

FALLING WATERS

Written by  
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FADE IN:

INT. CADY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

CADY (17) dark haired, tomboyish, looks down the barrel of a 1939 LUGER, antique, mint condition. She's in her bra and panties.

CADY  
Halt deine Fresse!  
halt deine Fresse!

She's aiming at JASON (24), tatted and slim, already balding, and shirtless in Cady's pink comforter bed.

JASON  
(charmed)  
That German?

CADY  
Ja.

Cady swings the gun around -- arms straight, aiming at things around her room: Cheerleading trophies and framed Academic awards. She shoots them down.

CADY  
Pow. Pow.

JASON  
You look sexy as hell.

Cady jumps into bed, kisses him.

CADY  
How much did he say again?

JASON  
Three grand.

CADY  
Oh baby. I can't wait. I can't  
fricken wait.

He runs his hand through her hair.

JASON  
Only a few more weeks.

Cady lays on his chest, holding the Luger like a baby.

CADY

As soon as we get there I wanna get one of those street hotdogs. You know what I mean?

JASON

The ones that float in that clear liquid. Sure I do.

Jason takes the Luger from her and aims it at the ceiling.

CADY

I'm gonna get everything on it. And then I wanna find the tallest building and climb all the way to the top. We can see everything from up there.

On the ceiling is a poster of generic city scape. Jason aims...

JASON

Pow.

EXT. CADY'S HOUSE - SAME

Cady's home is part of a Midwest subdivision. Two-story homes, two car garages, sprinkler fed lawns, and marigold gardens.

A police cruiser comes down the road...

Turns into Cady's house. Parks.

A POLICE OFFICER steps out. Goes to the front door.

INT. CADY'S BEDROOM - SAME

Cady has a Polaroid camera. Jason poses with the gun from his prone position. She hits the shutter...

The camera spits out a picture. Downstairs, the front door opens.

DAD (O.S.)

Cady? I'm home!

CADY

Shit.

Jason and Cady scurry to put their clothes on.

INT. KITCHEN - CADY'S HOUSE - SAME

Cady's DAD (42) is in his police uniform -- Buzzed hair, husky, arrogance in his strut -- undoes his belt, sets his gear on the table. Opens the fridge and cracks a cold one.

DAD

Where's your mother?! I'm hungry.

INT. HALLWAY UPSTAIRS - CADY'S HOUSE - SAME

Cady and Jason come out of Cady's room clothed. Cady has the gun.

CADY

I think she's shopping!

Cady and Jason tiptoe down the hallway into the study.

INT. STUDY - CADY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Cady and Jason come in. Cady opens the window. They kiss and Jason slips out.

EXT. BACKYARD - CADY'S HOUSE - SAME

Jason jumps out the window, two stories down, to the lawn.

He takes off running...

INT. STUDY - CADY'S HOUSE - SAME

Cady watches him sprint into the woods behind her house. She quietly shuts the window.

She turns to a glass display case filled with military collectibles -- knives, guns, helmets, old photos. She places the Luger inside -- front and center.

INT. DINNER TABLE - CADY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cady's Dad and MOM (38) are at the table eating pork chops. The MOM, heavy eye liner, french manicured nails, licks her finger to turn the page on a magazine. Cady texts on her cell phone.

DAD

Is anyone going to ask me about my day?

Neither of them look up.

MOM  
How was your day, honey?

DAD  
Stuck in the office all day writing  
up the report from last night's bad  
car accident

MOM  
How tragic.

CADY  
Did someone die?

The Dad nods.

MOM  
Oh look, Cady.

She turns the magazine to her -- showing her a crafty table  
center piece made of sticks and wildflowers.

MOM (CONT'D)  
We can do these for the tables, and  
then people can take them home,  
yeah?

CADY  
I don't care, Mom. Dad? What was  
their name?

DAD  
Theodore Bell. You know him?

Cady shakes her head.

MOM  
Oh I love this fortune cookie idea!  
How cute.

EXT. COUNTRY DIRT ROAD - DAY

Nothing but woods and cornfields.

Cady looks down the view-finder of a Polaroid camera. She  
hits the shutter - SNAP -- the camera spits out a picture.

In front of her, in a ditch, is a makeshift cross with  
flowers and empty beer cans. The name on the cross: Teddy  
Bell

BRIAN (17) is on his Huffy bike with pegs, waiting for Cady. A backpack slung over his back -- he's stocky, dorkish with glasses and uneven facial hair.

A RED 1998 MUSTANG speeds around the corner, spitting gravel. ROCK MUSIC blaring, it zooms past...

BRIAN  
Slow down jerk!

Cady puts her camera in her backpack. Gets on her pink bike. They ride off.

EXT. FALLING WATERS TRAIL - COUNTRY DIRT ROAD - DAY

Brian and Cady bike into a small empty parking lot off the road. A sign reads: FALLING WATERS NATURE TRAIL

EXT. WOODS - FALLING WATER TRAILS - DAY

Behind the treeline, Cady aims down the barrel of the Luger. She squeezes the trigger.

GUNSHOT. Cady starts laughing, exhilarated. Brian uncovers his ears.

BRIAN  
A lot closer than last time.

CADY  
Gosh this feels good! You wanna try?

BRIAN  
Won't your dad notice if we use all his bullets?

CADY  
Come on. Give it spin.

BRIAN  
I'm worried people are going to call the cops.

CADY  
There's no one out here to call the cops.

Cady raises the gun. Closes one eye. She aims at a large oak tree...GUNSHOT. She misses.

INT. STUDY - CADY'S HOUSE - EVENING

Cady comes in, with her backpack. She goes to a glass display case. Pulls out the gun. Sets it back into the glass case.

INT. CADY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Cady reaches under her bed and pulls out a shoebox. She opens it. Inside are dozens of Polaroid shots of grave sites, on the side of roads and in cemeteries.

She takes the Polaroid out of her backpack. Stares into it for a moment. The name: Teddy Bell.

The FRONT DOOR OPENS.

DAD (O.S.)

Cady?!

She tosses it in and slips the box back under her bed.

INT. DINNER TABLE - CADY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cady, her Dad, and her Mom eat chicken breasts for dinner. Cady's on her phone. Her Mom is jotting down a list.

INSERT CADY'S PHONE: On social media, she looks at Teddy Bell's page. Dozens of posts, tags of remembrance; pictures with "RIP". Teddy was grungy with long hair. Stoner type.

DAD

Cady, put your phone away and converse.

CADY

Mom isn't conversing.

MOM

Excuse me, but I'm making the guest list for your party.

The phone RINGS.

Cady's Dad goes to answer it...

MOM

What about Brian? Is he still your friend?

Murmurs of the phone conversation from the other room.

CADY  
Yeah, Mom. Like my only friend.

MOM  
I was just asking. I hadn't seen  
him around much.

Cady's Dad comes back in.

DAD  
They found someone shot dead on the  
Fall Water's trail.

Cady looks up from her phone.

MOM  
That's odd.

DAD  
Probably drug related.

Dad kisses Mom. He grabs his belt and walks out.

CADY  
Can I go to my room?

MOM  
How about eating something?

CADY  
Mom. Please.

Her Mom shakes her head and writes down another name. Cady  
takes her plate and walks off...

EXT. CADY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The garage door opens. Cady, with her backpack, walks her  
pink bike out. She closes the garage door.

She gets on her bike and rides off down the dark suburbia  
street.

EXT. COUNTRY DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

The makeshift gravesite of Teddy Bell. Cady pedals by...

EXT. FALLING WATER TRAILS - NIGHT

She rides through the darkness, woods surrounding her.

She slows. Cady gets off her bike and pulls out her cell phone.

With the flashlight from her cell phone, she scans the cement walking trail...She stops. Her face opens up.

On the cement, is the large stain of blood.

EXT. BACKYARD - BRIAN'S HOUSE - SAME

Cady waits outside a sliding glass door. Brian steps out in a T-shirt and sweats. They whisper.

BRIAN

You okay?

CADY

Was that us, Brian?

BRIAN

Highly unlikely.

CADY

When's the last time anyone has been shot around here?

BRIAN

It couldn't have been us. Almost impossible.

CADY

That was the direction we were shooting.

BRIAN

Where's the gun?

CADY

I have it.

BRIAN

Get rid of it, okay?

CADY

I need it though.

BRIAN

They'll trace the bullet. That's a rare gun, Cady.

CADY

I thought you said it wasn't us.

BRIAN  
Just in case.

CADY  
Listen, I'm here to say goodbye.

BRIAN  
What are you talking about? I  
thought you said after graduation?

CADY  
Jason is ready to go. And I am too.

BRIAN  
Do you even trust this guy?

CADY  
Of course I do.  
I'm in love with him, okay?

Brian depletes.

BRIAN  
Right. I forgot.

CADY  
There's more to life than marigold  
gardens and going to T-ball games.

BRIAN  
I'm well aware, Cady.

CADY  
Everyone is just waiting to die  
around here. I refuse to be just  
some nobody dead in a ditch on some  
dirt road.

BRIAN  
You don't have to be.

CADY  
I'll call you when we get there,  
okay? Just promise not to tell my  
parents.

BRIAN  
Okay.

She hugs him.

CADY  
Say promise.

BRIAN  
I promise.

CADY  
I'll miss you.

She smiles softly and heads back around the house. Brian watches her go.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Reflecting light makes the water look blue. Cady rides up.

She reaches into her backpack and pulls out the Luger. With all her might, she tosses it into the water.

EXT. GRAVEL PIT - NIGHT

Cady sits next to her bike. In her hand she twiddles one half of a HEART SHAPED KEYCHAIN.

A truck pulls up, headlights blind us. She stands. The truck parks. Jason steps out.

JASON  
Hey baby. All packed and ready to go.

He mauls her with a kiss.

CADY  
Listen, Jason. I couldn't get the gun.

JASON  
What?!

CADY  
I know.

JASON  
What happened?

CADY  
I don't know. He must have moved it!

JASON  
I told him we were on our way with it. He's got the cash!

CADY  
 Why can't we just not show up, ya  
 know? And just leave anyways.

JASON  
 You got another three grand laying  
 around? Uh?

Jason kicks the dirt.

JASON  
 I wanna get outta this town as much  
 as you do, but the big city is  
 expensive. Shit!

CADY  
 I know. I know. I'm sorry.

Jason heads to his truck.

CADY  
 Wait! Where are you going?

Jason stops. Turns to her.

JASON  
 You want get out of this town  
 tonight?

CADY  
 I have to.

JASON  
 Then, come on.

He gets into the truck.

I/E. MOVING TRUCK - COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Jason keeps his eyes steady on the road. The country road is  
 dark and empty.

Cady eyes Jason's keys dangling from the ignition: the other  
 half of the heart keychain.

She checks the rear view mirror. Her pink bike is the back.

EXT. DIGG'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The truck backs into the driveway of a rundown trailer with  
 no neighbors. A Confederate flag waves from the porch.

A Rottweiler BARKS from a chain near a rundown shed. A Red Mustang parked nearby.

INT. JASON'S PARKED TRUCK - SAME

JASON  
Stay close to the door, okay?

CADY  
Can I just stay in the car?

JASON  
I need you in there with me, baby.  
Moral support. And to distract him.

He pulls her in and kisses her. Jason gets out. Cady follows.

EXT. DIGG'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

DIGG (31) opens the door. Jason and Cady come out of the truck. The dog BARKS and BARKS.

DIGG  
Viper shut the fuck up!  
Yo, watch your steps, the whole  
lawn is peppered with shit mines.

Digg is a skinny shirtless white guy. He has one very long dreadlock in his dirty hair. Missing teeth and Fox racing tattoo on his arm. He uses crutches, one leg is in a cast.

Jason and Cady reach the front door.

JASON  
How you doing, Digg?

DIGG  
Why'd you back in?

JASON  
Easier to pull out.  
Can we come in?

DIGG  
(re: Cady)  
Who's this?

JASON  
Cady.

DIGG  
Is that yo bike little girl?

CADY

Yeah.

DIGG

That's a dope bike.

He scans her with his glassy eyes.

DIGG

Come on in y'all.

INT. DIGG'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Mountain dew bottles, empty whiskey fifths and a very large bong on the table. The large flatscreen TV is the nicest thing in the place.

