, you know outside of here,
to work on this stupid project.

JOSIE
Yea, I suppose we do. I'm new in
these parts. Any ideas where we can
go?

MARCUS

Ain't a lot of places. And I'd offer up my place but it ain't right at the moment.

(then)

You gotta place?

JOSIE

Yea - Riviera apartments. You know 'em?

MARCUS

Sure do. I'll come by around seven.

EXT. SEBRING HIGH SCHOOL - LATER

STUDENTS file out of the front doors into the pounding afternoon sun. They head toward the parking lot. Hank sits in his truck, keeping an eye on everything. He scans the crowd when he all of a sudden sees JOSIE walking out of the building with MARCUS.

HANK

Hmm.

He watches intently as they walk together out to the parking lot. Eventually they separate: Josie walks toward her car alone, while Marcus walks toward the rest of his buddies waiting by his truck. Josie gets in her car and drives off.

Hank turns his attention to Marcus and his group of friends. Marcus pulls out a pack of MARLBORO REDS, removes one, and lights up. Him and his friends go on talking.

HANK (CONT'D)

Goddamn fool.

Hank opens the door of his truck, steps out, and begins walking toward Marcus and the gang.

HANK (CONT'D)

Hey!

No response.

HANK (CONT'D)

Marcus! Turn around! Put that out.

Marcus finally turns around. Hank reaches the group and him and Marcus are face to face.

MARCUS

Afternoon, Hank.

HANK
Put it out.

MARCUS
What? This?

Marcus takes a long drag. He turns his head as though he's going to blow the smoke past Hank but at the last second turns and blows it directly in his face. Marcus' FRIENDS all start to LAUGH.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Cigs ain't cheap. And I ain't finished.

Hank stands there without much emotion on his face. Marcus takes one more long drag, his eyes locked on Hank's. He then throws it to the ground.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Now I'm done.

Hank turns and walks back toward his truck. Over his shoulder, Marcus and the crew LAUGH. They all watch Hank approach his truck. He reaches the open door and without looking, hops into the cab.

INSIDE THE TRUCK -

A SQUISH sound is heard.

HANK
Ah what the hell?

Hank lifts his butt off the seat and reaches under himself. He pulls his hand out and it's covered in SHIT.

HANK (CONT'D)
Fuckin' assholes.

Hank hops out his truck and looks over at the gang. Out of the corner of his eye, he sees movement - he turns and sees Gator running behind another car, LAUGHING. The gang all start to HIGH FIVE each other. Hank wipes his hand on some nearby grass.

EXT. RIVIERA APARTMENTS - POOL AREA - LATER

The SPRING SUN is still high in the sky beating down on the dilapidated pool area of the Riviera. It's completely empty except for one person laying out in a chair. We approach from behind and find that it's JOSIE, laying out in a revealing bikini.

She has a large colorful tattoo extending from her rib cage to her waistline. She has on oversized sunglasses and seems to be loving the sunshine.

INT. HANK'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Hank walks into his apartment in his skivvies, carrying a plastic bag containing his pants. He walks over to the sliding door, drawing the blinds and opening it. The sun pours in.

HANK'S BALCONY -

He steps out onto the balcony and takes a look down at his tortoises. He goes into pick one up.

HANK
Francine, you doin' alright?

He holds her close to his face examining her.

HANK (CONT'D)
No, you're right. I don't have any pants on.
(beat)
Long story.

He sets her back into his habitat. As he does, a light reflects through his netting and hits him in the eyes. He SQUINTS as he pulls the netting aside to take a look.

POOL -

The sun hits Josie's iPhone which is the source of the reflecting light on Hank. Josie is facing away from him wearing ear buds.

HANK'S BALCONY -

Hank continues to observe Josie, who is unquestionably HOT. She SHIFTS in her chair, striking an almost SEXY POSE with her arm above her head.

CU: On Hank's face, in a deep stare, looking at Josie on the chair. His brow furrows slightly, as he harmlessly and unknowingly bites his lower lip.

WIDE ANGLE ON: Josie, laying there still, but now we see the LONG HAIR MAN in the pool, waist deep, still fully clothed and staring at Hank.

BACK TO HANK:

HANK (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Damn.

We aren't sure what exactly - or who - he is saying that about.

ANGLE ON: Josie, as she gets up out of her chair and DIVES into the pool. OUTSIDE THE WATER, we see her SWIMMING underneath the light blue ripples caused by her dive.

ABOVE THE WATER - Josie POPS UP from under water. The LONG HAired MAN is gone.

MARTHA (O.C.)
Well who might you be, pretty lil'
thing?

Martha has come outside from her patio and is approaching the pool. Josie swims over to the side to meet her. As she does, she steals a look up at Hank's balcony and sees him peeking through his netting. Hank doesn't think she sees him but he turns and heads inside anyway.

JOSIE
Hey there. I'm Josie. Just moved in
the other night.

MARTHA
Oh is that you up in number 4? The
one who Hank carried those boxes
for the other evening?

Nothing gets by Martha Joyner.

JOSIE
Yes ma'am.

MARTHA
Oh how nice! Welcome! I'm Martha
Joyner. I live right over there
with my husband Gordie.

JOSIE
Thanks! Happy to be here.

MARTHA
What brings you to Sebring?

JOSIE
School actually.

MARTHA
Oh you going to the local JC?

JOSIE
Sebring High.

MARTHA
That so? I figured with you bein'
up there all alone, you couldn't
still be in high school.

JOSIE
(How'd she know that?)
Uh, well yea, I am there alone -
for now. My parents are coming in a
week or two but they wanted me to
get situated in my new school
before the year lets out.

MARTHA
Oh isn't that nice. I look forward
to meeting them!

JOSIE
I'll make sure to introduce you
when they arrive.

MARTHA
Well listen, I gotta run, but me
and Gordie are having a cookout
this Sunday to celebrate Memorial
Day. We'd love for you to join us.

JOSIE
That sounds great! I'd love to.

MARTHA
Lovely. See you then.

INT. HANK'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT EVENING

Hank sits at his table, eating leftover bass and frozen vegetables and reading the paper. He eats methodically without even looking: he picks a piece of the cut fish on his fork, followed by one of his veggies, and then finishes by dipping it in BBQ sauce. He does this OVER AND OVER.

OUTSIDE we hear the DIN of YOUNG VOICES approaching closer and closer. Hank hears it and looks up from his paper and out his front window. After a moment, JOSIE comes into view. Hank begins to smile, but just as the corners of his mouth begin their upward trajectory, MARCUS appears. Hank's smile STOPS DEAD in its tracks.

Josie SOFTLY WRAPS her knuckles on Hank's glass and then gives him a wave.

JOSIE
Hey Hank!

Hank, now with a consternated and confused look on his face, slowly raises his hand.

HANK
Hey.

Marcus LEERS at him without Josie seeing. After a moment, they're gone.

INT. JOSIE'S APARTMENT

MARCUS (O.C.)
That guy lives here?

JOSIE (O.C.)
Who, Hank?

Josie's key unbolts the lock and she and Marcus enter her sparse, but orderly apartment. Marcus surveys the room.

MARCUS
Yea. He's the parking lot guy at school.

JOSIE
He is? I didn't know that.

MARCUS
Yea, sits in his truck by the entrance all day makin' sure no one leaves when they ain't s'posed to. Been a damn thorn in my dick since I was a freshman.

Josie GIGGLES at Marcus' offbeat idiom.

JOSIE
He seems nice. Helped me move in here.

MARCUS
Well he ain't. He's a loser. And a weirdo. Besides, doesn't look like he did too much anyway. You ain't even finished movin' in.

JOSIE
Sure I am. Got everything I need right here.

MARCUS

Your ma and pa ain't got more stuff
than this?

JOSIE

My mother and father don't live
here.

MARCUS

Well who does then?

JOSIE

Just me. This is my apartment.

MARCUS

Alone?

JOSIE

Yep.

MARCUS

Well I'll be goddamned.

JOSIE

Huh?

MARCUS

That's the coolest fuckin' thing I
ever heard of. Your own place? No
parentals? No grandparents? Shit,
this was me, it'd be a party in
here all day everyday.

Josie walks over toward the kitchen and opens the fridge.

JOSIE

Don't know about all that, but hey,
we can at least have a beer at home
without anyone sayin' anything.

Josie smiles as she PITCHES a cold can of beer to Marcus. He
SMILES HUGE.

MARCUS

That's what I'm talkin' about!

JOSIE

Hey, now it doesn't mean we're
gonna get shit-housed or that we
aren't going to get our work done.
It's just that we can be grown
about it.

MARCUS
Grown. Yea. I like that.

They both CRACK their beer cans open.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
To bein' grown.

Marcus hoists his beer. Josie nods her head and taps her can to his. She takes a normal size drink. HOLD ON Marcus, as he GUZZLES his.

JOSIE
(laughing)
That's not how grown people drink
their beer!

Marcus finally stops.

MARCUS
You ain't never seen my momma drink
then.

They both LAUGH and take pulls on their beers.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
So how the hell does a girl in high
school get to live on her own?

JOSIE
My dad's in the military. He's been
stationed all over the place -
Southeast Asia, the Middle East,
all over the US - so we were always
moving.

MARCUS
You live all those places?

JOSIE
Yea. Seems like it'd be fun, and I
guess I saw some cool stuff, but
mostly you're just on the base.
Then you gotta pick up and move
again. Anyway, I got tired of it
and when he got stationed in
Germany last year, my mom went with
him. I'd had enough though and they
agreed to emancipate me.

MARCUS
Like, leave you on your own?

JOSIE

Well yea, but legally I'm in charge
of myself, even though I'm not
eighteen.

MARCUS

Damn. That was cool of them.

JOSIE

Yea. It was. Enough about me
though. Let's get to work.

INT. HANK'S APARTMENT - LATER

Hank ROCKS in his La-Z-Boy, watching the TV. In the window
behind him, Marcus walks by but STOPS and looks in. He KNOCKS
on the window. Without turning:

HANK

Yea?

Hank finally swings his head around and sees MARCUS standing
there FLIPPING HIM THE DOUBLE BIRD. Marcus LAUGHS and starts
to AIRHUMP as Hank remains stoic, not giving into his desire
to tell the kid to fuck off. Instead, he turns back around
without a word.

