

FADE IN:

INT. TRAILER HOME - DAY

Crap and clutter strung everywhere as if a bomb had exploded. A roach scurries along an obstacle course of dirty dishes.

Pencil drawings and oil paintings of fruit and oak leaves decorate the walls like a 1st grade classroom. Down the hall comes the enigmatic sounds of an erotic sex dream.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

BARRY GILCREST, (29) slumbers concealed under a mountain of blankets. LUKE, his boxer dog, dozes beside him.

Barry dreams with anticipatory pleasure.

BARRY

Oh... Uhm... Oh, yeah--

The CLOCK RADIO ALARM interrupts... Loud JAZZ MUSIC. His arm turtles out finding the well-worn snooze button.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Barry wrestles under the blankets. He moans.

BARRY

Yes. Yes. That's it--

The RADIO SNAPS ON. A NEWS ANNOUNCER'S voice.

NEWS ANNOUNCER

The high today will be in the mid
80's with a 70% chance of rain--

Barry's fist slams the snooze button.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Barry gyrates under the blankets. He screams out.

BARRY

Oh. Yes. Good God, I'm...going...to --

The RADIO destroys the moment. A DISC JOCKEY'S voice.

DISC JOCKEY

That'll do it for me this morning.
(MORE)

DISC JOCKEY (CONT'D)
I'm out of here. Your lunch time
requests are coming up next.

Barry surfaces looking like "nothing" out of GQ. He slings
the clock off the night stand.

BARRY
(gasping for air)
Wake up Luke.

The dog stirs. Barry sits up recovering and lights the first
cigarette of many. A coughing fit.

The dog LICKS his crotch as if it were made of peanut butter.

BARRY
(lamenting)
Be nice if all I had to do today was
lay around and lick my balls.

Luke looks up with an understanding regard.

INT. TRAILER HOME - KITCHEN TABLE - DAY

Barry paints a picture of an apple. He places a half-eaten
bowl of cereal on the floor without looking away. Luke laps
up the remains.

EXT. TRAILER HOME - BACK YARD - DAY

Luke sniffs the neighbor's flower garden. MRS. READER, old
and scrawny, sneaks up and swats the dog with a broom.

MRS. READER
Get your mangy ass out of my flowers,
you mongrel!

From across the yard Barry WHISTLES. Luke scampers home.

BARRY
Hey, Mrs. Reader. Could you PLEASE
not beat my dog?

MRS. READER
Keep your mutt out of my roses, you
moron! I'm sick and tired of picking
up his crap!

Barry exhales a plume of smoke.

BARRY
Well, don't think of it as crap.
Think of it as fertilizer.

The old woman ponders...

MRS. READER
Think of this, jackass.

She gestures a white gloved, middle finger.

INT. DRUG STORE - DAY

MISTY, cute, (23), dressed like a hooker because she sort of is one, hums as she maneuvers along the aisles. She deposits a package of blue eye shadow in her purse.

The next aisle, she snatches a handful of Snickers bars.

Near the checkout, she ponders a selection of miracle energy supplements. The store MANAGER steps in behind her.

MANAGER
If I were you, I'd put it all back.

Misty turns looking unsure if she's been caught.

MISTY
Excuse me?

MANAGER
None of that stuff works like they claim on T.V.

MISTY
Oh? Thanks.

She puts down the elixirs and breezes by the CASHIER.

MISTY
My Daddy always told me that honesty pays.
(to herself)
Just not as much.

INT. TRAILER HOME - DAY

Barry tapes his apple painting to his gallery wall. The PHONE RINGS. He allows the answering machine to pick up--

BARRY
 (on machine)
 This is Barry. I'm not home, so...
 you know, leave a message.

At the BEEP, Barry's ex-wife CYNTHIA leaves a message.

CYNTHIA
 (on machine)
 I know it's only past noon, which
 means your lazy ass is probably still
 in bed, but in case you're listening--
 (screaming)
 You're three fucking months behind
 on my alimony! And don't tell me
 you ain't got it, asshole! I'm sure
 that damn dog of yours isn't going
 hungry!

Luke catches scent of the voice and darts out of the room.

CYNTHIA
 (on machine)
 Now, if I don't see my money by five
 o'clock today, I'm calling my lawyer
 and he's going to squeeze your balls
 until you go blind.
 (bemoaning)
 And one more thing, could you please
 tell me what kind of mental illness
 I was suffering from when I agreed
 to marry your worthless ass?

Barry's face reveals the scars of the failed relationship.

CYNTHIA
 (on machine)
 All I can say is, thank God I didn't
 have a kid with you, you piece of
 shit loser.

A harsh SLAM of the phone. Barry speaks to the machine--

BARRY
 (defeated)
 Yeah, thank God.

EXT. MR. D'S ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT PIZZERIA/ STREET - DAY

Barry steps from his truck to observe... HECTOR (20),
 tattooed and pierced, dash out the front door.

TROY and FELIX (19), cradling pizza boxes, follow. They pile into a mint '76 Electra 225 convertible.

LOWELL, assistant manager, with a bad complexion, trips out the door tumbling head over heels. From his knees he shouts--

LOWELL
Come back here you fricking skaters!

The convertible BURNS RUBBER out of sight Lowell checks his scraped up elbows and retreats back inside.

Barry crosses the street unfazed. He confronts MAURICE, a blind beggar, camped at the front door.

BARRY
I thought I told you not to hang out
by the door, Maurice.

Maurice taps his wrist as if wearing a watch.

MAURICE
You're late for work... again.

Barry blows smoke rings and coughs--

BARRY
What would you know about work?
Have you ever thought about getting
yourself a job?

MAURICE
(rattling his cup)
This is my job.

BARRY
I'm talking about a real job.

MAURICE
Get me an application. It can't be
that hard to make a pizza if you can
do it.

Barry takes his last puff and is besieged by a coughing fit.

MAURICE
Those cigarettes are gonna kill you
one day, brother.

Barry stubs out the butt in Maurice's tin cup.

BARRY
I can hardly wait.

INT. MR. D'S ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT PIZZERIA - DAY

Lowell wags a finger for Barry to meet him at the register.

LOWELL
Where have you been?

BARRY
(distracted)
What's the matter now, Lowell?

LOWELL
Three bangers just skated without paying. We're out of Co2. Both waitresses called in hungover--

BARRY
Lowell, calm down.
(walking away)
You can't get geeked out over every little thing that happens around here.

LOWELL
And... the big boss has been waiting for you since ten this morning.

Barry spins around--

BARRY
What? Where is he now?

LOWELL
In your office. I don't think he's happy.

BARRY
Why didn't you call me, you idiot?

Lowell muses over the question.

LOWELL
I don't know.
(contemptuous)
I guess I geeked out.

INT. BARRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Barry steps into his tiny office to find the big boss, MR. DEANGELO (55), extremely overweight, slick three-piece suit. He scribbles a note as he hangs up the phone.

DEANGELO
Gilcrest, you have any idea the message you send when you show up three hours late for work?

Barry tucks in his shirt.

DEANGELO
Piss poor. That's what. Piss poor. Jesus, you're a piece of work.
(shakes his head)
You don't even know why I'm here.

Barry stands clueless. Deangelo picks up a memo and waves it.

DEANGELO
Our wellness program?
(beat)
You were suppose to take your physical three weeks ago.

BARRY
Oh, that.
(pats his gut)
I thought I'd drop a few pounds first. Besides--

DeAngelo slaps a note in Barry's hand.

DEANGELO
Three o'clock this afternoon. Dr. Moore.
(beat)
In case you haven't noticed, Gilcrest--

DeAngelo waddles his fat ass toward the door.

DEANGELO
I take health very seriously.

He points to the back wall.

DEANGELO

And one more thing... What is all
that crap?

Dozen of sketches of geometrical shapes paper the wall.

BARRY

I was working on entering a contest.

DEANGELO

(scornful)

Let me give you a little piece of
advice. Stick to making pizzas.

DeAngelo leaves. Barry lights up coughing incessantly.

INT. BARRY'S TRUCK - DAY

Barry reaches out for a parking ticket under the wiper. He
wads it up and chucks on the floor full of tickets. The
starter grinds before catching. Both driver and truck
sputter, smoke, and cough.

INT. MEDICAL CLINIC WAITING AREA - DAY

Barry admires an Egon Schiele painting of his wife on the
wall. A WOMAN peeks over his shoulder.

WOMAN

What do you think of Schiele?

BARRY

Schiele? Oh. I really like it.

WOMAN

That's his wife. She died pregnant
with their child. He died three
days after her.

The reception nurse, PATTY, announces:

PATTY

Barry Gilcrest?

EXT. MR. D'S ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT PIZZERIA - DAY

HEELS CLICK on the pavement. A knowing smile crosses
Maurice's face. He extends his cup. A Snickers bar drops
in.

MAURICE
Thank you, dear.

MISTY
You're welcome, surg.

The HEELS CLICK away.

INT. MEDICAL CLINIC HALLWAY - DAY

Patty adjusts the physicians scales. Barry slides the counterbalance to a lighter reading before stepping on.

The balance shoots up and clangs. He frowns in disbelief. Patty adds ten pounds. Barry loudly EXHALES. Nothing. She scoffs and records his weight. He steps off coughing.

INT. DR. MOORE'S OFFICE - DAY

DR. MOORE flips through a chart of paperwork. He looks up.

DR. MOORE
You smoke three packs a day?

Barry frowns.

DR. MOORE
When did you start?

BARRY
Umm... around six grade.

DR. MOORE
Sixth grade?

BARRY
I was being held back... a third time. Lot of stress.

Moore looks up from the chart questioning--

DR. MOORE
Disorder of bladder or urinary organs?

BARRY
I'm having a little trouble going to the bathroom.

DR. MOORE
Any exposure to STD's?

BARRY

You have to have sex for that, don't you?

DR. MOORE

Could be an enlarged prostate.

BARRY

Yeah, I've seen the commercials on T.V. They've got some kind of a pill for it?

DR. MOORE

(smiling)

It's a simple test.

BARRY

Good. I like simple.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM. - DAY

Barry, pants dropped, stands bent over an exam table. Moore SNAPS on a LATEX GLOVE. Barry's head jerks at the sound.

BARRY

Hold on, doc. I don't want to put you to a bunch of trouble--

DR. MOORE

No trouble at all.

Moore applies a lubricant to his gloved finger.

BARRY

Can't you just watch me pee? And if you think I got a problem--

Barry SINGS ALTO biting his thumb. He looks back.

BARRY

Good God, Doc. You get paid to do that?

DR MOORE

All day long.

INT. X-RAY LAB - DAY

Barry enters the dark, sterile room. LANCE, a lab tech, sits with a folded damp towel covering his face.

Barry clears his throat. Lance's eye peeks out from under the towel. Barry hands Lance his orders. Lance moans.

BARRY
Are you all right?

LANCE
I've got a migraine coming on.

BARRY
I heard they're not much fun.

LANCE
(grimacing)
You heard right.

BARRY
Probably from working around all these machines.

LANCE
Just stand on the line and remove your shirt.

BARRY
I'm glad I don't get headaches.

Barry removes his outer shirt. A Van Halen shirt is underneath.

BARRY
Is this going to hurt?

Lance moans again. The GIANT MACHINE emits a hollow TONE.

INT. PHYSICIAN'S HALL STATION - DAY

DR. RICHARD BRELAND, round and short, inspects Barry's X-ray. His face can't suppress his excitement.

DR. BRELAND
My God. This is fantastic. He's got the lungs of an ninety year old coal miner. This is absolutely perfect.

Two Floor Nurses watch as Breland does a jig. He passes by them offering a high-five.

FLOOR NURSE ONE
(limp high-five)
Dr. Death.

FLOOR NURSE TWO
One more article on the incurable
and he gets his fellowship.

Breland giggles on down the hall.

INT. DR MOORE'S OFFICE - DAY

Barry silently waits. Outside the door, the sound of
WHISTLING, "Zippity Do Dah".

Breland enters, still whistling. He opens a large envelope
and holds up a chest picture.

His furrowed brow dissolves into a appreciative gaze.

DR. BRELAND
I'm Dr. Breland.

BARRY
Where's the other guy?

Breland keeps his eyes on the film ignoring Barry.

DR. BRELAND
He had an emergency call.

BARRY
We'd got to know each other pretty
well.

Breland looks up at Barry.

DR. BRELAND
How long have you smoked, Mr.
Gilcrest?

BARRY
Good God, what is the big deal about
smoking? If it was really that bad
for you wouldn't the government make
it illegal?

Breland pulls another film out of the envelope.

DR. BRELAND

No doubt it's the main contributing factor.

BARRY

I think I'll wait until the other guy gets back.

DR. BRELAND

I'm the guy handling your case now.

BARRY

My case?

Breland smiles.

DR. BRELAND

(giddy)

Your chest film here is quite remarkable.

Barry sneaks a peak at the cloudy film dotted with dozens of bright lesions.

BARRY

Is that a good thing?

DR. BRELAND

Of course, we'll want to perform more tests.

BARRY

I'm not much of a test taker.

Breland lays the film aside. He turns somber...

DR. BRELAND

This is an difficult thing for me to tell you.

(animated)

You have the most fantastic adenocarcinoma I've ever seen.

BARRY

(pleased)

Really?

DR. BRELAND

It's metastasized at an incredible rate.

BARRY

Oh?

Breland continues reciting his diagnosis.

DR. BRELAND

(exuberant)

I'm quite certain we'll find evidence
of manifestations in every major
organ--

BARRY

Doc, I need to get back to work.
Could you get to the point?

Breland frowns.

DR. BRELAND

Mr. Gilcrest, it's my opinion that
we're talking a couple of weeks.
Maybe less.

A long pause.

BARRY

(yawning)

A couple of weeks... till what?

DR. BRELAND

Till..? The end.

Barry stares blankly at the lunatic in front of him.

BARRY

The end? My end?

Breland nods. Barry stutters trying grasp the revelation.

BARRY

What? What kind of quack are you?

(coughing)

I don't even feel the slightest bit
of pain.

DR. BRELAND

(obnoxiously confident)

Oh, don't worry, you will.

BARRY

How can you say that... I mean... I
walked in here healthy as a horse--

Barry coughs incessantly.

BARRY

And now, you're trying to tell me
I've only got a couple of weeks to
live?

Breland holds up the film, mouth opened in awe.

DR. BRELAND

Amazing. Just amazing. I've never
seen anything this advanced on someone
still alive.

(thrilled)

You might only have days.

BARRY

Days?

Barry stands up and hyperventilates.

BARRY

What about some kind of illegal drugs--

DR. BRELAND

Be a waste of time.

Breland keeps his eyes on the film.

DR. BRELAND

I am sensitive that all of this
probably comes as a shock--

BARRY

A shock? No shit.

(sarcastic)

You really did go to med school.

DR. BRELAND

Unfortunately I'm absolutely confident
that my diagnosis will prove out.

(professorial)

Now, we need talk about the best way
to deal with this. It's important
for you to understand the opportunity
I... we... have to make a difference
for those doctors who dedicate their
lives to studying--

Breland looks down to an empty seat.

DR. BRELAND
Mr. Gilcrest?

INT. MEDICAL BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

Barry stands looking at his pasty reflection in the glass doors.

A NURSE races through the crowded lobby in a panic calling out.

NURSE
Barry Gilcrest? Mr. Barry Gilcrest?

He weakly turns.

BARRY
Yeah.

NURSE
(relieved)
Oh good. You almost got away.

BARRY
Why?

The nurse smiles.

NURSE
There's been a mistake.

BARRY
Good God. I knew it. I knew something wasn't right.

NURSE
(cheerful)
You didn't pay your co-payment.

BARRY
What?

NURSE
You owe three hundred and seventy-nine dollars for your co-payment.

Stunned silence, then--

BARRY
You want me to pay you three hundred and seventy-nine dollars?

She nods with a giant smile.

NURSE
That's correct.

BARRY
You're out of your fricking mind.

The smile falls away. ONLOOKERS stare.

NURSE
But, that's what you owe for the
visit and x-rays.

BARRY
Send me a bill.

He turns to leave...

NURSE
(flustered)
We can't do that. We have to collect
your co-payment at the time services
are rendered.
(pointing)
See.

A sign on the wall reads, "Payment must be collected at the
time services are rendered."

Barry exhales a plume of smoke blowing out a match--

NURSE
You can't smoke that in here.

She points to another sign that reads, "No smoking."

BARRY
(insanely)
What if I need to take a leak? You
got a sign that says, no peeing in
the lobby?

She takes a step back. Barry heads for the exit.

NURSE
(stammering)
But what about your co-payment?

Barry answers by violently ripping both signs off the wall.

INT. NURSING HOME - MEETING ROOM - DAY

Misty wears a volunteer's apron with name tag. She eats a Snickers bar watching two blue-hair residents, MEME and BARBARA, apply the stolen eye shadow to their friend PATSY.

PATSY
How's it look?

Barbara holds a shaky hand mirror revealing an evil clown.

BARBARA
It brings out the color of your eyes.

Meme hands Misty a carton of milk.

MISTY
Who's your lucky date?

Patsy points to the lucky guy SNORING in a wheelchair.

MEME
Good Lord willing and the creek don't rise...

BARBARA
(winking)
...and his pacemaker don't give out.

EXT. BARRY'S TRUCK - DAY

Barry's truck creeps along a boulevard stuck in traffic.

INT. BARRY'S TRUCK

Barry slams on the brakes. A MOTORCYCLE COP holds up his gloved hand.

A black hearse proceeds behind him. Limousines follow, stuffed with the swollen faces of bereaved mourners.

Barry's eyes well up as the procession passes.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY (DAYDREAM)

WORKERS watch a wooden casket lower into a grave. A MAN in a suit shuts off the pulley. He signals the workers to their task. They hesitate, indicating the only mourner, Luke.

The boxer dog stares down the abyss. He lays his head on his paws.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A CAR HORN jolts Barry from the dream. Hector's convertible REVS its ENGINE. The last of the funeral passes.

The cops races off. Hector HONKS beckoning Barry to move.

INT. BARRY'S TRUCK - DAY

Barry remains lost in thought, oblivious to the HONKING.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The convertible pulls along the shoulder.

HECTOR
Wake up, dumb-shit.

INT. BARRY'S TRUCK - DAY

The convertible races ahead. A half-empty beer can flies out the back glancing off the truck's hood.

A slice of pizza follows, sticking to the windshield.

EXT. BARRY'S TRUCK - DAY

Barry sticks his head out the window.

BARRY
Hey.

The bangers look out the back as they race away.

BARRY
(flips them off)
Fuck you.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

Barry sits on a park bench meditating. A FATHER plays catch with his young SON. An ARTIST paints a landscape on a easel.

Barry folds his stoic face into his trembling hands.

An obnoxious rock 'n roll RING TONE shatters his grief.

EMMY (17) sits on a bench next to Barry. She takes a lit joint from her mouth answering her phone.

EMMY
Hey... yeah, I know. Hold on.

She checks a text message. A different RING TONE.

EMMY
Yeah, I was just like talking to her. Hold on.

She checks her phone and frowns.

EMMY
I'll call you back. It's my Mom.

She punches a speed dial.

EMMY
What do you want, Mother? I'm at the library with Kate. We're doing our homework.
(disgusted)
What do you think I'm doing, smoking dope? God, Mother. You are so lame.

She hangs up. Another RING TONE.

EMMY
It was my pain-in-the-ass Mom. She's lucky I don't get knocked up.

She hangs up. Another RING TONE.

EMMY
Hey... No... What? Oh my God!
(hysterical)
I can't believe she would say that about me. What a bitch.

She hangs up noticing Barry for the first time.

EMMY
What are you looking at, pervert?

BARRY
(barely whispering)
Nothing.

Emmy rises announcing.

EMMY
Life sucks.

She walks off. A light drizzle falls.

INT. MR. D'S ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT PIZZERIA - DAY

Barry and Lowell sit in a booth. The crowd has dwindled to only a few late lunchers.

LOWELL
Wow... That's really kind of bad news.

Barry rubs his temples contemplating Lowell's perceptive powers.

BARRY
Tight observation, Lowell.

Lowell checks his bandaged elbows.

LOWELL
What about Mr. DeAngelo.? What are you going to tell him?

BARRY
I don't know. I probably won't tell him anything.

LOWELL
I mean, what about your replacement?

BARRY
My replacement?

LOWELL
Yeah. Maybe you could put in a good word for your assistant manager.

BARRY
(less than enthused)
I'll see what I can do, Lowell.

LOWELL
Thanks. But from the way it sounds... don't wait too long.

VOICE (O.S.)
Are you the manager?

Barry looks up to find JONATHAN, bow tie and gay, dangling a giant slice of pizza.

JONATHAN
I'm not very happy.

BARRY
(blowing smoke)
Take a number.

Jonathan shoves the slice in Barry's face for inspection.

JONATHAN
I ordered the vegetarian and right
there...

He points to the rogue topping inflating the drama--

JONATHAN
...is a pepperoni. And you need to
know, I am deathly allergic to pork.

Barry pushes the slice away. Jonathan taps his foot.

JONATHAN
It's not a joke. It's life
threatening in my case--

Barry plucks the pepperoni and pops it in his mouth.

BARRY
(chewing)
There. Anything else?

Jonathan walks away looking like someone drowned his kitten.

LOWELL
Have you thought about taking a trip?

BARRY
A trip?

LOWELL
Yeah, like Medjugorje.

Lowell pronounces the destination like it's a sex act.

BARRY
Where?

LOWELL
It's that place where they saw Jesus's
Mom in a bowl of noodles or something.

BARRY
Where do you come up with this stuff,
Lowell?

LOWELL
My U.F.O. club.

Barry rolls his eyes--

LOWELL
It's true. People go there in
wheelchairs and the next day they're
running marathons.

BARRY
That is about the most ridiculous
crap I've ever heard of... even from
you.

INT. TRAVEL AGENCY - DAY

Barry sits across the desk from DORIS, heavysset, with a slight
lisp.

DORIS
Now, my sister-in-law's sister went
last year. Just loved Medjugorje.
Just loved it. She wants to go back.

She points to a brochure in Barry's hand.

DORIS
After she goes to Disney World.

Barry nods.

DORIS
The people were so nice. And the
food... just loved the food. And
the artwork. Beautiful artwork.

BARRY
Really?

DORIS
She gave me that Blessed Mother.

Doris indicates a figurine on a shelf behind her.

DORIS
When were you thinking of scheduling
your pilgrimage?

BARRY
As soon as possible.

Doris types on her computer.

DORIS
How does late fall sound? The weather
is suppose to be gorgeous then.

BARRY
No. I was thinking... now.

DORIS
Sorry, Sweetie. Everything to
Medjugorje is booked months in
advance.

BARRY
Oh? I didn't know that.
(coughing)
I can't wait that long.

DORIS
That's too bad.

BARRY
Was there anything wrong with her?

DORIS
(puzzled)
Wrong with who?

BARRY
Your sister-in-law's sister.

DORIS
Oh, yeah. She's got a big mole on
her nose.

Barry grimaces.

BARRY
Skin cancer?

Doris frowns.

DORIS
No, no. Just not very attractive.

Barry moves toward the door.

DORIS
What about Vegas, sweetie? We've got some great deals at Caesar's Palace.

INT. NURSING HOME - GAME ROOM - DAY

Misty sleeps curled up in a chair. The Blue Hairs play scrabble. An AIDE taps Misty on the shoulder.

AIDE
Wake up. You're not supposed to nap.

Misty stretches and yawns.

MEME
(to the Aide)
Leave her alone.

PATSY
She's not hurting you.

MISTY
(removing her apron)
It's okay. About time for me to go work anyway.

BARBARA
I wish you didn't keep such late hours, dear.

MISTY
Me too. It's probably going to be a lousy night.
(regretful)
Sometimes, I sure wish my life had turned out different.

BARBARA
You're still young, honey.

PATSY
That right. Just look at us. There's not much fun left in our days...

MEME

...but every morning when we wake up, we thank the good Lord, and tell ourselves the same thing.

MISTY

What's that?

BARBARA/PATSY/MEME

(saluting each other)

Even a crappy day is better than no day at all.

INT. BARRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Barry draws a picture at his desk. He wads up the result and tosses it a pile of rejects on the floor.

He rips all of his drawings off the wall, wads them up, and tosses them into the pile.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Barry walks out of DeAngelo's toward his parked truck. He stops in the street and changes direction to Big Mike's Bar.

INT. DR MOORE'S OFFICE - DAY

Breland at the desk finishing paperwork. Lance enters looking like death.

DR. BRELAND

What happened to you?

LANCE

Migraine. I've been puking my guts.

DR. BRELAND

Could be worse. You could be that last patient I saw.

Breland holds up the x-rays for Lance to see. Lance's face turns sour.

LANCE

Uh oh.

INT. BIG MIKE'S BAR - DAY

Barry climbs on a barstool. MIKE, overweight bartender, turns around surprised.

MIKE
Barry? Long time, no see.

BARRY
Shot of tequila, Mike.

MIKE
I thought you were quitting.

BARRY
Yeah, well I just quit quitting.

Mike shakes his head.

MIKE
I don't think that's a good idea.

BARRY
I'm not interested in your thoughts,
Mike.

MIKE
(folded arms)
Okay. But I don't have to serve
you.

Barry slaps his own face in disbelief.

BARRY
I thought this was a bar.

MIKE
Sorry.

Barry drops his head in his laced hands.

BARRY
Good God, what a day.

Mike sets a cup of coffee in front of Barry.

MIKE
You having a rough one?

BARRY
(a cutting glance)
You could say that.

He lowers his voice. Mike leans in.

BARRY

I went to the doctor today--

MIKE

Don't say another word.

(bragging)

I know exactly how you feel. Last time I went he told me I needed to lose forty pounds.

(beat)

I was so depressed, I couldn't stop eating

Misty plops down next to Barry. Cleavage exposed.

MIKE

Misty! Boss said you can't hang out here.

She grabs a plastic sword sliding the fruit into her mouth.

MISTY

Last time I checked there was no law against a hard working girl getting a drink in a dumpy bar.

She elbows Barry looking for help.

MISTY

Isn't that right, Surg?

BARRY

(still pissed)

I don't know. I don't make the rules.

MISTY

(to Mike)

Somebody's not too happy.

MIKE

Leave him alone, Misty.

MISTY

I ain't working him. Just looking for some stimulating conversation. Which is a tough thing to find in this graveyard.

Barry glares at her.

MISTY
(to Barry)
What's your name, Surg?

MIKE
His name is Barry, and I don't think
he's looking to chat.

Misty leans on him.

MISTY
Getting wasted on caffeine, Barry?

Barry doesn't answer.

MISTY
You know they sell this stuff in
here called "al..key...hol".

Barry stares at Mike.

BARRY
Apparently, that's just a rumor.

Mike shakes his head.

MIKE
Barry quit.

MISTY
(catching on)
Oh? You sure picked a funny place
to hang out, Surg.

Barry rolls his eyes.

MISTY
But don't let that stop you from
buying a hard-working girl a drink.

Misty sticks out her tongue with the knotted cherry stem.

BARRY
(leaving)
Not today.

Misty eyes Barry as he walks away.

MISTY
I thought he was kind of cute... for
being a total downer.

She slides an ink pen in her purse.

Barry stands in the middle of the bar. The jukebox plays a sad song.

An OLD COUPLE sit in a booth in silent gloom. Three rough-looking COUGHERS lean pasted against the wall drowning their sorrows.

Barry walks out the door.

EXT. TRAIN CROSSING - DAY

Barry's truck stops at the safety gate. A red strobe light bounces off his windshield. Alarm bells ring.

INT. BARRY'S TRUCK - DAY

The train's headlight looms in the far distance.

EXT. TRAIN CROSSING - DAY

Across the track a HOMELESS MAN solicits with a homemade sign. The train sounds its HORN.

INT. BARRY'S TRUCK - DAY

Barry wipes tears from his cheek. He glances down the track, then takes off.

EXT. TRAIN CROSSING - DAY

Barry's truck swings around the gate and stops straddling the track. A DRIVER jumps out of his car and signals Barry to keep coming.

INT. BARRY'S TRUCK - DAY

Barry switches off the ignition. He exhales a stream of smoke. The train's HORN grows louder.

INT. BARRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (DAYDREAM)

Luke lays prostrate on the floor, Sheets rustle from the bed above him. Luke rolls over. The sound of giggling. The dog paces whimpering. Barry and Misty appear naked from under the covers.

BARRY

I only have a few days to live.

MISTY

Might as well go out happy, Surg.

They disappear back under the sheets.

EXT. TRAIN CROSSING - DAY

The train approaches. The Homeless Man stands at the gate, jaw dropped. People jump out of their cars, waving at Barry.

The Homeless Man displays his sign-- "Will work for food".

He unfolds a bottom flap revealing a new message-- "Will work for food... or SEX".

He offers a toothless grin and performs a jig.

INT. BARRY'S TRUCK - DAY

Barry focuses on the sign.

BARRY

Sex?

(beat)

Shit.

The train light shines in the truck, casting a radiant silhouette of the driver. Brilliant white smoke streams out his mouth.

Barry turns the key. The truck's starter grinds--

The train wheels thunder down the track. The HORN swells to a deafening pitch--

Barry frantically jiggles the key--

BARRY

Son of a bitch...

A blinding light engulfs the cab.

INT. BAR - DAY

Misty chews on drink garnishes. She slides a lighter into her purse. She spins on the stool to find...

Barry, wiping sweat from his face.

BARRY
(panting)
How much?

MISTY
Huh?

BARRY
How much money does a hard working
girl make... when she's working?

MISTY
Oh. That depends on the "who" and
the "how long."

Barry stares deep into Misty's eyes.

BARRY
How about me... for the next couple
of days?

She laughs. Mike eavesdrops, mouth agape.

MISTY
I don't know... I ain't never done
something like that before.

BARRY
How much?

Mike butts in.

MIKE
Barry? What's the matter with you?

BARRY
Shut up, Mike.

Mike pulls a bottle of tequila.

MIKE
Let me get you a drink.

BARRY
I don't drink, remember? How much?

MISTY
How much you got?

BARRY
 (off guard)
 Huh?

MISTY
 I ain't in the check cashing business.

Barry starts for his wallet realizing--

BARRY
 Shit. Wait right here, just a couple
 of minutes. I'll be right back. I
 promise. Please.

Misty looks around at two FAT GUYS picking their noses. She
 checks Mike for an opinion. He shrugs.

MISTY
 Okay, Surg. You're on the clock.

Barry dashes to the door.

EXT. BANK DRIVE THROUGH - DAY

Barry pulls in the middle lane behind a big Buick, driven by
 an ELDERLY LADY.

He rolls down his window, exhaling a stream of smoke. Cars
 on either side finish driving out.

INT. BARRY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Barry lights a cigarette off the butt.

BARRY
 Come on. Come on. Hurry up.

The elderly woman reaches for her canister. She sends it
 back.

BARRY
 What the hell?

The other lanes move again. The canister returns.

An indistinguishable CONVERSATION over the intercom. The
 canister shoots back up. Barry leans out his window.

BARRY
 Hey, where's the sign that says this
 is the lane for dumb-asses?

Barry REVS his engine, throws it in reverse. His path is blocked by a giant SUV. Barry bounces up and down.

EXT. BANK DRIVE THROUGH - DAY

Another muffled CONVERSATION between the elderly lady and TELLER.

She retrieves the canister and sticks it in her purse. The Buick's back-up lights come on.

Barry cranes his neck out his window shouting--

BARRY
Hey, wait, don't--

The Buick jumps backwards, ramming Barry's front bumper.

BARRY
(rocking)
You fricking idiot.

The lady gives a "sorry" wave out the back window. Barry drives up screaming out his window--

BARRY
Hey. You got the--

The Buick cuts the corner and chugs out of sight.

INT. BARRY'S TRUCK - DAY

Barry hits the intercom.

TELLER
Can I help you?

BARRY
I want all my money. But that old
cow just drove off with the... thingy.

TELLER
The what?

BARRY
The damn thing you put your money
in.

TELLER
Oh. That's too bad--

The SUV behind him HONKS. Barry glares back.

BARRY
Hey, screw you!

TELLER
I'm sorry?

BARRY
No, not you. Him.

TELLER
That's it. I'm taking my break.

BARRY
Your break?

Jonathan, the pepperoni topping victim, waves through the teller window from inside the bank.

BARRY
No!

Jonathan speaks into the microphone.

JONATHAN
Yes! Drive around and get back in line. If you have a complaint... take a number.

Jonathan hangs up a "closed" sign at his station. The SUV behind Barry blows its HORN.

INT. BIG MIKE'S BAR - NIGHT

Barry runs in the front door. He scans the place. No Misty. He spots Mike. The bartender shakes his head.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Misty walks along the street. Cars drive past in either direction.

INT. BARRY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Barry drums the steering wheel searching out the window.

BARRY
Damn it.

He spots Misty walking in the opposite direction. He cranks the steering wheel.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Barry's truck pulls up beside her. The window rolls down. Misty grabs the door handle.

INT. BARRY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Misty hums to the radio. She rides in the passenger seat as if it was made for it.

MISTY
I like your truck.

BARRY
You're not serious.

She bounces it the seat.

MISTY
Un uh. It's a real pickup truck.

BARRY
(scoffs)
It's a piece of crap.

MISTY
Oh yeah? What do you call it?

BARRY
Huh?

MISTY
Your truck. I bet it's got a name,
don't it?

Barry shrugs and admits.

BARRY
Butter Bean.

MISTY
Butter Bean. I knew it.

BARRY
All right. Is your real name Misty,
or is that like a working name?

MISTY
Working name? Oh...
(beat)
You tell me, surg.

She counts off.

MISTY
My sister's names are Stormy and
Wendy. My brother's names are Sonny,
Ray and Gale.

BARRY
Who named you?

MISTY
Daddy.

BARRY
What's his name? Tornado?

MISTY
No. But he always told Mama that he
had "lightning in his pants."

Barry allows a grin.

MISTY
Oh good. Almost a smile.

She turns the radio up and sings. They drive without
conversation until...

MISTY
I don't reckon you got any beer at
your place, do you? Seeing as you
don't drink no more.

She points to the Quickie Mart.

MISTY
How about pulling in there, Surg?

INT. QUICKIE MART - NIGHT

Barry walks in smoking. A scrawny, red-headed CLERK holds
court with Hector and the Bangers in the corner.

The Clerk points to a "No Smoking" sign above the door.

CLERK
Can't you read?

Barry shakes his head and mashes the butt on the floor.

At the cooler, he pulls a six pack, then pours himself a cup of coffee.

The Clerk and Bangers hide in a cloud of smoke, cigarettes dangle from their mouths.

CLERK
(to the Bangers)
You should have seen how she was built.

Barry waits at the register. He spots two empty pizza boxes. Out the window, he notices the convertible.

CLERK
(to Barry)
What do you want?

BARRY
I just want to pay for this.

CLERK
Hold your wad. I'll get to you in a minute.

He turns back to the Bangers.

CLERK
So then I tell her, she ain't never seen a tool like mine.

Barry lays a ten dollar bill on the counter.

CLERK
What are you doing?

BARRY
Keep the change.

CLERK
What's your problem?

BARRY
(walking to the door)
No problem.

CLERK
You looking for trouble, dickhead?

BARRY
What?

CLERK
I said are you looking for trouble.

Barry walks back to the Clerk. He leans in.

BARRY
You don't want my trouble, pal.

The Clerk stands dumbstruck.

CLERK
What are you, some kind of psycho-killer?

BARRY
Maybe.

Barry walks out.

EXT. QUICKIE MART - NIGHT

The Clerk and Bangers follow Barry out the door.

TROY
Hector, that's that piece of shit truck.

INT. BARRY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Barry climbs in and starts the engine.

MISTY
You make some new friends, Surg?

EXT. QUICKIE MART - NIGHT

The Clerk and Bangers jump on the front bumper violently bouncing the truck. They slam their fist on the hood.

MISTY
(out her window)
Hey, get off the truck, idiots!

CLERK
Shut your mouth, bitch.

Barry's face fills with rage.

MISTY
Watch your mouth, jerk.

INT. BARRY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Barry slams the shifter in reverse flinging the boys off the bumper.

BARRY
Hang on.

The truck roars across the lot and stops. Barry looks at the back window at the convertible.

BARRY
Sorry, Butter Bean.

EXT. QUICKIE MART - NIGHT

The truck races backward ramming the convertible's side.

Hector chases after the truck.

HECTOR
I going to kill you, man.

INT. BARRY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Coffee spills and Misty screams delighted. She hangs her head out the window.

MISTY
What do you got to say now, smart
ass?

Barry jumps the curb and races down the street.

Misty waves bye and slides back in.

MISTY
Surg, that caffeine kicked in.

Barry checks the rear-view mirror. They are in the clear. He slows down--

BARRY
(shaking)
Wow, I can't believe I just did that.

MISTY
Me either. I didn't figure you for
the throw-down type.

BARRY
Trust me. I'm not.

MISTY
That's okay. Daddy said when you're
dealing with animals the carrot is a
waste of time, but the stick works
wonders.

BARRY
Your Daddy's says a lot of things?

Misty spies his wedding band and frowns.

MISTY
Yeah.
(beat)
What's your wife going to say about
me spending a couple of nights at
the house?

Barry changes hands on the wheel.

BARRY
I've been meaning to cut that off.

MISTY
Your finger or the ring?

Barry can't help smiling.

BARRY
It was a bad mistake. We've been
divorced two years.

MISTY
That seems long enough to get rid of
it.

BARRY
Sometimes I put off doing stuff.

MISTY
That why she left?

BARRY
Turned out she didn't like my dog...
Or me. She liked fish.

MISTY
Fish? The kind you eat or the kind
you look at?

BARRY
The kind you stare at for hours and
hours... never saying a word.

MISTY
That don't sound like much fun, Surg.

BARRY
It wasn't.
(confiding)
But... I haven't been with another
woman since her.

MISTY
Oh my goodness. You been dry for
two years?

He lights a cigarette and nods.

BARRY
Like I said, sometimes I put off
doing stuff.

MISTY
That seems a little extreme.

BARRY
And today...

Barry's voice catches...

BARRY
Today's turned out to be--

He sighs.

BARRY
The worst day of my life.

Barry wells up.

MISTY
Take it easy, Surg. You're just a
little wound up.

Barry pulls the truck over to the side of the road. He cries.

BARRY
I'm sorry.

Misty puts her arm around him.

MISTY
Come on now. It can't be that bad.

BARRY
It's not good.

MISTY
It's never as bad as it seems.

Barry shakes his head, refusing to let it out.

MISTY
It's not like the world's about to
end.

BARRY
I... found out today, that--

He sobs.

MISTY
What?

BARRY
That... I...

He regains some control and stares out the front window,
lost.

BARRY
I pretty much wasted my life.

MISTY
(relieved)
Oh, is that all?

BARRY
(to himself)
I turned out to be the loser she
said I was.

Misty gently strokes his face with the back of her hand.

MISTY
Don't say that.

BARRY
It's the truth.

She considers his words for a moment. She grabs Barry by the shoulders, startling him.

MISTY
I think I know exactly how you're feeling.

BARRY
You do?

MISTY
You don't need sex, Surg.
(excited)
You need Jesus!

BARRY
What?

She motions out the front window.

MISTY
Go down the road a couple of blocks
and cross over them railroad tracks.

BARRY
Why?

MISTY
Because... You just got to trust
me. I know what I'm talking about.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Barry's truck pulls back on the road. The tail lights fade as the truck disappears left.

Another set of tail lights appear. Exhaust smoke bellows out the back of the wrecked convertible. The CAR RATTLES down the road, following the path of the truck.

The convertible bottoms out crossing the tracks. Sparks fly as the car vanishes from sight.

INT. AFRICAN- AMERICAN CHURCH - NIGHT

A full house. SINGING and rhythmic CLAPPING. A CHOIR clad in red robes sways back and forth.

CHOIR
(singing)
Go tell it on the mountain. Over
the hills and everywhere...

The back door swings open. Misty drags Barry in, a stunned look on his face. A large, ANGRY LADY shouts over the singing.

ANGRY LADY
(pointing at Misty)
The devil's in the Lord's house
clothed in a harlot's dress.

Misty just smiles. They take a spot on the back row.

CHOIR
(singing)
...over the hills and everywhere.
Our Jesus Christ is born.

The hymn ends. The Congregation wildly applauds.

A young preacher, BROTHER NATE, gleaming with sweat, approaches the podium. He opens his bible raising it aloft.

BROTHER NATE
Brothers and Sisters...

MEMBER #1
Bring us the word, Preacher.

A WOMAN in front of Misty sniffs. She turns and scowls. Misty nudges Barry in the ribs. He puts out his cigarette.

BROTHER NATE
We live in a world that boasts of
great wealth. We lavish ourselves
with more gold and jewels than even
in the day of King Solomon. Yet, we
are poor--

MEMBER #2
Amen, Preacher.

BROTHER NATE
 Poor of spirit.

MEMBERS
 Amen.

BROTHER NATE
 Poor of morality.

The Angry Lady wags her finger at Misty. Misty sticks out her tongue making a face.

BROTHER NATE
 Empty and void as these earthly
 vessels we call bodies, which one
 day will return to the ground as
 nothing more than a handful of dust--

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A ball bat SMASHES a tail light on Barry's truck.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

The Preacher drives the crowd.

BROTHER NATE
 We are rich in only what a fool
 values.

Barry focuses on the Preacher. Nate turns to the bible.

BROTHER NATE
 James writes, "We are but a mist
 that appears for a little while and
 then vanishes."

Barry listens captivated.

BROTHER NATE
 A wispy cloud disappearing at dusk
 into the black night.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The bat smashes the other tail light. Hector stands back from the truck, admiring his handiwork.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Nate wipes a handkerchief across his glistening face.

BROTHER NATE

So ask yourself. Are you ready to
meet your savior?

Members are on their feet. Barry watches. Someone screams--

MEMBER #4

Take me now, Jesus.

Misty waves her hands above head in tribute. Her eyes tightly
shut. Barry watches, moved by it all.

BROTHER NATE

Has the Holy Spirit filled you with
the blessing of eternal life?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Troy spray-paints a graffiti message on the truck's tailgate.

HECTOR

Hurry up, man.

Headlights send the bangers scurrying.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Nate gives the signal. The Choir begins a LOW HUM.

BROTHER NATE

If you have never known Jesus Christ,
then tonight I am inviting you to
come forward and exchange your earthly
existence for one with the promise
of eternity. Let Jesus wash over
you and carry away the pain and
emptiness of this world.

Barry rises to his feet in a hypnotic trance. The Choir
starts out low--

CHOIR

(singing)

Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me...

Barry squeezes out of the pew and marches up the aisle.
Misty watches, tears stream down her face.

Barry reaches Brother Nate. Nate whispers questions. Barry
nods his head.

Nate signals the choir to end of the song.

BROTHER NATE
 Brothers and Sisters. We are truly
 blessed tonight. A sinner has come
 forth thirsting for the knowledge of
 salvation.

He turns Barry around to face the congregation.

BROTHER NATE
 Let me introduce to you, Brother
 Barry Gilcrest.

MEMBERS
 Amen. Brother Barry.

BROTHER NATE
 He comes to us a sinner unbaptized,
 never touched by the spirit.

Nate leads Barry to a long metal trough filled with chilly
 water.

BROTHER NATE
 Just as Philip took the eunuch down
 to the river. I lead you to the
 water.

Barry steps in without removing any clothes. His eyes glass
 over. Nate is taken aback--

BROTHER NATE
 And...

Barry inhales deep breaths slouching in circles. After
 several attempts, Nate catches hold of Barry by neck.

BROTHER NATE
 ... Matthew writes that, "Jesus said
 go and make disciples of all
 nations..."

Nate pinches Barry's nose submerging him into the water.

BROTHER NATE
 ... baptizing them in the name of
 the Father, and of the Son, and of
 the Holy Spirit...

Bubbles float to the surface. Barry's arms dart out of the water and flail about. Nate avoids contact and continues--

BROTHER NATE
 ... and teaching them to obey
 everything I have commanded you...

Nate firmly holds Barry under, even as he thrashes--

BROTHER NATE
 (slowly speaking)
 ... and know that it is written,
 that surely Jesus will be with us
 always...

Barry's legs shoot out of the water, trying to wrestle free.

BROTHER NATE
 ... to the very end of the age."

Nate hoists Barry out of the water. He gasps for life, coughing--

BARRY
 Jesus fricking Christ, you idiot!
 I'm a smoker.

Silence in the building except for Barry's coughing fit.

Brother Nate, eyes the size of saucers, takes a swallow before--

BROTHER NATE
 And the Lord forgives you for it,
 Brother Barry.

The congregation erupts with praise and applause. The choir breaks in song--

CHOIR
 (singing)
 I wandered so aimless life filled
 with sin. I wouldn't let my dear
 savior in. Then Jesus came like a
 stranger in the night. Praise the
 Lord, I saw the light.

Barry, draped in a towel, walks shivering down the aisle.

The congregation congratulates him. They CLAP in rhythm.

Water slouches out of his shoes. Foot prints soak the worn runner.

CHOIR

(singing)

I saw the light. I saw light...

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Barry and Misty sit in silence. He starts the truck, fiddling with the heater.

MISTY

How do you feel?

Barry holds his hand under the vent.

BARRY

Soaking wet.

MISTY

But don't you feel something different?

Barry ponders the question.

BARRY

I guess I was looking for more of a miracle.

MISTY

Oh, you just wait. It takes some people a couple of days before they get the spirit. It might even take you a couple of weeks.

BARRY

A couple of weeks?

Barry puts the truck in gear.

MISTY

You know what I felt watching you?

Barry shakes his head.

MISTY

I felt the spirit pulsing through my body like a current of electricity.

(MORE)

MISTY (CONT'D)

My breasts were throbbing and the
inside of my legs were tingling like
I had been struck by lightning.

Misty places her hand on the inside of Barry's leg.

MISTY

And then I thought about how it's
been a couple of years since you'd
been to the well. And the whole
thing made me so horny I thought I
was going to explode.

Misty squeezes his leg. Barry hits the accelerator.

EXT. BARRY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

The back tires smoke rubber PEELING OUT.

INT. BARRY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Barry's breathing quickens as he drives.

BARRY

You know, maybe I do feel a little
something going on inside of me.

Misty smiles reaching her hand closer,

MISTY

I don't reckon that's the holy spirit
I feel moving inside your pants.

Barry bristles.

MISTY

What's the matter?

BARRY

I just got saved and now we're about
to--

MISTY

Oh, don't worry about that. Like my
Mama said all the time, once saved,
always saved.

BARRY

Really?

Misty snuggles closer.

MISTY
Sure. That's the beauty of it.

A blue strobe light reflects off the windshield.

MISTY
Uh oh.

Misty and Barry look out the back window. A police cruiser follows. It flashes its brights. Barry looks skyward.

BARRY
What now, Jesus?

EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT

The cruiser pulls in behind the truck. The driver's door swings open.

OFFICER JOHN ROWE, defensive linemen size, steps out.

BOOTS CLICK against the pavement. The blue strobe dances ahead of every footstep.

Barry opens his door.

BARRY
Evening officer. What seems--

OFFICER ROWE
Stay right there and keep your hands where I can see them at all times.

Barry steps toward the cop.

BARRY
I don't think I was speeding.

Rowe draws his weapon.

OFFICER ROWE
Place both your hands on the side of your vehicle.

Barry obeys. Rowe kicks Barry's legs apart and frisks him.

OFFICER ROWE
What the hell have you been doing?

Water spatters as he pats down Barry's leg.

BARRY
I just got saved.

Rowe gives him a look.

BARRY
No, really. I just got baptized.

OFFICER ROWE
Yeah? Do you and the Lord know you're
driving without your tail lights?

BARRY
What?

Rowe leads Barry to the back.

BARRY
Son of a bitch.

Barry reads the tail gate illuminated by the cruiser's
headlights.

Spray paint reads, "SYCHO KILLER".

BARRY
Hold on. Somebody's been messing
with my truck--

OFFICER ROWE
Uh huh.

BARRY
I swear.

Rowe sees movement out the back window of the truck.

OFFICER ROWE
Who's that with you?

BARRY
Just... a friend.

Rowe shines his light inside.

MISTY
Evening Officer.

OFFICER ROWE

(to Barry)

A friend, huh?

(to Misty)

I thought this was your night off,
Misty.

BARRY

You know each other?

Rowe reaches for his cuffs.

OFFICER ROWE

Put your hands behind your back.

BARRY

You can't be serious.

Misty yells out the window.

MISTY

Just do as he says, Surg. You'll
only make it worse.

Rowe swings Barry around, slapping the cuffs on.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Misty and Barry stand next to Rowe, watching the DESK
SERGEANT. He drums fingers as he scans the report. He looks
up, addressing Misty.

DESK SERGEANT

Young lady, I thought you and I had
come to an agreement.

MISTY

Yes sir, we had.

Misty hangs her head. The Desk Sergeant sighs, giving her a
fatherly look.

DESK SERGEANT

Now, sooner or later you've got to
change your behavior. It's for your
own safety. You don't know who this
guy is.

OFFICER ROWE

He could be a serial killer.

Barry rolls his eyes. Misty looks at Barry with new found suspicion.

MISTY

I never thought about that.

DESK SERGEANT

All right, I'm going to let you go with your last warning. But you got to stop, before someone hurts you.

MISTY

Thank you, thank you, thank you. You ain't going to be sorry, I promise. You'll never see me in here again.

DESK SERGEANT

I'm counting on that.

Barry nods in agreement, smiling at Misty, relieved.

The Desk Sergeant turns to Barry, shaking his head.

DESK SERGEANT

Now you--

He checks off his paperwork.

DESK SERGEANT

Inoperable brake lights. Solicitation of prostitution. Suspicion of driving while intoxicated--

MISTY

(interrupting)

Oh, I can vouch for him. He only drinks coffee.

The Desk Sergeant motions to Rowe.

DESK SERGEANT

Lock him up.

Barry stands slack jawed. Rowe leads him away.

BARRY

Wait, wait, wait.

(beat)

I can't go to jail.

The desk sergeant feigns surprise--

DESK SERGEANT
Really?

Barry implicitly nods.

DESK SERGEANT
(playing along)
I didn't know that.

BARRY
I've had a really tough day--

The desk sergeant holds up a silencing hand.

DESK SERGEANT
I'm sure you have. Problem is you
have a bench warrant for your arrest.

BARRY
What?

DESK SERGEANT
(looking at a screen)
Seventy-three unpaid parking tickets.

Barry puckers like he bit a lemon.

BARRY
I've been meaning to talk to someone
about that.

DESK SERGEANT
Little late. Bail is \$500.

BARRY
I don't have \$500.

DESK SERGEANT
We'll do our best to make sure you're
as comfortable as possible. Take
him away.

Barry struggles as Rowe leads him away.

BARRY
Hey, she's got my money--

Misty shakes her head in disappointment.

MISTY

Don't tell them that, Surg. They'll
just use it against you.

INT. HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Rowe SLAMS the CELL DOOR behind Barry. The holding tank
INMATES stir. Barry holds fast to the bars and pleads.

BARRY

Please. I need my cigarettes, bad.

Rowe walks off. CATCALLS from the Goliath-sized inmates,
JOSH and CLAPPER.

JOSH

Please, mamma. The little girl needs
her cigarettes.

CLAPPER

She looks scared, but don't worry.
We're going to take real good care
of her.

Barry turns around. Josh and Clapper hover over him. Josh
pokes Barry in the chest.

JOSH

Don't you know that smoking cigarettes
is bad for your health, little girl?

CLAPPER

Yeah, and that second hand smoke is
one of the leading causes of
respiratory illnesses?

Barry avoids eye contact.

BARRY

(almost whispering)
I might of heard something about
that--

Josh and Clapper reach under Barry's armpits hoisting him to
the ceiling for an inspection.

JOSH

I wonder what kind of undies he's
wearing, Clapper.

INT. HOLDING CELL - LATER

CLIP...CLIP...CLIP. Toenail fragments fly.

Barry clips Clapper's diseased toenails. A fragment hits Barry's crimson face. He squints and continues the pedicure.

Josh holds Barry upside down by his feet.

BARRY
(eyes bulging)
You know, it looks like you got a
little fungus growing here. You
might want to try some foot powder.

Josh bounces Barry's head off the floor a couple of times.

BARRY
Or maybe not.

Rowe appears with a pack of smokes.

ROWE
Okay, Gilcrest. Here's your
cigarettes.

JOSH
I'll make sure he gets them.

Josh drops Barry to the floor and takes the pack.

ROWE
Make sure you get the dirt out between
his toes.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The Desk Sergeant works a report. Misty TAPS on his desk. He looks up.

MISTY
I know. I'm sorry.

She places a wad of bills on the desk.

MISTY
It's his bail.

The Desk Sergeant shakes his head in disbelief.

DESK SERGEANT

Why are you doing this?

MISTY

I don't really think he's a serial killer, do you? He's kind of cute.

(beat)

And he just found Jesus. I don't want him to spend his first night with Jesus in jail.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Maurice sleeps in a refrigerator packing box. A light mist falls.

The Banger's convertible creeps up beside the box. A back window slowly rolls down.

Fire crackers fly out and land in Maurice's box.

Brilliant flashes of light followed by CRACKLING EXPLOSIONS.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Misty waits in an office. She peers out the blinds. A BRUISED WOMAN stands in front of the Desk Sergeant pointing at the BRUISER who did it.

Misty grabs a pack of gum off the desk and sticks it in her purse. She opens the desk drawer. A startled look on her face.

Misty checks the blinds again. In the drawer is a revolver.

INT. HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Clapper and Josh play keep away from Barry with his smokes. Cigarettes dangle from their mouth. They blow smoke in his face as he tries to intercept. Barry stiffens--

BARRY

All right, big boy.

(to Clapper)

Give me my fricking cigarettes.

CLAPPER

(mocking)

Wow. Did you hear that Josh?

JOSH
Sounds like we're a little tense.
Might need a smoke to calm his nerves.

Josh shakes the pack and feigns an offer.

BARRY
Come on, asshole.

JOSH
Such language.

CLAPPER
What are you going to do if we don't?

Barry's face turns evil. He shoves Clapper with explosive force.

BARRY
I guess it's time to find out.

The giant looks unsure. Clapper sneers, then guffaws.

CLAPPER
Let him have one, Josh.

Josh flings the smokes at Barry. The pack bounces off his hands out the cell.

Barry sprawls on the floor, his arm stretched out through the bars. His fingers... a millimeter from the pack when...

A mouse scurries across the floor. It stops at the cigarettes just as Barry's fingertip makes contact.

The mouse sniffs, then pushes the box just beyond his reach--

BARRY
(pulling back through
the bars)
Damn it.

JOSH
Too bad, slick.

Barry closes his eyes.

BARRY
(to nobody)
Why are you doing this to me?
(MORE)

BARRY (CONT'D)
What did I do? I never hurt anybody.
I never did anything.

The inmates gather, listening with curious interest.

BARRY
(delirious)
I was going to do something really
good one day. Maybe paint a picture
that made people feel something
inside. That's all I wanted and...

Barry slams his head against the bars until tears stream
down his face. Inmates back away.

BARRY
(sobbing)
I wanted a son. I wanted to teach
him not to do all the stupid things
people do.

The inmates look ashamed.

BARRY
Teach him what's important. Teach
him how to be happy.

Josh sniffles.

BARRY
It doesn't matter now. Who cares if
I ever lived?

A moment of silence and then a VOICE from the back corner.

VOICE (O.S.)
I care.

A craggily OLD MAN dressed in ragged robe stands up.

BARRY
You do?

OLD MAN
Yeah. I care. I care that I have
to listen to you piss and moan about
your life. If you wanted to paint a
picture... then who stopped you?
Huh? Who stopped you from...
(MORE)

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

(mocking air quotes)

... "making someone feel something?"

(beat)

You did. That's who. It makes me want to throw up to listen to people bitch and whine about what they wished they had done. There ain't nothing wrong with you other than you're just like every other dreamer who stands around and watches life pass by.

The old man spits a string a tobacco juice. The inmates contemplate the deep meaning of his words...

CLAPPER

What about you old man? Why are you in here?

OLD MAN

Gracing the world with this beautiful body.

The old man rips open his robe exposing himself. The inmates gag. Barry looks to the ceiling and cries out.

BARRY

Good God. Please don't let me die in here.

Rowe stands behind him at the cell door.

ROWE

(Moses commanding)

Rise up, my son.

Barry looks around as if God has spoken to him.

BARRY

(whispering to his cell mates)

Did you hear that?

Rowe TAPS the CELL DOOR.

ROWE

Get up, Gilcrest. Your bail's been made.

BARRY

What?

Rowe unlocks the door. Barry climbs to his feet and slips out. He picks up the cigarettes and bumps one into his mouth.

Clapper reaches through the bars. Barry fakes an offer before yanking the pack out of Clapper's reach...

BARRY

Trust me. They're bad for your health.

INT. BARRY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Barry lights up as he drives. Misty fools with the RADIO.

He watches her carefully. She scoots closer to him and smiles.

BARRY

I don't know what to say--

MISTY

Don't say nothing.

BARRY

Yeah, but--

Misty winks and gives a big grin. She places her hand on his leg.

EXT. BARRY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Barry's truck passes the alley next to Mr. D's.

INT. BARRY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Misty catches a glimpse of the convertible.

MISTY

Stop. Go back.

BARRY

What?

MISTY

I think it was them.

BARRY

Who?

Barry pulls up even with the alley.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The Bangers surround the refrigerator box. Felix drags Maurice out by his legs.

Maurice swings his cane wildly at his attackers. The Bangers spin Maurice around taunting him.

INT. BARRY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Misty turns to Barry enraged.

MISTY
We got to help him.

BARRY
Help him?

MISTY
He's blind.

BARRY
Yeah, but--

Misty gives Barry a scornful look.

MISTY
But nothing. We go to do something.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Felix prods Maurice in the back. Maurice swings his cane at his attacker.

MAURICE
You picked the wrong dude to mess with.

The Bangers laugh, ducking his attempted blows.

HECTOR
I'm terrified. Now, give me your money so I don't have to hurt you.

Hector shoves Maurice to the ground. Troy pours an open beer over the blind man's head.

MAURICE

(spitting)

You're just making it harder on yourselves.

Headlights illuminate the can in Troy's hand.

Barry's truck ROARS down the alley. He SLAMS on his brakes skidding into the back of the convertible.

INT. BARRY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Barry and Misty bounce from the impact. The truck dies.

MISTY

Surg, you got something against that car?

BARRY

I didn't meant to do that.

Barry cranks the ignition. The truck sputters and dies.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Hector yanks open the driver's door, pulling Barry out.

BARRY

You all right, Maurice?

MAURICE

All right? Are you crazy? I was kicking ass.

Hector drives his fist into Barry's gut, doubling him over.

MISTY

Stop that!

HECTOR

What are you going to do about it, bitch?

Felix locks Barry in a full nelson.

BARRY

Tough boys picking on a...

Hector throws a right cross to Barry's face. Barry shakes his head trying to hold on to consciousness.

He smacks Barry with a left and a right.

Maurice edges closer to the beating. He takes a mighty swing with his cane. Hector ducks just in time as...

The cane cracks Barry across the bridge of his nose, spewing a river of blood. Barry SQUEALS in pain.

MAURICE

How do you like that, punk?

Maurice spins, delivering another blow to Barry's head.

HECTOR

(goading)

Can't you do any better than that Stevie Wonder?

Barry SCREAMS.

BARRY

Quit it Maurice!

MAURICE

Quit it, bullshit. I'm going to give these little shits a lesson.

FELIX

Bring it on, Ray Charles.

Maurice slams another blow to Barry's jaw.

MISTY

Maurice, you're killing him!

MAURICE

Good!

Maurice connects again. Felix and Troy pull Maurice aside.

HECTOR

I'll finish it from here old man.
This is what you get for...

Hector knees Barry in the groin.

HECTOR

... fucking up my car--

MISTY

Stop it.

Misty points the police gun from the drawer. Her hand shaking...

Hector spins, using Barry as a shield.

HECTOR
Easy now. You don't want to do
anything stupid.

Troy and Felix take a step forward...

MISTY
(aiming at them)
Stop right there.

The boys freeze. Hector steps toward the truck.

HECTOR
You're not going to shoot anyone.

The gun FIRES. Misty SCREAMS, looking at the gun unsure of what happened.

Felix falls to the ground.

FELIX
She shot me.

Hector checks Felix for blood. Barry lays on the ground moaning.

HECTOR
You ain't hit.
(looking at Barry)
He is.

A slight trickle of blood flows from Barry's shoulder. The gun goes off again.

The Bangers scramble.

FELIX
Let's get the fuck out of here.

They run past the convertible down the alley.

Maurice blindly chases, waving his cane in the air--

MAURICE
Run, you chicken shits!

Troy's low rider pants trips him at the knees. He gets up and falls again. The pants drop to his ankles as he hops down the alley.

Misty kneels over Barry.

MISTY
Surg, I'm sorry, I'm sorry. It just
went off on its own.

Maurice taps his cane.

MAURICE
Is he dead?

Barry straightens up, holding his wounded shoulder.

BARRY
No, I ain't dead.
(beat)
No thanks to you.

Misty helps Barry to his feet. She inspects the flesh wound.

MISTY
Does it hurt?

BARRY
Yeah.

He starts toward the truck and wavers.

MISTY
You need to see a doctor.

BARRY
(angry)
No.

MISTY
Give me your keys, then.

She helps Barry in the truck. Barry leans out.

BARRY
Maurice, if I was you I'd clear out
of here.

Maurice taps his way past the truck and spins his cane like a Kung Fu fighter.

MAURICE

Why? If they come back I just beat
the hell out of them again.

INT. TRAILER HOME - NIGHT

A light comes on over the kitchen table. Misty guides Barry
to a chair.

MISTY

You sit right here.

Barry slumps down.

MISTY

Where's the bathroom?

BARRY

Down the hall on the left.

She pads out of sight. Barry grimaces as he rolls his neck
and lights a cigarette. Both eyes are puffy and swelling
purple.

Misty returns with first aid. She scrutinizes the injuries
under the light.

MISTY

Wow, they did a number on you.

Barry glances looking down at the flesh wound on his shoulder.

BARRY

Yeah, someone did.

MISTY

Don't say that. I already feel bad
enough.

She dabs a cloth with alcohol and wipes the blood off his
shoulder. He jumps at the sting.

BARRY

Ouch. Stop.

MISTY

Oh, quit being such a baby. I ain't
going to bite you...
(sly smile)
...unless you want me to.

Misty wipes the blood from his nose.

MISTY
You did the right thing.

BARRY
It sure doesn't feel like it.

MISTY
Now, Surg. Don't be that way.

She holds an ice cube to his face. Barry softly moans.

MISTY
That feel better?

BARRY
A little.

Misty gently kisses his forehead. Then kisses his cheek.

MISTY
How about that?

BARRY
Yeah.

She carefully kisses his lips.

MISTY
How about that?

BARRY
That's better.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Barry gently rolls in the bed, careful not to hurt his wounded shoulder. Misty lowers herself on top on him.

MISTY
You sure you're up for this?

Barry stares in her eyes and grins.

BARRY
What do you think?

She looks down between them.

MISTY

I'd say you're past go.

They embrace and kiss. He rolls on top of her.

MISTY

Let me get the light, Surg.

She reaches over and switches off the lamp. The RUSTLING of CLOTHES being removed. Silence.

The lamp switches on.

BARRY

I just thought of something.

Misty pulls a cover around her.

MISTY

I've got some in my purse--

Barry puts his finger to his lips signaling quiet.

He gives a couple of quick WHISTLES.

INT. TRAILER HOME - NIGHT

Barry staggers into the kitchen, confused. The answering machine's pulsing red light signals a message.

Barry pushes the button. The MACHINE BEEPS. A calm voice begins--

CYNTHIA

(on machine)

Hey Barry dear, hope you're doing good.

(condescending)

Did you draw some pretty pictures, today?

Misty looks about at the drawings pinned on the wall.

CYNTHIA

(on machine)

Listen, I just called to see if you had noticed something missing?

(shrill)

Like maybe that stinking-ass dog of yours?

(MORE)

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

You must have thought I was kidding?
That was a bad misread on your part.
What don't you understand about...

(screaming)

I want my fucking money.

MISTY

That your ex-wife?

Barry nods.

MISTY

She sure got an ugly mouth.

CYNTHIA

(on machine)

Now, I know you've always been a
slow learner. Most retarded people
are. So, I'm going to try to make
this real simple.

She sighs and rambles to herself--

CYNTHIA

(on machine)

I don't know why, though. I've given
you a million chances, it just doesn't
sink in. God, you're pathetic. And
my life's pathetic because I married
you. But let me tell you something,
pal. I've been watching Dr. Phil
and I've learned something. I'm the
victim here.

In the background of the message is the sound of a table
CRASHING.

CYNTHIA

(screaming on machine)

Hey! Hey! Get down you goddamn
mutt.

(beat)

Your dumb-ass boxer just ate my
supper.

Misty grins.

CYNTHIA

(on machine)

Come here!

CYNTHIA emits an attacking GROAN, then Luke WHIMPERS.

CYNTHIA
(on machine)
That'll teach him.

Barry grimaces with hatred.

CYNTHIA
(on machine)
Now, write this down because I know
your dimwitted mind can't handle
more than one instruction at a time.
Tomorrow morning, nine o'clock, my
lawyer's office, bring my money. Or
else, I'll take it out, every cent
of it, on this dog's flea bitten
hide... if he's still alive. The
choice is yours... Dip shit.

CLICK and the machine resets. Barry glares at it.

MISTY
I see why you ain't married to her
no more.

Barry doesn't move.

MISTY
What are you going to do, Surg?

He rolls his neck slowly, looking right through her.

BARRY
Huh?

MISTY
You look like you got bad thoughts
rolling around inside your head.

BARRY
I was just thinking about today.
You wake up and you never know how
the stars are going to line up.

MISTY
(puzzled)
I guess not.

BARRY
Maybe, it's the moon. Is the moon a
little closer to earth right now?

MISTY
I don't know.

BARRY
Out of all the possible days... She
picks this one.

MISTY
Oh.

He smiles to himself and then--

BARRY
And she's about to find out she picked
the wrong one.

INT. BARRY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

The neighborhood is dark and void of activity. Barry and Misty watch Cynthia's house. A greenish light emanates from the front window.

MISTY
What do think?

BARRY
Hard to tell with her. But, you
better stay here.

He steps out from the cab.

BARRY
This shouldn't take long.

EXT. CYNTHIA'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT

A chain-link fence surrounds the yard. Luke lays sprawled on the patio asleep.

Barry give a low WHISTLE. The boxer's ears perk up.

BARRY
Luke. Come here, boy.

The dog wags its docked tail and WHIMPERS.

BARRY
I'm going to take you home.

Barry reaches over the electrified fence. ZAAAP. Sparks light up the night.

Barry lands on his ass. Smokes drifts up from his scorched body.

BARRY
Son of a bitch.

Luke WHINES, pacing along the fence.

BARRY
It's okay, boy. I'll get you out of there in a minute.

Barry climbs to his feet. Luke BARKS.

BARRY
Shush.

The neighbor's lights turn on.

INT. CYNTHIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CYNTHIA (30), dressed in a robe, eats popcorn and stares at a giant aquarium filled with tropical fish.

Her front door CREAKS open. She doesn't move.

CYNTHIA
I guess now you know how a mosquito feels?

BARRY
I'm getting my dog, Cynthia.

CYNTHIA
(matter of fact)
Not unless you got my money.

Barry steps closer.

CYNTHIA
I'm warning you. You take another step in this house and it'll be the biggest mistake of your life.

BARRY

Next to marrying your ass?

The door CREAKS open behind him.

MISTY

Hey Surg. You okay?

Misty peeks her head in. Cynthia smiles.

CYNTHIA

(mocking)

Hey... Surg?

(best country accent)

Come on in, honey. Lets get a better look at you.

Misty steps in beside Barry. Cynthia flips on a lamp.

CYNTHIA

My, my. You been hanging around the school yard, Surg?

(to Misty)

What's he paying you?

Misty and Barry look as if they been caught steeling cookies.

MISTY

(unsure)

Not much.

CYNTHIA

(burst out laughing)

I don't doubt that. At least it'll be the fastest money you ever make.

(regret)

Trust me, I know every detail there is to know about this loser.

MISTY

You shouldn't call him that. My Mama always told me if you can't say nothing nice, don't say nothing at all.

CYNTHIA

Was she a whore, too?

Misty's face turns hard. Barry starts toward the back door. Cynthia stands up blocking his path.

CYNTHIA
That's far enough, dip shit.

BARRY
Out of my way, Cynthia.

CYNTHIA
Don't tell me what to do.

MISTY
He just wants his dog back.

CYNTHIA
Shut up, whore. I know what he wants.

BARRY
Don't call her that.
(beat)
She's the only decent thing in my
life.

Both women pause giving Barry a questioning look.

CYNTHIA
You're drinking again?

BARRY
God, I wish I was.

Barry takes another step.

CYNTHIA
Then you've lost your fricking mind.

BARRY
Good diagnosis. Watching Dr. Phil
is paying off.
(he steps closer)
Now get out of my way.

Cynthia pulls a can of mace from her robe pocket. She sprays
a blinding stream in Barry's face. He SCREAMS.

BARRY
Damn it.

She sprays another blast of burning chemicals.

CYNTHIA
I warned you, you idiot.

Barry spins in circles trying to get away. Cynthia gives chase countering his every move.

CYNTHIA
 (spraying)
 You can buy a whore but you can't
 give me my God damn money--

BARRY
 Stop it. You're blinding me.

Barry rolls on the floor. Cynthia keeps attacking.

CYNTHIA
 All you ever did was draw your stupid
 pictures and...

Barry flails and kicks at her voice.

CYNTHIA
 ... all you ever cared about was
 that damn dog.
 (spraying)
 You're a pathetic loser...

MISTY
 Excuse me...

Cynthia turns to catch Misty's best Mike Tyson left hook to the jaw. The can drops from her hand and she hits the floor with a "lights out" THUD.

MISTY
 (rubbing her hand)
 Jesus forgive me. But I couldn't
 take another word out of that foul
 mouth.

Misty fetches a wet towel from the kitchen.

MISTY
 You okay, Surg?

She gently wipes Barry's face.

BARRY
 Yeah.

MISTY
 Should I try to wake her?

BARRY
(rubbing his eyes)
No. No. No.

Barry opens the back door and WHISTLES. Luke romps in and jumps up on his master.

BARRY
You okay, boy?

MISTY
(hugging Luke)
What a beautiful dog.

Luke sniffs Cynthia and growls.

BARRY
Let's get out of here. It won't be pretty when she comes to.

INT. BARRY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Luke sits in the middle. His tongue hangs out panting. Misty pets and hugs the dog.

MISTY
How could anybody not just adore you?
(to Barry)
That woman is definitely full of the devil.

Luke gives Misty a lick, then...

MISTY
You drew them pictures on your wall?

Barry doesn't answer. His head drops to his chest for a split second...

MISTY
Surg, you okay?

BARRY
(recovering)
Yeah. Just really tired.

MISTY
You had a pretty rough day.

BARRY

I guess so.

MISTY

You know what Mama always said?

BARRY

There's no telling.

MISTY

That even a crappy day is better
than no day at all.

Barry's expression sags with his reality.

MISTY

Surg?

BARRY

Yeah?

Misty scratches Luke behind his ears.

MISTY

I bet he's starving.

Barry looks at his dog.

BARRY

I'm out of dog food.

EXT. QUICKIE MART - NIGHT

Barry's truck stops in the middle of the Quickie Mart lot.

INT. BARRY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Misty spots the damaged convertible in the corner.

MISTY

Let's go somewhere else.

BARRY

Probably be the smart thing to do.

He drives up to the front door.

BARRY

But there's no other place open at
four in the morning.

EXT. BARRY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Barry steps out, leaving the engine running.

MISTY
(out her window)
You want me to go with you?

BARRY
No. It'll be okay. I won't be long.

MISTY
That's what you said last time.

Barry stops at the front door. He retreats back to Misty's side. Her window rolls down with the RADIO BLARING--

BARRY
I don't have any money.

MISTY
Here.

She hands him her noticeably heavy purse.

INT. QUICKIE MART - NIGHT

The bangers gather around the counter. Hector spots Barry first.

HECTOR
What the hell do you want?

BARRY
Dog food.

HECTOR
What?

FELIX
(looks out the window)
She's with him.

CLERK
(to Hector)
Let me handle this.
(to Barry)
If you came back looking for trouble,
you're going to find it.

BARRY
(shaking his head)
I just want to buy some dog food.

CLERK
Yeah. Well, we're out of dog food.

BARRY
(sighing)
What about some bologna?

The Clerks laughs.

CLERK
Yeah. I got a big bologna... right here.

He gestures to his pants.

CLERK
You want it, fag?

The Bangers watch apprehensively.

BARRY
You can't help yourself, can you?

CLERK
Maybe that slut out in the truck would like some of it.

The Clerk's knee slides over the counter.

BARRY
Don't talk like that, man.
(coughing)
That's not a nice thing to say.

CLERK
Too fucking bad.
(to the bangers)
Go get the bitch and bring her in here.

HECTOR
I don't know, man.

The Clerk scoops up a baseball bat. Barry's eyes are blurry and fading. His words slur--

BARRY
I'm asking you nicely. Don't...

CLERK
Fuck you.

The Clerk moves forward. Barry pulls the pistol from the purse. The Clerk takes pause...

CLERK
(smirking)
You think that scares me?

BARRY
I don't know...

Barry SHOTS the Clerk in the foot.

BARRY
You tell me.

The Clerk collapses to the floor, writhing in pain. Barry approaches him.

CLERK
You fucking shot my foot, man.

BARRY
Nothing gets past you, does it?
(beat)
Now, where's the bologna?

The Clerk points down the aisle. The Bangers stand motionless.

BARRY
(to the Bangers)
Get down on the floor.

They don't move--

BARRY
Now!

He waves the pistol. The bangers drop to their knees.

BARRY
Face down.

They press noses to the cold tile. Barry puts the gun to Felix's head.

BARRY

Don't move.

A yellow pool of urine puddles under Felix.

INT. BARRY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Misty SINGS along to a BLARING SONG on the RADIO.

INT. QUICKIE MART - NIGHT

Hector lays on the floor. Barry returns with the bologna. He puts his foot on Hector.

BARRY

You scared?

Hector nods. Barry nudges Troy with his foot.

BARRY

What about you, ass crack?

Troy looks up. His face is covered with tears.

Barry steps back proclaiming.

BARRY

All of you should be. You're fucking stupid if your not.

He points the gun at the Clerk, then to the Bangers. They close their eyes in terror.

BARRY

What do you do all day? Huh? But waste your life.

(beat)

Don't you know it can be taken away, just like that.

He puts the gun at Hector's head

BARRY

Bang!

Hector GASPS with terror.

HECTOR

Please, man don't...

Barry shuts his eyes and shakes his head.

BARRY
 You don't get it. It's not up to
 me.

Hector sobs.

BARRY
 Everyday is a gift.

The Clerk and the Bangers watch silently.

BARRY
 Do you understand me?

Barry waits for an answer.

BARRY
 (shouting)
 Do you?

FELIX
 I guess.

Barry talks as if speaking to himself.

BARRY
 You guess? Then why do you do what
 you do? Huh? It's a simple question.
 (screaming)
 Answer me!

HECTOR
 What about you, man?

Barry steps on Hector and buries the barrel in the boy's
 ear.

BARRY
 Don't worry about me. It's too late
 for me.

Barry presses the gun harder in Hector's skull. He closes
 his eyes--

BARRY
 But you... you still might have a
 chance. If only you could know what's
 like to have it taken away.

MISTY
 Surg?

Misty stands at the front door. She holds Luke by the collar.

MISTY
What are you doing?

He melts at the sound of her voice.

BARRY
Huh?

MISTY
You said you weren't going to be long.

BARRY
I did?

MISTY
Did you get the food?

BARRY
Food?

MISTY
For Luke.

BARRY
Oh... It's over there.

He points to the counter. She smiles--

MISTY
Well?

BARRY
Okay.

Barry moves to the counter and grabs the bologna. All eyes carefully follow his every move. He stops bending down over Hector and whispers--

BARRY
You either live life... or you just survive it. Don't wait until it's too late to find out. Don't be me.

Hector lays on the floor crying.

MISTY
Let's go home, Surg.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Barry's truck turns into the alley, stopping next to a wooden crate. Maurice lays huddled inside, fast asleep.

INT. BARRY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Barry rolls down his window.

BARRY
Are you sure?

MISTY
Yeah.

Misty leans over and empties the cash from her purse. A couple of twenty dollar bills float on to Maurice's face. He breathes out, blowing the bills back into the air.

INT. TRAILER HOME - NIGHT

Luke scampers in, followed by Misty. Barry tosses a slice of bologna to his ravenous dog.

MISTY
Surg, you still up for our little arrangement?

BARRY
I think I would like that.

MISTY
I'm going to take a shower then.

BARRY
Towels are under the sink.

Barry sits at the table, feeding Luke. The sound of RUNNING WATER from down the hall,

MISTY (O.S.)
(singing)
This little light of mine, I'm gonna
let it shine. This little light of
mine, I'm gonna let it shine...

Luke cocks his head as if in pain.

BARRY
What?

The dog rests his head on his master's knee.

BARRY

(smiling)

What am I going to do with you?

The smile fades, replaced by a look of pained concern.

Luke darts off to the bedroom. Barry lights a cigarette and blows smoke rings.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Barry finds Misty naked on the bed with her back to him. A sheet partially covers her. Luke lays at her feet. Barry walks to the foot of the bed and pets his dog. He carefully removes his shirt.

BARRY

You're going to have to get down,
boy.

The boxer averts his eyes. Barry moves to Misty's side.

BARRY

Don't let that dog...

Misty breathes softly, asleep. Her eyes twitch as if dreaming. Barry gazes at her and then leaves.

He returns with his pad and pencil and sits next to the lamp. One breast and most of her legs are exposed.

Barry starts with the curves of her body. He inhales deeply on his cigarette. A bright orange glow.

His eyes dart back and forth between page and subject.

Luke's eyes close. The dog gently snores.

Barry stops and listens, then draws some more. He changes over to paint and continues...

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Morning light filters through the window. Luke jumps off the bed and nudges Barry's leg.

Barry awakes, his face battered and bruised from last night's beating. Luke WHINES to go out.

EXT. TRAILER HOME - BACK YARD - DAY

Luke wanders into Mrs. Reader's yard. He sits and licks himself where it counts.

Barry opens the cylinder of the pistol, removing the remaining bullets.

Mrs. Reader quietly sneaks up on SMACKING dog. She hoist a broom in the air when--

BARRY
(coughing)
Hey, Mrs. Reader. Please--

Mrs. Reader takes notice of her shirtless neighbor. His face beaten to a pulp. His left shoulder bandaged. A pistol in one hand and a cigarette in the other.

Barry waves the gun absentmindedly--

BARRY
Don't.

The broom slips through her fingers. Mrs. Reader bends down... her eyes fastened on her crazy neighbor.

MRS. READER
(petting the dog)
Good dog. Nice dog.

Luke comes up for air and gives Mrs. Reader a big, wet dog kiss on the lips.

INT. TRAILER HOME - DAY

Barry and Luke walk in. Misty peaks around the open refrigerator door.

MISTY
I wondered where you all had run off to. What happened last night?

BARRY
Somebody fell asleep.

MISTY
(petting Luke)
Why didn't you wake me?

BARRY
I liked looking at you.

MISTY
Surg, you gave me a lot of money.
And so far all I've done is ride
around in your truck.

Barry blushes.

BARRY
I'd pay you any day... to ride around
in my truck.

MISTY
(changing the subject)
I thought I'd cook up some eggs for
breakfast.

Barry had hoped for more.

BARRY
Sounds good.

Misty cracks eggs in a bowl. Barry flips on a small TV set
on the counter.

INSERT: TV SCREEN
"Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid."
Butch and Sundance dive inside a
dusty building. Both men are
seriously wounded. The Bolivian
army waits outside ready to finish
the job.

BACK TO SCENE:

Misty stirs the eggs looking over Barry's shoulder.

MISTY
Do you think he's wearing mascara?

BARRY
Who?

MISTY
Robert Redford. It looks to me like
he's wearing mascara.

The PHONE RINGS. Barry answers while watching the movie.

BARRY

Hello.

EXT. TRAILER HOME - FRONT YARD - DAY

Rowe leans against a squad car. Several other cop cars line the street. A SWAT TEAM dons black vests.

Rowe talks on a cell phone.

ROWE

Gilcrest?

INTERCUT telephone conversation.

BARRY

Yeah. Who is this?

OFFICER ROWE

Officer Rowe. You remember me from last night?

BARRY

Yeah.

OFFICER ROWE

Look out your front widow.

INT. TRAILER HOME - DAY

Barry pulls the curtain back. He stares at a dozen POLICEMEN.

BARRY

What's going on?

OFFICER ROWE

I thought I might ask you that question?

BARRY

Why?

OFFICER ROWE

Let's start with the fact that you broke into someone's house last night and--

Barry closes the curtain. Misty hovers over the stove.

BARRY

I can explain that. You know what a pain in the ass an ex-wife can be?

OFFICER ROWE

Did you shoot a clerk at the Quickie Mart?

Barry paces the kitchen floor.

BARRY

That was self defense.

OFFICER ROWE

And your neighbor this morning... did you plan on shooting her?

BARRY

No. I wouldn't--

OFFICER ROWE

What about the girl?

BARRY

She's cooking eggs. I think you've got some wrong information--

OFFICER ROWE

Maybe so. But the last thing we want is for anybody to get hurt. Right?

BARRY

Nobody's going to get hurt.

MISTY

Who is it, Surg?

Barry covers the phone.

BARRY

It's that cop from last night.

Misty yells out.

MISTY

Hey, Officer Rowe!

ROWE

Tell her, "hi."

MISTY
What's he want?

BARRY
I'm not sure.

Misty holds the shakers.

MISTY
Salt and pepper?

Barry nods yes.

EXT. TRAILER HOME - FRONT YARD - DAY

Rowe signals for his men to spread out.

INT. TRAILER HOME - DAY

BARRY
So what do you want?

Barry watches the TV as he talks--

INSERT: TV SCREEN
Butch and Sundance reload their
weapons.

BACK TO SCENE:

OFFICER ROWE
I want you to send her out first
through the front door. Once we
have her safe and secure... then you
come out. Keep your hands up where
we can see them.

BARRY
I think I want to talk to a lawyer,
first.

MISTY
I know a good lawyer.

OFFICER ROWE
As soon as you give up--

BARRY
No. I mean now.

OFFICER ROWE

It's not up to you, Gilcrest. You need to send the girl out before this thing gets out of hand.

BARRY

I'll call you back.

Barry hangs up.

Misty shovels the eggs onto a couple of plates and sets them on the table. She tosses a slice of bologna to Luke.

MISTY

He don't charge a lot. The lawyer I know.

Barry sits down, but doesn't eat.

MISTY

Eat up, now. You're going to need your strength...

She winks at him. Barry weakly smiles. He peeks at the TV set.

INSERT: TV SCREEN

Butch and Sundance rag each other, knowing their fate is sealed.

BACK TO SCENE:

Misty follows Barry's gaze. She frowns.

MISTY

I hate the ending. I wish somebody would save them.

(beat)

They're just going to run out that door and get shot up.

She takes a bite her of eggs.

MISTY

(chewing)

But, I guess it's better than dying in a jail.

Barry looks up from his food. His face pained. He coughs.

BARRY
I need to ask you something.

MISTY
Don't you like your eggs?

BARRY
It's the most important thing I've
ever asked someone in my life.

MISTY
Okay, Surg.

BARRY
You like Luke?

MISTY
Luke? I love Luke.

Misty pats her leg and Luke lays his head on her thigh.

BARRY
If I asked you... would you take
care of him, for me?

MISTY
I guess. But why would you want me
to that?

The phone RINGS. Barry picks up the handset and answers--

BARRY
(irritated)
Can you just hang on just a damn
second--

EXT. TRAILER HOME - FRONT YARD - DAY

Rowe sights his rifle across the hood of his cruiser as he
talks.

ROWE
You're running out of time. I need
to know what you are going to do.

INTERCUT telephone conversation.

BARRY
Don't rush me.

ROWE
Nobody's rushing you. I just don't
want something bad to happen.

 BARRY
All right, all right.
 (beat)
She'll be out in a minute.

INT. TRAILER HOME - DAY

Barry hangs up.

 BARRY
The police are outside.

 MISTY
What?

 BARRY
They want you to come out, alone.

 MISTY
Alone? What about you--

 BARRY
Don't worry about me. I just need
to know you'll take care of my dog.

 MISTY
They're upset about last night?

 BARRY
Something like that.

 MISTY
But you were provoked. I tell them--

 BARRY
I'm going to get his leash.

Misty looks out the kitchen window. Barry fastens the leash
around Luke's collar.

He hands Misty his drawing from last night.

 INSERT: DRAWING
In it, Misty is asleep on the bed.
The work is exceptional and complete.
She is stunningly beautiful.

BACK TO SCENE:

MISTY
(overwhelmed)
Wow! That's me?

Barry nods.

MISTY
I don't know what to say.

BARRY
(weakly smiling)
That's a first.
(beat)
Maybe, something your Mama would
say?

Misty shakes her head no.

BARRY
Your Daddy?

MISTY
No.

Misty turns away. A tear runs on her cheek.

BARRY
What about Ray... or Cloudy?

A faint smile on her face.

MISTY
(correcting)
Stormy.

She cries.

MISTY
I don't know who know my Mama and
Daddy were. I don't know if I had
any brothers or sisters.

BARRY
What?

MISTY
I ran away from my last foster home
when I was fourteen.
(MORE)

MISTY (CONT'D)

(recollecting)

That man taught me about the carrot
and the whip.

BARRY

(hurt)

All the things you said last night,
you made up?

Misty nods.

MISTY

There's one thing I didn't tell you.
You don't have to pay me. I'd ride
with you for free.

Misty stares at her picture.

MISTY

It makes me feel beautiful.

BARRY

It's yours.

She kisses Barry gently. They separate momentarily, then
fall into a deep, hard kiss.

He holds on to her for dear life.

MISTY

I'm not going without you.

BARRY

You have to.

(beat)

It'll be all right.

MISTY

(tearing up again)

It's never all right when you say
that.

They kiss again, then slowly part.

Misty pulls the boxer to the front door. Barry eases the
door open.

MISTY

Are you sure?

BARRY

Yes.

He gives Luke a hug.

BARRY

(to Luke)

You don't know how lucky you are.

Luke licks him.

MISTY

What do you mean?

He turns... his eyes full of tears.

BARRY

Please... you got to go.

MISTY

No. I don't want to.

BARRY

Please. Go.

Barry pushes her through the door.

EXT. TRAILER HOME - FRONT YARD - DAY

Misty walks Luke toward Rowe.

MISTY

Have you all lost your minds? You're acting like he's Rambo.

Rowe grabs Misty separating her from the dog.

MISTY

Hey...

He spins her around, handcuffing her. Another COP grabs Luke.

MISTY

What the heck are you doing?

INT. TRAILER HOME - DAY

Barry watches out the window.

BARRY
Son of a bitch!

INSERT: TV SCREEN
Butch and Sundance make a fatal run
out the door. Bullets hail down on
their frozen image.

BACK TO SCENE:

Barry stares at the TV, then turns it off. He retrieves the
pistol and peeks out the window. The police stand at the
ready with guns drawn.

Barry checks the pistol's cylinder, making sure its empty.
His hand shakes. He looks around at his dismal home for the
final time.

The phone RINGS. He doesn't move. It RINGS again.

BARRY
All right, all right, you prick.
I'm coming.

He places his hand on the door knob and turns it.

The phone RINGS again. Barry pulls the door open and steps
half way.

The answering machine picks up.

BARRY
(on machine)
This is Barry. I'm not home, so...
you know.

DR. BRELAND
(on machine)
Gilcrest. Are you there?

The door slams shut.

DR. BRELAND
(on machine)
This is Dr. Breland--

EXT. BARRY'S TRAILER - DAY

Barry stands on the porch, a puzzled look crosses his face.
He turns back straining to listen to the voice inside.

Rowe spots the weapon in Barry's hand.

ROWE

Gun!

Barry stares at his hand, dumfounded that it holds a gun.

BARRY

No. No.

Too late. A bullet whizzes by his ear. He drops to a knee in a panic. Two more bullets rip through the decking.

Barry faints to his left, then makes a mad dash and dives back in through a front glass window.

INT. BARRY'S TRAILER - DAY

Barry crashes to the floor. Broken glass rains down on him. He looks up at the machine...

DR. BRELAND

(on machine)

Sorry to bother you, but I've got some news that I thought you might want to hear--

Bullets SHATTER the kitchen window.

DR. BRELAND

(on machine)

About yesterday... Not so fast with that diagnosis--

A volley of GUNFIRE rips through the furniture.

Barry rolls into a fetal position. Clouds of fabric float in the air.

DR. BRELAND

(on machine)

We were checking your X-rays and the strangest thing. I connected the larger lesions and they spell Van Halen. I believe that was some sort of a band?

EXT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Misty covers her ears in the back seat. Her terrified screams can't be heard over the GUNFIRE.

She buries her face in Luke's chest.

The swat team unloads their fire power.

INT. TRAILER HOME - DAY

Gunfire rips across the kitchen.

DR. BRELAND

(on machine)

We want to get you back in here and
do some more tests.

Barry serpentine on the floor as bullets fly overhead.

DR. BRELAND

(on machine))

But, I feel pretty confident in saying
(almost depressed)
That there's probably nothing in the
world wrong with you.

This catches Barry's full attention. He looks at his battered
body dubiously. The gunfire stops.

DR. BRELAND

(on machine)

I hope that you didn't have too bad
of a day.

(beat)

Sorry about the... misunderstanding.
Call me when you get a free moment.

Barry lays on the floor in a state of exhausted shock. The
phone rings, he reaches for it.

He plucks the receiver and--

BARRY

(pleading)

Don't shoot me. I'm not dying.

(crying)

I want to live! I want to live!

CYNTHIA

(on the phone)

Well isn't that special. I am so
excited to hear that. Especially
after you and your little tramp
terrorized me last night.

(MORE)

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

(screaming)

When I get through with your ass
you're going to wish you had never
been born, you bastard...

Barry holds the phone away from his ear.

His face slowly DISSOLVES into a black and white still
photograph.

SFX: B.J. Thomas's "Raindrops keep falling on my head."

SONG

Raindrops keep fallin' on my head,
And just like the guy whose feet are
too big for his bed, Nothin' seems
to fit--

SFX: The song SCRATCHES to a stop.

MISTY

Surg?

The photograph of Barry's face returns to color.

MISTY

You okay?

Misty stands in the door, her hands cuffed, holding Luke by
the leash. Rowe and a couple of the Swat Team stand next to
her. She moves forward.

MISTY

Your hurt?

Barry shakes his head no.

MISTY

(incensed)

Is that her?

Barry glances at the receiver still in his hand. The SCRATCHY
sound of Cynthia's voice relentlessly chews him out.

Misty takes the phone.

MISTY

(into the phone)

Excuse me.

(MORE)

MISTY (CONT'D)

(louder)

I said... Excuse me!

(beat)

Now you might want to write this down and stick it on your aquarium so you see it everyday.

Misty winks at Barry.

MISTY

I don't want you to ever call this number again. Barry's going to jail, and I'm staying here to take care of his dog. And, I'll be too busy cleaning up this place to deal with all your nonsense. They shot his trailer all to hell.

Misty glares at Rowe. Rowe looks away ashamed.

MISTY

So you need to quit watching your fish and get off your lazy butt and get yourself a job. Barry ain't going to make much while he's behind bars. But when he gets out and starts making money painting pictures, I hope he lets me stay here with him and Luke.

She gently takes hold of Barry's hand.

MISTY

Because he's the sweetest man I've ever known, and I'm pretty sure that I love him. We'll just have to see what happens. But don't forget I know where you live. And if I need to come over there and beat the ever living snot out of you, I will. It ain't hard to do. So don't you ever, ever call here again.

(cheerful, but quick)

Have a nice day.

She lights up Barry's world with a big smile.

SFX: The song resumes.

Misty and Barry turn into a black and white still photo.

SONG

Raindrops keep fallin' on my head...

A b/w photo of a Misty embracing Barry under a "WELCOME HOME FROM JAIL" banner hanging from the trailer. Luke humps Barry's right leg.

SONG

But that doesn't mean my eyes will
soon be turnin' red...

A b/w photo of Misty at the nursing home with the Blue Hairs. Her belly shows, nine months pregnant.

SONG

Cryin's not for me...

A b/w photo of Misty and Barry holding new born twins.

SONG

'Cause I'm never gonna stop the rain
by complainin'...

A b/w photo of Barry pushing a double stroller with toddlers. Misty holds another new born in her arms. Luke sits between them.

SONG

Because I'm free...

Close in on photo of Barry's face, looking shell shocked.

SONG

Nothin's worryin' me...

The b/w photo dissolves into a painting styled like the one of Misty.

FADE OUT: