

Open Road

by
Rocco Cataldo
Amy Guth

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

ISABELLE and CURTIS, a middle-aged long-married couple, lying in bed, both on their backs. ALARM CLOCK sounds, and they both rise, sitting up in unison and moving their feet over the side of the bed almost automatically and begin to stand.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Isabelle and Curtis are brushing their teeth at separate sinks, both looking absentmindedly into the mirror. Both spit, gargle and wipe their mouths with hand-towels almost in unison.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Curtis is sitting at the breakfast table, reading a folded newspaper, loudly eating toast without taking his attention from the newspaper, each bite louder than the one before. ISABELLE is standing at the kitchen sink, staring out the window, eating a bowl of cereal. She gives side-eye to the loud toast-eating.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOME - LATER

Isabelle is walking towards the attached, open garage while Curtis locks the front door. A vintage sports car is covered up on the far side of the garage, which is immaculately clean and organized. Isabelle's car, a modest sedan, sits closer to the front door. ISABELLE goes to her car, gets into driver's seat and starts the engine.

The car's radio begins to play. V.O. of a radio host is heard.

RADIO HOST

...so for anyone stuck in a boring marriage, it's something to think about to spice things up and change up your daily routine.

Isabelle is distracted by what she's hearing. She zones out, staring at the radio.

RADIO HOST

And, don't forget self-care. We all need some me-time so don't be afraid to book a little trip just for you. In fact, coming up, we're giving away a spa weekend getaway in Sedona, for one lucky listener.

Isabelle has her hand on the shift, and she puts the car into reverse.

CUT TO:

Curtis walks behind ISABELLE's car, drops his keys directly behind the car. He bends to get them.

CUT TO:

Isabelle glances in the rearview, and quickly accelerates to back out.

BOOM.

Isabelle looks around panicked and begins to get out of the car. CURTIS is sprawled out, unconscious on the driveway.

ISABELLE

Oh my God!

She stops as she gets closer to Curtis.

ISABELLE

Oh my God! Oh my God!

Isabelle drops down to CURTIS, slaps at his face to try to revive him, then puts her ear on his chest to listen for a heartbeat.

She paces toward the end of the driveway, stops, and looks around the quiet empty street.

She turns back and walks toward the garage, stepping over Curtis on the pavement.

She squats down next to Curtis, and softly brushes her shaking hand over his lifeless back.

ISABELLE
Oh my...God!
(breathing heavily,
crying)
Oh my God!

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD- LATER

Isabelle drags Curtis through the uncut grass in the back of the house. She struggles the last few steps, and trips over her own feet and flops back onto the grass. Both of them are lying face up.

ISABELLE
Oh my God! Fuck.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY- LATER

Isabelle picks up the keys Curtis dropped in the driveway.

CUT TO:

Isabelle pulls the cover off of Curtis's vintage sports car, and hops in. She pulls down the visor and looks at herself in the small mirror. Her eyes are bloodshot and puffy but she does her best to wipe them clean.

She looks at the mirror again for final approval, takes a deep breath and backs up out of the driveway.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD- AFTERNOON

Isabelle pulls up to a small single family home and forgets the simple skill of parking next to the curb, not on top.

INT. KITCHEN- AFTERNOON

Isabelle is rummaging through kitchen cabinets and jars, leaving nothing untouched. She pulls out a bag of WEED, is confused by it, and puts it back. She is carefully placing everything back exactly the way she finds them, to the inch and position.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

She looks through a half empty walk-in closet. Opens up the tops of shoeboxes and searches inside pants and jacket pockets.

She walks over to the first set of drawers, looks inside, and finds more weed. She gives up. Defeated.

ISABELLE

(anxious)

Where the fuck is it? I swear to God. Where does she hide her money?

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN- LATER

Isabelle sits on top of the kitchen counter.

ISABELLE

Think! Come on Isabelle, think!

Her eyes survey the kitchen and land on a jar full of loose change on top of the refrigerator.

ISABELLE

You know what, fuck it.

She jumps off the counter, rushes toward the fridge and grabs the jar.

She walks toward the back door, stops and looks at the overflowing trash in the garbage can. She leans over, ties up the bag and takes it with her.

Back door opens and her MOM, early sixties, still living in the sixties, walks in and scares the shit out of her.

ISABELLE

(screaming)

Mom!!

MOM

Isabelle what are you..

Isabelle drops the garbage bag and the jar with the loose change. Glass and trash everywhere.

ISABELLE

(screaming)

Why aren't you at work?

MOM

Why are you screaming?

ISABELLE

What are you doing home?

MOM

What are you doing here?

ISABELLE

I,..I.. Just came to say... I just came to see you! I needed some, um, change and your garbage was full...

MOM

Isabelle, easy, calm down, calm! Breathe!

Mom grabs Isabelle's hand.

MOM

It's OK.

ISABELLE

(Takes a deep breath)

Sorry about the mess. Sorry, I gotta go. I'll call you later

Isabelle steps over the broken glass and coins and speed-walks out of the house.

MOM

What a strange, strange girl!

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD

Isabelle starts the car, looks at the rearview mirror, looks around, drives away.

MONTAGE:

Music

Isabelle drives through downtown Chicago traffic. She is anxious and paranoid at every stop. The streets never looked so busy and full.

The crowds of people she drives past all make eye contact with her. She can't turn her head fast enough.

She finally reaches the highway entrance. The Chicago skyline begins to fade in the distance.

She continues to drive through farmland and the open road.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD- DAY

Isabelle pulls off to the side of an empty road. The nearest anything is miles away. She turns the ignition and shuts off the car. Her eyes turn up toward the rear view mirror and she stares silently, lost in thought.

She exits the car, leans back on the driver's side door. She takes a few deep breaths and slowly slides down toward the pavement.

EXT. GAS STATION- NIGHT

Isabelle pulls the car into a small two-pump gas station, with a few cars parked behind it, some rusted out. All the lights are off except for the soda machine illuminating the inside of the garage. She gets out of the car to look for anybody who might still be working.

ISABELLE
Anybody here? Hello!

Her voice echoes into the night sky.

She walks quickly back to the car and turns the ignition. Nothing.

She tries one more time with no success. Out of gas.

ISABELLE
Of course! Of course this would
happen right fucking now.

Isabelle grabs the steering wheel as hard as she can, in frustration, but is too exhausted to continue and lets go. She puts the roof top back on the car, rolls up the windows and locks the doors.

She stares off into the night.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION- MORNING

Isabelle is sleeping in the back seat of the car. She gets restless and gets up.

She brushes the sleep from her eyes and staring at her from outside of the driver's side window is JACOB, late sixties. His hands and coveralls are dirty from being a career mechanic, yet he is flashing a friendly and earnest grin.

Isabelle is startled.

ISABELLE
(nervous)
Who are you?

She pulls herself away from the window.

ISABELLE
I have no money!

JACOB
Name is Jacob, miss. You having car trouble?

Isabelle quickly shifts from one side to the other to inspect the surrounding areas, making sure Jacob is alone.

JACOB
I can bring it inside the shop and have a look for you if you'd like?

Isabelle stares in silence and does not move.

Jacob walks away from the car toward the gas station office. Isabelle follows him with her eyes until he is fully inside.

Isabelle jumps into the driver's side seat and turns the ignition. She knows she ran out of gas, but keeps trying to start the car anyway, hoping for a miracle.

Jacob walks out of the office with a piece of PAPER in his hand. Isabelle, too busy trying to start the car, does not see him approach.

BAM! Jacob slams the paper on the driver's side window.

Isabelle jumps back toward the passenger seat. Jacob continues to hold the paper up on the window. Isabelle catches her breath and moves in closer to read.

Jacob Bennett: Sole proprietor- Route 7 Station

Confused and cautious, Isabelle rolls down the window halfway.

ISABELLE
I ran out of gas and have no money.

Jacob pulls away from the car and walks toward the gas pump. He removes the gas cap and begins to pump gas.

She sticks her head halfway out of the window.

ISABELLE

I said I have no money!

Jacob continues to pump gas and surveys her car.

JACOB

(stares at Isabelle)

Beautiful!

Isabelle pulls her head back in the car. She looks down and cringes, not comfortable with the conversation.

ISABELLE

I promise to be back with cash...

JACOB

This car is an absolute classic!
1975 Delta '88 convertible! Good
Lord!

(beat)

You don't look like a car girl!

Isabelle slowly opens the driver's side door, but remains in the car.

ISABELLE

It's my husband's.

Her voice trails. She is frozen in her seat and winces, looking away.

JACOB

You want me to call your husband
for you?

The gas pump stops. An awkward silence fills the morning air. Jacob replaces the gas cap.

Isabelle examines her face and hair in the review mirror, not comfortable with the conversation.

JACOB

Well, you're good to go, uh....

ISABELLE

Isabelle.

She changes her mind about getting out of the car, so she shuts the door, starts the car and revs the engine.

JACOB
Beautiful!

Isabelle sticks her head out of the window.

ISABELLE
I promise to be back with cash!
How much do I owe you?

Jacob dismisses the question and walks back toward the office. He stops mid-way.

JACOB
(facing office)
There is a diner about a mile up
the road. Don't know your business
for the day, but if you are hungry,
ask for Mary. Tell her Jacob sent
you.

He walks away.

Isabelle sheepishly pulls her head back into the car. She looks into her rear view mirror and Jacob is gone.

ISABELLE
(quietly)
Thank you.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE- MORNING

A STORE CLERK is getting the register ready for the day's business, stacking the appropriate dollars and cents needed in the drawer.

The front door chimes as Isabelle walks inside. The CLERK nods his head in recognition. Isabelle gives a half grin. She walks over to the newspaper shelf and looks through the various headlines. No news about her dead husband is good news, for now.

The PHONE rings and the clerk walks into the back office to answer. Without thinking and full of small town trust, he leaves the cash register drawer wide open. Money is scattered and unattended.

Isabelle sets down a newspaper and timidly walks over toward the front register. She scans the store for security cameras and people, trying, in vain, to be nonchalant. There is nothing but the counter between Isabelle and the cash.

Her eyes are contemplating a plan. JUDD, late 30s, former football captain good looks, turns from the back corner of the aisle. He approaches from behind quietly.

JUDD
I won't tell!

Isabelle jumps forward in total shock, using the counter to help her gain composure. She turns and makes eye contact.

She speed walks out of the store.

EXT. DINER- LATE MORNING

Isabelle pulls into an sparsely populated diner parking lot. A sign outside the door flashes "open."

A POLICE CAR with sirens on blast races down the street.

Isabelle shrinks in her seat, and waits for the sirens to completely disappear before exiting the car.

INT. DINER- LATE MORNING

A prerequisite diner PIE DISPLAY COOLER, is filled with fresh homemade goodies. A handful of REGULARS who are in no hurry to leave occupy a few tables.

The cook rings the bell as he drops a plate of scrambled eggs and bacon on the pick-up window. MARY, late-fifties, walks toward the kitchen and sets down dirty plates in a bus tub.

A very polished and tenured diner waitress, she does not miss a beat. She glides over to the window, proudly picks up the plate and delivers it to a table of one. All of her movements are fluid around the diner.

Isabelle sits down at the counter near the pie display. She takes a deep breath, takes in the subtle diner sounds and for the first time today is comforted by her surroundings.

Mary picks up a pot of coffee from the burner and walks toward the counter. She cocks her head slightly sensing that something different with Isabelle.

MARY
Coffee, hun?

ISABELLE
Sure?

Mary flips over the coffee cup and pours.

MARY
Tough morning for you, sweetheart?

ISABELLE
(fixated on coffee pour)
Huh? Sorry?

MARY
Looks like you haven't slept for
days.

Mary takes the coffee pot back to the burner, picks up a rag
and wipes down the counter.

MARY
What brings you to town?

ISABELLE
Are you Mary?

Mary lets out an award-winning smile.

MARY
The one and only!

ISABELLE
The guy at the gas station, uh,
Jacob... said....

MARY
(Winks at her)
Lunch is on me.

She finishes wiping down the counter and reaches for cream
and sugar packets.

MARY
I had a hunch Jacob sent you. He's
always helpin' people. It's his
thing. God bless his heart.

ISABELLE
I lost my wallet, ran out of gas
and he filled my tank. And sent me
here.

MARY
Are you traveling?

ISABELLE
Kind of? Just trying to find my
way... somewhere.

MARY

(amused)

Seems like a lot of folks want to go there.

Isabelle takes a sip of coffee. Mary grabs a pen and pad from her apron.

MARY

(looking at Isabelle's wedding ring)

Is that the same place your husband wants to be?

Isabelle uses her left thumb to cover her wedding ring and continues drinking coffee. She is cautious but less tense.

MARY

(softly and motherly)

Can I get you some food, hun?

ISABELLE

Eggs and toast would be great. No, wait, an omelette! Cheese omelette with extra cheese.

MARY

Omelette extra cheese, ok.

Mary pours more coffee for Isabelle.

ISABELLE

Where is your restroom?

MARY

(pointing toward bar)

Go through the doors that lead into the bar. Last door on your left.

Isabelle gets up and walks toward the bar. Mary walks toward the kitchen.

MARY

(yells)

Gus, gimme an omelette extra cheese!

(pauses)

And a half-stack of pancakes.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR- LATE MORNING

Isabelle walks through the diner's entrance into the bar. She stops midway through to stare at the stripper pole that occupies the middle of the dance floor. A local dive, complete with disco ball. The bar is closed but a MAN sits alone at the end of the bar, drinking a beer and smoking a cigarette. His bag of carpentry tools sit on the floor ready for work.

Isabelle walks toward the bar, but can't keep her eyes off of the stripper pole.

ISABELLE

(to man)

Restroom?

MAN

Back through the hallway.

ISABELLE

Thanks.

The Man's eyes go the extra mile to watch her walk to the bathroom.

MAN

(to himself)

Pays to drink early!

JUDD, the good-looking man from the convenience store who told Isabel he wouldn't rat on her, walks through the back doors of the bar. He has boxes of beer on a cart and rolls them toward the back room.

He walks behind the bar to grab himself a bottle of water and a bottle of beer for the Man.

JUDD

Sorry about earlier, man! We are closed but..

(twists beer bottle cap
open)

I had no idea you were friends with Phil!

MAN

Not to worry.

(sips beer)

Name was Judd, right?

JUDD

Yes, sir.

MAN

See, me and Phil have been tight
for some time now, probably longer
than he's had this old shitass tin
can of a bar

(laughs)

so, whenever I don't got shit to
do, I come here to support my
friend.

(raises bottle in tribute,
chugs beer)

The Man and Judd share a laugh.

JUDD

Good to know! I've only been here a
few weeks, so I'm still trying to
learn everybody's deal.

Isabelle walks out of the bathroom, shaking her hands dry,
and wiping them on her jeans.

Judd turns his head toward Isabelle's direction. They lock
eyes. Judd smiles, surprised. Isabelle, recognizing him from
the convenience store, speed walks out of the bar.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER- CONTINUOUS

Mary sets a plate with Isabelle's cheese omelette on the
counter, and another with her bonus half-stack of pancakes.
She refills the cup with more coffee. The roar of an engine
distracts her and she looks out to the parking lot.

CUT TO:

EXT. DINER

Isabelle peels out of her parking space and speeds out of the
parking lot.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION- DAY

Isabelle pulls into the gas station and parks the car. She
pulls the keys out of the ignition.

INT. GAS STATION- DAY

Isabelle sets her color coordinated keys down on the counter and waits for Jacob. The room is quiet.

ISABELLE

Jacob?

Isabelle looks outside the window. Nothing.

ISABELLE

Jacob?

Frustrated and in a hurry, Isabelle walks outside.

EXT. GAS STATION- DAY

Isabelle walks around the corner of the office toward the garage.

ISABELLE

Jacob? Jacob?

She walks back to the office.

ISABELLE

Fucking hell, man...

INT. GAS STATION- DAY

She grabs a pen and a used piece of paper and writes a note. She sets the car keys on top of the paper and walks out.

EXT. GAS STATION- DAY

Isabelle walks toward the street and settles her thumb into a hitchhiker pose. She begins the bathroom dance.

ISABELLE

Shit!

She continues to dance and looks around for a place to pee. She walks back toward the office.

INT. GAS STATION- DAY

Jacob is face down on the bathroom floor. Isabelle is standing over him, hands on her head in disbelief.

ISABELLE

Oh my God! Fuck.

Isabelle drops down to Jacob, slaps at his face to try to revive him, then puts her ear on his chest to listen for a heartbeat.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM- DAY

A SCREAMING KID is pleading with his mother to give him toys. A WOMAN is sitting next to Isabelle, breathing heavily and coughing up years of cigarettes. A MAN is arguing with the receptionist to give him back the dollar that the snack machine stole from him.

Isabelle sits stoic in her chair, watching the second hand on the clock tick.

Mary walks through the doors of the emergency room. The award winning smile is now an exhausted grin. She walks over toward an empty chair next to Isabelle and sits.

They are both exhausted.

ISABELLE

How is he?

MARY

He is lucky you were there.

Mary gently taps Isabelle's leg.

MARY

Heart attack! His thoughtful heart needed some time to recharge, I guess.

ISABELLE

Should I go say hello?

MARY

He is alive but not awake, sweetheart. He just needs his time to rest.

Mary's body and eyes lack confidence in what she's saying.

ISABELLE

(frustrated.)

All I wanted to do was leave him my car as a thank you and go on my way! I don't even know Jacob.

(MORE)

ISABELLE (cont'd)
Or you for that matter. What am I
even doing here?

The screaming kid throws a toy at Isabelle and laughs. She does not react.

MARY
Why don't you stay with me tonight?
It's been a long day for everybody.

Mary forces herself up from the chair.

MARY
You need to eat and I need a drink.
I'll make you a fresh cheese
omelette with extra cheese. Come
on.

Mary walks toward the exit.

Ambulance sirens are fast approaching the entrance.
Paramedics rush in with a man on a stretcher.

SLOW MOTION:

Isabelle stares at the man as he turns his head and smiles at her. It's Curtis.

She jumps out of her seat, breathing heavily as her heart beats quickly. She is too scared to scream.

The stretcher is moving slower and slower. Her heart beats faster and louder. The paramedics are staring at Isabelle with demented grins.

She sits back down in the chair and closes her eyes. She gets control of her breath and heart rate and opens her eyes to look again.

REAL TIME:

The paramedics rush the man on the stretcher through the double doors. The man on the stretcher is not Curtis.

Isabelle accidentally steps on the screaming kids's toy and speed walks toward the exit.

EXT. DRIVEWAY- DAY

The end of the workday has arrived and the neighborhood is active. KIDS run around front lawns playing games while stay-at-home MOMS discuss the day's news.

Isabelle's Mom walks up to the driveway and stops. She surveys the very suburban atmosphere, reaches into her purse and pulls out a ONE-HITTER.

Mom takes a hit.

MOM
(blows out the last of the
smoke)
The suburbs make me itch!

She coughs her way toward the front door and rings the bell.

She knocks on the door.

MOM
Isabelle?

She walks around toward the back of the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD

Mom walks through the grass and comes to a complete stop. She fights for her breath as she stares at Curtis lying dead in the middle of the yard.

MOM
Ah hell, what did she do?

She drops to the grass and sits down. Reaches inside her purse, grabs a bag of weed and the one-hitter. She loads up, takes another hit, grabs her cell phone and calls Isabelle.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR

Isabelle's phone is buzzing.

INT. MARY'S HOUSE- EVENING

Mary and Isabelle walk in through the back door of the kitchen. Mary sets her purse on the kitchen table, walks to the refrigerator, opens the door and takes out a half-empty bottle of white wine. She unscrews the cap and takes a swig straight from the bottle.

Isabelle stands lost and quiet near the door.

MARY
Buckingham Palace! You going to
come in or not?

Mary reaches into the back of the fridge and pulls out a carton of eggs and a few wrapped slices of cheese.

MARY
I'll make you another omelette.

Mary grabs a wine glass from the cabinet and pours herself a glass of wine.

MARY
You're gonna eat it this time!

Isabelle nods in agreement.

MARY
I'll be right back. Been so
distracted I forgot that I had to
use the bathroom.

Mary grabs the glass of wine and takes it with her.

MARY
Make yourself at home and grab
whatever you'd like. Water is on
tap.
(she points to the sink)
And the hard stuff is on the bottom
shelf.

Brief PAUSE.

MARY
It's OK Isabelle! Whatever it is,
it's OK! You'll get to where you
need to go!

PAUSE.

MARY
Jacob is lucky that you were
around.

Mary walks out of the kitchen.

Isabelle takes a deep breath, pulls up a chair and sits. The table is neatly cluttered with cooking magazines and various paperwork waiting for Mary Bennett's attention. She flips through a magazine and grows restless.

Isabelle gets up and walks toward the liquor shelf. She pulls out a bottle of whiskey, twists open the top and takes an impressive swig. With bottle still in hand, she walks over toward the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM

A very well-kept tidy space that suits the modern times.

Isabelle walks through the room drinking and observing the museum of Mary. Photos hang from the wall surrounding the wooden staircase leading upstairs.

Isabelle walks over toward the fireplace mantle where one picture frame stands alone, near several photo booth shots of Mary and Jacob having a good time.

MARY
(from the staircase)
My life in pictures!

Isabelle is startled as she tries to take a sip of whiskey. She coughs up some whiskey on the photo.

ISABELLE
(cleaning up picture frame
on her jeans)
Sorry!
(coughs)
I didn't hear you coming down.

Isabelle places the frame back on the mantle.

MARY
No, no, I'm sorry!
(walks downstairs)
I did not mean to scare you.

ISABELLE
You have a lot of pictures.

MARY
Reminders.

ISABELLE
Reminders of?

MARY
That life can be special anywhere.
Even right in this town.

Mary grabs the bottle from Isabelle and takes a hearty swig.

MARY
 Appreciation my dear!
 (drinks)
 Let's go make an omelette!

Mary walks into the kitchen. Isabelle looks over at the photo booth shots and walks toward the kitchen.

EXT. GAS STATION- LATE NIGHT

The door to the shop is wide open. A Man's hand grabs car keys from the counter. His other hand grabs the piece of paper and holds it still, so he can read. He sets it back down and walks out.

The shop is empty. We hear a car's ENGINE start.

Wheels SQUEAL as the car pulls away.

INT. LIVING ROOM- MORNING

Isabelle is asleep on the couch, twitching from a nightmare.

Mary walks in with a towel and toothbrush and sets it down on the coffee table next to the couch. She pulls out a key from her apron and sets it on top of the towel.

Isabelle suddenly wakes up from her nightmare, out of breath.

She takes a moment to re-establish her surroundings.

MARY
 Some hell of nightmare, huh?

ISABELLE
 Yeah,
 (breathing slowly)
 Bad dream! Ughh, my head

She grabs the pillow and throws it over her head.

MARY
 (amused)
 The bottle of whiskey working overtime!

Mary grabs her purse.

MARY
 (pointing at towel)
 Clean towel and toothbrush for you.
 (MORE)

MARY (cont'd)
 Extra key to the house, just in
 case. I will be at hospital before
 heading to work.
 (smiles)
 See you later?

Isabelle is face deep in the pillow.

ISABELLE
 (muffled)
 Ughhhh...

Mary walks out of the house.

EXT. DRIVEWAY- MORNING

POLICE SQUAD CARS and an AMBULANCE take up the driveway. The routine suburban morning is interrupted, all eyes on the paramedics rolling out a stretcher from the backyard. Mom is sitting down next to the front door.

A DETECTIVE walks out through the front door and is distracted by the heavy scent of marijuana. He looks down at Mom.

DETECTIVE
 So this was your son-in-law
 correct?

MOM
 Yes, sir.

DETECTIVE
 Where is your daughter?

MOM
 (high and tired)
 Do not know? Tried calling her but
 I got no answer. Was hoping you can
 help me find her.
 (stands up)
 She needs to know about this.

DETECTIVE
 (amused and confused)
 Yes, yes, I think she should
 definitely know about this.

Mom walks away.

DETECTIVE
 Hang on there, ma'am! Still have
 some questions for you.

MOM
(walking)
Can we walk and talk? I really need
to go get a grip on this situation.

DETECTIVE
We all need a better grip on this
situation!

The detective lightly grabs Mom by the arm and stops her
walking.

MOM
Easy Dick-tective!

DETECTIVE
Ma'am, you're high! Your daughter's
husband is dead! And, your daughter
is missing!

Mom stares through him.

MOM
(brushing him off)
Isabelle wouldn't do this! She's
too busy playing it safe, being
uptight and fragile.

DETECTIVE
Isabelle! Now that's a good start.

EXT. OPEN ROAD- DAY

Isabelle walks down the familiar stretch of road on which she
previously stopped with the car, an empty and isolated
stretch of pavement that leads into town.

EXT. GAS STATION- DAY

Isabelle stands at the station entrance. The car is gone.

ISABELLE
Oh, for fuck's sake! This can not
be happening right now!

She runs toward the office.

INT. GAS STATION- DAY

She grabs the note she left behind, but the keys are missing.

ISABELLE

People don't even know this
shithole exists, but yet somehow, my
car gets stolen... in this
shithole!

She walks toward the door to leave, stops, turns around, and grabs a bag of chips. She walks toward the exit again, stops again, looks over and grabs a packet of gum. Going again to exit, she stops for a second, turns around with the gum and chips in hand, marches back into the store, and steals a pair of wild heart-shaped sunglasses.

EXT. GAS STATION- CONTINUOUS

Isabelle, now wearing the sunglasses, sits down in the space where her car used to be. She opens the bag of chips, and begins to eat them, angrily and frustratedly.

A car pulls into the gas station and stops at one of the pumps.

Isabelle continues to eat the chips aggressively.

Judd gets out of the car and recognizes Isabelle. His eyes suggest uneasiness that she is there.

JUDD

So, are you following me or am I
following you?

Isabelle keeps her head down in the chips.

ISABELLE

Fuck off!

She eats another chip, looks up at Judd and brushes off her mouth with the back of her hand.

ISABELLE

(trying unsuccessfully to
be chill)

You!

JUDD

(smiles)

You!

ISABELLE

You're creeping me out man! You
just show up everywhere, like Jesus
Christ!

JUDD
(confused)
I'm like Jesus Christ?

ISABELLE
No, I meant like, Jesus Christ man,
every time I turn my head it's you.

JUDD
It's a small town! Not that many
different people around here. I'm
sure I'm not the only one you've
seen twice?

ISABELLE
Well, this is the third time I've
seen you.

Pause.

ISABELLE
And yes, you are the only person I
have run into more than once.

Judd walks over to his car to grab a cigarette and a lighter.
Looks back at Isabelle lights his cigarette and inhales
slowly. He contemplates his next retort.

He walks back to Isabelle.

JUDD
I've become the creepy guy!
(points to his heart)
That hurts me!
(joking)

Isabelle stares at him, unmoved.

JUDD
OK, well lets try this again.
(reaches for handshake)
My name is Judd.

ISABELLE
Good for you.

Isabelle shakes his hand, but says nothing.

JUDD
You are not going to make this easy
are you?

ISABELLE

Look, man, I don't know you. And, I don't know about this place. I don't know about... any of this.

JUDD

(lightheartedly, hands up)
I get it!

He walks back toward the car.

JUDD

Maybe I'll see you again soon.

He throws away the half smoked cigarette, and gets in the car.

JUDD

Or, maybe not.

Judd starts the car.

Isabelle gains some composure and grabs her chips and gum. She stands up and walks toward the car.

ISABELLE

(Exasperatedly)
Somebody... stole my car...

She dumps her stuff in the back seat and gets in Judd's car.

ISABELLE

Can I get a ride to the diner?
(beat)
Please.

Judd is amused.

INT. JUDD'S CAR- DAY

Judd and Isabelle sit in surprisingly comfortable silence.

Isabelle stares straight ahead, gives him side-eyes, then stares straight ahead again. Finally, she casually dangles her hand out of the passenger side window, letting the wind take her hand like an airplane.

JUDD

(looking at Isabelle)
Salt and vinegar...?

Isabelle continues to fly her hand out the window, but furrows her brow and tunes in to what he's saying.

ISABELLE

What?

JUDD

(smiling)

You were murdering a bag of salt and vinegar chips back there.

ISABELLE

They had it coming. Plain chips bore the shit outta me.

JUDD

Plain chips are plate fillers. They exist to keep suburbanites fat and happy. They're gut-fill, they have no flavor, no life, no nothing.

Isabelle pulls her hand inside, invested now in the conversation.

ISABELLE

(Absentmindedly)

Nothing.

(Matter-of-factly)

You get a whole lot of nothing with plain anything.

Judd and Isabelle smile at each other. Judd looks forward and continues to drive. They continue on in comfortable silence.

ISABELLE

(Suddenly realizing)

Judd, I changed my mind. I need to see a friend at the hospital. Can you drop me there instead?

JUDD

Sure.

(Eyeing her wedding ring)

Your friend or your husband?

ISABELLE

(looking down, pulling at ring)

I... honestly don't know why I'm still wearing this.

