

CHRONIC TOWN

by

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EXT. FAIRBANKS, AK - DUSKY ALASKAN AFTERNOON

1

Snow-covered terrain with train tracks center. Bridge visible top.

SUPERTITLE (in bottom right hand corner): CHRONIC TOWN

Truman enters bottom walking up the tracks. He strums an invisible guitar and REM's "Carnival of Sorts" begins. He walks to the bridge.

APPROACHING FREIGHT TRAIN.

Truman climbs under the bridge and hangs onto trestle beneath tracks. Train roars overhead.

2

INT. TRUMAN'S STUDIO APARTMENT - BED - DARK DAY

2

Truman, hungover, rolls over and starts CD player. MUSIC: Whiskeytown, "Drank Like a River." He lights a cigarette and hits himself in the head a few times. He drains the dregs of a whiskey bottle and flips it over end to end.

TRUMAN

Uh, oh.

Truman rushes, naked, to the bathroom and vomits loudly. He comes out of bathroom and goes to refrigerator. Opens a beer and drinks some. Washes his mouth out and spits on the floor.

TRUMAN (CONT'D)

Ah, dark day, you begin. Now come on stomach, you've had your fucking revenge. Let's get on with it.

Truman pulls some cold pizza from the fridge and eats it reluctantly. He lights another cig.

TRUMAN (CONT'D)

Bruise me, baby. Scrape those lungs out. I'm going to scream at the fuckers today. I'm going to scream till they listen.

3

EXT. LOT AT BOTTOM OF TRUMAN'S STAIRS - DAY

3

Truman comes down stairs, unplugs taxi cab from heater post and gets in.

Truman turns the key. The cab starts with coughs simultaneous to Truman's.

TRUMAN

You're a good beast, Bertha.

He pops tape into player and bops along. MUSIC: Mule, "Mississippi Breaks." Picks up radio mike.

TRUMAN (CONT'D)

Breaker my balls, breaker my balls,
this is Ice Raider. Any fares for
me Blow Job?

BLOW JOB

Don't call me that. And turn down
that music. No one wants to listen
to that shit.

TRUMAN

They'll listen today. Come on,
hook me up.

BLOW JOB

Eleanor. Lonely Lady.
Immediately.

TRUMAN

God bless the strippers. Don't any
of them know how to drive?

BLOW JOB

Go away.

TRUMAN

Okay, chief. Be talking to ya.
This is Ice Raider. Bow before me.
Out.

Truman drives along, smoking and singing badly.

Truman pulls up and honks repeatedly to the beat of the music. ELEANOR, plump but pretty, comes out of club and gets in back.

TRUMAN

You Eleanor?

ELEANOR

Got it in one, Einstein.

TRUMAN

Rough night?

ELEANOR

Doesn't anyone cut their fingernails anymore?

TRUMAN

Bite mine. Nice and close. Hey, no offense, you're cute, but aren't you packing a bit to be a stripper?

ELEANOR

I cater to the less discriminating pervert.

TRUMAN

Couldn't get a job at the Bareback?

ELEANOR

Fuck no.

TRUMAN

Just thought.

ELEANOR

No. Just fat.

TRUMAN

I like a bit of flesh.

ELEANOR

Can you shut up now?

TRUMAN

No.

ELEANOR

Look just turn that music up, and let's forget we're on this fucking planet.

TRUMAN

You like this?

MUSIC: Husker Du, "Newest Industry."

ELEANOR

Yeah.

TRUMAN

Good girl.

ELEANOR

So they say.

Truman turns up music.

7

EXT. OUTSIDE ELEANOR'S APARTMENT - DAY

7

Eleanor gets out of cab. Truman opens window.

TRUMAN

Make it four bucks.

ELEANOR

Here. Thanks for leaving me alone.

TRUMAN

No problem. Hey, singletons.
Alright if I imagine where these
have been?

ELEANOR

We all need our dreams.

TRUMAN

Take care, babe.

ELEANOR

Mmm.

8

INT. CAB - DAY

8

Radio comes to life over MUSIC: Bob Mould, "Hanging Tree."
Truman is, as always, smoking.

BLOW JOB

132 come in.

TRUMAN

Ice Raider here. What you got for
me, Blow Job?

BLOW JOB

Don't call me that.

TRUMAN
What should I call you?

BLOW JOB
How about Dispatcher.

TRUMAN
Dispassionate.

BLOW JOB
Major Collins at the base.

TRUMAN
Major. Out and over BJ.

9 INT. CAB - DAY

9

MAJOR COLLINS in back.

TRUMAN
Where to admiral?

MAJOR
You cracking some wise? Don't fuck
with me civilian.

TRUMAN
Sorry.

MAJOR
Best be. 23 Plough Rd.

TRUMAN
Gotcha. Hey Major. Hey, you're
bleeding a bit there. Chin. Chin!

MAJOR
Just cut myself shaving son. No
need to panic. Got some TP here
somewhere.

Major pulls out roll of toilet paper from bag. He tears some
off to stop the bleeding.

TRUMAN
You get a Purple Heart for that?

MAJOR
No, but I'm going to get one for
breaking my fist on your fanny
bone.

TRUMAN
Funny bone?

MAJOR
Fanny bone! When I fist fuck your
sorry ass till your nose bleeds.

TRUMAN
Gotcha. Sorry, misheard. Jesus,
there it goes again. You some kind
of Virgin Mary manifestation?

MAJOR
Two blasphemies in a row's gonna
get you some hurt, boy. Shit.

Major pulls out toilet paper again and applies to face.

10 INT. CAB - DAY

10

Truman singing and smoking.

BLOW JOB
132.

TRUMAN
On my knees for you, Blow Job.

BLOW JOB
Don't. Oh fuck it. Jenny at the
Boatel. Stop for a drink and
you're fired.

TRUMAN
Ice Raider would not sully the
sanctity of his post for a mere
libation. I am, as always, out.

11 EXT. BOATEL - DAY

11

JENNY, drunk, old but not derelict, stumbles down steps and
falls on her face in the snow, hands outstretched holding a
sandwich. Truman gets out of car and stares at her a bit.

TRUMAN
Jenny, my girl, you ok? Jenny?

JENNY
Save the sandwich!

TRUMAN
Does look tasty.

Truman picks up sandwich, leaving Jenny on her face. He places the sandwich gingerly on the back seat and returns to the prostrate Jenny.

TRUMAN (CONT'D)
Ok, girl. Where's that sandwich going?

JENNY
The home.

TRUMAN
Come on, my lovely.

Truman manages to get Jenny off her face and into the back.

12

INT. CAB - DAY

12

TRUMAN
(sings)
To the home, to the home, I'm going
to the home.

JENNY
Can I eat my sandwich back here?

TRUMAN
Sure, dear. Make sure you get
plenty of mayonnaise on the seat.

Jenny carefully unwraps sandwich and takes a bite. She immediately falls sideways onto the seat with the sandwich in her mouth.

TRUMAN (CONT'D)
Ah, reminds me of my dear grannie.

Truman picks up radio.

TRUMAN (CONT'D)
Blow Job. Come in Blow Job, this
is Ice Raider.

BLOW JOB
What do you want?

TRUMAN

Call the Seniors' Home and tell them I'm bringing in a stretcher job. I don't think she's dead, but she definitely ain't walking, and I forgot my truss.

BLOW JOB

Will do.

Truman turns up music and sings.

13

INT. CAB - DARKENING DAY

13

Truman picks his nose and eats it.

TRUMAN

Ah, recycling. I'm so green.

BLOW JOB

132.

TRUMAN

What is it, Blow Job? I'm having my lunch.

BLOW JOB

Mr. Peterson. Airport.

TRUMAN

Fly to Fresno and I'm fired, right?

BLOW JOB

You don't have any terminal diseases do you?

TRUMAN

Terminal, airport, very good BJ. There's hope for you yet.

BLOW JOB

Go away.

TRUMAN

I fly, verily I fly. Ice Raider out.

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