

Cast of Characters

REX	40-50, craggy, old-style cowboy
CODY	30-40, modern cowboy; physically fit
J.C.	30-40, gentle man, with long hair and beard
LU-ANN	20s, rodeo groupie
ANGELA	20s-30s, pretty, homespun

Scene

Tiny desert island

Time

Afternoon

ACT 1SCENE 1

SETTING: A desert island small enough to fit inside the stage boundaries. It's just a flat sandy island, but the men have invented three imaginary features: Big Mountain upstage; Big Forest stage right; and Big Rock stage left--with enough room onstage to walk around the island in the water. The sun is blazing, relentless.

REX is dressed in a full but sun-faded black cowboy outfit; CODY in a sun-faded colorful NASCAR tee-shirt and boxer shorts patterned with smiley faces, or ducks, or fish--something un-cowboylike. They both speak with a cowboy twang.

Besides the two men, the only thing on the island is a big crooked driftwood stick, sharpened at one end but practically useless as a spear.

AT RISE: REX sprawls in the sand, scowling. CODY kneels in the shallows, hunting for fish with his stick. He can barely hold his head up. Both men are starving. Rex sits bolt upright, half awake.

CODY

Just tryin' to stay awake. What do you wanna do?

REX

Sleep!

CODY

You been sleepin' all day.

(Rex struggles to his feet, starts walking away s.l.)

CODY (Continued)

Where y'off to?

REX

Gettin' away from you.

CODY

Pick up a rack of Bud on your way home.

(Rex stops for a second, angry, but walks halfway around the island, navigating Big Forest along the way. He sits and stares out to sea.)

CODY (Continued)

(to himself)

Mr. Personality. Let's see now, what'll we have for supper tonight?

(no response from Rex)

Me? I got a powerful hankerin' for seafood. Any volunteers?

(Cody's fish call)

Yodel-odel-teeeeeee...yip-yip-yip!

(Rex grimaces.)

CODY (Continued)

Yip! Yip! Yip!

(Rex picks himself up and walks back to his original place.)

CODY (Continued)

You dusted that trail. Couldn't find anything to do?

REX

What was it?

CODY

Female. Entertain--

REX

(obviously)

Dolly Parton.

CODY

Errt.

REX

Well?

CODY

I don't know now, I forgot.

(Rex smirks, reclaims his seat)

Anyways, you don't just charge in there with the damn answer. You gotta narrow it down. "Is she a singer? Is she country? Does she write her own stuff?"

REX

Dolly Parton.

CODY

Fine.

(back to fishing)

Yip-yip-yip! Fisheee! "Is she blonde? Is she buxomy?"

You may go hungry tonight. REX
 Nope. I got a strong feelin' this time. CODY
(back to fishing)
 Yip-yip!
 "Rack o'Bud!" "Buxomy!" REX
 That? CODY
 Talkin' beer. Talkin' sex. REX
 I swear-- CODY
 Talkin' to yourself. Three laws in two minutes. REX
 When was I talkin' to myself? CODY
 Whilst I was gone. REX
(walking onto land) CODY
 What was you, a mile away? Man, you must have X-Ray hearin', you think you heard me talkin' to myself. But now that you're back, I believe it's my hat time.
(Cody holds out his hand.)
 You're gonna slime it up. REX
(drying his hand) CODY
 S'pose I coulda saved someone else's life.
(giving him the hat) REX
 Wish you woulda.
 CODY
(sitting) Woulda. Coulda. Shoulda.
 REX
 And dry the sweat off your head before you--
(Cody puts on the hat and lies back with a smile. Though he's beset with hunger pains.)

CODY

(contentedly)
Much obliged, partner.

REX

We ain't partners.

CODY

Hell we ain't. For all you know, we're the last two cowboys left on earth.

REX

Last I heard, paintin' up your face don't make a man a cowboy.

CODY

You'd faint dead away, you faced some of the bulls I clowned. Black Lucifer?

REX

Yeah, you done a bang-up job with that hog.

CODY

Hog. Twenty million people seen me that day, I ever tell you?

REX

'Bout twenty million times.

CODY

Dislocated shoulder, concussion--

REX

Punctured a lung, busted two ribs--

CODY

--punctured a lung, busted two ribs--
damn right--and got laid twice the same
night. In a hospital bed.

REX

Not interested in your sex life. Told you that a million times too. And you're gettin' sand on the brim.

CODY

"Thanks for savin' my life, Cody."

REX

I'd be happier dead.
(lying down)

CODY

Fine. Die happy.

(Cody gets up, puts the hat on Rex's face, then returns to fishing. Rex takes the hat off, sits up, fans the air to dry it.)

CODY (Continued)

Maybe I'll work on my tan.

(beat)

Yodel-odel-teeeee...yip-yip-yip!

(beat)

Hey, Rex, got five bucks till we get rescued?

(to the fish)

Come on, little guys. Big guys. Yip! Yip!

REX

You scare 'em away with your damn fool yodelin'.

CODY

I didn't hear no complaints the day I yodeled up Big Sally. 'Member her? Man, she was some tasty. First couple of days.

REX

If you like bones.

(Rex carefully dusts off his hat, then puts it on his head just so.)

CODY

Hat don't make the cowboy, anyways. I don't care how big a ranch he owns. Cowboy's the guy that works the land. Herds the cattle. Drives 'em to market.

REX

They're called ranch-hands, not cowboys, and they're a bunch of lowlife drifters and thieves, every last one.

CODY

Not all of 'em.

REX

Yeah, a clown knows all about it.

CODY

(fish call, louder)

Fisheeee! Fisheeee!

REX

Jesus.

CODY

Yippee-ki-o. Anyone ever say that on your ranch, Rex? 'Cause that's a sure sign you got cowboys.

(a few beats)

Yippee-ki-o....

(a few beats)

Ki-yay.

(Cody moves around on his knees, searching.)

CODY (Continued)

Category: Cowboy movie. Modern. Three words.

(Rex jumps up, looks like he's coming into the water to attack Cody, but he stops short of getting his boots wet...)

REX

Gonna push me too far one of these days.

(Rex, exhausted, walks upstage right where he enters the mountain path, then circles a serpentine trail three times around, clockwise, in ever-decreasing revolutions, making sure he ducks low at some point on his second pass...and steps over something on his third pass...which is how they climb Big Mountain--four revolutions to reach the top. Three turns up, Rex stops and glares out to sea.)

CODY

(realizing he's gone too far)

Aw.

(Cody climbs up on land, also exhausted, walks two circles up the mountain, ducking on the second pass, then stopping next to Rex.)

CODY (Continued)

I apologize for that careless remark, Rex. You just pushed my-- Hello?

(realizing that Rex doesn't hear him)

Now what the hell... he climb the whole damn mountain?

(Cody walks once more around--stepping over the obstacle--till he reaches Rex again)

I apologize for the movie comment, Rex. You pushed my buttons, that's all, with the clown business.

REX

We got laws on this island.

CODY

I know. I guess I was just expressin' my, whatever... pride, I dunno. You say "clown" like, you know, blow up balloons, hand out birthday cake--

(Rex gives him a look)

Sorry.

REX

And it's two words, not three.

CODY

What, "Broke Back"--

REX

Gonna say 'em now?

CODY

Nope. I apologize, Rex.

(offering his hand)

REX

(turning away, glaring out to sea)
Godforsaken movie. Sometimes I'm glad to be here.

CODY

Nice little bluff you found. Set a spell?

REX

Best go back down. See if there's any fish you ain't scared off.

CODY

You can fish if you want, Rex.
(Rex gives him a look)
Just sayin'.

(As they saunter off together to their spot...)

CODY (Continued)

And, by the way, we like to be called barrelmen. Just so's you know, "clowns" is kinda old-school... Barrelmen.

(Rex will duck in the appropriate spot; Cody will forget. Rex stops. Clears his throat.)

CODY (Continued)

Sorry, Rex.

(Cody walks back to the spot without ducking, turns, then ducks properly. Rex stares at him.)

CODY (Continued)

Comin'?

(Cody shuffles along; Rex follows, disgusted.)

CODY (Continued)

You know, I think we both got a mite short-tempered when the fish went south. Hell, two guys alone on a tiny little island--bound to have some differences, right?

REX

Pretty big island, if you ask me.

CODY

One might like to talk about their relationship--
(Rex stops. Catches his breath.)
So maybe the other don't. One gotta respect the other. Don't got to, I s'pose.

REX

S'long as they respect the laws, like the one that says "No talkin' relationships."

CODY

Then again, laws was made to be broken. Ever hear that?

REX

Yeah. Criminals say it all the time.

(Arriving back at the shore...)

