

"WILD AT HEART"

Screenplay

by

David Lynch

And now the story of Sailor and Lula...

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A MAN rides a screaming massive Japanese motorcycle - wound out to maximum R.P.M. up the street.

CUT TO:

SIGN BY ROADSIDE

The sign reads "KIDS PLAYING - SPEED BUMPS".

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

With a whine from hell, the front tire of the motorcycle hits a speed bump.

The motorcycle becomes airborne and on the way up slices itself in half as it scrapes along the full length of a Datsun Kingcab.

In the air, the rider and motorcycle twist violently as they fly by.

The motorcycle bounces off a black '66 Chevrolet and makes a sound like the end of the world.

The rider hits the same Chevy a moment later. Like a broken ragdoll shot from a cannon, the man punches through the back window blowing glass for a block. He stops somewhere under

the front seat and a bubble of blood forms out his nose.

The motorcycle continues on sliding and spinning with an ear-piercing howl for one entire city block.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS - VACANT LOT - DAY

Two rabid dogs fight ferociously in a vacant lot - ripping each other's flesh. An OLD COUPLE, both with walkers, inch painfully along nearby.

OLD WOMAN

Oh my God! Why they doin' that?

OLD MAN

Who the hell knows. What you have in your mouth?

The old woman begins to turn away, covering her mouth with her hand.

OLD MAN

Spit it out!!! Pull your teeth out...
doctor said. What you tryin' to do?
SPIT IT OUT!!!

The Old Man grabs the Old Woman by the neck and squeezes. Out comes a tangled and sticky ball of hard fruit candies.

CUT TO:

WASP NEST

A thousand wasps hover threateningly in the air around the nest. A SMALL GROUP OF HARDENED CRIMINAL NINE-YEAR OLDS sporting hideous grins, bat the nest violently to and fro with sticks. One kid busies himself shooting a large can of Black Flag garden spray into a crack in the nest. Another stomps half-dead wasps up and down the sidewalk. All the kids are making animal noises of one sort or the other.

CUT TO:

INT. FORTUNE HOUSE - DAY

The telephone rings. MARIETTA PACE FORTUNE, a rich Southern woman around fifty, carries her Martini and Rossi sweet vermouth drink across the living room and answers the phone.

MARIETTA
Hello... Who is this?

CUT TO:

INT. PEE DEE COUNTY WORK FARM - DAY

A GUARD stands by as SAILOR RIPLEY, twenty-three years old - lost somewhere between the cool long-gone generation and a used-car salesman - speaks on a prisoner phone in a green cement cubicle with one bench.

SAILOR
(into phone)
...Sailor Ripley... Can I talk to
Lula?

CUT TO:

INT. FORTUNE HOUSE - DAY

MARIETTA
There's no way in hell you can speak
to her and...

CUT TO:

INT. PEE DEE COUNTY WORK FARM - DAY

SAILOR
(feeling a smile coming
on)
What?...

CUT TO:

INT. FORTUNE HOUSE - DAY

MARIETTA

...Yes you heard me... Don't ever
call back here again.

Marietta hangs up the phone as LULA PACE FORTUNE, Marietta's
twenty-year old daughter, comes quickly down the stairs.

LULA
Mama???

MARIETTA
You know who it was and you know you
aren't, and I mean ARE NOT gonna see
him EVER... End of story.

LULA
(quietly)
Like hell.

Marietta, her hand still on the telephone, grips the receiver
so hard her knuckles turn white.

CUT TO:

INT. FORTUNE HOUSE - LULA'S ROOM UPSTAIRS - DAY

Lula enters her room and cranks up her stereo. Speed metal
music jumps up to around one hundred twenty decibels.

CUT TO:

INT. PEE DEE COUNTY WORK FARM - DAY

The guard escorts Sailor away from the telephone and back to
his cell. The iron bars of the door slide across Sailor's
face and close with a bang.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE MUSIC BAR - NIGHT

A beat-up, red '64 Ford Falcon station wagon filled with
insane TEENAGERS on speed and PCP race out of control down
the street past the club - leaning out the car in every
direction. They scream out to the desolate-looking passerby.

TEENAGERS
EAT SHIT MOTHERFUCKERS!!!!!!

The camera cranes up to the neon club sign and gets lost among the hot pink neon, the frantic moths and the intense electric buzz.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MUSIC BAR - NIGHT

Lula and her friend, BEANY THORN, sit at a table drinking rum Coca-Colas while watching and listening to a white blues band called THE BLEACH BOYS. The group segues smoothly from Elmore James's "Dust my Broom" into Robert Johnson's "Me and the Devil" and Beany lets out a snort.

BEANY

I can dig this music... But not that singer.

LULA

Why? He's right in the groove.

BEANY

He's so ugly. Guys with beards and beer guts ain't quite my type.

LULA

(giggles)

Seein's how you're about as thick as a used string of unwaxed dental floss, don't know how you can criticize.

BEANY

Yeah, well, if he says that all that flab turns into dick at midnight, he's a liar.

Lula and Beany laugh and swallow some of their drinks.

BEANY

So, Sailor's gettin' out soon, and you're gonna see him?

Lula nods and crushes an ice cube with her back teeth and chews it.

LULA

Meetin' him at the gate. That phone call this afternoon was the signal. My deranged mama's hid the keys to my car. But of course, I know exactly where they are.

BEANY

I didn't hate me so much, I'd feel better wishin' you luck.

LULA

Can't all husbands be perfect, and your Elmo prob'ly wouldn'ta ever got that second one pregnant, you hadn't kicked his ass out.

BEANY

So you're gonna be needin' the "blue-bird" pretty soon?

LULA

Real soon... I'll be makin' the swap tomorrow, and thanks again, Beany.

The Bleach Boys kick into some kind of Professor Longhair swamp mambo.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAY ST. CLEMENT - DAY

Plumes of smoke from fires rise in the distance.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FORTUNE HOUSE - DAY

An empty living room. The smoke from the city fire appears during the course of the DISSOLVE to be in the living room - then it disappears.

An empty hallway.

An empty stairway.

INT. FORTUNE HOUSE - MARIETTA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Feet (Lula's) was across carpet.

A closet door opens.

A hand (Lula's) reaches into the pocket of a coat in her mother's closet. The hand comes out clutching car keys.

INT. FORTUNE HOUSE - STAIRWAY - DAY

Lula races down the stairs and through a door into the garage.

CUT TO:

EXT. FORTUNE HOUSE - DAY

The electronic garage door opens and Lula drives her '80 Black Camaro out and away. The garage door closes automatically.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Lula drives fast up a neighborhood street. She turns a corner and disappears.

CUT TO:

INT. BEANY THORN'S GARAGE - DAY

Lula throws her car keys under the front seat and goes around to Beany's '67 dark blue Thunderbird convertible - fishes around under the T-Bird's front seat for the keys - finds them - jumps in and takes off.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FORTUNE HOUSE - DAY

Marietta leaves her Cadillac Seville in her driveway and enters the house. We can hear her calling out for Lula in the distance. The calling changes - it becomes angry. The garage door opens and Marietta comes storming out. She leaps in her Caddy and peels out.

CUT TO:

INT. "SOUTHERN TIME" BAR - DAY

Marietta enters the bar on the run. She calls out to the BARTENDER...

MARIETTA

Where's Johnnie? He's not in his office.

BARTENDER

Haven't seen 'im yet today, Marietta.

MARIETTA

(slightly hysterical)

Well I gotta find him - right this minute!

CUT TO:

EXT. PEE DEE COUNTY WORK FARM - DAY

Sailor is waiting out front as Lula pulls up in her T-Bird - throwing out a cloud of dust. They're both smiling.

LULA

Hey baby...

SAILOR

Peanut...

They kiss tenderly and then Sailor walks around the car to get in while Lula opens up a suitcase and gets out his snakeskin jacket.

SAILOR

Hey, my snakeskin jacket... Thanks, baby... Did I ever tell you that

this here jacket for me is a symbol of my individuality and my belief in personal freedom?

LULA

'Bout fifty thousand times. I got us a room at the Cape Fear, and guess what?... I hear Powermad's at "The Hurricane."

SAILOR

(smiling)

Stab it and steer.

Lula tromps it and throws out an even larger cloud of dust.

CUT TO:

INT. CAPE FEAR HOTEL - DAY

Sailor and Lula lay on the bed in the Cape Fear Hotel listening to the fan creak.

LULA

Did you ever think somethin' like about the wicked witch of the east comin' flyin' in?... Did you ever think somethin' and then later think you've said it out loud to someone?

SAILOR

I really did miss your mind while I was out at Pee Dee, honey. The rest of you, too, of course. But the way your head works is God's own private mystery. What was it you was thinkin'?

LULA

Well, I was thinkin' about smokin' actually... My mama smokes Marlboros now, used to be she smoked Kools? I stole 'em from her beginnin' in about sixth grade. When I got old enough to buy my own, I bought those. Now I've just about settled on Mores, as

you probably noticed? They're longer.

SAILOR

I guess I started smokin' when I was about six... My mama was already dead from lung cancer...

LULA

What brand'd she smoke?

SAILOR

Camels, same as me... Guess both my mama and my daddy died of smoke or alcohol related illness.

LULA

Gee, Sailor. I'm sorry, honey. I never would have guessed it.

SAILOR

It's okay. I hardly used to see them anyway. I didn't have much parental guiding. The public defender kept sayin' that at my parole hearin'. He was a good ol' boy, stood by me... Even brought me some cartons of cigarettes from time to time.

LULA

I'd stand by you, Sailor... through anything.

SAILOR

Hell, peanut, you stuck with me after I planted Bob Ray Lemon. A man can't ask for more than that.

Lula pulls Sailor over to her and kisses him soft on the mouth.

LULA

You move me, Sailor, you really do. You mark me the deepest.

Sailor pulls down the sheet, exposing Lula's breasts.

SAILOR

You're perfect for me, too.

LULA

You remind me of my daddy, you know?
Mama told me he liked skinny women
whose breasts were just a bit too
big for their bodies. He had a long
nose, too, like theirs. Did I ever
tell you how he died?

SAILOR

In a fire, as I recall.

LULA

Started he couldn't remember things?
Got real violent? Mama kept tellin'
me it was on account of lead poisoning
from cleanin' the old paint off our
house without usin' a mask... But I
don't know. Seems like his brain
just fell apart in pieces.

CUT TO:

INT. FORTUNE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

CLYDE FORTUNE tears a door off the kitchen cabinets and strews the cabinet contents all across the counter and floor. He puts his fist through the kitchen window. He leaps on the counter and bats the kitchen ceiling light - smashing it. He kicks over the refrigerator.

CLYDE

FUCKIN' BITCH!!!!

CUT TO:

INT. CAPE FEAR HOTEL - DAY

Lula's eyes look off, remembering.

LULA

Finally in the middle of the one

night, with me and mama asleep
upstairs... he poured kerosene over
himself and lit a match.

CUT TO:

INT. FORTUNE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Clyde Fortune, completely engulfed in fire, races across and
back the living room until he collapses in a fifties modern
armchair. The drapes behind him burst in flames.

LULA (V.O.)

Near burned down the house. We got
out just in time.

The whole living room goes up in flames.

CUT TO:

INT. CAPE FEAR HOTEL - DAY

CLOSEUP - The red hot ash of Lula's cigarette as she inhales
deeply. As she exhales a cloud of smoke she turns to Sailor.

LULA

It was a year before I met you.

Sailor takes the cigarette out of Lula's hand and puts it
into the ashtray by her bed. He pulls her to him and kisses
her throat.

SAILOR

You have such a pretty, long neck,
like a swan.

LULA

Grandmama Pace had a long, smooth
white neck. It was like on a statue
it was so white?

Sailor drifts his thumb over Lula's left nipple then cups
her breast in his hand. They kiss.

CUT TO:

INT. FORTUNE HOUSE - DAY

Marietta pours JOHNNIE FARRAGUT another shot of scotch.

MARIETTA

I knew this would happen. Soon as that piece of filth got out of Pee Dee, I knew there'd be trouble. He's just got some kind of influence over her I can't decipher. There's somethin' wild in Lula I don't know where it comes from. You gotta find 'em, Johnnie.

JOHNNIE

He served his time for what he did. Another thing... If Lula went with him of her own volition - willingly, that is - there ain't much can be done about it.

MARIETTA

Don't talk down to me, Johnnie Farragut. I know what volition means, and that's why I want Sailor Ripley off the planet! He's pure slime and it's leakin' all over my baby. Maybe you could push him into makin' some kinda move and then kill him dead. You'd only be defendin' yourself, and with his record, nobody'd fuss.

Johnnie pours himself another tumblerful of Walker Black Label.

JOHNNIE

I'll locate Lula, Marietta, and if she's with the Ripley boy, I'll give him a talkin' to and try to convince her to come back with me. That's about all I can do.

He takes a long swallow from the tumbler. Marietta begins to cry. She blubbers for a few seconds, and then stops as

abruptly as she'd started. Her grey eyes glaze over.

MARIETTA

I'll hire a hit man if you don't want to help me stop this thing. I'll call Marcello Santos.

JOHNNIE

Now, Marietta, I am goin' to help you. And don't be gettin' carried away. You don't want to be bringin' Santos and his people into it.

MARIETTA

You're just jealous of Santos cause he's sweet on me.

JOHNNIE

Darlin', you ain't seein' Santos again, are ya?

MARIETTA

Oh, Johnnie Farragut... Don't you trust your very own Marietta?

JOHNNIE

Sorry, sweetheart. Bein' in love with you like I am brings out that ugly jealous side.

MARIETTA

Well stop worryin' about me and start worryin' about how you're gonna get that Lula back here and away from that murderer.

JOHNNIE

Sailor ain't a murderer. You got to get off that kick. And far's I can tell, Sailor was entire clean prior to that involvin' Lula. Even there he was protectin' her. You oughta be thankin' him for that. That Bob Ray Lemon they say was comin' after the both of 'em. Why am I tellin' you

this, you was around that night. You ought to know just exactly what happened. Sailor just got a little too forceful is all... You remember that night...

CLOSEUP - Marietta' eyes as she thinks back.

CUT TO:

INT. BAY ST. CLEMENT HOTEL - BALLROOM - NIGHT

We see Marietta standing in a carpeted hallway above the ballroom. Dance band music can be heard in the distance. Sailor appears coming up the hallway - slightly drunk - he carefully sets his drink on the carpet outside the MEN'S ROOM.

Marietta's POV of Sailor entering the MEN'S ROOM.

CLOSEUP - Marietta's glazed eyes and smiling face.

Marietta's POV of walking toward MEN'S ROOM.

CUT TO:

INT. FORTUNE HOUSE - DAY

MARIETTA

Maybe I was there, but I didn't see anythin'. All I know's that trash killed a man with his bare hands. Hands which are now prob'ly all over my baby!

JOHNNIE

Marietta, settle down now darlin'... I want what's best for her, too - like I said, I'll do what I can to bring her home.

CUT TO:

INT. CAPE FEAR HOTEL - DAY

Lula is standing in the bathroom of their room at the Hotel fooling with her hair in front of the mirror. Sailor can see her through the doorway from where he lays on the bed.

LULA

Sailor, you are somethin' else, honey... When I was fifteen, Mama told me that pretty soon I'd be startin' to think about sex, and I should talk to her before I did anything about it.

SAILOR

But honey, I thought you told me your Uncle Pooch raped you when you was thirteen.

LULA

That's true. Uncle Pooch wasn't really an uncle. He was a business partner of my daddy's? And my mama never knew nothin' about me and him - that's for damn sure. His real name was somethin' kind of European, like Pucinski. But everyone just called him Pooch. He came around the house sometimes when Daddy was away. I always figured he was sweet on mama, so when he cornered me one afternoon, I was surprised more'n a little.

SAILOR

How'd it happen, peanut? He just pull out the old toad and let it croak?

Lula brushes away her bangs and frowns. She takes a cigarette from the pack on the sink and lights it, then lets it dangle from her lips while she teases her hair.

LULA

You're terrible crude sometimes, Sailor, you know?

SAILOR

I can't hardly understand you when you talk with one of them Mores in your mouth.

Lula takes a long, slow drag on her More and sets it down on the edge of the sink.

LULA

I said you can be too crude sometimes? I don't think I care for it.

SAILOR

Sorry, sugar. Go on and tell me how old Pooch done the deed.

LULA

Well, mama was at the Busy Bee havin' her hair dyed? And I was alone in the house.

CUT TO:

INT. FORTUNE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

We see what she talks about.

LULA (V.O.)

Uncle Pooch came in the side door through the porch, you know? Where I was makin' a jelly and banana sandwich? I remember I had my hair in curlers cause I was goin' that night with Vicki and Cherry Ann, the DeSoto sisters. Uncle Pooch must have known nobody but me was home, cause he came right in and put both his hands on my butt and sorta shoved me up against the counter.

CUT TO:

INT. CAPE FEAR HOTEL - DAY

SAILOR

Didn't he say somethin'?

Lula shakes her head. She picks up her cigarette, takes a puff and throws it into the toilet.

EXTREME CLOSEUP of cigarette in toilet.

LULA

Not really. Least not so I recall now.

Lula flushes the toilet and watches the More come apart as it swirls down the hole.

EXTREME CLOSEUP of cigarette coming apart as it swirls.

SAILOR

So how'd he finally nail you? Right there in the kitchen?

LULA

No, he picked me up.

CUT TO:

INT. FORTUNE HOUSE - KITCHEN / MAID'S ROOM - DAY

We see what she talks about.

LULA (V.O.)

He was short but powerful. With hairy arms? Anyway, he carried me into the maid's dayroom which nobody used. We did it there on an old bed.

CUT TO:

INT. CAPE FEAR HOTEL - DAY

SAILOR

'We' did it? Whattaya mean? Didn't he force you?

LULA

Well, sure. But he was super-gentle, you know? I mean, he raped me and

all, but I guess there's all different kinds of rapes. I didn't exactly want him to do it but I suppose once it started, it didn't seem all that terrible. It was over pretty quick, and after Uncle Pooch just stood there and pulled up his trousers and left me there. I stayed in bed till I heard him drive off. Then I just went back into the kitchen and finished makin' my sandwich.

SAILOR

And you never told nobody about it?

LULA

Just you. Uncle Pooch never acted strange or different after. And he never did anything else to me. I always got a nice present from him at Christmas, like a coat or jewelry?

CUT TO:

TWO LANE HIGHWAY - DAY

LULA

One hundred twenty decibels - head on collision of a '54 Ford Pick-Up and a '64 Chevy Station Wagon. No survivors. Balls of flame and grinding metal.

CUT TO:

INT. CAPE FEAR HOTEL - DAY

LULA

Uncle Pooch died in a car crash three years later while he was holidayin' in Myrtle Beach. They still got way too much traffic there for my taste... And another thing, baby... That government of ours should be keepin' us separated from outer space...

SAILOR

Here she goes again...

LULA

Sailor, that ozone layer is disappearin'. Seems to me the government could do somethin' about it. One of these mornings the sun'll come up and burn a hole clean through the planet like an X-Ray.

Lula strikes a match and lights another cigarette.

SAILOR

(laughs)

That ain't never will happen, honey.
Least not in our lifetime.

Somewhere in the hotel a woman laughs. It is a kind of wild, crazy laugh, and for the few seconds it lasts, Lula's face goes pale.

SAILOR

You okay, honey?

LULA

That woman's laugh creeps me out. I heard somethin' like that... somewhere before... Sound'd like the wicked witch...

SAILOR

Just sounded like an old gal havin' a good time to me... You ready to dance?

LULA

I'm always ready to dance. But I need me a kiss first, honey. Just one?

Lula and Sailor kiss. In the middle of the kiss, the woman's creepy/crazy laugh is heard again in the distance and Lula's eyes snap open with a kind of fear.

CUT TO:

EXT. FORTUNE HOUSE - BACKYARD - LATE AFTERNOON / EVENING

Marietta is escorting MARCELLO SANTOS and two stiff drinks to a table in her backyard.

SANTOS

I knew you'd want it again...

MARIETTA

That's not why I called.

SANTOS

Oh yeah - sure... okay.

MARIETTA

Santos... It isn't.

SANTOS

Have it your way... But you want it.

MARIETTA

Lula's gone off with Sailor.

SANTOS

What do you want me to do about it?

MARIETTA

I want you to take care of Sailor,
so he won't ever be able to bother
my baby again.

SANTOS

Take care of him?

MARIETTA

Yes.

SANTOS

What does take care of him mean? Do
you want me to give him food or some
clothing?

MARIETTA

What's with you? You know what take care of him means. I don't call Santos except for one big reason.

SANTOS

Big is the key word, and I'm telling you I want it bad.

MARIETTA

I want you to get rid of Sailor.

SANTOS

Get rid of him?

MARIETTA

Yes... Get rid of him.

SANTOS

How would I do that? Send him on a trip - like maybe to Hawaii?

MARIETTA

Santos, why in hell do you insist on playin' this stupid game?

SANTOS

Just tell me what you want.

MARIETTA

I don't need to explain anymore'n I have... You know damn well.

SANTOS

You need to explain it.

MARIETTA

All right... I want you... to... kill... Sailor... As simple as that.

SANTOS

Simple? Kill him? How?

MARIETTA

That's your business... I don't care

how.

SANTOS

Like an accident where maybe Lula
might also get hurt?

MARIETTA

NO... For God's sakes, Santos!

SANTOS

Well, like kill him with the atomic
bomb?

MARIETTA

Santos...

SANTOS

Explain it... I told you.

MARIETTA

Shoot him.

SANTOS

Shoot him? Like with a gun?

MARIETTA

Yes.

SANTOS

Where? In the leg?

MARIETTA

No.

SANTOS

Where?

MARIETTA

In the head.

SANTOS

Shoot Sailor in the head with a gun...
Now I'm beginning to get it... You
want me to shoot Sailor in the head
with a gun.

MARIETTA

Yes.

SANTOS

But where in the head? Not the chin,
I hope.

MARIETTA

No... In the brains... What little
I'm sure he has.

SANTOS

You want me to shoot Sailor in the
brains with a gun.

MARIETTA

Yes.

SANTOS

Through the forehead?

MARIETTA

Yes.

SANTOS

Wrong! It's much better to blow a
hole in the back of the head... right
toward the bridge of the nose...
Lots and lots of irreparable damage.

MARIETTA

See! I knew you had it all under
control.

SANTOS

Why didn't you send Johnnie Farragut?

MARIETTA

Maybe I did... Try New Orleans
first... Lula can't ever stop talkin'
'bout that town.

SANTOS

On one condition...

He pauses and smiles strangely.

SANTOS

You give me your permission to kill
Johnnie Farragut.

MARIETTA

(whisper)

Santos... No... Please, Santos...

SANTOS

You're not tellin' me that you're
sweet on him?

MARIETTA

No... But...

SANTOS

One day he's gonna find out what
we're up to with Mr. Reindeer, and
he could cause us a lot of trouble.

They stare at each other for a moment.

SANTOS

I'm gonna take your silence as a
"yes" ...

MARIETTA

Santos... I can't...

SANTOS

Shhhh... It's all right... Also, I
either take you or that pretty
daughter of yours to bed.

MARIETTA

You fucker, don't you ever touch
Lula - You fucker, I'll kill you.

SANTOS

(laughing)

Put your shoulders back.

MARIETTA

What?

SANTOS

Put your shoulders back, I said.

Marietta puts her shoulders back and Santos comes and stands in front of her.

SANTOS

You got nice tits.

MARIETTA

Someone's gonna see us.

SANTOS

(smiling as he starts
to feel her breasts)

That's just another part of the price
to pay.

MARIETTA

Santos... You kill that Sailor,
otherwise he's gonna turn my baby
against me.

Santos lifts one hand up to Marietta's chin and raises her face up towards his.

SANTOS

Look at me... There's no turning
back on this... I'm gonna kill
Sailor... That's for sure.

CUT TO:

INT. "THE HURRICANE" - A SPEED METAL CLUB - NIGHT

We see the sign which has all the letters tipped way over to the right - as if in a hurricane. Two leaning palm trees border the sign.

One hundred decibels of speed metal. We see the name "Powermad" on the bass drum.

The BAND segues into "Slaughter House" and it's a hot one. Sailor grabs Lula and they start dancing like two jacked-up spastics in an electrical storm. A few PUNKS actually stop dancing to watch Sailor and Lula. They thought they'd seen everything.

CLOSEUP OF LULA AND SAILOR

They're in love and dancing hot.

An IDIOT PUNK moves close to Lula and rubs up against her as he dances by. Sailor turns to the lead guitar player and signals him to stop the music immediately. Suddenly everything is deathly quiet. Sailor gives the man a fully extended "Reno point"...

SAILOR

Are you going to provide me with an opportunity to prove my love to my girl? Or are you gonna save yourself some trouble and step up like a gentleman and apologize to her?

IDIOT PUNK

Don't fuck with me, man. You look like a clown in that stupid jacket.

SAILOR

This is a snakeskin jacket, and for me it's a symbol of my individuality and my belief in personal freedom.

IDIOT PUNK

...Asshole.

SAILOR

(as he moves toward
the Idiot Punk)
Come here.

LULA

Sailor, honey...

The Idiot Punk tries to hit Sailor, but Sailor slaps him so hard his knees almost bend backwards. The Idiot Punk goes

down - fighting back tears and holding his cheek.

SAILOR

(helping him up)

I'm sorry to do this to ya here in front of a crowd, but I want ya to stand up and make a nice apology to my girl.

IDIOT PUNK

(to Lula)

I'm sorry.

LULA

Hell, you just rubbed up against the wrong girl is all.

SAILOR

That's good... Now go get yourself a beer.

(turning to the band)

You fellas have alotta the same power Elvis had... Y'all know this one?

Sailor starts to sing an Elvis Presley song, "Love Me." As the band joins in with a perfect back-up - Sailor sings to Lula. The Speed Metal crowd is mesmerized.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAPE FEAR HOTEL - NIGHT

CLOSEUP of pink - the whole screen is filled with pink nylon. Panning down, we see Lula's breasts, which stand up and say "hello." Lula puts on her favorite pink shortie nightgown.

LULA

Why didn't ya sing "Love Me Tender"?
You told me that was your favorite love song.

Sailor turns around from his sprawled on the bed position watching The Dating Game show.

SAILOR

'Cause I'm only gonna sing that song
to my wife.

Lula makes a face. She lies down on the bed next to Sailor.

LULA

What you want to watch this trash
for? Ain't one of those people have
a real thought in their brain.

SAILOR

That so?
(keeping his gaze on
the TV)
You want to tell me what, if any,
real thoughts you had lately?

LULA

What you have to get personal about
so quick? All I mean is you could
possibly read a book.

Sailor grunts.

LULA

What's that honey?

SAILOR

We didn't have no TV up at Pee Dee,
baby, you know?

Lula slides her head up and kisses Sailor on the cheek.

LULA

I'm sorry, sweetie. I forget some
moments where all you been the last
two years.

SAILOR

Twenty-three months, eighteen days
is all. Don't need to make more'n it
was.

(referring to Dating
Game show)

This couple's goin' on a date to

Hawaii. The girl chose him over the other two guys.

LULA

Don't the reject guys get anythin'?

SAILOR

Gift certificates to Kentucky Fried Chicken.

LULA

That don't seem fair.

SAILOR

Hell, why should the Datin' Game be different from real life? At least them boys is gonna get somethin' to eat.

LATER - IN THE DARK

Sailor and Lula are in bed. Lula lays in Sailor's arms.

LULA

Sailor?

SAILOR

Yeah?

LULA

Wouldn't it be fabulous if we somehow stayed in love for the rest of our lives?

SAILOR

(laughing)

You think of the weirdest damn things to say sometimes, peanut. Ain't we been doin' a pretty fair job this far?

LULA

Oh, you know exactly what I mean, honey? It'd make the future so simple and nice.

SAILOR

At Pee Dee, all you think about is the future, you know? Gettin' out? And what you'll do and what you'll think about when you're on the outside again.

LULA

I just think about things as they come up. I never been much of a planner.

SAILOR

It ain't altogether terrible just to let things go along sometimes. Lula, I done a few things in my life I ain't too proud of, but I'll tell ya from now on I ain't gonna do nothin' for no good reason. All I know for sure is there's more'n a few bad ideas runnin' around loose out there.

EXTREME CLOSEUP of match girding along the strike pad and bursting into flame.

Lula lights her cigarette.

LULA

You know there's somethin' I ain't never told you about, Sailor, and this here's a story with the lesson that there's a right time and a wrong time for things to happen... When I was almost sixteen I got pregnant.

Sailor looks her in the eyes.

SAILOR

Musta been a lesson tellin' ya it was the wrong time... What did you do, your mama find out?

LULA

(nods)

She got me an abortion...

CUT TO:

INT. ABORTION CLINIC - MIAMI - DAY

EXTREME CLOSEUP of dying fetus with one hundred twenty decibels Lula's scream over. The fetus twitches in its little pod of blood.

EXTREME CLOSEUP of pulsing vein in Lula's neck - LOUD VIOLENT HEARTBEAT SOUND - LIKE A DOUBLE-PEDALED KICK BASS DRUM.

EXTREME CLOSEUP of Lula's forehead covered in sweat running down to her eyes - open wide and WILD.

EXTREME CLOSEUP of fetus into medical trash can.

EXTREME CLOSEUP of bloodied abortion instruments.

The DOCTOR leans across the abortion table.

LULA (V.O.)

...from some old doctor with the hairiest nostrils and ears I ever seen.

EXTREME CLOSEUP of doctor's nose and ears... HAIR!

LULA (V.O.)

Afterwards... Momma says...

We see Marietta standing next to the doctor.

LULA (V.O.)

...I hope you appreciate my spendin' six hundred dollars, not countin' what it cost us to get here and back... This man's the best damn abortionist in the South.

CUT TO:

INT. CAPE FEAR MOTEL - NIGHT

SAILOR

You tell the boy who knocked you up?

LULA

It was my cousin, Dell, done it? His folks used to visit with us summers.

SAILOR

What happened to him?

LULA

Oh, nothin'. I never let on to mama about Dell bein' the one. I just flat refused to tell her who the daddy was? I didn't tell Dell, neither. He was back home in Chattanooga by then, anyhow, and I didn't see the point. Somethin' terrible happened to him, though. Six months ago.

SAILOR

What's that, peanut?

LULA

Dell disappeared. Dell was learnin' a hard lesson. What I learned from observin' Dell is I think people who are frightened want to disappear. He'd startin' behavin' weird? Like comin' up to people every fifteen minutes and askin' how they were doin'?

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - CHATTANOOGA - DAY

DELL, wearing a soiled double-knit suit stops a LADY in the street, and smiling about the fact that earlier that morning he's placed a cockroach on his anus, he speaks to the woman.

DELL

How're ya doin'?

CUT TO:

INT. CAPE FEAR HOTEL - NIGHT

LULA

And just seemin' real spacey and
actin' funny.

SAILOR

Actin' funny how?

LULA

Well, like mama told me, Aunt Rootie,
Dell's mama? She found cockroaches
in Dell's underwear.

CUT TO:

INT. AUNT ROOTIE'S HOUSE

CLOSEUP of Aunt Rootie - unfolds a pair of dirty jockey shorts
and several cockroaches fall out.

CUT TO:

INT. CAPE FEAR HOTEL - NIGHT

LULA

One time, Aunt Rootie caught Dell
puttin' one big cockroach on his
anus?

SAILOR

Hell, peanut...

LULA

One time - real late - like about
two thirty a.m.? She found Dell up
in the black of night all dressed
and makin' sandwiches in the kitchen.

CUT TO:

AUNT ROOTIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

In the dark kitchen, AUNT ROOTIE finds Dell making sandwiches - slicing them on the diagonal.

AUNT ROOTIE
What're ya doin'?

DELL
Makin' my lunch!!!

LULA (V.O.)
Dell told her he was makin' his lunch
and goin' to work. He's a welder?
And she made him go back to bed.

We see Aunt Rootie cross the kitchen - take the knife away from Dell and lead him out of the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. CAPE FEAR HOTEL - NIGHT

LULA
Then he'd carry on about the weather?
Talk about how rainfall's controlled
by aliens livin' on earth. Also how
men wearin' black leather gloves...

CUT TO:

INT. AUNT ROOTIE'S HOUSE - DELL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Dell, crying uncontrollably, is in the center of the room squatting like an Indian in his jockey shorts. He has a long ruler stretched out in front of him which he's using to press down on the top of a lone black glove on the floor.

LULA (V.O.)
...are followin' him around.

SAILOR
Prob'ly the rain boys from Outer
Space.

CUT TO:

INT. CAPE FEAR HOTEL - NIGHT

LULA

It ain't so funny now, though.
December before Christmas? Dell
disappeared again and Aunt Rootie
hired a private eye to find him. He
was missin' for almost a month before
he wandered back in the house on
mornin' dressed in some filthy Santa
Claus suit.

EXT. AUNT ROOTIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Dell walking to house.

CUT TO:

INT. AUNT ROOTIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Dell enters the front door in a Santa Claus suit so filthy
you can hardly see the red through the black. He walks right
past Aunt Rootie and goes back into the kitchen. There he
immediately does a spread-eagle on the floor and violently
scratches his left ankle.

LULA (V.O.)

The private eye cost Aunt Rootie
over a thousand dollars? Then a little
while later Dell ran off a third
time to some place he said would
"give him peace of mind." Nobody's
seen him since.

CUT TO:

INT. CAPE FEAR HOTEL - NIGHT

SAILOR

Sound like ol' Dell's more'n just a
little confused, peanut... Too bad
he couldn't visit that ol' Wizard of
Oz and get some good advice.

LULA

Too bad we all can't, baby... One thing about Dell?

SAILOR
What's that?

LULA
When he was about seventeen, he startin' losin' his hair.

SAILOR
So?

LULA
He's twenty-four now? A year older than you? And must be 'bout bald.

SAILOR
There's worse things that can happen to a man, honey.

LULA
Yeah, I suppose. But you know somethin' baby, hair does make a difference.

Lula turns to study Sailor.

LULA
I sure am glad they didn't give you no prison haircut...
(sexual whisper)
Gives me somethin' to grab hold of while we're makin' love?

They kiss passionately.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAPE FEAR HOTEL - NIGHT

Sailor gets up from the bed and begins putting on his clothes.
Lula is painting her toenails red.

SAILOR

Let's go dancin', peanut. I'm ready.

LULA

We gotta be careful, honey, my mama's gonna have Johnnie Farragut on us like a duck on a june bug, and he's one clever detective? You know how clever? He once told me that he could find an honest man in Washington. My toenails gotta dry first anyways, Sailor.

SAILOR

One thing puzzles my mind, sugar... You're twenty years old - aren't you ever curious why your mama has this fixation on keepin' us apart? Puttin' a detective on us. I'll tell ya Lula... Well... It's more'n me killin' Bob Ray Lemon...

LULA

Maybe my mama cares for me just a little too much...

SAILOR

Yeah, maybe...

Sailor's eyes seem to be thinking back...

CUT TO:

INT. BAY ST. CLEMENT HOTEL - HALLWAY ABOVE BALLROOM - NIGHT

We see an empty carpeted hallway and can hear a ballroom dance band playing in the distance. Sailor obviously slightly drunk, comes down the hall. He carefully, almost losing his balance, places his drink outside the MEN'S ROOM and enters. Marietta standing down at the other end of the hall - also drunk - smiles and stares at the MEN'S ROOM door through her glazed eyes. Sailor enters the MEN'S ROOM.

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S ROOM - BAY ST. CLEMENT HOTEL - NIGHT

Sailor steps up to a urinal and starts doing his business. Marietta suddenly appears - drunk and laughing. She grabs him and pulls him into a stall - closing and locking the door behind them.

MARIETTA

Hey, Sailor boy, you wanna fuck Lula's mama?...

SAILOR

No.

MARIETTA

Well, she wants to fuck you.

She starts trying to French kiss Sailor when an OLD MAN comes in to urinate and Sailor and Marietta freeze - in a kiss. Sailor is going crazy in one way (wishing this wasn't happening.) Marietta is going crazy in another. The man finishes and as he leaves...

OLD MAN

(covering his eyes
from seeing them)

Lousy fuckin' homosexuals...

SAILOR

(instantly pulling
away from Marietta)

What are you, sick? I'm with Lula.

MARIETTA

No... I just wanted to kiss you good-bye... You know too much 'bout little Lula's mom...

SAILOR

Whattya mean?

MARIETTA

Well, Johnnie told me you used to drive for Clyde and Santos...

SAILOR

So?

MARIETTA

So maybe one night you got a little too close to the fire... And you're gonna get burned, baby... And besides that, you're shit... D'you think I'd let my little girl go with shit like you?... Why, you belong right here in one of these toilets.

SAILOR

You're gonna have to kill me to keep me away from Lula.

MARIETTA

Oh, don't worry 'bout that...

CUT TO:

INT. CAPE FEAR HOTEL - NIGHT

SAILOR

It's a prob'lm I don't think's gonna go away too soon though... Peanut, I'm thinkin' of breakin' parole and takin' you out to sunny California.

LULA

Sailor!

SAILOR

You up for that?

LULA

I'd got to the far end of the world for you, baby... You know I would.

SAILOR

Those toenails dry yet? We got some dancin' to do.

We drift down Lula's long white legs to her blood red toenails.

CUT TO:

INT. "THE HURRICANE BAR" - NIGHT

CLOSEUP of Lula's dancing feet in black spiked-heel sandals exposing blurred blood red toenails. Lula and Sailor are at it again - dancing as if plugged in to the main power plant.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BAR - BACK OF "THE HURRICANE" - NIGHT

Drenched in sweat, Sailor and Lula sit at a corner table chug-a-lugging "Rolling Rock" during the band's break. Lula notices a GIRL in the corner eye-balling Sailor. She splits her attention between the Girl and Sailor.

LULA

...That's an awful long way to go,
just to get some pussy.

SAILOR

Yeah, I had my first taste on that
trip to Juarez. At that age you still
got a lot of energy.

LULA

You still got plenty energy for me,
baby.

Lula has had enough of the girl staring at Sailor.

LULA

Take a picture, bitch... It'll last
longer.

GIRL

Oh yeah?

LULA

I'll slap those eyes right outta
your head.

The girl gets up in a huff and leaves.

LULA

Sorry, baby... When's the first time you done it with a girl who wasn't hookin'?

SAILOR

Maybe two, three months after Juarez. I was visitin' my cousin, Junior Train, in Savannah, and we were at some kid's house whose parents were out of town. A girl comes up to me that was real tall, taller than me.

CUT TO:

INT. JUNIOR TRAIN'S FRIEND'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAVANNAH

We see what he talks about.

SAILOR (V.O.)

She looked right at me and run her tongue over her lips and put her hand on my arm - told me her name was Irma.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - BACK OF "THE HURRICANE" - NIGHT

LULA

What'd you say to her?

SAILOR

Told her my name. Then she said somethin' like, 'It's so noisy down here. Why don't we go upstairs so we can hear ourselves?' She turned around and led the way. I knew I had an important lesson to learn that day.

CUT TO:

INT. JUNIOR TRAIN'S FRIEND'S HOUSE - STAIRWAY - NIGHT

We see what he talks about.

SAILOR (V.O.)

When she got almost to the top step
I stuck my hand between her legs
from behind.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - BACK OF "THE HURRICANE" - NIGHT

LULA

Oh, baby. What a bad boy you are!

SAILOR

(laughing)

That's just what she said. I had a boner with a capital "O." I went to kiss her but she broke off laughin' and ran down the hallway. I found her lyin' on a bed in a room filled with assault weapons and Penthouse magazines. She was a wild chick. She was wearin' bright orange pants with kind of Spanish lookin' lacy black stripes down the sides. You know, them kind that doesn't go all the way down your leg?

LULA

You mean like pedal pushers?

SAILOR

I guess.

CUT TO:

INT. JUNIOR TRAIN'S FRIEND'S HOUSE - BEDROOM NIGHT

We see what he talks about.

SAILOR (V.O.)

She just rolled over onto her stomach
and stuck her ass up in the air. I
slid my hand between her legs and

she closed her thighs on it.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - BACK OF "THE HURRICANE" - NIGHT

LULA

You're excitin' me, honey. What'd she do?

SAILOR

Her face was half-pushed into the pillow, and she looked back over her shoulder at me and said, 'I won't suck you. Don't ask me to suck you.'

LULA

Poor baby. She don't know what she missed. What color hair she have?

SAILOR

Sorta brown, blonde, I guess. But dig this, sweetie. Then she turns over, peels off them orange pants, and spreads her legs real wide and says to me...

CUT TO:

INT. JUNIOR TRAIN'S FRIEND'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

IRMA

(her smiling face)

Take a bite of peach.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - BACK OF "THE HURRICANE" - NIGHT

LULA

(howls)

Jesus, honey! You more'n sorta got what you come for... You better run me back to the hotel, baby... You got me hotter'n Georgia asphalt.

SAILOR

Say no more... But go easy on me,
sweetheart... Tomorrow we got alotta
drivin' to do.

(he takes out a
cigarette and laughs)

Hotter'n Georgia asphalt?

EXTREME CLOSEUP of match striking and bursting into flames.

WHITE OUT:

OUT TO:

INT. THUNDERBIRD CONVERTIBLE - DAY

Sailor is at the wheel of the dark blue '67 Thunderbird
convertible. They are flying down a two-lane Southern highway.

LULA

I'll drop mama a postcard from
somewhere. I mean, I don't want her
to worry no more'n necessary.

SAILOR

What do you mean by necessary? She's
prob'ly already called the cops, my
parole officer, her p.i. boyfriend
Johnnie Farragut.

LULA

I suppose so. She knew I was bound
to see you soon as you was sprung,
but I don't figure she counted on us
takin' off together like this... I
guess this means you're breakin'
parole, then?

SAILOR

You guess? My parole was broke two
hundred miles back when we burnt
Portagee County.

LULA

What'll it be like in California,
Sailor, do you think? I hear it don't
rain much there.

SAILOR

You got about six more big states to
go before we find out.

LULA

We got through two states already.

Lula lights up a cigarette.

SAILOR

That don't smell like a More.

LULA

It ain't. It's part of the lessons
of life. I picked me up a pack of
Vantages before we left the Cape?

SAILOR

They sure do stink.

LULA

Yeah, I guess, but - and here's the
lesson part - they ain't supposed to
be so bad for you.

SAILOR

You ain't gonna begin worryin' about
what's bad for you at this hour, are
you, sugar? I mean, here you are
crossin' state lines with a A-Number
One certified murderer.

LULA

Manslaughterer, honey, not murderer.
Don't exaggerate.

SAILOR

Okay, manslaughterer who's broke his
parole and got in mind nothin' but
immoral purposes far's you're
concerned.

LULA

Thank the Lord. Well, you ain't let me down yet, Sailor. That's more'n I can say for the rest of the world?

Sailor laughs and shoots the T-Bird up to seventy.

SAILOR

You please me, too, peanut.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHNNIE FARRAGUT'S '69 MAROON BUICK - DAY

Johnnie Farragut drives down a Southern highway on his mission.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THUNDERBIRD - DAY

SAILOR

Life is a bitch and then you marry one.

LULA

What kinda trash talk is that?

SAILOR

(laughs)

What it says on the bumper sticker up front. On that pickup.

LULA

That's disgustin'. Those kinda sentiments shouldn't be allowed out in public. Is this Biloxi yet?

SAILOR

Almost. I figure we should find us a place to stay and then go eat.

LULA

Got anyplace special in mind?

SAILOR

We oughta stay somewhere outta the way. Not in no Holidays or Ramadas or Motel Six. If Johnnie Farragut's on our trail he'll check those first.

EXT. THUNDERBIRD / EXT. THE HOST OF THE OLD SOUTH HOTEL - DAY

They pass the Biloxi City Limit sign.

LULA

How about that one? The Host of the Old South Hotel.

SAILOR

Looks more like the Ghost of the Old South, but we'll try her.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HOST OF THE OLD SOUTH HOTEL - EVENING

The room is large but cheap. Lula strips off the dishwater grey bedspread and tosses it over by the bureau. Sailor looks out the broken window.

LULA

I H-A-T-E hotel bedspreads. They don't hardly never get washed, and I don't like the idea of lyin' on other people's dirt.

SAILOR

Come look at this.

LULA

(going to the window)
What's that, honey?

SAILOR

(thinking about death)
There ain't no water in the swimmin' pool. Just a dead tree fell in,

prob'ly from bein' struck by
lightrin'.

LULA

(thinking about
granddad)

It's huge. This musta been a grand
old place at one time.

SAILOR

Let's get fed, sweetheart. The light's
fadin' fast.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROADSIDE PAYPHONE - NIGHT

Marcello Santos is making a phone call.

SANTOS

Hello there, Mr. Reindeer... Marcello
Santos speaking.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. REINDEER'S POSH NEW ORLEANS RESIDENCE - NIGHT

An old man, MR. REINDEER, wearing a tuxedo is sitting on the
toilet - his pants down - talking on the bathroom phone. He
laughs a long deep smoker's laugh.

MR. REINDEER

(laughing)

Mr. Marcello Santos... Hey there...
That was great shit you sent in last
month...

CUT TO:

EXT. ROADSIDE PAYPHONE - NIGHT

SANTOS

I gotta problem... In fact, I gotta
coupl'a problems...

CUT TO:

INT. MR. REINDEER'S POSH NEW ORLEANS RESIDENCE - NIGHT

MR. REINDEER

(laughs again)

Gotta coupl'a problems, huh?... For each problem drop a silver dollar through my mail slot... With all particulars... We'll work out "il conto" later...

CUT TO:

INT. JOHNNIE FARRAGUT'S MAROON '69 BUICK - NIGHT

Johnnie Farragut steers the Buick down the dark highway past a sign which reads, "NEW ORLEANS - 26 MILES".

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Sailor and Lula are walking along the beach. Lula takes off her shoes.

LULA

(sing-song spells)

M-i-ss-i-ss-i-pp-i... You can almost hear that jazz blowin' up from the big N.O.

SAILOR

Lula... I learned somethin' interestin' today on a science show I heard on the radio... How leeches is comin' back into style.

LULA

Say what? Honestly, sugar, you can talk more shit sometimes?

She takes out a cigarette the length and width of a Dixon Ticonderoga No. 2 pencil and lights it.

SAILOR

Got you a pack of Mores again, huh?

LULA

Yeah, it's a real problem for me, Sailor, you know? When I went in that drugstore by the restaurant in Biloxi? I saw 'em by the register and the girl throw 'em in. I'm not big on resistin'. So what about a leech?

SAILOR

Heard on the radio how doctors is usin' leeches again, just in old times. You know, when even barbers used 'em?

LULA

(shuddering)

I got one on me at Lake Lanier. Lifeguard poured salt on it and it dropped off. Felt awful. He was a cute boy, though, so it was almost worth it.

Sailor laughs.

SAILOR

Yeah, well listen to this... Radio said back in the 1920s a Italian doctor figured out that if, say, a fella got his nose cut off or bit off in, say, a barfight or somethin', they'd sew one of his forearms to his nose for a few weeks... Then put leeches on it.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP OF MAN WITH FOREARM SEWED TO NOSE

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

LULA

Sailor? You expect me to believe a man'd be goin' around with a arm sewed to his nose?

SAILOR

(nodding)

How they used to do it. Course they got more sophisticated ways now. Radio said the Chinese, I think it is, figured a better idea is by insertin' a balloon in the forehead and lettin' it hang down on the nose.

Lula shrieks.

LULA

Sailor Ripley! You stop! You're makin' this shit up and I ain't gonna sit for it!

SAILOR

Honest, Lula. I prob'ly ain't precisely got all the facts straight, but it's about what they said.

LULA

Honey, we're goin' to bed now and it's time to change the subject.

She's so cute Sailor just has to kiss her.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THUNDERBIRD - SOUTHERN HIGHWAY - DAY

Sailor and Lula pass a sign that reads "NEW ORLEANS - 26 MILES". Sailor pulls off the road into a Gulf gas station mini-mart and stops the car next to a self-serve pump. A sign on the top of it says "PLEASE PAY INSIDE BEFORE FUELING".

SAILOR

We're about dry bones, sweetheart. We don't wanna have to push this

"bird" into New Orleans.

LULA

We sure don't, honey...
(shouting to Sailor
as he goes into the
store)
Get me a Mounds?

INT. MINIMART - DAY

A tall OLD BLACK MAN about seventy years old, wearing a torn green Tulane tee-shirt and a dirty orange Saints baseball cap, is filing items on the counter by the cash register. In the pile are four ready-made, plastic-wrapped sandwiches, two tuna salad and two cotto salami; six Twinkies; a package of Chips Ahoy chocolate chip cookies; four Slice colas; two Barq's root beers; and a large package of fried pork rinds, extra salted.

BLACK MAN

(to Sailor and another
guy also waiting to
pay for gas)
Sorry, gentlemen. I'm 'most finished
on my shoppin' here.

ERV

This be it?

BLACK MAN

Y'all take American Express?

ERV

Yessir.

BLACK MAN

Then lemme throw in a couple more
things.

Sailor and the man in line behind him watch as the black man gathers up several more packages of Twinkies along with a few cupcakes and half a dozen cans of Pretty Kitty cat food, three liver and three chicken dinner portions, and tosses them on his pile.

BLACK MAN

(to Sailor, smiling -
showing no visible
upper teeth)

Pussycats gotta eat, too.

He hands an American Express card to the clerk, ERV, who runs it through the verifier. The card checks out okay and the old guy prepares a charge slip, has the man sign it, and bags the purchases.

BLACK MAN

(to Erv)

I'd just soon have a paper bag rather than a plastic one, if it's same to you.

ERV

(shoving the plastic
bag he filled towards
the black man)

We don't have no paper bags.

A telephone begins to ring and everyone looks around. The Black Man reaches in his jacket pocket and pulls out a portable phone and punches "send."

BLACK MAN

(into phone)

Hello... Yeah, mama, I'm on my way...

(to Sailor and other
guy as he picks up
his bag and heads
out)

Thanks for waitin', gentlemen.

Everyone is silent as they watch the old Black Man hobble out.

SAILOR

(to Erv)

All I want's ten bucks regular. Oh yeah, and a Mounds bar.

Erv takes one off the candy and gum rack next to the register and lays it on the counter. Sailor gives him a twenty dollar bill.

SAILOR

I ain't got my American Express card with me, so I gotta use cash. Hope that's okay.

Sailor smiles, but the clerk keeps a poker face and just gives him his change. The guy in line behind Sailor shakes his head and grins.

EXT. MINI-MART / THUNDERBIRD - DAY

Sailor goes back to the car.

LULA

That took long enough. You forget my Mounds?

Sailor tosses her the candy bar.

SAILOR

I really do think the country done changed just a little while I was away, peanut.

Lula sinks her small white teeth into the chocolate-covered coconut.

LULA

(as she chews)

You got to keep an eye on it. That's sure.

Sailor starts pumping gas.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. REINDEER'S POSH NEW ORLEANS RESIDENCE - DAY

CLOSEUP of mail slot. Two silver dollars comes through it and one falls head up and the other tails on the rug below.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. REINDEER'S POSH NEW ORLEANS RESIDENCE - DAY

Mr. Reindeer is just finishing dialing a number on the telephone.

MR. REINDEER

A coupl'a silver dollars came my way
today... I'm sending one of them to
you with a paper on the beneficiary...
As usual, you are completely free to
fulfill the obligation in any manner
you so desire.

He hangs up the phone and starts dialing another number.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE ROUND ROOM RESTAURANT - NEW ORLEANS - DAY

At a table near the window, Johnnie takes a man-sized pull off his Dixie beer in between bites of an oyster sandwich. A large, chocolate-colored man in his early thirties, REGINALD SAN PEDRO SULA, and a smaller white man, DROP SHADOW approach with their trays of food.

REGGIE

Do you mind if we share this table?
The others, they are occupied.

Johnnie looks around - sees that there are quite a few empty tables - he looks the men over quickly.

JOHNNIE

(cautiously)
Alright... By all means. Make
yourselves at home.

DROP SHADOW

(as he sits down)
Muchas gracias.

REGGIE

My name is Reginald San Pedro Sula.

But please do call me Reggie. This is my friend, who we call Drop Shadow. He is always with me.

Johnnie wipes off his right hand on his napkin and shakes.

JOHNNIE

Johnnie Farragut. Pleased to meet ya.

Reggie and Drop Shadow begin eating ferociously, finishing half of their meal before saying anything more.

REGGIE

You are from New Orleans, Senor Farragut?

JOHNNIE

Johnnie, please. Nope. Charlotte, North Carolina. Here on business.

Reggie smiles broadly, revealing numerous tall, gold teeth.

DROP SHADOW

Mr. San Pedro Sula is from Honduras.

REGGIE

Do you know Honduras, Johnny?

JOHNNIE

Only that it's supposed to be a pretty poor sight since the hurricane came through last year.

REGGIE

Yes, that's so. But there is not much to destroy.

DROP SHADOW

No big buildings like in New Orleans.

JOHNNIE

Whattaya do there?

REGGIE

(laughs)
Oh, many things...

DROP SHADOW
Mr. San Pedro Sula's got an appliance shop.

REGGIE
But I am also with the government.

Johnnie takes a bite of his oyster sandwich.

JOHNNIE
In what capacity?

REGGIE
In many capacities.

DROP SHADOW
Mr. San Pedro Sula is with the Secret Service.

Reggie reaches into his back pocket and takes out his wallet. He hands a card to Johnnie.

JOHNNIE
(reading aloud)
General Osvaldo Tamarindo y Ramirez.
Telefono 666.

REGGIE
He is my sponsor. The General is the head of the secret police of Honduras.

DROP SHADOW
Mr. San Pedro Sula is one of his operatives.

Johnnie hands the card back to Reggie and Reggie gives him a small piece of paper, folded once. Johnnie unfolds it. The printing is in Spanish.

REGGIE
That is my permiso.

DROP SHADOW

Mr. San Pedro Sula's permit to kill.

REGGIE

Only if necessary, of course, and
only in my own country.

(laughs)

JOHNNIE

Of course.

Johnnie refolds the piece of paper and hands it over to
Reggie.

DROP SHADOW

Mr. San Pedro Sula's authorized to
carry a .45.

REGGIE

United States Marine issue, before
they made the unfortunate switch to
the less dependable nine millimeters.

I have it here, in my briefcase.

Reggie holds up his stainless steel briefcase and then
replaces it on the floor beneath his chair.

JOHNNIE

Why are you in New Orleans? If you
don't mind my askin'.

REGGIE

Certainly not. We are here only
briefly, in fact, until this evening,
when we fly to Austin, Texas to visit
a friend of mine who is an agent for
the CIA.

DROP SHADOW

He wants to take Mr. San Pedro Sula
and me bass fishing.

REGGIE

We are in the same businesses and
also we are fishermen.

Johnnie swallows the last of his beer and stands up to leave.

JOHNNIE

(extending his hand)

It's been a real pleasure. I wish you both buena suerte wherever you go.

Reggie and Drop Shadow stand up. They shake Johnnie's hand.

REGGIE

The same to you. If you are in Honduras, come to the Bay Islands and visit us. The Hondurans are great friends of the American people. But I have a joke for you before I go. If a liberal, a socialist, and a communist all jumped off the roof of the Empire State Building at the same time, which one of them would hit the ground first?

JOHNNIE

I couldn't say, which one?

Reggie turns to Drop Shadow and lets him have the punch line.

DROP SHADOW

(grinning)

Who cares?

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BRAZIL - NEW ORLEANS - EVENING

Sailor and Lula are just finishing making love in their room. As Lula climaxes, her left hand opens and spreads wide. The lay quietly for a moment.

LULA

I love it when your eyes get wild, honey. They light up all blue almost and little white parachutes pop out of 'em. Oh, Sailor you're so aware

of what goes on with me? I mean, you pay attention. And I swear, you got the sweetest cock. Sometimes it's like it's talkin' to me when you're inside? Like it's got a voice all it's own. You get right on me.

SAILOR

You really are dangerously cute, honey. I gotta admit it.

Lula lights a cigarette.

SAILOR

Let's head out into the crazy world of New Orleans... I gotta get somethin' to eat.

CUT TO:

INT. RONNIE'S NOTHIN' FANCY CAFE - NEW ORLEANS - LATE EVENING

Sailor and Lula sit at the counter drinking double-sized cups of community coffee. A MAN on the stool next to Sailor lights up a rum-soaked crook.

GEORGE

My name's George Kovich. Bet you've heard of me.

SAILOR

Don't know that I have... Should I know about you for anythin' in particular?

GEORGE

Was in all the papers three years ago. I'm seventy-six, was only seventy-three then. Had a business in Buffalo, New York, called Rats With Wings. Killed pigeons for anyone who wanted 'em killed.

LULA

Why were you killin' pigeons, Mr. Kovich? Were you in the extermination business?

GEORGE

No, ma'am. I was a housepainter, in the union forty-one years. I'm retired now, livin' with my sister, Ida. Ida moved down here twenty-five years ago, married an oil man named Smoltz, Ed Smoltz. He's dead now, so it's just me and Ida. I sold my house and moved down after the city of Buffalo put me out of business. Hell, RWW was doin' them a service, and they charged me with endangerin' the public.

LULA

What's wrong with pigeons, Mr. Kovich?

GEORGE

They're useless pests. I've shot hundreds of 'em...

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET -
ROOFTOP IN GEORGE KOVICH'S NEIGHBORHOOD -
DAY

George is shooting pigeons as fast as he can.

GEORGE (V.O.)

...My neighbors hired me to get rid of the pigeons that gathered on their roofs and porches...

CUT TO:

INT. RONNIE'S NOTHIN' FANCY CAFE - NEW ORLEANS - LATE
EVENING

GEORGE

...Neighbors asked me how come the

spotted bastards didn't light on my house or my brother Earl's anymore, and I told 'em the truth. I shot 'em... Earl's gone now...

CUT TO:

INT. EARL KOVICH'S HOUSE - DAY

Earl pitches forward out of his easy chair and hits the carpet hard - screaming in pain.

GEORGE (V.O.)

...Heart attack six months ago - had that cholesterol thick as shit... His widow, Mildred, she still lives in the house next to mine.

CUT TO:

INT. RONNIE'S NOTHIN' FANCY CAFE - NEW ORLEANS - LATE EVENING

GEORGE

She's stone deaf but the racket the pigeons made drove Earl crazy. He could hear 'em even with the TV on. He owned a bar thirty years, The Boilermaker, on Wyoming Street. Earl's roof was a favorite spot for pigeons. They lit there day and night. I wanted to toss a grenade up there.

SAILOR

If your neighbors didn't mind, how'd you get put out of business?

GEORGE

Woman drivin' down the street spotted me with on a roof with my rifle. She called the police and they came over and arrested me. Thought I was a sniper! Boys at the VFW loved that one. Cops didn't understand about the pigeons, the damage they do to

personal property. I used to complain to the city but they never lifted a finger. I was gonna put out poison, but I was afraid somebody's cat would eat it. Hell, I had six cats myself. So I used the .22 because it didn't make much noise and the ammo was cheap.

SAILOR

What happened on the charges?

GEORGE

Guilty on a reduced charge. Hundred dollar fine and ordered to desist. Pigeons carry diseases and muss up the place. You seen it. Plain filth.

Kovich stands up and puts some money on the counter.

GEORGE

It's a serious situation. Not like the Turks and the Armenians, maybe, or the Arabs and the Jews, but I want people to remember me and what I've done and pick up where I left off. Somebody had to make a move. It was nice meetin' you folks.

George Kovich nods and leaves.

SAILOR

What lesson do get outta that story, Lula?

LULA

It's just another case, Sailor.

SAILOR

What's that, peanut?

LULA

One person thinks he's doin' somethin' good and ever'body else gets upset about it.

Sailor looks up at Lula.

SAILOR
Ain't it the way...

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BRAZIL - NEW ORLEANS - NIGHT

It's very quiet in the hotel room and the clock says four a.m. Lula and Sailor are lying in bed arm in arm.

Sailor is fast asleep - snoring. Lula is wide awake.

LULA
Sailor?... Sailor, honey?

Sailor snaps awake with a snort.

SAILOR
Huh?

LULA
Ever imagine what it'd be like to
get eaten alive by a wild beast?
Sometimes I think it would be the
biggest thrill?

SAILOR
My God,
(looks around)
it better be, darlin', cause it'd be
the last... What time is it?

LULA
Shhhhh... It's four o'clock... That
woman's laugh the other day had
somethin' to do with this feelin'?...
Like bein' ripped apart by a gorilla,
maybe... Grabbed sudden and pulled
apart real quick by a real powerful
one.

Lula's left hand opens and spreads wide.

SAILOR

Lula, sometimes I gotta admit, you
come up with some weird thoughts...

LULA

Anythin' interestin' in the world
come out of somebody's weird thoughts,
Sailor. You tell me Sailor, who could
come up with shit like we're seein'
these days?

SAILOR

You got me, peanut.

LULA

(smiles - turns to
him)

You certain?

SAILOR

I ain't never met anyone come close
to you, sugar.

LULA

Recall the time we was sittin' one
night behind the Confederate soldier?
Leanin' against it. And you took
your hand and put it on your heart
and you said, 'You feel it beatin'
in there, Lula?... Get used to it,
'cause it belongs to you now.' D'you
recall that?

SAILOR

I do.

LULA

I was hopin' you would. I know that
night by heart. Sometimes, honey? I
think it's the best night of my life.

CUT TO:

BEHIND THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER

Tight Two-Shot Lula and Sailor with their arms around each other - cheek to cheek - talking softly.

A strange presence begins to build and a piece of sad nostalgic music plays.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BRAZIL - NEW ORLEANS - NIGHT

LULA

(lost in the memory)

I really do think it's the best night
of my life.

SAILOR

We didn't do nothin' special I can
remember. Just talked, is all.

LULA

Talkin's good. Long as you got the
other? I'm a big believer in talkin',
case you ain't noticed.

SAILOR

Too bad they don't give an award for
talkin'... You'd win first prize.
Especially with those tits.

LULA

You think so, baby? Does my talkin'
bother you, honey?

SAILOR

No, I like gettin' up around four
a.m. and talkin' bout wild animals...
Though you woke me up this time in
the middle of a dream. I kinda wish
I didn't remember it. Up at Pee Dee,
I couldn't remember any of my dreams.

LULA

What was this one?

SAILOR

It wasn't no fun, Lula. The wind was blowin' super-hard and I wasn't dressed warm. Only instead of freezin', I was sweatin' strong.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP OF EYES

Black sweat is rolling down the forehead and over the eyes.

SAILOR (V.O.)

The water was rollin' off me. And I was dirty, too, like I hadn't had no bath in a long time, so the sweat was black almost.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BRAZIL - NEW ORLEANS - NIGHT

LULA

Boy, sweetie, this is weird, okay.

SAILOR

I know. I kept walkin', I headed for your house, only it wasn't your house, really. You let me in only you weren't real pleased to see me. You kept askin', 'Why'd you come to see me now? Why now?' Like it'd been a long time since we'd seen each other.

LULA

Oh, baby, what an idea. I'd always be happy to see you, no matter what.

SAILOR

I know, peanut. But it wasn't all like you were so unhappy I was there, just you were upset. My bein' there was upsettin' to you. You had some kids there, little kids, and I guess you'd got married and your husband

was comin' home any minute.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP OF EYES

Black sweat is rolling down the forehead and over the eyes.

SAILOR (V.O.)

I tell you, Lula. I was shakin' wet.
All this black sweat was pourin' off
me, and I knew I was scarin' you, so
I took off.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BRAZIL - NEW ORLEANS - NIGHT

Lula puts her arms around him.

LULA

Sometimes dreams just don't mean
nothin'... Stuff comes into your
mind and you don't have no control
over, you know? Anyways, dreams ain't
no odder than real life. Sometimes
not by half.

SAILOR

Well, I ain't upset about it, darlin'.
Just give me an odd feelin' there a
minute, is all.

Lula lifts her head and kisses Sailor under his left ear.
She rolls over on top of Sailor.

LULA

Take a bite of Lula.

CUT TO:

INT. SNUG HARBOR BAR - NEW ORLEANS - NIGHT

Johnnie Farragut sits down on a stool at the bar. CHET, the
bartender, approaches.

CHET

Hey!!!... Johnnie Farragut. How are you, my man.

JOHNNIE

Real good, Chet... It's been awhile.

CHET

Everythin's relative. Where's that Marietta Pace Fortune? You two didn't split up, I hope.

JOHNNIE

No... She's fine. Back home.

CHET

What'll it be? The regular? Black Label?

JOHNNIE

Set one up.

Chet brings him a double.

CHET

So who you out sleuthin' for now? ...
Can I help ya?

JOHNNIE

Actually, I'm lookin' for Marietta's daughter, Lula. Her and 'er beau took off the other day. Marietta's real upset about it.

CHET

Hell, that rings a bell. Someone told me somebody lookin' like her was at the Nothin' Fancy yesterday.

JOHNNIE

Sounds right... I'll check it out.

CHET

(checking for a gold

ring on Johnnie's
hand)
You hitched yet?

JOHNNIE

No sir...

CHET

It's none of my business, but when
are you and Marietta gonna tie the
knot? I always wondered why you never
did.

JOHNNIE

Not for lack of love, I can tell ya
that.

CHET

That's what I mean... Always looked
like you was just knocked out in
love... Was real nice to see.

JOHNNIE

I'll tell ya though, it's comin' up
to the time when Marietta and me
might just set up house together and
settle down... I think that time's
comin' up right soon. But like you
said, everythin's relative.

FADE OUT:

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL BRAZIL - NEW ORLEANS - DAY

Lula waits just by the lobby door of the hotel. In the back
of the lobby in the shadows is an ancient, old BLACK MAN who
stares at her. Sailor pulls the T-Bird up in front of the
hotel and Lula hurries out to him and tosses their suitcase
in the backseat.

LULA

Let's get outta here... I suddenly
got a funny feelin' about this place.

Feelin' all that voodoo...

SAILOR
(winks at her)
Gotta hex from a voodoo?

LULA
(smiles)
Who do?

SAILOR
You do.

They laugh and take off around the corner and up past the Cafe Du Monde.

LULA
Oh my God... It's Johnnie... Duck
down!... Get goin'!

SAILOR
(looking around
frantically)
Where?

LULA
Never mind where... Get outta here...
I mean it, Sailor.

SAILOR
I'm goin'.

Sailor pulls the car up fast and hangs a right turn.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFE DU MONDE - DAY

Johnnie smiles as he watches Sailor and Lula turn the corner.

JOHNNIE
(to himself)
Ain't love wonderful?...

WAITRESS

What's that?

JOHNNIE

I said, ain't love wonderful?

Johnnie raises his cup of coffee to Sailor and Lula - who have long since disappeared.

JOHNNIE

Good luck to you kids.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - NEW ORLEANS - DAY

Sailor and Lula drive.

LULA

You think he saw us?

SAILOR

Who knows, baby?

LULA

He was sittin' there havin' a beignet at the Cafe Du Monde. Do you think he saw us?

SAILOR

Lula, darlin'... Makes no difference anyway... We're outta here.

We watch the car disappear up the street. Slowly the camera pans and Reggie and Drop Shadow come walking happily along the sidewalk - whistling.

CUT TO:

INT. THUNDERBIRD

Lula and Sailor are motoring along.

SAILOR

Sweetheart, keep your panties up. We're in Jimmy Swaggart country.

Sailor and Lula both laugh. Up ahead, Sailor spots a hitchhiker. He slows to pick him up.

LULA

Sure you wanna do this? Might be a way they could track us.

SAILOR

He's just a regular guy't needs help, honey. Look at him.

The HITCHHIKER is a man about thirty with a pack on his back, and he is carrying a large, covered cardboard box. He is filthy, with an uneven smile that exposes his jagged yellow teeth. Lula opens the door for him, and after he loads his stuff, Sailor takes off down the highway.

ROACH

Thanks a lot. I been standin' out there off and on for two hours, ha-ha! Since noon about, ha-ha! Cops catch ya hitchin' on a Interstate around here they throw ya on a county road crew for a week, less you can pay the ticket, ha-ha! Which I ain't got, ha-ha!

SAILOR

My name's Sailor, and this here's Lula. What's yours?

ROACH

Marvin DeLoach. But ever'body calls me Roach, ha-ha! Roach DeLoach, ha-ha!

LULA

You always make that strange little funny laugh when you talk?

ROACH

Ain't laughin', ha-ha!

SAILOR

What you got in the box?

ROACH

My dogs, ha-ha!

Roach slides the top off and tilts the box slightly toward the front. Inside are six small husky pups that are not more than two weeks old.

ROACH

I'm headed to Alaska, ha-ha! These dogs is gonna be my sled team, ha-ha!

LULA

(to Sailor)

This guy's crazy.

SAILOR

Where you from, Roach?

ROACH

If you mean where I was born, it was Belzoni, Missi'ppi, ha-ha! But I been brought up in Baton Rouge.

LULA

Why you goin' to Alaska? And where'd you get them puppies? They look sick.

Roach stares down into the box at the baby huskies and strokes each of them twice with a religiously unwashed hand. The dogs whimper and lick his dirty fingers.

ROACH

I saw this movie on TV, ha-ha! The Call of the Wild. I ain't never seen snow, ha-ha! I got these dogs at the pound. Nobody wanted 'em, ha-ha! Ever'body here got theirselves pit bulls or some kinda hounds. I'm gonna feed these boys good so they'll be big and powerful and they can pull me real fast through the snow, ha-ha!

Roach pulls a piece of raw cow's liver out of one of his pockets of his field jacket and begins ripping little bits off it and feeding them to the dogs.

LULA

(screeches as she
sees this)

Sailor! Stop! Stop the car now!

Sailor pulls off the road onto the shoulder of the highway and stops. Lula opens her door and jumps out.

LULA

I'm sorry, but I can't take this.
Roach, or whatever your name is, you
come out of there with them dogs
this instant!

Roach sticks the liver back in his pocket and pulls his pack and the box of tiny canines after him. Once he and his belongings are deposited on the roadside, Lula hops back in the car and slams the door.

LULA

I'm truly sorry? I'm truly sorry,
Roach. But ain't gonna make it to
Alaska? Least not any part of the
way with us. You'd best find a party
to take care of those dogs proper,
before they all die? And, if you
don't mind my sayin' so? You could
most certainly use some serious
lookin' after yourself, startin'
with a bath!

Lula takes a pair of sunglasses off the dashboard and puts them on.

LULA

Drive.

Sailor takes off.

SAILOR

You don't feel you was a little hard
on the guy, honey?

LULA

I know you're thinkin' that I got
more'n some of my mama in me? Well,
I couldn't help it. Sailor, I really
couldn't. I'm sorry for that guy,
but when he pulled that drippin'
hunk of awful-smellin' meat out of
his pocket? I near barfed. And them
poor diseased puppies!

SAILOR

(laughs)

Just part of life on the road, peanut.

LULA

Do me a favor, Sailor? Don't pick up
no more hitchers, okay?

CUT TO:

INT. INEZ'S FAIS-DODO BAR - NEW ORLEANS - NIGHT / INT.
FORTUNE HOUSE - MARIETTA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Johnnie is seated in a telephone booth at the back of the
bar.

JOHNNIE

No, Marietta, I haven't found 'em.

MARIETTA

This is the kinda mistake can take a
Hindu's lifetime to unfix... You
better get a move on, Johnnie, before
that boy got her holdin' down a
Memphis streetcorner and shootin'
dope up her arms.

We see Reggie and Drop Shadow enter the bar. Reggie's
unsmiling eyes drift across the room until they see Johnnie
in the booth. He stares coldly and waits. Drop Shadow adjusts
his socks.

JOHNNIE

Really, Marietta, you got more scenarios swimmin' around in your brain than Carter got pills. Try to take it easy. Go over to Myrtle Beach for a few days.

MARIETTA

I'm stayin' right here by the phone until you find Lula, then I'm comin' to get her. You call soon's you got somethin', even if it's three in the a.m.

JOHNNIE

I will, Marietta. Goodbye now.

Johnnie hangs up the phone and exits the booth. As he crosses the bar...

REGGIE

(shouting)

Hola! Senor Farragut! We meet again.

Johnnie goes over to Reggie and Drop Shadow and shakes hands.

JOHNNIE

I thought you two were in Austin, Texas. Or Takes-us, as they say in these parts.

DROP SHADOW

We were. Now Mr. San Pedro Sula and I are on our way back to Utila, in the morning.

REGGIE

Would you like to enjoy a martini with us?

JOHNNIE

Why not? How was the fishin'?

REGGIE

I think they are too serious, these

American fishermen. In Honduras, we are not so concerned with the method.

Reggie orders martinis for the three of them.

JOHNNIE

So, it's back to the islands.

DROP SHADOW

Yes. Mr. San Pedro Sula spoke yesterday to his son, Archibald Leach San Pedro Sula, who is named after Cary Grant, and he told them there was a shooting.

REGGIE

Teddy Roosevelt, one of the local shrimp boat captains is in jail now. These people are friends of mine, so I must return and find out what happened.

JOHNNIE

This island of yours sounds like a kind of unpredictable place.

REGGIE

(laughs)

It has its moments of uncertainty.

DROP SHADOW

But how are you finding New Orleans, Senor Farragut?

JOHNNIE

Call me Johnnie... N.O. has always been a good town to sit around in.

REGGIE

I can tell you are an intelligent man, Johnnie. One difference between your country and mine is that in the islands, it does not pay to reveal one's intelligence... Others may use what they perceive against us...

Reggie raises his glass to Johnnie's.

REGGIE
Hasta siempre.

JOHNNIE
Hasta siempre.

REGGIE
Do you know how it came about that
copper wire was invented in Scotland?

JOHNNIE
How's that?

DROP SHADOW
Two Scotsmen were fighting over a
penny.

Johnnie finishes off his martini.

JOHNNIE
Gotta admit, you guys are -
(sliding off the stool)
two in four dozen.

REGGIE
The real joke is we never went
fishing, but we're still fishing.

Johnnie squints his eyes thinking about this one. Reggie and
Drop Shadow smile and stand to leave.

CUT TO:

INT. THUNDERBIRD - STREETS OF NUNEZ - NIGHT

Lula and Sailor cruise the dark streets.

LULA
I wouldn't mind a little night life.
How about you?

SAILOR

Hard to tell what's shakin' in a place like this, honey. You don't want to be walkin' in the wrong door.

LULA

Maybe there's a place we could hear some music. I feel like dancin'. We could ask someone.

EXT. RED DEVIL GAS STATION - NIGHT

Sailor spots a Red Devil gas station that still has its lights on and pulls the car over.

SAILOR

Someone up here might know somethin'.

Two skinny, pimply-faced guys, BUCK and BILLY, wearing dirty coveralls walk over to them.

BUCK

Gas?

SAILOR

Got enough, thanks. We're lookin' for a place has some music, where we can maybe do some dancin' - get somethin' to eat, too. Anything like that around here?

BILLY

Cornbread's. They got western.

BUCK

No food, though, 'cept bar nibbles.

Lula slides over in the front seat and leans across to Sailor.

LULA

How about speed metal?

The kids look worried and take a step back.

LULA

Any kinda rock'n'roll, honey.

BILLY

There's a boogie joint just about a mile straight out Lafitte here. But that's a black place mostly.

BUCK

Mostly black though in that boogie place.

SAILOR

What's the name of it?

BUCK

Club Zanzibar.

SAILOR

You say it's straight ahead a mile?

BUCK

About. Where Lafitte crosses over Galvez Highway. State Road 86.

SAILOR

Thanks.

Sailor and Lula drive off. Buck and Billy go back inside the Red Devil station. Guess who is over the corner cleaning nuts and bolts with a toothbrush and gasoline... It's DELL!

CUT TO:

EXT. CLUB ZANZIBAR - NIGHT

The Club Zanzibar sits in the darkness on the left hand side of the road. A string of multi-colored lights is hung over the front. Sailor parks the Thunderbird across from the club and cuts the engine.

SAILOR

You ready for this?

LULA

We'll find out in a hurry.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB ZANZIBAR - NIGHT

When they walk in, the BAND is playing a slow blues and THREE OR FOUR COUPLES are swaying on the dance floor. There are a dozen tables and a long bar in the room which is done up in a strange dark aquatic motif. Eight of the tables are occupied and SIX OR SEVEN MEN stand at the bar. Everyone in the place is black except for one WHITE WOMAN who is sitting alone at a table smoking a cigarette and drinking Pearl straight from the bottle. The atmosphere is not friendly, but Lula takes Sailor by the arm.

LULA

Come on.

They step up to the bar and order two Lone Star beers. The BARTENDER, a tall, heavysset man slowly forms his hand into "the bird." He holds his hand that way while he speaks...

BARTENDER ZANZIBAR

This is a friendly place, son. You folks just relax and have a nice time.

LULA

(bound and determined
not to be intimidated)

You got yourself a deal.

BARTENDER

(to Sailor)

That's a real jacket... By that, I mean a real stupid jacket.

SAILOR

This is a snakeskin jacket, and for me it represents a symbol of my individuality and my belief in personal freedom.

BARTENDER

Fuckin' honky cracker mumbo jumbo.

The bartender moves on down the bar. Lula and Sailor take a small table near the door.

LULA

I'll be damned if I'm leavin'. That band is too good?

SAILOR

Uh huh.

LULA

You notice that woman when we come in? The white woman sittin' by herself?

SAILOR

Yeah.

LULA

Well, she ain't talked to nobody and ain't nobody spoke to her that I could tell. What you make of that?

SAILOR

Honey, we bein' strangers here and all, this is the kinda place we don't want to make nothin' of nothin'.

LULA

You think she's pretty?

Sailor looks at the woman. She lights a new cigarette off a butt, then squashes the butt in the ashtray. She is thirty years old, maybe more. Shoulder-length, bleached blonde hair, black at the roots. Clear skin, green eyes. Long, straight nose with a small bump on it. She is wearing a low-cut lavender dress that would have emphasized her breasts had she not been so flat-chested. Slender.

SAILOR

I tend to like 'em with a little more meat on the bones. Face ain't bad, though.

Lula gets quiet and sucks on her beer bottle.

SAILOR

What's wrong, sweetheart? Somethin' botherin' you?

LULA

Mama. I been thinkin' about her. She's prob'ly worried to death by now.

SAILOR

More'n likely.

LULA

I want to call her and tell her I'm okay. That we're okay.

SAILOR

I ain't so sure it's a great idea, but that's up to you. Just don't tell her where we are.

LULA

(to Bartender)

Pardon me? Y'all got a phone here I can use?

BARTENDER ZANZIBAR

Can't you read?

LULA

(sees the sign - then to Sailor)

Back in a bit.

She kisses him on the nose and walks back through a dark little door to the payphone.

CUT TO:

INT. FORTUNE HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT / INT. CLUB ZANZIBAR - PAYPHONE - NIGHT

Marietta answers the telephone on the second ring.

OPERATOR

I have a collect call from Lula Fortune. Will you accept?

MARIETTA

Of course! Lula? Where are you? You all right?

LULA

I'm fine, mama. I just wanted to tell you not to worry.

MARIETTA

Why, how could I not worry? Not knowin' what's happenin' to you or where you are? Are you with that boy?

LULA

If you mean Sailor, mama, yes I am.

MARIETTA

Are you comin' back here soon, Lula? I need you here.

LULA

Need me for what, mama? I'm perfectly fine, and safe, too.

MARIETTA

You in a dance hall or somethin'? I can hear music behind you.

LULA

Just a place.

MARIETTA

Really, Lula, this ain't right!

LULA

Right?! Mama, was it right for you to sic Johnnie Farragut on us? How could you do that?

MARIETTA

Did you run into Johnnie in New Orleans? Lula, are you in New Orleans?

LULA

No, mama, I'm in Mexico, and we're about to get on an airplane to Argentina!

MARIETTA

Argentina! Lula, you're outta your mind. Now you just tell me where you are and I'll come for you. I won't say nothin' to the police about Sailor, I promise. He can do what he wants, I don't care.

LULA

Mama, I'm hangin' up this phone now.

MARIETTA

No, baby, don't! Can I send you somethin'? You runnin' low on money? I'll wire you some money if you tell me where you are.

LULA

I ain't that dumb, mama. Sailor and I been on a crime spree? Knockin' off convenience stores all across the south? Ain't you read about it?

Marietta is crying.

MARIETTA

Lula? I love you, baby. I just want you to be all right.

LULA

I am all right, mama. That's why I called, to let you know. I gotta go.

MARIETTA

Call me again soon? I'll be waitin' by the phone.

LULA

Don't be crazy, mama. Take care of yourself.

Lula hangs up.

Marietta hangs up and begins pacing the living room floor.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB ZANZIBAR - NIGHT

Sailor and the bleached blonde in the lavender dress are together on the dance floor. Lula sees them, goes over to the bar, picks up a beer bottle and throws it at Sailor. The bottle bounces hard off his back and clangs to the floor, bouncing but not breaking. Sailor turns around fast and looks at Lula. Everybody else in the place is still.

EXT. CLUB ZANZIBAR - NIGHT

Lula runs out. Sailor follows.

Sailor finds her sitting on the ground, leaning against the passenger side of the Thunderbird. Lula's eyes are red and wet but she isn't crying. Sailor kneels down next to her.

SAILOR

I was just wastin' time, peanut,
till you come back.

LULA

It's me who's wastin' time, Sailor,
bein' with you.

SAILOR

Honey, I'm sorry. It wasn't nothin'.
Come on and get up and we'll take
off.

LULA

Leave me be for a minute? Mama gets
all insane and then I see you
practicin' your individuality and
personal freedom with some oil-town

tramp. How you figure I'm gonna feel?

SAILOR

Told you not to call your mama.

Sailor stands and leans against the hood of the car until Lula gets up and climbs inside. He wraps his snakeskin jacket around her and starts the car. Lula kisses Sailor on the cheek, puts her head down sideways on his lap and goes to sleep. Sailor drives.

CUT TO:

INT. FORTUNE HOUSE - MARIETTA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marietta paces, but then goes back to the phone. She dials a number and gets an answering machine.

MARIETTA

Santos... If you get this message, call me right away. It's Marietta... I don't know, Santos... Maybe this is all not... Call me.

She hangs up. She dials another number. It answers.

MARIETTA

Johnnie! At last! I thought you was never gonna come back to your room.

CUT TO:

INT. FORTUNE HOUSE - MARIETTA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT / INT. JOHNNIE'S HOTEL ROOM - MAISON VIOLETTE - NEW ORLEANS

JOHNNIE

I got some news, Marietta. Lula and Sailor been here. They checked out of the Hotel Brazil on Frechman Street yesterday.

MARIETTA

Listen, Johnnie, Lula just called me. She knew you were in N.O., so they left the city.

JOHNNIE

Did she tell you where she was callin' from?

MARIETTA

No, but my guess is they're headed west, so prob'ly Texas. Their money must be runnin' low. I don't think Sailor had much to begin with, if any, and Lula took the six hundred she had saved in the Cherokee Thrift.

JOHNNIE

How'd she sound? Was she doin' okay?

MARIETTA

Could she be doin' okay, Johnnie? She's tryin' to prove somethin' to me, that's all. Lula ain't doin' no more'n showin' off, defyin' me...

(stifles a sob)

Johnnie, I've done somethin' bad...

JOHNNIE

What?

MARIETTA

I won't tell you over the phone. I'm comin' to N.O. and I'll tell you then.

JOHNNIE

Marietta, I was just gonna leave and see if I could pick up their trail.

MARIETTA

No, you wait right there for me... I'll be on the Piedmont flight tomorrow at seven. Meet me at the airport.

JOHNNIE

I'll meet you, Marietta, if that's what you want, but I'm against it.

MARIETTA

Seven tomorrow evenin'. We can eat
at Galatoire's. Fix it.

Marietta hangs up.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHELL STATION - HOUSTON - DAY

Sailor and Lula are in a Shell station just outside of Houston. Sailor is filling the Thunderbird with regular. An OLD MAN sits near the pumps listening to the radio playing a sad big band tune. Lula starts to slowly snap her fingers to the beat and the old man gives her a beautiful smile.

LULA

(smiling and snapping
her fingers)

How much we got left, honey?

SAILOR

Under a hundred.

LULA

You want to stick around here, Sailor?
See if we can get some work?

SAILOR

Not in Houston. We'd be better off
in some place more out of the way.

LULA

You want me to drive for a stretch?
Give you a chance to rest.

SAILOR

That'd be good, Lula.

Sailor kisses her and climbs into the back seat and lays down. Lula slides behind the wheel and lights up a More. She winks goodbye to the old man and wheels the car out towards the big beyond.

CUT TO:

INT. TEXAS HIGHWAY - DAY

The reception gets bad on the big band tune and Lula starts turning the dial. Up comes a nationwide call-in talk show and she leaves it there. ARTIE MAYER, the radio host talks to his callers.

ARTIE

(with a gruff Brooklyn
accent)

Come in, Montgomery, Alabama.

CALLER #1

(elderly sounding
woman)

Artie? That you, Artie?

ARTIE

Yes, ma'am. What's on your almost-perfect mind this evening?

CALLER #1

How ya feelin', Artie? I heard you wasn't doin' too well recent.

ARTIE

I'm fine, thank you. I had a cardiac infarction but I'm on a new diet and exercising regularly. I've never felt better.

CALLER #1

Well, that's so good to hear, Artie. You know some of us depend on you down this way. You're so entertainin' and you get so many interestin' guests.

ARTIE

Thank you. It's listeners such as yourself who made me want to get up out of that hospital bed and back into the studio as fast as I could.

LULA
(attacking the dial)
Jesus! How could anyone listen to
this crap?

Lula takes a puff of her More and tosses it out the window
and starts turning the radio dial - finds a news station.

REPORTER (NEWS STATION)
...live in exchange for sexual favors.
Police said they have identified and
questioned at least four girls, all
Asians twelve to fifteen years old,
who have been living in the North
Houston warehouse with a Vietnamese
pimp since February. The girls are
being treated as victims, said police
Sergeant Amos Milburn. 'These are
really just children,' he said, 'but
they've been exposed to a lot already.'

LULA
(lights another
cigarette)
I'll bet.

REPORTER
In international news, India plans
to release crocodiles in the Ganges,
the holy Hindu river in which millions
of people bathe annually, to scavenge
for corpses, authorities said.

CUT TO:

MURKY WATER WITH DEAD BODIES FLOATING

A crocodile suddenly breaks the surface of the water with a
rotted human corpse clutched in its mighty jaws.

REPORTER (V.O.)
The reptiles were supposed to be of
a docile species, said a senior
government official, but it seems

the breeders bungled and reared attack crocodiles.

CUT TO:

INT. THUNDERBIRD - HIGHWAY TO SAN ANTONIO - DAY

LULA

Damn!

REPORTER

The Indian official who supplied this information did so only on condition of anonymity. The Uttar Pradesh state authorities last October released five hundred turtles...

CUT TO:

MURKY WATER WITH DEAD BODIES FLOATING

A giant turtle breaks the surface of the water clutching a rotted human corpse in its mighty jaws.

REPORTER (V.O.)

In the Ganges near Varanasi to try and reduce human pollution and now plan to put in the crocodiles to devour floatin' corpses dumped by Hindus too poor to pay for cremation.

CUT TO:

INT. THUNDERBIRD - HIGHWAY TO SAN ANTONIO - DAY

LULA

HOLY SHIT!! IT'S THE NIGHT OF THE
LIVIN' FUCKIN' DEAD!!!!

Sailor jumps awake in fright as Lula yanks the car off the road and brings it to a screeching halt in the middle of the desert.

SAILOR

What's that, peanut?

LULA

I can't take no more of this radio...

(switches it off)

I ain't never heard so much
concentrated weirdness in my life,
Sailor Ripley, you find me some
dancin' music right this minute... I
MEAN IT!!

Sailor starts spinning the dial.

LULA

(still crazed)

The world's gettin' worse, I think,
Sailor. And it don't sound like
there's much we can do about it,
neither.

SAILOR

This ain't news, sweetheart. I hate
to tell ya.

Suddenly Sailor finds a station - THE STATION - and he and
Lula look at each other in disbelief...

SAILOR

POWERMAD!!!

Sailor turns it up full blast and he and Lula dance hard
until they disappear in the dust.

CUT TO:

INT. MAISON VIOLETTE - LOBBY - NEW ORLEANS - NIGHT

Marietta and Johnnie are standing at the registration desk -
talking to the HOTEL MANAGER.

MANAGER

Here's your key. Mr. Farragut's
already taken care of everything. I
hope you'll be comfortable, Mrs.
Fortune. You're in room 351 right
down the hall from Mr. Farragut.

The DESK CLERK steps in from a room behind the registration desk.

DESK CLERK

I have a phone call for you, Mrs. Fortune... at the phone by the fireplace. Please wait for it to ring.

Marietta looks at Johnnie. She goes to the phone and picks it up when it rings.

MARIETTA

Yes?...

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NEW ORLEANS - NIGHT

Marcello Santos sits on the edge of his bed holding the telephone.

SANTOS

I got your message... But you went right to Johnnie, didn't you?... I can't trust you, bitch - not for one minute... Naughty girl... Sailor and Lula are headed west, and guess what? There's no turning back. I'm in a killing mood.

MARIETTA

No...

SANTOS

My very best to Johnnie... Bless his soul.

He hangs up the phone.

CUT TO:

INT. MAISON VIOLETTE - LOBBY - NEW ORLEANS - NIGHT

Johnnie enters as Marietta hangs up the phone - covering her fear.

JOHNNIE

Who was that? ... Who know's your here?

MARIETTA

I'll be damned if that wasn't a wrong number?

CUT TO:

INT. MR. REINDEER'S PRIVATE DINING ROOM - NEW ORLEANS - NIGHT

Upstairs in a private dining room, Mr. Reindeer is dining with TWELVE GUESTS in formal evening attire. Behind him, a JAZZ TRIO and a STRIPTEASE ARTIST are hard at work. Mr. Reindeer smiles and leans over very close to a beautiful WOMAN sitting to his left.

MR. REINDEER

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet,
eating her curds and whey... Along
came a spider and sat down beside
her, and extended his hand out to
play.

With this, he reaches under the table between her legs. She turns red and Mr. Reindeer laughs and lights a cigarette.

MR. REINDEER

Oh dear... Another Miss Dull Cunt.

Reggie and Drop Shadow enter through a door on the other side of the room. Reggie catches Mr. Reindeer's eye and smiles. Reggie reaches in his pocket and takes out a silver dollar - flips it in the air - catches it - and puts it back in his pocket. Mr. Reindeer smiles and waves him over to the table. He whispers something in Reggie's ear - then gives him an envelope.

MR. REINDEER

When I gave you the silver dollar I

forgot to give you the contents of this envelope. They are to be returned. Show it just before the deed...

Reggie pockets the envelope - joins Drop Shadow - and as they are leaving the dining room, they join a woman, JUANA, who looks half-Oriental, half-Cajun. She wears a strange, short, yellowish-bleached blonde wig.

CUT TO:

INT. GALATOIRE'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

They go downstairs together. At the bottom of the stairs, Reggie and Drop Shadow catch sight of Johnnie who is sitting in the back of the restaurant having dinner with Marietta. When Johnnie sees the two of them he waves, but at the same time gets a chill up his spine.

MARIETTA

What is it, Johnnie?

JOHNNIE

Just some guys I met here... I keep seein' 'em...

(looks back at Marietta)

Now tell me...

Marietta continues to stare at Reggie, Drop Shadow, and Juana before turning back to Johnnie. She also feels the fear.

MARIETTA

Johnnie, I can't tell you, honey. Is there anyway we can get on the road tonight? We've got to find them kids.

JOHNNIE

Somethin' was upsettin' you bad last night, and you wanted to tell me and I figured you wanted to tell me so's I could help...

MARIETTA

I did, honey, but that was last

night... Let's just find those two kids before it's too late.

JOHNNIE

Honey, I have to ask you this... Is Santos involved in any of this?

MARIETTA

Hell no, baby... I wouldn'ta done that without tellin' you.

JOHNNIE

That bastard Pucinski...

MARIETTA

Who?... Uncle Pooch?...

JOHNNIE

Yeah... The one that introduced Santos to you and Clyde.

MARIETTA

Johnnie... That's the past... We gotta get on to our future, sugar!

JOHNNIE

(smiles)

All I have to do is grab my suitcase, and I'm ready. You're lucky cause I happen to love night drivin'.

MARIETTA

Let's head for Texas and see if we can pick up the trail.

JOHNNIE

Did I tell ya it's great to see ya again?

MARIETTA

This 'bout the fifth time?

CUT TO:

INT. MAISON VIOLETTE - STAIRWAY AND HALLWAY -

NEW ORLEANS -
NIGHT

Johnnie and Marietta climb together to the second floor and Johnnie takes Marietta to her room.

MARIETTA

(as she enters her
room)

I'll pack my things and meet you
downstairs.

JOHNNIE

And to think what coulda happened in
that king-sized bed tonight...

MARIETTA

(pinching his cheek)

You won't of missed much.

JOHNNIE

See ya downstairs.

CUT TO:

MAISON VIOLETTE - JOHNNIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Johnnie smiles and heads up to his room. He opens the door and steps inside. WHAM!! Johnnie is knocked in the head with a heavy metal pipe and he goes down hard. A large dark figure grabs on to him and pulls him to an open window and lowers him into the back of a pick-up. The dark figure follows out the window.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MAISON VIOLETTE - LOBBY - NEW ORLEANS - NIGHT

Marietta is sitting in the lobby trying to hold herself together - half-sobbing. The MANAGER approaches and sits next to her.

MANAGER

I'm afraid his car is gone, Mrs.
Fortune.

MARIETTA

I don't understand this... I don't understand this one bit. He was supposed to meet me right her in this lobby. Somethin' bad has happened - I jus know it.

MANAGER

Perhaps we should call a local law enforcement officer.

MARIETTA

HELL NO!!! That's the last thing we need... A buncha cops runnin' around.

The front desk clerk steps from behind his desk and hurries into the lobby.

DESK CLERK

I'm sorry... But I have overlooked this. I'm truly sorry, ma'am.

He hands Marietta a note inside an envelope which she opens and reads immediately. We see the note: "Gone fishing with a friend - maybe buffalo hunting. Johnnie"

MARIETTA

Oh God! What does that mean?

MANAGER

I'm sure I wouldn't know, ma'am... and buffalo hunting too... hmmm?

MARIETTA

And jus when my baby's out on some Texas road with a killer.

The front door of the hotel opens and in walks Santos. He seems to know exactly where Marietta is and steps to the door of the sitting room off the lobby. He stands in the doorway and smiles at Marietta.

MARIETTA

(horrified whisper)

Santos... Where's J-J-Johnnie?

SANTOS

Shhhhhh...

(to the manager and
desk clerk)

Thank you, gentlemen... I'll look
after her now...

The Manager and Desk Clerk bow to Marietta and Santos and go
back through the lobby. Santos walks over to Marietta.
Marietta stands.

MARIETTA

Santos... What's happenin' here?

SANTOS

Hey... Stop the nervous cry-baby
routine... You're my girl now...

Santos is gonna wipe away those tears
and make you happy... Come on, let's
get outta here.

MARIETTA

Where we goin'?

SANTOS

Got word the kids are moving through
Texas... I think an ending is being
arranged there... Come on, lemme see
a smile.

MARIETTA

Please Santos... Where's Johnnie?

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL HUT - DESERTED BAYOU - NIGHT

Light comes from one small dirty window.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL HUT - DESERTED BAYOU - NIGHT

Johnnie is tied to a small wooden straight-backed chair. His mouth is gagged and taped shut. His hair is caked with dry blood and one fresh tickle curls down his forehead to his eyes which are just now beginning to open and focus. Juana is finishing tying his left ankle to the chair leg. Johnnie moans and Juana brings her big, smiling face up in front of his.

JUANA

Johnnie, you take a good look at me, baby, cause you gonna hafta watch close to know when we do it to ya... Y'all count when I touch the bottle - HO!!...

(she slaps Johnnie hard across the face)

There I slap that mutha fucka face - pay attention fucka - otherwise we hafta work it all night... Too much fun for us - you see what I mean? Now watch me how I touch a bottle and you count how many times.

Juana steps two paces across the hut where two dirty old soda bottles sit - one in one corner perched on a dried tree trunk - the other in the opposite corner perched on an old fence post. Juana touches the left bottle (#1) once, and crosses and touches the right bottle (#2) once and comes back and touches Johnnie's face.

JUANA

You see, Johnnie. I toucha number one bottle once, I toucha number two bottle once, and I touch your face. This is a game we love to play. I get hot already... Now you meet second Mr. Killer... Does he fish or don't he?

Reggie and Drop Shadow step out of the darkness behind Johnnie and come around to face him.

REGGIE

Hey, Johnnie... Reggie - you remember Reggie, don't ya? Look what I caught.

(to Juana)
I'm gettin' hot too, mama.

Reggie and Juana kiss hot in front of Johnnie. Juana puts her face down in front of Johnnie's again.

JUANA

Now Johnnie... We want to feel the feelin'... Feel the feelin'... We be gettin' up close to you, mutha fucka, then we go out away... no' mally we touch two bottles - both bottle b'fore comin' back and touchin' you... This mean you okay for awhile... If we go out away, and we touch ONLY ONE BOTTLE b'fore comin' back and touchin' you - you gonna hear a click from a gun b'hind you and then it's gonna be bout ten seconds... Remember that number ten - then that's when the end come... What end I talk 'bout Johnnie? - I talk about THE END, FUCKA - That head will go every part'a this room... I talk 'bout NO MO JOHNNIE... I think you understand now - we play game.

REGGIE

(from behind Johnnie)
I can't stop her, Johnnie... She get's me too hot doin' this... I'm gonna be right here, but I'm gonna stand right behind ya with this big ol' gun here...

Reggie reaches his hand around in front of Johnnie - showing him a .45 Automatic.

DROP SHADOW

That's a Marine issue. It goes off somethin' terrible - you wanna see?

Drop Shadow pulls the hammer back which makes a loud "click."

JUANA

You hear click?

Johnnie jumps as Drop Shadow blows a big hole in the far wall in front of Johnnie.

REGGIE

(laughs)

Hell, it's even worse than I remember... Wait a minute...

Reggie comes out in front of Johnnie - Juana grabs him. They kiss hot again.

JUANA

Okay, gimmee 'nother kiss, Reggie b'fore I fuck ya right now... FUCKIN' HOT NOW, REGGIE.

(she opens her mouth with her tongue sticking out)

FUCKIN' HOT!

Juana screams like a monster from hell coming up close to Johnnie's face.

JUANA

You think you gonna live through this night?... YOU WRONG... I SMELL YO SHIT NOW, JOHNNIE. GIVE US ONE MO KISS, REGGIE. OH FUCK ME!!! WE TOUCH BOTTLES NOW - FO WE CAN'T WAIT NO MO.

Reggie goes back behind Johnnie quick.

JUANA

I go out now... I toucha one bottle... Reggie... I toucha two bottle... I come back, I touch Johnnie... AHHHHH... I touch myself...

(she puts her hand between her legs)

HA!... Now I go out - I toucha one bottle... Do I touch second bottle?... I go now and touch... OH OH... Okay...

This time I touch a second bottle...
I go back, I touch Johnnie... Then I
go back - I kiss Reggie with big
gun... Oh God, Reggie done got two
big guns... HAH!!!... I go out now...
SO FUCKIN' HOT NOW, MAYBE TOO FUCKIN'
HOT NOW, FUCKA. I touch a one bottle...
DO I GO TOUCH A SECOND BOTTLE?...
HUH? - I DO THIS TIME TOUCH SECOND
BOTTLE - I RUN BACK TOUCH JOHNNIE -
TOUCH REGGIE WITH TONGUE - TOUCH
MYSE'F IN HOT FUCKIN' PUSSY - GO OUT
NOW... NOW I GO ROUND AND ROUND YOU
AHHHH - GO OUT AND TOUCH A NUMBER
ONE BOTTLE - WAIT NOW!!!... REGGIE...
YOU SHOW NOW.

Reggie reaches his hand around Johnnie's face - tears off
tape and gag - then opens his hand and shows Johnnie a
cufflink with a particular design in turquoise, orange, and
silver.

REGGIE

I forgot to show you this. The
gentlemen that gave this to me said
you'd recognize it. Said he wanted
it'd be 'bout the last thing you
ever saw in this life.

JOHNNIE

(recognizing cufflink)

Oh God... OH GOD... Santos... Oh God
Marietta... are you in on this?...
OH GOD!!!

JUANA

I GO ROUND AND ROUND - DO I TOUCH A
SECOND BOTTLE B'FORE I TOUCH JOHNNIE -
DO I? DO I???...

(very quietly and
breathy)

No... I touch Johnnie.

As her finger touches Johnnie's face there is a loud "CLICK."
Johnnie moans and closes his eyes.

JUANA
(counting fast)
One... two... three... four... five...
GETTIN' TOO FUCKIN' HOT, REGGIE...
FEELIN' MYSE'F... six... seven...
eight...

Johnnie starts to scream and violently try to move out of his chair.

JUANA
Nine...
(she moves out of the way)
FUCK ME NOW, REGGIE... TEN!!!

We see a hole in the front of the barrel - BOOM!!!

The opposite wall and bottles get covered with blood. Juana and Reggie race into each other's arms and kiss right above Johnnie's dead, bloodied head.

JUANA
FUCK ME!!!!

CUT TO:

INT. THUNDERBIRD - TWO LANE TEXAS FARM ROAD - NIGHT

Lula and Sailor are driving through the dark desert.

LULA
Sure is a big deal round here...
Alamo Road, Alamo Street, Alamo Square, Alamo Buildin', Alamo Alamo.
They ain't forgettin' about it in a hurry. That's the thing 'bout memory?
Some things you wish you could forget... What's troublin' you, sugar?

SAILOR
You know, Lula, I never told you what all I was doin' before I met you.

LULA

I just figured you was out bein' Mr. Cool...

SAILOR

Not exactly, sugar... One reason we're in all the trouble we're in right now is cause of what I was doin'... I tried to tell you this before...

LULA

You're scarin' me, baby.

SAILOR

Well, there's a good side as well as a bad side to it... The good side is I knew your daddy, and I thought Clyde was a good ol' guy...

LULA

You knew my daddy?

SAILOR

Yes I did... I sure did... The bad side of it is I did some drivin' for a man named Marcello Santos...

LULA

Oh shit...

SAILOR

I quit workin' for 'im, but just before I did, I ended up one night at a house... I don't know what it is they all think I saw that night, but I was just sittin' out in the car till the whole place went up in flames.

LULA

God, Sailor... That's the night my daddy died.

SAILOR

I know, sugar... But while the place was burnin'... Before Santos came out - I pitched some rocks at the second floor windows case anyone was upstairs sleepin'... Afterwards... When I met you, I always liked to think I mighta saved your life.

LULA

That's some big secret you been carryin', Sailor.

SAILOR

We all got a secret side, baby. Hope you don't think I been lyin' to you 'bout other things, sugar.

LULA

How'd you know my daddy?

SAILOR

Met him through Santos... Clyde - your daddy - had some sorta business deal with Santos.

Lula stays quiet for a moment - listening to the heavy hum of the V-8.

SAILOR

Lula, you there?

LULA

Yeah, I'm here.

SAILOR

You upset with me?

LULA

No, Sailor darlin'. Just shockin' sometimes when things aren't the way you thought they were... I been carryin' a secret too...

CUT TO:

INT. FORTUNE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM / UPSTAIRS HALLWAY /
BEDROOM - NIGHT

The living room is on fire.

The living room is on fire and we move upstairs - Lula races through the smoke-filled hallway to her mother's bedroom.

The living room is on fire and Lula throws open the door to her mother's bedroom just in time to see Marcello Santos leaving through a window. Her mother laughs a wild, crazy laugh - exactly the same laugh Lula heard on the porch of the Cape Fear Hotel.

LULA (V.O.)

That night in the fire while my daddy
was dyin'... I saw mama up in her
room with Santos...

CUT TO:

INT. THUNDERBIRD - TWO LANE TEXAS FARM ROAD - NIGHT

LULA

...They was laughin' arm in arm like
animals.

SAILOR

I didn't want to say it... but I had
a feelin' Santos was up to somethin'
with your mama...

LULA

(quietly)

My mama...

(after a pause - she
smiles)

So Sailor, our histories have been
somewhat intertwined.

SAILOR

They have, sugar.

LULA

I take that as a sign that we were destined by fate to be together.

SAILOR

It's a comfortin' idea.

LULA

Well, we're really out in the middle of it now, ain't we?

SAILOR

There's worse places, honey.

LULA

If you say so.

SAILOR

Trust me on it.

LULA

(turns to him)

I do trust you, Sailor. Like I ain't never trusted nobody before.

SAILOR

(after a moment)

We'll be alright, peanut, long as we've got room to move.

LULA

(looking into the highway)

What's that?

SAILOR

I don't know... Looks like clothes.

Sailor starts to slow down. The highway is suddenly littered with clothes strewn everywhere and two open suitcases smashed near the side of the road. Sailor slows down to a crawl. He and Lula turn to each other - they've just seen TWO DEAD BODIES. One close to the side of the highway - and other just off in the desert brush. Off behind is an overturned car.

LULA
Oh God, Sailor.

SAILOR
One bad car accident...

LULA
SAILOR!!!

Coming out of the darkness is a YOUNG GIRL, her clothes half torn off - blood draining out of several deep wounds.

LULA
Sailor, what are we gonna do?

SAILOR
I don't know, honey, but we gotta help that girl - get her to a town and hope no one catches on I broke parole.

They get out of the car and the girl comes toward them screaming.

GIRL
(completely gone in shock)
I've got about five hundred dollars in my wallet and I can't find it... My mother's going to kill me. It's got all my cards in it... It was in my pocket... Now my pockets gone. MY PURSE IS GONE!!! NOW SHE TELLS ME.

The girl starts walking back toward the car.

SAILOR
Let's get ahold a' her quick.

LULA
You think she's gonna make it?

SAILOR
Don't know, but she's gonna bleed all over our car, I'll tell ya that...

(to Girl)
Hey... Hello... Girl... You gotta
come with us, honey.

Sailor reaches out cautiously and takes hold of the girl's
arm.

GIRL
OWWWW GOD!!! LEAVE ME ALONE...
ROBERT!!!... Shit, I got this damn
sticky stuff in my hair...

She keeps digging her fingers into a bloody wound in her
head.

GIRL
Gotta find my wallet.
(to Sailor)
Don't you say one word of this to my
mother. God, she's gonna kill me.

The girls falls to one knee and struggles to get back up.
Sailor and Lula each take an arm and try to help her.

GIRL
WHERE'S MY HAIRBRUSH?...

Sailor and Lula help the girl stand, but her eyes start
rolling back and a bunch of fresh blood comes gushing up out
of her mouth.

LULA
I can't take this, Sailor. She's
dyin' right in front of our eyes...

SAILOR
I'm afraid she is, baby.

Sailor kneels down next to the girl and runs his hand gently
across her forehead.

GIRL
(wide-eyed now)
Get my lipstick...
(whisper)

It's in my purse.

The girl dies. Sailor and Lula hold real still for a moment.
Lula starts to cry.

LULA

She died right in front of me. Why'd
she have to go and do that, Sailor?

SAILOR

Let's get outta here, honey.

Before getting up, Sailor lets his hand come off the girl's forehead down over her eyes - closing them. He puts his hand on her cheek then gets up. He puts his arm around Lula and they go back to her car. Sailor helps Lula in on her side and closes the door for her. He goes around, gets in and looks over at Lula, who breaks down crying harder. Sailor starts the car and takes off.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. THUNDERBIRD - BIG TUNA - MORNING

The Thunderbird drives past a large stucco fish on a rock stand which has a sign on it that says "BIG TUNA, TEXAS." Sailor cruises the T-Bird along the main street of Big Tuna, eye-balling the place.

SAILOR

Well, it ain't exactly Emerald City...

LULA

Not quite as bad as the weather
though... It must be a hundred and
ten and it ain't even noon yet.

EXT. IGUANA MOTEL - MORNING

Sailor pulls the car up in front of the Iguana Motel.

SAILOR

This'll do.

CUT TO:

INT. IGUANA MOTEL - DAY

The room is simple: double bed, dresser, mirror, chair, sink, toilet, bathtub (no shower), electric fan, window overlooking the street.

SAILOR

Not bad for eleven dollars a day.

LULA

No radio or TV...

She strips off the spread, tosses it in a corner and sits down on the bed.

LULA

And no AC.

SAILOR

Fan works.

LULA

Now what?

SAILOR

Let's get a sandwich and find out about some work.

LULA

Sailor?

SAILOR

Yeah?

LULA

This ain't exactly my most thrillin' notion of startin' a new life.

They stare at each other. Lula suddenly feels sick to her stomach and slumps down on the edge of the bed.

LULA

I'm gonna stay here in this room,
Sailor. I don't feel so good? This
heat makes me tired.

SAILOR

Okay, honey, I'll see you later.

CUT TO:

EXT. RED'S GARAGE - DAY

A tall, skinny man, RED, in his early thirties with wild,
uncombed hair the color of pomegranate, walks out of the
garage.

SAILOR

You Red?

RED

(with a smile)

Well, I ain't Blackie.

Sailor holds out his right hand to shake.

SAILOR

Name's Sailor Ripley. Katy over at
the drugstore thought you might have
some work I could do.

Red extends his oil-blackened right hand and shakes.

RED

Things ain't real hot right now.

Rex, there though,

(nodding toward a

half-naked man

burrowed under an

'83 Buick)

is about to relocate in about a week
to San Angelo. I might could use a
man when he does... You good with
engines?

SAILOR

I ain't no Enzo Ferrari, but they

used to call me Wrench when I was a kid.

RED

We'll see how she goes then when Rex takes off. Check back.

Two men, SPARKY and BUDDY, both about forty, walk up to Red. One of them wears a grey baseball cap with a Confederate flag on it and the other has an LBJ straw Stetson.

SPARKY

How's it look?

RED

Reckon the head's cracked, like I thought.

SPARKY

Shit, that's what I was afraid of.

RED

I'll get you foreigners a beer.

BUDDY

(to Sailor)

I'm Buddy, and this here's Sparky.

Sailor introduces himself to Sparky and Buddy and Rex. They all shake hands or nod and move out of the sun to drink their beers.

SAILOR

My girl and I are lookin' for a place to settle. We're bunked down at the Iguana Motel.

SPARKY

So are we. It's the only motel in Big Tuna. Have you met Bobby 'Just Like The Country' Peru yet?

SAILOR

No, we just got in a hour and a half ago.

BUDDY

You will. He's the Mr. Fix-It at the Iguana. His truck broke down here a couple of months ago.

REX

Escaped con. Man got some serious prison tattoos.

RED

Ever'body got a past.

BUDDY

Just some got more future in 'em than others.

REX

That ain't no lie.

Sailor finishes his beer, stands it on the ground and steps on it, crushing it flat.

SAILOR

Been nice meetin' y'all. 'Preciate the beer. I'll be seein' y'all soon.

BUDDY

Very soon.

SPARKY

One thing about bein' in Big Tuna: you don't have much choice about who you see and who you don't.

CUT TO:

EXT. IGUANA BANK - DAY

The temperature on the tower reads "One Hundred Twelve."

CUT TO:

INT. IGUANA MOTEL - DAY

In front of the door there is a large, damp spot on the rug where about a hundred and fifty flies are buzzing and landing. Sailor sees this when he opens the door. He steps across the large spot and finds Lula just waking up on the bed.

LULA

That you, Sail, honey?

SAILOR

The only one.

Lula opens her eyes and looks at him.

LULA

You find any work?

SAILOR

Maybe. Met a guy named Red, owns a garage, could have some work in about a week. Met a few hard luck boys who's stayin' here. What's that smell?

LULA

I barfed. Tried to make it to the bathroom... Turned out it was the wrong door anyways... I sorta got it cleaned up.

SAILOR

You sick?

LULA

A little, I think... Darlin'?

SAILOR

Yeah?

LULA

Come sit by me.

Sailor goes over and sits on the bed.

LULA

I don't know that this is the right place for us.

Sailor strokes Lula's head.

SAILOR

It ain't gonna be forever, peanut.

Lula closes her eyes.

LULA

I know, Sailor. Nothin' is.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKY OVER BIG TUNA - EVENING

The darkening evening sky is filled with flying monkeys.

CUT TO:

INT. IGUANA MOTEL - COURTYARD - NIGHT

Sailor, Lula, Sparky, and Buddy are sitting in the courtyard of the motel sharing Sparky's fifth of Ezra Brooks. An electric bug killer is working overtime. Buddy is reading from a newspaper.

BUDDY

(reading from paper)

"Robert Brenton, twenty-five, was killed when his car went off the road on State Highway 118, according to the Department of Public Safety. Brenton and two passengers, William Reese and Susan Day, were thrown from the automobile, reports said."

Sailor looks at Lula.

SAILOR

Susan Day...

The assistant manager, TOMMY THOMPSON, speaks from the shadows behind the group.

TOMMY

Robert Brenton, that dumb fuck. That stupid shit... That fuckin' Bob was so fuckin' dumb... He deserved to die... That asshole.

They all look over at Tommy.

BUDDY

Hey, Tommy... What's goin' on over there in number four where all them bright lights are all the time?

TOMMY

Them are makin' a pornographic movie... Texas style... Why? You wanna join in?

SPARKY

How do you get sixteen Haitians into a Dixie Cup?

LULA

How?

SPARKY

Tell 'em it floats.

BUDDY

Sparky's big on Florida jokes.

SPARKY

You need a active sense of humor to survive in the Big Tuna.

BOBBY PERU walks in and comes over.

BOBBY

Hey, everybody.

BUDDY

Sailor, Lula, this here's the man himself. Bobby, this is Sailor and Lula, the most recent strandeers, economic variety.

Bobby nods to Lula and offers a hand to Sailor.

BOBBY

Bobby Peru, just like the country.

Sparky and Buddy laugh.

BUDDY

Accordin' to Red and Rex, Bobby's the most excitin' item to hit Big Tuna since the '86 cyclone sheared the roof off the high school.

SPARKY

Only in town two months and there ain't a young thing around don't know how that cobra tattoo works, right, Bob?

Bobby laughs. He has a lopsided grin that exposes only three brownish front teeth and he has flat black eyes that seem to reflect no light.

