

CRACK ' D

by

Graham Murray
(50 pages)

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

A large modern home squats at the end of a long, gravel driveway.

It is surrounded by dense forests. A single, winding road weaves through the mass of foliage and into the nearby town.

No other houses are visible for miles around.

INT. HOUSE - SAME

KITCHEN

A man, DAVID, and a woman, PAT, both middle-aged, move around the spacious kitchen. It is BREAKFAST time.

A clumping sound from the staircase makes the couple look up.

STAIRCASE

MICA, 19, their daughter, is coming down the stairs one at a time. She is speaking into a cell phone held to her ear with a shoulder.

MICA has spiked, black hair, shorter at the sides. A Gothic look was chosen this morning.

She wears a purple, low-cut T-shirt that reveals not only substantial breasts, but also a silver navel ring, studded at both ends.

Erect nipples are clearly visible through the fabric. Her denim shorts are frayed and faded.

White socks peek above her Doc Martin™ boots, complete with oversized yellow and red shoelaces.

MICA's make-up is heavy and exaggerated: Kohl-rimmed, piercing blue eyes arced with eyebrows drawn on with dark brown pencil.

Her lips are a deep purple, ringed with black eyeliner. A nose ring is attached by a thin silver chain to a series of rings in her ear.

PAT

Morning, sweetheart. Sleep well? You're just in time. Breakfast's ready.

MICA does not look up. She merely waves a hand and continues talking into her phone. Her father looks at her, shakes his head and continues to butter a slice of toast.

DAVID
 God forbid you should walk
 near a magnet. Half of your
 face will be ripped off.

MICA rolls her eyes and sighs.

MICA
 (into phone)
 I'll call you back in a
 minute, okay? My dad's
 starting again.
 (laughs)
 Right. You know it! Later.

She snaps the phone closed and puts it into her
 back pocket. She picks up a slice of buttered
 toast and takes a bite.

She glowers at her father.

MICA
 It's silver.

DAVID looks up, his features crossed in disdain.

DAVID
 Sorry? What's silver?

MICA flips her nose chain with a finger. It swings
 back and forth like a pendulum.

MICA
 This. *These*. They're silver.
 Not magnetic, dad.

DAVID's expression remains impassive. He shakes
 his head and continues eating his cereal.

DAVID
 I just don't understand,
 sweetheart.

MICA
 Don't sweat it, dad. You'll
 give yourself a coronary.
 There's nothing to get.
 Anyway, it's the fashion.
 All the girls look like this.

DAVID
 That is fashion? Really?

He briefly examines her outfit, sees the swell of
 her breasts and protruding nipples. He flushes.

DAVID
 You're almost . . . naked! How
 do you girls tell each other
 apart? Tattoos?

MICA pulls a face then sticks out her tongue.

MICA
Ha-ha . . . Very funny. I *am*
naked. Under my clothes.

Her mother places a stack of pancakes on the table. She stands, hands on hips and looks at MICA.

PAT
You're on that phone 24/7 you
know. Don't people talk face
to face anymore?

MICA says nothing. Instead, she retrieves her phone and starts tapping on the tiny keypad.

DAVID
Now what are you doing now?
Your breakfast is getting
cold.
You really should eat
something. Breakfast is the
most important meal of the
day.
When I was your age--

MICA
Texting.

DAVID, cut short, glances at PAT. She squints and shakes her head, meaning "Leave her alone."

DAVID looks back to MICA, who is still typing.

MICA
Dad, when you were my age T-
Rex was still a real threat.

Her mother tuts her disapproval.

PAT
What are you writing, anyway?

MICA's finger blur across the keypad.

MICA
I'm asking Shauna what time
the lecture starts.

DAVID
Why not just call her? Anyway,
why do you not know what time
your lectures start?

MICA
Texting is more fun.

DAVID
More fun? Than a simple phone
call? In my day—

MICA looks up. She tilts her head to one side and
pulls a face.

MICA
Uh-huh. In your time, there
was no fun.

PAT
You know what your dad meant,
MICA.

MICA dials a number and clamps the phone onto her
shoulder again. She fills her travel mug with
coffee and grabs a slice of toast.

She kisses her mother on the cheek and heads
toward the door. She rubs the top of her father's
head with the palm of her hand.

MICA
I have to get going. I'm late.
Bye. See you later.

PAT
Bye, honey. Have a good day.

MICA waves a hand over her shoulder.

DAVID
And stop talking on that phone
while you're driving! It's
dangerous.

PAT
We may go over to see the
Watsons later, honey. We won't
be late.

MICA opens the door and turns around.

MICA
Okay. Whatever. Bye.

DAVID
Don't be late for school. You
need a degree to—

MICA
Yeah, yeah. I know, dad. To be
. . . anything apparently.

The door slams shut.
DAVID and PAT look at each other.

DAVID
 (sighs)
 She'll be the death of me,
 that girl.

Tires squeal in the driveway.
 DAVID winces.
 They continue eating their breakfast as MICA's car
 accelerates away.

PAT suppresses another laugh, shakes her head.

PAT
 She's a teenager, DAVID. Let
 her live her life. It'll soon
 be hard enough. She'll learn.

DAVID
 Yes, I know, PAT. But does she
 have to--

PAT leans over and kisses the top of DAVID's head.

PAT
 Anyway, she's right. You'll
 give yourself a coronary, as
 she says.

They laugh together and continue eating.

EXT. URBAN STREET - DAY

An aging BMW 3-series tailgates the car in front
 of it.
 A horn BLARES.

INT. MICA'S CAR - SAME

MICA holds the steering wheel in one hand, her
 mobile phone in the other. She scowls.

MICA
 C'mon, granddad! Get out of
 the way already. I'm late!
 (into phone)
 Sorry, Shaw'. There's an old
 fart in front of me doing like
 two miles an hour.
 All I can see is the top of
 his hat. Damn mouth-breathers!
 They should take the bus!

EXT. URBAN STREET - DAY

MICA's car swerves out, overtakes the car in front
 and then darts back into its own lane.
 A horn blares again.

MICA
 (into phone)
 There. Go rid of *that* one.
 Okay, Shaw', I'm almost there.
 See you in a few.
 I've gotta find a parking spot
 now. Shit, I hate this. . .
 What?
 (pause)
 No, I hadn't forgotten. My
 folks are going out so I'll be
 there. Just chill. Ciao!

MICA snaps the phone shut and drops it into her
 purse on the seat beside her.

EXT. COLLEGE CAR PARK - DAY

MICA drives around, looking for a parking spot.
 She is talking on her phone.

INT MICA'S CAR - DAY

MICA is frustrated and anxious. Her head darts
 from side to side as she looks for parking.

MICA
 (into phone)
 Shit, Shaw'! There's no
 parking!
 I'm going to be late. Will you
 hold a seat open for--What?
 (pause)
 No! I can't park in the staff
 area! I'll be clamped.
 Or towed.
 I'll just have to keep going
 round in circles like a
 goddamn idiot. I'm getting
 giddy already--Wait!
 There's one! I see one! Okay,
 gotta go. See you in there!
 Ciao!

EXT. COLLEGE CARPARK - DAY

MICA's car shoots towards an open parking slot
 where another car is maneuvering to park.

In her haste, her car's rear wheels mount the kerb
 as she pulls into the spot.

INT. MICA'S CAR

MICA is jolted in her seat as her car bounces over
 the kerb.

MICA
*Aargh! Stupid car! It's always
doing that!*

She parks and gets out. She hurries toward the college entrance.

A VOICE distracts her. She turns around.

A MAN in a car is leaning out of his window. He is angry and waving his arm.

MAN
Oi!

MICA stops and looks at him.

MICA
You talking to me, buddy?

MAN
Yes, I'm talking to you! I was going to park there. You saw me. You drove over the damn kerb to steal my spot!

MICA smiles at him and starts to walk away.

MICA
Your spot? Get real, dickhead. It's first come, first served.

She turns her back and continues walking.

A HORN blares LOUD and long.

MAN
I'll report you! Little cow!

MICA keeps walking and raises a middle finger over her shoulder.

She retrieves her phone from her purse and begins typing a message.

INT. LECTURE THEATRE

MICA and SHAWNA sit a few rows apart. They are texting on their cell phones, smiling. Several other students turn to glare at them.

MICA pulls a face at one of them. She waves a hand, indicating them to turn around.

EXT. LECTURE THEATER - LATER

MICA stands near the exit, waiting.

Shawna appears. She is similar in appearance to MICA. They could be mistaken for sisters. Shawna is tall with frizzy blonde hair and legs that go on forever.

Her breasts are about the same size as MICA's. They are barely concealed by the low-cut dress.

MICA bends her knees, feigning a collapse.

MICA

My god! Is that guy boring or what!

SHAWNA

I know! I was falling asleep. What the fuck was he talking about, anyway?

MICA

No idea. I switched off as soon as he opened his yap. He's about as interesting as a train wreck.

Shawna giggles. They walk towards the car park.

MICA

I pity his poor wife.

SHAWNA

Hey! I saw her the other day. She came to fetch him.

MICA

No! Really? What's she like?

SHAWNA

Her butt is like two pigs wrestling under a blanket. She's huge! Humungous!

MICA's eyes fly open wide. She presses her fingers to her mouth then removes them.

MICA

No way!

SHAWNA

Way, girl! I was trying to imagine them--

MICA holds up both arms, flapping her hands at the wrist.

MICA

No! No! Don't! T.M.I! I can't even think about it. It gives me the creeps just the thought of it.

Shawna laughs aloud.

SHAWNA
Imagine that huge butt,
bouncing up and down--

MICA
Stop! I don't wanna know. La-
la-la-a-a, I can't hear you.

Shawna claps her hands together. Her brilliant
white teeth flash as she laughs.

SHAWNA
Eww . . . horrible! His nasty
little--

MICA
(louder)
La la la-a-a . . . Stop
already! Enough!

The two girls giggle and swagger as they enter the
college car park.

EXT. COLLEGE CAR PARK - SAME

The girls walk until they find MICA's car.

MICA'S CAR

Shawna notices a folded piece of paper under a
windshield wiper blade.

SHAWNA
What's this?

She retrieves the paper and opens it. Her eyes
widen. She puts a hand to her mouth and hands the
paper out to MICA.

MICA scratches through her purse, looking for her
keys. She looks up.

MICA
What is it? Another rave going
on?

Shawna shakes her head.

MICA takes the paper and reads it.

It says:

"You should have more consideration for others!
You don't OWN the car park. I'll see that the Dean
hears about your rudeness and irresponsibility.
Grow up!"

Shawna watches as MICA's face clouds, darkens.

MICA
Fucking little *shit!* Who the
hell does he think he is?

SHAWNA
You know who wrote that?

MICA scrunches up the note and flings it aside.

MICA
Yeah. Some guy got all bent
out of shape because I got to
this spot before he did.
(pause)
Little bastard even called me
a cow!

Shawna fakes surprise. Her eyebrows rise.

SHAWNA
No! Really?

MICA finds her keys and opens her car door.

MICA
Yeah. Started giving me a load
of lip, so I gave him the
finger and left him to it.

She pauses with one foot on the running board.

MICA
If he wants to park here,
he'll have to get up earlier
in the morning, won't he?
Argh! People are so . . .
stupid!

Shawna smiles and hugs her friend.

SHAWNA
Don't sweat it, girl. This
place is full of dickheads
like that. One day someone
will drag him out of his car
and beat the shit out of him.

MICA thinks about this.

MICA
Yeah. Probably. He was kinda
big though.
(pause)
Cute, too.

She fakes a devious smile.

With one hand, she makes a fist and brings it up to her mouth. She moves her hand backward and forward while pressing her tongue into her cheek.

Shawna laughs aloud.

SHAWNA
MICA! You're the worst!

MICA smiles as she sinks into the driver's seat.

MICA
Hey! I resemble that remark!

She closes the door and rolls down the window.

Shawna leans on the doorframe.

SHAWNA
Okay. PEPE's at six, right?

MICA nods and starts the car's engine.

MICA
Yeah. But I can't stay long.
It's my sit-in tonight,
remember?

SHAWNA
Oh, yeah. I forgot. What's up
with that, anyway?

MICA sighs and drops her head onto the padded steering wheel. She bangs her head a few times, inhales deeply and then looks up at Shawna.

MICA
It was my dad's idea. He wants
us to be together as a family
once a month.
And tonight's the night.

SHAWNA
Interesting. What do you do?

MICA tilts her head to one side and pulls a face.

MICA
The same thing every month.
Basically, it's a dinner and a
movie night. Mom cooks
something special and then we
all sit in the lounge together
and watch a movie.

Shawna cups a cheek in one hand and smiles coyly.

SHAWNA
Aw, that's kinda cute!

MICA sticks out her tongue.

MICA
I guess. Except dad always gets to pick the movie. So it'll be some ancient black and white number. I usually fall asleep and mom has to keep waking me up.

MICA grips the steering wheel, ready to leave.

MICA
Anyway, it keeps him happy.

She taps the steering wheel.

MICA
And he pays for this. So it's not too bad. It's only once a month, thank God.

Mica rolls her eyes.

Shawna stands up and sweeps one arm upwards.

SHAWNA
Okay. Go already.
I'll see you at six.

MICA starts to roll up the window.

SHAWNA
And remember, Phil and Derek may be there. So dress to kill!

MICA winks and closes up the window. Shawna skips away towards her own car.

MICA backs out of her parking spot and slowly moves forward.

INT. MICA'S CAR

MICA scans the car park as if looking for something. She suddenly smiles and brings the car to a halt.

MICA
Gotcha, you little bastard!

EXT. COLLEGE CAR PARK - SAME

MICA gets out of her car. She walks between a row of parked vehicles, swinging her car keys around her index finger.

