

A Place to Land
By
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EXT. SCREEN PORCH - EVENING

RAYANNE sits at a beat up piano, smoking a cigarette and picking out a simple melody with her free hand. Scattered around the screened porch are white plastic chairs, ashtrays, empty beer bottles. A few dead flowers droop in a vase on top of the piano.

Behind her is the open sliding door into a country cabin.

She is 18, her hair tied on top of her head. She wears a tank top and boy shorts, a rose gold stud in her nose. She hums the melody over the keys.

Out by the pond LEON walks around casually, an assault rifle on his shoulder.

A doorbell buzzes.

She doesn't flinch, and drags on her cigarette.

JOEL O.S.

Rayanne!

Joel steps into the open doorway shirtless, wearing a gold chain and a backwards cap with short shorts and no shoes or socks. Joel is in his mid 20s, hyper and good-looking.

JOEL

Are you deaf, Rayanne?

He waits on a response.

RAYANNE

Yeah. I went deaf.

JOEL

Get your ass up and get ready.

She drags on the cigarette and slowly stands.

She walks into the house, making clear she isn't in a rush.

INT. BROTHEL - CONTINUOUS

She pushes the cigarette into an ashtray on the end table. Joel allows her silent tantrum. The doorbell buzzes again.

Joel picks up a bottle of pills from the table. He shakes one into his hand and pushes it in her mouth. Rayanne swallows it.

(CONTINUED)

JOEL

Good girl.

He pushes the back of her head roughly towards a row of rooms at the end of the hallway.

EXT. COUNTRY GAS STATION - EVENING

TURNER leans against a pay phone, a case of Lone Star beer sitting on top. He listens to the other end of the line, keeping an eye on his Bronco parked nearby.

TURNER

I can give you something this week.

He listens. Turner wears a flat-billed, felt western hat, denim jacket, white t-shirt, jeans and boots. His sunglasses cover his eyes, and he is working on a week-old beard.

TURNER

Of course I'm motivated. I get a check in the mail for 85 cents and I'm feeling pretty motivated.

He rips open the case of beer and takes a straw out of his jacket. He puts the straw into a beer.

He sips from the beer.

TURNER

I'm working with someone and we're putting some stuff together.

He listens.

TURNER

How the hell am I supposed to know what's a hit song? I think they're good but who knows man. I'm the last person that would know that.

Turner sips from the beer.

TURNER

Look I'd rather give them to you in person. (listens) Cause I don't want an email address. Then I'd have to buy a computer. (Listens) Fine. Do you have my home line? (listens) Ok. I can do that. I'll see you then.

Turner hangs up, exhausted.

(CONTINUED)

He walks over to the the truck, the case of beer tucked under his arm and sipping from the straw.

Turner puts the case of beer inside the front window. He takes out a guitar case and walks around back, letting the tailgate down. He sits down and takes out the guitar, and begins to remove the strings.

INT. BRONCO - EVENING

Turner drives with the windows down, his hat on the seat beside him. Hanging from the rearview mirror is a small sparrow necklace.

He slows down to a crawl as he passes a FOR SALE sign at the entrance of a property. He stops and looks through the open gate at a dirt road leading into the distance.

Turner speeds off.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

The Bronco stops at another gate. Leon steps out of the darkness and talks to him for a moment before punching in a code on the keypad. The gate opens, and Turner drives over a cattle guard and onto a quiet piece of property.

EXT. LONG ROAD - NIGHT

Turner's Bronco moves farther into the isolated darkness of the ranch.

INT. BRONCO - NIGHT

Turner pulls up to a country house with kitschy decorations underneath the big porch. Old metal chairs are gathered around. He gets out of the car, taking his guitar case with him.

He puts on his hat and approaches the door.

He presses the buzzer mounted next to the door and glances up at a security camera. The door clicks open.

INT. BROTHEL HOUSE - NIGHT

Turner walks into the main room of the house, where Joel sits shirtless at a kitchen table dealing poker to five other nonexistent players. Joel hardly looks up.

On the table are three kitchen timers ticking down, all at different times. A fourth timer is not running. A gun is also on the table within Joel's reach, along with the bottle of pills.

Down the hall at the end of the house are closed doors. Outside each of the doors are light bulbs, one green and one red. All the bulbs are red, with one of them lit up green.

TURNER

How long?

Joel glances at one of the timers.

JOEL

Take a seat.

Turner goes over to the couch and sits down, propping his feet up.

JOEL

You want to buy a drink?

TURNER

Are you gonna make it for me?

JOEL

You can make it yourself.

Turner looks around the room. It's an old hunting cabin, with faded plaid furniture, a box TV, and old bookshelves undisturbed for the last twenty years. Trophy bucks are mounted on the walls.

Turner looks ahead at the television that isn't on.

TURNER

You want to hear a song?

Joel ignores him, dealing cards to himself. The timers tick down. Beats of the house. One of the timers rings.

Down the hall a door opens and a MAN passes down the hall and out the door Turner entered.

(CONTINUED)

JOEL

Go for it.

Joel restarts the timer to 30 minutes.

Turner stands up and walks down the hallway, carrying his case. He goes towards the room at the back left, where the light outside has changed from red to green.

He knocks gently on the door, then opens it.

INT. RAYANNE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Turner enters the room to see Rayanne sitting on the edge of the bed lighting a cigarette. She turns to see that it's him, and she gently smiles.

RAYANNE

Hey.

Turner takes a seat in a chair and removes his hat. He unlatches his guitar case and takes it out, along with a small recorder.

Rayanne moves to the foot of the bed to face him.

Turner tunes the guitar then hits a chord.

TURNER

You ready?

She nods.

TURNER

Ok.

He arms the recorder, takes a deep breath, and begins to play. They sing SONG #1 together.

INT. RAYANNE'S ROOM - NIGHT

The song ends, and they sit in silence. Rayanne is run down, clearly numbed and red-eyed from whatever she took earlier.

RAYANNE

I think we're getting closer.

TURNER

We're close enough.

She nods.

(CONTINUED)

TURNER

Before I forget, I got you something.

He takes the sparrow necklace out of his shirt pocket and hands it to her.

RAYANNE

It's a bird.

TURNER

A sparrow.

She holds it up against her chest.

RAYANNE

Thanks.

She fastens it around her neck.

TURNER

For you helping me out with these songs and all that. I wanted to say thank you.

RAYANNE

I don't know how much I helped.

Turner stands and takes off the guitar, putting it into the case. He snaps it shut.

TURNER

Well. You helped.

Turner walks over and kisses her on the cheek.

TURNER

Bye, darlin.

Turner heads for the door.

RAYANNE

You got plenty of time left.

TURNER

I got some stuff to do.

RAYANNE

Ok.

TURNER

I'll see you soon.

RAYANNE

Bye. Tell that old man I said hi.

Turner walks out the door, closing it behind him.

INT. TURNER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Turner sits in a corner chair wearing whitey tighties and reading a book. His beer is on the table beside him, a straw inside. He continues reading as he leans over and takes a sip.

The place is sparse, with a small living room set and a pair of twin beds with matching covers. The whole space is open to a kitchen that leads out to the back porch.

On the floor leaned against the wall are a few framed gold records, memories of a time long past.

Turner sets the book down. He stands and grabs an Indian blanket on his way out through the kitchen and to the back porch.

EXT. TURNER'S BACK PORCH - CONTINUOUS

He pushes through the screen door and sits down beside his guitar that is leaned against the chair. He wraps the blanket around his shoulders.

He looks out over a quiet field and hears the sounds of cicadas chirping in the distance.

Turner picks up the guitar, and softly plays and sings a few verses from SONG #2.

As he plucks the final notes, Turner puts the guitar back where he found it. He leans his head back against the chair and closes his eyes.

EXT. SAM'S HOUSE - DAWN

An old man sits in a lawn chair in the middle of a field on a hazy dawn morning. Next to him is a blue pitching machine and a mutt dog named RILEY waiting on him to load a ball.

Sam puts a tennis ball in the opening and it fires across the field. Riley chases the ball down giving Sam time to take a sip of his coffee.

EXT. PORCH - MORNING

Rayanne sits at the piano poking on the keys. Her hair is a mess after just waking up. She wears the sparrow necklace.

In the house behind her a few of the other girls are moving around.

JOEL O.S

Rayanne get your ass in here. I made pancakes.

She slowly stands and goes into the house.

INT. BROTHEL - CONTINUOUS

TWO PROSTITUTES around Rayanne's age sit at the table. A girl a few years younger than all of them, LACY, puts five cups of water on the table. Joel walks in from the kitchen carrying a plate of pancakes.

JOEL

Eat up.

Rayanne takes a pancake off the top and rolls it up, heading back outside to the piano.

JOEL

You don't want to sit down with us like a human being?

RAYANNE

I can sit down outside just like I can sit down inside.

JOEL

We're all sitting down together and you want to go off on your own.

RAYANNE

So what?

JOEL

What's with your attitude all the time?

RAYANNE

Can I please just do what I want to do?

(CONTINUED)

JOEL

Not if you want to eat the food I
made for you.

RAYANNE

Fine.

She walks to the table and puts the rolled up pancake back
on top of the stack. She heads to the door.

JOEL

Nobody wants to eat that now after
it's been in your hands. Take it
back.

Rayanne takes it back, along with another pancake, and walks
to the door.

JOEL

What's that around your neck?

RAYANNE

Nothing.

Joel is amused.

JOEL

Let me see that.

Joel walks over to Rayanne and looks at the necklace.

RAYANNE

You jealous?

JOEL

Of a gas station necklace, no.

RAYANNE

Then it shouldn't bother you.

She walks outside and closes the sliding door behind her.

EXT. PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Rayanne takes a seat. Joel follows her outside and closes
the door. He sits down beside her.

JOEL

You need to watch your mouth,
Rayanne, or I'm going to have to
whoop your ass to make a point. And
I have no problem chopping up this
piano with an axe.

(CONTINUED)

Rayanne is silent. She peels off pancake strips and eats them.

JOEL
(gently)
You know better than to talk to me
like that.

Joel reaches over and puts his hand high up on her thigh, resting it there.

JOEL
They're going to come here and move
at least two of you next week. You
didn't hear that from me, ok? And
if you give me hell I'm going to
make sure it's you. We got it easy
here.

Joel puts a pill into her mouth. He waits until she swallows, then stands and goes inside.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Turner paces by his Bronco in a dirt parking lot of a burger joint.

A second car pulls up and DARRYL gets out. Darryl wears a leather jacket, jeans, and boots. He's slick. Successful.

TURNER
I figured you'd pull up in a
Ferrari.

DARRYL
Hey man.

They shake hands and hug.

DARRYL
How you been?

TURNER
I'm getting along.

DARRYL
And how's Marjean?

TURNER
You'd have to ask her. You want to
go inside and eat something?

(CONTINUED)

DARRYL
I don't have a whole lot of time.

TURNER
Alright.

Turner leans into his passenger side window and picks up a bulky manilla package.

DARRYL
What do we got?

TURNER
Some simple stuff. Ideas really.

DARRYL
Ideas or songs?

TURNER
They're songs.

DARRYL
Are they any good?

TURNER
I don't know what's good anymore.

DARRYL
Could any of this be on the radio?
Could you name a tour after it?

TURNER
I'm a songwriter not a marketer.
Call up Tyler Graves. His newer
stuff isn't that far from what I'm
doing.

DARRYL
I'll do what I can.

Darryl takes the package and goes back to his car.

TURNER
Hey man I'm getting sick of those
85 checks in the mail.

DARRYL
Then write a hit song.

Turner sighs in frustration.

DARRYL

Be good, now.

TURNER

Alright. Let me know.

Darryl closes his door and drives away, leaving Turner in the lot.

INT. TURNER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Turner sits at the kitchen table in the quiet of night, writing lyrics in a notebook. He drinks beer out of a straw.

He closes the notebook and walks down into the living room, sitting on the couch and reaching for his jeans.

On the shelf is a photograph of a woman and a small child.

Turner pulls on his jeans and boots.

INT. BRONCO - NIGHT

Turner drives down a lonesome road, the wind in his hair. He turns onto the property with the for sale sign and stops at the closed gate.

He cuts off the lights and the engine and listens to the sound of cicadas in the dark.

Turner fires up the Bronco, backs up, and continues down the highway.

INT. BROTHEL - NIGHT

Turner enters the brothel and sees Joel sitting at the table, dealing cards to no one. The pistol is in front of him. He doesn't even look up.

JOEL

Take a seat.

Turner walks past him and sits on the couch, setting his guitar case on the ground.

In the silence you can hear the ticking of the four alarms. Turner leans over and looks down the hallway. All four lights are red.

(CONTINUED)

TURNER

You want some competition?

JOEL

No.

Joel continues dealing the cards and flipping them over to see who wins.

TURNER

Want to hear a song?

Joel ignores him.

One of the timers rings, and a door opens down the hall. A man walks past, pausing at the table to leave a stack of money. The man leaves.

Joel takes the cash and puts it into one of four plastic bins marked with codes like A3R, 88Y, OD1, 4ZZ.

JOEL

You're up.

Turner stands off the couch and makes his way down the hall. He stops at Rayanne's room and softly knocks. He pushes open the door and walks inside.

INT. RAYANNE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rayanne sits on the edge of the bed facing away from him. She glances back over her shoulder.

RAYANNE

I figured you already got what you needed from me.

TURNER

I don't know what that means.

RAYANNE

I keep thinking every time you come is your last time.

TURNER

Maybe you're my muse.

RAYANNE

That don't say much about you.

Turner goes over to the chair and sits down. He removes his hat and takes out the guitar and recorder.

(CONTINUED)

Rayanne moves to the foot of the bed, her legs exposed and crossed. She wears the sparrow necklace. Her eyes are bloodshot.

TURNER

This is brand new so I might mess
up.

RAYANNE

Ok.

Turner plays SONG #3 and she eases into the song with him once she knows the words. She is distracted, distant. Her voice trails off until only Turner is singing. He stops.

TURNER

What's wrong?

Rayanne looks up into his eyes.

RAYANNE

I want you to save me.

INT. TURNER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Turner lays in bed staring at the ceiling.

A small fan blows on the table beside him.

He turns on the lamp beside his bed and opens the drawer of the bedside table. Inside is a photograph of CHARLOTTE.

He swings his legs off the bed and sits up, looking down at the photograph.

EXT. FIELD - MORNING

Turner fixes a watermelon on top of a pile of brush and makes sure it won't fall over.

He steps back about twenty paces and takes a gun out of his belt.

He holds up the pistol and fires, missing the mark.

He takes a few steps closer and shoots again, missing.

He takes a few steps closer and shoots again, but nothing.

(CONTINUED)

TURNER

Piece of crap.

He looks at the gun and walks right up to the watermelon, pressing the barrel against the flesh. He fires twice and the watermelon splatters out the back.

TURNER

Ok then.

He steps back a few paces and draws the gun like a gunfighter, shooting the watermelon.

INT. TURNER'S HOUSE - DAY

Turner arms his small recorder. He stands in the kitchen in his underwear, holding a beer with a straw in it.

TURNER

Ok. This is Turner Daly, on the verge of the great escape which I will instigate this evening, and which may cost me my life. In the event that I am indeed killed or if I go missing tonight, I give all of my possessions, and all the rights to my songs and everything else I have and everything that's coming to me, over to my daughter Charlotte Turner. Her mother cannot have a dime but everything will go to Charlotte on her eighteenth birthday pending her attending a four year college to get a degree.

Turner takes a sip of the beer.

TURNER

Furthermore if this tape is ever uncovered and I am a missing person, and if it is indeed a licensed law enforcement official listening to this tape, then you ought to go check out a house inside the last gate on County Road 113 because they're whoring out girls against their will and I intend to save at least one of them named Rayanne tonight. If I go missing that's probably why and you'll find my body out there unless they dispose of me elsewhere.

(CONTINUED)

Turner takes a sip of beer.

TURNER

Furthermore, I ask that all of my songs be sold to and recorded by a real artist and not some hippie wimp from Nashville.

TURNER

If I am not missing and someone finds this tape, I kindly ask you to throw it away. Thank you. Yours truly, Turner Daly.

Turner approaches the tape recorder and turns it off.

He takes a deep breath, satisfied with his recording.

EXT. SAM'S HOUSE - EVENING

Turner sits in a rocking chair on the front porch of a modest country home. Sam approaches carrying a fishing pole with Riley running beside him.

TURNER

They weren't biting, huh?

SAM

I threw 'em back. Caught one this big (exaggerates).

Turner smiles.

SAM

What are you doing here?

TURNER

Nothing.

Sam mounts the stairs and leans his pole against the wall. Riley runs up to Turner who pets her. Sam takes a seat next him. He removes his cap and coughs violently.

Turner stands up and goes inside, then comes back out with a glass of water. Sam takes it and drinks.

SAM

You ever go meet that girl I told you about?

(CONTINUED)

TURNER

I did.

SAM

She can play, huh.

TURNER

Yeah. We been writing songs together.

Sam is amused.

SAM

She's a good kid in a bad place.
You didnt . . .

TURNER

No. No. She can't be more than 18
is she?

SAM

I don't have any idea. Most of them
girls are young and lost that's
all. Dealt a bad hand. I tell them
that God loves them and that's all
I can do right now. And take
flowers I guess. They quit letting
me in.

TURNER

Yeah.

SAM

So yall been writing songs.

TURNER

A few here and there.

SAM

Well. One of these days they'll
catch em. Of course when they check
this place out it's all cleaned up.
They'll set her free.

Turner nods.

TURNER

You feeling okay?

SAM

Hell yes. I'm solid as a rock.

(CONTINUED)

TURNER

As soon as I get the money I'm going to buy this out from under you. And I'll give it right back when you get better.

Sam stands up.

SAM

Come inside and eat with me. You too, Riley.

He holds the screen door open for the dog and Turner both.

INT. BRONCO - NIGHT

Turner drives down County Road 113 with the wind blowing in his hair.

He stops at the gate and is met by Leon carrying the assault rifle, who punches in the number to allow access. The gate swings open, and Turner drives through.

Turner drives down a long road and stops at the house. His is the only car.

He opens the door.

INT. BROTHEL - NIGHT

Turner walks into the brothel with his guitar case.

Joel sits at the table dealing cards shirtless, as always. His pistol and the pills are within reach. He glances up to see Turner then continues dealing the cards.

Down the hall, three light bulbs are green but Rayanne's is red.

TURNER

Slow night.

Joel glances up.

JOEL

Take a seat.

Turner sits down at the couch and sets his guitar case down.

(CONTINUED)

TURNER
Want to hear a song?

Joel ignores him.

The timer goes off, and a door opens down the hall. A man passes by the couch.

JOEL
Have a good time.

Turner stands and grabs his guitar case, walking down the hall and knocking at Rayanne's door. The door opens, and Turner goes inside.

(Stay on Joel's perspective)

INT. BROTHEL - 30 MINUTES LATER

Joel continues dealing cards to himself and drinking when the lone timer goes off.

He leans forward and looks down the hallway, but there is no movement.

He deals one more hand and waits.

He looks down the hallway. The system isn't working.

Frustrated, Joel pushes back his chair and stands, wearing no shirt or shoes. He leaves his gun on the table.

Joel walks down the hallway and reaches for Rayanne's doorhandle.

JOEL
Time's up, Rayanne.

He opens the door.

INT. RAYANNE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Joel opens the door, he is met with a gun pressed to his forehead.

TURNER
Hey big man.

Joel raises his hands in surrender.

(CONTINUED)

JOEL

Slow down.

TURNER

Walk over to the bed there and get
on your knees.

