

My oWN PrivaTe idAHo

A screenplay by Gus Van Sant

Revised Apr. '89

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My Own Private Idaho was first shown at the Venice Film Festival in 1991. The cast includes:

MIKE WATERS	River Phoenix
SCOTT FAVOR	Keanu Reeves
RICHARD WATERS	James Russo
BOB PIGEON	William Reichert
GARY	Rodney Harvey
CARMELLA	Chiara Caselli
DIGGER	Michael Parker
DENISE	Jessie Thomas
BUDD	Flea
ALENA	Grace Zabriskie
JACK FAVOR	Tom Troupe
HANS	Udo Kier
JANE LIGHTWORK	Sally Curtice
WALT	Robert Lee Pitchlynn
DADDY CARROLL	Mickey Cottrell
WADE	Wade Evans

Directors of Photography

Editor

Production Designer

Costume Designer

Music

Executive Producer

Co-executive Producer

Producer

Screenplay

Additional dialogue by

Director

Eric Alan Edwards

John Campbell

Curtiss Clayton

David Brisbin

Beatrix Aruna Pasztor

Bill Stafford

Gus Van Sant

Allan Mindel

Laurie Parker

Gus Van Sant

William Shakespeare

Gus Van Sant

Produced by New Line Cinema

VIEWS OF THE CITY OF Portland Oregon digressing into the seedy areas of the small city.

ARCADES, and yellow storefronts, of PORNOGRAPHIC BOOKSHOPS.

A FEW YOUNG MEN LOITER IN FRONT OF ONE OF THE BOOKSHOPS SOLICITOUSLY AND EYE A CUSTOMER.

WHO ENTERS THE BOOKSHOP.

INSIDE, WE SEE:

Counters displaying COLORFUL COMIC-LIKE plastic covered MAGAZINE and BOOK COVERS with names like HONCHO - BUTCH - JOYBOY. INDICATING A Homoerotic section of the bookshop.

GROUPS OF MEN loiter about the magazine shop flipping through the books and disappearing in and out of curtained doors.

THE COUNTERMAN is on the phone.

Next to him is a particularly interesting YOUNG MAN on the cover of one of the magazines - a bright yellow background, jeans open two buttons on the top, shirtless wearing a black cowboy hat. This character is named SCOTT.

FULL VIEW of the MAGAZINE cover as Scott comes to life - and talks to us.

SCOTT

I never thought I could be a real model, you know fashion-shit, cause I'm better at full body stuff It.8 okay so long as the photographer doesn't come on to you and expect something for no pay I'm trying to make a living, you know, and I like to be professional 'Course if the guy wants to pay me, then shit/yeah. Here I am for him. I'll sell my ass, I do it on the street all the time for cash. And I'll be on the cover of a book. It's when you start doing it for free that you start to grow wings, Right, Mike?

ACROSS THE AISLE ON ANOTHER SHELF IS ANOTHER COVER OF A MAGAZINE, AND ANOTHER YOUNG MAN ON THE COVER STARTS TO MOVE AND SPEAK, ADDRESSING SCOTT.

This character is named MIKE. (MIKE SHOULD BE DIFFERENT FROM SCOTT, MIKE SHOULD BE BLOND AND SCOTT SHOULD BE BROWN HAired, ALTHOUGH BOTH POSSESS A CERTAIN PAINFUL DOWN AND OUT HANDSOMENESS OF A STREET HUSTLER.)

MIKE

What are you talking about? What wings?

SCOTT

Wings, man, you grow Wings and become a FAIRY

MIKE

I ain't no fairy.

ANOTHER COVERBOY INTERRUPS MIKE AND SCOTT'S DISCUSSION, BUTTING IN.

COVERBOY

He ain't saying you is a fairy; faggot, he's saying that if you go working for free then you has no choice, you turn into a fairy, with wings and all. That's all he mean, dunk.

MIKE (to Scott)

Well, nevertheless, what do you care about doing stuff for free or for money, shit You're going to inherit a hunch of money, you might as well do it for free.

COVERBOY

Is that right, sweetie?

OTHER COVERBOYS PERK UP AND START FLIRTING WITH SCOTT

COVERBOY 2

How much is a bunch of money;

honey?

COVERBOY 3

What are you doing on the cover of
that magazine, slumming?

Scott listens to all of them then looks back at Mike. Mike
smiles.

SCOTT

(to us)

Actually, I'm on the street to
settle a bet with my goddamned
stone-faced old man. I've decided to
live away from home for three years.
To prove a point. That I can live on
my own. And to appreciate the value
of a dollar. And Mike is right,
there, I am going to inherit money.
A lot of money

IdAho

The desert in the daytime.

MIKE enters the frame in front of a blue sky filled with white
clouds. He has a Texaco gas station attendant's shirt on with a
name tag that reads: BILL (not Mike, his name).

The clouds are puffy against a deep blue sky. The road is red.
Purple mountains surround Mike on all sides far in the distance,
ten miles away. Mike looks in front of him at a long stretch of
road that disappears into the horizon.

Mike looks at his wristwatch on his arm. He times how long it
takes to walk ten steps down the road.

Ten seconds. He glances back at a duffel bag. The duffel bag
falls over.

Mike looks at the picturesque sights surrounding him. A wind
sends a tumbleweed into the air. He takes ten steps back to his
duffle bag and checks watch again.

The sun is now setting.

MIKE

(to himself)
You can always tell where you are by
the way the road looks. Like I Just
know that I been to this place
before. I Just know that I been
stuck here like this one fuckin'
time before, you know that?

ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD A JACKRABBIT IS LISTENING TO HIM.

MIKE

There ain't no other road on earth
that looks like this road. I mean,
exactly like this road. (sniffs)
One of a kind. (Sniffs) Like
someone's face. Like a fucked up
face...

THE ROAD HAS A DEFINITE FACE. TWO DISTANT CACTUS FOR EYES - A
CLOUD SHADOW FOR A MOUTH, MOUNTAINS FOR HAIR.

MIKE

Once you see it, even for a
second, you remember it, and you
better not forget it, you gotta
remember people and who they are,
right? Friends and enemies. You
gotta remember the road and where
it is too...

MIKE SUDDENLY LUNGES AT THE LITTLE RABBIT LISTENING TO HIS CHAT
ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD, AND THE RABBIT RUNS FOR HIS LIFE.

MIKE

I Just love to scare things... I
don't know. It gives me a sense
of.... Power.

Mike thinks about the loneliness of the road.

MIKE

This is nowhere. I'll bet that
nobody is ever going to drive down
this road. I'll be stuck here
forever.

Mike looks at the road stressfully. The road looks back. He looks at the road his eyes growing heavy. The road looks back...

Mikes yawns.

MIKE'S VOICE OVER

I don't know when it was I
recognized I had this disease.

Mike looks like a backwoods character who fits into the terrain. Mike makes strange movements, like he is having a sort of epileptic fit, then yawns like he is very tired, again.

MIKE'S VOICE OVER

Sometimes I'll be in one place,
and I'll close my eyes...

MIKE CLOSES HIS EYES. THEN A WHOLE RITUAL OF EVENTS HAPPENS, HIS EYES TURN BACK IN HIS HEAD AND HE BEGINS TO SHAKE ALL OVER. THEN ALL GOES BLACK.

MIKE'S VOICE OVER

When I open them again, I'll be in
a completely different
surrounding.

When Mike opens his eyes, he is in downtown PORTLAND, OREGON.

A LOUD BUS drives by Mike's view in the city. He is asleep, then wakes enough to see other UNKNOWN KIDS rifling his pockets in a doorway, as Mike sleepily looks on.

SUBTITLES

It's kind of like time travel.
It's kind of good.

MIKE CLOSES HIS EYES AGAIN, AND WHEN HE OPENS THEM HE IS BACK IN THE COUNTRY. BUT THIS TIME A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT TERRAIN. LIKE A LONG TIME HAS PASSED. HE IS ALSO WEARING DIFFERENT CLOTHES.

MIKE CHECKS HIS WATCH AGAIN. He looks happy at the passage of time.

MIKE

Yeah. It's kind of good. Passes
the time. Unwanted as it is.

MIKE LEANS AGAINST THE DUFFLE BAG WITH HIM. HE LOOKS INTO THE FIELD next to him. The wind blows a paper cup into the air.

Mike watches the cup tumble in the air, and with a few notes, a GUITAR follows. Then an uprooted cactus.

The paper cup, cactus and guitar lyrically trade places in the air, and are followed by a large barn, which twists and turns, then crashes directly into the middle of the road.

On the, road. Riding in the back of a pickup truck. Mike's shirt ruffles wildly in the wind, traveling at 60 mph.

And the truck disappears into the sun, toward a steep mountain range.

LAS VeGAs

Mike is walking down a LONELY ALLEYWAY in the city. ALL OF A SUDDEN he is surrounded by three BLACK BOYS, who are smiling and joking.

BLACK 1

SAY, WHITE BOY, where you goin'?

Black 1 pulls out a knife and waves it at Mike.

BLACK 1

What's in the sack. Let's see.

Mike fights with the guy for his sack. The Black cuts Mike's hands with his knife but Mike won't let go.

In terror he watches his hands get cut, but he won't let go. Mike starts to yawns and does the jitters to the Black's amazement and drops to the ground. Scottie, the older boy on the magazine cover, comes to Mike's aid. He pushes the Black boy over, throws some trash cans in their direction.

BLACK 1

This gonna be fun. Come on...

Scottie keeps fighting them off.

SCOTT

Man, what do you want from us, we

haven't got anything.

The Blacks chuckle. Then they stop and slowly walk away from Scott who hovers protectively around Mike's body on the ground.

BLACK (o.s.)

Faggot!

We are in the city of Las Vegas in the daytime. (We are aware of this because one character, RAY, is reading the Las Vegas Chronicle.) Mike sleeps, as a shopkeeper washes his windows and three other street kids, Gary, Ray and Scottie, are hanging around on the corner with him.

Gary is hitting a public wastebasket with the end of a stick as a MAN in a MERCEDES BENZ drives by them very slowly, and looks at each one of the boys individually. Gary pauses for a moment and poses.

RAY

(to the man in the car) What's up?

MAN (in German)

[Entschuldiging, Junge...]

The man in the car speeds off.

INT. CAR DAY.

THE MAN has the look of Rainer Fassbinder and Geraldo Rivera as the same man; is of average build and has a wash of hair gracing his forehead that looks quite foreign. He turns to the right three times, as he is circling his car.

OUT THE WINDOW OF THE CAR, we see the boys again.

EXT. STREET

GARY

What's this guy want, think he wants to party?

SCOTT

He said "Entschuldiging, Junge."

GARY

What's that mean? "Suck my dick?"

Does he want to suck my dick?

SCOTT

It means, "Excuse me, boys."

GARY

How the fuck do you know.

SCOTT

I've studied German, in prep school.

GARY

You know, Scottie, I don't know when to believe you.

SCOTT

Here he comes again.

THE MAN leans out the window of his car.

MAN

HELLO?

Gary leans into the man's car.

GARY

Hey, dude.

MAN

(speaks with a thick German accent)

Excuse me. Can I speak to the young man over there, with the blond hair, ya?

GARY

Who, that kid there? You can't talk with him now, he's asleep.

MAN

Can you wake him up?

GARY

No, you can't wake him... he..... but, what about me? Don't you want to talk with me?

The man is not interested in talking to Gary. He shakes his head no, bothered by Gary.

SCOTT

(speaking fluent German)

Was willst du in Gottesname mit uns
Juenge? Mach' es flar oder fanre
ab!

(What in the hell do you want with
us young kids, be specific or get
out.)

MAN

(surprised)

Du bist sehr intelligent mit deinem
Aksent.. Fuer elnen Puppejunge.

(You are very clever with an accent
like that.. for a street boy.)

THE MAN IN THE CAR SPEEDS OFF.

GARY

Alright then, asshole!

VIEW of Mike's sleeping face.

INSIDE OF MIKE'S thoughts. He is flying over the city streets,
above the Mercedes Benz, effortlessly hovering and gilding above
it, between the buildings. Like a bird.

Mike wakes and looks at Scottie, who is talking to
Gary.

MIKE'S THOUGHTS

The first time I met Scott, I had
a feeling he was a sort of comic
book hero. He was always saying
the right thing at the right
moment, and standing up for me
when there was no reason to. Look
at his face now, when the sunlight
shines off his lower lip, like it
is the face of some sort of
statue. Strong and soft at the
same time. I never could figure

out what Scott was doing here with us on the street in the first place, like he was on some sort of crusade, to help the poor. Because he really did come from a rich Portland family. I know because he brought me to his house one day and showed me around. I mean, wow, they were rich I They even had a swimming pool. Scott's the only kid that I had ever met that had a swimming pool. I'd make a bet with anybody right now, that Scott is a saint or a hero, or some such higher placed person.

Meanwhile...

Gary and Ray are talking. Ray, who is a Chicano street kid, is looking poetically off into the distance.

RAY

My father was a gaucho. But nobody gonna find him. He killed a guy and split. Nobody gonna find that fuck. I never gonna find him.

Ray spits into the gutter and the spit drifts in a small stream made by the shop-owner who was washing his windows, down the street and into drainage grating.

View of MIKE as he closes his eyes, oblivious to what is going on around him.

The music in a DISCO blares, at night, and all we can see is Mike's face, sleeping. The disco MUSIC STOPS, and the lights go up.

A broom passes by Mike's head.

Finally, THE MANAGER'S SHOES appear at his head.

MANAGER (o. s.)

What's wrong with him? Passed out?

The shoes prod Mike.

MANAGER (o. s.)

Hey, wake up.

Mike wakes up in a WARD ROOM BED in the daytime.

He looks around him. The room has a lot of light, windows practically on all sides of the room. There are other DETOX men and women in other beds. Mike gets up and starts to walk out, but he is wearing a gown.

A nurse stops him.

NURSE

Excuse me. Are you all right?

MIKE

Yeah. I'm fine.

(Mike looks around the room.)

NURSE

If you're going to leave us, it's okay, but we need you to sign out, and you'll need to get your clothes from downstairs.

MIKE

Oh. Yeah. (he pauses and looks around the place.) Do you live here?

NURSE

Why... no. But sometimes I feel like I do.

The nurse walks him over to a clipboard on a desk. Mike signs the board, and she gives him a receipt.

MIKE

What's this?

NURSE

That's Just a receipt. if you don't want it. You can throw it

away. That's what most people do
with it.

Then we cut to Mike's face at night. As his eyes open he takes a look around him, a little dazed, trying to figure where he is. We see he is under a store awning. A lot of fog is rolling across the street.

A twenty-eight-year-old woman stops in a Mercedes Benz sedan, similar to the one that the German man was driving. She motions Mike to get inside the car.

Dazed, Mike looks at the car, then responds.

MIKE

This chick is living in a new car
ad.

Inside a hallway entrance to the woman's home. Mike and the woman take off their Jackets.

MIKE

This is like a dream. A pretty
woman never picks me up.

Mike begins to caress her arm.

LADY

They Don't? Well. I Don't see why
not...

MIKE

Is this your house?

LADY (caressing his head)

Yes...

Mike follows the woman into her...

Living room where sit Scottie and Gary on a plush sofa. Mike sees them.

MIKE

Oh...

Mike sits down in an easy chair next to the sofa.

MIKE

What's up, Gary? Scottie?

GARY

HEY, DUDE.

LADY

You men make yourselves comfortable, and I'll be right back. There're cokes in the refrigerator - help yourself.

They watch her go.

SCOTTIE

She's cool. She Just likes to have three guys, 'cause - it takes her a little while to get warmed up. It's normal. Nothing kinky.

MIKE

Oh.

Mike looks around the room. Gary leans closer to Mike.

GARY

Hey, did you get into that Van Halen concert last night?

MIKE

I've never been to a concert, dude.

Interior of the Woman's bedroom. Mike undresses. He waits by the side of the bed and takes a last drag on a cigarette and puts it out. Then the woman arrives. lets down her negligee and approaches Mike like an EARTH MOTHER, slowly, big breasted, warm, comforting.

As she approaches, Mike begins to see a familiar face. He is upset when he looks into her eyes. And he begins to spasmodically shake then he grows sleepy, and finally, as she is upon him, he passes out.

Outside, Gary and Scottie struggle with Mike's body.

They plop Mike down on the corner, under a streetlight, fold his arms under his stomach and bend him over so he is sitting up against the light pole.

SCOTT

(putting money into his pocket) He always does this! I'm surprised he makes money at all.

GARY

How do we tell if he's okay?

SCOTT

Well, he's not dead.

Scott listens to his heart.

SCOTT

Listen.

Gary listens.

SCOTT

He's not dead. He's Just passed out. It's a condition. It's called narcolepsy.

GARY

Scared the shit out of her. What causes it. Sex?

SCOTT

Stress. Some hustler, huh?

Silence for a second.

GARY

Where are we going to take him?

Scott lifts Mike's body up and carries him to a soft carpet of grass on the edge of a lawn. Scott looks around to see if it is okay. Then he speaks to Mike even though he is asleep.

SCOTT

Hey, little brother. You stay here, and when you wake up, Just

come back into town. I'll be there waiting for you. I figure you're going to be safer here in this comfy neighborhood than in the city. I grew up in a neighborhood like this. It'll be safe here.

Scottie hides a tear. Then he takes his Jacket off and puts it over Mike, then leaves him there.

Mike's face is lying down with his nose pressed against a leafy ground in the daytime.

He wakes up, stands, makes his way up a slope and out to the street. He brushes himself off as the Mercedes Benz shows up again. Mike recognizes it, and walks up to the window of the car. It is the MAN, though, not the lady. The Man speaks with a German accent - and he is about 35 years old. HIS NAME IS HANS.

MIKE

Hi.

HANS

Say....

Hans reads Mike's shirt.

HANS

Say, Bill. What's happening?

Mike brushes himself off and walks down the road, thinking that the guy is weird.

MIKE

Nothing much.

Hans drives alongside Mike in his car.

HANS

Do you want a lift? Bill?

MIKE

Hey, isn't this the lady's car?

HANS

Is Alena a friend of yours? She's a friend of mine. Any friend of

Alena's is a friend of mine. Do
you want to be my friend?

MIKE

Not really.

HANS

Get in and I'll take you
someplace. Yes? Where do you want
to go?

Mike doesn't respond, and walks on.

He pauses a moment, and looks at the houses in the neighborhood.
He looks down the street and can see Hans stopped in his car. The
guy gets out, and leans against the car.

MIKE

This guy is a pervert. I can tell.

To Hans:

MIKE

Go home!

THE HOUSES LINE THE STREET, EACH WITH A LITTLE CALIFORNIA STYLE
GARDEN. MIKE CAN SEE ALL THE ROOFS OF THE HOUSES LIFT OFF, AND
THE FURNITURE INSIDE EACH HOUSE FLY OUT AND CIRCLE IN THE AIR.
MIKE GETS THE JITTERS AND PASSES OUT.

THE MERCEDES BENZ PULLS UP NEXT TO HIS HEAD, WHICH IS NOW ON THE
GROUND.

PORTLAND

When Mike wakes up he is in Scottie's arms. They sit under a
statue in a park. The statue is of two Indians pointing out
across the horizon, and on the base of the statue is written: The
Coming of the White Man.

Mike looks at Scott and then at the new surroundings.
At the Broadway Cafe Mike bites into a hamburger.

MIKE

How'd we get home?

SCOTT

That German guy. Hans. He brought you downtown, you were passed out. He said he was heading to Portland, so I asked him for a ride.

MIKE

I don't remember any German guy.

SCOTT

Well. You were sleeping.

MIKE

How much do you make off me while I'm sleeping?

SCOTT

Just a ride, Mike. I don't make anything. What, you think that I sell your body while you are asleep.

MIKE

Yeah.

Scott sips from a coffee cup.

SCOTT

No, Mike. I'm on your side.

He puts down the cup. Mike knows Scottie always tells the truth. Mike is a little embarrassed, that he has maybe offended Scott's honor.

MIKE

I was Just kidding, dude.

SCOTT

Gary's up here somewhere. He left three days ago, he flew up with some John.

MIKE

Exotic. Have you seen your dad?

SCOTT

Are you kidding?

MIKE

I'd visit my dad, if he was here.

SCOTT

I have to take care of you.

MIKE

How about your mom?

SCOTT

No.

MIKE

That lady. She looked like. My mother.

SCOTT

Is that why you passed out?

MIKE

Yeah. I mean. I don't know. She really looked like my mother. I must have been imagining things.

A pause.

The Broadway Cafe is beginning to pick up in business. The table where Scott and Mike sit is in front of a large window, and it is semi-circular in shape. Scottie spies Gary across the street.

He bounds up out of his chair and Mike watches him as he goes to the door, kicks it open and yells to Gary.

SCOTT

HEY' You dick!

Gary sees Scott and runs across the street.

Later in the BROADWAY CAFE, there are other street kids hanging around the table.

Scott has his arm around a girl named DENISE, who has a lot of make up on and long stringy hair and who carries a teddy bear. Denise is crying and Scott is consoling her.

MIKE'S THOUGHTS:

It was almost as if Scott was on some sort of crusade or mission, when you checked him out. He could make you feel good right at the very time that you felt so bad. I remember there were many times that I had been sobbing in Scott's arms and he was helping me out too. He was the great protector of us all, and the great planner. He gave us hope in the future. Even though there was no future. There must have been real trouble at home, though, for Scott not to want to visit his father.

Scott strokes Denise's hair adoringly and gives her a kiss every now and then.

Mike looks across the table at CARL, a skinny kid with black hair and a large floppy sports cap, and GARY, who is talking with him.

MIKE'S THOUGHTS

That's Carl. He's always around the Broadway, he didn't run away from home like a lot of these kids did. He had a mom, and no dad, at least they didn't know where he was. And one day, he came home to the apartment where they lived, and there was no mom anymore either. He didn't know where she went. That was six months ago.

MARY, an older, wiser street prostitute who is chain smoking Kool cigarettes.

MIKE'S THOUGHTS

That's Mary over there. She was a mean old chick. She was maybe thirty now. Old, old. Somebody once told me that in the past, Mary had this enemy, a chick that had turned her in. And Mary had gone off and kicked this chick to

death right in the street in front of everybody. I don't know if it's true, but I watched out, Just in case. I was afraid of Mary. And everyone else was too.

Mary takes a drag from her cigarette and blows smoke in Mike's face.

Scott notices this. But he attends to Denise's problems.

MIKE'S THOUGHTS

(as he coughs)

This was our little round table, a point around which everything else revolved. It was our "center." It was like our home. Our living room. Not everyone was the best of friends, but everyone knew everyone else, and we kind of stuck together.

Mike on the street. He watches as a man carrying a large bag of tin cans, crosses at a crosswalk. Mike steps up to him and begins walking. His name is MARTY.

MIKE

Hey Marty. What's goin' on?

MARTY

Is that you Mike? Hey, what's new with you? You look pretty good.

MIKE

How many you got so far today?

MARTY

I reckon that I picked up about twenty-three bucks so far with these cans, and some I got stashed back in the bushes. You know the old hiding place?

MIKE

Wow!

MARTY

Don't tell anybody, though. Just between you and me. You need a place to stay?

MIKE

I always need a place to stay, dude.

MARTY

Yeah, well, I'm under the bridge. You can Join me if you like.

MIKE

Yeah, I think I'll rooftop it tonight. I'm hanging with a friend.

MARTY

Am I walking too fast for you?

MIKE

No, but I'll see you around. See you under the bridge.

MARTY

Okay, Mike.

Mike stops walking with the guy and he splits down the street at a fast clip.

Inside the BROADWAY CAFE, Mike smokes a cigarette at the round table and watches Gary and Carl playing keepaway with Denise's teddy bear. Denise is swearing, using profanities that are unusual for a girl.

Night. Mike walks through a dark wet troubled inner-city alley and on the other side, there is a parked car. In the car sits a man in his 40's, bestial, good looking but overweight. He beeps his car horn at Mike.

Mike pauses, lights a cigarette coolly and walks to the car and leans in the window.

MIKE

Hey - what's up?

Int. MOTEL, nighttime.

The man is naked in the background standing in front of a mirror in a motel bathroom, as Mike sits naked on a bed in front of a t.v. set laughing at the show that is on.

We see various still compositions of the two making love.

Afield. Day. Two figures cross the field. One is Bob Pigeon, a man in his fifties, and the other, his manservant, Budd. Because of his girth, Bob has problems crossing the field.

BUDD

Jesus. ..the things we've seen...
do you remember a thing since we
moved from graffiti bridge?

BOB

No more of that, Budd.

BUDD

Ha-ha, what a crazy night.

Above the two walking figures, Gary wakes near a heating duct atop a ten story building. He yawns, looks down at the street and spies Bob and Budd.

GARY'S VIEW: a tiny Bob and Budd are making their way across a field.

GARY

Hey, Scottie, here comes that fat
pig himself!!! He owes me money!

Scottie, atop an adjacent building peeks his head over the edge. The two guys are relatively close to one another but far from the street.

SCOTT

Who?

GARY

You know, the fat one... Pigeon!

SCOTT

He stole my shoes, the dick!

GARY

Hey, everybody, here comes Bob the
chiseler!

He yells to the other buildings and other street kids to wake up.
Scottie pours an old paper cup of Coca-Cola over Bob and Budd
below.

GARY

Look out, it's raining Coke!

Bob hears the show atop the buildings.

BOB

Ah, I think my friends can see I
am back from Boise.

Bob looks worried and happy at the same time, not knowing if they
are friend or foe. He shields himself from the Coke sprinkles.

BOB

Do you see any clouds in the sky,
Budd?

BUDD

No, Bob.

The Derelict Hotel.

Budd and Bob enter the threshold of a busted up but operating
hotel. There is a fire in a trashcan turned upside down, with
holes poked in it.

Budd looks around the hotel.

BUDD

Is Jane Lightwork alive, Bob?

BOB

She's alive, Budd.

BUDD

Is she holding on?

BOB

Old... old, Budd.

BUDD

She must be old, she has no
choice...

THE TWO sit at a larger fire deeper into the derelict hotel.

BUDD

I remember her daughter, she died
years ago... of old age. She must
be old, all right. That was before
I came to Clements Inn.

BOB

(warming by the fire)
Ahh...

BUDD

Jesus... the things that we've
seen. Aren't I right, Bob? Aren't
I right?

BOB

We have seen the light at the end
of the tunnel...

BUDD

That we have, that we have... in
fact Bob, we have. Jesus... the
things that we've seen.

Scott drinks from a beer can inside the derelict hotel, tosses it to a young boy, laughs, wipes his mouth and puts his lit cigarette into the mouth of Gary, making his way to some steps, through a circle of girls, kisses Denise, who we remember from the Broadway Cafe, and charges up the steps.

Inside the hotel on a staircase landing, Scottie passes a couple of figures, one is asleep and one is awake.

SCOTTIE

Where's Bob?

A BOY
Fast asleep.

BUDD
And he's snoring like a horse.

SCOTTIE OPENS A DOOR AT THE TOP OF THE STEPS AND WALKS INTO A ROOM, INTERRUPTING MIKE, WHO STANDS OVER BOB'S SNORING BODY.

Mike coolly holds up a wad of bills and a folded envelope of cocaine.

MIKE
I picked his pocket.

SCOTTIE
(whispering)
What did you get, dude?

MIKE
Just this.

Scottie takes the cocaine from him, sits down at the foot of the bed and begins to unfold the packet. Bob turns in the bed and the rush of air from the sheets blows the white powder out of the packet.

BOB
What the hell?

Mike laughs.

BOB
What time is it, son?

SCOTTIE
(climbing in bed with Bob)
What do you care?

Bob, dazed, is looking around himself, like he is being had.

SCOTTIE

(amusing Mike)

Why, you wouldn't even look at a clock, unless hours were lines of coke, dials looked like the signs of gay bars, or time itself was a fair hustler in black leather... isn't that right, dude?

Bob staggers out of bed retching and spitting. Then back into his waking stupor, feeling something is being put over on him.

SCOTT

There's no reason to know the time. We are timeless.

Bob checks his wallet.

BOB

Aren't you forgetting, Scottie my boy, [A GOVERNOR'S SON], that we who steal, do so at midnight?

Bob's money and cocaine are gone. Bob turns angry and bellows.

BOB

What the...who ripped me off?
Budd!!! Budd!!!

Stairs again

BUDD

Yes, Bob!!!

Budd stands at the stoop and comes through the door, Just as Bob is running out.

BOB

I fell asleep and have been robbed!

Jane!!!

The room below.

Jane Lightwork, the owner of the established hotel, comes to arms. She is very old.

JANE

You'd think that I could keep the
peace in my house...

Scott and Mike laugh. Mike gets down on his hands and knees and
tries to scoop up a little cocaine from the floor.

Bedroom.

Hall

JANE

Bob, Bob we'll find your drugs.
We'll find them.

Another hall.

Bob is storming down it in a rage, people opening doors of the
rooms.

BOB

Jane, I know you well enough...

Yet another hall.

Hotel dwellers are watching Jane move down the hall answering
Bob.

JANE

I know you, ~ you owe me money,
Bob, and now you pick a fight with
me, and are disturbing the peace
of my hotel.

MAIN derelict hall of the hotel.

Bob parades, in his night clothes, in front of a gathering of
outcasts in the hotel.

BOB

This hotel is full of thieves...
Junkies!

JANE

You are the thief!

BOB

They picked my pocket!

LAUGHTER from the throngs of outcasts. Jane enters a balcony overlook of the main hall. Mike and Scott enter, arms around each other, laughing.

JANE

It's impossible to board a dozen
or so men and women who live
honestly and have the others live
like Junkies.

One of the dwellers listening to the argument is shooting up as they speak. We see a close view of the needle and Bob running around in the background.

Bob makes his way next to Scott.

BOB

You have corrupted me, Scottie, I
was an innocent before I met you.
..and now look at me.. just a
little better than wicked. I used
to be a virtuous man...

Scottie is laughing at him.

BOB

''well, virtuous enough. I swore
a little. I never gambled more
than seven times a week. Poker. I
never picked up a street boy more
than once a quarter...

Scottie laughs.

BOB

... of an hour. Bad company has
corrupted me. I'll be darned if I
haven't forgotten what the inside
of a church looks like.

MIKE

Where do you find your strike
tonight, Bob?

SCOTTIE

I see a good change for Bob to make. From Stealing to Preaching.

BOB

Stealing is my vocation, Scott. It's not a sin for a man to labor at his vocation.

GARY

Hey... ..

The three gather around Gary.

GARY

Very early tomorrow morning, there will be small time rock and roll promoters coming back from their show. Every night, they walk home with the loot and they stop by the Grotto Bar, one mile away from here, and more often than not they've been drinking already. If we can't steal from them on their way to the bar, we can get them when they come out. See, dude?

MIKE

I'm not gonna rob anybody. I'd rather sell my ass. Straight and simple. It's less risky.

BOB

So long as I don't know these guys personally. ..it's okay with me.

GARY

They're from Beaverton. New to the business...

MIKE

Not me. I'm not going along on this crackpot scheme. Especially since Gary thought it up.

BOB

Come oft it, Mikey. Find a better

way to make a buck. Something to
fall back on, other than your ass.

MIKE
Scott's inheritance.

Bob walks away from the two others.

SCOTT
(whispering)
Come along, Mikey. I have a joke I
wanna play... a joke I can't pull
off alone...

Mike laughs and joins Bob, hugging him around his fat belly.

BOB
Oh, my sweetheart, come and rob
with us tomorrow.

MIKE
I was going to come anyway.

SCOTT hugs the others too.

MIKE
We'll be rich!!!

Scottie dances away.

SCOTT
Provide for us, oh great
psychedelic Papa!

Scottie grabs Denise and kisses her then begins to leave through
the door. He throws her to Mike who catches her and runs off with
her.

SCOTT
Good catch dude. ..and meet me on
three street!

Scott leaves, Bob follows him:
Outside the derelict hotel.

BOB
Scott. When you inherit your

fortune, on your twenty-first birthday, let's see. ..how far away is this?

SCOTT

One week away, Bob, just one more week.

BOB

Let's not call ourselves robbers, but Diannah's foresters. Gentlemen of the shade. Minions of the Moon. Men of good government.

SCOTT

(under his breath)

When I turn twenty-one, I don't want any more of this life. My mother and father will be surprised at the incredible change. It will impress them more when such a fuck up like me turns good than if I had been a good son all along. All the past years I will think of as one big vacation. At least it wasn't as boring as schoolwork. All my bad behavior I'm going to throw away to pay my debt. I will change when everybody expects it the least.

Scott turns and leaves.

BOB

And you will become a hard roller, a hatchet man for your old man.

Scott laughs to himself, because he knows Bob is misunderstanding him. Bob is part of the past life that he says he is going to throw away.

SCOTT

No! You will be the hatchet man, Bob, that will be your job, and so there will rarely be a job hatched. It will be one big endless party, won't it?

Bob laughs. Scott walks across a field.

BOB

Well, at least my little friend
has offered me a job. They are so
good to me.

Inside the Broadway Cafe. Day.

Denise and Mike hang out together. Both are smoking cigarettes
which have made a billow of smoke that hangs over the table that
is in the front window.

DENISE

Moms are great, because, you know,
I could always go to my mom and
say, hey I need a new lipstick,
and she would always give me money
for that. That was great.

MIKE

I only saw my mom once, but I
remember what she looked like. She
was very beautiful.

DENISE

What do you mean, once?

MIKE

When I was born.

DENISE

How could you remember when that
god-awful thing happened?

MIKE

Dunno. But I remember it. how
beautiful and kind she good. Yeah,
I remember was. She was good

DENISE

And she split from you, huh?

MIKE

Maybe she didn't mean to.

DENISE

Did you see what was going on,
Mike? Between Pinky and Dale? Did
you see that? That's the third
fight I've seen today. Things
always happen in threes.

MIKE

I don't know. They have a sort of,
ah, relationship. Between them.

Across the street there are three people, a TALL MAN, who has his
hat stuck on his boot and a lady and another man with a dog on a
leash.

MIKE

I don't know about that, but, ah,
listen, what you and me talk
about, it's just between us, you
understand? Hey, what's over
there, see those assholes? Who are
they, you know any of them?

DENISE

I can't see that far

DENISE STANDS AND OPENS THE FRONT DOOR AND YELLS ACROSS THE
STREET.

DENISE

HEY!

The group across the street look up and begin yelling back, but
we cannot hear them.

Under the Burnside Bridge, day.

Mike and Denise kiss, and their arms are entangled in a loving,
but awkward embrace. Twigs and leaves are caught in Denise's hair
as they are lying on the ground.

Different STILL COMPOSITIONS OF SEX while they are lying in the
wilds under the bridge.

Then...

Denise lights a cigarette.

DENISE

That reminds me, I gotta send my
Ma a Christmas card, I still
haven't done it yet.

MIKE

Yeah, I haven't done it either.

DENISE

Your mom lives in Idaho right now?

MIKE

Yeah.

DENISE

I used to live in Montana.

MIKE

My own cousin. He's dead. that's
one...two... And my grandma, it
usually comes in threes.

DENISE

Does come in threes.

MIKE

My cousin died, my grandmother
died, and right after she died,
her daughter died. My aunt. Within
a year. And they wuz all women,
not even a year, six...well....
six months-eight months, three
women in the family died.

A pause.

MIKE

That's funny, huh? I WONDER WHY
YOU THOUGHT THAT, cuz, my FATHER
says stuff like that.

DENISE

Well, my grandma was
superstitious.

MIKE

My father told me that, said
things usually come in threes...
and I said, you're crazy.

A Long pause. A motorcycle passes, someone yells, and a horn
honks.

MIKE

It sounds crazy. That's my lucky
number too.

DENISE

Huh?

MIKE

Three.

DENISE

Mine's eight.

MIKE

I like three.

DENISE

You know why I like eight?

MIKE

Why?

DENISE

Cause of the eight ball. You know.
When you're stuck behind the eight
ball? I fuckin' feel stuck behind
the eight ball today, I'll tell
you. The business is so slow in the
middle of the week, you know that
Mike?

Public bathroom. Night.

Mike empties the contents of his pockets at a bathroom sink. He
has in his possession: One condom. One comb with blond hair stuck
in it. One nickel. Half a stick of gum. One knife with the letter
W stamped on it.

He arranges these things in a neat order on the surface of the sink while a man flushes a toilet in the background and uses another sink. Mike is quite at home here. He takes his time arranging the articles, and washing his hands. He looks over at the man washing his hands and gives him a friendly smile.

The man leaves. Mike puts all the things on the sink into his pockets. Then he walks over to a urinal, unzips his fly and starts to take a leak. A shadow opens the door in back of him, and without turning around, Mike senses the presence of a man.

Alleyway. Night.

Scottie is helping Bob with a disguise, putting on pants over a large belly, with medallions around the neck.

SCOTT

How long has it been, Bob, since you could see your own feet?

BOB

About four years, Scottie. Four years of grief. It blows a man up like a balloon.

Mike and Budd appear, running, with costumes on. There are two others behind them.

MIKE

There's rock and roll money walking this way!

BUDD

And they're drunk as skunks.

MIKE

This is going to be easy. We can do it lying down.

SCOTT

But don't fall asleep, now, Mike.

BUDD

Shh! Here they come!

SCOTT

You four should head them off

there!

BOB

We four? How many are walking with them?

MIKE

About six.

BOB

Huh, shouldn't they be robbing us?

Scottie laughs. Bob waddles along the side of the alleyway, stepping on a curb, then in a pothole losing his balance. Another accomplice whistles from atop a building. We SEE the group of ROCK AND ROLL promoters.

Bob walks further from Mike and Scottie.

SCOTTIE

If they escape from you, we'll get them here.

Bob struggles as he walks.

BOB

Eight feet of cobblestones is like 30 yards of flat road with me.

Mike and Scott run off, laughing at him.

BOB

I can't see a damned thing in here.

BUDD

Jesus, will you shut up! And keep on your toes!

Budd sees the promoters coming and waves to Bob as he lies down on the ground.

BUDD

Lie down!!

BOB

Lie down!?

BUDD

Lie down and stay quiet, until
they round the corner and we'll
ambush them.

BOB

Have you got a crane to lift me up
again?

Budd laughs.

MIKE

They're coming!!

Down the way, the rock and roll promoters are approaching, having
no knowledge of the buffoonery at the other end of the tunneling
alleyway. They are drunk.

VICTIM 1

Come along neighbor, Tommy will
lead the way. I've lost track of
time... (burp)

At the other end of the alley:

Bob and three others are marching in procession, chanting, a
facsimile of Rashneesh, but a bad act.

The rock promoters approach, smashing a bottle.

VICTIM 1

Who are these jokers?

VICTIM 2

Rashneesh, listen!

VICTIM 1

They're chanting....

Scottie and Mike hide behind garbage cans, laughing.

The rock promoters circle the group of chanting Rashneesh.

VICTIM 3

I thought that all you Rashneesh
had up and left...

Victim 1 pours a beer on one of their heads. Just as he does this Bob pulls out two long pistols, almost heavy enough that he cannot hold them straight, barrels parallel.

BOB

Aha! One move and I'll blow you away, you sully scumbags, up against that wall!

One of the victims falls down and begins to run away. One of Bob's men starts after him. A lockbox that he was carrying falls to the ground. Bob spies it.

BOB

No! Let him go!

Bob aims one pistol at the running figure as he keeps the others against the wall with the other pistol. He fires three times. One of Bob's boys grabs the lockbox.

A VIEW of the running figure, bullets cutting around him.

BOB

Look at him go!

VICTIM 2

Don't shoot us!

Bob winks at the lockbox and shoots the gun in the air.

All the rock promoters go running. Bob charges after them, firing the gun twice more in the air, then once at the lockbox, breaking it open.

BOB

The valise is open. Let's see what we got.

Mike and Scottie hiding behind trashcans.

SCOTTIE

Where are our disguises?

Mike runs to his stash and finds two large capes and large hats. They put these on.

Bob finds wads of money and receipts.

BOB

Ticket anyone? To next week's
show?

He throws these on the ground and the boys fall over themselves for the tickets. Bob wads the money and puts it back in the box, laughing to himself.

Mike and Scottie sneak closer to the group still hiding, long flowing capes concealing their identity.

BOB

Scott and Mike have disappeared,
did the shots scare them away?

They sneak closer. Mike lights a big firecracker and waits.

BOB

...maybe we should get the hell
out of here. But, are they such
chickens?

A LOUD EXPLOSION!

Mike and Scottie, disguised, jump out with large silver baseball bats, swinging them and making as much noise as they can, knocking over a set of garbage cans, flashing flashlights into Bob and the others' eyes.

Frightened, Bob drops the lockbox and runs, the others follow, Mike and Scottie hitting them with the bats as they go.

BOB

Get the box! Oh, Fuck!

Mike swings the bat at Bob, it grazes the side of a building and sparks fly from it. Bob wheezes from the run.

Scottie chases the others in the same direction.

They stand, kicking garbage cans and watching them run, convulsing with laughter.

SCOTTIE

The thieves scatter!

MIKE

Bob Pigeon will sweat to death!

Jack Favor enters the Governor's CHAMBERS day.

JACK

Can anyone tell me about my son?

He walks across the room.

JACK

It's been a full three months
since I last saw him. Where is my
son Scott?

AID

We don't know, sir.

JACK

Ask around in Old Town, in some of
the taverns there. Some say he
frequently is seen down there
drinking with street denizens.
Some who they say even rob our
citizens and store owners. I can't
believe that such an effeminate
boy supports such 'friends.'

A high overhead (helicopter?) view of the country landscape in
the early morning. Far below us on a lonely road is a small dot,
a motorcycle, traveling east.

Further along on its travels, the motorcycle crosses a steel
BRIDGE.

Old Town day.

Scottie and Mike, riding on a stolen motorcycle, sweep through
the early morning streets without being noticed.

Stopping at a stop light in the city.

Scott pauses to think.

SCOTT

Mikey, do you realize how long I
have been here out on the streets,

on this crusade?

MIKE

About as long as the rest of us. I mean. I can't even remember that far back, Scott, I mean

SCOTT

It's been three years, Mike.

MIKE

Wow... that's a really long time, Scott. Have I been here three years, too?

SCOTT

What I'm getting at, Mike, is that we are survivors.

MIKE

Yeah, well, so, isn't that obvious?

SCOTT

Yes. It is incredibly obvious. They could drop a bomb on this city and you know what we would do?

MIKE

(thinking)
DIE?

SCOTT

No. We would survive. Because we are...

MIKE

Survivors!

SCOTT

Right, Mike.

MIKE

Say, Scott. Whaddya say we go survive over at the Broadway Cafe

a little bit, at least it's warm
over there.

Int. Broadway Cafe. Day.

Mike and Scott sit around the table with Carl and Mary. Mike
blows a smoke ring.

Denise runs in the door of the cafe, excited about something.

DENISE

MIKE! Scottie! There's a man from
City Hall down the street. He
wants to speak with you, Scottie.

SCOTT

What's that?

DENISE

He says that he's sent by your
father.

SCOTT

Say hello and send him to my
mother.

MIKE

What kind of a man is it?

DENISE

A young man. And he's got cops
with him.

SCOTT

Cops....

Street exterior day.

Two POLICEMEN and one OFFICIAL are walking down the street toward
the Broadway cafe.

Broadway Cafe interior day.

The cops enter, passing The PROPRIETOR of the cafe, an aging
heavysset woman named NANCY.

NANCY

Good morning, officers...

COP 2

How are you this morning, NANCY?
Don't mind if we take a look
around your place, do you?

