

SOUNDS OF HOT-HEAVY BREATHS, SMACKS OF INTENSE KISSING OVER --

FADE IN:

EXT. SULLIVANT AVENUE - OUTSKIRTS OF COLUMBUS, OHIO - DAY

Derelict houses cornered by metal-barred shops, all clustered in the unforgiving mid-December chill.

A NEON SIGN flashes in a corner store: "Welcome to Columbus, OH!"

A lone SEDAN sits idle on the icy street -- the kisses pause:

FAMILY MAN (O.S.)
Ain't you cold wearin' a skimpy
little number like that?

A girlish giggle...

HANNAH (O.S.)
(slight slur)
If Superman had smack, kryptonite
couldn't even hurt him.

INT./EXT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

HANNAH (21, intense beauty eclipsed by track marks and homelessness) is pinned against the passenger's seat by FAMILY MAN (40s, average Midwest white dude):

His one hand reclines her seat, the other slips between her legs and up her skirt --

Shudders of stifled panic ripple through Hannah, yet she yields further to his control. He raises a hand, cups her chin and pulls back:

FAMILY MAN
You're Pocahontas. And I'm your
John Smith.

HANNAH
What th--

Like a lion on a wounded gazelle, HIS HANDS STRANGLE HER OPEN THROAT. Hannah struggles against his heavy force, all air instantly and totally cut off;

She kicks the dashboard, the \$20 falls...she slowly chokes to death:

Her right hand reaches for a CLUTCH OF BELONGINGS wedged between her seat and the door. The hand finds it, manages to PULL OUT A SYRINGE.

Family Man savors her final moments, flecks of spit flinging from his gritted teeth. As it seems Hannah's lost this fight:

SHE STABS THE SYRINGE INTO HIS THROAT. He shrieks as she pulls it out and stabs him again in the cheek.

THE DRIVER'S DOOR FLINGS OPEN, Family Man drops out onto the road covered in dirty treaded snow.

Hannah exits the passenger's, normalizing her breaths. She examines a new tear in her winter coat, looks down at him with renewed fury;

FAMILY MAN
(hands in surrender)
Please. My children.

She RIPS his wallet from his pocket, steals all the money --
As well as the \$20 from the car floor.

HANNAH
(brandishing syringe)
Like every other piece of shit
man...using your kid as an excuse.
Fuck off before I kill you!

He does just that, scuttling into the driver's seat. The sedan PEELS away, speeds off and around the corner.

Beat of Hannah totally alone, abandoned...but still alive. She sways, eyes heavy and lazy. She checks around, the best her doped-up brain can process -- nothing but forsaken town.

She types a message into a BUSTED FLIP PHONE. Then adjusts her jacket, pulls her mini-skirt a little lower over her chattering legs...

And walks back toward downtown.

INT. RETAIL SUPERSTORE - SAME TIME

Aisle of vacuums and small appliances, deserted but for DANNY (early 30s, country boy, in as rough shape as Hannah). He checks his left, then right - *all clear*.

HIS CELL BEEPS: He retrieves it, replies, back into his pocket, then:

Takes a BOXED VACUUM in one arm, and BOXED AIR FRYER in another.

INT. RETAIL SUPERSTORE - ENTRANCE/EXIT - MOMENTS LATER

AUTOMATIC DOORS swing open and shut, pillared on both sides by broken anti-theft sensors.

Danny peers through the doors out to the parking lot. Psyches himself up, then bum-rushes the exit: He passes the cash registers, NO ONE thinks twice.

The automatic doors grow larger, Danny is nearly free when --

POLICE CHIEF ESCANABA (40s, no nonsense, genuine) and her partner OFFICER HATHAWAY (30s, beta-type, dutiful) ENTER, walk oblivious toward Danny.

He cuts 90-degrees on heel, b-lines to:

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Danny locks himself in the last stall, sits on the toilet. His heavy breaths of panic grate against the cheerful Christmas music playing overhead.

DANNY
(muzzled)
Fuck!

SOMEONE ENTERS the bathroom, goes to the stall beside him. Danny stands to exit, when:

The neighboring man's FOOT TAPS INTO VIEW, an invitation... Still not sure, Danny lingers at the door --

THE MAN'S HAND PASSES underneath the stall, palm up, from front to back like a credit card... BEAT.

CRUISING MAN (O.S.)
I got enough for a blow.

DANNY
(thick West Virginian
twang)
I ain't no gay.

The man reaches random money bills under the stall:

CRUISING MAN (O.S.)
Right. Me neither.

Danny considers for a moment, then exits his stall --

Under the metal divider, his legs walk into the adjacent stall, meet the legs of Cruising Man.

Money rustles as:

CRUISING MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
My family's waiting.

Danny's legs lower to kneeling. His hands rest on the tile, holding the wad of bills, as the man widens his stance to the sound of a zipper coming down...

TITLE: GOD OF MY IDOLATRY

INT. GRANDMOTHER RAMSEY'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Black and silent -- DOWNSTAIRS CLANGING rattles the hush. A bedside light switches ON, revealing:

GRANDMOTHER RAMSEY (60s, passive in the most stoic sense) barely awake. She listens, alone and afraid in bed.

MORE CLANGING, this time **more erratic.**

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Hannah is mid-ransacking the entire room in withdrawal-driven hunger. Her entire body a white, clammy sweat ball of shakes.

Gma Ramsey enters, lowers the shotgun she incorrectly holds. Beat as she mourns this animal addiction her Granddaughter has become... Finally:

GMA RAMSEY
What happened to your jacket, sweetheart?

HANNAH
(swinging around)
Slipped in the ice. I need money to fix it.

Gma Ramsey goes to a closet, retrieves her hidden WALLET:

GMA RAMSEY
You promise this'll be just for good things? Nothing naughty?

Hannah *snatches* the wallet from her, empties out all the cash. Then hands it back, but Gma lingers: