

**EVEN COWGIRLS GET THE BLUES**

Written by  
Gus Van Sant

Based on a novel by  
Tom Robbins

**SHOOTING DRAFT**

**1993**

**INT. CAVE NIGHT**

and  
one.  
CATFISH  
pool  
crevasse

There is a huge ancient hourglass made of animal skins,  
acorns plop through the waist of the hourglass one by  
one. It sits in a pool of water. In the water swim EYELESS  
CATFISH in geometric patterns. An underground stream feeds the  
pool of water and then flows into a huge underground  
crevasse that on occasion emits a LOW RUMBLE.

we  
finished  
it on  
JAPANESE.

INDIANS with torches surround the hourglass, which now  
can see is in a cave. And as soon as the acorns have  
passed through the hourglass, a crew of Indians turn  
it on its opposite end. One of the Indians appears to be  
JAPANESE.

a  
in

ONE INDIAN stands at the wall of the cavern in front of  
a series of symbolic carvings and scratches, with stone  
in hand he makes a few hatchmarks, and keeps an eye on the  
**CREVASSE.**

of

THE CREVASSE RUMBLES once more, loosening a few chunks

rock from the cave.

The earth begins to shake.

**THE CHART KEEPER**

She is restless tonight.

**ANOTHER INDIAN**

She dreams of loving.

**STILL ANOTHER**

She has the blues.

with a  
naked  
out  
human  
this  
the

View of the chartkeeper's drawings. One is of a crane very long neck. Another is a primitive drawing of a girl, who has long flowing hair. She also has, pointed from her sides, thumbs that are three times normal proportions. A MUSICAL CHORUS sounds at the sight of drawing of a girl with the thumbs. The chartkeeper puts finishing touches on the drawing.

country

And the song "Happy Birthday to You" strikes up on and western guitar and polka-like accordion. title

**BIG THUMBS**

**INT. RICHMOND VIRGINIA SUBURBAN HOME DAY**

birthday.

We see CANDLES burning on a cake. It is somebody's And there are six candles on the cake.

SISSY HANKSHAW is six years old.

rendition of  
at her  
a

Her DADDY and a visiting UNCLE, finishing their Happy Birthday, are staring down at Sissy and looking young THUMBS, WHICH ARE UNUSUALLY LARGE and twitch with mind of their own.

She manages to blow out all six candles.

**UNCLE**

Well, you're lucky that you don't  
suck 'em.

**DADDY**

Sissy couldn't suck 'em, she'd need  
a mouth like a fish tank.

dropping

Sissy is negotiating a fork full of birthday cake,  
it because of her thumbs.

**UNCLE**

(agrees)

The poor little tyke might have a  
hard time finding herself a hubby.  
But as far as getting along in the  
world, it's a real blessing that  
Sissy's a girl-child. Lord, I reckon  
this youngun would never make a  
mechanic.

**DADDY**

Nope, and not a brain surgeon,  
neither.

**UNCLE**

Course she'd do pretty good as a  
butcher. She could retire in two  
years on the overcharges alone.

glasses.

Laughing, the men walk to the kitchen to fill their  
Sissy is left to feel sorry for herself in front of her  
cake.

**UNCLE (O.S.)**

One thing, that youngun would make  
one hell of a hitchhiker...

head

This startles Sissy. A new word that tinkles in her  
with a supernatural echo. Sissy looks at her thumbs.

**UNCLE (O.S.)**

...if she was a boy, I mean.

**INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE DAY**

Dr. Dreyfus looks over Sissy's thumbs.

**DR. DREYFUS**

She is, if I may speak frankly,

somewhat of a medical oddity. Due to impaired dexterity, her life activities and career potentialities will be reduced. It could be worse. Bring her back to me if there ever is pain. Meanwhile, she will have to learn to live with them.

**MRS. HANKSHAW**

That she will. That she will. The Lord made them things big for a purpose. God don't never git tired of testing our kind. It's a punishment of some sort, for what I don't rightly know.

(whimpering)

Oh Doc, if a young man ever shows up here with, a young man with ugly fingers, you know, something similar, a similar case, Doc, would you please...

**DR. DREYFUS**

Remember the words of the painter Paul Gauguin, dear lady. "The ugly may be beautiful, the pretty never." I don't suppose that means very much to you.

**MRS. HANKSHAW**

It's a judgement. She's gotta bear the punishment.

Sissy beams serenely like a Christ figure.

**INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY DAY**

short,  
phalanges and

Sissy looks up "thumb" in the dictionary. It says: the thick first or most preaxial digit of the human hand, differing from the other fingers by having two greater freedom of movement.

movement."

Sissy mouthing the words: "Greater freedom of

**EXT. ROAD DAY**

right

Sissy very timidly ventures a pass with her gigantic thumb in the direction she is walking.

She is passed by..... BUT NO!

the  
BRAKE LIGHTS! A Pontiac skids ever so slightly on the  
snowflakes. View of the Pontiac insignia on the hood of  
car.

in.  
Sissy runs, actually sweating, to its side. She peers

silhouette  
OUTSIDE a palmist's trailer is a sign with a red  
of a hand.

is  
Directly under the wrist where the watch band would be  
written MADAME ZOE.

in the  
Madam Zoe in kimono and wig lets Sissy and her mother  
door.

**MADAME ZOE**

I am the enlightened Madame Zoe.

of  
shaped  
cluttered,  
covered  
Inside. Madame Zoe begins stubbing a cigarette in one  
those enlightened little ceramic ashtrays that are  
like bedpans and inscribed BUTTS. The trailer is  
but not one knick-knack, chintz curtain or chenille-  
armchair seems to have come from the Beyond.

**MADAME ZOE**

There is nothing about your past,  
present or future that your hands do  
not know, and there is nothing about  
your hands that Madame Zoe does not  
know. There is no hocus-pocus  
involved. I am a scientist, not a  
magician. I, Madame Zoe, chiromancer,  
lifelong student of the moldings and  
markings of the human hand. I, Madame  
Zoe, to whom no facet of your  
character or destiny is not readily  
revealed. I am prepared to...

Then she notices the thumbs.

**MADAME ZOE**

Jesus fucking Christ!

uncertain,  
in  
Mrs. Hankshaw and the fortune-teller turn pale and  
while Sissy recognizes with a faint smile that she is  
command.

extend  
draws  
and  
extremities.  
Sissy extends the thumbs as an ailing aborigine might  
his swollen parts to a medical missionary. Sissy's mama  
a neatly folded five-dollar bill from her change purse  
extends it alongside her smiling daughter's

the  
undistinguished  
design.  
Madame Zoe returns to her senses, and takes Sissy by  
elbow to sit at a For mica-topped table of

into a  
trance.  
Madam Zoe holds Sissy's hands while she appears to go

She opens her eyes momentarily.

**MADAME ZOE**

You have a strong will. Will power  
and determination are indicated by  
the first phalanx. The second phalanx  
indicates reason and logic. You  
obviously have both in large supply.  
What's your name, dearie?

**SISSY**

Sissy.

**MADAME ZOE**

Hmmm. I'd say that you have an  
intelligent, kindly, somewhat artistic  
nature. However, Sissy, however,  
there is a heavy quality to the second  
phalanx- the phalanx of logic --  
that indicates a capacity for foolish  
or clownish behavior, a refusal to  
accept responsibility or to take  
things seriously and bent to be  
disrespectful of those who do. Your

mama tells me that you're pretty well behaved and shy, but I'd watch out for signs of irrationality. All right?

She pulls her thumb to her breast.

**MADAME ZOE**

I guess the most important aspect of your thumbs is the, ahem, over all size. Uh, what was it, do you know, that caused...?

Mom speaks out from the couch she is sitting on

**MRS HANKSHAW**

Don't know; the doctors don't know...

**SISSY**

Just lucky I guess.

**MADAME ZOE**

Do you study history in school? Galileo, Descartes, Newton? Leibnitz had very large thumbs; Voltaire's were enormous, but, heh heh, just pickles compared with yours.

**SISSY**

What about Crazy Horse?

**MADAME ZOE**

Crazy Horse? You mean the Indian? Nobody that I've ever heard of ever troubled to study the paws of savages. Well, I guess that about covers the three-fifty charge...

Madame Zoe lets go of Sissy's thumbs and wipes her hands on her kimono.

**MRS. HANKSHAW**

Husband.

Mrs. Hankshaw withdraws a bill from her rat-skin bag.

**MADAME ZOE**

Beg your pardon?

**MRS. HANKSHAW**

Husband. Will she find a husband?

**MADAME ZOE**

Oh, I see.

tall-dark- Madame Zoe takes Sissy's hand and gives it the old  
stranger squint.

**MADAME ZOE**

I see men in your life, honey. I  
also see women, lots of women.

admission She raises her eyes to meet Sissy's looking for an  
of the "tendency", but there is no signal.

Mrs. Hankshaw does not approve.

**MADAME ZOE**

A husband, no doubt about it, though  
he is years away. There are children,  
too. Five, maybe six, but the husband  
is not the father. They will inherit  
your characteristics.

her Mrs. Hankshaw, aghast, has heard plenty, and she ushers  
from daughter out of the trailer as if she were leading her  
a burning cocktail lounge.

**TITLE ACROSS THE SCREEN:**

**COWGIRL INTERLUDE**

(Delores del Ruby)

**EXT. BADLANDS DAY**

unmodulated, Views of vast vistas of arid grasslands, open and  
thirsty and exposed.

deep At the western edge of the DAKOTAS, the monotony of the  
landscape, now gradually tilting toward the Rockies, is  
interrupted by the Badlands -- sculptured canyons so  
and chaotic they can break a devil's heart.

there Between the grasslands and the eerie badlands ruins,



The  
end  
any  
entry

lies a narrow band of humpy hills, green and pastoral.  
hills are carpeted with midlength prairie grass.  
The Rubber Rose buildings are clustered at the badlands  
at the base of a butte, higher, broader and longer than  
in its vicinity, known as Siwash Ridge. a sign over the  
of the ranch reads:

Welcome to the Rubber Rose Ranch

(the largest all-girl ranch in the west)

carrying

Delores del Ruby arrives at the Rubber Rose Ranch,  
a whip at her side and batting an educated lash at the  
surrounding sights.

#### **DELORES**

I've traveled through the Yucatan  
with a circus, popping false eyelashes  
off a trained monkey with a bullwhip.  
When I ate peyote one night and had  
a vision. Niwetükame, the Mother  
Goddess, came to me on the back of a  
doe, hummingbirds sipping the tears  
she was shedding, crying 'Delores,  
you must lead my daughters against  
their natural enemy. You must come  
to the Rubber Rose Ranch and prepare  
for your mission, the details of  
which will be revealed to you in a  
third vision....' That night I whipped  
the shit out of my black lover and  
ran away. For a while I drove around,  
making a living selling peyote buttons  
to hippies, until I made my way  
here...

her  
crawling  
carrying a

A snake crosses the road in front of her, and she takes  
whip and whirls it around her head. The snake that is  
across the dusty road that leads to the ranch is  
card under its forked tongue.

out

Delores snaps her whip at the snake and picks the card

of his mouth and lets it fly in the air.

Delores catches it..... The card is the Queen of Spades.

**EXT. ROAD DAY**

Sissy is thirty years old now wearing a trademark colored jumpsuit. She is saying these words still: "Greater freedom of movement."

Sissy sticks out her thumb, even though there is no traffic.

A plane is flying overhead. Sissy hitches it; and the plane's flight path curves with in response to her gesture. A squirrel running by stops to look. The bus on the other side of the road skids to a stop and two cars coming her way stop as well.

**INT. CAR DAY**

The man driving looks over the back seat to the hitchhiker behind him.

**INT. BUS DAY**

The bus driver does the same.

**EXT. ROAD**

From the look of her Sissy is a very seasoned hitchhiker, and she turns around relatively unimpressed with the fact that a car has stopped for her.

SISSY'S VIEW. The man driving is black-skinned, beret-topped and he has four smiling gold teeth and six shiny brass saxaphones in the back seat. He wears a gardenia in his lapel and tokes on a short joint.

**SISSY**

Going north?

**MAN**

You bet your raggedy white ass I am.

Sissy gets in.

He turns up the volume of his radio and rockets north.

**INT. LINCOLN CONTINENTAL DAY**

cheese  
unusual  
makes it

Sissy ventures into her pocket and pulls out a slice of  
and offers it to him. He now gets a better look at her  
thumbs. They are elegant, but large boned, and  
disproportionate. They are banana shaped boats that  
a little awkward to hold onto the cheese.

**MAN**

(taking an alarming  
interest in her thumbs)  
Thanks.

**SISSY**

American Cheese. The king of road  
food.

tokens

He eats the cheese, and worries about the thumbs. He  
on the joint between his fingers.

**MAN**

Are you in show business?

**SISSY**

I was a successful model once.

**MAN**

For magazines?

**SISSY**

I was the Yoni Yum feminine-hygiene  
Dew girl from 1965 to 1970, but got  
laid off.

**MAN**

So now you're bummin' around?

**SISSY**

Yep.

**MAN**

Hitchhiking?

**SISSY**

I'm the best.

**MAN**

You're the best?

**SISSY**

When I was younger, I hitchhiked one hundred and twenty-seven hours without stopping, without food or sleep, crossed the continent twice in six days, cooled my thumbs in both oceans and caught rides after midnight on unlighted highways.

**MAN**

Whoeee!

**SISSY**

As I developed, however, I grew more concerned with subtleties and nuances of style. Time in terms of M.P.H. no longer interested me. I began to hitchhike in something akin to geological time: slow, ancient, vast. When I am really moving, stopping car after car after car, moving so freely, so clearly, so delicately that even the sex maniacs and the cops can only blink and let me pass, then I embody the rhythms of the universe. I am in a state of grace.

The man listening to her takes another toke on his joint.

**EXT. ROAD DAY**

A view down the road of the Lincoln Continental going swiftly in its direction.

CREDIT INTERLUDE featuring the song "Even Cowgirls Get the Blues" as sung by (an undetermined country or pop star like k.d. lang or Bob Dylan) in an old television Kine-scope piece

sets. of film like you might see on early 1950's television

televisions, Between Sissy watching this image on old motel  
of there are also IMAGES of roads, cars, trucks, highways,  
thumbs, gas stations and deserts gliding by in a flow  
natural hitchhiking beauty.

**EXT. POST OFFICE DAY**

walks Sissy gets out of a large eighteen wheel truck and  
into a United States Post Office.

**INT. POST OFFICE DAY**

Sissy at the window picking up some mail, and opening a  
lavender colored letter that reeks of perfume, she is  
surprised to read this:

one? I Sissy, Precious Being, How are you, my extraordinary  
up. worry so. Next time you are near Manhattan, do ring me  
Thrill!! There is a man to whom I simply must introduce you.  
-The Countess

Elaborately Sissy looks at the envelope and return address.  
embossed is the Countess' logo...

**INT. COUNTESS'S OFFICE DAY**

The The elaborately embossed envelope is now being sealed..  
Countess gives it a licking... Beside him is a young  
watercolorist named Julian.

**THE COUNTESS**

I will send this out to Sissy, she  
should get it in a week, and you  
will be able to meet her. When I  
send a letter to Sissy, duplicates  
must be sent to U.S. Post Office  
Boxes in LaConner, Taos, Pine Ridge,  
Cherokee and that other place, for  
her to pick up... Why she's probably  
out there right now in Hibbing,  
Minnesota, or Deluth, Montana...

hitching her way across the country.

**INT. TRUCKERS CAB NIGHT**

Sissy is talking to a trucker as they pass down the road.

**SISSY**

Right off, I don't remember how old I was when I found out I was part Indian. My mamma's family, a lot of them, had lived out West, in the Dakotas, and one of them had married a squaw. Siwash tribe. My pleasure in Indianhood and my passion for car travel might be incongruous if not mutually exclusive..... After all, the first car that ever stopped for me had been named in honor of the great chief of the Ottawa: Pontiac.....

In the distance, Sissy spies her destination. NEW YORK CITY.

**SISSY**

NEW YORK CITY. It's still a helluva town....

**EXT. OFFICE BUILDING DAY**

Sissy gets out of the truck and looks up at a large building.

**INT. COUNTESS'S OFFICE DAY**

**THE COUNTESS**

Sit down dear, do sit down.

Sissy Hankshaw takes a seat. The Countess lifts a dusty decanter.

**THE COUNTESS**

Take a load off those lovely tootsies. Yes, sit right down. Would you fancy some sherry?

The decanter is empty, a stiff fly lies feet up on it's lip.

**THE COUNTESS**

Shit O goodness, I'm all out of

sherry; how about some Red Ripple?

and He reaches into a midget refrigerator beside his desk  
pulls out some pop wine.

**THE COUNTESS**

You know what Red Ripple is don't  
you? It's Kool-Aid with a hard on.  
Tee Hee.

finger Sissy manages a polite smile. She looks at a heavily  
printed glass.

**THE COUNTESS**

(he toasts)

To my own special Sissy. Cheers! And  
welcome. So my letter brought ya  
flying, eh? Where were you? Salt  
Lake City? La Conner? Well, I may  
have a little surprise for you. But  
first, tell me about yourself. It's  
been six months, hasn't it? In some  
circles that's half a year. How are  
you?

**SISSY**

Tired...

**THE COUNTESS**

That's the very first time in the  
eons that I've known you that I've  
ever heard you complain. And now  
you're tired, poor darling.

**SISSY**

A born freak can only go uphill.

**THE COUNTESS**

Freak, schmeek. Most of us are freaks  
in one way or another. Try being  
born a male Russian countess into a  
white middle class Baptist family in  
Mississippi and you'll see what I  
mean.

**SISSY**

I've always been proud of the way  
nature singled me out. It's the people  
who have been deformed by society I  
feel sorry for. I've been steady

moving for eleven years and some months. Maybe I should rest up for a spell, I'm not as young as I used to be.

**THE COUNTESS**

Shit O goodness, you won't be thirty for another year, and you're more beautiful than ever.

**SISSY**

Does that mean you might have an assignment for me?

holder. He  
feminine  
Hankshaw,  
the

The Countess taps his monocle with his cigarette looks on his wall, and on a poster advertising a hygiene product, Yoni Yum Dew Spray, stands Sissy her thumbs neatly hidden, chopped off by the borders of photograph.

**THE COUNTESS**

You were the Yoni Yum girl from, let's see,  
(peruses the ad layouts on the wall)  
from nineteen sixty-eight through nineteen seventy. You've always smelled so nice. Like a little sister. The irony has just killed me. You, the Dew Girl, one of the few girls who doesn't need Dew. I loath the stink of females! They are so sweet the way God made them, then they start fooling around with men and soon they're stinking. Like rotten mushrooms, like an excessively chlorinated swimming pool, like a tuna fish's retirement party. They all stink. From the Queen of England to Bonanza Jellybean, they stink.

**SISSY**

Bonanza Jellybean?

**THE COUNTESS**

What? Oh yes. Tee-hee. Jellybean.



into

The Countess's jaw muscles calm down, his dentures ease  
a samba...

**THE COUNTESS**

She's a young thing who works on my ranch. Real name is Sally Jones or something wooden like that. She's cute as a hot fudge taco, and, of course, it takes verve to change one's name so charmingly. But she stinks like a slut just the same.

**SISSY**

Your ranch?

**THE COUNTESS**

Oh my dear yes, I bought a little ranch out West, sort of a tribute to the women of America who have cooperated with me in eliminating their odor by using my vaginal products, Dew spray mist and Yoni Yum spray powder. A tax write-off, actually.

He looks out his window as a squirrel crosses Park  
Avenue.

**THE COUNTESS**

Sissy, Sissy, blushing bride, you can desist from wearing paths in those forgotten highways. The Countess has arranged a job for you. And what a job...

**SISSY**

A job for me?

**THE COUNTESS**

I am once more about to make advertising history. And only you, the original Yoni Yum/Dew Girl, could possibly assist me.

clenched  
The Countess hands Sissy an article that she reads  
in her fist.

**SISSY**

The Food and Drug Administration said Wednesday female deodorant sprays

may cause such harmful reactions as blisters, burns and rashes. Although the FDA judges that the reported reactions are not sufficient to justify removal of these products from the market, they are sufficient to warrant the proposed mandatory label warnings.

#### **THE COUNTESS**

Shit O dear, that's enough to make me asthmatic. The nerve of those twits. What do they know about female odor? Don't interrupt. Here's my concept. My ranch out West? It's a beauty ranch. Oh, it's got a few head of cattle for atmosphere and tax purposes. But it's a beauty ranch, a place where unhappy women -- divorcees and widows, mainly -- can go to lose weight, remove wrinkles, change their hair styles and pretty themselves up for the next disappointment. My ranch is named the Rubber Rose, after the Rubber Rose douche bag, my own invention, and bless its little red bladder, the most popular douche bag in the world. So get this. It's on the migratory flight path of the whooping cranes. The last flock of wild whooping cranes left in existence. Well, these cranes stop off at my little pond -- Siwash Lake, it's called -- twice a year, autumn and spring, and spend a few days each time, resting up, eating, doing whatever whooping cranes do. I've never seen them, understand, but I hear they're magnificent. Very big specimens -- I mean, huge mothers -- and white as snow, to coin a phrase, except for black tips on their wings and tail feathers, and bright red heads. Now, whooping cranes, in case you didn't know it, are noted for their mating dance. It's just the wildest show in nature. It's probably the reason why birdwatching used to be so popular with old maids and deacons. Picture these rare, beautiful, gigantic birds

in full dance -- leaping six feet off the mud, arching their backs, flapping their wings, strutting low to the ground. Dears, it's overwhelming. And picture the birds doing their sex dance on TV. Right there on the home screen, creation's most elaborate sex ritual -- yet clean and pure enough to suit the Pope. With lovely Sissy Hankshaw in the foreground. In a white gown, red hood attached, and big feathery sleeves trimmed in black. In a very subdued imitation of the female whooping crane, she dance/walks over to a large nest in which there sits a can of Yoni Yum. And a can of Dew. Off-camera, a string quartet is playing Debussy. A sensuous voice is reading a few poetic lines about courtship and love. Are you starting to get it? Doesn't it make the hair on your neck stand up and applaud? My very goodness gracious! Grandiose, lyrical, erotic and Girl Scout-oriented; you can't top it. I've hired a crew of experts from Walt Disney Studios, the best wildlife cinematographers around. You're my eternal favorite. Princess Grace herself couldn't be better, not even if she had your personality which she doesn't; Anyway, dear, I'm out of photography now and into water colors. Ah how circuitous conversation is! We're back at the beginning. The exact man I've wanted you to meet is my artist the watercolorist.

Sissy dares a sip of Red Ripple.

**SISSY**

If you don't want me to pose for him, why do you want me to meet him?

**THE COUNTESS**

Purely personal. I believe you might enjoy one another.

**SISSY**

But Countess...

**THE COUNTESS**

Now, now. Don't get exasperated. I realize that you've always avoided all but the most rudimentary involvements with men, and I might add, you've been wise. Heterosexual relationships seem to lead only to marriage. For men, marriage is a matter of efficient logistics: The male gets his food, bed, laundry, TV, pussy, offspring and creature comforts all under one roof, where he doesn't have to dissipate his psychic energy thinking about them too much, then he is free to go out and fight the battles of life, which is what existence is all about. But for a woman marriage is surrender.

across  
chauffeur  
where

The Countess refills his glass. The squirrel starts Park Avenue again but doesn't make it. The uniformed gets out of a limousine and holds the crushed animal up where it can be seen by an elderly woman passenger.

**THE COUNTESS**

But here you are, still a virgin -- you are virginal yet, aren't you?

**SISSY**

Why, yes, technically. Jack Kerouac and I came awfully close, but he was afraid of me, I think...

**THE COUNTESS**

Yes, well, what I'm getting at is that there comes a time when it is psychologically impossible for a woman to lose her virginity. She can't wait too long, you know. Now, there's no reason why you must lose yours. I mean, just ponder it a bit, that's all.

**SISSY**

(her brow spaghettied)  
What makes you think this watercolorist and I would develop a romantic relationship?

**THE COUNTESS**

I can't be certain that you would.  
But what have you got to lose?

**SISSY**

Well, okay. I'll try it. I don't see  
the point in it, but I'll try it.  
Just for you. It's kind of silly,  
actually, me going out with an artist  
in New York City. However...

**THE COUNTESS**

Good, good, good... you'll enjoy it,  
you'll see. Julian is a gentleman.

leans  
Suddenly the Countess swivels in his desk chair and  
forward. Lowering his wine glass, he focuses directly,  
intensely into Sissy's blue eyes. His smile widens.

**THE COUNTESS**

By the way, Sissy... he's a full  
blooded Indian.

A title:

**COWGIRL INTERLUDE**

**INT. RUBBER ROSE OUTHOUSE DAY**

Polka"  
privy,  
The Outhouse Radio is playing "The Starving Armenians  
and Bonanza Jellybean and Delores del Ruby are in the  
caught in the rain.

**JELLY**

Well, I'm not scared of a little  
rain.

**DELORES**

Me neither.

**JELLY**

Might as well brave it.

**DELORES**

Right. I don't know about you but  
I'm sure not sweet enough to melt.

refuge  
Delores flicks her whip at a sweat bee that has taken

which in the privy and hits the photograph of Dale Evans upon  
it has lit.

green Jelly looks out the door of the outhouse across a cut  
other lawn to a bunkhouse where we can see a gathering of  
cowgirls.

horse There is a fly buzz and a distant polka yip. Way off  
lips flutter.

advertisement Bonanza spies a picture of Sissy Hankshaw, an  
for Yoni Yum Dew Spray mist, on the privy wall.

**JELLY**

(musing)

Someday..... if that Sissy Hankshaw  
ever shows up here, I'm gonna teach  
her how to hypnotize a chicken.  
Chickens are the easiest critters on  
Earth to hypnotize. If you can look  
a chicken in the eyes for tens  
seconds, it's yours forever.

**INT. BUNKHOUSE DAY**

morning. A meeting is in progression in the bunkhouse that  
Mary is addressing the group.

**MARY**

I want to complain that some of the  
cowgirls have been sleeping two to a  
bunk again, in violation of the  
agreement that "crimes against nature"  
are to be confined to the hayloft.

**DEBBIE**

I don't care who lay with whom or  
where or how, but the moaners,  
groaners and screamers ought to turn  
down their volume when others are  
trying to sleep or meditate.

Some of the younger cowgirls blush.

**BIG RED**

I want to complain about the food

around here! It's rotten to the core.

of  
A round of support from the other cowgirls in the form  
cattle calls.

**INT. OUTHOUSE DAY**

rain,  
it's  
on  
pumping  
Jelly and Delores are getting ready to run through the  
when all of a sudden, Jelly spies a barefoot cowgirl --  
Debbie -- run across the yard in her karate robe, jump  
the Exercycle that is rusting in the weeds and begin  
the pedals furiously in the yammering rain.

**DELORES**

My sacred crocodile! She's flipped.

them, in  
young  
the  
by  
thick  
puddles  
the  
puppies  
from  
But in a minute, others follow Debbie, everyone of  
fact; the entire bunkhouse load of them, some thirty  
cowgirls, squealing, giggling, They slide and roll on  
wet grass, push each other into the mud that is forming  
the corral fence, chase one another in and out of the  
folds of rain draperies, stamp their cute feet in  
and do bellyflops into the overflowing horse trough.  
The cowgirls frolic until, as suddenly as it has come,  
rain goes away. Play ceases. They are panting like  
as they lean against one another or pick clods of mud  
one another's hair.

**ELAINE**

I move that the meeting be adjourned.

**DEBBIE**

At the end of the endless game, there  
is friendship.

**HEATHER**

What the heck did she mean by that!

**JELLY**

Just that in Heaven all business is  
conducted this way.

**INT. HOTEL LOBBY NIGHT**

Sissy  
for  
In the lobby, the doors of an elevator open revealing  
inside wearing a buttoned up dress. Very formal looking  
her.

walks  
plaid  
meet  
Julian has  
There is Julian standing in the lobby. He turns and  
toward Sissy. He is wearing a rather formal looking  
sport coat with blue cummerbund. He extends his hand to  
her, and (perhaps at the sight of Sissy's thumbs)  
an asthma attack, doubling over in front of her.

COUPLES,  
rescue.  
an  
Sissy doesn't know whether to assist Julian or flee.  
From the other side of the lobby, two WELL-GROOMED  
white, mid-thirties and upper middle class come to the  
The younger of the men, RUPERT, takes charge. He breaks  
an inhaler of dinephrine under Julian's nose.

**RUPERT**

We'd better take you home.

than  
In the red of embarrassment, Julian looks more Indian  
he had previously. Wheezing, he speaks:

**JULIAN**

I beg your pardon. I've been  
enthralled with your photographs for  
years. When the Countess hinted that  
you might like to meet me -- he never  
explained why -- I was ready to paint  
for him free of charge. And now I  
had to go and spoil it.

**EXT. STREET NIGHT**



salesman  
they  
Barth,  
Sissy.

Rupert is helping Julian to the street. Rupert is a  
for a publishing house. His wife Carla, a homemaker, as  
say. The other couple breaks down into Howard and Marie  
both copywriters for an ad agency.

Howard hails a cab and Carla and Marie flutter around

**MARIE**

This is dreadful.  
(lowering her voice  
confidentially)

You know, asthma attacks are brought  
on by emotional stress. Poor Julian  
is so high strung. The excitement of  
meeting you -- my dear, you look so  
stunning! -- must have upset his  
chemical balance.

Carla nods. Everyone is piling into the taxi.

**RUPERT**

Come on, Sissy, don't be afraid of  
us.

**SISSY**

I've never ridden in a cab. The whole  
idea of paying for a ride makes my  
thumbs hurt.

vehicle  
thumbs.  
Sissy is forced to suffer the indignity of riding in a  
she wasn't responsible for flagging with her own

**CARLA**

It'll be all right, dear. It isn't  
as serious as it sounds.

**INT. CAB NIGHT**

the  
thumbs to themselves.  
Carla starts to pat Sissy's hand, then decides to leave

out  
the window of the taxi:  
The six of them are squeezed into the taxi. Sissy looks

a  
Daily

SISSY'S VIEW as the taxi stops at a light, she can see  
newsstand headline on the front page of the New York  
News:

IT'S

**THE CHINK SUMS IT UP, SAYS LIFE IS HARD IF YOU THINK  
HARD.**

discharges

**EXT. JULIAN'S APARTMENT NIGHT**

THE TAXI stops in front of Julian's building. It  
its passengers.

syringe  
place  
gives

**INT. JULIAN'S APARTMENT NIGHT**

INSIDE Howard mixes Scotch and sodas, Rupert fills a  
from a vial of aminophylline he has taken from its  
behind a gelatin salad mold in the refrigerator. He  
Julian an injection.

**RUPERT**

There, that ought to beat them  
bronchial buggers into submission.

He turns to Sissy.

**RUPERT**

I was a medic in the Army. I really  
should have become a doctor.  
Sometimes, though, I feel that pushing  
books is a whole lot like pushing  
medicine. Think of books as pills. I  
have pills that cure ignorance and  
pills that cure boredom. I have pills  
to elevate moods and pills to open  
people's eyes to the awful truth...

**CARLA**

Too bad you don't have a pill for  
bullshit.

tartly.

Carla smiles as if she were joking, but she'd said it  
Rupert glares and takes a big bite of Scotch.

**HOWARD**

(changing the subject)  
Where do you live, Miss Hankshaw?

**SISSY**

I'm staying with the Countess.

**HOWARD**

I know, but where do you reside when you aren't visiting New York?

**SISSY**

I don't.

**HOWARD**

You don't?

**SISSY**

Well, no, I don't reside anywhere in particular. I just keep moving.

Everyone looks a bit astonished including the recumbent Julian.

**HOWARD**

A traveler, eh?

**SISSY**

You might say that, although I don't think of it as traveling.

**CARLA**

How do you think of it?

**SISSY**

As moving.

**CARLA**

Oh.

**MARIE**

How... unusual...

**HOWARD**

Mmmmm...

watery  
Rupert bites into his Scotch again. Julian issues a wheeze. Then, silence.

**CARLA**

Rupert, before you get too engrossed in your research on Scotch as a cure

for aging, don't you think you'd better phone Elaine's and cancel our dinner reservations?

Which Sissy leaves her chair and wanders about the apartment.  
is full of books and shelves.

**RUPERT (O.S.)**

What would we do without you, Carla? Without our little efficiency expert, Carla, everything would just go to hell. Carla is thinking about running for mayor next year, aren't you, Carla?

**CARLA (O.S.)**

Up yours, Herr Doktor Book Salesman. Will the demands of your medical practice allow you to call Elaine's or shall I?

**MARIE (O.S.)**

Oh let me do it.

d'art Sissy is intrigued by an antique here and an object  
there, but she knows she is in an alien environment.

**INT. JULIAN'S BEDROOM NIGHT**

sits Sissy enters a bedroom There is a covered birdcage. She  
the upon the bed listening for a 'cheep' from the birds.  
And gradually she reclines. Then turning her head to  
side against the bedspread:

**SISSY**

No Indian blankets... no Indian blankets...

so And she blacks out. And the sound drifts away in waves,  
mortar there is only the whistle of a distant wind through the  
of the apartment building...

Sissy ...Until one by one, we see button necks freed. Soon  
can feel it.

she  
Someone is undressing her. In a voice webby with sleep  
lifts her head up, and sees Howard and Marie.

**SISSY**

Where are the others?

**HOWARD**

Oh, Rupert and Carla had a little  
hassle and went home.

**MARIE**

Julian fell asleep on the couch; we  
covered him up.

**HOWARD**

We thought that we should make you  
comfortable too.

they  
Sissy thinks this is nice, but wonders, however, why  
are both in their underwear.

**SISSY**

Yes, thanks...

her  
not  
Between the two of them, they have gotten Sissy out of  
dress in no time. Sissy feels she should apologize for  
having on a brassiere.

bosom  
Marie slips out of her own brassiere and moves her bare  
close to Sissy's.

**MARIE**

Mine are fuller but yours are more  
perfectly shaped.

**HOWARD**

Highly debatable. I'll wager they're  
the exact same size.

right  
squeezes  
from a  
Howard cups his left hand about a Marie breast and his  
about one of Sissy's. He weighs them in his palms,  
them the way an honest grocer squeezes excess water  
lettuce, and spreads his fingers to sample their

circumference.

**HOWARD**

Hmm. Yours are larger, Marie, but Miss Hankshaw's -- Sissy's -- are more firm. You'd think they would have started to droop; I mean, from not wearing a bra.

**MARIE**

Howard! Watch your manners. You've made her blush. Here, Sissy, let me compare.

Marie seizes Sissy's free breast, quickly, like a monkey  
finger,  
picking a fruit, rolling it about in her hungry little  
rubbing it against her chin and cheeks...

...and...

...it was like her earlier days as a hitchhiker....  
nostalgic..... tropical plums.

**SISSY**

(in ecstasy)

This place is finer than the place I  
live!

Like a disc jockey from Paradise, Howard flips Marie  
over  
and plays her B side. Every now and then she reaches  
for  
Sissy to include her, but the laws of physics insist on  
being  
obeyed.

Over and over Marie calls Sissy's name with half-closed  
eyes.

The Barths are really going at it, Marie yowling like a  
cat.

The POODLE in the kitchen begins to growl.

**SISSY**

So this is what it's like... so this  
is what it's really like.

**INT. LIVING ROOM NIGHT**

living  
stirs

Sissy bounces out of the bed and patters through the room and crawls under the cover with Julian. Julian awake.

**JULIAN**

Oh, Sissy. I am sorry about all the fuss.

But

Julian and Sissy embrace and go at it under the covers suddenly: Julian stops after a brief climax.

**JULIAN**

(with downcast eyes)  
I apologize.

Sissy cradles Julian and comforts him.

**JULIAN**

It is the measure of Western Civilization that it can encompass in harmony, balance off, as it were, such divergent masterworks as A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM and THE AMERICAN DREAM, as the dome of the Sistine Chapel and the ceiling of the Paris opera.

looking  
Robert

Sissy sits up, her eyes moping about the apartment, but not seeing the macrame wallhangings, the volumes of Frost.

**JULIAN**

What's the matter?

After a while Sissy answers.

**SISSY**

I'm cold.

**JULIAN**

Here. I'll turn down the air conditioner.

**SISSY**

It's not the air conditioner that's making me cold. Nothing moves in here. Not even your birds.

Sissy gets out of bed and begins to dress.

**JULIAN**

What are you doing?

**SISSY**

Getting dressed. I've got to go.

**JULIAN**

But I don't want you to leave. Please stay. We can go to dinner. I owe you a dinner. And tonight... we can... really make love.

**SISSY**

I have to go, Julian.

**JULIAN**

Why? Why do you have to go?

**SISSY**

(somewhat frantic)

My thumbs hurt. I've made a mistake. I've been negligent. I haven't exercised. I have to hitchhike a little bit every day, no matter what. It's like a musician practicing his scales. When I don't practice, my timing gets off, my thumbs get stiff and sore.

**EXT. CITY DAWN**

Sissy trembles while she kisses her thumbs.

**SISSY**

I will hitch with you, out where tall birds wade in a lake named for my Siwash kin. Out where Smokey the Bear lay down his shovel to romp with more playful beasts. Out where starlight has no enemies and the badland wind no friends. Out where the boogie stops and the woogie begins.

**INT. TRUCK DAY**

And Sissy is now traveling in a truck passing Street on her way to the Geo. Washington Bridge.



View of that Bridge as the truck crosses it to New  
Jersy.

View of the wilds of New Jersey as Sissy travels to the  
West.

**INT. COUNTESS' OFFICE**

The Countess is on the phone.

**THE COUNTESS**

So she left town. Well, that shouldn't  
surprise you. Leaving town is what  
Sissy is all about. But tell me, how  
did she strike you?

Julian is on the other end of the phone.

**JULIAN**

Extraordinary!

**THE COUNTESS**

She's obviously that. Jesus! Which  
would you rather have, a million  
dollars or one of Sissy's thumbs  
full of pennies?

**JULIAN**

Oh, you! I'm not talking about her  
hands. They're difficult to ignore,  
I confess, but I'm speaking of her  
whole being. Her whole being is  
extraordinary. The way she talks,  
for example. She's so articulate.

**THE COUNTESS**

It's high time you realized, honey  
babe, that a woman doesn't have to  
give the best years of her life to  
Radcliffe or Smith in order to speak  
the English language.

**JULIAN**

Countess. I'm really in a dither.  
She's turned my head.

**THE COUNTESS**

Ninety degrees to the left, I hope.  
How does she feel about you?

**JULIAN**

I think she's disappointed that I'm not more, ah, sort of atavistic. She's got some naive, sentimental notions about Indians. I'm sure she liked me, though; but.... then she left town.

**THE COUNTESS**

She always leaves town, you dummy. That doesn't mean anything. What about in bed? How does she like it in bed?

Julian pauses for a very long moment.

**JULIAN**

How does she like what in bed?

**THE COUNTESS**

Like what?

The Countess' teeth chatter in his mouth.

**THE COUNTESS**

What do you think?

**JULIAN**

Well.... er...

**THE COUNTESS**

Shit O dear, Julian. Do you mean to tell me you didn't get it on?

**JULIAN**

Oh, we didn't get it all the way on.

**THE COUNTESS**

Whose fault was that?

**JULIAN**

I suppose it was mine. Yes, it definitely was my fault.

**THE COUNTESS**

What do they do to you boys in those Ivy league schools, anyway? Strap you down and pump the Nature out of you? They can even press the last drop of Nature out of a Mohawk buck. Why, send a shaman or cannibal to Yale for four years and all he'd be fit for would be a desk in the

military-industrial complex and a seat in the third row at a Neil Simon comedy. Jesus H.M.S. Christ! If Harvard or Princeton could get hold of the Chink for a couple of semesters they'd turn him into a candidate for the Bow Tie Wing of the Hall of Wimps. Oogie boogie.

**JULIAN**

If we Ivy Leaguers aren't earthy enough to suit you hillbillies, at least we don't go around indulging in racist terms such as 'Chink.' Next thing I know, you'll be calling me 'chief.'

**THE COUNTESS**

Chink's the guy's name, for Christ's sake.

**JULIAN**

What guy?

**THE COUNTESS**

Aw, he's some old fart holyman who lives in the hills out West. Gives my ranch the creeps and the willies, too. But though he be old and dirty, he's alive, I'll bet, clear down to his toes. They don't have his juice in a jar in New Haven. Well I suppose that I'll have to write Sissy out on the road.

**EXT. ROAD DAY**

Sissy makes little puffs of dust as she walks.

approaching.

From the direction of the ranch a VW Microbus is It is painted with mandalas, lamaistic dorjes and representing "the clear light of the void."

symbols

When the Microbus draws alongside Sissy it stops.

Inside are

two men and a woman. They are approximately twenty-four old.

years

**WOMAN**

Are you a pilgrim?

**SISSY**

No, I'm more of an Indian The trio  
doesn't smile.

**DRIVER**

She means are you going to see the  
Chink?

**SISSY**

Oh, I may and I may not. But seeing  
him is not my main objective out  
here.

**DRIVER**

That's good. Because he won't see  
you. We came all the way from  
Minneapolis to see him and the crazy  
bastard tried to stone us to death

**OTHER MAN**

Yeah, but I no longer believe that  
guy's a master. He's just a dirty,  
uptight old mountain man. Why, he  
pulled out his pecker and shook it  
at Barbara. I'd stay away from there  
if I were you, lady.

about  
had  
Sissy walks on leaving the people in the bus arguing  
whether the Chink's rock-shower and pecker-wag actually  
been intended as spiritual messages.

**EXT. ROAD DAY**

WALKING down the long dirt road, Sissy stops to take a  
breather and sits down on a log.

Sissy thinking and looking into the clouds.

Sssssssssssss  
Sssssssssssss  
Waves of grasses whisper her name: Ssssssssss,  
Sissy.

to  
Meadowlarks squander their songs on her as she begins  
squirm on the log.

has  
A Lincoln Continental drives up suddenly. Sissy barely

time to zip up.

The Cadillac stops in front of Sissy. A teenaged girl  
in a Stetson is at the wheel. The rear door of the limousine  
opens and a refined matronly voice calls from the void.

**MISS ADRIAN**

By any chance are you Sissy Hankshaw?

**SISSY**

Yes I am.

A chic middle-aged woman leans out of the car.

**MISS ADRIAN**

My goodness. Why didn't you telephone?  
Someone would have driven into  
Mottburg to pick you up. I'm Miss  
Adrian. From the ranch. The Countess  
wrote that I should expect you. Get  
in, won't you? You must be exhausted.  
Gloria, assist Miss Hankshaw with  
her luggage.

Gloria nods at Sissy amicably but doesn't make a move  
to help her.

Sissy swings her sack into the roomy vehicle. Before  
she gets in she flashes her thumb to hitch a ride.

The instant that Sissy shuts the door the cowgirl  
chauffeur floors the Cadillac and it lurches away in a puff of  
dust.

**INT. CADDY DAY**

Sitting up after the bothersome lurch of the car.

**MISS ADRIAN**

Little twit.

(turns to Sissy)

You really ought to have phoned. We  
were just in Mottburg escorting some  
guests to the afternoon train.

(sighs)

More guests leaving ahead of schedule.  
Three checked out today. They decided

to transfer to Elizabeth Arden's  
Maine Chance spa in Phoenix, Arizona.  
It costs two hundred and fifty dollars  
a week less at the Rubber Rose, so  
why are our guests leaving and going  
to Elizabeth Arden's?

glass  
laughing

Miss Adrian pushes a button that sends a partition  
between her and the cowgirl driver. Gloria starts  
silently on the other side of the glass.

**MISS ADRIAN**

I'll tell you why, it's that plague  
of cowgirls. They've gradually  
infiltrated every sector of our  
program. The one named Debbie  
considers herself an expert on  
exercising and diet. With Bonanza  
Jellybean's permission and against  
my explicit orders, she's been  
coercing the guests into trying  
something called kundalini yoga. Do  
you know what that is? It's trying  
to mentally force a serpent of fire  
to crawl up your spinal column. Miss  
Hankshaw, our guests can't comprehend  
kundalini yoga, let alone do it.  
Yesterday, she ordered a new cookbook  
by a Tibetan Negro, entitled Third  
Eye in the Kitchen: Himalayan Soul  
Food. God knows what that will be  
like. The little barbarians are  
destroying everything that I've built,  
mocking all that the company stands  
for. And there's a new one, one they  
call del Ruby. She has the good will  
of a scorpion. I've considered it  
prudent to avoid a confrontation  
that might further upset the guests.  
But now that the season is practically  
over -- we operate April through  
September -- and the Countess is  
finally coming...

**EXT. RUBBER ROSE DAY**

The limousine pulls up in the drive.

**MISS ADRIAN'S VOICE**

Our Ranch has all the latest in modern

facilities...

**INT. BEAUTY RANCH DAY**

We see women having facials.

**MISS ADRIAN'S VOICE**

We have a facial wing, and next to that is the Hair Barn...

**INT. HAIR BARN DAY**

of Sissy is being given a tour by Miss Adrian. A variety of hairdos are witnessed.

**MISS ADRIAN**

We have a team of fifteen hair experts from all over the world.

**INT. EXERCISE ROOM DAY**

**MISS ADRIAN**

And fanny flab flies off in this room at the rate of six hundred and seventy-five pounds a day... that's a lot of salted ham, Sissy....

**INT. MAIN LODGE DAY**

guests Sissy and Miss Adrian walk through the lodge lobby, and cowgirls are conducting a variety of activities: A BIRD EXPERT projects slides of whooping cranes on the wall and is giving a lecture about the habits of the birds. mixture In the center of the room COWGIRL DEBBIE is leading a reach of cowgirls and guests in a meditative chant as they high above their heads in a yoga exercise. Sissy Miss Adrian stops in front of the registration desk and catches glimpses of the chaotic lobby.

**MISS ADRIAN**

Our special guest Miss Sissy Hankshaw is with us.

room. The receptionist hands Miss Adrian a key to Sissy's

carrying a A COWGIRL makes a face at Sissy as she walks by  
tray of herbal teas.

by a A representative of the film crew is being intimidated  
shaking Cowgirl who is looking through his camera lenses and  
up to them and listening to them like you would put a shell  
your ear to hear the ocean.

**COWGIRL**

Cool! We're going to make a movie!...

furniture Another cowgirl, BIG RED, is lifting a piece of  
and passes it to her accomplice.

**BIG RED**

Get rid of the furniture.... it's  
too masculine... Get rid of all the  
furniture and use it for kindling!!!  
Break away from these pig-like  
chauvinist masculine influences....

leads Miss Adrian looks on helplessly.... she grabs Sissy and  
her out of the lobby.

**EXT. CORRAL DAY**

Ranch Miss Adrian and Sissy walk out the back door of the  
and out near a corral, to the sound of gunfire.

**MISS ADRIAN**

O merciful Jesus! They're murdering  
the guests!

corral One of the FILM CREW MEMBERS is hanging out in the  
wearing a shiny jacket with DISNEY printed on the back.  
Miss Adrian grabs him by the shoulders and shakes him.

**MISS ADRIAN**

Where are the guests?



**MAN**

Take it easy, lady. They went on a short ride with the cowgirls. Rode over the hill yonder. You're Miss Adrian, aren't you? We need to talk to you about the filming.

**MISS ADRIAN**

Not now, you fool, not now. Those crazed bitches have led innocent women out and are slaughtering them at this moment. We'll all be killed. Oh! Ohhh!

Another CAMERAMAN spits out a wad of chewing gum.

**CAMERAMAN**

There's a slaughter going on all right, but it's not the fat ladies that are getting it. Your hired hands are killing the cattle.

**MISS ADRIAN**

The cattle? They're killing the cows? All of them?

**CAMERAMAN**

(interrupted while  
putting a zoom lens  
on his camera)

That's what they said, Miss Adrian.

A devilish young cowgirl is sitting on a fence nearby.

Miss

Adrian addresses her.

**MISS ADRIAN**

How dare you slaughter the Countess's cattle! What is a ranch without cows?

**COWGIRL**

We're going to replace them with goats. Most of the cattle are diseased and in pain. We're just putting them out of their misery. According to Bon-an-za Jellybean, the Rubber Rose is in-di-cat-ive of the Countess's values. He has purchased a cheap weak strain of cow to begin with and with improper care....

**MISS ADRIAN**

Oh heavens! I don't want to hear what Bonanza Jellybean has been telling you girls.... Come on Sissy. I'll show you to your quarters.

RIDGE

**AND THE SUN SETS OVER THE CANYON, THE HILLS AND SIWASH NEARBY.**

from  
small

THE CHINK, with his back to us looks down on the ranch the ridge and watches Miss Adrian lead Sissy into a guest cottage on the ranch.

ARE

**A DISTANT COYOTE HOWLS, AND A FEW SCATTERED GUNSHOTS HEARD.**

knocks

**INT. RANCH COTTAGE MORNING**

Sissy stirs in a nicely appointed guest cottage. A maid on the door and serves Sissy breakfast in bed.

**MAID**

Excuse me, Miss. Do you care for your breakfast now?

Sissy sits up and rubs her eyes.

**SISSY**

Yeah. I feel a bit hungry.

the  
grease

The Maid puts the tray down, and the cloth that covers food is lifted away to reveal a shocking display of and calories.

of

A vase of prairie asters stands over a double-meat cheeseburger, a package of Hostess Twinkies, a cold can

Dr. Pepper and a Three Musketeers bar.

Sissy is delighted.

**SISSY**

Road food. How did you know?

**MAID**

Well it is a change of our usual

grapefruit and melba toast, I'm sure.

Sissy notices a card. It reads:

Compliments of Bonanza Jellybean

**SISSY**

Bonanza Jellybean....

**MAID**

She will be up to see you directly.

women on  
beauty

Sissy devours her meal. Out her window she can see exercycles, women doing jumping jacks and women in parlors.

A FIST pounds on Sissy's door.

just  
pinned  
stallions

IN SAILS Jelly, a cowgirl so cute she makes Sissy blush to look at her. She wears a tan Stetson with an aster to it, a green satin shirt embroidered with rearing snorting orange fire from their nostrils.

loaded  
baby  
that  
ancient

Her breasts bounce like dinner rolls that have gotten on helium and, between red tinged cheeks, where more fat is taking its time maturing, she has a little smile can cause minerals and plastics to remember their animate connections.

Jelly grasps Sissy's elbow and sits on the side of the bed.

**JELLY**

Welcome, podner. By God, it's great to have you here. It's an honor. Sorry I took so long getting to you, but we've had a mess of hard work these past few days -- and a heap of planning to do.

**SISSY**

Er, you seem to know who I am, and maybe even what I am. Thanks for the

breakfast.

**JELLY**

Oh, I know about Sissy Hankshaw, all right. I've done a little hitchhiking myself. Ah shucks, that's like telling Annie Oakley you're a sharpshooter because you once knocked a tomato can off a stump with a fieldstone. I'd heard tales about you from people I'd meet in jail cells and truckstops. I heard about your, uh, your, ah, your wonderful thumbs, and I heard how you were Jack Kerouac's girl friend...

Sissy sets her tray on the bedside table.

**SISSY**

No, I'm afraid that part isn't true. Jack was in awe of me and tracked me down. We spent a night talking and hugging in a corn field, but he was hardly my lover. Besides, I always travel alone.

**JELLY**

Well, that doesn't matter; that part never interested me anyway. The beatniks were before my time, and I never got anything outta the hippies but bad dope, clichés and the clap. But the example of your life helped me in my struggle to be a cowgirl.

pauses in  
Sissy's

The guests are huffing and puffing in between the conversation, in the background through the window in room.

**SISSY**

Tell me about it.

**JELLY**

About...

**SISSY**

About being a cowgirl. What's it all about? When you say the word you make it sound like it was painted in radium on the side of a pearl.

**JELLY**

Cowgirls exist as an image. A fairly common image. The idea of cowgirls especially for little girls prevails in our culture. Therefore, it seems to me, the existence of cowgirls should prevail. Otherwise, they're being fooled. In the Rodeo Hall of Fame in Oklahoma City there are just two cowgirls. Two. And both of 'em are trick-riders. Trick-riding is what cowgirls have almost always done in rodeos. Our society sure likes to see its unconventional women do tricks. That's what prostitutes call it, you know: 'tricking.'

makes Jelly lays her hand atop the oval mound Sissy's thumb under the covers.

**SISSY**

You're political, then?

**JELLY**

No, ma'am. No way. There's girls on the Rubber Rose who are political, but I don't share their views. I got no cowgirl ideology to expound. "Politics is for people who have a passion for changing life but lack a passion for living it."

between There is a moment when the two girls feel something each other.

**JELLY**

Did that last comment sound too profound to be coming outta my mouth? It's not original. It's something I picked up from the Chink.

**SISSY**

Really? The Chink, huh? I've gathered that you sometimes speak with him. What else have you learned from the Chink?

**JELLY**

Learned from the Chink? Oh my. Ha

ha. That's hard to say. We mostly....  
Uh, a lot of his talk is pretty goofy.

Jelly pauses.

**JELLY**

Oh yeah, now that I think of it, the Chink taught me something about cowgirls. Did you realize that cowgirls have been around for many centuries? Long before America. In ancient India the care of the cattle was always left up to young women they called gopis. Being alone with the cows all the time, the gopis got awfully horny, just like we do here. Every gopi was in love with Krishna, a good-looking young god who played the flute like it was going out of style. When the moon was full, this Krishna would play his flute by a river and call the gopis to him. Then he would multiply himself sixteen thousand times -- one for each gopi -- and make love to each one the way she most desired. There they were, sixteen thousand gopis balling Krishna on the river bank, and the energy of their merging was so great that it created a huge oneness, a total union of love, and it was God. Wow! Quite a picture, huh?

into Sissy's thumb twitches. Jelly swallows hard. They gaze  
each other's eyes.

