

FADE IN:

EXT. EAST HOLLYWOOD. DAY.

We're looking at the Hollywood sign shimmering like a mirage at the end of a long street.

CLOSEUP:

Hands toss clothing into a suitcase. We see t-shirts, CDs, socks, underwear, a package of guitar strings.

The song, "Solace," by Cheyenne Day plays continuously.

EXT. SUNDOWN APARTMENTS. DAY.

CHEROKEE, late 20's, lean, handsome, longish hair stomps across a lawn holding a duffel bag and a guitar. He wears jeans, a Rocker t-shirt, a dog collar and a grim expression. He walks up to a beat-up Honda idling on the street, and tosses his belongings into the back seat.

INT. CAR. DAY.

TODD, 20's, clean-cut, in a generic t-shirt sits at the wheel watching. Cherokee gets into the passenger seat and immediately turns off the music.

CHEROKEE

Last thing I want to hear is my
fucking music.

TODD

Why? I love that song.

CHEROKEE

Let's just go.

Todd hesitates.

TODD

What if I try to talk to Zach?
Maybe he'll let you pay some of it
now and some-

CHEROKEE

Forget it, Todd. It's the third
time my rent check bounced like a
fucking super ball. Let's just get
out of here. I'll find someplace
else to live.

Todd nods and puts the car into gear.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD STREET. DAY.

The car drives off.

INT. CAR. DAY.

They drive in silence. Cherokee turns on the radio.

TODD

So where to, Cherokee? You got any other friends you can crash with?

CHEROKEE

Not really. Wore out my welcome with most of 'em.

TODD

So where should I drop you?

CHEROKEE

I don't know. Turn onto Sunset.

At this, Todd breaks into song.

TODD

"Sunset Boulevard/Twisting Boulevard."

He glances at Cherokee who shrugs and lights a cigarette.

TODD (cont' d)

Never saw it? How about the movie?

Cherokee shakes his head, blows smoke out the window.

TODD (cont' d)

The movie's the best. (Doing Norma Desmond) "I am big. It's the pictures that got small."

Cherokee stares sadly out the window. Todd notices.

TODD (cont' d)

You're better off someplace else anyway. All those guys do is sit around all night talking about all the movies and TV shows they're gonna make. Then they don't do shit. Myself included. But you do.

(MORE)

TODD (cont' d)
How many songs you write while you
lived there?

Cherokee shrugs.

TODD (cont' d)
Come on. How many?

CHEROKEE
I don't know. Forty, forty-five.

TODD
Pretty impressive.

CHEROKEE
Yeah, well. Look where it got me.

Cherokee looks out the window.

CHEROKEE' s POINT OF VIEW:

Various poor people struggle through their day: Three Latino workmen waiting at a bus-stop; a strung-out hooker sitting in front of a motel; a homeless guy sleeping under a tree.

CHEROKEE (cont' d)
Stop the car a second.

Cherokee rummages around in the back seat as Todd pulls over.

EXT. CAR. DAY.

Cherokee jumps out, holding a blanket. He runs up to the homeless guy and hands him the blanket. Then he runs back to the car and gets in.

TODD
You might have needed that,
Cherokee.

CHEROKEE
Not like he will.

Todd puts the car into gear and they drive off.

INT. CAR. LATER.

Cherokee fiddles with the radio.

DJ

...And we wrapped up the hour with Annie Raven singing "Love Hunt." Word is she's got a new album dropping sometime this Winter. But that's all we know. Next up is weather and traffic.

Cherokee turns down the volume.

CHEROKEE

I met her once.

TODD

Annie Raven? Where?

CHEROKEE

Guitar store on Sunset. This is before she got really huge.

INT. GUITAR STORE. DAY.

Cherokee prices amps. He looks up to see ANNIE RAVEN, 39, an attractive, but tough-looking woman wearing leather. She and Cherokee make brief eye contact and she smiles shyly at him.

CHEROKEE

Oh. (Recognizing her) Hey!

Cherokee takes a step in her direction, but a bodyguard materializes and plants himself between Cherokee and Annie. Nearby stands Annie's MANAGER, 50's, poker-faced.

BODYGUARD

Keep shopping, sir.

ANNIE

(Mouthing the word) Sorry!

Annie waves, a bit embarrassed, and exits the store, followed by her manager and the body-guard who walks backward in order to keep an eye on Cherokee.

EXT. RUNYON CANYON - TRAIL - DAY.

CHEROKEE

She lives in the Hills. I saw her interviewed once. I totally recognized her place. So I went up and put a copy of my CD in her mailbox. But she never called.

TODD

Oh well. At least you tried.

CHEROKEE

Yeah. Hey, you want to go for a hike up there?

TODD

I think we should find you a place to stay.

CHEROKEE

Come on. Hiking helps me think.

CLOSE- UP.

A photograph of a poodle underneath which are the words: "Dog Lost! Answers to Gwynneth. Please help us find her." A few other signs contain the same kind of plea.

EXT. RUNYON CANYON - TRAILHEAD - DAY.

Todd looks up from the sign.

TODD

Wonder why so many dogs get lost.

CHEROKEE

They don't. Dogs wander off, sun goes down, coyotes get busy.

TODD

Come on. They actually eat the dogs?

CHEROKEE

Or kill 'em for invading their territory.

EXT. RUNYON CANYON - TRAILHEAD - DAY.

Cherokee and Todd hike. The canyon overflows with abundant trees and shrubbery. People and dogs pass in both directions.

TODD

I can't believe no record companies would want you. With all your talent.

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