

American Garbage Head  
by  
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Based on  
Confessions of An American Garbage Head  
By Mark Hartenbach

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OPEN ON BLACK SCREEN,  
NO SOUND EXCEPT

LIMIT (V.O.)

I'm trying to be quiet as possible. I'm searching for something, anything to help me forget.

INT. BATHROOM. CLAYTOWN, OHIO - FALL DAY

THE LIMIT (Narrator) is rifling through a medicine cabinet. We are watching him from a bird's eye view where we cannot see his face.

LIMIT is in his early 40s. A chronically unemployed blue collar man who has turned to a life of small time breaking and entering. A poet and songwriter, he was once the golden boy diamond in the rough genius, a high school basketball star who, like most of the people of CLAYTOWN worked in the china factories upon graduating high school, what seemed to most, the only game in town. What they were born to. In spite of his appearance and condition he is often much more aware than he appears to be. He is dressed in jeans, an old T, hoodie, tennis shoes and a cap.

His partner SLIP, is about the same size, a close physical match, mid to late 30s. A perpetual loser, he's always getting himself into shit. He is dressed pretty much the same except he has no hoodie, just a long sleeve shirt and old black leather jacket.

LIMIT (V.O.)

I find a vial of Percocets, there are only four left, so I take two. This seems fair enough. It seems like a safe number. I was good with numbers at one time, now it's difficult to keep the columns straight in my mind.

LIMIT is shoving pills and bottles into his pockets.

He drops a few pills into the sink. He picks them up, gives a quick look and then pops them into his pockets.

SLIP (O.C.)

Hey man, what the fuck you doin' in there?! Grab that shit and let's get the hell outta here!!

Off of LIMIT as he closes the medicine cabinet and we see him for the first time as he straightens up to take a look at himself in the mirror.

As he looks into the mirror, he's sure as hell looked better. He has pale skin, circles under his eyes, looking a bit beat for his age, but he's still got an edge, still got plenty of fight, still sharper than most.

LIMIT (V.O.)

I don't like what I see. But I didn't like what I saw before I became immersed in this ugly lifestyle of deceit and betrayal. That's what backed me into this dark corner of the world. At least what I've convinced myself has put me here. It paradoxically helps me cope with the self loathing that comes on, hurting with every downside of the high.

Caught in a cycle of self hatred and abuse, he's having a hard time getting off the shit. If life is pain, as the Buddhists suggest, then he's certainly living it full tilt boogie.

His wife, tired of his endless line of bullshit, has taken their daughter and left him.

INT. FRONTROOM OF HOUSE.

There's a woman slumped over on the couch, stone drunk in the middle of the day. An unattended baby girl in diapers wanders about as the wide screen television rattles on in the background.

LIMIT is exiting the bathroom still shoving pills into his pockets.

SLIP

Let's roll.

They both run towards camera.

SLIP runs past the camera out the door.

LIMIT stops and turns quickly for a last look.

He looks at the woman slumped over on the couch who suddenly appears to be a younger woman for a second, somebody from his past possibly. He is slightly unnerved over it, runs his hands across his face and over his eyes, and when he looks again, it is the older woman. Is it the drugs?

LIMIT pulls the door shut and exits as the camera holds on the little girl, the TV still rattling on behind her.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

LIMIT and SLIP rush to LIMIT'S beat ride, a late 70s/early 80s Cadillac Fleetwood, the King of Cars, once the zenith of middle class opulence. There is a Dropkick Murphys "Meanest of Times" spread Eagle sticker on the back windshield, and a bumper sticker that says, "How Am I Driving? Call 1-800-EAT-SHIT". Rusted wheel wells, worn and ripped seats, mismatched fenders but it runs and does the job. They jump in and burn rubber, LIMIT behind the wheel.

EXT. LIMIT AND SLIP ROLLING THROUGH CLAYTOWN

CLAYTOWN, now a town of about 10,000, was once a thriving city of about 30,000 nestled on a sharp elbow of the Ohio River. Once rich with china factories cranking out pottery supporting a formerly healthy, middle class blue collar economy, it now is like most smaller American cities and towns; abandoned. Most of the inhabitants that have come of age have either joined the military as their only option, or they've moved on to a bigger city with better opportunities.

It is fall, there is a chill in the air and there is still some color in the trees, still some green in the hills.

From a distance the scene is like a picture postcard, but at close range we see that many of the businesses are boarded up, closed. For sale signs dot the landscape. The once busy factories are empty, their parking lots too. Unattended houses with overgrown yards are being taken over, crushed by overgrowth. Folks sit on their front porches doing nothing as they watch what little traffic is on the streets pass them by. Some wave, some have a beer in their hands, most just watch. Children play.

The guys are feeling better now, more relaxed as they are coming on to the drugs, the house they just jacked far enough behind them they really don't have much to worry about.

LIMIT (V.O.)

Nothing passes completely through the system. There's a chemical residue coursing through the bloodstream that demands more.

(MORE)

## LIMIT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

On an atomic level we're constantly in flux, but psychologically, emotionally, spiritually our wheels are throwing gravel and diamonds everywhere. We will eventually have to pay for the damage. There doesn't have to be malicious intent behind it, anger doesn't necessarily have to enter the equation. It doesn't have to be low-brow comedy or melodramatic spiel, there's nothing democratic about it. Nor is it predictable. That's all psycho-babble. It's beyond comprehension if we insist on approaching it in textbook, linear fashion. But believe me, it's as real as it gets brother, yet it's draped in unknowing.

EXT DAY. SLIP'S NEIGHBORHOOD.

LIMIT pulls up to SLIP'S apartment. It is a beat neighborhood.

INT. LIMIT'S CADILLAC.

SLIP

Alright man, catch you in a little while.  
We did alright.

LIMIT

Yeah man, we did alright.

SLIP exits the car and walks toward his home boys who all greet him with hand slaps, and "what's up".

LIMIT pulls away and heads out towards his place.

EXT DAY. LIMIT'S NEIGHBORHOOD.

A low rent scene, not much different than where SLIP lives, but there is no one on the street here, just quiet single family homes, many with overgrown, unattended lawns and gardens. For sale signs dot the street. Some of the bigger homes have been cut up into apartments, boarding homes, like LIMIT'S.

INT. LIMIT'S APARTMENT, A ONE ROOM EFFICIENCY.

LIMIT is alone. His place is a room with a small bathroom. It really is more like a cave, not some "man" cave, but a place to exist. A lonely room for a lonely man.

The walls are covered with his drawings, collages, paintings and poetry. Some clippings from the local paper, the police reports of the breaking and entering he's been involved in with SLIP.

There is porn playing on the television, a bottle of Jim Beam on the night stand next to the bed.

Skin magazines litter the floor.

There is a guitar propped up against the wall near the bed.

LIMIT lying on the bed with his arms wrapped around himself shaking uncontrollably.

Watching porn and drinking.

Beating off and watching porn.

Writing, drawing.

Pacing around the room.

LIMIT alone and crying.

Laying on his back staring at the ceiling.

Nodding off while the porn plays on the TV.

LIMIT (V.O.)

I've gone off my prescribed meds for manic-depression again. I have dozens of issues and phobias and fears crawling through my subconscious into my central nervous system. I can't stop shaking. My cells want to explode and go their own path, they've had enough of this abuse, I don't blame them one bit. I've become so muddled in details trying to remember the numerical order and the order of importance of things that I have no time for soul. The world runs screaming through my head. I tell myself it's not worth it, that I need these manic swings to create. But the truth is, I haven't created anything lately but trouble. My garbage head keeps me running constantly. I tell myself I need to make time for my art. But how can I lay down lines when I'm too sick to even get out of bed?

(MORE)

LIMIT (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Where is the beautiful? I'm old enough to  
suffer, but not old enough to forget.

FADE OUT.

EXT. NIGHT. BAR

LIMIT enters a bar in town.

This is drinking man's bar, no pick ups here, just  
regulars. A few old timers are belly up to the bar. There  
is little talk if any, and what talk there is, is kept  
low. There are few women, if any. Mostly men at the bar  
who stare ahead as they nurse their drinks.

INT. NIGHT. BAR

BARTENDER  
What can I do ya for my friend?

LIMIT  
A cold long neck.

BARTENDER  
You got it.

LIMIT looks straight ahead as he waits.

BARTENDER brings him the beer, LIMIT gives him a few  
bucks.

An OLDER MAN enters the bar, sits down a few stools away  
from LIMIT. He gets the BARTENDER'S attention.

OLDER MAN  
Think I'll have me one of them long necks  
too.

BARTENDER nods.

Thanks.

OLDER MAN looks over at LIMIT, studies him for a moment.

To LIMIT as they see one another in the bar mirror in  
front of them:

OLDER MAN (CONT'D)  
Hey man, I know you, you're the first  
sonofabitch ever got me high.

LIMIT

That right?

OLDER MAN

Good times. We were inhaling coke and chasing it with wine.

The BARTENDER gives the OLDER MAN his beer, OLDER MAN puts a couple of bucks on the counter. He raises his bottle towards LIMIT.

OLDER MAN (CONT'D)

Here's lookin' at ya brother.

He takes a tug off the thing.

LIMIT looks toward the OLDER MAN who now looks like him, only older, sadder and much worse for the wear.

He stares blankly, says nothing.

He looks back into the bar mirror and sees the OLDER MAN again.

OLDER MAN (CONT'D)

Been a long time man, long time...

LIMIT

Yeah man, long time.

He finishes his beer, says no more and walks out of the bar.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. A HOUSING PROJECT IN THE WOODS. NIGHT.

CADILLAC SITTING IN FRONT OF THE BUILDING WHERE LIMIT AND SLIP ARE ABOUT TO MAKE THEIR SCORE.

INT. CAR. NIGHT

LIMIT

Well, what're you waiting for? Now or never, right?

SLIP

Fuck it man, I did it last time. You do it.

LIMIT

I've had a bad run in with this cat before.

(MORE)

LIMIT (CONT'D)

Besides, you're a fresh face, he'll trust you, it'll be less dangerous for you to handle the cash.

SLIP

Fuck man, this ain't cool, why do I always have to do the dirty work?

LIMIT

Look man, truth is, my knee's blown out, alright? Fucked it up shooting hoops. I don't think I can take all those damn stairs.

SLIP

You're so full of shit! Fuck it man.

He gets out and heads towards the building as he mumbles to himself.

EXT. HOUSING PROJECTS. NIGHT.

LIMIT sitting in the car waiting for SLIP now inside dealing.

LIMIT (V.O.)

I don't trust anyone who isn't a little scared, it means they don't have much sense. With any buy something can go wrong. A piece pulled suddenly from a drawer after sampling the merchandise. A paranoid riding the dragon who misinterprets a line or gesture. I don't have the time or patience to read these sub-humans. There's moonlight, pretty girls and ninety minute nods that stretch into forgotten weekends waiting for me. It all turns ugly eventually.

EXT. HOUSING PROJECTS. NIGHT.

Long shot of SLIP and their drug connection COLE through a window during the course of their transaction.

COLE is in his mid to late 40s, a fairly straight looking, working class guy. Nothing fancy. We can't hear well enough to make out what they are saying, but we see them as they spark up a joint and talk.

LIMIT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It's a German expressionist evening. Everyone is leaning on their own delusions.

(MORE)

LIMIT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

All conversations, even those that seem to show some promise drift off into self-indulgent silence. I'd prefer to keep the engine running, but it sounds like farm machinery. Don't want any attention drawn this way.

The night is quiet save for the buzzing of the telephone wires overhead, alive with the electricity of thousands of anonymous voices. Fireflies circle in front of the windshield as the buzzing sound of the wires intensifies.

As the sound of the telephone buzz rises, LIMIT nods off, his head resting against the window, one hand on the wheel as we

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. NIGHT. CADILLAC

A few beats into the darkness of LIMIT'S nod we hear footsteps, someone running, panting heavily.

Still in black, we hear the click of the car door and the sound of it opening.

LIMIT'S POV as he struggles to come out of the dark sleep of his nod. The camera struggles for focus as it blinks on and off at the dash in response to the off camera sounds. Camera comes on, swings wildly around the cab of the car, again, in and out of focus looking for the sound that has brought LIMIT out of his stupor, finally jerking towards the sound of car door opening and SLIP screaming as he lands in the shotgun seat, manic as hell.

SLIP  
MOVE, MOVE, MOVE!!!

LIMIT, still having some trouble making the words as he is coming out of his nod.

LIMIT  
What the fuck is going on?

SLIP  
START THE CAR MOTHER FUCKER!!! MOVE,  
MOVE!!! NOW!!!

LIMIT, still not really with it, bolts up, now full on as he can be and fires up the car. They scream off into the night, fishtailing, kicking up dirt and gravel.

EXT. NIGHT. CADILLAC ROARING DOWN THE ROAD.

LIMIT AND SLIP THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD.

SLIP is pounding the dash, his head, slapping the window in a frustrated rage.

SLIP

Fuck man... fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, FUCK, \*  
 FUCK, FUCK!! Everything happened so  
 fucking fast, then it was like slow  
 motion or like some fucking movie where  
 your life is flashing before your eyes...  
 it was all good, we were all cool, then  
 Cole started talking crazy shit man,  
 saying I was fucking with him, or  
 stealing from him, I don't know... he  
 said I owed him money or something...  
 everything was cool, ya know? Then FUCK!  
 I'll never fucking win... MAKE A LEFT  
 HERE!

LIMIT

Stop screaming man!

SLIP

Now make a right! RIGHT! RIGHT!!!

LIMIT

Shit! Stop fucking screaming man! You're  
 busting my eardrums, my head feels like a  
 fucking 4th of July meltdown!

SLIP

Turn right, I SAID RIGHT!

LIMIT

FUCK! Where the hell are we going?

SLIP

Out to the sticks, Nickel Creek.

LIMIT

Christ man, what the hell happened back  
 there? Did you get the dope?

SLIP

Fuck the dope, we've got to get rid of  
 this gun.

LIMIT

What the fuck, you shot somebody?!

SLIP

Keep moving man, I'll throw it in the creek.

LIMIT

If you wanted to throw it in the water, we should have headed downtown to the bridge and pitched it into the river.

SLIP

Yeah right, downtown, where all the cops are. Fucking genius man, I thought you were supposed to be smart. It's too late for that anyhow. Watch your speed shithead, the last thing we need is to get pulled over for speeding.

LIMIT

Don't fucking tell me how to drive.

SLIP

Look, we have a problem here and I'm just saying we don't need any more trouble.

LIMIT

Alright fuckface, just fucking chill. You ready to tell me what the hell happened back there?

SLIP

Things went wrong.

LIMIT

No shit Sherlock, I gathered that! You want to be more specific.

SLIP

Cole started giving me shit.

LIMIT

He gave you shit, so you fucking SHOT HIM?!

SLIP

He accused me of ripping him off a couple of months ago. Remember hearing about that? He just went off on me out of the fucking blue. Dude, I had nothing to do with it, I swear. But I know who did.

LIMIT

You fucking half an idiot, so you shot him for giving you some lip?

SLIP

No man, he was waving his piece around saying nobody rips him off and gets away with it. He was all fucked up, talking all kinds of crazy shit. Finally his old lady gets him calmed down some. I tried to explain I had nothing to do with that business, but that only got him worked up again. I said, look man, let's just do the deal and I'll get out of your sight, alright? Well he swings around with fire in his eyes, I mean, he was fucking blazin' man, you know how crazy that fucker is. Then he smacks me upside the head with his gun, it fuckin' hurt like hell man... look at the side of my head, am I bleeding?

He touches the side of his head, then looks at his palm.

LIMIT

Can't see anything, maybe he clocked you where it doesn't show much. You'll live.

SLIP

Shit! I don't fucking believe this! You got any napkins or something?

LIMIT

Look in the glove box. Hell man, you just got a scratch at best, really.

SLIP opens up the glove box and pulls out some leftover fast food napkins and frantically presses them to his head where he thinks he might be hurt. While he talks, he keeps checking for blood.

SLIP

So anyway, that's when I lost it and pulled my piece out from under my jacket and shot him.

LIMIT

Is he dead?

SLIP

I didn't stick around long enough to check his pulse. His crazy old lady was screaming bloody fucking murder at the top of her lungs, running out into the hallway and shit, so I grabbed the fucking dope, picked up what money I could off the floor and ran. Shit was fucking everywhere.

LIMIT

Where did you shoot him?

SLIP

In the head, in the face. Hell, I don't know! I shot him, alright!

LIMIT

Shit man, he's probably dead!

SLIP

Fuck! Cole's old lady is probably back there telling the cops what happened right now. Seriously man, I didn't mean to kill him. I just reached. I done a lot of bad things, but I've never killed nobody.

EXT. NIGHT. LIMIT AND SLIP DRIVING TOWARDS NICKEL CREEK

LIMIT (V.O.)

We suddenly become aware of how those dullest of moments, that sluggish grind of boredom, all those banal conversations tossed off and gestures that seemed to have nothing to back them up were all leading to this pinprick of the present, immediate and clear, like nothing we've experienced. A sharp object piercing our chest at the speed of light, slicing through us like we weren't even there.

EXT. NIGHT. WINDING FURTHER UP THE ROAD APPROACHING NICKEL CREEK

LIMIT (V.O.)

Nickel Creek is full of a hundred ghost stories, hungry carp and snapping turtles that sun themselves on the rocks during the day and deer that come out of the woods to drink at night. The fall is mating season and also hunting season. Only humans could be so ugly spirited as to take the deer when they're looking for some love. I could never bring myself to shoot such a beautiful animal. The farmer's complaint is that they feed off the crops if they're not "harvested". But there are few farms left. Just dozens of empty farmhouses that get turned into meth labs and pot farms. In a county that has at least a 17 per cent unemployment rate, we will do anything to survive.

(MORE)

LIMIT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

At least we call it survival. I see it  
everyday. I participate in it, every day.

EXT. NIGHT. PARKING LOT AT NICKEL CREEK

LIMIT and SLIP pull into the parking lot above Nickel  
Creek. They stop the car, shut off the engine.

All is quiet in the dark night except the sounds of  
crickets and the bubbling creek a few yards away.

We watch LIMIT and SLIP through the windshield.

They sit in silence.

LIMIT V.O.

We're dangling like a silent movie. My  
hands holding tight on the steering wheel  
while my legs kick at the dark. I know  
time will win. This means death will win  
of course. It always wins. The image of  
the reaper seeking out unfortunate  
victims in the darkness is a myth,  
another frightening profile to keep us in  
line.

LIMIT relaxes, grabs a couple of beers from the back  
seat, hands one to SLIP, keeps one for himself.

LIMIT

Here man, this'll help take the edge off.

SLIP

Thanks.

LIMIT

How's your head?

SLIP

It's alright. What time is it?

LIMIT

I don't know... 10 o'clock maybe.

SLIP

They close the park at 9, right?

LIMIT

Yep.

SLIP

They say that Pretty Boy Floyd was gunned down just up the road by a couple of G Men. That's what I heard, anyway.

LIMIT

I heard that he'd been shot at least a half dozen times before they caught up with him, that he was still alive lying on the ground. Then the head G Man, Melvin Purvis stood over him and shot Floyd point blank in the chest to finish him off. He'd just had his meal at Conkle's Farm, where Mrs. Conkle, who didn't know who he was, fed him. Back then if a stranger came to your door hungry and you had it, you shared it. I remember when I was a kid in West Virginia growing up and seeing the neighbors feeding the hobos who'd wandered up from the railroad tracks along the Ohio River.

SLIP

Different world now. Everyone's just a criminal waiting to happen.

LIMIT

I'll drink to that. Folks I knew said the line was blocks long waiting to see Pretty Boy's body laid out at Sturgis' Funeral Home on 5th Street. Said that they shipped his body back to his family in Oklahoma to be buried.

SLIP

I didn't mean to shoot him man, really.

LIMIT

It don't matter. Let's do this.

They finish their beers, get out of the car and stumble down towards the creek. Lit only by the pale moon, it's dark, they can hardly see.

EXT. NIGHT. NICKEL CREEK.

Moonlight bounces off the creek and into their faces as they search the creek for a safe place to toss the pistol.

They stop, look around.

The creek ambles ever on, bubbling and gurgling beneath their dialogue.

LIMIT

This looks like as good a place as any.  
See anyone?

SLIP

No man, don't see anyone. I always  
wondered, why do they call this Nickel  
Creek?

LIMIT

Up the road a piece where the road bends  
real bad, there's been a bunch of  
accidents over the years. It's pretty  
high up and a tight turn, people just  
lose control and drive straight off the  
road and into the creek bed, especially  
in the rain, they just hydroplane right  
off the road, don't even know they're  
flyin'. They say that nobody ever gets  
out alive. One time a truck hauling  
nickels from the U.S. Mint crashed there  
and all those nickels spilled into the  
creek. This was some years ago, driver  
died. Another time a couple on their  
honeymoon crashed and died there too.  
They say some nights you can hear them  
carrying on and laughing.

SLIP

That's bullshit man, there's no such  
thing as ghosts, that's just the creek.

LIMIT

I'm tellin' ya man, I've heard them, it's  
as real as rain. Alright then, don't  
believe me. You got that gun?

SLIP pulls out the gun and holds it out in front of him.

LIMIT (CONT'D)

Throw it hard.

SLIP

I don't want to throw it clear to the  
other side though.

LIMIT

Shit man, you couldn't throw it that far  
if you wanted to.

SLIP

Hell I can't.

LIMIT

Well aim for the middle where it's the deepest then, creek never runs dry there, even when there's a drought.

SLIP freezes.

SLIP

You hear that?

LIMIT

What?

SLIP

Something in the brush over by that big rock.

LIMIT

That's Pretty Boy come to shoot your dumb ass for banging Cole and being such a bitch about it. It's nothing man, probably just some deer running through the brush is all. Now throw that damn gun and let's get the hell out of here.

SLIP throws the gun into the creek.

SLIP

Did you hear the splash? I don't think I heard it.

LIMIT

My ears are ringing so bad and my head's still pounding so hard I can't hear anything.

SLIP

I aimed for the middle. I think I heard something.

LIMIT

Quit fooling yourself, you didn't hear shit. We can come back tomorrow and check it out.

LIMIT starts heading back for the car, SLIP follows.

SLIP

Tomorrow, are you crazy? We have to get out of town.

(MORE)

SLIP (CONT'D)

Man, I told you Cole's old lady was there. She knows my name, or at least she's seen me around.

LIMIT

Yeah, but if she tells the cops the whole story, she'll be implicating Cole and herself in drug dealing. They were making some cash there.

SLIP

You think so?

LIMIT

I know so. Hell, he might not even be dead. You're such a lousy shot, where exactly did you shoot him, in the butt?

SLIP

Around the right eye I think. No, my right, his left eye.

LIMIT

Well you might have hit the cheekbone and missed his brain altogether.

SLIP

So what you're saying is, he might still be alive down at city hospital? I don't know if that's good news, or bad news.

LIMIT

Well Deadeye, at least it doesn't make you a murderer.

SLIP

I told you it was self defense. You think if Cole survives he'll tell the cops what happened?

LIMIT

Hard to tell man.

SLIP

Shit, if the cops don't come knockin', then Cole will when he gets healthy enough. You know damn well he's going to come looking for me.

LIMIT

If the cops do catch up with you, and I'm not saying they will, but if they did, you're not going to give them my name, are you?

(MORE)

LIMIT (CONT'D)

I mean I was out in the car the whole time nodded out. Nobody knows I was even there. You know that if I was in your place I'd never rat you out. Besides, like you said, it was self defense, right? That's like second degree manslaughter. Even if they found you guilty, which I don't think they would, you'd only get two to fifteen tops. That means you'd be out in eighteen months, maybe sooner if you get a good lawyer.

SLIP

How the hell am I gonna get money for a good lawyer?

LIMIT

Well, there's at least a couple a thousand bucks in the bottom of the creek.

SLIP

Fuck you man.

LIMIT

I'm just fooling with ya, don't get your nasty ass panties in a bunch. We'll think of something, I'll help you out. Just keep my name out of it, okay?

SLIP

We'd better get out of here before the park ranger comes rolling around.

LIMIT

Yeah, let's go burn one and get a twelve pack.

INT. LATE NIGHT/EARLY MORNING. LIMIT'S APARTMENT, THE BATHROOM.

LIMIT is washing his hands. He washes them vigorously with soap and water, rinses and then looks. They are red and tender, beyond clean. He repeats the washing, over and over again.

He works himself into a complete frenzy with the washing.

He stops, looks at his hands and then thrusts them into the air as if they are now on fire.

LIMIT

Never again!! I'm out, let someone else  
live this life!!! I'm fucking done!!!

EXT. NIGHT. LIMT DRIVING. CLAYTOWN

On his way to pick up SLIP. He sees a small group of boys ganging up on a nasty old abandoned couch left on the side of the street. They are all gleefully attacking it with knives, slicing the hell out of the thing. The boys are getting tremendous joy out of their actions, as if they were really defeating some great beast, noble in their feral efforts.

LIMIT V.O.

I'm trying to imagine a place where there's absolutely no doubt I belong, where I was put for a reason. I have trouble imagining such a place. I have no good reasons that will let my imagination set me there. Not one.

EXT. NIGHT.

LIMIT and SLIP driving through town.

LIMIT (V.O.)

None of my relationships seem to make sense, only the bond with my baby daughter is worth anything. My ex-wife disappeared with her months ago. I feel no real connection with anyone else. Strange I never thought much about this before, but I have nobody I can go to, nobody I can lean on.

THROUGH THE DRIVER'S SIDE OF THE CAR.

LIMIT and SLIP smoking a joint while driving.

LIMIT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

No one's going to help me out if things get tough unless they get an arm and a leg in exchange. Most of the people I gravitate toward are in similar situations, but I don't trust a single one of them when push comes to shove. I can't think about this for long or I'll end up on the end of a rope like Billy, or blowing my head off like Robbie.

EXT. NIGHT. STILL DRIVING THROUGH TOWN.

TWO FIGHTERS tumble into the street like two mad dogs, stopping traffic. They are high as kites kicking the shit out of each other. The FIGHTERS are completely unaware of anything else as they pound one another in a flurry of fists. The car stops temporarily as the fight stumbles past the car like a slow parade fueled by angel dust.

INT. NIGHT. BACK SEAT OF CADILLAC.

LIMIT and SLIP are watching the fight, laughing and smoking their joint as if they were at a drive in.

LIMIT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

This can't be right, this can't be how most people live their lives. We're a strange breed in an inopportune land. Loners with a gun in one hand and poem in the other, crumpled up so nobody sees it. I'm tired of this charade, this macho chest pounding pose. I can't live like this any longer, I need someone I can actually talk to on a genuine, deeper level. Someone who won't attack me, someone I won't have to attack. Something I can't shake tells me I'm too late.

FLASHBACK.

INT. NIGHT. FRONTROOM OF HIS OLD HOUSE.

A few years earlier.

LIMIT has been chronically unemployed for some time, leaning more and more on the pharmaceuticals and his life of small time crime, lying to his wife about what he's up to and why.

LIMIT, stone faced, sits in his threadbare easy chair, beer in hand watching TV, some reality show along the lines of *America's Got Talent*.

The room is dimly lit, which completely suits his frame of mind and mood. We see the glow from the television working the room, softly flashing, periodically igniting him, washing him in pulsing gray tones as he talks with his WIFE.

We see his WIFE'S body, we hear her, we just never see her face.

She stands behind him and watches the tube for a second.

WIFE (V.O.)  
What're you watching?

LIMIT  
America's Got Problems.

WIFE (V.O.)  
Why are you being such a moody S.O.B.  
tonight? You want another drink?

LIMIT  
No thanks, still working on this one.

WIFE (V.O.)  
What did you do all day?

LIMIT  
You're looking at it.

WIFE (V.O.)  
Any luck finding a job?

LIMIT  
A hand job.

WIFE (V.O.)  
That's disgusting. You need to stop being  
so negative all the time, you'll bring  
bad things onto yourself.

LIMIT  
Well, you asked.

WIFE  
You need to be more positive, that would  
at least be a step in the right  
direction.

LIMIT  
I should've listened to my old man, got  
out while I had the chance, cut my hair  
and joined the army. Hell, I would've  
been retired by now, living on a  
government pension while I was still  
young enough to enjoy it.

WIFE (V.O.)  
Daddy, please. Why can't I just have a  
simple conversation with you? I get so  
sick of beating this dead old horse.

LIMIT

When you were given the keys to a brand new car after graduation, I was working in the china factory for minimum wage like every other dumb sucker from around here. When you were tooling around Europe on your Daddy's dime, I was stacking molds all day in dryers with heat from hell baking us at a steady 120 degrees. I'd get sick and they'd call the clean up crew to toss some sawdust on the puke, then throw me right back into the oven.

WIFE (V.O.)

Hey Daddy, remember what it was like when we met?

LIMIT

Can't remember that far back, lost too many brain cells.

He takes another hit off his beer.

WIFE (V.O.)

I always looked forward to going shopping before school started in the fall, getting new clothes. How fun it was going to the dances.

LIMIT

All I remember is being in accelerated classes with a bunch of rich kids. They were always so well dressed. My wardrobe consisted of a couple of flannel shirts, a pair of jeans and a pair of beat up tennis shoes. Hell, at least I looked grunge, so maybe I fooled some of them into thinking it was some kind of a fashion statement, like I was being hip.

WIFE (V.O.)

You were hip Daddy, you were the smartest boy in the class.

LIMIT

Not smart enough. A couple of snobby girls said something to me one day about the way I dressed. I told them to fuck off and acted like it didn't phase me, but it hurt, ya know? I had a crush on one of them, that ended that. When the dances were held on weekends, I'd be doing the midnight creep from house to house.

She brushes his hair while she talks.

WIFE (V.O.)

Well I love you Daddy. You shouldn't be so hard on yourself. You're getting too old to be working in those filthy factories anyway. You're too good for that. Times are bad, you know that. You'll find another job, we'll be alright Daddy, you'll see.

LIMIT

Hey baby, get me another drink will ya. And keep them coming until I can't say when.

The WIFE steps out of frame to get him another beer, leaving him there alone, throbbing in the pulsing glow of the television.

EXT. NIGHT. THE GUYS PULL UP TO A LIQUOR STORE.

LIMIT turns off the car, takes the keys, gets out and goes inside while SLIP waits.

INT. LIQUOR STORE. NIGHT

We see LIMIT enter the store, go back to the freezer to retrieve a twelve pack of Pabst Blue Ribbon. He comes back up the counter. There is a display of fallen soldiers, local men and women, those that served in Iraq and Afghanistan above or next to the lottery tickets on the counter that says, "DEFENDING FREEDOM". For a such a small town, there are a disproportionate number of faces there. The display is dressed in red, white and blue bunting, the photos stacked like a pyramid inside the display.

LIMIT approaches the counter, places the twelve pack on the counter.

LIMIT

Pack of Mavericks.

CLERK

Sold out.

LIMIT

Let me have a pack of American Spirits, then. Thanks.

CLERK, an older man in his late 50s/60s, turns to get the cigarettes. LIMIT begins fumbling through his pockets for the money and glances up at the convex store security mirror. He sees a woman in the somewhat distorted, curved reflection. It looks like VALERIE, the girl he thought he saw earlier where the little girl was. He turns to look, there is nobody there.

CLERK  
That'll be \$17.43.

Off CLERK'S dialogue, LIMIT turns back with a slightly confused look.

LIMIT  
Excuse me?

CLERK  
\$17.43.

LIMIT  
Yeah, right... yes sir, \$17.43.

He gives the CLERK some dough. While waiting for his change, and still recovering from his latest vision of VALERIE, he looks over at the veteran's display which now says, "IN LOVING MEMORY". He looks closer at the photos of the fallen, they are all faceless. He's having a hard time understanding what is going on.

CLERK  
Your change?

LIMIT looks at the CLERK who is now wearing a VA hat, and is also, faceless.

LIMIT tries to behave like nothing's happening. He takes his change, grabs the beer and cigs.

LIMIT  
Thanks.

As LIMIT exits, we look back at the CLERK, looking the way he did when LIMIT entered, who watches LIMIT leave with a look of concern as he shakes his head like the last thing that boy needs is another beer.

EXT. NIGHT. OUTSIDE THE LIQUOR STORE

LIMIT opens the door and gets in.

INT. CAR

LIMIT places the bag between them, cranks up the car and sits, trying to absorb the surreality of what just happened inside the liquor store.

SLIP

What's up man, too much good time? You look like you saw a ghost or something. Let's roll baby.

LIMIT reaches up inside of his shirt as if he is scratching himself.

LIMIT

Yeah man, let's roll.

EXT. NIGHT. THE CADILLAC PULLS AWAY.

INT. CAR. NIGHT

SLIP grabs a beer out of the bag, pops it open, looks at LIMIT.

SLIP

Hey man, you want one?

LIMIT

No man, you go ahead, I'm good. I could use a good pick me up though.

SLIP

Yeah man, sure. You ain't still pissed, are you?

LIMIT

No man, really... I'm okay. It's all good. Just got a lot on my mind.

SLIP takes a couple of pills out of his pocket, gives them to LIMIT, then takes a good, healthy tug off his suds.

SLIP

Oh man, that is good. You sure you don't want one?

LIMIT says nothing. Pops a pill in his mouth, then takes SLIP'S beer from him to chase it down.

LIMIT

Thanks.

Then passes the beer back.

SLIP

No worries.

LIMIT just looks ahead at the road the same way he was staring at the television in the flashback earlier. Lights from passing cars flash on his face. They drive on into the night.

EXT. NIGHT.

The Cadillac comes toward camera from the horizon, two small lights in the night. Camera holds during the voice over as the car moves forward and ultimately passes camera.

LIMIT (V.O.)

We are the cursed offspring of the indifferent. Mostly raised by grandmothers. Some loving, some resentful for having to do it all over again. There are no prodigal sons or debutantes in this crowd. We've worn out any welcome we might have had a long time ago. We are ruthless. We are tender. We are desperate. We are compassionate. We can't be trusted for a minute.

EXT. NIGHT.

As the car passes and moves off into the distance ultimately becoming two small red lights disappearing into the lost horizon of the starry night.

LIMIT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We struggle for words. We pull them out of a hat. Any inheritance is out of the question. We're lucky if we can con some pocket change from fathers we see a couple times a year, if we see them at all, and mothers who spend their checks on cigarettes and beer. But we seldom mince words, unless absolutely essential to a set-up.

EXT. DAY/NIGHT. SHOTS ALONG THE ROAD.

Montage of shots. Cutting south and west heading towards Texas, Arizona, New Mexico and California.

Some of the sites are curious and fun, like public art off the interstate, kitschy motels off the interstate, cattle grazing, grain silos.

The rusting Midwest, abandoned factories with vast empty lots around them.

People sitting on their porches, some wave and smile as we drive by.

Men drunk on street corners, men in small gangs at parking lots waiting for work.

Homeless asleep on bus benches, in doorways. Begging at streetlights. Men and women, and not all bums.

As we head even further south, entire landscapes that have been recaptured by out of control kudzu vine.

As we cross the mighty Mississippi, the landscape shifts to more arid climates; shrubbery and desert replace the lush, verdant landscapes.

When we get into Oklahoma and Texas, we see small forgotten towns being beat down by a relentless sun, structures literally returning to the earth, forgotten.

The beautiful, epic West Texas Plains, the mysticism and magic of the Southwest.

Everywhere we go, we see road crews working with government money to rebuild the nation's infrastructure, connecting dying and dead towns and cities.

As we view these often beautiful vistas, below the surface we begin to understand that the story is basically the same wherever you go; people are out of work, businesses are closing, homes are being foreclosed upon.

The tourists aren't quite as plenty as they once were.

What is America?

Who's dream is it and who are the dreamers?

INT. CAR. NIGHT. SOMEWHERE ON THE ROAD.

SLIP is chattering away while LIMIT drives, but we never hear a word that he says. He futzes with the radio, finds something he likes and begins to sing along. LIMIT has one hand on the wheel and his other hand under his shirt.

LIMIT (V.O.)

I feel like the lines between predator and prey have been blurred. I've had to do certain things I'd rather not do in order to survive. At the same time I feel threatened by something that might or might not even be there. The old cat in the box physics number, dead and alive at the same time. I'm caught between being innocent and knowing that I'll never be able to prove it. None of this is my fault. I didn't pull the trigger, I wasn't even in the room. I need to be more careful who I hook up with. Better yet, get the hell out of the life. I need to cut this cord as soon as possible. I don't want to be dragged into someone else's nightmare. I have to keep my eyes open for my chance. Can't give myself away. Got to be cool. Can't bring any attention to myself.

At the end of the voice over, the sound bumps up and we hear...

SLIP

What do you keep sticking your hand under your shirt for, you playing with your titties?

LIMIT takes his hand out of his shirt, reaches over and turns off the radio.

LIMIT

I'm rubbing the medal around my neck for good luck.

SLIP

We could use some luck. You win a medal in the war or something?

LIMIT

No man, it's a religious medal. I've worn it since I was a kid.

SLIP

It isn't Saint what's-his-name, is it? You know, lost causes and shit?

LIMIT

No, it's Saint Francis.

SLIP

Never heard of him.

LIMIT

You never heard of Saint Francis?

SLIP

What did he do?

LIMIT

Well, he bore the stigmata for one thing.

SLIP

The what?

LIMIT

The stigmata. He bled at the hands and feet like Christ.

SLIP

Why the hell would someone do something like that?

LIMIT

He didn't do it, God did. It was divine.

SLIP

You telling me you believe all that shit.

LIMIT

He also taught the birds. They'd come down out of the sky and the trees and gather around him while he spoke about love.

SLIP

Man, that's some crazy voodoo shit there.

LIMIT

Well it's something you have to take on faith, which obviously you have none of.

SLIP

How do you know what I believe? Just because I don't wear some saint birdman around my neck doesn't mean a fucking thing.

LIMIT

Alright, let's just drop it, I'm too tired to argue with you.

SLIP

Hey, say a little prayer for me, will ya?

LIMIT

Fuck you. Amen.

SLIP

We're going to need some cash.

LIMIT

I'll have my brother wire us some cash when we get there.

SLIP

If we don't get some money soon, we're not going to get there.

LIMIT

Well, what do you suggest?

SLIP

We could stick up one of these all night stations or convenience stores or something.

LIMIT

Are you a fucking lunatic? We're already in more trouble than we can deal with.

SLIP

We need money, period.

LIMIT

Anyway, how the hell are we going to hold anybody up, we threw the gun away, remember?

SLIP

I've got a hunting knife under the seat.

LIMIT

Well at least you can't shoot anybody with a hunting knife.

SLIP

Why don't you just shut the fuck up, I haven't heard any great ideas coming out of your mouth, just a lot of whining.

LIMIT

Fuck you! I'm tired of your shit. I'm not robbing any fucking gas station and getting into a high speed chase with some shotgun toting local sheriff or the highway fucking patrol. I don't need to end up on America's Stupidest Dumb Fucks. You think we could outrun anyone in this piece of shit?

(MORE)

LIMIT (CONT'D)

Besides, I don't want to see anybody get hurt, and I certainly don't want to spin out at a hundred miles an hour and smack into another car, or tree, or those... whatever the fuck, overhead bridges. In case you haven't noticed, it's been pouring down rain and the roads are slicker'n snot, we'd slide right into oblivion.

SLIP

Alright. But if we run out of gas, I hope you enjoy walking in the rain in the middle of the night. Good luck trying to thumb a ride.

LIMIT puts his hand back up under his shirt.

FADE OUT.

EXT. NIGHT.

They are approaching a rest stop with vending machines.

SLIP (CONT'D)

Hey man, there's a tire iron in the trunk, let's go hit some of those vending machines. We can pry them open far enough to get to the coin box.

LIMIT

Let's just get where we're going, I've had it with your dumbass ideas.

SLIP

You want to eat, don't you? How about a drink, don't a few cold ones sound good about now? Besides, I'm out of cigarettes, you got any?

LIMIT

Yeah, something to drink might make the trip go a little quicker. We need a few bucks anyway, we've already gone through most all the bread you grabbed off the floor at Cole's. Damn gas is worth more than gold, and this old lush of a car is always thirsty. Alright then, let's circle a couple of times and make sure nobody's around.

SLIP

Now you're thinking straight.

EXT. NIGHT.

LIMIT and SLIP breaking into vending machines.

LIMIT (V.O.)

I've been having difficulty realizing that what I'm thinking and what transpires often have nothing to do with one another. I build my reasoning on the flimsiest, far-fetched notions I can come up with. I'm tired of working at it and getting no positive results. There's a tension underneath that almost feels like progress. This keeps me going. For how long I don't know.

FADE TO BLACK.

FLASHBACK/DREAM

INT. DAY. LIMIT'S GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE.

LIMIT, as he appears in present time, is going through the house, savoring this dream as much this time as he has so many times before. He ultimately enters the kitchen where he sees his Grandmother sitting at the kitchen table with a cup of coffee, she looks at him and smiles. She is sitting with a teenaged boy, it's him. Young LIMIT and his GRANDMOTHER are looking through a photo album together. He approaches the table.

LIMIT (V.O.)

The house is empty. I know this the second I walk through the door. The place looks exactly like it did twenty years ago. There are four names in my head. There is no point in calling them out, but I do anyway. The walls are so close that they absorb my words. I wonder if I knocked holes in the walls if I'd find love, or would I only dig out wasted words. More and more words. Words piled to the ceiling. Words I don't even understand. Words that mean nothing to me. I don't want to hear any more words. I want to watch the way everyone around me moves. I want to remember this. I want to reach out and hold them, if they'll let me.

CUT TO:

INT. CADILLAC, DAY. SOMEWHERE ON THE ROAD. SLIP IS DRIVING.

SLIP

Hey, hey! Wake up Sleeping Beauty!

LIMIT, as he is coming to...

LIMIT

What? Where are we?

SLIP

I said wake up bitch! Snap out of it. Hey man, how much money did we get out of those machines, did you even start counting it?

LIMIT

What're you talking about man, where are we?

SLIP

How the hell do I know, you're the fucking navigator.

LIMIT rolls down his window and hangs his groggy head out, digs the cool morning air, looks around.

LIMIT

Right, right... I dunno, must be close to six. The sun's starting to come up.

SLIP

Check the map and see how far we've got left to go.

LIMIT

Hey man, it finally stopped raining.

SLIP

Stopped about an hour ago.

LIMIT

I miss the sound of it hitting the roof, it was sort of comforting.

SLIP

That's because you weren't driving.

LIMIT

Naw, doesn't matter man, I just love the sound of rain when I'm stressed, especially when I'm moving.

(MORE)

LIMIT (CONT'D)

It feels like I'm actually getting  
somewhere instead of all this aimless  
nowhere shit.

SLIP

Well give me some sun! I hope it's warmer  
down there.

LIMIT

It will be.

SLIP

So, how much further we got?

LIMIT pulls his head back in, rolls up the window. Pops  
open the glove box, takes out a map, spreads it open,  
finds his place.

LIMIT

Let's see, I need to measure this out  
with my thumb. We're not doing too badly,  
looks like mostly a straight shot. Hard  
to say how long. Guess we'll find out  
when we get there.

SLIP

I'm tired man, I need to take a break,  
you ready to take over? I'm gonna climb  
in back of this heap and try to cut some  
Zs.

LIMIT

Okay, pull over at this rest stop ahead.

EXT. REST STOP. EARLY MORNING. SOMEWHERE CLOSE TO THE NEW  
MEXICO BORDER

Our boys are around back of a rest stop.

SLIP is taking a piss in the bushes, LIMIT is smoking a  
joint.

LIMIT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I used to feel hurt. Sometimes I even  
felt happy. Now everything feels blunted,  
as if all the honest emotion has dried up  
inside me or been squeezed out. Mostly  
all I feel is an anger that there's no  
way out. I feel insecurity and fear,  
inhuman at times.

(MORE)

LIMIT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I'm a wild animal on the prowl for the necessities, though my needs and a wild animal's must be different, we're probably not as far apart as I'd like to admit. I wonder if an animal ever feels any contentment, any tranquility, after his needs have been met instead of immediately worrying where the next will come from. I'm not as self-sufficient as an animal, I know that. I have to constantly barter my ill-gotten gains into what I see as the essentials. My essentials aren't the same as most people. Or maybe they just come in different packaging.

EXT. DAY. CROSSING THE BORDER INTO NEW MEXICO

SIGN "WELCOME TO NEW MEXICO, THE LAND OF ENCHANTMENT"

The radio's on.

SLIP

Were we supposed to turn back there?

LIMIT

No man, we get off at 285.

SLIP

That's what the sign said. Shit, we missed our exit. Turn down the fucking music so I can think.

LIMIT

We didn't miss our turn, trust me. I've got the map right here.

LIMIT hands the map to SLIP. SLIP unfolds the map and attempts to find their location.

LIMIT (CONT'D)

It's upside down dumb shit.

LIMIT grabs the map out of SLIP'S hands and throws it into the back seat.

LIMIT (CONT'D)

Hell, it doesn't matter, 285 is still 285 and we haven't passed it yet.

SLIP

Are you sure we have a place to crash when we get there? If we get there.

LIMIT

Quit being so negative man and watch the fucking road.

SLIP

You've got it all set up though, right? We can lay low there for awhile until we decide what we're going to do. No hassles, right? It's a done deal?

LIMIT

Nothing's for sure, but yeah, he said it was cool. I explained the situation to him. Well, most of it. His wife even said it was alright. But that doesn't mean you can take advantage of their hospitality. You can't be acting like an asshole.

SLIP

When do I ever act like an asshole?

LIMIT

Exactly, you're never acting, you don't know how.

SLIP

What's that supposed to mean?

LIMIT

Nothing asshole, forget about it.

EXT. DAY. CADILLAC. NEAR VIRGIL'S PLACE IN NEW MEXICO.

INT. CADILLAC. DAY. APPROACHING VIRGIL'S PLACE. LOS AMIGOS.

SLIP is asleep in the back seat of the Caddy, using the map as a blanket over his face.

LIMIT

Yo! Hey, below deck! We're almost there.

From the back seat of the Caddy, under the map, attempting to wake up.

SLIP (O.S.)

There?

LIMIT

Yeah man, there. Sanctuary.

SLIP

Sank-you-what?

LIMIT

You're welcome. Never mind, I'm going to give him a call and let him know we're here. Catch some more shut eye live wire, I'll come out and get you after a while.

LIMIT pulls out his cell phone and punches in the numbers.

EXT. DAY. DOORWAY OF VIRGIL'S PLACE.

The Cadillac is parked in VIRGIL'S driveway, SLIP still asleep in the back seat of the car. The Caddy is parked next to a '75 Pontiac Trans Am. VIRGIL'S pick up truck is parked in front of the house.

This is a fairly middle class neighborhood of single family homes, families with kids, retired folks. There is a bicycle left laying on the front lawn. A sprinkler not presently in use sits center, the limp hose snaking across the lawn.

At the front door, there is a "WELCOME" mat.

LIMIT knocks on the door, his old pal VIRGIL answers.

VIRGIL, mid to late 40s, is an old pal of LIMIT'S from his factory days. For a brief period after the factories went under, VIRGIL was also briefly in the life, but he got hip, got the hell out while he could and never looked back. Went middle class, got married, a job, kids.

VIRGIL'S wife EUNICE is there to welcome VIRGIL'S old partner. EUNICE is an attractive woman in her late 30s, early 40s. What is immediately apparent is her humanity, she's a good person, a human being.

LIMIT

Hey man, long time no see.

VIRGIL

Well what the hell, will you look at what the cat dragged in! Come on in man, shake some of that road off.

INT. DAY. VIRGIL AND EUNICE'S HOUSE. FRONTROOM

VIRGIL

Limit, would like you to meet my wife Eunice.

EUNICE

So pleased to meet you, Virgil's told me a lot about you.

LIMIT

Pleased to meet you as well.

EUNICE

So, what do we call you, do you go by Limit?

LIMIT

Yep, that's my handle. What they used to call me in high school, just kind of stuck with me.

VIRGIL

Limit took our small town basketball team all the way to the championships. He was the best, The Limit.

EUNICE

Well, welcome Limit. So how was your trip? You must be tired.

LIMIT

Yeah, it's been a bit of a haul, but really glad to finally be here. Thanks for letting us stay.

EUNICE

Oh, that's alright. We're pleased to have you. Can I get you something to drink? A glass of juice, some coffee?

LIMIT

A tall, cold glass of water would be great, thanks.

EUNICE

No problem, be right back.

EUNICE exits.

VIRGIL

Cop a squat brother, take a load off.

LIMIT

Thanks man.

VIRGIL

So how long it take you to get here?

LIMIT

Hell, I don't know, I'm so fried I've lost track.

VIRGIL

Hey man, it don't matter, just good to see you.

LIMIT

Same here. Really appreciate you letting us stay, I promise we'll be out of here in a couple of weeks, probably sooner. I'm going to have some cash wired down from my brother, then I'll start looking for a place.

VIRGIL

No problem man.

LIMIT

You sure it's alright with Eunice?

VIRGIL

Yeah, she's cool with it. I told her that you guys were just travelling a bit, needed a flop for awhile, that you were thinking of finding jobs and staying.

LIMIT

Cool man, thanks. Nice place, you're doin' alright.

VIRGIL

Playing it straight down here. Going to work everyday, being a good citizen. Hell, I even vote.

EUNICE enters with a glass of cold water for LIMIT.

EUNICE

Here ya go.

LIMIT

Thank you.

EUNICE

Now you let me know if you need anything else.

(MORE)

EUNICE (CONT'D)

You boys have a good time, I know you've got a lot of catching up to do. I'll be in the other room reading the paper.

She exits.

LIMIT

You got yourself a good woman there, boss. Never thought I'd see the day.

VIRGIL

Me neither. Brother, she's the best thing that ever happened to me. She makes everything possible. Where's your partner?

LIMIT

Laying down in the backseat of the car passed out. I told him to kick back while I came in to talk with you. So how's the kids doing, I'll bet they've grown up some.

VIRGIL

They're great, growing like weeds. They love it here, we all do.

LIMIT

Lots of space down here, kids need room to stretch their legs and play.

VIRGIL

Yeah, they're happy. We all are.

LIMIT

Nice.

VIRGIL

Listen man, you know me... I'm not one to pry, and you know no matter what, you're welcome. But you in some kind of trouble? I mean like some deep shit back home?

LIMIT

Yeah, there's a problem. But I'm going to get it all worked out, I'll tell you more later.

VIRGIL

No problem.

LIMIT

One more thing. I've warned my partner that one false move and his ass is to the curb. He's a little shaky.

VIRGIL

Shaky?

LIMIT

Well, he's not dangerous. If I ever thought he was, I'd never have brought him around Eunice and the kids. He can't always be trusted, if you know what I mean. I'll keep an eye on him though, make sure nothing mysteriously turns up missing. He knows we're old friends and I'm not going to let him slide on any fuck ups here.

VIRGIL

I'm sure we can take care of him.

LIMIT

So, where're we bunking?

VIRGIL

In the bomb shelter.

LIMIT

Bomb shelter?

VIRGIL

It's not bad down there, the original owners built it. They were old school survivalists, leftovers from the atomic age. I've been fixing it up a little at a time. There's an old couch and cable TV down there and we've got a few sleeping bags and some blankets, though you probably won't need them. You need to check email or anything?

LIMIT

Don't do computers. I like to work the shadows, ya know? Hell man, if they find you, they can kill you.

VIRGIL

Roger that.

LIMIT

I appreciate this man, really.

VIRGIL

Shit, you'd do the same for me. Tell you what, how about I get the old lady to fix up something to eat while we take our heads for a walk. You hungry?

LIMIT

Yeah man, I could use some grub. Haven't had a decent meal in days.

EXT. MORNING. NEW MEXICO. VIRGIL'S BACKYARD

LIMIT and VIRGIL are kicking back.

VIRGIL

Not bad, huh?

LIMIT

Yeah man, big difference in the weather down here, nice change. It's like paradise. Warm, but dry.

VIRGIL

Yes sir, that's why we can tolerate it here, it's what they call a dry heat. It can get hotter'n hell in the summertime though, like 120.

LIMIT

She-it man, you're kidding me! Hell, still better than shoveling snow in less than zero and wet snow I'll bet.

VIRGIL

Depends on how you're looking at it I suppose.

LIMIT

I should've moved down here when I had the chance.

VIRGIL

Shoulda, coulda and woulda...

VIRGIL pulls a joint out of his shirt pocket, sparks it up. Takes a hit, offers it to LIMIT.

VIRGIL (CONT'D)

Chill for a few days, see what ya think. Never know, right?

LIMIT

Right.

He takes a hit.

You never know.

LIMIT passes the joint back to VIRGIL, who takes a hit.

VIRGIL

Got that shit right, but you're here now  
brother, and that's all that matters.

EXT. DAY. LOS AMIGOS, NEW MEXICO.

LIMIT cruising the small town, checking out the lay of  
the land, digging the warm, dry fall weather of the  
desert southwest.

LIMIT (V.O.)

For once in my unlucky life I'm offered a  
sweet deal with no strings attached. A  
chance to start over, a place where  
nobody knows me. Where I can be anybody I  
want, instead of some two-bit punk who  
does B and E's to earn a buck, then  
throws it all away on the next nod. Shit,  
now I might be wanted for complicity to  
murder and it took this to get me out.  
Not a gorgeous wife that loved me or a  
beautiful little girl. No wonder she  
left, I'd have split too. I deserve all  
this evil shit, I bring it all on myself.  
I'm unwilling to take responsibility for  
anything, refuse to take the blame. What  
kind of man am I? A no-good, weak  
pathetic piece of shit, that's what kind  
of man I am. Sometimes I pray it's not  
too late to change, to make things right.  
Sometimes I'm too ashamed to even ask.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. DAY. DOWNTOWN LOS AMIGOS. LIMIT WAITING OUTSIDE A  
CONVENIENCE STORE.

SLIP pulls up in the Cadillac, LIMIT gets in.

INT. DAY. CADILLAC, DRIVING THROUGH LOS AMIGOS.

LIMIT

Where you been man, I thought you were  
just going to get some gas? Hell, you  
could fry eggs in that heat.

SLIP

Driving around, getting acquainted with our new surroundings. It looks ripe.

LIMIT

Ripe, for what?

SLIP

Are you kidding? This place is more backwater than back home. Have you seen what passes for cops around here? One lousy squad car. Two, maybe three donut eaters with a badge. That's what I'm talkin' about.

LIMIT

That isn't why we're here man, at least that's not why I'm here. Get your head out of your dumb country ass. You fucking hick, I never know what's going through your empty fucking mind. I don't know if you have anything resembling a mind left.

SLIP

What the fuck you mean by that?

LIMIT

Exactly. I mean, like what the hell you been doing the last week besides leaving empties all over Virgil's house? Can't you even throw your own cans in the trash? We're fucking guests here. You don't give a shit about anybody that does you a good turn.

SLIP

So what've you been doing Donald Trump, beating off in your comb over?

LIMIT

I've been out looking for work asshole. I thought that's what you were doing too, but evidently you've been casing the mini-mart.

SLIP

I haven't been casing shit. But there's a bank on the edge of town half a mile from the interstate. We're in, we're out, we could hit it and be twenty miles down the highway before they even got a call in.

LIMIT

Christ on a cross man, when are you going to get it through that thick fucking head of yours that I'm done with that shit. I've had it with ripping anyone off. I'm tired of getting ripped off myself. I'm done dealing with fucking psychos, including you.

SLIP

So I'm a psycho now, huh? Who the hell you think has had your back the last year?

LIMIT

When the fuck did you have my back?

SLIP

Plenty of times, all the fucking time, that's when. You know what your fucking problem is, you don't know who your friends are, that's why you're always getting burned, you got no sane judgement in these matters. You have to plan things out, that's the only way to get anywhere man.

LIMIT

Look man, don't you ever want to have your own place? With a family, ya know? Not have to be watching your back every minute, having to worry who's straight up and who might decide on the spur of the moment to put a round in your skull.

SLIP

You know as well as I do that you aren't cut out for the suit and tie boss man shit.

LIMIT

How would you know, you never had a real job in your life.

SLIP

Well my old man bowed and scraped for the boss man and never made it to 50. Dropped dead right on the factory floor, face down on the concrete. And you know what they did? They carried him out and an hour later had some other poor fuck busting balls in his spot. He was forgotten just like that. Another fucking piece of meat. You want that?

(MORE)

SLIP (CONT'D)

Is that your damn American dream? You're brainwashed man. There aren't any fucking jobs out there anyway, or haven't you heard the news? No jobs, not job fucking one. You're brain washed man, that's your problem. Wake up and piss, the world's on fire you dumb fucking bastard.

LIMIT

Don't fucking call me that.

SLIP

What, dumb fuck? It's just words man.

LIMIT

Bastard. You call me that again and I'll cut your fucking throat.

LIMIT is deadly serious.

SLIP

Take it easy, nothing personal man, just talking. Besides, you're just trying to change the subject. You know I'm right, right? We have nothing to offer these mother fuckers, they want nothing to do with scum like us.

LIMIT

Just clean up the beer cans before they throw both our asses to the curb.

INT. NIGHT. THE BOMB SHELTER.

LIMIT is lying alone on a sleeping bag balancing a knife on his bare chest with his index finger, spinning it slowly with the other hand.

LIMIT (V.O.)

I resist the urge to plunge it into my heart. I've done this dance hundreds of times since I was 12, 13. Once I ran the blade hard from my neck down to my belly button. I drew a little blood, but didn't need stitches. Once in a fight I got stabbed in the side. It was a small blade, less than two inches. When the guy saw the blood, he ran away. I took off my T shirt and pressed it hard against the wound. I didn't go to the emergency room. Instead, I went home and drank three-quarters of a bottle of Beam and passed out.

(MORE)

## LIMIT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

In the morning the wound was closed up leaving a small, white scar. Hell, he probably thought he'd killed me. I saw him a couple years later and he came right up to me and apologized. I was surprised. He said he was glad to see I was OK and bought me a drink. I said, no problem man, it's forgotten.

EXT. DAY. LIMIT WALKING THE RAILROAD TRACKS JUST OUTSIDE OF TOWN.

## LIMIT V.O.

I walk the railroad tracks nearly every day. One at a time is too short. Two at a time is too long. You walk in the gravel and turn your ankle. The gravel is the size of a woman's small fist. They're always trying to trip me up. Sometimes I tightrope the shiny rail. Usually on the right side since if I fall I'll fall to my right. I'm left-handed, so the left side of my body is stronger and more agile. I remember getting my finger pricked for blood as a child by a nurse or doctor. I wouldn't let them prick a finger on my left hand, it hurt more. So maybe I'm stronger, but more sensitive on my left side. None of this has anything to do with why I actually walk the tracks. I have no good reason for that other than it seems to help me think. I don't suppose that qualifies as a good reason though.

INT. DAY. BOMB SHELTER.

LIMIT is watching TV.

SLIP enters tugging on a bottle in a brown paper bag.

LIMIT

What's in the bag?

SLIP

A bottle.

LIMIT

Bottle of what?

SLIP

Who the fuck are you, my mother? A bottle of Bourbon, that alright?

LIMIT

Where'd you get the money?

SLIP

Mother fucker, I don't believe this. I had a few bucks stashed, alright?

LIMIT

You don't have any money man, you bummed a coupla bucks off me yesterday for cigarettes.

SLIP

What, you been rifling through my pockets?

LIMIT

Tell the fucking truth once in awhile.

SLIP

I lifted it! Fuck! You satisfied?

LIMIT

You lifted it down at the liquor store and they gave you a bag to carry it home in?

SLIP

Listen, it's none of your fucking business where I got it or how I got it or what the fuck I plan to do with it, understand?

LIMIT

It sure as fuck is my business, someone stole a fifty out of Eunice's purse this afternoon. You were upstairs this afternoon, right?

SLIP

You accusing me of stealing her money?

LIMIT

You fuckin' A bet I am, and if it's not returned by tonight, you're on the street dickhead.

SLIP

Fuck you, give me the car keys.

LIMIT

I'm not giving you a damn thing asshole.  
What, you want to steal my car now?

SLIP

Give me the keys fucker, or we're gonna  
go 'round.

LIMIT

LIMIT points to his chin, goading him to take the first  
shot so he can kick his ass.

Let's go mother fucker, let's go... right  
here, right now.

Still pointing at his chin, leaning in, hoping like hell  
he'll bite and take that first punch.

LIMIT (CONT'D)

C'mon man, let's go... right here, right  
now... I want you to...

SLIP

Give me the keys and I'll get the money  
back, I promise.

LIMIT

You want the keys, you'll have to pry  
them out of my hand. You're fucking  
pathetic. So how much you have left?

SLIP

I'm going down to the corner and get some  
coke, then I plan on emptying this  
bottle.

LIMIT

Well you can just keep walking.

SLIP

No really man, I'll be right back, we can  
have a few drinks and chill.

LIMIT

Fuck you man, just get out of my sight.

SLIP exits.

EXT. VIRGIL'S BACKYARD. MIDDAY

LIMIT is sitting in the kid's swing, looking at a picture from his wallet.

CLOSE UP OF PHOTO

It is a picture of him a few years younger, looking cleaner, healthier, happier, before he lost his job and got completely strung out on drugs. He's standing in a front yard, before a modest house holding an eight week old baby girl in his arms.

FLASHBACKS of LIMIT:

With his baby girl as he leans over the railing of her crib to look at her while she sleeps.

Tossing her in the air and making her laugh.

Holding her in his arms and rocking her to sleep as he sings to her.

The two of them asleep on the bed together.

Riding on a carousel.

LIMIT holding her tiny arms, encouraging her take some of her first steps.

LIMIT V.O.

I'm trying to remember every single moment I spent with you. Every time I hugged you and kissed you and played silly games with you to make you laugh. It says in the Tibetan Book of The Dead that your last thoughts before dying will be what you carry with you into heaven or your next incarnation. I can't say I believe in a next time around, I'm not even sure about a heaven. But I've made up my mind to leave this world with love in my heart. No anger. No sadness. No pain. I'm going to concentrate on your face. I'm hoping that you'll feel it. Maybe not at that moment, but someday, somewhere deep down you'll feel me there.

CROSS FADE:

FLASHBACK:

INT. HOUSE. DAY

Stark, almost ethereal light fills the room.

LIMIT with a younger woman, his ex wife, holding the baby in her arms. She looks like she could be the same woman he has been flashing on, but we can't quite tell. As the camera moves around them, we see that there is also an older woman with them, the WIFE'S GRANDMA who is cooing and fussing over the baby.

GRANDMA

Ahh... she is so sweet! How much did she weigh?

WIFE

Six pounds, eleven ounces.

GRANDMA

Just look at those tiny little hands. I can't believe I'm a great-grandmother at fifty-five.

WIFE

Doesn't she look just like her Daddy?

GRANDMA

Yes, she does. It's always good for the first born to favor the father, that way people don't wonder.

LIMIT leans in and speaks low to his WIFE as the GRANDMOTHER continues making a fuss over the baby.

LIMIT

Jesus, I can't believe she said that.

WIFE

She'll hear you.

LIMIT straightens up before he's caught.

LIMIT

Let me hold her.

GRANDMA

Careful.

LIMIT

Oh, I've done this a thousand times.

WIFE

Well, it's about time we got going.

GRANDMA

So soon?

WIFE

Yeah, it's almost time to feed her, she gets cranky.

The GRANDMOTHER is gone, now it is just LIMIT and his WIFE.

LIMIT

Your Grandmother's a looney tune.

WIFE

Yeah, she's always been a little strange, but she has a good heart.

The WIFE looks down at the baby, brushes her cheek with a forefinger.

WIFE (CONT'D)

She does look like you.

LIMIT

I guess so, but I'd rather have her look like you.

WIFE

I love you.

LIMIT

I love you too.

To LIMIT..

WIFE

Who do you look like Daddy?

LIMIT just looks at her with a dumb look on his face, says nothing. Shrugs his shoulders. He has no answer because he never knew his real father. Raised by women, he never had much of any kind of a father in his life, just a series of "uncles".

We hear the WIFE now cooing into the baby's face as LIMIT stands there with his hands at his side, a blank look, as if he is no longer there.

LIMIT is now a few feet away, literally removed, looking on as

The WIFE and BABY continue. The BABY giggles and coos back as the WIFE continues to fawn over the child and LIMIT stares, nearly catatonic.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. DAY. FRONT PORCH OF VIRGIL'S.

LIMIT is smoking a cigarette, SLIP has got a beer in his hand.

LIMIT

Got a job today.

SLIP

A job, where, in the Army? You're too old to be going to Afghanistan. Shit man, they don't want no old, worn out fucker like you.

LIMIT

Blow me man. I got a job changing spark plugs and doing oil changes. Only a couple of blocks from here, I can walk to work. I start next week.

SLIP

You're a sucker man. A sucker, a loser. What're they paying you, minimum wage?

LIMIT

Well, it's something. And I'm no sucker. Shit, how can you sit on your dead ass all day drinking like some old rummy and call me a loser?

SLIP

You can't even pay your bills on that chump change, let alone have any money to party with.

LIMIT

Yeah, well fuck you, at least I'm making an attempt.

SLIP

So what, you think you're better'n me?

LIMIT

Fuck you man, I said at least I'm trying.

SLIP

Look man, let's get out of here, this place is nowhere.

(MORE)

SLIP (CONT'D)

Let's head a little further west.  
California! We can hit the ocean and live  
the good life out there man. Get a real  
business going, our own private clientele  
of high rollers. Down around the border,  
ya know? I mean shit man, why make it  
harder on ourselves? Think of it, hell  
yeah... shiny new rides with a different  
woman every night.

LIMIT

You're fucking trippin' dude.

SLIP

No man, really, it's milk and honey all  
the time out there. Swimmin' pools, movie  
stars, right?

LIMIT

Well you can quit your California  
dreamin' Jethro, it doesn't matter. The  
transmission's shot, can't get it out of  
first.

SLIP

What! When the fuck did this happen?

LIMIT

This afternoon. I told you I could feel  
it coming.

SLIP

Fuck! You mean we're stuck here?

LIMIT

Looks that way hombre, at least till we  
can get a new tranny. Better yet, take  
that piece of junk to the boneyard and  
just get a new ride. They got programs  
now where you can get real money for  
these old heaps. Long live The King.

SLIP

Hey man, ask Virgil if we can borrow his  
car.

LIMIT

You mean, steal his car, don't you?

SLIP

Hey man, they've got a truck too. We'd  
give it back eventually. We wouldn't be  
stealing it, we'd ask first, ya know?

(MORE)

SLIP (CONT'D)

Just forget to tell them where we're taking it.

LIMIT

Fuck you man, forget it.

SLIP

Come on man, you know it's a brilliant fucking idea.

LIMIT

I said, forget it dimwit.

SLIP

Look bro, we stay here, we're gonna go crazy, if we don't die first. You want to rot here?

LIMIT

You want to go, then go. But you're not taking anybody's car. You can walk to California, alright? It should only take you six months or so.

SLIP

You're a fucking laugh riot man. Shit, you'll never amount to anything, loser.

LIMIT

Seriously man, there's the door, what's your hurry?

SLIP

Kiss my ass.

FADE TO BLACK.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY. CU FEET. SLIP RUNNING.

INT. BOMB SHELTER. DAY.

SLIP comes breathlessly bursting into the room.

SLIP (CONT'D)

We need to split, like right now!!

LIMIT

Hold on there man, what're you talking about? What's going on? You look like you just ran a marathon.

SLIP

We need to get some transportation and get the hell out of here.

LIMIT

Why? What the fuck are you ranting about?

SLIP

I robbed the liquor store.

LIMIT

You fucking what?! The one down the street?!

SLIP

No man, the one over in Lizard Flat.

LIMIT

Well, "we" aren't going anywhere, I didn't rob any liquor store. I didn't have anything to do with it.

SLIP

Look man, I hit the jackpot! We can go to California on this, all we need is some wheels.

LIMIT

Quit saying, "we", man. I told you, I'm staying here.

SLIP

I thought we were partners?

LIMIT

Just because we came out here together because you fucked up back home doesn't make us partners. You're just damn lucky that Cole didn't die.

SLIP

What?!

LIMIT

That's right killer, Cole's still kickin'. My brother says that as far as he knows, Cole didn't say anything to the cops.

SLIP

Why the fuck didn't you tell me?!

LIMIT

Because I wanted you to sweat. Fuck! I can't fucking believe this. We were home free, and you pull a stupid stunt like this.

SLIP

I needed cash. I thought we had it all figured out.

LIMIT

No, you had it all figured, I didn't. Where the hell did you get a gun?

SLIP

I've had it awhile.

LIMIT

You had it awhile? Why the fuck didn't you mention it to me? You didn't shoot anybody else, did you?

SLIP

Nah man, didn't have to. You should've seen it man, he couldn't get the money out of the register quick enough. He handed everything over to me, but I knew where they kept the big bills. I said, "Under the tray mother fucker, or I blow a hole in your chest." He said he forgot. Forgot, shit...

LIMIT

But he saw you, right?

SLIP

Nope, pulled the ball cap down over my eyes and wrapped a bandana around my face.

LIMIT

Those places have cameras you know. The cops are probably watching the playback of the robbery right now. Why the hell did you hit somewhere so close? Don't you have brain one in your fucking head?

SLIP

I was on foot man, what was I going to do? Stand out in front of the place hitchhiking or call a cab?

SLIP pulls out a gun and shows it to him.

LIMIT

Jesus man, is that thing loaded?

SLIP

Of course it's loaded. Not bad, huh? So what're we gonna do about a ride?

LIMIT

I told you, quit saying "we," there is no "we". This is the end of the line for "we" man.

SLIP points the gun at LIMIT.

SLIP

No, you've got it all wrong amigo. Wherever I go, you go. This is just the beginning.

LIMIT

Put down that gun man. I don't fucking appreciate you pointing that at me.

SLIP

Get your gear together.

LIMIT

I said, put the gun down before I kick your ass.

SLIP

You're not kicking any ass, and I'm not putting any gun down. Dig?

LIMIT

What, you going to shoot me tough guy?

SLIP

I don't want to, but if I have to, I will.

LIMIT

You dirty mother fucker!

SLIP

I'd watch your mouth there son, you're on the wrong end of this conversation.

LIMIT

Fuck... alright. I'll get my stuff. But we still don't have a ride.

SLIP

Yes we do. The keys are upstairs on top of the microwave. The Pontiac's parked out front.

LIMIT

Man, I can't steal their car, not after all they've done for me.

SLIP

You can, and you will. You don't seem to grasp the whole deal here. Now get up and let's get the fucking keys. Don't even think about making a run for it, I will not hesitate to plug you, partner or not.

LIMIT

They'll report it stolen.

SLIP

They won't be home from work for hours. We switch the plates with our out of state plates and then we cruise all the way to the coast.

LIMIT

I should've known not to trust you.

SLIP

Little late for that, wouldn't you say, partner? Now let's bust a move, we don't have any more time to stand around here talking.

EXT. DAY. DRIVING WEST TOWARDS CALIFORNIA.

The guys are in middle of nowhere on some two lane highway in full blown party mode shoving pills into their mouths, washing them down with Jack, chasing it all with a joint. SLIP partying a bit harder than LIMIT, who is behind the wheel.

EXT. DAY. THE FIREBIRD ROLLING DOWN THE ROAD

Beauty shots of the Pontiac Firebird as it moves down the road in real time. Classic Detroit form and shape.

The Firebird, wings spread across the hood, the sparkling dash, the mags and phat tires, the grill as it eats the road. The high art of industrial American muscle, of function and form from a time and place never to be visited again.

As we study the car, we hear the thundering sound of hundreds of horses galloping down the road.

INT CAR. DAY. SOMEWHERE ON THE ROAD TO CALIFORNIA

SLIP is stoned and bored, using his gun to fool with the radio, punching the buttons with the barrel, trying to find something to listen to.

SLIP

Nothing but Mexican music, lame ass talk shows and freakin' bible thumpers.

LIMIT

I've been up and down the dial a dozen times, there's nothing.

SLIP

Why the hell don't they have a CD player or satellite radio in this thing or something?

LIMIT

Well, next time we steal somebody's car, we'll check and make sure that it's got a CD player and shit first.

SLIP

Fuck you.

LIMIT

"Fuck you," that's my favorite song. Hitting the Top 40 with a bullet.

EXT. LATE DAY, CLOSE TO MAGIC HOUR AS THE SUN IS ON THE HORIZON. THEY CROSS THE BORDER INTO ARIZONA.

INT. DAY. FIREBIRD. CROSSING THE ARIZONA BORDER.

As they cross the Arizona state border LIMIT glances at the welcome sign, and for a second LIMIT thinks that he sees, "WELCOME TO ARIZONA, THE LAND OF DISENCHANTMENT". He looks again and it says, "WELCOME TO ARIZONA, THE GRAND CANYON STATE".

EXT. LATE DAY. LORDSVILLE, SOMEWHERE IN ARIZONA.

INT. LATE DAY. FIREBIRD.

SLIP

Hey man, I need to take a piss.

LIMIT

Yeah, time for a break anyway, my ass is getting numb.

They take the business loop through town.

Lordsville is a small place, the entire business loop is maybe a mile long, the place is virtually abandoned. There seems to be nothing, no people, nothing.

They finally come to the far end of the loop just before getting back onto the interstate, and there is finally a gas station, like some well groomed oasis, that seems to be open.

They pull in and land next to a pump.

INT. MINI MART/GAS STATION. LORDSVILLE.

They get out of the car, SLIP takes the keys from LIMIT.

SLIP heads straight for the bathroom while LIMIT steps in line for gas, there is one person in front of him. A young FEMALE CLERK is working the register.

Also working at the mini mart is a young MALE CLERK in his late teens. He is busy taking inventory behind the counter.

As LIMIT hands her the cash.

LIMIT

Can I get forty bucks on pump number 3, please?

FEMALE CLERK

Forty on three, thank you.

LIMIT

Thanks. Say, do you know if there is a decent place to eat around here?

FEMALE CLERK

Yeah, Estrada's.

LIMIT

Where is it? I didn't see anything.

The FEMALE CLERK looks at him like he's being a smart ass tourist.

FEMALE CLERK

About a mile back.

LIMIT

Really? I didn't see anything back there.

FEMALE CLERK

Then you weren't looking.

LIMIT

Is the food any good?

YOUNG MALE CLERK

Yeah, it's great, best in town.

LIMIT

Cool, thanks.

LIMIT exits out the door. There are newspaper machines next to the exit/entrance, the newspaper headlines read, "NOBODY FOR PRESIDENT".

EXT. GAS STATION MINI MART. LORDSVILLE.

LIMIT is pumping gas, SLIP returns the car with a case of PBR and a bag of munchies and throws them into the back seat. He stands outside the passenger door talking to LIMIT from the other side of the car as he faces him, his hand resting on the gun in the waistband of his pants making sure that LIMIT is aware.

SLIP

Man, I feel better. I had to piss like a friggin' racehorse.

LIMIT

That chick in there said that there was a place to eat about a mile back, did you see anything?

SLIP

Nope, not a thing.

LIMIT

Me neither. I can't get out of here fast enough, this place is from the Twilight Zone.

SLIP

Yeah man, this place is kinda fucking creepy.

LIMIT

One thing is certain, there is no Lord in Lordsville.

LIMIT finishes pumping the gas. He and SLIP get into the car. LIMIT cranks it up and they head back out to the end of the business loop and onto the highway.

EXT. DAY, AS THE SUN IS SETTING, MAGIC HOUR. DRIVING.

LIMIT pulls the car over to the side of the road and jumps out.

He throws his cell phone to the ground and stomps the shit out of it, then starts pacing back and forth, swearing and cursing out of control.

LIMIT  
Mother fucking cock sucking baby raping  
piece of shit!!!

SLIP  
What the fuck?!

LIMIT  
Virgil texted me!!!

SLIP  
Did he call the cops?

LIMIT  
He didn't say, I don't think so, he just  
wanted me to call him. Wants to know  
where his car is and what the fuck is  
going on. Shit!! Only a matter of fucking  
time.

SLIP  
Well what the fuck man, why don't you  
just call him then?

LIMIT  
And do what, let the cops listen in? Get  
talked into coming back and roll into  
some shit at his place? Who knows what  
kind of welcoming committee would be  
there waiting for us.

SLIP  
You didn't have to stomp the fucking  
phone, did ya?

LIMIT  
Man, if the cops want to, they can find  
that phone anywhere on the damn planet as  
long as it has a pulse.

SLIP

Not much we can do now except keep on movin'.

LIMIT

Fuck you man.

SLIP

What?

LIMIT

I said fuck you, you worthless fucking piece of white trash shit! What the fucking hell is wrong with me listening to fucking losers like you. I'm so damn fucking tired of this shit!! Damn it all to hell anyway... let's get the fuck out of here.

SLIP says nothing. They load up and roll.

INT. NIGHT. FIREBIRD. DRIVING ACROSS THE ARIZONA DESERT.

SLIP

Man, the road goes on forever, don't it?

LIMIT

No doubt.

SLIP

Good thing we gassed up or we'd be up shit's creek without a paddle driving in this hungry mother fucker. I thought that they had armadillos out here, I haven't seen a single one.

LIMIT

You wouldn't know what an armadillo was if it bit you in the butt.

SLIP

Looks like a big ugly rat with armor, right?

LIMIT

Pretty much. I remember someone telling me that when armadillos cross the highway and a car misses them and drives over the top of them, that their natural impulse is to jump in the air. So they jump right into the under carriage of the car. That's how they get killed, their built in survival instinct to throw off predators is what does them in.

(MORE)

LIMIT (CONT'D)

Maybe after automobiles have been around long enough, their instincts will evolve and it won't happen anymore.

SLIP

What the fuck are you talking about now man?

LIMIT

Nothing man, nothing.

SLIP

Nothing is right. Haven't seen nothing but tumbleweeds for hours. Tumbleweeds and stars.

LIMIT

If animals supposedly have such great instincts, then why are they always getting hit?

SLIP

Hell, I'd lose my mind out here.

LIMIT

Look behind ya fool, you'll find it.

EXT. LATE NIGHT. ON THE ROAD. LIMIT AT THE WHEEL.

Getting road weary, they are digging into their stash, popping pills.

SLIP leans into the windshield, looking out into the dark, starry night. The sky seems to be ever so slowly spinning.

SLIP

Man, it sure is dark. You look out there and it doesn't even feel like we're moving.

LIMIT

Yeah, haven't seen anybody coming in either direction for some time. Kind of weird not seeing any lights except the stars in the sky. I feel like every cell in my body is waiting for something to happen. At least there's no cops.

SLIP

Man, what kind of crazy shit are you talking about? That's just the drugs talking brother.

LIMIT

No man, it ain't the speed or the weed,  
just me. It's like my head has been  
liberated and I can actually feel  
something, I can think. Like we're living  
in animal time.

SLIP

Animal time, what the hell are you  
talking about?

LIMIT

Animals don't have a future or a past,  
just the right now, the present. Like  
whatever's going on in front of them is  
all that matters. It's like even though  
shit is bad, everything is alright, like  
this is where I'm supposed to be; here,  
now, in animal time.

SLIP

You're buggin' bro. If you're not on  
drugs, you sure as hell need to be.

LIMIT

You ever hear about the Beats?

SLIP

You mean like hip hop?

LIMIT

No man, like Jack Kerouac, Neal Cassady.  
They used to do what we're doing now.

SLIP

What, driving?

LIMIT

Yeah man, driving. I guess you don't read  
much, do ya?

SLIP

I read.

LIMIT

What, the comics?

SLIP

Fuck you.

LIMIT

You ever watch Gilligan's Island?

SLIP

Oh yeah, that was one of my favorite shows when I was a kid, used to watch the reruns all the time. Dude, that Ginger was fuckin' hot.

LIMIT

Before he was Gilligan, he was Maynard G. Beatnik on Dobie Gillis. The beats were all about poetry, jazz and art. They changed the world.

SLIP

You mean Gilligan was a poet?

LIMIT

Yeah man, he was a poet. He was a stoner too. So were the Beats.

SLIP

No shit, Gilligan was a stoner? I always thought Little Buddy was pretty cool.

LIMIT

Yeah man, Gilligan lived in animal time. Like, be here now.

SLIP

A three hour tour.

LIMIT

Exactly, a three hour tour. Mary Ann...

SLIP

Ginger.

LIMIT

Fuck you, you fucking rump ranger, you wanted The Professor and you fucking A know it. Mary Ann.

EXT. NIGHT, NEAR DAWN. ON THE ROAD CLOSE TO NEVADA.

Between the drive and the drugs, LIMIT is getting a bit loopy. Tumbleweeds are crossing the road in front of him, as they do, they morph into armadillos leaping into the air, but it doesn't phase him a bit, he just watches.

The full moon bathes the desert in an ethereal light. The camera pushes in on LIMIT through the windshield as his face too is bathed in the same ethereal moonlight.

LIMIT stares straight ahead into the night as he takes the road.

We hear the sound of lovemaking.

FLASHBACK

INT. LIMIT'S OLD HOUSE WITH VALERIE, THE GIRL IN THE FLASHBACKS FROM THE BEGINNING AND THROUGHOUT.

VALERIE, late 20s, early 30s, is beautiful. Not like some super model, but a real, natural beauty.

LIMIT looks better, healthier. In good form.

They have just finished making love and are relaxing on the bed. They are both very content.

LIMIT

That was good, baby.

VALERIE

Mmmm... yes it was.

LIMIT

That's the first time I've made love in months.

VALERIE

Well, I can see why you enjoyed it so much then.

LIMIT

I didn't mean it that way.

VALERIE

I know, I'm just teasing you.

LIMIT

I think I've misplaced my sense of humor, it's been a rough last few months.

VALERIE

Do you want to talk about it?

LIMIT

No, not really.

VALERIE

Who are the pictures of in your wallet?

LIMIT

You were looking through my wallet?

VALERIE

I saw your wallet laying on the bed stand last night, it was open and I saw there were some pictures. I just thought I'd ask. You have something to hide?

LIMIT

What do you mean by that?

VALERIE

I don't mean anything. I'm just kidding, you need to loosen up there boy.

LIMIT

I thought that's what we were just doing.

VALERIE

So you have no sense of humor after all.

LIMIT

Alright, you got me. Go ahead, you can look through the photos.

VALERIE goes to the bed stand and retrieves the wallet, returns to the bed with LIMIT.

They begin looking through the pictures.

VALERIE

Who's this?

LIMIT

That's my ex, don't know why I kept that in there.

VALERIE

This your little girl?

LIMIT

Yeah.

VALERIE

She's beautiful, she looks like you.

LIMIT

Thanks, she is beautiful. I haven't seen her in so long, she's probably twice that size now.

VALERIE

Why don't you see her?

LIMIT

Her mother took her and split.

VALERIE

Don't you know where she is?

LIMIT

Nope. But as soon as I get my life together, I'm going to find her.

VALERIE

You want to get back together with her?

LIMIT

No, I just want my daughter is all.

VALERIE

You plan on staying here?

LIMIT

I haven't decided. I always feel so restless. I want to settle down, but I feel there's something better ahead, like I'm missing something, but I don't know what it is. It's hard to explain.

VALERIE

I think I understand some of it.

LIMIT

You do?

VALERIE

Sure. I think most people are that way at one time or another.

LIMIT

So what do we do in the meantime?

VALERIE puts down the wallet and the pictures, smiles at him, begins rubbing LIMIT'S chest, kissing his neck, nibbling on his ear. She whispers into his ear.

VALERIE

I wish I had the answer baby, you'd be the first person I'd tell.

They begin making love again.

We continue to hear the sounds of their lovemaking as the scene fades quickly into a full blown hallucination and crazy images begin to appear. Some look real, some don't. All spilling out of LIMIT'S drug addled, guilt tripping, now lysergic head as he never stops driving.

LIMIT standing in the room looking at himself making love.

A sun rises over the bed, as it rises, it explodes and fills the room with an unbelievable light.

A tight shot of the grille and the front of the Pontiac driving through the night as if it were devouring the road, the sound of thundering horses as the stars begin to intensify.

Long shot of the car as pulsing stars begin to fall from the night sky in a hail of drug capsules hitting the hood of the car and the ground bouncing like popcorn.

LIMIT looks over at SLIP with the gun in his hand and his hair is really flames.

SLIP points his gun at LIMIT and pulls the trigger, a banner that says "BANG" pops out like a toy pistol. SLIP laughs hysterically.

LIMIT looks out the windshield and there are words and images dancing back and forth in a shifting collage across the horizon.

The road is now a river of blood as an image of SLIP'S arm reaches up out of the river holding the gun that he threw into Nickel Creek.

He sees a giant sign on the road that says "WELCOME TO LORDSVILLE".

VALERIE like an electric Venus appears on the water.

He looks in the rearview mirror and sees a faceless soldier.

SLIP, whose hair is still fire, casually leans over to find something on the radio, he is speaking. As he speaks, we don't hear words, just the sounds and static that comes out of the radio are coming out of his mouth as he adjusts the dial. Different crazy moments erupt: pieces of music, a Mexican DJ, a holy roller, cats and dogs fighting, some early morning shock jock, more music, pieces of news, varying static in between each one.

LIMIT reaches over in front of SLIP, still on fire, and turns the knob on the old Trans Am radio, it shifts colors and glows like it was radioactive. SLIP puts the gun to his head, pulls the trigger and mouths the word, "BOOM!" His head explodes like an atomic bomb and disappears, he remains headless. The fallout becomes glowing nickels as they drift gently onto the car seats.

The dash is alive, rippling, undulating freely and flashing light. Outside the car, the landscape has become pulsating rainbow rings of color rushing towards the car, the road now a raging river of corresponding color.

#### RADIO MIX

And the hits just keep on coming!!  
 (Sounds of machine gun fire followed by a bell ringing) Good morning Pakghanistan, it's TEA TIME!! Hello Mr. & Mrs. North and South America and all the fish and chips at sea, somebody, HELP ME! People, people, people, we must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted flatulence, whether sought or unsought, by the military-industrial schizophrenics. Ask not what your country fried government can do for you, but what price freedom fries when they come home to roost! Ooo-la-la kids, Slut Ventricle here, and I'll sell you any government for \$99.99! That's right ladies and germs, 9 zillion trillion million, 9 hundred thousand 999 dollars and 99 tears!! But wait, there's more! Godzilla died for your sins, and when Jesus Lizard comes back to rule for a thousand thousand years, you must ask yourself this one thing, how did I get this car? Are you ready to go on your three hour tour? Can you dig it Pops? Like crazy Man Ray, crazy...

We hear finger snapping like beatniks at a poetry reading.

A fake fish jumps up out of the road/river in front of the car which never stops moving and "swims" suspended in mid air, the fish turns and swims towards the car as it morphs into a fish with an armadillo head and begins to sing.

#### AMRMADILLO/FISH

Give me that fishy fish sandwich, give me that flying fucking fish!!! (Then the thing begins to talk) If it were between your buns you wouldn't be laughing at all, bitch! (Singing again) So give me that flying fish filet, give me that fishy fishy fish, hurray!!!

We hear sitcom canned laughter and applause.

Then to LIMIT

## ARMADILLO/FISH

Hey garbage head, you lookin' to me? You  
lookin' to me, you gotta be lookin' to me  
man, ain't nobody else driving those hot  
wheels. Limit, you are God's lonely man.