A WHISTLE pierces the sunlight outside the window.

**JELLY**

That couldn't be Krishna, could it?  
A bit shrill for a flute. Just our  
rotten luck.

with Jelly walks to the window and exchanges hand signals  
someone outside.

**JELLY**

Gotta run now. Delores says I'm  
needed. Somebody's here. Maybe it's  
the Countess.

Jelly spins her six-shooter in her kewpie fingers.

**JELLY**

Sissy, cowgirl history is about to be made. I'm damn glad you're here to witness it.

gone She holsters her gun and blows Sissy a kiss, then is out the door.

cowgirls Sissy hops out of bed and from the window she can see gathering in a circle. Someone or something is in the center of the circle.

outside. Sissy zips herself into a red jumpsuit and hurries

**EXT. CORRAL DAY**

was What was in the center of the circle was a goat. Debbie scratching the animal's ears. She was hugging it.

**KYM**

It's cute. Way cuter than a cow.

**DEBBIE**

Goats are always testing you. They're like Zen masters. They can tell instantly if you're faking your feelings. So they play games with you to keep you true. People should go to goats instead of psychiatrists.

**GLORIA**

It's so loving.

Gloria cuts in on Debbie and gives the beast a hug.

**HEATHER**

Look at those playfully wise eyes.

**GLORIA**

Ooo! It licked me!

**JELLY**

More and more people are discovering that cow's milk isn't fit for human

consumption. Billy West says if we can produce enough goat's milk on the ranch to make it worth his while, he'll run it into Fargo regularly.

She pauses and looks around the group in the circle.

**DELORES**

I'm aware that Tad Lucas rode broncs until her ninth month, but I don't think pregnant cowgirls are going to be any asset on this ranch. I hope you itchy clits who are sneaking down to the lake every night are taking precautions. It's bad enough we've got cranes coming; we don't need storks. I feel that those film makers should be removed from the Rubber Rose as soon as possible. Men can cause nothing but trouble here. I also feel that our guest  
(she nods at Sissy)  
should be excused while we discuss this matter further.

Hurt, Sissy leaves the group.

**EXT. RANCH DAY**

Views of Sissy in her Whooping crane outfit dancing to  
Debussy  
in front of the Disney film crew. The documentary being  
directed by an effusive Frenchman.

View of the camera crew training their long telephoto  
lenses  
on Siwash Lake. They all seem to be wearing the same  
trademark  
satin baseball jackets with one logo or another on  
their  
backs.

Another view of the lake, from above, from the Chink's  
point  
of view and our first view of THE CHINK. The Chink  
spies  
Sissy and Jelly coming over a ridge.

We cannot hear them at first, but Sissy and Jelly are  
talking.

**JELLY**



.....Delores zonks out on peyote at least once a week, but so far her Third Vision hasn't happened. Niwetükame, the Mother Goddess has not gotten back in touch with her. Meanwhile she and Debbie are rivaling each other like a couple of crosstown high schools. Tension. Cowgirl tension! What a drag.

**SISSY**

What is Debbie's position?

**JELLY**

Debbie says that if women are to take charge again, they must do it in the feminine way; they mustn't resort to aggressive and violent masculine methods. She says it is up to women to show themselves better than men, to love men, set good examples for them and guide them tenderly toward the New Age. She's a real dreamer, that Debbie-dear.

**SISSY**

You don't agree with Debbie, then?

**JELLY**

I wouldn't say that. I expect she's right, ultimately. But I'm with Delores when it comes to fighting for what's mine. I can't understand why Delores is so uptight about the Chink; he could probably teach her a thing or two. Ee! That grass tickles, doesn't it? God knows I love women, but nothing can take the place of a man that fits. Still this is cowgirl territory and I'll stand with Delores and fight any bastards who might deny it. I guess I've always been a scrapper. Look. This scar. Only twelve years old and I was felled by a silver bullet.

and  
depression  
Jelly takes Sissy's hand, carefully avoiding the thumbs  
helps her feel the depression in her belly. The  
is a dimple, like another navel.

dance,  
into one

AFTER A HUNGRY STILLNESS, like intermission at a wolf  
rhythms are established. Jelly and Sissy are socked  
another now, and they arch and push and corkscrew and  
jackknife softly but with pronounced cadence.

cradles

Everything becomes scrambled. They rock each other in  
of sweat and saliva, until we can see nothing.

can't  
the

Noisy breaths buck out of Sissy: "Jelly, Jelly" but she  
hear Sissy because she is screaming. Hysterical from  
scalding hot softness of girl-love.

**EXT. HILLTOP DAY**

indifferently.

The Chink looks on from the hilltop above

**EXT. FIELD DAY**

back  
Red

Sissy and Jelly are riding on the back of a horse.  
A WHOOPING CRANE is spied by Sissy as she rides on the  
of Jellybean's horse back to the ranch. Delores and Big  
hurry to meet them.

**DELORES**

He's here.

cal  
cigarette

Sure enough across the yard, in the midst of the low-  
barbecue in progress, monocle reflecting sunlight,  
holder stabbing the air, stands the Countess.

**DELORES**

Look at him. Perverse as a pink  
pickle.

**BIG RED**

Sick as a vice squad.

**DELORES**

He's in a snit. He wants to see you  
right after the barbecue.

Jellybean chuckles sardonically and dismounts.

**JELLY**

Get the girls. He's gonna see me  
right now.

Sissy, confused, and loyalties torn in the face of an  
impending revolution, leaves the corral and

**SLIPS INSIDE THROUGH THE KITCHEN.**

**DOWN THE HALL**

the  
ENTERING HER ROOM, SHE LOCKS HERSELF IN. As she locks  
latch she hears Jelly's voice.

**INT RANCH OFFICE DAY**

is  
Jelly has taken over the ranch loudspeaker system and  
giving an ultimatum.

**JELLY**

Any of you ladies who would like to  
join us, you're welcome to stay on  
as a full working podner at the Rubber  
Rose. Rest of you get packed -- and  
I mean now. You've got fifteen minutes  
to move your lard asses off this  
ranch.

**INSIDE THE EXERCISE ROOM**

Women are reacting to the demands.

**INSIDE THE GREENHOUSE**

Some women are taking up trowels and brooms as weapons.

**INSIDE THE KITCHEN**

The help is joining the revolt.

**INSIDE THE HALLWAY**

Other women are running for their lives.

**INSIDE SISSY'S ROOM**

She hears the screen door screech open and a chaos of

can  
Miss

footsteps in the hall. She goes to her window. And she  
see, partially cut off by the corner of the building,  
Adrian screaming.

**MISS ADRIAN**

You will all be rounded up and sent  
to prison if you take this any  
farther! This is not your ranch!!!!

**EXT. THE FRONT YARD OF THE RUBBER ROSE**

smoking  
with

The Countess seems to be taking it slowly, and calmly  
a French cigarette. He observes the fighting among them  
amusement.

**THE COUNTESS**

You pathetic little cutesy-poops. Do  
you actually suppose this exhibition  
of childlike melodrama is advancing  
the cause of freedom?

**JELLY**

You owe us this here ranch, as a  
token payment for your disgusting  
exploitations

**THE COUNTESS**

(tranquilly)  
Then take it.

**JELLY**

Go for it, girls!

shovels,  
hors  
self-

The hands, who carry axes, picks, pitchforks and  
retreat. The Countess, still grinning, reaches for an  
d'oeuvre and subjects his cigarette to a measured,  
assured puff.

**MISS ADRIAN**

(shaking her fist)  
Go to your bunkhouse and remain there!

**INT. ROOMS**

The guests are hurriedly packing their things.

**INT. SISSY'S ROOM**

She looks on.

**EXT. FRONT YARD**

yards,  
unbutton  
Then,  
forward,  
down  
When the revolutionaries have retreated about thirty  
they stop. With astonishing rapidity, they unbuckle  
and unzip and step out of their jeans and underpants.  
nude from the waist down, thatched pubises thrust  
up front and leading the way, they begin to advance.  
The Countess's grin goes down his throat like bathwater  
a drain.

**GLORIA**

Better reach for your spray cans!

**JELLY**

Not one of these pussies has been  
washed in a week!

caviar  
Rather pale, his nose twitching, the Countess drops the  
canapé he has been holding.

what the  
of  
ON COME THE COWGIRLS, pelvises pumping, laying down  
trembling Countess believes to be a devastating barrage  
musk.

barbeque  
Miss Adrian, lost in her own hysteria, charges. A  
fork she hurls draws blood from Heather's eyebrow.

lash  
feet  
and  
Quick as a frog's tongue, Delores's whip cracks. It's  
curls around the ranch manager's ankles, pulling her  
from under her. She hits the sod in a jangle of jewelry  
expulsion of breath.

sexual  
A Molotov cocktail thrown by Big Red says hello to the

is  
reconditioning building. Within seconds, the structure  
blazing.

**INT. MAIN HOUSE**

and  
THE BARE-ASSED COWGIRLS storm into the beauty parlor  
exercise rooms.

is  
SOUNDS OF breaking glass and wood splintering. The air  
and  
singing with cries of "Wahoo," Yippee," "Let 'er buck"  
"The vagina is a self-cleaning organ."

**INT. KITCHEN**

door.  
SISSY flees the house as she hunkers down out the back

**EXT. CROQUET COURT**

in.  
Sissy running across it. She passes the pool, and falls  
Siwash  
Climbing out, wet, scared, she runs to the base of  
Ridge and southward along the mountain's foot.

bushes  
EVENTUALLY Sissy comes to a place where the juniper  
ascent.  
are broken to reveal a crude path beginning a steep  
Sissy decides to climb up it.

She shoulders her way through low, slivery boughs.  
Approximately halfway up the ridge she rests on a flat  
rock  
from which she can look down on the...

carryings  
gunshots  
enough.  
BURNING RUBBER ROSE smoking away, distant yahoos and  
on can be heard. Horses whinney in the corral. A few  
are thrown into the soundtrack if things aren't lively

drive.  
MISS ADRIAN'S CADILLAC, ON FIRE, roars out of the

looks

Sissy looks up to the quiet mountain. Pauses. Then she  
back to the chaos below.

**EQUIPMENT**

**THE CINEMATOGRAPHERS' RENTED CONVERTIBLE AND THEIR**  
VAN drive away.

horizon,

Sissy sits and wonders. The sun is setting on the  
mixing well with the firelight that the Rubber Rose is  
off.

giving

BUT SHE is aware of something watching her. Looking  
she sees nothing.

about

VIEW of an empty trail.

VIEW OF a quivering bush.

Sissy turns to the sound of the CHINK.

**CHINK**

Ha ha ho ho hee hee.

AND THERE HE IS. Standing only ten yards away.

of a

The Chink's problem is that he looks like he rolled out  
Zen scroll, as if he says "presto" a lot, knows the  
of lightning and the origin of dreams. He LOOKS as if  
drinks dew and fucks snakes.

meaning

he

Sissy and the Chink scrutinize one another with mutual  
fascination.

**CHINK**

Ha ha ho ho and hee hee.

Sissy is just about to speak, but before she does THE  
whirls, and scampers up the mountainside.

CHINK

**SISSY**

Wait!

Warily he stops and turns, poised to flee again.

Sissy smiles.

swooshing SHE RAISES her ripe right thumb. And jerking it and  
it, she hitchhikes the Chink and his mountain.

The THERE HE STANDS where Sissy's thumbs have stopped him.  
going Chink wears the wary look of a wild animal. He's not  
to stay stopped long. It is Sissy's move.

**SISSY**

Well, aren't you going to shake your  
whanger at me?

and The Chink pauses for a moment, then he slaps his thighs  
squirt out giggles hysterically. Ha has, ho hos and hee hees  
of his nose and through the gaps in his teeth.

**CHINK**

(laughter dies a  
nervous chipmunk  
death)

Follow me. I'll fix you supper.

THE TWO doggedly walk up the steep trail.

**SISSY**

I'm a friend of Bonanza Jellybean's.

**CHINK**

I know who you are.

**SISSY**

Oh? Well, there's been some trouble  
on the ranch. I came up here to get  
out of the way. It's so dark now I  
doubt if I could find my way back  
down. If you could help...

**CHINK**

(voice that wears no  
pants)

Save your breath for the climb.

now Sissy takes another look at the Rubber Rose, which is  
washcloths quiet. We can hear faintly a distant popping of



and girlish laughter.

THEY make their way into a depression at the top of the mountain down a ladder of sticks.

depression. THE CHINK lights a large fire in the middle of the

roast HE puts a kettle of stew over the fire, and begins to yams.

THE CHINK'S FACE as the fire dances off it.

A CAN OF CHUNG KING water chestnuts is opened.

wooden CUT TO: Sissy and the Chink eating supper on a rough bench.

returns AND AS THEY FINISH, the Chink goes into a cave and radio. He with a tiny peppermint-stripped plastic transistor Hour switches it on and the silence is broken by "The Happy Polka."

into Still clutching the radio in one hand, the Chink hops the wheel of firelight and begins to dance.

heel and Sissy walks around the fire watching the old geezer beard. toe, skip and hop. He flings his bones; he flings his

**CHINK**

Yip! Yip! Ha ha ho ho and hee hee.

dances. Arms swimming, feet firecrackering, he dances and

the When the song ends, the Chink puts the radio down as news comes on.

**CHINK**

Personally, I prefer Stevie Wonder, but what the hell. Those cowgirls are always bitching because the only radio station in the area plays

nothing but polkas, but I say you  
can dance to anything if you really  
feel like dancing.

Sissy  
dance  
The Chink dances a little to the news, and then lifts  
by her shoulders and guides her onto his pock-marked  
floor.

**SISSY**

But I don't know how to polka.

**CHINK**

Neither do I... ha ha ho ho hee hee.

the  
arm,  
in  
The radio strikes up the "Lawrence Welk is a Hero of  
Republic Polka," and the Chink and Sissy dance arm in  
their shadows reel against the curves of the depression  
the mountain.

flies  
Night birds fly past with fluttering feathers. A bat  
out of the cave.

depression and  
wheatgrass,  
cases.  
The Chink escorts Sissy to a dark side of the  
sits her down upon a pile of soft stuff: dried  
faded Indian blankets and old down pillows without

**SISSY**

(thinking)

So this is how Jelly spends her visits  
to the Chink.

cave.  
A twanging noise sounds from the bowels of the nearby

**SISSY**

What was that?

**CHINK**

Clockworks.

**SISSY**

Clockworks?

further,  
The Chink pauses to decide whether he should talk any  
then proceeds.

**CHINK**

The Clockworks is one reason that I  
am here on Siwash Ridge. I accepted  
the invitation to be initiated as a  
shaman by an aged Siwash chief who  
was the principle outside confederate  
of the Clock People.

**SISSY**

Siwash, huh?

**CHINK**

He was a degenerated warlock who  
could turn urine into beer, and the  
honor that he extended me gave me  
rights of occupancy in this sacred  
cave on this far-away Siwash Ridge.  
I came to the Dakota hills to  
construct a clockworks of my own.

a  
Sissy cradles her head in her arms, but is startled by  
louder noise from the clockworks. The Chink is startled  
too.

Bonk! sounds the cave, and then it chimes poing!

The Chink smiles at the noise coming from his  
clockworks.

**CHINK**

But unlike the clockworks of the  
Clock People, my ticks more accurately  
echo the ticks of the universe....  
(he listens)  
.....ha ha ho ho and hee hee.

**SISSY**

The Clock People?

**INT. CAVE NIGHT**

saucepans  
baling  
The Chink leads Sissy into the cave where we see his  
clockworks. It is made of garbage can lids and old  
and lard tins and car fenders all wired together with  
wire. A bat flies into it making a bong noise and the

contraption moves a little.

**CHINK**

During the Second World War I busted out of Tule Lake detention camp; as a Japanese-American, I had been put there and watched over. I found refuge with the Clock People, who discovered me in a snow bank, near dead, I had been climbing across the Sierra Nevada mountains.

**SISSY**

Then if you are Japanese, then why are you called the Chink?

**CHINK**

The Clock People mistook me for Chinese. And the name stuck. In the same way that all Indian tribes came to be labeled "Indians" through the ignorance of an Italian sailor with a taste for oranges, it is only fitting that "Indians" misnamed me. The Clock People, however, are not a tribe, rather they are a gathering of Indians from various tribes. They have lived together since 1906.

**INT. THE GREAT BURROW**

birth

A gathering of the Clock People. A woman is giving birth near the Giant timekeeping hourglass.

**CHINK**

The pivotal function of the Clock People is the keeping and observing of the clockworks. It is a real thing, and is kept at the center, at the soul, of the Great Burrow. Insofar as it is possible, all Clock People deaths and births occur in the presence of the clockworks. Aside from birthing or dying, the reason for the daily visits to the clockworks is to check the time.

**INT. SIWASH CAVE NIGHT**

Chink's

Sissy listens to the Chink as they walk around the

clockworks.

**CHINK**

These people have no other ritual than this one. Likewise, they have but one legend or cultural myth: that of a continuum they call the Eternity of Joy. It is into the Eternity of Joy that they believe all men will pass once the clockworks is destroyed. The destruction must come from the outside, must come by natural means, must come at the will of this gesticulating planet whose more acute stirrings thoughtless people call "earthquakes."

The Chink holds Sissy's thumbs in his hands adoringly.

**CHINK**

The Earth is alive. She burns inside with the heat of cosmic longing. She longs to be with her husband again. She moans. She turns softly in her sleep. In the Eternity of Joy, pluralized, deurbanized man, at ease with his gentle technologies, will smile and sigh when the Earth begins to shake. I loved those loony redskins, but I couldn't be a party to their utopian dreaming. After a while it occurred to me that the Clock People waiting for the Eternity of Joy was virtually identical to the Christians waiting for the Second Coming. Or the Communists waiting for the worldwide revolution. Or the Debbies waiting for the flying saucers. All the same. Just more suckers betting their share of the present on the future, banking every misery on a happy ending to history. Well, history is ending every second - happily for some of us, unhappily for others, happily one second, unhappily the next. History is always ending and always not ending... ha ha ho ho and hee hee.

Sissy interrupts the Chink for a second while he is worshipping her thumbs.

**SISSY**

What do you believe in then?

**CHINK**

Ha ha ho ho and hee hee.

They  
outside  
Then he says nothing. And his silence makes Sissy weep.  
sit down on a grass floor, illuminated by the fire  
the cave.

He  
kisses,  
Then the Chink, without hesitation, grasps her thumbs.  
squeezes them, caresses them, covers them with wet  
telling them how beautiful they are.

moved  
Sissy is bowled over, frightened, stunned, elated,  
almost to tears.

Sissy bends her head back and whispers.

**SISSY**

If this be adultery, make the most  
of it.

spread  
halfway.  
And as the Chink plunges into Sissy, she arches her  
bottom against the blankets and rears up to meet him

shadows of  
night  
Their bodies glowing in the firelight, they cast  
ANCIENT BEINGS, anthropomorphs making love through the  
under the moon.

**INT. CAVE DAY**

an  
wall.  
SUNBEAMS awaken Sissy. When she looks around she sees  
inscription has been freshly scrawled on the right

**I BELIEVE IN EVERYTHING; NOTHING IS SACRED.**

And on the left wall:

**I BELIEVE IN NOTHING; EVERYTHING IS SACRED.**

the

Sissy hears and then sees A HELICOPTER in the sky above ranch. Sissy gets up and walks out of the cave.

**EXT. TRAIL MORN**

Sissy walks.

**EXT. RUBBER ROSE**

Sissy hitches a ride out of town.

**EXT. FRONT DOORSTEPS MORNING**

headline

Countless NEWSPAPERS on countless porches, and the of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch reads:

**OUR WHOOPING CRANES ARE MISSING.**

**INT. THE COUNTESS' OFFICE DAY**

The countess is in a snit.

**THE COUNTESS**

Sissy, don't play dumb with me! You're a good model but a shitty actress. The cowgirls are involved in this whooping crane disappearance. You know perfectly well they are. Last seen in Nebraska. Didn't make it to Canada. Siwash Lake is between Nebraska and Canada. The cowgirls have possession of Siwash Lake. And who else but Jellybean's wild cunts could possibly conceive of doing something so diabolical as to tamper with the last flock of some nearly extinct birds? How much do you know about it? Have they murdered those cranes the way they murdered my moo cows?

**SISSY**

I don't know anything about it.

**THE COUNTESS**

Sissy. You're trying to protect those scuzzy bitches. Well, let your conscience be your guide, as my mommy used to say, but it won't work. Those stinking sluts are going to suffer...

Sissy strikes the Countess with her right thumb -- with astonishing force.

shattering  
Immediately the thumb strikes again, this time  
the Countess's monocle against his eye.

**THE COUNTESS**

(gasping)

Shit O dear.

HIS DENTURES fall onto the shag rug.

like  
The left thumb strikes. Sissy is swinging her thumbs  
fence.  
ballbats socking flaming homers over the left-field

His  
old  
The countess is out on his feet. His eyes are closed.  
legs wobble. He does a pathetic dance, like a drunken  
fool trying to boogie with a chorus girl.

backward.  
He topples forward and meets Sissy's onrushing thumb of  
thunder which straightens him up, sends him over

Motionless, he lies on the floor, a crimson part in his  
thinning hair, a bright ooze at each nostril.

**INT. HOSPITAL DAY**

a  
Seated on a spotless wooden bench is Sissy, staring at  
clock. A surgeon emerges.

**SURGEON**

Well, he's not out of danger, but I  
think we can safely say he's going  
to make it. I'd be pretty surprised  
if he didn't. However, there is  
evidence of injury to the frontal  
lobe, and I have reason to fear that  
this injury may be permanent. The  
patient may never again function as  
a normal human being.

**SISSY**

Brain damage? You mean he's going to  
be a vegetable?



**SURGEON**

Vegetable? Vegetable? I wouldn't say that, no. We won't ascertain the extent of the injury for some days. But there is a genuine possibility of severe and lasting behavioral defects. I wouldn't classify it in the vegetable category, however.

**EXT. STREET DAY**

**SISSY IS HITCHING OUT OF TOWN.**

A conservative blue Econoline van out of the throngs of traffic draws itself to Sissy as if on a string.

**SISSY HOPS IN.**

**INT. VAN DAY**

at her  
hot  
is

The DRIVER stomps on the gas. With a sense of disgust  
own failure Sissy scrutinizes his sweaty brow, his smug  
leer, his starving eyes.  
Her heart sinks when she sees his gun and his knife. He  
also unzipping his pants.

**DRIVER**

I'm going to give it to you like you've never had it before. Oh, you didn't know it could be this good. You're gonna like it. You're gonna like it. You're gonna like it so good. You're gonna love it so much you're gonna cry. You're gonna cry. You're gonna cry and cry. Do you like to cry? Do you like it when it hurts a little bit? Whatever happens to you, it'll be worth it. The way I'm gonna give it to you, it'll be worth anything. Everything. Go ahead and cry if you want to. I like it when women cry. It means they appreciate me.

**EXT. STREET DAY**

warehouses.

The van pulls over down a dead end alley between

**INT. VAN DAY**

Sissy looks into the back at a soiled mattress.  
The driver is taking his dick out of his pants. But  
with a swift swoosh, Sissy's left thumb comes down hard on the  
penis top, making the driver howl.  
His finger fumbles for the gun trigger, but before he  
gets to it, Sissy's thumb splats between his eyes. Twice.  
Three times. He loses control of the van.

**EXT. VAN DAY**

It lumbers into a street lamp. Sissy leaps from the  
vehicle and runs.

**INT. WORKING MAN'S LUNCHEONETTE DAY**

Sissy goes in and begins to cry at the counter as she  
looks at her thumbs.

**EXT. NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE DAY**

Into a sunset hitches Sissy.

**EXT. ROAD NIGHT**

SISSY hops into a semi.

**AND ROAD SIGNS:**

**TRENTON N.J.**

**BALTIMORE MD**

**WASHINGTON D.C.**

Then

**RICHMOND, VA**

**EXT. DR. DREYFUS'S HOUSE DAY**

asking

An older Dr. Dreyfus answers the door. Without Sissy's  
he speaks.

**DR. DREYFUS**

I'm afraid I can't help you.

**SISSY**

But Doctor.

**DREYFUS**

Please, child, don't be dismayed. We all have problems these days. But as the painter Van Gogh said, 'Mysteries remain, sorrow or melancholy remains, but the everlasting negative is balanced by the positive work which thus is achieved, after all.' I don't suppose that means very much to you. I have retired. A victim of a malpractice suit.

**SISSY**

(embracing him)

Oh, Doctor! You've got to do it. You and nobody else should be allowed to take away my gift.

In her embrace, the Doctor is presented with her  
thumbs.

**DR. DREYFUS**

Ah, the thumb.

LATER sitting inside his study, Dreyfus muses.

**DR. DREYFUS**

The thumb the thumb the thumb the thumb the thumb the thumb. One of evolution's most ingenious inventions; a built-in tool sensitive to texture, contour and temperature: an alchemical lever; the secret key to technology; the link between the mind and art; a humanizing device. The marmoset and the lemur are thumbless; none of the New World monkeys has opposable thumbs; the spider monkey's thumbs are absent or reduced to a tiny tubercle; the thumbs of the potto are set at an angle of one hundred eighty degrees to the other digits.

Pause.

**DR. DREYFUS**

And so you are demanding at last the privileges of thumb that nature has perversely denied you?

**SISSY**

I just want to be normal, give me that old-fashioned normality. It was good enough for Crazy Horse and it's good enough for me.

**DR. DREYFUS**

Ah, yes. Very well, my dear. Here is what we can do.

a VIEWS OF Sissy admitted to a hospital Blood analyzed in laboratory.

Powerful lamps turn on in an operating room.

IV tubes are inserted in veins.

Sissy is wheeled into surgery.

creamy An anesthesiologist sticks a needle into a curved and ass.

graceful An anesthesiologist sticks needles into a long, neck.

A nurse scrubs an arm.

sterile A body and table are draped with sheets to create a field.

A tourniquet is placed on a slender right arm.

squeezes An elastic rubber bandage is applied so tightly it most of the blood out of an arm.

A tourniquet is inflated.

base of A surgeon outlines in iodine an incision around the

a thumb.

Pale smooth skin is incised along a premarked line and dissected down to the bone.

Woman flesh is sewn shut with four-ought nylon suture.

A tourniquet is deflated, a bloody arm bathed.

A young woman is rolled into a recovery room.

an  
pan,  
it  
trout,  
and  
hitchhike.

