

SECOND DRAFT

FINAL

ANY WHICH WAY YOU CAN

(Tentative Title)

by

Stanford Sherman

"ANY WHICH WAY YOU CAN"

1 EXT. CALIFORNIA HIGHWAY - DAY

A brace of MOTORCYCLE COPS growl along the highway, followed by a large tractor-trailer. The cops glance at their mirrors as the big truck pulls closer, until its screaming diesel is only a few feet behind them. These are CHP's finest, however. Men of iron. Their speed and posture do not change, neither do their steely eyes flinch -- until they're goosed by a murderous HOOOOT from the truck's air horn.

The Brown Knights jump six inches off their seats, fight to hold their machines. When they've regained control, one drops back beside the truck cab.

MOTORCYCLE COP

(yells to driver)

How'd you like your goddamn rig
impounded!?

TRUCK DRIVER

(grins)

Sorry, officer. Hand slipped.

The cops turn off the highway into a field, followed by the truck. The three vehicles slice through sagebrush, pluming dust, heading for a congregation of trucks in the distance.

2 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

On the highway, a tandem tractor approaches, with four TRUCKERS stuffed in its cab and five more perched on its bare ass. As a fat MOTORCYCLE COP pulls up beside them, a BALD-HEADED TRUCKER yells over to him.

BALD-HEADED TRUCKER

(yelling to cop)

You better get ready to hock your
tricycle, Jack.

FAT COP

(yells back)

Let's see your money, big mouth.

BALD-HEADED TRUCKER

(waves a wad
of green)

Two hundred on Philo!

FAT COP

You're covered!

The cop pulls away, turns into the field, followed by the tractor.

3 EXT. SAGEBRUSH FIELD - DAY

Half a dozen tractor-trailers are pulled into a circle, with a dozen more parked nearby. In a separate group are two dozen CHP motorcycles and a couple of patrol cars.

Incoming traffic is directed by a BURLY COP and an equally BURLY TRUCKER, standing side by side, each directing his own people. Until a livestock truck approaches, crammed with pigs, whereupon both traffic directors shield their noses with their forearms and point in unison to a very distant parking spot.

Next to approach is a battered pickup containing PHILO BEDDOE and his faithful companions ORVILLE THE STAUNCH and CLYDE THE HAIRY.

Philo drives up to the truck-ring, nosing between two trailers. As Philo gets out a CHEER goes up from the truckers. He helps Clyde out of the cab while Orville goes over to the bald-headed trucker, who's collecting money from the truckers and marking the amounts in a battered notebook. Orville hands him a sheaf of bills, then returns to Philo and Clyde.

BALD-HEADED TRUCKER

(yells)

1200 more on Philo!

Across the truck-ring is SERGEANT COOLEY, scribbling in his own battered notebook as he takes money from officers.

SERGEANT COOLEY

(yells back)

You're covered!

Beside Cooley is JOE CASEY, a giant beefsteak perched on an overturned bucket, his shoulders being massaged by his friend and handler, OFFICER MORGAN

SERGEANT COOLEY

(to Morgan, worried)

We're covering over eight grand so far.

OFFICER MORGAN

We'll eat him for breakfast. Hell, Joe whipped every Marine in the first division.

SERGEANT COOLEY

(nervous glance
toward Philo)

He ain't a Marine.

Philo strips off his shirt and hands it to Clyde, who stashes it in the truck. They watch Casey as he stands up, all six and a half feet of him.

(CONTINUED)

ORVILLE

Jesus, he's big.

PHILO

He's sizeable.

ORVILLE

They say he whipped every Marine in his division.

PHILO

I ain't a Marine.

The bald-headed trucker is standing on the hood of a truck, armed with a bullhorn.

BALD-HEADED TRUCKER

(through bullhorn)

All right, the bets are covered.
Let's get this show on the road.

A trucker hands him a fat envelope.

BALD-HEADED TRUCKER

(through bullhorn)

Hold it.

(glances at envelope)

I got 2800 from the boys in Bakersfield.

Across the circle, Sergeant Cooley looks pained. He's run out of covering money. He glances at a CHP CAPTAIN standing at the back of the crowd. The Captain nods his assent.

SERGEANT COOLEY

(yells)

You're covered.

(low to Casey)

You lose this fight, we're gonna be patrolling Death Valley for the next five years.

OFFICER MORGAN

(to Cooley)

Don't worry.

(pats Casey toward the center)

Fat him up, Joe.

Philo turns to Orville.

PHILO

Keep an eye on Clyde. You know how he likes to crap in squad cars.

(CONTINUED)

ORVILLE

I'll watch him.

(concerned)

Be careful with this guy.

Philo nods and moves into the ring. He uses the first minute to size Casey up, letting him throw most of the punches, taking them on his arms. An occasional sharp jab keeps Casey from getting too close.

OFFICER MORGAN

(crowding)

He's killing him!

SERGEANT COOLEY

(a cooler view)

He's movin' pretty good for a corpse.

OFFICER MORGAN

Joe ain't landed his right yet. One good right and bingo.

Clyde looks across the ring, and between a gap in the trailers, he sees a sight to gladden his heart: the CHP Captain's patrol car. He gets a roll of toilet paper from the pickup cab, then climbs to the top of a nearby trailer. He moves around the circle, leaping from trailer to trailer.

Casey is pressing hard, Philo is back-pedaling. Suddenly Philo slips on a patch of loose dirt. He staggers, off balance. His guard drops. Casey launches a roundhouse right from somewhere near Hackensack; there's a chilling CRACK as his fist smashes into Philo's cheek.

OFFICER MORGAN

(exultant)

Bingo!

A shot of Casey's face: he waits for Philo to fall. A shot of Philo's face: a tendril of blood slips from the corner of his mouth, and his lips curve, ever so slightly, in a faint smile; pain is fuel for Philo. Casey's face registers disbelief first, then worry. Big worry. Reflected in the faces of Morgan and Cooley. Philo throws three blinding fast jabs, and Casey staggers back.

Meanwhile, atop the trailers, Clyde has reached the opposite side of the circle. He gazes down on a CHP patrol car and feels a delightful loosening of his bowels. He climbs to the ground, musing on the peculiar habits of Brown Humans; he can't understand why they would choose to drive around in toilets.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (3)

Philo is shredding Casey with cool and methodical precision. The big man is staggering, face ribboned with blood. He almost falls but catches himself. He stands swaying, eyes glazed, hands at waist level, defenseless. Philo drops his hands and steps back.

PHILO

That's it.

MORGAN

He ain't down yet.

Philo turns toward Morgan.

PHILO

(soft, ominous)

No, he ain't down. And I ain't gonna put him down. But you're welcome to take his place if you like.

MORGAN

(steps back,
but still shrill)

Fight ain't over till he's down!

COOLEY

(to Morgan)

Shut up.

Cooley moves to Casey's side and leads the dazed man out of the ring. The truckers erupt in gleeful yells of triumph; the Blue Knights disperse gloomily, except for the burly officer, who approaches the truckers and begins handing out tickets.

TRUCKER

(receiving a ticket)

What the hell is this?

BURLY OFFICER

All these vehicles are parked illegally.

But instead of protesting, the truckers surge forward eagerly to get their tickets.

BALD-HEADED TRUCKER

(through bullhorn)

Stop right up, gents, and get 'em while they're hot. Real pleasure doing business with you, officers.

VARIOUS TRUCKERS

... Hey, don't forget mine!... I'll take two!...

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (4)

Philo puts on his shirt while Orville examines his cut lip.

PHILO
How much we get down?

ORVILLE
About twelve hundred.

PHILO
(nods, looks
around)
Where's Clyde?

ORVILLE
(he's forgotten
about him)
Oh, shit.

Clyde appears around the corner of the truck, carrying his roll of toilet paper. He rolls up to Philo and kisses the roll.

PHILO
Clyde, you got damn little respect
for the law.

Clyde leans his head against Philo's arm, admitting the charge.

The CHP Captain opens the door of his patrol car and stares at the seat.

CAPTAIN
Oh, shit.

The trucks begin rolling out of the field, the drivers waving their tickets triumphantly at the cops.

4 INT. PHILO'S PICKUP - TRAVELING - DAY

En route from the fight. Philo is at the wheel, Orville in the middle, Clyde at the window.

PHILO
That was my last fight.

ORVILLE
How come?

PHILO
Right turn, Clyde.

Clyde pokes his hand out the window to signal the turn.

(CONTINUED)

PHILO

I'm gettin' to like the pain.

ORVILLE

Maybe it's time, then.

PHILO

Yeah, I think.

INT. CHP PATROL CAR - TRAVELING - DAY

The Captain's car has been given, with malice aforethought, to the fallen gladiator and his cohorts. Sergeant Cooley is at the wheel, the battered Casey in the middle, Officer Morgan at the window. They are taking the same route back as Philo, driving behind the pick-up. Both Cooley and Morgan keep poking their heads out the windows to gulp draughts of fresh air. Casey has no such problem since his nose is too swollen to register anything but pain.

CASEY

(groggily)

I don't understand it. I whipped every Marine in my division. Some real tough guys.

SERGEANT COOLEY

(gulping air)

Jesus, how can you stand the stench?

CASEY

I can't smell nothin'.

OFFICER MORGAN

The Captain won't really transfer us, will he, Sarge?

SERGEANT COLLEY

After we flushed 2800 of his hard-earned bucks? It's Death Valley, son, believe me.

CASEY

Some real tough guys.

Suddenly a splayed banana peel whirls from the window of Philo's truck ahead. It splats against the windshield of the patrol car.

OFFICER MORGAN

Hey, stop those guys! They're littering!

SERGEANT COOLEY

(disgusted)

Shut up.

6 EXT. FIFTH AVENUE TOWNHOUSE, MANHATTAN - DAY

A grey Cadillac limo pulls up, and from it exit THREE MEN, expensively dressed, on the sporty side. One of them carries a foot-square, perforated box. They enter the townhouse.

7 INT. TOWNHOUSE DRAWING ROOM - DAY

A DOZEN MEN sit on richly upholstered furniture that has been drawn around a wooden ring about four feet in diameter. Cigar smoke is thick, drinks are replenished silently and efficiently by a jacketed SERVANT.

Sitting in a large leather chair is the owner of the house and sponsor of the event, JAMES BECKMAN, cold, sardonic, about fifty. At his elbow stands his lieutenant and enforcer, PATRICK SCARFE.

In contrast to the raucous betting of the previous scene, bets here are made with a nod of the head, a flick of the eye. At the edge of the group stands a BUTLER, an experienced reader of such faint signs, keeping track of the bets in a small notebook.

One of the men from the grey limo, ANTHONY PAOLI, kneels and sets the perforated box in the ring. He looks at Beckman and raises three fingers.

BUTLER

(to Paoli)

Excuse me, sir. Is that three thousand?

PAOLI

No, it is not three thousand.

BUTLER

(looks at Beckman)

Mr. Paoli bets thirty thousand on the challenger.

Beckman nods his acceptance and the butler enters the bet in his book. Paoli opens the door of the box: a mongoose darts out and flashes across the ring to a dome-shaped object about the size and shape of a bird cage, covered with leather. The small, nervous animal sniffs at the base of the dome, probing and scratching.

Beckman surveys the group, sees no more bets. He signals Scarfe, who leans over and lifts the leather cover: under it is a huge, diamondback rattlesnake, coiled to strike, mouth gaping, tail chattering.

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED:

The battle commences instantly: the mongoose darts in and out, tempting the snake, waiting for that split second after a failed strike when it can bury its needle teeth in the back of the rattler's neck. The rattler in and out with the mongoose, turning with it, presenting no target but its deadly fangs. Suddenly it strikes and misses, but recoils before the mongoose can seize it.

Again the rattler strikes and misses, and this time the mongoose is on it. The rattler whips and thrashes, flinging the mongoose across the ring. It recoils and waits. The mongoose lunges, the rattler strikes again.

BEEKMAN

That's it.

PAOLI

He never touched him!

BEEKMAN

Your animal has fifteen seconds to live.

The mongoose lunges, but more slowly now. It backs away from the rattler, staggers, goes down. It regains its feet, but the rattler's venom is terrifyingly swift in such a small animal. The mongoose sprawls, rolls over. A few seconds more and it's stiff, mouth open, eyes glazed.

Paoli stares at his dead animal with a disgusted expression. He leans over to pick it up.

BEEKMAN

The snake got him, the snake keeps him.

Paoli shrugs, lets it go. The spectators begin to leave. Scarfe is watching Paoli with eyes like the rattler's. He clears his throat noisily.

PAOLI

(jabs an angry
finger toward
Scarfe)

Keep your terrier in his cage, Beekman.

BEEKMAN

Patrick is only looking out for my interests, Anthony.

PAOLI

Your money will be here by five p.m.

BEEKMAN

I expected no less.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

Paoli leaves with the others. Scarfe and Beekman watch the snake as it slithers across the ring toward the dead mongoose.

BEEKMAN

You set up a fight for Wilson?

SCARFE

Not yet.

BEEKMAN

I ain't paying him five grand a month to sit on his hands.

SCARFE

No one'll take him on, Jim. Not after what happened to Carter and McGrath.

BEEKMAN

(as close to
a smile as
he gets)

Maybe we should set up a match between Wilson and the rattler.

SCARFE

You'd lose a good rattler.

(pause)

There's a guy on the west coast named Philo Beddoe.

BEEKMAN

Never heard of him.

SCARFE

Some Dallas folks think a lot of him.

BEEKMAN

Which folks?

SCARFE

The ones that bet. And he's known in California. I think we'd get a good piece of action on it.

BEEKMAN

Set it up.

A shot of the ring shows the rattler with a huge bulge in his body: he's ingested the mongoose whole.

8 INT. PHILO'S PICKUP - TRAVELING - NIGHT

Philo, Orville, and Clyde are dressed for a night on the town (in Clyde's case this amounts to a Mickey Mouse watch on his wrist). Clyde tugs at Orville's sleeve, raises his index finger.

8 CONTINUED:

ORVILLE
Clyde's gotta do number one.

PHILO
(slowing the truck)
Right.

8A EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

Philo, Clyde, and Orville debouch from the passenger side of the truck. Clyde is carrying his roll of toilet paper.

ORVILLE
He don't need toilet paper for number one.

PHILO
He's very fastidious.

9 INT. STATION WAGON - TRAVELING - NIGHT

In the wagon are LUTHER and LORETTA QUINCE, a fiftyish couple from Dubuque, vacationing in California. Their heads turn toward the side of the road as they pass Philo's truck: Philo, Clyde, and Orville are standing in a row, backs toward them, taking a communal piss. The scene is past in a flash, but a flash is enough.

LORETTA
We must be in California.

LUTHER
Must be.

10 INT. COUNTRY AND WESTERN BAR - NIGHT

Enter Philo, Clyde, and Orville. As they reach the bar, Philo hears a familiar singing voice. He glances toward the small stage and sees LYNNE HALSEY-TAYLOR.

PHILO
(to Orville)
Why didn't you tell me she was here?

ORVILLE
Hell, I didn't know. We can leave.

Philo hesitates, then shrugs a negative and helps Clyde up on a barstool. The bartender sets up three bottles of beer.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

BARTENDER

Evening, gents. Evening, Clyde.

Clyde opens his mouth in a wide gesture of annoyance; he seems to have taken grave offense at something. The bartender looks a question at Philo.

PHILO

I think he's offended that you didn't include him in gents.

BARTENDER

(solemnly)

Yeah, he's sensitive.

The bartender places a huge bowl of peanuts in front of Clyde.

BARTENDER

Sorry, Clyde.

Clyde pats the bartender's arm in a gesture of forgiveness. The other patrons are used to Clyde, and no one gives him a second look -- except for a big man at the other end of the bar, one of whose huge biceps is tattooed with "Mother." Biceps seems annoyed at having to drink at the same bar with an ape.