Joel eases over the bed and gets on his knees. Rayanne takes a pair of handcuffs from her drawer and links him to the bed leg. Joel pulls on the cuffs and finds himself securely locked. He smirks at the irony.

Turner picks up his guitar case and he and Rayanne walk for the door, her carrying a small bag of clothes.

JOEL

Where you gonna go?

RAYANNE

It don't matter. Canada.

Joel begins to laugh to himself.

JOEL

You are one dumb bitch, you know
that Rayanne? Because if you think
this guy is going to save you, then

. . .

TURNER

How about you shut your mouth.

JOEL

You're a dead man.

TURNER

And you're chained up to a bed
post.

Turner tips his hat to Joel and walks out the door.

INT. BROTHEL - CONTINUOUS

Rayanne and Turner cautiously walk down the hall, with Turner holding the pistol at his side. They come to the card table, where Lacy sits waiting on the next customer.

She is hollow. Soulless. Stripped of her humanity. She watches without expression.

The pistol is right where Joel left it. Rayanne picks up the bottle of pills.

(CONTINUED)

RAYANNE
(to Lacy)
You can run.

Lacy glances up at Turner. He winks, and they move out of the room and out the door towards his Bronco.

Lacy picks up the gun.

She walks down the hall, her bare feet hardly making a sound.

She pushes open the last door and sees Joel trying to free himself of the handcuffs. He feels her presence in the doorway and turns around. Her left arm is still hidden behind the wall, and he can't see the gun she is holding.

JOEL
Look in the drawer for a key.

She remains in the doorway.

JOEL
Or . . . I'll beat your ass like a drum. Let's go. Right now.

GIRL
You're a liar.

Frustrated, Joel tries to rip off the legs of the bed.

JOEL
Yeah ok. I'm a liar. Now get the key out of the drawer or I'm going to break your neck.

GIRL
Why did you lie to me?

JOEL
Get the key!

She steps into the doorway holding the pistol.

INT. BRONCO - NIGHT

The house grows smaller in the distance as Turner drives up the dirt road with the windows rolled down.

A gunshot rings out.

Rayanne lays in the back, and looks through the rear window at the house. Another gunshot.

(CONTINUED)

Ahead on the road is Leon, running towards the house.

He stands in the road with his gun drawn, motioning for Turner to stop. Turner blazes around him and up the road.

Rayanne watches as Leon runs towards the house.

INT. BROTHEL - MOMENTS LATER

Leon walks into the quiet house with his gun drawn. The remaining two girls sit on the couch, terrified, one covered only by a blanket and the other in her underwear.

Leon looks at the empty table and goes down the hallway. He pushes open one of the doors.

One of the kitchen alarms goes off, shattering the silence.

Leon whips around with his gun, startled. He moves to the end of the hallway to Rayanne's room. As he gets closer, he sees the girl lying on the floor, dead, the gun in her hand.

Joel is still chained to the bed, a bullet in his forehead.

INT. BRONCO - NIGHT

Rayanne and Turner sit in the front seat, hooting with joy and drumming their hands on the dash in wild freedom. The Bronco tears down a quiet road.

TURNER

I got some celebration juice.

He turns and pulls out a twelve pack of Lone Star from behind his seat. He rips open the package and they crack open the beers.

TURNER

Cheers, darlin.

They clink the cans together.

TURNER

There should be a straw in that glove compartment if you'd get it for me.

She reaches in and finds a whole pack of straws. She puts it into his beer and he joins her in drinking.

(CONTINUED)

TURNER

Ok, ok, ok, ok, ok! Alright baby!
Where are we headed?

Rayanne turns to him, unsure what he means.

RAYANNE

You tell me.

TURNER

What's the plan?

RAYANNE

This is it.

TURNER

You got a cousin or something that
lives around here?

RAYANNE

No. I don't think so.

TURNER

What about a friend or somebody?

RAYANNE

You're the closest thing I got to a
friend.

Turner lets the information sink in while he nods, uneasy,
and sips his beer.

TURNER

I'll be honest I didn't think real
far ahead cause I figured you had
places to go.

RAYANNE

You can leave me somewhere if you
want.

TURNER

That's not what I'm saying. I'm not
going to leave you in the middle of
the night.

RAYANNE

Then where should we go?

Turner drives in silence, the celebration sucked away by the
reality.

(CONTINUED)

TURNER

I have a nephew in the police academy. We could call him up for advice.

Rayanne finishes the beer and reaches for another.

RAYANNE

Where do you live?

TURNER

Me?

RAYANNE

No, not you. The other person I was talking to.

TURNER

Not too far from here.

Rayanne nods.

TURNER

You can stay with me tonight if that makes you feel better I just don't have any food or girl shampoo or anything.

RAYANNE

You have a family at home?

TURNER

I live alone.

RAYANNE

If you don't mind it.

TURNER

I don't mind it if you don't.

They drive in silence. She glances over at him.

RAYANNE

How come you drink beer with a straw?

TURNER

So I can drink and play guitar at the same time.

He pulls the straw out of his can with his teeth, tosses the can into the back, and cracks open another putting the straw inside.

He sips.

INT. TURNER'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Turner unlocks the door and flips on the light, allowing Rayanne to come inside and check the place out.

She sets her bag on the couch. On the shelf is a photo of Marjean and CHARLOTTE, Turner's ex and their child. Rayanne goes into the living room / bedroom.

Turner follows her. He motions to one of the twin beds.

TURNER

You can have this bed or sleep on the couch, whichever you want. The bed's proolly more comfortable.

She sits on the foot of the bed and watches him go into the kitchen and open the fridge. He takes out some ham and eggs to cook in a skillet that is already dirty on the stove top. He glances at her to see if she's watching then shields her vision as he wipes out the skillet with a paper towel.

RAYANNE

You think she killed him?

TURNER

I don't know.

RAYANNE

Somebody shot somebody.

Turner tears up the sliced ham and throws it into the pan with eggs.

RAYANNE

I hope she did.

TURNER

If you want you can take a shower or do whatever you want. You're not going to mess anything up.

Rayanne walks around the shabby cabin, looking at Turner's things. She stands and goes to the record player, putting on a record with acoustic instrumental music. She finds a kazoo and blows on it.

RAYANNE

I thought you were some big time song writer.

(CONTINUED)

TURNER
I never said that.

RAYANNE
You said your songs were on the
radio.

TURNER
They were. A long time ago.

RAYANNE
You aren't that old.

Rayanne sees two framed gold records stacked against the wall in the corner.

RAYANNE
You own this place?

TURNER
I'm a renter.

Turner puts the eggs on two plates and sets them at the table.

TURNER
It's ready.

She goes over to sit across from him.

They begin to eat.

TURNER
Were you expecting a mansion with a
swimming pool and a couple of
servants?

RAYANNE
No. I was just making conversation.

TURNER
I have some things in the works.

RAYANNE
The stuff we've been working on.

TURNER
Some of it. And maybe some other
stuff too.

Turner stands and gets some hot sauce out of the fridge. He offers it to her, which she denies. He dashes some on his plate.

(CONTINUED)

TURNER

I forgot to ask if you're hungry.

RAYANNE

I can eat.

TURNER

Those fellas you worked for. You think they're going to be looking for you.

RAYANNE

I think they already started.

Rayanne shakes a pill into her hand and swallows it. Turner watches without comment.

INT. TURNER'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Turner and Rayanne lay in the parallel twin beds, each of them staring up at the ceiling unable to sleep.

Turner looks over and sees she is also awake. He picks up his guitar and plays an old country/blues tune.

Rayanne stands and lights a cigarette, walking through the room in a tank top. She leans against the door frame, smoking and listening to the music. She wears the sparrow necklace.

She eases into SONG #4.

As the song progresses she gets more animated, as does Turner. Eventually he stands on the bed in his whitey tighties playing the song, and she picks up the kazoo to provide the accompaniment.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

Rayanne sits looking out over the fields, smoking a cigarette. The house is quiet behind her. She touches the sparrow necklace.

In the distance headlights pass through the night. She stands up, walking to the edge of the porch, following the lights. They disappear through the trees.

She cries, wiping the tears on her sleeve.

EXT. SAM'S HOUSE - EVENING

Sam sits by the pitching machine firing balls out for Riley. He listens to a small battery-powered radio playing country music.

EXT. BROTHEL - DAY

VEGAS steps out of a black sedan wearing a sport jacket and sunglasses. He is met by Leon who sits on the porch.

Vegas walks past him without acknowledgment and enters the house.

INT. BROTHEL - CONTINUOUS

Vegas walks through the room, taking in the details. The girls are tucked away in their rooms, all the lights red going down the hall.

Vegas approaches the table and sits down in Joel's seat. He turns one of the kitchen timers. He takes out a pistol from his jacket and lays it on the table, then begins picking up the playing cards. He shuffles the deck as Leon enters.

VEGAS

Sit down.

Leon sits across from him.

Vegas deals out five hands, including one to Leon.

VEGAS

Aren't you going to offer me a drink?

Leon turns to the hall.

LEON

Hey!

One of the doors opens, and one of the two remaining girls walks out.

LEON

(to Vega)

What do you want?

VEGAS

Beer and bourbon.

(CONTINUED)

GIRL

In the same cup?

Vegas eyes Leon, who turns to the girl.

LEON

No.

The girl nods that she heard him. The timer continues to tick.

VEGAS

You and me have a problem.

Vegas looks at his cards and takes a fold of cash out of his pocket. He puts a five on the table.

Leon looks at his hand, and takes some cash out of his wallet. He puts a five on the table.

Vegas deals the flop.

VEGAS

This is the smallest operation we run. Four girls, two men to watch them. Both of these men carrying a weapon. Small town with the same people here every week, and a police force that looks the other way. The truth is I forgot all about this place. You weren't worth remembering.

The girl brings the bourbon in a small glass along with a beer. Vegas grabs her wrist before she walks away and has her sit on his leg.

