

"BLUE"

An Original Screenplay  
By  
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(c)J. Brian King

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FADE IN:

- 1 EXT. CHEAP MOTEL-DAY 1  
Sepia-toned Black & White  
A 1956 Nash Metropolitan is parked next to a pick-up truck outside a cheap motel room. The [motel](#) door opens and a young MOTHER, brunette (35) passionately kisses a LOVER male (28) in the doorway, as the Lover tightly grabs her ass. [You hear a cheap AM RADIO playing country music.](#) \* \*
- 2 INT. SQUAD CAR-DAY 2  
YOUNGER JOHNNY, (36) dressed in a Police Uniform watches from inside a 1956 Black & White squad car. From across the street.
- 3 EXT.CHEAP MOTEL-DAY 3  
The MOTHER gets in her car and drives away as her LOVER waves goodbye wearing a white wife-beater t-shirt, with his trousers half unbuttoned and a bottle of beer in his hand. The Lover closes the door.
- 4 EXT.SQUAD CAR-DAY 4  
Silhouette of Younger Johnny getting out of the squad car.
- 5 EXT.LONELY ROAD-DUSK-NASH 5
- 6 (SUPER) FLORIDA, 1956 6  
A 1956 Nash Metropolitan sputters down a desolate two lane road.  
You HEAR Elvis Presley singing "Don't be cruel" on the radio.

CUT TO:

7 INT.CAR-DAY-NASH-FAMILY

7

The Mother is behind the wheel with LITTLE BLUE (5), out of sight laying down in the back seat. Two souls on board. \* \*

Little Blue wakes up and appears from under a blue blanket in the back seat, and looks around.

LITTLE BLUE

Mom, where are we?

MOTHER

Blue, you had a real nice nap. Are you thirsty?

LITTLE BLUE

Yes.

MOTHER

I'll stop at the first sign of civilization, there's not much out here in the Everglades.

CLOSE on dashboard A.M.radio. They pull into a circa.nineteen forties gas station in the middle of nowhere.

CUT TO:

8 EXT. GAS STATION-DUSK-FAMILY

8

There is a single fuel island out in front with two Tokheim gas pumps and a dimly-lit Mobil Oil sign.

A tired OLD MAN (60)appears from behind a wooden screen door which SLAMS behind him.

The Mother, wearing a tight sweater separating her pointy breasts with a shell necklace gets out of the car.

MOTHER

Fill up my little puddle jumper for me, would you?

The old man pulls out a rag from his back pocket and tries to wipe the years from his face.

OLD MAN

Pleasure, Ma'am.

Little Blue piles out of the car and runs inside the road house.

MOTHER

How far is Naples from here?

OLD MAN

About three sees from here.

(a beat)

Depends on how heavy your foot is.

The old man looks down her shapely legs to her bare feet.

MOTHER

Three sees? I'm not sure-

OLD MAN

Look down yonder as far as you can see-

(a beat)

About three of them.

The mother pulls out her pink rubber sandals and slips them on. The old man shifts his eyes from her legs and begins to clean the bugs off the windshield of the Nash.

MOTHER

What are those things?

OLD MAN

Love bugs.

MOTHER

Why do they call them that?

OLD MAN

They're always- you know-hooked up. Like a couple of dogs in heat.

The mother looks at the squashed bugs all over the front bumper and grill. The Old Man opens the hood of the Nash.

MOTHER

What a way to go!

OLD MAN

At least they had smiles on their faces...

The old man scrapes the remaining bugs off the front grill, and looks under the hood.

MOTHER

I can tell.

OLD MAN

Your fan belts a little worn, but I don't have one that size, don't run her too hard. Try to replace it first chance you get.

The Old Man closes the hood, and heads towards the steps into the gas station..

The mother follows the old man up the three concrete steps and goes inside.

CUT TO:

9 INT. GAS STATION-DAY

9

You see Little Blue peeking into several large glass jars on the bar counter filled with candy, peanuts, pigs knuckles and hard boiled eggs. \* \*

Little Blue is fascinated by all the memorabilia that surrounds him: dead stuffed animals, snake skins, old license plates, photographs of famous people, air boat propellers, etc.

MOTHER

Whoa!

LITTLE BLUE

Look at that **big** alligator! \* \*

MOTHER

That's a crocodile Blue. See the pointy nose?

LITTLE BLUE

**Mommy look at these! Baby alligators. Can I have one please? Pplease?Do they bite?** \* \*

The mother looks back at Little Blue

MOTHER

Do they Bite? \* \*

OLD MAN \* \*

A little harder than the mosquitoes out here. I try to stay away from them.

MOTHER \* \*

All right Blue, I suppose so. But you're gonna have to take care of it. \* \*

The mother pays the old man and you hear a cash register RINGING. \* \*

The old man follows her out in silence, and Little Blue parades out behind his Mother, rewarded with a bottle of Nehi grape soda and two boxes of Cracker Jacks and a baby souvenir alligator \* \*

CUT TO:

10 EXT. GAS STATION-DUSK-FAMILY

10

The mother gets a Kodak box camera out of the Nash and offers it to the old man.

MOTHER

Would you be so kind?

The old man takes the camera as the Mother huddles Little Blue next to the Nash in front of the gas station. Little Blue forces a smile.

OLD MAN

(grumbling)

Tourists...

(a beat)

Say Okefenokee...

MOTHER, LITTLE BLUE

(in harmony)

Okefenokee.

The old man flashes the picture, and hands her back the camera.

MOTHER

Thank you so much.

LITTLE BLUE  
 (interrupts)  
 Shotgun!

MOTHER  
 Blue crawl into the back seat with your  
 blanket, it's safer back there.

LITTLE BLUE  
 I never get to ride shotgun.

They wave good-bye to the old man as they pull out into the darkness.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. LONESOME ROAD-NIGHT-NASH 11

It's pitch black outside, as you see the Nash go by.

CUT TO:

12 INT. CAR- NIGHT-NASH 12

Blue is wide awake in the back seat with his baby gator. \* \*

You begin to HEAR clanging under the hood. It starts as a whisper but  
 within minutes it is a cry for help.

CLOSE on the temperature gauge. It reads hot.

A look of fear comes over the mother's face.

LITTLE BLUE  
 What's that noise?

CUT TO:

13 EXT. LONESOME ROAD-NIGHT-NASH 13

As the car pulls over to the shoulder, steam is pouring from under the  
 hood.

They are in the middle of nowhere.

CUT TO:

14 INT. CAR-NIGHT-NASH 14

MOTHER  
Blue-stay in the car!

CUT TO:

15 -RESUME-EXT. LONESOME ROAD-NIGHT-NASH 15

The mother gets out of the car and opens the hood. **CLOSE on her hand twisting the radiator cap.** She **BLISTERS** her fingers from the intense steam belching from the tired radiator.

\*\*  
\*\*

Within moments she sees the red FLASHING LIGHTS of a police car coming up from behind them. The mother's face turns from anger to fear.

The 1956 Black & White police car pulls in directly behind the Nash and turns off it's red lights but leaves the headlights on.

The bright lights blind little Blue, who is awake in the back seat.

From the police car's loudspeaker:

YOUNGER JOHNNY  
(O.S., Garbled)  
Step away from the car!

16 INT. CAR - NIGHT-NASH 16

LITTLE BLUE  
Mom- are you all right?

Little Blue hides under the old Blue blanket in the back seat.

CUT TO:

17 -RESUME EXT. LONESOME ROAD-NIGHT-NASH 17

In the darkness the open hood and the smoking engine block Blue's view from inside the car.

**CLOSE** on YOUNGER JOHNNY'S Alligator cowboy boots as he gets out of the squad car..

CUT TO:

18 INT. CAR NIGHT-NASH 18

You see Little Blue peek out from under the covers in the back seat, but he can't really see too much.

(O.S.)

You hear a double barreled shotgun being  
COCKED

You hear the mother's blood curdling SCREAMS.

MOTHER

(O.S.)

No! No!

19 EXT.SHOTGUN-NIGHT-NASH 19

CLOSE on finger pulling the trigger.

You hear a shotgun BLAST filling the night air.

You Hear a flock of Egrets SQUAWKING as the sound startles them and they fly off into the night, then dead silence.

20 INT.CAR-NIGHT-NASH 20

Little Blue is trembling beneath the blue blanket lying on the floorboard in the back seat. \* \*

Little Blue holds his breath as he almost feels the heat of the flashlight passing over him, as the Younger Johnny looks in the car. \* \*

Little Blue doesn't move a muscle and Younger Johnny does not find him.

Younger Johnny rifles through the mother's purse in the front seat and removes her drivers license and all the cash.

21 RESUME EXT. LONESOME ROAD-NIGHT-NASH 21 \* \*

Younger Johnny walks over to the lifeless body on the pavement, and routinely picks up the spent shotgun shell.

He then walks to the rear of the Nash and removes the license plate with a screwdriver. Then after what seems like an eternity to little Blue, Younger Johnny gets in his squad car and leaves the scene.

22 INT. CAR NIGHT-NASH 22

Little Blue comes out from under the covers and reaches over the back seat and turns the headlights on from the dash of the Nash and crawls out of the back seat, still holding his blue security blanket.

CUT TO:

23 INT.SQUAD CAR-NIGHT-1956 FORD 23

CLOSE on rear view mirror.

Younger Johnny sees the headlights from the Nash go on, and Little Blue's silhouette outside the car.

24 -RESUME EXT. LONESOME ROAD-NIGHT-NASH 24

Holding his mother, Little Blue begins to cry uncontrollably.

CUT TO:

25 INT. SQUAD CAR-NIGHT-1956 FORD 25

YOUNGER JOHNNY

Shit!

He slams on the brakes and does a screeching one hundred and eighty degree turn.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. ROAD-NIGHT-NASH 26

Little Blue hears the screeching tires and watches in fear as the police car speeds towards him.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. WOODS-NIGHT-BLUE/YOUNG JOHNNY 27

Little Blue's first instinct is now survival. He runs from the road with his blanket and hides in a mallelukah forest under the cover of darkness.

Younger Johnny's flashlight scans the thick ground cover revealing nothing but some abandoned bee hive crates.

As Younger Johnny searches the forest for the only witness, he is suddenly attacked by the outlaw bees, swarming around him.

Little Blue assumes a fetal position covered by his blanket, trying to muffle the sound of his crying.

Angry, bitten and frustrated, Younger Johnny gets back in his car and leaves.

In a daze, Little Blue leaves the forest and starts walking down the center of the road in the middle of the night, in the middle of nowhere, dragging his security blanket **and holding his baby gator.** \* \*

CUT TO:

CLOSE on Little Blue on lonely road, **petting his baby gator.** \* \*

LITTLE BLUE

Mommy? Why did you leave me? Where are you mommy?

28 EXT.LONESOME ROAD-NIGHT-EMPTY 28

You see a lonely deserted stretch of a two lane highway going nowhere.

CUT TO:

29 EXT. SHERIFF'S BOYS RANCH-DAY 29

Little Blue is being escorted through a chain link fence by a **white SOCIAL WORKER,(28)** holding his hand, as they enter a Sheriff's Boys Ranch for orphaned kids that looks like a psycho ward for minor delinquents.. Little Blue is still carrying his blue blanket. \* \*

SOCIAL WORKER

Now Blue, we're going to try real hard to find you a good home. You'll like it out here, I promise.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONESOME ROAD-DAY

You see a lonely deserted stretch of a two lane highway going nowhere.

30 CREDITS START 30

The Highway changes from night to day, and from black and white to COLOR.

31 CREDITS END 31

32 (SUPER) FORTY YEARS LATER 32

You see a Modern Squad car fly by.

CUT TO:

33 INT.SQUAD CAR-DAY-BLUE 33

BLUE,(45) a quiet well-mannered man is behind the wheel of a sheriff's unmarked patrol car.

CLOSE on his nameplate. It reads SHERIFF BLUE.

Next to him in the front seat is a double-barreled shotgun.

Folded neatly in the back seat is an old faded Blue blanket.

Now Blue rides shotgun every day.

You SEE scenes from POV of driver's moving car in the Everglades.

BLUE

(VO)

Cotton clouds blotch the raw sun-dried landscape, scarred sporadically by signs of man's attempt at survival. Road-side wounds and abandoned dreams, like pieces of a puzzle that never got finished, these winding varicose views in every direction cling to the still, breathless sky. This pencil thin highway with no divine line between Heaven and Earth, drifts West like scattered showers, crossing the Trail of no-man's land with little resistance, thirsty for this River of Grass.

(a beat)

Pan-handled Angels, give us this day on Earth- in the ever-lovin' Glades.

( a beat)

How you planning on getting out of here?

CUT TO:

34 EXT.ROADHOUSE-DAY-BLUE/JOHNNY

34

Blue slows down his patrol car as he approaches a hand-painted plywood sign along the highway that reads: HONK IF YOU LIKE COLD BEER.

He HONKS his horn as he pulls his patrol car into the gravel clearing facing the old forties roadhouse.

JOHNNY (73) , a skinny burned out chain-smoking piece of leather with a grey crew cut is out in front of the joint ceremoniously hoisting the American flag up a lone pole.

He has staked his claim just off the South side of highway Forty-One, across from the Tamiami Canal between Miami and Naples.

BLUE

Mornin' Johnny- you doin' a litte marketing survey?

Blue gets out of his unmarked patrol car.

JOHNNY

Just wanted to see if any body could still read English 'round here

BLUE

You think that old sign is gonna make anybody slow down out here in the middle of nowhere?

JOHNNY

Yeah well, Shit...Remember a couple of years back when them Haitians tried to block the Trail over there near Krome Avenue?

BLUE

Yeah...

JOHNNY

Well, a couple of my regulars taught them a little somethin' about speed limits- it's fifty-five miles an hour through there. They sure learned that in a hurry.

BLUE

Why don't you let me take care of the speed limits

JOHNNY

You can't have all the fun.

(a beat)

Blue, I hope you don't plan on parking that car here too long- it's bad for business

BLUE

Just makin' a pit stop.

Blue goes inside the roadhouse, and Johnny follows him in.

35 INT.ROADHOUSE-DAY-BLUE/JOHNNY

35

It's like you walked into 1950, peanut shells on Dade County pine floors.

Blue leans on a bar stool and runs his hand across the wooden railing carved with years of names and dates.

JOHNNY

I didn't know you could read Braille?

BLUE

I should learn-

(a beat)

Then I could communicate with some of the assholes that leave here blind drunk. What's that smell?

JOHNNY

A little bleach helps camouflage the smell of yesterday's beer soaking into these Dade County pine floors.

Johnny hands him a large bottle of Nehi grape soda and a box of Cracker Jacks. Blue walks over to the jukebox in the corner.

(O.S.)

You HEAR vintage Elvis coming from the juke box singing "Don't be cruel".

BLUE

I still see you're lost in the fifties...Why  
don't you wake up the spiders inside those  
old woofers with some top ten?

JOHNNY

This is top ten.

BLUE

Wake up- Elvis is dead.

JOHNNY

Not 'round here.

Johnny pulls out a collector bottle of bourbon from under the bar in the  
shape of Elvis with his full ceremonial Las Vegas costume.

JOHNNY

The King and I are still pretty tight.

Johnny opens the decorative ceramic jug and pours a shot into a coffee  
cup for himself. He lights up another butt.

BLUE

I'll bet you still have a pair of blue suede  
shoes in your closet

JOHNNY

Two.

(a beat)

I understand you're a short-timer?

BLUE

Yeah, I've put my time in. That's a long  
road out there. Maybe after I retire, I'll  
find me a place like yours.

JOHNNY

This gold mine's for sale.

BLUE

Johnny, you've been here forever. The  
place wouldn't be the same without you.  
Maybe ten years down the road we'll talk.

JOHNNY

This is the end of my road, my place to call  
it quits. That road out there-

(a beat)

-it ain't goin' nowhere.

BLUE

That's what I like about this place- you  
look out these windows and all you see is  
nothin' on all four sides.

(a beat)

There's something peaceful about bein' in  
the middle of nowhere.

JOHNNY

Don't have to worry too much about the  
neighbors callin' the cops on you...

BLUE

What's this fifty cent piece doin' in here?

Blue picks up a large glass peanut jar from the counter top and inside is a  
huge scorpion guarding the coin in the bottom.

CLOSE on scorpion's stinger, ready to strike.

JOHNNY

(chuckles)

That's for anybody who wants the money.

BLUE

Oh really-

Blue reaches in the jar and picks up the live scorpion and holds it flat in  
his outreached palm. Johnny jumps back, scared shitless.

JOHNNY

(nervous)

Are you crazy?

Blue takes his other hand and pulls out the fifty cent piece from the jar  
and puts it in his pocket.

The SCORPION suddenly jumps from his hand and lands on the bar  
dangerously close to Johnny.

CLOSE on stinger.

JOHNNY

Jesus Christ!

Johnny is freaked. Blue reaches over and picks the scorpion up and returns it to the jar.

BLUE

Relax, they're harmless- why don't you let him go?

JOHNNY

You be careful out there, Blue.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. ROADHOUSE-DAY-BLUE/JOHNNY

36

Johnny follows Blue out and stops at the concrete steps. There is an old weathered Coca-Cola sign that reads CORKY & JOHNNY'S hanging on both the East and West sides of the building.

BLUE

What ever happened to Corky? I never did meet her...

JOHNNY

That story is longer than that road out there...First it was the cancer, but it was the screw-top jugs of wine that done her in. It's behind me now. Never look back.

BLUE

Well, I've got a few more miles to go before my ride is through. I may as well give the County their money's worth. Thanks for the soda- and the tip.

Blue gets in his squad car and leaves the scene.

37 EXT.CONVERTIBLE-DUSK-COLLEGE GIRL

37

A COLLEGE GIRL (19) wearing short Levi cut-off jeans and a tight white button-down blouse with no bra is driving a new Mustang convertible, her long blonde hair blowing in the wind.

You see a small guardian ANGEL hanging from her rear view mirror.

38 INT. CAR-NIGHT-COLLEGE GIRL 38

CLOSE on the fuel gauge, she's running on empty and she is in the middle of nowhere.

CUT TO:

39 INT. CONVERTIBLE-DUSK-COLLEGE GIRL 39

She doesn't give a shit. She just keeps gyrating to the RAP MUSIC on her portable IPOD in the car. She is a free bird.

CUT TO:

40 EXT. ROADHOUSE - NIGHT-COLLEGE GIRL 40

It's starting to get dark as she sees an oasis ahead.

She pulls into Corky & Johnny's roadhouse. Neon beer signs from inside the windows of the roadhouse dimly light the single fuel island.

There are a half dozen pick up trucks outside. The sign on the pump reads: PLEASE PAY INSIDE AFTER DARK.

There is an airboat on a trailer backed up to the two front doors, swung wide open, with the airplane engine's wooden prop blowing air into the joint.

CLOSE on engine blowing.

The sound of the engine is almost deafening as she walks slowly up the three steps and is almost blown inside by the wind.

CUT TO:

41 INT. ROADHOUSE-NIGHT-COLLEGE GIRL 41

Johnny's behind the bar facing what looks like six FUGITIVES from last year's carnival rides sucking down longnecks of Budweiser.

In walks the college student, and every eye is on her. She eats it up and slowly walks over to the bar. She purposely leans over exposing her tight cheeks to the pool table PLAYERS. The airboat is sensually blowing her long blonde hair as she scans the inhabitants of the bar.

You hear "The Ride" by David Allan Coe playing on the juke box, but the engine and fan noises from the air boat are overpowering.

COLLEGE GIRL

\* \*

You think I could get some service around here?

JOHNNY

Yes Ma'am.

She slaps down a Gold American Express card.

JOHNNY

Cash only.

(a beat)

I've been burned a few times with plastic.

Johnny steps outside to fill up the Mustang, leaving the girl alone in the bar with his customers.

COLLEGE GIRL

\* \*

What's with the airboat?

A YOUNG REDNECK (20) stud playing pool chalks his cue and blows the excess blue chalk off the tip of his cue stick.

YOUNG REDNECK

Air conditioning. Redneck air conditioning.

COLLEGE GIRL

\* \*

You guys know where the head is? I've got to pee.

The young redneck reaches behind the bar and pulls out a rusty chrome hubcap with the restroom key attached to it and hands it to her.

COLLEGE GIRL

\* \*

I'll try not to lose the key.

YOUNG REDNECK

Down the hall, past the boar's head, second door on the right.

The lady's room door is just opposite the cigarette machine in a dark narrow hallway. She goes inside.

42 INT. BATHROOM-NIGHT 42

The College girl lights up a joint and takes a couple of hits while she puts on fresh red lipstick.

CUT TO:

43 INT. HALLWAY-NIGHT 43

A YOUNG REDNECK stud is pulling the Marlboro handle on the cigarette machine as the College Student opens the door of the bathroom. He blocks her exit into the hallway.

COLLEGE GIRL

\*\*

Excuse me.

YOUNG REDNECK

We don't see too many pretty girls like you in here.

COLLEGE GIRL

\*\*

How many beers have you had?

YOUNG REDNECK

A couple, why?

COLLEGE GIRL

\*\*

Isn't that how you boys measure things? What would a girl like me be? A six pack? Twelve?

YOUNG REDNECK

I'd say you are a definite ten.

COLLEGE GIRL

\*\*

Well then, you've got a few more to go before I look just right-too bad I can't wait around for closing time. Excuse me.

YOUNG REDNECK

Can I get you a beer?

COLLEGE GIRL

\*\*

I'm not old enough to drink.

(a beat)

(MORE)

COLLEGE GIRL (cont'd)

You know, we girls have our own way of  
measuring things-

She looks at his crotch.

CLOSE on Young Redneck's Jeans

COLLEGE GIRL

\* \*

And it looks like you're not even in the ball  
park...

Johnny comes back in after filling up her car, as she returns from the  
bathroom.

JOHNNY

Will that be all?

(a beat)

That'll be thirty dollars.

COLLEGE GIRL

\* \*

Maybe I will have one...

(a beat)

For the road...

Johnny hands her a longneck Bud.

She takes a long sensuous slug from the bottle.

YOUNG REDNECK

(sarcastically)

Your tits ain't even real!

She puts the bottle down and raises her flimsy white t-shirt and flashes  
her breasts to the onlookers.

COLLEGE GIRL

\* \*

They may not be real, but they are real  
nice!

The College Student picks up a cue stick and hands it to the Young  
Redneck.

COLLEGE GIRL

\* \*

Here. Hold this for me.

She walks over to the jukebox and puts a couple of quarters in. She plays  
"Round Here" by the Counting Crows.

Using a cue stick as a pole she begins to dance. As her shirt comes slowly off The dollars start appearing on the floor around her. She grabs the Young Redneck's hat and rubs it between her legs. All eyes are on the dancer. She suddenly stops.

COLLEGE GIRL

\*\*

That should hold you for awhile. See Ya.

You hear the screen door SLAM as she leaves the roadhouse.

YOUNG REDNECK

Ice bitch!

JOHNNY

I'll bet you'd like to get red-necked with her!

YOUNG REDNECK

Let's get red-necked tonight!

CUT TO:

44 EXT. ROADHOUSE - NIGHT-COLLEGE GIRL 44

The girl gets in the Mustang and squeals out of the gravel parking lot.

CUT TO:

45 INT. CAR-NIGHT-COLLEGE GIRL 45

She is still bopping to the music and sipping on her longneck Bud. Suddenly you hear the sound of a BLOWOUT.

COLLEGE GIRL

\*\*

Shit!

The car swerves into the center of the road, then comes to rest on the shoulder near the canal side of the road.

CUT TO:

46 INT. CAR-NIGHT-BLUE 46

CLOSE on Blue, as the spider in him comes alive. You HEAR the sound of road bumps in a heart beat rhythm. He starts his car.

CUT TO:

47

EXT. LONESOME HIGHWAY-NIGHT-COLLEGE GIRL

47

She gets out of the car, slams the door, opens the trunk and looks at the spare.

COLLEGE GIRL

\* \*

No way. Forget it.

Suddenly you see the welcome sign of flashing blue lights as Blue's squad car pulls in behind the Mustang. You hear the police LOUDSPEAKER:

BLUE

(O.S.)

Step away from the car.

Blue carefully walks over to the car, flashlight in hand wearing sunglasses.

COLLEGE GIRL

\* \*

(sensualy)

Are you my ride?

BLUE

Drivers license and registration.

COLLEGE GIRL

\* \*

What's with the sunglasses Officer? Are you afraid of the dark?

Blue looks at her driver's license with the flashlight.

BLUE

You're not from around here are you?

COLLEGE GIRL

\* \*

I've been around, just not 'round here.

She starts to rub her body against the heat of the car, like it was a vibrator.

COLLEGE GIRL

\* \*

It sure does get hot out here in the middle of nowhere...

She begins to unbutton her flimsy blouse.

BLUE

Miss...Return to your vehicle. I'll be right back.

She gets back in the driver's seat and sticks her head out and looks back at Blue inside his patrol car talking on the radio.

She re-adjusts the rear-view mirror, CLOSE as she puts on a fresh layer of lipstick.

CLOSE on the guardian Angel hanging from the rear view mirror. It gets twisted around and her head is now facing backwards, looking away.

Blue approaches the car. She sticks her head out again about Blue's zipper height.

COLLEGE GIRL

\* \*

(sensually)

Officer, are you going to cooperate with me?

BLUE

Miss, I'm afraid that we have a problem here.

COLLEGE GIRL

\* \*

(teasing)

Are you goin' to read me my wrongs?

She starts to reach for his zipper.

COLLEGE GIRL

\* \*

A zipper is a device consisting of two interlocking tabs, passionately worked by a sliding part...

Suddenly Blue pulls out a sawed-off shotgun from behind his back.

You hear a shotgun being COCKED.

BLUE

This is a shotgun. A hand-held shoulder supported weapon designed to discharge multiple projectiles with one pull of the-

CLOSE on trigger being pulled.

You hear the sound of a shotgun BLAST.

CLOSE on the broken wings from the guardian Angel hanging on the rear view mirror spattered with blood, rocking from the blast.

BLUE

How were you plannin’

(a beat)

-on gettin out of here?

CLOSE on broken side mirror spattered with blood. Pan on the words “Objects in mirror are closer than they appear

Blue keeps her drivers license and puts it in his pocket. He goes to the rear of the mustang and removes the license plate.

He puts the gun back in his car, then returns to her vehicle. He reaches in and starts the Mustang and steers it towards the deep canal just off the shoulder of the road.

The Mustang creeps forward and enters the canal and sinks to the bottom.

CLOSE on canal water bubbling

CUT TO: \* \*

EXT UNDERWATER CANAL-NIGHT \* \*

Two alligators swim around the sunken Mustang as you HEAR Mozart’s “Ave Verum Corpus” \* \*

CUT TO: \* \*

EXT ROADSIDE NIGHT \* \*

Blue routinely picks up the spent shell from his shotgun and puts it in his pocket. From his back pocket he pulls out a small blue road reflector with an adhesive backing and marks the spot on the highway in the middle of the road.

He takes a pen and writes the mile marker on the back of the removed victim's license plate and gets in the squad car and drives off.

You see a blue REFLECTOR in the road sparkling from his headlights as he drives away.

CUT TO:

48 INT. ROADHOUSE-DAY-ED/JOHNNY/BLUE

48

ED COLE (55) is a retired, overweight F.B.I. Agent now living in Miami and bored to death. He has a nagging wife and loves to get out of the house. All of his five children are grown and gone, but his favorite is his daughter ALICE, a recent graduate of the F.B.I. Academy.

Ed is sitting at the bar exchanging war stories over draft beer and pigs feet with Johnny, the soul proprietor of "CORKY & JOHNNY'S" roadhouse.

The joint is covered with snakeskin's stapled to old mahogany-stained plywood walls; mounted dead animals; old rusty license plates dating back to the fifties; photographs of famous people framed side by side with unknowns and more cobwebs than you can shake a broom to.

ED

My partner Dan and I had the best record for bringing in AWOL soldiers.

(a beat)

We must have found over three hundred of them.

JOHNNY

Really...

ED

Sometimes the obvious is just too simple. Where would you look first?

JOHNNY

If I was in New York City, and jumped ship, I'd probably head for the first titty bar.

ED

Close...It was so easy We'd just drive straight over to the girl-friend's and there they were. We'd just pick them up and give them a ride back downtown.

JOHNNY

Home is where the hard is.

(a beat)

How about another cold one?

Johnny pours Ed a draft from the keg machine.

ED

Three letters-

(a beat)

Three letters was all it took- and they'd give it up every time. It's amazing to me the fear that people had when they saw that badge and heard that short selection from the alphabet-

JOHNNY

Let me guess-

(a beat)

FBI

ED

In thirty years with the Bureau I never had to fire my weapon once. I was pretty lucky.

JOHNNY

Lucky I guess!

(a beat)

Now you just sit back and collect that green government check every month, and talk about the glory days of trackin' down AWOL soldiers, kidnappers in Miami, bank robbers in Harlem, and any other kinda shit that goes down between state lines.

(a beat)

Ed, What would you do if a real live off the Post Office wall fugitive walked in that door right now and put his fingerprints on a bottle of beer right next to you?

ED

First, I'd finish my beer. Then I'd cut right to the chase. I'd slowly get up from this barstool and waltz right out there and let that screen door kick me in the ass on my way out of here.

JOHNNY

Thought you'd be tired of bein' retired.

ED

From now on my daughter Alice will carry on the family tradition of law-enforcement. Her first assignment after graduating from the Academy's going to be in the Miami office. She'll be close to home.

JOHNNY

And close to the melting pot- I hope she don't get burned. Things just ain't the same out on the street these days. It ain't like it was thirty years ago. There's some sick pups out there who have no values what so ever. Out here in the sticks, we take care of our own, but now and then when the wind picks up, some of those big-city smells drift out our way.

You hear a screen door SLAM as Blue enters the roadhouse.

BLUE

Good morning gentlemen.

ED

Mister Blue.

JOHNNY

Somethin' about a man in a uniform.

BLUE

I just can't stay away from this place.

JOHNNY

Have you ever thought about going under cover? Plain clothes, shoulder holster, you know...

BLUE

You mean like you guys? It just wouldn't be as much fun.

(a beat)

(MORE)

BLUE (cont'd)

Anybody happen to see a young girl  
driving a new Mustang convertible around  
here ?

Blue shows them a recent photograph of the college student. Johnny  
hands Blue a bottle of Nehi grape soda.

JOHNNY

Yeah, she was by here night before last.  
There was definitely some fire under her  
hood.

REGULAR

She didn't look a lick over fourteen, but had  
a pair that stood out like twin rockets off  
Cape Canaveral!

JOHNNY

Hell she almost melted the fuzz right off  
the God-Damned pool table. Never seen  
anything like it. Is she all right?

BLUE

Her folks filed a missing persons on her.  
She's probably hooked up somewhere with  
her boy friend.

ED

If you need any back-up you know where to  
find us.

BLUE

You guys are too much. The only back up I  
need out here is reverse.

The screen door SLAMS as Blue leaves the roadhouse.

JOHNNY

That's one hell of a nice kid.

ED

Johnny, he's about to retire for Chris' sake.  
He ain't no kid.

CUT TO:

49 INT. CAR-DUSK-ALICE 49

ALICE COLE,(26) attractive FBI agent, is driving alone in a VW convertible.

CUT TO:

50 EXT. INTERSECTION-DUSK-COLLIE 50

Suddenly a large COLLIE runs out in the street directly in the path of Alice's car.

She slams on the breaks but still hits the dog and SCREECHES to a stop.

CUT TO:

51 INT. CAR-DUSK-ALICE 51

She buries her head down into the steering wheel and starts crying.

ALICE

No, No!

52 -RETURN TO SCENE 52

Blue who was traveling in the opposite direction through the intersection saw the accident and does a bat turn in his pick up truck and pulls in behind her.

He walks over to the dog and after examining it he carefully picks the animal up and puts it in the back of his truck.

Alice gets out of the car and runs over to the truck.

ALICE

(sobbing)

I didn't see him, I didn't see him, Oh my God.

BLUE

I know, I saw the whole thing. It's not your fault but I've got to get this girl to the hospital.

ALICE

I'll follow you.

They get in their vehicles and speed off.

CUT TO:

53 INT. ANIMAL HOSPITAL-NIGHT

53

A **VETERINARIAN (30) female** is hooking an IV up to the dog lying on the operating table. Blue and Alice are nearby, and there is a **NURSE (19)** in the room. The Vet removes her surgical mask. \* \*

VETERINARIAN

You're lucky you got her here so quickly, she lost a lot of blood. Her hip is broke on the left side, but in a few months she'll be as good as new.

ALICE

Thank you doctor. And I can't thank you enough, mister-?

BLUE

Blue, they call me Mister Blue.

They shake hands as they walk out of the doctor's operating room.

ALICE

Alice Cole. The way you just swooped up that dog in your arms- she had to weigh at least fifty pounds. I would have never been able to do that.

BLUE

I guess you can say I'm just an animal lover.

Alice looks at the dog's blood covering his shirt and pants.

ALICE

Look at your clothes, let me wash them for you.

BLUE

That's really not necessary, I'm used to it.

ALICE

Is there anything I can do for you?

BLUE

You look like you could use a drink. How about a beer?

ALICE

I don't think so, but thanks.

BLUE

Take a chance. Come on.

CUT TO:

54 EXT.TRAILER-NIGHT-BLUE/ALICE

54

Blue gets out of a pickup truck as Alice pulls in next to him in her VW bug. They walk towards his trailer. It is obvious that this beer can with wheels has weathered a few hurricane seasons too many.

There are several screened cages on the side entrance next to a couple of bird cages by the door. One cage has a toucan in it and the other larger cage houses two Macaw parrots. There is a well-used barbecue grill next to an old redwood picnic table, under the shadows of a large palm tree. Blue opens the metal fence gate.

48 You hear a BIRD talking

48

BIRD

Blue. Blue. I'm Mister Blue  
(a beat)  
Fuck You.

ALICE

Nice bird.

BLUE

He likes you.

ALICE

What have you got in those cages?

BLUE

Nothin'. Just some of my friends.

Blue lifts some of the tops to the cages, revealing a three foot alligator, a salt-water crocodile and several rattlesnakes.

The Alligator GRUNTS, the snakes RATTLE, A large mutt dog BARKS.

An owl in another cage starts HOOTING and the whole deal is a little too much for Alice to handle on their first night.

ALICE  
Aren't you going to invite me in?

CUT TO:

55 INT.TRAILER-NIGHT-BLUE

55

The trailer is small and cramped inside filled with alligator skulls, snake skins, bird feathers and beer cans. No candlelight and soft music here.

BLUE  
I guess it could use a woman's touch.

Alice goes to sit down on the couch and immediately jumps up SCREAMING and into Blue's arms as she sits on MARINA, a two foot long pet iguana.

BLUE  
It works every time.

ALICE  
Did you train him too?

BLUE  
Marina. He's a she. You can tell by turning her upside down and...

ALICE  
I really don't have the need to know. But thank you anyway.

BLUE  
Miller all right? The champagne of bottled beer.

Blue pulls two Miller longnecks out of the fridge.

ALICE  
I guess with all these animals around I'll bet you don't have any mice-

BLUE  
Yes and no.

Blue opens another cage in the hall. It's full of white mice.

CLOSE on mice inside cage.

Alice grabs Blue and hugs him, frightened by the mice.

ALICE

Dinner?

BLUE

I raise them for my yellow rats- they love 'em.

ALICE

That's quite a delicacy.

(a beat)

That scent- It's very- animalistic. A combination of several species I would imagine.

BLUE

Are you an animal lover?

ALICE

I have been accused of both.

BLUE

Maybe I should wash your shirt for you.

CLOSE on a fat Persian CAT licking the blood stains on her shirt.

ALICE

It looks like that won't be necessary.  
What's your favorite thing to do?

BLUE

I collect shells.

ALICE

I guess when you live near a body of water,  
sea shells just come naturally.

BLUE

Shotgun shells.

ALICE

You collect shotgun shells?

CLOSE pan across forty or fifty different shotgun shells glued onto a piece of wood up on a shelf flanked by a pair of alligator skulls like book ends.

BLUE  
Everybody has a hobby.

ALICE  
I don't even know what you do.

BLUE  
I'm an animal lover, remember?

Alice gets a little nervous. She gets up to leave.

ALICE  
Listen, I've got to go. Thank you again for the rescue. Good Night.

BLUE  
No problem, ma'am. You know your way out of here? At the end of the dirt road, hang a left and that'll bring you out on the Loop. Nice meeting you.

CUT TO:

56 INT.TRAILER-BEDROOM-BLUE 56

Blue's bedroom is very stark, you see Blue tucked in the fetal position on a child's bed, with his blue blanket. The only light is coming from a television set. (Bergman-Persona)

CUT TO:

57 EXT.TRAILER PARK-DAY-BLUE/CECIL 57

Blue talks to his redneck neighbor CECIL (75) the next morning from his pick-up truck. Cecil is sitting with a hand gun in his lap, watching the alligators in the pit next to the trailer.

CECIL  
Was that a female species I saw leaving your trailer early this morning?

BLUE

What are you the neighborhood crime watch? Can't a man have some company once in a while?

CECIL

I'm used to your critters keeping me up at night, but the sound coming out of that trailer last night was a whole new chapter!

BLUE

Was it good for you?

CECIL

All I want is a good night's sleep. God Damn it! Women.

BLUE

Cecil, how many times you been married?

CECIL

I'm not sure- thirteen or fourteen- I kind of lost track.

BLUE

What's with the gun? You're not afraid of them gators are you?

CECIL

Hell no- it was that crazy ex brother-in-law of mine. That Son of a Bitch. He never did get over me kicking that last woman out of the house.

BLUE

I'll keep an eye out for him.

Blue drives off to work in his pick-up truck.

CUT TO:

58

EXT. MONROE STATION-NIGHT

58

A Lincoln car speeds by Blue, whose squad car is parked on the side of Monroe Station, and turns onto Loop Road.

Blue quickly pursues the speeding Lincoln

You Hear the BEATING of the speed bumps build to a frenzy.

CLOSE on road sign "Last Chance Turn Around", POV of Lincoln.

59 INT. SQUAD CAR-NIGHT 59

POV Blue's mirror. You see Blue's MOTHER in the back seat, then she disappears.

60 EXT.LOOP ROAD-NIGHT-GERMAN 60

Blue pulls over the speeding German TOURIST,(55) red-cheeked diplomatic type.

BLUE

Drivers license and registration please.

TOURIST

(German)

Was ist los ?

BLUE

Do you speak English?

TOURIST

Ich spreche Deutsch.

\* \*

BLUE

Do you know why I pulled you over?

TOURIST

Ich verstehe Sie nicht

\* \*

(a beat)

\* \*

Ich verstehe Sie nicht!

\* \*

BLUE

(irritated)

You-

Blue points his index finger at the tourist.

BLUE

-were going too-

Blue holds up two fingers of his left hand.

BLUE

-fucking-

Blue gestures with his index finger of his right hand fucking his left hand forming a hole.

BLUE

-fast!

Blue takes his right hand with his thumb up in a hitch-hiking position and quickly zooms it in front of the tourist's face.

TOURIST

Ich verstehe Sie nicht!

\* \*

BLUE

You don't understand English do you?

Blue walks back to the squad car and gets out the shotgun.

He walks over to the tourist's car and shoves the shotgun in his face.

BLUE

Versteh this!

\* \*

Blue COCKS the shotgun.

BLUE

This is America. When you come to my country I expect you to speak my language. Do you verstanen me?

The tourist starts to slide over to the passenger side and escape.

You hear a shotgun BLAST.

\* \*

Blue removes his license plate, drivers license and dumps the car in the canal followed by a blue marker on the road to mark the spot.

CUT TO:

61 EXT. ROADHOUSE PARKING LOT-DAY-ALICE/ED/JOHNNY 61

Alice pulls in and gets out of her VW Bug. She is parked next to Ed's VW Rabbit convertible. She enters the roadhouse.

CUT TO: \*\*

62 INT. ROADHOUSE-DAY 62 \*\*

ALICE

Mom told me that I'd find you out here in the sticks.

ED

Alice, you're home!

Ed gives her a big hug, gleaming with fatherly pride. He feels the bulge of a handgun as he holds her, and slowly backs off.

ED

You finally graduated. I'm so proud of you. Johnny, this is my little Angel Alice- the newest member of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

JOHNNY

I've heard a lot about you. How could somebody has pretty as you come from an old fart like Ed?

ALICE

I guess my mother had something to do with it. Come on dad, rack 'em up, it's my break.

Alice puts two quarters in the pool table and Ed racks the balls. Alice breaks the balls and sinks two, one stripe and one solid.

ED

Solids or stripes?

ALICE

I'll take the low ones.

She sinks another ball.

ALICE

I haven't been here since I was a kid. I remember coming out here with you and mom and buying frog legs and smoked gator tail. God that was awful.

JOHNNY

Back in the twenties, used to be a way station serviced by Mounted Policemen on motorcycles. Then it was a restaurant when there was traffic out here, but after Alligator Alley opened up, Tamiami Trail's now no more than a trickle. Once you get past the Indian Bingo Hall, there's nothin' out here but roadside wounds and abandoned dreams.

ED

Johnny's usually not this friendly. I think he likes you.

Alice gets a call from her two-way radio.

ALICE

I'm on my way.

ED

Business already?

ALICE

I'll tell you about it later.

ED

Go get 'em kid. But please be careful.

ALICE

I just wanted to say that I missed you, and thank you for all the support and love letters during my training. I'll be home for dinner tonight-I love you.

JOHNNY

Remember, three letters is all it takes...

Alice leaves the roadhouse.

CUT TO:

63 EXT. ROADHOUSE-NIGHT 63 \* \*

The lights are on at Monroe Station \* \*

CUT TO: \* \*

64 64

INT. ROADHOUSE-NIGHT

Blue and Johnny are having a beer. CLOSE on television \* \*

A local NEWS ANCHOR (30) Latin female is on the screen.

NEWS ANCHOR

Once again South Florida's tourism industry takes a hit with another missing Tourist. Last seen two days ago was Dieter Schmidt, a Diplomat on Holiday from Germany. \* \*

CUT TO:

CLOSE on Still photo of Tourist on TV Screen, POV of Blue.

NEWS ANCHOR

He was last seen leaving his hotel Thursday morning, and has not been seen since. The missing persons list is growing. Also reported missing is a University student nineteen year old Debra Flanagan

CLOSE on still photo of College Student on Television.

NEWS ANCHOR

She was last seen on Tamiami Trail heading towards Naples. If you have any information about either of these people, please contact the authorities, or call our news hot line. Elsewhere...

Johnny turns the Television off.

BLUE

It seems like people are droppin like dragonflies. They must have got in some body's face. That's a good reason for an ass-whoopin'

JOHNNY

Reminds me of one time down on nigger town road. This old boy, bigger than me, must have been at least six foot somethin'. Oh we got into it.

(a beat)

He looked down at me and said I'll bet I beat your ass black before you beat mine white! Well I throwed him down, and when he hit the dirt, he just pulled me to him and went to gnawing at me, bitin' me right here-

Gestures to his forehead

JOHNNY

(continued)

I said chew it boy, it's good for you. That's educational. Bout that time my finger went in behind that eyeball and it went sssschewwww

Gestures with his finger pulling out an eyeball

JOHNNY

(continued)

It come out of there.

(a beat)

Boy he screamed. You could have heard him.whoooooooo. He said git him off, geet him off he's killin me, he's killin' me.

(a beat)

And I think boy you ain't hurtin', and I reached around there and pulled on the other one.

BLUE

You pulled his eyes right out of the sockets?

JOHNNY

Both of em! They were danglin' here on his cheeks

Cecil gestures with two fingers pointing at his cheeks.

BLUE

Did they ever put his eyes back in at the hospital?

JOHNNY

Oh yeah, sure they put them back in.

BLUE

Could he see again?

JOHNNY

Oh yeah. Of course he can't see now, he's dead.

BLUE

Don't you ever run out of stories.

JOHNNY

That ain't no story, that's the God-Damned truth!

CUT TO:

65 INT. OFFICE DAY-NY TIMES

65

**REPORTER** (30) a Cuban-American stringer for the New York Times enters a room with several computers and a handful of WRITERS.

\* \*

He is followed right behind him by a free-lance PHOTOGRAPHER (23) tattooed with a shaved head and several Canon cameras dangling about him like jewelry.

The BUREAU CHIEF(55) comes out of his office and hands him a Fax.

CHIEF

We've got another missing tourist. Only this time the shit's really gonna hit it.

**REPORTER**

\* \*

What do you have?

CHIEF

Dieter Schmidt- he has something to do with the German government. Some kind of diplomat. He flew into MIA and rented a car three days ago and was supposed to attend a meeting this morning in West Miami but never showed up.

\* \*

REPORTER

Any sign of foul play?

\* \*

CHIEF

Right now he's listed as a missing person. Check with FHP and start calling hospitals. Let's get this show on the road. And you-

The Chief looks at the Photographer.

CHIEF

Don't get a haircut!

PHOTOGRAPHER

(saluting)

Yes sir!

CUT TO:

66 INT. FBI-DAY

66

The Miami FBI office is buzzing. Several AGENTS are huddled around the coffee machine.

AGENT # ONE(32) black, extremely educated is talking with his senior partner AGENT # TWO (50)chiseled Anglo.

AGENT #ONE

If the press gets a hold of this they're going to have a field day.

AGENT #TWO

Another missing German tourist. Only this time Washington wants answers-now.

AGENT #ONE

These people just don't up and disappear off the face of the Earth.

(MORE)

AGENT #ONE (cont'd)

Somebody or persons unknown are popping them. What's the motive? Money?..Drugs? Maybe it's an anti-Nazi thing.

AGENT #TWO

Check all the files for the past five years on the Kraut-haters, skin heads, whatever. It could be just some kids out for a joy ride- The APB on the rental car should turn up soon.

ALICE

How many tourists so far this year in the tri-county area have been hit?

AGENT #ONE

At least half a dozen. Three have been killed by gunshot in the last two months. Mostly Europeans in rental cars, and Germany just happens to be the hardest hit.

AGENT #TWO

They either stop and ask directions in the wrong part of town, or simply break down on the expressway. Along comes our good Samaritan and we have another statistic on our hands.

\* \*

ALICE

This is not the first missing tourist. No car, no bullets, no ransom demand. So far nothing has shown up. Let's start tracing his footsteps out of town. Maybe the car is abandoned out in the booneys somewhere. If there's a trail, we'll find it. Notify the Georgia and Carolina's bureau in case this is a road trip.

AGENT #TWO

No body, no evidence, just a lot of pissed-off politicians. The Governor called this morning, two Representatives and a Senator from Washington. Florida means tourism, and tourism means dollars.

ALICE

If they keep picking them off like oranges, there won't be a crop next year.

AGENT #ONE

This could escalate very quickly into an International fiasco. The State Department has already contacted us. If it's not safe for diplomats to travel in our country, their government could easily pull the plug. As a powerful player in the European community, hell they could all join in. By then, you may as well board up Florida all together and start counting coconuts. We've got to find this guy.

ALICE

I'll work with the local law enforcement, and set up a special detail. We'll get a handle on this one.

CUT TO:

67 INT. SQUAD ROOM-DAY-POLICE

67

Roll call is in session. A thin POLICE LIEUTENANT (40) Gung Ho, is addressing a room full of officers, as another OFFICER is passing out missing person sheets to everyone.

POLICE LIEUTENANT

Ladies and gentlemen, we are blessed this morning with the presence of big brother- or should I say big sister. The Federal Bureau of Investigation has asked our cooperation in assisting them on the latest tourist missing in action in the Southeastern quadrant. Please give a good listen to Agent Alice Cole, a recent graduate of the FBI Academy, whose expertise is evaluating and relocation of missing persons et all. We have been assigned to assist her in locating one Herr Strasbourg, whose mug is on the sheet that should be in your hot little hands by now. Miss Cole-

ALICE

Thank you lieutenant. Good morning. Will someone kill the house lights?

The room goes dark except for the smoky glow of a slide projector, with a photograph of the missing German Diplomat. She gestures toward the picture behind her.

ALICE

Dieter Schmidt, fifty-two years old, diplomatic courier for the Deutsch Republic landed at MIA three days ago, rented a car from Hertz and was never heard from again. We have every reason to believe that he was not lost in transit, because the Lincoln Continental he rented-

\* \*

The slide changes: CLOSE on the small computer screen of the Guidestar system installed in the dashboard of a car.

ALICE

-was equipped with the new Guidestar satellite navigation system, similar to those that you have on board. His itinerary was to attend a meeting in West Miami, but he could have done a little sight-seeing along the way, but we don't think he made any wrong turns. I'm afraid we are now waiting for a ransom demand if he was kidnapped, or a call from the coroner. We need to find the missing vehicle, and that should lead us to the victim.

The slide changes back to the German tourist's face with the missing person information.

ALICE

We have no motive for this crime, no perp profile, if indeed there is one. Maybe we'll get lucky just once and find him with an escort or something. Be on the lookout for a silver grey Mercedes license number MVU-Zero three eight. If you do find the vehicle, proceed with extreme caution and contact the Miami office immediately.

\* \*

(MORE)

ALICE (cont'd)

And don't step on any of the media along the way, because they're going to be swarming all over..Lights please.

The lights come back on as a few hands from the audience are raised.

Alice points to a small blonde FEMALE OFFICER (25).

ALICE

Yes-

FEMALE OFFICER

It seems to me that there are a lot of politics surrounding this case. Are we crossing over the line just a little bit?

ALICE

From the state department down to your congressman, over to your governor, crossing the waters to the European community, yes I'd say that this is very political and crosses several lines. We all know what our job description is, let's just go out and do it.

POLICE LIEUTENANT

For God and country. Happy hunting, and please be careful out there.

\* \*

CUT TO:

68 EXT. HELICOPTER-DAY

68

Heavy RAINS as a news helicopter SCREAMS by Blue's squad car.

CUT TO:

69 INT. CAR-DAY-BLUE

69

Blue picks up a police photo of the missing German tourist from the passenger seat, crumples it up and throws it out the window of his moving squad car.

CUT TO:

70 EXT.PUDDLE-DAY 70

CLOSE on crumpled photo in a puddle being rained on. A tire runs over the photo.

CUT TO:

71 EXT.NOWHERE-DAY-ALICE/ED 71

Alice and Ed break down and roll to a stop on the side of the road.

72 INT. CAR-DAY/ALICE/ED 72

You here the starter GRINDING as Ed tries to start the car. Alice pulls out her FBI radio. Ed taps on the spinning compass on the dash.

CLOSE on compass spinning wildly.

Ed gets out of the car.

ALICE

(into radio)

Chessman, chessman, you've got the rook here, over.

No response.

ALICE

(into radio)

Chessman, chessman, you've got the rook here.

No response.

ALICE

The radio doesn't even work out here.

ED

Dead zone- radio dead zone. No cellular service either.

Alice gets out of the car.

73 EXT. NOWHERE-DAY-ALICE/ED 73

ALICE

Shit! This is all I need right now.

ED

Relax. You need some remote control.  
There's more to life than the big city.

ALICE

We're out in the sticks, God knows where,  
lookin' for boondocks, for Christ sake.

ED

Alice, this is not wonderland.

ALICE

It's not the end of the rainbow either.

ED

That's neither here nor there.

ALICE

This is nether here nor there.

(a beat)

We are in the middle of nowhere.

The mosquitoes are relentless, as they swarm around them, Alice feels like the first stages of a roadkill.

Ed on the flip side of the road, is just starting to have fun.

ED

We may as well make the best of it.

Ed pulls a cane pole from the car, and a can of worms. He starts to fish in the canal.

You hear "Summertime" ( The catfish are jumpin' and the cotton is high).

ALICE

What's that sickening smell?

Alice sneezes three times.

ED

Outlaw beehives- they're stuck behind that  
clump of Mallelukah trees over there-  
mixed with a little orange pulp burning  
when the breeze picks up it almost gives  
you a sweet tooth.

Alice slaps some mosquitoes around her ankles. Ed looks into the canal for any sign of life.

ED

Ever tasted canal catfish?

(a beat)

If we had some liver, we could probably pull up dinner right here.

ALICE

Liver?

ED

I'd offer mine, but there's not much left.

ALICE

Maybe you shouldn't drink so much.

ED

I used to drink like a fish. Now I feel more like a chum bag.

ALICE

Excuse me?

ED

Chum bag, not scum bag. Although I've met a few of those in my day.

ALICE

So what's it taste like?

ED

Chum?

ALICE

The catfish.

ED

It depends on who you're with.

(a beat)

Some things just always taste great, no matter where you are.

(a beat)

It's who you're with. Your mother and I have been married for forty years now and it's always tasted the same.

(MORE)

ED (cont'd)  
 (a beat)  
 Like frog legs.

ALICE  
 Think anybody will find us out here?

ED  
 First you have to be found missing. Have you ever thought about being found missing? If you're found missing, you're not really found- You're still missing.

ALICE  
 You lost me. I miss the point.

ED  
 Lost and found. I'll bet they didn't explain that one in the academy.

A car approaches and Alice waves to flag down the car.

ALICE  
 Another human being! Thank God!

The car flies right by.

ALICE  
 Why didn't they stop?

ED  
 Would you?

They start to walk down the middle of the road, cane pole in hand.

ED  
 Look at the buzzards. Aren't they beautiful?

CUT TO:

74

EXT. BUZZARDS-DAY

74

Several buzzards circle overhead in the sky.

CUT TO:

75

RETURN TO SCENE

75

You see a dead gator on the side of the road, half eaten by buzzards.

ED

Jesus Christ!

ALICE

Oh my god!

ED

Must have been a road kill. Got to be at least a ten footer.

ALICE

Oh yeah, this is some kind of nature trail!

Ed picks up a stick from the side of the road as they keep walking. You hear BUZZARDS squawking

ED

When you were a little girl, we used to take walks in the woods, and I'd pick up a big stick to clear away the spider webs for you.

ALICE

I remember. I hated it then, and I feel about the same right now. That little cane pole wouldn't have budged that gator.

Blue pulls up in his patrol car, you HEAR his heart pounding like the road bumps. He rolls his window down.

BLUE

Ed, I hope you have a current valid fishing license in your possession.

ALICE

Blue, I can't tell you how glad I am to see you again. Does your A/C work?

ED

I didn't even get a nibble.

ALICE

From the welts on my legs, I got a few more bites than he did.

BLUE

Sorry for your luck.

Alice opens the front passenger side door as Blue moves his shotgun over to the middle of the seat.

ALICE

Expecting company?

Ed gets in the back seat and moves the blue blanket over.

BLUE

How were ya'all plannin' on gettin' out of here? You have to be careful, you just never know who you might run in to. Not exactly a good place to be hitch-hiking.

The car takes off.

CUT TO:

76

INT. FILE ROOM-DAY-POLICE

76

Times reporter is micro-fishing inside the Miami Police Department's "Cold Case" files.

POLICE SERGEANT

These are the cold case files. Some go back over forty years- all un-solved. I hope you find what you're looking for.

REPORTER

I wish I knew what I was looking for. Thanks for letting me in here. I owe you a case of cold ones.

POLICE SERGEANT

That's funny! As a police officer on duty, I really can't-

REPORTER

(interrupts)

Think about it.

POLICE SERGEANT

You know if somebody actually does open one of these old cases, we have a ninety per cent conviction rate. The problem is, we're too busy taking care of what happened yesterday and this morning to worry about what happened a couple of years ago.

Searching through the County's "cold case" files of unsolved crimes, he comes across a newspaper article dated 1956.

CLOSE on micro-film article: "Murder on Tamiami Trail."

There is a photo of Blue as a child on the cover.

REPORTER

The only survivor. Blue, five years old.  
(a beat)

He scrolls to another newspaper article.

REPORTER

John Lee Walker, a twenty-four year old police officer and suspect in the case, was questioned forty years ago but was released due to lack of evidence and no witnesses. He resigned from the force and disappeared.

\* \*

CUT TO:

77 INT-COURTHOUSE-DAY

77

The reporter is buried in forty year old records and file folders.

CLOSE on file folder.

REPORTER

John Lee Walker, born in Dade County, nineteen thirty-two. Last known address one five six nine zero Tamiami Trail.  
Bingo!

CUT TO:

78

INT. ROADHOUSE-DAY-REPORTER

78

On the outside of the roadhouse to the left of the door are small metal numbers that read "one five six nine zero" The reporter enters the roadhouse, followed by the photographer straggling silently behind him.

REPORTER

Andy Martinez- New York Times. I'm looking for a Johnny Walker.

JOHNNY

(nervous)

Sorry, no whiskey. Just beer & wine.

The photographer takes a couple of snapshots inside the joint and sits down at the bar.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Could I get a draft?

Johnnie pours the photographer a draft

REPORTER

I'm sorry, I meant to say a Mister John Lee Walker.

JOHNNY

(nervous)

No, I can't say I've ever heard the name. What's he look like?

REPORTER

Early seventies, white, around your height.

JOHNNY

What makes you think he'd come 'round here?

REPORTER

Forty years ago he was a suspect in a murder not too far from here.

\* \*

JOHNNY

Forty years ago? That's a crying shame.

REPORTER

The last known address-

JOHNNY

Return to the scene of the crying shame.

REPORTER

This is quite a place!

The Reporter's eyes rest on a framed photograph of three people holding an alligator with its mouth tied shut taken in front of the roadhouse many years ago. One of the three people is a man holding a shotgun, the other two are women.

JOHNNY

There ain't no bar codes in here, so quit your scannin'

REPORTER

Who's the great white hunter?

JOHNNY

Don't know- a lot of this stuff has been hanging in here for decades.

REPORTER

How long have you been here- what did you say your name was?

JOHNNY

I didn't. A long time. You sure ask a lot of questions.

REPORTER

The sign outside says "Corky & Johnny's"  
What happened to Corky?

JOHNNY

The story goes first it was the cancer, then the screw-top jugs of wine that finished her.

REPORTER

And Johnny?

JOHNNY

That's a real old sign, was there when I broke down here, years ago. That's enough history lessons.

REPORTER

Speaking of school, it's kind of like a junior high school dance. You've got the boys on one side, and the girls on the other. If you don't ask somebody to dance, you don't get anywhere. In my line of work, I have to ask a lot of people to dance.

JOHNNY

This ain't no cabaret, no dancing allowed here.

REPORTER

You changed your name years ago, didn't you Johnny? What are you trying to hide?

JOHNNY

Why don't you mambo your Cuban ass out of here. The show's over.

The photographer finishes his beer and gets up from the bar stool.

REPORTER

Are you throwing a New York Times reporter out? Do you know what that could lead to?

JOHNNY

Got no use for newspapers either- used to use 'em in the litter box, before the cat died.

The photographer picks up a bumper sticker from the bar.

CLOSE on bumper sticker. It reads: "Will the Last American leaving Miami please bring the flag?"

REPORTER

Just one more thing, Johnny- Have you seen this man?

The reporter shows him a missing person flyer photo of the German diplomat.

JOHNNY

Sorry. I haven't seen this much press since the days of Miami Vice.

REPORTER  
Try to enjoy life will you?

The reporter and the Times photographer leave the roadhouse.

CUT TO:

79 EXT. MIAMI SKYLINE 79

A panorama view of downtown.

CUT TO:

80 INT. TIMES MIAMI OFFICE-DAY 80

The reporter walks by the photographers desk and sees a photograph of the inside of the roadhouse on his laptop. He magnifies the picture, and suddenly stops on a license plate nailed to the wall.

CLOSE on photograph seen on laptop. The Florida tag reads MVU-038.

The reporter picks up the missing person flyer of the German diplomat, and reads it aloud.

REPORTER  
...Last seen driving a [silver Mercedes](#) Hertz rental car with the license plate MVU-038. Any information concerning the whereabouts of this person please contact the Federal Bureau of Investigation or the Miami-Dade Police department."

\* \*

The reporter picks up the phone and dials New York.

CUT TO:

81 EXT. MANHATTAN SKYLINE 81

Panorama view of NYC

CUT TO:

82 INT. NEW YORK NEWS DESK-DAY-NYC 82

BUTT FOXFIELDER, (50) The Bureau chief in the New York office of the Times is sitting in the reporting room full of computers and piles of stories and photos, with a skyline view out the massive windows. He answers the phone.

BUTT  
(into phone)  
News Room-

CUT TO:

83 INT. MIAMI TIMES OFFICE-DAY-MIAMI 83

REPORTER  
(into phone)  
Chief- You know the missing tourists in Florida? I think I got a lead on this one. The German diplomat? I know where the license plate is from the missing rental car!

CUT TO:

84 INT. NEW YORK NEWS DESK-DAY-NYC 84

BUTT  
Martinez, do you have it? Have you seen it? Where?

CUT TO:

85 INT. MIAMI TIMES OFFICE-DAY 85

REPORTER  
I'm gonna nail this one. I feel it. If I can bring this one in it'll be the jump of the decade.

CUT TO:

86 INT. NEW YORK NEWS DESK-DAY-NYC 86

BUTT

You haven't seen it, you haven't touched it.  
Faith is not a four letter word.

CUT TO:

87 INT. MIAMI TIMES OFFICE-DAY 87

REPORTER

Butt, this is frontable! I'm telling you this  
is above the fold stuff!

CUT TO:

88 INT. NEW YORK NEWS DESK-DAY-NYC 88

BUTT

Listen very carefully. I look out my  
window and see the real world. The world  
that people want to read about.  
Skyscrapers, money, international  
intrigue. What do you see out your  
window? A definite maybe on an empty  
road in the middle of nowhere. Well, I don't  
think so. Call me when you have  
something a little more concrete.

CUT TO:

89 INT. MIAMI TIMES OFFICE-DAY 89

REPORTER

More like asphalt-

CUT TO:

90 INT. NEW YORK NEWS DESK-DAY-NYC 90

BUTT

Asphalt's no fault of mine. Sounds like a  
God-Damned country song. Keep pounding  
the pavement- and remember we're in the  
news business.

CUT TO:

91 INT. MIAMI TIMES OFFICE-DAY 91

REPORTER

I am not digging for a pitch here, I am at  
bat big time.

CUT TO:

92 INT. NEW YORK NEWS DESK-DAY-NYC 92

BUTT

Yeah, well I Don't hear the fat lady singing.  
All I hear on this side of the line is a  
desperate cry for recognition. Put it to bed  
will Ya? And don't bother me.

CUT TO:

93 EXT. ROADHOUSE-NIGHT-REPORTER 93

The reporter pulls into the roadhouse parking lot. He gets out of his car  
and goes inside.

CUT TO:

94 INT. ROADHOUSE-NIGHT-REPORTER 94

The reporter walks to the end of the bar closest to the jukebox, within  
view of the license plate nailed to the wall. No one is behind the bar, it is  
empty. He pulls a screwdriver out of his pocket and starts to remove the  
MVU-038 license plate from the wall. As he takes it off the wall, he turns  
it over and sees the numbers eight eight .seven written on the back. He  
hears someone coming from the bathroom and stashes the license plate  
under his jacket and goes to the juke box, and puts a quarter in.

You hear "Hit the road Jack" by Ray Charles

Johnny approaches him.

JOHNNY

Let's have one thing understood right  
now! You're not welcome here, you are not  
one of the sheep.

REPORTER

If you're asking me to leave, I won't.

JOHNNY

Then I'll have to throw you out.

REPORTER

If you're going to throw the New York Times out, go ahead. But I'll be back.

JOHNNY

You're gonna have your balls full when you tangle into me. I'll take you out back behind that fence a little further than I can throw, you know? Then I'll have a good chance doing what I need to do. If not, I'll throw you down right here and break your bread boy and let the blood fly.

REPORTER

I just want to ask you a couple more questions.

The reporter points to the license plate in question on the wall.

REPORTER

Where did this license plate come from?

Johnny looks over and sees a blank spot where the license was on the wall.

JOHNNY

I'm gettin' mad.

(a beat)

The same place all the rest of them came from. Give me that-that's private property! If you want some of my ass, come and git it right now! Just say the word and we'll git on it.

He hands him back the plate.

REPORTER

I'll be back with a search warrant and an entire full court press that'll fill that parking lot of yours with a sea of Federal sheet metal.

Blue in civilian clothes enters the roadhouse and sits down next to the reporter and is immediately served a longneck Miller.

BLUE  
What's all this about?

He looks at the reporter next to him, then to Johnny.

JOHNNY  
Blue, this man's a reporter for the New York Times. Came all the way down here to ask me about a license plate hangin on the wall.

BLUE  
The New York Times! That's a big city. Must be a big story. I see the man's not even drinking. Never trust a man who doesn't drink.  
(a beat)  
Tell me, what's considered a typical story, you know, how long?

REPORTER  
Oh, say one and a half columns, nine hundred words.

Blue gets up off his bar stool and leans in his face.

BLUE  
(whispers)  
Are you ready to die for one and a half columns?

REPORTER  
(nervous)  
Well I can see I'm not going to get any cooperation here.

The reporter gets up from the bar stool. Blue blocks his path.

BLUE  
I hope you make your deadline.

The reporter backs his way out of the bar. Johnny comes over to Blue.

JOHNNY

Son of a bitch refugees gettin in my face.  
Ain't they got better things to do?

BLUE

Maybe he needs to be introduced to the  
darkness of the road.

JOHNNY

I don't want to hear no God-Damned dirt  
diggin in the back yard.

BLUE leaves with an evil CHUCKLE.

CUT TO:

95

INT. CAR-NIGHT-REPORTER

95

The reporter is sitting in his car feverishly typing on a laptop computer,  
connected to a mobile phone.

CLOSE on the computer screen. The reporter is reading the story aloud to  
himself as he is typing, verbally announcing periods, commas, etc.

The reporter presses send on his mobile laptop modem.

REPORTER

Highway Forty One is bordered on the  
South by nothing but sticks and stones  
comma and on the North by the Tamiami  
Canal dash two words that can and will  
hurt you period A deep alligator stocked  
moat that runs the width of Florida comma  
this lonely desolate stretch of landfill takes  
no prisoners period This pencil thin  
highway seemingly going nowhere  
eventually comes to an end comma like all  
things period.

(a beat)

Eight eight point seven...

A hand reaches in and unplugs the phone from the cigarette lighter. You  
see BLUE opening the door.

CLOSE on Blue.

BLUE

Ever been on an airboat ride?

\*\*

CUT TO:

96 EXT. SWAMP-NIGHT-AIRBOAT 96

\*\*

Airboat running through the swamp with the reporter bound and gagged like a gator on the bow of an airboat.

\*\*

\*\*

\*\*

CUT TO:

97 EXT SWAMP-NIGHT-BLUE 97

\*\*

CLOSE on Blue in the airboat dressed as a sheriff.

\*\*

BLUE

There's a killer out here.

\*\*

CUT TO:

98 EXT. SWAMP-NIGHT-BLUE 98

\*\*

Blue smashes the laptop computer and throws it into the swamp along with the body of the reporter

\*\*

\*\*

CUT TO:

99 INT. FBI OFFICE-DAY 99

Several agents are humming about the coffee area. The agent in charge enters.

\*\*

\*\*

81 AGENT #ONE 81

\*\*

Well, we don't have to worry about leaking anything to the press. They'll be down here like plumbers looking for puddles. The New York Times just called, they're missing one of their investigative reporters-Guess where he was seen last?

82 AGENT #TWO 82

\*\*

Miami-Dade County? I'm afraid we may have some kind of serial killer out there.

ALICE

What was he working on?

83

AGENT #ONE

83 \*\*

It seemed he took an interest in our missing German diplomat case. According to his chief, he was close to finding some information about the license plate from the victim's rental car, which by the way is still missing.

ALICE

Any leads from the information he found?

84

AGENT #ONE

84 \*\*

The phone went dead just as he was sending the story up to New York.

AGENT #TWO

\*\*

What time was that?

85

AGENT #ONE

85 \*\*

According to the cellular service the call was made just before his eleven O'Clock deadline for the bugler edition. The three words that were sent before his transmission went silent were eight eight point seven.

AGENT #TWO

Sounds like an F.M. Frequency.

AGENT #ONE

No, we already checked that out.

ALICE

Any way of tracing the mobile connection?

AGENT #TWO

\*\*

It could have been made anywhere from Palm Beach to Key West.

ALICE

Another dead end street. Wait a minute. What about a location on a map, a mile marker, or a GPS reading?

AGENT #ONE  
A mile marker! Let's get on it.

CUT TO:

100 INT. OFFICE-DAY-ALICE 100

Alice is working at a computer station showing road maps of South Florida.

ALICE  
If we use MIA as ground zero, and measure eighty eight point seven miles in every direction, there are over forty possible places. If we go East we're near Bimini. If we go South we're in Islamorada. I'm going to concentrate on North and West.

CUT TO:

EXT HIGHWAY-DAY

\*\*

Alice drives up to a busy spot on Interstate ninety five in an FBI car and pulls off the road. She looks at her guidance system in the car.

\*\*

ALICE  
Eighty eight point seven.

CUT TO:

101 EXT. PINECREST-DAY 101

Three or four LOCALS are sitting around the stone circle campfire. A Black Government issue vehicle pulls up and AGENT#1 and AGENT#2 get out and walk up.

AGENT #ONE  
Afternoon folks

\*\*

There is silence from the locals.

AGENT #TWO  
We're sorry to interrupt your Saturday pow-wow, but we're looking for someone.

\*\*

LOCAL# ONE (50) back-woods man is the spokesperson. He is wiping the barrel of an old shotgun. LOCAL#TWO (25) in camo and wearing his boots tucked in

LOCAL #TWO

\* \*

You Feds must be related to the damned skunk Ape. We can always smell you before we see you.

AGENT #ONE

\* \*

This won't take but a minute.

The mosquitoes are swarming the agents. They are swatting mosquitos left and right. They don't bite the locals.

LOCAL #ONE

\* \*

We call that the local swat dance. They're real gallon-eaters out here. Go ahead, tell us your story first.

AGENT #TWO

\* \*

The Governor has requested the assistance of one Nathaniel Brown, one of a handful of guides that knows the Everglades like the back of his hand.

AGENT #ONE

\* \*

We believe he could help the Bureau locate a missing person, possibly residing in the back-woods against his will. Do you know where we could find Mr. Brown?

Local # Two stands up and gets in Agent#Two's face.

LOCAL #TWO

\* \*

You know we're gonna have to give you an ass whoopin' just for dressing like that. You ain't from around here.

LOCAL #ONE

\* \*

I'm Nathan. Who is it this time?

Local # Two sits back down and grabs a beer.

## AGENT #TWO

\* \*

There have been several people reported missing in the last few days, one being a German Diplomat. We've got a chopper waiting.

## LOCAL #ONE

\* \*

As long as you put a good word in for the Everglades to brother Bush, I'm in.

(a beat)

Do I have time to put my teeth in? They're in the truck.

CUT TO:

102 EXT. HELICOPTER DAY

102

An A-STAR helicopter zooms by the highway.

CUT TO:

103 EXT. EVERGLADES SUNSET

103

POV of Helicopter, beauty shots of aerials of the Glades,  
CLOSE on BLUE driving an airboat in civilian clothes.

CUT TO:

104 EXT-HIGHWAY-EARLY MORNING-ALICE

104

Alice drives out to a spot on highway forty-one, about fifty miles West of the road house, and pulls over. She gets out of the car and sees nothing. There is a canal on the side of the road.

CLOSE on blue road marker in the middle of the road.

## ALICE

Eighty eight point seven miles. Eighty eight point seven degrees. Eighty eight point seven and then he gets cut off. This could be the beginning of an address, a phone number, any thing!

Alice walks back to the car, and gets in.

CUT TO:

105 INT-CAR-DAY

105

ALICE

(continues to herself)

Come on Alice, what would dad do?

Common sense. It's simple.

Use your head. Think like a psycho.

There's nothing out here but buzzards,

snakes and maybe some canal catfish,

alligators-

Alice looks toward the canal.

CUT TO:

106 RETURN TO SCENE-ALICE

106

Alice gets out and walks to the edge of the canal, and sees a baby alligator's head slowly rising from the far bank at the water's edge. As she turns to walk back to the car, she notices faint tire tracks in the backlit sun shadowing the overgrown weeds leading from the road into the canal.

CUT TO:

107 EXT-HIGHWAY-DUSK-ALICE/AGENTS

107

A TOW TRUCK is pulling the rented Lincoln out of the canal as **two male POLICE DIVERS, (25) and a CORONER** huddle over a plastic sheet covering what's left of a body on the bank of the canal. Alice is talking with Agent #One and Agent # two.

\*\*  
\*\*

AGENT #ONE

Well for a rookie just out of the academy,  
Miss Best, you sure got my attention. Well  
done.

ALICE

Thank you sir.

AGENT #TWO

Still no sign of the license plate, my guess is the killer removed it before dumping the car in the canal.

ALICE

But why? Why take the time to remove it after you just killed a man?

AGENT #ONE

We're not dealing with a rational person here. This psycho wants to be set free. Let's get back to page one for a minute. The Times reporter said that he saw the license plate, which has not been found. Could this eight eight point seven been written on it somewhere?

\* \*

AGENT #TWO

My guess is that the killer wanted to know where the car was dumped, so that he or she could go back to it at a later date.

ALICE

Or maybe they just wanted to keep a record of it. What if there is more than one missing persons?

AGENT #ONE

Maybe our mystery guest is a real collector.

ALICE

How many un-solved missing person's have there been in this area over say the last twenty years?

AGENT #TWO

Fifty-two I believe, according to the last count.

\* \*

ALICE

Sounds like a deck of cards. I'm in.

CLOSE on rear of the Lincoln.

Alice looks at the back of the Lincoln where the tag should have been.

CUT TO:

108 INT.ROADHOUSE-DAY-JOHNNY/BLUE 108

Blue sees an old rusted license plate nailed to the floor, covering a water hole behind the bar next to the cash register. He takes a bar rag and wipes the grunge off.

CLOSE on License Plate and it reads: seven two eight dash eight two four, Florida, 1956, the Sunshine State.

Suddenly the front doors SLAM as Johnny startles Blue behind the bar next to the cash register.

JOHNNY

The sunshine state.

BLUE

Johnny- I thought I saw a mouse carrying a bag of Cheeto's around the corner.

JOHNNY

Sorry Blue, no customers are allowed behind the bar-

(a beat)

That is unless you're looking for a job.

CUT TO: \*\*

109 INT TV SCREEN-DAY 109 \*\*

CLOSE on Television NEWS ANCHOR (35) attractive female \*\*

NEWS ANCHOR \*\*

We interrupt this program to bring you an update on what is now known as the Everglades Killer. The body of a missing German Diplomat Dieter Schmidt has been found in a Canal out in West Dade.

(MORE) \*\*

NEWS ANCHOR (cont'd)

Also there is an on-going investigation regarding the missing New York Times reporter and the young coed, but officials believe that there is a possibility that these missing persons and the recent homicide could be linked to the same as yet unidentified suspect. We will bring you further updates as they become available. We now return you to our normal programming.

\* \*  
\* \*  
\* \*  
\* \*  
\* \*  
\* \*  
\* \*  
\* \*  
\* \*

CUT TO:

\* \*

INT.ROADHOUSE-DAY-BLUE/JOHNNY.

\* \*

BLUE

Good help's hard to find, but as you can see, I've got work to do., I'm afraid the County's still got me clocked in. Gotta run.

\* \*  
\* \*

Blue leaves the roadhouse.

CUT TO:

110 INT.TRAILER-BLUE-DAY

110

Blue is alone at a computer researching old vehicle records. The DMV computer on line.

CLOSE on computer screen: Alligator County DMV records going back to 1956 were destroyed by hurricane Donna in 1960 and are not available.

CLOSE on Scanner Blue scans the old photo of his family into the computer and blows up the section in photoshop and enhances the license plate.

CLOSE on license plate. Florida tag seven two eight dash eight two four, dated nineteen-fifty-six.

CUT TO:

111 INT. ROADHOUSE-DAY

111

CLOSE on license plate nailed to floor.

The license plate on the Nash from the old photograph matches the numbers on the plate nailed to the floor inside Johnny's roadhouse.

CUT TO:

112 INT.ROADHOUSE-DAY-ALICE/ED/JOHNNY

112 \* \*

Ed and Johnny are hanging around the bar. There are a few other REGULARS in the joint, as Alice comes in and gives Ed a big hug, and racks up the balls on the pool table.

ALICE

What are you guys doing? Waiting for a breeze so you can shoot at it?

ED

There's my little Angel, what brings you out to my neck of the sticks?

ALICE

It's your turn to break.

As she lines up her shots, she casually looks around at the memorabilia covering the walls.

ED

You haven't got a prayer.

ALICE

Winner buys the next round.

JOHNNY

We don't allow gambling in this establishment-

ALICE

Or valet parking... Hey where's my beer?  
I'm startin' to rust over here!

\* \*

\* \*

Johnny brings her a beer.

\* \*

JOHNNY

Any arguments at the pool table will be settled by Smith and Wesson.

CLOSE on several license plates hanging in different areas around and behind the bar.

One by one Alice writes down all the tag numbers down on a bar coaster while they aren't looking. *Ed notices her writing.* \* \*

ED  
Creative moment? \* \*

ALICE  
I should have been a poet. \* \*

ED  
Write what you know about. Yesterday's  
beer is tomorrow's thirst, or something  
like that. \* \*

ALICE  
Thanks for the game, I'll call you later.  
Love you- \* \*

*Alice kisses Ed and leaves the Roadhouse.* \* \*

CUT TO:

113 INT.F.B.I. COMPUTER ROOM-NIGHT-ALICE 113

She gets back to the office and runs all of the numbers through the DMV computers.

CUT TO:

114 EXT.ROADHOUSE-DAY-BLUE/JOHNNY 114

Blue pulls into the parking lot in his un-marked car next to the fuel island.

Johnny is outside picking up beer bottles from the night before. *There is a white five gallon bucket sitting in the middle of the drive way.* \* \*

BLUE  
Good morning Johnny. It's hard to get  
good help these days.

JOHNNY

What ever you do don't look in that bucket  
over there.

\* \*  
\* \*  
\* \*

BLUE

Just need to use the head, I'll just help  
myself.

\* \*  
\* \*  
\* \*

JOHNNY

Lord helps those that help themselves.

\* \*

JOHNNY

How about that bucket?

\* \*  
\* \*

Blue looks in the bucket.

\* \*

BLUE

Don't even go there.

\* \*

JOHNNY

Just don't shake it out here Boss.

\* \*

Blue enters the roadhouse.

Johnny walks over to pick up a broken beer bottle near the front tire of  
Blue's squad car and sees a photograph on the dash board.

CUT TO:

115 EXT ROADHOUSE-DAY-JOHNNY

115 \* \*

CLOSE on **dashboard**, you see an old faded black & white photograph with  
serrated edges showing Little Blue and his Mother taken in front of the  
gas station when he was only five.

\* \*

He starts to wipe a few bugs off the windshield.

Johnny flashes back to the night of the killings, forty years ago.

CUT TO:

116 FLASHBACK TO SCENE #18-#19

116 \* \*

EXT.ROADSIDE-NIGHT

SEPIA toned Black & White: You see the killer's POV of the murders. YOUNGER JOHNNY in a fifties police uniform walks up to the Nash Metropolitan and blows the MOTHER away with the shotgun.

CUT TO: \*\*

117 EXT. ROADHOUSE-DAY-BLUE/JOHNNY 117

Blue comes out of the roadhouse holding a grape soda and gets in his squad car.

BLUE

I left you some change on the counter.

JOHNNY

Change is good.

Blue looks at the photo on the dash, then back at Johnny as he stands near the door, then drives off.

CUT TO:

118 INT.ROADHOUSE-DAY-JOHNNY 118 \*\*

Johnny enters the roadhouse and goes behind the bar and opens up a red wooden fire ax box. Inside is a fully loaded double barrel shotgun. He presses a hidden button underneath the box and you hear a loud POP as the gun releases from a locking mechanism as he pulls it out.

CUT TO:

119 INT. FBI COMPUTER ROOM-NIGHT-ALICE 119

You see the MONITOR revealing tag numbers and names.

ALICE

Shit! Shit!.

She picks up the phone and dials Blue.

CUT TO:

120 INT. TRAILER-NIGHT-BLUE 120

Blue answers the phone.

BLUE  
 (into phone)  
 Hello.

CUT TO:

121 INT. COMPUTER ROOM-NIGHT-ALICE 121

Alice is out of her chair and leaning towards the computer monitor. She is talking on a phone.

ALICE  
 (excited, into phone)  
 Blue. You're not going to believe this. I  
 ran all those rusty license plates in Corky  
 & Johnnie's-  
 (a beat)  
 Every single tag hanging on those walls  
 belong to missing persons from all over  
 the country over the past two decades!

CUT TO:

122 INT. TRAILER-NIGHT-BLUE 122

BLUE  
 (into phone)  
 Shit! God Damn! Good work Alice. Why  
 don't you meet me out there and we'll have  
 a little talk with Johnny.

\* \*

CUT TO:

123 INT. COMPUTER ROOM-NIGHT-ALICE 123

ALICE  
 (into phone)  
 There's a serial killer out there, and I think  
 Johnny knows more than he's saying. I'm  
 rolling.

She tears off the printout from the computer and takes it with her as she runs from the room.

CUT TO:

124 INT SQUAD ROOM-DAY

124

The Police Lieutenant is talking to two FBI Agents.

ALLIGATOR COUNTY LIEUTENANT  
What can I do for you boys?

\* \*

AGENT #TWO  
I understand that one of your deputies has been communicating with one of our agents, Alice Cole. We just want to make sure that you understand how important it is to not break the chain of command, so no one is left out of the loop.

\* \*

ALLIGATOR COUNTY LIEUTENANT  
How come you guys are always looking for something? What's the deputies name?

\* \*

AGENT #ONE  
Sheriff Blue, no last name.

\* \*

ALLIGATOR COUNTY LIEUTENANT  
Blue? Alligator County has no deputy by that name. Can't be.

\* \*

AGENT #TWO  
Unless this guy likes to play Halloween...

\* \*

CUT TO:

125 EXT.HIGHWAY-NIGHT-ALICE

125

Alice heads towards the roadhouse in a late model un-marked government DODGE

CUT TO:

126 EXT. ROADHOUSE-NIGHT-BLUE/ALICE/JOHNNY

126

Blue slows down his squad car and pulls into the parking lot.

Alice also pulls into the parking lot, and parks next to Ed's VW Rabbit.

Johnny sees them outside and sneaks out the side door of the roadhouse, shotgun in hand.

Johnny's POV of Alice and Blue entering the empty roadhouse. Blue is carrying a small canvas bag. \* \*

CUT TO:

127 INT. ROADHOUSE-NIGHT-ALIVE/BLUE 127

POV of camera scanning the interior walls revealing several license plates

ALICE  
Daddy? Daddy? Johnny?

BLUE  
It looks like we're the only one's here.

CUT TO:

128 EXT. BARN-NIGHT-JOHNNY 128

CLOSE on rusted padlock. After shaking it a few times with a key, the lock opens.

The doors CREAK as Johnny swings them wide.

CUT TO:

129 INT. ROADHOUSE-NIGHT-ALICE/BLUE 129

Alice shows him the computer list.

ALICE  
Look at this! We are probably standing on a graveyard!

Alice's walkie talkie goes off.

BLUE  
Close, real close. Don't bother answering that, it probably doesn't work out here anyway.

Blue pulls out his service revolver and points it at Alice.

BLUE  
So you found the loophole in the road. Very good. Your weapon?

Alice hands him her gun.

CUT TO:

130 INT. BARN NIGHT-JOHNNY 130

Johnny pulls off a dusty cloth car cover revealing a polished 1956 squad car with a blue bubble gum light on top, the same car that was used in the murders of Blue's family forty years ago.

He opens the trunk and pulls out a suitcase. Inside is his laundered and pressed police uniform.

Johnny slowly puts on his old uniform as if it was a ritual. He tightens the knot on his skinny black tie and dons his police hat and alligator Cowboy boots.

CUT TO:

131 INT. ROADHOUSE-NIGHT-BLUE/ALICE 131

Blue picks up a Florida license plate from the bar counter.

BLUE

Here's one more for your collection.

ALICE

That's my father's! What have you done to him? You fucking bastard!

BLUE

I've got a little domestic problem that's disturbing me right now, I'll take care of you later.

CUT TO: \* \*

EXT-MACK'S BRIDGE-NIGHT \* \*

He grabs Alice and drags her kicking and SCREAMING across the bridge and throws her into a swamp buggy. Blue drives the buggy to an old abandoned Radar Building \* \*

ALICE

(O.S.)

You make me sick!..

\* \*

CUT TO:

132 INT. BARN-NIGHT-JOHNNY 132

Johnny loads two shells into his 1940 shotgun, then opens the door of the car, and puts the shotgun on the seat next to him.

CUT TO:

EXT-RADAR BUILDING-NIGHT

\* \*

Blue unbolts the plywood covered door and throws Alice inside the dark room.

\* \*

\* \*

CUT TO:

\* \*

133 INT. RADAR BUILDING-NIGHT-BLUE 133

\* \*

Blue reaches his hand into the canvas bag and pulls out a rattlesnake.

\* \*

CLOSE on mouth HISSING and tail RATTLING.

\* \*

He throws the rattlesnake at her feet.

\* \*

BLUE

(to snake)

Now you be careful in there, she's a real animal lover.

She SCREAMS and retreats with her back against a men's the bare wall. The snake is dangerously close to her.

\* \*

Johnny slams the door and locks it.

CUT TO:

134 INT. CAR-NIGHT-JOHNNY 134

CLOSE on ignition key. After three cranks of the ignition, the car comes to life.

CUT TO:

135 INT. ROADHOUSE-NIGHT-BLUE 135

Blue reaches over the bar and pulls out a bottle of Nehi grape soda.

You hear SCREAMS as he chugs the bottle.

CUT TO:

136 EXT. PARKING LOT-NIGHT-JOHNNY 136

Johnny throws the old squad car into gear and peels out of the barn past the gravel parking lot, throwing rocks all over Blue's squad car. Blue comes running out the front doors of the roadhouse and jumps in his new squad car in hot pursuit of Johnny.

CUT TO:

137 INT. **RADAR BUILDING**-NIGHT-ALICE 137 \* \*

Alice is sweating as the snake is coiled to strike at her feet. \* \*

CLOSE on snake HISSING.

CUT TO:

138 EXT. HIGHWAY-NIGHT 138

Blue's squad car slowly goes over Clyde's bridge shining a spotlight into the woods, looking for Johnny.

CUT TO:

139 EXT. DIRT ROAD-NIGHT 139

Blue turns off the highway onto a dirt road near a canal dam.

Johnny slowly sneaks up behind him in his B&W squad car and turns his lights on.

140 INT. SQUAD CAR-NIGHT 140

Blue's **POV** of Johnny's car in the rear view mirror. \* \*

141 EXT. DIRT ROAD-NIGHT 141

Johnny's siren wails. Blue speeds up and does a 180 degree screeching turn

142 INT. **RADAR BUILDING**-NIGHT-ALICE 142 \* \*

**Alice escapes and runs down the dirt road and across the Bridge to her car.** \* \*

CUT TO:

143 EXT. DIRT ROAD-NIGHT 143

Johnny's squad car rolls to a stop in the middle of nowhere.

Blue screeches to a stop about fifty feet from the old squad car.

The two squad cars forty years apart face each other straddling the dirt road, bubble gum lights flashing.

There is a dead SILENCE.

Johnny and Blue both get out of their cars, shotguns in hand.

CUT TO:

144 INT. BATHROOM-NIGHT-ALICE 144

Alice crawls out of the bathroom window and leaves.

CUT TO:

145 EXT-ROADSIDE-NIGHT-SHOWDOWN 145

The two men face each other at twenty paces like a wild West duel to the death.

JOHNNY

Little boy Blue. You just couldn't let it ride could you? You know there's no way out of nowhere.

BLUE

Johnny, just tell me the truth.

JOHNNY

Truth. You crossed over that line of duty  
of yours, didn't you boy?

BLUE

It was you in that car forty years ago  
wasn't it?

JOHNNY

Oh Hell, there's always been two sides to  
every street, what's it matter now  
anyway?

(a beat)

Your momma and I just never did like each  
other.

BLUE

(angrily)

There I was in my own little world, hiding  
in the back seat-.and then along comes  
daddy?

JOHNNY

Well now, I guess that makes you the only  
witness. Tell me Blue, what triggers a man  
to pull the trigger? Love? Hate?

BLUE

That's a mighty thin line...  
(a beat)

CLOSE on trigger

JOHNNY

I found your mother with another man  
holed up in some cheap fucking motel room  
in the middle of the God Damned day!

BLUE

Why didn't you just hit the road?

JOHNNY

And don't come back no more? You God-  
Damned Son of a Bitch git on that God-  
Damned road out yonder

BLUE

This is the end of the road.

JOHNNY

Hell, let it go. Every road has a beginning and an end, even this one. You can rest now that you finally met your maker. It's your break blue.

BLUE

I can't let it go. I just can't

The two men are straddling the middle of the road. Johnny raises his shotgun first but they both fire simultaneously.

You hear two shotgun BLASTS. Blue falls to the ground wounded. Wounded Johnny walks over to Blue lying in a pool of blood and kicks Blue's shotgun away. He kneels down and gets in Blue's face.

JOHNNY

Officer down-  
 (a beat)  
 -and dirty. Say your prayers son.  
 Tomorrow on the news they'll talk about  
 life and death on a lonely stretch.

BLUE

Fuck you daddy!

CLOSE on Buzzards

JOHNNY

You know before long in this heat, there won't be enough blood out here for a road lick.

(a beat)

(a beat)

Yeah, hell, it gets so dark out here, you don't see nothin', you don't hear nothin'.

Johnny turns and starts shuffling away, as Blue crawls towards his shotgun and aims it at Johnny.

BLUE

How you plannin' on gettin' out of here?

Alice SCREECHES up to the scene and gets out of a new Dodge unmarked car.

ALICE  
(screaming)  
No!

You hear another shotgun BLAST as Johnny falls to the ground dead.

Blue gets down on his knees as Alice runs up to him. She kicks the shotgun away from Blue. He picks up the spent shotgun shell.

BLUE  
(whispers in pain)  
For my collection.

You hear Sirens WAILING, tires SCREECHING, helicopter BLADES TURNING as Police cars, a rescue helicopter, Ambulance, F.B.I. Agents, Miccosukee Police cars, the Highway patrol and Paramedics arrive on the scene all at once. \* \*

The searchlight from the helicopter lights the road as a blanket is put over Johnny's dead body.

After being hand-cuffed, Blue is strapped onto a stretcher.

146

146

ALLIGATOR COUNTY LIEUTENANT \* \*  
What have we got here? Officer Down?

ALICE  
No, just a little domestic dispute.  
(a beat)  
You have the right to remain silent-

They put Blue in an ambulance and it speeds off sirens WAILING.

Ed walks up from behind Alice and surprises her.

ALICE  
Daddy! Thank God you're all right. When I saw Blue with your license plate I thought-

He puts his arm around her as they walk down the middle of the road away from the scene.

ED

I got a new one. You know one of them fancy personalized plates- it only has three letters on it.

ALICE

Let me guess-FBI.

ED

You're really getting pretty good at this thing called field work. You need to learn more about the street, or in this case the road...

(a beat)

You know Route sixty-six was only a year and a direction, not a highway.

ALICE

Where do you get this stuff? We're out in the sticks, God knows where, looking for boondocks for Christ sake!

ED

Alice, this is not wonderland.

CUT TO:

147	EXT. JAIL DAY  Barbed wire fences	147	
			CUT TO:   **
148	INT. JAIL DAY-DOOR  Camera moves up the door to the cell, revealing a triangular window. You see inside.	148	**
			CUT TO:   **
149	INT. JAIL-DAY-CELL  Blue is sitting on death row in a cell alone, playing solitaire. As you move in closer you see that he is wrapped in an old Blue blanket.	149	**

BLUE

Shotgun!  
 (a beat)  
 I never get to ride shotgun.  
 Shotgun!  
 (a beat)  
 I never get to ride shotgun!

CLOSE on the cards he is playing with. They are the victim's drivers licenses from an old cigar box.

JAILER

(OS)  
 Hey Blue, how you plannin on gettin' out of  
 here?  
 (chuckles)

\* \*  
 \* \*  
 \* \*  
 \* \*  
 \* \*

Blue looks directly into the camera and smiles, a twinkle in his eye.

\* \*

CUT TO:

150 EXT.MONROE STATION-NIGHT

150 \* \*

You see a squad car parked on the side of Monroe Station, waiting for a violator.

CUT TO:

\* \*

151 EXT.ROAD-NIGHT

151

The road lit by headlights, moving in front of you, POV of a driver. The darkness of the road is broken every few seconds with the twinkle of blue reflectors marking spots on the road. You HEAR the rhythmic sound of tires hitting road reflectors, like the beating of a heart.

CREDITS ROLL

152 FADE TO BLUE

152