She stops at the rear of a blue FORD Escort and looks around. Then she turns around and slowly walks towards the front of the car.

CU - FORD ESCORT CAR

MICA's ignition key is in her hand. As she walks, she presses the sharp end of the key against the FORD.

A continuous sliver of paint spirals away from the key. It leaves a deep gouge in the car's bodywork.

BACK TO SCENE

MICA gets back into her car and starts the engine.

INT. MICA'S CAR - SAME

MICA looks in her mirrors, and then grins broadly.

MICA
Call me a cow, huh? Let's see
how you like them bananas,
buddy!

EXT. COLLEGE CAR PARK - SAME

MICA's car heads towards the exit and turns onto a main road. It is soon out of view.

EXT. WINDING COUNTRY ROAD

MICA's car speeds along the narrow, deserted road. It pulls up behind a slow-moving pickup truck.

BEEP! BEEP! BEE-EEP!

INT. MICA'S CAR

MICA has her mobile phone under her chin. She honks the horn.

MICA
You're not gonna believe this,
Shaw'. I'm stuck behind a damn
pick-up truck full of--What?
(pause)
Oh, just coming up to dead
man's curve.
(pause)
Yeah. I know. I'll get by once
we've passed it.

EXT. WINDING COUNTRY ROAD

MICA's car tailgates the pickup truck. Her vehicle suddenly swings out into the path of an oncoming vehicle.

INT. MICA'S CAR

MICA's face shows terror. She straightens her arms and clutches the steering wheel with both hands.

The phone drops from her chin into her lap.

She stamps on the brakes and swings in behind the pickup truck. The oncoming car zooms passed.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

Its horn blares for several seconds.

MICA looks in her mirror. An arm is protruding from the car that just passed. It waves back and forth in a fist. She gulps then stares at the back of the pickup truck.

MICA
(mutters)
Fuck! That was close . . .

CU MICA'S PHONE

SHAWNA (V.O.)
Hello? MICA? You okay? What happened?

END CU

BACK TO SCENE

MICA wipes her top lip with the back of her hand. She picks up the mobile phone.

MICA
Yeah. I'm okay. Barely. Some shithead nearly ran me off the road. They drive like idiots around here. Scared the crap out of me.

SHAWNA
You alright? You sound kinda shaken up.

MICA
No, I'm fine. Listen, I'm
(more)

MICA (cont'd)
almost home. I'll call you
when I get in. What?
(pause)
Yes, I'll be on time. I just
have to shower and get
changed.
(pause)
No, I won't forget. I'll be to
die for. Promise.
(pause)
Right. You too. See ya.

MICA smiles and snaps the phone closed. She drops
the phone into her lap and concentrates on the
road ahead.

EXT. WINDING COUNTRY ROAD

The pickup truck slows then turns onto a small
dirt road. MICA's car accelerates.

BACK TO SCENE

MICA's face appears pale. He smile has gone.

MICA
Finally. Thank you!

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

MICA's car slides to a halt on the white gravel in
the driveway. She gets out and walks towards the
house.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

MICA closes the door and drops her keys into a
basket on a small table. The house is quiet.

She enters the kitchen.

KITCHEN

MICA looks around. The kitchen is spick and span,
but deserted.

MICA
(to herself)
Strange. I wonder where they
are.

She heads toward the doorway that leads to the
living room.

LIVING ROOM

Her parents are asleep on the sofa together. DAVID is sitting upright, PAT is lying across his lap.

The television is on, but the sound has been muted.

DAVID snores softly.

MICA picks up the remote control from the table, aims it at the TV set and presses a button. The current program fills the room with sound.

DAVID jerks and opens his bleary eyes.

DAVID
Wstfagl?

His eyes focus. MICA stands in front of him. PAT awakens and stretches.

PAT
Oh . . . Hello, sweetheart. We didn't hear you come in.

She stifles a yawn and looks at DAVID.

PAT
Your father must have dozed off. It was so peaceful. I was just resting my eyes.

DAVID is about to protest but MICA cuts him short

MICA
Yeah, right. You were both dead to the world when I came in.

PAT stands up and stretches some more. She stacks some magazines on the coffee table and then looks at her wristwatch.

PAT
Would you like some coffee, sweetheart? I'm going to make a fresh pot. It's only four o' clock.

MICA
Okay, mom. That'll be nice. I have to go shower. I'm meeting Shaw' and the girls at PEPE's at six.

PAT looks almost disappointed.

MICA's expression softens. She walks over and hugs her mother.

MICA
 Don't worry, mom. I haven't forgotten. I'll be home before ten. I wouldn't want to miss our special--

She holds up her fingers and draws invisible quotation marks in the air.

MICA
 --Family Time.

DAVID stretches out on the sofa. He is still sleepy. PAT winces and shakes her head as if to say, "Don't."

MICA looks at her father and pulls a face. She nods agreement at her mother and leaves the room.

BATHROOM

MICA is in the shower behind glass doors. Music plays loudly. MICA sings along, badly off-key.

MICA'S BEDROOM

MICA enters the room. She is wrapped in a white fluffy towel. Her hair is now light blonde in color.

She removes the towel and sits at a dressing table. Using special tongs, she begins to straighten and dry her hair.

30 MINUTES LATER

MICA is almost unrecognizable. Her hair is now long, straight and golden. Her make-up is perfect, as if from the cover of a Glamour magazine.

She slips on her bra, leans over and shakes her shoulders. Cupping her breasts, she moulds them into shape within the bra.

She looks in the mirror and smiles, then enters the closet. She exits holding a black dress with a white belt.

She holds it against herself and turns left to right, looking in a full-length mirror. She steps into the dress and pulls up the side zipper.

She applies a deep red lip-gloss, places a tissue between her lips and then removes it. She looks in the mirror, pouts her lips and then pretends to kiss the reflection.

MICA
 (whispers)
 Perfect! Dressed to kill.

BACK TO KITCHEN

PAT is sitting at the table, a mug of coffee cupped in her hands. DAVID is standing at the window, looking out across the yard.

The clip-clop of shoes on the stairs announces MICA's entrance. Her presence seems to light up the room. She is perfect in every way. Young, beautiful and with a figure that most women would kill for.

DAVID turns around. When he sees his daughter, transformed, his face lights up with joy.

DAVID
 Now there's the princess I
 know and love. You look
 beautiful!

PAT stands up and approaches MICA. She leans back to take her in.

PAT
 Dad's right, sweetie. You look
 positively. . . radiant!

MICA appears embarrassed by this excessive attention.

MICA
 Jeez, mom. It's just a dress.

She shakes her head and approaches the coffee pot.

DAVID
 Well, I like it much better
 than that vampire look you--

MICA audibly sighs.

MICA
 It's Gothic, dad. It's called
 Gothic. Not vampire.