MARCUS

Thought so.

Marcus walks away from the window.

MARCUS (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Later Spank!

INT./EXT. - HANK'S TRUCK/SEBRING HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT -
DAY

Another sun-drenched spring day in Florida. A light breeze
rustles the budding leaves on nearby trees. Hank sits in his
truck with the paper while some old, slow country, like THE
CARTER FAMILY plays on the stereo.

Hank turns the page of the paper and looks at some of the
national headlines:

—"Madame President? Hilary eyes the Oval Office in 2016."

—"Texas is running out of execution drug pentobarbital."

—"Detroit readies to pull itself out from under bankruptcy."

HANK

Hm.

Hank closes the paper, folds it neatly and sets it in the front seat next to him. He audibly SIGHS, and then scans the parking lot.

HANK'S POV - Parking lot is completely still, no one out there at all.

Suddenly, a LOUD KNOCKING on the passenger window startles Hank and he JUMPS in his seat. OFF-CAMERA, we hear a girl GIGGLE. Josie is outside the window laughing at Hank.

JOSIE

(through the window)

You gonna let me in? I'm not the boogeyman.

Hank reaches over and pops the door open for her. Josie hops into the truck.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

You let a little girl frighten you like that? What kind of guard are you?

Josie's light teasing of Hank puts him on the defensive.

HANK

Well hell, I didn't see ya. And you shouldn't sneak up on people like that.

JOSIE

Oh relax! It was funny.

HANK

What are ya doin' out here?
Shouldn't you be in class?

JOSIE

I came to say hey. Marcus told me you worked out here.

Hank BRISTLES at the mention of him.

HANK

I see.

JOSIE

We got paired up on a school project on my first day. It's good to have a friend or two already.

HANK

Yea Marcus, he's uh,
somethin'...yea that's nice you got
a friend.

JOSIE

What? You don't like him?

HANK

I been workin' this job a few
years. He ain't never been - let's
say - "cooperative."

JOSIE

Huh. I like him just fine.

HANK

Had no idea you was in high school.

JOSIE

Yep.

(quickly changing the
subject)

So this is a day in the office?

HANK

This is it. Right here.

JOSIE

Could be worse. Nice to get to
listen to the Carter Family all
afternoon.

HANK

You like the Carters?

JOSIE

Of course! My pop left behind a
bunch of records and my momma would
play the Carters all the time.

HANK

Your daddy wasn't around when you
was growin' up?

JOSIE

Nah. Just me and my mom.

(again, shifting the
conversation)

So that drawl, that's not
panhandle. Where you from?

HANK

Got me. Texas. You?

JOSIE

Here and there. Lived a bunch of places. Never been to Texas though.

HANK

It's uh...
(beat)
It's a nice place.

JOSIE

Hope to see it some day. So besides sittin' in this truck keeping all these kids in line, what else do you do Hank?

HANK

You know, not a whole lot.

A pause hangs in the air.

HANK (CONT'D)

I got these tortoises I take care of. Built them a lil' home out on my patio.

JOSIE

Really? That's amazing.

HANK

Yea. Guess they keep me busy.

JOSIE

What else?

HANK

I got a little drifter I keep tied up over at Lake Jackson. Spend a lot of mornings out there in the quiet, trying to catch supper. Pretty peaceful.

JOSIE

Sounds nice. I've always loved to fish.

HANK

Well maybe we'll have to get you out there one day.

JOSIE

I'd like that. Hey you going to the Joyners' cookout this weekend?

HANK
Cookout?

Hank doesn't know about it.

JOSIE
Yea, to celebrate Memorial Day.

He covers.

HANK
Oh yea, right. You know I'm not
sure. We'll see.

JOSIE
You should come. It'll be fun.

HANK
Alright maybe I will. You oughta
get back inside.

JOSIE
Yea, I should. Enjoy the rest of
the day doing...well whatever it is
you do out here.

HANK
Thanks.

Just as Josie pops open the door:

HANK (CONT'D)
Hey Josie?

JOSIE
Yea?

HANK
I don't mean to step on toes. But
watch out for Marcus. I've been
around guys like him long enough to
know that trouble's always nearby.

JOSIE
Thanks for the heads up.

From a SCHOOL POV: Someone watches as Josie hops out of the car and shuts the door. She begins walking back toward the school.

EXT. RIVIERA APARTMENTS - POOL AREA - LATE AFTERNOON

Residents have gathered near the pool outside of the Joyners' apartment. Everything is decorated with American flags and other patriotic garb.

Gordie has a charcoal bar-b-q burning while Martha carries a tray of drinks, serving her guests.

MARTHA
Romero, for you, enjoy.

She walks over to Josie, who's wearing a cut-up jean skirt, some thigh-high stockings, and a jean vest. She looks cute and sexy.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
And a virgin drink for you my dear.

JOSIE
(playfully)
Oh come on!

MARTHA
(whispers to Josie)
That's just for liability. There's hooch in there.

Martha steps away and WINKS at Josie who smiles.

AT THE GRILL: Gordie stands around with a few guys holding court. They all have beers. He periodically flips a burger or rearranges a sausage.

GORDIE
Christmas Eve '67, about a month before the Tet began. A group of us were sitting in our bunk playin' cards, drinkin' whiskey, trying to forget about our wives putting out presents for the kids or the look on little junior's face when he opens his new favorite toy.

Gordie takes a swig of his beer.

GORDIE (CONT'D)
Some of the guys were really down. Me, being me, I tried to lighten the mood. So I looked over at the bluest sonofabitch in the group, and said "Hey Jimmy, don't look so sad.

(MORE)

GORDIE (CONT'D)
Even if Santa gets his fat ass
through the front door of your
trailer, he probably wouldn't be
able to thaw his dick fast enough
to nail your wife."

The group surrounding Gordie all LAUGH and Gordie joins in.

GORDIE (CONT'D)
Everyone had a good laugh except,
of course, Jimmy.
(beat)
Poor bastard got his legs blown off
a few days later, but hell, at
least he got to go home.

Gordie PAUSES for a moment - and then raises his beer.

GORDIE (CONT'D)
To Jimmy, and the others we
remember on this weekend.

GROUP
Jimmy!

They all CLINK bottles and take a swig. Martha approaches.

MARTHA
Who needs another cold one?

They all raise their hands.

HANK (O.C.)
I'll take one too Mrs. Joyner.

Where the hell did he come from? Martha turns around as do Gordie and the others gathered. Josie is nearby as well. Hank is overdressed for the occasion - he wears a short-sleeved button down shirt with a tie and some pants. He tried, and it shows.

MARTHA
Hank?!

GORDIE
Well butter my balls and call me a
monkey. Hanky Panky at a social
gathering.

HANK
Afternoon Mr. And Mrs. Joyner. Hope
it's ok I stopped by.

MARTHA

Well of course it is Hank! We're pleased you could make it for once!

She hands him a beer.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

You enjoy yourself. Relax a little, eh?

Hank looks past Martha to see Josie approaching.

HANK

(slight smile)

Yea, I think I will.

JOSIE

Hey Hank!

HANK

Josie.

JOSIE

Nice to see you here. The Joyners said you rarely show to these things.

HANK

Once in a while I guess.

JOSIE

Well I'm glad you did, because I have a surprise for you. Come on.

Josie grabs Hank's hand and drags him toward the other end of the pool. Hank has a tentative looks on his face at first but it quickly changes into excitement. Martha, as always, is watching them like a hawk.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVIERA APARTMENTS - POOL AREA - MOMENTS LATER

We are looking up at Hank and Josie from the ground as they look down at us.

HANK

What is it?

JOSIE

What do you mean what is it? What's it look like?

HANK
Some sort of stadium I guess?

JOSIE
Hell yes it is! A turtle racing
stadium!

REVERSE to see what they are looking down at. It's a two lane cardboard race track made for turtles, surrounded by makeshift, cardboard grandstands. It has a start and finish line. The grandstands have little dots indicating people in the stadium watching. It's really well done.

HANK
Where'd you get this?

JOSIE
Made it.

HANK
No shit?

Hank begins to shake his head in disbelief.

JOSIE
Well what the hell you waiting for?
Go get your turtles!

EXT. RIVIERA APARTMENTS - POOL AREA - A LITTLE LATER

A CROWD has gathered around the turtle racing stadium. Behind one lane is Hank and behind the other is Gordie. Romero, Josie, and Martha are on the sides CHEERING, along with the other partygoers.

In the lanes, Hank's turtle is about 2/3rds of the way down the lane and Gordie's turtle trails by a small margin in the other lane.

GORDIE
Come on you lazy sonofabitch! I put
good money on you!

MARTHA
What'd I tell you about gambling
Gordon?!

GORDIE
Oh will you shut up Martha?! It's a
friendly wager!
(then)
(MORE)

GORDIE (CONT'D)
Hank did you give me a defective
one? The fucking thing won't move!
Go!

HANK
You picked him.
(to his turtle)
Come on Francine! Keep movin'!

Hank's turtle edges closer to the finish line, while Gordie's has reversed course and started back toward the start.

GORDIE
This turtle is a goddamn idiot!

MARTHA
Ugh the language!

JOSIE
She's gonna win!

Hank's turtle crosses the finish line and he puts his arms in the air. A big smile breaks out on his face.

GORDIE
Fucking stupid turtle!

ROMERO
Everyone knows the girl turtle is always faster.

GORDIE
No one asked you!

Romero shrugs, used to Gordie's prickly nature. Josie walks over to Hank as Gordie starts to pay money to some of his buddies from earlier. They had bet against him.

JOSIE
The winner of the first annual Riviera Apartments Memorial Day Turtle Race is Hank and his turtle Francine!

Hank grins as Josie places a BLUE RIBBON on his shirt pocket.

EXT. RIVIERA APARTMENTS - POOL AREA - LATER

The sun has almost fully set. Only Hank, Josie, and the Joyners remain. They sit around a small fire, chatting and drinking. Hank, still wearing his blue ribbon, seems as relaxed and happy as we've seen him yet.

HANK

I'd never raced 'em before. Had no idea they'd do it.

JOSIE

They didn't have to do much. Just walk toward some food.

HANK

Yea but with all the people hootin' and hollerin', thought they might get scared.

