

ELI

It's Jenny.

LARGE WOMAN

It ain't.

The woman's expression darkens as Eli walks off.

55

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.

Start

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.

The PO stops at Eli and motions with his fingers for Eli to get up and turn around.

Eli does so, turning his back to the PO and putting his hands, wrists together behind his back. This is a routine he and the PO have been through enough times for Eli to know what to do.

The PO pulls handcuffs from the back of his waist and cuffs Eli, gently spins him around so they're face-to-face.

The trailer door opens and the WOMAN steps out, barely dressed.

LARGE WOMAN

It ain't Jenny...

She stops in her tracks as the PO unholsters his gun.

PO

(to Eli)

She it?

ELI

Think she's gonna need a ride home, you being sociable and all.

PO

(to larger woman)

Go back inside, sweetheart. Be with you soon enough.

Not knowing what's going on, the woman quickly backs into the trailer and shuts the door.

The PO re-holsters his gun and puts his hand on Eli's shoulder, gently pushes him so that Eli sits back in the lawn chair. The PO crouches down so he's at eye level with Eli.

PO

Sure she's it?

ELI

If she ain't, I fucked a threesome up right good.

The PO with his eyes hidden behind lifeless sunglasses, turns his head in each direction for another look, then back to Eli.

PO

Six year old girl went missing a week ago. Little ways outside Austin.

ELI

This ain't a little ways outside Austin.

PO

Close enough. You're on my list,
boy. You know anything bout a six
year old girl gone missing?

PO holds up a SMALL PHOTO OF AN ADORABLE SIX YEAR OLD. Eli
looks at the photo, then back to the PO.

ELI

Only thing I know is you gonna make
me late for work.

PO stares hard, doesn't appreciate the lip.

PO

Life ain't hard enough for you?
Word's out you're gambling again,
that you're in deep. Drinking,
whoring. How many violations you
think I need to put you back
inside? The answer's none. I just
need one crooked hair up my ass and
you're done.

ELI

Got some Prep H in the trailer.
Help yourself.

PO

You're funny. No need to worry
about being late for work. Had me
a talk with your boss man. He was
all sorts of unaware, you being a
Nonce and all. That's what I
called it, he didn't know what that
was so I explained it's what they
call a child fucker in prison.

ELI

Girl was sixteen boozing up in a
bar, told me otherwise. Wouldn't
know it by looking at her. Five
years back, did my time for it.
Six year old girl ain't me. You
know that.

PO

Only thing I know is a crossed
line's awful hard to step back
over.

ELI

(nods to his trailer)
Well then you best toss it.

PO

Oh, yes sir, I'll do that. Move an inch off your throne here and I will shoot you dead. Sure as the day's long. Nonce.

The PO rises and walks slowly to the trailer.

End

OMITTED 56

57 EXT. STREET - ACROSS FROM BOONE'S BAR - DAY 57 *

Eli sits in his truck, deep in thought. His eyes darting in thought. *

Eli looks across the street to a DIVE BAR. He eventually meets eyes with a FRUMPY WOMAN WHO WEARS HEAVY MAKEUP AND A SUMMER DRESS sitting alone across the diner in a booth. *Why is she staring at me?* *

Eli breaks contact, opens his wallet, pulls out a small stack of WRINKLED 10 AND 20 DOLLAR BILLS. There's a QUICK GLIMPSE OF A WORN 2x2 PHOTO OF AN ATTRACTIVE BRUNETTE WOMAN mixed in with the cash in his wallet. *

Eli looks back up to see not only is the frumpy woman still staring at him, but her face slowly grows cold and unsettling.

58 INT. BOONE'S BAR - DAY 58 *

GOOD OLD BOY BAR with REGULARS who are not so much customers as they are 'employees' sitting about. Eli enters and walks up to the bar where LOGAN washes glasses with his back to Eli.

BILLY sits at the bar to Eli's left, reads a NEWSPAPER. A BLOODY MARY sits on the bar in front of him.

ELI BILLY
I need to see-- --Logan's not speaking to you, Eli.

Billy looks up from the paper to Eli.

ELI
Don't need Logan. I need to see Boone.

BILLY
Oh, but you already know this, Eli. To see Boone you have to go through Logan. I'll check. Logan, Eli needs to see Boone.