

(Name of Project)

by  
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by  
(Names of Subsequent Writers,  
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by  
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)  
Address  
Phone Number

EXT. SOUTH BRONX - GRAND CONCOURSE PARK - DAY

THREE CARD MONTE DEALERS bilk the GULLIBLE.  
ICEE VENDOR hawks cones to rambunctious YOUTHS.  
CRACK FAMILY sells the stolen contents of a house.  
BRONXITES relax on the grass under summer sun.

Over it all: JUNGLE DRUMS.

MARCUS "BEAT" COBB

POUNDS out a beat on his makeshift drums: 5-gallon water bottles and upside-down plastic tubs. Beat's a handsome, young African-American man (20's.) His splintered, worn old sticks are a blur.

LOOKY-LOOS gather, grateful for any distraction from the heat.

As the crowd enlarges, so does Beat's performance, incorporating subdivisions, polyrhythms --

-- Jee-Zus, he's great!

The onlookers join in, CLAPPING along.

They're sustaining the downbeat, so Beat jams a blistering PERCUSSION SOLO. Just when he's brought everyone to fever pitch, he starts kicking the bottle around like a soccer ball, beating out 16th-note-triplets all the while!

Particularly impressed: a BLACK BUSINESSMAN.

Beat ends the solo with a bow and a flourish.

APPLAUSE. Beat passes around one of his tubs.

BEAT

Yo! Sup, thank you, thank you, my name's Beat. If y'all liked my show, perhaps you can oblige me with a little donation.

Beat's tub is quickly filled with cash and his head with praise. Modest, he takes compliments poorly.

Directly, a sorry-looking '79 ECONOLINE VAN pulls up at the edge of the park, blocking traffic. The PASSENGER leans out and yells:

CLINT

Yo yo yo, cuz, what up?

Beat brightens upon seeing his friend. He goes over to the van as angry drivers accumulate behind it, honking horns and trying (unsuccessfully) to eke past.

Inside: CLINT GARRETT (20's), muscular, bespectacled keyboard whiz. Also annoying, hyper-, and a general pain in the ass.

Driving: SILK CROWLEY (20's), who plays a mean bass and sports a bleached white slash through his fade. Silk prides himself on his scimitar-sharp lady-snatchin' threads and his ample charisma.

Beat reaches in the window and instigates an elaborate, choreographed handshake that continues at absurd length --

BEAT

Yo, sup, Clint? Silk?

CLINT

Yo, man, we goin' to see the Preacher, you know what I'm sayin', put out the word for EKG, man, you know, we got a gig tomorrow, an' we ain't heard dick from him, know I'm sayin'?

BEAT

He'll be there, my brother ain't never let me down.

By now the MOTORIST trapped directly behind Silk's van is crimson with rage. He jumps from his car, slapping a mag into his M-16!

SILK

Whooooooooaashiiiiit!!!!

BULLETS POCK the back of the van and onlookers DIVE FOR COVER as Silk FLOORS IT down the Concourse, running the red at 183rd, wiping out a HOT DOG CART.

SILK

(yelling back)

Check ya!

Amusement on Beat's face as the disgruntled motorist clammers back into his car, defused. Traffic rolls on.

BUSINESSMAN (O.S.)

I loooove New York.

Beat turns to face the BUSINESSMAN. Seems friendly enough. He flicks a \$20.00 bill into Beat's bucket:

BUSINESSMAN

Put this towards that new drum kit you're probably saving for.

BEAT

Whoa! Thanks a lot, chief!  
(beat; sheepishly)  
I mean, thanks, but... I don't need no drums... bottles is my gimmick.

Clearly, he's lying. But the businessman lets it go --

JEROME

(offering a business card)  
Name's Ben Jerome. I'm with Broken. Broken Records.

BEAT

No shit! You an A&R guy?

JEROME

(nods)  
I seen you out here a buncha times now. You're real good, kid. So what's this gig tomorrow?

BEAT

Oh! We playin' China Club tomorrow night, word. My band, I mean. "EKG and the Flam Jam." Saturday headline!  
(laughs)  
Word, I can't even afford a drink at that place!

Now, a BLOODY GANG FIGHT breaks out behind them -- a dozen LATINOS pummelling each other with 'chucks and baseball bats. No one really notices or cares.

JEROME

(chuckles)  
Hey, I'm definitely there.  
(offers his hand)  
What's your name, brother?

BEAT

(shaking his hand)  
Uh... Beat! I-I mean Marcus, Marcus Cobb. Everybody call me Beat.

JEROME

(laughs)

All right. Tomorrow, "Beat."

Beat stares after Jerome, mouth agape. Only after Jerome has vanished from sight does Beat jump up and down, exulting:

BEAT

Oh, snap! Snap!!!

INT. C-TOWN SUPERMARKET - DAY

ESTRELLITA, a Hispanic check-out girl so gorgeous that you and me wouldn't even try catching a rap with her, is counting up a squat WELFARE MOTHER's food stamps when a commotion out front catches her attention...

Seems the MANAGER's hassling a young man who's trying to enter the store toting some empty water bottles and tubs.

BEAT

... I ain't no homeless, man! These my drums! Why you sweatin' me, man?

Estrellita exchanges coy smirks with SHANNEL, another check-out girl (who happens to be Beat's younger sister). Beat comes up behind Shannel, kisses her cheek.

BEAT

Can you believe this shit? Yo' boss made me leave my drums outside! Man! Yo! Sup, little sis?

SHANNEL

Hello, Marcus.

BEAT

Oh! Estrellita! Hel-lo! Didn't know you working today.

The girls volley a "Yeah, riiight" glance as Beat saunters Estrellita's way, charm mode engaged.

ESTRELLITA

Uh huh. Hiya, Beat.

BEAT

Must say, you look fine today, mm-hm.

ESTRELLITA

Beat... I'm working.

BEAT

Huh? Oh! Right! Yo yo yo, so bust this, a record company executive is gonna be at the show tomorrow -- you gotta come!

ESTRELLITA

(deep breath)

You know what the deal is. Toast would go ballistic if he even saw me talking to you.

BEAT

Aww--man--you--wha--shit, funk that yo-yo, Estrellita! -- "Toast!" Man!

Angered by the delay, the welfare mother glares at him. She reaches for her piece... but Beat mollifies her with:

BEAT

Oh -- 'scuse my language, Ma'am.  
(sotto, to Estrellita)  
Come onnn... it'd mean a lot to me if you come... serious.

ESTRELLITA

We'll see, alright? Now get out of here, you've already got me in trouble!

Flashing his best smile, Beat produces a little blue envelope, hands it to her as he leaves.

Estrellita opens a drawer under her register, tosses the envelope in there -- along with all the OTHER ONES -- unopened.

EXT. 218TH STREET - THE BRONX - DAY

Beat skips out of a subway exit, bottles in tow. Pauses, looks around cautiously. Sights his building, half a block away.

The coast is clear... although we do hear a RIOT in the distant BG. Beat clambers over a few sleeping DERELICTS and sets out.

From nowhere, a radio-controlled model Camaro zips into his path and begins zig-zagging all around him. Beat's expression sours as he wonders, "What now?"

IN A NEARBY ALLEY

FIVE GOONS, led by

TOAST (20)

Estrellita's swarthy, tattooed, muscular dumb-ass boyfriend, huddle over a remote control as ACME, a geeky thin Dominican with Bozoesque hair, mans the joystick. They snicker and "Shh!" themselves as they wait to see what their mark does next.

ON THE STREET

The little Camaro takes one turn a bit too radically; tips over. Wheels spin uselessly. Beat cautiously picks the car up, examines it. WE HEAR HISSING, OVER.

He opens the Camaro's hood, and we barely have time to glimpse an M-80, fuse almost gone, with a baggie of talcum powder wrapped around it--

BLAM

THE GOONS,

Doubled over with laughter.

BEAT, all blown up, smoke curling from his tattered, burned threads, covered head to toe in white talc. This is actually kind of funny, even though we probably shouldn't be laughing.

Beat tries unsuccessfully to slick down his hair, frizzed like Elsa Lanchester and smoking like an Iraqi oil fire. Retrieves his bottles and shuffles away.

TOAST

Yo yo yo yo yo, whitey! Ain't no  
white people allowed 'round here!  
Har har har...

ACME

He past white, he albino! Hey, albino  
boy! Albiino boy! Bwah ha ha ha...

Seething, Beat ignores them as best he can. Enters his building.

INT. BEAT'S CRIB - KITCHEN - DAY

Beat's MA, still hot at 38, is spooning applesauce into her toddler's face. JUSTIN, the rambunctious little boy, looks like he's been dipped in a tureen of the stuff.

An impressive floral arrangement dominates the kitchen table.

Hearing the SHOWER BEING TURNED OFF in the BG, Ma calls out:

MA

Marcus! I saw you sneakin' in, all blown up! This has got to stop! Every other day, you're gettin' blown up!

Beat enters in his bathrobe, drying his hair.

BEAT

Oh... just Toast, Ma. Just messin' with me, as usual... Man, I can't believe Lucas, hangin' with those G's. We used to be tight!

Justin flicks apple sauce into Beat's eye -- splat!

BEAT

Aw -- Justin! Damn!  
(notices the flowers)  
Whoa! Check this out!

Beat scopes 'em out as Ma beams proudly.

MA

EKG sent 'em. Ain't they beautiful?

BEAT

Word! EKG sent these? Yo, right, today's August 9th!

MA

Yep. It was ten years ago I found Eddie Gilmore on the stoop... 18 years old, a runaway and a coke-head.

BEAT

You saved his butt, Ma.

Ma's smile drops.



MA

It's your butt I'm worried 'bout now. That Toast been nothin' but trouble since we moved in! Don't he got a job or some other puprose in life? I swear, next time I see him I'm gonna plant my foot firmly up his sphincter!

BEAT

His purpose in life is to harass my ass, Ma. Must pay pretty well, he don't got no other job I can see. Hell, maybe they hiring at the Kick Beat's Ass Company, LLP. I can harass my ass -- yo, ass, come here, let me kick you! Let me kick you, ass!

Beat does a little Irish step dance as he tries to kick his own ass while Mom and Justin laugh.

BEAT

Yo, it's cool, Ma. I'm gonna do worse than that.

(sly smile)

I'm gonna catch his girl.

INT. BEAT & SHANNEL'S BEDROOM - DAY - LATER

Beat lays across his bed, writing on a blue notepad.

The walls tell a story: posters, pages torn from magazines. Drummers. Billy Cobham. Ndugu Chancler. Tony Williams. Elvin Jones. Dennis Chambers. The best.

The posters end where Shannel's half of the room begins; in their stead are a gaggle of stuffed animals and frilly, girly accoutrements that male writers can't describe very well.

As Shannel walks in, Beat tries to stash the pad away. Busted!

SHANNEL

You *ain't* writin' her 'nother poem.

BEAT

Uhhh -- nooo. No, this be, uh... recipes.

SHANNEL

Marcus... give it up! She just too weak to leave that psychopath! You

(MORE)

SHANNEL(cont'd)

just gonna keep gettin' hurt, over  
and over! When you gonna learn?

BEAT

But --

SHANNEL

-- And brother, God forbid Toast  
ever finds out you been writin' her  
poems an' shit, y'all can kiss yo'  
fool lovesick booty sayonara.

Beat looks despondent. Of course, she's right.  
Fortunately, the DOORBELL intervenes.

INT. FRONT DOOR

Beat signs for a letter, sends the MESSENGER on his way.  
Shannel and Ma gather as he opens it.

MA

What's this?

BEAT

Dunno. It's for me, Ma.

Shredding the envelope, he peruses the documents.

BEAT

What the...? Says I'm supposed to go  
to some law office, where they gonna  
execute the "Last Will and  
Testicle..."

MA

Testament...

BEAT

... "Testament, of one Reginald  
Cobb"... Reginald Cobb? Ma...?  
You know something about this?

Ma fairly collapses into a chair.

MA

Lord have mercy. Reginald was...  
that was your father, Marcus.

EXT. 48TH STREET - OUTSIDE SAM ASH - DAY

Beat, Silk and Clint stroll languidly along music row.

O.S., EXPLOSIONS, GLASS BREAKING, ALARMS CLANGING, and DISTANT GUNFIRE.

Beat sees a GLEAMING BLACK TAMA DRUM SET in the window. Throws himself against the glass and pretends to cry.

CLINT

Yo yo yo, so your Pops held up a check cashing store, and got away? Snap!

BEAT

Ain't nothing to be proud of. He bailed on my Moms when I wasn't but 3 years old. Two weeks later, she found out she was pregnant again.

As a HOTTIE strolls past, Silk ambles away after her.

CLINT

Damn Beat, that's like... mmf!  
(punches his palm)  
...Know what I'm sayin'?

BEAT

Beat. Ain't nobody heard from him for two decades. 'Til yesterday.  
(dripping irony)  
They readin' his will tomorrow.

By now, Silk has his arm around Hottie's waist. She doesn't seem to mind. Clint is flabbergasted.

CLINT

(re: Silk)  
Damn! Know what I'm sayin'?

Silk returns, proudly displaying a scrap of paper.

SILK

Another satisfied customer. Natasha -- 555-7651.

BEAT

555? That ain't no real number!

SILK

What you mean?

BEAT

Ain't no "555"! They only use that in movies an' shit! Yo, you been dissed!

Silk looks ashen as Beat busts a gut laughing. Clint joins in, pointing in ridicule at Silk.

SILK  
Thanks for your support, bitch! Man!

CLINT  
Sorry, brother, but it's cool to see yo' hoochie papa ass get taken down a peg once in a while, know I'm sayin'?

BEAT  
(raps)  
Word, we got an unrequited pang  
for poontang, while you always be  
aswim in the quim!

Clint daps Beat up. All head for the van. Beat walks backwards, eyes fixed on the drum set of his dreams...

SILK  
Beat, you get some inheritance,  
them drums as good as yours.

Beat is clearly excited by the idea.

EXT. MADISON AVENUE OFFICE BUILDING - NEXT DAY

A muffled IMPLOSION over. SHOWER OF RUBBLE rains down onto several PASSERSBY...

BEAT (O.S.)  
Wyoming? Where the hell is that?

INT. LAW OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Beat, in his Sunday best, sits next to a lady LAWYER (40s). She pulls a map of the U.S. and shows him.

LAWYER  
Right here. Rock River -- that's  
Rocky Mountain country. Wide open,  
beautiful rangeland. You're now proud  
owner of a 55-acre ranch.

Beat is flummoxed. Says nothing for a beat.

BEAT  
A... ranch?

LAWYER

A farm.

Beat searches his mental lexicon for a definition. Finally:

BEAT

You mean like... Ee-I-Ee-I-O?

LAWYER

That would be a farm.

BEAT

Uh huh... hm. Uh... listen, it don't, by no chance, say nothin' there 'bout, you know, like... cash or somethin' like that, huh? Ducats? C-notes?

LAWYER

Matter of fact, yes.

BEAT

(big sigh of relief)

Damn, why didn't you say so! Come on, lay it out. Lay it out!

LAWYER

Unfortunately, your father ran the operation into the ground. The ranch is destitute. All the hands have walked off the job. They haven't been paid since June.

Creeping dread tugs at Beat's optic nerves.

BEAT

So... I'm still waiting for that part you alluded to about the cash.

LAWYER

That's what I'm trying to tell you. No cash. Heavy debt, in fact.

BEAT

Let me get this straight. You sayin' there's... no cash.

LAWYER

Your father took out a \$50,000 loan from the ASCS -- that's the U.S. Government -- so he could plant this year. That's got to be repaid, else they'll seize the farm and all assets.

Beat stands up, motions to leave.

BEAT

Cool. Well, nice meetin' you.

LAWYER

Now hold up -- it's not that simple.

BEAT

Oh, yeah, it is. Yo, I got enough on my plate, a'ight lady? I gotta play bottles in the street to pay my rent, a'ight, 'cause my Moms hadda go have another kid, which means, OK, one more year I gotta put MY dreams on hold, one more year I can't go to no music school, one more year without even a real goddamn drum set. Aw...

Beat catches himself, heads for the door. SLAM!

INT. THE CHINA CLUB - NIGHT

CLUBGOERS dance and make merry.

ON STAGE

Beat, Clint and set up music gear. Clint runs MIDI cables between his synths as a SOUNDMAN places mics around Beat's bottles and cracked old cymbals and snare on cheap stands. Soundman regards Beat's bottles with a combination of amusement and incredulity.

BEAT

Yeah, what?

Silk plugs in his bass, slaps a few phrases, pausing to charm two fly FEMALE ADMIRERS who come up to him at the edge of the stage.

No one stands behind the mic at center-stage.

CLINT

EKG, late again.

BEAT

He'll be here. Say, Clint... you know anything 'bout Wyoming?

CLINT

(suspicious)

Why?

BEAT  
Oh... nothing. Nothing.

Near the stage, Beat's sister Shannel and her adorable, corn-rowed, zaftig-in-a-good-way friend YOLANDA, both dressed to the nines, fend off lechers twice their age.

CLINT  
Man, that Yolanda... check out that pontoonage? She got it goin' on! I feel my man-cream risin', know what I'm sayin'?

Clint wags his tongue to accentuate his gentlemanliness.

BEAT  
Yo, call 'em over. Talk to her. Yo, Shannel, Yolanda!

CLINT  
Aagh! N-n-no, I-I-I m-m-mean, it'd be all rattling my concentration and shit, know I'm saying?

Amused, Beat is about to reply, but then he notices:

BY THE ENTRANCEWAY

Estrellita and Toast have arrived -- along with Acme, STOOLS, CARLTON, and LUCAS: Toast's posse.

BEAT  
Well, hel-lo...!

Toast and crew hit the bar while Estrellita sneaks her way towards the stage. Enraptured, Beat kneels to greet her.

BEAT  
You made it. You came.

ESTRELLITA  
(somewhat nervous)  
Wasn't easy.

BEAT  
Listen, uh... we about to go on.  
How 'bout a li'l kiss for luck?

ESTRELLITA  
Not a good id--

Before she can argue, he's yanked her lips to his, and suddenly an ELECTRICAL ARC flares from the point of impact--

LIGHTNING-QUICK SERIES OF CUTS:

- ) BEAT, mid-sky-dive, 5,000 feet up and SCREAMING--
- ) ESTRELLITA, back against a sheer cliff wall as a breaker SLAMS into her, soaking her to the bone--
- ) A NUCLEAR EXPLOSION--
- ) A FRYING PAN catching fire, taking a chef by surprise--
- ) NIXON--
- ) SOMEONE cutting into a soft-boiled egg--
- ) FIREWORKS--
- ) A HIPPOPOTAMUS--
- ) TRAIN entering a tunnel--
- ) VOLCANO erupting--
- ) GAGGLE OF CHICKENS in a pen--
- ) OLD BAG LADY eating a sloppy joe, which dribbles down her chin.

BEAT AND ESTRELLITA

She tries to flick on a shocked, huffy reaction as she pulls away, but it holds no water. Beat, surprised with himself, beams.

BEAT

Word.

AT THE BAR

Toast lies across the bar, his mouth positioned directly under a tap. GARGLES the brew as his posse goads him on.

LUCAS

Yo, Toast -- ain't that yo receptacle,  
catchin' a rap with Beat Cobb?

Beer GEYSERS from Toast's maw in foamy fury --

BEAT AND ESTRELLITA. She spies Toast coming in.

ESTRELLITA

Oh, shit. I better jet.



Dazed, Beat watches her pull away.  
Argument brews as Toast catches up with her...

BEAT

I won. I won. I got her.

Silk grabs him roughly by the shoulders.

SILK

Earth to Homely...! I don't hear no  
fat lady singing yet!

Beat snaps back to reality. He nods, embarrassed.

CLINT

Where the hell EKG at?

IN THE CROWD

Ben Jerome watches and waits with a FELLOW EXEC.

SOUNDMAN

Aw'ight, kiddies, we got a treat for  
y'all, so put yo hands together for  
the smooth groove of EKG and Flam Jam!

ON STAGE

Stage lights come up. MC-less, the boys are forced to kick it regardless, so Beat launches a vibrant hip-hop BEAT which Silk carves a mean FUNK over. Clint gets the crowd jamming by clapping along, punctuating with HORN STABS and sound effects samples.

And then, right where the rap should come in... it does!

A HUGE, URSINE WHITE GUY, 6'3" 300 lbs. easy, with long hair, aviators, Grizzly Adams beard and fatigues, BLASTS onto the stage like a damn typhoon, seizes the mic, freezes in an odd pose and, with a voice like boiling Prestone poured into a freshly-salted paper-cut, enthuses:

EKG

Yo yo yo what up what up what up!  
Everybody -- get naked!!!

(raps)

Yo, EKG is the name I go by  
I ain't cute an' I sure ain't fly  
But I'm hypin' it up,  
I'm white an' I'm tough,  
and I look pretty scary  
when I'm in the buff.  
So before you go screamin'

(MORE)

EKG(cont'd)

"White bread, get off stage!",  
 From history you better take a page,  
 Can't judge a book by its cover,  
 oh no --  
 This cat might be some kinda lover  
 Though I come on like roaring blizzard  
 to most,  
 I'm a wizard of libido, that ain't no  
 boast  
 I'm a new an' undapper breed of  
 rapper,  
 Clap on, clap off -- The Clap!

And EKG, the most unlikely of all MCs, suddenly busts a move, an everlovin' frenzy, seemingly impossible for a man his size!

The audience is amused, enthralled. Ben Jerome and his fellow exec nod at each other, impressed. Meanwhile:

BACKSTAGE

Toast, Acme and co. sneak behind the amps, up to no good. Acme points to a power line, whips out a sketch pad.

Fires off an incredibly elaborate schematic diagram, flashes it to Toast for approval. Toast smiles & gives him "thumbs up."

ON STAGE

While EKG shakes his formidable booty in everyone's face, Beat whaps his crash cymbal hard, HALVING his stick -- the sharp half flies directly into Silk's butt crack! Oooch!!!! Silk yanks it out, glares at Beat. Beat smirks apologetically, new stick already in action.

EXT. CHINA CLUB - BROADWAY - CONTINUOUS

Acme's up a telephone pole clamping booster cables to power leads. Toast waits below, feeding him cable --

INT. CHINA CLUB - ON STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Back at his mic stand, EKG again freezes in a funky pose --

EKG

Now what's all this shit?  
 I hear y'all yappin'  
 (points to his butt)  
 I got a nice hole you can stuff that  
 crap in  
 'Cause a bee-line to you is what I  
 been mappin'

(MORE)

EKG(cont'd)

So shut yo fat face while EKG rappin'!  
 Said any sumbitch can go 'round  
 packin',  
 Robbin', stealin', shootin', whackin'--  
 OFF to they own reflection,  
 violence fuelin' they tiny erection  
 But EKG don't play that, word  
 I'll say it again 'case y'all ain't  
 heard  
 I'm a new an' undapper breed of  
 rapper,  
 Clap on, clap off--

He holds the mic out to the crowd:

EVERYONE

The Clap!

INT. CHINA CLUB BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Toast, covered in soot, is jammed in a narrow crawlspace,  
 snaking cable to Acme--

INT. CHINA CLUB - CONTINUOUS

EKG

...Say wocka wocka wocka!

AUDIENCE

Wocka wocka wocka!

EKG

Say (BELCHES)!

Audience BELCHES right along. Ben Jerome is amazed.

JEROME

Crowd eatin' outta his palm.

ON THE FLOOR, BEHIND BEAT

Acme crawls out from behind the curtain, comes up behind  
 Beat's stool. Clamps the jumper cable to the stool's steel  
 legs...

EKG

My brother -- Beat Cobb on drums!

BACKSTAGE

Toast throws the lever on a circuit-breaker --

ON STAGE

FZZZZZZZZT!!!! Beat LIGHTS UP like a proverbial Christmas tree -- tongue wags crazily, we even see his bones flash, like an X-ray -- and then, smoke once again pouring from his fried fade, he TOPPLES OVER in SLO-MO, not unlike a downed sequoia.

THE CROWD, assuming this is all part of the act, CHEERS.

EXT. CHINA CLUB - BROADWAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Beat comes to on a gurney as paramedics load him into an ambulance. Concerned clubgoers mill about.

CLINT

Hey, he's awake! Yo, man! Why didn't you tell us you was gonna go boom?

SILK

At least he didn't get stabbed in the ass! Yo, you okay, Beat?

Beat moans.

BEAT

(to the paramedics)  
Yo, hold up a sec'. I'm fine.

Craning his neck, he searches the masses -- there she is. On her way out, arm in arm with Toast. Toast and his boys are laughing, gesturing back Beat's way. High fives all around. Estrellita looks back at Beat. She shrugs helplessly, then disappears.

Beat sags in defeat.

CLINT

Yo, screw her, man!

BEAT

I'm trying, man! Where's EKG at?

The boys look around: Ah. There he is. Ben Jerome has his arm around EKG's shoulder, courting him. All smiles.

CLINT

Yo... what up with that?

BEAT  
EKG! Yo, EKG!

EKG disappears into the back of a limo with Jerome and his partner. The limo drives off.

Our boys are shell-shocked. Beat collapses back onto the gurney.

CLINT  
Son of a...!

BEAT  
Think I hear that fat lady singin'  
now.

EXT. JEROME AVE. - UNDER THE EL - DAY

Beat, Clint and Silk are kickin' it. Spirits are low.

Behind them, a MUGGING. Another fine day in the Bronx.

Without warning, Beat's body is racked in SPASM -- he twitches convulsively, then his HAIR EXPLODES. He jumps around slapping his scalp, frantically trying to extinguish the blaze. Finds a discarded styro cup of God-knows-what, and is forced to douse himself with it. Then he sits back down, head smoldering.

BEAT  
Uhhh... "electric shock flashback."  
They said I'd get these for a while.

Clint and Silk regard him dubiously. Silence ensues.

BEAT  
Shit! EKG ain't even called, nothin'!

SILK  
Hey, you know EKG. He always  
disappearin', sometimes for weeks.

CLINT  
Yeah, betcha he at Broken Records  
right now, signin' a recording  
contract, know what I'm sayin'?  
Mudfucka sold us out, man. Right the  
fuck out. Bam! Well, I hope he the  
next Vanilla Ice.

BEAT  
Ooooh. That's low, homely.

SILK

Gotta admit, the guy's tripped. No address... no phone...

CLINT

Yeah, man! I mean, we gotta go see Preacher every time we wanna get holda him? What kind of weird-ass paranoid top secret bullshit is that, man? Know what I'm -- OWOWWWOOO!

Clint bites his tongue accidentally and reels in pain.

Silk opens a briefcase, scans the contents: "Rolexes." Closes it up, stands.

SILK

Well, I gotta get to work. Got watches to sell, tourists to bilk.

He looks around for approval. Sighs.

SILK

Yo, it ain't goddamn Armageddon! Y'all cheer the fuck up!

BEAT

Yo... I been thinkin'... maybe it's time for a change. Like... I dunno, like Wyoming.

Needless to say, the looks hurled Beat's way say, "Say what?"

CLINT

Say what?

BEAT

Wyoming, man. Why the hell not? I mean, what the hell I got here? Broken Records steals our rapper; dissed by my own brother!... Estrellita won't give me the time of day... damn Toast keeps blowin' me up... My life sucks!

Beat.

BEAT

One of you supposed to contradict me. Offer words of encouragement n' shit...?

CLINT

Oh! Yo, uh, at least, um... At least, um... damn, help me out here, Silk!

SILK

C'mon, man, what you know about cows n' shit?

BEAT

They're outstanding in their field.

Everyone groans. Then, from above, an AWFUL SQUEAL of RENDING METAL and SHRIEKING BRAKES -- the elevated train's derailed! (All O.S.) HUNDREDS SCREAM, OVER. Our boys take little notice.

CLINT

I seen cows once, at the Bronx Zoo.

SILK

Ain't no goddamn cows in the zoo!

CLINT

Yo, I knew that, a-'ight? Just testin' your ass.

BEAT

Look, I been thinkin' 'bout this. Talked to the lawyer this morning. First off, all them animals out there? They starvin'. Somebody gotta feed 'em. Also, the lawyer say, harvest time in only 2 weeks. She say, if I can get a couple farmhands to come back, we can harvest, pay off that government loan --

Survivors of the train wreck stagger past in the BG as pickpockets and homeless materialize to work the crowd. SIRENS and EXPLOSIONS OVER.

CLINT

Harvest? Harvest what???

BEAT

Yo, I don't know man, plants and shit! Snap, shut up an' listen! Then I sell the damn place, right, and clear maybe 20 G's for 4 weeks' work!

SILK

20 G's! Damn!

BEAT  
So what y'all think?

CLINT  
(two fingers barely apart)  
I think you outta yo tiny, speck-like,  
pea-molecule-thimble-teensy-Tom-Thumb-  
H.O.-scale-nano-skull, man! Shit!

SILK  
You know, man -- I always wanted to  
ride me a horse, you dig? Wind in yo'  
hair... zippin' across the wide open  
plain with a heavin' steed between yo'  
legs... Yo, Beat -- I'm down. Let's  
do it.

BEAT  
Beat! You the man, Silk!

High-fives between Beat and Silk, beginning the elaborate  
handshake ritual.

CLINT  
Aw, no no no! You both crazy! I-I'm  
callin' Bellevue! No way you gettin'  
my ass out there! No way!

Beat and Silk exchange a coy smile. Sure they will.

INT. BEAT AND SHANNEL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Beat sits on his bed, counting out all the cash he had  
stashed in a coffee can. The can is labeled "United Negro  
Drumkit Fund".

BEAT  
Three hundred sixty two dollars,  
sixty seven cent.

He bites his lip, looks at his poster of drummer Elvin Jones.

BEAT  
(guiltily)  
Yo, don't be lookin' at me like that!

CUT TO:

EXT. SILK'S BROWNSTONE - DAY - ESTAB.



INT. SILK'S CRIB - DAY

Velvet wall-hangings, colored lights, and a king-sized bed. Framed poster of Stanley Clarke. Evidence of packing. Expensive silk shirts hang in a garment bag.

DOORBELL. Silk opens his door.

SILK  
What are you doing here?

ESTRELLITA  
Hiya, Everett.

SILK  
Awww man, don't be calling me that.

She enters, kisses him perfunctorily on the cheek, takes a quick look around. Goes to a hanging, hand-blown glass ball.

ESTRELLITA  
This is new. Which one of your ho's gave this to you?

SILK  
Suzette, I think. Or maybe Natasha...? Aw, I ain't in no mood fo' yo bullshit, alright, Es? You know you don't give a shit, you never did.

ESTRELLITA  
Did too.

SILK  
Yeah, that's all you gave me, was shit. You come here just to sweat me, or what? I gotta finish packing.

ESTRELLITA  
So I hear. Shannel said Beat inherited a ranch, and you're all going to go be "Rhinestone Homeboys."

Silk shoots her a sardonic look.

ESTRELLITA  
You'll talk him out of it, right?

SILK  
You think I'm the voice of reason?  
Ha!

(MORE)

SILK(cont'd)

This trip's gonna be the bomb, man. Get to ride horses & shit... Hell yes, we going. And we are gonna have us one bad-ass mother-fatherin' good time. Plus, it'll have the added benefit of getting Beat's ass the hell away from you!

Estrellita looks shocked, then sullen --

SILK

Don't gimme them puppy eyes! You know I can't handle them puppy eyes! Shit! What you expect, treatin' him like you do? Keep him hanging on, while you slobber the bone of that ass-munch Toast.

ESTRELLITA

(upset)

Now wait a minute! I... I...

She looks about to cry.

SILK

Oh, stop it! Just stop it, Estrellita, a-'ight? Look -- you wanna have it both ways, always did, that's why I dumped yo ass. Two years you been sayin' you gonna dump that bitch. Well, I ain't gonna let you do the same shit to my best homely, like you did me.

ESTRELLITA

You don't get it at all...

SILK

That's right. I don't.

He fires off an address on a Post-It, hands it to her.

SILK

This where we'll be at. Write him a letter or somethin'. Break his heart easy, huh? And stay yo' fickle ass the hell away.

EXT. BEAT'S BUILDING - NEXT DAY

Beat waits on the stoop with his Ma, sister, and baby brother. Pile of Clint's music gear, Beat's bottles, and some tatty suitcases waits beside them.

Nearby, Clint puzzles over a map of the US. He wears a T-shirt that says, "Black Owned".

Silk's lame old van limps into view, coughs to a halt. Silk's smiling face peeks out.

MA

Three thousand miles in that heap?

SILK

(indignant)

Yo! This here one finely-tuned piece of automotive machinery!

CLINT

We all gonna die.

Silk saunters over, oozing charm, lookin' quite the GQ B-boy.

SILK

(bowing)

Ms. Cobb... lookin' radiant as always.

Beat's Ma blushes. Ahh, that Silk.

SILK

Well, hello Shannel. You know, as I was packin' my van, I paused to admire a beautiful patch of tulips... but now, seein' you, I realize I was wastin' my time. The tulips ain't but a distant second.

Beat does his best to keep from puking as Shannel swats down Silk's flirt with a vicious glare.

SHANNEL

Marcus, would you keep your boy on a leash, please? Hey listen... y'all get that place all set up, I was thinking, wouldn't it be dope for me an' a couple my friends to join y'all out there? A little vacation, what do you say?

BEAT

Oh yeah sure right, after we do all the work? I don't think so!

MA

You got maps? Change for the tolls?

BEAT

Yeah yeah yeah Ma, we cool. An'  
Silk's gonna let me drive some too,  
ain'tcha?

SILK

That'll be the day.

BEAT

Hey, I got my permit! Woulda passed  
that damn road test too, if the  
instructor hadn't made me parallel  
park. And... pull out into traffic.  
And... make a left-hand turn.

CLINT

Say, listen y'all, ain't too late to  
reconsider...?

BEAT

Too late, Clint! We just got one  
stop to make first.

EXT. EAST BURNSIDE AVENUE - THE BRONX - DAY

This is perhaps the single crappiest section of the South  
Bronx. Don't go here.

We're in a tiny "park", a strip island sandwiched between  
East and West Burnside, just south of the Grand Concourse.  
Several murder victims are discovered here each morning,  
amidst hopeless winos, pregnant junkies--all the good stuff.

Standing on the edge of the park, an blithering old derelict  
in filthy clerical garb holds forum, spewing hellfire at  
vehicles and hapless passersby, gesticulating with a bottle  
of Night Train. The PREACHER.

PREACHER

(drunk)

...and Chaaaaysus WILL judge you  
sinners, condemn you all INTO the  
hairiest BOWELS of hell, and... uh...

(blanks)

That's right, you VILE, repugnant  
pieces of shit, you gonna FEEL  
Satan's INFERNAL flames lickin' at  
your asshole, yayussss!!!! (MORE)  
(forgets where he is)

No... uh.... wait... oh yeah. My  
fellow Americans, you must be saved!  
Yes, in my darkest hour, Chaysus came

(MORE)

PREACHER(cont'd)

to me, YES, an' he-he showed me the  
light! Praise the fuckin' Lord!  
Silk's van sidles up to Preacher.

BEAT

That was just The Man shinin' a  
flashlight in yo eyes, fool!

Preacher cuts the malarkey, smiles and shakes Beat's and  
Clint's hands through the window --

PREACHER

(suddenly lucid)

Shh! Shut up, I know that! Hey hey  
hey, the Beatnik! Yo, Clint,  
Silkworm. Que tal, hombres? Still  
lookin' for EKG?

SILK

Yeah, Preacher. Got 'ny word?

CLINT

He hangin' with them record company  
honchos, planning his world tour,  
know what I'm sayin'?

PREACHER

Don't know nothin' 'bout that. Beat  
is, the NSA sent him off to New  
Mexico. Head off possible sabotage to  
a satellite listening post from  
Chechen tangos.

(winks)

'Course, I didn't just tell you that.  
The boys exchange startled looks.

CLINT

What the hell you saying?

PREACHER

(laughs)

"No Such Agency," you dig?

(winks)

Where y'all off to?

The boys shake their heads, bewildered.

BEAT

Uh... little vacation. Here --  
If you hear from EKG, tell him this  
where we'll be at.

Beat hands him a slip of paper.

PREACHER

Bet. Peace, young brothers.

Everyone shakes hands; Silk drives off.  
As soon as they're gone:

PREACHER

(suddenly drunk)

REPENT! I say, y'all better repent,  
'cause... 'cause the old coat of  
pent's startin' to peel. That's  
right...

MONTAGE - EXT. ASSORTED HIGHWAYS - DAY

Various shots of Silk's van travelling along highways and by-ways. After about a minute of this -- we're assuming they should be in Kansas by now -- they pass a large sign:

NOW ENTERING NEW JERSEY

The Garden State

IN THE VAN

Clint's the navigator. Beat yanks the map from his hands --

BEAT

Jersey? How can we only be in  
Jersey???

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The van ambles down a back-road, one headlight out. Pass a hotel: "No Vacancy".

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Silk changes a flat. Beat & Clint deal with the jack.

INT. VAN - TRAVELING - NIGHT

Beat is driving. Bleary-eyed, exhausted, he suddenly zones out. Van goes off the road, through a copse of woods! Beat snaps

awake, SCREECHES the van back onto the road. Fortunately, Silk slept through the whole thing. Beat wipes his brow.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Silk changes another flat. Beat & Clint deal with the jack.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The van overheats. Steam ejaculates from the hood.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The van is towed past CAMERA as the boys walk to a Hojo in the BG. PAN LEFT to "No Vacancy" sign.

EXT. DRAINAGE DITCH - NIGHT

The boys bed down in sleeping bags, the stars their ceiling. Peace for three seconds, then B L O S H ! ! ! ! -- a TORRENT OF WATER, a veritable tsunami, races down the ditch and washes the boys away.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Beat changes a flat. Silk slaps a funk groove in the sun as Clint deals with the jack.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The engine falls out of the van.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The van is again towed past CAMERA as the boys attempt to hitch by the side of the road.

INT. VAN - TRAVELING - DAY

The boys have Samsonite-sized bags under their eyes.

Sleep? None here.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The van passes a sign that reads,

NOW ENTERING NEW JERSEY

The Garden State

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Beat strangles Clint--

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

Silk's van limps past a sign proclaiming:  
(MORE)

CONGRATULATIONS CHUMPS!  
 ABOUT TIME YOU GOT HERE.  
 THIS BE WYOMING.

IN THE VAN

Cheers of joy and relief. Boys dap each other up.

END MONTAGE

INT. VAN - TRAVELLING - DAY

Beat gazes with bloodshot eyes at the majestic Rocky Mountain vistas and wide open prairie.

BEAT  
 Holy shit. Look at this place.

CLINT  
 Talk about Bumfuck, man! Damn! Who  
 the hell lives all the way out here?

A SIGN informs them they're now entering Rock River, Wyoming, population 213.

SILK  
 Hell, dozens of people, cuz!

BEAT  
 Yo, Rock River! Beat! Bust this,  
 we are here!

SILK  
 Yes! Yes! Allah be praised!

CLINT  
 Can we *please* go home now?!?

EXT. THE COBB FARM - DAY

Sputtering and on its last legs, Silk's van moseys through the front gate, past rows of corn as far as the eye can see.

IN THE VAN

BEAT  
 Okay, that's corn, right?

CLINT  
 That ain't corn, man! Corn's all  
 yellow an' shit, know what I'm sayin'?



BEAT  
Fool, them's the plants it grows on!

CLINT  
Yo, why you dissin' me? Like you  
know something--

BEAT  
Mo' than you, you --

SILK  
Will you two dumb-ass babies kick it  
to the curb? We all got cabin fever,  
a week in my happening-but-admittedly  
temperamental love-mobile. Chill, my  
brothers.

Beat and Clint nod apologetically.

SILK  
Yo -- look!

They proceed towards a penned area that holds a fair herd  
of...

BEAT  
(slowly)  
The hell is them things?

SILK  
No idea.

CLINT  
Looks like... like...  
(blanks)  
Know what I'm sayin'?

ALPACAS. Lots and lots of alpacas.

BEAT  
(worried)  
Nobody knows what them things is?

SILK  
I'll turn up this hill. Let's find  
them horses!

The van trudges past another series of large pens, each  
containing a helping of gigantic, ugly birds.

SILK  
Holy shit!

CLINT  
 (scared)  
 S-Some kinda... giant, evil, mutant  
 bird-monsters!

BEAT  
 Them's ostriches! Goddamn! What's  
 the deal, man, ain't there no horses  
 an' sheeps an' cows an' shit?

CLINT  
 We in some serious shit here, homes.  
 Know what I'm sayin'? Serious. I'm  
 tellin' you, this a big mistake,  
 comin' out here, we all gonna die!

SILK  
 Clint, will you please shut up!

INT. MAIN HOUSE - DAY

Beat walks through tentatively, taking in his father's home.  
 Eclectic, utilitarian furnishings. He continues upstairs.  
 Stairs CREAK with each step.

INT. BEAT'S DAD'S BEDROOM

Beat examines the room. Approaches a dresser. There he  
 finds a veritable shrine... to him. There must be 2 dozen  
 photos of Beat, ages 0-3. Some alone, some with Reggie and  
 his Ma. Beat bristles, uncomfortable.

BEAT  
 Hol-ee shit...

He knocks one photo aside. As it hits the floor, glass  
 BREAKS. Feeling a tad sorry, Beat bends to retrieve the  
 photo... and discovers a stack of GIRLY MAGS under the  
 dresser. Beat beams with cautious delight as he rifles his  
 find.

BEAT  
 Alright, Pops!

EXT. STORAGE SHED - DAY

Beat swings open the side door to the 20' high, 50' long shed  
 and moseys inside. It's dark in here, but we can make out  
 piles of straw and grain scattered messily about.

A gigantic, ominous-looking PIECE OF MACHINERY sits idle.

BEAT

What the...?

He goes over for a closer look, but it's too dark to see. Fumbles around for a light switch. He finds it. CLICK.

BEAT

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGH!!!

Right there, staring him in the face, is one frightening six foot BLACK SNAKE, who recoils from the light and HISSES at Beat--

Panicked and SCREAMING continuously, Beat suddenly finds a shovel in his mitts and is promptly pulverizing the poor snake into strawberry flapjacks.

He continues bashing it long after it's pulped.

Finally, he drops the shovel, wipes the sweat from his brow and tries to catch his breath.

BEAT

Shit!

Now he notices the gigantic piece of machinery.

It's as big as a double-decker bus. Red paint shows through where it's not not caked with mud and rust. A huge snout twenty feet wide fronts the contraption, while an enclosed cab sits on high, a rusty ladder leading to it. Front wheels as tall as Beat indicate that this beast may in fact be mobile.

Beat stares blankly at it, clueless.

EXT. THE FARM - OUTSIDE THE BARN - DAY

Silk and Clint heave open the barn doors, promptly recoil from the stink --

SILK

Oooowee! Paydirt! Horses!

INSIDE

Three forlorn, forsaken horses eye the two boys uncertainly from within their darkened stalls. Holding their noses, Silk and Clint penetrate gingerly. Clint is gagging from the smell, but Silk is entranced. Reads the nameplates:

SILK  
 Thunder... Hellbeast?... Fluffy!  
 (laughs)  
 Fluffy! Aww, how cute! Hey, girl!

Fluffy is, in fact, a gorgeous thoroughbred Arabian, gunmetal and sleek. Clint smiles broadly, reaches out to pat the horse--

SILK

Loud "CHOMP" OVER--

SILK  
 AIIIEEEEOOOARRGH bad horse! Bad  
 horsey!

Incredulous, he examines his throbbing, red hand as Clint tries (unsuccessfully) to fight back a snicker. Beat strolls on in.

BEAT  
 Damn, Silk, these horses ain't eaten  
 in a week. That Fluffy probably  
 thought yo hand was a piece of The  
 Colonel, extra crispy!

SILK  
 Ho fuckin' ho ho! Laugh it up.

CLINT  
 Sup, Beat?

BEAT  
 Right, bust this, I scoped out the  
 whole joint. We got corns, ostriches,  
 them ugly camel things... an' one  
 freshly dead snake.

CLINT  
 The hell kinda farm IS this?  
 This is bullshit, man, know what  
 I'm sayin'? We got these weird-ass  
 creatures from Mars, and --

SILK  
 Clint, will you clamp yo' whiny trap  
 for ten damn seconds, let the man  
 finish?

BEAT

(sighs)

The main house is cool. Beds an'  
showers--

CLINT

Righteous! Beds and showers!

Clint tries to escape, but Beat yanks him back.

BEAT

-- Electric's still on, but we got no  
phone or gas. Mosta the shit in the  
fridge is spoilt. An' there's  
somethin' else... I don't know what  
it is, but y'all had better come  
take a look.

INT. THE MAIN HOUSE - DAY - INCUBATOR ROOM

The boys stand transfixed before two giant Buckeye  
incubators, each the size of Sub-Zero restaurant fridges. An  
eerie red light bathes the room.

Within the incubators: Dozens of cantaloupe-sized ostrich  
eggs, mounted on slanted racks. A low SCI-FI HUM.

SILK

What the...?

CLINT

(scared)

Shit man, it's like those eggs in  
Alien! Th-They gonna hatch an' fly  
out an' --

Mimicking the Alien face-hugger, Clint grabs his own face --

CLINT

-- AGGGH! AGGGH!!! We all gonna die!  
We gonna die!

Clint wrestles himself to the ground, gagging and screaming.  
Silk and Beat roll their eyes.

SILK

(to Beat)

You got any ideas?

BEAT

Far as this room? No. As for the  
rest of this place--

Clint is still writhing and screaming. Beat kicks him.

BEAT

Clint!

(sighs)

We got to split up. First thing, we gotta feed them animals. Why don't y'all deal with that -- meantime, I'll go into town, buy some grub, ask around, try to find those farmhands. They got an old truck here.

CLINT

Aw, man! I don't know how to feed no animals!

BEAT

Oh, yeah, I forgot, and we gotta clean up they shit.

INT. C-TOWN SUPERMARKET - THE BRONX - DAY

Shannel is changing out the register, taking over for Estrellita.

ESTRELLITA

So... hear from your brother?

SHANNEL

Called 'bout 5 days ago from Jersey. They was havin' a little difficulty.

Estrellita removes her smock, opens the drawer beneath the register, and tosses it in -- but not fast enough. Shannel catches sight of the cache of unopened letters.

SHANNEL

(stunned)

Girlfriend, y'all might try readin' them sometime.

Estrellita pauses, wondering whether to be indignant or not.

ESTRELLITA

(guiltily)

I... I read the first couple.

(beat)

They were just... I don't know. So romantic... I... couldn't handle it. They're dangerous.

Shannel fires off a look of utter incredulity at her friend.

SHANNEL

You know, Es... you are a coward!  
That's right! Sure, it's easy to ho'  
around with some whacked out fool, who  
don't give a flying Wallenda 'bout  
you. But one day?, you gonna wake up  
all old and withered and alone, and  
realize you coulda had somebody who  
truly cared about you... but you blew  
it.

ESTRELLITA

Jeez, Shannel. Don't hold back now.  
Tell me how you really feel.

But Estrellita has definitely heard her.

INT. ESTRELLITA'S BEDROOM - LATER

She's sitting on her futon, Beat's letters opened and spread  
out before her. She opens the last one, dives in.

ESTRELLITA

"Your glistening body splayed  
Between my perspiring flesh and  
The cool wet sand beneath us  
Each drunk, from our dancing,  
feverish kisses..."

Panting, eyes wide, she puts the poem down, clutches her  
heart. Thumping mile a minute. She laughs nervously.

ESTRELLITA

Whoa...

INT. THE FARM - MAIN HOUSE - BATHROOM

Silk splashes on cologne and examines his shave in the steamy  
mirror. He's wearing a dope silk shirt, black wool slacks.  
Good to go. Nods & chucks himself on the chin, then exits.

EXT. THE MAIN HOUSE - DAY

Silk steps out, heads towards the barn -- SPLAT! Steps in a  
huge mound of horse shit. Skitters madly, trying to keep his  
balance -- PLAFF! He eats mud.

In the BG, Clint hauls a sack of feed towards an ostrich pen, clothespin sealing his nostrils. Laughs uproariously as he spots Silk trying to get to his feet, covered in mud, shit, and dust.

SILK  
Yo, shut the hell up! These \$150.  
gabardine slacks! Damn!

CLINT-  
(snickers)  
"Gabardine slacks."

Silk tries to clear himself off... futile. Clint laughs even harder. Fuming, Silk stomps back inside.

EXT. OSTRICH PEN - DAY

Clint finds a burlap sack labeled "Feed". Rips it open. Behind him, 8-foot yearling ostriches watch expectantly.

CLINT  
Yo, Big Bird!  
(half-singing)  
Come and play,  
everything's A-okay. On my way... to  
y'all butt-ugly-ass freaks.

He heaves handfuls of feed at them, and they all come running, led by the dominant cock.

CLINT  
Can you tell me how to get, how to get  
to y'all ass-smellin'-like nuclear  
mutant canaries on steroids...?  
(chuckles)  
Damn! Farmin's cake!

Without warning, an angry hen CHARGES him -- an ostrich foot SMASHES the railing separating them, **missing his nuts** by scant millimeters!

Clint recoils in horror, examines the point of impact. The wood is *shattered*.

CLINT  
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!

He stops screaming. Looks around, all in a tizzy, expecting someone, anyone, to give him sympathy. When he realizes he'll get none, he calms a bit... and gets pissed.



Clint stares down his attacker. The hen waddles away with a defiant air.

CLINT

Alright, you win *this* one, sweetheart.  
Ugly-ass freak.

INT. THE BARN - DAY

We see Silk pull up outside in the van. He jumps out carrying six paper bags emblazoned with the BOFFOBURGER logo - a bogus product placement -- and enters the barn.

SILK

Alright, check it out check it out,  
got some dee-licious grub here. Lucky  
for y'all we passed that Boffoburger a  
ways back.

On "Boffoburger", Silk none-too-coyly angles the bag towards CAMERA. Shoves some burgers and fries under Thunder's nose. The horse promptly chows down on the fries.

Stacked right behind Silk:

HAY BALES

Food aplenty for horses. Doesn't register to Silk.

SILK

(to Fluffy)

You eat last, you evil woman.

EXT. TOWN OF ROCK RIVER - TITUS' GAS STATION - DAY

The town of Rock River consists of a gas station/convenience store, a bar and a church. Beat haltingly drives his dad's '72 Chevy pickup to the pump -- KLUNK! Beat's driving sucks.

With twenty in hand, he approaches the ATTENDANT (50s), a weathered Shoshoni with a grey ponytail.

ATTENDANT

Can I help you?

BEAT

Ten dollars.

ATTENDANT

No, that's a twenty.

The attendant smiles. Pops a pinch of Red Man into his cheek.

BEAT

No... ten dollars' gas.

ATTENDANT

You ain't pumped it yet.

BEAT

Huh? You mean... pump the gas first?

ATTENDANT

You ain't from these parts, eh?

BEAT

(sarcastically)

Gee, how'd you figure that? Ain't got no "knee-grows" in "these parts?"

(snorts)

Yo, I'm from the Bronx, man.

ATTENDANT

You don't look British.

Beat: huh?

BEAT

The Bronx, *New York City*? I just inherited the Cobb farm.

The attendant tries valiantly to keep from laughing. Fails. Tries to stop laughing. Fails. After a minute or so:

BEAT

What is so damn funny?

Abruptly, the attendant ceases laughing.

ATTENDANT

You must be Reggie's son? Marcus! He always talked about you, boy.

BEAT

Hey, I ain't his son, he weren't no father, an' I ain't no "boy", let's get that straight, a-'ight!

Attendant reels back. O-kay.

ATTENDANT/TITUS

(offers his hand)

Name's Titus. 'Fraid you couldn't

(MORE)

ATTENDANT/TITUS(cont'd)

pronounce my last name... translates  
to, "Wacky Loose Woman  
With Cheese In Her Hair."

Beat looks as if he's trapped in a cardboard box with a yak.  
Reluctantly shakes Titus' hand.

TITUS

Yeah, that Reggie... most thick-  
headed joe you'd ever meet. Couldn't  
raise no normal animals, no, hadda be  
the first in these parts to get  
ostriches. Then he got into alpacas.

Beat is obviously uncomfortable listening to this.

BEAT

That's what them things is? Man.

TITUS

He loved that farm, but he just spent  
too much time across the street...

Titus nods towards PULASKI'S BAR.

BEAT

Look, I really don't wanna hear none  
of this, aw'ight? That man weren't no  
father!

Titus examines Beat carefully.

TITUS

He was a good man, and he was my  
friend.

BEAT

Whatever, man. All I wanna do is sell  
the damn place, then get the hell  
home... And get some damn gas!

TITUS

Sell it? Ha! Who's gonna buy it?

Beat looks blank.

TITUS

That farm's so run down...! And you  
can forget hiring back Reggie's  
farmhands -- 'less you got 8 weeks'  
back pay fer 4 men. Ha ha ha... you  
are s-c-r-u-d, screwed!

Out of the blue Beat suffers another

ELECTRIC SHOCK FLASHBACK --

Brief series of convulsions before his hair spontaneously combusts. A crazy dance accompanies his patting the fire out.

Titus eyes the out-of-breath boy with the smoldering head skeptically. Leads him a few feet from the gas pump.

TITUS

No smoking near the pumps.

BEAT

Great.

TITUS

Listen. You know about the ostriches? You got your reds, blacks, and blues. The blues are the tallest, up to eight feet, but they're also the orneriest. You'll find sacks of feed in the barn -  
-

BEAT

-- Yeah yeah yeah, we on it already.

TITUS

Yuh-huh. And what about the harvest? You ready for that? You gotta cut all that corn 'fore the rains come, you know -- plus you gotta shear those alpacas, sort it by color... that's a lot of wool.

(laughs)

Good luck!

Beat has about had it with this guy.

BEAT

Yeah, well, I brought couple my homeys.

(sarcastically)

Thank you fo' yo' concern.

TITUS

Hey, I'm just trying to help here, Marcus -- you know, your father and four hands couldn't manage that farm...!

BEAT

**I ain't my goddamn father!**

Beat storms over to the pump, JAMS the nozzle into the gas tank.

Titus sighs, sprays a stream of terbacky spittle.

INT. MAIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The boys chow on cold Boffoburgers.

Clint snatches another burger from the bag. But now the Boffoburger logo is no longer facing CAMERA. Silk furtively, somewhat sheepishly, corrects this.

CLINT

Mm-mm. Boffoburgers sure are good.

SILK

That Titus guy tell you what them camels be?

BEAT

Yeah, uh... Al Pacinos.

CLINT

'The hell you talkin' about?

BEAT

I don't know, man, he called 'em Al Pacinos or some shit! We supposed to shear 'em for they wool. No problem. We can start on that tomorrow. Cut 'em all fades, you dig?

SILK

(laugh)

I'm down with that.

BEAT

An' we gotta pick that corn, too. I saw some clippers in the barn.

Everyone pales.

CLINT

(worried)

That's an awful lot of corn.

INT. TOAST'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Toast careens into his door completely blotto, 40 in hand.

The porcine, enormous-breasted WENCH hanging on him smiles, swoons, pukes, then passes out on top of him! Toast can't support her weight, and hits the ground, bobbling his keys in the process.

Muttering all kinds of expletives, he retrieves the keys. Never notices the 9 x 12 manila envelope with "TOAST" written on it in big, Marks-A-Lot letters Scotch-taped to the door.

With a mighty GROAN, he rolls the wench out of his way and pours himself inside. The door closes. Beat.

Suddenly the door FLINGS OPEN -- wide-eyed double-take as Toast spots the note --

INT. TOAST'S CRIB

He plops down onto a huge heap of clothing, under which there may be a bed. SOMEONE goes "OOF!" Toast looks around in confusion, then notices he's sat on someone, hidden under the pile. He shifts positions, allowing him/her to roll over.

TOAST

Sorry, man. Uh... I mean, Miss.

He rips open the letter.

ESTRELLITA (V.O.)

Blarfag grot glbb blinch vug vug...  
(baffled; stoned)  
What is this shit?

He realizes he's been holding the letter upside down. Oops.

ESTRELLITA (V.O.)

Dear Toast:  
It's over. Hard to explain... guess it comes down to, I want romance and warmth from a relationship... things you just don't have inside you. I only wish that... um, Toast? Toast?

Toast's attention span has expired. He's picked up the remote, clicked on the Playboy Channel--

ESTRELLITA (V.O.)

Jesus Christ, Toast, I'm trying to dump you, pay attention!

Toast snaps back. Resumes reading.

ESTRELLITA (V.O.)

Jesus! Where was I? Oh yeah, warmth, blah blah blah. Anyway, I'm going away for a few days to clear my head. Please don't try to contact me. Hope you understand, it's for the best. Love, Estrellita. P.S. I want that fifty bucks you owe me by the 21st.

Toast, nonplussed, tosses the letter aside and calmly snags a roach from an ashtray. Fumbles with his lighter. Almost gets it lit before he abruptly ERUPTS--

TOAST

AAAAAARGH!!!! What the-- ???

He grabs up the letter, resumes reading:

ESTRELLITA (V.O.)

P.P.S.: By the way, you slimy loser, I'll be with Beat Cobb, the man who loves me, who writes me beautiful love sonnets like you never could, you frickin' vegetable. So there.

(sound of a "BRONX CHEER")

TOAST

Stands dramatically, BACKLIT.

Raging, he rips the letter apart and eats the shreds --

TOAST

Kiiiiiiiill him! DEATH!!! DEATH TO YOU ALL! DEATH TO YOU ALL!!!

Right then, the drunken, porcine wench staggers INTO FRAME. One boob falls out as she drops to her knees and upchucks all over Toast's feet!

TOAST

What the -- aw, man!!! Spoiled my whole goddamn moment! Damn!

EXT. THE FARM - DAY

Dawn breaks on the horizon. Rooster crows. The whole bit.

INT. THE MAIN HOUSE - CLINT'S ROOM - MORNING

Light cranks mercilessly through the drapeless window. Clint's snoring like a Humvee with no muffler and clutching his pillow like a lover. Beat appears in the doorway, dressed and bright-eyed (but probably not bushy-tailed).

BEAT

Six AM! Rise an' shine, punk-ass!  
Life's tickin' away, and you missin'  
it! Wake the hell up! Up up up!

Clint shows no indications of life. Beat, disgruntled, exits.

CLINT

Suddenly blasted out of his sleep by infernal CLANGING --

PULL BACK TO REVEAL BEAT, bashing the hell out of a cast-iron frying pan with a monkey wrench, inches from Clint's ear --

CLINT

AAAAAGH! Hell, I'm UP, man, I'm up!!!

EXT. THE CORNFIELD - DAY

Beat and Silk sweating in the hot sun. Trying to figure out how to cut the corn. Beat's shirt is off; Silk's is filthy and soaked through.

Silk positions his clipper halfway up the stalk--

SILK

Here, you think?

Beat shrugs. Silk clips. Beat follows suit.

BEAT

Silkworm, I gotta ask -- just how is it you get women like you do? I mean, what do you say, man? You got the magic!

SILK

Aw, man... ain't no magic. Women just like a well-dressed man, treats 'em right, you know what I'm sayin'?



BEAT

I could dress up like the finest GQ  
B-Boy in all creation, I still  
wouldn't get action like the Silkworm,  
here.

SILK

These facts, I cannot deny.

BEAT

Yo, Silk... can I be deep a minute?

SILK

Nope.

BEAT

Tough shit, you gonna hear it anyway.  
Man... I am so damn jealous of yo'  
mack ass sometimes... 'specially you  
goin' out with Estrellita an' all...

SILK

Aw man, that weren't no thing, but two  
weeks of misery. She was just  
startin' up with Toast then -- no way  
was I gonna put up with that shit. I  
never even tagged that ass. No,  
wait...?

(chuckles)

Oh yeah, I did. Heh heh.

Beat kicks Silk in the shins.

SILK

Ow! Anyway, yo, man, I'm jealous of  
you.

BEAT

Now I know you full of it.

SILK

Yo, serious! Beat, man, you a die-  
hard romantic. Look at all the shit  
you do for Estrellita. Poems,  
letters... you even wrote her that  
song. Deep, man. I don't got that  
spark.

BEAT

Fat lot of good it does me.

SILK

No -- you wrong, man! You got balls, you a fighter! You hang in, man, sooner or later you come out on top. Me... I just don't got that no mo'. After Paige dumped me last year... I started bangin' every ho in town. Just so I don't mess up, I scream out *my own name* during sex.

Beat laughs.

SILK

But, yo, serious -- I don't dig on it.

BEAT

Don't sound like no Chinese water torture, my friend.

SILK

Now that's Clint talkin', not y'all. I know you love Estrellita. I felt same way 'bout Paige. Didn't want nobody else... still don't.

BEAT

You shittin' me?

SILK

Sometimes... I walk past her building... call her up and hang up, you know...

BEAT

Just to hear her voice. I hear that.

Beat puts down his clipper. Wipes his brow. The boys regard each other for a beat.

SILK

Beat, man, this is gonna take us forever!

BEAT

You ain't lyin'.

EXT. 218TH ST. - THE BRONX - DAY

Toast's POSSE, on junkyard-reject motorcycles, await the arrival of their leader. Toast putters to the front of the pack on his salvage-title Yamaha Radian with a bent fork.

Acme barks over the emphysematous sputter of the decrepit, cobbled-together bikes:

ACME

Atomic batteries to power! Turbines  
to speed!

TOAST

We're ready to roll, Acme. Good  
job gettin' these bikes together on  
such short notice, by the by.

Directly, a MUSTANG 5.0-LOAD OF GANGSTAS bears down on  
Toast's boys -- DRIVE-BY! Toast and co. dive for cover  
behind a dumpster and garbage cans --

Gangstas scorch the air with sawed-off Mossberg shotguns --  
Toast and crew RETURN FIRE --

Then one gangsta hoists a LAW rocket launcher onto his  
shoulder --

FOOM! Rocket DISINTEGRATES the wall behind Toast and co.,  
raining rebar and rubble atop them all. It's all over.  
Laughing and high-fiving, gangstas speed away.

After a beat, Toast and co. emerge from the debris, more or  
less unhurt and unfazed.

TOAST

Onward -- to Nebraska!

ACME

Wyoming.

TOAST

Whatever the fuck! Move out!

LUCAS

Yo, Toast... you sure 'bout this, man?

TOAST

What you sayin', Lucas?

LUCAS

Well, it's just... you know, me an'  
Beat used to hang together when we was  
kids... you know... I don't give a  
shit about him now or nothin', man,  
but why don't we just, I don't know,  
forget his lame ass? Let's go get  
some pizza.

Gee, Toast's gang looks unsure. *Sounds* like a good idea...

TOAST

Who **is** this guy? Any you know this  
yo-yo?, I sure don't! Y'all with  
me???

Toast's crew ROAR in approval as they get underway.

Lucas begrudgingly puts his bike in gear and brings up the rear...

ON A NEARBY ROOFTOP

A MYSTERIOUS MAN IN BLACK

Clad head-to-toe in leather, face obscured by a black motorcycle Shoei helmet with tinted visor, watches Toast's gang depart through binoculars. Lowers the binocs...

Then, with a flourish, vanishes from view...

EXT. THE FARM - IN THE ALPACA PEN - DAY

Messy piles of wool illustrate Clint's progress.  
He sings along with his iPod, cranking in his ears.

CLINT

Shears an alpaca, clearly enjoying this. He shuts the razor off, then steps back to survey his handiwork. Nods happily.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

Clint has done an absolutely amazing job of cutting designs onto the alpacas! There's a flat-top... a Mr. T mohawk alpaca... one with the Batman logo shaved onto his side (!), another that reads "Chaka", but the most impressive one:

"I went to Wyoming and all I got was this lousy haircu..."

Clint realizes he ran out of room before the last "T."

CLINT

Aw, damn!!! Damn, damn, damn!

INT. TITUS' TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Titus drives along the farm's main road in his ancient pick-up. Spies Clint and his handiwork and stops in disbelief.

TITUS

Glo-ry be.

CLINT

Dancing around, shirt off, swivelling his butt with abandon and singing along with his iPod --

His mouth forms a little "o" in embarrassment as he backs right into Titus.

CLINT

Uhhhh.... wassup! I was just, uh...  
uh, I was just... know I'm saying?

Titus notices a dozen or so PIGEONS have gathered on the fence surrounding the pen. His eyes narrow.

TITUS

Hmm...

EXT. THE FARM - NEAR THE BARN - DAY

Silk has managed to get the horses out of the barn. He's trying to mount one, bareback, with zero success. The horses dance around him as he foolishly dashes hither and thither, trying to get them to stay still.

Watching all this, in the BG: Titus.  
Big sigh. Rubs his eyes. Migraine coming on.

SILK

(yelling)

Yo, horse! Come on, Fluffy, you no good piece of --

(much softer)

Hey girl, whan'chall just set yo ass down an' let me ride you, huh, whaddaya say? Please? Pretty pretty please?

(yelling again)

Aw, come on, you stupid goddamn horse!

TITUS

I ain't seeing this...

EXT. THE CORNFIELD - DAY

Beat picks corn all by his lonesome.

CRANE UP TO REVEAL:

He's covered maybe 1/10th of one percent of the field.  
Four bushel baskets lay next to him.

BEAT

Sweat pouring down his face, sun in his eyes.

Moves to clip another ear... then stops. Head and shoulders  
droop as he lets out a deep breath.

Collapses into a lotus position, head in his hands.

TITUS (O.S.)  
You look whipped, boy.

Startled, Beat looks up.

BEAT  
Titus, was it?

Titus offers a bottle of Pepsi.

BEAT  
Oh, righteous! Thanks, man.

Beat chugs the bottle.

TITUS  
You're makin' decent progress... for  
one man. Should be done by Spring.  
Spring, 2056.

Beat sputters in frustration. Throws down the clippers.

BEAT  
Oh. I get it. Come by to harass  
me, is that it?

TITUS  
Now hold up, Marcus. I just stopped  
by to see how you all are doing.

BEAT  
Fine, thanks. And thanks for the  
soda.

Beat turns a cold shoulder to Titus, gets up and resumes  
clipping corn. Titus sighs and withdraws a packet of Red Man  
from his pocket. Pops a wad into his cheek.

TITUS  
You know... you got an old 1460 here.  
Combine. Know what a combine is?  
(MORE)

TITUS(cont'd)

Take a little doing to learn to drive the damn beast, but... it's a helluva lot easier than doin' this by hand. It's in the shed, with Smiley. You meet Smiley yet?

BEAT

Huh?

TITUS

Heh heh. Reggie's snake. Cute li'l guy.

Beat's eyes go wide --

BEAT

Not 'ny more he ain't.

TITUS

(worried)

You -- you didn't kill Smiley, didja?

BEAT

Beat, I smashed that motherfucker to Kingdom Come! Damn! What kinda pet is that, a snake!

TITUS

Oh boy. You have no idea what you did, do ya?

That does it. Beat explodes. No, not his head. Not now, anyway.

BEAT

Beat, I smoked one psycho-lookin' ugly-ass demon serpent with nasty, razor-sharp fangs like this--

(mimes)

Rrr! Rrr! Yo, what up, Titus, why don't you just get the hell outta here, leave me alone, huh? Man!

Titus shakes his head in disappointment. Mutters as he's shuffling away:

TITUS

Just like his damn father. Stubborn as a damn mule.

BEAT

What? What did you say?

Titus shakes his head, prances away singing:

TITUS  
"Mama, don't let yore babies  
grow up to be homeboys..."

INT. THE MAIN HOUSE - DAY

Beat comes running in, excited --

BEAT  
Yo bros, I got it! The solution  
to... our problems...?

Beat stops dead when he notices...

CLINT

Looks like he's gone ten rounds with Riddick Bowe. Tufts of hair are missing from his scalp, his clothes are shredded, and he sports a general dazed, paranoid, drooling appearance. He keeps whirling about, as if anticipating a sneak attack.

Silk reclines on the sofa, thumping his unamplified bass and rolling his eyes.

BEAT  
Jesus, Clint! What happened?

CLINT  
(far away)  
They-they just kept runnin' at me--  
I tried to give the damn birds water,  
know what I'm sayin', and they was  
peckin' at me an' kickin' me -- look  
at these black n' blues!!! -- and this  
one started rippin' at my threads with  
his huge-ass mofo Jurassic Park raptor  
toe, man!

Clint glances around frantically, in a tizzy.

CLINT  
Aaaagh! Get 'em away from me! Help!

BEAT  
Man, you got *cojones* the size of  
lentils! Chill the fuck out!  
(to Silk)  
You ever see anything so ridiculous?

Beat's body is suddenly racked in spasm as his hair GOES UP  
in smoke yet again!



Beat does his little dance, trying to extinguish himself, while Clint screams and flinches at the imaginary ostriches still pecking at him.

SILK

Yup.

BEAT

(out of breath)

Y'all come with me to the shed.

INT. THE SHED - DAY

The three boys gaze upon the towering Case International 1460 combine. Clint has noticed the mulched snake remnants and cautiously dips his finger in for a quick sniff. Yecch! Shakes his fingers, trying to get the ick off.

BEAT

That there's a combo.

CLINT

Combo? What's it gonna, cheese  
our hunger away?

BEAT

Fool. We drive this thing around,  
and bam! -- we mow down that whole  
corn field like that.

(snaps his fingers)

SILK

Smooth!

A white splotch appears on Clint's glasses, runs into his eye. Silk almost busts a gut laughing--

CLINT

Snap! Bird shit, man!  
(whirling in terror)  
Goddamn ostriches, man!

BEAT

If that was ostrich shit, you'd be  
waist deep. Check it out:

Beat points to the rafters, alive with pigeons.

SILK

Damn, where all these birds come from?  
They wasn't here before!

CLINT

That does it! That does it! I can't  
take it no mo', know what I'm sayin'?  
I-I just can't--

Beat shakes Clint by the shoulders.

BEAT

Christ, pull it together!  
I need you, man! Gather them wits...  
such as they is.

Clint, wiping crap from his specs, manages:

CLINT

Yeah... I... I'm sorry, man. I'm  
down for mine. Know I'm sayin'?

BEAT

Silk, think you can drive this puppy?

SILK

Man, a vehicle ain't been invented  
I can't make roll over an' purr.

BEAT

Let's cut us some corn.

The three boys go for the full-blown handshake.

OUTSIDE THE SHED - DAY

It takes all of Clint's might to heave open the double-doors  
to allow the combine's exit.

The combine itself is up and running, making an obscenely  
obstreperous racket.

CLINT

(yelling)  
Okay, move 'er out!

IN THE CAB

Beat's in the passenger seat; Silk puzzles over the controls.

The dashboard is completely dissimilar to anything Silk's  
ever seen before. Sensing his hesitation:

BEAT

Yo, you cool on this, man?

SILK  
 Uh, no problem! No problem...  
 Here we go.

Silk yanks the dump lever, causing the unloading spout to SWIVEL, missing Clint's skull by scant inches! Clint leaps away, YELLING something and shaking his fist --

Silk presses a button which fires up the gigantic cutter assembly! HUGE BLADES thresh and suck with hypnotic action as the cutter bar snags Clint's shirt and swallows it whole!

OUTSIDE

CLINT  
 (screaming)  
 Yo! Yo yo yo yo yo shut it off  
 shut it off SHUT IT OFF!

IN THE CAB

Silk reverses the cutter's direction.  
 Clint's shirt is spat out in tatters.

EXT. THE SHED - A MINUTE LATER

Clint, wearing the Doc Savage-ripped shirt, stands before the open doors, waving the combine out.

CLINT  
 Okay... doing good... forward now,  
 give it a little gas...

KABLAM!!! The combine BURSTS through the side wall of the shed, in a cloud of shredded timber and corrugated sheet metal roofing.

CLINT  
 (beat)  
 Good!

Abruptly, Silk swings the combine around -- Clint barely manages to escape its maw just as the gigantic contraption ROARS FORTH!

IN THE CAB

SILK  
 Oh shit! Oh shiiiiitttt!!!

BEAT  
 Yo, stop this thing, man! Stop it!

SILK  
I -- I don't know how, man!

THE CORNFIELD

The runaway combine ploughs clear through rows of corn, shredding and rending and zig-zagging out of control --

Clint runs right behind, trying to catch up --

CLINT  
We gonna die. We all gonna die...!

IN THE CAB

Coming up fast: a copse of trees!

BEAT  
Uh, Silk... Silk, turn, man... Silk?  
Now would be a good time to turn...

Silk, wrenching at the huge horizontal wheel:

SILK  
I-I'm trying, man!

Beat also grabs the wheel, and together they barely manage to clear the trees! But now the combine is charging right back at Clint!

CLINT  
Oh no. Oh, shit! Aaaaaaaaagh!!!

And boy, can he run! But the combine's right behind him, nipping at his heels!

THE COMBINE'S PITTMAN ARM

A rusty steel bolt that attaches the cutter bar to the Pittman arm slips its nut and begins VIBRATING from its socket --

CLINT

Utter terror on his face as the combine looms large behind him -- Only seconds away from certain death --

SLO-MO, IN THE CAB

Both Silk and Beat, SCREAMING at the top of their lungs--

THE PITTMAN ARM

-- The bolt pops out, causing the entire cutter bar assembly to collapse --

-- The combine promptly EATS ITSELF, grinds to a screeching halt!

IN THE CAB

Beat and Silk collapse upon each other in relief. They quickly clamber from the cab.

Clint crosses himself and promptly falls over backwards. Right onto a BEEHIVE.

THE CORNFIELD

Three young men prance gaily about with their newfound insect friends...

FADE OUT

INT. TRAIN CAR

Shannel, Estrellita, and Yolanda are on their way.

SHANNEL

You sure you wanna do this.

Estrellita nods.

SHANNEL

Mess with my brother's head, an' I'll be takin' yours *off*, girlfriend.

ESTRELLITA

I said I'm sure, alright?

YOLANDA

I just hope your asshole ex-boyfriend don't decide to chase you to prove his "undyin' love."

ESTRELLITA

Toast? No way. Besides -- like he'd ever find us!

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDWEST - DAY

Five motorcycles inhale the highway as they chug westward.

WATCHING THEM FROM HIGH UP ON A ROCKY OUTCROPPING

The mysterious Man in Black gazes out over the plain with binocs. Surveys the posse's progress, then sweeps ahead --

MAN IN BLACK'S POV

The road forks, but the right-hand passage has been closed -- "BRIDGE OUT". The left side travels along a sheer cliff wall which has been fortified with a railroad-tie retaining wall to prevent avalanche.

FAST CUTS:

- ) The Man in Black opens his knapsack
- ) Assembles a Baretta 82A1 .50mm sniper rifle with scope and bipod
- ) Drops to his stomach
- ) Squeezes out exactly as many SHOTS as is necessary to
- ) SPLINTER the supports holding the "Bridge Out" sign.

The sign collapses.

Then he cocks the RPG -- a.k.a. an M-60 ROCKET PROPELLED GRENADE launcher -- attached to the Baretta's underside...

BOOM! Blast takes out the retaining wall's supports, and loosens a weak sedimentary formation immediately behind it...

Man in Black watches through his scope as a small, diarrhetic AVALANCHE renders the left-hand side of the road impassable.

Satisfied, he begins disassembling the Baretta, WHISTLING. Then pauses, cups his hand to his ear through the helmet...

CRASH! BASH! OUCH! SCREAM!

The far-off sounds of motorcyclists riding into a ravine.

Only when silence ensues does the Man in Black resume field-stripping and whistling...

EXT. THE CORNFIELD - DAY

Beat, covered in calamine lotion, is emptying the last bushel of corn from the crippled combine into the pick-up as Clint and Silk pad over, also spattered with lotion and various swellings. They're out of breath, with baskets in hand.

CLINT

This the last of it, man.

SILK

'Least we got some corn cut 'fore  
that combo ate itself.

BEAT

A-'ight. Brothers, what say we  
head on into town, snag ourselves  
a couple cold ones?

EXT. ROCK RIVER - THE BAR ACROSS FROM TITUS' GARAGE - NIGHT

Raining. Silk's van pulls up.

INT. SERGE'S COWBOY BAR - NIGHT

MERLE HAGGARD on the jukebox, antlers on the walls. And  
hats, oh the hats. GOOD OL' BOYS quaff down suds, play  
darts. Mechanical bull in the corner.

Doors open. All eyes turn towards our 3 bruised, burnt,  
swollen, calamine-lotioned trio. Silence descends.

CLINT

Yo, Beat, uhhhhh....  
know I'm sayin'?

BEAT

(shitting bricks)  
Chill, be cool, be cool.

Our boys walk through the bar, nodding and smiling at  
everyone as they go...

SILK

(to the ladies)  
Hi. Hi. How ya doin'. Wassup?...

BEHIND THE BAR

SERGE (60's). Leathery hands; permanent prairie scowl etched  
onto his weathered face. The man's downright terrifying.

BEAT

Uh... uh... hi. We, uh, we...

SERGE

You WANT something, boy?

BEAT  
 (petrified)  
 Uh-uh-uh, like, uh, we-we-we--

CLINT  
 (pointing to the door)  
 W-w-we'll just be, uh--

SERGE  
 Well?

SILK  
 Uh, uh, a-a c-couple b-b-b--

SERGE  
 (growling)  
**Beers?**

Our boys realize they're being crowded by Good Ol' Boys on all sides. They nod feebly, quaking --

CLINT  
 (sotto)  
 Y-yo, Beat, let's book, man!

Fire blazes in Serge's eyes. He looks to the elephant gun, mounted on the wall behind him. MUSIC POUNDS... and then:

SERGE  
 Okay.

Serge pops 3 bottles of suds, hands 'em over. Good ol' boys relax, back down. BEAT. Our guys: suddenly VERY relieved.

BEAT  
 Oh! Th-thanks...!

SILK  
 Y-Y-Yeah! Thanks. What it is.

Silk throws down a ten, wipes his brow.

CLINT  
 (practically crying)  
 Shit, man, I pissed my pants! I pee-pee'd my goddamn pants...!

TITUS  
 (chuckling)  
 Well, well. If it ain't Boyz Way, Way Outta Da Hood.



CLINT  
Ain't funny, man! Ain't funny!

BEAT  
Titus.

TITUS  
You all look... well, like shit!

Silk's eyes peel as he spots the mechanical bull:

SILK  
Whoa...!

He ambles off towards it.

BEAT  
Yo, Titus, so bust this, we done  
cut us a whole mess of that corn,  
all by ourselves, word.

CLINT  
Yeah, we woulda cut a lot mo', if  
Silk hadn't trashed our combo, know  
what I'm -- Oof!

-- Beat elbows him in the gut.

TITUS  
Really! An' you called the grain  
company to come pick it all up, right?

BEAT  
Uh..... yeah! Yeah, 'course I did.  
What I look, stupid to you?

Titus lets that one slide. Tips his drink to Beat. Then:

TITUS  
(smirks)  
See that stool, there? That's where  
your pappy sat every night, Marcus.

BEAT  
Titus, gettin' real sick of yo' goin'  
on about him an' shit... which stool?

Titus walks over and pats it.

TITUS  
We had some good times. Come here...  
set a spell. I'll tell you a couple  
stories.

Beat considers it... but then his ego gets the best of him.

BEAT  
(turning his back)  
I don't think so.

Titus looks back at Beat, disheartened. Bites his lip.

SILK (O.S.)  
Yo! Y'all check this out!!!

Silk is riding the mechanical bull, really getting into it. Of course, it's only set on "1". The Good Ol' Boys volley smirks -- "Greenhorn." Beat and Clint groan, head on over.

SILK  
Yeah! This the bomb, man!

CLINT  
Yee-ha! Ride 'em, homeboy!

A Good Ol' Boy reaches over, casually dials the bull up to "10." Silk is promptly spat like a watermelon seed!--

SILK  
Aaaaaaaaagh!!

CRASH! Right through a table, spilling a couple pitchers all over 2 BURLY COWBOYS and their DATES. Silk cowers, sensing an ass-pummelling coming his way. COWBOYS' FISTS tighten...

EXT. STREET - ROCK RIVER - NIGHT

Our boys are given the old heave-ho by Serge and the cowboys. They land with a little SPLAT in the wet street.

As the bar patrons in the doorway have a good chuckle at our guys' expense, Beat, Silk and Clint limp back to the van.

Titus emerges. Runs up to them as they all get in the van.

TITUS  
Hey, hold on! I'm sorry 'bout that -- but damn, you boys are so green, y'all couldn't hit the ground with yore hat in three tries!

Silk floors it. They're gone. Titus shrugs, heads back inside.

Silk's van travels about 300 feet before the left front tire falls off. KLUNK!

EXT. THE RANCH - DAY

Establishing.

OSTRICH PEN

Beat eyeballs the ostriches' food trough.

A pile of fresh greens, mixed in with the feed, wilts in the sun.

The ostriches themselves are just slumping around; a few are laying down.

Beat puzzles.

BEAT

Y'all ain't eaten in days... Come on,  
birdies... the hell's wrong with you?  
Nice, munchy-crunchy lettuce, mm-mmm!

Cackling little birds dot the pickets enclosing the ostriches. Beat exhales in frustration. And then, one of the ostriches keels over. CLUNK.

BEAT

Oh, fug.

A pick-up truck pulls up in the BG. Clint pokes his head out:

CLINT

Yo, Beat! Grain company's here!

Beat stifles a wave of panic. Looks to the shed, then to the dead ostrich... finally hastens toward the storage shed.

INT. SHED

Beat and Clint stand in the doorway with 2 DRIVERS wearing Bruford Grain Elevator Co. jumpsuits.

DRIVER 1

You call this a load of corn? Ain't even half a truckload!

DRIVER 2

Hey... what smells funky?

Curious, Beat inspects the corn while Clint sniffs around, schnauzer-like.

CLINT  
Man, it's the corn!

Pigeons coo from the rafters as Beat rips the husk from a cob. Recoils from the stench.

BEAT  
Aw, man! The shit's rotten!

DRIVER 1  
(chortling)  
A tiny load of rotten corn. You ladies give us a call back when you get a clue, alright?  
The drivers exit, laughing.

Beat heads off Clint's inevitable whining:

BEAT  
-- Yeah, I **know** what you sayin'. Listen, we got another problem. The ostriches. They ain't eatin'. All standin' around, don't look too good. Oh yeah... and, uh, one of 'em keeled over about 17 minutes ago... prob'ly dead.

CLINT  
Dead? Oh, shit! Now we in it! Now we in the shit!

BEAT  
We'd better go tell Silk.

EXT. THE ALPACA PEN - DAY

Silk looks particularly humiliated as he scoops gooky crap out of the animals' water trough. The hot sun melts his calamine lotion, making it run into his eyes.

Beat and Clint stagger over.

BEAT  
Yo, homely -- got some bad news.

SILK  
About time, man! Sure could use some bad news, Lord knows we ain't had enough of it lately. All this good news gets wearying.

BEAT

What the...

Beat has noticed the sorry state of the alpacas. Indeed, they too look awful -- and not from the haircuts. Sick. Half of them are laying on their sides.

Again, cackling birds dot the railing surrounding their pen.

SILK

Yeah. They don't look so hot, huh?

BEAT

Beat. Worse than the ostriches!

SILK

The ostriches, too? Oh, no.

Beat enters the pen, leans down beside one prostrate llama. Pets it reassuringly. The animal barely responds.

BEAT

Jesus!

SILK

Looks like... they all dyin', man...!

CLINT

I told you! I told you! We all gonna die! That's it, man, we gonna die out here in goddamn Nebraska from some weird-ass disease an' fuckin' vultures gonna be chewin' on our tendons an' spittin' out the gristle, know what I'm --

SILK

Clint, will you shut up!!!

(sighs)

We gotta find an animal doctor.

CLINT

Yo, where the hell we gonna find a vegetarian, out here on the mofo lone prai-rie?

BEAT

Knows what he must do.

EXT. TITUS' GAS STATION - DAY

A familiar-looking pick-up ambles up to, and hits, the pumps... KLUNK! Titus' eyes roll as he runs to greet his visitor.

TITUS  
Afternoon, Marcus.

BEAT  
Yeah... how ya doin', Titus...

TITUS  
Better'n you, 'd be my guess.

Titus waits for it. He's not going to make this any easier.

BEAT  
Uh... listen, man... I was wonderin',  
uh... if... you know, you might...

Titus examines his manicure.

BEAT  
Damn. Yo, check it out, we havin'  
a little difficulty is what I'm  
sayin', and, uh... and we was... I  
was kinda hopin' you might... you  
know, uh... might...

TITUS  
Help you out?

BEAT  
(relieved)  
Yeah.

Titus pops a pinch of Red Man. Shows Beat the packet:

TITUS  
Ever notice how offensive this is?  
Like, how come there's no "White  
Man" brand of terbacky? Or maybe  
"Coon", or "Slant Eyes?"  
(smiles)  
I'm Shoshoni. We "coloreds" gotta  
stick together, am I right?

Holds up his palm for a high five. Beat daps him up.

BEAT  
You a-'ight, Titus.

TITUS

Beat, we all -- you, me the world -- need help sometime. Foolish pride's one damn unnecessary obstacle, see? Who needs it? Now come on.

Beat nods, follows Titus as he heads for --

EXT. AN OSTRICH PEN - DAY

Titus looks in on the animals as the boys huddle behind him.

TITUS

Leptospirosis. Had a feeling this would happen.

BEAT

Lep... Huh?

TITUS

See, you killed Smiley. You may've thought the black snake in your pants was enough, but BZZZ! Wrong. Smiley kept the damn birds outta the shed. All those birds carry disease, infect the animals' water. I'll call a vet. Meantime, you boys get some tennis rackets and BB guns. Time for some bird-huntin'.

Shock on the boys' faces.

TITUS

Yes, I's serious. Now let's go see what y'all did to yer combine.

CLINT

Silk made her roll over an' purr!

INT. TITUS' HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Titus scribbles notes as the boys look on. The table's set for dinner.

TITUS

...And the trucking company, A&L, they'll gonna pick up the three-year-old reds for slaughter on Friday morning...

BEAT  
Bleeagh! The hell you sayin'? People  
eat them things?

TITUS  
Ostrich is the new boom meat, my  
friend. Three times leaner'n turkey.  
Market birds are worth two grand  
apiece!

SILK  
Whoa!

TITUS  
I also have to show you guys how to  
work the hatchery... we got babies  
due.

CLINT  
The Alien room!

TITUS  
They're just baby birdies, Clit.

CLINT  
Clint! It's *Clint*, fool! Man!

TITUS  
Now, how's your moisture?

Beat, confused, looks inside his waistband.

BEAT  
Fine.

TITUS  
(laughs)  
No, your corn. If it's more'n 20%  
moisture it's gonna ferment and rot.  
You gotta use the blowers, dry it out.

Beat's head sinks into his hands.

BEAT  
Is there any one single thing we  
did right, somebody please tell me?

The kitchen door swings open and HILDY, Titus' wife, enters  
hefting a large platter. On it: four plates, each  
overflowing with omelettes seemingly made from sixty eggs  
each --



-- Which fail to impress, when compared with Hildy herself. Hildy is, quite simply, Playmate of the Year. Any year. A stunning, homespun brunette in a really cute sun dress.

As she leans over to serve Clint, her cleavage practically leaps out and strangles him!

CLINT

Uhh... damn! Them's the biggest...  
most succulent...

BEAT

...omelettes...

CLINT

...I ever seen!

TITUS

Your ostriches, boys! Thanks, Hildy.

HILDY

Okay, honey, I'm off to school. See  
you tonight!

TITUS

(proudly)

Hildy goes to UW in Laramie. Getting  
her PhD in Applied Thermodynamics.

CLINT

Get the hell out!

The boys stare at Titus in awe.

SILK

I suddenly feel woefully inadequate.

INT. TITUS' KITCHEN - LATER

Everyone's finished eating.

BEAT

...Yeah, we even had a talent scout  
from Broken Records check us out...  
but he was only interested in our MC.

TITUS

That's a tough break. Hey y'know,  
I'm a musician, too. Keep hopin' to  
get discovered... maybe buy a nice  
little farm for me an' Hildy someday.

BEAT

Yeah? What kinda tunes you into?

TITUS

Square dancin'! I'm a caller an'  
a fiddler.

The boys look blank.

TITUS

Y'all don't know square dancin'?  
Lord! Where you boys been?

CLINT

Where we been? The real world, man!

BEAT

Clint.

TITUS

I'll show ya.

Titus pads to an old hi-fi, drops the tone arm (with a quarter taped on) onto a record. A scratchy square dance figure blares.

The boys are seemingly in pain. Titus puts fiddle to chin, saws out a wickedly saccharine melody.

TITUS

(calling)

Welcome all to this fine square dance  
You'll catch on, just give it a chance  
If you follow my lead just like so  
They'll be callin' you twinkle-toes!  
Now swing your partner to the right,  
Do-si-do with all yer might,  
Take her hand and give her a spin,  
Allemande left and come back in...

After another verse, Beat starts to catch on.

Drums along on the table, using silverware as sticks.

CLINT

(sotto, to Silk)

This shit blows!

SILK

Shh! Yo, kinda like a cornball rap,  
I get it! Lemme try!

Titus defers to Silk, who stands and raps over the country beat. Miraculously, it works--

SILK

Yo! They call me Silk and that  
means smooth  
Got the dopest funk and the deffest  
groove  
I'm suave, I'm slick, got social grace  
but I ain't at home 'less I got my  
bass!

Clint leaps up, eager to join the fun.

CLINT

Yo yo yo! I be Clint, uh... I got...  
Uh... I got um... I play keyboards...!  
Baby, I sure ain't like the rest,  
uh... C'mon, girls, whip out them  
breastages!

Groans abound. Titus snickers, shuts the music.

TITUS

Say, I'm callin' a dance Friday  
night up at Cooper Lake. Gonna be  
a huge shindig. You boys like to  
come?

Beat, Silk and Clint exchange a look.

CLINT

Yo man, we ain't into this sh -- OWW!

Beat has stomped on Clint's foot.

BEAT

We'd love to!

EXT. THE FARM - DAY

Titus is demonstrating how to saddle and mount a horse to the boys. Fluffy and Thunder are saddled and ready for action; Clint's already aboard Hellbeast, taking a few tentative steps. Clint wriggles in his saddle, enjoying the sensation.

CLINT

Saaay... I kinda like this... yeah...  
sensation's all funky on my butt-hole.

SILK  
 (shooting him a look)  
 You stay the hell away from me.

TITUS  
 Now, Beat, you get on Thunder like I  
 showed you how.

Beat falters at first, but manages to board Thunder.

BEAT  
 Yo! Yo yo yo, brothers, bust this,  
 I'm ridin' a horse!

CLINT  
 You just sittin' on yo lame ass,  
 nothin' new!

Beat cranks his middle finger Clint's way.

SILK  
 Damn! Let me try!

OVER: The sound of a CAR APPROACHING.

Silk struggles to get his foot into Fluffy's stirrup.  
 She reacts, bucks unpleasantly -- and just like that,  
 Silk is being dragged through the dirt by one leg!

SILK  
 Yo! Stop this thing, man!!!

Fortunately Titus is there to calm Fluffy and free Silk.

Silk backs off in a hurry.

SILK  
 Th-that horse is a psycho bitch!  
 Sh-she possessed, man!

BEAT  
 Aw, you just pissed 'cause she's  
 dissin' yo' ass! Titus, how you make  
 it go?

TITUS  
 Give a little pressure with your  
 heels at his flank, and --

-- And Beat goes ROCKETING OFF, screaming at the top of his  
 lungs, completely out of control. This brings Silk around.  
 He and Clint laugh good-naturedly. Titus is about to pursue,  
 but stops dead as

A CARLOAD OF BABES

Motors up.

SILK  
What the...?

CLINT  
Manna from heaven!

Shannel, Yolanda, and Estrellita wearily clamber from the tiny 3-cylinder rental car as Silk and Clint hasten over. Titus hangs back uncertainly. Beat, meanwhile, continues BELLOWING in the BG as Thunder zig-zags all over the place.

SILK  
I don't believe it.

ESTRELLITA  
Heya, Silkworm.

SILK  
Es, what the HELL you doin' out here???

SHANNEL  
Good to see you too, Silky. We thought you all might need some help. Clint, you know Yolanda?

Clint blushes and babbles nervously.

YOLANDA  
(shaking his hand)  
Pleasure.

MOVING WITH BEAT AND THUNDER,

Out of control -- Beat holds on for dear life until Thunder abruptly freezes in his tracks. Beat, who'd been facing backwards, turns to see:

ESTRELLITA, right there in front of him, petting the horse.

He is speechless.

BEAT  
I... yi.... y... uhhhh....

ESTRELLITA  
You sure are more eloquent on paper, Marcus.

BEAT

Es! Wha-what -- what --

ESTRELLITA

Yolanda's here, too. And your sister.

BEAT

Goddamn it! Estrellita, don't you understand, I came out here to get the hell away from you!!!

Hurt, she turns away. Feeling guilty, Beat reconsiders his words.

BEAT

Yo yo yo, wait up, Es, wait!  
I'm, you know, sorry an' all...

Without even realizing it, he's gotten Thunder to calmly follow Estrellita.

BEAT

I'm real glad you're here. Real glad all y'all is here.

He smiles. A coy smile with an agenda behind it.

EXT. THE BARN - IN THE HORSE PEN - DAY

Clearly, one of the most enjoyable things one could do on such a delightfully sunny day is shovel reeking, fly-covered horseshit into a wheelbarrow.

Such is Estrellita's fate.

Beat and Titus lope past riding Thunder and Hellbeast. Estrellita, fuming, tries to flag him down:

ESTRELLITA

Beat! Beat!

BEAT

Sorry, can't talk, babe, gotta see how Silk's doin'!

Beat and Titus rendezvous with Silk a few hundred feet down.

SILK

(smirking)

Man. You dissin' her bad.

Beat smiles coyly, wags his eyebrows.

INT. THE MAIN HOUSE - DAY

Shannel, looking tired and sweaty, is mopping the rather large kitchen area. She goes at one particular section vigorously as Beat tromps through, hoe over his shoulder. Boy, is he cheery!

BEAT

(sings)

Heigh ho, heigh ho...

(addresses his hoe)

Hi, hoe!

(to Shannel)

Oh! Didn't mean you, sis, I was just talkin' to my hoe. Hi, hoe!

(falsetto, puppeting the hoe)

Ho ho ho! Ho de do, hidey-ho, what up, Beat, ol' fruit?

(normal voice)

Ignore this stupid hoe. Heeey, nice job, Shannel! Now, you see? I told you, floor looks much better now. First time you did it was lame, girl. But this, a fine, fine job.

Before Shannel can fire off a vitriolic reply, Beat moves past her. He glances into a doorway:

BATHROOM

Estrellita is scrubbing a terribly rust-stained old toilet.

BEAT

Slammin', Estrellita! Keep at it, I wanna see that bowl sparkle! I wanna eat offa that shit!

And he's gone as quickly as he came. Estrellita peeks out from the bathroom, sudsy toilet brush in hand, catches Shannel's eye.

ESTRELLITA

Yeah, he's gonna be eating out of this toilet, alright! I am going to cram his head down it!

SHANNEL

Get in line.

INT. THE BARN - DAY

Estrellita and Beat are here, sweaty and covered in shit.

Beat hoses down the stalls as Es heaves hay aside with a pitchfork. She does not look jovial.

She waits for him to say something. Anything. But he simply hums happily through a smug grin and ignores her utterly.

That does it! -- she javelins the pitchfork into a wall -- THUNK!

Beat GASPS!

ESTRELLITA

That's it! That's it, Beat, I've had it! I didn't come all the way out here just to shovel horseshit and have you ignore me!

BEAT

I'm sorry, were you saying something?

POW! She SCREAMS in frustration and DECKS him!

BEAT

Ow! Okay okay! Hey, what the hell you expect? Yo, I did not ax fo yo exalted presence, did I? But so long as you here, least you can do is help. I got less than a week to get this place together, and -- and...

Beat's ire peters out when he notices Es, near tears.

BEAT

Damn.

He hugs her. Strokes her hair. His facade dissipates upon contact with her flesh.

BEAT

Hey... I'm sorry an' all... Es, you know how I care about you...

She nods, nuzzles his shoulder.

ESTRELLITA

Beat, I... I... lo--



BEAT

Whoa! Stop right there, girl! Don't you ever, ever say that to me 'less you mean it, understand? That's some volatile shit! You hear me?

ESTRELLITA

(sobbing)

I do... I love you.

Beat melts.

BEAT

Oh man... I've dreamed of hearing you say that.

The KISS is both wet and disgusting.  
Beat, exhilarated, breaks it off, holding her tight --

BEAT

God. That was... you are...  
Hold on. What about your boyfriend?

ESTRELLITA

Relax, he is history. I left him a "Dear Toast" letter.

BEAT

Cool, cool. Wait. A letter? You didn't say nothin' bout me, right?

ESTRELLITA

No! No, how could you think that?  
No way, Josie !  
(reticently)  
Well... yes, actually. Rather a lot, really.

PANIC! Beat, pacing and ranting:

BEAT

Aaagh!!! Sheeit! That's all I need, that whack-job huntin' me down!

ESTRELLITA

Come on, how could he ever find us?

BEAT

He got my whole street terrorized!  
Somebody gonna spill, give up where we at! Shit!

Estrellita grabs him, holds him tight--

ESTRELLITA

Beat! Listen! You're just being  
paranoid! Everything's cool.

Off Beat's skeptical look:

EXT. THE MIDWEST - OUTSIDE A GREASY SPOON - DAY

A large man clad completely in black leather and a black Shoei helmet motors up to the diner on a Harley fat boy.

He pulls in cautiously, noting with disdain the five disheveled, decrepit, dilapidated motorcycles parked out front.

Alighting from his hog, he peers in the window:

MAN IN BLACK'S POV

Sure enough, Toast and crew, looking almost pitiful (bruises, bandages and casts abound), are playing keep-away with a whole broiled chicken and a poor harried WAITRESS.

The Man in Black's eyes seem to narrow in disapproval beneath his tinted visor. He scans the perimeter. Immediately next door:

A-1 INFLATABLES

An ever-lovin' custom helium balloon shoppe; its front yard houses promotional dirigibles of all different sizes and configurations. "Your Business Name Here."

THE MAN IN BLACK

A split second to work out the logistics, then he's gone.

EXT. GREASY SPOON - LATER

Toast, Acme, Stools, Lucas and Carlton stumble from the quality dining establishment in good spirits.

For the fuck of it, Lucas SLAMS the door on Stools' arm cast, shattering it!

STOOLS

Ooooooooooooooooooh!!!

Toast fires off a- warning glare:

TOAST

Cut it, ya morons!

All laughter ceases. Toast readjusts his "Red Badge of Courage"-style head bandage and clears his throat dramatically.

TOAST

Yo, attention please, young missies. We now enterin' the final leg of our great journey. Though it has been long and fraught with obstacles, we overcame them all! And soon, we will reach our goal -- the death of Moby Beat, an' that treacherous, slut bitch ho girlfriend of mine... um...

ACME

Molly.

TOAST

No, not her -- what the hell's the bitch's name? You know the one..? Whatever. Are you all with me?

Mumbles and distracted groans all around. Carlton has wandered off and is taking a leak. Toast sighs, shakes his head. Losers.

ON THE A-1 INFLATABLES LOT

The Man in Black is ready. He has gathered about 15 guy-lines together, stands poised with his Swiss Army knife --

TOAST AND POSSE

With a few engine revs, Toast's crew back their bikes out --

MAN IN BLACK SLICES through the lines!  
15 gigantic balloons suddenly spurt skyward --

But the Man in Black has tied the tethers to each bike!

-- And just as the goons begin to accelerate down the Interstate, their wheels are YANKED from under them, SPLATTERING them all onto the hot asphalt...

Toast's jaw literally hits the pavement as he hears the TRUCK HORN and turns just in time to see the

INCOMING 18-WHEELER

The posse manages to roll out of the way... but not Toast, who's suddenly PUNTED skyward, SCREAMING and flailing. Touchdown on a nice, soft cactus, some 70 yards away.

Toast howls in pain, peppered with 1,000 cactus needles.  
His crew comes running as we TILT UP TO REVEAL:

THE FIVE MOTORCYCLES floating off into the clouds, three balloons supporting each one.

TOAST

Crap! Shoot 'em down, man!

Toast and his boys draw their gats, UNLOAD into the sky --

-- MISSING the balloons completely. They do, however, shoot the shit out of their bikes. PUNCTURED gas tanks spew --

TOAST AND CREW

Gasoline rains down on them like a celestial piss.  
And then, Acme remembers THE LIT CIGARETTE in his hand--

ACME

Oh cra --

FOOOOM!!! The boys GO UP in a roiling fireball! They all flop to the dirt, roll around, desperately trying to extinguish themselves...

BACK TO A-1 INFLATABLES

Neither the Man in Black nor the STORE CLERK hear the HOWLS OF AGONY or notice the BURNING MEN, clearly visible in the BG through the storefront window. The clerk runs Man in Black's AMEX card through an imprinter and hands it back.

MAN IN BLACK

Don't leave home without it.

THE FARM - MONTAGE

Titus oversees various arduous farming activities.  
Boys and girls together work to get Beat's farm happening.

>> Titus works with Yolanda and Silk on repairing the combine, still stuck in the cornfield;

>> Beat, Clint, Shannel and Estrellita load corn into a batch drier -- a large green mesh cage connected to a gas-fired blower the size of a jet engine--

>> The boys attack birds in the shed with tennis rackets, a veritable free-for-all--

>> Titus shows the boys how to remove the eggs from the incubator, placing them in the hatching baskets.

>> Titus & Yolanda ride around in the combine--

>> Beat places corn into a moisture tester, a low-tech coffee-can apparatus. Comes up at 15%. He smiles.

>> The boys return to the hatching baskets to find adorable little ostrich chicks hatching. Clint is mesmerized. He picks one up, cuddles it. Titus encourages him. The li'l babies need affection.

>> The chicks, now a few days old, have been moved to small isolation pen, warmth courtesy of a heat lamp. Clint and the boys truly enjoy feeding and playing with the rambunctious chicks.

END MONTAGE

EXT. THE FARM - CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

The gang's all here, including Titus and Hildy. Everyone roasts marshmallows over the flames.

The pairings are obvious. Most awkward: Silk and Shannel. All the other pairs chat amongst themselves.

SILK

So how you holdin' up, Shannel?  
Four days out west turn you into  
a cowgirl yet?

SHANNEL

Don't you be scammin' on me, Silk  
Crowley. I know all about you, so  
you can just forget it, no way'm I  
gettin' busy with yo' ass.

Silk is taken aback. Surprise then gives way to a sly grin as he realizes the gauntlet has been thrown down, uh huh!

CLINT AND YOLANDA

Clint is extremely nervous.

CLINT

...Yeah, I-I'm real into jazz...  
My pops played upright bass, dig?  
Student of Ron Carter, that's right.  
Taught me to play keyboards, so's he'd  
(MORE)

CLINT(cont'd)

always have somebody to jam with, yeah. Man, I remember, I'm seven years old, jamming with my pops on this Ahmad Jamal tune, man, and we was sizzling, I'm telling you.

YOLANDA

Yecch, I hate that jazz shit.  
(shivers in disgust)

CLINT

Yeah yeah, I-like I was saying, I hate jazz, man, that shit sucks, buncha atonal noise, word. Uh... yo, so, you, uh, go to McLaren, right? Hear that's a real cool private school.

YOLANDA

It blows.

Beat. Clint shuts up in defeat. Shoves his marshmallow stick into the flame. Unexpectedly, Yolanda places her hand on his arm.

YOLANDA

Sorry. Didn't mean to be all contrary.

Clint's spirits are recharged.

CLINT

Like... no problem.

BEAT AND ESTRELLITA

They're obviously entranced with each other. Giggling, having a great time. Es's marshmallow melts right off the stick, plops into the fire, so Beat, attempting to demonstrate proper technique, threads three on his stick, inserts them into the flames -- where they promptly catch fire and disintegrate.

She laughs and shoves him. He shoves back good-naturedly. Titus and Hildy watch it all.

TITUS

Remember when we were like that?  
All giddy, full of lust?

HILDY

Tuesday, was it?

TITUS

Yep.

HILDY

We'd better pack these young'uns  
off to bed soon, hon'.

Titus nods, stands.

TITUS

Alright, everybody, listen up.

He pops in a pinch of Red Man as all eyes turn to him.

TITUS

Y'all done a great job past couple  
days. This dump's a real farm again.  
But before we continue, we need to  
make an offering to the Big Sky God.

TITUS

TITUS

We need... a human sacrifice!

REACTIONS from all!

TITUS

(guffaws)

Man, you folks are gullible! Sheesh!

Everyone sighs in relief. Clint checks his crotch. Whew!

TITUS

Now tomorry's the big day. We've got  
all the truckers coming, plus there's  
still plenty a' corn what's gotta be  
cut, alpacas to sheer... you know the  
drill. So. Everyone turns in early  
tonight. No hanky-panky.

GROANS of disappointment from all. Titus sits back down,  
fetches his fiddle. The first few plucked notes startle  
everyone -- but his scratchy, tuneless singing startles 'em  
even more.

TITUS

Oh, give me a home  
Where the ostriches roam  
And the stinky old alpacas play  
Where seldom is heard  
A discouragin' word--  
'Scuse me, while I kiss the sky!

Titus plays Hendrix's trademark Purple Haze lick on banjo.

TITUS  
-- C'mon, y'all know this!--

Somewhat reluctantly at first, everyone joins in.

ALL  
Home, home on the range...

BEAT  
Yo -- homeboys on the range!

Everyone laughs -- Silk daps him up--

TITUS  
All right!  
(starts again)  
Home... boys on the range!

ALL  
Where the stinky old alpacas play...

SILK  
Yo, I play that!

ALL  
Where seldom is heard  
A discouraging word  
'Scuse me, while I kiss the sky!

INT. BEAT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Beat is sitting up in bed, scribbling a poem by candlelight.  
Suddenly, a knock.

BEAT  
Yo?

Estrellita enters, holding a lit candle and saucer.  
*Almost* wearing a see-through, white chiffon night dress.  
Beat's eyes pop; tongue rolls clear onto the floor.

BEAT  
Slammin'. Slammin'.

ESTRELLITA  
Hey. What're you up to?

BEAT  
Just... writin'. Tryin' to find a  
rhyme for "the two of us."



She moves closer.

ESTRELLITA  
Asparagus?

Closer.

BEAT  
Hmm...

Closer.

ESTRELLITA  
Um... shoe of Gus?

BEAT  
(shooting her a look)  
Don't think so.

They're nuzzling now.

ESTRELLITA  
Pool... of... lust?

BEAT  
That'll work!

And with that, they topple as one right off the bed...

EXT. THE FARM - OUTSIDE THE MAIN GATE - NIGHT

A dumptruck full o' rubbish ambles to a stop. Toast, Acme, Stools, Lucas and Carlton's heads pop up, absolutely soaked in rotting filth and excrement, clothes and skin burnt and blackened.

They clamber from the truck, mindful of their casts, bandages, and burn ointments. Toast wipes a big chunk of turd from his cheek as the truck lopes away.

TOAST  
(calls after the driver)  
Yo, thanks for the ride!  
(flips him the bird)  
No one looks very happy. Especially not when they all notice THEIR BIKES FLOATING PAST, high overhead.

TOAST  
Shitshitshitshitshit!!!

STOOLS

(looking around)

Lookit this place! How the hell can anybody live out here??? No homeless... No crack... No vibrating latex dildo pants...

Everyone REACTS as Stools realizes his faux pas and clamps his hand over his mouth.

TOAST

Asshole! All y'all, listen up! This be it -- our moment o' triumph. Our day in the sun! Soon the great Moby will be extinguished!

STOOLS

(excited)

Yeah yeah! Like-Like in that book, 'member that story, there was that guy, an', an' he did that thing, you know, he, where he like, uh... he like... that fish thing, and it was like --

TOAST

Shut UP! Now: Acme. Rig me something, baby!

ACME

Hmm. Not a lot of raw materials to work with...

He notices the alpacas. Wheels turn. Eyes dart to and fro. Idea! Glances at his watch. 4:30 AM.

ACME

Not much time. Let's get busy.

EXT. THE FARM - MORNING

The sun is a quarter way into the sky as Titus tools up in his pick-up. Jumps out, looks around in dismay.

TITUS

Where the hell is everybody?

He stomps through the farm's main gate --

TIGHT ON HIS FOOT

As he steps into a trip-wire --

LIGHTNING-FAST SERIES OF CUTS:

Trip-wire triggers an elaborate series of PULLEYS & SPRINGS, which connect to a jerry-rigged, cantilevered SUPPORT APPARATUS, freeing an AXE (hinged to the entrance gate's cross-beam) -- which CHOPS a section of rope, releasing the STUNNED ALPACA -- suspended via harness above the gate.

W H O M P H !

Titus is flattened under the prostrate animal.  
Rube Goldberg would be proud.

TITUS

Ouch!

HIDING BEHIND A FENCE: Toast & company.

TOAST

(swatting Acme)

Dammit! You got the wrong guy!

INT. SILK'S BEDROOM - MORNING

SILK AND SHANNEL are doing the nasty.

TITUS (O.S.)

Help? Help? Anyone? Hello?

Silk looks around.

SILK

Hey... you hear somethin'?

Looks at his watch. GASPS.

SILK

Aagh! 9:30 AM! Shit!

He leaps from bed, runs out the door -- *stark naked*.

IN THE HALLWAY

Silk, Beat and Clint emerge from their bedrooms simultaneously, all wearing only shit-eating grins.

That's right: **all nekkid!**

They all GASP, cover their privates, back away--

CLINT

Uhh...

SILK  
Er... I'll just be, uh...

BEAT  
Sup, fools, whatch'all oversleepin',  
man!

CLINT  
(about to protest)  
Yo yo yo...  
(blanks)  
...Know what I'm sayin'?

SILK  
Yo, Dawn be the only bitch we all  
*didn't* see the crack of this mornin'!

Everyone busts out laughing.

Beat abruptly sours as a bedsheet-clad Shannel pops her head out of Silk's bedroom and, seeing Beat, retreats & shuts the door.

BEAT  
(to Silk)  
Oh, no. Aw, *no no no*. Do not tell me you been knockin' boots with my sister! Shannel! You get your knob-slobbin', Silk-skullin' ass down here!

SILK  
Yo yo yo, Beat, it ain't like that, man! I mean... okay, it is like that, but damn, yo sister tasty, Beat!

CLINT  
Shh shh shhh! Y'all hear that?

TITUS (O.S.)  
Help? Uh... hello? Anyone?

BEAT  
Titus?  
(to Silk)  
We'll deal with this later. C'mon.

They all look at each other before charging downstairs. Seconds later they charge back upstairs. Seconds later they charge back downstairs, *in clothes*.

EXT. THE FARM - DAY

Beat, Silk and Clint heft the stunned alpaca off of Titus.

BEAT  
Damn, Titus, you okay?

TITUS  
(delirious)  
Whoooooosh! Damn llama - wheeeeeee! -  
flew through the sky! Ouch! Think my  
legs are broke.

CLINT  
They got hospitals in Wyoming?

TITUS  
Superllama! Damndest thing I ever  
seen...

Imitating the sound effects of an alpaca plummeting from the sky, he WHISTLES and goes "SPLAT". We notice that the alpaca does indeed have Superman's "S" cut into his wool.

Directly, Hildy tools up in her Z.

HILDY  
Ohmigod, honeybunch!

EXT. THE FARM - LATER

The girls have joined the festivities.  
Titus has been loaded into the back of the Z.

HILDY  
Alright, I'm off to Laramie General.

You'll all be okay?

BEAT  
(defeated)  
They comin' to get the ostriches in  
an hour.  
(sighs)  
Take care of him.

Hildy gets in her car and drives off. A somber mood descends.

CLINT  
Shit man, we'll never get all this  
together without Titus.

SILK  
Well, we gotta try... right?

Everyone waits for Beat's affirmation. Finally:

BEAT  
Yeah. We gotta try.

ESTRELLITA  
All right!

BEAT  
Can you girls deal with the corn and  
the Al Pacinos, while we do up the  
ostriches?

SHANNEL  
You got it.

BEAT  
Let's jam.

EXT. THE THREE-YEAR-OLD OSTRICH PEN - DAY

Beat, Clint, and Silk stand before the smashed ostrich pen.  
Chunks of white fence freckle the soil. Ostriches are gone.

Beat sinks to his knees.

SILK  
(livid)  
What the fuck up, man?

CLINT  
Somebody stole our birdies! Who  
the hell would steal our cute  
little birdies, know I'm sayin'?

SILK  
I thought you hated them things!  
"Ugly, mutant canaries", I believe  
was your wording.

CLINT  
Yeah, well... shut up, Silk!

BEAT

If I didn't know better, I'd say  
Toast was responsible for this.

CLINT

(shrugging)  
Well my brothers... We did our best,  
right? Know what I'm sayin'?

BEAT

No, Clint. What are you saying?

CLINT

Yo, without them birds... no way  
you can pay off that loan. Funk  
this noise, man! Let's go home!

BEAT

You bailin' on me?

SILK

C'mon Beat... he's right, man.  
We've gotta face it.

(mumbles)

Damn. Never even got to ride a  
goddamn horse.

BEAT

I don't believe this.

SILK

Beat, what else can we do?

Beat stands.

BEAT

I'll tell you lame-ass pussywillows  
what we can do. We can get on them  
horses, ride out thataway and corral  
them damn birds! I'll do it myself if  
I have to! I ain't no quitter!

He storms off. Silk and Clint trade guilty, sullen looks.

EXT. BARN - DAY

Beat steers Thunder through the barn doors.  
Silk and Clint block the way.

CLINT

Where you goin' without us, pardner?

Relieved? Beat's smile lights the sky.

IN THE BARN

Clint saddles up Hellbeast without a hitch.  
Fluffy, however, complains vehemently as Silk boards her --

SILK  
Yo, shut the hell up! I'm ridin'  
you, an' you ain't got nothin' to  
say about it, hear me, woman?

Fluffy calms, begrudgingly lets Silk ride her from the stall.

SILK  
Sometimes it's just a question of  
findin' the right 'tude for the  
right woman.

OUTSIDE THE BARN

The boys check each other out. Goddamn cowboys!

SILK  
(sings, a la Aerosmith)  
"I'm blaaack! I'm blaaack in the  
saddle again..."

BEAT  
(laughing)  
Let's ride. Hee-ah!!!

And as the horses explode down the road, it'd be really,  
really cool if we could get a hip-hop artist to cover  
Aerosmith's "BACK IN THE SADDLE", and segue into that here.

EXT. THE PLAINS - DAY

The boys rocket along at full gallop, following the vague  
ostrich trail.

AERIAL SHOT: Dust trails from the horses' hooves striate the  
plain as CAMERA TILTS UP -- There, on the horizon: the  
ostrich herd. 60 of 'em, a goddamn stampede, moving at maybe  
40 miles per hour!

Beat motions the boys to cut ahead of the herd.

BEAT  
What the hell am I doin'?  
What am I doin'?



Abruptly, Beat finds himself at the head of the moving herd, face to face with the dominant male -- the ostrich leader.

Beat's horse rears as the dominant male also slams on the brakes, nearly toppling over, forcing all the other ostriches to stop. Many try to skirt left or right, but Clint and Silk are there, scaring 'em back into the mass --

CLINT

Come back, birdies! Come back,  
cute little birdies!

Boxed in, the birds are forced to retreat --

BEAT

(top of his lungs)  
Yeah! They movin' back! Drive 'em  
on home! Yee-ha!

Again, Silk has a little trouble getting Fluffy to move -- she bucks and whinnies --

SILK

Yo, bitch, what did I tell you?  
Move yo fat, huge, misshapen, hairy  
horse-ass!

And with heels to her flanks, Fluffy takes off like an MX missile!

MOVING EAST ON THE PLAIN

Silk and Clint drive the herd while Beat spearheads the advance.

Helluva impressive sight, especially from a distance... with FIVE ERRANT MOTORCYCLES floating past in the BG...

ON A MESA OVERLOOKING THE PLAIN

Toast, Acme, Stools, Carlton and Lucas sit around an unlit campfire, about to cook a paltry garter snake on a spit. The goons are salivating, but Acme can't seem to get the fire started.

TOAST

C'mon Acme, hurry up, we all  
starvin', man!

Carlton suddenly snaps. Springs to his feet:

CARLTON

(hissy fit)

That's it, that's it, I can't stand it no mo'! We are totally lost, we starvin', and we out of fuckin' weed!...

STOOLS

(offering a bong)

You might get a buzz off the bong water, homes.

Carlton slaps the bong away. Stools shrugs, then chugs the burnt umber, sludgy bong water. Everyone GAWKS as Acme gags a bit, but somehow gets the sickly swill down.

CARLTON

...An' look! Our bikes is floatin' around in the motherfuckin' sky! I-I can't take it no more, Toast!

Toast calmly shoves Carlton off the edge of the mesa. There follows a brief "EEK," accompanied by a tiny SQUISHING NOISE.

ACME

Mmm-mm, mo' snake fo' us!

Stools finishes the bongwater and calmly falls over and RETCHES all over Toast's Adidas.

TOAST

GodDAMN! What is it about my feet that attracts so much fuckin' puke?

Lucas, meanwhile, glances over his shoulder -- GASPS!

LUCAS

Yikes! Toast, check this out!

They hasten to the mesa's edge, where they see: Beat, Clint & Silk driving the herd home --

TOAST

Nooo! I will not be denied my vengeance! After them!

LUCAS

What, on foot?

Obviously, Toast had forgotten. Throws a fit in frustration.

TOAST

Oooooh!!!

ACME  
Wait! Idea!

EXT. THE PLAIN - MOVING WITH THE HERD

All of a sudden ostriches start breaking away at an alarming rate -- more than the boys can regain. The reason:

TOAST, ACME, STOOLS AND LUCAS ARE ON OSTRICHBACK, riding alongside the herd! -- and spooking 'em off by yelling "OOGA BOOGA!!!" and waving their arms like maniacs!

BEAT  
No way... it can't be... Toast!!!

Toast swings around to the head of the herd, flips Beat the bird, and SCREAMS at the dominant male! The cock dashes off; the herd SCATTERS in panic.

WE HEAR A MOTOR APPROACHING, OVER.

BEAT  
(to Clint & Silk)  
Go wide! Circle 'em back in!

Silk swings Fluffy about, but an ostrich COLLIDES with them -- Silk eats ground.

Hellbeast rears abruptly to avoid trampling Silk, sending Clint sprawling also --

Within seconds, all is lost. The ostriches have dispersed.

MOTOR is much louder now.

TOAST

laughing triumphantly --

BEAT

Atop on his horse. He and Toast make eye contact.

REAL, REAL TIGHT ON TOAST

Guffawing hysterically -- until a SHOTGUN BUTT crashes into his skull with resounding THWOK!!! Down he DROPS.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

THE GODDAMN THE MAN IN BLACK!

He's tooled his Fat Boy right up behind Toast's ostrich.

Beat gasps as Man in Black zig-zags up to him, brutally HEAVING each of Toast's gang off their ostriches as he goes --

MUSIC POUNDS MENACINGLY as he screeches to a stop, strides right up to Beat, unbuckling his chin-straps -- removes his helmet to reveal:

BEAT

EKG! Goddamn EKG!! Jesus H. Christ  
on a 10-speed with no seat!

Silk and Clint hasten over, jaws low in disbelief --

EKG

Yo, homeys, saddle the hell up, we  
got some birds to corral!

BEAT

Word!

High-fives all around --

EXT. THE PLAIN - RIDING WITH BEAT, CLINT, SILK & EKG

EKG slaloms his bike around the ostriches, steering with his right hand and FIRING HIS RIFLE with his left -- the GUNFIRE directs the birds the way he wants them to go.

Silk and Clint chase strays back towards the throng while Beat heads 'em back eastward --

Soon the herd's a cohesive whole again, and everyone's on their way home amidst many Yahoos!!!...

TOAST'S CREW

Circles Toast, who is out like a light.

STOOLS

Toast! Toast! Speeeak to me!

ACME

He's unconscious, you nimrod! If  
only we had some ammonium carbonate...  
or even some water to splash on him --

Stools, inspired, starts spitting all over Toast's face. Everyone else joins in --

ACME

Wha'? Stools, you loc, man?

But it works! Toast suddenly sits up, sputtering but wide awake, a crazy gleam in his eye...

TOAST

Arr, mateys... arr!

Odd looks are bandied about as Toast gets to his feet.

TOAST

Aye, onward, after the great Moby!  
Avast, ye swabs! Raise the mains'!

ACME

Uhh... Toast, you okay?

Toast's left leg suddenly buckles beneath him. he struggles to stand on one leg, yet refuses help. Rips off a swath from his black vest, quickly fashions it into an eye-patch.

A PARROT flies in from nowhere, lands on his shoulder.

Stunned silence from everyone as Toast dons the eye-patch, covering his perfectly good right eye.

TOAST

(with satisfaction)

Arrr!!!

EXT. THE FARM - DAY

Two 18-wheelers labeled "A&L Poultry -- You Can't Beat Our Meat" idle outside the main gate.

Shannel, in a bit of a panic, is trying to prevent POULTRY TRUCKERS 1 & 2 from leaving.

POULTRY TRUCKER 1

You mean to say we came all the way  
from Cheyenne, an' there ain't no  
ostriches?

SHANNEL

P-Please, just-just give 'em a few  
minutes, I know they'll be back --

Clouds of dust on the horizon. TROMPING HOOVES. Beat appears at the head of the pack, shouting and waving crazily --

POULTRY TRUCKER 2  
Holy shit! Stampede!

Shannel races to the ostrich pen, swings open the gate just in time -- in rushes the herd! Like shoving a bear into spandex, but EKG, Silk and Clint bring up the rear, and miraculously, it works!

Beat rides up to the truckers, dismounts.

BEAT  
Howdy, pardners. 62 ostriches  
for ya, all present an' accounted for.

POULTRY TRUCKER 1  
Now *that* was pretty cool.

EXT. THE CORNFIELD - DAY

Surprise, surprise! Not much of a cornfield left! Yolanda's made fast work of it with the combine. She waves at Beat and Silk from the cab as the two truckers from the Bruford Grain Elevator Co. unload the combine into their truck.

Beat and Silk watch all this in shock.  
Yolanda notices them, flashes a "thumbs up."

BEAT  
Damn! I knew Yolanda had corn rows...  
but this is somethin' else.

SILK  
Please don't be makin' no mo'  
corny puns like that, man.

Beat groans.

EXT. THE ALPACA PEN - DAY

Beat and Silk are equally unprepared for this shocker -- dozens of bare-ass alpacas, their wool completely shorn, gathered and tied in large bales according to color.

Estrellita shears off a last clump from a patient llama, whom she's petting lovingly and whispering sweet nothings to. She scratches the animal's head, then notices Beat and Silk looking in on her. Smiles, if you'd pardon the expression, sheepishly.

BEAT  
 (amazed)  
 No way. You done?

ESTRELLITA  
 Can I cook, or can't I?

Beat puts his arm around her. Silk tries not to look too uncomfortable.

BEAT  
 By the by, there's this little  
 matter of... your goddamn psycho  
scumbag boyfriend being out here!

ESTRELLITA  
 What?

BEAT  
 Toast and his crew! They here!

Estrellita is stricken --

BEAT  
 Who you think dropped that Al Pacino  
 on Titus an' loosed our birds?

ESTRELLITA  
 Where -- where is he?

BEAT  
 Oh, why, so you can run right  
 back into his arms? Fine.

Silk clears his throat and bows out expeditiously.

ESTRELLITA  
 What? I'm just concerned about you!

Just wanna know what happened!

BEAT  
 (points)  
 That way. Have fun. It's been real.

Estrellita hesitates, considers. Then looks him in the eyes.

ESTRELLITA  
 Screw you, Beat Cobb. I'm not  
 going anywhere!

She kisses him. Hard. Knocks him to the ground. Right there in the alpaca pen, amidst the freshly shorn wool and fly-covered piles o' crap, they get it on.

EXT. THE FARM - OUTSIDE THE MAIN HOUSE - SUNSET

Everyone's gathered 'round a barbecue pit, where EKG is glazing a sizzling rack of ribs. Everyone's here and in a jolly mood as EKG recounts his adventures with Toast:

EKG

...Then I lost 'em for a while,  
caught up with 'em again in South  
Dakota, an' I tied all their bikes  
to a cluster of balloons -- voosh!

He mimes the bikes flying off. Everyone laughs.

EKG

It was damn hilarious, you shoulda  
seen it. Anyway, y'all listen up!  
You know that cat from Broken Records,  
Ben Jerome?

CLINT

Yeah man... just come out with it,  
you dissed us, right?

EKG

Like I'd do that to my bros! No,  
check this out:

EKG pulls some paperwork from his trusty knapsack.

EKG

...What I got here, boys, is a  
contract. A spec deal for EKG and  
The Flam Jam!

Gasps and yelps of glee from everyone --

BEAT

No!

CLINT

Yes! Yes!!!

BEAT

(dumbfounded)

But EKG -- you bailed on us, man!



EKG

Yeah, sorry, I hadda bolt for a couple days -- important biz outta town, an by the 'time I got back, y'all had already split! So I hadda chase you all down!

SILK

This for real?

EKG

They givin' us 20 grand to cut a demo. Three tunes. We gotta start droppin' tracks next week. Now, this ain't no sure thing album deal, so we gotta kick booty on this demo.

SILK

Yo, and booty we will kick!

CLINT

Yo EKG, you the man! Never doubted you fo' a second!

Everyone throws dubious looks at Clint, then daps EKG up. Estrellita senses vague reluctance from Beat--

ESTRELLITA

Hey... you okay, Beat?

BEAT

(beaming)

Yeah. Yeah, fine. Listen y'all... I just wanna thank everybody. No way I coulda done it without y'all.

(to Silk, with meaning)

Even you, mudfucka. Or should I say, sistafucka. You ho.

Beat offers his hand. Sheepish, Silk daps him up.

SILK

So what now, man?

BEAT

Well... I guess, tomorrow I'll drive to Laramie, list this place with a real estate broker. And then... we go home.

Clint jumps to his feet and does a happy dance.

CLINT

Woo-hoo! Home! Know what I'm sayin'!

THIS makes everyone real happy. The boys kiss Beat, the girls slap him affectionately. Or maybe the other way around.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Titus is in traction; Hildy's at his side.  
Beat, Silk and Clint stand at his other side.

TITUS

You ain't leaving, are ya?

CLINT

Damn straight! Whoo-hoo!

SILK

(rolling his eyes)  
What he's saying is, this a nice  
place to visit an' all...

BEAT

Ignore these idiots. We got us a  
spec recording deal. Gotta  
go home an' drop some tracks.

HILDY

Wow, that's terrific! Sorry to see  
you boys go. Wish I could've gotten  
to know you all a little better.

The boys bandy a look about that says, "no shit."  
Titus, however, looks sad. Beat picks up on it.

BEAT

Yo, you okay, Titus?

TITUS

Well... just ain't been such a good  
week for me. Stuck in the hospital...  
Hadda cancel the dance... Now you guys  
are leavin'.

The boys are touched.

CLINT

Aww, Titus, man... wait, the dance?  
Why'd you have to call off the dance?

TITUS  
I'm the caller! I'm in no shape for  
a gig, Clit.

CLINT  
Clint! My name is Clint! God damn!

BEAT  
Maybe we can help.

EXT. COOPER LAKE - SQUARE DANCE PARTY - NIGHT

A HUNDRED PEOPLE are square-dancing on the shore.  
A BOFFOBURGER banner hangs prominently over the stage.

Titus is the caller. In wheelchair, both legs in casts.  
Headset mic.

TITUS  
Now swing your lady, reel her back  
Try not to have a heart attack  
Then grab her waist & give her a twirl  
Peck on the lips, she'll know she's  
yer girl...

Titus' backing band: FLAM JAM.

Beat cranks the simple 1-2 beat on his bottles, while Clint perfectly replicates fiddle fills and banjo strums on his sampler. Silk, anchoring the simple bass figure, seems amused and embarrassed. Tosses a goofy look to Shannel -- dancing with Estrellita and Yolanda -- who sends back a beaming smile.

On the sidelines: EKG. Dictating into a cigarette lighter.

EKG  
...I've received your transmission re:  
the Borneo situation comma, will relay  
the SIGINT via SATCOM burst, NSA  
cipher Beale/ Beowolf, cc: to Head of  
Station, Singapore.

COMMAND (O.S.)  
(from the lighter)  
*Confirmed, Sparrow. Command out.*

ON STAGE  
Titus nods to Silk, who catches the  
cue, brings the tune to an end. Much  
applause from perspiring party-goers.

TITUS

Thank you! Like to thank y'all for coming! Got a little surprise for all of you. And now for something... completely different. From New York City -- the most hearing-impaired band you'll ever see --

Confused looks amongst the band. Clint gets it. Yells:

CLINT

Def! Def, fool!

TITUS

Oh. I was trying to be P.C. -- let's hear it for EKG and the Flam Jam!

EKG nearly spits up his beer! Encouraged by tons of applause and Titus' urging, he concedes. Stuffs his lighter/gadget into his knapsack, tosses the pack into the wings as he takes the stage. He seizes the mic:

EKG

Yo ho ho! It be Paaaaarty time!  
Homeboys an' girls welcome to the show  
The name's EKG and don't you know  
Don't got no raps 'bout killin' cops  
Only write about me, 'cause I'm the  
tops  
Jeeeah, I'm the subject that I know  
best  
On EKG trivia gimme a test  
They call it narcissism 'case you  
ain't guessed  
I just call ya jealous 'cause you  
ain't blessed!

STUNNED LOOKS on all the party guests. No one moves. What in tarnation IS this abominable noise? Several grimace, fingers in their ears...

EXT. COOPER LAKE - MOVING - NIGHT

SOMEONE'S POV, THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD OF A MOVING SPEEDBOAT

The boat ROARS towards the distant shore.  
Whoever is driving is SCREAMING LIKE A MANIAC...

EXT. THE SQUARE DANCE - CONTINUOUS

Estrellita, Shannel and Yolanda break the ice by dancing. A few of the more daring in the crowd actually join them.

EKG

Yo! I wanna see everybody dancin'!  
If I can do it, y'all can do it!

...And the hulking rapper ignites the stage with some amazing, improbable gymnastics. Beat shows off with jazzy fills and stick twirls behind him.

EXT. COOPER LAKE - CONTINUOUS

Same shot, SOMEONE'S POV -- bearing down on the square dance, and now the shore's only 100 yards away and we still hear SCREAMING --

THE DANCE - CONTINUOUS

By now, EVERYONE'S dancin' up a storm, turning Cooper Lake into a raging hip-hop party --

MOTORBOAT POV - COMING UP FAST ON THE SHORE, ABOUT TO HIT --

THE DANCE

Nothing happens. Everyone's still dancing.

MOTORBOAT POV - Now, the boat is much further away from shore than the previous cut led us to believe -- but still coming in like a rocket. If done properly, this should look like inept editing.

THE STAGE

Beat and Silk trade fills, each mimicking the other's riffs, when suddenly Beat breaks a stick -- the shard sails like a dart right into Silk's booty!

SILK

Aaaagh! Mother-father!

MOTORBOAT POV - EVEN FURTHER AWAY NOW (!), AS FAR OUT AS THE VERY FIRST MOTORBOAT POV SHOT!

## THE SHORE - CONTINUOUS

W H A M ! ! ! The motorboat RUNS AGROUND and smashes to bits! Four OCCUPANTS flying from the boat -- they plop into the dancing masses like dead trout as everyone YELPS and panics and the BAND ABRUPTLY STOPS DEAD and then TOAST stands, decked out in FULL PIRATE REGALIA, replete with eye patch, peg-leg, parrot, and cutlass! Brandishing the weapon menacingly, he gestures towards the stage:

TOAST

Arr! Moby! Thar he is, mateys!

Lucas signals the attack with a blast of a HORN as he, Toast, Acme, and Stools rush the stage --

ON STAGE

EKG, Beat, Clint and Silk are frozen with bewilderment for just a moment before Beat yells:

BEAT

Yo, book it! Everybody RUN!

The boys drop their instruments with noisy, amplified CLUNKS, try to flee, but are quickly surrounded by cutlass-wielding lunatics.

GASPS from the crowd as Acme, Stools and Lucas nudge the band, hands high in surrender, towards center stage at swordpoint. Toast takes the stage with deliberate theatricality.

He parades before them all like a General inspecting captured spies. The BUMP on his head, where EKG clocked him, looks like there's a baseball in there. Then he places the cutlass to Beat's throat.

TOAST

Arr! Moby Beat Cobb Dick. I've chased your sorry ass 'round the seven seas and now, at last, vengeance will be mine!

BEAT

Damn, Toast, you totally lost it!

Estrellita tries to rush forward, but is quickly restrained by Stools and Lucas--

ESTRELLITA

No! Toast! Leave him alone!

TOAST

Quiet the orifice!

Lucas removes one of his filthy, moldy socks (shoes are long gone), crams it in her mouth and holds her as she struggles. Clint cringes in revulsion.

EKG'S EYES, darting to and fro, searching for an opening. In the wings, ten feet away: his KNAPSACK --

GIMMICK SHOT: X-RAY of EKG'S KNAPSACK, lined with hi-tech spy weapons and gadgets --

EKG'S EYES narrow. FIST, tightening. Waiting...

TOAST

And now me bucko, this is it!  
On your knees!

BEAT

Yo, fuck yo coyote-ugly mama with  
a rusty cheese grater, you punk-ass  
Long John Silver-lookin' bitch!

Acme SHOVES Beat to his knees -- EKG reacts, but is restrained by Stools' sword-tip, poked against his belly.

TOAST

Long John Silver? It's Ahab, Ahab!,  
shit-for-brains!

BEAT

Well naturally you got it all screwed  
up, man! Ahab weren't no pirate! You  
Long John Silver!

Toast looks horrified, realizing he's made an awful mistake. Fortunately, insanity gets the better of him.

TOAST

Shut up! Any last words, Beat?

Beat pauses. Right by his hand are A COUPLE OF BROKEN DRUMSTICKS.

He chances a quick look around -- spots something above him. Eyelids flare in surprise! Quickly stifling his elation, his head drops low... and he palms the drumstick slivers...

BEAT

Yeah... I'd just like to say...  
Bust this!

-- And he FLICKS the chunks of sharp wood into the air!  
Nothing happens. Toast looks to his goons, confused.  
Acme shrugs, clueless.

TOAST

Okay... I probably would've opted for  
somethin' a bit mo' profound, but hey,  
it's your funeral.

POP! POP POP!... from off in the distance.

TOAST

Anyway...

Toast strikes a dynamic pose, raises the cutlass over his  
head --

DESCENDING WHISTLE, OVER --

THE CROWD

Stock still, gasping in terror --

THE GIRLS AND TITUS

Panicking --

And now the WHISTLING is quite loud...

TOAST

Goodbye, Moby!!!

And with a savage GRUNT, Toast brings the sword down onto  
Beat's neck, BEHEADING him! Crowd SHRIEKS as VISCERA SPRAYS  
EVERYWHERE!

No no, that was just TOAST'S FANTASY.

What really happens is, a CLUSTER OF MOTORCYCLES suddenly  
drops on him from out of the sky!

KERRRRANGG!!! Toast is instantly BURIED under a heaping pile  
of twisted metal and tires!

EKG SPINS OUT from under Stools' sword and doles out severe  
damage to Stools' shins with low Shorin-ryu kicks, then  
doubles him over with a knife-hand to the solar plexus/palm-  
heel-thrust-to-the-jaw combo!

Silk and Clint take care of Acme by more traditional means --  
right cross to the cheek! Uppercut to the chin! Acme  
topples ass-over-teakettle into Beat's bottles, KNOCKING  
EVERYTHING OVER in a noisy display. He doesn't get back up.



Lucas grabs Estrellita, pinning her arms behind her back. Cowers behind her, sword to her throat, as Beat moves in.

BEAT

Lucas! 'The hell you doin', man?

Lucas, panicking. Sweat runs down his temples. Estrellita's WAILING probably isn't helping.

TWO SHERIFF'S CARS arrive. DOORS SLAM as they encroach.

BEAT

C'mon man, you my homey! Don'tcha remember when we stole them fish from that bodega? Then planted 'em tails-up in that flower bed? Remember?

ON LUCAS -- SCREEN BEGINS TO SHIMMER, and we hear HARP MUSIC as if we're about to go into a flashback... but no, we're back to Lucas.

LUCAS

Uh... no.

BEAT

Crap. Okay, uh... how 'bout, how 'bout when we threw mustard seeds all over Ms. Sheffer's carpet, then stuffed the garden hose through her mail slot -- ?

LUCAS

Oh yeeah...! Snap! She had one living, green carpet, man! Vooosh!

BEAT

Word. Lucas, man... don't be this way, man. Come on. That's it.

Lucas lowers the sword and lets Estrellita go!

CHEERS OF ADULATION from the party-goers as COPS rush the stage. Estrellita, crying, bounds into Beat's arms.

BEAT

'S'alright, baby... 's'alright now.

And just before Beat can kiss her, he undergoes one last ELECTRIC SHOCK FLASHBACK. Silk douses the miniature forest fire on his scalp with a cup of beer. Estrellita breaks up laughing.

BEAT

Yeah, it's just your incendiary presence, my sweet, sets me afire and consumes me.

Es is touched. Beat gets his kiss, uh-huh.

FADE OUT

EXT. TITUS' PORCH - SUNSET

Beat is set to go, but he lingers, something on his mind. Titus, still in his wheelchair, gazes out upon his small piece of land. Another house is only a hundred feet away.

TITUS

Soybeans is the thing. Wave of the future. If I had a farm, I'd plant acres an' acres of 'em...

(sighs)

BEAT

Yo Titus... um... would you... uh, you know... would ya tell me about... about my father.

Titus smiles. He's been waiting for this.

TITUS

Do you know why he ran out on your family? Why he never contacted you?

(beat)

Your Ma ordered him not to.

Beat's head picks up. Titus pops a pinch of Red Man.

BEAT

What are you sayin'?

TITUS

Yeah, he robbed that store. Why? 'Cause your family was poor, and your father had been fired from his job and alcohol was polluting his brain. When your Ma found out what he did, she booted him out, that's right. Told him if he ever so much as farted within a ten block radius of you all that she'd call the cops and finger him -- I mean incriminate, you pervert! God, the way your mind works.

Titus winks at him.

TITUS

Heh heh! Anyway, so he split. But not before he gave your ma 30 grand.

BEAT

Thirty grand!

TITUS

That's right. Half the money. And in the fifteen years I knew him, not a week went by he didn't talk about you. He wanted to contact you real bad, Marcus, even though it was condition number one of the deal -- no contact. But did I mention he was one stubborn rascal? Yep. Heh. So he sent a letter to you every Christmas. Guess you didn't get 'em.

The sun has pretty much set by now.

BEAT

Ma musta grabbed 'em. Well, I'll be a goddamned.

HONK! HONK! Clint and Silk, in the van:

CLINT

Yo, yo, yo, know I'm sayin'?

BEAT

(to Titus; awkward)  
Okay, well... see ya around.

Titus nods as Beat walks off.

BEAT

Chokes up. Runs back to Titus and gives him a big hug. Titus, too, sobs a bit... blows his nose on Beat's sleeve.

CLINT

About to honk again, but Silk stays him, gesturing at Beat and Titus. Clint nods, understands. Sits back and smiles...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - 46th & B'WAY - MANHATTAN - DAY

Silk is hustling up a TOURIST COUPLE. Takes one of his Lady "Rollexes" from his display case, shows it to the TOURIST WIFE.

SILK

What you got here's the finest example of precision Swiss craftsmanship, a gen-u-ine Rollex Oyster Perpetual fo' only twenty bucks! Where else but New York City!

TOURIST WIFE

Oh, Henry! A Rollex!

TOURIST HUSBAND

I thought Rollex had only one "L"... oh, alright... twenty bucks, why not?

Beat saunters up behind them, bottles in hand.

BEAT

Yo, y'all don't be wastin' yo cash on that bogus-ass shit--

Silk, alarmed, waves urgently at him -- "Shut up!"

BEAT

Go on, save yo money. These watches be cheap pieces of shit. Fakes! Break in less'n a week, you'll see!

Spooked, the tourist couple flees. Silk is beside himself, but Beat is beaming superciliously.

SILK

Yo, what **UP**, beeotch???

BEAT

Yo, dap me up.

SILK

No way!

Beat pulls out A CHECK from his pocket. Silk stares at it, amazed.

SILK

Seventeen hundred bucks!

BEAT

That's yo share, man! I told you I'd give y'all a cut! I had almost twelve  
(MORE)

BEAT(cont'd)

grand left after payin' off the loan!  
That's yo' cut! Now dap me up!

Once again, they enact an elaborate handshake ritual.

BEAT

And yo, I just got an offer on the  
farm!

SILK

Goddamn! You gonna sell, huh?

BEAT

You know, man... I been thinkin'.  
Titus and Hildy been awful nice to us,  
looking after the place while we gone.  
I was thinkin', might make a nice  
present... what do you think?

SILK

I gotta tell you, man... almost  
ashamed to admit it, but... I dig it  
out there. Like to find me a Hildy  
an' settle my butt down.

OVER: the sound of a BOMB DROPPING nearby; the sounds of  
PEOPLE SCREAMING as their TENEMENT COLLAPSES... (all O.S.)  
Silk and Beat look O.S., checking out the damage.

BEAT

Word.

SILK

Say, Beat... you really thinkin'  
'bout not sellin' that farm?

Beat cocks an eyebrow, waits for it. Silk smiles coyly.

EXT. THE FARM - DAY

Titus, arm in a sling, driving a tractor along the main road  
when he stops dead. Spits an icky stream of terbacky. His  
brownish smile spreads like a crack in an ice floe.

TITUS

Heh heh.

THE VAN pulls up. Beat, Estrellita, Silk and Clint clamber  
out. Then all run to Titus and hug him. They're all wearing  
a "Boffoburger" T-shirts for no good reason.

TITUS

I'll be damned. Can't keep away, huh?  
Must be my natural musky man-stench.

BEAT

How you livin', man? Where's Hildy?

TITUS

Oh, she's mindin' the gas station.  
Heck, it's good to see you all  
again! How'd the recording go?

Beat leads Titus around to the back of the van. Throws open  
the doors. Inside: \$20 grand worth of BRAND-NEW  
RECORDING EQUIPMENT!

TITUS

Glo-ry be!

SILK

Yo, we figgered, better to pool our  
money an' buy our own recording gear.

BEAT

And what better place fo' a studio?  
Out here... we can make as much noise  
as we want.

TITUS

Sakes alive. Listen... if'n I help  
you build it... wouldja let me do a  
little recording here, too?

BEAT

Let you? "Let you" record at your own  
ranch?

Titus is clearly confused.

CLINT

Yo, see, like, know I'm sayin', uh,  
it's like this, yo, the place is like,  
uhh... know what I'm sayin'?

BEAT

(offering his hand)  
Consider it a gift.

Titus tears up.

TITUS

I... don't know what to say...

He and Beat hug, and you know? Nobody needs to say anything.

INT. THE BARN - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

The barn has been transformed into a recording studio.

Titus and Hildy man the mixing board, watching FLAM JAM through a large window. A handsome, suited man supervises: BEN JEROME.

THE STUDIO

EKG, Beat, Clint and Silk, all wearing "cans" (headphones) wait for engineer Titus' cue:

TITUS  
Tape rolling.

And BAM -- Beat kicks out a monster groove on his SHINY NEW TEN-PIECE TAMA DRUM KIT, his dream kit, all miked up, augmented with his BOTTLES, which he's rigged up on boom stands. The band settles into a real hip-swivellin' pocket.

Watching all this from the sidelines: Estrellita, Shannel, Yolanda, and even Beat's Ma and baby brother! They all move with the groove, barefoot in the hay -- baby Justin giggles in delight, 'cause he gets to boogie with a CUTE LITTLE BABY OSTRICH!

EKG  
They say life ain't never like the  
movies  
Happy endings, feelin' groovy  
Good triumphant over evil, you dig?  
Love conquers all, hero makes it big  
Well, yo, I ain't just some dumb rap  
singer,  
believe you me I been through the  
wringer  
Seen good people die,  
Smart people dig ditches,  
Qualified folks don't get the job  
while  
The bitches get all the riches,  
jeeeeah!  
But I believe in payday --

BEAT, CLINT AND SILK  
Payday!

EKG

-- Every dog has his day, you dig?  
Gotta keep on pluggin', luggin' yo'  
weight,  
Get thrown a curve? Reevaluate.  
Gotta compensate, innovate,  
demonstrate,  
Yo' time may be late, but it's comin',  
word, payday's on its way!

EKG smiles at Titus, while Titus flashes him a thumbs up.

EKG

Yo, I belieeeeeeeve in Payday --

BEAT, CLINT AND SILK

Payday!

EKG

-- Every dog has his day, you dig?...  
Gotta grab the dice an' roll again,  
bro' -- might be lucky seven on the  
very next throw... Peace!

FADE OUT