

' MELODIE '

50.

INT. RV - DAY - MORTUARY

Darryl is cuffed to the steering wheel, watching the basketball players play "H-O-R-S-E." His cell phone RINGS. He can reach it, could answer. Doesn't.

Start

EXT. RV - DAY - MORTUARY

Melodie parks the gurney.

MELODIE

My ma passed 2 years ago. It sucked, like, big time. I was blessed by folks that cared. Except Rory -- who proved to be a major a-hole. Where you folks from?

AMELIA

Wyoming.

Amelia opens the door. As Melodie steps up.

MELODIE

I hear that's real awful purty up there.

INT. RV - DAY - MORTUARY

Melodie glances around, spots Darryl.

MELODIE

Howdy there. I'm Melodie Semple.

DARRYL

Welcome aboard, Melodie. I'm Darryl, I'll be your hostage tonight. Hey, seen yourself in that hat?

MELODIE

Ha..? Oh -- I know, Cynthia says it's the gooniest look since nose rings. I mean, our clients are dead -- not like we're gonna contaminate 'em.

DARRYL

If they're dead, how come you're wearin' a stethoscope?

MELODIE

Oh, I know! Cynthia thinks I'm daft, but I just like to make extra special sure. How come you're handcuffed? Are you kids, like, into, you know...

— Refuge —

1/4

MELODIE

51.

DARRYL
Yes, we are, Mel.

AMELIA
Try to be quiet, Mr. Tripp.

DARRYL
(quietly)
How's about you and Cynthia..?

Off Amelia's look, he indicates silence is forthcoming.

Melodie decides not to answer that one anyway. She looks around and sees the heap on the bed in the back.

MELODIE
Is that your dear deceased husband?

Melodie gets close enough to see Jack's state of death. She turns to find herself staring at a gun.

MELODIE (CONT'D)
Hmph.

She looks at Darryl; Darryl nods at her: Yep.

AMELIA
Tell me about cremation, Miss Semple.

MELODIE
Who?...Oh. Uhm, well, right off, the law, you know, requires, like, a death certificate and a doctor's permit plus notarized authorization from the next of kin.

AMELIA
Step outside with me, Miss Semple.

MELODIE
Okey-dokey.

EXT. RV - DAY - MORTUARY

Aside the steps, the door open, Darryl visible.

AMELIA
I'm the next of kin; I authorize you to reduce him to ashes.

MELODIE
Yeah, well, remember how I said about the death certif --

—Refuge—

2/4

' MELODIE '

52.

AMELIA

That's all I can offer.

MELODIE

You're asking me to do something illegal.

Darryl seems to duck; in any event, disappears.

Amelia walks Melodie alongside the RV.

AMELIA

Will this be your first experience with wrongfulness?

MELODIE

Oh, I've done a thing or two I'm not, like, real awful proud of. But I ain't never got officially crossways with the law cuz Lord help me if I was to fault for Daddy losin' his license.

DARRYL (O.C.)

And friend Cynthia would be disappointed in you.

RV STEPS, behind them: DARRYL, cuffed to the dangling steering wheel.

MELODIE

She'd spank the crap outta me.

DARRYL

And that would be good or bad?

AMELIA

Mr. Tripp, what have you done to --

DARRYL

There was a wrench in the console. Didn't wanna be alone. Key. Scout's honor, I stick close.

MELODIE

I was in Girl Scouts, Darryl -- still got my waterproof match holder.

DARRYL

Still got my mess kit; sometimes wear the quart pot as a helmet.

AMELIA

Mr. Tripp....Miss Semple...

— Refuge —

3/A

' MELODIE '

53.

MELODIE

Yes, ma'am.

AMELIA

I see your predicament...

MELODIE

Oh, good.

She unlocks Darryl's cuff as...

AMELIA

...but I hope you see mine.

MELODIE

So I guess the gist of the deal is whose need's greater.

AMELIA

How 'bout I go first.

MELODIE

Okay.

AMELIA

One way or another, the man in there gonna be cremated here, tonight. Mr. Tripp, you mind putting the steering wheel back on the vehicle.

STOP.

Darryl goes back inside the RV.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Where's Cynthia?

MELODIE

Not here till tomorrow P.M.

AMELIA

Your dad asleep?

MELODIE

He's at a mortician's convention in Miami.

AMELIA

So you'll explain you had no choice. I had a gun. You didn't want to get shot. You got things to live for.

MELODIE

Yeah, hmm, I do see but, okay, yeah, like, see, you're askin' me to risk a whole heck of a --

— Refuge —

4/4