Digg sits down at his kitchen table. Jason sits across from him. There's a GLOCK near an overstuffed ashtray. Cady stands near the door.

DIGG

You got that rare German piece?

JASON

Sorry to hear about Teddy.

DIGG

Fuck Teddy Bell, that junkie almost killed us both.

Digg looks at Cady.

DIGG

Why she look so nervous?

(to Cady)

Come on baby girl, sit down.

Cady crosses her arms, looks down.

JASON

Listen Digg, I know you've got to be having problems with your leg and all. Keeping you home and not out there selling. Well, I was thinking I can work for you. Someone has to fill in for Teddy, right?

DIGG

Don't you worry about my leg, it's my leg, man.

JASON

But I'm just saying, set me up,  
man. I can carry some weight.

DIGG

You come here to sell me a gun or  
apply for a job?

Digg reaches across the table for an ashtray. Lights a  
cigarette. Jason eyes the Glock, turns to Cady.

JASON

I'm just saying, man.

DIGG

Well stop just saying, man.

Cady keeps her head down. Digg stops, smells the air.

DIGG

Someone shit? Check your shoes!

Jason looks at the bottom of his shoes.

JASON

Damnit.

DIGG

Get that shit cleaned up, man.  
Damn.

JASON

Be right back. Sorry.

DIGG

Hurry up, stinky. I'm sleepy.

Jason moves to the back of the trailer towards the bathroom.  
Digg hits his smoke and looks Cady up and down.

She avoids eye contact. Jason checks Digg before slipping  
into a bedroom, closing the door behind him.

DIGG

You from around here?

Cady nods.

DIGG

Hard to believe. You look like a  
Hollywood girl or something.

INT. BEDROOM - DIGG'S HOUSE - SAME

A two litter of piss next to the bed. Laundry strewn about. No sheets on the stained mattress.

Jason reaches between the mattress, feels around, pulls out a dildo. Disgusted, he tosses it aside.

He goes to the bedside table. Opens a drawer, nothing but a Bible. He looks around the room, sees the closet.

Goes and reaches up, feels...pulls down a nine millimeter handgun. He checks the magazine: loaded.

JASON

Hell yeah.

He hides the gun in his belt.

He grabs a sheet from the closet floor, revealing a suitcase. He wipes the bottom of his shoe on the sheet. Tosses it aside. Looks down, notices the suitcase.

He unzips it. Inside is a buttload of cash.

KITCHEN - DIGG'S HOME - SAME

Digg blows smoke rings.

DIGG

It's all in the tongue. You see? I can do a whole lot with my tongue. A whole lot. I can hum the whole alphabet.

He smirks that greasy smile. Cady recoils -- then looks up, past Digg. Her face opens up.

Digg whips around.

Jason stands there, the gun trained on Digg. The suitcase in hand.

DIGG

You stinky mo fucker. What the hell?!

CADY

Jason, what are you doing?! This wasn't the plan!

DIGG

Plan?

Digg stands up. Jason puts the gun to Digg's forehead.

JASON  
Don't move!

DIGG  
Chill, alright? I gotta get blood  
flow to my leg, or shit will get  
cut off.

JASON  
Cady, grab the gun.

CADY  
Jason. Please! Don't do this.

JASON  
Grab the god damn gun Cady!

Cady scurries over and grabs the Glock from the table. Goes  
back by the doorway.

Digg hits his smoke, nearing the end of it.

JASON  
Aim it at him!

Cady raises the gun, her hands visibly shake.

DIGG  
Looks like you brought a little  
girl to a big boy party bro.

JASON  
Shut up!

Jason goes for his keys in his pocket...

JASON  
Cady, listen to me, I want you to  
take these keys and start the  
truck.

The keys get stuck on his jeans...

CADY  
What?

JASON  
Start the truck, okay?  
(at his keys)  
Mother fucker!

The half heart keychain his lodged in Jason's jeans. Stuck. He struggles.

Digg takes on last drag of his smoke, exhales it, goes for the ashtray stubbing it out. Jason RIPS the keys out of his pants. Digg grabs the ashtray -- slams Jason's face.

A cloud of cigarette ash hangs in the air. Jason stumbles, FIRES. Cady dunks -- the bullet hits the wall inches away from her.

Digg grabs Jason's arm and bites into his wrist, blood seeps through his teeth. Jason screams.

JASON

Shoot him! Shoot him!

Cady FIRES. Misses and hits the microwave.

Digg pulls the gun from Jason and fires THREE into him. He drops dead.

Digg looks at Cady, blood dripping down his chin. Cady has the gun pointing right at him, shaking. Digg aims at Cady, pulls the trigger. CLICK.

DIGG

What the FUCK, man!

He pulls the trigger again. CLICK. CLICK. Empty.

DIGG

Well shit. That's on me.

He sits down. Catches his breath. Wipes the blood from his mouth. Cady aims down the barrel, shaking.

DIGG

Now, what you going to do with that?

CADY

I've killed someone before.

Digg smirks.

DIGG

You ain't in Kansas anymore little Dorthy.

Cady backs up. Decides. She goes into a full sprint, out the door. Digg relaxes. He looks at Jason's dead body.

DIGG  
My leg is just fine. It's my leg!

EXT. DIGG'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cady scrambles to get her bike out of the back of the truck. Gun in hand. She gets it to the ground and pedals off.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

She rides up.

With all her might, she tosses the gun into the water. She picks up her bike and tosses that too.

INT. CADY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The shoe box of Polaroids is open. Cady has the Polaroid picture of Jason with the gun. She's crying. She puts it into the shoebox with the others.

DAD (O.S.)  
Cady!

Cady pushes the shoebox under the bed. Her Dad barges in.

DAD  
Cady?!

Cady doesn't turn.

CADY  
What, Dad?

DAD  
Where's my Luger?!

Cady looks away, ashamed.

DAD  
What did you do!?

He goes to her. Grabs her by the shoulders and shakes her.

DAD  
Where is it!!

CADY  
I don't know! I don't know.

DAD  
It's that Jason guy isn't it?

Her Dad is about to burst with rage.

DAD  
Cady! Answer me!

CADY  
He stole my bike too.

DAD  
You dumb...I warned you he was  
trouble! That son of a bitch.

He huffs and puffs. He storms out.

DAD (O.S.)  
Where's your mom at?  
Honey?! We've been robbed!

EXT. FRONT YARD - CADY'S HOUSE - DAY (MONTHS LATER)

Cars pack the driveway. They line down the street. A homemade sign in the front yard reads: CADY'S GRADUATION PARTY.

EXT. BACKYARD - CADY'S HOUSE - DAY

MUSIC plays from a stereo. RELATIVES and FRIENDS gather underneath a party tent. A buffet of food. Two kegs in the corner. Kids run around.

Cady gives hugs, takes cards, and forces smiles.

EXT. FRONT YARD - CADY'S HOUSE - SAME

Cady comes around the house. She looks back to the party.

Cady looks down the street, around her neighborhood. A mini van passes.

Across the street an OLD LADY trims roses in her garden.

TWO KIDS with fishing poles ride by on their bikes.

A MAN in his driveway washes his truck.

Brian rides up on his bike, a bouquet of tulips in hand.

BRIAN  
Why aren't you at your party?

Cady shrugs.

BRIAN

Looks like a good crowd, at least  
you'll be making some good money.

CADY

Won't matter. It's all going to my  
dad.

BRIAN

Right.  
Any word from Jason?

Cady shakes her head.

BRIAN

Well here, I got you these.

He hands her the bouquet. She looks them over.

CADY

Hey, you think you can you give me  
a ride?

EXT. FALLING WATER TRAILS - DAY

Cady, tulips in hand, stands before a make shift memorial: a cross and dying flowers, with a small picture of a MIDDLE AGED MAN, some common Joe with a smile. She sits down next to it.

BRIAN

I'm really sorry, Cady.

CADY

Me too.  
(long beat)  
Hey Brian, you think you can get me  
outta here?

BRIAN

Of course.

She puts her bouquet of tulips next to the memorial. She jumps on Brian's pegs. They ride off.

The memorial, with the tulips.

FADE OUT: