

NOT JUST 7 DAYS

Written by

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Based on a true story

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1. INT. HOUSE, LIVING ROOM-DAY
Friday - June 30, 1978

SUNBEAMS CAST FROM THE EDGES OF PAPER BAMBOO BLINDS THAT
HANGOVER 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.

FROM BEHIND THE CLUTTER A LARGE PALMETTO BUG IS SEEN
SCAMPERING ALONG THE BASEBOARD.

RANDOM SHOES, PLATES, CUPS AND OTHER ITEMS FILL THE ROOM.

2. INT. FLORIDA ROOM-DAY

THE FLORIDA ROOM CONTAINS 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 HINDU TRIBAL MOTIF
BLANKET THAT CREATES A SOFT GLOW ACROSS THE ROOM WITH THE
LIGHT ON.

A clock radio begins to play Stairway to Heaven, when a young
man rolls over and slaps the button atop the box.

RICK
Oh, no, no, NO.

Rick Fenner 20, tall, thin and aloof with a flare of naivete'
emerges half haggard and unaware in his tighty whities.

3. INT. HOUSE-DAY

That same Palmetto Bug scurries into the kitchen.

Rick 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, it rears up at him as it hisses.

Rick stamps his foot at it when it spreads its large wings,
takes flight then kamikaze dives at Ricks' face.

Rick barely escapes as he flails about, almost falls over the table and in a frenzy scrambles through the house and out the front door.

The Palmetto still in pursuit.

4. EXT. HOUSE-DAY

Down the driveway Rick shatters the morning silence with his vocal retreat.

RICK
Arghhhhhh!

Rick stops and stands in the middle of Lake Avenue.

He turns looks back at the house and with a delayed effect Rick screams.

RICK (CONT'D)
(frustrated)
Get away from me!

From across the street John, a young Black-American student pops his head out his 1st floor apartment window.

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!

John closes his window.

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

5. 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.

MONTAGE:

In the bathroom Rick clicks on the radio, it 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.

He wipes the mirror and attempts a shave wafting at the steam as he does.

Dressed Rick sits on the toilet and shoves his foot into his boot.

He stands and leaves the bathroom, the fog and steam still dense follow behind him.

Rick grabs his keys, pocket notebook and tape recorder and makes for the door of his Florida Room.

6. EXT. HOUSE-DAY

He bursts through with the panache' of a brash young, vibrant person.

7. 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.

MONTAGE:

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.

Humphrey turns onto an oyster shell driveway that leads 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 transmitter tower 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.

8. INT. RADIO STATION-DAY

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.

9. INT. DARREL'S OFFICE-DAY

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 his doorway.

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. I'm going 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.
Rick stands just inside the office door.

DARREL
(foreboding)
Rick, do me favor.

Rick stares at Darrel.

RICK
Totally.

DARREL
Do you have some time to talk with
me?

Rick blinks.

RICK
What's up?

Darrel returns his stare insistent.

DARREL
(reserved)
How about before you go on the air
today?

RICK
Cool. Alright! I'm Off..

Rick does a 180 out of Darrel's office.

DARREL
(exhales)
Okay then.

10. INT. RADIO STATION-DAY

He opens a door that swings on its large hinges to reveal stacks of tape, shelves of notebooks, pencils, pens and stingers next to a pile of XLR cables.

Rick grabs a new notebook, pen and a couple of cassette tapes then closes the door.

CUT TO:

11. EXT. PARKING LOT-DAY

9:00 A.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

(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.

WOMAN

I should say.

They both chuckle at each other turn and walk away.

Rick stands there, shakes his head then scans the lot.

He spots another woman this time younger mid 20's with a
child in stroller.

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 beat, glances side to side.

The tape recorder still rolls.

Rick peers down, starts to press the STOP button when he
notices a young female student who wears a gray FSU T-shirt.

Rick turns, approaches and pushes his mic toward her.

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. I'm as good as any man.

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 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.

RICK (CONT'D)
These are not the people I need to
be talking to.

12. 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.

13. 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 woman, 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?

YOUNG GIRL

I can't talk to you..

Out the corner of her eye she catches movement when 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 (CONT'D)

You gonna have to go, Now!

The driver yanks his wheel, drifts his truck and 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 onto the red clay road behind a large oak tree at the end of the driveway.

He bounces off the ground and peers up as the old oak splinters in all directions.

Rick scrambles to his feet the adrenaline in him slows the repeat of the barrel's echo.

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.

Wrong keys are jammed in when he pulls on the handle accidentally to find the door already unlocked.

Rick falls the rest of the way into the vehicle.

14. INT. CAR-DAY

The car roars to life as Rick peels out.

Humphrey flicks chunks of clay road behind him.

Rick 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 over his shoulder then to the rear view mirror nervously.

RICK (CONT'D)
Aaaaahhhhh!

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.

15. INT. RADIO STATION-DAY

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 (CONT'D)
Darrel, you asked me to stop by
before I got started? You're not
gonna' believe this!

Rick takes a beat to catch his breath.

RICK (CONT'D)
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.

Rick catches himself and glances at Darrel.

RICK (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, you wanted to talk to
me?

Behind his desk, Darrel wears his D103 T-shirt. On it, a Happy Face that wears can headphones with a pigtail-chord.

Behind Rick on the wall is a wood framed 45 Gold Record of George Benson's "This Masquerade".

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?

RICK

Um. Yeah.

DARREL

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 (CONT'D)

You know Rick, I've talked to you about this before.

Darrel Stops, takes a beat and composes himself.

DARREL (CONT'D)

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 covers it.

DARREL (CONT'D)

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
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 (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

These are all your hours. Good
luck. It's been interesting working
with you. If you need a reference,
um 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 and glances to the gold
record on the wall.

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 hands.

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 (CONT'D)
Good Bye.

He backs into and out the front door.

The tape recorder loosely gripped under his arm, a liberating smile on his face.

16. 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 and 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 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 (CONT'D)
I've got to get out of here.

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

RICK (CONT'D)
(mutters to self)
I've got something incredible here.
I know I do. I.. I'm going home and
I'm 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 (CONT'D)
Hey girls.

ROOMMATES
Hey.

The girls walk to the edge of the blanket and dresser divider then come to a stop.

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?

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 (CONT'D)
I got shot at today!

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

RICK (CONT'D)
I got 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.

Rick pauses, shakes his head then starts back up.

RICK (CONT'D)
I stopped at this house and I asked the lady 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 (CONT'D)
I can't talk to you right now my husbands not home. Just at that point her husband drives up. Get this, he tells me he gonna blow my fucking head off.

Now Rick Mimes himself

RICK (CONT'D)
I told him, I believe you!

Rick jumps into a fight or flight stance.

RICK (CONT'D)
I ran down the road, dove for cover behind an Oak 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 (CONT'D)
I got away from that idiot and went back to the radio station. My tape recorder was on the whole time so I got this great story! I get to the station and then I get fired.

He finally looks back up at them both.

RICK (CONT'D)
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 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 into her arms with ease.

Rick reaches around and grabs a turntable.

