

Thumbs Up  
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1 FADE IN: 1

2 EXT. DESERTED BRISTOL ROAD - DAY 2

KAI WOLSTENHOME stands at the side of the road. A single thumb outstretched. He has long brown hair held back with a red bandanna, sitting on his attractively tanned face. With a huge expedition bag loaded with belongings hunching his sweaty back, he looks exhausted.

Kai squints as a heatwave-blurred car approaches from the distance. He takes two steps further into the road, a hopeful attempt at becoming more noticeable.

As the car nears, Kai's eyes widen more with hope at the potential hitchhike. The car does not slow down and swerves slightly to avoid Kai standing in the road.

As the car passes, a McDonalds cola is thrown out of the passenger window, hitting Kai in the chest and drenching his shirt with the sticky drink.

CAR PASSENGER

First shower in a while hey mate!

Young adult laughs are heard from inside the car along with loud music as they speed off.

Kai speaks through gritted teeth.

KAI

Fucking twats.

Kai stands still for a moment and exhales angrily.

He starts to walk in the same direction as the car.

Kai dips into his soggy pocket and takes out an iPod and headphones, places them into his ears and scrolls through his music.

As he places the iPod back into his pocket, ANOTHER DAY by PAUL MCCARTNEY is heard, accompanying Kai along the road.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

A) Walking along the road

B) Walking between hills

C) Walking along a footpath

KAI paces closer to the Clifton Suspension Bridge.

Kai is staring down at his iPod, and when he glances up from it, stops dead in his tracks, ANOTHER DAY stopping respectively.

Kai scans around him and then back to what he was looking at, shocked.

A MAN, suit and tie billowing in the wind, stands on the edge of a metal beam the other side of the railings. He stares down into the river below.

The Man clasps his hands around his face several times, wiping tears from his cheeks and breathing heavily.

Kai walks slowly up towards him, having not yet been noticed.

As he nears the Man, he leans his forearms on the railings and stares out into the distance.

The Man snaps his head toward Kai as he starts to speak, startling him.

KAI

You know it takes exactly 4.3 seconds for your spit to hit the water from here. Watch this.

The Man watches silently.

Kai leans over and droops a large blob of spit over the edge. They both watch in silence.

KAI

You're probably thinking 'who the hell is this guy?', I'm Kai. And I spit off bridges.

He says with a laugh and grin. The Man smiles awkwardly back.

Kai reaches into his pocket again, takes out his iPod and removes the headphones. He resumes the song. ANOTHER DAY continues from the iPod.

KAI

That McCartney, eh?

He whistles in a starstruck manner.

(CONTINUED)

KAI

What a man. When Tom Brodie-Sangster played Paul in 'Nowhere Boy' he had to learn guitar left-handed, so he got the young McCartney spot on. He played Bristol a few years back, didn't go. Heard it was average. I mean, he's getting on now isn't he?

They both stare into the distance in silence.

MAN

Arthur. Arthur Craig.

Kai gives a friendly nod.

ARTHUR

2009.

KAI

Huh?

ARTHUR

When McCartney came to Bristol, it was 2009.

Kai nods silently.

ARTHUR

Nothing special, as you said. Takes your mind off things though.

KAI

Seems like you gotta lot on yours.

Arthur doesn't reply. Kai stares into the distance again.

KAI

I wanted to be a guitarist first.

He picks dirt off his hands and throws it into the river.

KAI

Broke my finger so I couldn't play for months. Band kicked me out. Haven't played since. Then I wanted to be a teacher. But they saw my record. Mistakes come back to bite you in the ass. Karma man. Now? I know what I want. I want my own cab. I want to pick people up and drop them off. Hear their stories.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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4.

KAI (cont'd)

Share mine with them. That's what I want.

Arthur looks at him, confused and frustrated.

ARTHUR

Why are you telling me this?

KAI

What I'm trying to say...

He places his iPod back into his pocket and adjusts his bag on his back.

KAI

...is that we're all just grains of sand, in a whole ocean of opportunity.

Kai smiles at Arthur and continues across the bridge.

CUT TO BLACK

ONSCREEN: 2 MONTHS LATER

4

EXT. DESERTED BRISTOL ROAD - DAY

4

Arthur Craig, with grubby hands and an oily shirt, sighs as he closes the bonnet of his smoking car.

The sun beats down onto his sweaty neck as he grabs his jacket and starts to walk down the road.

Upon hearing a car behind him in the distance, he turns around and outstretches his thumb.

Arthur squints as a heatwave-blurred car approaches from the distance. He takes two steps further into the road, a hopeful attempt at becoming more noticeable.

As the car nears, Arthur places his hand above his eyes to shield out the overwhelming sun.

The car, which Arthur now realises to be a taxi cab, pulls up next to him.

KAI

Need a lift stranger?

Arthur smiles.

FADE OUT.