

# "insatiable"

by

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FADE IN:

ESTABLISHING: WINTER, ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS - NIGHT

A light snow dusts the cars on a tree-lined, middle-class street. Fliers under the windshield wipers flutter.

ON FLIER: A Xerox photo of a stout, stern woman in her 60's. HAVE YOU SEEN BIRDIE LOVING? MISSING SINCE CHRISTMAS. \$50,000 REWARD. CONTACT THE ROCKFORD POLICE DEPARTMENT.

A gust of wind catches a flier, carries it into the sky before letting it waft down into a snow bank. A passing dog lifts his leg and pees on Birdie Loving's flier.

DISSOLVE TO:

E/I LOVING INDOOR ICE RINK - SAME

Two cars in the parking lot. Inside, a beautiful young woman skates a graceful circle around a hot guy in a wheelchair.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEEF-A-ROO RESTAURANT, DRIVE-THRU - SAME

A cruddy hatchback with a Cousteau Society decal on the rear window pulls up. A PIMPLY CLERK hands two full bags to the driver: JERRY MARINELLI, 30, husky, contemplative, kind.

PIMPLY CLERK

Beefwiches, curly fries and three orange pops. Happy New Year, Mr. Marinelli.

JERRY

Yup. You too, Paul.  
(re: bags of food)  
It's not all for me --

PIMPLY CLERK

-- No, I know. Cold out there.

JERRY

Got that right. Take care now.

He pulls forward. An old convertible VW screeches in front of him, blocks his exit. The driver, a woman in her mid 50's gets out, thrusts her arm into Jerry's window and tries to snatch the bags from him. This is MARLA MARINELLI, a church-going gambler, thin as a rail.

MARLA

How can you do this to me?

MARLA (CONT'D)

How can you do it to yourself?  
Shoving fat-man food down your  
gullet. Honestly, Jerry. I have  
carrots in my purse. All you have  
to do is say "Mom, I need your  
help." That's it. That's all.

She pulls a Ziploc of baby carrots from her purse.

MARLA (CONT'D)

Look at me, honey. Give me the  
Beefwiches.

His eyes hot with tears, he sits still as his mother reaches  
across him and takes the warm bags of food, leaving him with  
a bag a carrots. The radio plays a melancholy song...

IRON & WINE

*They will see us waving from such  
great heights...*

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DUDLEY HOUSE, BACK YARD - SAME

A woman in a fur coat stands on the snow-covered roof of her  
beautiful home. She's barefoot. The same song plays:

IRON & WINE

*"Come down now," they'll say...but  
everything looks perfect far away.*

She walks to the edge, lets the sable slide off her body.  
She is nude. This is Lonna Dudley, 39. She looks out into  
the starry sky and jumps...

...into the steaming swimming pool beneath her. A crowd of  
partiers cheer. Lonna loves a thrill. Her husband JACK  
DUDLEY, M.D. 39, handsome, fit, beams with pride. He'd do  
anything for his naked wife. Water on the lip of the pool  
freezes into a swirl of ice...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LOVING ICE RINK - SAME

The beautiful young woman has now straddled the hot guy in the  
wheelchair -- her skirt is up and they're having sex. He is  
SANDY, 32, a former Pairs skater and Olympic contender. Now  
he plays wheelchair rugby, and is a promiscuous adrenaline  
junkie. He runs the rink with his wife...who's not the girl  
on his lap.

GIRL ON HIS LAP  
 (orgasmic breathing)  
 Can you feel any of this?

SANDY  
 Fuck yeah, baby. I just can't  
 walk.

They're lost in each other's bodies. We glide away...

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
 All my life I've been a people  
 pleaser.

E/I IMMACULATE VIRGIN CHURCH AND SCHOOL - SAME

A church, steeple and school. Light from a window well  
 illuminates a snowbank. We push through the window well,  
 into the basement, into an AA meeting where the woman's voice  
 we hear belongs to Sandy's wife -- also named SANDY, 30.  
 Petite, cute face, slamming body. She was his skating  
 partner. She's "sharing" at this meeting.

SANDY (SHE)  
 My husband is across town, alone in  
 a wheelchair because of my disease.  
 Because of my alcoholism.

We pan around the room, taking in all the other alcoholics,  
 especially the sophisticated woman in the big silver fox coat,  
 MRS. CHERVINAC, 42, self-appointed First Lady of Rockford.

SANDY (SHE)  
 And even though he's forgiven me, I  
 don't know if I can ever forgive  
 myself.

EXT. TWO-LANE COUNTY ROAD - SAME

The Immaculate Virgin steeple glows in the distance. Jerry's  
 hatchback puttters along. Inside, he chows down on two full  
 bags of Taco Bell.

SANDY (SHE) V.O.  
 Alcohol nearly killed me twelve  
 years ago. But this program has  
 given me another chance...

A STATION WAGON full of wild teenagers comes barrelling up  
 behind Jerry, swerving to miss the little hatchback.

SANDY (SHE) V.O.  
 ...A day at a time. And sure, it  
 would be great to know the future,  
 but that's not part of the deal...

Cars trickle out of the Immaculate Virgin parking lot and on  
 to the two-lane highway. Sandy(she) is driving home.

SANDY (SHE) V.O.  
 I don't know how I'm gonna die, but  
 I'll tell you this much, it sure as  
 heck won't be because of alcohol.

At that exact moment, a BEER TRUCK comes out of nowhere and  
 slams into Sandy's car. Her car spins like a top on the icy  
 road. The driver of the beer truck over-corrects and tips  
 the truck onto its side. Dozens of KEGS spill out onto to  
 the highway.

The station wagon of teenagers pulls up to the scene. DICKIE  
 CHERVINAC (15), dangerous, rebellious, chick-magnet, jumps  
 out, chases down a keg, and heaves it into the station wagon.

DICKIE  
 (to sky)  
 Thank you, God!

The station wagon roars into the night.

EXT. SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT - LATER

Orange pylons, flashing lights, yellow crime scene tape.  
 Deputies roll kegs back to the beer truck as a female Fargo-  
 type PARAMEDIC examines Sandy, who apparently bit her tongue  
 in the accident. She sounds a little drunk when she speaks.

SANDY (SHE)  
 I want you to give me a Breath-a-  
 lizer.

FEMALE PARAMEDIC  
 (hint-hint)  
 Whatever it's worth, I think you  
 should know that you're talking  
 kinda loud and kinda slurry.

SANDY (SHE)  
 I bit my tongue in the accident.  
 It's still bleeding. See?

Sandy sticks her tongue out at the Paramedic just as a group  
 of DEPUTIES look her way. They shake their heads.

DEPUTY #1  
Such a waste.

DEPUTY #2  
I'll say.

SANDY (SHE)  
I'm not drunk. I wasn't drinking.  
Do they know I wasn't drinking?

The Female Paramedic drapes a blanket over Sandy's shoulders.

FEMALE PARAMEDIC  
I don't know if you remember me or  
not, but we played powder puff  
football together junior year,  
remember?

SANDY (SHE)  
(pleading, re: deputies)  
They need to know.

She spots the two deputies off to the side watching her, she  
shouts to them:

SANDY (SHE)  
I was driving home from an AA  
meeting.

FEMALE PARAMEDIC  
On New Years Eve?

SANDY (SHE)  
Yes. Ask anyone who was there.  
They'll tell you.

FEMALE PARAMEDIC  
(whispering)  
Aren't those meetings supposed to  
be anonymous?

SANDY (SHE)  
(confused)  
Yes, but -- they -- just -- what?

A DEPUTY with a flashlight aims his beam into the wooded  
ravine at the side of the road. Something catches his eye:

A keg has rolled down the hill, broken through a fence, and  
landed in the shallow, iced-over bank of the Rock River. It  
has broken through the ice, and something has bobbed up  
through the hole -- a leg. A BODY is frozen in the river.

DEPUTY #3  
(shouting)  
Got a keg down here! Keg and a leg!

DEPUTY #1  
Is that right.

The Deputies and Sandy walk over to take a look.

DEPUTY #3  
Yep. Might wanna call the coroner.

SANDY (SHE)  
I didn't do that. She was already  
dead, right?

An uncomfortable silence as they all stare at her.

SANDY (SHE)  
(too loud)  
I'm not drunk. I bit my tongue!

EXT. RIVER BANK - LATER

The CORONER takes pictures. Sandy, wrapped in a blanket, watches in horror as the Deputies pull the body out of the river. It's a bloated woman in a Santa suit.

DEPUTY #1  
Holy crap. That looks like Birdie  
Loving. Except with a bullet in  
her head.

CORONER  
On account of that is Birdie Loving  
with a bullet in her head.

FEMALE PARAMEDIC  
(shielding Sandy's eyes)  
You don't need to be seeing that.  
Let's get you home, 'kay?

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Female Paramedic helps a shaken Sandy down the hall. They pass the beautiful young woman skater from the rink. Sandy has no idea this woman spent the night fucking her husband. She takes the ice pack off her tongue, cheerfully greets her.

SANDY (SHE)  
(swollen tongue)  
Happy New Year!

The woman ignores her as they reach Sandy's door. The Chipmunk Song (Christmas Don't Be Late) by the Chipmunks can be heard from inside. Sandy takes out her keys, opens the door.

INT. THE SANDYS APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The place is trashed. A smoky buffet of lit candles, wine bottles, and Beef-A-Roo wrappers. Sandy (he) sits in his wheelchair writing 'I Love Cock' on his passed out friend KEVIN's forehead with a Sharpie -- Kevin is able-bodied.

On the table is a digital camera that has been TAKEN APART.

SANDY (SHE)

Hi, baby.

(sees the camera)

Is that the digital camera I gave you for Christmas?

SANDY (HE)

(not looking up)

Yeah. Kevin wanted to see how it works. It's a piece of shit.

(re: her swollen tongue)

Why are you talking like a retard?

SANDY (SHE)

We need to rent a car. You want some eggs? I'll make you eggs.

SANDY (HE)

What the fuck did you do to the car?

Sandy (she) quickly crosses to the kitchen. He looks up for the first time to see the Female Paramedic standing in his living room. He quickly warms his tone.

SANDY (HE)

And are you all right?

FEMALE PARAMEDIC

Your wife's very lucky. The beer truck that hit her had to be doing at least sixty. Coulda tore her up real good. Amazing she escaped with just a severe tongue incision. From her incisors.

(then, smiling)

Hi, I'm Janet. I sat behind you in Spanish freshman year.

He eyes Janet through the smoke.



SANDY (HE)  
 (charming)  
 Well, hello, Janet.

Oblivious to the flirting behind her, Sandy steadies herself at the kitchen sink. She sees an open BOTTLE OF TEQUILA on the counter. Without touching the bottle, she leans down and smells the tequila.

She takes another long whiff. It fills her lungs, her head and her spirit. For a nanosecond, she's far away, out of her skin, out of her life, numb, as the Chipmunks sing:

CHIPMUNKS  
*Want a plane that loops the loop.  
 Me, I want a hula hoop.  
 We can hardly stand the wait.  
 Please Christmas, don't be late.*

E/I WLOV TV STATION, JANUARY 3 - MORNING

Lonna Dudley's champagne Hummer drives up the gravel road to the one-story cinder block affiliate in the middle of a corn-field.

She swings into the small lobby, past the wall of posters from the mother network's hit shows. She's like Ginger in Casino -- confident of her appeal. She lays a small box from Tiffany's on the receptionist's desk, and keeps walking...

LONNA  
 Missed you at the Christmas Party,  
 Shawnie, Happy New Year.

SHAWN, 20, WLOV's nerdy-girl intern from Rockford College. She has a crippling heterosexual crush on Lonna.

SHAWN  
 (calling after Lonna)  
 Thank you! For the -- thank you!  
 (then, to get her attention)  
 Hey! Birdie Loving's death was  
 officially ruled a homicide this  
 morning. Murder. Official. Like  
 ten minutes ago.

Lonna hurries back to Shawn's desk.

LONNA  
 (grave)  
 That's awful.

E/I NATIONAL AVENUE, CHERVINAC MANSION, ART ROOM - SAME

A massive 1925 Tudor on the Rock River. The glamorous Mrs. Chervinac wears a smock and sculpts a bust from clay (badly). The phone rings. She's got a mixture of clay and water known as "slip" all over her hands. She answers, it's her sister.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LONNA'S WLOV OFFICE - SAME

Lonna's at glass top desk in a Herman Miller chair. The walls are filled with 8x10's of herself with athletes & local celebs.

LONNA

The Birdie Loving thing? Murder.

MRS. CHERVINAC

I don't see why they're being so stingy with the details. Of course she was murdered. She was rude. She tried to horn in on one of Charlie's Lake Geneva things, and then acted like ...oh, who gives a shit...she wasn't a good person is the point --

Mrs. Chervinac is annoyed -- she's trying to get the slip off her hands and off the phone by wiping them on her smock.

LONNA

Skater Sandy hit a beer truck.

MRS. CHERVINAC

I know. She's one of my sponsees. So I can't really talk about it.

CHARLIE CHERVINAC, 55, disgraced poet who inherited millions from his family's railroad (which is why Mrs. Chervinac married him) crosses through the art room in his usual, clinically depressed daze.

CHARLIE

Have you seen my Nicorette?

MRS. CHERVINAC

No. Check my laptop. Tell me if I'm still the high bidder.

CHARLIE

I don't know what that means.

He leaves. Mrs. Chervinac goes the laptop, crooks the phone between her shoulder and neck. She's trying to find a clean finger to type with -- she can't stand the goo on her hands.

MRS. CHERVINAC

(back into phone)

So. Birdie. Anything disarticulated? Fingers? Toes? Did any animals get to her?

LONNA

Seriously, you're such a barbarian.

MRS. CHERVINAC

Oh, am I? Me, who's bidding on a dozen hand-sewn cricket balls for the silver bowl on my porch?

(distracted by computer)

Except I'm not paying for shipping from London, I'll tell you that right now. They're probably coming from Mexico. What a racquet. It's all bullshit...

ON MRS. CHERVINAC'S LAPTOP: The eBay splash and the message: "You Are the High Bidder." Mrs. Chervinac breathes a sigh of deep satisfaction knowing she's winning -- she needs to win.

LONNA

Cricket? You don't know anything about cricket.

MRS. CHERVINAC

(busted, indignant)

You don't know what I know about.

(cranky, a beat)

Hey, you didn't take my sable, did you? Because that's off-limits.

LONNA

Why would I take your sable?

MRS. CHERVINAC

So if I go to the vault, it'll be there?

LONNA

(busted, indignant)

Yes. Go to the vault. It's there.

Lonna hangs up, pushes Line 2 on her office phone, and dials.

EXT. HEATHCLIFF ESTATES, DUDLEY BACKYARD - SAME

A POOL GUY in a parka adjusts the chemicals in Lonna and Jack's hot-tub. We follow the SOUND of a ringing cell, we push past the pool guy to the neighbor's garage, and through the garage window...

INT. NEIGHBOR'S GARAGE - SAME

The station wagon from New Year's Eve lives here. Dickie Chervinac and a BUDDY (16) are doing Whip-its (inhaling canisters of nitrous for a high) on the hood of the car.

They marvel at the keg they stole, which is tucked under a workbench. They wear uniforms from Immaculate Virgin.

DICKIE

(very buzzed, re: keg)

We need a tap for that thing. Or an ax. Or maybe like a chainsaw --

BUDDY

-- Dude. Your phone.

DICKIE

(checks caller ID)

It's my aunt Lonna. Shit, I'm baked.

(answering)

Hey, Lonna. S'up?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LONNA'S WLOV OFFICE - SAME

Lonna is emphatic.

LONNA

Dickie, thank God. I know you're at school, but I need a favor. I fucked up with your mom.

He sits up, gives her his full attention.

LONNA (CONT'D)

-- I'm stuck at the station. Is there any way you can cut class?

DICKIE

Already cutting. What do you need?

LONNA

I need you to go to Heathcliff --

DICKIE  
-- Already here.

LONNA  
I need you to go to my house.

DICKIE  
I'm at Bullock's next door.

LONNA  
Shut up. You're like a miracle,  
Dickie. Swear to Christ.

He looks out the garage window at Lonna's house...

LONNA (CONT'D)  
Okay. I need you to go up on the  
roof --

We follow his stoned gaze up to the roof, he breaks into a  
huge smile.

DICKIE  
-- Is that my mom's fur coat? Cool.

LONNA  
I'll get you a Nano if you smuggle  
it back into the vault for me.

EXT. LONNA DUDLEY'S ROOF - A MINUTE LATER

Dickie scoops up the coat. His phone rings again. He  
assumes it's Lonna.

DICKIE  
I'm holding it right now.

MRS. CHERVINAC (O.C.)  
Yeah well, what ever it is, put it  
down...

INT. CHARLIE CHERVINAC'S LINCOLN - SAME

Charlie drives while his wife reprimands their son.

MRS. CHERVINAC  
...and get your delinquent ass to  
the Dean's office. Your father and  
I are on our way.

She points emphatically for Charlie to turn left.

INT. IMMACULATE VIRGIN SCHOOL, CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON

Mr. and Mrs. Chervinac walk down the locker-lined hall. At a card table, halfway down, two junior GIRLS sell specially wrapped POUND CAKES to raise cash for PZAZZ'07!, the Senior High Variety Show. Glittery POSTERS attest to this.

PZZAZZ GIRL #1

Pzzazz '07! It's gonna be off the hook, Mrs. Chervinac.

Mrs. Chervinac keeps walking. But Charlie stops to buy one. He pulls a bill out of his wallet...

CHARLIE

My wife and I would very much like to buy a Pzzazz '07 pound cake.

PZZAZZ GIRL #2

(shy and kind)

I don't care if you did make it all up, Mr. Chervinac. I really loved To Hell and Halfway Back. Poetry, memoir, fiction. Whatever. Big ups. Seriously. So awesome.

PIZZAZZ GIRL #1

She did a chunk of it for Oral Interp. Mimed a straight-jacket. Phenomenal.

CHARLIE

I'm... well...thank you. That's very kind of you.

The girls watch him walk away.

PZZAZZ GIRL #1

(beat, out of the blue)

What's with asparagus?

E/I DEAN OF STUDENTS' OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Just outside the Dean's closed door, Dickie awaits his fate. He's sitting on a small chair, hunched over a copy of Macbeth.

PASSING STUDENT

They expelling you, Chervinac?

DICKIE

I wish.

Inside, the Dean, SISTER MARY DONOHUE 60, a wily, good-natured nun with bangs and a hint of stubble. She wears the Post-Vatican II habit: polyester skirt, matching bobby-pinned veil, sensible shoes. She's got Dickie's attendance record.

SISTER MARY DONOHUE

Gosh, I can't emphasize enough how much we value Dickie here at Immaculate Virgin. He's a real leader. And you should be proud. Also, I'd like to take a moment to acknowledge your family's history of generosity with the school. We sure do appreciate it --

MRS. CHERVINAC

-- Are you expelling our son?

SISTER MARY DONOHUE

-- Oh my Lord & Taylor, no.

(beat, hunkering down)

So. I had a little talk with Legal and what we'd like is for you to sign sort of a permanent permission slip that says Dickie can come and go and he pleases --

Charlie Chervinac pats himself down for some Nicorette.

MRS. CHERVINAC

-- Absolutely not. He's fifteen. He's supposed to be in class, getting an education, that's what we're paying you for.

SISTER MARY DONOHUE

Okay. You don't understand. Mrs. Chervinac, Dickie already comes and goes as he pleases. He breaks into people's lockers and steals their car keys. And then he and a bunch of his friends drive around, making bongos out of apples and smoking pot and doing this that and the other. Bottom line: if anything happens, we're the ones who get sued.

Charlie peels and pops several Nicorettes into his mouth.

CHARLIE

We'd never sue the school, Sister.

SISTER MARY DONOHUE  
Okay. But the other parents would.

Sister Mary Donohue pulls a 10 page brief from a drawer.

SISTER MARY DONOHUE (CONT'D)  
Now. We've taken the liberty of  
shifting liability from the Sisters  
of the Immaculate Virgin to you.  
All you need to do is sign and  
date. Here, here and...here.  
Otherwise, I'm afraid Dickie's out.

The phone in the adjoining office RINGS.

Mrs. Chervinac reviews the document. Pound cake in his lap,  
Charlie's attention has drifted into the adjoining office.

INT. ADJOINING OFFICE, ACCOUNTING - CONTINUOUS

Marla Marinelli is the Accountant for Immaculate Virgin.

MARLA  
(answering phone)  
Marla Marinelli.

MAN (THROUGH PHONE)  
Good afternoon, Ms. Marinelli.  
This is Mr. Peterson from American  
Express --

MARLA  
(lowers her voice)  
-- Right. No. I'm sorry, Ms.  
Marinelli isn't actually here right  
now.

Phone crooked in her neck, she opens the SAFE behind her desk  
and reaches for the petty cash envelope. She pulls out a few  
hundred dollar bills, folds them and tucks them into her shoes.

MARLA  
(fast, into phone)  
*I'll-make-sure-she-calls-you. Bye.*

She kicks the safe shut, gets up, gets her purse, exits into:

THE HALL - CONTINUOUS

Dickie is still hunched over, reading Macbeth. He lifts his  
eyes, watching Marla's feet as she walks down the hall. He  
spots the corner of a HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL poking out from her  
shoe. He goes back to reading. We hear the Dean's door open.



A HAND reaches into frame, pulls Dickie up from his chair -- it's Mrs. Chervinac. Too mad to say a word, she pokes Dickie in the chest repeatedly, backing him up against the wall.

Through the open door of the Dean's office, we see Charlie Chervinac standing on the threshold of the adjoining office, pound cake in his hand. He steps into:

MARLA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

He lays the pound cake on her desk. On a Post-it, he writes: *For Marla. From your friend, Charlie Chervinac.*

We look past Charlie, out the window at the leafless trees, the gray sky. A FLOCK of smart birds is flying south.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RENT-A-CAR PARKING LOT - NOON

Sandy searches the lot for her rental car. She stops in front of a white Geo Metro, checks her rental agreement, opens the door, and gets in.

It's difficult to sit because the seat is pushed all the way up. She struggles to find the lever. The seat suddenly sides all the way back. She pushes it back up. There seems to be only two positions: all the way up or all the way back.

She takes a deep, calming breath. She looks up to see a huge billboard that reads 'HAVE YOU SEEN BIRDIE LOVING?' She starts to cry. She starts the car and exits the lot -- driving pressed up against the steering wheel.

EXT. FOUR-WAY STOP INTERSECTION - DAY

An overhead shot of four cars arriving at a four way stop at the same time. A quintessentially Midwestern scenario plays out: "You go...No, you go...No, you go" No one goes.

ANGLE ON: Sandy in her rental, pressed up against the wheel.

ANGLE ON: Marla in the Immaculate Virgin van.

ANGLE ON: Charlie with his wife in the Lincoln.

ANGLE ON: Dickie's buddy in the infamous station wagon.

Sandy smiles and motions to Marla to go ahead. Marla shakes her head and motions for her to go.

Sandy looks to Charlie and mouths "Go ahead." Charlie shakes his head, smiles at Marla, and mouths, "You go."

Marla smiles back at Charlie and throws the yield back to Charlie.

Charlie shifts his focus to the kid in the station wagon and motions for him to go. Confused and scared, the kid freezes.

An overhead shot of the four cars not moving. A new car pulls behind the station wagon.

ANGLE ON: New car. Kevin is at the wheel. Sandy (he) sits in the passenger seat. Unable to remove "I LOVE COCK" from his forehead, Kevin has amended it to "I LOVE to COOK."

SANDY (HE)  
Stupid fuckers. Just go around.

Kevin guns it, swerves around the station wagon, and takes a sharp left just as Sandy (she) decides to pull into the intersection. She slams on the brakes and locks eyes with her husband in the moving car. He laughs at her.

EXT. STRIP MALL PARKING LOT - LATER

Sandy (she) sits, parked in front of Discount Liquor Land. She listens to an outgoing message on her cell phone.

MRS. CHERVINAC (V.O.)  
You've reached Mrs. Chervinac.  
Please leave your name and number  
and I will be happy to call you  
back. (BEEP)

SANDY (SHE)  
(unraveling, yet perky)  
Hi, Mrs. Chervinac? This is Sandy.  
(at a loss)  
Just checking in. Everything's  
great. Working the program. Let  
go, let God. One day at a time...  
(forced laugh)  
Blah, blah, blah. Okay, well,  
sorry to bother you.

She closes her cell phone. After a beat, she starts smashing it on the dashboard. Her fucked-up driver's seat finally slides into place. Sandy stares at her broken phone, looks up, and makes a decision.

MUSIC CUE: The super-tough opening licks of Golden Earring's "Radar Love" reverberate over the flat, frozen landscape...

Sandy gets out of the car and walks towards Discount Liquor Land with a purpose. She smiles for the first time in weeks. Just as she reaches for the door, Jerry appears.

JERRY

Hey, Sandy.

The music comes to an abrupt stop. Silence.

SANDY (SHE)

(then, busted)

Hi, Jerry! Just going in here to buy some Wetnaps. I know it's a liquor store, but I bet they have Wetnaps, don't you think? Might pick up some milk and Ziplocks too. Whatcha up to?

JERRY

I'm going into Ted's Tropical Fish for an algae scraper and some tiger barbs.

SANDY

(starts to cry)

You're so good, Jerry.

JERRY

Are you okay?

SANDY

Yes. No. Yes.

(I'm drowning)

Take me with you.

JERRY

I'm sorry?

SANDY

Show me your fish.

EXT. NEW HORIZON RETIREMENT HOME - DAY

The Immaculate Virgin van idles in front of the New Horizon Retirement Home. Marla loads a small group of seniors into the van. A few have walkers, a few have oxygen, a few have Hoverounds and Rascals.

Marla expertly operates the lift, helping PEARL into the van. She studies the small suitcase in Pearl's lap.

