

JD SCENE – SCHOOLS

~~EXT. MEXICAN DESERT – DAY~~

~~Racing across the hot sand, J.D. weaves between cactus and
bramble, jumps ditches and boulders.—~~

~~Harper chases after him, her flips-flops making it all the more
impossible. She yells for him to stop, but that only seems to
spur him faster.~~

~~She whips off her flip-flops, and starts running barefoot, a
flip-flop in each hand. But the sand is burning hot and she
has to put them back on.~~

~~J.D. disappears into a crevice between the rocks.—~~

~~Harper stumbles, muttering, snagging thorns... Finally rounds
a corner... and nearly runs into —~~

~~— the decaying remains of a dead cow lying in the dirt. Flies
everywhere.—~~

~~Standing behind it, J.D. faces her defiantly. He jabs a stick
into the cow, lifts up a hunk of dangling, rotting flesh —
thrusts it towards her like a swordsman.~~

~~Harper staggers back in disgust, clasping her hand over her nose
and mouth against the stench.~~

START>>>>>>>>>>

J.D.

Leave me alone!

HARPER

J.D., what are you doing?! What is
this?

J.D.

It's none of your business.

HARPER

...I think my four hundred and
seventy bucks makes it my business.

J.D.

I'll pay you back. I'll get a job.

HARPER

The money's not... Why are you
running all by yourself in the middle
of Mexico? In the middle of nowhere!

J.D.

I don't have to tell you.

HARPER

Your father's sick J.D....

J.D.

I know he's sick!!! He's dying!!!

Harper goes quiet, stunned.

J.D. (CONT'D)

But not if I can reach Mexico City in
time.

Harper stares at him like he's talking nonsense. J.D. lowers
the stick.

J.D. (CONT'D)

I made a deal.

HARPER

A deal?...

J.D.

Yes. With La Virgen de Guadalupe.

HARPER

La what?

J.D.

The Virgin of Guadalupe. If I run
all the way to Mexico City, she will
cure my father.

Harper stares at him, mute. Stunned --

J.D. (CONT'D)

Millions of people do it, alright?

J.D. tosses the stick away.

J.D. (CONT'D)
It's a pilgrimage.

HARPER
...They run?

J.D.
I'm running...

J.D. walks past a stupefied Harper towards the road.

J.D. (CONT'D)
...because if she's friggin' out
there, I want her to notice.

END