

DARRYL

14.

Scene 1

Amelia palm-slams the stereo. "Sleeping Beauty" still stuck. She kicks the dash; Plastic Jesus flies, "Sleeping Beauty" resumes.

She grabs Plastic Jesus, licks his suction cup, slams him back in place. He bobbles.

"Sleeping Beauty" sticks.

She palm-slams "Eject," throws the CD out the window. Hits the radio; COUNTRY SONG. She heaves herself out of the passenger seat. Rushes at the back of the RV, grabs Jack and shakes him like a leaf.

His TOUPEE flips up in front, remains glued down in back.

THROUGH THE MIRROR, Darryl watches her lunatic behavior.

She grabs some red licorice from a tub, takes her seat again, yanks off a hank of licorice. Slams RADIO off.

AMELIA

Who you teach, Mr. Tripp?

DARRYL

No one, really.

AMELIA

How's that work?

DARRYL

"The children who take up space in my classroom despise the hours of learning. Many can't speak the *lingua franca*; Spanish, Spanglish, Ebonics, plus myriad inarticulate manifestations of rampaging hormones. And I lack the ability to overcome their limitations, defined by putrid and pestilential TV programs and electronic, polyphonic chaos."

AMELIA

Sounds like you wrote that up beforehand.

DARRYL

Like to have a little prepared text for the occasional "situation." Kidnapping, I guess. Technically. At this juncture.

AMELIA

Not exactly what I hoped the Lord had in mind for me, sunrise today.

Start

Revenge

1/10

DARRYL

Scene 1

15.

DARRYL
You can still drop me at the highway and
we'll call it a lift.

AMELIA
Know what I think, Mr. Tripp? I think I
don't want to be alone.

DARRYL
You got him.

AMELIA
He was never much of a companion; better
now, but still not that great.

She slams the RADIO on. Heaves out of her seat, roars
back to where the BASKETBALL sits in the FRUIT BOWL. She
hurls herself at the DOOR, OPENS it...

...Darryl slows...

...and she kicks the basketball out!

EXT. DESERT - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

In SLOW MOTION the basketball ascends, falls, bounces.

INT. RV - DAY (TRAVELING)

She opens, hands him a bottle of water. Slams RADIO off.

DARRYL
Thanks.

AMELIA
Lady friend a lawyer?

DARRYL
Assistant District Attorney. Looking to
make her rep. I suggest you hire good --

AMELIA
Where's your cell phone?

He nods at his jacket. She gets the phone...and, with
it, a plastic pill bottle. She reads the label.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Why you taking this?

DARRYL
Dad thinks I need it.

Refuge

2/10

DARRYL

Scene 1

16.

AMELIA
I hope Dad's a doctor.

DARRYL
Top ten since Hippocrates.

AMELIA
Why?

DARRYL
Borderline manic-depressive.

AMELIA
"Borderline"?

DARRYL
Story of my life -- neither fish nor
fowl. Not a brisket, not quite zucchini.

AMELIA
This covers a big dose of depression.

DARRYL
So, I'm guessing you're not a janitor.

AMELIA
I assume you took it this morning.

DARRYL
Be crazy not to -- reckless. Matter of
fact, didn't.

AMELIA
Why not?

DARRYL
Intervention. Rehab.

AMELIA
Who performed the intervention?

DARRYL
(chugging his water)
Doc Darryl.

AMELIA
See where it says: "Don't stop taking
this medication without consulting the
prescribing physician"?

DARRYL
Unilateral decision.

She shakes a single pill in her palm, holds it out.

Refuge

3/10

DARRYL

Scene 1^{17.}

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Don't want it.

AMELIA

Take it, Mr. Tripp.

DARRYL

Please do not speak to driver while
vehicle is in motion.

She presses the pill at him. He slaps the pill away. She shakes out another. He grabs the bottle, dumps its contents (24 pills) into his mouth and chews.

She grabs the wheel. They swerve!

EXT. RV - DAY

They recoil as the RV slams to a stop. Amelia shoves the RV into "park." She climbs onto Darryl's lap, gun in hand, tries to pry his jaws open. He chews. She pinches his nostrils shut. He can't breathe, but won't open.

INT. RV - DAY

Darryl tries to open the driver's side window.

AMELIA

Do not spit that out the window!

She tickles him with the gun, strangling his nostrils.

Finally, he chokes, gags, laughs, and spits the partially masticated mess all over her. She drops into her seat.

She scrapes gobs of soggy pills off herself, gathers a good bit of the munched medication back into the bottle.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Why'd you stop your medication?

DARRYL

Woke up dead last week, decided to see if the un-medicated state would kill me.

AMELIA

Take a left onto that two-lane.

She collects his upended "STATIONERY," smooths out several wrinkled pages, reading.

4/10

Refuge

DARRYL

Scene 2 27.

FEMALE DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Mr. Tripp is presumed to be driving a
Kawasaki 1600 Classic motorcycle, which
if you're wondering, is a fabulous,
steroidal stud of a machine.

Amelia stares at the scanner.

EXT. OLD HIGHWAY - DAY

The RV drifts left. A CAR HORN!

INT. RV - DAY - TRAVELING

Amelia yanks the wheel. The car streaks by on her left.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY - TRAVELING

Darryl jolts awake.

DARRYL
Whoa -- doing up there?

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY

Amelia pulls stops short of a home with a CHILDREN'S
BIRTHDAY PARTY going on in the front pasture.

INTERCUT INT. BATHROOM AND INT. COCKPIT

She puts the manuscript aside.

DARRYL
Where are we?

She opens the travel preventer. He looks up at her from
the toilet. Gets a gander at the wig.

DARRYL (CONT'D)
Color and a style or you kill a rat?

AMELIA
I read 62 pages of your story.

DARRYL
You...I told you not to!

AMELIA
But I did.

- Rebug -

Start

5/10

DARRYL

Scene 2

28.

DARRYL

What kind of batshit Christian illicitly reads...You like it? Don't answer that, I don't wanna...Do you? Don't tell me.

AMELIA

You want to know or you don't?

DARRYL

Yes.

AMELIA

Does anybody write about anything but --

DARRYL

Stop -- changed my mind.

She opens the door, steps down, looks around, stretches.

INTERCUT: EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE AND INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Isolated the house looks warm. A PUPPET SHOW. A DOZEN CHILDREN 5-8, SEVERAL PARENTS. We FOCUS on...

...a MOM, DAD (30), at the COOKER, who flirt, laugh.

DARRYL

-- Anybody write about anything but what?

AMELIA

Cops with damaged psyches?

DARRYL

No, every writer in the...It's a genre book, for Chr...Just say you hate it.

AMELIA

Can't there be something between liking and hating?

DARRYL

No, God, no!

Absently, she picks up roadside garbage, watches the party, drawn to...

THE GRILL, where Mom and Dad flirt.

AMELIA

The way you describe how people look and where they are, that's like poetry.

— Refuge —

6/10

DARRYL

Scene 2 29.

DARRYL

So, other than the story, the characters
and the dialogue, the book is great.

She picks up some more roadside garbage, watches.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Go ahead, get it said.

AMELIA

You sure?

DARRYL

No, I'm not sure, but do it!

AMELIA

In a minute.

DARRYL

Oh, sure, I can wait. I mean I only
spent the last two and a half years...

His voice fades as she moves closer to the party.

HER POV

Mom, Dad flirt, touch; she whispers. Playfully, he puts
his hands around her neck, shakes her. She sticks her
tongue out, pretends to be dead...

AMELIA

Stares and...

FLASHCUT - INT. RV - NIGHT

AMELIA'S LAUGHS, Jack's fingers around her neck.

She rides Jack. Jack's finger tighten. Terrified, she
tries to knock his hands away...then get at his eyes, but
his powerful forearms keep her at bay. She slumps
unconscious onto him. He continues to pump even as he
slaps her face, gently at first, but then once hard. Her
eyes spring open and he howls.

RESUME - EXT. SMALL HOUSE - NIGHT

Darryl comes back at her...

— Refuge —

7/10

DARRYL

Scene 2^{30.}

DARRYL

...Told me I had to write everyday for at least an hour for ten years before I should expect anyone but my mother to care. Ten years!

INTERCUT: INT. LIVING AREA AND BATHROOM - DAY

Entering, she discards the litter, squirts liquid sanitizer on her hands as...

AMELIA

Black Dog isn't a good title.

DARRYL

I was hoping but couldn't be sure.

AMELIA

It's generic.

DARRYL

Wow -- "generic." You come on with that I-dropped-out-of-high-school-to-work-at-the-chile-packing-plant-at-14-thing, but you're sneaky smart, girl.

AMELIA

Because I used the word...I should stop.

DARRYL

No, I should. Go on. I'm always a little cranky when I wake up handcuffed to a wall.

She drifts back to the door, the steps...

AMELIA

The detective, Mason, would be better if I believed any cops are that sensitive.

DARRYL

Let me etch that in the gunk on your sink: All cops are insensitive. This is a fictitious character!

AMELIA

You want me to believe him?

— Refuge —

8/
10

DARRYL

Scene 2

31.

DARRYL

Yes, of course I want you to believe him, but because I hate you for not loving him, I have to continue to be petulant and childish and really, really, really childish! How 'bout her -- Anna?

She stares out at the house, the backyard?

AMELIA

I'm going to open some sardines.

DARRYL

Don't use the canned fish deflection on me!

INSIDE CUPBOARD: taped up, a PENCIL RENDERING of her un-built home, not so different from the one outside the window; written in her hand: "Except the LORD build the house, they labour in vain that build it."

She rips the drawing down, crumples, tosses it.

AMELIA

Anna's a man's view of a woman, a man who watched too many movies about good looking, tough, sarcastic chicas written by men don't know zip about women.

DARRYL

Tee-shirts and bumper stickers on order: "Knows zip about women!"

She opens sardines, gets a fork. Back to the steps.

AMELIA

What I'm wondering is, if you set off to trash your story, why'd you drive an hour outta your way, then seek refuge?

DARRYL

Because. The wind. Was blowing.

AMELIA

Not a sign of weakness to seek refuge.

DARRYL

Man, I wish I had more etching room on this sink.

HER POV AT COUNTRY HOUSE

A LITTLE BOY in a cowboy outfit stares at her. She stares back at this pint-size icon.

Refuge

9/10

DARRYL

Scene 2

32.

Little Boy pulls his cap gun and shoots her. Amelia turns her back on the little boy.

AMELIA

"Lord, make me an instrument of thy peace."

DARRYL

What?

STOP.

INTERCUT INT. RV - DAY & INT. BATHROOM (MINUTES LATER)

Amelia drives. She forks a sardine into her mouth. Half-gags, spits the sardine back into the tin, shoves it into the console. Drives. Forces herself off herself.

AMELIA

I'm sorry I don't love your story.

DARRYL

Please, not pity. It's pathetic enough when people aspire to things they're incapable of achieving.

His CELL PHONE RINGS again. He glances at his watch.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Having so much fun at the engagement party, they just noticed I'm not there.

AMELIA

It rang 11 times while you were asleep.

DARRYL

Hmph, I usually wake up every time someone farts on Mars.

EXT. OLD COTTON GIN - DAY

She pulls in.

INT. RV - DAY

She opens the travel preventer.

AMELIA

Drive.

She glances at him as she squats. She un-cuffs him. Glock in one hand, she stands and offers the other.

Refuge

70/
70