

KURT

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EXT. WICHITA, KANSAS - MORNING

A rare combination of big city sophistication and small town friendliness. Welcome to the American heartland.

Joanna's pickup truck, a shiny new, hard-body DODGE RAM, pitch black and enormous, ROARS by us...

...following signs for Wichita's Century Convention Center.

INT. DODGE RAM - MORNING (DRIVING)

Joanna behind the wheel of what is essentially her office. Various FARM MACHINERY BROCHURES, CATALOGUES, AND ORDER FORMS strewn everywhere. Also, A WORN MAP OF THE UNITED STATES taped to the ceiling of the cab. It is spotted by A MASS OF STICKER DOTS, representing the breadth of Joanna's travels.

She turns down hardcore metal blaring over the stereo, pulls into the vast convention center parking lot.

EXT. WICHITA CONVENTION CENTER, PARKING LOT - MORNING

Joanna parks the Ram. Heads towards the convention center.

VOICE (O.S.)
Joanna Mills...

Coming up behind her is KURT SETZER, 30's. Good looking blue collar guy, but dangerous. Definitely an ex-con. Joanna quickens her pace.

JOANNA
What are you doing here, Kurt?

KURT
Here for the convention. Same as you.

JOANNA
You're a longshoreman in St. Louis. This is a farm machinery convention in Kansas.

KURT
Thought I'd look for a different job. Mingle a little up here.

JOANNA
Right. And have you been waiting for me here all morning or did you follow me from the hotel?

Kurt's not revealing his stalking techniques.

KURT
Listen to me for a second...

He puts his hand on her. She yanks away and stops cold.

JOANNA
Touch me again and I'll call the police, I swear to God.

(CONTINUED)

Start



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"REVOLVER"

CONTINUED:

Kurt says nothing. Joanna walks off. He follows.

KURT
 Know what I've been thinking about all week? Rapid City. We rode into the Badlands. I kissed you as the sun was going down.

JOANNA
 Where are you going with this, Kurt?

KURT
 Let's drive out there tonight. Pick up where we left off.

JOANNA
 Oh, you mean before you went apeshit, trashed our room, and got yourself banned from the entire Motel 6 chain?

KURT
 I was angry, Joanna.

JOANNA
 You stalked me halfway around the country for six fucking months after that.

Joanna pinches between her eyes, a terrible HEADACHE pounding-

KURT
 Look, it's your birthday today. At least lemme take you for a god damn beer.

JOANNA
 Kurt, do yourself a favor and get over it already. Really, man, it's embarrassing.

KURT
 What if I don't want to?

JOANNA
 I have a restraining order. You have no choice.

KURT
 Actually that's why I'm here. The year's up. The order expired three days ago.

Kurt spreads a wicked grin. He's waited a year for this.

KURT (CONT'D)
 Did you remember to renew it?

Joanna looks him straight in the eye...

JOANNA
 Stay the fuck away from me.

...and quickly walks away.

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 ← END