

THE VIOLETS IN THE MOUNTAINS

a screenplay by

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EXT. NIGHT A DESERT LANDSCAPE

A small sandy area beside low rocky cliffs. Something artificial about it.

Three nineteen year old kids walk amongst rocks and grasses and cow skulls. They are slightly drunk and sweaty in the warm night air. Each carries a can of beer.

JESSICA ELLIOTT, a beautiful punk girl with flaming red hair and a tattoo running up her neck behind her ear. She wears tight ripped jeans, combat boots, and a leather motorcycle jacket.

MICKIE O'BRIEN, a spiky haired punk boy. He is in a sleeveless white t-shirt with a blue circle on the front, jeans and Converse high tops. Tattooes scattered on his arms but not sleeved off.

PAUL MANSON, an all-American looking kid. Short brown hair, t-shirt, jeans. No tattooes.

Mickie crawls through the dirt on his hands and knees. He shouts into a hole in the ground.

MICKIE

Here, doggy! Here, prairie  
pooch! Come out of your  
cupboards, you boys and  
girls!

PAUL

It's dogie. Not doggy. Git  
along little dogies.

MICKIE

No, no, no, man. Dogie.  
That's like, cattle.

Jessica hands Paul a full can of beer.

JESSICA

Drink up, cowboy.

Paul looks at it, looks at her, cracks it open.

PAUL

How do you do that? Where do  
you carry them?

She waves a finger at him.

JESSICA

Ancient Chinese secret.

Mickie sits down in the dirt.

MICKIE

There are no prairie dogs  
here. They're afraid of  
freedom. Smart. Smart little  
things.

They sit down hard and drink in the faux desert among  
the skulls and tumbleweeds.

PAUL

Rain and wind and weather!

ALL OF THEM

(SINGING)

Hell bent for leather!

A prairie dog climbs out of its hole, sniffs the air and  
looks around. It climbs out and scurries across the dirt  
and disappears down another hole.

PAUL

God, I fucking missed you  
guys.

Jessica stands up and comes over to him.

JESSICA

Aw. He loves us, Mick. Isn't  
that sweet?

She kisses him on the cheek and sits between them.

JESSICA

We love you too, frat boy.

PAUL

Hey, I was never in a frat.

MICKIE

So, what did you do for kicks  
in Indiana?

Paul drains his can of beer. Jessica hands him a full  
one.

PAUL

For kicks I lost my marbles.  
And then, for more fun, I got  
myself locked up in the psych  
ward. Or didn't you hear?

They look at him.

JESSICA

We heard some stuff, but...  
well, I mean...what happened,  
Paulie?

CLOSE ON PAUL

He drinks, wipes his mouth. He winces.

PAUL

I... I'll tell you guys some  
other time.

Paul takes a breath.

PAUL

Jesus, I mean it's  
embarrassing. I really lost  
it.

Jessica puts a hand on his arm.

JESSICA

You're okay now, right? You  
seem okay.

PAUL

I think so. I don't know.  
They got me on some  
medication. But I think I  
just needed to come home.

He looks up and looks at them, looks around at the prairie dog enclosure, the dark zoo around them. He smiles.

PAUL

God, I love this shitty town!

Jessica leans over and hugs Paul.

JESSICA

So you're staying in St. Louis forever? We are! We made a pact. In blood.

Mickie stands up and smacks the dust from his jeans.

MICKIE

I thought we came here to liberate some animal.

ON A CONCRETE WALKWAY

Jessica, Mickie and Paul walk beneath tree branches, beside a lake. A peacock struts before them like a majorette. Jessica hangs onto Mickie, kisses his cheek, then grabs Paul and does the same. They drink from their beers and drag on their cigarettes.

AT A POLAR BEAR ENCLOSURE

The three of them stand and look in.

JESSICA

Who lives here?

Mickie reads the placard.

MICKIE

Polar Bear. Let's liberate something smaller. For our first liberation anyway.

Paul climbs up on the wall.

PAUL

You guys stay here. I want to  
see you from inside there.  
Like they do.

He lays down and drops himself into the trench. Jessica  
and Mickie lean over.

MICKIE

Dude man.

JESSICA

Paul! Get out of there!

Paul scurries up the opposite wall and up onto the fake  
rocks.

Jessica and Mickie wave and beckon to him to get down  
and come back.

PAUL

Ha! To a bear you guys are  
the monkeys!

