

DAY 67

Written by
Gavin W. Logan

Gloganwriter@hotmail.co.uk

Copyright (c) 2013 This screenplay may not be used or reproduced
without the express written permission of the author.

FADE IN:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

SUPER: BAILEY'S PRAIRIE, SOUTH TEXAS

Sunlight melts through drawn blinds.

Dusty, unkempt. Clothes litter the floor, smothering empty bottles of beer. Beads of condensation trickle down the cold, stale walls.

Heavy, lustful MOANS, belonging to a young WOMAN.

Two bodies hidden underneath a thin bedsheet thrash savagely. Locked in the midst of passion. Not love making, fucking.

The body on top arches. A wave of BROWN HAIR escapes from under the sheet. One last climaxing moan and then the body collapse on the bed.

CUT TO BLACK

SUPER: BREAKFAST

FADE IN:

INT. DINER - DAY

A classic 50's replica. Over the top and bleeding Americana. Gene Vincent blares from a jukebox in the corner.

TAMMY (20) dark, sultry, but with a naivety about her presence, sits at a booth, sips a strawberry milkshake through a straw.

A thin line of black eyeliner and subtle rosy lipstick accentuates her natural beauty. She's the kind of girl next door who turns everyman's head, and even some women.

Her big BABY BLUE eyes, alive with curiosity, scan the diner and it's customers, a mix of elderly couples enjoying some nostalgia and lone-wolfs passing through.

There's a root beer sitting opposite her, untouched.

She peers out the diner window, beyond the sparse civilization and into the desert wasteland in the distance. She plays with her hair, childlike, WAITING on-

BRETT (25), rugged but with a sparkle in his eye. The all American boy, a strange mix of James Dean and George McFly. He sits opposite her and sips from his root beer.

They sit in silence, just staring at each other. A moment of intense heat. Between sips, Tammy fails to restrain GIGGLES but never lets her gaze waver and composes herself again.

Their silence is deafening, letting their eyes do all the talking. They WANT each other. They NEED each other.

EXT. OPEN ROAD - DAY

The unrelenting highway that goes on for what seems like forever. The barren stretch of sandy grasslands extend in all directions.

An open top RED '63 CHEVROLET IMPALA cruises along.

Brett is behind the wheel. Tammy lounges in the passenger seat, her bare feet stretched onto the dashboard. Huge sunglasses hide her eyes. Her hair flutters freely in the wind.

Brett's eyes trickle down to her feet. Her perfect pink painted toenails glisten in the sunlight.

His eyes follow her smooth, never ending legs. The wind tickles her thighs, allowing her skirt to dance.

She see's him looking at her. She SLOWLY peels her skirt up. A tiny TEASE of black panties then she releases her skirt and it swirls just above her knee again.

He looks at her. A throbbing desire. She blows him a kiss.

CUT TO BLACK.

SUPER: LUNCH

FADE IN:

The Chevy is parked just off road. Brett and Tammy slump in their seats, basking in the afternoon heat.

Tammy sucks on a cigarette and lets the smoke slowly escape between her pursed lips. Her lipstick is sticky in the scorching swelter.

Brett munches on an already half eaten juicy sandwich, spraying half it's contents over his lap with every bite. He gulps down a mouthful of bottled water, passes it to Tammy who declines.

A sea of cacti with the cascading mountain range as a backdrop acts as their picture postcard scenery.

Tammy gazes into the cloudless sky above.

TAMMY

Am I dreaming?

BRETT

Not unless I am too.

TAMMY

When I was a little girl my daddy used to tell me that real life was all a lie, and that only in our dreams can we see the truth.

BRETT

Your daddy a philosopher then?

TAMMY

Nope, raging alcoholic.

Brett doesn't know whether laughing is the correct response.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

He also told me that your thoughts and dreams stay with you and hide under your pillow until they can feel free enough to escape.

BRETT

If only it were that easy.

Brett finishes his sandwich and downs the rest of his water.

TAMMY

You think we were meant to meet each other?

Brett peers over, that kinda came out of nowhere.

BRETT

I ain't religious or anything but I do believe things happen for a reason.

TAMMY

And what was our reason?

He thinks for a second.

BRETT

Friendship. Desire. Solace.

He leans over, caresses her belly. She tilts her head towards him.

BRETT (CONT'D)

Hunger.

He slowly slides his hand down inside her skirt but she SLAPS it away playfully and giggles loudly.

TAMMY
You're always hungry.

BRETT
Only for you.

He stretches over her, takes the cigarette from her hand and drags deeply. Brett retracts into his seat again before blowing smoke rings from his mouth.

Tammy can't keep her eyes off him. Her HERO.

TAMMY
So, if we never met, where do you
think you'd be right now?

Brett thinks, a tinge of sadness covers his face. He doesn't even want to think about the idea. Tammy notices his reluctance to answer-

TAMMY (CONT'D)
I'd be in the same exact position I
was six weeks ago, jobless and
living with my grandma.

BRETT
I dunno, but I do know, without you
I wouldn't be free... I'd be a
caged animal.

Tammy takes this in. She moves towards him, mounts his lap, pulls him close. He briefly kisses above her breasts. Beads of sweat drip down her neck. Irresistible to Brett.

She takes the cigarette from him, now almost a butt. She sucks the life out of it then flicks it away.

TAMMY
Caged animal? I like the sound of
that.

They kiss passionately. More than that, animalistic.

CUT TO BLACK.

SUPER: DINNER

FADE IN:

The Sun descends behind the mountains and a haze glitters on the horizon.

Brett pulls into a highway Motel car park. Only three cars, otherwise it's deserted. He parks and turns off the engine.

Tammy wraps a scarf over her shoulders. She shivers, with cold and ENTHUSIASM.

TAMMY

God, I wish we were in Miami already!

BRETT

Only a few more days baby.

She looks around at the sight of the Motel awaiting her. A heavy SIGH, her enthusiasm suddenly wanes.

BRETT (CONT'D)

Look, they're cheap and they do their job. All we need is a comfortable bed and a working shower.

They both get out and lift their bags from the back seat. One rucksack each.

TAMMY

I wouldn't mind driving from here to there so much if we could explore the possibility of actually seeing some sights along the way.

BRETT

There will be plenty of time for that when we arrive in Florida.

They walk towards the Motel reception.

TAMMY

I know but geez, when was the last time we shared a drink with another couple... or watched TV or read a newspaper or...

Brett throws her a dismissive look.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

(innocent)

What? I sometimes read the papers.

Brett laughs. She slaps his arm jokingly. That's her instinctive way of agreeing with him without ACTUALLY agreeing with him.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

So what's in Florida? I mean I know why I'm excited to go there but why are you excited?

Brett waits.

BRETT

You ever been on a boat?

Tammy looks up at him, all smiles, bursting with questions.

BRETT (CONT'D)

I've already told you too much. I wanted it to be a surprise.

TAMMY

(huffy)

I want to be there now though.

BRETT

I know I said I'd give you anything you wanted but...

She stops and so does Brett.

TAMMY

...You do give me everything I want. More than I deserve.

She rests her head on his shoulder, her hand drifts down towards his crotch, massaging.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

(whispers)

We drive, we eat, we fuck. And we do it alone. That's all I ever want.

Brett notices an OLD WOMAN at the edge of the car park staring at them, or more specifically GAWKING at what Tammy is doing with her hand.

He doesn't look away, he just stares daggers back at her. An uncomfortable few seconds then the Old Woman shies away about her business.

EXT. ROOM 18 - NIGHT

A DELIVERY MAN (20s), carries a loaded brown paper bag in one hand, looks at the room numbers as he passes. He stops at ROOM 18, knocks the door.

A few moments pass, he knocks again. Giggling voices can be heard from inside. A Muffled conversation. He waits, but his patience is thinning. He's about to knock a third time when-

The door squeaks ajar. Brett PEERS out then unlatches the lock and opens the door fully. Brett is naked except for a towel wrapped around his waist. He's also breathing heavy.

BRETT

Hey bud, sorry.

DELIVERY MAN
That's thirty four fifty.

Brett fiddles with his wallet. Delivery Man glances over Brett's shoulders-

DELIVERY MAN'S POV:

The bedsheets are sprayed in all directions. A small fan blows onto the bed. The bathroom door is slightly ajar and the sound of running water rapidly taps the bathtub.

A mirror. A FLASH of naked flesh catches his eye, just for a second then disappears again.

END POV

He turns his attention back to Brett.

DELIVERY MAN (CONT'D)
Hey, do I know you?

Brett stops briefly then hands him three ten dollar bills.

DELIVERY MAN (CONT'D)
Yeah you look kinda familiar...

BRETT
...Keep the change.

Brett takes the paper bag and closes the door in Delivery Man's face.

INSIDE - LATER

Tammy is sprawled across the bed, fast asleep, naked from the waist down.

Brett watches her from a chair. The small bedside table is littered with the empty remnants of a five course Chinese takeaway dinner.

Brett stands, stuffs his hands into his rucksack, retrieves SOMETHING. He moves into the-

BATHROOM

He LOCKS the door quietly. He puts the toilet seat down and sits. In his hand is a tiny JOURNAL and pen. He sifts through it to get to the next available blank page which just happens to be almost halfway.

At the top of the page he writes in block capitals-

DAY 67

He proceeds to scribble down his thoughts although we don't see what he is writing. Whatever it is, it's PAINFUL.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Tammy lies on the bed, asleep. The bedsheets drip over the edge.

The morning Sun seeps into the room, glinting off the empty beer bottles on the bedside table.

Tammy stirs, then her eyes open gently. She lifts her hand, attempts to shield the ricocheting sunlight. She rolls over in bed to find an empty indentation beside her.

TAMMY

Brett?

Nothing.

She sits up in bed. Her sleepy eyes notice a post it note attached to his pillow. It reads-

"I LOVE YOU"

Her face contorts with glee, reminiscent of a child on Christmas morning, only today her present was three little words.

She jumps up, suddenly bursting with energy, makes her way into the bathroom. The spray of the shower emanates out.

CUT TO BLACK.

SUPER: DESSERT

FADE IN:

EXT. ROOM 18 - DAY - LATER

Tammy sits, legs crossed, just outside her room. The door remains open. She smokes a cigarette, WATCHING the car park, WATCHING the road.

Her head tilts down the boardwalk of rooms towards a VENDING MACHINE. She takes another puff then flicks the cigarette away.

LATER

Tammy strolls up and down the grassy knoll at the edge of the car park where it meets the road. She gazes into the distance to and from. ANXIOUS.

She licks an ice cream cone, unconcerned about how much she leaves around her chin. Her mind obviously somewhere else.

LATER

Tammy walks across the car park towards her room. She notices a newspaper dispenser outside the reception. She smiles.

LATER

She sits in the same spot outside her room. The newspaper rests open on her lap, although she isn't paying much attention to it as she turns the pages. Her eyes continue to drift in the direction of the road.

She flicks a page, and SOMETHING makes her FREEZE. In the newspaper is a PICTURE of Brett, only with longer hair and scruffy beard. Below it reads-

"ESCAPED PRISONER JARED CUSSENS STILL AT LARGE"

She jumps up, still clutching the newspaper, her eyes follow the words-

TAMMY

Jared Cussens... no... Lompac
Penitentiary California... three
months... no... this can't...

Then the kicker. The next line SLAPS her in the face like a ton of bricks. She stops herself. She can't say it out loud.

CLOSE ON NEWSPAPER: "SUSPECTED CRIMES OF CANNIBALISM"

Her mouth AGAPE, face now a beetroot red. Eyes swell with TEARS. She runs inside her room, scans all around. Brett's rucksack is GONE. She finally realizes and she CRUMBLES to the floor.

She curls up in a ball of RAGE, struggles to breathe. Dry HEAVING. Her face pressed against the mangy carpet, eyeliner smudged against her cheeks. She WAILS, stomach churning pain.

Then she see's it-

The post-it note lies on the carpet in front of her at the foot of the bed.

She drags herself towards it, looks at his last words. There's something written on the back of the note she didn't notice before. She turns it over, it reads-

"I'M SORRY I COULDN'T GIVE YOU EVERYTHING YOU WANTED. IF YOU WANT TO KNOW MORE, THE TRUTH LIES IN YOUR DREAMS"

She thinks. She pulls herself to her feet, jumps on the bed. She searches under her pillow and lifts out Brett's journal. She wipes away her tears and opens the first page.

BRETT (V.O.)

Day one.

CUT TO BLACK