MARLA

Pearl, we'll be back before dinner.  
You really want to take the  
suitcase?

Pearl shows Marla her passport. This is routine.

MARLA (CONT'D)

(reading passport)  
Expires September, 1967. Okay,  
welcome aboard.

PEARL

(surly)  
I won't eat shrimp.

MARLA

Aye, aye.

PATTY, a New Horizon nurse helps Marla close the van doors.

PATTY

You're an angel to do this, Marla.  
They love their outings with you.

MARLA

It's important to get them out.  
Believe me, I get as much out of  
this as they do.

STAN, with oxygen, beats ROY to the passenger door.

STAN

Shotgun!

ROY

How come you always get to ride  
shotgun?

STAN

Because she likes me better than  
you, you sorry sack of shit.

Marla winks at Roy and shakes her head 'not true'. Marla  
climbs into the driver's seat. Patty pokes her head in the  
window.

PATTY

Okeydokey artichokies, we'll see  
you around five. Have fun!

The group mumbles. Marla starts the van.

INT. VAN - MINUTES LATER

"Sway" by Rosemary Clooney plays on an AM station. Marla and her seniors soar down the highway. Half of them are asleep.

PEARL

Now it's too hot.

Marla looks at Pearl in the rear view mirror.

MARLA

Pearl, I can't keep putting the air conditioning on. The van's going to overheat.

PEARL

Maybe I'm menopausal.

STAN

(under his breath)  
Jesus Christ.

Marla hands a small coffee can to Roy labeled 'Gas \$'

MARLA

Okay, guys, I hate to ask, but we have to pass the can for gas money.

Roy takes the can and puts a ten dollar bill into it.

ROY

Least we can do, Marla. Don't want Immaculate Virgin paying our way to a casino. That ain't right.

STAN

Emma, cover me, will you? I'll pay you back after I win.

EMMA

(British accent)

"The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again: but the righteous showeth mercy, and giveth." Psalm 37, verse 21.

STAN

Here's one for you: There once was a girl named Louise, whose cunt hair hung to her knees. The bugs in her twat tied her hair in a knot, now they use it as a trapeze. Book Of Stan, verse Blow Me.

Marla tries not to laugh. Stan and Roy chuckle. After a beat, Emma fires back.

EMMA

I find it positively fascinating, Stanley, that you feel the need to be so foul.

STAN

You know what's fascinating, Emma? That you've lived in Northern Illinois for over 50 years and you still sound like Mary Fuckin' Poppins.

MARLA

Don't you two have an anniversary coming up?

EMMA

(proudly)

Sixty-five years this August.

STAN

Hey, Marla, how's Jerry?

ROY

She doesn't want to talk about her son. She's worried about him.

MARLA

No I'm not.

ROY

I get it. I don't like talking about my daughter the dyke.

STAN

Is he still running The Last Straw?

MARLA

Yep.

(covering)

He's doing really good.

ROY

He better be careful. He'll get the diabetes being around all that ice cream.

MARLA

(defensive)

He's fine.

Marla watches Stan as he opens a bag of M&M's. She snatches them from him and opens her window.

MARLA (CONT'D)

(dead serious)

Not on my watch, Stan. Not on my watch.

Marla throws the bag of candy out the window.

ANGLE ON: The M&M's in the middle of the road. Pan up to reveal the HUBER FUNERAL HOME on the other side of the highway. We drift across the road, toward the funeral home...

E/I HUBER FUNERAL HOME - CONTINUOUS

We move through front door, through the gaudy foyer into the:

VIEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As you walk in, an easel with a poster-sized, framed photo of Birdie Loving circa 1982: beauty parlor hair, light-sensitive lenses in her big glasses. In gold script are the words: *In Loving Memory of Birdie Loving 1933 - 2007.*

Birdie's coffin is at the front of the room. A fat man, made fatter by his down jacket, sits in the middle seat of the middle row of folding chairs. Beside him, a petite beauty.

Jerry Marinelli and Sandy (she) are the only mourners. For the first time in a long time, Sandy feels at peace. Jerry holds a baggie with a fish in it on his lap. You can hear his watch tick.

INT. ELGIN CASINO BINGO ROOM - AFTERNOON

A room filled with senior citizens playing Bingo. All the players are holding DAB-O-INK Bingo markers. Marla sits with them but does not play.

BINGO CALLER (O.S.)

B seven.

EMMA

B seven. God's in Heaven.

The group eagerly searches their cards.

BINGO CALLER (O.S.)

N thirty-eight.

EMMA

N thirty-eight. Christmas cake.

BINGO CALLER (O.S.)  
I twenty-four.

STAN  
I twenty-four. My wife's a whore.

MARLA  
(pointing)  
Roy, you missed one.

Roy marks his card.

ROY  
Thanks, Marla.

PEARL  
(stands and screams)  
Bingo!

The crowd groans. Marla quickly checks Pearl's card. She looks up towards the Bingo Caller.

MARLA  
Sorry. False alarm.

Marla sits Pearl back down and turns over her card.

MARLA (CONT'D)  
Pearl, you have to work off the side with the numbers on it, remember?

PEARL  
(perfectly sane)  
Your son eats because he's sad.  
(off Marla's stunned look)  
When does the boat dock?

INT. CHERVINAC HOME - KITCHEN

A cook's kitchen. Mrs. Chervinac is multi-tasking. Her lap top is on the center island. She's cranking out homemade pasta, and bidding on eBay.

Charlie Chervinac enters, pours a small glass of juice. Dickie crosses through, he lugs a hockey team duffle bag.

MRS. CHERVINAC  
Dinner in 45.  
(to Dickie)  
(MORE)



MRS. CHERVINAC (CONT'D)

If I thought I wouldn't get arrested I'd put a padlock on your door and lock you up myself. Why can't you be more like Kip Bullock?

Charlie washes down a handful of antidepressants and vitamins.

DICKIE

Really? Kip Bullock? Kip Bullock jacks off to cartoon porn. Sorry I'm not a little bitch like him.

Charlie smiles and leaves. We stay with Dickie as he heads down into the basement. His mother calls after him, her voice grows distant:

MRS. CHERVINAC (O.C.)

The world doesn't revolve around you, young man. Not by a long shot. When's the last time you stuck your neck out for someone? This family believes in charity.

We follow Dickie through the wine cellar, into the vault: a small room with a wall safe. A dozen fur coats hang on a rack. He unzips the hockey duffel bag, pulls out his mother's sable and carefully hangs it back up for Lonna.

INT. CHERVINAC KITCHEN - SAME

Mrs. Chervinac checks her laptop.

MRS. CHERVINAC

God Dammit!

We push in on the computer. Two messages from eBay, the first subject line reads: You Have Been Outbid: cricket balls. The second message reads: Item Not Won: cricket balls.

MRS. CHERVINAC

Outbid me, you piece of shit.

She SHOVES the laptop right off the counter, onto the floor and leaves.

The TV on the counter runs the local news. The volume is down as we push in, and see Lonna in a trench coat and scarf at the river's edge, elegantly gesturing to the hole in the ice where they found Birdie. There's police tape everywhere.

We HEAR a BUZZ, and drift from the TV, down the counter, to Mrs. Chervinac's purse. The BUZZING is coming from the purse. We look inside, it's her cell phone. The Caller ID display is illuminated "1 message / Sandy Mobile."

INT. LOVING ICE RINK - DUSK

Sandy (she) is out on the ice teaching a young boy how to spin. He spins awkwardly, stops, and waves towards his two Dads watching enthusiastically from the stands.

From his wheelchair on the sidelines, Sandy (he) blows his whistle. Sandy (she) smiles.

SANDY (SHE)  
 (to little boy)  
 I'll be right back. Try not to spin too much. We don't want you throwing up again.

SANDY (HE)  
 Looking good out there, champ!

Sandy (he) salutes him. The little boy beams. Sandy (she) skates up to her husband.

SANDY (SHE)  
 Hi, baby.

She bends down for a kiss. He blocks it by handing her the whistle.

SANDY (HE)  
 I need you cover my five o'clock lesson. The guys are taking me out for happy hour.

She knows he means a strip club. It's always a strip club.

SANDY (SHE)  
 Sandy, this is the third day in a row.

SANDY (HE)  
 (killer smile)  
 You gonna make a scene while two fags who worship my crippled ass are watching? I don't think so.

He pulls her down, gives her a gentle kiss on the forehead.

ANGLE ON: Two GAY DADS in the stands, watching the Sandys.

DAD #1  
 (worshipful)  
 The man is a fucking saint.

DAD #2  
 (agreeing)  
 She looks like a muskrat.

DAD #1  
 Totally.

ANGLE BACK ON: Sandy and Sandy.

SANDY (HE)  
 I took a twenty from your purse.

She watches him roll toward two of his Murderball buddies who wait in sleek, state-of-the-art wheelchairs by the snack bar. One of them laughs his ass off as he squirts ketchup at the other one who has tipped over in his chair and can't get up.

SANDY (SHE)  
 (calls after him, cheery)  
 Don't forget, I'm making fajitas  
 tonight for dinner!

They ignore her. They always ignore her.

SANDY (SHE)  
 (covering)  
 Have fun, guys!

INT. CASINO - DUSK

Marla plays twenty bingo cards at the same time. All around her, old people play at a much slower pace. Pearl, Emma and Stan have fallen asleep. Marla plays their bingo cards as well.

ROY  
 Marla, I thought we were gonna hit  
 the buffet.

Without missing a beat, Marla pulls a juice box and animal crackers out of her purse and tosses them to Roy.

BINGO CALLER (O.S.)  
 G fifty-three.

Marla frantically scans her cards as her cell rings. She opens it and quickly puts it under her chin and shoulder so she can continue to mark her cards.

MARLA  
 (into cell phone)  
 Hello?

PATTY (O.C.)  
Marla? It's Patty from New  
Horizon.

MARLA  
Hi, Patty. How are you?

PATTY (O.C.)  
It's getting late and some of the  
group need their medication. Is  
everything okay?

Marla looks at her watch. Shocked, she lost track of time.

MARLA  
We're just packing up here. Home in  
a jiff. Okay, then. See you soon.

Marla flips her phone shut. Slightly panicked she wakes up  
her group.

MARLA (CONT'D)  
Okay, guys. Time to go. Roy,  
sweetie, get everyone together and  
I'll meet you out front. I'll pull  
the van around.

She grabs her purse and leaves.

ROY  
But we didn't eat.

PEARL  
I want to talk to the captain.

INT. ELGIN MAIN CASINO - CONTINUOUS

We follow Marla out of the bingo room and into the main  
casino. She's trying to get to the exit, but the Video Poker  
Island is tempting her. The jackpot sign is climbing over  
\$5000. She stands completely still, paralyzed, torn between  
duty and euphoria.

We stay on her. She closes her eyes, takes a breath, and sits  
at a machine. She pulls a \$100 bill from her shoe. She  
feeds it into the machine and hits the button marked MAX BET.  
She hits it over and over. She's in the zone. We can HEAR  
HER HEART BEAT.

EXT. CHERRYVALE MALL, APPLE STORE - SAME

We can hear a HEART BEATING faster and faster. It belongs to Lonna. She and Jack watch the door of the Apple store. Eager. Nervous. He's got the clipped speech of an ex-jock:

JACK

Why we using a new guy, babe?

LONNA

No one was around. Short notice.

JACK

-- It's for Dickie, babe. He'd've waited.

LONNA

-- I made a deal, Jack.

(beat)

I think he's from Milwaukee.

A kid in a parka exits the Apple store. Looks around.

JACK

That him?

LONNA

(eyes trained on store)

Our guy's cuter.

JACK

(gets a kick out of it)

Our guy's cuter. Funny, hon.

Another kid in a parka and snowmobile boots exits the store.

LONNA

(whispers excitedly)

-- Shut up, there he is!

She CLUTCHES Jack's arm. He takes a moment to enjoy Lonna's grip. It feels good. Her blood is going. Now his is too.

Lonna and the APPLE KID make discreet eye-contact -- like Cold War spies in a European capital. He disappears around a corner. Lonna and Jack casually follow him.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The APPLE KID (17), a handsome, but skeezy burn-out, opens his parka, revealing a stolen Apple NANO.

LONNA

(psyched, re: Nano)  
It's black, right? Nice. Good.  
Jack, give him a hundred bucks.

APPLE KID

Yeah Jack, gimme a hundred bucks.

Jack fishes around in his wallet for a two fifties. The kid YANKS the bills out of Jack's hand, which pisses Jack off. Jack squashes his impulse to kick this kid's teeth in. For Lonna's sake, he takes the "higher road."

JACK

(*I could snap you in half*)  
Hey bro, easy does it. How 'bout  
you give my wife the Nano, 'kay?

The kid hands him the Nano with one hand, and pulls a snub nose PISTOL out of his waist band with the other.

APPLE KID

How 'bout you me your fucking  
wallet, dickweed.

LONNA

Give him the wallet, Jack.

APPLE KID

You too, bitch. Wallet. Now.

With no provocation, the kid PISTOL WHIPS Jack, laying him out with a backhand to the temple.

CUT TO:

INT. CASINO, VIDEO POKER ISLAND - SAME

Marla is hitting the buttons as fast as she can. This is a woman who has played thousands and thousands of hands of video poker. She ignores the page.

CASINO P.A. SYSTEM

Marla Marinelli. Paging Marla  
Marinelli. Please meet your party  
at the front entrance. Marla  
Marinelli. Paging Marla Marinelli.

She reaches into the gas money can, and takes the last ten dollar bill. She feeds into the machine. The machine spits the bill back out. She inspects it, makes sure the corners aren't bent, presses it with her hand and feeds it back into the machine.

MARLA  
(under her breath)  
Please, Jesus.

Once again, the machine spits it back out. She looks around for a casino employee to exchange the bill. No one. She examines the bill. There's a slight tear. She's sweating.

INT. LONNA'S HUMMER - SAME

The Nano box is on the dashboard. A trickle of blood has dried on Jack's temple. Lonna watches the flat, gray land passing through her window. After considerable thought:

JACK  
Christ, Lonna. You should've checked this guy out before you hired him.

LONNA  
Professional shoplifters don't furnish letters of recommendation, Jack.

JACK  
We could've been killed.

LONNA  
(turned on by this)  
Don't be a baby.

JACK  
Would've been cheaper to buy the fuckin' Nano. All I'm sayin'.

She licks her finger, gently wipes the blood from his temple. Suddenly, it's all been worth it for him.

LONNA  
(sweet, warm)  
Dr. Dudley.  
(beat, then)  
It's not about the money.

She sits back, looks out the window. She's got a dreamy, satisfied look on her face.

LONNA  
It's never about the money.

INT. CASINO, VIDEO POKER ISLAND - NIGHT

Marla is at her machine. She's hunched over her torn \$10 bill with a roll of tape. She tears off a small piece, and mends the bill with surgical precision. Meanwhile, her purse is on the seat next her -- it's vulnerable.

A guy passes twice, eyes her purse...he's got "I LOVE to COOK" written on his forehead. It's Sandy's friend Kevin. Marla realizes he's up to no good. She puts her purse in her lap, feeds the mended bill into the machine, and holds her breath.

CLOSE ON: The video poker machine screen. We watch it turn from '0 Credits' to '10 Credits'.

CLOSE ON: Marla's relieved face. She exhales.

CLOSE ON: The screen. Marla hits MAX BET. She's dealt three cards to a flush. She saves the three hearts and discards the rest. She hits the DEAL button. Nothing.

ANGLE ON: Marla. She has one pull left. She makes a sign of the cross, and hits DEAL. She's dealt crap except for an ace and jack of spades. She saves the spades, rubs the machine for good luck and hits DEAL.

She's dealt the queen, king and ten of spades. A ROYAL FLUSH! The machine lights up and start whooping. Passing gamblers congratulate her. She has won the \$5900.00 jackpot. She is as high as a kite.

Her cell is ringing. It's New Horizon. She turns the phone off and basks in the glory.

She glows. Two casino employees count a thick stack of hundred dollar bills into her open hands...

FAMILIAR MALE VOICE (O.C.)

All that fucking money. Crazy old bitch.

INT. THE SANDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The voice belongs to Sandy (he).

SANDY (HE)

If I had that kind of money, shit.

Sandy (he) tosses the Rockford Register Evening Star on the table. The headline reads: BYE BYE BIRDIE. She has laid out a beautiful fajita feast for him and baked cupcakes, but he's eating out of Taco Bell bags.



SANDY (HE)

(re: newspaper)

Who the hell are they going to arrest? Everyone in this fucking town had a good reason to kill her.

SANDY (SHE)

You sure you don't want a fajita? I used a really good cut of meat.

SANDY (HE)

Jesus, Sandy. I told you, I don't want a fucking fajita.

Wounded, she stands and starts clearing the table. He stares at the picture of Birdie.

SANDY (HE)

There was a reward, right?

SANDY (SHE)

I guess.  
(hopeful)  
I made cupcakes.

SANDY (HE)

Fifty thousand dollars. "Have you seen Birdie Loving?" On the billboards. On the fliers. Oh, man.

He suddenly grabs her by the wrist, pulls her onto his lap and kisses her. She is beyond shocked.

SANDY (HE)

(tenderly)

Baby, we just won the lottery. You found her.

SANDY (SHE)

No, that cop did.

SANDY (HE)

But you got hit by the beer truck that lost the keg that rolled into the river that cracked the ice that revealed Shamu. It's the most genius/stupid thing you ever did.

SANDY (SHE)

No.

SANDY (HE)

You gotta get that reward.

SANDY (SHE)  
Don't make me do that, Sandy. She  
was already dead.

SANDY (HE)  
(smiles, kisses her neck)  
Who cares? We oughta get something  
out of this.

He kisses her like he did before he was paralyzed. Starved,  
she kisses him back. Her hands are everywhere. She starts  
to massage his crotch.

SANDY (SHE)  
(whispers, hopeful again)  
You can feel this. I can tell.

SANDY (HE)  
Wish I could, honey. Sorry.

Rejected, she gets off his lap and continues to clear the  
table. He opens another beer and changes the subject.

SANDY (HE)  
I'll tell you who killed her.  
Probably that fat-fuck at The Last  
Straw. She raised the rent on the  
rink. Probably raised it on him  
too. All that money. What a  
bitch.

SANDY (SHE)  
(quietly)  
Please don't call him a fat-fuck.  
His name is Jerry.

Sandy grabs his beer, secures it in his lap, pushes his chair  
away from the table, and rolls toward the hall to the  
bathroom, shouting:

SANDY (HE)  
Fat-fuck! Fat-fuck! Fat-fuck!

Sandy (she) hurries out of the kitchenette, and runs in front  
of Sandy's wheelchair. She BLOCKS his entrance to the hall.

SANDY (SHE)  
(firm)  
Take it back.

He tries to push past her. She's not budging. Neither is he.

SANDY (SHE)  
 Jerry is my friend.  
 (pissed)  
 Take. It. Back.

The muscles in his hands and arms go taut as he tightens his grip on the wheels. He tries to pass again. She doesn't let him.

SANDY (HE)  
 No.

He pushes with all his might to get past her. She braces herself in the door frame, using all her strength to hold him back. Neither can move. Tense. Gritty. A stand-off...

...until the pressure becomes so great that his chair flips out from beneath him.

Sandy (he) is laid out on the ground. Angry and humiliated, he scrambles to get himself back in his chair. Sandy (she) is so shocked by her own strength, that it takes her a second to react. She stands there. Stunned. And then contrite.