They circle the army blanket divider and walk out the front door.

17. INT. FLORIDA ROOM-DAY

Rick stands alone in a mostly vacant Florida room. He pulls down the divider and folds it as well as removes the make shift, boutique blanket-light set up on 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, Rick cranes to see nothing more of her as she disappears out the screen door with a creek then a bang.

18. 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?

BEVERLY 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.

BEVERLY V.O.
No! What happened?

RICK
Oh, its a long story.

Ricks eyes squint as he looks side to side.

RICK (CONT'D)
(mouths)
Beverly, Beverly..

CUT TO:

19. 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:

20. 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:

21. INT. NIGHTCLUB-NIGHT

The lights beam over the club as the music cues the beat, a cute brunette in a short-blue sequin dress.

She boogies close too and grinds on Rick then turns around to face him, leans in, puts her arms around him and says something indistinct.

Rick begins to reply when she takes her arm off his shoulder and reaches her hand into his pants.

He stops, smiles then his face contorts as he pulls her in close.

Rick's hands on her butt, his face to hers, his knees start to shake.

CUT TO:

22. INT. KITCHEN-DAY

RICK
Oh Beverly!

BEVERLY V.O.
Yea, you remember me!

RICK
Oh yea! Beverly, of course I do.

BEVERLY V.O.
So what are you doing tonight?

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

BEVERLY 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.

BEVERLY 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 (CONT'D)
So, where am I going.

He begins to write.

CUT TO:

23. 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.

24. EXT. APARTMENT DOOR-DAY

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

BEVERLY
You found it!

A smile on Ricks face changes abruptly, his eyes squint as recognition washes over.

CUT TO:

25. INT. POOR PAUL'S SALOON-NIGHT

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:

26. EXT. APARTMENT DOOR-DAY

RICK
Yea, I found it.

Beverly reaches out to him as Rick leans in to return the hug.

While embraced Rick smells food in the air, breathes it in and relaxes in the moment.

He takes another deep inhale of Beverly and smiles at her as they release.

27. 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 like you could use some
company after what happened today.
Let me turn the TV off.

Beverly cross the room to TV, tuner and turntable.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
Do you want to listen to some
music?

RICK
Totally.

Beverly turns 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.

Beverly flips two glasses from the counter over, pours red wine and brings the bottle and glasses with her.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
(sincere)
I want you to tell me everything that happened. Are you alright? Who shot at you?

RICK
Well.

Rick exhales.

RICK (CONT'D)
I told you about the cockroach right.

She chuckles at him and hands him a glass.

BEVERLY
(laughs)
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:

28. INT. KITCHEN-DAY

MONTAGE:

A giant palmetto bug fly's across Ricks' face as he opens the fridge.

CUT TO:

29. EXT. HOUSE-DAY

Rick runs outside the house then down the driveway as the bug trails closely overhead.

Rick screams and flails his arms.

CUT TO:

30. EXT. RURAL HOUSE-DAY

REDNECK HUSBAND

I'm gonna blow your fucking head
off.

Rick holds his hand out, finger extended.

RICK

You know what? I believe you.

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:

31. 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
You're leaving tomorrow, right?

RICK
Yea, if I can get the rest of this money together.

His head drops and he pauses.

RICK (CONT'D)
I guess, I'm going to have to go see my dad about it tomorrow.

Rick sets his fork down with a tink.

RICK (CONT'D)
I really don't want to do that.

Beverly grows a seductive smile as she grins across the table at him.

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
What's for dessert?

BEVERLY
Strawberries and cream 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.

TRANSITION:

32. INT. APARTMENT DINING ROOM-NIGHT

A couple bites remain on their plates.

Rick chuckles and Beverly laughs at the blintze cream on her chin.

They smile at each other 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 (CONT'D)

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.

33. 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 and leans down upon him with her knee into his lap.

BEVERLY

Your about to leave town forever. I want to do things to you no woman will ever do to you again.

Beverly gently places her hand on his chest.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
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 her soft juicy lips.

A seductive smile of her own, she lifts his shirt and begins
another slow luscious wet kiss against his chest.

She gently blows air then 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 kisses her way down Ricks chest to his stomach.

RICK
(tickled)
Oh!

Rick leans back into the arm of couch.

After a few more kisses around his belly button.

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.

He moves lower each time he lands his kisses closer to her
breasts.

Rick attempts a flutter of his lashes against her skin when
she chuckles back.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
Hold on now.

RICK
(breathing heavy)
Huh?

BEVERLY
Let's take this into the bedroom.

RICK
Oh. OK.

They stand together as Beverly leads Rick by his hand to her bedroom. With one hand free she pushes the door half closed.

TRANSITION:

34. INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM-NIGHT

In a massive crescendo they collapse in spasms next to each other, both breathe heavily.

BEVERLY
So you said you 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 on his elbow and looks at her.

RICK (CONT'D)
Oh, I got the truth. I got the
truth on tape. The women in the
parking lot and oh my god, the guy.
He shoots at me and its all on
tape!

She holds back a laugh.

RICK (CONT'D)
I'm not going to just shine this
on. I can get a totally bitchen'
job in Los Angeles. For me this
place bites.

BEVERLY
(more serious)
It's true, you don't belong here.

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

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
I want to do something for you.

Beverly walks to the dresser.

She opens the top drawer, pulls out something and thumbs through it.

Beverly walks back towards Rick.

She lifts her hand and opens it.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
Now you realize, I'm not paying for
what just happened. This is for
you.. to leave.

Beverly steps forward and extends her hand to Rick.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
Go Home. I want you to go home.

RICK

Really?

BEVERLY
Really.

RICK
Beverly, I am so out of here. I
mean 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's eyes are still locked on her.

RICK
(smiles)
I am now.

BEVERLY
(smiles back)
Then you better get going.

TRANSITION:

35. INT. FRONT DOORWAY-NIGHT

BEVERLY
Rick, please don't forget me.

Beverly and Rick, stand in the doorway fixed on each other.

RICK
Beverly, I promise, I will never
forget you or what you've done for
me.

He pauses.

RICK (CONT'D)
I promise.

A long kiss.

They hold each other, then pull apart.

He smiles at her and she smiles back.

Rick turns, crosses the small lot to his car.

RICK (CONT'D)
Thank you God.

Beverly watches from the doorway.

36. 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.

37. INT. HOUSE-DAY

Mary is at the kitchen table with her morning coffee, Toni readies for work.

Mary spots Rick as he heads through the Florida Room and finds himself stuck, face to the front door.

MARY
Would you like some help Rick?

RICK
Uh Um, Yes Please Mary.

He backs up as Mary opens the door.

Toni enters, joins Mary and Rick as they walk outside.

Mary shoots Toni a comical expression.

38. EXT. HOUSE-DAY

A sunny steamy day with a few scattered clouds.

Rick and the girls exit the house.

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.

CRUNCH!

Rick slams on his breaks to late to save the 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 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.

He puts up both his hands and hops back in his car.

RICK (CONT'D)
Call the insurance company. Call me. I'll pay for it, I will. I gotta go.

Mary stands in the driveway dumbfounded.

Rick starts Humphrey and takes off without a ding on it.

He drives away, hand extended out the window in a wave.

39. EXT. FLORIDA HIGHWAY-DAY

Rick turns from Monroe Street onto Highway 20 as he hits the open road.

MONTAGE:

The scenery is thick forest then changes to sparse that becomes beach terrain as Rick speeds up.

He turns the dial on the radio and lands on Stairway to Heaven.

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.

Rick puts out a joint from the ashtray, holds his hand out the window and releases the roach into the wind.

40. EXT. PANAMA CITY, FLORIDA-DAY

Rick drives parallel to the beach through Panama City when it merges onto another street.

While driving Rick holds a piece of paper, looks up and recognizes the road he wrote down.

Rick hits the turn signal, flips a U turn, parks and jumps out.

41. EXT. BEACH HOUSE-DAY

The beach is within view from the yard, 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 and 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.

42. INT. BEACH HOUSE-DAY

A youngman 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 into the house past groups of people, through the kitchen and out the open French doors.

Rick tosses the empty bottle into the trashcan on the patio.

43. EXT. BEACH HOUSE PATIO-DAY

Rick looks out at the sea when he notices Linda, early 30's tanned, petite and peppy.

She sits in a large wicker beach chair under the covered patio, next to Doug her husband late 40's tall, handsome and surly.

They both look up and smile.

 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 or one of those stations.

RICK
(bewildered)
Hi.

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

Rick scans the line of people dazed.

DOUG (CONT'D)
That's David there and Heather.

HEATHER
(genuine)
Hello.

RICK
Hi!

DOUG
And that's Sean. This is Mack and that there 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. I didn't think we would see ya.

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.

Rick acknowledges each person that stares back at him.

RICK (CONT'D)

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.

Rick makes a slice across the throat gesture with his hand.

RICK (CONT'D)

I AM DONE. I'm going back to where 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 (CONT'D)

We're gonna have 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 Hobbie Catamarans lay in wait with sails that boast a rainbow of colors.

DOUG
(Without care)
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 to 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 climbs up onto the front end of the catamaran and doesn't reply.

Rick holds his hands up and contorts his face as he glances at Doug.

They both drag the catamaran, Rick by it's support ropes and Doug by the carry handles.

The kid stays idle clumsy and unsure.

DOUG
What's 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.

44. 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.

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 (CONT'D)

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. Do that until you're
standing up out there. Okay 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 (CONT'D)

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 two other 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 and all the catamarans begin to raise up out of the water.

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 excited, 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.

DOUG (CONT'D)
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 (CONT'D)
NO!

Rick has just enough time to hear Doug scream.

The front end dips with force into the ocean.

Immediately the back end pops up in to the air.

Rick holds on as water surrounds him, bubbles fill the vicinity.

In an instant the boat uprights itself as it levels out.

Doug holds fast to the back end, looks around and sees Rick still attached to the tether then looks out into the water to see Barry dog paddle for the shore.

Barry peers back at them then continues on.

DOUG (CONT'D)
You Okay?

RICK
Yea.

DOUG
Where are your shorts?

Rick looks down see's 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 of Rick, Doug begins to chuckle.

Rick blushes.

DOUG (CONT'D)
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 with index fingers extend in the
direction of Rick's naked stature.

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, before I knew it you walked
me out to the catamaran and told me
to start pushing.

Rick becomes unhinged.

RICK (CONT'D)
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 and stands on end.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Drink tonight, don't worry about
it. Tomorrow we'll get you a
locksmith for the car.

RICK
(distracted)
Man! My drivers license, Social
Security Card, all my money.

CUT TO:

45. 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.

LINDA
Nice.

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

LINDA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, I couldn't help it!

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.

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 you're 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 Barry walks past.

BARRY
Okay. I'm sorry.

46. 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 of beer and clouds of pot smoke, still farther past the lava lamps and walls of candles.

Rick attempts to play off his random nakedness under the towel.

They duck through a beaded hallway and head into the last room in the back.

47. 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.

Linda nods and beelines for a vanity where she sits down at the chair and pulls at the top drawer.

She reaches in and pulls out a couple of bags, one with cocaine and another one filled with pot.

Linda breaks open the bags and some papers while Rick slips on the 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 (CONT'D)
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 as she works busily with a razor blade at the vanity.

LINDA
Honey, you 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.

CUT TO:

48. INT. MUSIC ROOM-NIGHT

A piano, drum set, various guitars and percussion instruments occupy a den off to the side of the entry way.

Rick enters and sees a scraggly haired guy strum a guitar to Smoke On The Water while another attempts the drums.

Rick 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.

CUT TO:

49 INT. BILLIARDS ROOM-NIGHT

Rick shoots pool next to a group of people.

He laughs with each new person that greets him, 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.

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.

CUT TO:

50. INT. KITCHEN-NIGHT

A young lady speaks to Rick with a large smile on her face, 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.

CUT TO:

51. 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. I'm sure you can find you a spot somewhere.

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 sit off to the side with wine glasses in hand and chat in a hushed tones.

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 that!

Rick sits leaned against a wall curled with a blanket over him, halfway to sleep when a chuckle escapes his mouth.

He barely opens an eye to see the women next to the fireplace.

His eye closes and he drifts to sleep.

TRANSITION:

52. INT. RICKS DREAM-NIGHT

A beautiful glow pulsates then washes over Rick in his sleep.

Colors converge into a wispy form of ether fused with the physical.

The colors appear to ripple in waves of ether in Rick's deep sleep, he spots land below mixed with street lights, beaches and deserts then cities.

TRANSITION:

53. INT. HOUSE PARTY-NIGHT

Immediately a rush of feeling lands him somewhere as the fog clears around him to reveal his sister.

Stephanie a 25 year old radiant brunette, her smile beams as she sways and dances within a crowd of people.

Rick immediately notices her new triangular shoulder-length 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 through Rick as he waves his hands.

The haze reappears then washes into a dense wispy smoke.

TRANSITION:

54. EXT. STREET-NIGHT

The street sign at Topanga Canyon and Victory Boulevard stands just behind Rick.

He gathers himself a beat, turns and stares up at them.

Rick is at the edge of the sidewalk, the view is Topanga Canyon with rows of soft orange street lights that go on and on.

The wind from passing cars fan Rick as he lifts his arms and inhales, the scene washes into a glow.

TRANSITION:

55. INT. RICKS MOMS HOUSE-NIGHT

A dark hallway dimly lit by a lone night light comes into view 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.

Rick listens, from behind the closed door he again hears a grunt from inside.

His face turns from recognition to panic and dismay.

Rick starts to pant, the walls wash over into darkness then again into a soft glow.

TRANSITION:

56. 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, he hears ocean waves crash outside and a seagull calls from the beach.

Rick stands up, walks through the kitchen and out the open back door.

57. EXT. BEACH HOUSE-DAY

Rick steps out to find an overcast morning.

He wonders along the shore, shoulders lowered as he walks.

Rick spots ahead of him a greenback twisting in the water, he picks it up to reveal a twenty dollar bill.

He looks up from the bill perplexed then peers around to notice more bills tumble in the tide.

A few feet further from that is his floating wallet.

He snatches it and begins to stand alert.

Rick turns his head to scan the shoreline.

He sees his shorts held afloat by a single large air bubble where they topple over and over in the tide.

Rick splashes into the water, clutches at his shorts and stabs his hand 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 snatches.

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 and forth and then in the direction of the house.

58. 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.

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.

Doug turns back down the hallway.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Wow. Far fucking out!

Rick stands alone in the living room, glances around at the groups of people on the couch, floor and someone asleep at the kitchen table.

Doug reappears to thrusts a large beach towel at Rick and they walk into the kitchen.

59. 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.

60. INT. BILLIARDS ROOM-DAY

Rick finds a corner, flips his shorts on the floor, unfurls the towel and lays his clothes upon 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 (CONT'D)
Linda, good morning!

Rick holds up his shorts.

RICK (CONT'D)
Do you have a dryer? I found my shorts. I found everything!

LINDA
Honey, I'm so glad. You're 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, his shorts in hand.

LINDA
Rick honey, you stick around.
Because I'm gonna be cookin' breakfast.

Linda disappears again.

Rick stands up leaves his money spread on a towel on the floor of the only vacant room in the house.

He quickly returns to fold the towel over the money then walks away.

61. INT. KITCHEN-DAY

Doug stands by the counter in the kitchen and pours 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 and takes a sip then holds it up.

Rick sets down his mug and turns to leave.

62. 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.

A large smile forms on his face as he reaches for his coffee when 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.

63. EXT. CAPRI-DAY

The car starts up as Rick extends his hand out the window.

From the doorstep Doug and Linda wave back.

Rick drives away.

64. INT. CAPRI-DAY

The highway is lined with Cyprus along the 77-Interstate out of Panama City.

MONTAGE:

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, just ahead a sign reads Pensacola 25 miles.

The clouds above release heavy droplets as Humphrey crosses into the city, people outside duck for cover.

65. 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.

66. INT. STATION RESTROOM-DAY

Rick enters then stops dead and immediately lifts his shirt over his nose.

He is appalled by the scum and filth that cover the bathroom.

He bites his shirt, lifts the cover of the toilet then chokes when it opens.

Rick quickly lifts his shirt back over his face 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 at the doorknob, wraps his hand with the inside of his shirt and reaches to open the restroom door.

67. EXT. GAS STATION-DAY

Rick heads to his car.

He pumps gas, jumps inside and takes off.

68. 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 young man walks alone, his face and hair soaked and scruffy. Dressed only in denim shorts and no shirt with his arm extended, thumb out he hitches 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 (CONT'D)

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 from his back seat and produces a beige, plaid shirt.

BILL (CONT'D)

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.

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. You're a really nice guy!

RICK
So, Bill what are you running from?
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 as they near the end of the one and a half mile
bridge.

BILL (CONT'D)
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.

RICK (CONT'D)
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 you're 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 lands on *Stairway To Heaven*.

He Turns the dial further and 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 (CONT'D)

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 more closely resembles a sneer.

BILL

Yea, uh. I operate heavy machinery.

RICK

Oh yea! Good, good. You can get a construction job. Bill just go 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 a nice guy.

Rick smiles, Pensacola Florida shrinks behind them.

69. 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.

70. INT. GAS STATION

Rick and Bill walk inside as they pass the cashier, over his shoulder sets several boxes and varieties 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 to the clerk mid 20's, hippie and youthful.

RICK (CONT'D)

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.

RICK (CONT'D)

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.

71. EXT. GAS STATION-DAY

Rick sticks the pump in Humphrey as the meter rolls out dollar and gas amounts, sixty seven cents per gallon.

RICK

Bill.

BILL
(zoned out)
Huh?

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

BILL
OK, I wouldn't leave you. You're my
ride.

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

72. 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.

RICK (CONT'D)
Damn.

He exits the stall just as Bill walks in.

RICK (CONT'D)
Be careful to only do number one
here dude!

73. EXT. INTERSTATE 10-DAY

A sign whizzes by that reads, Pascagoula 50 miles as Humphrey
races west.

Above 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 onto the old scenic highway and into Pascagoula.

74. 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 and Bill cracks a soft thin grin.

75. EXT. BACK PARKING LOT DINER-DAY

Humphrey is parked, the front doors are open, two beers are on the roof.

The sun sets, Rick lights fireworks that blaze to life in the foreground.

The lighter passes to Bill who sparks a roman candle and extends it out just in time to shoot.

It bounces off the building then explodes just above their heads.

They break out in outrageous laughter while Bill still holds the firework as it continues to spit fire.

Rick ducks behind Bill for cover.

Fireworks bloom to life, crackle then fizzle out as the two laugh and pass another round of beers.

76. 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.

Covered in sweat Rick takes his shoes back off, removes his watch and puts it in the drivers side cubby.

The stars fill the night sky.

Rick sees New Orleans near as the freeway merges.

RICK

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

Rick turns to Bill who slams back a beer.

BILL

Okay. Cool.

Rick smiles, looks 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 (CONT'D)

You want one?

RICK

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

CUT TO:

77. EXT. INTERSTATE 12-NIGHT

Monday - July 3, 1978

They head for the signs marked I-10 WEST then merge onto it when Rick notices a sign for a rest stop.

78. INT. HUMPHREY-NIGHT

Rick nudges at Bill

RICK (CONT'D)

I got to pee.

BILL
Huh, okay.

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

79. EXT. REST STOP-NIGHT

2:25 AM

Rick gets out of the vehicle, he wears his high rise blue jeans as he runs to the facilities.

80. INT RESTROOM-NIGHT

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.

Rick stares up, continues to pee while he cocks his head to the sound.

The vehicle accelerates hard to back up, 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 furrows his brow.

RICK
That sounds like. No. No no!

81. EXT. REST STOP-NIGHT

Rick tears out of the restroom barefoot, his jeans barely stay on him as he gives chase.

The tail lights pull away into the distance.

Rick stops, turns and runs off towards the freeway and over the small grass inlet between.

He runs up to the interstate and watches the car pull away in front of him.

Rick throws his hands up as cars and big rigs drive past.

RICK
Help. HELP. Someone just stole my
car!

A large truck flies past, the wind blows past Rick who stares
a long beat.

Rick drops his head and upon quiet reflection.

RICK (CONT'D)
Oh God. Please help me.

Rick looks up then turns and sprints toward the rest stop.

He runs onto the parking lot and approaches the first car he
see's.

A brown four door with people asleep inside.

He steps to the drivers side window and urgently raps at it.

RICK (CONT'D)
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 and at Rick.

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 (CONT'D)
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 follows her gesture then runs over to the phone.

He places his hand on the receiver, lifts it off its cradle and proceeds to dial.

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.

RICK
Ah, Okay.

V.O.
Hold please.

Rick holds on the line a beat.

V.O. (CONT'D)
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, just east of Lafayette.

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

RICK
Uh, yea!

82. EXT. REST STOP-NIGHT

Fifteen minutes pass, 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, barefoot.

The officer slows to a roll and lowers his window half way.

RICK
My car is brown, it's a Capri.

Rick holds a finger pointed in that direction.

RICK (CONT'D)
He took my car and drove off that way. West.

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

OFFICER
You're 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 (CONT'D)
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 (CONT'D)
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 (CONT'D)
Bill, you fuckin' had it made.

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

RICK (CONT'D)
I can't believe I picked you up out of the rain.

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 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.

The spotlight shines hard in Rick's 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 alias?

RICK
Huh? Oh ya. My legal name is
Richard Fenner.

The Trooper dismisses that with a gesture.

The questions continue, Rick answers the Trooper intrepidly.

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.

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 at 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 (CONT'D)
This is all I've got. He took
everything.

CUT TO:

83. 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.

They fly past cars, the Trooper stares ahead his jaw
clenched.

TROOPER JOHNSON
So, you're one of those Hollywood
kids, a surfer?

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

Rick stares out the windshield in front of him.

RICK (CONT'D)
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 (CONT'D)
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 as they approach the YMCA.

84. 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.

TROOPER JOHNSON
(firmly)
Stay right there.

The Trooper gets out, walks over to the doors, cups one hand
to his eyes and peers in.

The lights are off inside the building, he steps back frowns and looks around.

Trooper Johnson then steps to the doors and pulls at them any way. He again tugs at the door which shakes the glass.

The doors don't budge, the Trooper stands there arms extended still in grasp of the bar when he looks down to spot the chain that wraps the handles inside.

He turns and stares at the squad car with Rick in it.

The Trooper steps to the car and gets in.

He takes a deep breath, slams the door and looks Rick sternly in the eyes.

TROOPER JOHNSON (CONT'D)
(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 at Rick.

Rick has to look up and leans back.

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

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

RICK (CONT'D)
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.

CUT TO:

85. 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.

86. INT. TROOPERS STATION-NIGHT

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 come over him.

He spots 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 dressed in civilian clothes takes the number.

She turns to the phone and begins to patch him through.

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.

ROXANA 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.

ROXANA 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 mean, Everything.

ROXANA V.O.

Rick those are only things. You're 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.

ROXANA 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.

ROXANA 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 (CONT'D)

Thank you.

He returns the phone to its cradle.

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.

RECEPTIONIST
Yea I'm afraid they do keep the AC up in here. 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 you're 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 appear 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 to the clock then back to Betty.

RICK (CONT'D)
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.

BETTY
You know what? I would like to know
why or how you ended up here in our
lovely State Troopers Office, in
your condition.

Rick pulls the blanket up tight over his shoulders, follows
her to reception area and starts 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 that involves 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.

The Trooper 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 Troopers hat and walks out of the
office.

CUT TO:

87. INT. CAR-DAY

Rick is shirtless in his jeans, he stares 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.

BETTY

Well, I do thank you.

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

TONY

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

BETTY

You buyin'?

TONY

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

Tony jumps in the 2 door coupe and makes his way to the back seat as Rick is pushed forward into the dash.

Rick now dons the vermilion shirt and is clearly visible in the front seat.

88. EXT. IHOP-DAY

Betty and Tony eat breakfast.

Rick struggles to stay awake as the sun bakes him through the window.

Rick searches hard to make out images and sounds in the diner, he lags in his response barely coherent.

BETTY

Don't worry honey. We're not that far from the airport.

(MORE)

BETTY (CONT'D)
You have a flight at 1:00. There's
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 (CONT'D)
Your mom told me that all you need
to do is go to the Texas
International Airways Ticket
Counter.

Rick stares at her a long beat and try's to gather what she
said.

BETTY (CONT'D)
They have your ticket waiting for
you.

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.

TRANSITION:

89. INT. CAR-DAY

BETTY
Rick. Sweetie. Rick we're here.

Rick wakes up groggy, fights with the door handle and climbs
out to take in the front of a small airport.

A commercial plane takes off in the distance.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Go up to the counter and tell them
who you are. They have a ticket for
you.

RICK
(exhausted)
Alright. Okay.

Rick stammers away.

After a step or two he turns back to them and wavers in place
a beat.

RICK (CONT'D)
Thank you. Thank you guys.

A tear drops from his eye.

Rick turns back around and heads inside.

BETTY
(hushed)
Your welcome Rick.

90. INT. LAFAYETTE AIRPORT-DAY

Rick enters through a set of glass double doors.

Still barefoot he stumbles directly to Texas International Airway ticket counter, a female ticket agent finishes with a couple.

She files something when Rick approaches the first open counter.

91. 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.

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

She looks up at Rick who can barely hold 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 (CONT'D)
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 Rick's 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.

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.

(MORE)

RICK (CONT'D)
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.

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 and trudges away.

He crosses the row of stanchions and a small walkway to an empty row of chairs and sits down.

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, in the other an over sized pair of stiff and weathered tan and beige Wallaby Shoes with no laces.

She holds the shoes out, Rick grasps clumsily for them then slips onto his feet.

She then hands him the ticket folder.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
Here are your tickets Richard. Hold
on to that.

Rick takes it and leans back in his seat. He clasps the tickets tight in his hand and wraps his arms around himself.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
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 nods off almost immediately.

92. 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.

Rick stares down at the boarding pass in a daze.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
Just go over give them your tickets
and get on board. Have a safe trip
home.

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.

The flight attendant opens the ticket folder, 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 removes the stub side of the ticket.

Rick stops and looks down at the note in his hand. It reads,
I thought you might need this. Bonnie.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
Your good to board Mr. Fenner.

Rick takes a step, stops then looks back toward the ticket counter, no one is there.

He turns and boards the plane.

93. 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 to your seat.

She grabs Ricks ticket folder, lifts it up still attached to his hand then points.

STEWARDESS (CONT'D)
Right over there, row 11-D by the
window.

Rick glances over his shoulder, turns toward his seat and shuffles off.

Row after row are fill with people.

Some peer up then avoid eye contact and look away, another passenger places a carry on in the empty seat.

RICK
Awe, there you go.

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.

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
Yes please.

She continues down the aisle.

Rick reclines his seat back, she returns.

STEWARDESS #2
Uh, sir. I can't allow you to put your seat back yet. Not until we're in the air. But here's your pillow.

RICK
Huh, oh. Uh, okay.

He leans his seat forward.

RICK (CONT'D)
Thanks

STEWARDESS #2
And here's your blanket.

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

94. 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 then down at the ticket still in his hand and heads off the plane.

95. INT. DALLAS/ FT.WORTH-DAY

The last person to exit the gates.

Rick walks into the main airport, his shoes so loose and large they 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.

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.

BARTENDER
What can I get for you?

RICK
Jack and Coke please.

BARTENDER
No problem.

Rick lays the bill on the bar as the bartender makes the drink.

The bartender turns and sets the cocktail on the bartop.

Rick lifts the drink to his mouth, peers around then up at the clock, his shoulders droop.

He begins to nurse one drink every hour for the next four hours.

Rick sits and notices the countless patrons that come and go, a few take notice, point or snicker in his direction.

Six o'clock comes around and Rick walks over to his gate and boards the plane.

CUT TO:

96. INT. DC-10-NIGHT

Rick approaches his row, a large portly man occupies the center seat.

A stewardess comes over to him and taps his shoulder just before he starts to sit.

STEWARDESS #3

Excuse me, you want to follow me.

RICK

Yea. Sure.

They walk a couple of rows back, she comes to a stop and points at a row of empty seats.

STEWARDESS #3

Nobody will be sitting here.

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.

The engines roar to life and the plane lifts 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 (CONT'D)
I have had one hell of a trip home.

The stewardess feigns a smile and 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.

She heads off, Rick takes a long drink then mixes the rest of
the can with the other shot of whiskey.

A few minutes pass as passengers begin to walk about, Rick
observes 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.

She smiles back and heads off.

Several minutes pass, she returns and without a stop, a pair of headsets fall in his lap.

STEWARDESS #4
(quietly)
We had extra's.

Rick gazes down then up and cracks a soft smile.

He lifts the headphones over his head to his neck and jacks in.

Rick put the headphone to his ears just as a movie starts.

Before long he begins to thumb through the channels on the plane between the captain, crew and the air traffic control.

Rick no longer watches the film, he thumbs the button again.

This time he settles on a jazz station, leans back and closes his eyes.

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

Rick dazedly and with empty arms approaches the passenger pick up lane.

He spots his sisters car.

A brown and beige 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 with tight curled triangular hairstyle.

Sympathetic she turns to Rick and strains to decipher his expression.

STEPHANIE

Are you alright?

RICK

(deep breath)

No. I mean, yea. It's been a rough couple days.

He rubs his temples then looks over at her.

RICK (CONT'D)

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 right now.

Rick motions towards her hair.

RICK (CONT'D)

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 herself over then to the rearview mirror then back to Rick.

STEPHANIE

You really like it?

Rick looks 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 drives down the lane.

98. 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 reveals itself aglow.

Stephanie turns up the radio to *My Little Town* on the radio.

Tears well up in Rick's eyes, Stephanie tunes in to her brother.

STEPHANIE

Are you alright?

Rick stares out at the view for a long while.

RICK

I'm good.

99. EXT. HOUSE-NIGHT

The Rambler pulls into the driveway of a mute blue stucco house with white wood trim and front brick wall façade.

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

I love you too.

Rick stands upright and walks to the door, gazes upon it, takes a deep breath then walks in.

The door is opened by Rick's mother.

100. 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 Mama.

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 too or go to bed and we can speak in the morning.

Rick clasps his cheeks with both palms.

RICK

(exhales)

Mom, this has been a really bad, really long day for me. I just want to go lie down and close my eyes. Can we talk tomorrow?

His shoulders drop and his head lowers.

RICK (CONT'D)

Oh tomorrow. What's going to happen tomorrow?

ROXANA

Well, tomorrow we're going to get you some new clothes.

Roxanna looks Rick up and down.

ROXANNA

Because, that is God awful!

She gestures a finger at the shirt Rick is wearing.

RICK

I know. I need everything.

ROXANA

Just go to bed honey.

RICK
Thanks Mama. I love you.

ROXANA
I love you too. Good night.

Rick stumbles off into the distance.

RICK
Good night.

101. INT. KITCHEN-DAY
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.

DICK 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, raises one eyebrow then looks up at Rick as he enters the kitchen.

ROXANA
I think this is for you.

She hands the phone over to Rick.

RICK
Hello?

A long pause ensues.

DICK 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.

DICK V.O.
I can hear that. Your also not in Tallahassee.

RICK

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

DICK V.O.

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.

Rick leans on the wall and shifts the receiver to the other ear.

RICK (CONT'D)

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 and let both barrels go at the same time.

DICK V.O.

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

RICK

Dad its the Equal Right's Amendment.

DICK V.O.

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

RICK

Yes sir. I'm fine.

DICK V.O.

Well, your car is in Ozona, Texas.
You're going to want the phone
number to the Rangers office, where
its being held. Do you have a pen?

RICK

Got it.

DICK V.O.

It's area code 325-555-0115.

RICK

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

DICK V.O.

As long as you're 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.

Roxana switches the phone to her other ear.

ROXANA (CONT'D)

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.

A pause.

ROXANA (CONT'D)

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 peers out the top of the open kitchen Dutch door and stares into the distance.

V.O.
Texas Rangers Office.

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.

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 closely, pen to paper.

He doodles scales that fill edges of the note paper, he jots
down an address.

RICK (CONT'D)
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.

Roxana gives stiff gaze at Rick that softens into a wry
smile.

She takes a breath.

ROXANA
Now let's get ready to go shopping.

They stand and exit the room.

102. INT. J.C. PENNY'S-DAY

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

ROXANA
Your going to need these.

Rick glances around then smiles back at his mother.

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

Thank you.

Rick looks behind him at a corral of Levi's across the aisle.

He steps away and disappears deeper into the store.

103. 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.

MONTAGE:

He returns to the dressing room, a minute later bounds 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 reappears in new black dress shoes with one inch rise
platforms, his same denim jeans and a French Newspaper print-
sepia tone, rayon long sleeve shirt.

CUT TO:

104. EXT. ROXANA'S 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.

105. INT. RICK'S BEDROOM-DAY

Clothes are laid out on the bed, 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 then walks out of the room.

106. INT. ROXANA'S KITCHEN-DAY

RICK

Hi who's this?

MISTY V.O.

Hi Rick, it's Misty Ramos.

RICK

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

MISTY V.O.

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

RICK

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

MISTY V.O.

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.

(MORE)

RICK (CONT'D)
I can pick you up. Then we can
check out the Valley from the top
of Winnetka.

Rick twists the chord of the phone around his finger.

RICK (CONT'D)
The view is so totally cool. You
can see the whole west end of the
Valley from there.

MISTY V.O.
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.

107. INT. ROXANA'S LIVING ROOM-DAY

Rick enters the living room and 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 totally
careful. I promise, I promise.

ROXANA
All right, please don't be out too
late. You have to catch a bus
really early in the morning.

Roxana sits forward and looks to Rick.

ROXANA (CONT'D)

By the way, I called the Texas Rangers 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. 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 shakes her head at Rick and with a patient smile she removes the keys from her purse then passes them gently to him.

ROXANA

Drive carefully.

108. 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 that sit at a booth.

The hostess looks back at Rick who motions.

RICK (CONT'D)

I have friends here.

HOSTESS

Oh, okay.

Rick turns around to see his friends Peter Duke, short brown hair, horn-rimmed glasses with a white T-shirt under open plaid shirt and cream cargo pants.

Mike 21, a photo and tech wizard, well dressed and Lauren 20, tall, curvy attractive brunette.

They all sit in solace each has their heads down.

Rick approaches them.

Peter looks up then down with an electrified double take.

Peter jumps up on and over the center of the table.

Food and glasses spill or fly as he lands and briskly bounds towards Rick.

PETER DUKE
(shrill voice)
Fenner!

RICK
P.D.!

MIKE/ LAUREN
(unison)
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
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.

Rick pushes up at Peter.

PETER
It's not bony!

The manager of the restaurant rushes 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 looks 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' story to
tell you.

Rick and Peter sit next to the others at the booth.

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.

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 (CONT'D)
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!

109. 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 style home encircled by trees and
shrubbery, surrounded by woods.

Rick approaches the home.

A wooden walkway leads to the front, he knocks on the door.

The door is opened by Misty Ramos a short, sultry, attractive
Asian-Latina with dark brown hair and brown eyes.

RICK
(Overjoyed)
Hi!

MISTI RAMOS
Hi.

She leans to Rick and pulls him into a hug for a long beat.

MISTI RAMOS (CONT'D)
It is so good to see you!

RICK
It's good to see you too.

110. INT. MISTY'S HOUSE-DAY

Misty turns and guides Rick around a corner, through her upscale home and into the living room.

They approach the floor to ceiling windows that overlook the meticulously manicured backyard lit by the last daylight.

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

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 grows a wily grin.

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.

111. INT. RALPH'S SUPERMARKET-NIGHT

Misty walks into the supermarket, Rick holds the door.

They beeline strait for the liquor aisle.

Misty leads Rick to the tequila and grabs a fifth.

MISTY RAMOS
I'm glad you answered your phone.
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.

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

MISTY RAMOS
Really? What?

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

MISTY RAMOS
Oh no. I got this.

Misty hip checks Rick out of the way.

The clerk rings in the price of the bottle and totals the purchase.

CLERK
That's \$4.13 please.

Misty dips into her purse, pulls out a ten and hands it to the clerk.

RICK
Misty Ramos, I like your style.

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

112. 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 or high school?

MISTY RAMOS
I miss our friends. I guess, I don't think about it that much.

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

113. 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 then looks back to Misty, smiles and closes the space between them as she takes a swig.

She tequila squints, recoils then passes it to him.

Rick takes the bottle, looks out over the valley and holds it up.

RICK
It's good to be home.

He takes a long sip, Misty interjects.

MISTY RAMOS
Don't drink it all!

Rick chokes in a laugh and passes it back as she pulls it from his hand.

They pass it back and forth.

The fireworks begin in the valley below.

Rick and Misty sit on the hood and enjoy the view from the road.

They toss back the tequila, laugh, joke, flirt and compete for bigger sips.

The finale' begins, Rick grabs a 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 goes to the back of the car and finds a bush.

He unzips to barely release in time.

Rick starts to finish and notices movement beside him. He glances over to see Misty peek at him from behind.

She nods with a smile.

MISTY RAMOS (CONT'D)
You should try to write something.

Rick blushes and runs out of pee.

RICK
Well, I'm almost done here.

He blushes at her and tucks back into his button down 501's.

Rick takes notice of Misty, giddy she glances around.

MISTY RAMOS
I gotta pee! I can do this.

She walks out to the middle of the street in her dark denim short skirt with satin cream colored blouse under a 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 begins to appear.

She doubles back after she finishes with the y then 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.

RICK
That is amazing!

She laughs.

RICK (CONT'D)
You are crazy!

The fireworks finale comes to an end below.

They look back at each other then laugh again.

Just downhill from them are a few properties at different
stages of construction.

MISTY RAMOS
Hey, let's check that out.

RICK
Those 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.

114. EXT. WOOD FRAMED 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 peers at the open doorframe of the
nearest home.

She chuckles once then pushes Rick, he falters a step, she takes 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.

Through empty spaces and around unfinished staircases, past the kitchen.

Misty leads Rick in full stride, they laugh when Rick almost has her cornered.

Misty escapes around an unfinished wall, down a hallway and through a back door.

They stop at the edge of the homes, a hillside meets a steep slant.

Misty faces Rick who bolts from out of a framed doorway to a sliding stop.

He walks up to her slowly, the stars sparkle above.

She eyes him from a distance.

Rick nears to within a foot of her, peers back at the homes then to her.

RICK
I caught You.

Misty grins then leans into him.

MISTY RAMOS
Yea, you did.

She steps up onto a foundation.

Face to face with Rick he steps to her and places his hands gently on her waist.

They lean forward and gaze into each others eyes.

MISTY RAMOS (CONT'D)
(seductive)
I just broke up with someone. I'm
not really sure if I'm ready..

Rick listens, locked in her eyes.

RICK
I get it.

MISTY RAMOS
I mean like, I just want there to be.

RICK
For sure, totally.

She moves slowly into Rick and they kiss for a long beat.
They pause, Rick peers around the construction site.
They catch eyes and look over in the direction of his car.

RICK (CONT'D)
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 to the car.

115. 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.

He pulls the blanket from under his arm and lets it fly into the air, Rick holds it on one side and lowers it to the ground.

Misty smiles as Rick blushes, dips his chin then looks back up.

Misty walks onto the blanket and joins Rick, she glances 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.

MISTY RAMOS

Well, I'm impressed.

She smiles at him as Rick sits down beside her.

They kiss passionately.

Rick gazes into her eyes, she giggles then his hands run down her thighs as she lifts her hips just enough to remove her panties.

RICK

I'll hold on to these.

He puts them in his pocket, she giggles and unzips his fly.

They pull together and kiss.

Misty leans back and wraps her legs around him.

Rick takes hold of her butt, she starts to make noises that turn into louder moans.

He reaches under her sweater and exposes a breast then leans in to it.

She moans more in rhythm and louder until they both become excited.

Misty lets out an even louder moan.

An older man walks a small dog on a nearby path, approaches the clearing and cranes his neck at the sounds.

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.

CUT TO:

116. 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 (CONT'D)
I had a really great time. Thanks.

She leans over and gives him a long luscious kiss.

Misty gets out, walks up to her front door and enters.

Rick audibly exhales with a smile, turns the ignition over, the head lights illuminate and he backs out the driveway.

CUT TO:

117. INT. ROXANA'S 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.

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 (CONT'D)

Misty is really nice. We had a great time. I totally 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 drained, turns and walks down the hallway.

118. 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.

119. INT. VW BUG-NIGHT

PETER DUKE
Garbanzo reporting for duty!

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) (CONT'D)
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.

PETER DUKE
Who? Misty who! Misty Ramos!

Peter turns mid drive and 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, then we ran through the houses they're 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!

CUT TO:

120. EXT. TOP OF WINNETTKA-NIGHT

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

CUT TO:

121. INT. VW BUG-NIGHT

PETER DUKE

Damn. Only you would see some shit like that!

RICK

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 totally awesome 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.

122. 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.

123. 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 complexion and 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 \$27.60.

Rick reaches into his pocket and removes a few twenty dollar bills and hands the man two of them.

The attendant takes the bills and makes change.

He then uses his rubber stamp on both sides of the ticket before he passes it back under the glass.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
All right your bus will be in lane
17, you leave in half an hour.

RICK
Thanks.

124. EXT. BUS DEPOT-NIGHT

He sticks his head out the depot doors and looks out on the bus depot and scans for his bus.

125. INT. BUS STATION-NIGHT

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 and watches the transient man.

A family sits together taking up an entire row of seats as a suspicious druggie type spies on their things.

A second security guard with a frown on his face leers from the doorway, he watches over the terminal.

A prostitute walks in at 3:30.

Rick notices the time, gets up and walks over to the doors that lead to the buses.

126. EXT. BUS STATION-NIGHT

Rick steps outside and onto the black top that join the rows of buses.

He finds lane 17, looks up to see a bus marked Jacksonville on its marquis' then 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 and more people get on, 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.

127. 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.

128. INT. BUS-DAY

The bus heads across the border of Arizona.

Rick still sleeps as the sun comes up.

Day light fills the bus as Rick tucks his head and falls back to sleep.

129. 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 at the world as the bus pushes up at a snails pace.

130. INT. BUS-DAY

More deserts line the horizon, a few rural towns and junkyards pepper 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.

131. EXT. BUS-NIGHT

The bus rises over a hill in the moonlight, a coyote howls in the distance.

The bus pulls over and the drivers switch outside of Las Cruces, New Mexico.

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.

132. 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 grabs a bottle of Coke and walks back to the register.

The clerk punches in the dollar amount for each item and announces the total.

CLERK

That'll be ninety two cents.

Rick stands half asleep 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.

133. 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 and the bus takes off behind him.

The sky is dark blue over head, the sunlight beams off the glass façade of the building across the street.

Rick crosses the quite main street to a long brick building with dark red scalloped upper trim.

He approaches the front doors of the establishment and smells food as he leans in to open the door with a smile.

134. INT. DINER-DAY

The diner bustles with business as farmers in overalls, clean shaven with starched and pressed plaid shirts eat breakfast.

Rick enters and they all peer up from their plates then fall silent.

Rick looks around, notices their clothes, looks down at his own and zips up his puffy black windbreaker as he walks towards the stools at the counter.

The waitress approaches and 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 before she pulls out her pad.

WAITRESS
So, where you from?

RICK
L.A.

WAITRESS
Huh.

She contorts her face.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)
You know what you want?

RICK
Um, the breakfast special.

WAITRESS
How do you want your egg's?

RICK
Sunny side up, please.

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.

FARMER
He's a queer.

FARMER #2
You think he's somebody's 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, Rick looks up and
nods.

RICK

Thank you.

Rick looks down, the food is pristine in appearance.

He chows down on the food in front of him.

While Rick sips his coffee he stares at the clock.

He listens to those around him then returns 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, a sip
of coffee then stands to leave.

He makes for the door and exits the diner.

135. EXT. DINER-DAY

The sun has risen when Rick walks out and back into the
world.

He looks up and down the street then spot's the Texas Rangers
station a block away.

Rick takes a deep breath then starts on his way.

136. INT. TEXAS RANGERS SUB STATION-DAY

Rick enters the Texas Rangers station, its interior a flat
cinder block and wood veneer.

Around a partition is an officer is 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.

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 gazes 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, wait a minute. We need to take inventory of your car first.

RICK

Oh, okay.

Rick feels his heartbeat speed up.

CUT TO:

137. INT. CAR-DAY

Rick and Bill climb inside the car, Rick puts a 6 pack of alcohol in the back seat.

Bill sets the fireworks into the back seat next to the beer.

CUT TO:

138. INT. CAR-DAY

Rick hands Bill the pipe, below the dash as they cross over a long bridge.

Rick points to the glove box as Bill pops it open, pulls out a film canister and removes the top, inside is Rick's stash of marijuana.

CUT TO:

139. INT. TEXAS RANGERS SUB 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.

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 I had my Gates Turn Tables, my albums and my camera's. 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! 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 contorts, he furrows a brow that's 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?

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 you're
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?

140. INT. JAIL CELL-DAY

The Ranger leads Rick down a hallway and around a corner that
ends at a metal door with 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 straight at Rick then
shrugs his shoulders.

Rick becomes livid, steps to the cell, grabs the bars and
shakes them vehemently.

RICK (CONT'D)
What do ya' mean..?

Rick retorts the shrug with attitude.

RICK (CONT'D)
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 and they leave the cells.

141. INT. TEXAS RANGER SUB STATION-DAY

They head back to 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, 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 (CONT'D)
Sit down please.

He and Rick sit at the desk.

RANGER (CONT'D)
Let me tell you about the guy who
stole your car.

The Ranger awaits Ricks attention, he clears his throat.

RANGER (CONT'D)
William De'Con is an escaped
convict from the Detroit Federal
Penitentiary, serving a 35 year to
life sentence for murder.

The Ranger stops and gives Rick an insistent stare.

Ricks' eyes open wide.

RANGER (CONT'D)
The Federal Marshals had tracked
him as far as Pensacola when he
disappeared.

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

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. 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 neat paperwork and puts them
together into a large manila folder.

RICK (CONT'D)
So do you think he's going to get
any more time for doing this?

RANGER
Oh yea. Probably another fifteen
years tacked on to whatever he's
already got.

(MORE)

RANGER (CONT'D)
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 (CONT'D)
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.

RANGER (CONT'D)
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 in a grimace.

RANGER (CONT'D)
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 and Rick follows.

They walk around the partition and out the side door.

142. EXT. PARKING LOT-DAY

Outside of the Ranger station is an almost empty lot.

A lone cruiser is behind the station, parked far from anything else sits Humphrey.

The Ranger passes Rick his car keys.

RANGER

Your gonna need these.

RICK

(elated)

Thank You!

They approach the car, Rick passes the front and glances in yet remains focused on what's inside.

Rick walks to the trunk, sticks in the keys and turns them.

The trunk pops open to reveal a box turned sideways, a used candle, an ash tray, a few papers and a small plate.

Rick steps back and takes a breath as his eyes gloss over.

He moves to the front and opens the drivers side.

Rick reels 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 (CONT'D)

It really does smell in here!

RANGER

Yea. We had to fumigate it. Three times!

RICK

Three times! Oh my God!

RANGER

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

Rick leans back away from the car, breaths in deep leans back in and rolls the windows down.

Rick retreats from the car to catch his breath, he takes off his jacket that reveals his newspaper print polyester shirt.

The Ranger scans Rick and shakes his head.

Rick steps back to face the Ranger.

RICK

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

RANGER

That might be smart, at least 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 and drive carefully.

The Ranger turns, his head still shakes 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 from the doorway.

Rick pulls the door shut and puts the car in gear.

He takes another long breath out the window, pops the clutch and takes off out of the parking lot.

141. EXT. STREETS-DAY

On the main street Rick turns right and drives back toward Interstate 10 - West, past the diner.

He comes to the stop sign puts on his blinker waits a beat then speeds up the ramp onto the open highway.

143. INT. HUMPHREY-DAY

Roll With the Changes by REO Speedwagon begins 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)
Incredible. Thank you God.

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

RICK (CONT'D)
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