My oWN PrivaTe idAHo

 A screenplay by Gus Van Sant

 Revised Apr. '89

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 My Own Private Idaho was first shown at the Venice Film Festival

 in 1991. The cast includes:

 MIKE WATERS River Phoenix

 SCOTT FAVOR Keanu Reeves

 RICHARD WATERS James Russo

 BOB PIGEON William Reichert

 GARY Rodney Harvey

 CARMELLA Chiara Caselli

 DIGGER Michael Parker

 DENISE Jessie Thomas

 BUDD Flea

 ALENA Grace Zabriskie

 JACK FAVOR Tom Troupe

 HANS Udo Kier

 JANE LIGHTWORK Sally Curtice

 WALT Robert Lee Pitchlynn

 DADDY CARROLL Mickey Cottrell

 WADE Wade Evans

 Directors of Photography Eric Alan Edwards

 John Campbell

 Editor Curtiss Clayton

 Production Designer David Brisbin

 Costume Designer Beatrix Aruna Pasztor

 Music Bill Stafford

 Executive Producer Gus Van Sant

 Co-executive Producer Allan Mindel

 Producer Laurie Parker

 Screenplay Gus Van Sant

 Additional dialogue by William Shakespeare

 Director Gus Van Sant

 Produced by New Line Cinema

 VIEWS OF THE CITY OF Portland Oregon digressing into the seedy

 areas of the small city.

 ARCADES, and yellow storefronts, of PORNOGRAPHIC BOOKSHOPS.

 A FEW YOUNG MEN LOITER IN FRONT OF ONE OF THE BOOKSHOPS

 SOLICITOUSLY AND EYE A CUSTOMER.

 WHO ENTERS THE BOOXSHOP.

 INSIDE, WE SEE:

 Counters displaying COLORFUL COMIC-LIKE plastic covered MAGAZINE

 and BOOK COVERS with names like HONCHO - BUTCH - JOYBOY.

 INDICATING A Homoerotic section of the bookshop.

 GROUPS OF MEN loiter about the magazine shop flipping through the

 books and disappearing in and out of curtained doors.

 THE COUNTERMAN is on the phone.

 Next to him is a particularly interesting YOUNG MAN on the cover

 of one of the magazines - a bright yellow background, jeans open

 two buttons on the top, shirtless wearing a black cowboy hat.

 This character is named SCOTT.

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

 talks to us.

 SCOTT

 I never thought I could be a real

 model, you know fashion-shit,

 cause I'm better at full body

 stuff It.8 okay so long as the

 photographer doesn't come on to

 you and expect something for no

 pay I'm trying to make a living,

 you know, and I like to be

 professional 'Course if the guy

 wants to pay me, then shit/yeah.

 Here I am for him. I'll sell my

 ass, I do it on the street all the

 time for cash. And I'll be on the

 cover of a book. It's when you

 start doing it for free that you

 start to grow wings, Right, Mike?

 ACROSS THE AISLE ON ANOTHER SHELF IS ANOTHER COVER OF A MAGAZINE,

 AND ANOTHER YOUNG MAN ON THE COVER STARTS TO MOVE AND SPEAK,

 ADDRESSING SCOTT.

 This character is named MIKE. (MIKE SHOULD BE DIFFERENT FROM

 SCOTT, MIKE SHOULD BE BLOND AND SCOTT SHOULD BE BROWN HAIRED,

 ALTHOUGH BOTH POSSESS A CERTAIN PAINFUL DOWN AND OUT HANDSOMENESS

 OF A STREET HUSTLER.)

 MIKE

 What are you talking about? What

 wings?

 SCOTT

 Wings, man, you grow Wings and

 become a FAIRY

 MIKE

 I ain't no fairy.

 ANOTHER COVERBOY INTERRUPS MIKE AND SCOTT'S DISCUSSION, BUTTING

 IN.

 COVERBOY

 He ain't saying you is a fairy;

 faggot, he's saying that if you go

 working for free then you has no

 choice, you turn into a fairy,

 with wings and all. That's all he

 mean, dunk.

 MIKE (to Scott)

 Well, nevertheless, what do you

 care about doing stuff for free or

 for money, shit You're going to

 inherit a hunch of money, you

 might as well do it for free.

 COVERBOY

 Is that right, sweetie?

 OTHER COVERBOYS PERK UP AND START FLIRTING WITH SCOTT

 COVERBOY 2

 How much is a bunch of money;

 honey?

 COVERBOY 3

 What are you doing on the cover of

 that magazine, slumming?

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

 smiles.

 SCOTT

 (to us)

 Actually, I'm on the street to

 settle a bet with my goddamned

 stone-faced old man. I've decided to

 live away from home for three years.

 To prove a point. That I can live on

 my own. And to appreciate the value

 of a dollar. And Mike is right,

 there, I am going to inherit money.

 A lot of money

 IdAho

 The desert in the daytime.

 MIKE enters the frame in front of a blue sky filled with white

 clouds. He has a Texaco gas station attendant's shirt on with a

 name tag that reads: BILL (not Mike, his name).

 The clouds are puffy against a deep blue sky. The road is red.

 Purple mountains surround Mike on all sides far in the distance,

 ten miles away. Mike looks in front of him at a long stretch of

 road that disappears into the horizon.

 Mike looks at his wristwatch on his arm. He times how long it

 takes to walk ten steps down the road.

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

 falls over.

 Mike looks at the picturesque sights surrounding him. A wind

 sends a tumbleweed into the air. He takes ten steps back to his

 duffle bag and checks watch again.

 The sun is now setting.

 MIKE

 (to himself)

 You can always tell where you are by

 the way the road looks. Like I Just

 know that I been to this place

 before. I Just know that I been

 stuck here like this one fuckin'

 time before, you know that?

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

 MIKE

 There ain't no other road on earth

 that looks like this road. I mean,

 exactly like this road. (sniffs)

 One of a kind. (Sniffs) Like

 someone's face. Like a fucked up

 face...

 THE ROAD HAS A DEFINITE FACE. TWO DISTANT CACTUS FOR EYES - A

 CLOUD SHADOW FOR A MOUTH, MOUNTAINS FOR HAIR.

 MIKE

 Once you see it, even for a

 second, you remember it, and you

 better not forget it, you gotta

 remember people and who they are,

 right? Friends and enemies. You

 gotta remember the road and where

 it is too...

 MIKE SUDDENLY LUNGES AT THE LITTLE RABBIT LISTENING TO HIS CHAT

 ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD, AND THE RABBIT RUNS FOR HIS LIFE.

 MIKE

 I Just love to scare things... I

 don't know. It gives me a sense

 of.... Power.

 Mike thinks about the loneliness of the road.

 MIKE

 This is nowhere. I'll bet that

 nobody is ever going to drive down

 this road. I'll be stuck here

 forever.

 Mike looks at the road stressfully. The road looks back. He looks

 at the road his eyes growing heavy. The road looks back...

 Mikes yawns.

 MIKE'S VOICE OVER

 I don't know when it was I

 recognized I had this disease.

 Mike looks like a backwoods character who fits into the terrain.

 Mike makes strange movements, like he is having a sort of

 epileptic fit, then yawns like he is very tired, again.

 MIKE'S VOICE OVER

 Sometimes I'll be in one place,

 and I'll close my eyes...

 MIKE CLOSES HIS EYES. THEN A WHOLE RITUAL OF EVENTS HAPPENS, HIS

 EYES TURN BACK IN HIS HEAD AND HE BEGINS TO SHAKE ALL OVER. THEN

 ALL GOES BLACK.

 MIKE'S VOICE OVER

 When I open them again, I'll be in

 a completely different

 surrounding.

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

 A LOUD BUS drives by Mike's view in the city. He is asleep, then

 wakes enough to see other UNKNOWN KIDS rifling his pockets in a

 doorway, as Mike sleepily looks

 on.

 SUBTITLES

 It's kind of like time travel.

 It's kind of good.

 MIKE CLOSES HIS EYES AGAIN, AND WHEN HE OPENS THEM HE IS BACK IN

 THE COUNTRY. BUT THIS TIME A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT TERRAIN. LIKE A

 LONG TIME HAS PASSED. HE IS ALSO WEARING DIFFERENT CLOTHES.

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

 time.

 MIKE

 Yeah. It's kind of good. Passes

 the time. Unwanted as it is.

 MIKE LEANS AGAINST THE DUFFLE BAG WITH HIM. HE LOOKS INTO THE

 FIELD next to him. The wind blows a paper cup into the air.

 Mike watches the cup tumble in the air, and with a few notes, a

 GUITAR follows. Then an uprooted cactus.

 The paper cup, cactus and guitar lyrically trade places in the

 air, and are followed by a large barn, which twists and turns,

 then crashes directly into the middle of the road.

 On the, road. Riding in the back of a pickup truck. Mike's shirt

 ruffles wildly in the wind, traveling at 60 mph.

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

 range.

 LAS VeGAs

 Mike is walking down a LONELY ALLEYWAY in the city. ALL OF A

 SUDDEN he is surrounded by three BLACK BOYS, who are smiling and

 joking.

 BLACK 1

 SAY, WHITE BOY, where you goin'?

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

 BLACK 1

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

 Mike fights with the guy for his sack. The Black cuts Mike's

 hands with his knife but Mike won't let go.

 In terror he watches his hands get cut, but he won't let go. Mike

 starts to yawns and does the jitters to the Black's amazement and

 drops to the ground. Scottie, the older boy on the magazine

 cover, comes to Mike's aid. He pushes the Black boy over, throws

 some trash cans in their direction.

 BLACK 1

 This gonna be fun. Come on...

 Scottie keeps fighting them off.

 SCOTT

 Man, what do you want from us, we

 haven't got anything.

 The Blacks chuckle. Then they stop and slowly walk away from

 Scott who hovers protectively around Mike's body on the ground.

 BLACK (o.s.)

 Faggot!

 We are in the city of Las Vegas in the daytime. (We are aware of

 this because one character, RAY, is reading the Las Vegas

 Chronicle.) Mike sleeps, as a shopkeeper washes his windows and

 three other street kids, Gary, Ray and Scottie, are hanging

 around on the corner with him.

 Gary is hitting a public wastebasket with the end of a stick as a

 MAN in a MERCEDES BENZ drives by them very slowly, and looks at

 each one of the boys individually. Gary pauses for a moment and

 poses.

 RAY

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

 MAN (in German)

 [Entschuldiging, Junge...]

 The man in the car speeds off.

 INT. CAR DAY.

 THE MAN has the look of Rainer Fassbinder and Geraldo Rivera as

 the same man; is of average build and has a wash of hair gracing

 his forehead that looks quite foreign. He turns to the right

 three times, as he is circling his car.

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

 EXT. STREET

 GARY

 What's this guy want, think he

 wants to party?

 SCOTT

 He said "Entschuldiging, Junge."

 GARY

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

 Does he want to suck my dick?

 SCOTT

 It means, "Excuse me, boys."

 GARY

 How the fuck do you know.

 SCOTT

 I've studied German, in prep

 school.

 GARY

 You know, Scottie, I don't know

 when to believe you.

 SCOTT

 Here he comes again.

 THE MAN leans out the window of his car.

 MAN

 HELLO?

 Gary leans into the man's car.

 GARY

 Hey, dude.

 MAN

 (speaks with a thick German

 accent)

 Excuse me. Can I speak to the young

 man over there, with the blond hair,

 ya?

 GARY

 Who, that kid there? You can't

 talk with him now, he's asleep.

 MAN

 Can you wake him up?

 GARY

 No, you can't wake him... he......

 but, what about me? Don't you want

 to talk with me?

 The man is not interested in talking to Gary. He shakes his head

 no, bothered by Gary.

 SCOTT

 (speaking fluent German)

 Was willist du in Gottesname mit uns

 Juenge? Mach' es flar oder fanre

 ab!

 (What in the hell do you want with

 us young kids, be specific or get

 out.)

 MAN

 (surprised)

 Du bisst sehr intelligent mit deinem

 Aksent.. Fuer elnen Puppejunge.

 (You are very clever with an accent

 like that.. for a street boy.)

 THE MAN IN THE CAR SPEEDS OFF.

 GARY

 Alright then, asshole!

 VIEW of Mike's sleeping face.

 INSIDE OF MIKE'S thoughts. He is flying over the city streets,

 above the Mercedes Benz, effortlessly hovering and gilding above

 it, between the buildings. Like a bird.

 Mike wakes and looks at Scottie, who is talking to

 Gary.

 MIKE'S THOUGHTS

 The first time I met Scott, I had

 a feeling he was a sort of comic

 book hero. He was always saying

 the right thing at the right

 moment, and standing up for me

 when there was no reason to. Look

 at his face now, when the sunlight

 shines off his lower lip, like it

 is the face of some sort of

 statue. Strong and soft at the

 same time. I never could figure

 out what Scott was doing here with

 us on the street in the first

 place, like he was on some sort of

 crusade, to help the poor. Because

 he really did come from a rich

 Portland family. I know because he

 brought me to his house one day

 and showed me around. I mean, wow,

 they were rich I They even had a

 swimming pool. Scott's the only

 kid that I had ever met that had a

 swimming pool. I'd make a bet with

 anybody right now, that Scott is a

 saint or a hero, or some such

 higher placed person.

 Meanwhile...

 Gary and Ray are talking. Ray, who is a Chicano street kid, is

 looking poetically off into the distance.

 RAY

 My father was a gaucho. But nobody

 gonna find him. He killed a guy

 and split. Nobody gonna find that

 fuck. I never gonna find him.

 Ray spits into the gutter and the spit drifts in a small stream

 made by the shop-owner who was washing his windows, down the

 street and into drainage grating.

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

 around him.

 The music in a DISCO blares, at night, and all we can see is

 Mike's face, sleeping. The disco MUSIC STOPS, and the lights go

 up.

 A broom passes by Mike's head.

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

 MANAGER (o. s.)

 What's wrong with him? Passed

 out?

 The shoes prod Mike.

 MANAGER (o. s.)

 Hey, wake up.

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

 He looks around him. The room has a lot of light, windows

 practically on all sides of the room. There are other DETOX men

 and women in other beds. Mike gets up and starts to walk out, but

 he is wearing a gown.

 A nurse stops him.

 NURSE

 Excuse me. Are you all right?

 MIKE

 Yeah. I'm fine.

 (Mike looks around the room.)

 NURSE

 If you're going to leave us, it's

 okay, but we need you to sign out,

 and you'll need to get your

 clothes from downstairs.

 MIKE

 Oh. Yeah. (he pauses and looks

 around the place.) Do you live

 here?

 NURSE

 Why... no. But sometimes I feel

 like I do.

 The nurse walks him over to a clipboard on a desk. Mike signs the

 board, and she gives him a receipt.

 MIKE

 What's this?

 NURSE

 That's Just a receipt. if you

 don't want it. You can throw it

 away. That's what most people do

 with it.

 Then we cut to Mike's face at night. As his eyes open he takes a

 look around him, a little dazed, trying to figure where he is. We

 see he is under a store awning. A lot of fog is rolling across

 the street.

 A twenty-eight-year-old woman stops in a Mercedes Benz sedan,

 similar to the one that the German man was driving. She motions

 Mike to get inside the car.

 Dazed, Mike looks at the car, then responds.

 MIKE

 This chick is living in a new car

 ad.

 Inside a hallway entrance to the woman's home. Mike and the woman

 take off their Jackets.

 MIKE

 This is like a dream. A pretty

 woman never picks me up.

 Mike begins to caress her arm.

 LADY

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

 not...

 MIKE

 Is this your house?

 LADY (caressing his head)

 Yes...

 Mike follows the woman into her...

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

 them.

 MIKE

 Oh...

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

 MIKE

 What's up, Gary? Scottie?

 GARY

 HEY, DUDE.

 LADY

 You men make yourselves

 comfortable, and I'll be right

 back. There're cokes in the

 refrigerator - help yourself.

 They watch her go.

 SCOTTIE

 She's cool. She Just likes to have

 three guys, 'cause - it takes her

 a little while to get warmed up.

 It's normal. Nothing kinky.

 MIKE

 Oh.

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

 GARY

 Hey, did you get into that Van

 Halen concert last night?

 MIKE

 I've never been to a concert,

 dude.

 Interior of the Woman's bedroom. Mike undresses. He waits by the

 side of the bed and takes a last drag on a

 cigarette and puts it out. Then the woman arrives. lets down her

 negligee and approaches Mike like an EARTH MOTHER, slowly, big

 breasted, warm, comforting.

 As she approaches, Mike begins to see a familiar face. He is

 upset when he looks into her eyes. And he begins to

 spasmodically shake then he grows sleepy, and finally, as she is

 upon him, he passes out.

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

 They plop Mike down on the corner, under a streetlight, fold his

 arms under his stomach and bend him over so he is sitting up

 against the light pole.

 SCOTT

 (putting money into his pocket) He

 always does this! I'm surprised he

 makes money at all.

 GARY

 How do we tell if he's okay?

 SCOTT

 Well, he's not dead.

 Scott listens to his heart.

 SCOTT

 Listen.

 Gary listens.

 SCOTT

 He's not dead. He's Just passed

 out. It's a condition. It's called

 narcolepsy.

 GARY

 Scared the shit out of her. What

 causes it. Sex?

 SCOTT

 Stress. Some hustler, huh?

 Silence for a second.

 GARY

 Where are we going to take him?

 Scott lifts Mike's body up and carries him to a soft carpet of

 grass on the edge of a lawn. Scott looks around to see if it is

 okay. Then he speaks to Mike even though he is asleep.

 SCOTT

 Hey, little brother. You stay

 here, and when you wake up, Just

 come back into town. I'll be there

 waiting for you. I figure you're

 going to be safer here in this

 comfy neighborhood than in the

 city. I grew up in a neighborhood

 like this. It'll be safe here.

 Scottie hides a tear. Then he takes his Jacket off and puts it

 over Mike, then leaves him there.

 Mike's face is lying down with his nose pressed against a leafy

 ground in the daytime.

 He wakes up, stands, makes his way up a slope and out to the

 street. He brushes himself off as the Mercedes Benz shows up

 again. Mike recognizes it, and walks up to the window of the car.

 It is the MAN, though, not the lady. The Man speaks with a German

 accent - and he is about 35 years old. HIS NAME IS HANS.

 MIKE

 Hi.

 HANS

 Say....

 Hans reads Mike's shirt.

 HANS

 Say, Bill. What's happening?

 Mike brushes himself off and walks down the road, thinking that

 the guy is weird.

 MIKE

 Nothing much.

 Hans drives alongside Mike in his car.

 HANS

 Do you want a lift? Bill?

 MIKE

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

 HANS

 Is Alena a friend of yours? She's

 a friend of mine. Any friend of

 Alena's is a friend of mine. Do

 you want to be my friend?

 MIKE

 Not really.

 HANS

 Get in and I'll take you

 someplace. Yes? Where do you want

 to go?

 Mike doesn't respond, and walks on.

 He pauses a moment, and looks at the houses in the neighborhood.

 He looks down the street and can see Hans stopped in his car. The

 guy gets out, and leans against the car.

 MIKE

 This guy is a pervert. I can tell.

 To Hans:

 MIKE

 Go home!

 THE HOUSES LINE THE STREET, EACH WITH A LITTLE CALIFORNIA STYLE

 GARDEN. MIKE CAN SEE ALL THE ROOFS OF THE HOUSES LIFT OFF, AND

 THE FURNITURE INSIDE EACH HOUSE FLY OUT AND CIRCLE IN THE AIR.

 MIKE GETS THE JITTERS AND PASSES OUT.

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

 GROUND.

 PORtLAnd

 When Mike wakes up he is in Scottie's arms. They sit under a

 statue in a park. The statue is of two Indians pointing out

 across the horizon, and on the base of the statue is written: The

 Coming of the White Man.

 Mike looks at Scott and then at the new surroundings.

 At the Broadway Cafe Mike bites into a hamburger.

 MIKE

 How'd we get home?

 SCOTT

 That German guy. Hans. He brought

 you downtown, you were passed out.

 He said he was heading to

 Portland, so I asked him for a

 ride.

 MIKE

 I don't remember any German guy.

 SCOTT

 Well. You were sleeping.

 MIKE

 How much do you make off me while

 I'm sleeping?

 SCOTT

 Just a ride, Mike. I don't make

 anything. What, you think that I

 sell your body while you are

 asleep.

 MIKE

 Yeah.

 Scott sips from a coffee cup.

 SCOTT

 No, Mike. I'm on your side.

 He puts down the cup. Mike knows Scottie always tells the truth.

 Mike is a little embarrassed, that he has maybe offended Scott's

 honor.

 MIKE

 I was Just kidding, dude.

 SCOTT

 Gary's up here somewhere. He left

 three days ago, he flew up with

 some John.

 MIKE

 Exotic. Have you seen your dad?

 SCOTT

 Are you kidding?

 MIKE

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

 SCOTT

 I have to take care of you.

 MIKE

 How about your mom?

 SCOTT

 No.

 MIKE

 That lady. She looked like. My

 mother.

 SCOTT

 Is that why you passed out?

 MIKE

 Yeah. I mean. I don't know. She

 really looked like my mother. I

 must have been imagining things.

 A pause.

 The Broadway Cafe is beginning to pick up in business. The table

 where Scott and Mike sit is in front of a large window, and it is

 semi-circular in shape. Scottie spies Gary across the street.

 He bounds up out of his chair and Mike watches him as he goes to

 the door, kicks it open and yells to Gary.

 SCOTT

 HEY' You dick!

 Gary sees Scott and runs across the street.

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

 around the table.

 Scott has his arm around a girl named DENISE, who has a lot of

 make up on and long stringy hair and who carries a teddy bear.

 Denise is crying and Scott is consoling her.

 MIKE'S THOUGHTS:

 It was almost as if Scott was on

 some sort of crusade or mission,

 when you checked him out. He

 could make you feel good right at

 the very time that you felt so

 bad. I remember there were many

 times that I had been sobbing in

 Scott's arms and he was helping me

 out too. He was the great

 protector of us all, and the great

 planner. He gave us hope in the

 future. Even though there was no

 future. There must have been real

 trouble at home, though, for Scott

 not to want to visit his father.

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

 now and then.

 Mike looks across the table at CARL, a skinny kid with black hair

 and a large floppy sports cap, and GARY, who is talking with him.

 MIKE'S THOUGHTS

 That's Carl. He's always around

 the Broadway, he didn't run away

 from home like a lot of these kids

 did. He had a mom, and no dad, at

 least they didn't know where he

 was. And one day, he came home to

 the apartment where they lived,

 and there was no mom anymore

 either. He didn't know where she

 went. That was sir months ago.

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

 cigarettes.

 MIKE'S THOUGHTS

 That's Mary over there. She was a

 mean old chick. She was maybe

 thirty now. Old, old. Somebody

 once told me that in the past,

 Mary had this enemy, a chick that

 had turned her in. And Mary had

 gone off and kicked this chick to

 death right in the street in front

 of everybody. I don't know if it's

 true, but I watched out, Just in

 case. I was afraid of Mary. And

 everyone else was too.

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

 face.

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

 MIKE'S THOUGHTS

 (as he coughs)

 This was our little round table, a

 point around which everything else

 revolved. It was our "center." It was

 like our home. Our living room. Not

 everyone was the best of friends, but

 everyone knew everyone else, and we

 kind of stuck together.

 Mike on the street. He watches as a man carrying a large bag of

 tin cans, crosses at a crosswalk. Mike steps up to him and begins

 walking. His name is MARTY.

 MIKE

 Hey Marty. What's goin' on?

 MARTY

 Is that you Mike? Hey, what's new

 with you? You look pretty good.

 MIKE

 How many you got so far today?

 MARTY

 I reckon that I picked up about

 twenty-three bucks so far with

 these cans, and some I got stashed

 back in the bushes. You know the

 old hiding place?

 MIKE

 Wow!

 MARTY

 Don't tell anybody, though. Just

 between you and me. You need a

 place to stay?

 MIKE

 I always need a place to stay,

 dude.

 MARTY

 Yeah, well, I'm under the bridge.

 You can Join me if you like.

 MIKE

 Yeah, I think I'll rooftop it

 tonight. I'm hanging with a

 friend.

 MARTY

 Am I walking too fast for you?

 MIKE

 No, but I'll see you around. See

 you under the bridge.

 MARTY

 Okay, Mike.

 Mike stops walking with the guy and he splits down the street at

 a fast clip.

 Inside the BROADWAY CAFE, Mike smokes a cigarette at the round

 table and watches Gary and Carl playing keepaway with Denise's

 teddy bear. Denise is swearing, using profanities that are

 unusual for a girl.

 Night. Mike walks through a dark wet troubled inner-city alley

 and on the other side, there is a parked car. In the car sits a

 man in his 40's, bestial, good looking but overweight. He beeps

 his car horn at Mike.

 Mike pauses, lights a cigarette coolly and walks to the car and

 leans in the window.

 MIKE

 Hey - what's up?

 Int. MOTEL, nighttime.

 The man is naked in the background standing In front of a mirror

 in a motel bathroom, as Mike sits naked on a bed in front of a

 t.v. set laughing at the show that is on.

 We see various still compositions of the two making love.

 Afield. Day. Two figures cross the field. One is Bob Pigeon, a

 man in his fifties, and the other, his manservant, Budd. Because

 of his girth, Bob has problems crossing the field.

 BUDD

 Jesus. ..the things we've seen...

 do you remember a thing since we

 moved from graffiti bridge?

 BOB

 No more of that, Budd.

 BUDD

 Ha-ha, what a crazy night.

 Above the two walking figures, Gary wakes near a heating duct

 atop a ten story building. He yawns, looks down at the street and

 spies Bob and Budd.

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

 field.

 GARY

 Hey, Scottie, here comes that fat

 pig himself!!! He owes me money!

 Scottie, atop an adjacent building peeks his head over the edge.

 The two guys are relatively close to one another but far from the

 street.

 SCOTT

 Who?

 GARY

 You know, the fat one... Pigeon!

 SCOTT

 He stole my shoes, the dick!

 GARY

 Hey, everybody, here comes Bob the

 chiseler!

 He yells to the other buildings and other street kids to wake up.

 Scottie pours an old paper cup of Coca-Cola over Bob and Budd

 below.

 GARY

 Look out, it's raining Coke!

 Bob hears the show atop the buildings.

 BOB

 Ah, I think my friends can see I

 am back from Boise.

 Bob looks worried and happy at the same time, not knowing if they

 are friend or foe. He shields himself from the Coke sprinkles.

 BOB

 Do you see any clouds in the sky,

 Budd?

 BUDD

 No, Bob.

 The Derelict Hotel.

 Budd and Bob enter the threshold of a busted up but operating

 hotel. There is a fire in a trashcan turned upside down, with

 holes poked in it.

 Budd looks around the hotel.

 BUDD

 Is Jane Lightwork alive, Bob?

 BOB

 She's alive, Budd.

 BUDD

 Is she holding on?

 BOB

 Old... old, Budd.

 BUDD

 She must be old, she has no

 choice...

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

 BUDD

 I remember her daughter, she died

 years ago... of old age. She must

 be old, all right. That was before

 I came to Clements Inn.

 BOB

 (warming by the fire)

 Ahh...

 BUDD

 Jesus... the things that we've

 seen. Aren't I right, Bob? Aren't

 I right?

 BOB

 We have seen the light at the end

 of the tunnel...

 BUDD

 That we have, that we have... in

 fact Bob, we have. Jesus... the

 things that we've seen.

 Scott drinks from a beer can inside the derelict hotel, tosses it

 to a young boy, laughs, wipes his mouth and puts his lit

 cigarette into the mouth of Gary, making his way to some steps,

 through a circle of girls, kisses Denise, who we remember from

 the Broadway Cafe, and charges up the steps.

 Inside the hotel on a staircase landing, Scottie passes a couple

 of figures, one is asleep and one is awake.

 SCOTTIE

 Where's Bob?

 A BOY

 Fast asleep.

 BUDD

 And he's snoring like a horse.

 SCOTTIE OPENS A DOOR AT THE TOP OF THE STEPS AND WALKS INTO A

 ROOM, INTERRUPTING MIKE, WHO STANDS OVER BOB'S SNORING BODY.

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

 cocaine.

 MIKE

 I picked his pocket.

 SCOTTIE

 (whispering)

 What did you get, dude?

 MIKE

 Just this.

 Scottie takes the cocaine from him, sits down at the foot of the

 bed and begins to unfold the packet. Bob turns in the bed and the

 rush of air from the sheets blows the white powder out of the

 packet.

 BOB

 What the hell?

 Mike laughs.

 BOB

 What time is it, son?

 SCOTTIE

 (climbing in bed with Bob)

 What do you care?

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

 SCOTTIE

 (amusing Mike)

 Why, you wouldn't even look at a

 clock, unless hours were lines of

 coke, dials looked like the signs of

 gay bars, or time itself was a fair

 hustler in black leather... isn't

 that right, dude?

 Bob staggers out of bed retching and spitting. Then back into his

 waking stupor, feeling something is being put over on him.

 SCOTT

 There's no reason to know the

 time. We are timeless.

 Bob checks his wallet.

 BOB

 Aren't you forgetting, Scottie my

 boy, [A GOVERNOR'S SON], that we

 who steal, do so at midnight?

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

 BOB

 What the...who ripped me off?

 Budd!!! Budd!!!

 Stairs again

 BUDD

 Yes, Bob!!!

 Budd stands at the stoop and comes through the door, Just as Bob

 is running out.

 BOB

 I fell asleep and have been

 robbed!

 Jane!!!

 The room below.

 Jane Lightwork, the owner of the established hotel, comes to

 arms. She is very old.

 JANE

 You'd think that I could keep the

 peace in my house...

 Scott and Mike laugh. Mike gets down on his hands and knees and

 tries to scoop up a little cocaine from the floor.

 Bedroom.

 Hall

 JANE

 Bob, Bob we'll find your drugs.

 We'll find them.

 Another hall.

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

 rooms.

 BOB

 Jane, I know you well enough...

 Yet another hall.

 Hotel dwellers are watching Jane move down the hall answering

 Bob.

 JANE

 I know you, ~ you owe me money,

 Bob, and now you pick a fight with

 me, and are disturbing the peace

 of my hotel.

 MAIN derelict hall of the hotel.

 Bob parades, in his night clothes, in front of a gathering of

 outcasts in the hotel.

 BOB

 This hotel is full of thieves...

 Junkies!

 JANE

 You are the thief!

 BOB

 They picked my pocket!

 LAUGHTER from the throngs of outcasts. Jane enters a balcony

 overlook of the main hall. Mike and Scott enter, arms around each

 other, laughing.

 JANE

 It's impossible to board a dozen

 or so men and women who live

 honestly and have the others live

 like Junkies.

 One of the dwellers listening to the argument is shooting up as

 they speak. We see a close view of the needle and Bob running

 around in the background.

 Bob makes his way next to Scott.

 BOB

 You have corrupted me, Scottie, I

 was an innocent before I met you.

 ..and now look at me.. just a

 little better than wicked. I used

 to be a virtuous man...

 Scottie is laughing at him.

 BOB

 '''well, virtuous enough. I swore

 a little. I never gambled more

 than seven times a week. Poker. I

 never picked up a street boy more

 than once a quarter...

 Scottie laughs.

 BOB

 ... of an hour. Bad company has

 corrupted me. I'll be darned if I

 haven't forgotten what the inside

 of a church looks like.

 MIKE

 Where do you find your strike

 tonight, Bob?

 SCOTTIE

 I see a good change for Bob to

 make. From Stealing to Preaching.

 BOB

 Stealing is my vocation, Scott.

 It's not a sin for a man to labor

 at his vocation.

 GARY

 Hey... .......

 The three gather around Gary.

 GARY

 Very early tomorrow morning, there

 will be small time rock and roll

 promoters coming back from their

 show. Every night, they walk home

 with the loot and they stop by the

 Grotto Bar, one mile away from

 here, and more often than not

 they've been drinking already. If

 we can't steal from them on their

 way to the bar, we can get them

 when they come out. See, dude?

 MIKE

 I'm not gonna rob anybody. I'd

 rather sell my ass. Straight and

 simple. It's less risky.

 BOB

 So long as I don't know these guys

 personally. ..it's okay with me.

 GARY

 They're from Beaverton. New to the

 business...

 MIKE

 Not me. I'm not going along on

 this crackpot scheme. Especially

 since Gary thought it up.

 BOB

 Come oft it, Mikey. Find a better

 way to make a buck. Something to

 fall back on, other than your ass.

 MIKE

 Scott's inheritance.

 Bob walks away from the two others.

 SCOTT

 (whispering)

 Come along, Mikey. I have a joke I

 wanna play... a joke I can't pull

 off alone...

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

 BOB

 Oh, my sweetheart, come and rob

 with us tomorrow.

 MIKE

 I was going to come anyway.

 SCOTT hugs the others too.

 MIKE

 We'll be rich!!!

 Scottie dances away.

 SCOTT

 Provide for us, oh great

 psychedelic Papa!

 Scottie grabs Denise and kisses her then begins to leave through

 the door. He throws her to Mike who catches her and runs off with

 her.

 SCOTT

 Good catch dude. ..and meet me on

 three street!

 Scott leaves, Bob follows him:

 0utside the derelict hotel.

 BOB

 Scott. When you inherit your

 fortune, on your twenty-first

 birthday, let's see. ..how far

 away is this?

 SCOTT

 One week away, Bob, just one more

 week.

 BOB

 Let's not call ourselves robbers,

 but Diannah's foresters. Gentlemen

 of the shade. Minions of the Moon.

 Men of good government.

 SCOTT

 (under his breath)

 When I turn twenty-one, I don't want

 any more of this life. My mother and

 father will be surprised at the

 incredible change. It will impress

 them more when such a fuck up like

 me turns good than if I had been a

 good son all along. All the past

 years I will think of as one big

 vacation. At least it wasn't as

 boring as schoolwork. All my bad

 behavior I'm going to throw away to

 pay my debt. I will change when

 everybody expects it the least.

 Scott turns and leaves.

 BOB

 And you will become a hard roller,

 a hatchet man for your old man.

 Scott laughs to himself, because he knows Bob is misunderstanding

 him. Bob is part of the past life that he says he is going to

 throw away.

 SCOTT

 No! You will be the hatchet man,

 Bob, that will be your job, and so

 there will rarely be a job

 hatcheted. It will be one big

 endless party, won't it?

 Bob laughs. Scott walks across a field.

 BOB

 Well, at least my little friend

 has offered me a job. They are so

 good to me.

 Inside the Broadway Cafe. Day.

 Denise and Mike hang out together. Both are smoking cigarettes

 which have made a billow of smoke that hangs over the table that

 is in the front window.

 DENISE

 Moms are great, because, you know,

 I could always go to my mom and

 say, hey I need a new lipstick,

 and she would always give me money

 for that. That was great.

 MIKE

 I only saw my mom once, but I

 remember what she looked like. She

 was very beautiful.

 DENISE

 What do you mean, once?

 MIKE

 When I was born.

 DENISE

 How could you remember when that

 god-awful thing happened?

 MIKE

 Dunno. But I remember it. how

 beautiful and kind she good. Yeah,

 I remember was. She was good

 DENISE

 And she split from you, huh?

 MIKE

 Maybe she didn't mean to.

 DENISE

 Did you see what was going on,

 Mike? Between Pinky and Dale? Did

 you see that? That's the third

 fight I've seen today. Things

 always happen in threes.

 MIKE

 I don't know. They have a sort of,

 ah, relationship. Between them.

 Across the street there are three people, a TALL MAN, who has his

 hat stuck on his boot and a lady and another man with a dog on a

 leash.

 MIKE

 I don't know about that, but, ah,

 listen, what you and me talk

 about, it's just between us, you

 understand? Hey, what's over

 there, see those assholes? Who are

 they, you know any of them?

 DENISE

 I can't see that far

 DENISE STANDS AND OPENS THE FRONT DOOR AND YELLS ACROSS THE

 STREET.

 DENISE

 HEY!

 The group across the street look up and begin yelling back, but

 we cannot hear them.

 Under the Burnside Bridge, day.

 Mike and Denise kiss, and their arms are entangled in a loving,

 but awkward embrace. Twigs and leaves are caught in Denise's hair

 as they are lying on the ground.

 Different STILL COMPOSITIONS OF SEX while they are lying in the

 wilds under the bridge.

 Then...

 Denise lights a cigarette.

 DENISE

 That reminds me, I gotta send my

 Ma a Christmas card, I still

 haven't done it yet.

 MIKE

 Yeah, I haven't done it either.

 DENISE

 Your mom lives in Idaho right now?

 MIKE

 Yeah.

 DENISE

 I used to live in Montana.

 MIKE

 My own cousin. He's dead. that's

 one...two... And my grandma, it

 usually comes in threes.

 DENISE

 Does come in threes.

 MIKE

 My cousin died, my grandmother

 died, and right after she died,

 her daughter died. My aunt. Within

 a year. And they wuz all women,

 not even a year, six...well....

 six months-eight months, three

 women in the family died.

 A pause.

 MIKE

 That's funny, huh? I WONDER WHY

 YOU THOUGHT THAT, cuz, my FATHER

 says stuff like that.

 DENISE

 Well, my grandma was

 superstitious.

 MIKE

 My father told me that, said

 things usually come in threes...

 and I said, .... you're crazy.

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

 honks.

 MIKE

 It sounds crazy. That's my lucky

 number too.

 DENISE

 Huh?

 MIKE

 Three.

 DENISE

 Mine's eight.

 MIKE

 I like three.

 DENISE

 You know why I like eight?

 MIKE

 Why?

 DENISE

 Cause of the eight ball. You know.

 When you're stuck behind the eight

 ball? I fuckin' feel stuck behind

 the eight ball today, I'll tell

 you. The business is so slow in the

 middle of the week, you know that

 Mike?

 Public bathroom. Night.

 Mike empties the contents of his pockets at a bathroom sink. He

 has in his possession: One condom. One comb with blond hair stuck

 in it. One nickel. Half a stick of gum. One knife with the letter

 W stamped on it.

 He arranges these things in a neat order on the surface of the

 sink while a man flushes a toilet in the background and uses

 another sink. Mike is quite at home here. He takes his time

 arranging the articles, and washing his hands. He looks over at

 the man washing his hands and gives him a friendly smile.

 The man leaves. Mike puts all the things on the sink into his

 pockets. Then he walks over to a urinal, unzips his fly and

 starts to take a leak. A shadow opens the door in back of him,

 and without turning around, Mike senses the presence of a man.

 Alleyway. Night.

 Scottie is helping Bob with a disguise, putting on pants over a

 large belly, with medallions around the neck.

 SCOTT

 How long has it been, Bob, since

 you could see your own feet?

 BOB

 About four years, Scottie. Four

 years of grief. It blows a man up

 like a balloon.

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

 others behind them.

 MIKE

 There's rock and roll money

 walking this way!

 BUDD

 And they're drunk as skunks.

 MIKE

 This is going to be easy. We can

 do it lying down.

 SCOTT

 But don't fall asleep, now, Mike.

 BUDD

 Shh! Here they come!

 SCOTT

 You four should head them off

 there!

 BOB

 We four? How many are walking with

 them?

 MIKE

 About six.

 BOB

 Huh, shouldn't they be robbing us?

 Scottie laughs. Bob waddles along the side of the alleyway,

 stepping on a curb, then in a pothole losing his balance. Another

 accomplice whistles from atop a building. We SEE the group of

 ROCK AND ROLL promoters.

 Bob walks further from Mike and Scottie.

 SCOTTIE

 If they escape from you, we'll get

 them here.

 Bob struggles as he walks.

 BOB

 Eight feet of cobblestones is like

 30 yards of flat road with me.

 Mike and Scott run off, laughing at him.

 BOB

 I can't see a damned thing in

 here.

 BUDD

 Jesus, will you shut up! And keep

 on your toes!

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

 on the ground.

 BUDD

 Lie down!!

 BOB

 Lie down!?

 BUDD

 Lie down and stay quiet, until

 they round the corner and we'll

 ambush them.

 BOB

 Have you got a crane to lift me up

 again?

 Budd laughs.

 MIKE

 They're coming!!

 Down the way, the rock and roll promoters are approaching, having

 no knowledge of the buffoonery at the other end of the tunneling

 alleyway. They are drunk.

 VICTIM 1

 Come along neighbor, Tommy will

 lead the way. I've lost track of

 time... (burp)

 At the other end of the alley:

 Bob and three others are marching in procession, chanting, a

 facsimile of Rashneesh, but a bad act.

 The rock promoters approach, smashing a bottle.

 VICTIM 1

 Who are these jokers?

 VICTIM 2

 Rashneesh, listen!

 VICTIM 1

 They're chanting....

 Scottie and Mike hide behind garbage cans, laughing.

 The rock promoters circle the group of chanting Rashneesh.

 VICTIM 3

 I thought that all you Rashneesh

 had up and left...

 Victim 1 pours a beer on one of their heads. Just as he does this

 Bob pulls out two long pistols, almost heavy enough that he

 cannot hold them straight, barrels parallel.

 BOB

 Aha! One move and I'll blow you

 away, you sully scumbags, up

 against that wall!

 One of the victims falls down and begins to run away. One of

 Bob's men starts after him. A lockbox that he was carrying falls

 to the ground. Bob spies it.

 BOB

 No! Let him go!

 Bob aims one pistol at the running figure as he keeps the others

 against the wall with the other pistol. He fires three times. One

 of Bob's boys grabs the lockbox.

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

 BOB

 Look at him go!

 VICTIM 2

 Don't shoot us!

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

 All the rock promoters go running. Bob charges after them, firing

 the gun twice more in the air, then once at the lockbox, breaking

 it open.

 BOB

 The valise is open. Let's see what

 we got.

 Mike and Scottie hiding behind trashcans.

 SCOTTIE

 Where are our disguises?

 Mike runs to his stash and finds two large capes and large hats.

 They put these on.

 Bob finds wads of money and receipts.

 BOB

 Ticket anyone? To next week's

 show?

 He throws these on the ground and the boys fall over themselves

 for the tickets. Bob wads the money and puts it back in the box,

 laughing to himself.

 Mike and Scottie sneak closer to the group still hiding, long

 flowing capes concealing their identity.

 BOB

 Scott and Mike have disappeared,

 did the shots scare them away?

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

 BOB

 ...maybe we should get the hell

 out of here. But, are they such

 chickens?

 A LOUD EXPLOSION!

 Mike and Scottie, disguised, jump out with large silver baseball

 bats, swinging them and making as much noise as they can,

 knocking over a set of garbage cans, flashing flashlights into

 Bob and the others' eyes.

 Frightened, Bob drops the lockbox and runs, the others follow,

 Mike and Scottie hitting them with the bats as they go.

 BOB

 Get the box! Oh, Fuck!

 Mike swings the bat at Bob, it grazes the side of a building and

 sparks fly from it. Bob wheezes from the run.

 Scottie chases the others in the same direction.

 They stand, kicking garbage cans and watching them run,

 convulsing with laughter.

 SCOTTIE

 The thieves scatter!

 MIKE

 Bob Pigeon will sweat to death!

 Jack Favor enters the Governor's CHAMBERS day.

 JACK

 Can anyone tell me about my son?

 He walks across the room.

 JACK

 It's been a full three months

 since I last saw him. Where is my

 son Scott?

 AID

 We don't know, sir.

 JACK

 Ask around in Old Town, in some of

 the taverns there. Some say he

 frequently is seen down there

 drinking with street denizens.

 Some who they say even rob our

 citizens and store owners. I can't

 believe that such an effeminate

 boy supports such 'friends.'

 A high overhead (helicopter?) view of the country landscape in

 the early morning. Far below us on a lonely road is a small dot,

 a motorcycle, traveling east.

 Further along on its travels, the motorcycle crosses a steel

 BRIDGE.

 Old Town day.

 Scottie and Mike, riding on a stolen motorcycle, sweep through

 the early morning streets without being noticed.

 Stopping at a stop light in the city.

 Scott pauses to think.

 SCOTT

 Mikey, do you realize how long I

 have been here out on the streets,

 on this crusade?

 MIKE

 About as long as the rest of us. I

 mean. I can't even remember that

 far back, Scott, I mean

 SCOTT

 It's been three years, Mike.

 MIKE

 Wow... that's a really long time,

 Scott. Have I been here three

 years, too?

 SCOTT

 What I'm getting at, Mike, is that

 we are survivors.

 MIKE

 Yeah, well, so, isn't that

 obvious?

 SCOTT

 Yes. It is incredibly obvious.

 They could drop a bomb on this

 city and you know what we would

 do?

 MIKE

 (thinking)

 DIE?

 SCOTT

 No. We would survive. Because we

 are...

 MIKE

 Survivors!

 SCOTT

 Right, Mike.

 MIKE

 Say, Scott. Whaddya say we go

 survive over at the Broadway Cafe

 a little bit, at least it's warm

 over there.

 Int. Broadway Cafe. Day.

 Mike and Scott sit around the table with Carl and Mary. Mike

 blows a smoke ring.

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

 DENISE

 MIKE! Scottie! There's a man from

 City Hall down the street. He

 wants to speak with you, Scottie.

 SCOTT

 What's that?

 DENISE

 He says that he's sent by your

 father.

 SCOTT

 Say hello and send him to my

 mother.

 MIKE

 What kind of a man is it?

 DENISE

 A young man. And he's got cops

 with him.

 SCOTT

 Cops....

 Street exterior day.

 Two POLICEMEN and one OFFICIAL are walking down the street toward

 the Broadway cafe.

 Broadway Cafe interior day.

 The cops enter, passing The PROPRIETOR of the cafe, an aging

 heavyset woman named NANCY.

 NANCY

 Good morning, officers...

 COP 2

 How are you this morning, NANCY?

 Don't mind if we take a look

 around your place, do you?

 One officer is already inspecting the stolen motorcycle outside.

 Mike sees this, and looks the other way from the cop who is

 peering in the Broadway cafe window.

 COP 1

 Have you seen the young Scott

 Favor?

 NANCY

 I do believe he was here just a

 second ago. Nancy looks in the

 front window.

 NANCY

 Oh, yeah, there he is.

 Nancy points Scott out.

 Scott is giving Denise a long kiss, hiding from the cops. The

 OFFICIAL walks to the front window of the Cafe. Scott pretends

 he is being rudely interrupted.

 SCOTT

 Ah-ha... what have we here?

 OFFICIAL

 Excuse me... Mr. Favor... we have

 been sent in search of a fat

 man... a large bearded....

 COP 1

 FAT MAN...

 COP 2

 Goes by Bob Pigeon.

 SCOTT

 Bob Pigeon?

 COP 1

 That's right.

 SCOTT

 What do you want with him?

 COP 2

 Ahem. There's been a report, sir,

 he has been involved in a

 holdup...

 COP 1

 Last night. Have you seen him?

 SCOTT

 I saw him around last night, when

 was the holdup?

 COP 1

 Late. Two in the morning.

 SCOTT

 I saw him about four, but he

 wasn't very loose with his wallet.

 Did he get away with any of the

 money?

 COP 2

 Yes, indeed, sir... two thousand

 dollars of a rock promoter's

 money.

 SCOTT

 Well, anyway, I haven't seen him

 recently. Why do you look here?

 COP 1

 They say he has friends here.

 SCOTTIE

 I beg your pardon.

 COP 2

 Sorry...

 OFFICIAL

 Sorry for the interruption. We

 have a message for you from your

 father. He says that he would like

 to see you as soon as possible.

 THE OFFICIAL HANDS SCOTT AN ENVELOPE.

 SCOTT

 Thank you for your message.

 Scott takes the envelope and puts it on the table.

 street, day.

 The police close the door.

 COP 1

 Hmmm.

 COP 2

 What about the dead body.

 COP 1

 Let's not get Favor's kid involved

 in this report if we can help it.

 But if he were my son, I'd....

 Cop 1 makes a fist and slams It In the palm of his other hand.

 INT. Broadway Cafe.

 MIKE

 Bob is a wanted man now.

 SCOTTIE

 And as dangerous to be around as

 cops themselves.

 MIKE

 We need a hiding place.

 SCOTTIE

 Where should we go?

 MIKE

 To visit my brother.

 SCOTT

 You have a brother?

 MIKE

 Yes, I have one.

 SCOTT

 Where is he?

 MIKE

 He's in he's in

 Mike suddenly begins to shake, and, falls asleep.

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

 pocket.

 Mike and Scott are stuck on a long straight road in the desert.

 Mike is angry at Scott because he doesn't think he knows how the

 motorcycle works.

 Scott is trying again and again to start the engine.

 MIKE

 Come on...

 SCOTT

 Shut up, Mike.

 He tries to turn it over again.

 SCOTT

 If I had known that it was going

 to be this hard to start, then I

 wouldn't have stopped it at all.

 Mike looks at the road and the surrounding area. It is the same

 road that he was stuck on in the beginning.

 MIKE

 Scott? I just know that I have

 been on this road before.

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

 mountains for hair, a cloud shadow forms the mouth over a red

 nose road with a dotted line running down it.

 At night, Scott and Mike sit next to a fire they have made on the

 side of the road. We can hear Indians in the distance dancing

 and chanting a song.

 MIKE

 It sure is lonely out in the

 desert.

 SCOTT

 Yeah, I guess.

 MIKE

 If I had had a normal family, and

 a good upbringing, then I would

 have been a well adjusted person.

 But somehow that just didn't work

 out.

 SCOTT

 Depends on what you'd call

 "normal. -

 MIKE

 Well, normal, you know, with a mom

 and a dad and a dog and shit like

 that... normal.

 SCOTT

 So you didn't have a dog? Or you

 didn't have a dad...

 MIKE

 I didn't have a dog and I didn't

 have a dad. Well, not a normal

 dad...

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

 MIKE

 Hey Scott?

 SCOTT

 What?

 Mike is hesitating. He is about to say something personal. He

 looks at Scott and back to the fire, a few times too many.

 SCOTT

 What, Mike?

 MIKE

 Oh. Have you ever. Uh...

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

 MIKE

 I mean, don't you ever get horny?

 SCOTT

 Yeah. But...

 MIKE

 Oh, yeah... not for a guy.

 SCOTT

 Mike. Two guys can't love each

 other. They can only be friends.

 An awkward moment passes where Mike is looking away from Scott

 and Scott can't help but look at Mike. Then Scott catches Mike's

 eye and motions for him to come closer to him.

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

 Overhead VIEW of the two in front of the campfire.

 SCOTT

 I only have sex for money.

 Mike starts to get out some money.

 SCOTT

 I can't take your money.

 A pause.

 SCOTT

 But we can be close friends.

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

 see Scott still trying to start the motorcycle.

 Mike stands and looks down the road at an approaching State

 Police Car. Mike, afraid of the police, starts to move into the

 bushes.

 Scott is out of breath trying to start the bike.

 MIKE

 Scott, look...

 Scott looks in the direction of the police car.

 SCOTT

 Looks like this is it.

 MIKE

 Yeah.

 Scott hits the side of the gas tank of the bike with the palm of

 his hand.

 SCOTT

 Can't get the bike started. Cops

 are coming. Stuck in the middle of

 nowhere with a stolen bike. Yeah,

 Mike. Looks like this is the end.

 The policeman pulls up to them and parks.

 The policeman sits in his car for a second and reports into the

 radio, then he gets out and walks over to the boys.

 Mike gets scared and runs into the desert.

 The cop stands and watches. Mike has nowhere to go, he is running

 into an open desert.

 The policeman, a full blooded American Indian, seems amused at

 his power. He looks at Scott then back at Mike, who trips in the

 desert and falls in a cloud of dust.

 COP

 What's the matter with him?

 SCOTT

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

 like cops.

 COP

 Yeah.

 SCOTT

 That's how it looks.

 COP

 What are you kids doing out here?

 SCOTT

 This cycle is one bitch to turn

 over. But you probably don't know

 about motorcycles. You aren't a

 motorcycle cop.

 COP

 I turned a few.

 Scott walks through the desert looking for Mike where he dropped.

 He picks him up out of the dirt, spit dripping from his sleeping

 lips, and smacks him in the face.

 SCOTT

 Wake up, Mikey, the heat's off.

 Mike will not wake up.

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

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

 tray.

 There is MIKE'S BROTHER leaning into him on his left. He looks at

 Mike offensively. His brother is very good looking, but looks

 like he has lost his mind somewhere down the line. Which is why

 he lives in the desert in a trailer, away from people.

 SCOTT

 Look, Mike. Sandwiches.

 BROTHER

 Your mother... now she was a right

 woman. She used to be so proud of

 you... you know... she would just

 beam. And not Jim Beam either. If

 you know what I mean. We used to

 drive for hours to get a look at

 you. I remember, what was it...

 eighteen years ago?

 MIKE

 Twenty-one.

 BROTHER

 Is that how old you are now? I

 thought you wuz younger than

 that... what? Well anyway, we

 would start off in the morning to

 see you, and it would take an hour

 to get to the institution. You

 were maybe one year old. What? I

 wasn't proud that you had to live

 in an institution, mind you... but

 all the same, when I would look at

 you, all the institutional walls

 would come down and we were a

 family. Your mom, me, and you. God

 knows where dad was.

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

 bathroom.

 Inside the bathroom night.

 Scott enters and notices a velvet portrait of a woman hanging on

 the wall. Off screen Scott can hear Mike and his Brother.

 MIKE (o.s.)

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

 not yours...

 BROTHER (o.s.)

 (his voice booms out so

 unexpectedly deep and loud that

 Scott is startled) Shut your

 mouth! Don't you talk back...

 His brother hits the table with a crash.

 Living room night.

 BROTHER

 Well... (takes a breath )

 Anyway. You were maybe not in the

 biological sense, my brother, but in

 our business, ~..... (holds his

 hands up in the air) And If I'm not

 Your brother, how's come you turned

 out exactly like me then?

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

 Scott enters from the bathroom.

 BROTHER

 Oh, he'll come out or it. It's

 like this whenever we get together

 It's always like this when we get

 together It's the way that we say

 hello to each other.

 He holds his head down.

 BROTHER

 I'm all that he's got. But he

 doesn't want me. He doesn't care.

 He'd rather live out on the

 streets. I love him, though.

 Scott looks around the trailer at all the velvet portraits

 hanging on the walls.

 BROTHER

 Oh. I paint these for a living.

 But sometimes the people don't

 send the check when they get

 finished. So I keep them. I like

 them.

 Ext. Trailer. Night.

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

 trailer.

 BROTHER

 Want me to tell you what happened

 to your Mom? Have you ever heard

 it? Did you ever hear what the

 hell happened to her?

 MIKE

 No. But I don't care.

 BROTHER

 You loved her, and don't tell know

 you did. me you didn't. I

 MIKE

 I didn't even know her.

 BROTHER

 Yeah, you loved her, though.

 MIKE

 I already heard what happened to

 her.

 BROTHER

 But you don't know the whole

 story. One thing about the truth.

 It's interesting.

 MIKE

 I don't care.

 BROTHER

 If you had known her, you would

 care. She would see guys on the

 side. At night. When I wouldn't be

 around... maybe I'd be in San

 Francisco or some darned place,

 doing my own business. God knows

 where. She would see guys...

 yeah.... anyway along comes this

 guy. A guy we both knew. A guy who

 was into cards. A gamblin' man.

 And he said that he used to herd

 cattle in Argentina. I dunno,

 maybe he did, and he had a bit of

 money. More'n I had at that point

 in time. But it was funny, the way

 he gambled. He was not safe in the

 friends that he made. So his money

 would come and go real fast....

 MIKE

 I never heard this one before.

 BROTHER

 So this guy, your Mom fell for.

 What? She went cuckoo over this

 guy. Well, their affair went on

 for a year or so and your mom

 wanted to marry this guy. She was

 already married to our real dad.

 So he said no. He didn't love her

 anyways. But she wanted him to

 marry her. And to have a little

 family. That's when you were born.

 As a matter of fact, you were

 really the cause of this whole

 mess. She wanted to make a little

 family and take you and this guy

 someplace and set something up.

 (slaps his leg with his hand)

 A family thing! Ridiculous, right. A

 card man. Had a bunch of money, but

 could have just as well lost it on

 his next hand. Probably did too. Well

 you'll see what I'm getting at.

 MIKE

 That's not how I heard it.

 BROTHER

 Yeah, I know. You heard it from me

 and I'm telling it different this

 time, see? So this Mom of yours

 found herself a fuckin' gun. I

 thought she was going to blow me

 away with it one night. She got so

 into this gun. She would flash it

 to anybody that gave her trouble.

 She would sleep with it. Yeah...

 strange, huh? She would stir fry

 vegetables with the loaded gun.

 What? I mean What? I used to

 say, politely, "Mom, don't go

 stirring up dinner with the gun,

 now, you'll blow a hole in the

 frying pan." What?

 Mike begins to cry.

 BROTHER

 And she used to do other things

 with this gun. Sexy things with

 it. Oh, boy, she was into this

 thing. I just thought it was some

 sort of weird phase that she was

 going through. And so anyway, this

 guy, who she was cuckoo over,

 brought her to the movies one

 night. A drive-in movie in a

 stolen car, don't-chaknow, what?

 And the movie was.... ah.... RIO

 BRAVO or some shit like that. And

 well, she went and shot this

 guy.... don't-cha-know.

 MIKE

 You're making this up as you go

 along, bro.

 BROTHER

 And they didn't find him until the

 next show, RIO BRAVO playing on

 the big screen. Spilled popcorn

 soaking up the blood.

 Mike begins to really cry now, bawling and coughing.

 SCOTT

 (who has been listening)

 Oh, come on, how corny, man....

 BROTHER

 No. Your mom had to split, and

 split she did. And that guy. That

 guy was your real father.

 MIKE (sniffs)

 I knew that was coming. You sure

 do like to make me cry, bro.

 BROTHER

 And I got this card from her, not

 too awful long ago. Maybe a year.

 Mike's Brother hands him a postcard with a Holiday Inn motel on

 the front of it. Written on the card, Mike's mom says she is

 working as a waitress there, in the "Blue Room" of the Holiday

 Inn off Interstate 85 outside Boise, Idaho. He also hands him a

 picture of his mom.

 Mike and Scott wore sunglasses as they journeyed onward to the

 Blue Room, Scott driving the motorcycle and Mike riding on the

 back.

 Night time exterior of the Holiday Inn.

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

 Inside the Holiday Inn.

 A hostess is standing in front of a sign that bills "Shecky

 Crude" as the featured entertainer of the evening in the "Blue

 Room."

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

 MIKE

 My mother works here. Her name is

 Dorothy.

 HOSTESS

 (thinks for a second)

 No. I can't think of anyone by that

 name. Let me get the manager.

 The hostess picks up the phone.

 Manager's office night.

 A MANAGER is sitting behind his desk wearing a shiny blue suit,

 he shifts in his swiveling chair, and looks at the Holiday Inn

 Postcard that Mike's mother sent to his father.

 MANAGER

 Dorothy, Dorothy There was a

 Dorothy Biondi used to work here a

 year ago, but she split. Saved up

 all her money and headed to Italy.

 MIKE

 To Italy?

 MANAGER

 Yeah. It took her forever to save

 any cash, but she did, and flew

 away. She was looking for her

 family. I guess she came from

 Italy. But she didn't look

 Italian.

 SCOTT

 Was your mom Italian?

 MIKE

 I don't know. I guess that she

 was.

 In the lobby of the Holiday Inn at night.

 Mike and Scott witness the arrival of the German Mercedes Benz

 parts salesman.

 SCOTT

 There's that guy.

 MIKE

 Who?

 SCOTT

 The guy who gave us a ride from

 Portland. What's he doing here?

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

 crosses his face.

 HANS

 Mike! Scottie! How good to run

 into you! My dear boys! How have

 you been?

 Inside Hans' hotel bathroom. Night.

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

 bathroom door.

 MIKE

 I just got in the tub! Wait your

 turn.

 HANS

 But Mike! Don't you want anything

 to eat? We are ordering room

 service. Ya?

 MIKE

 Ahhh. Room service? Ya! Let me

 see. Two hamburgers, with cheese,

 onions, lettuce, tomato, no

 pickles. A Coke and french fries.

 HANS

 O.K. That's hamburger wiz

 everything, no pickles, Coke,

 french fries.

 MIKE

 That is correct.

 HANS

 Thank you.

 MIKE

 You're welcome.

 As Mike and Scott eat their hamburgers, Hans sits across from

 them next to a small desk light on a double bed in his Holiday

 Inn room.

 HANS

 How are the hamburgers, boys?

 MIKE

 They're okay, Hans.

 SCOTT

 Good, Hans. I don't think that

 I've tasted a hamburger as fine as

 this Holiday Inn hamburger.

 HANS

 I'm glad that you like it.

 The boys eat approvingly.

 HANS

 How did you boys get so far? I

 only left you in Portland a few

 days ago.

 SCOTT

 We rode on our trusty motorcycle.

 HANS

 And what brings you to the Holiday

 Inn?

 SCOTT

 Business.

 HANS

 What kind of business?

 SCOTT

 We're selling motorcycles.

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

 Hans rides his newly purchased motorcycle across the plains from

 Boise to Picabu, Idaho. A local policeman pulls him over doing 95

 mph in a 45 mph zone.

 At the Boise Airport Scott and Mike stand in a ticket line. The

 ticket taker stamps their tickets.

 TICKET TAKER

 Do you have any baggage?

 Mike and Scott shake their heads no.

 ItaliA

 Mike wakes up and finds himself sitting beside the Trevi fountain

 in Rome. There are other street kids surrounding him fishing for

 coins that tourists have thrown in the fountain. He doesn't see

 Scott.

 He looks around a bit.

 SCOTT (o.s.)

 Mikey! Over here!

 Mike's VIEW of Scott in a taxi cab.

 The TAXI pulls up to a small farmhouse on a hill outside of Rome.

 Mike and Scott get out and walk around the house. A farmer is

 cutting his crop on the next hillside.

 A DOG walks up to them.

 The taxi driver gets out of the car and asks for his money in

 Italian. Scott holds out the money that he has and the driver

 takes it, counting it out for himself.

 Mike walks around a corner of the house and notices the doors are

 open as the cab drives off down the drive.

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

 into the house.

 MIKE

 Mom?............Hello?

 An extremely Beautiful Italian girl walks around the corner where

 Scott is sitting. He can't see her. And she leans against the

 shack and stares at him, then looks up at Mike, who is walking

 through the house trying to find someone.

 GIRL

 Hello.

 SCOTT

 Hi. Is this your house?

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

 GIRL

 No. This isn't my house, but. It

 is my uncle's house.

 SCOTT

 I'm Scott.

 GIRL

 I'm Carmella.

 SCOTT

 And he is Mike. We came from

 America to find his mother.

 CARMELLA

 Oh. An American woman?

 SCOTT

 Yeah, do you know her?

 CARMELLA

 Yes, but. It is not true that she

 lives here..

 SCOTT

 It isn't true?

 CARMELLA

 No. She left a long time ago. Back

 to America.

 SCOTT

 Oh, shit. Was she your friend?

 CARMELLA

 I wanted to speak English, and she

 taught it to me.

 Scott looks up at her, a little surprised.

 Mike walks from the house to Scott and Carmella.

 CARMELLA

 Hello. My name is Carmella.

 MIKE

 I'm Mike.

 CARMELLA

 Hello Mike.

 SCOTT

 She knows your mom.

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

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

 MIKE

 I mean, Christ, we come all this

 fuckin' way and she ain't here

 either. Where'd she go from here?

 Mike walks through the rooms of the Italian country

 MIKE'S VIEW of a room, and Scott is just closing the door. He

 winks at Mike as he shuts it.

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

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

 dress.

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

 the white bed.

 Still views of the lovemaking.

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

 Mike approaches the house and there is a taxi cab waiting.

 Carmella is putting a suitcase in the trunk.

 Scott helps Carmella in the front seat of the taxi.

 SCOTT

 Hey, Mike. Let me talk with you

 for a second.

 Scott follows Mike inside the house and into a room.

 SCOTT

 I'm gonna take some time off.

 Scott gives Mike an American Express card.

 SCOTT

 Don't leave home without it. Ha-

 ha. (Mike doesn't think it's

 funny)

 I mean, maybe I'll run into you

 down the road.

 Mike is shocked but sees what Scott needs to do as he looks out

 the window and can see Carmella in the taxi.

 MIKE

 Yeah, sure. Okay.

 SCOTT

 Sorry about this, dude.

 MIKE

 I'll be okay. Don't worry about

 me.

 SCOTT

 Sorry, but....

 MIKE

 No, man, forget it. Hurry up,

 she's waiting, you're gonna lose

 her.

 Mike hides a tear.

 SCOTT

 All right. You sure you'll be

 okay?

 MIKE

 Go on, get out of here.

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

 MIKE'S THOUGHTS:

 Well. So much for the great

 protector-of-us-all. Protector of

 himself, more like. I couldn't

 believe Scott would leave me here

 in the middle of a foreign

 country.

 Inside, Mike goes into one of his fits, snorting, a little like a

 pig, and falls asleep.

 PoRtland

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

 leaning over him.

 STEWARDESS

 Wake up. Wake up, we're here.

 MIKE

 Where? Where am I?

 STEWARDESS

 You're in Portland.

 INT. BROADWAY CAFE in the day.

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

 Denise is with a new boy, STUART, and they are making out. Mary

 sits and chain smokes cigarettes, there are three other UNKNOWNS

 around the table.

 MIKE

 And so, I was back in Portland,

 enjoying the life I used to lead.

 It was like I was back from a

 vacation. Denise had a boyfriend

 now....

 Ext. street night.

 Cars cruise by. Mike is on a street corner. He hops into a

 stranger's car.

 Int. MOTEL night.

 Still views of Mike having sex with a date.

 MIKE

 ... and I enjoyed the fruits of my

 labor.

 CLOSE VIEW of money exchanging hands.

 BROADWAY CAFE day.

 Mike is at the table again, smoking a cigarette.

 There are three new kids who look very MEAN, and are hassling

 another kid, pulling his collar and throwing him around.

 MIKE'S THOUGHTS

 And there were new kids who were

 coming around who wanted to take

 your money. It was a dark period

 for the streets. Normally, Scott

 would keep order In the Broadway

 Cafe.

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

 MIKE'S THOUGHTS

 Gary and Ray both got work at

 stands. It was funny...

 Int. Deli day.

 Ray serves Mike a hot dog.

 MIKE'S THOUGHTS

 ( they both sold hot dogs. Which

 is what they were used to selling

 on the streets in the old days.

 These guys had really changed, I

 thought.

 Mike's FACE, outdoors in the daytime.

 He looks out on the cityscape.

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

 Jakes restaurant night.

 Mike wakes up. He is sitting next to Bob and Budd. A new friend,

 a colorfully dressed man named BAD GEORGE, who looks like a

 street minstrel, talks on the street in front of a fancy

 restaurant. Bad George is obnoxiously yelling in Bob's face.

 BAD GEORGE

 Bob! What tidings I bring you. And

 such joy. Some of that old rot gut

 that you and I used to drink. I

 have three bottles stashed in the

 bushes out on eighty-second.

 BOB

 What blew you in?

 BAD GEORGE

 Think of the fun we can have, if

 we could only rind a ride for a

 journey to the bushes where the

 hooch is hid.

 BOB

 If I shared your wine, I might

 catch this awful disease you

 appear to have. My clothes would

 turn striped, and I would suddenly

 have bells on my toes, like this

 here...

 Bob points to George's bells on his shoes.

 BAD GEORGE

 Bob, you're one of the greatest

 living men on Three-street.

 BOB

 That is correct.

 BAD GEORGE

 Surely you can find us a ride

 somewhere.

 MIKE'S THOUGHTS:

 As I listened to Bad George and

 Bob talk, I watched across the

 street as a long black car pulled

 up alongside one of the fancier

 restaurant/bar establishments of

 Portland. And who got out of that

 car? It was the old protector-of-

 us-all, himself Scottie Favor.

 Bob notices the group of men getting out of a car in front of the

 restaurant. One of them is Scottie , in a three pieced suit. He

 is with his Italian girlfriend.

 BOB

 If it isn't Scottie Favor himself.

 Blessed are they who have been my

 close friends. Now dressed in a

 three pieced suit and looking

 every bit a gentleman! He has run

 into his inheritance.

 BAD GEORGE

 Who?

 BOB

 George, Budd, Mike. We have waited

 for this day to come.

 Bob charges in the direction of Scottie and his friends.

 I nt. Jakes. Night.

 Scottie and his associates, who are men much older than he,

 perhaps in their thirties, make their way through the yuppie

 crowd standing in the bar drinking. Hellos and how-do-you-do's

 are directed at Scottie. A man stops Scott on his way through the

 crowd.

 MAN

 Scottie! I haven't seen you in a

 dog's age. You're looking well. So

 grown up. Scottie, I'd like you to

 meet Ed Warren, he's in marketing

 at Nike. Ed, this is Scottie

 Favor.

 ED

 Oh, Jack Favor's son, hello,

 pleased to meet you.

 SCOTTIE

 How do you do?

 Bob is following Scottie through the crowd. Scottie walks past

 Hans, who is having a drink with another man. They recognize each

 other but neither speak.

 Bob, with Bad George in tow, straightens himself up as the yuppie

 crowd looks on disapprovingly. Their smelly clothing betrays

 them.

 BOB

 Come, George, watch this. You will

 see the attention that I get.

 Bob looks at his clothes. A bouncer spots them.

 BOB

 It's true we're drawing attention

 to ourselves. But Scottie will see

 that I am dying to see him, and it

 won't matter how we're dressed.

 Scotty and his friends are sitting around a crowded table. As

 they take their seats, Scottie hears Bob bellowing.

 VIEW of Bob being detained by the bouncer.

 BOB

 God save you! God save you, my

 sweet boy.

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

 BOB

 Sonny! My true friend!

 Silence for a second, the crowd grows quieter.

 BOB

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

 Without turning toward Bob, Scottie speaks.

 SCOTT

 I don't know you, old man.

 GIRL IN CROWD

 Who is that bum?

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

 SCOTTIE

 Please leave me alone.

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

 SCOTTIE

 Don't think that I'm the same

 Scottie that I was before.

 Everyone has noticed that I have

 turned away from that life, and

 the people who kept me company.

 Bob is shocked.

 Outside, Mike can see through the windows of the restaurant, Bob

 and Scottie talking.

 Int. Jakes. night.

 SCOTTIE

 When I was young, and you were my

 street tutor. An instigator for my

 bad behavior, I was trying to

 change. Now that I have, and until

 I change back don't come near

 me.

 Bob feels the rejection like a shock. Stares at Scott for a

 second, then he's pulled away by the bouncer.

 Ext. Jakes. night.

 Mike watches Bob and Budd sit down with him.

 BUDD

 Don't take all this seriously.

 It's one of his jokes.

 Nighttime overhead view of Bob in his greasy derelict hotel bed.

 He is having nightmares, and suddenly he CRIES OUT'

 BOB

 God, God.... God!

 Dawn views of the city

 Mike awakes atop a downtown building.

 Inside the Derelict Hotel Day.

 Mike enters, and walks through a very quiet, although crowded

 MAIN ENTRANCE. There is a body on a slab in the middle of the

 room that is covered with a sheet.

 MIKE

 Pigeon?

 A BOY

 Scottie Favor broke his heart.

 GARY

 He's gone now, either to Heaven or

 to Hell.

 JANE LIGHTWORK

 Be sure it isn't to Hell. He tried

 to be an honest sort. I'm the one

 who heard him cry out last night.

 He said God, God, God... three or

 four times. And when I got there I

 put my hand into the bed and felt

 his feet. And they were cold as

 stone. And I checked the rest of

 his body. And it too was as cold

 as stone.

 BUDD

 (crying)

 It sure is quiet.

 Mike approaches Budd.

 MIKE

 I guess you're gonna miss him the

 most, Budd.

 Mike gives him Scottie's American Express card, as others carry

 his body out of the hotel.

 Dawn views of the city.

 MIKE

 Here. Maybe you can give him a

 good burial.

 Budd cries.

 Mike exits.

 In the country, Mike looks at the road.

 He has visions of sagebrush and rock flying into the air as if

 picked up by a big wind.

 Then he lies asleep by the side of the road.

 MIKE'S VOICE

 I suppose that a lot of kids like

 me think that they have no home,

 that home is a place where you

 have a mom and a dad.

 Pause.

 MIKE'S THOUGHTS

 But home can be any place that you

 want. Or wherever you can find

 My home is right here on the side

 of this road, that I been to

 before. I just know I been on this

 fucking road one time before, you

 know that?

 Later, a car drives by Mike's sleeping body by the side of the

 road. It turns around and stops next to Mike. A figure puts Mike

 in his car and drives off down the road.

 MIKE'S THOUGHTS

 Sometimes I had thought that God

 had not smiled on me, and had

 given me a bum deal. And other

 times, I had thought that God had

 smiled on me. Like now. He was

 smiling on me... for the time

 being....

 Int. Car. Day.

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

 Ext. Desert. Day.

 The car disappears down the road.