DAVID
 Well, whatever you call it. It
 makes you look like a corpse.
 I mean . . . well, look at you!
 Now that is what a young woman
 is supposed to look like.
 Not like something that just
 crawled out of a mausoleum.

He leans against the kitchen sink and folds his arms across his chest.

DAVID
You're going to make some
young man very happy one day.

MICA glances at a clock on the wall.
It reads 5:20 p.m.

MICA
Well, I'd love to stay and
chat, but I have to be at
PEPE's by six. I promised
Shaw' I wouldn't be late.

She catches the look in the mother's eyes and looks at her father.

MICA
Don't worry, dad. I haven't
forgotten about Family Night.
I'll only be there an hour.
Two at the most. I have a
project I need to work on.

PAT
All right, honey. You be
careful. There's some really
bad drivers out there.

MICA opens the side door that leads to the driveway.

MICA
I know, mom. I'm always
careful.

DAVID
And keep off the phone while
you're driving.

MICA feigns surprise, as if she's been insulted.

MICA
Dad! I'd never do that. That's
just so . . . irresponsible!
What do you think I am?

DAVID
I'm just saying, that's all.
Don't be tempted.

MICA's smile betrays her deceit.

DAVID
And don't drink too--

The door slams shut.

DAVID
--much.

PAT
She's a big girl now, DAVID.
We can't protect her every
step of her life.

DAVID pushes away from the sink and sits at the
kitchen table.

DAVID
I know, darling. It's just a
habit.

PAT stands behind her husband and wraps her arms
around his neck.

PAT
I know, love. You're a good
dad.
(pause)
And husband.

DAVID looks up into PAT's smiling face. They
listen as the sound of MICA's car fades away.

PAT raises one eyebrow. Her eyes twinkle.

PAT
We have the house to ourselves
for a few hours.

DAVID inhales deeply.

DAVID
Oh, Mrs. Webley! I do believe
you're feeling--hmph!

PAT presses her fingers to DAVID's mouth and then
one finger to her own. She smiles wickedly.

PAT
Shh! Come on, dad. I have
something to show you.

PAT leads DAVID towards the staircase. He
playfully smacks her rear-end. PAT squeaks and
runs up the stairs. DAVID rushes after her.

EXT. WINDING COUNTRY ROAD - DUSK.

MICA's car noses along the road. Her headlights
cast deep shadows in the trees that line the road
on either side.

INT. MICA'S CAR - SAME

MICA is talking on her mobile phone.

VIEW THROUGH WINDSHIELD

A white, rectangular speed limit sign flits by. It reads 45.

VIEW OF CAR'S DASHBOARD

The car's speedometer reads 55 mph.

EXT. PEPE'S WINE BAR - NIGHT.

The fascia of PEPE'S is comprised mullioned windows. Patrons can be seen inside. Music is heard coming from the wine bar.

An African-American doorman the size of an outhouse stands at the entrance.

He is clad in a penguin suit with bow tie. His hands are clasped loosely in front of him. His bald pate shines in the lights from the doorway.

A car pulls away from the kerb just as MICA drives up. She pulls into the spot. The car bounces as it rides up the kerb and drops down again.

MICA's door opens. MICA steps out. Her long, tanned legs attract the doorman's attention.

He rushes over to assist MICA. His teeth flash gold as he smiles. He extends a hand the size of a bunch of bananas.

DOORMAN

Evening ma'am. Let me help you.

He assists MICA out of her car and is rewarded with a triangular flash of white panties as MICA swings her other leg onto the sidewalk.

MICA

Thank you.

The doorman shuts her door. MICA stops short, then fumbles in her purse. She retrieves a tube of lipstick and slowly twists it.

A dark red column rises slowly out of the tube.

MICA looks at the doorman and winks.

MICA

I won't be a moment. Just need a quick . . . touch-up.

MICA leans over and looks at her reflection in her car's side-mirror.

The doorman stares at the backs of her long, tanned legs and swallows.

DOORMAN
Sure, ma'am. We all need a touch up every now and then.

MICA applies her lipstick, rubs her lips together and stands up. She looks into the doorman's eyes.

MICA
There! Good enough for anything now.

She winks again and allows the doorman to guide her towards the entrance to PEPE'S.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO PEPE'S WINE BAR- NIGHT

MICA and the doorman stand under an awning. She turns to face the huge man.

MICA
Tell me, do you like roses?
Are you a romantic?

The doorman frowns as thinks about this.

DOORMAN
Er, yes. Sure. I like roses.

MICA takes a step closer to the man. She runs a long, painted fingernail down the sleeve of his jacket.

MICA
That's nice. I'm attracted to romantic men. Can you think of anything more romantic than roses on a piano?

The doorman considers this flirtatious question. He affords MICA a smile comprised gold-clad teeth.

DOORMAN
No, ma'am. Can't say I can.

MICA raises her eyebrows, as if waiting for a response. She stands on her tiptoes in order to bring her lips closer to the man's ear.

MICA
I can. How about tulips on an organ?

She turns on her heel and enters PEPE'S.

The doorman's expression clouds, then a broad grin spreads across his face. His shoulders shake as he chuckles.

He resumes his usual position, inserts a finger between his bow tie and neck and loosens it.

INT. PEPE'S WINE BAR

MICA stands at the entrance, her eyes scanning the interior of the room.

The décor is mainly soft, pastel colors with light green and subtle pink interspersed with grey. All tables are occupied.

MICA is attracted by an arm held in the air. It waves.

SHAWNA (V.O.)
MICA! Yoo-hoo! Over here!

MICA homes in on the table where Shawna and two other girls are seated. There is an open seat at the table.
MICA hugs each of the girls in turn and then sits down to join them.

The four girls look similar. Apart from hair length and style, they have similar features, almost identical make-up and the same, impossibly-white teeth.

Each wears a similar low-cut dress designed to show the maximum amount of tanned breast.

MONTAGE

The girls laugh and giggle and whisper in each other's ears as they point to young men seated at various tables around the room.

Waitresses visit their table several times, bringing fresh drinks, some complimentary, from men around the room or sitting at the bar.

Small groups of men stare at the four girls. Their eyes hungrily follow the length of their crossed legs, the swell of their breasts, the erect nipples visible through their dresses.

END MONTAGE

BACK TO SCENE

The girls are still giggling as they exchange the latest gossip and tease young men.

MICA glances at her wristwatch. It reads 8:00 p.m.

MICA
Well, girls. I hate to do
this, but I have to go

ALL THREE GIRLS
Awwww! . . .

MICA looks forlorn, yet manages an awkward smile.

MICA
Yeah. I know. It sucks. But I
promised my folks I would join
them for dinner this evening.

The girls nod in unison, as if understanding exactly what MICA has said.

MICA taps her purse.

MICA
Have to do a little bit of
work to keep the old money
flowing. Know what I mean?

The three girls all nod, flashing their brilliant white teeth between slits of ruby red.

SHAWNA
Mica? How about a quick one
for the road. A small glass?

MICA thinks about this. She pulls a face.

MICA
All right. Just a quick one.

Shawna pushes a small glass of white wine towards MICA. She picks it up and drinks it all in one go.

ALL THREE GIRLS
Woo-Hoo! Way to go, girl!

MICA smiles radiantly and stands up. She wobbles.

MICA
Whoa! I felt that one!

SHAWNA
Whoa! You okay to drive?

MICA
Oh, yeah. I've been worse.

MICA kisses each of the girls on their cheek and stands beside Shawna. They hold hands as they walk toward the door.

Shawna's brow knits as she turns to face MICA.

SHAWNA

Aw, girl! I really wish you could stay a bit longer.

MICA

Yeah, I know. Me too. I quite fancied the guy with the 49ers sweatshirt. Did you see the bulge in his trousers?

SHAWNA

Yeah! I did! Whew.

She fans herself with a hand.

SHAWNA

Wouldn't mind a bit of that. Maybe I'll invite him over to join us. There's a free seat now.

She smiles at MICA and winks. MICA's mouth droops as she mimics a child about to cry.

MICA

Without me?

Shawna laughs.

SHAWNA

Nah . . . next time. They'll be back. We'll get them next time. If you can cope with blue balls.

MICA laughs.

MICA

No problem, girl. Soon have 'em shiny pink and . . . explosive.

The girls giggle as they approach the exit to the wine bar.

EXT. PEPE'S WINE BAR - NIGHT

MICA exits the wine bar.

The doorman immediately approaches her, grinning like a snake.

DOORMAN

See you to your car, ma'am?

MICA looks him up and down. She shrugs.

MICA

Sure. Why not.

The doorman holds out the crook of his arm. MICA slips her arm through his. He guides her towards her car.

MICA's gait suddenly falters.

DOORMAN
You're a little bit wobbly,
ma'am. Are you okay to drive?

MICA looks up at him.

MICA
It's not the wine, fool. It's
these heels. And my name's
MICA, not ma'am. You make me
sound like the fucking Queen
of England or something.

The doorman looks down at MICA's 4 inch heels. Red-painted toenails poke through the open-ended shoes.

DOORMAN
Right. Sorry. Hi, MICA. I'm
WINSTON.

MICA suppresses a snort.

MICA
Naturally.

WINSTON does not appear to hear her

AT MICA'S CAR

MICA presses the remote control to unlock her car. The doorman opens the door.

MICA turns and sits in the driver's seat, her long legs still on the sidewalk. They shine like polished brass in the evening light. This does not go unnoticed.

MICA slowly lifts her right leg and places it inside the car. Her legs are now spread apart.

She looks up at the doorman, notices his eager gaze.

MICA
You're kinda cute, WINSTON.

Despite his coloring, the man appears to flush.

WINSTON
Er, thanks.
(pause)
I, er, get off at eleven.

MICA continues to fix him in her gaze. She slowly blinks twice.

MICA
Ye-es? And?

WINSTON
And I'm off on Tuesday nights.

He swallows and strokes his chin, as if he were grooming a goatee beard.

WINSTON
So, how about you give me your number and I call you some time?

MICA's teeth flash white in the gloom of the street. She slowly lifts her left leg and places it on the running board.

Her skirt rides up, exposing the maximum amount of brown thigh. Her ankles are as thin and delicate as a sparrow's legs.

MICA
Tell you what?

WINSTON
(eagerly)
What?

MICA
How about I call you?

WINSTON looks from MICA's long legs to her eyes. He smiles as broadly as he can.

WINSTON
All right! That works for me.

MICA puts her other leg into the car. WINSTON closes her door. MICA starts the car and looks up at him. He looks almost drugged.

MICA rolls down the window a few inches - not enough that WINSTON can get his head in. She holds up her hand and wiggles her fingers at him.

MICA
Buh-bye . . .

She shoots a quick glance over her shoulder and then pulls out of the parking place faster than necessary.

WINSTON watches her leave. His expression suddenly changes as realization dawns.

He runs into the road, waving his hands.

WINSTON
Hey! MICA? I didn't give you
my number! Hey! Wait! Shit!

EXT. WINDING COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

MICA's car picks its way along the winding road. Occasionally, the car drifts across the center line and then drifts back again.

It runs onto the hard shoulder, kicking up clouds of dust and then veers back onto the road again.

INT. MICA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

MICA is talking on her mobile phone. Soft music plays from the car stereo. She blinks hard a few times, as if to clear her eyes.

EXT. WINDING COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

MICA is traveling 90 degrees to a vehicle approaching from her right. A sharp curve lies a few hundred yards ahead.

She leans over to change the CD in the car stereo. The mobile phone slips from her shoulder and drops to the floor.

MICA
Shit!

EXT. VIEW INTO CAR THROUGH WINDSHIELD.

MICA's face is suddenly lit up by a bright light. She squints against the glare of it.

INT. MICA'S CAR.

MICA raises a hand to shield her eyes from the searing lights of a car that has just come around a tight curve.

EXT. WINDING COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

MICA's car glides over the central dividing line.

EXT. VIEW INTO CAR THROUGH WINDSHIELD.

MICA's eyes fly open with fear. She grips the steering wheel, tries to move back into her own lane.

INT. MICA'S CAR

She turns the steering wheel to the right with one hand. A loud CRUNCH as the oncoming vehicle passes by.

EXT. WINDING COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Two cars slide past each other, inches from a head-on collision.

INT. MICA'S CAR

MICA gains control of the vehicle. She negotiates the tight right curve and stops the car.

EXT. WINDING COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

MICA's car is stationary in the middle of the road. The headlights pierce the blackness ahead.

INT. MICA'S CAR

MICA is frozen with fear, her hands gripping the steering wheel. She stares straight ahead. Her breathing is fast.

She puffs out her cheeks and blows.

MICA
Fuck me! Stupid idiot!

She pulls over and parks on the hard shoulder. She leans back in the seat and closes her eyes.

EXT. WINDING COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

MICA's door opens. She steps out.

MICA'S CAR

She is unsteady and supports herself against the door. She walks the fifty or so yards back towards the curve in the road, wobbling in her high heels.

The road is deserted. No taillights. No lights.

She stands with hands on hips, staring down the road. She sees nothing. Crickets chirp all around.

She brushes some loose hair back behind her ear, turns around and walks back towards her car.

MICA'S CAR

MICA approaches her car. She groans and holds her head. She walks to the driver's door and examines the side mirror.

The mirror is folded back against the body of the car. She pushes it back out. Several pieces of broken glass fall to the ground.

MICA

Jesus! He actually hit me! And didn't even stop! I could have been killed!

She runs a hand over the top of the broken mirror.

MICA

Oh, Christ! Dad's gonna be pissed about this!

She gets back into the car and sits, staring out of the windshield. She suddenly laughs.

MICA

Woo-Hoo! What a fucking trip!

She looks up.

MICA

Somebody up there loves me!

Still smiling, she starts the engine and stomps on the accelerator. The tail of the car slides on the dirt of the hard shoulder.

Tires squeal as they suddenly gain purchase on the blacktop. The car speeds away into the night.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A vehicle appears in the driveway. MICA's car slides to halt in front of the house.

INT. MICA'S CAR

MICA is talking on her mobile phone.

MICA

Okay, Shaw', I'm here. Their car's not in the driveway. Maybe they went out.

(pause)

No, they don't usually go out. Sometimes they go to the Watson's place. But not tonight. Not on Family Night. What? Yes, I'm alright.

EXT. MICA'S CAR

MICA alights, still talking on the phone. She is smiling and giggling. She slams the car door closed and walks toward the house.

CU GROUND BESIDE CAR

Shards of glass from the broken side mirror fall to the gravel. They twinkle in the moonlight. MICA does not notice.

End CU

INT HOUSE - KITCHEN

MICA enters the kitchen, phone pressed to her ear.

MICA
Hang on a sec', Shaw.

She presses the phone to her chest.

MICA
Mom! Dad! I'm home!

She waits for a reply. There is none.

MICA
(into phone)
Nah, they're not here. Maybe they went to—Oh, hold on. I see a note on the fridge.

MICA walks over to the fridge. She pulls off a yellow Post-It™ note.

It reads:

MICA, Have gone to get popcorn. Dinner's in the oven. We won't be late. Love, Mom XXX

MICA
(into phone)
Get this shit, Shaw'. They've only gone to get popcorn!
(pause)
Yes! Fucking popcorn!
(she listens)
Nah. My dad likes that shitty theater stuff. You know, the one that smells like feet with all that sickly butter on it?
(pause)
I know! It's crap! But he insists on having it when we watch a movie. Silly old fart.

MICA opens the fridge.

CU FRIDGE INTERIOR

A white casserole dish sits on a shelf. A yellow Post-It™ is stuck to the foil top.

MICA winces.

MICA
 Fucking hell . . . Shaw'?
 My mom's only gone and made
 meat loaf.
 (pause)
 Yes, meatloaf! That crap made
 from peckers and hooves. Yuk!
 (pause)
 No! I hate it. Listen, I'm
 starved. I'd better get
 something to eat.
 (pause)
 I'll call you later. Ciao!

MICA closes the phone and places it on the kitchen table. She removes the casserole dish from the fridge and lifts one corner of the foil.

MICA
 Yummy! My favorite. Thanks,
 mom.

She ladles a chunk of the meatloaf onto a plate and puts it in the microwave. She looks out of the window while the food reheats.

CU wall clock

The clock reads 9:02 p.m.

End CU

DING! The microwave chimes.

MICA retrieves her dinner and selects a fork from the cutlery drawer. She heads for the living room.

LIVING ROOM

MICA settles on the sofa and kicks off her shoes. She picks up the remote and switches on the TV.

Her mother's handbag sits on the table.
 MICA snorts.

MICA
(to herself)
Huh. She'll forget her own
head one day.

She settles back and watches a wildlife video
while she eats the meatloaf.

LIVING ROOM - TWO HOURS LATER

MICA is lying to one side on the sofa, asleep. An
empty plate lies on the floor.

DING! DONG! The doorbell rings.

MICA jerks awake. She sits upright and looks
around the room.

She glances at her watch. It reads 11:05 p.m.

DING! DONG!

MICA
Shit! Now what?

She stands up and heads towards the front door,
unsteady on her feet.

Her hair on one side is mussed from sleeping.
She yawns.

ENTRANCE HALLWAY

MICA looks towards the stairs.

MICA
(shouts)
MOM? DAD? Where are you?

She stops as she notices the blue and red flashing
light reflecting from the hallway walls.

She walks over to a small window and pulls aside
the curtain.

A police patrol car is parked in the driveway. An
officer walks around MICA's car.

He bends down, out of view.

DING! DONG! DING! DONG!

The doorbell is more urgent.

MICA
I'm coming! I'm coming! Enough
already! Jeez!

She yanks open the front door.

A female police officer stands on the doorstep.
A male officer approaches from MICA's car.

MICA's expression is blank. She looks from the officers to her car.

MICA
Yes? Can I help you?

POLICE WOMAN
Miss MICA Webley?

MICA frowns. She looks suspicious.

MICA
Yes, that's me. My parents are
not here.

The policeman joins his colleague on the doorstep.

POLICEMAN
Actually, it's you we've come
to see, Miss Webley. I am
Sergeant PHILIPS and this is
my colleague, Constable
ATKINS. May we come in,
please?

MICA
Why? What's happened?

Constable ATKINS steps forward. Both officers have
their hats tucked under their arms.

ATKINS
If we can just come in, Miss.
We have some rather disturbing
news.

MICA looks rattled, her eyes panicked. She looks
from ATKINS to PHILIPS.

MICA
Tell me. What's happened. Is
it my parents? Tell me.

Her voice is pleading, almost desperate.

PHILIPS
Miss Webley? Please? Can we
step inside?

MICA looks at the officers. She opens the door
fully and walks into the living room.

The officers follow her.

PHILIPS closes the front door.

LIVING ROOM

MICA stands in the center of the room, her arms folded across her chest.

The officers notice the discarded plate on the floor of the otherwise pristine room.

MICA

Okay. What's this all about?

She looks at a wall clock. It reads 11:30 p.m.

Officer ATKINS glances around the room.

ATKINS

You may want to sit down,
Miss.

MICA pulls a face. She is not impressed by the officer's rote dialogue.

MICA

I'm fine, thank you. I just
woke up. I'm MICA. Not Miss.

ATKINS

Of course. Sorry . . . MICA.

ATKINS glances down briefly then up at MICA.

ATKINS

I'm afraid there's been an
accident. Your parents--

MICA turns on her heels. She throws her arms in the air.

MICA

I knew it! I just knew it.
I've told him a hundred times
not to drive at night.

She looks at officer ATKINS.

MICA

His eyes aren't as good as
they used to be, you know. But
will he listen? No. He keeps--

ATKINS

MICA, listen to me. Your father
was not driving. Your mother
was driving.

This stops MICA's diatribe.

MICA

My mom was driving?

ATKINS

As far as we can tell, yes.

(pause)

I am sorry to have you tell
you that your parents did not
survive the incident.

MICA's arms drop to her sides. She stares at
officer ATKINS, then at officer PHILIPS.

MICA

Sorry? What did you say? What
incident?

Her bottom lip quivers as this information
registers. She sways gently on her feet.

ATKINS swiftly steps forward and grabs MICA's
elbow. She guides her to the sofa.

MICA slumps down. Her eyes are fixed and staring.

MICA

Dead? My Mom and dad? They're
dead?

ATKINS sits beside MICA. She nods.

ATKINS

I'm very sorry, MICA. But yes.
Your mother died at the scene
and your father passed away en
route to the hospital.

MICA eyes dart between the two officers.

PHILIPS' expression is blank, non-committal.

