

TRAVIS looks around IRIS' room: although dimly lit, the room is brightly decorated. There is an orange shag carpet, deep brown walls and an old red velvet sofa. On the walls are posters of Mick Jagger, Bob Dylan and Peter Fonda. A Neil Young album is playing on a small phonograph.

This is where IRIS lives: it bears the individual touch of a young girl.

IRIS lights a cigarette, takes a single puff and places it in an ashtray on the bedstand.

TRAVIS

Why you hang around with them greasers?

IRIS

A girl needs protection.

TRAVIS

Yeah. From the likes of them.

IRIS

(shrugs)

It's your time mister. Fifteen minutes ain't long.

(gestures to cigarette)

That cigarette burns out, your time is up.

IRIS

(examining him)

Why? Who are you?

TRAVIS

I drive a taxi. You tried to get away one night. Remember?

IRIS

No.

TRAVIS

You tried to run away in my taxi but your friend -- Sport -- wouldn't let you.

IRIS

I don't remember.

TRAVIS

It don't matter. I'm gonna get you outta here.

(looks toward door)

IRIS

We better make it, or Sport'll get mad. How do you want to make it?

TRAVIS

(pressured)

I don't want to make it. I came here to get you out.

IRIS

You want to make it like this?

(goes for his fly)

TRAVIS pushes her hand away. He sits beside her on the edge of the bed.

TRAVIS

(taking her by the shoulders)

Can't you listen to me? Don't you want to get out of here?

IRIS

Why should I want to get out of here? This is where I live.

TRAVIS

(exasperated)

But you're the one that wanted to get away. You're the one that came into my cab.

IRIS

I musta been stoned.

TRAVIS

Do they drug you?

IRIS

(reproving)

Oh, come off it, man.

IRIS tries to unzip TRAVIS' fly. This only unnerves TRAVIS more: sexual contact is something he's never really confronted.

TRAVIS

Listen...

IRIS

Don't you want to make it?

(a beat)

Can't you make it?

IRIS works on TRAVIS' crotch OFF CAMERA. He bats her hand away.

TRAVIS

(distracted)

I want to help you.

TRAVIS is getting increasingly panicked, but IRIS only thinks this is part of his particular thing and tries to overcome it.

IRIS

(catching on)

You can't make it, can you?

(a beat)

I can help you.

IRIS lowers her head to go down on TRAVIS. TRAVIS, seeing this, jumps up in panic. TRAVIS stands several feet from IRIS. His fly is still open, and the white of his underwear shows through his jeans. He is starting to come apart.

TRAVIS

Fuck it! Fuck it! Fuck it! Fuck it!
it! Fuck it! Fuck it! Fuck it!

IRIS

(confused)

You can do it in my mouth.

TRAVIS

Don't you understand anything?

IRIS says nothing. After a moment, TRAVIS again sits on the bed beside IRIS. She no longer tries to make him. There is a moment of silence. IRIS puts her arm around his shoulder.

IRIS

You don't have to make it, mister.

TRAVIS rests a moment, collecting himself. Finally, he says:

TRAVIS

(slowly)

Do you understand why I came here?

IRIS

I think so. I tried to get into your cab one night, and now you want to come and take me away.

TRAVIS

Don't you want to go?

IRIS

I can leave anytime I want.

TRAVIS

But that one night?

IRIS

I was stoned. That's why they stopped me. When I'm not stoned, I got no place else to go. They just protect me from myself.

There is a pause. TRAVIS smiles and shrugs apologetically. TRAVIS looks at Iris' cigarette. It's burning down to the butt.

TRAVIS

Well, I tried.

IRIS

(compassionate)

I understand, mister. It means something, really.

TRAVIS

(getting up)
Can I see you again?

IRIS

That's not hard to do.

TRAVIS

No, I mean really. This is nothing for a person to do.

IRIS

Sure. All right. We'll have breakfast. I get up about one o'clock. Tomorrow.

TRAVIS

(thinking)
Well tomorrow noon there's a... I got a...

IRIS is interfering with TRAVIS' assassination schedule.

IRIS

Well, you want to or not?

TRAVIS

(deciding)
O.K. It's a date. I'll see you here, then.

TRAVIS turns; IRIS smiles.

TOM

Oh, Iris?

IRIS

Yes?

TOM

My name's Travis.

IRIS

Thank you, Travis.

TRAVIS

So long, Iris.
(a beat)
Sweet Iris.
(smiles)

TRAVIS exits.