Having finished her song, Lynne makes her way from the stage to the bar. She comes up with Philo.

LYNNE

(tenuous smile)

Mind if I sit down?

PHILO

It's a free country.

She sits on the stool next to Philo. Clyde keeps an eye on her; he likes her.

LYNNE

I guess you're still mad at me.

PHILO

No, I'm not mad. I like getting my insides kicked out.

LYNNE

I didn't mean to hurt you. I was very confused.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

PHILO

(angrily)

And what the hell do you think I was?

LYNNE

I'm sorry.

(pause)

That's all past now.

PHILO

(hunches forward,
doesn't look at
her)

It sure is.

LYNNE

(after a pause)

Do you want me to leave?

PHILO

(in pain)

Yes.

She gets up and moves slowly to the other end of the bar. Clyde watches her go, then picks up his beer and pours it over Philo's head. He grabs a five from the bar, climbs off his stool, and follows Lynne.

PHILO

(to Orville)

What'd I do?

Clyde goes up to Lynne and strokes her arm sympathetically. Her eyes are wet. Clyde takes her hand and inundates it with a kiss.

LYNNE

(thickly)

Thank you, Clyde.

Clyde climbs on the stool beside her and pounds on the bar.

BARTENDER

Awright, Clyde, keep your pants on.

The bartender sets two beers on the bar, takes the five from Clyde's hand, and returns three dollars. Lynne and Clyde tilt their bottles and drink together.

LYNNE

(to Clyde)

I knew you and Philo came here a lot.
I told them I'd work for nothing,
just to get chance to talk to him.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (3)

LYNNE (cont'd)
(begins to cry
softly)

I guess I shouldn't have bothered.

Clyde circles her with a comforting arm as she cries. He glances down the bar at Philo and gives him an angry look.

Biceps is sitting one stool away from Clyde, growing increasingly annoyed. His patience runs out when Clyde plants a foot on the empty stool between them and commences a luxurious wriggling of his toes.

BICEPS
(to bartender)
I don't feel like drinking with a filthy ape.

BARTENDER
He's a real clean ape.

BICEPS
(dismounts from
stool)
Well, I'm gonna kick his ass out of here.

BARTENDER
If I was you, friend, I'd sit back down and have another beer.

BICEPS
But you ain't me.

BARTENDER
Nope.

Philo has stepped away from the bar to keep an eye on events at the other end, where Biceps is moving on Clyde. Clyde appears unconcerned, lolling and guzzling beer, one foot planted against the edge of the empty stool.

As Biceps begins to clench his fist for a blow, he glances out the corner of his eye at the empty bar stool: it appears to be bending. His eyes widen as he watches Clyde bend the bar stool with one foot, tilting it over until the lag screws holding it to the floor rip loose and the stool checks against the one next to it. This operation doesn't appear to be much of a strain for Clyde, since he continues to loll and guzzle beer right through it.

Biceps unclenches his fist and wipes his palm, which has suddenly become very sweaty. He backs up, resumes his seat at the bar.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (4)

BICEPS

Think I'll have another beer.

BARTENDER

Right.

At the other end of the bar, Philo speaks to Orville.

PHILO

Clyde's getting rowdy. We'd better get on home.

Philo walks out. Orville collects Clyde.

ORVILLE

You're gettin' rowdy, Clyde.

Clyde loops an arm across his head, admitting the charge. He picks up the three bills from the bar, eats two of them, and drops the third on the bar as a tip.

BARTENDER

Thanks, Clyde.

LYNNE

(touches his
shoulder)

Thanks, Clyde.

Clyde kisses her hand, then moves to Orville's side.

ORVILLE

(to Lynne)

Leave Philo alone, honey.

LYNNE

(flashing anger)

I'm not your honey.

ORVILLE

He was down for two months after you kicked him over.

LYNNE

(soft, sad)

So was I.

ORVILLE

We're real happy, the three of us.
Why'nt you just leave us alone?

Orville starts to lead Clyde out, but the young lush of the forest insists on stopping to bid farewell to Biceps, who goes rigid with anxiety as Clyde lays a hairy hand on his arm.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (5)

10

But Clyde only wants to kiss the "Mother" tattoo on his biceps, which he does with slobbery gusto. Then he holds his Mickey Mouse watch under Biceps' nose. The big man, who is petrified, scrooches his eyes sideways to look a question at Orville.

ORVILLE

He wants you to kiss his Mickey.

BICEPS

Kiss his what?

ORVILLE

Mouse.

Biceps plants a kiss on the watch, then turns his head sideways and smiles weakly; he's willing to fornicate with the watch if Clyde insists. Fortunately, Clyde does not. He withdraws his arm and rolls out of the bar with Orville.

11 INT. BLACK WIDOWS' CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

The Widows sit on packing crates, facing their leader, CHOLLA, who stands before them in his Kaiser helmet. He is conducting a peculiar ceremony that seems to be a cross between a pep rally and a black mass.

CHOLLA

(jabs a finger)

Who kicked your asses?

WIDOWS

(in unison)

Philo Beddoe!

CHOLLA

Who pissed on you, shit on you, and let his ape shit on you?

WIDOWS

(in unison)

Philo Beddoe!

CHOLLA

Whose ass are you gonna nail to the gates of hell?

WIDOWS

(in unison)

Philo Beddoe's!

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

CHOLLA

All right! Let's go hunt us up some
ape shit.

Moody, one of the biggest and ugliest of the Widows,
sniffs the air with a worried expression.

MOODY

(jumping up)

My brownies!

He runs out of the room.

CHOLLA

(utter disbelief)

His what?

DALLAS

(embarrassed)

He's baking brownies.

CHOLLA

(whimpers)

Why me, Lord?

(slumps in
a corner)

Why have you cursed me, Lord?
Other men you make out of clay,
but mine you make out of shit.
Why have you given me men of shit,
Lord?

Elmo and Frank sidle gingerly up to Cholla.

ELMO

Cholla?

(pause)

Cholla, we got to talk.

FRANK

Yeh, we got to talk.

CHOLLA

Talk.

ELMO

Well, look, when we joined up, you
said if we was bad and ugly, we'd
have chicks all over us. Well, here
we are, bad and ugly, and no chicks.
It ain't fair.

FRANK

Yeh, it ain't fair.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

Cholla stares at them with bloodshot eyes.

CHOLLA

(acid whisper)

Bad? You, bad? You and bad ain't even in the same hemisphere.

(leans close)

You want to know why no chicks?

(screams in their faces)

Because what does one pussy want with another?

ELMO

That's cruel. That's very cruel.

12 EXT. FRONT OF BOGGS HOMESTEAD - DAY

The usual array of old cars in various states of agony. Philo's feet protrude from under an old Ford. MA BOGGS comes from the house.

MA

Should've expected it.

PHILO

What, Ma?

MA

Quittin' your job and lettin' a old lady die of frostbite and canker sores.

PHILO

It ain't froze here in thirty years, Ma.

MA

(bends over, screams under the car)

Don't have to freeze, I got thin blood!

PHILO

(wry)

Yeah, sounds like it. Anyway, I ain't quittin' my job. Fightin' ain't my job.

In b.g., Clyde sneaks into the house.

MA

I admit it ain't much, but it's as close as you ever got to makin' a decent livin'.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MA (cont'd)

But, hell, you don't care about keepin' a roof over a helpless old lady's head. You don't care if she has to eat dog food and soak her teeth in Clorox.

In b.g. Clyde scoots out of the house clutching a large bag of purloined Oreos.

MA

(spots Clyde, yells)

Come back with my Oreos, you hairy turd!

(giving chase)

You eat them cookies, I'll stick a plunger on your ass and pull 'em out the other end!

Clyde disappears around the house, with Ma in hot pursuit. An expensive car pulls into the driveway and Patrick Scarfe gets out. He surveys the yard with distaste, then picks his way to the old Ford.

SCARFE

(speaking to Philo's feet)

I'm looking for Mr. Philo Beddoe.

PHILO

(from under the car)

You're talking to him.

SCARFE

(somewhat annoyed)

I'm talking to his feet.

PHILO

That's all right, his' other end can hear you.

SCARFE

I represent a man who would like to back you, Mr. Beddoe.

PHILO

There's a big crescent wrench lying on the front fender.

Philo extends his hand from under the car, waiting for the wrench. Scarfe looks at the greasy wrench and grimaces; he doesn't want to touch the thing.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

SCARFE

Yes, I see it.

PHILO

Good for you. Now reach over, pick it up, and hand it to me. Be careful to pick it by the tial. The jaws are venomous.

Scarfe takes out a handkerchief, picks up the wrench, and hands it to Philo.

PHILO

Back me for what?

SCARFE

A fight.

PHILO

I'm retired.

SCARFE

Since when?

PHILO

Since I decided to retire.

Clyde is creeping from car to car, sneaking up on Scarfe from behind.

SCARFE

My employer is willing to pay you fifteen thousand dollars for this fight.

PHILO

Against who?

SCARFE

Fellow named Jack Wilson.

(waits for
an answer,
gets none)

You know Wilson?

PHILO

I've heard about him.

SCARFE

(after a pause)

Let's not quibble, Mr. Hedden.
Twenty-five thousand.

PHILO

Is that win or lose, or just win?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (3)

SCARFE

The money will be payable win or lose.

(pause, takes out
sheaf of bills)

Ten thousand in advance.

Clyde has crept up on Scarfe, and squats about two feet behind him.

PHILO

Give it to Clyde.

SCARFE

Who's Clyde?

PHILO

My manager.

As Clyde's hairy fingers curl around his arm, Scarfe nearly jumps out of his skin.

SCARFE

(backs against
the car)

Jesus Christ!

PHILO

He won't hurt you.

SCARFE

You want me to give ten thousand dollars to an ape?

PHILO

He handles all my business affairs.

Gingerly, Scarfe extends the money toward Clyde, who takes the sheaf of bills and kisses it.

PHILO

Go hide it, Clyde. And make sure Ma don't see you.

Clyde gallops off toward his shed. Ma watches him from the house, peering through a slit in the drapes, her pupils shrunk to pinpoints of greed.

Scarfe kneels and slides a business card under the car.

SCARFE

You have any objections to Texas?

PHILO

Nope.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (4)

SCARFE
I'll be in touch.

PHILO
Yeah, I'm sure.

Scarfe leaves. Philo tucks the business card in his shirt pocket and continues to work on the car.

13 EXT. BOGGS FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Orville sits in the cab of his wrecker, draining a beer and listening to emergency calls on his C.B.

DISPATCHER'S VOICE
(over radio)
You there, Harry?

HARRY'S VOICE
(over radio)
Yeah, whatcha got?

DISPATCHER'S VOICE
(over radio)
Dead battery at Sunset and Lincoln.
Green '73 Chevrolet.

HARRY'S VOICE
(over radio)
Got it. Be about twenty minutes.

ORVILLE
(switches off radio)
Twenty minutes is too late by half,
Harry.

He sorts through a set of placards bearing the names of various towing services. He picks out the one labeled "Harry's Auto Service" and slides it into a holder on the outside of his door.

ORVILLE
Hang on, green chevvie, Harry's on
his way.

As he starts the engine, Philo comes up.

PHILO
You seen Clyde?

ORVILLE
No. He gone?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

PHILO
Couple of hours.

ORVILLE
Not in his shed?

PHILO
I'll check again, maybe he came back.

14 INT. CLYDE'S SHED - NIGHT

Ma is ransacking the place, looking for the money.

MA
(muttering as
she searches)
... No hairy-ass jungle jumper is
gonna outsmart Zenobia Boggs... Goddamn
banana-head probably ate it... Take
him down to the medical school and
open him up like a sardine can...

She hears Philo at the door and grabs a broom, pretends
to be sweeping up the place.

MA
(as Philo enters)
Work and slave for that ape of yours.
Work and slave.

PHILO
(little smile)
Appreciate it, Ma. You ain't seen
him, have you?

MA
No, I ain't seen him.
(as Philo
backs out)
I'll find it! You better believe
I'll find it! No hairy-ass banana-
head is gonna outsmart Zenobia Boggs!

PHILO
'Course not, Ma.

15 EXT. VARIOUS STREETS - NIGHT

Philo drives the neighborhood, looking for Clyde.

16 EXT. COUNTRY AND WESTERN BAR - NIGHT

Philo parks his truck.

17 INT. COUNTRY AND WESTERN BAR - NIGHT

As Philo enters, Lynne is singing.

PHILO

(to Bartender)

You seen Clyde around?

BARTENDER

(flicks his head)

Yep.

Clyde is sitting at the other end of the bar, listening raptly to Lynne. Philo slides onto the stool on Clyde's right, taking note of the open beer and pack of cigarettes on his left. Lynne winds up her song and Clyde expresses his approval with arm-waving enthusiasm. She returns to the bar and resumes her seat on Clyde's left.

PHILO

It ain't good for him to wander around like this.

LYNNE

Jesus, what'd I do? I was just singing a number and sat down at the bar and he came in.

PHILO

He was probably lost and recognized the place.

LYNNE

Maybe he came down to see me. It's possible, you know. Not everyone hates me.

PHILO

I never said I hated you.

(pause)

Look, there's different kinds of pain. Some kinds don't bother me much. Other kinds I got no tolerance for. No tolerance at all.

He's speaking the truth: the memory of it causes his hand to shake as he sets down his beer. She sees it. So does Clyde, who gives him a comforting pat (or a kiss, depending on his mood).

LYNNE

(soft)

I don't have much tolerance for it either.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

Clyde now turns and gives her a comforting pat.

PHILO

You gonna do another set?

LYNNE

No, I'm only doing one show a night.
I don't think they like me very much.

PHILO

You're a good singer. Real good.

LYNNE

(with feeling)

Thank you.

PHILO

Have you got wheels?

LYNNE

No.

PHILO

I'll drive you home.
(pause)

If you'd like.

LYNNE

Yes.

18 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF YWCA - NIGHT

Philo, Lynne, and Clyde in the pickup truck as it pulls to a stop in front of the Y.

PHILO

(glance at Y, a
little surprised)

There?

LYNNE

(bridling)

Anything wrong with it?

PHILO

Not a thing.

LYNNE

(after a pause)

Guess I can't ask you in.

PHILO

Guess not.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

She gets out of the truck.

LYNNE

Thank you.

Philo nods. She goes into the Y. Philo drives off.

19 EXT. VARIOUS STREETS - NIGHT

Philo drives home with Clyde. Clyde is sulking.

PHILO

Shut up.

(pause)

And stop farting.

Several blocks away, Cholla and his Widows are cruising on their choppers. Cholla spots Philo's truck as it crosses an intersection.

CHOLLA

It's him!

(addressing the
group)

Are we bad mothers?

WIDOWS

(responding in
unison)

WE ARE BAD MOTHERS!

CHOLLA

You damn right!

They roar off after Philo.

20 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF YWCA - NIGHT

Philo finds himself driving past the YWCA again. Clyde peers out the window with a sad expression.

PHILO

Forget it. I don't even know
how we ended up here. Just
forget it.

They pass the Y and turn the corner. The Widows roar past and turn the corner after them.

21 EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT

Philo stops at the traffic light, in the left lane.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

The Widows pull up in the right lane, in a parallel line, with Cholla next to the truck and Elmo directly behind him in the three-wheeler.

CHOLLA

(with a Cagney
finger)

Hey! You! Philo Beddoe!

PHILO

(leans forward)

You talking to me?

CHOLLA

I ain't talkin' to you, peckerneck,
I am readin' your death sentence.

PHILO

Didn't know you could read.

CHOLLA

(ghoulish smile)

Oh, we're gonna kill you slow.
Real slow. Take a week.

PHILO

Wouldn't want to rush you.

CHOLLA

After the first day, you be shakin'
like a blind queer at a weenie
roast.

ELMO

(fey giggle)

Real good, Cholla, you got him
real good with that one.

CHOLLA

(turning on him)

Shut your hole!

Elmo purses his lips in a pout.

CHOLLA

(staring at Clyde)

Only it ain't gonna be a weenie
roast, it's gonna be a ape roast!

PHILO

Right turn, Clyde.

Clyde pokes his fist out the window, pulverizing most of
Cholla's bridgework.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

He crashes over, spilling the rest of the Widows like a row of dominoes.

Philo turns the corner and continues down the street.

PHILO

Ah, what the hell. I suppose it's time.

Clyde kisses his Mickey Mouse watch.

22 INT. YWCA LOBBY - NIGHT

Philo talks to a spinsterish DESK CLERK.

DESK CLERK

She's in Room 304, but you can't go up there.

PHILO

No ma'am, I know that.

He heads up the stairs.

DESK CLERK

You are not allowed up there!

PHILO

I won't be long, ma'am.

DESK CLERK

(picks up phone)
Operator, get me the police.

23 INT. YWCA HALLWAY - NIGHT

A buxom young woman named BESS, towel wrapped around her middle, stands in the open doorway of one of the rooms, talking to another young woman within. She glances around just as Philo passes.

BUXOM BESS

(covering her
breasts)

Jesus!

PHILO

It's all right, ma'am, I didn't see a thing, hardly.

BUXOM BESS

You're not allowed up here!

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

PHILO
Yes, ma'am, I know.

He knocks at Room 304.

LYNNE
(from within)
Who is it?

PHILO
Philo.

LYNNE
(opens the door)
You're not allowed up here.

PHILO
That must be true, since you're
the third person who's told me.

Lynne pokes her head out and sees OTHER WOMEN peering down
the hall. She pulls Philo into the room and shuts the door.

23A INT. YWCA ROOM - NIGHT

LYNNE
Well?

PHILO
Well, there's an extra room at the
house.

LYNNE
I don't want your hand-outs.

PHILO
Hand-outs are what you get from
the government. What you get from
your friends is a hand up.

LYNNE
Are you a friend?

PHILO
I'm a friend.

They hear a police SIREN outside.

LYNNE
Well, I don't have so many friends
I can afford to lose any.

24 INT. YWCA HALLWAY - NIGHT

TWO COPS come down the hall, a handsome one with a handlebar moustache, and a plainer one with horn-rim glasses. They are followed by a bevy of half-clad WOMEN. The Cops knock at 304. No answer. The moustache Cop opens the door and looks inside: Lynne appears to be fast asleep, covers up to her neck. Philo is gone.

LYNNE
(groggily, as
if waking)

What?

MOUSTACHE

Sorry, ma'am.

He closes the door.

25 INT. YWCA ROOM - NIGHT

Lynne jumps out of bed, fully clothed, and hurries to the window, where Philo is waiting on the fire escape with her suitcase.

26 EXT. YWCA FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

Philo and Lynne make their way down the fire escape. Philo's pickup is parked in the alley below, and facing it is the Cops' squad car, having entered the alley from the opposite end.

27 INT. YWCA HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Cops face the crowd of half-clad ladies. At the back of the group is a TALL WOMAN brushing her teeth.

MOUSTACHE
(male smile)

I believe what we got here, ladies,
is a case of wishful thinking.

WOMAN
(disgusted)

They all think we moon around all
day lusting for their bodies.

The Tall Woman removes the toothbrush from her mouth and makes her way through the group.

TALL WOMAN
Some of us do, Rita.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

She beams an acetylene smile at Moustache, then loops an arm around him and smacks him with a king-size kiss. When she pulls away, his lips and chin are covered with white goo. The ladies whistle and cheer.

28 EXT. ALLEY BESIDE YWCA - NIGHT

Philo and Lynne descend from the fire escape and cross the alley to the pickup, which is nose-to-nose with the squad car. As they get in the cab, Philo sees that Clyde is gone.

PHILO
(looks around,
calls softly)
Clyde! Clyde!

The young sofflaw of the forest sticks his head out of the window of the squad car, holding his roll of toilet paper.

PHILO
Oh shit.

He hears the two officers approaching around the corner.

MOUSTACHE (o.s.)
Damn broads got no respect for the
law.

28A EXT. SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF YWCA - INTERCUT - NIGHT

As the officers near the alley.

GLASSES
You could've busted her for
harassing an officer.

MOUSTACHE
Ah, shut up.

As the cops come around the corner, the pickup cab is empty. The cops move past it to their squad car.

28B INT. PICKUP CAB - INTERCUT - NIGHT

Philo, Lynne and Clyde huddle on the floor of the cab.

The Cops reach the squad car and open their respective doors

MOUSTACHE
(staring at the seat)
Oh shit.

(CONTINUED)

28B CONTINUED:

Inside the truck cab, Philo reaches up and moves the gear-shift to neutral, then carefully releases the emergency brake.

Moustache feels something touch his foot; he looks down and sees a roll of toilet paper, with the other end held by Clyde, whose head is sticking out the truck window.

GLASSES

It's them!

Philo pops up and starts the engine. The truck squeals backward, slews around, and tears off down the street, trailing toilet paper.

GLASSES

Come on, we can catch 'em!

MOUSTACHE

(glance at seat)

You catch 'em.

29 INT. PHILO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lynne is tucked in Philo's bed. Philo comes down the hall, stops at the open door.

LYNNE

Thank you.

Philo nods.

LYNNE

Where are you going to sleep?

PHILO

I told you, we have an extra room.

(snaps off
the light)

Good night now.

He closes the door. Lynne turns over and looks out the window; she sees Philo crossing the yard to Clyde's shed, carrying his sleeping bag.

30 INT. CLYDE'S SHED - NIGHT

Philo spreads out his sleeping bag. Clyde is rummaging in one of his hiding places, and pulls out two Oreo cookies. He offers one to Philo, who accepts it.

PHILO

Thanks, Clyde.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

Clyde, who is no fan of delayed gratification, immediately pops his in his mouth.

PHILO

I think I'll save mine.

He crawls into his sleeping bag.

31 INT. CLYDE'S SHED - HALF AN HOUR LATER

Lynne enters quietly, sees Philo and Clyde sleeping on the floor. She tries to slip into Philo's sleeping bag without waking him.

LYNNE

(as he wakes)

Can I come in?

PHILO

You sure can.

As she snuggles into the bag with him, we hear a CRUNCH.

LYNNE

What was that?

PHILO

I think that was an Oreo I was saving.

LYNNE

(arms around him)

You can have me instead.

PHILO

Big improvement.

32 INT. CLYDE'S SHED - MORNING

Philo and Lynne are asleep in the bag. Clyde lies next to them, one arm draped protectively across them. The two humans wake and, still half asleep, begin nuzzling each other.

Clyde watches them, his eyes rheumy with tenderness -- and a touch of sadness. He gets up and goes to a hiding place, from which he extracts a torn newspaper photo of a lady orang in a zoo in Bakersfield. He gives her a big kiss and replaces her. Then he goes to the door.

LYNNE

We're chasing him out.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

PHILO

Fresh air's good for him. Besides,
he'll guard the door.

LYNNE

Is he reliable?

PHILO

Anything that gets past Clyde is
gonna have to be forty feet tall
with fangs.

LYNNE

I think we're safe.

PHILO

I think.

LYNNE

(after a pause)

I think I love you.

PHILO

I think that's a piece of real
luck for me.

LYNNE

More for me. It's luckier to love
somebody than be loved.

PHILO

(little smile as
he kisses her)

There's something to that, isn't
there?

33 EXT. CLYDE'S SHED - MORNING

Clyde is messing around near the shed, having apparently
abandoned his post. But when Orville appears around the
corner, Clyde is in front of the door in a flash.

ORVILLE

Is Philo in there, Clyde?

Clyde waves his arms angrily, warning Orville off.

ORVILLE

(backing up)

All right, all right.

34 EXT. BOGGS FRONT YARD - MORNING

Philo trots out of the yard on his morning jog.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

He stops as Orville pulls up in his wrecker, towing a damaged car.

ORVILLE

Jordan called. He'll give us two hundred for the Merc if we'll break it up for him.

PHILO

(calls)

Clyde.

Clyde pops up among the wrecked cars. Philo points to an old Mercury.

PHILO

Scrap the Merc, Clyde.

Clyde gallops gleefully to the Merc and proceeds to draw and quarter it: He tears off the front bumper and tosses it aside, then peels off a fender, and as he drags it away, reaches out and pulls off the hood as an afterthought. Philo jogs down the street, accompanied by the metallic death screams of the Mercury.

35 EXT. STREET NEAR BOGGS HOUSE - MORNING

As Philo jogs down the street, another jogger runs parallel, on the other side of the street. The other jogger is JACK WILSON, a careful and thorough man who does not go into a fight without scouting his opposition. He's an inch or two taller than Philo, and carries twenty or thirty pounds more. He crosses at an intersection and falls in beside Philo.

WILSON

Mind if I jog with you?

PHILO

Hell, no.

36 EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE TOWN - DAY

Philo and Wilson jog along the road, heading for some hills in the distance.

WILSON

We must be three miles out. How much farther till you turn back?

PHILO

Another couple.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

WILSON

Ten miles round trip. You do that every day?

PHILO

Most days.

WILSON

Don't know if I'll make it. I'm new to this physical stuff.

PHILO

You're doin' real good.

WILSON

My doc told me I had to get some exercise. All I do is sit behind a desk all day.

PHILO

(glance at his physique)

You sit behind it, or carry it around?

WILSON

(self-deprecating shrug)

I play a little squash sometimes.

Philo gives him a look.

37 EXT. CLIFF ROAD - DAY

37

Philo and Wilson jog along the road, which perches on the edge of a steep cliff.

WILSON

You look like you do some lifting.

PHILO

Mostly engine blocks.

WILSON

That'll do the job.

He veers to the outside of the road, toward the cliff edge.

PHILO

Careful, that's a soft shoulder.

WILSON

They always vibrate before they give.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

WILSON (cont'd)
(looks over)
Hell of a drop.

A few moments later, the shoulder gives way and Wilson drops. He catches himself on a narrow outcropping about six feet down. The cliff face above and to the sides is sheer; there's no handhold.

Philo straps off his sweatshirt, ties one arm around a telephone guy wire, and lowers himself down the cliff face. Philo grabs Wilson's hand and pulls him up until he can reach the sweatshirt, which is stretching dangerously. Wilson pulls himself to the top, then helps Philo up.

WILSON
Guess they don't always vibrate.

PHILO
(untying his
sweatshirt)
Guess not. You got a pretty good
grip for a new guy.

WILSON
Lot of strength in fear.

PHILO
That's a fact.

They jog off together.

WILSON
Believe I owe you one.

PHILO
Believe you do.

38 EXT. FRONT PORCH OF BOGGS HOUSE - NIGHT

Orville sits on the porch steps. Philo comes out of the house, dressed for a night out.

ORVILLE
You can't do this fight, Philo.

PHILO
Why not?

ORVILLE
I talked to some people. I found
out who Jack Wilson is.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

PHILO

The fight'll get us a new truck,
a new roof, and a little extra for
Ma. It's worth it.

ORVILLE

Wilson killed two men last year!

PHILO

One.

ORVILLE

And the other one's lying somewhere
with nothin' below the neck but
memories.

PHILO

I told 'em I'd do it, Orville.

ORVILLE

I know I don't have much influence
with you any more, since you got
yourself a girl, but goddamn it,
Philo, you can't do this!

PHILO

I'm doin' it.
(starts off, stops)
And don't tell Lynne about Wilson.

Philo moves off. Orville sits glumly on the steps. Clyde
appears and squats beside him.

ORVILLE

Looks like we're both gettin'
squeezed out, Clyde.

Clyde gives him a comforting pat.

ORVILLE

That damn bitch.

Clyde jumps away and waves his arms angrily.

ORVILLE

Awright, awright, she's a nice
bitch.

Clyde blinks, decides nice bitch is sufficiently flattering.
He moves back to Orville.

39 INT. COUNTRY AND WESTERN BAR - NIGHT

Wilson enters and spots Philo sitting at the bar.

(CONTINUED)

39

CONTINUED:

Philo is watching Lynne as she sings a song. Wilson slides onto the stool beside him.

WILSON
(indicating Lynne)

Friend?

Philo nods.

WILSON
Nice voice. Nice style.

PHILO
I think so.

Lynne finishes and bows to applause. Near Philo and Wilson is a table of FOUR BAD DUDES.

BAD DUDE
(yells to Bartender)
Why'nt you get someone who can sing?

WILSON
(grim, to
Bad Dude)
That's not polite, friend.

PHILO
(to Wilson)
Let it go.

But the Bad Dude is already on his feet. He approaches Wilson.

BAD DUDE
The compalint department is open,
sonny.

Wilson steps off the stool and takes a wild swing at the Dude, who blocks it easily and counters hard. Wilson staggers back, launches a second blow, even more awkward than the first. The Dude throws a right and Wilson goes down -- though in fact he neutralizes the force of the blow with a movement of his head. Philo steps off his stool and flattens the Dude with one blow, then turns to deal with the other three.

Wilson feigning injury, lies on the floor watching Philo's every move with a practiced eye. Philo destroys a second Dude with a series of lightning jabs; Wilson raises an eyebrow in admiration.

Philo drops the third Dude and turns to the fourth. Behind him, the second Dude pulls a knife and crouches to spring. Wilson spots him and is off the floor like a shot.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2)

Philo flattens the fourth Dude; the second springs at his back with the knife; Wilson leaps atop a table and launches himself in an eight-foot dive through the air. Philo turns to see the knife coming toward him. An instant later Wilson slams into the Dude and smashes him against the bar.

It's now Philo's turn to play the observer; the steps back and watches Wilson carefully. Wilson is on his feet in a flash and stomps the Dude's knife-hand. The Dude screams and clutches his shattered hand. Wilson draws his foot back and, somewhat gratuitously, kicks the Dude in the groin.

Now the first Dude pulls a knife and advances on Wilson. Wilson waits for his move, then launches two blows; the first breaks the Dude's arm, the second lays him out.

FIRST DUDE

(clutches his arm,
gasps painfully)

My arm! He broke my goddamn arm!

The surviving Dudes call it quits and collect their wounded. Philo looks at Wilson. Wilson smiles; he knows Philo is sure who he is.

PHILO

You play a pretty good game of squash.

WILSON

So do you.

They resume their seats at the bar. Lynne rushes up to Philo.

LYNNE

Are you all right?

She discovers a small cut above his eye.

LYNNE

(to Bartender)

Jim, you have any band-aids?

BARTENDER

In the back room.

Lynny hurries off to fetch the band-aids.

WILSON

Believe we're even now.

PHILO

Believe we are.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (3)

PHILO (cont'd)

(pause)

Find out what you wanted?

WILSON

You're fast. And you like pain.

Philo gives him a look.

WILSON

You eat it like candy. I've seen
a few like that before: the more
they hurt, the more dangerous they
get. But it don't work unless
you're durable. Real durable.
Most ain't.

PHILO

No, most ain't.

WILSON

Pull out of the fight. There's no
point to it.

PHILO

I ain't fightin' for points.

WILSON

You're fast, but you're not fast
enough.

Philo turns and looks at him.

WILSON

I don't want to hurt you, and
that's the truth.

Lynne comes up with antiseptic and band-aids. She tilts
Philo's head back to clean the cut.

PHILO

Can't always do what we want to do.

WILSON

No.

He pulls out his wallet to pay for his beer.

PHILO

My friends don't pay here.

WILSON

(with feeling)

Thanks.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (4)

WILSON (cont'd)
(steps off stool)
It was a real pleasure watching
you work.

PHILO
Same here.

Wilson leaves.

LYNNE
Who was that?

PHILO
Friend. We play a little squash
sometimes.

40 EXT. BOGGS FRONT YARD - DAY

Philo lifts a V-6 block onto a metal table to work on it.
Lynne comes from the house, looking very unhappy.

LYNNE
I don't want you to fight.

PHILO
(exasperated)
Jesus, now you too.

He looks toward the house and sees Orville standing on the
porch.

PHILO
(yells to Orville)
I told you not to tell her.

ORVILLE
I thought she might have a little
more influence.

LYNNE
Please, Philo.

PHILO
I'm doin' it, and that's the end
of it.

LYNNE
He kills people.

PHILO
(turns back
to engine)
It ain't open for discussion.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

Ma has come out to stand on the porch beside Orville. Now she marches up to Philo.

MA

Go ahead, get yourself killed, you selfish lunkhead. Better yet, let him scramble your brains and turn you into a turnip, so I can spend the next twenty years watering you.

(in a tone we've never heard before)

You listen to me, Philo Beddoe. I've had enough grief in my life. Don't do this.

Philo looks at Lynne, Orville and Ma in turn. Then he looks at Clyde.

PHILO

Even you?

Clyde blinks a yes.

PHILO

(giving in)

Jesus. All right. Go get the money, Clyde.

Clyde gallops toward the house. Ma gallops after him.

PHILO

(hands Orville a card)

Call 'em and tell 'em the fight's off and they can pick up their money.

41 INT. MA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Ma watches from the doorway as Clyde goes to her bed, lifts up the mattress, and extracts the money.

MA

Under my own mattress.

She stares at Clyde as he lumbers past her and out the door.

MA

It's humiliating. Outsmarted by a banana-head.

42 EXT. BOGGS FRONT YARD - DAY

Philo is working on an old wreck.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

A Cadillac pulls into the yard and Patrick Scarfe gets out. He walks over to Philo.

SCARFE

I just spent the last six hours on a very bumpy airplane, Mr. Beddoe, and I'm not in a good mood.

PHILO

Don't blame you.

SCARFE

We have a deal.

PHILO

We had a deal. Clyde, give him back the money.

Clyde appears and holds out the money to Scarfe.

SCARFE

One does not cancel deals with James Beekman.

PHILO

One had better take the money. Otherwise, Clyde might get mad at one.

Scarfe takes the money, gingerly, from Clyde's hand.

SCARFE

I am holding it for you. I will add fifteen thousand to it, and give it to you when you show up for the fight. Bear this in mind, Mr. Beddoe. What Wilson will do to you in the fight is nothing compared to what I will do to you if you don't show up.

PHILO

Escort the gentleman to the nearest exit, Clyde.

Clyde advances on Scarfe, who beats a hasty retreat to his Cadillac and locks the doors. He rolls his window down a few inches and calls to Philo.

SCARFE

You will have a visit from some of my friends very soon.

(CONTINUED)

42

CONTINUED: (2)

PHILO

They be drivin' a Cadillac too?

SCARFE

(grim)

Long and black.

PHILO

You people seem to be hoggin' more'n
your fair share of fancy cars.
Clyde -- scrap the Caddie.

The happy executioner proceeds to carry out the sentence: he rips off the front bumper with one hand, the left front fender with the other. Horrified, Scarfe fumbles desperately to insert his key in the ignition. But Clyde bounds to the roof of the car and bounces on it, instantly lowering the roof 12 inches and granulating the windshield. The descending roof also thumps Scarfe on the head, causing him to drop the keys.

While the dazed man searches for his keys, Clyde dismantles his car like so much tinkertoys. Fenders, hood, trunk, and passenger door are ripped off and flung aside. When Scarfe finally manages to start the engine, Clyde is tugging at one of his wheels. He backs the remains of his car into the street and sputters off, peering through the three-inch slit left by the dropped roof. Only the passenger door and one fender are left on the car, and two of the wheels are wobbling drunkenly.

Clyde drags a fender over to Philo.

PHILO

Good job, Clyde.

ORVILLE

(coming up)

What's going on?

PHILO

Call Jordan and tell him we got
most of an '80 Cad if he needs it.

Clyde hands the fender to Orville. Philo crawls under the wreck.

43

INT. BOGGS KITCHEN - DAY

Orville sits at the kitchen table, well into a bottle of rye. Philo stands in the doorway.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

PHILO

Come on. We'll screw around in
Bakersfield for a couple of days
and come on back.

ORVILLE

No thanks. I'm not Clyde. I
can't sit around eating bananas
while you and the broad play
pattycake.

PHILO

She's not a broad.

ORVILLE

I know that, damn it. I'm talkin'
mad. You're allowed to get mad
at your friends -- if they are.

Philo sits down at the table, pours himself a drink.

PHILO

They are. And you're allowed.

ORVILLE

(sheepish shrug)

Shit.

(pause)

She's a real nice girl.

PHILO

I know.

ORVILLE

Piece of luck.

PHILO

I think.

ORVILLE

But I don't have to like it.

PHILO

'Course not. I wouldn't either.

ORVILLE

You wouldn't?

PHILO

Hell no.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

ORVILLE

(grins)

Well, I think I'll get real good
and mad at you then.

PHILO

Good idea.

Clyde appears in the doorway, clutching the tattered newspaper photo of Bonnie, his Bakersfield sweetheart. He gives her a big kiss.

ORVILLE

You better get going, or Clyde'll
take off after that lady Saint
Bernard down the block again.

(begins to
laugh)

Jesus, that was the first time I
ever saw a dog turn gray overnight.

They laugh at the recollection. Philo stands.

PHILO

You take care.

ORVILLE

You too.

44 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF BOGGS HOUSE - DAY

The Widows lurk down the block from the house, waiting for Philo. They spot the pickup as it leaves the yard. They crank up their bikes to follow.

45 INT. PICKUP CAB - TRAVELING - DAY

Philo, Lynne and Clyde.

LYNNE

Orville's not happy, is he?

PHILO

You're taking some of his space.

LYNNE

I know. But I can't give it back
to him.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

PHILO
No. I can't either.

He glances at the mirror and sees the Widows in pursuit.

PHILO
Damn. Hang on.

He gooses the truck and squeals around a corner.

46 EXT. VARIOUS STREETS - DAY

as the Widows chase the pickup.

47 EXT. STREET UNDER REPAIR - DAY

A large TAR-SPRAYING TRUCK moves slowly down the street. Its spraying apparatus consists of a spraying pipe mounted at the rear, about five feet off the ground, extending six or eight feet to one side. A steamroller operates near it.

Philo's pickup skids around the corner, slicing through the sawhorses blocking the street. He guns the engine and aims for a gap between the steamroller and the tar-spraying truck. He shoots through the gap just before the steamroller cuts it off.

When the Widows roar around the corner, the gap is closed: the only way through lies directly under the tar-spraying pipe.

CHOLLA
Oh no.

There's no way out: the Widows take the pipe. They hunch low over their machines as they roar through the shower of tar, and emerge on the other side completely coated, like nougats dipped in chocolate. They continue the chase, blackened but unbowed.

48 EXT. DEAD-END ALLEY - DAY

Philo turns into the alley, realizes too late that it's a cul-de-sac. He sees the Widows turning in after him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PHILO

Grab the jack handle, Clyde.

(to Lynne, as
he gets out)Lock the doors and roll up the
windows.

Shoulder to shoulder, Philo and Clyde face the Widows, who dismount from their machines and advance down the alley. They're encased in black shells from head to toe, with only a pair of eye-holes and a mouth-hole through which to communicate with the outside world. Worse yet, their slow movements indicate that the tar is beginning to set.

DALLAS

Cholla, I'm hardening!

ELMO

I'm hardening too!

CHOLLA

Shut up and get him!

(glance around)

Move!

The Widows try their best, but the stiffening tar makes movement increasingly difficult. Dallas freezes with one foot in the air.

DALLAS

Cholla, I'm froze!

He topples to the ground like a concrete statue. One by one the other Widows freeze solid, some remaining upright with weapons poised, others crashing to the ground with arms and legs cocked at peculiar angles.

The determined Cholla presses on, however, moving very slowly and with great effort. He reaches Philo and raises his crowbar to bash him.

CHOLLA

(speaking stiffly)

Dead meat, Beddoe. You dead meat.

He brings his crowbar down, very slowly, toward Philo's head. But he freezes solid with the crowbar six inches from its target. Clyde nudges him with the tire jack, and Cholla topples to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (2)

CHOLLA
(stiffly)
You'll pay for this, Beddoe.
You'll pay!

LYNNE
(rolls down
the window)
What are you going to do with them?

PHILO
Can't leave 'em here. Dogs would
come along and piss on 'em. Ain't
fair to the dogs.

CHOLLA
(hisses stiffly)
You'll pay for that too, Beddoe!

49 EXT. EMERGENCY ENTRANCE TO HOSPITAL - DAY

A tow truck is backed up to Philo's pick-up, its hook engaged in the crook of Cholla's crowbar, lifting him out. The other Widows are piled in a heap on the sidewalk, like so many black Barbie dolls. A group of NURSES and INTERNS watch the sport.

The tow-truck operator lowers Cholla onto the pile, then collects twenty bucks from Philo. An INTERN comes up.

PHILO
(to Intern)
You be able to get that stuff off?

INTERN
Sure. We'll just peel 'em like
bananas.

Clyde sticks his head out the window at the mention of his favorite food.

INTERN
'Course that tar'll take most of
of their hair off with it.

PHILO
Painful?

INTERN
Moderately.

PHILO
Too bad.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

CHOLLA
(hisses stiffly)
You'll pay for this, Beddoe!

PHILO
I already paid twenty for the tow
truck, and I'm addin' another twenty
to clean that gunk out of my truck.
You owe me forty bucks.

Philo hops in the pick-up and drives off. The interns and
nurses gather around the pile of Widows.

50 EXT. ROUTE 99 - DAY

The pick-up heads north to Bakersfield.

51 EXT. GROUNDS OF BAKERSFIELD ZOO - NIGHT

The pick-up is parked near the edge of the grounds. Philo
and Clyde are about to raid the primate enclosure.

PHILO
We should be back in fifteen,
twenty minutes. I hope.

LYNNE
Good luck.

Philo and Clyde set off, hand in hand. In Clyde's free hand,
is the crumpled photo of his sweetheart, in Philo's is an
attache case.

52 EXT. PRIMATE ENCLOSURE - NIGHT

Several orangutans are in the enclosure. Philo kneels and
snaps open the attache case. It contains half a dozen rubber-
bulb syringes, along with half a dozen bananas. Philo injects
a banana and hands it to Clyde.

PHILO
In spite of your irresistible
charm, old buddy, she may have
some reservations. Just give
her a bite of this. Won't hurt
her, just put her out for thirty-
forty minutes.

(takes out
a syringe)
If she ain't hungry, you may have
to shoot her.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED

He demonstrates the use of the syringe aiming it at his own ass.

PHILO

Just pop it in her ass and squeeze the bulb. Got it?

Clyde takes the syringe and peers at it. Then he mimics Philo's action -- but unfortunately carries it through, popping the syringe into his ass and queezing the bulb.

PHILO

Clyde, sometimes I think you're a little short upstairs.

Clyde grins, peers at the syringe, then topples to the ground, unconscious.

53 EXT. GROUNDS OF BAKERSFIELD ZOO - NIGHT

Philo approaches the truck, carrying the zonked Clyde on his shoulder.

LYNNE

What happened?

PHILO

I think I got the only primate in the country who's a dope addict.

He lays Clyde in the back of the truck, then sets off again.

LYNNE

Be careful.

54 EXT. PRIMATE ENCLOSURE - NIGHT

Philo kneels outside the primate enclosure. He looks at Clyde's crumpled photo and frowns: it's Greek to him.

PHILO

(opening briefcase)

Well it's your own damn fault if I don't get the right one.

He injects a banana and tosses it into the enclosure.

55 OMITTED

56 EXT. BOGGS HOUSE - NIGHT

A long, black Cadillac pulls into the yard and FOUR MUSCLES get out. They are nasty, brutish, and tall. They rip open the hooked screen door and enter the house.

57 INT. BOGGS KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ma sits at the kitchen table, licking a stubby pencil, trying to duplicate the picture on a matchbook cover. The cover is inscribed: "YOU may have artistic talent! Draw this picture and win big money!"

Behind her, three of the Muscles enter the kitchen.

MA

(turning)

Who the hell are you?

HEAD MUSCLE

We're looking for Philo Beddoe.

MA

He ain't here. And git out of my house.

58 INT. ORVILLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Orville sits on the edge of his bed, juiced to the eyes. He peers blearily at one of the Muscles standing in his doorway.

ORVILLE

Who the hell are you?

The Muscle knocks him unconscious and drags him out of the room by his shirt.

59 INT. BOGGS KITCHEN - NIGHT

The Muscle drags Orville into the kitchen.

HEAD MUSCLE

That ain't him.

Ma is being restrained in her chair by the other two Muscles.

HEAD MUSCLE

(to Ma)

Where is he?

MA

Go fornicate with a duck.

Orville gets to his knees, mumbling incoherently. One of the Muscles places a revolver at the back of his head and cocks the hammer.

HEAD MUSCLE

(to Ma)

Where is he?

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

Ma looks at the revolver. There's no doubt that Orville is dead if she doesn't talk.

MA

Bakersfield.

HEAD MUSCLE

Where in Bakersfield?

MA

I don't know.

The Muscle with the revolver pokes Orville.

MA

He said he'd find a motel when he got there.

The Head Muscle accepts it. He nods to the revolver Muscle, who holsters his gun, then wraps his hand around a salt shaker and smashes Orville, who flops to the floor, out like a light.

The Muscles leave.

Ma darts to the telephone and rips the top sheet off a notepad. The sheet is inscribed "Nod-A-Wee Motel". She kneels beside Orville, shaking him.

MA

Orville! Wake up!

Orville mutters groggily, tries to rise, then falls back, completely out. Ma takes a set of keys from his pocket and hurries out.

60 EXT. BOGGS FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Ma waits till the Cadillac has pulled away, then runs from the house and climbs into Orville's wrecker, which has a Volkswagen suspended from its hook. She starts the engine, backs into another car, curses the gearshift, finds first gear, and lurches out of the yard, banging into several cars en route. She weaves down the street with the VW tagging after.

61 EXT. NOD-A-WEE MOTEL - NIGHT

Philo and Lynne get out of the truck cab and move to the back where Clyde has recovered from his shot and is sitting up beside his still unconscious girlfriend. He is kissing her hand effusively.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

LYNNE

Looks like you got the right one.

PHILO

Looks like.

62 INT. MOTEL OFFICE - NIGHT

The MOTEL CLERK sits in front of the tube, watching KING KONG. He glances behind him and sees an orangutan climbing out of a pickup truck, carrying another orangutan. He blinks then changes the channel. He gets MIGHTY JOE YOUNG. He glances behind him again, and sees an orangutan carrying another orangutan into one of his rooms. He blinks, changes the channel again. This time he gets Martin Perkins introducing a zoo show on orangutans. He switches off the set, pours himself a stiff drink.

63 EXT. ROUTE 99 - NIGHT

The black Cadillac heads north to Bakersfield, doing about sixty. In the southbound lane, heading north against the traffic, is Ma in Orville's wrecker, doing about eighty. The rear tires of the VW peel off their wheels, dropping the car on its ass. Sparks fly from rear fenders and trunk. Ma grips the wheel grimly and keeps the accelerator flat, terrifying oncoming drivers and trailing chunks of VW.

64 INT. PHILO'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Philo lies on the bed in shorts and T-shirt. Lynne, wrapped in a towel, comes from the bathroom with a bottle of Methiclate and a Band-Aid. She sits beside Philo and dresses the cut over his eye.

LYNNE

Do you think he'll know what to do?

PHILO

Well, there've been primates around for eighty million years or so. Doubt they'd run up that kind of record if they didn't know what to do.