A nurse and two surgeons, their attention directed by intensifying pinkish glow, turn to stare into a metal where a huge human thumb, disarticulated from the hand has been severed from, is now flopping about like a or rather, arching and thrusting itself in a calculated endlessly repeated gesture, the gesture of the

**EXT. SKY DAY**

are  
Helicopter.

Two representatives of the Fish and Wildlife Service flying over Siwash Lake in a U.S. Forestry Service

lake.  
young

THEY CAN SEE the whooping cranes by the side of the lake. And as they are recording this, shots from a band of women on horseback drive them away.

**EXT. RUBBER ROSE RANCH DAY**

the  
hood  
teenaged

the same two agents are driving in a truck approaching Rubber Rose Ranch. Two bullet ricochets spin off the and roof of their truck and they stop to see a lone cowgirl with a rifle.

**EXT. RUBBER ROSE GATES DAY**

sheriff,

An entourage of Forest Service Rangers, a county

town

four deputy shriffs, a state game warden and Mottburg's  
marshall and several of his deputies, the editor of the  
Mottburg Gazette and a couple of bird watchers or two  
met by...

are

Ranch.

of law

AT LEAST FIFTEEN ARMED FEMALES at the gate of the  
Through a bullhorn, Jelly speaks out at the entourage  
enforcement officers.

**JELLY**

Yep, the whooping cranes are here  
all right. They're in fine shape,  
and as you musta saw from your fucking  
whirly machine, unrestrained, free  
to go as they please. But this is  
private property and you aren't laying  
a foot on it. None of you.

**SHERIFF**

We'll be back with a court order and  
a fistful of search warrants.

**JELLY**

Just come back with a couple of people  
who know what they're doing and we'll  
let'em in for a nice close look at  
the birds.

**DELORES**

And make sure at least one of them  
is female, and you better do as we  
say or there may be trouble.

AND OVER THE AIRWAVES an announcement is broadcast.

**INT. WHITE HOUSE DAY**

**THE ASSISTANT INTERIOR UNDERSECRETARY IS SPEAKING INTO**

**A**

his

MICROPHONE FOR THE NEWS, and reading from a paper in  
hand.

**UNDERSECRETARY**

It will be my extreme pleasure to  
report to the President...

**INT. SCHOOL AURITORIUM**

Students listening...

**UNDERSECRETARY**

...who has been gravely concerned about the fate of our whooping cranes....

**EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE DAY**

to a Two construction workers high atop the city listening small transistor radio and eating lunch.

**UNDERSECRETARY**

...and to the Interior Secretary and to the American people that the entire flock of cranes is, indeed, at...

**EXT. MALL DAY**

a A crowd of people listening to a broadcast in front of bandstand set up in front of the mall.

**UNDERSECRETARY VOICE**

...Siwash Lake and in apparently healthy condition.

The crowd cheers.

**UNDERSECRETARY VOICE**

....The cranes have built brooding nests around the whole circumference of the small lake, and have...

**EXT. FIELD DAY**

Cowgirls are watching a small television.

**UNDERSECRETARY**

....hatched chicks there. Counting the young birds, there are now approximately sixty cranes in the flock. While this is good news, it is also quite bewildering...

**EXT. RUBBER ROSE RANCH DAY**

Rubber A vehicle know as "the peyote wagon" pulls out of the

truck

Rose. Delores del Ruby is at the wheel. And over her  
radio we hear:

**UNDERSECRETARY (V.O.)**

...Whooping cranes are territorially  
minded and have never been known to  
nest as close as a mile to one  
another, yet here they are virtually  
side by side.

**EXT. HILL DAY**

through

A lone FBI man sees the peyote wagon leaving the ranch  
his binoculars.

**INT. CAR NIGHT**

Sissy hears a broadcast over a moving car radio.

**NEWS REPORTER**

The Rubber Rose Ranch has issued a  
communiqué that was sent to the  
federal judge and copies of a  
recording to the press, today.

We can hear the voice of Bonanza Jellybean:

**JELLY**

(over the radio)

**THE WHOOPING CRANE HAS BEEN DRIVEN  
TO THE EDGE OF EXTINCTION BY AN  
AGGRESSIVE, BRUTAL PATERNALISTIC  
SYSTEM INTENT ON SUBDUING THE EARTH  
AND ESTABLISHING ITS DOMINION OVER  
ALL THINGS -- IN THE NAME OF GOD THE  
FATHER, LAW, ORDER AND ECONOMIC  
PROGRESS.**

Sissy recognizes the voice.

**SISSY**

That's Jellybean!

**JELLY (V.O.)**

**FROM MEN, THE WHOOPING CRANE HAS  
RECEIVED NEITHER LOVE NOR RESPECT.  
MEN HAVE DRAINED THE CRANE'S MARSHES,  
STOLEN ITS EGGS, INVADED ITS PRIVACY,  
POLLUTED ITS FOOD, FOULED ITS AIR,  
BLOWN IT APART WITH BUCKSHOT.**



**INT. RANCH OFFICE**

Jelly is on the telephone.

**JELLY**

**OBVIOUSLY, A PATERNALISTIC SOCIETY  
DOES NOT DESERVE ANYTHING AS GRAND  
AND BEAUTIFUL AND WILD AND FREE AS  
THE WHOOPING CRANE. YOU MEN HAVE  
FAILED IN YOUR DUTY TO THE CRANE.  
NOW IT IS WOMEN'S TURN. THE CRANES  
ARE IN OUR CHARGE NOW. WE WILL PROTECT  
THEM AS LONG AS THEY STILL REQUIRE  
PROTECTION --**

**INT. HOSPITAL RECOVERY ROOM DAY**

Sissy listens to the radio.

**JELLY'S VOICE**

**WHILE WORKING TOWARD A DAY WHEN THE  
CREATURES OF THE WORLD NO LONGER  
HAVE TO SUFFER MAN'S EGOISM,  
INSENSITIVITY AND GREED. WE REFUSE  
YOUR ORDER. WE SAY TAKE YOUR ORDER  
AND SHOVE IT. THIS FLOCK OF BIRDS IS  
STAYING WITH US. GET LOST, MAC.**

**EXT. ROAD DAY**

one  
tries  
as  
her  
six  
stopping  
thirty

Sissy is hitchhiking with her new thumb. But cars pass after another without stopping. Until Sissy finally her left thumb, which has been spared the knife. With this thumb there are new maneuvers to try out. And soon as she does, a car stops. MOSAIC of hitchhiking brilliance with Sissy's use of left thumb. A CLOCK IS TICKING past twelve then on to and past eight.... she dances wildly around traffic, the hardest of drivers, THE CLOCK TICKS AWAY and within hours she is approaching Mottburg again.

**EXT. RUBBER ROSE DAY**

marshalls  
taking  
through

The Ranch is now surrounded by two hundred federal reinforced by a dozen FBI agents with loaded guns position outside the ranch.

Sissy gets out of her car and walks past the posse and the gates.

as  
Kym carries a radio which is playing "The Day-Old Apple Strudel Polka" across the corral. She carries the radio if it is a suitcase full of skunk lice.

**KYM**

Man, this is the stupidest music I've ever heard. This radio should have stayed in the privy where it belongs.

give  
horse and  
the

Kym ropes the radio to her saddle horn and prepares to it a ride across the Dakota hills. She gets on her rides by the Ranch bungalows and spies Sissy sitting in outhouse.

**SISSY**

Howdy.

Kym gets off her horse and hugs Sissy.

**KYM**

You know what you're getting into if you come over to the lake...

**SISSY**

Yes, but I want to be there. I want to see Jellybean. I want to see the cranes.

outlook and

THEY RIDE ACROSS THE HILLS. Then they stop at an Sissy sees the circular barricade in the field below.

**KYM**

We heard on the radio that the judge has set Delores's bail at fifty thousand dollars. Now she won't be

here when we really need her.

**EXT. CAMP DAY**

A few cowgirls in the camp huddle around a radio:

**RADIO NEWS REPORT**

The American Civil Liberties Union has requested an extension for the Rubber Rose Ranch. The government is aware of the inflamed situation and are afraid that all the marshals and agents might be too willing to uncork the bottle of blood...

way  
Heather,  
meet

SISSY RIDES INTO CAMP on the back of Kym's horse the  
that John Wayne would have ridden into the Alamo;  
Bonanza Jellybean, Debbie, Elaine and Linda dance up to  
her.

tongue is  
wiggly

Before Sissy is completely on the ground, Jelly's  
in her mouth. She stumbles out of a stirrup into a  
embrace.

**JELLY**

Let's celebrate!

out  
and

Debbie stokes up a big joint right now, as Jelly gets  
her six guns and fires them in the air. Heather twirls  
jumps through her rope.

radio.

The "Unsung Hero Returns Polka" strikes up on the

Elaine rears up on her horse.

**EXT. HILLSIDE DAY**

FROM AFAR, AN FBI AGENT views the little going on.

**AGENT**

Ain't that just like women.

ridge,

But as the Agent is saying this, viewing them from the

a large rock tumbles down the hill and grazes his head,  
knocking him out.

but  
VIEW of the side of the ridge from where the rock came,  
there is strangely nothing where we expect to see the  
Chink.

BELOW: The cowgirls.

**JELLY**

Looks like every time we get together  
things are in a mess.

**SISSY**

So be it. It looks serious this time,  
though. All these guns... are you  
actually prepared to kill and die  
for whooping cranes?

**JELLY**

Hell no, the cranes are wonderful,  
okay, but I'm not in this for whooping  
cranes. I'm in it for cowgirls. If  
we cowgirls give in to authority on  
this crane issue, then cowgirls become  
just another compromise. I want a  
finer fate than that -- for me and  
for every other cowgirl. Better no  
cowgirls at all than cowgirls  
compromised.

**SISSY**

How did this business get started,  
anyhow? Why are the birds nesting  
here?

**DEBBIE**

You were aware that we were feeding  
them, weren't you? We fed them brown  
rice and they stayed over a couple  
of extra days. Then we decided to  
try something different. We mixed  
our brown rice with fishmeal --  
whoopers love seafood, and fishmeal  
is cheap. Then Delores suggested  
another ingredient, and we think  
that's what did the trick.

**SISSY**

You mean...

**DEBBIE AND JELLY TOGETHER**

**PEYOTE!**

**SISSY**

They're drugged.

**JELLY**

Aw, come off it, Sissy. What do you mean, 'drugged'? Every living thing is a chemical composition and anything that is added to it changes that composition. When you eat a cheeseburger or a Three Musketeers bar, it changes your body chemistry. The kind of food you eat, the kind of air you breathe, can change your mental state. Does that mean you're 'drugged'?

her  
Sissy frames the flock with the hole in the center of  
cheese sandwich.

**SISSY**

No, I guess not.

**JELLY**

'Drugged' is a stupid word.

**SISSY**

But the peyote is obviously affecting their brains. It's made them break a migratory pattern that goes back thousands of years.

**DEBBIE**

The way I see it, is that the peyote mellowed them out. Made them less uptight. They were afraid of bad weather and humans. That's why they migrated and kept to themselves. But the peyote has enlightened them. It's taught them there is nothing to fear but fear itself. Now they're digging life and letting the bad vibes slide on. Don't worry, be happy. Be here now.

**SISSY**

Fear in wild animals is completely different from paranoia in people. In the wilderness ecosystem, fear is

natural and necessary. It's merely a mechanism for maintaining life. If the cranes hadn't had a capacity for fear, they would have disappeared long ago and you'd be having to get loaded with common old everyday meadowlarks and mallards.

**JELLY**

This here discussion is destined to become academic. Because we've got less than half a bag of peyote buttons left and Delores's run ended up in the Mottburg jail. So any day now we'll get a chance to see how the whoopers behave when they come down, to see if the peyote experience really changed them or not. But in the meantime, I want to say this about fear.....

Then Sissy and Jelly hear a news broadcast on the radio.

**ANNOUNCER**

Judge Greenfield, at the request of the ACLU, has granted a forty-eight-hour extension of the deadline by which the Rubber Rose cowgirls must comply with his order. Negotiations between the cowgirls and the government are expected to follow. Another item in, the forewoman of the Rubber Rose Ranch, a Delores del Ruby is now free on bond after having been arrested in Mottburg with more than fifty pounds of peyote buttons. Her bail has been paid by the owner of the besieged ranch, Countess Products, Inc. Miss del Ruby's bail having come from the tycoon's personal advisor, a certain Dr. Robbins of New York City.

**SISSY**

Dr. Robbins?

**EXT. PRAIRIE NIGHT**

Sissy and Jelly lie under the same stars, under the same blankets. Under the same spell.

**JELLY**

Every time I tell you that I love you, you flinch. But that's your problem.

**SISSY**

If I flinch when you say you love me, it's both our problems. My confusion becomes your confusion. Students confuse teachers, patients confuse psychiatrists, lovers with confused hearts confuse lovers with clear hearts....

**EXT. CAMPFIRE NIGHT**

sharp  
Delores and some of the other cowgirls are talking. A wind is beginning to gust.

**DELORES**

It isn't for ourselves that we take this stand. It isn't for cowgirls. It's for all the daughters everywhere. This is an extremely important confrontation. This is womankind's chance to prove to her enemy that she's willing to fight and die. If we women don't show here and now that we aren't afraid to fight and die, then our enemy will never take us seriously. Men will always know that, no matter how strong our words and determined our deeds, there's a point where we'll back down and give them their way.

campfire.  
Delores cracks her whip then parades around the

**DELORES**

I'm prepared to win! Victory for every female, living or dead, who's suffered the temporary defeats of masculine insensitivity to their inner lives!

A few of the cowgirls cheer.

