

Revolver
by
Burke Heffner and Veronica Varlow

Burke Heffner
996 Wittenberg Rd
Mt Tremper, NY 12457
347-210-3284
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EXT. MANHATTAN - DAY

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POV: A driver's view from an old truck.

GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE. Lanes packed, a glimpse of the city, heavy gray air, gold sunlight reflects off sky scrapers, a cube truck cuts the view. An exit, too late "Detour...", too fast, "...Parkway, no commercial...".

INT. THE SLIPPER ROOM STAGE - DAY

A red light comes on stage at The Slipper Room. BLUE, a dark haired beauty slowly strips on stage.

EXT. MANHATTAN - DAY

Bright yellow letters, "Last Exit In Manhattan!" The pick-up truck brakes, cars behind screech, honking everywhere, a cell phone guy flips the bird. Close-up on Pocket's foot slamming on the break.

INT. THE SLIPPER ROOM STAGE - DAY

Close up of high heel. Blue puts a finger of her glove underneath it and the camera pans up her body as she strips out of the glove. The strobe light flashes.

EXT. THE LOWER EAST SIDE - DAY

The pick-up parks. POCKET, a man in jeans, t-shirt, and a cowboy hat steps out. He is a stoic ranch hand and out of place in the city.

As Pocket walks, he glances from a postcard to search the street signs. Many things catch his eye -- street peddlers, construction cranes, tourists posing for photos.

INT. THE SLIPPER ROOM STAGE - DAY

Blue pulls a pink revolver out of her holster in her strip tease. She playfully points to shoot....

EXT. THE LOWER EAST SIDE - DAY

HUSTLER

BANG! BANG-A-LANG! Rolex watches
for TEN BUCKS! Gucci, Prada, Louis!

Pocket turns to look and turns forward again, just in time to catch the metal rod of a clothing rack across his forehead.

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CUT TO BLACK:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Title card, "Revolver".

EXT. THE SLIPPER ROOM - DAY

A vaudevillian Slipper Room postcard. It is lowered to reveal a less romanticized view of the actual Slipper Room.

Pocket sits on the curb, holding the postcard and a napkin over his cut forehead. He crosses to the door, and enters.

INT. THE SLIPPER ROOM STAGE - DAY

Rim shot from the drummer. The audience laughs.

MC

...Thank you. You probably think that was a joke. It's actually a stall. It's way too early to be falling behind. But I promise in just a mere matter of seconds, someone will be COMING TO THE STAGE who is going to blow...

INT. THE SLIPPER ROOM DRESSING ROOM - DAY

COCO

Trixie!

Coco makes motion of rubbing finger across her teeth. Trixie fixes the lipstick on her tooth and runs out to stage.

INT. THE SLIPPER ROOM BAR - DAY

Pocket's approaches the bar, finding an uncomfortable opening beside a sleek gothic dwarf who ignores him.

Behind them, Blue snatches a carafe of wine off a hostess tray, and hurls the carafe into the room she just left. She storms off.

After her appears a STAINED MAN, being escorted out by the club's owner, JIMMY, a fast talker in a rakish vintage suit.

STAINED MAN

How the hell am I going to explain this to my wife?

JIMMY

You could tell her that, "no touching" really means no touching. But maybe easier to stop off at the mall on your way back to Jersey...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAINED MAN

I'm from Long Island.

INT. THE SLIPPER ROOM DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Girls talk, primp, and change clothes.

COCO

She told me the reason I tame fire
in this life is because I was Joan
of Arc in a former life and that
I...

SPARKLES

WHAT? She told me the SAME DAMN
THING.

Jill grabs a business card from Coco.

JILL

Madame Fortuna? You know she's
gonna say anything to get twenty
bucks.

Blue enters.

JILL (CONT'D)

Look who it is! CLEOPATRA! \$20!

The girls laugh. Blue misses the joke. She sits and checks
her eyeliner.

COCO

I know I wasn't Joan of Arc or
anything, but there have been times
I've gone someplace I've never been
before, yet it feels totally
familiar. And I just know I have
lived there before...

MARLENE

Or like how you connect with some
people immediately, even if they
are total strangers?

JILL

Especially if they are really good
looking and totally rich strangers?

MARLENE

Shut up. I'm serious!

Sparkles stick her head back in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPARKLES

Guess who just showed up?

INT. THE SLIPPER ROOM BAR - DAY

The BARTENDER reads Pocket's postcard and passes it back. He grabs his walkie.

BARTENDER

Jimmy.

INT. THE SLIPPER ROOM STAGE - DAY

[**Stage Act I**] A female contortionist balances a martini glass on her forehead and uses her toes to take a sip.

Jimmy comes up toweling wine from his hands and smiles.

JIMMY

Great to meet you. I'm sorry it's for such a ...sad occasion. My name's Jimmy, I own the club and the apartments upstairs. You hungry?

Pocket shrugs.

INT. THE SLIPPER ROOM PRIVATE BOOTH - DAY

A Champagne bottle pops. The Slipper Room girls cheer, sitting with THE LAWYER, a handsome refined gentleman. He raises a glass.

THE LAWYER

You are my Heaven in a world of Hell. And the devil himself - never lived so well.

THE GIRLS

Cheers!

INT. THE SLIPPER ROOM HALLWAY - DAY

Jimmy leads Pocket. Glimpses through the passing doors and archways: a cat like woman lapping from a dish; a fire dancer seductively drags a burning torch across a customer's chest.

JIMMY

...This set should work. If you need anything, I mean, boxes, directions, anything, just ask.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY (CONT'D)

If you're getting a moving van,
they can park right out front,
ignore the signs, just let us know
it's you. There's a bar, there's
dancing, take your mind off things.
And don't worry about anything,
it's taken care of.

They stop at an archway, Jimmy hooks the curtain back.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

The hostess will be here in a
second. So, ah...
(the real question)
How long do you think you'll be
around?

POCKET

Not long.

JIMMY

Great.

*

INT. THE SLIPPER ROOM PRIVATE BOOTH - DAY

Blue sits closest to the Lawyer as all the girls watch the
show.

BLUE

I'll tell you, but you have to
Pinky swear me.

LAWYER

Your secret will be safe. I'm an
upstanding citizen.

JILL

Just look at the company you keep.

LAWYER

Nonsense. You are some of the best
human beings I've met. Your disdain
of clothing is merely a fringe
benefit.

BLUE

Don't change the subject. Put your
fucking pinky out.

LAWYER

You know I've got your back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLUE

Pinky!

He sticks his pinky out. Sparkles runs in.

SPARKLES

Blue! You're up.

LAWYER

Now you're leaving?

BLUE

(British Accent)

If you were my husband... I'd
poison your wine.

LAWYER

If you were my wife, I'd drink it.

They chug the rest of their champagne. Blue slams her glass down too hard, breaking the neck.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

Manners, Lady Astor.

She flips him off and walks away.

INT. THE SLIPPER ROOM PRIVATE DINING ROOM - DAY

Pocket sits in a small bare room with a Shanghai motif, and a single narrow low table. An oriental bench runs along the back wall.

The Hostess enters, rolling a tray and leading Blue in a long Japanese robe.

The Hostess lays out a silk towel and removes Blue's robe. Blue has nothing on underneath. She lays on the table. The Hostess begins setting a meal on Blue, covering her in sushi, sake and condiments. The Hostess leaves.

Pocket has not moved since they entered. Blue stares straight up, motionless. Time passes. Pocket shifts uncomfortably.

BLUE

You don't like sushi?

Not knowing what else to do, he smears a roll in wasabi and takes a bite. He tears up and coughs, knocking over the sake. Sake runs down Blue's stomach. She is still motionless.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Taking the napkin, he begins to towel off her stomach. Blue flinches and looks at Pocket. Pocket is a deer in headlights. He can't handle it anymore, he bolts out.

Blue sits, the food on her body spills off. Pocket's postcard is abandoned on the bench. She reads it. She finds a piece of sushi caught in the curve of her thigh and takes a bite.

INT. SOME CHEAP DINER-NIGHT

Pocket sits alone at some cheap diner, eating a burger.

INT. THE SLIPPER ROOM BAR-NIGHT

[Stage Act II]

Blue and the Lawyer laugh together. A group of office workers and businessmen toast a young employee at the end of the bar. The Lawyer turns to Blue.

LAWYER

Look how he's smiling.

BLUE

Who is he?

LAWYER

He just got hired. Poor sap. Entry level, but he knows that if he sticks with it and works hard, he'll climb out of the mail room in a couple months, maybe a year. Then he'll move upstairs, get a cubical, a proper suit, move out of his shitty apartment, get the balls to ask the cute girl from accounting out. Of course good apartments cost a lot, and so do good suits, and romantic dinners. And quickly he's going to need a little more than you make in a cubicle. So he'll put in a few extra hours, come in on Saturday, make friends with his supervisor, who is a bit of a prick, likes racist jokes, and gets a little wad of dried spit in the corner of his mouth when he talks. But the slight sacrifice of dignity will be worth the private office and the raise that comes with it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAWYER (CONT'D)

The timing will be particularly good, because just a few months later the girl from accounting will lose her job. To cut costs and since she's there every night anyway, he will chivalrously suggest she move in. She will coyly agree on the condition that (so as not to offend her parents) they get married first. The ring alone will set him back 15 grand, and rather quickly he will start eyeing the corner office which boasts a larger year end bonus. The downside is that between the extra hours, coming in on the weekends, canceling anniversary dinner and all the fucking ass kissing, he'll be too busy claiming the corner office to figure out the cute girl from accounting is having an affair until she leaves and takes the house and the SUV with her.

BLUE

You know a lot about this kid.

LAWYER

I have the corner office.

Blue laughs, but it dies awkwardly.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

It's late, I should get out of here, I've got to be up early. Want to share a ride? In fact, I'm in a big expensive hotel room, with a cabinet full of over-priced liquor... if you want to come up?

BLUE

I just got here.

LAWYER

Right, right.

The Lawyer grabs his briefcase and raises his glass. The office boys all cheer and lift their glasses with big smiles.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

Dimitte illis non enim sciunt quid faciunt dominus!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The Lawyer slallows his drink and turns to Blue.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

"Forgive us, Lord. We know not
what we do."

*

INT. THE APARTMENT-DAY

The apartment is old and stagnant, with little decor, and lots of liquor bottles. Pocket enters with boxes and garbage bags. He looks around, but doesn't touch anything.

An album is poised over the spindle. He pushes the button, the record drops. An old country song begins, a faded song about loss.

A dusty shadow box hangs on a wall. Wedged in the frame are various photos of an older man and his friends. Pocket plucks them indifferently and throws them away, revealing what's beneath the glass: a dark yo-yo beautifully inlaid with silver, a blue ribbon from an elementary school talent show, and a photo of a young boy and his father. The boy is proudly holding his blue ribbon. Written on the photo is "Pocket June 1985".

EXT. THE SLIPPER ROOM-DAY

Blue leans on the wall, smoking a cigarette. Pocket exits the apartment complex carrying an antique wood chair. He sets it down beside his pickup and goes back inside.

A passerby carries the chair away. Blue keeps smoking.

Pocket returns carrying boxes, he looks for his chair.

BLUE

You're a long way from home, Paul.

POCKET

Pocket.

She begins digging in her purse.

BLUE

Is that your real name?

POCKET

Paul Kitt. Junior. Friends call me
Pocket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLUE
 We're friends now?
 (yielding a little)
 My name is Blue.

POCKET
 Your real name?

BLUE
 No.

She hands him his postcard.

BLUE (CONT'D)
 Sorry about your dad. What did he
 do?

Pocket Shrugs.

POCKET
 Left when I was eight.

BLUE
 That sucks.

Pocket goes back upstairs. Blue puts her cigarette out, fixes her lipstick in his side mirror and leaves a perfect kiss on the glass.

INT. THE SLIPPER ROOM STAGE - NIGHT

[Stage Act III]

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INT. THE SLIPPER ROOM DRESSING ROOM-NIGHT

BLUE and MARLENE put on makeup in the mirror backstage. Blue's space is a mess, make-up and hair products everywhere. Her wall is covered in Polaroids and hundreds of old postcards-- roadside attractions and famous monuments. She has pinned all the cards up geographically in the shape of a U.S. map, each monument or attraction in its proper place.

BLUE
 Mama, do you have any more of that
 red glitter? I'm all out.

Blue pouts her lips. Marlene dabs glitter on Blue's lips.

BLUE (CONT'D)
 Where would I be without you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARLENE

In a gutter somewhere....

Marlene taps one of the Polaroids on the wall: Marlene, Blue and a couple other girls posing sprawled in a gutter.

BLUE

Girl, you ain't seen what I seen...

BLUE AND MARLENE

So don't go fucking with the GUTTER QUEENS!

Jimmy walks in overhearing the conversation.

JIMMY

Hey, Gutter Queens. Can you maybe grace us with your presence out there? This place is packed, and there's a show to do.

MARLENE

We're going, we're going....

Blue rises but suddenly stumbles, grabbing the table. Makeup flies everywhere.

JIMMY

You fucked up or something? Are you kidding me? It's the beginning of your shift!

BLUE

You know I'm not like that.

JIMMY

The way you've been acting for the past few months makes me feel like I don't.

MARLENE

You try wearing 7 inch stilettos and see how YOU do.

JIMMY

You disappear for 2 weeks without telling me and you come back and you're fucked up.

MARLENE

Jimmy, get the fuck out of the dressing room and let us get ready. Jesus Christ.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He leaves.

MARLENE (CONT'D)
 No big deal, right? Just keep it
 slow and hypnotic, no fast moves.
 You'll be fine.

BLUE
 Yeah. No big deal. (pauses)
 Thanks.

They leave.

INT. THE SLIPPER ROOM STAGE - NIGHT

[Stage Act IV]

INT. THE SLIPPER ROOM BACKSTAGE-DAY

*

Pocket walks down the employee hallway, dirty walls,
 fluorescent lights, greasy rubber mats. He knocks on the
 office door.

JIMMY (OS)
 Just a minute.

Pocket notices Blue through an open doorway.

INT. THE SLIPPER ROOM DRESSING ROOM-SAME TIME

Blue swallows aspirin while talking on the phone and changing
 out of her show clothes.

BLUE
 ...You called to wish me a Happy
 Birthday!... Last week... Yeah, I
 figured, things have been busy
 here, too...

INT. THE SLIPPER ROOM BACKSTAGE-DAY(SAME TIME)

Pocket watches Blue. Jimmy has slipped next to Pocket and
 watches Blue as well.

JIMMY
 They say a person's workspace is a
 reflection of their mind.

Pocket hands over the keys.

BLUE (OS)
 ...Hell, yes! Oh my god! Hold on...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY

You're all finished? That's great.
 We'll get it all cleaned up. Get
 someone new in there. He'd been
 camped up there for fucking years.
 I was seriously losing money on
 that apartment. ...which I was
 happy to know he had a place he
 liked so much.

BLUE (OS)

POCKET!

Blue waves him in. Pocket goes to her.

JIMMY

Must be the hat.

INT. THE SLIPPER ROOM DRESSING ROOM-DAY (SAME TIME)

Blue slams down the phone as Pocket approaches.

BLUE

Guess where I'm going?

With her back to her postcards, she raises her arm, reaching
 for a certain one. Before her fingers find the card...

POCKET

Vegas.

She rips it from the wall. A WWII postcard, a photo of an
 army man and a showgirl in front of the old Vegas sign.

BLUE

They met right before he got
 deployed. 'I could live anywhere
 and not want more were you with
 me.' Look who it's addressed to.

POCKET

Ruby Blue.

BLUE

That's where I got my name from.
 And I'm going! I'm meeting my
 brother in...

*

Blue grabs the piece of paper she wrote on.

BLUE (CONT'D)

Cheyenne. He's been winning big at
 some Indian casino.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLUE (CONT'D)
 He's taking me from there.
 Sayonara, suckers!
 (to Jill)
 I'm going to need my hair dryer
 back.
 (to Pocket)
 I'll be outta here before you even!

POCKET
 I'm all done.

Jill returns the hair dryer on her way out.

BLUE
 I'm going to Vegas.

JILL
 (Sarcastically)
 Again?

Blue hurls the hair dryer at her. Jill dodges through the door as the hair dryer crashes into the hallway.

BLUE
 KEEP IT!!

*

She returns to her cheery state.

BLUE (CONT'D)
 First class, champagne, the whole
 nine. It's my lucky year!

*

Jimmy comes in, holding the remains of the hair dryer.

JIMMY
 What the hell's going on?

BLUE
 I'm going to Vegas.

JIMMY
 Again?

Blue storms out.

INT. RUBY'S BAR - NIGHT

A new song comes on the jukebox. Blue screams and starts dancing wildly.

BLUE
 This is my JAM. This is MY JAM.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Two Upper West Side women watch Blue from the bar. Their outfits are perfectly coordinated, expensive and boring, the purses hanging from their stools are designer.

UWS 1

Oh my god.

UWS 2

Embarrassing.

Behind them, MARLENE comes out of the bathroom. She pauses as she hears the conversation.

UWS 1

She has GOT to be one of those strippers from next door.

UWS 2

Women like that bring all of us down. I don't get respect at work because of whores like her.

UWS 1

Honestly, I just feel sorry for her, if you have take your clothes off just to get attention... major emotional baggage.

MARLENE

Bartender... can I get a glass of red, please?

While they bitch, backs turned, Marlene slips a designer clutch off the back of their stools, and drops it in her own bag.

UWS 1

And her body isn't that good.

UWS 2

What about her face? Her face is gross.

UWS 1

I will never get what men see in shit like that.

UWS 2

Seriously, if that's what it takes, I'm glad I'm single.

As Marlene spins from the bar, her wine sloshes over both of them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARLENE

Oh, I am so sorry!

EXT. GUTTER - NIGHT

Marlene and Blue sit between two parked cars in the gutter. Marlene picks through the stolen clutch. Blue types on Marlene's phone.

BLUE

Jesus, flights are so expensive.

MARLENE

Don't kill my phone the battery's almost dead. It'll be nice. More tips for me, no one stealing my glitter or clean socks. I get my couch back. I'm actually looking forward to it.

Marlene is flipping credit cards and IDs into the drain. She empties the clutch completely. The only thing she leaves in the purse is the cash, a couple hundred.

Blue takes out her Polaroid.

BLUE

Lay down.

MARLENE

I'm wearing light colors! You're so stupid.

Marlene begrudgingly lays down. Blue snaps 2 photos. Blue gives one to Marlene and keeps one. Marlene hands the clutch to Blue.

MARLENE (CONT'D)

Here. I don't want to see you again. You come back to this club and I'm gonna cut you.

Blue leans in to hug Marlene. Marlene shoulders away rubbing at a smudge.

MARLENE (CONT'D)

You fucked up my skirt. Go make someone else's life miserable.

Blue walks away.

BLUE

I love you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Marlene flips her off. Blue flips her off back and kisses her middle finger. Marlene looks at the photo still grey and half developed. She lays down in the gutter completely, holding the photo to her chest.

MARLENE

Fuck.

INT. THE SLIPPER ROOM STAGE - NIGHT

[Stage Act V]

EXT. THE SLIPPER ROOM - NIGHT

Pocket slides across the pickup's seat to rest. He notices the lipstick print on the window. He tips his hat down.

INT. THE SLIPPER ROOM BAR - NIGHT

Blue and the Lawyer are surrounded by empty shot glasses. The bartender cleans in the background. The Lawyer is wearing Blue's sequined pirate's hat tilted. At Blue's feet is an enormous box overflowing with costumes, feathers, and frill.

THE LAWYER

Tell me this cockamamy plan one more time now that I'm drunk....

BLUE

Look my brother has an old friend. Been dealing in Vegas. We pool all our cash. My brother places small bets and counts. I get to be the high roller. I stand off 'til he gives the signal, then bet big. Everything I win stays on the table. We win five straight rounds before the house swaps the dealer and the deck.

LAWYER

And then it's off to...

BLUE

Londefalás.

LAWYER

Which is a real place? Because it sounds like some tripe from Dungeons and Dragons.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLUE

It's in Greece. Wine on a balcony.
Silent gondolas slicing the moon's
reflection in half. With my cut and
the cost of living out there, I'll
never have to work again. I'll lay
out a blanket and play my guitar
all day. And the exotic coins that
people throw into my hat I'll sew
into the hem of a dress, like gypsy
belly dancers do.

LAWYER

Bravo.

Blue bows and pats herself on the back.

BLUE

Good show, good show.

Lawyer traces the top of the bar with his finger.

LAWYER

I don't think I'm coming here when
you're gone.

BLUE

(British accent) Oh pish, posh!
What about the other lovely ladies?

LAWYER

They're not you. I wish I'd met
you, earlier....
I want you to have something.

He opens his briefcase and produces a tiny handgun.

BLUE

No. You're drunk and I'm dangerous
with a hair dryer.

LAWYER

There are things people can do that
would ruin you on the inside. I
don't ever want someone to take
your fire from you.

Blue breaks character and really looks at him.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

Vegas is sketchy. Put it in your
purse, and forget about it. If
that day comes, it's there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The Bartender walks over with the keys.

BARTENDER

Alright, people. I gotta lock up.
Out you go.

Blue quickly shoves the gun in her purse. The Lawyer rises, stopping at the door.

LAWYER

Blue! NE MOLESTI TE DEPRIMANT!

BLUE

What's that mean?

LAWYER

Don't Let The Bastards Grind You
Down.

Blue blows a kiss and is gone.

INT. THE SLIPPER ROOM DRESSING ROOM-NIGHT

*

Blue's area is gutted, postcards gone, locker open, loose feathers, glitter and garbage on the floor and a syringe.

EXT. THE SLIPPER ROOM-EARLY DAWN

The streets are empty except for garbage trucks. Blue holds a headdress, her other arm raised for a taxi. A pile of boxes, bags and oddities line the street beside her. Not a taxi in sight. Slowly she turns, to Pocket's truck.

Pocket wakes to tapping.

BLUE

Hey, I have a question.

Pocket waits.

BLUE (CONT'D)

...and it's totally no big deal,
either way, but...

EXT. ON THE ROAD (PENNSYLVANIA)-DAY

The pick-up cruises along, Pocket drives without expression. He dodges a wild foot. Blue has pulled herself half way out the window, armed with a Polaroid camera.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLUE

Woohaooooo! Did you see that river?
 ...Ahh! Oh my God! Pull Over,
 Quick!

Pocket pulls aside. Blue leaps to the shoulder. Pocket looks *
 back along the highway, seeing nothing. *

BLUE(CONT'D)

Pocket, cows.

POCKET

...Holsteins.

Blue tears up a handful of long grass, roots, dirt and all.

BLUE

Here you go, Moo-Moos. There's a
 baby! Do you want some grass?
 ...It's okay.

The cows eye her suspiciously. She waves the tantalizing
 clump of dirt at them. They move away.

BLUE(CONT'D)

They must not be hungry. Pocket,
 will you take a picture of me with
 the cows?

Pocket scratches his head. *

EXT. ON THE ROAD (OHIO)-EVENING

Blue admires her Polaroids so far. One, a blur of green, the
 other, her standing alone with cow butts in the distance. A
 county sign passes, she lets out a little yelp and grabs her *
 stack of postcards.

BLUE

Are you hungry?

Blue presents a Buckeye Diner postcard.

BLUE(CONT'D)

'The Buckeye Diner is one of the
 mid-west's most unique restaurants,
 featuring a fun-filled menu,
 friendly staff and memorable
 nightly performances' Pocket,
 Marilyn Manson was in a talent show
 there as a kid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POCKET

What'd she do?

INT. THE BUCKEYE DINER-NIGHT

Midwest kitsch is everywhere. Their waiter, A pale GOTH teenager with zits and a lip ring, wears a checkered bowtie, matching suspenders, and cap. He seats them with a forced smile.

BLUE

When does the show start?

GOTH

It just ended.

BLUE

When's the next one?

GOTH

Tomorrow night at 7.

BLUE

Then why did you sit us by the stage?

GOTH

You asked.

BLUE

Great, can I speak with a manager?

Goth walks off. Blue looks at her menu.

BLUE(CONT'D)

Where's the vegetarian section?

POCKET

Back in New York City.

BUCKEYE MANAGER

Can I help you folks?

The jolly, middle aged BUCKEYE MANAGER stands proud, GOTH stands with hostile indifference over his shoulder.

BLUE

Hi, we drove all the way from New York City and we were really excited to see the famous shows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUCKEYE MANAGER

Oh, I'm sorry Ma'am. We only do a second show on the weekends.

BLUE

But your postcard says nightly performances, not nightly performance. If it would have said 'featuring nightly performance,' we would have driven faster. Now we figured if there were two shows that would be 7 and 9, or maybe even 6 and 8. So you see, in the worst case scenario we'd still be ten minutes early. But this is even worse than the worst case scenario, because there's only one nightly performance.

BUCKEYE MANAGER

Ah, jeez guys. If it was up to me, I'd love to give you a show, but they are getting out of costume already. However, we are also famous for our deserts, and your deserts are on us. Okay? Because when it comes to customer service we're not just song and dance. Right, Ned?

The manager leaves.

GOTH

(to Manager)

I hope your guts get eaten out by rats.

Blue huffs, then marches off.

INT. BUCKEYE DINER - NIGHT

Goth drops off Pocket's fries. Blue is not back yet. The lights dim, a recorded show announcement begins. Blue slides in beside Pocket, gloating proudly. Two SHEEP peer out from the side curtain.

SHEEP 1

With the cowboy hat.

SHEEP 2

What movies did he direct?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHEEP 1
The Blues Brothers.

SHEEP 2
That movie is so classic! He just
seems so ...young.

Sheep 1 catches Pocket's eye eagerly, giving a thumbs up.
Pocket awkwardly thumbs back.

EXT. ON THE ROAD (MIDWEST) - NIGHT

BLUE
...Do you have any idea how much
this is going to be worth someday?

She hands her cast-autographed postcard to Pocket.

BLUE(CONT'D)
That Bo Peep was lookin' for
something. Her version of Baa Baa
Black Sheep coulda got her a job at
The Slipper Room.

POCKET
She put her number on here.

BLUE
WHAT??? I'll kick her ass.

She snatches the postcard back, laughing hysterically.

BLUE(CONT'D)
I haven't had this much fun since I
finished high school. I graduated
the same day my brother got out of
jail. I stepped off the bus and
there he was on the lawn in an old
Corvette Stingray. You shoulda seen
it, it smoked like hell, but mmmm
it looked good! I remember coming
up over the GW bridge, I could see
the whole world. My brother was
back, the windows rolled down, the
radio blaring. And he says to me,
'You wanna switch seats so you can
test out your graduation present?'
I felt like a god damned queen.
Nine Inch Nails was playing, but
they had been sold out for like
three weeks, so he scalped us
tickets.

(MORE)

*
*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLUE(CONT'D)

The place was packed, but he just shoved right through, pushed me up to the front. He said I deserved to be up there. I think that was the best day of my life, I even got a black eye! ...But Bo Peep elbowing the sheep aside, is pretty close.

Pocket laughs.

POCKET

Still got your car?

BLUE

What? Oh, no. He picked up some girl after the show. He was supposed to drop it by, but I didn't really see him after that.

Pocket watches the road, the story troubles him.

BLUE(CONT) (CONT'D)

Anyway, it needed a gasket for the pistons or something.

POCKET

Probably needed new rings.

BLUE

Yeah, see? I was better off without it.

Silence.

*

BLUE(CONT'D)

We gonna find a motel soon?

*

POCKET

Sure.

EXT. MOTEL (OHIO)--NIGHT

The pick-up pulls in. Blue has fallen asleep. Strands of hair stick to her lipstick. Pocket studies her gently. He kills the engine and she wakes.

POCKET

Time for bed.

Blue hands him some cash.

*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLUE

You get keys, I've got to grab a couple things.

Pocket goes to the office. Blue drops bags off the truck.

EXT. MOTEL (OHIO) - MOMENTS LATER

Pocket comes out to find a huge pile of bags by the truck.

INT. MOTEL ROOM (OHIO) - NIGHT

Blue opens the door. Pocket follows behind her, arms full of her luggage.

BLUE

There's only one bed.

POCKET

Want more than one? *

BLUE

...No.

POCKET

Going to the truck. *

Pocket closes the door. Blue goes into action. She tosses open one bag after another, pulling out sexy lingerie. She lights incense and drapes a red scarf over the lamp.

She 'casually' sprawls on the bed, with her Buckeye Diner postcard. Catching her reflection, she pulls a bit more of the robe off her leg.

INT. MOTEL (OHIO) - NIGHT

Blue is in the same position. The incense has burned away, the card is written. Blue goes to the window. Pocket is sleeping in the truck, his hat over his face. She climbs back in bed and stares at the ceiling.

EXT. MOTEL (OHIO) - NIGHT

Blue raps on the window of the truck. Pocket lifts his hat and rolls down the window. He looks at her high heels.

BLUE

I need the keys.

POCKET

On the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLUE
To the truck.

He is confused, but hands the keys over.

BLUE (CONT'D)
Thank you.

POCKET
'night, Blue. Nice pajamas.

BLUE
Good night, Pocket.

INT. MOTEL (OHIO) - DAWN

Blue is sleeping, her thumb through the key ring. CAR SOUNDS, she bolts up in a panic, and then notices the keys. She relaxes back in the pillows.

INT. MOTEL OFFICE (OHIO) - MORNING

Blue is on the hotel phone, stretching to drop the buckeye diner card into a mail slot while talking.

BLUE
Well, you keep winning and I'll
keep driving... Day after
tomorrow.

INT. MOTEL (OHIO) - MORNING

Pocket collects Blue's bags. He bends to lift and sees a used syringe in the wastebasket.

EXT. INDIANA TOURIST WELCOME BOOTH-DAY

Handing Pocket her Polaroid she poses against the "Welcome to Indiana" sign.

EXT. LAKE MICHIGAN - DAY

Blue beams before Chicago's Massive Bahai temple over looking the lake. The Polaroid flashes.

EXT. WISCONSIN BORDER - DAY

"Welcome to Wisconsin" passes. Blue is flipping through her cards.

BLUE
Is this thing 4 wheel drive?

EXT. OVERLOOK MOUNTAIN HOUSE - SUNDOWN

Pocket and Blue hike up a steep dirt road, no longer maintained.

POCKET

Doesn't seem very popular... for having its own postcard.

They come around a corner to see massive stone walls rising from the woods. Weeds cling to the steps. The roof is gone.

They step into the house. Stairs rise to nowhere, mature birch trees stretch to the sky. Afternoon sun spills through solitary arches whose walls or windows have long since fallen. Pocket and Blue wander from room to room. *

BLUE

Once, presidents and millionaires used to come here. But originally it was built by a man for his fiancée, the girl died before they could get married. It took his whole lifetime to finish it.

POCKET

Even after she was dead?

BLUE

Everyone thought he was crazy. He believed he had known her for lifetimes, and that they would meet again. So her dying didn't change anything for him, cause she was coming back. It burned down. Three times actually. They rebuilt it twice. So even the house got a couple lifetimes... What do you think happens to us when we die?

POCKET

Heaven or Hell I guess.

BLUE

That's really what you believe?

Pocket doesn't answer lightly.

POCKET

...I guess.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLUE

I think the guy was right. If I
died... I would come back for this.

*

EXT. ON THE ROAD (WISCONSIN) - DAY

The pickup rolls along the highway. Blue picks through
Pocket's music collection.

BLUE

Wow. Cassette tapes.

POCKET

Thanks for the gas.

Blue starts cracking up.

BLUE

...I though you paid. We're on the
lamb!

Pocket pulls over.

BLUE (CONT'D)

Are you...? It was an accident!
Neither of us knew.

The pickup pulls a U-turn.

BLUE (CONT'D)

But we drove all the way across
Ohio on frontage roads because you
didn't want to pay for tolls...

POCKET

And it's quieter.

BLUE

You're something. You don't lie,
don't cheat, don't steal, don't
speed...

Pocket shifts a little.

POCKET

I don't speed cause... the truck
ain't good at it.

BLUE

That's all? You're lying.

POCKET

I don't lie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLUE

What if it would hurt someone's
feelings?

Pocket shakes his head. *

BLUE (CONT'D) *

Then, tell me honestly, what do you
think of me?

POCKET

What do you mean?

BLUE

When you look at me, what do you
think?

POCKET

Well, I guess... you're the
prettiest girl I've seen.

BLUE

Oh. ...That's not really what I
meant.

EXT. REST AREA (MINNESOTA) - SUNDOWN

Blue sits on the front bumper, deep in thought. Crickets
sing. *

BLUE

Do you think I'm dishonest?

The hood is up. Pocket is over the engine. He doesn't answer.

BLUE (CONT'D)

Why don't you like talking to me?

POCKET

I'm not good at... *

Blue waits.

POCKET (CONT'D)

...talking.

He doesn't continue.

BLUE

When I was little, there was a deaf
kid on our block.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLUE (CONT'D)

He couldn't talk at all. I'd see him signing with his family. It was so mysterious, I was jealous. A lot of times he couldn't play the games we were playing. He'd just stand and watch, with this dumb smile. We would say the worst stuff to him, right in his face, cause we could. It didn't matter cause he couldn't hear us.

*

Pocket slams the hood and wraps his old tools in a rag.

BLUE (CONT'D)

In 8th grade, my friend and I got a sign language book. We learned to cuss mostly. Then we got bored. Maybe I wanted a secret teammate more than a secret language. Or I was trying to make up for all the stuff I'd said to that boy. You know, so I could run into him one day, and show him. I never did of course. ...Doug, his name was Doug....

*

They climb in.

EXT. ON THE ROAD (MINNESOTA)-TWILIGHT

BLUE

Kids can be really bad, you know?

POCKET

Yeah.

BLUE

Parents, too... Did you know your Dad was in New York, or you couldn't find him?

Pocket shrugs.

POCKET

Never tried.

BLUE

Why'd he leave?

Pocket doesn't answer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLUE(CONT'D)

You wanna do sign language? You don't have to talk at all. I know lots of dirty words! Please?

POCKET

Sure. This is the sign for 'I'm driving'.

He only stares forward, hands on the wheel.

BLUE

This is the sign for... I'm gonna kick your ass!

*

Blue attacks his ribs, hitting/tickling him. Pocket tries to protect himself, but Blue keeps at it till he begins to laugh a little.

A car honks. Pocket jerks the truck back into its lane. Blue's clutch spills onto the floor. Along with all her cash, the tiny pistol lands near the gas pedal. They both see it.

BLUE(CONT'D)

It's not mine... I mean...

POCKET

Loaded?

BLUE

I guess?

POCKET

Safety on?

She has no idea.

BLUE

... I'm just going to put it in the glove box.

INT. COFFEE SHOP, MINNEAPOLIS - DAY

Blue raps hard on the window from the outside. OLIVIA, a grungier version of Blue, jumps up.

OLIVIA

Holy shit! I never thought I'd see you alive again.

Olivia runs out.

EXT. SIDEWALK, MINNEAPOLIS - DAY

Olivia and Blue chat up a storm, Pocket follows behind.

OLIVIA
Right! ...What the hell was his
name...

BLUE AND OLIVIA
DIRT!

BLUE
...I'd totally forgotten him.

OLIVIA
And his dog that would piss
everywhere. ...Fuck, how long ago
did I leave New York?

BLUE
A while.

OLIVIA
It was time, I had to get out of
there. You look good, like you are
doing really good for yourself.

BLUE
You haven't fucking changed a bit!

OLIVIA
Wait 'til you see where I'm
staying.

EXT. THE MANSION, MINNEAPOLIS - NIGHT

Blue, Olivia and Pocket pull up to a luxurious house in a
nice part of town.

BLUE
Woah! Whose place is this?

OLIVIA
Ours 'til they come back!

INT. THE MANSION, MINNEAPOLIS - NIGHT

The classic McMansion interior has been given a puck rock
make-over of beer bottles, pizza boxes, and cigarette butts.
Several loud rockers are drinking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLIVIA

Vegas, Huh? Gonna gamble big money?

BLUE

Not big money. Medium sized money, but yeah, emptied the mattress into my purse.

OLIVIA

Hey girl, medium sized is better than zero sized money which is what I got. ...Are you with him or what?

They glance to Pocket, who sits quietly in the corner.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

I kind of want to play Cowboys and Indians with him.

BLUE

No chance. He's not like guys we knew.

OLIVIA

Oh? Watch me. Wait, before I forget. Got you a present.

She puts two pills in Blue's hand. Blue looks at them cautiously.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Old times!

*

They swallow. Olivia grabs new beers in both hands and heads to Pocket.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Shit, my hands are full. Can you get my lighter out of my pocket, Pocket?

Pocket reaches into her pants pocket. Finding nothing.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Maybe the other one?

He tries again. Nothing. She leans forward.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Then it's tucked in my bra.

Pocket starts to check timidly. She whispers.

*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
 ...Oh wait, I'm not wearing one.

Pocket gets up, blushing. Blue spits her beer in laughter.

EXT. THE MANSION, MINNEAPOLIS - NIGHT

Pocket sleeps in the truck.

INT. THE MANSION, MINNEAPOLIS - NIGHT

The party is rolling. The flat screen TV has been turned face up, still glowing and serving as the DJ's turn table stand. Olivia and Blue are dancing. They start to make out. A couple of rockers cheer. Blue flips them off while kissing.

INT. THE MANSION, MINNEAPOLIS - NIGHT

The kitchen sink is almost big enough to bathe in, and someone is proving it. Blue and Olivia are under the dining room table with a sheer curtain draped over it. They lay spooned on a pillow. Blue is in a touchy-feely drug haze. *

BLUE
 Whose place is this?

Olivia shrugs.

OLIVIA
 I'm not messing with the kid's room, cause that's like important memory stuff, but as for the rest of the house, fuck it. If they have a place like this, they are totally insured out the ass. *

BLUE
 Do you think I should check on Pocket? *

OLIVIA
 Bad idea. *

BLUE
 Bad idea, I'll just stay here.

Blue curls up, Pocket's keys in one hand, The strap of her clutch in the other.

INT. THE MANSION, MINNEAPOLIS - DAWN

Blue wakes. She is still curled, keys and strap in fist, but Olivia is gone. And her strap doesn't connect to a clutch anymore.

BLUE

Olivia!

Everyone is gone. She runs to the front door, but there's a knock before she reaches it.

MINNEAPOLIS COPS (O.S.)

Police Department, Please open the door.

Blue runs up the stairs. *

INT. KIDS BEDROOM - DAWN *

Blue throws a door open.

BLUE

Olivia!

Just two naked strangers on a bed full of stuffed animals. *

MINNEAPOLIS COPS (O.S.)

We're coming in.

Blue opens a window and crawls out.

EXT. STREETS, MINNEAPOLIS - DAY

Pocket drives slowly. Blue stares out the window, searching. Random streets pass.

POCKET

Why didn't you talk to the police? *

BLUE

We don't need to, cause we are going to find her, Pocket. We are fucking going to find her.

POCKET

We don't know where we are.

BLUE

Turn here.

More nameless streets.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POCKET

There's a police station.

BLUE

NO FUCKING COPS! The cops are not going to help, okay!? ...Try here.

*

Pocket drives on.

EXT. MINNEAPOLIS - SUNDOWN

They have driven all day, and now crawl through the worst part of town. They have turned down a dead end. The pick-up rolls to a stop before an empty lot of garbage and weeds, somehow pretty in the sunset.

*

*

Blue takes her postcards from the glove box.

POCKET

You didn't know it wasn't their place. ...Ain't like they'd throw you in jail.

Blue shakes her head and keeps spreading her postcards.

*

BLUE

This was my first one. I was squatting with a bunch of junkies. I found this stuffed in a crack in a wall one day. When things are really bad, I go here, and lay down on the beach and stare up at all the stars.

She hands over the postcard, an old colorized photo labelled, "LONDEFALAS". She closes her eyes.

BLUE(CONT'D)

With the sounds of the water, and night birds, and dragonflies sewing up the sky, and all the bridges and the little boats. Can you imagine how amazing it would be to look up and see those stars?

POCKET

They're just drawn in.

*

BLUE

That doesn't matter. That's where I'm going to go. Can you see it?

Pocket is just confused, but he tries, staring at Londefalas.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLUE (CONT'D)

I may need to borrow a little cash.
Just till we get to Wyoming. My
brother has been winning hand over
fist.

*

Pocket nods.

*

INT. BAR (SIOUX FALLS) - NIGHT

Just another crappy bar, whose patrons are tough or dead.

BLUE

This is Sioux Falls, huh? I'd hate
to see it on a weekday. Holy shit,
A payphone! Can I borrow some
change, and could you get me a
Lemon Drop?

The BAR MATES glance to Pocket as he takes a stool.

POCKET

Water... and a Lemon Drop.

TENDER

Lemon Drop.

The Tender walks over to his manual. Blue leafs through the jukebox selection while on the phone.

BLUE

No, no message

The lemon drop arrives.

MATE 1

Nice drink.

Pocket doesn't respond. Blue comes up, singing.

BLUE

They have stand by your man, but
its not by the Blue's Brothers.

MATE 2

Not sure she's got a man to stand
by.

BLUE

What?

POCKET

Don't worry about it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Blue pulls out a pen and her Minnesota postcard.

POCKET (CONT'D)

Bathroom?

TENDER

Follow the foot prints.

Stenciled orange boot prints lead down the hall.

MATE 2

Which one do you think he uses?

As Pocket reaches the bathroom, he hears glass shatter. Shouting erupts and the jukebox dies.

He comes back to find the bar area cleared. Mate 2 sits alone at a stool, holding a bloody napkin over his nose. Struggling against it, Blue is being pushed out the door. A couple guys are keeping Mate 1 away from her.

EXT. BAR (SIOUX FALLS) - NIGHT

Pocket shoulders through the crowd.

BUDDY

Come on man, she ain't worth it.

BLUE

Pocket!

Blue is enjoying herself. She signs to Pocket "Let's kick ass".

TENDER

Get her out of here!

MATE 1

Crazy Bitch!

Pocket cuts between them and drags Blue towards the truck.

EXT. THE ROAD (SOUTH DAKOTA)-NIGHT

Blue sits, stiff lipped, staring out her window.

BLUE

Thanks for taking their side.
Didn't you see me signing you?

POCKET

You could've gotten hurt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLUE
Thanks for the lecture, Dad.

Silence.

EXT. MOTEL(SOUTH DAKOTA)- NIGHT

Blue jumps out of the pick-up, still frustrated. She comes around. Pocket presents his keys and some cash.

POCKET
...Night, Blue.

Blue turns away. No response.

INT. MOTEL(SOUTH DAKOTA) - NIGHT

Keys in fist, Blue stares at the ceiling. There is a knock. She opens the door, it Pocket. Blue climbs back in bed, but leaves the door open. Pocket stays.

BLUE
So?

When he finally speaks it is very slow.

POCKET
Last time before he left, he come in my room... Drunk I guess... Sits on the dresser, for a long time... Watching me pretend to sleep... Then he says how some people is always going to keep f-ing up, no matter... And you are better just clear of them. I... ...Thought he meant me... Probably he meant ma, they was always fighting.

Blue pats the spot next to her for Pocket to sit.

BLUE
Sometimes we say stuff, but not always like we mean, you know?

POCKET
Sure.

He sits. Neither speaks.

BLUE
Have you ever been to Vegas?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POCKET

Once. You?

BLUE

I've never been further than
Jersey. What's it like?

POCKET

Flashy.

BLUE

Tell me about it. But don't tell me
any of the bad parts. Just tell me
something beautiful.

POCKET

I ain't good at all that.

Blue snuggles down into the pillow and puts her hand on
Pocket's leg.

BLUE

...Please?

Pocket grits his teeth, struggling.

POCKET

...Ask me tomorrow.

He gets up suddenly and leaves.

EXT. MOTEL(SOUTH DAKOTA) - NIGHT

Pocket sits in the truck, frustrated with himself. He finds a
pen and a scrap of yellow lined paper. Flipping on the
interior light, he begins writing.

INT. MOTEL(SOUTH DAKOTA)-DAY

BLUE

...No, no message.

Blue hangs up.

EXT. ON THE ROAD (SOUTH DAKOTA)-DAY.

In the truck, Blue takes out her Minnesota card, with a sour
look. Dried blood has glued a shard of glass to her card.

BLUE

Ewww.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POCKET

You busted his nose good.

EXT. CARHENGE - DAY

A ring of grey autos are stabbed into the ground, perfectly replicating Stonehenge.

Blue is sprawled across the hood of a car like a pinup, Pocket takes a photo.

A PARK RANGER approaches.

PARK RANGER

Closing time, folks.

BLUE

Thanks, Sir.

They walk towards the exit, but once the Ranger has left, Blue pulls Pocket into one of the cars and closes the door. She smiles wickedly.

EXT. CARHENGE - NIGHT

Pocket and Blue walk around the circle of cars, totally alone. Blue runs ahead until they are on opposite sides of one destroyed car. They can hear, but not see each other.

BLUE

Pocket? I have a game. We each get to ask the other one a question. We take turns. And we have to answer honestly. It's called "Truth."

POCKET

I always play that game.

BLUE

Yeah. I don't.

POCKET

OK, go.

BLUE

On your ranch, is anyone waiting for you?

POCKET

Nuh uh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLUE
...No girlfriend?

POCKET
Its pretty far out, I don't get
much company... and I'm bad at it
anyway. Are you wanted?

BLUE
Yes, but from a long time ago. You
make it sounds sexy, but it sucks.
I can't get credit cards, no
insurance, no cell phone. Nothing
where I have to show an ID. I'm not
like that anymore... ...My turn. Do
you like girls?

POCKET
Sure.

BLUE
No, I mean do you *like* girls?

POCKET
Yeah.

BLUE
What do you like about girls?

POCKET
That's two questions... What are
the needles for?

BLUE
...I was thinking this could be a
fun game...

Silence.

BLUE (CONT'D)
I have MS.

POCKET
What?

BLUE
It's when your immune system
attacks your brain and then your
body sort of falls apart.

POCKET
...just...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BLUE

...not right away, or anything. It kind of comes in waves at first. I'm supposed to inject myself every morning, it was all in my purse.

POCKET

We could get more.

BLUE

I found out when I was 19, and I kind of lost it. Did stupid stuff. ...Time is... If you think about how much of a person's life gets wasted on Facebook, or pretending they're having fun at parties they don't want to be at, or video games... if you take away all that wasted time... then well... If I'm going to end up in a wheel chair or prison or whatever. ...I don't want to play this game anymore.

Blue walks away.

BLUE(CONT'D)

That stuff your dad said... I think he was talking about himself.

EXT. THE GOOD TRADER, CHEYENNE (WYOMING) -EVENING

They pull up to the The Good Trader, a Local Goods, Antique and Pawn Shop. Pocket hops in back and digs for a box from the NYC apartment.

BLUE

Don't do anything 'til I talk to my brother, okay?

POCKET

He'll have enough to take care of.

INT. THE GOOD TRADER-EVENING

Pocket walks to the back. He takes a watch from the box and gives it to the PAWN CLERK.

Blue uses the phone up front. She flips through the tiny local yellow pages.

PAWN CLERK

Well, I could give you \$150 for it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pocket hesitates, then takes out the old frame with the ribbon and yo-yo. He rips the backing off the frame and hands over the yo-yo. The Clerk studies the silver inlay.

POCKET
It's real old.

PAWN CLERK
With the watch, make it \$200?

POCKET
That's fine.

Blue is on the phone.

BLUE
...But he knew I was coming.

Blue lets the phone drop. She is numb. The receiver swings as she backs away, her movements are awkward, half her body is clumsy.

A MOUSY WOMAN and CHILD are leaving the store. Blue backs into the child. The girl stares up.

BLUE (CONT'D)
WHAT?!

The child cowers and the mother hurries her out.

Blue braces herself against a pyramid of Cheyenne Coffee mugs. The pyramid crashes down. The STORE OWNER comes running.

STORE OWNER
Lady?

Blue glances, but isn't seeing him.

BLUE
He knew I was coming.

Pocket comes from the pawn counter.

POCKET
BLUE?

Blue's eyes search for Pocket. Her face is stone, but her lips start to tremble. The shaking creeps over her whole body, as she tries not to break. Tears pour, but she will not wipe them. The anger seeps in to protect her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BLUE
You can't trust anyone...ever!

POCKET
I'll get you to Vegas. I promise.

Pocket turns her to the door, but freezes. The mousy woman is pointing to Blue through the glass. A pair of COPS nod and enter.

COP 1
(to the store owner)
Dave, things alright?

Blue reaches for Pocket, but he is not by her side. He has vanished. Abandoned, Blue explodes. She lashes out at anything, toppling displays and stands. She kicks through a glass cabinet and sweeps the contents away, heedless of the broken glass. Screaming, she tears the display's frame apart, cutting her hands.

The cops dodge flying objects to approach.

COP 2
Alright, lady...

He tries to pin her arms, too gently, an arm breaks free and knocks him down. She kicks and swings as she is pulled down on top of him. Both cops wrestle to contain her.

COP 2 (CONT'D)
Her fucking arm, get her...

Pocket stands at the pawn counter. The clerk watches the brawl, but Pocket has his back to the action. He studies the yo-yo under the glass, oblivious to anything else.

A pair of cuffs are knocked across the floor in the scuffle and slide to Pocket's heels. He continues looking at the yo-yo. Still the screaming continues, the winded pitch has become totally consuming and unbearable. Pocket closes his eyes.

Blue has gotten to her feet somehow, but they have her now.

Cop 1 knocks her in the solar plexus as she kicks. The wind is knocked out of her and she goes limp. Finally the store is silent, not a breath, not a sound.

COP 1
...Jesus...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

POCKET(OS)

Excuse me.

All eyes turn to the back. Pocket takes a hundred dollar bill out and places it on the counter.

POCKET (CONT'D)

Better keep the yo-yo...it was my father's.

The speechless clerk opens the case mechanically. Pocket retrieves the yo-yo.

Cop 1 gets his hat, and spots his cuffs at Pocket's feet.

POCKET (CONT'D)

I apologize for all the trouble...

The policeman reaches for his cuffs as the clerk closes the case, but Pocket's hand is still in the door.

POCKET (CONT'D)

I have to ask you to let the lady go...

An old holster is in the pawn case near Pocket's hand. As he spins, he grabs the belt. By the time he is facing the officer, he has pulled the holster from the case and drawn the revolver.

Cop's POV - straight down the barrel.

Clerk's POV - from the side, he can see that the trigger hole is blocked with a lock, but he is too stunned to speak.

POCKET (CONT'D)

...Please.

EXT. OLD RAILROAD DOCK - NIGHT

The pick-up screeches to a stop and backs under the shadows of a rotting railcar shelter. Pocket kills the engine, his hand over Blue's mouth. Sweat runs down his face. He sits stone still, ears cocked, eyes searching.

His hand drops from her mouth. Blue looks at the revolver, she puts a hand over one eye. Her hand is badly cut.

Pocket steps from the truck and paces, kneading his temples.

BLUE

Pocket?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He kneels, punches the earth again and again, then returns to the cab. He shoves the holster away as he climbs in. Blue takes it. A trigger lock blocks the finger hole, but live rounds rest in the belt.

BLUE(CONT'D)
You bluffed.

POCKET
Still wasn't right...

BLUE
We're really in trouble, aren't we?

Pocket nods.

BLUE(CONT'D)
You think they'll recognize us?

POCKET
You or the truck.

Car sounds, Pocket freezes, but it trails off.

BLUE
We should split up shouldn't we?

POCKET
Said I'll get you to Vegas.

BLUE
What for? I'm broke. I don't want to be here anymore. Just take me to a bus station.

Pocket grabs his first aid kit from the back.

POCKET
Gotta wrap your hand.

BLUE
It's fine. I've got you in enough trouble. I want to go home.

POCKET
Yer hand's bad.

BLUE
No!

Pocket pulls open her door anyway. Blue falls out completely to the ground, unable to brace herself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BLUE (CONT'D)

I can't feel it... Don't be mad at me, but it's numb, all the way down and I can't see out of this eye.

POCKET

What?

BLUE

Just stay with me 'til it passes. When it's better, we'll split up.

EXT. OLD RAILROAD DOCK - DAY

Blue has fallen asleep, slumped against the door. Her hand has been wrapped. Pocket quietly takes something from her luggage and steps away.

INT. DRUGSTORE - DAY

Pocket is at an ATM, hat low. His balance: \$184.50. He withdraws all he can.

He gives Blue's prescription slips to the PHARMACIST.

PHARMACIST

Insurance card?

Pocket shakes his head.

PHARMACIST (CONT'D)

Really? All together it's \$2056.14.

POCKET

What?

PHARMACIST

A month's supply is \$2056.

POCKET

How much she need to make her better?

PHARMACIST

What you have here is only preventative. It's not meant to treat acute symptoms. She would need to speak with her doctor...

Pocket takes the slips back and walks out.

EXT. OLD RAILROAD DOCK - DAY

Pocket sits in the bed of the truck. Blue wakes in the cab and rises. Covering her good eye, she taps on the window.

BLUE

I can see you ...only kind of grey,
like a crappy tv, but I can see
you.

EXT. BUS STATION - NIGHT

Pocket and Blue (as a trashy redhead) walk to the station. Blue moves a little awkwardly. The glowing clock/sign reads almost midnight. She repositions her wig and studies the schedule.

BLUE

An eastbound in less than two
hours.

Pocket sits on the step, Blue sits beside him.

POCKET

How will you get on?

BLUE

They just have to take me into the
next city, anywhere with a strip
club. A couple hours will get me a
ticket... I thought I was going to
make it this time. For real.

She is starting to choke up.

BLUE (CONT'D)

You better get going before someone
sees your truck. If you send my
stuff, I'll send you the money,
right away. I promise. If you're
ever in New York again...

POCKET

I won't be.

BLUE

Well, next time I'm in Montana
I'll...

(not worth finishing)

I'm sorry for... everything.

She makes guns with her fingers, trying to be light. Pocket starts to walk away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLUE (CONT'D)

Hey!

He turns around.

BLUE (CONT) (CONT'D)

...You could send a postcard, if you wanted to, to me. With my name on it and everything. If you wanted to.

He tips his hat to her and is gone.

EXT. HIGHWAY-NIGHT

Deserted highway, a lone patrol car sits on the median.

EXT. BUS STATION-NIGHT

Blue sits, very alone under the glowing clock. Her eyes are wet. A TRAVELLER, walks up and checks the schedule.

TRAVELLER

You okay?

BLUE

Just... allergies.

He drops his bag and sits down on it.

TRAVELLER

You know what I like best about the road? No one you meet is from there. Everyone's in between where they came from and where they are going. You can say things to a stranger at a truck stop, you can't say anywhere else. You'll never see them again. But all those hidden confessions are already known. Humans imagine ourselves as very special, unique ...and the truth is, we only share a handful of stories. The whole world. Different versions of the same 9 stories. And if you're on the road in the middle of the night, there are only two stories.

BLUE

What's your story?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAVELLER

I'm still running away. You?

BLUE

I'm going home.

TRAVELLER

That's the other story. Home's the trickier one. Do you mean the place, the physical objects in that place, the people, or do you really mean the memory of those things? Home's like of those desert mirages. The idea fills you up for a little while, but melts away if you get too close. I've seen a bunch of names on a bunch of signs. Never one that reads home. Though some may feel like it for a little while.

The bus pulls up.

EXT. THE EDGE OF TOWN - NIGHT

A police car cruises, the spot light shining into woods.

EXT. OLD RAILROAD DOCK-NIGHT

Pocket sits in the truck listening - nothing. He looks at the Londefalas postcard wedged in the glass of the odometer.

EXT. BUS STATION - NIGHT

A sheriff's jeep passes slowly, no one is around. The old clock reads 2:42 am.

EXT. OLD RAILROAD DOCK-DAWN

Pocket has fallen asleep in the driver's seat. Birds cry in the distance. A branch snaps. Pocket bolts up. The pick-up jumps forward. A figure chases from the woods.

Pocket breaks and throws open the passenger door. Blue climbs in.

Silently, they pull out, blending with the morning traffic.

EXT. ON THE ROAD (WYOMING)-DAY

Still in silence, Pocket eases onto the highway, sheltering between 18 wheelers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLUE

The bus pulled up and the guy asked me where I was headed ...There was a house I used to pass, on the way to school. It looked so perfect, a little yard and a tire swing, just like a regular family lived there. I used to pretend it was mine, when I was little. I send the postcards there.

Pocket says nothing.

BLUE (CONT'D)

I've never had anyone stand up for me who didn't expect something from me. It didn't seem right to get on any bus that was gonna take me away from that.

They take an exit, which T's into a smaller highway.

BLUE (CONT'D)

Which way is Vegas?

Pocket points South.

BLUE (CONT'D)

Which way's home?

Pocket points North. Blue sits in silence. Pocket stares forward. She sees him looking at the Londefallas card.

BLUE (CONT'D)

A lot of my life is just drawn in.

Pocket nods.

POCKET

Maybe its nicer that way.

The pick up turns South.

EXT. ON THE ROAD (WYOMING) - DAY

Pocket stares at the level, a quarter tank. The pick-up crests a hill. Pocket puts it in neutral and coasts down.

POCKET

Won't get far without help.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLUE

My leg is getting better. I can
make us money quick, just take me
anywhere with a decent club scene.

Outside, Wyoming badlands roll away endlessly, not a club in
sight.

BLUE (CONT'D)

What's your idea?

POCKET

Grandfather had a friend, owned a
cafe down here. Somewhere.

A cop comes around the bend ahead and zips past.

BLUE

He's braking.

Pocket stays calm as they round the bend. Once they lose
sight of the cop, Pocket punches it. The engine roars.

BLUE (CONT'D)

Oooh, there goes the gas mileage.

POCKET

Seat belt.

A few bends behind the cop follows, lights flashing. An
intersection sign shakes in the wind as the pick-up passes.

Pocket puts his hand over Blue's chest, holding her back. He
takes the turn fast, sliding onto the dirt cross road. He
brakes suddenly. A huge cloud of dust kicks up.

The pick-up backs out of the dust, across the highway.
Slowly, it backs down the opposite side of the cross road
until concealed by trees.

COP CAR P.O.V. A cloud of dust leads off the highway to one
side. The cop turns down the dusty road.

Pocket and Blue watch the cop drive off. Blue looks down.
Pocket still has his hand across her breasts.

BLUE

Nice cover.

POCKET

(watching the cop)
Thanks.

EXT. ON THE ROAD (WYOMING) - DAY.

Blue stares out the rear window, no one there yet.

BLUE

You know what I'm thinking about?
Hash browns, pancakes and syrup.
Real maple syrup. What are you
thinking about?

Pocket looks at the gas level.

POCKET

Hitchhiking.

As the needle rocks it taps the pin below empty. A sign passes, "Next stop? Make it John and Jen's Road-Side Cafe."

POCKET (CONT'D)

That's them.

BLUE

Yes!

EXT. J+J'S CAFE-DAY.

No city, just two small highways crossing. The pick-up pulls out of sight behind the cafe. They walk around front, but J+J's is closed, for good.

Pocket throws open the screen and tries the door. He looks through the window, dust covers what remains.

Across the street one gas station, a small grocery and a drug store, beyond that, nothing.

BLUE

What do you want to do?

Pocket jams his hands into his jacket. Discovering the yo-yo, he slips it onto a finger.

BLUE (CONT'D)

Pocket?

He sends the black disk down. It spins for a flash, then returns. He walks to the truck, and pulls it around.

POCKET

Get in.

She does.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POCKET (CONT'D)

Seat belt.

EXT. GAS STATION AT J+J'S- DAY

Blue buckles as Pocket jams the nozzle into the tank and climbs to the tool box. Blue can't see what he's doing, but he clunks something onto the roof and begins banging. Small chips bounce down the windshield. Pocket hops down and enters the drug store.

Blue watches him leave, then looks at something caught in the wiper- the smashed keyhole from the trigger lock.

The pump dial stops rolling, the tank is full.

Pocket comes out of the drug store. He kicks a garbage can in anger. He marches into the gas station, then returns to the truck.

BLUE

Pocket?

They speed off.

INT. TRUCKSTOP DINER (COLORADO)-NIGHT

A TV in every corner. Pocket is counting dollars to pay the bill. The waitress comes by with a cake and candle.

WAITRESS

Dessert is on us. Happy
Anniversary!

Pocket looks confused. Blue beams and winks. The waitress walks away.

On the TV overhead, a LOCAL REPORTER is speaking:

EXT. GAS STATION AT J+J'S (ON TV) - DAY

LOCAL REPORTER

...In some cities, a drug user robbing a pharmacy might be common place. But the attempted robbery that took place today, here in Carbon county, was anything but usual. To start with...

INT. TRUCKSTOP DINER (COLORADO)-NIGHT

Blue stares up. Pocket drops his hat low and walks out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOCAL REPORTER

...This man actually had a prescription, and the drugs he demanded have no inebriating affects, and no street value.

Pocket pulls the pick-up around, but Blue doesn't notice.

LOCAL REPORTER (CONT'D)

...medication used to treat the chronic illness...

Blue, the waitress and a few customers stare up at the TV.

LOCAL REPORTER (CONT'D)

Ultimately, the robber was foiled.

EXT. GAS STATION AT J+J'S (ON TV) - DAY

The screen cuts to a store clerk being interviewed.

ROBBERY CLERK

...It's just too rare of a drug for us to carry. I told him we could get them from Cheyenne in a day. I guess he couldn't wait. So he apologized and left.

INT. TRUCKSTOP DINER (COLORADO)-NIGHT

POCKET

BLUE!

Pocket awkwardly tries to become anonymous after shouting.

LOCAL REPORTER

He was last seen driving an old pick-up truck...

EXT. ON THE ROAD (COLORADO)-DAY

Blue is wide-eyed, her punk tape blares. Pocket punches the eject button, country radio plays. Blue slaps the tape back in. Pocket hits eject and eyes her. His song ends.

DJ

Margie and I were just talking about this drugstore robbery thing...

Pocket pushes the punk tape back in. Blue ejects it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARGIE

...Honestly, I just felt sorry for him.

DJ

Oh, come on! When will you liberals quit? He was pointing a gun at someone.

MARGIE

Yes, but did he rob the register? No. Instead, he walked out and paid for the gas he put in his truck. Two thousand dollars is a lot of money...

DJ

That's a ridiculous excuse...

Pocket turns the radio off. Blue proudly looks at him. He sinks down in the driver's seat. Blue keeps staring.

POCKET

Whatever you're thinking... No.

BLUE

We gotta do it again.

Pocket eyes her sharply.

BLUE (CONT'D)

Pocket, we have nothing, we have no food, no friends, no place to stay. We are pretty much the smallest people in the whole world right now.

POCKET

Didn't see any other choice right then. ...didn't work anyway.

BLUE

What else are we gonna do? We can't just hang out here and get jobs.

POCKET

Come up with some other get rich scheme.

BLUE

Oh, you're no fun at all.

EXT. LEFTY'S LOUNGE-NIGHT

The billboard reads, "Ladies, Dare to Bare? Amateur night, first prize \$500 CASH!!!"

INT. LEFTY'S LOUNGE-NIGHT

The girl on stage is cute and awkward. Her song ends.

MC

Let's hear it for Jeanie! Like
genie in a bottle! Great job. Up
next, visiting from ...Leningrad?
Get ready for Natasha!

Blue takes the stage in a red guardette uniform. A slinky version of Barbara Feldon's 99 begins to play. Lipping the song, she works the crowd like she was torn from the pages of a 50's pin-up magazine.

Pocket watches from the back of the room, chuckling.

Flirting with Pocket and everyone else, Blue works her way down to a tiny red bikini, boldly emblazoned with the hammer and sickle. Dollar bills are hitting the dance floor everywhere. She is really dragging it out, playing.

SOME ASSHOLE

Enough cute-sy crap, show us some
pussy!

EXT. LEFTY'S LOUNGE-NIGHT

Asshole stumbles backwards out the door still holding his singles. Pocket steps out. Blue follows.

BLUE

Don't worry about it. Assholes are
standard in these places.

SOME ASSHOLE

Fuck you, Bitch!

Blue looks to Pocket. She does the "Let's Kick Ass" sign. He shrugs OK, and takes off his jacket.

Asshole readies to take on Pocket, but Blue comes at him from the side. She slugs him hard. Asshole goes down, Pocket drags him up and shoves him back into the club.

BLUE

Whoo Hoo!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POCKET

Sorry.

BLUE

Really, it happens all the time.

Pocket takes Asshole's dollar bills and throws them back inside.

POCKET

Not this trip.

EXT. DRUG STORE (COLORADO) - DAY

Pocket sits in the truck, a kerchief masking his face. Customers exit, he ducks as they pass. He checks the mirror and his watch. Pocket taps nervously and checks his watch again.

Blue comes from the bathroom, looking like a 007 femme fatale. This is going to be the performance of Blue's life. Pocket pulls the kerchief from his face, there's no point. He slings the holster on as they walk to the doors.

INT. DRUG STORE (COLORADO) - DAY

The door alert rings. The STONER DUDE at the back counter looks up from an issue of the comic, Diabolik to see Pocket slinging a yo-yo, against the bright outside.

The clerk looks down. The door rings again. He looks from the comic babes to find Blue in silhouette striding towards him.

STONER DUDE

Can I help you?

BLUE

I'm counting on it. We're here to rob a prescription from you. Be a doll and fill these for me.

STONER DUDE

Rock, you could totally be villains. Except instead of a yo-yo, he's supposed to have a gun and shoot out all the cameras or something.

BLUE

...Pocket?

Blue and Stoner Dude look at him expectantly, Pocket shrugs. He throws back his coat and draws.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A flurry of shots, and three tiny security cameras are gone. The clerk is frozen. Pocket takes out the yo-yo again.

BLUE (CONT'D)
Sorry, where was I...

She looks for his nametag.

BLUE & STONER DUDE
Joe.

She slides him her prescriptions. Stoner Dude passes them to the frozen pharmacist.

BLUE
I apologize for all the trouble...
Is that issue where Eva ties up the
general and impersonates her?

INT. DRUG STORE AISLES (COLORADO) - DAY

As Blue chats with Joe, Pocket slips down one of the aisles. Something is sticking up oddly above the shelving. Pocket comes up behind a boy who is hiding, but reaching his cell phone over the aisle. On the tiny phone screen, Pocket can see Blue and Joe being recorded.

BLUE (ON PHONE SCREEN)
...\$2000 every month for years.

STONER DUDE
That's such bullshit, because you
know that stuff costs like \$18
dollars to make.

The boy slowly turns to Pocket.

INT. DRUG STORE (COLORADO) - DAY

Pocket and the boy approach the counter. The boy is in front, both arms raised. Pocket is following still watching everything through the cell phone screen.

POCKET
He videoed the whole thing.

Blue pulls her little pistol from her purse.

BLUE
Joe, put your hands up... and move
closer he won't be able to see you
back there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joe smiles hands raised. Blue strikes a series of Bonnie and Clyde poses, Joe joins in playing the victim. Then Blue gets distracted by a box of cereal.

BLUE (CONT'D)
Free decoder rings!

EXT. THE LONELIEST MOTEL (COLORADO)-NIGHT

Blue comes from the office, still glowing from the robbery.

BLUE
Oh, this must be the 'patio' he referred to.

They pass sun bleached plastic furniture, a dead plant and a garbage can full of beer bottles, sitting on what used to be a parking spot. Loud, drunk sex noises come from a room.

BLUE (CONT'D)
(Suggestive glance)
Charming atmosphere.

INT. THE LONELIEST MOTEL (COLORADO)-NIGHT

Even the lamp shade is stained. Pocket sets down Blue's bag. She sits 'casually' on the bed.

BLUE
Robberies sure take a lot of energy. You want to lay down for a quick nap before we get groceries? You could tell me more about Vegas.

POCKET
I gotta think... You rest up.

Pocket tosses her his keys and closes the door. Blue grinds in frustration.

EXT. THE LONELIEST MOTEL (COLORADO)-NIGHT

Blue's door rattles so loosely in the frame it is more symbol than security. Pocket heads to the patio. He takes out a scrap of yellow lined paper.

INT. THE LONELIEST MOTEL (COLORADO)-LATER

Pocket is tired, he reads over his tiny work, satisfied. He rises to find a police car pulling up to the office. He nods amiably, walking slowly to Blue's room. Passing the moaning drunks, he reaches her door and glances back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Two cops make their way towards him.

He forces the lock, with hardly a sound or gesture.

INT. THE LONELIEST MOTEL (COLORADO)-NIGHT

Pocket slips in and closes the door. Peering through the curtain, he draws the revolver from under his coat.

POCKET

Cops.

Blue stifles a squeal, she didn't know he was in the room. She is twisted in the sheet, caught masturbating.

A faint knock is heard, then nothing but the sounds of sex a few doors down. More heavy knocking.

DRUNK(OS)

What!

COP(OS)

Noise complaint.

Blue puts her knuckle in her mouth. Staring straight at Pocket, she resumes grinding. Pocket doesn't move. Blue's pace increases. She bites down, shudders and exhales. Car doors slam, the cops pull away. Pocket leaves.

INT/EXT. THE LONELIEST MOTEL (COLORADO)-NIGHT

The pick-up is parked in back. Pocket walks up with shopping bags. Blue runs out from her room. Passing him a note in strange runes and a decoder ring, she runs back in. Through the window, Pocket can see Blue, in front of the TV, holding a box of cereal and jumping on the motel bed.

INT/EXT. THE LONELIEST MOTEL (COLORADO)-DAWN

The truck's radio plays. Blue's note is slipped under the windshield wiper, code cracked. It reads, "Do you like me?" with boxes to check for Yes or No. Through the window, Blue is still bouncing. She stops, dropping her box of cereal. She points to the TV.

BLUE

POCKET! It's me!!!

Pocket walks to the doorway, brush in hand. The pick-up has been primed, a new coat of blue house paint is underway.

On the television:

EXT. DRUG STORE (COLORADO) (ON THE TV) - DAY

NATIONAL REPORTER
 Although the identity of the
 perpetrators has yet to be
 confirmed, the prescription they
 used was for a New York City
 resident Tara Lee. Authorities
 are...

INT/EXT. THE LONELIEST MOTEL (COLORADO)-DAWN

Pocket looks at Blue.

BLUE
 What?

POCKET
 Tara Lee?

BLUE
 I was only called that when I was
 in trouble.

POCKET
 Tara Lee's nice.

BLUE
 Unless you're about to spank me
 don't even think about it.

NATIONAL REPORTER
 ...The footage you are about to
 see...

INT. THE SLIPPER ROOM BAR-DAY

The TV over the bar plays cell phone footage of Blue posing
 with Stoner Dude. The Lawyer stands.

LAWYER
 Fantastic.

Jimmy walks in and sees the TV.

JIMMY
 I knew she was on drugs.

LAWYER
 (on the phone)
 ...I need a favor.

He walks out.

EXT. ON THE ROAD (COLORADO)- NIGHT

A song blares, Blue screams out the window along with the James Cagney sample. They pass the Welcome to Utah sign.

BLUE
Made it Ma! Top of the world!

INT. THE BUCKEYE PROP ROOM - NIGHT

The two halves of the dancing cow and Goth stare at a computer screen. Youtube, "Drug store robbery-full length" 12,458,943 views.

EXT. WISHING BRIDGE - DAY

Pocket and Blue on a picturesque bridge in Utah. She makes a wish and drops a coin into the water below. The ripple gets bigger and bigger foreshadowing what's to come.

INT. MOTEL (UTAH)-NIGHT

Blue watches TV, with popcorn and candy on the bed.

EXT. WALKING MALL (UTAH)-NIGHT

Pocket has a bag of groceries. He stops at a rack of old postcards outside a vintage shop.

Across the walk two BIKE COPS pay at a coffee shop. One sees Pocket. He taps the other then looks back to the card rack.

The rack spins alone. The cops run out, just to see Pocket round the corner.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT(UTAH)-NIGHT

The cops sprint around the corner, panting. Nothing but a long line of cars.

Clinging to the cars' underbellies, Pocket slides on his back rapidly down the line. At the pick-up truck, he reaches to the door handle. It is locked.

INT. MOTEL (UTAH)-NIGHT

The key chain dangles from Blue's thumb, she's asleep.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT(UTAH)-NIGHT

The Revolver is tucked nicely under the pick-up's seat. Pocket lays outside, scanning the air for sounds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He checks his pockets, just a handkerchief, a decoder ring, and a yo-yo. He looks in his tattered, now mostly empty grocery bag... a brick of cheese. Useless.

As breathing slows, one cop hears something. Some kind of scraping noises. They slowly walk down the line of cars.

Pocket continues sliding until he runs out of cars. He stands.

BIKE COP

Freeze!

Pocket turns to face them, his hands up. They begin approaching. He begins walking backwards.

BIKE COP (CONT'D)

Don't move!

Pocket looks at them carefully, they are not shooters. He turns and runs. They pursue.

INT. MOTEL(UTAH) - NIGHT

Blue opens her eyes, no Pocket. Out the window, no Pocket. She looks to the clock, 11:11. She sits on the bed. TIME LAPSE/FX Blue sits, dead still, eyes wide. She doesn't move, but the clock clicks away digit after digit. The TV shows speed past. 2:00am, American flag, station credits and the TV goes to color bars and tone.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT(UTAH) - NIGHT

BLUE

He promised me, he promised me, he promised me...

She climbs into the truck, peels back, then brakes. There are orange decoder ring runes in the pavement, written in cheddar.

EXT. VIADUCT (UTAH) - NIGHT

Pocket sprints at the barbwire topped 8' fence. Hurdling up, he rolls over it. His boots have no traction on the other side and he slides down the steep bank to the bottom.

A winded cop runs to the fence and stops, watching Pocket disappear.

EXT. WISHING BRIDGE - EARLY DAWN

The pick up parks at the foot of the bridge.

EXT. WISHING BRIDGE, UNDERNEATH - NIGHT

Blue climbs down to the silt shoreline to murky water. Everything is the darkest blue-gray of early dawn.

BLUE

Pocket!

No sign of him. It's not so picturesque down here, just an old camp fire, graffiti, beer bottles and a dirty magazine.

Blue waits.

Something large drops into the water from the bridge. Ripples come from the swamp's center. Pocket surfaces, covered in filth. As he reaches the shore, Blue clings to him, petting him.

POCKET

We gotta move.

They start up the embankment, but cop lights reflect on the water and a car stops above them. Pocket starts wading back into the water, but Blue won't go in.

POCKET (CONT'D)

Come on!

Blue shakes her head. Pocket looks around, no cover, he grabs a dirty magazine and rolls it into a couple tubes. He motions, Blue shakes her head. Car doors open and dust drifts from the road above. Footsteps. Pocket pulls her.

BLUE

No!

Pocket grabs Blue covering her mouth. She really fights. He pulls her under and forces the magazine to her mouth. With a cough, she blows the tube clear and can breathe.

Staring up through the muck, murky images of men descend, their sounds slow and deadened.

The soaked pages are beginning to get soft and collapse. Breathing is complicated with sputtering. The murky images of the men recede. Still Pocket holds her down.

Finally, Blue is released. She crawls up the shore. She scrapes at her face wiping the muck away. Pocket still sits in the water, winded, watching her. She throws the porn mag she's been breathing through at him, but misses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She's caught in her soaked layers, and writhes to squirm out of them. He crawls to her. Taking the front of her shirt, he tears it open, buttons snapping away. She lays back. Pushing away from him, she slides out of her top and jacket. Pocket crawls forward again. He rips the zipper of her skirt open. She pushes away from him again and slides out of the skirt. Climbing over her again, he tears away her bra and panties and descends upon her.

EXT. WISHING BRIDGE DAY-DAY

Pocket and Blue approach the truck cautiously. They climb in and drive off. A police car pulls out from behind some trees.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL ROADS - DAY

Pocket drives past junk yards and warehouses. The police car is well behind them. Pocket calmly signals and makes a turn. Blue looks back.

BLUE

Still there.

They have a wide clear view in front of them. Down the next cross road, a second police car is approaching.

INT. POLICE CAR-DAY

POLICE DRIVER

We got him.

Lights go on, and the car accelerates to cut off the truck.

INT. THE TRUCK-DAY

POCKET

Seat belt.

The engine winds up.

BLUE

Pocket?

POCKET

He'll yield.

Neither shows any sign of yielding.

BLUE

He's going to hit us!

INT. POLICE CAR-DAY

Needles hit red all over the dash. They will collide.

INT. THE TRUCK-DAY

BLUE
AAAAAHHHHHH!!!

A flash of the cop's brake lights, and the truck shoots by.

BLUE(CONT'D)
AHHHHH HA HA Ha ha!

EXT. JUNK YARD-DAY

The truck knocks through the gate of a huge junk yard. Lane after lane of junkers are piled atop each other. Pocket chooses a lane, one police car follows. The second police car turns one lane earlier and is gaining. At each break in the long junk rows, it can be seen pulling steadily along side. Pocket takes the revolver.

POCKET
Hold the wheel.

Pocket aims out the window, another break is coming up. One loud report and a tire blows on the second police car.

INT. POLICE CAR-DAY

The car screeches to a halt almost hitting the junker wall.

POLICE DRIVER
Son of a bitch!

EXT. JUNK YARD-DAY

BLUE
Nice shot.

POCKET
Luck.

They twist and turn, trying to lose the remaining cop. Rounding a corner they find a huge pot hole filled with scrap iron. Pocket cranks the wheel and dodges the shallow pit. With sparks and loud clanging, the police car slams right over the pit, bringing itself along side the truck.

BLUE
Faster! Faster!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Horrible grinding noises come from the police car. A trail of machinery and oil run behind it. It grinds to a stop.

BLUE(CONT'D)

I thought I was going to pee my pants.

They turn, searching for the exit.

EXT. JUNK YARD-DAY

Police Driver stands by his wounded car. He hears the sound of a vehicle. Leaning in through the window, he draws the shotgun. The truck crosses.

INT. THE TRUCK-DAY

Pocket's window explodes. He jerks over violently, blood sprays. Blue screams. The truck veers into a wall on her side. The scream stops as she slams against her window.

CUT TO:

BLACK.

EXT. VEGAS-NIGHT

Dreamy images of Vegas are guided by Pocket's gentle voice.

POCKET(V.O.)

Coming from the north, it's desert all around. Sand and sage for miles, all painted a ghost blue by the stars. And the lights from the city glow straight up into the sky, like a beacon, so no matter how the road twists, you could never get lost. Once you hit the city all the signs lead you to this one road, the strip. Everyone wants you to come into their place. They'll have folks standing around, just to get the doors for you.

DISSOLVE

TO:

EXT. ANGEL WOODS-AFTERNOON

Bright blue sky, lush green leaves. Bird sounds, perfect serenity, and still Pocket's voice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POCKET(OS CONT)

Treat you like a queen, everyone
putting on shows and fetching you
drinks...

Blue blinks awake. Blue is lying in Pocket's lap. He strokes
her hair gently.

BLUE

Pocket, I thought you were an angel
and I was dead.

Pocket shakes his head.

BLUE(CONT'D)

Where are we?

POCKET

Holed up.

BLUE

Are you OK?

He looks down to her, the entire left side of his face and
neck is cut and scratched. He smiles.

BLUE(CONT'D)

I could see it, Pocket. When you
were telling me, I could see it
all.

POCKET

Yeah? ...In with the casinos, they
got these little chapels all
over... pink and everything.

BLUE

Yeah?

POCKET

Even a drive through one.

BLUE

(laughs)
Yeah.

POCKET

Yes ma'am... If you was ever
thinking of getting married... they
do it for you, all of the sudden.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BLUE
(laughing)
Pocket, are you asking me to marry
you?

POCKET
(not laughing)
Yeah.

Blue sits up.

EXT. ANGEL WOODS-AFTERNOON

Pocket and Blue walk through the trees.

BLUE
It would mean forever...

Pocket nods.

BLUE(CONT'D)
Do you think that guy with the
house full of trees was right,
about souls meeting each life after
life?

POCKET
How would they know?

BLUE
They'd feel it.

Blue stops. The woods are atop a small hill. Past the hill is flat scrub and no cover. A highway runs below. Flares burn, and traffic is being stopped.

BLUE(CONT'D)
What's that?

POCKET
Been there all day.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL ROADS-DAY

Blue pulls a plain wig low over her bruise. Pocket swaps the license plates on an old sedan.

Wires stick out from the steering column, Pocket crosses two and the car kicks to life.

BLUE
Close your eyes. Are you ready?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POCKET

I guess...

BLUE

Don't peek.

Blue leads him to the trunk and spins him around. The inside of the trunk door is covered with pictures and postcards Blue has taken during the trip.

BLUE(CONT'D)

SURPRISE! So you aren't alone in there... Get in!

She snaps a Polaroid of him in the trunk.

BLUE(CONT'D)

Ready?

Blue slams the trunk. The light goes out, leaving Pocket in darkness, no view of her work.

BLUE(CONT'D)

TA DA!! So, what do you think?

POCKET

(quietly)
...it's beautiful.

BLUE

What?

POCKET

It's beautiful!

EXT. ROAD BLOCK-DAY

A ROAD BLOCK OFFICER is flagging cars over.

BLUE

Morning, Officer. Catch any drunks yet?

ROAD BLOCK OFFICER

This isn't a DUI check. Can I see your driver's license?

BLUE

No, actually. You guys already have it. My sister got busted using my ID to go drinking last weekend. What can you do? I remember what it was like as a kid.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLUE (CONT'D)
Nothing to do in here in this city
...town.

ROAD BLOCK OFFICER
You can get in a lot of trouble for
letting someone use your ID.

She smirks wickedly.

BLUE
Then I guess she just took it, huh?

ROAD BLOCK OFFICER
Uhuh.

The officer waves her on.

INT. CAR TRUNK-DAY

The sedan is rolling along smoothly, when the brakes screech. Pocket is thrown inside the trunk. The radio dies. Pocket listens against the back seat, drawing the revolver.

EXT. ARIZONA BORDER (ARIZONA)-DAY

Blue holds the camera for herself in front of the Arizona Welcome sign. Something catches her eye. Dirty but salvageable, a white veil is caught on tumbleweeds. She pulls it carefully from the brush.

INT. CAR TRUNK-DAY

The car squeals forward. Blue begins singing/screaming along with the radio. Pocket un-cocks the revolver.

INT. MOTEL (ARIZONA) BATHROOM - NIGHT

Blue pulls the veil out from her bag. She carefully puts it on. She stares at herself, curious.

INT. MOTEL ROOM (ARIZONA)- NIGHT

Pocket sleeps on the bed.

EXT. MOTEL (ARIZONA)-NIGHT

A pair of sleek business shoes tap down the hall.

INT. MOTEL (ARIZONA) BATHROOM - NIGHT

Knocking sounds. Blue stuffs the veil away.

INT. MOTEL (ARIZONA)-NIGHT

Pocket has the revolver ready. More knocking, then the lock turns and the door cracks open slowly. As the intruder's wrist appears, Pocket drags him in and kicks the door shut.

INT. MOTEL ROOM (ARIZONA)-NIGHT

Pocket stands guard at the window, Blue stares from the bathroom. The Lawyer sits on the bed.

LAWYER

Quite a welcome.

BLUE

What are you doing here?

LAWYER

Blue, you can't keep going. They will find you.

BLUE

We're in Arizona now. We haven't done anything here.

LAWYER

That's not how it works. You've become too high profile. Honestly, I don't understand. What's your plan? You're robbing drug stores, but leaving the safes untouched. All the felony with none of the profit. They know who you are. They know where you're from. They know everyone you've ever met and where they live. What are you planning to do?

BLUE

We're going to Vegas.

LAWYER

Of course.

BLUE(CONT)

And we'll win gambling.

LAWYER

You don't think the casino is going to recognize you before you turn your tip jar into a retirement plan?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAWYER (CONT'D)

You don't think they have the internet in Vegas? What's your plan?

BLUE

I DON'T KNOW!

LAWYER

You think all you've done is walk off with \$18 dollars of meds and a couple boxes of shredded wheat...

BLUE

Choco-Frosted-Sugar-Bombs

LAWYER

Not a joke, Blue! They certainly don't see it that way. You are slapping law enforcement in the face, and they will hold a grudge. With all bad press the pharmaceutical company is getting from your bleeding heart story, don't be surprised if they lend a hand to shut you up. Companies that big can make people disappear. Multiple counts of armed robbery, assaulting an officer, use of a deadly weapon, grand theft, grand theft auto, reckless endangerment, evading an officer... You're in deep. Blue, listen to me. You need to disappear completely. Done. You remember that place in Greece? Go there. Don't ever come back.

BLUE

How?

LAWYER

I can get enough for you to make it, tickets, passports, and your little retirement. The moon reflecting, the gondolas--they're yours.

BLUE

What's in it for you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LAWYER

I'll get to sleep knowing that you won't spend the next 20 years in prison or be buried face down in the desert somewhere.

POCKET

How'd you find us?

LAWYER

Easily. Just like everyone else will.

The Lawyer reaches for his coat. Pocket's gun is ready.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

It's a camera, Cowboy. I take a picture today, tomorrow it's a passport. We meet back here.

POCKET

Not here.

LAWYER

Wherever you want.

EXT. GRAND CANYON RAVINE-NIGHT

Night sounds, insects and wind. Pocket crumples grasses for a fire. Blue strikes a match for her cigarette, it blows out. She pulls off another one.

BLUE

What's the matter?

Pocket shrugs. Blue tries another match. It blows out.

BLUE (CONT'D)

You think he meant like hit men or something?

Pocket shrugs.

POCKET

I suppose.

Blue hands over the matchbook. Only one remains. Pocket eyes Blue. He covers the grasses with his hat, and strikes the match underneath. The grasses flare up as he pulls his hat away. Blue digs out her postcard with the Vegas lovers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLUE

We'll miss Vegas. But we'll get our picture together on one of the bridges at Londefallas instead. Won't that be nice?

POCKET

Sure.

BLUE

When we get there, I'm gonna do everything right. I'll be good, I promise... What's the matter?

Pocket shrugs. A coyote howls.

EXT. GRAND CANYON RAVINE ENTRANCE-DAY

Pocket stands atop a rock outcropping, his holster slung low. He sweeps the horizon: one vehicle, nothing else.

The Lawyer pulls up.

POCKET

Down the gully.

The Lawyer pulls off the highway and down the gully.

EXT. GRAND CANYON RAVINE-DAY

Blue sits under a juniper. The Lawyer pulls up. He's in a black suit.

BLUE

Very sharp.

LAWYER

I'm sweating my balls off. I was thinking a nice little bar, air conditioning, cold drinks... Why here?

BLUE

(shrugs)

Pocket's choice.

LAWYER

We don't have a lot of time. Our flight leaves today.

BLUE

You're coming?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The lawyer pats a larger folder.

LAWYER

Someone's got to look after you, assuming a new identity is a lot of work. Here's the beginning: first class tickets, visa papers, and a Greek passport, from a gentleman missing three fingers on his right hand. And a check in your new name.

Blue looks at the check, \$1,775,000.

BLUE

Fuck me. Whose money is this?

LAWYER

Oh. That appears to be an awkward clerical error. The way I buried it, it'll take accounting months to track it down. By then of course, the funds will have been withdrawn, and virtually untraceable...

Blue begins digging through the folder, searching for something in particular, dropping everything else.

BLUE

I have a question. Where's Pocket's ticket?

LAWYER

You can't travel together, perhaps after things have settled down...

BLUE

I found my ticket and I found your ticket, so WHERE'S POCKET'S TICKET?

LAWYER

This is the only win-win situation. Mr. Kitt is not the problem. He's practically mute, took special ed classes and he's never had so much as a parking ticket. If he's smart he'll spend 7 years in Mexico, if not, he'll do a couple years in prison then walk right back into his normal life. But you don't have that luxury

Blue begins to walk away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LAWYER (CONT'D)

You've got too much history.
They'll keep you longer. And you
might not be walking by then.

She stops in her tracks, but doesn't turn to face him.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

Why didn't you call me? I could
have paid for your medication.

She continues off. He grabs her arm.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

BLUE! I am here to save our lives!
You remember playing make believe
when you were little? You could
just dream up anything? And you
thought when you grew up you'd
magically do all those things. But
instead they put you on the school
bus? That's life. Life is sitting
in traffic, or a packed subway car,
heading someplace you don't want to
be. Life is being chained to a
sewing machine, or a cubical or
your dance pole. And all that time,
the only thing that keeps you going
is the dream that you are going to
make it out. And you cling to that
for as long as you can. You talk
about it, you set it as your screen
saver, you pin it to your mirror.
But everyday that passes you aren't
closer to that dream, you are
further. Cause the kid who knows
how to play in that world is
further away. By the time most of
the people make it out, that kid is
dead. The kid's been replaced by a
nice car or the corner office or a
bigger house. Life is shit, and all
you do is dream of running away.
Well, here it is. Instead of living
in a prison hospital, we get to run
away. You're getting everything
you've ever wanted. We're going to
Londefalas. But for that to happen,
you and I have to get on a plane
tonight.

BLUE

POCKET!!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The Lawyer covers her mouth.

EXT. GRAND CANYON RAVINE ENTRANCE-DAY

Silence, Pocket waits.

EXT. GRAND CANYON RAVINE-DAY

Lawyer awkwardly struggles with Blue.

LAWYER

STOP IT!

Blue stops struggling, but she is starting to shake. The Lawyer steps back slowly lowering his hand from her mouth.

BLUE

Don't touch me.

LAWYER

We need this, Blue.

Blue slaps him hard. The Lawyer slaps her back, hard. Blue is stunned.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

WAKE UP, BLUE! ...The check is cut.
I can't go back.

Blue is losing it. She swings her purse at him.

EXT. GRAND CANYON RAVINE ENTRANCE-DAY

A gunshot resounds from deep in the ravine. Pocket tears down the gully.

EXT. GRAND CANYON RAVINE-DAY

Pocket sprints up. The Lawyer is dead. Blue's hand is over her mouth staring, her purse dangles from her other wrist.

BLUE

Oh my god. Oh my god. Oh my god.

Pocket turns the dangling purse, a bullet hole has exploded through from the inside. The Lawyer's little gun falls out.

EXT. GRAND CANYON CLIFFS - NIGHT

Blue is curled in Pocket's lap. Pocket strokes her hair.

POCKET

Big Dipper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Blue doesn't bother looking.

EXT. GRAND CANYON CLIFF BOTTOM - DAY

Pocket shelters under the shade of a juniper, carving twigs. Cards flutter down, Pocket grabs one, it's one of Blue's postcards.

EXT. GRAND CANYON CLIFF TOP - DAY

On the cliffs above, a tear stained Blue picks up any cards that didn't make it over the edge, and throws them again.

EXT. GRAND CANYON CLIFF TOP - LATE AFTERNOON

Time has passed, but Blue still remains in the same spot, staring over the cliffs. Pocket climbs up to her, grabbing a card on his way up. He has collected many of them.

BLUE

He was my friend.

Pocket nods.

BLUE (CONT'D)

What are we going to do now?

POCKET

We roll on.

She looks at the card of Ruby Blue and her army man under the Vegas sign.

POCKET (CONT'D)

They're just holdin' the spot for us.

BLUE

Yeah?

POCKET

Gotta stop at one more drugstore, but that's it.

Blue nods.

POCKET (CONT'D)

No more trouble after tomorrow.

BLUE

I promise.

INT. DRUGSTORE (ARIZONA)-DAY

A REGIONAL MANAGER stands surrounded by a group of disinterested employees— teens and social rejects.

REGIONAL MANAGER

Hello, my name is Dan, I'm our regional manager. I know it's early, I won't take long. I'm here to discuss what should be done in the unlikely event of a robbery. I'll just start by addressing any concerns.

A kid in the back raises his hand.

TEEN 1

Uh, what do I do if I get shot?

TEEN 2

How about you fall over and die.

REJECT 1

That depends on where you get hit actually. With the exceptions of the heart, brain, spinal column, or a few major arteries, most bullet wounds aren't immediately fatal.

REGIONAL MANAGER

I know robberies have been big news lately, but the chance of ever finding yourself in a robbery situation is tremendously small.

Over the manager's shoulder, the sedan pulls up.

REGIONAL MANAGER(CONT'D)

If it should occur. Stay calm. Comply completely. Don't try any heroics that might get you injured. Once the perpetrator has left, before contacting anyone else, call the number posted by the register.

Blue enters, seeing the meeting she stands obediently in back. Pocket takes an bright energy drink from the cooler.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REGIONAL MANAGER (CONT'D)

That robbery in Utah, the employee, he was nervous, he'd been through a traumatic experience, but some of the things he said, tiny things he stated without confirming the truth of the matter, got turned into real monsters by the press. And who will that hurt? You and me, because this company is made of it's employees. I'm here to be sure we really team up...

Even when quiet, Blue just doesn't fit in.

REGIONAL MANAGER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, we're just having a little company rally. Is there something one of us can get for you?

POCKET

Yeah.

Pocket takes a swallow, then sets the drink down with a grimace. The sign over the energy drinks reads, 'Go on a Rampage!'

POCKET (CONT'D)

This place got a safe?

The yo-yo zings down.

EXT. ON THE ROAD (ARIZONA)-DAY

They peel down an empty highway. Blue opens a bag, it's a lot of money. A road sign passes, 'Davis Dam/Nevada State Line 37 miles. Las Vegas, Nevada 204 miles.'

BLUE

I'm nervous.

Pocket nods. He checks the pistol, all the rounds are spent.

INT. SMALL GUN SHOP-DAY

Pocket enters. The clerk is straight from an N.R.A. convention. He watches Pocket coldly.

POCKET

Winchester 44-40s.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NRA
SP or lead?

POCKET
SP.

NRA walks to the register, but his eyes never leave Pocket.
He begins filling out the sales slip.

NRA
Driver's license.

POCKET
I lost it a couple days back.

NRA
You got a state ID, anything like
that?

Pocket shakes his head. NRA stops writing. A small stand off.

NRA (CONT'D)
\$37.50. Rare round, lot of places
don't carry it.

Pocket doesn't respond.

NRA (CONT'D)
The gunner for them outlaws been
robbing pharmacies, they say he
uses 44-40 SPs.

Another stare down. NRA takes Pocket's cash and rings up...
There is a gun under the register.

NRA (CONT'D)
Scanner says them two might be
headed west on 68. I come along 68
to work.

NRA hands him the rounds. Pocket heads to the door.

NRA (CONT'D)
You can't even see it 'til you're
half way over, but they set up a
road block on the other side of the
bridge.

Pocket stops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NRA(CONT'D)

Catch 'em on the bridge and
there's no place to turn off...
Good Day.

Pocket tips his hat and is gone.

EXT. THE BRIDGE-DAY

Cops sit bored and useless at a road block.

EXT. RAIL BRIDGE-DAY

Thuda, thuda, thuda... Blue laughs wildly, jostled in every
direction. The sedan bounces over the cross ties of an old
rail bridge.

Once across the water, Pocket raises himself and peers over
his side of the tracks.

POCKET

How's it look on your side?

BLUE

Not good.

Though no longer over water, the tracks are still raised. Too
steep to pull off the rails. The sedan can only continue to
rumble along the tracks.

EXT. RAIL TRACKS-DAY

BLUE

What's that?

Pocket stops so they can see without bouncing. A train is
coming.

POCKET

Buckle up.

BLUE

Back up!

They look back, but can't even see the bridge anymore. Blue
clutches her veil in her bag. The sedan lurches forward.

BLUE(CONT'D)

Pocket, you are going the wrong
way!

The sedan charges an oncoming train.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POCKET
How's your side?

BLUE
Not good.

The train horn blasts. Pocket only drives faster.

BLUE (CONT'D)
A road!

The horn blasts again. The train and the sedan are closing quickly. The road lay ahead like a finish line between the two. The sedan shakes violently. The speedometer is illegible. The train is huge now, bearing down on them.

God's eye, a peaceful moment, far below a small road cuts quietly across an empty train track. No motion, no sound. With a sudden blast, the intersection is filled by a train.

Train fills the sedan's windshield. Pocket jerks the wheel. The view from the window plummets. The sedan slides sideways down a steep embankment.

EXT. CLIFF BOTTOM-DAY

The sedan smashes to the cliff floor, rolling onto its back. The wheels are speeding. Blue hangs from her seat belt, she begins to laugh. Smashed against the dash, Pocket can see the rpm meter red-lining. He huffs the air.

POCKET
Out! Now!

Smoke billows from the engine. Blue squeezes out her window, Pocket follows. As she steps away, Blue stops.

BLUE
The money!

Pocket shoves her on. ...BOOM!!!

EXT. THE DESERT-DAY

Heat waves distort everything. Pocket and Blue walk in silence. Tears stain Blue's face. Pocket takes his hat and puts it on her head. He mops sweat from his forehead.

EXT. THE DESERT-NIGHT

The desert has turned cold and blue. Still, they walk on.

EXT. THE DESERT-SUNRISE

They top a plateau. Blue is stumbling. The sun is climbing over distant mountains. Blue sits.

BLUE
So beautiful.

Pocket comes back for her.

POCKET
The sun'll kill us if we're here
much longer.

EXT. THE OASIS, BACK DOOR-DAY

Sun hammers down. MARY LOU, 23, pours out a bucket of mop water. Two BANKERS, and Mary Lou's father, CHUCK, step out.

BANKER 1
...that's what we tried last time.

CHUCK
I just need another couple months.

BANKER 1
'Til the end of the month. Then we
foreclose. Chuck, we've tried.

The bankers head to their car.

CHUCK
Things are always slow this time of
year. Hell, no one's making any
money.

MARY LOU
Let'em go, Dad.

BANKER 2
We wish you luck, Chuck.

The bankers climb back into their car.

BANKER 1
Looks like you've got customers.

Far, far away, are Pocket and Blue, waif-like and thin. They walk knee-deep in mirage.

INT. THE OASIS-DAY

Bells chime. Pocket and Blue are glazed with dehydration. Mary Lou is at the counter. Distracted by a stack of invoices and bills, she doesn't look up.

POCKET

Water?

MARY LOU

Right behind you.

Pocket hands Blue a jug. They gulp down all they can, letting the water spill down their bodies. Pocket slides down to the floor and Blue stumbles off to the bathroom. Pocket reaches his few crumpled bills up to the counter. Mary Lou looks at him. His knuckles are caked with dried blood, scratches run up and down his arm.

MARYLOU

Dad, find the first aid kit, and some clean rags.

INT. OASIS OFFICE-DAY

Chuck opens a desk drawer. Under tools and ordering forms is a pistol and a first aid kit. He pauses at the door, studying Pocket.

INT. THE OASIS-DAY

The exhaustion has left Pocket detached, soft and easy. He glances around the store from his spot on the floor. The place is comfortable, decorated like an old home.

POCKET

Real nice place.

MARYLOU

My great-grandfather opened it.

POCKET

Reminds me of home.

Pocket looks at the puddle around him.

POCKET (CONT'D)

Sorry for the mess.

MARYLOU

No worries.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POCKET
Much obliged.

He motions to tip his hat, but it is gone.

MARYLOU
Your girlfriend's got it.

Pocket smiles.

CHUCK
Found it.

Chuck comes from the office and hands Mary Lou the first aid kit. Chuck is troubled. He turns back to the office.

POCKET
We'll be off soon.

MARYLOU
It's okay. He's had a rough day,
too.

Blue slams open the bathroom door. She's more delirious than Pocket, and loud as ever. Mary Lou turns and smiles.

BLUE
Miss, there is a little sweater
thing over the spare roll of toilet
paper in there. Is it to keep the
paper warm? Who makes those?

MARYLOU
Ha! I made it. I made a lot of the
stuff here, all the necklaces. I
even took the picture for our
postcard.

BLUE
You did? ...I love postcards.

Blue faints.

INT. OASIS OFFICE--MOMENTS LATER

Chuck sits at the desk, miserable, brooding, debating.
Conversation drifts in from the front room.

BLUE(OS)
I'm fine now, really.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY LOU(OS)

You're not so flushed, but you shouldn't get up yet.

BLUE(OS)

I'm okay.

POCKET(OS)

Stay put.

BLUE(OS)

(Groans) At least lemme see the postcard.

Chuck unpins a flyer from the wall, "Clark County Crime Stoppers is pleased to announce... has increased the reward for tips leading to the arrest and conviction of felony crimes. Up to \$5000 reward is now..." He picks up the receiver.

INT. THE OASIS-DAY

Blue studies Mary Lou's postcard.

BLUE

It's really nice.

MARY LOU

Thank you.

BLUE

I've got one from every state in America and other ones, too. Old ones and stuff.

INT. OASIS OFFICE-DAY

Chuck is on the phone, talking in a low voice.

CHUCK

Yeah, they're here now...both of them... uh huh...

INT. THE OASIS-DAY

Blue is sitting with Mary Lou laughing.

MARY LOU

No way.

BLUE

Yes, and the sheep were tripping over themselves to get closer to him.

INT. OASIS OFFICE-DAY

Chuck stares out the doorway, then to the clock. He is sweating, and shifting nervously.

INT. THE OASIS-DAY

BLUE

Had her sheep's hook thing around his neck, while she was singing..

Chuck enters, nervous.

CHUCK

Rags.

MARY LOU

It's alright, I used paper towels.

Chuck glances out the window and then returns to the office. Pocket catches the awkwardness.

POCKET

We best gear up.

MARY LOU

You sure?

POCKET

You've been kind enough.

INT. OASIS OFFICE-DAY

Chuck looks back to the clock. He hisses to himself.

CHUCK

Come on, damn it.

The door-chimes clang. He moves suddenly to the desk.

EXT. THE OASIS-DAY.

Mary Lou hands Pocket a grocery bag.

MARY LOU

Water, treats and a postcard for you.

Pocket and Blue start across the long quiet road. Just one small car is nearing from the distance.

MARY LOU (CONT'D)

Straight down, you'll see signs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chimes clang and Chuck steps out, armed.

CHUCK
Mary Lou, get inside.

MARY LOU
What?

CHUCK
If anything happens, tell'em they
tried to rob the place.

MARY LOU
What!? ...DAD!!!

Pocket turns. As Pocket twists, Chuck starts, his pistol
blares. The bullet aimed for Pocket misses. Ripping through
the flap of his coat, it passes on, into Blue. She crumples.
Pocket reaches to catch her. She slips down to his legs.
Chuck doesn't even know if he meant to fire. Pocket looks to
Chuck, his revolver as fast as his eyes. Chuck should be
finished, but Pocket can't or won't fire.

MARY LOU (CONT'D)
Stop it! Stop it!...

Mary Lou tugs at her father. Chuck could fire as well, but he
knows it's all wrong. He backs slowly into the store. The
nearing car brakes to avoid hitting Pocket, who raises his
revolver. The driver jumps out. Pocket helps Blue into the
car. With a squeal, they are gone. The driver stands alone,
nearby, a puddle of blood, spilled water bottles, and a
postcard.

EXT. ON THE ROAD-SUNSET

The small engine whines, rapped out all the way. Pocket
drives them straight into the sun. Blue leans on his
shoulder, pale even in the golden light.

BLUE
How long do you think...

POCKET
Getting shot don't mean dying... they
do all sorts of stuff now... doctors
can.

BLUE
But they'll separate us.

POCKET
Don't think about... that.

EXT. ON THE ROAD-NIGHT

Moonlight gives the desert a ghostly glow. They take the center of the road, there is no opposition. The engine sputters, revs, sputters, and dies. They coast to a stop.

EXT. THE WATERTOWER-NIGHT

Pocket carries Blue to the skeletal remains of a nearby water tower. His shirt is wrapped around her to slow bleeding. Pocket carries her up. Blue's entire back is soaked in blood.

At the top, he sets her against the tower, brushing her hair from her face. A hundred million stars are in the sky. Far back where they came from cop lights are flashing. They are coming, and Blue is bleeding away. Pocket's arms are filthy with her blood.

POCKET

Why'd they do that to you...?

BLUE

I'm sorry Pocket...

POCKET

Shhh.

BLUE

It hurts. Maybe I'll just sleep a little.

POCKET

No.

BLUE

I found something.

She gives her bag to Pocket. The veil is there.

BLUE(CONT'D)

...back on a lucky day.

He tries to smooth the netting.

POCKET

Wanna put it on?

He puts the veil on her head and strokes her hair into place.

BLUE

I'm scared.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POCKET

No. Ain't nothing wrong... I'll tell
you...

He fumbles in his pocket for the scrap of yellow paper and strikes a match to read. His smooth gentle voice is there. He has read this story every time.

POCKET (CONT'D)

Coming in from the north, it's
desert all around. Sand and sage
for miles and miles, all painted
ghost blue by the stars. And the
lights from the city glow straight
up into the sky, like a beacon...

BLUE

Pocket... like you said...

Blue can barely speak, but there at the edge of the horizon, is the glow of Vegas. In the other direction, the tiny cop lights, have grown.

BLUE (CONT'D)

Then what happens?

While pocket strikes another match, the wind catches the yellow paper. It sails out over the edge.

BLUE (CONT'D)

Pocket?

Pocket looks confused.

POCKET

Uh...

Silence.

POCKET (CONT'D)

Uh... the whole place will rolled... be
rolled out for you.

He is trying, so hard.

BLUE

Pocket?

POCKET

Cause you're my queen ...me
standing by you...real proud.

Blue nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

POCKET (CONT'D)

...We'll go see those places in them
postcards. And I'll never leave
your side. Is that right, Blue?

BLUE

Yes...

They can hear the sirens now.

BLUE (CONT'D)

Don't let them take me. You
promised.

POCKET

They can't. I'm wound around you...
Forever ...protecting you. You know...
Blue... you know...

BLUE

It hurts...

Blue tries to say more but blood in her throat cuts her off.

POCKET

No words.

Their foreheads touch.

INT/EXT. BLUE'S MONTAGE - DAY/NIGHT

Small flashes at first...Pocket awkwardly wiping sake off
her/Pocket asleep in his pick-up outside The Slipper
Room/Pocket's face as the stage show goes crazy for
him/Pocket stroking her hair at the train station/Pocket
leaning over her in Angel Woods/the desert road speeding
past/the glow of Vegas/Lights along the strip/Pocket in a an
old western tuxedo, Blue's hand reaches out for him, she is
wearing a wedding dress/Pocket looks back at her as they walk
in Londefalas, tiny bridges, gondolas and the most perfect
stars ever.

POCKET

I'll find you again...

EXT. THE WATERTOWER-NIGHT

He kisses her. Their eyes lock. He shoots her.

The cops are closing in, lots of them. Pocket is broken. He
shakes the rounds from his revolver, and rests the empty gun
in its holster. He descends and walks to the center of the
road.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pocket finds the yo-yo and sends it down, but the string snaps and the yo-yo rolls away. The police cars screech to a halt. Pocket is spot-lit as doors fly open and guns cock. Pocket draws his empty gun.

CUT TO:

BLACK.

GUN SHOTS RING OUT.

EXT. THE WATERTOWER-SUNRISE

As credits roll, a distant report is heard.

NEWSCASTER VO

The saga of Pocket and Blue came to a dramatic end yesterday. Their final shoot out left both dead, and left many questions. Adding to the riddle is the body of a New York City businessman discovered in Arizona two nights ago. Evidence from the Arizona crime scene provided some unexpected...

Still life shots from the area. Pocket's note caught on desert grass, his yo-yo on the shoulder of the highway, Blue's veil, an officer looking through her Poloroids. Pocket's postcard box is overturned, the postcards scattered by the wind. The last card is the beat-up card of Vegas, but the army man and Ruby Blue are gone...Pocket and Blue have replaced them.

THE END.