He pours the bourbon on top of the beer.

VEGAS

Now, we have complications. I don't like complications.

Vegas looks at the cards again. He flashes them to the girl. He reaches for his stack of cash and throws in a ten dollar bill.

Leon looks at his cards as well, and puts in a ten.

He deals the turn. The timer continues to tick.

(CONTINUED)

VEGAS

Then I get a phone call saying one of our men is dead and a girl is missing. And another one of our girls is dead. So we are left with one man and two girls, and a crime scene that someone has to clean up.

Vegas looks at the cards again, and takes a drink. He throws in a twenty dollar bill.

Leon looks at his cards as well. The timer continues to tick.

VEGAS

Half of our investment is...gone.

Leon holds up a twenty in his left hand, considering throwing it in. Using it as a distraction, he tries to draw a pistol. Vegas shoots him swiftly. Leon tumbles out of his chair to the floor.

Vegas squeezes the girl closely as she tries to squirm out of his arms.

VEGAS

Go check his cards.

He pats her butt as she walks around the table, terrified. She steps over Leon and picks up the cards. She turns them over for Vegas to see.

VEGAS

He would have won.

GIRL

Don't kill me. I'll do whatever you want.

VEGA

This is how people like you die.

GIRL

Please . . .

Vegas lifts the pistol and casually shoots her. He walks down the hallway, opens the other bedroom door, and shoots into the space we cannot see. A scream. And then silence.

The timer rings.

Vegas returns to the table and looks at the destruction he left behind. Money is on the table with blood and cards and booze.

He leaves.

EXT. TURNER'S HOUSE - DAY

Turner stands shirtless holding a water hose and filling an inflatable pool. He drinks beer from a straw.

Rayanne sits on the back porch with a cowboy hat pulled over her eyes, resting.

She lightly plucks a guitar, singing the first few verses of Song #1.

The telephone rings . . .

TURNER
Would you get that?

Rayanne puts the guitar down and goes into the house.

She comes back out holding the phone against her chest to muffle what she says.

RAYANNE
It's somebody named Darryl.

TURNER
Switch me places.

Turner and Rayanne hustle towards one another and pass off the hose and the phone.

Turner eagerly greets the person, with Rayanne casually listening in.

TURNER
Hey man. (listens) Oh yeah she's a good friend of mine. No, no. Come on now.

Turner walks up to the porch.

TURNER
Oh hell, I'm just uh . . . I'm working. Yeah.

(Listens)

TURNER
(Optimistic)
Ok then. I think that's a good idea. I'll be there. 7 o'clock on
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TURNER (cont'd)

Tuesday. That's right. Ok. See you soon.

Turner hangs up the phone and raises his eyebrows at Rayanne, then walks back into the house to put the phone away. She continues filling the pool.

Turner comes back out.

RAYANNE

Who was that?

TURNER

My agent.

RAYANNE

Oh, big time songwriter with the agent.

TURNER

He said there may be some smoke on a couple of tracks I gave him. We'll see. He's usually full of shit.

RAYANNE

Heading straight to the top.

Turner goes to the pool and cannonballs in, splashing water over Rayanne.

RAYANNE

Turner! You sonuvabitch!

She sprays him with the hose.

TURNER

Get in here.

Rayanne turns off the hose then gets into the pool with him.

Turner sips his beer from a straw.

TURNER

What's the plan?

Rayanne's smile fades.

RAYANNE

I can go anytime. Take me to a bus stop or something and I'll be gone.

(CONTINUED)

TURNER

That's not what I mean. I mean
what's the plan for today? What do
you wanna do?

RAYANNE

Oh. I'm fine right here.

TURNER

Me too.

They sit for a moment.

RAYANNE

I mean it. I don't want to cause
any trouble for you.

Turner sips his beer.

TURNER

If this is trouble then I'm okay
with it.

RAYANNE

I don't wanna overstay my welcome.

TURNER

If you weren't here I'd have to do
this by myself.

Rayanne smiles.

RAYANNE

Ok.

TURNER

That sounds like a problem for
tomorrow.

RAYANNE

Ok. Tomorrow.

CUT TO wide shot of the house and the pool with the fields
in the background.

EXT. DAIRY QUEEN - NIGHT

Turner and Rayanne sit on the tailgate of the Bronco
watching cars pass on the nearby road, eating their ice
cream.

Rayanne flips through a notebook of CDs.

(CONTINUED)

RAYANNE

Tanya Tucker.

TURNER

I'd give my left arm for a night
with Tanya Tucker.

RAYANNE

Merle. Hayes Carll. Guy Clarke.
Emmylou Harris. Jamey Johnson . . .
and *Cyndi Lauper!*

TURNER

Am I supposed to be embarrassed for
liking Cyndi Lauper? Cause I'm not.

Rayanne takes out the CD and continues flipping pages.

RAYANNE

This is our driving music tonight.
Hey who was that in the photo in
your house?

TURNER

A woman I know and her kid.

RAYANNE

Well no shit. How do you know them?

TURNER

I started dating Marjean and found
out she had a little baby.

RAYANNE

She fooled around on you.

TURNER

No she had the baby before I came
along. But I never saw her cause
she lived with Marjean's mom.

RAYANNE

So who's the daddy?

TURNER

Some guy who killed himself in
prison.

RAYANNE

Oh. Why'd you say it like that?

(CONTINUED)

TURNER

Cause that's what happened. Anyways Marjean told me about the baby and by then I loved her and all so I stuck around. Charlotte started calling me Daddy but over time things didn't work out between me and Marjean.

Vegas' black sedan pulls into the parking lot. The lights turn off. Rayanne notices, but can't see the driver through the tinted windows.

TURNER

We haven't told Charlotte about her real dad yet.

RAYANNE

Well it's about time you did.

TURNER

What makes you the relationship expert all of a sudden?

RAYANNE

If it was me I'd want to know.

TURNER

Well she's a little young to get mixed up with the truth.

Rayanne continues looking at the black car.

RAYANNE

Hey. Don't look right now, but a car just pulled in here and I think he's watching us.

TURNER

Which way?

RAYANNE

Right over there. Black car.

TURNER

You recognize it?

RAYANNE

No. How many miles per gallon do you get?

(CONTINUED)

TURNER
Eight.

RAYANNE
Oh God.

TURNER
Why?

RAYANNE
In case we have to outlast him.

TURNER
Is he gonna chase us?

RAYANNE
I don't know. Maybe. You got your
pistol.

TURNER
Not on me.

Turner turns around and looks at the car.

TURNER
Rayanne we're forty miles away from
there. This may be the manager of
the ice cream parlor for all we
know.

Turner stands up with a grin.

TURNER
Watch this.

RAYANNE
Turner . . .

Turner stands and pulls his pants down just far enough to
reveal his bare butt. He turns so the car can see, and looks
up casually at the sky.

TURNER
Sure is a pretty night.

RAYANNE
(amused)
Stop it.

The car starts, the lights come on, and the sedan drives
slowly past them then onto the road and away.

INT. BRONCO - NIGHT

Turner and Rayanne drive in silence.

Rayanne shakes a pill into her hand and swallows it.

TURNER
What is that?

Rayanne leans back and closes her eyes.

TURNER
(sarcastic)
Oh. I was actually talking to you.
Maybe you thought I was talking to
the other person in the car.

RAYANNE
I don't know what it is, ok.

TURNER
Alright.

They drive for a moment.

TURNER
I was just asking.

RAYANNE
Well ask about something else.

TURNER
What's wrong with you?

RAYANNE
I want you to take me to a train
station. If you buy my ticket I'll
send you some money in the mail.

TURNER
No.

RAYANNE
Yes.

TURNER
No.

RAYANNE
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

TURNER
(smiling at the game)
Yes.

RAYANNE
(smiles a little)
I'm serious.

Turner glances in the rearview mirror to see another set of lights behind them.

Rayanne notices his hesitation.

RAYANNE
What?

She turns and looks out the back window to see it is the black sedan.

RAYANNE
Shit that's the same guy.

TURNER
Hang on.

Turner watches in the rearview. He whips into a u-turn, and goes past the sedan going in the opposite direction. He puts the pedal to the metal and blazes up a country road. The sedan comes to a stop and turns around, but they have a big jump. Turner weaves through the roads he knows so well.

At a bend in the road Turner peels into the property with the for sale sign and goes down the dirt road with his lights off.

RAYANNE
You know these people?

TURNER
People are friendly around here.

Rayanne continues looking out the back window. There is no sign of the sedan.

TURNER
You like camping?

RAYANNE
Never been.

TURNER
Tonight's your lucky night.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Turner and Rayanne lay in the back of the Bronco looking up at the stars. They are parked in the middle of an empty field.

Rayanne smokes a cigarette and Turner has his guitar out. He plays a little. Her eyes are smoky from pills. They drink beer. She wonders at the stars above.

RAYANNE
You believe in God?

TURNER
I do.

RAYANNE
Me too. But I don't think he likes me all that much.

Turner continues strumming his guitar.

RAYANNE
I've been around good things before. But good things . . . ain't been good to me.

TURNER
There's a line.

RAYANNE
Yeah.

Turner sings with his strumming pattern.

TURNER
(sings)
Good things ain't been good to me.

RAYANNE
How come you never ask about me?

TURNER
I don't like sticking my nose into other people's business.

RAYANNE
I'd say our business is mixed together by now.

She sits up and looks at him.

(CONTINUED)

RAYANNE

You don't have any questions for me?

TURNER

I do.

RAYANNE

Then say it.

TURNER

Who are you?

Rayanne is amused by the question. She thinks for a minute.

RAYANNE

I'm just your average girl.

She looks out over the field.

TURNER

Somehow I doubt that.

RAYANNE

My mom was addicted to drugs real bad. Meth I guess. I don't know. I was young. And she'd bring in these guys that would . . . One of them told her that if they could make some money off me then she could have some of it. That's what I can put together at least. And one night a couple guys came and put me in a car and that was that and here I am.

Turner listens, picking the guitar.

RAYANNE

I prayed and prayed and prayed. And I know God heard everything I said and he just stayed where he was. I don't blame him. I tried to run off and they caught me and put me in a different city. They made us take these pills to help time go by faster. And they work. I lost track of where we were and for how long and who was in charge. One place, and then a different one. One after another until I got here. And you came strolling in the door with a guitar case. Now your caught up.

(CONTINUED)

Rayanne shakes a pill into her hands and swallows it. She lays her head back against the wall.

RAYANNE

They'd rather us be dead than free.
Me and you, I mean. That's why
you're taking me to a train station
in the morning.

She closes her eyes and kicks off her shoes.

RAYANNE

You prolly think I need a
therapist.

TURNER

No. I think your feet stink.

Rayanne laughs.

RAYANNE

Play that song. Good things ain't
been good to me.

Turner begins to play SONG #6, and she sleepily joins him. She fades off towards the end of the song. She is drowsy. Exhausted.

RAYANNE

If we sell it for a million
dollars, how much are you gonna
give me?

Rayanne falls asleep.

EXT. FIELD - MORNING

Rayanne wakes up curled in the back of the Bronco with an old jacket for covers. She pushes it aside and crawls out to the open tailgate. She looks around but is all alone.

RAYANNE

Turner?

She wipes the sleep from her eyes and puts on her shoes.

She walks around the front of the car and looks inside but he isn't in there.

In the distance, she hears voices.

Rayanne walks over a hill and sees two men sitting in lawn chairs at a pond, fishing. One of them is Turner.

(CONTINUED)

Riley runs to her, and the two men turn around.

TURNER
You found us.

Rayanne approaches and sees it is Sam.

SAM
Morning.

RAYANNE
Morning.

TURNER
Rayanne this is Sam. You probably saw him handed out pamphlets or Bibles or something to your old boss.

RAYANNE
Hi Sam.

SAM
I don't hand out pamphlets.

RAYANNE
You're the flower man.

SAM
I am. Look here Rayanne if you want to get cleaned up or use the bathroom my house is right there. The door's unlocked and you can make yourself at home. You wait long enough and I'll fix you something to eat.

TURNER
You think we can make time in our busy schedule?

RAYANNE
I guess so.

She walks towards the house with Riley next to her.

Sam casts his line back in the water.

SAM
You sure you know what you're doing?

(CONTINUED)

TURNER
I'm sure I don't know.

SAM
God put something fragile in your
hands, Turner. Make sure you don't
drop it.

INT. SAM'S HOUSE - MORNING

Sam works on breakfast in the kitchen while Turner and Rayanne play checkers at a small table in the living room. Rayanne jumps one of the Turner's pieces and adds it to a stack.

Her hair is wet from taking a shower.

RAYANNE
(whispers)
He had girl shampoo.

TURNER
For real?

She nods with a smile.

Turner glances back at Sam cooking in the kitchen.

TURNER
Hey Sam . . .

Rayanne pulls on Turner's shirt.

RAYANNE
Stop it.

TURNER
What's for breakfast?

SAM
Tacos.

Sam continues working on the other side of the room.

RAYANNE
Is he your dad?

TURNER
No. Other than you he's my best
friend.

They continue playing checkers. She smiles to herself.

(CONTINUED)

TURNER

He's . . . real sick. He needs to sell this place to pay some bills he owes. My dream is to save up enough money and buy it.

RAYANNE

That's a lot of 85 cent checks.

Turner smiles.

TURNER

After all that with Marjean I went to church a couple times and we hit it off. He helped me out. Talked me through some things I needed to take care of. We been pals ever since.

RAYANNE

What's he sick with?

TURNER

He's got cancer. But lots of people have cancer and come through. If I buy the land I'm just going to hold it for him and sell it right back.

RAYANNE

How bad is it?

Turner thinks about the question. It weighs heavy on him. He turns to Sam.

TURNER

Sam. Why do you have girl shampoo?

SAM

I like the way it smells.

RAYANNE

(to Sam)

I didn't tell him that.

TURNER

Yes she did.

SAM

Yall come make a plate. Ladies first.

Rayanne stands and elbows Turner as she goes to the kitchen. Sam hands her a plate.

INT. PRINT SHOP - DAY

Vegas stands at a fax machine, looking at photographs he took of Rayanne and Turner eating ice cream. He sorts through the photos and stops on one of the Bronco's license plate.

His phone rings.

He looks over at the old CLERK and answers. The clerk is watching him closely.

VEGAS
Is that the girl?

He listens.

VEGAS
How should I handle him? . . .
That's no problem at all.

The old clerk continues to eavesdrop.

VEGAS
And the plate? . . . Ok. Let me
know.

Vegas hangs up and approaches the counter.

VEGAS
Why were you listening to my phone
call?

CLERK
I wasn't.

VEGAS
You were.

CLERK
I cant help hearing what I hear.

VEGAS
And what did you hear?

CLERK
Nothing interesting.

VEGAS
If it wasn't interesting then why
were you listening?

(CONTINUED)

CLERK

I guess I don't know you and
strangers tend to be interesting.

VEGAS

Yes that's a good point. Strangers
tend to be interesting.

CLERK

I didn't mean any offense.

VEGAS

I'm not offended. When was the last
time you met a stranger?

CLERK

Some people say I've never met a
stranger.

VEGAS

Am I a stranger?

CLERK

I don't recognize you.

VEGAS

Then you're meeting a stranger.

CLERK

But now we know each other so you
aren't really a stranger.

VEGAS

I don't know you.

CLERK

We're standing right here talking
to each other. That counts for
something.

Vegas puts down one of the photos of Turner.

VEGAS

Do you recognize him?

CLERK

Oh sure.

VEGAS

What's his name?

The clerk resists.

(CONTINUED)

CLERK

I don't know that I should tell you.

VEGAS

Because I'm a stranger?

CLERK

Because I don't know why you'd want to find him.

VEGAS

I need to get in touch with him about a family matter.

The clerk is silent.

VEGAS

Are you going to tell me how to find him?

CLERK

I wish I could but I just don't feel right about it.

Vegas reaches into his pocket and takes out a large fold of cash.

VEGAS

How much for the faxes?

CLERK

You always walk around with that kind of money?

VEGAS

It's my birthday.

CLERK

Well, *happy birthday!*

Vegas' phone rings. He answers.

VEGAS

(into the phone)

Yes?

The clerk eavesdrops as they stare directly at each other. Vegas takes a pen out of the clerk's shirt and writes an address on one of the photos.

(CONTINUED)

VEGAS

Ok.

Vegas hangs up the phone.

CLERK

Did you find him?

He takes out a twenty and leaves it on the counter and walks away.

CLERK

Well wait a minute this is way too much.

Vegas exits.

INT. TURNER'S HOUSE - DAY

Rayanne sits at the kitchen table drinking coffee and smoking a cigarette.

Turner walks into the room with an atlas and sits at the table, flipping through the book until he arrives at a map of the USA.

TURNER

Pick a place.

Rayanne smiles at the idea of such freedom.

RAYANNE

I don't know what's good and what's not.

TURNER

Well. Say something out loud and see if you like the sound of it.

RAYANNE

Savannah.

She traces her finger over the map.

RAYANNE

Charlotte.

She continues tracing.

RAYANNE

Helena.

(CONTINUED)

TURNER
Those are all girl names.

RAYANNE
Helena sounds good. And it's far
away.

Turner nods.

TURNER
Helena it is.

They hear a car door shut outside the house. Turner motions
for Rayanne to be quiet.

He sneaks over to the bed and finds his pistol under the
pillow.

TURNER
(quietly)
Stay here.

Turner goes out the back door.

Rayanne stands and goes towards the front room of the house.

EXT. TURNER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Turner steps off the porch and creeps around the side of the
house.

He hears someone making a rustling noise.

Turner backs along the wall of the house and looks around
the corner to see that someone is indeed outside.

Turner takes a deep breath, gathering his courage.

He whips around the corner with the gun drawn.

TURNER
Get on the ground you bastard!

THE MAILMAN is terrified. He drops the satchel and backs
against the truck.

TURNER
Oh God. Hey Carl. Sorry man I
thought you were a burglar.

Turner walks over to the mailbox and takes out his letters.

(CONTINUED)

TURNER

Thanks for bringing the mail.

Turner waves and goes inside. Carl tries to catch his heaving breath.

INT. TURNER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

In the front room Rayanne is laughing.

TURNER

Quit it.

Turner sorts through the letters and opens another check.

TURNER

(frustrated)

85 cents. They could at least hold off until it gets up to ten dollars.

RAYANNE

85 cents for what?

TURNER

A song I wrote plays in the background of this youtube thing. And they send me 85 cent checks once a week. My big time agent can't figure out how to fix it.

Turner rips the check in half and goes into the main room, and then out to the back porch.

Rayanne follows him.

EXT. TURNER'S BACK PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Turner sits down and picks up his guitar. He picks at a tune.

TURNER

Speaking of, I have a meeting with him this afternoon.

RAYANNE

Ok.

TURNER

It may be better if you come along with me.

(CONTINUED)

RAYANNE

Ok.

TURNER

Maybe after we can put you on a train.

RAYANNE

Ok.

INT. BAR - DAY

Turner and Rayanne walk into an empty dive bar.

Sitting in the corner is Darryl having a whiskey. Turner stands at the table.

TURNER

What couldn't wait?

Darryl grins. He takes some documents out of his bag.

DARRYL

You're going to want to sit down for this.

TURNER

Darryl this is my friend Rayanne.

DARRYL

Good to meet you. Hey Rayanne do you mind if I talk to Turner in private?

RAYANNE

That's fine.

Rayanne walks over and sits at the end of the empty bar.

Turner glances around the room to make sure they are alone, then sits with Darryl.

DARRYL

How's it going?

TURNER

It's going.

DARRYL

And how's Marjean?

(CONTINUED)

TURNER

You'd have to ask her.

Darryl puts an envelope in front of him.

DARRYL

Well. You should get on your knees
and thank God and Jesus and all his
angels.

TURNER

What is this?

Darryl excitedly hammers his finger on the envelope.

DARRYL

That is a plane ticket to Nashville
and a retainer check for twenty
thousand dollars.

Turner tears open the envelope and looks inside at the
check. He laughs in relief.

TURNER

What on earth is this for?

DARRYL

Well. I called Tyler Graves people
like you said and it turns out he
loves the songs. Loves em. This is
to keep you from shopping with
anyone else until he cuts them. He
wants to sit down with you tomorrow
and talk about the songs.

TURNER

Tomorrow.

Rayanne glances back at them from the bar.

Darryl slaps Turner's shoulder in excitement.

DARRYL

This could be big.

TURNER

Hell yeah it's already big.

DARRYL

Hey. So what's the story here with
this girl?

Turner shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

TURNER
Nothing crazy.

DARRYL
This is the same girl you said
worked on some of the songs with
you?

TURNER
Yeah.

DARRYL
Has she signed anything?

TURNER
What do you mean?

DARRYL
Does she have representation?

TURNER
No man. She's not a . . . She's
just a friend of mine. We like
playing music together.

Darryl takes a manila envelope out of his bag.

DARRYL
Ok good. She needs to sign this
contract. Just to protect you and
me. And the songs.

TURNER
Ok . . . What's it say?

DARRYL
Well to cut through some of the
jargon, just that you own the
songs. Which you do.

TURNER
Yeah. So you get your cut and she
gets nothing?

DARRYL
Turner how much did she really do?
And how much does she know about
this business? Does she care about
digital rights and all the other
bullshit you and me have to think
about? Does her contribution
warrant her owning a piece of these
songs for the rest of your life?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DARRYL (cont'd)
That's what you need to consider.
Giving her anything would be one
hell of an act of charity, from
what I can tell.

Turner looks back at Rayanne sitting at the bar.

TURNER
I don't know man. I can't just cut
her out cause it's easier.

DARRYL
Read the contract then. If it feels
wrong we'll change it.

Turner nods.

DARRYL
You've worked hard for this.

TURNER
Yeah.

DARRYL
Tomorrow. Wear a clean shirt.

Darryl winks at Turner. Turner lifts up the envelope, and playfully smells it.

EXT. TURNER'S HOUSE - DAY

(Playful screams)

Turner pops open a bottle of champagne and drinks the bubbles down. He passes it to Rayanne who joins him.

TURNER
Alright here's the plan. One more
night here and in the morning we
take the train together. You and
me. I get on a plane and you go to
Helena.

RAYANNE
To one more night.

Rayanne holds up the bottle to toast.

TURNER
And all the other nights to come.

(CONTINUED)

RAYANNE
And the troops.

TURNER
And Hank Williams.

RAYANNE
And Hank Williams Jr.

TURNER
And Hank Williams the third.

RAYANNE
Ford Broncos.

TURNER
And cheap champagne.

RAYANNE
And summertime.

TURNER
And kazoo players named Rayanne.

RAYANNE
And people who drink beer out of a
straw.

TURNER
We get everything?

RAYANNE
Everything worth toasting. Oh, and
people like us!

TURNER
People like us.

They drink the champagne.

Underneath the grocery sack are the documents handed over by
Darryl, including Rayanne's contract.

Turner takes off his shirt and pants, opens a beer, and puts
a straw in it.

TURNER
Take off your clothes and let's go
swimming.

Turner walks out the back door.

EXT. TURNER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Turner picks up his guitar and walks towards the plastic pool.

Rayanne runs out after him in a tank top and her underwear and one of his cowboy hats. She gets into the pool.

Turner pulls up a chair and puts his feet in, picking at the guitar.

She moves her hands through the water, watching him with intrigue. Rayanne still holds the bottle of champagne.

He tunes up, then starts to play *WHY ELSE WOULD I FALL IN LOVE?*

They go back and forth in the duet, playfully describing the habits of the other.

They finish, and Turner slips into the pool. He and Rayanne sit next to each other.

Rayanne holds up the bottle.

RAYANNE

To songs about love.

TURNER

To songs about love.

They drink together, and sit in the calm, the tension between them growing stronger.

INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sam and Rayanne sit at the kitchen table eating homemade ice cream. In the background a record player fills the room with soft country music from a simpler time. The house is lit with a few lanterns.

Turner is sprawled on the couch passed out with his hat over his eyes and one boot off and his pants unbuttoned. He snores.

SAM

Some people can't handle too much of a good thing.

RAYANNE

He said he's going to buy your land.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

I know that's what he says.

RAYANNE

But what?

SAM

What I need and what he wants costs more than \$20,000.

RAYANNE

He said you're sick.

SAM

I am.

RAYANNE

I'm sorry.

SAM

Well. I'm leaving this earth one way or another. And it's not my choice. So that's why I'm getting another scoop of this.

Sam reaches into the wooden bucket and plops a heap of ice cream into his bowl.

SAM

And you are too.

He plops more into her bowl as well.

SAM

Rayanne what's the best thing you ever saw with your own eyes?

Rayanne thinks about it.

RAYANNE

One time when I was a kid we took a trip out to Arizona to see my mom's sister and we stopped at the Grand Canyon. We parked and walked over to the edge and I remember thinking that now I knew why everybody knew about this place. Some things are what you hope they are.

Sam nods.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

I was married once. She passed away a long time ago. Automobile crash. But I remember standing on the altar in a blue tuxedo and when those doors at the back of the church opened and I saw her walking towards me, I knew everything else I'd ever see would be fighting for second place. Love is a gift from God. It's one of the good things.

RAYANNE

Good things ain't always been good to me.

Sam stands up and wipes his mouth with a napkin.

SAM

Will you dance with me?

She is embarrassed.

RAYANNE

Ok.

Sam takes her hand and leads her to an open space in the kitchen. They move gently to the music. He lifts his hand and she spins under his arm.

SAM

You're worth it, you know.

RAYANNE

Worth what?

SAM

The air you breathe and the time your given on this earth. Your life and all the redemption coming your way. You're worth it all.

They continue to dance.

INT. VEGAS' CAR - DAY

Vegas watches a house.

He sees Macy and Charlotte come out the front door and get into the car. They drive off.

When they are gone, Vegas gets out of the car.

EXT. MARJEAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Vegas approaches the front door, making sure he isn't being watched. He brandishes a small tool and expertly turns the lock.

He pushes open the door and removes his pistol.

INT. MARJEAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Vegas walks through the empty house. It is clean but modest, with a few kids toys scattered in the living room.

He walks up the stairs and hears a shower running.

He enters the open door of the bathroom. The shower curtain is closed, and someone is in there. Vegas sits down on the toilet and waits.

The shower turns off and the towel is pulled off the curtain.

Darryl gets out drying his body.

He turns and sees Vegas sitting there with the gun pulled.

Darryl freezes.

DARRYL

Hi.

VEGAS

Hi.

DARRYL

Promise you won't tell anyone you saw me here.

VEGAS

And you don't tell anyone saw me here.

DARRYL

Deal.

VEGAS

Where's Turner?

DARRYL

I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

VEGAS
He doesn't live here?

DARRYL
No. His ex-wife does.

VEGAS
And where does he live?

DARRYL
I don't know. In a mobile home or something. Out in the country.

VEGAS
Take me there.

DARRYL
I don't know where it is. He's kind of off the grid. No cell phone or email address or anything. I have money if he owes you.

Vegas smiles. He stands and leaves Darryl confused in his towel.

DARRYL
(calls out)
Don't tell him I was here.

INT. TURNER'S HOUSE - DAY

Turner and Rayanne are passed out, the house a mess from their celebration. A record plays.

Beers bottles are scattered, and they are asleep on the same bed, but not under the covers.

A pizza is burning in the oven.

A KNOCK.

They don't stir.

Another KNOCK.

Nothing.

The door cracks open and Marjean and Charlotte walk into the front room.

(CONTINUED)

MARJEAN
(to Charlotte)
Stay here for one second.

Marjean walks into the living room / bedroom and sees Turner sprawled out with Rayanne in her underwear next to him. The place is a mess.

Marjean goes to the sink and fills a glass of water. She takes a sip. She walks back over to the bed and pours it on his face.

He startles awake.

TURNER
Well hey Marjean.

MARJEAN
I should know better than to drop
by without calling first.

TURNER
Is Charlotte here?

Marjean motions to the other room.

MARJEAN
(motioning to Rayanne)
Who's this prize?

TURNER
It's not what you think. We write
songs together.

MARJEAN
Uh huh.

Turner nudges Rayanne's butt with his foot. She slowly opens her eyes.

TURNER
Hey Rayanne this is Marjean.
Marjean, Rayanne.

RAYANNE
Hi.

TURNER
Are you hungry? I made some pizza.

Turner stumbles out of bed and puts on his pants. Rayanne does the same.

Turner goes to the oven and opens it up, but it is smoking. He pulls out the burnt pizza.

TURNER

It's crispy crust. . . (calls out)
Did I hear there's a girl named
Charlotte in my house?

CHARLOTTE O.S.

No . . .

TURNER

Come here you!

Turner runs through the house and grabs her as she runs, playfully lifting her in the air and biting her ribs.

TURNER

Hey beautiful.

CHARLOTTE

Hi.

RAYANNE

Y'all want some privacy? I can go
for a walk or something.

TURNER

No I think it'd be better if you
stayed here. We can maybe go to the
park? (to Charlotte) You want to go
to the park?

CHARLOTTE

Yeah.

TURNER

Mama?

MARJEAN

Ok.

TURNER

Alright I'm driving.

They head for the door, but Turner stays back to say goodbye to Rayanne.

TURNER

You good?

RAYANNE

Yeah.

TURNER

We won't be gone long.

Turner thinks for a moment, then kisses her. She is caught off guard, but smiles.

He walks to the door and leaves.

EXT. PARK - EVENING

Turner and Marjean and Charlotte eat fast food hamburgers and french fries.

TURNER

Alright, who wants to give me their pickles?

CHARLOTTE

Me!

Turner takes off her bun and takes the pickles, adding them to his hamburger.

MARJEAN

I heard you sold some songs.

TURNER

How'd you hear that?

MARJEAN

Darryl called me to check in.

TURNER

Oh. Yeah.

MARJEAN

He said it's a big break.

TURNER

It's something. And I've had a long stretch of nothing.

MARJEAN

She helped you write them?

TURNER

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

MARJEAN
How'd you meet her?

TURNER
Just met.

MARJEAN
That's a really good story.

TURNER
Does it matter how we met?

MARJEAN
No but I'm curious. Pretty girl
hanging out with you in the middle
of nowhere.

TURNER
It's a crazy world I guess.

MARJEAN
You're going to lose her.

Turner turns to Charlotte.

TURNER
You want to go play for a while?

Charlotte gets up and runs towards the playground.

TURNER
I didn't lose you. You know that
don't you? I gave up on you. That's
different.

Turner opens a beer and puts a straw in it. Marjean shakes
her head, annoyed by habits that never die.

MARJEAN
I decided to tell her.

TURNER
Told Charlotte?

MARJEAN
I said you were like her daddy, and
she could still call you daddy, but
her real daddy was gone.

TURNER
You didn't think to consult me
about that?

(CONTINUED)

MARJEAN

I don't have time to clear everything with you. You aren't the one raising her every day.

TURNER

Should I be?

MARJEAN

I'm doing the best I can. By myself.

TURNER

What happens when she's a teenager and is all screwed up because she's confused about her dad?

MARJEAN

Don't be dramatic.

Turner continues eating and drinking.

MARJEAN

Rayanne. Does she live with you?

TURNER

I'm helping her get some things in order.

MARJEAN

Well maybe it takes a songwriter to put up with a songwriter.

TURNER

Maybe so.

MARJEAN

What are the songs like?

Charlotte walks back struggling to carry Turner's guitar case.

CHARLOTTE

Daddy. Play the love song. . .

Turner glances at Marjean, who motions to the guitar with a smile.

Turner takes out the guitar. He plays song **First Last Love**.

EXT. SAM'S HOUSE - EVENING

Sam sits by the pitching machine loading balls that are thrown into the field. Riley chases them down.

In his lap Sam writes a letter.

INT. TURNER'S HOUSE - EVENING

Rayanne walks through the house looking at Turner's things. She holds the kazoo. She reaches up and touches the necklace he gave her.

Rayanne gently sings IF YOU KNOW PEOPLE LIKE ME.

She goes into the kitchen and starts picking up the mess from earlier, throwing out trash, putting dishes away, putting the food away.

She goes over to the grocery sack and puts a few items in the cupboard.

She notices the manila folder and opens it out of curiosity. She picks up the contract, still reading, and goes to the bed. She sits down at the foot of the bed and keeps reading until she's done.

She sets the contract down next to her.

INT. BRONCO - EVENING

They ride back at sunset. Charlotte is asleep in the back seat.

With the windows down, the summer air blows through their hair.

Marjean reaches over and takes Turner's hand in her own.

INT. TURNER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Turner and Marjean walk in, with Turner holding a sleeping Charlotte.

He does a quick scan of the empty house. He passes Charlotte to Marjean.

TURNER

Rayanne?

(CONTINUED)

Turner pushes open the bathroom door, then walks through the house looking for her. He picks up her pill bottle on the table and shakes it. There are still plenty of pills inside.

He goes out onto the back porch.

TURNER

Rayanne?

Turner comes back inside. He stands in the kitchen, suspecting the worst. A realization comes to him. He walks to Marjean.

TURNER

I need you to drive straight to a hotel and pay for a room in cash.

MARJEAN

(nervous and confused)

Turner?

Turner moves through the room frantically, as if somehow he overlooked her.

TURNER

I don't have time to explain.

MARJEAN

Are you serious right now? Are we in danger?

TURNER

I don't know. Maybe. Just for tonight.

MARJEAN

Turner what the hell is going on?

TURNER

I'll explain later. But I don't want anything to happen to yall.

Marjean heads for the door.

MARJEAN

I can't believe you.

TURNER

I'm sorry.

MARJEAN

You're an asshole.

TURNER

Ok.

Marjean walks out the door.

Turner stands in the center of the house, at a loss.

He walks over to the table and sits down. He picks up the pills.

INT. BRONCO - NIGHT

MONTAGE: A blurry-eyed Turner drives to all the places they have been.

- He goes past the grocery store.

- He talks to the clerk at the ice cream store.

- He asks some teenagers on the street if they have seen her.

- He stops on the side of the road and stares ahead at the emptiness.

INT. COUNTRY TRAIN STATION - DAY

Turner walks up to the doors and comes inside. He scans the empty room.

He walks back outside and jumps down to the tracks. He looks both ways and there is no life. No trains. No sounds. Nothing.

Rayanne is gone . . .

INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Turner stumbles through the front door and knocks over a chair.

TURNER

Rayanne! Rayanne!

Sam moves through the quiet house making a racket as he looks for her. He opens the back door and looks onto the porch then leaves it open as he continues through the house.

Sam appears in the doorway in a white shirt and his underwear dazed from sleep.

(CONTINUED)

SAM
What on earth are you doing?

TURNER
Where is she?

SAM
Slow down.

TURNER
Is she here? Rayanne. Is she here?

SAM
No. Slow down.

Sam approaches and puts a hand on Turner's shoulder to calm him.

SAM
Easy. What's going on?

TURNER
She's gone. I let her fall.

SAM
What do you mean? What happened?

TURNER
I went away and I let her fall.

Turner begins to weep onto Sam's shoulder.

TURNER
I let her fall. He put her in my hands and I let her fall.

INT. TURNER'S HOUSE - DAWN

Turner walks into the house and tosses his keys onto the sofa. He goes to the bed and falls face first down.

As he lays there he feels the contract under his body. Dazed, he pulls out the papers and looks at them.

He sits up, reading the words on the page. Turner crumples the contract. He throws it in a rage against the wall.

He goes into the kitchen and fills a glass of water, which he downs. He fills it back up and keeps drinking. He goes to the table and takes another of Rayanne's pills.

He walks out onto the back porch.

EXT. TURNER'S BACK PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Turner steps outside and picks up his guitar.

He sits down and starts to play a song.

He sings **A Place to Land**.

FADE OUT:

INT. TURNER'S HOUSE - DAY

Turner sits on the piano bench asleep against the piano.

Darryl walks over to the piano and bangs a few keys, waking him up.

Turner is in an alcohol and pill-fueled haze.

TURNER

What the hell, man?

DARRYL

I get a phone call this morning saying that Tyler Graves himself went to pick your sorry ass up at the airport and you weren't there.

Turner rubs at his bloodshot eyes.

DARRYL

And I told them that could not be possible because there was no way in HELL Turner would miss the flight of his life. And I think maybe I should go double check on my old pal and make sure he's okay.

TURNER

Here I am just doing great.

DARRYL

And here you are drunk and making me look like an idiot.

TURNER

Something came up.

DARRYL

Oh I bet it did.

Darryl's eyes shift slightly.

(CONTINUED)

DARRYL

I been worried about you.

TURNER

I think you're worried about hit songs.

DARRYL

You know what, Turner? This is over, man. It's over. I've held your hand long enough.

TURNER

Yeah. Ok.

Turner stands and finds the wad of the contract he threw against the wall.

TURNER

Take this with you when you go and see if it fits up your ass.

Turner shoves it against Darryl's chest. Darryl unravels the paper and recognizes the contract.

DARRYL

This damn girl, Turner. Is that what this is all about? You were *this close*.

TURNER

So what?

DARRYL

So you wasted our time and made me look like an idiot!

Turner goes back to the piano and sits down, his head rested on his arms. He picks out the melody to ***Birds***.

DARRYL

Then I hope she comes back. I mean that. And I hope that twenty thousand dollars lasts you a lifetime because other than that you're looking at 85 cent checks from youtube clicks. Let me know how that works out.

TURNER

I'll be sure to do that.

Darryl leaves the contract on the bed and exits.

His eyes gain focus and he sees the kazoo along with the bird necklace he gave her. He stops playing and picks up the necklace.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

The Bronco approaches the gate to the brothel that was formerly under guard.

Now the gate is wide open.

Turner drives through.

INT. BRONCO - CONTINUOUS

Turner is focused, clear-eyed. He drives ahead, and in the distance sees the small house with the lights on.

The black sedan is parked outside the house, and Turner pulls up next to it.

He reaches for the pistol and tucks it in his waistline behind his jacket.

INT. BROTHEL - NIGHT

Turner opens the door and steps into the front room. Down the hall, the working lights are on. The timers are running.

He hears someone working in the kitchen . . .

The fridge door closes, and a man is humming a song.

Turner takes out the gun and approaches the opening to see inside. With his back against the wall, he peers into the kitchen.

Vegas is cooking at the stove.

Turner takes a deep breath, gathering his courage.

He turns again to go inside, but Vegas is gone. There is a second opening in the kitchen.

VEGAS

Easy.

Vegas holds a gun against Turner's head. He reaches out and takes the gun from Turner.

(CONTINUED)

VEGAS

Sit.

Vegas leads Turner to the table and sits across from him, the gun fixed on Turner. The timers tick. Vegas is amused at the bravery.

VEGAS

Turner.

TURNER

Where is she?

VEGAS

You know where she is.

The timers tick.

VEGAS

And you know who she is. And you know who she is always going to be. I want you to say it.

TURNER

Say what?

VEGAS

Tell me who she is.

TURNER

That's over with.

VEGAS

No. It's not over. It can't change. Because I recognize when a fish is a fish and a deer is a deer and whore is a whore. I'm helping her be true to who God made her to be.

TURNER

She's not a whore.

VEGAS

Maybe I've seen her do things you haven't. Things only whores know how to do.

Vegas smiles at how this makes Turner uncomfortable.

VEGAS

Should I go into detail?

(CONTINUED)

TURNER

No.

Vegas is amused.

VEGAS

Oh Lordy Lordy. You fell in love
with a whore. I've seen this happen
before.

Turner says nothing. The timers are brutal reminders.

VEGAS

Meanwhile . . . You made her into
something worse than a whore. I
know who you are.

TURNER

You know how to talk. That's about
all you know.

VEGAS

I know why you needed her. And if
I'm a 'pimp', what are you? What do
you call an unpaid laborer
dependent on you for survival?

Vegas leans in.

VEGAS

A slave.

TURNER

How much do you want?

VEGAS

There you go again putting a price
on a life. Taking her to auction.

TURNER

You know what I think? That you're
scared.

VEGAS

Of an unarmed songwriter?

TURNER

No. That everything you say you
believe is going to fall apart.
Because it is.

Vegas has no response.

(CONTINUED)

TURNER
I have money.

VEGAS
So what?

TURNER
We walk away and you never hear
about us again.

Vegas eyes him. He takes Turner's pistol and puts it on the table, just within reach. He swivels the barrel so it is facing himself. Turner looks at the pistol, then back up at Vegas.

VEGAS
I'll let you go for free if you
tell me who she is.

The timers tick.

VEGAS
Tell me she's a whore.

A timer rings, startling Turner.

VEGAS
Tell me who she is.

Turner glances back over his shoulder down the hallway. There is no movement.

Turner realizes something.

He stands and walks down the hall towards Rayanne's room.

VEGAS
Hey. Sit down!

Vegas fires a shot into the ceiling. Turner ignores him and gets to the door and turns the handle, pushing it open.

No one is inside the bedroom.

Turner walks back down the hall to find Vegas still sitting at the table, the gun still held loosely where Turner was sitting.

TURNER
Tell yourself who she is.

He reaches past Vegas and picks up the pistol, tucking it into his waistband.

(CONTINUED)

Then he walks out the door.

Vegas remains at the table.

FADE OUT:

EXT. SAM'S HOUSE - DAWN

Birds fly off the water and into the warming sky. Riley trots through a field. The pitching machine and small radio are covered with dew. The world comes awake.

Sam and Turner sit in lawn chairs fishing at the pond.

SAM

You holding up ok?

TURNER

I've done everything I can think to do. Except maybe hire a private investigator.

SAM

Well don't do that. Anybody you can afford won't be any good.

TURNER

I have this feeling she's still alive.

SAM

Then I bet you she is.

Turner opens a cooler and twists the tops off two Lone Stars. He offers one to Sam.

SAM

It's 7 o'clock in the morning.

TURNER

Well they're already open.

Sam reluctantly takes it.

SAM

If God gave us all the answers We wouldn't know what to do with them. So all you can do is feel the wind on your back and the fire in your heart and start looking for a place to land.

(CONTINUED)

TURNER
You listened to the songs.

SAM
I did.

TURNER
What'd you think?

SAM
Would my opinion make you change
them?

Turner casts the line into the water.

TURNER
I screwed this all up. From the
very beginning.

SAM
No you didn't. She might be on a
train to God knows where about to
start a whole new life.

TURNER
She may be dead.

SAM
Maybe so.

Turner nods.

SAM
But maybe not.

TURNER
Maybe not.

Sam reels his line in, preparing to leave.

SAM
Look at me Turner. You know what
I'd give to spend one more minute
with my wife? I'd give up
everything. Everything I ever had.
Every moment I ever lived. I'd
trade it. Because that's what love
does to a man. Loving a woman opens
your eyes and makes you realize
that everything else is small. If
any part of you think she's alive,
you better get your ass up and keep
looking. Lick your wounds, screw

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SAM (cont'd)
your head back on straight, and get
going. Look until it kills you
because anything less won't be
enough. And let me tell you
something else. If she's out there,
she deserves it.

Sam heads off towards the house.

SAM
Now come inside. It's your turn to
fix me breakfast.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Turner rests on the tailgate of the Bronco looking up at the stars. He picks the guitar softly and sings a few verses of *People Like Me*.

He sets the guitar down and walks out into the middle of the field surrounded by the quiet.

EXT. SAM'S HOUSE - DAWN

Turner walks over the hill to see Sam sitting in the lawn chair.

Except the fishing pole is on the ground and his head hangs down to one side.

Turner stops, realizing his friend is dead.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Turner knocks on the door and Marjean answers. He holds a tape in his hand and looks rested, composed, cleaned up.

TURNER
I need to talk to you.

Turner walks past her into the room.

Marjean closes the door behind her.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Turner looks around.

TURNER
Where's Charlotte?

MARJEAN
With my mom. Hey I'm sorry about Sam. I should've been at the funeral but my boss. You know.

TURNER
It was small but nice. We told some good stories.

MARJEAN
How he found the dog?

TURNER
Yeah. That one and some others.

Turner holds up the tape and gives it to her.

MARJEAN
What am I holding?

TURNER
My last will and testament.

MARJEAN
Oh God Turner.

TURNER
Don't listen to it unless you hear I'm dead. I need you to promise me you won't.

Marjean looks at the tape.

MARJEAN
We have something called the police in case you've never heard of them. Even though I know with certainty that you have experience in dealing with the police.

TURNER
This doesn't have anything to do with the police. It's something I have to take care of. I'm just going away for a while and I'm not coming back until I find what I'm looking for. Promise me.

(CONTINUED)

MARJEAN

Fine. I promise.

Turner breathes a sigh of relief.

TURNER

Ok then.

MARJEAN

You're going to get her.

TURNER

I am.

MARJEAN

You must love her then.

TURNER

I do.

Marjean smiles.

TURNER

You don't think I can love her.

MARJEAN

No. I just realized you never loved me.

TURNER

I did.

MARJEAN

Never like this.

TURNER

I also owe her a bunch of money and an apology. Plus Sam gave her half the land.

Marjean is amused at Sam's sense of humor.

MARJEAN

Ok. Well you ought to lead off with that before you tell her you love her.

Turner kisses her cheek.

TURNER

Tell Charlotte I came by.

MARJEAN

I will. Be careful.

He leaves. Marjean holds the tape, stunned.

INT. TURNER'S HOUSE - EVENING

Turner stands in the open doorway with the guitar case in one hand and a duffel bag slung over his other shoulder.

The rental house has been stripped down and cleaned up. He's taking one last look.

He closes the door and walks around the corner, seeing the inflatable pool still in the yard. He grins at the memories, then throws his stuff into the back of the Bronco.

He slams the tailgate closed and gets into the driver's seat.

TURNER

Come on Riley.

Riley jumps into the passenger seat next to him.

EXT. TRAVEL MONTAGE - DAY

- The Bronco travels down a country road.

- Turner sits on the tailgate, underneath the stars. He writes in a notebook. Riley lays nearby.

- Turner talks on a payphone outside a gas station, drinking a beer through a straw.

- Turner knocks on a mobile home door and an old lady answers. He talks to her.

INT. MARJEAN'S KITCHEN - DAWN

Marjean cooks oatmeal on the stove, listening to the radio at a low volume. She drinks her coffee.

MARJEAN

Charlotte! Come down and eat!

She spoons the oatmeal into two bowls and takes them to the table, then goes back into the kitchen. She puts the pot into the sink and fills it with water. She turns off the water and pauses, looking at the radio.

(CONTINUED)

She goes over and turns it up.

RADIO DJ

*This next tune is the newest from
Tyler Graves off his album due out
early next month.*

It is one of Turner's songs.

She smiles to herself.

The song carries through into the upcoming montage:

EXT. TRAVEL MONTAGE - DAY

- At a picnic table in a city park Turner looks at a map. He has circled all the names of cities with girl names. He throws a tennis ball for Riley to chase.

- Turner is pulled over on the side of the road, working under the hood of the Bronco.

- He walks along the road with his thumb up and Riley on a leash.

- Turner sits in a public fountain like he did his plastic pool.

INT. BROTHEL - NIGHT

Turner sits on a couch with the guitar case on the ground and his hat pulled low over his eyes. A PROSTITUTE wearing a t-shirt nudges him awake.

He opens his eyes and looks up at her. In a blur, she resembles Rayanne. When his eyes clear, she is completely different.

PROSTITUTE

You need to go mister.

TURNER

I know.

Turner stands and picks up the guitar.

EXT. OPEN ROAD - SUNRISE

Turner sits on top of the Bronco next to Riley watching the sunrise.

The road before them stretches into the distance.

Turner takes a deep breath, the sun warm on his face.

TURNER
Let's go home.

He smiles at the unknown. He pets Riley.

TURNER
It's time to go home.

EXT. SAM'S HOUSE - DAWN

The pitching machine is covered in dew. A mound of tennis balls are piled underneath.

Birds fly off the water, the twin lawn chairs empty.

A fishing pole is leaned against the door frame and an empty beer with a straw in it is on the arm of the porch chair.

INT. SAM'S HOUSE - DAWN

Turner sits on the ground leaning against the wall picking at his guitar. He hums a new melody.

Outside, he hears Riley barking.

Turner continues to play, but the barking persists.

TURNER
Alright alright.

Turner stands and lays the guitar on the couch on his way to the front door.

He opens it up and walks outside.

EXT. SAM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Rayanne stands on the dirt road carrying a guitar case. She wears sunglasses, a short sundress, and her hair is a different color. Turner walks to the edge of the porch, and they stand in silence.

(CONTINUED)

RAYANNE

You owe me some money.

Turner smiles.

TURNER

I went all over looking for you.

RAYANNE

Well . . .

She lowers her sunglasses with a smile.

RAYANNE

Here I am.

THE END