A large, white shape moves out of the shadows behind  
Paul as he stands there laughing.

Jessica and Mickie go silent and still. She covers her  
mouth with her hand. Mickie points to a spot behind  
Paul.

Paul turns slowly. The bear lumbers out of the shadows.

Paul runs, slips and falls down into the trench. Mickie  
and Jessica lean over and reach for him. The bear walks  
towards them.

Paul clammers out of the trench, over the wall. He is  
bleeding.

PAUL

Jesus Christ! I thought they  
put them away at night!

The bear walks to the lip of the trench, lies down and  
rolls over like a dog.

Mickie puts an arm around Paul's shoulders.

MICKIE

Hey, Jesse. Here's our  
liberated animal.

EXT. EXTERIOR ZOO WALL-NIGHT

Jessica drops down from the wall laughing. She rolls and stands up.

A light shines on her. She stops laughing. Mickie comes down next, then Paul.

The light moves from Jesse to Mickie and Paul.

Jesse takes off running. The light follows her. BILLY COBB, a young cop, takes off after her.

BILLY COBB

Hey! Stop!

An OLDER COP shines the light back on Mickie.

OLDER COP

Just stay right there,  
asshole.

He shines the light on Paul.

OLDER COP

You too, asshole.

DOWN THE ROAD

Jesse runs off the road into the grass. She is sprinting but she's wearing heavy boots and Billy is right behind her. He lunges and grabs her and they crash into the dirt.

AT THE CAR

Mickie and Paul stand beside the police car with the older cop watching them. They are sweaty and slightly drunk. Billy Cobb pushes Jessica, in handcuffs, towards them. The three of them stand there. Billy looks them over.

BILLY COBB

Wait, I know you guys.  
Paulie, Mickie, and...Jesse.

Jessica laughs.

JESSICA

Billy Cobb. So you're a cop  
now? That figures.

BILLY COBB

It's William. Officer William  
Cobb. And you should never  
run from a policeman. Didn't  
anyone ever tell you that? At  
least not in combat boots.

He and the other cop laugh.

JESSICA

I wasn't running from a  
policeman. I was running away  
from *Billy Cobb*.

Now Mickie and Paul laugh.

OLDER COP

All right, assholes. Let's go  
for a ride.

INT. POLICE STATION-NIGHT

Mickie sits on a bench in a holding cell. Paul paces  
back and forth. A loud voice, that of GUNNAR VON MARSDEN  
comes from down the hallway.

GUNNAR

It's Dakin Williams you  
should be arresting! Not me!  
He's the villain! He's the  
thief! He's the body  
snatching torturer and  
imprisoner! Take your hands  
off me! Constable! Constable!  
What is the charge? What is  
the charge!



Paul and Mickie look at each other. They stand as two cops hustle Gunnar into the holding pen and shut the gate behind him.

GUNNAR

I demand to speak with my solicitor!

A POLICEMAN

Settle down, Mary. Everybody gets their turn.

The cops walk away. Gunnar looks around, takes a seat on the bench across the cell from Mickie. Paul paces.

GUNNAR

Well, it's the only place for a just man in a criminal society, isn't it?

MICKIE

That's the truth.

Gunnar looks them over.

GUNNAR

So, what act of justice were you boys perpetrating?

PAUL

We were just fucking around--

MICKIE

Letting animals out of the zoo.

Gunnar stands up and moves closer to Mickie.

GUNNAR

Oh, that is noble. Smelly, but noble. How many did you let out?

Mickie points at Paul.

MICKIE

Just one.

Paul sits down on the bench.

PAUL

So they got you confused with  
this Williams guy?

GUNNAR

What? No, no. Not confused.  
It's just that the man has  
the law on his side. And the  
law is on the wrong side.

They sit.

MICKIE

So, what happened?

GUNNAR

Well...

FLASHBACK:

EXT. CITY STREET-DAY

It is a sunny day. There is a temporary platform erected on the sidewalk, with a podium and microphone on it, and behind them a row of chairs with local DIGNITARIES seated on them. A small CROWD is gathered in front of the platform. A bearded man, JOHN LEWIS, stands at the microphone.

JOHN LEWIS

Mayor Edwards, fellow  
citizens, friends, partners,  
it's been a long road, but  
here we are. The Saint Louis  
Walk of Fame is a reality!

He pauses while the crowd applauds.

JOHN LEWIS (CONT.)

From this day forward, as visitors and residents walk along these sidewalks, they will be reminded of, perhaps introduced to, St. Louisans who have each excelled in their field of endeavor and had a lasting impact on our national character. Today we honor our first round of inductees, who now have their names and their stories permanently embedded in the physical body of our city. They are: Chuck Berry; T.S. Eliot; Scott Joplin; Charles Lindbergh; Katherine Dunham; Tennessee Williams; Stan Musial; Miles Davis; Vincent Price; and William S. Burroughs.

Pause for applause.

JOHN LEWIS (CONT.)

And now I am pleased to introduce Dakin Williams. Dakin is, as you know, the brother of the late Tennessee Williams, the great playwright and poet. Dakin?

DAKIN WILLIAMS stands from his chair and takes the podium.

DAKIN

John, Mayor Edwards, thank you so much. I can't claim to speak for my big brother, but I must express my humble and profound gratitude--

Gunnar Von Marsden pushes through from the back of the crowd.

GUNNAR (SHOUTING)

Why is Tennessee Williams  
buried in Calvary Cemetery,  
Dakin? Why was he not buried  
at sea as he requested?

The crowd turns and looks at Gunnar, who stands on a low  
brick wall and waves a sheaf of papers in the air.

GUNNAR (CONT.)

I hold in my hand a copy of  
the codicil to Tennessee  
Williams last will and  
testament! It states that he  
desires to be buried at sea!  
Tell us why you have ignored  
your brother's explicitly  
expressed wishes! You are a  
lawyer, Dakin! Tell us why  
you get to pick and choose  
which documents to ignore!

DAKIN

Sir, these are private family  
matters and you simply have--

John Lewis says some words to someone behind him.  
Several policemen move through the crowd towards Gunnar.  
He sees them.

GUNNAR

Liar! Thief! Torturer and  
imprisoner! You dragged that  
poor man back to this place  
and stuck him in the ground!  
A ground he hated! A place he  
despised! Why, Dakin? Why are  
you so determined to kill him  
all over again?

Dakin Williams, at the podium, turns red and leans into  
the microphone.

DAKIN

If anything killed my brother, sir, it was the abuse and neglect he suffered while in the company of hangers-on, leeches, perverts and drug addicts like you who latched on to him and sucked the life from him!

Gunnar leaps from the wall and rushes the stage.

GUNNAR

I am NOT a hanger-on!

He jumps up onto the stage and attacks Dakin.

CUT BACK  
TO:

THE HOLDING CELL

Mickie and Paul sit and look at Gunnar, who smokes a cigarette.

PAUL

Is that for real?

GUNNAR

That's exactly what happened. Well, more or less. Pretty much. Maybe. Mostly. I mean, there's some truth in it. Somewhere.

PAUL

I mean about Tennessee Williams. He really wanted to be--

Gunnar nods.

GUNNAR

Sewn up in a clean white sack and dropped overboard twelve hours north of Havana. His own words. In a codicil to his last will and testament.

Mickie shakes his head.

MICKIE

But they buried him here  
instead.

GUNNAR

At Calvary Cemetery in St.  
Louis, Missouri on February  
18, 1983. And he lies there  
yet.

MICKIE

That's just so...

PAUL

Wrong.

AT A GRAY HAIRE D POLICEMAN'S DESK

Jessica sits on a metal chair. Mud and leaves are stuck  
in her bright red hair.

A GRAY-HAIRE D POLICEMAN sits at a desk. He feeds a sheet  
of paper, a report form, into an electric typewriter. He  
types, pecking at the keyboard with his two index  
fingers, as he talks.

GRAY-HAIRE D  
POLICEMAN

Wednesday... May  
eighteenth... nineteen eighty  
nine. Your name.

JESSICA

Imelda Marcos. That's spelled  
I, M.

He looks at her. He shakes his head.

Jessica looks down and sighs long and loud.

JESSICA

Jessica. Elliott.

The policeman smiles at her. He types.

Billy Cobb walks by.

BILLY COBB

Hey, Jesse, are you still  
working at Santoro's?

JESSICA

Yeah, sure.

BILLY

I'll come in and see you. We  
should catch up.

She smiles and rolls her eyes.

JESSICA

Yeah, okay. Whatever.

GRAY-HAIRED

POLICEMAN

Okay, scram "Billy."

IN THE WOMEN'S SECTION

Jessica sits on a bench beside a scrawny woman.

A voice calls out.

POLICEWOMAN'S VOICE

Jessica Elliott! Your father  
is here for you.

JESSICA

Fuck.

IN THE LOBBY OF THE POLICE STATION

DR. ELLIOTT, a tweedy professor type, but also something  
of an aging hippie, stands in the center of the room.

A LARGE, SWEATY MAN lurches up from a plastic chair and  
stumbles towards him.

Dr. Elliott runs and huddles in a corner. The sweaty man  
vomits onto the floor.

A buzzer sounds and a door opens. Jessica walks through  
the door into the lobby.

DR. ELLIOTT

Jessica!

He runs to her.

DR. ELLIOTT

Let's go.

He pushes her towards the door. She shakes off his hand.

JESSICA

Can we wait for Mickie? He's  
still in there, I think.

Dr. Elliott walks to the door.

DR. ELLIOTT

No, we can't. I'm going. Come  
if you want a ride. Your  
decision.

She follows him.

IN THE MEN'S HOLDING CELL

A voice calls out.

POLICEMAN'S VOICE

Paul Manson! The big man is  
here for you.

PAUL

Fuck.

EXT. POLICE STATION DOORS-NIGHT

A great big man, JOHN MANSON, Paul's father, bursts from the station wearing a lightweight topcoat over his pajamas. He barrels down the steps. A Cadillac sits at the curb with its hazard lights flashing.

Paul hurries down the steps behind him and gets in the car. The car pulls away screeching before he has the door closed.



INT. CADILLAC FRONT SEAT-NIGHT

John Manson steers lightly and speeds through the city streets.

MR. MANSON

So this is more of your debilitating anxiety I guess? Breaking into the zoo with your deviant friends? You might have your mother hoodwinked on this anxiety shit, but I'm not buying it. It's just another name for chicken shit. Hell, I know it's hard. Everything's hard. But you can't run away from it. You have to get up, stick out your chest and say, fuck it! I'm going in! Death or Glory!

Mr. Manson drives through the city.

MR. MANSON

Sure, Jesus, fuck, who hasn't broken into the damned zoo? Get drunk. Get laid. Nothing wrong with it. I hope it was worth it, Paul. You just paid for that little adventure by giving up that car for a week.

Paul looks at him.

PAUL

But that's *my* car!

MR. MANSON

Your car parked in front of *my* house where *your* ass sleeps every night!

They drive.

MR. MANSON

Why do you hang around these degenerates? I don't understand it. They're going nowhere, Paul. Nowhere. Are they in school? Did they even apply? Couple of losers. Dressed up like damned Indians.

Paul stares out the window. His father sighs.

MR. MANSON

I'm only trying to help you, you know. Follow through, Paul. That's the thing. Follow through. You started college. You've got to finish it. Without college, you're just, well, you're doomed. You're fucked. It's true. What can you do? Shovel shit. Look at all those power tools out there where you're sleeping. What did your grandpa ever do with them? Barely survived, that's what. Half the stuff he made he never got paid for. No follow through. No education. Died in a house half the size of my garage.

Mr. Manson looks at his watch.

MR. MANSON

Fucking hell.

He pulls a flask from his topcoat, twists it open, takes a pull, hands it across the wide seat to Paul.

MR. MANSON

Come on, you're going to be all right. Cheers.

Paul takes the flask, drinks from it, holds the liquor down, hands the flask back to his father.

PAUL

Cheers.

MR. MANSON

Jesus Christ, the fucking  
zoo.

INT. MICKIE'S MOM'S CAR-NIGHT

Mickie's mother, MARGARET O'BRIEN, drives. Perry Como is singing on the car radio. Mickie slouches in the passenger seat. His mother looks over at him, frowns, keeps driving.

MICKIE'S MOM

You know what I don't  
understand, Michael?

Mickie says nothing. They sit in the car.

MICKIE

Everything?

Mickie's mom smiles and shakes her head.

MICKIE'S MOM

I don't understand why you  
and that Jessica don't settle  
down. I know she loves you. I  
can see it. I know about  
these things.

Mickie sighs.

MICKIE

You really don't understand  
it?

MICKIE'S MOM

No, I really don't.

MICKIE

Well, I'll say this, Mom. If  
I ever could bring myself, by  
some miracle, to f-- to be  
physically intimate with a  
woman, Jesse'd probably be  
the one.

Mickie's mom turns her head abruptly. She frowns, then chuckles.

