

WGA Reg #2172244

Nobody Move

an adaptation of Denis Johnson's novel

by

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FADE IN:

BLACK SCREEN

VOICE (O.S.)

I can't believe this shit, just got
this fuckin' car.

EXT. DEATH VALLEY

A man, ERNEST GAMBOL, in a white straw Panama hat bobbing on wide shoulders in a Joseph Abboud gold blazer and a wide lapelled shirt with horseshoes on it, gut sticking out over an American flag belt buckle slams the door on a 1990 Cadillac Brougham de Elegance. Two shined Lucchese black boots kick up dust into a magenta streaked horizon. They walk around to the back of the ride and pop the trunk.

GAMBOL

Oh Jeeesus Christ. Got fucking
everywhere.

Four black Glad bags, one untied, the others tied poorly, in a plastic lined trunk are covered in half dried crimson blood, intestines, and a liver. The diamond ring on a small sliced Asian female arm cut hanging out. Two hairy gruff hands pull struggle to pull it off.

GAMBOL

C'mon, c'mon goddamnit.

GAMBOL gets back in the Cadillac.

INT. CADILLAC

He just sits for a second like the effort took his wind out, then pushes the dial. The radio kicks in **Pop Crimes by Roland Howard**, loud. He grabs a towel out of the back seat and jumps back out.

EXT. DEATH VALLEY

Searing heat blurs him into the environment. He shuffles with the bags to a mine hole in the side of a cliff one hundred yards away. He flings them down clumsily, rocking them back and forth like one whole body. They echo squishily down the hole. He hops back into the Caddy...

INT. CADILLAC

And rockets off in a *time lapse* through Death Valley. The **CREDITS** begin, shooting in a black card every few seconds. Past Coyotes. Over tarantulas. Through rusty ramshackle abandons. Racing faster and faster through the ever wider expanse of nothing. Then the Caddy goes off course. Through a path. Stopping on a dime just short of a cliff. He exits with a pack of Chesterfield cigarettes looks over the Bad Water Basin, towering over a wooden sign reading:

JIMMY lunges toward Gambol, head between his legs, rummaging under the seat. Grabs the gun under Gambol's seat, whipping it out.

GAMBOL
What the fuck Jimmy Goddamnit.

GAMBOL's choking JIMMY with his knees, the car swerving.

GAMBOL
Whoa Jimmy. Fuck. Whoa.

JIMMY grabs the gun under the seat and whips it out, unlodging his head from between his thighs.

GAMBOL
Think about what you're doing here--

KABOOM! The slam of the .44 knocks JIMMY into the window, cracking it, slightly concussed, tearing up. GAMBOL screams in shock, no longer driving but staring at the gaping hole in his leg ruining his Cadillac.

GAMBOL
FUCKING BASTARD! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK
me! Damn it. You cunt. You cunt.
There's a goddamn hole in my leg
Jimmy! A hole! Oh I'm gonna fucking
destroy you for this shithead.

JIMMY grabs the wheel and drives them off the side of the road, nearly crashing into a TASTEE FREEZ 500 yards away there's a yellow call box.

EXT. TASTEE FREEZ

Standing at the box dangling the .44 JIMMY punches a 9 and one, hesitates, letting the phone hang, squatting and wiping his hands on his slacks and then punches another one. He can't hear a thing. Ears ringing. The colt blast knocked him out of it. GAMBOL is screaming in the car, then opens the door and crawls out of it.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Palo County Sheriff's department.
What is your emergency?

JIMMY
Huh? What? A GUY. A GUYS BEEN SHOT.

WOMAN
What is your name?

JIMMY
TASTEE FREEZE. Seventy.. past
Ortonville. WAY, WAY PAST Ortonville.

WOMAN
Sir, do you mean Oroville?

COUNTER GIRL

Whatever it says.

He picks one, light blue, large, MORE BEER, and pulls it over his head.

COUNTER GIRL

That one's funny.

He counts his change and has just enough for three lotto tickets.

JIMMY

Three lotto.

The first one he scratches, a loser. Then another, and then the last one for ten.

JIMMY

See that? There we go.

COUNTER GIRL

You want it in tickets?

JIMMY

Just a pack of Camel straights. No. You got Luckies? It's Luckies from now on. And those Twinkies. And I'll get a can of Sprite or something. You got matches?

COUNTER GIRL

Now you're back to zero.

He cracks the deck, lights up, and waves farewell.

COUNTER GIRL

Are you walking?

JIMMY

I guess I'll hitchhike.

COUNTER GIRL

You better clean up first.

JIMMY

Yeah? Where's the washroom?

She shakes her head.

COUNTER GIRL

The whole back of your pants is like you've been rolling in dirt. You better find some deep water.

JIMMY

Where's the river.

COUNTER GIRL

Right over there about a half a mile.