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an original screenplay by

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HOME GROWN

BY: Anthony D'Anca & William Morroni

OVER BLACK.

MARINE CAPTAIN (O.S.)
Awright! Put those butts out.
Attenshun!

THE CLICK OF HEELS. (O.S.)

MARINE CAPTAIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Shoulder Arms!

ETC.

MARINE CAPTAIN (D.S.) (CONT'D)
Forward! Harch!

THE THRUMP OF BOOTS.

QUICK FADE UP. INTERIOR. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT.

A LEATHER CASE being carried in rhythm to the marching troops. On it an official U.S. government seal and in large letters: DIPLOMATIC POUCH. We follow it to a sign which reads: MEXICO CITY INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT/ V.I.P. ENTRANCE/NO SMOKING BEYOND THIS POINT.

BEGIN ROLL CREDITS.

MARINE CAPTAIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Company! to the left - Harch!

A NO SMOKING/NO FUIYIAR SIGN rests on a desk. The pouch comes into view covering the sign. In b.g. a passport is shoved into view, stamped with authority in time to the stamping boots (O.S.) and taken back.

MARINE CAPTAIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Company!...

THE POUCH approaches on the metal detector conveyor.

MARINE CAPTAIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
...Halt!

SOUND OF BOOTS and diplomatic pouch obey. An official Mexican Policeman takes up the pouch.

MARINE CAPTAIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
About...Face!

The policeman turns on cue and RUFUS, the pouch carrier, who looks like a handsome young diplomat, claims his pouch.

A EUROPEAN NO SMOKING SIGN.

THE SOUND OF BATON HITTING STAND and a band strikes up the STAR SPANGLED BANNER. RUFUS emerges from the terminal behind the sign and marches in time to the music, to the waiting "official" jet.

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE LAWN. THREE MARINES RAISE THE FLAG. To one side a marine band plays the national anthem. To the other side a company of marines at arms. The flag climbs higher. In the f.g. Rufus passes, stops, puts out a cigarette, and places his hand over his heart.

INT. A ROOM.

THROUGH A LACE CURTAIN WINDOW the marines and Rufus can be seen. The band's version of the anthem is suddenly replaced by JIM HENDRIX'S "STAR SPANGLED BANNER" coming from the stereo visible in the f.g. Beside it a spotless ashtray next to which rests a fat plain white envelope.

O.S. A DOOR OPENS AND SOMEONE ENTERS.

VOICE #1 (O.S.)

Excuse me, sir. The delivery is on its way. Do you have the envelope?

A hand comes into view and lowers the volume of the stereo and picks up the envelope.

O.S. HEAVY INHALE AS IF SMOKING. PAUSE. HEAVY EXHALE.

VOICE #2 (O.S.)

This whole affair is becoming very expensive, Darrell. I'll be glad when it's signed into law.

DARREL(O.S.)

Do you think you can do it, sir?

AGAIN HEAVY INHALE. PAUSE AND EXHALE.

VOICE #2 (D.5.)

I AM THE PRESIDENT!

The music ends as the president squashes out a "joint" in the ashtray.

INT. WHITE HOUSE OFFICE.

KEITH, a young aspiring bureaucrat whose lack of good looks is accented by a thick waist and thick glasses, sits in an

executive chair before a vast expanse of a highly polished, uncluttered mahogany desk in a large posh executive office. He looks intent, but he still seems out of place in the chair. He assumes a serious posture and flicks his pen as if it were a cigar.

KEITH

Keith, we're impressed with the way you are handling a rather "tricky" situation.

Keith slides over the top of the desk and sinks into the opposite chair. He has to crane his neck to be visible over the edge of the desk.

KEITH (CONT'D)

Thank you, sir... About the assistant to the Assistant Secretaryship...

Keith jumps up and slides back over the desk top.

KEITH(seriously) (CONT'D)

Frankly, Keith, we've been considering a number of other men.

Again Keith slides over the desk top and carefully sits on the edge of the chair to gain as much height as possible.

KEITH (firmly) (CONT'D)

Sir, I thought I had earned that position.

He pauses, reconsiders, and sits back intent on being cool.

KEITH (CONT'D)

You realize, of course, I've had to handle certain "delicacies" which you may not like to see in print.

He reconsiders again, jumps to his feet, and threateningly pounds the desk.

KEITH (CONT'D)

Darrell! It's either promotion time or scandal time!

Keith slides over the desk into the executive chair. Warming to the role, he acts horrified.

KEITH (CONT'D)

That's blackmail!

Keith knocks over a flag and pen stand as he slides over the desk.

DARRELL, enters the room. In his fifties, he is a distinguished looking presidential advisor. He walks up to Keith who is on his hands and knees picking up what he has knocked over.

Darrell frowning, hands Keith the white envelope. Keith accepts it with as much dignity as he can muster.

DARRELL

Sorry I kept you waiting, Keith.

Darrell begins to walk to another door.

KEITH

Sir, there's something I'd like to talk to you about...

DARRELL

Don't have time. I've got to get to the Senate.

Darrell pauses at the door.

DARRELL (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, the president liked your draft of the cannabis bill, but he has some changes. They're on the desk. Remember we got to keep our game plan secret. If the beer lobby finds out between now and September, we'll never get the bill through.

Darrell opens the door.

DARRELL (CONT'D)

Give my regards to your brother.

Darrell exits leaving a disappointed Keith.

INT. A WHITE HOUSE EXECUTIVE BATHROOM.

Keith sits in an open stall, paging dejectedly through a stack of paper work and makes marginal notes. RUFUS, the handsome courier, briskly walks in and places the DIPLOMATIC POUCH on the marble top counter. He reaches into the pouch and pulls out an army colonel's uniform on a hanger. He waves to Keith in the stall, hangs up the clothes, and begins to undress. Keith comes out of the stall sluggishly. He dumps the pouch full of baggie-wrapped marijuana "lids" out on the counter and begins to weigh each one with a hand scale.

RUFUS

Be careful with that stuff. It's from the Ambassador's private stash.

Keith makes notes as he weighs the bags. He stops.

KEITH
This one's two grams short.

Rufus takes off his pants.

RUFUS
You don't even trust your own brother.

KEITH
Half-brother! And your last delivery
was an ounce short.

RUFUS
For a man who wants to be president,
you are sure dumb, brother.
Everybody takes his percentage.

Behind Rufus' back, Keith takes out a few bills from the envelope and seals it.

KEITH
Dumb is getting caught taking your
percentage.

Keith hands the envelope to Rufus.

KEITH (CONT'D)
Better save some of this. In months
you'll be out of work.

Rufus takes the envelope, tears it open and counts the money.

RUFUS
Dealers are never out of work.

Rufus puts on the colonel's jacket.

KEITH
I shouldn't tell anybody, but since
you are my half-brother, I'll tell
you.
(lowers his voice)
In 5 months marijuana will be legal.

Rufus, adjusting his tie, stops abruptly.

RUFUS
What?!

KEITH
The president plans to blackmail the
Congress into legalizing it.

RUFUS
How do you blackmail the Congress?

KEITH

Veto. Blackmail. You're still out of work.

Rufus nonchalantly adjusts the rakish tilt of his colonel's hat.

RUFUS

Marijuana. Coke. There's always something you can deal in.

Rufus begins to walk out.

KEITH

I thought you only dealt in pot.

RUFUS

Don't sweat the details.

Rufus closes the door behind him.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR Rufus pauses to reflect on the Bad News.

EXT. PENTAGON.

Rufus hastily emerges from the Pentagon, still dressed in his colonel's uniform. He carries an attache case which is labeled US ARMY with emblem. He enters a waiting limousine and instructs the military driver over the passenger microphone.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

AIRPORT!

Rufus draws the curtains across all the windows. At last alone he loosens his tie and lights a joint. He seems preoccupied as he peels the ensigna off the attache case, rolls it up, and places it in the case.

He begins to take off his jacket.

EXT. LIMO CRUISES THROUGH WASHINGTON TRAFFIC.

EXT. STREET IN WASHINGTON GHETTO.

The limo comes to a stop at a red light. Rufus cautiously emerges dressed in his normal street clothes; that is - jeans and a T-shirt which reads in very colorful letters - PUSHER. He closes the door as quietly as possible and mingles with the crowd in the street. The limo speeds off.

A SQUAD PASSES in one direction as Rufus turns down a side street.

A GROUP OF TEENAGE PUERTO RICAN GANG MEMBERS suddenly surround him. They are all women. The leader, MARIA, comes forth with blade drawn.

MARIA
(in thick accent)
Hey...hunky. Eiter tj'you get in
tj'falley or you get dis blade in
tj'your stomic.

They hussle him down the alley, force him up against the wall.

2ND GIRL
Hey, man. Tj'you know da routine.
Itfs tax time man. Anl Ifm da taxman,
man.

Rufus hands over the briefcase.

RUFUS
We can't go on meeting like this Maria.
It's bad for my nerves.

MARIA
Hey, Rufus. If's we don't mug a hunky
in tj'streets, t'pigs'll think it'z
suspicious, man.

RUFUS (CONT'D)
Someday, I'm really going to get mugged
on the way here!

MARIA
Hey, man , I gotz some good newz and
some bad newz. T'good newz iz we's
gonna meet like dis no more, man.
(Takes his wallet)
An' t'bad newz iz we're really mugging
tj'you, man.

She hands back the wallet. Rufus peers into his now empty wallet.

RUFUS
The end of a perfect day!

MARIA
Don't be dat way, man. Look atz it az
a loan, man, to help a Mynoritee' biz-
niz man, man. Man, we're all gonna
be farmers,
(to her followers)
Right?

The gang agrees.

MARIA (CONT'D)

We need da money to rent us a farm in
Birginia,
 (waves the money)
and we need t'seeds in dis
 (holds up briefcase)
For t'first crop. Right, dudes?!

Spontaneous "RightOns" from the gang members.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Come back in 5 months, man, an
tj'you'll have all the marijuana tj'you
want. Tj'you don't have to go to that
little island no more. Tj'you get all
T'Puerto Ricans you need here.

More "RIGHT NOS".

RUFUS

In 5 months, Maria, there's going to
be no money in growing your own...

The light dawns over Rufus' countenance.

MARIA

Tj'you threatenin' us, man?! Tj'you's
in no position to threatenin' us
man....

She brandishes the knife. Rufus begins to smile profusely.

RUFUS

...threatened?...Why no! I want to
thank you..

Rufus shakes Maria's knife hand and quickly passes through
the surrounding gang members. He stops and turns back to the
stunned gang.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

...you may have just made me a million!

Rufus hastily departs.

MARIA

(To her companions)
Hey! He must be smokin' some heavy
stuff.,
 (yells to Rufus)
Hey, man, wait. I wanna talk tj'you,
man.

INT. KEITH'S APARTMENT.

In a corner of the living room Keith stands behind a podium between a U.S. and a Presidential flag. Behind him, a portrait of Richard Nixon. Keith is made up; his hair looks greyer, etc. In fact he almost looks distinguished. His oration sounds like a very good limitation of Nixon's inaugural address.

THE PHONE RINGS.

Keith's lips stops, but the taped speech continues.

Keith picks up the phone.

KEITH

Hello?...Rufus?...What do you want?...Why did you call me if it's too important to talk about on the phone?....Alright, alright. I'll meet you at the carousel. I'm done studying anyway...Right, the one in the park. It's the new "in" place for private Washington conversations. They haven't figured out how to bug it yet...O.K. Bye.

Keith hangs up and resumes lip synching to the taped speech as if he were never interrupted. The speech ends and Keith basks for a moment in the applause before turning off the tape deck.

KEITH (CONT'D)

God that man could almost talk his way out of anything!

EXT. PARK ON THE POTOMAC.

LOUD CAROUSEL MUSIC.

Rufus and Keith sit on opposite horses talking. Rufus is dressed in a mailman's uniform. Rufus looks around and yells.

RUFUS

I can hear why this is the "in" place.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK revealing groups of politicians and diplomats huddling conspiratorially. There is only one kid on the carousel and he sits on the outside horse beside Rufus.

KEITH (yelling)

The music drowns out all the bugs.

RUFUS (yelling)

Listen to this.

(Reads from newspaper)

For lease - 140 acres of the best land in Iowa. House...

Keith stops Rufus and nods towards the kid on the other side of Rufus. Rufus turns to the kid.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

Beat it, kid. Go find your mother.

KID

Up yours!

Rufus reaches into his pocket and hands a dollar to the kid.

RUFUS

Here's a buck. Go catch a movie!

KID

"Deep Throat's" \$5.00.

Rufus thumbs through his wallet.

RUFUS

I don't have \$5.00.

The kid pulls out a wad of bills.

KID

I can make change.

Rufus gives the kid a twenty. The kid gives him \$15 and heads towards another group.

Keith looks up from the newspaper he has just read.

KEITH

You want to be a farmer in Iowa?

What do you know about farming?

RUFUS

It's either that or buy into this kid's business, but that's just details. Listen, who knows about the President's plan?

KEITH

Nobody. Just a few aides. If it leaked, the anti-marijuana people would kill it on the floor.

RUFUS

Don't you get it?

KEITH

No.

RUFUS

We'll have the first brand name marijuana on the market. We'll beat out Phillip Morris, Benson & Hedges, Winston-Salem, the Mafia, even the Mexicans! It's perfect! We'll have at least 5 months jump on all of them. Five months to advertise and drill into the public that the only brand name marijuana they can buy is...is...is...I haven't thought of a catchy brand name yet. But we got time to figure out the details.

KEITH

What do you mean "We"?

RUFUS

You're my brother.

KEITH

Half-brother, but close enough to know better.

RUFUS

I'm trying to make us both millionaires and you're complaining about mother's bad taste. In 5 months we'll have the marijuana market cornered. We'll get our picture on the cover of TIME. You'll be rich enough to buy the White House.

KEITH

How much will this cost us?

RUFUS

\$20,000?

KEITH

How much are you putting in?

RUFUS

Well, you see, I'm a little short now.

KEITH

Short? You just collected \$5,000 this morning.

RUFUS

Ah...yeah...well, I just had to make a little investment. But listen, this idea will make us both rich.

KEITH

I want nothin' to do with it.

RUFUS

I'm your brother! You're going to let me down when I need you? My livelihood is going down the tubes in 5 months. I'll have to go into smuggling heroin. What will that do to your Presidential dreams?

(pause)

Have I ever let you down, Keith?

KEITH

August 17, 1967. April 9, 1972.
October 21, 1974. January...

RUFUS

Alright. Forget about the past. Let's talk about the future. Throw that "Nixon Home Study Course" out the window. Come in with me - in 5 months you'll be able to hire some dynamite image-makers!

KEITH

Rufus, it's a good idea, but there are a few major problems. 1, we don't know anything about farming...
2, the whole time it's growing it will still be illegal...3,

RUFUS

Don't sweat the details! We can work them out later...

ANOTHER ANGLE.

KID RETURNS, climbs the horse and taps Rufus on the shoulder.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

I thought you went to the movies.

KID

Times up. It'll cost another 5 bucks.

Rufus is about to strike the kid. The kid flinches.

RUFUS

Why you....

But Keith stops him.

KEITH

His father's a judge.

RUFUS
 (to Keith)
 Look, think about it. I'll call you
 tomorrow and we'll work out the
 details. I gotta
 (looks at his watch
 and picks up his
 mailbag)
 Make a delivery.

RUFUS GETS OFF THE HORSE,

KEITH
 The answer'll still be "no".

RUFUS
 Think about it. I'll call you tomorrow.

In stepping off the carousel, Rufus passes before two gentlemen waiting for places.

RUFUS
 (to the two men)
 I'll let you have those horses for 5
 bucks.

One of the men hands Rufus \$5.00 and they take the horses.

KID
 (yelling after Rufus)
 HEY, THIS IS MY RACKET!

RUFUS (CONT'D)
 Up yours!

EXT. THE PARK ENTRANCE.

A car pulls up in front of a hotel across the street from the park entrance. The two guys and the girl in it seem to be arguing. The girl keeps refusing, then acquiesces and gets out of the car. She heads into the hotel. Across the street Keith emerges through the park gate.

KEITH COMES UP TO HIS CAR beside the gate and tries the door. It is locked. He notices the keys dangling in the ignition.

THE GIRL COMES OUT OF A SIDE DOOR from the hotel her cautiousness causes her to almost stumble into a strolling policeman on his beat. She avoids the cop and hastily crosses the street.

KEITH TRIES TO PICK THE LOCK on his car with a pocket penknife.

THE GIRL STOPS AT THE CORNER behind Keith and watches the car with the two guys.

THE STROLLING POLICEMAN NOTICES THE CAR TOO. He bends down to see who is in it. He recognizes them and suddenly pulls out his gun and Forces them out and has them put their hands on the roof of the car.

He begins to Frisk them, but one of the guys turns on the cop and sends the cop sprawling to the ground.

THE GIRL, BILLIE, NOTICES KEITH.

She comes up to Keith's car from the passenger side, bends down and looks at Keith through the window.

BILLIE
Need some help?

KEITH
(Frustrated)
Yeah, you got a coat hanger or something?

BILLIE
No, but...

BILLIE opens the unlocked door and gets in. She reaches over and unlocks Keith's door. . Keith is stunned with surprise.

BILLIE (CONT'D)
Can you give me a lift.

BACK ACROSS THE STREET, the two guys, having jumped back into their car, squeal out from before the hotel, make a Fast U-turn and stop behind Keith's car. They begin yelling to Billie.

INSIDE HIS CAR, KEITH WATCHES THEM wondering what's up. Unseen by Keith, Billie motions to them to leave her alone.

A GUN SHOT.

AND THE CAR RACES DOWN THE STREET.

MORE GUN SHOTS.

THE COP RUNS TO THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET and continues to fire at the escaping car.

INSIDE KEITH'S CAR.

KEITH
Do you know those guys?

Billie shrugs her shoulders as Keith starts the car and puts it in gear.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

KEITH (CONT'D)

Some cop's gonna arrest them for that
bad muffler.

KEITH BEGINS TO BACK OUT and then slams on the brakes but the momentum of the car sends the unseen cop sprawling to the ground.

KEITH (CONT'D)

My god! I just ran over a cop!

Billie begins to laugh hysterically.

INT. KEITH'S APARTMENT.

BILLIE CAN BE HEARD STILL LAUGHING while Keith pours two brandies in the kitchen.

BILLIE (O.S.)

Ha...ha..ha..; that cop looked mad
enough to shoot you.

Keith takes one of the drinks and belts it down.

KEITH (seriously)

He certainly did!

Keith refills the glass.

MEANWHILE IN THE LIVING ROOM, Billie notices a check book on the coffee table. She peeks into it and is impressed by the Bank Balance. She picks up a tape cartridge which reads "Seduction Music". She takes out the cartridge already in the deck. It reads: "Richard Nixon: From Checkers to White House - A Study Course on How to Become President". This amuses her. Keith emerges from the kitchen with the drinks. Hastily she slips the "Seduction Music" into the deck.

MUSIC BEGINS.

KEITH (CONT'D)

I can't thank you enough for going my
bail. You would think the Washington
police would take American Express.

Keith places the tray down after offering Billie a drink.

He picks up the check book and sits down beside her.

KEITH (CONT'D)

I don't even know your name.

BILLIE

Billie Rowllins. But make it out to
Vilma Rowllins.

KEITH

Vilma?

BILLIE

Uh-huh, but to my friends, I'm Billie.

Billie downs her brandy and nods. Keith hands her the check as she hands back the glass.

BILLIE (CONT'D)

Can I have another please?

Keith reacts slowly.

KEITH

Oh. Oh yeah.

Keith gulps his drink and heads back for the bottle.

SOMETIME LATER KEITH AND BILLIE SIT ON A RUG BEFORE A FIREPLACE.

Keith seems drunk. An empty brandy bottle sits between them.

KEITH (CONT'D)

...anyway right now I'm only a gopher
for one of the President's aides, but
someday I'll become President
(belches)
....'scuse me. How 'bout you?

BILLIE

(holds up empty glass)
Ah? Is there any more?

Keith raises the empty bottle.

KEITH (CONT'D)

Nope.

Billie rummages through her purse for a moment and takes out a "joint".

BILLIE

I have something much better.

Billie lights the joint and passes it to Keith.

BILLIE (CONT'D)

You do smoke, don't you?

. KEITH

Ah...yeah...yes, I do.

Keith takes a drag and coughs uncontrollably.

STILL LATER.

BILLIE CARRIES KEITH INTO HIS BEDROOM.

They both appear disheveled. Even in his stupor, Keith finds time to squeeze Billie's boob.

KEITH (giggling)
It feels like jello. Do you like it?

Billie throws him on the bed.

BILLIE
It tickles.

She begins to undress Keith as he spasmodically tries to clutch at her breast.

KEITH
(slurring his words)
Did I tell you what my half-brother
wants me to do?

BILLIE (CONT'D)
You told me already. He wants you to
finance his farm.

KEITH
It'll ruin my career. But I know he's
going to hustle me into it. He use
to charge me to use the bathroom till
I was ten.

BILLIE
Don't worry. I'll be right there beside
you at lunch tomorrow. I won't let
him con you out of our, ah.. Your
money.

KEITH
You'd do that for me? That's really
brotherly love.

BILLIE
Oh, it's more than that.

THE SOUND OF KEITH'S FLY SUDDENLY ZIPPED OPEN.

THE SEDUCTION MUSIC REACHES A CLIMAX.

BILLIE (CONT'D)
...but be gentle. It's my first time.

KEITH
Yours too?!

EXT. AN EXCURSION BOAT.

Rufus cautiously puts a joint to his lips and lights it being careful to hide the joint. He takes a hit and cupping the joint in his hand he passes it to a woman's hand.

RUFUS
Who the hell is she?

BILLIE also cautiously cups the joint in her hand and takes a hit.

BILLIE
I'm his fiancée! Right?!

She nudges Keith in the ribs.

KEITH ACCEPTS JOINT.

He is surprised and delighted at Billie's statement.

KEITH
Ah..,oh, yeah. That's right.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

Rufus, Billie and Keith fish from the side of an excursion boat.

BILLIE
Frankly, we think that the farm is a risky venture for a newly married couple. Right, Keith?!

She nudges Keith again, knocking the wind out of him. Keith has difficulty in trying to hold his smoke down,

KEITH (coughs)
...ah..that's right. Ah...ah...
(stammers)

BILLIE
Billie...

KEITH
Right...
(firmly)
Billie and I feel that...

RUFUS
What's a few risks when we stand to make millions?!

BILLIE
Millions? What are you planning to
grow? marijuana?

RUFUS
(looks at Keith)
Didn't you tell her?... and what did
you do with that joint?

KEITH
(Horrorified)
Oh, shit!

ANOTHER ANGLE.

THE THREE OF THEM BEND FORWARD AND LOOK DOWN THE RAILING.

There are people lined up all along the railing with fishing
poles. Some ways down can be seen a man taking a toke and
passing the joint in turn to his right.

RIPPED OFF MUSIC FROM "JAWS".

BENEATH THE WATER P.O.V.

Of something or someone traveling along rows of empty hooks.

P.O.V. TURNS TO GAZE UPWARDS THROUGH THE WATER.

Rufus, Billie and Keith can be seen talking.

JAWS MUSIC STOPS.

BACK ON SHIPBOARD.

BILLIE
Rufus is right. The only thing that
stands between you and the Presidency
is a good image maker and they cost a
lot.

Billie turns to Rufus and smiles.

JAWS MUSIC AGAIN.

DOWN BELOW, THE P.O.V. FINALLY COMES TO REST ON A HOOK which
holds the \$1,000 bill. A hand comes into view and grabs at
the bill only to retract in pain from having grasped the hook
too. The hand carefully disengages the money and checks to
see if it is real money. In its place, the hand attaches what
appears to be a purple and pink panda bear and tugs at the
line.

END "JAWS" MUSIC.

UP ABOVE Rufus feels the tug on the line and begins to reel it in.

RUFUS

I got it!
 (Looks around)
 (softer)
 I got it. Get around me so no one sees.

THE ENTIRE SIDE OF THE BOAT CAN BE SEEN as Billie and Keith squeeze in around Rufus as he reels in the panda bear. However, all the fishermen on either side lean precariously over the rail to watch the panda being hauled up the side of the boat.

RUFUS FINALLY MANAGES TO GET THE BEAR TO THE RAILING and begins to stuff it into a bag he has provided.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

Keith, you got a month's vacation coming. Come out to the place. Check it out. See that the idea'll work. If you don't like it, you can always bail out.

Billie toys with Keith's hair.

BILLIE

We could also get to know each other a little better on the farm.

KEITH

Some help you are...

RUFUS

She's got your best interests at heart...

KEITH

(suspiciously)
 What's in the bear, Rufus?

RUFUS

Ah, I still gotta make a living, right?! If you don't come in on this, in 5 months this bear will be full of the BIG H...

A hand from his left passes a joint to Rufus.

RUFUS (surprised) (CONT'D)

The joint returns! This is a good omen! Well, are you in or out?

Billie slams her hand on Rufus! hand.

BILLIE

We're in!

She looks at Keith and then reaches for his hand and puts it in for him. Keith pulls his hand away.

KEITH

(to Rufus)

I'm not going to let you con me into this one, Rufus.

(To Billie)

Or you either.

Billie coyly puts a finger to Keith's lips.

BILLIE

You're so virile when you're mad.

EXT. A SIGN WHICH READS "WELCOME TO RIGHTERS, IOWA / A LITTLE TO THE RIGHT OF THE MIDDLE OF AMERICA".

It is riddled with bullet holes.

ACID ROCK MUSIC GROWS LOUDER.

A small European sports car passes the sign and heads into a small business district. In front of a church it makes a right turn.

IN THE F.G. A STATE TROOPER BUFFS THE SHINE of his immaculate squad car. The sports car in the b.g. finishes the turn and approaches the trooper slowly.

ACID ROCK MUSIC CHANGES ABRUPTLY RACING THROUGH NUMEROUS STATIONS AND STOPS ON A COUNTRY WESTERN STATION.

Rufus drives the sports car with Billie sitting beside him. Keith sits uncomfortably packed in the rear half seat sharing it with various luggage. The sports car pulls up beside the squad.

IN THE REFLECTION OF THE TROOPER'S SUNGLASSES can be seen the trio.

TROOPER DAN

Can I help you?

BILLIE

Yes officer, we're renting..ah...

She glances down at newspaper.

BILLIE (CONT'D)
 ..Mr. Brown's farm. Do you know
 where...rural route 9 is?

TROOPER DAN
 Make a left at 5 corners and go about
 4 miles.

BILLIE
 Thank you, officer.

She smiles sweetly.

THE SPORTS CAR PULLS AWAY.

COUNTRY WESTERN STATION IS CHANGED ABRUPTLY TO AN ACID ROCK
 STATION.

TROOPER DAN EYES THEM SUSPICIOUSLY FOR A MOMENT and returns
 to lovingly buffing the squad.

TROOPER DAN
 (to squad)
 Well, honey. There goes the
 neighborhood.

EXT. REVEREND BROWN'S FARMHOUSE.

COUNTRY WESTERN MUSIC CAN BE HEARD SOFTLY.

A VIEW OF THE DOOR FILLS THE SCREEN.

A hand comes into view and knocks at the door. A few moments
 pass and then door opens. A small man with a fanatical glint
 in his eyes dressed in dark Amish like clothes appears with a
 rifle in his hand.

BROWN
 Yes...

NEW ANGLE.

RUFUS
 Mr. Brown? I'm Rufus...
 (remembers)
 ..Smith. We leased your farm.

BROWN
 Reverend. That's Reverend Brown.

He points with his rifle.

BROWN (CONT'D)
 That your family there?

KEITH AND BILLIE AWKWARDLY FLINCH before the rifle as they sit in the sports car. Behind them can be seen several pick-up trucks parked in the driveway.

RUFU5 (D.S.)

Ah, yeah...That's my brother and sister.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

BROWN

Good...You are brothers and sister, ain't you?

RUFU5

Yes sir. That's my brother, Keith, and my sister, Billie. She's the youngest.

Brown peers at them.

BROWN

Good...You look like God-fearing people even if you do listen to that fornicating music.

Brown turns towards the house and yells.

BROWN (CONT'D)

MOTHER!

From somewhere inside the house.

MRS. BROWN (O.S.)

I HEAR YOU, PA.

BROWN

BRING THE KEYS TO THE BACK HUNDRED FORTY.

He turns back to Rufus.

BROWN (CONT'D)

I'm in a meeting right now so I can't show you the place myself. It's a sweet farm and the land is as fertile as the Good Lord can make it.

Brown raises the rifle and points with it.

BROWN (CONT'D)

It's three miles down that back road.

He cocks the rifle and peers down the barrel and quickly uncocks it. He turns towards the doorway.

BROWN
Hey, Zeke - this one's dirty.

Brown tosses the rifle to someone inside the door. Brown turns back to Rufus.

BROWN
...You can't miss the place. A real big house, great shape. It may need a little paint, but...

EXT. THE FARMHOUSE.

CAMERA BEGINS LONG SLOW PAN.

The house has boarded up windows, peeling paint, broken porch steps and banister, even a gaping hole in the roof and an army of determined termites bent on annihilation.

ACID ROCK MUSIC CAN BE HEARD PLAYING SOFTLY O.S.

KEITH (O.S.)
Ripped off again, Rufus!

RUFUS (O.S.)
Don't look at the house! It's the land!

CAMERA CONTINUES PAN TO AN OUTHOUSE sitting a little too close to the house. It is in even worse condition.

BILLIE (O.S.)
I don't know. The house has possibilities.

RUFUS (O.S.)
The land has possibilities!

CAMERA CONTINUES PAN to Rufus, Billie and Keith standing besides the sports car. Both Billie and Keith look at the house. Rufus looks in the opposite direction. Keith turns and bends down, picks up a handful of dirt.

KEITH
Ripped off again, Rufus!

RUFUS
You got to imagine it five months from now when all that goes to pot!

Keith lets the dirt sift through his hand like sand.

KEITH
You won't have to wait that long!

CAMERA CONTINUES PAN to a vast expanse of empty, barren looking, un-tilled land. It seems to stretch to the horizon.

KEITH (CONT'D)

Alright Rufus, I got a detail for you and if you solve this I may even consider staying.

(pause)

Where are you going to get 140 acres of seed? From that ounce bag you saved out of the panda?

CUT TO

EXT/INT RUNDOWN KITCHEN OF FARMHOUSE.

Rufus can be seen pacing and smoking a joint outside through the kitchen window. Billie pumps water at the sink and Keith sits at the table before a half empty bucket of Kentucky Fried Chicken smoking a pipeful of marijuana.

BILLIE

You've been really hard on Rufus.

Keith exhales.

KEITH

Well..if Rufus is really into doing this, he's gotta think of the details. I'm not going to risk my career on Rufus' pipe dreams.

Keith takes a drag and passes the pipe to Billie at the sink.

BILLIE

I'm sure he'll think of something.

Keith reaches into the bucket and pulls out a stray piece of chicken and stuffs it in his mouth.

KEITH (mumbles)

He's not going to think of anything... We should split.

Suddenly Rufus stops in mid stride and bounds up to the window.

RUFUS

I got it! I got it!

Rufus takes the pipe from Billie and takes a long drag.

Waits a dramatic moment. Exhales. And then, triumphantly but casually;

RUFUS (CONT'D)
We'll get the seeds from the Mafia.

Keith cups his forehead in his hand.

KEITH
Oh Christ!... I suppose you're going to look them up in the yellow pages under Syndicates, Illegal.

RUFUS
I told you. Don't sweat the details.

INT. A LIBRARY.

MICROFILM DISPLAY SCREEN. In a slow pull back can be seen Keith and Billie bending over Rufus' shoulder as he twirls the controls. Newspaper pages whiz by and suddenly stop on a page with a headline which reads:

CRIME CZAR'S SON INDICTED FOR SMUGGLING

Beneath which is a picture of the hood.

RUFUS (CONT'D)
We get 'em from him!

KEITH
From him you'll get cement shoes.

BILLIE
He's cute in a greasy sort of way.

Rufus and Keith give her a look.

KEITH
I don't like any of this!

BILLIE
You said if Rufus could come up with a way to get the seeds...

KEITH
(upset)
Alright! But I wasn't expecting to get involved with the syndicate... besides how are you going to get in touch with him, call his parole officer?