MICA's eyes well as she turns to face officer
ATKINS. A tear runs down her cheek and drops into
her lap.

Officer PHILIPS notices a box of tissues on the
coffee table. He pulls free a handful and offers
them to MICA.

She takes them without looking up.

MICA

What . . . What happened?
Where? When?

ATKINS

We don't have all the details
yet, MICA. But it looks like
it may have been a Hit and
Run.

MICA's expression looks hunted.

MICA
 What? Someone killed my
 parents and then just . . .
 drove off?

ATKINS
 As I said, we don't have all
 the details yet . . . but,
 possibly.

MICA's mouth hangs open in shock. Her eyes search
 ATKINS' face.

MICA
 Where did it happen?
 (pause)
 When?

Officer PHILIPS steps closer.

PHILIPS
 Can I ask you, MICA . . .
 which way did you come home
 tonight?

MICA looks up at officer PHILIPS.

Her eyes are vacant, like an automaton, a result
 of shock as she attempts to process the
 information.

MICA
 What? Oh. There is only one
 road here. FM137

PHILIPS
 Right. And did you notice
 anything . . . unusual on your
 way home?

MICA stares at PHILIPS. His expression reveals
 nothing.

MICA
 No. What do you mean by
 unusual? It's a long, boring
 road. And very dark. There's
 nothing to see.

PHILIPS nods.

PHILIPS
 Yes. It is. I'm only asking as
 this is where the . . .
 accident occurred. It's a very
 dangerous road. Requires
 concentration, especially at
 night.

MICA is aghast. She sits back in the sofa.

MICA

What! I just drove on 137. I didn't see anything. I only saw one other car all the way. Some kids driving like maniacs.

PHILIPS

Really? Do you recall what time that was?

MICA runs her fingers through her hair.

MICA

Er, . . . I'm not sure. About 8:30, I guess. Why?

She looks at PHILIPS, hoping for a clue to his line of questioning.

PHILIPS

We're just trying to ascertain what happened. You see, the accident occurred on FM137. It seems your mother swerved to avoid something and lost control of the vehicle.

MICA's expression turns blank. Her eyes are fixed on officer PHILIPS as he speaks.

PHILIPS

Their vehicle left the road and . . . well, as you know, there is a steep bank either side of that road and . . . their car went over the edge and hit a large tree.

Officer ATKINS places a hand on MICA's arm to get her attention.

ATKINS

We haven't found anything to indicate a collision with another vehicle. There's not even any skid marks.

ATKINS searches MICA's face. She sees only alarm.

ATKINS

All we've found so far is some broken glass.

MICA frowns.

MICA

Broken glass?

Officer ATKINS nods.

ATKINS

Yes. Broken mirror, actually.
Very odd.

(pause)

We have forensics out there
now collecting the pieces. I'm
sure they'll be able to tell
us what it is and where it's
from.

PHILIPS sniffs. MICA turns to face him.

PHILIPS

That reminds me, MICA. Is that
your car in the driveway?

MICA gawks at the officer.

MICA

What? Yes. Of course it's
mine. Who else's?

PHILIPS

I was just asking. Only I
noticed that your side-mirror
is broken.

MICA's eyes widen almost imperceptibly. She
glances at ATKINS, who smiles sweetly.

MICA

Oh. . . Yes. I know. I meant
to have that fixed. Sorry.

PHILIPS

It's all right. I know how
expensive they can be to
replace. How did it happen?

Another tear streaks down MICA's cheek. She wipes
it away with the back of her hand.

Her cheeks flush. She appears angry.

MICA

I'm sorry? I've just been told
that my parents have been . . .
. are DEAD . . . and you want
to know about a broken mirror.

PHILIPS

I'm very sorry, MICA. We're
just trying to gather as much
information as we can. If this
was a Hit and Run well . . .
it's a serious crime.
It could even be construed as
murder.

(more)

PHILIPS (cont'd)
So, if you don't mind helping
us, how did your mirror get
broken?

MICA stares blankly for a while. She sniffs.

MICA
Murder? Really?

PHILIPS nods.

PHILIPS
Could be. We shall have to
wait and see if forensics come
up with anything.
(pause)
Anyway - you were saying.
About the side mirror?

MICA regains her composure.

MICA
Oh, I . . . I don't know. A
week ago. Ten days maybe. I
don't really remember.

PHILIPS
Right. And . . . did you hit
something?

The hunted look returns to MICA's expression.
She turns to officer ATKINS.

ATKINS
It's all right, MICA. It's
just routine questions.
We have to ask about anything
out of the ordinary.

MICA's eyes now show a modicum of her usual
arrogance when faced with authority.

MICA
No. It happened in the . . .
supermarket. It was like that
when I came out. I guess
someone hit it while they were
parking. Probably some old
lady in her Town car.

ATKINS
Like your parents'?

MICA
What?

ATKINS

You mean a Lincoln Town car?
The same kind your parents
drive.

MICA

Yeah. This town's full of
them. Little old ladies
everywhere.

PHILIPS

Must have been a white one,
then.

MICA turns to PHILIPS.

MICA

What? How could you possibly
know what color it was?

PHILIPS

Oh, I had a look just now
before we came in. The back of
the mirror has white paint on
it.

MICA stares at PHILIPS. She looks back to ATKINS.

MICA

Could be. I wouldn't know. I
never noticed that.

PHILIPS picks up the handbag from the table.

PHILIPS

This yours?

MICA looks at him.

MICA

No. It's . . . was my mom's.

More tears roll down MICA's face. She dabs at them
with a tissue.

Officer PHILIPS opens the handbag. He withdraws a
purse, opens it.

PHILIPS

She left her I.D. behind. Is
that usual?

MICA watches PHILIPS as he flips through the
purse.

MICA

No. Not really. I guess she
just forgot. They left a note
for me. Said they'd gone to
get---

She drops her face into her hands and sobs.
Officer ATKINS rubs her back to console her.

ATKINS
It's okay, honey. Everything
will be all right.

ATKINS looks up at PHILIPS and nods.
He returns a wan smile.

PHILIPS
We had a bit of trouble
tracking you down actually.

MICA looks up. Her cheeks are streaked black from
mascara.

MICA
What . . . what do you mean?

PHILIPS
Well, the license plate on
your parents' car is
registered to an address in
Wisconsin.
(pause)
So is his driver's license.

MICA
Oh, we moved here recently.
About three months ago. I
guess he just never changed
it.

PHILIPS waits patiently in case MICA wants to add
anything else.

MICA watches PHILIPS. She frowns and then looks at
ATKINS.

MICA
So . . . how did you find me,
then?

ATKINS and PHILIPS exchange glances.

ATKINS
Well, sweetie, as we said,
your dad passed away en route
to the hospital . . . but he
was semi-conscious and did
manage to say a few words.

MICA's face lights up a little.

MICA
He did? Really? What did he
say?

ATKINS takes MICA's hand, holds it.

