

EXT. WICHITA CONVENTION CENTER -MORING

Joanna parks the Ram. Head towards the convention center.

VOICE (O.S)

Joanna Mills.

Coming up behind her is KURT, 30's. Good looking blue collar guy, but dangerous. Definitely an ex-con.. Joanna quickens her pace.

JOANNA

What are you doing here, Kurt?

KURT

Here for the convention. Same as you.

JOANNA

You are a longshoreman in St. Louis. This is a farm machinery convention in Kansas.

KURT

Thought I'd look a different job.

Mingle a little up here.

JOANNA

Right. And have you been waiting for me here all morning or did you follow me from the hotel?

Kurt's not revealing his stalking techniques.

KURT

Listen to me for a second..

He puts his hand on her. She yanks away and stops cold.

JOANNA

Touch me again and I'll call the police. I swear to God.

Kurt says nothing. Joanna walks off. He follows.

KURT

Know what I've been thinking about all week?

Rapid City. We rode into the Badlans.

I kissed you as the sun was going down.

JOANNA

Where are you going with this, Kurt?

KURT

Let's drive out there tonight. Pick up where we left off.

JOANNA

Oh, you mean before you went apeshit, trashed our room
and got yourself banned from the entire Motel 6 chain?

KURT

I was angry, Joanna.

JOANNA

You stalked me halfway around the country for six
fucking months after that.

Joanna pinches between her eyes, a terrible headache pounding...

KURT

Look, it's your birthday today.
At least lemme take you for a god damn beer.

JOANNA

Kurt, do yourself a favor and get over it.
Really, man, it's embarrassing.

KURT

What if I don't want to?

JOANNA

I have a restraining order. You have no choice.

KURT

Actually, that's why I'm here. The year's up.
The order expired three days ago.

KURT spreads a wicked grin. He's waited a year for this.

KURT(Cont'd)

Did you remember to renew it?

Joanna looks him straight in the eye...

JOANNA

Stay the fuck away from me.

..and quickly walks away.