Rufus rolls up the display a little and points to a name in the article.

RUFUS
Not him. We contact his lawyer.

INT. PLUSH MANHATTAN OFFICE.

A NEWSPAPER PAGE FILLS THE SCREEN. It is the same paper Rufus et al were looking at. LEO "JR." VERROCHI, one of life's miscasts, a mommy's boy of 34 who believes he is a tough hood, hastily puts down the paper.

LEO

Daddy always gets top billing.

The LAWYER, standing beside him, puts an arm about his shoulder.

LAWYER

The key to success in your business, Leo, is not to get any billing.

THEY LEAVE THE OFFICE followed by two of Leo's henchmen. They push the button for the private elevator.

LED

Mom should make Dad put out a contract on that stoolie.

LAWYER

Contracts are expensive, Leo.

The elevator doors open and they enter the elevator.

LEO

It's not the money. Dad told me he thinks a couple of years in the slammer will do me good. I can still hear him saying...

He assumes a "Godfather" pose and voice.

LEO (CONT'D)

When I was your age, I spent a couple of years in the pen. It did me good. It'll do you good.

LAWYER

My advice to you is take up that guy's offer in Iowa. It'll get you out of town, away from the heat and the press. In a month or two, your father may have a change of heart.

LED

I don't want my father's change of heart. I'll get the money for my own contract and those guys in Iowa are going to do all the work.

They step out of the elevator.

P.O.V. THROUGH BINOCULARS.

Leo and his group can be seen coming out of the building to an awaiting limousine...

SOFT SNORING O.S.

VOICE #1 (O.S.)

Hey!

VOICE #2 (O.S.)

(Sleepily)

...huh?

VOICE #1 (O.S.)

Here they come.

NEW ANGLE.

Leo and his henchmen get into the limo and pull away. Followed closely by a dented blue V.W.

EXT. MAIN STREET. RIGHTERS, IOWA.

CHURCH BELL CHIME

THE HOOD OF TROOPER DAN'S SQUAD CAR is suddenly bombarded by a large liquid bird turd.

TROOPER DAN REACHES FOR HIS GUN SUDDENLY and looks around apprehensively for the renegade bird. Dan reaches into the squad for a rag and begins to wipe up the bird turd, still looking furtively about him.

PEOPLE FILE INTO THE CHURCH AT THE INTERSECTION BEHIND DAN. CHIMES FADE UNDER AS A VERDI OPERA COMES UP.

Two black limousines make the turn before the church and approach Dan. A VERDI OPERA is switched rapidly through a series of stations and finally comes to rest on a COUNTRY WESTERN MUSIC STATION.

THE FIRST LIMO PULLS UP BESIDE DAN.

A Bronx hoodlum sticks his head out of the window and tries to act "country".

1ST HOOD

Say, partna'...

DAN

That's Officer!

From the back seat of the limo Leo gives the 1st Hood a cuff across the back of the head.

1ST HOOD

Huh?

LEO

Just ask the "officer" where Jim's Diner is.

DAN

You boys head down to...

Dan points...

DAN (CONT'D)

...5 corners and make the hard left.
It's 'bout 2 miles down the road on
the left.

The 1st Hood is about to speak but is cuffed by Leo again.

LED

Thank you, "officer".

THE LIMOS DRIVE OFF.

COUNTRY WESTERN MUSIC RETURNS RAPIDLY TO THE VERDI OPERA.

DAN

There goes a fifty-dollar bribe if
ever I saw one.

Dan gets into the squad and starts it up.

DAN (CONT'D)

Question is, where best to intercept
them?

SQUAD CAR

Revvvvvvvv.

DAN

Right!

DAN MAKES A FAST U-TURN and makes a right at the T-intersection before the church where the doors can be seen closing and the first strains of

"ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS" BEGINS.

The blue dented V.W. makes a right turn heading away from the church down Main Street. As it passes, some sort of official government seal can almost be recognized on the car's door.

VOICE #2
I'm sorry, Chief. I just couldn't
keep up with them on the interstate.

The V.W. continues past.

FIVE CORNERS. BILLIE STANDS BESIDES a phone booth as the limos make the sharp turn. Billie steps into the booth and begins to dial.

RUFUS, DRESSED IN FARMER'S CLOTHES, HANGS UP THE PHONE and, as he steps out of the booth, he takes a drag from a joint. He passes a pick-up truck and bangs on the side. Keith's sweaty face emerges covered with a tarp.

RUFUS
Two cars. That means we'll be followed.

KEITH
I don't like this.

Rufus stuffs the joint into Keith's mouth...

RUFUS
You'll like this.

...and pushes Keith's head back down.

IN A P.O.V. FROM DAN'S SQUAD, Rufus, after donning a fake beard, can be seen entering the diner. Shortly after, one black limo arrives and Leo signals to his driver and steps into the diner. The driver, even at this distance, seems like a gorilla. Single-handedly he throws three one-hundred pound bags into the back of the pick-up truck. Leo and Rufus emerge from the diner. Leo, occasionally licking his thumb, counts the money. Rufus starts the truck and heads towards Five Corners.

FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD. TRUCK PASSES AND THE OTHER LIMO EMERGES from the underbrush to follow them. And following both is Trooper Dan.

RUFUS SLOWS AND enters Five Corners. He gives Billie the high sign and making sure the limo is following, guns the truck into one of the streets.

BILLIE WATCHES. First the limo and then the squad give hot pursuit.

INSIDE THE SQUAD Dan gloats as he snaps on his seatbelt and guns the car.

A CLOUD OF DUST RISES AS THE THREE CARS race down a stretch of road.

THE SOUNDS OF OPEN PASTURE.

THE BLUE V.W. SLOWLY COMES TO A STOP.

The road before them is rapidly turning into pasture. A cow munches casually near them. OLIVER, the driver, is a round, middle-aged man in a crumpled suit. The CHIEF, an impeccably dressed and overly ambitious bureaucrat also of significant proportions, sits beside him.

OLIVER

I think we lost them, Chief,

INSIDE THE TRUCK CABIN, RUFUS BANGS on the window. Keith's head appears in the window. Suddenly Rufus makes a sharp turn and Keith's panged expression slides dramatically out of view. Rufus bangs on the window again. This time Keith appears shaken and grogged. Rufus points ahead.

THE PICK-UP TRUCK WAKES THE TURN INTO FIVE CORNERS and Keith awkwardly manages to toss out one of the bags of seeds, unseen by the limo which also makes the turn into Five Corners and follows the truck.

INSIDE THE LIMO SIT TWO HOODS.

The driver's eyes can be seen in the rear view mirror.

DRIVER

Hey, Joe. Are those cops behind us?

Joe, the passenger, turns around (facing us) to look out the rear window.

FROM JOE'S P.O.V. can be seen the dust obscured road behind them. A flashing red light appears through the dust cloud and the

SIREN BLARES.

JOE TURNS TO THE DRIVER.

JOE

I think it is.

1ST HOOD

Should I pull over?

KEITH SLOWLY PEEKS over the back edge of the pick-up truck. His face betrays an expression of paranoia and shock.

KEITH (mouths)

(Shit!)

Keith ducks quickly and his arm emerges moments later knocking on the cabin window. Rufus' hand can be seen responding with an O.K. sign. Keith's hand points behind them and suddenly disappears as the truck makes a sudden turn.

ALL THREE CARS RACE DOWN THE DIRT ROAD.

Keith can be seen jostled in the back of the truck.

SIRENS CAN BE HEARD IN THE DISTANCE.

AT FIVE CORNERS BILLIE BELABOREDLY DRAGS a large seed bag across the intersection as the blue V.W. pulls up and stops for her. The Chief honks the horn. Billie responds by giving them the "finger".

She drags the bag out of the way and the V.W. speeds off down one of the streets.

THE PICK-UP TRUCK SPEEDS TOWARDS FIVE CORNERS.

In the turn Keith awkwardly dumps out a seed bag and the truck speeds off. The limo following at a distance, screeches toward the corner, and skids around the turn.

SIRENS APPROACH RAPIDLY.

THROUGH THE REAR WINDOW OF THE LIMO, Trooper Dan's squad car can be seen making the turn.

1ST HOOD

Are you sure that's not a cop car?

JOE

Just follow the seeds!

1ST HOOD

Joe, I think it's a cop Car!

TWO SHOT OF DAN AND HIS SQUAD CAR.

DAN

I think we better tell them.

Dan picks up the microphone.

THE THREE AUTOS RACE DOWN A DIRT ROAD.

Keith again can be seen jostled in the back of the truck.

DAN (V.O.)

(Over P.A.)

This is the Iowa State Police.
Pull over!

INSIDE THE LIMO.

1ST HOOD

See, it was a cop car. I'm pulling over.

Joe pulls out a gun from his shoulder holster.

1ST HOOD (CONT'D)

(looking at gun)

HEY! Ain't a speeding ticket bad enough?

Joe sticks the gun out the window and commences firing at the squad.

GUN SHOTS.

1ST HOOD

Ah shit, now you've gone and done it.

RUFUS CRINGES LOWER AT THE WHEEL upon hearing the shots. He takes a nervous toke from a joint and motions in the window the "O.K." sign and lowers his hand. Keith's contorted and horrifies face appears in the window. He is yelling at the window but he cannot be heard. Suddenly a stray bullet fractures the window before him and Keith's face changes rapidly into extreme solemnity and disappears as the truck screeches into a turn.

GUN SHOTS IN THE DISTANCE.

BILLIE AGAIN LABORIOUSLY DRAGS A SEED BAG across the street at Five Corners as the blue V.W. pulls up and stops for her. The Chief points out from his window.

CHIEF

I tell you, I heard gun shots from over there.

Oliver points out from his window.

OLIVER

No, they're coming from over there.

With Billie out of the way, they drive off straight.

CHIEF

I told you right!

OLIVER

I told you not to yell at me!

THE PICK-UP TRUCK MAKES A FAST TURN THROUGH Five Corners and Keith, dancing in the truck, makes the last drop. He falls

back in the truck as Rufus guns it down one street. The limo enters the intersection and speeds down another street. And lastly the squad speeds into Five Corners and races down still another street. As the dust settles Billie begins to drag the seed bag to their waiting sports car.

INSIDE THE 2nd LIMO.

JOE

I think we lost them.

1ST HOOD

The cops?

JOE

No, the seeds, stupid. Turn around.
If we don't find them, Leo'll kill us.

They make a fast U-turn.

INSIDE V.W. A COLD SILENCE PREVAILS as the car slows to a stop.

CHIEF

O.K...I'm sorry I yelled...

OLIVER

...Accepted.

They make a fast U-turn.

THE SQUAD SCREECHES TO A HALT.

In the f.g. the grill of the squad can be seen with Dan visible through the windshield. Dan sniffs the air.

DAN

You're right. We've lost the scent.

SQUAD CAR

Revvvvvvvv.

They make a fast U-turn.

RUFUS MAKES A FAST U-TURN through Jim's Diner parking lot.

PHONE BOOTH FIVE CORNERS. Billie dials.

CHURCH FOYER. An old man picks up the phone. His expression changes to horror and he drops the receiver.

OVERVIEW OF FIVE CORNERS.

All four cars skid to a halt at the intersection.

RUFUS TAKES A DRAG FROM A JOINT and slams the truck into gear.

THE TRUCK TIRE SPINS IN THE ROAD and SCREECHES into an abrupt turn on Main Street followed by the limo, the Squad, and the blue V.W., all jostling and skidding for position.

HORNS BLARING. SIRENS. ETC.

AT THE CHURCH THE OLD MAN, sweating, hobbles up the center aisle clutching at his heart.

THE TRUCK RACES UP MAIN STREET followed by the others jostling for position.

AT THE CHURCH the old man whispers into Brown's ear.

THE HYMN NEARS THE END.

BROWN
THERE'S A BOMB!! EVERYBODY OUT!

THE HYMN DISSIPATES INTO CHAOS and the congregation rushes for the doors.

OUT OF THE CHURCH POURS THE CONGREGATION just as the truck pulls up. Rufus and Keith jump out and quickly mingle with the hysterical crowd. Brown gets into his truck just as the limo arrives.

JOE PULLS BROWN OUT OF THE TRUCK.

JOE
Out of the truck!

FARMER (0.5.)
They got a gun on the Rev!!

Several farmers pull out their rifles from their trucks. Dan arrives and jumps out of his squad with gun drawn.

DAN
You three - up against the truck!

A FEW GUN SHOTS.

The blue V.W. skids to a halt before the driveway exit. The Chief jumps out with a megaphone.

CHIEF
Don't anybody move. This is the F.B.I.

The gun skirmish continues. People yell and scream. CHAOS REIGNS in the church parking lot.

TO ONE SIDE ON THE STREET Rufus and Keith hop into an already overloaded sports car. Billie hands Rufus a joint and they drive off.

FADE UP MISSION IMPOSSIBLE THEME.

INT. OVAL OFFICE WHITE HOUSE.

DARRELL sits beside the desk, he pages through a stack of paper reading and yelling in the direction of an open door.

WE CAN HEAR THE PRESIDENT RELIEVING HIS BLADDER.

DARRELL
...that's about it for foreign
affairs...

CAMERA PANS to a small classical nude statue of Apollo. He wears a fig leaf of course. The camera tilts around to view behind the leaf where a small microphone lies hidden. The camera follows the tiny wire trailing down the leg and onto the wall.

DARRELL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
...finally on the domestic scene the
new cannabis bill draft is ready for
your O.K. and...

PRESIDENT FLUSHES THE TOILET AND ZIPS HIS PANTS

PRESIDENT (O.S.)
...make a note to get some Columbian,
Darrell...

THE CAMERA, having followed the wire to a point where it enters the wall,

DISSOLVES THROUGH THE WALL into a small room packed with highly sophisticated electronic recording instruments.

DARRELL (O.S.)
...oh, yes. In-House Services suggested
you rattle the handle to keep the
water from running.

From one tape recorder, which stops when Darrell stops talking, a phone cord leads to a phone receiver cradled in a Sears Phono-Answer machine.

ELECTRONIC PHONE RINGING. AND THEN WE HEAR..

KEITH (Phone Over)
John Smith. 7 A.m.

We hear a HIGH FREQUENCY SIGNAL and the Answer Phone rewinds rapidly, plays back and we hear Darrell's recorded voice.

DARRELL (O.S.)
 ...Ready for your morning briefing,
 sir....

CUT TO

EXT. THE FARM.

ROCK MUSIC FROM A TAPE DECK.

Rufus drives a rickety old tractor smoking a joint. Beside him Keith sits paging through a book on his lap.

KEITH
 Doesn't say anything about this in...

Keith turns the book over.

KEITH (CONT'D)
 ..."Agricultural Techniques for the
 modern mechanized Farmer"...

Rufus takes a hit from the joint.

RUFUS
 Look it up in the index. It's called
 "contour" farming.

THE OLD TRACTOR PASSES and reveals behind them chaotic rows of meandering furrows on the flat Iowa land.

FADE UP: "I OWE A LOT TO IOWA POT", a country western drug song which plays over the next series of shots.

TYPEWRITER TYPES:

DEAR MAMA,
 THREE WEEKS WASTED AND PAPA'S
 GOONS STILL HAVEN'T FOUND THAT FIELD....

We see that the typewriter is mounted in the back seat dash of the limo. A frosty drink stands beside the typewriter while Leo types.

OUT THROUGH THE WINDOW the two hoods emerge from a field of calf-high corn. Joe points with his hand to the ground but too late. The 1st Hood steps into manure. He tries to scrape it off as they walk to the limo. Leo rolls down the window. The hoods shake their heads "no".

LEO SNIFFS CAUTIOUSLY and with a sour expression rolls up the window.

EXT. COUNTRY ROADSIDE.

OLIVER SITS IN THE FRONT seat of the V.W. eating a bucket of fried chicken.

THE CHIEF EMERGES from a field of knee-high corn. He accidentally steps in manure and tries to scrape it off his shoes.

THE CHIEF COMES UP BESIDE THE V.W. and Oliver hands a drumstick to the Chief who absentmindedly uses it to scrape his shoe.

INT. FARM HOUSE.

Heavy downpour drenches the outside of the living room window. Smoke trails by and we follow it down to Keith who with joint in hand pours over technical farm books. He passes the joint to Billie who, while reclining on the sofa, makes sketches of marijuana packages which can also be seen taped to the bare walls.

Some names read "POT", "TEA", "LIDS", "DOPE", etc.

Billie nudges Rufus and he accepts the joint from her and takes a drag. He goes to the T.V., the screen of which is unseen, and begins channel hopping. He sits down again. The CAMERA makes a slight turn revealing the empty shell of the T.V. with a potted plant growing in it.

EXT. L.S. IOWA COUNTRYSIDE.

The Iowa downpour continues. A large billboard separates the Mafia's limo from the FBI's blue V.W.

They are obviously not aware of each other. Beyond them in the field two sets of umbrellas weave through the head-high corn, sometimes narrowly missing each other, back to their autos.

EXT. IOWA ROADSIDE.

In a bright clear early evening, Trooper Dan approaches a row of corn in the field beside the road. He parts the row of corn. Behind this veneer of corn a field of waist-high cannabis grows. Dan smiles to himself.

After lightly dusting his shoes, he gives his squad car a caressing pat.

EXT. FARMHOUSE YARD.

Two figures and an outhouse stand silhouetted against a dense overcast sky. Wind blows erratically everywhere.

KEITH TAKES A DRAG and passes joint forward to Billie who in turn passes the joint to Rufus' hand sticking out of the outhouse door. Suddenly lightning flashes and the downpour commences causing Billie and Keith to run for the house.

MUSIC: "I OWE A LOT TO IOWA POT" ENDS AND FADES.

FROM INSIDE OUTHOUSE Rufus can be heard exhaling and coughing.

RUFUS
...This is good shit!

INT. FARMHOUSE.

Billie pours a bag of marijuana into a brownie mixing bowl and stirs.

KEITH
(V.O. from another
room)
...how about "IOWAN" like Jamaican?

BILLIE
Nah!

KEITH ROLLS A JOINT IN THE LIVING ROOM.

Smoking paraphernalia scattered over the coffee table. He lights the joint.

KEITH
...how 'bout "IOWA GOLD"?

BILLIE DUMPS IN ANOTHER BAG and mixes it into the brownie batter.

BILLIE
Nah!

Billie looks through the kitchen window

BILLIE'S P.O.V. OF PICK-UP TRUCK approaching farmhouse.

BILLIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Who's that coming up here?

KEITH LOOKS THROUGH THE LIVING ROOM WINDOW.

KEITH
That looks like the Brown's truck...
damn, we gotta get rid of this stuff!!

Keith in panic rips several of the sketches off the walls and begins to fan the room. Billie rushes in with mixing bowl still in hand.

BILLIE

Get the stuff upstairs and in the
hall closet!

Keith leaves. Billie hastily scoops up mounds of marijuana off the various tables into her apron and, for lack of a better choice, dumps it into her brownie bowl and mixes it too!

KEITH RUSHES BACK INTO THE ROOM. His arms are full of plastic bags of marijuana.

KEITH

Where do we get rid of this?

BILLIE

Flush it down the toilet!

KEITH RUNS OUT and yells back .

KEITH

...our toilet doesn't flush!!!!

THE TRUCK PULLS UP BESIDE THE HOUSE AND three ladies step out. The CAMERA continues to PAN picking up Keith running out the back door heading for the outhouse.

ON THE FRONT PORCH the three ladies walk up to the door and knock. Through the door can be heard the RADIO SWITCHED from station to station to station, none of which sound at all like country western. One of the ladies knocks again and the radio can be heard suddenly turned off. Billie opens the door a crack.

BILLIE

Oh, Mrs. Brown...

She opens the door a little more. She has a towel folded over her head and a towel clutched before her.

BILLIE (CONT'D)

...this is a surprise...you caught me
in the shower...

OVER BILLIE'S SHOULDER WE SEE MRS. BROWN suspiciously looking into the house, but she is not aware that under Billie's towel she still wears her shorts and a tube top.

MRS. BROWN

..ah, well...Miss Smith...We're from
the Church Women's Auxiliary and we
(MORE)

MRS. BROWN (CONT'D)
 wanted to invite you to our picnic
 Sunday...we always invite newcomers.

BILLIE
 ...OH...We'd love to...Sunday?
 Sure.,,Where will it be?

MRS. BROWN
 ...At Memorial Park...

BILLIE
 ...We'll be there. Thank you, Mrs.
 Brown.

Billie hastily closes the door, leaving the three ladies put
 off.

MRS. BROWN
 Well!

1ST WOMAN
 Did you smell something strange?

2ND WOMAN
 We did catch her at an odd time.

They agree to this likely explanation and return to the truck.

RUFUS DRIVES UP IN THE SPORTS CAR, passing the truck as it
 leaves. Juggling groceries he comes up to the door and finding
 it locked, he knocks with his foot. Billie opens the door a
 crack and recognizing Rufus, lets him in. Billie takes off
 her towel disguise.

RUFUS
 What's going on here?

BILLIE
 We've just been invited to the church
 picnic Sunday.

KEITH RUSHES IN FROM THE BACK.

KEITH
 Are they here yet? I just dumped
 everything down the outhouse.

RUFUS
 Dumped what?

KEITH
 The....grass??????

RUFUS
 You dumped all the grass in the
 outhouse?!

BILLIE LICKS HER FINGER after running it through the brownie
 batter.

BILLIE
 Not all of it.

EXT. MEMORIAL PARK.

A picnic table filled with a large family. They look like the
 stereotype of wholesome Middle American farmers.

BROWN (O.S.)
 ...This here's Jake
 (he nods)
 And Alice his...

NEW PICNIC TABLE, NEW FACE but the same stereotype.

BROWN (O.S.)
 ..his wife
 (she nods)
 And that's their...

NEW TABLE, NEW FAMILY.

BROWN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 ...eldest, Jamie
 (he nods)
 And his young bride there
 (she giggles)
 And there is...

NEW TABLE, NEW FAMILY.

CAMERA PANS TO EACH IN TURN.

BROWN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 ...my wife...my eldest, Zeke... my
 daughter, Elly...my twins, Ellen and
 Trudy...and Jimmy and Andrew. And
 finally a good friend, Sgt. Dan Fogel.

Trooper Dan is dressed impeccably in his uniform wearing his
 reflective sunglasses.

ANOTHER ANGLE: In the b.g. a country western group can be
 seen setting up on a wooden dance floor.

MRS. BROWN (O.S.)
 You young ones, scoot over and let
 the Smiths' sit down.

THE THREE KIDS SITTING opposite Dan slide over. Having little choice, Rufus, Billie and Keith sit timidly across from Dan who remains expressionless.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

MRS. BROWN (CONT'D)

You dears must be hungry, gettin' here so late.

Billie is about to respond but,

BROWN

Of course they're hungry...

(To Billie)

What you got to eat, dear?

Billie is about to respond as Mrs. Brown begins to empty Gillie's picnic basket. Billie tries to prevent her, but Mrs. Brown takes out a jar.

MRS. BROWN

That's that health food stuff, isn't it?

Billie again opens her mouth to speak, but...

BROWN

Health food? You don't need health food here. Everything here comes straight from the Lord's good earth.

Billie tries to respond, but notices Mrs. Brown reaching again into the basket. Billie tries to tactfully stop her, but Mrs. Brown pulls out a large platter of brownies.

MRS. BROWN

...I didn't know that brownies were health food?

KEITH'S MOUTH DROPS OPEN upon noticing the brownies. He looks at Billie inquiringly. She nods her head affirmatively. She too looks worried.

RUFUS GRABS A BROWNIE.

RUFUS

I think I'll have one now.

Rufus grabs the plate and offers it to Dan.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

You want one, Sgt.? My sister's a real good cook.

BROWN

Try one, Dan. Let me know how they are. I plan to eat the rest.

Dan, under social pressure, takes a brownie and bites into it.

RUFUS

(to Dan)

You know, I've heard that some people put marijuana in brownies.

DAN STARTS TO COUGH.

MRS. BROWN

That's awful! Even little Jodi found an Oscar Mayer Weiner whistle in her Twinkie.

Dan coughs and chokes harder.

BILLIE

You O.K.?

Rev. Brown slams Dan on the back, and Dan inadvertently swallows the last lump.

CAMERA PANS down to a FULL platter of brownies.

SUDDENLY THE PLATTER IS NEARLY EMPTY.

In the b.g. (O.S.) can be heard A SLOW COUNTRY BALLAD. Behind the platter and table, out of focus, people dance. A hand reaches into frame and takes up a brownie.

NEW ANGLE.

FARMER #1

Go on, Isaiah, tell'em about it.

FARMER #2 (laughing)

You won't believe what we did to those hippies from Chicago.

Brown chews on a brownie.

BROWN

It was funny, the look on that boy's face as we burnt down his farm...

KEITH'S FACE PALES.

NEW ANGLE.

Couples slowly dance behind the small group which is hanging on Rev. Brown's words.

BROWN (CONT'D)

...But that wasn't the point. You see these two long-hairs and their girlfriend. They said she was their sister, but they was a regular "commune". Well, they lease this farm in the next county, planning to grow marijuana and sell it in Chicago, Me and the boys here found out about it and we went down there and burnt them out and by the time Dan arrived...

DAN

...You know you shouldn't have burned the evidence.

FARMER #1

Go on, you'd just burn it anyhow. At least we had some fun.

BROWN

...But the funny thing was Dan arrived and there was no evidence and one of those hippies from Chicago says...

Brown falling into the role assumes the manner and speech of a spaced-out stoned marijuana freak.

BROWN

"Man, you can't arrest us for growin' ashes, man." But Dan was ready for them. He just took out his Marijuana Test Kit...

RUFUS

Marijuana test kit? There's no such thing.

BILLIE AND KEITH AS PARANOIA FLUSHES THEIR CHEEKS.

FROM THE PLATE IN F.G., Brown takes the 2nd to last brownie and stuffs it in his mouth.

BROWN

(Mumbles)

...Why as I'm sitting right in front of you, Dan's got one in his trunk right now. Go on, Dan, show it to them.

DAN TAKES THE LAST BROWNIE.

DAN

...Alright. I suppose you might call this educating the public in Police Technology.

He gets up and the others follow across the screen.

FARMER #1

(whispers to Keith)

Dan's a little strange - he has this thing for his car, but otherwise he's almost normal.

FROM THE EMPTY BROWNIE PLATTER THE CAMERA TILTS UP AND FOCUSES ON DANCE AREA.

The dancers are grinding their groins together more than dancing.

THE LAST TUNE ENDS.

BAND LEADER

...that number was dedicated to all you lonely hearts out there ...and now...

THE BAND STRIKES UP A QUICK TEMPO MELODY.

BAND LEADER (CONT'D)

...a swinging square dance. Grab your partner and...

The stoned dancers, however, continue to do their slow sexual grinds.

NEW ANGLE - BLACK.

From inside the trunk we see Dan open the trunk while the others crowd about him. He reaches in and pulls out a case which reads:

"IOWA STATE POLICE. OFFICIAL MARIJUANA TEST KIT."

KEITH'S HORRIFIED EXPRESSION as Dan turns to the crowd.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

FARMER #2

Open it up and let'em see it. That'll prove it.

DAN OPEN'S THE KIT in which are enclosed vials with needles.

DAN

..By means of these handy compact vials, we can diagnose in the field anyone suspected of taking narcotics, opening the way for quick apprehension...

BROWN

...just show 'em how it works.

SUDDENLY DAN STICKS KEITH IN THE ARM WITH THE VIAL

and takes a sample of blood. Dan begins to shake the vial.

DAN

...the chemicals in the vial automatically analyze the sample and if there is any THC in the blood the fluid turns green.

VIAL TURNS GREEN. Dan turns to Keith and stares sternly.

KEITH IS STUNNED SPEECHLESS.

KEITH

... ah... ah ...

THE STERN FACES OF BROWN AND FRIENDS suddenly break out into laughter.

BROWN

...it works every time...

FARIFLER #1 Don't matter what you put in it, it always turns green.

FARMER #2

(holding his sides
with laughter)

The guilty ones always confess.

The stoned farmers freak out into uncontrollable laughter.

DAN CHUCKLES at Keith.

KEITH'S EYES ROLL UP and he drops out of the picture in a dead faint.

INT. WHITE HOUSE. 166.

In the secret tape recorder room, one lone tape plays.

On the tape b.g. SOMEONE SEARCHES LOUDLY on a desk top.

VOICE #1

(O.S. tape)

...The two distinguished senators from Missouri and Tennessee respectively, will most likely vote against the cannabis bill, but if we package it with the Defense budget we'll get strong support in the west and...sir?...sir?...

VOICE #2 (tape)

Darrell, have you seen my spoon?

VOICE #1 (tape)

Which one?

VOICE #2 (tape)

You know, my coke spoon!

EXT. MARIJUANA FIELD.

SOUND OF BIG TRUCK APPROACHING O.S.

HANDS come into frame and pluck a marijuana leaf, crumble it into rolling paper and roll a joint.

TRUCK HORN SOUNDS SEVERAL TIMES.

THE CAMERA TILTS UP AS truck races by and follow pans it to the house.

CUT TO

INT. HOUSE.

Keith is on the phone listening to the taped message.

THE TRUCK HORN APPROACHING as if it were to burst through the front door. Keith panics, drops the phone and runs.

EXT. HOUSE.

The tandem mack truck swerves and crashes through the outhouse splintering it. The brakes suddenly squeal and the truck comes to a dead stop in f.g.

As the dust clears, Rufus stumbles out of the truck cabin back toward the outhouse. Billie runs out from the back door and Keith emerges from the front.

THEY CONVERGE AT THE OUTHOUSE HOLE. Keith surveys the damage.

KEITH

What the hell happened?!

Rufus checks over a large burn hole in the thigh of his pants.

RUFUS
A hot joint dropped in my pants.

BILLIE
But the bathroom is gone!

RUFUS
(rubbing his burn)
You still have the hole.

BILLIE
But the toilet on top of it is gone!

RUFUS
We'll pitch a tent around it or
something,. But forget that. Look at
this truck!

KEITH
...THE PHONE!

Keith rushes back into the house.

RUFUS
...The cabin's so big it even has a
bedroom.

A loving look from Billie.

BILLIE
Oh...really.

Rufus and Billie head for the truck.

INT. HOUSE.

Keith picks up the dangling phone. From the phone:

VOICE #2 (Phone Over)
...I want you to get the FBI... no
forget them... the CIA on this and
find the damn bureaucrat who stole my
spoon.

Keith aims an electronic device into the mouthpiece of the
receiver. THE DEVICE EMITS A SERIES OF HIGH PITCHED SOUNDS
which causes the tape to stop.

ONE CLICK SOUNDS.

As Keith is about to hang up, he notices there is no dial
tone.

ANOTHER CLICK then DIAL TONE.

Keith is stunned and slowly hangs up the phone.

KEITH (to himself)
It went click, click.

EXT. HOUSE.

Rufus throws open the hood.

RUFUS
Just look at this engine!

BILLIE
How fast will it go?

RUFUS
150 on the stretches and at least 100
on the turns.

Billie squeezes Rufus' arm as they move to the back of the truck.

BILLIE
The power of it excites me!

RUFUS
And look at the lines on her...

BILLIE
Isn't it conspicuous? Couldn't you
get something smaller?

RUFUS
Smaller? We'll be lucky if we get
the whole 140 acres in this.

Rufus unlocks the rear door as Keith comes up.

, RUFUS
...And that's nothing - wait till you
see this!

Rufus throws open the door revealing a complex piece of machinery filling up the entire back of the truck.

BILLIE (impressed)
It's fantastic!

Keith arrives, very much preoccupied by the phone.

RUFUS
Ain't it!
(MORE)

RUFUS (CONT'D)

(to Keith)

I told you I'd get one and at wholesale
no less.

KEITH

It went click, click.

RUFUS

Nah, the man showed me how to run it.
It sounds more like a buzz-thud, buzz-
thud.

KEITH

Not the machine. The phone. I called
Washington.

RUFUS

Washington! What's the news?!

KEITH

...I think our phone's bugged.

RUFUS

What?

KEITH

Yeah, there were two clicks and not
only that, but lately I've had the
feeling...

ZOOM BACK to binocular view of farm.

KEITH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...that we're being watched.

RUFUS (V.O.)

That's ridiculous. It's all in your
head. Nobody even knows we're here.

EXT. MAFIA STAKEOUT.

JOE LOWERS THE BINOCULARS, takes a drag from the joint and
passes it to Leo.

JOE

Looks like they got us a truck.

LEO

That was considerate of them.

Leo takes a drag from the joint.

CUT TO

EXT. FARM FIELD.

A cow munches the grass. It looks obviously stoned. It stumbles out through the corn onto the road and approaches the blue V.W. parked beside the road in which the Chief sits. From the opposite field Oliver emerges toward the car. The cow being so stoned decides to take a breather and leans up against the V.W.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

OLIVER
Nothing here but corn, Chief!

THE COW STARES BLANKLY into the car at the perturbed Chief.

CHIEF
Oliver! Get this cow off the car.

Oliver tries to shoo the cow away but she refuses to budge. Rather it stares blankly at Oliver.

OLIVER
The damn thing won't go.

INSIDE THE CAR.

CHIEF
Do I have to do everything myself?

THE CHIEF GETS OUT and tries to push the cow away from behind. But the cow is abstinent and even drops a pile on the Chief's foot.

CHIEF (CONT'D)
Damn *@lll** cow. All over my shoes.

OLIVER EXAMINES THE COW CLOSER. He pries open her eyelids.

OLIVER
It's eyes are dilated.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

CHIEF
(^n Damn cow. Get away from the car!

OLIVER PRIES OPEN the cow's mouth and smells her breath.

OLIVER
(softly)
Marijuana.
(MORE)

OLIVER (CONT'D)
 (loudly)
 Chief, I think this cow's been eating
 grass!

ANOTHER ANGLE.

CHIEF
 Brilliant, all cows eat grass. Now
 help me get him away from here.

OLIVER
 No it's stoned!

The light-bulb pops up in the Chief's expression.

CHIEF
 Oh...

He looks down at his soiled shoe.

CHIEF (CONT'D)
 We better get this to the lab to have
 it analyzed at once.

OLIVER
 Wouldn't it be simpler to just look
 in that field first.

OLIVER POINTS to the field with Rufus, Billie and Keith's
 house in the b.g. A BudMeiser Beer Truck drives by.

EXT. BARNYARD. EVENING.

Billie, Rufus and Keith stand before a meager frame supporting
 a flimsy curtain over the outhouse hole.

RUFUS
 Look, I built it myself. It's safe.
 Go on in and sit on it.

BILLIE
 I'm not so sure,
 (to Keith)
 Keith, honey, let's drive to the gas
 station.

RUFUS
 Damn, if you're not going first, I'll
 go.

BILLIE
 Well...I can't wait.

Billie goes in. Rufus lights a joint. Suddenly from inside

THE WOOD FRAME CREAKS, SNAPS, AND CRASHES.

BILLIE (from inside) (CONT'D)
 AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

Followed by a loud SPLASH.

Keith rushes in.

KEITH
 Honey!! Are you alright?

Rufus is left to himself.

RUFUS
 (to himself)
 Back to the old drawing board,
 (louder)
 Listen, I'll be right back...I'm going
 to the gas station....

INT. HOUSE. THE BATHROOM. NIGHT.

Keith enters. Keith yells back to Billie in another room.

KEITH
 Where's the aspirin?!!

BILLIE (O.S.)
 In the medicine cabinet underneath
 the Vaseline.

Keith comes up to the toilet bowl and lifts the lid. From inside he first withdraws a vaseline jar and then the aspirin bottle. He juggles with the bottle in the process of taking two tablets out.

KEITH GETS UP.

We can see that the tank behind the toilet is cracked with pieces missing. He goes to the sink and fills a glass of water still juggling two aspirin, one cap and the bottle. He returns to the toilet seat and still juggling one glass of water, one vaseline jar, two tablets, one cap, and an aspirin bottle, he manages to replace the bottle.

KEITH LEAVES THE BATHROOM.

INT. BEDROOM.

Billie quickly sits up in bed and takes the aspirin and water from Keith.

BILLIE
I'm sorry honey, but the harvesting
today really gave me a headache.

Keith does not reply. Instead he picks up a pair of binoculars and slams off the lights and the door. He sits dejectedly before the open window peering over the dark farmland.

BILLIE LAYS BACK IN BED content in having put Keith off for another night.

KEITH (O.S.)
FUCK!!

Billie frowns.

BILLIE
Not tonight, honey. I told you I have
a headache.

KEITH
It's the Mafia! Look. Look at this!

BILLIE GETS OUT OF THE BED. As Keith hands her the binoculars...

BILLIE
How do you know?

KEITH
I can tell by the whites of their
ties.

Billie brings up the binoculars to her eyes.

IN BILLIE'S P.O.V. JOE and the other hood stand before a darkened clump of trees looking back through binoculars. Against the dark suits and dark backdrops their white ties glow like neon lights.

INT. BARN.

Rufus tinkers over the contraption that he has brought in the truck.

SUDDENLY, THE BARN DOORS BURST OPEN.

In rush Billie and Keith.

RUFUS TURNS TO THEM.

RUFUS
Great. You're back. See I've got it
working.

KEITH
Well, get it back in the truck. We're
leaving.

BILLIE
Go pack.

KEITH AND BILLIE BEGIN COLLECTING THINGS IN THE BARN.

RUFUS
Wait a minute. Wait a minute! What
the hell goes on?

KEITH
I saw the Mafia in that clump of trees.

RUFUS
This is the third time you've seen
the Mafia. Big deal.

BILLIE
I saw them too!

KEITH
So we gotta get out.

RUFUS
Don't sweat the details. They're not
going to do anything until we harvest
it for them, but by then it'll be
legal. Let me show you how it works.
Keith get on and start peddling.

RUFUS POINTS TO A BICYCLE connected to the machine by a drive
belt. Keith's train of thought derailed, he gets on and
peddles.

RUFUS POURS SOME MARIJUANA into the intake receptacle and
escorts Billie down the length of the machine. BUZZ-THUD noises
come from the machine as Keith peddles,

RUFUS (to Keith) (CONT'D)
Faster!

Keith peddles faster and the machine's tempo increases.

RUFUS (to Billie) (CONT'D)
It's almost like printing money...
Watch close now.

BACK AT THE PEDDLES, Keith is running out of breath.

KEITH
We're all going to end up dead.

Rufus yells back.

RUFUS

FASTER!

Keith peddles faster and still the tempo increases.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

Here it comes, it's coming...

Billie catching the rhythm starts to moan.

BILLIE

Come on, come on.

She starts to brush up against Rufus unmindfully. Keith yells from the peddles.

KEITH

You're both mad!

RUFUS

Faster,,.It's coming...they're coming...

KEITH PEDDLES FASTER and suddenly the rubber drive belt snaps.

THE MACHINE HEAVES momentarily and out spurts one perfectly rolled joint. In post orgasmic relief, Rufus picks up the first joint and lights it.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

Ah...this thing'll roll a thousand joints an hour.

RUFUS PASSES JOINT TO BILLIE. Keith stumbles up.

KEITH

Insane. You're both insane.

He grabs the joint and holds it up to their faces.

KEITH (CONT'D)

They're probably right when they say this stuff leads to heroin! But we won't have to worry about that, half-brother! Long before that, those hoods out there will have our asses up against the wall, and when they ask if I have any last words, You know what I'm going to say to you then, Rufus?! I ...I told you so!!

RUFUS

Relax, have a toke.

KEITH
Never, never again.

Keith angrily throws the joint to the ground.

HYSTERICAL KEITH TURNS SUDDENLY to leave and slams into a post knocking him out.

Rufus and Billie come up. Rufus picks up the joint and takes a drag.

RUFUS
I think the tension is getting to him.

INT. WHITE HOUSE OVAL OFFICE.

ON A SCREEN. Two prostitute-looking girls stand in doorway. Two men approach them. Negotiations ensue.

After a moment the four enter the doorway and disappear.

FILM NARRATOR (V.O.)
(in John Chancellor
type voice)
...the old days of syndicate prostitution are gone. Today the ladies often work for themselves. These two who asked not to be named allowed our film crew to record their profession in action. After the girls contract a fee with their "Johns" they adjourn to any convenient room....

REVERSE ANGLE. In the darkened, smoked-filled room three figures sit at the head of a conference table silhouetted by the projection light. O.S. the two girls engage in CASUAL CONVERSATION with their Johns and soon HEAVY BREATHING ENSUES.

DARRELL
Where did you dreg up this fuckin' film?

ADVISOR #1
It's the out takes from the NBC White paper on prostitution.

GRUNTS AND GROANS CONTINUE TO GROW LOUDER.

FILM NARRATOR (V.O.)
...this lady of the night confided to us later that this maneuver with the mouth is particularity difficult and requires much practice...

Darrell turns to figure at head of the table.

DARRELL

Frankly sir, the cannabis bill will pass, but tagging on an amendment legalizing prostitution may kill both. Possibly...

ADVISOR #1

...but think of the additional revenues! We'll be literally taxing their asses! Congress will be sure to go for it.

GRUNTS, GROANS AND SLURPS CRESCENDOS.

PRESIDENT

Jeez, look at that!

All three figures stare transfixed on the unseen film. They make SEVERAL SOUNDS of wonderment.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

...although some of the customers don't take advantage of it, the girls provide this service on a no-extra-cost basis. As this young lady stated later, it's one of her high points in the session.

GRUNTS, GROANS, SLURPS AND THE 3 SILHOUETTED FIGURES CLIMAX.

The three figures fall back in their chairs.

ADVISOR #1

Mr. President, if you make that...
(points to screen)
...Legal, you'll be in for four more.

DARRELL

Well, sir, what do you think?

The figure at the head of the table takes a drag from what appears to be a joint.

PRESIDENT

I think that girl's got the biggest tits I've ever seen.

IN THE TAPE RECORDING ROOM. The one tape recorder seen earlier rolls recording the conversation.

DARRELL (from tape)

The vote's tomorrow. Do we add prostitution?

ANOTHER AUDIBLE TOKE.

PRESIDENT (from tape)

I think...

The tape breaks and commences to flap.

INT. HARDWARE STORE.

Keith stands at the wall phone in the f.g. Billie, in the near aisle, and Rufus on the far side of the counter, are in the b.g. Keith hears the TAPE FLAPPING. His expression turns sharply to panic. He brings up his electronic sound device and aims it into the phone.

BILLIE COMES UP TO A MIRROR IN HER AISLE.

She adjusts her blouse; undoes two buttons and juggles her bra back and forth. She manages to reveal enough cleavage for her satisfaction. She turns back to the counter and peering through the spaces in the shelves, looks for Rufus. She steps down the aisle across from Rufus and positions herself before an empty shelf.

BILLIE

Rufus?

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COUNTER.

Rufus is bending down inspecting a toilet tank.

On hearing Billie he looks up.

RUFUS' P.O.V. LOOKING THROUGH THE OPEN SHELF at Billie's displayed bosom. In one hand she holds a toilet bowl float.

BILLIE (CONT'D)

Can you use a couple of these?

RUFUS' HAND COMES through the open shelf and takes the float from Billie. The hand twists it back and forth as if Rufus were scrutinizing it.

RUFUS (O.S.)

Nah.

FROM THE RECEIVER WHICH KEITH HOLDS TO HIS EAR THE BROKEN TAPE CAN BE HEARD. He reaches up and pulls the receiver cradle down. He hears the phone click followed again by a second click. Nearly terrified, he hangs up the phone and yells:

KEITH

RUFUS!

EVERYBODY IN THE STORE TURNS TO STARE AT HIM as do Billie and Rufus.

KEITH, EMBARRASSED AND HYSTERICAL AT THE SAME MOMENT, whispers...

KEITH (CONT'D)

Rufus.

...and motions to them to come to him.

THEY COME UP TO KEITH. Keith tries to disguise his 216. Hysteria.

KEITH (CONT'D)

I'm getting out.

RUFUS

But what's happenin' in Washington?

KEITH

It's going flap, flap. I think the tape's broke.

Keith turns to Billie.

KEITH (CONT'D)

Let's go Billie.

RUFUS

Don't sweat the details. Sit down, relax. Think about it calmly.

Keith et al sit down calmly on three adjacent commodes. Keith settles back in some semblance of calm and counts off on his fingers.

KEITH

...from what I heard on the tape, the bill may not pass tomorrow. The tape is broken so I can't find out if they will solve the problem before the senate vote and finally every phone in town besides ours is bugged. I'm not upset, I'm leaving.

Keith starts to get up, but Rufus refrains him.

RUFUS

Isn't there anybody else in Washington you can call? THINK!

Keith leans forward in the "Thinker's" position. He mulls for a moment.

KEITH
 ...There's Jonesy, the Presidential
 chauffeur.

RUFUS
 Great! We'll give 'em a call. Now
 grab what you're sitting on and let's
 go. We've got a lot of loading to do.

KEITH PICKS UP THE BOWL and follows Rufus. He mumbles....

KEITH
 I don't like it.

Keith looks down at Billie's cleavage. Billie noticing Keith's
 stern expression buttons up her blouse.

CUT TO

INT. PRESIDENTIAL LIMOUSINE CRUISING THROUGH THE CAPITAL'S
 AVENUES.

A remote phone RINGS in the driver's compartment of the limo
 and JONESY, a thirtyish black homosexual picks up the receiver.
 Behind him a glass partition separates him from a smoke-filled
 passenger compartment where three figures sit in heated debate.
 Their voices are garbled and indistinct.

JONESY
 Presidential Limousine, it's your
 quarter, honey, start talking...

KEITH
 (a whispered phone
 over)
 Jonesy, remember that twenty bucks
 you owe me?

JONESY
 If that's you MISTER Secretary, I'm
 not going to let you take it out "in
 trade"!

KEITH
 I'm not Mr. Secretary.

JONESY
 Mr. Vice President, is this you?

KEITH
 Forget who I am. How would you like
 to be out of debt but not out of
 money?...

THE LIMO CRUISES BESIDES A PARK AND PASSES TWO SPACED-OUT
LOOKING HIPPIES.

KEITH (CONT'D)
(A whispered phone
over O.S.)
...just be at the Senate when they
vote on the defense budget tomorrow...

THE TWO HIPPIES TURN TO THE LIMO as it passes noticing the
smoke billowing out of the rear windows. They sniff the smoke
and give each other knowing glances.

CUT TO

INT. THE BARN.

THE BUZZ-THUD, BUZZ-THUD comes from that strange rolling
machine as it churns out perfectly rolled joints which it
packs into brightly labeled cigarette packs and packs these
into brightly labeled cigarette cartons which read: "UPS! NOT
A DOWNER IN THE PACK!" The cartons continue down the conveyor
belt where BILLIE sticks on mailing labels: "UC BERKELEY
BOOKSTORE", "PLAYBOY TOBACCO SHOP, CHICAGO", "PENTAGON
COMMISSARY, 1400 Delaware, Washington, D.C." The cartons fall
into a pile at the end of the conveyor where a tired RUFUS
picks them up and loads them into the truck.

KEITH PEDDLES out of synch with the TICKING metronome beside
him while beads of perspiration roll down his face.

BILLIE (V.O.)
Speed it up, hon!

Keith turns up the metronome and attempts to speed up the
rhythm. He nearly makes it, but collapses over the handle
bars and gasps for air.

KEITH
Stop! Stop! I can't take it anymore!

RUFUS SWEATING PROFUSELY CONTINUES TO LOAD THE TRUCK. He wipes
his brow.

RUFUS
We gotta finish by tomorrow.
Keep peddling.

THE MACHINE GRINDS TO A DISMAL FRUMP FRUMP.

BILLIE SITS EXHAUSTED with her elbows propped up on the
conveyor.

KEITH RAISES HIS HEAD and gives Rufus a sour "you're crazy"
look.

KEITH
I'm going to bed!

KEITH STAGGERS OFF THE BIKE and walks to the barn door where he puts on elevator shoes. He throws on a black overcoat, a long beard, a wig and a black wide brim hat. He looks like a 6'6" Hasidic Jew.

Billie and Rufus come up to him at the door.

BILLIE (to Keith)
I wish you wouldn't do that.

KEITH (exhausted)
I'm not taking any chances.

Rufus waves Keith off.

RUFUS
Ignore my brother. He's insane^..

P.O.V. THROUGH BINOCULARS AS THE TRIO IS SEEN crossing the farmyard.

KEITH (V.O.)
I'm not crazy! There's another one out there. Last few days I've got this feeling there's somebody new watching us. Shouldn't have let you con me, Rufus!

RUFUS (V.O.)
Con you? 45% of the action is conning you?

KEITH
I'm telling you, Rufus, there's somebody else out there beside the mafia!

EXT. NIGHT.

A SECOND CLUMP OF TREES where the FBI agents are staked-out. Agent Oliver sits on a fallen tree trunk watching through binoculars. Intermittently he munches on potato chips and guzzles from a can of beer. Slightly behind him, the Chief sits in the V.W. juggling a flash light, a black code book, a pad of paper and pen. The countless days of vigilance have taken their toll on Oliver's appearance; his suit crumpled, his shirt undone and his tie missing. In contrast the Chief is immaculate. Oliver takes a gulp of beer and belches.

CHIEF
Disgusting, positively disgusting...
you're a disgrace to the force. If
Hoover, bless his soul, should see
you now, he'd turn over in his ashes.

OLIVER (undistracted)
Huh, huh.

CHIEF
Look at you! That disgrace of a suit!
You call yourself an FBI agent?!

Suddenly several BEEPS and MACHINE NOISES interrupt the Chief.

A STRANGE MACHINE HANGS UNDER THE DASH and spits out a coded
sheet.

CHIEF (CONT'D)
Oliver! Oliver! Where's the code book?

OLIVER
In your lap!

The Chief begins to decode the message.

CHIEF
...Oliver in a couple of days, we're
going to follow that truck down there
to Leo and his boys for the big bust
and I want you in a new suit. I want
you to look like an FBI agent'.

OLIVER BELCHES

CHIEF (CONT'D)
...and I want you to smell like one,
too!

OLIVER SILENTLY MIMICS THE CHIEF to himself.

THE CHIEF HAVING DECODED THE MESSAGE begins to look about him
in the car. First the glove compartment, the seats, the floor,
etc. The more he looks, the more frantic he becomes.

CHIEF (CONT'D)
Oliver...

OLIVER
I'm busy!

CHIEF
That memo from this morning. Have
you seen it?

OLIVER

...Yeah, I used it in the woods this morning to wipe my ass.

CHIEF

This last memo says "disregard previous memo". Did you bring it back?

EXT. NIGHT. MAFIA STAKE-OUT.

GANGSTER MOVIE SOUND TRACK filters through from an unseen T.V.

1st Hood stands at edge of wooded area looking through binoculars at something. Behind him, Joe leans on the limo cleaning his gun.

IN THE DARKENED BACK SEAT of the limo, Leo and his gun moll sit with the blue light of a T.V. flickering over their faces.

GANGSTER MOVIE SOUNDS CONT. LOUDER.

Leo wears a sleeping mask and has cotton stuffed in his ears. The moll sits beside him casually filing her nails. Dressed in a sexy, low-cut evening dress, she periodically glances at the T.V.

JOE STILL CLEANING HIS GUN EYES the moll. She responds with a sneer and returns to filing her nails. Without turning to Leo:

MOLL

Leo? Can't we go back and watch the color set in the hotel?

LEO DOES NOT RESPOND. She looks at him and then reaches into his ear and pulls out the wad of cotton.

MOLL (CONT'D)

Leo!

Leo hastily retrieves the cotton.

LED

Shut up. I'm trying to think.

And stuffs the cotton back into his ear.

THE MOLL COZIES UP TO LEO and plays with his ear with her finger, then nibbles at his ear. She nudges the cotton out of his ear. In a soft and sexy voice:

MOLL

Leo, if we go back to the hotel, we don't have to watch T.V.

LEO TURNS TO HER PULLING UP HIS MASK.

He is obviously perturbed until he notices the Moll's cleavage, hardly obscure in her revealing dress. He puts on a strained sweetness.

LEO
Listen, baby.

He pats her on her bare thigh.

LED
I just gotta plan a few more things.

MOLL
What plans?! Tomorrow you go down and shoot 'em and take away the truck.

LEO
(Sarcastically)
That's right. And then what do I do with the bodies?

MOLL
Well? Ah?...

T.V.
That's if you're the broad and I'm the syndicate vice president!

He punctuates that by hastily pulling down his mask and retires into his stupor. Disgusted, the Moll turns to the T.V. and switches channels and stops on a news program.

T.V. NEWSMAN (T.V. V.O.)
...If you've seen this man, contact the FBI at the number shown...

The Moll hastily pulls up Leo's mask.

MOLL
Leo! They're talking about you!

LEO (very upset)
Ma va fung gul LEO HURRIEDLY GETS OUT
Ma va Fung Gul!

The Moll's dress rides up even further, as she slides across the seat and ends up with her legs apart in a revealing position.

MOLL
But Leo!

Leo storms away.

LEO

A man can't even plan a heist around
here!

THE MOLL NOTICES JOE staring blatantly at her crotch.

He tries to smile suavely. The Moll gives him the finger and
slams the car door.

LEO COMES UP TO THE 1st HOOD.

LED

What's happenin' down there?

1ST HOOD

It's time for the moon rise.

BINOCULAR P.O.V.

IN THE WINDOW OF THE HOUSE BILLIE CAN BE SEEN quickly lifting
her gown and flashing a moon. She turns just as quickly and
blows a kiss from her extended middle index finger.

INT. BEDROOM.

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR. Billie jumps away from the window, and
gets into bed.

KEITH

(through the door)

(yawn O.S.)

Are you decent yet?

BILLIE

O.K.

KEITH STUMBLES INTO THE ROOM carrying a glass of water and
aspirin. He looks thoroughly exhausted. There are bags under
his eyes and his clothes are thoroughly soaked with sweat. He
begins to undress.

KEITH

I'm so tired of peddling joints.

His outer clothes removed, he flops into bed with his soiled
white T-shirt and white boxer shorts. Billie covers her nose
and edges away. Somehow Keith turns out the light.

KEITH (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about, the clothes, but
Rufus' been in the shower for an
hour...

(yawn)

...I don't know what I'm doing anymore.
Everybody's watching us...

He notices the moonlight streaming in through the window.

KEITH (CONT'D)
...My God! All those people just
watched me get undressed!

BILLIE
Go to sleep.

KEITH
...and they watched YOU, get undressed.

BILLIE
Don't worry, they couldn't see
anything. The light was on.

KEITH
...ah...yeah, that's right...

He relaxes.

KEITH (CONT'D)
...I don't know what I'm doing anymore.
I just hope Rufus...

He falls asleep. Billie waits for a moment and then sneaks
out of the room.

BILLIE COMES OUT THE DOOR and closes it quietly behind her.
She heads for the bathroom from which can be heard the WATER
RUNNING. She tries the handle. The door opens and she steps
in.

THE BATHROOM IS FILLED with steam. She closes the door behind
her and leans up against it.

BILLIE
...It's me, Rufus...You don't have to
say anything...I know how you feel
about us already... I can tell by
the way you watch me. I know it's
been hard for you to keep your mind
on your work, because of it...you
know...the anxiety of unrequited love
and all...So I thought I'd make it
easier for you...So I'll say it
first...You're the man I've dreamt
about. Keith is just a good friend...

She laughs nervously and waits for a reply.

Cont.

BILLIE (CONT'D)
 ...it's O.K. you don't have to say
 anything...I'll wait in your room.
 Don't be too long, darling.

She leaves the room.

INSIDE THE SHOWER STALL RUFUS sleeps propped up against one wall while sitting in a chair. Water runs down all over him. A wet half-joint hangs in his mouth.

EXT. DAWN.

A COCK CROWS.

REV. BROWN and his wife drive up to the back door and Rev. Brown jumps out of the pick-up truck and bounds to the door.

INT. BEDROOM.

A THUNDEROUS KNOCK (O.S.)

KEITH suddenly sits up in bed>

KEITH
 The Mafia!

He hops out of bed, grabbing clothes as he goes, and staggers out into the hall.

KEITH (CONT'D)
 (loud whisper)
 Rufus! It's the Mafia, Rufus!

Keith stumbles into Rufus' room.

KEITH (CONT'D)
 Rufus!

Billie sleepily emerges from the bedclothes.

KEITH (CONT'D)
 ...What the hell are you doing here?

Billie falls back into bed.

BILLIE
 ...trying to sleep...

TWO THUNDEROUS KNOCKS

Billie sits up startled.

KEITH
 Where's Rufus?!

IN THE SHOWER.

RUFUS SITS PRECARIOUSLY ON A CHAIR. A WET joint hangs from his mouth. Keith can be heard calling.

KEITH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 ...Rufus, I told you they'd come and
 get us.

Startled awake, Rufus loses his balance and falls out of the chair.

EXT. THE BACKDOOR.

BROWN
 Should I check the barn?

MRS. BROWN
 No, father. We should go. I don't
 think they're use to normal hours
 yet.

BROWN
 Well...supposin' you're right dear.

He climbs into the truck and they drive off.

INT. THE KITCHEN.

Wrinkled and pruny, Rufus with a towel around him, stands beside the door. On the other side of the door Billie with Keith standing behind her dressed in his full Hasidic regalia, cringe. Rufus carefully pulls out a gun from a kitchen drawer. Billie and Keith look on with terror. They cautiously whisper to each other.

KEITH
 What's that for?

RUFUS
 For handling the details...

Rufus edges the curtain away with the gun barrel and peeks out.

BILLIE
 See anything?

RUFUS
 I can't tell, my eyelids are too
 wrinkled.

BILLIE
 I don't hear nothin'.
 (MORE)

BILLIE (CONT'D)
(to Keith)
Check outside.

KEITH
Are you crazy? We gotta get out of
here.

Billie looks through a window and whispers.

BILLIE
There's nobody there.

Rufus looks out again and throws open the door.

RUFUS (loudly)
What the hell is this, Keith?

There's nobody there!

KEITH (whispers)
I tell you, I heard the Mafia knocking.

RUFUS
Did you see 'em?

KEITH
Well?...ah?...

Rufus takes a drag from the wet joint still in his mouth and offers it to Keith.

RUFUS
Relax, Keith. Have a take. In a couple
of hours this stuff will be legal.

Keith pushes the soggy joint away.

KEITH
Oh no. I'm not smoking any more of
that! I gotta keep a clear head. I'm
going up to the roof and keep watch.

With binoculars in hand he storms out.

EXT. VICINITY OF FARM.

FARMER BROWN'S COW stumbles out from the camouflaging corn stalks and flops down in the middle of the road to take a breather.

TRUCK HORN BLARES.

ANOTHER ANGLE: THE DISTORTED "FISH-EYE" P.O.V. of the cow. Brown's truck approaches and stops. Brown sounds the horn

again and finally walks up to the cow followed by Mrs. Brown. Their faces are distorted in the "fish-eye" view. Brown reaches O.S. for the cow's collar.

BROWN
Get it up! Sarah. You ought to know
better than be sittin' here.

MRS. BROWN
She don't look at all well, Isaiah.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

THE COW BETRAYS A STONED EXPRESSION.

BROWN (V.O.)
She's gonna look a lot worse if she
don't get out of the road. Here,
give me a hand.

THE BROWNS POSITION THEMSELVES AROUND the cow and begin pushing and pulling. The cow BELLOWS, but finally stands up.

BROWN (CONT'D)
Alright now, Sarah. Get back wheres
you belong.

THE COW FLOPS BACK DOWN.

ANOTHER ANGLE: THE COW'S "FISH-EYE" P.O.V.

MRS. BRDWN
I think there's somethin' wrong with
her, Isaiah.

BROWN
She is actin' mighty peculiar. Just
like the time the Johnson cow broke
into their tenants field of marijuana.

KIRS. BRDWN
You don't suppose....

BROWN
Ahummmmmmm

The "fish-eye" P.O.V. follows Brown to the corn stalks. He parts them and picks up a stem from the harvested field. He walks back and both look back at the cow.

BROWN (CONT'D)
Just as I thought, Mother. Sarah's
drugged.

BRDWN

Oh no! Do we have to put her to sleep?
Don't know.

MRS. BRDWN

Will she...will she become an addict?

BROWN GOES TO THE TRUCK CABIN and picks up the CB mike.

BRDWN

Big Poppa calling Angel 1, read me
Angel 1?!

ANGEL 1

(radio V.O.)
...Angel 1 reading you, Big Poppa...

BROWN

Angel 1, get the boys together at my
place in an hour. We got some of the
Lord's work to do.

BINOCULAR MATTE P.O.V. FROM ONE OF THE STAKE-OUTS.

Keith can be seen sitting precariously beside the weather
vane dressed in his disguise. Scanning the horizon he
momentarily loses his balance and clutches to the vane for
balance.

INT. BARN.

A long lingering look at Billie from her bare toes to her
pants which are unhooked to her blouse demurely undone. She
lies on a hay pile smiling seductively.

Rufus can be heard O.S. bringing boxes to the truck.

BILLIE

You don't have to pretend, Rufus.
Keith isn't coming in.

RUFUS (O.S.)

Don't just lay there. Get in the truck.

Billie is puzzled.

BILLIE

In the truck?...
(beams)
O.K! In the truck!

BILLIE CLIMBS INTO THE TRUCK as Rufus stacks boxes on the
truck platform. After a moment, Billie comes out just as Rufus
puts up another box.

BILLIE (CONT'D)

Hey? Aren't you coming in?

RUFUS

No, just stack'em up there...., You want to carry them over?

BILLIE

That's not what I meant.

Rufus drops off another box.

RUFUS

Then what do you mean?

BILLIE PUTS A JOINT IN RUFUS' mouth and lights it.

BILLIE

Don't you find me attractive?

Rufus' expression turns sour.

RUFUS

Load the truck!

BILLIE

If you're worried about Keith, don't.

RUFUS PUTS UP ANOTHER BOX.

RUFUS

I'm not.

Rufus comes and goes stacking up boxes as:

BILLIE

You know, I admire that. Your total loyalty to your brother. That's the kind of quality I've always looked for in a man. And you know I'm going to respect that. It makes me realize how much I care about you.

WITH RUFUS IN RANGE BILLIE LAUNCHES herself from the truck into Rufus' arms knocking him over. She begins to kiss him wildly and tear at his clothes.

EXT.' THE HOUSE ROOF.

KEITH scans the horizons from his roof-top perch. Suddenly he stops.

BINOCULAR MATTE P.O.V. A caravan of pick-up trucks, with a whole lot of mean-looking farmers riding the runner boards, waving guns and yelling, careen toward the house.

KEITH ON THE ROOF MOUTHS:

KEITH
(Shit!)

ANOTHER ANGLE: KEITH LOSES HIS BALANCE, and slides down off the roof out of view.

INT. BARN.

Billie and Rufus struggle in the hay and Rufus is losing. Billie has him in a scissor and tears at his shirt until finally it tears off.

RUFUS
Shit! my shirt!

KEITH LIMPS FRANTICALLY INTO BARN, BLITHERING.

KEITH
Rufus! They're coming! They got guns!

BILLIE RELAXES HER GRIP and Rufus jumps up to escape her clutches.

RUFUS
Keith, God! Am I glad you're here!

KEITH
...Those farmers are comin' and they're going to do to us what they did to those people from "Chicago"...

KEITH LOOKS AT RUFUS AND BILLIE and realization dawns.

RUFUS
It's not what you think.

KEITH
(growing angrier)
God, Rufus! I don't believe this. Now you've done it. I could put up with almost anything else, but now you've stolen my girl!...

RUFUS
....Keith....

KEITH
...I nearly killed myself getting here to warn you and look what I find. My fiancée with my HALF - brother. You've been conning me all along, Rufus....

RUFUS

...but.....

KEITH

...First you drugged me to get me here, and then you con me into helping you get those seeds from the hoods, and then you conned me into spreading manure while you "think of a brand name! AND NOW MY GIRL. You've conned me for the last time, Rufus.

RUFUS

Calm down, Keith. I was...

KEITH

There you go conning me again!

RUFUS

I'm not conning you.

KEITH

Yeah, then why is your fly open?!

RUFUS LOOKS DOWN AT HIS FLY and Keith lands an upper cut into him sending him sprawling through a stack of UPS packages.

KEITH JUMPS INTO A KARATE STANCE and Rufus begins to pelt him with the UPS packs.

THEY WRESTLE IN A HAY MOUND until Keith overpowers Rufus and is about to land a sound punch on his chin.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

BILLIE

Keith! Don't hurt his face!

REVERSE ANGLE.

Rufus knees Keith in the groin. Keith shrivels up in sudden pain.

BILLIE BEGINS TO PELT THE BOTH OF THEM with packs of UPS.

BILLIE (yelling) (CONT'D)

Stop! Stop it!

KEITH AND RUFUS WRESTLE over the rolling machine and as they fall beside the truck, Rufus grabs the giant "JOINT" from the UPS insignia on the side of the truck.

RUFUS BEGINS TO STRIKE Keith with the "JOINT". But Keith tears the rest of the UPS insignia off and shields himself with it.

KEITH ROLLS UNDER THE TRUCK, rips off the "JOINT" from the other insignia and races around the truck.

RUFUS FOLLOWS HIM UNDER.

On the other side he grabs the remaining UPS insignia to use it as a shield.

RUFUS BENDS DOWN AND LOOKS UNDER THE TRUCK for Keith's feet.

BUT THERE ARE NO FEET!

RUFUS, STILL BENDING DOWN, SUDDENLY LOOKS UP from his crouching position.

HORRENDOUS SCREAM O.S.

and Keith lands off the mark and sprawls to the ground beside Rufus hurting his ankle.

RUFUS IMMEDIATELY BEGINS TO STRIKE KEITH with his giant "JOINT". Keith manages to defend himself and staggers to his limping feet.

KEITH HOBBLER BACK UP INTO THE BARN DOOR on the defensive against Rufus' superior "sword play".

RUFUS KNOCKS KEITH'S "JOINT" OUT OF HIS HAND and lunges at Keith, who clutches at his UPS shield to defend himself.

RUFUS STRIKES THE SHIELD DEAD CENTER and sends Keith flying through the door and landing at the feet of the waiting farmers.

THROUGH HIS DISHEVELED DISGUISE KEITH LOOKS UP the guns of his captors.

BROWN

Get up!

KEITH GETS UP AS Rufus, with his UPS SHIELD and JOINT is escorted out of the barn.

BROWN (CONT'D)

Righteously, the Lord saith "Up against the Wall".

INSIDE THE BARN, BILLIE, REFUSING TO GIVE UP, CONTINUES TO THROW PACKS OF UPS at the farmers who are searching the barn. Shielding themselves, they rush her and overpower Billie who screams violently.

ONE OF THE FARMERS RUNS OUT FROM THE BARN.

FARMER

They got two whole trucks in here!

ANOTHER ANGLE. Rev. Brown points with his gun.

BROWN

Unload the trucks!

KEITH AND RUFUS DEJECTEDLY HEAD INTO THE BARN.

But Rufus turns and holds his "JOINT" up to Brown.

RUFUS

Care for a joint?

CUT TO

BINOCULAR MATTE P.O.V. Rufus and Keith can be seen entering the barn under armed escort,

1ST HOOD (V.O.)

Hey, Joe. I think something's happening.

EXT. MAFIA STAKE-OUT.

Joe, sleeping in the limo, jerks awake.

JOE

HUH?

1ST HOOD

Something's happenin", I think we should go down there.

Joe looks at his watch.

JOE

(to himself)

6:30! Christ!

He gets out of the car and groggily stumbles toward the other hood.

JOE (CONT'D)

Give me the binoculars. THEY BETTER BE BURNING DOWN THE FARM FOR THIS!

Joe takes the field glasses.

BINOCULAR MATTE P.O.V. Smoke, commotion, a large bonfire in the middle of the barnyard. Crowds of farmers along with Rufus, Billie and Keith dump boxes into the fire.

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 HOLY SHIT! They are burning down the
 farm!

ANOTHER ANGLE.

1ST HOOD
 See, I ain't so dumb. I think we should
 go down there.

JOE
 Down there? All those people got guns!
 We better get Leo.

1ST HOOD
 At 6:30 in the morning! I ain't that
 dumb. I'm going down there!

The 1st Hood starts for the limo.

JOE (CONT'D)
 ...Hey, wait a minute! At least we
 should have a plan.

EXT. FARMYARD.

More smoke, more commotion. Rufus and Keith approach the
 bonfire with boxes. Rufus whispers:

RUFUS
 Keep your eye out for an escape.

KEITH
 (Angrily, under his
 breath)
 I'm glad, I'm glad we're burning this
 stuff...

BINOCULAR MATTE P.O.V. The Mafia car speeds down the road.

EXT. FBI STAKE-OUT.

Oliver peers through the binoculars munching on stale popcorn.
 The Chief sleeps uncomfortably in the front seat.

BINOCULAR P.O.V. MATTE. The Mafia limo runs right into the
 middle of the yard with GUNS BLARING.

THE CHIEF WAKES with a start. Runs to Oliver.

CHIEF
 What's happenin"?

OLIVER
It's all right. I think the farmers
got them outgunned.

CHIEF
(hysterically)
Who?....

The Chief rips the glasses from Oliver.

CHIEF
...Who are all those people?

He grabs Oliver and heads for the car.

CHIEF (CONT'D)
Come On!

OLIVER
Wait a minute! Where are you going?

CHIEF(formally)
We got to arrest them. That's our
duty, you know.

OLIVER
All those people have guns!

CHIEF
That's the risk an FBI agent takes.

Chief starts the car.

OLIVER
Don't you think we should have a
plan?....

EXT. FARMYARD.

GUNFIRE, chaos, commotion. A large bonfire. The farmers shoot
from the house, from behind trucks, etc. at the Mafia limo
still in the middle of the yard.

INSIDE THE MAFIA CAR. Joe shoots from one window and the 1st
Hood from another.

JOE
On second thought, you are really
dumb!

RUFUS, BILLIE AND KEITH CRINGE behind a pile of UPS

BOXES. The fire draws nearer igniting several boxes close to
them.

GUNFIRE.

BILLIE
Rufus? Who are all these people?

BULLETS WHIZ BY

KEITH
Anybody got a white handkerchief?

Rufus casually reaches into an UPS box and pulls out a pack. He opens it and holds one of the joints to the approaching tongue of fire.

RUFUS
Somehow we got to get to the barn.

KEITH
Alright, you go first.

RUFUS SCRAMBLES FOR THE BARN, but bullets hit the dust at his feet sending him jumping back for cover.

RUFUS
We need a diversion!

SIRENS BLARE O.S.

THE FBI CAR squeals into the barnyard. The Chief leans out of the window with a megaphone.

CHIEF
This is the FBI!

THE GUN SHOTS STOP ABRUPTLY.

RUFUS TAKES A DRAG FROM THE JOINT.

RUFUS
Grab a box....

NEW ANGLE. The farmers along with the Mafia nearly surround the FBI's V.W.

CHIEF
Put down your guns! We got you surrounded.

SUDDENLY:

RUFUS
....Now! Run!

Rufus, Billie and Keith (limping) dodge into the barn followed by a sudden outburst of GUNFIRE. With them out of range, the

combined gunfire of all the farmers turn on the V.W. and pelt it into a junk heap.

INSIDE THE V.W.

OLIVER

So much for the Hoover method!

REV. BROWN BEHIND A PICK-UP TRUCK.

BROWN

Zeke, take some of the boys around back. Don't let them get away.

INSIDE FBI V.W. Oliver and the Chief cringe in the bowels of the nearly destroyed V.W.

CHIEF

What's happenin'?!

OLIVER

Why don't you stick out your head and find out.

INSIDE MAFIA CAR. Joe and the 1st Hood reload their machine guns, while bullets splatter and accumulate on the bulletproof windshield. Joe reaches over turning a knob and wipes the splattered bullets off the glass.

GUNFIRE STOPS.

INT. BARN.

BILLIE PLIES HER EAR to the barn door.

BILLIE

I don't hear anything...

KEITH

We're trapped!

RUFUS

Get in the truck.

KEITH

You get in the truck. I'm surrendering!

KEITH FRANTICALLY LOOKS FOR SOMETHING WHITE.

Spying the large WHITE "JOINT" from the UPS insignia, he picks it up and flashes it out through the barn door.

SUDDEN BURSTS OF GUNFIRE.

Keith retrieves the "JOINT". It is riddled with bullet holes and the end of it glows and smokes.

EXT. BARNYARD.

Several mean looking farmers train their guns on the barn. Smoke from the bonfire engulfs them. They cough and try to wave the smoke away.

INT. TRUCK INSIDE THE BARN.

Rufus exhales and passes a joint to Billie. Billie inhales deeply.

RUFUS
Everybody scrunch down.

EXT. BARNYARD. 323.

Several other ugly farmers train their guns on the front door of the barn. Smoke engulfs them too and they cough trying to wave the smoke away.

INT. TRUCK.

Billie exhales and passes joint to Keith. Keith holds up the giant "JOINT".

KEITH
I got my own.

EXT. BARNYARD.

Other farmers, surrounded by smoke and coughing, train their guns on the barn back door.

INT. TRUCK.

RUFUS
Ready?

Keith begins to climb out of the truck.

RUFUS
Where you goin'?

KEITH
(puzzled)
To get the door?

EXT. BARNYARD.

TRUCK STARTS UP AND REVS THUNDEROUSLY. Looking down the barrels at the barn, Rev. Brown and friends cock their guns.

BROWN

Keep your eyes on the barn.

1st farmer staggers and waves smoke from his face. He juggles his gun sight.

1ST FARMER

Wow, Rev. Which one?

BROWN

Just aim for the tires!

THROUGH A CRACK IN THE V.W. DOOR a multitude of guns can be seen sticking out from every conceivable hole in the house.

OLIVER (V.O.)

...I think they're aiming at the barn.

CHIEF (V.O.)

Should I tell them to put down their guns again?

INT. MAFIA LIMO

Both hoods aim at the barn.

1ST HOOD

Should I aim at the tires or the radiator?

JOE

The people.

EXT. BARNYARD.

The barn sits quietly surrounded with every gun in the area trained on the doors.

TRUCK ENGINE ROARS.

TREMENDOUS CLASH AND GRIND OF GEARS and suddenly THE TRUCK BURSTS OUT through the SIDE of the barn and careens over the field to the road.

PANDEMONIUM. THE FARMERS HEAD FOR THEIR TRUCKS and give chase over the field.

EXT. ROADSIDE. THE SEMI SPEEDS around an intersection.

THE MAFIA CAR SKIDS AROUND the same corner.

THE FARMERS IN THEIR TRUCKS SWERVE AROUND the corner.

MORE FARMERS MAKE the turn kicking up more dust.

EXT. FIELD NEAR THE FARM.

The FBI V.W. lamely tries to follow the pack. Behind it a trail of automotive parts, like fenders and the engine. Suddenly the wheels pop out and the V.W. collapses in the dust.

EXT. ANOTHER ROAD.

The Semi heads into the distance followed by the pack of pickup trucks and the Mafia car jockeying for position. From the opposite direction comes Trooper Dan's squad. For a moment it seems the Semi and the Squad will collide head on, but finally the squad swerves off the road, bounces over the field, fishtails back onto the road behind the pack and takes off after them.

SQUAD SIREN BLARES.

INT. THE SEMI.

RUFUS

.. .Me?!....

BILLIE

...YOU! Attacked me in the barn!....

KEITH

Let me out of the truck.

RUFUS

...I'm the one without the BLOUSE!....

KEITH

I want out of the truck! L

BILLIE

(to Keith)

...I had to defend myself. He was trying to rape me!...

RUFUS

...BULLSHIT! You can't rape the willing!....

KEITH

LET ME OUT OF THE TRUCK!

Billie cuddles up to Keith.

BILLIE

Keith, darling....

Rufus suddenly turns the wheel sending Billie and Keith crashing up against the door.

EXT. THE SEMI JUMPS THE GAP IN THE BRIDGE!

INSIDE THE SEMI the abrupt landing sends everyone bouncing off the cabin ceiling, but Rufus manages to regain control of the truck.

EXT. THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RAVINE.

The semi races up towards the crest as the bridge crumples behind them.

INSIDE THE SEMI RUFUS NERVOUSLY REACHES FOR ANOTHER JOINT.

THE SEMI SPEEDS OUT OF VIEW while in the b.g. on the other side of the bridge the pursuers come to SKIDDING stops with guns drawn sending a shower of bullets after the semi.

ON THE BANK THE FARMERS AND THE HOODS CONTINUE TO SHOOT.

In the b.g. Trooper Dan radios on his squad radio.

THE SEMI DISAPPEARS over the hill and the SHOOTING DIES until only the 1st Hood continues to fire his machine gun. His ammo runs out and he turns to Joe for more.

FROM HIS P.O.V. he sees that the farmers are now eyeing them menacingly.

1ST HOOD
OOOOOOOOOPS!

JOE JERKS THE CAR INTO REVERSE crashing into the squad's front end. The Mafia car fish-tails around and clips the squad's rear end as it races back through the woods.

THE FARMERS COMMENCE FIRING AT the escaping car.

TROOPER DAN, HORRIFIED AT THE DAMAGE to his beloved squad, slumps down over the car and sobs.

INT. MAFIA CAR.

1ST HOOD
 (looking back)
 JESUS! That was close!

JOE
 I'll flip you to see who tell's Leo....

EXT. ROADSIDE TELEPHONE BOOTH.

Keith still in his disguise looks furtively about him in the booth. Rufus and Billie stand beside the truck ignoring each other in an obviously unsteady truce.

OPERATOR (Phone Over)
...That'll be \$3.35 for the first
three minutes, sir.

Keith digs through his pockets for change, depositing coins
as he finds them.

THE PHONE RINGS at the other end and a TAPED VOICE answers.

TAPED VOICE (P.O.)
United States Senate Building. Sorry
our lines are busy. Please wait and
an operator will be with you shortly.

A SOUSA MARCH replaces the voice and Keith deposits the last
of his coins.

OPERATOR
...thirty-five cents more, please.

KEITH
Damn! ...That's all I got, operator..
Can't...Can't you just let it go?
THIS IS URGENT!

OPERATOR
I'm sorry sir, but you must deposit
an additional 35# or I will have to
terminate the call.

KEITH
...alright, alright. Just make it
collect then.

OPERATOR
Then, sir, you must hang-up and dial
again.

KEITH
What the hell for?

OPERATOR
Well excuse Me! I'm only thinking of
your money, sir. I would not be able
to return your money after the call.

KEITH
I'll get the money! I'll get the
money!....Hold on.

SOUSA MARCH CONTINUES P.O.

Keith opens the door and calls to Rufus and Billie.

KEITH (CONT'D)
 ...I need 35 cents!!

Rufus thumbs through his wallet and pulls out a bill,

RUFUS
 All I got is a 20!

Billie grabs the bill.

BILLIE
 I can change it.

She stuffs the bill down her cleavage and hands Keith the 35 cents.

KEITH TAKES THE COINS and closes the door behind him, shutting off the ROAD SOUNDS from outside.

OPERATOR #2 (V.O.)
 Senate Building. May I help you?

OPERATOR #1
 Yes, I have a person to person call for a Mr. John Quincy Jones.

OPERATOR #2
 Have you deposited your 35#, sir?

KEITH (frantically)
 Yeah! I am!

SOUSA MARCH ENDS. (P.O.)

COINS CLINK in the pay phone.

JONESY (P.O.)
 Hello?

KEITH
 Jonesy, is it legal yet?

JONE5Y
 Listen, darling. You won't believe what's happenin' here. All these fellas are tryin' to legalize marijuana....

OPERATOR #1
 ...Excuse me, I have a person to person call for John Quincy Jones. Are you Mr. Jones?

JONESY (P.O.)
 That's me... That's him.

OPERATOR #1
Thank you, go ahead.

In the distant skies behind Keith, a SPECK appears and grows larger as it approaches.

KEITH
Is it legal?

JDNESY
Well, not exactly, honey. The score stands 50 to 49 in favor and 1 senator to vote.

The speck grows larger.

KEITH
What's he going to do?!

JDNESY
Hold it, honey. I'm not sure yet. He's just finished his speech and...

KEITH
...no....

JDNESY
...No, he voted no.

KEITH
...Then it's not legal

The speck becomes a helicopter. Rufus suddenly jumps into the truck and Billie KNOCKS frantically on the booth door as the wind picks up. Keith trying to hear waves her off.

JDNESY
Hold your horses, honey. The Vice President has to vote...My God, he's voting without a speech...

With the wind and dust swirling about her, Billie slams into the booth and grabs Keith. He tries to fight her off.

HELICOPTER DROWNS JONESY OUT.

KEITH (frantic)
What did he vote?!

BILLIE
Come on!

FBI CHIEF(V.O.)
This is the FBI. Surrender. We've got you surrounded.

Billie drags Keith out of the booth stretching him out between her and the phone cord.

JONESY
(P.O. barely audible)
...and he votes...

THE PHONE CORD BREAKS leaving the receiver in Keith's hand. He yells into the receiver.

KEITH
Jonesy!!!!

RUFUS
(yells)
Get that idiot in here!

ANOTHER ANGLE.

Billie, struggling, drags Keith into the Semi after her and they drive off.

INT. HELICOPTER.

CHIEF
Shit, they're running.

Oliver looks at his watch.

OLIVER
You better catch them quick. We only have three minutes.

CHIEF
I'll land on the roof. You go out and arrest them.

OLIVER
What?!!

INT. SEMI CABIN.

UFUS
What do you mean you don't know?

KEITH
I GOT DISCONNECTED!

Keith waves the phone in his hand.

THE THUNK (O.S.) of the helicopter landing on the roof.

INT. HELICOPTER ON THE TRUCK ROOF.

CHIEF
(yelling)
...I can only hold her here for a
second. Get Out!

OLIVER
No Way!

CHIEF
I'm your superior! Get Out!

Oliver points ahead of them.

OLIVER
Look Out!

THE SEMI PASSES under a bridge, but the helicopter escapes in
time barely missing the bridge.

A HORRENDOUS YELL from the helicopter.

INT. SEMI CABIN.

KEITH
How are you going to lose the
helicopter?!!!

RUFUS
I don't know. It's not a detail I
considered.

Keith slumps back exasperated.

INT. HELICOPTER.

CHIEF
I'm setting her down again.

OLIVER
Don't bother. Our times up.

A VENDING MACHINE UNIT SITS in the dash of the copter.

A COIN CLINKS INTO THE MACHINE.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

CHIEF
Quick! Put in another quarter!

Oliver shrugs his shoulders.

OLIVER
We're out of change.

EXT. PASTURE.

The helicopter settles slowly to the ground.

EXT. A LONELY TWO LANE BLACKTOP in Iowa where two of the farmers stand before their meager wooden barricades peering apprehensively towards the horizon.

Behind them gaining ground rapidly appears the SEMI.

The first farmer, being more astute, turns at the noise and spots the truck speeding towards them. He fires his rifle into the air.

1ST FARMER
STOP! Shiiiiiiit!!

The semi splinters the barricade as the two farmers jump for cover. The semi speeds away as one of the farmers races to his truck and picks up the CB mike.

EXT. A LARGE TRUCK STOP/OASIS.

THE FARMERS pick-up trucks are parked in an already congested parking lot. Large semi-trucks fuel up at the pumps in the b.g.. State Trooper Dan stands beside his damaged squad car.

DAN
We'll get those S.O.B's, honey. Then
we'll get promoted to a speed trap on
I 80.

Dan taps the fender in emphasis.

SQUAD
Beep!

DAN
Oh, does it hurt, honey?

Dan squats down and grasps the bent fender.

DAN (CONT'D)
...the bribes alone will pay this off
in no time.

Dan pulls sharply on the fender.

SQUAD (painfully)
Beep!

DAN
It had to be done.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

Rev. Brown sticks his head out through the diner doors.

BROWN
Dan, they're heading this way!

DAN
We're on to them now, honey. I better
go call the boys in.

DAN STANDS UP AND WALKS TO THE DOOR. In the f.g., the Mafia limo pulls up and stops. Through the diner windows Dan can be seen surrounded by the farmers talking into a CB mike.

INT. MAFIA LIMOUSINE.

Leo gestures through the car window.

LEO
(to the driver)
That's him. Pull over by the snack
bar and keep an eye on him.

MOLL
...I didn't know you could fire goons.
Isn't there a union or something?

LEO
Yeah, the Teamsters.

Leo looks at his watch.

MOLL
What if they talk? Will they get
thrown out of the union?

Leo looks up from his watch and laughs.

LED
Ex-goons never talk.

A DISTANT THUNDEROUS BOMB BLAST. O.S.

LEO
You want some wine?

INT. SEMI CABIN.

KEITH
What if it isn't legal?

BILLIE
It's got to be legal!

RUFUS

You're my brother. I won't go back on my word. If it's not legal we'll ditch the truck and go back to D.C. OK brother?

Rufus reaches across Billie to shake Keith's hand.

KEITH

You'd do that for me?

EXT. TRUCK STOP.

SEMI PULLS INTO THE TRUCK STOP and stops at the end of the gas line behind a BudMeiser delivery truck.

INT. SEMI CABIN.

RUFUS

For my half-brother, anything.

Keith reflects and shakes Rufus' outstretched hand.

KEITH

Right.

BILLIE

What about my percentage?

RUFUS

I'll tank up. Go make that call.

Keith begins to step out of the truck.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

...and take off that costume.

Keith begins to take the costume off.

BILLIE

I didn't do all those dishes for nothing. I want my share.

Keith can be seen limping up to an attendant and procuring change from him. An anxious quiet fills the cabin.

RUFUS

...I'm sorry...ah...you're a nice girl...and all that...Say, don't you have to powder your nose or something?...

Billie starts to leave the cabin.

BILLIE
I want a third!

RUFUS
You'll be lucky if you get 10%

BILLIE
I'll be back!

She slams the door behind her and walks away. Alone Rufus turns up the RADIO and sings to himself.

RUFUS
Money, money, money, money....

EXT. ROADSIDE NEAR THE FBI HELICOPTER.

The Chief is flashing his badge to a stopped motorist. The motorist hands a quarter out the window.

CHIEF
Hoover loves you.

The motorist drives off.

EXT. THE TRUCK STOP.

Billie walks by Keith in a phone booth outside the diner. He seems to be on "hold" and a SOUSA MARCH can be heard filtering out from the booth. Two pick-up trucks pull up and four mean-looking farmers step out and walk past the booth.

INSIDE THE BOOTH, KEITH CRINGES, trying to look inconspicuous.

KEITH
Should've worn my disguise.

THE SOUSA MARCH STOPS.

KEITH
Jonesy!

INT. SENATE BUILDING. A PRIVATE PHONE STAND.

Jonesy passes a joint out the door.

JDNESY
Is that you, darling?...What happ...

KEITH (P.O.)
Forget that! Did it pass?

JONESY
You should have been here, honey.
(MORE)

JONESY (CONT'D)
 They passed a bill legalizing
 prostitution and they almost passed

INT. PHONE BOOTH.

The phone dangles at the end of the cord. In the b.g. Keith hobbles off toward the semi.

JONESY (P.O.)
 ...a bill legalizing marijuana....

KEITH PIROUETTES IN TIME TO AVOID one of the returning pick-up trucks.

NEW ANGLE.

BILLIE STEPS OUT OF THE LADIES ROOM. She spots the Mafia limo parked near the snack bar. Trying to look inconspicuous, she walks toward the semi and she notices all the parked pick-ups before the diner. She quickens her pace. She glances up at the NOISE of an APPROACHING HELICOPTER. She's about to yell to Keith hobbling painfully back to the semi as it moves up further in the gas line but,

SHE WALKS INTO AN OPENING CAR DOOR. A handsome, young executive-type steps out of the car.

YOUNG MAN
 Are you hurt?

BILLIE
 No...ahhh.....

SHE GLANCES AT HIS LOOKS, AT HIS LUXURIOUS SPORTS CAR, AND AT THE APPROACHING HELICOPTER.

BILLIE (demurely) (CONT'D)
 Say, which way are you going?

INT. SEMI CABIN.

Keith jumps in and begins to don his disguise just as Rufus stops the truck before the gas pumps.

KEITH
 Don't stop! Keep going!

RUFUS
 We're out of gas.

KEITH
 We're also out of luck. It's illegal.

RUFUS
 (dumbfounded)
 Illegal?

SUDDENLY FROM THE LOUD HELICOPTER OVERHEAD.

CHIEF
 (Through a megaphone
 O.S.)
 This is the FBI - you're surrounded!

KEITH
 LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!!!!

RUFUS (still dumbfounded)
 But it's illegal?

KEITH
 That's why we gotta ditch the truck!

Rufus regains his senses.

RUFUS
 Shiiit!

He rams the truck into gear and the truck Jerks forward pulling out the pump hose and sending the attendant stumbling back.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

THE TRUCK HEADS for the exit ramp, but the helicopter maneuvers and positions itself across the exit causing Rufus to veer around in a tight U-turn.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

The semi races back past the pumps heading for the entrance ramp, but several incoming farmer pick-up trucks block the way. The semi makes a sharp left.

INT. MAFIA LIMO.

Leo notices the approaching semi.

LED (to driver)
 Pull up, block them.

THE SEMI GAINS SPEED.

INSIDE LIMO. The Moll begins to SCREAM. The driver fidgets nervously.

LED (CONT'D)
 Don't move!

The driver, sweating, puts the auto in reverse.

THE SEMI NARROWLY MISSES THEM as the limo backs up out of the way.

INT. MAFIA LIMO.

LEO
You idiot! Follow them! When we catch
them you're fired too!

EXT. NEW ANGLE.

The Mafia car pulls out in front of a line of pick-up trucks and gives chase.

NEW ANGLE.

The truck passes by Billie flirting with her new friend. Keith spots her.

KEITH
Billie! Billie! Jump on!

Billie ignores him.

YOUNG MAN
Someone you know?

Billie shrugs her shoulders.

INT. DINER

As the semi passes before the diner window.

BROWN
That's them!

The farmers and Dan simultaneously jump for the doors.

EXT. ONE OF THE FARMERS JUMPS on the truck running board. Keith pushes at the farmer's face, but the farmer bites his hand.

KEITH
(Shrieks)

The farmer reaches in and grasps Keith's fake beard. But the beard comes off sending the farmer flying into a tire display.

INT. SEMI CABIN.

Rufus spins the wheel sharply left heading towards the exit ramp.

KEITH (!!!)
He bit my thumb! And he took my beard!
Look!

EXT. THE HELICOPTER LANDS at the far end of the exit ramp.

INT. SEMI CABIN.

RUFUS
I'm going to crash through!

EXT. The Chief and Oliver scramble out of the helicopter.

NEW ANGLE.

The semi gains speed as the Mafia limo pulls up beside it.

INT. LIMO.

A VERY LARGE TRUCK TIRE can be seen filling up the window.

LEO
(to the driver)
Run it off the road!

The driver pulls out a gun, aims at the tire.

THE TRUCK MISFIRES several times, jerks to a slower speed and disappears from the window.

The driver FIRES THE GUN out through the now empty window.

Leo lurches forward and begins to pound on the driver's back.

LEO (CONT'D)
You idiot! I told you to run it off
the road! Not shoot out the tires!
You're fired!

EXT. THE MAFIA SWERVES down the ramp and fish-tails into a skid barely touching the helicopter. Further up the ramp the semi brakes.

INT. SEMI CABIN.

RUFUS
We're out of gas! Get ready to make
a run for it!

KEITH lifts up one foot and shows Rufus his platform shoes.

KEITH
In these?!!!

EXT. PICK-UP TRUCKS SURROUND THE SEMI AS IT STOPS.

The FBI Chief comes up to the limo's window and through the megaphone sarcastically screams into Leo's ear.

CHIEF
We got you now, Leo!

INT. MAFIA LIMO

LEO ROLLS UP THE WINDOW in the Chief's face.

EXT. DAN'S SQUAD SKIDS to a halt behind the limo. Dan jumps out with a crow bar and begins to dent the limo hood.

DAN
I'll kill you! You hurt my honey!
I'll kill you!

INT. SEMI CABIN.

Through the windshield Leo can be seen jumping out from his car knocking over the Chief. Leo rushes for the trooper.

LEO
(faintly from a distance)
Hey! You're wrecking my limo!....

Leo grabs Dan. They struggle while the Chief tries to part them.

A HAND reaches for the pack of UPS visible on the dashboard.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

KEITH TAKES A joint and lights it. He takes a drag and hands it to Rufus.

KEITH (resignedly)
Presidents are supposed to go to jail
after they're elected, not before.

Rufus takes a drag and passes the joint back to Keith.

RUFUS
Keith, I'm sorry I got you into this.

Keith takes a drag and passes the joint to Rufus.

KEITH
Don't be...

RUFUS
...We're still brothers?

Rufus extends his hand. Oliver comes up to the window of the semi.

OLIVER

All right, you can come out now.

Keith considers Rufus' outstretched hand a moment and shakes it.

KEITH

Right through to the bitter end!

As they step out Rufus grabs the UPS pack on the dashboard.

EXT. KEITH AND RUFUS EMERGE from the semi with their hands up.

OLIVER

You know the procedure. Up against the wall.

KEITH AND RUFUS TURN to the truck and lean forward against the truck. Oliver begins to frisk Rufus.

KEITH

Don't say anything till we get a lawyer.

Oliver begins to frisk Keith.

KEITH (CONT'D)

(to Oliver, softly)

...for the right deal, I'll turn states evidence...

Rufus overhears Keith and a fight ensues.

BINOCULAR MATTE P.O.V. of the fight. Oliver and the farmers try to break them up, while the Chief still tries to break up Dan and Leo.

PHONE RINGS

EXT.

A man with binoculars dressed in a beer deliveryman's uniform picks up the receiver from a phone booth. Beside the booth sits his beer truck on which a sign reads "BUDMEISER Beer Co. The World's Best Selling Beer".

MAN

...mission accomplished, sir.

INT. LARGE OFFICES OF "BUDMEISER" EXECUTIVE.

Skyrocketing sales charts adorn the walls.

EXECUTIVE

...good. Proceed to new location.

The agent at the other end of line HANGS UP. NO DIAL TONE FOLLOWS.

INSTEAD A SECOND CLICK FOLLOWS.

The executive is suddenly horrified at the implications.

SCREEN LEGEND "ONE-YEAR LATER".

INT. PRISON CELL.

Rufus paces in the narrow space between the bunks. Keith sits on one lower bunk leaning forward with his arms on his knees. As Rufus passes Keith who leans back, he offers Keith the imaginary joint. Keith pushes his arm away.

KEITH

Count me out, Rufus. In 20 years,
I'll be paroled.

Rufus takes a drag from his imaginary joint.

RUFUS

But I got all the details figured
out.

Rufus passes Keith and offers the "non joint" again. Keith pushes the hand away.

KEITH

O.K. Where are you going to get the
dynamite?

Rufus takes another imaginary drag and offers the "non joint" to Keith again. Keith pushes the hand away forcefully.

KEITH (CONT'D)

I wish you wouldn't do that!

RUFUS

Sorry, it's an old habit.

THROUGH THE BARRED WINDOW Rufus can be seen coming up to the window.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

...The dynamite doesn't worry me.
It's already stashed under your bed...

In b.g. Keith jumps up from the bunk nervously. Rufus grabs the window bars and looks out at the world.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

...it's the rowboat!

EXT. A DOCK.

The prison can be seen in the distance with one lone lighted window. The moonlight quivers over the waves.

In f.g. a wharf with rocking boats. A solitary light illuminates a sign which reads:

"ALCATRAZ FEDERAL PENITENTIARY / NO SMOKING BEYOND THIS POINT"

ROLL CREDITS.

FADE UP THEME.

FADE-OUT.

FINIS.

THIS MOVIE WILL BE RATED R.

Federal sources reveal that 50,000,000 people have smoked marijuana at least once. The majority of these people are between the ages of 17 and 35. If only one out of ten of these 50,000,000 people sees this film, even if only out of curiosity, at three dollars a head that represents a gross of \$15,000,000.00!

Various Federal and State Agencies have studied the marijuana problem and concluded that it should be decriminalized. Properly exploited and supported by the one out of ten who are regular users, this film will make the decriminalization of marijuana a national issue.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A NATIONAL ISSUE TO PACK THE THEATERS.