ATKINS
Actually, he said your name.

MICA's eyes widen.

MICA
He did? My dad?

ATKINS nods.

ATKINS
Yes, honey. He said your name
and "at . . . PEPE's . . .
with friends."

MICA's eyes well with tears again. They roll down
both cheeks.

ATKINS
And then he said something
really strange.

MICA frowns at ATKINS.

MICA
Strange? How do you mean,
strange?

ATKINS
Well, according to the EMS
attendant your dad said, "I
saw her. Tell her to keep off
that phone."

MICA's eyes are now fixed on officer ATKINS.

PHILIPS
Have you any idea what he
meant by that?

MICA looks at the phone on the table near the
door.

ATKINS' and PHILIPS' eyes follow hers.

MICA
I . . . I don't know. Maybe
they were going to call?

PHILIPS looks back at MICA. Her face is flushed.

PHILIPS
Yes. That must be it. Except .
. .

MICA waits for him to continue.

PHILIPS
Except . . . if he meant that
phone--

PHILIPS points to the telephone near the door.

PHILIPS
--wouldn't he have said *the*
phone and not *that* phone?

MICA's face clouds in confusion.

MICA
What? What are you talking
about? I don't know what you
mean. What difference does it
make?

PHILIPS waves a dismissive hand.

PHILIPS
Oh, I was just thinking out
loud really. I'm sorry.

ATKINS pats the back of MICA's hand.

ATKINS
Anyway, an officer was sent
over to PEPE's wine bar.

She looks at MICA and smiles.

ATKINS
I used to go there when I was
a teenager.

MICA manages a lopsided smile.

MICA
Really?

ATKINS
Yeah. It was a cool place.
Especially to meet boys.

ATKINS smiles at the memory.

MICA's expression softens.

MICA
It hasn't changed.

ATKINS
Anyway, the officer we sent
over spoke to the doorman.

A trace of fear suddenly crosses MICA's face.

ATKINS
WINSTON. His name is WINSTON.
He said he remembered you.

MICA flushes, looks uncomfortable.

MICA
I bet he did. I was just
having a bit of fun. You know?

ATKINS nods.

ATKINS
Of course I do. I used to
tease the boys myself when I
was your age.

PHILIPS replaces the purse in the handbag.

PHILIPS
WINSTON says he remembers you
because of what you did.

MICA looks up at PHILIPS. She appears confused.

MICA
What I did? I didn't *do*
anything. I just teased him a
bit is all.

PHILIPS shakes his head and smiles.

PHILIPS
No, I don't mean you did
anything wrong. WINSTON was
referring to what you did when
he helped you out of your car.

MICA's brow furrows.

MICA
I still don't understand.
You're not making any sense.

PHILIPS
Well, WINSTON says you applied
some lipstick before you went
into PEPE's.

MICA is incredulous.

MICA
Are you serious? So I put on
some lipstick. So what? I
wanted to look good before I
went in. Is that a crime now?
Putting on lipstick?

PHILIPS waves his hands to waylay a further
outburst.

PHILIPS
No, no. Nothing like that.
Sure you wanted to look good.

ATKINS
A girl's gotta use whatever
she's got.

PHILIPS laughs.

PHILIPS
Yes, and don't yall know just
how to do it, huh?

Officer ATKINS smiles at MICA and winks.

PHILIPS
No, what I was getting at was
how you put on your lipstick.

MICA is confused again. She looks to officer
ATKINS for support.

ATKINS raises her eyebrows and shrugs.

MICA
The way I put it on? It's
lipstick! You just . . . put
it on! It's not rocket
science.

MICA makes to stand up but officer ATKINS gently
presses on her arm. She moves her head as if to
say 'no'.

MICA sighs and leans back in the sofa.

PHILIPS
I wouldn't really know. I do
like watching my wife when she
puts on her lipstick, though.

MICA looks at PHILIPS. Her expression is bland.

PHILIPS
She always uses one of those .
. . what do you call them?
Those little round things that
pop up? With the powder in?

MICA sighs.

MICA
A compact. They have a mirror
inside--

MICA stops abruptly and glares at officer PHILIPS.

PHILIPS smiles, but it lacks warmth.

PHILIPS
Yes! That's it. A compact.
Anyway, my wife says she can't
put on lipstick unless she has
a mirror.

ATKINS shrugs her shoulders again.

ATKINS
I have to admit, I can't
either. I'd end up looking
like Buffo the Clown!

She sniggers.

ATKINS
I'd get lipstick all over the
place.

PHILIPS
My wife says so, too. She has
to use a mirror.

PHILIPS pauses as he watches MICA. MICA stares at
him, her face now a rictus of disbelief.

PHILIPS
WINSTON said you used a
mirror, too.

He watches MICA closely.

PHILIPS
Your car's side mirror.

MICA's face registers fear. She stares at PHILIPS
for a few seconds.

Then she falls over towards officer ATKINS and
buries her face in the officer's shoulder, weeping
uncontrollably.

PHILIPS steps forward.

PHILIPS
ATKINS, I really think we
should continue this
conversation at the station,
don't you?

Officer ATKINS strokes MICA's hair. She looks up
at PHILIPS and nods.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT.

A single police car drives away from the house.
Its blue and red lights cast colors onto the tree-
lined driveway.

EXT. ROAD FM 137 - NIGHT.

Down a steep embankment, police and fire department personnel busy themselves around a car wreck. A white scene-of-crime tent has been erected on the road.

The front of a white Lincoln Town car is folded around a large tree. The windshield is lying on the hood. The vehicle appears otherwise unscathed.

A police officer walks around the car and halts at the driver's door. The wing mirror is flattened against the body of the car. The black plastic backing is streaked with red marks.

He looks up and whistles to an officer at the top of the embankment. The officer turns around.

FIRST OFFICER
Get forensics down here!
I've found something.

INT. SCENE OF CRIME TENT.

Crime investigator BRODY, is hunched over a small table. He examines several fragments of glass that he has tried to reassemble.

A woman, CARMEN, approaches him.

CARMEN
Well, BRODY? Anything yet?

BRODY looks up at her. He smiles broadly

BRODY
Yeah. Piece of cake this one.

He flips over a sliver of broken glass with a pencil.

BRODY
Take a look.

CARMEN looks at the piece of glass. She glances at BRODY and grins.

CARMEN
Lucky dog!

BRODY
Yep. Some days are diamonds.
This piece even has the
manufacturer's serial number
on it. See? Says "Bavarian
Motor Works." Clear as day.
(pause)
Fancy some dinner?

CARMEN looks at the broken glass fragments and then at BRODY. She smiles at him again.

CARMEN
Sure, BRODY. Why not. I reckon
we're all done here.

EXT. FM 137 - OVERHEAD - NIGHT.

A single patrol car, lights flashing, approaches the scene of the car wreck. It does not stop.

Its blue and red lights illuminate the dense trees that line the lonely road.

It disappears from view. The road is in darkness.

FADE OUT.