MARTHA

Gordie's did. But he was probably just scared of all his yellin' and cussin'.

GORDIE

Listen, the race was clearly rigged. Hanky Panky here -

HANK

Please don't call me that.

GORDIE

Huh?

HANK

Please don't call me Hanky Panky. I can't stand it.

GORDIE

Well for chirssake why didn't you say so earlier?

Off screen, we hear the RUMBLING of a truck engine come closer and eventually start to idle. A HORN sounds.

JOSIE

Oh I think that's for me.

Marcus and Gator walk through the gate to the pool. Josie rises from her chair and Hank does shortly after.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

Alright I'm off. Thank you so much Martha and Gordie! I had a wonderful time.

MARTHA

Oh you're more than welcome sweetheart.

Hank looks over at Marcus and Gator and then back at Josie. He looks pensive. Martha looks at him intently.

HANK

You sure you want to go? We could uh, go get some ice cream or somthin'.

MARTHA

Let her go be with her friends Hank. She's been with the adults long enough.

HANK

Yea. Ok.

JOSIE

Ya'll enjoy your evening! Thanks again!

Josie walks off toward the guys as Hank slowly sits back down. He watches her go and Martha and Gordie both watch him.

MARTHA

She's a sweet girl.

Hank turns back and stares into the fire.

HANK

Yea, she is.

Martha gives a quick NOD to Gordie that Hank doesn't see.

GORDIE

I'll say...

Gordie looks over to Martha with a look that says "Do I have to?" She NODS her head at him.

GORDIE (CONT'D)

Yup. She's uh, she's the kinda girl that makes grown men have to go knock on all the doors in the neighborhood to say they played a game of bad touch with a kid. And you never have to specify, so they won't know if was with a little kid or some hottie who coulda been eighteen but wasn't. It's not a good look.

Martha drops her head for a moment and shakes it. She looks back up at Gordie who SHRUGS. Hank just keeps staring into the fire.

HANK
(comes to)
Alright Mr. and Mrs. Joyner. Thank
you for today, your hospitality. I
really enjoyed myself.

MARTHA
So glad you came by Hank. Make a
habit of it.

GORDIE
G'night Hank. God Bless America.

HANK
Yea, God Bless America.

Hank walks off and Gordie and Martha stay seated.

MARTHA
You didn't have to put it like
that.

GORDIE
What'd you want me to say? It's
true. No one wants to be that guy.

A couple of beats pass.

GORDIE (CONT'D)
But for her maybe I would be.

MARTHA
You're disgusting!

Gordie LAUGHS.

GORDIE
Martha darling, I'd never. I love
you.

MARTHA
Yea right.
(beat)
Ya old perv.

Martha smiles at Gordie who LAUGHS.

EXT. WOODS NEAR LAKE JACKSON - NIGHT

A large, crackling bonfire just off the shore of Lake Jackson
burns brightly in the night. Thirty or forty TEENS are
gathered around, drinking, getting stoned, and talking as
MUSIC plays. Josie, Marcus, and Gator walk up to the fire.

Gator holds a case of beer under his arm and Marcus carries a fifth of Jack Daniels.

MARCUS

Crack open that case Gator. Let's get this show on the road.

GATOR

Copy.

Gator opens the case and distributes beers to Josie and Marcus. He grabs one for himself and sets down the case. He and Marcus immediately start in on cutting holes in the sides of their can - they're getting ready to SHOTGUN the beers.

MARCUS

(playfully)

Now tonight Josie, none of that shit about bein' grown, or drinkin' like a lady or a gentleman or whatever. Me and Gator here gonna show you how to drink like a local.

(to Gator)

You ready?

GATOR

Say the words.

They both place their mouths near the open hole they cut in the sides of the cans and place their fingers on the tab.

MARCUS

Here's to you and here's to me-

GATOR

The best of friends we'll always be-

MARCUS

But if we ever disagree-

MARCUS

FUCK YOU!

GATOR

FUCK YOU!

The cans are opened and the RACE IS ON. Josie laughs as the guys CHUG their beers. Marcus finishes just before Gator and throws his can down.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

And here's to me!

Marcus raises his arms in victory.

GATOR

Goddamnit! You got a jump on me.

MARCUS
Bullshit Gator. Beat you fair and square.
(to Josie)
Your turn.

Gator tosses her a beer. She grabs it out of the air and casually begins to open a hole on the side with her keys.

JOSIE
You boys going to join me?

Gator quickly grabs two more beers and pitches one to Marcus.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
You need someone to show you how this is done properly.

GATOR
(chuckles)
Yea right.

JOSIE
What's the bet?

Marcus, sensing an opportunity, looks over at Gator.

MARCUS
If either of us win, you gotta suck face with us.

JOSIE
Both of you?

MARCUS
Just the winner. That fair Gator?

GATOR
Yup.

JOSIE
Alright. And what if I win?

GATOR
Call it.

JOSIE
If I win, you both have to feel me up.

Marcus and Gator's eyes both go wide. They look at each other- "did she really just say that?"

GATOR
Under or over the shirt?

JOSIE
Doesn't make a difference to me.
(then)
Go!

Josie SPRAYS open her beer and begins to shotgun it. Gator instinctively does the same but Marcus puts his arm out to stop him - only in winning can they lose.

Josie finishes the beer and THROWS down the can.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
That's how a lady does it.

Marcus and Gator just stare at her, slightly grinning, and excited to collect on their bet.

GATOR
Who goes first?

JOSIE
Up to ya'll.

Gator and Marcus immediately break into a hyper-fast game of ROCK, PAPER, SCISSORS without saying a word to each other. They play best two of three but they play so fast, we don't even know who wins until:

GATOR
Dammit.

MARCUS
Sucker.
(to Josie)
I'm going under.

Marcus approaches Josie who smiles suggestively at him. Just as Marcus is about to put his hand under her shirt, she playfully SMACKS it away. Marcus and Gator looked CONFUSED.

JOSIE
Nope. Ya'll didn't even try to beat me so the bet is null and void.

Josie smiles and walks away from them toward the bonfire. After she goes, Gator slugs Marcus across the chest, which Marcus hardly notices.

GATOR
The fuck? Why the hell didja stop me?

Marcus, slightly in a trance, watches Josie walk away with a small grin on his face.

GATOR (CONT'D)
You hear me? We coulda touched her
titties!

MARCUS
I hear ya buddy. I hear ya.

Marcus puts his arm around Gator and they walk toward the bonfire.

EXT. WOODS NEAR LAKE JACKSON - LATER

Gator does a KEGSTAND just off the side of the bonfire and other ROWDY TEENS cheer him on. Marcus holds his feet in the air and eventually lets him down.

Josie's having a conversation with a couple of other kids when Marcus spots her step away. This is his chance.

MARCUS
Josie, hey.

JOSIE
Hey.

MARCUS
Wanna smoke?

Marcus offers a cigarette.

JOSIE
Sure.

She lights up and they both take a seat on a log.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
Well, you know about me - What the
hell are you about?

MARCUS
Me? Shit, not much I guess. Ain't
come from much, probably ain't
gonna be much neither.

Marcus LAUGHS as he takes a slug of his beer.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
But I don't mind it. Life's simple
I guess.
(MORE)

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Like to hunt and drink beer, I like women, whiskey, I like to drink beer and whiskey while I hunt. I also like to get drunk and fish.

Josie CHUCKLES.

JOSIE
You like killing animals?

MARCUS
You kiddin' me? Hell yes I do. Gators, deer, birds, fish don't matter. It's fun.

JOSIE
What do you use?

MARCUS
Whatever I need to. Gun, knife, rock, bow - shit, I killed a snake with my bare hands one time.

JOSIE
No way!

MARCUS
Word to mother. Reached down, picked it up and snapped the fucker's neck.

JOSIE
Gross!

MARCUS
(laughing)
You squeamish?

JOSIE
Nah. Just not into killing things.

MARCUS
Not even fish?

JOSIE
Not even fish. But to each his own and all that.
(then)
You know Hank fishes out on that lake a lot. He's got a boat and everything.

MARCUS

I didn't. And I really don't give a
damn.

JOSIE

He might take me for a ride
sometime.

Gator approaches holding a beer.

GATOR

Lemme get a cig.

Marcus hands him one out of the pack.

GATOR (CONT'D)

What're ya'll talkin' about?

MARCUS

She was just telling me that her
friend Hank has a boat or somethin',
and she's fixin' to go for a ride
with him here on the lake.

GATOR

For real? Christ Josie, I wouldn't
be alone with that creep.
'Specially out on a lake where you
can't get away.

JOSIE

Why not?

GATOR

Man I heard stuff. No one really
knows, but there's all sorts of
talk about what he did before he
came to Sebring.

JOSIE

Like what?

MARCUS

It's true. Heard he did some
twisted shit before he came here -
mutilating bodies and doin' weird
stuff with dead people. That's why
he keeps to himself, because he's
so ashamed.

Josie begins to LAUGH.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

GATOR
It ain't funny if you ask me.

JOSIE
You think they would hire someone
at a *school* if he were doing shit
like that?!

GATOR
He just wasn't caught.

MARCUS
But that don't mean he didn't do
it.

JOSIE
Sounds like you two get caught up
in gossip like a couple of middle
school girls.

MARCUS
We been here a lot longer than you.
Guy's a creep. Livin' all alone,
excluded from everyone...no one
around town even knows him.

JOSIE
If ya'll say so.
(then)
Well I'm good and buzzed. Let's get
outta here.

INT. HANK'S APARTMENT - LATER - NIGHT

Hank's sitting in his recliner watching television. In the distance, he hears LOUD ROCK MUSIC getting closer and closer. He perks up at hearing it. As the music grows LOUDER, he hears the ROAR of a truck engine and the SQUEAL of tires on pavement.

Hank gets up out of his chair and peeks out of his living room window.

EXT. RIVIERA APARTMENTS - PARKING LOT - NIGHT - SAME TIME

Josie gets ready to get out of the truck.

JOSIE
Well, it's been real guys. Thanks
for taking me out.

GATOR
Yup. We're gonna have to redo that
bet next time.

Josie LAUGHS.

JOSIE
Deal. I'll talk to ya'll soon.

Josie gets out of the car and as soon as she shuts the door, Marcus hops out of the driver's side door. He runs around the back of the truck as Josie begins to walk away.

