

WESTERN ABSOLUTION

written by

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OVER BLACK.

PATRICIA (V.O.)
So we're really gonna do this?

RYAN (V.O.)
Why not?

PATRICIA (V.O.)
What about my job? Or your gig?

INT. RYAN'S HOUSE - DAY

RYAN (19) leans against a window, a landline phone pressed against his cheek. Rain hits the window outside.

RYAN
What does it matter if you're gone?
I...

Ryan struggles to finish the sentence.

INT. PATRICIA'S HOUSE - DAY

PATRICIA (20) sits on the counter and wraps the landline cord around her fingers. She waits for him to spit it out.

PATRICIA
Ryan?

Patricia raises an eyebrow.

RYAN (V.O.)
So what do you say? It's a big
country.

PATRICIA
It is. Chillax, of course I'll go.
What should I bring?

BEGIN MONTAGE.

1.) Patricia packs a small backpack that has various early 2000's stickers and catholic imagery laden on it: jeans, a cowboy hat, a few shirts, a bible, a Sony Walkman, and an opened letter.

2.) Ryan packs a small backpack that has lyrics from a mixture of 90's alternative punk bands written on it. He further packs an oversized tee-shirt, long shorts, his favorite snapback, condoms, and a wallet with a little over \$100.

RYAN (V.O.)
Whatever you can spare.

PATRICIA (V.O.)
That's very vague.

RYAN (V.O.)
We'll make it work. After
everything our friendship has been
through.

PATRICIA (V.O.)
Y'know, this is gonna be a complete
disaster.

RYAN (V.O.)
Okay.

PATRICIA (V.O.)
Okay.

3.) Patricia laughs. It's some inside joke between them.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. PATRICIA'S HOUSE - DAY

Patricia stands with her backpack in front of a modest lower-class home. The early light of dawn shines off her wavy hair. A pickup truck on its last legs of life slowly rolls up to the house.

RYAN (V.O.)
I'll pick you up soon.

PATRICIA (V.O.)
You better.

Patricia enters the truck and it drives off.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

Ryan drives as Patricia looks out at the surrounding desert. Her hands kneed themselves.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The pickup truck pulls up to a t-section.

PATRICIA (V.O.)
Hold up, hold up.

The pickup truck sudden swerves to park next to the road.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

Ryan and Patricia watch as the sirens of a cop car whirls past them. They glance at one another. Patricia nods.

Ryan thinks about touching her arm reassuringly. He changes his mind. They drive off.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The pickup truck passes a "city limit" sign. They continue into the western countryside.

BEGIN MONTAGE.

1.) Ryan and Patricia stand in front of a "Welcome to Utah" sign.

2.) Ryan and Patricia walk through a little market in a small, no-name town. They smile.

3.) Ryan and Patricia belt along with a song in the car. They have not a care in the world.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Ryan looks into his wallet and takes out a few bills. He glances at Patricia, who walks out of the store with a new pair of sunglasses. She makes a silly face at him. Ryan returns one of his own.

EXT. RUN-DOWN MOTEL - NIGHT

The pickup truck parks in front of a quaint, tumbleweed-infested motel.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Patricia and Ryan check out their room. Small, inconspicuous, and only with one bed.

Ryan sets up to sleep on the ground, while Patricia takes a shower. Ryan moves her backpack, but his focus centers on something. He rummages through her bag and lifts up the opened letter.

URGENT: RESPONSE NEEDED

Ryan glances over at the closes bathroom door. Steam flutters from its fluorescent glow. He puts the letter back.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Ryan opens his eyes to dust particles flickering in the air. His sideways vision focuses on Patricia, who sits next to the window, glancing out at the rising sun.

She looks disturbed.

Ryan slaps his face. He has to be happy.

He moves over to Patricia and massages her head. She looks up at him and smiles.

EXT. UTAH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

A red sun rises over the vast horizon. Wonderful, huge plateaus rise up like skyscrapers made of rock.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

Patricia drives now. She holds her hand out the window and swims her arm through the pressing wind. She looks content, happy.

Ryan loses his smile for a brief moment as he watches her. She glances at him, and he quickly recovers his grin.

EXT. ISOLATE STORE - NIGHT

The pickup truck pulls in front of a store that sits in the middle of nowhere.

PATRICIA (V.O.)

Stop here. I want to grab a smoke.

The pickup truck parks under a fathomless night sky.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

Patricia exits the truck. Ryan watches her enter the store. He reaches over and grabs Patricia's backpack. He takes out the letter, opens it. His eyes glance over certain words:

ORDER OF THE IMMIGRATION JUDGE... case #NV386781... for one Patricia Vasquez... you have 48 hours to respond... before deportation measures are utilized by...

Ryan places the letter back. He takes a deep breath and leans his head against the cold window.

EXT. UTAH DESERT - NIGHT

Ryan and Patricia sit on the bed of the truck. It's parked alongside an endless dirt road. There's not a single building, not a single soul, within a hundred miles. Just endless earth.

The Milky Way shines brilliantly above them. The soft glow of a cigarette blooms from Patricia's mouth. Ryan drinks from a cheap can of beer.

Patricia lifts the cig to Ryan. He takes it and has a drag. The soft glow reflects in Patricia's pupils. She takes the beer from him and drinks from it.

A pack of coyotes howl into the night. Ryan and Patricia wrap a blanket around them as a cool breeze shudders over them.

Patricia wraps her arm around Ryan's. Ryan hands the cig back to her. Patricia leans her head against Ryan's shoulder and takes another drag.

The night sky slowly resolves around them.

EXT. WYOMING COUNTRYISDE - DAY

The scenery slowly changes from flat desert and deep canyons to hilly mounds and mountainous trees.

EXT. DOWNTOWN DISTRICT - DAY

Patricia and Ryan walk to a stall selling various knickknacks. People walk past them in a warm haze of vibrant colors.

Ryan white-knuckles his wallet as he looks into it. Almost all his cash is gone.

Patricia grins and says something to him. Ryan submerges his anger and forces a grin back at her. It's not her fault.

EXT. WYOMING MOUNTAINS - DAY

Vast, terrific mountains, full of trees and life, the beauty only a few people think of when they think of the American west, dominate the landscape.

The pickup truck sputters into view. The last fumes of gas burst from its exhaust pipe, and the truck finally stumbles to a halt at the top of some mountain range.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

Ryan hits the steering wheel. Patricia tries to calm him by touching his arm. They sit silently.

EXT. WYOMING MOUNTAINS - DAY

Ryan walks to the edge of the road and gazes at the valley far below them. He kicks a rock, which bounces and tumbles down the mountain's sheer face.

PATRICIA

It's beautiful.

Ryan looks back at Patricia. She stares at the surrounding mountains.

RYAN

I suppose.

PATRICIA

Don't be like that. We both knew this wasn't gonna last forever.

RYAN

I wasn't hoping for forever. I was hoping for now. It's all bullshit anyways.

PATRICIA

Bullshit?
(sneers)
Bullshit, huh?

Patricia mutters something in Spanish.

RYAN

What are you saying? The hell does that mean?

Patricia smiles at him coyishly and lights a cigarette. Ryan huffs and stares at the ground.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I'm just trying to be a good friend.

PATRICIA

Oh, stop that. Stop it, Ryan. You don't get to be sorry. You don't get to be angry or moody or sad. You understand?

RYAN

Patricia, what do you think we're doing out here?

PATRICIA

I don't need your pity.

RYAN

My pity? My... are you kidding me? I'm losing my friend because of these-- these stupid laws and these--

PATRICIA

Thanks for explaining it, Ryan. I had no idea who I was suppose to blame for this.

RYAN

What am I suppose to say?

PATRICIA

Nothing.

RYAN

Nothing?

PATRICIA

Yeah. Okay?

RYAN

Okay? Tell me! How am I to be silent during this, when there's so much left to say? So many memories to be had? When there's so much life wasted?

PATRICIA

Please, for the love of God, shut up. Don't you get it? This isn't about you.

RYAN

I know that.

PATRICIA

Ryan. If you say one more word,
I'll never talk to you again.

Patricia throws her cigarette to the ground and stomps it out. Wind blows across the mountain and flutters her hair around her face. Ryan stares at her incredulously.

A long moment passes. Tension. Sadness. Hollowness.

RYAN

I love you.

Patricia slaps Ryan in the face.

Ryan lowers his head, tears streaking across his cheek. There's something burning behind Patricia's eyes as well.

There's an unexplored world here. A world hidden in the past, and one still left untrodden in the future.

Ryan builds his courage and stares into Patricia's eyes. Their breaths shake out of their lungs and becomes swallowed by the chill wind.

Something softens. Something bends.

Large, billowing clouds float through a blue sky and giant trees flutter gently on the mountainside as Patricia approaches Ryan and whispers something to him.

They embrace, or shake hands, or reconcile, or sever ties, or something else entirely.

It's unclear, much like the whims of life in the west. There's just moments and memories and the passing of time.

Ryan and Patricia grab their bags from the pickup truck and walk out of frame, leaving behind the picturesque view of the Wyoming highlands.

THE END.