She kneels to help him. He shoves her help away, and shimmies himself back into his chair.

SANDY  
 I got it.  
 (beat, firmer)  
 I got it.

She lets him pass.

CUT TO:

INT. THE LAST STRAW RESTAURANT - CLOSING TIME

Jerry holds the door as his last customers leave so he can lock up. It's a mother and her two children.

JERRY  
 'Night, Mrs. Merhar.

MRS. MERHAR  
 Hey, Jerry, I know this is a little premature, but, some of the other mothers and I were talking. What do you think about serving fish sticks this year for Lent?

JERRY  
 Fish sticks?

MRS. MERHAR

Throw in some yummy tartar sauce  
and some french fries. What do you  
think?

JERRY

(offended)

Is there fish in fish sticks?

MRS. MERHAR

(puzzled)

Yes.

JERRY

Then, no. I will not be serving  
fish sticks. Good night.

MRS. MERHAR

But --

Before she can say another word, Jerry closes the door and locks it. He turns and walks back towards the soda fountain. He turns off the dining room lights. The only light left comes from the glass covered ice cream freezer at the soda fountain. He exits.

A moment later, he ROLLS IN, sitting on an office chair. Spoon in hand, he slowly rolls down the soda fountain, eating a heaping spoonful of ice cream from each of the twenty tubs.

IMMACULATE VIRGIN, MARLA'S OFFICE - SAME

Marla enters the dark office with a flashlight. She returns the money she stole from petty cash.

On her way out, she notices a pound cake on her desk with a Post-it: For Marla, from your friend, Charlie Chervinac.

E/I DUDLEY HOUSE, MASTER BATH - NIGHT

Using Lonna's make-up mirror, Jack gives himself a couple stitches. Just behind him...

INT. MASTER CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Lonna stands in this enormous closet. Floor to ceiling shelves filled with new, in-box merchandise. Everything still has tags. DVD's, crystal, shoes, designer clothes, jewelry. It's all stolen. She's in awe of her loot.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARINELLI HOUSE, JERRY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jerry's bedroom is dominated by a large, beautifully maintained fish aquarium. He talks to his new Pineapple fish.

JERRY

I'm gonna call you "Sandy." She was with me when I picked you out.

He gets up and puts his ear against the wall. After a moment, he tiptoes out of his room, toward the kitchen.

SANDY (SHE) V.O.

You know, I had a pretty good week.

Her voice over continues over the following vignettes:

INT. THE SANDYS' CONDO, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alone in her room, Sandy (she) puts a VHS tape into the VCR, and hits "PLAY."

SANDY (SHE) V.O.

...I had a romantic dinner with my husband, who continues to amaze me...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LONNA & JACK'S MASTER CLOSET

Jack and Lonna have ravenous sex in their closet of stolen stuff. He slams her up against a shelf, a pile of small boxes from Tiffany's cascades to the floor. A few new-in-box Nanos land on top of the Tiffany's boxes. Turns out they already had one. Seeing the Nano only fuels them more.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARLA'S BEDROOM - SAME

Marla has her ear to the closed door of her room, she listens to Jerry tiptoeing down the hall, and then sneaks out of her room and into Jerry's room.

INT. JERRY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She tiptoes past his fish tank, and into his closet, pulls out an old CIGAR BOX, opens it.

It's filled with 20, 50, 100 dollar bills. Marla replaces money she has stolen from her son. No one will ever know.

SANDY (SHE) V.O.

...I taught a little boy how to do a  
toe-loop. His dads were so proud..

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARINELLI KITCHEN - SAME

Jerry stands in the glow of the refrigerator looking for  
something to eat.

He notices the pound cake from Charlie on the counter.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. IMMACULATE VIRGIN, BASEMENT - NIGHT

Sandy shares in her AA meeting. She's next to Mrs. Chervinac  
who's wearing her sable.

SANDY (SHE) V.O.

...I reached out, and you know  
what? It felt good...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JACK & LONNA'S HOT TUB - NIGHT

Jack and Lonna drink wine and soak in the hot tub. Jack aims  
a remote at his outdoor plasma screen. The good life.

SANDY (SHE) V.O.

...All in all, I didn't feel like an  
alcoholic this week...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARINELLI KITCHEN - SAME

Jerry has carefully unwrapped the pound cake from Charlie and  
turned it upside down. He painstakingly slices off the  
bottom inch of the cake.

SANDY (SHE) V.O.

...For a second there, I felt like a  
normal person...

He rewraps the pound cake perfectly. No one will ever know.

DISSOLVE TO:

E/I CHERVINAC MANSION, CHARLIE'S STUDY - SAME

Charlie Chervinac holds a framed picture of himself as a young man -- he's about 21, smoking, sitting at a typewriter.

SANDY (SHE) V.O.

...I felt hopeful...

Through the study's bay window, we see Dickie shimmy down a drainpipe, hit the ground, and disappear across the lawn.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE SANDYS' BATHROOM - NIGHT

Close shot of a syringe needle drawing liquid from a bottle labeled "Avotox".

Pull back to reveal it's Sandy (he) soaking in a bathtub.

He sets the bottle aside, and injects the steroid directly into his ripped and tattooed tricep. A JOLT of adrenaline.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. GYMNASIUM - NEAR FUTURE

Deafening. 12 muscular, sweaty young men in state-of-the-art, Mad Max-style wheelchairs play a fast and brutal game of wheelchair rugby. Sandy (he) rolls his chair like a crazed gladiator, and RAMS into another player. Crash.

BACK TO SCENE: INT. SANDYS' BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sandy relaxes in the tub. We float above him like a ghost, drifting over the closed bathroom door, down the hallway and through the closed bedroom door.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sandy (she) sits on the bed, watching TV in the dark. She holds an uneaten cupcake in her lap. She's watching a flickery old VHS of a U.S. Pairs performance from 1994.

SANDY (SHE) V.O.

...This program really changes you.  
Restores you...and sets you free.

ON TV: Sandy (he) holds Sandy (she) high over his head as he spins. Magic. We go CLOSE on the TV, zeroing in on the ice.

MATCH TO:

EXT. ROCK RIVER - NIGHT

Ice on the Rock River. Dickie Chervinac rides his bike on the frozen patch, close to where Birdie was found. He's listening to his black Nano from Lonna, smoking a joint.

SANDY (SHE) V.O.

In the end, I guess I'd say it's  
the freedom I'm most grateful for.

A STREAMER of yellow crime scene tape tied to Dickie's fender flutters in the wind. We drift up through the bare treetops, and we fade to black.

SANDY (SHE) V.O.

Freedom. Definitely.

END OF SHOW