

Rock Race

Written by
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FADE IN:

INT. RANDY'S BASEMENT -- AFTERNOON EARLY 1970'S

Randy Nesmith, a 14-year-old with long blond hair, goes down to the cluttered cellar and removes a ragged sheet from a set of sparkling gold drums. He searches through a stack of records, and picks one. NOTE: Grand Funk Railroad Foot Stomping Music.

He places the record in the old, upright stereo, blows on the dust clogged needle, places the needle on the record, and turns the dial all the way to the right. CRACKLES AND POPS jump from the speakers. He grabs his drum sticks, sits at his drum set and starts PLAYING along to the music, then closes his eyes.

P.O.V. MUSIC STAGE -- CONTINUOUS

Randy is fantasizing about playing his drums on stage in front 50,000 screaming fans. Strobe lights are FLASHING in his face.

INT. RANDY'S BASEMENT -- CONTINUOUS

He opens his eyes, and sees the lights by the cellar steps FLASHING on and off. He stops playing, and turns down the volume. We can only see the feet of his dad at the top of the steps who is YELLING.

RANDY'S DAD

Turn off that racket, and pack up
your drums. It's time to go.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH HALL -- LATER

A wedding reception is taking place. The band is PLAYING the Rollout The Barrel polka. Ushers are doing shots at the make shift bar. Little kids are RUNNING AROUND a packed dance floor.

The song ends, and the sweaty, boisterous crowd is on the dance floor YELLING for the next song. Randy's 50 year old dad is holding his accordion and turns to the band.

RANDY'S DAD

Let's pick up the pace and do a
rock tune. How bout a little
Leroy?

They start PLAYING Bad Bad Leroy Brown. Randy looks bored.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RANDY'S OFFICE - CURRENT DAY

40 YEARS LATER

Randy, now in his 50's with thinning gray hair and chubby, is sitting in front of a computer in his small office cube wearing a headset. Pictures of his family are pinned on the wall. He's drinking coffee from his DAD coffee cup. He puts on his glasses and answers his CHIMING desk phone.

RANDY

Hi, you reached the phone return
department at Wireless Wonder. How
may I help you? You don't want to
return your phone?

(high pitched voice)

You want it removed?

A PHONE GIRL, mid 30's, is in bed, naked but covered up. She's wearing a bluetooth phone headset.

PHONE GIRL

(Embarrassed)

Yes. My phone's in my, well,
between my, inside my...

RANDY

No need to explain. How did it get
there?

PHONE GIRL

The vibration for text messages is
wonder...

She SCREAMS and PANTS.

RANDY

Just had a text message, huh? Are you OK?

PHONE GIRL

Yes. It's fabulous. You can't imagine.

Randy

No, I can't, but maybe my wife could.

PHONE GIRL

It's hard to hear you. Our connection isn't great. Must be the bluetooth headset.

RANDY

You're using your cell phone now? Amazing. Well, shouldn't you call your Gyne first to ...

PHONE GIRL

I did call her. She said cell phones aren't approved as internal medical devices, and my visit isn't covered under my health pl...

She MOANS and SCREAMS. Randy waits for her to finish her delight.

RANDY

Damn health insurance. Well, we'll need proof of this incident before we begin. Would you be able to snap a picture and send it from your phone? We'll start from there.

CUT TO:

INT. GOODYS CAR MORNING

GORDON BLACKWELL, nicknamed GOODY, 53, is a good looking hippie-type with black hair, graying beard and ponytail. While SINGING along to a classic rock in the car, he

finishes smoking a joint, SPRAYS himself with air freshener and goes into school with a high looking SMIRK.

INT. GOODYS CLASSROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

GOODY

OK everyone. Bring up your homework assignment.

One by one, a student comes up to the desk and hand him their papers. One student hands in a report, with one joint. Goody marks a B on the paper. The student slides another joint into his hand, and Goody changes the grade to an A. A girl student is giving him crotch shots from under her desk. She hands in her paper, and he marks an A while GRINNING.

GOODY (CONT'D)

(Talking stoned and emotional)

Now class, let's chat about Cleopatra and Caesar. These two were hotties. I mean, she was busting out, and Caesar was built like a porn star on permanent Cialis. What kept him going. Exotic Egyptian herbs perhaps? Pyramid Power? Space Aliens gravity blocker?

He's showing them EXOTIC PICTURES of Cleopatra and Caesar. The students are SMILING and zoned in on them.

GOODY (CONT'D)

Every chance they had, they're goin at it. In the palace, on their yacht in the Nile. Rocking the boat, and putting jewels in places not yet discovered. Whew!

His vivid, sexual descriptions turns the class on. Guys and girls are GRABBING each and MAKING OUT during his lecture. They GRUMBLE when the bell RINGS and leave. A SCHOOL ADMINISTRATOR, female mid 30's, comes in with a note.

SCHOOL ADMINISTRATOR
 Gordon. Bad news. The principal
 got some parent calls about drugs
 in your classroom. You need to
 take a drug test. Here's the
 location. Sorry.

Goody looks distraught.

CUT TO:

INT. BLAKE'S OFFICE -- DAY

BLAKE FENSWORTHY is a dashing executive with an age that
 can't be determined. Wearing an expensive suit, he's
 sitting at his desk looking at porn. His boss, CLAYTON,
 early 40's, somewhat good looking but overweight, enters
 his office with his attractive wife, FELICIA. Her sexy
 30ish figure enhances a skimpy tennis outfit.

CLAYTON

Hey Blake. We're going out to
 lunch. Call me if the insurance
 deals goes through.

Clayton's phone RINGS. He heads back to his office.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)

Wait, this might be the call now.

Felicia JUMPS onto Blake and KISSES him ravishingly. Blake
 tries to fight her off, but concedes and KISSES back. A
 concealed camera, located in a corporate award plaque, is
 capturing their encounter.

Clayton is in his office watching their lust on his
 computer.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)

A home wreckn' VP and slut wife
 should save me a bundle in divorce
 court.

(sinister laugh.)

Now, let's get Blake out of the
 picture.

He heads back into Blake's office. Blake and Felicia pull away as he enters the room.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)

Sorry Felicia, I'm going to be on this call for a while. Blake, be a sport and take her to lunch. It's on me. Use our corporate card.

Felicia is SMIRKING at Blake while Clayton leaves the office.

FELICIA

(Devilish smile)

Let's go to your place for lunch.

BLAKE

(In a horny tone)

I'll give you my meat when your spread your bread. Look out Mr. Mayonnaise, here I come.

Felicia is SMACKING her lips.

CUT TO:

EXT. AX'S CAR

AX, skinny, late 40's, head shaved with TATTOOS, is putting pizzas into his car for delivery. His anorexic looking girlfriend, ZENDORA, early 40's, in gothic attire and looking strung out, pulls up behind him and BLOCKS his car.

AX

Zendora. Move your car. I need to deliver these pies.

(Looking at her glazed eyes and expression)

What the hell are you on this time?

ZENDORA

Nothing, except a little cough syrup and weight loss pills.

AX

Jesus Christ. You should be in a
skinny farm to make you fatter. Go
eat some Big Mac's, would you?

ZENDORA

Why can't I come with you to
Orlando?

AX

I told you before. There's no room
in Randy's van. Besides, we want
to stay focused. If we win this
contest, we get a chance to win a
record contract.

ZENDORA

Are you in love with someone else?

AX

Just my music Baby, just my music.

ZENDORA

Play me like I'm your guitar. You
can play any song you like.

She POSES like a guitar and WRAPS his arms around her body
parts.

AX

Sorry baby, you're a great guitar
but a little TOO strung out right
now. Besides, hot pizza to paying
customers comes first. I'll play a
love ballad on you later. Now move
your damn car.

Zendora MOVES her car out of the way and Ax leaves.

ZENDORA

(Yelling)

I wonder how that guitar would
sound with a few bullet holes in
it?

CUT TO:

EXT. GUN SHOOTING GALLERY -- MOMENTS LATER

Zendora and Clayton arrive at the shooting gallery at the same time. They PARK their cars. Clayton HOLDS the door for her and they go in.

INT. SHOOTING GALLERY -- CONTINUOUS

GALLERY OWNER

Hi folks. Are you here for the couples shooting special?

CLAYTON

Oh, we're not together. I've never shot a gun before and I'm considering buying one.

ZENDORA

Me too. What do you recommend?

GALLERY OWNER

Well, how do you plan to use it?

At the same time, they say "To get rid of a pest". They all start LAUGHING. The owner places a handgun on the counter and they both reach for it at the same time, touching hands.

GALLERY OWNER (CONT'D)

Are you sure you guys aren't a couple? I'll give you special couple's price for today. First timer's say it's as good as or better than sex.

He looks down at their crotches, SMIRKING.

GALLERY OWNER (CONT'D)

I hope you're both wearing underwear. Anyway, fill out this form and we'll get started. If you pay for a gun now, you can pick it up in a few days when the paperwork clears. I'll be back in a few minutes.

Clayton secretly keys in Zendora's name, address and phone number into his phone. The owner returns.

They go inside the shooting area and the owner helps them load the guns. They put on their earphones and start SHOOTING. They both get a rush and they look at each other like they're engaged in foreplay.

CUT TO:

INT. FELICIA'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Felicia's on her cell phone. She's driving by the shooting gallery.

FELICIA

Oh my God. He just screwed my brains out. Holy shit, is that?

She sees Clayton coming out with Zendora.

FELICIA (CONT'D)

That's it. I need to be rid of my asshole husband. I'll call you back.

Felicia pulls into the parking lot, and sees Clayton and Zendora walking towards his car. She PARKS where they can't see her.

EXT. SHOOTING GALLERY -- CONTINUOUS

CLAYTON

Man. What a rush. This gets me hornier than watching fetish porn.

ZENDORA

Tell me about. I almost exploded with every pull of the trigger. He's right. My panties are wet!

They look at each other and lustfully ATTACK each other. They JUMP into the back seat of Clayton's car. Felicia's watching the car BOUNCING up and down.

FELICIA

Gee Hon-aay, if you like hot holes that much, maybe you'd like to get double banged by Smith and Wesson?

Felicia laughs with in scary way. Clayton and Zendora leave the gun shop, and Felicia goes in.

CUT TO:

INT. RANDY'S DRUM ROOM -- EVENING

The band members are DOODLING with their instruments as they warm up.

RANDY

You guys won't believe the call I had today. This chick was using her phone as a vibrator and it got stuck there.

BLAKE

You're kidding. I'd like to meet that girl. Is she local?

AX

Don't be a fool. You couldn't satisfy any girl who's using high priced electronics to get off.

BLAKE

I thought she'd leave it in while we do it and we both catch the electro buzz.

Randy and Ax look grossed out.

GOODY

Guys. This is our last practice before the contest. Can we focus here?

BLAKE

Goody. Good vibrations gets me jazzed to play. Kick it off Ax Man.

The band PLAYS their song. At the end of the song, they all look elated.

GOODY

We're ready, boys.

CUT TO:

INT. RANDY'S CAR

Two days later.

The band is riding in Randy's van. They pass a sign that says "Orlando 98 miles". Randy's driving 82 MPH and sees police LIGHTS in his mirror. Goody is smoking a joint and eating a melting chocolate bar.

RANDY

Oh shit. A cop's behind me.
Goody, get rid of that thing.

He pops the joint into his mouth and SCREAMS when he burns his tongue. He reaches for a water bottle and DROPS the chocolate bar between his legs. His white pants and beige car seats get SMEARED with chocolate.

As Randy pulls the car off the road, Goody SPILLS the water bottle on his pants. Goody PULLS his wet pants down while the cop walks up to the car and PEERS IN. Goody's boxer shorts are patriotic STARS AND STRIPES. The cop sees Goody with his pants down and the brown all over his pants and seat. The cop looks GROSSED OUT.

RANDY

We had a little problem here
officer.

POLICE

I can see that. You were doing
over eighty, but I guess it wasn't
fast enough.

(Snickering)

License and registration.

(He looks at Goody)

Hey Uncle Sam, ever hear of
Depends? Especially at your age?

GOODY

My age? Listen dude. We're a kick-ass rock band, and we're on our way to win the band bash competition in Orlando.

POLICE

What do you win? One free year at the Shady Oaks retirement home. Good luck grandpa.

The officer returns to his car.

GOODY

I gotta pee real bad.

RANDY

Maybe you do need Depends. Wait till the cop leaves, you dumb shit.

The cop returns with Randy's speeding ticket. Goody's fingers still have chocolate on them. The car seat is smeared with chocolate. Goody LICKS his fingers.

POLICE

Oh man. You're senile too. Gross.

AX

Didn't you ever see Caddyshack, man? It's no big deal.

The cop returns to his car and drives away. Once he disappears, Goody JUMPS OUT of the car in his patriotic boxers and starts PISSING on the side of the road. Blake MOTIONS to Randy to pull forward to annoy Goody. Goody is peeing while trying to follow along until he can't keep up with the car. He stops and continues to pee.

Cars are driving by HONKING. The band is LAUGHING. Goody salutes the honkers, finishes peeing, runs up to the car, JUMPS in, and they zoom down the road.

(NOTE: Throughout the script, classic rock stars could be used in some character rolls, and connect a famous song title or lyric to the dialog. For example, if Steven Tyler of Aerosmith was the police officer, he could say at this

point; "You wanna be a rock star? (Singing) Dream On, Dream on. You're too old to be a rock star").

CUT TO:

INT. ORLANDO MUSIC VENUE

The band enters the venue with their instruments. A sign is displayed over the stage: South East Band Bash. Blake POINTS to the registration desk, and they slide through the crowded room. A band is on stage PLAYING. They are LOUD, and SCREAMING incomprehensible lyrics.

Blake walks up to the registration desk. The RECEPTIONIST, early 20's, holds up a sign: "Wait till the song ends". They notice that everyone in the bar is in their 20's. The band finishes their song and everyone is CHEERING.

GOODY

Hi. We're Goodies band. Are we still on at nine thirty?

The receptionist has PINK hair and is laden with TATTOOS and BODY RINGS. She is SNICKERING and annoyed with their appearance

BAND BASH RECEPTIONIST

We had a schedule change. You guys go on last at eleven. Can you stay awake that long Gramps? There's a Starbucks around the corner.

GOODY

Lady, didn't you ever hear of classic rock?

BAND BASH RECEPTIONIST

Yup. But you guys look like you're pushing dead rock. When you hear your band's name, you have ten minutes to hook up and do a quick sound check. And sorry, the stage isn't WHEEL CHAIR or walker accessible.

BLAKE

Don't worry lady. We'll be ready.

RANDY

(Talking to Blake)

Actually, a nap is not a bad idea.
I'm goin' out to the car. Come get
me around ten thirty.

BLAKE

OK. I'm going to listen to some of
our competition.

AX

Randy, I'll join you.

GOODY

Me too. I'll do one more hit to
get ready for the show.

They head out to Randy's car. Blake is standing by the
stage when the next band is announced.

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and Gentlemen. Please
welcome on stage, the Christmas
Nazi's from China.

The male band members have their faces PAINTED like
oriental Geisha girls. They're SHIRTLESS, and have
CHRISTMAS TREES PAINTED on their chests, with a SWASTIKA on
top of the tree. Their music is fast and LOUD with
annoying SCREAMING.

A GIRL, 21, is next to him JUMPING and SCREAMING.

BLAKE

(Yelling)

You like these guys?

JUMPING GIRL

Of course. The drummer is my
boyfriend.

The drummer is wearing a SAMURAI OUTFIT and a GERMAN
helmet.

BLAKE

Their costumes are Japanese, not Chinese.

JUMPING GIRL

(Looking confused)
What's the difference?

BLAKE

(Looking disgusted,
rolls his eyes)
Auf Wiedersehen, samurai.

CUT TO:

INT. RANDY'S CAR -- LATER

BLAKE

I decided to join you guys. I wanted to hear our competition, but I couldn't stand the screaming. If that's what the judges want, we're doomed.

GOODY

(Smoking his joint.)
No worries. Good rock music will win, and that's what we have.

All four musicians FALL ASLEEP. Goody is SNORING.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RANDY'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

AX

Man. Quit that snoring. I can't sleep.

GOODY

(moans)
What time is it?

RANDY

Holy shit. It's almost eleven.

They BOLT OUT of the car and DASH into the bar.

INT. ORLANDO MUSIC VENUE -- MOMENTS LATER

They hear an announcement "Last call for Goodies". Blake RUNS UP to the reception desk.

BLAKE

We're here. We're here.

They JUMP on stage and plug in their guitars and keyboard. Ax KNOCKS a mic over, then Randy SPILLS his bag of drum sticks. They look like the three stooges and the crowd is LAUGHING.

CROWD MEMBER

Hey Grandpa. You shit your pants?

GOODY

(he taps the mic to
see if it's on and
smiles)

Yeah. Our kick-ass band will make
you shit your pants, dweeb.

(he looks at his
band)

You guys ready?

They all nod "yes". Goody gives A THUMBS up to the receptionist.

BAND BASH RECEPTIONIST

(Talking into a
mic.)

Our next band is Goodies, from Fort
Lauderdale.

Ax starts with a short GUITAR SOLO that opens the high energy song. The band PLAYS their song. The heads of the crowd are BOUNCING up and down to the beat of the song.

The jumping girl is with her DRUMMER BOYFRIEND, early 20's.

DRUMMER BOYFRIEND

(Jealous and
depressed)

Man, these guys are great. Shit.

JUMPING GIRL

I don't get it. You can understand their words. And the crowd likes it. And where's their costumes?

CROWD MEMBER

Holy shit man. Unbelievable. Talk about Rock of Ages.

Two older judges, mid 40's, are nodding their heads in appreciation and SMILING. The crowd CHEERS when they end their song. The judges are tallying their results while the band packs up their guitars and leave the stage.

A short time later, one of the judges walks up on stage.
NOTE: Possibly a rock star like Rod Stewart.

JUDGE

Man, this was tough. So much good rock and roll. But this year's winner, representing the Southeast at the National Band Bash competition in Las Vegas, is Goodies.

The band rejoices.

GOODY

(shouting)

Viva Las Vegas! Here we come!

EXT. RANDY'S HOUSE OUTSIDE -- MORNING

Randy's loading up the car with luggage and saying goodbye to his wife BECKY, late 40's, and grand kids, around seven years old.

RANDY

OK guys, have fun at camp. Be good for grandma in the car.

One child JUMPS into the car, but her Gameboy falls out of her pocket. Randy closes the car door, sees the Gameboy on the ground and bends down to pick it up.

RANDY'S GRAND DAUGHTER

Hey, wait. Where's my Gameboy?

She opens the car and SLAMS Randy in the head, then sees the device in Randy's hand.

RANDY'S GRAND DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

Oh. There it is. Thank you,
poppy.

Randy's RUBBING his head and STAGGERING.

BECKY

Honey. Are you OK?

RANDY

Huh? I guess so.

BECKY

OK. I'll see you in a few hours.

They drive off WAVING goodbye with Randy HOLDING his head.

RANDY

Bye. Now who the hell was that?
(he looks around)
Where am I? Who am I?

Randy goes into the house. He looks at PICTURES on the wall.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Who are these people?

He wanders around the house, and finds his drum set.

He picks up drumsticks, HITS the drum, shrugs his shoulders, enters into the living room and PASSES OUT on the couch.

CUT TO:

EXT. AX'S PIZZA TRUCK- LATER

Ax is putting pizzas in his truck when his cell phone RINGS.

AX

Hey, Zen. I'm pretty busy, What's up? Oh man, not again. You can't kill yourself cause I'm going to Vegas. Listen. I'll be there in a few hours. Don't do anything stupid.

CUT TO:

EXT. STRIP MALL -- LATER

Clayton walks out of a fast food restaurant STUFFING a sandwich in his mouth. Next to his car, he notices a FUNNY LOOKING HIPPIE speaking to people in front of a medical office. As Clayton gets near his car, Goody approaches him.

GOODY

Hey man.

CLAYTON

Sorry dude, I stopped giving when Hendrix died.

GOODY

No man. I don't want money. I need some clean piss.

CLAYTON

Drug test?

GOODY

Yeah. I'll lose my teaching job at Pompano High if I flunk it. I'll give ya fifty bucks?

CLAYTON

Sorry, man. I smoked a dubbie last week, trying to stay horny with my wife. But, if you need some extra cash, I'm looking for someone to do some business for me in Columbia and make a quick grand.

GOODY

A thousand bucks? Wow. When?

CLAYTON

Immediately. All you gotta do is pick up a package at a bank in Bogota, and deliver it to my business associate in a hotel lobby. My associate has reasons to avoid the bank. I'll include plane tickets and five hundred dollars in expenses.

Clayton pulls out five hundred dollars from his wallet.

GOODY

Holy shit. Sounds illegal man. But I'll need the cash if I lose my job. I'll do it.

Goody grabs the money, and hands Clayton his music business card.

CLAYTON

(Reading the card)

A musician? And a teacher? No wonder you need cash. Is Goody the name on your passport? I need it for your plane tickets.

GOODY

No. It's Gordon Blackwell.

CLAYTON

Ok Gordon. Check your email for your flight itinerary. You'll leave the day after tomorrow. I'll have your contact pay you a thousand bucks when the package is exchanged.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)

You'll be in and out of there in one day. And Gordon?

GOODY

Yeah?

CLAYTON

I wouldn't run off with my cash.
I'll find you, and get my money
back, one way or another.

GOODY

No worries dude. Your money is
probably my severance pay.

CUT TO:

INT. BLAKE'S OFFICE LATER

CLAYTON

Blake. I need Java. You fly, I'll
buy?

He hands Blake money.

BLAKE

Deal. Besides that blonde at
Starbucks is worth the trip. You
want the usual? Double Espresso
Chantilly lace latte? Oh baby,
that's what I like.

CLAYTON

(Sounding disgusted)

Musicians. Also, let me have your
corporate card. I left mine at
home and need to buy some plane
tickets for a business trip.

Blake hands him his corporate card and leaves. On his way
out, he stops to speak with the SEXY RECEPTIONIST, mid
20's. Clayton is watching.

BLAKE

Hey hot stuff. I'm going for some
Java. You want anything, besides
me?

RECEPTIONIST

You flirt. Well, since I'm happily married, I'll take an expresso. Thanks, boss.

CLAYTON

(Under his breath)

That asshole would fuck shit. No wonder he's doing my wife.

As Blake leaves, the receptionist sees Clayton SNEAK INTO Blake's office, put on gloves, sit at his computer and start typing.

RECEPTIONIST

That's weird.

CLAYTON (V.O)

OK Blake, your transfer of seventy five thousand dollars from our Cayman account to our Bogota account is complete. Now plane tickets. Ok lover boy. Now you'll get the cash to the hippie. Man I love photoshop.

Clayton types a letter from Blake to Domingo Sanches, president of Banco de Bogota, requesting \$75,000 of funds to be withdrawn in cash, placed in a package and addressed to Gordon Blackwell on behalf of Blake Fensworthy.

He scans a document that Blake signed, Photoshops the signature, places it on the letter, and prints it out. He places the letter into a FedEx package addressed to "Domingo Sanches" from Blake.

Next, he types up delivery instructions and includes his Columbian contact names, and places it in a large envelope with plane tickets.

CUT TO:

INT. STARBUCKS -- AFTERNOON

Blake is flirting with a girl in Starbucks. She writes her name and number on his receipt and hands it to him. He smiles, places the receipt in his pocket and DASHES OUT.

CUT TO:

INT. BLAKE'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Clayton's on the phone

CLAYTON

Ruby Jewelers? Yes. This is Blake Fensworthy. I noticed a diamond bracelet in your window for two grand. If it's still available, I'd like to buy it. It is? Great. Include a card to Felicia that says "I love you, Blake". Here's my card number.

He hangs up and places another call.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)

Hola Carlos, This is Blake Fensworthy. Como eseta?

CARLOS

Hola Senor Blake. I have the meeting setup.

CLAYTON

Perfect. Please meet Senor Gordon Blackwell outside the Banco de Bogota at three on Friday. He looks like an old hippie from the sixties. Long black hair. He has the package. Gracias and bueno fortune.

The receptionist sees Clayton go back to his office.

OFFICE RECEPTION AREA -- MOMENTS LATER

Blake returns with the coffee. He gives the espresso to the receptionist.

BLAKE

Hot coffee for hot stuff.

RECEPTIONIST

(She looks at her
watch in question.)

Thanks. You were gone awhile. Who
you trying to pick up now?

BLAKE

Just coffee, sweet thing.

Blake enters Clayton's office.

CLAYTON

Thanks Blake. Here's your card
back. Close the door on your way
out please.

Blake leaves his office. Clayton then places a call.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)

Yes. I'd like to speak with an FBI
agent. I believe someone in my
company is embezzling money, and it
might be used for a drug deal in
Columbia. Yes... I'll hold.

INT. BLAKE'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Blake sits at his computer, and pulls his coffee out of the
bag. He sips his coffee, and pulls the coffee receipt from
his pocket.

BLAKE

Ah. For Granda expresso tits, call
Cindy. I think I'll keep this
receipt.

He stashes the receipt in his desk drawer.

CUT TO:

INT. RANDY'S LIVING ROOM -- LATER

Becky comes through the front door and Randy is sitting
there.

BECKY

Hi baby. I've been thinking about you for the last four hours.

Becky sees that he looks confused.

BECKY (CONT'D)

What's wrong, baby?

RANDY

(scared and
trembling voice)

I don't know who I am. Who are you?

BECKY

Are you serious?

Randy looks lost and nods his head "yes". He looks like he's ready to cry.

BECKY (CONT'D)

I'm your wife, Becky. Don't you remember? Wait, Renee opened the door into your head before we left? Oh no. Do you know where you work? You play the drums, remember?

RANDY

No, I saw the drum set and sat at it but I don't know how to play it.

BECKY

You can't play? Holy shit. You're going to Vegas in a few days for a shot at a record contract.

RANDY

Some guys left me some phone messages. One guy's going to Columbia, and the other is in jail.

BECKY

What?

Becky grabs the phone and replays his messages.

GOODY

(excited voice)

Randy. It's Goody. Long story short, I'm goin' to Columbia tomorrow to make some quick cash. Hope it's legal. I'll call you when I get back. Get ready for Vegas and Rock on dude.

Next message.

BLAKE

(worried voice)

Hey Randy. It's Blake. I just got a call from the FBI. They've traced some phone calls and documents to me regarding money laundering and a potential drug deal. What the fuck? I have to go down to their office. I'll call you when I get back.

BECKY

Holy shit. What's up with your band? Come on, I'm taking you to the ER.

CUT TO:

INT. BANCO DE BOGOTA -- LATER

Goody enters the bank. He's wearing jeans, checkered Converse sneakers and a tie-dyed shirt. His hair is in a ponytail with a RED, WHITE and BLUE hair tie. He approaches a BANK TELLER (late 30's) and pulls out a piece of paper with instructions.

GOODY

(Speaking poor Spanish)

Come estad. Se habla English? I'm Gordon Blackwell. I'm here to pick up a package from Domingo Sanchez.

BANK TELLER

Si Senor Blackwell. I will check
on this for you.

The bank teller makes a call, and escorts Goody to an
office. Two men are muddling around in the bank.

BANK TELLER (CONT'D)

Senor Blackwell. Please take a
seat. Senior Sanchez will be here
shortly. Would you like a water or
espresso while you wait?

GOODY

Espresso. Yeah, some java rocket
fuel.

(using poor Spanish)

Graci ass.

A few minutes later, DOMINGO SANCHEZ appears.

DOMINGO SANCHEZ

Hola Senior Blackwell. I'm Domingo
Sanchez, bank president.

The bank teller brings in the espresso.

DOMINGO SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

May I see your passport?

Goody hands him the passport and then gulps the espresso.

GOODY

Wow. Mucho goodo crapo.

DOMINGO SANCHEZ

(looking disgusted)

Your command of Spanish is quite
impressive.

GOODY

Merci.

Domingo looks confused and disgusted.

DOMINGO SANCHEZ

I have your package. Please review the contents and let me know if it meets your approval.

Goody opens the large package with his name on it. It has US dollars in the box.

GOODY

Holy shit. Should I count it?

DOMINGO SANCHEZ

You can if you like, but I can assure you the seventy five thousand US dollars are there. This is quite a large sum of money. Mr. Fensworthy indicated you are opening a business down here. We welcome your expansion into Columbia, and US dollars are often the tender of choice.

GOODY

(Looking confused.)
Mr. Fensworthy?

DOMINGO SANCHEZ

Si. The wire transfer and FedEx were all transmitted by Mr. Blake Fensworthy. Now if you would just sign the paper indicating this transaction is completed, we can conclude our business here.

Goody signs the paper.

DOMINGO SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

Gracias, Mr. Blackwell. Thank you for doing business with us.

GOODY

Mr. Sanchez. May I borrow your phone? Mr. Fensworthy asked me to call him the moment the package was in my possession. I'm afraid my cell will not work here.

DOMINGO SANCHES
Of course. You can use my phone.
I'll give you some privacy.

Domingo leaves the office.

GOODY
Come on, man. Pick up. Pick up.
I don't feel right about this.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Blake is sitting in an Interrogation Room with several FBI AGENTS. His cell phone RINGS.

FBI AGENT
You're welcome to take the call.

Blake answers his phone.

BLAKE
Hello?

GOODY
Blake. It's me Goody. What the hell's going on? I'm down here in Columbia holding a package of seventy five grand with your name on it.

BLAKE
(In amazement)
I'm sorry, you have the wrong number.

FBI AGENT
(He leans to another agent and whispers...)
Trace his calls.

CUT TO:

EXT. BANCO DE BOGOTA -- CONTINUOUS

Goody walks out of the bank. He starts smoking a cigarette. The two men are within eye shot of him.

GOODY

This makes no sense. Blake would have told me about this. Why wouldn't he speak to me? Is he involved in some kind of scam? Maybe he's just trying to help me make some money. That must be it.

CARLOS drives his car in front of the bank.

CARLOS

Hola? Are you Senor Gordon Blackwell.

GOODY

Yes?

CARLOS

Magnifico. I'm Carlos Rodriguez. I'm your contact. Welcome to Columbia. I see you have the package. I have instructions from Mr. Fensworthy to give you one thousand dollars after we finish our business with Senor Alegria, our new partner. This will not take long. He'll meet us in the hotel. Hop in.

Goody hesitates, but then JUMPS INTO the car. Carlos drives off. The two men make a MAD DASH to their car to follow them.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BOGOTA -- MOMENTS LATER

They enter the hotel lobby. Carlos is on his cell phone.

CARLOS

Ah. Perfect timing. Here is Senior Alegria now. Let me have the package.

Goody reluctantly hands Carlos the package. RICO ALLEGRIA walks up to them, accompanied by several intimidating bodyguards. One bodyguard is carrying a briefcase. Rico is young and handsome, flashing expensive gold jewelry, dressed preppy, and is finishing a call on his cell phone.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Senor Alegria. This is Senor Gordon Blackwell, our new partner.

Goody and Rico shake hands.

GOODY

Please call me "Goody".

RICO

(In a cool American voice)

Que passa, Goody. You look like a rock star. Love the duds. Right out of the sixties.

GOODY

(Beaming)

I play keyboards in a band, and I'm on my way to Vegas after our meeting to try to win the Band Bash contest and get a record contract.

RICO

Vegas? Oh man. My favorite place. Filled with sin. Very profitable town for me.

CARLOS

Senior Alegria. I suggest we conclude our matter here quickly.

RICO

I know. I know. Goody, give us a few minutes.

GOODY

Sure.

Goody walks away, and SPIES a piano. He sits down and starts PLAYING. In the b.g., the bodyguard exchanges the briefcase for the package.

They walk up to Goody, who's still PLAYING the piano.

RICO

Man. You're great. Sorry, but we gotta split.

He shakes Goody's hand, which has a thousand dollars in it.

RICO (CONT'D)

It's been grand meeting you.
(laughing)
Get it? Grand?

Goody shakes his head, turned off by the bad joke.

GOODY

Thank you, Rico.

Goody pulls out his wallet and passport and places the cash between the pages. Just then the police BARGE IN with the two men who were following them.

DETECTIVE

(In Spanish)

Alright everyone, drop your weapons and put your hands in the air.

One of Rico's large and muscular BODY GUARDS, mid 20's, pulls out his gun and OPENS FIRE. A gun fight erupts. The detective with a gun in his hand RUNS toward Rico and Goody. Goody DIVES UNDER the piano for cover, and drops his passport and wallet. He accidentally KICKS the piano chair and it RAMS into the oncoming detective.

The detective falls down, drops his gun, and it lands in Goody's hands. Rico pulls out his own gun, grabs the detective, and places the gun to his HEAD. Everyone stops shooting.

RICO

Now everyone drop your guns, or
this guy becomes the Tin Man in the
Wizard of Oz.

GOODY

You mean Scarecrow.

RICO

Si. Si. The scarecrow.

CARLOS

Unless you shoot his heart. Then
it can be Tin Men.

GOODY

Will the bullet go through tin? Or
if it's Toto, it wouldn't really
matter.

RICO

(angry)

Enough. Goody, you better come
with us.

Rico, holding the detective at gunpoint, leads Goody and
his men out to their SUV's. They BLAST holes into the
police car tires, and they all pile in to their cars and
SPEED OFF. Goody hands his gun to Rico.

CUT TO:

INT. DRUG SUV -- CONTINUOUS

RICO

Goody. You saved my life. Now, we
need to take care of this pig.

(Speaking to the
detective.)

Who are you man? I thought we had
everyone paid off?

GOODY

Rico, if it wasn't for him trying to kill us, we'd probably be dead, if that makes any sense. Can't we just drop him off someplace, like Penny lane, or the Hotel California?

RICO

(Laughing)

You musicians.

(In Spanish)

Juan, when we hit the edge of the jungle, pull the car over, and let our friend out.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRUG SUV -- MOMENTS LATER

On a dirt road in the middle of nowhere, the detective is KICKED OUT of the car. The car SPEEDS OFF into the jungle.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

In the Interrogation Room, the FBI agent is on the phone, hangs up, and approaches Blake.

FBI AGENT

Well, Mr. Fensworthy. It seems like your band member, Gordon Blackwell, was just involved in a drug raid in Bogota. We just traced a call from a Bogota Bank to your cell phone, and the bank president confirmed he was there, picking up a package of cash for seventy five thousand dollars, initiated by you.

Blake is SHOCKED.

FBI AGENT (CONT'D)

Next he went to the Bogota Hotel, where he was seen with one of the most vicious drug lords in Columbia, exchanging a package for a briefcase. A gun fight occurred, and Gordon saved the life of the drug lord and escaped with them into the jungle. Now, how do you explain this?

BLAKE

I can't. I need to speak with my attorney.

CUT TO:

INT. RICO'S HACIENDA -- AFTERNOON

Rico's hacienda is a posh, tropical mansion. He's showing Goody around the gardens.

GOODY

Rico, thank you for your hospitality, but I need to get back to the States. I gotta show to do that could change my life.

RICO

I understand. But you are now a wanted man, in Columbia, and probably the United States. We must let things cool down a bit. For now, enjoy my beautiful gardens and home. I own everything within this valley, and it's well protected.

Goody is looking at the hillside and notices the plants.

GOODY

What's growing on those hills?

RICO

Marijuana to the west, and cocoa to the east. My agri-lab is State of The Art, creating the finest harvest in the world.

NOTE: Sequel Script.

GOODY

If I walked through your fields, I might know how Shoeless Joe Jackson and the other ghosts felt in the Field of Dreams movie.

RICO

Que? Oh yeah, baseball ghosts in the corn field.

(in a teasing voice)

But we don't have corn.

Rico pulls out joints and cocaine.

RICO

Please, be my guest.

Goody's eyes are wide open. He grabs a huge joint that Rico LIGHTS UP and takes a long inhale. He holds the smoke, releases his breath and smiles. He passes the joint to Rico who takes a hit as well.

GOODY

OMG. This is so smooth. What a business.

RICO

Yes, but I also run a multi-tiered theft operation, dealing in stolen cars, cigarettes and perfume. Like a good stock portfolio, a business man should have multiple revenue opportunities. I used to deal with human trade and trafficking, but I thought it was immoral to sell human flesh. Don't you agree?

GOODY
 (confused agreement)
 Of course.

RICO
 But I still have contacts in this
 area. I will inquire to help you
 get back to the U.S., pronto.

The evening air is stirred when music starts PLAYING.

GOODY
 That sounds like a live band.

RICO
 It is. My boys like to play after
 a hard days work. Care to join
 them?

Rico's guards are PLAYING a Spanish song, but they aren't very good. Goody is making faces at the bad notes. Just then, JUANITA, late 30's, enters the room and starts SINGING. She is a beautiful Hispanic Girl and her voice is unlike the band, filled with a tremendous gift of talented sound.

RICO (CONT'D)
 Goody, that's my little sister,
 Juanita. Doesn't she have a
 beautiful voice?

Goody is memorized, by her and the pot. He sees a piano off to the side, sits down, and starts PLAYING with the band. Juanita appreciates his professional playing. They finish playing a song.

RICO (CONT'D)
 Bravo, Bravo.
 (clapping his hands)
 Goody, this is my little sister,
 Juanita.

Her eyes FLIRT with Goody.

RICO (CONT'D)

Juanita, this is Goody. He saved my life today and is our guest.

He turns to his bodyguards and tells them in Spanish to go prepare for their meeting.

RICO (CONT'D)

Ri a prepararse para el encuentro de esta noche.

The men all depart.

JUANITA

He saved your life?

RICO

Si, Si. Senor Goody and I were involved in a business transaction when the police arrived. He disarmed an agent who was about to kill me.

Juanita is admiring Goody. Rico turns towards Juanita.

RICO (CONT'D)

I must attend to some affairs that will keep me tied up all evening. Please have Maria prepare a room for him, and be so kind to join him for dinner. I'm sure your interest in music will make for good conversation.

JUANITA

(Smiling a shy smile.)

Si Rico.

Juanita leaves the room.

RICO

Goody, I'm sorry I cannot join you for dinner tonight, but Juanita will take care of you.

GOODY

She has a beautiful voice, and she's very attractive. She should perform on stage.

RICO

That will never happen. In my line of work, she is a target. I have many enemies. I must protect her from them, and also those who might de flower her, so she remains here at the hacienda under my watchful eye.

GOODY

I understand. I need to get back to the States.

RICO

Si. Si. I will make some inquiries tonight. Mi casa su casa. Enjoy your evening. Buenos Naches.

Goody sits down at the piano and starts PLAYING a soothing ballad. Juanita is standing behind a curtain, and enters the room when Rico departs. She starts HUMMING along with the melody.

JUANITA

You play beautifully.

Juanita SWAYS to the music in a sexy fashion and HOVERS over Goody. Her breasts slide over his shoulder. Goody turns his head towards her and she smiles.

JUANITA (CONT'D)

Dinner will be ready shortly. Your room is prepared so you can freshen up. Please follow me.

As they walk to his room, she rubs her hand on his butt. Just then Rico appears. She jumps away. Rico looks suspicious.

RICO

I'm leaving now. I expect to be
back by midnight.

(He kisses Juanita
on the cheek.)

Buenos Noches.

(He shakes Goody's
hand.)

Amigo, again mucho gracias for
saving my life today.

Rico leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. GOODYS BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Goody and Juanita enter the room. She is very close to
Goody as they move about.

JUANITA

We laid out some fresh clothes and
towels for you.

She SNUGGLES up to him.

JUANITA (CONT'D)

Do you need anything else? Does
your back need washing?

GOODY

(Nervously excited
and bumbling)

No. I'm good.

JUANITA

I'll be back in thirty minutes for
dinner.

Juanita leaves the room.

GOODY

If she has me for dinner, I'll be a
ghost in his field of dreams.

CUT TO:

INT. RANDY'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Randy sits on the couch.

BECKY

OK drummer boy, since the doctor
said anything can trigger your
memory?

She shows him pictures of their kids.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Anything?

RANDY

Nope.

BECKY

How bout your drums? Wanna try
them out?

RANDY

I already did. I don't know how to
play.

BECKY

You're supposed to be in Vegas in
three days for a big show and
chance for a record contract. You
gotta remember.

Randy SHRUGS his shoulders.

BECKY (CONT'D)

How bout Goody, Blake or Ax. Any
of those names ring a bell?
They're in your band. Your job at
Wireless Wonder?

Randy shakes his head 'no'.

BECKY (CONT'D)

How bout kitchen sex? That's your
favorite. Hmmm. Come here.

Randy follows Becky into the kitchen. She drops her pants,
holds on to the counter and bends over. Randy smiles while

doggy-styling her. Love juice and sweat is dripping on the floor. Just as they finish, the doorbell RINGS, and Ax walks in with his amp.

AX

(Yelling)

Hey Dudes, anybody home? Randy, I brought my amp over.

Ax sees them quickly dressing in the kitchen

AX (CONT'D)

(Smiling)

Did I catch you at a bad time, or should I say a good time?

Ax opens the refrigerator and pulls out a slice of pizza.

AX (CONT'D)

Sorry. Man, I'm starving. Oh wow, real pizza. Not that instant crap I deliver.

Ax bumps his arm and drops the pizza on the wet spot on the floor. He picks it up and prepares to bite it.

BECKY

(Screaming)

Ax, don't eat it.

AX

Five second rule. No problem.

Ax bites into the pizza. Randy and Becky frown.

AX (CONT'D)

Now that's pizza. Wow, what kind of cheese is that? Awesome.

BECKY

Ax. We got some problems.

AX

Yeah, Zendora's saying she's gonna kill herself again. I'm heading over there now.

BECKY

Ax. I'm sorry, but that's not all. Randy's got amnesia. He doesn't remember anything, not even how to play the drums.

AX

Fuck me.

BECKY

I was hoping our little kitchen deal would trigger something.

RANDY

It did. Pizza with special sauce.

AX

Huh?

BECKY

Never mind. Go take care of Zendora. I'll work on Randy's memory.

Randy's SMILING.

AX

Ok, and he'll work on your mammary. Hmmm. I love a girl with big memories. Sounds like a song. Anyway, Randy, get the beat goin' man, we need ya.

CUT TO:

INT. ZENDORA'S HOUSE -- LATER

Zendora lives in a secluded house on the brink of the Everglades. Ax enters the house, and Zendora is wearing sexy clothes, handcuffed to the bed.

AX

What the hell are you doing?

ZENDORA

I didn't trust myself. After I called you, I was ready to kill myself, so I handcuffed myself to the bed to protect me.

AX

So what do you want me to do?

ZENDORA

I'm OK now that you're here.

AX

Yeah. But are you going to call me five minutes after I leave? You need to get some counseling, baby.

ZENDORA

If you promise to never leave me, I'll get counseling.

AX

Zen, I won't leave you, but I am going to Vegas tomorrow. I'll call you every couple of hours to check on you. Deal?

ZENDORA

Deal. Now get me out of these things, unless you want to take advantage of me?

AX

Where's the key?

ZENDORA

(upset)

On the night stand.

Ax uncuffs Zendora, then flips him around and handcuffs his hand to the bed headboard.

ZENDORA (CONT'D)

I have a better plan. No Vegas for you. No shrink for me. You hungry? I have Fruit Loops.

AX

Zen. Get me out of this.

Zendora's pouring Fruit Loops into a bowl. She puts one on each boob.

ZENDORA

Hungry baby? I'll feed you?

Ax answers his RINGING phone.