CODY

Think I'll fish down by Big Forest. Wanna sit over there?

(Rex sits where he always does.)

CODY (Continued)

I guess my point is, the world keeps changin'.

REX

My world don't.

(Cody picks up the stick, walks into the water...)

CODY

'Kay. Well, wish me luck, Rex.

(Cody heads in the water s.r. Rex lies back.)

CODY (Continued)

Yodel-odel-teeeeeeee...yip... yip...

(He sees something.)

Yip?

(He stares out...whispers)

Rex.

(Rex ignores him)

Hey, Rex--

REX

(He's heard it before.)

Yup.

CODY

(peering out to sea)

Whatcha make outta that?

(peering out)

Holy crow. Rex!

(Rex won't look.)

Great Baby Jesus.

(yelling)

Hey!

(Finally Rex sits up, looks out, gets to his feet.)

CODY (Continued)

See it?

(dancing around)

Yee-haw!

(though he no longer sees anything)

REX

Quit splashin'!

(waving his hat)

Stick!

(Cody tosses him the stick. Rex puts his hat on it, holds it up high, though he still doesn't see a thing.)

REX (Continued)

Where you lookin'?

CODY

That big-ass boat... out there!

(searching the horizon.)

See it?

(Rex gives him a slow look.)

CODY (Continued)

You made me look away. Now I lost 'em.

(Rex puts his hat back on, returns to his place and sits, drops the stick.)

CODY (Continued)

It's out there. Probably circlin' us.

(Cody circles the entire island, staring out.)

CODY (Continued)

Know I seen something.

(Dejected, he sits beside Rex. Then suddenly brightens...)

CODY (Continued)

Know what, Rex, I bet I just yodeled up a whale?

(Rex lies down, miserable, hat over his face. Cody gets the stick and slides to the water's edge, waiting for fish come to him.)

CODY (Continued)

Kind of a letdown, huh? And here I was, tryin' to cheer you up.

(Rex says nothing.)

You know, Rex, you been actin' somewhat de-pressed lately. More 'n usual.

(Cody lets his eyes close.)

Don't wanna talk, fine. Just a way of passin' time. Conversation. Talk about this. Talk about that. Small talk's all it is.

REX

(sitting up)

Small talk! Big talk! You've talked about everything there is to talk about--a thousand times! Used every word in your puny vocabulary, in every possible combination.

CODY

Don't think I ever heard that combination.

REX

I know what color pocket was on your shirt your first day of kidneygarden.

CODY

Sky-blue.

REX

(overlapping)

Sky-damn-blue. I shouldn't know that!

CODY

What's the damn harm?

REX

You're fillin' my brain with bullshit, that's what! And I've had about all I can stand of that clown voice.

CODY

(getting up)

Now, there weren't no need of that.

REX

Say somethin' important. Just once. Hell, I don't care. Say somethin' the least bit interestin'.

(Cody says nothing.)

REX (Continued)

That's what I thought.

(Rex lies down again. Cody thinks.)

CODY

Man dressed up in cowboy gear and don't like cowboys. That's interestin'. Little bit.

REX

Didn't say that. I said real cowboys don't have to prove it all the time.

CODY

Human psychology. That's interestin'.

REX

If you're the type that's interested in another man's clothes.

CODY

You're the one wearin' 'em. The hell do I care?

(Cody goes back to fishing.)

CODY (Continued)

But we do have to dee-duce that you bought that whole fancy getup for some reason. I find that very interestin'. Man who don't have to prove he's a cowboy. Which he ain't. Really.

(Rex studies Cody.)

CODY (Continued)

(to the fish)

Yip! Yip! Yip!

(to Rex)

What?

(Rex gets up and starts walking away.)

CODY (Continued)

I know. I drive people crazy. Poor Angela I drove right out the door. In through the back, out through the front--

(Rex stops. Turns.)

Just sayin'--

REX

I've heard all I ever wanna hear about that woman--or any woman you ever knew or thought about knowin'! Besides the damn fact they're all against the law.

CODY

And that's the difference between you and me. I like to talk about these things. You keep 'em all bottled up. That ain't healthy, Rex. What do I know about you? You own a ranch. Bang, that's it. Don't even know your last name. If you're married. Or was married--that's the feelin' I get--

REX

It ain't your damn business!

CODY

You must love rodeo. Hat like that gotta go what, five, eight hundred?

(Rex walks away s.l.)

CODY (Continued)

(with attitude)

Which some people might find interestin'.

(Rex continues walking and sits on the u.s. side of Big Rock. After a couple of beats, Cody joins him.)

CODY (Continued)

Speakin' of Hat, Rex... I kinda got rooked on my hat time back there.

REX

You give 'er up, don't come cryin' to me.

CODY

I know. I know. It's just...

(Rex gives him a look)

Okay, headin' out on a limb here. She leave you, Rex?

REX

I hate the fuckin' rodeo, okay? They ain't nuthin' but dumb, people in 'em are dumber, and people who like 'em are just plain ignorant.

CODY

Well, excuse the shit outta me, what was you doin' on a rodeo cruise?

REX

I like the smell.

(Cody chuckles.)

CODY

"I like the smell." That's good.

(Rex chuckles.)

You know, I think this might be the day.

(beat)

"What day?" The day we get to the bottom of ol' Rex.

(beat)

No, but really, back to Mister Hat there. Hot as the sun gets around these parts, and us with no shade trees--

REX

'The fuck you say?

CODY

I know. We got Big Forest back there--

REX

Hundreds of shade trees.

CODY

But Rex, really--

REX

I'm talkin' really.

(Rex gets up, starts walking away s.r.)

CODY

(following in the water)

Okay, we got all them big trees--giant trees--but somehow them rays find a way to penetrate. Know? I mean, a man could get his head fried to death. Without Hat.

(Rex keeps walking.)

Goin' for a walk, Rex?

REX

Headin' up Big Mountain so I don't have to listen to any more clownshit.

(Cody chuckles.)

CODY

Clownshit. Ol' Rex. Good ol' buddy Rex.

(Rex heads up the mountain.)

CODY (Continued)

(calling out)

Right?

(calling louder)

Rex? Right?

REX

(calling)

We ain't buddies! We ain't partners! We ain't nothin' but stranded!

CODY

(walking up onto land)

'Course we're buddies. We're best damn friends.

REX

(exasperated; returning)

You can't talk to me when I'm on Big Mountain. And how you gonna be best anything with nothin' to compare to?

CODY

How 'bout compared to Stick?

REX

Then I'd have to give it some thought.

CODY

Compared to the ocean.

(Rex waits.)

Okay. How 'bout that Arab that blew up the ship.

REX

Ship blew up of natural causes, told you a million times.

CODY

How you know it wun't a suicide bomber?

REX

On a rodeo cruise? Arab mighta stood out?

CODY

Not in a cowboy disguise.

(Rex studies Cody suspiciously.)

REX

If you got sumpn' to say? I suggest we get down to business.

CODY
Seems like I been doin' all the talkin'.

REX
Goddamn fool.
(starts walking away s.r.)

CODY
You're the brains of the outfit.

REX
And my brains want it quiet for the rest of the day.

CODY
And my brains want some hat time!
(following; getting testy)
Hold on. Hold on here. I wanna know. How's Stick your friend, best or otherwise?

REX
Stick gets me food.

CODY
Stick don't get food, people get food. Me.

REX
When's the last time you got food?

CODY
What do you call breakfast?

REX
You speared a damn Cheerio.

CODY
Didn't hear no complaints while you was eatin' it.

REX
Too busy tryin' to chew the damn thing.

CODY
Well, be my guest. Take off your shiny new boots and go rustle up some grub. You and your friend.
(giving him Stick)

REX
The minute I take 'em off, they'll be on your stinkin' feet.

CODY
Stick ever save your life?

REX
She might. Someday.

CODY

'Cause you stick the damn hat on 'er?

REX

(darkly)

Whatever.

CODY

(a slow look)

"Whatever?" Use that tone. Whatever? Maybe I'll go find my own best friend.

REX

Maybe you best do that.

CODY

Maybe you best take that walk.

(Rex takes Stick and walks two revolutions up the mountain.)

CODY (Continued)

(to himself)

And keep right on walkin'.

(muttering)

"Whatever." I'll show you whatever.

(Cody gets up and walks a quarter turn clockwise and heads into the water upstage right.)

(All the while, Rex stands on the opposite side of the mountain staring out to sea--but keeping Cody in his peripheral vision.)

(Moments later Cody returns with a softball-sized rock, walks back to his place and sits with the rock hidden between his legs.)

(Rex walks back down the mountain, twice around, and stands over Cody with the stick.)

CODY (Continued)

(without looking at Rex)

You back?

(Rex stands over him.)

Way you stormed outta here, I thought you might climb Big Mountain to stay.

REX

Gave 'er some thought.

CODY

Yeah? I had some thinkin' to do myself.

REX

Man oughta try somethin' new every now and then.

CODY

Regular Comedy Central.

(Rex studies him.)

CODY (Continued)

Stand over me with that stick, you look like a man with somethin' on his mind.

REX

Just wonderin' what you got there between your legs.

CODY

Gee, Rex, you think you know a man...

REX

(overlapping)

I'd be careful that mouth don't cost you an eye.

CODY

Sounds like a threat from a man with Stick. Major crime, last I heard.

REX

Just an invitation to answer my question.

CODY

What makes you think I'm hidin' anythin'?

REX

Ever see a man steer up a dumb bull-calf with a dull blade?

(Cody stands up with the rock. Rex wields his stick, ready for battle.)

CODY

On several occasions. Ever see a bull-calf squish a punkin-head with a two-pound rock?

REX

You ever seen a gut-shot coyote watch his best friend enjoy the hell out of his intestines?

CODY

There you go.

(a beat)

You seen that?

REX

Wolfed 'em right down.

CODY

Whilst he watched. That is one deeply disturbin' picture, Rex.

REX

It's called life. Survival of the fittest.

CODY

Maybe in the animal kingdom. But here, civilization, we got laws.

REX

You got the gaul to talk about laws?

CODY

About men. Us. Civilized human men.

(Weapons still poised.)

CODY (Continued)

I mean, this ain't good, Rex. Okay, look. If it's this little rock that's got you so riled--

REX

Maybe you won't mind tellin' me where you got 'er in the first place.

CODY

Rock? Where you think? Water.

REX

When?

CODY

I don't know, kicked 'er one day fishin'. 'Bout broke my damn toe.

REX

Yesterday? Last week?

CODY

Month ago, I don't know.

REX

Oh yeah. *(knowingly)*

CODY

It ain't like I been sneakin' off seein' 'er every day.

REX

You think I ain't onto you?

CODY

It's a rock, Rex. Don't mean a thing.

REX

I'm guessin' it means Rex gets his head bashed in one of these fine nights.

CODY

You serious?

REX

You won't think I'm jokin' when this stick's buried in your brain.

CODY

And just how you propose gettin' that stick into my brain?

REX

Through your eye, like I said. Poke around long enough, I might find a little gray matter.

CODY

Okay. Get it off your chest.

(a few beats)

Here, look. See?

(Cody sets the rock down...but doesn't let go of it.)

Okay? She's down.

(Rex doesn't budge. Cody keeps hold of the rock.)

CODY (Continued)

I'm, you know, proposin' a what-do-you-call-it? Peace treaty. I get rid of Rock, you get rid of Stick.

(Rex doesn't budge.)

See, I got mine down. You drop yours. Bang, we got a treaty.

(Rex doesn't budge.)

'Course, we can always cast 'em out to sea.

(Rex still doesn't budge.)

CODY (Continued)

I know. "Get rid of Stick, what do we hunt fish with?" Well, I hate to say it, Rex, but you shoulda thoughta that before you thoughta threatenin' me.

REX

You shoulda thought of that when you was breakin' every law known to man.

CODY

What law?

REX

Beer! Boobies! Homosexuals! You been on a damn crime spree!

CODY

Me? You wanna talk law-breakin', how'd you know I had this?

(lifting the rock; Rex tenses)

--when you was three miles away on the other side of Big Mountain?

REX

I ain't the one on trial.

CODY

Lookin' through Big Mountain. Major offense. Crime against geography.

REX

I did not look through no mountain.

CODY

Then how you know I had this?

REX

Your shifty little eyes.

CODY

My eyes don't shift. 'Sides which, how would you know anyway? When's the last time you even looked in my direction?

REX

Relationship!

CODY

Nothin' to do with relationship. It's about lookin' at someone you lived with for the last hundred years.

REX

Major relationship!

CODY

I bet you can't tell me the color of my eyes.

REX

That ain't a man question!

CODY

I'm a man. That's my question. Only two people for ten thousand miles. You don't know the color of my eyes--and I trust you to look out for ships?

REX

Ships I see fine.

CODY

How many you seen?

(Rex studies him. He may have thought about killing Cody before, but suddenly he realizes he can actually do it...)

