

ANGELA / CHARLIE SIDS

It's 1 AM in the middle of nowhere in a nearly empty diner filled with worn Naugahyde booths and tables. Pies are displayed in a refrigerated case. A JUKEBOX sits in the corner.

ANGELA stands behind the counter reading a magazine. CHARLIE sits in a booth nursing a cup of coffee, alone with his thoughts. Except for the sound of the rain pelting off the roof it's eerily quiet. ANGELA looks up from her magazine and calls out to her only customer.

ANGELA

You need a refill?

(CHARLIE looks up as if awakened from a deep sleep.)

CHARLIE

No thanks. I got a ways to go. (beat) Where am I anyway?

ANGELA

On highway one-sixty-six just outside Coffeyville Kansas.

CHARLIE

Coffeyville. (chuckles) That's appropriate.

ANGELA

We're famous for being at the exact center of the country.

CHARLIE

Huh. I'll remember that.

(CHARLIE takes a small notebook from his pocket and scribbles something down.)

CHARLIE

The center of everything. Always wanted to be there.

(ANGELA continues the small talk.)

ANGELA

Where you traveling to?

CHARLIE

Omaha. Headed to Omaha.

ANGELA

You got people there?

CHARLIE

Nah. Everyone I've known is dead or in prison. (sips coffee) My car only runs in reverse now. I gotta go where it wants to take me.

ANGELA

In reverse?!

CHARLIE

Yes mam. I'm good at going backwards. Been doing it for a long time. But now that I'm in the middle of the country - driving backwards is really like going forwards. Right?

ANGELA

Hmmm. That's a good way of lookin' at it.

(ANGELA wipes the counter.)

ANGELA

Where do you call home?

CHARLIE

Home?

ANGELA

Yeah - Where do you live?

CHARLIE

Haven't the slightest. I'm just an old rain dog. All the scents that I know have been washed off the road so I can't find home no more.

ANGELA

(*pause*) Well that's sad.

CHARLIE

Not really. But I'll make you a deal. When I find that place I'll send you a postcard so you don't have to worry about me.