LULA

You from Texas, Mr. Peru?

Bobby pulls up a chair and pours himself a shotglass full of whiskey.

BOBBY

I'm from all over.

SAILOR

(noticing a USMC tattoo on Bobby's right hand)

You was in the Marines, huh?

Bobby looks down at his hand, flexs it.

BOBBY

Four years.

SPARKY

Bobby was at Cao Ben.

LULA
What's Cao Ben?

BOBBY
(to Lula)
How old are you?

LULA
Twenty.

BUDDY
Lotta women and kids and old people
died at Cao Ben.

BOBBY
March, 1968. We torched a village
and the government made a big deal
out of it.

Bobby sips the whiskey and closes his eyes for several seconds before reopening them and looking at Buddy. His eyes open slowly and they practically burn a hole in Buddy.

BOBBY
(to Buddy)
You was on a ship, pardner. Hard to
make contact with the people when
you're off floatin' in the Gulf of
Tonkin.

SPARKY
(changing the subject)
Hey Bobby, have yourself another
glass 'a Jack.

Sparky refills Bobby's shotglass. Bobby tosses it back in one gulp.

BOBBY
Don't mind if I fuckin' do... Speakin'
'a Jack... One-eyed Jacks yearnin'
to go a peepin' in a seafood store...
Good meetin' you. Adios, boys.

He walks out and after he's gone...

LULA

Somethin' in that man scares me.

BUDDY

No shit.

SPARKY

(pouring himself
another shot)

Bobby's got a way... Can't shake
that institution odor.

Lula puts a hand on Sailor's leg.

LULA

Darlin', I still ain't feelin' so
well. I'm goin' to bed.

SAILOR

I'll come along.

They say goodnight to Sparky and Buddy and head for their
room.

CUT TO:

INT. IGUANA MOTEL - SAILOR AND LULA'S ROOM - NIGHT

SAILOR

Man, that barf smell don't fade fast.

Lula goes right to the bed and flops down on it.

SAILOR

Anything I can do for you?

LULA

No, I don't think so, Sail. I just
need to lie down.

Lula listens to Sailor brush his teeth, urinate into the
toilet and flush it. Sailor comes out of the bathroom and
climbs into bed.

LULA
Sailor? You know what?

SAILOR
I know you ain't particularly pleased
bein' here.

LULA
Not that. Look at what I wrote down
cause I can't say it.

Lula hands Sailor a note which reads "I'm pregnant." Sailor
looks into her eyes.

SAILOR
It's okay by me, peanut.

LULA
Well, nothin' personal, but I ain't
sure it's okay by me.

Sailor crumples the note and puts it in the ashtray.

LULA
Really, Sailor, it ain't nothin'
against you. I love you.

SAILOR
Love you, too.

LULA
I know. Just I'm sorta uncomfortable
about the way some things is goin',
and this don't help soothe me.

SAILOR
I know this ain't easy, Lula, but I
ain't gonna let things get no worse,
I promise.

CLOSEUP of Lula setting fire to the pregnant note in the
ashtray.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. IGUANA MOTEL - SAILOR AND LULA'S ROOM - DAY

CLOSEUP of flies on vomit stain.

There is a knock on the door which wakes Lula from her nap. She opens the door. Bobby Peru stands outside.

BOBBY

Hey, pretty woman... Sailor here?

LULA

No, he's out changin' the oil in the car.

BOBBY

Man, I gotta take a piss bad... Can I use your head there?

LULA

Well... Yeah - okay.

BOBBY

I don't mean your head head - I'm not gonna piss on your head - your hair an' all... Just piss in the toilet. Y'all take a listen - here a deep sound comin' down from Bobby Peru.

Bobby enters the bathroom and starts to urinate.

CUT TO:

EXT. PERDITA DURANGO'S HOUSE - DAY

Sailor pulls the T-Bird up front and hurries up to the screen door. Flies are buzzing all around. PERDITA DURANGO comes forward out of the darkness inside.

PERDITA

(recognizing him)

Oh... Look at this... What do you want, snakeskin?

SAILOR

Just passin' through on my way to
who knows where...

PERDITA

Sure... I figured I'd see you
sometime...

SAILOR

Hopin' you could tell me if there's
a contract out on me. I really need
to know.

PERDITA

By who?

SAILOR

I think Santos or Marietta Fortune.

PERDITA

Heard you was goin' out with that
bitch's daughter.

SAILOR

You heard right.

PERDITA

You really are one dumb asshole.

SAILOR

Life is unpredictable.

PERDITA

Does that girlfriend of yours know
that her mama and Santos killed her
daddy?

(Sailor doesn't answer -
Perdita smiles)

Does she know her own daddy was one
of the biggest drug dealers around -
till he started snortin' the shit
himself?...

(Sailor doesn't answer)

Does she know you was around that
night her daddy was set fire to?

SAILOR

I didn't see nothin'...

PERDITA

Yeah... But I did... And I told you
all about it...

SAILOR

Is there a contract?... We made a
deal once that we'd tip each other
off if we ever heard.

PERDITA

I know... I remember.

SAILOR

Well?...

PERDITA

I ain't heard of nothin'.

SAILOR

Thanks...

Sailor goes back to his car and takes off.

CUT TO:

INT. INGUANA MOTEL - SAILOR AND LULA'S ROOM - DAY

Bobby is pacing around the room.

BOBBY

Hey... You gotta smell in this room
of puke... You been pukin' in here,
little girl? Huh?... You sick?...
Pregnant?

LULA

(flinches)

You used the toilet, now you can go -
what I do around here ain't any of
your business, that's for sure.

BOBBY

You know, I really do like a woman with tits like yours that talks tough and acts like she can fuck like a bunny... Can you fuck like that?... You like it like a bunny?... Huh?... Cause baby, I'll fuck you like a real good like a big ol' jack-rabbit bunny... Jump all around in that hole... Bobby Peru doesn't come up for air.

LULA

Get out.

BOBBY

Am I scarin' ya?... Your pussy wet?... Come on... is it?...

(moves his hand toward her)

Hey, don't jump back so slow... I thought you was a bunny... Bunny jump fast - you jump back slow... Mean somethin', don't it?... Means somethin' to me... Means you want Bobby Peru... You want Bobby Peru to fuck you hard baby - open you up like a Christmas present.

Suddenly Bobby jumps back, shakes his head and straightens his hair.

BOBBY

Hey... I'm sorry... I don't think I'm bein' too polite here... and I apologize... Hell... A man sees a pretty woman and first thing he knows, he loses his manners... Sure sign of modern times... Next thing ya know, his old hand'll start crawlin' around where it oughtn't to go... I'll be real honest with ya... I'd like to fuck you and tear you open like a paycheck envelope... Will you be honest with me - would you like me

to do it?... Just a simple yes or
no...

He steps a little closer to her.

BOBBY

Just feel me breathin' on you... And
you'll know I mean business when it
comes to fuckin'.

With all the strength she can muster, Lula slaps Bobby across
the face.

LULA

GET OUT!!!

Bobby grabs on to her hard.

BOBBY

Bobby Peru grab you now... Hold you
tight... Feel everythin' in you now...
Stay quiet... Say "fuck me" and then
I'll leave.

LULA

(struggling)

No way... GET OUT!!!

BOBBY

Say it!... I'LL TEAR YOUR FUCKIN'
HEART OUT, GIRL... Say "fuck me"
soft - then I'll leave. Say "fuck
me"... Whisper it... Then I'll
leave... Say it... Say it - Say it -
Say it...

Bobby moves in very close to her - Lula's trembling. Bobby
puts his hand on her neck and moves it up and down behind
her ear.

BOBBY

Say it... Then I'll leave... Whisper
it... Whisper it... Whisper it...
Whisper "fuck me"...

His hand moves down over her breasts - down across her stomach - and down. Lula's left hand opens and spreads wide.

BOBBY

Whisper it... Whisper "fuck me" ...
Whisper... Whisper... Whisper...
Whisper...

LULA

(whispers)
Fuck me.

BOBBY

Someday honey, I will... But I have
to be goin' now... Conta i no joras...

Bobby leaves smiling and slams the door. Lula stands trembling clicking her heels together.

LULA

(whispers)
Sailor...

CUT TO:

EXT. IGUANA MOTEL - AFTERNOON

Sailor is just about finished changing the oil in the Thunderbird when Bobby Peru pulls up in the maroon Eldo.

BOBBY

Need a hand?

SAILOR

Thanks, Bobby, 'bout done.

Sailor throws some stuff in the trunk and closes the lid.

BOBBY

How 'bout a beer?

SAILOR

That'd be fine, Bobby.

BOBBY

Let's go by Rosarita's. You been there yet?

SAILOR

No, haven't heard of it.

BOBBY

Thought maybe Sparky and Buddy'd taken ya. Come on, I'll drive.

INT. ELDORADO - BIG TUNA - DAY

They get into the Cadillac and Bobby takes off down Big Tuna's main drag.

SAILOR

This your car?

BOBBY

(laughs)

Hell, no, belongs to my girl's sister. The sister's been over to New Orleans, lets us have it while she's gone. Where's that pretty little lady of yours today?

SAILOR

Restin' in our room. She ain't been feelin' well.

BOBBY

Sorry to hear it.

SAILOR

New Orleans, huh?... We was just there.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROSARITA'S - DAY

Bobby parks the Eldo in among half a dozen pick-up trucks.

BOBBY

Used to be this was a Mobil. Man

converted it into a private club and named it after his wife. She left him and he shot himself. The wife owns it now.

CUT TO:

INT. ROSARITA'S - DAY

They enter a long, dark room where a DOZEN MEN, most of them wearing cowboy hats, sit on stools at a bar drinking beer out of frosted mugs.

BOBBY

No hard liquor here. Just beer.

They claim two stools.

BOBBY

Couple Stars, Jimmy.

The BARTENDER brings over two bottle and two mugs - then walks back to the other end of the bar.

SAILOR

Thought you said this was a private club. How come I'm allowed in without bein' a member?

BOBBY

You black?

SAILOR

No.

BOBBY

You an indian?

SAILOR

No.

BOBBY

Then you're a member... Three or four millionaires in here right now.

SAILOR

(looking around)

They look like a bunch of good ol' boys to me. I guess it's oil money, huh?

BOBBY

Oil, gas, cattle, farmin'. Ain't nobody shows off around here. Iguana County's one of the richest in Texas.

SAILOR

Wouldn'ta guessed it, that's sure.

BOBBY

Ready for another?

SAILOR

Why not?

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER

Bobby returns from the jukebox and sits down next to Sailor.

BOBBY

Q-7, three times. Pee Wee King's "Waltz of Regret," my favorite tune.

Pee Wee's steel guitar ripples through the cigarette haze and buzzes around Sailor's head. His reflection wobbles in the long mirror behind the bar.

BOBBY

I been studyin' a situation over in Lobo, take two men to handle it.

SAILOR

What's that?

BOBBY

Feed store keeps up to five K in their safe. Need me a good boy for back-up. Even split. You interested?

Sailor stares at Bobby and works hard to focus his eyes.

SAILOR

No... I don't think so, man.

BOBBY

Be easy, Sailor. There's two employees. I take one in the back to open the safe, you keep the other'n covered... You ain't plannin' on raisin' a fam'ly in Big Tuna, are ya?

SAILOR

(on the alert)

Whattaya mean family?

BOBBY

(smiling)

Well... I mean like Lula bein' in a family way.

SAILOR

(a tinge of
jealousy/fear)

Lula tell you she's pregnant?

Bobby grins, showing those three brown teeth.

BOBBY

Couple grand or more'd give you two a leg up. Get you to the west coast, Mexico, most anyplace, with a few dollars in your jeans. I got it figured good, Sailor.

SAILOR

When did you talk to Lula?

BOBBY

Talked to her this afternoon... While you was out.

SAILOR

She really say she was pregnant?

BOBBY

(smiles - puts a hand
on Sailor's shoulder)

Just took a guess is all... You in
or out on this deal?

SAILOR

(looking at Bobby's
hand on his shoulder)

I ain't fuckin' sure, Bobby.

BOBBY

Don't think about it too long.

(nods toward Sailor's
mug)

You had enough?

SAILOR

(finishing his beer)

Have now.

BOBBY

Come on outside, I got somethin' to
show ya.

EXT. ROARITA'S - LATE AFTERNOON / EVENING

Bobby looks around in the purple twilight before he opens
the trunk of the Eldorado. He peels back a brown army blanket.

BOBBY

That's a double-barreled, sawed-off,
Ithaca shotgun with a carved pistol
grip stock wrapped with adhesive
tape. Next to it's a cold Smith and
Wesson .32 handgun with a six inch
barrel. These'll do 'er... Loosen up
that five grand... Two and a half
for you and the little lady...

Bobby closes the trunk. Sailor stands - hesitating to commit.

BOBBY

How much money you have between the two a'ya right now?...

SAILOR

Forty bucks...

BOBBY

This is easy money, pardner... No ones gonna get hurt in this thing... And I don't think you can afford not to take it... I'll be bringin' the Eldo 'round the front of the motel at ten tomorrow mornin'... If you ain't a pussy - you'll be there.

Sailor stares at him and his fist clenches.

SAILOR

I don't particularly care for that kind of talk, Bobby.

BOBBY

Hey... I never said you was a pussy... Always figured you had the big ol' round balls for this kind'a thing... Sure would set you and that pretty little girl up good.

SAILOR

Yeah... yeah... I guess so... That kind'a money'd get us a long way down that yellow brick road...

Bobby cocks his head and squints at him questioningly.

SAILOR

...But DAMN man... This better go smooth.

BOBBY

Like takin' candy from a fuckin' baby...

CUT TO:

INT. IGUANA MOTEL - SAILOR AND LULA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sailor bends over the bed and kisses Lula's hair above her left ear.

LULA

You been drinkin', huh?

SAILOR

Few beers is all. Feelin' any better?

Lula rolls onto her back.

LULA

Can't tell yet. Where'd you go?

SAILOR

That smell's still fillin' this room good.

LULA

Buddy and Sparky come by earlier.

SAILOR

(looks right into her eyes)

And Bobby too, I hear...

LULA

(can't look at him)

Yeah... He was lookin' for you.

SAILOR

You talk to 'im some?...

LULA

Some... Sparky said Red's promised to have him and Buddy out of here by the weekend.

SAILOR

Oughta make 'em happy.

LULA

So where'd you say you was?

SAILOR
(can't look at her)
Went with Bobby.

Sailor sits on the bed and starts undressing.

LULA
Sail?

SAILOR
Uh-huh?

LULA
Let's leave here.

SAILOR
We're goin' to, Lula, real soon.

LULA
I mean tomorrow.

SAILOR
We got about forty bucks, sweetheart.
That'd get us to El Paso.

LULA
Rather be in El Paso than Big Tuna.

Sailor gets into bed.

SAILOR
You shouldn't be smokin' if you're
pregnant. Ain't smart.

Lula sticks a More between her lips and lights it. She takes a deep drag, blows out the smoke, and stares at Sailor.

LULA
Who says I'm smart? You up to
somethin' with Bobby Peru, Sailor?

SAILOR
What could I be up to, Lula?

LULA

He's a stone fuckin' criminal, honey,
and you ain't.

SAILOR

I killed Bob Ray Lemon, didn't I?

LULA

That was a accident. I bet both our
asses Bobby Peru done murdered all
kinds of people, and meant it, too.

SAILOR

That was in Vietnam.

LULA

He's the kind liked it.

SAILOR

Lula, I got to get some sleep.

LULA

Buddy told me about that thing at
Cao Ben?

SAILOR

What?

LULA

Was a massacre. Soldiers there
murdered old folks, women and babies,
and dumped 'em in a trench. Bobby
Peru prob'ly killed the most.

SAILOR

Lula, he mighta did, I don't know.
But it don't matter now. Lotta guys
go outta control in a war and it
ain't their fault.

Lula puffs hard on her cigarette.

LULA

I sure enjoy smokin', Sailor. I hate
that it's bad for you.

Sailor turns on his side, away from Lula, and pulls a pillow over his head.

LULA

That man's a black angel, Sailor.
You hook up with him, you'll regret
it. If you live to.

SAILOR

Thanks, darlin', I know you got my
best interest in mind, and I 'preciate
it sincerely. I love you, but I gotta
sleep now.

Lula lights a second More off the first one and stubs out
the butt on the dresser top.

LULA

This whole worlds wild at heart and
weird on top.

Lula turns over, away from Sailor.

LULA

(softly)

I wish you really, truly loved me...
I wish you'd sing me "Love Me
Tender"... I wish I was somewhere
over that rainbow... Shit. Shit,
shit, shit.

CLOSEUP of Sailor's eyes - he remembers.

CUT TO:

INT. BAY ST. CLEMENT HOTEL - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Sailor and Lula are walking down the carpeted stairs when
Sailor is called by BOB RAY LEMON, who is coming down towards
them fast. Marietta stands at the top - watching.

BOB RAY

Hey Sailor... Wait a minute... I got
somethin' for ya.

As Bob Ray passes Lula on the stairs - he puts his hand between her legs. Sailor starts to see red. Bob Ray smiles and steps down to Sailor. He leans in and whispers in Sailor's ear.

BOB RAY

Shit, man... Marietta says you been tryin' to fuck her in the toilets for the past ten minutes... You crazy fuckin' bad boy tryin' to fuck your girl's mama... How do you think that cute little cunt Lula would feel about that? Hey, take a look at this...

(shows Sailor one thousand dollars in cash)

Marietta just gave me this to kill you right now, and afterward she said Lula was mine to fuck all the way into next Sunday.

Bob Ray pulls a knife, but Sailor's fist is already halfway through Bob Ray's brain. From there, Sailor steps firmly into the crazy zone. Amidst blood-curdling hysterical screams from a growing throng of SOUTHERN BELLES, Sailor starts taking Bob Ray apart limb by limb and doesn't stop until Bob Ray lays completely destroyed and completely dead at the foot of the stairs. The crowd of formally dressed onlookers stand aghast. Sailor stares up at Marietta. Both their eyes burning with hate.

CUT TO:

INT. IGUANA MOTEL - SAILOR AND LULA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sailor is dripping with sweat. His teeth are clenched tight and his fists violently grip the sheets, as if any minute he could tear the bed apart.

CUT TO:

INT. PERDITA DURANGO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bobby lets the screen door bang shut behind him as he comes in and roams around the living room.

PERDITA

Nice of you to drop by.

BOBBY

Told ya I would. You still riled?

PERDITA

(laughs)

You still screwing sixteen-year-olds in the ass?

Bobby keeps circling.

BOBBY

Ain't never had no girl pull a blade on me.

PERDITA

Wish I'd fuckin' cut you up good.

BOBBY

You heard from Reggie?

PERDITA

Juana called. They're stayin' another week.

Bobby stops walking and stares at the photograph on the wall.

BOBBY

Stayin' a few extra days in the big N.O., huh? This you?

Perdita turns her head and looks, then turns back.

PERDITA

Yes.

We see the photo now. In it are Perdita along with her sister, Juana, and her husband, Reggie, whom we recognize as the killers of Johnnie.

BOBBY
Don't look like you.

Bobby turns around and leans down and puts his face next to Perdita's from behind.

BOBBY
The cobra's waitin' to strike, chica.

PERDITA
That guy Sailor came around this afternoon... Asked me if there was a contract out on 'im.

BOBBY
(laughs out loud)
No shit?!?! You know him?

PERDITA
Used to.

BOBBY
What'd you say?

PERDITA
No, of course.

Bobby takes out a silver dollar and flips it into the air. It lands tails up in his hand. He pockets it.

BOBBY
That's right... Could have a bad accident, though... before... durin'... or after a hold-up...

PERDITA
What's gonna happen when he sees me drivin' the car tomorrow?

BOBBY
Maybe he'll get a little nervous, but who gives a shit?

Bobby lowers his hands into the front of Perdita's blouse and cups her breasts. She burns the back of his left wrist

with her cigarette. Bobby jumps back, then grabs Perdita's hair and pulls her over the couch onto the floor. Neither of them speak. She tries to stand, but Bobby keeps his right foot on her chest while he blows the back of his wounded wrist. Perdita shoves his leg to one side and rolls away. She stand up and spits at him.

BOBBY

(grinning)

I knew we could be friends again...

CUT TO:

INT. IGUANA MOTEL - DAY

Lula lays very still on the bed. Her head is close to the small turquoise radio on the bedside table. She is listening to a piece of sad, nostalgic music and as we move in closer to her and the radio - the volume increases.

Lula remembers some "moments" in her life with Sailor: (Music continues over)

When he kissed her outside the jail gate.

When he touched her breast the day after he got out of jail.

When they sat behind the Confederate Soldier.

When they danced to "Slaughter House."

Suddenly, Lula sees an image in her mind that she does not recognize. She sees an abstract image of reflected light with two eyes looking through it at her. The image puzzles her.

(THE MUSIC CONTINUES OVER)

CUT TO:

EXT. IGUANA MOTEL - DAY

The big Eldorado pulls up in front of the Iguana Motel where Sailor has been waiting in the hot sun. Bobby opens the door.

BOBBY
Jump in back.

Sailor crawls in the back seat and sees Perdita just as she floors it and they take off in a cloud of dust.

INT. ELDORADO - BIG TUNA - DAY

SAILOR
What's she doin' here?

BOBBY
She's my girl... She's drivin'...
That bother you?

SAILOR
Why should it?

BOBBY
That's right... Take one of these.

SAILOR
What is it?

BOBBY
Panty hose. Work better'n stockin's.
Pull one of the legs down over your
face and let the other leg trail
behind your head. You get the pistol.
(hands him the .32)
Remember, soon as we get inside, you
keep that bad boy up where those
hicks can see it. Once they notice
the Ithaca and the Smith, they'll
know we ain't foolin' with 'em.

PERDITA
Comin' up on it now, Bobby.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAMOS FEED STORE - DAY

Bobby slips the panty hose over his head and adjusts it. His face looks crooked and distorted.

BOBBY
(frightening whisper)
Come on! Get that mask on!

Sailor rips open the package and pulls a nylon leg over his head, stretching the calf part to fit.

Perdita pulls up in front of the store. The street is deserted.

BOBBY
Keep it revved, Chiquita. We won't
be long. Just goin' in to get our
five grand.

CUT TO:

INT. RAMOS FEED STORE - FRONT OFFICE - DAY

Bobby and Sailor enter the feed store. Bobby raises his sawed-off shotgun and points it at the TWO OLD MEN behind the counter.

BOBBY
Into the back room, both of you,
NOW!!!

Bobby and the two men head down the hall into the back room.

BOBBY
(calling back to Sailor)
If anyone comes in, herd 'em back
here quick.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAMOS FEED STORE - DAY

Suddenly, an Iguana County DEPUTY SHERIFF cruises up in a patrol car and parks it on angle in front of the idling Eldo. The Deputy gets out of his car and walks over to the driver's side of the Eldorado.

DEPUTY

Waitin' for somebody, Miss?

PERDITA

Mi esposo. He's in the feed store picking up some supplies.

DEPUTY

You'd best be careful of that cigarette, Ma'am. It's about to burn down between your fingers.

Perdita stubs out her Marlboro in the ashtray.

PERDITA

Gracias, officer.

CUT TO:

INT. RAMOS FEED STORE - FRONT OFFICE - DAY

The two old guys have their hands in the air and are moving back behind the counter. Bobby is just finishing tying off a bag of money. Sailor is by the front door holding his pistol on the two old guys. When Bobby finishes tying the money bag - he lifts the shotgun and blows a hole through the chest of one of the old men. Sailor goes into shock.

SAILOR

BOBBY!!!! STOP IT, MAN!!!

CUT TO:

EXT. RAMOS FEED STORE - DAY

Reacting to the shot, Perdita jams the gear shift into reverse and peels out, knocking the deputy down.

CUT TO:

INT. RAMOS FEED STORE - FRONT OFFICE - DAY

Sailor turns his pistol on Bobby now. Bobby spins his shotgun around and points it at Sailor.

BOBBY

You're next, fucker.

The second old man is reaching under the counter.

Sailor fires his .32 at Bobby. There are no live bullets in his pistol. It just makes a dry click. Bobby smiles and is just about to kill Sailor when out of the corner of his eye he catches sight of the second old man bringing out a big shotgun of his own.

Bobby instinctively spins and empties the second barrel of his two-barrel shotgun into the old gentleman. As Bobby is reloading fast, Sailor sprints through the front door. Bobby is right behind him as he flies out the front door.

EXT. RAMOS FEED STORE - DAY

The deputy recovers and comes up on one knee with his revolver clasped in both hands. He fires his first shot into Bobby's thigh and his second into Bobby's left hip. The shock of the initial slug causes Bobby to drop the bag. The impact of the second forces Bobby's right hand to twist sideways so that both barrels of the shotgun wedge under his chin. The Ithaca goes off, blowing Bobby backwards through the RAMOS on the plate glass window of the feed store.

Sailor hits the ground - losing the Smith as he falls. He puts his hand over his hosieried head and keeps his face in the dirt until the deputy orders him to stand up.

CUT TO:

INT. IGUANA COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Lula is sitting on a bench in the waiting room of the Iguana County Courthouse Building when Marietta and Santos walk in. As soon as she sees Lula, Marietta runs over, sits down next to her and hugs and kisses her.

MARIETTA

Oh baby, I was beginnin' to think I was never gonna see you again.

Tears are pouring down Marietta's cheeks. She holds Lula to her and Lula does not resist. Lula just stares at Santos.

MARIETTA

You're comin' home, precious. Santos' gonna drive us to the San Antonio airport.

LULA

Mama, Sailor's in deep trouble here. I just can't leave him.

Marietta takes Lula by the shoulders and looks straight at her. Lula's eyes are bloodshot, her hair is greasy and stringy, and her cheeks are pale.

MARIETTA

Oh, yes, you can.

Santos steps forward. Lula begins to tremble.

SANTOS

Your mama's been real worried 'bout you, honey. Me too... Can you give your old friend Santos a hug, too?

Santos' arms begin to go around Lula. Lula lets out a blood-curdling scream and shakes like a leaf on a tree. Santos grabs her hard - in a bear hug. On one shirt cuff we see a cufflink which is turquoise, orange, and silver.

CUT TO:

INT. WALLS UNIT - DAY

Sailor lays on his jail bed reading a letter from Lula.

LULA (V.O.)

Dearest Sailor Darling, The first thing you'll want to know is I'm keeping the baby. Mama wasn't for it in the beginning but I think she's looking forward to it. I'm gonna name it Pace no matter if it's a boy or a girl. Pace Ripley sounds good, don't it? It's kind of hard to believe that Pace will be six years old when

you get out. I feel like I'm kind of in prison too, but I know in six months, it'll be over and I'll have a son or daughter to show for it. Our child!! I love you Sailor. I don't know how much or what it means though I miss you an awful bunch sometimes I know you're thinking about me cause I can feel it. I miss you not being around to call me peanut nobody else ever called me that. Mama married Santos. It just about drove me crazy. My daddy left a lot of money somehow and they're spending it like there is no tomorrow. I'm going to move out as soon as I can. Mama and Santos said because of the baby they're lookin' at the two of us in a different light - whatever that means. Johnnie Farragut has plumb disappeared. No one knows where. I miss him, but not near as much as I miss you. Time don't really fly honey does it? Love, your Lula P.S. I miss dancing...

CUT TO:

INT. FORTUNE HOUSE - DAY

Lula sits in her bedroom reading a letter from Sailor.

SAILOR (V.O.)

Dear Lula, It is fine with me about the baby as you already know. And Pace being your family name and all is just right. What about a middle name if it is a boy after my granddaddy Roscoe? He would be proud I know though he is long passed. Pace Roscoe Ripley does not sound so bad do you think? This place is not so pretty as Pee Dee. Not pretty at all. There are boys inside these walls meaner than Peru you can bet.

There is a Death House. I am getting along. The only thing is not thinking about the future. I miss dancing with you, too. I love you. It is hard to end this letter. If I stop writing you're gone. There is not a lot more to say though. Vava con dios mi amor.

SAILOR

LONG FADE OUT:

CUT TO:

INT. MARIETTA FORTUNE'S HOUSE - EVENING / INT. LULA FORTUNE'S HOUSE - EVENING - (SIX YEARS LATER)

Six years later... Lula stands in the living room holding a glass of ice water while talking on the telephone to her mother. Marietta is wearing a giant diamond ring on one hand and the other hand is holding a Martini and Rossi sweet vermouth. Marietta is slumped over in an ottoman with wheels and is pushing her drunken self around the livingroom as she talks on the phone.

LULA

I'm goin', mama. No way I can't go.

MARIETTA

You ain't takin' Pace, though.

LULA

Course I am, mama.

MARIETTA

(sighs)

What time's Sailor's train get in?

LULA

Six.

MARIETTA

Got any plans?

LULA

Figure we'll go have supper someplace.
Maybe get some barbecue out by
Stateline. Sailor always liked that
Havana Brown's Pig Pickin'.

MARIETTA

Well, you be careful with that boy,
Lula.

LULA

Sailor ain't a boy no more, mama.

MARIETTA

Don't mean him. It's Pace concerns
me.

LULA

Really, mama, I gotta go.

MARIETTA

What if I asked you not to?

LULA

Wouldn't make any difference.

MARIETTA

What if I told you not to?

LULA

(forcefully)

Mama... if you get in the way of me
and Sailor's happiness, I'll fuckin'
pull your arms out by the roots.

Lula hangs up and throws her glass of water at a picture of
her mother - draining it.

CUT TO:

INT. LULA'S CAR - EVENING

PACE ROSCOE FORTUNE is a shy, polite, innocent six-year old
who wears a long-billed fishing cap and pants with suspenders.

PACE

How'll we know what he looks like?

Lula makes a wide left turn onto Jeff Davis Highway without signaling, causing the driver of a white Bonneville headed across the intersection to jam on his brakes in order to avoid a collision. The Bonneville driver sits on his horn and shouts at Lula.

PACE

Mama, you almost crashed us.

Lula steadies the steering wheel of her Camaro with her left elbow while she strikes a match and lights up a More. She throws the match out the window and takes possession of the wheel with both hands, the cigarette is clamped in her teeth.

LULA

Don't give me no trouble now, Pace, please. This ain't the easiest day in a long time. And what do you mean how are we gonna know what your daddy looks like? You seen his photo.

PACE

How'll he know what we look like? He seen our photo?

Lula puffs furiously several times on her More before she takes it out of her mouth and drops it.

LULA

Damn it, child! Now look what you made me do.

PACE

What I made you do, mama?

Lula feels around on the floor with one hand until she finds the cigarette. Sirens can be heard up ahead.

LULA

Nothin', honey.
(stubbing it out in
the ashtray)

Mama's just actin' strange.

PACE

You ain't actin', mama.

LULA

Why, Pace Roscoe Ripley, ain't you got one cute mouth tonight?

They pass an automobile accident where a man has been thrown into the curb - his head broken open and bleeding. The ambulance is just arriving. Lula looks away.

CUT TO:

ACCIDENT - EVENING

A CRAZY MAN in a wheelchair is wheeled up to the accident victim, who is bleeding profusely and in a state of shock. The man in the wheelchair stares at him for a moment.

WHEELCHAIR MAN

Hey man... HEY... Same fuckin' thing happened to me last year...

CUT TO:

INT. LULA'S CAR - EVENING

Pace looks up at his mother.

PACE

I still ain't sure what my daddy looks like.

LULA

Like you, sweetheart. You and your daddy got the same mouth, eyes, ears, and nose. Only difference is your color hair is like mine.

PACE

My daddy ain't never killed nobody, has he, mama?

LULA

Course he ain't never killed nobody.
Why'd you say that, Pace?

PACE

Heard grandpa Santos and grandmama
talkin'.

LULA

And?

PACE

Grandmama said how Sailor murdered a
man.

LULA

Wrong, baby. Your daddy never
committed no murder. Musta been you
didn't hear grandmama proper. He
made some mistakes, is all. Your
daddy ain't always been so lucky...
We're almost at the depot, honey.
Sit back a minute.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN STATION - EVENING

Lula pulls the Camaro into in the station parking lot and
kills the engine.

PACE

Why we sittin' here, mama?

LULA

Thinkin' a second, baby.

Lula gets out and goes around for Pace. They hold hands as
they walk toward the station. The big clock on the side of
the building shows ten minutes past six.

PACE

I'm scared, mama.

LULA

Why, honey?

PACE

Case daddy don't like me. What if he don't like that I don't got his color hair.

LULA

Pace, your daddy'd love you even if you didn't have no hair at all.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN STATION - EVENING

Lula sees Sailor as soon as she opens the door. He is sitting in an orange plastic chair against the opposite wall, smoking a cigarette.

LULA

Still partial to Camels, huh?

Sailor smiles.

SAILOR

First pack of tailor-mades I had in a while.

He stands up and looks down at Pace, who is still holding hands with Lula. Sailor puts out his right hand.

SAILOR

You must be my son.

LULA

Shake hands with your daddy.

Pace releases Lula's hand and puts his own in Sailor's. Sailor grips it gently but firmly, pumps once, then lets go.

SAILOR

Pleasure to meet you, Pace. I read a lot about you.

Sailor looks at Lula. Her eyes are full of tears and she

lets them loose. Sailor tries to smile.

LULA

You hungry? Pace and I ain't had dinner yet.

SAILOR

Lead the way.

Sailor picks up his black metal suitcase and follows them to the car.

CUT TO:

INT. LULA'S CAR - NIGHT

Lula drives.

SAILOR

No rag top, huh?

Lula starts to reply, then stops. She stares straight ahead, gripping the wheel hard. Suddenly, she pulls over to the side of the road, turns off the engine and gets out of the car.

PACE

What's wrong, mama?

SAILOR

(turning to Pace and patting his head)

Don't worry, son. Just stay here.

Sailor gets out and goes over to Lula, who is leaning back against the hood.

LULA

I'm sorry, Sailor. I just can't help it. Give me a minute and I'll quit.

SAILOR

Boys frightened, Lula. This ain't no good.

LULA

Really, Sail, I'll be okay.

SAILOR

It's a mistake, honey. You two go on. I'll walk back to the depot.

LULA

What're you talkin' about? That's your son in there.

SAILOR

He ain't never known me, Lula, so there ain't much for him to forget. Not seein' each other for six years makes it next best to simple for us, too.

LULA

How can you say that, Sailor?

SAILOR

What makes sense, is all.

Sailor goes around to the driver's side, reaches in and pulls the keys out of the ignition. He unlocks the trunk, removes his suitcase, and closes the lid.

LULA

Don't do this, Sailor, please.

Sailor slips the keys in her shirt pocket and leans his head into the car.

SAILOR

(to Pace)

Oiga, amigo. If ever somethin' don't feel right to you, remember what Pancho said to The Cisco Kid... 'Let's went, before we are dancing at the end of a rope, without music.'

Sailor stands up and looks at Lula. Her eye makeup runs in dark streaks down her face.

EXTREME CLOSEUP of Lula's eyes. Her eye makeup runs like black sweat over eyes and down her cheeks as in Sailor's dream.

SAILOR

You been doin' fine without me,
peanut. There ain't no need to make
life tougher'n it has to be.

He picks up his suitcase, kisses Lula lightly on the lips and walks away. She lets him go.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - LATE AFTERNOON / EVENING

Sailor walks down the street pretending hard not to care.

CUT TO:

INT. LULA'S CAR - LATE AFTERNOON / EVENING

Lula climbs in behind the wheel - sobbing. Pace sits sadly, staring out the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - LATE AFTERNOON / EVENING

Sailor continues walking down the street. A GANG OF INSANE KILLER TEENAGERS on PCP appear and come towards Sailor. They circle around him, coming in closer for the kill.

SAILOR

What do you faggots want?

That's all it takes. The gang is on him. Sailor tries to defend himself, but one big punch to his nose sends him down and out. Blood begins to pour from his swelling nose.

EXT. CITY STREET - LATE AFTERNOON / EVENING

CLOSEUP OF SAILOR'S FACE - a bright light illuminates it.

In the sky above Sailor, a large glowing bubble holding the

beautiful Good Witch of the North comes floating down above him.

GOOD WITCH
Sailor Ripley...

Sailor's eyes suddenly see the Good Witch through his closed eyelids. His mouth speaks through closed lips.

SAILOR
The Good Witch...

GOOD WITCH
Sailor... Lula loves you.

SAILOR
But I'm a robber and a manslayerer
and I haven't had any parental
guidance.

GOOD WITCH
She's forgiven you of all these
things... You love her... Don't be
afraid, Sailor.

SAILOR
But I'm wild at heart.

GOOD WITCH
If you are truly wild at heart, you'll
fight for your dreams... Don't turn
away from love, Sailor... Don't turn
away from love... Don't turn away
from love.

The Good Witch disappears.

EXT. CITY STREET - LATE AFTERNOON / EVENING

Sailor opens his eyes and drags himself and his giant swollen nose up on his feet. The gang still stands around him.

GANG MEMBER
You had enough, asshole?

SAILOR

Yes, I have... And I wanna apologize to you gentlemen for referring to you as homosexuals. I also want to thank you fellas, you've taught me a valuable lesson in life.

(lifts his head high)

LULA!!!!

Sailor turns around and starts running back. The gang watches him go.

CUT TO:

INT. LULA'S CAR - LATE AFTERNOON / EVENING

Lula sits in the car in the middle of a giant traffic jam. She is still crying and horns are honking all around them.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - LATE AFTERNOON / EVENING

Sailor runs up the street, holding his nose and SCREAMING LULA'S NAME.

He rounds a corner and spots her in the middle of a sea of cars.

He starts running towards her - leaping from one car to another until he jumps on the hood of Lula's car.

She sees him.

SAILOR

LULA!!!!

LULA

SAILOR!!!!

Lula wriggles out of the car and flies into his arms. Behind them is a giant golden sunset. As they embrace - the sound of the horns goes away. Lula's gaze goes to a reflection of golden light on a windshield. It is the same abstract scene she saw before in her room in Big Tuna, but now she knows

what it is. It is Pace's happy, smiling eyes looking up at the two of them in love.

Sailor, with a giant blue nose, looks into Lula's eyes and sings "Love Me Tender."

The people in their cars, and the people on the street look on with a feeling of love and happiness in their hearts.

THE END