(Pause)

No, no, my husband's dead. Um, this is my friend... The guy who owns the gas station.

Judd looks off out the driver's side window, slightly bummed. He takes a breath and comes back to their conversation.

JUDD
Yeah, hospital. Let's do that.
Happy to take you there.

They go back to comfortable silence.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT- DAY

Isabelle gets out of Judd's car and shuts the door behind her.

ISABELLE
Thanks.

JUDD
'Til we meet again, m'lady.

Isabelle walks away and Judd drives off.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM- DAY

Mary is sitting bedside. Jacob is attached to several I.V.s and a few gadgets that are monitoring his progress.

Mary lifts up Jacob's arm and kisses the top of his hand. Isabelle peeks her head in the half-open door. She realizes she's seeing a private moment and pulls back.

Isabelle quietly knocks on the door.

MARY
(holding back tears)
Isabelle, how's your head?

ISABELLE
Still a little foggy, but I can
manage.

Isabelle walks toward the bed.

ISABELLE
How is he?

MARY
(uncertain)
Making progress?

Mary gently places her hand on Isabelle's shoulder.

MARY
Making progress.

Mary and Isabelle hold a caring glance, and Mary smiles.

MARY
I need to get to work.

ISABELLE
Can you give me a second?
(gestures to Jacob)
We should talk.

MARY
Sure! I'll be outside.

Mary walks out. Isabelle sits bedside.

ISABELLE
(To Jacob)
I don't know why you were so nice
to me. But then again I bet you are
always nice.

Pause.

ISABELLE
If you weren't so nice, I probably
wouldn't have come by to give you
my car. That's how I found you,
well not exactly, I left the car
but had to come back in to pee....
(beat)
Regardless
(takes a breath)
It doesn't matter because my car is
gone, you're here like this and
your gas station got robbed.
(beat)
Sorry.

She leans in closer to the bed, reaches her hand out over his
and hesitates. She pulls back.

ISABELLE
Thank you.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY- DAY

Mary walks toward Isabelle as she walks out of the room.

ISABELLE
Mary... we gotta catch up.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION- DAY

Mary and Isabelle stand motionless in front of the office door. Cash register is still empty and open.

MARY
Well, God damn!

ISABELLE
Yeah.

MARY
Son of a bitch!

ISABELLE
Yeah.

MARY
Damn!

ISABELLE
Yeah.

MARY
Well... we're going to have to fix
this.

Mary walks toward the exit. Isabelle pauses, then starts after her.

ISABELLE
Mary? Can I work at the diner
today.

Mary stops, looks over her shoulder at Isabelle.

ISABELLE
You know, just for today. I could
use the cash. Then I'll be on my
way after that.

MARY
Sure.

INT. DINER- DAY

The diner is packed for Sunday brunch. The majority of the patrons are dressed nicely, fresh out of Church Service. Isabelle is clearing tables and wiping them down. She re-fills empty coffee cups and water glasses.

Mary's bright light is slightly dimmer today, but she still handles more tables than the other TWO WAITRESSES and Isabelle.

Isabelle sets two new empty bus tubs in the prep area. She takes out cash from her pockets and counts her tips.

The cook rings the bell and Isabelle places the cash back in her pocket. She picks up the breakfast plates from the order window and delivers them to a table.

EXT. DRIVEWAY- DAY

The crime scene is secured and the cops continue the investigation. Mom is sitting on the hood of her car. She grabs her cell phone and dials Isabelle.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR- DAY

Phone vibrates on the passenger seat. A male hand picks up the phone. Phone screen shows it's an incoming call from Mom.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY- DAY

Mom hangs up and places phone on her lap. Looks up at police detectives.

MOM

Any chance I can go grab some food?
Haven't eaten yet today. And been
here all day.

The detective walks back toward the car.

DETECTIVE

Sure. Tell me where your daughter
is and we can go get something to
eat.

MOM

(annoyed)

If I knew where she was, I wouldn't be here playing Law & Order with you.

(mimicking the tv show sound, leaning in close to him)

Dun dun!

DETECTIVE

(leaning in closer to her, holding her gaze)

How about you tell me where your daughter is and I wont take you in for possession.

(mimicking her mimicking the tv show sound)

Dun dun!

MOM

(Annoyed, pulling back from their moment)

How many times do I need to tell you? I! Do not know! Where! She is! If I did I would tell you.

Detective grabs cell phone from her lap and walks away from the car.

MOM

Excuse me! I have rights!

DETECTIVE

You got some balls lady.

MOM

(under her breath)

Bigger than yours.

Detective dials Isabelle's number.

INT. DINER- DAY

The brunch rush has dwindled down to a few tables. Mary is making a fresh pot of coffee and Isabelle is refilling sugar canisters.

Mary grabs a clean rag from the bottom shelf, and wipes down the food prep area.

Isabelle looks up at Mary and observes in silence.

ISABELLE

Mary.

Mary continues cleaning.

MARY

(her back facing Isabelle)

Yeah, honey?

ISABELLE

Can I use your phone to make a call?

Mary reaches in her apron and pulls out her cell phone. She sets it on the counter.

ISABELLE

Thanks.

MARY

Of course.

Isabelle gets up and walks outside. She dials her Mom. She glances over at Mary.

DETECTIVE (O.S.)

Mom's phone.

Caution settles in her eyes.

DETECTIVE (O.S.)

Hello...? Isabelle?

Isabelle ends the call. She looks through the window at Mary.

She turns the cell phone off and out of habit, puts it in her back pocket and goes back inside.

ISABELLE

(contemplating)

Um, hey Mary can I take a break?

MARY

Sure.

Isabelle walks away.

EXT. DINER- DAY

Isabelle stands in the half empty parking lot. She looks around the isolated road in the distance.

She gazes in the diner and Mary is keeping herself busy with nothing in particular.

INT. BAR- DAY

Isabelle walks in through the front door and the same Man sits in the corner, drinking his beer as his bag of tools remain unemployed.

Judd is behind the bar performing his opening bartending duties.

Isabelle pulls up a bar stool and sits.

ISABELLE

Can I get a diet soda?

(pauses)

And a shot of whiskey?

JUDD

Annd, there it is.

Judd drops ice cubes in a glass, and pours a diet soda from the bar gun. He adds a straw and a lime, places a napkin on the bar, and sets the drink on the napkin in front of Isabelle.

JUDD

M'lady.

Judd grabs a Bottle of whiskey and three shot glasses. He pours for everyone. He sets one in front of the Man, places one in front of Isabelle, and holds her gaze as he lifts his own.

JUDD

To never settling for plain chips.

They take down the shot in unison.

MAN

Nothing like a little Tennessee mouthwash.

ISABELLE

(grimacing from the shot)

Nope. That is not plain at all.

Judd grabs the empty shot glasses.

MAN

Hey, how about one more of them
frosty beverages for the one and
only?

JUDD

(smiles)

Sure man. Give me a second, gotta
go in the back and get some more.

(turns toward Isabelle)

Be right back.

Judd walks away toward the back room.

Isabelle sips her soda.

BACK ROOM-

A small, old twenty-inch television is on the top of the
liquor shelf. The news is muted.

Judd grabs a full case of beer from the cooler. He shuts the
door behind him and glances over at the TV screen.

TV SCREEN: NEWS GRAPHIC- PICTURE OF ISABELLE

Judd stands fascinated.

BAR-

Isabelle finishes her soda, nods a goodbye to the Man and
leaves.

MAN

(following her exit with
his eyes, goggley-eyed)

That's the marrying type right
there.

Judd walks out from the back room with a mischievous swagger.

MAN

She Gone! How'd you let that one
get away?

Judd sets the case of beer on the bar and stares at Isabelle
walking outside. Opens the cap of a beer bottle and sets it
by the Man.

EXT. OPEN ROAD- DAY

Isabelle walks down the familiar open road with purpose.

INT. MARY'S HOUSE-DAY

TOILET FLUSHES.

Isabelle walks out of bathroom toward the couch. She grabs the blanket she slept with, neatly folds it and sets it back on the couch. She places the pillow neatly on the blanket.

She walks over to the fireplace mantle and lifts up the picture frame, opens the back of the frame and takes out the photo of Mary and Jacob.

She observes quietly.

The PHONE RINGS.

Isabelle puts the photo in her front pocket and fixes the back of the frame. Sets it face down.

PHONE RINGING.

KITCHEN-

Isabelle walks toward the phone and grabs a piece of paper and a pen. She writes "thank you."

ANSWERING MACHINE picks up.

MACHINE (O.C.)

Mary. Working. Leave a message.

DOCTOR

Mary, hi this is Dr. Michaels. I have been trying to reach you on your cell.

Isabelle reaches in her back pocket and pulls out Mary's cell.

ISABELLE

Shit!

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

C'mon down to the hospital tonight if you can. I will try your cell again.

The look of horror strikes Isabelle's face.

The Doctor hangs up and Machine BEEPS.

LIVING ROOM-

Isabelle walks to the couch and places the thank you note on top of the pillow.

She walks out.

EXT. OPEN ROAD- DAY

Isabelle speed walks.

STOPS.

RUNS.

STOPS.

SPEED WALKS.

STOPS.

Runs off camera.

INT. DINER- DAY

Mary is closing out a customer's check at the cash register. They exchange pleasantries.

Isabelle comes running through the door, out of breath.

Mary's award-winning smile greets Isabelle.

MARY

So you came back to say goodbye! I thought you just took off without a word.

ISABELLE

(breathing quickly)
I just came from your house.

She pulls out Mary's cell phone.

MARY

I was looking for that.

ISABELLE

I accidentally shut it off. Doctor called.

(takes breath)

Left message on your machine.

(takes breath)

He thinks you should go to hospital tonight.

(MORE)

ISABELLE (cont'd)
 (long breath)
 Sorry...

Mary's smile turns stoic. She takes off her apron and hands it to Isabelle. She sets her checkbook with tips underneath the cash register drawer.

MARY
 Would you stick around here for a while please?

ISABELLE
 Mary, I would, but I..

Mary walks out.

Isabelle stands with apron in hand, lost. She looks around at the tables waiting for service.

EXT. DRIVEWAY- DAY

The Detective is wrapping up his activities with the other investigators. He walks over to Mom. She's restless.

Detective flashes the cell phone to Mom.

DETECTIVE
 What do you say? Shall we try again?

The Detective dials Isabelle's number. He gleefully listens waiting for Isabelle to pick up.

INT. BAR BACK ROOM

Cell phone vibrates next to the old TV.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY

The detective pushes the end call button.

DETECTIVE
 Well, still no luck!

Mom is biting her nails.

MOM
 She usually picks up when I call. Something happened to her.

DETECTIVE

Yeah, something did happen. She ran over and killed her husband, took his car, and now, she is conveniently not picking up her phone.

Mom continues to bite her nails.

MOM

(exasperated)

Or, maybe something happened to her!

Detective get into his car.

DETECTIVE

Well ma'am, this date is coming to an end. Hope you had a great time.

(glare)

Don't go anywhere. I'll be talking to you soon.

Mom bites a piece of her nail and spits it in his direction as he drives away.

MOM

Fucker.

INT. DINER- DAY

Isabelle is serving tables. She is the only waitress on the lunch shift.

She wipes down a table and gestures to a couple by the door that their table is ready.

She runs over to the kitchen window and picks up three plates of sandwiches and delivers them.

A table of TWO calls for her attention. She walks over to take the order.

Isabelle hurries toward the soda machine and fills four glasses with ice, then soda, one by one.

She begins to dispense soda in the last glass. She looks out into the semi-crowded diner.

SLOW MOTION:

The Cook is ringing the bell as the food piles up on the window.

A GROUP of people walk in through the front door and their eyes are fixed on Isabelle.

A table of TWO holding hands stare at her and smile.

Isabelle continues to dispense the soda.

A COUPLE walks out of the restroom and stares at her as they walk back to their table.

A COUPLE opens the door to the pie dispenser and stares at her.

REAL TIME:

Isabelle snaps back to reality as the soda overfills the glass and spills on her hand.

ISABELLE

Shit.

She wipes her hand with a rag.

A WAITRESS walks out of the kitchen, going home for the day.

Isabelle takes off her apron and stops her by the front door.

ISABELLE

(handing waitress, apron)

Here, please stay for a while, I need to make a call.

Isabelle walks away.

Waitress does nothing.

INT. BAR- DAY

A small crowd of folks are scattered around the bar. A WOMAN, mid-thirties, attractive only after consumption of alcohol, is straddling the stripper pole.

Her thighs against the pole make an uncomfortable screeching sound as she lowers herself to the ground very awkwardly.

FOUR MEN playing darts are entertained by the show.

All eyes focus on Isabelle as she walks through the door. She walks toward the bar, grabs a stool and sits.

Judd is flirting with an OLDER LADY as he drops off her drink and kisses her on the cheek.

Isabelle gestures for a shot. Judd walks over.

ISABELLE

May I have a shot of whiskey and a diet soda.

JUDD

(grin)
She's back!

ISABELLE

Whiskey and a diet soda... please.

JUDD

Please works.

Judd drops ices cues into a glass, fills it with diet soda from the bar gun, adds a straw and a lime, and places it in front of her atop a bar napkin. He reaches over for the whiskey bottle and two shot glasses.

JUDD

(pouring shots)
So, what's the trouble?

ISABELLE

(defensive)
What trouble?

JUDD

I don't know. Seems like you always have something on your mind.

ISABELLE

Yeah, I can't get outta here. I have been trying all day and I still haven't left.

JUDD

Here's not good enough? Where do you have to be?

ISABELLE

Not here.

JUDD

(intensely and knowingly)
And why is that?

Isabelle takes a sip of her diet soda. She and Judd toast and drink the shot.

ISABELLE

(winces)

Where I have to be, can't tell you.
But it is not here.

(pause)

I don't know. I always wanted to go
to California, but I don't know.
Just not here.

JUDD

(very close to her face,
as if he is about to kiss
her)

Would you like another shot?

ISABELLE

(holding his gaze)

Maybe.

Judd grins at her, walks over to the cooler and grabs a handful of BEERS. He walks out from behind the bar, gives her a grin, and drops the beers off with the guys playing darts.

The Woman at the stripper pole is still going strong.

Judd walks over to the stool next to Isabelle and sits down.

ISABELLE

Shouldn't you be back there?

Judd turns toward the Man and tosses him a rag.

JUDD

(to man)

Hey bud, you take over for me a
little while.

MAN

(tipsy)

Sure thing Judd!

The Man walks back behind the bar and grabs a beer for himself. He starts a conversation with the Older Lady.

JUDD

He's got me covered.

ISABELLE

Great! Now what?

JUDD

First we need beer.

Judd gestures toward the Man for two beers. He walks over to the fridge, grabs the beer and sets them down by Judd.

The Man walks back to business with the Older Lady.

Judd twists off the cap of both beers.

JUDD

Tell me, how would your late husband have felt about your road trip?

ISABELLE

What kind of question is that?

She takes a long swig of beer.

JUDD

Just making conversation.

Judd casually yet suavely swings a small dish of popcorn toward her that sits between them on the bar.

JUDD

Stale popcorn?

ISABELLE

(slightly playfully)
Did you hear the one about the popcorn that joined the Army?
(pause, still straight faced, but she turns her head to face him)
They made him a kernel.

JUDD

That is... unbelievably terrible.

ISABELLE

Just making conversation.

They laugh, and take swigs of beer.

JUDD

So, what's your hurry to get out of here?

ISABELLE

(Slightly flirtatiously)
Why are you trying to make me stick around?

Judd gestures for two more beers.

ISABELLE

Naw, I'm good. I'm not... usually
much of a drinker.

JUDD

Oh, I don't know. You seem alright.
Maybe you could stick around, I
could show you the sights... of
this... extremely small and boring
place.

Man drops off Judd's beer.

JUDD

Thanks, man.

ISABELLE

If it's so boring, why are you
here?

JUDD

I'm not staying long.

ISABELLE

Wait, I thought that you were new
to town?

JUDD

Yes, but like you, I have other
things waiting for me.

ISABELLE

What kind of things are waiting for
you?

JUDD

(drinks beer)
You first.

ISABELLE

I asked you first.

JUDD

(jokingly)
You're a pain in the ass. Go first.

ISABELLE

(drinks beer)
I need to go back to the diner.

JUDD

Lie to me, tell me something
interesting.

ISABELLE

I have nothing interesting for you.

JUDD

(instigating)

I bet you do! I bet you have a deep dark secret.

ISABELLE

(with faux-confidence)

Nope. I got nothing.

JUDD

Come on! I bet that you and I have more in common than you think.

Isabelle studies Judd's face. Judd is half-smirking at her, but his eyes also begin to move around her face. They are having a moment with a capital m.

She kisses him. He is surprised at first, but then beings to kiss her back. They kiss for a long minute.

The woman on the stripper pole continues her routine in the background.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM

The room door pops open, Isabelle and Judd are making out, feverishly. Judd throws room key on the dresser. The room is messy; he's clearly been living there for a few days.

Judd pulls away and shuts the door. They frantically jump back together and continue making out. She peels his shirt off over his head, he pulls her legs around his waist and moves toward the bed.

Isabelle and Judd fall onto the bed with a thud, him on top of her.

ISABELLE

Oof! Ouch.

Judd is breathlessly into the moment, but aware enough to be sincere.

JUDD

Sorry. Sorry. Are you okay?

ISABELLE
Yeah, no, I'm good.

Isabelle pulls him close to her, and they continue to go at it.

INT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD- LATE AFTERNOON

The Detective's car pulls up to Mom's house. Mom steps outside the door. They are both annoyed by each other's presence.

DETECTIVE
You miss me?
(flashes fake grin)
Seeing as how I'm looking for your daughter Isabelle, I thought I'd swing by here.

The Detective gets out of the car.

MOM
She is not here!

DETECTIVE
(bothered)
I'll check anyway, is that okay with you!

MOM
You got a warrant?!?

DETECTIVE
Don't need one if you let me in to look around.

They stare each other down.

INT. MOTEL ROOM- LATE AFTERNOON

The subtle noise of the shower fills the room.

Isabelle is laying in bed alone, her head up against the headboard. A thin motel bed sheet covers her body.

She lies still, in deep thought.

PAUSE.

Suddenly, her eyes go big with an idea, and she looks toward Judd's keys on the table.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM- CONTINUOUS

Isabelle slips out of the motel room, easing the door closed behind her, hopping to put on her shoe as she's moving toward Judd's car.

She gets in the car, starts the ignition and pulls away.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -LATE AFTERNOON

Mary sits bedside, holding Jacob's hand. DOCTOR and a NURSE are working by the bed.

Nurse pulls off an I.V. bag and replaces it with another.

Doctor is monitoring heart beat and making notes in his chart.

Jacob is lying in bed, awake, with a soft grin on his face.

DOCTOR

Get some rest, Jacob. It's been a long couple of days for you.

MARY

Thank you.

(pause)

Tell your mother I said hello.

The Doctor and Nurse both leave the room.

Mary and Jacob stare at each other, smiling.

JACOB

You think I was a goner?

Mary's eyes fill with tears and she puts her head on Jacob's shoulder.

MARY

You scared the shit out of me.

Jacob pats her hair.

HALLWAY-

Isabelle, disheveled, gets off the elevators and walks toward Jacob's room.

Isabelle gets to the door and stops, smooths her hair, takes a breath and peeks her head inside the room.

PAUSE.

Mary and Jacob are still having their tender moment.

Isabelle pulls her head back away from the door. She holds still, tilts her head down and smiles.

She walks back toward the elevators.

INT. JUDD'S CAR- EARLY EVENING

Isabelle pulls out of the hospital parking lot and drives away. She adjusts the rear view mirror and stares down the hospital as it fades back in the distance.

She places both hands on the steering wheel and takes a deep breath.

EXT. DINER- EVENING

The parking lot is vacant and dark. The diner is empty and bright.

Judd's car drives past the diner slowly.

INT. JUDD'S CAR

Isabelle's eyes follow the diner as she drives past.

ISABELLE
(to herself)
Why are all the lights still on?

She looks up at the rear view mirror as the diner is in the distance.

ISABELLE
(to herself)
No, no, nononononon. Just drive.
We don't need to stop.

She takes her foot off the pedal.

ISABELLE
(to herself)
Come on, come on, just go.

She leans back in the seat and whacks her head back on the seat, repeatedly.

ISABELLE
Why, Why, Why... fuck.

She makes a u-turn and drives toward the parking lot.

EXT. DINER- EVENING

Isabelle pulls the car into the lot and parks. She looks inquisitively at the empty diner.

She gets out of the car and cautiously walks to the door. She grabs the handle, pulls and its open.

Isabelle surveys the parking lot and nobody is around. She walks into the diner.

INT. DINER- EVENING

The cash register drawer is open and emptied. Mary's check book is open and the cash gone. The sound of the ice machine working is echoing the room.

Isabelle scans the space. The tables are cleaned and prepped for the morning rush. Nothing else is out of place.

A cell phone VIBRATES.

Isabelle follows the sound toward the cash register. She pushes the drawer shut and reveals her phone.

Mom is calling. Isabelle ignores the call, pockets the phone and walk away.

INT. BAR- EVENING

The same crowd is at the bar as earlier, only now drunker, and the tables and bar are cluttered with empty glasses and bottles. The Man and Old Lady continue to talk it up at the bar. An array of beer bottles, shot glasses and a full ashtray sit between them.

The Woman moved away from the stripper pole. She is making out with a GUY.

Isabelle walks unnoticed past the Man and walks out through the back door.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAR- EVENING

Her Delta '88 is sitting, untouched outside next to the dumpster.

Isabelle stands dumbfounded.

She circles around the car.

ISABELLE
What the fuck?

EXT. MOTEL- EVENING

Isabelle hurriedly walks across the street toward the motel.

Her cell phone vibrates. She pulls it from back pocket. It's Mom. She ignores the call.

She stops in front of Judd's door and knocks.

Judd peeks through window.

He opens the door and Isabelle walks inside.

JUDD
(playfully, like a 50s
sitcom)
There you are, dear! I was so
worried. You didn't leave a note.

ISABELLE
The diner got robbed.

JUDD
(still in 50s sitcom mode)
Gosh, we should call the
authorities!

Judd's suitcase is open on top of bed.

Isabelle sits on bed. Silent.

JUDD
Thanks for bringing back my car.

ISABELLE
Why are you packing? Where are you
going?

JUDD
Ah, I though we could take a little
trip.

ISABELLE
Are you listening to me? The diner
got robbed.

JUDD
Eh, diners get robbed.

Judd walks into the bathroom.

Isabelle looks toward the front door and spots a duffel bag. Her color coordinated key set is right on top.

She looks back at the bathroom, and in one swift movement, gets up from bed, moves toward the bag, and grabs her keys and shoves them into her pocket.

ISABELLE
Why did you take my car?

Judd walks out of the bathroom with a mischievous grin.

JUDD
You got me!

Isabelle sits at a chair near the desk. Judd continues packing and moving around the room.

JUDD
You should come with me.

ISABELLE
To where?

JUDD
Does it matter? I think the welcome for both of us is wearing a little thin in this town. It's time to go.

Isabelle glances over at the duffel bag on the floor, she moves closer to it, and notices CASH is scattered around a jacket and shoes, along with Mary's check pad.

ISABELLE
No.
(beat)
No, I should be heading to where I need to be.

JUDD
Where you need to be? You killed your husband and your face is all over the news. Where you need to be is on the road.

Isabelle opens the door.

Judd walks to the door, shuts it and gently pulls her away.

They stare at each other for a moment.

Isabelle gets her arm free and backs away. She opens the door and leaves.

He shuts the door.

EXT. MOTEL- EVENING

Isabelle takes out her phone and calls Mary. She continues to hurry across the street back to the diner.

ISABELLE
(in phone)
Mary, can you meet me at the diner?

CUT TO:

INT. DINER- EVENING

Mary and Isabelle stand expressionless in front of the cash register.

MARY
Well, God damn!

ISABELLE
Yeah.

MARY
Son of a bitch!

ISABELLE
Yeah.

MARY
Damn!

ISABELLE
Yeah.

MARY
Well... we're going to have to fix
this.

PAUSE.

Isabelle walks toward the counter and sits on top, facing Mary.

PAUSE.

ISABELLE

I accidentally ran over my husband
and killed him.

MARY

I figured it was something.

ISABELLE

I didn't... mean to. He was behind
my car, and I backed out, and there
he was, on the ground... dead...
and part of me was... glad. I had
no idea he was behind me. I hit him
and he fell to the ground. I guess
the impact of his head hitting the
ground was hard enough to kill him.
And he was dead!

(beat)

He was so boring and I was...
trapped like that. Why was I like
that? He wasn't a dick, he was
just.. Boring. God, miserably,
horribly boring. And... I fucking
killed him. And, I wasn't even
upset about it.

(beat)

Have you ever felt... just trapped?

Mary remains silent.

ISABELLE

Anyway, I dragged him into the
backyard... and just left him
there. I got into his car and
peeled out of the garage.

(beat)

And I just fucked the bartender.
And it was... really great. And,
he's a little bit crazy. And, also
he stole my car. Even though, I
just stole it back.

Isabelle takes the keys out of her pocket and shows Mary.

ISABELLE

Anyway. That's my deal. I just
thought you should know...
Everything.

MARY

Well, what are you thinking?

ISABELLE

Um, can I hide in your basement?

MARY
That's hardly living.

ISABELLE
What am I going to do?

MARY
Well, you're going to drive, and
keep driving, and you're going to
get someplace and you're going to
figure it out.

Mary smiles. Her eyes follow Isabelle out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAR- EVENING

Isabelle gets inside her Delta '88 and starts the car. She reaches for her cell phone in her back pocket and starts to call Mom, then stops and puts her phone away.

INT. MARY'S HOUSE- EVENING

Mary walks into the living room with the white wine bottle and sits down on the couch, exhausted from the day. She takes a swig directly from the bottle, grabs and hugs the pillow, finding the thank you note.

She looks up at the fireplace mantle and notices the photo is gone, and gets up to examine the empty frame.

Mary sits back down on the couch and takes a swig.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION- EVENING

Isabelle pulls the Delta '88 into the gas station, swings the car back behind the building and parks it among other vehicles, many of which are rusting away while awaiting mechanic work. She kills the lights and ignition.

Isabelle exits the driver's side, looks around, gets into the back seat, locks the doors and stretches out.

EXT. MOM'S HOUSE - EVENING

Detective rings Mom's doorbell, waits only a few seconds, then pounds on the door. Mom answers the door in a robe.

MOM

You found my daughter yet?

DETECTIVE

I might have. Turns out, I got a call from a nice lady who plays the organ for a church in a town just on the other side of the state line. Said she went for pancakes after church and her waitress looked an awful lot like your daughter's photo on the news.

MOM

My Isabelle is no fucking waitress. She's not a people person.

DETECTIVE

Meaning what?

MOM

Meaning she's all up in her head. All the time. She thinks too hard.

DETECTIVE

She's going to have to. I've already talked to local law enforcement. They're looking for her right now.

MOM

So why are you here?

DETECTIVE

If you hear from her again, you might want to persuade her to turn herself in. Things might go a little better for her.

MOM

Turn herself in for what? She's missing.

DETECTIVE

You keep telling yourself that.

Detective walks away, gets into his car and drives off.

EXT. GAS STATION- EVENING

Isabelle is walking around the parked cars where hers is parked. She hears a footstep and turns quickly.

ISABELLE
Who's there?

She hears another footstep and turns the other way.

ISABELLE
Seriously, who the fuck is there?

Curtis steps out from the shadows, behind one of the cars. The side of his head is bloody. Isabelle is startled and begins to back away, frantically. She slips and falls back and continues to try to scoot away.

ISABELLE
What the fuck? Curtis, what the fuck are you doing here?

CURTIS
(smiling, creepily)
Hi, sweetheart. How are you? You look nice. You having a rough couple of days?
(still grinning creepily)

Isabelle quickly jumps to her feet, brushes off her hands, and backs away slowly.

ISABELLE
Curtis, look. I... didn't see you back there... and I didn't... mean to..

CURTIS
Shh. Sweetheart. It's okay. I'm dead. And you killed me.
(turns more serious)
But, I did expect a little more from you than to just leave me in the backyard to die.

ISABELLE
I know. I panicked. Things had been... you know, for a while, they'd been...

CURTIS
You were bored. I was bored. But, for fuck's sake, Isabelle, you left me there to die.

ISABELLE
Curtis, I'm sorry.

CURTIS
You're sorry? I'm over here dead
and you're sorry? Was, "hey Curtis,
I'd like to get a divorce" not an
option?

ISABELLE
I wanted to, and chickened out.
But, I didn't mean to kill you. I
just wanted to be free for so long
and after I hit you... I saw a shot
at that and I took it.

CURTIS
You took a shot, huh?

Curtis takes a step forward, his hand in his jacket, then
pulls his hand as if he is about to draw a gun on her.
Isabelle screams.

CUT TO:

REAL TIME

INT. CAR. - EARLY MORNING

Isabelle jolts awake in the backseat. The car is moving.

JUDD
There's sleeping beauty...!

ISABELLE
What the fuck, Judd? Where are we
going?

JUDD
Well, m'lady, word on the street is
that the local po-po were looking
for you, so I thought I would whisk
you away to safety.

ISABELLE
How did you even find me?

JUDD
You were either going to be at the
diner or the gas station, sooo...

ISABELLE
Fuck. Where are you taking me?

JUDD

Don't say it like that! You make me sound like a kidnapper. We, madam, are on the open road, the world is our proverbial oyster.

Isabelle, defeated, takes a deep breath and looks out the window. She leans her head back on the seat and stares straight up.

JUDD

(playfully, almost sing-song)
What's wrong?

ISABELLE

I don't know what in the fuck I'm doing. I don't know what the fuck to do next. I don't know what the fuck what the fuck!

JUDD

It's easy. You killed your husband. You fled. You went to the diner, which has since been alleviated of its excess cash, you met a very handsome and charming man... and now you're enjoying total freedom with him, on the lam. Pretty simple.

Isabelle clumsily jumps over the seat and sits in the passenger seat.

ISABELLE

No, it's not simple. This isn't freedom, the cops are looking for us.

JUDD

Correction, the cops are looking for you.

ISABELLE

Whatever. They're pursuing, and they're not going to just stop.

JUDD

So we gotta stay a step ahead of them. Not rocket science.

ISABELLE

How are we supposed to do that? This is so fucked up.

JUDD

Aw, is this baby's first crime spree? Are you that new to criming?

ISABELLE

Yes! Yes it is. I have done everything I am supposed to do my entire fucking life, and pushed hard to be the best at... being.... Fucking... normal.. And I fucking hated it and this shit here, this is... not normal and I don't know if I'm terrified, excited or super pissed off.

(pause)

Where are we going?!

JUDD

Does it matter? Because I think I might be your only option right now.

Isabelle sits in silence, and turns her head to look out the window, away from him. Car continues down the otherwise deserted stretch of highway.

INT. DINER- LATE MORNING

Mary is behind the counter, grabbing orders from the window. FRANK, a cop in uniform, walks in, removes his hat and sits at the counter.

MARY

Hey, Frank! Be right with you.

Mary takes the plates to a nearby table. Frank sits down at the counter. Mary returns, grabs the coffee pot, flips his cup over, and pours.

MARY

You want the usual?

FRANK

Yeah. Also, you seen her?

Frank flashes a photo of Isabelle to Mary. Mary looks but doesn't react.

MARY

Oh, I think she passed through. Couldn't tell you anything about her, though.

Mary backs up and turns toward the coffee pot. Replaces the pot on the warmer, and busies herself with starting another pot to brew.

MARY

She in some kind of trouble?

FRANK

Just want to question her.

MARY

Pretty girl. Hope it all gets
straightened out.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Judd and Isabelle pull into the parking lot of a convenience store in the middle of nowhere. Judd pulls to the side of the building, with the car facing out at the street. Isabelle is still looking out the passenger window, in deep thought.

JUDD

Need a snack. Want anything?

ISABELLE

Just a diet soda, please.

Judd stares at the side of her turned head, then gives up.

JUDD

Diet soda it is.

Judd exits the car, and goes inside. Isabelle gets out of the car and wanders to the side of the road. She looks in both directions and sees nothing. She stares straight ahead, looking at the scenery in the distance, closes her eyes, sighs, and returns to the car.

Judd exits the store quickly with a large paper bag in hand, speed walks to the car, hops in and peels out.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR

Judd is clearly amped up, looks back at the store in the rearview mirror a couple of times, smiles, takes a deep breath.

Isabelle grabs the large paper bag sitting between them.

ISABELLE

Did you get my diet sod--
(seeing money in the bag)
Did you just rob that place?!

JUDD

You say "robbed"... I just took out
a loan with very low interest. That
I have no intention of paying back.

ISABELLE

You fucking robbed that place!

JUDD

Adventures require cash, m'lady.

ISABELLE

How did you even do it? Are you
fucking armed?

JUDD

Only with this! In my shirt.
(shows her airgun with his
hand)
Pew pew!

ISABELLE

You just walk in there with your
hand in your shirt and... Take the
money?

JUDD

I mean, you gotta be confident, and
smooth, and you know, demand the
cash all authoritatively-like. Or,
you wait til they look away and you
just take it. Whatever. Convenience
stores in the middle of nowhere are
not exactly known for their high-
tech security. No small towns are.
And, they're pretty goddamned
lucrative.

ISABELLE

That's your thing? You rob
convenience stores in small towns?

JUDD

And diners. Pawn shops...
Sometimes. Stores. Never banks,
though. Banks'll getcha. And, yeah.
That's my thing.

ISABELLE

There has got to be a better way to make a living than robbing your way through small towns.

JUDD

What like getting a job and a house in the suburbs? How's that working out for you?

ISABELLE

Fair. But, there's got to be a better way. Plus, you always have to worry about getting caught.

JUDD

You only get caught if you don't keep moving forward. Not much more complicated than that.

They both take a sip of their sodas in silence, looking straight ahead. Car drives into horizon.

EXT. ANOTHER MOTEL WITH ADJACENT BAR/RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Judd and Isabelle pull into the parking lot, park and head towards the bar/restaurant.

INT. BAR/RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Dive-y establishment, decades past its prime. Christmas lights are up, haphazardly. Music plays from the jukebox. It's mostly a bar, but there's a kitchen and order window. Judd and Isabelle take seats in an open booth away from other patrons. WAITRESS comes by and drops off menus.

WAITRESS

(going through the motions)

Couple of menus for you two. Special's Baked Alaska. Soup's split pea. I'll be back.

Waitress walks off, not in a hurry.

ISABELLE

I'm just going to do the burger and keep it simple.

JUDD

No, no, noooo. Look at this place. You want to trust that guy

(MORE)

JUDD (cont'd)
 (gestures to cook)
 ...and this place with not giving you unbelievable diarrhea? No, you do not. In places like this, you want to keep it deeply fried and nothing with a face.

ISABELLE
 Are you a vegetarian?

JUDD
 In a place like this, yes.

Waitress comes back, still not in any hurry, and drops off a water for each of them.

WAITRESS
 What are we drinking?

JUDD
 I'll take a beer.

ISABELLE
 Diet soda for me, thanks.

WAITRESS
 Diet soda? You filled with the Lord or something?

ISABELLE
 Uh, no. I meant, a diet soda and also a shot of whiskey, please.

JUDD
 Make that two.

WAITRESS
 Coming up.

Waitress walks off, still not in any hurry whatsoever.

ISABELLE
 So.. Is tomorrow a day off or are we... You know...
 (lowers voice to a whisper, trying unsuccessfully to be nonchalant)
 ...going to rob another place?

JUDD
 (leaning close and also whispering)
 (MORE)

JUDD (cont'd)

Well, I thought we'd start by not saying "rob another place" in public.

ISABELLE

(leans back, reverts to normal speaking voice)

Right. I just thought maybe...

JUDD

It's not so much that you plan your workdays, as much as you stay open to the possibilities, and know when to jump on a good opportunity.

ISABELLE

That makes sense. But, how do you know when--

JUDD

You know when you see the place. And see the cashier not paying attention. You're thinking about this entirely too hard. You have to stay open and, you now, carpe the diem when it calls.

ISABELLE

You don't plan anything?

JUDD

No. Plans sound like constraints. And, if you're so focused on the plan, you're gonna miss all the other stuff, and sometimes that other stuff is where the magic is.

Judd looks Isabelle straight in the eyes, then looks down at the table. Waitress returns with their drinks.

JUDD

May we have two grilled cheese sandwiches, with french fries, pretty please?

Judd flashes the waitress a big grin.

WAITRESS

Pretty please, indeed. Last time I got a grin like that I got husband number four and baby number seven.
(winks)

Waitress walks off, again, in absolutely no hurry. Judd and Isabelle laugh to each other. Isabelle picks up her shot glass.

ISABELLE

To no plans.

Judd clinks his shot glass against hers and they take the shots back.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER

Judd and Isabelle are kissing as Judd gets the door open. He's got the duffel bag which he sets inside, as he flips on the light. Isabelle flips the light back off, they go back to kissing, and close the door.

CUT TO:

BED

Judd and Isabelle are kissing in profile in the dark room, lit only by the ambient light from outside.

JUDD

You taste like whiskey and french fries.

They both laugh, start kissing again, and roll away.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

Judd and Isabelle in the car driving down the open road in morning light.

They pull up at a "buy here pay here" type of used car lot, park the car, leave the keys in the driver's seat, grab their stuff and walk to the adjacent gas station. They wait until someone goes inside to pay for gas and steal the car.

Isabelle is in the driver's seat of the new car, Judd speed walks out of a different convenience store with a large paper bag in hand, gets in the passenger side, and they speed away.

END MONTAGE

INT. CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

Isabelle is driving. She looks at Judd sleeping with his mouth open in the passenger seat. She then looks at the duffel bag in the back seat. She looks at her reflection in the rearview mirror. Taking her attention off the mirror, she sees a police car on the side of the road ahead, having pulled another motorist over. She drives by, looking at the scene, and makes momentary eye-contact with the cop, who is standing at the driver's side door of the pulled-over car. She nervously keeps looking in the rearview mirror, and keeps driving.

INT. DINER - AFTERNOON

Mary is polishing silverware near the food order window. Jacob is sitting at the counter sipping a glass of water.

COOK

Order up.

Mary takes the plate from the window and sets it in front of Jacob.

MARY

One tuna salad with lo-fat mayo on whole grain bread, and fruit on the side. Exactly like you ordered.

(smiles)

I like this new healthy you.

JACOB

Hey, better than the alternative!

Mary goes back to wiping silverware. Diner door chimes and Frank enters. Frank and Jacob greet each other.

FRANK

Jacob.

JACOB

Frank.

FRANK

(gesturing to far end of counter)

Mary, can we talk?

Mary walks to the end of the counter to meet Frank.

FRANK

I know she worked here.

Mary holds his gaze for a moment, then grabs the coffee pot, flips the cup near Frank and pours.

MARY

Oh, Frank, you say worked here like she was a lifer like me. She picked up one shift because she said she needed money. She looked scared and tired and I told her yes.

FRANK

Why didn't you mention that sooner?

MARY

Oh, I don't know. She was a good kid, just seemed like she needed to make a few bucks to get to where she was going.

FRANK

Where was she going?

MARY

That, I don't know. What are you looking for her for anyway?

Mary starts wiping the counter near Frank.

FRANK

She's wanted for questioning in the death of her husband. Do you know anything about that?

MARY

Frank, all I know is that a sweet girl came though, asking to work for one shift. She worked hard, she earned a little money, and she went on her way. And, I also know that I have customers.

Mary walks off. Frank notices Jacob paying attention to their conversation. Frank puts two bucks on the counter next to the coffee cup, and walks over to Jacob.

FRANK

You see this girl, Jacob?

JACOB

(laughs)

The only thing I've seen lately is the inside of a hospital room.

(pats his chest)

FRANK

You take care, Jacob.

Frank makes for the door, looking back at Mary as he begins to exit. Mary and Frank make eye contact. Mary looks away and moves on to other work in the diner.

EXT. ANOTHER CONVENIENCE STORE - AFTERNOON

Judd and Isabelle pull into the store parking lot.

INT. CAR

Isabelle parks the car, removes her seat belt and turns to Judd.

ISABELLE

Okay, I think I'm ready.

JUDD

You better do more than think you're ready. Be ready. It's just like we talked through. Follow my lead, keep your eyes open, and don't act like you're new.

ISABELLE

But I am new to this.

JUDD

Don't act like it. Just be calm and be confident. And remember: keep. Moving. Forward.

ISABELLE

Yes, I remember. Keep moving forward.

Judd and Isabelle exit the car and walk toward the door of the store.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE

Judd and Isabelle enter the store. Isabelle goes right to the magazine stand near the door, picks up a magazine, and tries in vain to keep her eyes on the page. Instead she's watching Judd and the CLERK. Judd heads toward the back wall of drink coolers. The clerk stands behind the cash register.

CLERK

(to Judd)

Hey, how're you guys doing?

JUDD

Hey, man.

Judd reaches the drink coolers. Isabelle looks around nervously and flips magazine pages. The clerk wanders to the back room. Judd begins moving forward toward the front of the store and gives Isabelle a look and nod.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK ROOM

Clerk gets a box of cigarette lighters off a shelf, sets them down on the nearby desk to tear off the lid and ready the lighters for display. He glances at a newspaper on the desk, and sees Isabelle's photo next to headline, "Chicago Woman Wanted For Questioning After Husband Slain." Clerk glances up at security monitor and sees Judd reaching over the counter, grabbing cash out of the register as Isabelle stands near the door. He grabs a pistol and runs out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Clerk runs out of the back room, knocking over a mop as he does. Judd pulls back from the cash register drawer on hearing the mop fall, with wads of cash in hand.

CLERK

You motherfuckers!

JUDD

Oh shit!

(to Isabelle)

Go!

Judd and Isabelle spring for the door, as the clerk fires a shot, completely missing them, but hitting the cash register instead. As they're out the door, the clerk fires again, blowing out the glass of the door, but missing them again.

Judd and Isabelle run to the car, jump in and peel away.

INT. CAR

Judd and Isabelle are breathing hard and driving fast. Isabelle is wide-eyed. Judd is halfway laughing.

JUDD

Oh fuck. That guy was crazy.

ISABELLE

You think? We could have been fucking killed. Over...

Isabelle looks at the cash in Judd's hand.

JUDD

I don't know, probably like three hundred bucks.

ISABELLE

(exploding with anger)

What the fuck are we doing? I know we are all like "no plans yay" or whatever but what are we fucking doing? What's the plan here?

JUDD

What's your problem? We got away.

ISABELLE

We almost didn't. Is the plan really that we just drive around and rob convenience stores for the rest of our lives? Is that it?

JUDD

For the rest of our lives? Whoa, easy there.

ISABELLE

Oh, fuck you. You know what I mean. We could have been killed back there.

JUDD

And we weren't. And, now, we're moving on. And not looking back. Because looking back is where shit gets fucked up and bad things happen.

ISABELLE

And that wasn't bad things happening? That guy shot at us!

JUDD
He was a terrible shot.

ISABELLE
What if he wasn't?

JUDD
He was and you need to calm down
and not over analyze what is
already done and in the past. We
lived. Get over it. Moving on.

Isabelle slams on the breaks and comes to a screening halt.

ISABELLE
Get the fuck out. Out. Now.

JUDD
C'mon. And go where? We're in the
middle of nowhere. Let's just keep
driving and calm down.

ISABELLE
Don't you tell me to calm down.
Get. Out.

JUDD
That guy, back there, definitely
probably called the cops, and they
are going to be coming this way to
look for us, and so we need to
continue to move forward quickly.

ISABELLE
Well then you better figure
something out. Get out of the car!
Now!

Isabelle pulls a gun on Judd.

JUDD
(putting his hands up)
Where the fuck did you get that?

ISABELLE
It was in the glove compartment. I
found it when you went in to -- You
know what? It doesn't matter. Get
the fuck out of the car.

Judd reaches for the bag as he begins to exit the car.

ISABELLE
Don't you even. Don't get any
closer to that bag.

JUDD
That's my fucking money in there.

ISABELLE
Get away from it, and get out of
the car.

Isabelle pulls the hammer back on the gun.

JUDD
Alright.

Judd gets out, slams the door, and turns back to speak to her
through the window.

JUDD
Just remember, the cops are looking
for you. And, I'm sure this stolen
car. They're probably on their way
by now. So, good fucking luck
getting by without me.

Isabelle peels out and speeds away, leaving Judd on the side
of the road. He pauses, then takes off running away from the
road.

INT. CAR

Isabelle is breathing heavily, looking nervously in the
rearview mirror.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING LOT - LATER

Detective is on the phone, leaning against his car.

DETECTIVE
(into phone)
Yeah. Let me now if I can help.
Thanks.

Detective hangs up.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE

The Clerk stands with PEREZ, a cop, holding the newspaper of Isabelle's photo. Another cop is wrapping up a cell phone conversation.

COP
(into phone)
Will do. Bye.

Cop approaches Perez and Clerk.

COP
Hey, Perez. C'mere.

PEREZ
What you got?

COP
They match the description of a couple of other robberies along the interstate.

Static is heard over the cop's radio. He speaks into his shoulder-receiver.

COP
Yeah, go ahead?

OTHER COP (O.S.)
Yeah, we have a possible suspect in custody. Found him walking towards Route 10... you know, kinda over by where your ex-wife used to live. Well, before she ran off with that European fella... that guy with the real nice dog who was--

COP
Ten-four. Got it. Bring the suspect back here for an I.D.

OTHER COP
Great. Because I already told them that they should bring him over that way because I knew you were going to want to talk to him and get an I.D. so I said to them, "Hey. I know he's going to want to talk to him. So, you better take him to--"

COP
That'll do.

Police car pulls up outside the convenience store, Judd is in the backseat. Cop opens the door. Judd is handcuffed.

COP

Where's your girlfriend?

JUDD

Yeah, who would that be? What girlfriend?

COP

Don't get smart. You're in a world of shit right now.

JUDD

Hey, man. She stole my money. And my car.

COP

You mean, she stole the car you stole?

JUDD

Yes. But, she took it and my money.

COP

Where do you suppose she was heading?

Judd stares at the cop. He closes his eyes, and exhales.

JUDD

Okay. She's going to New York. She said it's all she ever wanted. She just wanted to make it to New York.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION- EVENING

Isabelle pulls into the gas station and pulls off to the side of the building. One car drives away from the pump. One person pumps gas, finishes, then heads toward the inside to pay. Isabelle, with duffel bag of cash, jumps in and takes off with the car, and drives off in the opposite direction than she arrived.

EXT. MARY'S HOUSE- EARLY MORNING

Isabelle knocks on Mary's back door with a brown paper bag in hand and the duffel bag on her shoulder. Mary answers, in a robe.

MARY

Isabelle! Get in here, the--

ISABELLE

Mary, I don't have much time to talk. This is yours.

Isabelle hands Mary a brown paper bag. Mary looks confused, then looks inside.

MARY

Isabelle, I can't take--

ISABELLE

It's for omelettes.

MARY

No omelette is this good.

They smile at each other a moment.

ISABELLE

I need you to do me a favor.

Isabelle takes the duffel bag off her shoulder.

ISABELLE

My Mom's address is in there. Make sure she gets the rest.

MARY

Where are you going?

ISABELLE

Where I should have gone in the first place.

Isabelle smiles and walks back to the car, gets in and takes off. Mary watches her go.

EXT. INTERSECTION - MORNING

Isabelle pulls up to the intersection heading out of town once more and comes to a complete stop. She lets out a deep breath, puts her left turn signal on, and drives.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOM'S HOUSE - DAY

Mary knocks on Mom's door, holding the duffel bag. Mom answers.

CUT TO:

INT. DETECTIVE'S CAR

Detective sits in his car, watching Mary and Mom at the door, and watches Mary enter Mom's house. He knowingly laughs to himself.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

Isabelle drives, looks in the rearview mirror, sees nothing behind her, adjusts her hair. With eyes back on the road, she takes a deep breath, exhales and drives on.

FADE OUT.