

After a few moments she returns with her husband MR. TATE (a black man). The three stay on their front steps and look out to see Mrs. Tate's car parked in the driveway with the words 'NIGGER LOVER' painted all over it with red paint.

The Tate's stare at the car until something catches Mrs. Tate's attention. She slowly looks off to the front lawn, SCREAMS.

Off to the side of the driveway, a DEAD DOG HANGS FROM A TREE.

A STATIC FILLED VERSION of 'ALL MY EXES LIVE IN TEXAS' BEGINS

HARD CUT TO BLACK.

CHAPTER TITLE OVER BLACK:

"ELI & THE GYPSIES"

THE SQUEAKY SOUND OF OLD SPRINGS OF A MATTRESS.

More and more rapid. A woman moans as the song continues.

RADIO ALARM CLOCK ON A DRESSER

FLASHES "7:45". The song plays from the radio, cutting in and out with static. The WOMAN'S MOAN INCREASING IN ECSTASY.

A HAND SLAMS down on top of the alarm clock knocking the clock out of frame. THE SONG ABRUPTLY ENDS.

The clock sat on top of an ATLAS, the ROCKY MOUNTAINS on the cover. Some scattered items, a LIGHTER, A PACK OF SMOKES, A BOTTLE OF WHISKEY, KEYS.

The WOMAN HEARD SCREAMING WITH PLEASURE. After a moment of silence the SONG PLAYS again filled with static. A MAN GROANS HAVING HIS ORGASM, THE MATTRESS SPRINGS GO SILENT BUT THE SONG STILL PLAYS.

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INT. ELI'S TRAILER - MORNING

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FYI

Dingy, white trash abode. A small, single wide trailer held together with duct tape and fly strips.

ELI GRAHAM (40s), lays on top of a LARGE WOMAN. She's big, not what we'd call a beauty by any means. Across his back, he's scarred, STRAP MARKS crisscross from long ago.

He rolls off the woman, lays in bed on his stomach, looking down off the side of the bed towards the floor. Eli swings his arm down but can't reach the clock, now on the floor, the song still PLAYS from it, the time still FLASHES.

Finally, Eli sighs and rolls over, manages to sit on the edge of the bed. As the song continues to PLAY, Eli reaches down and fumbles with a pair of boots. Taking his time, he slides one boot on his foot without lacing it.

He stands completely naked, in great shape, tanned and lean like a man who works in the sun all day and who's comfortable in his own skin, in all his morning glory except for one work boot. This is a small town Adonis.

He grabs the pack of smokes from the dresser, lights a cigarette. He walks to the alarm clock on the floor. He listens to the song for a moment, then--

Start

SMASH! Eli stomps on the clock radio, breaking it under his boot. The song and static END abruptly but the time still flashes.

LARGE WOMAN

I like that song.

Eli takes a long, satisfied drag off his cigarette and gives her a look like *'did I really just fuck you?'*

LARGE WOMAN

You could have just unplugged it.

ELI

You got what you said you got?

The woman sighs, rolls over and reaches down to her side of the bed, pulls her purse from the floor. Reaching in it she pulls out a small PLASTIC BAG of what looks like heroin.

LARGE WOMAN

Careful with it. It ain't been cut yet. That'll take down an elephant as is.

Eli kicks off the work boot and pants an old PAIR OF BLUE JEANS from the floor, grabs the BOTTLE OF WHISKEY.

The woman tosses the plastic bag to Eli. Eli shoves it in his pants pocket.

LARGE WOMAN

Kinda makes you a prostitute.

ELI

Worse things to be.

LARGE WOMAN

You even remember my name, lover?

Without turning back, Eli answers as he exits.

ELI
It's Jenny.

LARGE WOMAN
It ain't.

The woman's expression darkens as Eli walks off.

End

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EXT. ELI'S TRAILER - MORNING

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Middle of nowhere. The trailer sits on a patch of dirt, not a spec of green for a lawn, dented and rusted, worn from countless hours of the Texas sun beating down on it.

A highway with its cracked asphalt and sporadic telephone poles with wires that hang in arcs are the only view this trailer enjoys.

A piece of shit PICKUP TRUCK and a lawn chair sit out front.

The door of the trailer swings opens as ELI walks out with cigarette in his mouth and bottle of whiskey in hand. Jeans, shirtless, bare feet. Eli stretches and walks to the lawn chair, sits in it and swigs from the whiskey bottle.

He watches as A MUNICIPAL LOOKING SEDAN, no markings, nothing fancy, pulls up in the distance.

Eli quickly pulls the bag of heroin out of his pocket and stuffs it down the front of his pants, buried deep in his crotch. He reaches back and puts the whiskey bottle down behind the lawn chair in an attempt to hide it.

A PO (PAROLE OFFICER) steps out of the car. Windbreaker, dark sunglasses. A man you don't fuck with. He stays at his car scanning over the property behind his sunglasses, eyes the trailer, eyes Eli.

Eli doesn't get up from his chair.

ELI
Couple weeks early.

PO
Well I like to stay sociable.

The PO walks slowly towards Eli, nods to the chair, or rather to what's behind it.

PO
Breakfast of champions?

ELI
Hootch ain't why you're here.