

Want you to have it. Just promise me you won't tell him.
Okay?

ANGIE: No. Like I said, I'm not good at lyin'. And he'd just blow it on nothin'. But I could use one favor.

ROBERT: Anything.

ANGIE: Send me a picture of him? Send it to me by mail. I want to look in his eyes, so I can see how happy he is. Ya know? I just want him to be happy.

ROBERT: *(Nods.)* I promise.

ANGIE: *(Angie starts to leave. She stops without turning.)* And Robert? *(Beat.)* All that crap about filling in the hole in my gut and being able to make it through school. And telling me that I will have lots to share with a kid some day. Tell me honestly. Don't lie, okay? Did you mean those things for real?

ROBERT: *(Beat.)* Every word.

ANGIE: *(She looks right at him.)* You be a good father, okay? *(Points at him.)* Treat him right or I'll be back! Give him a kiss good-bye from me. Will ya?
(He nods. She exits in a rush.)

HIT-AND-RUN

When Evie and Neil, both 18, accidentally hit a homeless man in a deserted portion of Montana, a clash of morals and values ensues. Their future and their relationship begins to unravel from the moment Evie slams on her brakes.

EVIE: *(Shocked and panicked, but not screaming, Evie gets out of the car to look.)* I never even seen him. It's like he came outta nowhere.

NEIL: *(Standing next to the body.)* Get in the car, Evie!

EVIE: *(Seeing the man on the ground, covering her mouth.)* Oh my God. I'll stay with him. I'll stay with him. You get help. I'll stay with him, and you get help.

NEIL: *(Yelling, and grabbing her.)* Get in the car, Evie. Now.

EVIE: What are you doin'?!?

NEIL: Please. I want you to get in.

EVIE: *(They get in.)* Oh God! Oh God, oh God. I can't believe this is happenin'! I didn't see him. Did you see him? We should do somethin' about his bleedin' right away.

NEIL: *(Touching her arm.)* It's okay. It's okay, hon.

EVIE: No, it's not okay! He looks really bad! You've got to drive! I can't.

NEIL: Drive where? We're in the middle of Montana, Evie. There isn't anythin' for miles.

EVIE: There was a . . . there was a house a couple miles back. I don't know where exactly, but—but awhile back. Where we stopped to eat, remember? Just back there. They'll let you call an ambulance.

NEIL: Now, hold on, Evie. Let's just talk about this first.

EVIE: Talk about what, Neil?! What's there to talk about? I hit him! I can't drive back. I'm too scared to drive. You drive back there. It's not that far.

NEIL: He's a homeless guy.

EVIE: So! So what does that have to do with anythin'?

NEIL: Well, he's okay I think. He just looks like he has some bruises.

EVIE: Bruises? That's all? I hit him hard enough to throw him off the road.

NEIL: Oh I don't know about that. He may have dived off the road. I'm not going to lie to you. He is knocked up a bit, Evie. But I don't even know if he got that from your car. He mighta been banged up anyway.

EVIE: Yeah? *(Beat.)* I can't believe that. You saw him fly up like that. And that noise when he hit the car. He's not just bruised. I don't think so. That's not possible. Don't try to soften it like you do, Neil. This time you can't soften things like you do. *(Beat.)* You drive, okay? You aren't too freaked out right?

NEIL: Drive where?

EVIE: To go get help! Why are you bein' so stupid?!!

NEIL: I'm not sure you're thinkin' this through, Evie.

EVIE: No, I don't think *you* are! We're not goin' to leave him here for God's sake.

NEIL: *(Beat.)* I'm just sayin' that it may not be all that bad for him. I mean, he could be just banged up. And you and I—well, if we go get help for him, they'll call the police. We could get in a lot of trouble for this.

EVIE: What in the hell are you talkin' about?! We could get in a helluva lot more trouble for leavin' him here.

NEIL: He's a homeless guy, Evie.

EVIE: So. I don't think that makes a bit of difference.

NEIL: All I'm sayin' is no one is gonna go lookin' for him.

EVIE: And anyway, how are you so sure he's homeless?

NEIL: The rags he's wearin'. He stinks like alcohol and sweat. His face is all leathery from the sun. He's definitely homeless. There's no doubt. There's nothin' out here for miles and miles.

EVIE: I think maybe we should take him with us if you think the hospital's far.

NEIL: Do you mean move him?

EVIE: Yeah. I mean, I know you're not supposed to move people, but maybe we could find something hard to move him with—something stiff to put him on.

NEIL: I'm not movin' him. He looks like he's violent.

EVIE: Violent? How would you know? He's lyin' there in pain.

NEIL: His knife fell outta his pocket. It was on the ground a few feet away from him.

EVIE: *(Beat.)* Okay, even if he is homeless and violent. Even if no one will come lookin' for him. He's still a person. He deserves to live, Neil. I can't believe your attitude. I think you're kinda sick. *(Beat.)* Geez, he's cryin' out there.

NEIL: The thing is Evie, they could put you in jail for this.

EVIE: What?! It was an accident. You saw the road. Plus it's raining. It was so dark. Those curves are crazy difficult. I'm not from here. I don't know this road. They'll understand that. Especially if we go for help right away.

NEIL: Bein' not from around here doesn't give us any advantage, Evie. The cops in these small towns love this crap. And it doesn't mean that they give a good damn about the homeless guy out there. They'd probably throw him in a ditch and forget about him. They just love to bust kids from big cities. The cops'll hear we're from Dallas and he'll be all over us. They'll do the Breathalyzer. And you aren't goin' to pass it. Okay?

EVIE: But I only had four beers. I don't even feel drunk, Neil.

NEIL: It don't matter. It'll show up positive. And listen, if he's hurt in the least, they'll try to get you put in jail for somethin'. They could even go for somethin' like attempted manslaughter or murder or somethin'.

EVIE: Murder?!

NEIL: I don't know. But you can kiss gettin' into college goodbye or gettin' a job.

EVIE: But you could tell them. You could be my witness. He came out of nowhere, right?

NEIL: I could say that. And he might have. I mean, we don't

know. This guy could be a major con artist who likes to get money out of innocent people. I remember when I worked at the movie theater. This guy—this homeless, drunk guy used to fall in front of cars as they were movin' around the parking lot.

EVIE: Are you serious?

NEIL: He did it all the time. He brought like four different customers to court. Took a butt load of money from them for injuries. That's all I know. He was a total con man.

EVIE: Okay, but that guy is bleedin'. I don't think he's a con man. And honestly, I don't think I was completely watchin' carefully. I mean, we were jammin' to that song.

NEIL: Maybe he was intendin' on being a con guy but he got a little too in the way of the car. Maybe the accident was totally his fault. He is drunk. He smells all the way to Ohio.

EVIE: Right. So if he did that, we'd have a case. You could say that the homeless guy jumped outta nowhere. You can confirm that it was like pitch-black and then I heard this hard noise and his body went flyin' into the air. I had no time to stop. He was maybe tryin' to pretend to get hit and—what-ever—and he really got hit in the process.

NEIL: There's only one problem, Evie. I'm obviously your stupid boyfriend. I would say anythin' to try and get you out of it. You think his lawyers don't know that? They'll think I'm worse than you by far. They won't believe me worth a good Goddamn. They'll think I got you drunk. Shoot. When they give you the Breathalyzer test, they're gonna give it to me too. And how's that gonna look? I'm drunker than you. And I'm testifyin' that the guy came outta nowhere? I can just see it now. "Well, no wonder. You were drunk, too. Right?" Plus these conservative-type people out here ain't gonna like that I took you outta town for this road trip. Neither is your mom. Trust me, they are not gonna like that our parents don't even know where we are. Or that we lied about where we were goin'.

EVIE: It's not like we're that young.

NEIL: We're still under drinking age. The deal is that I'm not like the best character witness for you right now. Okay?

EVIE: Okay. So maybe it won't look great, but I don't think I could live knowin' that I hurt someone. And if I have to pay for it by doing some time, I will.

NEIL: After they do the Breathalyzer, Evie, they'll test you for drugs too.

EVIE: I don't do drugs. (*Beat.*) It was just a little weed. Two puffs.

NEIL: That's not how they'll see it.

EVIE: My mom can help. She would help me get out of it.

NEIL: Yeah? What she'll do is break us up first. She'll break us up and pay for this real expensive lawyer, which she doesn't have the money to do, right?

EVIE: This is all just guessin'. We don't know what'll really happen. We don't even know how hurt he is.

NEIL: You honestly don't think she'd make us break up?

EVIE: (*Beat.*) Yeah, she might. But we're talkin' about a man's life here.

NEIL: Yeah, and we're talkin' about our lives and future too. Do you know how much money your mother will spend on a lawyer? She'll want to get the best lawyer she can find.

EVIE: I don't know. But she doesn't need to do that.

NEIL: Yes. She does! This will look bad. You were goin' about fifty miles an hour down a thirty-five mile zone. You're drunk, according to the Breathalyzer. You've done drugs. You and your crazy boyfriend have been out on a road trip for a couple of days doin' God knows what. That's what the other lawyer'll say. You will do some time for this Evie. You can kiss college and me good-bye.

EVIE: He's hurt that bad, huh?

NEIL: Didn't you just hear anythin' I just said?

EVIE: Yes! That's why I'm sayin' that. I wouldn't go to jail if he walked away with a couple of bruises. He's hurt bad. How bad?

NEIL: (*Shrugs.*) I don't know. I'm not a doctor. But his head and legs look bad.

EVIE: We'll drop him off at the emergency room. We won't stay.

NEIL: That could be worse. There'd be people all over. There'd be witnesses. We'd be seen. We'd have left the scene of a crime with all those witnesses.

EVIE: We could dump him off in one of the small towns around here. Everybody would be asleep. At least someone would find him in a few hours when the sun comes up.

NEIL: You want to put him in your car? They'll be blood all over the back seat. How are you gonna explain that?

EVIE: How am I goin' to explain the dent in my hood or the blood all over that?

NEIL: Car wash. Nothin' more than a car wash and a fender bender.

EVIE: Who are you? It's like you're a monster or somethin'. Geez, a few months ago we picked up a dog who was hit on the highway and you called the driver a killer. This is not right, Neil. I think we should at least try to take him to a hospital. We can dump him off in the distance . . . away from people.

NEIL: If he's got back injuries, movin' him could kill him.

EVIE: And, what, leavin' him here's gonna heal him?!!

NEIL: He has a chance. It's all a fate thing. If someone comes by, he'll be taken for help. He'll be taken to safety. Just like we did with that dog a few months back.

EVIE: I can't believe you. I can't believe how cold you can be.

NEIL: I'm not cold, Evie. I just want to have a happy life with you. I love you. We had plans for school. And I just know kids like us and cops. Kids who don't come from money . . . families like us who they call white trash. We'll never get a fair trial. Look, we both have plans and this is goin' to ruin them. Maybe forever. That's how my old lady went down.

EVIE: I know.

NEIL: She did a little coke. Got caught. Everythin' was down hill from there. She thought she'd get out and get a new job,

but she's never recovered from what she's been through. If anything she became more of an addict being in there. Neither of us needs a setback like this. Not before we even begin.

EVIE: Let's make an anonymous call about him. Could we at least do that?

NEIL: (*Beat.*) Sure. If we're careful. It'll be okay. Someone will come by and find him after we call. I promise. It'll all be good. (*Hugs her.*) I love you, baby.

EVIE: We could stop at the first gas station we find—call and then hang up suddenly.

NEIL: I'm so glad you agree, baby. If you were in jail, I would be miserable. I couldn't stand it. I don't know if I could wait.

EVIE: (*Pause.*) What?

NEIL: Nothin'. Just may not've been able to wait for you to get out is all.

EVIE: Yeah, I'd feel the same way. You won't have to wait for me though, Neil.

NEIL: I'm glad. Now, let's go.

EVIE: You won't have to wait because I'm dumpin' you. Here and now. Get out of my car.

NEIL: What?!!

EVIE: You're disgustin'. Get out of my car, Neil!

NEIL: You're not serious.

EVIE: Like hell I'm not.

NEIL: It's rainin' out there.

EVIE: Aww. See how it feels? Well, we'll leave it up to fate. Maybe someone will help you—it's a fate thing. In the meantime, I'll get help. Get out! Now! Or I'll tell the cops it was you drivin'! (*He looks at her in awe.*) Who would know? There ain't no other witnesses. Right?