

Not Just 7 Days

By

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A true story

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INT. HOUSE-DAY (1)

FRIDAY, JUNE 30 1978

Sunbeams dance around the edges of paper bamboo blinds that cover the window of a living room. Knickknacks and crafts are strewn about, a giant bean bag chair sits idle in the corner opposite a tall wicker chair. A backpack along with a row of plants and pottery line the wall in the entry way. Random shoes, plates, cups and other items clutter the room. Out the front door is a porch made into a Florida Room containing a bed a couple boxes and hanger rack with clothes on it next to a pair of sandals and cowboy boots. On the ceiling hangs a thin red gaussian of Hindu tribal motif creating a soft glow across the room with the light on. A radio alarm clock begins to play *Stairway to Heaven*, when a young man rolls over and slams the box to off.

RICK

Oh, no, no, NO.

Rick Fenner 21, 6"2' tall and thin with a flare of naivete emerges half haggard and unaware in his tighty whities. He beelines for the percolator pops out the basket fills the container with water replaces the basket and fills it with coffee. Rick turns to the fridge and opens it when out of the corner of his eye a giant palmetto bug appears from under the refrigerator and rears up at him as it hisses. He stamps his foot at it when it spreads out large wings takes flight then kamikazes directly at Ricks' face. He barely escapes while he flails about then almost falls over the table, in a frenzy scrambles through the house and out the front door the Palmetto still in pursuit.

EXT. HOUSE-DAY

Down the driveway Rick shatters the morning silence with his vocal retreat. When he stops Rick stands in the middle of Lake Avenue. He turns looks back at the house and with a delayed effect Rick screams.

RICK

(frustrated)

Arghhhhhh! Get away from me!

From across the street in an adjacent 2 story apartment building, a young Black-American student pops his head out his 1st floor apartment window.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN
What happened!

RICK
A giant fucking cockroach just flew
right into my face!

The man in his apartment stares for a long moment.

JOHN
..That's Florida man. Keep it down.
It's too early!

He closes the window. Rick turns and faces the house takes a deep breath and heads in.

INT. HOUSE-DAY

A stack of clothes in his arms Rick crosses from his space in the Florida room porch, he walks into the house and to the bathroom. Behind him the remnants of the attempted coffee remain in the kitchen. Inside Rick clicks on the radio which blares to life with Boz Skaggs *Lowdown*. He places his boots on the ground beside the door, sets his clothes on top of the radiator then pats them to make sure they stay stacked. Rick leans into the shower and turns it on. He wipes the mirror looks at his reflection, seconds later it is replaced with fog. Rick's arm reaches out of the shower grabs his towel then appears from behind the curtain. Again he wipes the mirror and attempts a shave wafting at the steam as he does. Dressed Rick sits on the toilet puts on his boots and pulls them up with finality. He stands and leaves the bathroom, the fog and steam still dense follows behind him. He grabs his keys pocket notebook and tape recorder then makes for the front door of his room as he bursts through with the panache' of a brash young and vibrant person.

INT. CAR-DAY

Rick rides the gentle breeze of the morning in Humphrey, a 1972 Root-beer Brown Mercury Capri 2000cc overhead cam 4 on the floor transmission with bucket seats. Rick passes Florida State University and Sports Stadium then reaches Monroe Street. In the distance the state capitol building, Rick turns in the other direction. He makes his way past Old Fort Park into the zip code of 32301 and pulls off the Street onto an oyster shell driveway leading into the property of Radio Station D-103 W.O.W.D-FM. Tallahassee promptly marked on its pink cinder-block exterior. Adjacent directly to the building sits a three hundred foot radio

(CONTINUED)

transmitter tower for the station at the edge of the parking lot. Rick parks his Capri pushes the door closed with his hips and makes his way into the building.

INT. RADIO STATION

Rick enters the radio station all through the building is heard the first notes of *Back Stabbers* by The O"Jays. Seated at the reception desk the secretary is busy with the switchboard Rick smiles at her.

RICK
Good Morning!

Rick briskly passes through the hallway, he stops at the large office in the corridor and raps on the door that sits open against the wall. Inside is Darrel early 30's medium tone, Black American 6'2, 200 lbs, coiffed and well postured. Darrel finishes a conversation with the engineer just inside the doorway as Rick stands by Darrel holds one large index finger towards him and then bids him enter with a uneasy leer.

DARREL
Rick. Come in.

RICK
Hey man I just wanted to stop in and let you know I'm headed to the Tallahassee Mall to interview the public about the Equal Right's Amendment, for my news cast today.

Darrel looks at Rick a brief moment then sits on his desk across from Rick as he remains standing just inside.

DARREL
Rick do me favor. Do you have some time to talk with me before you go on the air today?

RICK
Yea Sure no problem.

Rick stares at Darrel with a blink then a second as Darrel returns the stare insisently.

DARREL
(exhales)
Okay then.

(CONTINUED)

RICK
Alright! I'm Off..

Rick turns a 180 out of Darrel's office and continues up the corridor past the recording and auxiliary recording booth to the storage closet at the end of the hall. He opens the door that swings on its large hinges to reveal stacks of tapes ready for use, shelves of notebooks, pencils and pens and stingers next to unopened XLR cables. Rick grabs a new notebook, pen and a couple of cassette tapes closes the door turns back around and beelines out the station.

EXT. PARKING LOT-DAY 9:00A.M.

Rick steps out of Humphrey in a white short sleeve dress shirt, black tie, black slacks and brown cowboy boots with worn etching. The tape recorder lifts from the passenger seat as he sets off across the parking lot. He tosses it over his shoulder and scans the lot for incoming cars when he spots a Cadillac. Rick approaches two upscale late 30's early 40's Caucasian women in 1950s designer dress attire, boutique purses in hand. He paces towards them, lifts the recorder, looks down pushes play-record and begins to raise the microphone.

RICK
Hi! I'm Rick Fenner with D103 News.
Would you ladies like to comment on
the upcoming vote in the state
legislature on the Equal Right's
Amendment?

WOMAN
(an aristocratic southern
drawl)
Well, I don't even think there is a
need for an Equal Right's
Amendment. As long as a woman takes
care of the children and remembers
her place in the home everything is
fine.

WOMAN#2
We've done all right without an
Equal Right's Amendment.

They both chuckle in each-others direction then turn and walk off. Rick stands there wavers for a beat shakes his head and scans the lot. He spots another woman this time younger mid 20's with a child in stroller.

(CONTINUED)

RICK

Hi! I'm Rick Fenner with D103 News.
Can I get your thoughts on the
upcoming vote in the state
legislature on the Equal Right's
Amendment?

WOMAN#3

No.

Rick stutters a minute looks side to side while his tape recorder still rolls he then looks down begins to press the button to stop it but notices a young female student who wears a gray FSU t shirt. Rick turns to her pushes his mic up and out again.

RICK

Hi! I'm Rick Fenner with D103 News.
Would you like to comment on the
upcoming vote in the state
legislature on the Equal Right's
Amendment?

COLLEGE STUDENT

It's about time! Women deserve
equal pay for equal jobs. There's
no reason women shouldn't get paid
the same as men do and there's no
reason women can't do the same jobs
men do.

Rick lifts his head to the sky then looks back at her and smiles.

RICK

It's really nice that someone
understands what the Equal Right's
Amendment is about!

COLLEGE STUDENT

Yes I do!

RICK

Well, thank you very much.

Rick turns and see's several upscale people leave for their cars. He turns back in the direction of Humphrey yanks the tape recorder off his shoulder and tosses it through the window onto the passenger seat, pulls open the door and jumps in. A key inserts into the ignition. Rick backs up throws it in 1st gear and peels out of the parking lot. He glances at the rear view mirror.

(CONTINUED)

RICK

These are not the people I need to
be talking to.

EXT. RURAL ROAD-DAY

A white limestone rural highway lined with various pine and oak trees dot the road as a meadow and intersection appear ahead. Rick slows to see down the red clay road, puts on his turn signal and follows it around the corner. Another road appears he turns again and follows it to a driveway parks and gets out. A dilapidated house sits at the end of the drive, tape recorder and mic in hand Rick presses the play-record buttons and walks to the house.

EXT. RURAL HOUSE-DAY

Rick walks up the first couple steps leans up and raps softly at the Florida room door. It bounces against the frame and causes an echo. A frail young white girl prettier than plain, early 20's, dirty blond shoulder-length hair cautiously opens the front door. She wears a light cotton dress plain beige with faded small red roses on it. Rick looks at her gaunt facial expression then down at her bare feet.

YOUNG GIRL

(sheepishly)

Can I help you?

Rick lifts the microphone.

RICK

Hi! I'm Rick Fenner with D103 News.
Can I get your opinion about the
upcoming vote in the state
legislature on the Equal Right's
Amendment?

She blinks at him then speaks in a hush with one hand raised over her mouth.

YOUNG GIRL

Oh, I can't talk to you right now.
My husbands not home.

RICK

Are you even familiar with what the
Equal Right's Amendment is about?

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG GIRL
I can't talk to you..

Out the corner of her eye she catches movement and her face turns from downtrodden to frozen with fear. Rick notices her look and follows it towards a sound coming from behind he spins on his heels as a man in a 1932 rusted red Ford pick-up truck with deer hoof gun rack suspended in the cab pulls into the driveway.

YOUNG GIRL
You gonna have to go, Now!

He slows down then drifts his truck before he skids to a stop.

REDNECK HUSBAND
WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU?

RICK
Hi! I'm Rick Fenner with D103 News.
I was just talking to your wife
about the upcoming vote in the
state legislature on the Equal
Right's Amendment?

REDNECK HUSBAND
Well you know what? I am gonna'
blow your fuckin' head off!

Rick points a finger out in the direction of the redneck.

RICK
You know what? I believe you!

Immediately Rick leaps off the top step of the porch and dodges past the truck as the redneck moves for him. Focused on the driveway Rick hauls ass then turns his head back to see the redneck level a double-barrel shotgun in his direction. Instinctively Rick dives chest first into the red clay road behind a large oak at the end of the driveway. He bounces off the ground and peers up as the old oak tree splinters into the air. Rick scrambles to his feet the adrenaline in him slows the repeat of the barrel's echo through the vicinity. The tape recorder somehow still dangles attached to Rick. He looks down and pulls it close as he fumbles for his keys then try's to insert them into the lock of the door. Wrong keys are jammed in when he pulls on the handle accidentally to find the door unlocked. Rick falls the rest of the way into the vehicle.

INT. CAR-DAY

The car roars to life as Rick peels out Humphrey flicks chunks of clay road behind him. He shifts the gears frantically as another rapport sounds in the distance.

RICK
Holy shit! Holy shit! **HOLY SHIT!**

He looks down with a stutter glance at the passenger seat and takes notice of the cassette still on record. A rush of thoughts and feelings surge through Rick as he barrels down the road he glances back and over his shoulder and at the rear view mirror nervously.

RICK
Aaaaahhhh!

A wide grin remains as Rick speeds onward. He combs his hands through his hair then returns them to the wheel. Finding the Northern Beltway he merges onto the road.

INT. RADIO STATION 10:50 A.M.

Rick enters with a stride through the doors. He adjusts his tie and smiles brightly at the receptionist.

RICK
(beaming)
Good morning, Again!

The receptionist looks up from you paperwork and stoically follows him with her eyes. Briskly Rick heads down the hallway and stops at the office of Darrel leans in and brushes a piece of wood chip from his hair then straightens his red clay smeared shirt.

RICK
Darrel, you asked me to stop by before I got started? You won't believe this. I have the most incredible story for my show today. I have to get it cut before I go on the air. You're going to love this man. It's about the Equal Right's Amendment. I'm sorry, you wanted to talk to me?

Darrel wears his D103 T shirt on it a Happy Face that wears can headphones with pigtail-chord as he sits behind a desk. Behind Rick on the matching wall is a wood framed 45 Gold Record of George Benson's "This Masquerade".

(CONTINUED)

DARREL

Rick, come on in. Have a seat.

Darrel stands and heads for the door as Rick walks over to a chair. He closes it.

RICK

Cool.

Rick sits down.

DARREL

You know who one of the owners of D103 is? You know he's friends with many of the state legislators here in Tallahassee and they all listen to us.

Resignation and then a sigh fill Rick's face as he grips the cassette recorder and sits idle, hunched forward. Darrel returns to his desk and stands behind his chair as he uses it to lean in.

DARREL

You know Rick I've talked to you about this before. A lot of your stories are just a little too controversial. For instance the story about the railroad tracks next to the capital building not being safe just because it sometimes transports hazardous materials.

Rick reaches his hand up to his mouth and grasps it.

DARREL

Or your Christmas story of the marijuana cigarette's that someone sent to the legislators. I liked that one. Don't get me wrong. I did.

Rick releases his grasp from his own mouth.

RICK

Yeah but they were rolled like candy canes. I thought..

DARREL

Rick. You have pissed off a lot of people that are friends with the owners. They are telling me I have

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DARREL (cont'd)
to get rid of you. Rick you know my
situation.

Darrel turns a framed wedding photo on his desk to face Rick that reveals his Caucasian wife.

DARREL
I am black man. This is the south.
You know what's going on here. Rick
your a really nice guy.

Darrel leans over and opens his desk drawer reveals a check stapled to a pink slip and hands it to Rick.

DARREL
These are all your hours. Good
luck. It's been interesting working
with you. If you need a reference
let me know.

Rick postures forward and reaches out to take the check while he holds tight to the recorder in the other hand.

RICK
Thank You. I think you'll be
hearing from me pretty soon. I have
a few news stations I'm going to
hit up when I get back home. You
know Darrel, I'm going to be okay.

DARREL
I know you are.

Rick stands slowly and turns to leave takes a last glance where on the wall is the gold record. His eyes pierce the label where his name is etched in small print at the bottom of the brass plaque. Darrel meets Rick at the door and Rick extends his hand. They shake

RICK
It's been a pleasure.

Rick cracks a grin turns out of the office and heads back to the front of the station past the receptionist.

RICK
Good Bye.

He backs into and out the front door the tape recorder loosely gripped under his arm a liberating smile on his face.

INT. RICK'S ROOM-DAY

From underneath Ricks cot he produces two brown leather Yale Luggage suitcases unzips and tosses them open. Rick looks down at himself notices his shirt and pants full of red dirt and pats himself furiously.

RICK

He shot at me. He fucking shot at me! And I've got it all on tape.

He holds up the recorder still around his neck removes it from his shoulders places it upon the dresser. Rick looks down again at his clothes and peels off his shirt. On top of the cot rest both suitcases he opens them and begins to fill them with the clothes from the adjacent faded blue dresser behind him. He wraps a Nikon 35mm camera in a t-shirt and sets it in the suitcase. He zips it closed and stacks them on the floor.

RICK

I've got to get out of here.

Rick paces about his small space as he does a last visual inventory.

I've got something incredible here.
I know I do. I.. I'm going home and
taking my story with me. I can get
a job in L.A..

Rick produces a pair of high rise denim blue jeans folded nicely and a short sleeve beige and cream plaid button up shirt. He sets them on the suitcases next to a pair of sandals. The screen door to the Florida room opens as two women enter.

RICK

Hey girls.

ROOMMATES

Hey.

The girls walk to the edge of the blanket and dresser divider and come to a stop in the space between it and the door. Mary age 22, medium height brown hair, thick demeanor wears a pair of denim overalls with a t-shirt under it. Toni 23 dark short styled hair, short-lean and fit, a bandanna wraps her head blue jeans and matching blue button down plaid shirt.

MARY

What's going on?

(CONTINUED)

RICK
Mary, Toni you girls have been
great roommates but I've got to go.

Confused and concerned Mary and Toni glance at each other.

RICK
I got shot at today!

Rick double checks around the room for his belongings then looks back up at the girls.

RICK
I've been fired today. I don't have
the rent for next month now. I've
got to go back to California.

ROOMMATES
What do you mean you got shot at?

RICK
Oh Yea! I was doing a news segment
for my show today. I stopped at
this house and I asked the lady of
the house what she thought about
the Equal Right's Amendment.
Because you know, that's up for
vote in the state legislature and
she tells me.

Rick mimics the southern housewife and drawl with hands up
in a fashion of the closed over door.

RICK
I can't talk to you right now my
husbands not home. Just at that
point her husband arrives. Get
this. He tells me he gonna blow my
fucking head off. I told him I
believe you! I ran down the road
dove for cover behind a tree and
thank God because he leveled a
double barrel shotgun at me and let
loose both barrels! Bark flew
everywhere.

Ricks starts to pace and flail his arms about then runs his
fingers through his hair for evidence.

RICK
I got away from that idiot and went
back to the station. But my tape
recorder was on the whole time so I
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RICK (cont'd)
got this great story! I get to the
station and then I get fired.

He finally looks back up at them both.

RICK
Oh did I tell you I woke up to a
giant cockroach that flew in my
face this morning. I really need to
go.

Rick stands idle and takes in a deep breath.

TONI
Are you alright?

RICK
Yea.

MARY
Do you need anything?

RICK
Yea, I need money to get home. I
have 161 dollars. I really need
about 400 bucks. I think I can make
it home on that. But girls I know
you really don't have the money, so
don't even offer.

MARY
Oh, don't worry about that. When
are you planning on leaving?

RICK
Tomorrow morning.

MARY
Do you need help with anything?

Toni walks off into the house. Rick puts on a t-shirt.

RICK
Could you grab my L.P.s please?

Rick points to the box beneath her. She leans down next to
the blue dresser where a box of L.P.s and two Gates
turntables lay side by side in the space between the cot and
the wall. Mary heaves the box up into her arms with ease.
Rick reaches around and grabs a turntable. They head out
around the divider and out the front door.

CUT TO

INT. FLORIDA ROOM-DAY

Rick stands alone in a mostly vacant Florida room. He pulls down the divider folds it then the boutique blanket as well as removes the make shift light set up from the ceiling. He wraps them all into a bundle when the phone rings in the house. Toni approaches the doorway.

TONI

I'm on my way out. I'll see you before you go. By the way there's a phone call for you.

RICK

Who is it?

TONI

(short)

I don't know. Have a good night.

RICK

You too.

She takes off and Rick cranes to see nothing of her as she disappears out the screen door with a creek then a bang.

INT. KITCHEN-DAY

A small table sits in the kitchen with a few chairs around it a lone phone attached by a pig tail chord lies stretched out on top. Rick approaches grabs the phone off the table and puts it to his ear.

RICK

Hello?

V.O.

Hi Rick

RICK

Hi, who is this?

V.O.

This is Beverly. How have you been?

RICK

Well besides the fact that I was shot at today and lost my job not too bad.

(CONTINUED)

V.O.
No! What happened?

RICK
Oh, its a long story.

Ricks eyes squint as he looks side to side.

RICK
Beverly, Beverly..

CUT TO

INT. BULLWINKLE'S BAR-NIGHT

Rick scribbles a phone number on a bar napkin and hands it to a gorgeous girl. She sips her drink smiles back at him then reaches out to take it.

CUT TO

INT. LIBRARY-DAY

Rick stands in a row of stacks as an attractive coed steps beside him to grab a book from its place. Rick turns to her with his book in hand and smiles .

RICK
Hi.

STUDENT
(grinning)
Hi

CUT TO

INT. NIGHTCLUB

The lights beam over the club as the music cues the beat for a thin brunette with large breasts in a short-blue sequin dress. She boogies close to and grinds on Rick then turns around to face him, leans in puts her arms around him and says something indistinct. Rick starts to reply but she takes her arm off his shoulder before her hand reaches into his pants. He stops speaking, smiles then his face contorts as he pulls her in close. Ricks hands on her butt his face to hers, his knees begin to give.

CUT TO

INT. KITCHEN-DAY

RICK
Oh Beverly!

V.O.
Yea, you remember me!

RICK
Oh yea! Beverly, of course I do.

V.O.
So what are you doing tonight?

RICK
Tonight? Well nothing right
now. I'm packed and ready to leave
in the morning.

V.O.
Oh no. What!

Rick stands there and listens closely to the voice of the caller smiling coyly.

RICK
Ya, I'm out of here.

V.O.
Well what are you doing for dinner
tonight?

RICK
I haven't got plans. I just
finished packing and I'm ready to
go. I'm a little short on what I
need but I'll figure it out.

Rick turns around to grab a pad of paper and a pencil off the table. He leans down to jot something on it as his smile grows.

RICK
So where am I going.

He begins to write.

EXT. APARTMENT-DAY

Rick pulls up in Humphrey and parks in a small apartment complex. He turns off the radio just as the sun glimmers over the exterior and through the trees.

EXT. APARTMENT DOOR-DAY

The door opens and out appears a sultry busty big-boned cutie with a round face in her early 20's.

BEVERLY
You found it!

A smile on Ricks face changes abruptly to something flat his eyes squint as recognition washes over.

CUT TO

INT. POOR PAUL'S SALOON

A pub with billiards, a dance floor and families seated together in sectionals around pizza and beer. Rick sits next to Beverly and her friends she wears an FSU sweatshirt as they all share pitchers of beer. He leans into Beverly who stares back at him as the lights strobe and cycle through colors. Rick holds up his hand with a folded piece of paper.

RICK
Beverly. Please call me.

CUT TO

EXT. APARTMENT DOOR-DAY

RICK V.O.
Yea I found it.

Beverly reaches out the door and Rick leans in to return the hug he smiles wryly. Still embraced Rick smells food in the air takes a whiff and relaxes in the moment. He takes another deep inhale of Beverly and smiles again just as they release.

INT. APARTMENT-NIGHT

Rick enters the apartment and notices the ambiance set by the lamp covered by a soft yellow shawl. Beverly is dressed in tight fit jeans and a pink v-neck blouse. The table is set and in the living room the television is on.

RICK
(exhales)
I want to thank you for inviting me over. This is really nice.

BEVERLY
You sounded as if you really could use some company after what you went through today. Let me turn the t.v. off. Do you want to listen to some music?

RICK
Totally.

Beverly walks over to the stereo and flips it on.

BEVERLY
You know this is D103.

RICK
You know I got fired today.

BEVERLY
From there?

RICK
From There.

She turns back for the stereo tuner and rolls the dial a spot to the right.

BEVERLY
(playful)
Gulf 104?

RICK
(smiles)
I like Gulf 104.

BEVERLY
You said you got shot at today!

She crosses the room and reaches for an already opened bottle of wine. She flips two glasses from the counter over pours red wine and brings the bottle and glasses with her.

(CONTINUED)

BEVERLY

(sincere)

I want you to tell me everything
that happened. Are you alright? Who
shot at you?

RICK

Well

Rick exhales.

RICK

I told you about the cockroach
right.

She chuckles at him and hands him a glass.

BEVERLY

No, What!

They sit down next to each other and Rick gulps the wine
clean and holds out the glass she pours another with a
smile.

RICK

This morning when I woke up..

CUT TO

INT. KITCHEN-DAY

A giant palmetto bug fly's across Ricks face as he opens the
fridge. Rick runs outside the house then down the driveway
as the bug trails closely overhead. Rick screams and flails
his arms.

CUT TO

EXT. RURAL HOUSE-DAY

REDNECK HUSBAND V.O

I'm gonna blow your fucking head
off.

Rick holds his hand out finger extended.

RICK

You know what? I believe you.

(CONTINUED)

The man levels a double barrel 12 gauge at Rick. Splinters fly off an old oak tree. Rick stumbles from the red clay road a layer of red covers the front of his white shirt. His car flies down the road.

CUT TO

INT. APARTMENT DINING ROOM-NIGHT

Seated at the table is Rick, mouth full as he hovers over a fork full of lasagna.

RICK
This is really good lasagna!

Beverly sits across the table from Rick. She smiles back at him puts her elbows on the table and clasps her hands to lean her chin upon them.

BEVERLY
Your leaving tomorrow right?

RICK
Yea if I can get the rest of this money together. I guess, I'm going to have to go see my dad about it tomorrow.

Rick sets his fork down with a tink.

RICK
I really don't want to do that.

Beverly grows a big seductive smile as she stares back across the table.

BEVERLY
You realize we're going to have sex tonight?

RICK
Well I do now. So?

Rick wipes some food from his lips with a napkin.

BEVERLY
No, after desert.

RICK
So what's for dessert?

(CONTINUED)

BEVERLY
Strawberries and creme cheese
blintzes.

He locks eyes with her and grins.

RICK
Wow? You really turned my day
around.

Beverly looks down at her food lifts her fork and continues the rest of the meal. Rick looks down at his then attacks his food.

INT. APARTMENT DINING ROOM-NIGHT

Rick sits next to Beverly at the table two plates in front of them. A couple bites remain as Rick chuckles and Beverly laughs at the blintze cream on her chin. They smile as he offers her his napkin. She wipes it off with a seductive stroke and a look, they both laugh again.

RICK
Well?

Rick puts his hand out to hers.

BEVERLY
How about you go have a seat on the
couch and I'll be back in just a
minute.

She presses a button on the turn table and a record from within her album stacker drops into play.

BEVERLY
Don't take your clothes off!

She disappears back into her room as Rick sits on the couch. He sips from his glass while he re-fastens his top button.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

The couch is draped in heirloom blankets of knitted crochet and quilts in deep earthy tones. Beverly enters the living room she dons an insatiable black fishnet and lace blouse black panties and bra. She steps closer to him and leans down upon him with her knee into his lap.

(CONTINUED)

BEVERLY

Your about to leave town forever. I want to do things to you no woman will ever do to you again. I want you to slow down. We are both going to enjoy this and I want you to do things to me that no man will ever do to me again.

Rick smiles as he looks in her eyes then sits back. Beverly kisses him then kisses him again on the neck, this time she gently places a soft juicy one. A seductive smile of her own she lifts his shirt and begins another slow luscious wet kiss against his chest. She flutters her eye lashes on his nipple. Rick quivers from her breath and chuckles.

RICK

What are you doing?

Beverly holds Ricks shirt up.

BEVERLY

Butterfly kisses.

She works her way over to Ricks side and begins to work off his pants. Without a pause she lifts his leg and ducks down to find deeper and deeper places to land her kisses.

RICK

(tickled)

Oh!

Beverly finds a position and locks in as Rick lays back sideways. He straddles her, the arm and the seat back of the couch.

BEVERLY

Don't come yet.

RICK

(panting)

huh?

She makes a smooth movement up and throws a leg over him bringing him back over and on top of her.

BEVERLY

Now I want you to do the same thing to me. Remember slowly.

Rick leans into her collar bone and nape before he lands a slow soft kiss in return to each. He bends lower his hand comes up to her breasts and with a twist of his wrists he

(CONTINUED)

holds each side and releases her breasts from beneath her bra. Another kiss followed by another he finds a rhythm as he undress her at every other kiss. Rick attempts a flutter of his lashes against her skin when she chuckles back. Beverly offers assistance with her bra, lifts her hips while Rick slides off her panties and lands again a kiss to her hips then thigh.

BEVERLY

Stop!

RICK

(breathing heavy)

Huh?

BEVERLY

Let's take this into the bedroom.

RICK

Oh. OK.

They stand together naked as Beverly leads Rick by his hand to her bedroom.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM-NIGHT

As soon as they hit the bedside she pulls Rick on top of her. They lustfully entwine Rick between her legs missionary Beverly locks him in. As it heats up they continue with another session in doggy then in cowboy then reverse cowboy. Finally they collapse in spasms next to each other in bed both pant heavily.

BEVERLY

So you said you also got fired today?

Beverly rolls to her side and faces Rick.

RICK

Yea. I was told I was too controversial. The truth is it's radio and like everything else they don't want the truth.

He leans sideways and on his elbow looking at her.

RICK

Oh, I got the truth. I got the truth on tape. The women in the parking lot and oh my god the guy. The guy shoots at me and its all on fucking tape.

(CONTINUED)

She holds back a laugh.

RICK

I have a great story. I can get a job back home. I'm not going to just shine this on. I can get a totally bitchen' job in Los Angeles working for a news station there. For me this place blows.

BEVERLY

(more serious)

It's true, you don't belong here.

Beverly rolls off the opposite side of the bed still nude.

BEVERLY

I want to do something for you.

Beverly walks to the dresser. She opens the top drawer pulls out something and thumbs through it. She walks back towards Rick and holds up her hand in it is a wad of cash.

BEVERLY

Now you realize, I'm not paying for what just happened. This is for you.. to leave. Go Home. I want you to go home.

RICK

Really?

BEVERLY

Really.

RICK

Beverly, I am so out of here. Thank you, thank you. Thank you

He wraps his arms around her and pulls her in she smiles and holds fast to him.

BEVERLY

So you're leaving early in the morning, huh?

They release from each other Rick still looks at her.

RICK

(smiles)

I am now.

(CONTINUED)

BEVERLY
(smiles back)
Then you better get going.

CUT TO

INT. FRONT DOORWAY-NIGHT

BEVERLY
Rick, please don't forget me.

Beverly in robe and Rick stand in the doorway locked in each others stare.

RICK
Beverly, I promise, I will never
forget you or what you did for me.
I promise.

They kiss with passion and then pull apart. He smiles at her and she smiles back. Rick turns to cross the small lot to his car as she watches from the doorway.

INT. FLORIDA ROOM-DAY

SATURDAY JULY 1, 1978

Rick wakes up to the sounds of the morning countryside. He brushes his teeth, gets dressed then fumbles around in his room when he grabs a blanket his two suitcases and walks out to find Mary and Toni half awake stammering about in robes. They join Rick as he leads through the Florida Room and finds himself helplessly stuck facing the front door.

MARY
Would you like some help Rick?

RICK
Uh Um, Yes Please.

He backs up Mary opens the door as Toni passes a look to Mary they giggle and all walk out.

EXT. HOUSE-DAY

A sunny steamy day with few scattered clouds as Rick and the girls exit the guest house of the property.

(CONTINUED)

TONI

(pouty)

Rick are you sure you really need to go now? That's a really long drive.

RICK

Yeah. For sure. I left the phone number for my mom's house in California on the kitchen table. You've got my number so stay in touch. Call me.

TONI

Of course.

MARY

We will.

Rick and the girls exchange long hugs. He puts the suitcases in the back passenger side walks to the driver side bounds in and starts the car. Rick puts it in reverse, cranks his wheel hard to the left, starts to back out the dirt driveway when he runs into the rear wheel well of Mary's Volkswagen Beetle. The Capri comes to a halt Rick scrambles out to see the damage.

RICK

Oh Shit! Wow, I am really sorry!

Mary starts to walk towards her car.

MARY

Rick what the fuck! Now what are we going to do?

RICK

I'm sorry. Um, I'm leaving I'm sorry. I left all my information in there. Call the insurance company. Call me. I'll pay for it I will. I gotta go.

Mary stands in the driveway dumbfounded as Rick piles back in his car he starts Humphrey and backs up without a ding on it. He drives down the road a hand extended out the window in a wave.

EXT. FLORIDA HWY-DAY

Rick turns from Monroe Street onto Highway 20 as he hits the open road. The scenery is thick forest then more sparse that changes into beach like terrain as Rick speeds up. He turns the dial on the radio and lands on *Stairway to Heaven* hears it then hurriedly he twists the tuner to another station. Rick passes a lake then beaches and ponds followed by bays and peninsulas with small towns and strings of rural properties and mobile homes with aluminum tin roofs covered in giant canopies. Paper mills, small docks and schools dot the landscape as Rick puts out a joint in the ashtray holds his hand out the window then releases the roach into the wind.

EXT. PANAMA CITY, FLORIDA-DAY

Rick drives through Panama City parallel to the beach until it merges into another street. He looks up and recognizes the road he wrote down on a random piece of paper. Rick hits the turn signal flips a U turn parks and jumps out.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE-DAY

The beach is within view from the yard as Rick grabs his cigarettes and swaps bare feet for sandals. He steps from the car in a plaid button down shirt and beige OP shorts as he heads up the front walk of the quaint beach house. The faint sound of music plays from inside the house. A wide white one story home with blue trim and large windows Rick walks in the front door behind someone before it shuts.

INT. BEACH HOUSE-DAY

A guy just inside the house ransacks an ice chest and hands out beers as Rick walks through the entry way. He takes one guzzles it down then continues to the back of the house past groups of people through the kitchen and out the open french doors where he tosses the empty bottle in the trashcan on the patio.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE PATIO-DAY

Rick looks out at the sea when he notices Linda late 20's tanned, petite and bubbly. She sits in a large wicker beach chair under the covered patio next to Doug her husband 30's tall handsome and surly. They both look up and smile.

(CONTINUED)

DOUG
You made it.

RICK
Hey Doug. Hi Linda! Yea I made it.

Still seated Doug raises his arm and points a finger to the person furthest away while he hands Rick a beer from his personal cooler.

DOUG
Everyone this is Rick. He is a disc jockey from Tallahassee. Gulf 104, D-103 one of those stations.

RICK
(bewildered)
Hi.

DOUG
This is Mark. That's Jeffrey his lady Marge, Sarah.

He scans the line of people dazed.

DOUG
That's David there and Heather.

HEATHER
(genuine)
Hello.

RICK
Hi!

DOUG
And that's Sean. This is Mack and that is Leslie.

RICK
(awkward)
Hello.

Rick looks at the closest female to him outside of Linda.

LESLIE
(nonchalant)
Hi.

DOUG
So what's been going on? I'm glad you made it to the party but I didn't think we would see ya.

(CONTINUED)

RICK

Well, I'm going back home. I'm moving.

LINDA

What!

RICK

I'm moving back to California I've had it with Tallahassee. I got shot at yesterday while doing a news story for the radio station. Got it all on tape. The whole thing. When I got back to the radio station, I got fired. I AM DONE. I'm going back to where the people are normal. I'm going back to Los Angeles.

DOUG

Well damn Rick. I'm really sorry dude. You just hangout and party with us. We'll be doing this well into the night. Got lots of food and lots of booze. We got jet skis!

Rick raises his beer to Linda and Doug while he scans the bikini clad women on the beach.

DOUG

We gonna ourselves a catamaran race in a little bit. There aren't many people doing it so I'll need some crew. You ever been on a catamaran?

RICK

Uh, No.

DOUG

Great! You'll do fine. Just listen to me. You'll be fine.

RICK

Oh, okay! I'll drink to that. Let's do this thang.

Doug grabs his drink and they approach the beach where three 16 foot *Hobie* Catamarans lay in wait with sails that boast a rainbow of colors.

DOUG

(Without care)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DOUG (cont'd)
We're going to use this one. Let's
pull it down to the water. You grab
that I'll grab this.

A wave nudges the catamaran as Rick and Doug notice someone approach. A chubby kid bounds upon them aloof into the waters edge.

CHUBBY KID
Hey can you guys use another hand?

Rick and Doug exchange glances and look up at the kid in unison.

DOUG
Not really but you can come along.
Just stay in the middle in the back
near me and you'll be fine.

RICK
So, what's your name?

The kid climes up onto the front end of the catamaran and doesn't reply. Rick holds his hands up and contorts his face as he returns a glance at Doug. They both drag the catamaran Rick by it's support grab ropes and Doug by the carry handles, the kid stays idle clumsy and unsure.

DOUG
Whats your name kid?

CHUBBY KID
Barry.

Doug stretches his neck and chest as he exhales.

DOUG
Now Barry just do what your told
and you'll be fine.

EXT. CATAMARAN-DAY

The three crew mates all finagle enough space to barely share the catamaran. They push forward and meet a small group of racers. As they near the start the groups are almost even across.

DOUG
Rick, Rick. I want you to grab hold
of that tether and hang on.

(CONTINUED)

RICK

Uh, yea. I see it. I've never done this before but uh, it looks like fun.

Rick reaches out to grab the line.

RICK

So where am I supposed to be?

DOUG

Go sit out there. On that pontoon right there. What you're gonna do is start on this rope right here slide back lean out and hang on tight. Until your standing out there man.

Rick grasps the line as told takes a long look at Doug and lowers himself out into position. Doug and Rick look down at Barry.

DOUG

Your just gonna stay back here Barry and hang on, okay?

BARRY

(decrecendo')

Okay. No problem, I'm back here. I'm staying right here.

They join the other two catamarans. Doug looks over at the others just as the vessel gains speed.

DOUG

Hey guys. Everybody ready?

OTHER RACERS

Yea! Your goin' down!

They all hang off their vessels as they near each other and begin to catch the same gusts. The sails come to life as all the catamarans begin to raise up out of the water on the tacking side.

DOUG

Let's go boys!

Rick looks out and sees rows of houses begin to fly past as his ass end rises up out the water. Barry excitedly holds fast in the back as Doug steers the rudder and coaches them on. The catamaran speeds ahead on the breeze as they gain momentum over the others they begin to nose ahead.

(CONTINUED)

DOUG

We just might win this one boys!

Barry shifty eyed glares side to side as he looks past Doug and Rick. Barry leans then teeters and barely holds on as he takes measure and begins to move past Doug. On his haunches Barry crabs his way forward to the front of the catamaran when Rick and Doug spot him.

DOUG

NO!

Rick has just enough time to hear Doug scream. The front end dips with force into the ocean. Immediately the back end flips up in to the air Rick holds on as water smacks around him. Bubbles surround his entire self and then in a flash the boat uprights itself as it levels out. Doug holds fast to the back end looks around sees Rick still attached to the tether then looks out into the water to see Barry dog paddle for shore, he look back over his shoulder at them then continues on.

DOUG

You Okay?

RICK

Yea.

DOUG

Where's your pants?

Rick looks down takes heed of his naked lower half where his shorts used to be.

RICK

(agitated)

I don't know. They got yanked off when we went under.

DOUG

Okay. It's all good. As long as everybody is okay.

They both take notice again of Rick as Doug begins to laugh while Rick blushes.

DOUG

Don't worry I have shorts at the house you can use.

Most of the people at the party have moved outside to watch the catamaran race. From shore forearms and fingers are extended in the direction of Rick's naked stature.

(CONTINUED)

RICK

Man! I am so way fucked. I just lost my wallet. My cash and my car keys. Oh shit!

He glares at Doug who returns a look of disbelief.

DOUG

Why didn't you leave those behind at the house?

RICK

Well because before I knew it you walked me out to the beach to the catamaran and told me to start pushing. I didn't really think that I was going to be in a boating accident and lose my shorts!

DOUG

I guess you can spend the night till you figure something out. We'll feed you.

Doug looks around and scratches at his head his hair flops around till it stands on end.

DOUG

Drink tonight don't worry about it. Tomorrow we'll get you a locksmith for the car.

RICK

Man! My drivers license Social Security Card, all my money.

EXT. BEACH-DAY

They pull the catamaran onto the beach when Linda walks up with towels in hand.

LINDA

Are you okay? We saw the whole thing.

RICK

Yea. I guess so. I bet everyone saw my stuff?

Linda holds the towel out with a smile.

(CONTINUED)

LINDA

Nice!

Rick reaches out to grab the towel, a slap is heard before he gets it wrapped around his waist.

LINDA

Oh my, watch out!

RICK

Hey!

Rick looks to Doug who looks around at the food on the grill then at the cooler.

DOUG

Rick will be staying with us tonight. We need to call him a locksmith in the morning.

LINDA

In the morning, Really?

She smiles as Rick blushes his eyes dart while he tightens the towel.

DOUG

Yea, when he lost his pants he also lost his wallet and keys.

LINDA

What! Doug..

DOUG

I know honey! I'll take care of it. Can you get him my yellow trunks please honey?

LINDA

No problem. I'll get 'em.

Rick's head lowers as he shivers a bit. He looks up and notices food on the grill as they walk back up towards the house. Doug reaches down to his cooler and pulls out a beer hands it to Rick then grabs himself one. The crowd surrounds them both and flocks to Rick.

LESLIE

Are you okay? We saw everything I can't believe that.

(CONTINUED)

RICK
Yea, that was insane. Where's
Barry?

Barry walks upon them from behind drenched and out of
breath.

BARRY
I'm sorry man. I'm sorry guys.

Barry lowers his head as Doug glances at Rick who holds back
a smirk and pulls tight the towel around his waist.

RICK
Next time your told to stay put you
stay put.

BARRY
I know. I know.

DOUG
(genuine)
It's Okay. Go get yourself a soda.

Rick throats a growl as and Barry walks past

BARRY
Okay. I'm sorry.

INT. BEACH HOUSE-DAY

DOUG
Rick. Follow me!

Rock & Roll blares as Doug gestures to Rick to follow him
into the house. Through the party past groups of people,
food, liquor, kegs and clouds of pot smoke still farther
past the lava lamps and walls of candles. Rick tries to play
off his random nakedness under the towel. They duck through
a beaded hallway and head into the last room in the back
just beyond a room full of kids.

INT. BEDROOM-DAY

Doug leads Rick and Linda into their master bedroom and
shuts the door. Linda turns on the radio walks over to the
closet and is stopped short by Doug.

DOUG
I'll get you those shorts.

(CONTINUED)

Linda nods and beelines for a vanity where she sits down at the chair and pulls at the top drawer. She reaches in and out comes a couple of bags one of decent measure with cocaine and another larger one filled with pot. Linda breaks open the bags and some papers while Rick slips on trunks Doug hands him. He slides them under his towel and puts them on. In no time Linda rolls up a couple joints and has them in rotation.

DOUG

Now Rick, I don't want you to worry. We know a locksmith. Tomorrow we'll give him a call.

From over her shoulder Linda chimes in she works busily with a razor blade at the vanity.

LINDA

Again Rick, stay the night. Hang out and have some fun. Okay? You need to have FUN.

DOUG

Buddy we're gonna get you back home to California. You got anything to sell, then we're that much closer to getting you there.

RICK

Well yea, I have my cameras and two Gates Direct Drive Turn Tables.

Doug's face lights up and his brows lift over his bright eyes.

DOUG

Gates! Sold! How much?

Rick smiles back as Linda turns around with a mirror and presents six perfect lines with a hundred dollar bill rolled up as a makeshift straw.

INT. MUSIC ROOM- NIGHT

A piano, drum set, various guitars and percussion instruments set about in a den off to the side of the entry way opposite a billiards room. Rick enters and sees a guy strum a guitar to *Smoke On The Water* while another attempts the drums. He holds his beer in hand chugs it all sets it down on a mantle then proceeds to air guitar next to the soloist and sing along.

INT. BILLIARDS ROOM-NIGHT

Rick shoots pool next to a group of people. He laughs with each new person that greets him as he holds fast to another beer and then another.

GUY

Hey aren't you the guy who lost his trunks out there today?

RICK

Yea, I guess but I don't wanna discuss my shortcomings right now.

They all look at each other pause then begin to laugh in unison. Rick looks on alone and takes another long swig of his beer. He leans forward over the table with the pool cue.

INT. KITCHEN-NIGHT

A young lady speaks to Rick with a large smile on her face still in his hand is a beer.

RICK

And then he shot at me. HE REALLY DID.

YOUNG LADY

Did he shoot you?

Rick looks down at himself then back at her.

RICK

No! But he shot at me.

YOUNG LADY

So your Okay?

RICK

Well.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

A hefty fire is ablaze in the fire place as Linda leads Rick into the living room.

LINDA

Well, there are people there and there. You can find your spot wherever.

(CONTINUED)

Linda hands a blanket to Rick then leaves he stumbles over to a wall adjacent to the fireplace and slides down to the floor. A couple of young women stand off to the side with wine glasses in hand and chat in a hush tone.

YOUNG WOMAN

Did you hear what happened to Liz?

YOUNG WOMAN #2

No. What?

YOUNG WOMAN

Well she caught her boyfriend cheating.

YOUNG WOMAN #2

No.

YOUNG WOMAN

Did you hear what she did to him?

YOUNG WOMAN #2

What? Tell me.

YOUNG WOMAN

Well one night when he was asleep she got some epoxy and glued his dick to his leg and left him.

YOUNG WOMAN #2

He so deserved it.

Rick is leaned half over a blanket over him halfway to sleep when a chuckle then a second escape his mouth. He barely opens an eye to see the women next to the fireplace. His eye closes and he drifts off.

INT. RICKS DREAM-NIGHT

A beautiful glow pulsates then washes over Rick in his sleep. Colors verge into a wispy form of ether fused with the physical. The colors appear to converge with the waves of ether in Rick's deep sleep and he sees land below mixed with street lights and beaches and deserts then cities. Immediately a rush of feeling lands him somewhere as a cloud clears around him to reveal his sister.

TRANSITION

INT. HOUSE PARTY-NIGHT

Stephanie a radiant 26 year old 5'8" with thick dark hair. She smiles large while she dances within a crowd of people. Rick immediately sees her. A new triangular shoulder-length brunette wavy haircut. Stephanie is covered in a haze as she moves to the music.

RICK
(elated)
Stephanie. You look great! You cut
your hair!

Stephanie stares past him as he waves his hands. The haze reappears then washes into a dense wispy smoke.

TRANSITION

EXT. STREET-NIGHT

Topanga Canyon and a Victory Boulevard sign stand erect just behind Rick. He gathers himself a beat turns and stares up at them. Rick steps into the street and sees the entire Topanga Canyon give way to the rest of L.A. The rows of soft orange street lights go on and on. The wind from passing cars fans Rick as he lifts his arms, inhales when the scene washes into a glow.

TRANSITION

INT. RICKS MOMS HOUSE-NIGHT

A dark hallway dimly lit by one lowly night light comes into vision as Rick reaches out for reality. He makes out the familiar floor plan then turns as a man's grunt and woman's moan is heard through the house. Rick listens and beside him is a doorway he again hears the grunt from inside. His face turns from recognition to panic and dismay. He starts to pant as the walls wash over into darkness then again into a soft glow.

TRANSITION

INT. BEACH HOUSE-DAY

SUNDAY JULY 2, 1978

Rick comes to as he lies in a fetal position on the floor. A sticky foam lines the edges of his mouth as he contorts his face and awakes to the new day. He sits up slowly to see a few people asleep around him as ocean waves crash outside and a seagull sounds from the beach. He stands up, walks through the kitchen and out the open back door.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE-DAY

Rick finds an overcast morning he begins to stumble along the shore shoulders lowered as he walks. Rick spots ahead of him a green paper bill twisting in the water he picks it up to reveal a \$20.00. He looks up from the bill perplexed then peers around as another couple of bills tumble in the tide. A few feet further from that is his floating wallet. He snatches it and begins to stand alert. He turns to stretch his head towards the entire beach where he sees shorts held afloat by a single large air bubble. They topple over and over on the tide. Rick dashes to them splashes into the water grasps at the shorts and reaches into the pockets to find his keys. He clutches them high over his head.

RICK

Fuck Yea!

Excited Rick stands in the water and notices bills that float around him that he grabs at. He emerges from the water to find more bills in the sand. Rick begins to count, his eyes get larger with the unraveling of each wad of cash. Mad cackles escape his mouth as he prances back in the direction of the beach house.

INT. HOUSE-DAY

Rick quietly steps back into the house and around people on their way out or still passed out. He spots Doug in his bath robe walk into the living room. Rick smiles large and high steps it over someone on the floor.

DOUG

Rick your awake?

RICK

(Hushed excitement)

Doug! Look. Look!

Rick holds out a pair of soaked shorts and extends his other hand that reveals hundreds of dollars in twenties.

(CONTINUED)

DOUG
Did you find everything?

RICK
Yea buddy!

DOUG
Even the keys?

RICK
Yes!

DOUG
(Hushed)
Wow Rick. You are so lucky dude!

RICK
I know! This is incredible. I need
a towel.

DOUG
What?

RICK
I need to dry these off.

DOUG
Oh Yea! Let me get you a towel then
I'll make coffee.

He turns back down the hallway.

DOUG
Wow. Far fucking out.

Rick stands alone in the living room looks around at the groups of people on the couch, floor and someone asleep at the kitchen table. Doug reappears thrusts a large beach towel at him and they walk into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN-DAY

They enter the kitchen. Doug sees his friend deep asleep at the table.

DOUG
I'll wake 'em up. Watch.

Doug walks over to the cupboard and removes filters tosses them next to a percolator, ducks into the fridge and pulls out a tin of coffee. Rick walks into the next room.

INT. BILLIARDS ROOM-DAY

Rick finds a corner flips his shorts on the floor unfurls the towel and lays his clothes on it. From within the various pockets of the shorts he pulls the wads of cash out wet and floppy.

RICK
It's all here!

He folds the towel over the money and presses down firmly. Linda comes around the corner in a daze and barely sees Rick.

RICK
Linda, good morning.

Rick holds up his shorts.

RICK
Do you have a dryer? I found my shorts. I found everything!

LINDA
Honey I'm so glad. Your Amaz..
That's amazing and of course we have a dryer. Here give 'em to me.

She takes the shorts from Rick turns to walk off stops then turns back and winks at him then walks down the hall.

RICK
Oh.. thanks.

He stares at her a beat when his face changes to quizzical. She pokes her head back out around the corner shorts still in hand while she holds the wall.

LINDA
Oh that's okay honey. You stick around because I'm gonna be cookin' breakfast.

Linda disappears again. Rick stands up leaves his patted money on the floor of the only vacant room in the house. He turns back around and folds the towel over it then walks into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN-DAY

Doug stands by the counter in the kitchen and pours the coffee from the percolator into two cups and passes one to Rick. Linda walks in and begins to cook breakfast.

RICK

Doug I'm going to go grab a pair of pants from my car and change. Then I can give you back your trunks.

DOUG

Not a problem. No rush.

Doug holds up his coffee Rick smiles in return takes a sip of his coffee and holds it up. Rick sets down his coffee and turns to leave.

INT. KITCHEN-DAY

In the kitchen most people are awake and join in to have coffee or eat toast. Rick enters in his denim high rise blue jeans and extends his arm with the trunks and places them on the counter top. Smiling large he lifts his coffee as Linda hands him a plate. He eats briskly at the bar. Linda takes his plate and Doug's as Rick rinses his coffee mug at the sink dips it in and turns to them both.

RICK

I really want to thank you both for your hospitality.

LINDA

Doug.

Doug nods anxiously then smiles at Rick.

DOUG

Rick I really am sorry for all that happened yesterday and WE wish you all the best.

LINDA

Yea we're really happy you found everything.

RICK

Thank you. So am I. Thank you.

They all exchange hugs. Rick turns and they follow him out.

EXT. CAPRI-DAY

The car starts up as Rick extends his hand out the window. From the doorstep Doug and Linda wave back as he drives off down the street.

INT. CAPRI-DAY

The highway is lined with Cyprus along the 77 Interstate out of Panama City. The top 40 hits rotate from the cars dash. Rick passes an exit marked Ponce De' Leon Springs State Park the speedometer starts to reel higher. The gas gauge shows less than half then a sign that reads Pensacola 25 miles. The clouds above release heavy droplets as he enters into the city where people outside duck for cover.

EXT. GAS STATION-DAY

Rick pulls over to the first gas station and up to the pump. He jumps out and darts into the station. Rick pays the attendant heads to the restroom and walks in.

INT. STATION RESTROOM-DAY

Rick enters then stops dead and immediately lifts his shirt over his nose and glances at the scum and filth that cover the bathroom. He bites his shirt and lifts the cover of the toilet and chokes when it opens. Rick quickly lifts his shirt back and continues to use the facilities. When done he tries to wash his hands and reaches for the paper towels that are empty.

RICK

Aghh!

Rick backs up to the door then kicks at it without a budge. He looks down in horror at the doorknob covers his hand with the inside of his shirt then reaches to open the restroom door.

EXT. GAS STATION-DAY

Rick heads to his car. He pumps gas jumps inside and takes off.

INT. CAPRI-DAY

On Interstate 10 heavy droplets of rain still fall as rows of boats and docks line the shoulders of beaches and inlets. Along the highway a lone young man walks his face and hair scruffy he wears denim shorts no shirt with his arm extended thumb out he begs from the shoulder. Rick looks out at the hitchhiker his eyes in a furrow he slows pulls up along side the man turns off the radio and rolls down his window.

RICK

Hey man. Get in. No one should be out in this.

Rick pushes on the door latch.

RICK

What's your name?

YOUNG MAN

Bill

Bill steps into the car without hesitation.

BILL

Thanks.

Rick turns on the blinker looks in the side view mirror and pulls away from the shoulder and back on to the interstate. The bare chest of Bill stares back at Rick as he looks over at him. Rick blinks once and within a flash his arm dips to and back from behind his seat and produces a shirt.

BILL

THANKS!

RICK

Dude this isn't the day to be hitchhiking.

BILL

Don't I know it. Thanks for picking me up.

RICK

How far are you going?

BILL

Well how far are you going?

Rick smiles back at the young man.

(CONTINUED)

RICK
I'm going all the way!

BILL
California?

RICK
Yea!

BILL
So am I!

RICK
Well then this is your lucky day!
I'm Rick.

Bill glances over his shoulder then to his other side. Rick extends his hand from the wheel out at Bill.

BILL
Nice to meet you Rick. Your a really nice guy!

RICK
So Bill what are you running from?
Are you having some trouble with the law?

Bill leans back in his seat takes a deep breath and a long look out the window.

BILL
Yea.

He looks back from the window at Rick then off again. In the distance Escambia Bay holds long and far in both directions of them as they cross the end of the 1 and a half mile bridge.

BILL
I'd rather not run into them right now.

RICK
Well I hope I don't either okay. I don't particularly like the police out here. Being from California they don't particularly like me either.

Bill stares back at Rick from his peripheral.

(CONTINUED)

RICK
So do you have any money?

BILL
No.

RICK
Well of course not. I kind of figured that. Well I got enough to get us there. So if your ready to do this with me.

BILL
Hell yea man. Righteous!

Pensacola passes as they drive west.

RICK
Let's turn this thing on. Oh yea.
Bill you like music?

Ricks hand moves for the radio

BILL
Yea, Sure.

Rick tunes the radio and spins the dial in search of the local stations and hits *Stairway To Heaven*. Turning the dial further he finds *Superstition* by Stevie Wonder.

RICK
Bill um. This is a really amazing opportunity for you. Eventually I will be taking you through the heart of Los Angeles California.

Rick leans over to speak to Bill, one hand on the radio dial one hand on the steering wheel.

RICK
Not many people can just disappear. You are going to be able to do just that. Can you work? Can you do stuff? What do you do?

Bill cracks a smile that seems to resemble a sneer.

BILL
Yea, uh. I operate heavy machinery.

RICK
Oh yea! Good, good. You can get a construction job. Bill just go
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RICK (cont'd)
become somebody else and I hope you
have a wonderful life.

Bill looks surprised as he slowly turns his head to face Rick.

BILL
YOU REALLY ARE NICE GUY.

Rick smiles. The city begins to shrink behind them.

INT. HUMPHREY-DAY

A gas station nears as they turn off the exit.

RICK
Let's get some beer, huh.

Rick pulls into the gas station.

INT. GAS STATION

Rick and Bill walk inside as they pass the cashier over his shoulder sets several boxes of a variety of fireworks. Bill eyes them as Rick follows his gaze to various M-80's and large roman candles.

RICK
Hey.

Rick gestures with a nod and a smile as they cross over to the cooler and grab for Pabst Blue Ribbon 6 packs, one each. They approach the register Rick smiles large, peers at Bill then at the clerk mid 20's, hippie and youthful.

RICK
How you doing? Uh, those fireworks
you got there, how much?

CLERK
Ah man, if you get gas and those
beers I can do you a whole lot for
fifty dollars total.

RICK
Hey!

Rick looks down at his hand that reveals exactly that from within one of his pockets.

(CONTINUED)

RICK

I like it because I have that exactly.

CLERK

Alright then, we have a deal. Now remember. Don't tell anyone who gave them to you.

RICK

You got it.

They all laugh then smile awkwardly as Bill and Rick turn and walk out.

EXT. GAS STATION-DAY

Rick sets the pump in Humphrey as the meter rolls out dollar and gas amounts eighty three cents a gallon each.

RICK

Bill.

BILL

(zoned out)

Huh?

RICK

Watch the car all right, I'm going to use the bathroom. Don't leave me.

BILL

O.k. I wouldn't leave you. Your my ride

Rick stands there a beat then walks off around the building.

INT. RESTROOM-DAY

Rick looks down at something written on the stall. *It doesn't matter if you sit or not. We can jump.* Rick stares at it a moment then looks down at the seat.

RICK

Ewe!

He backs out the stall with a startle and zips back up.

(CONTINUED)

RICK

Damn.

He exits the stall just as Bill walks in.

RICK

Be careful to only do number one
here dude!

EXT. INTERSTATE 10-DAY

A sign whizzes by that reads Pascagoula 50 miles as Humphrey races west while the grey sky releases a light rain on the woods and swamps that line the highway. Rick sweats from everywhere wipes his head then removes his shoes. They turn off onto the old scenic highway and into Pascagoula.

INT. BURGER DINER-DAY

Rick treats Bill to burgers. They enter sit down laugh eat hungrily laugh more then finish their sodas.

RICK

I swear man it's a great day. Wide
open roads, 6 packs and a full
belly. Lets light up those
fireworks. Blow some shit up.

BILL

Uh, okay. Where?

RICK

Here. Out back!

Bill looks around suspiciously.

BILL

Um, sure. If you think it's okay.

RICK

Okay, man hell. Who cares we'll be
gone by the time they notice.

Rick smiles ear to ear as Bill cracks a soft thin grin.

EXT. BACK PARKING LOT DINER-DAY

Humphrey sits with the front drivers side door open two beers on the roof while the sun sets Rick lights fireworks that blaze to life in the foreground. The lighter passes to Bill who lights a roman candle and barely extends it out when it shoots at the building bounces off then explodes in the mid air just above. They fall on each other in outrageous laughter before Bill produces another and Rick ducks behind him for cover. Fireworks bloom to life crackle then fizzle out as the two laugh and pass another round of beers.

INT. HUMPHREY-NIGHT

The sun sets ahead of them as they follow the interstate. To their right they pass signs that read Biloxi, Gulfport, New Orleans 90 miles. In full sweat Rick takes his shoes back off removes his watch and puts it in the drivers side cubby. The stars take over the night Rick sees New Orleans near and the freeway merges into two options.

RICK

I think we are going to take I-12
North around New Orleans. I-10
might be busy if we go through
there now. I-12 is gonna save us
time.

Rick turns to Bill who slugs back a beer.

BILL

Okay.

RICK

Cool.

Rick smiles looks back forward at the road and takes his wallet out of his back pocket and tucks it into the cubby. Bill grabs for another beer still one in hand. He hands it to Rick.

BILL

You want one?

RICK

No thanks dude. I'm going to save
mine for later.

CUT TO

MONDAY JULY 3, 1978

EXT. INTERSTATE 12-NIGHT

They head for the signs marked I-10 West then merge on to it when they see a marker for an interstate rest stop.

INT. HUMPHREY-NIGHT

Rick nudges at Bill

RICK
I got to pee.

BILL
Huh, okay.

Bill barely moves tucks a little more into himself as Rick unlocks the door and climbs out.

EXT. REST STOP-NIGHT 2:25 AM

Rick gets out the vehicle he wears his high rise blue jeans as he rushes to the facilities. Inside the restroom Rick steps to the urinal and unzips. He stares off at the ceiling then to an open window a fluorescent green and orange glow shines from outside. An engine revs quiet at first, then louder. He stares up continues to pee while he listens to the sound. The vehicle accelerates to back up in a long curve shifts gears then pulls away. Rick turns his ear up at the window as he finishes. The engine of the vehicle outside revs again as it peels off Rick turns his head towards the door and furls his brow.

RICK
That sounds like. No. No **no!**

Rick tears out of the restroom barefoot his jeans barely stay on him as he gives chase after his own car. The tail lights pull away into the distance when Rick stops briskly turns and runs off towards the freeway and over the small grass inlet between. He runs upon the interstate and sees the car pull off in front of him. Rick turns around and throws his hands up as trucks, cars and big rigs drive past at random.

RICK
Help. HELP. Someone just stole my car!

(CONTINUED)

A large truck flies past as the wind blows on Rick who stares a beat turns again and sprints back towards the rest stop. He approaches the parking lot and the only car there. A brown four door with people asleep inside he steps to the passenger window and urgently raps at it.

RICK

Can you please help me? Someone just stole my car! Can we go after him?

A woman from the back holds her hand over her child's head fumbles awake to look up around at the noise. She reaches to the passenger seat and shakes a man asleep there. A mid fifties Hispanic male sits up slowly and turns to see Rick outside.

RICK

Someone just stole my car. Can we follow after him, He's driving that way.

Rick points in the direction. Rick turns to face them they look at him with blank expressions.

WOMAN

No!

She shakes her head then points at a payphone lit up on the outside with an aluminum overhang. Rick turns, runs over to the phone stops he places his hand on the receiver lifts it off its cradle and proceeds to dial 911.

V.O.

911 Emergency Operator

RICK

Someone just stole my car! It's a brown 1972 Mercury Capri. Call the police block off the highway do whatever you got to do.

V.O.

Where are you right now sir.

RICK

I'm at a rest stop on Interstate 10 just east of Lafayette.

V.O.

I'll connect you with the Lafayette City Police.

(CONTINUED)

RICK
Ah, Okay.

V.O.
Hold please.

Rick holds on the line a beat.

V.O.
Lafayette City Police.

RICK
Um, Hi. Someone has just stolen my car. They are Westbound on Interstate 10 east of Lafayette. My license plate number is California 466 FES.

V.O.
Calm down sir. What is your name?

RICK
My name is Rick Fenner. My car was just stolen.

V.O.
Where are you sir?

RICK
I'm at a rest area east of Lafayette.

V.O.
Good. Would you like me to dispatch an officer?

RICK
Uh yea!

EXT. REST STOP-NIGHT

Fifteen minutes pass as Rick waits the only person in the parking lot. A lone vehicle pulls onto the shoulder in the distance then slows as it approaches. Rick makes out nothing over the brightness of the headlights he then spots the blue domes over the car. The officer pulls up as Rick walks over to meet him still barefoot. The officer slows to a roll and lowers his window a little.

RICK
My car is brown it's a Capri.

Rick holds a finger pointed in the direction.

(CONTINUED)

RICK
He took my car and drove off that
way. West.

The officer rolls his window down the rest of the way.

OFFICER
Your out of my jurisdiction son.

Rick shrugs his shoulders looks up and begins to pant then
takes a deep breath.

RICK
(shaking)
Well who's jurisdiction am I in?

The officer leans over to see Rick better. Rick's eyes glaze
over as he switches feet.

RICK
Officer can you please put me in
touch with whomever can help me?

OFFICER
Yea I can do that.

The officer leans back into his seat lifts the radio from
its receiver and makes a low voiced call to dispatch. After
a moment he leans back slightly towards Rick.

OFFICER
All right son. Someone will be with
you here in a few minutes. You just
hang around here okay?

Rick looks down at the ground toes a pebble then looks back
up and throws his hands up.

RICK
Where do you expect me to go?

The officer drives off Rick sits back down on the sidewalk
puts his arms behind him and stares up at the sky.

RICK
Bill, you fuckin' had it made.

Rick lets his head fall to his side to stare at the ghost of
Bill.

RICK
I can't believe I picked you up out
of the rain.

(CONTINUED)

Another several minutes pass when another set of headlights approach. He pulls up closer to Rick who stands up. The trooper flashes his overhead lights once. Rick flinches then steps closer. The trooper pulls into the parking spot with his extended palm up and out the window. He steps out after the vehicle comes to a complete stop. Trooper Johnson rigid foreboding and tall stature approaches Rick the spotlight shines hard in his eyes.

TROOPER
I assume your the victim.

RICK
Yes I am officer.

The trooper smiles stiffly.

TROOPER
It's Trooper. My name is Trooper Johnson. I have some questions I need to ask you.

Rick stares at the trooper.

RICK
No problem.

TROOPER JOHNSON
What's your name?

RICK
You want my legal name or the name I go by?

TROOPER JOHNSON
You have an a.k.a?

RICK
Huh? Oh ya. It's Richard Fenner.

The trooper dismisses with gesture. The questions continue Rick answers the trooper intrepidly. Soon the trooper turns and approaches his radio.

TROOPER JOHNSON
We need to put out an APB on a 1972 brown Mercury Capri. California License 466 Frank Edward Sam. Last seen westbound on I-10.

The dispatch replies.

(CONTINUED)

V.O.

10-4. All units be advised a 48 in progress brown Mercury Capri California license 466 Frank Edward Sam last seen west on I-10.

The trooper takes a slow look over Rick.

TROOPER JOHNSON

Do you need a ride?

The side of Ricks mouth makes a soft smile.

RICK

I'm glad you asked. You see these jeans?

He pats his pants.

RICK

This is all I've got. He took everything.

INT. PATROL CAR-NIGHT

The squad car speeds down the highway through the dark night. The speedometer raises past eighty then ninety Rick looks up at the trooper.

TROOPER JOHNSON

Do you have family out here?

RICK

No! I live in California.

The trooper turns his head his hands gripped tight to the steering wheel.

TROOPER JOHNSON

(condescending)

San Francisco?

RICK

No, Los Angeles.

Cars fly past as the trooper stares ahead his jaws clenched.

TROOPER JOHNSON

So, your one of those Hollywood kids, a surfer?

(CONTINUED)

RICK
The San Fernando Valley. Its nice,
you know the suburbs.

Rick stares out the window in front of him.

RICK
Do.. Do you have to drive this
fast?

TROOPER JOHNSON
I have to get you there before it
closes.

RICK
What closes?

TROOPER JOHNSON
The YMCA.

RICK
Huh..

Rick looks over at the trooper then down at his gun. The trooper looks at him then back out the windshield.

RICK
I don't have any money? Don't they
charge money?

TROOPER JOHNSON
No, You qualify as derelict. They
have to take you.

Rick looks around the interior of the car then out the passenger window.

RICK
(whispers)
Derelict?

He looks back at the trooper then at his gun then back out the window with a deep guttural groan. They slow down as they approach the YMCA.

EXT. YMCA-NIGHT

The squad car pulls up in front. The street is dark except the lone front light pole. The trooper puts the car in park pushes open the door then turns towards Rick.

(CONTINUED)

TROOPER JOHNSON
(firmly)
Stay right there.

The trooper gets out and walks over to the doors lifts up one hand to cover his eyes and peers in. The lights are off in the building he steps back frowns and looks around. Trooper Johnson then steps to the doors and pulls at them, then again he tugs shaking the glass at its frames. Without a budge he stands there arms extended still in a grasp of the bar then looks down to see the chain that wraps the handles inside. He turns and stares at the squad car with Rick in it. The trooper pulls the door open and gets in. He takes a deep breath slams the door and looks Rick sternly in the eye.

TROOPER JOHNSON
(seething)
Do you have family in California?

RICK
Yea my mom.

TROOPER JOHNSON
Would she buy you a bus ticket or
airfare?

The trooper slowly leans over Rick as he does Rick has to look up and begins to lean back.

RICK
Uh, Yes. I'm sure she will.

The trooper stares at Rick then looks around out the windows.

RICK
So, where you going to take me?

The trooper looks back at Rick looks at him then turns the engine over.

TROOPER
We'll see if we can't find you
something at the station to wear.
Maybe a shirt.

EXT. LOUISIANA TROOPERS OFFICE-NIGHT

The air is muggy when Rick and the trooper arrive at the station. The trooper opens the door and Rick is lead in.

INT. TROOPERS STATION

Rick walks in and is immediately hit by a chilly 65 degree interior. Trooper Johnson motions Rick toward a small briefing room across from the front doors. Rick sits down as shivers begin when he finds a large round clock on the wall 4:52 A.M. He stares at the clock as 30 minutes pass. Rick gets up walks to the open door and peers out of the room. The receptionist looks up from her paperwork and sees Rick at the door.

RECEPTIONIST

Is there someone you want to call?

RICK

I'd like to call my mother.

RECEPTIONIST

Okay. I'm Betty and no problem give me the number. I have to dial it on my phone. You push the flashing button on that phone.

Betty mid 40's shoulder length brown hair unassuming not in uniform takes the number turns to the phone and begins to patch him through to an empty line.

BETTY

It's ringing. Push the button and pick up the receiver.

Rick picks up the receiver pushes the button and raises it to his ear.

V.O.

Hello?

RICK

(soft)

Mom. This is Rick. I'm sorry I woke you but my car was stolen. I'm in Lafayette, Louisiana. This is really bad Mom. I'm really sorry. I just didn't know who else to call.

(CONTINUED)

V.O.

Sweetheart I am the one to call in this situation. I'm glad you did. Are you all right?

RICK

Yea I'm okay. Mom he took everything I have. Everything.

V.O.

Rick those are only things. Your alright. That's what matters. Wait, what time is it there?

Rick looks around the station walls until he spots a clock.

RICK

It's 5:37 here.

V.O.

Oh Dear it's 3:37 here. There's not much I can do yet. But let me speak to someone there. I'll see if I can arrange a flight home for you.

RICK

I love you mama.

V.O.

I love you too sweetheart now let me speak to whomever.

RICK

Excuse me? My mother would like to speak with you.

Rick gestures with the receiver then returns it to his ear.

RICK

Thank you.

He begins to set it down. The receptionist presses a button on her switchboard and begins to relate local information to Ricks mother. Rick walks back into the briefing room when the receptionist reappears with a blanket.

RECEPTIONIST

You look like your freezing.

RICK

I am. It's really cold in here.

(CONTINUED)

RECEPTIONIST

Yea I'm afraid they do keep the a.c. up. Your mom is going to call back in a bit with some travel plans for you.

RICK

Okay.

RECEPTIONIST

So where are you going to go?

RICK

To the airport I hope but I don't know how I'm going to get there. He took everything.

BETTY

WOW. Is that right? If you need a ride to the airport I get off at eight. I think I can give you a ride. But your going to need a shirt. I don't think you can fly in a plane without a shirt.

Rick stands upright and a smile begins to reappear on his face.

RICK

Really.

BETTY

I'm going to call my brother-in-law and see if he can meet up with us. I'm sure he has a shirt you can borrow.

RICK

Thank you so much. Really.

Rick looks back to the clock then back at Betty.

RICK

You wanna hear how this whole thing got started?

BETTY

What whole thing?

RICK

The crazy way I ended up here.

She looks down and for the first time notices his bare feet. Then looks him up and back down again.

(CONTINUED)

BETTY

You know what? I would love to know why or how you ended up here in our lovely troopers office in your condition.

Rick pulls the blanket up tight over his shoulders follows her to reception area and begins to tell the entirety of the last 3 days events. At times he stands then sits back down, imitates driving then holds on for dear life in a make believe catamaran that extends from the edge of the receptionist's desk. When Rick arrives at the point of the story involving the Trooper he appears from around the corner. Rick stops abruptly as Trooper Johnson leans over the counter to Betty and says something in a hushed tone. He looks up at Rick.

TROOPER JOHNSON

You going to need a lift to the airport?

BETTY

I told him I'd take him after I get off.

TROOPER JOHNSON

Are you sure?

BETTY

Yea. He needs a shirt. Tony is gonna bring him one.

TROOPER JOHNSON

Oh, okay then.

He grabs his wide brimmed trooper hat and walks out the office.

CUT TO

INT. CAR-DAY

Rick shirtless in his jeans stares down and then out the window. In Betty's car are food wrappers, clothes, an old drink, a coffee mug and receipts scattered on the floorboards. They drive through the City of Lafayette. Rick exhausted dozes in and out of consciousness. They pull over and someone hands Betty a bright vermilion shirt with blue stripes across the shoulders. Rick peers at them in a half aware daze then takes the shirt.

(CONTINUED)

BETTY

Well I do thank you.

TONY

It's not a problem you can keep it.
I won't be missin' it. We going for
breakfast?

Tony, late 40's, balding, stocky, wearing overalls and a
t-shirt.

BETTY

You buyin'?

TONY

Sure, long as you all don't go
crazy on me.

Tony jumps in the car and makes his way to the back seat as
Rick thrown forward into the dash. Rick now dons the
vermilion shirt and is clearly visible in the front seat.

EXT. IHOP-DAY

Betty and Tony eat breakfast briskly as Rick barely stays
awake as the sun beats on him through the window. He
struggles to make out images and sounds in the diner then
lags in his response barely coherent.

BETTY

Don't worry honey. We're not that
far from the airport you have a
flight at 1:00. Plenty of time to
rest up.

He tries to hold his head up while his fork drags the plate
of his pigs in a blanket.

BETTY

Your mom told me that all you need
to do is go to the Texas
International Airways Ticket
Counter. They have a ticket for
you.

Rick stares at her a long beat and try's to gather what she
said. His head bobs when Tony looks at Betty then lays cash
on the table. Tony lifts Rick's arm as they all stand to
leave.

INT. CAR-DAY

BETTY

Rick. Rick we're here.

Rick wakes up groggy and stares out at a parking lot flanked by a small airport. A smaller commercial plane takes off in the distance.

BETTY

Go up to the counter and tell them who you are. They have a ticket for you.

RICK

Alright. Okay.

Rick stammers out the car starts to walk off stops mid stride turns back to face them and wavers in place a beat.

RICK

Thank you. Thank you guys.

He stands there a minute a tear drops from his eye. Rick turns back and stammers off.

BETTY

(hushed)

Your welcome Rick.

INT. LAFAYETTE AIRPORT-DAY

Rick enters through a set of glass double doors beset in a thin hallway. Still barefoot he stumbles directly to the counter where a female ticket agent just finishes with a couple. She files something when Rick approaches the first open counter.

INT. AIRPORT TICKET COUNTER-DAY

The woman looks up.

TICKET AGENT

May I help you?

Rick looks up to see the woman who's name tag reads Bonnie mid 40's with warm demeanor and brown shoulder length styled hair. Bonnie wears a silver-blue two piece Texas International Airways Uniform.

(CONTINUED)

RICK

I understand I have a ticket
waiting for me? My name is Rick
Fenner. It might be under Richard
Fenner.

He stands blurry eyed and lists lazily to the left. Rick
stares back at the ticket agent she scans him once over.

BONNIE

Um, I'll look that up for you.

She stops mid scan looks back up at him then returns to her
screen.

BONNIE

Yes we do. I see one ticket here
for Richard Fenner. I assume that's
you?

She looks back up briskly at Rick who barely holds his head
up.

RICK

(nodding)

Yes ma'am.

BONNIE

You'll be flying with us from
Lafayette to Dallas/Ft. Worth
Texas. A slight layover then on to
LAX with United Airlines.

She reaches down to pull out freshly printed tickets from
the printer.

BONNIE

I have your tickets right here. Do
you have any baggage to check?

Rick steps back to examine his bare feet.

RICK

Nope.

She looks down at Ricks feet.

BONNIE

Do you have any shoes?

RICK

No. I lost them. I took them off
then lost them when some guy stole
my car.

(CONTINUED)

BONNIE

What?

RICK

This is all I've got. I have no wallet. No money. I have no watch. I have no shoes.

BONNIE

Oh my God. Where were you going?

RICK

I was on my way home and I picked up a hitchhiker. When I stopped to go to the bathroom, he stole my car.

Bonnie looks on in surprise mixed with concern. A security officer ill proportioned stands at a distance and watches Rick with scrutiny.

BONNIE

Okay. What size shoe do you wear?

RICK

Uh. Size 10!

BONNIE

Let me call my son and see if he has a pair of shoes you can wear? If he does I'll have him bring 'em down here. Okay? You can't fly without shoes.

RICK

Why?

BONNIE

Because it's the law.

Rick blinks his weary eyes at her.

RICK

(barely coherent)
But why?

BONNIE

Don't worry about it. I'm sure my son can find some shoes. Just take a seat over there. I'm going to hang on to your tickets until you get your shoes.

(CONTINUED)

RICK

Um, okay.

Rick looks around his shoulder then back at Bonnie then back over at the seats where the security guard remains vigilant then at Bonnie again.

BONNIE

It's going to be okay. You have plenty of time. Go sit down.

Rick turns then meanders to the seats behind. He crosses the row of empty stanchions and a small walkway to an empty row of chairs and sits down as the security guard crosses over to the ticket counter. The guard leans in and speaks to the agent for a long minute. An hour passes while Rick falls asleep in the chair. A gentle nudge and Rick looks up to see Bonnie with her hand on his shoulder. In her hand is a ticket and in the other an over sized pair of stiff and weathered tan and beige Wallaby Shoes with no laces. She holds the shoes out which Rick grasps clumsily then slips onto his feet. She then hands him the ticket folder.

BONNIE

Here are your tickets Richard. Hold on to that.

Rick takes it leans back in his seat holds it in his hands and wraps his arms around himself.

BONNIE

Over there is your boarding gate. You have about two hours. Get some rest. I'll let you know when its time.

RICK

Okay. Thank you so much.

He grips his arms tight and begins to nod off almost immediately.

INT. AIRPORT SEATS-DAY

Rick awakes again to see Bonnie above him.

BONNIE

(hushed)

Your plane is boarding. It's over there at that gate. Just go over give them your tickets and get on board. Have a safe trip home.

(CONTINUED)

Rick stands up.

RICK

Thank you.

He walks to the gate and hands the boarding agent the tickets exactly as they were given to him. When she opens the ticket folder she finds a note written on Texas International Airways Stationary and a twenty dollar bill.

ATTENDANT

Um sir. I think this must belong to you?

She extends the bill and the note to Rick then goes back to work and removes the stub side of the ticket. Rick stops a beat and looks down at the note in his hand. It reads *I thought you might need this. Bonnie*

ATTENDANT

Your good to board Mr. Fenner.

Rick takes a half step then looks back through the archway toward the seats and the ticket counter, no one is there. He turns back to the gate and boards the plane.

INT. AIRPLANE-DAY

The stewardess and captain stand side by side they watch Rick as he enters the cabin of the DC-9. The stewardess approaches Rick.

STEWARDESS

May I point you toward your seat.

She grabs Ricks ticket fold, lifts it up still attached to his hand then gestures with her arm finger extended.

STEWARDESS

Right over there in row 11-D by the window.

Rick glances over his shoulder turns toward his seat and shuffles off. Row after row of seats with people who wear no smiles. Some peer up then look away others place a carry on in the empty seat.

RICK

Awe. There you go.

(CONTINUED)

Rick identifies his row and moves in to sit. He plops down fastens his seat belt turns his head and looks over at the wing, the engine roars to life outside. A stewardess walks up the aisle and stops to check Ricks belt.

STEWARDESS #2

Hello. Is there anything I can do for you?

RICK

No I would just really like to get some sleep.

STEWARDESS #2

Would you like a pillow and blanket?

RICK

Please.

She briskly continues down the aisle. Rick reclines his seat back when she returns.

STEWARDESS #2

Uh, sir. I can't allow you to put your seat back yet until we're in the air. But here's your pillow.

RICK

Huh, oh. Uh, okay.

He leans his seat forward.

RICK

Thanks

STEWARDESS #2

And here's your blanket.

Rick smiles up at her then tucks the pillow behind his head and nods off upright blanket in hand.

INT. AIRPLANE-DAY

The cabin is empty when the stewardess nudges Rick softly.

STEWARDESS #2

Sir. We are in Dallas Ft./Worth. This is where you get off.

A groan escapes him as he turns over then comes to slowly. Rick stands up and sheds the blanket the pillow drops to the seat next to him. He looks around down at the ticket still in his hand then heads off the plane.

INT. DALLAS/ FT.WORTH-DAY

The only person left to exit the gates Rick walks into the main airport his shoes loose and large clunk about. He walks over to a bar with a few well dressed patrons all who turn and stare. Rick takes a deep breath mumbles to himself then looks down at his ticket fold to see the twenty dollar bill sticking out. He steps to the bar pulls out the bill the bartender looks up at Rick from where he makes a quick count of his tips. Rick holds the twenty up the bartender walks over.

RICK
Jack and Coke please.

BARTENDER
No problem.

Rick lays the bill on the bar as the bartender makes the drink turns and hands it to him. Rick grabs it looks around then up at the clock his shoulders go slack. He begins to nurse one drink every hour for the ensuing four hours with no television at the bar just cool air conditioning. Rick sits and notices the countless patrons that come and go some look and point or snicker in his direction. Six o'clock comes around and Rick walks over to his gate and boards the plane.

INT. DC-10 UNITED AIRLINES-NIGHT

Rick comes to his row where a large portly man has the center seat. The stewardess comes over to him and taps him on the shoulder just as he begins to sit.

STEWARDESS #3
Follow me.

RICK
Yea. Sure.

He goes a couple of rows back to where she comes to a stop and points at row of empty seats.

STEWARDESS #3
Nobody will be sitting here.

(CONTINUED)

Rick glances at the row then back at the stewardess he breaks a soft smile and exhales.

RICK
Thanks so much.

More people board the familiar announcements are made followed by the plane as it takes off. Rick looks out the window at the ground below as it disappears. The stewardess comes back to Rick.

STEWARDESS #3
May I get you a cocktail or something to drink?

RICK
Well how much are the cocktails?

STEWARDESS #3
2 dollars for the cocktails but the sodas and coffee are free.

RICK
(quietly)
Great I only have a few bucks left.
May I get 2 bottles of Jack Daniels and a coke.

He leans into her.

RICK
I have had one hell of a trip home.

The stewardess feigns a smile then turns to make the drink. She pours the Jack over ice then the soda and passes it to Rick. She pulls out the other nip of Jack.

STEWARDESS #3
Oh I'm sorry. Did you want a double?

RICK
No that's alright. But may I keep the can.

STEWARDESS #3
Sure of course. I'll be back later to pick up.

RICK
Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

She heads off and Rick takes a long drink then he mixes the rest of the can with the other shot of whiskey. A few minutes pass as passengers begin to walk about Rick watches them each eye him as they pass. Another stewardess approaches with a basket full of airline headsets.

STEWARDESS #4

Hello. Would you like to buy a headset?

RICK

Do they cost?

STEWARDESS #4

One dollar.

RICK

Oh I don't even have a dollar left.

Rick thumbs at his drink and grins lips cringed. She smiles back and heads off. Another several minutes pass she comes by again without a stop a pair of headsets fall in his lap.

STEWARDESS #4

(quietly)

We had extra's.

Rick looks down then up and cracks a soft smile. He lifts the headphones over his head to his neck and jacks in. Rick finishes the glass just as a movie starts. Before long he begins to thumb through the channels on the plane between the captain and crew and the air traffic control. Rick no longer watches the film he thumbs the chair again this time he settles on a jazz station leans back and closes his eyes.

INT. LAX AIRPORT-NIGHT 8:00P.M.

Rick walks out the double doors as a voice from the speakers repeat.

V.O.

The WHITE ZONE is for loading and unloading of passengers ONLY. NO PARKING.

He dazedly and with empty arms approaches the passenger pick up lane where he spots his sisters car. A brown and biege American Rambler sits idle with a female driver in wait. She looks up and spots Rick. Stephanie leans over and pushes the door open. Rick climbs in and closes the door. He takes a deep breath and a double look at her. Stephanie mid 20's shoulder length tight curly triangular hairstyle.

(CONTINUED)

Sympathetic, she looks back at Rick and strains to decipher his stare.

STEPHANIE
Are you alright?

RICK
(deep breath)
No. I mean, yea. It's been a rough couple days.

He rubs his temples then looks up at her.

RICK
I had a dream about you the other night?

STEPHANIE
Really? What was it about?

RICK
Well it was about you. You were at a party and you had your hair cut really short like now. I was surprised to see your hair like that and I really liked it and I was trying to tell you but you couldn't hear me.

Stephanie's face turns to an instant smile. She looks her self over then at the mirror then back to Rick.

STEPHANIE
You really like it?

Rick looks back over at her and smiles.

RICK
Yea! I do.

Stephanie puts the blinker on looks over at Rick then turns up the radio. She pulls out and down the lane they get onto the freeway as the music plays.

INT. CAR-NIGHT

Rick sits beside Stephanie as the view from the 405 opens up in front of them. A huge swath of San Fernando Valley is lit up like the heavens sends euphoria through Rick as a tear then another rundown his face. Stephanie looks over at Rick.

(CONTINUED)

STEPHANIE
Are you alright?

RICK
Yea.

Rick stares out the window for a beat.

RICK
No. I'm good.

EXT. HOUSE-NIGHT

The Rambler pulls up into the driveway of a mute blue stucco house with white wood trim and front brick wall facade. Rick gets out of the car turns and leans to the window.

RICK
Stephanie. Thank you for picking me up.

STEPHANIE
It's what big sisters do. Welcome home sweetheart. I love you.

Rick stands upright walks to the door gazes upon it takes a deep breath then walks in as the door is opened by Rick's mother.

INT. ROXANA'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Roxana a tender, youthful, proper woman with salt and pepper hair steps into the doorway. A classic 50's style apron rests around her neck and over her outfit Roxana sympathetically observes Rick a long moment.

RICK
Hi Momma.

He steps to her slowly bends down and throws his arms around her. She returns the hug.

ROXANA
Your room is just the way you left it. We can sit and talk a while if you want to or go to bed and we can speak in the morning.

RICK
Mom, this has been a really bad really long day for me. I just want
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RICK (cont'd)
to go lie down and close my eyes.
Can we talk tomorrow?

His shoulders drop and his head lowers.

RICK
Oh tomorrow. What's going to happen
tomorrow?

ROXANA
Well, tomorrow we're going to get
you some new clothes. Because that
is horrible.

She gestures a finger at the shirt Rick is wearing.

RICK
I know. I need everything.

ROXANA
Just go to bed honey.

RICK
Thanks Momma. I love you.

ROXANA
I love you too. Good night.

Rick stumbles off into the distance.

RICK
Good night.

TUESDAY JULY 4, 1978

A yellow rotary phone attached to the wall rings Roxana picks up the phone and returns to her cup of tea at the table.

ROXANA
Hello.

V.O.
Roxana. This is Dick. I just
received a phone call from the
Texas Rangers. They found Rick's
car and they suspect foul play.

Roxana listens intently then raises one eyebrow and looks up at Rick as he enters the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

ROXANA

I think this is for you.

She extends the phone to Rick.

RICK

Hello?

A long pause ensues.

V.O.

Rick? I just received a phone call from the Texas Rangers saying that you might be dead!

RICK

Well, I'm not dead.

V.O.

I can hear that. Your also not in Tallahassee.

RICK

No Dad. I'm not. I left a couple days ago and my car got stolen in Louisiana. Mom flew me to L.A.

V.O. DICK

Son if your going to be traveling across the United States and we live in the same city. Don't you think that it might have been a good idea to let me know that you were leaving?

RICK

Yes sir. But I got shot at by some stupid redneck and I had enough Dad. Tallahassee is just not the place for me. I fit in more here.

V.O. DICK

How did you get shot at?

RICK

I was doing a story on the Equal Right's Amendment for D-103. I talked to this guys wife about it and he told me he was going to blow my head off. Then he leveled a double barrel shotgun at me Dad and let both barrels go at the same time.

(CONTINUED)

V.O. DICK

More of that bleeding heart liberal
crap. Your lucky he didn't kill
you. Son you don't talk to people
about that kinda stuff down here.

RICK

Dad its the Equal Right's
Amendment.

V.O. DICK

Blah, Blah, Blah. Save that for the
liberals in California. Are you
okay?

RICK

Yes sir. I'm fine.

V.O. DICK

Well your car is in Ozona Texas.
Your gong to want the phone number
to the Rangers office where its
being held. Do you have a pen?

RICK

Got it Dad.

V.O. DICK

It's area code 325 555 0115.

RICK

Thanks Dad. Next time I travel I
promise I will let you know. I 'm
sorry.

V.O. DICK

As long as your alright. May I
speak to your mother?

RICK

Sure. Mom.

Rick hands the phone off to Roxana.

ROXANA

Yes. Uh huh. Dick I didn't know he
was coming until I got the call
from him at the police station very
early yesterday. I probably should
have called you myself. Rick and I
are about to leave and go shopping
and get some clothes for him. He
apparently lost everything.

(CONTINUED)

A pause

ROXANA

All right. Dick you have a nice day. Good bye.

Roxana returns the phone to its cradle. Rick and Roxana turn to face each other they take a deep breath in unison. Rick picks the phone up looks at the paper and begins to dial the rotary.

RICK

I'm going to call the Texas Rangers. They have my car in Ozona, Texas.

The phone rings a few times, Rick looks out the top of the open kitchen dutch door and stares into the distance.

V.O.

Texas State Highway Patrol.

Rick snaps to attention grabs the pen.

RICK

Hello, My name is Rick Fenner. I understand you have my car.

V.O.

What kind of car is it?

RICK

It's a 1972 brown Mercury Capri. California license plate 466 FES.

V.O.

Yes we do. Mr. Fenner would you like to retrieve your car as it is in our possession. We also have some questions for you concerning a Mr. William De'Con and your car?

Rick has his pen in hand paper under his palm he doodles at its edge.

RICK

Um. I'm in Los Angeles and yes I would like to retrieve my car.

V.O.

We have a 24 hour hold here at the station after which point it will be remanded to the impound.

(CONTINUED)

RICK

Oh, please I need to get on a bus
to get there. Can you give me 48
hours to get there? Please!

Rick continues to doodle he pens circular scales that begin
to take shape.

V.O

I can't make any promises but I
think we can accommodate you Mr.
Fenner.

RICK

Um, oh. I need your address.

Rick listens intently pen to paper. Scales cover the edges
of the notepaper like stationary he begins to jot down an
address.

RICK

Thank you sir. I will be there.

He hangs up the phone. Roxana looks over at the paper and
address.

ROXANA

It looks like I'll be buying you a
bus ticket too.

RICK

(sighs)
Thanks Mom.

A stiff gaze at Rick that turns into a wry smile. She takes
a breath.

ROXANA

Now let's get ready to go shopping.

They stand and exit the room.

INT. J.C. PENNY'S-DAY

Roxana holds up a pair of tighty whities underwear and
smiles.

ROXANA

Your going to need these.

Rick looks up and then around and smiles back at his mother.

(CONTINUED)

RICK
(snickers)
Of course Mom.

ROXANA
Now go and get yourself some shirts
and pants while I get you some
socks.

RICK
Really?

ROXANA
Yes, you need them.

RICK
Mom. I'm sorry but I also need
shoes. I know they're expensive but
I need just one pair.

ROXANA
Go ahead sweetheart.

RICK
Thanks so much Mom.

Rick looks behind him at a corral of Levis across the aisle.
He steps away and disappears deeper into the store.

INT. DRESSING ROOM-DAY

Rick returns with a stack of items a shoebox a couple pairs
of jeans and a few t-shirts. He walks into the dressing room
as Roxana takes a seat. Rick reappears in a pair of tight
fit Jordache denim bell bottom jeans and a pink on white
paintbrush stylized long sleeve shirt. Roxana smiles coyly
at his confidence. He returns to the dressing room and
another minute later bounds back out wearing the same shirt
and a different pair of denim jeans. Roxana looks up then
back down then peers back up through closed fingers at Rick
who beams. He comes back out with new black dress shoes with
1 inch rise platforms his same denim jeans and a French
Newspaper print sepia tone rayon long sleeve shirt.

EXT. ROXANAS HOUSE-DAY

Roxana pulls up into the first driveway on Mulholland Drive
just off Canoga Avenue. Rick steps out of the car with
shopping bags full of clothes and a large smile. Roxana
opens the front door as Rick follows in.

INT. RICKS BEDROOM-DAY

Clothes are laid out on the bed as Rick turns to slide open the full length mirrored closet doors. He grabs for a hanger then a pair of jeans as the phone rings in the background.

ROXANA

Rick phone.

Rick turns his head up at his moms voice and stands still a moment his head half caulked.

INT. ROXANA'S KITCHEN-DAY

RICK

Hi who's this?

V.O. MISTY

Hi Rick it's Misty Ramos.

RICK

UH. Hi Misty. How did you know I was in town?

V.O. MISTY

Well you've been on my mind a lot lately.

RICK

Really? I just got back in town. What are you doing tonight?

V.O. MISTY

I don't have any plans.

RICK

Well if you'd like, let's get together. It's the 4th of July and the sunsets about 8:30. I can pick you up then we can check out the Valley from the top of Winnetka. The view is so totally cool. You can see the whole west end of the Valley from there.

V.O. MISTY

That sound's fun. Let's hit Ralph's on the way.

RICK

You know Misty I always liked you. What's your address?

He starts to write the address on paper.

INT. ROXANA'S LIVING ROOM-DAY

Rick enters the living room with a large smile he holds up a piece of paper.

RICK
(disbelief.)
Mom. I have a date tonight. Can I,
borrow the car?

ROXANA
It's may I borrow the car?

RICK
Sorry. May I borrow the car please?

ROXANA
Rick you don't have a drivers
license.

RICK
I know Mom. I'll be really careful.
I promise, I promise.

ROXANA
All right then but don't be out
late. You have to catch a bus
really early in the morning. By the
way I called the police in Ozona
and let them know you would be
there when they open day after
tomorrow. They're going to keep
your car and not impound it but you
have to show up.

RICK
(emphatic)
Oh I'm going to be there Mom. May I
go down to Pages Restaurant for
awhile? My date isn't until later
this evening. I'm hoping some of my
friends are there.

Roxana looks over at Rick with a proud smile and removes the keys from her purse and passes them gently to Rick.

ROXANA
Drive carefully.

INT. PAGES RESTAURANT-DAY

Rick walks into the restaurant and peers around.

HOSTESS
Just one?

RICK
Um, I'll sit at the counter.

The hostess gestures in that direction. Rick takes a step around the corner then notices a group of friends who sit at a booth. The hostess looks back at Rick who motions.

RICK
I have friends here.

HOSTESS
Oh okay.

Rick turns around to see his friends Peter Duke short brown hair horn-rimmed glasses white t-shirt under open plaid shirt and cream cargo pants, Mike 22 computer science major dressed in designer clothes and Lauren early 20's tall large busted attractive brunette all sit in solace with their heads down, Rick walks toward them. Peter looks up then down with an electrified double take then jumps up on and over the center of the table. Food and glasses spill and fly as he lands and briskly bounds towards Rick.

PETER DUKE
(shrill voice)
Fenner!

RICK
P.D.!

MIKE AND LAUREN
Rick Fenner! Rick!

Rick wide eyed holds his hands up and braces as Peter runs full force into him. Rick falls backwards to the ground as Peter straddles him face to face.

PETER DUKE
Your dead! They said you were dead!

RICK
P.D. I'm not dead. I'm not.

PETER DUKE
The Texas Rangers called me and
they told me they found your car
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PETER DUKE (cont'd)
and suspected foul play. He told me
that you were probably dead.

RICK
Peter I am not dead. Get your bony
ass off of me.

PETER
It's not bony!

The manager of the restaurant approaches the two and stands
over them.

MANAGER
Do we have a problem here?

Peter dismounts Ricks chest and helps him up.

RICK
It's okay. He thought I was dead
but I'm not dead. Sorry.

PETER DUKE
(snickers)
Sorry.

Rick shoves Peter as they walk back to the booth.

RICK
What the fuck is wrong with you?

PETER DUKE
Hell man, we really believed you
were dead! What happened?

Rick swivels his head to the sky.

RICK
Dude I had my car stolen. And oh
yea, I was shot at by some crazy
redneck. Sit down I gotta tell you
this story.

Rick and Peter rejoin the others at the booth as they all
greet. Rick sits and begins to recant his story. On one hand
he counts off the many incidents holding his fingers out to
add situation after situation. He stands then ducks under
the table falls in the aisle. The manager continues to stare
at them from a distance.

(CONTINUED)

PETER DUKE

Damn Rick, it's like you really almost did die a couple of times.

RICK

Yea, tell me about it. At 4 A.M. tomorrow morning I have to be on a bus to Ozona, Texas.

PETER DUKE

Need a ride?

RICK

That would be way cool. I know my mom would appreciate it. She hates driving when it's dark.

He punches Rick in the arm.

PETER DUKE

No problem buddy I'm just glad your alive.

RICK

What time is it?

LAUREN

It's about 8:00.

PETER DUKE

What, you got a date?

He smiles back at Peter.

RICK

As a matter of a fact I do. I gotta go guys.

Rick points at Peter.

RICK

I'll see you at 3 a.m.

PETER DUKE

You got it. Have fun. Hey! I'm glad your not dead.

Rick gets up from the booth and walks away.

RICK

Me too!

EXT. MISTY'S HOUSE-DAY

Rick pulls into the Woodland Hills Community passes the country club and pulls onto a short curved street with quaint homes slightly overgrown shrubbery fruit trees and palms. Rick eyes the address on each home then pulls into a driveway. The one-story ranch styled home encrusted by trees and shrubbery in place with the woods that surround. Rick approaches the home. A wooden walkway leads to the front where Rick knocks on the door. After a short pause the door opens Misty Ramos short sultry attractive Asian Latina with full dark brown hair brown eyes stare back at Rick.

RICK
(Overjoyed)

Hi!

MISTY RAMOS

Hi.

She leans into Rick pulls him tight and hugs him a long beat.

MISTY RAMOS
It is so good to see you!

RICK
It's good to see you too.

INT. MISTY'S HOUSE-DAY

Misty turns and guides Rick around a corner through her upscale home and into the living room that overlooks the backyard as the last daylight wanes.

RICK
I just got back in town and I
didn't know anyone knew I was here.

MISTY RAMOS
I didn't know you were here. I just
kept thinking about you and decided
to give you a call.

RICK
Well actually I'm leaving again
early tomorrow morning for Texas.
They've got my car and I have to go
get it.

(CONTINUED)

MISTY RAMOS

So are you going back to Florida?

RICK

No! I've made that choice. I'm back to stay. I just need to go get my car. Then I'll be back in a couple of days.

Rick smiles at her, Misty seductively smiles back.

MISTY RAMOS

You know we better get going. I want to stop at Ralph's.

RICK

Great let's go.

They stand then she reaches to grab a black sweater from the arm of the sofa.

INT. RALPH'S SUPERMARKET-NIGHT

Misty walks into the store as Rick holds the door. They beeline strait for the liquor aisle. Misty walks up to the tequila and grabs a fifth from off the shelf.

MISTY RAMOS

I guess your right, it has been a few years since the last time we caught up. I am glad you answered. Have you spoken to anyone else from our class?

RICK

Yea. I just saw Peter Duke! He's one crazy moe de poe.

MISTY RAMOS

(chuckles)

Still? Cool.

They walk up to the register to check out.

RICK

He jumped on my chest because he thought I was dead.

MISTY RAMOS

What? Really?

(CONTINUED)

RICK

Yea, I told you he was a crazy moe
de poe. I got this.

MISTY RAMOS

Oh no. I got this.

Misty hip checks Rick out of the way. The clerk slides the bottle and totals the purchase for them. Misty dips into her purse pulls out a twenty and hands it to the clerk.

RICK

Misty Ramos I like your style!

She smiles back at Rick takes her change and they leave.

INT. CAR-NIGHT

The car pulls out left onto Winnetka they pass Taft High School and begin their ascent up the hill.

RICK

Do you miss going to Taft? Do you
miss high school?

MISTY RAMOS

I miss our friends. I don't think
about it otherwise, I guess.

Rick pulls over at the top of the road overlooking the San Fernando Valley.

EXT. SAN FERNANDO VALLEY VISTA-NIGHT

Misty and Rick jump out of the car she smiles big cracks the tequila and holds it up.

MISTY RAMOS

Rick, Welcome Home!

Rick stares out at the view a beat then looks back at Misty smiles and steps to her just as she takes a swig. She tequila squints recoils then passes it to him. Rick takes it looks out over the valley and holds it up.

RICK

It's good to be home.

He takes a smooth sip when she interjects.

(CONTINUED)

MISTY RAMOS
Don't drink it all!

Rick chokes in a laugh and passes it back as she pulls it from his hands. They pass it back and forth another time. The fireworks begin in the valley below. They stand by the car and enjoy the view from the road. They toss back the tequila laugh joke flirt and compete for bigger sips. The finale' begins as Rick takes hold of his crotch.

RICK
I gotta Pee.

He looks around and spies a bush past the curb.

MISTY RAMOS
Do what you got to do.

Rick turns and makes for the curb. He hits its edge and barely releases in time. Rick starts to finish and notices movement beside him. He looks over at Misty to see her peek at him from behind. She smiles back.

MISTY RAMOS
You should try to write something.

Rick blushes and runs out of pee.

RICK
Well I'm almost done here.

He glances over at her and tucks back into his button down 501's. Rick takes notice of Misty who looks on enthused.

MISTY RAMOS
I gotta pee! I can do this.

She walks out to the middle of the street wearing a dark denim short skirt and a satin cream colored blouse under her black sweater. Misty spreads her legs reaches down pulls her panties to the side and begins to break a light stride. She takes a couple steps swerves crosses over then back. In the road below her name starts to appear when she comes back after finishing the Y she crosses the T and dots the I.

RICK
Oh my god! That was totally rad!

MISTY RAMOS
I know! I couldn't think of anything else to write or I would of.

(CONTINUED)

RICK
That is amazing!

She laughs then Rick joins her.

RICK
You're crazy!

The fireworks finale comes to an end below as they stare at it. They look back at each other then laugh again. Just downhill from them are a few properties at different stages of being built.

MISTY RAMOS
Hey let's check that out.

RICK
Them houses?

MISTY RAMOS
They're not houses yet!

Misty prances ahead down the hillside toward the structures. Rick and Misty catch stride and begin to race to the skeleton homes.

EXT. SKELETON HOMES-NIGHT

They reach the properties and come to a stop. Wide eyed they laugh and gasp for air.

MISTY RAMOS
Looks like everyone has gone home
for the night.

RICK
That's a safe bet.

Misty smiles at him then looks through the edge of homes that line up in a row on the hillside. She chuckles once pushes at Rick who falters a step she then runs off into the homes.

MISTY RAMOS
Catch me if you can!

Rick laughs and takes off after her. The moon is bright as they dash through the homes one at a time. Through sections and around unfinished staircases. Past kitchens Misty leads Rick in full stride they laugh when Rick almost has her cornered. Misty glides past a wall and off onto another foundation through a back door down a hallway out the front

(CONTINUED)

door. They come to the edge of homes where the hillside meets a steep slant, Misty stops and faces Rick who bolts out of a framed doorway into a sliding stop. He walks up to her slowly as the stars sparkle above she eyes him from a distance. When Rick nears he stops a foot away from her looks back at the homes then back to her and smiles.

RICK

I caught You.

Misty grins then leans into him.

MISTY RAMOS

Yea, you did.

She steps back up onto the foundation. Face to face with Rick he steps to her and wraps his arms gently around her waist, leans forward and peers into her eyes.

MISTY RAMOS

(seductive)

I just broke up with someone. I'm not really sure if I'm ready..

Rick listens intent engaged in her eyes.

RICK

I get it.

MISTY RAMOS

I mean like I just want there to be.

RICK

For sure, totally.

She leans slowly into Rick he leans into Misty kisses her for a long beat. They separate, Rick spies over her shoulder one direction then another all he sees is unsafe areas. They pull apart and he catches her eyes again he looks up in the direction of his car.

RICK

Do you want to go somewhere? Maybe a park? I have a blanket in the back of the car.

Misty eyes Rick then grins.

MISTY RAMOS

Sure.

They poke at each other as they race back up the hill.

EXT. PARK-NIGHT

Rick leads Misty from the car into the softly wooded glen. She giggles while they walk down a path through a set of trees and into a meadow. Rick pulls the blanket from under his arm and lets it fly into the air, he holds it on one side and lowers it to the ground. Misty smiles and Rick blushes dips his chin then looks back up. Misty walks onto the blanket and joins Rick she looks around before she takes a seat.

MISTY RAMOS

I like it.

RICK

I made it just for you.

MISTY RAMOS

Oh you did did you?

RICK

Yea!

MISTY RAMOS

Oh well, I hope you didn't go to too much trouble.

RICK

Ah, it was nothing at all. I just threw it together.

They laugh together.

MISTY RAMOS

Well I'm impressed.

She smiles at him as Rick sits down beside her. They kiss passionately that quickly turns into hands in her blouse down her back side and then unhooks her bra. Rick gazes into her eyes while she giggles his hands run down her thighs as she lifts her hips just enough to remove her panties.

RICK

I don't think your going to need these.

He puts them in his pocket and unzips his fly while he moves close to kiss her. They pull together as he inserts himself. Misty wraps her legs around him. Rick grabs hold of her butt as she starts to make noises that turn into louder moans. He reaches under her sweater and exposes her breasts then leans in and begins to suck at them back and forth. She moans more in rhythm and louder until they both become excited. Misty

(CONTINUED)

lets out a final moan in climax. A person that walks their small dog on a nearby path approaches the clearing and cranes his neck to peer around.

WALKER

Is..Is everything okay?

RICK

Huh. Oh, uh yea!

They pause a beat and break into gasps and laughs.

MISTY RAMOS

(snickers)

Oh yea. We're good! Thanks though.

INT. CAR-NIGHT

They pull up into the driveway of Misty's house Rick turns off the car and faces her.

RICK

I would really like to see you again.

MISTY RAMOS

Well you have my number. When you get back give me a call.

She looks at him a moment then unlatches her seat belt.

MISTY RAMOS

I had a really great time. Thanks.

She leans over and gives him a long luscious kiss. Misty turns gets out walks up to her front door and enters. Rick watches her as she does he turns the ignition the head lights come on he backs out the driveway and pulls off.

INT. ROXANAS HOUSE-NIGHT

Rick enters the front door Roxana sits in the living room watching television. She looks up at Rick.

ROXANA

Don't you have to be at the bus station in a couple of hours?

RICK

Oh yea. I saw Peter Duke earlier this evening. He told me would give me a ride.

(CONTINUED)

ROXANA

So I don't have to?

RICK

No!

Roxana smiles back at him.

ROXANA

Well good. How was your date?

RICK

Oh Mom.

Rick smiles and pauses a beat.

RICK

Misty is really nice. We had a great time. I really want to go lie down for an hour or so before Peter shows up.

ROXANA

Your not going to where those pants are you? You have some serious grass stains all over your knees.

Rick looks down at his pants and grins then looks back up.

RICK

Awe shit. Sorry. I'll have to wear my other pants. I'm not going to have a change of clothes. Whatever I'm wearing is what I'm gonna wear.

ROXANA

Okay. Just make sure you at least take a windbreaker.

RICK

Okay Mama. I'm going to set an alarm for 2 o'clock. Peter should pick me up at 2:30.

ROXANA

Okay sweetheart get some rest. I'll see you when you get back. I love you.

Rick turns and spent walks down the hallway.

EXT. ROXANA'S HOUSE-NIGHT

WEDNESDAY JULY 5, 1978

Rick walks out the house dressed in blue denim bell bottom Jordache Jeans with french newspaper pattern polyester long sleeve shirt and a black wind breaker. Peter pulls into the driveway Rick climbs into the green Volkswagen Baja Bug.

PETER DUKE
Garbanzo reporting for duty!

INT. VW BUG-NIGHT

RICK
Morning P.D.

PETER DUKE
Morning! You went to sleep?

Peter pulls backward out the drive and takes off down the road.

PETER DUKE (CONTD)
I haven't slept a bit. It's a beautiful world out there!

RICK
I might have caught a few winks.

PETER DUKE
So what did you do after you left Pages?

Rick peers ahead out the window a slight smile crosses his face.

RICK
I ah ..had a date?

PETER DUKE
A date. Dude you just got back! So who'd you do?

Rick try's to hide his smile as he looks out the window.

RICK
Misty Ramos.

(CONTINUED)

PETER DUKE
Who? Misty who! Misty Ramos!

Peter turns while in mid drive punches Rick on the shoulder.

RICK
Owww!

PETER DUKE
No fucking way man! Misty Ramos!

RICK
(smug)
Uh, yea. Misty Ramos.

PETER DUKE
So?

RICK
So I picked her up. We got drinks.

PETER DUKE
What kinda drinks?

RICK
She bought Tequila.

Peter starts to chuckle to himself.

PETER DUKE
Tequila? Fuckin' a!

RICK
We went to the top of Winnetka and
saw the fireworks.

PETER DUKE
Cool!

RICK
Then She pee'd her name in the
street, we ran through some houses
they are building up there.

PETER DUKE
Wait. Wait. Wait, what? She pee'd
her name in the street!

They drive down the Ventura Freeway into Hollywood.

RICK
Peter it was totally bitchen' dude.
You should have seen this girl go!

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO

Misty pee's in slow motion while Rick laughs and watches on wide eyed.

CUT TO

PETER DUKE

Damn. Only you would see some shit like that!

RICK

Peter. Peter. She dotted the I dude! In fucking credible.

PETER DUKE

What! No way. No way!

RICK

Totally way! Misty is so much fun. Such a fun girl. I had a great time tonight.

PETER DUKE

Tonight? It's a whole other day now.

A broad smile crosses Ricks face as he leans back in the seat.

RICK

Today. Oh yea.

EXT. BUS STATION-NIGHT

Peter pulls into the bus station. Rick gets out of the car empty handed.

RICK

Thanks Peter! You drive safe.

PETER DUKE

I'll see you when you get back dude. Have fun in Ozona.

Peter chuckles and pulls away from Rick.

RICK

Yea right.

Rick turns and walks into the station.

INT. BUS STATION-NIGHT

Rick walks through the doors and stops to scan its long interior, across from him are ticket windows. He walks over and looks at the attendant behind the glass is a tall frail man with a pale gray complexion with salt and pepper hair.

RICK
I'd like to buy a one way ticket to
Ozona Texas, please.

ATTENDANT
One way?

RICK
Yup. One way.

The attendant fumbles through some schedules and then types a total in the register.

ATTENDANT
That will be \$57.60.

Rick reaches into his pocket and removes a few twenty dollar bills and hands the man three of them. The attendant takes the bills and makes change then uses his rubber stamp on both sides of the ticket before he passes it under the glass.

ATTENDANT
All right your bus will be in lane
17, you leave in half an hour.

RICK
Thanks.

He walks over to a wall of windows that look out on the bus depot and scans for his lane. Rick looks up at the clock on the wall then steps over to a row of chairs and sits down. He begins to watch all the goings on in the terminal. A tall scraggly greasy haired man sits idle and mutters to himself. A burly heavy set guard stands several paces away against a wall he watches the transient man. Another security guard with a frown on his face leers from the doorway, he watches over the terminal. A family sits by taking up an entire row of seats as suspicious druggie type spy on their things. A hooker walks in at 3:30 when Rick notices the time gets up and walks over to the doors that lead out to the buses.

EXT. BUS STATION-NIGHT

Rick steps outside onto the black top that join the rows of buses. He finds lane 17 looks up at the bus marked Jacksonville on its brow down at his ticket then back up. Rick boards the bus and walks three quarters of the way to the back finds a seat and sits. A few minutes pass more people get on then the driver pulls the doors closed. Rick lays back in the seat as the driver puts the bus in gear and they pull out of the depot.

EXT. BUS-NIGHT

The bus pulls out of the large garage of the station and bends the corner onto Alameda. Soon after the bus finds Interstate 10 East as they head out of town.

CUT TO

INT. BUS-DAY

The bus heads across the border of Arizona. Rick still sleeps as the sun comes up. The first day light peers through the front of the bus as he tucks his head and falls back to sleep.

CUT TO

EXT. BUS-DAY

The bus drives through deserts and valleys. The terrain changes in Arizona after Phoenix to a more steep and slow trek up a mountain side highway. Rick stares out on the world as the bus pushes up at a snails pace.

CUT TO

INT. BUS-DAY

More deserts line the horizon a few rural towns and junkyards dot the view off the highway. Rick turns away from the window and looks forward on the bus then lays his head back and closes his eyes. Night falls outside as they pass a sign that reads Now Entering Majestic New Mexico lit from below by 3 lights.

CUT TO

EXT. BUS-NIGHT

The bus comes over a hill in the nights moonlight a coyote howls in the distance. The drivers switch in Las Cruces, New Mexico. Where they stop at a rest stop. Rick awakes to the bus parked, one other person sleeps as another gets off the bus. He looks around then out the window to see a building that some enter as others walk out. He stands stretches his limbs and exits the bus.

CUT TO

INT. GAS STATION-NIGHT

Rick walks into the store and stops at an end cap grabs a cinnamon crumb and white powdered sugar doughnuts looks at them exhales and walks over to the cooler. He pulls out a bottle of Coke and walks back to the register. The clerk punches in the dollar amount for each item after a minute he announces the total.

CLERK

That'll be ninety two cents.

Rick stands half asleep a beat then looks up and blinks at the clerk.

RICK

Oh. Yea here you go.

He hands the man a dollar and takes his change and his doughnuts heads out the door and boards the bus.

EXT. BUS-DAY

THURSDAY JULY 6, 1978

The sun is about to rise over the side of Ozona, a flat horizon is seen for miles. The bus comes to a stop on the main street. Rick dazedly gets off the bus alone. The doors close the bus takes off behind him. The sky is dark blue over head as the lights beam out of the facade that stands on the corner across from Rick. He crosses the quite main street to a long brick building with dark red scalloped upper trim. Rick walks up to the front doors of the establishment and smells food just as he leans in to open the glass door.

INT. DINER-DAY

The diner bustles with business as farmers in overalls clean shaven with starched and pressed plaid shirts eat breakfast. Rick enters when they all look up and all fall silent. Rick looks around notices their clothes then looks down at his own attire and zips up his puffy black windbreaker as he walks towards the stools at the counter. The waitress walks over places a napkin and a spoon.

WAITRESS

Would you like coffee?

RICK

Yes please.

WAITRESS

Are you going to be eating this morning?

RICK

Yes I am.

She lays down a knife and fork then hands him a menu and turns to grab the coffee. She pours it for him then pulls out her pad.

WAITRESS

So, where you from?

RICK

L.A.

WAITRESS

Huh.

She contorts her face.

WAITRESS

You know what you want?

RICK

Um, the breakfast special.

WAITRESS

What kind of bread would you like?

RICK

Sourdough.

The waitress looks Rick up and down turns and walks away. The chatter starts back from the farmers around him. Rick hears one or two at the table behind him.

(CONTINUED)

FARMER

He's a queer.

FARMER #2

You think he's somebodies family?

FARMER

Well I didn't hear about nobody
coming to town.

Rick listens to the room and huddles over his coffee. Almost immediately the food is served and Rick looks up and nods.

RICK

Thank you.

Rick looks down at the food that is pristine in appearance. He stays focused and chows down on the food in front of him. Rick sips his coffee looks at the clock at his plate then through his peripherals at those around him then back to his plate. He finishes his eggs as the waitress drops the bill he turns it over to see \$1.25. Rick smiles leaves three dollars takes a last bite and a sip of coffee then stands up without a glance around. He makes for the door and leaves out the diner.

EXT. DINER-DAY

The sun has risen when Rick walks out into the world he turns peers side to side spots the police station a block down the street. Rick takes a deep breath and starts on his way.

INT. TEXAS RANGERS SUB STATION-DAY

Rick pushes the door of the police station open, its interior a flat tone cylinder block and wood veneer. Around a partition is an officer seated at the desk. Rick walks up to him as he looks up.

RICK

You have my car?

RANGER

Are you Richard Fenner?

RICK

Yes I am.

He pulls out Ricks drivers license holds it up to match his face glances at both then hands it to Rick.

(CONTINUED)

RANGER

This is yours and this is yours.

The Ranger picks up a wallet from the same side of the desk and passes it to him. Rick looks inside to see his Social Security Card still there and smiles.

RICK

(excited)

Do you have my Seiko Diving Watch?

He holds one hand up palm open.

RANGER

Hold on hold up, wait a minute. We need to take inventory of your car first.

RICK

Oh, okay.

Rick feels his heartbeat speed up.

CUT TO

INT. CAR-DAY

Rick and Bill climb inside the car and Rick puts the 6 pack of alcohol in the back seat. Bill slides the fireworks in a bag over his shoulder and drops them next to each other.

CUT TO

INT. CAR-DAY

Rick hands Bill the pipe low and under the dash as they cross over a long bridge in Mobile, Alabama. Rick points to the glove box as Bill pops it open pulls a film canister and removes the top where inside is Rick's stash of marijuana.

CUT TO

INT. RANGERS STATION-DAY

Ricks eyes dart about as his memories flood him. The ranger pulls out a clipboard clears his throat as Rick comes to attention in his seat and zips up his jacket the rest of the way.

(CONTINUED)

RANGER

List the items that were in your car.

RICK

Well my Seiko Watch. I had my Yale Luggage in the back seat. In that was my clothes and my awards. In the trunk was my Gates Turn Tables my albums and my cameras. Also there was some dishes and other stuff in a box. Why what's left in my car?

RANGERS

Basically just a pile of clothes in the backseat.

RICK

What happened to my stuff?

RANGER

Well it looks as if he sold it all along the way.

RICK

What!

RANGER

And he picked up a hitchhiker who had a terrible case of body lice. So we had to fumigate your car. Three times.

Ricks face becomes disgruntled as he furrows a brow then it is replaced by a blank expression.

RICK

So my Yashica 2 and a quarter camera is gone? My Nikons are gone?

RANGER

It's all gone.

RICK

My Gates turn tables? Those were direct drive turn tables.

RANGER

I'm afraid so. Would you like to go look at the car?

(CONTINUED)

RICK

Uh, yea!

RANGER

Or would you like to talk to the prisoner.

Rick stops and reels for a beat looks around then back at the ranger.

RICK

He's here?

RANGER

Yes. We were waiting for you to identify him before transport. We thought there was foul play. But after seeing you obviously your okay.

RICK

Uh yea. I'm okay.

RANGER

Did you ever call your father? He seemed very upset.

RICK

Yes sir, I spoke to him already. He gave me your number.

RANGER

Alright. So which would you like to see first?

INT. JAIL CELL-DAY

The ranger leads Rick down a hallway and around a corner that comes to a metal door with a mesh wire and glass window. The ranger unlocks the door Rick walks through to see movement in the far cell. Bill stands up when he hears Rick and the ranger. Rick approaches the cell.

RICK

(calm)

Bill you had a FREE RIDE all the way to Los Angeles, California. Why did you steal my car?

Bill looks up pauses as he stares strait at Rick then shrugs. Rick becomes livid as he steps forward to the cell grabs the bars and shakes them vehemently.

(CONTINUED)

RICK
What do ya' mean..?

Rick retorts the shrug with attitude.

RICK
That's NOT an answer!

The Ranger places his left hand on Ricks shoulder and pulls back at him until Rick eases off the bars.

RANGER
That's enough I have some papers
for you to sign.

He turns Rick back toward the door as they leave the cells.

INT.RANGER STATION.-DAY

They head back toward the rangers desk.

RANGER
Is that the guy who stole your car?

RICK
Yes that's the guy!

RANGER
That's what we needed to know. You
need to sign this right here.

They approach the desk and the ranger picks up a clipboard and hands it to Rick. Rick takes a hold of it along with a pen from the ranger.

RANGER
Sit down please.

He and Rick sit at the desk.

RANGER
Let me tell you about the guy who
stole your car. William De'Con is
an escapee from the Detroit Federal
Penitentiary serving a 35 year to
life sentence for murder. The
federal marshals had tracked him as
far as Pensacola when he
disappeared.

Rick hands back the clipboard and pushes it toward the ranger.

(CONTINUED)

RICK
(hushed)
That's where I picked him up um,
hitchhiking.

RANGER
Uh huh. Well we just wanted to make
sure you weren't involved in any
way.

RICK
Oh no. No way! I just saw a guy
hitchhiking on the side of the road
when it started to rain so, I
picked him up.

The ranger looks Rick once over then tucks the paper from
the clipboard in with a stack of neatly laid papers and puts
them together into a large manila folder.

RICK
So do you think he's going to get
any time for doing this?

RANGER
Oh yea. Probably another fifteen
years tacked on to whatever he's
already got. Besides the fact that
he escaped from federal prison,
grand theft auto, crossing state
lines with stolen property,
speeding and evading.

Ricks eyes widen as the list is read a soft grin crosses his
face.

RANGER
Don't worry he won't be out for a
long, long time.

RICK
How'd you get him?

RANGER
We caught him speeding through
Ozona. The ranger who pulled him
over was shown your license but
then he signed his own name to the
ticket.

Rick stares at the ranger a beat and blinks a couple times.

(CONTINUED)

RANGER

Apparently William had picked up a hitchhiker who wasn't doing to well. He had a terrible case of body lice from head to toe.

Rick looks at the ranger his face stricken with anguish.

RANGER

So what did you learn from this?

RICK

Don't pick up hitchhikers!

RANGER

GOOD. Would you like to see your car?

RICK

Humphrey!

RANGER

Huh?

The ranger turns at Rick with a quizzical expression.

RICK

My car.

RANGER

Right.

The ranger stands up then Rick follows. They walk around the partition and out the side door.

EXT. PARKING LOT-DAY

Outside of the police station is an almost empty parking lot. A lone police cruiser is behind the station parked far from anything else sits Humphrey. The ranger passes Rick his car keys as they near Humphrey.

RANGER

Your gonna need these.

RICK

(elated)

Thank You!

They approach the car as Rick passes the front he glances in but stays focused on the back end. Rick walks to the trunk sticks in the keys and turns them. The trunk pops open and

(CONTINUED)

reveals a box turned sideways a used candle an ash tray a few papers and a small plate. Rick steps back takes a breath as his eyes gloss over. He turns towards the front doors and opens the drivers side. Rick reels back at the chemical smell then ducks his head down to peer in. In the back seat is a pile of wadded shirts socks and underwear.

RICK
It really does smell in here.

RANGER
Yea. We had to fumigate it, three times.

RICK
Three times! Oh my God!

RANGER
DE-LOUSED three times. That guy Mr. De'Con picked up was covered in lice. Your car had 'em bad.

Rick leans back away from the car takes a deep breath then leans back in and rolls the windows down. He retreats back out of the car to catch his breath, Rick takes off his jacket that reveals his newspaper print polyester shirt. The ranger scans Rick and shakes his head. He steps back to face the ranger.

RICK
Well I guess I'll leave the windows open for the drive.

RANGER
That might be smart for awhile.

RICK
I want to thank you for helping me out and holding my car.

Rick puts his hand out to shake the rangers who shakes his briskly.

RANGER
No problem. Have a good day. Drive carefully.

The ranger turns away his head still shakes softly as he walks back to the station. Rick turns back at his car takes another long breath then gets in. One foot out the car he starts the ignition the ranger watches on from the doorway. Rick pulls the door shut and puts the car in gear. He takes another long breath out the window puts the car into first pops the clutch and takes off out the parking lot.

EXT. STREETS-DAY

On the main street Rick turns and drives back towards Interstate 10 West passed the diner. He comes to the stop sign puts on his blinker waits a beat then speeds up the ramp onto the open highway.

INT. HUMPHREY-DAY

Roll With the Changes by REO Speedwagon begin to play on the radio. Rick leans out the drivers side window at the road ahead. He takes a long deep chemical-free breath with his hands still clasped on the wheel.

RICK
(exhales)
The last 7 days! Damn!

Rick looks out the side window at the terrain then to the rear view mirror and back to the road ahead.

RICK
I gotta write this down!

He steps on the gas as the odometer hits sixty then seventy then eighty. The open road is left in his wake as he speeds off into the distance.

ROLL CREDITS