

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY

A desert highway.

Empty.

Faded lines.

Cacti.

Scrub brush.

No clouds.

A CAR WHIZZES BY.

INT. AMY'S CAR -- DAY

Looking through the windshield at the desert speeding by.

MUSIC.

TRI-DELTA BOBBLEHEAD on the dash.

AMY, 20, in a sorority t-shirt and sweatpants, drives.

Fast food wrappers on the floorboards.

A BACKPACK.

ARIZONA STATE COLLEGE folders.

Books, including Becarria's On Crime And Punishment.

The car flies down the highway.

Amy drinks from a giant SODA. It SLURPS empty.

Desert. Highway.

Amy, bored.

Amy reaches over and digs out her CELL PHONE.

No signal.

She tosses the phone back into the backpack.

Digs through a few mostly empty ziplock bags, NUTS, a couple COOKIES.

A SIGN on the highway: REST STOP, 4mi.

Amy drives.

EXT. REST STOP -- DAY

Amy's car approaches a dusty roadside rest stop.

She takes the exit.

She drives into the rest stop.

A TRUCK drives out of the rest stop.

Amy's car drives into the small lot.

INT. AMY'S CAR -- DAY

Past the bathrooms.

Vending machines.

Parking spaces.

A couple of empty PICNIC TABLES

A few cars are parked at the rest stop.

Amy pulls in near the end.

A space away from a beaten old JEEP.

A creepy little thug, BILLY, drinks a BEER in the passenger seat of the jeep.

He tips his beer at Amy.

Amy sees him as she unbuckles her seats belt.

AMY  
Lovely. Fuck me.

Amy leans over and opens up her backpack.

She pulls out her cell phone.

No signal.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Don't try it, bitch.

Amy reaches in her backpack and pulls out a small canister of MACE.

She smiles through the window at Billy, concealing the mace.

He smiles back.

EXT. REST STOP -- DAY

Billy finishes off his beer and tosses it into the back seat, which is full of crushed beer cans.

Amy opens the door and gets out.

Billy leers.

Amy looks around, trying to locate the bathroom.

BILLY  
Need a little help?

Amy walks past.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Not even gonna say hi?

Amy ignores him and walks off to the left.

Billy smiles.

Amy walks over to a directions sign.

The sign shows the rest stop bathrooms

Back past Billy.

Amy gathers herself and starts to walk past.

Billy opens up a new beer as Amy approaches.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Bathroom's over here.

Amy winces a smile and walks past.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Come on? I'll give you twenty bucks  
for a blowjob?

Amy, past Billy, pauses.

She turns back to him.

AMY  
Go fuck yourself!

BILLY  
I don't wanna fuck myself. That's  
why I was offering to pay you for  
the b.j.

Amy walks away.

Billy follows.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Aw, come on, can't we all just get along?

Amy turns him, holding the mace.

AMY

Back the fuck off!

BILLY

Whoa!

AMY

I know aikido you piece of shit.

Billy sips his beer.

AMY (CONT'D)

You think we don't get it? You park where women have to pass you-- it's the only fucking bathroom in this part of the state. You're a fucking little creep.

BILLY

Nice.

AMY

I should call the cops on you.

BILLY

Call em.

Amy glares at Billy.

BILLY (CONT'D)

(shouts)

Cops! Police! Help!

Empty, open desert.

Amy backs up.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Just you and me, darling.

AMY

(backing up)

I swear to god I'll fucking kill you--

BILLY

Calm down. I just wanted a blowjob. Shit? Why you gotta be so dramatic? You won't go for twenty? How about fifty?

AMY

Fuck off.

BILLY

Fine. Fine. I got it. Look, you need the bathroom, use the bathroom. I don't want you to do anything you don't want to do? I just thought you're a college girl, you could probably use the extra cash.

AMY

Well, I don't.

BILLY

No crime in asking.

AMY

Actually it is a crime, asshole.

BILLY

Just a little one. Love the pottymouth.

Billy swigs his beer.

Amy looks at him with disgust.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Okay. Look. I'll go this way.

Billy walks out of Amy's path to the bathroom.

AMY

Thank you.

AN SUV drives into the rest stop.

BILLY

There you go.

Amy watches as the SUV comes in and parks.

It's a FAMILY with kids.

A DAD pulls a kid out of the car

BILLY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I'm just a little lonely.

AMY

No. You're a fucking creep. Stay the fuck back.

Amy walks into the bathroom.

INT. REST STOP BATHROOM -- DAY

A filthy rest stop bathroom.

Amy enters, shaken.

AMY

What the fuck am I doing here?

VOICE (O.S.)

(faint)

No vending machines. Fuck.

BILLY (O.S.)

(faint)

Yeah man, that's what I said. Next exit's eight or nine miles. They just don't have the signs up. They have a Shakey's.

Amy checks her purse.

Goes into a stall.

VOICE (O.S.)

(faint)

What's the point? He already pissed himself.

Pulls out a few sanitary napkins and a sanitary seat cover.

Covers everything.

Goes to the bathroom.

It's a creepy bathroom.

Washes her hands.

Checks the mace.

A few DOORS shut. The sound of a CAR driving away.

Amy breathes and checks the mace.

She thinks about it.

And exits the bathroom, scared but trying to act tough.

EXT. REST STOP -- DAY

The family SUV drives up onto the highway.

Amy's car waits near the jeep.

Billy is nowhere to be seen.

BILLY

Hey!

Amy jumps but keeps it together.

Billy stands twenty yards away, by the vending machines.

BILLY (CONT'D)

You want some candy?

Amy walks back to her car.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Come on, honey? Can't you see this  
is true love?

Billy follows. Amy holds up the mace.

AMY

Stay the fuck back.

Amy makes it back to her car and jumps inside.

Billy follows to her car.

INT. AMY'S CAR -- DAY

Amy gets in and locks the door.

Billy stands in front of the car.

BILLY

You've got me all wrong. I'm just  
trying to make a little friendly  
conversation so you can feel better  
about yourself when I break your  
little asshole.

AMY

I should just run him fucking over.

BILLY

Come on? Don't you even want my  
number?

Amy REVS her engine. Billy throws his arms out.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Do it, baby! Come on! One shot!

Amy puts the car into gear and PEELS OUT IN REVERSE.

She does a quick turn and heads out the exit to the rest  
stop.

Billy stands in the road behind her, watching her drive away.

INT. AMY'S CAR -- DAY

Amy drives off, freaked out.

AMY

Fuck me.

Checking her rear-view mirror.

Billy stand in the road behind her.

Amy checks her phone, looks at it and tosses it.

Amy drives onto the highway.

EXT. REST STOP -- DAY

Billy stands in the parking lot.

He watches Amy get onto the highway.

He finishes his beer,

Tosses it,

And walks to his car.

INT. BILLY'S JEEP -- DAY

Beercans.

A GYM BAG.

Billy pulls out the bag. Checks the contents.

Rope.

Duct tape.

A sock.

A Potato.

Billy shoves the potato into the sock.

Pulls out a TASER.

Puts them all back in the bag, except the Taser, which he tosses onto the passenger seat.

He pulls another BEER from a COOLER in the back.

Gets in the front seat,

And pulls out of the parking spot.



EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY

Amy's car flies down the highway.

Past a sign reading NO SERVICES NEXT 22MI.

INT. AMY'S CAR -- DAY

MUSIC.

Desert.

Blue skies.

Cacti.

Amy calms down.

AMY  
That was fucking crazy.

She checks her empty drink.

She changes the radio station.

Drives.

RADIO HOST  
There's no law in this country other  
than he who has the most money wins.  
You can't trust our legal system,  
it's owned and operated by a bunch  
of corporate fascists who profit off  
of the design. All of the laws are  
designed to make lawyers money, not  
to impart any real justice anywhere.  
You can get away with murder in this  
country if you do either of two  
things; afford a great lawyer or  
kill someone nobody cares about.

Amy changes the radio station.

MUSIC.

Drives.

A slight THUNKING.

Amy hears it, concerned.

Open desert.

THUMP. THUMP. CRACK.

Amy realizes something is wrong with the car.

AMY

Oh shit!

Smoke escapes from the hood of the car.

Amy looks around.

Big, empty highway.

AMY (CONT'D)

This is not happening.

No traffic either direction.

Amy puts on her HAZARDS.

And pulls over to the side of the highway.

She parks on the side of the road..

EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY

Amy's car oozes smoke from under the hood.

INT. AMY'S CAR -- DAY

The car comes to a stop.

Amy turns off the radio.

The dashboard has a FLASHING RED LIGHT.

AMY

What the fuck does that mean?

Amy takes out the key.

Outside, the sun beats down.

The highway is empty.

Amy reaches for her backpack.

Pulls out her cell phone.

AMY (CONT'D)

Please, Goddamit!

No signal.

AMY (CONT'D)

Fuck. Fuck!

Amy exhales and thinks.

And starts to cry.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY

The sun beats down.

Amy's car sits by the side of the road.

No clouds.

Desert.

Amy gets out of the car.

Runs her hand along a large SCRATCH on the hood.

The sun beats down.

Amy walks to the center of the highway.

Looks both ways. Nothing.

AMY

Fuck.

Walks back to the car.

Looks both ways.

Starts to get back in but pauses.

A car, just a tiny dot, approaches on the horizon.

Amy, excited, intends to flag it down.

But she has to wait for it to get there.

And as it gets closer, she recognizes it.

The Jeep slows and passes.

The jeep parks fifty yards ahead.

Amy considers getting back in her car, looks around, and decides she needs the help.

The jeep reverses back toward Amy.

Amy smiles at Billy as Billy parks and hops out of the Jeep.

He's drunk.

AMY (CONT'D)

Hi. Thanks for stopping.

Billy smiles at Amy near the back of the jeep.

The Taser is in his back pocket.

BILLY  
What happened?

AMY  
Like I fucking know. There was smoke  
and one of the lights started beeping.

BILLY  
Pop the hood.

AMY  
Look. I'm sorry about before. I  
was just scared.

BILLY  
It's okay.

Amy goes back to the driver's side door. She opens it.

Billy heads to the front of the car.