MARCUS
Josie...

She turns around.

JOSIE
Yea?

MARCUS
Seein' that we don't have school
tomorrow, you wanna do somethin'
with me? I mean, just hang or
whatever?

JOSIE
Yea, that'd be nice.

MARCUS
I mean without -

Marcus turns and looks back -

MARCUS (CONT'D)
(quietly)
Gator.

JOSIE
(giggles)
Yes I know what you mean. Pick me
up around 2?

MARCUS
You got it.

HANK's POV -

Hank watches as Marcus and Josie have a moment. He grabs his jacket off the hook nearby.

PARKING LOT -

Marcus gets back in the car, BLARES the music, and SQUEALS out of there.

HANK's APT -

Hank puts his hand on the doorknob and begins to count:

HANK
One Mississippi, two Mississippi,
three Mississippi.

He OPENS the door, steps out and turns to the right where he immediately almost RUNS INTO JOSIE.

JOSIE
(surprised)
Oooh!

HANK
Whoa!

JOSIE
Hank! You scared me!

HANK
Yea sorry about. Was just about to head to the store.

JOSIE
This late?

HANK
All out of coffee and milk for the mornin'.

JOSIE
Ah. Necessities.

HANK
Absolutely. Did ya have a nice night?

JOSIE
I did, thank you. You?

HANK
Yea, just fine.
(then)
Hey I meant to thank you.

JOSIE
For what?

HANK

The race earlier. And building that stadium. It was...I guess it was the nicest thing someone's done for me in a while. It meant somethin'.

Josie smiles, genuinely touched by Hank.

JOSIE

Aw don't sweat it. It was fun and the turtles are so damn cute.

Josie's tone grows sexier.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

Hey when am I going to see that habitat of yours?

HANK

Anytime you want really.

JOSIE

I haven't seen your place yet and I'm fascinated to see what you've built for them.

HANK

I mean, I guess you could come see now if you'd like.

JOSIE

Yea? I'd like that...

Josie lets that hang in the air and she suggestively runs her hand through her hair and down the back of her neck.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

...but you know, I've had a few too many and I need to get some sleep. Raincheck?

HANK

Oh. Yea alright. You have a good night.

JOSIE

You too. Drive safe.

Hank walks to the end of the walkway and heads down the stairs. Josie goes into her apartment.

INT. HANK'S TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Hank gets in his truck and starts it. The LOUD ENGINE comes to life. After a moment, he reaches down to release the parking brake and when he comes back up - THE LONG HAIR ED MAN is sitting Indian-style on the hood of his truck staring at him. They LOCK EYES - Hank blinks a few times, but the MAN doesn't. After a few beats, Hank puts it in reverse and looks over his shoulder while backing up.

INT. HANK'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT MORNING

Hank lays in bed. The morning sun creeps through his cheap, plastic blinds.

INT. HANK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER

Hank makes coffee and some toast. He sits at the table and reads the paper. Outside, we start to hear some VOICES beginning to rise.

GORDIE (O.S.)
Hank! Get out here!

Hank sets down his coffee, puts on his robe and heads for the door.

EXT. RIVIERA APARTMENTS - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Hank, Romero, and Gordie stand in the parking lot at the end of Hank's truck looking straight at us.

ROMERO
I think someone's mad with you
Hank.

GORDIE
Well don't worry Hank, fuckin'
Columbo here is on the case.

ROMERO
I hate that show.

GORDIE
I don't really care Romero, that's
not the point I was making. Hank
who the hell would do this to you?

We REVERSE to see that the word SPANK has been spray painted in big, yellow letters across the rear glass window of his truck.

HANK
(lying)
No idea.

ROMERO
Spank.

Gordie and Romero begin to CRACK UP.

GORDIE
It is kinda funny.

They keep LAUGHING, louder and louder. Gordie puts his hand on Romero's shoulder, trying to compose himself.

GORDIE (CONT'D)
(through laughter)
Romero, knock it off! Go get something to help clean it off.

ROMERO
Sí sí. Going.

Josie walks out of her apartment door up above the parking lot. She wears cute pajamas and squints in the bright morning sun.

JOSIE
What's so funny so damn early in the morning?

GORDIE
Oh nothin'. I'm just off to the course. I'll see you all later.

Gordie walks over to his car. Josie comes down and takes a look at Hank's truck.

JOSIE
Well that's not very nice.

HANK
It ain't a big deal.
(then)
Alright I'm gonna go get ready.

JOSIE
Big plans today?

HANK
Nothin much. Gonna head over to the track, watch the cars go 'round a few times.

JOSIE
I've heard about that place.

HANK
Sebring's kinda known for it. Not
much else to be known for really.

JOSIE
I love race cars.

HANK
Yea it's pretty neat. You should
check it out sometime.

Hank, having been turned down the night before, is hesitant
to ask for plans again.

HANK (CONT'D)
Have a good day. Enjoy your day
off.

Hank begins to walk to the stairs.

JOSIE
Hey Hank?

He turns.

HANK
Yea?

JOSIE
You want some company?

PRE-LAP:

The HIGH PITCHED WHINE of an Indy Race Car engine comes
closer, growing LOUDER and finally CRESCENDOES before fading
into the distance.

EXT. SEBRING INTERNATIONAL RACEWAY - DAY

Josie stands CHEERING in the mostly empty GRANDSTANDS as cars
whiz by. Hank sits next to her, enjoying both the cars and
her. Josie sits back down next to Hank.

JOSIE
(yelling over the noise)
Holy shit these cars fly!

HANK
(yelling)
What?

JOSIE
(yelling)
The cars! They're fast!

HANK
(yelling)
Damn straight!

EXT. SEBRING INTERNATIONAL RACEWAY - INFIELD - LATER

Josie and Hank walk through the infield of the racetrack. The cars have stopped practicing and it's much quieter.

JOSIE
I've never seen race cars up close
like that. Or heard them I guess.
Don't know if my hearing will ever
be the same.

HANK
Shoulda given you some ear plugs.

JOSIE
Oh well.

A TEXT ALERT goes off. Josie pulls out her phone which reads 2:00 PM. She opens the text from Marcus.

MARCUS (TEXT)
I'm at your place. Where you at?

JOSIE (TEXT)
Went out for the day w Hank. Talk
later. Xo.

Josie powers down her phone.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
(to Hank)
Sorry about that.

HANK
No worries.

JOSIE
Too bad about your truck.

HANK
What can you do ya know?

JOSIE
Do you know who did it?

HANK

I'm sure some kids from the school.
My job - sometimes I gotta get kids
in trouble.

JOSIE

Assholes. You're just doin' your
job.

HANK

Yea. It's nothin' though.

They continue to walk through the infield.

JOSIE

You know there are some rumors
about you at school - stuff from
before you came to Sebring.

HANK

Oh yea? What are they?

JOSIE

Just that you were into some weird
stuff. Like with dead bodies.

Hank LAUGHS.

HANK

That's what they say? You gotta
rethink who you hang around with.

JOSIE

I told them it wasn't true.

HANK

Could be.

JOSIE

Come on. I know it wasn't.

HANK

How'd you know?

JOSIE

I just did. Could tell you weren't
the type.

(beat)

What'd you do before you came here?

HANK

I did do something kinda weird I
guess.

(MORE)

HANK (CONT'D)

Not somethin' that makes you feel
real good when you think about it,
so I spend most of my time not
thinkin' about it.

JOSIE

What was it?

Hank lets out a DEEP SIGH. Pain washes over his face. This is beyond difficult for him to talk about and Josie clocks this.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

You don't have to talk about it if
you don't want.

HANK

I don't.

(beat)

But I should - at least tell
someone 'round here.

JOSIE

All these years here and no one
knows?

HANK

Not really. The guy at the school
who hired me has since left.

JOSIE

Well no pressure. If you don't want
to talk about...

HANK

(interrupting)

I lived in Huntsville, Texas. You
know it?

JOSIE

No. Haven't heard of it.

HANK

Didn't think you would. Small
place, unremarkable for the most
part, but it's known for one thing;
the Huntsville Unit of the Texas
State Penitentiary. More executions
take place there than any other
place in the country. Started
workin' there when I was twenty.
Just a regular guard. Time went by,
moved up, and eventually they put
me on the tie-down team.

JOSIE

What's that?

HANK

Just as it sounds really. We was responsible for securing the inmate on the gurney in the chamber. Tying down the straps, makin' sure he couldn't move. IVs were placed in him before the shades went up so those that came to watch could see. Last words are said, a switch is hit by a doctor, and we watch the man - or woman for that matter - take their last breath.

JOSIE

Jesus. That's heavy.

HANK

Yea. Was a heavy job.

JOSIE

How many executions were you a part of?

HANK

Quit countin' after number ninety-nine. Reckon it was probably about double that.

JOSIE

Wow. What made you leave?

HANK

I was fixin' to leave anyway, but then it came to pass that we killed someone who was later exonerated. First time the government admitted that happened.

JOSIE

Really? I feel like you always hear about DNA or whatever getting people off of Death Row.

HANK

Yea, "off" Death Row. But until this case, you never heard about the state exoneratin' someone after they been killed. They never admitted they was wrong.

JOSIE
Was it recent?

HANK
Nah. Happened years ago but the evidence came to pass just a couple of years ago. At that point I'd had enough. Needed to get out. Packed up my stuff, threw it in my truck and drove east. Landed here in Sebring.

JOSIE
Can't imagine what it was like seeing all of those people die.

HANK
Yea, I wish I couldn't either.

Hank and Josie walk in silence for a few beats. The mood is decidedly dampened.

HANK (CONT'D)
Let's get back huh.

JOSIE
Sounds good.

EXT. RIVIERA APARTMENTS - PARKING LOT - LATER

Hank pulls the truck into his spot.

JOSIE
Thanks for taking me with you. I enjoyed it.

HANK
No problem.

Josie looks out her window and up toward the sky.

JOSIE
There's still a little sun left.
Why don't we lay around the pool for a bit?

HANK
I don't know. Never been much of a pool guy.

JOSIE

Come on! It'll be fun. Maybe cheer you up some. Besides, never seen a person as pale as you in Florida.

Hank CHUCKLES and looks over at Josie, touched that she both notices his mood and cares enough to try and change it.

HANK

Yea. Suppose a little sun wouldn't hurt none.

EXT. RIVIERA APARTMENTS - POOL AREA - A LITTLE LATER

Hank paces back and forth in an open air hallway that leads to the pool. He can see Josie laying out in a chair - sun glistening off her body, soaking it up - but he's afraid to go out there.

He wears horribly outdated swim trunks that are too short and too tight.

HANK

(to himself)

Come on. Just go out there you big friggin' sissy.

Hank looks back out and sees Josie applying oil to her stomach.

HANK (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Christ. You gotta.

Hank BREATHES OUT.

HANK (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Here we go now.

Hank charges out to the pool at a brisk pace. He sets down his towel quickly and lays down in the chair next to Josie without saying anything.

JOSIE

Well hey there.

HANK

Hey.

JOSIE

Feels nice out here doesn't it?

HANK
Yea it does.

JOSIE
You can let everything slip away
and just relax.

HANK
I like that idea.

A few beats of silence pass and Hank begins to relax. Without looking over at him:

JOSIE
Those swim trunks get any shorter
and you'll be ready for a European
beach party.

Hank blushes, looking down at his very white legs in his short trunks and then over at Josie.

HANK
Yea. Been a while since I bought a
new suit.

Josie smiles.

POV SHOT - Through blinds separated by two fingers, someone watches Hank and Josie as they laugh and relax by the pool.

REVERSE to see MARTHA JOYNER's EYES peering through. She lets go of the blinds allowing them to close.

INT. THE JOYNER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

MARTHA
I don't understand it Gordon. If you want to carry on some illegal sex relationship with someone who isn't of age, you don't rub everyone's noses in it.

Gordie drinks a beer and a HOCKEY GAME plays on the television in the background.

GORDIE
Dammit Martha, how many times do I need to tell you to mind your own business?

MARTHA
How can I? I mean look at them! No discretion at all.

GORDIE

Maybe that's the point. There's
nothing to hide.

MARTHA

Or they're hiding in plain sight.

GORDIE

Whatever you want to think. Now
will you let me watch the game?

MARTHA

(ignoring him)

I'm going out there.

EXT. RIVIERA APARTMENTS - POOL AREA - MOMENTS LATER

We follow a tray of drinks being carried by Martha out toward Hank and Josie who don't see her approaching. As Martha approaches, we hear their conversation:

JOSIE

Twenty-nine? Are you serious?

HANK

What? It just happened that way.

JOSIE

I think I would go crazy if I
waited that long.

Martha's brow furrows as she hears the topic of conversation.

MARTHA

Yoo hoo!

JOSIE

(casual)

Oh hey Martha.

Hank quickly sits up, embarrassed to be out by the pool with Josie alone.

HANK

Good afternoon Mrs. Joyner.

MARTHA

Saw you two out here lounging and
thought you might like a beverage.

Martha smiles as she lowers the tray in front of Josie. She grabs a drink and then Martha puts it in front of Hank.

HANK

Oh. Thank you.

MARTHA

Please, it's nothing.

Martha takes a seat at the end of Hank's pool chair, causing him to immediately become uncomfortable.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Well what are ya'll chattin' about?

JOSIE

We were ju-

HANK

Some stuff from school. There have been some break-ins in the parking lot. That kinda thing.

MARTHA

That sounds terrible! Did you catch them Hank?

HANK

Not yet. Hope to soon.

Hank starts to get up.

HANK (CONT'D)

I better get goin'. Thanks for the beverage.

JOSIE

So soon Hank?

HANK

Yea I got some uh...I gotta feed the tortoises.

MARTHA

Have a good afternoon Hank!

HANK

Thanks.

Hank grabs his towel and gets up from the chair. He approaches the hallway he stood in earlier when he was contemplating going out to the pool - just as he steps into the hallway, he looks back toward Josie and Martha -

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. RIVIERA APARTMENTS - GROUNDS - MORNING

NOTE: The following will all be shot from a ROMERO POV CAM -
We walk around the grounds of the apartment on a bright sunny morning.

JUMP CUTS -

-Watering flowers with a metal can.

-Bent down pulling weeds out of a garden.

-Sweeping leaves and branches out of the parking lot.

We walk up the stairs and down the open-air hallway toward Hank's and Josie's apartments. As we approach Hank's, Romero looks down and sees the METAL FLAG hasn't been put down. Romero pauses and then reaches up-

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

ROMERO
Hank?

He pounds again. KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. He leans to the side and tries to look in the window but the blinds are down.

Romero reaches in his pocket and pulls out a massive key ring. He quickly locates the one he needs and begins to unlock Hank's door. He opens it slightly.

ROMERO (CONT'D)
Hello? Hank?

Nothing but a television on low volume is heard.

Romero edges in farther, looking off to the left, and then to the right.

ROMERO (CONT'D)
Hank? Amigo?

Romero walks toward the kitchen when he sees: A TRAIL OF BLOOD starting at the entrance of the kitchen.

He creeps forward ever so slowly, revealing MORE BLOOD, and eventually, Hank's two feet laying in a way that suggests he's face down.

ROMERO (CONT'D)
Oh fuck. Hank!

Romero RUSHES forward and sees the rest of Hank's body, BLOOD EVERYWHERE, and moves in to turn him over.

ROMERO (CONT'D)
Hank!

Hank TURNS OVER QUICKLY and YELLS-

HANK
ARRRHHHHHHGGGGHHHH!

Romero SQUEALS and JUMPS BACK!

ROMERO
EEEEEEEEEEEK!

Hank immediately BURSTS into LOUD, UNCONTROLLABLE LAUGHTER. OFF-CAMERA we hear Josie start LAUGHING. She walks in. Romero tries to catch his breath. Hank stands up, fake blood all over his neck and body.

JOSIE
Holy shit I can't believe that
worked!

HANK
Me neither!

Romero, BREATHING HEAVILY, has a stern look on his face.

HANK (CONT'D)
Good one, right Romero? We got you
good!

Romero just keeps BREATHING. Finally:

ROMERO
(controlled at first,
escalating)
For two years I have checked that
flag...every day I come by and
check the damn flag. This is how
you say thank you?! By giving me a
heart attack?! Well FUCK YOU Hank!
You asshole! I no longer care if
you die and all the maggots and
flies eat all of your organs and
face!

Romero STORMS out of the kitchen. The front door SLAMS and Josie and Hank just look at each other.

JOSIE
Whoa. That was unexpected.

HANK
Who knew he had it in him?

JOSIE
What's all that stuff about the
maggots?

HANK
Just something silly I used to
think about.
(then)
Alright I gotta get to work, you
need to get to class.

JOSIE
Ugh. Sucks. Want to do something
later?

HANK
Yea sure.

JOSIE
Let's go out on your boat!

HANK
"Boat" is a bit of a stretch.

JOSIE
Whatever it is. Let's go for an
evening ride.

HANK
You got it. Meet you at your place
around seven?

JOSIE
Perfect.

EXT. HANK'S APARTMENT - LATER

Hank steps out of his apartment on his way to work. He takes a few steps past his door when he stops and turns around. He walks back to the entrance, reaches down and RIPS the METAL FLAG from the window sill, leaving a hole where it was nailed in. He resumes walking away and then he CHUCKS the flag over the railing with prejudice.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HANK'S TRUCK - MORNING

Music up: Black Sabbath - "Paranoid"

Hank reaches down and turns up the stereo. The music BLARES through his speakers as he flies down the open road. It's a rocker, and Hank taps on his steering wheel getting into the music - he's expressive, letting loose - and it looks good on him.

EXT. SEBRING HIGH SCHOOL - A LITTLE LATER

The music keeps playing as Hank rolls into the school parking lot. He parks in his familiar place. As the song comes to a close, Marcus, Gator and the others pull up in their truck.

A STARE DOWN ensues between Hank and Marcus. Neither blinks until Marcus is finally out of sight.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Hank grabs groceries and puts them in his cart. He approaches the checkout line and next to it is a rack with pre-packaged flowers. He grabs a bouquet.

EXT. RIVIERA APARTMENTS - PARKING LOT - DUSK

Hank pulls into his parking spot. He grabs the bag of groceries from the truck bench and gets out. The flowers peek out of the top of bag. Gordie's outside his place.

GORDIE
Psst. Hanky Panky.

Hank shoots him a look.

GORDIE (CONT'D)
Sorry. Habit. Hank, where we at on
that favor you're doing for me?

HANK
Still workin' on it Mr. Joyner.
(then)
Say, not to be rude, but I don't
get why you aren't doing this
yourself? I mean we hardly even
know each other.

GORDIE
That's because you're a goddamned
recluse! Hell I've seen you more in
the past two weeks than I have in
the past two years!

Hank doesn't disagree. After a moment, Hank starts walking toward his place.

GORDIE (CONT'D)
Flowers eh? Big night planned?

Hank realizes they can be seen and he shoves them down in the bag as he ascends the stairs.

HANK
Just for the house. See ya around.

Hank scurries away. Gordie smiles, knowing damn well who's getting the flowers.

MUSIC UP: Folsom Prison Blues by Johnny Cash

EXT. HANK'S APARTMENT

Hank excitedly gets ready and sings along to Johnny Cash which plays on a record player in his apartment.

-Hank washes his hair in the shower.

-Shaves his face close with an old school straight razor. Then puts on aftershave.

-Picks out clothes from his closet - a plaid short-sleeve button-down shirt and some slacks - definitely "nice" for what we've seen him in so far.

-He pulls on a pair of cowboy boots.

-He combs his hair with some pomade.

-He takes a step back and checks himself out in the mirror. He likes what he sees. He looks great.

The music continues to play in the background as Hank grabs the flowers and heads out of his apartment.

EXT. JOSIE'S APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Hank's in front of Josie's door. He looks down at his TIMEX DIGITAL WRISTWATCH and it reads **7:00pm**. He stares at it for a moment and as soon as it switches to **7:01pm**, he KNOCKS on the door.

Hank adjusts his shoulders, trying to get comfortable and calm his nerves. He CLEARS his throat. The door opens...

JOSIE

Hank. Hey.

HANK

Hey.

Hank looks Josie over - she's in sweatpants and a skimpy tanktop.

