

THE BOUNCING BRIDE

Screenplay Craig Strete
First Draft

THE BOUNCING BRIDE

INTERIOR- DAY- BALLROOM- HOTEL ST. REGENT

The camera pans through what is obviously a large wedding party. From the bad suits, greased down hair on the men and the overly developed, very chesty women also badly dressed, it's very evident this is a gangster wedding and from the size of it, somebody important is getting married. If the guests wore any more gold jewelry they could qualify as a Swiss Bank.

On a bandstand a truly bad singer sings Italian songs in the manner of Frank Sinatra. He's the very worst kind of lounge singer.

INTERIOR-NIGHT- Jordana Gemmeto's HOTEL ROOM

The room is full of bridesmaids. There is an air of harried expectation.

A very blonde bridesmaid is facing the bride. She is smug and somewhat arrogant as she delivers a message to the bride.

BLONDE BRIDESMAID

(With an impudent shrug)

I told Carlo you want to see him. But hey! It's bad luck to see the bride before the wedding.

Jordana Gemmeto

If he isn't here in five minutes he'll spend his wedding night in traction.

Jordana leaves the room abruptly, as if searching for something. As soon as she leaves, the bridesmaid turns and speaks to the others.

BLONDE BRIDESMAID

Such a bitch! Whew!

(Unknown to her Jordana's come back into the room in time to hear all)

I tell you Carlo is not a lucky man.

Jordana taps her on the shoulder. She turns and Jordana punches her in the face. The bridesmaid drops like a shot.

Jordana

(Leaning over her)

It's also bad luck to piss off the bride!

A huge man enters, steps gingerly over the recumbent figure of the fallen bridesmaid. He nods in Jordana's direction. He is an enforcer, her father's bodyguard.

Minetti
Your father, Don Gemmento, wants to see you alone.

The other bridesmaids, start to hurry out of the room.

Minetti
(Pointing)
You forgot one.

Two of the bridesmaids grab the unconscious one by her feet and drag her out.

Jordana
(As if feeling a need to explain.)
It wasn't my fault, she was....

Minetti
(Sarcastic but still fond of her)
Yeah. Sure. You was cleaning your fist and didn't know it was loaded. You are a one punch wonder.

The door opens and a very tough looking but quite aged guy, Don Gemmento, enters just as the unconscious bridesmaid is being dragged out. He stares at the unconscious girl with acute displeasure. He is elegantly dressed but in a very old-fashioned sort of way. He looks world weary and as if he is under a considerable strain. His frown deepens as he enters.

Don Gemmento
(Irritated)
Can't you be dignified? What kind of wedding do we want people to think we are running here?

Jordana
(Embarrassed)
I can explain.

Don Gemmento
NO YOU CANT!
(His voice loud with lifelong frustration, but then he remembers the occasion and restrains himself with an effort.)
I haven't understood you since you been born! I ain't gonna suddenly get an insight now.

Motioning to Minetti, dismissively.

Minetti nods and goes out the door quickly.

The two of them stare at each other awkwardly.

It's a personal moment and neither one of them seem to be good at this sort of thing.

Jordana

(Suddenly rushing into his arms, tears streaking down her face.

Much of her toughness is just a pose.)

I didn't think anybody was ever going to really love me. I mean not somebody as good as Carlo. Oh papa, I thought I was gonna go my whole live...alone and unloved!

Don Gemmeto

(Embarrassed by all the big emotions.)

There there, Jordana. It's gonna be alright. It's been hard I know, cause your mamma died when you was little and I didn't do the parent thing all that hot. It's my fault.

Jordana

I know people think I am tough.

(Frowning, thinking about the past)

So OK, I kick a little ass now and then.

Don Gemmeto

Child! You kick a lotta ass all the time!

Jordana

Maybe I've been too much the Don's daughter but I got a good heart in there somewhere.

Don Gemmeto

You hide it well. A half hour ago you was arm wrestling the limo drivers for pocket change. You ain't dignified.

Jordana

I am actually very sentimental.

Don Gemmeto

(With disbelief)

You? Ain't you the kid who asked Santa Clause for a set of brass knuckles?

Jordana

(Defending herself)

I may come off looking tough. It's a family thing but inside, I am a serious person with big feelings. I'm just a girl who always wanted to be in love...same as anybody else.

Don Gemmeto

(With a very gloomy air)
And you think you got this?
...that this guy Carlo really loves you?

Jordana
(Meaning it with all her heart)
He really and truly does.

CUT TO:

BAR-INTERIOR-DAY

Carlo is an unpleasant looking man, handsome in a cheap kind of way. His face is red and he's dressed in the suit he will be married in. He belts a shot of whiskey and signals for another one. There's already a row of empty shot glasses in front of him. He does not seem happy.

BARTENDER
You keep hitting them shots Carlo, they'll carry you down the aisle on a board.

Carlo
Hit me again. I gotta be one hell of a lot more buzzed before I can go through with this.

A heavy set man towers over Carlo. He is Fat Tony, a mob strong guy who collects for loan sharks. He's Carlo's cousin.

Fat Tony
Whatta nuts? She's a wacko. You should maybe hit her with a two by four.

Carlo
(As he downs another shot.)
Hey look, I'm marrying her cause I wanna be a Don. It ain't no romance.

Fat Tony
Hit her with a two by four. That's my advice. Straighten her out. She's all bent.

Carlo
I grant you Jordana is..uh..temperamental.

Fat Tony
She could be another Al Capone....only without the warmth.

Carlo
(Defensively)

I mean it's not like she's ugly. She might even be pretty if you could see her once with her mouth closed.

Fat Tony
Probably alligators think other alligators is beautiful.

BARTENDER
You always had a way with the broads Carlo, but you ask me, this is some kind of death wish
You musta heard the stories about her... I mean, what was you thinking?

Carlo
So what? Once Jordana's married to me, I tell her where to jump and how high.

Fat Tony
I say whack her with a two by four.

Carlo
You know the Don's getting old. With no, sons I figure he'll owe me something for taking her off his hands.

Fat Tony
Know what I think.

Carlo
(Anticipating)
Smack her with a two by four?

Fat Tony
(Looking confused)
There an echo in here? Didn't somebody just say that?

Carlo looks at his watch.

Carlo
Nuts. Time to go. Gonna be a long wedding and an even longer wedding night.

Fat Tony
You sampled the goods yet?

Carlo
Nah!

Fat Tony
(Looking shocked)
You ain't saying someone like her is a virgin? Are you?

Carlo

Hey! She's a good Catholic girl! She probably entertained troop ships.

Fat Tony

So then how you come you never did the big nasty with her?

Carlo

I told her I was saving myself for marriage.

Fat Tony

You what? She believed that? Geddoutta here!

Carlo

I think it...kinda made her fall for me. But I can't put it off no more. Tonight is the night. Gonna be like trying to jump start a 747.

(Shaking his head)

The things you gotta do to get ahead in the mob.

The phone in the bar rings. The bartender answers it, eyes widening in shock. He thrusts the phone at Carlo.

BARTENDER

It's Don Gemmeto. It's for you.

Carlo gulps, nervously takes the phone. He listens at first apprehensive, then a smile begins on his face.

Carlo

I'm on my way.

(Hanging up with a look of triumph.)

The Don wants a private meeting with me before the ceremony. Oh, boy, this is the pay off! It's gonna be sweet!

CUT TO:

INTERIOR-DAY-Don Gemmeto's PENTHOUSE SUITE

Through the huge plate glass windows, we see about 15 of his mobsters huddled together on a balcony. They're so cramped there's almost no place for them to stand. It's plain he's sent them out of the room so he can talk in private with Carlo.

The Don is playing with a huge basket of fruit while Carlo is talking. He's apparently at the end of a long pitch. We see Carlo gesturing and making some sort of grand statement.

FADE IN:

Carlo

....which you can tell I would be good at.
So naturally I'm thinking that I could....

The Don shakes his head, motions for him to be silent by taking a banana from the fruit bowl and making a throat cutting gesture with it.

Carlo, looking stricken, shuts up mid-sentence.

Don Gemmeto

(Using the banana like a gun, pointing at Carlo)
So you wanna be a capo, you wanna be a boss, that's the upshot! You think you're ready for the big time.

Carlo nods eagerly, thinking the old man's conceding to his claims.

Don Gemmeto

OK. As long as my daughter that I love,
(Biting through the banana, skin and all, spitting out the tip like it's the end of a cigar)
is around, here's what I'm gonna do for you.
(As if thinking it over)
I make you the boss of bosses in screwing women and music.

Carlo

(At first pleased and then confused.)
Great.....uh....whassat mean?

Don Gemmeto

I want your frigging advice, I'll whistle!

Carlo turns white as a sheet. He's just realized he made a very bad deal.
It's gonna be a lot tougher than he thought it was going to be.

Carlo

(Muttering under his breath.)
As long as she lives!
(With intense regret.)
Oh my god! I'm screwed!

CUT TO:

THE HOTEL REGAL BALLROOM

There is a huge banner along one wall. It reads

RESERVED FOR THE Gemmeto WEDDING. BY INVITATION ONLY.

A line of very Italian looking gangsters stand under the banner against the back wall. They are formally dressed but in clothes and suits that are mismatched. Each of them clutches a thick white standard envelope in his hands. Only the last one in the line, Joe the Driver, has a huge bottle of champagne. The guy next to him, stares at him, whispers.

MOB GUY

What are you crazy? Her father the Don owns a couple vineyards no less.

JOE THE DRIVER

Jees! I forgot!

He quickly dumps the bottle behind a potted plant. The guy who whispered hands him a spare white envelope.

JOE THE DRIVER digs into his pocket pulls out a really large wad of bills and begins to stuff bills in the envelope. The guy beside him nods his approval. JOE pauses, looks, as if asking, enough? The guy who whispered shakes his head no. JOE puts even more bills in the envelope. Now he looks at the guy with a little shrug, enough eh? The guy grabs the last of the roll and stuffs it into the envelope.

JOE sighs. It's a lot of money.

The first guy on the end of the line sighs, having watched the whole exchange.

FIRST IN LINE

(To the guy next to him.)

I mean whattya give to the girl who has everything?

SECOND IN LINE

(Obviously an effort to think.)

I dunno.

(A beat.)

Antibiotics?

CUT TO:

INTERIOR-HOTEL ROOM SUITE-THE REGAL HOTEL-DAY

Jordana in her wedding dress, slams the door open and marches in. From her point of view we see, all the chairs and hotel beds are occupied with badly dressed heavy set mob guys. COSTANZA and Lorenzo are the two bosses. In the back against the far walls, in a stiff wary line are more of their associates. There is a palpable air of tension in the room. There's a sense of

impending violence.

Jordana

(Forcing herself to smile, pretending to be charming)

I called this meeting in order to discuss wedding gifts. It's not easy picking out just the right present, let me say that. So I have some ideas to help you with this delicate task.

The mob bosses eye each other with growing alarm.

Constanza

(With heavy sarcasm)

That's just swell.

Jordana

As I know you want to honor my father, I am here to make sure you show the right amount of respect.

Constanza

(Pretending to be helpful)

Lawn flamingos is always a thoughtful gift.

Jordana

(Speaking to the man who just spoke)

Constanza, you run a sports book in Brooklyn and Queens and Hoboken. You keep Brooklyn, I take Hoboken and Queens.

(With a mean smile)

Thanks for the wedding present.

Constanza jumps out of his seat, really hot. His men reach for their guns behind him, in anticipation of what he might do. Just as he is about to vent his rage, she speaks again.

Jordana

I thank you. My father thanks you.

She smiles at him with a look of challenge.

Constanza

(Looking back at his men, shaking his head no. Guns go back into their holsters.)

Uh, yeah. He uh...uh...He does? Oh, uh that's so swell again.

He sits down. His face looks like somebody just died or should.

Jordana

Don Lorenzo, you are doing the hijacks at Kennedy International. You have the fencing operation in Nutley...and the chop shop in Paramus. I take the fencing operation, you keep all the

rest.

Lorenzo
The fencing is my biggest money maker!
You....you....
(So stunned he can barely speak.)
Well hell! Why not take the chop shop too. While you're at it.

He's so angry veins on his forehead are bulging. His guys also move their hands towards their guns, wondering if he is going to blow his top.

Jordana
I can't drive, or I would. And thanks for the wedding present!

Lorenzo
This is harsh.

Jordana
You don't like it? You aren't happy with the wedding gifts I and the Don chose for you to give to me?

Lorenzo
You and the.....uh, oh...we are happy.
Oh yeah! We are on a real spree here, joy wise.

Jordana
Wish me luck on my marriage.

She nods at them. The meeting is clearly over and she begins to leave the room.

COSTANZA stands up abruptly, grabs Lorenzo who seems just about ready to do something violent. COSTANZA smiles insincerely and Lorenzo, startled but brought to his senses, also puts on a huge crocodile smile

Lorenzo
Well, we certainly wish you something, that's for sure.

When the door slams behind her, there's a stunned silence.

COSTANZA (Speaking for everyone.) This is just a drizzle. When she's married and becomes the whole weather report, it's gonna be a deluge.

CUT TO:

REGAL HOTEL BALLROOM-WEDDING REHEARSAL AREA

Minetti, the Don's bodyguard is handling wedding security. He faces a group of hard faced men, formally dressed and looking very uncomfortable.

Minetti

OK. Now we practiced this. Show me you know what to do. This is the part...OK...I'm saying what the priest says.

There is a stir as the men seem to be reaching for items hidden in their coats. One man is noticeably struggling more than most. He's almost frantic.

Minetti

OK. I'm saying what the priest says. If anybody here has any reason why these two should not be joined in holy MATRITUDE let him speak now or forever hold his peace.

The closely grouped men are all making some kind of move but the man in the middle, causes a huge disruption. They all stagger back as the guy rips his suit and emerges with a bazooka which makes everybody suddenly duck for cover.

Minetti

Hey numb nuts! The Don wants you should be subtle. What did you think, one of the wedding guests was gonna come in a tank?

HIT MAN

Sorry. I'm used to doing armored car jobs. This is my first wedding.

Minetti

(Rolling his eyes and looking up at the ceiling)

I could crap somebody smarter than you!

CUT TO: INTERIOR-HOTEL Carlo's ROOM.

Carlo and his father, Scudino, a dark eyed florid faced man with tons of gold jewelry are working on the contents of the hotel mini-bar. Both are drinking heavily and the top of the bar is littered with empty bottles. The ashtrays overflow with cigarette butts.

Scudino

I'm your father. You gotta lissen to me. Carlo the whole family thinks you lost your mind. She's like one of them insects, you know, the praying mantle! You sleep with her, then she eats you!

Carlo

Relax I got a new plan Pops.

Scudino

I hope its a health plan.

Carlo

Actually it is.

(Shrugging)

I get in good with Don Gemmeto. I become like a son to him...Then boom! She dies...for health reasons.

Scudino

She ain't even sick.

Carlo

No Pops, for my health. Something happens...a tree falls on her, she sits on lawn furniture and there's a bomb under it...you know...something fatal that looks like an accident..

Scudino.

But then?

Carlo

Then the Don ain't got nobody but me....A tragical figure, grieving and sad at the loss of his one and only. But hey, the show is gotta go on. I'll end up being the new Don. I already approached our guy Lorenzo about making a hit on her. He seemed OK with it. So what ya think Pops?

Scudino

Son. You been hit too many times in the head boxing is what I think.

The door opens and Ginger a big busted, flashy blonde enters. Carlo embraces her and they kiss passionately.

Scudino

Carlo, who's this?

Carlo

This is my date, Ginger.

Scudino

You brought a date to your wedding!

(Shocked at the thought)

If the Don finds out, they won't be able to find pieces of you with a microscope.

Carlo

Relax pop, I know what I'm doing. Besides she's gonna behave. Now get out of here pops. She and I gotta talk.

Scudino leaves, shaking his head

Ginger

(Whining in a dumb baby doll voice)

Carlo, I wanna know why you got to marry that Jordana. I mean Carlo, I got a room at the Holiday Inn that is just going to waste.

Carlo

I explained this to you, OK.

Ginger

Explain it to me again. How do I know you don't got the hots for her?

Carlo

Why would I eat hamburger

(grabbing her very prominent chest)

when I got steak...

Ginger

I don't know...Why?

She is very dumb.

Carlo

Look. I love you. But with her it's like job advancement...

Ginger

You don't love her?

Carlo

No way!

Ginger

How do I know you ain't lying to me.

Carlo

You know me. How could I be in love with a girl who's only got tits the size of champagne glasses?

Ginger

(Fondly touching her rack, now finally convinced.)

Oooooohhhh!

(Seizing him passionately.)

Let's do it once for good luck.

They embrace and apparently are about to make love standing up as we

CUT TO:

INTERIOR-HOTEL REGENT CORRIDOR-DAY

Two separate crews of bodyguards approach the hotel elevators from opposite directions. Walking behind them, are Lorenzo and Constanza. The guards take up defensive positions in front of the elevators. The door opens and the two bosses enter the elevator. Lorenzo flips the emergency stop button and they are assured of a very private meeting place.

Don Lorenzo

If the Don should find out we're having this emergency meeting during this happy occasion... Well I shutter to think!

(Paranoid, even with the security measures.)

But I gotta say what I gotta say. We got seriously screwed!

Don Constanza

Don't I know it. But whattya gonna do, Don Gemmeto's older than dead. He's got no sons. She's the only horse in the race.

Lorenzo

Even horses die.

(Nervous)

If you fix it that way.

Constanza

I thought you was gonna say something like that. It's a dangerous thing, what you said.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR-WEDDING-REGENT HOTEL

As Don Gemmeto escorts his daughter down the aisle, he steps back as she reaches Carlo's side. Carlo peers drunkenly at them and tries inappropriately to shake the Don's hand. To avoid this, Gemmeto pushes him, which cause him to stagger heavily into Jordana.

Jordana

(Getting a whiff of his breath, recoiling away from him.)

Hey! You need a breath mint!

CUT TO:

INTERIOR-ELEVATOR-REGENT HOTEL

Don Lorenzo (struggling to be dignified)

She is one horse too many for me. I vote she never crosses the finish line.

COSTANZA

(Nodding in agreement)

It's a time when action speaks louder than sentences.

Both men suddenly look paranoid although there's no way anybody could possibly overhear them.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR-REGAL BALL ROOM- THE WEDDING.

PRIEST

(Mid-sentence)

...here have any reason why these two should not be joined in holy matrimony, let them speak now or forever hold their peace.

Suddenly men jump up from their chairs and guns appear from everywhere. Dozens of armed guys are staring at the crowd, cocking guns, levering clips into the chambers, looking intently at the crowd to see if anybody objects.

There's a frantic scramble as most of the mob guys in the crowd misinterpret it as a hit. An old woman feints dead away. Several small children in the wedding begin to cry. The old priest, who looks like he's having a heart attack, starts to feint and has to be held up by the bride.

Don Gemmeto looking fierce, motions for them to put the guns away. He's absolutely furious. His men, all too familiar with that look, quickly tuck the guns away and take their seats as the Don motions for them to sit down.

The Don looks up at the sky and shakes his head and then abruptly sits down.

Minetti

(Panic stricken because it was his idea, bends over to whisper)

Sorry boss. I thought....

Don Gemmeto

(Under his breath)

If assholes were airplanes, this wedding would be an airport.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR-ELEVATOR-HOTEL REGENT-DAY

Don Lorenzo

(With a sharp look at Constanza so he should shut up already)
So I am saying we should agree she should get dead.

COSTANZA
When was you thinking?

Don Lorenzo
Now. Tonight. Before it gets any more out of hand. Right after the wedding ceremony.

Constanza
That's some very fast thinking.

CUT TO:

GEMETTO WEDDING- INTERIOR-REGENT HOTEL

The bride and groom face the priest.

Carlo
(Obviously drunk, loudly)
I do!

Everybody stares at him.

Jordana
Idiot! We haven't come to that part yet!

Carlo
Uh....
(Lamely, belligerently)
Well, I do say I do somewhere in there, don't I?

CUT TO:

INTERIOR-ELEVATOR-REGAL HOTEL

Constanza
(Unfolding a cell phone)
I'll put a couple of my worst guys on it.

Don Lorenzo
What do you mean, your worst?

Constanza
We got to whack the whackers. No witnesses! Nobody can know it was us. If the Don knew we

was even thinking about it, we wouldn't be safe on the moon. We can't have no comebacks on this.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR-Gemmeto WEDDING-REGAL HOTEL

Don Gemmeto is crying. Minetti, surprised by this, leans over in his seat and tries to be comforting.

Minetti

Hey Don. Don't be sad. You are not losing a daughter, you are gaining a son.

Don Gemmeto

Horseshit! These are tears of happiness. She was in my house so long I thought I was gonna have to raffle her off.

CUT TO:

Two thin hoodlums stand at the back of the wedding party. They're hit men. The taller of the two is on the cell phone, listening.

THIN HITMAN ONE

Well, whattya know! It's bag a bride night!

(Closing the phone)

Poor Carlo's gonna miss his wedding night. Such a favor we're doing him, he should pay us already.

THIN HITMAN TWO

Gives me the creeps hitting women. Usually I don't go for it. Why her?

THIN HITMAN ONE

Costanza says we gotta but he don't say why. I figure its cause she over-compensates for being a broad.

THIN HITMAN TWO

Where do you get words like that?

THIN HITMAN ONE

Playboy magazine. Sometimes I wrist off, sometimes I read the articles.

THIN HITMAN TWO

(Looking confused)

They got articles?

CUT TO:

INTERIOR- REGAL BALLROOM-WEDDING

PRIEST

You may now kiss the bride.

Carlo shuts his eyes and reluctantly puckers up. She grabs onto him like a boa constrictor. Carlo and Jordana kiss.

Jordana

(Passionately)

OH Carlo!

Carlo

(As if his lips were getting shredded)

Hey! Watch with the tongue!

CUT TO:

INTERIOR-ELEVATOR-REGAL HOTEL

Don Lorenzo

I'll put a couple guys on it too. Let's don't take no chances here. Let's kill her twice.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR-WEDDING-REGENT BALLROOM-DAY

JOE THE DRIVER and HARRY THE HORSE in the wedding crowd. These are the two who spoke in the wedding envelope line. HARRY was the one with the bazooka. They're both overweight.

JOE THE DRIVER

C'mon, let's get out of here. We got a bride to whack.

HARRY THE HORSE

No wait. It's my favorite part of the wedding. You know, when the bride throws out the buffet. I wanna watch and see who catches the buffet.

JOE THE DRIVER

It's bouquet, stupid.

HARRY THE HORSE

Really, not somebody tossing their lunch?

CUT TO:

Jordana and Carlo are walking down the reception line with the Don walking behind them. She has a drink in one hand and her other hand is held by a glassy-eyed Carlo who's drinking so heavily that he has commandeered his own personal waiter with a tray load of drinks, dragging him along by his collar. He downs glasses of champagne one after the other. She eyes him warily, suspicious about his pronounced lack of interest in her and sudden dire thirst. Carlo is bombed.

As they pass down a long line of men, the Don nods at each of them and they lean forward to hand her an envelope. But with one hand filled with a drink and the other held by Carlo, she can only nod towards her cleavage. Very hesitantly as if handling hand grenades, and very clumsily, the men stuff thick envelopes full of cash down her dress. Her 32 bra size at the beginning of the line becomes a 40D by the time she nears the end of the line.

Eventually she reaches a point where her bodice can not hold any more envelopes. Obliging, a very drunk Carlo slaps her on the back. Her cash enhanced boobs drop and instead of looking like Dolly Parton on steroids, she looks somewhat more normal. The envelope stuffing continues as we cut to...

CUT TO:

INTERIOR-NIGHT-PENTHOUSE-HONEYMOON SUITE

HARRY THE HORSE and JOE THE DRIVER are sneaking down the corridor. They approach one of two doors to the very posh Penthouse suite. As they approach that door, two other men just around the corridor corner pick the lock on the other set of doors to the honeymoon suite.

HARRY and JOE look around cautiously before they use their stolen passkey. As they open the door, guns in hand, the other two men enter the room simultaneously.

There is a startled cry from both groups and they almost shoot each other. They stand on each side of a huge stack of wedding presents.

It is obvious that they recognize each other. While HARRY and JOE are very fat, the other two men are incredibly thin.

HARRY THE HORSE

What the f...! Are you nuts? Does Lorenzo know you're trying to rob the bride?

THIN HITMAN ONE

We ain't robbing nobody. You're the ones trying to rob the place. Costanza's nuts to send you!

HARRY THE HORSE

But we aren't.....Hey!

It suddenly dawns on both of them

JOE THE DRIVER

If you ain't robbing, and we ain't robbing..

THIN HITMAN ONE

JEES! We are both here to kill the broad!

CUT TO:

INTERIOR-HOTEL REGENT CORRIDOR-NIGHT

Carlo and Jordana walk down the hotel corridor. They are holding hands but the impression seems less romantic than it would seem. A very drunk Carlo, seems more like a man being dragged to his own execution. They come to the door of the honeymoon suite. Carlo tries to be gallant, but has trouble getting the door unlocked. He drops the key, hits the door with his head trying to pick it up and then drops the key again.

Jordana roughly elbows him aside and opens the door. She seems eager for her wedding night to begin.

Carlo puts one foot against the door to hold it open and then bends and tries gamely to pick her up and carry her over the threshold. He falls over backwards through the doorway. He gets up gamely and tries to lift her up but this time falls forward on top of her. They both stagger to their feet and Carlo, still game, grabs her again. This time she's upside down with her legs dangling over his shoulders. He goes over backwards again. Jordana is furious. She smacks him on the head. He starts to get up, his arms outstretched and he suddenly goes face first into the hotel carpet, out cold.

Jordana is really pissed now. She picks him up, kicks the door open and carries dead drunk Carlo across the threshold. Once she's in the room, she drops him and he lands with what has to be a very painful thump. She kicks him.

Jordana

If you think I am ever gonna forgive you for this.....

Suddenly, four guys with blackjacks attack her. For a second she is overwhelmed

as they pile on top of her, but they begin to fall back. One is holding his eye, another one stares cross-eyed at his nose which has already sustained some damage.

A wild chase ensues in the room. The attackers are under attack. While it is difficult for them because they keep getting in each other's way, the hard part is that she's whacking them left and right with every bit of furniture in the room. Lamps are thrown, dishes, wedding gifts, bowls of fruit. She also kicks, scratches and has a left hook which is terrific.

She seems relatively untouched but the four hit men are showing obvious sign of combat. Black eyes, split lips, cuts and scrapes. No one has escaped. She's inflicted heavy damage on all of them. She triumphantly breaks a chair over the head of one of them and he goes down. A man already on the floor gasps in terror as she prepares to stomp on his crotch. But as she raises her foot, and he scrambles frantically to protect himself from becoming a soprano, one of the hoods rises up behind her and hits her solidly with the blackjack.

Jordana spins around, looking stunned. It was a terrific blow but she is such a fighter, that she swings a roundhouse right even as she is falling. The wild swing misses and her eyes cross, and she falls backwards. She is out cold.

Three of the hit men stagger to their feet and eye the unconscious form of Jordana with distrust.

HARRY THE HORSE empties a vase of flowers and dumps the water on JOE THE DRIVER, who had been hit with a chair. He groans, comes awake, tries to duck, realizes it is OK instead and slowly levers himself up to a sitting position.

JOE THE DRIVER

(Holding his aching head)

Jesus! There must have been eight or nine of her in the room!

HARRY THE HORSE

I CAN'T BELIEVE THEY SENT US IN HERE WITHOUT MACHINE GUNS! I tell you it ain't decent.

THIN HITMAN ONE

Look dummy, it's gotta look like an accident. We can't toss her over the balcony all shot up.

HARRY THE HORSE

We look like a whole bunch of accidents. Christ! Let's finish it.

He puts his hand out and drags JOE THE DRIVER to his feet. The four men grab her and lift her up. They're so badly hurt the effort is almost too much for them.

HARRY THE HORSE

I think I sprained my loin!

THIN HITMAN ONE

(Struggling, as they all are)

My arms is falling off!

JOE THE DRIVER

(As they stagger toward the balcony railing)

C'mon, we're almost there. Don't quit now.

They try to heave her up and over the balcony but they're so damaged their collective heave lands her on the railing instead of flying over it as they had intended. Her body teeters there for a second and then slowly

falls over the railing. The strain of just getting her body up that far, is too much for them. They all collapse in a heap and do not see the body fall.

Jordana hits an awning, slides down the letters of the hotel sign, bounces into another awning and is tossed down to a lower awning. Vaulting out of that, she hits a flagpole with her stomach, spins off it and after a steep plunge, caroms into another awning. In a series of such bounces she reaches the bottom half of the building. She hits the last awning so hard, it breaks on one side and flips her sideways towards the street just as a semi-truck full of watermelons drives by. She makes a squishy soft landing in the watermelons.

The truck moves off down the street, with the unconscious but still very much alive Jordana riding off into the sunset atop 10,000 pounds of watermelons.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR-HONEYMOON-SUITE-REGAL HOTEL

Carlo in extreme close up, opens one eye. He blinks and tries to sit up. Four men who can barely walk, suddenly go past him. He lifts a finger at them as if to ask a question but they hurry on by him. Carlo, groggy, shakes his head.

Carlo

(Calling after them as they exit the room)

Hey...whass..whas..up?

Carlo looks around. The entire room's destroyed. Everything's smashed.

Carlo

Musta ben some wedding nightsh. She probly had to call in reforc-in-ments

(Looking pleased with himself)
...I musta put up one helluva struggle..

He passes out again.

CUT TO:

The four hit men are in front of the hotel elevator and one of them hits the button.

THIN HITMAN ONE

The thing I don't get, is why they want us to go down and see the body. I mean hits aren't supposed to work that way.

The elevator arrives and the four men get in.

JOE THE DRIVER

Hey! They just want to make sure. You seen her yourself. Maybe 20 stories into the concrete ain't enough to kill her.

The door closes on his last words.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR-EVENING-SOMEWHERE WEST OF NEW YORK

From the truck window POV we see a sign:

WELCOME TO PENNSYLVANIA.

As it flashes by, the camera switches and now sees the side of the truck. As the camera pulls back, we see it is the same semi-load of watermelons. The still unconscious bride slumbers atop the watermelons as the truck races through the night.

CUT TO:

The four hit men are standing inside a construction site of a parking garage. They look confused. They keep looking back up at the hotel, using their hands to try to figure out the trajectory of the body from where they are up to the honeymoon suite. The site is well lit. There's something odd about the fact that construction work is being Done at night.

In front of them, is a vast expanse of freshly poured concrete. The construction foreman stands on the other side of the pit concrete with a clipboard in his hands and a hard-hat on his head. He stares at them with some malice.

JOE THE DRIVER

Say fellow, we...uh...we thought we saw maybe somebody fall out of a hotel window. You didn't by any chance see no one fall and go splaat did you?

CONSTRUCTION FOREMAN

Hey, if a body was to fall, oh what, maybe 20 stories accidental like, she...uh.. whoever that is....would be like 10 foot deep by now. This concrete isn't set yet.

THIN HITMAN ONE

Better we should have found it but looks like we don't. That could be not so good.

(Suspicious)

How come it's already so deep and it ain't hard yet?

CONSTRUCTION FOREMAN

We made it soft so we could add some special ingredients.

JOE THE DRIVER

What special ingredients?

A hail of bullets from behind them, suddenly strike the hit men, blasting them face forward into the pit of fresh cement.

CONSTRUCTION FOREMAN

You. You guys are the special ingredients.

They are slowly sinking in the concrete, HARRY rolls over and looks up just in time to see a huge bucket loom overhead.

HARRY

Uh-oh.

The bucket suddenly dumps even more concrete on them and they sink out of sight.

CONSTRUCTION FOREMAN

That's a whole lot of uh-oh.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR-LONG ISLAND ESTATE-Don Gemmeto's STUDY-DAY

Don Gemmeto is on the phone.

Don Gemmeto

It's been two days. Nobody's seen her.

(Raging into the phone)

Don't give me that crap about her temperament! Jordana was happy! She wouldn't be gone

unless somebody made her gone!

(Covering the phone and speaking to Minetti)

Mark it down.

(Indicating the guy on the phone)

Add him to the list of people to kill.

Don Gemmeto slams the phone down on the hook and turns to glare angrily at Minetti. The door opens and Constanza and Lorenzo enter the room.

Don Gemmeto

(Looking up at them hopefully)

Any leads?

CONSTANZA

Nothing concrete.

Lorenzo and Constanza share a look. They have a secret smile.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR-DAY-TEXAS-TRUCK STOP PARKING LOT

Jordana lies on her back in the blazing Texas sun. She wakes up, turns her head and finds herself staring at a watermelon. She sits up abruptly. The sudden move sends a wave of pain through her body. She also has a splitting headache.

Jordana

OH MY HEAD! OH MY BLADDER! OH THE SUN! OH MY OH!

In pain, she tries to stand up which isn't easy when you're in a wedding dress and standing in a semi-load of watermelons. She half falls, half climbs out of the back of the truck.

Jordana

(Dizzy)

Where am I? Who am I? How did I get here? And for chrissakes, why do I have to pee so bad?

She leans against the side of the truck, holding her head. She looks around desperately. She is surrounded on both sides by trucks and nobody is visible.

She can't wait.

Jordana

(Having cramps)

OOOOOH! Where's the toilet?...OOOH!

I can't wait!

Holding her dress, she squats down next to the truck tire and starts to pee and just as she does, the truck lurches into gear and pulls away. Jordana watches in dismay as it pulls around to the

gas pumps. The driver jumps out. When she turns back from looking at the truck, she becomes aware a group of tourists exiting a greyhound bus are all staring at her open mouthed. A small child takes her picture with his camera.

CHILD WITH CAMERA

Mommy! Look at the funny lady!

Shocked, the angry parent grabs the camera away from the child and stares disapprovingly at Jordana.

Jordana gets up quickly, very embarrassed, notices for the first time that she is in a wedding dress.

GREYHOUND BUS DRIVER

(As if protecting his passengers)

Can I help you with something miss?

Searching herself for something to wipe with, she discovers packets of money stuffed in her dress. She stares at the envelopes full of cash, completely confused.

GREYHOUND BUS DRIVER

(Suspicious)

Are you alright?

Jordana

I don't think so.

GREYHOUND BUS DRIVER

Do you need help?

Jordana

If you got toilet paper, you could maybe save my life.

GREYHOUND BUS DRIVER

(Jerking his thumb toward the building behind him)

Try the truck stop bathroom. It's a more appropriate place....

She walks in the awkward leg spread apart way of somebody who badly needs toilet paper. It's a decidedly comic walk. People stare at her as she enters the truck stop.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR-TRUCK STOP-WOMEN'S ROOM

Jordana goes quickly into a stall, makes some noise and then comes out. When she looks up,

finds herself facing a mirror. Horrified, she jumps back in alarm.

Jordana
(Shocked)
My God! Do I look like that? Did I always look like that?

The door opens and a Stetson wearing Cowgirl comes in and begins to primp in the mirror.

Cowgirl
(With a strong deep Texas accent)
Whoo, honey! It must have been some wedding! Say, hon, how'd you hurt your head?

Jordana
(Trying to think about it)
I don't remember.

Cowgirl
Boy! You got one hell of a lump there honey! That old rooster of a groom must have rode you right up the headboard.

Jordana touches the side of her head where the lump is.

Jordana
Oooooooooooooooooowwwwwwww! Holy Crap! I've been mugged!

Cowgirl
(Looking concerned)
Are you OK darling? You don't look so good.

Jordana
(Drawing a blank)
Wedding? Why don't I remember any wedding?

Cowgirl
Hell with the wedding! How was the wedding night?

Jordana
(Sadly)
I Don't remember it.

Cowgirl
Jesus, girl! Now that's drunk!

Jordana
I...Don't...remember..but I think I was dumped at the altar cause I sure can't remember any

wedding.

Cowgirl

You poor child! How awful!

Jordana

I don't remember the groom either.

Cowgirl

There's only one thing for it sweetheart. When a bull throws you, get right back on it. Hit the bars! What I always do when I get dumped. Let's face it, men are the pits! If it's got chrome wheels or a penis, you know you're gonna have trouble with it.

Jordana

You talk funny.

Cowgirl

So do you. You surely ain't from nowheres around here.

Jordana

I'm not?

(Remembering the semi-truck)

But..Uh...Well, where am I from then?

Cowgirl

You don't know?

Jordana

(As if finally sinks in)

I...OH GOD! I can't remember anything!

Cowgirl

Gee toots, that clunk on your head must have plumb shook up your memory box.

Jordana

I don't even know who I am!

Cowgirl

Look in your purse.

Jordana

I don't have one.

Cowgirl

How about your pockets?

Jordana

It's a wedding dress. There isn't any.

Cowgirl

Jees, what a mess you're in!

Jordana

(Trying to salvage something)

I got money! For some reason, my dress is full of envelopes. And they're all stuffed with cash.

There is the sound of a truck airhorn.

Cowgirl

Shoot darling, that's my driving partner. I would love to stay and chat but I got a load of watermelons to deliver. A rush job. One of them drive day and night deals. All the way from...

The air horn blasts again, cutting off the rest of the sentence. The sound is so loud it almost sends Jordana to her knees.

Jordana

Wait, watermelons? All the way from? Hey! Wait! I rode on....

She tries to run out the door after her but the sunlight hits her full in the face and she faints.

Jordana wakes up on a bench in front of the bus station. An old Indian woman in a long dress bathes her forehead with a wet bandanna.

INDIAN WOMAN

Poor girl. Somebody hurt you bad. Your head look like second place in two man hatchet fight. You must got man troubles.

Jordana

(Beginning suddenly to cry)

I think I've been dumped at the altar.

(Wailing)

Waaaah! Nobody loves me.

(Sniffing)

And I don't even know who ME is.

INDIAN WOMAN

(Kindly)

It will be OK soon maybe. Love is hard. Hard to be woman, have to marry men. That always a big hardship! Men are like grizzly bears with furniture.

The old woman is obviously very poor. She reaches into a battered old purse and brings out a paper bag. She reaches in and pulls out a piece of fry bread. She opens Jordana's hand and gently puts the fry bread in it.

INDIAN WOMAN

(With a consoling tone)

Here now. don't take on so. You eat my lunch. You need it more than me. You feel better if you eat something. I gotta get along. I got cows to feed. You take care.

The old woman walks away. She looks back at the rather forlorn figure on the bench and saddened turns back to her once again. She digs into her purse as she walks back.

The Indian woman comes out with a very thin coin purse.

INDIAN WOMAN

Man left me once, hurt like anything. Still hurts after all these years.

(She carefully counts out a few coins, putting them in Jordana's hands.)

Girl you go get you a sweet, some good sugar candy to take the bitterness out of your mouth. It don't fix the world, but it make you feel better.

Jordana stares at the change. It's only about a dollar but she realizes it probably is more than the old lady can afford to give away.

As the old woman gives her a parting hug, Jordana pulls an envelope full of cash out of her dress and without the INDIAN WOMAN noticing, covertly slips it into the old woman's battered purse.

Jordana munches on the piece of fry bed and watches the old woman walk away.

Jordana

At least people are nice here, where ever here is.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR-PARKING GARAGE-LOWER LEVEL-DAY

Minetti is standing next to a small stack of dead bodies. Lorenzo and Constanza flank him on each side. They are nervous, sweat oozing from their faces.

A long black limo hurtles into the garage, careening to a stop with a squeal of brakes. The front doors fly open and a bodyguard rushes to open the backdoor of the limo. Don Gemmeto gets out, followed closely by Carlo who sees the bodies and goes deathly pale.

Don Gemmeto

WELL?

Minetti

They didn't know nothing.
(Looking back at the bodies)
And now they know even less.

Don Gemmeto

Somebody kidnapped her. Who was it? That's what I want to know. Which of the families done this insult!

(Motioning at the bodies)

Don't let me break your concentration. You just keep shooting people til you find out something.

Carlo

I could do some asking around myself, maybe I could.....

Don Gemmeto

(Turning on him in fury, already sick of the sight of him)

Oh shut your greasy yap!

(Grabbing him by the neck)

If I thought you had anything to do with this you wouldn't even be here, you'd be in a weenie roast in hell!

Carlo looks like he might faint.

Don Gemmeto

(Staring into the distance past Constanza and Lorenzo)

I AM going to find out and when I do I am gonna make lasagna out of somebody's family jewels!

Unconsciously, both Constanza and Lorenzo, protectively glance down at their crotches.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR-TEXAS SMALL TOWN STREET-DAY

Jordana walks into town with a lollipop in her mouth. She stops in front of a squat ugly building that is a bar/ cafe combination.

There's a hand lettered sign in the window:

HELP WANTED. BARTENDER.
NO BINGE DRINKERS NEED APPLY.
BAR AND BUILDING FOR SALE.
GOOD BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY.
L.Q. PINTO, OWNER/TAXIDERMIST.
THE MAN TO SEE TO GET STUFFED.

Jordana

(Speaking to herself)

If somebody dumped me at the altar there must be something wrong with me. I should get a job. Be responsible. Be dignified. That's it.

(She tosses away her lollipop)

It'll be good for my self esteem.

She tugs her wedding dress up with determination, goes through the door. It is a bar on one side, with a fairly rundown cafe filling the other half. A blonde woman with one breast noticeably larger than the other, is serving coffee to a couple of drunken cowboys on the cafe side. A handsome man named Jack Daniels stands behind the bar. Except for a man passed out on top of the bar at one end, the bar is empty.

She walks over to the bar, putting herself squarely in front of the bartender.

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

I am here about the bartending job.

Jack.

You have any experience?

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

I don't remember.

Jack

What do you mean you don't remember?

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

I mean. I've got amnesia. I can't remember anything.

Jack

Don't sound like much of a resume.

(Self importantly)

I can't let just anybody serve drinks. You gotta know stuff.

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

How hard can it be?

Jack

Sorry. Don't think I can use you.

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

Bastard!

Jack

Thanks for noticing. And thanks for thinking of us. Scoot out any time you want.

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

(Suddenly getting an idea)

The sign says this place is for sale. How much is it?

The bartender points to the cowboy who's sprawled out across the bar top, passed out.

Jack

Ask Pinto. It's his bar. I just work for him.

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

(Looking dubious)

He looks drunk.

Jack

Looks ain't deceiving. He's pickled in it.

She goes over and nudges the sleeping man. Startled, he rolls over and falls behind the bar. L. Q. comes up with a shotgun, waving it wildly. Looking demented he lets off one round but it goes into the ceiling because the bartender jerked the gun barrel up just in time.

After a short struggle, Jack Daniels wrests it from his hands.

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

What's the gun for?

Jack

Sometimes we have rodent problems.

L.Q. PINTO

(A strong Texas accent)

Who are you missy?

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

I don't....not sure.....oh...never mind who I am....this jerk won't give me a job.

L.Q. PINTO

Tits!

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

What?

L.Q PINTO

Women have tits. I seen some once.

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

(Looking at the bartender)

He doesn't track very well does he?

Jack

Hell, this is fairly coherent for him.

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

I don't suppose you'd give me a job either?

L.Q. PINTO

Stuffed and mounted.

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

What?

L.Q. PINTO

Hells afire, it's against the law to have women stuffed and mounted. Shame!

(Enjoying the memory)

There's some big 'uns out there.

She grabs him by the arm, almost jerking him over the bar.

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

Hey mister! I asked you a question! Is this bar for sale?

Finally noticing her. He throws her hand off.

L.Q. PINTO

(After a little thought)

Bar, restaurant, building and parking lot....all in one toot.

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

How much?

L.Q. PINTO

More than you got. Hey! Is that a wedding dress?

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

Damn it! How much?

L.Q. PINTO

45,000 cash money!

She digs into her bra and begins shoveling money onto the bar. She counts out the money in thousands til she reaches 45,000. PINTO and Jack Daniel's jaws both drop.

L.Q. PINTO
IS...IS IT REAL?

(Suddenly it sinks in)

LAWDY! NEVER SEEN SO MUCH CASH MONEY IN MY WHOLE LIFE! I was kinda just kidding.

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

I wasn't kidding. Did I buy a bar or what?

L.Q. PINTO suddenly very sober in the presence of real money puts his battered cowboy hat reverently over the cash on the bar. He keeps shaking his head, amazed at this sudden windfall.

L.Q. PINTO

Jack! She's probably escaped from a loony bin. I'll be right back with a lawyer and the deed. Son, don't let her get away no how! Don't let her leave, whatever you do!

Jack

What you want me to do? Sit on her?

L.Q. PINTO runs out the bar like his pants are on fire.

Jack

Where did you get that kind of money?

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

I don't know.

Jack

You seem to know a whole lot of nothing.

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

What can I tell you. I woke up with a headache, a lump on my head the size of a Volvo, a bridal gown and a bra stuffed with envelopes of cash. Other than that, it's all a blank.

Jack

You sound like something from a UFO.

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

That would explain a lot. Such as I think I'm not from here. Where are we by the way?

Jack
Whereup Texas, Population 271, not counting Indians.

BRIDE WITH NO NAME
Why don't you count Indians?

Jack
Cause we just don't. You really buying this bar?

BRIDE WITH NO NAME
Well you wouldn't give me a job.

Jack
Christ! That means I work for you. That settles it.....I quit!

BRIDE WITH NO NAME
What do you mean, you quit?

Jack
I ain't working for a woman. No woman is gonna tell me what to do.

BRIDE WITH NO NAME
What's wrong with you? Did your mother drop you on your head when you were a baby or something?

Jack
Ain't nothing wrong with me. I am just independent.

BRIDE WITH NO NAME
JACK ASS!

Jack
JACKASS-OLETTE! And I don't take sass from women neither.

BRIDE WITH NO NAME
But you can't quit! I don't know anything about running a bar!

Jack
Then why did you buy it?

BRIDE WITH NO NAME
I don't know. I may be an impulse shopper. Couldn't you just stay on? Just til I learn what to do?

Jack

No way!

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

I could offer you real money.

Jack

Don't bet on it.

The bar doors bang open and L.Q. PINTO races into the room clutching a sheaf of papers. He is half dragging a paunchy, runt of a man in a badly rumpled suit. The man has the hungry look of a seldom employed and decidedly seedy lawyer.

L.Q. PINTO

I got the deed, the title and the transfer of liquor license. Thank god almighty, she's still here!

L.Q. runs over to the bar, lifts up his hat, sees the money is still there, looks skyward as if thanking God, slams the hat back down protectively on the money

L.Q. PINTO.

Let the chips fall where they may, little lady, you done bought yourself a bizness.

He suddenly looks paranoid. He looks over at the cafe side of the room and stares at the woman working behind the counter. He clears his throat, looking stricken.

L.Q PINTO

And some time later, after we conclude our bizness, you may wanna mention to that...

(Unsure how to describe her)

to that ugly ass old....uh....to.....hmmm..

(Thinking better of it)

Well, you just tell that woman over there you bought the cafe too and now she works for you. Never you mind any of her sass. She tends bar here too.

Jack

(Disapprovingly)

I thought there had to be some kind of background check for a liquor license?

L.Q. PINTO

Now Jack, don't be trying to put the kabosh on it. It's already a Done deal. I Done some arranging, is all.

(Pointing at the bride)

Say hello to Sam Houston's only great grand-daughter. Lies don't come no better than that one.

Jack

Is that enough of a background check?

LAWYER

(With oily assurance)

This is Texas. All you need for a liquor license is to be two things. Not actually in league with the devil against big oil and not actually dead. In my best legal certifying opinion, I assess that she don't look dead to me.

(Looking smug)

As for the other, she don't 'pear to be much of a threat to the oil bizness.

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

Where do I sign? Hey? How can I sign my name when I don't know it?

LAWYER

A mere technicality. I left it blank. If something occurs to you, fill it in any old time you feel like it. For now just a little blot of ink in the specified places, just don't make it too readable!

Later you can affirm it is your legal signature and we are done here.

She shrugs, assuming that they must know what they're talking about. She bends over and scribbles which affords the lawyer a chance to look down her dress.

The lawyer snatches up each document as she signs it. L.Q. is guarding the hat and the money.

The lawyer moves closer so he can get a better look down her dress.

Finally, she signs the last paper.

The LAWYER nods at L. Q. He whoops, scoops the money up in his hat and he and the lawyer dash out of the room before the ink is even dry on the documents.

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

(A little stunned)

That was fast. So fast, I forgot to ask. What's the name of this place?

Jack

It's called THE DARE OR DIE.

And until just recently, it was a mighty good place to work.

(Shaking his head sadly)

I'll finish out the day but I'll want my wages for the week, before I go.

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

Well give me a drink then. Maybe I will learn something from watching you serve it. Dumb as you are, it probably only takes about 10 seconds to learn how to be a bartender

Jack

Never did care much for bossy big city women!

(As if daring her)

What do you think ya want to drink?

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

I don't know.

Jack
What do you like?

BRIDE WITH NO NAME
I can't remember what there is to like.

Jack
(Sarcastic)
Do you even drink?

BRIDE WITH NO NAME
(Exasperated)
Just give me something! Anything mixed, how do I know what! What do you like to drink?
Give me one of whatever the hell that is!

Jack
(Trying to pick something she won't like)
I like boilermakers.

BRIDE WITH NO NAME
What's that?

Jack
It's a glass of beer and a shot glass of whiskey dropped into it.

She motions for him to bring her one. He puts a mug of beer in front of her and pours a double shot of whiskey into a glass and plunks it down in front of her.

She grabs the whiskey, upends it, chugs it down. She chases it with almost the entire mug of beer.

Jack
(Staring at her in disbelief)
Well, hell you didn't do it right! Supposed to drink them together but
(Shrugging)
Hell, at that speed, you kinda did. Just so you know, there ain't no expiration date on whiskey.
You can drink it slower. Trust me it don't spoil.

BRIDE WITH NO NAME
Is that a Texas drink? I don't think I've ever had one before.

Jack
Wanna try something else? I mean, you aren't gonna fall over after just the one drink are you?

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

You're beginning to piss me off. Give me something else, I can take it.

Jack

How about something city fancy? You know, a real sophisticated drink?

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

Like what?

Jack

Like a rum and coke.

He slops some Coke in a glass and pours what has to be at least three shots of rum into a glass. He flings an ice cube in it and sets it down in front of her.

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

(Picking up the drink)

If that's all there is to bartending, I could train a dog to do that.

She upends the drink and belts it down. When the glass is empty, she catches the last little drop with her tongue.

Jack

(A touch concerned)

You better take it easy. Maybe you ain't used to this.

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

There you go being all Texas macho again.

Jack

Women are supposed to drink more dainty like. You drink kinda like a timber wolf.

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

I can match you.

(A beat)

Yeah...I could probably drink your sorry Texas ass under the table.

Jack

Ain't no woman on God's green earth, can drink me under the table.

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

Put up or shut up, I say. Wanna make a little bet?

Jack

I never refuse a bet, even with addled headed city women.

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

If I drink you under the table, you have to stay and work for me until I learn the business.

Jack

You're going to be so passed out, let me tell you. But I pay for my own drinks. I don't let no woman buy me a drink. Never want to owe nothing to a woman.

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

You must have some story, about some woman somewhere. Remind me not to ask you about it, ever.

(Staring at him defiantly)

What's it gonna be, you afraid to take me on?

Jack

What's the exact bet?

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

First one to pass out, loses. You pass out first, you work for me until I say you can quit.

Jack

And if you pass out first, what do I get?

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

If you see something you like, take it.

Jack

I'll settle for my paycheck and the pleasure of seeing your drunken snoot pinned to the floor.

He gives a large wolf whistle and waves at the waitress on the cafe side of the bar. ALMOST LARGE MARGE looks up from behind the lunch counter.

Jack

Can you cover the bar for me the rest of the night ALMOST LARGE MARGE? I'm going on a toot.

MARGE

Hell sure yes. Drink some for me.

Jack

And run a tab on my bar bill for me too.

MARGE

You paying for drinks Jack? What's wrong with you? Get bit by a rabid dog?

Jack

No. I'm just drinking with one.

(Turning back to the bride)

Now you just sit there. I am two behind. Let me catch up. You need all the help you can get.

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

Asshole!

Jack

Asshole-ette!

CUT TO:

There are two long rows of empty beer bottles on the bar. The camera glides down until it reaches Jack who plunks another empty in his row. That last bottle makes the row even again.

JACK looks absolutely pie eyed. He gets up abruptly and weaves in the general direction of the bathroom.

Jack

(Shouting back at the other contestant)

I gotta shake the dew off my lily.

ALMOST LARGE MARGE is standing behind the bar.

MARGE

(Confidentially)

You know honey, I like a woman that cheats. Jack is a bit of a shit but he's a good natured shit.

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

(Trying not to stare at the one breast that is twice the size of the other one)

Don't...hic...know what..you're talking about.

MARGE

Don't give me that sweetie! Say, are your breasts drunk? You dumped maybe two drinks in your cleavage for every one of his! I'm rooting for you kid but I sure do hope that wedding dress came with a drain.

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

(Unable not to mention it)

Speaking of drunken..uh...your...uh

(Confused, as to what to call them, points at her chest)

MARGE

(Thrusting out her chest, pin pointing the object of discussion)

Well, it was my husband. He lost interest in me and I guessed it was cause my breasts weren't sizable enough. He was seeing some younger woman whose breasts kinda pointed at the sky, if you get my drift. Figured I'd get me one of them breast enhancements and win him back. But when I went in for it, I didn't have enough cash money. I could only afford half of it, so I got the one breast done and I am saving up for the other. That's why everybody calls me ALMOST LARGE MARGE. But one of these days I am gonna have me a matched rack!

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

(Slurring her words)

S'good you plained it. Was afraid I was be-beginning-ing to see things.

Jack comes back from the restroom, with his shirt tail stuck in his zipper. He's very drunk.

MARGE

Tain't bad tho. Most men see me this way, figure they had too much to drink. It has a sobering effect.

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

I think Texas is a very...hic...strange...hic....place.

Jack

(Belligerent)

Hey don't bad mouth it! Texas is a great place to be!

MARGE

If you're a cow turd.

CUT TO:

The line of empty beer bottles has grown. Jack tries to set another bottle in the row but he's having problems. He's about three feet too far from the bar to even reach it let alone place a bottle on it. They're both standing at the bar. If it wasn't there to prop them up, they'd fall down. LARGE MARGE stands behind the bar staring at them with keen disapproval.

MARGE

Jack, I think you oughta concede. Pears to me, you been definitely overserved!

Jack

(Trying to look outraged at the thought)

Hell you say. I am just begin...

(His eyes glaze)

Urgh. Give me nother..

(He tries to hold up his finger, to signal for another beer)
Finger still pointing up, he goes over backwards, out cold.

MARGE
We have a winner!

LARGE MARGE grabs her arm and lifts it up to signify her victory. She is so drunk the hand stays up. LARGE MARGE has to reach over and pull it down.

BRIDE WITH NO NAME
Know what.....I think....after ser-ser-serious thought...that I probabobbly dr--dr dr--ink...I mean I dink..
...I have dink...I am a dinker...

MARGE
Honey you won but you're drunker than an owl. You oughta lie down for you fall down.

BRIDE WITH NO NAME
I am not am not drunkkkk. I can still passh sobiety test. Wanna see me think inna straight line?
She points straight, her eyes cross and she dives after her finger, passing out cold on top of Jack.

MARGE
(Looking at them fondly)
Romance fries my butt. Just a couple of love struck babies. Yessiree, they got it bad!

CUT TO:

INTERIOR-HOLIDAY INN-Carlo's HOTEL ROOM

Carlo and Ginger are by the bed. Ginger is struggling to take her clothes off but Carlo physically restrains her.

Carlo
I think MAYBE you got the wrong idea. I meant when I said you should come over and talk, I meant really talk.

Ginger
(Trying to take off her shirt)
Sounds kinky. We never did a talking thing.

Carlo
(Giving her a shove)
I'm not kidding here Ginger. Fa chrissakes, keep your clothes on. This is serious.

Ginger

I always get serious when I take my clothes off. What's with you anyways?

Carlo

I got this idea maybe the Don is thinking my marriage is not on the up and up. I get the crazy feeling like he's having me watched or something.

Ginger

You are such a worrier.

Carlo

Well, nonetheless, I think we gotta stop seeing each other for a while.

Ginger

You mean like, a whole day?

Carlo

I mean like a whole lifetime.

Behind them, the closet door opens and two of the Don's men peer out at them. One of them holds a movie camera and the other holds a cell phone that is open, turned toward them, obviously transmitting what is being said.

Ginger

(Throwing her arms open to embrace him)

Listen sweetpants! How's that big old bad Don gonna find you when you're safe in little Ginger's arms.

Carlo

(Giving in)

Well when you put it that way, screw the Don and his crappy daughter too!

The faces of the two hidden hoods mirror outright hostility. The hand holding the cell phone trembles as it's withdrawn. The closet door silently closes, leaving Carlo and Ginger blissfully unaware.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR-DARE OR DIE BAR-MORNING

The morning sun streams through the bar window, hitting Jack squarely in the eyes. His eyes open and he jerks in pain but is constrained. Her legs dangle on each side of his head, trapping it. His nose is almost in her crotch. Apparently it is a terrifying sight. Jack frantically backpedals, trying to swim out from under her. The effort seems to jar her awake as well. She

pulls her head out from between his legs, and groans.

Jack
Hell, you musta won. If I'm on the bottom,
I musta passed out first. Christ O mighty,
get off of me!

He gives her a shove and she rolls over and her head hits the
bar with a solid clunk.

BRIDE WITH NO NAME
(In a loud whisper)
OOOOO....My head. Stop shouting.
(Trying to sit up)
Won what?

Jack
The bet. You beat me. It's humiliating.

BRIDE WITH NO NAME
And painful! I won. Swell. So the first thing is, now that you
work for mequit shouting!

Jack
(Also whispering)
Anything you say boss. Hard to have to admit it, but there it is. You beat me fair and square.

BRIDE WITH NO NAME
I'm glad I won, I think, but I didn't think you'd really pay up.

Jack
(Offended)
DAMN HELL! This is Texas. Man who don't honor his bets ain't much of a man.

BRIDE WITH NO NAME
Great. Did you ever tell me your name? Although if I can't remember mine,
(Wincing with pain)
why should I know yours?

Jack
It's Jack Daniels. Just like the drink.

BRIDE WITH NO NAME
(In pain)
Stop shouting.

Jack

What do I call you? I mean I gotta call you some kind of name.

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

Why?

Jack

You're the boss. I gotta call you something.

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

Hey, if you're named after a drink, me too. You pick one out for me.

Jack

(Studying the whiskey bottle labels)

You wanna be called SOUTHERN COMFORT?

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

NO!

Jack

FOUR ROSES?

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

What's that?

Jack

It's a whiskey.

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

Call me Rose.

Jack

That a first name or a last name?

BRIDE WITH NO NAME

Oooh! My head! Hell with it! Let's make it both.

Jack

Rose Rose. Makes sense, since you ain't too hot at remembering, you might as well make it easy on yourself.

She is Rose Rose hereafter. She abruptly stands up, a strange look on her face. As if having a revelation.

Rose Rose

Suddenly I remembered something!

Jack
What?

Rose Rose
(holding her head)
Ooooh, my head! I've had hangovers before!

Jack
At least you remember the important things.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR-ALLEY-BEHIND THE DARE OR DIE BAR

Rose Rose is bent over a fence, revisting the beers she consumed in the contest with Jack.
LARGE MARGE holds her hair.

MARGE
Your wardrobe is showing signs of wear. You can borrow some things of mine.

Rose Rose
Ulp. Uh...
(Coming up for air)
Clothes first. I am so damn icky. Then I need to find a place to stay.

MARGE
Honey, you already got a place. L.Q. had a furnished apartment upstairs.
(Motioning to a rickety stairway leading upstairs)
L.Q. moved out last night while you was drinking yourself silly. He didn't take nothing with him. He was traveling light.

Rose Rose
(Worn out)
He seemed in a terrible hurry to sell me the bar. Can I see the room? I need to lie down. Things are still spinning.

LARGE MARGE steadies her and then ushers her towards the wooden steps.

MARGE
The door won't be locked. L.Q. never had anything anybody would want to steal.

Rose Rose makes her way unsteadily up the stairs. At the top of the landing, she has to stop and rest.

MARGE

Honey, you did know there's about 80,000 in back taxes owed on this place? I sure hope your wardrobe has enough envelopes to cover it. I bet the polecat never mentioned it.

Rose Rose

(Cramping, bent over the railing but managing not to hurl yet again)

Uh, no.

MARGE.

Men can be such shits.

LARGE MARGE pushes open the apartment door and helps her through the door.

The room is decorated in a style that might be categorized as cowboy awful. Empty feed sacks, bits of harness, stuffed animals with arrows sticking out of them. Piles of old horseshoes, empty bottles, old boots and dirty dishes that may have been there since the forties. The chairs are saddles and the bed is bales of hay with sheets thrown over it.

Rose Rose

(Shocked)

This isn't a room. It's a stable.

LARGE MARGE

(Apologetically)

Well, L.Q. Pinto, was a touch horsey. Touch hell! He thought he was a palomino.

Rose Rose

Woops!

(As if trying to keep something from coming up her throat)

Where's the bathroom?

LARGE MARGE motions to a door. Rose Rose doesn't wait. She rushes over and opens it. Jack's asleep with his arms around the toilet bowl.

MARGE

You and Jack, share a bath. Didn't I mention that?

Rose Rose

(Making a face)

Oh no, not with him!

LARGE MARGE goes over and unwraps Jack from the toilet. She gets him by the feet and drags him across the bathroom. She kicks open the door that leads to Jack's apartment, heaves him through the door and slams it shut.

MARGE

Now, don't act like your dog just died. Trust me, it'll work out.

Rose Rose suddenly dashes past LARGE MARGE. MARGE lets her by and steps quickly out, closing the door behind her. There's the sound of someone violently wrenching.

MARGE

(Speaking to herself)

If there was ever two people destined to do the big nasty on the what not shelf, it's them two.

The door slams open. A very pale Rose Rose comes out.

Rose Rose

(With a show of defiance)

I heard that! I..I hate that man!

MARGE

I've hated men like that too. Then it goes so fast afterwards you can't remember who got undressed first.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR-SITTING ROOM-Don Gemmeto'S LONG ISLAND ESTATE

Don Gemmeto is sitting by the fireplace, stirring the fire with a brass poker. A very elegant meal sits untasted on a tray beside him.

Minetti, his bodyguard comes in, sees the trays and looks concerned.

Minetti

It's been weeks. And you don't hardly eat nothing. Boss I am getting worried about you.

Don Gemmeto

(Snarling, snapping at him)

Get out of here! Leave me alone!

Minetti

(Refusing to go)

I go when you eat something.

Don Gemmeto turns on him with sudden rage but he relents. His shoulders slump in wearied defeat.

Don Gemmeto

OK stay, what the hell! I promise I'll eat something.

Don Gemmeto flings the poker violently into the fireplace and turns to face Minetti.

Don Gemmeto
It's my fault she's gone. I didn't give her a happy life.

Minetti
(Sticking up for him)
Hey you was busy. You had money to make, people to whack.

Don Gemmeto
(Bitterly ironic)
Shooting people for a living isn't much of a living.

Minetti
We'll find her boss, I swear.

Don Gemmeto
(Grieving)
I miss her. If I could do it all over, I'd do better at the father thing. If she's alive, and I pray she is, when I find her, I'll make it up to her, I swear.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR-DARE AND DIE BAR-SATURDAY NIGHT

It is a raucous and very busy Saturday night. The bar and cafe are both packed. Rose Rose looking very comfortable behind the bar, deftly makes a complicated cocktail. She upends two whiskey decanters, pours, spins the bottles with a professional flourish and then hands out the drink to her customer.

Jack watches her with admiration. The bar itself has been transformed. The broken bar lights and tattered signs are gone. There are new neon lights behind the bar and its looks very much improved, obviously because of her influence. The bar and restaurant are both crowded with cowboys and townspeople.

Jack
(Standing close enough to speak only to her)
You know, in the last month you've made real progress. I mean you learn fast. You could manage the bar all by your lonesome if you were of a mind to.

Rose Rose
(Bothered by the idea)

You saying you want to leave?

Jack

Oh hell no. I wasn't thinking that. I'm used to having you around. Fact is..you're....oh hell, I ain't got no plans to leave.

Rose Rose

I wouldn't want you to go.

Jack

Still don't remember anything?

Rose Rose

Some days I wish I remembered something. But it feels like I'm gaining more than I lost. Maybe I wasn't happy being who I used to be. Maybe I'm better off just being somebody else.

Jack

Well, if it counts for anything, since you come aboard, we're doing almost twice the business.

An Indian family comes into the bar. There's a harried looking woman and two thin children. The man carries a large woven basket with Indian pots. Some of the pots contain cacti. The pottery is beautifully decorated with Indian designs.

INDIAN WOMAN

(Motioning towards the cafe)

Is it OK if I try to sell some things?

(Looking at Jack)

I have some nice pots here. Or I would trade some for food.

(Looking scared)

Don't be angry. I wouldn't ask but my children are hungry.

Rose Rose

It's my bar. Why would somebody be angry?

INDIAN MAN

(To his wife)

I heard about her. She's not from around here. She don't know.

Rose Rose

Don't know what?

Jack

(Trying to explain)

You see, kinda the way everything runs here is...

Rose Rose
How much for all the pots?

ROSE stares at Jack who looks uncomfortable. The couple whisper back and forth. Almost afraid to ask, the woman holds up 6 fingers.

Rose Rose
(To JACK)
Get six hundred out of the till Jack and pay her.

INDIAN WOMAN
(Looking stricken)
No. A mistake! I meant sixty dollars!

Rose Rose
I'm never wrong! 600, not a penny less. And I can fix the hungry part too.
(Calling out to LARGE MARGE on the cafe side)
These people are coming over to eat. Give'em anything they want. It's on the house.

LARGE MARGE's mouth drops open and she drops a tray of dishes. Suddenly the noisy bar and cafe go quiet. Everybody turns and stares at Rose Rose.

INDIAN WOMAN
Please no! We don't want to make trouble.

Jack
See there's things that you....

Rose Rose
I am beginning to smell a Texas rat.

Three cowboys get up from the cafe and come sauntering towards the group at the bar. The Indian children react with fright and try to hide behind their parents.

CATTLEMAN NED
Excuse me ma'am, I think you just misspoke. I understand you're new in town so I don't hold it against you but as head of the cattleman's association, I'm letting you know that Indians don't come into this establishment. Likely they got their own establishments. They don't need to be in ours.

The second man steps up. Self important, he's used to getting his way. He's Mayor CHARLES PURCELL.

PURCELL
I'm Charles Purcell. I'm the mayor and I run the hotel in town. I don't allow them in my place

either. It's just how it is. This is my boy Cletus. I wouldn't want him to see you setting a bad example, now would I?

Rose Rose
It's always been this way?

PURCELL
And its gonna continue to be that way.
(To his son)
Shoo em out Cletus!

The Indian family's already in motion, heading for the door.

Rose Rose
Are you the strongest men in town?

It's a strange question and it stops them momentarily.

PURCELL
How do you mean that?

Rose Rose
I assume you're all Texas through and through. People look up to you. The three of you are tough as nails, your word is good. And that you are betting men, am I right?

PURCELL
What the Sam hell is this in aid of?

Rose Rose
I'll arm wrestle you for it.

CLETUS
(Not very bright, flexing his muscles)
She's gone soft in the head.

Rose Rose
Hell! You're not afraid of a bet are you.

PURCELL
Hell no, we're sporting men. I ain't never turned down a bet in my life.

Rose Rose
So here it is then. I'll arm wrestle all three of you.

She motions to the cattleman, who is the scrawniest of the three men.

Rose Rose
(Continuing)

I win against you, Mr. head of the cattlemen, then Indians are welcome in my bar and cafe with no questions asked. I wrestle you MAYOR Purcell and when I win, the whole damn town, has to honor it. Indians can go anywhere, do anything, any place in town, no exceptions. I win and Indians get counted in.

She indicates the third man who is remarkably big, heavy muscled and towers over the other men. He's the least bright of the men but physically very strong.

Rose Rose
(Continuing, indicating CLETUS)

And then when I beat this one, I want you all to be personally responsible, as three of the strongest men in the county, to make sure everybody abides by it. Is it a bet?

CATTLEMAN NED

You saying you beat us all or you get nothing?

Rose Rose
Sure.

PURCELL

You must drink a lot of what you sell. Nedthere by hisself will probably rip your arm off. Ain't likely I'd get a chance but if I did which wouldn't never happen, I would by God paralyze ya. And as for Cletus. Hell! Cletus can lift a bull!

Rose Rose
Chickening out then. Afraid a woman might kick your ass.

PURCELL

Why you poisonous little...Why hell no! It's a bet!

Jack
Gentlemen, unlikely as this may sound. I wouldn't take that bet if I was you.

PURCELL

Even Jack sounds drunk.

Jack reaches into his pocket and pulls out five bucks.

Jack
I'm putting five bucks on her.

Rose Rose

(Faking a Texas accent)
Why ain't you sweet!

INDIAN WOMAN
(Apologetically)
Listen there's no need of this. We didn't want to make trouble.

Rose Rose opens the cash register and counts out 600dollars and offers it to the Indian family. Reluctantly the Indian woman takes the money and then makes as if to leave. She looks thankful but worried.

ROSE ROSE
(Looking determined)
You can grab a booth. I'll have you eating before you can blink. This isn't about trouble. It's about lunch and a lollipop.

Everybody stares at her, not understanding what she's said, but Rose Rose knows exactly what she means by it.

CLETUS
(Digging into his jeans)
You want odds on the bet Jack?

Jack
Let's keep it even. You're gonna need all the help you can get.

CUT TO: INTERIOR-DARE OR DIE BAR-NIGHT

Customers are helping Jack move tables so that there is one table centered squarely in the room. This is where the arm wrestling is to happen. ROSE shoves two chairs under the table as Jack centers it.

Jack
(Speaking so only she can hear)
Why is this so important to you?

ROSE
I may not know who I am... but at least I know who I am against.

NED, head of the Cattleman's Association comes up to the table and makes an elaborate show of removing his sheepskin-lined jacket and rolling back his shirts sleeves. Despite his age, his arms bulge with heavy muscles when he flexes them. NED takes a seat, puts an arm down on the table, waiting for her.

CATTLEMEN NED

I may have a few miles on me but I can still lick my weight in wild cats. This is gonna hurt you worse than it is me.

Rose Rose takes a seat across from him. She looks undaunted by the size of him.

Rose Rose
(Ominously)
I wouldn't count on that if I were you.

Jack stands beside the table ready to act as judge and the referee.

Jack
All right, here's how she's gonna go. One elbow on the table. I count backwards from three. On one you let her rip. When your hand hits the table, you lose. That's the only rule.

Rose Rose
That's all the rules?

Jack
Use what you got. It ain't complicated.

The room is full, everyone crowding around to watch. The only ones seated are the four Indians who look tense and uncomfortable. NED looks amused when he sees the size of her arms. The mood of the crowd seems to indicate the outcome is a foregone conclusion. Nobody expects her to win.

Jack
On my mark.
Three.
Two.

Rose Rose slams both her feet onto NED's boot. He jerks in sudden agony. She really stomped his foot hard. Thrown by the fierce pain, he's too stunned to move his arm.

Jack
ONE!

Rose Rose slams his hand against the table so hard his knuckles bruise.

CATTLEMAN NED
(Outraged)
Why you damn little cheater!
(Holding his foot)
I think you broke my toes!

Rose Rose

If you want to admit, I outsmarted you, go ahead. This is one wildcat you couldn't lick.

Jack

Nothing in the rules as I read 'em says she didn't win, Ned

PURCELL

Oh hell, let it go Ned. I'll wax her ass and be done with it.

NED gets up and limps away as PURCELL smiles and sits down across from her. He puts his arm up and then carefully makes a show of withdrawing his feet.

PURCELL

Well, missy, your little trick won't work on me. I didn't exactly fall off a turnip truck you know.

He spits contemptuously on the floor.

Jack

I'll put another ten on her. Any takers?

Nobody takes the bet but the mood of the crowd has changed. Now they look a little less certain that she'll lose.

PURCELL leans in, trying to intimidate her, very determined to do her in.

The disparity in size between PURCELL and Rose Rose is glaringly obvious. Her hand almost disappears in his.

Jack

On my mark.

Three.

Rose Rose plunges forward and kisses PURCELL full on the lips. It's a fierce, seering, passionate kiss. PURCELL's eyes cross.

Jack

(Smiling)

Two.

One.

Rose Rose, still kissing, suddenly jerks her arm and PURCELL's numb arm slams down on the table. It hits the table so hard PURCELL's hat falls off. ROSE drops back into her seat, letting go of his hand and wiping the back of her hand across her mouth.

Rose Rose

You taste like turnips. Are you sure you weren't on that truck?

CLETUS

Why she ain't nothing but a goddamn cheater! Pa, don't just set there! Do something about it!

PURCELL

(Touching his lips in wonder)

It's good cheating though. You gotta admire her style.

LARGE MARGE

I got twenty bucks she takes all three.

She waves a twenty dollar bill in the air.

Rose Rose

(Looking desperate as the size and malevolence of
CLETUS registers on her)

Can I bet against myself?

LARGE MARGE sees the look of doubt in her face. She bends over and whispers in her ear. Rose Rose seems to listen because suddenly she looks more confident.

She gets up abruptly, moves behind the bar. She pours herself a drink. Then suddenly drops below the bar. JACK notices it. When she comes up, she looks different in her appearance. Her shirt's no longer tucked into her jeans. She downs the whiskey shot and moves back to the table.

CLETUS

I'll cover any bets! By God, I am gonna rip her limb from limb.

(Pointing at her with a finger thick as a tree branch)

I'm gonna put such a hurt on you!

Jack

Hell, it's like shooting ducks in a store window. I'll put a hundred on her, Cletus.

CLETUS takes his seat at the table. He is so huge his belly pushes the table away from him. His arms are like the boles of oak trees.

CLETUS

(Snorting derisively)

Easiest hundred I ever made.

NED and PURCELL are whispering together. PURCELL takes something out of NED'S sheepskin Jacket.

PURCELL

Here you go son. This ought to help.

PURCELL holds up a roll of duct tape. He tears off a piece and plasters it across CLETUS'S mouth. He struggles against it but allows it to happen.

PURCELL

Trust me. It ain't safe without it. You just keep your feet back. Lean away from her. Son, don't let her get too close to you. This foolishness has gotta end right now! Kick her ass boy! Make me proud.

Rose Rose seems very nervous. Jack seeing it, looks concerned.

Jack

Do what you got to do to win Cletus, but don't hurt her!

CLETUS

(Muffled by tape, but full of menace)

GONNA MURDERIZE...HER!

Jack hesitates, afraid for her sake but she smiles at him.

She puts one hand under the table and grins at CLETUS which makes him look even more fierce.

CLETUS grabs her hand so roughly she winces in pain. Jack looks upset. He gets into position between them, ready to start the count.

Jack

On my mark.

Three.

Two.

The camera has drifted behind her, focusing on CLETUS'S face over her shoulder. Rose Rose suddenly jerks her other hand and her shirt flies open, exposing her breasts.

CLETUS is so stunned that his eyes are wide as dinner plates. He's got the look of someone who's just peed on an electric fence. He's paralyzed, eyes riveted on her chest.

Jack

ONE.

Rose Rose slams CLETUS'S hand so hard on the table that CLETUS falls sideways off his chair.

There is a stunned silence in the bar. CLETUS raises his head, high enough so that his eyes can focus over the edge of the table at her chest. He seems momentarily unaware that he has lost.

PURCELL whacks him on the head with his hat as Rose Rose hurriedly closes her shirt.

PURCELL

You goggle eyed ijit! She made a chump out of you!

With the breasts no longer in sight, CLETUS regains consciousness. Suddenly aware that she has made a complete fool out of him, he comes at her. He towers over her, starting a hard vicious punch which does not connect.

Jack blocks it with one hand and then hits CLETUS in the face with a punch so fueled by anger that CLETUS's eyes roll up in his head and he falls over backwards, out cold.

PURCELL

(Staring at CLETUS on the floor)

Jesus, Jack, have you lost your mind?

Jack

I lost something, that's for sure. But not as much as you're all gonna lose if you don't accept that she won.

PURCELL

Cletus when he wakes up, is gonna take what you did awful personal.

People ain't gonna be happy about this. You ought not to be siding--

Jack flexes his hand. His knuckles are bruised.

Jack

How long you think you boys could live here if it got around that you welshed on bets?

NED and PURCELL stand over the body of CLETUS, stunned by what Jack has said. They exchange a look.

PURCELL

Christ! He's right. A bet is a goddamn bet!

CATTLEMEN NED

We're screwed! We gotta honor the damn bet or be tit deep in cowpiss!

PURCELL

Never occurred to me she could win. We been sucker punched!

Rose Rose

But I did win, you gotta admit that.

PURCELL seems to be thinking about it. He sighs and looks around at the faces of the crowd. He puts his hat back on his head with an air of sadness and finality. NED meets his eyes. They nod in agreement. They have no choice.

CATTLEMAN NED

Oh hell! She won the bet. She wants what she wants. We might as well let her have it!

PURCELL

(Obviously charmed by her)

You may not be a proper lady Maam but you sure got winning ways.

Rose Rose

Guess I won't be seeing you all in here again.

PURCELL

Et breakfast in here for 16 years. Ain't gonna switch biscuits just cause I got my ass kicked. I'm probably gonna remember that kiss til the day I die. Whooooee....almost makes it worth losing.

(Tipping his hat)

You have our word we'll honor the bet.

PURCELL reaches into his wallet and hands Jack a hundred dollars. They pick up CLETUS and drag him out of the bar.

Rose Rose

Do they mean it?

Jack

They gave their word. Ain't too bright but they're honest.

Rose Rose

Texas is beginning to grow on me.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR- DARE OR DIE BAR- NIGHT

The bar stools and chairs are upside down on the tables. Half the bar lights are out. Jack and ROSE stand in front of the bar. He holds a dustpan while she sweeps debris into it. It's late and they're the only two people in the place.

Rose Rose

Thanks for betting on me. Why did you?

JACK

I figured you were smart and they were from Texas. They didn't have a chance in hell.

ROSE comes up and stands next to him. Their closeness suggests the beginning of intimacy.

Rose Rose

Jack did you ever have an irresistible urge to kiss somebody?

Jack

(Uncomfortable)

You mean other than a horse?

Rose Rose

(Moving closer to him)

In all the time we been together, you never once thought what it might be like to kiss me?

Jack

The thought never crossed my mind.

Rose Rose

(Looking hurt and disappointed)

Really?

Jack

(Embracing her)

A mere kiss don't begin to describe what I imagined.

They rush at each other and kiss passionately with the fervor of too long denying their mutual attraction for each other.

Rose Rose

Does it matter to you that I don't know who I am?

They kiss again passionately. Jack is so intent on it he ignores the question.

ROSE tries to push him away, needing an answer but he finds her lips again.

Rose Rose

(Breaking the kiss, feeling an urgent need to talk about it)

What if I am a virgin? Maybe I was a good Catholic girl. Maybe I saved myself until marriage. You gotta help me find out if I'm a virgin.

Jack
What?

Rose Rose
I can't remember anything. I could be a virgin.

Jack
How would...I mean...

Rose Rose
You're experienced.

Jack
Uh...

Rose Rose
I mean, you've had girlfriends, you've had...

Jack
(Very uncomfortable)
Say, listen! Maybe this isn't a good idea!

Rose Rose
And you must know what a virgin is like

Jack
Uh....well...uh...

Jack backs away, tries to move down the bar but she's right on top of him, pursuing him.

Rose Rose
I mean you could tell if I was a virgin right? Have you ever, you know....? With a virgin?

Jack
Maybe...It's hard to remember

Rose Rose
But you would know...you could tell!

Jack is backed up to the bar, with ROSE leaning into him, pinning him in place.

Jack
Doesn't this strike you as a...
.I mean...for a reason to uh...

.I mean I've had passes made at me
....but this...is....I'm not sure.
..I mean the whole point is maybe just
to jog your memory...is that it?

Rose Rose
Idiot! I wouldn't suggest this if I
didn't...I mean...its not just that.
...well it's some of that but I think
I have this... I mean I like you.
Oh the hell with it!

Rose Rose throws him on top of the bar with such enthusiasm they
fall off camera onto the other side of the bar. There is the sound of a scuffle
and then clothes start flying over the bar.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR-DARE OR DIE BAR-MORNING

The morning sun finds them asleep in each other's arms on the floor behind
the bar. They are partially dressed but apparently have Done it in the dark.
She's wearing his shirt and a smile and one shoe. He has underwear on
but from the purple color and lace, it's hopefully not his.
He has one boot on, and his cowboy hat is scrunched down on his head
turned sideways. The brim is smashed. Things litter the floor all
around them as if some huge brawl had taken place.

A swirl of cocktail napkins seem to stick to them. Rose Rose is the first to awake. She is
snuggled against him. She jabs him in the chest. Jack jerks awake with a snort. He rubs his chest
where she poked him.

Jack
(Groggy, still asleep)
G-way..must sleep.

He closes his eyes so she really pokes him. That does it. He's definitely awake now. He sits up
abruptly and she falls off of him. He stands up, leans against the bar, his body aching in a dozen
places.

She gets up, moving stiffly, stands beside him and puts her arm around him.

Rose Rose
Well, what's the verdict?

Jack
(Looking very tired)

Maybe if we tried it four or five more times just to be sure. If it don't kill me that is. Then I could pretty well tell.

Rose Rose
Damn it quit stalling, am I a virgin?

Jack
Uh listen, there was three positions I never even heard of and one that probably broke the laws of gravity.

Rose Rose
(Noticing how he's dressed)
You look cute in my underwear.

Jack
(Looking down)
I surely do. But it kinda exceeds my job description.

Rose Rose
Let's get dressed. I would feel better about this if we had our clothes on.

They duck down behind the bar, there is a rustle of clothing, some grunts that indicates some awkwardness, then they stand up again, fully clothed. Jack's hat is still on his head sideways.

Jack
Say about last night, well I...

She puts her hand on his lips, shushing him.

Rose Rose
I can't have any feelings. I can't fall in love with you because I don't know who I am.

Jack
Why would that make a difference?

Rose Rose
What happens if I remember who I am some day? Maybe I'm a bad person. For all you know, I could be an criminal or something.

Jack
It don't sound all that important.

Rose Rose
It is to me. It's not like I want to be who I used to be. I think I could be happy being who I am

now.

(Hugging him with a sudden rush of feeling)
..and who I am with.

Jack takes off his hat, suddenly realizing it is there. He tosses it away and puts one hand up to her face, lifting it up so that she is looking at him.

Jack

Rose, you can decide anything you want. You can be bad or good. You got no memory that says you are either one, so you get to choose. You can look at it as something tragic. Or something pretty damn neat.

Rose Rose

How do you mean that Jack?

Jack

Most people get pushed one way or another by circumstances. You don't know so you get to make your life into anything you want it to be. You ask me, you're turning out OK. You're doing good things, maybe not the most popular things with some folks, but you say what you mean and mean what you say, and that counts for a lot here in Texas

Rose Rose

I can't believe how sweet you are
to me.

Jack

(Embarrassed by the sudden emotion, feeling awkward)
Mostly I thought I'd, uh, hate taking orders from a woman...
(Struggling for something to say)
but if you don't mind me saying so, you are one hell of a woman!

Rose Rose

I don't mind at all!

ROSE

I like being the person I'm becoming. Probably different from who I used to be. But hopefully in a good sort of way.

(Looking forlorn, almost desperate)
Hell! I hope I never remember!

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR-WAL-MART PARKING LOT-EARLY DAWN

Shot opens on Jack and Rose Rose in Jack's pickup truck.

She is sitting behind the wheel. She seems to have no confidence in what is about to transpire. The truck is shiny new. It's obvious Jack takes great pride in it.

Rose Rose

It's sweet of you to try and teach me how to drive.

Jack

Just strikes me odd you ain't never learned before. You can't live in Texas if you don't drive.

Rose Rose

I hope I don't mess up your truck.

Jack's POV through the windshield. The parking lot is almost empty. There are only two cars in the whole lot, at quite some distance from each other. The only other person in the lot this early is a Wal-mart employee gathering carts into a long train and pushing them towards the building.

Jack

That's why I picked this place. Ain't nothing here you can hit.

(In an official voice)

OK, just like I showed you, put her in gear, ease up on the clutch and hit the gas.

Tentatively, with a look of doubt and mingled fear, Rose Rose moves to comply. She pops it into reverse, lets go of the clutch completely and buries both feet on the gas pedal.

Jack, in the act of trying to put his seat belt on, is half netted in it as his head hits the windshield. He slides down and his head hits the floor, the unfastened seat belt holding his trapped legs up in the air.

Rose Rose with a look of abject terror, has both arms wrapped around the steering wheel in a bear hug and her feet firmly planted on the gas pedal.

The truck arrows backwards across the parking lot at an alarming, ever accelerating speed.

The Wal-mart cart pusher turns and sees the truck bearing down on him and his carts. He hunkers down and begins to run frantically. The truck roars closer. He puts on a final last desperate spurt and the pickup misses him and his carts by scant inches.

The truck makes a weird, hopping sideways shimmy and seems to be making a beeline for one of the parked cars.

Rose Rose

OH! OH!

(Wailing)

What do I do?

Jack thrashes around violently, trying to right himself and get free of the

seat belt shoulder harness. He yells something but it's not clear what it was. The truck makes its way inevitably towards one of the parked cars. As the moment of impact happens, several things happen simultaneously. She screams, grabs hold of the turn signal lever, in the hopes it will somehow turn the truck.

Jack rights himself just in time to recoil in horror as the two vehicles are about to collide. He tries frantically to get the seat belt buckled.

She yanks on the turn signal lever and breaks it off.

The truck hits the parked car dead center, flips it over and goes hurtling half over the overturned car. The truck edges abruptly up and Jack, ends up hanging half out the truck window with the unfastened seatbelt pinning his arms.

The truck goes in a dizzying half circle and Jack tries desperately to keep his head from hitting the concrete. He wiggles frantically, trying to crawl back in the window. ROSE is frantic.

Rose Rose

(Screaming at him)

How do I turn this thing off?

She turns to look at him but realizes she's staring at his rear end. She takes her hands off the wheel and reaches to grab him. She gets hold of his belt and yanks him back into the truck. She's strong so it has the desired effect but he comes up so fast his head slams into the door frame.

He turns in the seat, about to say something to her when his face goes white as he does a huge doubletake. He gulps, eyes riveted out the back window as we see from his POV that the pickup truck, with nobody steering is bearing down on the other car in the parking lot.

The Wal-Mart guy with the carts is stands in the middle of the lot with his mouth wide open, staring at them in horror as they go whizzing by.

ROSE puts her hands back on the wheel and tries to steer. The truck lurches violently to the right, just as Jack reaches frantically for the seat belt again.

The new direction has taken them away from the parked car. With renewed horror, the Wal-mart guy realizes she's heading at him again.

He screams and bends down over his carts and begins to frantically run. He is going full blast, running with everything he's got but it is plain he's not going to make it. He collapses on the cart handles, shrieking, waiting for the impact.

ROSE, at the last second, jerks the steering wheel in the opposite direction. The truck goes skittering up on two wheels, and the truck goes down the line of carts with two wheels dangling over it the entire way.

Jack, is choking with the seatbelt around his neck. His hands reach out to grab her, when suddenly the truck rights itself, smacks down flat on all four wheels. Jack, looking relieved, pulls the seatbelt away from his neck. As he does so, ROSE screams. Jack turns to see what she's screaming at and the pickup creams the other parked car. The car, a shiny new Volkswagon, acts as if somebody had dropped back and punted with it. It flies up, over the truck and hits a light pole and then bounces back. It lands upside down in the back of the pickup truck. It is relatively unscathed. Two half nude teenagers, land on the roof inside, and begin to scream. Not hurt, but scared silly. Jack's eyes bug out as the impact tightens the seatbelt around his neck.

Jack
(Choking but able to gasp)
SHIFT OUT OF REVERSE, FA CHRISAKES!
TAKE YOUR FOOT OFF.....

ROSE suddenly reminded that there is a gear shift, takes both hands off the steering wheel and seizes the gear shift. She shoves it forward. There's a horrendous grinding sound, as wildly spinning gears moving at high speed in opposite directions are thrust against each other. Instead of stalling, which would have been a good thing, for some reason, the truck which had been hurtling backwards, groans, shudders, shimmies and then, begins, with a stomach kicking jerk, to speed forward.

Jack and ROSE are flung back against the seat as the truck streaks forward.

Jack
TAKE YOUR FOOT OFF....

Rose Rose
(Proud of herself)
Hey Jack! I got it going in the right
direction this time!

The truck makes the kind of noise a truck makes when it sheds its transmission explosively. The only answer Jack can make to that is another frantic lunge to fasten his seat belt. Dead ahead is the Wal-mart guy, making his his final approach to the Wal-mart cart storage area.

The Wal-mart guy, thinking he has ducked them, turns and sees the truck

heading straight for him. He screams and dives, landing astraddle the carts. The truck slams dead center into the carts, driving them inexorably toward the automatic double front doors of the Wal-Mart.

ROSE puts up her hands and tries to wave away either the man on the carts or the Wal-mart building.

Rose Rose
Get out of the way!

Jack lunges to try to take the wheel with one hand and struggles to fasten the seat belt with the other. With a huge bang, the carts and the pickup crash through the front of the Wal-mart. The carts join a stationary line of already stacked carts.

Now a really long line of carts, the screaming man atop it and Jack and Rose Rose go hurtling inside the store. Jack misses the steering wheel but grabs the ignition key and wrenches it to the off position.

The truck begins to sputter to a halt.

Before it does, the carts pushed ahead of the truck, hits a display of bottled orange juice. And then it plows solidly into the beer aisle. Hardly anything remains unbroken. Orange juice and bottled beer make a veritable river rushing back toward the truck. The truck comes to a grudging quivering stop, tires awash in beer. There is a silence and then Jack's quivering hand connects. A trifle late, there is a metallic snap, finally his seat belt is fastened.

Rose Rose
I am probably going to need more than one lesson.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR-WAL-MART-REGISTER AREA-DAY

A blase Wal-mart employee picks up the phone at the register and makes an announcement over the P.A. system.

WAL-MART CASHIER
(Examining her nails, bored)
We need a clean up on Aisle 3.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR-Jack'S APARTMENT-BEDROOM

They are under the covers. It is not clear if they've just made love or are about to. There's a picture of Jack's pickup stuck on the wall over his bed. Jack looks at it pensively, then tears it off the wall and crumples it up.

Rose Rose
I bet you are still mad.

Jack
I am in mourning. It's not the same thing.

Rose Rose
We could be glad they didn't put me in jail.
(Conciliatory)
And who knows, they could've put you in jail too for teaching me wrong.

Jack
I didn't teach you wrong. You listened wrong.

Rose Rose
I'd buy you a new truck. Even if it took all the money I got. I'll make it up to you.

Jack
I want the one I had back.

Suddenly its all too much for her. She begins to cry. This embarrasses him and makes him feel guilty. Jack puts his arm around her, draws her head against his chest.

Jack
Don't worry about a thing. It's all gonna be just fine. The worst has already happened. So you got your picture in the paper and they made you look foolish. That don't count for a damn thing. By tomorrow, everybody will have forgotten about it. No jail time, just a whopping big fine, which we already paid. My car insurance'll take care of all the rest.

Rose Rose
I'll do better next time.
(Beginning to recover)
I promise.

Jack blanches at the thought of a next time.

Jack
Course my insurance company'll raise my rates so high, I'm gonna think I'm driving the space shuttle.

Rose Rose
Could I really have gone to jail?

Jack

Well, you didn't actually kill nobody and seeing as how you got the only bar and liquor license in Whereup, I don't see how they'd dare charge you. If we lost you and the bar we'd have to rename the place Nowhereup.

(Shaking his head)

There were only three things in the parking lot...in the whole damn parking lot and you managed to hit all three.

Rose Rose

(Pushing out of his embrace)

It's your fault.

Jack

What do you mean it's my fault?

Rose Rose

The truck was already turned on when I got in it. You never taught me how to shut it off!

(With a trace of her defiance)

Other than that, I think I did OK. I mean, for my first time out.

Jack

If I was teaching you to be a kamikaze pilot, then I'd say you did just fine!

Rose Rose

You aren't going to hold just one little, OK two...or three little mistakes against me are you?

Jack

Of course, I am. Your only a woman but that was a new pickup truck.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR-WALLACE DRIVING TRAINING SCHOOL PARKING LOT-DAY

ROSE and a dapper brown haired man who keeps ogling her with a knowing leer are standing beside a brand new mini-subcompact car with a huge sign on top proclaiming:

STUDENT DRIVER

Rose Rose
My boyfriend refuses to teach me
how to drive. He gave me one lesson
but he really screwed it up.

DRIVING INSTRUCTOR
Always best to learn from a real
HIGHLY trained professional.

He opens the car door for her, staring openly at her legs. He straightens his tie, pats his neat brown hair back into place, scoots to the other side of the car and gets in.

DRIVING INSTRUCTOR
(Patting her leg in an overly familiar way)
You just leave it to me. I'll teach you.....Whoooooaaa!

ROSE slams her foot on the gas pedal and the car hurtles backward out of the frame. As it goes, we get a glimpse of terror on the man's face.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR-WALLACE DRIVING SCHOOL PARKING LOT-SAME DAY

There is a sound of tires squealing, a thud of metal hitting metal. The camera is focused on the empty parking spot where ROSE's driver trainee car sat.

Suddenly the frame is full, as the car roars into the parking lot. It slows but not enough. It hits the front of the building, bounces off it, hits it again. And in a series of hits and rebounds, finally comes to a full stop.

ROSE turns in her seat to look at her instructor but he is not visible. The camera pulls back. There are dents and scrapes on almost every surface of the car. The rear bumper drags on the ground. One fender is peeled back in a U shape.

The camera moves until it faces the passenger side of the car. If anything, this side of the car sustained even more damage.

The passenger door begins to open. It is badly sprung so there is an accompanying shriek of metal. The door finally is open and the driving instructor, crawls, half falls out of the car. His hair is standing up at weird angles, as if he'd been tearing at it. He has the look of a trapped animal ready to gnaw it's leg off.

Rose Rose
I don't know why people think this is so difficult.
(Watching him crawl away, trying to make the best of it)

I think I am beginning to get the hang of it.
(Her self confidence beginning to fade)
I can hardly wait for the next lesson.
(Putting her head down on the steering wheel)

The driving instructor stands up, looks back at her. Suddenly, overcome with motion sickness, he loses his lunch on his shoes.

Rose Rose
(Patting the dashboard, speaking to the car)
I thought I did pretty good on the part
where I made it go forward. It's the aiming
it where things aren't I'm finding just a
little bit tricky.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR-STREET CAFE-NEW YORK-DAY

Constanza and Lorenzo are sitting side by side in cafe chairs,
sipping cappuccinos, enjoying the sun. They seem not to have a care or
worry in the world. They are living the lush life.
Constanza has an out of town newspaper open in front of him.

COSTANZA
(Offering sage advice)
I tell you if you're gonna beat the odds on betting them college teams, you gotta read the local
rags. I got money on this Texas....

LORENZO gasps and clutches his chest as if a spear had gone
through it. He stares at something on the newspaper pages that
are hanging open.

COSTANZA stops mid-sentence, is about to comment on his
associate's obvious distress but is instead knocked off his chair as
Lorenzo makes a flying tackle on him, in a desperate bid to get
get the paper. They both crash to the pavement.

Constanza
(Red faced, astounded, pinned to the ground)
HAVE YOU LOST YOUR FRIGGING
MIND! WHAS WRONG WIT YOU?

Lorenzo
(Stabbing his finger past Constanza's head to the paper
on the pavement under them)

LOOK! Look! Fa chrissakes, look at the picture! It's her! IT'S Jordana!

CONSTANZA rolls over, so that Lorenzo falls beside him and then both of them are on the pavement, staring with horror at the newspaper under them. Both reading together.

Lorenzo

(Almost shouting)

STRANGE DRIVING INCIDENT AT TEXAS WAL-MART!

Constanza

Local bar owner claims she was just learning how to drive!

Lorenzo

(Making the sign of the cross before he reads on)

New in town and new to Texas, a runaway bride who came to Whereup--

Constanza

(Feeling his neck as if something was choking him)

Those shits we shot, shitted us! She ain't dead.

Lorenzo

Well, we are gonna be.

They look up and see some of their men coming out of the cafe, staring at them. They realize they don't look dignified and get up quickly.

Constanza

(Under his breath)

What do we do?

Lorenzo

We get our asses to Texas and take care of this ourselves before the Don finds out she's still breathing!

CUT TO:

INTERIOR-POOL HALL- DAY

A greasy haired guy with a bad complexion and a florid Hawaiian shirt is holding up a newspaper. He's reading something from it into the phone.

As the camera tilts into an ECU we see a grainy photograph of Jordana

CUT TO:

Don Gemmeto

(Slamming down the phone)

Minetti! Get me a map! Where the hell is Whereup Texas!

Minetti

(Hovering at his elbow)

Why do we want to know?

Don Gemmeto

Cause we're going there to rescue my baby! She's alive and in Texas!

Minetti

(With fake enthusiasm)

Texas! Terrific! Always wanted to go to a foreign country.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR-DARE OR DIE BAR-DAY

A large man with a sheriff's badge pinned to his shirt stands stands with his arms akimbo at the bar. He's facing Jack and Rose Rose. Furious, he makes demands. He directs his words at Rose Rose.

BIG ED

You tricked them boys. I'm the deputy sheriff here. Indians mixing with whites, ain't gonna stand up round here. I ain't having it. I'm gonna have to arrest you for disturbing the peace.

Rose Rose

If you want a fight, I'll give you one.

BIG ED

Oh I am gonna enjoy this!

(Flexing his muscles)

I get to muss you up AND charge you with resisting arrest. Maybe even charging you with assaulting an officer though won't be much of an assault.

Jack

I don't think you are gonna arrest anybody. I think I'm gonna toss you out of here on your ass!

BIG ED

This ain't your fight! Now don't get me riled up. Step aside Jack. You know I can stomp your ass.

Jack

Yeah I reckon so. Still, it don't change the fact you're going to have to cause I am gonna fight you on this one.

BIG ED

You sticking up for her, what's wrong with you? We can't have no stinking Indians in here with us decent white folks!

Jack

Look at her Ed. She's got dark hair and dark skin. She don't remember who she is. For all I know she's Indian.

BIG ED

All the more reason for me to take care of this.

Jack

You don't get it. She's my girl! Whoever or whatever she is. And that not's gonna change. She's always gonna be my girl. So its her bar and its what she wants and I want it too. I reckon it's the right thing for all of us, though it's sad that that thought never occurred to me til she came along.

Rose Rose

Jack. I can stand up for myself.

Jack

No you can't.

Rose Rose

Thank you Jack.

Jack

Wait til you see if I win first before you thank me.

Rose Rose

I was thanking you for saying I am always gonna be your girl.

BIG ED

I'm gonna put you in the hospital Jack!

Jack

(Smiling at ROSE)

That's OK. I'm gonna have a real pretty nurse.

Suddenly BIG ED stiffens. Instead of swinging at Jack, he slowly raises his hands over his head. He turns to look as the camera pulls back and we see LARGE MARGE with a double barrel shotgun placed firmly against his rear end.

MARGE

I always hated them scenes in movies where two guys pound the stuffing out of each other. I sure do get tired of all that macho Texas crap.

BIG ED

Here now. You are interfering with a peace officer doing his...

MARGE

She made a bet and won it. The cowboys are gonna abide by it and by God so are you!

BIG ED

(Blustering)

I speak for the law around here

(Scared)

Be careful...with that thing...uh...

MARGE

Damn gun kicks. Still the bruise on my shoulder will be worth it.

BIG ED

Say now. Take it easy. You're just kidding around.

MARGE

I was married to you once til you went nuts for some high titted wonder. What do you think? Am I kidding?

BIG ED

Jesus Christ!

(Remembering how she is)

Don't shoot!

(As if explaining to the crowd)

She shot me on our honeymoon!

MARGE

Oh Hell you big sissy! It was only a flesh wound. It wasn't serious. I only shot you a little bit. I wasn't serious then like I am now. I am apt to shoot you a whole lot this time.

(Cocking both barrels with an audible click)

The bar door opens and PURCELL comes running in. He is looking for BIG ED. He looks grim.

PURCELL

Ed. If you don't listen to reason, I'm afraid as mayor, I'm gonna have to ask for your badge!

BIG ED

Who says I'm not listening?

(Developing a nervous twitch)

I am all ears. I ain't never listened so hard in my whole life!

MARGE

Resign your job. Move out of town.

PURCELL

She's gotta point Ed. And one hell of a big gun!

BIG ED unpins his badge and lets it drop to the floor and begins to edge toward the door. Sweat drips off his face.

He seems to have no doubt of MARGE's lethal intent. She pivots with him, keeping the shotgun on his butt.

MARGE

If I ever see your sorry ass again I'll ram a shotgun so far up it you'll have gun oil in your hair! And I'll send your insides to heaven!

He is ghastly pale and sweating.

MARGE

You aren't ever gonna be back are you?

BIG ED

I reckon not.

BIG ED squares his shoulders, his hands hovering protectively over his rear end and walks out with as much dignity as he can muster which isn't much.

MARGE

Boy, that sure felt good! You know even if I had matched tits, I wouldn't want him back.

Rose Rose

Thanks Large Marge. And thank you too Mayor Purcell.

PURCELL

Making good on my bet is all. I hired some Indians at the hotel and I'm selling some Indian souvenirs. Actually making cash money on it. I got to admit, gainst my better judgment, it's working out.

Rose Rose has been listening to everything with a strange look look on her face. Suddenly she bursts into tears and runs out of the bar.

Amazed, LARGE MARGE, PURCELL and Jack just stare after her.

Jack
I don't get it. Why did she do that?

MARGE
Women always get emotional at times like this.

Jack
Huh?

MARGE
You just told her you love her you big dummy!

They move over the front window and she's stands in the street crying like her heart is broken.

PURCELL
You know you gotta admire her style.
She's a pistol.

Jack
(Almost a little weepy himself)
Kinda breaks your heart don't it?

PURCELL
I still remember how her lips taste. You're a lucky man Jack.

MARGE
Poor little lost soul. Maybe she never had anybody love her before. You be good to her Jack.

Jack
Maybe I should go out there?

MARGE
(Brandishing the weapon)
Might shoot you if you don't!

Jack rushes out to her and they embrace in the street as PURCELL and MARGE watch through the window. We don't see what they see, but whatever is happening is intense.

PURCELL
Now that's the kind of thing that scares the horses.
CUT TO:

EXTERIOR- WHEREUP TEXAS DMV-PARKING LOT

Rose Rose stands in the parking lot beside a huge ancient Cadillac with tailfins and moon

hubcaps. Above her head is a sign that says:

WAIT HERE FOR DMV DRIVING TEST.

She is wearing borrowed clothes from LARGE MARGE which means she's in a short mini-cowdress with fringe, glitter covered, star studded cowboy boots and a skimpy top showing almost as much as it conceals. She is very nervous. Jack walks up and tries to put his arm around her. She throws his arm off. It's obvious that they've been fighting.

Jack

Don't be like that. You know I'm only interested in what's best..

ROSE ROSE

Go away Jack. I'm taking the test! Don't try to talk me out of it.

Jack

You ain't ready. You are the most not ready of anybody I ever met.

Rose Rose

Large Marge lent me her car. She has faith in me.

Jack

Large Marge drinks.

Rose Rose

Who in Texas doesn't?

Jack

That's beside the point.

Rose Rose

I passed my written test.

(Grimly determined)

I am gonna pass the driving part too.

Jack

You can't drive! Period! That poor damn driving school guy had to be hospitalized after just two sessions with you! Give it up, you ain't ready!

Rose Rose

He made me nervous. I'm as ready as I'm ever gonna be. So go away Jack.

Jack

(Making one last attempt)

I love you even if you can't drive.

Rose Rose

I don't know if I love me, if I can't drive. Quit irritating me!

Jack

Don't do this!

The door opens and a potbellied man with a red pinched face, and a greasy Stetson perched on his head comes out of the DMV building. He has a clipboard in one hand and a cigar clamped in his mouth.

He peers owlishly at his clipboard and then takes in Rose Rose and her cowboy getup. He snorts. He is pure redneck.

Jack shrugs and walks away. He gets into his pickup truck. He doesn't drive away, just sits to watch what's about to happen.

A black Lincoln towncar comes into view at the end of the parking lot. The vehicle is heavily armored with bullet proof windows and a sun roof.

It pulls into the parking lot and backs into the empty parking space next to Jack'S truck. Only one person is visible behind the wheel. Then suddenly, the car is full as the men who have ducked down suddenly sit up.

COSTANZA and Lorenzo are in the front seat next to the driver. Three more men are crowded into the back seat. The car is suddenly bristling with guns. The sun roof opens up and a sun glasses wearing man rises up with a heavy caliber gun in his hands.

Jack keeping his eyes on Rose Rose, is unaware of their presence.

TATERS HALLAM

Names Taters Hallam. I will be administering your Texas driving and parallel parking test today.

Rose Rose

(Reaching out to shake his hand)

I'm....

TATERS HALLAM

I know who you are missy. You're that Indian lover who bought the bar. Not everybody holds with that kind of thing.

Rose Rose still has her hand out. She takes it back as she realizes she has an enemy in TATERS.

He makes a show of making a mark on his clipboard.

TATERS HALLAM

Well, missy. Don't we look a fright. I recognize them duds. Going to have to take off a point for inappropriate dress!

Rose Rose

But these aren't even my clothes!
I borrowed them.

TATERS HALLAM

Seen 'em before. Large Marge's flamboyant period. Still a point off.

Rose Rose

That isn't fair.

TATERS HALLAM

Fair is what I say is fair. Things may be otherwise where you come from but here in Texas we do things different.

Rose Rose

I get the feeling I'm not going to pass my driving test

TATERS HALLAM

(Grinning hugely, enjoying this)
I would bet not.

Rose Rose

(Under her breath)
Redneck Jackass!

TATERS grins and makes another check mark on his clipboard.

He opens the passenger side of the car and gets in.

Rose Rose angrily opens her side of the car and gets in beside him. He reaches for the shoulder harness but there isn't any. There are no lap seat belts either.

TATERS

I got sizable ears. Sass me, I just got to take off more points. Bad language don't help your cause at all. Two points off. You near flunk already and we ain't even out of the parking lot. I also gotta take off a point, for a sub-standard vehicle. No seat belts.

The men in the car beside Jack'S pickup jump out of their car, guns ready. Jack sensing the movement, turns to look and his mouth drops open. They're all aiming at Rose Rose.

TATERS HALLAM

Ok, Missy. You just ease her out into traffic. Back out slow now.

Rose Rose nods, frowning with intense concentration. She is determined not to screw up. But already tell tale signs of panic are evident in her.

Rose Rose, true to form, hits the gas pedal too hard and the car goes zooming backwards just as the men from the car open fire. Bullet holes appear in the side of the car and TATER'S hat is shot off his head.

The sudden acceleration spoiled the gun men's aim. Rose Rose turns and sees the men shooting at her.

It is the last straw. It sends her into a full fledged panic worse than her first driving attempt at Wal-Mart. She embraces the steering wheel like a drowning man grabbing onto a life preserver. She turns the wheel frantically while her foot stays buried on the gas pedal.

Jack, in his truck, is sitting there with his mouth open. He tries to open his door and get out, but has to duck down as a gunman shoots wildly. The bullet goes through both windows of Jack'S truck.

The ancient Cadillac careens around the parking lot in a circle, backing up toward the very people she's trying to get away from.

TATERS HALLAM

WHAT THE HELL!!!

TATERS is straining his head, trying to peer out and see where they're headed. His hand briefly brushes the spot on his head where his hat used to be. He's not very bright and has no idea what's happening. His hat is in ROSE'S lap.

TATERS HALLAM

(Trying to write on his clipboard but the speed of her circling turn makes it difficult)

This ain't no way to start off!

(Stabbing his pen at the paper)

I'm gonna have to flun....

Rose Rose realizes the car is going the wrong way. A glance through the back window shows her bearing down on the men with the guns. Constanza and Lorenzo see her racing backwards toward them. Confused, as are their men, they all scramble to get back into the car which offers some measure of safety.

Rose Rose slams on the brakes. TATERS struggles desperately not to be thrown into the backseat with the force of the sudden de-acceleration.

Rose Rose puts the car in Drive and once again slams the gas pedal to the floor. With a peal of squealling tires, the car leaps forward. A shot craters the windshield. This startles her and her response is another hug on the steering wheel and a hard right turn. The car is off in another dizzy circle.

TATERS is focused on his clipboard. Shaking his head, writing furiously, unaware of the men shooting at them. Whatever he is writing, seems to please him mightily.

Jack has started up his truck. He rams it into gear and shoots off, intent on following Rose Rose.

The huge engine in the truck sends it racing ahead.

But Jack stares in amazement as Rose Rose hurtles by in the Cadillac which passes him going the other way.

ROSE has corrected the turn and now the car's going straight.

But instead of getting away, she is speeding back through the parking lot arrowing straight at the mob guys and their car.

The mob guys have all piled back into their car. The Cadillac rushes toward them. Constanza and Lorenzo both scream at the moment of impact.

The Cadillac hits their Lincoln head on. It's a considerable impact. The mob car goes up over the curb, and slams backward through the front window of the DMV building.

The Cadillac comes to a thundering dead stop after catapulting Lorenzo and Constanza into the building.

TATERS hits the windshield and so does Rose Rose.
It's an old car and the lack of seat belts is telling. TATERS managed to get his arms up to cushion the blow but Rose Rose really hits the windshield hard. Dazed, she reels back in her seat. She holds her head with both hands.

She blinks, stares at TATERS, looks down at the clothes she is wearing. It's as if she suddenly had awoken from a dream. She sits up slowly, taking her hands away from her aching head, gripping the steering wheel firmly. Her eyes focus on Lorenzo and Constanza, now visible through the windshield of their car. The radiator of their car is smashed. Their Lincoln towncar is totaled but the old iron Detroit monster of a Cadillac is still drivable.

She waves at them with recognition. Unconsciously, almost idiotically, Lorenzo's waves back.

She takes TATER'S cowboy hat out of her lap and slams it on his head. TATERS looks ill.
His face has turned blue. He's swallowed his cigar. She frowns at him and then whacks him so hard on his back, the cigar comes flying out of his mouth.

Rose Rose
Don't die on me yet. I still
got the parking thing to do.

Constanza, dazed, tries to shoot at Rose Rose, forgetting there's a bullet proof windshield on the car. The bullet ricochets inside the car, hits one of the guys in the back, who immediately slumps over.

Rose Rose reacts swiftly. She starts the car up, which had stalled on the impact.
TATERS, gasping for breath, starts to open the door, intent on escaping.

Rose Rose
You low life bastard mob scum!
See how you like this!

ROSE buries the gas pedal. TATERS is thrown back into the vehicle. COSTANZA and Lorenzo scream as they see her coming at them again but there's nothing they can do. This time the impact hurls their car so far through the interior of the DMV that it knocks out the back wall. Like a bulldozer, the Cadillac follows the

other car deep into the bowels of the DMV building.

TATERS

(Staring out the window with utter horror)

My desk! Holy Christ! You totalled
my Goddamn desk!

TATERS is so angry he is almost ready to explode.
His already red face is fire red.

TATERS

(Gasping for breath, furious)

You flunked! You goddamn betcher ass!

Dazed, the mob guys, crawl out of their car, stumbling in the wreckage of what had once been a DMV office. Despite the sudden intrusion of two cars, one window is still open. There's a long line of people who ignore the commotion, seem unwilling to give up their place in line. Even when mob guys with guns, move toward them, the people don't budge.

They know how dangerous it is to lose your place in line at the DMV.

Rose Rose, aware of the approach of the enemy, slams the car in reverse, looks out the back window, and floors it.

Trailed by running gun men, who shoot, aware that she's getting away, she manages to outrun them.

The Cadillac, goes flying backwards out of the front wall of the DMV, missing the site of first impact, tearing off yet another part of the front wall as it exits.

As her car zooms out, Jack'S truck, screeches to a halt in front of the DMV. He flings open the door, jumps out, intent on rescuing her, only to stand wide-eyed in amazement as the Caddie once again hurtles past him.

He stares as she zooms backwards across the parking lot.

The mob guys are all around him. Before Jack is aware of the danger, it's all over. Lorenzo, hits him from behind with a gun and Jack goes down. Lorenzo motions to Jack'S truck.

The mob guys pile in.

TATERS writes on the clipboard and then tries to shove it under her nose.

She exits too fast from the parking lot and clips a parked car in the street. The jolt throws TATERS but only deepens his smile.

TATERS

(Self importantly)

See I wrote it down. Right there by
god in black and white! You flunked!
You are the most goddam flunked person
I ever seen!

One handed she grabs the clipboard from him and swats him over the
head with it and hands it back.

Rose Rose

Oh hell! This is only the driving
part. You haven't even seen how
good I park. Give me another chance.

The mob guys in Jack'S truck are suddenly behind her. Shots are fired
and she is very much aware that she's in trouble.

Unarmed, with Jack no where to be seen, she races through the town
backwards finding it terribly hard to steer.

TATERS

(Outraged)

Chance hell!

Suddenly the Cadillac gives a violent lurch as Lorenzo slams into the
front of her car with the truck.

TATERS turns and looks in confusion out the front window.
A bullet goes through the the windshield, just missing TATER'S head.

His eyes fill with terror, as Rose Rose, reacting to the shot, over
turns and the car racing backwards down the main street of Whereup,
is suddenly wildly out of control in a full 180 degree spin.

TATERS grabs his stomach, looks positively ill. The spin complete, the
Cadillac is now facing the other way.

She changes gears, hits the gas and then the car begins
going forward in the opposite direction of her pursuers.

TATERS

(Looking green around the gills)

Damn it to hell! I told you

you flunked. Now missy, You stop
this vehicle! Right now!

She turns to look out the back window to see where her pursuers are.
The car veers right, clips off two parking meters. She gasps and forces
the car back into the street.

TATERS
Missy! You stop this car!
You do and I'll overlook
the assault on my person!

Irritated by his constant whining, she seizes the clipboard out of his
hands and whacks him on the head again and then hands it back.

Rose Rose
Don't call me missy! My name
is Jordana! You piece of
Texas trash!

There is a sudden engine roar and the sound of gunshots. Jack'S truck
is behind them again and gaining on them. There is a crash and the back
window of the Caddie is completely shot away.

TATERS
I'm gonna press charges! Yes
sirree! You get all high and
mighty with....

Jordana takes a corner too fast and the car almost tilts over,
effectively shutting him up.

TATERS
(Scared)
K-K-kee-rist almighty!..
..Whooooooaaaa!

Jordana didn't quite make the turn. The Cadillac slams into a parked
car, then ricochets across the road and swipes one on the other side. The
mob guys are in hot pursuit, now right behind them.
Jack's truck slams into the back of the Cadillac. TATER'S head hits
the windshield again.

TATERS

(Almost hysterical)

Ain't you listening? YOU FLUNKED
THE DAMN....

In response to the sudden jolt, Rose Rose slams the wheel and the Caddie leaves the road, cuts across the sidewalk, scattering people left and right. She creams a couple of parking meters and a mail box. She tries to get it off the sidewalk and the car spins around until it now faces the truck that is bearing down on it.

TATERS writes on the clipboard again. He looks up and sees the truck coming straight for them. He ducks. At the last minute, the truck slews and then spins around in an effort to avoid a head-on collision. The truck ends up alongside the Cadillac, both vehicles facing the same way.

TATERS

(Raising his head)

That was an illegal U turn, by
God! You made so many damn
mistakes there ain't no room
on the sheet to write any more down!

There's a scramble in the truck, for the gunmen to turn and shoot at the car no longer in front of them but now beside them. ROSE turns and sees the truck beside her and panics.

She floors it before anybody can shoot which throws TATERS around in the vehicle. But the steering wheel is still turned all the way to the right.

TATERS opens the car door, thinking to exit. He immediately regrets it.

The door is still open. The hard right turn almost throws TATERS out of the door. She goes in a complete circle around Jack's truck. A gunman in the back of the truck, trying to get a shot, turns completely around and then around again as she makes a second lap around the truck. Becoming dizzy, he falls out of the back of the pickup truck.

TATERS has his feet braced against the door frame, fighting centrifugal force which threatens to throw him out the door he's still struggling to close.

Abruptly, realizing that she's not getting anywhere ROSE turns the wheel hard to the left. The Caddie crosses the sidewalk, hits a building and then arcs back toward the stalled truck. TATERS loses his grip on the

door and its wide open when she hits the building. The door is completely ripped off.

TATERS

(Ducking under the dash)

Whoooooaaa!

The Caddie's front fender hits the truck with a glancing blow, tossing two more gunmen out of the back of the truck. There's a loud metallic ripping sound as Jack'S front fender comes away.

It is stuck in the grill of the Caddie and drags along beside them in a shower of sparks as she heads down main street.

A white dog and a black cow stand in a cow pasture at the edge of town where Main Street ends in a T road. Suddenly Rose Rose and the Cadillac roar into the intersection, leave the road and crash with a leaden thomp in the cow pasture. The car arrows straight ahead toward a field of tall corn.

The dog and cow are turned and watching.

The Cadillac plows through the first rows of eight foot high corn and disappears from sight.

The dog and cow turn and see Jack'S pickup with gun waving mob guys hits the intersection.

Apparently, trying to be more cautious, LORZENZO has slowed down. So instead of hurtling over the ditch, he goes down into the ditch, and then tilts up abruptly. Two mob guys fly out of the truck with the sudden down and up move. The cow and dog stare at each other as if asking what next?

Lorenzo has to brake and wait for his men to climb back in.

Rose Rose and TATERS are thundering through the cornfield.

The rows are badly rutted, so the car bucks and shudders as if a giant hammer were slamming its bottom. Their heads are bobbing up and down so fast it seems likely that they might fall off.

TATERS

(Stuttering with the rapid impacts)

S-S-S STOP THE DAMN VE-HICLE!

L-l-l-l-l Let me out!

The corn is so high, they are traveling blind. She slams the wheel left and right almost at random. The camera pulls back into an aerial shot and we see that she is cutting large loopy figure 8's through the center of the field. Jack'S truck is stopped at the beginning of the cornfield.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR-EDGE OF CORNFIELD-DAY

Lorenzo has halted the pickup at the edge of the cornfield. COSTANZA gets out and crawls into the back of the truck. He steps up onto the cab of the truck, shading his eyes and peering in the direction Jordana has gone. Lorenzo gets out too and the rest of the gun men pile out after him. Nobody seems to know what to do.

Lorenzo
Did you see that? She drove right into
that field of trees!

COSTANZA
(Trying to see where she went)
I don't know if it's trees. I think it's
some kind of vegetable.

Lorenzo
Is it safe to drive through it?

Constanza
(Pointing excitedly)
I see her! She's driving round and
round in there. I think we got her
trapped!

Lorenzo
What do we do?

COSTANZA
(Beginning to climb down off the truck)
We sneak in there and shoot the hell
out of her!

COSTANZA marches to the first row of the corn, his gun out. Turns around, realizing nobody is following.

Nobody moves. They look at the cornfield with extreme wariness. They are a long way from New York.

COSTANZA
(Getting angry)
Come on, you big dummies! It's only

a little vegetation!

Reluctantly, the men and Lorenzo start to move toward the corn. There's the sound of a gun shot and loud war whoops.

Everybody turns and gapes. Jack comes racing into the field in a pickup truck full of Indians. There are about six Indians in the truck. Jack sticks a gun out of the front window and fires at them.

All of the Indians are armed, one even has a deer hunting bow. The Indian lets loose an arrow and it sticks in the ground between Lorenzo and Constanza.

This is too much for them. Suddenly, they all run headlong into the cornfield, scared by the nature of the attack. They huddle together in a bunch a short ways into the cornfield.

Lorenzo
Holy christ! Indians is after us!
What kind of place is this anyway!

COSTANZA
Oh shut up! Go kill the girl.
We worry about the Indians after!

The men move warily deeper into the cornfield. The corn's so tall tall and so thick that it's like being in a jungle.

Lorenzo
(Still on the subject as they creep along)
Indians no less. I wish we was
back in New York!

Constanza
Quit bitching. Spread out. Find
the broad fa chrissakes!

Constanza marches off, getting ahead of the rest of the men.

Lorenzo hangs back. His men bunch around him. It is plain they're not happy being in a place so completely unfamiliar.

MOB GUY ONE
Do you suppose there is any pumas

in here?

Lorenzo
Christ! How do I know?
I thought it was just a running shoe.

MOB GUY TWO
No boss. It's a freaking big animal
with teeth.

This stops Lorenzo in his tracks. He suddenly has no enthusiasm.

Lorenzo
What else we gotta worry about?

MOB GUY TWO
I read National Geographics in prison.
There's all kinds of dangerous shit out
here.

Lorenzo
(Very worried by the news)
Like what?

MOB GUY TWO
There's Gila monsters.

Lorenzo
Jesus Christ, what's that?

MOB GUY TWO
And there's these toads that are poisonous
if you lick them.

Lorenzo
Are you nuts? Who's gonna lick toads?

MOB GUY TWO
I just mentioned it cause its dangerous.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR-EDGE OF TOWN-WHEREUP-DAY

CLETUS with a noticable black eye stands by the town sign

WHEREUP TEXAS, POPULATION 271.

He paints out the
271
and paints below it
423.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR-CADDIE-DAY

Rose Rose turns frantically left, right, left and right again.
The cornfield seems endless. If anything the jolting, bucking ride
has gotten worse.

TATERS
(Desperate, holding out the clipboard)
Look, I wrote here.

Rose Rose
(Barely able to hold onto the intensely vibrating wheel)
If it's a poem, I'm not interested.

TATERS
(Trying to hand her the clipboard)
Lord almighty! Look YOU PASSED!
I'M WRITING YOU PASSED. SEE!
(Indicating the paper)
PLEASE! JUST LET ME OUT OF THE DAMN CAR!

Rose Rose
(Intent on driving, not listening)
It doesn't even rhyme!

CUT TO:

CORNFIELD-MOB GUYS HUDDLED TOGETHER-DAY

There is a rustle in the corn ahead of them. Something big is crashing
through the corn. It seems to be coming their way.
They hunker down and all aim their guns in that direction.

Lorenzo
Forget the toads, are there any bears?

I don't wanna get caught in no bear
stampede!

MOB GUY TWO

I think you only gotta worry about
bears if they spawn.

The leaves part and suddenly Constanza staggers toward them.
Afraid of bears, they almost shoot him by mistake.

Constanza

(Walking strangely, with a pained expression)

I been shot.

LORENZO

You don't look shot.

COSTANZA turns around. There's an arrow sticking out of his ass.

COSTANZA

Shot me when I wasn't looking!

(Tugging Gingerly on the arrow)

Pull it out Lorenzo, will you, it hurts
like hell!

Lorenzo

I ain't pulling nothing out of your ass!

You got yourself shot, you take it out
yourself. It was your dumb idea to hit
the broad, now look at us.

COSTANZA

Take it out!

Lorenzo

Screw you!

By now it is obvious that they are no longer on good terms.

In fact, they are almost at each other's throats.

MOB GUY ONE

Are there any snakes in here?

Everybody turns and looks at him.

He points at something on the ground.

MOB GUY ONE

Cause it sure looks like a...

Suddenly this is too much for all of them. With cries of terror, they are so gone!

They bunch up and begin sprinting for the truck. COSTANZA is having a hard time running because of the arrow.

Every time he takes a step he makes a sound.

Constanza

(Stepping)

Ow! Ow! Ow!

Constanza

(Stepping)

Ow! Ow! Ow!

Constanza

(Stepping)

Ow! Ow! Ow!

The mob guys break out in the open. They hear screams. In another part of the field, Jack and the Indians come running out of the corn with the Caddie hard on their heels. It almost runs them down.

The mob guys are amused but it changes to terror as she whips in a circle and makes right for them. The Cadillac turns abruptly, as they all scramble frantically to get out of the way. Missing them by just inches, she plunges back into the cornfield.

The mob guys stare at Jack and the Indians. Everybody's got their guns raised. Nobody seems to know what to do.

The Cadillac breaks through between them and streaks back toward town. Both sets of men run to their vehicles and the chase is on once again. The mob guys get away first closely followed by Jack and the Indians.

Lorenzo drives. COSTANZA has to hold his rear end up so that the arrow sticks out the window.

All three vehicles race down the main street of Whereup.

Jack and the Indians are shooting at the mob guys. The mob guys are shooting at the Caddie. And TATERS is heaving his lunch out the passenger side window.

They pass through town quickly.

As they near the last curve that leads to a country road, a black limo enters the top of the curve. Rose Rose going too fast, slams into the side of the limo as TATERS watches in horror.

The limo tilts over on it's side. Slowed for a second, Rose Rose speeds on by. The back window rolls down and Don Gemmeto'S head appears.

Don Gemmeto
Jordana? Driving? Holy mother of God!

The head withdraws. The window closes.

Jack'S truck with Constanza and Lorenzo in front can't avoid the overturned limo. They crash into it, knocking it back on it's wheels. The truck glances off and roars on by.

Again the back window comes down. GEMETTO sticks his head out.

Don Gemmeto
What the??.....Lorenzo? Constanza!
(Shouting to the driver)
The sons of bitches! Turn it around!
Follow them Minetti!

He ducks back inside as the limo turns in the road.

Don Gemmeto
(Muttering to himself)
There is gonna be empty toilet seats
where there asses used to be.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR-CADDIE-DAY

The Caddie is well out of town, heading out into a somewhat mountainous desert area of the country side. Rose Rose turns to look out the backwindow to see how close her pursuers are. The car rockets off the road into the sparse desert. TATERS is beside himself as Rose Rose struggles to keep control as the car bucks and heaves over the rough desert floor.

TATERS

(Reduced to begging)
If I've said anything at all to offend you.
(Wincing as a jolt sends their heads into the roof)
I am just as sorry as I can be!

Rose Rose
(Looking out the windshield in a panic)
Where did the road go?

Jack's truck is suddenly behind them. A gunshot takes out the rest of the already damaged windshield. Rose Rose hits the gas, trying to escape. TATERS bounces around inside the car like a ping pong ball. He ends up under the dashboard.

TATERS
(Pleading)
I'll give you money! Just let me out of
the car! Please! I swear, you passed!
(Desperate)
Why oh why won't you listen to me!

The Caddie bottoms out in a gully and it throws TATERS back into his seat, facing backwards.

Rose Rose
(Trying to be reassuring)
Any minute I'm gonna be ready for the
parking test.

Jack and the Indians in their truck suddenly appear ahead of them. Apparently they've taken a short cut.

The mob guys are right behind her. Jack is standing up in the back of the Indian's truck. He yells something at the driver and the truck slows. As Rose Rose moves towards it, the truck slows until it's running along side her car.

A hail of bullets from the Indians slows the mob guys who veer away. Jack leaps out of the truck and dives through the shot out back window of the Caddie. The truck with the Indians shoots ahead, to quickly pass out of sight ahead of them.

Jack grabs the driving instructor by the collar, hurls him into the backseat, and then crawls into the front, taking a seat next to her.

Jack
I love you Rose!. Give me the wheel!

Rose Rose
(Fighting the wheel, happy to see him but irked)
Are you nuts? I'm still taking my test!

Jack
(Grabbing the wheel)
Slide out, I'm gonna drive!

She slaps his hands off the wheel

Rose Rose
Quit distracting me!

Jack'S truck roars up behind them and slams into the back of the Caddie. TATERS goes half way through the back window.

Jack tries to wrest the wheel away from her and tries to put his feet on the pedals. Rose Rose really angry, suddenly throws her arms around him, in order to stop him from interfering. They are all tangled up, arms and legs hopelessly entwined and their feet end up slammed down together on the brakes.

The Caddie comes to a shuddering dead stop. It throws TATERS back into the car.

Lorenzo, unprepared for this, goes roaring by in Jack'S truck, passing on their right. He and the mob guys are turned, looking back at them. Ahead of them, is the massive stone walls that are the end of the canyon. The Indians have stopped their truck sideways facing a huge boulder that blocks one side of the canyon.

They are out of the truck with guns pointed in the direction of the approaching mob guys.

Rose Rose shoves Jack away. Their feet come off the brake pedal and ROSE hits the gas and they are off again. But now they chase Jack'S truck, instead of the other way around.

Rose Rose
If you're gonna give me a hard time
you can jump right back out the window.

Jack
I'm here because I love you and

I'm trying to protect you.

Rose Rose

(Sadly)

Don't love me Jack. I'm no good.

Lorenzo slows down, looking for a place to turn around.

Rose Rose comes up suddenly behind him and slams into the back of the truck, tumbling mob guys like dice.

TATERS is on his knees in the back of the car, looking up at the heavens.

TATERS

(Praying)

Holy Jesus, I been a sinner. If
you'll just see fit, to get me safely
out of this car, I'll give up drinking
and swearing and taking the Lords name
in vain. And no more Saturday nights
having at that roadhouse prostitute!
Oh Lord, I'll be a righteous man!

Jack

What do you mean you're no....

He doesn't get to finish the question. Lorenzo so intent on ROSE ROSE behind him, is shocked to see the canyon walls dead ahead, In a panic, he suddenly realizes that he has run out of room. He slams on the brakes and Jack'S truck spins wildly out of control as he tries to avoid hitting the oncoming canyon wall.

Rose Rose in an equal panic, also slams on the brakes.

Both vehicles are spinning towards what looks like certain disaster. The Indians scramble frantically to get up on the rocks.

The spinning cars kick up a huge cloud of dust which momentarily blocks all the vehicles from view.

As the dust settles, we see the Indians pickup still parked facing the boulder. About a car length and a half behind it, Lorenzo and Constanza sit pale and shaking in Jack'S truck. The truck also faces the boulder, the side of their truck only inches away from the canyon wall.

Somehow, they've stopped just in time. Rose Rose's Caddie is stopped beside the Indian's pickup. It too has just missed slamming into the Indian's truck. Only inches separate them.

All of the vehicles are facing the same way.

Lorenzo, faced with a rock full of Indians who have all their guns trained on them, starts to back up, but after a terrified look behind him, stops. He raises his hands over his head. The other mob guys, with the same look of terror from looking behind them, follow his lead. Their hands go up and a cascade of guns comes tumbling out of the truck. It's obviously over for Lorenzo and Constanza but we don't quite know what they are afraid of.

TATERS, white and shaken, starts to crawl out the back window. Rose Rose's hand grabs him by the shirt and slams him back inside the car.

Rose Rose
(Furious at something)
Where do you think you're going
you Texas turd!. I gotta do the parallel
parking test.

TATERS
(Terrified of her)
Please God NO! Let me out of here!

Rose Rose
Just let me put her between those
two pickup trucks and I'm Done. No
sweat.

Jack desperately lunges for the keys, intent on turning it off but she's just too fast for him. She slams the car into reverse, and tries to park the Caddie between the two trucks. She scrapes the canyon wall with the back bumper. The car seems to be stuck. She panics, tugs frantically at the wheel, trying to straighten it out, and then floors the gas pedal, in an attempt to get the car free. The car shudders, as the fender comes off, and then leaps backwards, smashing with terrific force into Jack's truck. Technically, it ends up legally parked because Jack's truck is no longer there.

Jack's truck shot backwards, with the mob guys screaming, then

suddenly plummeted down out of sight.

Rose Rose
(Stunned)
My god! Where'd they go?

There is a thunderous crash and then an even louder crash and then there is an explosion and smoke rises up into the sky.

Rose Rose
What was that noise?

Jack
(Sighing)
I think that's the sound my truck makes when it falls off a cliff.

Rose Rose
Oh my god, your new pick up truck! I'm so sorry Jack! I didn't know a cliff was there! Is...is it a big cliff? Will your truck be ok?

Jack gets out of the Caddie and walks to the edge of the cliff. He looks down as smoke from the explosion and fire drift upward. He stares unhappily at something at the bottom of the canyon.

Jack
I don't think it could get any less ok.

TATERS crawls out the the back window, slips on the trunk, lands on his head and rolls over. He comes up hands folded, in a praying position, eyes up at the sky.

TATERS
(Fervently but with reservations)
I do thank you Lord for sparing me!
(Nervous)
Now about that prostitute, if
occasionally I get the urge....
(Suddenly looking down)
Holy Christ, I Done wet myself!

The Indians join Jack at the edge of the cliff. From their point of view, we see Jack'S truck in a blazing fireball far away at the bottom of a

deep canyon.

Don Gemmeto's limo pulls up and comes to a stop.
Jordana turns and sees it. Already sad, the appearance of the limo seems to more deeply depress her. She puts her head down on the steering wheel.

Jack and the Indians turn to look as the limo doors open and Don Gemmeto and Minetti get out of the car. They start toward the cliff edge but the Indians with guns makes them move somewhat cautiously.

Jack goes back to the Caddie and bends down and puts his arm around her. She turns and looks at him sadly.

Rose Rose
Jack. I got bad news.

Jack
I know. I saw it burning plain as day.

Rose Rose
I mean even more bad news than that.

Jack
You owe me two pickup trucks, how much worse can it get?

Rose Rose
I remember who I am Jack.

Jack
That's great.

Rose Rose
No it isn't. My name's Jordana Gemmeto.
That man getting out of the limo is a mafia Don.

Jack
(Confused)
Uh.

Rose Rose
He's my father.

Jack

Uh.

Rose Rose
And I'm married!

Jack
Uh.

Rose Rose
(Beginning to cry)
And I'm a criminal! My whole life
is ruined.

Jack's stunned but there's a look of fierce determination
on his face. He stands his ground.

Jack
Do you love me?

Rose Rose
Why bother to even ask?

Jack
When a man is in a mood to marry
someone, he has to ask it.

She looks up at him with upwelling hope and tenderness. She
loves him almost more than she can say.

Rose Rose
I know it's ruined but I do love you
Jack. With all my heart.

Jack opens the car door and helps her out. He puts his arm
around her. They walk toward the cliff edge. The Indians
move aside. Gemmeto and Minetti are still a ways off.

Jack
Then nothing is ruined, well, except
for my truck. If you love me like I
think you do, then you'll be with me,
no matter who you used to be. Hell! Rose,
I'd want you if you came from a UFO!

Rose Rose

(Aware of her father's approach)
I wish I was from an UFO, for your sake
Jack. I really do love you Jack!

Jack
Discounting the truck, I love you right
back.

Don Gemmeto and Minetti are at the edge of the cliff. They stand
apart from everyone else as if there was something down in the canyon that
demanded they see it for themselves.

They look down at the wreck. GEMMETO for the moment, seems to
avoid looking over at his daughter.

Don Gemmeto
You're going down there and shoot
those bastards!

Minetti
They're pretty dead already. They
look burned to a crisp.

Don Gemmeto
I don't care. Go down and bring me
back what's left of them. If I can
think of something unspeakable to
do to their remains, trust me I will!

Minetti
OK boss.

Rose Rose pushes Jack away as Don Gemmeto, leaves the cliff
and walks over to her.

Don Gemmeto
(As if to hide the depths of his emotions)
Haven't I seen you somewhere?

Rose Rose
I been somewhere.

Don Gemmeto
I thought you ran away from me.
Where was you?

Rose Rose
I had amnesia.

Don Gemmeto
How does that get you to frigging Texas?

Rose Rose
One minute I'm in New York, trying to have
my wedding night and instead of that four
of Lorenzo and Constanza's goons are trying
to knock me out.

Don Gemmeto
(Venting in sudden rage)
SCUM BASTARDS!
(Recovering)
Then what?

Rose Rose
Then I wake up in Texas and the only thing I can remember, is that I have to pee.

Don Gemmeto
But you know me now?

Rose Rose
I hit my head on the windshield and suddenly remembered who I am. Only papa, I don't want
to remember who I am any more!

Don Gemmeto
Why not? That bastard Carlo?

Rose Rose
Him and everything in my life.
I was happy
(A tragic beat)
....when I didn't know who I was.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR-LIMO-BACKSEAT-DAY

As Jordana and her father ride back to town, she wipes a tear from
her eye. Jack riding with the Indians, honks the truck horn, as they pull
level and then pass the limo.

She watches him wistfully through the window.

Don Gemmeto

I asked Minetti to stay with the bodies and them other people to go way cause I gotta lotta stuff...uh

(Uncomfortable)

personal.. stuff to talk about with you.

Rose Rose

I'm glad to see you papa. But I don't feel like talking.

Don Gemmeto

You poor kid. You had it tough. What do ya feel like then? What can I do for you?

Rose Rose

Hit me on the head papa! I want amnesia again only I don't want to forget any of what's happened to me in Texas.

Don Gemmeto taps on the window seperating them from the driver. When the window comes down, GEMMTO gives him instructions.

Gemmeto

Pull over.

The driver slows, and pulls the limo off the road. They are still far from town in a very remote area.

Don Gemmeto takes her hand and helps her out of the car. He walks her around to the trunk and then pops the trunk open.

Carlo wriggles inside the trunk, bound and gagged. He looks like somebody looks who's been riding around in a car trunk for days.

Rose Rose is about to protest but he holds up his hand.

Don Gemmeto

Before you get all upset and hysterical, let me explain. I had Carlo watched. Did you know this scumbag brought a date to your wedding?

It was this blonde whoo-ha he's been zinging since day one. I ain't proved it yet but I think he was in on the whole thing to whack you.

Carlo struggles to speak through his gag. Rose Rose just stares at him.

Rose Rose

(With a sad look)

Poor Carlo. Poor me. Poor us.
(But now not sad at all)
And Thank God there IS no US!
(Jubliant)
We never had our wedding night papa.

DON Gemmeto
But surely....

Rose Rose
For all Carlo knows, I could be a virgin.

Don Gemmeto
(As it begins to dawn on him)
Under those circumstances, I'm thinking the wedding is annulled.

Rose Rose
(Mood changing, now very somber)
Even if Carlo was in on it, promise me you won't have him killed!

Don Gemmeto
(Protesting)
The things I could tell you about this.....

Rose Rose
(Determined to have her way)
I don't care. It's what I want. I loved him once or thought I did. I want him out of my life but
promise you won't have him killed!

Don Gemmeto stares in at Carlo and then slams the trunk.
He shrugs as if saying Oh what the hell, puts his arm around Jordana and gives her a big hug.

Don Gemmeto
(Happy that he can do something for her)
Ok, just for you I won't kill him.
(Cheerful)
I'll think of something worse.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR-DARE OR DIE BAR-NIGHT

Don Gemmeto sits at the bar in front of Jack.

They are both staring at each other, neither apparently sure how to act in front of each other.

Don Gemmeto

My daughter tells me you jumped out of a speeding pickup truck and through the back window of her car. What are you, some kind of movie stuntman?

Jack

(A touch angry)

You've seen her drive. I was trying to save her life.

Don Gemmeto

No offense. It was kinda stupid and kinda brave. Still, she seems happy with you.

Jack

Why wouldn't she be?

Don Gemmeto holds out his hand for Jack to shake. It takes Jack a few seconds to realize what he means.

Don Gemmeto

I never seen her happy before. So it means one hell of a lot to me! Even though you're some frigging Texas cowboy, you got my blessing!

(Sighing as if not quite believing he's having this little talk)

Also, I got good news. She ain't married no more.

Jack

How did that happen?

Don Gemmeto

(With a wink)

The groom was ruled ineligible by a higher court.

The old man still has his hand out.

The old man is sincere. Jack takes his hand and they shake.

Peace seems to be in the air.

Jordana comes into the bar.

Jordana

(To Jack)

I got to talk to my old man alone.

Jack nods and leaves the room.

Don Gemmeto

I can't believe you don't want to come back to New York.

Jordana

All my life I was always fighting with somebody. Now I have something to fight for instead. I feel good about that. It's different. I'm different. I remember who I used to be but I know I can be somebody different.

Don Gemmeto

So who do you think you are now?

Rose Rose

I'm a somebody in love and that's the best kind of somebody to be. I can't give that up just to be your daughter.

Don Gemmeto

(Trying to reason with her)

But somebody's got to succeed me.

Rose Rose

Why?

Don Gemmeto

I'm old. I can't live forever.

Rose Rose

Sell it papa!

Don Gemmeto

What you mean sell it?

Rose Rose

You're at the end of you life. As much as you might want it, I am never going to be the son you always wanted and nobody I marry is likely to work out either. Face it papa, its time to retire, time to ask yourself, while you still can, is there anything you really enjoy. Maybe you could remarry? You liked women before mama died.

Don Gemmeto

I am too old for that. Women give me gas.

Rose Rose

Money?

Don Gemmeto

I got more than I can spend or hide.

Rose Rose

Booze?

Don Gemmeto

A brandy, one only, more than that I get a headache.

Rose Rose

So papa, what's left?

Don Gemmeto

I am gonna spend more time with you. Be a better papa to you.

Rose Rose

I like that. But you aren't good at doing nothing. You have to DO something.

Don Gemmeto

I like cooking.

(Thinking about it)

I tell you it's the best. The preparation, deciding what goes with what, tasting it!

(Smacking his lips)

Ah! Season it just right! And then seeing people eat til they can't move. Now that's what I like.

Rose Rose

So sell the business. Take over the coffee shop. I run the bar, you run the food. You cook whatever you like.

Don Gemmeto

What are you crazy? I'm a Don!

Rose Rose

So be powerful! Do just like you want!

CUT TO:

INTERIOR-CAFE SIDE-DO OR DIE BAR-DAY

LARGE MARGE now with a matching rack, comes in with a very fancy multicourse meal. Don Gemmeto hovers behind her, beaming with pride.

COWBOY DINER

My God! I only ordered a hamburger!

Don Gemmeto

You only being charged for a hamburg. Dig in. See what you think.

The cowboy takes a bite. He shovels another mouthful in. He smiles in disbelief.

COWBOY DINER

Damn! This is good grub!

Don Gemmeto

(Absolutely thrilled by the response)

Wait til you bite into the complimentary dessert! It melts in your mouth!

CUT TO:

There is a line of Indian kids at the counter of the cafe. Don Gemmeto is stuffing huge servings of Italian delicacies into paper bags and handing them to the kids. He seems to be blissfully happy. The camera pulls back and we see a sign.

Gemmeto'S BRING A LUNCH TO SCHOOL PROGRAM
ALL LUNCHEs 10 CENTS

INDIAN KID

(Eagerly)

Can I have extra pasta?

Don Gemmeto

Yeah. But only if you know my motto.

INDIAN KID

(Reciting with fake Italian accent)

Oregano isa spice, notta dance step!

The Don nods with pride and joyfully serves a double portion. As the camera changes angles to look over his shoulder, we see Jack and Jordana behind the bar. They're kissing passionately. As Don Gemmeto turns to look at them things get a touch overly friendly and they drop behind the bar.

Don Gemmeto

(Extremely annoyed)

Hey! That's no way to run a bar!

(Thinking about it)

Course this is no way to run a restaurant.

Oh the hell with it! While you're at it,
make some grandkids!

Jack tries to raise his head above the bar. Something with hands pulls him back down.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR-DARE OR DIE BAR-DAY

Camera opens on a shot of the front of the bar. Jack moves to the front window and tacks up a sign. It reads:

SHE'S DRIVING.

A cowboy walking by, sees the sign, does a wild doubletake, takes off his hat and turns and yells something.

The camera angle changes to show people abandoning cars and the sidewalks in a frantic rush to get off the street. Several people actually crawl under cars to get away.

There's a shriek of squealing tires, the sound of fenders hitting fenders and then at an astonishingly high rate of speed, Jack's new pickup goes roaring backwards down Whereup's main street.

CUT TO:

Played as END CREDITS ROLL.

INTERIOR-MONASTERY-A DARK DREARY CHAMBER-DAY

Carlo with his head shaved in a tonsure and in a monk's robe is standing in front of a crowd of monks. The head monk is addressing them.

ABBOT

Please welcome brother Carlo who has just joined our monastery. In addition to our eternal vow of celibacy, he's also taken a vow of silence. Also it was deemed fitting (Reading from a piece of paper) by his sponsor that he not be tempted by the outside world, so for the next twenty years brother Carlo shall not leave this place. (Again reading from the paper) But if he does well in that time, his sponsor will arrange for him to get a generous two hour pass to go to Las Vegas.

Carlo faints.

THE END.