

INT. AIRSTREAM - DAY

His eyes open. He's on a sofa. Bob's beefy face, inches away.

BOB
Couldn't find y'pulse fer a spell
there, friend.

Ian leaps up. Flails to the door. TWO BURLY TOWNIES peer in from outside. Armed with an oar. A sharpened branch.

BOB (cont'd)
Folks got a lot of questions.

Ian turns back. The Airstream is packed for a family's summer vacation. Beach toys, souvenirs and snacks litter the floor. Bob reclines in the dining nook. Flips a light-up yo-yo.

IAN
You have no right to hold me here.

Bob's fat wrist flicks. The yo-yo hovers just off the floor.

BOB
Gon' call the embassy? All I need's
some answers. Jes calm down, try'n
look at this from our perspective-

IAN
*Who the f**k are you!?*

Bob CHUCKLES. The yo-yo SNAPS to. He thrusts out his hand.

BOB
Bob Shifflet. You got business
here, I'm the one t'talk to.

Ian slumps to the floor. Bob retracts his arm.

BOB (cont'd)
So. That warn't any kind o' faint I
ever seen before.

IAN
I don't know what it is.

BOB
Is? It's happened before...

IAN
How about you screw off?

BOB

Look. I'm responsible for these folks. Sooner I know you ain't a danger, sooner yer on yer way.

IAN

(sighs)

I was driving, and the road turned into trees. Next thing I know, it's morning, and my Airstream's gone.

BOB

Layin' claim, then?

IAN

Damn right! You people stole it!

Bob flips the yo-yo. Bends down. Picks up a photo. *The turkey leg woman*. Her children. A MAN...*who's not Ian*. Bob shows it to Ian. Raises a brow. Ian turns from him. Hugs his knees.

BOB

Got a name?

IAN

Ian.

BOB

Where you headed, Ian?

No answer.

BOB (cont'd)

Whatchoo runnin' from?

IAN

Who says I'm running?

BOB

Don' haveta say it. We know plenty 'bout runnin' here in Lazarus. Cast-offs and left-behinds, the whole dang lot. Even this fine gentleman yer passin' the time with. This's jes a pit stop. We're fixin' t'move on, buy us a farm in Montana, soon's we got the finances-

IAN

Look, I need to go, alright? Now.

BOB

That's the part I can't quite figure. You snap to, dirty n'cut, transportation up'n disappeared, and instead of makin' for the highway an' thumbin' a ride, you try to sneak this hunk away from the likes-a us...

IAN

It's mine!

BOB

Only problem is, your own damn body won't let you get gone. Y'need a helpin' hand. Perhaps the good Lord *meant* for us to cross paths.

IAN

What are you people doing here?

Bob pockets the yo-yo. Slides a stuffed suitcase toward Ian.

BOB

Might wanna cover up.