LYNNE

(giggles)

I guess not.

65 INT. CLYDE'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Next to Philo's room. Bonnie lies unconscious on the bed as Clyde comes from the bathroom with a wet washcloth, which he lays tenderly across her brow.

66 INT. QUINCES' MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

On the other side of Clyde's room. Luther and Loretta Quince are snoring away, lying on opposite sides of the bed. Loretta's hair bulges with rollers.

67 INT. PHILO'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Lynne applies a fresh Band Aid to Philo's forehead. We HEAR a couple of loud THUMPS from Clyde's room.

LYNNE

What's that?

PHILO

Clyde's showing off. It's part of the courtship.

68 INT. CLYDE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bonnie sits on the bed, watching Clyde with adoring eyes as he swings from the drapes, then leaps to the old-fashioned light fixture.

69 INT. QUINCES' ROOM - NIGHT

The Quinces are jolted awake. From the next room comes THUMPS and BUMPS, HOICKS and YOICKS.

LORETTA

(outraged)

My God. That's obscene!

LUTHER

(not so outraged)

Sure sounds obscene.

Loretta jumps out of bed and calls the motel office. But there's no answer; the motel clerk has better things to do with his time.

70 EXT. CLYDE'S ROOM - NIGHT

The motel clerk kneels at the door, peering through the key-hole at the primalial goings-on within.

71 INT. PHILO'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lynne stands in the bathroom doorway, having exchanged her towel for a flimsy negligee.

PHILO
Where'd you get that?

LYNNE
Like it?

PHILO
Hell yes.

LYNNE
Don't I get a courtship?

PHILO
What in blazes do you want me to do?

LYNNE
I don't know. Show off a little.

Philo looks at her. She props a knee against the door jamb.

LYNNE
What do you say, big boy?

Philo swings off the big double bed, lifts one side, and maneuvers himself under it. Then he hoists the entire bed on his shoulders and carries it over to the bathroom. He drops it in front of the bathroom door.

PHILO
How's that?

LYNNE
I'm impressed. I'm amazed. I'm yours.

72 INT. CLYDE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bonnie sits on the bed, one arm looped demurely across her face, peeping coquettishly at Clyde. The lustly young man of the forest picks up a bureau, shakes it for effect, and heaves it against the wall. Then he waves his arms and crows the ancient crow of the turgid male.

Bonnie flutters her lashes. She's impressed,; she's amazed she's his.

73 INT. QUINCES' ROOM - NIGHT

Loretta hears Clyde's priapic croon and is scandalized. She begins packing.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

LORETTA

We're leaving this place immediately,
Luther! Get up!

Luther's reaction to Clyde's crooning is quite different: there's a peculiar smile on his face, and his eyes have begun to glaze. He looks at his wife, and reality disappears in the mysterious gloom of the jungle; what he sees is a luscious centerfold body wrapped (barely) in a leopard skin, with his wife's head perched atop it almost as an afterthought.

Luther swings out of bed, waves his arms, and does a passably good imitation of Clyde's rutting song.

LORETTA

(aghast)

Luther! Stop that!

Luther howls at her and picks up a chair, brandishing it over his head. Suddenly he drops the chair and clutches his back.

LUTHER

Ow! My back!

(falls on
the bed)

I threw out my back!

Loretta hurries over and begins massaging his back.

LORETTA

Stretch your arms. Don't tense.

LUTHER

Damn fool. Should've had more sense.

LORETTA

It was very brave, Luther. That
was a heavy chair.

He turns his head to look at her.

LORETTA

You looked very impressive.

The peculiar smile returns to Luther's face: his eyes reglaze. He sees her with a centerfold body again.

LUTHER

So did you.

LORETTA

It's been a long time.

LUTHER

Too long.

74 INT. PHILO'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lynne holds out her hand to Philo, pulling him into bed.

75 INT. CLYDE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bonnie holds out her hand to Clyde pulling him into bed.

76 INT. QUINCES' ROOM - NIGHT

Loretta, curlers removed from her hair, holds out her hand to Luther, pulling him into bed. He has one hand on his back, but the pain is worth it.

77 EXT. BAKERSFIELD STREET - NIGHT

The black Caddie is parked beside a phone booth. A muscle comes from the booth holding several torn-out pages from the phone book. He hands them through the front window to the Head Muscle, then gets in back.

78 INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

The Head Muscle leafs through the motel listings on the torn-out pages.

MUSCLE IN BACK

How many are there, Nino?

HEAD MUSCLE

About a hundred.

(snaps at driver)

Well, let's get going!

79 EXT. BAKERSFIELD STREET - NIGHT

Ma weaves down the street in Orville's wrecker. All that's left of the VW is a front axle and radiator.

80 INT. BOGGS KITCHEN - NIGHT

Orville regains consciousness. He staggers to his feet and holds his head under the sink faucet.

81 EXT. NOD-A-WEE MOTEL - NIGHT

Ma pulls up in the wrecker and jumps out. She hurries down the row of rooms, and nearly falls over the motel clerk, who is kneeling at the keyhole of Clyde's door.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

MA

Git away from there. Ain't right
to watch folks humpety-bumping.

The Clerk looks up at her with the same glazed eyes as Luther Quince. What he sees is a centerfold body with Ma's head on top of it. The body is wrapped in a leopard skin with electric spots, blinking red. The Clerk stands and advances on her.

CLERK

(throaty)

Hey, baby.

Ma reacts instinctively with a one-two: one to his stomach, two to his groin. The Clerk doubles over and falls to the ground.

MA

My God, what have I done? The
first live one in twenty years,
and I've disabled him.

(hels Clerk

to his knees)

Come on, sweetie, that was just a
tickle to loosen you up a little.

She helps the clerk back to the keyhole.

MA

Get yourself an eyeful, sweet
roll, and when you're ready to
romp, I'll be in the office.

Ma skips to the office humming "Roll Me Over In The Clover."

82 OMITTED

83 EXT. BOGGS FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Orville staggers from the house to an old Pontiac. He gets
in the car and ROARS off.

84 INT. NOD-A-WEE MOTEL OFFICE - NIGHT

Ma is wrapping herself in a drape as she negotiates with the
Lord.

MA

I ain't been a churchgoer, Lord,
but I swear them days is past.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

MA (cont'd)

Just let him be okay, Lord. I
didn't hit him hard, he should
still have one good one left.

She finds an aerosol can of Raid and sprays her armpits, then
waves a little spray around the room for good measure.

MA

I aint' without influence, Lord.
Play ball with me, and I'll fill
the First Baptist to the rafters.

The Clerk opens the door and gazes at her with moon eyes.

MA

(softly)
Thank you, Lord.

The Clerk sees her with a luscious young body, wrapped in
an electric leopard skin, its spots flashing the message:
"GIT IT ON!"

85 EXT. ROUTE 99 - NIGHT

Orville barrels north in the Pontiac.

86 INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

As it cruises past the Nod-A-Wee Motel, the Head Muscle spots
Philo's truck.

HEAD MUSCLE

That's it.

87 EXT. BAKERSFIELD STREET - NIGHT .

Orville's Pontiac screams past a squad car. To make sure
he's followed, Orville sticks his hand out the window and
gives the cops the finger. The squad car slews a U and walls
in pursuit.

88 EXT. NOD-A-WEE MOTEL - NIGHT

The black Caddie slithers to a stop and the four Muscles get
out. Two of the Muscles take up sentry posts, while the
other accompanies the Head Muscle to Philo's door.

89 EXT. BAKERSFIELD STREET NEAR MOTEL - NIGHT

as Orville ZOOMS down the street.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

Orville spots another squad car parked up ahead. He fumbles in the glove compartment and finds one of Clyde's old bananas. He heaves the banana at the squad car as he passes. The rotten fruit smashes against the car's windshield. The cops join the other squad car in the chase.

90 EXT. NOD-A-WEE MOTEL - NIGHT

The Head Muscle takes out his revolver and prepares to blast the door of Philo's room open. As he aims the gun, however, he hears the wail of police sirens. As their volume increases, so does his alarm. He nods to his cohorts, and the Muscles quickly return to their car. They move off, lights out...

... just as Orville squeals around the corner in his Pontiac. He bounces into the motel parking lot and smashes into the Quinces' car. The two squad cars screech up behind him.

Orville jumps out of the car and sees Philo come out of his room. Orville indicates the receding Caddie. Philo sees the Caddie and nods.

Two cops grab Orville and hustle him toward their squad car.

COP

All right, wise guy.

ORVILLE

What station?

COP

Fourth Street. Why?

ORVILLE

(yells to Philo)

Fourth Street Station.

Philo nods, goes back in his room.

The Quinces' door opens and Luther sticks his head out.

LORETTA

(from inside)

What is it, snookums?

LUTHER

(unperturbed)

Someone bashed into our car, honeybunch.

LORETTA

(from inside)

We'll get another one. Come back to bed, sweetheart.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

LUTHER

Right.

He closes the door.

91 INT. PHILO'S PICK-UP - DAWN

Lynne drives, Philo holds a shotgun, feeding shells into the magazine. Clyde and Bonnie are in back, wrapped contentedly in each other's arms.

LYNNE

What's that for?

PHILO

Just in case.

LYNNE

(wanting an answer)

In case what?

PHILO

I don't want you involved.

LYNNE

I am involved.

PHILO

Yeah, you are. But the less you know, the less you're involved.

92 EXT. GROUNDS OF BAKERSFIELD ZOO - DAWN

Lynne sits in the cab of the pick-up. Philo is outside, sending Clyde off with Bonnie. The passenger door of the truck stands open; the shotgun leans against the seat.

PHILO

(to Clyde)

Take her home and get back here.

Clyde trots off, holding Bonnie's hand.

A block away the black Cadillac slides to a stop, out of Philo's sight. Head Muscle and Muscles #2 and #3 get out of the car. They move toward the pick-up truck.

Philo stands near the truck, watching. Suddenly he moves to the cab and picks up the shotgun. Lynne is about to say something, but he keeps her quiet with a negative flick of his head. He moves silently into the undergrowth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He makes his way toward Muscles #1 and #2, who are moving through the underbrush, revolvers in hand. As they pass in front of him, he stands and pumps the shotgun. They recognize the sound instantly; they drop their weapons and raise their hands without even turning their heads.

Philo herds them toward the truck, but when they get there, Head Muscle has a gun at Lynne's head.

HEAD MUSCLE

That's enough.

Philo drops the shotgun.

HEAD MUSCLE

In the truck.

Philo climbs into the truck and is sapped by Muscle #2. He flops unconscious on the seat. Head Muscle pulls Lynne out of the truck and shoves her into the Cadillac, which has pulled up.

Muscle #2 picks up Philo's shotgun and pumps several blasts into the truck radiator to disable the vehicle. Then he gets into the Cadillac, which drives off.

A shot of the truck hood shows wisps of smoke from blasted electrical connections under the hood. It also shows gasoline dripping onto the street beneath the engine. With a sudden whoof the gasoline catches; flame spurts from beneath the hood.

Clyde returns from the primate enclosure and sees the truck burning. He raises his arm and shies away; like all animals, he is terrified of fire. But then he sees that Philo is unconscious in the cab. He shuffles nervously back and forth as fear fights affection. Finally he gives a yell, as if castigating himself for cowardice, and gallops toward the truck. He pulls Philo out of the cab and clear. A moment later the gas tank explodes and the truck is swathed in flames. Philo comes to, sees the truck burning.

PHILO

That took guts, old buddy. You don't like that stuff much.

Clyde confirms by looping his arm over his head and gaping his mouth in anger at the fire.

PHILO

I owe you one.

93 OMITTED

94 EXT. POLICE STATION IN BAKERSFIELD - DAY

Orville's wrecker is parked in front of the station, with Clyde perched on the back, straddling the boom. Philo and Orville come out of the station, and Philo sees that Clyde is casting a lustful eye on a nearby squad car.

PHILO
(rounding the
truck, to
Clyde)

Don't even think about it.

Chastened, Clyde averts his eyes and comforts himself with a banana. The two men climb into the cab. Ma is sitting in the middle, staring straight ahead with a beatific smile on her face.

ORVILLE
How long's she been like that?

PHILO
(starts the
engine)
All morning. Ain't spoke a word.

95 INT. WRECKER - TRAVELING - DAY

Heading south on Route 99. Philo and Orville talk across Ma, who sits with her frozen smile.

ORVILLE
Suppose you'll have to fight
now.

PHILO
Yep.

ORVILLE
Ain't likely they'll hurt her.
All they want is for you to
fight.

PHILO
I know.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

ORVILLE
Piece of shit, though.

PHILO
Yeah.

96 INT. WRECKER - TRAVELING - DAY

Farther south on 99. Ma is still smiling into space, eyes like chocolate donuts.

ORVILLE
She's gettin' on. Maybe her
brain's turnin'... you know...
kinda soft.

MA
Jelly, sonny jelly.
(sings softly)
Jelly roll killed my mama, and
drove my daddy stone blind.
(pokes Orville)
You're goin' to church this Sunday.
(pokes Philo)
You too.

ORVILLE
(to Philo)
Think she got religion?

PHILO
She got somethin'.

97 EXT. BOGGS FRONT YARD - DAY

Clyde messes around as Philo works on an old Ford engine.
Orville calls from the porch.

ORVILLE
It's him.

Clyde beats loudly on a piece of metal.

PHILO
Cut it out, Clyde.

Philo enters the house.

98 INT. BOGGS HOUSE - DAY

Philo talks to Scarfe on the phone.

SCARFE
(over phone)
Amarillo. Saturday noon.

PHILO
Not till I talk to her.

SCARFE
You're not in a position to set
conditions, friend.

PHILO
You heard me.

99 INT. MOTEL SUITE, NEAR AMARILLO - DAY

Scarfe on the phone to Philo. Head Muscle and one of his cohorts lounging around. Scarfe nods at Head Muscle, who opens the bedroom door. Lynne is sitting on the bed inside. Scarfe points at the bedroom phone, stays on the line as she picks up the receiver.

LYNNE
Philo?

PHILO
You okay?

LYNNE
Yes. Don't fight, Philo. They
don't dare hurt me.

SCARFE
I trust you are not so foolish
as to believe that, Mr. Beddoe.

PHILO
No, I'm not. Lynne, the fight
is not your concern. Forget it.
You'll be out of there on Saturday.

Head Muscle reaches to take the receiver from Lynne's hand.

LYNNE
(trying to speak)
Philo...

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

Head Muscle hangs up the receiver.

PHILO

She's to call me twice a day, nine a.m. and nine p.m. Otherwise no deal.

SCARFE

(considers it)

Agreed.

PHILO

And you'll produce her at noon on Saturday, before the fight.

SCARFE

Correct.

100 INT. WIDOW'S CLUBHOUSE - DAY

The tar-removal has stripped the Widows of every hair on their bodies. Their heads are bald, their faces browless; they look like a convention of delicatessen owners from Mars. Cholla enters carrying a box of wigs.

CHOLLA

Awright, everybody get a wig.

He hands out black wax pencils.

CHOLLA

And draw some eyebrows on. You look like freaks.

ELMO

(searching the wig box)

You promised me a moustache, Cholla.

CHOLLA

(thrusts a wax pencil at him)

Here's your goddamn moustache.

101 EXT. TEXAS HIGHWAY - DAY

Orville's wrecker heads east to Amarillo.

102 INT. ORVILLE'S WRECKER - TRAVELING - DAY

Philo, Orville and Clyde.

ORVILLE

Nobody knows nothin'. I checked everyone I knew, even the sleazies.

PHILO

They're probably got her somewhere near Amarillo. We'll do some scouting.

103 EXT. TEXAS HIGHWAY - DAY

The Widows roll east along the highway. We see them only from the back, as do a pair of TEXAS COPS in a patrol car. They give chase with SIREN and lights. The Widows pull off the road, the cops behind them.

