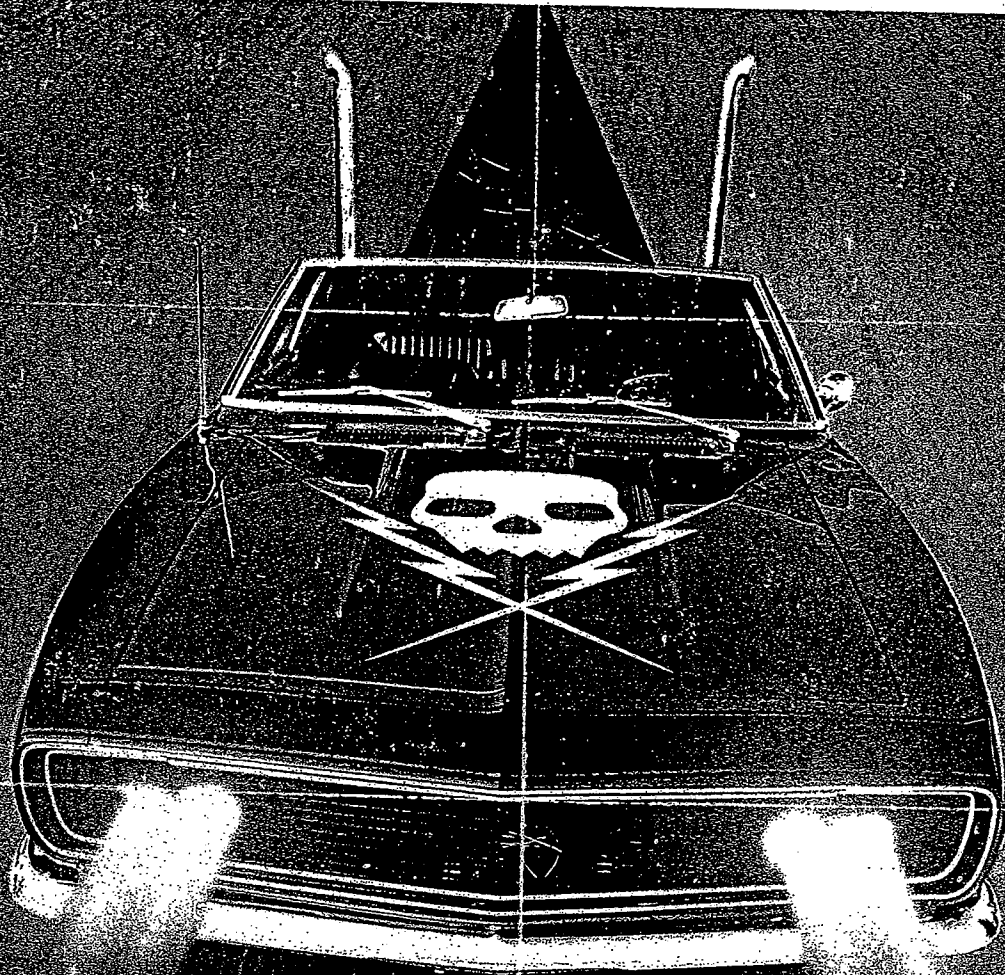


A WHITE-HOT JUGGERNAUT AT 200 MPH!



QUENTIN TARANTINO'S
"DEATH PROOF"

MICKEY ROURKE · ZOE BELL

A WEINSTEIN COMPANY PRODUCTION · AN RIP RELEASE

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"Death Proof"

Written

by

Quentin Tarantino

Final Draft
Valentine's Day
2006

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Faded, illegible text at the top of the page, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side.

This script is dedicated
to the poet laureate of
The Drive-in
CHARLES B. GRIFFITH
Your work has always

"Rocked All Night," daddy-o.

Respect,



Quentin Tarantino

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POV OF A CAR WINDSHIELD - DAY

The car is driving fast down the road. A pair of female bare feet with a gold ankle bracelet lie propped up on the dashboard emanating from the passenger seat.

A Good God Almighty rockabilly tune beats out of the car stereo, the feet tap to the beat.

The opening credits play out over this image.

As the music continues

WE CUT TO:

INT JUNGLE JULIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

A tall (maybe 6ft) Amazonian Mulatto goddess walks down her hallway, dressed in a baby tee, and panties that her big ass (a good thing) spill out of, and her long legs grow out of. Her big bare feet slap on the hard wood floor. She moves to the cool rockabilly beat as she paces like a tiger putting on her clothes.

Outside her apartment she hears a "Honk Honk".

She sticks her long mane of silky black curly hair, her giraffish neck and her broad shoulders, out of the window and yells down to a car below.

This sexy chick is Austin, Texas, local celebrity, JUNGLE JULIA LUCAI, the most popular discjockey of the coolest rock radio station in a music town.

JUNGLE JULIA
I'm comin' down!

EXT - STREET OUTSIDE JULIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Two girls are getting out of a white Honda civic, that's parked across the street from Jungle Julia's apartment.

One girl is SHANNA...

The other (the one with the sexy opening credit feet) is ARLENE.

All three girls are in their seven years after college phase (about twenty-eight).

The dynamic of the trio is as such, Julia, Shanna, and Arlene all went to the University of Texas together.

Shanna being a Texas native.

Julia being from Los Angeles.

Arlene being from Brooklyn.

After school was over, Arlene went back to New York, Julia got into the local Austin music scene, becoming a fixture on the scene, and ultimately becoming a drive time D.J. for the local oldies radio station Austin Hot Wax 505, and in the process turning into one of the most popular local celebrities since Stevie Ray Vaughn.

Arlene's in town visiting for a week, and it's sorta fallin' on Shanna to take care of her.

But since Julia's become a celebrity in the meantime, every plan arrangement, and girls night out is vaguely catered around Julia.

As Julia screams down to them, Arlene hurries across the street and screams up to her in her thick Brooklyn accent.

ARLENE

(yelling up)

Hold on, I gotta come up! I gotta take the world's biggest fuckin' piss!

JUNGLE JULIA

(yelling down)

We can't be late!

SHANNA

(yelling up)

We won't!

As Arlene and Shanna hurry up the stairs to Julia's apartment, the rockabilly on the soundtrack is cut off (by a needle being lifted) and a different song is put on the soundtrack.

INT - JUNGLE JULIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Julia has just put on a new record and is dancing to the music.

Arlene enters the front door with an I gotta pee body language.

Julia points in the direction of the bathroom.

Arlene disappears behind the bathroom door.

Shanna and Julia dance to the record while Arlene pees.

INT - BATHROOM - DAY

Arlene is sitting on the toilet, a horse race stream of piss can be heard emanating from under her. We slowly zoom into the pretty face of relief.

EXT - JUNGLE JULIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

In slow motion, the three girls walk out of the apartment, and head for their car.

They climb into Shanna's car, and head off to their next exciting 3 girls 3 adventure.

As the Honda drives away, A SUBTITLE APPEARS BELOW:

The City of
Austin, Texas

INT HONDA (MOVING) - DAY

Shanna is behind the wheel, Arlene is in the passenger seat, and Jungle Julia lies sprawled out in the back seat, her feet out the car door window, like Cleopatra.

JUNGLE JULIA
Who's holding?

SHANNA
If you're not, then nobody.

Arlene turning around in her seat to talk to the lying down Julia.

ARLENE
We were kinda hoping you were.

SHANNA
Yeah, how are you not holding?

JUNGLE JULIA
Jesus Christ, Shanna, it's not my fucking job to supply weed to ya'll when we go out.

SHANNA

Whoa Whoa Whoa, little lady, you're getting angry kinda quick, don'tcha think? I was just teasing you.

JUNGLE JULIA

I'm not angry, it would just be nice if ya'll didn't just count on me all the fuckin' time, and surprised me every once and awhile with pot.

SHANNA

Okay, mean girl in a high school movie, are you through being angry?

JUNGLE JULIA

I'm not angry.

SHANNA

Yes, you are, you've been in the car all of two seconds, and you're already cursing at me.

JUNGLE JULIA

I'm not cursing at you.

SHANNA

You said, "Jesus-Christ-Shanna". And before the sentence was over, you threw a "fuckin'" in there to emphasize your irritatedness.

Julia smiles, she's not really mad anymore. Arlene takes it a little too seriously.

ARLENE

C'mon, guys, don't fight, I'll pay for it when we get some.

JUNGLE JULIA

One, it's not about the money, it's about the pain in the ass of scoring, and two, we're not really fighting.

SHANNA

Arlene, you've forgotten what hanging out with Jungle Julia's like. That wasn't a fight. That was Julia acting like a grumpy bitch and me calling her on it and indulging her at the same time.

SHANNA

It's how we tolerate each other
after all these years.

JUNGLE JULIA

Oh, yeah, like you're never a
bitch.

SHANNA

Oh, yeah, like you're never not.

They both bust out laughing. Arlene guesses it's okay, and
joins along.

SHANNA

So what's the plan, man?

JUNGLE JULIA

Margaritas and Mexican food at
Guero's - did you call Rafael, tell
him we're comin'?

SHANNA

Of course.

JUNGLE JULIA

You're so good.

SHANNA

I know. Okay, is Christian
Simonson going to be there?

Julia smiling.

JUNGLE JULIA

You bet your ass he is. He's gonna
be there with Jessie Leadbetter.

Shanna to Arlene.

SHANNA

Christian Simonson the filmmaker is
in town. And he's got a big thing
for Julia.

JUNGLE JULIA

If he had a big thing for me, he'd
fuckin' call me as opposed to
disappearing for six months. And
he'd get his ass down here more
often than he does and on my
birthday he'd give me a fucking
phone call. But other than that,
he's putty in my hands.

SHANNA

Yeah, but you get those legs of yours around him, it's all over.

(to Arlene)

Chris has got a thing for long Amazonian legs, and so whenever we hang out, eventually Julia will get her legs around Chris, or across him, and when she does, Chris ain't going nowhere. And neither is she.

JUNGLE JULIA

Yeah, well when I'm redecorating his house in the hills that I'm also living in, I'll let you know it worked. So, margaritas and Mexican food at Guero's. Touch base with Chris and Jessie, tell them about later, and make damn sure they come. The other guys'll be waiting for us to join them at Huck's.

(to Arlene)

Oh shit, speaking of which, what happened with you and Nate last night?

Arlene starts to recount last night's hook up with her tough girl way of talking.

ARLENE

Well, not much, you know, we just fuckin' met each other. I mean, if you don't bust their balls a little bit, they never gonna respect ya'.

JUNGLE JULIA

Okay, we're pretty clear on what you didn't do. How 'bout enlightening us on what you did do?

ARLENE

Awww, nothin' to write home about, we just made out on the couch for about twenty minutes.

SHANNA

Dressed, half-dressed, or naked?

ARLENE

Dressed. I said we made out, we didn't do, "the thing".

JUNGLE JULIA

Excuse me for livin', but what's
"the thing"?

ARLENE

You know, everything but.

SHANNA

They call that, "the thing"?

ARLENE

I call it "the thing".

SHANNA

Do guys like "the thing"?

ARLENE

Well, they like it better than
no-thing.

The girls laugh.

JUNGLE JULIA

Okay, I wanna get back to what it
is you did do? So you're making
out with Nate on the couch, right?

ARLENE

Correct.

JUNGLE JULIA

Whose couch, his or the one in your
hotel room?

ARLENE

What am I, stupid over here, mine.

SHANNA

Were you making out sitting up, or
lying down?

ARLENE

Started sitting up, worked our way
to lying down.

JUNGLE JULIA

Humm, the plot gets thicker, who
was on top?

ARLENE

I was straddlin' him.

SHANNA

(to Jungle Julia)

Oh you know Nate had to love that.
What else?

ARLENE

Well, not much, that was it. So we made out a little while on the couch and I say, "Okay, I'm gonna go to bed, so it's time for you to leave". And then he whines; "Awww, right now"? And I say, "Yep, right now, let's go". Then he says; "Wait a minute, how 'bout this"? And I say, "No". And he says; "What'd you mean no? You don't even know what I'm gonna say". And I say, "I already know what you're gonna say..."

(beat)

...and the answer's, no". And he says; "How can you say, you know what I'm gonna say"? And I say, "Because you're gonna say, let's just go to bed together - we don't gotta do nothin' - just cuddle - sleep next to each other - wake up in the morning together -

(beat)

No.

(beat)

You're gonna leave.

(beat)

But, I'll see you tomorrow".

SHANNA

So what about tonight?

ARLENE

Well, we'll see. Look, I like Nate. He's cute, he's a nice guy, he's a pretty good kisser... but, ... it ain't a done deal.

JUNGLE JULIA

Yeah, fuck Nate. I mean, yeah, he's cute an all, but Jessie Leadbetter's gonna be all over her.

ARLENE

Jessie Leadbetter, the Austin director who did "Potheads"?

JUNGLE JULIA

He's a good friend.

ARLENE

Remember freshman year, getting stoned and going to "The Dobie" to see "Potheads"?

JUNGLE JULIA

Just think, play your cards right, you'll be sucking his dick within hours.

The girls laugh and make gross noises.

SHANNA

Hey, Jessie's got a big dick.

ARLENE

You went down on him?

JUNGLE JULIA

Half the girls in Austin have sucked Jessie's dick.

SHANNA

Yeah, but don't get your hopes up too high. Christian and Jessie might not even show up, they're big flakes.

JUNGLE JULIA

I'll kick his ass he doesn't show up.

SHANNA

But remember, we're not hooking up tonight. We're gonna hang out at Huck's with 'em, you can make out with 'em, but no hookin' up, cause we're driving to Lake L.B.J. tonight, and my daddy's pretty clear about one thing. He said; "I'm letting you and your girlfriends stay at my lake house. Not you and a buncha horny boys tryin' to get their fuck on with my daughter".

ARLENE

Your dad talks like that?

Julia and Shanna say together;

JULIA/SHANNA

Hell, yeah!

SHANNA

It's not like he ain't gonna know either. Because when I'm stayin' at the lake house with my girlfriends, in our bikinis, daddy has a tendency to just pop up, and make sure we don't need anything.

They all laugh.

SHANNA

Look he's totally harmless and cute as a bug's ear, but when he's got a bunch of half naked poontang walkin' the floor of his lake house, he just likes to pay a visit and make sure we got everything we need. And if you flirt shamelessly with him like this one in the backseat, you've got a puppy dog for life.

JUNGLE JULIA

I have my own relationship with Ben, and you're just jealous, because it doesn't include you.

ARLENE

You call her dad, Ben?

JUNGLE JULIA

I'm not a child, and that's his name.

ARLENE

Where's this bar we're going to later?

SHANNA

Huck's.

JUNGLE JULIA

It's a dive, but a fucking cool dive.

SHANNA

Yeah, no more college kid Sixth Street bullshit, Huck's is about drinking booze. No cosmos, nothing with a blender, just beers, booze and shots.

JUNGLE JULIA

And great music, don't forget about the music.

SHANNA

Yeah, Warren, the guy who owns the place, has this great classic jukebox. He calls it Amy.

ARLENE

He's got a classic jukebox that plays CD's?

JUNGLE JULIA

No! That's what's so cool about it, dummy. It's filled with classic Decca and Redbird 45's. They have moonshine under the counter.

SHANNA

Yeah,

(and with a thick southern accent)

And that shine'll blind ya' boy. You order coffee and he puts it in the coffee.

JUNGLE JULIA

And Cabo Wabo tequila.

Arlene's trying to forget Julia just called her a dummy two seconds ago. She could be the hurt girl, or the cool dude chick and has decided in her last two days in Texas to be the dude chick.

ARLENE

What's Cabo Wabo?

JUNGLE JULIA

Sammy Hagar's own personal brand of tequila.

ARLENE

When are the boys showing up?

JUNGLE JULIA

We're gonna meet them at Huck's.

ARLENE

Maybe they can bring some pot.

JUNGLE JULIA

Fuck those guys. I don't want to be either, A, depending on their fucking ass, or B, dependent on their ass. If we don't score ourselves, we're going to be stuck with them all fucking night.

SHANNA

Try Lanna-Frank.

JUNGLE JULIA

Best idea you've had all day.

Julia takes out her cell phone, pushes one button.

JUNGLE JULIA

Lanna-Frank?

(pause)

Julia.

(pause)

Hey girl.

(pause)

Is Steve with you?

(pause)

Yes!

(to the other girls)

Steve's with her.

(back to Lanna-Frank)

Look, Shanna and I and our friend from out of town, Arlene, are going to Guero's now and then Huck's later. Maybe you could meet us at either one of those places, and if Steve's around, bring him along.

Steve is obviously these girls idea of a secret code for pot.

JUNGLE JULIA

(pause)

So... you're thinking, midnightish?

(pause)

Now don't flake out, bitch, we're counting on you.

(pause)

Bye.

(she hangs up and looks to the other girls)

Mission accomplished.

SHANNA
 Hey we're passing by your
 billboard.

JUNGLE JULIA
 Oh c'mon, give me a break.

SHANNA
 C'mon, we said every time.

JUNGLE JULIA
 Okay.

Julia rises to sitting position.

EXT TEXAS ROAD - DUSK

A billboard of Jungle Julia Lucai, the discjockey of the local classic rock station, AUSTIN HOT WAX 505. The billboard shows Julia dressed as a leopard spotted Julia of the Jungle, Tarzan type surrounded by stacks of records.

Different styles of Jungle Julia billboards are all over town.

As the girls pass by it they scream.

...they pass by down the road...

...empty road, just billboard...

...then a menacing looking muscle car with a powerful thumping engine... passes by.

INT - MUSCLE CAR (MOVING) - DUSK

Out of the windshield of the powerful scary muscle car. Trailing the girls from way far back.

The unseen DRIVER eyes, hidden behind dark glasses, glances up at Jungle Julia's billboard as it passes it.

A bluesy early seventies rock tune plays out his thumping speakers.

All we can see of the DRIVER is, he wears a Silver Satin Jacket with an embroidered "ICY HOT" patch on the back, wears his hair in a greasy halfassed pompadour, and he smokes Chesterfields like a chimney, indicated by the overflowing ashtray.

As the music plays we see various INSERTS of the dash of this mechanical monster. Including one of the car keys in the ignition with a sparkplug keychain.

His hood ornament is a muscle bound duck flexing.

INT - THROUGH WINDSHIELD (MOVING) - DUSK

The girls have stopped in front of the Mexican restaurant Guero's, and are piling out of the car.

His heavy boot eases off the gas pedal.

We see the arrow on the speedometer fall to a crawl.

OVER THE DRIVER'S shoulder looking out the passenger side window, we see the girls bullshitting as they walk from car to front door.

DRIVER'S POV: SLOW MOTION shot of all the girls and each one individually.

The girls Christian name and first initial of their last name appears beside each girl during their slow motion single.

JUNGLE JULIA L.

SHANNA S.

ARLENE M.

We see rubber banded to the sun visor a Polaroid of Jungle Julia, Shanna, and Arlene, wearing different clothes. This stalking is not random. He didn't just find them today. This is one part of a longer process.

CU The DRIVER
Just as the music reaches a crescendo, we cut to a tight Sergio Leone CU of the Driver, smiling... then...

...the badass vehicle speeds off, making a thunderous racket.

EXT - GUERO'S - DUSK

Julia and Shanna oblivious, walk into the restaurant. But something makes Arlene stop, and give the muscle car an investigative gaze, as it hauls ass down the road.

Like "the final girl" in a slasher film, her look says, "something's not right. But that's just silly". She shrugs it off, and enters the restaurant to catch up with her friends.

INT - GUERO'S - NIGHT

The three ladies sit at a big booth, post dinner, the dirty dishes have been taken away, but the table still shows the mess the girls made.

Shanna pours out the last of the margarita from their last pitcher.

The bill comes, already paid by Jungle Julia.

ARLENE

Julia. You and Shanna have been paying for everything.

JUNGLE JULIA

Hey, my town my rules. But when I come to New York to visit you, I don't pay for shit.

ARLENE

Deal. I mean, in that case we won't be doing a bunch of shit, but the shit we do, deal.

While they went back and forth about the check. Shanna's phone rang, she's answered it, talked and hung up.

SHANNA

That's Pete and Nate and them, they're at Huck's.

Jungle Julia whips out her cell phone, and dials Christian Simonson's number. His voice mail picks up, and an outgoing message, that Chris made while sitting at the Hemingway bar in the St. Regis hotel in Paris. In fact, you can hear Colin the bartender, explaining a drink in the background.

CHRIS (VO)

This is Chris,... leave a message.

Julia leaves her message.

JUNGLE JULIA

(into phone)

Okay, you didn't make Guero's, but that's okay, I expected that. But we're leaving for Huck's right now. It would be a wonderful surprise if you beat us there. But in any case I'll see you in the next few hours. Don't disappoint me.

She puts away her cell phone.

Shanna picks up her drink, and proposes a toast their last margarita before moving on to "Huck's".

With their glasses raised, Julia looks across to Arlene.

Arlene smiles sweetly and obliviously.

Julia gets a devilish smile.

She looks over to Shanna, who looks over to Julia, and does her famous Shanna giggle, as Julia spreads her devilish smile.

It's obvious they're both in on something that Arlene is in the dark about.

Arlene sees this too, and puts her glass down.

ARLENE

Okay, what's up? You two are acting really fishy.

As Shanna uncontrollably giggles, she manages to say;

SHANNA

What makes you think that?

ARLENE

Well, you're giggling so much, you're gonna piss your pants.

As she giggles;

SHANNA

I already did piss my pants. A little.

The other girls laugh.

ARLENE
(to Julia)

And you look like... the devil.

JUNGLE JULIA

I'm not the devil, I'm simply devilish.

Arlene continues with her mock concern.

ARLENE

Okay, what's going on?

JUNGLE JULIA

If you listened to my show this morning, you'd know.

ARLENE

I know, honey, I'm sorry, I slept in this morning - we been stayin' out so fuckin' late every night, but I'm sorry I missed it.

JUNGLE JULIA

Get a sense of humor, lady, I'm just kidding. Of course we been staying out late, and of course you're gonna sleep in. You were a sweetheart to get up and listen to it, for the last few days. But I predicted you'd start getting sick of it today, and sleep in. So that's why I said a little somethin-somethin about you on the air today.

ARLENE

What did you say?

JUNGLE JULIA

I didn't use your real name, I used a code name.

This stops Arlene's momentum just a little.

ARLENE

What's my code name?

JUNGLE JULIA

Butterfly. I told them that you were in from out of town. And that we were going out somewhere in Austin tonight.

JUNGLE JULIA

And if they were out on the town, maybe they'd see us, and I described you. And told them your name was Butterfly. And I said if they spotted you while we were out, if they'd do something, you'd do something.

ARLENE

Oh my god, what the fuck did you say?

JUNGLE JULIA

Chill out, Babarino, have another sip of margarita.

ARLENE

I don't want another drink, I want to know, - you know that's probably not a bad idea.

She takes a sip of her very good margarita.

ARLENE

Okay, now, Julia, I'm serious. What did you say, and what did you say I'd do?

JUNGLE JULIA

Anywho, I could explain what I said, which would be boring, or we can act it out. Which I think will give you a better idea about what you're in store for tonight.

ARLENE

Just tell me.

Jungle Julia grabs her friend's hand and says;

JUNGLE JULIA

I'm a raconteur, it's what I do for a living. Honey, ya' gotta let me do my thing.

ARLENE

Okay, I know, I know, I'm sorry. I love the way you tell stories. Tell me your way.

JUNGLE JULIA

So we'll act it out?

ARLENE

Sure.

JUNGLE JULIA

Okay, gimme your drink.

Arlene slides her margarita over to Julia, who now has two.

JUNGLE JULIA

So you're in a club or a bar, and I'm kinda cute, or kinda hot, or kinda sexy, or better be fuckin' hysterically funny, but not funny looking, guy, who you could fuck.

Arlene salutes.

ARLENE

Got it.

Jungle Julia gets all cool guy approaching a girl.

JUNGLE JULIA

(dude voice)

Hey.

Arlene busts out laughing.

JUNGLE JULIA

(own voice)

C'mon, grow up, stay in the moment. This ain't improv, you don't get points for breaking the scene.

ARLENE

Okay, sorry.

(she gets very sexy)

Hi there.

JUNGLE JULIA

Excuse me, but your name wouldn't be Butterfly, would it?

ARLENE

(all flirty)

Yes it is, and it seems you have me at a disadvantage.

Jungle Julia extends her hand like a him.

JUNGLE JULIA

Barry.

Arlene folds her hand femininely into Julia's big hand.

ARLENE
Please to meet you, Barry.

SHANNA
Y'all are getting me hot.

They both turn to Shanna and say;

SSSHHHH!

The two girls turn back to each other and pick it up again.

JUNGLE JULIA
Is Butterfly your real name?

She shakes her head sexually, "No".

ARLENE
How did you know my name, Barry?

JUNGLE JULIA
I listened to Jungle Julia's show
this morning.

ARLENE
Oh you did, did you?

JUNGLE JULIA
Oh yeah, I listen to her show every
morning.

ARLENE
Oh you do, do you?

JUNGLE JULIA
Yeah, she's the coolest lady in
town.

Arlene leans in, and says confidentially;

ARLENE
Don't you think she's got a big
ass?

JUNGLE JULIA
No, I like her ass that way. She's
got a black girls ass.

ARLENE

You know that's what she always says, but in actual fact, she doesn't really have a black girls ass, she's just got a big ass.

Using both of her hands spread wide for emphasis.

Julia breaks character -

JUNGLE JULIA

Okay, what the fuck are you doing?

ARLENE

Oh, look who wants to get to the point all of a sudden.

JUNGLE JULIA

Okay, I'll get to the point. But just for your information, skinny-bitch, Black men and a few white men have had plenty fun adoring my ass. I don't wear their teeth marks in my butt for nothing.

Shanna laughs and raises up her hand.

SHANNA

You gotta give me some on that one.

Shanna and Julia high five.

ARLENE

If you're not going to buy me a drink, can I have mine back?

JUNGLE JULIA

Okay Okay Okay.

(in character)

So Butterfly, can I buy you a drink?

ARLENE

(in character)

That would be nice, Barry.

JUNGLE JULIA

What can I get you?

ARLENE

I'd love a margarita.

She slides it over.

JUNGLE JULIA

Here ya' go.

Jungle Julia raises her glass to toast, Arlene does too, then Julia says looking Arlene dead in the eye, with glasses raised;

JUNGLE JULIA

(breaking character)

So after they buy you a drink, when they raise their glass to toast, they look you dead in the eye, and repeat this poem;

"The woods are lovely
dark and deep

And I have promises to keep

And miles to go before I sleep".

Did you hear me Butterfly, miles to go before you sleep... and then... if he says that... you gotta give him a lap dance.

ARLENE

What!

JUNGLE JULIA

If they call you Butterfly, buy you a drink, and say that poem, you gotta give 'em a lap dance.

ARLENE

That's bullshit. I ain't givin' them nothin'.

JUNGLE JULIA

Look, you can do it or not. But if you don't do it, everybody in Austin's gonna think you're a chicken shit, and I don't think you want everybody in Austin thinkin' you're a chicken shit.

ARLENE

I ain't givin' nobody no lap dance cause of what you said.

JUNGLE JULIA

You sounded just like an audience member on "Tyra" then.

ARLENE

I'm about ready to lose my motherfuckin' mind up in here like an audience member on "Tyra".

JUNGLE JULIA

It's gonna be funny.

ARLENE

Yeah, everything's funny to you when it's happening to me.

JUNGLE JULIA

Be that as it may, - look you don't have to do it with anybody you don't want. I said you'll do it for the first guy who says it. So some geek comes over and tries to be cool just tell 'em you already did it at another place earlier. No harm, no foul, but ya' get a free drink out of it. But maybe a little later in the evening...
...you've had a few drinks...
you're kinda loosey goosey...
you're safe with your girls... then some kinda cute, kinda hot, kinda sexy, hysterically funny, but not funny looking, guy comes up and says it. Then... maybe you did it earlier... ..maybe you didn't.

They stand up to leave.

ARLENE

I'm gonna have fuckin' guys buggin' me all night.

JUNGLE JULIA

Ain't nobody gonna be buggin' ya', that's why you got mama here to shoo them flies away.

EXT - GUERO'S - NIGHT

We see POV from the Driver in the muscle car, the three girls walk out of Guero's. The same bluesy rock number that was playing as the girls went in is still playing as they walk out.

One of the girls trips a little bit on the steps going down. Indicating they've polished off a few margaritas.

We hear the Driver laugh off screen.

FADE TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK

As the song continues...

The TEXT APPEARS:

"Two Hours later

at

Huck's"

FADE UP

EXT - HUCK'S BAR - NIGHT

A different billboard of Jungle Julia, this time dressed up as a roller derby queen, holding a record player, and placing the needle on a spinning L.P. "AUSTIN HOT WAX 505".

Then we see "Huck's"; it sure as hell's a dive, but in the words of Julia, "a fucking cool dive". Maybe the audience notices the girls white Honda and the Driver's muscle car in the parking lot, maybe they don't.

INT HUCK'S - NIGHT

The song from before continues on Huck's extremely cool vintage jukebox.

Jungle Julia, pint of beer in one hand and lit cigarette in the other, does a very sexy dance to the bluesey rock classic. For the audience in Huck's as well as the movie theatre she's putting on a one-ho-show.

Our three fox posse, has collected some stray sniffing dogs. The aforementioned NATE and OMAR and PETE.

Omar's talking up Shanna at their beer spilled, peanut shelled strewn table. Pete's drinking Shiner Bock beer from a pitcher, admiring Julia's dance. Arlene and Nate are dancing together (he's holding her from behind and their pelvises are moving together). Which shows Arlene's not a goody two shoes, she's out to party, she's just not clear about the new dynamic with her old college pals.

Needless to say, everybody's drunk.

The song ends, and Warren, the owner operator of Huck's, yells to Julia;

WARREN

Now, Julia, if you wanna carry on like the main attraction at a cathouse with four floors of whores, carry on. But, if I gotta tell you one more Goddamn time, to put out that fucking cigarette, I'm gonna treat you just like any other belligerent drunk, and climb across this bar and hit ya upside the head with a horse cock.

Every one in the place laughs.

Julia rolls her eyes to heaven, blows out a dramatic stream of smoke (ala Joan Crawford), and bitchy grinds out her cigarette in the table top (ala Bette Davis)

JUNGLE JULIA

Happy?

WARREN

As a clam. You may continue your one-ho-show.

Nobody's mad at anybody, they're just giving each other shit.

Julia sits down next to Pete.

SHANNA

When's Lanna-Frank getting here?

JUNGLE JULIA

That's a good fucking question.

She takes out her cell phone, and pushes a button calling Lanna-Frank.

JUNGLE JULIA

(pause)

Where are you?

(pause)

Well come over already, we're waiting for you.

(pause)

No, we're not coming over there. You come over here like you said you would.

(pause)

Chris Simonson is coming.

(pause)

Jessie Leadbetter too.

JUNGLE JULIA

(pause)

Well not yet, but they're on their way. So you get on your way, too.

(pause)

Okay, hurry up.

She hangs up the phone, and hits TEXT MESSAGE.

She quickly texts;

"I can't wait to see you.

Hurry!!!!!!"

Goes to the name Chris Simonson, and hits send.

"Your message has been sent"

appears on her screen.

Shanna schools Omar as she drinks a humongous Long Island Ice Tea.

SHANNA

Now there's one thing, that every girl in the whole world whose name is Shanna, has in common with each other. We all hate the name Shauna. And we really hate it when people call us Shauna.

OMAR

So that was a bad move on my part?

SHANNA

Oh yeah. Your fuckability stock is plummeting. Just remember, it's Shanna Banana, not Shauna Banuna.

Julia's phone rings with a text message. She hits the menu, and it says a message from; Chris Simonson.

She opens up the electronic mail. It reads;

"Me Too".

She smiles and texts back;

"XOXO

J.J."

She hits send.

Pete arrives with shots of Cabo Wabo tequila.

PETE
Okay everybody, time for shots.

Everybody groans, but they do them.

We see CU's of all three girls knocking back the tequila, and making faces, and having an alcohol tremor.

Arlene stands up, and takes out a pack of cigarettes called; "CAPITOL W - Lights".

ARLENE
I'm going out to have a smoke.

Arlene walks outside by herself to the front porch of Huck's.

EXT HUCK'S FRONT PORCH - (RAINING) NIGHT

Upon hitting the night air, Arlene immediately sees it's fuckin' pissin' cats and dogs.