AX

Randy, help, Zen's fruit is looped.
I'm ...

Zendora grabs the phone and they STRUGGLE.

AX (CONT'D)

Zen, what the hell are you doing?

Zendora wins the battle and grabs the phone out of his hand. She THROWS it against the wall and it SMASHES into pieces.

ZENDORA

Oops. Now eat your cereal, my love.

AX

You're nuts. Get me outta here.

CUT TO:

INT. RANDY'S LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Becky's holding the phone and pulls it away from her ear when it CRASHES.

BECKY

What the hell was that all about?
I think Zendora's lost it and Ax is
in trouble. I think we should go
over there.

Randy is sitting there emotionless.

CUT TO:

INT. ZENDORA'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

ZENDORA

I just hate those telemarketing calls. Don't you. Do you wanna fool around? I guess you don't have much choice.

AX

Zen. You gotta let me go. I gotta take a leak.

Zendora leaves the room and comes back with a ROPE and a BUCKET. She grabs his leg quickly and TIES IT to the end of the bed.

ZENDORA

OK. I'll hold the bucket. Do you need help with the zipper? I can hold it for you if you like. I love you, Ax.

AX

(Screaming)

You have me tied up and wanna hold my dick so I can piss in a bucket and you call that love? You're one screwed up, bitch. Get me outta here!

CUT TO:

INT. CLAYTONS CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Felicia is standing outside Clayton's car.

CLAYTON

Don't wait up. I plan to play poker all night. I'm feeling lucky.

FELICIA

Oh, did your dick get hard without drugs?

CLAYTON

Yes. I wasn't thinking of you, and
it sprung right up.

FELICIA

Who were you thinking of? Tom
Cruise?

CLAYTON

Asshole.

He drives off. Felicia JUMPS IN her car and follows him.

CUT TO:

EXT. RANDY'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

BECKY

Do you remember how to drive?

RANDY

I think so. I just don't know
where we're going. Or why?

BECKY

I'll drive.

They get in the car and drive off.

INT. RANDY'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Becky answers Randy's RINGING phone.

BECKY

Hi Blake. It's Becky. What the
hell is going on with you?
Arrested for embezzling? Drugs?

CUT TO:

INT. FBI OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

BLAKE

I have no idea what's going on.
None of it's true. I think I'm
being framed, but I don't know why,
or by whom. My lawyer's trying to

BLAKE (CONT'D)

get me released. They seem to have traced a money transfer from me to a bank in Bogota. And it seems Goody's involved somehow. Where's Randy?

BECKY

Well, here's more bad news. Randy has amnesia.

We can hear Blake say "What" over her phone.

BECKY (CONT'D)

He doesn't have any memory and can't play the drums. Oh, and I think Zendora is trying to kill herself, and maybe Ax too. We're heading over there now.

BLAKE

Holy shit. Listen, I'm not arrested, but I'm being detained, so I'm stuck here. Can you go to my office and snoop around my emails. The office code is 12346. My PC ID and password is in my desk drawer. Low security.

BECKY

Could we get in trouble, and what am I looking for?

BLAKE

The office is closed, and my boss stays out all night playing poker, but it's really Poke Her. Get it.

BECKY

Yeah, yeah, I get it.

BLAKE

Look for any emails about wire transfers, Columbia, I don't know. Hey, how's Randy?

BECKY

Well, his memory doesn't work, but everything else does.

(Randy is smiling)

I feel so bad for him. How are you?

BLAKE

I'm pissed off. Becky, right now you and Randy are the band's glue. Do what you can to help us?

BECKY

Call me back in an hour if you can.

(She hangs up and turns to Randy.)

We're going to break into Blake's office and see if we can find something that proves his innocence.

RANDY

Cool. I feel like Magnum PI.

BECKY

You remember a TV show with Tom Selleck, but you don't know who you are. Great.

CUT TO:

INT. BLAKE'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Becky and Randy enter the office. They have flashlights.

BECKY

Which office is Blake's?

RANDY

I don't remember.

BECKY

(shaking her head)

Dumb question.

They find Blake's name on his door and enter his office.
Becky turns on his PC.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Blake said his ID and password are
in his desk drawer.

Randy opens the drawer and SHINES the light around. The Starbucks receipt is stuck to the paper with his PC ID. He picks it up.

RANDY

This might be it.
(He hands it to
Becky)
Looks like Blake had a java
yesterday morning at 11:15. That
sounds good now. A nice Grande
Carmel Latte.

Becky is typing on the computer.

BECKY

You remember TV shows and coffee,
but not me.

RANDY

Sorry, also looks like Cindy gave
him her number.

BECKY

Figures. Holy Moly, were in.

They are scrolling down Blake's "sent" emails.

RANDY

Hey go back.
(Becky scrolls up)
There's an email to a Cayman bank.
Look at the time he sent it.
Eleven ten AM yesterday.

BECKY

You're right, Java Boy. He was
getting coffee and a date when this
was sent, unless he used his phone.

RANDY

I don't think so. Check his
"inbox".

BECKY

You remember how to use a computer?

RANDY

I guess so. Look, there's a
receipt of the transfer. Here's
another email confirming a flight
to Columbia. It's for a guy named
Gordon Blackwell.

BECKY

Holy shit. That's your keyboard
player, Goody. I don't know. This
makes him look guilty.

RANDY

Check his recent documents.

(she clicks)

Open up that file.

(pointing to the
screen)

Look at that, a letter to a Bogota
bank. Now click on that image
file.

The file opens, and his signature appears.

RANDY (CONT'D)

This is kinda weird. Let's see if
his phone was used during this
time.

Randy reviews his "phone log".

RANDY (CONT'D)

Bingo. Phone calls were made at
the same time of his coffee
receipt. He can't be in two places
at the same time. Maybe we should
let the FBI know about this. Print
these documents and emails and
let's get outta here.

CUT TO:

INT. RICO'S HACIENDA -- NIGHT

Goody is in the shower. While washing his face, Juanita joins him.

JUANITA

You had a long day and saved my brother's life. It's my pleasure to pleasure you.

GOODY

Juanita, if your brother finds you here, I'm a dead man.

JUANITA

Yes, he has killed some of my boyfriends, but he was only protecting me.

GOODY

That does not turn me on, and you are definitely brainwashed.

Goody turns off the water, and there's a KNOCK on the door.

GOODY (CONT'D)

Stay in the bathroom, and be quiet.

He wraps a towel around himself and answers the door. It's one of Rico's bodyguards. He hands him some joints and looks around the room.

BODYGUARD

Senor Goody. Senor Alegria wanted you to have this for this evening. Buenos Noches.

GOODY

Gracis.

The bodyguard leaves. Juanita comes out wearing a towel around her.

GOODY (CONT'D)

Jesus, Juanita. I think your brother knows you're here. He's probably got surveillance cameras all over.

JUANITA

Si. He does.

GOODY

I'm screwed. You gotta get outta here. Let's go eat dinner.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLAYTON'S CAR -- EVENING

Clayton is sitting in his car with his lights off, drinking whisky from a bottle. He loads his gun.

INT. ZENDORAS HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Ax is sitting on the bed watching a MUSIC VIDEO. Zendora is PAINTING her nails.

AX

Zen. Please let me go. What good am I to you just sitting here chained to the bed?

ZENDORA

Oh, it sorta feels like we're married. If you promise to marry me, I'll let you go.

AX

Alright. We'll get married when I return from Vegas.

ZENDORA

You and that damn band. I hate your guitar. You love it more than me. If you didn't have it, I'd be your only love.

The TV starts PLAYING an old video of the Who. Peter Townsend is SMASHING his guitar on stage.

ZENDORA (CONT'D)

That's it.

EXT. ZENDORA'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Zendora RUNS OUT of the house, grab's Ax's guitar from his car, and carries it through his front yard. When she goes inside, Clayton JUMPS OUT of his car carrying his gun and SNEAKS towards a lighted window.

CUT TO:

P.O.V. FELICIA'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Felicia watches Clayton get out his car. She puts on leather gloves and loads her gun.

FELICIA

What the hell is that low life doing? Poker my ass? Or probably pok'n her ass. What a great time to try this thing out, here in middle of nowhere.

Just then Randy and Becky pull in with their lights off.

CUT TO:

INT. RANDY'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

BECKY

Who are all these people snooping around here?

CUT TO:

EXT. ZENDORA'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Clayton looks in the window, and sees Ax handcuffed to the bed and Zendora PRANCING AROUND in her teddy.

CLAYTON

(Whispering to himself.)

Holy shit, she's a hot kinky thing. I wish I was in those cuffs.

ZENDORA

I know you don't go anywhere
without this thing. I've been
wanting to do this for years. I
know how much you liked Peter
Townsend and the Who.

Zendora starts SHOOTING at ax's guitar.

AX

No! Please stop now.

Some bullets fly out the window and HIT Felicia's car.

FELICIA

Clayton. You son of a bitch.

She starts FIRING BACK.

Zendora hears their gunshots and RUNS OUTSIDE. Felicia
takes a few more SHOTS. Clayton RUNS toward the front
door. Zendora and Clayton run into each other HEAD FIRST,
FALL to the ground and DROP their guns.

Felicia, holding her gun, RUNS UP to them and grabs their
guns.

INT. RANDY'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

RANDY

Now who are we trying to save?

BECKY

Your guitar player. Ax. He ate
our love pizza. I imagine he's in
the house.

RANDY

Well, this is our chance. I just
hope I don't get killed trying to
save someone I don't remember.

Randy SNEAKS into the house and finds Ax in the bedroom.

INT. ZENDORAS HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

RANDY

(Quietly)

You're Ax, right?

AX

Dude. I just saw you doing your wife. Yes I'm Ax. Get me the hell outta here. The key's over there on the counter.

EXT. FELICIA'S HOUSE

FELICIA

So Clayton, you accuse me of fooling around, and look at you and this sleeze out here in the boonies.

CLAYTON

Put that damn gun down before someone gets hurt.

Felicia FIRES two shots at his feet.

FELICIA

You and the whore go inside.

They go inside, and see Randy GOING OUT the bedroom window. Felicia takes a SHOT but misses.

ZENDORA

Kill 'em. Kill 'em. Gimmie a gun. I'll shoot 'em.

FELICIA

I like the way you think. But too late.

Felicia lustfully looks over at Zendora, and notices the handcuffs on the bed.

FELICIA (CONT'D)

OK love birds. Cuff yourself to the bed.

They CUFF each other to the bed.

FELICIA (CONT'D)

Hmmm. Maybe you'll both kill each other with your new guns in an erotic love quarrel. That's it.

(She notices the
Fruit loops)

Hey, Fruit Loops. I'm starving.
Hope you have skim milk.

Felicia leaves the room.

CLAYTON

I should have played poker tonight.

ZENDORA

I should have killed Ax when I had
the chance.

CUT TO:

INT. RANDY'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Becky's driving.

AX

Holy shit. I can't believe you
guys got me outta there. I thought
I was a dead man. Randy, you're
Batman.

RANDY

I wish I was Batman. At least I'd
know who I was, or am.

AX

Now that's a bummer, drummer. What
about Vegas?

BECKY

That's the least of your problems.
Blake's in jail, and Goody's
someplace in Columbia.

AX

What?

BECKY

Hard to believe. But Shouldn't we call the cops to Zendora's? Your girlfriend could be in trouble.

AX

Girlfriend? She tied me up and blasted holes in my guitar. Fuck her.

RANDY

(looking at Ax)

I'd wait on calling the cops. You need to get your band to Vegas. The cops will get in the way.

AX

You're smarter without a memory. Now what's going on with the other guys? And what do we do next?

RANDY

Well, helping your guy in Columbia will be tough. Let's see about getting what's his name out of jail first.

AX

Holy shit, Randy. You really did lose your memory. You should have your own reality TV show, hmm, called "I forgot to Remember".

Becky and Randy just SHAKE their heads "no".

CUT TO:

INT. RICO'S HACIENDA -- NIGHT

Goody and Juanita finish dinner.

GOODY

That was delicious. But I'm exhausted. Good night.

JUANITA

No, first take a walk through the gardens with me before you retire.

They stroll out of the house into the garden. She reaches down to a plant, pulls the leaves and puts a LEAF in her mouth.

JUANITA (CONT'D)

Taste this.

She puts a leaf in his mouth and SLOWLY pulls out her fingers.

JUANITA (CONT'D)

This will rejuvenate you. Cocoa leaves. Have some of mine.

She EMBRACES Goody and KISSES him passionately.

GOODY

No. Cameras.

JUANITA

There are no cameras out here. Just me and you.

GOODY

Yeah, and plenty of land where I'll be buried if Rico finds us.

JUANITA

If I'm your last love, then I'll be your best love.

They MAKE LOVE under the stars.

CUT TO:

INT. RICO'S HACIENDA -- LATER

Goody and Juanita are strolling in and Rico greets them.

RICO

Ah, you're still awake.

JUANITA

Si. I took Goody through the gardens and had him sample some plants.

RICO

Is that all he sampled?

JUANITA

Oh Rico. My guardian angel. Si. Just plants.

RICO

OK. Well Senor Goody. I have good news. I arranged to have you depart for the U.S. tomorrow. We'll take my jet up to Monterrey, Mexico. I have some business matters I can take care of there.

JUANITA

Rico, can I go too? I need to do some shopping.

RICO

(looking
disgruntled)

Si.

GOODY

Awesome. What about Customs? I lost my passport, wallet and money during the shootout.

RICO

You'll need to go into the U.S. as an illegal alien, and fix your citizenship afterwards. Since you were involved in our little incident at the hotel, you might get arrested, either by Columbian police or U.S. DEA or Border Patrol. If you end up in jail, you'll never make your concert. Or worse, be executed. It's the best I can do.

GOODY

Executed? Shit. I just need to get to Vegas. Thank you for your help.

RICO

You saved my life. It's the least I can do. It's late. We'll meet for breakfast. I'll show you to your room. Buenas noches Juanita. Thank you for taking care of our guest.

GOODY

Gracias Juanita.

JUANITA

(With flirting sad eyes)

Buenas noches Senor Goody.

GOODY

Rico, Can I use your phone to call the States?

CUT TO:

INT. RANDY'S LIVING ROOM -- MORNING

RANDY

(on the phone)

I'd like to speak with an agent regarding...

(holding his hand over the phone.)

Becky. What's his name?

BECKY

Blake Fensworthy.

RANDY

Blake Fensworthy. My name?

He looks at Becky.

BECKY

Randy Nesmith. Oh brother.

AX

An empty head. Without drugs. How cool.

RANDY

Hi Agent Gaines. I found some information that might help your case and clear Blake of the charges. He was at a Starbucks at the precise time when emails were sent to Columbia, so somebody else in his office initiated the transaction. Blake gave me his user ID and password to snoop around his computer yesterday, and I found a Starbucks receipt in his desk with same date and time as the sent emails.

(pause listening)

RANDY (CONT'D)

Me? I play drums in his band. Who? Blake's boss and his wife can't be located for questioning? Sounds like you found your embezzlers. When will Blake be released? OK. Thanks.

AX

So, is he getting out?

RANDY

The FBI is going to check out my story. If it pans out they'll release him later tonight.

AX

Hot diggity dog. Now what about Goody?

Randy answers his RINGING phone.

RANDY

Hello.

GOODY

Que pasa Randy.

RANDY

Who is this?

GOODY

It's Goody.

Randy hands the phone to Ax.

AX

Goody, it's Ax. Where are you?

GOODY

I'm in a hacienda in Bogota, but if all goes well, I'll be someplace in southern Texas the day after tomorrow. Can you guys pick me up? We should just make it in time for Vegas.

AX

Bogota? What the hell you doing down there?

GOODY

Long story.

AX

Well, we got some bad notes going on here. Randy lost his memory and can't play the drums.

GOODY

What?

AX

And Blake is in jail for some FBI shit, but we hope he'll be out today.

GOODY

Yeah. I found out he seems to involved with something shady down here. Well I'll call you guys the second I get into the states. I lost my passport, so I'm coming in with a bunch of illegal aliens. I don't know the drill, but my contact here said it should be uneventful. Get on the road AS and keep your cell phones charged. Hasta La Vista.

Ax hangs up.

AX

He said he's coming into the States from Bogota, but he lost his passport, so he's coming in as an illegal alien. Hmmm. That's a Phil Collins song.

BECKY

Except I think he'd rather sing the song than be one. Anyway, let's pack and be ready to go as soon as Blake's released.

RANDY

If he gets released.

CUT TO:

INT. RICO'S HACIENDA -- MORNING

Breakfast is being served. Juanita is playing FOOTSIES under the table with Goody, which makes him SQUIRM.

GOODY

Man, your food here is so fresh and delicious. And that's without being stoned. This mango...

Juanita's foot slips into Goody's crotch and he DROPS the mango.

JUANITA

Wet and juicy?

A servant retrieves the mango. She sees her FOOT in between his legs, looks at Goody, and smiles.

RICO

Yes. My crops are all natural, organic, and free of harmful contaminants. No matter what I grow.

GOODY

You sound like a supermarket produce commercial.

JUANITA

Rico is very proud of his crops.

RICO

(Eyeing Goody)

My farm, family, friends are very important to me. I will not let anything, or anyone, ruin my balance of life.

A bodyguard approaches and WHISPERS into Rico's ear.

RICO (CONT'D)

I have to make some phone calls. We should plan to leave around two.

JUANITA

Rico, can I take Goody around the farm on the ATV?

RICO

Good idea. I'll send Jesus along with you.

Juanita FROWNS.

RICO (CONT'D)

I wouldn't be surprised if we get unwelcome visitors due to our little skirmish yesterday.

CUT TO:

EXT. RICO'S HACIENDA -- LATER

Jesus is sitting on an ATV with a holster and machine gun SLUNG to his back. Goody and Juanita sit on their ATV.

JUANITA

Hold on tight or you might lose
your cajones.

Goody wraps his hands around her waist.

JUANITA (CONT'D)

Higher.

GOODY

Yeah, with a fully armed soldier
who works for your brother behind
us. I'll take my chances losing my
cajones with you.

JUANITA

Si. Si. Cojones with me.

GOODY

I'm fucked either waaaay....

Juanita SCREAMS off into the jungle farm, trying to lose Jesus.

CUT TO:

INT. RANDY'S DRUM ROOM -- LATER

Randy is sitting at the drums, trying to PLAY them, but nothing. He starts to pack them up. Becky and Ax enter the room.

BECKY

Maybe we should forget this road
trip. You can't play, Blake's
still in jail, and Goody is lost in
space.

RANDY

I say let's go. Maybe a change of scenery will jog my memory. Besides, I like helping you strangers. I feel like I'm supporting some type of wacko band club.

BECKY

Yeah, but you're president with your dementia.

Becky answers a RINGING phone.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Blake's out of jail. We need to pick him up asap.

AX

See. Randy's right. Let's go to Vegas. We can't win if we don't play.

RANDY

Or try to play.

CUT TO:

EXT. RICO'S HACIENDA -- LATER

Juanita is driving wildly, trying to lose Jesus. She goes over a deep cliff. Jesus stops.

GOODY

Holy shit. You're fucking crazy.

JESUS

(in Spanish)

Holy shit. She's fucking crazy.

She drives down a ravine, out of control, and SPLASHES over a small waterfall into a pond. She SWIMS over to Goody, and starts KISSING him. Their clothes FLOAT to the top of the water.

While making out under the noisy waterfall, SHADOWS appear around the trees. Gun shots CRACK and several BLOODY

bodies FALL into the pond beside them. Juanita and Goody are SHOCKED in a NAKED embrace. Jesus pulls up to the water edge with his ATV.

JESUS (CONT'D)

(in Spanish)

Juanita. Hurry. Go back to the house.

Goody and Juanita JUMP on his ATV, NAKED, and take off. Jesus starts BLASTING away at other intruders. She grabs a radio in the ATV.

JUANITA

Rico. Rico. We've got trouble.

RICO

I know. Jesus radioed me. Go straight to the plane.

CUT TO:

EXT. RICO'S RUNWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

The small plane is sitting on the dirt runway. Rico arrives in an SUV with his bodyguards.

The ATV CRASHES through trees and onto the runway, heading towards the plane. It's followed by SEVERAL JEEPS that are SHOOTING at the ATV. As the ATV gets closer, Rico notices that Juanita and Goody are naked.

CUT TO:

RICO

(Swearing in Spanish)

What the fuck? Damn that gringo pig.

Several of his men start SHOOTING back at the jeeps. Rico, Juanita and Goody JUMP INTO the plane and it TAKES OFF. Rico has no concern for the war going on down below.

CUT TO:

INT. RICO'S PLANE

RICO

Oh, Senor Goody. Can you fly? I think you will need wings to get home.

JUANITA

Just chill, Rico.

She THROWS Goody a blanket and covers up with one as well.

JUANITA (CONT'D)

Goody saved my life. I lost control of the ATV and the branches shredded our clothes. We landed in the pond and he pulled me to safety. Just then Jesus pulled up and started blasting. You should thank him, again.

RICO

Senor Goody. On your mother's grave, will you swear it's true?

GOODY

Well. She's still alive.

RICO

Then on your father's grave.

GOODY

He's still kicking too.

RICO

Well who do you know that's already dead?

GOODY

I had a dog named Puffy. I loved Puffy.

RICO

OK. Then on Puffy's grave, do you swear that Juanita's story is true?

GOODY

I do.

RICO

Good. Because if not, you'd need to use those two words to marry her, or you end up like Puffy.

JUANITA

So if I'm lying, and Goody's lying, we'd have to get married?

RICO

Or death to my amigo. You leave me no choice.

GOODY

I'm totally confused.

Rico's phone RINGS. He's angered and starts speaking in Spanish.

JUANITA

Goody, if I tell Rico I lied, then you lied, and he'll kill you. I'm his little sister, and have nothing to worry about. So, while we're in Vegas?

GOODY

While we're in Vegas?

JUANITA

Si. I'll meet you there. Death or marriage, take your pick.

GOODY

Well, to resolve this oxymoron, will you marry me Juanita?

JUANITA

Si Si Goody.

RICO

(Shaking his head in disgust.)

My baby sister is getting married. Ay caramba!

Juanita LEAPS OVER and KISSES Goody and her blanket slides down. Rico pulls out a gun and puts it towards Goody's head.

RICO (CONT'D)

Future brother-in-law. No funny business until after the wedding, or you'll be playing the piano with your elbows and pissing out your ass.

GOODY

How would you...? Forget it. Si. Si. Of course, no funny business.

CUT TO:

EXT. FBI OFFICE -- LATER

Randy pulls up to the FBI office. Blake is standing outside and JUMPS INTO the van.

INT. RANDY'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

BLAKE

Man, am I happy to see you guys. I'm so ready for a shower and change of clothes.

BECKY

Well, you'll have to wait stinky. We're driving through the night to Vegas.

BLAKE

What about my bass?

AX

We'll need to get one along the way, and my new guitar. Zendora blasted mine to bits. You got your credit cards?

BLAKE

Yep. Randy, how are you feeling?

RANDY

Great.

BLAKE

So you know who I am?

RANDY

No fucking idea.

BLAKE

Great. And Goody? Is he still in Bogota?

AX

Not sure. He's supposed to call us when he gets in Texas, if he gets there.

RANDY

(Looking at Blake)

Hey, uh..

All three shout "Blake".

RANDY (CONT'D)

Yeah, Blake. Did the FBI clear you of your charges?

BLAKE

It appears so. You really saved my ass by checking my email and receipt. Our receptionist confirmed that she saw my boss Clayton go into my office when I went to Starbucks. He's the prime suspect, but he's missing, and so is his wife.

Randy, Becky and Ax look at each other.

RANDY

Is your boss kinda pudgy, balding, and have a funky mustache?

BLAKE

Yeah?

RANDY

And is his wife a curvy Redhead?

BLAKE

Yeah?

AX

Well, we never saw them.

RANDY

Yep. Not a clue.

BECKY

(Laughing)

Shit Randy. You wouldn't recognize a picture of yourself.

RANDY

No matter. Stick to the plan. Pick up what's his name in Texas. Buy some guitars. Learn to play the drums.

AX

And drive like crazy Jamaicans. We're on a rock race. Totally awesome.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT -- EVENING

Rico's plane LANDS on a remote landing strip. An SUV and cargo truck are on the runway. Rico gets off the plane and starts speaking to a driver in Spanish.

RICO

(English Subtitles)

Take this gringo to the U.S. Mexican border. Treat him like he's your brother.

MIGUEL

(English Subtitles)

I killed my brother.

RICO
(English Subtitles)
Exactly.

Miguel nods "yes" and SMIRKING. Goody and Juanita exit the plane wearing blankets.

RICO (CONT'D)
Goody. This is Miguel. He's going to drive you to his Check Point. There are clothes for you in the back seat, along with five hundred dollars. If all goes well, we should hook up with you in Las Vegas to discuss wedding plans.

GOODY
What do you mean, if all goes well?

RICO
Well, a large percentage of aliens crossing the border get captured, deported, and even killed.

GOODY
Killed? By my own country?

RICO
Yes. God Bless America. Once you're in the States, you'll be escorted to a secure town where you can escape without notice.

Juanita is dressed and puts her ARMS AROUND Goody.

JUANITA
Where is your concert in Las Vegas?

GOODY
The Hard Rock Hotel.

RICO
Ok. I'll have rooms under my name when you arrive. Good luck and adios.

JUANITA

Goodbye for now, mi amor.

She KISSES Goody, with Rico SNARLING behind. Goody gets in the cargo truck that's filled with people and it drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. RANDY'S CAR -- EVENING

Becky is driving. They drive by a "Welcome to Alabama" sign.

AX

Sweet Home Alabama.

They all start SINGING.

CUT TO:

INT. CARGO TRUCK -- NIGHT

The truck is BOUNCING along the road and hits a bump that SCATTERS everyone.

GOODY

Holy shit. Pot holes? Where the hell are we? Pittsburgh?

MEXICAN 1

American?

GOODY

Yeah. I'm an American.

MEXICAN 1

You teach speak?

GOODY

Sure. Let's see. Buenos Dias.
Good Day.

They all repeat him.

GOODY (CONT'D)

Good. Gracias. Thank you. Ok.
we're cooking now. Cervesa por
favor. Beer please.

(they repeat.)

Ok. Let's see. We're going into
Texas. Republicans. Hmmm. I love
George Bush.

(some laugh, some
spit.)

Hmm. Mexican republicans and
Democrats. Ok. I love margarita's.

(they repeat)

Hey, I have an idea.

CUT TO:

INT. RANDY'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

They pass a sign that says "Welcome to Louisiana". Blake
and Ax are SLEEPING in the back seat. Randy is driving.

RANDY

Why don't you get some sleep?

BECKY

I can't. I'm worried about you and
your memory loss.

RANDY

Things can be worse. Tell me some
stories about our kids, or things
we did in the past.

BECKY

You mean like our most erotic night
ever in the Keys?

RANDY

Exactly. But one thing's for sure.
Even though I don't remember you,
I'm sure glad I'm married to you.

Becky SNUGGLES up to Randy.

BECKY

It lines like that, that made me
want to marry you.

Out of the Dark from the back seat...

AX

That's beautiful, man.

BLAKE

Ditto. I could cry.

RANDY

Go back to sleep. Speaking of
love, I wonder what's going on back
at your girlfriend's shooting
gallery?

CUT TO:

INT. ZENDORAS HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

FELICIA

Before you guys kill each other,
with my assistance, why don't you
show me what you did in the parking
lot at the shooting gallery. Yes,
I watched the whole thing.

CLAYTON

You want some action. Come on Zen,
if we're gonna die, we'll go down
like fucking rabbits.

Clayton and Zendora start KISSING and FONDLING. It gets
heated. Felicia gets turned on. She puts the gun down,
inches closer, and JOINS IN.

Outside the house we hear the cuff chains RATTLING and WILD
MOANING.

CUT TO:

INT. CARGO TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS

Everyone is singing "Margaritaville". Miguel is driving and SINGING along, until he pulls off onto a dirt road and stops the truck.

EXT. MEXICAN CHECKPOINT -- NIGHT

MIGUEL

(in Spanish)

Everyone wait here.

(In English)

Senor Goody. Come with me.

GOODY

OK.

Goody leaves with Miguel. One MEXICAN, early 20's, sees Miguel pull out a pistol while they walk away.

MIGUEL

Those dumb Mexicans will get caught. I tipped off the Border Patrol. I have their money and will get it again when they try to cross next time. Repeat business is very profitable. Now Mr. Alegria has a small plane waiting for you just over this ridge. Walk ahead.

Goody takes a few steps and HEARS the cock of the gun, turns around, and sees Miguel POINTING a gun at him.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)

Adios, gringo pig. Courtesy of Rico.

A shot is FIRED. Goody is standing in shock, and watches Miguel wither over in pain. He sees one of his truck mates standing there holding a SMOLDERING gun. Miguel drops his gun, but makes a DASH to escape.

MEXICAN 1

(turns to Miguel)

Do you feel lucky, punk? Go ahead.
Make my day.

The Mexican picks the gun up and turns to Goody.

MEXICAN 1 (CONT'D)

Bad hombre, Amigo.

GOODY

Gracias, Clint. Give me your cell phone, keys and wallet.

Miguel hands him everything.

GOODY

Shit. Not much battery left.

He turns on the phone and the navigation screen APPEARS with a route and destination. He opens the wallet and sees a MILITARY BADGE and POLICE BADGE.

GOODY (CONT'D)

Well, we're not going into Nuevo Laredo. Who the hell are you?

Goody extends the badge to the helpful Mexican.

GOODY (CONT'D)

You want his badges?

MEXICAN1

Badges? We don't need no stinkn' badges.

The Mexican is laughing, but takes the wallet.

GOODY

You watch alot of American movies.

They hear a RUSTLING in the dark brush.

MEXICAN 1

(In Spanish, holding his guns)

Come out.

LEWIS

(Speaking Spanish
with a strong
Indian accent)

Hello. Don't shoot. We are good.

Two young men, dressed in traditional Indian garments approach them.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Hello. I too speak English. We are trying to cross the border.

GOODY

Why are you guys crossing here?

LEWIS

The Rio Grande is very shallow just over this ridge. We can walk, or even drive across here. Many of my family from India have crossed here.

GOODY

Miguel. Is this true?

MIGUEL

Si.

MEXICAN 1

Well, Miguel, we'll take you across the river. If we don't make it for some reason, neither will you.

LEWIS

My American name is Lewis. This is Clark.

GOODY

Lewis and Clark?

CLARK

Yes. We are on an expedition like your American explorers. We hope to find a Nine Eleven to work someday.

GOODY
You mean Seven Eleven?

CLARK
Yes. I get those vowels mixed up.

GOODY
Whatever. Let's get out of here.

They return to the truck. The Mexican MOTIONS for everyone to get in. Lewis and Clark are in the front seat. Miguel goes by gun point with the Mexican in the back of the truck.

Goody CLICKS the phone.

CUT TO:

INT. RANDY'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

AX
Yellow.

CUT TO:

INT. CARGO TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS

GOODY
Ax man. It's me Goody.

CUT TO:

EXT. RANDY'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

AX
Everyone wake up. It's Goody.
We'll be in Texas in a few hours.
Where the hell are you?

CUT TO:

INT. CARGO TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS

GOODY
I'm crossing into Texas near Nueavo Laredo. My battery's dying. I'll call you when I get in. Adios.

With the lights off, they drive to the edge of the Rio Grande river. The dark sky is filled with shining stars.

GOODY (CONT'D)

This is a river? It's not even a creek. This looks too easy.

He drives across the shallow river and pulls up to the river bank on the U.S. side. The cargo riders start CHEERING.

LEWIS

That was a sliver of pie.

GOODY

You mean piece of cake.

LEWIS

Oh yes. Piece of cake. Thank you for correcting me.

Just then, police LIGHTS FLASH on their truck.

GOODY

Oh shit.

EXT. LAREDO -- MOMENTS LATER

Goody steps on the gas, PLOWS INTO one car, and DRIVES AROUND them. He turns onto a highway with the other border patrol following close behind. The Mexican TOSSES Miguel out of the truck and makes the patrol car SWERVE OUT OF CONTROL trying to avoid him.

EXT. LAREDO -- MOMENTS LATER

Goody RACES into town, with everyone in the cargo area holding on for dear life. He turns into an alley and turns off the lights. The border patrol drives by. He JUMPS OUT of the truck.

GOODY

Get out and run. Vamos.

Everyone SCATTERS like roaches.

LEWIS

Come Clark. We must go quickly and
blend in.

They run off wearing their Indian robes. They see a 7-11.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Freedom.

They RUN to the store.

Goody RUNS DOWN the alley. Border Patrol agents with flash
lights are searching the area.

Goody DIVES INTO an open ground floor window and falls into
boxes. He closes the window and hides. He can hear the
Border Patrol outside. He lays motionless, and FALLS
ASLEEP.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSIC STORE -- MORNING

LIGHT is SNEAKING in through the window. A door opens, and
Goody can see Two Men (early 20's) with long hair come in,
pull out a joint and start smoking.

LONGHAIR

Ah. The breakfast of champions.

They finish the joint and go out. Goody takes a few deep
breaths, smiles, and sees boxes with the names of musical
instruments. He CRACKS the door open and realizes he's in
a music store. He sees the Border Patrol RUNNING outside
the store. He walks into the store looks at a keyboard.

LONGHAIR (CONT'D)

Hey man. I didn't see you come in.

(laughing)

I had too much breakfast.

(coughing)

LONGHAIR (CONT'D)

Can I help you?

GOODY

I'm just checking out this
'Yamaha'.

He sits down and starts PLAYING.

LONGHAIR

Holy shit. Great keys, man.

GOODY

Thanks. Have you got the new
'X27'?

LONGHAIR

We will later today. I'm heading
up to our main store in San Antonio
now to pick a few up.

GOODY

Can I have a lift?

LONGHAIR

Drive or smoke?

The other long hair starts LAUGHING.

GOODY

A Bob Marley song. How bout both?

LONGHAIR

(singing)

Life is a highway. I wanna ride it
all day long.

A Border Patrol agent walks in. He SNIFFING and SMIRKING.
Goody sits back down at the keyboard.

BORDER PATROL AGENT

Hey guys. I smell your breakfast.

(snickering)

We're looking for a fresh batch of
illegals. You guys see anything
this morning?

LONGHAIR

No man.

Looking at his co-worker and Goody.

LONGHAIR (CONT'D)

I'm going to pull the van up front.

He leaves the store. Goody's starts PLAYING the keyboard.

GOODY

This has nice action.

BORDER PATROL AGENT

Wow. You sure can play. Do you know Cheatin' Heart?

GOODY

(singing)

Your cheatin' heart will make you weep.

The agent starts SINGING along, and the other longhair PLAYS the guitar. Two other agents come in and start SINGING.

GOODY (CONT'D)

(singing)

You'll cry and cry and try to sleep
But sleep won't come the whole
night through. Your cheatin' heart
will tell on you.

The longhair pulls up to the front of the store in a van, and comes in the store.

LONGHAIR

Hey dude. If you still wanna ride to San Antone, let's go.

BORDER PATROL AGENT

That was great. You guys need some java? Coffee's on me.

LONGHAIR

Sure.

They cross the street and enter the 7-11.

CUT TO:

INT. 7 11 STORE -- MOMENTS LATER

They enter the store and get coffee. Lewis and Clark are talking with the Store Manager, early 30's. One coffee pot is empty. An agent looks at Lewis.

BORDER PATROL AGENT
Hey Sahib. Coffee's gone.

LEWIS
Oh, I will gladly fill the jug.
Thank you.

GOODY
Thanks for the java, Officer.

BORDER PATROL AGENT
No problem. Now you boys see any
illegals, let us know.

LEWIS
Oh yes. We will.

The officer leaves.

Goody looks at Lewis and Clark.

GOODY
Good luck boys.

LEWIS
Thank you Mr. Goody. May you be
blessed to have all your musical
desires.

GOODY
I just got a few.

Goody and Longhair take their coffee in the van and leave.

CUT TO:

INT. LONGHAIR VAN -- LATER

Longhair and Goody are smoking a joint. They are SINGING to rock songs on the radio. Goody pulls out the cell phone.

GOODY

Hey. It's Goody. I should be San Antonio in a couple of hours. I'll be at Vibe Music store on...

LONGHAIR

(interrupting)

Alamo Way.

GOODY

What else. Alamo Way. See you there.

EXT. VIBE MUSIC SAN ANTONIO -- AFTERNOON

Randy's van is parked in front of Vibe Music store. Blake and Ax are inside buying a new guitar and bass. Randy and Becky are outside the van.

BECKY

Where is Goody? He should have been here by now. If we leave now, we'll just make it to the Hard Rock in time.

RANDY

Even if we get there, what about me? I still have no clue about playing the drums.

BECKY

Well, I've been praying to God for you to find your memory. Your favorite drummer as a kid was Buddy Rich. Try praying to him.

RANDY

How do you pray to a dead drummer?

BECKY

He's a music angel.

(In an authoritative tone)

Pray, Goddamn it.

Goody and Longhair PULL UP to the music store. Goody RUNS OUT. He's very stoned. Becky WRAPS her arms around him. Blake and Ax come RUNNING OUT with their new strings and HUG him. Randy just stands there.

GOODY

Hey everyone. Sorry we're so late. This is Longhair. We got stuck in a Burger King with incredible munchies.

LONGHAIR

Now dude. After you win that contest, give me a call to be your sound engineer.

Goody is shaking Longhair's hand.

GOODY

Done. Now let's get to Vegas.

CUT TO:

INT. RANDY'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

GOODY

You won't believe what it took to get me here.

BECKY

Well we're not in the clear yet. Even if we make it to Vegas in time for the contest, you don't have a drummer.

GOODY

Oh yeah. Dude. You don't remember me, or your drum playing? Damn, I almost died getting here.

RANDY

Think how I feel. I don't know any of you people, and I almost got killed by Ax's psycho chick.

AX

Yeah, she went ballistic.

GOODY

Okay, we got twenty hours. I'll teach you drum basics just to get through the song. Let's rock.

CUT TO:

INT. RANDY'S CAR -- EVENING

They pass a sign, "Welcome to Nevada". It's raining and lightning FLASHES.

GOODY

Ten hours of practice, and you don't know your right from left hand. Now it's raining in the fucking desert and slowing us down. What else?

Blake is PLAYING with the radio and finds a Spanish music station. The music has an accordion PLAYING in the song.

AX

Dude, is that all you can find?

EXT. HIGHWAY -- CONTINUOUS

A truck jets onto the highway and CUTS IN FRONT of Randy's van. It says Vegas Drum and Barrel.

GOODY

Son of a bitch.

Lightning STRIKES in front of the truck. The driver starts WEAVING. The back gate opens, and barrels start ROLLING OUT. Ax slams on the brakes.

BLAKE

Holy shit. Look at all the barrels rolling out.

Randy is sitting in the back seat.

RANDY

What did you say?

BLAKE

Are you blind? Look at all the
barrels rolling out.

RANDY

Roll out the barrel?

The music continues to PLAY.

BECKY

What is it?

RANDY

Listen to the accordion. My dad
played the accordion.

BECKY

Keep going, baby.

RANDY

I played drums in his band... to
Roll Out the Barrel.

He starts FLAPPING his hands to the beat. His feet start
BEATING.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Holy shit. I think I remember how
to play the drums. Roll out the
fucking barrel. To think I used to
hate that song, and it brought back
my memory. Thank God for polkas.

GOODY

We'll put a rock polka on our next
CD. Now Ax, step on it.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAS VEGAS -- LATER

They are RACING through the streets of Las Vegas pull into
the entrance of the Hard Rock Hotel. They JUMP OUT of the
van and run inside.

CUT TO:

INT. HARDROCK CAFE -- CONTINUOUS

RUNNING through the casino, Goody is BLOCKED by two Huge Men. One man sticks a concealed gun in his ribs.

BODYGUARD

Senor Alegria is anxious to meet
you. Come with us.

Goody STRUGGLES. Randy turns around and sees Goody with the men.

RANDY

Guys. Goody's in trouble.

He RUNS after them, and TACKLES one guard, KNOCKING OVER the other guard into a slot machine. Money POURS OUT and the crowd ATTACKS the coins.

Juanita GRABS Goody's hand.

JUANITA

Quick. Follow me.

GOODY

(Yelling to Randy)
Go to the contest. I'll be right
there.

They RUN THROUGH the casino and join three people.

JUANITA

Quickly, come with us.

She GUIDES them to a bathroom.

PREACHER

Here?

JUANITA

Si.

She SHOVES them in.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LADIES ROOM

Juanita locks the door.

GOODY

What about a marriage license?

JUANITA

I got one, thanks to Rico's connections, and a little bit of money. Hurry. Preacher. Preach. Vamos.

PREACHER

What's your name, my son?

GOODY

Gordon Blackwell. Go. Go.

PREACHER

Do you take Juanita to be your wife?

GOODY

I do.

PREACHER

Juanita, do you take Gordon to be your husband?

JUANITA

Si. Si. I do.

She hands Goody a RING and he places it on her finger.

PREACHER

By the power invested in me by the State of Nevada...

The door BANGS OPEN with GUN SHOTS, and the bodyguards fly in with Rico, all carrying guns.

JUANITA

Finish it.

PREACHER

You are now Man and Wife. Kiss her
before I faint.

They KISS while Juanita HOLDS UP the marriage certificate
and the ring on her finger.

JUANITA

Put your guns down. He is family
now.

RICO

It's not consummated.

JUANITA

Yes it is.

Rico swears in Spanish smashing sinks.

GOODY

I need to get to the show.

Goody and Juanita RUN TO the contest and BARGE through the
doors.

CUT TO:

INT. HARDROCK CONCERT STAGE

Randy, Ax, Blake and Becky are standing there IN SHOCK.

CONTEST ANNOUNCER

This year's Band Bash contest
winner is Death by Death.

GOODY

(Screaming)

No! No!

He runs up to a stage manager.

GOODY

I'm with Goody's band.

STAGE MANAGER

Sorry man. You're too late. You
guys blew it. I heard your song.
You had a good chance to win.

CUT TO:

INT. HARDROCK CONCERT STAGE -- LATER

The auditorium is empty. Goody's band is on stage, all
looking depressed. A drum kit and keyboard are still
setup. Goody walks to the keyboard and HITS a key that can
be HEARD through the sound system.

STAGE MANAGER

You guys wanna play your song on
stage before we tear everything
down?

They all look at each other and nod 'yes'. Randy sits at
the drums, smiling.

RANDY

I remember. Let's do it. We might
have lost the race, but we still
love to rock.

GOODY

Yes we do.

Randy starts PLAYING a beat and Ax joins in with a high
flying guitar lick. Blake's bass adds dominance. Goody
strikes the keys and starts SINGING. The stage manager is
smiling.

Becky and Juanita are standing towards the back of the
auditorium. A famous rock star is standing outside the
auditorium, hears the music, comes in and stands beside
them. The famous rock musician appears next to them.

ROCK STAR

Do you know these rock relics?

BECKY

Yes. They're Goody's.

ROCK STAR

They're fantastic. They're just
the kind of opening act I need for
my upcoming world tour.

Becky notices who the musician is. (NOTE: Bruce
Springsteen?)

BECKY

Who you calling a relic, Dino?

Snapshots - band with rock star in JUBILATION on stage, in
a recording studio, on stage in front of thousands of
people with Juanita on stage.

Final clip of Zendora's house with the chains still
rattling.

The End