HANK (CONT'D)

Oh um, maybe I'm overdressed. I can run and change. It'll just take me a minute.

MARCUS (O.C.)

Hey Hank.

HANK

(to Josie)

Who's that?

Josie steps out of her door.

JOSIE

Oh it's Marcus. Listen, I'm sorry I can't hang out tonight. I've got this thing with Marcus. Some other time?

HANK

Uh yea. Sure.

JOSIE

Were those for me?

Hank looks down in his hands, having forgot he was holding the flowers.

HANK

I, um, I just thought maybe they could brighten up your place.

JOSIE

They're beautiful. I'll put them in water. Have a good night!

Josie pops back inside and shuts the door. Hank stands there for a moment, completely dejected.

EXT. LAKE JACKSON - DUSK

Hank pulls up near the lake and turns off his truck. He gets out holding a PAPER BAG that contains a bottle we can't see.

He SLAMS the door shut and SWIGS from the bottle. His shirt is now untucked and his hair now unkempt.

He walks over to his boat, not quite in a stagger, but his legs are a little wobbly from the booze. He unlocks it and begins to drag it down to the water.

As the boat begins to float, he steps into it, sits down and begins to row himself out. After a few strokes, he takes a LONG SWIG out of the bottle. He takes off the paper bag revealing it's a bottle of JIM BEAM and then tosses the brown paper bag to the floor of the boat.

After a few more paddles, Hank lets the boat drift farther away from shore before letting the paddles down. He takes one more swig from the bottle and then hangs his head. He focuses in on the BROWN BAG, which is getting darker and becoming WET.

HANK

The hell?

Hank REACHES down and touches it. It's indeed wet. He begins to feel around the bottom of the boat. Foliage and leaves that have fallen into the boat are also wet. He moves all of it out the way to reveal a HOLE crudely cut out of the bottom; the boat takes on more water now that it is uncovered. Under the hole, in black paint reads: SUCK IT SPANK!

HANK (CONT'D)

That motherfucker.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Hank's truck SPEEDS BY. His face FOCUSED and DETERMINED.

EXT. RIVIERA APARTMENTS - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Hank jumps a curb into the parking lot, his tires SQUEALING. He hardly slows down before reaching his parking spot and slamming on the brakes. He gets out of the truck, and SLAMS the door.

Gordie, having heard the commotion, comes outside -

GORDIE

Hank, about...

HANK

(loudly)

NOT NOW GORDIE!

Hank STORMS past him. Gordie is surprised at Hank's unusual outburst. He climbs the stairs and walks straight to Josie's door -

EXT. JOSIE'S APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Hank's about to knock when he HEARS something inside. He leans in closer to the door and hears LOUD MOANING and SCREAMING coming from inside. It's Josie.

Hank listens a little more...is she in trouble?

JOSIE (O.C.)
YES! YES! FUCK YES!

Nope. Hank's head slumps. He then WALKS AWAY, slowly, methodically. He gets to the end of the landing and walks down the stairs one at a time.

He reaches his truck, opens the door, and slides in on the bench. He opens the glovebox and grabs a LARGE KNIFE with a wood and bone handle - something that would be good for filleting a 12-point buck after it's been shot.

He steps back out of the truck and walks straight toward MARCUS' TRUCK. Gordie watches on.

GORDIE
You don't want to do that Hank.

Hank doesn't bother to turn around. He reaches the truck's rear passenger wheel, bends down, and STABS the tire, immediately causing it to start HISSING while it loses air. He proceeds to the other three tires, doing the same. When he's done, the truck is lowering and he walks back toward the stairs. Gordie watches him but doesn't say anything this time. Hank doesn't make eye contact.

INT. HANK'S APARTMENT - LATER

A BOTTLE SLAMS down on the kitchen table causing the BROWN LIQUID inside to coat the glass walls. PULL BACK to reveal Hank sitting, stewing at his kitchen table in DEAD SILENCE, pouring himself shots of bourbon.

A KNOCK on the door interrupts Hank's trance.

MARTHA (O.S.)
Hank? Hey Hank?

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

MARTHA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It's Martha. Can I come in?

Hank pours one more shot and SLAMS it before getting up.

He unlocks the door and opens it.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
Hank can I come in?

Hank steps aside without saying anything and points the way in.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
Thank you.

Martha takes a seat at the dining table. Hank bypasses her and goes into the kitchen. He returns with another shot glass. He sets it on the table in front of Martha and sits down himself.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
Oh, no thank you.

HANK
You sittin' at my table, you're
gonna drink with me.

Hank pours for both of them and then holds up his glass, waiting on Martha. After some hesitation, she picks up and CLINKS glasses with Hank. They both down their shots and Hank immediately pours another round - he holds off on drinking it.

HANK (CONT'D)
What can I do for ya.

MARTHA
Well Hank, me and Gordie, we're
worried for you.

HANK
That so?

MARTHA
Yes. Truth is we've lived below you
for a few years but really don't
know much about you. I guess some
of that's changed lately.

HANK
What do you think you know about
me?

MARTHA

Josie actually filled us in a little bit, about what you did before you came here...at the prison.

HANK

That was awfully kind of her.

Hank DOWNS another shot and refills his glass. Martha's glass just sits there.

MARTHA

Sounds like it was a rough way to make a livin' if you ask me.

HANK

It was fine. Not a big deal.

MARTHA

Had to weigh heavily on you.

HANK

Nah. Not really. We killed the people that killed people. Pretty simple really.

MARTHA

But to be around death like that all the time? And to have to watch life leave another person's body...I mean hell, it's enough to mess with anyone between the ears if ya know what I mean.

HANK

I appreciate you and Mr. Joyner's concern, but I know what my job was and what happened and all that so if you just came here to rehash it, I don't mean to be rude, but I ain't got much interest in it.

MARTHA

I'm not here to rehash it. Just to tell you, that it might be good for you to, you know, get a little help. Ain't no shame in asking someone to help you out. Talk to someone, you know?

HANK

Yea? That the grand plan? Get me some help? Get someone for me to babble to?

Hank picks up his drink and puts his lips to the rim without taking his eyes off of Martha. He then JERKS his head back and takes the shot.

HANK (CONT'D)

I'll be just fine.
(beat)
'preciate ya'll's concern though.

MARTHA

Well we're here if you need us.

Martha starts to get up from her chair but before she does, she sits back down.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

One other thing.

HANK

Go 'head.

MARTHA

I'm sure you've been lonely Hank. No one likes to feel alone in the world, without a companion, someone to care for you or you them. But a young girl, that's not the answer Hank. She's a kid, in high school, and it would be illegal.

Hank SCOFFS.

HANK

You think that's what's goin' on?

MARTHA

I'm not sayin' anything is "goin' on." But I've been around long enough to know what it means when a man looks at a girl the way you look at Josie.

Hank looks down at his glass and runs his finger around the rim.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

It ain't right for a girl to be leading on a man neither.

(MORE)

MARTHA (CONT'D)

I don't know everything that's been goin' on, but I do know you aren't crazy for thinkin' there's a chance. I'm here just to tell you not to do it.

HANK

You don't gotta worry about that. We're friends. I just been tryin' to look out for her is all.

MARTHA

Good.

Martha SLAMS her shot that was poured by Hank earlier.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

You have a pleasant evening.

HANK

You too.

Martha walks out the front door. Hank SIGHS, bummed out about the evening and coming down off his rage high. He gets up from the table and walks over to the living room. He takes a seat in his familiar chair, reclines it back, and kicks off his shoes. He lets out another SIGH as he sinks in.

After a few quiet beats, a CARNAL YELL comes from outside:

MARCUS (O.S.)

HAAAAAAAANK! YOU MOTHERFUCKER! I'M GONNA GUT YOUR ASS!

Marcus has discovered his truck. Hank doesn't seem too worried. We stay inside with him as we hear someone RUN UP the stairs. Outside of Hank's window, the shadows of Josie and Marcus meet up - she's preventing him from getting to the door but Hank can hear it all.

INTERCUT BETWEEN INT/EXT as necessary.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Get outta my way Josie.

(then)

I know you in there motherfucker!
Come out here!

JOSIE

Marcus, calm down. Come on. Just forget about it. Let it go.

MARCUS

Forget about it? The creep slashed
my goddamn tires! They for muddin'
too! Ain't normal tires!

(to Hank)

You're fuckin' dead Spank! You hear
me? Dead!

JOSIE

He's not a creep Marcus. Come on,
calm down, I'll give you a ride.

MARCUS

Fine.

(loudly)

This ain't over you corpse-fuckin'
freak!

Hank, still in his chair and unresponsive to Marcus's
threats, calmly turns on the television.

EXT. GATOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Josie's hatchback pulls up to a dilapidated house with rusty
car and boat parts strewn about the front yard. Gator waits
in the driveway.

INT. JOSIE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

JOSIE

I'm real sorry about your truck.

MARCUS

Yea me too. Other than that
though...

Marcus gets a big smile on his face.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

..was a helluva night.

Josie returns the smile.

JOSIE

It was.

He leans in to kiss her, but she breaks it off after a few
seconds.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

So about an hour ok? You'll be
there?

MARCUS
Yea. I will.

Marcus gets out of the car and Josie starts to reverse back down the driveway.

EXT. GATOR'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Gator approaches Marcus.

GATOR
You just kissin her?

MARCUS
Yup.

GATOR
You lucky sonofabitch.

MARCUS
Just wait till I tell you what else
I did...

Gator quickly turns his head toward.

GATOR
Get the fuck out!

MARCUS
Mmhmm.

GATOR
Gimme your fingers.

Marcus smiles as he holds his hand up. Gator grabs Marcus's index and middle finger, puts it against his nose, and inhales way too deeply with his eyes closed tight.

GATOR (CONT'D)
Mmmmmmm.

MARCUS
(laughing)
You're sick.

Marcus playfully slams his hand into Gator's chest and they both start to LAUGH. They begin to walk toward the front door of the house.

GATOR
Where's your truck?

MARCUS
Busted up.

GATOR
What you mean busted up?

MARCUS
All four of my tires were slashed.

GATOR
What? Who the hell did that?

MARCUS
That freak Hank.

GATOR
No fuckin' way. It's on now.

MARCUS
Yea. We gonna talk about what we're
gonna do. But I gotta let Josie
think we're makin' peace first.
She's coming back to get me in an
hour.

They both walk inside the house.

INT. HANK'S APARTMENT - LATER

Hank sleeps on his recliner, not having moved since the last time we saw him.

KNOCK KNOCK.

Hank startles awake, looking around him and then realizing it was a knock at the door. He tries to shake off the sleep as he gets up and heads toward the door. Just as he is about to open it, he pauses.

HANK
Who's it?

JOSIE (O.C.)
Josie.

Hank thinks for a moment and then unlocks the door. He and Josie just look at each other for a few beats; he with a blank expression and she with kindness in her eyes.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
Can I come in?

HANK
Don't feel much like talkin'.

JOSIE
Me neither.
(then)
But you got that whiskey right
there and I still haven't seen your
habitat, so I figured we could go
sit on the balcony and have a
drink.

Hank mulls this over for a beat before stepping out of the way. He heads toward the table and grabs the bottle of whiskey while Josie steps inside the house.

EXT. HANK'S APARTMENT - PORCH

The sliding door opens and Hank steps out on the balcony. He reaches down to fiddle with something when the whole place LIGHTS UP. Clear fairy lights have been rigged all throughout the turtle habitat and the surrounding area; it's beautiful lit up like this. Josie follows Hank out.

JOSIE
Wow. It looks amazing out here.

Hank doesn't say anything. He takes a seat in one of the lawn chairs, lifts open the lid on a cooler that's stashed out there and grabs a can of beer. He OPENS it and takes a swig.

Josie walks up to the habitat and starts looking around for turtles. She searches for a bit while Hank sips his beer.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
You built this?

Hank silently nods. Josie continues to search for turtles.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
Well it looks real nice but I'm not
seein' any of your turtles in here.

HANK
There ain't any.

JOSIE
What? Why not?

HANK
But there are a couple of
tortoises.

JOSIE
Turtle, tortoise whatever. Where
are they?

HANK
Sleepin'. Hidin' out from intruders
like yourself.

JOSIE
Come on, I want to see the cuties.

Hank takes another pull on his beer.

HANK
Look under that rock over there in
the corner.

Hank points away from where Josie is and she walks over that way. She bends down to look, moving away branches and moving a rock.

JOSIE
There he is!
(then)
Can I pick him up?

HANK
Ain't a bother to me.

She reaches down with both hands and pulls out a tortoise. She holds it up examining the red feet.

JOSIE
God they're gorgeous! This the boy
or the girl?

HANK
Girl.

JOSIE
What's her name again?

HANK
Francine.

JOSIE
That's a funny name for a tortoise.

HANK
Naming a tortoise anything is kinda
funny if you think about it.

JOSIE
Look at these red feet!
(to Francine)
You're such a beauty Francine.

Francine tries to escape by moving her arms and legs but to no avail.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
Where ya trying to go?

After another beat, Josie sets her back down in the habitat. She then looks around, trying to figure out where she should sit - Hank only has one lawn chair because that's all he ever needs.

HANK
Here, take mine.

Hank gets out of his seat.

JOSIE
You sure?

HANK
Please.

Josie sits in the plastic chair and Hank takes a seat on the floor, using the sliding door as back support. Everything becomes quiet - the only sound heard is that of the CICADAS CHIRPING outside.

JOSIE
Can I get some of that whiskey?

Hank extends the bottle out to her. She takes it, twists off the cap and begins to bring it up to her mouth.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
You mind?

HANK
Nope.

Josie takes a pull straight from the bottle.

JOSIE
You a God-fearin' man Hank?

HANK
Nah. Ain't really ever had no use for a god.

JOSIE

What about in that room where you
watched all those men die?

HANK

Ain't no god in there.

JOSIE

Even with a priest readin' last
rites?

Hank just shakes his head slowly back and forth.

HANK

No god.

JOSIE

In school when I was little, they'd
teach us about God - heaven, hell -
all that. I'd always come home,
excited about what I learned, ready
to be a good little girl so I could
go to heaven. And I'd tell my mama
about it, about what I learned and
how I wanted to go to heaven and be
with Jesus and God, and you know
what she'd say to me?

Josie looks over at Hank who's listening but just staring
straight ahead.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

She'd look right down at me and say
"Josie, there ain't no god. And
even if there is, he's a fucked up
asshole who ain't never done right
by you or me."

(beat)

I'd just look up at her with these
big, wide eyes, not even sure what
all the words meant. Eventually I
learned though. And not a day goes
by that I don't think about what
she said to me.

HANK

You believe her?

JOSIE

Don't know. Don't care so much
either I guess. Just something that
always stuck with me.

HANK
Where she at now?

JOSIE
Dead.

HANK
Sorry to hear that.

JOSIE
Me too.

Josie opens the cooler next to the chair she's in and grabs two beers, passing Hank one.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
You slash up Marcus's tires?

Hank sort of shrugs and looks away guiltily.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
He ain't that bad of a guy.

HANK
Been around him a lot longer than you. He ain't a peach, that's for certain.

JOSIE
I think both of ya'll just need to sit down together. You know, have a conversation and a beer. Straighten out whatever's been goin' on with you two.

HANK
Me and him never seen eye to eye. But what's been goin' on lately is you.

Hank considers what he just said.

HANK (CONT'D)
You know, us becomin' friends and neighbors. And me wantin' to protect you and stuff. Look after you since you're new here. That's all.

JOSIE
I appreciate that Hank. I do. But I've been taking care of myself for a long time.

HANK
Just been a while since I knew
someone - or felt like I wanted to.

Josie's head slowly falls until she is looking down at the ground. After a moment, she looks over at Hank who continues to just stare straight ahead.

A KNOCK is heard at the door. Hank looks back inside the house and then back at Josie.

JOSIE
I took the liberty.

HANK
Why on Earth would you do that?

JOSIE
Cause this needs to end...all this destruction and fighting. Come on. Let's sit down, have a conversation.

HANK
He agreed to it?

JOSIE
Safe to say he'll do what I ask at this point.

Josie, after saying that with all the confidence in the world, gets up and walks inside. Hank, after a moment, gets up and follows her.

INT. HANK'S APARTMENT - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Josie sits in Hank's normal spot at the head of the table and Marcus and Hank sit across from each other.

JOSIE
Thanks for coming Marcus.

MARCUS
No problem.

JOSIE
Hank I asked Marcus here so you two could talk about what's been going on and we can come to some sort of an agreement. I believe Marcus has a few things to say.

MARCUS

Yea, well I'm sorry I call you
Spank and that I messed with your
truck.

JOSIE

And?

MARCUS

And your boat. That wasn't right.
I'll stop messin' with your stuff.

JOSIE

Thank you. Hank?

HANK

Sorry bout your tires. I'll replace
'em. Hope we can stay outta each
other's way.

MARCUS

Sure we can. I'll be over here some
times though - think we can be
cordial?

HANK

Don't see why not. That extend to
school too?

MARCUS

Yea, it does. I'll tell Gator and
the rest of 'em too.

HANK

'preciate that. Make my job a lot
easier and I won't have to bother
ya'll.

JOSIE

See? Not so hard. Let's seal it
with a drink.

Hank starts to get up.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

Sit! I got it.

Josie goes into the kitchen and we hear her off-camera
opening the fridge and getting ice out.

MARCUS

Ever catch anything good out in the
lake?

HANK

Good enough. Usually can get dinner
for a few days. You fish?

MARCUS

Sure do. Also like to hunt.

Josie comes back into the room carrying three glasses. She sets one down in front of each of the guys and then takes her seat. She raises her glass.

JOSIE

To détente!

Hank and Marcus both turn at the same time and give her a funny look - neither knows what the word means. Josie shakes her head and tries again.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

Cheers?

They CLINK glasses and drink.

HANK

What do ya hunt?

MARCUS

Whatever. If it breathes, I'll kill it.

Marcus finishes off his drink, as does Hank a moment later. Marcus reaches down under the table and when he brings his hand back up, he's holding a LARGE HUNTING KNIFE with a wooden handle - not dissimilar from Hank's.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Got this a while back.

Marcus holds it over the table so Hank can see it closer. Marcus's name is engraved on it.

HANK

It's a nice...

Hank stops mid-sentence. He looks to his right where the LONG HAIR MAN is no longer sitting and then FALLS FACE FIRST onto the table with a THUD. OFF-CAMERA, we hear another THUD and then we CUT TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK-

The sound of BOOTS WALKING in near unison is only interrupted by the sound of CHAINS CLINKING together.

FADE IN:

INT. HUNTSVILLE UNIT - EVENING

FOUR GUARDS, including a younger HANK, more fit and sporting a goatee, surround the LONG HAIR MAN, who has his wrists and ankles chained. They all walk in concert down a fluorescent lit, sterile-looking hallway deep in the bowels of the penitentiary. They each wear the same BLANK EXPRESSION on their faces. They reach the DOOR at the end of the hallway. One of the GUARDS steps forward and opens it.

INT. HUNTSVILLE UNIT - DEATH CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

The LONG HAIR MAN is led into the 9x12 room with unsettling teal walls - an odd choice for a chamber of death. In the middle, a GURNEY is bolted to the floor with a microphone hanging above it. A LARGE WINDOW is on the right, shades pulled down.

The MAN gets up on the gurney and Hank and another guard begin strapping him down.

INT. HUNTSVILLE UNIT - WITNESS AREA - SAME TIME

A small gathering of WITNESSES sit outside of the death chamber. They can't see in yet as the shades are still down.

Suddenly, the SHADES FLY UP. Through the large barred window lays the LONG HAIR MAN. He's strapped down to the gurney and has an IV placed in his arm, but he's covered with a white sheet. Hank and the other guards stand out of the way so the people can view him. The WARDEN stands at his head.

WARDEN
Any last words?

The LONG HAIR MAN turns his head toward the window and focuses in on a WOMAN and YOUNG GIRL amongst the other witnesses. They look back at him. After a moment he looks back up at the ceiling.

LONG HAIR MAN
I ain't a good man. Ain't never
said I was. But I ain't supposed to
be here.
(beat)
And to all of you who put me here.
(MORE)

LONG HAIR MAN (CONT'D)
You will meet a fate far worse than
this and you will suffer in ways
you hadn't thought possible. That I
promise you.

From above, we look down at the man's face. He breathes in
deeply as we zoom toward him. His eyes close. CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. HANK'S APARTMENT - A LITTLE LATER

We're TIGHT on Hank who now has on a BLINDFOLD, has his MOUTH TAPED SHUT, and his ARMS tied behind his chair. He starts to GRUNT and MOAN as he struggles to understand what's happening to him. His forehead is RED from where he hit his head on the table.

JOSIE (O.C.)
Don't struggle.

Her VOICE, always sweet, now sounds lower and more sure. Hank JERKS around in his chair more but eventually stops.

JOSIE (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Done?

Hank's SILENCE serves as a yes. After another moment of STILLNESS, Josie's arms reach into frame and remove Hank's blindfold.

He looks at Josie with confusion. His head tilts slightly to the side as if searching her face for any type of answer. He doesn't get it. His eyes then drift down to the table in front of Josie and they GROW LARGE at what he sees. His head HANGS. Eventually, he picks his head back up slowly, as though it weighed 100 pounds. His eyes meet Josie's again, letting her know he understands what's happening.

REVERSE on to Josie, who sits calmly across from Hank, the LONG HAIR MAN stands behind her. Her hands are folded on the table and in front of her is a faded PICTURE. In it, is the LONG HAIR MAN wearing a big smile, a WOMAN, and a LITTLE GIRL wearing a birthday hat.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
Picture was snapped seventeen years
ago on my fourth birthday. They
took him away three months later.
(beat)

I guess I got used to it. The next
six years or so we'd go visit him a
few times a month.

(MORE)

JOSIE (CONT'D)
I'd tell him what was goin' on and
how my project went at school or
how my soccer game was. My daddy
was in jail...it just became
normal.

We PULL WIDE to reveal Marcus PASSED OUT on the couch.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
He wasn't home, but he was alive.
Until he wasn't anymore. Until I
watched you and those other
monsters drag him into that tiny
fucking room and strap him down to
that table.

Josie's voice begins to escalate and become more intense.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
I sat there and watched you strap
him down. Yea, my ma probably
didn't use the best judgment in
bringing me there, but she wanted
me to witness what ya'll were going
to do to him, to an innocent man.
She leaned over to me and whispered
in my ear "those men are all
cowards." And then they asked him
for any last words.

Josie reaches across to Hank once more, this time grabbing
the tape on his mouth. She gives him a look that says "you
gonna be quiet?" He nods slightly and she rips off the tape.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
You remember what he said?

Hank sits there SILENTLY for a few beats and then:

HANK
(quietly)
To all of you who put me here...

Hank trails off.

JOSIE
Keep going.

HANK
You will meet a fate far worse than
this and you will suffer in ways
you hadn't thought possible. That I
promise you.

Josie just lets that hang out there for a moment. She looks at Hank, whose gaze is averted up toward the Long Haired Man.

JOSIE
What do you see Hank?

Hank's eyes come back down to Josie.

HANK
Nothin'.

JOSIE
You ain't a bad guy. Truth is I
know you're actually sorry. I know
it torments you, it eats at you.

Josie gets up out of her chair and slowly begins walking around the table toward Hank. He doesn't move.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
The others I've done, they don't care. They just go on with their lives. They got off on what they did and I've made sure to fulfill my father's mandate. They have suffered. Same goes for anyone I do after this.

Josie is now directly behind Hank.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
But not you. No suffering. Just peace.

In one CONTINUOUS, QUICK MOTION, Josie pulls MARCUS'S knife from her back pocket and SLITS HANK'S THROAT. He STARES straight ahead at the LONG HAIRRED MAN who is now sitting in Josie's chair looking back at him.

Hank, BLOOD GUSHING from his neck begins to smile ever so slightly. He begins to GURGLE - blood spills out of his small grin. After another moment, he FALLS FACEDOWN on the table. We look at him from straight above - blood seeps all over the table falling off of the edge and on to the ground. He's DEAD.

We hold on Hank, face down on the table, from above:

HANK (V.O.)
That was that. I bled out in under two minutes. Wasn't pleasant, but not the worst pain I ever felt.

EXT. RIVIERA APARTMENTS - NIGHT

Several COP CARS roar into the parking lot of the apartments. Their LIGHTS FLASH, but sound is DROWNED OUT. The cars stop and cops rush out of them, running up the stairs to Hank's door. One POUNDS on it, still no sound. He then KICKS IT IN.

INT. HANK'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Hank still lays facedown on the table. Near him, drenched in his blood, is MARCUS. He holds his knife - the one Josie used to slit Hank's throat - but he's still passed out.

The POLICE barge in, guns drawn, and immediately go toward MARCUS. He begins to WAKE UP, realizing where he is. FEAR washes over his face as the cops point their guns at him.

HANK (V.O.)

She set-up Marcus pretty bad. I mean look at the scene - he's gonna have a hard time explain' he didn't kill me. Eventually they'll agree he didn't.

EXT. RIVIERA APARTMENTS - NIGHT

Marcus is led out in handcuffs by two policemen. OTHER RESIDENTS are all outside watching everything happen. GORDIE and MARTHA stand outside their door speaking to a cop who is taking a statement from them. Marcus passes by them, still STRUGGLING in his cuffs and trying to explain himself to the cops. As Marcus is put in the car, we focus back on Gordie and Martha giving a statement.

HANK (V.O.)

Martha and Gordie were asked to give a statement. Gordie wouldn't talk but Martha told them some about what was goin' on with me and Josie and Marcus, you know the pranks and...well shit, I'm dead now - how I lusted after Josie and was jealous of her and Marcus.

Marcus is led away in the cop car, tears rolling down his cheeks. Gordie keeps nagging at Martha to stop talking to the cops. Eventually they go back inside.

HANK (V.O.)

Martha shoulda left well enough alone, but this was all just too much for her. She kept gabbin'.

(MORE)

HANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Before you know it, the cop did
some lookin' into them, found out
they ain't who they say they was.

A BLACK, UNMARKED car pulls into the parking lot of the Riviera with a single red flashing light above the driver. TWO MEN in suits step out of the car quickly, not even closing their doors. They walk up to Gordie and Martha's door and KNOCK. Gordie opens the door.

MAN IN SUIT
Gordon Joyner?

GORDIE
Who's askin'?

Both men pull out CREDENTIALS and hold them up.

MAN IN SUIT
Joseph Tellington, INS. We're going
to need you and your wife Martha to
come with us.

GORDIE
Ah shit.
(yelling)
Martha! Come on! We're goin' home!

Gordie and Martha walk out of their apartment. Tears stream down Martha's cheeks while Gordie turns and yells something at her we can't hear. She's wearing her US Flag visor.

HANK (V.O.)
Turns out the Joyners were a coupla
snowbirds from Canada that
overstayed their visas.
(then)
By twenty five years.

Romero is standing off to the side. Him and Gordie lock eyes and Romero SMILES and WAVES. Gordie becomes even MORE ENRAGED.

HANK (V.O.)
Illegal aliens from Canada. Not
somethin' you hear about everyday.
Makes sense as to why Gordie was
always askin' me to do stuff for
him that required any proof of
identification - he never had any.

EXT. RIVIERA APARTMENTS - NIGHT - LATER

A GURNEY is wheeled out of Hank's apartment by PARAMEDICS. A white sheet covers his body.

HANK (V.O.)
I ain't sure where I'm at now.
There ain't somethin', but there
ain't nothin' either.

The paramedics load Hank into the back their truck.

HANK (V.O.)
I got no malice toward Josie - or
whatever her name is - for what she
did. All them years, I took part in
evenin' the score for the state of
Texas. But when we settled one that
wasn't supposed to be settled,
nothin' happened to us. She's just
rectifyin' that.

The truck pulls out of the Riviera parking lot.

HANK (V.O.)
And as for Josie...

EXT. OPEN HIGHWAY SOMEWHERE IN LOUISIANA - DUSK

A BLACK JEEP WRANGLER drives down a two-lane highway without another car in sight. We stay WIDE and don't see inside. The Jeep passes a WELCOME TO TEXAS sign.

EXT. BAR - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

From the ground POV, Josie steps out of the Jeep and shuts the door. She walks confidently toward the entrance of the watering hole, though we only see her legs.

INT. BAR - NIGHT - SAME TIME

A group of three PRISON GUARDS sit around a high top table drinking beer. A few other patrons are scattered about the relatively small place - some wear cowboy hats. The FRONT DOOR opens and everyone turns toward it and goes QUIET.

After a moment, Josie steps through the front door wearing the same sexy outfit she had on when she first met Hank. Her hair is now a DEEP, SEXY RED color. The GUARDS all take notice but she doesn't even look at them; she struts to the bar and takes a seat. The BARTENDER comes over.

BARTENDER
May I help you?

JOSIE
(confidently)
Whiskey.

The bartender sizes her up for a moment, wondering if she's even old enough. Josie stares right back at him, not even blinking. After a moment, he turns and grabs a bottle off the shelf. He pours her a shot right in front of her which she SLAMS quickly.

She slowly looks back over her shoulder at the three guards, who are each STARING at her, damn near DROOLING. Josie locks in on one of them and without a word, slowly lifts up her hand and motions with one finger for him to come over to her. The two OTHER GUARDS look at him in awe. He quickly gets up and walks over to her at the bar.

PRISON GUARD
Evenin' miss.

He tips his cap. Josie nods at him, looking at him intently.

JOSIE
You gonna just sit there or you
gonna buy me a drink?

PRISON GUARD
Hey Stump!

The bartender turns around.

PRISON GUARD (CONT'D)
Get us a couple whiskeys and a
couple brews huh?

The bartender gets to work on the drinks.

PRISON GUARD (CONT'D)
Name's Matthew.

JOSIE
Nice to meet you Matthew. I'm
Francine.

PRISON GUARD
You new around here?

JOSIE
Just got into town.

PRISON GUARD
Yea? Welcome to Huntsville.

We slowly begin to PULL AWAY from Josie and the guard, who continue to talk. We go through the front door and out to the parking lot. Eventually we go into Josie's Jeep...

Besides all of her neatly packed boxes in the back, there's an open box in the front. Inside are HANK'S TORTOISES, standing upright in the box, flailing around and trying to climb out. CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.

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