ARLENE
Whoa, when the fuck did this start?

FEMALE VOICE (OS)
About ten minutes ago.

Arlene turns towards the voice, she sees a pretty girl, late twenties, (same age as the other girls) sitting on a porch swing, smoking a cigarette. Even though they won't get around to introducing themselves to each other for awhile, this angelic looking, blonde haired sassy little hippy chick, is named PAM.

PAM
Are your windows rolled up?

ARLENE
Yeah.

PAM
Lucky you.

ARLENE
How's it going?

PAM
It could be better.

ARLENE
Havin' a bad night?

PAM

Well I'm on a date, the highpoint of which, is me right now, smoking this cigarette.

ARLENE

So talking to me is the best part of your date?

PAM

Well you're behind the cigarette in popularity, but you're definitely way above my date.

Pam was venting and doesn't like how that makes her sound.

PAM

Awww, he's okay, - he could be okay.

ARLENE

Stuck with a geek.

PAM

NO. - I mean yes, but I don't care about that. I'm a big girl, I said yes, ... but he's just so fucking shy, it's starting to creep me out.

ARLENE

Oh, you're stuck with a dateless wonder.

PAM

I like the sound of that. What's that?

ARLENE

A dateless wonder is a guy who thinks about girls alot but doesn't have much social skills. So he doesn't go out alot. But he's not like his geeky friends, or his fat friends, or his confused sexualitys friends, he goes out... every once in a while. Every once in a while he gets the balls to ask a girl out. Now dateless wonders usually make it a point to ask girls out of their league. Since they don't expect to get the date anyway, why not aim high.

ARLENE

And every once in a while, they get their shit together long enough to be charming enough, to get a pretty girl to say yes. And you're that pretty girl.

Pam puts out her cigarette;

PAM

Okay okay... it's help the handicap week, I guess. Thanks to you, I'm ready to go back in there and give him another chance to get his shit together.

ARLENE

Can you point him out to me?

PAM

He's cute, actually. I mean you know, in that way. But no, he's genuinely cute.

They open the door to peer in, but when Pam looks towards her table, new people are sitting at it, and her date is nowhere to be seen.

PAM

Wait a minute, where the fuck is he?

ARLENE

Wasn't he at your table?

PAM

Yeah, that's what I'm talking about, that's where he was supposed to be.

ARLENE

Which one is your table?

PAM

The one with the new people sitting down is our table.

She looks around in time to see her dates car leaving the restaurant parking lot.

PAM

Hey that's my dates car... that's my date...

(she shouts to him)

Scott!

She starts walking towards the car, but stops because of the rain.

PAM

Scott!

The car takes off...

... leaving her stranded at the bar.

PAM

(to herself)

I don't fucking believe this.

(then yelling in

frustration)

I don't fucking believe this!

She yanks out her cell phone and angrily dials Scott.

We lose Arlene at this point, and stay with Pam.

The other end of the cell phone picks up.

SCOTT (OS)

Hello.

PAM

Having fun? Where the fuck you think you're going, Scott?

SCOTT (OS)

Look, I didn't think it was going well...

PAM

That happens little boy, and you deal with it like a man, you don't abandon me like a sniveling little fucking worm.

SCOTT (OS)

I didn't think you'd have a problem -

PAM

- shut the fuck up and listen. You never abandon a woman like that. In a fucking bar no less, in the fucking rain! You take a woman out, safetywise I'm supposed to be in your care.

PAM

Or are you such a pathetic little
fucking soft cock that you didn't
know that was part of the date
contract?

SCOTT (OS)

Do you want me to turn around, I
can still take you home.

PAM

Yeah, I want you to come back here,
so I can kick your fucking ass in
front of everybody at this bar,
that's what I want. I mean it,
Scott, if I ever see you again, I'm
gonna kick your fucking ass so bad,
and you know I can do it too, and I
don't care who you're with.

SCOTT (OS)

Pam, I'm sorry, I fucked up I know -

PAM

Oh just write your phone number on
a gay bar bathroom wall, and fuck
off.

She hangs up.

She storms back inside the bar.

She goes up to the bartender,

PAM

Can you fucking believe that shit?

WARREN

What?

PAM

Squidly fuckin' bails on me.

WARREN

You mean you weren't through with
your date?

PAM

No. I was outside having a smoke
while he's paying the check and
sneaking out the fucking back. At
least I hope he paid the check.
Did he pay the check?

WARREN

He didn't pay me.

She can't believe it, her cell phone rings.

She lifts it to her ear;

PAM

Hello, Scott.

SCOTT (OS)

Pam, I feel really really bad about what I did. Please Please Please let me come back and give you a ride home.

PAM

Well I'm sorry you feel "really really bad". But let me ask you a question, when you were cowardly sneaking out the back door, did you stop long enough to pay the check at least?

There's silence...

Then...

SCOTT (OS)

...Oh shit... I'm so sorry, Pam -

She hangs up the phone.

PAM

Warren, it looks like I owe you money.

WARREN

No kidding, how much?

PAM

Not much. We just had a coupla beers and some nachos.

WARREN

Want me to close you out?

PAM

No, I'll stay. I'll have another drink, or two.

WARREN

Well in that case, how 'bout your next drink and the nachos on us.

PAM

That's why I like this place.

WARREN

Membership has it's privileges. What can I get ya'?

BACK TO ARLENE

on the porch

Arlene's by herself on the porch swing smoking her cigarette...

When...

Her eyes land on the muscle car from earlier, sitting in the parking lot.

Her face shows she recognizes the car, that seemed suspicious before.

Something about this car makes her uneasy.

A hand comes up behind her touching her shoulder and making her jump.

It's Nate, he laughs at her reaction.

ARLENE

It's not funny, you shitty asshole, you scared the fuck outta me! What, you think scaring girls is cute?

Nate, palms out, pleading his case.

NATE

I'm sorry, Arlene, I swear I wasn't trying to scare you, I just got lucky.

ARLENE

Oh hardy-fuckin'-har.

She tosses her cigarette out in the rain.

ARLENE

Let's go inside.

NATE
Wait a minute.

ARLENE
What?

NATE
I was thinkin' we could make out?

ARLENE
What on the porch swing, not even
in the bar, but in front of the
entrance? Forget it.

NATE
No, in my car.

ARLENE
(referring to the
rain)

What, out there? It's wet as shit
out there.

NATE
Not in my car, it's not.

He takes out an umbrella that opens on cue.

NATE
You won't get wet, I promise you.

She gives him a look.

ARLENE
You know most guys wouldn't brag
about that.

Nate smiles.

NATE
I mean, you won't get rained on.

She still gives him a look.

NATE
C'mon, I know you guys are goin' to
Lake L.B.J. and we can't come.
(whining)
I wanna make out.

ARLENE
Okay, just stop with the whine,
it's not attractive.

She contemplates for a moment...

Nate waits for his fate to be decided...

ARLENE

Okay, but I don't want it super obvious to everybody in the bar we've been gone. So we go in your car, and make out for six minutes, and that's it. Deal?

NATE

Great.

ARLENE

No no no no no, deal or no deal. If you're gonna whine when I pull the plug at six minutes, we can just walk back inside the fucking bar right now.

NATE

Deal. No whining.

ARLENE

And no begging.

NATE

No begging, when you say done, it's done.

ARLENE

I'm gonna remember you said that. Okay, let's go.

As she gets under his umbrella, and they walk in the rain, she says;

ARLENE

You got two jobs, to kiss good and make sure my hair don't get wet.

BACK IN HUCK'S

Pete and Omar stand up to get more drinks.

PETE

I'm getting more drinks. What can I get ya'?

OMAR

Shanna-Banana?

SHANNA

Another big ass Long Island Ice Tea.

Pete pointing cool like at Julia;

PETE

Bombay Shapphire and tonic, no ice.

Julia nods her head approvingly.

JUNGLE JULIA

Good boy.

As a new 45 falls on the vintage turntable... and the needle lowers...

We go behind a Customer sitting at the bar. Using both hands, he's eating the Huck's Huckin' Nacho Grande platter. Which comes with double everything, sour cream, melted cheese, queso sauce, enchilada sauce, and chili sauce.

While the Customer is not wolfishly devouring it, yet, using both of his bare hands, he's eating it in a way that expresses his hearty appetite. And apparently these nachos are finger licking good.

Due to the Silver Satin Icy Hot Jacket we can tell the Customer and the Driver are the same. But we can tell more now about him. He appears middle fifties, but actually might be older. His body is in good, if well-worn, shape.

He wears a beat up pompadour in place of a beat up cowboy hat, which he keeps afloat with a healthy mixture of Aqua Net and Tres Flores pomade.

His body language carries that certain breed of redneck elegance, that only Rodeo Riders and Professional Stuntmen have. He listens to the music on the jukebox as he eats his nachos, and drinks his glass of clear liquid.

We have yet to see him full on, but one more thing we can tell...

...he has a big scar running down his face.

Pete and Omar show up at the bar next to the Customer/Driver.

OMAR

Two soldiers of Shiner. One bigass Long Island ice tea.

PETE

And one Bombay Sapphire and tonic.

WARREN

Sure you don't want another pitcher of Shiner?

PETE

Nope, we want the soldiers.

WARREN

Three soldiers, comin' up.

INT. NATE'S CAR (PARKED) - RAINING - NIGHT

Arlene and Nate make out, as the car radio plays, and the rain splashes against the windows.

As they kiss, in the backseat, Arlene raises her ass off the seat a little bit to slide her shorts off her crotch and down to her knees.

She takes his hand, as they kiss, and puts it between her legs.

They kiss longer...

.....till...

...She breaks the kiss and the mood by saying;

ARLENE

Goddmanit. Do I actually hafta say the words; "finger fuck me?"

NATE

Oh, I'm sorry -

She irradiatedly waves him away.

ARLENE

Forget it.

She slides her pants back up.

Nate's window of opportunity has slammed shut.

CUT BACK TO

INT. HUCK'S - NIGHT

The Customer/Driver eats his nachos near the two young men without either looking or even glancing in their direction.

Omar in pussy pointers mode.

OMAR

Look, you can't look like you're trying to get her out of here before Christian Simonson shows up. But you gotta get her outta here before Christian Simonson shows up.

PETE

Yeah, but they're going to Shanna's daddys house on Lake L.B.J. and it's no guys, absolutely no guys.

OMAR

So after we bring the girls the drinks, in fairly rapid order, but not obvious, we order two more round of shots.

PETE

She ain't gonna fall for that.

OMAR

We'll be very convincing. And now's the time to turn up the volume. No more fuckin' around. We go to Jäger shots.

PETE

Oh man, they're not gonna drink that shit.

OMAR

Dude, as long as a guy's buyin' the booze, a bitch'll drink anything. Look, we can at least get one Jäger shot down these bitches throat. After that shot, we'll see if they have another Jäger shot in 'em. You never know. That could be the shot that puts them past the point of fuck-it. But I know, I can, at least, get Shanna to do a buttery nipple shot. What's Julia's sweet shot?

PETE
Key lime pie.

OMAR
C'mon, you can get her to do one more for dessert.

Arlene and Nate walk back in the bar.

The Customer/Driver looks over his shoulder, at Pete and Omar handing the Long Island ice tea and the gin and tonic to the ladies.

PETE
Oh great, I'm just getting more drinks, what can I get ya'?

NATE
Another Shiner.

Arlene notices Pam at the bar, drinking a drink out of a glass cowboy boot.

ARLENE
(to Pam)
What's that?

PAM
It's a Cadillac margarita on the rocks made with Cabo Wabo tequila. Have a sip.

Arlene takes it.

ARLENE
Uuuumm, that's good.
(to Pete)
I'll have this.
(to Pam)
Would you like to join our party?

Pam takes a look over at their table, sees Jungle Julia, and says;

PAM
No that's okay, I'll just sit at the bar and play the barfly vixen.

Arlene and Nate sit back down at their table.

JUNGLE JULIA
And where did you two disappear to?

ARLENE

I had to get something out of the car, and Nate was gentlemanly enough to escort me with his umbrella.

JUNGLE JULIA

Good for you, Nate.

ARLENE

See that pretty girl by herself at the bar?

Julia meows.

JUNGLE JULIA

Who, the dirty hippy?

ARLENE

(laughs)

Meow. She's not a hippy.

JUNGLE JULIA

She might as well be a hippy.

ARLENE

Do you know what just happened to her?

JUNGLE JULIA

No, but I know she's a skinny fake blonde bitch.

Everybody at the table laughs.

JUNGLE JULIA

Oh, I'm sorry, you were telling a story. What about her?

The old pop and crackly 45 continues it's revolutions on the vintage jukebox. The bass heavy speaker at the bottom, booms.

Referring to the record on the jukebox, the bartender Warren, yells out;

WARREN

Stax records, best goddamn label ever.

(he yells to the girls table)

Julia, you play this?

JUNGLE JULIA

You know I did, Warren. I know how
to take care of my man.

Julia holds up her gin and tonic, and says;

JUNGLE JULIA

Here's to Warren's jukebox.

Everybody at the table raises their glass.

OMAR

You know what, we should do a shot
of Jäger in honor of Warren's
jukebox.

Julia and the girls are responding negatively to Omar's
idea.

JUNGLE JULIA

Uh-huh, I ain't drinkin' no goddamn
Jäger shot.

OMAR

Why not?

JUNGLE JULIA

Because I don't wanna fuck any of
y'all, that's why.

The girls laugh.

She puts her hand on Pete's shoulder.

JUNGLE JULIA

Not tonight anyway.

Arlene glass cowboy boot in hand, turns and catches eyes
with Pam glass cowboy boot in hand.

They smile and silently cheers each other across the room.

Pam turns away, to Warren the bartender.

PAM

So Warren, is there anyone here at
the bar you'd vouch for to give me
a ride home?

The key to the muscle car with the sparkplug attached is
tossed onto the bar in front of her with a loud thud.

She looks up and sees the Driver seated one seat away.

We see him clearly now, no more obscure bullshit. He has a big scar on his face from what looks like a previous accident. But the scar doesn't make him look grotesque. It makes him look kinda cool.

DRIVER

Fair lady, your chariot awaits.

PAM

You've been eavesdropping on me?

DRIVER

Well there's eavesdropping and can't help but hear. I think I belong in the later category.

PAM

You offering me a ride home, Icy Hot?

ICY HOT

I'm offering you a lift, if when I'm ready to leave, you are too.

PAM

When are you thinking about leaving?

ICY HOT

Truthfully, I'm not thinking about it. But when I do, you'll be the first to know.

PAM

Will you be able to drive later?

ICY HOT

I know looks can be deceiving, but I'm a teetotaler. I've been drinking club soda and lime all night. I'm building up to my big drink.

PAM

What's that?

ICY HOT

Virgin Pina Colada.

PAM

Why would a person who doesn't drink, spend hours in a bar drinking water?

ICY HOT

You know a bar offers all kinds of things other than alcohol?

PAM

Like what?

ICY HOT

Women.

Icy Hot flirting, but not putting the bite on Pam, he's just being flirtatiously intriguing.

ICY HOT

Nacho Grande Platters. The fellowship of some fascinating individuals, like Warren here.

She laughs.

ICY HOT

The alcohol is just a lubricant for the individual encounters that a barroom offers.

PAM

Is that cowboy wisdom?

ICY HOT

I'm not a cowboy, I'm a stuntman. Very easy mistake to make, Pam.

PAM

How do you know my name?

ICY HOT

When you were talking to Warren, I couldn't help but hear.

PAM

Fair enough. What's your name, Icy?

ICY HOT

Stuntman Mike.

PAM

Stuntman Mike's, your name?

STUNTMAN MIKE

Ask anybody.

Pam turns to Warren.

PAM

Hey, Warren, who is this guy?

WARREN

That's Stuntman Mike.

PAM

And who the hell's Stuntman Mike?

WARREN

He's a stuntman.

PAM

If he gives me a lift home later,
would you vouch for him?

WARREN

All I can say is he's never raped
me. And it's not like I haven't
worn provocative clothing in front
of him either.

Our girls table shouts for Warren;

JUNGLE JULIA

Warren, six shots of Wild Turkey.
(to the guys)

If we're doing shots, we're gonna
do Junior Bonner style grown folk
shots. No college kid Slurpee
shots. And if you want to do a
shot after this, we do Early Time.
Got it?

PETE

Got it.

JUNGLE JULIA

(with a smile)

Now go fetch me my Turkey.

Six shots of Wild Turkey shots are poured by Warren on the
bar. Stuntman Mike notices it and Pete and Arlene coming
to the bar to pick up the shots.

Arlene comes up to Pam.

ARLENE

We're all doing Wild Turkey shots,
do one with us?

Pam looks over at the table and sees Julia and Shanna.

PAM
What's your name, honey?

ARLENE
Arlene.

PAM
Hi Arlene, I'm Pam.

ARLENE
What's up, Pam.

PAM
Now look, you're very sweet, and
you're totally cool...

As Pam tells her this, Arlene notices Stuntman Mike, on the barstool next to Pam. She instantly knows he's the Driver of the muscle car from before and the one parked right outside.

He smiles at Arlene.

A chill runs through her.

PAM
Arlene, party of one.

Arlene realizes she just spaced out.

ARLENE
Oh, I'm sorry, I just spaced. What did you say?

PAM
I said; I hate your fuckin' friend Julia. So no offence to you, I'm just gonna sit at the bar.

ARLENE
Oh that's okay, none taken. Maybe I'll see you around.

Arlene carries the shots back to her table. Everybody takes them.

After Arlene does her Wild Turkey shot, her eyes come up on Stuntman Mike by the bar. He's looking right at her, watching her do her whiskey shot. He turns casually and continues talking to Pam.

This character makes Arlene feel more and more uneasy.

BACK TO PAM

PAM

Well Stuntman Mike, since I have a tab here, can I buy you that virgin Pina Colada?

STUNTMAN MIKE

Well thank you, Pam, that would be lovely.

PAM

Warren, a virgin Pina Colada for my Stuntman friend, and I'll have another Cadillac Cabo Wabo margarita.

WARREN

Cabo Wabo margarita.

INSERT

A finger punches a button with the symbol of a phone on it.

CELL PHONE SCREEN it says;

"dialing
Chris Simonson"

JUNGLE JULIA

(into phone)

Get your ass over here. We're fuckin' bored.

(pause)

C'mon, I'm missing you. You're making me wait and it's mean.

(pause)

Well then prove it.

(pause)

Dial me when you're on your way.

BACK TO PAM

STUNTMAN MIKE

So Pam, what do you do?

PAM

That's a very good question, Stuntman Mike. At this moment, unfortunately, not a fuckin' thing.

Their drinks arrive, Stuntman Mike takes a sip of the tall foamy white cocktail.

STUNTMAN MIKE

Well let me put it this way, when last it was you did something, what did you do?

PAM

The last job I had, I was a personal assistant.

STUNTMAN MIKE

Really? Whose personal assistant?

PAM

Do you know who Jessie Leadbetter is?

STUNTMAN MIKE

The Austin director who did "Potheads"?

PAM

Yeah, well I worked over at his company Roadblock for a little while, then I became his personal assistant for a couple years, then we started making out, then we had a little thing, and then it was best to leave.

STUNTMAN MIKE

He couldn't afford to have your ass around, huh?

PAM

No it wasn't that, you just can't get coffee for a guy whose dick you're suckin'. It's one of those things that can't help but rub you the wrong way.

STUNTMAN MIKE

Is that the kind of job you want next?

PAM

What, suckin' dick?

STUNTMAN MIKE

No, personal assistant.