

TWEAKERS

(c) 2018

FADE IN:

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

A steep pile of dirt lies beside a tombstone. Bright moonlight shines across hundreds of graves in the hilly terrain between a forest and a distant stone fence.

From the open grave, BILLY (36), heaves another shovelful up to the pile, then rests.

Above, CARA (32) shines a flashlight on his face. An abscess adorns his thin upper lip. He squints.

BILLY

Get down here.

Cara, tall and bony, slings a burlap sack over her shoulder and descends to the casket.

Billy takes a crowbar from her sack, pries open the lid.

Cara shines the light inside. The body of a man with a painted smile holds a paper in his folded hands.

Billy takes pliers from the sack.

BILLY

I'll wipe that smile off, asshole.

He pauses to remove the paper, hands it to Cara. She reads:

CARA

I knew you two pissant tweakers would show up, so I had all my gold crowns pulled ahead of time. An eightball's worth, I'd say.

Billy spits angrily.

CARA

(continues)

I used the money to hire a security guard to watch out for you. He should be up there right about now. Love always, Dad.

FADE OUT.