

IN REBEL COUNTRY
By Kevin Barry

The Characters

JAMIE
JOHNNIE
LIZZIE

All are in their twenties, although Lizzie could be played older.

The Setting

Various locations in the Midwestern United States, on the road between Elm Creek, Nebraska and Fairmount, Indiana, which should be suggested by a neutral background. A few chairs, which can be easily moved about by the cast, will suffice as set pieces for all locations.

"I don't have to explain anything to anybody."

James Dean to Julie Harris in *East of Eden*

Act One

(A police siren. A red flashing light.)

The lights come up on JAMIE, who is dressed in a white T-shirt, jeans and boots, and JOHNNIE, who is wearing a white T-shirt, jeans and sneakers.

As the siren fades, they speak to us)

JAMIE

You should have been there, man!

JOHNNIE

I wish you could have been there!

JAMIE

The siren, the red flashing lights!

JOHNNIE

It was just like in the movies!

JAMIE

"Please step out of the car."

JOHNNIE

"Hands above your head."

JAMIE

"You have the right to remain silent."

JOHNNIE

I kept thinking of Cagney in *White Heat* or Bogart in *High Sierra*. The big house!

JAMIE

Big house?! We drove eight hundred miles and we're in a place *smaller* than the one we left.

JOHNNIE

That would be Elm Creek, Nebraska.

JAMIE

Population three thousand one hundred and thirteen.

JOHNNIE

Beef.

JAMIE

Hogs.

JOHNNIE

Corn.

JAMIE

In the old days, the Pony Express passed right through Elm Creek.

JOHNNIE

And the Oregon Trail...

JAMIE

Passed right through Elm Creek.

JOHNNIE

And now Interstate Eighty...

JAMIE

Passes right through Elm Creek.

JOHNNIE

I'm nervous, Jamie!

JAMIE

(To JOHNNIE)

What can they do to us? We didn't kill anybody. (To us) The dude was dead already!

JOHNNIE

I've never been arrested before.

JAMIE

(Sarcastically, to us)

Oh, and I just escaped from Alcatraz!

JOHNNIE

(To us)

Escape from Alcatraz. Nineteen seventy-nine. Warner Brothers. Directed by Don Siegel.

JAMIE

(To us, gesturing towards JOHNNIE)

Big movie fan, here!

JOHNNIE

(To us)

Stars.

JAMIE

(To us)

Directors.

JOHNNIE

(To us)

Writers.

JAMIE

(To us)

Dialogue.

JOHNNIE

(To us)

Plots.

JAMIE

(To us)

The minute I met this guy, he said to me...

(The red light stops flashing)

JOHNNIE
(To JAMIE)

You like movies?

JAMIE
(To us)

I said, "Yeah, man! Who doesn't?"...(To JOHNNIE) You into Jimmy?

JOHNNIE
(To us)

I'm thinkin' Stewart, I'm thinkin' Cagney.

JAMIE
(To us)

The king! The rebel!

JOHNNIE
(To us)

Although I was, of course, familiar with the whole James Dean cult, I wrote it off as just some male-adolescent macho-cool fantasy.

JAMIE
(To us)

And then he saw the light!

JOHNNIE
(To us)

Me, watching Jamie, watching Jimmy!...So one day, Jamie gets this idea.

JAMIE
(To JOHNNIE)

Whadaya say we steal some down time and make that expedition we're always talking about?

JOHNNIE
(To JAMIE)

Expedition?

JAMIE
(Dramatically, to us)

Deep! Into! Jimmy Country!

JOHNNIE

(To us)

Jimmy Country! That would be Fairmount, Indiana, the final resting place of James Byron Dean - actor, movie star, icon, martyr - born nineteen hundred and thirty-one, died nineteen hundred and fifty-five.

JAMIE

(To JOHNNIE)

So you in?

JOHNNIE

(To us)

How bad could it be? Sunshine, fresh air...and Jamie.

JAMIE

A bad day off is better than a good day at work.

JOHNNIE

Your truck?

JAMIE

You think that piece o'crap you drive's gonna make it?

JOHNNIE

(To us)

We left Elm Creek early one Saturday morning. September.

(JAMIE and JOHNNIE arrange two chairs facing forward. They are in the cab of a pickup truck. JAMIE is driving)

JAMIE

Eight hundred and seventy sweet miles!

JOHNNIE

Fourteen hours!

JAMIE

If we don't drink any beer.

JOHNNIE

(To us)

Although his subject matter was somewhat limited, I must admit that Jamie knew his stuff...For your consideration, I offer Jamie's awe-inspiring take on Dean's infamous bad-

luck sports car, the one in which he was killed on that black September afternoon so many years ago.

(JAMIE rises, clears his throat and comes forward as if he were giving a lecture)

JAMIE

The Spyder five-fifty, fifteen-hundred RS - introduced by Porsche at the Paris Auto Show in nineteen fifty-three - featured a sophisticated new flat four, four cam-engine, type five forty-seven, one hundred and ten horsepower at sixty-two hundred rpms with a total weight of twelve-hundred pounds and a maximum cruising speed of one hundred and thirty-five miles per hour. It came complete with two bright red bucket seats that left you just enough clearance room to (He demonstrates a quick pelvic thrust) pump Natalie Wood a few times! Hey, Natalie, that ain't the stick-shift, baby, that is all me!"

JOHNNIE

Jimmy did Natalie?

(JAMIE returns to his seat)

JAMIE

Heck, yeah!...Jimmy was like, (He moves his hips) "Hey, guys, it is possible...to make love...in a Porsche Spyder...(His excitement increases) five-fifty...fifteen-hundred RS...with the all-new...flat four...four cam..."

JOHNNIE

Stop humping and watch where you're driving.

JAMIE

Jimmy was like sooo friggin' cool, man!

JOHNNIE

(To us)

And Jamie's a pretty cool guy himself.

JAMIE

There's never been cool like *that*!

JOHNNIE

(To us)

In fact, Jamie's a lot like Jimmy.

JAMIE

That dude *invented* cool!

JOHNNIE

(To us)

If it wasn't for Jimmy, Jamie and I would never ever have been friends. We were as different as the two Trask brothers in Jimmy's first movie, *East of Eden*.

JAMIE

Cut! Hold it! 'Scuse me! *First* movie?!

JOHNNIE

Okay! First starring role!

JAMIE

Thank you.

JOHNNIE

(To us)

East of Eden. Warner Brothers. Nineteen fifty-five. Directed by Elia Kazan. Based - just barely - on the novel by John Steinbeck. (To JAMIE) You're so damn technical.

JAMIE

Me? You watch movies that aren't even in *English*!

JOHNNIE

(To us)

I thought I'd live dangerously and get Jamie to watch *Seven Samurai*, the nineteen fifty-four Japanese masterpiece by Kurosawa? Huge mistake!

JAMIE

(To us)

It's all in *Japanese*, for crissake! And, besides, Jimmy's not in it!

JOHNNIE

There are *other* movies, you know! You gonna go through life watching the same *three* movies over and over and over...?

JAMIE

Blow me, John! I got this collector magazine and guess what? They're sellin' one of the fence posts from *Giant*, one of the actual friggin' fence posts!

JOHNNIE

(To us)

Giant. Warner Brothers. Nineteen fifty-six. Director George Stevens won an Oscar for it. Jimmy was killed a week after his scenes were completed. *(To JAMIE)* So how do you know that fence post is the real McCoy, Tonto? It could be any old termite-infested fence post. *(To us)* One that Fred Astaire *danced* by, maybe!

JAMIE

They can't mess around with that stuff, man. Too many experts out there. They'd know.

JOHNNIE

Jamie, they cut up Jimmy's car and sold it piece-by-piece, and if they collected all the pieces out there that people say are from that car...

JAMIE

The Porsche Spyder five-fifty, fifteen-hundred RS, with the all-new...

JOHNNIE

(To us)

A zillion miles and *all-Jimmy-all-the-time!* We pass through Grand Island and we're moving up towards Lincoln.

JAMIE

So me and Brenda are getting *real* cozy, okay...?

JOHNNIE

(To us)

Brenda is Jamie's sorta-kinda on-again, off-again girlfriend. Brenda works with us at Elm Creek Tool and Die. Brenda polishes piston rods.

(JOHNNIE moves his hand up and down polishing an imaginary piston rod as JAMIE scans the audience flashing a very wide, very mischievous smile)

JAMIE

We were getting ready to watch *Rebel*. That print I taped off Turner.

JOHNNIE

(To us)

Rebel Without A Cause. Warner Brothers. Nineteen fifty-five. Directed by Nicholas Ray.

JAMIE

Rebel, man, is - *balls out!* - the best of the three!

JOHNNIE

(To us)

Agreed. I'll admit that I wasn't the Dean fanatic that Jamie was, but any card-carrying movie-buff worth his buttered popcorn knew that *Rebel Without A Cause* was the James Dean classic of choice.

JAMIE

Damn straight!

JOHNNIE

(To us)

One of those common denominators upon which life-long friendships are built. It was hard to hate any guy who loved that movie as much as you did. In fact, if Lex Luthor discovered that Superman was a *Rebel*-junkie, he'd bag the Kryptonite, take him out and get him shit-faced, and they'd finish the night at the Metropolis Motel Six doin' the sandwich number with Lois.

JAMIE

Will you listen to me?!...So the lights are out, okay, and we're watching this *awesome* copy of *Rebel*.

JOHNNIE

(To us)

It was letterboxed! It was beautiful!

JAMIE

Brenda seems like she's really getting into it. Things are nice'n friendly, my feet are on her lap. What do you think she says?

JOHNNIE

'Bout time you changed your socks?

JAMIE

I'm serious! It's the first-day-of-school scene, you know, when Plato is at his locker and he first sees Jimmy?

JOHNNIE

Whose picture did Plato have in his locker? (To us) You guys know?

JAMIE

Who doesn't know that?! Alan freakin' Ladd! Will you shut the fuck up and listen?...So guess what Brenda says?

JOHNNIE

The suspense is killing me. What did Brenda say?!

JAMIE

She says, "I'll take Brad Pitt over this guy any day."...Brad fuckin' *Pitt*!

JOHNNIE

And you said?

JAMIE

I kicked her the hell out, that's what I said!

JOHNNIE

You did not.

JAMIE

Did!

JOHNNIE

(To us)

Must have been *after* the hand job!

JAMIE

Like Brad Pitt's even a contender!

JOHNNIE

He was pretty good in *Kalifornia*. (To us) That's spelled with a K. Brad played a smelly psycho killer. Not a bad job, actually. Worth a rental.

JAMIE

How can you even think that?!

JOHNNIE

Girls get off on Brad. Hell, I dunno!

JAMIE

Jimmy's about more than just *gettin' off!* He's about more than just *sex!*...I mean, granted, he had a big dick. (To us) So they say.

JOHNNIE

(To us)

Somewhere around Omaha the trivia started getting old.

JAMIE

Favorite ice cream.

JOHNNIE

Coffee and raspberry, mixed.

JAMIE

Favorite lunch.

JOHNNIE

Meat loaf sandwiches and apple-sauce cake.

JAMIE

TV commercial.

JOHNNIE

Pepsi.

JAMIE

Favorite book.

JOHNNIE

The Little Prince, Captain Obvious!...Here's one for you. Which Bond girl did Jimmy make it with? I'm talkin' for real, now, not in a movie.

JAMIE

Bond girl?!...Wait!...Uh, what's her name...Uh...

JOHNNIE

(To us)

Jamie hated to be scooped. If you came out with a "Jimmy-fact" that he didn't know...

(Thunder)

JAMIE

Who the hell cares!

JOHNNIE

Ursula Address.

JAMIE

Maybe if you went outside once in a while and threw a ball around.

JOHNNIE

(To us)

I make it a point not to throw anything to anybody. You want car keys, a pencil? I'm more than happy to walk over and hand it to you.

JAMIE

(To us)

John is - how can I put this? - self-conscious and insecure.

JOHNNIE

(To us)

I anguish over every move I make.

JAMIE

(To us)

He has this fear that he's going to leave the house, not only with his fly open, but with his crank hanging out!

JOHNNIE

(To us)

Jamie glides through life on instinct. He has all the right moves and he's comfortable in his skin.

JAMIE

If you don't love yourself, bud, nobody else will. (He rises) There's more to life than movies.

(JAMIE exits.

JOHNNIE rises and comes forward. He speaks to us)

JOHNNIE

"There's more to life than movies." Wish I had a nickel everytime I heard that one! See, our memory banks - yours, mine - are like photo albums. They consist of snapshots, moments frozen in time, not moving. But there's only so much room in our photo albums so, eventually, some of the pictures have to be discarded. You keep your favorites, of

course, the ones that mean the most, the ones that help you relive certain prized pieces of your life. Some of these memories will stay frozen forever, immediate and clear. Others will be victims of that most insulting of emotions - indifference. Those are the ones that defrost and melt away and turn to liquid. And that, I suppose, is how we make room. That, I suppose, is how we forget...But the movies! Oh, man, the *movies*! The things I remember from movies are always in perpetual motion, constantly shifting, evolving. And yet, movies never really moved at all, did they? It's all an illusion. Still photos racing past our retinas at twenty-four frames per second, shadows on a screen, a world that wouldn't exist but for a defect in our brain called "persistence of vision."...So, here's my question. Ready? When you come to the end of the road and you're taking inventory and you're trying to make sense of this whole wild and crazy ride, what are the moments - the snapshots - that will immediately spring to mind? What were the landmark events of your life that made the whole messed-up, terrible, wonderful trip worth taking - "the keepers," if you will?... Was it the day you got your driver's license? High School graduation? College? First job? First home? The birth of your children, perhaps? That night you got lucky with that perfect someone you *never* thought would look your way?...Well, for me, it's a foggy runway in Casablanca the night Bogie said goodbye to Bergman...And the way Liz Taylor told Monty Clift to, "Tell, mama, tell mama *all!*"...And Stewart telling Novak on the top of that bell-tower that he loved her *so*...And Brando mourning that he coulda been a contendah...And that moment in *Rebel*, when Natalie Wood tells James Dean that she thinks he's a "real yo-yo" and Jimmy says, "I love you, too!"... "Don't spend your life on the wrong passions," they tell me. "Life is not like the movies," they say...Could it be that I came to Casablanca for the waters and, like Rick, I was misinformed?

(JAMIE comes back on. They clear the chairs away)

JAMIE

I gotta take an *enormous* piss!

JOHNNIE

Me and Jamie pissin' on the side of a road near a gas station in Omaha.

(JOHNNIE and JAMIE turn their backs to us)

JAMIE

You know, there's a men's room over there in the gas station.

JOHNNIE

I don't do men's rooms. You could catch something.

JAMIE

Where you gonna wash your hands out *here*, Mr. Clean?

JOHNNIE

I got a moist towelette in my pocket. I plan ahead.

JAMIE

My dick's bigger'n yours.

(LIZZIE enters walking backwards, calling off. She has an unlit cigarette in her mouth and she is carrying a backpack)

LIZZIE

SURE, JESUS LOVE'S YOU, BUT EVERYBODY ELSE THINKS YOU'RE A GOD DAMN ASSHOLE!...YOU'RE NOTHIN' BUT A WEED-MONKEY, DOOBIE!

(Startled, JAMIE and JOHNNIE move closer together)

Don't flatter yourselves, boys. I've seen all kinds, all shapes, all sizes. Nothing surprises me. I knew a guy who had one so bent he could pee around corners.

JAMIE

Hey, John, you know the difference between a woman and a computer?

JOHNNIE

Jamie...!

JAMIE

A woman won't accept a three-and-a-half-inch floppy.

(JAMIE and JOHNNIE quickly finish and turn around. JOHNNIE has forgotten to zip up)

LIZZIE

A Harvard man! In these parts! Who'da thunk it? (To JOHNNIE) You left your barn door open, cowboy.

(JAMIE bursts out laughing. JOHNNIE turns around quickly and zips up)

This *is* Nebraska! Your horse'll catch a chill when that wind comes sweepin' down the plain.

JOHNNIE

That's Oklahoma.

LIZZIE

Same difference. Square, flat, dull. You got a light?

JOHNNIE

We, uh...we don't smoke.

LIZZIE

What are you, a couple of air Nazis? (Teasingly, to JAMIE)
Risk is the spice of life, gentlemen.

JAMIE

(To JOHNNIE)

I smoke. Sometimes.

JOHNNIE

When?

JAMIE

When I drink!

JOHNNIE

Uh huh.

JAMIE

You don't know everything I do. We're not attached!

LIZZIE

Now, now, boys! Keep your little domestic squabbles under the covers where they belong.

JOHNNIE

You can probably get matches in the gas station.

LIZZIE

Thanks, boy scout.

JAMIE

You from around here?

LIZZIE

That might be the single most insulting thing anybody's ever said to me. And, trust me, I've been insulted.

JAMIE

Where you from then?

LIZZIE

Everywhere. (Her eyes connect with JAMIE'S) Nowhere.

JOHNNIE

Just...hitching?

LIZZIE

I just got dumped.

JAMIE

That's tough.

LIZZIE

His loss!...Aw, Christ! I left my damn phone in his car! That's the third one this year! I still have six months left on the stinkin' contract!

JAMIE

Anything we can do? You need some help? You need a ride?

LIZZIE

You headed north? (She checks JAMIE out head to toe) South?

JAMIE

Indiana.

JOHNNIE

Actually, sorta east and then sorta north.

LIZZIE

You maybe going anywhere near Indianapolis?

JAMIE

(To JOHNNIE)

Don't we have to pass through Indy? (To LIZZIE) Yeah, we go right through Indy.

LIZZIE

From there I could grab a bus to Chicago.

JAMIE

Okay with you, John?

JOHNNIE

Well, Jamie, the truck is kinda crowded.

JAMIE

(To LIZZIE)

That your only bag?

LIZZIE

Uh huh.

JAMIE

Cool.

LIZZIE

(To JAMIE)

Then how 'bout we, uh...do it!

JAMIE

Sounds good...Oh, I'm Jamie, and this here is...

JOHNNIE

Hey.

JAMIE

He spells that "Johnnie".

LIZZIE

You guys are good with this?

JAMIE

Totally.

JOHNNIE

(Shrugging)

Yeah...No prob.

LIZZIE

You're not afraid of hitchhikers?

JAMIE

Not ones like you.

LIZZIE

Too bad. Without fear, there's no maximum pleasure.

JOHNNIE

(To us)

Fasten your seat belts, it's gonna be a bumpy night.

(JAMIE, JOHNNIE and LIZZIE each take a chair and
arrange them three across, facing forward.

The cab of the truck. JAMIE is driving)

JAMIE

No way! Your name's really Lizzie?!

LIZZIE

(Puzzled)

Uh, yeah?

JAMIE

Short for Elizabeth?

LIZZIE

Are you sure you didn't go to Harvard?

JAMIE

(To JOHNNIE)

This is an omen, John. (To LIZZIE) Elizabeth Taylor was in *Giant*. You ever see the movie *Giant*?

LIZZIE

I'm not into porn. It's like watchin' somebody else ride a roller-coaster.

JOHNNIE

No, no, it's a James Dean movie. About Texas.

LIZZIE

Never saw it.

JAMIE

That's why we're headed to Fairmount. He's buried there.

LIZZIE

Everybody's into *something*, right? So who is this guy, exactly?

JAMIE

Don't tell me you never heard of...(To JOHNNIE) I never met anybody who... (To LIZZIE) He's the king, he's the rebel, he's...!

LIZZIE

Look, Elmer, I had a real crappy day! I don't need you challenging my intellect, okay?

JAMIE

Hey, I didn't mean anything...

JOHNNIE

(Under his breath)

Crashing...and...burning.

LIZZIE

So I never heard of James *Whoever!* You ever hear of Doobie Melman, smart man? (JAMIE glances toward JOHNNIE for help. JOHNNIE shrugs) Played lead guitar for The Cock Rings? Till he went solo. Artistic differences. I lived with him for two years. You wanna talk about your rebels?

JAMIE

What kind of music?

LIZZIE

Sorta punk, kinda Latin funk. He's making a revisionist statement, you know?...You got a CD player in this rig?

JOHNNIE

No.

LIZZIE

Eight track? (She laughs) So since you're going to visit this guy's grave, may I assume that he's dead?

JAMIE

Uh, yeah.

LIZZIE

So when did he buy the farm?

JAMIE and JOHNNIE

September thirtieth, nineteen...

JOHNNIE

Fifty-five.

LIZZIE

Nineteen fifty-five?! What did you guys do, oversleep?...What's he to you?

JOHNNIE

We like his movies.

JAMIE

It's more than just his movies, Johnnie! Geez!

JOHNNIE

Alright!

JAMIE

He's cool! He's real! He connects! You know what I mean? Makes you look inside yourself. Makes you do things you didn't know you wanted to do.

LIZZIE

Really. Sounds like my type of man.

JOHNNIE

You could say he was making sort of a *revisionist* statement.

JAMIE

'Member that guy who had a picture of Jimmy tattooed on his back, John? (To LIZZIE) We met this guy who had that picture where Jimmy's got a gun over his shoulders and he's got his arms sorta...

JOHNNIE

(To LIZZIE)

It's supposed to look like he's crucified.

JAMIE

It is not!

JOHNNIE

Yes, Jamie, it is. (To LIZZIE) It's not actually *in* the movie. It's just a publicity still.

LIZZIE

Uh huh...Doobie had an Elvis "thing"...Reason his wife left him. She wanted to go to Myrtle Beach, he wanted to go to Green Acres or whatever that place is called.

JOHNNIE

Graceland.

LIZZIE

Doobie used to dream about Elvis. He was convinced they made some sort of contact, that they were *friends*. I dunno. Doobie did a shit-load of blotter acid.

JAMIE

Where were you headed? With Doobie?

LIZZIE

Straight down the toilet! (*She laughs*) Chicago. A gig...Look, I'll put up with the drugs, the booze, the women, but that religious bullshit gets old, you know what I'm saying?

JOHNNIE

You guys had a fight?

LIZZIE

(*Sarcastically*)

No, cowboy, we were having a fuckin' tickle contest!...Are you two gay or what?

(*Both men look horrified*)

JAMIE

'Scuse me?!

JOHNNIE

Us?!

JAMIE

You're kidding, right? (*To JOHNNIE*) She's kidding.

LIZZIE

I get signals, okay? I mean, two young guys driving cross-country together like they were Thelma and Louise. It doesn't take Alex Trebek, you know what I'm saying?

JAMIE

Your signals are *wrong*, okay! (He flirts with her) And I can prove it.

LIZZIE

Mmm...(She gives JAMIE a suggestive look) Well, maybe you'll pass. (She gestures toward JOHNNIE) But your buddy doesn't look like he's poppin' super models three at a time.

JOHNNIE

Why would you even say something like that?!

LIZZIE

Don't get your 'nads all twisted, cowboy! It's a big world. There's room for all kinds.

JOHNNIE

(Pleading for help)

Jamie?!

LIZZIE

That big myth about there being (She makes quotes in the air) *two* teams! Gimme a break! People do *stuff!*...I'm not the first to admit that sometimes it takes another woman to hit the spot you guys keep missing.

JOHNNIE

I can't believe she thinks we're gay?

JAMIE

She thinks you're gay. She thinks I'll pass. Hey, not so close!

JOHNNIE

(To us)

Just outside of Des Moines - thank God! - a diner loomed large. Anybody hungry?

(They bring on a table, arrange the chairs around it and sit down.)

A diner)

JOHNNIE

Now, Cary Grant doesn't have anything to wear, right? So he puts on Katharine Hepburn's *nightgown*, one of those real frilly things, you know, with the feathers? And the

doorbell rings, so...I mean...what's he supposed to do, right? (He chuckles) So there's this snobby old lady standing at the door and she's, you know, giving him a real strange look. (He laughs) He leaps way up into the air and he says, "I just went gay all of a sudden!"

(JOHNNIE laughs hysterically. JAMIE and LIZZIE are not amused)

JAMIE

Corny, John.

JOHNNIE

Corny? *Bringing Up Baby*?!

JAMIE

Maybe in nineteen thirty-five.

JOHNNIE

Thirty-eight! (To us) RKO. Directed by Howard Hawks. (He makes the sign of the cross)

LIZZIE

You boys ever go out with *girls* and *drink* and *screw*? Or do you just sit together and watch movies? (She whispers suggestively to JAMIE) In the dark!

JAMIE

Me and Johnnie have made a pub crawl or two, haven't we, John?

JOHNNIE

No, I just sit in the dark.

LIZZIE

Every now and again you need to do something *dangerous* just to prove you're alive, you know what I'm saying? I was always the rebel-girl, from the time my mother tried to make me wear saddle-shoes. I was three years old. I said, "You take those snarky shoes, ma, and you go pound 'em up your ass!" Hand to God!...You guys like to take chances? You enjoy risk?

JOHNNIE

Jamie didn't change his boxers for like a whole week one time, right, Jamie?

JAMIE

Whadaya mean by *risk*?

LIZZIE

Exposure to the possibility of injury or loss. A hazard or dangerous chance. What do you think it means?

JOHNNIE

Like what kind of stuff, for instance?

LIZZIE

Bungee jumping, sex in public places, naked skydiving...

JAMIE

Naked skydiving?

LIZZIE

You guys never jumped bare-assed?

JAMIE

(Laughing)

Nuh uh.

JOHNNIE

(Sarcastically)

We mooned the girls' soccer team once.

LIZZIE

You joke, but the sky is like a giant *womb* and the air rushing around your body is the amniotic fluid.

JOHNNIE

Oh, that's tempting!

JAMIE

John!

LIZZIE

The clouds are like this...this soft, comforting, embracing *vaginal* place!

JAMIE

Whoa!

JOHNNIE

You got *his* attention!

LIZZIE

And when your 'chute finally opens it yanks you back and up and it knocks the air out of your lungs and you feel clean and purged! Oh! You gotta try it!

JAMIE

Sounds hot!

JOHNNIE

What the hell are we waiting for?! Hold my pants!

JAMIE

Cut it out, John!

LIZZIE

(Laughing)

But you gotta watch out. There's that little thing, you know, that happens to *guys*.

JAMIE

What? What happens to guys?

LIZZIE

Minute the air hits 'em, they *ejaculate*.

JOHNNIE

Oh, I needed to know *that*!

JAMIE

Get out!

LIZZIE

And I mean a *lot*!

JAMIE

Cool!

LIZZIE

I wish Doobie woulda warned me. I thought he was opening a Mountain Dew!

(JAMIE laughs; JOHNNIE bristles)

JOHNNIE

Nice.

JAMIE

You do all these nutty things with him, with that *Doobie*?

LIZZIE

Lloyd Pepper was the one who liked to have sex in public.
Being watched got him hot!

JOHNNIE

Jesus!

JAMIE

Yeah? An exhibitionist?

LIZZIE

Mmm hmm...He had a thing about keeping his socks on, though.

JAMIE

Kinky!...So like, where?

LIZZIE

On his feet.

JAMIE

No, no, what sort of places did you guys, you know...do it?

JOHNNIE

Who the fuck cares? Where's our waiter?

(LIZZIE and JAMIE ignore JOHNNIE)

LIZZIE

Our favorite spot was at LAX near the luggage
carousel...United! (She giggles) Of all places!

JAMIE

(Laughing)

No shit!

LIZZIE

With all the noise and the crowd nobody ever had a clue!
People thought we were just, you know, gettin' close.

JAMIE

You hearing this, John?

JOHNNIE

Uh huh.

LIZZIE

The chance of getting caught just intensifies the situation, you know, makes the sex that much more *explosive*. It's like laughing in church - not that I've been.

(LIZZIE and JAMIE share a laugh)

JAMIE

Damn, John!

JOHNNIE

Yeah, buddy, life's a banquet, and it looks like you and me are starving to death!

LIZZIE

Hell, life is full of risks, and most of 'em are a lot worse. Sugar, white flour, *caffeine*!

JOHNNIE

Tobacco?

LIZZIE

Okay, boy scout. So that's my *only* vice. (She laughs)...Come on, you've never acted on sheer *impulse*? You've never had sex with a total stranger?

JAMIE

Blow up dolls don't count, John.

JOHNNIE

Kiss my ass!

LIZZIE

Some hot bitch you meet at a party and a few minutes later you have your tongue halfway down their throat? And before you know it you're upstairs rockin' the springs and slammin' the ham!

JAMIE

Shit!

LIZZIE

I mean, think about it. You don't know what their favorite color is, what teams they root for, what bands they like, how they vote - but there you are makin' the two headed monster and the rest of the world can go scratch their ass!

JAMIE

You've done that?

LIZZIE

Oh, puh-leeze!

JOHNNIE

What a surprise.

JAMIE

Damn!

LIZZIE

We let our parents, our teachers, our *friends* rent space in our heads and it all gets in the way of finding pleasure.

JOHNNIE

Guys, we better hustle. What time is it, anyway? Getting dark.

LIZZIE

Where the hell's the little girl's room? I haven't peed since Omaha. (*As she walks off*) Your conscience is what hurts when everything else feels good, remember that, boys.

(LIZZIE exits. JAMIE stares after her. There is a moment of silence)

JOHNNIE

So how long we gonna put up with *her*? And when is she gonna cough up some gas money, huh? I bet she's sticks us with the check, too. (*JAMIE holds his stare*) Hello! ...Earth to Jamie!

JAMIE

I think she wants me, John? You think she wants me?

JOHNNIE

You can't be serious!

JAMIE

We are *never* gonna get close to anything like that in Elm Creek!

JOHNNIE

Jamie, she's the Matterhorn and you've only skied the bunny slope.

(They move the table off-stage. JAMIE exits.)

JOHNNIE comes forward and speaks to us)

JOHNNIE

About a hundred and fifty-miles later, our burgers and fries strongly suggested that it was time for a *siesta*. Parked by the side of the road in Davenport, Iowa, I had this surreal dream, the kind you have when you're hot with fever and not quite sure if you are awake or asleep.

(JAMIE, wearing a red nylon jacket, appears as JAMES DEAN.)

JOHNNIE is startled. He stares at JAMIE/JIMMY)

JAMIE/JIMMY

Take a picture, it lasts longer!

JOHNNIE

Sorry, I'm...It's just...

JAMIE/JIMMY

Only kidding. I like it! Being watched gets me *hot*.

JOHNNIE

Damn! You look exactly like you did in *Rebel*.

JAMIE/JIMMY

I missed that one by about a week. Any good?

JOHNNIE

Saw it on cable. Restored. Letterboxed. Beautiful.

JAMIE/JIMMY

Cable? What the fuck?!

JOHNNIE

I could tape it for you.

JAMIE/JIMMY

Dude, you have a strange way of talkin'.

JOHNNIE

You wanna stay over my house?

JAMIE/JIMMY

Slow down, cowboy, there's a speed limit in this state.

JOHNNIE

We could have breakfast together.

JAMIE/JIMMY

One hand washes the other. Do me a favor?

JOHNNIE

I'd do anything for you.

JAMIE/JIMMY

Drive me back to California, okay? Those bastards, man, they brought me back to this God-forsaken burg that I struggled to get my ass out of. I took two steps forward and three steps back, man! A guy could freeze his buns off out here and, hey, my buns are my fortune.

JOHNNIE

Your buns? What are you talking about? You fought the establishment. You made teenagers all over the world realize they weren't alone. You were the first guy to ask all the questions.

JAMIE/JIMMY

Nah, it was my buns. Man, what I did for Levi's! (He turns his back to us, looks at us over his shoulder - a typical James Dean pose)

JOHNNIE

Can I be be frank with you, dude?

JAMIE/JIMMY

Hey, honesty is what I'm all about.

JOHNNIE

I read this book, okay? A few books, actually, and...

JAMIE/JIMMY

Careful, cowboy! Don't go believin' everything you read.

JOHNNIE

A couple of these books...that I read...a couple of 'em said...

JAMIE/JIMMY

Watch my lips. I don't have to explain anything to anybody.

JOHNNIE

I...I...I didn't mean...

JAMIE/JIMMY

Listen up, okay? There aren't two teams or three teams, if that's what you're getting at. There's *one* team, bud, and each and every one of us is a member. And people do stuff!

JOHNNIE

There aren't any waves, there's just the ocean.

JAMIE/JIMMY

Say what?

JOHNNIE

Godard.

JAMIE/JIMMY

Who?

JOHNNIE

Jean Luc Godard. French film-maker. Born nineteen twenty-eight. He's Swiss, actually.

JAMIE/JIMMY

Never heard of him. Was he at Warner's?

JOHNNIE

He and a group of his film critic buddies re-invented French cinema as a reaction to the conservative, studio-made films of the fifties. They took their cameras out onto

the streets of Paris and they photographed the air and the sun. You were a big influence on them.

JAMIE/JIMMY

Well then there now!

JOHNNIE

Someone told Godard that this movement was like a *new wave*, and Godard said...

JAMIE/JIMMY

I get it. There are no waves only the ocean!...Interesting. French, huh? Never got to France. You?

JOHNNIE

No, but when I do, I bet Paris, France will be disappointing after you've seen Paris, *Paramount*.

JAMIE/JIMMY

You talk a whole new language, dude. Different. You're pretty *cool*!

JOHNNIE

Me? Cool? You're the one who's cool!

JAMIE/JIMMY

Hey, don't judge me by my movies! There's more to life than movies. (JOHNNIE looks at us and rolls his eyes) Racing cars, bongo drums, theatre, painting, poetry, girls...(He raises his eyebrows) Hey, that's all you're gonna get outta me!

JOHNNIE

Is there an answer? We watch your movies to find answers. What is the answer?

(JIMMY gives this some serious thought)

JAMIE/JIMMY

Do it all! Roll up your sleeves and help yourself! Big world out there.

JOHNNIE

Do it all? That's it? That's the meaning of life?

JAMIE/JIMMY

What'd you expect? "Live fast, die young?", "Eat your spinach?", "Wrap that rascal?"

JOHNNIE

It just seems so...so simple.

JAMIE/JIMMY

It *is* simple! Know why?

JOHNNIE

Why?

(JAMIE/JIMMY gets very close to JOHNNIE. Their noses almost touch)

JAMIE/JIMMY

'Cause it all wears out, my man. Eventually, *everything* wears out. Your car. Your clothes. Your dreams...

(JAMIE/JIMMY and JOHNNIE hold for a beat, then JAMIE/JIMMY jumps away and breaks the mood)

Heck, even your pecker wears out! I haven't had any action in forty-five years. But in my prime I did manage to carve a few notches on the old fella!...Trust me! Catch it all, bud, before it all wears out!

JOHNNIE

Do it all, huh?

JAMIE/JIMMY

How old are you, bud?

JOHNNIE

Twenty-two.

JAMIE/JIMMY

Greatest opportunity anybody ever had was being twenty-two. So what do you say?

JOHNNIE

About what?

JAMIE/JIMMY

About driving me back to California? I *really* need to get back there, dude. I need sun! I need sand! I need sex!

JOHNNIE

Wish I could, but...not my truck.

JAMIE/JIMMY

No prob. I understand. Too much competition out there, anyway. All those Brads and Toms and Matts. Once upon a time I had the copyright...See you at the movies, Plato! And drive carefully. The life you save could be mine.

(JAMIE/JIMMY exits.)

LIZZIE enters. The chairs are set up three across facing front)

JOHNNIE

(To us)

And when I woke up, I had this eerie feeling that it really happened. That I made some sort of contact. That he and I were *friends!*

(JAMIE enters without the red nylon jacket and sits down.)

Crickets. The cab of the truck. JOHNNIE and JAMIE are asleep. LIZZIE is staring into space. After a moment, JOHNNIE wakes up)

LIZZIE

The sky seems so much closer out here. In LA you can't even see the friggin' sky.

JOHNNIE

How long did I sleep?

LIZZIE

You ever been to LA?

JOHNNIE

(Yawning)

Nuh uh.

LIZZIE

And you so crazy for movies? It's a nutty place. Somebody once said, "There's no there *there* anymore."

JOHNNIE
Dorothy Parker.

LIZZIE
You must read a lot.

JOHNNIE
I need coffee. You want coffee?

LIZZIE
I don't do caffeine.

JOHNNIE
That's right! Caffeine - bad risk! Intercourse with orangutan on rollercoaster - *good* risk!

LIZZIE
You don't like me very much, do you?

(JOHNNIE shrugs)

JOHNNIE
How 'bout some fruit juice, water?

LIZZIE
You see a liquor store around?

JOHNNIE
Some stores over there. Whatcha need?

LIZZIE
Vodka. (She reaches for her purse) Doesn't need to be Absolut or anything. House brand'll do.

JOHNNIE
There's a risk.

LIZZIE
(Looking through her purse)
Damn! Doobie took all my cash...You think, maybe...?

JOHNNIE
Pay me later.

LIZZIE
(Blowing a kiss)
Gracias.

(A small pistol falls out of LIZZIE's purse and hits the floor. It wakes JAMIE)

JOHNNIE

Is that a gun in your purse or are you just glad to see me?

JAMIE

(Yawning)

Wassup?

LIZZIE

Doobie's idea. All those crazy musicians with drug habits, a girl's got to protect herself.

JOHNNIE

(To JAMIE)

I'm going on a coffee and vodka raid. Want anything?

JAMIE

Coffee and vodka?

LIZZIE

No need to rush, cowboy, okay?

JOHNNIE

You don't...want me...to rush?

LIZZIE

In fact, if you pass a theatre and you haven't seen the picture, go for it.

(JOHNNIE glances towards JAMIE)

JOHNNIE

Gotcha. Fifth wheel?

LIZZIE

Just a bit around the edges.

JAMIE

(Trying to clear his head)

Hang on, bud, I'll go with you.

JOHNNIE

Uh, I think you're missing the point.

LIZZIE

Thanks, Mister Movie. I owe you one.

JOHNNIE

Plus a bottle of vodka. (He exits)

JAMIE

Is that thing loaded?

LIZZIE

Would it do me any good if it wasn't. (With a southern accent as she bats her eyes) "Do you mind waitin' there for just a li'l ol' minute, Mr. Holdup Man, while I go get my bullets?"

JAMIE

Ever use it?

LIZZIE

I fired at Doobie once, to scare him. Hit his guitar. He was way pissed.

JAMIE

So, uh...Did you need to talk or something?

LIZZIE

Well, I've been thinking...I'd kinda like to see that guy's grave myself, see what all the fuss is about. Would that be okay with you?

JAMIE

Sure, I suppose.

LIZZIE

But not okay with your buddy, I'll bet.

JAMIE

He probably, I dunno, wouldn't mind, I guess.

LIZZIE

He's, uh...he's a bit odd, don't you think. I mean, I know he's your friend and all.

JAMIE

Johnnie? Johnnie's just...Johnnie.

LIZZIE

I think maybe I'm in the way. I think maybe he wants you to himself.

JAMIE

What's that supposed to mean?

LIZZIE

Nothing. Jealousy. Friends get jealous, is all.

JAMIE

Not Johnnie.

LIZZIE

I knew this guy who went to UCLA. Nice guy. Kinda cute, even. But there was something, I dunno...He seemed to know everything about you but he wouldn't let you know anything about him. You're *friend*...

JAMIE

His name's Johnnie.

LIZZIE

Right...He sorta reminds me, you know. (*There is a short, uncomfortable pause*) You ever know a girl like me before, a girl from LA?

JAMIE

I knew one once from...Sacramento, I think it was. That near LA?

LIZZIE

I mean "know" as in "know".

(LIZZIE puts her hand on JAMIE's leg)

JAMIE

No.

LIZZIE

I never *knew* a farm boy, either.

JAMIE

I'm...I'm not a *farm* boy.

LIZZIE

Are you, uh...in the mood?

(JAMIE's eyes follow LIZZIE's hand as it moves further up his leg)

JAMIE

In the mood?

LIZZIE

Wanna get naked?

JAMIE

Here?

(She unfastens JAMIE's belt)

LIZZIE

Good a place as any. Warmer than out there.

JAMIE

It's kinda...(He swallows nervously) tight!

LIZZIE

Necessity is the mother of invention.

JAMIE

I got a, you know, in my wallet.

LIZZIE

Always prepared! A good boy scout! But, if you don't mind, those things are like sucking on a piece of candy with the wrapper on.

JAMIE

It's a Reality ultra-thin lubricated.

LIZZIE

Time to steam open those stuffy Midwestern hang-ups and let in some fresh California air. (She looks down) Is that thing loaded?

JAMIE

Would it do you any good if it wasn't?

(A racing-car engine.

JOHNNIE enters carrying a bag from the liquor store. He talks to us)

JOHNNIE

Yes, apparently it *is* possible to make...*whatever!*...in the cab of a Ford Ranger V-Six, one hundred-and-fifty horsepower, three-liter, four-wheel drive pickup with automatic transmission!

(JAMIE rises and comes forward)

JAMIE

John, they know tricks out there in California that haven't even reached the Midwest yet!

(LIZZIE rises and comes forward)

LIZZIE

In California, women are like oranges. Just pluck, peel, eat.

JAMIE

We gotta get our asses to California, John!

JOHNNIE

(To us)

Past Davenport, Iowa, we breeze through Peoria, Illinois and glide on into Indianapolis, the home of The Indy Five Hundred, where Jimmy, during his senior high-school year, fell in love with racing cars and decided that, yes, this...*this!*...was something he truly wanted to do! About an hour north of Indy, we reached our destination.

JAMIE

WELCOME TO FAIRMOUNT, INDIANA, THE HOME OF JAMES DEAN!

JOHNNIE

POPULATION THREE THOUSAND ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN!

(They high-five each other. The chairs are removed. JAMIE and JOHNNIE are huddled together under an umbrella with LIZZIE. JOHNNIE is holding the vodka bottle.)

Thunder. Rain. A gravesite)

LIZZIE

Does it always rains in cemeteries?

JOHNNIE

Just like in the movies.

LIZZIE

I don't understand people who visit graves, anyway. I've never even been to my mother's.

JAMIE

Look, Johnnie. Nineteen thirty-one to nineteen fifty-five! We're really here, man! And six feet down it's really *him*!

JOHNNIE

It's getting dark.

JAMIE

He died young, John. And beautiful. Jimmy was a beautiful son of a bitch, a beautiful man! I don't mean that, you know, funny or nothin'. A guy knows when another guy is nice looking, Johnnie. (He puts his arm around JOHNNIE) Who we kiddin', right?

JOHNNIE

Uh, right.

LIZZIE

Oh, for Christ's sake! Doobie didn't gush like this at Roseland.

JAMIE

This is holy ground, dude. You think maybe we should kneel?

JOHNNIE

Kinda wet.

JAMIE

I'm kneeling.

(JAMIE kneels. JOHNNIE follows)

LIZZIE

Excuse me, but I'm going to leave you two lovebirds and go get those shovels.

(LIZZIE takes the umbrella and exits.)

Thunder)

JAMIE

He'll always be beautiful 'cause he never got old. That's the way to go, John. Get famous, get rich, get all the pussy you can and die young and beautiful, man! Have the last laugh on everybody!...This is really *Jimmy* here, man!...I think I'm gonna puke.

JOHNNIE

Hang on, you'll be okay. It's just the excitement.

JAMIE

Any vodka left?

JOHNNIE

(Suddenly hit by a thought)

Did Lizzie say she was going to get...shovels?

(Thunder)

JAMIE

I got my work shit in the truck...Can you believe it? Right under our feet! All that's left of poor old Jimmy!

JOHNNIE

Why would she need...? I got a funny feeling here, Jamie. Let's go back to the truck, okay?

(LIZZIE returns carrying two shovels. She places them on the ground)

LIZZIE

Okay, Abbott and Costello, on your feet and listen up. You break ground right here, okay, and when you hit wood...

JOHNNIE

Hit *what*?!

LIZZIE

It's going to take a bit of elbow grease to get that box up out of that hole, so I suggest you pace yourselves. You got to get enough dirt away from the sides so you break the suction. Getting a grip on the handles can be a bitch. Once it's up, I'll help you lift it into the truck. That'll be the easy part. Grab a shovel.

JOHNNIE

Did...Did I miss something here?

JAMIE

(Laughing)

You...You want us...to dig up...*Jimmy*?

LIZZIE

Wipe that smile off your face, Jethro! I don't make jokes.

JOHNNIE

Come on, Jamie. The truck.

LIZZIE

Will it start without keys? I don't think so!

JAMIE

Shit, Lizzie, what the hell are you doing?

JOHNNIE

(To JAMIE)

Just. Say. No.

(LIZZIE reveals the gun. She points it at JOHNNIE)

LIZZIE

Two James Dean fairies found dead on their hero's grave.
Film at eleven.

JOHNNIE

And you think you'll get far.

LIZZIE

Look at this place! It's like friggin' *Mayberry*! By the
time Barney Fife gets the bullet out of his pocket, *asta la
vista!*

JAMIE

Are you serious, baby? What about, you know, *us*?

LIZZIE

I am serious as a heart attack, Otis!...And, uh...there is no
us, okay? *(She laughs)*

JAMIE

How 'bout we just take the headstone...?

LIZZIE

Not negotiable.

JAMIE

...or something?

JOHNNIE

This wasn't in the brochure, Jamie!

JAMIE

Let's talk this out a moment, okay?

JOHNNIE

I'm not putting up with this shit!

(JOHNNIE starts to go. LIZZIE fires the gun)

JAMIE

MOTHERFUCKER!

JOHNNIE

JESUS!

JAMIE

Now tell me somebody didn't hear *that*!

LIZZIE

(Looking around)

I don't see a line of peasants carrying torches.

JAMIE

This is crazy, Lizzie!

JOHNNIE

I told you she was fuckin' nuts!

LIZZIE

Speakin' of fuckin' nuts...

(LIZZIE shoves the barrel of the gun against JOHNNIE'S crotch)

JOHNNIE

Jamie? You wanna maybe help out here?

LIZZIE

You ready to grab a shovel now, cowboy?

(Thunder)

JAMIE

I think she's, uh...got us.

JOHNNIE

I don't...think I...*can*.

JAMIE

The only way to get through this is to do it howlin' drunk, amigo!

JOHNNIE

This is fuckin' *insane*!

JAMIE

(Beckoning with his fingers)

The bottle!

(JOHNNIE hands the bottle to JAMIE who takes a long pull and hands the bottle back to JOHNNIE)

JOHNNIE

This is creeping me out!

JAMIE

G'head. Take a drink.

JOHNNIE

(To LIZZIE)

Could you, uh...move that gun? Please?

(LIZZIE moves away with the gun)

LIZZIE

Pathetic!

JOHNNIE

There's no way you are going to get away with this.

JAMIE

Come on, bud, take a good long drink.

LIZZIE

Sometime tonight, boys?!

JOHNNIE

Fuck!

(JOHNNIE takes a drink. LIZZIE holds up the gun as a warning)

LIZZIE

I'm starting to get bored! And when I get bored my finger gets itchy.

(JAMIE picks up both shovels and hands one to JOHNNIE)

JAMIE

Womb to tomb?

JOHNNIE

Let's get this over with.

JAMIE

Come on! Womb to tomb?!

JOHNNIE

Okay, okay! Womb to tomb!

JAMIE

Say it! Womb to tomb?

JOHNNIE

Birth...to earth!

LIZZIE

You wanna step on it, boys! I'm losing my hard-on!

JAMIE

(To the grave)

Don't you worry, Jimmy! We'll have you out of there in no time!

(LIZZIE holds the gun on JAMIE and JOHNNIE as they raise their shovels.)

Thunder. Blackout)

ACT TWO

(Darkness. Country music. A radio switches from station to station.

An announcer's voice fades in)

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

"A casket containing the body of 'fifties film icon James Dean was stolen from its Indiana grave late last night. A spokesperson for the Fairmount, Indiana cemetery stated that this latest incident of desecration is by far the worst of the many that have been perpetrated by obsessed Dean-fanatics since the actors' funeral in September of nineteen fifty-five. Local authorities are investigating...In other news today..."

(The radio fades out. Crickets.

The light beams from the truck's headlights cut through the darkness.

The cemetery.

JAMIE, JOHNNIE and LIZZIE are each on different areas on the stage. It is obvious that the men have been drinking. Their faces are smudged with dirt. They speak to us)

JAMIE

Hey, Jimmy! I'm so damn sorry about this, man. Not *my* plan, bud, I swear. While I was standing there at your grave and I realized that I was only six feet - *six feet!* - from someone who means...meant?...*means* the whole damn world to me. Someone who makes me...made me?...*makes* me feel like he understands...understood?...*understands* what it's like to be me! Christ, Jimmy! What's that shit about killing the thing you love, something like that? When I think that I'm responsible - well, in part, anyway - for disturbing your eternal peace - that is, if you ever found eternal peace - hell, it makes me totally and completely...

JOHNNIE

Sick! This whole fuckin' thing is sick! Unbelievably sick! Damn, Jimmy, what can I say? I was beginning to feel that, on this trip, you and I made some sort of *contact!* I

can't explain it, I dunno. The light came on finally, somehow, and I started to see what Jamie sees. I saw what you really are...were?...are! It was more than movies, more than plots, more than dialogue...And then...Christ, Jimmy! How can something go so insanely wrong so incredibly fast? Jamie and I came here to honor you, we came here to praise you, we came here to...

LIZZIE

(Holding the gun)

Fuck you! What's your power, huh, Mister Big Dead Movie Star, huh? Cashing in while you were still a *hottie*? Is that it? Is that the secret? Would these two losers be here shedding tears on your grave if you outlived your usefulness and they could see you in all your geriatric glory making guest appearances at oldies festivals? If you corked at sixty, would these bozos still want to pry that coffin open and go down on you, Jimmy? 'Cause that's what these two guys *really* want, whether they know it or not. Christ, Jimmy, at least it'd prove they had some guts! One of 'em you could buy off with a movie ticket, and the other would sell his mother for some...

JAMIE

Pussy! I'm a pussy, Jimmy! I let easy sex come between me and you. I sold you out, man!

JOHNNIE

Something tells me Jimmy would understand.

LIZZIE

The gun helped a little.

JOHNNIE

It took us about an hour to free Jimmy from his forty-five year dirt nap and lift him onto the bed of Jamie's Ford Ranger V-Six four-wheel drive pickup.

JAMIE

With automatic transmission.

JOHNNIE

(To JAMIE)

What do you think the penalty is in Indiana for digging up a body?

LIZZIE

Depends on whether it's a Republican or not.

JOHNNIE

If we get caught, Jamie...Shit! What about our jobs!

JAMIE

We were *forced* into this. Nobody's gonna blame us.

LIZZIE

Two big strong cowboys couldn't overcome one li'l ol' city girl and her itty bitty cap pistol. They'll be pissing their pants down at Elm Creek Tool and Die.

JOHNNIE

What they do, Jamie, is they make plaster molds of tire prints and footprints and...The ground is wet, too. This is a big deal here!

LIZZIE

Oh, puh-leeze! Do you think they have room in prison for every soccer-mom caught stealing nail polish from Wal-Mart and every horny teenager caught punching the clown, let alone two wackos who steals some dead guy nobody ever heard of?

JOHNNIE

Two wackos?!

JAMIE

You're the only one who never heard of him!

LIZZIE

Don't get so *wounded*, Travis, just because the love of your life means *nada zippo squat* to anybody who doesn't have both feet and most of their brain in fantasyland.

JAMIE

Look...Look what you made us...*do*!

JOHNNIE

So what now? What do we do with...with *it*?

LIZZIE

Well, unless one of you wants a very unusual conversation-piece slash coffee table, we're gonna dump the sucker!

JAMIE

Dump it?!

LIZZIE

YEAH, *DUMP* IT! WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST? A RANSOM NOTE? "WE HAVE JAMES DEAN, BUT DON'T YOU WORRY, HE'S DOING *FINE*!"

JOHNNIE

We're going to hell, Jamie!

LIZZIE

See, if you didn't go to church, you wouldn't be worrying about it!...Jesus, I'm beat!

JAMIE

From what? You didn't haul a coffin out of a six foot hole!

LIZZIE

FROM MENTAL STRESS! IS THAT OKAY WITH YOU, MOVIE MAN?!

JOHNNIE

When are you going to go your own way and give us some peace? You had your thrill, you took your *risk*!

(LIZZIE walks over to JOHNNIE. She gets within inches of his face)

LIZZIE

Hey, I like it when you get angry! There's fire in your eyes and that little vein in your neck pops out. Way sexy!...Maybe I picked the wrong cowboy. Ya think?

(LIZZIE knees JOHNNIE in the groin. He gasps and crumbles)

JAMIE

Jesus, Lizzie!

LIZZIE

Listen up, you corn-fed weasel! I call the shots, okay?

JAMIE

What the *hell* did you do that for?

LIZZIE

Guess he has some balls after all!

(JAMIE attempts to help JOHNNIE, who is doubled over in pain)

JAMIE

You okay, John?

JOHNNIE

Sure! Can you still father a child if your testicles are in your armpits?

LIZZIE

(To JAMIE)

And speaking of...Sorry to burst your bubble, Lovcakes, but as for your performance at today's matinee - great packaging, *lousy* product.

JAMIE

Let's get the hell outta here. Somebody's gonna see us.

LIZZIE

That's when it starts getting interesting! The earth is rushing up to meet you and you wait until the last possible moment before you pull the cord.

JOHNNIE

More of this bullshit!

LIZZIE

Now, hand over your wallets.

JAMIE

What?

LIZZIE

We're passing the hat for The Lizzie And Doobie Reunion Fund. Mama's going home, boys!

JAMIE

I'm not giving you my wallet!

JOHNNIE

Let's give it to her. It's money well spent.

JAMIE

What a fuckin' ballbreaker!

JOHNNIE

Tell me about it.

(They take out their wallets and give them to LIZZIE)

LIZZIE

Is this all you have? Next to you two losers, Doobie looks like Donald Trump. (She throws a small packet to JAMIE)
Keep the rubber, Rufus.

JAMIE

You gotta leave us *some* money.

LIZZIE

For what?

JAMIE

For gas!

LIZZIE

What do you need gas for? It's not like you have a truck.

JAMIE

Whadaya...? AW, COME ON!

JOHNNIE

Jesus! She's just gonna leave us here!

JAMIE

NOT MY TRUCK! AW, CHRIST!

LIZZIE

You came *all* this way to see Jimmy Dean and now he's leaving with me! (She pouts) Does that happen to you a lot?

JAMIE

What the hell are we supp...?! Aw, come on!

JOHNNIE

We'll hitch, Jamie.

JAMIE

Not my friggin' truck!

JOHNNIE

Just. Let her. Go.

LIZZIE

I like your style, movie man. Some might call it chicken-shit, some might call it yellow, but you are your own man, yes you are!

JAMIE

Okay, go, God damn it, if you're gonna go - go!

LIZZIE

(Pointing the gun)

Uh, I make the decisions when and, uh...if...things happen, remember? *(She looks up at the sky)* Nice night, now that the rain stopped. You guys ever do it in a cemetery?

JAMIE

What?

JOHNNIE

I'm in the fuckin' Twilight Zone!

LIZZIE

What better setting is there for sex than a graveyard? Death, life, the whole damn cycle! Birth to earth, as you boys say. Womb to tomb!

JOHNNIE

Just keeps getting better!

LIZZIE

Come on, movie man, don't you want a sample of what your buddy had?

JOHNNIE

Yeah, right!

LIZZIE

Aren't you curious? Male bonding...and all that.

JOHNNIE

The only thing my genital area wants to bond with at the moment is an ice pack. But, thanks for asking.

JAMIE

This whole thing...(He laughs) is so...un-fucking-believable!

LIZZIE

Wipe that smile off your face, Lester. By now you should know that I don't make jokes.

JAMIE

We've had about enough of this shit, okay?

(LIZZIE points the gun at JAMIE)

LIZZIE

SHUT YOUR FACE, FARM BOY!

JOHNNIE

We are going to get fucking caught!

LIZZIE

Wouldn't it be better to get caught fucking? (She enjoys her own joke) Nice soft spot right here. Little wet, but...(She gestures with the gun) Come on. Both of you. Pants. Shirt. Shoes. Let's go.

JAMIE

Both of us?!

LIZZIE

Get 'em down.

JAMIE

Jeez, Lizzie...

JOHNNIE

Somebody's gonna see us here and...

JAMIE

You're pushing your luck, Lizzie!

LIZZIE

GET THOSE FUCKING PANTS OFF NOOWWW!

(LIZZIE fires the gun. Terrified, JOHNNIE and JAMIE unbelt and unzip as fast as they can. They are both wearing very bright and very funny boxers)

Who said you can't get a man with a gun? (She blows across the gun barrel and laughs) Relax! Just an unpredictable little joke from unpredictable little Lizzie.

(JOHNNIE and JAMIE look like they are about to faint)

JOHNNIE

Real funny.

JAMIE

God damn riot.

LIZZIE

I play a pretty good game of "gotcha!", don't you think? Now, you boys, keep 'em down until you can't see the truck anymore.

JAMIE

Come on! You want us to beg?

JOHNNIE

I'm not beggin'.

LIZZIE

As exciting as the prospect is of you two cowering at my feet, I have a Doobie to catch.

(LIZZIE walks off backwards, holding the gun on JAMIE and JOHNNIE)

You boys play nice. Keep your hands to yourselves.

(LIZZIE exits, laughing.

A truck engine)

JAMIE

She took my truck!

JOHNNIE

Forget it, Jake. It's Chinatown!

(Country music. A radio switches from station to station. An announcer's voice fades in)

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

"A mysterious casket discovered this morning behind a multiplex cinema in a suburb of Indianapolis has been identified as the coffin of screen legend James Dean, investigators reported. The casket was undamaged and did not appear to have been tampered with and apparently still contains the body of the 'fifties film idol. An investigation by local authorities is underway...In national news..."

(The headlights fade and the stage lights come up.

A country road. JOHNNIE and JAMIE's pants are back up.

JOHNNIE speaks to us)

JOHNNIE

Jamie and I started our trek past the miles and miles of *nada zippo squat* that form the landscape of this particular place. Flat, barren, desolate and isolated, it looked like that deserted prairie stop where Cary Grant was ambushed by a crop-duster in *North by Northwest*.

JAMIE

That's it. I just ran out of gas.

JOHNNIE

At least the sun's coming up.

JAMIE

Don't your feet hurt?

JOHNNIE

No, I'm wearing *sensible* footwear.

JAMIE

I can't stand it another minute!

(JOHNNIE watches as JAMIE sits on the ground and tries to take off his boot. He pulls at it with both hands for a few moments)

I've had these boots on non-stop since yesterday morning.

JOHNNIE

Thanks for the warning.

JAMIE

They're like, welded on.

JOHNNIE

You as hungry as I am?

JAMIE

Fuckin' starvin'!

JOHNNIE

What do you think the chances are of a lunch wagon driving by?

JAMIE

How 'bout a lunch wagon with a foot massager.

JOHNNIE

I don't see anything moving for miles either way.

JAMIE

Square. Flat. Dull. Like the lady said.

JOHNNIE

That was no lady.

(JAMIE manages to get one boot off. He is wearing a blue sock)

JAMIE

I came!

JOHNNIE

So the Psycho Bitch from Hell says, "You headed east? You headed west?" And Gomer Pyle here says, "Hop aboard, Psycho Bitch! Next stop Stupidsville!"

JAMIE

You agreed.

JOHNNIE

I did not! You didn't give me a chance!

JAMIE

Okay, okay! I'm an asshole! Satisfied? Is that what you wanted to hear?!

JOHNNIE

Yeah, pretty much.

JAMIE

I'm the one who got skunked here. I'm out one Ford Ranger V-Six, one hundred-and-fifty horsepower, three-liter, four-wheel drive pickup.

JOHNNIE

With automatic transmission.

(JAMIE removes the other boot and reveals a red sock)

Get dressed in a hurry?

JAMIE

My last clean pair...Look on the bright side, dude!

JOHNNIE

There's a bright side?

JAMIE

If we didn't meet Lizzie, we would never have touched greatness.

JOHNNIE

We're lost, we're hungry, we're broke! Did I miss something?

JAMIE

Jimmy's casket ! We fuckin' *touched* it! How many people can say that, huh?

JOHNNIE

Oh, of course. How ungrateful of me.

JAMIE

And you know what? We *should* have opened it.

JOHNNIE

Uh huh.

JAMIE

Think about it, John. We missed an awesome opportunity.

JOHNNIE

I could fuckin' slap myself.

JAMIE

I mean, once you got over the, you know ...
initial...obvious...There he'd be! We'd be face to face with
the man *himself*! The rebel! The king! In *fuckin'* person!
Can you just *imagine*?!

JOHNNIE

You really think Jimmy's *in* that box, don't you?

JAMIE

Huh? Whatdaya mean?

JOHNNIE

What you love about Jimmy, you think it's in that box?

JAMIE

Sit down here with me, Johnnie. The air must be thin up
there.

JOHNNIE

What I'm trying to say is...Look, nobody knows for sure what
the real Jimmy was like, okay?

JAMIE

Yeah, yeah. Blah, blah, blah.

JOHNNIE

Whatever it was, you're not going to find it in that box.
That's all I'm saying. Or on the screen, either, for that
matter.

JAMIE

Sometimes your ideas are just a bit too deep-dish for a
farm boy like me!

JOHNNIE

Do you think you ever *really* know anybody? No one is who
you think they are.

JAMIE

Thank you, doctor.

JOHNNIE

This whole thing with Lizzie...

JAMIE

She was in trouble!

JOHNNIE

...She Wolf of the SS...

JAMIE

I offered to help!

JOHNNIE

...should be enough of a reason to...

JAMIE

END OF STORY, OKAY?!

JOHNNIE

You sure it had nothing to do with Mister Happy popping up to say, "Look at *me*?!"

JAMIE

If you'd shown some interest maybe you, too, could've been a winner.

JOHNNIE

What the hell does that mean?

(JAMIE stands and tries to change the subject)

JAMIE

Think anyone would laugh and point if I walked the rest of the way in my socks?

JOHNNIE

I want to know what you mean. You are obviously harboring some deep...

JAMIE

Oh, jeez! "Harboring some deep...!"

JOHNNIE

Friendships are based on honesty, Jamie.

JAMIE

Let's just get our tired butts...

JOHNNIE

SPILL!

JAMIE

...back to Elm Creek!

JOHNNIE

Are you implying that I might have *issues* of some kind?

JAMIE

I'm not *implying* anything.

JOHNNIE

You're just stating it flat out, then.

JAMIE

Look, I lost my truck, I'm fuckin' hungry, my feet hurt and I don't have the patience right now to get into a pissing contest with you!

JOHNNIE

Didn't you ever have any doubts?

JAMIE

About what?

JOHNNIE

About yourself. About your feelings.

JAMIE

No.

JOHNNIE

Jimmy did, if that makes you feel any better about admitting it.

JAMIE

What has this got to do with anything?

JOHNNIE

Jamie, I read this book, okay? Actually, it was few books, about Jimmy.

JAMIE

I don't want to hear any more gossipy crap, alright? He drove too fast, he drank too much, he ran with scissors in his hand..

JOHNNIE

Hear me out, okay?

JAMIE

It's all *Hard Copy, Inside Edition* bullshit!

JOHNNIE

One of these books claimed that Jimmy *experimented*. Hey, no big deal!

JAMIE

Uh huh.

JOHNNIE

He was an artist, right?

JAMIE

Experimented with what? A chemistry set? What?

JOHNNIE

A few guys who knew Jimmy, you know, when he was starting out...

(JAMIE is growing agitated and uncomfortable)

JAMIE

You mean, a bunch of fuckin' losers who want their fifteen minutes of fame...

JOHNNIE

Jamie...

JAMIE

...because they once came in contact with a legend, is that it?

JOHNNIE

Jamie, listen...

JAMIE

Is that what you mean?

JOHNNIE

These guys, they said...

(JAMIE gives JOHNNIE's shoulder a shove)

JAMIE

Knock it off, okay?

JOHNNIE

They all said that...

JAMIE

Did you hear me? (He shoves JOHNNIE again, this time with more force) I SAID KNOCK IT OFF!

JOHNNIE

They said that they *made it* with Jimmy!

(JAMIE gives JOHNNIE a powerful shove that knocks him off balance)

JAMIE

I SAID TO FUCKIN' SHUT YOUR MOUTH!

JOHNNIE

Who the fuck do you think you...?

JAMIE

I asked you nice.

JOHNNIE

You're a bully! You want to control everything everybody around...

JAMIE

G'HEAD, MAKE IT WORSE!

JOHNNIE

You're acting real mature about this.

(JAMIE gives JOHNNIE another forceful shove)

JAMIE
IT'S ALL GARBAGE!

JOHNNIE
YOU DON'T KNOW THAT?!

JAMIE
I KNOW!

JOHNNIE
The whole point is, Jamie, there's nothing to be...People do
stuff!

JAMIE
Maybe I'm starting to get signals about you, too!

(Furious, JOHNNIE body slams JAMIE and knocks him
down)

JOHNNIE
SON OF A BITCH!

(JAMIE gets to his feet and goes after JOHNNIE with a
vengeance, forcing him to the ground. JAMIE straddles
JOHNNIE's body and pins his arms down)

JAMIE
YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT JIMMY!

JOHNNIE
YOU'RE HURTING ME!

JAMIE
NONE OF THOSE FUCKING PEOPLE KNEW THE REAL JIMMY!

JOHNNIE
YOU DIDN'T KNOW HIM EITHER!

JAMIE
YES...I...DID!

JOHNNIE
YOU CAN'T FACE THE TRUTH!

JAMIE
IS THIS WHAT YOU WANT, HUH?! IS THIS WHAT YOU REALLY WANT?!

JOHNNIE
GET OFFA ME!

JAMIE
I THINK MAYBE YOU LIKE IT!

JOHNNIE
LEMME UP!

JAMIE
I THINK MAYBE YOU *LIKE* ME ON TOP OF YOU!

JOHNNIE
Stop, Jamie! Please, stop!

JAMIE
I WANNA FUCKIN' KILL YOU?!...(JAMIE relaxes his hold on JOHNNIE) I wanna... fuckin'...kill you...I wanna...

(A police siren. A red flashing light.

JAMIE and JOHNNIE freeze for a moment. JAMIE laughs and imitates the siren.

As the siren fades, they both rise, step forward and speak to us)

JOHNNIE
I'd never been arrested before.

JAMIE
The siren, the red flashing lights!

JOHNNIE
It was just like in the movies!

JAMIE
"Please step out of the car."

JOHNNIE
"Hands above your head."

JAMIE
"You have the right to remain silent."

(The red light stops flashing)

JOHNNIE

And silent we remained when it came to discussing certain *issues*. A master of denial, Jamie could pretend something never happened. The pictures in *his* photo-album-of -the-mind have all been heavily retouched and cropped and modified to fit his selective memory.

JAMIE

And as for the Spawn of Satan...

JOHNNIE

They tracked her down to a motel outside Chicago.

JAMIE

When we explained how she forced us to dig up Jimmy and she took our wallets and...

JOHNNIE

And almost blew my nuts off!

JAMIE

(With a wicked smile)

Almost blew mine off too!

JOHNNIE

I mean, they caught her red-handed. In our truck!

JAMIE

'Scuse me, *my* truck.

JOHNNIE

The bed and the tailgate were a little scratched from when we slid the casket in.

JAMIE

A few dabs of paint, good as new!

JOHNNIE

And did you know that disturbing the grave of a celebrity is a felony?

JAMIE

But disturbing the grave of a nobody is only a misdemeanor.

JOHNNIE

Some good did come out of all this, however.

JAMIE

Oh yeah, Jimmy got a makeover!

JOHNNIE

They polished his wood.

JAMIE

They cleaned his handles.

JOHNNIE

They even smoothed out the dirt in his grave real nice.

JAMIE

Like when you straighten the covers on an unmade bed so it's nice and cozy when you get back in.

JOHNNIE

The cops had to keep our truck as evidence.

JAMIE

Uh, whose truck!

JOHNNIE

So they put us on a bus headed west.

JAMIE

We have to send them the bus fare when we get back. Like that's gonna happen.

JOHNNIE

To pass the time, we traded Jimmy-facts.

(JAMIE and JOHNNIE bring two chairs forward and sit down.)

A bus)

JAMIE

Okay, what were Jimmy's last words?

JOHNNIE

Give me a break!

JAMIE

Do you know? You don't know!

JOHNNIE

Everybody knows.

JAMIE

So what were they?

JOHNNIE

Give me some credit!

JAMIE

I'll give you credit when you cough up the answer. What were the man's last words? You don't have any idea!

JOHNNIE

His last words were "I'm sure he sees us!"

JAMIE

Wrong!

JOHNNIE

Not wrong!

JAMIE

James Dean's actual last words were...MOTHERFUCKER, MY HEAD'S GONNA GO STRAIGHT UP MY ASS! (He laughs hysterically)

JOHNNIE

Jeez, Jamie! (To us and the other passengers) Sorry. Please excuse him! It's been a rough couple of days. (To JAMIE) Thanks! Now everyone on the bus is looking at us.

JAMIE

Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke!

JOHNNIE

You're the last person I'd expect to make a tasteless joke at Jimmy's expense.

JAMIE

Lighten up, dude. The guy's been dead for forty-five years. Time to get over it.

JOHNNIE

(To us)

He must have hit his head when I beat the crap out of him!

JAMIE

They say you should never meet your heroes. Athletes, politicians, movie stars, it's always disappointing. No one can live up to the hype, you know what I mean?

JOHNNIE

(To us)

It was like being with Linus the day he threw out his blanket.

JAMIE

It's best to leave Jimmy on the screen. That's all he owed us, that's all he left us, and that's all we need to know.

JOHNNIE

We're going to get home late.

JAMIE

We have an early morning tomorrow.

JOHNNIE

You wanna stay over my place tonight?

JAMIE

Nah. Gotta check in with Brenda. You know how it is.

JOHNNIE

Sure.

JAMIE

And, uh, all that - you know - stuff back there? Lizzie and all? Just between us boys, right?

JOHNNIE

Who am I gonna tell?

JAMIE

Cool.

JOHNNIE

I'm not tired at all, though. I mean if you wanted to, you know, stay over we could talk about all this. We'd feel better. Have breakfast, maybe.

JAMIE

Some other time, okay?...Is there a place to piss on this rig?

JOHNNIE

All the way to the back.

JAMIE

You want me to bring you a moist towlette or anything, honey?

(JOHNNIE stands and responds with an obscene gesture. JAMIE clears the chairs and exits. JOHNNIE speaks to us)

JOHNNIE

Although Jamie and I spent the last few days only about - what, six feet apart? - the space between us had grown as distant as the endless expanse that was rushing past the bus window, and even though my feelings at that particular moment were a complex jumble of sadness and loss, uncertainty and fear, excitement and hope, I could hardly keep my eyes open.

(JAMIE appears in the red nylon jacket. He is JAMES DEAN again)

JAMIE/JIMMY

Hey, dude! Long time, no see!

JOHNNIE

Your face is dirty.

JAMIE/JIMMY

So's yours. I've been in the fuckin' ground for forty-five years. What's your excuse?

JOHNNIE

What's up?

JAMIE/JIMMY

California, here I come! Can't fuckin' wait!

JOHNNIE

Is that where this bus goes?

JAMIE/JIMMY

Westward ho! Next stop is Peoria, then Davenport, Des Moines, Omaha, Lincoln...(He cups his hands around his mouth)
ALL OUT FOR CUCAMONGA!

JOHNNIE

Shhh! Everybody's looking at you.

JAMIE/JIMMY

I told you, being watched gets me *hot*!

JOHNNIE

How long until Elm Creek?

JAMIE/JIMMY

Elm Creek? Where the hell is that, man?

JOHNNIE

I can't remember, exactly. Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska...

JAMIE/JIMMY

Nobody goes to any of those square states unless they're headed home.

JOHNNIE

Unfortunately.

JAMIE/JIMMY

Hey, great idea! Why don't you come out to the coast with me, little buddy?

JOHNNIE

You serious?

JAMIE/JIMMY

I know a guy we can bunk with for a few days. F.R.E.E.!

JOHNNIE

I dunno, man. I mean, I appreciate the offer.

JAMIE/JIMMY

It won't be long before I land a commercial or a movie or something. Then we'll be livin'!

JOHNNIE

Go with you to Hollywood?

JAMIE/JIMMY

Heck, yeah!

JOHNNIE

You wouldn't mind?

JAMIE/JIMMY

Heck, no!

JOHNNIE

Wow!

JAMIE/JIMMY

But be prepared. It's a nutty kind of place out there!

JOHNNIE

Is there even a there *there* anymore?

JAMIE/JIMMY

Man, you wouldn't believe it! The beaches, the houses, the weather! And those freeways! A big difference from Main Street in...where did you say you were from?

JOHNNIE

Elm Creek.

JAMIE/JIMMY

And the *women*! Everywhere! Just pluck, peel, eat!

JOHNNIE

No way!

JAMIE/JIMMY

Bet your ass!

JOHNNIE

Awesome!

JAMIE/JIMMY

First thing we're gonna do, dude, is get the fastest fuckin' wheels we can find, drive out to Malibu and get our asses *laid*!

JOHNNIE

We are?

JAMIE/JIMMY

Damn straight! Then we'll head down Highway One, after we dump the chicks, and I'll introduce you to the best God damn fried chicken you ever had in your whole mouth.

JOHNNIE

I love fried chicken.

JAMIE/JIMMY

They put beer in the batter and some other secret ingredient and who the fuck cares what! Then we'll grab a bottle of tequila and spend the night on the beach under the moon and the stars!

JOHNNIE

The whole night? Sleep there too?

JAMIE/JIMMY

Hell, yeah! It'll give you an idea of what heaven's gonna be like. Not that I've been. And in the morning when you wake up, you'll feel like you're on the edge of the fuckin' world, like the sun is shining on you and you alone for the very first time - like you were *Adam* and you're waiting for *Eve*!

JOHNNIE

Cool!

JAMIE/JIMMY

And we'll run bare-ass naked into the ocean and wash off everything that happened the night before and we'll let the water surround us like it's...it's...amniotic fluid or something, and when we get back up on the beach, we'll feel the warm sand under our feet, the wind in our hair, salt air in our lungs...You'll feel so God damn good, you'll never want to fuckin' leave, man!

(The voice of a bus driver yells out: "Elm Creek. All out for Elm Creek, Nebraska")

JOHNNIE

This is my stop.

JAMIE/JIMMY

You just sit tight, little buddy. Wave bye-bye and tell old Elm Creek, Nebraska to kiss your ass!

JOHNNIE

It's my home.

JAMIE/JIMMY

You ever been to Fairmount? Glad to be outta there, thank you, Jesus!

JOHNNIE

I think...I think I better go, Jimmy. I promise, though, I'll give the Malibu thing plenty of thought.

JAMIE/JIMMY

I'm serious, now, if you change your mind. I'll be there waiting for you. I don't care if it's forty-five years from now, you understand? Just head on out to Malibu. You can't get lost 'cause, remember, you always have the mountains on one side and the ocean on the other. Just make any left and look for me. I'll have a bottle of tequila in one hand and I'll be waving at you with the other!

JOHNNIE

Cool! Let's see what happens.

JAMIE/JIMMY

Uh oh! The kiss of death!

JOHNNIE

What?

JAMIE/JIMMY

"Let's see what happens" means *asta la vista!*

JOHNNIE

How do you figure?

JAMIE/JIMMY

Whenever people want to say "no" but they don't have the guts, they say, "Let's see what happens," "I'll call you," "Let me check my calendar," "How 'bout I get back to you?"...

JOHNNIE

I didn't mean it that way.

JAMIE/JIMMY

Here, this is for you.

(JAMIE/JIMMY takes off his jacket and hands it to JOHNNIE)

JOHNNIE

I can't take this.

JAMIE/JIMMY

You just did.

JOHNNIE

You wore this in *Rebel Without A Cause*. It's priceless.

JAMIE/JIMMY

G'head, put it on. Dime a dozen, Warner's wardrobe department. Eventually it's gonna wear out just like everything else, bud.

(JOHNNIE puts on the jacket)

Sorry about that little stain there. Mineo splashed a Coke all over me.

JOHNNIE

That's...that's okay!

JAMIE/JIMMY

A little baking soda on a toothbrush, you know what I mean?

JOHNNIE

No, no, I'm gonna leave it exactly as it is.

JAMIE/JIMMY

And on the collar?...That's Natalie's lipstick. She was all over me, man!

JOHNNIE

Are you fuckin' *serious*?!

JAMIE/JIMMY

And, uh...Where the heck is it?...Okay, right here...See this tiny rip? I told Corey Allen that he was getting too fuckin' close. We were using real knives, I don't know if you knew that, but Nick Ray insisted.

JOHNNIE

Yeah, yeah, I know...I know.

JAMIE/JIMMY

And here's the grass stain from where I jump out of the car, you remember?

JOHNNIE

The chickie-run! Jesus Christ!

JAMIE/JIMMY

Wear it in good health. And think of me.

JOHNNIE

I can't take this.

JAMIE/JIMMY

Dude! It's just a dumb old jacket! Wear it to the movies, wear it bowling.

JOHNNIE

That would be like wearing the Shroud of Turin to Burger King.

JAMIE/JIMMY

Tell you what. You hold on to it and you can give it back to me when you come out to the coast. Whadaya say? Deal?

JOHNNIE

Deal!

JAMIE/JIMMY

Cool.

JOHNNIE

See ya, Jimmy!

JAMIE/JIMMY

See ya, bud!

(JOHNNIE starts to go one way, JAMIE/JIMMY the other)

JOHNNIE

Oh, Jimmy?

JAMIE/JIMMY

Huh?

JOHNNIE

I bet you're a real yo-yo.

JAMIE/JIMMY

I love you, too!

(JAMIE/JIMMY glows for a moment and is gone.)

JOHNNIE speaks to us)

JOHNNIE

That "some other time" was never meant to be. But, there are those people who come into your life and, even though you eventually take separate paths, they travel with you to the end.

(JAMIE enters. He speaks to us)

JAMIE

The dude makes *everything* sound like a movie!

JOHNNIE

And life is *not* like the movies.

JAMIE

We spoke a few times.

JOHNNIE

We vowed to stay in touch.

JAMIE

People change.

JOHNNIE

Time flies.

JAMIE

Shit happens.

JOHNNIE

Centuries later, I saw *Rebel* again on TV.

JAMIE

Balls out, man, *still* the best!

JOHNNIE

As I was watching it, I was wondering if, maybe, Jamie was watching it, too.

JAMIE

All through it I felt a *connection*, as if someone who had been an important part of my life was only, say, six feet away.

JOHNNIE

Everyone has a trip to rebel country filed away somewhere in their past.

JAMIE

Because, in rebel country life really was like the movies.

JOHNNIE

And *everybody* was young and beautiful.

JAMIE

And life was exciting and dangerous.

JOHNNIE

A hazard. A risk.

JAMIE

You should have been there, man!

JOHNNIE

I wish you could have been there!

(The turn toward each other as the lights fade out)

Performance rights must be secured before production. For contact information, please see the *In Rebel Country*

information page (click on your browser's "Back" button, or visit www.singlelane.com/proplay/rebel.html)