As the cops approach they get their first look at the Widows' faces, crazy-quilts of penciled-on brows, beards, and moustaches, topped by wigs perched at various absurd angles.

COP

(laughing)

Oh Jesus.

CHOLLA

Just shut up and give us the goddamn tickets.

COP

I ain't got the heart. You got enough troubles.

The two cops stagger back to their car, howling with laughter. Cholla follows them, irate.

CHOLLA

We broke the law, goddamn it. Give us our tickets. We got a right to 'em. Look at us! We are lawbreakers! We are bad mothers! We are total undesirables! We earned them tickets!

COP

Son, you are a walking violation of the laws of nature, but we don't enforce them laws.

The cops drive off, laughing. Cholla surveys his mottled crew.

CHOLLA

You have given me these crosses to bear, Lord, and I will carry them for you, to Jerusalem or Amarillo, whichever is closer.

(points a finger)

But hear this, Lord: though I walk through the valley of death, I shall chew on Philo Beddoe's ass for my last supper.

104 EXT. AMARILLO HOTEL - DAY

Beekman and Scarfe disembark from a taxi and enter the hotel. A second taxi pulls up bearing Beekman's luggage, which consists of a dozen hand-tooled leather suitcases.

105 OMITTED

106 INT. LIVING ROOM, TEXAS MANSION - NIGHT

Playing strip poker around a cocktail table are three cowgirl lovelies, SWEET SUE, CANDY and HONEYBUN, and their oil cowboys, LONG JOHN HARRIS, LITTLE MELVIN PURDY, and FAT ZACK TUPPER. Drinks are served by an aristocratic BUTLER in his skivvies.

Fat Zack is down to his hat, which rests on his lap, covering his privates. He checks his cards and eyes Sweet Sue, the cowgirl across from him; she is down to her bra and panties.

FAT ZACK

Tap you, pumpkin.

SWEET SUE

What you tappin' with, killer?

FAT ZACK

Ten gallons of Dobbs' best.

SWEET SUE

(incredulous)

Against a pair of D's and a patch of heaven?

FAT ZACK

Bought the hat to match my white T-Bird. They go together.

SWEET SUE

(hungrily)

The one with the quad stereo?

FAT ZACK

Herself.

SWEET SUE

(shows her hand)

Beat three jacks and go to heaven.

Zack looks at his three aces, and folds his hand. He sighs and hands her a set of ignition keys. The cowgirls squeal in delight.

FAT ZACK

As usual, when they open the gates of paradise, Fat Zack is out to lunch.

SWEET SUE

(touches his hand)

I know the gatekeeper, Zack.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

FAT ZACK
(grins)
I was hopin'.

The Butler approaches, holding a telephone.

BUTLER
(to Zack)
Telephone for you, sir. Mr. Beekman.

FAT ZACK
(to Sue)
Mind if I keep the hat? Feel
naked without it.

He puts on the hat and walks naked to the phone.

FAT ZACK
(to phone)
It's your dime, Beeky.

107 INT. BEEKMAN'S HOTEL SUITE - AMARILLO HOTEL - INTERCUT - NIGHT

Beekman and Scarfe are calling their sporting friends around the country. Scarfe has a list of names on his lap, and is calling Kansas City while Beekman talks to Fat Zack Tupper.

BEEKMAN
Got a sporting event laid on for this Saturday, Zack. Fire-eater named Philo Beddoe against Jack Wilson.

FAT ZACK
Philo Beddoe? Never heard of him.
(covers phone,
calls softly,
Hey, Melvin. Can Beddoe beat Jack Wilson?

LITTLE MELVIN
Beddoe's good, real good. But I'd have to give Wilson the edge.

FAT ZACK
How big an edge?

LITTLE MELVIN
If it was my money, seven to five.
But six to five is a fair bet.

FAT ZACK
(to phone)
It might be interesting at four to one.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

BEEKMAN

Even money, Zack.

FAT ZACK

I might take three to one.

BEEKMAN

I've reserved a suite for you.

FAT ZACK

(grins)

I'll be there.

(hangs up)

We'll get eight to five out of him.

108 RESUME - BEEKMAN'S HOTEL SUITE

SCARFE

Jim Martin and his crew are coming in from Kansas City. And we got contingents from Seattle, Bakersfield, and L.A.

BEEKMAN

Any takers at six to five?

SCARFE

(checks his list)

Maybe thrity grand. We may have to go two to one if we want action.

BEEKMAN

We'll get plenty at eight to five.

SCARFE

(picks up phone)

I'll call Boston and set up a lay-off.

BEEKMAN

We aren't going to lay it off.

SCARFE

(shocked)

Jim, we could get a couple of million bucks on this fight.

BEEKMAN

Wilson's not going to lose.

SCARFE

We try any funny stuff and they'll retire us to the Jersey flats.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

BEEKMAN

No funny stuff. Wilson'll take him.

SCARFE

All we have to do is lay it off and take a nice six, seven per cent cut. We'll walk away with a couple of hundred grand, no risk.

BEEKMAN

I'd rather walk away with a couple of million.

SCARFE

All right, I'll go along. But if Wilson loses, you better have snowshoes, 'cause north of the Arctic Circle is the only place we'll be safe.

109 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

The lobby is crowded with SPORTING TYPES from around the country. All eyes are on Jack Wilson as he comes through the lobby, carrying his own suitcase. The desk clerk hurries up to him, obsequious and fawning. He sticks out his hand, but Wilson declines it.

DESK CLERK

A great honor to welcome you to Amarillo, Mr. Wilson. A great honor. Everything is ready. I'll take you up to your suite myself.

(reaches for
Wilson's suitcase)

Please, let me.

The hotel clerk is unable to budge with suitcase, and has to signal two bell boys to deal with it. He hurries to the elevator after Wilson, while the two bellboys struggle with the suitcase.

DESK CLERK

There are three parties going, one of which started yesterday afternoon. If there's anything at all you need...

(lascivious smile)

... the hotel allows pets in the rooms. if you understand my meaning.

They enter the elevator.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

WILSON

I don't keep pets, human or otherwise. But I am kind of hungry.

DESK CLERK

Tell me what you'd like, and I'll have it in your room in fifteen minutes.

WILSON

No, I'm hungry now. I think I'll tear your head off and eat it.

The clerk's face goes white. He sees the elevator doors closing and leaps for his life. He is caught by the closing doors, but wrenches himself free and keeps on running.

110 INT. OFFICE, SLEEPY TYME CABINS - DAY

East Texas Sleaze, complete to flypaper dotted with prewar flies. An OLD CODGER watches Philo as he signs in. A wall sign reads: NO PETS, NO BOOZE, NO PARTIES.

CODGER

No pets, no booze.

PHILO

Yes, I can read.

The Codger glances out the window and sees Orville disembark from his truck with an old lady in a blue dress. The old lady is very round-shouldered and somewhat hairy:

CODGER

(eyeing the
old lady)

And no parties.

PHILO

That's my Aunt Hortense. Last party she was at was Teddy Roosevelt's inaguration.

The Codger watches the old lady roll into a cabin with Orville.

CODGER

She your aunt by blood or marriage?

PHILO

Blood.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

CODGER

I'd be careful about havin' children
if I was you.

PHILO

I always am.

111 INT. CONTROL TOWER, AMARILLO AIRPORT - DAY

A pair of overworked AIR CONTROLLERS man their posts.

FIRST CONTROLLER

That's the fifteeneth private jet
this morning. What the hell is
going on?

SECOND CONTROLLER

Jesus, you must be the only human
being in Amarillo who doesn't know
about it. California boy named
Phil Beddoe is taking on some monster
from the east coast.

FIRST CONTROLLER

I ain't seen anything in the papers.

SECOND CONTROLLER

Bare knuckle, strictly illegal.
No referee, and the fight won't
end till one or the other's half
dead.

(glances out
the window)

Holy mother of God!

What he sees is an airplane streaking over the field upside
down.

112 INT. COCKPIT OF FAT ZACK'S PLANE - DAY

Upside down, with Sweet Sue and Fat Zack strapped into the
pilot and co-pilot seats.

SWEET SUE

I think I'm doing something wrong.

FAT ZACK

You're doin' fine, pumpkin.

SWEET SUE

But we've been flying upside down
for fifteen minutes, Zack.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

FAT ZACK

Takes a while to get the hang of
it. Don't be so hard on yourself,
hon.

113 INT. PASSENGER SECTION OF FAT ZACK'S PLANE - DAY

Hanging upside down from their seatbelts are Long John, Little
Melvin, Honeybun, and Candy, whose considerable endowments
are nearly falling out of their brassieres. A COWGIRL
STEWARDESS serves drinks, kneeling on the ceiling of the air-
craft.

The Stewardess gives a pair of drinks to Long John, who hands
one to Candy, the cowgirl next to him. As he does so, his
tie, which is tucked in his belt, pulls loose and hangs down.

STEWARDESS

Shall I tuck your tie in for you,
sir?

LONG JOHN

That'd be real nice, ma'am.

She tucks the end of his tie under his belt. But the tie is
quite long, and it hangs in a catenary from his belt to his
neck.

LONG JOHN

Looks kinda bowed out.

STEWARDESS

I didn't know if you wanted me
to tuck it all the way.

LONG JOHN

Yeah, better tuck it all the way.

(to Candy)

Want to give her a hand, sweetheart?

The two girls slide their hands under his belt, pulling the
tie straight.

STEWARDESS

(to Candy)

Is that your hand?

CANDY

(to Stewardess)

Ain't my hand.

A CLOSE SHOT of Long John shows his hands parsoned under his
chin, and a big Cheshire smile on his face.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

Little Melvin sits next to his cowgirl, Honeybun; both hold drinks.

HONEYBUN

You can't drink upside down.

LITTLE MELVIN

Sure you can, honey. Watch.

He sucks a little booze from his glass.

LITTLE MELVIN

Try it.

She tries to position her glass, but her upside down boobs are crowding her chin. She starts to push them up, but the gallant Melvin reaches over and holds them out of the way for her.

HONEYBUN

Thanks.

LITTLE MELVIN

Don't mention it.

She uses the slurp technique to drain her glass completely.

HONEYBUN

Hey, it works.

As Melvin continues to hold her breasts.

HONEYBUN

I'm finished drinking now.

LITTLE MELVIN

(removes his hand)

Right.

HONEYBUN

But I'd like another one.

LITTLE MELVIN

(gives her his
drink)

Good girl.

He resumes his support of her breasts.

114 EXT. SLEEPY Tyme CABINS - DAY

Philo has his jogging clothes on, stands in the doorway of the cabin talking to Orville.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

PHILO

I'll cover the south side, you
take the north.

ORVILLE

What are we looking for?

PHILO

Hell, I don't know. Ain't likely
they're sittin' around in their
black beauty waiting for us to
spot 'em. Just keep your eyes
open for anything peculiar. And
keep Aunt Hortense out of sight.

115 EXT. AMARILLO STREET - DAY

As Philo jogs down the street he sees a black Continental
limousine turn into a motel up ahead. He quickens his pace,
turns into the parking lot, and slips down the row of cars
toward the Lincoln.

A MAN gets out of the front dressed in a dark suit. Philo
moves toward him as he comes around the car and opens the
rear door. Philo is about to pounce, when out steps a little
old lady named HATTIE.

HATTIE

(points to him)

You're Philo Beddoe.

PHILO

(somewhat
sheepish)

Yes, ma'am.

HATTIE

(to Harriet,
inside car)

It's him.

HARRIET, another little old lady, gets out of the car.

HARRIET

He's lookin' too good.

HATTIE

too good by half.

PHILO

Excuse me, ma'am?

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

HATTIE

Can't get decent odds on you lookin' that good. We're trying to get some fool to give us two to one.

HARRIET

Try to look a little more peaked, would you?

PHILO

Yes, ma'am.

116 EXT. ANOTHER AMARILLO STREET - DAY

As Philo jogs down the street, he is followed by a black Cadillac containing four men.

117 INT. CADILLAC - TRAVELING - DAY

As it follows Philo slowly down the street. Fat Zack is at the wheel, accompanied by Long John and Little Melvin. All three are wearing dark glasses.

FAT ZACK

He's lookin' good, real good.

LONG JOHN

So's Wilson.

LITTLE MELVIN

Yeah, I'd rate 'em about even. Don't count your money yet, Zack.

FAT ZACK

Well gents, any time you can get eight to five on an even bet, you're lookin' good, real good.

Philo has been keeping an eye on the Caddie, letting it move up on him. Suddenly he turns and races back to it. He tries the door, finds it locked, and punches his fist through the window to open it from the inside. Then he grabs Fat Zack and yanks him out of the car.

PHILO

(seeing he has the wrong man)

Oh, damn. I'm sorry.

FAT ZACK

(angrily)

You damn fool!

(grabs Philo's hand)

Lemme see that! Bend your fingers!

117 CONTINUED:

PHILO

What?

FAT ZACK

Bend your fingers, damn it!

Philo flexes his fingers.

FAT ZACK

You coulda broke your hand! Make
paupers out of all of us!

PHILO

(smiles)

Sorry.

FAT ZACK

Stop standin' around gabbin' and
get back to joggin'.

PHILO

Think I will.

FAT ZACK

(calls after him)

No booze, no parties. In bed by
eight.

PHILO

Count on it.

FAT ZACK

(grins)

I do.

He gets back in the car.

FAT ZACK

(crowing with
delight)-- Did you see the way he yanked me
out of the car one-handed? Like
I was a feather! Son of a bitch,
we're gonna be rich!

LITTLE MELVIN

We're already rich, Zack.

FAT ZACK

Are we rich enough?

LITTLE MELVIN & LONG JOHN

(in unison)

Hell no!

FAT ZACK

Right.

118 EXT. ANOTHER AMARILLO STREET - DAY

Wilson is out jogging and sees Philo approaching. He stops and waits for him.

WILSON
(falls in beside
Philo)

Mind if I jog with you?

Philo doesn't answer. They jog for a while.

PHILO
You work for some pretty kinky folks.

WILSON
What's that supposed to mean.

PHILO
They got my girl.

WILSON
Who I work for is my own damn
business.

119 INT. LOCAL GREASY SPOON - DAY

On the same street. A BEARDED PATRON near the window sees Philo and Wilson approaching.

BEARD
Hey, they're runnin' together!

The other PATRONS crowd up to the door and windows. Even the COOK comes from behind the counter to look.

COOK
Jesus, talk about beef on the hoof.

BEARD
Wilson'll eat him in two bites.

CHICANO PATRON
(holds up a
twenty)
One bite.
(holds up another)
Two bites.

BEARD
You're on.

CHICANO PATRON
(to Cook)
Mark it, Morey.

The cook marks the bet in a battered notebook. The other patrons begin yelling out bets, some backing Wilson, others Philo.

120 RESUME - STREET

Philo and Wilson jog past the greasy spoon.

WILSON

I didn't know.

PHILO

Never said you did. I just said
you worked for kinky folks.

WILSON

Their business ain't mine.

PHILO

Never said it was.

WILSON

We're even, remember?

Wilson turns and jogs down another street.

121 INT. BEEKMAN'S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Scarfe hangs up the phone and turns to Beekman.

SCARFE

Tony Paloi's on the way up.

BEEKMAN

(laughs)

Poor little Tony, he never learns.

SCARFE

(grim)

Not junior, senior.

BEEKMAN

(expression
of pain)

Big Tony?

Scarfe nods. A moment later he admits TWO BODYGUARDS, big-leaguers, the kind of men who kill people. They check out the suite, then one takes up his post outside the door while the other accompanies BIG TONY PAOLI into the suite.

BEEKMAN

(fawning)

Mr. Paoli. A pleasure to see
you, sir.

