

Songs Of Sadness For A Funky Funeral

By

Tony Campbell

Tony Campbell
23b Monkstown
Ladybank
Fife
KY15 7JX
UK
(+44) 1337 831 237

INT.BEDROOM.DAY

JIMMY BREEZE, a handsome, skinny, twenty five year old lies flat on his bed wearing only a pair of white boxer shorts.

Jimmy reaches over to a bedside cabinet. He picks up a notebook and a pen. He opens the book to a clean page and carefully writes:

"The Funeral of Jimmy Breeze - Special Guests"

He chews his pen for a moment as he looks at a photograph of LORNA which sits on the bedside cabinet.

Eventually he writes:

"Lorna - Perform reading (to be selected)"

He puts the pen and notebook back on the cabinet.

Jimmy reaches under his pillow and pulls out a bottle of pills.

He holds the bottle up to the light and stares at the label before studying the contents.

Jimmy reaches out to the cabinet once again. He opens a drawer and pulls out a medical reference book. He flicks through the pages until he finds the page he needs.

A look of disappointment - he throws the pills onto the floor.

He climbs from his bed and flicks through his huge record collection which takes up all the wall space in the room.

He takes a record and places it on the turntable, on the first note he presses RECORD on the cassette deck.

He picks up a blank cassette. Slowly, in his neatest handwriting, he writes:

"Songs of Sadness For A Funky Funeral"

Underneath he writes:

Brass Buttons - Gram Parsons

Jimmy lies back on his bed. He covers his face with the tatty record sleeve. He sniffs it.

JIMMY (V.O.)

Beautiful. Just beautiful.
Anyone can sing. That's easy. A
few doh rae me's and you find
yourself on the telly being put
down by some ponce who wouldn't
know`emotion if it crawled up his
bed in the middle of the night
and bit his cock off.

He takes the sleeve off his face. A tear in his eye.

JIMMY (V.O.)

But this. This. This is
special. It's just so...The
world is full of good singers.
They're everywhere. Bowie, Bono,
Diamond, Sedaka, Mannilow,
Pavarotti. Even my mum was a
good singer. All good. But you
want more. Well I want more.
It's the emotion that makes the
difference. When you know the
person singing means what they're
singing about. You can feel
their pain and you know they can
feel your pain. That's the
difference. It's not about
holding a high note for half an
hour and warbling like a
nightingale on ecstasy.

Jimmy sits up.

JIMMY

Like any of them give a fuck.
Like any of them know how this
feels.

Jimmy walks over to the window. Outside is wet. Grey and wet.

JIMMY

It's entertainment versus
emotion. I'm not a hard hearted
bastard. Far from it. I just
like my emotions raw and my
feelings genuine.

He turns around and watches the record spinning around on
the turntable.

JIMMY

When a singers voice cracks or
wavers because the emotion of the
song has got to them. That's
what does it for me. It's the
little imperfections.

A loud KNOCK at the door disturbs Jimmy. Before he can
move, the door has opened.

IAN BREEZE stands in the doorway. Dressed in a black suit,
white shirt and black tie. A few years older than Jimmy,
although smartly dressed, he looks much rougher and is
nowhere near as good looking.

IAN

Phone.

Before leaving the room, Jimmy presses STOP on the cassette
deck.

INT.HALLWAY.DAY

Jimmy looks thoroughly pissed off as he listens on the
phone.

JIMMY

No, no I'll be fine.
What have I told you about eating
chicken? You get all sorts from
those little fuckers. They live
in shit.

Jimmy takes a deep breath.

JIMMY

Just get yourself in bed. Look
after yourself. Ok?

Jimmy puts the phone down.

Ian has been hovering in the background.

IAN

Everything ok?

JIMMY

Great. Lorna's been eating
poisoned chicken and now she's
got the shits.

IAN

Did you give her my love?

Jimmy doesn't answer. He plods up the stairs.

INT. BEDROOM. DAY

Jimmy slams the door behind him. He rewinds the cassette
and plays "Brass Buttons" again.

He's about to throw himself onto his bed when Ian enters -
his head bowed slightly.

IAN

They're here.

Jimmy nods.

Ian turns and leaves, leaving the door open behind him.

Jimmy slams the door again. He leans against it and
contemplates what's coming.

JIMMY (V.O.)

People say it doesn't matter.
They haven't got a clue. They're
all caught up in the everyday
shit. Never take the time to
listen to the crackles and
hisses. That's what I do.

(MORE)

JIMMY (V.O.) (cont'd)

My mates do my head in with all their empty mp3, mp4 shite. It's nothing. It doesn't even exist. She always told me I was wasting my time up here. Listening to "that crap". I told her I was expanding my mind. She used to go on about living in the real world. Well look where that ends up.

Jimmy opens a wardrobe door and pulls out a creased white shirt.

JIMMY (V.O.)

Nah. None of this shit matters. It's an illusion. None of this really happens.

Jimmy lifts up his mattress and pulls out a pair of black trousers.

JIMMY (V.O.)

It's that 'Circle of Life' shit isn't it? She thinks she's going to heaven. Maybe she is.

He opens a drawer and pulls out a pair of socks. He sniffs them. They'll do.

JIMMY (V.O.)

But what the fuck do I know about life and death? I've never left this town. Who do I think I am? That's what she said. That's what everyone says.

Jimmy pulls on a pair of scuffed black shoes.

JIMMY (V.O.)

And you know what? They're right. Who the fuck does Jimmy Breeze think he is?

EXT. FRONT DOOR. DAY

The UNDERTAKERS lift the coffin into the hearse.

Jimmy watches as Ian stubs a cigarette out with his heel.

As Ian treads the fag end Ian notices Jimmy's shoes are falling apart. He looks Jimmy up and down - disgusted with his lack of style.

Ian straightens his jacket and fiddles with his cuff links. Jimmy looks down at his shoes.

An UNDERTAKER swears as he stands in a dog turd. The others struggle to contain their laughter.

The most serious looking Undertaker approaches Jimmy.

UNDERTAKER

Any flowers?

Ian and Jimmy lower their heads as they shake them.

LOUD BASS SOUNDS form a CAR STEREO get louder as a red BMW pulls up behind the hearse. SIMON BREEZE climbs from the car. Thirty five years old, immaculate in classic Paul Smith suit. On his feet a pair of shiny red boots.

Simon slams the car door and points at the Undertakers.

SIMON

Are you just gonna' stand there?
I'm paying a fortune for this.

Simon clicks his key and the car boot opens.

He pulls out a huge wreath.

In red roses it says "**MUM**".

The Undertakers begin unloading a mountain of flowers.

Simon, hands in pockets, watches. He looks the hearse up and down

SIMON

I'd hate your job. Must be shite,
driving a car like that and
having to go dead slow all the
time.

EXT. CHURCH. DAY

The Undertakers unload the coffin from the hearse. They load it onto a trolley.

Jimmy, Ian and Simon step forward and push the trolley into the church.

Jimmy pushes from the back; Ian and Simon take a side each.

INT. CHURCH. DAY

Jimmy stares down at the coffin as he pushes. Ian and Simon chat casually as they stroll down the aisle.

Jimmy looks around at the almost empty church.

SIMON

I won't be staying long. I said
I'd be back in work after dinner.

IAN

No problem. I need to get to the
Queen's Head anyway.

Ian looks back at Jimmy.

IAN

What about you bollocks? What
you got planned?

JIMMY

Dunno'.

Jimmy, Simon and Ian take their seats at the front of the church.

A mobile phone rings.

Simon and Ian fumble in their pockets.

The PRIEST raises an eyebrow as he waits to begin the service.

Ian answers his phone.

IAN

Hello? Nah, shouldn't take too long. I told him to keep it short. Yeah, yeah I'll be there.

EXT. GRAVESIDE. DAY

The priest offers a piece of earth to Jimmy, he takes a piece and throws it onto the coffin.

Ian and Simon refuse the offer with a shake of their heads. Both check their watches.

INT. PUB. DAY

Jimmy, Simon and Ian are the only customers in the pub. A place virtually untouched by the 21st century.

They sit around a copper topped table.

Ian finishes his pint. He pauses before he stands up.

SIMON

Where do you think you're going?

IAN

Queen's Head.

SIMON

Have another one.

IAN

Nah, I need to...

SIMON

For Mum.

Ian sits down again.

SIMON

Get 'em in then.

IAN

For fuck's sake.

Jimmy stands up.

SIMON

Where are you going?

JIMMY

The jukebox. Ok?

SIMON

Oh fuck. Don't put any of that
old shit you like on. I'm
depressed enough already.

JIMMY

Don't listen then. Stick your
fucking ipod on.

Jimmy is quietly pleases with himself as he strides over to
the jukebox.

He flicks through the CD's. A mischievous grin on his face
as he selects...

THE BEST PARTY ALBUM IN THE WORLD EVER!!

He scans the tracks.

Eventually selecting...

THE BIRDIE SONG.

Jimmy ambles back to the bar, grinning to himself.

Ian puts a tray of pints and nuts on the table as THE
BIRDIE SONG begins.

IAN

You sick bastard.

SIMON

What the fuck is wrong with you?
Why can't you just be normal.
You've always been a funny
fucker.

Ian throws a bag of peanuts at Jimmy.

Jimmy catches them.

IAN

What is it with you?

SIMON

He's always been the same.
Always had to be different.
Can't just do things like normal
people. Like everyone else.

Jimmy opens his nuts and analyses one very carefully.

IAN

You're twenty five. You're not a
kid anymore. You've got no
friends. You never go out.

SIMON

You never watch telly. You
listen to music for Grandad's.

IAN

You've never used a cd player let
alone a fucking mp3 player.

JIMMY

This was Mum's favourite song.
It captures her youthful spirit
and joy de vive. And it was the
only dance she could do.

SIMON

Doesn't make it right though.

IAN

It's supposed to be a funeral.

JIMMY

It's been a bad, bad day.

IAN

What?

JIMMY

Nothing.

Jimmy puts a peanut into his mouth.

JIMMY

The Incas of Peru used peanuts as
sacrificial offerings and
entombed them with their mummies
to aid in the spirit life.

Ian and Simon give up.

IAN

You haven't forgotten have you?

SIMON

What?

IAN

The car. You said I could use it
later.

SIMON

Did I?

IAN

Yeah.

SIMON

Don't remember. Tell you what
though. Beat me at pool and you
can take it.

Simon throws his keys onto the table.

IAN

I haven't got time for this.

SIMON

One frame. Jimmy. You're ref.

Jimmy shrugs his shoulders and flicks a peanut into his
mouth.

INT. PUB-POOL TABLE. DAY

Jimmy stands at the bottom of the table, hands behind his
back.

IAN

What the fuck are you doing now?

JIMMY
The Len Ganley stance.

SIMON
Freak.

Ian takes his first shot. Pots two balls.

SIMON
Jammy cunt.

IAN
Class. And we don't use that
word in here.

Ian takes his next shot. Pots another.

SIMON
Foul! He hit my ball first.

Jimmy shakes his head.

SIMON
Clear as fuck. He hit my ball
first!

Jimmy shrugs his shoulders and walks away.

The game continues as Jimmy sits down. He notices Simon's jacket on the floor. As he picks it up Simon's wallet falls out.

Jimmy has a quick peek inside. A wad of notes and a collection of plastic cards.

He looks over to the pool table - Ian and Simon still arguing.

Jimmy slips a couple of cards out and slips them into his pocket.

He flicks through the wad of cash - debating the risk....

He finds a scrap of paper. Pulls it out.

A list of pin numbers.

JIMMY (UNDER HIS BREATH)
Thick cunt.

Jimmy sits back and watches the game.

Ian is left on the black.

IAN

And this one for the BMW.

No mistake.

As the ball drops into the pocket he lifts the cue above his head.

Simon takes his car keys from the table.

He stuff them down his trousers.

SIMON

Come and get 'em big boy.

Without hesitating, Ian reaches his hand down the front of Simon's trousers.

SIMON

You dirty arse-stabbing bastard.

IAN

You love it.

Simon and Ian walk back towards Jimmy.

They pick up their jackets.

SIMON

Later bollocks.

INT. DIFFERENT PUB. DAY

Jimmy sitting on a stool at the bar. A full pint in front of him.

Jimmy scans the row of optics.

His eye is caught by a bottle of tequila.

The barman, LITTLE JOE, is immersed in The Mirror crossword.

JIMMY
A tequila please.

Little Joe looks up from his crossword.

LITTLE JOE
Tequila.

JIMMY
Yeah. Tequila.

LITTLE JOE
Had it before?

JIMMY
No.

Little Joe folds up his paper and puts his pen behind his ear.

LITTLE JOE
So you're not aware of the proper
etiquette then?

JIMMY
What?

LITTLE JOE
How to drink it.

JIMMY
No. I'm not.

Jimmy takes a sip of his pint.

LITTLE JOE
I've not always been a landlord
y'know. Was in the Merchant Navy
for years. Spent a lot of time
in Mexico. A place called
Veracruz. The nights we had
there. A place called Plaza
Lerdo. Great days. Spent nine
days in a bar there once during
the carnival. Drinking tequila
all day, every day. I nearly
went blind.

JIMMY

I'll have a vodka instead.

LITTLE JOE

Vodka. That reminds me of the
time I was in Vladikavkaz.

Jimmy has another dip of his pint.

LITTLE JOE

The thing with tequila is to do
it properly. With a little
sangrita. Lemon and salt.

Little Joe looks around the bar.

LITTLE JOE

But we don't have any salt.

Little Joe picks up Jimmy's bag of nuts.

LITTLE JOE

Stick your finger in there.

Jimmy dabs a finger into the bag.

LITTLE JOE

Now suck.

Jimmy sucks his finger.

Little Joe hands him the tequila.

LITTLE JOE

In one.

Jimmy downs it.

LITTLE JOE

Where the fuck are those lemons?

Jimmy winces at the taste.

Little Joe searches the bar.

LITTLE JOE

Fuck it.

He finds a jar of cherries.

LITTLE JOE
Suck on a couple of these.

LITTLE JOE
Well? What do you think?

Jimmy spits the cherries out.

EXT. ESTATE. DAY

Jimmy staggering slightly as he walks along the road towards his house.

He pauses as he notices the red BMW parked outside.

Jimmy fumbles in his pocket before pulling out his front door key.

He opens the door and trips as he enters the house.

INT. HALLWAY. DAY

Jimmy looks up the stairs.

He hears voices...

IAN
Hurry up Lorna I'm bursting for a piss.

Ian pops his head over the landing.

IAN
What are you doing here?

Jimmy doesn't answer. He walks up the stairs.

LORNA emerges from the bathroom dressed only in a towel.

IAN
She came to see you.

Jimmy brushes past her and barges into his bedroom.

He slams the door behind him.

INT. BEDROOM. DAY

Jimmy leans against the door for a moment. He moves away as if shaping to punch the wall. He thinks better of it.

He sits on his bed with his hands for a moment before reaching out to the PLAY button on his stereo.

BRASS BUTTONS plays.

Jimmy puts his head in his hands again.

A gentle knock on the door before it slowly opens.

Lorna enters, still in a towel.

LORNA

Let me explain.

JIMMY

Fuck it. It doesn't matter.

LORNA

I'm sorry.

Lorna leaves the room, gently closing the door behind her.

Jimmy holds his head in his hands again.

He looks around the room. He seems quite cool.

He picks up his notebook and puts a line through Lorna's name.

Jimmy suddenly springs up. He opens his drawers throwing the contents onto the floor.

He stops for a second when he finds his passport.

Without paying too much attention he stuffs handfuls of clothes into a holdall.

Jimmy grabs his passport, picks up his holdall.

He scans the room looking for anything else he might need.

He scans the cassettes on his shelf, picking out two.

BEST OF GRAM BY JIMMY BREEZE and JIMMY'S FAVE GRAM TOONS.

INT.HALLWAY.DAY

Jimmy grabs a set of car keys from a hook next to the front door.

He notices Ian's jacket hanging up on the bottom of the stairs. He has a quick look upstairs before rifling through the pockets.

He pulls out a wallet stuffed with notes.

Jimmy checks upstairs again before stuffing the wallet into his own pocket

He leaves the door open behind him as he makes his way into the street.

EXT. HOUSE. DAY

Jimmy looks around nervously before opening the door of the BMW. He throws his bag onto the passenger list.

INT.BMW.DAY

Jimmy adjusts the rear view mirror.

He inserts the key into the ignition.

The car jerks forward as soon as he turns it.

Jimmy composes himself before fiddling with the gear stick.

He starts up again.

Jimmy checks the mirrors before putting the car into gear and bunny-hopping along the road.

EXT. PUB. DAY

Jimmy in the BMW parked outside a run down, rough looking pub.

INT.BMW.DAY

Jimmy stares at himself in the rear view mirror. He frowns as he tries to look hard.

JIMMY

Don't fuck with me.

He changes his expression.

JIMMY

Don't fuck with me.

EXT.PUB.DAY

Jimmy trying to do a "hard" walk as he enters the pub.

EXT.PUB.DAY

Jimmy leaving the pub with a handful of notes and climbing into a taxi.

INT.TAXI.DAY

Jimmy flicking through his wad of notes.

DRIVER

Going anywhere nice?

JIMMY

The airport.

DRIVER

Yeah. After you've been the airport.

JIMMY

Oh yeah. Sorry. The States.

DRIVER (LAUGHING)

You reckon they'll let you in?

JIMMY

Yeah.

DRIVER

You got a place to stay out there?

JIMMY

Er, no. Not yet. Was gonna' hitch around.

DRIVER

Don't tell the cunts that. They'll think you're gonna' blow them up. Tell them you've got a hotel booked or something.

The taxi pulls up outside the departure lounge.

Jimmy hands over the fare.

DRIVER

Cheers. How long are you going for?

Jimmy thrusts another thirty quid into his hand.

JIMMY

Forever.

INT. AIRPORT. NIGHT.

Jimmy looks knackered. He wearily approaches the enquiries desk.

CHECK-IN WOMAN

I'm sorry Mr Breeze. Still no news. As soon as a flight does become available we will inform you.

INT.AIRPORT.NIGHT

Jimmy fast asleep. Sprawled over a number of seats.

TANNOY

Will Mr James Breeze please report to the British Airways information desk.

Jimmy wakes up as the message is repeated.

He grabs his bag which he has been using as a pillow and runs along the concourse.

INT.BUS.DAY

Jimmy asleep on the bus, his head resting against the window. A hand on his shoulder wakes Jimmy.

He looks up.

The DRIVER looks down at him.

DRIVER

You should have been off three
hundred miles ago. Now go,
before I call the Police.

EXT.ROADSIDE.DAY

Jimmy watches as the bus disappears along the road.

He looks up and down the road - deciding which way to go.

He can see a few buildings in the near distance. Jimmy picks up his bags and heads towards them.

EXT.MOTEL.DAY

A run-down, dirty, dingey looking place.

The neon sign reads: " **EL**"

Jimmy hesitates before entering.

INT.MOTEL.DAY

BOB, a fat man in his forties with a bushy beard stands behind the desk. His back soaked with sweat as he stares out of the window.

Jimmy coughs to attract his attention.

No response.

He coughs again.

Still no response.

Jimmy bangs a bell on the desk.

Still no response.

Bob turns around.

He's surprised to see Jimmy staring at him.

JIMMY

A room for tonight?

Bob looks Jimmy up and down before eventually handing him a key.

JIMMY

Thanks.

Bob points along the corridor before turning over a piece of card that reads: **ENJOY YOUR STAY**

Jimmy smiles, but Bob turns back to the window without responding.

INT.MOTEL ROOM.DAY

Jimmy throws his bag onto the bed.

He looks around the room.

Slowly realising what a dump the place is.

He looks at the walls. They're covered in stains and marks. Including some that look like blood.

He looks down at the bed. It sags in the middle.

Jimmy pulls back the blanket. The sheet is full of suspicious looking damp patches.

Jimmy's face turns green.

He notices a sink in the corner. He picks up a piece of mouldy looking soap. A cockroach scuttles out from beneath it.

Jimmy drops the soap, picks up his bag and storms out of the room, slamming the door as he leaves.

INT.MOTEL RECEPTION. DAY

Sweat pouring down Bob's back as Jimmy marches towards the reception desk.

Jimmy throws the keys down on the desk. They bounce and land on the floor.

Bob turns around to face Jimmy.

JIMMY

You dirty, sweaty, robbing
bastard. Charging people to
sleep in that shithole?

Bob just stares at Jimmy, expressionless.

He watches Jimmy's lips, waiting for them to stop moving.

Slowly, Bob reaches into a drawer.

A look of panic on Jimmy's face.

Bob pulls out a piece of card from the drawer.

He shows it to Jimmy.

It reads: **"HAVE A NICE DAY"**

Jimmy can't help but break into a smile, he is about to apologise when Bob picks up a pen and scribbles on the card.

He shows it to Jimmy: **"HAVE A NICE DAY MUTHAFUCKA"**

EXT. MOTEL. DAY

Jimmy sweltering as he walks along the empty street. He looks as though he is about to collapse.

He spots a diner over the road and heads towards it.

INT. DINER. DAY

Jimmy is almost orgasmic as he enters the diner and feels the cool of the air conditioning.

He stands eyes closed, perfectly still as he feels his temperature drop.

Jimmy looks up at the menu board, but before he can even begin to read he is disturbed by shouting.

A WAITRESS backs out of the kitchen.

She turns around, her name badge says "CODY HARRIS".

CODY is about twenty-five, scowling, but still looks pretty.

CODY

Yeah? Well fuck you too!

JIMMY

What?

CODY

What a fucker.

JIMMY

Me?

CODY

Yes I'm talking to you.

Jimmy looks around.

JIMMY

Wait a minute...

Cody looks at Jimmy.

CODY

I'm not talking about you.

JIMMY

Oh.

CODY

That piece of shit bitch in
there.

JIMMY

Oh right.

Jimmy looks up at the menu board.

JIMMY

Can I get a sandwich? And a cup
of tea?

CODY

You Australian?

JIMMY

No.

CODY

I'm usually good with accents.

JIMMY

Well you're a few thousand miles
away.

CODY

Irish?

JIMMY

Closer.

CODY

English!

JIMMY

How did you guess? Yeah, I'm
English and I'm starving.

CODY

Do you really want tea?

JIMMY

Tea, coffee, whatever. As long
is it's wet.

CODY

It's just that last time I made
tea for someone from England I
almost strangled the bitch.

JIMMY

I'm really not fussy. Just a
drink and some food. Please?

Cody heads back into the kitchen.

Jimmy sits down.

He listens to the SCREAMING coming from the kitchen.

Cody emerges with a pot of coffee.

CODY

You're sandwich will be a few
minutes.

Cody sits down opposite Jimmy.

CODY

Mind if I sit down?

JIMMY

Please do.

Cody stares at Jimmy intensely for a moment. Jimmy shifts
uncomfortably in his seat.

CODY

Don't take this the wrong way.
But what the fuck are you doing
here?

JIMMY

I thought I'd get something to
eat.

CODY

Funny. Why here? Of all the
diners in all the world. Why
this one.

JIMMY

Why not?

CODY

But why here?

JIMMY

Where's here?

Cody laughs. Then stares again.

CODY

You don't know where you are?

JIMMY

Not a clue. Somewhere in the States...

CODY

You really don't know?

JIMMY

I've had a long day. Or two. I fell asleep on the bus and got thrown off. Now I'm hungry. A sandwich would help.

Cody heads back to the kitchen.

Jimmy stares out of the window.

SCREAMING from the kitchen.

A Woman's voice screeches...

ROSIE

You thieving bitch! Get out of here before I blow your thieving ass off the planet.

Jimmy stands up and tries to see into the kitchen.

Cody backs out. ROSIE PEPPER, a tiny woman in her fifties follows her. She has a shotgun pointed at Cody's stomach.

ROSIE

Out! Out! Out!

CODY

My jacket. I need my jacket. My pills are in the pocket.

ROSIE

I'm gonna' count to ten.
Quickly. If you're not out you
and your boyfriend are gonna' get
it.

Cody brushes past Rosie, back into the kitchen. She
returns clutching a denim jacket.

Rosie points the gun at Jimmy

ROSIE

Get out!

Jimmy hurries out of the door.

Cody follows him.

ROSIE

You show your face around here
again and I swear I'll blow it
clean off.

EXT. DINER. DAY

Jimmy in a state of shock. Cody has taken the whole thing
in her stride and appears completely unflustered by the
incident. She smiles at Jimmy.

CODY

Guess that's me fired.

Jimmy smiles nervously.

Cody begins walking down the street. Jimmy watches her for
a moment - weighing up his options.

Cody turns back.

CODY

You need a ride someplace.

Jimmy's head is still spinning...he takes a second to
answer.

CODY

Well?

JIMMY

With you?

Cody looks back at the diner.

CODY

Well you could go back in there
and get my job back for me.

JIMMY

Well...

Cody marches along the street. Jimmy struggles to keep up with her.

Cody suddenly stops at a battered old pick up.

Jimmy is impressed.

He throws his bag into the back before jumping into the passenger seat.

Before he can even close the door Cody has the pedal to the floor.

Jimmy reaches out and manages to pull the door shut.

A look of fear appears on his face as the truck reaches full speed. He stares at Cody - willing her to slow down.

EXT. HIGHWAY. DAY

The pick up speeding along empty roads.

EXT. GAS STATION. DAY

The pick up pulls in at the gas station. Jimmy looks out at the ramshackle building and antique pumps.

CODY

We've been on red for the past
half hour.

Jimmy jumps out.

JIMMY

There's something I've always
wanted to do.

He approaches a huge bearded man in dirty overalls.

JIMMY

Fill 'er up.

The man glares at Jimmy before walking past and climbing
into a huge truck.

Cody winds the window down.

She points at the "SELF SERVICE" sign.

INT. PICK-UP. NIGHT

Cody driving while Jimmy sits with his feet on the
dashboard.

JIMMY

So? You gonna' tell me where we
are?

CODY

Not telling.

JIMMY

Tell me.

Cody smiles.

CODY

I can keep secrets too.

JIMMY

Fine. Keep driving.

Cody looks at Jimmy - waiting for a reaction. Jimmy just
stares out of the window.

CODY

I'll tell you where we are when
you tell me where you're going.

Jimmy sits up. He shuffles about. He looks embarrassed.

JIMMY
I'm heading to...

CODY
Yeah?

JIMMY
Y'know the Joshua Tree National
Park?

CODY
Yeah...

JIMMY
Ok?

CODY
Ok.

JIMMY
Right where are we?

Cody laughs.

CODY
You think I'm that easy? You got
me curious now.

Cody looks Jimmy up and down.

CODY
You don't look much like the
outdoor type to me.

JIMMY
So?

CODY
So what you gonna' do there?

JIMMY
I got plans.

CODY
Plans? You not into all that
hippy shit are you?

JIMMY

Hippy shit?

CODY

Yeah...they mystical power of the desert. That hippy shit.

JIMMY

Nah. I needed a break.
Somewhere to get my head
together.

CODY

So?

JIMMY

What now?

CODY

Why there?

JIMMY

Questions, questions.

CODY

Well gimme answers, answers.

JIMMY

Because...it's the place where
Gram Parsons died.

CODY

So you're a fucking pilgrim?

Cody giggles.

CODY

You're on a pilgrimage to worship
a dead rock star?

Jimmy can't help but blush...

JIMMY

Well...I suppose..Anyway, where
are we?

CODY

I would love to answer that question. But I'm afraid, at this moment in time, I am unable to.

JIMMY

You're lost?

CODY

Not lost. Just a technical hitch.

JIMMY

You're lost.

CODY

Not exactly.

JIMMY

You're as lost and confused as me. Sitting there taking the piss and you haven't got a clue where we are.

Cody blushes now...

CODY

I kind of know where we are. We'll find your Holy Grail tomorrow.

JIMMY

We?

Cody smiles to herself. Jimmy settles back in his seat and watches the desert fly by.

EXT. MOTEL. NIGHT

The pick-up pulls up in the car park of a clean looking motel.

INT. PICK-UP. NIGHT

Cody switches off the ignition before turning to face Jimmy.

CODY

Just so there's no confusion.
Single rooms. Ok?

JIMMY

Of course. What do you take me
for?

INT. MOTEL ROOM. NIGHT

Cody on her bed staring at the ceiling.

INT. MOTEL ROOM. NIGHT

Jimmy on his bed staring at the ceiling.

INT. MOTEL ROOM. NIGHT

Cody's face twisted with pain. She hobbles over to the dressing table and opens up a bottle of pills. She carefully takes two out and swallows them.

CODY

I'm ok. I'm gonna' be ok.

INT. MOTEL ROOM. NIGHT

Jimmy pulls his shoes on.

INT. MOTEL ROOM. NIGHT

Cody clutches her stomach. She has tears in her eyes. She takes a tissue and wipes them away.

Cody looks at herself in the mirror and forces a smile.

INT. MOTEL ROOM. NIGHT

Jimmy pacing around the room.

INT. MOTEL CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Jimmy waits outside Cody's door. He is about to knock. He changes his mind.

Jimmy turns and walks away. After a couple of steps he stops, turns around and returns to the door.

He knocks gently on the door.

JIMMY

It's me.

INT. MOTEL ROOM. NIGHT

Cody sits up on her bed. She hides the pills under a pillow.

She wipes away her tears with a blanket.

Cody opens the door.

She rubs eyes and pretends she's been sleeping.

Jimmy pops his head around the door.

JIMMY

Fancy a pint?

CODY

Sorry?

JIMMY

A beer? You wanna' come for a beer?

Cody tries to force a smile.

CODY

Yeah. Yeah that'd be good.
Gimme' five minutes. See you outside.

EXT. MOTEL. NIGHT

Jimmy sitting on a wall staring up at the stars.

Cody sneaks up behind him. She grabs his waist and pushes him.

JIMMY

Fucking hell!

CODY

Well? Where are you taking me?

JIMMY

I was hoping you'd take me to a saloon.

CODY

Saloon?

JIMMY

Yeah. One with swinging doors and stuff.

Cody laughs.

CODY

I'll see what I can do.

INT. BAR. NIGHT

Cody and Jimmy enter a gloomy, neon lit bar. Jimmy immediately looks disappointed.

Jimmy signals to a barman for two beers.

They both pull up stools at the bar.

JIMMY

So?

CODY

So?

JIMMY

You come here often?

CODY

Oh yeah, every night.

Jimmy takes a sip from his beer. He looks around the bar.

JIMMY

Your turn now. I've told you a bit about me.

Cody sips her beer. She looks at the floor.

CODY

There's not much to say about me

She swills her beer around her mouth.

JIMMY

Tell me something.

CODY

No.

Jimmy is unsure how to take the bluntness of the reply.

JIMMY

Fine. I'm not that interested.

CODY

You're not?

JIMMY

No.

CODY

I won't tell you then.

JIMMY

Good.

Cody takes another swig of beer.

Jimmy takes a swig of his.

Both trying too hard not to look interested.

Eventually Cody speaks.

CODY

You got jet lag?

JIMMY

Don't think so.

CODY

So why you not sleeping?

JIMMY

Just some stuff on my mind. I
shouldn't have disturbed you.

CODY

It's fine. I don't sleep much
these days anyway.

An awkward silence as Jimmy contemplates whether to push
her further on this. He decides against it.

He slams his bottle down on the bar and signals for two
more.

JIMMY

You wanna' know why I'm here?

CODY

No.

JIMMY

I'll tell you if you tell me
something about you.

Cody pauses.

CODY

I don't care. I gave you the
chance. Not interested.

JIMMY

Not interested? So why offer me
a lift? I could be a serial
killer.

Cody looks him up and down.

CODY

You're not.

JIMMY

No. But I could be.

CODY

Nah. You're not interesting enough.

Jimmy appears genuinely hurt by this comment. He looks awkward. Cody senses his hurt and tries to make it up.

CODY

I don't know why I'm here. I don't know why I picked you up and I don't know where I'm going. Just got itchy feet and wanna' scratch them. That answer your questions?

Jimmy is taken aback by this.

JIMMY

What about your family?

CODY

What about them?

JIMMY

Your mum and dad?

CODY

Assholes. When I walked out I vowed never to speak to them till the day I died.

JIMMY

You keep your promises?

CODY

Always.

Cody looks away as she tried to avoid Jimmy's gaze.

CODY

I've told you more than you need to know. What about you mystery man? Turning up in the middle of nowhere like that.

Jimmy takes a drink. He pauses in an attempt for dramatic impact.

JIMMY
I'm here to die.

Jimmy takes a swig of beer. He stares at his feet as he waits for a reaction.

CODY
Here to die?

Jimmy takes another swig of his beer.

CODY
Oh god. I never...

Jimmy looks around the bar.

JIMMY
It's ok. I'm fine about it.
What is death anyway? It's just
nothing.

CODY
Wow. I don't know what to say.
This must be fate.

JIMMY
Fate?

The barman, MIKE, a skinny guy in his late forties with a pony tail and bushy moustache interrupts.

MIKE
Excuse me for asking, but what
kind of accent is that?

Jimmy looks up.

JIMMY
Australian.

MIKE
Really?

CODY
No. He's British. But funny.

MIKE

You should've said. I love
England. I lived there for a
while.

JIMMY

Oh yeah.

MIKE

Yeah. Had a wild time, London,
Brighton. A great time.

CODY

He's not feeling to talkative.

Mike backs away.

MIKE

Sorry guys. Didn't want to
disturb you or anything.

Jimmy finishes his beer and places it carefully on the bar.

JIMMY

Sorry. Two more of those, and
one for yourself.

Mike opens three more beers and hands them around.

MIKE

Mike. Mike Levy.

JIMMY

I'm Jimmy. This is Cody.

Cody raises a glass.

MIKE

So Jimmy. What brings you out
here?

Jimmy sips his beer. He looks at Cody before answering.

MIKE

Sorry. Didn't mean to pry.

JIMMY

No Mike. Don't worry. No
problem. I'll tell you.

Jimmy takes a long, slow swig of his beer. He looks around
the bar, tries to act cool.

JIMMY

I'm heading out to the Joshua
Tree National Park.

MIKE

Really? Good luck to you. Can't
stand the desert myself. All
those lizards, snakes. Are you
into all that nature crap?

JIMMY

Oh yeah. Camping, hiking,
mountain biking. Love it.

CODY

Yeah, he's a regular action hero.

Jimmy and Cody exchange glances.

JIMMY

You into music Mike?

Mike nods enthusiastically.

MIKE

Oh yeah. Love music.

JIMMY

You ever heard of Gram Parsons?

MIKE

Gram Parsons?

JIMMY

Yeah.

MIKE

Heard of him? Oh yeah. My Uncle
toured with him.

JIMMY

What?

MIKE

Back in 71 I think.

Jimmy laughs.

JIMMY

You taking the piss?

MIKE

No. He toured with all the bands
at that time. I've got some
photos back at my place.

Cody suspects Mike is bullshitting, she rolls her eyeballs.
Jimmy frowns at her.

JIMMY

Photo's of Gram?

MIKE

He kept scrapbooks for years.

JIMMY

Did you meet him?

MIKE

No. Not me.

Mike has a sip of beer. He looks at Cody. She looks away.
Mike looks at Jimmy.

MIKE

I finish in an hour. You could
come over. I could dig out the
scrapbooks.

JIMMY

Yeah. That'd be cool.

Cody frowns again.

MIKE

You guys drink Tequila

Cody shakes her head.

JIMMY

Yeah. Love the stuff.

MIKE

Me too. You wanna join me?

JIMMY

Why not?

INT. CHEVROLET. NIGHT

Jimmy in the passenger seat. Cody in the back. Mike driving. The car veers all over the road.

Mike sticks a cassette in.

The Eagles.

JIMMY

The fucking Eagles? I thought you had taste. The fucking Eagles. Bunch of rip off merchants and chancers. Fucking Eagles.

Mike is amused by Jimmy's reaction.

CODY

How far now?

MIKE

Just a few minutes.

JIMMY

You said that half an hour ago. Fucking Eagles. Not an ounce of passion or meaning in their music. Empty music for empty people.

EXT. HOUSE. NIGHT

The Chevrolet pulls up outside a rundown old shack.

INT. HOUSE. NIGHT

Jimmy and Cody's jaws drop as they take in the mess that is Mike's house.

Newspapers, magazines, milk cartons and beer bottles are littered around the room.

MIKE

Grab a seat. I'll get some
beers. Excuse the mess.
Cleaner's not been around for a
while.

Jimmy and Cody exchange glances as they look for somewhere semi-clean to sit.

They settle next to each other on a two seater sofa after moving pizza boxes onto the floor.

Mike returns with the beers.

MIKE

You guys wanna' watch a movie?

JIMMY

What about the photos?

Mike laughs.

Cody looks worried.

MIKE

There ain't no photos man! I was
shitting you!

Mike crawls around the room. He pulls videos from underneath chairs, from beneath papers. He eventually finds the one he's looking for.

He inserts it into the video player.

MIKE

Just a little something to get us
in the mood. Warm us up a
little.

Jimmy begins to look worried.

MIKE

Some people find this a bit strong. Once you come to terms with the fact that man can't compete with a donkey - it's awesome.

Mike smiles at Cody and Jimmy.

Cody fidgets in her seat. Trying to attract Jimmy's attention.

JIMMY

No offence or anything Mike. But do you think you could turn that off?

Mike smiles the sleaziest smile. He stares at Cody.

MIKE

I like your style. You wanna' get straight to it?

CODY

What?

MIKE

You are a cute one. Butter wouldn't melt. But I know what would. You just don't look the type.

Cody stands up, getting aggressive...

CODY

Type? What type?

Mike unbuckles his belt.

MIKE

The type who's into this shit.

He steps out of his jeans. He stares at Jimmy.

JIMMY

What the fuck?

Mike now wearing only a thong.

MIKE
You're a funny guy.

Mike steps out of his thong.

JIMMY
Oh no. No, no, no, no! What the fuck are you doing.

MIKE
We not gonna give it to this bitch?

Cody fronts up to Mike...right into his space.

CODY
Listen...

JIMMY
No, no. You got it wrong. We don't do this.

CODY
We don't even sleep together. And if I'm not fucking him. I am so not fucking you. So get your pants on. Now.

Mike backs off. Scrambling around for his thong.

MIKE
So you didn't come here for sex.

Mike pulls his thong on.

JIMMY
I came to see your photos.

Mike looks at Cody again. Then at Jimmy. Jimmy moves closer to Cody. They can almost see the funny side.

MIKE

Listen guys. Seeing as how I've got this far...you wouldn't mind if I just like beat off would you?

CODY

Do what you like pervert but I ain't watching you. Where's your remote.

Cody and Jimmy settle on the sofa and begin flicking through the tv channels.

Mike lies down behind the sofa.

MIKE

Come on guys. Talk dirty to me.

JIMMY

I'm not looking.

MIKE

That's cool just talk to me.

Jimmy starts to giggle...

JIMMY

Big knockers. Big bums. Huge tits. Big wobbly tits....

Jimmy giggles uncontrollably...

JIMMY

Sorry...I can't do this.

MIKE

Course you can. Just think dirty thoughts.

CODY

Don't. It's disgusting and sick. You are one perverted bastard.

MIKE

That's it!

CODY

Oh you fucking sicko I hope your
cock drops off.

MIKE

Oh yes.

CODY

You warped fuck. You disgusting
fucking warped sicko fuck.

Mike lets out a sigh...

MIKE

That's it?

JIMMY

Finished?

MIKE

Just about. Give me a minute.
You guys wanna' stay the night?

JIMMY

I don't think so. We need to get
back to the motel.

MIKE

I'll give you a lift. Just let
me clean up.

CODY

That's awfully good of you.

EXT. STREET. DAWN

Jimmy and Cody walking back towards the motel as the sun
rises behind them.

Cody begins to giggle.

JIMMY

What?

CODY

I must be outta' my mind.

JIMMY

Yep.

CODY

I don't even know you.

JIMMY

Believe me. You know all there is to know. I'm all surface.

CODY

When he started jerking off I was waiting for him to jump over the sofa with a chainsaw.

JIMMY

I'm not normally that stupid.

Cody laughs.

CODY

I am.

They walks a few steps in silence.

JIMMY

Do you think he was planning on killing us?

CODY

I thought we were goners.

JIMMY

We're still here though.

CODY

Probably took pity on the pair of us.

EXT. MOTEL. DAY

Jimmy and Cody leaving the motel.

INT. PICK-UP. DAY.BEDROOM.DAY.

Cody puts the truck into gear and slowly drives away from the motel.

JIMMY

Sorry.

CODY

What for?

JIMMY

Last night. You must think I'm a right prick.

Cody laughs.

CODY

Well...

An awkward silence as Cody and Jimmy both compose sentences in their heads but change their minds about sharing them. Eventually Cody speaks...

CODY

You serious? About dying?

Jimmy turns to face her.

JIMMY

Deadly.

CODY

Wow.

JIMMY

It's the one thing in life I can do. I've planned it for years. I know exactly how I want it.

CODY

Not really that difficult is it? We all do it.

JIMMY

But I want to do it in style.

CODY
(SARCASTIC)
Cool.

Jimmy gets embarrassed for a moment as he thinks of how to defend himself.

JIMMY
Listen. It is cool. The Joshua
Tree Inn. Gallons of Tequila,
dozens of sleeping pills.
Dramatic but painless. They'll
find me in a rocking chair with a
stetson over my face.

CODY
A coward's death?

Jimmy didn't expect that...

CODY
And your family? Mother?
Girlfriend? Friends?

JIMMY
Got none. Just two brothers.
And I hate them.

CODY
So why the big show?

JIMMY
It's all about me.

CODY
And what about me?

JIMMY
What about you?

CODY
Am I gonna be involved in this?
You expect me to be there?

JIMMY
I suppose that's up to you.

INT. STORE. DAY

Jimmy places two bottles of tequila into a basket. Cody carries another basket.

CODY

Two bottles?

JIMMY

Yeah.

CODY

You're gonna' drink yourself to death on two bottles of tequila?

JIMMY

(Embarrassed)

Yeah.

CODY

You haven't thought this through properly have you?

Cody puts a few more bottles in.

JIMMY

How hard can it be? Drink a bottle. Handful of pills. Drink another bottle. More pills. Bye bye Jimmy Breeze.

Cody walks away from Jimmy. Jimmy shuffles through the shop picking up items, reading the labels and putting them down again.

Cody appears behind him. She places a hand on his shoulder.

CODY

You know what we should do?

JIMMY

What?

CODY

Hold the place up.

Jimmy laughs.

CODY
It'll be fun.

JIMMY
You're serious?

CODY
(Whispering)
Come on. It'll be fun, fun, fun.

JIMMY
No way. No, no, no.

CODY
Let's do something exciting.
Like Bonnie and Clyde.

JIMMY
You ever seen Bonnie and Clyde?

Cody punches Jimmy's shoulder.

CODY
Come on.

JIMMY
I don't want excitement. I don't
want to get shot and I don't want
to go to jail. I just want to
keep things simple.

Cody loads the basket with absolutely anything she can get
her hands on. Tinned soup, washing powder, magazines, it
all goes in.

Cody runs towards the exit.

Jimmy freezes for a second. He runs towards the checkout.
He reaches into his pocket and throws a couple of hundred
dollars onto the counter.

JIMMY
Keep the change!

EXT. STORE. DAY

Cody laughing as a red-faced and flustered Jimmy emerges from the store.

CODY

You're too cute to die.

JIMMY

What are you trying to do to me?

CODY

Come on. Live a little.

INT. PICK-UP.DAY

Jimmy begins to see the funny side of the store incident. He doesn't laugh, but a smile grows on his face as he looks through the pile of goods Cody took from the store.

He picks up a couple of toothbrushes.

CODY

What? I need to brush.

He looks through the basket. He picks up three bars of soap.

CODY

I don't have a change of clothes.
I need to wash.

JIMMY

You could wear mine.

CODY

Your rags? No way.

Cody reaches out and grabs Jimmy's T-Shirt. She pulls him towards her.

Jimmy looks into Cody's eyes. She returns the gaze. They hold it for a moment.

Cody gently fingers his T-Shirt.

A HORN sounds behind them.

Cody loosens her grip. Jimmy looks around.

Cody gives a finger to the DRIVER behind.

CODY

Asshole.

Cody slams the car into gear before wheel-spinning out onto the main road.

EXT. STORE. DAY

Jimmy leans into the open window of the pick-up.

Cody has her hands firmly gripped on the steering wheel.

CODY

No. No way. No fucking way.

JIMMY

Why not? What's your problem?

CODY

I am not coming in there and watching you make a total ass out of yourself.

JIMMY

I'm only buying a hat.

CODY

Well only buy a hat by yourself.

JIMMY

But I need your advice. You can tell me how it looks.

CODY

Advice? You want advice? Buy a stetson and you're gonna' look like a fag.

Jimmy straightens up.

JIMMY

You think so?

CODY

You don't think dressing up as a cowboy is one of the gayest things a man can do?

JIMMY

Who gives a fuck? I'm gonna' die anyway.

Jimmy storms off towards the store. Cody looks hurt as she watches him.

Jimmy stops halfway. He turns around and strides back towards the pick-up. He leans in through the window.

JIMMY

Are stetsons expensive?

EXT.STORE.DAY

Jimmy strides out of the store in a huge stetson; he does his best John Wayne impression as he reaches the pick-up.

INT.PICK-UP.DAY

Cody has her feet up on the dashboard as she sits back; eyes closed, listening to Gram Parsons.

Jimmy's face appears in the passenger window.

JIMMY

Howdy ma'am.

Cody slowly opens her eyes. She stares at Jimmy for a moment.

CODY

Well. Don't you look...

JIMMY

Like a fag?

CODY

Almost kinda' cool.

JIMMY

Almost kinda' cool? That's the
nicest thing anyone has ever said
to me. Jimmy Breeze - Almost
Kinda Cool.

Cody sits up.

CODY

Actually - it looks surprisingly
good.

JIMMY

Really?

CODY

Really.

JIMMY

Thanks.

CODY

Just one thing.

JIMMY

Yeah?

CODY

Take it off before you get in.
People will think I'm a fag hag.

Jimmy takes off the stetson and jumps into the pick-up.

JIMMY

Let's ride!

INT. PICK-UP. DAY

Cody driving. Jimmy with his stetson tilted over his face
as he studies a map on his knee.

CODY

Put that thing away. I know
where the fuck I'm going.

JIMMY

Just looking.

CODY

Well it's bugging the shit outta
me. Put it away.

Jimmy folds the map up.

JIMMY

If it means that much.

CODY

I didn't say it was a big deal.

Jimmy winds down his window and hangs the map out.

It blows from his grip.

JIMMY

Gone. Happy?

Cody looks in the rear view mirror.

CODY

Shit.

Jimmy turns around.

A POLICE CAR, lights flashing, is closing in on them.

Cody puts her foot down.

JIMMY

Don't be a dick.

Jimmy grabs the wheel.

Cody and Jimmy tussle. The pick-up veers across the road
until eventually Jimmy wins.

The pick-up comes to a halt at the side of the road.

The Police Car pulls up behind them.

CODY

We're fucked.

Jimmy and Cody watch in the wing mirror as the COP strolls
slowly towards them.

COP

Would you folks please step out
of the vehicle?

Cody and Jimmy exchange nervous glances before climbing
out.

EXT.DESERT.DAY

The Cop looks out into the wide-open spaces. He makes a
grand sweeping gesture with his arm.

COP

Look at this. Look at all this.
Beautiful country don't you
think? Don't you?

JIMMY

Yes sir. Beautiful country.

COP

Y'know. Sometimes I look at all
this and it's just so...just so
beautiful I want to cry. Y'know
why it makes me want to cry?

JIMMY

Because it's so beautiful?

COP

Because my Australian friend.
Because of people like you.
Thoughtless, ignorant, arrogant,
know nothing city folks like you.
You drive through tossing your
cigarette butts and pizza boxes
wherever you like. You thought
nobody would see you. Well son,
I did see you. I see everything.

JIMMY

Oh no. You don't understand.

COP

No sir. I'm afraid I don't. I don't know what makes people like you tick.

JIMMY

It was a map. I was trying to fold it when a gust of wind blew it.

The Cop removes his shades. He holds the arm of the glasses to his mouth.

He takes an age before he finally speaks.

COP

Where was you headed?

CODY

Joshua Tree National Park Sir.

COP

Joshua Tree huh? Been before?

JIMMY

No Sir.

COP

Reckon you'll have a good time.

The Cop puts his shades back on.

COP

Nice hat son. Enjoy your vacation.

Jimmy and Cody watch as he strolls back to the car. The Cop waves as he drives past.

CODY

Fuck that was close.

INT.PICK-UP.DAY

Cody starts the engine and drives away. Jimmy notices sweat on her brow and soaking through her t-shirt.

JIMMY

What do you mean close? We
hadn't done anything.

CODY

You hadn't.

Jimmy watches as Cody wipes the sweat with the back of her hand.

CODY

I don't exactly own this vehicle.

JIMMY

So?

CODY

So. It's not mine. The person
who owns it doesn't know I've got
it.

JIMMY

Yeah...

CODY

It's that bitches. She owes me
so I'm just taking payment.

Jimmy is unsure how to react. Inside he's panicing. He tries to keep a veneer of cool...

JIMMY

I've been driving around the
States in a stolen pick-up?
Cool.

Cody fiddles with the air-con as the sweat continues pouring from her.

CODY

Yeah. Real cool.

INT.PICK-UP-DAY

Cody opens the door and throws up on the floor of a car park.

The sound of the retching wakes Jimmy.

JIMMY

Shit. You ok? What's happening?

Cody wipes her mouth and takes some deep breaths.

CODY

I'm fine. Just tired. It's just the stress and stuff. I just need to rest.

JIMMY

Where are we?

CODY

Yucca Valley. I thought we'd get a motel for the night and head to the Joshua Tree in the morning.

EXT.MOTEL CAR-PARK.DAY

Jimmy carries his holdall towards the motel. Cody leans against the pick-up.

JIMMY

You coming or what?

Cody winces as she raises an arm. She takes a few deep breaths before slowly following Jimmy across the car-park.

INT.MOTEL.DAY

Jimmy holds the door for Cody. She slumps in a chair in the reception. Knackered and out of breath.

JIMMY

Single rooms?

Cody nods.

JIMMY
You sure you're ok?

CODY
Just tired. I'll be partying
later.

INT.MOTEL ROOM.DAY

Cody rummages in her pockets. She brings out a container of assorted pills.

She takes a couple and washes them down with a glass of water.

She sits on the bed, kicks off her shoes and closes her eyes.

INT.MOTEL ROOM.DAY

Jimmy asleep on the bed. His stetson covering his face.

INT.BAR.NIGHT

Jimmy and Cody enter a gloomy neon-lit bar.

A look of disappointment appears on Jimmy's face.

Cody notices...

CODY
Well? What did you expect?

Jimmy looks around - reminded of home...

JIMMY
I don't know. Romance.
Excitement. Barflies. Cowboys.
People.

They sit on stools at the empty bar.

CODY
You and me kid.

JIMMY

Yeah. You and me.

They wait for service...

JIMMY

What are you having?

CODY

Same as you.

JIMMY

Barman. Two bourbons. On the
rocks.

Jimmy surveys the bar and watches the BARMAN as he pours
the drinks.

Cody stares at Jimmy.

CODY

You really gonna' do it?

It takes Jimmy a moment before he realise what she is
talking about...

JIMMY

Oh yeah. Of course.

CODY

When do I get a reason?

JIMMY

A reason? Do I need a reason?

CODY

A reason to die? I'd say so.

JIMMY

Well. If you really want to
know.

CODY

Yeah. I would want to know.
Tell me.

JIMMY

Ok. Ok. I'm deeply unhappy with
the hand fate has dealt me.

Cody smells bullshit...

JIMMY

So I'm cocking a snoop at fate
and giving destiny a kick in the
bollocks.

CODY

You're doing what?

JIMMY

That's why. That's why I'm doing
it.

Cody downs her drink and signals for a couple more...

CODY

Well fucking good for you. But
think about it.

Jimmy sips his drink...

CODY

What if? What if this is exactly
what fate had in for you from the
start? And now, now you're just
part of fate's big fucking
masterplan. What if it is has
always been your destiny to come
out here and die. Hardly a big
kick in the balls for fate is it?

Jimmy stares into his drink.

Cody's tone gets angrier...

CODY

Let's just say that God, the
Gods, Allah, Vishnu, Zeus,
whoever - whoever decided to give
you such a miserable life and an
oh so fucking glamorous death.

(MORE)

CODY (cont'd)

Well how the fuck are you to know
that you coming out here to die
wasn't pre-determined?

JIMMY

Stop. Stop. You're making my
head it.

CODY

But think about it. By allowing
you to think you're in control,
you are being manipulated into
going along with your destiny.

Jimmy signals to the barman for more drinks.

JIMMY

A bottle of this stuff please.

Jimmy finishes his drink and turns to face Cody.

JIMMY

Fine. Let's say that I listen to
you. I change my mind. Go back
home. How do I know that you
aren't part of my destiny? What
if you were put here to keep me
alive and ensure my continued
miserable existence?

Cody doesn't answer. She stares at Jimmy. A look of anger
on her face.

Cody signals to the barman.

CODY

A glass of water please.

She turns back to Jimmy. Her tone has changed...

CODY

What about me? What about my
destiny? What if...what if...and
it's a fucking big if. What if
you were my ideal man. My soul
mate. Whose destiny is stronger?

JIMMY

Nah. Impossible. If, and as you say, it is a fucking big if. But if I were your ideal man, then that would involve my fate too.

Cody voice begins to strain with a mixture of anger and emotion...

CODY

What if my destiny is to fall in love and end up a broken hearted widow? Maybe that's why I eloped with you.

Jimmy laughs.

JIMMY

Eloped? We've eloped? I thought eloping was for people in love.

Cody smiles.

CODY

Yeah. So did I.

JIMMY

Well? Are you?

CODY

Why? Are you?

A very awkward pause as they both contemplate where the conversation is going...

JIMMY

I've never been in love.

CODY

Aaw.

JIMMY

I like it that way. It allows me to wallow in self-pity.

CODY

So you're not interested in me then?

Jimmy pours himself another drink.

JIMMY

Well. Maybe. But not if I
thought I had a chance.

CODY

And you think you've got a
chance?

JIMMY

You picked me up. You're still
here. So I'd say so.

CODY

So you'd want me if I wasn't
here. But because I am you
don't?

Jimmy smiles.

JIMMY

Maybe.

CODY

What if I said you had no chance?

JIMMY

I'd be happy. Happy that I'd
have another reason to be
miserable.

Cody shakes her head.

CODY

Man. You are so complicated!

JIMMY

Thanks. That's probably one of
the nicest things anyone has said
to me. Almost kinda' cool and
complicated. And Debbie Cappock
telling me I was hung like a
donkey.

CODY

You are impossible.

JIMMY

I'm not. Donkey like. More like a pigeon. But it was her first time...

CODY

Spare the details please!

JIMMY

I don't mind though. The pigeon thing. Gives me another reason to be...

CODY

Miserable? Look. I'm kinda' confused by this whole thing. Can we get this straight?

Cody looks around the bar.

CODY

I'm sitting in a bar with some guy from England. Discussing fate with a man who wants to die in the same bed as Gram Parsons. This guy also claims to be hung like a pigeon and happy about it. Man. Fate has just been too cruel to me.

INT.BAR.NIGHT

Much later. Jimmy and Cody still perched precariously on bar stools. Jimmy has almost finished the bottle. Cody still sips her glass of water.

Jimmy sways and almost falls off the stool.

JIMMY

Can I sing for you?

CODY

That's probably not a good idea.

JIMMY

Please. It'd mean a lot to me. I've never sung in public before.

Cody looks around the bar. It's totally empty.

Jimmy pours the remnants of the bottle into his glass - which he then pours down his neck.

JIMMY

You won't be surprised. This
song is by Gram Parsons.

Jimmy coughs.

He begins to sing. Although hardly tuneful, his whisper of a voice doesn't sound too bad.

JIMMY

*It was a thousand-dollar wedding,
supposed to be held the other
day, and with all the invitations
sent, the young bride went away.
When the groom saw people passing
notes, not unusual he might say.
But where's the flowers for my
baby? I'd even like to see her
mean ol' mama'. And why ain't
there a funeral if you're gonna
act that way?
I hate to tell you how he acted
when the news arrived. He took
some friends out drinking and
it's lucky they survived. Well
he told them everything there was
to tell there along the way.*

Cody wipes away a tear - unseen by Jimmy.

JIMMY

(cont)

And he felt so bad when he saw
the traces of old lies still on
their faces. So why don't
someone hear just spike his
drink? Why don't you do him in
some old way? Supposed to be a
funeral, it's been a bad, bad
day. The Reverend Doctor William
Grace was talking to the crowd.

(MORE)

JIMMY (cont'd)

All about the sweet child's holy
face and the saints who sung out
loud. And he swore the fiercest
beasts could all be put to sleep
the same silly way. And where
are the flowers for the girl?
She only knew she loved the
world. And why ain't there one
lonely horn and one sad note to
play. Supposed to be a funeral,
it's been a bad, bad day. Oh,
supposed to be a funeral, it's
been a bad, bad day.

Jimmy picks up his empty glass and tries to get a drink
from it.

CODY

Wow.

JIMMY

Don't laugh. Just don't laugh.

CODY

Laugh? Why would I laugh? That
was...beautiful.

Jimmy looks at her...

JIMMY

Really?

CODY

Really.

JIMMY

Thanks.

CODY

It was like that was coming from
your soul.

JIMMY

Yeah. That's empathy.
Empathising with other people.
Empathy, empathy, empathise.

(MORE)

JIMMY (cont'd)

Did you know you can cleanse your soul by feeling the pain of others? Empathy, just like sympathy but without the symp. Symp. Pimp. See the connection? Sympathy, simpering, whimpering. Symp, pimp, wimp, limp. Empathy. Em. Em. Em. That's me backwards. That's where empathy comes from. Did you know that? Do you empathise with me? Do you?

Jimmy's eyes close. He opens them again.

JIMMY

Do you?

They close again.

INT.MOTEL ROOM.DAY

Jimmy asleep. Naked. In the arms of Cody. Jimmy's eyes slowly open.

JIMMY

Oh God.

CODY

Good morning.

Jimmy looks up at Cody.

JIMMY

Oh God.

CODY

How are we this morning?

Jimmy looks around the room.

JIMMY

What happened? We didn't? Did we?

Cody smiles and strokes his hair.

CODY
You don't remember?

JIMMY
Er, no. Not really.

CODY
You were so cute.

JIMMY
Cute?

CODY
Especially when you were singing.

JIMMY
Singing?

CODY
You really don't remember?

Jimmy sits up.

JIMMY
You taking the piss?

CODY
You sang to me. At the bar. You
were out of your head.

JIMMY
Oh...

CODY
Then we got back here. I tried
to put you to bed...You said you
needed a cuddle.

JIMMY
And did you?

CODY
Well...I kinda' needed a hug too.

Jimmy looks around the room. Embarrassed. His eyes rest
on a bottle of tablets on the bedside cabinet.

JIMMY
Sleeping tablets?

CODY
No.

JIMMY
What are they?

CODY
You don't ask a woman questions
like that.

Jimmy gets more embarrassed...

JIMMY
You seen my boxer shorts?

Cody points at the door handle.

JIMMY
Close your eyes.

CODY
Why?

JIMMY
Some things are personal.

Cody closes her eyes.

CODY
And some things are best kept
that way.

Jimmy dashes across the room and pulls on his boxer shorts.

CODY
I hope you're gonna' be wearing
clean underwear on the last day
of your life.

EXT.DESERT.DAY

The pick-up speeding along the empty road.

EXT.JOSHUA TREE PARK. DAY

The pick-up pulls up at the side of the road.

INT.PICK-UP-DAY

Jimmy stares out of the window.

CODY

Well. You're here. You getting out?

JIMMY

I can't.

CODY

Come on.

JIMMY

No. I can't.

CODY

This is it. This is what it was all about. You're here.

JIMMY

I can't. What if it's not what I thought? What if it's just another disappointment?

CODY

Well that's another reason to kill yourself isn't it? You can't lose. If it's what you hope then you die happy. If not then you got another reason to die.

JIMMY

Death's nothing to be laughed at.

Jimmy climbs out of the car. He ambles away, but turns back after a couple of steps.

JIMMY

Just out of interest. Any wolves
out here?

Cody laughs.

CODY

No. No wolves.

Cody's expression becomes more serious.

CODY

No wolves. But plenty of
coyotes. You should watch for
the coyotes.

Jimmy looks around nervously.

JIMMY

And snakes? What about snakes?

CODY

Oh year. Crawling with rattlers.
Oh and the yella' bellied sand
creeper. You heard of them?

JIMMY

No...

CODY

Not many have. But one drop of
poison and you'll shrivel like a
prune.

Jimmy's eyes scan the ground.

CODY

Come on then. I'll show you the
way.

EXT. JOSHUA TREE PARK. DAY

Cody in front. Jimmy follows nervously behind.

CODY

It's around here somewhere. If
you hadn't thrown that map
away...

Jimmy is too hot to argue. He trudges sweatily along.

Cody stops. She points to a rock a few hundred yards away.

CODY

There you go. Faith. You gotta'
have faith.

Jimmy looks ahead.

JIMMY

You coming with me?

CODY

I don't think so. This is your
time.

JIMMY

You sure. I don't mind sharing.

CODY

No. You go. I'll stay here.
I'll be fine.

Jimmy walks towards the rock. He casts nervous glances
back towards Cody.

Once at the rock Jimmy kneels down to read graffiti
tributes to Gram Parsons that have been scribed or carved
over the years.

Jimmy pulls out a marker pen.

As the pen touches the rock a LIZARD scurries from
underneath the rock and over Jimmy's feet.

Jimmy leaps up and sprints back towards Cody.

JIMMY

Jesus Christ! A fucking big
lizard!

Cody doesn't hear him; she just watches as he comes running towards her.

CODY
What? What is it? What
happened?

JIMMY
A fucking big lizard. It came
right at me.

Cody laughs.

CODY
Cowboys aren't supposed to be
scared of lizards.

JIMMY
I'm just wearing the hat.

Cody puts her arm around Jimmy.

CODY
You're shaking. You're really
scared.

JIMMY
I nearly shat myself. You didn't
see it. It was huge; it had a
big tongue and everything.

CODY
Bet he was more scared than you.

JIMMY
No way. He was after my blood.
I could see it in his eyes.

Cody laughs as Jimmy's eyes nervously scan the floor.

Cody hugs Jimmy again.

CODY
Now, now. The nasty lizard has
gone away. You'll be ok. What
does the cowboy want to do now?

Jimmy shrugs Cody's arm off.

JIMMY

Don't take the piss. Lizards are
one piece of DNA away from
dinosaurs.

CODY

Does the cowboy want to stay here
with the big scary lizards? Or
does he want to go for a nice
quiet beer?

INT.BAR.DAY

As Cody and Jimmy enter the bar heads turn.

Cody is more aware of the attention than Jimmy. She takes
a seat while Jimmy orders a couple of beers.

Cody sits with her head down. Jimmy picks up the beers and
takes the over to Cody.

Jimmy sits down and begins speaking. Cody doesn't listen.
She's too busy lip-reading MAC and EARL; a couple of giant,
sweaty, hairy men sitting behind Jimmy...

CODY

Take it off.

JIMMY

What?

CODY

The hat. Take it off.

Jimmy realises Cody is looking over his shoulder. He turns
around to see what she's looking at...

JIMMY

Anyway, as I was saying What
happened was Gram had always said
he wanted to be cremated in the
desert. So when he died, his
manager, mate or whatever, stole
his body from the airport and did
it.

CODY

Yeah.

JIMMY

Great story.

CODY

Yeah. Take it off.

JIMMY

Why?

Earl places a huge tattooed hand on Jimmy's shoulder.
Jimmy stares at the hand. He looks up at Earl.

Earl looks back at Mac before speaking.

EARL

You ain't from round here are you
boy?

Earl and Mac burst into exaggerated laughter.

Earl grabs Jimmy's stetson and puts it on.

EARL

Hey Mac. I'm a cowboy! A big
butch cowboy!

The fake laughter continues...

Earl bends down and whispers in Jimmy's ear...

EARL

Do I look butch?

Jimmy shrugs his shoulders.

EARL

You a big butch cowboy then? You
as tough as you look?

JIMMY

Listen mate.

EARL

Listen mate? What kind of a faggy voice is that? Are you Australian?

JIMMY

No. British.

CODY

Do you know who you're speaking to?

EARL

A fag?

CODY

Not just any fag. You're talking to Jimmy Breeze. Yeah. The Jimmy Breeze.

Earl shrugs and looks to Mac for a sign...

CODY

You've never heard of Jimmy Breeze?

Earl shrugs again.

CODY

Wow. You do surprise me. I thought you guys would know about music. Jimmy broken-hearted Breeze is a superstar in the UK. He's over here looking for venues for his tour.

Earl's intrigued...

EARL

What kind of stuff does he do?

CODY

Oh y'know. The classics. Haggard, Nelson, Cash. His own stuff too.

Cody begins to believe her story...

CODY

I just can't believe you guys
have never heard of him. Our PR
guys need to get their shit
sorted out.

EARL

Hey Mac. You ever hear of a guy
by the name Jimmy Breeze? Jimmy
broken-hearted Breeze?

Mac shrugs.

EARL

Well is he gonna' give us a song
then?

CODY

I'm sure he'd live to. Thing is
he needs to rest his voice.
Doctor's orders.

EARL

Just one song. It won't kill
him.

CODY

Well...

JIMMY

I'll need my guitar. Cody be a
honey. Get my guitar.

Cody looks puzzled for a second - she switches on...

CODY

Yeah. Sure thing.

Cody hurries towards the door.

EARL

Do A Boy Named Sue.

JIMMY

You're the boss Earl.

EARL

How many records have you sold then?

JIMMY

I don't count. Hundreds of thousands probably. Enough.

EARL

So you can buy me and Mac a drink then.

JIMMY

Sure. I never carry cash though. Wait till Cody gets back.

Jimmy stands up.

JIMMY

Will you excuse me? I get terrible stage fright. Always have done. Shit like a cow before I sing.

Jimmy edges away from the table.

Before Earl can move Jimmy is sprinting out of the door.

EXT.BAR.DAY

Cody is waiting in the pick-up - engine running. Jimmy jumps in. Cody puts her foot down...

INT.PICK-UP.DAY

Jimmy out of breath as the pick-up screeches out of the car park.

Eventually Jimmy gets his breath back...

JIMMY

I could have had them.

Cody throws her head back and laughs.

EXT.JOSHUA TREE MOTEL.DAY

The pick-up pulls up outside the motel.

INT.PICK-UP.DAY

Jimmy leans forward and looks at the sign. His eyes widen...

JIMMY

This is it. This is it. For the first time in my life, I'm in control. I'm gonna' be the one making the decisions.

INT.MOTEL RECEPTION. DAY

A smiling MOTEL GUY behind the reception desk. Cody stands back and watches as Jimmy deals with him.

MOTEL GUY

You dropped lucky son. A Japanese honeymoon couple cancelled room seven last night.

JIMMY

Room seven? Really? Wow. That's fantastic. I don't know what to say. Thank you.

Jimmy looks across at Cody.

JIMMY

We're actually needing two rooms. You have another?

MOTEL GUY

Sorry son. Just the one.

Jimmy looks across at Cody again. She smiles.

JIMMY

Room seven will be fine.

INT.MOTEL ROOM. NIGHT

Jimmy on the bed swigging from a bottle of tequila. Cody watches him.

CODY

You even been to Mexico?

JIMMY

No.

CODY

Shame.

JIMMY

You ever been to Lladudno?

CODY

No.

JIMMY

Shame. You should. You'd love it. It's our Las Vegas.

CODY

Get to fuck. It's a town in North Wales. Main attraction is the Great Orme. You think I'm stupid?

JIMMY

No, no. I was just joking.

CODY

Well don't. Ok? I know all about the UK. I've always wanted to go.

Jimmy offers Cody the bottle. She takes a swig.

CODY

Ever since I was six. I'll never do it now.

JIMMY

Well I'll never get to Mexico.

Cody takes another swig.

JIMMY

Y'know what I'd really like?

Cody stares at the Tequila.

JIMMY

What I'd really like. The way
I'd like to spend my last hours
on this planet is sitting beneath
the stars.

CODY

Are you nuts?

JIMMY

Don't you think it'd be a cool
way to go out? Me, you and the
stars.

CODY

We'd be fucking freezing.

JIMMY

It's what I want.

CODY

Well - if it's what you want.

EXT.DESERT.NIGHT

Jimmy leaning on the pick-up. Cody inside, the window open
and Gram Parsons singing quietly in the background.

Jimmy puts the bottle of tequila to his mouth and takes a
long swig...

JIMMY

Sounds like bullshit I know. But
I feel him with me. Like he
walks with me. I like other
bands - but they mean fuck all.

(MORE)

JIMMY (cont'd)

The first time I heard Gram,
that's the only time I've fallen
in love.

Jimmy pauses; he takes another swig from the bottle. He looks up at the stars before banging on the pick-up window.

JIMMY

Are you listening to me?

Cody winds down the window.

JIMMY

I bought an LP. Grievous Angel;
it cost me fifty pence second
hand. I'd heard of him, knew
about The Byrds and stuff. I
took it home and played and the
thing was warped to fuck. The
only track that played without
jumping was Brass Buttons.

Jimmy takes a long swig - he stares at his shoes.

JIMMY

I was spellbound. Amazed. That
line: "The sun comes up without
her, it just doesn't know she's
gone". I listened to it over and
over. My girlfriend laughed at
me. Said I was pathetic. From a
girl who claimed a Whitney
Houston song as "our song". She
didn't have a clue. Not a
fucking clue. You get it don't
you?

Jimmy slides down the side of the pick-up and onto the ground.

Cody opens the door and leans against the pick-up.

CODY

Yeah. I get it. I think.

JIMMY

Do you think what I'm doing is
wrong?

CODY

What do you mean by wrong?

The tequila has had an obvious effect on Jimmy.

JIMMY

Don't start messing with my head.
Do you think it's wrong or nor?

CODY

It's not my choice.

JIMMY

It's not like I'm hurting
anybody.

CODY

Aren't you?

JIMMY

Not that I know off.

CODY

Well, if you really want to go
through with this.

Jimmy looks up at the stars. Cody stars at her feet.

Jimmy passes the bottle to Cody. She refuses with a shake
of he head.

The sit in silence for a moment.

JIMMY

What a fucking big place this is.

CODY

The desert?

JIMMY

The desert. The world. Space.
It's huge.

CODY

Oh yea.

Jimmy takes yet another swig before staring up at the
stars.

JIMMY

Have you ever been able to see
any of those things in the sky?
Y'know, the plough, the shed,
octopus, those things.

CODY

I've never looked.

JIMMY

I can see a stoat.

CODY

A stoat?

JIMMY

Yeah. Look up there.

Cody looks as Jimmy points to the sky.

CODY

No. Can't see a thing.

JIMMY

Look closer.

CODY

I can't see it.

JIMMY

What about the tortoise? You
must be able to see the tortoise.

CODY

A tortoise?

JIMMY

Yeah. See it? There's the
shell. And there's the head
popping out.

CODY

Maybe it's just me.

Jimmy closes his eyes.

CODY

So what do you think is up there?

JIMMY
In space or heaven?

CODY
Space, heaven, whatever.

JIMMY
The usual stuff. Planets,
satellites, astronauts and
angels. God.

CODY
God? You believe in God.

JIMMY
I suppose I do. Why?

CODY
I just didn't think you were that
kind of guy.

JIMMY
Maybe you should try believing.

CODY
What's the point?

Jimmy takes another swig before adopting an overly serious
pose. He staggers as he looks up to the sky.

JIMMY
I hope you know a lot more than
you're believing, just so the sun
won't hurt you when you cry.

EXT.HIGHWAY.NIGHT

The lights from the pick-up winding along the road.

EXT.MOTEL.NIGHT

The pick-up pulls up in the car park.

INT/EXT.PICK-UP.NIGHT

Jimmy puts on his stetson. He climbs from the pick-up and checks his reflection in the mirror.

INT.MOTEL ROOM. NIGHT

Jimmy drunk and slurring his words. By the expression on her face it's obvious Cody is getting annoyed.

JIMMY

What's wrong with you now? You
can go if you want.

Cody just looks away.

JIMMY

Are you still going to watch me
die.

CODY

What do you want me to say?

JIMMY

Whatever you think. Just tell
me.

CODY

It's not my decision is it? I
hardly know you.

JIMMY

Are you gonna' be there when I
die?

Cody paces the room furiously...

CODY

What if I say no? What if I sat
no, I don't want you to die?
What if I say I don't want you to
die because...

JIMMY

Fine. No problem. You have your
thoughts, I have mine.

Cody stands up.

She walks to the bed and stares down at Jimmy.

CODY

Y'know what? I am so pissed at you. So fucking pissed. When you walked into the diner I thought you were just some cool guy. I thought all that suicide stuff was to impress me. Being all existentialist and shit.

Cody turns away from him.

CODY

I never thought you were genuinely fucked up.

She looks down at Jimmy.

CODY

But you're fucked up bad. The last thing this world needs is another self-absorbed, self-pitying, whining fuck. So do it. Go on. Do it. Just don't expect me to be there for you moment of glory. I'm not gonna' be the one who gives you what you want.

JIMMY

You brought me out here. I never asked you for anything. I didn't ask you to come.

Cody grabs her bag and pulls out a box of tablets. She throws the box at Jimmy.

CODY

Go on. Go on. Just do it. Stop talking about it and just do it.

Cody fights back tears. The room shakes as she slams the door behind her.

JIMMY

Fuck you. I'm doing it. I'm
doing it.

Jimmy staggers from the bed; he bends down to pick up the box of tablets. He clumsily pulls tablets from the box. Jimmy sits on the bed staring at the tablets.

He takes a handful and washes them down with a swig of tequila.

INT.PICK-UP.NIGHT

Cody with her head on the steering wheel. Eventually she lifts her head; her eyes are red with tears. She reaches into her bag and pulls out a bottle of tablets. Cody opens the bottle and gulps a couple down.

Cody checks her face in the rear view mirror, rubs her eyes and starts up the engine.

CODY

Self-pitying little asshole.
Who the fuck does he think he is?

INT.MOTEL ROOM. NIGHT

Jimmy on his back; eyes closed mumbling to himself.

INT.PICK-UP.DAY

Cody with her foot flat down; she grips the steering wheel tightly with both hands.

INT. MOTEL ROOM. NIGHT

Jimmy's grip on the tequila loosens; the bottle bounces on the floor.

INT. PICK-UP.NIGHT

Cody brings the pick-up to a halt at the side of the road. She clambers out; Cody leans against the door. Cody kneels down and throws up against the side of the pick-up.

INT.MOTEL ROOM.NIGHT

Jimmy out for the count on the bed.

INT.PICK-UP.NIGHT

Cody has cleaned herself up, she leans back in the seat for a moment.

She reaches for the radio; she flicks through numerous stations before giving up. She pushes a cassette into the player.

Brass Buttons plays.

Cody listens for a minute. A half smile appears on her face.

CODY

A fucking big lizard.

Cody starts up the engine.

INT.MOTEL ROOM. NIGHT

Jimmy sprawled across the bed.

Headlights suddenly illuminate the room. The sound of a car door slamming outside.

Footsteps.

The door opens.

CODY' S POV:

Empty tequila bottles on the floor.

Jimmy sprawled across the bed.

The packaging from the tablets on the floor.

CODY

Shit.

Cody runs to the bed. She grabs Jimmy and tries to shake him.

CODY

Wake up. Jimmy! Wake up!

No reaction.

She shakes him harder.

Still no reaction.

Cody looks around the room for some idea of what to do.

She picks up a tablet packet from the floor.

A smile appears on Cody's face.

Jimmy's face twitches.

Cody pours water over him.

Jimmy's eyes open. He frowns and squints as he tries to open his eyes.

CODY

Wake up. Jimmy, wake up.

Cody picks up the Stetson from the side of the bed and puts it on.

JIMMY'S POV:

A blurred figure in a Stetson.

JIMMY

Who is it?

CODY

Me?

JIMMY

Who?

CODY

Cody.

JIMMY

Where am I?

CODY

We're on our way to Mexico.

JIMMY

I don't want to go to Mexico.

Cody pours more water onto his face.

JIMMY

I'm dying. I'll never make it.

CODY

You're not dying. But you won't
be having any babies for a while.

Jimmy closes his eyes. Cody pours more water over him.

Jimmy's eyes open.

CODY

You ODeD on contraceptive pills.

Jimmy closes his eyes for a moment.

He opens them and smiles.

JIMMY

Birth control. Death control.
It's all the same.

CODY

Well? Are you coming to Mexico?

JIMMY

Are you coming to Llandudno?

CODY

Let's see if we make it to Mexico
first.

Cody gathers Jimmy's stuff together.

Jimmy tries to stand up.

He falls to the floor giggling.

CODY

Come on. Stand up.

Jimmy struggles to his feet.

JIMMY
I'm fine. I'm fine.

CODY
If we're quick we could get there
for sunrise.

JIMMY
I can't drive. I'm not driving.

CODY
No. I'm driving.

Jimmy loses his balance again.

Cody catches him. Jimmy smiles then leans into Cody and
nuzzles her neck.

Cody hugs him gently before leading him to the door.

EXT.HIGHWAY.NIGHT

The lights from the pick-up on the highway.

INT.PICK-UP.NIGHT

Cody and Jimmy are both exhausted.

CODY
I'm all done. There's a diner
along here. We'll grab a coffee.

Jimmy is too tired to answer.

INT. DINER.NIGHT

The place is deserted. Cody and Jimmy take a window seat.

CODY
Get me a coffee. I need to pee.

Cody walks across the diner to the ladies. Jimmy sits
staring out to the darkness. Jimmy stands up and walks
over to the Gents.

Outside the Gents he sees Cody on the pay phone with her back to him.

Jimmy hesitates.

CODY

Mum. Yeah it's Cody. No, no I'm fine. Never mind where I am. You never cared before. Anyway, I'm happy now. That's all I wanted to say.

Cody turns around to see Jimmy heading back to the table.

Cody pauses before following him.

CODY

You ordered the coffees yet?

JIMMY

No, no. I need to go to the gents first.

INT.TOILET NIGHT

Jimmy stares at the wall as he pees.

He washes his hands and stares into the mirror for an age.

INT.DINER.NIGHT

Cody sipping a coffee as Jimmy returns to the table.

CODY

I got you a pastry too. Thought you'd be hungry.

Jimmy smiles. He sips his coffee.

JIMMY

Y'know that story I told you about Gram Parsons? Being cremated in the cemetery.

Cody takes a tiny bite from her pastry.

CODY

Yeah.

JIMMY

Would you have done that for me?

CODY

If you had asked me.

JIMMY

Oh...

CODY

Would you do it for me?

JIMMY

If it's what you wanted.

Cody takes a sip of coffee and smiles.

INT.PICK-UP.NIGHT

Jimmy asleep with his head resting on the window. Cody pulls the pick-up to the side of the road.

Jimmy wakes up.

JIMMY

Where are we? Why have we stopped?

CODY

I'm tired. I can't go on.

JIMMY

I'm not driving.

CODY

That's fine. We'll stay here.

JIMMY

Are you ok?

Cody smiles.

CODY

Jimmy. Do something for me.

JIMMY

Sure.

CODY

Hold me.

Jimmy puts his arm around Cody.

CODY

Y'know I said I wouldn't see
Llandudno? Well I don't think
I'll even make Mexico.

Cody closes her eyes. Jimmy pulls her closer to him.

Jimmy stares out into the darkness of the desert as Cody falls asleep.

Jimmy pushes a cassette into the player; he rewinds it until **Brass Buttons** plays.

CODY

Will you?

Jimmy looks down at her as he gently hugs her.

JIMMY

Of course.

Jimmy falls asleep with Cody in his arms.

INT.PICK-UP. DAWN

Jimmy wakes as the sun rises.

He gently shakes Cody.

No response.

He whispers in her ear.

Jimmy moves his arm; Cody slumps back in her seat.

Jimmy stares at her for a moment.

He watches the sun rise in front of him.

He looks at Cody again. He leans over and gently kisses her cheek.

EXT. DESERT. DAY

Jimmy climbs into the pick-up.

He walks around it twice. He stops at the driver's side and looks at Cody.

Jimmy jumps into the back of the pick-up. He rummages through the rubbish that has been collected there.

He finds a cannister of petrol.

Jimmy opens the passenger door and douses the car with petrol.

Jimmy leans into the car, he opens the glove compartment and pulls out a cigarette lighter.

He closes the door and leans against it. He looks down at his finger poised on the lighter.

He stares at his finger as it twitches.

Jimmy closes his eyes, takes a deep breath and holds it.

He opens his eyes before turning around and opening the passenger door again.

Jimmy sits in the seat, grabs his Stetson from the dashboard and puts it on.

He sits for a moment.

Jimmy leaps from the pick-up.

He throws off the Stetson, unscrews the petrol cap from the pick and stuffs the Stetson into the hole. He pours petrol over the Stetson and takes a few steps back.

Jimmy walks back to the pick-up; he holds the lighter under the lighter underneath the Stetson.

He flicks it.

The flame leaps up.

The Stetson catches light.

Jimmy watches it burn for a second before turning and running towards the sun.

FREEZE FRAME as the pick-up bursts into flames behind Jimmy running into the desert.

FADE OUT

THE END