MICKIE'S MOM  
My Michael. Always kidding  
around.

IN FRONT OF MICKIE AND JESSICA'S APARTMENT

Mickie's mom pulls the car up to the curb. Mickie gets out of the car. He leans back into the window.

MICKIE  
So, can you drive me to get  
the wagon out of the impound  
tomorrow?

His mom nods.

MICKIE'S MOM  
Sure, sure.

MICKIE  
Thanks, Mom. I'll pay you  
back when I... well, soon.

Mickie's mom shakes her head and waves him off. Mickie walks to the building.

MICKIE'S MOM  
Think about what I said,  
Michael! Jessica would make a  
good wife! I know about these  
things!

EXT. MANSON HOUSE-NIGHT

The Cadillac pulls into the circle drive. Mr. Manson gets out and walks to the front door.

Paul gets out and walks around the back of the house.

IN THE BACK YARD

Paul walks to a garage at the back of the yard, takes a key from his pocket and opens a door.

INT. GARAGE-NIGHT

Paul flips on a light and a garage is lit with a harsh glow. There is a twin bed in a corner, a dresser and an all-in-one stereo system on a table. In the rest of the garage there are many large shapes under plastic covers.

Paul takes off his shoes and lies down on the bed. He turns on the tv.

INSERT: Television: An ANCHORMAN sits at a wood paneled desk. As he speaks, the scenes he describes play on the tv.

ANCHORMAN

Hungary on Tuesday began cutting down the barbed-wire fence and alarm system that divides it from Austria, removing one more barrier between this increasingly liberal socialist country and the West.

A crowd in this border town watched as bulldozers removed one of the concrete pylons that hold up the winding, 8-foot high fence. Rusted barbed wire lay in bundles nearby.

Hungary says it expects to have all the fencing, which has a built-in electronic alarm system, torn down by Dec. 1, 1990.

Hungary said last year it would remove the fence it built 40 years ago because of fewer travel restrictions, a desire for closer ties with Austria and the cost of maintaining a barrier that has become obsolete.

The event marks the "closing of an era" in Hungary's relations with the West, said Andras Koevari of the Interior Ministry.

"Hungarian glasnost has many faces, and one of them is the word passport which moved Hungary closer to Western Europe," Koevari said.

Paul turns off the tv. He gets up and puts his shoes on. He walks to the carriage house door.

#### A STREET IN A SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD-NIGHT

Paul walks down the middle of the deserted street under the streetlights.

#### A HILL OVERLOOKING A FREEWAY

Paul sits down on the grass and hugs his knees and watches the bright cars roar by in the dark.

#### BACK IN THE GARAGE-DAWN

Paul lets himself back in. He turns off the lamp. Sunlight comes through a grimy window. He takes off his shoes and lies down in the bed and closes his eyes. His alarm clock goes off.

#### EXT. RESIDENTIAL BLOCK-DAY

The old brick houses have bars on the windows, heavy iron gates across the doors. Very few trees. Lots of oil stains on the street.

Paul stands on the sidewalk and hoists a camera up in front of his face. He snaps a picture.

#### INSERT

Still images:

Cardboard taped over broken window panes.

Gutters held up by wire.

Two foot tall grass.

Car tires piled in a corner of the yard.

ANGRY WOMAN (V.O.)

What the hell do you think  
you're doin'? Get off my  
property right now, boy!

BACK TO STREET SCENE

A very skinny WOMAN is running down the porch steps of a house. She is carrying a large purse and has one hand in it.

ANGRY WOMAN

You want to find out what I'm  
holdin'? You want to find  
out? Stay around here takin'  
pictures and you'll find out  
quick!

Paul backs up.

PAUL

I'm not on your property,  
ma'am. What I'm doing is  
perfectly legal. According to  
the University City Municipal  
Code, a city code compliance  
officer may take photographs  
of a property in non-  
compliance with building  
codes.

The woman stands on her front walk.

ANGRY WOMAN

I got your building code  
right here in this bag! You  
want to see it? You like  
Dirty Harry movies? You're  
about to be in one for real!  
I'm Dirty Mary! Keep taking  
pictures! Take another  
picture, damn you!

Paul walks away.

He runs down the block to a waiting car. The door opens  
as he approaches. He gets in and the car drives off.

IN THE CAR, MOVING

A large man, STACY HIGGINBOTHAM, drives the car down  
potholed streets between dilapidated brick houses.  
CHILDREN mill around on porches. Lone MEN stumble along  
the sidewalks. The city is in a state of decay, of rot.

