

Everything After

by

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Draft 1-8-25

EXT. ROAD- MORNING

Music begins...

The camera moves along a road as the white hash lines pass by.

A foot slams into the frame, followed by its companion. They move at a quick pace but a steady rhythm.

A RUNNER sprints along the edge where the wheat fields of the Palouse meet the concrete road. His body is lean and strong, and music from his headphones fills his head.

He turns up an old country road that runs perpendicular to the concrete highway.

EXT. FARM HOUSE- MORNING

A tractor being driven by a Native American farmer, an older version of the runner, waves as the runner heads towards the farm house.

INT. FARM HOUSE- KITCHEN- MORNING

The runner makes his way into the farm house kitchen. He stops and drinks water directly from the faucet.

He wipes his mouth with the back of his hand. Then he grabs a glass that sits on the counter. He fills it and then spins around to grab a plate with a cold country breakfast and then heads to...

INT. FARM HOUSE- BEDROOM - MORNING

...his bedroom. It reeks of a young teenage boy ... young man clutter. He balances his plate on the glass as he takes off his headset. Pushes a button on his cell phone that makes his music transfer to his Bluetooth speaker in his room.

He tosses the cell phone on the mess that is his bed. Over the bed hangs a mixture of classic and modern rock band posters.

As he makes his way around the room, we see two large posters on another wall: one of Jim Thorpe and another of John Trudell.

He sits down at his desk and hits a button on the computer.

As he waits for his laptop to turn on he stuffs as many pieces of bacon into his mouth as he can. He looks up at the wall above his desk, which is full of accolades for track and field.

He glances at the only picture frame on his desk. It is homemade collage of pictures of a boy and girl. It is the same two kids at different ages starting with elementary school ending with a prom picture circled in a silver heart and a signature "heart" Maria. His eyes move over to a pinned more recent candid photo of the attractive young girl and him.

He scans the list of e-mails as he drinks his water. The usual promotional and garbage type things we all see on our lap tops. Then something catches his eye.

The heading reads "MARIA@PCLAPTOPS.COM SUBJECT I NEED YA".

His fingers move quickly as he opens the e-mail.

It reads: Hey O! How are ya? I'm sure ya just got back from your run. I know this the worst time to ask ya this it being summer time and all. I know how much ya have to do around the farm but I need ya. Please hurry. Ya can catch the 9 am bus and be here 8 pm. I need your help! Please come. I will meet ya at the Wall street entrance of the bus terminal about 11 pm. I know that I can count on ya. See ya soon Love Maria.

O's eyes dart to the clock.

It reads 7:45 am. A cell phone rings ...

INT. BATHROOM- HOURS LATER

...wet, slender hands drop to reveal a pair of beautiful dark eyes of young FEMALE. She looks over to the sound of the ringing phone.

The phone rings. The shower is turned off. The phone stops ringing

The phone reads "9:45 am. Missed call from Maria". Her hand comes in and picks up the phone and scrolls to see if she has a message.

She brings the phone to her ear. Water drips down her fingers from her wet hair. We can hear that it is a female's voice on the message but can't make out more than that.

Single notes from a guitar begin to play.

She brings down the phone and on the partially steamed-up wall mirror her reflection tells us this was not a message she was looking forward to.

A guitar chord strums ...

EXT. DOWNTOWN WALKING STREET- DAY

A young black MUSICIAN's hand strums a guitar. The music echoes loneliness. A solitude ...

...like that of this musician as he plays in the middle of the bustle of business people making their way to and from lunch.

Some dollars, but mostly coins, fall into the guitar case. Then suddenly, a folded note falls in. It reads "Henderson."

HENDERSON stops playing and looks up but the messenger has disappeared into the crowd.

He reaches for the note slowly then reads it.

The guitarist appears and disappears with every passing stranger. He seems even more alone as he sits there silently reading the note. On the wipe of a stranger...

INT. THE DOWNTOWNER MOTEL - A ROOM - DAY

...the darkness slips away as a dark blanket falls through frame revealing a dirty white wall with a cheap black velvet artwork.

An attractive YOUNG MAID dressed in an ugly uniform makes the bed. She is less than satisfied with what she is doing but she completes her task. A vibrating phone goes off in her pocket. She finishes the bed first. Grabs the clear plastic bag of trash and steps out ...

EXT. THE DOWNTOWNER MOTEL - DAY

...of the room onto the second floor balcony. She puts the trash on the full bin of her cart. She reaches for the phone in her pocket.

Her name tag that reads: CALLE.

CALLE's fingers move quickly as to open up the text message from Maria.

"I need to see ya. Tonight! Wall street entrance bus terminal. Ya know why. SNAFU!"

Then she looks and catches a glimpse of something in the trash bag.

A used condom.

She reaches for a squirt of sanitation soap. She begins to rub in the soap. She turns away from the cart and continues to rub her hands.

A rumble begins...

She can't seem to get them clean enough. Leaning against the railing trying to clean her hands.

The rumble grows into the roar of a train ...

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS NEAR RED BRICK BUILDINGS - DUSK

A train moves down the track past a red brick building.

INT. RED BRICK BUILDING- STUDIO APT- DUSK

The train can be seen roaring across the tracks just outside the window. Smoke rises. Some of it disappears, some of it goes back to from where it came. We follow it to reveal a strong muscular YOUNG MAN smoking on a twin bed as the evening sunlight flickers in the bedroom due to the passing train. The room is much different than O's. No warmth nor history, more Spartan; lamp on the floor, small sink, mini fridge, micro wave, weight bench, and a punching bag.

He is lost in his thoughts. He takes one last long drag.

As though in a race the paper around the cherry of the cigarette curls and burns away.

The last of the train passes by as the sunset explodes into the room. There is a knock.

The door, which has a dent crack that looks like it's from a fist punch, opens. In the hallway stands a nervous Henderson, the street musician, guitar strapped to his back. He steps right into the room

HENDERSON

BLUE, Did you hear from Maria?

BLUE

Yeah.

Henderson closes the door and BLUE takes the last drag from cigarette.

HENDERSON

What she say to you?

BLUE

You know her. A lot of nothin'.
I'm goin' to get somethin' to eat.
You can come if you want.

Blue leaves before Henderson can respond. It wasn't really an invitation, and Henderson knew it. He spots a cigarette pack and helps himself. In the comfort of the burning cigarette he wonders what she said to Blue. He tosses the lighter up. When he goes to catch it he misses it.

The lighter hits the floor and slides under the bed.

From the other side of the bed we watch Henderson face as he tries to find the lighter. He stops. His face tells us he has found something more than the lighter. He slowly lowers himself to get a better view. We follow into darkness.

INT. BLACKWOOD'S GARAGE - DUSK

Blackness. Sparks fly. They are coming from a grinder as it eats into metal. It appears to be erasing serial numbers.

A mechanic with goggles works the grinder over an engine block that hangs from two large chains attached to a pulley.

A warehouse space that has been converted to some type of body shop. Several automobiles at different stages of disassembly. The orange light of the sunset bursts into the space as the one of two large doors opens. Two silhouetted figures come in, one of them chattering away.

MICHAEL

... Man, I am not bullshitting. It is cherry and you are goin' to drool like a mother when you see this black beauty ...

MICHAEL leads the pair in. He is a pretty boy tough guy but a bit strung out. He is followed by a tall, thin bald MAN. The man looks like something right out of the movie ROMPER STOMPER with three days' growth. He chomps on a juicy red apple.

An older, WISEGUY type comes out of the makeshift office followed by what appears to be a large bodyguard.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Mr. Blackwood, this is the guy that I chatted with you about.

MR. BLACKWOOD and the Romper Stomper eyeball each other as they shake hands.

MR. BLACKWOOD

Didn't catch the name.

MAN

Didn't throw it.

Michael can see this is not starting off right.

MICHAEL

Hey, man, why you got to be like that ... we don't need all this... Ya know ... It's cool, man, Mr. Blackwood has the shit ... but you got to be cool man.

MR. BLACKWOOD

Fuck it! We are not at a tea party. The man wants to see a car, let's show him a car.

A tarp is yanked off a customized 1969 Dodge Charger. The man chomps on the apple as he walks around the car.

MICHAEL

What I tell you man! Fuckin' beauty.

MR. BLACKWOOD

Normally I don't do business like this so hope you don't mind me asking you something?

MAN

(mouthful of apple)

Nope.

The man opens the door, inspects the car.

MR. BLACKWOOD

Are you a cop?

MAN

No.

MR. BLACKWOOD

You got the money.

The man searching the back seat.

MAN

No.

Mr. Blackwood throws a look at Michael.

MICHAEL

But he can get it. There's no issues, Mr. Blackwood. He can get it. Right, man, you told me you can get it?

MR. BLACKWOOD

Am I wasting my time here?

MAN

No, you're not. Can I check the trunk?

MICHAEL

Why do you want to do that for?

MR. BLACKWOOD

He wants to make sure that I didn't pull this out of a lake somewhere, then just made it look pretty.

The man has gained Mr. Blackwood's respect. Blackwood tosses him the keys.

MICHAEL

Lake? What lake? I am the one who brought it in with the kid?

Keys go into the trunk lock turns. The trunk opens.

MR. BLACKWOOD

Shut the fuck up Michael!

The man inspects the truck. He reaches in ...

MICHAEL

Okay, okay, cool.

Mr. Blackwood walks up behind the man

MR. BLACKWOOD

So what do you think?

In a quick smooth motion the man spins around and whacks Mr. Blackwood in the face with an extra long crowbar.

Mr. Blackwood goes down hard. The man hits the bodyguard on the face with the apple as the bodyguard rushes at him. The man then thrusts and impales the bodyguard with the sharp end of the crowbar.

The man almost picks him up and drops him like a beached whale. A bullet whizzes by and hits hubcap behind the two men. The man turns ...

... to see the grinder guy with a smoking gun in his hand. His eyes are wild and scared.

The man grabs Michael, using him as a shield, then rushes at the grinder guy.

The grinder guy fires three shots but is so scared he misses each time.

Michael's body slams into the grinder guy, knocking them both over. As they go down the gun slides near Michael. It is just in his reach. He looks at the man.

The man just throws him an evil glance that freezes Michael in his tracks. Then he stands over the grinder guy and crushes his skull with the crowbar.

Blood flies everywhere.

On the Wall.

On the man's white T-shirt.

On Michael's face.

The man lands a final blow then heads over to Michael.

Kicks the gun away and grabs Michael. Drags him so that he is lying under the engine block.

MICHAEL

Please, man don't kill me. I won't say a word.

MAN

That will be a first.

He grabs the chain and releases the engine block.
Michael's head and chest explode on impact.

The man opens the warehouse doors as the last of the twilight creeps into the space.

He walks back over to the car. He hears a moan.

It is Mr. Blackwood with a broken jaw coming to. The man kneels down next to him. He looks at the back of the car and then slides Mr. Blackwood a little to his left.

MAN (CONT'D)

The name is Virgil.

VIRGIL gets into the driver seat and starts the engine.

Mr. Blackwood moans and with a dazed look he sees the backup lights pop on. More important that the back tire is lined up to his head. Too late for him to move - with a squeal of burning rubber the car rushes at him.

THUMP! SPLAT! Virgil stops the car then puts it into drive.

He speeds out the open doors. The sound of the roaring engine echoes in the garage.

As he disappears the engine noise is over taken by the loud squeal of brakes ...

EXT. PLAZA BUS TERMINAL- TWILIGHT

...of a bus as it comes to a stop.

It parks next to two Greyhound-type buses. People are getting on one bus and getting off the other. They stop near the side to gather their bags. O, the runner from the opening, steps out of the bus wearing a backpack. He looks around and heads ...

INT. BUS PLAZA WALL ST. ENTRANCE- TWILIGHT

... through the sliding door entrance in the midst of some other fellow travelers. He looks around.

He sees the sitting area near the entrance. The place is crowded and busy. Not quite Grand Central Station but for this farm boy it might as well be.

From high above a GIRL with long straight hair watches his every move.

He looks at the clock on the wall. It reads 8:08 pm. He has almost two hours to kill. He decides to go back outside.

The girl from high above that has been watching opens a purple-colored composition book. In it there is a photograph. She holds it up. It is a copy of the one that O had on his desk. Is the girl in the picture the voyeur...

INT. SULLY'S DINER- NIGHT

...the hair seems like it might be the same girl. The picture falls on to a table top next to a bottle of coke.

O sits at a booth looking at the picture he brought from home. He sits in a 24 hour downtown diner whose clientele is best described as eclectic.

As an attractive waitress in her early twenties walks over with his order of an all-American cheeseburger and fries.

The girls at a nearby table whisper and giggle. They look in both O's and her direction. In contrast these girls are overly made-up and trying to look like someone famous for being famous.

O doesn't notice them nor the WAITRESS as she slides his food in front of him.

WAITRESS

Not sure if you'd noticed, but those girls over there are totally eyeing you.

O looks up from his trance and checks out the girls. Something in how they are looking right past him gives him a different idea. He looks over to the waitress. He notices the name tag says "Jonesy"

O

Are you sure it's me they're gawking at?

The waitress looks over. The girls giggle and turn away.

JONESY

Really ... I don't know if I could get that funky. They are pretty.

O

Do you really think so?

JONESY

And you don't?

O

Well, guess so, but what will it look like in the morning?

JONESY

You might have a point.

They share a smile, a moment. Nothing sexual just kindred souls.

Jonesy notices the picture.

JONESY (CONT'D)

Hey, is that Maria?

O

Yeah, you know her?

JONESY

Oh yeah. Comes in regular. Coke and slice of ...

O/JONESY

Lemon meringue.

JONESY

You know her well.

O

Since I was nine.

There is ding from the pick-up window.

JONESY

She's special, not your normal Strayz.

O

Strayz?

JONESY

You know, like stray cat or transient. I don't know if it's the right word, but that's what I call them. This town collects them. People on their way to somewhere else but they just don't ever seem to leave. I should know, I'm one of them.

O
Seems like an okay place to stay.

JONESY
It's alright, but not where I was heading to.

O
Where?

JONESY
Anywhere but where I was. And near the ocean.

There is a triple ding from the pick-up window

JONESY (CONT'D)
Oh shit. Gotta go.

Jonesy has to go deal with food orders. O watches her. What does she know?

O look at his watch. 10:25 pm. He looks at the photo then his watch. The wait for Jonesy to return is killing him.

He gets up and sits at the counter where Jonesy is busy tallying up bills and delivering a few more orders.

O
When was the last time you saw her.

JONESY
Maybe a day ago. My shift hadn't started yet, and I wanted to thank her.

O
Thank her?

She stops working and come close to him.

JONESY
Yeah, I don't make the best choices in guys sometimes. Who are we kidding, all the time. Well, she happened to be here when the latest asshole showed up ... well, needless to say, it ended really ugly. She showed up later at the end of my shift with a bottle in hand. We really didn't talk about it. We just shared the bottle and danced as the sun came up.

It was like she knew that's what I needed right there and then.

O

She has always been able to read people well.

JONESY

I don't think I was too hard to read that night.

A ding.

JONESY

I'm sorry.

With that she turns, grabs yet another order and heads to a booth near where O was sitting originally. Like a lost puppy he follows her and sits at his booth. She starts chatting up with these guests. Will she ever shut up and come tell him more?

He looks at his watch. It reads 10:33 pm. Finally she comes to O.

JONESY (CONT'D)

Anyway, she was sitting over there in the back. She was in this kind of heated conversation ...

O

Did you see with who?

JONESY

Kind of. He was bald and tall, way older, maybe early 30s or so. Definitely not a Strayz but kind of scary you know?

O

Scary how?

JONESY

You know, the kind that could hurt you and not even bat an eye.

O

What happened?

JONESY

Well, I tried to give them space to work their issues out and went to clock in. When I got back they were gone.

O
Hmm. I got an e-mail telling me
she needed me. Suppose to meet her
at the bus terminal at 11.

She looks at her watch.

JONESY
You better get goin'. You want me
to pack that up for you?

O
Sure.

O gathers his stuff as the overly made-up girls watch
Jonesy make her way to the counter. He smiles. They
definitely were not eyeing him.

He walks up to the counter as Jonesy closes a to-go box.
He hands her twenty.

O (CONT'D)
Keep the change.

JONESY
Gee, thanks.

He turns to leave.

JONESY (CONT'D)
Hey, good luck. I can see how much
you care for her. I hope it works
out.

O
She is not an easy one to care
for.

JONESY
She is a funky one.

O
Yeah, and I always feel I am two
steps behind her. See ya

JONESY
Hey come back I'll buy you both
some pie.

O just smiles and waves back as he leaves.

INT. BUS PLAZA - NIGHT

The second floor wall clock reads "10:58 pm" and Calle comes out of the bathroom. She crosses over to the glass elevator and steps in. We follow Calle in the elevator as it goes down to find Blue and Henderson rounding a corner on first floor and they head past the escalators. There is a handful of travelers waiting for a bus.

The boys walk up to the sitting area near the Wall Street entrance. They find nobody they know except some guy eating the last of his burger. The guy is O. They check him out as they head over to a wire mesh bench.

Seconds later Calle arrives she stops in her tracks as she sees Blue and Henderson. Blue gets up and moves further away to another bench. Henderson gives a small wave. Calle timidly waves back and sits on her own bench.

As though each one of them is on their own private island in the middle of a grey marble sea, Calle, Henderson and Blue sneak peaks at each other.

All of this being watched by O, sitting cross-legged, eating his food.

From a ramp nearby appears the Female from the shower. She doesn't stop when she sees our group but her entrance loses its swagger.

Calle and Blue look up as she enters but don't really acknowledge her. Henderson gives another timid wave but this time he is met with a cold smirk.

As though preordained, she heads to her own mesh island and sits. The silent peeking game continues with O just watching. He finishes his food and walks over to the nearby trash can. All eyes follow him ...

The silence is broken by a voice over the loudspeaker.

ANNOUNCEMENT

11:15 bus for Seaside, Oregon,
leaving from station three in five
minutes.

They all check the time. A cell phone rings.

They all turn and look at the cell phone sitting on an empty bench. It rings again.

Nobody moves. Ring. They all just look at it. A bit puzzled.

Ring. Finally O heads over to the phone to answer it.

It flashes "Maria".

O
Hello. Maria?... Where are you?

The mention of her name gets everybody's attention.

O (CONT'D)
No, who's Anna?

He turns and looks at the group.

O (CONT'D)
No, but where are you? Okay ...
okay.

He looks at the group again. His eyes dart between the two girls finally settling on one, Calle.

O (CONT'D)
Yeah, she is here.

They dart to Blue.

O (CONT'D)
Yeah.

Then the Female from the shower.

O (CONT'D)
Yeah.

Then finally ending on Henderson.

O (CONT'D)
Yeah, now where are you?

BLUE
Enough of this shit!

He storms towards O like a bull, but Calle steps in his way.

CALLE
Blue, stop.

Something in her touch, in her voice stops him as though it reaches something deep...emotional. They lock eyes.

O
Okay, but you're going tell me
where you are?

He hits a button on the phone. A filter voice can be heard.

MARIA (V.O.)

I will. Now please put me on speaker, O.

The group gathers around the phone.

O

You're on speaker. Where are you?

MARIA(V.O.)

Just about to cross the Monroe Street bridge, walkin' to ya.

GIRL FROM SHOWER

What's up with all this shit Maria?

MARIA(V.O.)

Tullia, where's Anna?

TULLIA

I don't know.

MARIA(V.O.)

Shit!

HENDERSON

Maria, what's the drama, man?

BLUE

And the fuckin' messages.

MARIA(V.O.)

I needed to make sure ya all came.

BLUE

Well, we're all here, bitch!

O

Watch it!

BLUE

You watch it, asshole!

The boys begin to face off. Calle tries her magic again. This time she caresses his cheek

CALLE

Blue, baby, easy.

This time it fails as he slaps her hand away.

BLUE

It is your fuckin' fault we're even here.

He pushes O. O goes flying, so does the phone. The girls try to tear the boys apart. Henderson rushes for the phone.

He notices a policeman coming their way.

HENDERSON

Wolves! Stop it.

TULLIA

Guys! The cops are coming.

Just as the policeman arrives the girls are able to peel the boys off of each other. The policeman looks at the group with curiosity.

HENDERSON

Its all copacetic man. Just a little disagreement ... no harm no foul.

Blue pushes away from Calle and heads over to a bench.

TULLIA

Are you okay?

O

Yeah.

The policeman goes out the Wall Street exit. As soon as he is gone, everyone but Blue gathers around the phone.

O (CONT'D)

Maria, enough of the games.

MARIA(V.O.)

Funny ya say that. It started as a game but it's no fun anymore. Where is Anna? I hope ...

CALLE

Hope what?

MARIA(V.O.)

Things are gettin' scary ... and I know he has to be close. I need to find it.

O

Find what?

MARIA(V.O.)

O, I'm so glad ya' here. God, I can't believe how just one night could fuck up your life.

O

Let me help you.

MARIA(V.O.)

Not sure if ya can fix it this time O. I just don't know ... oh, Jesus, what are ya doing here?

O

Who's there?

Another distant voice sort of can be heard.

MARIA(V.O.)

OH MY GOD DON'T!

Muffled noise then female scream. O grabs the phone.

O

Maria, Maria!

The connection is lost.

O (CONT'D)

Where is the Monroe Street bridge?

HENDERSON

It is about a mile away from here.

O grabs Henderson.

O

Take me there.

HENDERSON

That's a dead end trip, man.

He's scared and O can see it.

O

Please, one of you take me there.

BLUE

Really, farm boy. Yeah we all know who you are? How do we know you're not part of this shit?

O
 What the hell are you talking
 about?

TULLIA
 Your little girlfriend has been
 messing with all of us. Why should
 we help?

HENDERSON
 No reason to fret. She is a kit
 ...lands on all her paws.

A siren blares outside. A police car speeds, by flashing
 lights and all.

Traces of the police light begin to fade inside quicker
 than the piercing sound. O sees someone peek around the
 corner.

They retreat back around the corner. O runs over.

O
 Hey!

A wild eye homeless man spins around with a switch blade.
 O is quick. He dodges being impaled.

HOMELESS MAN
 It's mine. You can't have any!

O looks down to see he has a half eaten hot dog. It is
 dirty and obviously salvaged from the trash can next to
 the homeless man.

O
 It's yours. It's yours. I just
 wanted to know, where's the Monroe
 Street bridge?

The homeless man looks at him for a moment.

HOMELESS MAN
 That way, Tonto.

He points then goes off to eat his new found bounty.

O runs ...

EXT. BUS PLAZA - RIVERSIDE EXIT - NIGHT

...outside to an empty street. He looks in the direction
 that the crazed homeless man pointed.