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.