

i stole lance armstrong's bike

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Synopsis:

Two young women obsessed with celebrity embark on an adventure to chronicle their journey with Lance Armstrong's stolen time trial bike. They become internet sensations overnight leaving little place to hide. Everything falls apart when they meet a man who steals the very thing that gives them their power.

Spaghetti Western film director Sergio Leone describes The West as a place "where life has no value", which perfectly describes the expansive lawlessness of internet meme culture. If life has no value, then it takes no effort to re-create or abandon it.

Character List:

ELLA: Female, 20s.

JAMIE: Female, 20s.

JOE SCHMOE: Male, 20s-30s. Should be able to sing (ideally while playing guitar).

NEWSCASTER: Any gender, age and ethnicity.

PROLOGUE

(A virtual space, in between reality and the world wide web.)

NEWSCASTER

In Santa Rosa, California, authorities are searching for Lance Armstrong's time trial bike today after it went missing following one of the Tour of California races. People in the area were questioned, but there were no leads. It seems as though no one knows what happened to the bike or even when it could have disappeared. Lance Armstrong had this to say:

(A muted YouTube clip of Lance Armstrong being interviewed plays. JOE sits with an open guitar case scattered with money. He tunes a guitar and records new lyrics in a notebook and pen.)

JOE

(Singing)

LET ME TELL YOU OF TWO THIEVES FROM SANTA ROSA
THEY STOLE A BIKE AND THEN BECAME OUTLAWS
ON FACEBOOK AND YOUTUBE AND TWITTER THEY POSTED
THE WORLD GAVE THEM LOVE FOR THE CRIMES THEY HAD BOASTED

TWO WOMEN DROVE DOWN THE HIGHWAY TO TJ
THEIR MOVIES BECAME THE TALK OF THE DAY
ONE WAS A BEAUTY THE OTHER HAD SPIRIT
ONE WITH THE POWER, THE OTHER BELIEVED IT

THEIR JOURNEY BEGAN AS KIND OF A GAME
THEY STARTED OFF SIMPLY IN QUEST FOR THE FAME
POSTING OLD FILM SCENES WITH LANCE ARMSTRONG'S BIKE
THE GOAL WAS TO RACK UP THE MOST FACEBOOK LIKES

THEY DIDN'T EXPECT THAT THEIR FRIENDSHIP WOULD CHANGE
OR END UP IN HURT OR SADNESS OR PAIN
THEY MET A BUSKER WANDERING AROUND
YOU MESS WITH THOSE TWO, YOU'LL END UP IN THE GROUND

(Music fades, just the strumming and faint chords can be heard over the next scene.)

SCENE ONE: changing status

(Santa Rosa, California. JAMIE and ELLA's apartment, one step up from a dorm room. A video camera stands on a tripod in the corner. There's an armchair, a coffee table, a desk with a laptop with the screen set to facebook. Adjacent to the living room is a small kitchen. ELLA wheels Lance Armstrong's time trial bike in. JAMIE stares at it.)

JAMIE

Anyone see you?

ELLA

Hell no, no one saw me. I told you. I'm a pro at this. In and out. I just walk up and take it. That's how good at this I am. Yeah! See that? You like it? I know you do, Jamie. I know you gotta thing for girls with bikes.

JAMIE

Shut up, no, I don't... You're dumb.

ELLA

I'll tell you who's dumb. Those people out there? They are fucking dumb. No one even questions me. No one even bothers to see what my deal is. No one cared. No one even noticed. Lance Armstrong's bike and no one's gonna even notice...

JAMIE

That is so insane!

(JAMIE goes to move the bike away from the window.)

ELLA

Leave it. Who's gonna see it? It looks like all the other bikes people got in their houses. You think these mothafuckers know what Lance Armstrong's bike looks like? Hell no! I guarantee they don't. Just leave it.

JAMIE

I'm just gonna move it away from the window.

ELLA

Leave it!

JAMIE

But...

ELLA

Leave it.

(JAMIE gives in. She sprawls across the armchair, pouting.)

Dude, Jamie, you need to chill. It's not that big a deal. It's Lance Armstrong. He has tons of bikes – Man, I am so updating my status!

(ELLA walks to the desk and updates her status on facebook on the laptop.)

JAMIE

Pssh.

(A screen shows ELLA's facebook page with various vanity shots and a high friend count. She is an active user. As she types and speaks, her status update changes to "i stole lance armstrong's bike".)

ELLA

(reading what she's written)

You know Lance Armstrong? Seven time winner of the Tour de France? Man who overcame cancer? Alleged steroid abuse? I got his bike. i stole lance armstrong's bike.

(beat.)

There.

(beat.)

Man, you think people will believe me?

JAMIE

So what are we gonna do with it?

ELLA

I don't know... Oh, you know what you should do. We should make our own Tour of California in the backyard. I could be on Lance's bike you could be racing me.

JAMIE

I could edit these slow motion action shots.

ELLA

Hell yeah, it'd be like...

(Lights shift. ELLA pretends to ride the bike in slow motion. The screen changes as if ELLA and JAMIE's action has already been filmed and posted to YouTube. JAMIE joins her in a slow motion stride. They eye each other, adversaries, then ELLA rams her bike into JAMIE's sending JAMIE slowly spinning out of control and crashing.)

(Lights return to normal. The two start laughing.)

JAMIE

Hell yeah.

ELLA

So, let's do it. We got your camera. We got your skillz with film. We got my beautiful face and Lance Armstrong's bike. We got this shit covered so much, it ain't even funny. I guarantee you. We post this shit and I'm gonna bring the bike back in the middle of the night to where I found it. My calling card on the seat like this match with a flame. That's me, cuz I light shit up. No one ever knows. We walk away. Like that. C'mon I know you want in.

JAMIE

Okay.

(JAMIE and ELLA move. Lights shift again. JAMIE grabs the video camera and turns it on. She spins it around at ELLA's face. Simultaneously on the screen we see the posted YouTube video of ELLA speaking, a larger than life image.)

ELLA

You want to know how it felt to steal that bike? Good. Damn good. It felt like I was stealing something from a god. And something he needed too. What's Lance Armstrong without his bike? A man. That's it. Pure and simple. But I take his bike and suddenly I'm someone. The world's looking for the one who stole the bike. No one saw it. In and out like it just disappeared. No one stops us. No one questions us. We're gone before you know it and all you see is the place where the bike used to be. A shadow. When I look at that thing –that bike, I'm reminded of how much fucking raw power I have. Nothing weak about it, see? When I look at it, I think to myself, "Yeah, I stole Lance Armstrong's bike."

(ELLA takes the bike in the middle of the night back to the spot. JAMIE watches her through the camera, then breaks her gaze. She looks to see if ELLA's watching then turns the camera on herself.)

JAMIE

Looking at it and I can see it now. The video posted to YouTube, facebook. Like. Like. Likes popping up all over the place on our video. My video. Ella's face but my video. She's updating her status. I'm updating my status to say, "i stole lance armstrong's bike." And see, it doesn't even matter if it's real to people. Creating something they can't help but notice. Can't help but notice this. I can't get over this high, this buzzing feeling from my mind down to my stomach down to my fingers and toes shooting out my body and it's like I'm really alive now. So what if we really did steal it? We got it now.

SCENE TWO: fast-forward

(Anaheim, California. Five days later. A sped up video of JAMIE and ELLA riding around on the bike in the Disneyland parking lot plays in the background. They wear cowboy hats, short-shorts, boots and toy guns. Simultaneously, though not in the video, JOE plays the guitar and sings a song – the craigslist ad below – in the background.)

JOE

(Singing the craigslist ad.)

FREE.
SERIOUSLY
IF YOU'RE WILLING
TO DRIVE OVER AND PICK IT UP,
YOU CAN HAVE IT.

AS FAR AS I CAN TELL
IT'S BROKEN.
IT'S NOT GOING TO BE GOOD FOR MUCH,
OTHER THAN LOOKING AT,
UNLESS YOU THINK YOU CAN FIX IT.
BUT HEY,
THAT'S UP TO YOU.
I JUST NEED TO CREATE MORE SPACE.
I'M TRYING TO GET RID OF STUFF.
EMAIL ME BACK IF YOU'RE INTERESTED.
I HAVE MORE PICTURES
AND CAN GIVE YOU
DIRECTIONS
TO
MY PLACE.

SCENE THREE: beginning the journey

(Rewind. Santa Rosa, California, JAMIE and ELLA's apartment. Later in the middle of the night of SCENE ONE. JAMIE watches the news, reflected on the screen. We see images, though no sound of the balloon boy story and stories of "Jon and Kate Plus 8". News of the Tour of California comes on. JAMIE turns on the sound.)

NEWSCASTER

Authorities in Santa Rosa are baffled over the disappearance of seven time Tour de France winner Lance Armstrong. They are conducting a thorough search of the area, but no witnesses have been identified.

JAMIE

Fuck...

(ELLA enters the apartment, very animated.)

ELLA

Listen, I was thinking-

JAMIE

Shh!

(ELLA exits.)

NEWSCASTER

Well, we know one thing's for sure, it happened sometime between the hours of ten A.M. and 2 P.M. There are security in the area and a crowd of people watching the festivities, but we have not identified any suspects.

JAMIE

Damn... way too close.

(ELLA re-emerges with the bike. She turns off the TV. ELLA waits for JAMIE's response.)

What's that still doing here?

ELLA

Look, I need money.

JAMIE

What are we gonna do with this bike?

ELLA

That's what I'm saying. That's exactly my point, Jamie. We need to get rid of the bike, but there's no harm in getting what we deserve. Times are tough. Cash is king. That's why we should sell it. Might as well make some money off it, you know? This bike is in our possession now. It's ours to do what we will.

JAMIE

(Lost for words.)

Wow...

ELLA

This bike... it's worth a lot of money.

JAMIE

So...?

ELLA

So, what if we sell it.

JAMIE

What?

(beat.)

Wait, hold up, since when do you need money? You don't even have a job. Your dad-

ELLA

Cut me off.

JAMIE

What? How we gonna make rent?

ELLA

Listen, forget about that. There's other shit I need money for.

JAMIE

Like what?

ELLA

Would you just listen to me for a second? This isn't a big deal. It's-

JAMIE

Not a big deal?

(ELLA sits calmly at the desk behind the computer. She clicks on her facebook profile.)

ELLA

I got out there and I was ready to take one more picture. Me and the bike. Post that to facebook and that would be that, you know? It's a great profile pic. Look at this shit.

(ELLA changes her profile picture to one she took from earlier with the bike.)

JAMIE

(sarcastically)

What happened?

ELLA

I went online and I saw this.

(Screen changes to the facebook screen of ELLA and JAMIE's posts of the video. There are a high number of likes and comments.)

ELLA (CONT'D)

I'm blowing up! You check your phone?

(JAMIE checks her phone astonished.)

People are reposting this. People are talking about this. People love us, Jamie. Love us. Love what we did.

(JAMIE looks in awe at the social media sites. ELLA watches JAMIE.)

So, I was thinking we could ride this wave a while, you know? You gotta do it when it comes your way. Maybe a road trip with the bike. Post more videos. You could direct it. This could be big. How's that for walking into film school in NYC with this on your list. You did it.

What's one little trip with the bike? Guarantee you Lance Armstrong's the only one who cares about this shit. Maybe not even him. See how nonchalant he was when they interviewed him. Like he was barely inconvenienced. Bullshit, "it's recognizable." And people on here don't think it's real anyway. Our videos. But it's like this buzz. It's like this movement. You see all those folks re-posting? One adventure. All of California with Lance Armstrong's bike. That's how I see it. Make our way to Mexico to sell it. We can document it all. Film it. Post our videos.

It'll be fun. A girls' trip. You know you want to do that. Think how much fun we'd have.

(JAMIE looks back at ELLA. ELLA smiles, triumphant. The girls leave the room. The screen changes to ELLA's facebook page, with her status updated to "i stole lance armstrong's bike." She has a high number of "likes". The number of "likes" goes up and continues climbing to unfathomable amount.)

SCENE FOUR: jamie's secret blog

(Santa Rosa, California. Early morning the next day. The screen shows a recorded video of JAMIE, her video blog.)

JAMIE

Ella wants to get out of dodge with the bike. And I'm coming too. All the sudden it's like all our friends are changing their facebook statuses to "i stole lance armstrong's bike." Reposting. People liking us all over. People want to see pictures. People commenting and commenting. They want to know if we're just faking it. Want to know if we're for real. And if you looked at us, how could you think any different? Two Santa Rosan girls steal Lance Armstrong's bike. "Ha! Like that's going to happen," is what they're all thinking. "They won't have it for long." Here's finally a moment when I can say I'm someone. My videos. She's the star. She's always the star. I'm the one behind the camera, looking through. Seeing Ella, this beautiful larger than life force. She wants something she just takes it. I've never been like that. Lucky if someone even notices me. But how you gonna not notice this? Can't huh? Can't get people to stop looking and wishing they thought of this shit. People looking to us for what's next. Like we're the next big thing.

SCENE FIVE: the beach

(Ocean Beach, San Francisco, California. ELLA and JAMIE lay out on the beach in swimsuits. ELLA watches the waves while JAMIE puts sunscreen on.)

ELLA

C'mon, you're kidding me.

JAMIE

No, really, I've never been to any of the beaches in San Francisco. We never went here for anything.

ELLA
You're kidding me!

JAMIE
Well, I don't know... you can get everything you need around town. And you don't really go to San Francisco for the beaches, do you?

ELLA
Some people do.

JAMIE
(Indicates people at the beach.)
Right, all of them.

ELLA
Sure, and the surfers. The dog owners.

JAMIE
It's freakin' cold out here.

ELLA
San Francisco, dude. I told you didn't need that shit.

JAMIE
It's for the sun. It keeps on shining despite it being cold and foggy. I'm not getting skin cancer.

ELLA
Please, like you're gonna get skin cancer.

JAMIE
People get skin cancer from exposure to the sun. I read the news. You gotta watch out for these things.

ELLA
You are such a worry wart.

JAMIE
(Laughs)
Excuse me.

ELLA
Well, seriously, do you ever just have fun? Just sit back and not give a shit about how anything comes out?

(ELLA pokes JAMIE in the belly.)

Hey! JAMIE

(JAMIE pinches ELLA's thigh.)

Bitch! That's it. ELLA

(ELLA gets close to tickling JAMIE.)

No! Stop! I mean it! JAMIE

Whatryu gonna do! Whatryu gonna do! ELLA

(JAMIE lunges toward ELLA grabbing her torso. They grapple. ELLA ends up on top. She straddles JAMIE and pins her arms down. She tickles JAMIE's neck.)

JAMIE
(Laughing uncontrollably)
Stop. Stop! STOP, Ella! Seriously, you win!

I always win, Jamie. Better get used to it. ELLA

(ELLA stops but stays on top of JAMIE. It's intimate, then rapidly takes a substantial power shift, like a childhood game that's gone too far or a kiss that becomes a threat.)

Okay, okay, get off! JAMIE

Hey, this is a nice view for everyone, huh? I bet we look like a couple a dykes getting it on at the beach! ELLA

You're such a fucking slut. Get off of me! JAMIE

(ELLA starts rocking on JAMIE.)

Oh, Jamie! Oh! Oh! Right there! You got it! ELLA

ELLA (CONT'D)

(Calls to some passersby)

Hi there! Oh don't mind us, we're just climaxing simultaneously.

JAMIE

Shut up, you freak! I'm going to yell "rape" if you don't get off me.

ELLA

Yeah, right. Go ahead.

(JAMIE bites ELLA on the leg. ELLA falls off JAMIE.)

ELLA

Ow! God, Jamie, it's San Francisco. It's not like they're not used to it here.

(ELLA and JAMIE straighten their towels out and lay back down.)

So... how was it for you?

JAMIE

You're such a freak.

ELLA

You can be my lesbian lover, Jamie. You're totally my type. Innocent, big dark eyes, kinda petite, let's me take the lead. I like that. Plus, I know you're a freak in the sack.

JAMIE

You're totally not my type, so I guess we'll never find out.

ELLA

Please. You don't even have a type.

JAMIE

Yeah, I do.

ELLA

You're a fuckin' virgin. You've never even slept with anyone, so you don't know what it's like. You probably got all hot and bothered from the level of intimacy we just had. I know you grabbed my boob during that whole foray by the way.

JAMIE

Whatever, you asked for it.

(ELLA gets close to JAMIE's face.)

ELLA

So what if I did?

(JAMIE pushes her off.)

JAMIE

Besides... Just cuz I've never been with someone doesn't mean I don't have a type.

ELLA

Yeah? You like them big?

(ELLA jumps up and takes a piece of seaweed on the beach and swings it around like a huge penis strip tease. JAMIE laughs.)

JAMIE

Oh my god, stop please. You're embarrassing yourself so much right now.

ELLA

Why because of my massive cock?

JAMIE

(Suppressing laughter)

Shhh!

(ELLA poses with the giant seaweed penis for passersby.)

ELLA

(In a low male voice)

Yo, how's it hangin'?

(ELLA runs back to JAMIE. The two giggle uncontrollably, rolling on the ground laughing.)

Oh my god, this is gonna be so much fun, I'm so glad we decided to do this.

JAMIE

Yeah, seriously.

ELLA

Right? Get me the FUCK outta Santa Rosa!

JAMIE

Shh! Ella...

ELLA

Oh, right
(To the world)
Sorry! Next stop, Oakland!

JAMIE

Oakland, California!

ELLA

Yeah, I need to get a refill.

(ELLA takes out a bag of weed and wiggles it. She takes out papers and rolls a joint expertly.)

JAMIE

They don't have that shit over here?

ELLA

They do, but my guy's over there. Well, girl actually. Besides, San Francisco, was just a treat for you, hun, since you've never been. We needa head over to the 5, and that's the way to do it.

(ELLA lights it and inhales and exhales. She passes to JAMIE who hits it and coughs.)

ELLA

(Smiles)

There you go.

JAMIE

(Between coughs)

Shut...up...

(Pause, everything becomes quieter, calmer.)

ELLA

You ever wonder what it would be like to live someplace else?

JAMIE

What do you mean?

ELLA

Ah...you know, like see those boats out there? What if you lived on one?

JAMIE

Be a pirate?

ELLA

Right? No, if you lived on that boat I bet it'd be pretty tight. Like all the time you just hear the ocean lull you to sleep. Like all you really have to do is drive this boat into the ocean and drift away.

JAMIE

To where?

ELLA

Anywhere. Where would you drift to if you could? Maybe Hawaii.

JAMIE

Or Okinawa.

(The sound of waves crashing.)

I guess anywhere starts to seem good when you're drifting on a boat in the Pacific.

ELLA

Anywhere, but here, right? Like it's never really good in the place you are, is it? Always something coming up to bring you down. If I was in that boat, it'd be the waves, wouldn't it? I'd be fighting against the waves and waves of ocean every single fuckin' day. Thinking about when I'm gonna get off of the fuckin' boat. Or, where's my life preserver if the ship goes down? What if you don't have one? You ever think about what happens when they forget the life preserver? What if something happens out there?

(beat.)

Guess I'm trippin', huh. Yeah, I guess I am. I don't know, Jamie. It's just that you ever get the feeling that you're wasting your life, just staying in one place waiting for something to happen? When something does happen, you pretty much have to take it bull-by-the-horns style don't you? It'd be passing you by if you didn't. You, just sitting back in that boat, drifting...

JAMIE

Hey, Ella. I'm there. I want to get away as much as you. It's beyond just being boring. It's stifling.

ELLA

It's like you try and do something and people don't get it.

JAMIE

Like people never notice you.

ELLA

Unless you're doing something wrong.

ELLA

Well, stealing a bike is wrong, so there you go. The bike's our claim to fame. It's our ticket, understand? I want you clinging to it like it's your future god, alright? It's what's getting us out there noticed. You seen the news. You know it's on there.

JAMIE

Yeah.

ELLA

Everyone's looking for the bike thieves and we're the ones that have it. Guiding its destiny til we end up selling it down in TJ to the highest bidder. Who knows, maybe they'll come looking for us. Million copycats out there wanna be like us. They'll never find us. The real us.

JAMIE

The news media thinks we're crazy for stealing this bike. Think we're dumb.

ELLA

Yeah, they all think we're some kinda joke.
Pssh...

JAMIE

I don't know...

ELLA

Look, you're really that worried about it. Tell them I did it. I made you do it-

JAMIE

No...

ELLA

Look, Jamie, if the shit goes down, just lie.
That's your truth now and it's certainly not far from it.
Jamie.

JAMIE

What.

ELLA

Look at me.

JAMIE

Yeah...

(JAMIE hesitates to look at ELLA, but when she does, ELLA takes her hand.)

ELLA

Okay?

JAMIE

Okay.

(ELLA smiles. She tosses the joint away and stands, putting her hand out for JAMIE to stand up.)

ELLA

C'mon.

SCENE SIX: the bike banditas rise

(The screen plays another YouTube clip of the news.)

NEWSCASTER

And more on the disappearance of a time trial bike owned by Lance Armstrong, seven-time winner of the Tour de France. Authorities are now looking for two young Santa Rosa women for questioning. These women were identified after a massive group of followers began updating their statuses to say "i stole lance armstrong's bike." The two women identified as Ella Lancaster and Jamie Alvarez are avid users of social media outlets like facebook, twitter, blogs and even video blogs or "vlogs" on YouTube. They have been posting updates of their travels with a bike that authorities say looks very similar to the bike stolen from Lance Armstrong. This post was uploaded by Ella Lancaster under the account name, LaDDa4620.

(Lights shift. The background on the screen changes to a Southern California strip mall. JAMIE and ELLA drink Panda Express sodas. ELLA sits on the bike.)

SCREEN JAMIE

You think you know where we are?

SCREEN ELLA

You don't know sh**

(The expletive is bleeped out.)

SCREEN JAMIE

It's like we're "Where's Waldo." Will we be coming to your town next?

SCREEN ELLA

By the way, loves, we're reading your comments as we go. You're all so super sweet. Awh!

(ELLA makes a heart with her hands.)

SCREEN JAMIE

And for all those people who think we're just fake, you can suck it because we're the only thing real out here.

(Lights shift. The screen changes back to the YouTube news clip.)

NEWSCASTER

Well, is it possible that we're found these bike banditas? Back to you, Tom.

(The video clip ends.)

SCENE SEVEN: people's thing

(Outside of Oakland, California. JOE strums the guitar, singing. His song continues over the next scene. ELLA and JAMIE drive in the car, listening to the song as if it's coming through the radio. ELLA sits in the passenger seat filing her nails. JAMIE wears sunglasses and nods her head to the music.)

JOE

(Singing.)

THEY WERE SICK OF LIFE IN A SMALL BORING TOWN
SICK OF THE BOYS WHO WOULD PUT THEM BOTH DOWN
SICK OF BEING YOUNG WOMEN WITH NO CHOICES
SO THEY GOT ON THE WEB AND RAISED UP THEIR VOICES

THEY REINVENTED OLD MOVIES WITH GIRLS AT THE HELM
AND IN A MATTER OF DAYS THEY RULED A WHOLE INTERNET REALM
FOLLOWED ALL OVER BY GIRLS FAR AND WIDE
THEY WERE OUTLAWS FOR SURE BUT TOO COCKY TO HIDE

TENSION WAS HIGH AS THEY GAINED MORE OF A CROWD
THEIR STATUSES RAISED TO THE TOP OF A CLOUD
TO MAINTAIN THEIR POSITION THEY THOUGHT IT WAS BEST
TO CHANGE UP THEIR CAR WHEN THEY STOPPED TO REST

(The girls stop the car to get gas. ELLA gets out to stretch. An empty Toyota pick-up sits nearby.)

JAMIE

You check your facebook today?

ELLA

You know, I was thinking about that, maybe we should make ourselves a group and get a fan page for people to fan us and like us. Let's go with the Bike Banditas thing.

JAMIE

My profile won't even accept more friends when I try adding them. We're going to have to start a page for ourselves.

ELLA

Yeah, we had a ton of comments after that last video.

JAMIE

People love when we ride the bike around...

ELLA

I know, it's like, we're just going in circles guys. Calm down.

JAMIE

You hear how Lance is doing? He's not in the lead anymore. And! They say he's a total drug addict. Like all these wins could be total false pretenses.

ELLA

Oh my god, I wonder if this bike was like his good luck charm. We took it at such a critical moment. That would be so cool!

JAMIE

So, where do you think we should film our next video?

ELLA

I don't know, man, we'll be heading down 5 soon enough. I think we need to do more re-makes of old movies. People like that shit. What's that one where they're like riding through a field on a bike and she's on the handle bars?

JAMIE

Butch Cassidy? Dude, Ella, I don't know if I can balance on the bike on one leg...

ELLA

Well, whatever, we'll fix it in post.

JAMIE

We are so fucked if they catch us.

ELLA

All we need to do is get rid of the bike. Then it's like we made up the whole thing. We're like balloon boy and that couple that snuck into the white house.

JAMIE

Fake it til you make it.

ELLA

Exactly, people don't know shit. Really we're doing them this favor. They should be thanking us for adding value to their unimportant lives. They look at us and say, "See, look at how they fucked up." Or they say, "See, I want to do that!" That's who I'm making it for. Those lonely girls out there with no power or confidence of their own to just take a stand and do something. How many people do shit in this lifetime, Jamie?

JAMIE

Not many.

ELLA

You're right.

JAMIE

They're looking for us, you know.

ELLA

They ain't gonna find us.

JAMIE

But they're watching us. Watching our every move.

ELLA

I could give a fuck.

JAMIE

Don't you think we should take some precautions or something?

ELLA

We already post the videos out of order.

(beat.)

What do you got in mind?

JAMIE

I don't know...maybe we get off 5, and travel some side roads down. Some less obvious way.

ELLA

You're one smart cookie, Jamie. I'll give you that. And I got an idea...

JAMIE

What?

(ELLA walks around the pick-up truck eyeing it.)

ELLA

Well, I mean, look at this pick-up. It's just sitting right here. The car is how they're gonna track us down. The car and the license plate.

JAMIE

So?

(ELLA runs her fingers over the hood of the Toyota pick-up.)

ELLA

So, what if we just took it?

JAMIE

What do you mean?

ELLA

You know what I mean.

JAMIE

It's going way too far. This is some big shit, Ella. Grand theft auto. What are we, a video game?

ELLA

Then it's game over, Jamie. Figure it out. It's only a matter of time before we get caught if we don't ditch the car. What are they looking for? Two young women driving a Silver Camry. We got this pick-up... well, maybe we're just two girls on a road trip. Just two beautiful women having a good time. That a crime now? Yeah, this is the way to do it. I can feel it. You scared?

JAMIE

I'm not scared.

ELLA

Well, I need you. You know I do.

You know how to hotwire a car. I know your uncle taught you.

I remember you saying that.

I remember when Billy Maldonado tried picking up on us on the way to school and back.

Always cat calling.

Remember that?

JAMIE

Yeah.

ELLA

You remember how in the hall I told him to fuck off and how he got up right in my face, pushed me against the wall and it was all like "You don't mean shit to me." You remember that? You were there.

JAMIE

Yeah, yeah, I do. He looked at me too. Like I didn't even matter.

ELLA

Then his car goes missing the next day. Remember that? Wasn't he your cousin or something? That's some sick shit, Jamie. Real medieval. But hey, who am I to judge considering my family. Am I right?

(JAMIE says nothing.)

Found it up by the park. TP everywhere in it. Honey on the seats because he was so sweet. We put those tampons dangling around everything hanging off that car.

JAMIE

Fuck him.

ELLA

You know what happened to that car as much as I do. You knew where to find it. And I remember you telling me later that your uncle could pick locks. He showed you a trick. Look Jamie, you got a special skill we need you to bust out with right now. So come, on, let's take this Toyota. It's ours.

SCENE EIGHT: the things we don't want to admit

(Middle of Nowhere, California, outside of Oakland on the way to Highway 5. JAMIE drives the stolen Toyota pick-up. ELLA is high. Light moves in and out. Like a dream. Like something half-remembered. And JOE is watching, strumming along. Always watching.)

ELLA

Jamie... you know what you're gonna do after this?

JAMIE

What?

ELLA

After this little road trip.

JAMIE

I don't know.

ELLA

I know.

JAMIE

You do?

ELLA

Yeah, sure. You're gonna ditch me to go off to the other side of the world.

JAMIE

It's a five hour plane ride, Ella.

ELLA

Same thing. I never said the world was big. It's a small world, after all.

JAMIE

You're dumb.

ELLA

Right? Like what am I thinking?

JAMIE

What are you thinking, Ella?

ELLA

What am I thinking. What am I thinking...

You know,

(beat.)

I don't know.

Thinking of moving away. Maybe somewhere, I can just be in the sand all day. Just chill and...
be.

You can come visit. I'll be on this hammock. Loungin'. YOLO!

JAMIE

Right... the dream life.

ELLA

The good life. The dream life is still a life, you know.

JAMIE

What are you gonna do with that hunk of cash anyway...

ELLA

You know.

(Silence.)

(Angry)

What?

JAMIE

Nothing. Sorry.

ELLA

No, no, I can feel you over there judging me.

Forget it.

(Calmer.)

Let's forget all about it.

(beat.)

Oh, I got us something. There was a dollar store near the last gas station, so I dropped in and got this for us. An adventure is incomplete without a little action!

(ELLA reaches in the back and shuffles through a shopping bag. She puts on a cowboy hat and holds two guns – one in each hand. She pretends to shoot them.)

ELLA

POW! POW! POW!

JAMIE

(Swerves the car.)

What the fuck?

(ELLA laughs hysterically. JAMIE looks over and tries to keep concentrating on driving. ELLA smirks and pulls the trigger to one, shooting water on JAMIE's shirt.)

ELLA

Nice...wet t-shirt contest.

JAMIE

You're fucked up. You know that? Like truly fucked up in the head.

(ELLA laughs. JAMIE shakes her head, chuckling.)

ELLA

Hey... you know...gotta protect yourself. Never know who you're gonna run into on the road.

(The screen shows a YouTube video of ELLA and JAMIE making a mini-Western. They have on fake mustaches and shoot the guns at each other from below rocks, trees, and fences. Then JAMIE shoots ELLA.)

SCREEN ELLA

Oh! You got me! Who'd have ever thought I'd be beaten by Slim Jamie?

(JAMIE blows "smoke" off her guns.)

SCREEN JAMIE

Yeah, that's right, California Kid. Fastest guns in the west, now gimme that bike!

(ELLA dies dramatically. JAMIE walks over to ELLA and kicks her with her shoe. She spits off to the side, then takes the bike from behind the tree and rides off into the sunset.)

SCENE NINE: how to get what you want

(Salinas, California. Outside a dive bar in Salinas. ELLA and JAMIE stand outside wearing short jean shorts, cowboy hats and boots and toy guns in holsters. ELLA goes to light a cigarette and draws a gun on JAMIE. JAMIE draws her gun and shoots water back at ELLA's cigarette.)

ELLA

Hey! Man, you are lucky I have more.

(ELLA tosses the wet cigarette aside and takes out another. She talks with the cigarette in her mouth.)

Okay, it's simple. Nothin' to it.

(She tries to light the cigarette but her lighter's not working.)

You could do it. It's that simple.

JAMIE

I don't know... you seem to have a way with men that I don't. They like... hang on your every word.

ELLA

Ha! It's called

(She grabs her boobs.)

Listen, all you do is walk over, look 'em in the eye and touch the shoulder or the arm, "Scuse me, hun, could you order me a beer? Can't seem to get the bartender to notice me." And you smile.

(ELLA makes a sudden move and draws her guns. At the same time, JAMIE draws hers. They stand off for a second, and then put their guns away.)

ELLA

Try it.

JAMIE

Nah... It won't come out right. I'll sound like a freak.

ELLA

C'mon, we're getting some free drinks. Just walk over to me.

(JAMIE walks towards ELLA.)

There you go. Now set up right next to me, so you're just brushing my shoulder.

(JAMIE leans up next ELLA and touches her shoulder.)

Look me in the eye. Always hold a gaze, Jamie, it's the most important thing. Even if you think you're insides will turn to fire if you don't look away, look 'em in the eye. It's the only way.

(JAMIE looks ELLA in the eye, holding her breath.)

Now, ask me for a cigarette.

(A moment of intimacy.)

JAMIE

You got another cigarette for me?

(ELLA removes her gaze to hand JAMIE a cigarette.)

Th-

ELLA

(Puts her hand up to interrupt)

Don't. Don't say thank you.

(beat.)

Not just yet.

JAMIE

Light?

(ELLA lights JAMIE's cigarette. JAMIE exhales and smiles.)

Thanks.

(JAMIE finally removes her gaze. ELLA watches JAMIE, admiring her instructions in action.)

ELLA

(Nods)

That was pretty good.

(beat.)

You were hot.

I'll say that much for you...

(JAMIE shrugs and looks away, grimacing. She tosses the cigarette to the floor and stomps it out.)

JAMIE

It feels fake.

ELLA

Jamie, it doesn't matter if it feels fake. It's to serve a purpose. Okay? You achieved your mission. Get cigarette and light. Done. See?

JAMIE

But I don't really need this. I don't even smoke.

ELLA

See that makes it even better! You don't need it but you got it. Doesn't it feel good? Just to know you can get whatever you want? I mean here's one thing that's guaranteed almost every time. Sex. That's it. It's desire. You want what I got. And I know that and you know that. Sure it's an uneven playing field. That's life, okay? It's just like this. Someone screwing someone else out of something they want but don't really need. What if we all got what we wanted? And all the time for that matter. What a boring life that would be. It's a game, Jamie, you just gotta play by the rules.

JAMIE

It feels like we're taking advantage of the situation.

ELLA

Pssh.

JAMIE

It does.

ELLA

And?

(beat.)

Sex sells. Anyone tell you any different, they're lying. And if you believe anything other than that then you're lying to yourself. Trust me on this one. I know what I'm talking about here.

JAMIE

Okay.

ELLA

Great, I get the famous, dismissive Jamie, "okay." You should be thanking me. I'm teaching you some useful shit here. Not the load of crap you get "A's" on in school. I'm teaching you to be a powerful woman, not a helpless little girl waiting for everyone to do something for her so she knows where she's going. Following everything everybody else says.

JAMIE
That's harsh.

ELLA
The truth is harsh. Get used to it.

JAMIE
What's up with you?

ELLA
See, I knew you were gonna be like this. I told myself, "Don't take her, she's just gonna drag you down."

JAMIE
Awh, c'mon.

ELLA
I said, "She's just gonna complain the whole time and never see the big picture."

JAMIE
And what's the big picture?

ELLA
Why you always gotta be a little bitch about this stuff-

(ELLA flicks the cigarette away.)

JAMIE
I'm not being a little bitch, but-

ELLA
I suppose you're gonna tell on me too. Great.

JAMIE
Ella! C'mon, I'm not gonna tell on you!

ELLA
I don't know, Jamie, I mean I picked you cuz I thought you were cool. I thought you got it and that we'd have a kick ass time drivin' down to TJ.

JAMIE
I am having fun, it's just-

ELLA
Just a waste of time?

JAMIE

Well...

ELLA

Well, say it!

JAMIE

I mean, Ella... you don't have a job you're leaving for all this. I can't really afford-

ELLA

Just forget it.

(ELLA starts to walk back inside.)

JAMIE

Ella...

(ELLA turns and smiles at JAMIE. She approaches her and smiles sadly touching JAMIE's arm.)

ELLA

You don't just want to go down to LA, at least? You know it's gonna be dope.

JAMIE

Ella...

(ELLA sits next to JAMIE with her arm around her.)

ELLA

Down to LA and back in two days. We can do it. Let's ditch the bike there. It will be fun! C'mon and when they see it in the news, everyone's gonna be like, "how'd the bike get down there?" Maybe we can even make a few bucks! Pay for the gas. C'mon. That's it. I promise!

JAMIE

Well...

ELLA

Please!

(JAMIE sighs. ELLA stands and jumps up and down. She pulls JAMIE up and starts dancing with her.)

ELLA

Yay! Yay! Yay! Oh, this is gonna be so much fun! Let's go celebrate!

(ELLA runs in the bar.)

ELLA

Hey guys! I'm back!

(JAMIE watches ELLA enter.)

SCENE TEN: jamie's secret blog

(Nighttime, a hotel near Salinas. JAMIE writes alone, exhausted. JOE plays his guitar in the background.)

JAMIE

Ella thinks she knows everything there is to know about being a woman. She thinks I'm the little girl. She thinks it's easy to just pick up and leave everything behind. She thinks it's what you're supposed to do and you're a little bitch for looking back. For thinking of the next thing. For thinking of anything beyond a given moment. She thinks you can get what you want by batting your eyes at some dope. Please. Who's the little girl? Who's naïve?

I pick up the pieces wherever she goes, she just doesn't see it. Maybe she's vaguely aware of it, in the way that you're vaguely aware that you need to move your car for the street sweeper early in the morning. Leave the street clear so when you wake up, it's all butterflies and birds singing when you step out. She gets drunk and it's me behind the wheel. Protecting her from guys. That's always how it's been. Like I'm her bodyguard, so she can do whatever she wants.

She thinks it's a game to pet on me in front of men she doesn't know. And so I look at her back, like we're a couple and I kiss her. That gives them all something: the show they wanted to see. Two girls petting on each other dancing to a jukebox playing rock ballads in a nothing bar in Salinas. We're the entertainment for you to view, and we do it for free.

JOE

(Sings)

ELLA USED SEX TO GET HER OWN WAY
SOMETHING IN HER PAST MADE IT LIKE PLAY
JAMIE WAS TRULY HER CLOSEST FRIEND
SHE DIDN'T LOVE ANYONE BUT HER IN THE END

SHE ACTED LIKE SHE NEEDED NO ONE AT ALL
LITTLE DID SHE KNOW SHE WAS IN THE MIDST OF A FALL
JAMIE SEEMED STABLE AND SOMEONE SHE COULD TRUST
IN A WORLD SHE SAW FULL OF HYPOCRISY AND LUST

JAMIE WAS NAÏVE ABOUT THE WAYS OF THE WORLD
SHE TRUSTED ELLA AND PUT FAITH IN HER GIRL
SHE NEVER THOUGHT ELLA WOULD LEAD HER ASTRAY
UNTIL SHE REALIZED ELLA HAD NOTHING TO SAY

SHE DIDN'T CARE ABOUT FRIENDSHIP OR LOVE
IT WAS POWER AND FAME WHEN PUSH CAME TO SHOVE
EACH DAY ELLA WAS A LITTLE CRAZIER THAN THE LAST
AND THE FRIENDSHIP THEY HAD SEEMED TO BE LOST TO THE PAST

BUT JAMIE BELIEVED IN ELLA'S VIEW OF THE WORLD
WHERE NOTHING WAS POSSIBLE IF YOU WERE A GIRL
IF YOU WERE UNNOTICED, THEN YOU HAD NO CHANCE
AND SO WITH ELLA SHE WAS IN KIND OF A TRANCE

(JOE hums and plays more chords from the song. It drifts away to a whisper.)

SCENE ELEVEN: mission statement

(Off the freeway, California. Behind an apartment complex somewhere in between towns. Night time. The sound of crickets. A freeway in the distance. Cars rushing past.)

(JAMIE kneels in back of the Toyota wearing gloves. A license plate next to her on the ground. She unscrews the license plate from the Toyota and removes it. Focused, but nervous, anxious. From offstage, ELLA sings a rock ballad. She's drunk.)

ELLA jumps up and runs on top to the roof of the Toyota. JAMIE stands up suddenly, gripping the screwdriver in her hand, surprised/annoyed at the jostling of the car. ELLA howls at the moon.)

JAMIE

Stop! Would you stop that? I'm trying to concentrate.

ELLA

What's the matter, Jamie? Can't you handle my animal-like nature?

JAMIE

(Through a sharp whisper)

Just shut the fuck up. Do you know what time it is? Do you know what day it is? Do you have any idea where the fuck we are, Ella?

(ELLA jumps off the car.)

ELLA

Whoa... didn't realize it was 20 Questions we're playing here. 11:46 – no, make that 7. Wednesday and we're in Bum-fuck, California. Population 24,349. Nowhere. Off the freeway in the heart of California. Stealing-

JAMIE

Shh!

ELLA

(In a loud whisper)

Stealing a car, removing the license plate and replacing it with another we picked up outside of Salinas.

(beat.)

You know, fuck Salinas, Jamie. They wouldn't know a good woman – Sorry, women – if they walked in the door and sat on their lap. Which is practically what we did.

(ELLA laughs.)

JAMIE

You did.

ELLA

(Sarcastically)

Shh!

JAMIE

Come on-

ELLA

(Cuts JAMIE off.)

SHHH! How do you like it, Jamie? How do you like being quieted when you're trying to say something? Trying to get your point across and the other person just SHHH! Shushes you. Like a librarian. Like someone in a movie theater. SHHH! I'm trying to talk here, damnit!

JAMIE

So then talk.

(JAMIE returns to putting the new license plate on the Toyota, ignoring ELLA.)

ELLA

Man, I can feel something in the air. I feel it. And it's strong. Potent. I don't know what. I don't whether it's good or bad. You believe in that? You believe in those "feelings" people just up and have? Intuition. Gut reaction to something. Well, I do. I think it's good for you. Healthy to have those feelings, and to act upon them too. Who would you be if you didn't act upon your feelings?

ELLA

I'll tell you who. A robot.

(ELLA does a robot dance.)

A robot, Jamie.

(JAMIE doesn't respond.)

Jamie!

JAMIE

What!

(ELLA does a robot dance.)

ELLA

A robot, Jamie.

JAMIE

(Sarcastically)

Ha. Ha.

(JAMIE kneels back down to finish screwing the license plate on the car.)

ELLA

Awh, come on. You're no fun.

JAMIE

Good.

ELLA

Shoulda just left you in Santa Rosa.

JAMIE

Maybe you shoulda.

ELLA

Pssh...

(ELLA throws her empty beer bottle aside. She steps into the bed of the pick-up, taking another bottle of beer out of a six-pack, and opens it, casting the cap aside without thought. She takes a sip, using her beer to make her point.)

ELLA

Why you so jumpy anyway? We're in the middle of nowhere.

(JAMIE stands, looking up at ELLA in the pick-up bed. She tosses the screwdriver aside, grabs a beer and opens it.)

JAMIE

I mean, fuck Ella, you're pretty much yelling out our presence in the back of this apartment complex. People live here.

ELLA

What a depressing thought.

(JAMIE shrugs.)

JAMIE

It's just what people do.

ELLA

Live?

JAMIE

Yeah, you know...

ELLA

Pssh...

Must be nice.

All these small towns on the periphery of another bullshit city. What are they even for anyway?

JAMIE

Work, live, school, eating, sleeping-

ELLA

(interrupts)

Piss, fuck, get drunk and pass out, cheat on their wife, take a little off the top... all of that.

(JAMIE takes a sip of beer.)

JAMIE

Right, living.

ELLA

Living... pssh. What a crock of bullshit. Like that's all there is: strip malls with tanning salons and karate schools, hardware stores, SUVs with coolers in the back...

JAMIE

For some people it is.

ELLA

Not for me. Not ever for me. You really buy into all this pop-culture, live-your-life-this-way-because-that's-happiness-in-America line of bullshit? This is what you're expected to be content with, you know.

(beat.)

Feels like giving up.

(Pause. Cars continue to pass by on the freeway overhead, nearby. JAMIE rolls her eyes. Takes a sip of beer.)

I wanna do something with my life. Want people to take notice. See me and say, "See, there's a person that didn't give in and didn't give up." Not like this long drawn out scroll of a life. Like an everlasting ellipsis. Just strolling through. Keep on going on to infinity. Dot after dot after dot after dot.

You got your phone on you?

(JAMIE goes to take it out from her pocket, but ELLA grabs it away.)

JAMIE

Yeah, right here.

ELLA

Do me a favor. Record this video of me.

(She fiddles with the phone and hands it back to JAMIE, who positions it, recording the video.)

JAMIE

It's on.

(The video of ELLA plays in the background. Echoing the live version. Larger than life.)

ELLA

Wait.

(ELLA straightens her hair and looks at the phone. Looks at JAMIE.)

Okay.

Hey y'all. You know me, right? LaDda4620. Remember that. I want to tell you something. You see this out here? This might be you all, but it's doesn't have to be. Look, I got something that's gonna bring me to a whole new level. You could do it too if you tried. You could make it happen. We're sitting here in this small town like you're sitting there in your apartment. In your parents' house, whatever, in front of the computer screen. Idling. You know. Just idling away the days as they pass you by. Here's the plan and I'll keep you up dated from the start to the end. I

stole Lance Armstrong's bike. Here with me and I'm gonna make things happen. You hear that, world? We're gonna make things happen? Right, Jamie?

JAMIE

I don't wanna talk.

ELLA

Please, Jamie. Just say something.

(Pause. JAMIE sighs. She flips the phone toward her and motions to ELLA to join her.)

JAMIE

Yo world, we're out here. I stole Lance Armstrong's bike. Remember that.

(She makes a peace sign then kisses it to the camera. She stops recording. The screen freezes on the background of a nighttime middle of California town, the back of an apartment complex.)

JAMIE

There.

(beat)

That's it.

ELLA

Let me see it.

(JAMIE hands her the phone. ELLA taps at it. In the background screen we see a facebook screen. ELLA adds the video to her page.)

JAMIE

I guess that's it.

ELLA

That's just the beginning. We'll make them see something really real.

SCENE TWELVE: jamie's secret blog

(JAMIE updates her blog while simultaneously remembering a part of the journey. The two are driving down Highway 5, California. The screen is a blurry California landscape from a car window. ELLA drives the car. JAMIE leans her head against the window. Silence.)

JAMIE

Ella drives fast. I don't, but she does. She likes the flow. I get nervous, I put my foot on the gas, I drive fast, my heart beats fast. She drives fast, her heart rate slows down. To a pulse. Thump...

Thump... .. Thump... Like it's sounding its last beat. The one thrill it has left isn't a thrill at all. It's soothing to her, the flow of traffic. She bobs in and out of cars, I grip the edge of my seat, the Jesus handle, anything I can latch onto, I hold on for dear life like that's the only thing I can do. The only thing I'm supposed to do. Fight for my life. A new one. When Ella's like this I wonder how much longer before the other shoe drops. I used to relax too – go with the flow – but I can't anymore. I can't. I see everything. I see how close we come to dying every time she passes another car. I grip the seat. There's nothing else I can do, you see? Nothing.

SCENE THIRTEEN: girls meet joe

(Bakersfield, California at an internet café. JAMIE and ELLA sit at a table with laptops open, online. A stranger wearing sunglasses, JOE, listens at the next table over. He strums a guitar.)

JAMIE

What are we doing, Ella? This is fucking ridiculous already. You see shit's on the news like every day now. They know we're changing cars. They know it's two girls and a bike to look for. They know it's us, man. And here we are driving in circles. Takes us two days to even get over to Bakersfield? At this rate, we'll be caught by Long Beach.

ELLA

No one knows we're here. Look at me. Hey!

(JAMIE looks.)

No one knows we're doing this. No one even follows the Tour of California.

JAMIE

People follow it.

ELLA

Who?

JAMIE

People!

ELLA

They don't matter. And if they did, they'd be too busy watching the races anyway.

JAMIE

Stages.

ELLA

How much money you got?

JAMIE

Less than you.

(ELLA takes out a wallet from her purse and counts how much money she has.)

ELLA

Okay, fine. Here's what we're gonna do. We're gonna make another video, post one of the ones we have. Change cars. Change of scenery. Change is good, Jamie. Go with it. We'll end up in Mexico soon enough. Then it's easy breezy. It's smooth sailing there. Get the bike ready, make our connection, bam. Bike sold, we're a bit richer. We make a fortune writing the book and selling the movie rights. Done.

(beat.)

What?

JAMIE

What makes you so sure anyway?

ELLA

I got a guy.

JAMIE

A guy? What do you mean – like someone to buy this bike? What the fuck does that mean?

ELLA

Just chill, Jamie, you're raising your voice.

(ELLA looks over at JOE. She smiles, eye-flirting with him.)

JAMIE

You trust him?

ELLA

Who?

JAMIE

Your guy.

ELLA

Of course. He says we can sell it in TJ for 18.

JAMIE

18,000, the bike's worth that much?

ELLA

Yep.

JAMIE

You're serious?

(ELLA flicks her lighter on the table in a sort of "fuck you" motion. JAMIE sits back.)

JAMIE

You are.

ELLA

(Leans in, calmly and in control, not jolted at all by JAMIE. She lowers her voice.)

Of course I am. You think this is still some type of joke? That I don't know what I'm doing? Of course I know. I'm planning this whole thing, remember? You're just along for the ride, right. Having fun yet, Jamie? Shit's real now. You in or out? It's not a fucking game anymore. This is it. You gotta make some decisions.

JAMIE

(Shaking her head)

Wow, you're just gonna be like that...

(ELLA looks at her cell phone.)

ELLA

Last chance, Jamie. You got ten minutes. I'm gonna use the toilet. Think about it. Think about what you want to do.

(ELLA leaves the table. JOE watches her go; he tries to scribble something down in a notebook in front of him. His pen doesn't work.)

JAMIE

Fuck...

(JOE leans over towards JAMIE'S table.)

JOE

Hey.

Hey you...

(whistles)

You got a light?

(JAMIE ignores him.)

JOE

I'm talking to you, lady.

Chica,

Woman...

C'mon, honey,
You speak English?

JAMIE

Huh?

(JOE points to the lighter on the table.)

JAMIE

You used to just demanding things from women you don't know?

JOE

Nope, it usually never works.
Got your attention though,
Didn't it?
Hey, c'mon,
Don't be mad.
I'm just teasing you.
I'm just playing.
Can I just use your light?
You smoke, right?
Can I use your light?

(JAMIE rolls her eyes and pushes ELLA's lighter across the table towards JOE. JOE takes the lighter, and lights the tip of his pen. He smiles at JAMIE then begins to write again. The pen works. JAMIE watches.)

JOE

Never seen that?
(beat.)
The pen's not working,
but you can see it still has ink in it.
You can put the tip in a flame.
It'll heat up the ink and start flowing again.

(JOE hands the lighter back to JAMIE.)

That's a trick that comes in handy. As far as tricks go.

(JOE plucks a few chords on the guitar. The sound of wind.)

JOE

Where you from?

JAMIE

What?

JOE
(Smiles.)

You really are from another planet, aren't you?
Where You From?
Here?

JAMIE

No.

JOE

Didn't think so.
Came down to Earth for a little visit.
From up north, right?

JAMIE

Yeah, that's right.

(JOE nods, like he already knew the answer.)

JOE

Ukiah? Larkspur?

JAMIE

Santa Rosa.

(JOE nods again. He plucks a few more chords.)

JOE

Where you headed?

JAMIE

South. You always talk to strangers?

JOE

Yep.
Mexico?
You going back to your home planet?

JAMIE

You were listening to us just now.

JOE

Sure was.

JAMIE

It's rude to listen in to other people's conversations.

JOE

Is it?
What's your name?

JAMIE

Jamie

JOE

(Sings, experimenting with different notes)

JAMIE. JAMIE. JAMIE.

(Normal voice.)

That your real name?

JAMIE

No, it's my fake name I give out to assholes.

JOE

(laughs)

You're funny, you know.
You got good jokes.

JAMIE

Pssh..

What's yours?

(beat, JOE continues to fiddle around with the guitar.)

Hey, what's your name? You gotta name? Everyone has a name. What am I supposed to do, call you "Joe Schmoe"?

JOE

Call me whatever you want.

Call me Joe.

I don't mind.

Good as any other name.

(beat.)

You know, if I were you, I'd part it out.

(JAMIE looks at him blankly.)

The bike. You'd get more money that way. Plus who'd be able to tell what it was originally?

(JAMIE goes white.)

Don't worry. I'm not going to tell. I could care less really. You want to hear something? It'll change you. Have to be ready though. You ready?

Hold on.

(He tunes the guitar. Plays a couple cords. He hums the melody then sings, accompanying himself on guitar.)

JAMIE

Huh. That's great... Look, I gotta-

JOE

What are you afraid of?

JAMIE

What? I'm not afraid. Who said that?

JOE

People who are defensive are always afraid of something.

JAMIE

You think so?

(JOE nods, then looks at her and smiles.)

JOE

Yep.

JAMIE

Okay, so I'm scared.

JOE

Told you.

JAMIE

Why'm I telling you about it?

JOE

I don't know. Maybe you need someone to talk to? She doesn't seem like the confiding type. Your girlfriend.

JAMIE

She's not my...

(beat.)

Maybe, if I-

Hey, what if I told you something?

JOE

I'd listen. That's what I do.

JAMIE

(Whispers)

This girl. That girl I was just with. We're friends, right? And she's gonna sell- something and it could be worth a bit of money. We've been all around the state making videos. Posting them. We blew up. We're this big thing now.

JOE

Sounds like fun. Like trouble.

JAMIE

It is. We're not gonna wiggle out of this one. I can tell you that right now.

JOE

You think so?

JAMIE

I know so. It's all over the internet.

JOE

People make money in weird ways.

JAMIE

Tell me about it.

JOE

So what are you gonna do?

JAMIE

(Sighs)

Keep on going along for the ride, I guess. See what happens.

JOE

Even though you know what happens?

(JAMIE shrugs.)

JAMIE

Sometimes it's not about the destination.

JOE

Didn't know you were a poet.

JAMIE

You impressed?

What else am I gonna do?

JOE

Oh, I don't know. There's a lot of things you could do.

(ELLA enters. She stands behind JAMIE, looking at JOE, who smiles at her.)

ELLA

Who's this?

JAMIE

Oh, hey Ella.

(beat.)

Wouldn't say his name.

ELLA

Why not? Is it so scary we can't handle it?

JOE

Something like that.

ELLA

Must be a pretty terrible name... Well, I'm Ella. And you've already met Jamie, I see. We gotta run. Right, Jamie?

(She stares at JAMIE who returns her gaze.)

JAMIE

Uh... right.

JOE

Where you guys going?

ELLA

Happiest place on earth.

JOE

Disneyland, huh?

ELLA

Something like that.

JOE

Can I join you?

ELLA

Can you join us?

JOE

Trying to get back home.

JAMIE

Where's that, outer space?

ELLA

What'd you say your name was again?

JOE

You can call me Joe.

SCENE FOURTEEN: jamie's secret blog

(Outside of Los Angeles, California. JOE plays his guitar and sings.)

JOE

(sings)

ELLA HAD NEVER SEEN JAMIE INTERESTED IN A GUY
FOR HER FLIRTING WITH MEN HAD ALWAYS BEEN A LIE
BUT SHE SAW SOMETHING IN JAMIE THAT MADE HER SCARED
THAT JAMIE WOULD RUN OFF AND LEAVE HER UNPREPARED

ELLA WAS GETTING WEAKER SUFFERED FROM A SICKNESS
I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS, IT WAS NONE OF MY BUSINESS
SHE SUMMONED HER STRENGTH TO SEDUCE JOE
AND KEEP JAMIE IN PLACE BY NOT LETTING IT SHOW

JAMIE

See the thing is... I never meant for it to go down like that. It wasn't what I planned. I suppose everyone says that, but I really mean it. It was just that you push someone to a point and they're gonna lose it. They are. It's just how it is. Sooner or later. It's like this big wheel. The wheel of fortune I heard it called. 'bout how we're all waiting for our time on top. We can see it approaching on. Our ride on this big farris wheel. But then once we hit the top we're plunging down seemingly faster than before to where we started. Only it's the end of the ride this time. And it was the end of the ride for Ella.

I guess she really liked Joe. I don't know his real name... He never really specified, and it might be as well. Joe Schmoe. John Doe. That's who he was. A random passenger on the journey to get rid of Lance Armstrong's bike. Why bother have a name at all?

And see, I don't usually do this. But I did this time. I saw that she was into him. I saw the look in her eyes and the kind of power he had over her. I saw that she'd kick and scream and fight every kind of way, but sooner or later she was going to follow him. Like a dog. Like a whimpering puppy, Ella, the girl who'd I'd let push my life towards now let her life be dictated by another. And that was enough for me. Across the desert and on our way to Mexico I figured out what I needed to do to get her off my back for good.

(Car parked on the side of a desolate highway. JOE strums the guitar, humming to himself. ELLA and JAMIE stripped down to bikinis and sunglasses lay on towels on top of the car. In front of the car is Lance Armstrong's bike.)

JAMIE

How much longer before the border?

ELLA

About four hours. I don't know. Joe?

JAMIE

And then what's the plan?

ELLA
(shrugs)

I don't know. Sell it I guess.

JAMIE

To who?

ELLA

To someone. My guy, I told you. Man, it's hot here.

JAMIE

It's the desert. So, what he's just going to meet us somewhere or something?

(ELLA slides down the car in back of JOE. She straddles him from the hood. Leg on either side. She playfully puts her legs on his arms as he plays the guitar. JOE smiles and continues to play.)

You know that in the desert, you actually get water sucked out of you? Like, it actually just sucks it up.

JOE

Dry to the bone.

JAMIE

Like an abandoned corpse.

JOE

Vultures are circling.

JAMIE

It's only a matter of time.

ELLA

Stop being so morbid.

(JAMIE slides down the front of the car and gets off. JOE watches her out of the corner of his eye. ELLA watches JOE.)

JAMIE

Ready for the next post?

(ELLA swings her leg over JOE.)

ELLA
(to JOE)

Do you mind?

JOE

Not at all.

(ELLA squeals with delight and jumps up and down while JAMIE gets the video camera. ELLA fixes her hair looking at her reflection in the car windows.)

JAMIE

How 'bout if I ride the bike in circles in this one?

ELLA

Fine. Okay, you got it, Joe? Just point to us when you start recording.

(JAMIE mounts the bike and starts riding it in circles behind ELLA. JOE picks up the camera. Black-out except for a video screen with the video JOE films of ELLA and JAMIE.)

'sup, bitches??

JAMIE

Holla!

ELLA

Ella and Jamesy Jams here in the middle of the desert. We're getting ready to cross the border but thought we'd stop for a little tanning sesh first. How can global warming be bad when you look this good. Come here, James.

(ELLA begins to pose as JAMIE rides up and stops the bike and dismounts. ELLA pulls JAMIE into her sexy poses. JAMIE poses as well.)

ELLA
Know what's next, James?

JAMIE
What's that, Ella La Bella?

ELLA
We're about to hightail it to Mexico! Woo!

(JOE stops recording.)

JOE
So, you gonna post that?

JAMIE
Nope, next is the second one.

ELLA
Where was that?

JAMIE
San Francisco.

ELLA
Oh, that was a good one. They'll have a field day with that one.

JAMIE
How'd we get the bike on the beach without anyone noticing?

ELLA
Remember we got those German tourists to pose in the picture with us?

JAMIE
That was awesome.

ELLA
Oh my god, yeah. Hashtag i stole lance armstrong's bike, bitches.

JOE
So, where's this one go?

JAMIE

Down the road, I guess.

ELLA

Keeps people guessing.

JAMIE

People comment on the backgrounds. They like to guess where we are.

ELLA

Course we never tell...

JOE

Some of them must be pretty obvious.

JAMIE

You'd think so, but California looks incredibly similar in a lot of areas. Foothills here, beaches there, desert here, strip malls there.

ELLA

Dive bars, cheap motels, gas stations, farm land.

(beat.)

Nothing...

JOE

(annoyed)

Nothing? There's always something.

ELLA

Well, something that's nothing then.

(beat.)

Nothing, you know. Nothing of interest.

JOE

To you maybe.

ELLA

To everyone. It's nothing! We're giving people something real.

JOE

But maybe someone is interested in the things you call nothing. And what makes them not real? What makes you so sure you can decide all these things that matter, like you're some kinda goddess determining what's what. "What's the shit that people want."

JAMIE

Whoa...

ELLA

Look, Joe, there's nothing out there. A lot of times, we're the one source of entertainment in some of these places. It's just like on the internet. All these people following us cuz we're giving them something they can look forward to. Something to dream and wonder about. Like, "where are they now? What are they up to? They're really doing it."

JAMIE

We're documenting it all.

(JOE shrugs.)

ELLA

What?

JOE

Well, what for?

ELLA

Just for the heck of it. Cuz we can. And so people know. Why's there gotta be any other reason than that?

JOE

It's just that there usually is. It's like you're trying to prove something and in doing that, you are so far away from any point you're trying to make. You just make it impossible for people to take seriously. I'm telling you, what you're doing, this is a fad that people will get sick of the second you get caught.

ELLA

Please.

JOE

You're so cocky.

ELLA

You're so judgmental. Sit on dealing out all these commentaries, this advice like you're in the position to say anything about it.

JOE

Forget it. What I say means nothing.

ELLA

You're goddamn right it means nothing. You come over here tryin' to get some ass and think you can cop a free ride down south. Like you're not entranced like the rest of them. Bullshit.

JOE

That's not why I'm here.

ELLA

Why then? To watch us when we fuck up, say ha ha, I told you so?

JAMIE

Ella...

He doesn't mean anything by it.

ELLA

What do you know? What do you know about any guy, Jamie, you never even dated anyone.

JAMIE

Why are you turning on me?

JOE

She didn't do anything, Ella.

ELLA

Yeah, yeah, "I didn't do anything" "I didn't do anything." How come I'm the only one around here that takes action?

(ELLA storms off – arms folded her back to them.)

JOE

Ella, come on, just calm down.

JAMIE

Ella?

JOE

Ella, come back, would you?

(ELLA turns and smiles at JOE. She walks up to him coyly.)

ELLA

Look... I'm sorry. You have a point. I'm just tired. It's been a long day what with finding out the news.

(ELLA hugs him suddenly. JOE is a bit surprised.)

I'm really glad you're here.

JOE

Uh okay...

ELLA

Will you come with me a second? I want to tell you something.

(JOE looks back at JAMIE, who turns away. He shrugs and follows ELLA as she exits.)

SCENE FIFTEEN: jamie's secret blog

(Los Angeles, California. JOE plays the guitar – an angry sounding ballad.)

JOE

(Sings.)

LIES, GOTTA A LITTLE CARRIED AWAY DIDN'T YOU?
YOU THOUGHT THIS WOULD TURN YOU INTO SOMETHING NEW
SHE THOUGHT ALL SHE NEEDED WAS A LITTLE ATTENTION
AND THAT SHE'D GET THE WHOLE WORLD'S LOVE AND AFFECTION

I THOUGHT I KNEW WHAT KIND OF GIRLS THESE WERE
THAT THEY'D NEVER DONE THIS KIND OF THING BEFORE
I SAW DANGER ON THE HORIZON
AND THEM HEADING TOWARDS OBLIVION

YEAH, I ATE UP ELLA'S CHARMS
BUT ONLY THOUGHT OF BEING IN YOUR ARMS
SEE, MAYBE I GOT CARRIED AWAY TOO
AND CHOSE BEING WITH HER OVER BEING WITH YOU

JAMIE

I can't take the despair anymore. It's too much and it's enveloping me like a snake. I can feel it coiling around my body my stomach and my throat and I have nowhere else to turn. How else to get out of this 4 by 4 space with her there judging every move every thought every action turns into something I regret. How do I get out of this place?

We're in the desert now making our way back to civilization and time seems to be speeding up infinitesimally exponentially. It's growing without end. I see no end in sight. She looks at me waiting for me to break. I look back defying that will. I will not break, you see. That's something she doesn't see.

I could never understand what she wanted with it. Why travel this far. Why not ditch it? At any time we could and she holds onto it. Holds it over me. I can't take it anymore. She's getting to me. I'm starting to think that maybe I'm crazy or that maybe she is. I'm not sure which one of us is right. So maybe it means we both aren't.

Behold me, Ella. I am the carrier of the wind of change. I will be here and propel myself in front of the car Ella drives with Lance Armstrong's bike in the back seat tire sticking out the window.

I am the change that she didn't see coming. I will force my way out of this trap. This cage. This prison. She doesn't realize what a power she's messing with. But I know. You know, you've seen it. And could vouch for me if I needed you to, right?

I'm open. At your beckon call. Without you I'd go blind.

SCENE SIXTEEN: watching the stars

(Somewhere in the desert, California. The car is parked out at a camp site. A ways away is the tent, where ELLA sleeps. JAMIE lays on top of the car looking at the stars. JOE walks up from the tent.)

JOE

Watching the stars?

(JAMIE jumps up.)

JAMIE

Oh, you.

(JOE opens the car and grabs the guitar.)

JOE

"Oh, you"?

JAMIE

I meant... you startled me.

JOE

"Startled," well, I certainly didn't mean that.

JAMIE

It's fine.

(JOE sits on a rock. He tunes his guitar.)

JOE

You can go back to what you're doing. Don't mind me.

JAMIE

Pssh, okay...

(JAMIE lays back and watches the stars again. JOE plays chords and hums. JAMIE shifts uncomfortably. JOE starts singing. JAMIE shifts to watch him sing.)

JOE

(Singing)

FROM HERE THERE'LL ALWAYS BE MISSING SOMETHING
FROM A WORLD THAT OWES THEM NOTHING
THEY WEREN'T USED TO FINDING THEIR OWN WAY

JAMIE

(sarcastically)

Who's that, Bright Eyes?

(JOE looks up and laughs.)

JOE

Yeah, right.

(Sings.)

AND IT ALWAYS LOOKED SO GOOD AT THE BREAK OF DAY
AND IT ALWAYS LOOKED SO GOOD AT THE BREAK OF DAY

(JOE plays a quick, pseudo-over-the-top ending on the guitar. JAMIE claps.)

JOE

You like it?

JAMIE

It's all right.

JOE

Can't you sleep?

JAMIE

(sighs)

Not really.

JOE

Want me to sing you a lullaby?

(JAMIE lies back down on the hood of the car.)

JOE

You want me to leave you alone?

JAMIE

Do whatever you feel like.

JOE

You're mad at me, huh? About being with Ella?

JAMIE

Why would I be mad about that?

JOE

Well... I guess I got a vibe...

JAMIE

From me?

JOE

Yeah.

JAMIE

Please. I don't give off vibes.

JOE

(laughs)

Okay.

You know, it's okay, you know.

To feel something?

JAMIE

Is it.

JOE

I mean, things like this... they kinda just happen.

JAMIE

Right, all the time. Men kinda just walk up to me and Ella and choose Ella. It's fine. I'm used to it. She's the pretty one. I'm just the... I don't know, sidekick, I guess.

JOE

Like you're just along for the ride?

JAMIE

Why not? Nothing better to do.

JOE

You mean that? This Ella's story or yours?

Thought she said something about you moving away.

JAMIE

Yeah, maybe.

JOE

So, you're leaving your old life behind.
Starting anew.

JAMIE

I guess.

JOE

Be a whole new person.
Who you gonna be?
When you're that new person?

JAMIE

I don't know, just me, I guess.

JOE

And who are you?

JAMIE

Since when did this become 20 questions? I don't have to answer you. You're not anyone to me.

JOE

You're right. You don't.

(JOE transitions into a new song, playing a few chords.)

JOE

(Singing)

TWO GIRLS DRIVING DOWN
FROM DARK SKY TOWN TO TOWN
STOLEN DREAMS IN THE BACK
MAYBE IT GIVES THEM WHAT THEY LACK

POSTING AND SHARING ON THE HOUR
IS THIS WHERE THEY GET THEIR POWER?
ALL THESE PEOPLE HOLDING ON
BUT WHAT HAPPENS TO THEM WHEN IT'S GONE?

JOE

How was that?

JAMIE

Pssh...

JOE

It's about-

JAMIE

I know what it's about. You think you can come in here and just sing all these songs about us like you know us, but you don't know anything about us. You don't know why we do it. You don't get why she does it or why I do it. You have no clue. You're so dumb.

JOE

She gets to you doesn't she?

JAMIE

I mean, what would you say if you were in my place? I don't feel like anything. I feel nothing. I feel like things just pass through me.

JOE

Hmm...

JAMIE

What do you mean, "hmm"? Like you're all some kind of know-all, see-all, enlightened sage.

JOE

Well, I'm just taking in what you said. That things just pass through you... I do know that feeling.

(Crickets. Night sounds.)

Why are you still here then? You could leave-

JAMIE

But Ella and I are best friends-

JOE

Are you?

JAMIE

You don't understand.

(beat)

See, she doesn't have anyone else.

Not really.

No brothers or sisters. No mom. Her mom died.

And she might as well not have a dad...

Ella thinks that she has lots of friends. But she doesn't.

People...

well, at school at least, they're scared of her.

So, she gets what she wants pretty much.

JOE
You're not scared of her?

JAMIE
I know her. I can get to her.

JOE
She seems...

JAMIE
Crazy?

JOE
I was gonna say lonely.

JAMIE
It's not too far off.

JOE
Like you say she doesn't know that it's only you as her friend, but I think she does.

(JAMIE lies back on the hood. The sound of wind rustling leaves. JOE smells the air and picks at the guitar. JAMIE glances over at him then up at the stars.)

JAMIE
You ever wonder why we all aren't just stars...? Like we're all just billions and billions of miles away from each other. Like we're not moving. And the universe keeps on getting bigger and we're still here. Just kinda looking at each other, I guess. Seeing twinkling light from each other. Light that takes forever to get here and to see.

You know how a star dies? It gets so big first. Bigger than our sun. It turns red and everything. A red giant – like if there were planets around they get absorbed. Consumed. Imagine that. You're just a planet orbiting your sun and one day it just eats you alive. I mean how fucked up is that? We're all part of the same solar system and this star, when it's going down, has to bring you down with it...

(JAMIE makes a motion with her hand like a missile in the sky, then explodes.)

BAM! You're dead.

Or maybe you don't even know that it was happening to you. You wake up one day and realize you're not yourself anymore, but this extension of another person. Like part of their body. They move you move and there's no freeing yourself at all. As they go down, you go down. Like a captain with the ship. There til the last.

(JOE continues to pluck out a song on the guitar. Humming.)

JOE

Not everyone can be a star. Only the ones that burn bright and fast. And have no place to go.

(JOE sits closer to JAMIE. She notices.)

JAMIE

What are you doing?

JOE

I don't know, I like being out here with you.

JAMIE

Ella's gonna miss you.

(JOE shrugs and smiles.)

Fine, stay out here then. I don't care.

SCENE SEVENTEEN: ella gets nervous

(A gas station bathroom, California. She paces back and forth in front of the mirror. She takes out the camera and props it up on the towel dispenser. She turns it on and looks into it. On the screen we see her image.)

ELLA

Okay, okay... you wanna know where we are, I get it, but I can't tell you. Want to know how we do what we do. Well, you just do it. See, you just get your shit together and take something that's there. You walk up with nothing on your mind. You invent some story and you tell yourself, "Yeah, this is it. This is what's real." And then you walk up and you take that bike because this story you've created, it's so real. It's better than real. And you take that and suddenly the whole world wants to know where it is. You take the one thing everyone's suddenly interested in. Weren't before. But now, because of you, they are.

I stole Lance Armstrong's bike. You know what that means? Means I would risk the next couple years of my life, means that I don't give a fuck about the consequences, what's going to happen to me. I stole his bike. Some bike that he rode and I got the power now. I got the fame. My name written across facebook statuses everywhere. Hundreds of thousands of likes each time a video gets posted. Million hit day.

We surpass anything out there. Bigger than the news. We are the news. What I'm doing is news to you. Do you see? We can't stop. You can't stop us. We gotta keep going til we reach that point of breakthrough. Overwhelmed now? Sure, but at a certain point, at a certain level, we cease to be like everyone else. We aren't even human anymore. It's like we aren't even real. Better than real. This is bigger than anything anyone of us will ever know.

(ELLA presses the stop button.)

SCENE EIGHTEEN: joe falls in love with jamie

(Laguna Beach, California. At a cheap motel, JOE sprawls across a bed. JAMIE sits in a chair across from him. JOE sings to JAMIE and accompanies himself on the guitar.)

JOE

(Singing)

LET ME SHOW YOU THE WAY IN WHICH YOU SHINE
CLOSELY TO ME LIKE A STAR ABOVE MY MIND
SIT HERE WITH ME, LAY HERE AND STAY BY MY SIDE.
IN THIS DREAM FOREVER DRIFTING ON A RIDE

(He stops playing suddenly and sets the guitar down. He scoots to the edge of the bed so that he's close to JAMIE, he touches her leg.)

Hey.

(JAMIE doesn't answer.)

What are you doing here?

(beat.)

You guys are leaving tomorrow.

JAMIE

I know... Ella's really drunk. She's in the room. Passed out. It's like that's all she ever is now. Any excuse is something to celebrate. One million hits.

JOE

A million hits. Guess you're famous now.

JAMIE

Shut up.

JOE

Mission accomplished.

JAMIE

Shut up!

JOE

What's next in the plan? Oh yeah, book deal. Movie rights.

(JOE laughs.)

JAMIE

I guess you don't think we can pull it off?

JOE

No, I don't. I mean, look at you guys. Don't know the first thing about what to do with that bike... Then again, here you are. Million hit videos and people still can't find your ass. Maybe you're doing something right, I don't know.

(Silence.)

JAMIE

What about you? What are you gonna do now?

(JOE lies back on the bed, staring at the ceiling, still strumming chords.)

JOE

Do what I always do, I suppose. Go back home. I live on the beach. By the water. It's something else, you know, to be by something that calm.

JAMIE

Wish I had that.

JOE

You'd love it. Even the seagulls squawking at each other. The ocean's this great regulator. Sand castles built in the sand then washed away. They become the materials for another dream.

(JAMIE sits on the edge of the bed. He glances in her direction, then keeps on playing.)

There was a guy once. Came up to me and said I should record- Said he had a studio. That he could let me use it. That he could make things happen.

(beat.)

Imagine that... You're nothing and here's someone with the power to give you everything you want. Your heart's desire. Imagine having that kind of power.

See, it's one thing to sit out there and play for people, but there's sometimes. Sometimes, when people drift by and they stop, they begin to watch what you're doing. You're playing something, or singing, unaware, but aware at the same time that there's people looking at you do this – because there's always people looking at you do this – and there's a moment when everything but the music seems silent, standstill. Like a dream. Or a movie on pause. There's this moment when you feel intimately connected to everyone...

Then the song ends, and you look up awkwardly. People wander away sheepishly. You get a couple claps. Some more money in the case.

It's a strange feeling, you know? I think it's good... Unreal.

(Pause. A moment of connection. JOE looks at her and sets down the guitar.)

JOE

C'mere.

(JAMIE sits close to JOE.)

JAMIE

What am I doing here?

(JOE shrugs. He kisses her above her eyebrow.)

JAMIE

I mean... what's going to happen?

JOE

Anything you want to happen.

(JAMIE shrugs.)

JAMIE

But... why are you with me right now? Not Ella?

JOE

Because.

(JOE kisses JAMIE's forehead. JAMIE turns away from JOE.)

JOE

What... Jamie?

(She doesn't budge.)

I like you. Come on... You know that, right? I mean Ella... she's great. She's exciting... and vibrant-

JAMIE

Yeah, and sexy and confident and in control. I know-

JOE

But it always has to be her way on everything and trust me she is not confident... You... just...go with the flow.

(beat.)

You're like paper.

(JOE rips a page from his song book.)

JAMIE

Paper?

JOE

Yeah, because you think it's fragile. You can rip it to shreds or cut it up into a bunch of little pieces, but you can also fold it over and over and it grows stronger with every fold. It gets to be that you can't fold it anymore, but you also can't cut it. You look at it and you can almost see through it, but you'd never know if there was something faintly written on the other side. You're like paper, see? You wrap up things in paper. And that's what you did to me, Jamie. I'm wrapped up in you.

(JOE places an origami bird on JAMIE's stomach. JAMIE reaches up and touches JOE's face. They kiss.)

SCENE NINETEEN: jamie leaves joe

(The next morning. JOE sleeps in the bed. JAMIE sits fully dressed with her bag around her shoulder in a chair next to the bed looking at him. She bites her fingernail and looks at the origami bird in her hand. A moment. She unfolds the bird and takes a pen from her purse and scribbles on the note. She leaves it on the bedside table by JOE's head. She backs up away from him and touches her hand to her mouth. A moment. Then she turns suddenly and rushes out the door. JOE stirs in the bed.)

JOE

Jamie...

(JOE opens his eyes slowly with a smile. He looks around the room and over at the chair, seeing no one. He sits up.)

Jamie?

(JOE reaches down and grabs his jeans and pulls them on. He stands up and scratches his head. He sees the piece of paper on the table. He stops. He picks it up gingerly with both hands and reads it. Then sits on the bed. The paper slips out from his hand.)

(The sound of a guitar strumming.)

SCENE TWENTY: a movement of bike thieves

(Laguna Beach, California. The screen shows a YouTube video of a NEWSCASTER.)

NEWSCASTER

And an update today in the story of the Bike Banditas. Authorities arrested two women in Pismo Beach who allegedly stole a high-end Bianchi racing bike from a local bike store. The suspects walked off with the bike and proceeded to post pictures of themselves with the bike to their facebook and instagram accounts. Reports of similar incidents are coming in across the country as the Bike Banditas continue to elude authorities. The view count for their videos has passed one million hits and continues to climb.

(JOE stands in front of a bulky object covered by a sheet. He lifts off the sheet revealing Lance Armstrong's bike. He looks around then takes a wrench and starts taking it apart piece by piece. This continues over the next scene until all that's left is a pile of parts.)

SCENE TWENTY-ONE: show-down

(Laguna Beach, California. ELLA leans against the car. She looks like old Hollywood movie star with sunglasses, pulled-back hair with a scarf over it. She holds two cups of to-go coffee. She sips from one. JAMIE runs up to her, out of breath.)

ELLA

Where were you?

JAMIE

I forgot my bag in the hotel bar last night-

ELLA

When I woke up I didn't see you in the room anywhere.

JAMIE

Well, I had to go get it...

ELLA

It took that long?

(JAMIE shrugs, annoyed.)

You look like shit.

JAMIE

So do you, bitch.

ELLA

Ooh, calling me "bitch" now, that's a first. I'll be sure to write it in my little baby book. Maybe we should record the memory. Make it a keepsake for all time? You think you can act it out again?

(JAMIE reaches for the extra cup of coffee in ELLA's hands. ELLA snatches it back while simultaneously and coolly taking a sip from her own cup.)

ELLA

What do you say?

JAMIE

C'mon, Ella. Give me some coffee. I'm tired.

ELLA

What. Do. You. Say.

(Pause. ELLA smiles. JAMIE stares her down.)

JAMIE

Please.

(ELLA smiles smugly and hands JAMIE the cup of coffee. They both make their way to the car doors. JAMIE takes a sip of her coffee and struggles to swallow it.)

JAMIE

Jesus, Ella! How much sugar did you put in here?

ELLA

Well, Jamie, you're so sweet, I thought you'd want your coffee that way too.

(JAMIE shakes her head. They get in the car – ELLA driving, JAMIE in the passenger seat. JAMIE looks out the window. ELLA starts the car and drives.)

ELLA

Change of plans!

JAMIE

What's that?

ELLA

TJ's just an excuse for high school kids to get drunk on spring break. I got a better plan. We're heading to Vegas.

JAMIE

Why Vegas?

ELLA

Cuz Vegas's guaranteed to have people that know the value of what we're offering.

JAMIE

How do you figure?

ELLA

Because what happens in Vegas stays in Vegas.

JAMIE

Are you joking?

(beat.)

Great.

ELLA

Yeah, it is fucking great, Jamie. We're doubling down. We're going to Vegas. Take the bike. Take the fame. Put it all on black and let it spin. Let the world spin. We're big shit now and people expect big things from us. What's your problem already? Someone piss in your coffee?

JAMIE

Well it fucking tastes like it with all this sugar you put in it.

ELLA

Sorry I didn't prepare it to your liking then.

(ELLA takes JAMIE's cup of coffee and throws it out the window.)

JAMIE

Hey!

(ELLA begins accelerating the car.)

ELLA

You act like you're so much better than me. So much more moral. You never were with me on this whole thing. But I know the truth, Jamie. I know who you really are.

JAMIE

What are you talking about?

ELLA

You're a fake. You think that not actively participating in this makes you not culpable. That's not the case, Jamie. Let me tell you. By doing nothing you are actively participating in everything that's happened. Taking the bike, holding onto it, making the videos, posting it on the blog, driving with me every step of the way to here. Don't act like you didn't have a choice in it. You chose every minute of this.

JAMIE

Ella, that was you. You want to go to Vegas instead of TJ? Fine! It's just another one of your whims anyway. You want to know the truth? I've had enough of it. I'm going home. Stop the car.

ELLA

The hell you are.

JAMIE

Can you slow down, Ella! Jesus, don't be mad and drive at the same time.

(ELLA pulls the car onto the shoulder of the road and screeches to a halt. JAMIE gets out of the car and starts walking down the road. ELLA follows.)

ELLA

Where are you going?

JAMIE

Away from you.

ELLA

You're gonna walk down the highway alone. In the middle of nowhere with no water, no food, no shelter. You don't get service for your phone out here, Jamie.

JAMIE

I don't fucking care about cell phone service. I'll hitch-hike.

ELLA

Great, what a wonderful way to get raped and killed. I'm sure if they throw your body out on the side of the road the sun might preserve your flesh into a beautiful condition your mom and dad would love to see. I can just see it now. "Mr. and Mrs. Alvarez, your daughter's body has been wonderfully preserved." "She looks like beef jerky."

(ELLA laughs. JAMIE whips around and turns back towards ELLA and pushes her. ELLA is startled, but then regains herself. JAMIE comes at her to slap her and ELLA grabs her hand. They stare each other down. ELLA takes JAMIE's chin and cheeks and holds them to her face level with the other hand.)

ELLA

(calmly, almost a whisper)

Listen to me, Jamie. You can be as mad as you want. But you need me. Don't be stupid.

(JAMIE spits in ELLA's face. ELLA smirks. She wipes the spit off her cheek and rubs it onto JAMIE's mouth. JAMIE pushes ELLA away then wipes the spit off her mouth.)

JAMIE

Get off of me!

ELLA

God, Jamie. I never knew you had it in you. Hells yeah!

(ELLA shadow-boxes while reaching into the car for a pack of cigarettes. She lights one and exhales leaning up against the car. JAMIE watches with eyes full of disgust.)

JAMIE

You're fucking crazy.

ELLA
(*smiles*)

Gotta love me, bitch!

JAMIE

Psycho.

ELLA

Hells yeah, I am. Psycho bitch, for real. I gotta gun. I've stolen cars. I stole Lance Armstrong's bike because he's nothing to me. He's nothing without his bike. Not even a celebrity. And no amount of drugs can take him to the top when he has no bike to ride on. Ha ha! No leg to stand on. No kick stand to stand on. Kick it up and put it all on black because I don't care if I live or die.

(*sings*)

I DON'T CARE IF I LIVE OR DIE.

I DON'T CARE IF I LIVE OR DIE.

I DON'T CARE IF I LIVE OR DIE.

JAMIE.

JAMIE. JAMIE. JAMIE.

(*JAMIE turns her back to ELLA, her arms crossed. ELLA grabs the video camera out of the car.*)

ELLA

Come back whenever you're ready.

(*ELLA turns on the video camera. The screen illuminates.*)

Isn't it beautiful out here? Now this is the Happiest Place on Earth!
Miles and miles of nothing. Just heart-wrenching and soul-crushing.
Little shrubs pushing their way out of the earth like they have a chance at anything.
You know, the wind is the only real thing around here.
They say that the wind brings change.
The wind is energy.
I sometimes think it's every lost soul combined into one force.
Magnetic, like the earth's core.
It travels around and around rushing through you.
That's what it means to be in the middle of nowhere.
And I think "know where" you are.
You know where we are, Jamie?

(*ELLA looks at JAMIE through the video camera. Her back is still turned.*)

JAMIE

Where's that?

ELLA

We're outside of Hell. It's a real place if you don't believe me. I saw it on the map this morning. Hell, California. I just knew we end up there.

(JAMIE sighs. A moment. ELLA turns off the video camera. She discards her cigarette. She approaches JAMIE slowly. She puts her hand on JAMIE's shoulder. JAMIE doesn't even flinch.)

Jamie, you know I'm right...

(A moment. ELLA turns back toward the car. JAMIE turns and follows. The car starts up.)

SCENE TWENTY-TWO: jamie's secret blog.

(On the way to Vegas, still in California. JOE plays the guitar and sings.)

JAMIE

The whole time I could have said the one thing that would have pushed her further. The one thing that I knew would get to her. So why didn't I? Why can't I tell her the one thing I know I have the upper hand on? I can't tell her about Joe and I can't get away. That's all I want to do. Get away from her. But she keeps pulling me in. Pulling me in, like she's the sun and I'm her planet. Pulling me in til I'm incinerated? This can't go on forever. And it's only a matter of time before we get caught unless we get rid of it. Unless it disappears forever.

And what's he doing...? What am I doing here when I should be back there? Back in yesterday. Where I'm on solid ground, but it feels like I'm in this dream. Where I don't have to worry about anything anymore...

JOE

(Sings)

THERE MAY BE SOMETHING I LEFT BEHIND
THERE MAY BE SOMETHING THAT I CAN'T FIND
I THOUGHT I KNEW THE PERSON THAT YOU ARE
NOW I SEE THAT I PUSHED TOO FAR

WITH NOTHING LEFT TO SAY TO ME, YOU SAY
YOU HAVE NOTHING LEFT TO SAY TO ME, OKAY
I TELL YOU LOOK AT WHAT WE HAD INSTEAD
BUT I WOKE UP AND I WAS ALONE IN BED

(JOE stops playing the song. He walks off.)

SCENE TWENTY-THREE: forgot something?

(Outside of Palm Springs, California. ELLA and JAMIE in the car. JAMIE wakes up from a dream suddenly. ELLA taps her hands on the steering wheel to the beat. She yawns.)

JAMIE
You want me to take over?

ELLA
You're not tired?

JAMIE
No, I just woke up.

ELLA
Fine, let's do that. Next turn off.

JAMIE
K.

(Silence. ELLA gets out and stretches then gets some gas. She tosses the keys to JAMIE.)

ELLA
Catch.

(JAMIE catches the keys. As ELLA speaks, JAMIE gets out of the car. She opens the trunk and lifts up the sheet. The bike is gone.)

Oh, man, I can't wait to get to Vegas. I'm gonna take some somas and pass out by the pool with a beer in one hand and a shrimp cocktail in the other. Man, speaking of sleep. I am so glad I got these sleeping pills over in Chula Vista. Man. That was a great idea.

JAMIE
Um... Ella? Can you come here a sec?

ELLA
What.
(JAMIE points to the trunk. ELLA looks.)

Where is it?

JAMIE
I don't know. Did you take it out at any point?

ELLA

No, why would I do that?

JAMIE

I don't know to get something from the back.

ELLA

Did you take it out?

JAMIE

C'mon.

ELLA

Well, I don't know! Maybe that's what you'd do to-

JAMIE

Wait! Just shut up a second let me think.

(ELLA looks at her angry and confused.)

ELLA

I know who has it. That fucking bastard! I can't believe this shit. Let's go.

SCENE TWENTY-FOUR: ella's done with games

(Laguna Beach, California. ELLA stops the car. She leans over across JAMIE to the glove compartment.)

JAMIE

Ella...

ELLA

Move.

(ELLA takes out a gun.)

JAMIE

What are you doing with that? You gonna squirt him to death?

(beat.)

You gonna talk?

(beat.)

You could say something, you know.

(ELLA gets out of the car and looks through her purse for cigarettes. JAMIE gets out of the car. ELLA starts walking away.)

ELLA

Where is he?

JAMIE

What?

(ELLA points the gun at JAMIE.)

ELLA

DON'T...fuck around.

JAMIE

Whoa, okay... uh, look, Ella, I don't know-

ELLA

Sure, you don't.

JAMIE

You know him about as much as I do.

ELLA

Kinda wonder if I do.

(ELLA throws the gun in her purse and takes out a fidgety lighter.)

JAMIE

He could be anywhere. He's a busker. That's what he does. He plays music for tourists. For big groups of people. Have you thought of that?

ELLA

We'll, we're right here at the beach. Sun's going down. You think he's got somewhere to go?

JAMIE

I don't know!

ELLA

See, what I don't get is when you started thinking that I was a fucking idiot.

JAMIE

Wh-

ELLA

It's like the words, the lies just keep coming, don't they? Natural for you? How long you been a liar, Jamie? Your whole life? Our whole friendship? Or just til we went on this trip?

JAMIE

Some friendship! You call forcing someone into committing a felony a friendship?

ELLA

Jamie, you did it for the same reasons as I. For the power and for the fame. For the number of hits day in and out. A sea of people out there following us. We gave birth to a new generation of girls, women, who don't take shit from the mainstream media, they take it from us. From us! We got it all. And that's the beauty. People are followers. You were a follower. Still are. Look what I made you though. You were just waiting for someone like me to wake you up from your sleepy life. Your Ivy League college prep life. Your Little Miss Good Girl attitude. The Blessed Virgin.

(pseudo-coquette voice)

Couldn't do that, no, see just an innocent little girl.

(normal and weirdly seductive)

I made you a woman, but I guess I failed because you do shit like this. Turn on me. High school bullshit that just makes no sense. Sure, I get it, he's a cute guy. But, to me, Jamie? You gonna do that to me? Mmm...

(She shakes her head and clucks her tongue.)

JAMIE

Little girl. Little girl. That's all you ever think I am! Well, I'm sick of it!

See, you never even bother to see what happens the next morning – the day after the smoke clears and I'm there cleaning it all up. That's what I do for you. That's who I am. Follower... more like clean-up crew. And you act like this shit is all easy and seamless. Like nothing happens to us. You wake up fine, without a worry in the world. Nothing happens to you because I protect you.

ELLA

Protecting me all this time, huh? That's funny.

JAMIE

You couldn't handle this shit on your own. You've never been able to. You use me as your shield against the world. That's what you do to everyone. You just use them. Like all these people on the internet. All your "friends". What about Joe? Guess what? You can't do that forever. You don't have any friends, Ella. I'm the only one you got left.

ELLA

You're such a fucking fraud.

(JAMIE laughs.)

JAMIE

Me? The fraud? That's really funny coming out of your mouth. See, this is just you trying to get the upper hand again. Well, guess what, bitch, you can't have it. And you know what else? You think Joe stuck around for you? He stuck around because of me. He loves me.

ELLA

Love...

(beat.)

You don't know shit about that.

JAMIE

But you're gonna tell me, aren't you? Cuz you know all about it.

You know, I used to look up to you. I used to think you were someone.

ELLA

I am someone. I've always been someone. I'll always be someone. You're the nobody, Jamie.

You're the loser that everyone forgets. The sidekick who's name no one remembers.

JAMIE

I used to think you had all the answers. That you were this goddess. This beautiful creature walking among men. I thought no one had it easier. Couldn't glide through life more perfectly getting everything she wanted while the rest of us struggled. While the rest of us worked our asses off to achieve even the slightest thing. You were the girl everyone looked at in school and would just do whatever. But outside – in the real world – I see it now, you're just this little bee buzzing around. With no place left to go, but down.

(ELLA storms off.)

JAMIE

Where are you going?

Fuck!

(JAMIE follows.)

SCENE TWENTY-FIVE: like a memory

(Laguna Beach, California. JOE sits on a curb strumming the guitar, next to him is a box of bike parts. JAMIE approaches.)

JAMIE

Joe?

(JOE smiles. JAMIE runs up and embraces him. They hold each other.)

What are you doing here?

(JOE plays with her hair.)

JOE

I got your note.

JAMIE

Oh...
That...
Listen-

JOE

Yeah...
"That."
(An awkward pause.)
So...

JAMIE

So, you took our bike.

JOE
(Laughs)

Your bike.

JAMIE

You can't steal it from us. Ella is looking for you! She's fucking crazy, Joe. I've never seen her-
(JOE sits and strums the guitar.)

JAMIE

Are you even listening to me?

JOE

I thought about you a lot, Jamie.

JAMIE

I don't want to get into this right now. Do you have the bike or no? Ella's fucking pissed. She could be here any second.

(Pause. JOE hums along with the melody he plays. He looks up at her.)

JOE

No.

JAMIE

What do you mean, "no"?

JOE

I mean "no", Jamie, I sold the parts on craigslist. Some guy on his way to Tahoe just took the frame. All I have left is in that box.

(JAMIE is stunned.)

JAMIE

Tahoe?

JOE

Yep, Tahoe.

(JOE reaches for her arm and pulls her to sit next to him.)

Come. Sit.

(JAMIE sits. JOE puts his arm on her back.)

There are more important things than Lance Armstrong's bike.

(She looks at him. JOE kisses her on the forehead then on the lips.)

You guys don't even need it.

JAMIE

Lance Armstrong doesn't either.

JOE

And what about all those videos... You were just gonna get burned by it.

JAMIE

We were the most searched for on google the other day... we're big.

(JOE pulls away. He picks up the guitar again.)

Larger than life, Joe!

JOE

No, you're not. You just drove a long way. There's a difference.
I made you a song.

(A moment. JOE strums the guitar and begins to hum.)

JOE

(Singing)

GIRL, DO YOU KNOW
EVERY DAY MIGHT HEART GROWS
FOR YOU, CAN'T YOU SEE?
YOU'RE EVERYTHING TO ME.

AND YOU'RE AWAY SOMEWHERE NEW
I GOT JUST ONE THING LEFT OF YOU
YOU'LL COME BACK SOMEDAY I BELIEVE
GIRL, YOU'LL COME BACK IF YOU LEAVE

(The song and his voice fade. JAMIE stands.)

JAMIE

Maybe I should go find Ella...

(JOE stands.)

JOE

What are you doing here, Jamie? You knew the bike was gone. Didn't you? You knew I'd still be here. You knew that I took it. How far were you gonna go, Jamie? It gets deeper and deeper the more you go on.

(Tears fall down JAMIE's face. JOE holds her.)

JAMIE

It all fell apart, didn't it? It seemed so simple. So sure. We were all so sure. It was gonna take us places. You don't understand. It'll all go back to how it was now. Everything. Everything back to the same bullshit that was always there.

JOE

It doesn't have to be like that. You could stay here. Be with me.

JAMIE

How's it going to be any different? And she is going psycho, Joe, she knows it's you. She knows about us-

JOE

Good. It's not a secret to me.

JAMIE

But you don't know what that means for me.

JOE

What does that mean for you, Jamie? What does "us" mean to you? Does it mean that we slept together?

JAMIE

No, Joe-

JOE

Or, does it mean we're going to be together?

JAMIE

I don't know... I don't know! You gotta understand she has this power over me. I think I'm standing up to her day by day, and she cuts me down. She finds any way to do it. That's just how she is.

JOE

From what? Just walk away, Jamie.

(JAMIE shakes her head, laughing to herself, defeated.)

JAMIE

Right.

JOE

You don't want her to have power over you? Well, here's your chance if any. The bike's gone, Jamie. I can't get it back. There's no way. What happens next is up to you.

JAMIE

NO, don't! Don't put that on me. You know that this not all on me. You have a part in this. Why'd you do it, Joe! Why?

JOE

I had to protect you, Jamie. Both of you. You have that bike and you're asking for trouble. It needs to be so far away from both of you. It's better this way.

(A moment.)

Jamie...

I only meant to help you. You gotta see that. I don't care about the money.

(He takes a bunch of cash out of his pocket and puts it in her hand.)

Here, you can have it.

I didn't think I'd see you again. I didn't know what was going to happen that night when we were together. I didn't know about you and me. I thought I only knew Ella, but I saw you and... I don't know... I saw who you are. Jamie, you broke my heart when you left. I don't know what changed from when we fell asleep and when you woke up, but I don't think something was lost, I don't think it was a mistake, and I don't think that things just press on the way they do. Like none of this ever happened. It did happen. It matters to me. It matters to you too, Jamie. I know it does.

I want you to be here with me, Jamie. I want you to make that decision.

JAMIE

I don't know what to say.

JOE

Say the truth, Jamie. Just tell me something.

JAMIE

You think a song is going to fix all this and it can't.

(JAMIE drops the cash and runs out.)

SCENE TWENTY-SIX: ella vs. joe

(Laguna Beach, California. JOE's guitar lies by the curb. ELLA enters and sees the guitar. She touches it. She goes to pick it up. JOE enters as she puts her hand around it.)

JOE

Gonna take that too?

(ELLA turns around suddenly.)

ELLA

Joe!

JOE

What do you want?

ELLA

(puts her arms around his neck)

Awh, c'mon, Joe? Is that any way to greet me? After all the lovely time we spent together. You know... and it was a good time too. I know you had fun.

(ELLA grabs his crotch.)

JOE

(pushes her hands off of him.)

Stop it.

What do you want, Ella? Why are you here? Jamie told me you were on your way to Vegas. You trying to get you guys killed? You don't know anything. You're just a silly little girl messing with something you don't know anything about.

ELLA

And you're the one raining down that judgment from up above? Up on heavens? You're sitting there in your magical cloud sprinkling fairy-dust on all those mortals that come close to touching you, huh? Well, fuck you. You don't even know what this is about. Give me back the bike.

JOE

I don't have it. I sold it –

(ELLA takes out a gun and points it at him.)

ELLA

I'm not fucking stupid, Joe. I know you have the bike. You and I are alike, you know. Opportunists. You see something, you take it. That simple.

JOE

I don't know what you're talking about.

ELLA

Yeah? Like you took me? Like you took Jamie? Now you're taking the bike. Like it's secretly yours. Meant for you, right?

JOE

I'm not budging from this, Ella. You can't have it. It's impossible.

(ELLA laughs.)

ELLA

Right, "impossible." It's funny, Joe. Because that's maybe the one word I don't have in my vocabulary.

(Pause.)

JOE

Water gun?

(ELLA aims away from JOE and shoots. A loud crack. JOE ducks. ELLA reels, stunned, then re-gains her composure.)

ELLA

"Water gun"

JOE

So what now?

ELLA

Why don't you tell me?

SCENE TWENTY-SEVEN: jamie's secret blog

(JAMIE's alone. JOE plays the guitar, humming, like a dream, a memory.)

JAMIE

Joe once asked me what I was doing with Ella? Why couldn't I leave her? If you knew her, you would know. So you don't know, Joe. Don't make me feel sorry for you.

JOE

What did you want me to do? Save you? Rescue you? You were drowning but you liked it. Water folding in on you, and you inhaled.

JAMIE

Why do you say that? Why do you say those things? Why can't you leave me alone? Let me do it alone?

JOE

You know why.

JAMIE

Ella walks past the window of the car door one night. She sees me sitting there with Joe. And I know deep down she hates me. She hates that I'm here. That I have even some kinda power. Something I can do. Joe's unmovable. Like that boulder in the way of everything you're trying to get done. He comes in and takes our bike. The bike we rightfully stole and sells it.

(JOE touches JAMIE's shoulders.)

JOE

Part by part on craigslist. Not one person ever questions where it came from who's bike it was.

JAMIE

Every last piece felt like selling my soul off to the highest bidder. Here she takes it and I let her and here he takes it and I let him and he sells it away.

JOE

You and I are entwined. Meant to be together.

(JAMIE turns to look at JOE.)

JAMIE

Is that how it works? Meant to be together or happen to fit together. Randomly. Is it close enough?

JOE

She doesn't have anything on you.

(JAMIE and JOE embrace.)

JAMIE

Except...

JOE

Except?

JAMIE

Except that she does.

SCENE TWENTY-EIGHT: bike film

(The ticking sound of a reel of film. A jangly guitar plays to a looped, sped up YouTube video plays of JAMIE and ELLA on the screen. It's in black and white and in the style of a silent movie. The movements are awkward and overly dramatic. The movie shows a bike and ELLA and JAMIE walk up to it, talk to each other, and steal the bike. They ride away on the bike, with JAMIE on the handlebars. The ticking slows to a stop. The music comes to an abrupt halt.)

SCENE TWENTY-NINE: final battle

(Laguna Beach, California. No music, no strumming. ELLA stands in the light holding the gun. JOE lies on the ground bleeding. He's been shot. JAMIE enters.)

JAMIE

Oh my God!

Oh my God! Oh my God!

Ella? Ella? Ella!

(JAMIE runs to JOE's side and holds the wound that is bleeding. ELLA stands still holding the gun.)

JAMIE

What happened? Ella, what happened?
Joe? Joe?

(JOE hums weakly.)

JAMIE

What did you do? Ella! Answer me!

(ELLA turns the gun on JAMIE, who raises her hands.)

ELLA

He sold the bike. Broke it up into parts.

(JOE continues to hum.)

(to JOE)

Shut up! Just shut the fuck up, okay? We don't need you here. Messing things up. You come in and it's all this. All these songs. For what? What do you have to sing about? There's nothing to sing about. You're dying. I'm dying. Look at me? In another month or two I won't have anything. I'll have no one left. No one. Except you, Jamie. Right?

(JAMIE backs away. Shaking her head.)

ELLA

Right?

(ELLA lowers the gun. She slumps to the ground. JAMIE walks over and takes the gun from ELLA. ELLA looks up.)

What are you gonna do?

(JAMIE raises the gun. ELLA smiles. JAMIE's hands shake. She lowers the gun and looks away. She tosses it aside.)

Nothing, just like everybody else, Jamie.

JAMIE

You're a cruel person.

ELLA

But I gave you things that you'd never have without me.

(JAMIE takes her cell phone out of her pocket.)

JAMIE

I'm gonna end this.

(JAMIE taps on the phone and records ELLA on the video camera.)

Go ahead! Say it!

ELLA

Yeah, I killed him. I shot him. I think it missed his heart. He's still alive. You can see. You all can see what I've done. There.

(JAMIE presses a button. On the screen, we see the video uploaded to facebook. It loops.)

Did you love him? Did I take him away from you?

(ELLA cringes in pain. She lies on her side, holding her knees to her chest. The sound of sirens.)

JAMIE

He was the only person I ever really loved.

(JOE continues to hum. She looks over at JOE, who holds his side. JAMIE lies down next to him. They look at each other. He kisses her forehead. She puts his arm around her. The sirens stop. JAMIE hums the song he sings with him. They sing the last part of the song.)

JAMIE/JOE

(Singing)

YOU'LL COME BACK SOMEDAY I BELIEVE
YOU'LL COME BACK IF YOU LEAVE

EPILOGUE

(On the screen a YouTube video of a TV news program plays.)

NEWSCASTER

Authorities have apprehended suspects in the theft of seven time winner of the Tour de France, Lance Armstrong. Armstrong's bike went missing after a time trial race in Santa Rosa, California. Two young people, a woman and man, who had been shot, were found in a garage outside of Laguna Beach, California holding hands. After leading police on a ten-day chase throughout California, the suspects allegedly posted videos of the bike theft on social media sites like facebook and YouTube and have accrued over five million viewers from all over the world. Authorities are speculating that another person, a young woman is involved with these crimes. She has yet to be found. The bike, which had been disassembled, was sold on craigslist to various parties. Authorities have not yet recovered all pieces. Lance Armstrong could not be reached for comment.

END PLAY.