CODY (Continued)

Alright. Here. See?

(setting the rock down)

Truce.

(Rex abruptly walks away.)

CODY (Continued)

Where you off to? We're negotiatin' here. A lastin' peace.
(MORE)

CODY (Continued)

(muttering)

Geography law's your damn law in the first place. You gonna make 'em, you oughtn'ta break 'em.

REX

(stopping)

I didn't break any gol-durn laws!

CODY

Threatenin' with Stick!

REX

Yellin' boat!

CODY

I do not recall yellin' boat.

REX

You stood right there--

(going to the spot)

CODY

(to his feet)

My exact words--"WHAT DO YOU MAKE OUT-UH THAT?"

REX

Tell me you didn't stand right in this spot and holler "Boat!"

CODY

If I said "boat," it's because I was answerin' your stupid question, what the hell's out there.

REX

"Big-ass boat!" "Yee-haw!"

CODY

Since when is "Yee-haw" a crime?

REX

Major crime when it follows "Big-ass boat!"

CODY

Guilty as charged! Hang 'im! You killed my damn appetite anyway. How many days, Judge?

REX

Two, at least, with your record.

CODY

Fine. I done three before, and it was a piece of cake.

REX

Sounds like you'd like three again.

CODY

Make it four! I been meanin' to go on a diet. Here, I'll sentence myself. Four days of hunger. Happy?

REX

Just tryin' to maintain law and order.

CODY

Good. 'Cause now I declare crimes on you: Geography and Threatenin' with Stick. Major felonies.

REX

Threatenin' with rock.

CODY

Self defense.

REX

Overruled.

CODY

Objection.

REX

Out of order.

(Cody stares, at a loss...)

CODY

Fine! Court's a-goddamn-journed.

(Cody picks up the rock; Rex gets ready to fight, but Cody walks clockwise around the island.)

REX

(calling out as if he doesn't see him)

Where you off to?

CODY

(calling out)

Leavin' Cheyenne. Takin' a walk with my friend.

(Cody walks a three-quarter turn around the island, then returns the rock where he found it. Rex pretends not to see.)

REX

(looking out to sea)

Oh my. OH MY! He was right all along!

(Cody comes out without the rock. Rex is standing at the water's edge peering out to sea. Cody starts to cut across the mountain--)

CODY

See it?

REX

(pointing him back)

Right there! Geography! Five days of hunger!

(Cody immediately returns to his position, then starts hurrying back around to his place, avoiding the trees...)

REX (Continued)

Man, that is one big-ass cruise ship. You know, I think I see naked women eatin' ice cream sundaes and drinkin' beer and whiskey!

(Cody slows down, on to Rex's game. And, reaching him...)

REX (Continued)

Nope. Just a big-ass wave is all.

CODY

Oh yeah. The day anarchy broke out.

REX

See how you like it.

CODY

You gonna lose your friend?
(meaning Stick)

REX

What'd you do with yours?

CODY

Cast 'er out to sea.

(Rex gives it some thought, then tosses the stick to the side, out of his reach but further out of Cody's reach. Cody considers it.)

CODY (Continued)

So... Okay. Back to the treaty. I gotta say, we got into some bad business back there. Serious bad. I propose from here on in, if one of us got sumpn' on our minds, we talk it out like human bein's. Not animals.

REX

That it then? Everything hunky-dory. Let bygones be bygones.

CODY

There you go.

(offering his hand)

Rex, I do apologize for my rude and reckless behavior.

REX

(ignoring his hand)

You should. But don't think that makes you a free man.

CODY

Didn't say it did. Just bein' civilized. Okay then. Punishment.

REX

Like we said, five days.

CODY

Five?

(laughs... Rex doesn't crack a smile.)

That's, uh... No, really.

REX

Where would we be without laws?

CODY

Free?

REX

Lawless.

CODY

(thinking...)

Hoo. Boy.

REX

Do the crime, do the time.

CODY

(a few beats... it's a death sentence.)

I guess. Well...

(sigh)

What the hey. Jesus done forty without food, never looked that skinny to me. In pictures.

(Rex gives Cody a look.)

Bible pictures.

REX

Bible ain't got pictures.

CODY

My Bible had pictures.

REX

Your Bible prob'ly come with crayons.

CODY

There you go. So. Okay. Five days. What do you say, partner, wanna have a last meal before we get goin'?

REX
 Nope.

CODY
 Really?
(a few beats)
 Just... we never did have supper before this all got started. Or lunch. Or much of anythin' in the past few days.
(a few more beats)
 'Course, we could call it even. Wipe the slate clean.

REX
 Call what even?

CODY
 Nudie girls eatin' ice cream sundaes?

REX
 Taste of your own medicine.

CODY
 You think I'm doin' five days alone, Mr. Man, you're sure as hell doin' five with me. And 'lest I'm mistaken, I still got hat time.
(He takes the hat off Rex and puts it on.)

REX
 Ask next time. And I'll do two. No more.

CODY
(excited)
 Two? Two?
(beat)
Yes! They have reached an agreement.
(Cody draws two lines in the sand.)
 Two days for Rex.
(then five lines)
 Five for Cody. And the peace treaty is hereby...
(Cody studies the lines...)
 You beat me up pretty good there, Rex. They oughta put you to work for the U-nited Nations.
(beat)
 Okay. What now?

REX
(lying down)
 Serve our sentences.

CODY
 There you go.
(They both lie down, exhausted. A few beats pass.)
 I think they was on to us anyways... The fish. Know how word gets around. "Hey, fellers, we best steer clear of Big Island, there's dead-eye down there with a hell of a spear."

(Cody chuckles. They lie there. They wait. Cody chuckles again.)

CODY (Continued)

Ice cream sundae.

REX

Lookin' for another day?

CODY

Just sayin'... You brung 'er up. Now I can't get 'er outta my mind.

(Cody drums on his stomach like a tom-tom.)

CODY (Continued)

Hear that? Hollow as a big ol' hollow... whatever.

REX

Drum.

CODY

Drum. There you go.

(He plays some more.)

Must be how music got started. Down there with the cannibals. Think?

(He drums some more on his belly. Then stops. Thinks.)

Rex. Think we taste like chicken? Or beef?

(Rex gives him a slow look.)

REX

Why?

CODY

No reason, just... I mean, to cannibals.

REX

(looking away again)

Depends on the sauce.

CODY

(chuckles)

There you go.

(Cody studies Rex until Rex catches him--then Cody looks away. Now Rex sits up, staring at him.)

CODY (Continued)

Follow-up question: Let's say one of us dies of starvation. Other one gotta finish their sentence?

(Rex keeps staring.)

CODY (Continued)

I'll take that as a yes. Okay then, I guess we won't be needin' Stick for awhile.

(Cody goes to get Stick. Rex lunges, grabs it first.)

CODY (Continued)

Gonna cast 'er off, Rex?

REX

(taking it off Cody's head)

And it's high time I got my hat back.

CODY

I just got it.

REX

Now I got it.

CODY

Thought we was gonna ask.

REX

You didn't.

CODY

Good point, Rex. Fair play. So...guess I'll have to keep 'er twice as long next time.

(Rex takes Stick, starts walking clockwise up the mountain.)

CODY (Continued)

(to himself)

Yup, dangerous damn business, alright. Two best friends lettin' their differences come between 'em.

(After four revolutions, Rex ends up at the top center of the mountain, where he furtively sets the stick. Cody pretends not to see, but:)

CODY (Continued)

(to himself)

Ol' Rex. Man in black. I just bet he takes it all the way to the tippity-top.

(Rex snatches up the stick, doubles back one turn and sets it down. Cody doesn't watch.)

CODY (Continued)

(to himself)

Yep. Good thing we didn't get into it back there. Just thinkin' out loud. Stick against rock? Damn massacre. Not to mention my youth and physical whatever. Strength.

(Rex returns.)

CODY (Continued)

Back so soon? What'd you do with 'er?

REX

Set 'er aside till I need 'er again, two days from now.

CODY

Where'bouts?

REX

Don't know exactly. Somewheres.

(Cody looks around, looking up, pretending not to see it right behind them. Rex watches him carefully.)

CODY

Big Mountain sure looks pretty this time of year.

(They stare up at the imaginary mountain.)

CODY (Continued)

Yup.

(Cody lies down again. Rex sits. After seven beats...)

REX

And by the way--

CODY

So anyway--

(Rex sighs, disgusted. Cody gestures for him to speak, but Rex stays silent. Seven beats...)

REX

Heard somethin' funny--

CODY

I was just gonna say--

(They wait three beats)

REX

Whilst I was--

CODY

No, I was just--

REX

Jesus Christ! Don't interrupt me till I'm finished!

CODY

Sorry, Rex. You go.

(a few beats...Rex won't speak.)

Me? No, I was just gonna say--

(stray thought)

Hey, Rex. If I waited till you was finished before interruptin', it wouldn't be interruptin'. Right? Think about it. No, but anyways, I was gonna say... Ummm... What the hell now, you made me forget. What was you gonna say?

REX

Oh, just sumpn' funny I heard before, whilst I was three or four miles up Big Mountain.

Funny, like a joke?
 CODY

Funny, like voices. In the air.
 REX

Voices?
 CODY

You wouldn't be talkin' to yourself again, would you?
 REX

Again? Don't know that I ever talk to myself, Rex.
 CODY

Thought I heard somethin'.
 REX

Probably just the wind. Now that you mention it, you know I think I heard it too.
 CODY

Reckon?
 REX

Was it sayin' something like, "Share the hat. Share the hat."
 CODY

I thought I heard different, kinda like, "I reckon you paid your debt to that clown for draggin' you to this godforsaken place." More like that.
 REX

Sayin' you don't wanna share the hat no more.
 CODY

Need it myself.
 REX

(sitting up)
 CODY
 I hate to be disagreeable, Rex, but I gotta think, hell, if one man can ignore the law, what's to keep another man from obeyin'? Like, for example, the no-talkin'-to-yourself law?

And just what law, for example, would man-number-one be ignorin'?
 REX

Hat law. Hat-sharin' law.
 CODY

Ain't no such law. Sharin' my hat was a pure act of charity, which I'm done with now.
 REX

(A few beats pass. Cody cringes.)

CODY
I am one hurtin' cowboy.

REX
(lying down)
Starvin' to death'll do that to you.

CODY
You hungry, Rex?

REX
Not a bit. But if I don't sleep soon, I might get ugly.

CODY
I been thinkin' 'bout eatin' my pinky. Prob'ly bleed to death, but I could drink the blood. Protein, you know? Maybe get up enough strength to go out there and slaughter a bushel of fish.

(Rex grunts.)

CODY (Continued)
Okay, Rex. I'll shut up and let you sleep.

(Cody closes his eyes and immediately starts snoring.)

(Rex closes his eyes. A few beats pass, then he sits bolt upright.)

REX
Oh yeah.

CODY
What's that?

(Rex chuckles knowingly.)

REX
Oh, nuthin'. 'Cept I wake up with my little finger in your mouth.

CODY
(gaping at him)
You are losin' it, man.
(lies down again... A few beats...)
Ain't enough meat in a finger. I'm thinkin' thumb.

REX
I'm thinkin' leg.

CODY
And you ain't hungry.
(beat)
Thinkin', thinkin', now you got me thinkin'.
(MORE)

CODY (Continued)

Three o'clock in the A.M., a man who don't like rodeo, don't like cowboys, but he's all dressed up in cowboy gear, boots, hat, the whole night yards. I'm gonna take a stab, you tell me if I'm wrong. Your wife's the one that likes rodeo.

REX

Talkin' to yourself-- Goin' for six?

CODY

I'm talkin' to you. Whatever her name is, Mary Lou, Thelma Sue--she's the one who wanted to go on the cruise, to rejuvenate the marriage. Am I warm? Rex?

(Rex says nothing. Cody sits up.)

CODY (Continued)

I think I am. And part of rejuvenatin' the marriage--I seen this on TV--is you get some excitement in your love life. You know, dress up, play make-believe. Just tell me if I'm warm.

(Rex says nothing. Cody crawls closer.)

CODY (Continued)

Okay, if I'm warm, don't say a word. I mean, ol' Angela and me, man, I ever tell you 'bout her eyes? Voice? That little girl could sing like an angel--

(Cody gets lost... sighs...)

Oh, man... When it was good...

(Rex grabs Cody by the throat. They roll, ending up with Cody on top of Rex.)

CODY (Continued)

Hey! Hey!

(Their eyes meet--too close. They spring apart, Rex rolling s.r. into Big Forest.)

CODY (Continued)

Jeezum, Rex!

(trying to joke)

Think you knocked over a couple of redwoods.

REX

I'm wonderin' what you do with a convict who keeps breakin' laws even when he's doin' time?

CODY

What laws?

REX

Relationship.

CODY

Me and Angela?