

I'M BURT REYNOLDS

Written by

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**EXT. SMALL HOUSE - 1964 - MORNING**

A young boy(6 years), shirtless, wearing a dark cowboy hat, emerges from a shower of water LAUGHING joyfully. Close behind is an older woman, ROBERTA, a motherly-type, mid-50's. She drags along a garden hose, spraying water at the boy. She chases after him.

ROBERTA (V.O.)

(Stern)

Wade, you take that silly hat off. You take it off right now. I'm gonna throw it out if you don't do what you're told. You're not wearing no cowboy hat in this house. Did you hear me? Wade? I'm talking to you!

CUT TO:

**EXT. PICKUP TRUCK - MIDDLE OF UTAH - 1983 - MORNING**

An old pickup truck barrels down a rough country road. The sky pink from the unrisen sun.

WADE HUDSON(25 years), looks 30, skinny with a thick dark mustache. He wears a dusty red button-up shirt. His pants khaki and straight. His Stetson cowboy hat tipped low on his head. He looks strikingly similar to Burt Reynolds.

He sits slouched asleep in the back. He snaps out of it, waking up suddenly, his eyes still adjusting to the light.

Amongst the mysterious cowboy is three other faceless men.

**EXT. FAIR GROUNDS**

The old truck pulls into a large field where construction on a fair has already begun. Large tents and rickety rides speckle the landscape. Sounds of HAMMERING and SAWING.

The men file out of the truck descending into the mix of workers.

Wade wanders off from the group, walking from tent to tent.

**EXT. FERRIS WHEEL**

Wade stops for a moment, caught in awe of the towering Ferris wheel, twenty or so men strung up still BANGING away at its metal.

He is lost. He stops two passing workers for directions. His VOICE is soft and innocent. It surprises the men.

WADE

Excuse me, where do we go to sign up for the job?

WORKER 1

What?

WADE

Who do we see about a job?

WORKER 1

The brown trailer. (Pointing) That way.

They push past Wade.

WADE

Hey, wait a minute!

The two men freeze.

WADE (CONT'D)

You know if we can go on the rides here?

WORKER 1

What?

WADE

I was just asking about the rides.

Confused, they walk away. Wade stands helpless, not sure where to go next.

#### **EXT. MERRY-GO-ROUND**

Wade stands near the merry-go-round. It sits motionless as he circles it. He stops to touch the ceramic horses; colorful and bright. He pets them as if they were alive.

#### **EXT. BROWN TRAILER**

He finds the brown trailer. He inspects it closely, staring at the rotting door.

Carrying several freshly cut pieces of lumber is FLETCHER (33 years), built tall and strong, a southern boy. He notices the nervous puppy that is Wade.

FLETCHER  
You sure you wanna go in there?

WADE  
Is this where you sign up for the  
job?

FLETCHER  
I suppose so.

PAUSE.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)  
He don't like cowboys none.

WADE  
I'm not a cowboy.

FLETCHER  
Well then what are 'ya?

Fletcher CHUCKLES. Wade doesn't answer.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)  
Hell, I guess you'll still fill a  
grave like the rest of us, won't  
you?

Wade shoots a blank stare.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)  
I'll see ya.

Fletcher smiles and slumps off.

**INT. BROWN TRAILER**

Inside there is a mess in every corner. A thick layer of dust hangs over the room.

Sitting behind a cluttered desk is HOLLIS, a grumpy old geezer with a cane. He scribbles away at some paperwork, gnawing at the wad of chewing tobacco stuck to his cheek.

Wade stands stupidly.

HOLLIS  
What is it!?

Hollis spits the thick dark liquid into a rusty coffee can.

Wade approaches the old man.

WADE

Yes. You see I just got here and I was hoping maybe for a job...

HOLLIS

Here?

WADE

Yes, sir. That's right.

Hollis takes off his thin wired glasses. He stares up at Wade, squinting hard.

HOLLIS

You want work, is that it?

WADE

That's correct, sir.

HOLLIS

Well. (He spits) You should of gotten here yesterday- There was plenty to be done then!

WADE

Right, but I just got in today, sir. I didn't know.

HOLLIS

Why you wearing that stupid hat?

Wade promptly removes his hat.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

You like to drink? Whiskey, booze?

WADE

I was taught that alcohol is no good for a man.

HOLLIS

I don't give a damn what you were taught! I don't want you drinking here, you understand me!? This is no place for drunkards or fools!

WADE

Yes, sir. I understand.

Hollis spits more oil.

HOLLIS

Suppose we could use another carpenter.

(MORE)

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

Dammit- everyone's a carpenter here. Ever tend any horses? It ain't that hard.

WADE

Actually, sir? I was hoping maybe I could do something else.

HOLLIS

What is it!? You ain't never shoveled shit before?

WADE

No, that's not it, sir... You see, I'm a movie star, an actor, my name's Burt Reynolds.

HOLLIS

What the hell did you just say?

WADE

I'm sorry?

HOLLIS

What did you say you're name was again?

WADE

Burt Reynolds. You know, Smokey and the Bandit. White Lightning.

HOLLIS

I don't think I understand. Are you telling me you're name is Burt Reynolds or that you're actually Burt Reynolds?

WADE

It's both... I'm Burt Reynolds, sir.

Hollis hobbles out from behind his desk, stumbling with his cane. He gets right in Wade's face, looking him over like a prized cow.

HOLLIS

You got a lot of nerve walking into this trailer like you are, with that hat and that mustache, claiming to be someone you're not. Is this some kind of joke!? Cause I sure ain't laughed yet!

WADE

No, no, not at all, I- I- didn't mean to offend you, sir. That's just who I am.

HOLLIS

Now you quit that right now. (He spits) I want you to stand right there and tell me who you really are before I call the authorities.

WADE

Sir. Please. I've come a long way, I've been traveling a lot and I seen that you were hiring at this fair. I got plenty of photos with me that I can sell. I can also sign some autographs and sell those but you should know that I'm real popular and you'd be sure to draw a big crowd. In fact, I know it.

HOLLIS

You really think you're him don't you?

WADE

My name means a lot to people. It can be a good selling point, that much I'm certain of.

Hollis eases back and returns to his desk. He spits into the old can.

HOLLIS

You come in here saying you're Burt Reynolds for what? Surely people don't think you're actually him.

WADE

This is who I am, sir. There's nothing I can do about it.

HOLLIS

What the hell is wrong with you, son? I think you're all mixed up. You 'aughta find some help is what you should do.

WADE

I don't mean to be out of line here, sir, but I don't think I need any help. I'm perfectly fine.

(MORE)

WADE (CONT'D)

And I'm not mixed up either. All I'm looking for is a job at your fair.

HOLLIS

I really don't know if you're just plain crazy or so confused and sick you can't help it none.... Regardless, I suppose every man needs to earn a dollar or two no matter what it is he does. (He spits) And despite the fact that you may somehow slightly resemble, Mr. Reynolds, thing is, you got a point in drawing a crowd with that name.

WADE

You'll make a lot of money, sir. I promise you.

HOLLIS

You sure this is what you want? To stand there telling everyone you're Burt Reynolds?

WADE

Yes, sir. That's right.

Hollis pulls out a piece of paper from his desk. He lays it in front of Wade along with a pen.

HOLLIS

Alright. You sign here. We'll get a table and some signs set up for you. Any money you make we split right down the middle. Got it?

Hollis spits.

WADE

Thank you, sir. Just one thing though.

HOLLIS

OK.

WADE

What's your name?

HOLLIS

My name? Well, that'd be Hollis to you.



WADE  
Right. I won't let you down,  
Hollis.

Wade signs the paper.

HOLLIS  
No, I don't reckon you would.

Hollis leans back in his chair, admiring the thin cowboy.

**EXT. FAIR GROUNDS - NIGHT**

The fair is in full swing. The soft glow from the lights illuminate the field, the low hum of LAUGHTER and TALKING surround the city of tents and rides.

Children chase each other innocently, careful not to drop their cotton candy.

Older folks hold each other close, smiling down at the youth amongst them. Everyone is enjoying themselves.

**EXT. WADE'S STAND**

Wade sits behind a small wooden table. On it is a small stack of photos and a felt pen. A large wooden sign stands next to him. It reads:

"MEET BURT REYNOLDS!"

People walk by the stand, ignoring the look-a-like completely. Wade sits alone, smiling at each person he sees.

Standing in the distance, hiding amongst the shadows is a figure. WOODSEN(22 years), skinny and dirty looking. He wears ripped blue overalls and sips from a flask. He watches Wade like a skulking predator.

Wade gets up from his table. He stashes his photos under the table in a tin lock box and joins the waves of people passing.

Woodsen watches him go.

CUT TO:

Wade walks through the crowds, taken back by the energy. He can't stop smiling. He's a little kid again.

**EXT. GAME STAND**

He stops to play a game. He tosses some baseballs at some bottles confidently. He doesn't win.

CUT TO:

Wade stops for some cotton candy. He stands eating it. Before he's finished he tosses it in the trash and moves on.

**EXT. FREAK EXHIBIT**

He stops at an exhibit with a short FAT MAN yelling to the crowd atop a large stage. A sign overhead reads:

"THE AMAZING GIANT BABY!"

FAT MAN  
COME OVER AND SEE, WHAT YOUR EYES  
SURELY WON'T BELIEVE!

A crowd begins to gather. Lights shine on the stage, a red curtain waits to be dropped. Wade watches from a distance.

FAT MAN (CONT'D)  
SCIENCE HAS NO ANSWER FOR HIM!  
BEHOLD THE GIANT BABY!

The curtain falls. The crowd GROANS with disgust.

In a cage is a LARGE MAN wearing only an over sized diaper. He stares at the crowd in fear. The poor man is clearly mentally handicapped.

FAT MAN (CONT'D)  
A CHILD IN A MAN'S BODY! FOUND IN  
SOME CAVES NOT TOO FAR FROM HERE!  
HIS AGE? ONLY THREE YEARS OLD! HE  
HAS YET TO LEARN HOW TO SPEAK! HE  
LOOKS LIKE YOU AND ME BUT A MERE  
CHILD HE STILL IS!

The man MUMBLES at the crowd. Then drinks milk from a large baby bottle.

The crowd grows uneasy. SHOUTING various insults.

MAN (O.S.)  
Freak!

WOMAN (O.S.)  
What a monster!

Two young boys throw rocks at the cage. The people CHEER with satisfaction.

The man within the cage cowers back, covering his face with his arms, WHIMPERING in pain.

A young couple, MISSY and JOHN, stand near Wade watching the cruel sideshow. Wade doesn't know whether to laugh or not, unsure if this is some kind of joke.

WADE

Hey, what's all this about?

MISSY

Isn't it scary? I think you can feed it for five dollars.

Wade's smirk drops instantly. He stares at the young lady, confused. He watches in horror before fleeing the scene.

**EXT. BIBLE STAND**

An OLD MAN sits at a table selling Bibles. Wade walks by with no interest.

OLD MAN

Excuse me!

Wade stops.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Would you be interested in purchasing a Bible?

WADE

No, I don't think so.

OLD MAN

It's the word of God. Surely you believe in the lord.

Wade picks up one of the Bibles, observing it carefully. He flips through the pages.

WADE

I don't think it's for me. Sorry.

OLD MAN

Son, we all need some guidance in our lives, now that's a fact. If you are lost this book will show you the way.

WADE

It will?

OLD MAN

That's right. Have you thought about giving yourself to God? Perhaps, he is just what you need in your life.

WADE

What?

OLD MAN

Maybe it's time you make the sacrifice to the lord and embrace his teachings and above all live the life he so desires you to live.

BEAT.

WADE

What are you doing?

OLD MAN

I'm merely a servant of God... What are you doing, son?

WADE

Who are you?

OLD MAN

Tell me, what is it that you're running from?

WADE

Why are you asking me that?

OLD MAN

He is always watching, son. He sees all. He knows when we have done wrong.

WADE

What?

OLD MAN

You have sinned, haven't you? It fights in your conscience constantly, does it not?

Wade does not answer.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)  
Oh yes, I can see it. Something  
has happened to you that you can't  
forget.

WADE  
Stop.

OLD MAN  
Accept god and he will grant you  
redemption.

WADE  
What do you want from me?

The old man stands up on his chair and YELLS to the passing  
people.

OLD MAN  
But if they do not listen they will  
perish by the sword and die without  
knowledge!

Wade backs away, disturbed. He puts the Bible back and  
quickly leaves.

**EXT. WADE'S TABLE**

He returns to his table. The sign has been spray painted.  
In large black letters:

"FAKE!!"

The lock box is gone. He looks desperately. Nothing. He  
sits defeated.

Standing in front of him are two boys, JOEY and LANCE, both  
loud jocks. Next to them are two young ladies, MARY and  
PRISCILLA.

He spots Priscilla immediately. She is young, pretty, long  
dark hair with a chin of an angel.

The two jocks toss firecrackers in front of passing people.  
LAUGHING hysterically each time. The two girls watch  
helplessly.

MARY  
They're cute, right?

PRISCILLA  
I guess.

The two buffoons pay no attention to them.

MARY

Why are you always like this? You know, boys will never have sex with you if you act like this. You have to flirt and act interested in them.

PRISCILLA

But I don't want to.

MARY

You want to be a virgin forever!

Priscilla storms off upset.

MARY (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

She sits down on a bench near Wade, holding back her tears.

Wade gets up from behind his stand and sits down next to the young girl.

Brief silence. Wade struggles to say the right thing.

WADE

I like your dress.

Priscilla is in her own world. She doesn't hear Wade.

WADE (CONT'D)

Did you hear me?

She does this time.

PRISCILLA

What?

WADE

I said, I like your dress.

PRISCILLA

Thanks.

WADE

You're welcome.

She goes back to her thoughts.

WADE (CONT'D)

Are you alright?

PRISCILLA  
I'm fine.

WADE  
You look sad.

PRISCILLA  
I said I'm fine.

Wade doesn't know what to do next. Defeated, he prepares for an escape. Priscilla senses his shyness.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be rude.

WADE  
Oh, that's alright. Sometimes I like to be left alone too.

PRISCILLA  
Yeah. It's just... frustrating I guess.

WADE  
Yes. Life does come with its frustrations, don't it?

PAUSE.

PRISCILLA  
What's your name?

WADE  
You mean you don't know?

PRISCILLA  
Should I?

WADE  
It's Burt. Burt Reynolds. You know? The movie star.

PRISCILLA  
You're a movie star?

WADE  
Yeah. You never seen any of my films?

PRISCILLA  
I don't think so.

WADE

Really?

PRISCILLA

I mean, I might of... I just don't remember them.

WADE

Oh. That's alright. What's your name?

PRISCILLA

Priscilla.

WADE

Priscilla... I knew it.

PRISCILLA

Knew what?

WADE

That you had a pretty name. A girl like you has to have a pretty name. You see, my Aunt was a real smart lady and she use to say to me, "All pretty girls have pretty names."

She smiles. Something about him intrigues her.

PRISCILLA

Is that so?

WADE

That's right.

BEAT.

WADE (CONT'D)

Hey, you wanna go for a walk with me?

PRISCILLA

Yeah. OK.

They walk away together.

MOMENTS LATER.

Wade and Priscilla walk side by side. Their vast age difference apparent.



WADE

I hope I'm not walking too fast for you. My aunt use to tell me I walked too fast.

PRISCILLA

No. It's fine.

WADE

Also. I want you to know that I'm not like anyone else. OK? I just wanted you to know that. Is that OK?

PRISCILLA

Yeah. That's OK with me.

WADE

Alright then.

PRISCILLA

Were you two close? You and your aunt?

WADE

My aunt?

PRISCILLA

Yeah. You've mentioned her twice already.

WADE

Right.

PRISCILLA

Where is she now?

Wade gets lost in thought.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

Are you, OK?

He snaps out of it.

WADE

Yeah. Everything's fine. I'm sorry.

PRISCILLA

I didn't mean to-

WADE

She isn't here anymore, to answer your question. She died a long time ago.

PRISCILLA

I'm sorry.

WADE

No. That's alright. You didn't know.

PRISCILLA

I wouldn't of asked If-

WADE

Really. Don't worry about it. She wouldn't mind us talking about her anyway.

They share a smile.

WADE (CONT'D)

You know I saw you before I sat down next to you.

PRISCILLA

You did?

WADE

Yeah. Who was the other girl you were with?

PRISCILLA

That was my sister. And those guys were her friends.

WADE

Do you like her? Your sister?

PRISCILLA

Yeah, of course. I mean, most of the time I do... She just doesn't understand me that well. Which is alright.

WADE

It is?

PRISCILLA

Yeah. Sometimes people can get confused and only see what's in front of them.

WADE

Is that some kind of metaphor or something?

PRISCILLA

It's more than that.

WADE

Yeah. I think I get it now.

PAUSE.

WADE (CONT'D)

You ever been to New Jersey?

PRISCILLA

No.

WADE

It's just that, you look like a girl I use to date there.

PRISCILLA

Really?

WADE

Yeah. She was pretty too. Had the same hair as you. But I guess you can't be her. I don't know why I said any of that. Dumb.

PRISCILLA

Is it a nice place?

WADE

New Jersey?... No, not really. I like this place better I think. I could stay here a while and be alright.

PRISCILLA

I can't wait to leave.

WADE

Why is that?

PRISCILLA

I'm not suppose to be here.

WADE

Where are you suppose to be then?

PRISCILLA  
Anywhere. Just not here, with  
these people.

WADE  
Where do you wanna go? When you  
leave.

PRISCILLA  
California.

WADE  
Why there?

PRISCILLA  
Because. That's where you go when  
you wanna start over.

BEAT.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)  
Why did you leave your home?

WADE  
I didn't want to stay there  
anymore. It wasn't a good place to  
be.

PRISCILLA  
Do you miss it?

WADE  
Home?... Yeah. Sometimes. But  
then I remember some things and I  
don't miss it anymore. Then I just  
forget about it. I don't think  
I'll ever be going back there  
anyway.

PRISCILLA  
That's so sad. Doesn't your family  
miss you?

WADE  
I don't think so.

PRISCILLA  
But, what about your mother?

WADE  
Don't have one.

PRISCILLA

What do you mean everyone's got a  
mamma.

WADE

Nope. No mamma for me. I had an  
aunt instead.

PRISCILLA

Aunt's are good too.

Wade stops suddenly. He cranes his neck looking up at the  
sky.

WADE

(To Himself)

They're Still there.

PRISCILLA

What are you looking at?

Wade turns back to Priscilla.

WADE

How old are you anyway?

PRISCILLA

Seventeen.

WADE

You're still in school, right?

PRISCILLA

That's right.

WADE

What about a boyfriend? Have one  
of them?

PRISCILLA

No.

WADE

Why not?

PRISCILLA

I don't know. Just don't I guess.

WADE

Ever have one?

Priscilla shakes her head, "no."

WADE (CONT'D)  
Really? So you've never had sex?

PRISCILLA  
No. Never.

WADE  
That's alright. It's not that fun  
anyway.

PRISCILLA  
You've done it before?

WADE  
Yeah. I've done it. It was just  
one time though. Back in Jersey.

PRISCILLA  
With that girl?

WADE  
What girl?

PRISCILLA  
The one you dated. In New Jersey.

WADE  
Oh. Yeah, that's right.

PAUSE.

WADE (CONT'D)  
You'll do it one day. Don't worry.

PRISCILLA  
Yeah. I know.

WADE  
Just don't go expecting something  
spectacular.

Wade spots something behind the crowd.

WADE (CONT'D)  
Hey, look at this!

Wade grabs Priscilla by the hand, they rush to a photo booth.  
He inserts a dollar.

WADE (CONT'D)  
Let's take a picture together.

They enter the booth.

**INT. PHOTO BOOTH**

They sit side by side. Wade takes off his hat and smiles big. She does the same.

WADE  
I don't have hat hair do I?

PRISCILLA  
Nope.

WADE  
Ok... Neither do you.

They LAUGH.

Two flashes go off and they exit the booth.

**EXT. PHOTO BOOTH - NIGHT**

Wade takes the dispensed photos.

WADE  
Here.

He gives Priscilla one of the photos. He takes the other.

WADE (CONT'D)  
This way we can remember each other.

Wade smiles.

WADE (CONT'D)  
Priscilla.

PRISCILLA  
What is it?

WADE  
You should know that you've had an effect on me that I can't explain.

PRISCILLA  
I know.

WADE  
Let's go to California.

PRISCILLA  
What? Right now?

WADE  
It'll be great. We'll go to  
Hollywood, you can be in movies  
like me. You sure are pretty  
enough.

PRISCILLA  
I don't know what to say.

WADE  
Just say yes.

PRISCILLA  
I- I can't. I barely even know  
you.

WADE  
You know enough.

BEAT.

Mary spots Priscilla and Wade.

MARY  
PRISCILLA! COME ON!

PRISCILLA  
I have to go now.

WADE  
Wait...

PAUSE.

WADE (CONT'D)  
Think about it.

PRISCILLA  
OK.

They stare into each others eyes.

MARY (O.S.)  
PRISCILLA!

PRISCILLA  
What are you going to do now?

PAUSE.

WADE  
Well... Wait for you.



Wade stands looking at Priscilla, unaware of the pity in her eyes.

MARY  
YOU COMING OR NOT!?

Priscilla kisses him on the cheek and retreats to her sister, the two young girls disappearing in the night.

Wade stays put, quickly swallowed up by the masses of people.

**EXT. WADE'S STAND - MORNING**

Wade stands frozen in front of his table.

He tries to wipe off the spray paint with a rag. It does nothing.

Fletcher walks by with PERRY(30 years), short and reserved. He wears a dirty paper boy hat, he looks younger than he is. They stop to stare at Wade.

FLETCHER  
What are you doing?

Wade turns around.

WADE  
Cleaning my sign.

FLETCHER  
What happened to it?

WADE  
Someone painted over it.

PAUSE.

WADE (CONT'D)  
It won't come off.

FLETCHER  
I think you need a new sign.

WADE  
Yeah.

FLETCHER  
Come on. We need some help in the food tent. We'll look for another sign and some paint when were done.

WADE

Really?

FLETCHER

Jesus cowboy, you always need to hear things twice?

Fletcher and Perry walk on. Wade catches up with them.

**EXT. FOOD TENT**

A group of men struggle to restock the food tent. Back and forth they carry heavy crates of food. Wade helps.

The other men are Fletcher, Perry and Woodsen, the same dark figure from earlier. He still has on his ratty overalls. Fletcher, or Fletch as he's known, is the ring leader of the three. Woodsen is the clown of the trio. Perry, the brains.

WOODSEN

Say, cowboy. You always wear that hat?

WADE

Yeah. It's what dignifies me. I have to wear it.

WOODSEN

Did you hear that, Fletch? It dignifies him.

FLETCHER

Yeah, well maybe you better look into getting a hat too then.

PERRY

That's if one exists that can fit on his head.

They burst out LAUGHING.

PERRY (CONT'D)

So, cowboy, I do believe I saw you talking to a pretty young lady last night.

Wade can't restrain his smile.

WOODSEN

Oh yeah? Tell me. How big were they?

PERRY

Oh no, these fine tits were far more youthful.

WOODSEN

Small but perky? You devil dog you. So did you bend her over?

WADE

We just went for a walk, that's all.

WOODSEN

What? So dignified and still no tail?

PERRY

There's more to the story, Woodsen... I know who it was.

WADE

You do?

Woodsen drops his crate in anticipation.

WOODSEN

Well shit, spit it out, Perry!

Wade clutches the crate with concern. Perry mounts a table, overlooking the men.

PERRY

Her name, I do declare... Is Priscilla.

Silence hits everyone like a ton of bricks.

WADE

You know her?

Perry jumps down onto Wade, grabbing him by the shoulders like a proud brother.

WOODSEN

You're fucking shitting me.

PERRY

Shitting you I am not.

FLETCHER

You were talking to her?

WOODSEN

Priscilla? Priscilla Brown?

PERRY  
The one and only.

FLETCHER  
She's still in high school, right?

WADE  
I didn't know you guys knew her...

Woodsen steps up to Wade. Prepping for an interrogation, he presses Wade back.

WOODSEN  
So you just talked?

WADE  
Yeah. That was it.

WOODSEN  
And did anyone else see you two talking?

PERRY  
Ah, who cares, Woodsen. Leave him be.

WADE  
I don't know... Maybe.

WOODSEN  
What did you talk about?

WADE  
I don't know... Just stuff.

WOODSEN  
What kind of stuff?

FLETCHER  
Woodsen. Enough.

WADE  
... I don't know.

WOODSEN  
GODDAMMIT! DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING!?

Wade stands shaking. Fletcher jumps in and grabs Woodsen hard, holding him back.

FLETCHER  
Leave him alone, he didn't know any better.

Fletcher tightens his grip.

WOODSEN  
Yeah, I got it.

Fletcher releases Woodsen. He gets back to work. Woodsen lingers for a moment.

WOODSEN (CONT'D)  
You sure are a strange fella aren't ya?

Woodsen CHUCKLES to himself.

WOODSEN (CONT'D)  
You know, just because you got that mustache and you wear that hat don't make you someone else.

Wade, scared to death, regains his composure.

The three men get back to lugging crates, ignoring Wade.

**EXT. FAIR GROUNDS**

Wade finds an old dog napping underneath a delivery truck. He drops his bag and snuggles up next to the old mut.

WADE  
(Whispering to dog)  
Hey, pops. You taking a nap over here?

He pets the dog gently, like an old man on his death bed.

WADE (CONT'D)  
You found a real nice spot here.

Wade closes his eyes.

WADE (CONT'D)  
You got anything to say about me?  
What 'you think of all of this?

Wade is silent, perhaps waiting for the dog to respond.

WADE (CONT'D)  
Hell, I suppose you ain't much of a talker in your old age now...  
That's alright, pops. You ain't have to say anything.

Perry emerges from behind a tent. He approaches Wade.

PERRY  
Hey. Cowboy.

WADE  
Yeah.

Wade slides himself from underneath the truck.

PERRY  
What were you doing?

WADE  
Nothing.

PERRY  
Come over here. We want to ask you something.

Wade wipes off the loose grass stuck to his clothes. He grabs his bag and follows Perry.

**INT. TENT - AFTERNOON**

Standing around smoking cigarettes is Woodsen and Fletcher. Perry joins them.

Close behind is Wade. He joins the group interrupting their WHISPERS to each other.

FLETCHER  
Thanks for coming over.

WADE  
Yeah. What is it?

FLETCHER  
Listen. We have a little trip planned this afternoon. And we realized we could use another set of hands... Now, were only asking you because we trust you. We've concluded that, perhaps, we can rely on you... being that were all friends now.

Wade stands frozen. He nods slightly, acknowledging the invitation.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)  
So, cowboy? What do you think?

WADE  
Friends?

FLETCHER  
That's what I said.

BEAT.

WADE  
Yeah. Definitely. You can rely on  
me.

FLETCHER  
OK, then. That's that.

The men erupt in condescending smiles. Woodsen gives Wade a strong, confident pat on the back.

WOODSEN  
Good to have you along, cowboy.  
Think you'll like this one.

Woodsen exits the tent with Perry.

WADE  
(To Fletcher)  
So what's the trip?

FLETCHER  
We leave in an hour.

Fletch goes to leave.

WADE  
Wait.

FLETCHER  
What?

BEAT.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)  
We can look for that sign when we  
get back.

WADE  
I need new pictures.

FLETCHER  
Pictures?

WADE  
Someone took mine last night. I  
need to take new ones.

FLETCHER  
What good will those do ya?

WADE  
Please. Can you help?

FLETCHER  
How bout this? After you get done helping us, we'll take you into town to get some new photos. Does that work?

Wade nods with approval.

WADE  
Thanks.

FLETCHER  
Alright.

Fletch walks out of the tent. Wade is left alone.

**EXT. PICKUP TRUCK - COUNTRY ROAD**

Wade sits in the back of a pick up truck. He wears a brown denim work jacket. Woodsen sits across from him.

Woodsen pulls out a black revolver.

WOODSEN  
Just in case.

He flips open the wheel, showcasing the six bullets inside.

WOODSEN (CONT'D)  
Six shots.

He pulls the hammer back.

WOODSEN (CONT'D)  
Just lift this back and pull the trigger like so.

He pretends to pull the trigger. He lowers the hammer and hands the gun to Wade. Wade hesitates.

WADE  
What's that for?

WOODSEN  
Just take it.

Wade grabs the gun. He admires it like a rare ruby.



WOODSEN (CONT'D)

That's the same gun my daddy shot  
my brother with.

WADE

He killed him?

WOODSEN

That's right... For being a  
homosexual. Found him with the gas  
boy in the barn.

BEAT.

WOODSEN (CONT'D)

It's alright. It was for the best.  
It's what God intended.

WADE

I don't think I want it.

Wade tries to hand the gun back to Woodsen.

WOODSEN

Take it.

He retreats.

WADE

I've never held a real gun before.

WOODSEN

But you've always wanted to right?

WADE

It's heavier than I thought it'd  
be.

WOODSEN

For as long as I can remember I  
always wanted to shoot someone.  
Not kill them. Just stand there  
and fire it at them.

Woodsen takes a drag from his cigarette.

WOODSEN (CONT'D)

We as humans are brought up with  
violence. Surrounded by it. I  
mean, who in their lifetime has not  
thought about killing someone at  
least once... It's just in our  
nature.

(MORE)

WOODSEN (CONT'D)

Men were born killers and there ain't a thing we can do about it... Haven't you ever wondered why the "gun" was ever created at all... To shoot other men. Plain and sweet.

WADE

Have you ever killed anyone?

WOODSEN

Me? Naw... Just a few dogs.

WADE

I don't think I want to kill anybody.

WOODSEN

With that in your hand you might think otherwise.... With one *squeeeze* of the trigger... all your problems can go away. Just like that.

Wade caresses the smooth metal, lost in it's legend. The truck drives on.

**EXT. HOUSE**

The truck comes to a stop near a large white house. The men gather outside.

PERRY

(To Woodsen)

You gave him a gun?

WOODSEN

(To Perry)

He's a cowboy, he can shoot straight!

FLETCHER

Listen here. This should be a simple job even for you fellas. We go inside, get the money from the basement and we get the fuck outta there. Understand?

WOODSEN

You sure that money's there?

FLETCHER

No. But that's what Billy Harris said and here we are.

WADE  
This is a robbery?

WOODSEN  
No, it's a birthday party.

FLETCHER  
Yes. This is a robbery, cowboy.

WADE  
I've never done something like this before, I don't think I'll be any good at it. I'll mess it up.

PERRY  
You just do what we say and you'll be fine.

WADE  
Maybe I should just wait out here.

FLETCHER  
You call yourself, Burt Reynolds, am I right?

WADE  
It's my name.

FLETCHER  
Then just pretend that you're acting in a movie right now and you have to rob this house.

WADE  
So, I'm just playing a character?

FLETCHER  
That's right.

WADE  
Do I have to shoot anybody?

FLETCHER  
Not if you don't want to.

PERRY  
Are we expecting anyone inside?

FLETCHER  
No. The house should be empty... With that said, I sure don't want anyone to spoil this for us.

Wade hesitates. He holds up the gun.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)  
You want those pictures or not,  
cowboy?

WADE  
OK. I'll do it then.

FLETCHER  
Alright. Let's go.

The men approach the house quickly. Wade is sweating with fear.

**INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN**

Fletcher SLAMS his fist through the back door window. He carefully unlocks the door and opens it. The group slip inside.

FLETCHER  
Alright, Perry and Woodsen,  
downstairs with me. Cowboy. Stay  
here. We'll call if we need you.

WADE  
Wait, what do I do?

FLETCHER  
You look out the window to see if  
someone comes.

WADE  
And what if someone does? What  
then?

FLETCHER  
You'll tell us. Remember. Were  
counting on you.

They rush down into the basement.

Wade stands like a newborn calf, his legs quivering from under him. He explores the area.

A large mirror hangs from the wall. He plants himself in front of it.

WADE  
You listen here, Burt. You have a  
job to do now. These are your  
friends and they're counting on  
you. You can't let them down.  
You've found a good place finally.  
(MORE)

WADE (CONT'D)

You've met good people. People who look at you and can accept you. Now You have to make sure no one comes and messes everything up. They'll be done soon enough and then you'll get new photos like Fletch said. He promised... Now, don't be scared.

After a few quick breaths he raises his gun, ready to fire at anything that moves. He continues to prowl through the house.

**INT. DINING ROOM**

Wade walks slowly through the room. Stopping to admire various photos and objects placed about. It's an older house. The walls yellow with age.

A grandfather clock TICKS loudly. He can hear the CRACKLING of shovels downstairs along with their MUFFLED voices.

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

The room is silent. Wade turns on the radio. STATIC then an old Jazz SONG. It's loud. He turns it off quickly.

He picks up a family photo, staring at each grey face looking back at him. Suddenly, he hears CREAKING upstairs.

He stands at the foot of the stairs looking up. He climbs.

**INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

He steps through the hallway carefully. Peeking inside each room he passes.

At the end of the hallway one of the doors is closed. He gravitates to it.

He stands close, his hand shaking over the doorknob. He pulls back the hammer on the pistol.

BEAT.

He pushes it open, the door CREAKING loudly. Wade stands in the doorway, his gun outstretched in front of him. The light of the room engulfs his silhouette.

**INT. BEDROOM**

Laying in bed naked is a young couple, JAMES(17 years) and MARTHA(17 years). They cower under the sheets, their eyes glued to Wade.

Wade stands like a deer in headlights, terrified.

The couple is too afraid to speak. The girl curls up close to the boy. He holds her tight.

JAMES

Who are you?

No answer. Wade holds out the gun, pointing it straight at them.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Can you put the gun down?

MARTHA

What do you want?

WADE

They trusted me.

JAMES

Who? Are there more people in the house?

No response. Only a dead stare.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Are they looking for the money?

WADE

The money?

Wade's gun trembles in his hand.

WOODSEN (O.S.)

Cowboy! You up there?

Wade hears Woodsen, his eyes widen.

JAMES

Who is that? Does he have a gun too? Is he gonna come up?

Wade is speechless.

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

Woodsen waits for an answer. He TAPS his foot impatiently.

WOODSEN  
Hey, Cowboy! Did you hear me or  
not?

Still nothing. He leans the shovel against the wall and  
climbs the stairs.

WOODSEN (CONT'D)  
(To Himself)  
Goddammit.

**INT. BEDROOM**

Wade hears the FOOTSTEPS. A lighting bolt shoots down his  
back.

MARTHA  
You look like someone from T.V...

WADE  
He's coming.

JAMES  
Stop him!

WADE  
He's my friend.

JAMES  
Just lay the gun down, alright?  
Just put it on the floor and talk  
to him.

WADE  
I Can't...

Woodsen's FOOTSTEPS get louder.

**INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

Woodsen sees Wade standing in the doorway. He stops at the  
top of the stairs.

WOODSEN  
What you doing over there? ....  
What is it?

**INT. BEDROOM - AFTERNOON**

Wade lunges closer to the bed, trying to stay out of sight. The couple shrink closer to each other.

JAMES

We'll leave, tell him we can just go. He can have the money.

Wade looks back, waiting for Woodsen to find him.

**INT. HALLWAY**

Woodsen gets closer to Wade.

WOODSEN

Cowboy! What are you doing?

**INT. BEDROOM**

Wade is terrified. He looks as if he's seen a ghost. He grabs the gun with his other hand, getting a better grip on it.

MARTHA

Please.

Wade lowers his gun just enough to look clearly into their eyes.

WADE

(Whispering)

I told you... They're my friends.

Wade raises his gun quickly. The two kids let out last effort SCREAMS of terror.

He pulls the trigger. An EXPLOSION of noise. He fires once more. Another EXPLOSION. The room RINGING now from the reverberations.

Wade stands frozen in time, his body ready to fall to pieces. The smoke still dissipating from the room.

Woodsen rushes into the bedroom, his face stricken from the gruesome scene.

WOODSEN

HOLY SHIT.



James and Martha lay lifeless, both covered in blood, James still bleeding from his head. The walls sprinkled red behind them.

Wade backs up slowly out of the room into the hallway. He falls against the wall and collapses to the floor.

WOODSEN (CONT'D)  
You shot them...

Woodsen turns around to face Wade.

WOODSEN (CONT'D)  
They're dead.

Wade opens his mouth, nothing comes out at first. He tries again.

WADE  
Is that, OK?

Fletcher and Perry run to the scene. Perry drags along a half filled sack of money.

FLETCHER  
What the hell happened?

They peer into the blood soaked room.

PERRY  
Holy shit...

Fletcher rushes to the bed, he checks their pulse.

FLETCHER  
They're dead.

WOODSEN  
Fucking shit of course they're  
dead! What are we suppose to do  
now?

Fletcher paces back and forth nervously. He rubs the top of his head vigorously.

PERRY  
(To Wade)  
What did you do?

Wade holds out the gun for Perry to take. His eyes still soaked in tears.

PERRY (CONT'D)  
No. That's yours now.

WOODSEN  
Fletch, what the fuck do we do!?

FLETCHER  
I'm thinking goddamit! You see me  
thinking!

WOODSEN  
I'm not getting tagged with this  
shit. This type of thing will get  
you the electric chair. Fuck that.

WADE  
I'm sorry.

PERRY  
Fletch, we gotta bail.

Fletcher stops. He looks at Wade sitting there helpless.

FLETCHER  
Alright. Lets go.

The men sprint out of the room and out of the house. Wade slowly gets to his feet and follows.

#### **INT. LIVING ROOM**

The group rush down the stairs and through the living room. Wade is close behind. He stops to look at the grey family photo one last time.

#### **EXT. HOUSE**

The men gather next to the truck. Wade catches up with them, out of breath.

PERRY  
What about the rest of the money?

WOODSEN  
Man, forget the money! We gotta  
get outta here!

FLETCHER  
He's right. We can't stay here.  
It won't be long till someone shows  
up and finds those bleeding kids.

Wade stands scared to death. The gun still stuck to his hand.

PERRY

We'll take the long way back.  
Ain't no one seen us come in.

FLETCHER

We'll have to ditch the truck  
later. Alright. Shit. Let's get  
going-

PERRY

Wait.

They freeze.

PERRY (CONT'D)

What about him?

They collectively turn to Wade.

WOODSEN

That crazy bastard ain't coming  
with us.

FLETCHER

This is the end of the line cowboy.  
You're on your own.

WADE

What do you mean? Why can't I come  
with you guys?

FLETCHER

Those bodies up there don't apply  
to us and we ain't gonna get caught  
with you in the backseat.

WADE

I don't understand. I was trying  
to help... I thought that's what  
you wanted.

FLETCHER

Sorry. You're a cold blooded  
killer now. Nothin' more we can do  
for you.

WOODSEN

(To everyone else)  
Come on!

Fletcher and Woodsen get in the truck. Perry stays with Wade  
for a moment.

PERRY

You have to run now. They'll be looking for you. Do you understand what I'm telling you? You can't stay here anymore.

WADE

What about Priscilla?

BEAT.

PERRY

I don't know.

Perry jumps into the truck with the rest of them. The truck peels away, racing down the dirt road.

Wade stands in tears, unable to comprehend the situation. He gathers himself, tucking the gun into his pants he runs off into the woods.

#### **EXT. WOODS**

He crashes through the trees and brush, running as fast as he can.

He trips on a stone, falling to the ground hard he bursts into tears, the weight of everything finally hitting him. He rolls on the ground, kicking up dirt and twigs. He punches the earth. He is uncontrollable now.

WADE

Stupid, stupid, stupid, stupid,  
stupid. You stupid! You stupid!  
You goddam stupid.

He slides to his feet and grabs a large stick. He smashes it against a tree over and over, the stick refusing to shatter. He get's frustrated and launches the stick back into the forest. He throws his hat to the ground and cries into his arms, collapsing in a heap.

#### **EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

Wade sits alone in the dark, perched against a large oak. The moon just bright enough to see the eerie woods around him. He holds the grey family photo in front of him.

**EXT. ROAD - MORNING**

Wade trudges down the empty road amidst the morning fog. He is dirty, exhausted and starving.

CUT TO:

He sticks out his thumb for each passing car. Each drive by without stopping.

CUT TO:

Wade sprints as fast as he can down the road. He runs out of breath quickly and comes to a stop, wheezing heavily.

CUT TO:

Back to walking again he spots a parked car near a bridge up ahead. He moves to investigate.

**EXT. BRIDGE**

Wade reaches the car. It's a light green 1972 Buick LeSabre. It's old but in good shape. It's parked just off the road. He looks inside through the back window. It's empty. He walks onto the bridge.

Teetering on the railing of the bridge is, ZEKE(22 years), small, thin and innocent. His hair is messy and his brown leather jacket is filled with holes. He prepares to jump, which would no doubt kill him instantly.

Wade approaches the crazed boy.

WADE

Hey, you!

Zeke is caught off guard. He almost loses his footing, quickly grabbing the steel strut he catches himself.

ZEKE

Jesus Christ! What do you want?!

WADE

What are you doing up there?

ZEKE

Who are you?

WADE

Are you thinking of jumping off this bridge?

ZEKE  
Just go away, alright.

WADE  
You can't jump off here. You'd get  
killed.

Zeke ignores Wade. He's focused on other things.

ZEKE  
(To himself)  
I can't- I have to, I have to do  
this. I know I have to.

WADE  
(Screaming now)  
Did you hear me?

ZEKE  
Can you just go away! You're  
making me nervous.

WADE  
Did you climb up there?

ZEKE  
Just get out of here, I'm not your  
problem.

WADE  
I don't know. You'll jump if I  
leave, won't you?

ZEKE  
(To himself)  
I'm here to jump and I'm gonna do  
it. I'm jumping into that river, I  
don't care anymore.

Wade grows uneasy when he doesn't answer him.

WADE  
Is that your car back there?

ZEKE  
That's right.

WADE  
It's a nice car. (To himself) He  
wouldn't leave it there.  
(Screaming to Zeke) Looks like it  
drives pretty good!

Zeke MUTTERS something to himself paying no attention to Wade.

Wade moves a bit closer.

WADE (CONT'D)  
Does it drive good?!

ZEKE  
Why are you here?

WADE  
I think I'm suppose to stop you  
from jumping.

ZEKE  
Stop me?

WADE  
Don't you want me to help you?

ZEKE  
I don't even know you... Why would  
you do that?

WADE  
I don't know... Why wouldn't I?

BEAT.

ZEKE  
You don't have to stop me.

WADE  
But I want to.

ZEKE  
(To himself)  
Who I am? I can't do this. I know  
I can't. What now? Who is this  
guy anyway?

WADE  
I'm afraid, you know.... I've never  
watched someone jump off a bridge  
before.

Zeke doesn't answer, he stands stuck to the side.

WADE (CONT'D)  
I have this feeling, this odd gut  
feeling that I'm suppose to help  
you. I know it sounds strange and  
all but it's true.

(MORE)

WADE (CONT'D)  
Something inside me is tellin' me  
to stop you from jumping.... You  
believe all that?

Zeke isn't listening.

ZEKE  
What are you saying?

WADE  
It's a feeling I can't explain but  
I know it's right. It has to be.

Wade notices a car speeding in their direction. He squints, hoping to identify the vehicle. He removes his hat, doing a double take. It's too far away to know if it's the police.

He nervously approaches Zeke, his focus still with the oncoming car.

WADE (CONT'D)  
You don't want to do this. I know  
you don't. Now just come on down.

ZEKE  
No. Don't come any closer.

Wade freezes.

The car SCREAMS by, inflating the tension. Wade jumps out of the way. He looks back at Zeke almost to say, "Did you see that???"

He takes a moment to compose himself.

WADE  
You want a cigarette?

ZEKE  
No thanks. Don't smoke.

WADE  
Yeah, it's pretty bad for you, I  
didn't know if you did or not. A  
lot of people do so I just figured  
I'd ask... I don't really smoke  
either.

ZEKE  
Who are you?

WADE  
Burt Reynolds.



Zeke LAUGHS thinking he's joking. The humor of this joke takes his mind off things briefly.

ZEKE  
OK. If you say so.

WADE  
What's your name?

ZEKE  
It's Zeke.

WADE  
Zeke? Sounds like some outlaw...  
Sounds like a cowboy name. You  
from Texas?

ZEKE  
No, Ohio.

WADE  
What's in Ohio?

Zeke thinks for a second, then, in conclusion.

ZEKE  
Nothing's in Ohio.

Zeke fixes his footing. He stares down at the rushing water below. The situation well at hand again.

Wade watches with concern. He is getting anxious.

WADE  
Hey, Zeke?

ZEKE  
Yeah.

WADE  
You sure you don't need some help?

LONG BEAT.

Wade fiddles with his hat.

WADE (CONT'D)  
I'm not going to change your mind  
am I?

ANOTHER LONG BEAT.

WADE (CONT'D)

OK. I'll just get going then. I don't want to make you any more nervous.

Wade stammers away, still caressing the brim of his hat. He stops for a moment, looking back at Zeke with desperate eyes ready to say one last thing, then keeps on walking.

**EXT. ROAD**

MOMENTS LATER.

Wade stops to look over his shoulder. Nothing.

Suddenly. A NOISE. Wade turns to look. Still nothing. Maybe just the wind. He walks on.

Then, speeding up from behind the hill is Zeke's car. Wade turns to meet the automobile.

Zeke pulls up next to Wade. He lowers the window.

ZEKE

You gettin' in? I'm hungry.

WADE

You didn't jump.

ZEKE

You gettin' in or not?

Wade gets in the car. They drive off down the road. Dust kicking up behind them.

**INT. ROADSIDE DINER**

Wade and Zeke eat their breakfast at the counter.

Wade scarfs down a full plate of eggs and bacon. Zeke stares into the depths of his pancakes. An old Dylan song HUMS in the background.

WADE

You, OK?

ZEKE

Yeah. I think so.

WADE

I appreciate the meal.

ZEKE

I still don't get it... Why did you stop me? You didn't have to do that.

WADE

You might not think so but I wanted to help.

ZEKE

I'm just some fucked up kid I don't mean nothing to you. I'm nobody.

WADE

You are somebody.... Maybe you just don't know who yet. But that's, OK.

Wade stops eating. He lays down his fork and sits up.

WADE (CONT'D)

Can I ask why you wanted to jump?

Zeke thinks hard, waiting for an explanation to come out. Finally.

ZEKE

Sometimes things go to shit and you can't think of anything better to do. You look at yourself and you say, OK, I guess that's that then.

WADE

I don't understand. You gave up?

ZEKE

Sometimes it just seems so useless to keep on going.

WADE

If you don't want to talk about what happened that's fine... But we can you know. I'll listen.

BEAT.

ZEKE

My father.... He left when I was just a kid. Didn't say nothin' about it. Just walked out the door and never came back. They always fought and yelled at each other but when he left she still cried for him. I never could understand it.

(MORE)

ZEKE (CONT'D)

She was never the same. Lost her job, drank plenty. I couldn't watch her be like that anymore.

WADE

You're mother?

ZEKE

Yeah... So instead of sittin' around, waiting for things to go back to normal I went looking for him.

WADE

But why?

ZEKE

I guess I just wanted to see him one last time. I didn't want him living his life like we didn't even exist.

WADE

What would you say to him?

ZEKE

You know. I've asked myself that same question ever since that door shut behind him. And every time I think I have an answer, it changes.

WADE

Will you forgive him?

ZEKE

Forgive him? Why would I do that?

WADE

Maybe he's changed.

ZEKE

I don't care. Some people ain't worth forgiving. The man may as well have murdered us.

WADE

What if he was sorry for everything? Would you forgive him then?

ZEKE

I don't know.

BEAT.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

He lives in Las Vegas now. He's some kind of salesman.

WADE

Salesman?

ZEKE

Yeah. Sells cars or something.

Zeke pulls out a crumpled piece of paper. He slides it to Wade.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

That's him. Got that from a private investigator few years back. Who knows if he's still there.

Wade studies the piece of paper. It has a picture of Zeke's father, an average looking man, balding, tired face. It reads:

BENJAMIN HILL AGE: 44 SPOUSE: SUSAN HILL AGE 40 CHILD:  
GEORGE HILL AGE 10

Address: 130 Walnut Drive - Joe Kid's Used Car Dealership.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

No home address. Just his work.

WADE

He's married.

ZEKE

I know.

WADE

And a son, too.

ZEKE

Yeah. You believe that shit?

WADE

Maybe he's different now. Maybe he's not like how he was.

ZEKE

People like him don't change.

WADE

Why not?

ZEKE

They just don't. They're born that way. They'll always do the wrong thing.

BEAT.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Either way, I have to look him in the eye one more time. I have to see him and he has to know that I came and found him.

WADE

So you're not giving up? You're gonna keep looking for him?

ZEKE

I think I have to.

WADE

I hope that when you find him, he's different.

ZEKE

Yeah. I just want some answers for a change. I can't keep livin' like this. Wasting away knowin' my own father couldn't stand to stay around... All I wanna know is, why?

WADE

I've been looking for answers my whole life. And all I get are more questions.

ZEKE

Ain't life grand?

BEAT.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

I think I'd be happy if one day I just floated away, into space never to be seen again. I'd be alright with that.

WADE

Yeah. Me too... . . .

Zeke is overcome with a new thought.

ZEKE

Why the hell am I telling you all  
of this anyway?

WADE

I don't know. I mean, I asked,  
right?

ZEKE

But why? Who the hell am I for you  
to give a shit? I still don't get  
it.

WADE

You found me when no one else  
could. That stands for something.

ZEKE

I'm pretty sure you're the one that  
found me. You saved my life back  
there.

WADE

Maybe. But you didn't jump. And  
that means a lot.

ZEKE

You sure are a strange fella aren't  
ya?

WADE

Just different.

SILENCE descends on the table. Neither knowing what to say  
next.

Zeke fidgets, he digs into his pockets for some money.

ZEKE

Well, alright, guess I should get  
going. Plenty of driving still to  
do.

WADE

Right.

Zeke spits out several bucks on the counter and rises from  
his stool.

ZEKE

I appreciate everything. I mean  
that.

They shake hands.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

I hope you find what you're looking for.

WADE

You too.

Zeke walks out of the diner, the bell above the door RINGS, signaling his exit.

Wade sits alone. The mood drastically different now as if Zeke's absence is felt by everyone.

The WAITRESS appears before Wade, like death coming to retrieve him.

WAITRESS

Will that be it?

WADE

Yeah, thank you.

She scribbles on her pad and lays down the check next to him.

He sips on his apple juice looking over the bill. Setting it down he fumbles it, tipping over onto the counter. It spills all over his legs. He jumps up from his seat instantly.

WAITRESS (O.S.)

You need some more napkins there?

He wipes his pants repeatedly. It has no affect on the dark stain that remains.

Suddenly, Zeke appears from the doorway. Wade is caught off guard.

WADE

Thought you were leaving?

ZEKE

Yeah. I was... What happened?

WADE

Oh, nothing, just spilled.

ZEKE

You want a ride?

WADE

To where?

ZEKE

I don't know. Vegas?



WADE  
You want me to come with you?

ZEKE  
Yeah. Why not?

WADE  
OK.

ZEKE  
You sure you want to?

WADE  
Yeah. Yeah, I'm sure. Definitely.

ZEKE  
Great. Good to have some company  
along.

Wade can hardly contain his excitement. He tosses the soggy napkins and follows Zeke out of the diner.

**INT. OLD HOUSE - MORNING (DREAM)**

Standing amongst the shadows is a young boy. He's the same shirtless boy from the beginning. He aims a pistol straight ahead.

Wade faces his younger self. Also no shirt, cowboy hat and pistol in hand.

They stare at each other in SILENCE.

The boy lowers his gun and runs off down hall. Wade chases after him. He BREATHS heavily.

They run down the hall, the boy LAUGHING. He dips into a room shutting the door. Wade approaches. His gun ready to fire. The hallway looks familiar. He opens the door.

Laying in a bed is the young couple Wade killed. They sit terrified.

Standing in the corner of the room is him. His present self now. He stands pointing his gun at the young kids.

Wade raises his gun, aiming it at his current self. He shouts but nothing comes out.

His current self pulls the trigger, shooting the couple dead.

Wade lets out a silent scream. He shoots his current self. His hat flies off, the wall splattered with blood.

The smoke clears. Roberta, the woman from earlier lays on the floor dead.

Wade stands in horror.

**INT. ZEKE'S CAR - DUSK**

Wade wakes up suddenly, covered in sweat. The car is parked somewhere in the desert, off the road a ways. Zeke is nowhere to be found. Wade tries to orient himself.

**EXT. ZEKE'S CAR**

Wade emerges from the car. Confused and concerned he looks for Zeke. The night is quiet. The sky stained deep blue, illuminating barely a shadow. Wade calls out into the emptiness before him.

WADE

ZEKE!

No answer.

WADE (CONT'D)

ZEKE!

He wanders from the car, stumbling into the darkness.

WADE (CONT'D)

ZEKE!

Silence. He turns to go back. Something stops him. A NOISE close by. He turns around quickly, drawing his gun from his jacket.

WADE (CONT'D)

Zeke?

No response. He backs up slowly.

WADE (CONT'D)

Woodsen? Is that you?

COLD BEAT.

Zeke appears from the darkness carrying a dead rabbit in one hand, a shotgun in the other.

ZEKE

Who the hell is Woodsen?

Wade quickly hides his gun.

WADE

It's you!

ZEKE

Of course it's me. Who's Woodsen?

WADE

No one. I didn't know what was out there- What's that?

ZEKE

Dinner.

WADE

No, that!

ZEKE

Oh yeah, this. Don't freak it's just a gun. Sorry I didn't warn you about it earlier.

WADE

That's a shotgun!

ZEKE

Don't worry, really. I only use it for hunting. Here, you want it?

Zeke holds out the rifle.

WADE

No, that's alright.

ZEKE

Take it. It's still loaded. You can carry it if you want.

WADE

I don't think so...

ZEKE

Burt. I trust you so you have to trust me, OK?

He walks off back into the darkness. Wade follows.

**EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT**

The two sit around a campfire. The rabbit is no more. It's picked apart carcass still splayed over the flames. Wade sits close to the fire, inspecting the burning embers. Zeke lounges against a knotted log next to him.

ZEKE

Did you sleep alright?

WADE

Yeah. I think so.

ZEKE

You must of been pretty tired. You were out for a while.

WADE

I don't sleep much anymore.

ZEKE

You were making some strange noises.

WADE

I was? I didn't realize...

ZEKE

You said some weird things.

WADE

I'm sorry. Bad dream, that's all.

Wade pokes at the fire with a long stick, orange sparks kick up into the sky.

ZEKE

Why were you on that road?

WADE

What?

ZEKE

Earlier. You were alone when you found me. What were you doing with nothing but a jacket?

WADE

I was taking a walk. What are you saying?

ZEKE

I don't think so. It was something else. You don't go for a walk and then leave town that same day.

BEAT.

WADE

I'm not hiding anything if that's what you're trying to tell me.

ZEKE

I think you are. And I think I know why.

WADE

You do?

ZEKE

Yeah. You're afraid. You're afraid of what I'll have to say about it. You're here with me now and you don't want to ruin this. Which is understandable-

WADE

It's not that simple-

ZEKE

I know. That's why I want you to know that whatever it is you can tell me. I know you're a good person... You helped me back there. I didn't ask you to do that but you did it anyway. Now I want to help you.

WADE

I don't think you can.

ZEKE

I want to try. It's the least I can do.

WADE

... I don't know what I'm suppose to say...

ZEKE

How bout' startin' with truth. What's your real name?

WADE

You already know that.

ZEKE

I know you're not, Burt Reynolds.

Wade doesn't react, unable to breath. He recovers.

WADE

What are you talking about?

ZEKE

I see you try to look like him and  
you say that's your name- but  
you're not him.

Zeke moves closer to Wade, still poking at the flames.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Why do you do it? Pretend to be  
someone else?

WADE

I guess.. The same reason anyone  
wears a mask. To be someone  
different.

ZEKE

You are what you are. Why try to  
be something other than that?

WADE

It's not that easy for me.

ZEKE

How do you do it? Being him?

WADE

I don't know... I just do it I  
guess.

ZEKE

So, what is your name anyway?

Wade refuses.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

I know you don't tell many people  
but I would like to know. I'm not  
some stranger anymore.

WADE

What are you then?

ZEKE

I'm your friend. Can't you see  
that?

LONG PAUSE.

WADE

Wade. It's Wade Hudson.

ZEKE

Wade. Alright... And how'd you end up out here in Utah?

WADE

Bus, car, whatever it took. I found my way eventually.

ZEKE

So where are you from then?

WADE

New Jersey.

ZEKE

And this Burt Reynolds thing. You've always done that?

WADE

When I was eight I saw him on TV. It was then I... Changed.

ZEKE

Why him? Who is he to anybody else?

Wade gets up quickly and kicks at the burning logs in a huff.

WADE

Why are you doing this?!

ZEKE

Doing what?

WADE

This! Asking me all these questions. Why does it matter?

ZEKE

Because I want to know who you are.

WADE

You already do!

ZEKE

Do I?

Wade sits down next to Zeke, his eyes pinned to the flickering flames, as if remembering a far off memory.

WADE

Did you ever feel as if you were born as the wrong person?

(MORE)

WADE (CONT'D)

To the wrong parents? Stuck in  
someone else's body?

ZEKE

That's a lot to answer.

PAUSE.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

I don't know. I mean, I use to  
believe my dad thought I wasn't his  
son. Maybe, my mother slept around  
and he wasn't actually my father  
and she finally told him and that's  
why he went and left.... But I know  
that's not true.

WADE

Do you wish it was?

ZEKE

Sometimes.

BEAT.

WADE

Growing up I was always being  
passed over. No one ever looked at  
me much... My own mother couldn't  
stand me. She thought there was  
something wrong with me, in my  
head. I think she resented me for  
being different than all the other  
kids. They'd be off running around  
and I'd just keep to myself mostly.  
I liked being alone..... But  
Burt. He was someone that everyone  
liked. Someone they could smile at  
and be happy about. That's who I  
wanted to be. That person people  
liked. Who they trusted. Someone  
significant.. I could never please  
her and that tore me up.

ZEKE

What about your father?

WADE

Never had one.

BEAT.

ZEKE

So what did you do? Leave?



WADE

No. I didn't leave just yet. After she died, my mother I mean, I started staying with my aunt, living with her. She took me in. She always let me run around the house with my cowboy hat and boots. She always smiled when I told her I was Burt Reynolds. It didn't mean the same to her though but I didn't care.... I use to think that maybe she was my real mother and she'd just been hiding from me all those years, waiting for me to find her. Isn't that funny?

Zeke doesn't laugh.

ZEKE

What happened to her?

WADE

One day in January, I remember it was real cold out, It might of been snowing even. Something went wrong in her brain. She was in the shower when it happened. She died. And then I left.

ZEKE

How old were you?

WADE

Wasn't much older than seventeen.

BEAT.

WADE (CONT'D)

Suddenly there was nothing left for me.

ZEKE

And you've kept up this identity ever since?

WADE

I had to.

ZEKE

But- for what??

WADE

For me... I'm Burt Reynolds because that's who I know I'm suppose to be... But I think more importantly I know I'm not Wade Hudson.

ZEKE

How can you know something like that?

WADE

We all look at ourselves in the mirror with questions, don't we? I'm no different than anyone else. I ain't always have an answer.

BEAT.

Wade falls onto his back, looking up at the night sky.

WADE (CONT'D)

Who made us like this? Gave us these souls, these personalities? Who picked out mine?

ZEKE

Some might say that's God's work.

WADE

God?... Is that what you believe in?

ZEKE

I don't know anymore.

WADE

What makes him think he has a say in my life... Why does he get to decide what happens to me? Who I become.

ZEKE

Maybe it's not God at all. Ya' know? Maybe it ain't up to any of us... Our paths could already be mapped out. You, me, everyone.... And there's nothing we can do about it. Maybe were already in the middle of it and we don't even realize it.

WADE

I can't live like that. I'm not gonna wait for my future to catch up with me. Why can't we draw our own paths? Find our own way?

ZEKE

It could be both. At least that's what I like to think... Maybe we can determine our own paths and still be headed in some direction.... Look at *us*. We were two separate people on our own journeys and yet you found me there on that bridge and here we are together. How did that happen?

WADE

How does a thing like that happen?...

ZEKE

I mean, if there really was an answer to any of this, you think we'd even know it?

WADE

I don't think this world has any answers left for us... Maybe that's what this *God* is for after all... Someone to bark at when you get lost.

ZEKE

To me, he's a giant piece of fly paper. You fly around long enough you're gonna run into him.

They fall silent. The fire SNAPS in front of them.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

If your name's Wade, I'll call you Wade. If your name's Burt, I'll call you Burt.

Wade sits up.

WADE

I think, Burt is good.

ZEKE

OK.

LONG PAUSE.

WADE

... I was on that road alone because I had to be. I didn't want to go back to the place I'd come from. It wasn't somewhere I wanted to be anymore... I needed a second chance at things. I know it ain't a real answer but all that stuff don't matter now, OK? For what it is, that's the truth. I promise. The important thing is, I'm better off here with you.

ZEKE

Were all runnin' from something.. And if it's someone you need to be runnin' with, you got me.

A reassuring silence falls on them. They look at each other and know that they're safe now.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Hey. I got an idea.

WADE

What is it?

Zeke rises to his feet. He pulls out one of the sticks in the fire, one end still in flames, evolving into a perfect torch.

ZEKE

Close your eyes and follow me.

WADE

What? It's dark out. We won't see anything!

ZEKE

Just listen to my voice. C'mon, grab a stick.

WADE

But- We don't know what's out there!

ZEKE

It's alright. We don't need to know. Just follow me.

Zeke sprints off into the void.

ZEKE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

HERE WE GOOOO!

Wade hesitates, then grabs a torch and runs after him.

MOMENTS LATER

Wade chases after the flickering flame. Zeke's VOICE loud and clear.

ZEKE (O.S.)  
WHO ARE WE!?

Wade can't help but LAUGH a little at the situation. He's liberated. Zeke's SCREAMS echo in the night. Wade lets out his ROAR. Yelling to the Gods.

WADE  
I'M BURT REYNOLDS!

The flames slowly fade into nothing. Just orange dots in the dark. Their SCREAMS muffled behind the cold wind.

**EXT. CAMPFIRE - MORNING**

Wade wakes up next to the smoldering fire. Zeke is still asleep. The sun is bright and intense. The land barren and alien.

He scans the landscape, shielding his eyes with his hands. In the distance he sees a lone building. It's too far away to know exactly what it is.

MOMENTS LATER.

Wade walks through the hazy desert, the sun heavy on his back. He nears the building. It's an old stone church.

**EXT. STONE CHURCH**

Wade admires the heaping structure. He enters.

**INT. STONE CHURCH**

He strolls past the wooden pews, in awe of the towering ceiling and magnificent stained glass windows.

He stops. Looking over him is a tall statue of Jesus Christ on the cross. Numerous candles glow at his feet. He sits down in the front pew.

He takes out a folded photo from his pocket. He opens it up and looks at it closely. It's the black and white family picture from the house he ran away from.

He takes a moment with the photo, looking at the plain smile of the young girl.

He hears SINGING outside. It's a church hymn. He is drawn to it. He puts the picture back into his pocket.

**EXT. STONE CHURCH**

Wade emerges from the church. A crowd of people has gathered behind it, standing close SINGING together. The PREACHER SHOUTS from within the mass.

The congregation stops singing. The Preacher holds onto a young woman. She looks nervous, perhaps a bit excited too.

PREACHER

This is surely a special day ladies  
and gentleman, s special day  
indeed! This young lady here, I'm  
sorry what's your name, miss?

WENDY

Wendy.

PREACHER

Wendy has stepped towards the  
fulfillment of life in being  
baptized here today. For today,  
she leaves her old life behind,  
accepting a new life, embracing the  
spirit of the lord!... Let us sing.

The group erupt in song, SINGING PROUDLY, "Over in The  
Gloryland."

Wade stands interested, hiding behind the group. They don't  
notice him.

The Preacher readies a pitcher of water over the young girl.  
He looks to the sky and SHOUTS.

PREACHER (CONT'D)

Father I ask and pray right now in  
the name of Jesus! You will bless  
Wendy as she has given her life to  
you. She will no longer wander  
alone in this world, she will have  
you, Lord, by her side guiding her  
towards happiness and salvation.

(MORE)

PREACHER (CONT'D)

Lord I pray that she be a powerful person for you and she will do whatever she can Lord to live by your leading. To live by your spirit. To live by your word... Bless her now at this time, in the name of Jesus Christ we pray. Let this water cleanse her soul... Wendy, do you give yourself over to the Lord Jesus Christ?

WENDY

I do.

The Preacher slowly pours the sparkling water over the girls head. She embraces her transformation.

PREACHER

BLESSED BE TODAY SHE IS REBORN!

The girl wipes the water from her eyes and rejoins the group with a smile.

PREACHER (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentleman! This is a most special day, a most special day indeed! On this day we come together to praise the Lord Jesus Christ. Who loves us for who we are. Who died for us.

Wade inches closer.

PREACHER (CONT'D)

He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned. Mark. Chapter sixteen verse sixteen... Ladies and gentleman, be baptized and be saved here today.

The crowd lets out a collective, "AMEN."

PREACHER (CONT'D)

Who now will accept the lord and begin their new life?

No one goes forward.

The Preacher spots Wade, recognizing his reluctance.

PREACHER (CONT'D)  
 You there! Come forward and give  
 yourself over to God.

The congregation adjust their eyes upon Wade. He doesn't  
 move.

PREACHER (CONT'D)  
 Come now, don't be shy, son!

The Preacher goes to Wade and latches on to his arm,  
 dragging him before the crowd.

PREACHER (CONT'D)  
 Ladies and gentleman it seems here  
 we have a young man who has done  
 wrong in his life! Who has tread  
 the path of evil! Who has sinned!  
 (To Wade) Isn't that right, son?

BEAT.

PREACHER (CONT'D)  
 I said, isn't that right?

WADE  
 ... Yes.

PREACHER  
 Good! Now let us heal this poor  
 boy's soul!

"Amen!" SHOUTS the crowd.

PREACHER (CONT'D)  
 This young man is stepping towards  
 a life of fulfillment. Uhh, what's  
 your name?

WADE  
 What?

PREACHER  
 Your name, son. What is it?

WADE  
 Wade.

PREACHER  
 Wade is stepping towards a new  
 life! One of strength and meaning!

Wade stares back at the waiting crowd.



PREACHER (CONT'D)  
Tell me, son, have you sinned!?

WADE  
... Yes. I have.

PREACHER  
And doo you wish to repent for  
those sins!?

WADE  
... Yes. I do.

PREACHER  
Will you accept God into your  
life!? Will you hold onto his  
word!?

No answer.

PREACHER (CONT'D)  
I said will you accept God into  
your life!? And will you hold onto  
his word!?

WADE  
I will.

BEAT.

PREACHER  
Let us sing.

Once again, the congregation belts their hymn, "Over in the  
Gloryland."

The Preacher hovers the pitcher of water over Wade's head.  
Wade stands ready. His eyes closed in bliss.

PREACHER (CONT'D)  
Father I ask and pray right now in  
the name of Jesus! You will bless  
Wade as he has given his life to  
you. He will no longer wander  
alone in this world, he will have  
you Lord by his side guiding him  
towards happiness and salvation.  
Lord I pray that he be a powerful  
person for you and he will do  
whatever he can Lord to live by  
your leading. To live by your  
spirit. To live by your word...  
Bless him now at this time, in the  
name of Jesus Christ we pray.

(MORE)

PREACHER (CONT'D)  
 Let this water cleanse his soul...  
 Wade, do you give yourself over to  
 the Lord Jesus Christ?

The singing continues. Wade doesn't answer. The Preacher clutches onto him, waiting to pour the water.

PREACHER (CONT'D)  
 Well, do you, son? Do you accept  
 God?

Wade snaps out of it. Panic rushes over him. He sees the judging eyes in front of him. The Preacher tilts the jug of water.

WADE  
 Stop! No!

Wade shoves the Preacher away violently, almost pushing him to the ground. He drops the pitcher, it shatters on the ground. The crowd's singing ends abruptly.

WADE (CONT'D)  
 No, I'm sorry. I can't. I can't  
 do this.

He stumbles away from the group, tripping over his feet he falls on his face. They all watch in confusion of his antics. He gets up frantically and sprints back to the camp as fast as he can.

### **EXT. CAMPFIRE**

Zeke is still asleep. Wade rushes to him and shakes him, trying to get him to wake up.

WADE  
 Come on, get up! Come on! We have  
 to go!

Zeke awakes, confused and groggy he sits up.

ZEKE  
 What in the hell is wrong with you?

WADE  
 We have to go. We can't stay here.

ZEKE  
 What are you talking about?

WADE  
We have to get going now, come on,  
get up. Hurry.

ZEKE  
Would give me a minute.

They collect the rest of their things.

**EXT. ZEKE'S CAR**

They load up the car with their sleeping materials.

ZEKE  
We should put the fire out.

WADE  
Forget it, let's go.

Wade gets in the car. Zeke does the same. They drive off down the road, dust kicking up behind them.

**INT. ZEKE'S CAR**

Wade sits looking behind, watching the Church as it disappears on the horizon.

ZEKE  
What was it? A snake or something?

WADE  
It's alright.

ZEKE  
Jesus... Didn't even have time to  
eat some breakfast.

Wade calms himself down, still out of breath. He sticks his head out the window, the wind blasting in his face.

TIME PASSES.

Zeke drives through the desert. Wade scribbles on a piece of paper. He's writing a letter. Priscilla's picture carefully positioned close by.

Zeke notices immediately what he's doing.

ZEKE (CONT'D)  
Love letter?

WADE

Oh- yeah, something like that.

He folds up the paper and returns it to his jacket pocket.  
He still holds on to the photo.

ZEKE

What's her name?

WADE

Oh- It's Priscilla.

ZEKE

She's pretty.

WADE

Yeah. She is.

ZEKE

She your girl, then?

WADE

No. She's not my girl.

ZEKE

She looks a bit young. How old is she?

WADE

She's old enough.

ZEKE

She means a lot to you, doesn't she? I can see it.

WADE

More than she knows.

ZEKE

So why'd you leave her?

WADE

I had to.

ZEKE

Sorry. Must of been tough.

BEAT.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Sometimes we do stupid things for the person we care about.

(MORE)

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Then afterwards we realize that they weren't stupid at all, but that actually they were the best decisions we ever made.

WADE

You actually believe that.

ZEKE

Yeah. I think so. Which is why I believe that you'll see her again. Someday soon. I'm sure of it.

Wade smiles and turns his attention out the window where he stares longingly, lost in thought.

**INT. BATHROOM - AFTERNOON**

Wade washes his hands. He splashes water over his face. He's missing his mustache.

WADE

Don't be afraid. You'll find her again. She hasn't forgotten about you. She still has your picture. She might keep it close, looking at it, curious as to when she'll meet you again. You got a friend now, a real one. He'll look out for you and see that you find your way. It will get better.

Wade reattaches his mustache, carefully adjusting it over his lip.

**EXT. GAS STATION**

Zeke stands at the gas pump filling up the car.

Wade exits the bathroom. Walking back to the car he sees Woodsen standing outside chewing on a candy bar. He looks exactly the same. Woodsen recognizes Wade immediately. Wade picks up the pace, hiding from Woodsen's stare.

WOODSEN

(To himself)

Cowboy?

Wade gets in the car flustered. Woodsen makes his way to the car, a sly grin on his face.

WOODSEN (CONT'D)

Goddamm! I can't believe we found you here. We must be heading to the same place! Jesus Christ- What are the odds of that?!

He stands by the car window looking in at Wade as if he was a fish in a bowl. Wade looks the other way. Woodsen KNOCKS on the window.

WOODSEN (CONT'D)

Hey, cowboy. I'm standing right here lookin' at ya. What the hell are you doing?

Zeke notices Woodsen lurking by his car. He senses trouble.

ZEKE

Can I help you with something?

Woodsen turns his attention to Zeke. He's a bit agitated.

WOODSEN

No. You can't.

He leans in back towards Wade. He KNOCKS once more.

ZEKE

What do you want?

Now Woodsen is really annoyed.

WOODSEN

Hey, asshole. I don't think I was talking to you, was I? You keep doing what you're doing and I'll just talk to my friend here. Got it?

ZEKE

Burt, obviously doesn't want anything to do with you right now. So just back off and leave him be, OK?

Woodsen creeps over to Zeke, like a stalking snake in the grass.

WOODSEN

Burt? He told you that one too did he? He sure is a strange fella.

ZEKE

Yeah, well, maybe you better just get outta here then.

WOODSEN

Maybe I don't wanna get outta here. Maybe I wanna stay right where I am. Maybe, in fact, it's you who should get outta here.

Perry and Fletcher walk outside, they spot the scene unraveling at the pumps.

FLETCHER

What now?

Perry spots Wade in the car.

PERRY

(To Himself)  
Cowboy?

Woodsen looms in front of Zeke, inching closer. He pulls out a handgun. He sticks it underneath Zeke's chin. Zeke flutters briefly, preparing for the worst.

Wade watches from within the car, ducking low behind the seat.

ZEKE

Who are you?

WOODSEN

Me? Well, right now, I'm just a guy with a gun, ain't I?

ZEKE

How do you know, Burt?

WOODSEN

Oh we go way back. An old friend you might say... He's wanted you know.

ZEKE

What?

WOODSEN

That's right. Shot two kids dead. He's a ruthless killer on the run. But it seems he left that part out.

ZEKE

That's not true. It can't be.

WOODSEN

You mean, you believe him? The same guy that pretends to be Burt Reynolds like some fool? ... He's a liar that's all... A fake.

BOOM. A gun shot RINGS out. Woodsen shutters, then grabs his side, blood seeping out through his fingers.

Wade stands like a stunned toad. Smoke still leaving the barrel of his pistol.

Zeke can't believe it. He wants to take off running but stays put.

Perry and Fletcher sprint to Woodsen.

PERRY

No!

Wade thinks quickly. He spins around and points the gun at Perry and Fletcher. They freeze instantly, throwing their hands to the sky.

WADE

You ain't gonna come after us!

PAUSE.

WADE (CONT'D)

You ain't coming after us. I shot him and I'll shoot you too.

Woodsen MOANS in pain. Kicking up dust as he rolls around like a stuck pig.

WOODSEN

You sonofabitch! I'mgonnakillyou!  
I swear to God!

ZEKE

Burt-

Wade is unsure what to do now. The gun strapped to his shaking hands. He points with authority.

WADE

Were leaving now and you're not coming after us, you got that... It's over. OK? Alright? .... Don't come looking for me- or my friend!



PERRY  
Cowboy-

BEAT.

PERRY (CONT'D)  
They're looking for you.

WADE  
What are you talking about?

PERRY  
The police. They know it was you.

WADE  
They do?

PERRY  
That's why were here. Were runnin'  
like you.

ZEKE  
What is he sayin'?

Wade ignores Zeke. He'll explain later.

WADE  
You mean.... They know it was us?

PERRY  
Someone seen us driving in. They  
got us all pegged.

WADE  
They're looking for you too?

PERRY  
That's right.

WADE  
But it was me. I did it.

PERRY  
That don't matter too much to them.

BEAT.

PERRY (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry about all of this.

WADE  
I can't ever go back can I?

Wade doesn't know how to react. He looks lost. Woodsen continues to roll on the ground SQUEALING. Zeke moves towards Wade.

ZEKE

Burt, let's go.

PERRY

Woodsen is there dieing. Now that was you. You did that... If you know what's good for you you'll lower that gun and let us take him to a hospital.

WADE

A hospital?

ZEKE

Wade, come on.

WADE

You ain't gonna come after us?

PERRY

No. Were going to find a hospital. Woodsen is dieing.

WADE

Will he get better?

PERRY

I don't know.

WADE

I'm sorry. I didn't- ... I'm sorry.

Woodsen BELLOWS out in agony.

WOODSEN

I'mgonnafindyou!  
I'mgonnafindyouandkillyou!

BEAT.

ZEKE

Burt.

Wade lowers his gun. His hands still trembling. He gets in the car.

Zeke does the same and they speed off down the road.

Perry and Fletcher rush to Woodsen's side. They pick him up and haul him into their pick-up truck.

INT. ZEKE'S CAR

Zeke drives hunched over the wheel, his nerves still on fire. Wade sits quiet next to him, afraid to speak.

ZEKE

Put away that gun. Please. Just put it under the seat, will you?

WADE

OK. I'm sorry.

Wade does what he says.

ZEKE

What am I suppose to do now? Huh?

WADE

I don't know.

ZEKE

You just shot a man. He might die. What the FUCK am I suppose to do?

WADE

I'm sorry.

ZEKE

Jesus Christ... You've had that thing this whole time?

WADE

It's not mine.

ZEKE

What does that have to do with it?

WADE

I can explain, I promise. I don't want to have the gun I just have it. I've just kept it with me. I wasn't gonna shoot you with it.

ZEKE

Well that's a goddamn relief. You saw my shotgun! I showed it to you, you don't hide a gun from someone like that! What the hell am I suppose to think of this?

WADE

It's not my gun. They gave it to me.

ZEKE

You knew those men? I don't understand? He said you shot two kids and now you're telling me they gave you that gun?

WADE

They asked me to help them.

ZEKE

What?

WADE

I'm sorry.

ZEKE

Was he lying or not?

WADE

It was an accident.

ZEKE

An accident?

WADE

I didn't know what else to do!

ZEKE

You're a murderer and I didn't even know it. This is not how this was suppose to go. You weren't suppose to turn out like this, you saved my goddamn life for christsake!

Zeke breathes heavily. He might jump out of the car any second.

WADE

I'm sorry. You're right, I should of told you. I should of told you from the beginning. I mean I wanted too but I couldn't- I didn't know what to say.

ZEKE

Bullshit! That guy is dead back there. He's dead and you shot him!

WADE

That guy was gonna shoot you! He was holding a gun to your face! I had to!

BEAT.

ZEKE

(To himself)  
That's why you couldn't go back.  
That's why you had to leave.  
Goddammit, I should of known.

WADE

Zeke. I didn't want to shoot those  
two kids but I had to. I was only  
trying to help, I swear. If I  
could take it back I would.

ZEKE

(To himself)  
I can't do this. I can't.

Zeke pulls the car over to the side of the road. He jumps  
out of the car and retrieves his shotgun from the trunk.

WADE

What are you doing? Zeke?

**EXT. ZEKE'S CAR**

Zeke goes to the passenger side window. His gun pointed at  
Wade.

ZEKE

Get out of the car!

WADE

Zeke.

ZEKE

I said get out!

BEAT.

Wade listens. He gets out of the car nice and slow. Zeke  
stands ready to fire.

WADE

Zeke, please.

ZEKE

No, stop. I'm not gonna listen to  
any more of your lies! Now, you  
tell me something that's true!

WADE

I was only trying to help.

ZEKE

Enough of that shit. You didn't help at all. You only made things worse... This is it, OK? I'm not gonna be apart of this. Whoever you are I'm not getting dragged into your pile of shit.

WADE

I know.

ZEKE

I'm not gonna drive around with some kid killer anymore!

WADE

I'm not a kid killer... You know who I am. You know me, Zeke, I know you do.

ZEKE

No I don't. Not anymore. Whatever you were to me is nothing now. It's all changed. Erased. No... I sure as hell don't know who you are.

WADE

You know I would never hurt you.

ZEKE

You shot a man right in front of me and you killed two kids. What do you want from me?

Wade doesn't know what to say. His body begins to shake and his eyes well up. He gives an unknowing shrug.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Why'd you do it?

WADE

... I don't know.

He can't hold it in anymore, he breaks down. Collapsing to the ground he WEEPS like a child.

Zeke lowers the gun and relaxes. He watches Wade with pity.

ZEKE

I'm gonna ask you something and I want you to tell me the truth. OK?

BEAT.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Did you think that guy was going to kill me?

WADE

Yes.

ZEKE

And you were just trying to protect me, that's why you shot him?

WADE

Yes.

ZEKE

You thought it was the only thing you could do to help?

WADE

Yeah.

ZEKE

And those kids? Was it the same thing?

Wade nods. It's the truth.

Zeke SLAMS his fist against the car. He spins and paces on the gravel. He clutches his face searching for the right decision.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

(To himself)

Shit. Shit. Shit...

WADE

I'll tell you whatever you wanna know, I swear.

ZEKE

No, fuck that. No.... This is what's going to happen. I can't just leave you here so were gonna drive to the next town and I'll drop you off there. You can catch a bus back to wherever. That's the best I got.

WADE

And then that's it?

ZEKE

Then that's it.

WADE  
You don't need me to go with you to Vegas anymore?

ZEKE  
No. Not anymore.

WADE  
I'd like to go with you. I promise nothin' else bad is gonna happen.

ZEKE  
... Yeah it will.

WADE  
I don't want to be this anymore, Zeke. I don't want to be a killer.

ZEKE  
It's already done. I'm sorry.

BEAT.

ZEKE (CONT'D)  
Go back and find that girl. Maybe she'll understand better than me.

WADE  
I can't go back there. You heard what he said. They're looking for me.

ZEKE  
I don't know what to tell you... You're on your own now.

**INT. ZEKE'S CAR - NIGHT**

It's dark. They've been driving for a few hours now. They reach a small town. He stops at the bus station. A rundown bowling alley sits across the street. A full bus RUMBLES out of the parking lot behind them.

WADE  
Were here.

ZEKE  
Yeah.

WADE  
What are you going to do?



ZEKE

I don't know. I Think I'll find a place to stay for the night. Then take off in the morning.

WADE

Right.

PAUSE.

WADE (CONT'D)

I don't know if I have enough money...

Zeke hands Wade some money. He takes it.

ZEKE

That should be enough.

WADE

Yeah. Thanks.

BEAT.

WADE (CONT'D)

Do you think he's dead?

ZEKE

I don't know.

WADE

I hope not.

Wade gets out of the car. He hesitates before shutting the door.

ZEKE

Hey-

WADE

Yeah?

ZEKE

You still having those bad dreams?

PAUSE.

WADE

Yeah...

ZEKE

Right...

Wade can only nod. He shuts the door.

Zeke watches as Wade walks away. He drives off.

**INT. BUS STATION - NIGHT**

Wade stands in the warm lobby of the station. Various travelers sit waiting on dirty benches and chairs. It's busy. He stares at the large board of departure times. Two men with full beards sitting on the floor look angrily at Wade.

He sees them and looks away. He spots the bowling alley. It's bright fluorescent lights blinking wildly.

**INT. BOWLING ALLEY**

It's dark. Disco lights flicker throughout the vast room. Cheesy 80's music PLAYS in the background accompanied by the sound of bowling pins SCATTERING on IMPACT.

He finds the bar. Populated by shady truck drivers and the regular drunks. He sits at the counter, in full view of their scowls and curious looks. The BARTENDER arrives.

WADE

Ginger Ale, please.

The Bartender obliges, filling up a tall glass with the sizzling liquid.

Wade pays the man and sips his drink. Everybody's eyes glued to him, watching his every move.

Two men in particular look like they mean trouble. They point and GIGGLE like two kids at recess. One of them approaches, a toothpick lodged between his teeth.

TOOTHPICK

Excuse me, you uh, lost or something?

Wade cowers beneath his cowboy hat.

WADE

I don't think so.

TOOTHPICK

Are you sure about that? I think you may be mistaken but this here is a bowling alley. Not no queer homo club.

WADE

You have no reason to cause any trouble, I'm just here for a drink.

TOOTHPICK

See, you being here is the trouble. So I think we can all agree, it's in your best interest to leave.

WADE

I will, OK. That's fine. But I'd like to finish my drink first.

The toothpick wielding bully turns back to his friend, pointing some more. He grabs Wade's drink.

TOOTHPICK

You mean this drink right here?

Wade attempts to stop him, it's too late.

WADE

Yes. That's mine.

TOOTHPICK

I think Lenny forget to add something.

WADE

No, it's just ginger ale.

Toothpick collects a pool of saliva in his mouth and unloads it into Wade's drink. He smiles devilishly and stirs it before handing it back to him.

TOOTHPICK

Now, how's that taste? Any better?

WADE

I don't think I'm real thirsty anymore, that's alright.

TOOTHPICK

Come on now! Don't be rude, you are in fact a guest here are you not? It sure would hurt our feelings.

WADE

That's quite alright.

Toothpick latches onto Wades arm, squeezing it tightly, almost pulling him off the stool.

Wade shutters before the mans snarling grin.

TOOTHPICK

I don't think you heard me right...  
I said, drink. Your. Drink.

The bar falls silent. All eyes on Wade.

Wade picks up the glass, shaking, he raises it to his lips.  
He hesitates.

TOOTHPICK (CONT'D)

Do it.

Wade sips as little as he can. Toothpick snaps at him.

TOOTHPICK (CONT'D)

All of it!

Wade finishes the drink, wincing at the thought of it's contents.

Toothpick smiles, happily satisfied.

Wade slams the glass on the table, COUGHING heavily.  
Toothpick retreats LAUGHING. He HIGH-FIVES his friend.

Wade helplessly exits the bar, slinking through the dark venue and flashing lights.

#### **EXT. BOWLING ALLEY**

Wade stumbles back into the cold. He spits furiously.  
Coughing up the remnants of the ginger ale.

He removes the pistol from his jacket, contemplating briefly the idea of shooting Mr. Toothpick right in the face. He puts it back.

He collapses on a bench, rubbing his hands together, doing anything to get warm.

He reaches deep into the depths of his pocket, finally pulling out the picture of Priscilla. He stares longingly, a smile slowly erupting on his face.

He watches the bus station. A group has formed outside slowly filling into the parked bus.

He spots an old man outside of the station, he sits with a large sign. It reads:

"But if they do not listen they will perish by the sword and die without knowledge."

Wade weighs his options.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MOTEL ROOM**

Room 18. Wade KNOCKS. He notices a suspicious truck parked in the parking lot. Three dark figures sit in shadows. The door opens, it's Zeke. They stare in silence briefly.

WADE

The lady in the office-

ZEKE

Come on.

Wade looks back at the parked truck. He enters despite his reservations.

**INT. MOTEL ROOM**

Zeke turns off the TV. He crashes into an arm-chair.

Wade stands there terrified, still shivering from the cold. He tries to find the right place to stand.

WADE

I know I shouldn't be here, I'm sorry for that, but I just wanted to find you and I wanted to talk with you. I-...

Wade prepares himself. He takes one last breath.

WADE (CONT'D)

Ever since I could remember I didn't exactly fit right with other people. I knew they didn't understand me and I was ok with that. I accepted that I was just different. A little off from the world.... People pass over me all the time, signing me off as some crazy person, never giving me a chance. And the thing is... you did... You bought me eggs and gave me a ride in your car.

(MORE)

WADE (CONT'D)

You took me in when no one else would and for that I'm forever grateful to you.... I shot those kids, I did. And every second of the day I wish I could just redo everything- Go back and turn around and walk out of that house. It's something I have to live with and you see, I need your help. I ain't got no one to go to. No one to tell me what to do next. I only got you, Zeke, it's just you.... I'm just some messed up guy who thinks he's Burt Reynolds and I'm telling you that now, cause it's the truth and now I'm lost and I don't know what I'm suppose to do. They're after me Zeke and I don't know what I'm suppose to do.

He fights to hold back his tears. His eyes pinned to Zeke.

Zeke rises from his chair. He slowly walks to Wade and embraces him, clutching him in his arms.

ZEKE

I got you. It's alright. I got you now.

Wade CRIES into his shoulder.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Were gonna figure this out, OK. I'm your friend and I shouldn't of left you. Sometimes people just get scared at what they don't understand.

Suddenly, a KNOCK at the door. The two separate, confused. They fall silent.

Another KNOCK, harder and louder this time.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Yeah?

No answer. An eerie silence descends. Then, CRASH, the door bursts open violently. Three men, TOMMY, CHRIS and Toothpick from the bar, pour into the room. They go directly for Wade and Zeke.

WADE

WAIT- WAIT- WAIT-

Toothpick and Tommy knock Wade over, he slams into the night stand, the lamp falls on top of them. They proceed to wale on him.

Chris goes after Zeke. He throws him against the wall. Before he can get to his feet Chris slams his fist into Zeke's face. He doesn't stop.

TOOTHPICK

We told you to find another town  
cowboy! We ain't want no faggots  
here.

Wade is being brutally beaten. He tries to protect himself.

WADE

Zeke!

Zeke is in no better shape. But he sees an opportunity, he kicks Chris' shin hard. Chris collapses in AGONY. Zeke gets up and kicks him in the stomach, rendering him even more indisposed. He rushes to help Wade.

Zeke jumps on top of Toothpick, they fall backwards. He's wrapped his arms around his neck and is CHOKING him. Toothpick struggles to free himself.

Tommy helps Toothpick, he does what he can to get Zeke to let go. He punches him relentlessly in the head.

Wade rolls around, he's battered and bloody but conscious. He reaches for his gun.

Zeke is taking a pounding holding onto toothpick. Tommy kicks him hard enough where he finally lets go. Toothpick turns over and starts punching Zeke viciously.

TOOTHPICK

You shoulda never did that.

Tommy and Toothpick attack Zeke. He WHIMPERS in pain.

Wade slowly rises to his feet. He takes out the pistol, aims and FIRES. He shoots toothpick in the back.

Toothpick freezes. Tommy does the same. Toothpick spits up some blood onto Zeke then rolls over, dead. Tommy stands with his hands up, scared of catching the next bullet.

WADE

Go.

Tommy doesn't move.

WADE (CONT'D)

Go!

This time he listens. He helps Chris up and they both hobble out of the room.

Wade goes to Zeke, he props him up. He is in real bad shape. His face covered with blood. He can barely speak, let alone breath.

WADE (CONT'D)

Zeke, look at me, come on, you're alright.

He GROANS in pain.

WADE (CONT'D)

Ok, I'm gonna get you out of here.  
Don't worry, were going.

He picks Zeke up, taking him over his shoulder, they leave the motel room.

**EXT. MOTEL**

Wade struggles to get Zeke into the car. He lays him down in the backseat. He continues to bleed everywhere. Wade gets in the drivers seat.

**INT. ZEKE'S CAR**

They drive off. SIRENS in the distance.

WADE

Hang on, Zeke, you hear me, just  
hang on, I'm getting you out of  
here.

Wade, half beaten himself, slumps over the wheel, speeding down the road.

WADE (CONT'D)

(To himself)

I'll take care of you, don't worry.  
Just like you took care of me. I'm  
gonna help you, I'm gonna do  
something right.

Wade drives into the night, his friend dieing in the backseat.



**INT. ZEKE'S CAR - MORNING**

Zeke wakes up in the car. Wade's jacket lays spread over him. A towel soaked with blood lays across his face. He sits up, wincing in pain. They're parked at some rundown GAS STATION. He sees Wade talking to some OLD MAN.

He removes the towels, his face is a mess. His eye almost swollen shut.

Wade returns.

WADE  
Hey, hey, you're awake.

He gives him some water.

WADE (CONT'D)  
Here.

Zeke chugs it. Refreshed.

ZEKE  
Where are we?

WADE  
... Were here.

ZEKE  
What?

WADE  
Las Vegas. We made it.

Zeke is in disbelief. He scans the horizon, seeing the towering casinos and extravagant lights behind them.

ZEKE  
Were here? This is it?

WADE  
Yeah. This is it.

ZEKE  
How?

WADE  
I found the way.... We got here only a few hours ago.

ZEKE  
You drove through the night?

WADE  
I wasn't gonna stop. I had to get  
you here.

BEAT.

ZEKE  
Thank you.

WADE  
I don't think so. You saved *me*,  
remember?

ZEKE  
Burt... That man, is he-

WADE  
I think so.

ZEKE  
But-

WADE  
No. I tell myself I'm Burt  
Reynolds, a movie star, but I think  
I know that's not who I am. I  
can't be that after what I've  
done.... I'm a killer now, Zeke. I  
kill, and it don't matter what I  
have to say about it. It's just in  
my nature I suppose. When I'm  
holding this gun I'm someone else.

ZEKE  
What are you saying.

BEAT.

WADE  
Maybe it's who I was meant to be  
all along.

Zeke sits in pain, staring at Wade, studying his newly formed  
presence. Wade sits silent, watching two kids jumping in  
some puddles.

**INT. BATHROOM - MORNING**

Wade walks into the bathroom. He goes to the sink. He looks  
into the mirror and splashes water over his face. He takes  
off his fake mustache and tosses it in the trash.

He retrieves his gun. He caresses the cold metal. He opens the wheel, 2 bullets left. He snaps it shut. His eyes move back to his reflection.

WADE

Who's in there? Who is that looking back at me right now?... I'm here to say goodbye. Things are different now. Do you understand? I've changed... Can you see it now?... Can you see it?

He walks back outside.

**EXT. ZEKE'S CAR - AFTERNOON**

Zeke leans against the back tire shaded from the sun. He stares at the paper from the private investigator.

Wade walks up and joins him.

ZEKE

Were only a few blocks away. I think we should go there.

WADE

Yeah.

Zeke finally notices the missing mustache.

ZEKE

No more mustache?

WADE

It wasn't me anymore.

ZEKE

So am I suppose to call you Wade from now on?

WADE

If you want.

ZEKE

Ok.... I still haven't told you my real name have I?

WADE

No, you haven't. You gonna tell me?

PAUSE.

ZEKE

It's Elston. Elston Hill... Is that still a cowboy name?

WADE

I think so. Sounds like a name that has origin; a story behind it... Does it?

ZEKE

No. No story. At least not a good one... I couldn't stand to live with the name my father gave me.

WADE

I'll still call you Zeke, that's ok with me.

PAUSE.

ZEKE

There's something else... The real reason I'm out here looking for my father.

Wade turns his attention to Zeke.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Truth is... I planned on killing him myself. That shotgun back there was suppose to do the trick.

Wade sits in shock.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

I thought I could just walk into his house and shoot him.... Now I know I can't do that. To be honest, I don't know why I thought I could ever do it.

WADE

What are you trying to tell me?

ZEKE

Thing is... I still wish he was dead. I can't go on knowing he's still alive somewhere happy, without me and my mom.... And that's why it has to be you.

WADE

What?

ZEKE

I could never do it, Wade. I think deep down I always knew that.

WADE

You're asking me to kill your father?

ZEKE

Yeah... I am.

Wade unhinges himself from the side of the car. He paces sporadically now.

WADE

Just like I killed those two kids? Just like I killed that bastard back in the motel? Or Woodsen even?

ZEKE

Wade, it's not the same.

WADE

Why not? It's still murder. I'm shooting somebody. I don't see the difference.

ZEKE

This has to be done. This is justice. That's the difference here.

WADE

You sure do have a funny way of explaining things.

ZEKE

It's alright to do this. You just have to trust me.

WADE

I do trust you... But, what about me. Do you trust me still?

ZEKE

I do. I know who you are now and I accept it.

WADE

Accept what?

ZEKE

That you're a killer...

WADE

But what if I don't want to be one anymore?

ZEKE

You think you can change that now?

WADE

I don't know... Can I?

ZEKE

We've come a long way together. You saved my life once, now as your friend, I'm asking you to do it again.

WADE

Zeke-

ZEKE

You don't have to be afraid anymore. I said I could show you the way. I won't abandon you again.

WADE

You won't?

ZEKE

I need your help and you're the only one who can do it.

WADE

You really think I can help this time?

ZEKE

Yes.

Wade slides down next to Zeke. He cradles his knees with his arms, holding them close to his chest.

WADE

I don't want to do the wrong thing again, Zeke.

ZEKE

I know.

WADE

I want to be the good guy.

ZEKE

This is just the first step. It's  
the beginning of a new path.

WADE

What path is that?

ZEKE

The one to your new life.

BEAT.

WADE

OK....

ZEKE

You'll do it?

WADE

I think I have to.

ZEKE

Thank you, Wade. This means a lot  
to me.

WADE

One thing though.

ZEKE

Of course, anything.

WADE

After it's done I want to drive to  
the coast.

ZEKE

OK. Yeah.... Can I ask why?

WADE

Ask me when we get there.

Wade gets back into the car. He sits in solitude, immersed  
in his thoughts, his hands clinging to the steering wheel.

**EXT. USED CAR DEALERSHIP - AFTERNOON**

Wade putters around down the sidewalk. Lingered close to a  
used car lot. He takes watch of it's employees. He studies  
the picture of Zeke's father, Ben.

A man emerges speaking with a customer. It's Ben. He wears  
a cheap suit, stupid tie and has a bad haircut.

Wade returns to the car.

**EXT. ZEKE'S CAR**

Zeke sits in the passenger seat waiting. He is half conscious.

Wade leans against the door.

WADE  
It's him.

ZEKE  
You're sure?

WADE  
I think so.

ZEKE  
You have to be sure.

Wade knows what has to be done.

CUT TO:

**EXT. USED CAR LOT**

Wade weaves between the old cars. Stopping briefly to caress their glittering metal.

BEN (O.S.)  
Can I help you?

Wade jumps at the voice behind him. He turns around. It's Ben. He is speechless at first, face to face now with his target.

BEN (CONT'D)  
My name's Ben. Do you see anything you like?

WADE  
Oh, no, I don't think so.

BEN  
We've got a new selection of Ford's over here, they've just been fully detailed. Great mileage on em' too.



WADE

Yeah, that's alright, I was just looking around...

BEN

Well then. Let me know if you have a change of heart, I'll be right over here.

Ben goes to leave.

WADE

Wait!

He pauses, turns back to Wade with a LAUGH.

BEN

That was fairly quick. Will it be one of the Ford's then?

WADE

I- I- I'm not from here. I just got in today actually, and to be honest I'm a bit lost.

BEN

Is that so? Tell me, where are you from?

WADE

I'm from New Jersey.

BEN

Well that certainly is a long trip. What brings you here to Vegas? Expecting to win big is that it?

WADE

Yeah, yeah that's it. Couldn't resist.

BEN

Fair enough. You have to try your luck somewhere, right?

Ben LAUGHS. Wade tries to do the same.

WADE

Is that why you came here?

BEN

Me? Oh no, nothing like that.

WADE

Then what was it?

BEAT.

BEN

Well, I admit, that's a bit of a personal question.

WADE

I'm sorry, I didn't mean nothin' by it. I'd just like to hear someone else's side of things. Maybe there's something I'm missing, you know?

BEN

Yeah. Right. I mean, it's not really anything interesting, I guess this is just where I ended up.

WADE

Really? Why here though? Why this place?

BEN

I think because it was different.

WADE

You mean, not like where you came from?

BEN

Yeah. That's right.

WADE

I believe you.

BEN

OK.

WADE

I meant, I know that same feeling... In fact, I think that's why I'm out here too. Yeah. To be somewhere different.

BEN

Yeah. I guess you found the right place then.

WADE

Yeah. I think I did.... Anyway,  
thanks then.

BEAT.

Wade turns to walk away. Ben has something else to say.

BEN

SOMETIMES you stay in one place and realize that's not where your suppose to be. You find out you're becoming someone different, someone you hadn't pictured you'd turn into. So you run looking for something else.

Wade stands perplexed.

BEN (CONT'D)

That's how I ended up here.

WADE

Do you regret it? Leaving?

BEN

I wish I could smile at you and shake my head and say it was the best decision I ever made but I can't do that. It wouldn't be the truth.... Because really, not a day goes by I don't think about it.

The mood takes a turn.

BEN (CONT'D)

But that's the decision I made and now I have to live with it.

BEAT.

BEN (CONT'D)

And here I am today, talking to you, telling you my whole life story like some SAPP! I'm sorry, I didn't mean to- you know. I like it here I do, this is your first time and I shouldn't be bashing it like that.

WADE

No it's ok, I mean I asked so- it's fine. Thanks.

BEN

Ok... You sure I can't show you a car you might like?

WADE

No. Maybe tomorrow, I should get going, I have to... yeah.

BEN

Of course.

Wade walks away. Ben lingers for a moment, watching Wade.

**INT. ZEKE'S CAR**

Zeke sits asleep in the car, his head propped against the window.

Wade gets in, slamming the door shut.

ZEKE

How'd it go?

Wade ignores Zeke. He stares straight ahead in thought.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Wade?

He snaps out of it.

WADE

Yeah, what is it?

ZEKE

How'd it go? Is it him?

WADE

Yeah. It's him.

ZEKE

Alright. We'll follow him home then.

WADE

Yeah.

Wade falls back into his endless stare.

CUT TO:

**INT. ZEKE'S CAR - NIGHT**

SOME TIME LATER.

It's dark now. The car comes to a stop. Up the street they watch Ben park his car at his house. His wife is at the front door to greet him with a kiss. They both go inside.

Wade and Zeke sit in silence.

ZEKE

We can wait 'till the morning if you want.

WADE

No. It has to be tonight.

ZEKE

If that's what you think is best.

PAUSE.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

It's strange seeing him again. Even from a distance.... I never thought I'd actually find him.

WADE

He didn't seem happy.

ZEKE

What do you mean?

WADE

When I saw him. At the car lot. I don't think he's very happy.

ZEKE

Good. I hope every day is miserable for him.

WADE

Isn't that enough though?

ZEKE

I use to think it was. But now, that feeling's changed.... He took away my life. Now I'm gonna take away his.

WADE

You're sure this is what you want?

ZEKE

I know it is.

LONG PAUSE.

WADE

When I was still little, I think I was maybe four or five. My mother would chase me with the garden hose, spraying me with water.

CUT TO:

**EXT. HOUSE - MORNING - FLASHBACK**

A young boy(6 years), shirtless, wearing a dark cowboy hat, emerges from a shower of water. Close behind is an older woman, Roberta, a motherly-type, mid-50's. She drags along a garden hose, spraying water at the boy. She chases after him.

WADE (V.O.)

I thought it was good fun you know? Running around trying not to get wet. But I knew it was only fun to me. I knew why she really chased me around like that. If she could just get me wet enough where I'd cry she'd be satisfied... You believe that? My own mother... well. One day. We was running around the yard and I guess the hose got caught up under her feet or something.

Roberta runs after Wade, determination on her face. The hose begins to tangle and pile up.

Wade runs on, still LAUGHING.

WADE (V.O.)

She tripped and fell. Except that, she fell right onto our cement steps.

The hose snags her foot. She trips and falls. Roberta's head bounces off the hard cement.

WADE (V.O.)

Her head split right open like a watermelon....

(MORE)

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

I walked over to her and I stood there, watching the blood pour out from her head. Just watching, staring at her face.

Wade stops running. He approaches the motionless body. He stands over her. A pool of blood has already collected.

WADE (V.O.)

I didn't even cry. I couldn't. I didn't want to. Cause I didn't care that she was dead. I think was happy...

Wade stands frozen. He raises his toy gun and pretends to shoot his bleeding mother.

**INT. ZEKE'S CAR - EVENING**

Back to Wade and Zeke in the car. Zeke is entranced by Wade, almost afraid of what he was saying.

WADE

She had a different love for me that I never could understand 'till years later, after she was gone and I couldn't talk to her anymore. I couldn't tell her that I did love her and that I was sorry. For everything... For not being the son she wanted.

BEAT.

ZEKE

Why are you telling me all of this?

WADE

I don't know... I just can't help but think you should hear it.

Silence.

WADE (CONT'D)

I used to think I always knew I wanted to be someone else. But thinking back on it I think that was the day I really changed... On that day, I became who I really am.

ZEKE

Who?

BEAT.

WADE  
Me, of course.

Zeke doesn't know how to react. He sits in shock.

WADE (CONT'D)  
You're the first person I've ever  
told that to... I didn't even tell  
my aunt every time she asked me  
what happened that day..... And I  
don't think I'll ever tell anybody  
else.

Wade stares at Ben's house. Fixated on the glowing windows.

WADE (CONT'D)  
Let's take a ride.

They drive off into the night.

**EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT**

They get out of the car. Zeke still looks like shit.

WADE  
I think I'm just gonna go off on my  
own for a bit.

ZEKE  
Oh. Yeah, alright.

WADE  
Can you still drive?

ZEKE  
Yeah, I think so.

Wade tosses him the keys.

WADE  
I'll meet you back here in an hour.

Wade joins the mass of people.

Zeke stands watching him disappear.

MOMENTS LATER

Wade weaves through the crowds of people. He walks in awe of  
the immensity of everything.



He is surrounded by people jumping and hopping around from person to person. SHOUTING at them, promoting casinos and restaurants.

He looks for an escape route.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CHURCH OF LAS VEGAS - NIGHT**

Wade stands planted in front of a towering Church. It's lit up like a Christmas tree. A large, blinking sign reads:

CHURCH OF LAS VEGAS.

He stands lingering in front of the glowing structure, watching each blinking bulb of the sign. He suddenly drops to his knees and begins to SHOUT.

WADE

God! If you're in there come out!  
Come out here and face me! I'm  
here now so why don't you just show  
yourself! Stop hiding in all these  
buildings!

Emerging from the Church entrance is a tall figure. He quickly puts on his cowboy hat. He walks out into the streets still trying to put his jacket on.

Wade watches in amazement.

The man comes to a halt briefly to light his cigarette. Standing in the light now, it's clear who he really is; Burt Reynolds. Or at least someone who looks like him. He walks on.

Wade scurries to his feet and follows the man.

MOMENTS LATER.

Wade is close behind the Burt Reynolds look alike. He walks casually down the street. Finally, Wade makes his move and pounces.

WADE (CONT'D)

Hey! Hey! Wait!

The cowboy pauses and turns towards the shouting. Wade reaches him, standing in front of him, out of breath, he struggles to talk.

WADE (CONT'D)

You- you're Burt Reynolds. You're Burt Reynolds, aren't you?

BURT REYNOLDS

Not exactly.

WADE

You're God. You're God, aren't you. You're him.

BURT REYNOLDS

I wouldn't go that far. Listen, pal. I have to get going, you want an autograph or something um a picture, what?

WADE

Why are you here? I thought- I mean, why here?

BURT REYNOLDS

What? I live here? What do you want man?

WADE

I just want to talk to you for a moment, I want to ask you something.

BURT REYNOLDS

Yeah, OK, what is it?

WADE

You're Burt Reynolds?

BURT REYNOLDS

I'm an impersonator, OK? I'm not the real Burt Reynolds. Obviously.

WADE

I use to be you. I was Burt Reynolds once too.

BURT REYNOLDS

Really? You were an impersonator?

WADE

Yeah, I mean no, I wasn't an impersonator. That's just who I was.

BURT REYNOLDS

Right. Of Course.

WADE

So, pretending to be Burt is just a cover then?

BURT REYNOLDS

Come on man, what do you want?

WADE

Listen, I'm sorry I've ignored you for all this time but I've been afraid of you mostly, and now I've done some things that I regret and I wanna change. OK? Is that something you could help me do?

BURT REYNOLDS

What the hell are you talking about?

WADE

I need some guidance. I want to change, you see? I finally want to fix all of this. The right way.

BURT REYNOLDS

You're crazy, man. I can't do nothing for you.

The impersonator starts to walk away, freaked out.

WADE

No, wait! Wait!

He stops reluctantly.

WADE (CONT'D)

I need you're help. I want to do the right thing. I want to be good. But I don't know how.

BURT REYNOLDS

Buddy. I don't know what you want me to tell you. Maybe hire a shrink. Can you leave me alone now?

He walks away once more. Wade jogs next to him trying to keep up.

WADE

Wait! No! How can I change? I want to be me again!

BURT REYNOLDS

Then be you! It's your life, man.  
No ones stopping you.

The Burt Reynolds impersonator gets lost amidst the passing people and bright lights. Wade freezes, staring into the void the impersonator's left behind.

**INT. ZEKE'S CAR - NIGHT**

Zeke sits waiting. He adjusts his bandages, checking the cuts on his face in the mirror.

Wade gets in the car.

ZEKE

I think I should maybe go to a hospital.

WADE

You think so? How do you feel?

ZEKE

Alright I guess. My head still hurts.

WADE

You're not bleeding anymore right?

ZEKE

No.

WADE

I think it's OK. You'll be fine.  
As long as you're not bleeding.

ZEKE

OK.... So, what now?

WADE

I think we should go and wait by his house 'till it's time.

ZEKE

OK. Right now?

WADE

Yeah. I don't want to be here anymore.

Zeke starts the car, fumbling with the keys. They drive off, escaping the penetrating glow of the lights.

**INT. ZEKE'S CAR - NIGHT**

A FEW MOMENTS LATER.

They sit parked in darkness. Zeke is asleep in the backseat. He BREATHS heavily. Wade sits watching Ben's house.

He reaches for something in his pocket. Priscilla's picture. He holds it in the light, admiring her innocent smile.

WADE

(Whispering to himself)  
I like your dress... I said, I like  
your dress.... You're welcome.

He looks back at Zeke. He fixes the jacket spread over him, pulling it over his shoulders like a father tucking in his child.

He checks his gun. Two bullets left. He flips the wheel shut and gets out of the vehicle.

He carefully approaches the house, like a spider in the night.

**INT. HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

Wade slips through the window. Cautious not to make any noise.

He closes it shut. With his gun at the ready he moves through the house.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

The house is dark. He can't help but notice the family photos scattered throughout the rooms.

He sees the kitchen light on. He raises his gun and enters.

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Ben stands frozen in his underwear at the fridge. The doors still open, a fresh glass of milk in his hand. He is petrified.

Wade stands in the doorway ready to fire.

Silence.

WADE

Are you not gonna say anything!  
Can't you see I'm here to kill you!

BEN

Yes, I can see that.

WADE

Don't you wanna know why!?

BEN

OK.

PAUSE.

WADE

You're son. Elston.

Ben remembers now.

BEN

I suppose it was only a matter of  
time. Is he here?

WADE

He couldn't do it. And I'm  
reliable you see. He relies on  
me... He's in the car waiting.

Ben's face lights up.

BEN

He is? He's here?

WADE

Yeah. He's asleep.

BEN

How is he? Is he alright? Is he  
OK?

Wade doesn't answer. He grows angry.

WADE

Why do you give a shit?

BEN

Let me see him. Please? Just one  
more time. I want to talk with  
him.

WADE

You wait 'till there's a gun in  
your face to ask for that.

(MORE)

WADE (CONT'D)

The poor boy almost jumped off a bridge because of you! He was gonna kill himself.

BEN

Is that true?

WADE

Yes. It is. And I'm the one who had to save him.

BEN

Thank you. For stopping him. It must of been hard.

Tears slowly push themselves free from Wade's eyes.

WADE

Why'd you do it? Why'd you leave him?

BEN

I knew I was going to be seeing you again. I don't how but somehow I just knew.

WADE

Answer me.

BEN

Why does it matter? You're going to kill me anyway, I know you are.

WADE

I just want to know why, now tell me!

BEAT.

BEN

I've already told you.

WADE

Tell me the truth!

BEN

I was becoming someone I didn't want to be. It was the truth.

WADE

He trusted you... You were his father and you abandoned him.

BEN

I know I did... So let me just go see him and talk to him.

WADE

For what?

BEN

So I can apologize to him. Maybe he can forgive me.

WADE

Like you said. I'm gonna kill you anyway.

BEN

Why you? Why is it you standing here and not him?

WADE

Because he knows I can do it.

BEAT.

BEN

Why are you doing this?

WADE

He's my friend and I have to help him.

BEN

Since when is killing someone helping? This isn't the answer.

WADE

How do you know? He wants you dead!

BEN

No he doesn't.

WADE

He does! He told me! He wants you to pay for what you've done.

BEN

It's easy to think something like that. But is it worth doing in the end? What is this solving?



WADE

Why'd you leave? Why couldn't you have just stayed and made sure he was alright.

BEN

I thought it was the right thing to do.

WADE

STOP LYING!

BEAT.

BEN

I thought that if I left then there was no chance of me being a bad father. I thought that if I wasn't around then I couldn't fuck up or anything.

WADE

I don't understand.

BEN

Elston being born wasn't something that we had planned. I wasn't ready to be a father. I knew I couldn't support him and his mother, I was young and stupid, I didn't know any better. I thought that if I stuck around I'd only make things worse.

WADE

What are you saying?

BEN

I'm saying I did it for him.

WADE

What?

BEN

I was only trying to help him. He deserved a father and that's not who I was. I knew I couldn't be that for him.

WADE

He doesn't know any of that.

BEN

I know. I've tried to stay away,  
only for his sake. I didn't want  
to confuse things.

WADE

I don't care. I still have to do  
this. He asked me to help him and  
that's what I'm gonna do.

BEN

I can talk to him now. Now that  
he's here. You don't have to do  
this.

WADE

No. This is the only way.

Wade raises his gun. Pointing it at Ben's chest.

BEN

This is your life right now. Not  
his.

BEAT.

BEN (CONT'D)

This doesn't have to turn out bad.  
It can be good if you let it.

BEAT.

BEN (CONT'D)

You have a choice. You can walk  
out of here and go to your friend  
and stay with him or you can shoot  
me right now and have to live with  
it forever.

Wade shakes. His finger fluttering over the trigger.

BEN (CONT'D)

Do what's right.

Wade prepares to fire. His arm grows heavy. He is crying  
now.

CUT TO:

**INT. ZEKE'S CAR - NIGHT**

Wade gets in the car. He checks on Zeke. He's still asleep.

He starts the car and speeds off, looking to get the hell out of there. He drives in silence.

The car comes to a halt at a stop sign. He sits with a blank thousand yard stare.

BEAT.

His face shrinks, he closes his eyes and erupts into tears. He breaks down, crying into his hands.

WADE

I couldn't do it alright. You happy?

The tears pour out of him now.

WADE (CONT'D)

I just couldn't fucking do it! I'm sorry. I can't be this person anymore. I won't.

Zeke doesn't hear him.

WADE (CONT'D)

I just want my second chance. I don't want to be a killer anymore. I just wanna be me.

He stops crying. He reaches into his pocket, pulling out the photo of Priscilla.

**INT. ZEKE'S CAR - NIGHT**

The sun begins to creep towards the horizon, the darkness slowly lifting.

Zeke COUGHS in the backseat. His condition is worsening.

WADE

You'll be alright, Zeke. Hang in there. I'm here. We'll be there soon then we'll be alright... This is our second chance. Our opportunity to start over. We can become who we want to become... Alright Wade, just get to the coast and everything will work out. You got you're best friend in the back seat and you need to look out for him just like he looked out for you.

Zeke MOANS. Wade speeds up.

**EXT. COAST - EARLY MORNING**

Wade parks the car. He rushes out of the car and runs to the beach. He stands fascinated by the endless ocean in front of him.

He runs back to the car. He wakes up Zeke.

WADE  
Zeke, wake up, we made it. We did it.

ZEKE  
What is it?

WADE  
Were here. Were at the coast.

ZEKE  
Where?

Zeke struggles to sit up, still in pain. He props himself against the window.

ZEKE (CONT'D)  
What about last night? What happened?

WADE  
It's OK. It's done.

ZEKE  
You did it? You killed him?

WADE  
Yeah.

Pause. Zeke falls back into the seat, ignoring the ocean now.

ZEKE  
I can't believe you did it.

WADE  
I had to. You know that.

ZEKE  
Did he say anything?

BEAT.

WADE  
No. He was still asleep.

ZEKE  
He didn't wake up?

WADE  
I don't think so. No.

ZEKE  
I wasn't expecting to feel like  
this.

WADE  
It's over with, don't worry. You  
got what you wanted.

ZEKE  
I wish I could of talked to him one  
more time, maybe.

WADE  
It doesn't matter anymore.

ZEKE  
I suppose you're right. I just  
can't believe he's really dead.

Silence.

ZEKE (CONT'D)  
What are we gonna do here?

WADE  
This is where were gonna start our  
new lives.

ZEKE  
What?

WADE  
Yeah. This is it, our second  
chance.

Zeke COUGHS up some blood.

WADE (CONT'D)  
Are you alright?

ZEKE  
I think I'm still bleeding.

WADE  
Is it bad?

ZEKE

I don't know.

WADE

Can you still drive?

ZEKE

I don't know. My head really hurts though.

WADE

Zeke, listen to me. Can you drive?

ZEKE

Yeah. I think so.

WADE

Ok. I want you to drive to a hospital and have them look at your head. Then I want you to drive back to Utah and find Priscilla and bring her here.

BEAT.

ZEKE

What the hell are you talking about?

WADE

Yeah, just tell her I'm here and you can give her the letter I wrote her, here-

Wade fishes the letter out of his jacket pocket. He hands it to Zeke.

WADE (CONT'D)

Just give her that and have her read it then bring her here.

ZEKE

Wade, what are you doing?

WADE

This is it, Zeke. Our new life.

ZEKE

But, they're after you. They'll find you here.

WADE

You did it, Zeke. You made me into someone they're gonna remember. I want to thank you for that.

Wade embraces the morning sun smiling to the heavens. He backs away from the car.

ZEKE

Wade!

WADE

I'm going swimming!

ZEKE

Wade! Wait!

WADE

Go on! I'll be here!

Wade runs off to the ocean. Zeke sits in confusion. He opens the letter for Priscilla. He reads it aloud.

ZEKE

Dear-

WADE (V.O.)

Priscilla. I'm sorry I never went back to see you, I really am.

**EXT. BEACH - EARLY MORNING**

Wade sprints towards the crashing waves. Mid-stride he strips down to his underwear.

He dives into the water.

WADE (V.O.)

It's something I've thought about for a long time. Things came up forcing me to take a trip out west. Do know this, I still have the photo we took the night we met. I keep it in my jacket pocket for safe keeping. Maybe you still have yours too. I'm writing to you now in hopes that maybe, things could be different after all.

He floats on his back, the sunlight carrying him across the water. He smiles with joy.

He trudges out of the water, wiping the water from his eyes. He is reborn.

WADE (V.O.)

Though you don't know it my life has changed for the better. I'm not the same person I once was and that's a good thing. I have a new friend. His name is Zeke and he's helped me a lot.

**INT. ZEKE'S CAR - EARLY MORNING**

Zeke reads the letter, in awe of the words.

WADE (V.O.)

He's a good person, one who I hope to stay friends with for a long time. Upon reading this you should thank him happily. He has saved my life on many occasion.

CUT TO:

**EXT. BEACH - MORNING**

He collapses in the sand. Lying there motionless briefly.

He sits up and goes into his jacket. He retrieves his pistol. He flips open the wheel. Two bullets left.

WADE (V.O.)

He once told me, "Sometimes we do stupid things for the person we care about. Then afterwards we realize that they weren't stupid at all, but that actually they were the best decisions we ever made." I use to think everything I ever did leading up to this moment came from stupid decisions that I wish I could take back, but now I know that all that stupid stuff happened for a reason. It was because of those decisions that I met Zeke and that now I am writing this letter to you.

He closes it shut. He holds it tight, his fingers wrapped around it.



WADE (V.O.)

I like to think that meeting you  
was suppose to happen too and that  
perhaps one day we are to see each  
other again and live happily for  
once, away from all the bad people.  
I will always hold onto this  
thought, even after you have  
finished reading this letter...  
Yours Truly, Wade Hudson... P.S.  
I'm not Burt Reynolds anymore.

He sits overlooking the active sea, the sky bright with the  
morning sun. He tilts his head up, closing his eyes, perhaps  
listening to the waves or maybe some far off song somewhere.

WADE

Let us sing.

THE END.

