

EXT. 7/11, YUCCA VALLEY, CALIFORNIA - DAY

A rusted truck pulls up to a 7/11. The sun is high. The engine stops.

ANGLE ON: Eyes in the rearview mirror with hugely dilated pupils.

Out of the car steps BREAD, (20s, she/her, windswept, high off her ass) she floats into the store, her life plays out with the drama of a ballet.

INT. 7/11 - CONTINUOUS

Bread grabs a 6-pack of beer and snatches an apple from the fruit basket. She approaches the CASHIER, (late 30s, she/her, sunken.)

Bread leans over the counter, stares into the cashier's eyes, and pulls her in by the collar. Centimeters from her lips, Bread makes her proclamation:

BREAD
We are so *fuckin' lucky* to be here,
sister.

The cashier leans in for a kiss. Bread obliges, gently, lingering.

BREAD (CONT'D)
I think I just grew two inches.

Bread places \$20 on the counter, bites into the apple, and walks out.

INT. TRUCK - YUCCA VALLEY, CA - DAY

Bread sings along to a song like *Crying, Laughing, Loving, Lying by Labi Siffre*. One arm dances outside of the window. She is joyous.

EXT. 29 PALMS HIGHWAY - **ACID TRIP DESERTSCAPE** - DAY

Joshua trees extend up to the sky, then spill over like parabolas. The sky is impossibly blue as Bread's truck chugs forward.

A fat yellow droplet melts off of the sun and falls to the ground. Bread pulls over.

The droplet hits the ground and spreads across the desert, illuminating the barren ground with a canary glow.

Bread steps out of the car. BUBBLES float past. Bread touches one, POP. She walks farther into the sparse side of the road desert. FIELDS OF WINDMILLS distant behind her.

She reaches to touch a JOSHUA TREE. GEOMETRIC PATTERNS appear across the trunk.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. JOSHUA TREE NATIONAL PARK - DAY

LOWER THIRD: **2 days ago.**

Bread touches another Joshua tree, the same GEOMETRIC PATTERNS appear. Sweet silence, nobody for miles, she's transfixed when- ARMS wrap around Bread from the back.

JEZ

Woof woof wooff!!!

Bread shudders, JEZ (20s, he/him, tousled, tan, a charming farm boy) pulls Bread to his chest.

JEZ (CONT'D)

Ohhhh shhhh. Do not fear.

The pair are in no rush, dreamy desert flowers passing through. They speak slowly and quietly to each other.

JEZ (CONT'D)

I shall protect thee from the elusive creatures of the desert.

BREAD

I am grateful to be with a companion of such valor. But you must know, I too offer protection on our journey...

JEZ

I do not doubt your capacities, in fact I fear them. But you overlook the joy I garner from being the awning that shades you from ultraviolet harm.

Bread slips out of Jez's arms and slinks to the ground. She lays on her back, Jez joins her.

They stare at the sky. Silence.

JEZ (CONT'D)

"I saw God in the sky in the form of huge gold sunburning clouds above the desert that seemed to point a finger at me and say, 'Pass here and go on, you're on the road to heaven.'"

BREAD

Shhhh... You'll pass right over the pearl with this rambling.

A LIZARD crawls onto Bread's stomach, Jez shoos it off.

JEZ

That there's protected land, muchacho.

Jez places his mouth on Bread's exposed stomach. Bread smiles. He works his way up to her face. They kiss. Bread wiggles her hands down towards Jez's belt and unbuckles it.

END FLASHBACK.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. 29 PALMS HIGHWAY - **ACID TRIP DESERTSCAPE** - DAY

Bread places her hand on the tree's trunk as shapes and colors encroach across her skin.

CUT TO:

EXT. 29 PALMS HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bread lies on her back and stares at patterns in the desert sky. Her hand rubs her stomach.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK - YUCCA VALLEY - DAY

Bread rides in silence, a tear drips. She ferociously shakes her hair and sticks her head out of the window, tongue out, lapping up the air.

She turns up the volume on the radio. She readjusts in her seat and sticks her hand down the front of her pants. Her face changes, she lets out soft coos, a tear falls again.

EXT. ADOBE STYLE HOUSE - DAY

The truck pulls into the dirt driveway of a sprawling ranch ornamented with the finest of empty wine bottles and repurposed rubbish. The front yard hosts a hodge-podge sculpture garden.

LORRAINE (50s, she/her, beautiful, busy, and dark) waves from the front porch. Two dusty multi-poos flank her.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Bread looks in the mirror and squeezes drops into her bloodshot eyes. She takes a big swig of water. For all intents and purposes, she's sobered up.

EXT. ADOBE HOUSE DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bread yells to Lorraine.

BREAD
Hello! Happy retreat!

LORRAINE
Happy retreat, darling.

INT. ADOBE HOUSE FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Bread approaches the house and embraces Lorraine.

LORRAINE
How's it been, hon?

A multi-poo nips at Bread's heels. Bread scoops it up, ignoring the query.

BREA
Where do you want me?

LORRAINE
The Brazil room.

INT. THE BRAZIL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A small bedroom with lime green walls, a map of Brazil, pillows with the Brazilian flag. A framed picture of a young woman and Lorraine on the bedside.

LORRAINE
 With the kid in Rio, we've got all
 the room in the world.

A beat. Bread smiles weakly.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)
 I'll let you settle, dinner is at
 6PM, red or white?

BREAD
 Red.

A beat.

BREAD (CONT'D)
 Thank you.

INT. BRAZIL ROOM - EVENING

The sun has set. An ALARM blares. Bread wakes up in a sweat,
 sprawled out in bed.

INT. DINING ROOM TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Bread emerges from the bedroom, rubbing her eyes. Lorraine
 sits with TWO WOMEN around a long wooden table.

LORRAINE
 Welcome back to the waking world!

BREAD
 Bonnie, my heart!

BONNIE, (50's, she/her, a new age Mrs. Claus) stands. She and
 Bread embrace.

BONNIE
 How are you, my love?

A long beat. Bread pulls away, she smiles, but does not
 reply.

KERRYANNE
 Well, how are you?

KERRYANNE (40's, she/her, Southern, syrupy sweet) stands to
 hug Bread. Bread eyes the empty plates set.

BREAD

Hungry.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM TABLE - MOMENTS LATER

Forks clatter, wine pours.

KERRYANNE

I look at my daughter and she's already saying the terrible things about her body that I know I've thought about mine. And maybe I've even *put* those thoughts in her head. I just want to *shield* her from it all.

LORRAINE

You can't, you can't shield her. You've just got to resource the *shit* out of her.

BONNIE

There's a really good women's, non-binary, BIPOC, sharing circle that I tried to get Jessa to go to.

KERRYANNE

Charlotte isn't BIPOC.

BONNIE

Oh, you don't have to be, it's just part of the name, so that those who identify can feel welcome in that space. Spaces which, let's face it, are usually white.

Forks clatter.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

White bodied people have to talk about it!

LORRAINE

We do, indeed... However, tomorrow approaches. We're about to dig our hands into people's messy lives and offer healing.

BREAD

(sipping wine)

I'm excited.

LORRAINE

Maintenance will have doors open by noon, so we can get in, set the rooms up, and maybe swim before anyone arrives.

A beat. Lorraine looks around expectantly.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

A plan?

Bonnie salutes.

BONNIE

Our fearless leader.

Bread downs the red wine.

KERRYANNE

Bready, you drinking for two or something?

Bread laughs FAR TOO HARD. She settles.

BREAD

Oh, no, no-

LORRAINE

It's a big deal for the initiate. Liquid courage to soothe the jitters, hmmm? A hand for our
(air quotes)
"marketing coordinator" and food prep extraordinaire.

Bread smiles and picks up her fork so as not to speak.

KERRYANNE

Bready, did I ever ask you about your name?

BONNIE

Kerryanne, that's wholly insensitive.

KERRYANNE

It's Bready, she knows...

BREAD

(mouth full)

My parents were hippies, but you know, in the 80s instead of the 60s, and broke.

(MORE)

BREAD (CONT'D)

And my Dad always said to my mom
 "Better to have bread in the basket
 than a feather in the cap." You
 know, the way broke guys talk. And
 he said it so much, that when I
 popped out there was apparently
nothing else to call me.

LORRAINE

What about the Christian stuff?

Bread stretches her arms out to a T.

BREAD

Mmm. Right. Plus, Bread is life.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. GAS STATION PARKING LOT, YUCCA VALLEY - DAY

Bread eats a MANGO whole and reads the LOCAL PAPER in the bed
 of the truck.

BREAD

There's a movie theatre 7 miles
 that-away.

Jez circles the truck bed.

JEZ

We're going to see a movie?

BREAD

We haven't seen a movie in a
 hundred years.

Jez stretches his arms out.

JEZ

This is the movie, baby, every day,
 every sunrise. This is *real*, this
 is *the* movie.

Bread crawls to the edge of the truck, Jez leans over it.
 Bread kisses him.

BREAD

I want to go see the kind of movie
 I'm not in.

JEZ

Why would you say that? You're
 better than Meryl.

Jez snaps his fingers.

JEZ (CONT'D)
Let's go be a movie, c'mon, pretty.

EXT. JOSHUA TREE NATIONAL PARK - DAY

A line of hundreds of cars idle before the entrance to the national park. A ranger booth randomly marks the precipice of the free and to-be-paid-for land.

Jez and Bread walk on foot past the cars. They each carry a backpack.

JEZ
Oy-

He stops, motioning for Bread to do the same.

JEZ (CONT'D)
Like me, Bready.

He unties his shoes and slings them over his shoulder. She slips off her sandals. Jez carries them.

JEZ (CONT'D)
Take off your sandals, for the place where you are standing is holy ground.

They walk barefoot hand in hand.

A TOURIST (60s, she/her, sweating, Boston accent) pokes her head out of the window, holding out a bottle of water.

TOURIST
You kids want some?

BREAD
No, thank you, it's too early for wine.

Jez takes the bottle and nods at the tourist.

ANGLE ON: The ranger booth at the entrance.

Bread and Jez walk off the path into the sparse trees, off the path, they crouch behind brush.

JEZ
What song should we run to?

Bread smiles.

A song like *"Devil and The Sea"* by St. John Green plays. The first 8 count plays. The pair dashes to another tree.

SLOW MOTION

Each 8 count, they scramble deeper into the sparse trees, closer to passing through.

Bread hops over a small cactus. Jez imitates, his pant leg snags and he falls into the dust. Bread reaches for him, he hops up and scoops Bread up bridal style, kisses her, and runs out of frame.

They cross the ranger booth threshold unnoticed.

EXT. CAMPFIRE - EVENING

A tent, a small fire, two packs signify the vagabonds' home base. Bread spreads out a sleeping bag, she lays down. Jez passes her a JOINT, she hits it.

They stare at the stars.

BREAD

What if we weren't stoned around
each other all of the time?

JEZ

We aren't always stoned.

BREAD

But what if we never were. What if
I was just my mind, all of the
time?

JEZ

I'd crawl in and set up camp. I
like it in there.

BREAD

It's full of moss.

JEZ

To lay my head on.

Bread traces circles on Jez's arm.

BREAD

Who could pay me, to sit quietly
and scribble circles on your skin?
Isn't that enough?

(MORE)

BREAD (CONT'D)

To be warm around another person
should make me deserving of
sustenance, a roof, fruit. Water in
jars.

JEZ

She's poem-ing.

BREAD

Shhhhh. I wish not to labor. I do
not dance for money, I dance for
your grin. I wish to bathe myself
in this night and rinse everyone
else off of me.

A beat.

BREAD (CONT'D)

What are we gonna do Jez?

JEZ

We'll always find ourselves in line
with what we need. That's what
we're going to do. We believe it'll
go good until it does.

He rolls onto her stomach.

JEZ (CONT'D)

We've got it figured out.

BREAD

You've got it figured out.

JEZ

And you've got me.

Bread sits up.

BREAD

(abrupt)

Do you think I'm a child?

Jez looks at her, serious, behind the flame.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. LORRAINE'S CAR - MORNING

Lorraine and Bread sit in silence. Coffee cups rest in the
cupholder. Lorraine stops short, coffee splashes across the
console and their laps.

LORRAINE
Fucking shit!

Bread opens the glove compartment, she grabs napkins.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)
God, this is a bad omen.

BREAD
It's not. It's spilled milk.

A beat.

BREAD (CONT'D)
How are you feeling?

LORRAINE
I'm nervous, hon. This is my baby.
Motherhood is unforgiving.

BREAD
You've got your real baby-

LORRAINE
Some people are really lost out
there, Bread. Not in the *endearing*
way that you are. I have to be a
mother to lost children. I need to
be of use *and* protect myself.
Nobody is siphoned off the way that
a mother is.

INT. DARLING'S BAKERY - CONTINUOUS

Lorraine and Bread enter the sparse bakery. Behind the counter we see a BREASTFEEDING MOTHER (20s, chipper, youthful).

MOTHER
Welcome in.

Bread looks at Lorraine, who doesn't seem to register the irony.

LORRAINE
Good morning, I made a big order
over the phone for "Lorraine".

MOTHER
Yes you did, Lorraine! One minute.

She cradles the infant, configuring a muslin cloth over her shoulder so as to secure the baby to her chest. She goes out back and returns with two brown bags of bread.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Your last loaf is in the oven,
it'll be out in a few minutes.

LORRAINE
Wonderful, we'll have two of the
plain croissants while we wait.

INT. DARLING'S BAKERY TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Lorraine picks at the croissant, Bread looks out the window.

LORRAINE
What's going on with you miss
solemn. Where'd all your bubbles
go?

INSERT: BREAD REACHES FOR THE BUBBLES DURING HER ACID TRIP

BREAD
Popped I guess!

LORRAINE
You're clever, too clever for
anyone's good.

BREAD
Have a good teacher.

Lorraine takes Bread's hands.

LORRAINE
Breathe with me.

Bread looks around embarrassed.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)
Oh come on. I'm watching while I
talk to you and you're not
breathing. You're supposed to
breathe while someone else speaks,
you know that.

Bread GASPS for air. Lorraine's eye's widen.

BREAD
Woo! You're right, I almost forgot
for too long there...

Lorraine slaps Bread's hand.

LORRAINE

In...

The two inhale. Lorraine closes her eyes.

<p>LORRAINE (CONT'D) Hold it at the top.</p>	<p>BREAD (mouthing) Hold it at the top</p>
<p>Bread closes her eyes.</p>	

INSERT: A FLASH OF JEZ'S FACE IN GREAT PAIN.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

And release for fourteen.

A TEAR falls down Bread's cheek. The two open their eyes.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

Oh honey... Emotions run high on
big days hmm?

Bread opens her mouth to speak when-

MOTHER

Lorraine?

ANGLE ON: The mother behind the counter holds up another BAG OF BREAD.

Lorraine pops up.

LORRAINE

Onward. We've got two hours.

Bread wipes her eyes and scarfs down the last of the croissant.

INT. YOGA STUDIO - DAY

10 WOMEN meditate in a circle. Bonnie, Bread, and Kerryanne sit at the front of the studio. All eyes closed. Lorraine enters, she hits a small GONG.

One woman OPENS her eyes, then quickly SHUTS them again as Lorraine notices her.

Lorraine circles the room, slowly.

ANGLE ON: Bread's brow is furrowed in focus, she holds back pain.

INSERT: A FLASH OF JEZ'S SMILING FACE. THE SOUND OF DOGS BARKING INTERRUPTED BY-

LORRAINE

Welcome to our sanctuary. In here, it's not like out there. In here, consider yourself in the walls of the womb. In here we restore, so out there we can thrive. In here we release the pain we're gripping, and welcome the grace that we're resisting.

She hits the GONG again, once more, and a final THIRD time.

INT. YOGA STUDIO - DAY

Kerryanne projects to the group. The women move through the room in abstract ways. Loud SYNTH music fills the space.

KERRYANNE

As difficult as it may feel, don't think about the others in the room while you move. Let it flow through you however that shows. This isn't dancing, this is *movement*.

Bread participates. She rolls her head in a circle, eyes closed. As her head rounds down, her entire body slinks to the floor. She crawls.

Other participants jump, spin, shake, walk, and yelp. A buffet of interpretive fumbling.

One woman runs into the wall with her eyes shut and quickly recovers.

KERRYANNE (CONT'D)

Yes! Yes! Now, what does it feel like to move like *fire*?

The groups energy tightens. Bread stands up eyes still closed.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT.

Jez looks at Bread through the flame.

BREAD
Do you?

JEZ
Do I think you're a child?

BREAD
Yeah.

COYOTES HOWL.

JEZ
No.

HOWLS AGAIN.

BREAD
Would you have a baby with me?

JEZ
You're stoned, Bread.

BREAD
Would you?

Jez stands and jumps over the fire. He embraces Bread and pulls her to the ground.

JEZ
I'd have a hundred.

A beat.

JEZ (CONT'D)
You're not...

BREAD
What if I was?

Jez lets go.

JEZ
Bready, we can't do that right now.
You're a kid, and I don't have any
money.

BREAD
Thought you just said I wasn't a
child to you?

JEZ
Jesus-

BREAD

I'm not.

A beat.

BREAD (CONT'D)

Thank god, right?

COYOTES HOWL. Jez looks ashamed.

JEZ

It's all a game right now, let's keep it like that, huh?

BREAD

How can you do that? Be in love without romanticizing it?

Jez embraces her again.

JEZ

I'm just not as smart as you are.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. TEA ROOM - NIGHT

The women sit at a long wooden table. Sipping tea as they pass around an ornate tea kettle. TALIA (30's, sharp blue eyes, outspoken) speaks to the group.

TALIA

As soon as Lorraine saw me she said "Oh, you're fire" And I wanted to wash it off. I said "No, no I'm not."

LORRAINE

This is true. This she did.

The table laughs.

TALIA

And it's because *forever* I thought being fire made it easier for people to mistreat me. Fire doesn't feel pain. Fire burns and takes no notice of it's path. I'm fire so it makes sense, it's warranted, for people to try and put me out.

Another chimes in-

PARTICIPANT

I understand you. I understand that.

Talia nods.

TALIA

But my fire is strength and energy and creation, and it can be put out when and only when *I want it to be*. So, thank you, for helping me see that, Kerryanne. All of you.

KERRYANNE

You are fire and that's how I like ya.

EXT. DESERT FLOOR, RETREAT CENTER GROUNDS - SUNRISE

The participants meditate in a circle.

BONNIE

If you feel your mind, drift off, simply return to point, without judgement, without worry.

She rings a small BELL.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

This is an exercise in higher self contact. There is no *right way* to do it.

A beat.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Take in your breath, release the stale air...

ANGLE ON: Bread sits next to Bonnie.

BONNIE (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Give yourself permission to see, whatever you see, right now.

INSERT: Flash of Jez's face in pain. Bread pained, tears run down her own face. Bread screams for Jez, but no sound comes out.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HONKY TONK LOUNGE - DUSK

At a too small table, Jez sips a beer. Bread stares a fire red hole in his face.

JEZ

Are you gonna keep on hating me
like this?

BREAD

I don't know. Are you going to keep
dragging me behind you like a sick
dog or shoot me in the backyard
like a man?

JEZ

Oh here we go with the metaphorical
bullshit and the false proverbial
wisdoms.

BREAD

What metaphorical bullshit?

JEZ

Remember when I took the safety off
your lighter while we were getting
high, and we spent an hour talking
about what that meant?

A beat.

JEZ (CONT'D)

Rougher but easier?

BREAD

Well what else were we doing with
that half an hour?

JEZ

See, right there.

BREAD

Where? What? So I like to find
meaning.

JEZ

No, you like to find meaning for
yourself. You're a narcissist,
you're such a narcissist, jerking
off to the idea that you're on some
grand journey towards
consciousness. Well guess what babe-
we're all trapped here, not just
your brilliant mind.

BREAD

You're trapped here. I feel fucking *lucky* to be here. This is what you do, you sublimate all of your insecurities and big headed-

JEZ

Don't use words like fuckin' sublimate.

BREAD

Don't interrupt me.

JEZ

You know you were in my dream last night?

A beat.

JEZ (CONT'D)

We were in the truck, and I was driving, and you said something funny, and then I laughed. Then you said something I just *hated* and I got heated, so I pushed you out the passenger side door and just kept driving.

A beat. Bread's eyes well up.

JEZ (CONT'D)

Left the door open and everything, just kept on driving. And you know what, my love?

BREAD

What?

JEZ

I felt really fucking *free*.

Bread stands up, she looks down at Jez through tears.

BREAD

I was in your dream last night, huh? You're in mine right now.

She picks up his beer and downs it, then smashes the glass on the floor.

BREAD (CONT'D)

Good luck.

Bread storms out. Jez rubs his temples, throws cash on the table and runs out after her.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. DESERT FLOOR, RETREAT CENTER GROUNDS - SUNRISE

Bread opens her eyes, stands up and leaves the group meditation. Bonnie watches her go.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Bread walks into the kitchen to see Lorraine. She scrolls on an IPAD mouthing words to herself.

LORRAINE

(without looking up)

Ah, Bready! Perfect timing, can you toss the quinoa granola? And then once you're finished start on lunch prep?

Bread's eyes are red, glassy. Lorraine glances.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

You ok, baby?

Bread cries silently. Lorraine pulls a chair for her.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

Where do you feel it?

BREAD

My throat. And my chest. And in my fucking eyes.

LORRAINE

Shhhh. Shhh. Breathe with me.

BREAD

I don't want to. I want to gulp air and gasp and feel feral.

A beat.

LORRAINE

Howl then.

BREAD

What?

LORRAINE
Go on and howl. Like a wild woman.
Howl.

BREAD
Inside?

LORRAINE
OWWWWWWWW EEEE OWWWW OWWWW OWWWW

Bread's tears fall harder.

BREAD
Owwwwwww owwwwwww Owwwwwww.

LORRAINE
Get it out of there, let it out.
You don't want that shit in there
get it out!

BREAD
AHHHHH!!!! Owwwwwww owwww owwwwww
eeeeee owwwwww.

LORRAINE
Good!

BREAD
Owwwwwww, yowwwww owww.

Bread quiets.

BREAD (CONT'D)
I feel cold.

LORRAINE
The cold kills everything.

EXT. POOL AREA - NIGHT

Bread enters the pool area. CARA (50s, she/her, jovial but gentle) wades in the pool.

CARA
Hi there.

BREAD
Hi Cara. How's the water?

CARA
It's just terrific. I'm remembering
being a child, in Texas.
(MORE)

CARA (CONT'D)

We swam in this special river and used to say that no man could swim in it, only women.

BREAD

That so?

CARA

How could they? How could that river be anything but *La Dulce Acequia*, the sweet slot in the thighs of the Earth?

CARA (CONT'D)

It was too wonderful to share with the boys, to let them ruin it. We'd go there and tell stories and just laugh and laugh.

BREAD

I like that.

Cara climbs out of the pool.

CARA

Me too.

A beat.

BREAD

You remember any of the stories?

CARA

You got a little time?

EXT. POOL AREA - CHAIRS - NIGHT

Cara and Bread sit opposite each other.

CARA

They called him Coyote Dick, and he bore the brunt of the curse all men face. Ol' Coyote Dick would sleep all day long in the hot sun, and one day his penis was just oh so bored, decided he had enough.

BREAD

Oh wow right out the gate-

CARA

He, chose to leave Coyote Dick and go strike out on his own. So he walked, well actually hopped, you know having just one leg 'n all, down the road. Then it hop hop hopped into the woods but YIKES, right into a grove of stinging nettles. So it started yelling "Ow Help! Help me" And Ol' Coyote Dick heard so he went running to find his missing member. He found his adventurous friend, scooped him up, removed the nettles, puttin' him back where he belonged. But even still, those nettles made his cock itch like crazy. That's why men are always trying to rub up against you with that "I'm so itchy" look in their eyes.

Cara laughs. Bread joins, heartily.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. HONKY TONK LOUNGE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jez chases Bread out of the bar. She walks fast towards the truck parked far out in the lot.

JEZ

Bread. Don't do this. You're all I've got and all I ever wanna have, you know that.

COYOTES HOWL.

BREAD

I don't know how I found a love like yours Jez and I don't much care to think on it, because if I do I'll cry.

JEZ

Why are you leaving then?

BREAD

Because! You make me... weak. You're the only thing that does it and I don't need it. I don't need to be Jez's girl.

JEZ

You are my girl.

She reaches the truck.

BREAD

I like it on the road with you, and I wanna be... Ugh... *present*. But I can't Jez because I'm watching my beauty fade and my being warp into you. This is exciting for you now but what about when I'm a narcissist without the looks to back it up and you're a traveler who can't pay for gas? What are we left with then?

JEZ

You're being crazy. I won't talk to you about *bullshit*. I'm here aren't I? What else is there, princess?

A beat. COYOTES HOWL.

BREAD

Princess? When's the last time you worked? Lawns in El Paso? We're only in this little new age Western fairytale because I got the retreat gig.

The tone shifts. Jez darkens.

JEZ

What do you want? I just want to give you what you want.

He takes her cheek in his hand.

BREAD

You want too much.

Bread gets in the truck and slams the door. The engine starts and she pulls out.

JEZ

C'mon Bread. C'mon don't fuckin' do this.

BREAD

Go have another beer. I'm going for a drive I'll only be a little.

She drives away.

JEZ

Bread!

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Bread wipes her tears when-

JEZ (O.S.)

AHHHHH! Fuck !!

In the rearview, Bread sees coyotes run up on Jez. The truck whips around. She sees movement, but it's hard to discern in the dark. She drives faster.

She pulls up to where the action is, the coyotes scatter at the sight of the vehicle. Bread jumps out.

BREAD

Jez? Jez?

She looks around. Nothing. Blood and Jez's shirt tattered. She bawls.

BREAD (CONT'D)

Where the fuck are you? Jez?

Please! Jez.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. YOGA STUDIO - DAY

The whole retreat sits in the yoga studio. Lorraine addresses the group. Bread looks exhausted.

LORRAINE

It's hard to believe three days have already passed. Even harder to believe it has *only* been three days with all of the work that's been done. Before we close this space and return to our lives, our business, our families, and obligations, while you are captive with me, I want to say, thank you, but I also want to ask you a favor.

A beat. Lorraine take a deep breath in and exhales loudly.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

Haaaaaaaaa.

She does this again, the second exhale even louder.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)
 HAAAAAAAAAAAAA.

The group freezes.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)
 Do *not* leave this retreat and
regress. I am tired of this world
 contorting our spirits into shapes
 unknown to us. We are *souls*, strong
 and impervious to these arbitrary
 social constructions.
 (building, tears spill)
 Do *not* let them make you feel
 small. Do *not* bow your head in
 resignation. Fight and stand sure
 in yourselves. In every way. Scream
 and wail and claw and trudge before
 you fall silent. We are all *tired*
 of the way that things are. Do
 something with your rage.
 (shouting)
 Do not compete for crumbs at the
 feet of false fathers. This is your
 power. You are power. *Stand in your
 power!*

Silence.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)
 Thank you.

EXT. RETREAT CENTER - DAY

Participants hug and load into cars. Cara embraces Bread.

CARA
 Be good, Bread. You've got it good.

Cara gets in her car and drives away. It is only Bonnie,
 Kerryanne, Lorraine, and Bread left.

BONNIE
 We did it, huh?

KERRYANNE
 We sure as shit did.

BREAD
 It was great.

LORRAINE

The next one will be even better.
Let's go. Bready, you coming with
me?

BREAD

I've got the truck here.

LORRAINE

Indeed. I'll see you at the house
then.

Bread nods.

INT. TRUCK - 29 PALMS HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bread rolls down the road. A HITCHHIKER holds out a thumb.
Bread slows. As she approaches, the hitchhiker becomes
clearer.

It's Jez. His face scratched up, he looks like hell.

Bread stops the car and rolls down the window, mystified.

JEZ

You didn't think I got eaten by
dogs did ya? That's too on the
nose.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END