

EXT. HIGHLAND PARK - TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT

SMITH (30) a sinewy, scrubby guy in a tank top, chugs from an open container next to a commuter rail.

ANGELA (30's) a stumble drunk, attractive woman, links her arm in his. She drinks from a flask.

DING DING DING. The guard rails come down as a train approaches. Angela takes a step away from the tracks.

Smith turns to look at the approaching lights.

INT. MESSY BEDROOM - MORNING

The heavy blue light of dawn pushes its way into a bedroom that looks like it's missing half its stuff.

Angela lies face down on a bed. The fitted sheet is loose on one corner. Smith groans awake.

He pulls on a tatty pair of boxer-briefs and slaps his feet to the floor. He half walks/half teeters into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Dye stains ring the sink. Different makeup containers sit on every surface. CLUNK. Smith lifts the toilet seat.

He stands like guys do when they're hung-over pissing. One hand leans on the wall. The other scratches things.

No splash or tinkle sounds. Smith doesn't notice. He rubs the back of his neck. His legs spread a little.

Still no pee-sound. He's done, though. He reaches down to shake off. WHOOSH!

Whatever sound comes from a pee filled condom shooting off a wang fills the bathroom.

CLUNK. The seat crashes down.

ANGELA (O.C.)
(Basically asleep)
Are you breaking shit in there? Don't
break shit.

Smith takes a step back. The condom hangs off the edge of the sink. He looks at it.

EXT. HIGHLAND PARK - TRAIN TRACKS - MORNING

Smith walks in the opposite direction along the same train tracks he followed the night before.

His arms are full of bags. He's got a jaunty little "one-night-stand" spring in his step.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - DAY

Smith opens a CREAKY ASS GATE to a house on the corner. He walks through sheets drying on a line to the porch.

The house is completely still. He sets down a SIX PACK OF STEEL RESERVE tallboys and trots off.

EXT. MONTE VISTA AVENUE - DAY

Smith stands at a picture window on a porch across a narrow lawn. He knocks on the window. No answer.

He sets two pie boxes down on a chair and walks to the gate. He makes sure to close it securely behind him.

EXT. FIGUEROA AVENUE - DAY

Smith approaches JACKSON (30's) a big, hard living kind of guy, who dozes on a bus-stop bench.

Smith nudges him awake. He offers Jackson a bag with half a bacon, egg & cheese sandwich in it.

Jackson makes a joking "What the fuck, that's all?" motion. Smith slips a small bottle of gin out of his pocket.

Jackson takes it and unscrews the cap. He offers Smith a toot. Smith declines.

Jackson salutes Smith's good health as Smith takes off.

EXT. BACK HOUSE - DAY

Smith stands at the top of a wide flight of steps. A door leads to a single room apartment above a garage.

He tightens a screen door and goes at it with WD-40 and various other tools.

PENNY (25) a stunning young woman, sits on the steps. A pie box is open on her lap. She stares at the pie.

It's more a work of art than a baked good.

PENNY
God damn this is real purty like.
It's almost a shame to eat it.

SMITH
Go on and eat it. I'll make more.

She pushes a fork gently into a corner of the pie. Smith opens and closes the screen door. Quiet as a mouse.

SMITH
That should do it. I'll leave the WD-40 so your gramps can take care of those dirty, rotten squeaks himself.

He gathers his tools and sits next to her on the steps.

PENNY
Thanks, fella.

He watches her not want to mess up the pie. He takes the fork and carves out a nice sized piece.

SMITH
It's a pie. It's for eating.

He slides the piece on a napkin and hands it to her. She tucks in. It's clearly delicious.

PENNY
So what happened with your rocket condom?

SMITH
I dunno. I left it there.

Penny lowers a forkful of pie away from her mouth.

PENNY
You left it there?

SMITH
Yeah. I mean. I cleaned up the pee.
For some weird reason I just couldn't bring myself to touch the rubber.

Penny shakes her head in mock-disgust.

PENNY
That's foul, fella.

He shrugs.

SMITH
Yeah. To be honest, I had no idea
what was going on. I was still pretty
out of it. She drinks a lot. Like. A
lot a lot.

Penny shrugs and happily lifts her forkful of pie.

PENNY
Maybe she'll scrapbook it.

CHOMP. She eats. Smith bursts out laughing.

INT. SMITH'S ROOM - DAY

Smith puts his tools away in a distinctly analog room. Tube TV with a VCR. Doghouse looking Apple II GS computer.

He tosses his keys on a homemade desk. It lands next to a stack of three or four unopened SMARTPHONES.

He moves to a bookshelf. An ANSWERING MACHINE light blinks with a "MACHINE FULL" message of some kind.

He presses play, strips off his shirt, and leaves the room as the message starts up.

SMITH'S MOM (V.O.)
Hey sweetie, did you get the phone I
sent you? I really need to talk to
you. It's important. It's -

CLICK. The tape comes to it's end. WHIR. It automatically rewinds itself.

A SHOWER starts up.

INT. SMITH'S ROOM - LATER

A LANDLINE PHONE rings in the empty room. The machine BEEPS but doesn't answer the call.

Silence. Silence. RING. The same thing happens again. Someone steps into view out the window on the sidewalk.

JENNA (20's) an energetic young woman, lowers her phone from her ear. She stares in the window.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

THUNK. Smith sinks an ax into a piece of wood. He stands at the end of a narrow backyard garden.

Vegetables, chicken coop, gorgeous flowers. It's his own personal Eden. THUNK.

He leaves the ax in the wood and chugs some water. He wipes sweat off his brow.

Jenna appears behind him.

JENNA

Smith.

A goofy grin crosses his face. It disappears instantly when he turns to look at her. She's clearly distraught.

SMITH

What's up?

She presses both hands to her heart.

INT. SMITH'S ROOM - LATER

Smith sits on the edge of the bed. Jenna sits at his desk. She passes him her phone.

He stares at a video embedded on a "Freighthopping" blog. The title of the video is "Tribute to Dale."

The years of his birth and death appear as captions below the thumbnail of the video. He was only 28.

The thumbnail on the video is a huge, extreme closeup of DALE, a youthful looking guy missing more than a few teeth.

Smith hands the phone back to her.

SMITH

I can't watch this.

Jenna takes the phone. The screen is about to go black. She touches it so the image of Dale is vibrant again.

SMITH

What happened?

JENNA
He jumped wrong.

SMITH
Fuck.

He puts his head in his hands. Tears spill down his cheeks. Jenna moves next to him and rubs his back.

SMITH
That fucking asshole.

He flops back on the bed and puts his arm over his eyes. Jenna flops down next to him. They breath together.

She turns to look at him. He keeps his arm over his face.

JENNA
I slept with him once. Right after high school. Shit. I slept with a dead guy. Is that weird?

SMITH
I know all about it.

JENNA
You know? How do you know? He swore he would never tell anyone.

SMITH
He didn't. When he started riding the rails he sent me all his old journals to hold on to.

JENNA
You read them?

SMITH
Of course I read them. That guy was poetic as fuck.

She sits up.

JENNA
What did he say about it?

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S ROOM - BED - DAY

Smith and Jenna sit cross-legged, facing each other across the bed. She holds a bottle of wine.

He holds a SMALL SPIRAL NOTEBOOK. A box filled with notebooks and bric-a-brac junk sits on the floor.

SMITH
Are you ready for it?

JENNA
Wait, wait.

She grabs a homemade ceramic mug out of the box and fills it with wine. She holds it up.

JENNA
To Dale.

Smith clinks the mug with his water bottle.

SMITH
Dale.

They drink.

JENNA
OK. Now I'm ready for it.

Smith flips through the pages. He finds the one he's looking for and looks at her dramatically.

He clears his throat.

SMITH
Jenna. Lust - ten. Super flexible.
Super open. Smelled like plants after
a heavy rain. Duration, including
foreplay - forty five minutes. Number
of orgasms - none.

Jenna does a spit take.

JENNA
Fuck you, none. Let me see that.

She reaches for the notebook. He holds it away.

SMITH
Ah ah ah. These are a dead mans
private thoughts. You should show
some respect.

JENNA
There's no way he didn't get off. I
would have known.

SMITH
Dude's can fake it too, you know.

JENNA
No they damn well can't.

SMITH
Sure they can.

JENNA
What are you talking about? How?

SMITH
Grunt grunt. Goofy face. Toss the
condom right quick. Easy.

JENNA
But why?

SMITH
Sometimes we get sleepy.

JENNA
You're full of shit. Let me see.

She holds her hand out. After a moment of faux-consideration
he hands her the notebook.

She reads. And laughs.

JENNA
Well I'll be a monkey's uncle. I wish
the boy had told me. I would have
tried harder.

She reads down the page. It's a scorecard of his sexual
encounters. She does a double take toward the end.

Smith's name is there.

JENNA
Is this for real?

Smith keeps his eyes on her and nods.

JENNA
Smith - lust five. Muscular. Super
wasted. Smelled like beer and women's
perfume. Duration - no idea. Number
of orgasms - two.

She holds the book down.

JENNA

Two?!

Smith shrugs through a grin.

JENNA

When was this?

SMITH

Some party in Ohio. There was a dude there that went on this whole tangent about how he didn't mind gay people but he "hated fags", so we made out in front of him. As kind of a parlor trick.

JENNA

Some trick.

SMITH

Yeah. It kind of turned into a matter of "put your money where your mouth is." Pun intended. I don't really remember much, except that it was Valentine's Day.

JENNA

Get the fuck out of here.

SMITH

I called him the next day to see if he wanted to go for a walk, and he was all "I swear to god I never thought I was going to hear from you again." It was adorable.

She stares at him. Then at the notebook. Then back at him.

JENNA

Did you get off?

SMITH

Nah. It was a him thing, mostly. I didn't even have half a chub.

JENNA

That never mattered with us.

SMITH

What can I say. He didn't smell like plants after a heavy rain.

JENNA

Shit. So you hooked up with a dead guy too. Is it weird? I'm asking.

SMITH

I don't know.

They drift into their own thoughts. Smith shakes it off first. Jenna pours more wine.

SMITH

I don't know why I got "lust five" either.

Jenna speaks without thinking.

JENNA

Because you don't have much lust in you. Not really. You mostly want to be lusted after.

He sits up straight. She snaps out of it.

JENNA

Shit. Smith. Don't listen to me.

He leans forward and kisses her. She responds for a second. But only for a second.

JENNA

Come on, dude. I'm with Alice.

Tears fill his eyes. He gently puts his hands on her cheeks and pulls her into a deeper kiss.

She stiffens. He tries to move his body toward hers. She hops off the bed and backs up to the door.

JENNA

Not cool, man.

SMITH

What do you want from me? My old pal just died.

JENNA

He died like three weeks ago. Maybe if you had a phone like a normal fucking person you would know that. Or maybe it wouldn't have been three and a half years since you talked to him. Maybe he would have -

She stops herself abruptly. Smith starts to tremble. In the shoulders first, then down to his chest.

She can't do anything for him. With a single apologetic look, she hurries out of the room.

A PAINED GASP explodes from Smith's lungs as he collapses forward.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Smith sits on the steps with a sheet around him. He looks at the light on the horizon. He shudders a single time.

His hand holds up one of the smartphone boxes. He peels the plastic off it and slides the cardboard top off.

He stares at the phone. His face reflects back at him on the shiny plastic over the screen.

He lowers his hand. DING DING DING. A train sounds in the distance. He lifts his head.

CUT TO BLACK: