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INT. CHURCH. DAY.

The church is packed, an elegant crowd, money and prestige oozing from every silk suit and designer dress.

An elaborately robed BISHOP, 63, reads a eulogy.

THE BISHOP

Dr. Redman was a pillar of our community. Vice chancellor of the university, noted researcher, best-selling author...

EXT. CEMETERY. DAY.

The crowd is gathered round the grave as the casket is lowered. By the side of the grave there's a portrait of Dr. Redman - slicked back salt and pepper hair, long sideburns.

In the background, Elvis's "Are You Lonesome Tonight?" plays...

One person, KEV REDMAN, 32, stands apart. He has thinning blonde hair, a handsome face, pale blue eyes that move slowly. He wears a sharp black suit with a bolo tie and a cowboy hat.

THE BISHOP (V.O.)

...and of course his many Charitable donations. He will be deeply missed by his wives...

Four elegant blondes stand shoulder to shoulder, each in designer black, each one younger than the last.

THE BISHOP (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...colleagues, students, all who were touched by him...

At the back of the crowd, two young women in overly short black dresses exchange knowing glances.

THE BISHOP (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...ashes to ashes, dust to dust...

The crowd begins to drift away from the grave side, past Kev. An over-dressed woman in her late 50's stops in front of him.

WOMAN

You must be the prodigal! I'd recognize the fruit of Dr. Redman's loins anywhere!

Kev looks up at the mourners filing past.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

With a father like that you must be a professor - where do you teach?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEV

Two roads diverged in a wood, and I -  
I took the one less travelled by,  
And that has made all the difference...

WOMAN

You mean you're not a professor?

The Four Blondes are passing, arm in arm in pairs. The First Blonde snorts in derision when she hears the question.

SECOND BLONDE

Professor? That's a good one!

THIRD BLONDE

You still working as a landscape  
gardener?

Kev grins at the women.

KEV

If your bushes ever need trimming, I'm  
your man!

The fourth, and oldest blonde, pauses, looks at Kev.

MOTHER

It's too late to reconcile with him  
now, son.

INT. PLANE. DAY.

PA announcement - "Welcome to Phoenix Sky Harbor International Airport. Your captain has turned off the seatbelt signs..."

Kev is still in his funeral suit, cowboy hat in lap, reading. A little old lady in the window seat him peers intently into his face.

At first Kev doesn't notice her, but she leans in even closer, till he can't fail to see her.

KEV

Ma'am?

OLD LADY

I'd like to get off now.

KEV

You'd like to -

She nods her head to indicate the aisle.

OLD LADY

I'd like to get off the plane.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kev looks - people are disembarking. He stands, places his cowboy hat at just the right angle on his head.

His attention is suddenly caught by a man on the opposite aisle. He looks like an elderly Elvis Presley - but that's not all. There is something magical about him, he almost seems to glow.

Kev stares, transfixed, as Elvis makes his way down the aisle. A nudge in the back disturbs his reverie.

OLD LADY (CONT'D)

I still want to -

KEV

Get off. I remember.

He looks back up, Elvis has disappeared. Kev hurries down the aisle, catches up to the other passengers. Elvis is just ahead on the other side.

Kev slides between the two rows of seats to change aisle, has almost caught up to Elvis. Suddenly a small boy, 4 years old, darts out from between the seats, blocks his path.

KID

Take one more step and I'll drop you right there!

The kid points two fingers at him, like a gun.

KEV

Is that thing loaded?

KID

Take a wild guess, dumbass!

MOM

Carter! You mind your language!

A good-looking mid-20s mom appears from between the seats, dress half unbuttoned from breast feeding, infant on the hip. As she steps out her bag of baby stuff spills out across the aisle.

MOM (CONT'D)

Oh shit!

She bends over and starts to gather everything up, her cleavage enticingly visible.

Kev looks ahead, Elvis is moving again. Then his eyes drop down, fix on the mom's ample bosom. A nudge in the back gets his attention.

OLD LADY

Are you just going to stand there staring at her tits or are you actually going to help her!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

With a guilty look Kev bends down and starts scooping baby paraphernalia into the mom's bag.

MOM

Thank you!

Kev hands her a baby bottle, stands up. He stares down the aisle, but Elvis has disappeared, like a ghost.

EXT. AIRPORT PARKING DECK. DAY.

Kev ambles up to a large black 4X4. He dumps his bag on the hood, peels off his jacket, hurls it into the cab of the truck. The tie swiftly follows.

Kev reaches into the truck and grabs a tin of Skoal. A smile lights up his face as he pulls out a big wad of tobacco and shoves it into his bottom lip.

He looks around the parking deck - no one is around. From his bag he pulls out a pair of faded jeans and a T-shirt, begins changing.

He has just unzipped his pants when his eye is caught by a car heading his way - a huge 50s Cadillac with long tail fins and enough chrome to dazzle Ray Charles. In the bright sunshine, it's hard to look right at it.

With one hand holding his pants, Kev stumbles forward to try and get a better look - sure enough, the driver is Elvis.

The car turns a corner and heads down the ramp. Desperate now, Kev shuffles out from between the parked cars, releases his grip on his pants and waves at the Caddy.

KEV

Hey!

Kev's pants drop and he trips, winds up in a heap, trousers round his ankles. The old lady from the plane stares down at him in horror.

OLD LADY

Oh my!

EXT. KEV'S TRUCK. DAY.

Kev exits the airport onto the interstate. He quickly picks up speed and pulls out into the outside lane.

INT. KEV'S TRUCK. DAY.

Kev reaches over and turns on the radio. Elvis singing "Kentucky Rain" comes on. Kev looks in surprise at the radio, punches a button to change the station.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The new station kicks in with Elvis singing "It's now or never". Kev punches the button again and again, rapid fire, but every station is playing Elvis.

KEV

What the?

He shakes his head, looks over and suddenly sees Elvis's gleaming car on a surface road, paralleling the interstate.

KEV (CONT'D)

What do you want with me?

EXT. KEV'S TRUCK. DAY.

Kev speeds up, changes lanes, dives off at the next junction.

EXT. ROAD. DAY.

Kev's truck cruises down a back street.

INT. KEV'S TRUCK. DAY.

Kev looks all around for Elvis's car, not paying attention to the road. Suddenly a street person with a trolley darts out in front of him. His thickly bearded face seems to fill the windscreen.

Kev slams on the brakes. At the same moment Elvis's car cruises along the cross street, right in front of Kev.

KEV

Shit!

Kev leans on the horn, but the street person, RONALD, starts talking, gesticulating wildly.

RONALD

You killed my damn dog!

EXT. ROAD. DAY.

Kev climbs slowly from his truck, walks round to the front where Ronald stands waving his arms.

RONALD

The man killed my dog!

People on the sidewalk have stopped to watch the show.

KEV

Jeez, I'm real -

Kev stops short, looks around.

KEV (CONT'D)

What dog?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ronald points at the empty tarmac in front of Kev's tires.

RONALD

There! You blind or something?

There's nothing on the tarmac.

KEV

I don't...There's no dog!

Kev glances up the cross street - Elvis's car is just a faint shimmering patch of light on the horizon.

RONALD

Twelve years we've been together, me  
and Woofsy!

Kev looks at the bystanders, several of whom exchange sympathetic glances with him.

KEV

Look, mister, sorry I startled you, but  
I need to get on now.

He turns and heads back to his truck, but Ronald hurls himself onto the hood of Kev's truck, wailing loudly.

RONALD

Murderer! Kills my beloved Woofsy,  
then wants to leave without giving me a  
penny in compensation!

Kev stops, turns slowly.

KEV

I get it...

He steps up close beside Ronald.

KEV (CONT'D)

How many times a week does Woofsy get  
run over?

Ronald peers up at him from somewhere inside of his beard.

RONALD

Three or four times a week. Depends on  
traffic.

KEV

And what's the going rate for a dead  
imaginary dog?

Ronald licks his lips, thinks for a minute.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RONALD

Twenty would get me a good hot meal and  
a shower and clean up at the Y.

Kev reaches into his pocket and pulls out a handful of bills. He  
flips Ronald a twenty.

KEV

Enjoy.

Ronald eyes the handful of bills.

RONALD

You wouldn't have a few more of those  
to spare, would you?

Kev shoves the bills in his pocket, leans in close to Ronald.

KEV

I'd think that you and Woofsy should  
get out of the road. I might not stop  
so quick next time!

Ronald straightens up quick.

RONALD

Yes sir!

He wheels his trolley around and rumbles back up onto the sidewalk,  
clearing a path through the onlookers.

RONALD (CONT'D)

Come on Woofsy. Good boy!

Kev gazes up the cross street. There's no sight of Elvis's car.

KEV

Damn it!

INT. KEV'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Kev opens the door, drops his bag in the hallway. The house is  
aspiring middle class, hardwood floors, abstract art, designer  
touches scattered around with just enough casual flair to suggest a  
professional has been at work.

Kev's wife, BARB, 47, sits watching TV. She has perfect hair,  
perfect nails, a glowing tan, body by LA Fitness. She also has a  
tongue sharper than a Sushi chef's knife.

Her ever-present companions are strategically placed - a bowl of  
popcorn, a tall glass of cranberry juice, the remote control. She  
speaks without looking up.

BARB

Did you spit out your chew?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Kev rolls his eyes, opens the door and throws his chew into the bushes. He slams the door with rather more force than is strictly necessary.

BARB (CONT'D)  
Hang up your hat and take off your boots...

Kev mouths the instructions along with Barb as he dumps his hat on a chair and peels off his boots. He strolls into the living room - Barb's eyes are still glued to the TV.

BARB (CONT'D)  
How was it?

KEV  
Fantastic. The best funeral I've ever been to. Think I might go again next week.

Barb's hand dips into the popcorn, makes a smooth arc up to her mouth.

BARB  
Wonderful.

KEV  
It was open casket, and they served an excellent chilli.

Barb sips her drink, eyes still glued to the TV.

BARB  
That's nice.

KEV  
I'm going to take a shower then go meet Dave.

Barb's hand makes another trip to the popcorn.

KEV (CONT'D)  
Can I get you anything from the store? Couple of pounds of hot dogs? Machete? Some high grade Colombian blow?

BARB  
I'm fine honey.

Kev watches her for a moment, finally shakes his head.

KEV  
I gotta go beat off.

He turns and heads up the stairs. Barb takes another handful of popcorn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BARB  
(To herself)  
Whatever floats your boat - you're  
already living on borrowed time...

INT. BAR. NIGHT.

A crowded bar. Country music, football posters on the wall, pool tables in the corner.

Kev exchanges greetings as he strolls in, draws up a stool next to DAVE, 48. Dave has the shape and demeanor of a natural bar-fly.

He knows everyone, has a one-liner for every occasion, can tell a Bud from a Miller just by sniffing the label.

DAVE  
The prodigal returns!

KEV  
Don't you start!

They shake hands. The barman gives Kev a nod, pours him a beer. Kev gives Dave a puzzled look.

KEV (CONT'D)  
Where's your cigarette?

DAVE  
I quit.

KEV  
You're kidding? I don't think I've  
ever seen you without a cigarette.

DAVE  
So how are you?

KEV  
Oh, you know me, I've got it all,  
right? Great wife?

DAVE  
Check.

KEV  
Fantastic job?

DAVE  
Check.

KEV  
Fucked-up brother-in-law?

DAVE  
Check.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kev grabs his beer, downs half of it in one go.

DAVE (CONT'D)

So how's life as a Rebel Without a Cause!

Kev looks at his reflection in the mirror.

KEV

I always thought I was more Brad Pitt in "Thelma and Louise" than James Dean - y'know - good lookin', fast talkin'

DAVE

Fifteen years ago, maybe. But I wasn't talking Jimmy Dean.

KEV

So what?

DAVE

I may not be the smartest guy around - I didn't even know there was a Greek alphabet till I saw "Animal House" - but even I'd figured out all this redneck shit was you rebelling against your father.

Kev finishes his beer, spits tobacco juice into the empty. He calls to the barman for a refill.

KEV

You've got me all wrong man. I'm the real thing - a Southern rebel fighting Yankee oppression!

DAVE

Right!

KEV

For real, man. Like Lynyrd Skynyrd said! (Sings) Sweet Home Alabama, where the skies are so blue -

DAVE

Yeah, I know - Sweet Home Alabama, play that dead band song!

KEV

Well, anyways, I'm a real redneck and no mistake. I listen to Randy Travis, I chew Skoal, I -

DAVE

I'll bet you can't even describe the Rebel flag.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KEV

Oh, come on!

DAVE

Go on then.

Kev thinks for a moment.

KEV

Well, it's a blue cross on a red background!

DAVE

What else?

KEV

Well, there's stars on the cross.

DAVE

How many?

As they're talking, the waitress, PEARL, 27, heads towards them, eyes fixed on Kev. Pearl is a redneck, from her peroxide roots to her pink toenails. She's wearing skin-tight jeans and a micro tube top - she has the figure for it.

She sets her tray on the counter, throws her arms around Kev's neck and plants a big kiss on his lips.

PEARL

Hey good lookin', did you miss me?

Kev disentangles himself.

KEV

Hey Pearl.

She smacks her gum, leaves an arm draped across Kev's shoulder.

PEARL

Watchyall up to?

DAVE

Kev's making a fool of himself trying to describe the rebel flag.

PEARL

Hell, that's easy!

Before they can say anything, she turns around, drops her skin-tight jeans, and displays the most perfect, tanned, pert rear end - complete with a beautifully tattooed rebel flag.

Kev and Dave stare at it in wonder, but as quick as it appears it's gone, and Pearl is buttoning her jeans. She winks at Kev.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PEARL (CONT'D)

If you want I'll show you my Robert E Lee tatoo - but since I got myself one of those Brazilians he don't have a proper beard no more!

She grabs her tray and is gone. Kev and Dave turn to each other, eyes still slightly glazed.

KEV

Did you count 'em?

DAVE

Hell no. But if she'll show us again I'll be glad to give it a go.

EXT. DOT'S HOUSE. DAY.

Kev picks his way through a minefield of kids bikes, scooters and toys. Two kids are playing football when they spot him.

BILLY

Uncle Kev!

KEV

Hey! Hit me - I'm wide open!

Billy lofts a pass over his younger brother, Bobby. Kev catches it, raises his arms to signal a score.

KEV (CONT'D)

Touchdown!

Bobby pouts.

BOBBY

No fair!

Kev tosses him the ball.

KEV

Tell you what, why don't you spike it for me?

Bobby eagerly slams the ball into the ground as Kev heads towards the house.

INT. DOT'S KITCHEN. DAY.

A cluttered kitchen. The used dishes on the counter and unidentifiable artwork on the fridge indicate a family home.

