

# Eliza

62.

INT. ALLEN'S VOLKSWAGEN VAN -- DAY

Allen drives through a stark, flat, Eastern Colorado landscape. Eliza sits in shotgun knitting. The van is packed with New Age clutter.

ELIZA

We should be heading South. Let's go stay with my sister in Vegas.

ALLEN

We are NOT going to live with your sister. Please, love. I don't have near enough THC in my system for this conversation.

She pauses from knitting, walks into the back of the van and returns with a crystal bowl and wand.

ELIZA

I want you to take a deep breath and relax.

ALLEN

Eliza!

ELIZA

Shh!

She moves the wand around the rim of the bowl and it begins to RING.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

Clear your mind of all negative thoughts.

He takes a deep breath, nods.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

See clearly the path you have before you.

He nods again. Suddenly in the road, A RACCOON.

POW!

Allen and Eliza cringe. He looks in the rear view mirror. Carnage across the highway.

ELIZA

Mother Earth! Was that a raccoon?

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# Eliza

2

CONTINUED:

63.

She looks to the back of the van.

ELIZA (CONT'D)  
Poor little creature.

She looks at Allen. He's lost in thought.

ELIZA (CONT'D)  
I don't understand. Where did it  
come from? There aren't any trees  
for miles.

Allen nods.

ALLEN  
That's it!

This startles Eliza.

ALLEN (CONT'D)  
I've seen the path. I'm calling  
Mr. Boulder and making it right!  
And maybe, just maybe he won't gut  
me like a fish.

Eliza regards the crystal bowl in her lap, questioningly.

~~INT. THE INDIAN MOTEL ROOM AND LOYAL'S BED~~

~~The television plays an ACTION FILM as Joe and Loyal nap on  
twin beds. GUNSHOTS POP from the set startling Joe awake.  
Sweat covers his forehead. Joe rubs his finger, MOANS, then  
wipes his forehead.~~

~~JOE  
Loyal, wake up. If I don't get some  
pain killers, I'm gonna die.~~

~~Loyal SNORES. Joe gently pulls the sword out from Loyal's  
poncho front pocket and places it under the bed.~~

~~JOE (CONT'D)  
Loyal!~~

~~Loyal opens his eyes for a second and drifts back to sleep.~~

~~EXT. BIG INDIAN MOTEL COURTYARD -- NIGHT~~

~~Joe cruises across the courtyard bundling up against the  
chilly night air. A HUGE MAN smoking a hand-rolled cigarette  
watches him from the shadows.~~