

DRIVE AWAY DYKES

by Ethan Coen & Tricia Coen

INTERIOR BAR

Night. A dim, smokey bar.

We are slowly tracking toward the back of the narrow room, the bar itself to one side and booths, closer to us, on the other. The booths' high wooden benchbacks serve as partitions, giving privacy. Each booth is empty as we pass, until. . .

The second-to-last. A man peeks around from behind the partition. He looks apprehensively toward the front of the bar as we close in on him. His shoulders are oddly hunched.

He is Chinese, in his thirties, with black hair poofed over his forehead in a style often represented among the pictures in a barbershop window. He wears Mr. Moto glasses. He is Jimmy Yun.

His eyes shift, searching. Finally he gives up and swivels around to lean against the benchback. We match around.

Head-on now, we see what keeps his shoulders bunched: he is hugging an attaché case to his chest. On the table in front of him are several empty beer bottles and an overflowing ashtray: he has been waiting here for some time. He looks at his watch.

His eyes shift fearfully up: someone stands before him, having approached without noise. Jimmy Yun hugs the attaché case tighter, but. . .

It is only the waiter.

Waiter

Want another?

Inhibited by the attaché case, Jimmy awkwardly pantomimes scribbles in the air:

Jimmy

Check! Check!

He makes an X by crossing his forearms:

. . . No more beer! Check!

EXTERIOR

We are looking up at the statue of William Penn, smiling placidly atop Philadelphia's city hall.

We cut down to the street. We are pulling Jimmy Yun who still hugs the attaché case as he walks. The neon of the bar he has just left glows, out-of-focus, behind him.

His breath vaporises in the cold night air. The street is empty but Jimmy Yun looks warily from side to side.

Someone is emerging from the bar in the background. Focus is too soft for us to distinguish his face but we recognize the white of the waiter's apron.

In the foreground Jimmy is oblivious to the waiter who trots after him, pulling off his apron and tossing it to one side.

When the pursuing footsteps grow close enough to be heard Jimmy Yun looks back.

Jimmy

Ahgah!

He starts running.

The waiter too breaks into a run.

Jimmy Yun turns down an alley.

ALLEYWAY

Jimmy Yun still hugs the attaché case, panting as he corners.

He tips over a garbage pail at the alley mouth, lamely covering his retreat, and backs away, looking wildly about.

The waiter appears at the alley mouth. He gazes coolly in.

Waiter

The case, Jimmy.

Jimmy

No! Who you?

He vigorously shakes his head, still backing away.

... No!

The waiter steps over the tipped garbage pail and advances. He reaches up and slowly pulls one end of his waiter's bowtie until its knot tumbles loose.

Waiter

The case, Jimmy.

Jimmy Yun grabs the lid off an anodyzed tin garbage pail and holds it up in front of him as a shield.

Jimmy

You bad man!

Fingers wrap around the lid at three o'clock and nine o'clock, and with a sharp yank and a dull *clung* it is wrenched from the hand of Jimmy Yun.

The waiter sails the lid back over his head. It skids off an alley wall and clatters to the ground behind him. The waiter continues his advance, matching Jimmy Yun's retreat step for step.

Waiter

The case, Jimmy.

Jimmy

No! No! Abo-so-lutely!

The waiter pulls what looks like a jackknife from one pocket. He pries it open: a corkscrew.

Jimmy defensively raises the attaché case:

... Aahh!

With his free hand the waiter sweeps the attaché case down. With his other hand he plunges the corkscrew into Jimmy Yun's neck.

... AAAAHHHH!

Screaming, Jimmy Yun reaches up and tugs at the protruding cross-handle. The corkscrew remains embedded in his neck and his tugging only tents the skin outward.

... AAAAAHHHHH!

Still retreating, clutching the attaché case one-handed, Jimmy Yun laboriously twists the corkscrew. Getting it out will be a long job.

Behind the waiter, at the mouth of the alley, a black car screeches to a halt. Its passenger door is flung open to disgorge a blond man in a blue blazer who runs toward us.

The waiter, oblivious, is pulling a ballpoint pen from his pocket. He transfers it to his left hand, raises it, clicks it as Jimmy Yun screams on:

... AAAAAHHHHHHH!

The waiter plunges the pen into the other side of Jimmy Yun's neck. Its protruding angle complements the corkscrew's.

... AAAAAHHHHH!

Jimmy Yun reaches with his other hand for the pen, dropping the attaché case as the man in the blue blazer arrives.

The waiter stoops, picks up the attaché case and, without looking, passes it back to the man in the blue blazer, who hustles it back toward the alley mouth.

The waiter reaches up and pats Jimmy gently on one cheek.

Jimmy's hands are both up at his own neck, clutching pen and corkscrew like handlebars that waggle his head.

... AAAAAHHHHHHH!

The waiter's hand lingers on Jimmy's cheek. The thumb slides up under the glasses lens to press against the eye.

The other hand rises to the other cheek, thumb likewise sliding up against eyeball.

The waiter's grip on Jimmy's face tightens; the thumbs bear down.

Jimmy's head vibrates as he screams:

.... AAAAHHHHH!

We cut discreetly to the alley mouth seen from the street, where the black car idles. The blond man tosses in the attaché case and pulls out a hacksaw; the car screeches off. The man plunges back into the darkness of the alley. Though we cannot see the gruesome doings within, the screams redouble, and, with a dramatic sting, the movie's title wipes on:

DRIVE-AWAY DYKES

WILLIAM PENN

Smiling serenely. The scream is now distant.

A DARK WINDOW

The scream is louder here. But wait: this is a different scream, coming from inside the darkened apartment.

INSIDE

Louder still, a woman's scream:

Woman

AAAHHHHH!

Someone's hands are pressed against either side of a wildly shaking head. The screams, though, don't come from the wagging head:

Wider shows that it is the woman holding the wagger, receiving oral sex, who screams.

The ring of a phone. The beep of an answering machine.

Outgoing Message

Neither Jennifer nor Marian are here right now. Leave a message.

Woman

AAAHHHHH!

A beep. A woman's voice:

Caller

Marian, it's me. Are you there?

The licker looks up from her ministrations and stares into space, lips and chin glistening, as her partner continues to writhe.

. . . Are you coming tonight? Let me know because I'm not going if you're not. I'm not going to know anyone there.

Woman

MARIAN!

Caller

I mean I guess Diane'll be there. But I don't like Diane.

Woman

MARIAN! OH MY GOD!

Caller

God, I don't want to be stuck there talking to Diane.
Maybe Carla will be there.

Woman

OH!

Despairing of her partner, the woman starts rubbing herself.

Caller

Do you know if Carla's going? Call me and let me know if
Carla's going.

Woman

AAAHHHH!

Marian looks at her masturbating partner.

Marian

Are you going?

Woman

AAAAHHH! PLEASE!

Caller

I guess if Carla's going I'll go. It's not like I promised I'd
go.

Marian rises.

Marian

Hang on.

Woman

AAAAHHHH!

Marian handcuffs the woman's hands to the bedposts.

Caller

I told Andrea I might. I think I said I wasn't sure. D'you think she'll be pissed if I don't? I didn't say for sure I would.

Woman

OH MY GOD!

Marian cinches a silk scarf around one of the woman's ankles and knots it to the footboard.

Caller

Is that weird? Should I be that invested in what Andrea thinks? Or I mean, what's the etiquette? If I said I *might* go?

Marian binds the other ankle, completing the spreadeagle.

Woman

AAAAHHHH!

Caller

Hey Marian—are you there? You're not there, are you?

The woman in bed looks down the length of her writhing body at Marian.

Woman

PLEASE! MARIAN!

Caller

All right, well— call me.

Woman

AAAAHHHH!

Caller

(suspicious)

... Are you there?

OFFICE

A young woman listens briefly at the telephone. Her dress is businesslike, even prim:

neat suit, collar buttoned to the neck, high heels.

She hangs up.

A young man in shirtsleeves and tie drapes a suave arm over the cubicle partition.

Man

Hey!

Woman

Hi, Bart.

Bart

Say, I've got the numbers on those HMO's ready for you to collate.

Woman

Oh, okay.

Bart

Nothing really jumped out at me, but I guess you should go through 'em.

Woman

Uh-huh.

Bart

Boy, I'll tell you what jumps out at me: whenever we do these HMO audits and I skim the FR-50 Comparisons I keep thinking, whoa! why do they keep talking about *homos*? Hah-hah! My eye just keeps landing on HMO and I think, wow, why compare homos? Hah-hah!

The woman gives him an icy smile. Responding to the smile and oblivious to its bristling reserve, he leans closer.

. . . Say—what're you doing after work? There's a new place near me, Montana's, it's very good. You know, yeah, it's trendy, but the food is super-gourmet. American regional. It's really very—

Woman

I'm sorry, I have an engagement.

Bart

Oh. Well, it doesn't have to be tonight. Wednesday?
Wednesday is Margarita Night.

Woman

Okay, well, I'm not sure; I, uh. . . I mean I can't commit
right now, I'm just not sure, because, I have to check my
schedule. . .

Bart

Okay! Wednesday then!

Leaving, he cocks a finger at her.

. . . 40-ounce margaritas!

Woman

No—Bart. . . I. . .

He is gone.

The woman sighs.

She looks around.

She reaches for the phone.

DARKENED APARTMENT

Marian faces the footboard, bucking astraddle her friend's face.

Marian

OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!

The phone rings.

Woman

Nnngh!

Marian

OH MY GOD!

Outgoing Message

Neither Jennifer nor Marian are—

Marian
OH MY—Mmmhff. . . GODDAMNIT!

She flops off and swipes up the bedside phone.

. . . Jesus, Jamie, would you please stop interrupting the world's hottest fuck?! Yes! Yes! I'm going to the fucking party!

Beat. She quickly sobers.

. . . Oh. Hi Jennifer.

OFFICE

The young woman we saw earlier listens briefly to a busy signal, and then hangs up.

APARTMENT

The cloud of panic has fully darkened Marian's sweaty face.

Marian
Who? *Here?* No one's *here*. "World's hottest fuck." It's. . . that new reality show. I was watching it. While I was, you know. Masturbating.

Beat.

. . . I'm. . . I'm not sure which channel. . . Okay. . . Okay.
Love you.

PARTY

Pulsing music.

Jamie, the woman from the office, is planted in one corner defensively clutching a drink as the more socially adroit eddy around her.

Her tense face brightens:

Jamie

Hello Carla.

It is Marian's sex partner, now looking very put-together.

Carla

Hey Jamie. Have you seen Diane—oh! There she is.

Drifting off:

. . . Is Marian here?

Jamie shrugs, smiling, but Carla is already gone. Jamie goes back to her drink, eyes flitting over the crowd.

The music cuts out and a public-address system sputters on:

Voice

All right girls, it's that time again. Let's all gather round for the body-shot competition, and, according to the Sugar and Spice tradition, we're gonna salt up last month's winner.

Cheers from the crowd.

. . . Marian Dobbs, come on up and show us where the girls will lick.

More cheers as Marian goes up to the mike on the DJ's podium.

Marian

First shot. . . here!

She wets a finger, dips it in a small silver bowl, and applies the salt to the hollow of her throat, to warm applause.

Angry Voice

God, look at that slut.

A woman is standing at Jamie's shoulder, her burning look fixed on Marian. The woman seems like she's had a few.

Jamie

Hi Jennifer.

As she talks to Jamie, Jennifer's glare stays fixed on the stage:

Jennifer

I must be the world's dumbest goddamn dyke.

Jamie

That's silly—you're lucky to have her.

We hear Marian off:

Marian

Second shot. . . here!

Warmer applause and cheers. Jennifer's look holds on the podium.

Jennifer

Do you know who she's fucking?

Jamie is uncomfortable:

Jamie

I don't think she's, uh. . . seeing anyone else. She's—

Marian (off)

Third shot. . . *here!*

Wild cheers.

Jamie

She's just, you know. . . a free spirit.

Jennifer gives a sharp, mirthless hoot.

Jennifer

Free, yeah, that's the problem. Put a meter on her pussy and we could all retire.

Jamie

Oh now that's not fair, Jennifer. It's—

Marian (off)

And a LIME WEDGE. . . HERE!

Eyes widening as they watch Marian, off:

Oh! Jamie

OH! Jennifer

The crowd breaks into ecstatic cheers.

... PULL THAT OUT! THAT IS NOT A PUBLIC
RECEPTACLE!

We hold on Jamie as Jennifer, wild-eyed, curls a fist and leaves frame, heading for
Marian:

... THAT'S MINE! BITCH!

As we hear an impact Jamie winces.

Oh! Jamie

JAMIE'S APARTMENT

Later.

Quiet.

We are close on Marian, who sits back in an armchair with a baggie of frozen peas
pressed to one eye.

After a long beat:

Marian
The whole monogamous thing, it never seems to work out
for me.

A raised voice from the kitchen:

What? Jamie

Marian raises her voice as well:

Relationships. . .
Marian

Jamie enters with another bag.

Jamie
Here's some carrots. Those peas are thawed.

Marian absently takes the carrot bag and applies it.

Marian
I mean what's the point. Your body needs sex. All the other stuff is just sociological myth.

Jamie
Love can be beautiful.

Marian
Oh come on, Jamie, you just saw what love is. Love is a cat fight. Love is a sleigh ride to a death camp.

Jamie
Uh-huh.

Marian sighs. She slides open the ziploc bag of peas in her lap and absently picks them out one at a time to chew on.

Marian
I gotta get out of here. Listen, if you'll help me move my shit out of Jennifer's tomorrow—

Jamie
I'm not getting in the middle of that! I have my own problems.

Marian
How can you have problems, you don't have a personal life.

Jamie
I have one. Mine is just more. . . internal.

Marian
Oh, is that what you call it?

Jamie

I just can never tell people what I want. You know, I quit work today—

Marian

No kidding?

Jamie

Yeah, I think mainly to avoid blowing off this guy there, this. . . this. . .

Marian

Fucking asshole?

Jamie

Mm. Anyway, I've got some money saved up, so I'm taking a road trip. I need some time to myself.

Marian

Road trip—dude, I'll go with you!

Jamie

Marian: that wouldn't be time to myself.

Marian

But, don't you get it? I need time to myself too! This is perfect! I've gotta get away from Jennifer, you need somebody who'll tell people what you want! I can do that! And I'll leave you alone! You know me!

Jamie

But—

Marian

You can just be internal! You have a car?

Jamie

I'm getting a drive-away.

Marian

Huh?

Jamie

It's a free one-way rental. You take the car to where some client of the drive-away company wants it delivered.

Marian

Okay, great! Jamie, I will be so low-impact! Just come help me pack up tomorrow.— Don't worry, Jennifer's not gonna be there.

JENNIFER

Loudly weeping. Her and Marian's apartment. Day.

In the background Marian and Jamie awkwardly stand by. Neither knows what to say. Marian holds a box piled with her belongings.

Jennifer is seated on the floor, unscrewing something from the wall as she sobs and sobs. A loud yapping comes from somewhere in the room.

Jennifer

Oh God! Take it! Oh God!

Jamie hisses at Marian:

Jamie

You said she wouldn't be here.

The angle on Jamie and Marian shows the leaping, excited schnauzer that is the source of the insistent yapping.

Marian

Jennifer, don't. What're you doing.

Mucous bubbles out and saliva dribbles as Jennifer weeps:

Jennifer

Take it! Take it! I don't want it anymore!

The plate she is unscrewing from the wall anchors an uptilted brushed nickel phallic shape.

Marian

Jennifer, I'm just taking my own stuff. That was a gift. I wanted you to have it.

Jennifer

I! Don't! Want it! If we're not going to both! Use it!

Marian
Jennifer, it's your wall-dildo.

Jennifer
No! No! No! No! And take Alice, too! I never liked her!
She's so annoying!

Marian
How can I take the dog, Jennifer—I don't have a home.
I'm going on a road trip.

Jennifer
(sobbing)
Take Alice! Take the wall-dildo!

Jamie
(patiently)
It's your dildo, Jennifer.

INTERIOR EGON'S DRIVE-AWAY

It is a run-down storefront.

In the foreground a grizzled and unkempt middle-aged man is on the phone. In the background, through the large street window, we can see a cab pulling up and Jamie and Marian getting out, Marian juggling her piled-high box atop which the wall-dildo wobbles.

Man
Egon's Drive-Away, Pennsylvania's most trusted name in
car delivery, Egon speaking. . . Uh-huh. Hollywood,
Florida. . . Yes I'm writing it down.

He is not writing anything down.

. . . Right. . . Sure. . . Right. . . Got it.

Marian and Jamie have entered. Marian drops her box, with relief, on the counter that separates them from Egon.

Marian
Can you help us?

Egon, without looking, holds up a finger: one second. He listens at the phone.

Egon
... By tomorrow... Uh-huh... Okay.

He hangs up. He looks up stonefaced at the two women.

Marian
Can you help us? We want a drive-away.

Egon
Two-hundred-fifty-dollar deposit and a reference.

Marian
A reference?

Egon
Somebody local I can break his balls you don't show up
where you're supposed to.

Jamie
Break his—can the reference be a woman?

Marian
We don't know a lot of men.

The man looks, deadpan, at the dildo atop Marian's belongings.

Egon
No kiddin'.

Jamie
We're very good drivers.

Marian
Licensed.

Egon stares at her; she adds, lamely:

... By the state.

Egon draws a card file across the desktop.

Egon
Where you wanna go.

Jamie

Anywhere.

This brings his look up.

Egon

... Anywhere?

Marian

You see, Egon, we just wanna have a vacation—

Egon

Don't call me Egon.

Marian

Isn't your name Egon?

Egon

My name is Egon. We just met. It's too familiar.

Jamie

I'm sorry. We want a vacation. A road trip. We don't really care where we go.

Marian

We're footloose and fancy-free.

Egon

Right: Hollywood, Florida.

Marian

What's in Hollywood, Florida?

Egon

Nothin'.

Marian

Okay! What kind of car is it?

Egon

Ford Reliant.

Jamie

Is that a good car?

Not really. Egon

Okay! Marian

A MAP

A pencil draws a route.

Marian
There's nice femmy ass all up and down the Eastern
seaboard here—

Marian! Jamie

Wider shows her and Jamie at Jamie's kitchen table, plotting their trip.

What? Marian

Jamie
He said it was a rush job. We're supposed to have the car
there tomorrow. We can't be stopping at every yellow curb
for, uh, you know. . .

Marian
Hot pussy? You are such a schoolmarm, Jamie. You ought
to be wearing white lace gloves. You are Nancy fucking
Reagan, dude.

Jamie
I can tell this is gonna be like I'm traveling by myself.

Marian
Exactly, don't you get it? I have to score some woolly so I
won't be in your face all the time. And then, Jamie, look,
we detour over here to Miami.

Jamie
We're supposed to deliver the car tomorrow.

Marian

Uh-huh. Short detour. South Beach. Bikinis and high heels. Pussy heaven. What're they gonna do if we're a day late?

EGON'S

Same time at Egon's Drive-Away. Egon is on the phone.

Egon

... Yeah... Sure... That's fine... Yeah, and how about I just come over and stick my foot up your fuckin' ass...

Through the storefront window we see a blond man in a blue blazer approach.

... Yeah...

The blond man enters. Egon holds up one finger, signaling for him to wait.

... All right... Yeah... See you at home.

He hangs up.

Blond Man

Well. I'm here.

Egon stares at him.

Egon

I'm delighted. Who the fuck are you.

Blond Man

The car.

Egon

The, and Car. Those my two hints?

Blond Man

The Ford Reliant.

Egon stares.

Egon

The Ford.

Blond Man

Yeah the Ford.

Egon

You're not the Ford.

Blond Man

What do you mean, I'm not the Ford.

Egon

... You're the Ford?

EARTHQUAKE TRANSITION TO:
THE FORD

Painted on its hood in cheerful day-glo colors: LOVE IS A SLEIGH RIDE TO A
DEATH CAMP.

Marian

What's the big deal?

Jamie

It's not our car!

We cut to the dykes: Jamie driving, Marian in the passenger seat.

Marian

Well for fuck's sake, Jamie, it'll come off with a little soap
and water—transformer!

Jamie

It's not just that. We're going to be driving through some
pretty conservative towns.

Marian

Uh-huh.

Jamie

The South, you know? They call it the Bible Belt?

Marian

Uh-huh. Geez. Maybe I should've worn my tea dress.
You know, there's a great dyke bar in Wilmington—The

Butter Churn. Very fem friendly. Even you could get laid.

Jamie

Marian, we can't stop at every lesbian bar between here and Florida.

Marian

We can sure as hell try.

Jamie

We get one night's stopover. We have to—

Marian

Yeah yeah, I know, our drive-away contract. Jamie, when was the last time you got laid?

Jamie

Well—I don't know, um. . .

Marian

Um what? Weeks? Months?

Silence.

. . . Oh my God, Jamie, don't tell me it's been years? How many years? Who was it? It wasn't—you've had sex since what's-her-name, haven't you?

Jamie

(tight-lipped)

Donna.

Marian

Yeah, Donna.

She looks at Jamie. Silence.

. . . Ohmygod. Ohmygod, Donna. She was an organizer for, like. . . Dukakis.

Jamie

(tight-lipped)

Gore.

Marian

Oh, that's right. She just looked like Dukakis. And god, those cowboy outfits. Jamie, we have got to—transformer!

Jamie

Marian, this whole trip, are you gonna shout that every time you see a transformer?

Marian

What else would I shout.

Jamie

There's a lot of transformers between here and Florida.

Marian

Great!

**GO-GIRL TRANSITION TO:
EGON'S DRIVE-AWAY**

There are now three blond, blue-blazered men in the office: Flint, previously seen; the more bellicose Arliss; and an apparently senior Chief.

Egon

You said people of yours would come in to take it "wherever needed."

Chief

Yeah.

Egon

You call with the drop-off and these broads come in and say they're ready to go wherever.

Chief

I see. You're an idiot.

Egon

Could be.

Arliss

You gave them the car; you have no idea who they were.

Egon

I told you their names.

Chief

Their names, okay, yes, but—

Arliss

This place is a dump.

Egon

What's the big deal? They know where the car goes, so they deliver it instead of Cappy Dick over there.

Arliss

Did you just curse at me?

Chief

Yes everything's fine—if they deliver it tomorrow. And if they don't find the . . . cargo.

Arliss

This place is a pigsty. Why don't you get a girl in?

Egon

Why don't you sit on your fucking thumb.

Arliss

What is that supposed to mean?

Chief

They didn't have a cell phone?

Arliss

Was there some kind of hidden message in that?

Egon

Yeah, fuck you, between the lines.

Arliss

To heck with you too!

Chief

Arliss—

Egon
That was cursing?

Chief
Arliss, please, don't antagonize.

Arliss
He has a foul mouth and a foul mind!

Chief
So basically there's no way to get in touch with them.

Egon
Not per se.

Arliss
"Per se?" Per se?!

Egon
They left a contact. Everybody's gotta leave a local contact. Somebody whose balls I can break if—ugh!

Arliss, behind him, has just smacked him on the head with a billy club.

Egon drops the paperwork he has just dug out. A sheet of paper dipsy-doodles toward the floor.

Egon touches his head, looks at the blood on his hand.

He starts to rise:

Egon
Now you've gone and done it.

The Chief squats and snags the paper out of the air.

Egon swipes a scissors off the desk and turns to Arliss, raising it.

Flint punches him in the kidney.

The Chief rises, looking at the paper. His knees crack.

Chief
Mhh.

Egon has sunk to one side with kidney pain. Arliss again cracks him over the head.

Flint gives him another kidney punch.

The two men beat him to the floor. They begin kicking him.

The Chief looks through bifocals down his nose at the paper. As the sounds of the beating continue, off, he murmurs:

... Well, Jennifer. . . 1418 Chestnut Street. . .

He gazes thoughtfully at the beating.

... You'd better hope your friends deliver that car tomorrow.

EARTHQUAKE TRANSITION TO: CHEAP MOTEL ROOM

The girls enter a depressing motel room. Marian flings a backpack onto the moth-eaten bed and drinks in the ambience.

Marian

This is great. This is so slutty. I love this. I hope they have postcards.

Jamie

Marian—

Marian

Alright, let's put on our warpaint: the Butter Churn awaits.

Jamie

Marian, you know, actually, I'm a little—

Marian

No. No. Don't even. You come with me. I'm gonna show you how this is done.

SEEDY OFFICE

The horrible office, fronting the street, has a horrible formica front desk behind which sits a horrible old man. The rest of the room is something in the nature of a horrible lounge.

consisting of a much-spilled-upon sofa that faces a television set tuned to a horrible sitcom.

The girls enter.

Marian

Hiya, do you know where the Butter Churn is? It's a dyke bar?

The old man looks at her, deadpan, or perhaps vegetative.

Jamie

Marian—

Marian

Or do you have like a Time Out Wilmington? I mean is there one? With gay/lesbian listings?

The old man stares.

... I mean you wouldn't have it; is there a newsstand? Or a lesbian bookstore, you know, "Sapphic Wonders," something like that?

The old man stares.

... Hello? Do the words I am speaking mean anything to you at all.

EXTERIOR

The painted-on LOVE IS A SLEIGH RIDE TO A DEATH CAMP glides into frame as the dykes' car brakes in the foreground. We tip up to show the Butter Churn across the street. Loud music thuds within.

The dykes get out of the car.

Marian

You have to show that you're comfortable with the physical.

Her own body language is as fluid as a hula dancer's.

... This isn't like, meeting someone at a church tea, you

know, where you're gonna spend a lot of time chatting and getting-to-know-you.

Jamie

Uh-huh.

Marian

It's just, like, one message: you dig the female body. Your body. You're like this:

Hula movement.

... You're not like this:

She tenses her body, shoulders hunched, hands clenched tight at her chest like a chipmunk.

Jamie

Yeah yeah, I get it!

INTERIOR BUTTER CHURN

The dykes enter and look around—Jamie fearfully, Marian clinically, her head bobbing with the music.

Marian

... Okay, diggin' your body?

Jamie

(defensive)

Yes!

Marian

Okay! And which of these girls do you wanna take home?

Anxieties swarm Jamie.

Jamie

You know—I—Marian—I'm not sure any of them are my type.

Marian

No. No; you're not gonna fall deeply in love with one of these chicks and move to Santa Fe and dip candles. But

that's not what we're looking for, remember?

Jamie

Yeah.

Marian

Just a fuck, right?

Jamie

Um—

Marian

So who should we try? Okay, look. She's hot. In the red there? But not, like, a roadhouse slut, which would be a turn-off for you, right?

Jamie

(dubious)

Uh-huh.

Marian

Well?

Jamie

Well, maybe. I don't know, I'm just so tired, you know, we've been driving all day. . .

Marian rolls her eyes.

Marian

Okay, here. I'll talk to her first. I'll soften her up, and you're my friend and blah blah blah. . .

She is already moving off.

Jamie

No, Marian, I don't think. . .

But, with the loud music, Marian is already out of carshot.

She reaches the woman they have been surveying. From Jamie's point-of-view the encounter plays in pantomime:

Marian, body moving with the music, gives a smiling greeting to the woman. The woman smiles back, acknowledging with a tip of her beer bottle. The two talk as Marian

sways. Marian takes the beer bottle from the woman, takes a swig, returns it. She unself-consciously drapes an arm over the woman's shoulder as they continue to talk. Laughter from the woman. Laughter from Marian.

Marian says something, nodding towards Jamie. The woman, smiling, looks over.

Jamie reflexively tenses up, clenching her hands in front of her like a chipmunk.

The woman's smile freezes.

Her look shifts back to Marian as her smile leaks away. She says something; Marian shakes her head, jollying her, insistent.

The woman looks back again. Marian's look, over her shoulder, is exasperated.

CAR

Jamie is driving; the woman is in the front passenger seat. Marian sits in the middle in back, arms draped over the front seat so that she can talk. She and the woman are laughing.

Marian

I can't believe that! Jamie is so into that too! Aren't you, Jamie?

Jamie

Yes.

The laughter dies away. A moment of silent driving.

Finally, to Jamie:

Marian

. . . Yeah, what was that thing you said, it was so funny, talking about diners, we were talking about Denny's Restaurants, like the breakfast with the four items, what did you call them?

She is smiling; the woman in red smiles off of her smile.

Jamie

Oh!

Marian and the woman look at her.

... I can't remember.

More silent driving.

MOTEL

Exterior of their room: Marian is swinging the door open at the cut.

Marian
Go ahead in. You want some weed?

As the woman in red enters:

Woman
No, I'm fine.

She goes in and sits on the double bed. Marian closes the door but she and Jamie hang back just inside it. Marian whispers at Jamie:

Marian
Look—you're doing great, but this, um, this isn't going so hot. But that's fine! I'm gonna tell her you're just coming out, and you're shy, like, kind of. . . internal, but you want her to be the first one. Okay?

The woman, seated on the bed and hands clasped in her lap, smiles at the two dykes, waiting for the whispered confidences to end so that things may proceed.

Jamie
No, Marian.

Marian
No no no, that is such a turn-on, believe me. And I'll just go and watch TV in the office.

She starts for the bed but Jamie grabs her elbow.

Jamie
Marian!

Marian
What.

Jamie pulls her closer, smiling, pleased with herself.

Jamie

I just remembered.

Marian cocks her head, inquiring.

. . . What I called the breakfast at Denny's!

Marian stares at her.

Marian

. . . Okay. Good. Save it.

She goes and hunches hands-on-knees to whisper to the woman seated on the bed. They both stare at Jamie during the whispered conversation.

Jamie, who has shrunk into the corner by the door, tries to smile at the woman while Marian whispers in her ear.

Marian's whispering finally ends. The woman stares at Jamie, smile still in place.

Finally she turns to whisper back to Marian.

When she finishes, Marian stares at her for a beat, then comes back to Jamie.

Marian

. . . Okay. Um. . . My fault.

Jamie

What.

Marian

. . . Um, Diane—her name is Diane—Diane thinks it would be a little heavy for her to turn someone into a dyke, and she's saying, um, basically. . . Absolutely not.

The woman is smiling at the two of them, hands clasped demurely in her lap. They stare back at her, Marian talking, Jamie listening.

. . . In fact she, um, wants to fuck me, which I guess I was aware of but I thought I could dribble-pass to you. But I guess not. My mistake.

OFFICE

We are back in the horrible office. Given that it is late at night, it must be a syndicated sit-com now playing too loudly on the TV.

Jamie sits on the horrible sofa, reading. The Europeans.

From the book insert, we

FADE OUT

IN BLACK

Sound from the inane sit-com has cross-faded into distant, reverb-heavy acid rock of late-sixties vintage. Strangely, the sit-com's roaring laughtrack has not faded. It punctuates the rock music with intermittent, eerily unmotivated laughs.

Music and laughter cut to loud car tone as we go to:

THE FORD

Once again, Jamie drives, Marian rides.

Jamie
... How was it?

Marian
Aw, you didn't miss anything. She was bossy.

Silence. Marian looks at Jamie.

... How's your book?

Jamie
It's good, I really like it. I don't know if you would. It's about these two... free spirits who visit a repressed family in New England.

Marian
Well, hello, they're all repressed in New England. That's why we're going the other way. Although there was this one chick I screwed once from New Hampshire? She was, she got her tongue so far in me I thought it was gonna

wriggle out my asshole.

Jamie

Marian!

Marian

No, really, they say there are advanced yoga people who can do that. In India, supposedly. Like, black belts in cunnilingus. They can even do it to themselves—they have pictures of it, like, in medical texts. So who wrote your book?

Jamie

Henry James.

Marian

Henry James.

Jamie

The writer? Arty family? His brother was well known too—

Marian

Rick?

Jamie

Uh. . .

Marian

No, I'm kiddin', I know who Henry James is. White and uptight. They made us read "The American" in school. Boy, that was a great read. Like someone dragging day-old spaghetti across my tits.

Jamie

Well. . . that's a very apt simile.

Marian

You know Jamie, I'm just thinking back trying to remember the last time somebody said to me, "Hey girl, apt simile." I mean it's been fucking days.

Jamie

Well it's true. His writing is. . . labyrinthine. And clammy.

Marian

Labyrinthine, right. That's what I was about to say. I mean it put me off the whole book thing; Henry James is, in fact, the reason I don't read.

Jamie

Uh-huh.

Marian

Except road signs.

Jamie

Uh-huh.

Marian

I thought, boy, if this is books, maybe I'll just stick with sex and drugs.—Oh! Shakey's!

REST STOP

A Shakey's Pizza. Marian brings a tray to Jamie, already seated.

Marian

You are not going to believe this. See over there?

Jamie looks.

Across the room, boisterously eating at several tables pushed together, is a party of about a dozen pony-tailed young women wearing numbered jerseys and short pleated dresses. They are aglow with health and fitness.

... Girls' soccer team. I was in line next to Doreen, the captain.

Jamie

Uh-huh.

Marian

They're very committed lesbians and they're on their way to Marietta, Georgia which is practically on our way—

Jamie

Well, not really.

Marian

Practically! And after tonight's game they're having a basement party. And guess who's invited.

Jamie

That's easy: you.

Marian

Nuh-uh. Us! Ya see? Shit happens when you eat at Shakey's.

Jamie

Marian, we're supposed to get to Florida today. We're not supposed to take another stopover.

Marian

Oh. Golly-gee.

**EARTHQUAKE TRANSITION TO:
LIGHT SHOW**

It is a moving abstraction of writhing amoeba-like blobs in garish day-glo colors. Distorted acid rock of late-sixties vintage blares.

Bending shapes—shadows—silhouettes—of human beings?—pass before the whirling colors. Talking, smoking, laughing: a party of some kind?

Through the wall of noise, an insistent ring, a telephone, growing louder and louder but its tone oddly dulled and tied to a rattling sound.

**HARD CUT TO:
EGON**

We are very close on him. Somewhere a phone rings, carrying the effect over from the previous scene, still dull and rattling.

Egon lies on the floor, one cheek resting on it, his face battered. He stares at us semi-sightlessly through drooping lids, moaning softly.

The floor is covered with papers and smashed office effects. Feet enter behind Egon to wade through the wreckage, and then hands enter as someone bends to swipe through the papers, searching.

The ringing is suddenly clearer as papers that covered the phone and were rattled by its ringer are swatted away. The phone is lifted out of frame.

We cut up as the Chief puts the phone on a desktop and uncradles it.

Chief

Hello? . . . They didn't. . . That's all right, we've got a Plan

B. . . Yes, sir. . . I understand that, sir. . .

He takes out a handkerchief and mops his brow. He is getting his ass chewed out.

. . . Yes, sir, you have my word on it. And let me just—

He reacts to a hang-up.

He sighs. He cradles the phone. He looks up.

Arliss and Flint lounge at the storefront window that still holds fading dusk. Arliss idly twirls his billy club. Both men look to the Chief for news.

. . . No show.

A FINISHED BASEMENT

We are slowly panning the classic finished basement done in cheap paneling and wall-to-wall carpet and a low dropped ceiling of Johnson-Armstrong-tile. There is a paneled bar with pink-upholstered white plastic barstools and a home entertainment center with hi-fi, which is the source of the sultry Johnny Mathis song that enters at the cut.

Every sofa and chair in the room is occupied by a pair of girls, necking.

We pan the long, languorous make-out kisses, the hand of many a girl groping under her partner's jersey or pleated skirt.

The pan finally brings us onto someone not in uniform: Marian, enthusiastically making out with the soccer girl in her lap.

The continuing pan brings us off of them and onto Jamie, necking more self-consciously as she sits in the lap of a hefty girl—the goalie, perhaps.

The Johnny Mathis song fades to silence, leaving only the rhythmic thud of needle against groove-end, and a few soft, ongoing moans.

Doreen, the captain of the team, clears her throat.

Doreen

Okay. Rotate right.

One girl from each pair stands and shuffles to the new partner on her right.

This leaves Jamie standing in front of the seated Marian.

Marian smiles awkwardly at Jamie.

Jamie is frozen, mortified. She finally stammers to the room:

Jamie

Um. . . Can we. . . see, actually, we're just friends. . .

The girls stare at her, each couple arrested in the course of arranging itself to make out.

Doreen stares, holding the tone-arm of the record player frozen over a spinning disk.

Twenty-two staring eyes. Seven pony-tails. Eight pigtails.

Marian waggles Jamie's hand and hisses:

Marian

Come on, Jamie, it's no big deal!

Now only more mortified, Jamie sits into Marian's lap. Another song starts up.

Jamie and Marian feel awkwardly for places to fit their hands.

Marian laughs self-consciously.

Eyes wide, Jamie leans slowly in.

Her lips meet Marian's as Dean Martin begins to sing.

A HAND RAPPING AT A DOOR

The door swings open: Jennifer.

Jennifer

Yes?

In the hall, Flint and Arliss.

Arliss
Jennifer?

Jennifer
Maybe. Who the fuck are you?

Arliss
Does everyone in Philadelphia curse?

Jennifer, with limited interest in debate, swings the door shut until—

Arliss's toe wedges it.

He pushes it open.

Jennifer
Hey—fuck off!

Flint and Arliss, advancing, make Jennifer backtrack into the apartment.

Flint
You know Marian Dobbs?

Jennifer
I should've known it was about that cunt!

Arliss
And Jamie Leder—AAAAHHHH!

Pepper spray.

Screaming, Arliss covers his eyes with both hands.

Jennifer drops the pepper spray and curls a fist. She punches Arliss's unprotected nose. More screams.

Alice, the schnauzer, leaps up and down, yapping.

Flint
Okay! No need for that!

Jennifer kicks Arliss in the groin. The screaming stops. Alice's yapping continues.

Agonized, in-drawn breath. Arliss sinks to his knees, gasping.

Jennifer yells at Flint:

Jennifer
Do you want some of this?!

Flint holds placating hands toward her.

Flint
I can't hit a girl.

Arliss, on his knees, blindly gropes under his blazer and brings out his billy club. He waves it high, his other hand covering his eyes as he croaks:

Arliss
You . . . tartlet!

Jennifer grabs the end of the club and with a pivot sweeps it around to grab it two-handed from behind Arliss. She starts choking him with his own club.

Alice jumps up and licks at the man's purpling face.

Flint
Really, there's no need! We just want to locate your friends! They inadvertently took something that belongs to us; we don't want to hurt them!

Jennifer
They're not my friends! Hurt 'em as much as you want!

Flint
Okay . . . good. It would be helpful if . . .

Arliss
Glrgh . . . rngggluh . . .

Flint
. . . if you had a picture?

Arliss
Ga-bluh!

Jennifer has released Arliss who collapses from his knees to all fours and starts crawling abjectly toward the door. As he crawls away, the excitable Alice mounts him and two-leggedly follows, humping him.

Jennifer
I've got a picture of one of them.

Jennifer pops a picture out of its tabletop frame: her and Marian smiling, arm in arm. She rips it in half.

She scribbles something on Marian's half.

. . . If you find 'em, give it to her.

Flint takes the picture and looks at it.

Flint
Okay. Sure.

Written on the picture: LOVE WILL BITE YOUR ASS.

FINISHED BASEMENT

Dean Martin sings; Jamie and Marian kiss.

Jamie breaks away, near tears.

Jamie
I . . .

She stands.

Marian stares. Both are breathing heavily.

Jamie blurts:

. . . If you bring someone back, just . . . I'll take my book to the office. . .

She fights back tears.

. . . I still have a couple of chapters left!

She spins away to the stairs. The other girls make out, unheeding.

Marian
Jamie!

EARTHQUAKE TRANSITION TO:
CHIEF

Still at Egon's Drive-Away. We are behind him, close, featuring the phone handset that he holds tensely to his ear.

Chief

... No, sir. We don't yet know where they are. But we do know exactly who they are, we have a picture of one of them, we are all set to—

He listens at the phone. We slowly arc around on him as he listens. The arc-around brings Flint into frame in the background, seated elbows-on-knees, watching the Chief, trying to get a sense of the conversation. The continuing arc-around eventually slips him out of frame.

... We will find and deliver the package. Under control. . .

He mops his brow with a hankie.

... Of course you're unhappy, sir; I underst—

The arc-around brings Arliss into frame, also sitting waiting. His nose is splinted and his eyes are red and runny.

... Yes, I'm putting my two best m—

Click.

The arc-around slips Arliss from frame.

The Chief sighs as the arc-around comes to rest on him full front.

He cradles the phone.

... All right, get some coffee. You two are going to be driving all night.

GO-GIRL TRANSITION TO:
JAMIE

We are pulling her down a post-war suburban tract street—the kind of neighborhood that would be outside the paneled basement.

She is snuffling as she walks, oblivious to a car cruising behind her, slowly keeping pace.

After a few beats a hard spotlight from the car behind hits her. She still does not react.

The brief WHOOP of a siren.

Jamie stops and turns into hard frontlight.

The car also stops but continues to idle as a policeman emerges from the passenger side and walks toward her. We hear the cackle of police radio.

Backlit, the cop is only a voice and a shape:

Cop
Where you headed, miss?

Jamie
Home.

Cop
And where's that?

Jamie
Some motel. I don't know.

Cop
You don't know.

Jamie
I can't remember the name. Some motel. On the highway.

Cop
. . . And where you coming from?

Jamie
A house.

Cop
Whose house?

Jamie helplessly turns up her hands.

Jamie
I don't know. It was a . . . slumber party.

Cop
Little old for slumber parties, aren't you miss?

GO-GIRL TRANSITION TO:
MARIAN

She is sitting into her car. A soccer girl sits into the passenger seat and slides over, giggling, to kiss Marian and run a hand up her leg.

Marian, turning to face her, is troubled. A squad car sweeps by behind Marian, lightbar flashing. The shapes of two cops are visible in its front seat, one prisoner behind, but Marian is oblivious, looking only at her soccer friend and visibly wrestling with a problem.

After a struggling beat:

Marian
You know what. . . I'll drop you at home.

Soccer Girl
Aww.

RUMBLE-WIPE TO BLACK

The black is peeled off the opposite way by the countering wipe of a door creaking open. It reveals Marian, peering into a darkened room.

Marian
. . . Jamie?

The motel room. Empty. The square-cornered, neatly made bed.

Back to Marian, disappointed.

JAMIE

Upside-down in frame, eyes closed, face striped by the shadows of prison bars. She is asleep on a cot in a lock-up. We are booming down, corkscrewing slowly in.

Ambient noise echoes in the large unseen space outside her cell. Gradually emerging out of the echoes is a rhythmic spring-squeak, losing its reverb as we tighten on Jamie.

When we are quite tight on her and our move has put her right-side-around, she

FADES TO BLUE

The rhythmic spring-squeak carries across the fade.

One squeak is followed, after a short beat, by a young girl rising into frame in close shot, against a blue now patched by clouds. The girl is an innocent, pigtailed twelve-year-old with freckles across her nose. A young Jamie. She rises in slow motion, reaches her apex, and descends, pigtails lagging.

After she leaves frame, another squeak, and she re-enters.

Her point-of-view, booming up: a foreground fence slips down the frame to partly reveal the yard next door. In the yard, a pool. By the pool, a chaise, oriented longways to us, head furthest. On the chaise, a woman. But the apex of our boom is only high enough to bring her into view from the neck up. She lies on her back, sunbathing, eyes covered by a pair of plastic eye-cups linked across the bridge of her nose. We descend.

We intercut with the young girl. Wider shows her in her own back yard, bouncing on a squeaking trampoline.

Succeeding, and higher, bounces bring more of the sunbathing woman into view. She is mature, womanly, attractive. And topless.

The next boom up brings all of the woman into view to reveal that she is not just topless but . . . bottomless. Naked—except for a pair of red-white-and-blue cowboy boots.

PRESENT-DAY JAMIE

In the lock-up. Eyes closed. Dreaming.

The squeaks continue across the cut to—

MARIAN

—who lies in bed in the darkened motel room, hands clasped behind her neck, staring sleeplessly at the ceiling.

The rhythmic squeaks are fainter here, muffled by an intervening wall, and accompanied by the moans of a woman in a neighboring room having sex.

Marian stares.

PARKING LOT

We are tracking towards the car, parked facing us under a mercury vapor light. An ominous drone.

We close in on the hood—"Love Is a Sleigh Ride to a Death Camp"—and float over it, tipping down to look at the roof of the car, and then the trunk, which we close in on as the drone builds and mixes with:

Distorted acid rock.

The trunk, now a solid color field filling the frame, begins to break apart into abstract shapes, and the shapes begin to writhe. A light show.

Foreground shadows pass across it, the shadows sharper than last time, and we begin to see features, not just shapes. The partygoers are laughing, dancing.

One young woman approaches the camera. She has long dark hair, ironed straight. She smiles sweetly.

Young Woman

Hey, handsome. . . Wanna get plastered?. . . get plastered?
. . . get plastered?. . .

She and the rest of the image start to fade as does the music, leaving one last echo of the question hanging in. . .

BLACK

SPINNING GO-GIRL IRIS OUT TO:
BRIGHT DAYLIGHT:
A SIGN

In bright colors: "Welcome to Florida!"

Cars roar by in the foreground.

"LOVE IS A SLEIGH RIDE TO A DEATH CAMP"

We tip up off the hood-slogan to show the dykes cruising down the interstate. Marian drives.

Jamie

I thought you cared for me at least, you know, as a friend; I would have come to bail you out.

Marian

I didn't know! When the soccer girls got the call I'd already gone back to the motel! Why didn't you try me there, if it's such a big deal who bails you out?

Jamie

(uncomfortable)

I wasn't sure if you'd . . . brought someone back. . .

Jamie looks at Marian for an answer to the implied question. Marian isn't sure she wants to play:

Marian

Why? What if I did?

Jamie

. . . You know, I didn't want to—

Marian

Transformer!—whoa.

Marian's excitement is no sooner stimulated than squelched: Jamie follows her look:

A billboard beyond the transformer: "Re-Elect Gary Channel, U.S. Senate. Faith. Values. Family." Candidate and family are shown in a heavily retouched color picture: the man stands resting one hand on the shoulder of the blonde wife seated in front of him. On the floor at their feet sit three beautiful blond children. All smile.

Jamie

Well that's great. Florida looks about as inviting as Georgia was.

Marian

Oh, that's the Anita Bryant side of Florida. We're gonna see the other side.

Jamie

Marian, we don't have time for you to have sex with every

girl in South Beach. Our drive-away contract says we—

Marian

Stop with the “drive-away contract”! Nobody gives a shit!
It’s not a blood oath!

Jamie

We said we’d deliver it yesterday! You can’t just promise
somebody something and then forget all about it!

Marian

You are so fucking uptight.

Jamie

(uptight)

I’d appreciate it if you’d quit calling me uptight. Just
because somebody doesn’t fall into bed with. . . with. . .
anybody who happens to. . . or just with a friend, who. . .
who—Did you bring someone back last night?

Marian

You know what? Yeah! I brought two girls back. I had
to—there was an odd number after you flaked. I hadda
fuck somebody, you were so busy with your emotional
episode!

Jamie is tightly furious:

Jamie

Why does it. . . always have to be sexual?

Marian

Why does what have to be sexual? Sex?

Jamie

(more and more agitated)

Yes! No! You know what I—What are you doing?

Marian

This is it. 90. To Miami.

Jamie

Marian! No! Our contract!

She reaches over to tug at the wheel.

Marian

Jamie!

Skids. Squeals. Screeches climaxing in a BANG.

Marian straightens the car and guides it, clomping arhythmically, onto the shoulder.

A blown tire.

As the car galumps to a halt Jamie covers her face with her hands and silently shakes her head.

Marian looks at her.

. . . Jesus, girl.

Jamie

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

She drops her hands. She looks at Marian, effortfully composed.

. . . I guess. . . it's not a road trip. . . til you've gotten on each other's nerves.

ARLISS AND FLINT

Also in a car, Arliss driving. Though both men look haggard and sleep-deprived, Arliss, with satchel-eyes framing his splinted nose, is especially gruesome.

Both men hold styrofoam coffee cups.

Flint

I'll tell you why: because you're such a prig. No appetite for the stuff of life. And you cannot relate to the public—which, in a service profession, is a big fucking handicap, my friend.

Arliss

Well, will you just watch that language, please.

Flint

And frankly, you're beginning to piss me off with your fucking puritanical hang-ups.

Arliss

Well, you're beginning to tick me off with the constant cursing.

Flint

See, you focus on this minutia because you're such a tight-ass. Not nourished by human contact, the human give and take, so forth. No no—words, the little picture; that's what you're comfortable with.

Arliss

Yeah yeah.

Flint

You don't engage the whole person.

Arliss

Well you did a great job helping me engage that Amazon.

Flint

(smug)

Didn't have to. No need whatsoever for the physical approach. Which you couldn't see because you don't savor the stuff of life.

A cel phone chirps.

Arliss

I'm not a sissy-boy, if that's what you mean.

Flint takes out his phone.

Flint

Kiss my ass. Hello?

Chief's Voice

Okay, we're on track. This girl Jamie Lederer was picked up for vagrancy last night in Marietta, Georgia. Just north of the Florida border.

BLACK

At the cut a horizontal wedge of picture splits the black and sweeps up: we are looking at

Jamie and Marian from inside the trunk.

We cut around as they finish swinging the trunk open. The trunk is empty. Marian pulls up the fiberboard panel that covers the spare.

Marian

What. . .

There is indeed a tire there, but also a black attaché case.

Jamie

Something burning?

Smoke or steam wisps out from under the attaché case. Jamie moves it aside.

Underneath is a roughly cubical box from which the steam wafts up. Cautiously, Jamie touches it.

. . . Marian—it's cold.

The two women stare, given pause.

Cars roar by.

A long beat. Jamie and Marian look at each other.

Marian

Well, let's see.

Marian reaches for it.

Jamie

It's not ours.

Marian

I knew you'd say that.

She is already undoing the leather straps that secure the box, covered in worn snakeskin. In its day, a fine piece of luggage. A hatbox, maybe.

While Marian works, Jamie looks worriedly at the passing cars, as if an outraged motorist might pull over to upbraid them for their nosiness.

The two leather straps are finally undone.

Marian wigglingly works the top off the box. As it comes free wisps of steam curl up in its draft.

The women look. . .

The women squint. . .

Their eyes widen—

Marian

HEAD!

Yes: a human head. Jimmy Yun's, in fact.

Drained of color. Still wearing Mr. Moto glasses. Eyes rolled up. Mouth agape. Dry-ice vapor swirling around it, as if it were a prop in a particularly gothic heavy-metal act.

Marian screams, and screams, and screams some more.

EARTHQUAKE TRANSITION TO:
LAUGHING

Laughing soccer girls.

The girls are in their pyjamas lounging, in the finished basement, around Arliss and Flint. Flint smiles; Arliss looks darkly out from either side of his nose splint.

Flint

No, I'm kidding. It was a minor traffic accident—fast stop, his, uh, face hit the wheel. Looking at a pretty girl, weren't you Arliss?

Flint winks at the girls and then smiles at Arliss.

. . . No more looking at pretty girls for you, right?

Hoarsely, through grit teeth:

Arliss

That's right.

Soccer Girl

So are they, like, wanted or something?

Flint
(ever genial)

Oh, no! No, they aren't in trouble, they just drove off with something we need. They didn't even know they had it. No harm done. What were you all doing here last night, anyway?

Soccer Girl 2

Just making out.

Flint

Oh yeah? With who?

Laughter from the girls at first takes Flint by surprise; then he knowingly joins in.

... Bashful, huh? But we really do need to find those two girls to get our... sample case back. And when we heard Doreen here paid Jamie's fine, we thought, well, you girls might know where they're headed.

Soccer Girl 2
(chipper)

How did you know about its being Doreen's check?

Arliss
(loudly)

We have contacts in law enforcement.

This dark pronouncement quiets the room.

The girls stare at the glowering man.

GO-GIRL TRANSITION TO:
TRUCKSTOP DINER

Jamie and Marian sit in a booth at the corner, away from other diners in the sparsely peopled restaurant. The two women sit together on one side of the table.

The hatbox is not in evidence, but the black attaché case that was also in the trunk rests—closed—on the table in front of them.

Marian

No! No! We should just call the cops!

Jamie is soothing:

Jamie

We will, Marian, but first we should see what's in here.

Marian

I can't look at any more!

Jamie

Marian. Listen. Whoever sliced that head off knows who we are. This might tell us who they are, so we won't be at a disadvantage.

Marian

The police can find out who they are! And the police can protect us!

Jamie

Protect us?! They're not the Secret Service! And we're not Laura Bush! What do we lose by looking?

Marian chews her lip, thinking. Jamie presses:

... Look. I just want to know what's going on.

She nods at the case.

... This might tell us.

Marian too looks nervously down at the case. She looks up at Jamie.

Marian

I'm sorry I wimped out.

Jamie

It's all right.

Marian

Thanks for changing the tire.

Jamie

Sure.

Marian

And for holding my hair back while I vomited.

No problem. Jamie

So, uh. . . Marian

So. . . Jamie

Beat.

Marian looks at her. She swallows. She slowly raises a hand toward Jamie.

Jamie raises hers.

The dykes hold hands.

They look down at the attaché case.

Marian
What if it's locked?

By way of answer, Jamie reaches with her free hand—and we hear the spring release of one clasp.

A beat.

Marian slowly reaches. She pops the other clasp.

The dykes look at each other. A nod from Jamie.

They start to ease the case open.

We slowly close in on the two women as the top of the case rises slowly into frame.

Jamie's face clouds in dismay and finally curdles in horror. At the same time, Marian's apprehensive look melts into a great spreading grin.

OUTSIDE

The diner door bangs open and Jamie stalks out.

Jamie

We should call the cops!

The attaché case is clamped under her armpit; Marian hurries behind.

Marian

No! Jamie!

Jamie

It's horrible!

Marian

Well. . . that's. . . in the eye of the beholder. But now we know even less about what's going on, and everything you said is true: the cops aren't our bodyguards. They might even think we're involved—you just spent the night in jail.

Jamie

For vagrancy! We wouldn't have anything to do with—that!

Marian

No, look, here's what we do.

They have reached their car and now get in.

. . . First of all, we go to Miami.

SOCCKER GIRLS

Crowded at a front door, giggling and waving.

Girls

Goodbye!

The reverse shows Flint and Arliss backing down the front walk, headed for their car. Flint waves back.

Flint

Bye, girls! Thanks!

They turn away and Flint's broad smile quickly drops.

. . . How about next time I do all the talking.

Arliss

Sure—gassing is what you're good at.

Flint

Well it sure as hell isn't what you're good at.

Arliss

I'm not a suck-up. Or a gutter-mouth.

Flint

Uh-huh. Would you have gotten us the address where they're headed?

He shakes a piece of paper.

... I don't think so, Mister Sunshine. Okay. . .

He rounds the car and opens his door.

... We've got some hard driving to do.

HOTEL LOBBY

The dykes approach the registration desk. Jamie holds the vapor-whispering hatbox, Marian the attaché case.

Clerk

Welcome to the Royal Palm.

Marian

Yeah, hiya—you have a room for two, right away?

Clerk

We have something available, yes. How many nights?

Marian fishes a card from her wallet.

Marian

Well, tonight, and then we'll play it by ear. You take the Rainbow Card?

Clerk

Uh. . .

He takes the card from her and examines it.

. . . Oh sure, this is just a, uh, Visa specialty card.

Marian

Yeah, but they give a percentage of each purchase to gay-lesbian charities. You do that, right?

Clerk

Well, the card-issuer would be the—

Jamie plops the steaming hatbox onto the desk.

Jamie

Do you have like a super-reinforced safe for sensitive materials?

Clerk

Uh, we have in-room safes for any valuables you—

Marian

This place is lesbian-friendly, right?

Clerk

Uh, yes, well, sure, we're friendly to everyone—

Jamie

Do you have ice?

COUNTRY LANE

It is dusk. Arliss and Flint emerge from the car, bleary-eyed. We hear bones crack as Flint stretches.

Other cars are scattered on the patch of chewed-up grass that serves as parking lot for the one building within eyeshot: a shack at the top of the hill. The shack pulses with amplified blues music.

Arliss and Flint look around.

Flint

Huh!

Arliss

You sure this is it?

Flint nods at the road.

Flint

That's County Road 80. What's the matter? . . .

He starts up the hill.

. . . Afraid of the stuff of life?

INSIDE THE SHACK

The walls are painted—though not recently—stark red. Lighting comes from bare bulbs overhead. Cheap formica tables and chairs are scattered about. The floor is linoleum; one slightly raised section is the bandstand, on which a bare-bones blues band performs.

Arliss and Flint look around. They are the only white people and, as such, receive looks. One old man at a table, nodding more or less in time to the music, seems approachable.

Flint speaks up over the music:

Flint

Is this. . . Slappy's?

Old Man

Assa.

The old man wears a porkpie hat and a plaid polo shirt buttoned to the neck. He has finely wrinkled skin and three teeth, that we can see.

Flint hands him the picture of Marian.

Flint

Have you seen two, um, um, white women come in here?
This is one of them.

The old man considers.

Old Man

Ise sittin air lissen June Kimbow cup yees backen wun
white goil cmin state a wal b'dah dough rickalick two
k'mim ann time recent.

Arliss and Flint stare at him. Flint blinks.

Arliss
... What the fuck did he just say.

If the old man heard, he is unoffended. Something in the picture interests him. After examining it he hands it back, nodding.

Old Man
Ass vair true. Love wee-o by cho ass.

SMALL SAFE

At the cut the open hatbox is placed inside. A hand reaches in to plop a large chattering baggie full of ice into the box, on top of the head.

Jamie (off)
But how do you know they're there?

Wider on the room as Marian closes the safe. It is now night.

Marian
Wait—6-28-69.

Jamie
The combination?

Marian
Yeah.

Jamie
... Stonewall?

Marian
Fuckin' A.

Jamie
How do you know one of them is there? Why would they just be sitting there waiting at the drive-away office?

Marian indicates the attaché case.

Marian

Well look at what's in that thing!

Jamie doesn't get it.

Jamie

... Yeah?

Marian

Well—clearly, this was not a garden-variety decapitation! This is some kind of. . . well, I don't know what it is—but they know we have their stuff!

Jamie

... Yeah?

Marian

Jamie: as long as they can't find us, they have to at least hope that we'll try to get in touch with them. And that's the only place we'd know to call.

Jamie

And—why would we try to get in touch with them?

Marian

I don't know, to sell it back maybe. Shake 'em down. Which, incidentally, isn't such a bad idea.

Jamie

Marian!

Marian

I'm just saying.

Jamie

Well. . . okay. But, Marian—why would Jennifer help us? She hates you!

Marian

(blithely dismissive)

Oh, not any more. She's had two days to cool off.

EARTHQUAKE TRANSITION TO:
LOCK-UP

We are in a busy, cluttered precinct house. A female uniformed cop is kicking the ass of a street person, roughly herding him into a lock-up cell.

Cop
Did you get permission?! Did I fucking give you permission?!

Street Person
No, I—

Cop
Get your ass in there, you little prick!

Street Person
(wailing)
I don't feel good!

More shoves and kicks:

Cop
Tough shit! You vomit when I tell you to vomit!

Voice
O'Toole!

The cop turns to face the camera. It is Jennifer.

Jennifer
Yeah.

Voice
Telephone.

DESK

Jennifer sits in and picks up the phone.

Jennifer
O'Toole.

We intercut Marian, who stands in a phone alcove in the hotel lobby.

Marian

Hey. It's me.

Jennifer

Oh. What a lovely surprise.

Marian

Jennifer, c'mon, let's be friends. I—

Jennifer

Did the two creeps find you?

We hold on Jennifer. After a listening beat, she affects innocence:

. . . I don't know, just two weirdos. Looking for you. I tried to be helpful. . . How would I know? Bill collectors? Herpes patients? Two more people you fucked over, somehow. . .

She listens, rolls her eyes, and nods, skeptically echoing:

. . . You're gonna help me "break a big murder case". . . Uh-huh. . . "Egon's Drive-Away". . . Whoa whoa whoa: ask him about the what in the attaché case? . . . Marian, that is about the dumbest thing I've ever heard—and I'm a cop.

Back to Marian:

Marian

Why would I make it up? Just go to Egon's Drive-Away, I guarantee you someone's there. . .

Jamie approaches from the elevators. Marian distractedly holds up a finger: one second.

. . . Fine, if no one's there, you know what? I'll take Alice.
. . . I swear, yes, pussy-promise.

THE CHIEF

He is indeed still at Egon's. He is on the phone.

Chief

Uh-huh. . . Uh-huh. . . Where are you?

ARLISS AND FLINT

Flint talks on his phone as he drives through the country night. Arliss, next to him, has a map spread out on his lap.

Flint

Wautumpka, Alabama. Well—outside of Wautumpka. They hadn't been there, but a very personable negro told us there's another juke joint, fairly close by, called Champ's—at least I think that's what he said. Maybe he said "Chance." Or "Giants." Or—"I ain't certain;" maybe he said "Ain't-cert" when I asked him the name of the place, but—whatever, I think the soccer team was just confused about which "joint" these girls were going to, so we're gonna drive—

We intercut the Chief:

Chief

Yeah, look, nobody's confused except you two idiots. One of the girls finally used a credit card. They checked into a hotel called the Royal Palm in Miami Beach.

Flint rides for a beat of silence, digesting. Finally:

Flint

... Miami.

Chief

I want you to get your asses over there and take care of this, right away.

Beat.

... Hello?

Flint

... Miami.

Chief

You should be able to get there by early morning. I'll meet you there.

Flint

Uh. I'll level with you, Chief, Arliss and me could use a little shut-eye. We haven't slept since the night before last, and we—

He listens at the phone, through which we hear yelling. At length, he reacts to a click.

Chewed out and hung up on, he sadly folds the phone. He stares out at the road, hollow-eyed.

Arliss, nose still in the map, shakes his head.

After a long beat:

Arliss

... I think he said "Spencer's."

FRONT DESK

The desk clerk is again helping Jamie and Marian.

Clerk

... Or, if you don't feel like going out, here at the hotel we have the Sandbar Coffeeshop, or Baxter's by the Pool which is elegant dining.

Jamie

That sounds nice.

Marian

You don't want to go clubbing or something?

Jamie

I don't know. . .

They turn to go. On their backs:

... Somehow it wouldn't feel right, leaving the head.

THEIR TABLE

The dykes sit in. The al fresco table by the pool, the linen and fine silver, the malibu-lit palm trees with crowns swaying in the ocean breeze, and the small jazz combo playing

romantic music create an atmosphere of elegant well-being.

Hostess

Enjoy your meal.

She withdraws.

Jamie

This is great. But how—

She cuts herself off, apparently in deference to the arriving waiter.

Waiter

Ladies.

He hands over menus. Jamie uses hers to shield from the waiter a sign to Marian: a question consisting of the money sign, rubbing thumb against fingers.

Marian uses her menu to hide her answer back: one hand tracing large arc as she mouths the word "rainbow."

Then, aloud, to the waiter:

Marian

Champagne, please? Like, a really really good one?

Waiter

Of course.

He withdraws. Marian looks around.

Marian

It is nice.

She looks speculatively at Jamie, reaches out to take her hand.

... So, I've been thinking about it, and it finally dawned on me that you're not the kind of person a girl takes to a roadside motel for a quick fuck. I mean, I knew there were all kinds, but I never much thought about it because it's not my thing, you know? All the stuff that takes time—the nice dinner and conversation and stuff, so the whole sex thing comes out of something a little more soulful—I could never be bothered. But you know me: I'm up for anything.

Waiter
The Veuve Cliquot Ponsardin '95.

He pours.

Jamie so far forgets herself that she doesn't wait for the waiter to leave. Her voice is unsteady:

Jamie
You mean—you want to sleep with me?

The waiter waits for the bubbles to subside, then starts topping off Marian's glass.

Marian
Jamie, you have got to have a good steamy fuck. It's something I decided last night while I was lying in bed. Before I started masturbating. And I figure, well, if it's important to me, I should take care of it myself. Especially because with you it's got to be with someone who cares for you, am I right? It can't just be a finger jiggling your clit and adios. . . Thank you.

The waiter has finished pouring her glass.

Waiter
My pleasure. Madam?

Jamie
Yes please. But—is it a good idea for us to have sex? I mean, we're good friends; maybe it's not supposed to be more than that. And maybe we shouldn't risk ruining it.

Marian
Well look, you can always figure out reasons not to have sex. And if you think about them too much, guess what.

Jamie
You never have sex.

Marian
Right. Like, my high school guidance counselor, she was always telling me that this or that would be "inappropriate."

Jamie
Uh-huh.

Marian

But once I got her to relax, the sex was great.

Waiter

Ladies, I'll give you a few minutes with the menu.

Marian

Okay.

She rises and extends a hand to Jamie.

. . . But first we'll dance.

DANCE FLOOR

The dykes slow-dance, oblivious to the looks they get from the rest of the clientele, mostly older. Marian gazes into Jamie's eyes, then leans in to kiss her. After a long kiss they separate, and continue to gaze at each other.

Jamie

Maybe I do. . . just. . . worry too much.

Marian

Well no shit.

Jamie

I want to stop. I just can't feel this comfortable with most people.

Marian

Uh-huh.

Jamie

I mean, this is about the least uptight I've ever been on a date. If that's what this is.

Marian

Yeah, I feel good too. I mean—I don't know if this is the least uptight; there was this one time I was with Debbie Patterson and you know Debbie has this humongous dildo that she's got mounted on a Black & Dekker circular sander and she had me going like my brains were gonna come out of the top of my friggin' skull, I mean, I came like the

Great Burlington motherfuckin' railroad. . . But this is really nice.

Marian kisses Jamie again and Jamie responds with passion. This time when they finally separate, Marian registers the looks they are getting from the country-club couples who dance nearby. On taking in the stony faces:

. . . I'm guessing. . . this is not their Double-Nookie Night.

CAR

Arliss and Flint look like hell.

Flint has gone hoarse. His voice is raised either out of anger or to compete with the wind that buffets the speeding convertible:

Flint

One accomplishment, huh? Name me one accomplishment! At least I'm in the arena. Dealing with people.

Arliss
(smug)

Those girls wound you up like a top.

Flint

Arliss, have you ever fucked a woman. On a creaky porch swing. On a warm summer evening. Crickets? So on? I mean just fucked her like there's no tomorrow, trousers around your ankles, belt jangling, yelling to beat the band, slammin' away like a Cincinatti jackhammer? Yes, occasionally people will stroll by and you will look foolish slappin' ham up there on the veranda. But that is the price you pay, for interacting with people, fucking them and so forth, blowjobs, jism, whatever, and if you cannot ante up, you tight-assed little fuck, if this is too messy for you, then you will spend the rest of your miserable fucking life just JUDGING people while you pull your MEASLY little PUD—

Arliss

Can't wait to tell the Chief.

Flint

Yeah and why don't you also tell him you're a social

fucking IMBECILE that I've been carrying on my BACK
all the way from fucking PHILADELPHIA—

FLARING LIGHT

The flare travels across the lens. As the light pivots away and the flare departs it leaves Jennifer, hand cupped against plate glass, playing a flashlight over a darkened interior, peering in. Her breath rhythmically fogs the glass.

As her hand drops we jump outside and wide to see her turn from Egon's Drive-Away and walk toward her squad car, idling in the foreground. The leather of her utility belt creaks as she walks, her cop's paraphernalia jangling. She bitterly mutters:

Jennifer
... I must be the world's dumbest goddamn dyke.

HOTEL ROOM

A hand enters to deposit a long-stemmed champagne glass, half full, on a nightstand.

We pull to the foreground where Jamie's head enters frame to drop back against a pillow. She looks dreamily up.

Jamie
Too much champagne. . .

The body at the nightstand—Marian's—turns and moves toward us and now her head enters and drops slowly to meet Jamie's. The two kiss—lingeringly. As they kiss, Marian nudges the dress straps off of Jamie's shoulders.

Marian rises out of frame, Jamie's eyes following her.

After a beat Jamie's dress begins to slide down her body.

Reverse on Marian, hands curled around the hem of Jamie's dress, easing it off.

Jamie, now wearing only panties, gazes at Marian, who drops Jamie's dress to the floor.

Marian, uncharacteristically silent, and watching Jamie as Jamie watches her, begins slowly to undress.

Jamie's hand lightly touches her own stomach.

... pretty ...

Her fingers trace slow circles on her stomach, then slide down into her panties. She feels herself as she watches Marian undress.

Once Marian is done and the rustle of clothes has given way to silence, she stands naked for a long moment, watching Jamie masturbate. At length she climbs onto the bed and halfway up its length, throws a leg over Jamie, and lowers herself to kiss her. A long kiss during which Jamie's arm rhythmically moves as she continues to play with herself. Marian draws Jamie's hand up between them. Their tongues meet around her fingers and they kiss again.

They separate and Marian slides down Jamie's body and helps her slip off her panties. Marian goes down on Jamie.

Jamie comes.

Marian slides back up her body and kisses her, eager for more.

Jamie is dreamy. She smiles and murmurs:

... Nice ...

Marian's brushing of her lips against Jamie's slows, and then stops as she realizes ...

... Jamie is asleep.

Marian sags. She stares at Jamie for a beat, then gives her a kiss on the forehead.

FADE OUT

Squeaking shocks mix up in the black.

THE CHIEF

Night-driving, as a passenger in a limo. The car steady joins the squeaking shocks that have carried across the cut.

The Chief is reading The Golden Bowl. After a beat he marks his place in the book with a ribbon, closes it with a sigh, then wedges a pillow into the corner formed by seatback and door. He turns off the reading light and closes his eyes.

Chief

Wake me in Miami.

Chauffeur's Voice

Yes, sir.

A long beat.

FADE OUT

The squeak carries into the black as the other effects fall away.

FADE UP

We are framed up square on a fence picket. The squeaking carries across the fade and is now joined by an echoing splish-splash.

A drill bit breaks through the wooden picket—a hand-cranked drill, rotating slowly. It stops, and so does the rhythmic squeak.

The squeak resumes as the drill is cranked the opposite way and withdrawn, leaving a hole.

An eye appears at the hole: freckle-faced young Jamie.

Her point-of-view, vignetted by the hole: the chaise lounge next door. It is now empty. A shift in angle through the hole: the cowboy boots have been neatly placed at the lip of the pool. The beautiful neighbor is in the pool doing a lazy backstroke. The water effects have faraway reverb. The squeaking resumes now, different somehow.

DISSOLVE:

Close on adult Jamie on her back in bed, its springs squeaking. Her sleeping reverie seems to be moving her to gentle self-stimulation.

LINGERING DISSOLVES:

More on the beautiful neighbor swimming, spiraling through the water.

Adolescent Jamie, side-angle, peering through the peephole.

Loud squeaks, accelerating.

Adult Jamie, head rolling against the pillow, smiling.

Swimming woman, body cutting through glittering water.

The squeaks come faster and louder.

The neighbor's back door opens with an echoing effect, and a slovenly man emerges from the house. His gut hangs over hideous bermuda shorts, his face is unshaven, and his thinning hair is tufted around his head. He holds a can of Schlitz.

The squeaking slows, becoming less avid.

Man
(echoing)

Honey. We eatin' soon?

Woman

Okay.

The man scratches his ass, turns, and goes back inside.

The squeaking has all but stopped.

The beautiful neighbor climbs out of the pool in slow motion, dripping.

Young Jamie watching.

The squeaking picks up again.

The beautiful neighbor's breasts jiggle as she tosses her hair, throwing off sparkling water.

The squeaking is frenzied. In rhythm with the bedsprings, moaning.

The beautiful neighbor bends to pick up her cowboy boots.

Rasping breath.

Close on the adult Jamie. Dawn in the hotel room. Jamie still wears a dreamy smile, but the jiggling of the bed beneath her now seems more vigorous than can be explained by her own body movement. Nor does the ragged breathing seem to be coming from her.

The breath grows shorter and shorter and the moaning louder and louder. The activity slowly rouses Jamie: her eyelids flutter open; she begins to focus, and we widen out to discover, as she does:

Marian lying next to her, sheet covering her to the waist. Mouth stretched wide, she stares at the ceiling, her whole body shaking as both hands pump furiously beneath the sheet.

Jamie
(groggily)

. . . Marian?

Without looking over, between gasps:

Marian
Waited. . . for you. . . as long as I. . . oh!. . . OH!

Jamie looks over at:

The attaché case, open on the night table.

Jamie
(horrified)

Marian, no!

Marian

OH! OH!

Jamie leaps from the bed.

Jamie

No, Marian!

Jamie looks into the open attaché case and we, for the first time, see inside:

It is felt-lined, with molded indentations to keep its contents cushioned and in place. A row of. . . plaster phalluses, not identical, but all erect, some quite impressive.

The leftmost phallus pocket is empty.

Jamie stifles a sob.

. . . No, God, Marian, please!

But Marian is into full, trembling orgasm:

Marian
OOH, JAMIE! OOHH! JAMIE! JAMIE!

THE CHIEF

Jiggling.

Voice

... Sir?

Responding to the shaking, the Chief stirs and opens his eyes.

The chauffeur, leaning in to shake him, now straightens.

... Miami, sir. Where to, exactly?

Chief

... Mm. Uh...

He blinks sleep from his eyes, looks groggily about, and then looks at his watch.

... Yes. The track.

HOTEL ROOM

Marian lies back catching her breath.

Marian

... Soooo good...

A voice from the bathroom:

Jamie

Marian...

Jamie appears at the bathroom door, tearfully cinching the belt on a hotel bathrobe.

... I can't believe you did that!

Still panting, Marian props herself on her elbows.

Marian

What?

Jamie

Those penises are trouble, Marian.

Marian

Come on, Jamie, I thought you were gonna loosen up.

Jamie

But you're really pushing it! Are you gonna work your way through all of them?!

Marian

Nah, I like this one. Aww, don't be mad; last night was beautiful, but you were drunk and I didn't get to—

CRASH! The door bangs open.

The women scream.

Arliss and Flint are rumped and wild-eyed. Flint barks as Arliss agitatedly waves a gun thrust out police-style in front of him.

Flint

All right! We want the hatbox and the—whoa. She's naked. All right. No big deal! Just a naked lady! We want the hatbox and the—careful with that thing, you fucking moron!

Arliss

Screw you!

Flint

All right! We want the—yeah, this!

He slams the attaché case shut and tucks it under his arm.

. . . Please and thank you! And the headbox!

Arliss

Hatbox!

Flint

Fuck you! Don't you fucking lecture me! Clothes on, ladies! Please and thank you! All friends here! ALL right! Let's get this circus on the road!

Acid rock—the familiar, Bay-area summer-of-love interminable-guitar-solo style rock—comes out of nowhere and slams us into

BLACK

After a long beat of black the ongoing rock music rolls across a hard cut to

WOMAN

—the woman with the ironed hair. Her hands, down out of frame, are doing something that makes a gloopy slurping sound. She looks smilingly into the lens.

Woman

Yes baby. . . You are such a big. . . bouncy. . . beautiful. . .
baby. . .

Man's Voice

Whoa. . .

Reverse on the man, lying flat on his back, but rolling his head forward to look down the length of his own body. He is college-aged and has long hair kept in place by a beaded Indian headband. He is stoned.

. . . this is so groovy.

Woman

Love doesn't have to die, baby. . .

Her hands continue to work, making the gloopy slurping sound.

. . . Now I'll get to love you forever. . . and ever. . .

Something deep builds on the track: rolling thunder? stampeding cattle? rain drumming on a roof?

The man chimes idiotically along with the woman:

Man and Woman

. . . and ever. . . and ever. . . and ever. . .

The deep drumming builds and propels us into a cut to

DOGS' FEET

Thundering by. Their yelps bang in with the cut.

BLACK

The thundering feet and yipping continue.

The black wipes quickly up and away to a

WINDOWLESS ROOM

Arliss backs away from the lens looking down into it in low shot, holding a blindfold. Flint stands just behind him.

The thunder of the dogs, in muffled perspective here, begins to recede.

Arliss's speech echoes in the empty room.

Arliss
We'll leave in the gags. I doubt if they could hear you
outside, but who wants to listen to a lot of cursing.

Echoing footsteps approach. The Chief enters the bottom of frame from deep and strides into the foreground. His jaw is tight with anger.

Chief
That's all they had?

Flint
What's all they had?

The Chief glares briefly at Flint. He looks down into the lens.

Chief
Ladies, you're a day late and a dick short.

Reverse finally shows Marian and Jamie. They are gagged and bound into a couple of stadium seats, several more of which are stored in this fluorescent-lit room along with other race-track paraphernalia.

Flint stares at the Chief.

Flint
What are you talking about?

Chief
The senator's penis was not in the case!

Flint is stunned.

Flint
Not in the . . .

Arliss
Well that just figures.

Chief
Come on, girls! Where's the last phallus?

Jamie shakes her head and makes shrugging motions. Marian, cuing off her, does likewise, projecting wide-eyed ignorance.

Chief
(to Flint)
You didn't check the case before you left?

Flint
I—I—

Arliss
He's been stepping on his own dick the whole way down,
Chief!

Flint
FUCK YOU! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE, JERK-OFF?

Arliss
I GOT THE CHINAMAN'S HEAD, EINSTEIN!

Flint
THEY GAVE YOU THE COMBINATION! AND IT
STILL TOOK YOU FIFTEEN MINUTES TO OPEN THE
SAFE!

Arliss
YEAH—I HAVEN'T SLEPT SINCE LAST WEEK!

GATES

Slapping open. Yelping dogs emerge to start a new race.

HOTEL HALLWAY

The thundering dogs drop out, replaced by sedate muzak.

Far down the hall a maid slowly pushes her cart toward us.

WINDOWLESS ROOM

The rumble of the approaching dogs.

Chief

The senator is a good man. He smoked marijuana once in college. . .

The Chief is looking earnestly into the lens. Seated with an elbow on one knee, leaning in to his audience, he shrugs.

. . . Many of us did. It was a different time. . .

Reverse shows the dykes gagged and wide-eyed. They nod understanding.

We can hear, though not see. Arliss and Flint shouting at each other elsewhere in the room. The Chief does his best to ignore it. He gives the girls a smile meant to signify sweet reason and good intentions.

. . . He was at a party. . . He met a girl. A "hippy chick" . .
.Tiffany Plastercaster. . .

DOG'S FEET

Pounding the track in slow motion, scattering divots of earth.

HOTEL HALLWAY

Sweet muzak. The maid with the cart—she is Hispanic, wearing a small gold crucifix at her neck—has reached the foreground door. She knocks.

Maid

How ski peen!

No answer. She inserts her passcard in the slot.

DOGS

Thundering into a turn.

THE CHIEF

The Chief leans in closer so that he can keep his voice low and still be heard over the shouting in the background, which is growing more agitated.

Chief

. . . A party girl. A slut. Every man she slept with, she took a plaster cast of his. . . his excited. . . thing.

He swallows hard.

He continues:

. . . The senator didn't know, then, that later in life he'd be called on to serve his community. . . his state. . . perhaps—some day—his nation. . .

He pleads, responding to some unspoken—perhaps inner?—reproach:

. . . He was just a kid!

He sighs, shakes his head, composes himself.

. . . His penis passed from hand to hand. It finally ended up with a collector named Jimmy Yun. You saw him— sort of.

MOTEL ROOM

The dykes' room.

The maid takes the pillows from the rumpled bed and dumps them onto a chair.

WINDOWLESS ROOM

The dogs are getting closer, pounding, yapping.

We are in a choking close-up of the Chief.

Chief

. . . This penis cannot become a piece of merchandise.
Think of it. . . e-bay. . . "Senator Gary Channel's . . .
wiener!" "Lightly used!" Comments. . . reviews. . . Think
of what it would do to him! To his family! His career!
We'll pay for it! We're not unreasonable! We just—WILL
YOU SHUT UP?!

Arliss and Flint's shouting has built to a crescendo. They bellow, off:

Arliss

That wasn't my idea!

Flint

I was just experimenting! But you really enjoyed it—I
could tell!

Arliss

No, I didn't—I was drunk, I, I—

Flint

Drunk on cock!

Arliss

No, I—

Flint

It's not my thing! I was just trying to help you be a man!

Arliss

NO! NO! NO!

BANG!

Screams.

BANG! BANG!

The Chief is looking off, horrified.

Pounding dog feet.

The dykes look at each other.

The Chief leaps to his feet and runs out of frame. Off:

Chief

Good God, man! Get a grip on yourself! What in the name of—

BANG! BANG!

Hysterical sobbing.

The dykes, wide-eyed, crane around as far as their bindings permit.

Their point-of-view, a sloppy pan around ending in an unbalanced frame: at the far end of the room, composing a tableau at the edge of frame, are Flint's body, in a pool of spreading blood, and the Chief's, in an ungainly heap.

Arliss is agitatedly putting his gun in the Chief's limp hand and clumsily closing his fingers around it.

Arliss looks up at the lens—a deer in the headlights.

He gapes for a moment.

He rips the gun from the dead man's hand and swings it toward us, sobbing.

The girls shriek into their gags as their heads swing forward and they cringe, awaiting the. . .

Click.

They look back around.

The same sloppy pan-around ends with the slop-tilted and off-balance frame of Arliss aiming the gun at us.

He vainly squeezes the trigger on two more empty chambers. He chokes out a weak—

Arliss

. . . Mommy!

—and then, sobbing, he turns, flings open a door, and runs.

Marian's hands writhe behind her back and she gets a couple of fingers up to the knot at her wrist.

HOTEL ROOM

Very close on the maid who is on her knees beside the bed, her head above the mattress as she reaches beneath the covers to tug at the fitted sheet, trying to get it flat. Her gold crucifix sways as she works.

She freezes, coming across something in the sheets. She frowns.

Her eyes drift as she tries to figure out by touch what it is.

She finally withdraws the plaster penis from the bed and holds it before her face. For a long moment she stares in incomprehension, and then. . .

SCREAMS.

DOGS

Compressed by a long lens, charging at us in slow motion, slavering tongues whipping to and fro.

HALLWAY

A wide curving hallway somewhere under the stands. Track patrons mill. At the cut a door onto the hall bursts open and the dykes spill out, Jamie holding the hatbox and Marian the attaché case. After a quick look in both directions:

Marian

Go back to the hotel and quick grab the penis out of the bed. Then hop a cab to the Raleigh: I'll check in under the name. . . Hatfield. If I'm not there yet wait in the lobby.

Jamie

Where are you going first?

Marian

I've got to find an art store.

PET CARRIER

We are close on a pet carrying case. Annoying yaps come from inside. Above the case's

little door is an engraved nameplate: ALICE B. TOKLAS.

Wider shows Jennifer, in civilian clothes, holding the case, on line at a ticket counter at the Philadelphia airport.

BILLBOARD

“Re-Elect Gary Channel, U.S. Senate. Faith. Values. Family.”

Our view of the billboard is wide and skewed downward, angled from quite high.

We hear the beeps of a phone number being dialed and, on connection, a phone-filtered ring. A phone-filtered voice:

Voice
Committee to Re-Elect.

With this, vertical-shade slats swing into frame in the foreground. Jumping back:

Marian is stepping back from her view down at the billboard from her new high-end hotel room.

Marian
I need to speak to the Senator.

With the phone handset wedged into her shoulder, she crosses to a bureau and starts unpacking a shopping bag from MiamiArts & Crafts.

Voice
Well—who is this?

Marian
He doesn't know me. Tell him it's the person who has his.
. . . personal effects.

A BED

We are wide on the perfectly made bed in the old hotel room. We hold on it for a still beat.

At length, the reverse shows Jamie, frozen at the open door, staring at the bed.

Another beat and she unfreezes, finishes entering, and lets the door swing shut behind

her.

BATHROOM

The lights flicker on. Jamie, hand at the light switch, looks around. Her look is arrested by:

A row of toiletries at the sink. Shampoo, lotions, shower cap, soaps, an extra roll of toilet paper unwrapped but bound with red ribbon. Also sporting a red ribbon is the senator's plaster penis, propped upright against the backsplash in line with the other effects.

An ominous rumble builds on the track.

CARGO

The rumble bumps up at the cut: airplane steady. Entering at the cut is an annoying yapping sound.

We are in a semidark hold, tracking in on a pet carrier surrounded by other luggage jiggling with the motion of the plane. The yapping grows louder as we drift in.

NEW HOTEL ROOM

De luxe hotel quiet.

Marian stands still, listening at the phone.

Finally, the click of a connection and:

	New Voice
Who is this.	
	Marian
. . . Senator?	
	Voice
Who is this.	
	Marian
Somebody who wants a million dollars.	

No answer.

... If you can get it by tonight, you can have your thing back. Everybody's things.

No answer.

... I'll tell you where to bring the money. Come alone. If you're not alone, believe me, I'll know it.

A long beat. Finally:

Voice

Where do I go.

LOBBY OF OLD HOTEL

Jennifer is at the front desk, holding the carrier from which yapping still emanates.

Jennifer

Someone named Marian Dobbs made a call. . .

She jerks a thumb over her shoulder, indicating the lobby phone.

... from that phone. Last night.

The desk clerk nods.

Clerk

Yes, uh-huh.

Jennifer hoists the yapping carrier onto the counter.

Jennifer

Well this is for her.

Clerk

Oh, I'm sorry ma'am, you missed them. Her friend just checked them out.

Jennifer stares.

NEW HOTEL

Marian emerges from the bathroom, disheveled and dusty.

Marian

Done.

Jamie

With what?

Marian

Tell you later, I'm gonna clean up. Wanna join me?

RACE TRACK INTERROGATION ROOM

The Chief, in the foreground, stares sightlessly into the lens, mouth agape and one cheek squashed against the floor. A soft shape behind him is the dead Flint.

After a quiet beat we hear the muffled chirping of the Chief's cel phone tucked somewhere into his suit. As the ring continues we might recognize "Happy Days Are Here Again."

It stops, and the Chief continues to stare in the restored quiet.

At length, a cheerful WHOOP signals that a message has been left.

The Chief stares.

HOTEL BATHROOM

We are looking at the glass-enclosed shower which is steaming up, with two feminine shapes entwined inside.

We cut inside to Jamie and Marian, kissing and running their hands over each other's bodies.

Marian's hand comes to rest on Jamie's pussy. Marian gazes soulfully into Jamie's eyes as Jamie's hand comes to rest on top of hers, and they both play with her.

At length Marian reaches off for something: her hand comes into frame with the plaster penis. She draws it across Jamie's breasts, then across her face. Jamie's eyes close. She rolls her head against the penis, licks at it. Hesitantly:

Jamie

Marian. . . I. . . I want. . .

Marian

Uh-huh?

Jamie finds her resolve:

Jamie

I want you to fuck me with the senator's penis!

And Marian does, in a scene lent misty lyricism by the steam from the shower. As Jamie builds to a full screaming orgasm we cut to:

BAR

We are slowly tracking toward the back of the narrow room, the bar itself to one side and booths, closer to us, on the other. It is the same configuration as the Jimmy Yun bar at the beginning of the movie, and the same shot to introduce it, but this establishment is more crowded.

The clientele is entirely female. Dykes of every description line the bar and sit at the tables, until we come to . . .

The second booth to last. A man is pecking around from behind his benchback partition, a dutch-boy hat drawn down over his eyes to cover as much of his face as possible—but it is not difficult to recognize Senator Channel from his billboards. As we close in on him he looks apprehensively toward the front of the bar.

He gives up looking and swings his shoulders back into the booth. He is hugging a brown attaché case to his chest.

Voice

Funny. . .

The senator starts. Marian continues:

. . . We feel like we know you.

Having approached from the back of the bar, Marian stands holding the black attaché case, Jamie the hatbox.

Senator

Who are you?

The dykes stare at him, weighing all the possible answers. Finally Jamie spits out:

Democrats. Jamie

Marian
... Mind if we sit down?

She is sitting even as she asks. The senator nods at their attaché case.

Senator
They all there?

By way of answer—*ba-doing*—Marian pops the clasps on the case, opens it, and pivots it on the tabletop so that the senator may look.

The senator continues to stare at her, coldly. After a beat his eyes shift down to the penises. His look becomes thoughtful.

... We didn't deserve this—this—commodification. These are all good people. Important people, too, some of them. .

An insert on the row of penises, the set now complete.

... There's the head of one of the bigger Fortune 500 companies here. . . an owner of a large-market football team. . . a Supreme Court justice.

The senator's look shifts up to the girls.

... And you little people titillate yourselves with something that was never meant for you, trafficking in other people's. . . attainments.

Marian
You know what, Senator? Hold the sanctimony. Give us the million bucks.

The senator pushes his attaché case across the table with a bitter smile.

Senator
I used to believe in the unfettered free market.

A sad shake of the head.

... I don't know.

He lowers the lid on the penis case, snaps it shut, and rises, grabbing it and the hatbox.

Jamie

Whose head, Senator?

The Senator looks down at her through narrowed eyes and sneers:

Senator

Don't get lofty with me.

He leaves.

Marian

Cheez, what an asshole.

Jamie

Big-time.

Voice

You girls are cute.

They look up:

A large motorcycle dyke.

... My friends'n me are having a basement party. Wanna join us?

Jamie and Marian look at each other, considering. Something sweet passes between them; Marian looks up, smiling.

Marian

Not tonight.

They rise, holding hands.

EXTERIOR

We boom down off the bar's neon sign—"The Salt Lick"—to meet Jamie and Marian coming out of the bar just as—*thoomp*—they run into someone going in. There is loud yapping at the impact.

Marian

Jennifer!

A reverse shows that it is indeed her, with the pet carrier.

Jennifer

Here you are. So what was that crackhead phone call about?

Marian

What do you mean? How'd you know I'd be here?

Jennifer

I didn't. This is the fourth dyke bar I've been to.

Jump back: a long-lens view of the three women in front of the bar among the other lesbians who are out on the sidewalk enjoying the fresh night air.

A reverse shows this to have been the point-of-view of Senator Channel, lurking at the mouth of an alleyway across the street. He pulls off his dutch-boy cap and tosses it aside. He pulls on what looks like a black stocking cap and picks up his attaché case and hatbox.

Back to the women:

Jennifer

Oh, you're an executive now?

She refers to Marian's attaché case.

. . . Don't tell me: they made you president of Little Miss Liarpants, Inc.

Marian

This? No, I just, uh. . .

Intercut: pulling Senator Channel out into the street.

His point-of-view: tracking toward the knot of lesbians in front of the bar, Jamie and Marian with their backs to us.

Senator Channel tucks his attaché case under the arm that holds the hatbox and with his freed hand reaches up to his black stocking cap.

Back to the women:

Jamie

—because we thought they didn't know where we were but somehow they did and this morning they took us to the dog track and I'm sure they were going to kill us but lucky for us they'd left the most important penis behind.

Jennifer stares at her, deadpan.

Jennifer

Well. You've had a full day.

She holds out the yapping carrier.

. . . Anyway, this is yours now.

Her attention is caught by something up the sidewalk.

Her point-of-view: deep behind Jamie and Marian, Senator Channel strides purposefully toward them, rolling a black ski mask down to cover his face.

Jennifer sets down the carrier.

. . . Hang on.

Senator Channel is reaching under his coat.

. . . This doesn't look good.

Jennifer opens the door to the carrier. She reaches in and, in addition to frantic skittering and yapping inside, we hear the tearing sound of adhesive giving way.

As Jennifer straightens, Jamie and Marian turn to look where she is looking.

Senator Channel is leveling a gun.

Screams.

BLAM! BLAM!

Not his gun.

Furious yapping.

The senator pitches back, letting sail the hatbox.

Jennifer is holding a smoking police special, duct tape stuck to it.

The hatbox hits the ground behind the senator. Its wet seams give. Ice clatters out with the . . .

Head, which rolls away.

Screams from the sidewalk lesbians.

Senator Channel writhes on the ground.

Senator

When did they . . . start . . . arming lesbians?

Jimmy Yun's head bumps off down the street with the eccentric action of an irregular sphere. Alice the schnauzer, snarling and yapping, furiously gives chase.

As lesbians scream around them, Jennifer, Marian and Jamie watch the receding head.

After a beat, her gaze still distant:

Jennifer

What's she chasing?

Marian too is gazing down the street.

Marian

. . . We forgot to tell you about the Chinese guy's head in the box. . .

The three women watch as the yapping recedes.

FADE OUT

NEWSPAPER

The next day's paper is headlined: **SENATOR CHANNEL SHOT OUTSIDE LESBIAN BAR.** The subhead: **WAS CARRYING HUMAN HEAD; PLASTER PENISES.** The sub-subhead: **RECOVERING LEGISLATOR SAYS HE WILL "EXPLAIN."**

Marian (off)

Boy. I think I could win against him.

Wider shows the two dykes at an umbrella-shaded table by their new hotel's pool. Marian is looking at the paper as they sip tropical drinks. After a slurp, Marian continues:

... And now we get to just keep on going—who's gonna complain if we keep the car? Things just could not have worked out better.

Jamie
(down)

Well... I guess.

Marian

What's wrong?

Jamie

Well... I know this senator guy is a terrible person. But I have to admit, I'll miss his... you know.

Marian

Oh, no worries, girl...

She leans down to the wicker bag at her feet.

... I made a cast...

She opens the bag to show Jamie.

... And two copies.

And indeed, in the bag are two gleaming new penises. Jamie brightens.

Jamie

Great! But—why two?

Marian

For each other...

A white-uniformed hotel staffer walks up.

Staffer

Ladies, we've pulled up your car.

As Marian rises with her bag:

Marian
... You know, Hers & Hers.

CAR

It pulls into frame hood-first, displaying a new painted-on slogan: LOVE IS A ROAD TRIP WITHOUT A MAP.

Jamie, now holding a carrier from which we hear yapping that now sounds cheery, and Marian, holding the wicker bag with the penises, trip down the front steps of the hotel.

Jamie
Where are we going?

Marian
Wherever the car takes us.

They hold hands and, as they skip out of frame:

Jamie
Oh, Marian, I've got an idea! Let's go to Massachusetts
and get married!

The End

NOTE: After the end credits finish teaser scenes for the sequel should play, with the audience admonished not to miss *D-A-D II: Here Come the Brides*.