He sticks out his hand to shake, but Big Tony gives it a contemptuous glance, as if it were a week-old carp, and sits down in a chair pulled up by his bodyguard.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

BIG TONY
I hear you ain't laying off any
of the action.

BEEKMAN
Not so far, no sir.

BIG TONY
You got guts. I admire a man with
guts. So I says, Big Tony, maybe
now's the time you go out and make
a bet with this high roller Beekman
with guts.

Big Tony holds up his index finger.

BEEKMAN
(hopefully)
Hundred thousand?

BIG TONY
Mr. Beekman, you and I are not
men who deal in five zeros.

SCARFE
(looking sick)
He means six zeros, Jim.

BIG TONY
(confirming)
He means six zeros.

BEEKMAN
I'll cover it, of course.

BIG TONY
Of course. Eight to five is the
odds you're quoting.

BEEKMAN
I can't give eight to five on a
bet that size.

BIG TONY
(closing the
discussion)
Eight to five is the odds you're
quoting.

Scarfe looks a question at Beekman, who nods. Scarfe moves
across the room and picks up a phone.

SCARFE
Operator, I want a number in
Boston. 555-1782.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED: (2)

Big Tony has spotted the rattler's half-dome case sitting on the floor against the wall.

BIG TONY

It's against city ordinance to
keep reptiles in a hotel room.

The Bodyguard goes over to the case and lifts the dome, exposing the rattler. He takes out his revolver and blows its head off.

BIG TONY

(at the door)

I admire a man with guts. I told
my friends in Boston to help you
remain a man with guts.

He leaves. Scarfe is talking in low tones on the phone.

SCARFE

(hangs up)

Boston won't take it.

BEEKMAN

Wilson ain't gonna lose.

The rattler's body is still quivering.

122 EXT. PHILO'S CABIN - NIGHT

The cabin is dark. A rear window slides open and Clyde slips out, wearing his blue dress and bonnet. He ambles off to do some exploring.

123 INT. OFFICE-CABIN - NIGHT

The Old Codger is watching the late show, sitting buff naked in an old stuffed chair; he's in good company -- his walls are populated with equally naked women, including a poster-sized demoiselle above the door, captioned "Flaunt it, baby, flaunt it!"

He glances out the window and sees Aunt Hortense approaching the cabin. A lubricious smile slinks across his face. He puts on a tattered robe and opens the back door.

Standing in the doorway, the Old Codger croons to Aunt Hortense. She is facing away from him, investigating a rose bush.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

CODGER

(crooning)

Give us a look, sweetie. Come on,
honeybunch, let's see those big
blue eyes.

As Aunt Hortense begins to turn, the Codger whips open his robe, giving her a class A Flash. Aunt Hortense blinks at him, then answers his gesture by flashing him back.

After a moment of paralyzed shock, the Codger snaps his robe shut and jumps back inside his cabin.

CODGER

(leaning against
the door, hollow-
eyed)

My God, I flashed an ape.
(pause)

And he flashed me back.

124 EXT. SLEEPY TYME CABINS - MORNING

Philo is in the office-cabin, paying their bill. The old Codger stands behind the desk with a look of righteous wrath.

CODGER

He's a menace. Goes around
peeping in windows. Ogled at
me last night while I was gettin'
it on with two young beauties.

PHILO

Clyde has no interest in human sex,
only ape sex. What were you doing,
screwing a pair of apes?

CODGER

Get out! Out!

PHILO

I heard you.

As Philo comes out of the cabin, Wilson is waiting for him.

WILSON

Let's go.

PHILO

Fight ain't till noon.

WILSON

I found out where they're holding
her. They have to produce her for
the fight, don't they?

(CONTINUED)

PHILO

That's right.

WILSON

Best time to hit 'em is when they
move her.

PHILO

That's right.

Having stashed Clyde in the wrecker, Orville comes up to them.

ORVILLE

What's goin' on?

PHILO

He found out where they're holding
Lynne.(as Orville gives
Wilson a look)

He didn't know about it.

ORVILLE

Let's go then.

WILSON

(vetoing Orville)

They got heat, they might use it.

ORVILLE

I'm his friend. So's Clyde. We
go.

125 INT. WILSON'S CAR - TRAVELING - DAY

As they cruise slowly around a large motel on the outskirts of
Amarillo. The motel is a two-story affair, with the cars
parked some distance from the rooms.

PHILO

We'll wait until they get near their
car.

WILSON

Better to hit 'em just as they
come out of the room.

PHILO

There are kids running around up
there.

WILSON

(shrugs)

All right.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

PHILO

Orville, can you throw a good tackle?

ORVILLE

You kidding? I was the best third-string defensive end Riverside High ever saw.

PHILO

Tackle Lynne.

ORVILLE

Lynne?

PHILO

Hit her hard and fast. Get her clear.

ORVILLE

You got it.

126 EXT. LARGE MOTEL - DAY

The four Muscles come out of their room with Lynne.

Inside Wilson's car, parked near the black Cadillac, Clyde keeps mostly out of sight in the front seat, though he occasionally pops his head up for a quick look at the action. Philo, Wilson, and Orville are positioned nearby.

The Muscles make their way toward the car. Orville crouches, sets, then launches himself at Lynne. He hits her smack in the stomach, doubling her over his shoulder and sweeping her out of the group. Philo and Wilson are immediately on the Muscles.

They knock down two of the Muscles with their rush, then take on the other two. One of the Muscles on the ground pulls a gun and aims at Philo. Orville sees it and runs at him.

ORVILLE

(to distract him)

Hey!

The grounded Muscle swings around and shoots Orville, who goes down with a bullet in the shoulder. Philo kicks the gun out of the Muscle's hand, then kicks him in the head. Lynne runs to Orville's side.

Wilson dispatches one Muscle and goes to work on another. The shortest of the Muscles, a man about 5'6", moves around Wilson's car and stops beside the passenger door. He pulls his gun and aims at Wilson, a few feet away. Philo spots the danger and yells to Clyde.

(CONTINUED)

PHILO
(yelling)
Clyde! Right turn!

Just as Wilson turns to see the Muscle about to squeeze the trigger, a hairy fist smashes out the car window and caves in the side of the Muscle's head. He goes down like a sack of flour.

Philo moves to Orville's side.

PHILO
(to Lynne)
Go call the cops and an ambulance.

WILSON
(calls to Philo)
Cops weren't part of our bargain.

PHILO
(to Lynne)
Just an ambulance.
(to Orville)
That bullet was mine.

ORVILLE
Sometimes I like bein' a hero too,
you know.

PHILO
(smiles)
You're doin' pretty good at it.

Wilson has collected the hardware, and now talks to the Head Muscle.

WILSON
I just saved your asses from the
slammer. So your asses now belong
to me. And if I ever see you again,
I'll collect 'em. Get in that car,
head west, and don't stop until you
see the surf.

The battered Muscles crawl into their car and leave.

127 EXT. LARGE MOTEL - HALF AN HOUR LATER

Orville is loaded into an ambulance.

PHILO
(to Orville)
We'll follow you.

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

Philo and Lynne get into the car with Wilson. Clyde's in the back.

128 INT. WILSON'S CAR - TRAVELING - DAY

As they follow the ambulance to the hospital. Lynne is nestled against Philo's side.

PHILO
(to Wilson)
I owe you one.

WILSON
We're even. Your hairy friend
back there saved my ass.

PHILO
(considers it)
We're even then.

LYNNE
(to Philo)
You're not going to fight, are you?

PHILO
If I don't, it's a forfeit. Lot
of folks bet money on me, and not
all of them are rich.

WILSON
If neither of us shows, there's
no fight. All bets are off.

PHILO
It's somethin' to think about.

129 INT. ORVILLE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Orville lies in bed, patched up. Lynne sits beside him.
Philo stands at the foot of the bed.

ORVILLE
You gonna fight?

PHILO
I don't know. Depends on Wilson.
(starts to leave)
I'll see you later.
(to Lynne, as
she stands)
Stay with Orville.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

ORVILLE

On your way out, why don't you
mention to all them nurses what
a hero I am?

PHILO

Now why didn't I think of that?

TWO BEAUTIFUL NURSES appear in the open doorway and look into
the room.

BEAUTIFUL NURSE

(to Philo)

Is that the hero?

PHILO

That's him.

The two nurses enter to comfort the hero. We FOLLOW Philo out
of the room and down the hall.

ORVILLE

(hollering from
the room)

You're a good man, Philo Beddoe!

Philo smiles.

130 EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

Wilson is leaning against his car with a bunch of bananas
under his arm. He is feeding them to Clyde through the win-
dow, and the young glutton of the forest is gobbling them down
like gumdrops. Philo comes up, and the two men watch Clyde
for a few moments.

WILSON

The young man has a real healthy
appetite.

PHILO

That he does.

WILSON

(after a pause)

I don't think we can end it even.

PHILO

I don't think.

WILSON

On the other hand, I got no great
desire to make Beekman rich.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

PHILO
(little smile)
Figure you would?

WILSON
(answers the
smile)
I figure. But we'll find out
whether I would have or not.

PHILO
I guess we will.

131 INT. BEEKMAN'S HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Beekman talks on the phone while Scarfe looks on.

BEEKMAN
(yelling into
the phone)
Don't you hang up on me you son
of a bitch! Wilson! Wilson!

He slams down the phone.

BEEKMAN
Neither one is going to show.

SCARFE
All bets are off then.

BEEKMAN
Damn him! I spent a lot of time
and money setting this thing up.
You'd better let all the sporting
folks know.

132 INT. FAT ZACK'S HOTEL SUITE - DAY

The three oil cowboys sit around amid their usual bevy of
cowgirls. The room is shrouded in gloom.

FAT ZACK
Real shame.

LITTLE MELVIN
Woulda been the fight of the century.

LONG JOHN
Damn right. Too bad.

133 EXT. AMARILLO HOTEL - DAY

Taxis are lined up in front of the hotel, carrying off the crowd of Sporting Folks, who no longer have any reason to stay. All is gloom and disappointment.

FIRST SPORTING TYPE

I blew a hundred thousand dollar deal to get out here for this fight.

SECOND SPORTING TYPE

Hell, it would've been worth it.

134 INT. LOCAL GREASY SPOON - DAY

The same group of partons as the day before, but instead of working clothes, they're all dressed in their sporting duds.

BEARD

Wilson would've taken him.

CHICANO

Hell he would have.

COOK

(glum)

Hell who cares.

135 INT. WILSON'S CAR - TRAVELING - DAY

The car pulls up beside a defunct cattle auction building, locked up and unused for some time. Philo looks at Wilson.

WILSON

Dirt floor.

Philo nods. The two men and Clyde get out of the car. They each take one of Clyde's hands and the trio walks to the large door of the building. Clyde breaks off the rusted lock and they go inside.

136 INT. DEFUNCT CATTLE AUCTION BUILDING - DAY

Clyde climbs on a beam. The two men strip to the waist. They circle each other slowly. Wilson throws the first punch. The fight has begun.

137 EXT. CATTLE AUCTION BUILDING - DAY

Around the corner of the building roll a pair of scrapping TWELVE-YEAR-OLD BOYS, one Chicano, the other Anglo.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

They scabble to their feet and swing wildly at each other. The Anglo runs at the Chicano and butts him back against the steel window of the building. As he closes, he glances through the window and sees Philo and Wilson inside.

ANGLO BOY

Jesus, it's them!

CHICANO BOY

What?

(turns)

Jesus.

A COP comes around the corner of the building.

COP

All right, you kids, what're you doin' here?

The two kids are mesmerized by the fight; they don't even hear the Cop.

COP

(growing angry)

I said, what are you doing here?

Still no answer. The cop strides angrily up behind the kids and grabs them by their shirt-collars. Then he glances through the window and freezes in mid-grab.

Inside, the two men are still feeling each other out. The tempo is slow, careful. But the punches, though infrequent, are lightning fast and stunning.

COP

(wide-eyed)

Jesus.

The Cop lets go of the two boys and runs around the corner to yell at his partner, who is waiting in their patrol car.

COP

(yells)

It's on!

2ND COP

What?

COP

The fight! It's on!

The 2nd Cop grabs at the radio mike to pass on the news.

138 INT. CAB OF DYNAMITE TRUCK - DAY

A burly TRUCKER is monitoring police calls on his CB. The speedometer registers 85, and it's clear why his CB handle is The Angel Gabriel.

POLICE VOICE

(from CB)

... and put a car out on 84.

TRUCKER

(grins)

You do that, pal.

He switches channels.

2ND COP'S VOICE

(from CB)

It's them! Beddoe and Wilson!
They're fighting!

TRUCKER

(grabs his CB mike)

Breaker one-nine. This is the
Angel Gabriel.

139 INT. HATTIE'S CONTINENTAL - TRAVELING - DAY

Chauffeur at the wheel. In the back, downcast, the two little old ladies, Hattie and Harriet. A CB is mounted in the back where Hattie can operate it.

TRUCKER'S VOICE

(from CB)

It's on! The fight is on!

The Chauffeur turns and looks at Hattie.

HATTIE

(yells at him)

What are you waiting for, dummy!

The big car squeals through a preposterous U-turn, and streaks back to Amarillo.

140 INT. BEEKMAN'S HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Beekman and Scarfe are eating lunch at a linen-covered table. Beekman is eating with gusto, but Scarfe is picking at a small mound of vegetables, looking queasy.

BEEKMAN

Hell, best place in the world to
get a rattlesnake cooked up is
East Texas. Aren't you having any?

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

SCARFE

No.

BEEKMAN

Well that damn reptile cost me
five grand, and I'm going to enjoy
every goddamn bite.

The phone RINGS. Scarfe picks it up, listens for a moment,
then hangs up.

SCARFE

They're fighting.

BEEKMAN

What time is it?

SCARFE

Eleven fifty.

BEEKMAN

The bets don't cancel till noon.
All bets are still on.

(jumps up)

Let's go!

141 EXT. AMARILLO AIRPORT - DAY

Dozens of Sporting Types race out of the airport and scabble
to commandeer cabs back to Amarillo.

142 INT. COCKPIT, FAT ZACK'S AIRPLANE - DAY

Fat Zack, at the controls, launches the plane on its take-off
run. Sweet Sue sits in the co-pilot's seat beside him, with
one phone of a headset pressed against her ear.

SWEET SUE

(shouts above
the roar)

It's on!

FAT ZACK

(shouts)

What?

SWEET SUE

(shouts)

The fight!

143 EXT. AIRPORT RUNWAY - DAY

The plane is halfway down the runway, already close to 100 m.p.h. Suddenly the brakes scream and smoke plumes from the tires. The plane skids down the runway, executes a pirouette, and comes to a stop facing the other way.

The engines rev up immediately, and the plane taxis down a service road, heading toward the boundary fence of the airport. It crunches through the fence and continues down the service road to where it joins the highway. It turns onto the highway and heads for Amarillo.

144 INT. COMMERCIAL JET - DAY

A STEWARDESS comes down the aisle to Big Tony Paoli.

STEWARDESS

There's a call for you, Mr. Paoli.
You can take it in the cockpit.

Big Tony heads for the cockpit, followed by one of his bodyguards.

145 INT. COMMERCIAL COCKPIT - DAY

Big Tony takes an earphone from the radio operator, listens for a moment, then hands it back. The bodyguard stands near the cockpit door.

BIG TONY

(to pilot)

Captain, I'm afraid you'll have
to turn this plane around.

The Pilot turns to look at him, then looks at the bodyguard.

PILOT

Is this a hijacking?

BIG TONY

This is not a hijacking. This is
a medical emergency. My mother is
very ill.

The Pilot glances from Big Tony to the bodyguard.

BIG TONY

(ominous)

His mother is also very ill.

PILOT

(to radio mike)

This is flight 307 calling Amarillo.

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED:

CONTROLLER'S VOICE
(from radio)
Go ahead, 307.

PILOT
(to radio mike)
We have a medical emergency. Request
permission to return and land.

146 INT. LOCAL GREASY SPOON - DAY

The patrons' attention is caught by several PEOPLE running
past in the street. One of them stops and yells through the
door.

PASSERBY
(yelling)
It's on!

With whoops of glee, the patrons pour into the street.

147 OMITTED

148 EXT. AMARILLO STREET - DAY

Cholla and his Widows, bikeless, trot down the street.

ELMO
But what happened to our bikes,
Cholla?

CHOLLA
I told you. The cops pinched 'em.

ELMO
But what for?

CHOLLA
How the hell do I know? Cops are
cops.

149 EXT. & INT. CATTLE AUCTION BUILDING - DAY

Outside, hundreds of people surround the building, peering
through the windows at the battle within. More people arrive
with each passing minute. There's a great deal of yelling,
cheering, bustling, and betting.

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

By contrast, the inside of the cavernous building is silent, except for the occasional smack of a landed blow. The crowd noise is a barely audible MURMUR. The two men are completely focused, each comprising the whole of the other's world.

Suddenly Philo stuns Wilson with a right. Wilson retreats, Philo presses. They're near one of the doors. Wilson runs at Philo, knocks him back against the door. The rotten wood gives way and the two men explode through the door and roll into the street.

The crowd shifts with the fight, rolling like a human carpet around the building and along the street.

Clyde stands in the busted doorway, not knowing whether to follow the crowd or stay put. His dilemma is solved by the arrival of Lynne, a bandaged Orville, and Orville's new friend, one of the beautiful nurses.

LYNNE

(calls to Clyde)

Come on, Clyde.

Clyde joins the trio and they move with the crowd along the street.

150 EXT. AMARILLO STREET - DAY

Zack's airplane rolls down the street, its wings tip chopping off utility poles on both sides. The plane reaches an intersection and executes a lumbering turn, only to come face to face with Angel Gabriel's dynamite truck heading in the opposite direction. Brakes screech, disaster looms -- but the two vehicles come to a stop nose-to-nose, inches apart. Zack and his motely crew clamber out of the plane.

151 RESUME - THE FIGHT

The balance has shifted: Wilson now has the edge. He is battering Philo backward down the street.

The crowd numbers in the thousands and is still growing. Scattered through it are the groups we've been following. Cheering their man are the Wilson contingents: Beekman and Scarfe; several of the patrons from the greasy spoon; numerous Sporting Folks; and the Old Codger from the Sleepy Tyme Cabins. Looking downcast are the Philo contingents; the oil cowboys and their cowgirls: Hattie and Harriet; Lynne, Clyde, Orville, and his nurse; Sir Tony and his two crunchers; the rest of the patrons of the greasy spoon; the desk clerk from the downtown hotel; and half the population of Amarillo.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

But Philo begins to land body blows, thudding smashes to Wilson's ribs and stomach. The balance shifts again, in Philo's favor. Wilson appears to be growing weaker.

Beekman watches grimly as his man is battered. It looks like Wilson is a beaten man unless he gets some help.

BEEKMAN

(to Scarfe)

Kill him.

Scarfe looks at him.

BEEKMAN

You heard me. Now.

Scarfe looks around for the Muscles. He spots them and gives them a nod. Head Muscle returns the nod, and leads his men off.

152 EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY

The Widows are making their way up the street when they spot the Muscles near intersection. Head Muscle is screwing a silencer on his pistol.

CHOLLA

Hey, it's Beddoe, they're gonna kill Beddoe! Those are Beekman's hoods.

ELMO

That's great, Cholla. Let's give 'em a hand.

CHOLLA

You faggoty twit! I sold our bikes and bet the money on Beddoe!

ELMO

Cholla, how could you?

DALLAS

We been at war with Beddoe for over a year.

CHOLLA

War is war, but business is business. They get him, we are busted flat.

DALLAS

(eyeing the
Muscles)

Hell, business is business.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED:

The Widows launch themselves at the Muscle and proceed to destroy them. It's the only time we've ever seen them fight effectively.

153 RESUME - THE FIGHT

Philo is hammering Wilson, who is beginning to stagger. Philo lands a shattering combination, knocking Wilson across the sidewalk and into the wall of a building. Wilson smacks against the wall and stays there, hands down. Philo approaches, stops, drops his hands. The crowd is silent; we can hear the two men breathing heavily.

PHILO

We can stop it here.

Wilson wipes the blood from his mouth and manages a smile.

WILSON

Even?

PHILO

No. You'll owe me.

WILSON

Think I'll buy that while I'm still standing up?

PHILO

No.

Wilson pushes himself away from the wall and swings at Philo. The fight resumes. The crowd roars alive.

154 RESUME - SIDE STREET - DAY

The four Muscles lie unconscious in the street. The Widows stand around Cholla, who sits on the curb, tears running down his cheeks.

CHOLLA

How could you do this to me, Lord?

(screams at the
Widows)

We saved Philo Beddoe's ass!

The Widows hang their heads in shame.

CHOLLA

Oh, the shame of it.

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED:

A Muscle lying beside him groans and tries to get up. Without looking around, Cholla grabs him by the hair and smashes his face into the sidewalk.

CHOLLA

Oh, the shame of it!

155 INT. POSH RESTAURANT - DAY

Sitting at a table are two members of Amarillo's upper crust: one a fat PIGGY type, the other hollow-cheeked and BEAKNOSED.

PIGGY

Isn't there some kind of brawl going on this afternoon?

BEAKY

Yes, a couple of lower-class types are busy bashing each other into disgusting pulp.

Suddenly Philo and Wilson smash through the door and slam into the table, sending Piggy and Beaky flying. Waiters and patrons dive for their lives as the two men fight their way across the elegant dining room. But the worst is yet to come: now the crowd surges through the doors like a horde of locusts, destroying everything in their path.

Fat Zack grabs a steak from a plate as he passes, and alternately chews on it and waves it like a pom-pom.

One of Big Tony's bodyguards appropriates a huge lobster. He proceeds to crack it open with his bare hands, passing morsels of white meat to his boss.

Philo and Wilson battle across the dining room and into the kitchen.

156 INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - DAY

The crowd surges into the kitchen, pressing goggle-eyed chefs against the wall. Philo and Wilson slug it out in a small space in the center of the kitchen.

Wilson looks almost gone. But he summons a reserve of strength from somewhere and launches a flurry of blows. As Philo gives ground, Wilson aims a vicious karate chop at his left arm. We hear the CRACK of bone, and Philo goes down with a broken arm.

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED:

Sitting on the floor with his back against a counter, Philo tries to push himself up, but the weight on his broken arm causes him to gasp with pain. Wilson stands over him. News of the broken arm ripples through the crowd. Lynne pushes her way to the front.

WILSON

It's broke. That's it.

Philo shifts his weight and tries to push himself up with his good arm. Wilson steps back.

WILSON

That's it!

Philo manages to get to his feet. The two men face each other, breathing heavily.

PHILO

No.

WILSON

Don't make me do this, damn it!

Philo slugs him. The Fight continues. The crowd is subdued. They can't believe Philo is continuing to fight with a broken arm.

157 EXT. LARGE PARKING LOT BEHIND RESTAURANT - DAY

Philo and Wilson smash out the back door of the restaurant and continue the fight in the parking lot. The crowd forms a huge circle around them. The mood has changed dramatically. No more cheering and yelling. The spectators are awed by the ferocity of the battle and the grim determination of the two men. The crowd is almost completely silent; even the people in the back can hear the smack of fist against flesh. Progress reports are passed back in whispers.

Fighting one-handed, Philo is forced to give ground constantly. But Wilson is exhausted; he doesn't have the strength to put Philo away. Even with a broken arm, Philo turns out to be the more durable of the two. And durability, as they both know, is the key.

Philo begins landing solid punches. Wilson is staggering. Philo presses hard, knowing he's on the verge of exhaustion himself. He finally levels Wilson with a sledgehammer roundhouse. Wilson hits the asphalt face down. He makes a feeble attempt to rise, then collapses, unconscious.

Philo waits for several seconds, then kneels beside him and turns him over. A man kneels on the other side, and from his quick, practiced movements it's clear that he's a DOCTOR.

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED:

DOCTOR
 (to Philo)
 He's just unconscious.

The doctor holds a vial of smelling salts under Wilson's nose.

WILSON
 (opens his eyes)
 Was I out?

PHILO
 You were out.

WILSON
 How long?

PHILO
 Long enough.

WILSON
 That's it, then.

PHILO
 That's it.

The crowd is awed, respectful, silent. Philo helps Wilson up.

WILSON
 Better get that arm fixed.

Philo nods. The two men walk off together, arms around each other's shoulders. The crowd opens silently for them.

As they move away, a cheer rises from the crowd, growing louder and louder, a tribute to both men.

158 OMITTED

159 INT. POSH RESTAURANT - DAY

The restaurant is still in a shambles from the fight, but a small area has been cleared for Big Tony, who sits at a table with one of his bodyguards. The bodyguard opens clams by enclosing the shell in one of his huge hams and crunching it; then he holds out his hand to Big Tony, who pokes through the debris and extracts the clam.

The other bodyguard enters the restaurant carrying a briefcase. He makes his way to Big Tony's table and sits down. Big Tony is concentrating on a clam, and the bodyguard does not speak until he has finished the clam and wiped his lips.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED:

BODYGUARD

He's payin' off thirty cents on the dollar. He offered us forty cents if we promised not to touch him.

BIG TONY

Did you promise?

BODYGUARD

Of course.

BIG TONY

Good. Did you count it?

BODYGUARD

Of course.

BIG TONY

Good. Now go back and kill him.

BODYGUARD

Of course.

The two bodyguards leave to carry out their assignments. Big Tony opens a fresh clam by thumping it with a wine bottle. He extracts the clam from the debris, squirts it with lemon, and pops it in his mouth. He chews with satisfaction, then belches.

160 INT. FAT ZACK'S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

The oil cowboys and their cowgirls are playing strip poker once again, but with the addition of two new players: HATTIE and HARRIET, who are down to their bloomers.

LITTLE MELVIN

Hell, Zack, thirty cents on the dollar don't even cover the cost of the plans.

FAT ZACK

Don't matter. It's worth payin' for the privilege of seein' a fight like that.

LONG JOHN

Sure as hell is.

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED:

FAT ZACK
(to Hattie)
I got to call you for your
bloomers, ma'am.

HATTIE
(beaming)
Well goddamn, chivalry ain't
dead in Texas.

FAT ZACK
Thank you, ma'am.

161 INT. BEEKMAN'S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Scarfe peers out the door and what he sees coming down the
hall makes him slam the door and lock it. He hurries
across the room.

BEEKMAN
Who is it?

SCARFE
Tony's boys.

BEEKMAN
What are they here for?

SCARFE
(climbing out
the window)
What the hell do you think.

Beekman follows him out the window and the two men clamber
down the fire escape. The bodyguards hammer at the door.

162 EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Scarfe and Beekman scurry across the lot toward the Muscle's
black Cadillac. As they reach it, Cholla and the Widows
materialize out of the darkness.

CHOLLA
Believe you owe us another seventy
cents on the dollar, Beekman.

BEEKMAN
Get out of my way, you punk.

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED:

CHOLLA

He don't know who we are.
(to Moody)
Tell him who we are.

MOODY

(adjusting
eyepatch)
We are the Black Widows. We are
feared throughout the land.

Scarfe pulls his gun out, then spots Big Tony's boys
coming across the parking lot. This is no time to dally.
The two men run for their lives.

ELMO

You see how they lit out when
they found out who we were?

CHOLLA

I told you I'd make you great.

DALLAS

But we still got screwed.

FRANK

Yeah! We still got screwed.

CHOLLA

(grins, holds up
car keys)
No we didn't.

162A INT. COUNTRY & WESTERN BAR - AMARILLO - NIGHT

Six around the table: Philo and Lynne, Orville and his
nurse, Clyde and Wilson. Philo's left arm is in a sling.

ORVILLE

Got a card from Ma in Bakersfield.
Says there's a revival meeting.

PHILO

God is her shepherd.
(to Wilson)
You goin' back East?

WILSON

I suppose.

PHILO

California ain't a bad place.

(CONTINUED)

162A CONTINUED:

WILSON

I ain't crazy about the place...

(sweeps them all
with a look)

... but I like the people...

(to Lynne)

... and the music's great.

LYNNE

Thank you.

Wilson stands to leave.

PHILO

You gonna have any problems with
Beekman?

WILSON

He's got the problems. He can't
cover.

Philo stands and the two men shake hands. Wilson leaves.

PHILO

(to Orville)

How 'bout you?

ORVILLE

Think I might stay in Amarillo
a while. Medical care.

PHILO

Right.

He looks at Lynne. She tucks her arm in his.

LYNNE

I like the place and I love the
people.

163 EXT. TRAFFIC SIGNAL - EAST TEXAS HIGHWAY - MORNING

Orville's wrecker pulls to a stop at the signal. Lynne is at the wheel, Philo in the middle, Clyde at the window. A black Cadillac pulls up on Clyde's side. The sun-roof slides open and Cholla pops his head up.

CHOLLA

(with the

Cagney Ranger)

Hey! You! Philo Beddoe!

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED:

PHILO

You talkin' to me?

CHOLLA

Yean, I'm talkin' to you. We got a little debt outstanding.

PHILO

Yean?

Cholla hands forty dollars to Clyde.

CHOLLA

Forty bucks. Believe we're even now.

PHILO

Believe we are.

CHOLLA

That was one hell of a fight. One hell of a fight.

PHILO

Heard you had a little scuffle yourself.

CHOLLA

(shrugs modestly)

Yeah, well...

The shrug tips his wig to the side. Philo touches his forehead to indicate it to Cholla, who reaches up and straightens the wig.

CHOLLA

Thanks. Don't look too bad when it's on straight.

PHILO

Looks real good.

CHOLLA

You take care now.

PHILO

You too.

Cholla withdraws and the Cadillac moves off. On its trunk is a sign: "PHILO BEDDOE FOR PRESIDENT".

164 EXT. DEATH VALLEY HIGHWAY - HIGH NOON

Officer Morgan sits on his motorcycle at the side of the road.

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED:

The sun blazes down on his head, sweat pours down his dust-caked face. Orville's wrecker passes, and Morgan recognizes Clyde. He starts his motor and gives chase.

The wrecker pulls to a stop, with Morgan behind it. He walks to the driver's side of the truck.

MORGAN
(to Lynne)
Speeding and wreckless driving.

LYNNE
We were doing fifty.

MORGAN
(walks around
the truck)
And I'm impounding this truck
as evidence.

PHILO
Evidence for what?

MORGAN
(now on Clyde's
side)
Evidence for transporting an
animal without ownership papers
and certificates of inoculation.

PHILO
No one owns Clyde. He's a free
person.

MORGAN
The animal goes to the kennel,
the vehicle goes to the police
yard. I'm going to be roasting
in this desert for the next
three years because of you,
Beddoe, and you're gonna pay.

Clyde looks at Philo. Philo looks at Lynne.

LYNNE
Right turn, Clyde.

Clyde's hairy fist shoots out the window and Officer Morgan sails through the air and lands on his back, out like a light.

165 INT. WRECKER CAB - TRAVELING - DUSK

Philo drives one-handed, his good arm looped around Lynne, who is asleep against his side.

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED:

He looks over and sees that Clyde is kissing a glossy photograph torn from a magazine.

PHILO

New girl friend? Let's see.

Clyde shows him the photo: it's Bo Derek in all her decimal glory.

PHILO

We may have a little trouble
with that one, old buddy.

Clyde reaches into the glove compartment and takes out a banana and a rubber-bulb syringe and holds them up.

PHILO

We'll try it, but don't get
your hopes up.

They drive off into the sunset.

FADE OUT.

THE END