Amy sees him leering at her, smiling, and thinks about jumping  
in, but bites her lip, reaches in and hits the latch.

POP. Billy opens the hood.

Amy shuts the door, still standing outside, watching Billy.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Well, here's your problem.

AMY  
What is it?

BILLY  
I'd say sabotage. Look.

Amy moves closer and Billy TASES her.

She grabs the car and shakes and falls.

Billy puts the taser away and picks up Amy.

Amy's eyes are alert, but she can't move. She MOANS.

Billy tosses Amy into the back of the jeep.

She watches terrified as he grabs and opens the gym bag.

He pulls out DUCT TAPE and wraps her hands.

He pulls off her sweatpants and panties.

He duct tapes her feet.

He pulls the panties from the sweatpants, rolls them into a  
ball and stuffs them into Amy's mouth.

She jerks a little, but has no control.

The highway is still empty.

Amy freaks out, unable to move in the back of the Jeep.

Billy smiles and opens the small cooler.

He pulls out another beer and opens it.

He smiles at her, tips his drink her way, takes a big drink.

He pulls a little SPRAY BOTTLE from the gym bag.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
I love this stuff.

He pulls Amy's head back and sprays some MIST into her mouth.  
One more.

Amy, powerless to stop him, watches.

Billy puts the spray bottle away.

And climbs into the driver's seat.

He ruffles through the gym bag and pulls out a GUN, which he  
shows to Amy in the back.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
You're mine, now.

Billy hops in the drivers' seat.

Turns the key, revs the engine, and drives away.

Amy's car sits alone on the side of the road.

INT. BILLY'S JEEP -- DAY

Billy drives.

Open highway.

Desert.

No clouds.

Sunset.

Amy drools in the back seat.

AMY'S POV -- Blurring desert into fractal darkness.

INT. MOTEL -- NIGHT

Amy lies with her hands tied to the bed in previously unseen lingerie.

FULL MOON through the open window.

She stirs.

She moans very softly.

Her eyes open, foggy at first.

Crappy motel room.

Full moon.

Hands tied to bed.

Amy realizes what's going on. The tape is gone from her mouth, replaced with smeared lipstick.

AMY  
(no voice)  
Help! Help!

She struggles but her hands are bound.

Her ankles are tied, too.

She tries to roll over but gets woozy.

She struggles, tries to scream again.

AMY (CONT'D)  
(no voice)  
Oh God, help me!

Calls out to the open window and full moon.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- NIGHT

Under the same moon, Billy rides a little MOPED down the empty highway.

He sputters along.

Beautiful night.

Desert.

No cars on the road.

Amy's car by the side of the road.

Billy putters up.

The moped pulls over near Amy's car.

The moped is a little too big for the car to carry.

Billy considers, shrugs, and rolls the moped off the side of the road.

He pulls out AMY'S KEYCHAIN and opens the car.

He leans in and pops the hood.

He opens the hood, fiddles with something.

Puts the hood down.

He gets in the drivers' seat.

Turns the key.

The car starts.

INT. AMY'S CAR -- NIGHT

Billy checks the car, shuffles through the books and turns on the radio.

Billy puts the car in gear and drives away.

Under the desert moon.

INT. MOTEL -- NIGHT

Struggling on the bed.

AMY  
(no voice)  
Help! Help!

Amy works without success against her constraints.

She can't yell, but whimpers and moans.

She fights with the tape on her wrists and ankles.

Her voice is raspy and quiet.

AMY (CONT'D)  
(no voice)  
You motherfucker! Let me go! Help!  
Can't anybody hear me?

Struggles.

Gives up.

EXT. PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

Billy drives Amy's car into a dusty parking lot.

An old SEDAN waits.

Billy gets out. DAVE, a cowboy, gets out of the other car.

BILLY

Hey man.

DAVE

What you got for me, Billy?

BILLY

College girl gave it to me.

DAVE

She happy bout it?

BILLY

Will be.

DAVE

Strip it?

BILLY

That'd be the thing.

Dave checks out the car.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Don't be lazy.

DAVE

Course.

(checks books)

You want any of this?

BILLY

Take what you want. She won't be needing it.

DAVE

Twelve?

BILLY

Good enough.

Dave walks over to his car and leans inside.

He pulls out a stack of cash and peels off twelve hundred dollar bills from a large stack. Billy takes the money.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Can I get a ride?



INT. MOTEL -- NIGHT

Amy has given up on screaming.

She's awake.

Scared.

The moon.

Bound hands.

Bound feet.

She tugs, weakly.

KNOCKING at the door. Amy starts, tries to yell out.

AMY  
(no voice)  
Yes! Help! Help!

Silence.

AMY (CONT'D)  
(no voice)  
Help! Is someone there? Can you  
hear me!

Silence.

Amy struggles.

KNOCKING.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Help!

Amy realizes something is wrong. She watches the door.

KNOCKING.

Amy freaks out.

AMY (CONT'D)  
(no voice)  
Oh god, please don't hurt me.

EXT. MOTEL -- NIGHT

Billy stands outside the door, smiling and knocking.

The motel is decrepit and empty.

The only car in the lot is the Jeep.

INT. MOTEL -- NIGHT

Very dark. The doorknob turns. CLOSE ON bound wrists.

Jerking legs.

Terrified eyes.

BILLY (O.S.)  
Hey, baby, I'm home.

Amy sees Billy enter the darkened room.

He leaves the lights off, but the outside motel lights shine through the open window.

Billy stands, intentionally scary. He leers.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
I already fucked you.

Amy jerks at the bed but can't break free.

She cries but her voice is hoarse.

AMY  
(gasping, no voice)  
You motherfucker! You fucking piece  
of shit.

Amy struggles and cries.

Billy approaches the bed.

He rubs his dick underneath his jeans.

Amy whimpers.

BILLY  
We're gonna go again in just a minute.

Billy goes to the MINIFRIDGE and pulls out a BEER.

Amy gives up on struggling, but glares from the bed.

Billy smiles.

Takes a drink.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
I think I'm just gonna jack off on  
you first.

Takes a drink.

AMY  
(no voice)  
Fuck you!

Comes closer to the bed.

BILLY  
That's chloropentatritol. Good,  
huh? I think that's the sexiest  
sound in the world, a girl screaming  
her head off, about to get a bullet  
in the back of her skull, you can  
barely hear her.

Amy looks terrified and goes quiet.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Yeah.

Takes a drink, with his other hand rubs himself.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Be a good girl, you might last a  
while.

Amy, terrified.

Hands bound.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
I like that you shaved your legs for  
me.

Billy finishes his beer and tosses it into the corner.

Amy looks around for some escape. Nothing.

Billy reaches down toward Amy's bare leg. She shudders.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
This is up to you. I'll fuck your  
dead body, cut off your head and  
fuck your dead body again, or you  
can choose for us to get along, and  
I might keep you. Like a pet. I  
fucking own you now.

Amy looks terrified.

Billy slaps her, hard.

Amy screams, but has no voice.

Billy puts his hand on Amy's thigh.

She stiffens but lets him.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
 Yeah. Fight it and I swear I'll  
 take your fucking teeth out. Did  
 that to a Mexican the other day.  
 Gonna make some little dice out of  
 his teeth.

Strokes her leg while he masturbates.

Amy breathes fast and shallow.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
 And I love that shaved little pussy.  
 Yeah. I took the liberty.

Billy kneels on the bed near Amy's head.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
 And now I'm going to cum on you.

Amy struggles but has nowhere to go.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
 I'm going to call you number Five.

Amy, angry, crying.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
 Yeah. Oh cry, I love that.  
 (speeds up)  
 Maybe we'll do something ritualistic.  
 Would you like that? Yeah.

\*

CLOSE ON bound hands, struggling. (We do not show the  
 facial).

AMY (O.S.)  
 (no voice)  
 No! God, please!

BILLY (O.S.)  
 Oh, yeah.

AMY (O.S.)  
 (no voice)  
 Fuck.

Billy climbs up off the bed and pulls up his jeans.

Amy lies on the bed, a makeup-smeared mess.

Billy admires his work.

BILLY  
 That looks great. I'm such a badass.

Billy goes to a small gymbag and pulls out a small container of pills. He takes a pill and goes to the bed.

Amy is a mess. Billy wipes the pill on her face and holds up his fist.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Tramadol Tranquilizer. Same as the  
spray, but cheaper. I can't have  
you running away, yet.

Amy shakes her head, no. Billy grabs Amy's ear.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Come on, Five. Do I have to cut off  
your ears?

Amy shakes her head no and opens her mouth.

Billy puts in the pill. Billy gets up.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Now, that was pretty good for me.

Amy looks around the motel room.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
There ain't nothing here, honey.  
Out there neither. Quit looking.

Amy winces at the taste of the pill. She tries to slip it out of her mouth.

Billy reach over and holds her mouth and nose.

She struggles a little but swallows.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Aw, damn. You got my hand all messy.  
I'd let Four clean that, but I left  
her out in the desert. I brought  
back one of her feet. Shoudn't'a  
cut it off. She bled out pretty  
quick.

Bill gets up and looks at Amy on the bed.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
I'll be back.

Amy looks away, crying.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Don't tell me I broke you already?  
You aint even been awake when I fucked  
you, yet.

Amy glares at Billy.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Yeah. That's what I like.

Billy exits.

Amy lies limp on the bed.

Scared. Angry.

Abused. Angry.

EXT. MOTEL -- NIGHT

Billy walks down a row of rooms.

He opens a door.

INT. MOTEL -- BILLY'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Billy enters the room and turns on the light.

INT. MOTEL KITCHENNETTE -- NIGHT

Billy opens a refrigerator and pulls out a BEER.

He pons the beer and takes a drink.

He pulls out a ZIPLOCK baggy.

With part of a BEEF LIVER labeled "TWO".

Billy pulls out a SKILLET.

The meat SIZZLES in the skillet.

INT. MOTEL -- NIGHT

Amy, drugged.

Eyes blink slowly, looking out the window.

The moon shines through, blurry and wavering.

Amy falls unconscious.

Hands and feet bound.

INT. MOTEL -- BILLY'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Billy watches tv.

Eats his dinner.

Drinks a beer.

EXT. MOTEL -- DAY

Morning breaks.

INT. MOTEL -- MORNING

Amy lies on the bed, in pajamas.

She is not tied, but wears a METAL BRACELET. Her eyes open and she looks around.

Billy sits on a chair next to the bed. Amy freezes.

BILLY  
Good morning, Five.

Amy checks her voice.

AMY  
What?

BILLY  
Don't scream.

Amy stays calm.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Yeah.

Billy leans in close. Amy retreats.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
So this is the most important day of  
the rest of your life.

AMY  
Why?

BILLY  
Well, today we decide whether you're  
going to be a good dog or a bad dog.

AMY  
Why are you doing this?

BILLY  
Now a good dog is man's best friend.

AMY  
Stop.

Billy holds up his hand.

BILLY  
Whoa. Stop talking. Let me finish.

Amy looks at Bill, upset.

BILLY (CONT'D)

A good dog is man's best friend. In your case, a good dog does what she's told, takes her pills, fucks like a little pro hooker on command-- you know what I mean-- and never, ever tries to run away.

Amy stares, silent.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Good dogs get fed. They get clothes. Every once in a while, a good dog may even get taken on vacation. I have a boat. Are you a good dog?

No response.

BILLY (CONT'D)

You know, bad dogs get put down.

AMY

I'm a good dog.

BILLY

That's the spirit.

AMY

I just have to fuck you? You know, I can do that. Just don't hurt me.

BILLY

See? You get it.

AMY

Yeah. I get it. Why me?

BILLY

You kidding? You are a fine little piece of ass. Sure, you'd be a nickel a throw anywhere in China, but here you're high-end ass. And you just got lucky enough to be in the wrong place at the right time.

Amy sees the bracelet.

BILLY (CONT'D)

GPS. Take it off and I'll cut out your kneecaps and keep the rest of you alive. I read a website on how to do that.

AMY

Nice.



BILLY  
Doggy-style, on the bed.

AMY  
What?

BILLY  
This is where you show me you're a  
good dog, and I don't have to break  
your ankles.

AMY  
You don't have to make it all violent  
like that.

Billy stands and undoes his belt.

BILLY  
But I do. Now, Five. Doggy style.  
Good slut.

Amy hesitates, but gets onto her knees on the bed.

Billy moves behind her. The rest of the scene, he's on her.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Yeah. Now tell me you're a good  
dog.

AMY  
You ever think about asking a girl  
out on a date?

BILLY  
I like you.  
(thrusters, holds hair)  
Say it, Five!

Billy rapes her. Amy just wants it to end.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Say it!

AMY  
I'm a good dog. I'm a good dog!

BILLY  
Five, I think you're going to be my  
favorite for a long time.

Amy's hand grabs the sheet.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
When I first saw you, I said, there's  
an uppity little college bitch who  
needs some training. That's what I  
thought.

Amy cries.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Yeah.

AMY

Go ahead and cum already, you fucking creep.

BILLY

Oh, yeah. I know. I take forever.  
Jacked off before I started on you.

Amy puts her face down and screams into the pillow.

Billy slows down.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Now let's break that little asshole.

AMY

No, please.

BILLY

Oh. Sorry. Let me make it easier  
for you.

Billy stops for a second and Amy collapses on the bed.

Pulls out a TASER and ZAPS her. She shakes on the bed.

Billy walks around to look at her.

Amy lies prone.

She can't move. She MOANS.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Yeah.

Billy rolls Amy onto her stomach and climbs on her from behind.

BILLY (CONT'D)

That's what will happen if you run.

Amy tears up.

BILLY (CONT'D)

And then I'll kill you. Slow.  
Painful.  
(thrusting)  
So be a good dog.

Billy holds her hair and rides her.

EXT. MOTEL -- DAY

Deserted.

The Jeep sits in the lot.

Billy comes out of a second story room, putting on his belt.

He comes down a flight of stairs.

Gets into the Jeep.

INT. MOTEL -- DAY

Amy watches through the window as Billy gets into the Jeep.

Beyond the lot, open desert.

AMY  
Where the fuck am I?

The Jeep revs.

Billy looks up at her and smiles. He waves.

AMY (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna fucking kill you, you piece  
of shit.

Amy stands, waiting.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Leave, asshole.

EXT. MOTEL -- DAY

The Jeep pulls out of the otherwise empty lot.

Amy moves away from the second story window.

The Jeep disappears down the road.

INT. MOTEL -- DAY

Amy paces, freaking out.

She looks out the window.

Sits down on the bed.

Tries to remove the bracelet, but it's wrapped tight.

Sits and thinks.

Checks the window.

EXT. ROAD -- DAY

MUSIC. Open road.

Billy's Jeep drives along a desert road.

He pulls over to the side of the road.

The Jeep stops.

INT. BILLY'S JEEP -- DAY

Billy puts the Jeep in park.

And changes the radio.

DIFFERENT MUSIC.

Billy relaxes and checks his watch.

He reaches in the back and pulls a BEER out of the COOLER.

He opens it and takes a drink, smiling.

INT. MOTEL -- DAY

Amy searches through the empty cabinets in the motel room.

Nothing.

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM -- DAY

Nondescript little bathroom.

Amy searches it, picks up a TOWEL.

The shower has a WINDOW.

Amy looks through the window.

EXT. MOTEL (DESERT SIDE) -- DAY

Open desert.

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM -- DAY

Amy climbs into the shower.

Looks through the window.

AMY

Where the fuck am I? Arizona?

She gets out of the shower and exits the bathroom.

INT. MOTEL -- DAY

Amy checks under the bed.

Finds a roll of DUCT TAPE and a LARGE DILDO, which she pushes away once she realizes what she's holding.

Again, she checks the window.

EXT. MOTEL -- DAY

Empty lot.

Desert in all directions.

INT. MOTEL -- DAY

Amy digs through a nightstand, finds a BIBLE.

AMY

Fuck.

Tosses the Bible and storms around the room, freaking out.

AMY (CONT'D)

Okay, you can do this. He's gonna kill you either way. Run.

She sits on the bed.

She thinks and breathes deeply.

AMY (CONT'D)

He's right out there. Waiting for me to run so he can play with me.

Amy gets up and looks out the window.

AMY (CONT'D)

It's only going to get worse.

She looks at the bracelet and tries to break it, but can't.

AMY (CONT'D)

Fuck!

She checks the bracelet, shrugs, and heads to the door.

EXT. MOTEL -- DAY

Amy opens the door and sneaks out.

Sh walks along the second floor to the next room and tries to open the door. Locked.

She scans for Billy, runs to the next room. Locked.

EXT. MOTEL STAIRS -- DAY

Amy sneaks down the stairs.

Scared, ready to punch as best she can.

EXT. MOTEL -- DAY

On the bottom level, Amy sees the door to the Manager's Office and runs to it.

The door is open, and Amy sneaks inside.

INT. MOTEL -- BILLY'S ROOM -- DAY

Amy creeps into the room.

The bed is made and a stack of LAUNDRY sits on a counter.

AMY  
Hello. I need some help. Please  
don't hurt me.

No answer.

She walks to the stack of clothes and unfolds a t-shirt with a BULLSEYE (front and back) next to a pair of BUNNY SLIPPERS.

The other clothes are MEN'S PANTS.

AMY (CONT'D)  
You gotta be kidding me.

She pulls on the t-shirt, inside-out.

And the bunny slippers.

And walks toward the kitchenette.

Sees a PHONE and assumes it's dead.

She goes to it and picks it up. DIAL TONE.

Thrilled, she dials 911. The PHONE RINGS.

Amy waits, nervous.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY

Billy sits in his Jeep, drinking a beer.

A CELL PHONE sitting on the dashboard RINGS.

Billy smiles and picks it up.

BILLY  
Hello?

INT. MOTEL -- BILLY'S ROOM -- DAY

Amy holds the phone. The voice confuses her.

BILLY  
(FILTERED/PHONE)  
You're being bad.

AMY  
Is this Nine-one-one?

BILLY  
(FILTERED/PHONE)  
Yeah. That was a real mistake. And  
an obvious one. All calls from those  
phones route to me.

AMY  
I wasn't trying--

Amy freaks out, starts searching the room.

BILLY  
(FILTERED/PHONE)  
Sure you were.

Digging through cabinets. Pulls out SOCKS, but tosses them.

INT. MOTEL KITCHENNETTE -- DAY

Amy comes into the kitchen. Grabs a GLASS and pours herself  
some WATER.

AMY  
Please, don't, I was--

The cupboard is filled with CANNED FOOD and BOTTLED WATER.

BILLY  
(FILTERED/PHONE)  
I love that fear.

Amy looks out the window. Open desert.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
(FILTERED/PHONE)  
I'm coming for you. You broke the  
rules and now I'm going to have to  
punish you. Did you fake your orgasm?

AMY  
Please, no!

Amy, freaking out, wants to hang up but is afraid.

INT. MOTEL -- BILLY'S ROOM -- DAY

Amy rushes through the room.

Searching. Nothing.

INT. MOTEL BILLY'S BATHROOM -- DAY

Amy comes into the bathroom.

AMY  
Why are you doing this?

BILLY  
(FILTERED/PHONE)  
This world needs order. I gave you  
simple rules and an opportunity.  
I'm on my way. The desert goes in  
all directions. Thirty-five miles  
to a rest stop, either way. Tillman  
is twelve miles due North, straight  
out the front through the desert.

Amy opens the MEDICINE CABINET. TOILETRIES.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
(FILTERED/PHONE)  
If you run, anywhere, I'll find you,  
kill you. If you stay, and fuck  
really good-- do you think you can  
call me "the king"-?

Amy opens DRAWERS, digs, and finds a BLACK LEATHER CASE.

She opens it up. LITTLE PRESCRIPTION VIALS.

TRAMADOL. VETERINARY SEDATIVE. A handwritten receipt: \$6000.

She grabs a vial. Closes and puts the case back.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
(FILTERED/PHONE)  
Well, you just might survive it. I  
hope you know I'm jacking off thinking  
about your death, you stupid little  
bitch.

INT. MOTEL -- BILLY'S ROOM -- DAY

Amy stands at the door, chugs a bottle of water.

And another. She holds a water bottle and the little vial.

She opens the door and runs for it.



EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY

Billy holds the phone while he masturbates.

BILLY  
(FILTERED/PHONE)  
You still there?  
(nothing)  
Game on.

Billy puts the Jeep in gear and makes a u-turn.

The Jeep drives away.

EXT. MOTEL -- DAY

Amy runs out into the lot, not knowing which way to go.

Desert in front.

Empty road extending in both directions.

She considers, looks back at the hotel, and heads straight into the desert.

Hustling in bunny slippers.

AMY  
Twelve miles. It's just a half  
marathon. In hundred and twenty  
degree heat.

Hot sun. Cacti.

Amy jogs out into the desert, loses a bunny slipper, and goes back for it.

Deserted motel.

Empty road.

Girl disappearing into the desert.

Jogging. Already breathing hard.

Aching. She doubles over and clutches her stomach.

She looks back at the motel, not that far back.

She struggles on.

AMY (CONT'D)  
This is a bad decision.

She wanders out into the desert.

EXT. MOTEL -- DAY

Billy's Jeep drives into the lot.

Parks.

Billy gets out of the front seat, smiling.

He heads inside with the cooler.

The Jeep waits.

Desert in all directions.

Empty road. Sun beats down.

Billy comes back out with the cooler and a BEER.

He puts the cooler in the back of the Jeep.

He pulls out the gym bag, and digs through it, pulling out a small HOMING DEVICE.

He looks down the road, looks out to the desert.

BILLY

Desert.

He presses the button and it BEEPS.

Billy looks up from the screen to the desert.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Good for her. Faster.

Billy pulls out a small backpack and loads it.

ROPE.

DUCT TAPE.

GUN.

TASER.

Billy throws the backpack over his shoulder.

Checks the beacon again.

And crosses the street into the desert.

The sun beats down.

The jeep is alone in the parking lot.

EXT. DESERT -- DAY

Amy stumbles through the desert.

Flat in all directions.

Hot sun.

Cacti.

Dirty bunny slippers. No shelter.

Long shot of Amy trying hard.

Pushing through pain and stumbling over rocks.

Amy falls down and scrapes her knee.

AMY

Fuck.

Amy waits on the ground for a second.

Looks up at the sky.

AMY (CONT'D)

I'm not going to die in the desert.

Disoriented, she struggles to her feet.

Which way was she going?

She finds her footprints.

Definitely this way, she decides, and continues on.

Flat in all directions.

She holds her stomach in pain.

Hot sun.

Blue sky.

No shelter as she walks, small vial in her hand.

A wide and flat stretch of sand.

Sweat falls down her face.

Her bunny slippers are already a mess.

She presses on.

Wipes away sweat.

Holds the vial.

EXT. DESERT -- DAY

Billy walks confidently through the desert.

Hot sun.

Cacti.

Billy looks back and can see the motel.

The empty road.

He faces out into the desert and pulls out the GPS.

BEEP. BEEP.

He looks off into the desert and smiles.

Hot sun.

Cacti.

Long shot of Billy walking into the desert.

EXT. DESERT -- DAY

Amy struggles through the desert.

Sweating.

Walking in pain.

Shredded bunny slippers.

Hot sun.

Cacti.

Amy tosses her empty water bottle.

AMY

Okay. Okay. Just keep going.

She comes to a low hill, looks back. Nothing.

Looks forward. Nothing.

Presses on.

In the distance, some larger rocks.

AMY (CONT'D)

I should be at a fucking rush party.

Long shot of Amy walking through the desert.

EXT. DESERT -- DAY

Billy walks fast and confident.

Smiling.

Sweating.

Hot sun.

Cacti.

Billy pulls a BOTTLE OF WATER from his pack.

Winces as he drinks.

BILLY  
Man, it is fuckall hot today. Good  
day for huntin'.

Drinks more.

Open desert in front.

Open desert behind.

Billy looks up toward the sun.

Puts away the water.

Continues walking.

Picks up the pace.

Long shot of Billy hustling through the desert.

EXT. DESERT ROCKS -- DAY

Amy makes it to a cluster of large rocks.

Shade.

She squats down in the shade.

Breathing hard. Sweated through.

She chews at the bracelet, but it's on tight.

She takes off one of her slippers.

Her foot is raw and already blistering badly.

Her toenails are painted.

AMY  
He painted my toenails?

Amy breaks down, crying.

And sobs.

And sobs.

She calms down.

Rests.

Looks out at the desert.

Gains resolve.

AMY (CONT'D)

I'm not going to die in the fucking  
desert.

She pulls her foot closer.

Winces. She puts down the little vial.

With a fingernail, she cuts through the blister.

Winces, eyes tearing up. Exhales.

Shakes out the nearly destroyed bunny slipper.

Puts it back on.

Picks up the little vial, considers it.

Struggles to her feet.

She looks back at the empty desert.

Wavers, Gains focus.

Starts walking.

WIDEST SHOT POSSIBLE

Amy alone in open desert.

PAN as far as possible across desert.

A tiny figure approaches.

Billy.

Amy looks back and sees him.

AMY (CONT'D)

Oh, fuck.

EXT. DESERT ROCKS -- DAY

Billy reaches the rocks.

Climbs onto one.

Billy stands on top of one of the rocks looking toward Amy.

He reaches in the pack and pulls out some BINOCULARS.

INSERT - BINOCULARS

Amy struggles across the sand.

END INSERT

Billy sits down on the rock.

Pulls out the water bottle.

Takes a drink.

Pulls a gun out of the backpack.

Holds the gun. Spins the chamber.

Aims the gun out at Amy.

Then at himself. Thinks about it.

Points the gun in the air.

Fires. POP!

EXT. DESERT -- DAY

Amy, walking, hears the gunshot and looks around.

Far behind her, on the rocks, she sees Billy.

Amy turns and runs.

She falls.

Loses a slipper.

Looks back behind her, scrambles up.

Runs.

EXT. DESERT ROCKS -- DAY

Billy climbs down off the rocks.

Heads into the desert.

EXT. DESERT -- DAY

One minute of solid, furious running.

Amy,

Sweaty,

Beaten,

Bloody,

Barefoot,

Wincing every step.

Grunting in pain.

Runs through the desert.

The sun beats down.

Cacti.

She doesn't look back.

But she's terrified.

Stumbling.

Running.

She falls, drops the little vial of sedative.

Sees it, picks it up, climbs up, keeps running.

Both of her legs are scratched and bloody.

Long shot of running a long way.

Across land that never changes.

Hot sun.

Cacti.

Lizards?

She just keeps going.

And going.

EXT. DESERT -- DAY

Billy smiles and follows.



EXT. DESERT -- DAY

Amy runs, approaching small hills.

EXT. DESERT GRAVE -- DAY

A SHOVEL sticks out of the ground a hundred yards off.

A MOUND of DIRT. Next to a large HOLE.

Sun beats down.

Amy sees the SHOVEL GLINT in the light.

She looks over toward the mound of sand runs to it.

As she approaches, she grabs the shovel, a weapon.

She sees the hole. The mound of dirt.

The shovel is heavy. She lets it fall.

She looks toward the hills.

Back toward the desert - no sign of Billy.

Looks around. Looks at the shovel.

Next to the hole, sees a spray painted "5".

AMY

S?

She turns around, realizes she's looking at it upside down.

AMY (CONT'D)

Oh, fuck That's my grave.

Looks around. Picks up the shovel.

Hard to hold with the vial.

She looks at the vial. DANGER: NARCOTIC.

AMY (CONT'D)

Easy way to end it all. Do him a favor. No fucking way. I need a fucking pocket.

Amy looks up at the sun. The grave.

AMY (CONT'D)

You did worse at the Toronto border crossing. Fuck!

Amy takes the vial, puts her hand under her shirt, and winces, inserting the vial into her body (unseen).

AMY (CONT'D)

If it breaks, I won't even know it.

Adjusts herself, uncomfortably.

Starts to carry off the shovel but the shovel is heavy.

She drags the shovel behind her. Looks back into the desert.

There's Billy, a hundred yards away.

POP. POP. He's shooting at her.

She drops the shovel and runs like hell.

EXT. DESERT -- DAY

She falls, scrambles up, and keeps running.

One bunny slipper and one very scratched up foot.

EXT. DESERT GRAVE -- DAY

The shovel rests twenty yards from the hole.

Hot sun. Big hole. Cacti.

Billy's hiking boots walk up to the shovel.

Picks it up. Carries it back to the mound.

Checks out the hole. Takes the shovel.

Scrapes out the number five painted on the sand.

The paint mixes with the sand, obliterating the number.

Billy replants the shovel in the mound of dirt.

He opens his pack. Pulls out some water.

He's sweaty and getting grimy, but compared to Amy, he's ready for prom. Drinks.

BILLY

(calls out)

I'm coming for you, Five! You hear me, you fucking bitch?

Hot sun. Checks his gun.

BILLY (CONT'D)

(calls out)

Last chance for a proper burial!

Fine! I'll let the wolves eat you.

Smiles, and heads after Amy.

EXT. DESERT HILL -- DAY

Amy stumbles through the desert. Sweated through. Hot sun.

BILLY (O.S.)  
(distant)  
Fi--ve!

Her feet are a mess.

She's pissed off. She looks back but can't see Billy.

She keeps stumbling on. Hot sun. Cacti.

POP. A gun shot. She looks around in all directions.

POP. PFEW. A bullet strikes the sand ten feet from Amy.

She can't see Billy. She spins around.

AMY  
Stop it! Stop it! You fucking  
bastard!

POPPFEW. Another bullet hits nearby. She stands her ground.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Fuck you, asshole!

Billy appears over the ridge.

Amy considers running but stays.

Billy, a hundred yards away, approaches.

Amy waits. Hot sun. Cacti.

Billy gets within twenty yards.

He holds his gun by his side. Amy glares.

BILLY  
You shouldn't have run.

AMY  
Fuck you.

BILLY  
This can be easy, or this can be  
hard. You're making it harder than  
it needs to be.

AMY  
What difference does it make? You're  
gonna kill me.  
(catches her sob)  
You're a fucking loser.

Billy chuckles, and opens up his backpack.

He pulls out a bottle of water and tosses it to her.

BILLY  
Have a drink.

Amy looks at the water bottle.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Go ahead.

AMY  
Drugged, right?

BILLY  
I aint gonna carry you, Five. Any  
chance you had of a proper burial  
ended when you left the hole I dug  
for you.

Amy considers, sweating.

AMY  
So you're just gonna kill me in the  
desert?

BILLY  
Well. I'll kill you, then fuck you,  
then maybe shoot you a few more times  
for kicks. They call that  
necrophilia, but I don't think it  
should count when the body's still  
warm.

AMY  
Why?

BILLY  
Cuz I'm a stone cold killer, Five.

AMY  
So why give me water?

BILLY  
When I fuck your dead mouth, I don't  
want your lips to chafe.

Amy stares at Billy. Billy stares at Amy.

AMY  
You're crazy.

BILLY  
Yeah. I get that sometimes.

Billy points the gun at Amy. She stands firm.

She opens the bottle of water. Smells it.

AMY  
Smells like water.

Pours it on the ground. Billy smiles.

BILLY  
Get on your knees, Five.

Billy points the gun at Amy.

AMY  
No.

Billy smiles and moves closer. Amy stands firm.

Billy stops pointing the gun at Amy. He reaches into the backpack.

Amy thinks about it and jumps for Billy, attacking.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Fucker!

Just as Amy is about to hit, Billy pulls the taser and ZAPS her, slipping out of her path.

She falls and shakes on the ground.

BILLY  
Aw... Not quite.

Amy spasms in the dirt. Hot sun. Cacti.

Amy kicking. Billy pulls out another bottle of water.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Not your fault. Nothing you can do.  
(takes a drink)  
Just a stupid girl.

Amy MOANS in the dirt.

Billy kneels down to her. Rolls her onto her back.

Sets down the water. Fiddles with the backpack.

He pulls out an Allen wrench and takes her wrist.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
These fuckers are expensive.  
(works on the bracelet)  
Totally worth it, though.

Amy looks up at him, unable to speak.

Billy undoes the bracelet and tosses it into the pack.

He pulls out a big rambo KNIFE and shows it to Amy. He plants the knife into Amy's STOMACH.

Amy SCREAMS. The knife sticks in her abdomen.

Billy gets up and watches her kick in the dirt. She rolls around in pain.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Hurts, huh?

Amy whimpers and spasms in the dirt.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
When I was a kid, I had a dog. I  
loved that dog.

Amy rolls in the dirt, but still can't control her arms.

Billy sits down next to her.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
He ran away one day. And it made me  
so mad. Why would my dog run away?  
I treated him so good.  
(drinks)  
Fed him. Petted him. Took him for  
walks. And he was just a dog, so  
where's he gonna find anything better.

Hot sun. Cacti.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
But I guess he did, because I found  
him a couple miles away, living with  
some old grandma lady. She had a  
big yard with this tree full of  
squirrels, and he loved to chase the  
squirrels.

Drinks. Amy kicks in dirt.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
I found him and took him back home,  
but he kept running back to the old  
lady.

Amy calms down, breathes shallow and fast, still powerless.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
So I took the dog out to the woods--  
I used to live near these beautiful  
woods-- and I stabbed the dog in the  
chest. Just like you. Didn't kill  
him, though.

Billy kneels next to Amy, the knife still in her stomach.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
It's in there deep. You'll probably  
bleed out pretty quick. Happens  
sometimes.

He pulls out the knife. Amy cries out and jerks. Blood  
escapes from her abdomen.

Billy flips Amy over onto her stomach.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
He lived three more years. And I  
think he loved me more after.

Amy's face is pressed into the dirt.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
And when I killed him, it was for  
something completely different.  
(unbuckles pants)  
And I burned that old cunt's house  
down.

Billy pulls up Amy's shirt. Rips off her panties.

Amy clenches her jaw and slightly moves her neck.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
I shoulda killed her, but I was  
eleven. I didn't case the place.  
She wasn't home. Then she died before  
I got another chance.

Billy moves in behind Amy. Positioning himself above her,  
he puts his hand down near Amy's head.

She turns her neck and bites his hand, hard.

Billy SCREAMS but Amy won't let go. With his other hand,  
Billy hits Amy, knocking her out.

He rolls off of her, grabbing his hand.

His hand is bleeding hard.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Fuck! Fuck fuck fuck!

Billy jerks around in pain.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
You cunt! Aw, fuck!

Billy paces and kicks at the dirt.

Amy tries to roll over, but can't. Hot sun. Cacti.

Billy holds his hand in pain. His hand bleeds badly.

BILLY (CONT'D)

You cunt.

Billy opens up the backpack and digs through it.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Fuck.

He pulls out some duct tape. He tapes his hand.

Amy kicks in the dirt, ten feet away.

BILLY (CONT'D)

I'm not done with you, Five.

Billy checks the bloody tape. Not bad.

Billy winces, holds his hand. Grimaces and GRUNTS in pain.

BILLY (CONT'D)

I'm still gonna fuck you before you  
die.

Billy walks over to Amy. Kicks her on the ground.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Yeah.

(holds wounded hand)

Fuck.

Amy groans on the ground.

BILLY (CONT'D)

That really hurts.

AMY

(garbled)

Fuck you.

Billy kicks Amy onto her back.

Billy masturbates through his jeans with his good hand.

BILLY

I may have to make this quick.

Stops masturbating and clutches his hand.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Fuck.

(grabs hand)

Now I can't even fuck you.



Winces and kicks the ground.

Billy goes to the backpack and gets out the gun.

Amy kicks in the dirt.

Hot sun. Cacti.

Amy, sweated through and dusty, looks up angrily at Billy.

Billy points the gun at her.

She rolls over onto her stomach and tries, but fails to crawl.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Say goodbye, Five.

From a few feet away, Billy fires the gun into the back of Amy's head. POP. Amy goes limp.

Billy smells the gun.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Good times.

Amy, dead. Billy sucks on his wounded hand.

Goes to the backpack. Puts away the gun.

Hot sun. Cacti. Walks over to the knife on the ground.

Goes to Amy and kicks her onto her stomach.

She's a dusty, sweated out mess. Dead.

Billy smiles over Amy. Rubs himself with his good hand.

Grabs his wounded hand and winces.

Glares at Amy's scratched up body.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
I thought I'd like the taste more  
than I do, but I just don't. But I  
think it's important to eat a little  
bit of everybody you kill, you know?

Billy digs the knife into Amy's thigh and cuts out a big piece of skin. Amy bleeds on the ground.

Billy walks to the backpack and pulls out a little ziplock bag. He puts the skin in the bag.

Very wide shot of Billy walking away. Hot sun. Cacti.

Amy dead in the sand, eyes open.

EXT. DESERT HILL -- DAY

BEGIN KILLING SPREE BLUES MONTAGE

REPEATING 12 BAR BLUES.

Repeating shots of the sun.

Cacti.

Billy carries his backpack.

Amy lies dead in the sand.

Billy sings (unexplained musical interlude).

BILLY

(sings)

I love everything about you, cept  
for what you do to me. I love  
everything about you, baby, cept for  
what you do to me. Something bout  
you baby, makes me want to start a  
killing spree.

Hot sun.

Cacti.

Billy carries his backpack through the hills.

Amy lies dead in the sand.

BILLY (CONT'D)

(sings)

I love everything about you,  
especially when you wear those jeans.  
I love everything about you, baby,  
specially when you wear those jeans.  
You can have me friendly, or you  
baby you can have me mean.

Hot sun.

Cacti.

Billy carries his backpack past the grave.

Amy dead in the sand.

BILLY (CONT'D)

(sings)

When you're in the dark, girl, you  
better watch your step. Cuz when I  
get you lonely, I'm gonna cut you  
up.

Hot sun.

Cacti.

Billy carries his backpack past the rocks.

Amy lies dead in the sand.

BILLY (CONT'D)

(sings)

I love everything about you, baby,  
cept for the clothes you wear. I  
love everything about you baby, cept  
for the clothes you wear. Next time  
I see you I'm gonna rip out all of  
your hair.

Hot sun.

Cacti.

Billy carries his backpack toward the motel in the distance.

Amy lies dead in the sand.

BILLY (CONT'D)

(sings)

Yeah I love everything about you,  
how come you don't love me? I love  
everything about you, baby, how come  
you don't love me? When I see you  
sexy, baby, makes me wanna start a  
killing spree.

Hot sun.

Cacti.

Billy carries his backpack toward the motel.

Amy dead in the sand.

BILLY (CONT'D)

(sings)

When you're in the dark, girl, you  
better watch your step. Cuz when I  
get you lonely, I'm gonna cut you  
up.

Hot sun.

Cacti.

Billy carries his backpack.

Into the motel.

EXT. DESERT -- DAY

No music.

Hot sun.

Cacti.

Amy lies dead on the ground.

Legs scratched.

Feet bloody.

Covered with dirt.

A large circle of blood crusted onto the t-shirt.

Open desert.

A clump of blood in the back of her head, where the bullet entered.

A small halo of blood below her neck.

A little blood draining from the large wound on her thigh.

Eyes open.

Amy gasps, blinks, and rolls over, coughing.

She shakes and coughs. She rolls onto her side.

Her thigh starts to bleed.

Wheezes in the dust, barely breathing.

Her eyes are alert and afraid.

Hot sun. Cacti. A lizard runs across the sand.

Amy clenches her hand. She can move.

She puts pressure on her bleeding leg. Ouch.

She reaches back to the back of her head.

She makes a GRUNT and pulls out a BULLET.

BLOOD drips onto the sand.

Amy looks at the bullet.

She lies back, looking up at the sun.

COUGHS weakly in the sand.

EXT. MOTEL -- DAY

The Jeep sits in the lot.

The sun beats down.

INT. MOTEL -- BILLY'S ROOM -- DAY

Billy enters his room.

Goes to the sink.

His hand is covered with tape.

He takes off his shirt.

Goes to the refrigerator.

Gets a beer.

Takes a drink and goes to the bathroom.

INT. MOTEL BILLY'S BATHROOM -- DAY

Billy enters the bathroom.

He gets some scissors.

Checks himself in the mirror.

Cuts the tape.

From his injured hand.

The bitemark is nasty and deep.

BILLY

Next time, I'll tase the bitch twice.

Washes blood off of the hand into the sink.

Takes a drink from his beer.

Checks the hand.

Looks at himself in the mirror.

Rubs his cock with his good hand.

Flexes the bad hand, wincing.

Turns on the shower.

Takes off his pants.

Gets in the shower.

EXT. DESERT -- DAY

Amy GASPS.

AMY  
Water? Please, God.

Amy struggles up to a sitting position.

Checks her head.

Bloody but no longer bleeding.

Dazed.

Hot sun.

Cacti.

Checks the wound in her stomach.

It hurts, but it's not bleeding, either.

Her feet are a mess.

Amy rubs her bloody feet.

AMY (CONT'D)  
I am not going to die in the fucking  
desert.

Amy struggles to her feet.

Falls back to her knees.

Breathes hard, grabbing her wounded stomach.

With a big GRUNT, Amy climbs to her feet.

Hot sun.

Cacti.

Looks off in both directions.

Starts slowly walking through the hot sand.

Barefoot.

Wincing with every step.

But gaining resolve.

Hot sun. Cacti.

Wide shot of Amy pushing her way through.

INT. MOTEL -- BILLY'S ROOM -- DAY

MEAN BLUES.

Billy, naked, walks out into the room.

He checks his hand.

Goes to a drawer and pulls out some BANDAGES and some PILLS.

The bitemarks are deep into the side of Billy's hand.

Already bruising.

He dresses the wound, sitting naked on his bed.

Checks the dressing.

Pops a couple pills.

Gets up and goes to the kitchenette.

Through the window, the sun is setting.

INT. MOTEL KITCHENNETTE -- DAY

Billy carries the backpack into the kitchenette.

He pulls out the ziplock baggy.

Puts it on the counter.

Pulls out a pan.

Pulls out some BUTTER.

Billy hums to the music.

TERIYAKI SAUCE.

Fries the butter.

Adds the skin and teriyaki sauce.

Stands in the kitchen, naked, cooking.

EXT. MOTEL -- DAY

The sun is an hour off the horizon.

The motel is empty, except for the Jeep.

The road is empty in both directions.

The sun beats down.

Cacti.

EXT. DESERT -- DAY

Amy crawls through the desert.

Her thigh trails blood.

She looks like hell.

She coughs with every move.

She pulls herself up and looks at her bleeding leg.

She looks around the empty desert.

She rips her t-shirt.

Pulls off too narrow a swatch of fabric.

AMY  
Fuck. Come on.

Amy takes off her shirt, and tears at the sleeve.

She rips off one sleeve, admires her work, and puts the shirt back on.

Amy crawls up to her feet.

T-shirt torn at the bottom and missing a sleeve.

She takes the detached sleeve and pulls it up her leg.

It's tight, but it makes it up her thigh.

And covers the cut.

Not a bad bandage.

Hot sun.

Cacti.

AMY (CONT'D)  
I am so fucking thirsty.

Amy takes a step and cries out.

Her feet are shredded.

She's covered with blood.

Wincing with each step, she walks on through the desert.

Hot sun.

Cacti.



EXT. DESERT -- DAY

Amy struggles though the desert.

AMY  
This is bullshit, God. Why would  
you do this to me? Just fucking  
kill me already.

Hot sun.

Cacti.

AMY (CONT'D)  
How far have I gone? Fucking more  
than twelve miles by now. Fuck. He  
was lying. Or I missed it.

Scans the desert.

Nothing.

Wide shot of Amy struggling through the desert.

AMY (CONT'D)  
I'd stop and rest but I just don't  
wanna die. It's so hot. So thirsty.  
All I need is some water. And a  
hospital. And some vicodin.

Hot sun.

Blood seeping through the bandage.

AMY (CONT'D)  
I really need a fucking hospital.  
Thank God for cheap guns. Or cheap  
bullets. Whatever. I'm assuming  
I'm going to live because if not  
you'd have already killed me, but  
God, if you can hear me, I know we're  
pretty much not talking lately, but  
I really would appreciate it if you  
could help me here.

Shredded feet. Wincing with every step.

AMY (CONT'D)  
I know, you've already helped me so  
fucking much, what with the raping  
and bullet wounds and toenail painting  
cannibal assholes, but really, come  
on. Just a little water would be  
golden right about now.

Stumbling toward small ridge.

AMY (CONT'D)

What do you want? Haven't you fucked me hard enough today, God? I was having a good life. A really good life. I could be nicer. Who couldn't.

(breaks)

But I'm trying.

Hot sun.

AMY (CONT'D)

Just a little water.

Dirty, sweaty, sexy.

AMY (CONT'D)

What would I give? Anything. Fucking anything. I would give anything.

Amy steps on a ROCK.

She can't take the pain any more and falls to her knees, crying out. She lays her head in the sand.

AMY (CONT'D)

Gotta be water, right over the ridge.

She crawls. Painful. Slow. Grunting.

She reaches the ridgeline.

She looks around.

Another ridge ahead.

AMY (CONT'D)

Fuck! Fuck!

Amy suddenly laughs. She smiles and looks out over the desert.

AMY (CONT'D)

What do you want from me? I'll be nicer to my parents. I'll stop calling people fucktards. I'll eat fiber. Whatfuckingevery.

Amy's thigh drips blood.

Amy grabs her stomach. Her hand is covered with blood.

She falls on her side, clutching her stomach.

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

I just was never the kind of girl to lay down and die.

EXT. DESERT RIDGE -- AFTERNOON

The sun is on the horizon.

Amy, arms and legs raw and bloody.

Covered with blood and caked with dirt and sweat.

Crawling toward the ridgeline.

Painful.

Slow.

She makes it over the ridge.

Below her, an abandoned old TRUCK.

Further off, a long way, a thin slice of ROAD.

Amy ekes out a small laugh.

Tries to climb to her feet.

SCREAMS.

Stands.

AMY

Ha!

Her feet are shredded.

She stumbles.

Toward the truck.

Across hot sand.

She stumbles toward the truck.

She walks through the sand.

Past the pain.

Sinking sun.

Cacti.

Wide shot of stumbling toward the truck.

The road.

The sun approaches the horizon.

EXT. DESERT TRUCK -- DAY

In the sand, a hundred yards from the road, a stripped and weathered PICK-UP.

Blown-out windows.

Graffiti.

No wheels.

Caked in dust.

Amy stumbles to the truck.

The road is still a long way off.

The truck bakes in the sun.

Disappointed, she looks in the stripped out cabin.

Ripped up seats.

Garbage on the floorboards.

She stumbles around the truck, finding nothing.

Nothing but dirt in the bed of the pickup.

On the driver's side, she goes to open the door. Hot.

Too tough to care, with a little GRUNT, Amy ignores the heat and opens the door.

Split seats.

Garbage.

She pulls the hood release.

Struggles to the front and, with another PAINFUL GRUNT, pops the hood.

She looks at the engine.

AMY  
Now which one of you is a radiator?

Amy looks around the desert.

She looks at the engine.

She sees the radiator. Too hot to open.

No matter. The radiator is bone dry.

Amy closes the hood.

Looks out to the road.

Goes to the driver's side, reaches in and HONKS the horn.

She chuckles. HONKS it again.

AMY (CONT'D)

See. You're not dead, yet.

Amy lays on the horn.

Wide shot of Amy standing at the truck, horn honking.

Amy laughs, caked in blood and sweat.

She stumbles toward the road.

Hot sun.

Cacti.

In pain, but okay with it.

Stumbling toward the road.

On the horizon, a CAR appears.

Amy looks at it, confused.

INTERCUT AMY / PASSING CAR

Realizing, it's a car, Amy starts to push toward the road.

The car is just a speck on the horizon.

Stumbling, in pain, Amy is a hundred yards from the road.

The car is going to pass before she gets there.

She tries to run but collapses in pain.

SHRIEKING. She crawls.

AMY (CONT'D)

Oh God! Stop! Oh fuck.

The car, still tiny in the road.

Amy, a speck, crawls in the desert.

The car approaching.

Amy's legs are torn.

She climbs up, furious, and stumbles toward the road.

The car passes.

EXT. ROAD -- DAY

The car disappears down the road.

Amy stumbles to the edge of the road.

AMY  
Fucker! Stop!

The car keeps driving.

The sun is about to set over the hills.

Open desert.

Cacti.

Amy wavers at the side of the road.

The car is out of view.

No other cars coming.

Amy stands out on the middle of the road.

AMY (CONT'D)  
You are fucking kidding me!

She spins around.

Nothing in all directions.

Amy sits down in the middle of the road.

AMY (CONT'D)  
This is just fucking jingles. It's  
gonna get cold. It's getting dark.

Nothing in either direction. No streetlights.

AMY (CONT'D)  
How cold will it get?

Amy pulls up her shirt to look at her abdomen.

A huge purple scab, bruising.

Amy touches it and winces.

Open dessert.

Cacti.

The sun touches the horizon.

Amy picks gravel from her legs.

She shudders, cold.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Once the sun sets, nobody will be  
able to see me. I'll die here if I  
don't get a ride, like right now.

Open desert.

Open road.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Seriously, God. Great fucking plan.

Cacti.

Sun setting.

Empty road.

Amy lies down in the road.

AMY (CONT'D)  
They'll either see me or finish me  
off.

Amy breathes hard.

She looks down the road.

AMY (CONT'D)  
If I'm supposed to die, why not just  
let me bleed out? This is just plain  
sadistic.

Empty road.

Amy shudders and starts to COUGH.

She coughs hard until she's on her hands and knees.

Then she dry heaves.

In agony. Spitting.

Kicking in the dust.

Finally, the coughing stops.

Amy lies, eyes open.

Watching the empty road.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Please, God. I want to live.

She sees a GLINT on the horizon.

INTERCUT CARMEN'S CAR / ROADSIDE

As the sun sets, a CAR drives down the empty road.

In the car, CARMEN, 30, in a PARK SERVICES SHIRT, takes a drink from a huge fountain SODA.

RADIO HOST (V.O.)

The problem with abortion isn't abortion. If you want to say that people have a right to not have a baby they don't want, I have no problem with that. The problem though, is that someone has to perform the abortions, and I just don't understand how anyone could conscionably do that, much less a doctor.

The road is getting dark, but Carmen still sees open desert.

RADIO HOST (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Think about it, First and foremost, do no harm. How is cutting a viable child from the womb not doing harm? What a truly sick and godless person anyone who performs an abortion must be. To kill a child, fetus or not, it's killing something that otherwise would almost invariably live.

In the road a few hundred yards ahead, Amy stands out in the road, arms raised.

At a hundred meters, Carmen sees Amy standing in the road, waving her arms.

Amy jumps up and down, SCREAMING.

RADIO HOST (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Going to medical school to perform abortions is like going to mechanic school and working at a scrapyard.

Carmen slows to 50. Amy stands in the road.

Carmen realizes what she's seeing as she drives past Amy.

AMY

(freaks out)

Stop! Help!

Carmen passes, slowing.

AMY (CONT'D)

No! No!



Carmen's car slows and pulls off fifty yards past Amy.

AMY (CONT'D)

Yes. Oh God.

Amy stumbles toward the car.

Carmen's car, in reverse, rolls back toward Amy.

Amy stumbles toward the car.

Sees Amy, who looks like hell, stumbling to the car.

CARMEN

Mother Mary.

Carmen leans over and opens the passenger door.

Amy climbs in, gingerly, smiling ear-to-ear.

AMY

Oh, god, thank you so much.

CARMEN

Are you okay?

AMY

Yeah.

(sees drink)

Oh god, can I please--?

CARMEN

Of course.

Amy takes the soda and drinks. And drinks.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

AMY

(finishes drink)

I'm so sorry.

CARMEN

No problem. How long have you been out here?

Amy holds the empty drink, smiling, crazy.

AMY

Thank you so much.

CARMEN

Of course. You need a hospital.

Carmen puts the car in gear and gets back onto the road.

INT. CARMEN'S CAR -- NIGHT

Carmen drives.

Amy, curled in the passenger seat, in a PARK SERVICES JACKET.

CARMEN

There isn't a hospital anywhere around here. What happened to you?

AMY

Bad day. Really bad day.

CARMEN

Tulia's about ten miles away, but it's just a gas station.

AMY

I'm okay. Yeah. I'm all right.

CARMEN

Are you kidding? You're bleeding. You look awful, I mean, I don't know you, but this can't be normal.

Amy chuckles, reaches back and checks the wound in her head. Carmen looks at Amy, worried.

AMY

Yeah.

CARMEN

You need to go to a hospital.

Amy digs some gravel out of her leg, opening up a little bleeding.

AMY

I'm okay. You have a cell phone?

CARMEN

No. Sorry. I mean, I do, but it died. I always talk until I kill it, driving around the desert.

AMY

How far is the Ironworks Rest Stop?

CARMEN

We just passed it.

AMY

How far to Mellman?

CARMEN

That's like forty miles. You didn't walk that far?

AMY

No. That's where my car is. Ten miles West of the rest stop, towards Mellman.

CARMEN

That's just a couple miles from here. Are you really okay.

AMY

I know I shouldn't be, but yeah. I feel pretty good. The ride is really a life saver.

CARMEN

Glad I can help.

AMY

Can we play the radio?

CARMEN

Sure.

Amy turns on the radio.

RADIO HOST (V.O.)

Well of course the Jews won World War Two! That's what Hart, Harriman Brown intended way back when they were funding I.G. Farben.

CARMEN

Crazy, huh? I wish they had liberal radio, but smart people don't need to be told the truth over and over again. It's the propaganda- the lies of the right, that they need to repeat over and over to keep their world from turning brown.

Amy lets out a little chuckle.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

You can change it.

AMY

Anti-semitism. Woulda bothered me more a couple days ago. Music okay?

CARMEN

Anything.

TEJANO. STATIC. JAZZ. ROCK. Amy smiles.

AMY

I love music. I haven't heard a radio for a long time.

EXT. ROAD -- NIGHT

Carmen's car drives down the road.

AMY

We should have already found it.

CARMEN

We must have missed it. You can come back for it in the morning. I'll take you to a hospital. I can be back in time for work tomorrow.

AMY

I don't need a hospital. I just need to get my car and get to school.

CARMEN

You're dehydrated.

AMY

I appreciate the offer, but I feel okay and I have student health insurance. If I go anywhere but on campus, it'll cost me like two thousand dollars.

CARMEN

Money isn't your problem right now.

AMY

No, but it will be. I appreciate your advice, but it's not your concern. I just need my car.

CARMEN

Do you have your keys?

AMY

No. Fuck.

CARMEN

Do you want to stay with me?

AMY

Wow. That's really nice.

CARMEN

Least I can do.

AMY

Not true. The least you could do would have been to keep on driving.

CARMEN

Nobody would do that. At least we need to get you some bandages.

EXT. MELLMAN GAS STATION -- NIGHT

Amy sleeps in the car as Carmen pups gas.

INT. MELLMAN GAS STATION -- NIGHT

Carmen walks through the station mini-mart.

Digs through a rack of T-SHIRTS.

Picks up a bottle of RUBBING ALCOHOL. BOTTLED WATER. SNACKS.

Considers FLIP-FLOPS. All they have. Takes a PAIR.

EXT. MELLMAN GAS STATION -- NIGHT

Carmen comes out and gets into the car.

Amy sleeps in the passenger seat.

Carmen starts the car and drives out of the station.

EXT. MELLMAN MOTEL -- NIGHT

Carmen's car drives into the parking lot. Parks.

INT. CARMEN'S CAR -- NIGHT

Carmen sits next to Amy, asleep in the passenger seat.

Carmen reaches over and tries to wake Amy.

Amy jumps and SHRIEKS, startling Carmen.

CARMEN

Sorry!

Amy looks around and catches her breath.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

It's okay. We're in Mellman. I didn't know what to do. I live North. If you want to get your car in the morning, this is probably the closest place to stay.

Amy looks out at the motel.

AMY

Thanks.

Carmen opens up her purse and pulls out her cash.

CARMEN

I only have about eighty dollars, and that won't be enough to get your car.

Carmen also hands Amy a CREDIT CARD and a BUSINESS CARD.

CARMEN (CONT'D)  
Nobody round here'll ask, but if  
they do, you have my permission to  
use it.

AMY  
That's just so nice of you.

CARMEN  
It's okay. Really. I just hope you  
make it to school. You really need  
to see a doctor.

AMY  
I can't believe--

CARMEN  
No, it's okay. I like to give myself  
credit for doing good things, even  
though most of what I do is really  
of no significance at all. But you  
are clearly in need, and in any way  
I can help you, I feel like I have  
to. I wish I could help more.

Carmen holds out the money. Amy takes it.

CARMEN (CONT'D)  
Do you want to get a room here?

AMY  
That'd be great.

Carmen nods and gets out of the car.

Amy waits in the car as Carmen enters the office. Amy turns  
on the radio and waits. MUSIC.

Motel. Amy in the car. Carmen comes out.

Amy gets out of the car. Carmen hands her a CARDKEY.

CARMEN  
Room eighteen. First floor.

AMY  
Thank you. Thanks for the shirt. I  
can't thank you enough.

They hug. Carmen gets into the car.

CARMEN  
Get to a doctor. Dehydration can be  
serious.

INT. MELLMAN MOTEL -- NIGHT

Amy opens the door to the room and enters.

Tacky motel room. View of the gas station.

Amy goes to the phone. Picks it up.

Start to dial. Hangs up.

INT. MELLMAN MOTEL BATHROOM -- NIGHT

STEAM.

Bloody shirt on the floor. Dirt and blood in the sink.

Little vial of tramadol on the counter.

Amy sits in the shower, washing her bloody legs.

Her abdomen looks awful. Bloody chunks wash out of her hair.

Vicious human BITEMARKS. She sees one of the bitemarks and bites her lip. She stares into space. Water splashes down.

INT. MELLMAN MOTEL -- NIGHT

Amy holds the PHONE. The machine on the other end picks up.

ANSWERING MACHINE

(FILTERED / PHONE)

We're not in right now. Leave a message.

BEEP.

AMY

Hey, mom, it's uh, me. Just wanted you to know I'm okay. I lost my phone. I love you. I'll call again.

Amy hangs up.

SERIES OF SHOTS - AMY @ MOTEL

1) Amy sits on the bed in a t-shirt, dabbing rubbing alcohol onto her legs with a TOWEL, wincing and grinding her teeth.

2) BANDAGING her legs as best she can.

3) She digs through the bag of snacks.

4) Watching TV. Bored, she turns it off.

5) She checks the locks. Climbs into bed. Covers up.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT. MOTEL -- DAY

Morning breaks over the deserted motel.

Jeep in the lot.

Billy comes out with a COOLER and BACKPACK.

He throws the cooler in the back.

Pulls out a beer and opens it.

Checks out the backpack.

ROPE. TASER.

GUN. DUCT TAPE.

He tosses the backpack into the back.

Gets in the jeep.

Revs it up and drives out of the lot.

INT. MELLMAN MOTEL -- DAY

Amy wakes.

She SHRIEKS in pain.

She grabs her abdomen.

She lifts the t-shirt.

BLOOD soaks through the bandage on her stabwound.

She breathes deeply and painfully stands.

She stretches her neck.

Touches her toes.

Looks out the window. Open desert.

Picks up the phone but puts it back down.

Her eyes show no emotion.

Then the memory.

Fear.

Abuse.

Shame.

Rage.



EXT. MELLMAN MOTEL -- DAY

Amy, in flip flops and the t-shirt, walks to the office.

On her way, she stops short. HER CAR sits in the parking lot. A FOR SALE sign in the window.

Different plates, but her car. Same scratch on the hood. Mark on the dashboard where her bobblehead was ripped off.

INT. MELLMAN MOTEL OFFICE -- DAY

Amy enters the empty office. Rings the bell.

PATEL, 50, motel owner, comes through a door into the office. He wears sweatpants and a t-shirt and carries a NEWSPAPER.

He sees Amy and does a double-take. T-shirt and flip-flops. Feet heavily bandaged.

PATEL  
How can I help you?

Amy puts the cardkey on the table.

AMY  
You the one selling the car?

PATEL  
No. There is a number, I think.

AMY  
How do I get out of here?

PATEL  
Do you have a car?

Amy looks at him-- it was a sincere question. Patel looks at the sunburn and bandages.

AMY  
No.

PATEL  
There's a bus to Dylan at four.

AMY  
What if I want to go West?

PATEL  
That is harder. Buses start in Tulia.  
My son will be here this evening,  
and I can have him take you there.

AMY  
Thanks. If I'm still here, I'd  
appreciate it.

EXT. MELLMAN MOTEL -- DAY

Amy exits the office.

Looks at her car.

Walks to the road.

Open desert. Hot sun.

Amy thinks about it.

As Amy considers her options, Dave exits the motel.

He wears a cowboy hat and carries a DUFFEL BAG into the lot.

Amy sees him and approaches.

AMY  
Excuse me. Sorry to bother you, but  
I was wondering which way you're  
going.

Dave looks her over, gives a little smile.

DAVE  
Needles.

AMY  
Is that west?

DAVE  
And south.

AMY  
You know the rest stop east of here?  
Ironworks?

DAVE  
Yeah.

AMY  
I need a ride out there.

Dave thinks about it. Looks at her.

DAVE  
Okay. Get in.

Dave throws his bag into the back of his truck.

AMY  
Thank you.

Amy gets into the truck.

INT. DAVE'S TRUCK -- DAY

COUNTRY MUSIC. Amy sits in the passenger seat, focused.

Dave drives.

DAVE  
What happened to your legs?

AMY  
Tough day in the desert.

DAVE  
You okay?

AMY  
I'm okay.

Dave looks forward, drives.

DAVE  
Hot, eh?

Amy glares forward.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
You like Willie Nelson?

No response.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
So, what are the chances of you giving  
me head while I drive?

AMY  
Fuck.

Amy HISSES at Dave.

DAVE  
Whoa. Just wonderin'.

AMY  
Why are men like that?

DAVE  
Don't get upset. I was just asking.

AMY  
I have fucking burn blisters on my  
lips. Yeah, sucking dick is right  
at the top of my list. Are you  
fucking retarded? Sorry.

DAVE  
Hell, I dunno. That's funny, though.

AMY

Why?

DAVE

I don't know. Really. I guess guys  
just like having their dicks' sucked.  
Sometimes, you give a girl a ride,  
you get a hummer. Can't hurt to  
ask. Takes all kinds, you know?

Dave drives.

AMY

You ever raped anybody?

Dave looks at her.

DAVE

No.  
(defensive)  
I was just asking!

Amy stares forward.

AMY

Don't be a creep.

DAVE

Sorry. You okay?

AMY

Yeah.

Desert sun. Cacti.

DAVE

You wanna talk about it?

AMY

You got a gun I could borrow?

Dave stares forward.

DAVE

Sorry.

EXT. ROAD -- DAY

The truck drives down the road.

Cacti.

Hot sun.

Past a sign reads "REST STOP 2MI."

EXT. REST STOP -- DAY

The Jeep in the parking lot. BEER in cupholder.

Next to a MIYATA.

Billy follows ERICA, 20. Erica wears a super-short jean skirt and tank top, and clearly enjoys the attention.

BILLY  
I'm just saying, what's it gonna  
take?

Erica turns and looks at him.

ERICA  
Five hundred.

BILLY  
(leers)  
Now there's a number. Good for you.

Erica, embarrassed, keeps walking.

ERICA  
I'm just saying, it would cost a  
lot.

BILLY  
I got five hundred.

Erica stops.

ERICA  
Really? I was kinda joking.

BILLY  
Come with me to my place. I'll give  
you five hundred.

ERICA  
That's flattering, but I gotta get  
to Phoenix.

BILLY  
I could just throw you down and fuck  
you in the dirt.

Erica tenses up. Looks around.

ERICA  
You don't wanna do that.

Billy leers.

BILLY

Nah. I wouldn't do that. But, uh--  
(checks his wallet)  
I have twenty-four dollars.

Erica rolls her eyes.

ERICA

That's worth a nice thought while I  
wipe myself.

Billy pulls out the money.

BILLY

Take it. While you pee, I'll stand  
out here and jack off. When you  
come back, just call me a pervert  
while I cum on the hood of your car.

ERICA

Not okay.

BILLY

Come on? Easy money.

ERICA

I aint gonna touch you and you can't  
cum on my car.

BILLY

But you'll watch? I just want you  
to see what I can do.

ERICA

Great.

BILLY

Take it. You probably need it for  
school.

Erica takes the money.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Or weed. You like to get high and  
fuck?

ERICA

Who doesn't?

Erica heads toward the bathroom.

ERICA (CONT'D)

Get your dick out, pervert. I won't  
wipe.

Billy leers as Erica walks into the bathroom.

INT. DAVE'S TRUCK -- DAY

The rest stop is visible through the front windshield.

DAVE  
You know, I can take you to Foster.  
I'd even take you, well, where are  
you going?

AMY  
Right here.

DAVE  
You're meeting somebody?

AMY  
Kind of.

EXT. REST STOP -- DAY

The truck drives into the parking lot. There's the Jeep.

AMY (O.S.)  
Drive past. Toward the machines.

INT. DAVE'S TRUCK -- DAY

Dave sees the Jeep. Billy, far off, heads back toward the cars. Dave drives to the far end of the lot.

DAVE  
(mumbles)  
Goddammit, Billy.

Amy catches this, but looks away. Dave parks.

AMY  
Thanks. I really do appreciate it.

DAVE  
You know what you're doing? Dangerous  
out there.

AMY  
Yeah. That's why I asked for a gun.

DAVE  
What you gonna use?

AMY  
I dunno.

DAVE  
You got anything?

AMY  
Kind of.

Amy pulls out a SCREWDRIVER.

DAVE  
Where'd you get that?

AMY  
Better than a pen, right?

DAVE  
Oh yeah. But--

Through the windshield, they see Billy open a beer. He waves at the girl going in the bathroom.

Puts the beer next to his Jeep. Hustles to the Miyata.

Dave looks at Amy. Burned. Bandaged.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
Crazy. You wanna call the cops?

Billy looks toward the truck then pops the hood on the Miyata.

AMY  
I hate fucking cops. And jail's too good.

Dave opens up the glove compartment, revealing a BIG KNIFE.

DAVE  
I know that boy. He's a hard one.

AMY  
That was so fast. What's he doing?

DAVE  
Puncture a hose somewhere, I'd guess.

Dave reaches over, pulls out the knife and gives it to Amy.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
You ought to be in a hospital. That just aint right.

AMY  
Thank you. For everything.

DAVE  
You want me to stick around?

AMY  
I'd rather you didn't.

DAVE  
Maybe I'll swing back by.



EXT. REST STOP -- DAY

Billy closes the hood on the Miyata, looks to the bathroom.

Erica comes out of the bathroom.

Billy quickly walks toward her and away from the Miyata.

Erica walks toward the cars.

Fifty yards away, Dave's truck pulls out of the lot (Amy unseen).

Erica sees the truck leave, looks at Billy approaching.

ERICA  
Aw, fuck. Calm and cool.

Billy stops and waits on the path.

Erica approaches. Billy starts rubbing himself.

BILLY  
You're too fast.

Erica smiles and walks up to and past Billy.

ERICA  
(over her shoulder)  
I just realized I'm running really late.

BILLY  
I barely started.

She gets to her car. Gets in.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
That's it? I thought we had something special.

Erica puts the key in the ignition. Car in gear, Erica is confident.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Come on? I paid for that little cunt attitude.

ERICA  
Yeah. Well, I thought you were going to show me your cock. Yet another of life's invariably little disappointments.

BILLY  
Better. Yeah.

Billy unbuttons jeans.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
You want to see it? You're think  
you're too hot for me but we'll be  
dreaming about each other.

ERICA  
I am too hot for you, and no I won't.  
And that little thing? Seriously.

Erica backs her car out quickly and drives away.

BILLY  
(button pants, angry)  
That's it, cunt. Think you're  
special.

Billy walks back over to the jeep. Picks up his beer.

Takes a drink as he watches Erica's car drive off.

Hot sun. Cacti.

Billy leers and drinks his beer.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Drive, Six.

EXT. REST STOP -- DAY

Billy finishes his beer and lumbers into his jeep.

Losing a little focus, he puts the keys in the ignition.

He looks up, startled. Amy stands in her t-shirt and flip  
flops, glaring like a ghost, holding the big knife.

Billy blinks, frozen. He breaks into a big smile.

He climbs out of the Jeep.

BILLY  
No fucking way.

AMY  
Hey, asshole.

BILLY  
I didn't think I was gonna get to  
fuck you again, Five.

AMY  
You won't. You just drank Tramadol.

Billy, unsure, takes a step toward Amy, smiles, tries to  
take another and collapses in a heap.

EXT. DESERT -- DAY

The wheel of the Jeep kicks sand onto Billy, who kicks awake.  
Gaining focus as the  
Jeep drives across the desert.

INTERCUT JEEP ACROSS DESERT / ABANDONED BILLY

The Jeep drives over desert as we PAN across broken Billy.  
Hot sun. Cacti.

Billy, laying in bloody boxers on the sand, jerks in pain.  
His head, sweating.

Jeep crossing sand.

Billy's tanned arms, clenched and contorted.

The Jeep across more open desert.

A massive BLOODMARK at Billy's GROIN.

The Jeep, finally approaching a distant road.

The legs, bleeding in a few places.

The Jeep, climbing onto pavement.

When we get to Billy's feet, we see they are destroyed, deeply  
sliced in multiple directions.

Both Achilles tendons cut.

Billy cries, sweats, and contorts.

Hot sun.

BILLY

Water.

Widest possible shot of Billy, a speck in the desert.

END INTERCUT

INT. BILLY'S JEEP -- DAY

Amy drives.

Turns on the radio. MUSIC.

Laughs.