One officer is already inspecting the stolen motorcycle outside.

Mike sees this, and looks the other way from the cop who is peering in the Broadway cafe window.

COP 1

Have you seen the young Scott Favor?

NANCY

I do believe he was here just a second ago. Nancy looks in the front window.

NANCY

Oh, yeah, there he is.

Nancy points Scott out.

Scott is giving Denise a long kiss, hiding from the cops. The OFFICIAL walks to the front window of the Cafe. Scott pretends he is being rudely interrupted.

SCOTT

Ah-ha... what have we here?

OFFICIAL

Excuse me... Mr. Favor... we have been sent in search of a fat man... a large bearded....

COP 1

FAT MAN...

COP 2

Goes by Bob Pigeon.

SCOTT

Bob Pigeon?

COP 1
That's right.

SCOTT
What do you want with him?

COP 2
Ahem. There's been a report, sir,
he has been involved in a
holdup...

COP 1
Last night. Have you seen him?

SCOTT
I saw him around last night, when
was the holdup?

COP 1
Late. Two in the morning.

SCOTT
I saw him about four, but he
wasn't very loose with his wallet.
Did he get away with any of the
money?

COP 2
Yes, indeed, sir... two thousand
dollars of a rock promoter's
money.

SCOTT
Well, anyway, I haven't seen him
recently. Why do you look here?

COP 1
They say he has friends here.

SCOTTIE
I beg your pardon.

COP 2
Sorry...

OFFICIAL

Sorry for the interruption. We have a message for you from your father. He says that he would like to see you as soon as possible.

THE OFFICIAL HANDS SCOTT AN ENVELOPE.

SCOTT

Thank you for your message.

Scott takes the envelope and puts it on the table.

street, day.

The police close the door.

COP 1

Hmmm.

COP 2

What about the dead body.

COP 1

Let's not get Favor's kid involved in this report if we can help it. But if he were my son, I'd....

Cop 1 makes a fist and slams it in the palm of his other hand.

INT. Broadway Cafe.

MIKE

Bob is a wanted man now.

SCOTTIE

And as dangerous to be around as cops themselves.

MIKE

We need a hiding place.

SCOTTIE

Where should we go?

MIKE
To visit my brother.

SCOTT
You have a brother?

MIKE
Yes, I have one.

SCOTT
Where is he?

MIKE
He's in he's in

Mike suddenly begins to shake, and, falls asleep.

Scottie picks up the envelope from his father and puts it in his pocket.

Mike and Scott are stuck on a long straight road in the desert. Mike is angry at Scott because he doesn't think he knows how the motorcycle works.

Scott is trying again and again to start the engine.

MIKE
Come on...

SCOTT
Shut up, Mike.

He tries to turn it over again.

SCOTT
If I had known that it was going to be this hard to start, then I wouldn't have stopped it at all.

Mike looks at the road and the surrounding area. It is the same road that he was stuck on in the beginning.

MIKE
Scott? I just know that I have been on this road before.

Mike stares at the face in the road. Two cactus for eyes,

mountains for hair, a cloud shadow forms the mouth over a red nose road with a dotted line running down it.

At night, Scott and Mike sit next to a fire they have made on the side of the road. We can hear Indians in the distance dancing and chanting a song.

MIKE

It sure is lonely out in the desert.

SCOTT

Yeah, I guess.

MIKE

If I had had a normal family, and a good upbringing, then I would have been a well adjusted person. But somehow that just didn't work out.

SCOTT

Depends on what you'd call "normal. -

MIKE

Well, normal, you know, with a mom and a dad and a dog and shit like that... normal.

SCOTT

So you didn't have a dog? Or you didn't have a dad...

MIKE

I didn't have a dog and I didn't have a dad. Well, not a normal dad...

The music is getting louder. It sounds like a war chant.

MIKE

Hey Scott?

SCOTT

What?

Mike is hesitating. He is about to say something personal. He looks at Scott and back to the fire, a few times too many.

SCOTT

What, Mike?

MIKE

Oh. Have you ever. Uh...

Scott is getting Mike's drift. Mike rubs his crotch.

MIKE

I mean, don't you ever get horny?

SCOTT

Yeah. But...

MIKE

Oh, yeah... not for a guy.

SCOTT

Mike. Two guys can't love each other. They can only be friends.

An awkward moment passes where Mike is looking away from Scott and Scott can't help but look at Mike. Then Scott catches Mike's eye and motions for him to come closer to him.

Mike walks over to Scott and Scott holds him in his arms.

Overhead VIEW of the two in front of the campfire.

SCOTT

I only have sex for money.

Mike starts to get out some money.

SCOTT

I can't take your money.

A pause.

SCOTT

But we can be close friends.

The next morning. Mike is sleeping. As he opens his eyes, he can

see Scott still trying to start the motorcycle.

Mike stands and looks down the road at an approaching State Police Car. Mike, afraid of the police, starts to move into the bushes.

Scott is out of breath trying to start the bike.

MIKE

Scott, look...

Scott looks in the direction of the police car.

SCOTT

Looks like this is it.

MIKE

Yeah.

Scott hits the side of the gas tank of the bike with the palm of his hand.

SCOTT

Can't get the bike started. Cops are coming. Stuck in the middle of nowhere with a stolen bike. Yeah, Mike. Looks like this is the end.

The policeman pulls up to them and parks.

The policeman sits in his car for a second and reports into the radio, then he gets out and walks over to the boys.

Mike gets scared and runs into the desert.

The cop stands and watches. Mike has nowhere to go, he is running into an open desert.

The policeman, a full blooded American Indian, seems amused at his power. He looks at Scott then back at Mike, who trips in the desert and falls in a cloud of dust.

COP

What's the matter with him?

SCOTT

I don't know. I guess he doesn't

like cops.

COP

Yeah.

SCOTT

That's how it looks.

COP

What are you kids doing out here?

SCOTT

This cycle is one bitch to turn over. But you probably don't know about motorcycles. You aren't a motorcycle cop.

COP

I turned a few.

Scott walks through the desert looking for Mike where he dropped. He picks him up out of the dirt, spit dripping from his sleeping lips, and smacks him in the face.

SCOTT

Wake up, Mikey, the heat's off.

Mike will not wake up.

When Mike wakes up. He is inside a TRAILER at night.

Scott is eating sandwiches to his right that are on a little TV. tray.

There is MIKE'S BROTHER leaning into him on his left. He looks at Mike offensively. His brother is very good looking, but looks like he has lost his mind somewhere down the line. Which is why he lives in the desert in a trailer, away from people.

SCOTT

Look, Mike. Sandwiches.

BROTHER

Your mother... now she was a right woman. She used to be so proud of you... you know... she would just beam. And not Jim Beam either. If

you know what I mean. We used to drive for hours to get a look at you. I remember, what was it... eighteen years ago?

MIKE

Twenty-one.

BROTHER

Is that how old you are now? I thought you wuz younger than that... what? Well anyway, we would start off in the morning to see you, and it would take an hour to get to the institution. You were maybe one year old. What? I wasn't proud that you had to live in an institution, mind you... but all the same, when I would look at you, all the institutional walls would come down and we were a family. Your mom, me, and you. God knows where dad was.

Mike is getting visibly upset. Scott gets up to go to the bathroom.

Inside the bathroom night.

Scott enters and notices a velvet portrait of a woman hanging on the wall. Off screen Scott can hear Mike and his Brother.

MIKE (o.s.)

I don't belong to you, DUDE... I'm not yours...

BROTHER (o.s.)

(his voice booms out so unexpectedly deep and loud that Scott is startled) Shut your mouth! Don't you talk back...

His brother hits the table with a crash.

Living room night.

BROTHER

Well... (takes a breath)
Anyway. You were maybe not in the
biological sense, my brother, but in
our business, ~..... (holds his
hands up in the air) And If I'm not
Your brother, how's come you turned
out exactly like me then?

Mike has gotten the jitters and fallen asleep in front of him.

Scott enters from the bathroom.

BROTHER

Oh, he'll come out or it. It's
like this whenever we get together
It's always like this when we get
together It's the way that we say
hello to each other.

He holds his head down.

BROTHER

I'm all that he's got. But he
doesn't want me. He doesn't care.
He'd rather live out on the
streets. I love him, though.

Scott looks around the trailer at all the velvet portraits
hanging on the walls.

BROTHER

Oh. I paint these for a living.
But sometimes the people don't
send the check when they get
finished. So I keep them. I like
them.

Ext. Trailer. Night.

Mike and his brother sip iced tea. Colored lights decorate the
trailer.

BROTHER

Want me to tell you what happened
to your Mom? Have you ever heard

it? Did you ever hear what the hell happened to her?

MIKE

No. But I don't care.

BROTHER

You loved her, and don't tell know you did. me you didn't. I

MIKE

I didn't even know her.

BROTHER

Yeah, you loved her, though.

MIKE

I already heard what happened to her.

BROTHER

But you don't know the whole story. One thing about the truth. It's interesting.

MIKE

I don't care.

BROTHER

If you had known her, you would care. She would see guys on the side. At night. When I wouldn't be around... maybe I'd be in San Francisco or some darned place, doing my own business. God knows where. She would see guys... yeah.... anyway along comes this guy. A guy we both knew. A guy who was into cards. A gamblin' man. And he said that he used to herd cattle in Argentina. I dunno, maybe he did, and he had a bit of money. More'n I had at that point in time. But it was funny, the way he gambled. He was not safe in the friends that he made. So his money

would come and go real fast....

MIKE

I never heard this one before.

BROTHER

So this guy, your Mom fell for. What? She went cuckoo over this guy. Well, their affair went on for a year or so and your mom wanted to marry this guy. She was already married to our real dad. So he said no. He didn't love her anyways. But she wanted him to marry her. And to have a little family. That's when you were born. As a matter of fact, you were really the cause of this whole mess. She wanted to make a little family and take you and this guy someplace and set something up.

(slaps his leg with his hand)

A family thing! Ridiculous, right. A card man. Had a bunch of money, but could have just as well lost it on his next hand. Probably did too. Well you'll see what I'm getting at.

MIKE

That's not how I heard it.

BROTHER

Yeah, I know. You heard it from me and I'm telling it different this time, see? So this Mom of yours found herself a fuckin' gun. I thought she was going to blow me away with it one night. She got so into this gun. She would flash it to anybody that gave her trouble. She would sleep with it. Yeah... strange, huh? She would stir fry vegetables with the loaded gun. What? I mean What? I used to

say, politely, "Mom, don't go stirring up dinner with the gun, now, you'll blow a hole in the frying pan." What?

Mike begins to cry.

BROTHER

And she used to do other things with this gun. Sexy things with it. Oh, boy, she was into this thing. I just thought it was some sort of weird phase that she was going through. And so anyway, this guy, who she was cuckoo over, brought her to the movies one night. A drive-in movie in a stolen car, don't-chaknow, what? And the movie was.... ah.... RIO BRAVO or some shit like that. And well, she went and shot this guy.... don't-cha-know.

MIKE

You're making this up as you go along, bro.

BROTHER

And they didn't find him until the next show, RIO BRAVO playing on the big screen. Spilled popcorn soaking up the blood.

Mike begins to really cry now, bawling and coughing.

SCOTT

(who has been listening)
Oh, come on, how corny, man....

BROTHER

No. Your mom had to split, and split she did. And that guy. That guy was your real father.

MIKE (sniffs)

I knew that was coming. You sure

do like to make me cry, bro.

BROTHER

And I got this card from her, not too awful long ago. Maybe a year.

Mike's Brother hands him a postcard with a Holiday Inn motel on the front of it. Written on the card, Mike's mom says she is working as a waitress there, in the "Blue Room" of the Holiday Inn off Interstate 85 outside Boise, Idaho. He also hands him a picture of his mom.

Mike and Scott wore sunglasses as they journeyed onward to the Blue Room, Scott driving the motorcycle and Mike riding on the back.

Night time exterior of the Holiday Inn.

Mike and Scott pull up on the motorcycle and park it.

Inside the Holiday Inn.

A hostess is standing in front of a sign that bills "Shecky Crude" as the featured entertainer of the evening in the "Blue Room."

Mike is speaking to the hostess. He shows her his picture of mom.

MIKE

My mother works here. Her name is Dorothy.

HOSTESS

(thinks for a second)
No. I can't think of anyone by that name. Let me get the manager.

The hostess picks up the phone.

Manager's office night.

A MANAGER is sitting behind his desk wearing a shiny blue suit, he shifts in his swiveling chair, and looks at the Holiday Inn Postcard that Mike's mother sent to his father.

MANAGER

Dorothy, Dorothy There was a

Dorothy Biondi used to work here a year ago, but she split. Saved up all her money and headed to Italy.

MIKE

To Italy?

MANAGER

Yeah. It took her forever to save any cash, but she did, and flew away. She was looking for her family. I guess she came from Italy. But she didn't look Italian.

SCOTT

Was your mom Italian?

MIKE

I don't know. I guess that she was.

In the lobby of the Holiday Inn at night.

Mike and Scott witness the arrival of the German Mercedes Benz parts salesman.

SCOTT

There's that guy.

MIKE

Who?

SCOTT

The guy who gave us a ride from Portland. What's he doing here?

Scott and Mike walk up to him. HANS turns and a broad smile crosses his face.

HANS

Mike! Scottie! How good to run into you! My dear boys! How have you been?

Inside Hans' hotel bathroom. Night.

Mike lies in a bathtub in sudsy water. There is a pounding on the bathroom door.

MIKE

I just got in the tub! Wait your turn.

HANS

But Mike! Don't you want anything to eat? We are ordering room service. Ya?

MIKE

Ahhh. Room service? Ya! Let me see. Two hamburgers, with cheese, onions, lettuce, tomato, no pickles. A Coke and french fries.

HANS

O.K. That's hamburger wiz everything, no pickles, Coke, french fries.

MIKE

That is correct.

HANS

Thank you.

MIKE

You're welcome.

As Mike and Scott eat their hamburgers, Hans sits across from them next to a small desk light on a double bed in his Holiday Inn room.

HANS

How are the hamburgers, boys?

MIKE

They're okay, Hans.

SCOTT

Good, Hans. I don't think that I've tasted a hamburger as fine as this Holiday Inn hamburger.

HANS

I'm glad that you like it.

The boys eat approvingly.

HANS

How did you boys get so far? I only left you in Portland a few days ago.

SCOTT

We rode on our trusty motorcycle.

HANS

And what brings you to the Holiday Inn?

SCOTT

Business.

HANS

What kind of business?

SCOTT

We're selling motorcycles.

Still images of Mike, Scott and Hans having sex in the motel.

Hans rides his newly purchased motorcycle across the plains from Boise to Picabu, Idaho. A local policeman pulls him over doing 95 mph in a 45 mph zone.

At the Boise Airport Scott and Mike stand in a ticket line. The ticket taker stamps their tickets.

TICKET TAKER

Do you have any baggage?

Mike and Scott shake their heads no.

Italia

Mike wakes up and finds himself sitting beside the Trevi fountain in Rome. There are other street kids surrounding him fishing for coins that tourists have thrown in the fountain. He doesn't see Scott.

He looks around a bit.

SCOTT (o.s.)
Mikey! Over here!

Mike's VIEW of Scott in a taxi cab.

The TAXI pulls up to a small farmhouse on a hill outside of Rome. Mike and Scott get out and walk around the house. A farmer is cutting his crop on the next hillside.

A DOG walks up to them.

The taxi driver gets out of the car and asks for his money in Italian. Scott holds out the money that he has and the driver takes it, counting it out for himself.

Mike walks around a corner of the house and notices the doors are open as the cab drives off down the drive.

Scott sits down on the stoop in front of a shack and Mike steps into the house.

MIKE
Mom?.....Hello?

An extremely Beautiful Italian girl walks around the corner where Scott is sitting. He can't see her. And she leans against the shack and stares at him, then looks up at Mike, who is walking through the house trying to find someone.

GIRL
Hello.

SCOTT
Hi. Is this your house?

The girl is a little shy and leans on the shack.

GIRL
No. This isn't my house, but. It
is my uncle's house.

SCOTT
I'm Scott.

GIRL

I'm Carmella.

SCOTT

And he is Mike. We came from America to find his mother.

CARMELLA

Oh. An American woman?

SCOTT

Yeah, do you know her?

CARMELLA

Yes, but. It is not true that she lives here..

SCOTT

It isn't true?

CARMELLA

No. She left a long time ago. Back to America.

SCOTT

Oh, shit. Was she your friend?

CARMELLA

I wanted to speak English, and she taught it to me.

Scott looks up at her, a little surprised.

Mike walks from the house to Scott and Carmella.

CARMELLA

Hello. My name is Carmella.

MIKE

I'm Mike.

CARMELLA

Hello Mike.

SCOTT

She knows your mom.

Later in the afternoon, Mike is inside of a room in the house,

and he is crying. He is talking to Scottie, who is holding him.

MIKE

I mean, Christ, we come all this
fuckin' way and she ain't here
either. Where'd she go from here?

Mike walks through the rooms of the Italian country

MIKE'S VIEW of a room, and Scott is just closing the door. He
winks at Mike as he shuts it.

Inside the room, Carmella and Scott lay down on the bed and kiss.

Scott takes off his clothes and ravishes Carmella, tearing at her
dress.

Carmella is naked and the two grab and twist with each other on
the white bed.

Still views of the lovemaking.

Mike in the country, watching the farmer in the field.

Mike approaches the house and there is a taxi cab waiting.
Carmella is putting a suitcase in the trunk.

Scott helps Carmella in the front seat of the taxi.

SCOTT

Hey, Mike. Let me talk with you
for a second.

Scott follows Mike inside the house and into a room.

SCOTT

I'm gonna take some time off.

Scott gives Mike an American Express card.

SCOTT

Don't leave home without it. Ha-
ha. (Mike doesn't think it's
funny)

I mean, maybe I'll run into you
down the road.

Mike is shocked but sees what Scott needs to do as he looks out the window and can see Carmella in the taxi.

MIKE

Yeah, sure. Okay.

SCOTT

Sorry about this, dude.

MIKE

I'll be okay. Don't worry about me.

SCOTT

Sorry, but....

MIKE

No, man, forget it. Hurry up, she's waiting, you're gonna lose her.

Mike hides a tear.

SCOTT

All right. You sure you'll be okay?

MIKE

Go on, get out of here.

Outside, a dog watches the taxi leave down a rutted dirt drive.

MIKE'S THOUGHTS:

Well. So much for the great protector-of-us-all. Protector of himself, more like. I couldn't believe Scott would leave me here in the middle of a foreign country.

Inside, Mike goes into one of his fits, snorting, a little like a pig, and falls asleep.

Portland

Mike wakes up in an airline's passenger seat. A STEWARDESS is leaning over him.

STEWARDESS

Wake up. Wake up, we're here.

MIKE

Where? Where am I?

STEWARDESS

You're in Portland.

INT. BROADWAY CAFE in the day.

Mike sits at the round table in front of the window.

Denise is with a new boy, STUART, and they are making out. Mary sits and chain smokes cigarettes, there are three other UNKNOWNS around the table.

MIKE

And so, I was back in Portland,
enjoying the life I used to lead.
It was like I was back from a
vacation. Denise had a boyfriend
now....

Ext. street night.

Cars cruise by. Mike is on a street corner. He hops into a stranger's car.

Int. MOTEL night.

Still views of Mike having sex with a date.

MIKE

... and I enjoyed the fruits of my
labor.

CLOSE VIEW of money exchanging hands.

BROADWAY CAFE day.

Mike is at the table again, smoking a cigarette.

There are three new kids who look very MEAN, and are hassling another kid, pulling his collar and throwing him around.

MIKE'S THOUGHTS

And there were new kids who were coming around who wanted to take your money. It was a dark period for the streets. Normally, Scott would keep order In the Broadway Cafe.

A Hot dog stand. Gary cheerfully prepares Mike a hot dog.

MIKE'S THOUGHTS

Gary and Ray both got work at stands. It was funny...

Int. Deli day.

Ray serves Mike a hot dog.

MIKE'S THOUGHTS

(they both sold hot dogs. Which is what they were used to selling on the streets in the old days. These guys had really changed, I thought.

Mike's FACE, outdoors in the daytime.

He looks out on the cityscape.

The buildings of the city uproot and tumble in the air.

Jakes restaurant night.

Mike wakes up. He is sitting next to Bob and Budd. A new friend, a colorfully dressed man named BAD GEORGE, who looks like a street minstrel, talks on the street in front of a fancy restaurant. Bad George is obnoxiously yelling in Bob's face.

BAD GEORGE

Bob! What tidings I bring you. And such joy. Some of that old rot gut that you and I used to drink. I have three bottles stashed in the bushes out on eighty-second.

BOB

What blew you in?

BAD GEORGE

Think of the fun we can have, if we could only find a ride for a journey to the bushes where the hooch is hid.

BOB

If I shared your wine, I might catch this awful disease you appear to have. My clothes would turn striped, and I would suddenly have bells on my toes, like this here...

Bob points to George's bells on his shoes.

BAD GEORGE

Bob, you're one of the greatest living men on Three-street.

BOB

That is correct.

BAD GEORGE

Surely you can find us a ride somewhere.

MIKE'S THOUGHTS:

As I listened to Bad George and Bob talk, I watched across the street as a long black car pulled up alongside one of the fancier restaurant/bar establishments of Portland. And who got out of that car? It was the old protector-of-us-all, himself Scottie Favor.

Bob notices the group of men getting out of a car in front of the restaurant. One of them is Scottie, in a three piece suit. He is with his Italian girlfriend.

BOB

If it isn't Scottie Favor himself. Blessed are they who have been my close friends. Now dressed in a

three pieced suit and looking every bit a gentleman! He has run into his inheritance.

BAD GEORGE

Who?

BOB

George, Budd, Mike. We have waited for this day to come.

Bob charges in the direction of Scottie and his friends.

I nt. Jakes. Night.

Scottie and his associates, who are men much older than he, perhaps in their thirties, make their way through the yuppie crowd standing in the bar drinking. Hellos and how-do-you-do's are directed at Scottie. A man stops Scott on his way through the crowd.

MAN

Scottie! I haven't seen you in a dog's age. You're looking well. So grown up. Scottie, I'd like you to meet Ed Warren, he's in marketing at Nike. Ed, this is Scottie Favor.

ED

Oh, Jack Favor's son, hello, pleased to meet you.

SCOTTIE

How do you do?

Bob is following Scottie through the crowd. Scottie walks past Hans, who is having a drink with another man. They recognize each other but neither speak.

Bob, with Bad George in tow, straightens himself up as the yuppie crowd looks on disapprovingly. Their smelly clothing betrays them.

BOB

Come, George, watch this. You will

see the attention that I get.

Bob looks at his clothes. A bouncer spots them.

BOB

It's true we're drawing attention to ourselves. But Scottie will see that I am dying to see him, and it won't matter how we're dressed.

Scotty and his friends are sitting around a crowded table. As they take their seats, Scottie hears Bob bellowing.

VIEW of Bob being detained by the bouncer.

BOB

God save you! God save you, my sweet boy.

Scotty turns away from Bob, so his back is to him.

BOB

Sonny! My true friend!

Silence for a second, the crowd grows quieter.

BOB

I mean you, Sonny! It's me, Bob!

Without turning toward Bob, Scottie speaks.

SCOTT

I don't know you, old man.

GIRL IN CROWD

Who is that bum?

Scottie turns and meets Bob, who kneels next to him.

SCOTTIE

Please leave me alone.

Bob is thinking that Scottie's attitude is a joke.

SCOTTIE

Don't think that I'm the same Scottie that I was before.

Everyone has noticed that I have
turned away from that life, and
the people who kept me company.

Bob is shocked.

Outside, Mike can see through the windows of the restaurant, Bob
and Scottie talking.

Int. Jakes. night.

SCOTTIE

When I was young, and you were my
street tutor. An instigator for my
bad behavior, I was trying to
change. Now that I have, and until
I change back don't come near
me.

Bob feels the rejection like a shock. Stares at Scott for a
second, then he's pulled away by the bouncer.

Ext. Jakes. night.

Mike watches Bob and Budd sit down with him.

BUDD

Don't take all this seriously.
It's one of his jokes.

Nighttime overhead view of Bob in his greasy derelict hotel bed.
He is having nightmares, and suddenly he CRIES OUT'

BOB

God, God.... God!

Dawn views of the city

Mike awakes atop a downtown building.

Inside the Derelict Hotel Day.

Mike enters, and walks through a very quiet, although crowded
MAIN ENTRANCE. There is a body on a slab in the middle of the
room that is covered with a sheet.

MIKE

Pigeon?

A BOY

Scottie Favor broke his heart.

GARY

He's gone now, either to Heaven or
to Hell.

JANE LIGHTWORK

Be sure it isn't to Hell. He tried
to be an honest sort. I'm the one
who heard him cry out last night.
He said God, God, God... three or
four times. And when I got there I
put my hand into the bed and felt
his feet. And they were cold as
stone. And I checked the rest of
his body. And it too was as cold
as stone.

BUDD

(crying)
It sure is quiet.

Mike approaches Budd.

MIKE

I guess you're gonna miss him the
most, Budd.

Mike gives him Scottie's American Express card, as others carry
his body out of the hotel.

Dawn views of the city.

MIKE

Here. Maybe you can give him a
good burial.

Budd cries.

Mike exits.

In the country, Mike looks at the road.

He has visions of sagebrush and rock flying into the air as if
picked up by a big wind.

Then he lies asleep by the side of the road.

MIKE'S VOICE

I suppose that a lot of kids like me think that they have no home, that home is a place where you have a mom and a dad.

Pause.

MIKE'S THOUGHTS

But home can be any place that you want. Or wherever you can find My home is right here on the side of this road, that I been to before. I just know I been on this fucking road one time before, you know that?

Later, a car drives by Mike's sleeping body by the side of the road. It turns around and stops next to Mike. A figure puts Mike in his car and drives off down the road.

MIKE'S THOUGHTS

Sometimes I had thought that God had not smiled on me, and had given me a bum deal. And other times, I had thought that God had smiled on me. Like now. He was smiling on me... for the time being....

Int. Car. Day.

Scott is driving the car. He looks over at Mike sleeping.

Ext. Desert. Day.

The car disappears down the road.