Lady Liberty appears on the psychedelic horizon, the  
background still pulsing rings of color, the river gone.  
She dominates the landscape. She has VALERIE'S face. In  
her torch hand she holds a huge Zippo with an equally  
huge flame blazing like she was at a rock concert calling  
for an encore. She raises her skirt with the other hand  
as a faceless army begins marching out from under her  
skirt.

## LADY LIBERTY

Who's your Daddy? Who's your Daddy? Who's  
your Daddy?

As this hallucinatory parade continues, woven in are a  
cacophony of sounds with the images.

A sound mix of chants, percussive rhythms, cannons  
firing, soldiers screaming, more canned laughter,  
abstract/impressionistic musical sounds, a tapping  
typewriter that sounds like staccato rain, a baby  
crying/laughing, a carousel ride in the park, Cole's old  
lady screaming bloody murder.

The TWO FIGHTERS spilling into the street.

SLIP wrestling with COLE, a gun between them.

COLE, his hands attempting to cover his face, a bloody  
mess of meat and bone.

LIMIT and SLIP tossing the gun into the creek...

Two COLLAGE PEOPLE are making love in the dark vista as  
pulsating, concentric circles of color continue to work  
the screen, underscored by the sounds of LIMIT and  
VALERIE making love.

As the collage figures are making love, the Phoenix on  
the hood of the Trans Am begins to peel away from the  
hood. The collage lovers fade as the Firebird Phoenix  
rises and ignites. The Phoenix spreads its wings as it  
begins a deliberate ascent into the dark abyss of LIMIT'S  
hallucination, all else is pitch black.

As the burning Pontiac Phoenix flies gracefully away into  
the dark, VALERIE/LADY LIBERTY appears.

VALERIE/LADY LIBERTY

It was good baby... it was good...

She suddenly stops, blows a kiss, disappears.

We linger in the black for a moment.

It's over.

EXT. MORNING. DRIVING. SOMEWHERE IN NEVADA

LIMIT

Remember Candy Ablini?

SLIP

Of course I remember her dumb fuck, we went together for years. Hell, she lived with me for a year and a half.

LIMIT

I fucked her.

SLIP

You fucking what?

LIMIT

I fucked her. Back when you were together.

SLIP

You fucking what?! I should've shot you back there, you worthless piece of shit.

LIMIT

Yeah, she came on to me man. She begged me to fuck her. She was sweet.

SLIP

Are you fucking crazy?! Do you not realize I have a fucking firearm in my hand as we speak and could put one right into your thick skull?

LIMIT

Go ahead you pussy ass punk, make my fucking day.

SLIP

What?

LIMIT

I said go ahead and fucking do me man.  
Shoot me. Put one right here in the side  
of my thick fucking skull, right?

SLIP

Right, then we go flying off the road and  
do half a dozen flips or hit God knows  
what.

LIMIT

There's nothing out here but fucking  
tumbleweeds, remember? I'll make it easy  
for you, I'll stop the car. We'll get out  
and you can shoot me.

SLIP

What the fuck is wrong with you man?  
What're you trying to pull?

LIMIT

I'm not trying to pull anything man. I'm  
tired.

SLIP

You're either the most stupid mother  
fucker on the planet, or the craziest.

LIMIT

Both. You've been sitting here for the  
last however many hours we've been on the  
road, cradling that thing in your lap  
like a limp dick. Talking shit and  
ordering me around like I'm your mother  
fucking bitch. I don't think you can do  
it man. Go ahead, plug me asshole.

SLIP

Keep fucking talking and you'll see how  
wrong you are. What the fuck you telling  
me that shit about Candy now for anyway?  
You must have a death wish, or you're too  
fucked up to know better.

LIMIT

I just don't think you're man enough,  
bitch. I fucked your girlfriend and you  
don't do a damned thing about it.

SLIP

Fuck it! That was three years ago. I  
don't give a shit about that slut  
anymore, she's fucking history.

LIMIT

A year ago.

SLIP

What?

LIMIT

A fucking year ago, limp dick. I fucked her a year ago. Remember that night I was over at your place, before we started working together? We were smoking bud and drinking that God awful Ouzo. You passed out on the couch. The television was hissing like a cockroach. I took her upstairs and fucked her, right on your bed.

SLIP

That's it! Pull the fucking car over! Pull over fucker!!!

LIMIT

Fine with me, let's do this.

EXT. MORNING. NEVADA.

LIMIT pulls over to the side of the road.

They are on an overpass at a crossroads way the hell out in the middle of nowhere. The empty desert stretching out for as far as the eye can see in every direction. They are absolutely alone.

SLIP

Okay, out in front of the car where I can see you asshole.

LIMIT

You better get closer to me Dirty Harry, you'll never hit me with that piece of shit gun. The sight's so bent you couldn't hit me from ten yards. Besides, you're a lousy shot. They couldn't discharge your ass from the fucking army fast enough, you fucking loser.

SLIP

I was discharged because they found out I was a sleepwalker.

LIMIT

You're fuckng pathetic. They got rid of your lousy ass because you were nothing but a fucking drunk. You can't think, you can't drink, you can't even fuck. I'm so fucking tired of your nickel and dime shit. I can't wait for you to fucking off me. C'mon cowboy, I want you to come closer so you get something right for once.

SLIP

Fuck you man.

LIMIT

Fuck me? Fuck you! C'mon tough guy, put that barrel in my ear. I want to make sure I hear it go off. Better yet, stick it my mouth and blow the top of my skull off, splatter my brains all over this lost highway, then you'll know for certain that I'm really dead.

SLIP

Fuck man, you really are a crazy fucker!

SLIP starts moving in.

You know what, I'll really enjoy this. You Judas mother fucker, you were born evil. Lying about Cole and then fucking my girlfriend.

LIMIT

That's right, I was born bad. Left handed, just like the devil himself. So do yourself and the world a favor and shoot me.

SLIP

I'll probably get a damn medal for taking you out.

EXT. MORNING. NEVADA DESERT.

As SLIP makes his big move, his arm extended out with the gun in his hand, stupidly believing that LIMIT is just going to stand there and wait for him to shoot him.

LIMIT V.O.

I knew he'd had at least a dozen beers out of the case we'd bought hours earlier.

(MORE)

LIMIT V.O. (CONT'D)

I could hear it in his voice, slurring words, getting more and more belligerent with me. I'd had one and thrown two almost full ones out the window. He never could hold his liquor.

SLIP makes his big move, his arm extended, still believing that he's on top in this game.

As SLIP reaches him, LIMIT turns and surprises him with one swift Bruce Lee move, LIMIT brushing his gun hand to the side, sending it sailing through the desert air as he kicks him in the nuts, sending SLIP crashing to the ground like a bag of wet cement, screaming in pain. No contest.

LIMIT casually walks over and retrieves the gun, as SLIP lays on the ground, grabbing his crotch, moaning with pain.

SLIP

Don't shoot me man, I wasn't gonna shoot you. I was just gonna scare you is all.

LIMIT

How many rounds in this thing?

SLIP

What?

LIMIT

What're you, fucking deaf as well as dumb? I said, how many fucking rounds in this thing?

SLIP

Three... four... I dunno... c'mon man, we go back. Let's get back in the car and we'll forget everything that's happened, alright? Just keep driving until we get to California, shit, we're almost there. I'll tell you what, you hold the gun and I'll drive, okay? You're the man now, we'll go wherever you want. Hell, we don't even have to go to California if you don't want, we can go back to Claytown, right? I'll do whatever you say.

LIMIT

Lay on your stomach.

SLIP

What?

LIMIT

You said you'd do whatever I want, right?

SLIP

C'mon, man. Don't do this.

LIMIT

I said roll over on your belly like a fucking reptile. I'm not going to repeat myself.

SLIP

Alright, alright! C'mon man, let's just get back in the car, we're cool, we're cool...

LIMIT

Shut up! Don't say another word.

SLIP

Okay...

LIMIT

What the fuck did I just say?

SLIP

C'mon man...

LIMIT

I said shut up. Don't say another word.

SLIP

Okay, I'll be quiet. Take the car man, leave me here.

LIMIT

I'm not going to tell you again.

SLIP finally stops talking, bites his lip and rolls over onto his stomach.

LIMIT stands in front of him where SLIP can see him.

LIMIT flips open the chamber of the gun and spins it slowly, as he counts off the rounds, dropping them into the palm of his hand as he counts. We never see the chamber of the gun, we never know how many rounds really are in the chamber, just what LIMIT tells us.

LIMIT (CONT'D)

One, two, three...

LIMIT turns and throws the slugs into the desert.

LIMIT spins the chamber of the gun, then slaps it shut.

Hey man, you were actually right about something for once in your puny life. Alright, turn back over.

SLIP

Can't we make some sort of deal or something, anything you want man. I don't wanna die.

LIMIT

Sit up and shut up. Keep your hands behind you.

SLIP sits up with his hands behind his head.

LIMIT puts the gun to his head, while looking at SLIP.

LIMIT V.O.

The steel was cold, colder than I thought it would be. It felt right. It felt good against my skin in the desert heat.

VALERIE and his baby girl appear before him just past SLIP who thinks that LIMIT is looking at him the entire time, when really, he is looking at VALERIE holding his little girl as VALERIE watches.

LIMIT clicks one off.

SLIP

What the fuck are you doing?!

LIMIT drops his arm to his side and again looks past SLIP at the vision of VALERIE holding his little girl like some wild Madonna with child.

He raises his arm, it looks for a second like he's going to fire at SLIP who is becoming a complete fucking mess by now, not knowing what the hell to make of LIMIT'S actions.

LIMIT slowly and deliberately continues to raise the gun to his head and presses it against his temple, completely composed, in control as if he has plugged into some divine power from another world. Empowered exponentially every time the trigger strikes and nothing happens.

LIMIT (V.O.)

My hands didn't tremble at all, I wasn't afraid, you have to believe that. I was no longer afraid of anything or anyone, nobody could touch me, not even the Gods.

He squeezes the trigger again. He looks again at VALERIE and his little girl now glowing like angels in the desert sun.

VALERIE has a pleasant look on her face, a look of not only love, but peace. There is an immaculate silence.

LIMIT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Everything felt right.

He pulls the trigger a third time and a fourth, nothing. Again, with each click of the trigger, he is more empowered, that much more untouchable. He has never been better. This is his moment.

LIMIT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Some things never change, I've always been unlucky since before I could remember, but maybe this was my lucky day.

He drops his gun hand to his side and relaxes. He begins to softly sing the first verse of *Born To Lose* made famous by Ray Charles, while SLIP continues to fall apart, whimpering and crying like a baby before LIMIT who seems to tower above him now.

As LIMIT sings, it is hard to tell if he is singing to the vision of VALERIE and his little girl or the whimpering SLIP.

Regardless, the last line of the song is delivered directly to SLIP.

LIMIT (CONT'D)

Born to lose, I've lived my life in vain  
Every dream has only brought me pain  
All my life I've always been so blue  
Born to lose, and now I'm losing you...

LIMIT looks at VALERIE holding his little girl, still looking on, glowing even more intensely now, like the ascending Phoenix in his hallucination.

LIMIT tosses the gun towards SLIP onto the ground between them.

SLIP doesn't know which end is up or what to make of all this. He stands up and stumbles back a few feet attempting to regain control, vainly wiping his face, smearing the snot and tears into the dirt and dust as he tries to regain some semblance of control. However hard he tries, he can't stop shaking as he has been absolutely unnerved by LIMIT'S bizarre serenade and crazy game of Russian Roulette.

EXT. MORNING. NEVADA DESERT.

LIMIT and SLIP are by themselves now, the vision of VALERIE and his little girl, gone.

EXT. MORNING. NEVADA DESERT.

SLIP and LIMIT standing, facing one another, alone in the desert, the gun resting on the desert floor between them.

EXT. MORNING. NEVADA DESERT.

LIMIT looking SLIP directly in the eye, supremely confident, at peace, smiling, unnerving SLIP even more.

EXT. DESERT. MORNING.

SLIP warily moves in a few steps, picks up the gun. He looks at the gun, at LIMIT.

EXT. NEVADA DESERT. MORNING.

LIMIT  
Alright, now it's your turn.

EXT. NEVADA DESERT. MORNING.

As SLIP continues to steady himself, he slowly raises the gun as the camera cuts to

CLOSE UP.

LIMIT possessed by a surreal confidence and peace.

The camera holds on LIMIT.

The faintest desert wind can be heard as if it were blowing right through the very marrow of everything.

Off screen we hear the slow click of the gun hammer as  
SLIP pulls it back and LIMIT waits.

HARD CUT TO BLACK

We hear the brief sound of a Lark singing.

Then perfect silence.

THE END