Paul watches through the window. He raises his finger as  
if to start speaking, says nothing, covers his mouth  
with his hand, watches.

A LARGE GRAVEL PARKING LOT

The car pulls in and parks. There are other cars here  
and there. Mostly SINGLE MEN in the cars, some eating  
sandwiches.

IN THE CAR

Stacy takes a hit from a joint and passes it to Paul.

PAUL

You think she really had a  
gun?

Stacy thinks for a moment. Paul drags, holds the smoke  
in his lungs.

STACY

Dirty Mary? Most definitely.



He laughs.

STACY

Man, I hope she never fixes  
that damn house.

Paul explodes in a laughing and coughing fit.

OUTSIDE THE CAR

An airplane roars and shoots over the viewing lot.

Smoke wafts from the cracked windows of the car. On the back of the car is a badge that reads "CODE COMPLIANCE OFFICER."

INT. JESSICA AND MICKIE'S KITCHEN-NIGHT

Paul stands outside on the fire escape and knocks on the door. Jessica runs to the door and opens it, drags him inside and kisses him on the mouth. Paul is sweaty and breathing hard.

JESSICA

Here.

She hands him a beer and opens one herself.

PAUL

So you got out.

JESSICA

Duh.

PAUL

And Mickie?

JESSICA

In here.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Mickie slumps in a chair with a huge fan blowing on him. He sweats through his shirt. All the windows are open to the screens.

MICKIE

Paulie! Crazy night last night, huh? What'd the big man do to you?

PAUL

Took my car.

JESSICA

How'd you get over here?

PAUL

On my bike.

They laugh at him.

Mickie gets up and goes to the turntable and puts on a King Tubby record. Paul and Jessica sit on the couch. They all drink.

PAUL

Did you tell Jesse about Gunnar?

MICKIE

Gunnar! That's it. I had forgotten his name. Gunnar. Pure camp.

PAUL

You think any of what he said true?

Jessica gets up and adjusts the fan.

JESSICA

It's true. I remember my mom telling me the story when it happened. We were driving by the cathedral. It was weird. I got really pissed off about it. Like it was my own family that did it to me. My mom kept saying, they couldn't just let him go. They couldn't let him go. And she told me about when his brother--

PAUL

Dakin.

JESSICA

Yeah, he had him committed at Barnes hospital. Kept him locked up until he turned Christian or something. Man, they really screwed him over.

Mickie drains his beer and gets up from his chair.

MICKIE

Beer?

They both nod. Mickie walks out into the kitchen. Paul and Jessica grab and kiss and paw at each other. They separate before Mickie returns and throws them each a full can of beer.

PAUL

He put a curse on this place. I'm sure of it. I was riding around at work today. This city is like Mad Max or something. It's like a zombie movie. It's cursed. The whole town. You can feel it, when you walk around. It's dead. It's limbo. It's not moving, not living.

They sit and drink.

JESSICA

That's what I love about it. It's sad. Lonesome.

PAUL

Where is Calvary Cemetery, anyway?

Mickie gets up and crosses the room.

MICKIE

Up north in the city. Way up north by the highway.

He brings a city street guide book over and sits between them on the couch.

MICKIE  
Make room, lovebirds.

He flips to a certain page.

INSERT

City street map with Mickie's finger tracing a route north along Kingshighway.

DISSOLVE  
TO:

EXT. CITY STREET-NIGHT

Mickie's station wagon cruises along the street. Arms and hands holding cigarettes dangle from the windows.

AT THE CEMETERY WALL

The three of them clamber over a low wall into the cemetery.

IN THE CEMETERY

The three wander around, searching.

AT THE GRAVE

The three stand and look down at the headstone. There is a fresh bouquet of flowers lying beside the stone.

INSERT

Tennessee William's headstone:

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

1911 - 1983

POET

PLAYWRIGHT

The violets in the mountains  
have broken the rocks!

ON THE THREE OF THEM

JESSICA

We have to dig him up.

MICKIE

Get him out of here.

PAUL

Bury him at sea.

JESSICA

I'm serious.

Mickie looks around.

PAUL

Me too.

Mickie moves away from them.

MICKIE

Okay, but let's get out of  
here alive first, okay,  
chickadees? I want to get my  
car--

PAUL AND JESSICA

--out of this bad area.