

A GUY NAMED YULEY

PART ONE

BY

LOST MIND

SUPER - 1966 - OVER A 1939 MARCONI TELEVISION IN A WALNUT CONSOLE

POST CARDS SLAP DOWN ONE OVER ANOTHER, FLIP, FLIP, FLAP, FLIPETTY...

EXT. HIGHWAY - NORTHERN BC

A new Ford Galaxie drives a very curvy highway flanked by heavy bush, tall cedars and pines. Lightning flashes against a darkening late afternoon sky.

INT. FORD

An old western song plays. The back of Ulysses' head is hidden underneath a large cowboy hat. Dangling on his rearview, a tiny country mailbox.

The side of Ulysses' head reveals dark hair, a mustache and a goatee.

He eats a piece of jerky.

Finally, his face revealed: The complete unplugged version of ULYSSES HOOVER, late thirties, tanned, rugged, all cowboy, obviously stressed as he wipes sweat off his forehead. A sign:

STOP IN HEADLEY AT: THE WAYFARING CAMPSITE

ULYSSES  
(spotting the sign)  
Score!

Ulysees suddenly wrinkles his face, upset.

ULYSSES  
(eureka eyes)  
Yipee-ki-yi-eh! Ha?! Ha-ha. I'm  
goin' whole hog. I'll settle this  
once and for all and I'll be as  
fine as...

Ulysses stalls.

ULYSSES  
I'll be as fine as a cream gravy!

He turns into the heavily bushed camp area.

EXT. WAYFARING CAMPSITE - A LITTLE LATER

Ulysees hammers the last tent spike into the ground. He looks at the sky: Dark, forboding, from a distance, thunder crashes causing a chill up Ulysses' spine. He quivers.

He reaches inside his canvas bag and pulls out a pamphlet. The cover reads: THINGS TO DO WHEN YOU'RE STRESSED

He sits down at his picnic table and opens it:

1. CHEW GUM

Ulysses pulls a stick of gum out of his pocket, unwraps it and chews.

More thunder, closer, louder. Sky grows a deeper shade of dark.

Ulysses startles, rubs fear off his arms. Chews harder and faster.

2. DRAW YOUR PERSONAL MANDALA

ULYSSES

(pedantic, lady-like)

First draw a circle. Inside draw the you inside of you. Whatever your dreams are, represent them in a free, unrestricted way. Use geometric forms, or numbers, anything that comes naturally from your subconscious.

INT. TENT - MOMENTS LATER

Next to his sleeping bag, THE CHILDISHLY DECORATED BROWN BOX Labeled: DR. NARDO'S STRESS RELIEF KIT

Digs through it: balloons, paper bag, kaleidoscope, silly putty, two maracas, elastic bands, paint set, crayons and a stack of blank paper.

ULYSSES

What's he think? This is Romper Room? (shrugs) Well... he's the doctor.

EXT. WAYFARING CAMPSITE

Ulysees, at the picnic table, tries to draw a circle.

O.S. LITTLE LISA

Weely wobbly.

A little girl, tenderness personified, in her dad's arms.

MOTHER

Hi, we noticed you just got in. We're your neighbors-- #53, Mike and Cathy and this here is Lisa. I got a big salad bowl for tracing, it works well.

LITTLE LISA

Weely well.

A LITTLE LATER

ULYSSES traces a perfect circle with a purple crayon.  
On HIS FACE, determined, struggling, every effort he can muster  
going into the work.

MORE TIME PASSES - STORM AVERTS FURTHER SOUTH

Ulysses' momentary gaze skyward, now shifts down to his art.  
Seriously determined eyes, lips pursed.

ULYSSES  
Just make that a little darker  
and... there!

On A GREAT BIG YELLOW COLORED HAPPY FACE.

Satisfaction. Ulysses scrutinizes his picture, folds it up,  
puts it in his shirt pocket.

Back to the pamphlet.

3. MEDITATE

ULYSSES  
(low bass-slow-mo)  
Sit relaxed on the floor. Close  
your eyes, breath slowly, deeply.  
Count your breaths... Ok...

A LITTLE LATER

Ulysses sits cross-legged on the ground in front of his  
campfire. He meditates, classic guru pose.

The wind shifts. It blows smoke in his face. He gets  
up, moves. Begins again. Again the wind shifts. Again he  
moves, again it follows. Finally, he gives up.

Back to the pamphlet.

4. PRETEND

ULYSSES  
(squeaky-witch-like)  
The silly putty is your negative  
thoughts. Squish them. Demolish  
them. Banish them from your mind.

Squishing it, stretching it, pounding it. Really getting  
stressed, he pulls out a pocket knife and stabs it.

ULYSSES  
This isn't working!

He throws the Silly Putty into the fire, heads over to his cooler, pulls out two cans of beer and a bottle of whiskey.

ULYSSES

Sorry Dr. Nardo, but I like my Stress Relief Kit better.

Ulysses downs a shot of whiskey and sips his beer. He lights a cigarette, TRIES to light a cigarette. Wind combats his efforts, but he's finally triumphant.

EXT. WAYFARING CAMPSITE - NIGHT

It's quiet except: A BAT FLAPPING

INT. TENT

Ulysses sleeps. Almost concealed, under his blanket: A TINY TEDDY

DREAM FLASHBACK

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE

A HOLEY-JEANED-KNEE BOUNCES UP AND DOWN. Further up to a paisley shirt, opened to reveal a sexy hairy chest and some long chains hanging down around a neck.

Further up, it's Ulysses' face, completely rugged, completely hippie, a scarf tied around his forehead. He's definitely looking: DOWN to DR NARDO, 50s, STANDING ON HIS HEAD, near a GANESH STATUE.

Dr. Nardo's beard is long and grey. His black-rimmed glasses are slightly askew.

ULYSSES

But maybe it was just my imagination. After all-- I was just a kid. Maybe the lightning struck me and I didn't know it. Caused a hallucination.

DR. NARDO

(coming out of posture)  
Look, this fear is significantly interfering with your life. If you think that you need to go somewhere to find out if this-- this manifestation, this monster is real, then I think you should.

ULYSSES

But I've used up all my vacation time. I can't go.

DR. NARDO

(stretching a leg on  
the desk - toe touch)

I think that this is affecting your  
health. If you want, I can write  
your boss a letter.

ULYSSES

No-no. I got my pride. Wait. I  
don't wanna work there anyways.  
I've wanted to quit for a long  
time. Maybe it's time I do.

DR. NARDO

You got some money saved?

ULYSSES

A little. I've just always been  
afraid. Come to think of it, I've  
been living a lie for most of my  
adult life. I'm no postman, I've  
always dreamed of...

Ulysses stalls, rubs his arm.

DR. NARDO

Go ahead. Don't be afraid of saying  
it. Always confidential.

ULYSSES

Bein' like a cowboy. Catching work  
when I can. Travelin' a lot. Bein'  
my own man. Makin' my own destiny.

DR. NARDO

Then that's what you should do. I  
think it's better if I write your  
boss a note... (begins writing) He  
can call me if he wants something  
more formal. Then, if you ever  
decide you want your old job  
back...

Ulysses stands, momentary surge of confidence.

ULYSSES

(holding up a celebratory  
fist)

I'm finally gonna do this. Put this  
fear to rest.

Dr. Nardo hands him the note.

ULYSSES

Thanks Doc. I much appreciate all  
your time these years.

Ulysses heads for the door.

DR. NARDO

Oh Ulysses, (more friendly)  
Yuley... you might be needing this.

Dr. Nardo hands him a wrapped box, DR. NARDO'S STRESS RELIEF KIT.

ULYSSES

Gee thanks doc. Appreciate it.

EXT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE

Ulysses shuts the door, leans up against it.

ULYSSES

The guys at the post office are  
never gonna believe this!

POST OFFICE EMPLOYEES' LOUNGE

BALDY BRUNO

I don't believe it! You?!  
Quitting?! Get outta here. You're a  
lifer!

Ulysses, wearing his postal uniform, shakes his head, then  
nods in affirmation.

ULYSSES

No it's true. This is my last day.

POKER-FACE CHARLIE

Mind if I bet on the odds you  
comin' back by the end of the year?

BALDY BRUNO

Back of beyond! You didn't give no  
notice?!

ULYSSES

You can bet. Yeah, but I think this  
is it. I didn't need notice 'cause  
I had a doctor's note.

BALDY BRUNO

What's the deal Yuley? You sick?

ULYSSES

Yeah-- no, kinda. Just some  
childhood issues I've got to  
settle. Kept 'em to myself all my  
life. I gotta go away for awhile.

POKER-FACE CHARLIE

But you're thirty-seven. Don't you think you're a day late and a dollar short?

Ulysses, checks his wallet.

ULYSSES

My wallet's 'bout as lonely as my bank account. And I feel my life is about as real as a three dollar bill. But I gotta do this. It's now or never.

Baldy Bruno gets up, pats Ulysses on the shoulder. He takes out some bills.

BALDY BRUNO

Here, I'm not suffering. (hands a five) Have a few on me.

Ulysses' eyes alight. Takes the bill.

ULYSSES

'preciate it.

Charlie starts checking his wallet. Gets up, hands two fives.

POKER-FACE CHARLIE

It'll help with accommodations. And give us a call.

INT. LOCKER ROOM

Ulysses takes one final look at his locker: #53. Opens the door; inside, a postcard is taped.

He pulls it down. On FOUR COWBOYS PLAYING POKER BY A RIVERSIDE. He turns it over, reads the back.

GOTTA KEEP ON TRAVELIN' TILL I FIND OUT MY TRUTH, OR DIE FOR THE CAUSE. REMEMBER, YOU'RE NOT JUST MY BROTHER, YOU'RE PART OF THE BROTHERHOOD. LOVE, STAN.

Ulysses exits the Post Office. He's transformed.

THE PERFECT COWBOY, hat, boots, big shiny belt buckle.

His Ford Galaxie waits. He unlocks the trunk and STUFFS his postal uniform inside.

INT. FORD

Ulysses drives forward. Up ahead is Rhinoceros Man wearing a postal uniform, charging him.

The tusk rams through the windshield.

RHINOSTEEGUS

You're a coward! Ain't goin'  
nowhere.

Ugly as Hell. The Rhino-man's skin is thick, wrinkled, and his eyes, black and bug-like.

INT. TENT

Ulysses startles awake, breathing hard.  
The morning light shines through the tent. The birds chirp.

He gets up, goes outside.

EXT. WAYFARING CAMPSITE - MORNING

Pours some water from a storage-jug into a basin.

He washes his face-- grooms, even combs his goatee; then packs up.

A LITTLE LATER

Ulysses looks around his cleaned up site. His car is packed with everything except one thing. The salad bowl is on the picnic table.

Ulysses smiles. He grabs it and walks over to #53.

ULYSSES

Mike? Cathy? Hope it's not too  
early. I brought your--

Ulysses gets to #53, but no one is there. He walks a bit into the bush. Sees: A BIG OLD FIR TREE, A PINK RIBBON AROUND IT.

He touches the bark of the tree, runs his fingers along the ribbon. His eyes gaze THROUGH THE THICK BUSH.

The glint of the morning sun.

O.S. Little Lisa

(enchanted, musical)

Yu...ley! Your locker Yuley. #53.

Ulysses, bewildered, remembers. A FLASH OF #53 on his locker.

A LITTLE LATER

EXT. CABIN - OFFICE

Ulysses enters with the bowl in one hand, cash in the other.

The man behind the desk, stands up from his snooze. He's an old timer, 60s, wearing glasses and a smile.

CAMPSITE OWNER  
Everything OK? Enjoy your stay?

Ulysses hands over the cash.

ULYSSES  
Yeah. Nice place here.

The bowl is on the counter. He's holding it with both hands.

The owner, about to hand change back.

Ulysses halts him with one hand.

ULYSSES  
No sir. You keep the change.  
Listen, I had the people in #53  
loan me this here salad bowl. Do  
you think you could hold onto it  
and give it back to them if they  
ever come through again?

Ulysses pushes the bowl forward.

The owner studies him with quizzical eyes.

CAMPSITE OWNER  
Sir, I don't mean to be rude, but I  
don't see any salad bowl.

Ulysses looks down. No Salad Bowl.

CAMPSITE OWNER  
I make it a policy not to rent out  
#53.

ULYSSES  
Yeah-- yeah they were my neighbors.  
From #53. I'm sure.

CAMPSITE OWNER  
Years ago, a little girl went  
missing here... (stalls) Later, I  
heard the parents did a double  
suicide. Half my heart is in that  
campsite. I'm a father, a  
grandfather... Listen, I don't  
usually say much to people. I don't  
want to ruin business, but there's  
something about you. Different than  
all the rest.

ULYSSES  
You believe in ghosts Mr...

CAMPSITE OWNER

Tom. Just call me Tom. I believe in the afterlife. Don't know how ghosts figure, but somehow, they're part of the story-- the glory.

ULYSSES

If I wasn't sure, I am now.

Ulysses turns to walk out, stops, turns back.

ULYSSES

Last night, I traced a perfect circle with a salad bowl that doesn't exist. Sounds crazy huh?

CAMPSITE OWNER

I think that people who stay in #54 check out with all kinds of imaginary stuff for me to hold on to. If there's such a place as crazy, it seems we're all passing through there sometime.

Ulysses momentarily freezes. Notices the postcard on the wall just behind the owner. It's the same one that his brother had sent him.

He pulls his card from his pocket. Shows it to Tom.

ULYSSES

Who gave you that?

CAMPSITE OWNER

(shocked)

It was a long time ago. But I remember. He was a guy who wore all black. Talked a lot about righting wrongs. He was troubled.

ULYSSES

(half mumbling)

The guys at the post office are never gonna believe this.

CAMPSITE OWNER

Pardon?

ULYSSES

You mind if I use your phone? I'll just pay you.

Ulysses puts down money for the call.

A LITTLE LATER

Intercut: Charlie's front room and Ulysses in the cabin office.

ULYSSES

Charlie, look, I need to ask you a favor.

POKER-FACE CHARLIE

Sure Yuley. Anything.

ULYSSES

First off, I think I found the place where I need to fix something.

POKER-FACE CHARLIE

Still that mission of yours eh Yuley. Well--

ULYSSES

It's real Charlie. I know it sounds crazy, but it's real. I've found the very spot where my brother came before he died. Talked with the owner of the campsite...

He told me about a guy coming through years ago-- wearing all black Charlie, wearing all black. I know by what my brother told me. He knew he was gonna die because he always said he'd wear black before anyone else got the chance. He thought he could fix it. But he couldn't. Because it hadn't happened yet.

POKER-FACE CHARLIE

Fix what Yuley? What are yous all tryin' ta fix?

ULYSSES

It sounds crazy, but I don't know. It's the cause. About righting wrongs. And Stan couldn't do anymore because he reached the end of the line. He found the spot of a tragedy. But it hadn't happened yet. But it has now Charlie. And it's my turn.

POKER-FACE CHARLIE

Can you slow down. Can you--

ULYSSES

Larry, Ben, Tony... All Brotherhood  
- all dead. Who but me? I'll  
explain later. I need you to dig up  
some stones I buried when I was a  
kid...

EXT. BUSH - MAPLE RIDGE

Poker-face Charlie digs up two square stones resembling a  
pair of dice.

BALDY BRUNO

This is crazy.

Charlie unfolds a map. Bruno rolls the stones. The stones  
land on Craven and Dawson Creek.

POKER-FACE CHARLIE

Guess he's got to head further  
north.

BALDY BRUNO

Any more nights at the campsite?

Charlie rolls again. The die dances in one spot-- Headley.

POKER-FACE CHARLIE

That's where he said he is.

BALDY BRUNO

One more night it is. I'll call  
him. Hope he sorts things out.

EXT. WAYFARING CAMPSITE - NIGHTFALL

A CAMPFIRE BURNS.

Ulysses talks to himself, as if to his brother.

ULYSSES

I never understood why you did that  
to me. To make me strong? Is that  
why? You know I hated you for a  
long while after that...

INTO THE FIRE: INTO ULYSSES' PAST - EXT. MAPLE RIDGE - NIGHT

Little 9 year old Ulysses stands near a cliff. His brother,  
STAN, 14, older than his years, a slight hair growth on his  
upper lip, towers over Ulysses. He bends down and whispers, as  
several other big boys close around.

STAN

(in Ulysses' ear)

Be cool. Larry don't mean nothin' by it.

LITTLE ULYSSES

But it's so far down. And--

LONG-HAIRED LARRY

Look, we've all done it. It's the only way to see him. That's where the boy died and that's where Rhinosteegas gave him the courage to face death alone. You want courage, you gotta do it. You wanna be part of The Brotherhood, there's no other choice.

LITTLE ULYSSES

When will you lift me back up?

LONG-HAIRED LARRY

We'll come by in the morning.

They tie a rope around Ulysses and lower him down while the sky heaves thunder and lightning and Ulysses heaves in dread.

Ulysses face is white with fear. He holds on tightly to a flashlight.

LONG-HAIRED LARRY

I don't know how good those batteries are. You might want to go easy with the light tonight.

Ulysses, now successfully lowered over the cliff to a small outcropping, sits, hugging his knees. From above, he hears the boys' talk disappearing in the distance, then one loud shout:

LONG-HAIRED LARRY

Only one of two things can happen Yuley. You'll either die tonight, or you'll turn into a man!

Little Ulysses starts to cry.

EXT. WAYFARING CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Ulysses hangs his head, a cigarette in his hand, his whiskey bottle and a cooler of beer at his feet.

Ulysses

I must be crazy. What the Hell am I  
doing here?! What cowboy?! What  
mission?!

O.S. Little Lisa

(voice becoming a woman's)  
There's a place up north. That's  
where he is. The man who killed me.  
Your monster came to give you  
courage. You know that. Like your  
brother. Like The Brotherhood-- all  
about being more than you are. All  
about travelin' for the cause.

Ulysses searches into the eyes of the little girl. Her hair is  
long, a bow, in tender curls above her head. She becomes a  
woman, her frills and bows exchanged for a bride's dress.

ULYSSES

Who are you marrying?

LADY LISA

A giant of a man. The love here,  
the treasures, are greater than  
you can imagine.

ULYSSES

You're like an angel.

Lady Lisa lifts and cradles a long-haired white cat that slinks  
into view.

LADY LISA

Not an angel. Just a traveller.  
Like you... I'm forgiving... so you  
know... Don't be vengeful when you  
find him. It's the way. The way of  
The Brotherhood.

ULYSSES

No vengeance? The Brotherhood is  
about righting wrongs. The cause.

LITTLE LISA

Can you right a wrong with another  
wrong?

Ulysses' face sobers. He clutches at his forehead. His eyes  
are tight in contemplation. He tries to think of what to say.

He opens his eyes, his mouth:

ULYSSES

Ah- I...

He sees: NOTHING BUT THE FIRE.

A HAND appears on his shoulder. It's Tom.

CAMPSITE OWNER

What you hear that I can't  
comprehend?

Ulysses hands Tom a cold beer from the cooler at his feet.

ULYSSES

I heard about something that I  
don't understand-- something the  
guys at the post office aren't ever  
gonna believe...

Tom nudges Ulysses, pointing to a braided impression in the dirt.  
The dirt swirls, turns white, then into: A 3D ROSE.  
CLOSER: REALLY SHARP THORNS. A LITTLE MORE: NOTHING BUT A BLUR.

Out of the blur, a shape manifests. It's Rhinosteegas.  
Still ugly as Hell.

Rhinosteegas bows, dressed in stunning purple and gold.  
Like a king, jeweled and shining. His face turns a little  
more appealing somehow. Maybe something in his eyes.

Takes off his own tusk and carves into the white dirt:  
What would you be without me?

He lifts the tusk to the heavens. Then:

Jams it into his forehead, it disappears inside.

Rhinosteegas puts his hands up, like a mime stuck behind  
an invisible window. He becomes entirely flat--  
like a large paper doll that shrinks and flutters down  
to the ground.

On a POSTCARD: RHINOSTEEGAS AT:

GIANT'S CAUSEWY, NORTHERN IRELAND

EIFFEL TOWER, PARIS

TAJ MAHAL, INDIA... Still more places... FLIP, FLAP, FLIPETTY...

Up into the wind. Into a POSTMAN'S SACK. He strides a tree-canopied street.

O.S. ULYSSES

...That monsters have some kind of  
purpose. I don't know. I'm heading  
north tomorrow. Fear and all. I  
guess I'm gonna find out.