**DONNA**

I'll fight the bastards.

Big Red opens a can of beans with a Bowie knife.

**BIG RED**

I'll fight 'em with bean gas, if  
necessary.

Delores snaps her whip again.

**DELORES**

The sun's going down. Let's those of  
us not standing watch get some sleep.  
In the morning we'll plan our fight.  
Tomorrow afternoon those of you who'd  
like can join me in the reeds, where  
the cranes and I will be sharing the  
last crumbs left in the peyote sack.

**EXT. SIWASH LAKE DAY**

Lake's  
hole  
Delores del Ruby appears from the reeds at Siwash  
edge, asleep yet awake. She has sunk so deep into the  
hole  
in her mind that gale and dust could not follow her.

**AS SHE APPROACHES THE COWGIRL CAMP, THEY GATHER AROUND  
HER  
IN A TIGHT CIRCLE.**

MANY ARE TRANSFIXED as they listen.

**DELORES**

It is woman's mission to destroy as  
well as to give birth. We will destroy  
the tyranny of the dull. But we can't  
destroy it with guns. Or whips.  
Violence is the dullard's Breakfast  
of Champions and the logical end  
product of his or her misplaced pride.  
Violence fertilizes that which we  
would starve. No, we will destroy  
the enemy in other ways. The Peyote  
Mother has promised a Fourth Vision.  
But it won't come to me alone. It  
will come to each of you, to every  
cowgirl in the land, when you have  
overcome that in your own self which  
is dull. The Fourth Vision will come  
to some men too. You will recognize  
them when you meet them, and be their  
steady sidekicks in equal and ecstatic



escapades of poetic behavior and  
romance.

its Delores holds up a card. The prairie moon illuminates  
tattered edges. It is the jack of hearts.

stream The forewoman seems to be tiring. Fumes of weariness  
wall from her black hair. Her voice is leaning against the  
of her larynx when she says:

**DELORES**

First thing, you must end this  
business with the government and the  
cranes. It's been positive and  
fruitful, but it's gone far enough.  
Playfulness ceases to serve a serious  
purpose when it takes itself too  
seriously. Sorry I won't be with you  
at the conclusion. As you know, I've  
been sick and stupid for a long time.  
I have a lot to make up for, a lot  
to accomplish, and there's someone  
important that I've got to see. Now.

walks As graceful as a ballet for cobras, Delores turns and  
away into the night.

**EXT. RANCH GATES DAY**

anticipation THE FBI, other VIGILANTES and POLICEMEN wait in  
of an attack outside of the boundaries of the ranch.

**EXT. THE COWGIRL COMPOUND DAY**

Jelly is addressing the group of cowgirls.

**JELLY**

Well, what we got to do is one of us  
has got to go up that hill and tell  
them boys that America can have its  
whooping cranes back. Since I'm the  
boss here, and since I'm responsible  
for a lot of you choosing to be  
cowgirls in the first place, it's  
gonna be me that goes...

Small protests from the circle of cowgirls.

**JELLY**

No buts about it. It's getting lighter  
by the second. You podners keep your  
heads down. Ta ta.

The cutest cowgirl in the world stood up and stretched  
out.

**COWGIRL**

Jelly! Please!

But Jelly is already on her way.

BONANZA JELLYBEAN VAULTS over the carcass of a reducing  
machine and plants her Tony Lama boots in the stirrup  
of her  
saddle and straddles her horse and takes off.

**EXT. COMPOUND DAY**

The posse surrounding the ranch, can see Jelly coming  
over  
the hill on her horse at a full gallop.

**EXT. HILL DAY**

Jelly stops her horse, looks down at her waist, and  
sees her  
sixguns.

**JELLY**

Better get rid of these. Might give  
those greenhorn dudes a fright.

THROUGH the scope of an FBI rifle, Jelly is drawing her  
gun  
out of her holster.

**AGENT**

She's going to fire....

He squeezes the trigger, and Jelly is caught in the  
stomach  
with a bullet. She falls off her horse to the ground.

THE CHINK sees Bonanza Jellybean cut down from a  
vantage  
point on the hill, and makes a beeline for the  
government  
barricades, SHOUTING.

couple  
riddled.

THE COWGIRLS scream and cry, and grab their weapons. A  
of them leap from the barricade and are immediately

**EXT. HILL DAY**

the

The six-gun slips from her fingers.  
Twenty or thirty more sweaty triggers are squeezed on  
hilltop firing at Bonanza Jellybean.

**THE CHINK RUNNING AND SHOUTING.**

**EXT. COWGIRL CAMP DAY**

echoes:

A VOICE OVER THE BULLHORN directed at the cowgirls

**VOICE**

You've got two minutes to come out  
with you hands over your heads!

impossible

RANDOM G-MEN are sniping at the cowgirls, making it  
to surrender.

beard,

A stray bullet SENDS THE CHINK back down the hillside,  
robe and sandals flying.

explosive  
assault of  
of  
circle

IN THE HUSH that follows, in the echoes of the  
fire, the whooping crane flock rises in one grand  
beating feathers - a lily white storm of life, a gush  
albino Gabriels -- swarm into the waiting sky, and  
the pond one time before flapping south toward Texas...

literally

...they cast shadows over a dead Jellybean who is  
biting the dust.

lifts  
of her

Sissy lifts Jelly out of the dust and holds her. Sissy  
Jelly's satin shirt tail and pulls down the waistband  
skirt. Bright red blood is running out of her scar.

**JELLY**

Right in the scar where I fell on a wooden horse when I was twelve. Haw, I wasn't really shot with a silver bullet.

Confessing to Sissy.

**JELLY**

Or was I?

**EXT. NEW YORK SKY**

The cranes fly over the Statue of Liberty.

**EXT. PARISIAN SKY**

The Cranes fly over the Eiffel tower.

**EXT. RUSSIAN SKY**

The Cranes fly over Red Square.

**INT. MORGUE DAY**

An undertaker pounding five nails into a white coffin.  
THE TOP OF THE COFFIN are engraved two crossed GOLD  
There are eleven famous cowgirls enameled on the edges  
in the middle it reads:

ON  
SIXGUNS.  
and

**BONANZA JELLYBEAN**

**1944-1973**

"Ha ha ho ho and hee hee"

Title card:

The brown paper bag.

A brown paper bag is sitting on the side of the road.

**A VOICE**

The brown paper bag is the only thing civilized man has produced that does not seem out of place in nature. Crumpled into a wad of wrinkles, like the fossilized brain of a dryad; its kinship to tree (to knot and

nest) unobscured by the cruel crush of industry; absorbing the elements like any other organic entity; blending with rock and vegetation as if it were a burrowing owl's door mat or a jack rabbit's underwear, a No. 8 Kraft paper bag lay discarded in the hills of Dakota and appeared to live where it lay. Once long ago, it had borne a package of buns and a jar of mustard to a kitchenette rendezvous with a fried hamburger. More recently, the bag had held..... love letters.

View of a bunkhouse trunk.

**VOICE**

As a hole in an oak hides a squirrel's family jewels, the bag had hidden love letters in the bottom of a bunkhouse trunk.

and  
Hands lift the contents of the trunk away, rope, spurs, blanket and find the hidden sack of letters.

**VOICE**

Then one day after work, the button-nosed little cowgirl to whom the letters were addressed gathered bag and contents under her arm, slipped out to the corral...

We see the Cowgirl saddling her horse late in the day.

**VOICE**

...past ranch hands pitching horseshoes and ranch hands flying Tibetan kites, saddled up and trotted into the hills.

We see the Cowgirl riding along a ridge.

**VOICE**

A mile or so from the bunkhouse, she dismounted and built a small fire; she fed the fire letters.

letters  
And this we see also, the lonely Cowgirl feeding the

cowgirl

to a fire in the dusky early night. We can see the  
is Sissy Hankshaw.

**VOICE**

...one by one, the way her girl friend  
had once fed her french fries.

like

She is crying now and feeding the fire, close of words  
"always" and "forever" burning up.

**VOICE**

As words such as sweetheart" and  
"honey britches" and "forever" and  
"always" burned away, the cowgirl  
squirted a few tears. Her eyes were  
so misty she forgot to burn the bag.

**INT. BUNKHOUSE NIGHT**

Sissy is sobbing.

surprise

Big Red offers a piece of homemade fudge and shows no  
when Sissy refuses it.

and

Kym kisses the lips quickly of the despondent Cowgirl,  
the bunkhouse lights go out.

up at

Delores plunks a carefree song on an old Gibson, looks  
the moon.

**DELORES**

You know, podner, you can tune a  
guitar but you can't tuna fish.

She plunks a few notes.

**DELORES**

God, but it's good to be a cowgirl.

And the bunkhouse lights are turned off. There are some  
giggles from the cowgirls.

**INT. MAIN BEDROOM RANCH DAY**

is in

THE CHINK wakes up and is being cared for by Sissy. He  
pain, but winking.

**SISSY**

Is everything getting worse?

**CHINK**

Yes, everything is getting worse.  
But everything is also getting better.

**SISSY**

The Countess has come to our aid.  
The Rubber Rose Ranch is officially  
deeded to all the cowgirls. And I  
have been asked to oversee the ranch.  
For \$300 a week. And as it turns  
out, the Countess is not going to be  
the vegetable the doctors thought he  
was... here's a picture!

hospital  
Sissy shows a picture of the Countess recovering in a  
bed, posing next to Doctor Robbins.

**CHINK**

I want to go back to the Clock People.  
I kind of miss those fool redskins  
and wonder what they're up to. What's  
happened to Jelly?

**SISSY**

She had a one way-ticket to Kansas  
City.

**CHINK**

You mean she's dead?

The Chink mourns a bit.

**SISSY**

But that's an old story now..... I  
can't believe that you would leave  
the Butte.

**CHINK**

Easy come, easy go.

**DELORES**

Wow, you sure have a way with words.

in  
The Chink looks over and sees that Delores is standing  
the doorway.

**CHINK**

I can't help it if I grew up in an antipoetic culture. Language will be different when I'm with the Clock People though. They're from an oral tradition. And I'm not talking about what you horny hop toads do in bed every night.

The Chink smiles.

Delores blushes.

**SISSY**

Well, if the Clock People give you any inside information on the end of the world, drop us a postcard.

**CHINK**

The world isn't going to end, you dummy; I hope you know that much.  
(he grows  
uncharacteristically  
serious)

But it is going to change. It's going to change drastically, and probably in your lifetime. The Clock People see calamitous earthquakes as the agent of change, and they may be right, since there are a hundred thousand earthquakes a year and major ones are long overdue. But there are far worse catastrophes coming... unless the human race can bring itself to abandon the goals and values of civilization, in other words, unless it can break the consumption habit -- and we are so conditioned to consuming as a way of life that for most of us life would have no meaning without the yearnings and rewards of progressive consumption. It isn't merely that our bad habits will cause global catastrophes, but that our operative political-economic philosophies have us in such a blind crab grip that they prevent us from preparing for the natural disasters that are not our fault. So the apocalyptic shit is going to hit the fan, all right, but there'll be some of us it'll miss. Little pockets of



humanity. Like the Clock People. Like you two honeys, if you decide to accept my offer of a lease on Siwash Cave. There's almost no worldwide calamity -- famine, nuclear accident, plague, weather warfare or reduction of the ozone shield -- that you couldn't survive in that cave.

He begins to caress Sissy's belly. His eyes are smiling.

Sissy is surprised.

**CHINK**

Suppose that you bear five or six children with your characteristics. All in Siwash Cave. In a postcatastrophe world, your offspring would of necessity intermarry, forming in time a tribe. A tribe every member of which had giant thumbs. A tribe of Big Thumbs would relate to the environment in very special ways. It could not use weapons or produce sophisticated tools. It would have to rely on its wits and its senses. It would have to live with animals -- and plants! -- as virtual equals. It's extremely pleasant to me to think about a tribe of physical eccentrics living peacefully with animals and plants, learning their languages, perhaps, and paying them the respect they deserve.

**SISSY**

How am I going to be the progenitor of a tribe when I'm living on an isolated ridgetop with Delores?

**CHINK**

That's your problem.

The Chink coughs.

**CHINK**

Listen to the way I'm babbling. That bullet must have loosened one of my transistors. Don't pay any attention to me. You've got to work it out for yourself. The westbound choo-choo

leaves Mottburg at one-forty. I want to be on it. Will you drive me to the station?

**INT. TRUCK DAY**

gate  
Sissy and Delores are driving the Chink out the front of the Rubber Rose.

**CHINK**

Schedules! Ironic how I have to follow timetables in order to get back to the clockworks.

He yells out the window of the moving vehicle.

**CHINK**

Don't ever bet against paradox, ladies...

**EXT. THE RUBBER ROSE GATES**

being  
We hear the Chink yelling, and the Rubber Rose sign is changed to one that reads El Rancho Jellybean.

**CHINK**

....if complexity doesn't beat you, then paradox will. Ha ha ho ho and hee hee.....

And the truck disappears into the prairie land.

where  
A LONG DARK PAUSE, UNTIL finally we are inside the cave the Chink's Clockworks are at work..... poing!

old  
of the  
It is revealed that Sissy is with Delores snug in the hermit's living quarters. She listens to the clinking Chink's Clockworks.

And feels her belly.

back.  
The swell of her belly has forced her to sleep on her

from  
CLOSE VIEW of Sissy's belly, and a little foot kicks inside. Or is it a foot?

half-

VIEW INSIDE THE BELLY of Sissy's unborn baby. It is  
Japanese, one thirty-second Siwash and all thumbs.  
The moving thumbs are hitchhiking you.....

**THE END**