

The Skillpa car dust trails towards a neon encampment in the distance.

A neon sign flickers through the dust -- TAVERN

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

The bar hops with weathered FARM HANDS and skanky trailer park HOOKERS.

The door swings open and Emma enters, dressed up for a night on the town. She surveys the men in the room before taking a seat in the corner.

She looks down at her watch, it now reads - 8:00

She lights a cigarette, inhales, places it in an empty ashtray and begins sizing up the men in the crowd.

The camera PANS from the various men back to Emma's ashtray. It is now full.

The camera continues to PAN and ends on a few couples slow dancing by the jukebox.

Emma is dancing with a MAN wearing jeans, a plaid shirt and noticeably ugly snakeskin boots.

They are the same height and build.

She leans into his shoulder and whispers into his ear.

EMMA

Where are you from cupcake?

MAN

All over ma'am, not really rooted anywhere. My name's Cal.

EMMA

My name's Maggie.

EXT. HUSKER MOTEL - ROOM NINE - NIGHT

The parking lot is empty, save the Skillpa auto parked in front of room number nine.