BUDDY and DOT are deep in conversation.

BUDDY, 35, is big, not too bright, but with a look of animal cunning. He approaches life with the wit and wisdom of an 8 year old.

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CONTINUED:

Kev's sister DOT, 39, is attractive, in a slightly careworn way. Comfortable clothes, hair pulled back, no makeup. She is a woman dedicated to nurturing everyone - except herself.

BUDDY

I can't do that!

DOT

You have to do it - for me.

BUDDY

What if he finds out?

DOT

I'll take the chance...nothing else will wake him up.

BUDDY

How do I do it?

DOT

You said the Boss had his eye on him?

Buddy nods.

DOT (CONT'D)

So it shouldn't be too hard - you'll think of something.

There are footsteps from outside.

KEV (O.S.)

Buddy! You ready!

Buddy looks guilty and rushes from the room. Kev steps in and Dot envelops him in a huge hug. It's not a quick "good to see you" hug but a long "I love you and want you to know it" hug.

When she finally breaks free she doesn't let Kev go, but instead reaches up and holds his face, really looks at him.

DOT

How was it?

KEV

What do you want me to say? I had a great time? It was a funeral.

She lets him go, starts setting breakfast on the table.

DOT

It was dad's funeral. You could say what you really feel for once.

A kid comes running through the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOT (CONT'D)

Billy! Wipe your nose! (To Kev) Can I fix you a plate?

Kev grabs a biscuit, pours himself a glass of juice.

KEV

I'm good.

Dot scoops scrambled eggs into a dish, sets it on the table.

DOT

Didn't you feel anything?

KEV

I don't know. I didn't know what to feel. I barely knew the guy.

DOT

And whose fault was that?

She turns to Kev straight away.

DOT (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to -

Two more kids come into the kitchen, whacking at each other.

DOT (CONT'D)

Benny, Bucky, stop fighting!

The boys pause briefly to grab a buttered biscuit from the table, then resume their battle as they head out the door.

KEV

Wish you'd been there.

DOT

You know - with the kids - Billy had chicken pox and Bobby was at State try-outs.

KEV

I hardly knew anyone, but they seemed to know all about me.

Dot says nothing, puts Kev's plate on the table.

KEV (CONT'D)

Almost like someone had been keeping dad up to date with what I've been doing...

Another kid ambles into the kitchen, idles towards the plate of biscuits. Dot speaks without even looking up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DOT

Buddy Junior, leave those biscuits until you have your uniform on.

BOY

Why do I have to do get ready? Benny's playing on his Gameboy!

DOT

That's because he got dressed while you were outside beating up Billy. Now go do it!

He slopes from the room. Dot looks up at Kev.

DOT (CONT'D)

OK. We talked. Sometimes.

KEV

Mostly about me it seems.

He takes a bite of eggs.

KEV (CONT'D)

So what did he say? About me?

Dot puts down her cloth, looks uncomfortable.

DOT

He just wanted to know what you were up to - how you were.

KEV

You mean if I was writing?

DOT

He never actually asked me that.

Another boy runs through the kitchen. Dot is fast this time, manages to wipe his nose before he can escape with a biscuit.

DOT (CONT'D)

It's fifteen years since you cut him out of your life. Seems a bit late -

KEV

And it's twenty five years since he walked out on us. Your father dies, makes you start thinking though.

DOT

You don't want to let it lie? You start stirring things up, you never know where they'll lead. You prepared for that?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (4)

She walks over to him, strokes his hair.

BUDDY (O.S.)

You should let it lie. That's what I  
done when my pet turtle died. Course it  
smelt pretty bad after a few days...

KEV

Another day in the Confederacy of  
Dunces...

Buddy steps in, scoops up a handful of biscuits, crams them in his  
mouth. As he speaks crumbs spray out.

BUDDY

Man should be content with what he's  
got, that's what I say.

He walks past Dot, pinches her butt in passing.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

I sure as heck am!

Buddy moves on into the living room.

BUDDY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hey Billy? Where's my work boots!

KEV

(To Dot) And how about you? You  
content with what you've got?

She looks at him for a moment then turns away.

DOT

Like I said, you start stirring things  
up, you never know where they'll lead.

KEV

Tell Buddy I'll be waiting outside.

EXT. GARDEN. DAY.

Kev and Buddy work on a garden in a wealthy suburb. Lawn, flower  
beds and shady trees spread across a couple of acres.

Buddy rummages in a bag, pulls out a sandwich, crams it in his mouth.  
He pulls another package out, shoves it towards Kev.

BUDDY

Dot said these might answer some of  
your questions.

Kev looks questioningly at the package, pulls out a couple of old  
home movies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUDDY (CONT'D)

That is real dumb.

Kev doesn't answer, he's looking at the movies and thinking. Buddy lifts his shirt, scratches his capacious belly.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

I mean Elvis is dead, you know, so you couldn't have seen him.

KEV

Just drop it, Buddy.

Buddy looks at Kev, thinking. It's clearly a strain.

BUDDY

Just thought maybe it had escaped your notice - you thinking you -

He stops suddenly, gives Kev a suspicious look.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

You didn't really see Elvis, did you? You're just puttin' me on, aren't you? Like that time you told me there was a country called Grease! I mean, who'd name a country after a John Travolta movie?

KEV

Hey, they named France after a potato chip...

BUDDY

True...Well anyways, it'll turn out bad looking for a dead person - stuff like that always does.

KEV

Thanks, Nostradamus.

BUDDY

Name's Buddy, and you know it.

He stares at Kev's back.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Where'd you get all them big names from anyhow?

KEV

Reading Buddy. You should try it.

BUDDY

Why can't you just watch football like normal people?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KEV

Must be in my genes.

Buddy looks at Kev with a sneaky look in his eyes.

BUDDY

Reckon it is!

He steps over, grabs the paperback from Kev's back pocket.

KEV

Hey!

BUDDY

It was in your jeans, like you said!

Kev straightens up, annoyed, holds out his hand.

KEV

Very funny. Give me the book, Buddy.

Buddy is inordinately pleased with his joke - he holds the book out, then snatches it back as Kev reaches for it. He opens it, upside down, squints at it.

BUDDY

Think I might read me some of it.

KEV

Buddy, give me the damn book!

Buddy lowers the book, looks at Kev.

BUDDY

Or what?

Buddy outweighs Kev by a good hundred pounds. Kev sighs.

KEV

You're right. Why don't you read some of it.

Kev flops down on the grass, flips off his cowboy hat and wipes his sweaty brow with his bandana.

KEV (CONT'D)

Ready whenever you are.

Buddy looks flustered. He squints at the pages with deep suspicion. Suddenly he throws the book to Kev.

BUDDY

Don't think it's my kind of book.

Kev picks up the book, Thoreau's "Walden", leafs through it. He looks thoughtfully at Buddy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KEV

You can't read, can you?

Buddy slowly lowers himself to perch on a large rock.

BUDDY

Course I can - I'd just rather you read  
me a bit is all.

Kev leafs through the book, past several pages with the corners  
turned down, finally stops.

KEV

OK then, how about this. "The mass of  
men lead lives of quiet desperation.  
What is called resignation is confirmed  
desperation...a stereotyped but  
unconscious despair is concealed even  
under what are called the games and  
amusements of mankind."

Kev stops, gazes off into the middle distance. Buddy is sitting  
totally still, apparently in rapt concentration.

KEV (CONT'D)

"The mass of men lead lives of quiet  
desperation..." That's one of my  
favorite lines.

Finally Buddy moves - he lifts one leg slightly and lets out an  
enormous fart. A beatific smiles spreads slowly across his face and  
he looks across at Kev.

BUDDY

What was that again?

Kev sighs in disgust, climbs slowly to his feet and crams the book  
back in his pocket. Suddenly his gaze is caught by a shimmering  
light gliding along at the bottom of the hill - Elvis's car.

KEV

Gotta go!

BUDDY

What! You can't leave - we got to  
plant up these Begonias and trim Mrs.  
Mason's borders!

Kev runs to the street, his eyes fixed on the car as it glides into  
the distance. Buddy comes up behind him.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

It ain't worth it, you could lose your  
job.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

KEV

Only if The Boss knows.

Kev turns and jogs over to the truck.

KEV (CONT'D)

Say hi to Mrs. Mason for me!

Kev jumps in the truck, cranks it, pulls away tires screaming.

BUDDY

Taking the truck for personal use -  
that's automatic dismissal!

EXT. ROAD. DAY.

Kev's work truck flies round the corner, accompanied by the strains of Elvis's "It's not you." Elvis's car is a couple of blocks ahead, moving with the traffic on a busy road lined with strip malls and fast food joints.

Kev's truck moves faster than the traffic, dodging and weaving in order to catch up to Elvis.

Elvis's car turns right at a light. Kev, still a block back, accelerates through an amber light, past a couple of slow moving cars and swings round to the right to follow Elvis.

INT. KEV'S TRUCK. DAY.

Kev turns sharp right on a red light, has to slam on the brakes as a trash truck pulls out in front of him.

KEV

Son of a bitch!

He slams his hand on the wheel in frustration as the huge garbage truck waddles out in front of him, dripping garbage juice, and creeps slowly up the road.

KEV (CONT'D)

You can't do this to me!

Just as Kev's blood is about to boil, the truck pulls slowly into a side turning. Kev floors the throttle, accelerating up the small residential street.

EXT. ROAD. DAY.

Kev's truck rockets up the small road, round a curve, stops hurriedly at a red light. Elvis's car is nowhere to be seen.

INT. KEV'S TRUCK. DAY.

Kev hunches over the wheel, peering in all directions. It's a quiet stop light, nothing coming from either side. Suddenly Kev spots Elvis's car straight ahead, just disappearing round a curve.

Kev scans left and right, nothing coming. He's just about to take off and run the red light, has started inching forwards, when he looks in his mirror.

A cop car peels slowly out of a side turning, pulls up behind him. Kev eases on the brakes, curses under his breath.

EXT. ROAD. DAY.

The light turns green, Kev pulls away slowly, the cop car behind him.

The cop turns right, and Kev's truck lurches forwards as he accelerates hard.

EXT. KEV'S TRUCK. DAY.

Kev drives into an old town area, little shops along a quiet street, cars parked diagonally to the kerb, an eclectic mix of coffee shops, newsstands, antiques emporia, boutiques.

INT. KEV'S TRUCK. DAY.

Kev spots the Cadillac, parked. He peers past the car to the shop front: "Mystic Meg's - We Know What you Want".

KEV

Gotcha!

EXT. MAIN STREET. DAY.

Kev pulls in next to Elvis's car. He climbs from his truck, gives the Cadillac the once over - it's an amazing machine.

Kev looks up and down the street, there's a small general store to one side of Mystic Meg's, a used book store the other. Kev pushes open the door of Mystic Meg's.

INT. MYSTIC MEG'S. DAY.

Think of over the top kitsch and double it, and you'll still not have come close to Mystic Meg's. Kev gazes around in wonder, eyes adjusting to the gloomy interior.

Just inside the door a heavy-weight in a Hell's Angels T-shirt, GEORGE, 39, sits dozing in a chair. Kev walks right by without seeing him.

Kev's so busy gawping at the mix of faux Art-Deco paintings and paraphernalia, that he doesn't see MARCEL, age indeterminate, come out to meet him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Marcel wears skin tight velvet trousers and a brocade waistcoat. He appraises Kevin carefully.

MARCEL

See anything you like?

Kev tears his eyes away from a heavy oil painting of a naked, Rubenesque woman.

KEV

I'm looking for someone.

MARCEL

Of course. Any particular gender?

KEV

Yeah, a guy.

MARCEL

(Under breath)

Never would have guessed.

KEV

What's that?

MARCEL

I said it's what we do best - finding what you need.

KEV

Right, right.

He still seems dazed by the dark, oppressive interior.

MARCEL

So this guy - were you looking for anything in particular?

KEV

He looks like Elvis.

MARCEL

Unusual - but we've had worse.

He gives a conspiratorial laugh. Kev looks confused.

MARCEL (CONT'D)

We have someone who might fit the bill.

As they are talking Elvis comes out of the store next door, a small bag of groceries in his hand, climbs into the Cadillac.

KEV

Might fit the -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARCEL

How old is this guy of yours?

KEV

Well, he'd be about 70.

MARCEL

Of course, of course. Verisimilitude.

KEV

What?

MARCEL

It's important to get the details right, isn't it?

He takes Kev by the arm and starts to direct him towards the back of the store. Behind them, the Cadillac reverses out of the parking space, pulls off down the road.

MARCEL (CONT'D)

You know finding someone like that can be quite hard.

KEV

Tell me about it - I've been trying for days.

MARCEL

And you must be prepared for a little disappointment when you actually meet him - people aren't always the way we fantasize them.

They reach a counter at the back of the store.

MARCEL (CONT'D)

That'll be \$200 now, the balance upon, 'delivery'.

KEV

What?

MARCEL

We have to hire the costume, decorate the room - you want all the details right, don't you?

KEV

What room?

MARCEL

Oh - you want to do this at home!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

KEV

What the hell are you talking about?  
I'm just looking for Elvis - his car is  
parked right outside, I thought he'd  
come in here.

Marcel peers past him.

MARCEL

What, the Elvis Mobile?

KEV

No that big silver Cad...

His words tail off as he turns and sees the caddy has gone.

MARCEL

You think this is funny?

KEV

No. It's a royal pain in the ass!

MARCEL

Wasting my time!

KEV

Wasting your time? I was just -

MARCEL

I've met your sort before - you think  
it's funny, don't you? George? Throw  
this bum out!

George, the Hell's Angel by the door, slowly peels himself up from  
his seat.

KEV

I can find my own way out.

MARCEL

I insist that George helps you.

KEV

The hell he will!

INT. POLICE STATION. NIGHT.

Barb stands at the desk, filling out forms. She signs the last  
paper, slides the clipboard across to the policeman. Another cop  
leads Kevin out.

They look at each other for a moment, then Barb turns and marches out  
the door. Kev follows behind. The two policemen admire Barb's rear  
view as she departs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POLICEMAN

If I was following that I'd be in more  
of a hurry to get home.

EXT. POLICE STATION. NIGHT.

Barb storms ahead, Kev in her wake. Suddenly she stops, spins round  
on him.

BARB

What the hell are you playing at!

KEV

I -

Barb turns and marches away. Ten yards later, she turns again.

BARB

I don't even want to know what you were  
doing, but what do you think you're  
doing?

KEV

That makes a lot of sense.

Barb has reached the car. She throws open the passenger door and  
climbs in, leaves the door for Kev to close. As he reaches to close  
the door she jams her foot in the door, continues.

BARB

What I mean is I don't want to know why  
you were arrested, but I do wonder what  
the hell you think you're doing with  
your life.

KEV

Thanks for the clarification.

He slams the door, walks round to the drivers' side.

INT. BARB'S CAR. NIGHT.

Kev drives, staring straight ahead. About every ten seconds Barb  
glances at him then lets out a deep sigh, a potent mix of derision,  
disdain, and disgust.

Kev has nothing remotely powerful enough to counter it. He drives on  
in stoic silence.

The car passes a billboard - Kev stares in disbelief - it shows a  
huge picture of Elvis beneath the caption "The King is back in  
town!".

Kev starts to say something to Barb, but one look at her face makes  
him realize that now is not the right time.

INT. KEV'S STUDY. NIGHT.

Kev sits on a worn leather couch, feet up on a coffee table, beer can in hand. Several more empty cans litter the table. Kev is staring in fascination at the TV screen.

An old homemade movie shows his father, mid-30s, playing in the yard with two small kids. He suddenly scoops them up in his arms, and with one on each knee begins crooning "The Wonder of You." The kids giggle and squirm, delighted, loved.

The door flies open. Barb stands and stares at Kev, a magnificent Valkyrie ready to strike fear into the hearts of her enemies.

BARB

Just how dumb do you think I am?

Kev looks up, reluctant to tear his eyes from his movie. He finally pauses it.

KEV

Can I take the fifth on that?

He lifts his beer, takes a deep draft, but chokes halfway through as Barb throws two books onto the coffee table. The empty cans are sent flying, clattering onto the floor.

BARB

You think I don't know how you were able to buy this house with your lousy job?

Kev's eyes are drawn to the books - both bear his name as author.

KEV

When did you -

BARB

I've known for years.

She leans over and picks up the first one.

BARB (CONT'D)

New York Times bestseller? That must have made you a buck or two.

She tosses it in his lap. Kev picks it up, looks it over slowly as one might study the face of a long-lost friend.

KEV

I was working as a truck driver when I wrote this...

BARB

I figured you as a starving student in a dingy apartment in Greenwich Village.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEV

I only lasted two semesters at college. When I dropped out and started writing my father said I was throwing my life away, would never amount to anything...

Barb nods towards the second book.

BARB

So what happened with that one?

KEV

It was "sophomoric and soporific, self-derivatory dross". That was one of the better reviews.

BARB

I don't pretend to understand what any of that means, but it don't sound good. What happened?

KEV

Two years on a drunken bender celebrating my own brilliance.

BARB

Maybe you need to be a truck driver again.

Kev flips the books onto the table, looks up at her.

KEV

That part of my life's over.

BARB

Yeah, well so is this part.

Kev looks confused.

BARB (CONT'D)

I've had enough of you moping around looking miserable. You need to do whatever it takes to get your head straightened out.

She looks around the room.

BARB (CONT'D)

You can start by tidying this room.

She turns to leave, closing the door behind her. Before the door is quite closed she suddenly pokes her head back around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BARB (CONT'D)

I'm just a bored housewife who finds Oprah culturally enlightening, but I think you need to start writing again.

KEV

Thanks for the advice.

Barb gets a sharp look on her face.

BARB

What are you afraid of? Failure? Or success?

She slams the door. Kev drains his beer, crunches the can and tosses it across the room towards the trash can. It rims out.

KEV

A life of quiet desperation...

INT. WORKS OFFICE. DAY.

It's a scruffy room with a work bench covered in gardening equipment and tools, dusty concrete floor, old calendars on the walls featuring pneumatic girls and sports cars.

Kev sits reading. A bunch of work colleagues, RICK, CLEM and EARL, stand around chatting.

A door at the back of the room opens and THE BOSS, 47, emerges from his inner sanctum.

In his room there's a glimpse of a leather couch, a huge desk, all lit by a single, garish red light bulb. Thrash metal blasts from the speakers.

The Boss slams the door and stares around. He's big, with a pseudo-macho look - lots of studs and earrings, tattooed arms emerging from a leather vest.

THE BOSS

Redman? Hear you had a little too much hot sauce yesterday!

Everyone laughs.

RICK

Better put the toilet paper in the fridge!

KEV

You know the way it is - when you've got to go, you've got to go.

THE BOSS

Yeah, well you were gone a while!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEV

What can I say? I was in the can.

The Boss puffs out his chest.

THE BOSS

When I started this business it was just me and -

KEV

An old lawn mower. I know.

The Boss glares at Kev. He smiles back.

THE BOSS

Point is, if I needed to go to the can, I held it!

KEV

Guess I'm just not as tough as you.

THE BOSS

Damn right you're not!

He glares around the room.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

None of you pussies have got what it takes!

He's getting warmed up.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

Just me an that old lawn mower! Worked my butt off to build this business, and now I have to deal with a bunch of half-witted turds who can't keep their bowels closed after lunch!

Kev resumes reading. The Boss glares at him, but says nothing. The door bursts open and Buddy waddles in.

BUDDY

Sorry I'm late Boss!

THE BOSS

See what I mean! Dickless morons who can't even show up on time!

Buddy squints up at the clock on the wall.

BUDDY

I'm only a bit late, Boss. We had to drop Billy off at the doctors. What about Kev, he was gone half the afternoon yesterday!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Kev looks up at Buddy, gives him a smile.

THE BOSS

Old loose bowels there? Just keep him  
off the hot sauce today, OK?

He claps his hands together.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

OK you pussies, get your sorry asses  
rolling! There's gardens out there  
waiting for you!

He reaches three sets of truck keys down off a rack on the wall,  
throws them to Rick, Clem and Kev.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

Clipboards are in the trucks.

The guys start filing out the door, chatting and laughing.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

Yo, Buddy!

Buddy stops, turns around.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

You were late today - you get to clean  
the toilet!

He points towards a door in the corner. A grimy toilet can be  
glimpsed through the open door.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

Might want to get it done before Mr.  
Bookworm gets another attack of the  
runs!

The Boss retreats to his Inner Sanctum, leaves Buddy alone in the  
room. He sighs, shuffles into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM. DAY.

Buddy stares at the filthy toilet, picks up a disgusting toilet  
brush, plunges it into the toilet, begins scrubbing.

KEV (O.S.)

I'll wait in the truck!

Kev can be heard laughing as he heads back outside. Buddy attacks  
the toilet.

BUDDY

You keep laughing Mr. Bookworm. We'll  
see who's laughing when you don't got  
no job no more!

INT. BAR. NIGHT.

Kev and Dave sit at the bar.

KEV  
You on a diet?

DAVE  
Yeah, right.

KEV  
No, I'm serious, you look thinner.

DAVE  
I've had a stomach bug.

Kev glugs at his beer.

KEV  
I been wondering. What if Elvis isn't  
dead?

DAVE  
Then my record collection isn't worth  
as much as I'd hoped.

KEV  
I'm serious.

DAVE  
Why do you care?

Kev spits tobacco into his empty beer bottle.

KEV  
I think I saw him.

DAVE  
Right. You and three thousand other  
people a week.

KEV  
No, for real - I've kind of been  
following him.

DAVE  
You've been following a guy around - a  
guy who's been dead for thirty years?

KEV  
30 years, a few days...who knows?

DAVE  
Does Barb know?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

KEV

Of course not.

DAVE

There'll be hell to pay when she finds out - she is not an understanding woman. I never did understand why you married her in the first place.

KEV

She gave me a great blowjob.

DAVE

Confucious he say "One swallow does not make a summer - or a marriage".

KEV

That was Aristotle...Jeez I need to change something in my life.

DAVE

Why would you want to change anything? You've got it all!

KEV

Let me think - lousy marriage?

DAVE

Check

KEV

Crap job?

DAVE

Check

KEV

Fucked-up, demented brother in law?

DAVE

Double check.

KEV

So I'm going to find Elvis.

DAVE

Wasn't your dad, like, the world's biggest Elvis fan?

KEV

Totally obsessed. Why?

DAVE

So don't you think it's a bit of a coincidence that you suddenly -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KEV

I just need to talk to him.

DAVE

Then what?

KEV

That's where it gets a little fuzzy.

DAVE

Some cosmic enlightenment this is!

KEV

No, no, it's great - I feel energized by this. I can't remember the last time I felt this excited.

DAVE

I can. When Pearl bent over to pick up those pretzels I spilled and I won my bet that she don't wear panties.

Kev laughs, spits into his beer bottle again.

DAVE (CONT'D)

That is so unhealthy.

Pearl appears, drapes an arm around Kev's neck.

PEARL

I think it's sexy. I love a man who chews tobacco.

KEV

See, she thinks it's sexy.

PEARL

You know what my three favorite flavors are?

DAVE

Dare we ask?

PEARL

Skoal...

She kisses the side of Kev's mouth.

PEARL (CONT'D)

Bud...

She kisses him on the lips.

PEARL (CONT'D)

And...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

She whispers the third one in Kev's ear - he looks half shocked, half aroused. Pearl sashays off another table.

DAVE

What? What did she say?

KEV

I'm not telling. No way. There's some things you just don't repeat.

He pulls out his wad of chew and dumps it in the ash tray, opens his tin of Skoal and starts to pack another one.

DAVE

Either way, you should quit that stuff. It'll give you cancer.

KEV

I can give it up any time I want.

DAVE

Go on then.

Kev shoves the tobacco in his lip, the tin in his pocket.

KEV

Don't want to.

INT. DOT'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Kev stands looking at old family photos on the sideboard - he and Dot with their parents - while Dot dumps countless large dishes of food on the table. Several of the kids sit at the table working.

DOT

Three times seven?

Billy scratches his head, starts counting on his fingers.

DOT (CONT'D)

Without using your fingers.

BOBBY

I don't get it...

DOT

Well what's he trying to say "I wandered lonely as a cloud"?

From the living room comes the sound of trumpet scales. They climb and climb, then hesitate before the top note.

DOT (CONT'D)

Go on Buddy Jr., You've got it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The final note comes out, a bit squeaky.

DOT (CONT'D)

Way to go!

She finishes putting dinner on the table.

BILLY

Twenty one?

DOT

Good boy!

She cups her hands around her mouth.

DOT (CONT'D)

Dinner!

The word is hardly out of her mouth before the rest of the boys appear, scrambling to grab seats.

KEV

What took y'all so long?

Irony is wasted on the young - the boys are too busy loading their plates to answer. Buddy wanders in from the garage wiping his hands on an oily rag. He reaches for a pork chop but Dot raps his wrist.

DOT

Wash your hands first.

Buddy washes his hands in the sink, glances over at Kev at the far end of the table.

BUDDY

So where the heck did you rush off to yesterday anyways?

Kev takes a bite of food, mumbles his reply.

KEV

Nowhere in particular.

BUDDY

You ain't started writing again have you?

Dot freezes, another platter of food in her hand.

DOT

You've started writing again?

KEV

(To Buddy) How'd the boss know I'd left work early anyway?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Now it's Buddy's turn to look abashed. He shovels an enormous bite of mashed potato in his mouth.

BUDDY

Shomeone mushta sheen you leave.

The boys are up to their usual antics - Billy is dripping gravy on Bobby's lap, while two others are having a mashed potato fight.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

You took off like a bat out of hell - Mrs. Mason probably saw you leave and called The Boss.

He warms to this story.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's it, Mrs. Mason must of seen you.

DOT

Boys! Quit! (To Kev) I wish you would start writing again - dad always said that, too.

KEV

Always?

Food flies across the table.

DOT

You know what I mean - once or twice.

BUDDY

Mrs. Mason was probably standing looking out of her window when you drove away -

KEV

You said you hardly ever talked to him about me.

DOT

Well there was one time -

BUDDY

Probably thought, now where's that darned fool boy going when he should be trimming my borders -

DOT

After your second book -

KEV

Flopped -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DOT  
Was published -

BUDDY  
So she probably said, I'll call that  
nice man Mr. Boss.

DOT  
He said he'd called you, left a couple  
of messages -

KEV  
I got them. Figured he was calling to  
gloat.

DOT  
He wanted to tell you not to quit.  
Said he hoped you'd never stop  
writing...

BUDDY  
See? These things have a simple  
explanation once you figure out what's  
really going on.

Kev and Dot look at each other. Kev suddenly stands up, walks from  
the room. Buddy pauses, a fully laden fork half way to his mouth.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
Now where's the darned fool going?

EXT. DOT'S HOUSE. DAY.

Kev stands on the porch, shoves a wad of tobacco into his lip. Dot  
steps out on to the porch behind him.

DOT  
It's time to let go your anger - you've  
been fighting this too long.

KEV  
He shouldn't have left mom.

DOT  
Sometimes people do things we don't  
understand. Maybe even leave others  
behind if that's what it takes.

Kev turns and looks at her.

KEV  
He left us Dot...

DOT  
He was very unhappy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEV

I can relate to that...

Kev walks slowly away across the yard.

DOT

(Quietly)

You are so like him...

EXT. MRS JAMESON'S GARDEN. DAY.

An opulent, big money house, old lady style.

On one side of the large garden is an idyllic Koi pond, a small island in the middle with a gazebo and a bench. A delicate Japanese style bridge leads out to the island.

Buddy is in the pond in his rubber boots, sawing away at the underside of the bridge.

He looks around, sees Kev working on the far side of the garden, using the Weed Whacker - he has goggles and headphones on, can't hear a thing.

Buddy bends down and peers at his handiwork - the main support brace is cut almost all the way through. Satisfied with his work, Buddy climbs from the pond, buries the saw under a pile of tools in his wheel barrow.

He ambles over to where Kev is working, taps him on the shoulder. Kev turns and sees Buddy, cuts the motor, slips his headphones down onto his neck.

KEV

What's up?

BUDDY

Figured you might want to trade.

KEV

You serious?

BUDDY

Sure. Why not?

KEV

You hate using the Weed Whacker. You told me you'd rather put your nuts in a vice than use it.

BUDDY

Just figured it was about time.

Kev shrugs, hands Buddy the goggles and the headphones.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEV

Well thanks. Where you been working?

BUDDY

Just finished the gravel on the island.  
Need to do the paths next.

KEV

Where's the rake?

BUDDY

Guess I must have left it on the  
island. Want me to get it?

KEV

I'll get it.

Kev turns and heads towards the pond. Buddy immediately throws down the goggles and headphones and sneaks after him, ducking behind a tree as Kev nears the pond. He pulls a camera phone from his pocket.

BUDDY

Let's see how long you keep your job  
when The Boss sees photos of you  
swimming in Mrs. Jameson's koi pond!

Kev reaches the pond, strides across the bridge - nothing happens. He steps on the island, picks up the rake, re-crosses the bridge, heads off around the house.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

That ain't possible!

EXT. MRS JAMESON'S GARDEN 2. DAY.

Kev rakes the gravel path. The front door of the house opens and MRS JAMESON, 72, appears. She has blue rinse hair, twin-set and pearls, carries a tray with two tall glasses on it. Her little dog, Mitzi, trit-trots along behind her.

MRS JAMESON

Hello there, Mr. Redman!

KEV

Howdy, Mrs Jameson.

MRS JAMESON

It's another hot day - thought you boys  
might like a tall, cold glass of home-  
made lemonade!

KEV

That's real kind of you, Mrs Jameson.

He takes the proffered glass.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MRS JAMESON

Where's Mr...

KEV

Buddy's round the far side - you want me to take it to him?

MRS JAMESON

No, no. I'll do it.

She totters off with the tray, Mitzi in tow. Kev takes a big sip from his glass, gazes down the hill. As he takes a second sip, Elvis's unmistakable silver Cadillac ghosts past the bottom of the driveway.

KEV

What do you want from me?

EXT. MRS JAMESON'S GARDEN. DAY.

Mrs Jameson looks around. Buddy is bouncing up and down on the bridge with all his considerable weight.

MRS JAMESON

Mr. Buddy? What on earth are you doing?

Buddy turns around, a guilty look on his face.

BUDDY

Oh, Mrs Jameson. Leg fell asleep - just trying to shake it off.

MRS JAMESON

You be careful you don't break my bridge!

BUDDY

No danger of that ma'am!

There's the sound of a vehicle starting. Buddy peers down the hill, sees Kev leaving in a cloud of burning rubber.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

What the -

Mrs Jameson reaches the pond.

MRS JAMESON

I brought you a glass of lemonade.

She steps on the bridge. Buddy turns around, a look of horror on his face.

BUDDY

No, no!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Too late. As she reaches the middle of the bridge there's a quiet groan - they both look down.

MRS JAMESON  
What on earth was that?

Buddy gives a sickly grin.

BUDDY  
Nothing, I'm sure.

MRS JAMESON  
Here. I made this for you.

She hands him his lemonade. As Buddy reaches for it there's a yapping - Mitzi is on the grass looking at them.

MRS JAMESON (CONT'D)  
Come here sweetheart!

Mitzi trit-trots out onto the bridge. The groan is repeated, much louder this time.

BUDDY  
Ma'am, I think we should -

CRACK! Before he can finish his statement, the bridge buckles beneath them, collapses.

Buddy, Mrs Jameson, Mitzi, and the lemonade tray disappear with an almighty splash.

EXT. STREET. DAY.

Kev tears off down the street, tools bouncing around in the back of the truck. He reaches the bottom of the hill, stops sharply.

INT. TRUCK. DAY.

Kev looks left and right along the busy road, but there's no sign of Elvis's car. Kev's face registers utter frustration.

Suddenly, there's a sharp flash of silver away to his right.

EXT. MAIN DRAG. DAY.

Kev's truck peels out of the side road in front of an oncoming car. The driver blows his horn. Kev speeds up, dodging between the dawdling traffic, past the endless strip malls and fast food joints.

Kev races through an amber light at the junction for the interstate, and as the truck disappears under the bridge, Elvis's car glides along on the interstate above.

INT. TRUCK. DAY.

Kev looks up just in time to see the Caddy crossing above his head.

KEV

Shit!

EXT. MAIN DRAG. DAY.

Kev races into the turn lane, does an illegal U-turn to get back to the interstate on-ramp - but there's a fender bender in front of him, all three lanes are blocked.

INT. TRUCK. DAY.

Kev brakes hard, slams his hand on the steering wheel.

KEV

Not again! No way!

He looks around. Traffic left, right and behind. Straight ahead the gravel bank rises up beside the interstate bridge.

KEV (CONT'D)

You don't get away from me that easily  
you son of a bitch!

Kev punches the 4WD button, heads straight for the kerb.

EXT. ROAD. DAY.

The truck hits the kerb, bounces up onto the gravel bank. Slinging dirt it fishtails up the steep bank.

The truck makes it up the bank, drives alongside the interstate - there's a barrier where the road crosses the bridge, so Kev has to drive alongside the interstate for a short while before he can get to the road itself.

The barrier ends and Kev pulls across three lanes of traffic, across the central reservation, and onto the interstate heading the same way as Elvis. The Cadillac is out of sight.

EXT. INTERSTATE. DAY

Short montage of scenes showing Kev speeding down the interstate, passing cars, heading out of town into the desert.

INT. TRUCK. DAY.

Kev is out beyond town in the desert, scanning all exits as he passes for any sign of Elvis's car. Once again he passes the billboard - "The King is back in town."

EXT. INTERSTATE. DAY

As Kev passes the exit for Apache Junction, Elvis's car can be seen heading off down the surface road.

Kev's truck veers off into the dirt, through a drainage ditch and some scrubby bushes, in through the back of a service station.

EXT. ROAD. DAY.

A surprised old guy in a straw hat scratches his head as Kev roars by. Kev accelerates hard as he leaves the interstate behind, out past a fried chicken place, a junk yard, on into the open desert.

The last thing he passes is a mobile home park. He's almost past when he sees Elvis's car between the mobile homes. Kev's truck locks up in spectacular skid, then reverses up the empty road to stop in front of the trailer park.

INT. TRUCK. DAY.

Kev looks at the sign - "Cactus Jack's Trailer Park".

KEV

Who would have guessed it?

EXT. CACTUS JACK'S TRAILER PARK. DAY.

Kev turns into the trailer park, finds a security gate blocking his way. He stops, rolls down his window.

There's a small guard's room in the middle of the road. The door of the room opens and the security guard emerges.

CHIEF SITTING BULLSHIT, 67, is quite a sight. 6'5", 350 pounds, he's a Native American warrior from his hand made moccasins to his long, dark braided hair. A small blue "Security" cap perches uneasily on top of his head.

He glares down at Kev, says nothing. Kev smiles nervously.

KEV

Howdy chief!

Chief continues glaring.

KEV (CONT'D)

Here to visit a friend of mine.

When Chief speaks, his voice is a low rumble.

CHIEF

Who you here to see?

KEV

Dude with the 50s Caddy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chief sticks his head in through the window of the hut, emerges with a small clipboard enveloped in his hand. He peers at it for a moment, his brow furrowed in concentration.

CHIEF

Don't see you listed. What d'you say  
your name was?

KEV

Kev Redman. But I won't be on your  
list - it's a surprise visit.

CHIEF

Surprise visit, huh?

A car pulls up behind Kev.

KEV

Yeah, big surprise.

Kev nods towards the gate.

KEV (CONT'D)

So if you can open up, I'll be on my  
way...

CHIEF

No can do. You don't got no permit,  
don't got no invite, you don't get in.

He car behind Kev revs impatiently.

KEV

Aw, come on.

CHIEF

No can do.

The car revs again.

KEV

Jeez. What kind of trailer park has a  
security guard?

CHIEF

This one. Can't trust no one round  
here.

Kev looks around at the miles of empty, dust blown hills. A second car pulls up behind.

KEV

This is real important - can't you let  
it ride just this once?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHIEF

No can -

KEV

Do. I heard you. But look at me. Do I look like I'm gonna commit a crime?

CHIEF

Never can tell. Lee Harvey Oswald looked like a bank clerk.

One of the cars blows the horn.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

You gotta leave, sir.

KEV

This is really important to me.

The horn sounds again.

CHIEF

No permit, no invite...

KEV

I've been trying to talk to this guy for - just five minutes is all I need.

There's a longer, more insistent blow on the horn.

CHIEF

You gotta leave, sir.

Kev lets out a deep sigh of exasperation, cuts his motor.

KEV

Think I'll just sit here awhile.

CHIEF

Now why would you do that?

KEV

I told you - it's important to me.

The driver behind starts to climb from his car.

DRIVER

What the hell's going on up there?

Chief takes a step towards the car.

CHIEF

Get back in the car sir.

The driver looks at Chief, subsides, muttering to himself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DRIVER

Just want to get home is all...

Chief turns his attention back to Kev.

CHIEF

I'm gonna have to call the cops.

KEV

You'd call the cops on me?

CHIEF

They're just two miles up the road.

He pulls a cell phone from his pocket, begins dialing.

KEV

OK, OK, I don't want to cause trouble here.

Kev cranks his truck, starts to back up. He's half way through his turn when Chief's big head appears in his window.

CHIEF

You're quitting?

KEV

You were calling the police on me!

CHIEF

But you were so passionate. Hate to see a man quit on something he cares about.

Kev pulls out of the way and Chief opens the gate. The two cars roll on into the trailer park. Chief shuts the gate.

KEV

Damn! You were about to let me in, weren't you?

CHIEF

Hell no! You're a wacko! Ain't no way I'm ever letting you in!

EXT. HUNTING SHOP. DAY.

Kev looks up at the sign - "Rooster's Hunting World".

INT. HUNTING SHOP. DAY.

The shop is gloomy, overflowing with hunting gear - racks of camo clothes, decoy ducks peering down from shelves, guns glinting in the half-light.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Kev wanders through the shop turning this way and that, lost in an unfamiliar world, there's a movement in the shadows. A figure creeps through the gloom towards Kev.

ROOSTER, 49, is in stealth mode. He's dressed in black from head to toe, with a SWAT equipment vest and a huge black-handled Special Forces knife for accessories.

His hair bristles at attention, eyes dart from side to side, ever vigilant, ever ready, ever paranoid. Tattoos fight for space on the exposed skin of his arms and neck.

ROOSTER

See anything you like, soldier?

He is so close behind Kev, has come up so quietly, that Kev literally jumps when he hears the voice. He spins around and looks at Rooster - it's not a reassuring sight.

KEV

Jeez! You startled me.

ROOSTER

Soldier's got to be ready. Always!

Kev takes a step backwards. Rooster closes the gap.

ROOSTER (CONT'D)

What you looking for soldier?

KEV

I'm in the market for some surveillance equipment.

ROOSTER

Are you now? Day or night ops?

KEV

Well, either I guess.

Rooster points to a locked cabinet behind the counter.

ROOSTER

Binoculars and night vision gear's over here.

KEV

Night vision! Those are pretty cool!

ROOSTER

Pretty cool?!

He moves in close to Kev, suddenly draws his dagger, holds it up into a beam of light, hisses into Kev's ear.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

ROOSTER (CONT'D)

You're in the jungle - night -  
creatures creeping and slithering all  
around - one of 'ems the enemy, wants  
to slit your throat - only way to find  
him is with your night vision goggles.

He whips the knife up before Kev's startled eyes.

ROOSTER (CONT'D)

They're not just "pretty cool",  
soldier! They're the coolest damn  
mother-fucking piece of kit you're ever  
likely to encounter!

He darts across to the cabinet, produces a key from somewhere in his  
SWAT vest, unlocks the cabinet.

ROOSTER (CONT'D)

What's your price range?

KEV

How much they run?

ROOSTER

Start around fifteen hundred, run up  
through six thousand.

KEV

Six thousand!

ROOSTER

All that stands between you and having  
your throat slit...

KEV

Let me see the \$1500 pair - and some  
good binoculars.

Rooster lays the two items on the counter. Kev picks the night  
vision goggles and starts fiddling with them, peering around the  
gloomy shop.

ROOSTER

So what you hunting, soldier?

KEV

I'm not hunting - just looking.

ROOSTER

Looking?

KEV

Yeah...just looking for...for  
something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Rooster reaches out and grasps Kev's arm.

ROOSTER

Something? You're not holding out on me, are you soldier?

Kev puts down the goggles, picks up the binoculars.

KEV

Holding out?

ROOSTER

Heard a report them rare bighorn sheep've been seen up in the hills - I'd love to bag me one of them.

Kev scans the parking lot with the binoculars. Suddenly he sees several of his work buddies climbing out of a truck, heading towards the store.

KEV

On shit!

He lays the binoculars on the counter.

KEV (CONT'D)

I'll take them both - I just want to browse around a bit!

He disappears between two racks of camo clothes as the door opens and his work buddies roll in.

Rooster looks towards Kev, brow furrowed. The three guys, Rick, Clem and Earl, stroll up to the counter.

RICK

Hey buddy. Can you gimme 50 rounds of 12 gauge?

ROOSTER

You want 3 or 3 and 1/2?

As they talk, Clem and Earl wander off between the racks, heading towards Kev. Kev ducks down, scurries between two racks of clothes, backs up to a carved statue of an Indian, holding an old shotgun.

KEV

(Whispers)

Sorry chief.

Kev backs around the statue, straight into the legs of Clem. He looks down, startled.

CLEM

What the - Kev?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Kev stands up grinning, red-faced. Rick also sees Kev.

RICK

Kev? What the hell you doing here?

KEV

You know, just looking around...

RICK

In a hunting shop? Of all the people I would never expect to see in a hunting shop...

Rooster peers over, interested.

CLEM

Weren't it you spent, like, an hour telling me how stupid hunting was, just last week?

RICK

So what you looking for?

Kev reaches out to the rack of camo clothes.

KEV

Some camo clothing?

RICK

For you?

KEV

No, no! For Buddy - for his birthday.

Clem and Rick look at each other.

CLEM

He do hunt a bit, don't he?

RICK

Guess he do.

Rooster taps the shells on the counter.

ROOSTER

That's \$106, soldier.

Rick reluctantly tears his eyes from Kev, peels off a handful of bills, hands them to Rooster. Rooster loads the shells into a brown bag, gives Rick his change.

Rick picks up the shells, slowly the three head for the door, still shaking their heads.

RICK

Well we'll be seeing you then.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

KEV

See you guys.

They close the door and Kev lets out a big sigh. He looks over and sees Rooster eyeing him suspiciously.

KEV (CONT'D)

There's things you just don't want to discuss with some people.

ROOSTER

Your business soldier.

Kev lays his credit card on the counter, Rooster rings up the sale. Kev watches carefully as the three work buddies climb in their truck and drive off.

The sale complete, Kev heads out the door..

KEV

Thanks.

Rooster scoots up to the door, peers out.

ROOSTER

Something's going on here soldier...

Kev looks over his shoulder as he walks to his truck. Rooster ducks down.

ROOSTER (CONT'D)

Can't let this one get away...

EXT. HUNTING SHOP. DAY.

Kev climbs into his truck. As he does so the back door of the store cracks open and Rooster scampers out, scuttles over to hide behind the huge metal dumpster.

Kev cranks the truck. Rooster peers out, reads the licence plate, lips moving. This is not an easy skill for him.

ROOSTER

8-6-7...K-T-W

Kev's truck pulls out of the parking lot. Rooster looks around, desperate.

ROOSTER (CONT'D)

8-6-7...K-T-W

He pulls his huge knife out, tries to carve the number on the side of the dumpster. There's a terrible screeching, but nothing that looks like a number is visible in the paintwork.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROOSTER (CONT'D)

8-6-7...K-T-W

Rooster looks around, ever more desperate. Suddenly he looks at the white lines of the parking lot, his face lights up.

He draws the knife across his arm, and as the blood drips down starts writing with his finger.

ROOSTER (CONT'D)

8-6-7...K-T-W.

EXT. GARDEN. DAY.

Kev and Buddy are unloading tools outside a large house.

EXT. ROAD. DAY.

A black Humvee cruises to a halt at the side of the road, about 100 yards from where Kev and Buddy are unloading.

A black-clad figure leaps from the truck, crouches low, peers over the hood of the Humvee. It's Rooster, binoculars jammed to his eyes, scanning Kev.

ROOSTER

You're no gardener! (Pause) Must be  
Special Ops!

EXT. GARDEN. DAY.

Kev looks around.

BUDDY

Something on your mind?

KEV

Just contemplating the intellectual  
challenges of the day ahead.

BUDDY

You still looking for Elvis?

KEV

I don't know what I'm looking for,  
Buddy.

BUDDY

Well I sure hope you find it soon, coz  
you ain't been no fun since your dad  
passed away...

Kev picks up a rake, turns and walks across the lawn.

EXT. OUTSIDE CACTUS JACK'S TRAILER PARK. DAY.

Kev hikes across the dry desert, a small pack on his back. He crests a rise and sees the trailer park 100 yards below. He jogs on down the hill towards it.

EXT. DESERT. DAY.

The black Humvee pulls up beside Kev's truck. Rooster climbs out, clad in desert camo from head to toe, wearing a utility vest bristling with weapons and gadgets, rifle across his shoulder.

With cautious steps he approaches Kev's truck, reaches out and places a palm on the hood, looks slowly around.

ROOSTER

Still warm.

Suddenly Rooster goes into full combat mode, ducking down, spinning around, whipping out a pistol. A surprised Jack rabbit eyeballs him for a moment before hopping off.

Rooster leaps back into his Humvee and drives on into the desert.

EXT. OUTSIDE CACTUS JACK'S TRAILER PARK. DAY.

The fence is wire, covered on the inside with thick black sheeting to keep prying eyes out. Kev looks through a gap in the fence, trying to see Elvis's trailer. It's just a silver gleam in the distance.

Kev pulls out his binoculars and peers through, but still can't see much. He hangs the binoculars round his neck and walks along the fence towards the hills.

EXT. DESERT. DAY.

Rooster scuttles over the harsh terrain towards the ridge, hurls himself down in the dust.

No sooner has he hit the deck than he brings up his hunting rifle, a huge scope on the top. He buries his eye in the scope, scans the desert ahead.

ROOSTER

Target acquired!

Through the scope, Kev is in Rooster's cross-hairs.

EXT. OUTSIDE CACTUS JACK'S TRAILER PARK. DAY.

Kev peers through the fence. His change in position has been rewarded - he has a clearer view of Elvis's trailer.

He pulls a small folding seat out of his pack, settles down with the binoculars to keep watch on the trailer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Eyes fixed on the binoculars, Kev reaches into his pack with the other hand, pulls out a sandwich, a cold drink - he's settling in for a while.

Cut to -

Kev's sandwich is just a couple of curling crusts on the dry ground beside him, the empty soda can beside it. Suddenly he sits upright.

KEV

Finally!

Through the binoculars a figure emerges from the trailer. The sun is low, it's hard to see if it is Elvis.

KEV (CONT'D)

Come on baby, show yourself.

Kev leans in against the fence.

KEV (CONT'D)

Come on, just one really good look,  
that's all I want.

EXT. INSIDE CACTUS JACK'S TRAILER PARK. DAY.

A little old lady emerges from her trailer, a toy poodle in her arms. She sets the dog down and it scurries over to the fence, begins to piss on every other fence post.

The woman follows slowly behind the dog. Suddenly she stops, listens. She hears a voice.

KEV (O.S.)

Don't tease me - show me what I want.

She walks along the fence a little further, listening.

KEV (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Just one full frontal is all I'm asking  
- make me a happy man!

She picks up the dog and marches back to her trailer.

EXT. OUTSIDE CACTUS JACK'S TRAILER PARK. DAY.

Kev is concentration personified, eyes glued to the binoculars. Elvis stands outside his trailer, back turned to Kev, talking on the phone.

KEV

Come on baby, turn around one time -  
that's all I need to satisfy me.

Without warning a pile of trash is dumped on his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEV (CONT'D)

What the -

He stands up, covered in trash, sees a pair of beady eyes peering through a gap in the black sheeting.

OLD LADY

Pervert!

KEV

Are you crazy!

OLD LADY

I heard you, wanting a full frontal.  
You should be ashamed of yourself.

KEV

No, no, it's not like -

OLD LADY

Pathetic!

Her poodle is in her arms, glaring at Kev.

OLD LADY (CONT'D)

I'm going to count to three, then I'm  
going to turn my dog loose.

Kev looks at the dog.

KEV

It's OK, lady, I'm leaving - but don't  
threaten me with your stupid dog!

Kev starts to pack up his stuff, taking his time, making a point.

OLD LADY

Have it your way.

EXT. INSIDE CACTUS JACK'S TRAILER PARK. DAY.

The old lady turns towards her trailer and whistles. A huge Rottweiler leaps from the trailer.

OLD LADY

Come here Fang!

The trash can is turned on its side from where she dumped the trash on Kev. She sets it upright, against the fence, as the huge dog bounds up to her.

OLD LADY (CONT'D)

Go get him boy!

The dog is onto the trash can and over the fence in one muscular leap.



EXT. OUTSIDE CACTUS JACK'S TRAILER PARK. DAY.

Kev walks slowly up the hill away from the trailer park - he turns when he hears a snarling sound behind him, sees Fang rushing towards him. Kev takes off in a pell-mell sprint up the hill.

EXT. DESERT. DAY.

Rooster is hunkered down just below the brow of the hill, watching. It's apparent that the dog is going to catch Kev long before he makes the safety of his truck.

ROOSTER  
OK soldier, stay calm!

Rooster rolls over onto his back, searches in the pockets of his vest - pulls out a red tipped dart.

ROOSTER (CONT'D)  
Tranquilizer - check!

He slots the dart into the rifle, rolls back over.

Kev is about twenty yards from him, the dog almost on his heels. Rooster takes aim.

ROOSTER (CONT'D)  
Breathe slow. Remember soldier, you  
only get one shot at the enemy!

Kev crests the hill, running full pelt, not daring to look back. The rottweiler is right on him, jaws open, when there's a quiet crack. The rottweiler falls in mid-leap, rolls over two or three times, finally comes to a halt in a cloud of dust.

Kev just keeps on running, doesn't even see the dog go down, certainly doesn't see Rooster lying motionless in the dust.

ROOSTER (CONT'D)  
Good job soldier! You did your country  
proud! (Pause) Thank you sir!

INT. KEV'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Kev walks in from the back, finds Barb sitting at the dining room table poring over a pile of divorce papers. She looks up in surprise, hurriedly flips the papers over.

BARB  
Hi honey!

She sounds unnaturally bright. Kev looks at her with suspicion.

KEV  
What've you got there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Barb scoops the papers off the desk and into her lap.

BARB

Just some papers from work.

KEV

You work part time at the laundromat  
folding clothes - what kind of papers  
do you need?

BARB

Liability insurance, that kind of stuff  
- you know, in case someone sues us.

KEV

Because they cut themselves on one of  
your sharply folded creases?

The look Barb gives him is sharp enough to draw blood.

BARB

For someone who spends his days raking  
leaves and scooping up cat poop you're  
talking pretty high and mighty. Where  
you been, anyway? You smell awful.

KEV

Oh, just here and there...

BARB

What are you hiding? Have you started  
writing again?

KEV

I am kind of getting back into it.

BARB

No way! I'd know.

KEV

How would you know?

BARB

You'd be happy - when you're feeling  
happy, you get frisky. You haven't  
been even remotely frisky lately.

KEV

And that's my fault? Friskiness isn't  
a one way deal you know - you need a  
frisker and a friskee.

BARB

Sounds complicated.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KEV

Not complicated. Just unlikely.

He turns and heads towards the stairs.

KEV (CONT'D)

I'm going to bed.

For a moment a sad expression passes across Barb's face. It doesn't last long.

BARB

Have a shower and put your clothes in the laundry hamper!

She pulls the papers back out, continues reading.

EXT. CACTUS JACK'S TRAILER HOME. DAY.

Kev climbs from his truck, walks over to the security booth. Chief is staring at his PC screen, sucking on a giant stogie.

CHIEF

Figured I'd see you again.

KEV

How's that?

CHIEF

Obsession - keeps a man coming back.  
(Pause) You're not going to go loco on me again are you?

KEV

No. And you're not going to let me in are you?

CHIEF

You know the deal - you don't got no permit, don't got no invite -

KEV

You don't get in.

Kev stares out across the empty desert.

KEV (CONT'D)

You been working here long?

CHIEF

Not long. And I won't be here long, neither.

KEV

How's that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHIEF

I've got plans, dreams. I'm gonna follow my dreams right out of here.

KEV

Dreams, huh?

CHIEF

Sure, everyone has dreams, right?

Kev looks away.

KEV

So what's your dream that's going to take you out of here?

CHIEF

Well, it's hard to choose between them sometimes...

He gets a faraway, dreamy look in his eyes.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

I either want to sail around the world, be a rodeo rider, or a runner, you know, like those Tarahumara from Mexico.

Kev somehow manages to keep a straight face.

KEV

Tough choice.

CHIEF

Yeah. But I'm leaning towards rodeo rider. How about you?

KEV

I used to have dreams, but these days...life just seems to have sucked them right out of me.

CHIEF

That's the way I used to think. Then I realized, without dreams, we're nothing.

He fixes Kev with a serious look.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

You gotta have dreams, man. If not, you're just a dead man walking.

INT. BAR. NIGHT.

Kev and Dave sit at the bar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVE

So how are you?

KEV

Good. I've got it all. Great wife.

DAVE

Check.

KEV

Fantastic job.

DAVE

Check.

KEV

Fucked-up, demented, retarded brother-in-law!

DAVE

Double check. You still looking for Elvis?

KEV

Noooo. I'm way over that.

DAVE

Coz I saw him last night...

KEV

You did? Where?

DAVE

In the 7-11 buying a slurpee.

KEV

Right.

DAVE

And some chick in California says she's having his baby after a night of passion in a Motel 6 ("We'll leave a light on for ya"), and some guy in Tennessee says he saw him driving a septic tank truck. I read it in National Enquirer.

KEV

OK, so I still want to talk to him.

DAVE

Man could have a worse ambition.

The barman offers them a beer. Dave declines.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KEV

You sure you're not on a diet?

DAVE

Desperate times call for desperate measures.

KEV

I never thought of you as a dieter.

DAVE

Me either.

KEV

So what's it all about?

DAVE

Oh I don't know, I guess I'd like to get laid one more time.

KEV

You're not that old...

DAVE

That's easy for you to say - you've got a good looking wife at home, and Pearl ready to drop her drawers at the slightest hint that you might be interested!

Pearl appears as if from nowhere.

PEARL

I heard my name mentioned. What y'all talking about?

KEV

Oh, ah, favorite movies.

PEARL

Movies! I love movies! My favorite movie is Deliverance.

KEV

Really? I love that movie too. I think Dickey's theme, that our romantic ideals about Man's goodness wilt and die under pressure, and that our base animal instincts -

Pearl stops him in full flow by gently placing her hand across his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PEARL

Base animal instincts - I like the  
sound of that. Kev? (Beat) You think  
I've got a pretty mouth?

EXT. JAMESON GARDEN. DAY.

Buddy and Kev work in the garden. Buddy watches Kev, a sneaky look  
on his face, then turns towards the house.

BUDDY

Mrs. Jameson wanted to have a word.

KEV

You want me to talk to her? You're not  
exactly flavor of the month right now.

BUDDY

No, it's OK, I've got it.

INT. MRS JAMESON'S HOUSE. DAY.

Mrs. Jameson sits in a straight-backed chair, knitting needles  
clacking, her small dog Mitzi in her lap. The door bell sounds and  
she turns and glances towards the hallway.

MRS JAMESON

Well I wonder who that could be, Mitzi?

The dog looks up enquiringly. She rises slowly, sets the dog back on  
the chair.

MRS JAMESON (CONT'D)

I'll be right back sweetie-poo.

She totters to the door, opens it slowly. Buddy's big, dopey smile  
greet's her.

BUDDY

Morning, Mrs Jameson.

She looks at him for a moment, thinking.

MRS JAMESON

You're the gardener, right?

BUDDY

That's right ma'm. Buddy.

Behind them Mitzi hops down from the chair, pitter patters to the  
door on her tiny feet. Neither one of them notices.

MRS JAMESON

How can I help you, Mr. Buddy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUDDY

Well, ma'm, I had a question about something in your garden - wondered if you could come take a look?

She peers out past him at the immaculate garden.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

It will only take a minute.

MRS JAMESON

I'll get my shoes on.

She turns and closes the door, and as she does so Mitzi slips out the door and scoots into the bushes.

EXT. JAMESON GARDEN. DAY.

Buddy strolls over to where Kev is working.

BUDDY

Crazy old bat.

KEV

What's up.

Buddy points to a beautiful flower bed.

BUDDY

She wants us to dig it up.

KEV

You're kidding? That's her pride and joy!

BUDDY

She's coming out in five minutes to make sure we're doing it right. Better get started.

Kev stands slowly, stretches his back.

KEV

Maybe I should check with her?

Buddy shoves a fork at Kev.

BUDDY

Maybe you should get started!  
I'll get another fork.

Shaking his head, Kev heads over to the flower bed. Buddy scoots off towards the house.

Kev digs his fork in and begins turning over the beautiful flowers.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Buddy reaches the house, picks up a fork, looks back and forth between the house and Kev, waiting for Mrs. Jameson to appear. Mitzi peers up at him from the bushes.

Buddy's eyes are suddenly drawn by Kev's jacket, hat and book on the ground. He peers back at Kev, who is working away rooting up the flowers, then down at Kev's stuff. Mitzi suddenly pops out of the bushes and sniffs at Kev's hat.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Smells good, huh? Want to piss on it,  
don't you? Me too!

Buddy checks one more time that Kev isn't looking, then unzips and begins pissing on Kev's stuff.

As he pisses, Buddy looks over his shoulder at Kev. Mitzi suddenly jumps up onto a rain barrel, sinks her teeth into Buddy's member. He lets out a howl of rage, but Mitzi is clamped tight.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Let go!

Mitzi growls but doesn't let go. Buddy's eyes roll back in his head at the excruciating pain.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Let go! Good doggy, good doggy!

Suddenly the curtains twitch and Mrs. Jameson looks out.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Good doggy, please don't (pause) let  
go!

He grabs the dog by the neck, trying to get it to loose its grip. To Mrs. Jameson it appears he is making her dog fellate him. She screams and faints.

EXT. BUDDY'S HOUSE. DAY.

Kev pulls the truck up outside Buddy's house. Several of the boys are in the yard trying to swat each other with baseball bats.

Buddy climbs slowly from the truck, limping. Dot comes out onto the porch, calls to the boys.

DOT

Dinner!

As one, the boys turn and swarm through the door. Dot sees Buddy limping towards her. She shakes her head, walks past him to the truck, leans on the hood to talk to Kev.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOT (CONT'D)

Thanks for taking him to the hospital.  
He all right?

KEV

He'll live. Not so sure about Mrs.  
Jameson.

DOT

Do I even want to know what happened?

Kev shakes his head as Buddy struggles onto the porch.

DOT (CONT'D)

You want to stay for dinner? It's  
fried chicken.

KEV

I've got to go.

DOT

Where are you going? To meet Dave at  
the Dew Drop Inn?

KEV

It's not called -

DOT

Have you looked at yourself lately Kev?  
Looked at what you've become?

KEV

Well I -

DOT

Raking leaves, fighting with Barb,  
drinking with Dave. Is this really  
what you want?

Kev suddenly turns off the motor, removes his hat, runs his fingers  
through his hair.

KEV

I don't even know why I do that damned  
job!

DOT

That's what dad said.

Kev pauses, hat half way to his head.

KEV

He said that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOT

Last thing he ever said to me -  
wondered when you'd quit that job and  
start writing again.

Kev says nothing for a moment, finally puts his hat back on, cranks  
the truck.

KEV

It's time for me to go...

EXT. OUTSIDE CACTUS JACK'S TRAILER PARK. NIGHT.

The moon hides behind a thick cloud as Kev scurries across the open  
ground to the fence. He presses himself against the wire, breathing  
hard, looks around. Nothing moves.

Kev reaches in his backpack, pulls out a pair of wire cutters...

EXT. DESERT. NIGHT.

Rooster is hunkered down on the ridge, in full black SWAT gear from  
head to toe. His face is blacked, a pair of night vision goggles  
pressed to his eyes.

He scans the fence, watches as Kev snips the wire fence and squeezes  
through into the trailer park.

As soon as Kev is through, Rooster is on his feet, scrambling down  
the ridge towards the fence.

INT. JIM AND BOB'S TRAILER. NIGHT.

Jim and Bob, two S&M devotees, are in a state of high excitement.  
JIM, 42, is 6'4", well stocked with bulging muscles. Clad entirely  
in black leather he looks like an overstuffed couch.

BOB, 39, has chosen a school mistress outfit to complement his  
waifish good looks.

BOB

Read me the advert one more time!

Jim picks up a newspaper, reads slowly from the personals.

JIM

"Private S&M party - come crash our  
private party and see what we can dish  
out! If you like it rough you'll like  
our stuff."

BOB

Ooooh! Pure poetry. Did they get the  
address right?

Jim reads again, his lips moving.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIM

Uh-huh.

Bob paces the floor, squeezing his hands in excitement.

BOB

I hope someone comes.

Jim peers out through the blinds.

BOB (CONT'D)

I said I hope -

Jim puts his finger to his lips, beckons Bob over. Bob jumps up, skitters over to peer outside. A dark figure creeps along a nearby trailer.

BOB (CONT'D)

Go get him Tiger!

EXT. INSIDE CACTUS JACK'S TRAILER PARK. NIGHT.

Kev slides along the side of a trailer, trying to stay in the shadows. He peers around a corner, looking for Elvis's trailer. In the dark they all look the same.

He hears a noise, turns around just in time to see a large leather-clad figure drop a sack over his head.

Kev tries to fight, but two strong arms encircle him, lift him off his feet and drag him up the stairs into a trailer.

Jim dumps Kev on the floor of the trailer, closes the door behind them. As soon as the door is closed, Rooster appears, scuttling low, edges around a neighboring trailer.

INT. JIM AND BOB'S TRAILER. NIGHT.

Kev's shrouded body is on the floor, wriggling wildly.

BOB

He's a feisty one - my favorite type!

KEV

What the fuck do you think you're doing!

Jim kneels down, pins Kev with his massive arms.

JIM

One more squeak out of you and I'll break your arms!

Kev goes quiet. Jim grabs a roll of duct tape, tapes Kev's hands tight behind his back. Bob looks admiringly at Jim.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB

You are so assertive tonight! Can I do his mouth?

JIM

You'll have to wait your turn!

Bob holds up the duct tape.

BOB

I meant with this you naughty boy!

JIM

Oh, right. OK.

He hauls Kev into a sitting position, grips the sack.

JIM (CONT'D)

Ready?

Bob nods. Immediately, Jim rips the sack off, and Bob slaps a strip of duct tape across Kev's mouth. Kev looks around, blinking in the sudden light, trying to figure out what the hell is happening to him.

BOB

He's kind of cute...

He looks up, sees Jim's look.

BOB (CONT'D)

Not as cute as you though.

They both look down at Kev again.

JIM

Let's get his clothes off.

BOB

Then what?

JIM

We'll see what he can take.

EXT. JIM AND BOB'S TRAILER. NIGHT.

Rooster presses himself close to the side of the trailer, holds his breath to listen.

BOB (O.S.)

I'll bet he can take a lot of punishment.

JIM (O.S.)

It'll be fun finding out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB (O.S.)

Who's going to take first crack?

JIM (O.S.)

How about you get him warmed up - I'll finish him off...

Rooster fumbles in his vest, pulls out several objects.

BOB (O.S.)

Sounds like a plan to me. (Beat) OK big boy, let's see how much pain you can take...

Rooster moves to the door, reaches for the handle.

INT. JIM AND BOB'S TRAILER. NIGHT.

Jim reaches down and hauls Kev to his feet.

JIM

Time to party!

As he says it the door flies open. They all look round in surprise as two metal objects roll across the floor.

BOB

What the fuck!

BOOM! There's a blinding flash of light and the room fills with smoke as the two grenades detonate - one a flash grenade, the other a smoke grenade. At the same time a red flare lights up the night sky outside.

Jim drops Kev, reaches up to hold his aching ears. Bob staggers around coughing from the smoke.

Rooster leaps into the room, grabs Kev by the shoulders, hurls him out the trailer.

EXT. JIM AND BOB'S TRAILER. NIGHT.

Kev flies through the air, lands face first on the hard ground. Rooster leaps out behind him, a huge hunting knife in his hand. He cuts the tape from Kev's wrists, rolls him over and rips the tape from his mouth.

Kev looks up at Rooster, eyes bulging out of his black-painted, adrenaline fuelled face.

ROOSTER

You OK sir?

Kev tries to sit up, Rooster helps him roughly to his feet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROOSTER (CONT'D)

We've got to get moving sir, they may have reinforcements.

KEV

Reinforcements?

Rooster takes this as a confirmation.

ROOSTER

As I thought.

He looks around. A couple of people have opened their doors to see what the noise and flare were all about.

ROOSTER (CONT'D)

Evac time.

He pulls two more grenades from his vest, hurls them towards Jim and Bob's trailer, rips open another flare and lobs it on the roof of the trailer.

ROOSTER (CONT'D)

That'll give them commies something to think about!

As the explosions rip through the air he grabs Kev by the arm and drags him towards the fence.

They disappear into the darkness leaving a trail of scared, bemused trailer-home residents.

EXT. DESERT. NIGHT.

Rooster drags Kev along. Suddenly Rooster's black humvee appears out of the darkness. Rooster opens the door, shoves Kev inside.

INT. ROOSTER'S HUMVEE. NIGHT.

Rooster jumps in the driver's side, cranks the truck.

ROOSTER

Might want to buckle up sir - rough ride!

Before Kev can say anything Rooster shoves the truck into drive and takes off, bumping and pounding across the desert floor. Kev slams forward against the dash, scrambles to find something to hold onto.

EXT. DESERT. NIGHT.

Rooster's Humvee crashes across the rough ground, running without lights. Suddenly it comes to a halt.

INT. ROOSTER'S HUMVEE. NIGHT.

Kev slumps back in his seat as the truck halts. Rooster flicks the lights on and off long enough for Kev to see his own truck parked ahead of them.

ROOSTER  
Rescue mission completed, sir!

Kev peers at Rooster, still unsure what to make of him.

KEV  
Thanks, thanks a lot.

ROOSTER  
Just doing my job sir!

Suddenly Rooster leans over, his face close to Kev's.

ROOSTER (CONT'D)  
I know it's a secret mission sir, but  
could you give me just a little intel?

Kev is totally bemused.

KEV  
Secret mission?

Again Rooster takes the question as an affirmative. His sweat-covered face moves even closer.

ROOSTER  
It's the Mexicans, isn't it?

KEV  
The Mexicans?

ROOSTER  
I just knew it!

He slams his hand on the dashboard.

ROOSTER (CONT'D)  
Always knew there'd come a time they'd  
renege on the Treaty of Guadalupe  
Hidalgo!

He leans in even closer to Kev.

ROOSTER (CONT'D)  
They want to re-occupy the southwest  
and flood it with taco stands, don't  
they?

Kev finally figures out where Rooster is coming from.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

KEV

It's not as simple as that soldier.

ROOSTER

Sir, no sir. Is there anything else you can tell me?

Kev reaches out and pats Rooster on the back.

KEV

We've been watching you for a while, soldier.

Rooster sits up straight, beaming with pride.

KEV (CONT'D)

Congratulations - you've passed your recruitment test.

Rooster's face hosts a variety of emotions - pride, wonder, bemusement.

ROOSTER

That was - recruitment?

Rooster slumps back, exhales hard.

ROOSTER (CONT'D)

It felt pretty real, sir.

KEV

That's the way it should be - it brought out the best in you.

Rooster can hardly contain his excitement.

ROOSTER

What's next, sir?

KEV

Sleeper cell, soldier. We need recruits we can trust when the burritos hit the fan.

ROOSTER

Sir, yes sir! It will be my honor!

Kev opens the truck door.

KEV

I have to report to Washington.

ROOSTER

Sir?

Kev is out of the truck. He looks back at Rooster.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KEV  
Question, soldier?

ROOSTER  
Yes sir. Is there a code word, an  
activation code.

KEV  
Of course.

Kev thinks for a moment.

KEV (CONT'D)  
"Kentucky Rain".

ROOSTER  
That's a fine, patriotic code, sir.

KEV  
It certainly is.

EXT. DESERT. NIGHT.

Kev slams the door and scurries over to his truck before Rooster starts thinking more coherently.

In the distance can be heard the wail of police and fire trucks heading towards the trailer park.

INT. BAR. DAY.

Kev slumps on a bar stool beside Dave.

DAVE  
Hey Rebel! How are you?

KEV  
Lousy marriage.

DAVE  
Check.

KEV  
Crap job.

DAVE  
Check.

KEV  
Fucked-up, demented, retarded, back-  
stabbing brother in law!

DAVE  
Double check!

Kev slurps at his beer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVE (CONT'D)

Back-stabbing?

KEV

I swear he's trying to get me fired.

DAVE

Jeez. And I know how you'd hate to lose that great job.

KEV

That's not the point!

DAVE

And the point is?

KEV

I don't want to lose it because of that loser!

Kev is steaming.

KEV (CONT'D)

I've never figured why Dot married him - their marriage is a joke.

He glugs his beer, slams it down on the bar.

KEV (CONT'D)

He's a joke!

DAVE

Right. Well I've had a good day too, now you ask -

KEV

Did you know that Buddy used to be an awesome linebacker? Scholarship at ASU, good pro prospect, but he frittered it all away - too much booze.

Kev waves to the barman for another beer.

KEV (CONT'D)

Why would someone piss their life away like that?

DAVE

Why indeed?

Kev starts to calm down.

DAVE (CONT'D)

So did you find Elvis yet?

Kev nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVE (CONT'D)

You're kidding? Where?

KEV

He's living in Cactus Jack's Trailer Park, out by Apache Junction.

DAVE

Elvis is living in a trailer park just outside of Phoenix, Arizona?

KEV

Yeah, he's got this cool -

DAVE

How come you're the only one who's noticed that the King of Rock and Roll is slumming in Cactus Pete's -

KEV

Jack's. It's Cactus Jack's.

DAVE

Like there's a big difference?

KEV

Well sure, it's -

Kev is interrupted by Pearl draping her arms around his neck.

PEARL

Hey sweetheart.

KEV

Hey Pearl.

PEARL

I heard y'all talking about cactuseses...

KEV

Well not -

PEARL

You being a gardener, working with your hands and all, we've got a lot in common.

KEV

How's that?

PEARL

I like working with my hands and making things grow...

She nibbles Kev's ear then sashays off down the bar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DAVE

You're a strong willed man, Kev.

Kev watches her walk away, turns back to Dave.

KEV

I've already got a dangerous hobby.  
I've been watching Elvis.

DAVE

You've been spying on him?

KEV

No! Just going out there, looking  
around...

Kev gazes off, deep in thought. Dave studies his face.

DAVE

You can't run away from them forever,  
you know.

KEV

Run away from what?

DAVE

Your dreams. No matter how deep you  
bury them, they're always there...

Kev looks intently at Dave, staring into his eyes. He holds the  
stare for a long moment. Dave breaks eye contact first.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Geez, now you're really getting me  
worried...

Kev suddenly stands up, slaps \$10 on the bar.

KEV

Fuck it, you're right. I'm going to go  
talk to him.

DAVE

Buddy?

KEV

No! The hell with him - I don't give a  
shit about that crappy job. (Beat)  
Elvis.

Dave studies him carefully for a moment before answering.

DAVE

Go for it man. Life's too short to  
wonder about what ifs.

EXT. CACTUS JACK'S TRAILER PARK. DAY.

Kev sits in a camping chair on the top of the hill overlooking the trailer park, binoculars in one hand, cold drink in the other.

He raises the binoculars, casually sweeps the trailer park. No sign of movement around Elvis's trailer.

INT. OLD LADY'S TRAILER. DAY.

The old lady with the rottweiler peers out through her curtains, sees Kev sitting up on the top of the hill.

She picks up the phone, dials - 911.

EXT. CACTUS JACK'S TRAILER PARK. DAY.

Kev throws his chair in the back of his truck.

EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE - CACTUS JACK'S TRAILER PARK. DAY.

Kev strolls over to Chief Sitting Bullshit's little security hut. He's glued to the PC screen.

KEV

Hey Chief. Watcha watching?

Chief spins the monitor round for Kev to see. There's a tangle of naked women on the screen.

CHIEF

Must be why it's called broadband!

He flips the screen back.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

You should have been here last night!  
Some paramilitary nut let off a bunch  
of flares and stuff, it was like 'Nam.

KEV

No kidding?

CHIEF

Turns out he was attacking these two  
S&M weirdos...

Chief peers out past Kev.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

Looks like more fun...

A police cruiser pulls up at the gate. The cop climbs out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COP

Hey Chief.

CHIEF

Hey Bill. What's up?

COP

Just got a call about an intruder.

CHIEF

Haven't heard anything. (To Kev)  
You seen anything?

Kev shakes his head.

COP

Lady said it was a Peeping Tom. I've  
got a description...

He pulls a note pad from his breast pocket.

COP (CONT'D)

About six feet tall, short blonde hair,  
wearing jeans and a red Cardinals  
baseball cap.

Kev removes his red Cardinals baseball cap and wipes his brow. Both  
the cop and Chief are staring at him.

CHIEF

You been spying?

KEV

Me? I've just -

COP

(To Chief) Who is this guy?

CHIEF

He's just Kev.

COP

Show me some ID pal.

Kev reaches in his back pocket, pulls out his licence. The cop looks  
at it, glances over at Kev's truck.

COP (CONT'D)

That your truck?

Kev nods. The cop strolls over to truck, peers into the cab, sees  
the binoculars on the seat. He turns back towards Kev.

COP (CONT'D)

You got some explaining to do son.  
Need to know why you're here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KEV

Well it's -

ELVIS (O.S.)

He's here to see me.

They all turn and look at ELVIS - age indeterminate - standing by the gate. He's dressed all in white, hard to look at in the bright sun, carries an air of authority.

COP

Oh, well...

ELVIS

(To Kev) Shall we?

He crosses the road and walks off into the open desert, Kev trailing behind him. The cop and Chief watch them go.

COP

He looks awful familiar - kind of reminds me of -

CHIEF

Yeah, I thought that too...

EXT. DESERT. DAY.

Kev and Elvis stroll across the open desert. Kev says nothing, keeps glancing at Elvis.

ELVIS

What took you so long, son?

KEV

You've been kind of hard to find.

ELVIS

Maybe you weren't looking hard enough?

KEV

You know everyone thinks I'm going crazy, looking for you like this...

ELVIS

Why would you give a possum's ass what anyone thinks?

KEV

It's just that...

ELVIS

You think it's the right thing to do?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Kev nods. As they stroll through the barren desert it bursts into life - cactus bloom, rabbits peek from burrows, birds swoop and twitter. Kev is oblivious, eyes fixed on the King.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

That's all that matters - as long as you really believe in what you're doing - hell, the rest of the world can go whistle Dixie.

Elvis begins to whistle quietly, the unmistakable strains of Dixie.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

So what was it you wanted to talk to me about?

KEV

I need to say sorry to someone, but they've already...left...

ELVIS

Oh don't you worry 'bout that. Folks have a way of stickin' around till they hear what they want to hear.

KEV

So how do I say sorry?

ELVIS

You wanna really say sorry, you have to make peace with yourself. You have to say it in your heart, in your actions, in the way you live your life.

KEV

So what do I do?

Elvis stops suddenly and turns to Kev.

ELVIS

What do you do?! Do you have hopes, dreams, son?

KEV

I used to...

ELVIS

Then dig 'em back up! When the time comes you'll know what to do.

KEV

When the time comes?

Elvis starts walking, leaving Kev rooted to the spot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ELVIS

You'll know what to do.

He keeps walking away from Kev, quietly whistling Dixie. His white suit glimmers and shimmers until he's nothing more than a hazy, glowing mirage, then suddenly he's gone.

Kev is left standing alone in the empty desert. He looks around, sees a rabbit. It blinks twice then hops off.

EXT. KEV'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Kev walks slowly to his front door. He stops and throws his chew in the bushes, peels off his boots, removes his hat.

INT. KEV'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Kev steps in the door, gently closes it behind him. He sets down his boots, drops his hat on the chair. Barb is in the living room watching TV. She speaks without looking up.

BARB

Spit out your chew.

KEV

Already done it, sweetheart.

BARB

Take off your boots.

KEV

They're off.

Barb actually tears her eyes away from the TV.

BARB

Where's your hat?

Kev points to the chair.

BARB (CONT'D)

Well shit, who's been taking lessons from Miss Manners?

Kev grins, ambles into the living room. Barb is still looking at him suspiciously.

BARB (CONT'D)

You got a bunch of flowers hidden somewhere?

KEV

Flowers?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARB

You're acting like you're trying to make up for something.

KEV

Just want to talk, that's all.

BARB

Cause you should be.

KEV

Should be what?

BARB

Making up for something.

Kev perches on the coffee table, blocking her view of the TV.

KEV

Just want to talk.

She tries to lean and look past him at the TV, finally gives up and hits the mute button.

KEV (CONT'D)

It's kind of hard to know where to start...

Barb rolls her eyes.

KEV (CONT'D)

It's just that it's time for some changes.

BARB

Damn straight.

KEV

We can't go on like this, the way things are between us.

BARB

Amen.

KEV

Sometimes we reach a place in our lives where there's things we have to do.

BARB

Right with you there, hon.

KEV

And though they may seem drastic...

BARB

They've got to happen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Kev looks at Barb in surprise.

KEV

You understand? I thought you'd...

She waves a handful of papers at him.

BARB

Care to explain this?

Kev looks closer. It's the receipts from Rooster's.

KEV

Oh, those. It's just -

BARB

It's just two grand at a hunting shop is what it is! And you're not even a hunter.

KEV

It's OK. I'm beyond that now...

BARB

You're beyond a lot of things, Kev - chiefly my patience!

KEV

No, I mean -

Barb stands suddenly, hauls a surprised Kev to his feet.

BARB

You know, I really don't care what this is all about.

KEV

You don't?

BARB

Nope. Just get them boots back on and start walking.

KEV

What?

BARB

You're out of here.

KEV

But I'm ready to start over, you and I -

She shoves him towards the door.

BARB

Tell it walking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KEV

You don't understand -

They have reached the door. Barb opens the door, shoves Kev out.

EXT. KEV'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Kev stands on the porch looking at Barb in surprise.

BARB

No, I don't understand. I don't understand why someone who hates hunting spends two thousand dollars at a hunting store. I don't understand why you got yourself arrested last week. I don't understand what you're doing when you disappear for hours at a time. And you know what?

She pitches his hat to him. Kev catches it, stands spinning it in one hand.

BARB (CONT'D)

I don't want to understand!

She hurls his boots at him, forcing him to duck.

BARB (CONT'D)

Your time's done run out!

Barb slams the door, leaves Kev staring in disbelief.

EXT. DOT'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Kev picks his way across a lawn strewn with kids' bikes, toys, a large paddling pool.

He steps up onto the porch, rings the front bell. There's a short wait, then Buddy opens the door.

KEV

Hey, Buddy.

BUDDY

It's late - what's up?

KEV

Barb and I had a bit of a row...she kind of threw me out.

BUDDY

Wow!

KEV

No big deal - it'll soon blow over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUDDY

You're feeling kind of down on your  
luck, huh?

Buddy steps outside, pulls the door closed behind him. He steps down  
onto the lawn, Kev follows him.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

What do you need?

KEV

I wondered if I could stay with you for  
a few days...

BUDDY

Coz you're family...

KEV

Right.

BUDDY

And that's what family are for - to  
look after each other, right?

KEV

Right.

POW! Out of nowhere Buddy hits Kev in the face. Down he goes. As  
Kev hits the deck Buddy comes and stands over him.

KEV (CONT'D)

What the fuck!

BUDDY

I got fired today coz of you!

KEV

Because of me! It was your own stupid  
fault!

Buddy rears back his arm as though he's going to hit Kev again, but  
then steps on a kids' toy and goes tumbling on the ground. He lands  
half on top of Kev, pinning him underneath.

Their faces are close, both breathing hard.

BUDDY

Mrs. Jameson complained about me...

KEV

Well you gave her good reason!

Kev gets an arm free and shoves Buddy. They wrestle for a moment and  
Kev winds up on top.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KEV (CONT'D)

Maybe if you'd spent more time looking  
after her garden, and less time trying  
to get me fired!

He rolls off, climbs slowly to his feet.

KEV (CONT'D)

I'm going to talk to my sister.

As he heads towards the porch, Buddy reaches out an enormous paw and  
grabs his ankle.

BUDDY

I haven't told her about the job!

KEV

Let go of me you idiot!

But Buddy has a firm grip, hauls Kev to his knees. They wrestle some  
more, crushing toys and flowers beneath them, and this time Buddy  
winds up on top.

BUDDY

You don't got no respect, Kev. No  
respect for other people.

Buddy looks at him long and hard, slowly stands up.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

You ain't staying here.

Kev climbs to his feet.

KEV

I want to talk to Dot.

Buddy steps towards Kev.

BUDDY

You want to talk to Dot?

He moves forward again, grabs Kev's shirt front.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

What about Dot? You ever think about  
what she wants?

Without warning he hauls Kev off his feet, lifts him over head.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

You want to talk about your dad! She  
winds up in tears!

He's tottering under Kev's weight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KEV

Buddy! Easy! Put me down!

Buddy's crying, staggering around with Kev held aloft.

BUDDY

I won't have it no more, Kev. I just  
won't have it..

With a heave he pitches Kev. Kev flies through the dark night air in an elegant arc, lands with an almighty splash in the kids' paddling pool.

Kev sits up spluttering, wipes the water from his eyes. Buddy turns and climbs the steps to his porch.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

I just won't have it...

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Dave's apartment is lo-tech bachelor - sagging furniture, big TV in the corner, stacks of magazines on the coffee table. Kev slumps in an easy chair, hand over his eyes, wearing an old towelling robe.

Dave wanders in from the kitchen, a beer in one hand, a glass of orange juice in the other. Kev takes the beer, grins.

KEV

Here's to meeting with The King of Rock  
and Roll!

Kev holds up the bottle, notices Dave's juice.

KEV (CONT'D)

You're drinking juice?

Dave waves him off, holds his glass out.

DAVE

You met The King!

They clink, bottle and glass. Kev still looks somewhat suspicious about Dave's juice.

KEV

I've never seen you drinking juice.

DAVE

Was it really Elvis?

Kev leans forward, full of enthusiasm.

KEV

It was so cool - we walked across the  
desert together -

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

DAVE

Will you walk with me, Grasshopper?

KEV

Very funny.

DAVE

So what did he say?

Kev sips at his beer, thinks a minute.

KEV

Well he said... (Pause) He said I've got to make peace in my heart.

DAVE

Make peace? And what does that mean, Grasshopper?

KEV

Fuck'd if I know. I tried to make peace with Barb and she threw me out, then I tried to make peace with Dot, and Buddy beat me up and threw me in the paddling pool.

DAVE

That could have gone better. What else did he say?

KEV

He said when the time comes, I'll know what to do.

DAVE

When the time comes -

KEV

I'll know what to do.

DAVE

He didn't also say "If you build it they will come", did he? Coz I'm not ploughing over my damn shag pile carpet so you can build a baseball field!

KEV

It made sense at the time.

DAVE

Sounds like my Saturday nights. (Pause) Well it's time now.

KEV

For what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Dave stands up.

DAVE

Bed. I'm beat.

He opens a closet and throws Kev a pillow and blanket.

DAVE (CONT'D)

So what you gonna do now?

KEV

I'm not sure.

DAVE

Well don't take too long to figure it out. Sit on your ass too long and before you know it, it's all over and they're turning out the lights...

Dave flicks off the overhead light, leaves Kev brooding, his face lit only by the flicker of a ball game on the TV.

INT. DAVE'S BATHROOM. NIGHT.

Kev washes his face, looks up and catches his himself staring back. He looks carefully at the reflection, gently tugs at the lines around the corners of his eyes.

KEV

OK, Dot, so I'm looking...

As Kev stares at his reflection his face morphs into that of Elvis...

ELVIS

You wanna really say sorry, you have to make peace with yourself. You have to say it in your heart, in your actions, in the way you live your life...

Elvis's face morphs into Dave's...

DAVE

Sit on your ass too long and before you know it, it's all over and they're turning out the lights...

Dave's face morphs into Barb's...

BARB

Your time's done run out!

Kev is left staring at himself.

INT. WORKS OFFICE. DAY.

Kev bursts in through the door. Clem and Rick look up from their smoking and card-playing.

KEV

Where's The Boss?

Rick nods to the door at the far end of the room. Loud music can be heard pounding through the walls.

RICK

He's in his inner sanctum.

Kev heads that way. Clem reaches out and grabs his arm.

CLEM

I wouldn't go in there right now. He's interviewing for a new secretary!

He sniggers, makes an obscene gesture. Kev brushes past them and throws the door open.

INT. THE INNER SANCTUM. DAY.

The room is lit by a garish red light. Thrash metal blasts from the speakers. A young woman with no T-shirt and plenty of silicone bounces up and down on the boss's lap.

Kev flips on the overhead fluorescent strip, finds the remote control and turns down the music. The boss and the girl look up in surprise. Kev flips her T-shirt to her.

KEV

He'll get back to you...

The girl looks at the Boss with a questioning look. He nods and she climbs off his lap, slips on her T-shirt, pulls up her shorts, flounces from the room. Kev kicks the door shut.

THE BOSS

You'd better have a damn good reason for this intrusion!

KEV

You can't fire Buddy.

THE BOSS

Too late - already done fired his sorry ass!

KEV

Well undo it - he's got a family to support - five, hell maybe six kids. He needs this job.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Boss picks up a huge cigar, slowly lights it. Once it is well alight he turns back to Kev.

THE BOSS  
Need to can somebody.

KEV  
Why?

THE BOSS  
The natives are getting restless. Go too long without a firing, why them pussies start relaxing.

KEV  
Well choose someone else! There's plenty of other losers to choose from.

The Boss stands up, comes round his desk and stands close to Kev, blows smoke in his face.

THE BOSS  
Who the hell you think you are , burstin' in here and tellin' me how to run my damn business?

Kev waves the smoke away.

KEV  
I'm not telling you how to run your business, I'm just -

THE BOSS  
The hell you're not!

KEV  
I'm just telling you to fire someone else.

The Boss sits on the edge of his desk.

THE BOSS  
OK. I can be reasonable.

KEV  
Thank you.

THE BOSS  
Buddy keeps his job. (Pause) You're the loser gets fired.

KEV  
What!

The Boss stands up, gets right in Kev's face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THE BOSS

You're fired. Now get the hell out of my office - and tell Buddy he'd better be on time tomorrow!

EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE - CACTUS JACK'S TRAILER PARK. DAY.

Kev climbs out of his truck, strolls over to Chief Sitting Bullshit's little security hut.

CHIEF SITTING BULLSHIT

Figured I'd see you again.

KEV

How's that?

CHIEF SITTING BULLSHIT

The man said you'd come back.

KEV

Can I go see him?

CHIEF SITTING BULLSHIT

Sorry - no can do.

KEV

Oh, come on Chief, you know me well enough by now - The Man came out and talked to me yesterday! You've got to let me in!

Chief emerges from his booth into the sunlight.

CHIEF SITTING BULLSHIT

It's not about me letting you in.

He totters towards the gate, Kev following him.

CHIEF SITTING BULLSHIT (CONT'D)

See!

He points - the Cadillac has gone, the silver Jetstream too. Tumbleweed and trash blow across the empty plot.

KEV

When did he leave?

CHIEF SITTING BULLSHIT

First thing this morning - hitched up his trailer and was gone.

KEV

Did he give you a forwarding address - for his mail?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHIEF SITTING BULLSHIT  
 Funny thing that - he never got no  
 mail, whole time he was here.

Chief totters back towards the booth.

CHIEF SITTING BULLSHIT (CONT'D)  
 Did leave a message for you though.

KEV  
 What'd he say?

CHIEF SITTING BULLSHIT  
 He said...now let me think...

He takes off his hat and scratches his head.

CHIEF SITTING BULLSHIT (CONT'D)  
 Oh yeah. He said "It's time."

KEV  
 It's time?

CHIEF SITTING BULLSHIT  
 So what the hell does that mean?

KEV  
 It means it's dream time!

Kev gives the chief a big hug, jumps in his truck and peels out. The  
 strains of him whistling Dixie carry faint on the wind.

The Chief watches him for a moment, thinking.

CHIEF SITTING BULLSHIT  
 Dream time, huh?

Chief disappears into the booth. When he re-emerges he is wearing a  
 cowboy hat, has a coiled rope over his shoulder.

He steps to the road, looks up and down, sticks out his thumb.

INT. HARDWARE STORE. DAY.

Kev hurries into the busy hardware store. He waves at an elderly guy  
 working the front counter.

KEV  
 Hey Mr. Simmons!

Mr. Simmons waves as Kev passes. Kev makes his way to the paint  
 counter where a young guy is mixing a can of paint.

KEV (CONT'D)  
 Hey Bobby. Where's Dave?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY

He's aaaa. He's aaaa. He's aaa...

Bobby has a really bad stammer.

KEV

He's at lunch already?

Bobby shakes his head.

BOBBY

N-nno. He's aaaat the...the...

KEV

The paint depot?

Again Bobby shakes his head.

BOBBY

He's aaat the...

Suddenly he spots the manager walking towards them.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Mmmmmmm - Mr. Wolf!

MR WOLF, 56, turns and heads their way.

MR WOLF

What do you need Bobby?

Bobby nods towards Kev. Mr Wolf sees Kev.

MR WOLF (CONT'D)

Oh, I see. What can I do for you  
Kevin. Is Dave OK?

KEV

Is he OK? I guess. I was just looking  
for him - need to talk to him a moment.

MR WOLF

Oh, well, it's Wednesday today.

KEV

Right...

MR WOLF

Well Dave is at the hospital on  
Wednesdays.

KEV

The hospital?

MR WOLF

For his chemo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Kev says nothing. His face registers total shock.

MR WOLF (CONT'D)

Oh my goodness!

Without a word Kev turns and runs from the store. Mr Wolf turns to Bobby.

MR WOLF (CONT'D)

I thought he knew...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. DAY.

Kev tiptoes into a private hospital room. Dave is asleep, his hands on the covers. He looks thin, pale.

Kev sits quietly in the chair by the bed. Dave suddenly opens one eye, peers at him.

DAVE

What took you so long?

Kev jumps up, his face a mix of emotions.

KEV

Why didn't you tell me?

DAVE

You had enough shit going on.

KEV

Jesus, Dave! I'm your best friend.

DAVE

That's why I didn't tell you.

Dave begins to cough, his whole body suddenly wracked by a spasm. When it finally subsides, there's a trickle of blood running down the side of his mouth.

Kev picks up a tissue from the side of the bed, gently wipes the blood away.

KEV

I spoke to the nurse...

DAVE

It's fucked up, isn't it? I'd hoped to at least see 40.

KEV

It's only six months away -

DAVE

That's about three months too far.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Kev notices a copy of one of his books on the bedside table.

KEV

Never figured this to be your type of book.

DAVE

Picked it up on e-bay for a nickel!

KEV

You overpaid my friend!

DAVE

It's a bit heavy for me, too many big words. Could you put a few pictures in your next one?

KEV

I'll see what I can do!

Kev sets the book down, slumps into the chair.

KEV (CONT'D)

What else can I bring you?

DAVE

Don't even think about coming back.

KEV

What?

DAVE

You're leaving, right? Hitting the road.

KEV

I'd thought about it, but now -

DAVE

No way! Don't put that burden on me.

KEV

I have to stay!

DAVE

I'm dying, Kev. Don't you get it? I'm fucking dying!

He coughs violently again.

DAVE (CONT'D)

But if you leave I can dream, I can go wherever your wild and crazy wanderings take us. You have to go - for both of us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Kev stands, paces the room.

KEV

But I can't just...

DAVE

Do it, man! Do it for Christ's sake!  
You've spent your whole life running  
away from something - it's time you ran  
towards something.

Kev stops at the foot of the bed. Dave has closed his eyes, his face drawn. Finally he opens his eyes.

DAVE (CONT'D)

You still here?

KEV

Just fixing to leave.

DAVE

Good. And if I ever see you again I'll  
beat seven kinds of shit out of you!

He closes his eyes again, clearly tired. Kev looks at him for another moment, then turns and heads to the door. Just as he opens the door, Dave speaks again.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Was it really Elvis?

KEV

I don't know.

DAVE

You should have asked...

EXT. DOT AND BUDDY'S HOUSE. DAY.

Kev climbs wearily from his truck. His eyes are red-rimmed - he's been crying.

Buddy rakes leaves in the garden, has a big pile together. He moves slowly, listlessly. When he sees Kev he throws down the rake and storms across the lawn towards him.

BUDDY

I told you you're not welcome here!

KEV

I just need to talk to Dot.

Buddy's up to full speed now, looks really mad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUDDY

You and your stupid running off,  
getting me in trouble!

Buddy hits Kev like a Mack truck, driving him backwards into the ground. Buddy lands on top of Kev, who grunts in pain.

They roll around, Kev struggling to throw Buddy off. But Buddy is too heavy, winds up sitting astride Kev.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

You think you're so clever.

He slaps at Kev's face.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

You're the Boss's golden boy! Kev,  
drive the truck! Buddy, clean the  
toilets!

He slaps at Kev again, but feebly this time. Suddenly he starts to cry. Kev senses his moment, gives an almighty heave and throws Buddy off. Buddy lies on the ground crying.

KEV

Why the hell did you try and get me  
fired? Huh? I was the one always  
looked out for you!

DOT (O.S.)

I put him up to it.

Kev looks around. Dot stands on the porch. Kev looks at Buddy who nods miserably in response to Kev's unasked question.

DOT (CONT'D)

I didn't know what else to do to shake  
you back to life.

Buddy climbs slowly to his feet. Suddenly Kev digs in his pocket, pulls something out and flips it at Buddy. Buddy catches the flying object, looks down - sees the work truck keys.

BUDDY

The truck? You got me my job back? I  
love you!

He envelops Kev in a huge bear hug.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

You stood up to The Boss? I wouldnta'  
dare to do that.

Kev struggles to pry himself loose, like a man trying to break free from a large, over-enthusiastic puppy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KEV

But there's one condition - get yourself some glasses before you wreck another truck.

BUDDY

How did you know?

KEV

Just do it, OK? Now finish raking the leaves.

Buddy looks at him with bright eyes.

BUDDY

The leaves? OK! Great idea!

He marches back across the lawn, grabs the rake, begins raking furiously. The leaves don't stand a chance.

Dot stands on the porch smiling as Kev climbs the steps. He stops a couple of paces back, just looks at her.

KEV

You could have tried talking to me.

DOT

Been trying to do that for years.

Kev steps forward and hugs her, whispers in her ear.

KEV

I guess you have too.

DOT

How did you get Buddy's job back?

KEV

I told The Boss to give Buddy his job back, so he did. (Pause) He fired me instead.

DOT

Oh!

She seems unsure whether to smile or not. Suddenly Kev begins to laugh, sinks into the rocking chair.

DOT (CONT'D)

Can I fix you something to eat?

KEV

Stop mothering me Dot. (Pause) You were right. It's time.

Dot sits down beside him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DOT

Time for what?

KEV

Time for me to move on.

DOT

I'm sure you'll find -

She grinds to a halt, looks intently at Kev.

DOT (CONT'D)

You're not talking about your job, are you?

Kev shakes his head.

DOT (CONT'D)

Dad would be proud of you.

Kev says nothing, but he's listening.

DOT (CONT'D)

He was always proud of you, always wanted to know everything you did.

KEV

I should have made up with him Dot.

Kev's face is a mask. Suddenly he begins to cry.

KEV (CONT'D)

I should have called just once and told him that I loved him.

DOT

He knew...

They sit in silence for a while, watching Buddy as he furiously attacks the leaves. Finally Dot digs in her pocket and pulls out a tissue, hands it to Kev. He wipes his eyes.

KEV

I've got to go, Dot.

Kev stands slowly, Dot jumps up too.

DOT

Wait a minute. I've got something for you.

She disappears inside the house. Kev watches Buddy. He has piled all the leaves up, pours lighter fuel on them. He throws a match onto the pile, grins as it bursts into flame.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Dot runs back out, breathless, a small wrapped gift in her hand. She hands it to Kev.

DOT (CONT'D)

Dad asked me to give this to you - when the time was right.

Kev takes it, weighs it in his hand. It's clearly a book.

KEV

And what about you?

Dot starts to reply but is interrupted by a voice from inside the house.

BOBBY (O.S.)

Mom? What's Spanish for fridge?

DOT

Nevera! (Pause) I've made my choice...

Kev nods slowly. Kev and Dot embrace, a long, warm hug. Finally Kev breaks free, steps down from the porch onto the grass. Dot heads into the house.

DOT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Billy! Get changed for soccer practice!

Kev walks over to Buddy, his face is lit by the orange glow.

BUDDY

Ain't nothing like a good bonfire. Best way I know to get rid of the things you don't need no more!

Kev stares into the flames. He slowly reaches into his back pocket, pulls out his tin of Skoal. He considers it for a minute, then gently pitches it into the flames.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Was that an empty?

KEV

It's quitting time.

Kev removes his beloved cowboy hat, flips it onto the fire.

BUDDY

Whoa!

Buddy looks at Kev with amazement as one by one he peels off his snakeskin cowboy boots, throws them onto the roaring fire.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Them boots is worth \$800!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

KEV

Not any more.

INT. KEV'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Kev walks in, in his socked feet. Barb is stationed in front of the TV, munching on her popcorn.

BARB

Take off your -

She looks surprised when she sees he's barefoot.

BARB (CONT'D)

Where's your boots?

KEV

Gone.

BARB

Hat?

KEV

Gone.

BARB

And I'm guessing you've got no chew?

Kev opens his mouth wide - empty.

BARB (CONT'D)

What the hell happened to you?

Kev pads into the living room, sits on the coffee table. For the first time in living memory she turns off the TV.

KEV

Barb - we need - I've been doing a lot of thinking, a lot of things have changed. I need to -

BARB

You're walking out on me?

KEV

Not exactly -

BARB

I'm your wife - you've got responsibilities to me, you know?

KEV

Our marriage hasn't been what it should be for a while -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARB

No kidding -

KEV

I just feel -

BARB

You are leaving, aren't you?

Kev stands up, paces around the room. He stops by the piano, looks at the photos of their wedding.

KEV

I guess I am, yes.

BARB

Sign here!

Kev looks around - she's holding a sheaf of papers.

BARB (CONT'D)

Divorce papers - you think I'm dumb?  
We've been heading down this road for a  
long while.

Kev starts to read the papers, Barb waves her hands at him.

BARB (CONT'D)

Don't bother reading them - I ain't  
ripping you off. The house is mine,  
but you don't pay alimony - I can take  
care of myself.

KEV

I don't know what to say.

Barb holds a pen out to him.

BARB

Don't say nothing - just sign.

Kev dutifully signs the papers.

BARB (CONT'D)

You leaving tonight?

KEV

No point hanging around.

Barb nods, turns the TV back on - conversation over. Kev heads slowly towards the stairs, still in a bit of a daze.

BARB

Oh, I almost forgot. Some guy called  
Richard Kingston called.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

Kev stops and spins around, his face alive.

KEV  
Richard called?

BARB  
Sounded a bit snooty - who is he?

KEV  
My publisher - what did he say?

BARB  
He said he liked the outline and wants  
to see your first draft soon as you  
have it?

Kev turns and sprints up the stairs, grinning.

Cut to -

Kev steps into the living room, a small bag over his shoulder.

KEV  
I'm all set.

He walks towards her and she stands up. They stand awkwardly for a moment. Suddenly Barb hands him her tub of popcorn.

BARB  
One for the road.

And as suddenly as that it's all over.

EXT. HOSPITAL. NIGHT.

Kev's truck pulls up outside the hospital. The lights of a hundred windows shine out into the night.

INT. KEV'S TRUCK. NIGHT.

Kev turns on the interior light. He glances over towards the hospital, then picks up the package Dot gave him.

He turns it over in his hand, there's no writing of any kind on the outside. Slowly, carefully, he peels back the tape, opens the package without tearing it.

A book slides out into Kev's hand - black leather, no writing on the outside, just a fine gold beading around the edge.

Kev opens the book - it's blank - just page after blank white page. Kev looks puzzled. Finally he turns to the first page. There's an inscription written in an elegant hand.

***"Two roads diverged in a wood, and I-***

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

*I took the one less travelled by,  
And that has made all the difference."*

Underneath it says,

*"I love you, Dad."*

Kev stares at the page, frozen. Finally a tear drop runs down his face, drops onto the page. He reaches down, wipes at it with his hand, smudges the ink slightly.

KEV

I love you too...

EXT. HOSPITAL. NIGHT.

Kev's truck pulls slowly away from the hospital. Music begins to play - Elvis's "Kentucky rain".

*"Seven lonely days and a dozen towns ago  
I reached out one night And you were gone.  
Don't know why you'd run, what you're running to or from,  
All I know is I want to bring you home..."*