

EXT. AN ALLEY OFF FREMONT STREET - NIGHT

The darkness behind the glamorous facade of Downtown Vegas. Dogs bark and sirens wail in the distance. A slight breeze filters bits of trash and refuse between the shadows of the buildings.

Jeremy wakes with a start. He is beneath a cardboard shelter, tucked snugly under a blanket. Before him, a small fire burns. A dented pot hangs over the fire, and steam pours from the rim.

Jeremy looks around wide-eyed. He attempts to stand, suddenly clutches his head and bends over in pain.

A VOICE

Don't move, young man. You'll only hurt yourself more. You sure will.

The same Homeless Man Jeremy gave a dollar to earlier in the night steps from the shadows, a paper bag in one hand. A serene smile on his face.

HOMELESS MAN

It's okay, it's okay. You've got a hell of a wallop on your forehead, there, but if you lie still for a while, you should be fine in no time.

He tends the fire.

JEREMY

What's going on? Where am I?
How did I--?

Homeless Man pulls the cover off the pot, smells the contents.

HOMELESS MAN

Hey, I think it's almost done.
Yessiree. Mm-mmm.

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Homeless Man reaches beside Jeremy into a makeshift storage, grabs two different sized/colored bowls and a pair of varied spoons.

Jeremy looks on with curiosity.

HOMELESS MAN

Just like mama used to make, huh?
Nothing like it. Never before.
Never since. Poor ol' mama.

Jeremy moves closer to the fire, and to the Homeless Man.

JEREMY

What happened to me?

HOMELESS MAN

You were hurt.

Homeless Man serves up two bowls of soup.

HOMELESS MAN

This will make you feel better.
Guaranteed. Or your money back.

Homeless Man laughs lightheartedly.

Jeremy gets a better look of the shelter: it's a makeshift apartment -- only thing missing is electricity.

JEREMY

You live here?

Homeless Man pulls a Pepsi can from the paper bag, hands it to Jeremy.

HOMELESS MAN

I figured you'd want something
other 'an a bottle of an old
man's whiskey.

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Jeremy hesitates, takes the Pepsi, pops it open and nearly drinks the whole thing in one sitting.

HOMELESS MAN

Thirsty, huh?

(beat, re: soup)

Here.

Jeremy takes the bowl of soup.

JEREMY

Thank you. I don't know what to say. Thank you, really.

HOMELESS MAN

No need. No need at all.

Homeless Man sips his own soup. He whoops excitedly.

HOMELESS MAN

Now that's some soup! Good, huh?

Jeremy can't help but break a smile. He takes a sip of the soup. Tastes it. His reaction positive.

JEREMY

It's very good, actually.

Homeless Man merrily drinks up his soup.

HOMELESS MAN

I surprise myself. Yessir.

JEREMY

What's your name?

A moment of silence. Homeless Man no doubt heard the question, but he seems to avoid it.

HOMELESS MAN

I don't know.

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