

King: He is a senior in highschool. He's not your typical bad boy. He does engage in smoking and underage drinking. He has his own motorcycle. He also skips class a lot. However, he likes to read, typically the great American classics. He does well in all his classes, even though he's not there a lot. He loves his mom, hates his absent alcoholic father, and is in love with this mousy girl in most of his classes, Daisy.

*In this scene, King has just walked out of school, in the middle of the day. Daisy is trailing after him, asking what is wrong. He stops suddenly, and turns towards her.*

King

Let's just go. We can go anywhere. Let's go anywhere.

*He thinks about what he said for a moment.*

I take that back. This is no time for indecisiveness. This is life or death, meaning if I stay in this hick town any longer, I will suffocate. (*beat*) Let's go to Paris. I can see it, can't you?

*Slowly gets wrapped up in the image he's painting.*

The tiny, winding streets, the smell of baking bread and pastries in the air, and tons of bookstores filled with all the books you could ever want. Then there's the tourist traps, the Eiffel Tower, the Louvre, Notre Dame. We won't waste our time. Why stand in line trying to experience the city, when we can go and experience it ourselves. Can't you see it? Us at some cafe table on a street corner, gulping down our overpriced coffee. It won't be Starbucks, it'll be parisian. The summertime won't be humid. The air won't choke you. In Paris, everything is light and bright and open. You don't even mind the two million people because you'll probably never see the same face twice. (*beat*) Daisy, let's go.

*Comes down from his vision and settles in reality.*

I can't stay here. I can't breathe here. This whole town is a fucking cliche.. And everyone's a hypocrite. They sit in their pews with their noses just high enough. Then they go out and do what? They sin. They sin, and sin, and sin, and sin. And then they go and whisper about someone behind their back. "You know Missy's husband is drinking again. She walked in with a bruise under her eye yesterday. I heard her husband left them last week. I hope that little boy doesn't turn out like his daddy." I have

to walk around with that marked on my chest. I will forever be Eddie Ray's son. I can't escape it unless we leave.

*He motions that they should go, and then holds out his hand. She doesn't take it, he puts his hand down.*

It's you and me. (*beat*) Daisy... God, I love you. I've loved you since you stole my pencil in class. I love the way you smile. I love the way you laugh. I love the way you light up this blip on a map in the middle of nowhere. I know most people think I'm a slacker, and I don't have the best family. But you see me. I would go anywhere with you. I would do anything for you. (*beat*) Let's leave the bullshit and the fake niceties behind. Don't you want to see a sunset in Paris, together? Let's...just...go. (*beat*) Are you coming with me?