

White Trash Night

By

Gregory L. Heitmann

1924 Thomas AVE
Santa Fe, NM 87505
(505) 424-4195
g_mann_jr@yahoo.com

© 2015 Gregory L. Heitmann. All Rights Reserved.

FADE IN:

BLACK SCREEN: SUPER - 1998 ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO

EXT. KINDERMANN DRIVEWAY - DAY

KARL KINDERMANN (28) sits in an old-style folding lawn chair drinking a Schlitz beer. Next to him on the driveway in a similar folding chair is his brother, FRANK KINDERMANN (24). He sucks down beer from a can of Old Milwaukee.

FRANK

Ah! This is the life.

Frank is blonde-blonde. Ashen. Growing up he was nicknamed "Whitey" sometimes "Caspar" as in the friendly ghost. His German-Nordic heritage shines through, blonde hair, blue eyes, good looking.

KARL

I don't know. Fourth of July kind of sucks when it's mid-week. Gotta work on the fifth. Can't even day drink.

Frank drains his beer, retrieves a can, and pops open another Old Milwaukee. He grimaces after a large swallow.

FRANK

Why do you think we're doing this tonight, July 3rd? Got the holiday tomorrow to absorb the hangover and take it easy. Work on the fifth, no problemo.

KARL

It is ingenious. We ought to do it every year. Drink cheap beer and just chill.

Karl extends his beer to his brother in a toast, clicking his aluminum can off of Frank's. Karl has the same facial features as his brother. He's nice looking with his darker complexion, brownish hair with a hint of ginger, and green eyes.

FRANK

To White Trash Night, the holiday
before the holiday. Yup, I can
see it now. Wife beaters and
cheap beer, the epitome of our
White Trash brothers.

The sun is down and the heat is relinquishing a bit. Two
neighbor women walk by in the quiet neighborhood. They
glance at the tank-top wearing, blue jean cutoff shorts
clad young men with contempt. The two guys raise their
beers and smile at the women who walk away, shaking their
heads.

The sound of Hank Williams, Jr. emanates from the little
radio next to the men. They roast marshmallows in the
dying embers of the tiny grill in front of them. It's
dark and the pile of empty beer cans next to their chairs
grows.

The front door of the house opens. JENNY KINDERMANN (55)
yells out.

JENNY

You guys still outside?

KARL

Yeah, Mom. We're here all night.

JENNY

Ok. Julie and Beth both called.
I didn't know you were here.

KARL

This is no night for girlfriends!
This is White Trash Night!

FRANK

Yeah!

Frank hoists his beer and it slips out of his hand and
crashes to the driveway, spilling. Karl exaggeratedly
fumbles his beer to the pavement.

FRANK

Oops. Alcohol abuse.

KARL

For the homies.

Raucous laughter rings out from the men as their mother shakes her head.

JENNY

Goodnight you two. Don't
embarrass the whole neighborhood.

KARL AND FRANK

Goodnight!

Two more beers are extracted from the cooler. A Pabst Blue Ribbon and a Keystone.

FRANK

Any Schmidt's left?

KARL

Nope.

Beers are cracked open and they drink.

KARL

So, you going to work for Dad now?

FRANK

Yeah, he asked me to.

Karl affects his best Fredo Corleone from the Godfather movie accent.

KARL

I'm your older brother, Frank, and
I was stepped over!

Frank grins, producing his own Michael Corleone affectation.

FRANK

That's the way Pop wanted it.

Karl continues the homage.

KARL

It ain't what I wanted! I can handle things! I'm smart, not like everybody says, like dumb. I'm smart, and I want respect!

The two guys laugh at the recreation of the notorious Godfather II movie lines. They drink.

FRANK

How's the government job? You like it?

KARL

Can't complain.

FRANK

Leave it to you to go to work as a hydrologist in the desert.

KARL

Hey now. In the desert every drop of water is that much more important. In the land of the blind...

FRANK

(Interrupting)

...I know. I know. The one-eyed man is king. Is that the motto for the Bureau of Reclamation?

They chug their beers after lifting their cans in a half-hearted toast. The stack of empty beer cans grows and topples.

KARL

Oh, goodness. I'm not feeling so good.

Frank laughs.

FRANK

What do you expect from this cheap-ass beer?

KARL

I think I'm going puke.

FRANK

Go ahead.

Karl runs to the middle of the front yard and leans against a tree. He throws up. Staggering back to the driveway, he leans over and rests his head on the old Oldsmobile in the driveway.

KARL

Oh, cool roof of the car, you're so comforting.

Frank laughs.

FRANK

Pathetic.

BLACK SCREEN: SUPER - 2008 ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO

EXT. COORS ROAD AND QUAIL AVENUE - DAY

A SCREECH of tires howls in the intersection. A car runs a red light and crashes into another. A child SCREAMS and CRIES.

EXT. KARL'S AND FRANK'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

In the Northeast Heights of Albuquerque, the street is closed down by barricades, and people gather before a small stage chatting with neighbors as grills smoke. Kids and adults play cornhole and other games.

INT. KARL'S HOUSE - DAY

Karl, ten years later, he stands looking out the front window of his house. He sip from his Pabst Blue Ribbon 16 oz can. In his other hand he holds a photo.

The framed 5x7 photo is a picture of Karl, a beautiful woman, and a little girl.

Karl notices he holds a beer in the photo, a Pabst Blue Ribbon. He touches the beer can in the photo. It brings a smile to his face, the only item out of place in the

image of an All-American family. He moves his finger over the glass, circling the woman's face.

EXT. HOSPITAL AMBULANCE BAY - DAY

An ambulance passes a sign outside the hospital that reads: RIO RANCHO WEST-SIDE PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL. It pulls into the hospital emergency room ambulance bay, SIREN cutting off abruptly. The doors open and a bloody little girl is wheeled out on the gurney.

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

The EMT personnel are met by a young doctor, DOCTOR JOSIE ORTEGA (30). She's a beautiful, tall and slender Hispanic lady. Green-eyed with long, straight, jet-black hair in a pony tail, she looks more like a model than a doctor.

Dr. Josie, the emergency room resident, runs along the gurney beside a nurse.

JOSIE

What do you have?

The young PARAMEDIC (26) pushes the gurney as the doctor runs along side trying to inspect the crying girl.

PARAMEDIC

Car crash. Head laceration.
Possible concussion.

The little girl ANNA (6) cries. An older woman ANNA-MARIE CISNEROS [GRANDMA](60) emerges from the back of the ambulance and runs behind the gurney. She sobs quietly, trying to keep up.

ANNA

Grandma! Grandma!

ANNA-MARIE

I'm here, Honey!

ANNA

I want my daddy!

The gurney reaches the emergency room. Doctor Josie turns to the grandma, Anna-Marie.

JOSIE
Just stay outside the curtain a
few moments while we examine her.
What's her name?

Anna-Marie nods.

ANNA-MARIE
Her name is Anna.

The curtain around the exam table swings closed.

INT. KARL'S HOUSE - DAY

Karl stands in front of his picture window observing the activity in the street. He sips his beer in one hand as his eyes drift from the photo he holds back and forth to the activity in the street.

A pounding on the door startles Karl. He stares at the door as it opens, setting the photo back on an end table in his living room.

FRANK (O.S.)
Come on, Karl, the party's
starting!

Frank pushes the door open and stands in the entry way.

FRANK
What are you doing?

KARL
I had to use the bathroom.

FRANK
That was like a half hour ago.

KARL
I'm just not into it.

FRANK
I understand.

Frank glances to the framed photo on the end table before he meets his brother's eyes. He frowns knowingly.

FRANK

Let's swing by Mom and Dad's booth real quick. They got their smoked pork loin for sale again this year. It might be the last meal we get before the party really gets rolling.

KARL

Let's go.

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

The curtain surrounding the examine table swings open and Dr. Josie emerges.

JOSIE

Hi.

Josie smiles at Anna-Marie comfortingly. The older woman is breathing heavily.

JOSIE

Are you ok?

Anna-Marie nods.

JOSIE

Your grand daughter is ok. She had a head wound. They bleed a lot. We got that stopped. I don't believe she has a concussion, but we'll keep her for a bit, just for observation.

Anna-Marie breathes a sigh of relief. She rubs her chest.

JOSIE

Are you sure you're ok? Are you having chest pains?

Josie leans and grabs Anna-Marie's arm.

ANNA-MARIE

No. Just a bit sore from the crash. The seatbelt got me.

Anna-Marie rubs the back of her neck.

ANNA-MARIE

I don't know how she hit her head.
She was buckled in.

JOSIE

Don't worry about it. It's not
your fault. Car crashes can
generate some awful forces. We
are lucky.

Anna-Marie smiles.

ANNA-MARIE

Thank you, nurse.

JOSIE

I'm a doctor. Doctor Josie
Ortega.

ANNA-MARIE

I'm sorry. You're so young...and
beautiful.

JOSIE

Thank you. Why don't you go see
your grand daughter?

Anna-Marie moves to her daughter and Josie swings the
curtain closed, shaking her head.

ANNA

Grandma!

ANNA-MARIE

I'm here, Honey. You're going to
be ok.

ANNA

Is Daddy coming?

EXT. KARL'S AND FRANK'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Frank and Karl stroll through the neighborhood buzzing
with activity.

FRANK

Tenth anniversary man. Can you believe how White Trash Night has grown and evolved?

Frank sips his Schmidt's Beer and grimaces at it's bitter taste.

KARL

It's a little different from our inaugural event. By the way, where'd you get this beer? It's...something else.

FRANK

I know, right? It's the White Trashiest!

Karl smiles as he looks over the crowd. People in elaborate costumes ranging from hillbillies, to Mark Twain to Elvis wander the streets.

KARL

I can't believe the costumes. How did this become a giant costume party?

Karl sighs and kills off his Pabst Blue Ribbon.

FRANK

Here you go.

Frank hands Karl another Pabst.

FRANK

Why don't you take two?

Frank hands Karl a second beer. Karl smiles.

KARL

Yeah, two fisted.

Karl looks down the street and sees kids playing.

FRANK

You on your own tonight?

KARL

Manuel is supposedly bringing his sister for me to meet.

FRANK

That's right. I forgot about that. Don't get too crazy.

Frank looks around.

FRANK

They here yet? Maybe I shouldn't have given you that extra beer.

Karl guzzles one of the beers.

KARL

What extra beer? Nope, they're not here yet.

He tosses the empty can aside.

KARL

I'll get it later. And you? Where's Beth? Don't tell me she let you go out unchaperoned.

The sun is slowly heading down and the shadows of the large trees stretch.

FRANK

Spike had a bit of a fever, so she said she'd stay with the twins.

Frank slaps a heavy hand on his brother's back.

FRANK

Just you and me, buddy. Beth said she can handle the kids. She gave me full permission to hang with you. I'm your wingman if you need one.

Karl watches a woman with her kids in the distance. He mumbles under his breath with a melancholy sigh.

KARL

(whispering)

I can't believe she left me.

Frank ignores his brother's comment for a moment. He places his arm around his brother.

FRANK

Come on; let's try to have some fun tonight. It's White Trash Night! Manny's here. I see him over by the stage.

The men cross to the far end of the block where a small stage has been erected. The block party is spilling over to the adjacent park and crowds of people are in the street and park.

FRANK

There's Tim and Peter.

Two men dressed like Elvis approach. One is 70's "Jumpsuit Elvis," the other is "Young Elvis" with a gold lamé suit coat and skinny tie.

FRANK

What time do the Elvi go on?

JUMPSUIT ELVIS

We're on at 7.

70's Elvis does a point and a kick.

FRANK

Looking forward to it! Where's Lawrence? It wouldn't be a show without Comeback Elvis.

YOUNG ELVIS

Don't worry, Larry will be here.

Frank gives a thumbs up and continues to walk with Karl through the carnival-like atmosphere. A helicopter flies overhead. Karl cranes his neck staring at the chopper through the trees. It ROARS overhead momentarily drowning out all sounds.

KARL

God, I hate helicopters.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

A small stage has been erected in the street and speakers line the front of the structure.

MANUEL "MANNY" ORTEGA (30) sees Frank and Karl. He clasps each man's hand and hugs each one. He's dressed as a dead ringer for Hank Williams, Jr. except he is the Hispanic version, long pointed boots, compact-curved cowboy hat. He sports the same Bocephus shades.

FRANK

Nice costume!

MANNY

What costume?

There's awkward silence for a moment.

MANNY

I see you guys are in traditional garb.

Frank and Karl proudly present their wife-beater tank tops as if they were The Price Is Right models.

MANNY

You, I get.

Manny points at Karl with his white tank top.

MANNY

That's the traditional wife beater. That definitely says White Trash to me. But this guy?

Manny flips his thumb in Frank's direction.

MANNY

What is up with this guy? Bright yellow tank top? With all this...whatever?

KARL

Tell me about it.

FRANK

Hey! Beth made this special for me. It's an homage to Charlie Brown. You got the yellow shirt with the black zig-zag stripe at the bottom.

KARL

But why did she have to put that giant Charlie Brown head on the front with "ZIGGIN' AND ZAGGIN'?"

FRANK

She said she was afraid people wouldn't get the joke and just think I'm some sort of...

Frank flips his wrist effeminately, giving Manny and Karl a laugh.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

Frank and Karl watch Manny setting up equipment as they talk.

FRANK

So, you the headliner tonight?

MANNY

Of course. This is The Rowdy Friends' third year for White Trash Night.

Manny grins guiltily.

MANNY

Don't tell The Elvi that we're the headliners. It's best if they think we are all co-headliners...no opening acts.

Manny winks.

KARL

And you're dressed for it.

MANNY

Again, these are my normal clothes.

Frank tries to hand Manny a Keystone Beer from his cooler he is lugging around.

MANNY

I'm not drinking that crappy beer. That's your thing, Whitey.

FRANK

Come on, Man. Forget about the beer and the music. Where is she?

MANNY

Who? Oh, my sister? I'm sorry, Karl. She had to work. She's not going to make it. Some other time.

Karl's shoulders slump.

KARL

Is she just avoiding me?

MANNY

No! She was going to come. She wanted to see me play. But somebody bailed and she had to cover.

Karl stiffens from his slumped position in surprise as his cell phone rings. He looks at the phone, puzzled.

KARL

It's Anna-Marie.

Karl answers the phone and jumps right into the conversation. Frank whispers to Manny.

FRANK

His former mother-in-law.

Manny nods as Karl speaks into the phone.

KARL

What do you want, Anna-Marie.
This is the night of our big
party. You said you'd watch Anna
tonight.

ANNA-MARIE (O.S)

I'm sorry Karl. We were in car
crash. It's Anna. She's got a
cut on her forehead and it's
likely she has a concussion.
She's asking for you.

KARL

What? I'll be right there.

Frank is miming drinking and driving indicating Karl
can't drive.

KARL

I've had a couple drinks, Anna-
Marie. I can't drive. I'll be
there as soon as I can.

Frank has his cell phone out.

FRANK

We'll get a cab. I'll come with
you. Make sure you and her are
ok.

KARL

You don't have to.

FRANK

No, I insist. I'm your wingman
tonight. Remember?

MANNY

Guys, I'm right here. I'll give
you a ride.

The group moves to the stage and a tiny older woman is
connecting wires to equipment and a mixing board.

Manny's phone rings and he answers it as he steps away. Karl and Frank watch the woman perform her wiring.

MANNY

Hey, guys, give me a minute.

Manny speaks to the woman in Spanish and they converse a moment as Frank and Karl look on.

MANNY

I got to go pick up my bass player from the airport. This is my Aunt Rosie. She's going to take you to the hospital. Let's go.

Karl and Frank nod as they walk to the end of the block with Manny and ROSIE MARTINEZ (60). Rosie is tiny, not even five feet tall, yet she maintains a solid slender body, defying her age. Her dyed, jet black hair aids her age confusion. Outside the barricaded street is where Manny's car is parked, he gets into his Mini-Cooper painted like the General Lee from the Dukes of Hazzard.

MANNY

We'll see you tonight.

He presses the horn and it honks to the tune of Dixie, just like the General Lee. He says something to Rosie in Spanish and waves.

FRANK

What did he say to her?

KARL

I don't know?

Rosie speaks English with a heavy Spanish accent and the boys struggle to understand. She directs them to a large early 1980's Cadillac.

FRANK

You think I should bring the cooler?

KARL

Maybe we can put it in the trunk.

Frank looks down at his tank top.

FRANK

Dang it! We can't be out in public with just wife-beaters.

He points a finger at Karl and grins.

FRANK

Lucky for us, I came prepared. He takes two zip-loc bags out of the cooler. There is a t-shirt in each bag.

He tosses the red t-shirt to Karl.

FRANK

There you go. Beth made a couple shirts for us just in case we had this kind of situation.

KARL

Ol' Beth was busy. Charlie Brown shirt, now these.

Karl opens his bag and puts on the shirt. It is red-orange with white screen printed lettering surrounding a Conan O'Brien-like image. The letters encircling the image say "GINGER POWER." The back of the shirt sports the word "COMMIE"

KARL

Good Lord! I can't wear this shirt. It says "Commie" on the back.

FRANK

Hey, you're the one Mom and Dad named Karl Mark Kindermann. Karl Marx ring a bell?

Karl rolls his eyes and dons his t-shirt.

KARL

Fine. What's yours say.

FRANK

You're gonna love it.

He opens the bag and puts on his t-shirt. He beams as he turns back and forth displaying a similar image to Karl's, but with the words "BLONDE POWER" in black lettering encircling the face of platinum blonde Marilyn Monroe like a fist at the end of an upright arm. On the back the name "WHITEY" is printed.

Karl cringes.

KARL

You can't be serious! You can't wear that t-shirt. People are going to get the wrong idea.

FRANK

It's just silly. Look at me. I'm really, really blonde, hence the nickname, "Whitey."

Rosie is pointing to the car.

ROSIE

Andale! Entrada.

Rosie's broken English communicates her point and the guys get in the car.

INT. ROSIE'S CADILLAC - DAY

ROSIE

Buckle up!

With a severe acceleration and screeching halt at the first stop sign, Frank and Karl exchange looks of fear as they tighten their seat belts, Karl up front and Frank in the back.

KARL

Hold on, Frankie!

The car bounds over a speed hump on the residential street. Rosie digs in her purse, attention diverted way too long and Karl presses on an imaginary brake at his feet as he grips the door handle. Rosie looks to Karl.

ROSIE
Hospital? Enfermeria?

Eyes back on the road, the car screeches to a halt at a stop sign. The tires squeal as she starts again. She again looks in her purse, finally extracting a pair of glasses.

ROSIE
Ah, gafas.

She slips her glasses on, but it's too late. A near accident occurs as she blows through a stop sign. Cars HONK behind them.

KARL
Rosie, that was a stop sign.

ROSIE
Huh?

She glances at Karl with a puzzled look. Then in the mirror.

ROSIE
Dios, mio! La Policia!

Frank and Karl look back and a police car with flashing lights is behind them.

KARL
Oh God is right.

Rosie pulls over. Frank taps Karl on the shoulder.

FRANK
Aren't you glad we put that cooler
in the trunk?

The policeman is OFFICER SCHMIDT (30). He approaches. He's a burly, cross looking individual with a Hitler like mustache. His partner, a Black Officer that looks about twelve years old, stays at the back of the car.

OFFICER SCHMIDT
License and registration.

The cop looks at the two guys in the car.

OFFICER SCHMIDT
It smells like alcohol in here.
Have you been drinking, Ma'am?

KARL
(stuttering)
N-N-No, Sir. It's us.

He points a finger back and forth between himself and Frank.

KARL
She's our designated driver.

The officer's walkie-talkie squawks, and he hands back the license and registration to a grinning Rosie. He looks to his partner.

OFFICER SCHMIDT
That's us, LeBron.

The cop turns his attention to Rosie and he wags a scolding finger at her.

OFFICER SCHMIDT
It's your lucky day. Pay
attention to your driving.

The policemen hustle back to their car and speed away in a U-turn.

FRANK
Dodged a bullet there!

Rosie pulls back into traffic and is back speeding and braking. Frank and Karl are wide-eyed passengers. In a slick, lane-changing maneuver Rosie whips into a parking lot.

ROSIE
Hospital.

KARL
No, this is Presbyterian Downtown.
We need Presbyterian West-Side.

Rosie gives a puzzled look.

KARL
Rio Rancho.

Karl ponders.

KARL
Um. How do you say west? Oeste?

ROSIE
Oh. West Mesa?

KARL
Rio Rancho hospital.

ROSIE
Ok.

Rosie puts the Caddy in gear she whips around and is heading out the one way entrance. The tire shredder looms ahead.

KARL
No, no, no, no, no! Stop!

Rosie seems oblivious.

KARL
Alto!

Rosie slams on the brakes, but it is too late. They skid and the two front tires are flattened by the spikes.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

Frank and Karl are out the car, hands on their heads in disbelief as they inspect the impaled tires.

Karl pushes the button on his cell phone calling Manny.

KARL
I got his voicemail. I'm just gonna leave a message.

Karl points to the bus stop. Frank follows his finger, and nods.

KARL

Hi, Manny. It's Karl. You're gonna have to come help your Aunt Rosie. She hit the tire shredder thing at the *downtown* hospital. Frank and I are gonna catch a bus. We need the West Side Presbyterian.

Karl ends the call.

KARL

I'm sorry about your car, Rosie. We got to go. Frank let's push her back out of the way.

Rosie gets in and Karl and Frank push the car into the parking lot.

KARL

Manny will be back to help you.

Karl and Frank jog across the street to a bus shelter. They look at the posted schedule.

FRANK

Here comes a cab. Let's just get a cab and get moving. Who knows how long it'll take by bus.

The cab stops and Frank gets in the front seat, Karl in the back. He slumps down relaxing a bit after the terrifying ride with Rosie.

FRANK

We need the West-Side Presbyterian Hospital.

The CAB DRIVER (35) is African American. He puts the car and gear and speeds away. His skin is very dark, his hair is a rounded afro. He glances at Frank next to him multiple times as they drive.

CAB DRIVER

What's with your shirt, "Blond Power" and a Marilyn Monroe's face, like a fist at the end of an arm?

FRANK

Nothing.

Frank laughs nervously.

CAB DRIVER

That some sort of Black Power rip off? Some sort of joke to you, the Black Man's struggle? White Power? Is that what that's supposed to mean?

FRANK

No, Sir. It's just...

Frank's hand circles his head and face.

FRANK

See how white I am. It's an ironic statement. I'm really, really blonde.

KARL

Oh, boy.

Frank turns his back to the cab driver.

FRANK

See my name on the back? "Whitey" that's my old nickname.

The driver blanches as he sees the name on the back of the shirt. He stomps on the brake and Frank and Karl lurch forward.

CAB DRIVER

Whitey? Out of my cab! What are you some sort of Aryan bastard? How dare you wear that shirt? Ya God damned racist.

FRANK
 (stammering and stuttering)
 N-N-N-No. I-I-It's supposed to be
 funny.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The Cab Driver exits and hustles around to the curb side. He flings open both passenger side doors and drags out each guy.

CAB DRIVER
 Damn racists.

The driver is back in his cab and he speeds away flipping the guys the bird out the window.

KARL
 I told you! These shirts. Jesus
 Christ. Turn yours inside out!

Frank pulls his shirt off and turns it inside out.

The guys are just a half block from a bus stop and they make their way to the bus shelter just as a bus pulls up.

FRANK
 We're in luck. Here's the bus!

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

SIERRA THOMPSON (30) an African-American nurse with bright pink lipstick, pink scrubs, and cornrow braided hair, hands Dr. Josie a file.

SIERRA
 You're gonna love this one.

The curtain parts and on the examine table is dirty man. His name tag on his shirt with ripped off sleeves, says TOM. TOM JOHNSON (45) is a hard 45 years old. He smiles at the pretty doctor exposing missing front teeth. He extends his hand as if to shake hands.

TOM
 Oops.

The man's right hand has an object sticking through and through the palm of hand. He retracts his hand embarrassed. Josie moves closer and can smell the alcohol.

JOSIE

Mr. Johnson, how are you feeling?

TOM

Fine, 'cept for this arrow through my hand.

JOSIE

I see. Have you been drinking?

TOM

Yeah. We was having some beers after work.

Sierra stifles a snicker that draw's Tom's attention.

TOM

What?

JOSIE

Can you tell what happened?

TOM

Well, we was having a few beers, like I said.

Tom extends his arm and hand. The arrow fletchings are caught against the palm of his hand.

TOM

Clyde, that's my buddy, had his new bow and arrows in his truck and he wanted to show me.

Tom laughs as he recalls the story.

TOM

A couple beers later, I suggested a sort of William Tell thing. That's the guy that shot the apple off the guy's head, right?

JOSIE

Yes.

TOM

Clyde's always a braggin' he's
such a great shot. Rifle.
Pistol. Bow and arrow.

JOSIE

Turns out, not so much?

Tom laughs a choking laugh.

TOM

Anyways, I says to Clyde, I'll
stand over here and you open my
beer can with the arrow while I
hold it.

JOSIE

Well, I'm glad you didn't put the
beer on your head.

Tom laughs a choking, smoker's laugh that turns into a
coughing spell.

TOM

Yeah, you might be diggin' an
arrow outta my eyeball.

JOSIE

You did a good job of not pulling
the arrow out.

TOM

I seen that someplace on TV. If
you are impaled, leave it in.
Pull it out and you might bleed to
death.

JOSIE

Very good. We'll get it out for
you. I'll be back in a few
minutes.

INT. CITY BUS - DAY

The sun is getting lower in the sky. The two guys, slump-shouldered board the bus and try to pay the fare. Stopping at the front of the bus next the African American BUS DRIVER (45), the guys dig for some money. The uniformed driver wearing a beret strokes his mustache and goatee. The driver inspects his disheveled looking passengers.

BUS DRIVER

Hold up. What's up with your shirt there?

He points a finger at Karl.

BUS DRIVER

That some sort of statement?

The bus driver stands and blocks the guys from going any further.

FRANK

Oh, boy.

KARL

No, Sir. My brother's wife she made me this crazy shirt. Ginger Power, cuz my reddish hair.

The bus driver folds his arms.

BUS DRIVER

You ain't ridin' on my bus.

Karl traces the black screen-printed letters on his red-orange t-shirt. The Conan O'Brien-like caricature is like a fist at the end of an arm. The words "GINGER POWER" stand out.

BUS DRIVER

You realize how insulting that is? Ginger? Really? Ginger? You ever rearrange those letters? Get the fuck off my bus.

A passenger on the bus dials 911 on her cell phone as the bus driver's voice gets louder.

KARL

Sir, I meant...

BUS DRIVER

Shut up! And your friend here.

The bus driver points a finger at Frank.

BUS DRIVER

I can see your boy here has something similar on the inside out t-shirt. Let me see it.

KARL

I don't think...

BUS DRIVER

I said let me see it!

Frank pulls off his t-shirt, turning it right side in. The bus driver mouths the words as he silently reads the shirt and takes in the image, his face angering exponentially.

BUS DRIVER

Blonde Power! Who the hell do you think you are? Bringing that racist shit out in public?

The strobing lights of a police cruiser flash through the bus windows as a police car pulls in front of the bus.

BUS DRIVER

Here they come. Cops here for you, boys.

The bus driver points a finger at the two guys in front of him.

BUS DRIVER

Get off my bus!

The boys back off the bus and into the waiting police. It's the same officers from earlier.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The policemen are out of their car and in the midst of the argument.

OFFICER SCHMIDT

What's the problem, gentlemen.
Wait, you guys again? Didn't I
just see you?

BUS DRIVER

No problem now officers. Just
getting these racist bastards off
of my bus.

Karl holds up his hand.

KARL

It's fine officer, just a bit of a
misunderstanding.

BUS DRIVER

Misunderstanding? Bullshit. Look
at his shirt!

OFFICER SCHMIDT

Ginger Power. And that looks
like...Conan.

The officer looks at the bus driver.

OFFICER SCHMIDT

I guess I don't get it.

KARL

My brother's wife thought it was
funny to make me a shirt...

BUS DRIVER

Ginger? Ginger?

The taxi driver looks at the Black Officer, Officer Jones.

BUS DRIVER

Know what I'm saying?

Officer Jones nods painfully, he points.

OFFICER JONES

I know. Rearrange the letters in
the word "GINGER."

Officer Schmidt stares at the shirt a moment.

OFFICER SCHMIDT

Uh, ohhhhh.

Officer Schmidt grimaces.

OFFICER SCHMIDT

That seems like a long ways to go.
Conan, he's a ginger, you know,
the red hair. This is quite the
leap if you ask me.

The taxi driver balls his fist and sticks his arm up.

BUS DRIVER

He's mocking Black Power! Ginger
Power? That's clearly N...

Officer Jones steps forward and throws his hands up,
cutting off the Bus Driver.

OFFICER JONES

Whoa, whoa, whoa. We get the
picture.

KARL

I don't want to be offensive.
I'll just turn my shirt inside
out. We can be on our way.

Karl turns his shirt inside out.

BUS DRIVER

Be on your way with another bus.
You ain't going nowhere in my bus.

The driver climbs aboard the transit vehicle.

BUS DRIVER

Thank you, Officers.

The officers look at Karl and Frank. They shrug.

KARL

Fine. We'll get another bus.

The officers move to their cruiser.

OFFICER SCHMIDT

You guys have a good night. I
don't want to see you again.

The officer wags an admonishing finger out his window as they kill their flashing lights and drive away.

FRANK

Hey, here comes a cab!

KARL

Ok. You get in back. I'll handle
things this time.

The cab stops and the guys get in.

INT. HOSPITAL DOCTOR'S LOUNGE - DAY

Sierra hands a file to Dr. Josie. The nurse doesn't say a word. Instead, she purses her lips and shakes her head in disgust as her eyes meet the doctor's

JOSIE

What now? I don't like the look
you are giving me.

SIERRA

Next patient!

Inside the file is a single printed image of a mangled hand. The skin between the index finger and thumb is a shredded mess.

JOSIE

Oh, dear Lord!

SIERRA

That's not all. You gotta see
this guy.

JOSIE

Show me the way.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Sierra holds her finger to her lips, looking at Dr. Josie. She grasps the curtain and swings it open, exposing a VIN CESCHEK(19). Vin is dressed in what used to be a white tank top, now stained with black streaks.

His pale complected face is stained black, a cartoon-like image of a victim of an explosion. His blonde air stands straight up, also streaked with black residue.

JOSIE

Mr. Ceschek. It says you've had a run in with some fireworks.

Vin holds his right hand cradled in his left. He presses a loose, blood-stained bandage into his wound.

Josie struggles to keep a straight face as she looks Vin in the eyes and all she can picture is Elmer Fudd and Daffy Duck.

VIN

Yeah, defective firework.

JOSIE

The Fourth of July is a very dangerous holiday.

Vin nods and Josie looks at the young man. The area around his eyes is clean. Streaks of tears cross his cheeks through the black powder residue, left over and forming an indication of his suffering.

JOSIE

You need something for the pain?

Vin nods affirmatively. Josie suddenly feels sympathetic for the humiliated teenager. His eyes well with tears as Josie pokes and prods the wound.

JOSIE

I think you were very lucky. Doesn't seem to be any damage besides the skin. I see your eyes were saved by your sunglasses.

Vin manages a weak smile at the good news.

VIN

Yeah.

JOSIE

I'm going to order some meds from upstairs so we can suture you up. We'll get you a prescription for something else after the local wears off. Any allergies?

VIN

No, Ma'am.

JOSIE

Ok. I'll be right back.

INT. NURSES' STATION - DAY

Dr. Josie shakes her head as she approaches Sierra talking to the other nurses.

JOSIE

You were right. That was something else. I could think of nothing else but Elmer Fudd and his exploding shotgun.

SIERRA

That guy was a trip.

JOSIE

I kinda felt sorry for him.

Sierra shrugs.

JOSIE

Let me know when the pharmacy brings the lidocaine. Just come and get me.

SIERRA

You check on the little girl again? She's a cutie. I don't think she has a concussion.

JOSIE

I'll swing by and look in on her.

INT. TAXI CAB - DAY

Karl sits down in the seat as he looks at the driver. It's another African American man. This TAXI DRIVER (60) wears an Isotopes baseball cap. He's a dead ringer for Denzel Washington. He moves a toothpick back and forth in his mouth with his tongue.

TAXI DRIVER

Where to, boys?

KARL

Um, West-Side Presbyterian Hospital.

The driver pulls away from the curb.

TAXI DRIVER

What's out there? Somebody sick?

KARL

My daughter. She had an accident. We had some beers earlier, and we didn't want to drive.

The driver nods as he glances over at Karl for a moment, before looking in his rearview mirror. Frank is in the back seat. He's turning green. He's sweating. He removes his t-shirt, exposing his yellow "Charlie Brown" tank top. The letters in reverse grab the driver's attention.

TAXI DRIVER

What the fuck?

The driver mashes the brakes to the floor and the cab skids sideways to a screeching halt.

KARL

What? What's wrong? Did you hit something?

FRANK

I'm not feeling good.

The taxi driver is out of the cab and pulling the boys from the car.

KARL

What's the problem?

Frank and Karl are on the curb in disbelief, not understanding what's going on.

KARL

What?

The taxi driver waves a finger at them. Frank puts his hands on his knees.

FRANK

I think I'm going to be sick.

Karl stands bewildered on the sidewalk. His hands outstretched in question.

TAXI DRIVER

You need to check your boy's tank top. I don't need to put up with that shit. This is *my* cab.

The driver climbs back into the cab.

Frank stands and he and Karl can see the reflection of the "ZIGGIN' & ZAGGIN" lettering on the tank top in the cab's window. In reverse the letters communicate an offensive message.

KARL

Oh, God. What else can go wrong?

FRANK

I think I'm about to find out.
That cheap beer...

KARL

Hey, here comes a bus.

Frank is again hunched over, hands on his knees. The bus slows.

KARL

Our luck is changing.

The bus pulls up and the door opens as Frank pukes on the sidewalk. The African American FEMALE BUS DRIVER (40) gasps.

FEMALE BUS DRIVER

Aw! Oh, hell no!

The door closes and the bus speeds away. Frank wipes his mouth.

FRANK

Much better.

Frank puts his hand on Karl's shoulder.

FRANK

What were you saying about our luck changing?

Karl's phone rings.

KARL

It's Manny!

Karl answers the phone.

KARL

Hello.

He listens.

KARL

No. We're not there yet. Can you come get us?

Karl looks around.

KARL

We're on Montano, just east of Coors.

KARL

Alright. Bye.

Karl ends the call.

KARL

Manny's coming to get us! He said about fifteen minutes.

FRANK

Oh, thank God.

KARL

Is it just me, or does it seem like every bus driver and cab driver in this city is African American?

FRANK

It's just you.

Frank pats Karl on the back.

KARL

Feel like walking to the next bus stop? Or are you too sick?

FRANK

Nah? I'm fine now. Let's walk.

Karl's phone rings. He looks at it.

KARL

It's Anna-Marie.

Frank pulls the phone away from Karl.

FRANK

Hello, this is Frank.

Frank listens.

FRANK

I know. I'm trying to get him there. We've had some difficult transportation issues.

Frank listens and shakes his head.

FRANK

Listen, Ann-Marie, I'm talking to you. You don't need to speak to Karl. Karl feels bad enough already. He wants to be there. We're going to be there.

Frank gives Karl a thumb's up.

FRANK

Less than a half hour. Why don't you put Anna on the phone, and I'll let Karl talk to her.

FRANK

Hi, Anna, it's Uncle Frank. Your Daddy's right here.

Frank hands Karl the phone.

KARL

Hi, Honey. Are you ok.

ANNA (O.S.)

When are you going to get here, Daddy?

KARL

I'm on my way, Baby. We had some car trouble. But, I'll be there very soon.

ANNA (O.S.)

I love you, Daddy.

KARL

I love you too, Sweetheart.

Karl's eyes water as he hangs up the phone. He wipes at his eyes with the back of his hand. He releases a breathy sigh of relief.

KARL

She sounds fine.

Frank places a comforting hand on his brother's shoulder.

FRANK

We're almost there. She's gonna be fine.

The men continue to walk.

FRANK

Heck, worst case scenario we can walk the rest. It's only a couple miles.

EXT. STEET - NIGHT

It's dark and Karl and Frank wait under a street light near a bus stop. Karl's phone rings.

KARL

It's Manny.

He answers the phone.

KARL

Hello. Tell me your close.

MANNY (O.S.)

I don't see you, man, and we're almost to Coors. No, wait. There you are!

Manny zips up to the curb in his General Lee-painted Mini Cooper.

MANNY

Hop in. We gotta dump you at the hospital and get back for the concert.

INT. MINI COOPER - NIGHT

Karl and Frank squeeze into the car already occupied by Rosie, and the bass player, BUBBA (30). Bubba looks just like a Bubba would look, heavy set and wearing overalls.

KARL

You're a lifesaver, Manny.

MANNY

My pleasure.

The Mini darts in and out of traffic changing lanes.

MANNY

Oh, My God!

KARL

What? What is it now?

Karl is on frayed nerves.

MANNY

Look! That bus! That's Bocephus.
The real Hank Williams, Jr. is
playing at Isleta for the Fourth.
I bet that's his tour bus.

The big bus has the trademark Bocephus eagle on its back and side. They pass the bus and speed forward, leaving the bus at a signal light as they turn onto Coors Boulevard and head north.

MANNY

I can't believe it. I'm so
excited to see him tomorrow night.

A big three-quarter ton Ford with a lift kit cuts off Manny from the left, turning quickly off of Coors. Manny brakes hard barely avoiding a collision.

MANNY

Hey!

KARL

What the hell's that guy's
problem?

Karl provides a military salute as they pass the truck that's taking a right turn into a McDonald's. They continue down Coors.

KARL

That was close.

Out of nowhere the big Ford truck appears along side the Mini. It honks and the passenger gesticulates wildly out his window.

MANNY

My God. Now what?

KARL

Got a guy with road rage.

The big truck's tire scrapes Manny's Mini. Manny pulls into a Wal-mart parking lot. The big Ford enters at the next approach, and roars across the parking lot heading for the Mini.

All eyes in car widen looking at the big truck heading for the Mini.

MANNY

Oh, shit.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

A WOMAN (30) runs in to the ER heading for the front desk. She is crying as she carries a limp toddler her in her arms.

WOMAN

Help me! Help me! My baby!

The screams of help stop everyone in their tracks.

SIERRA

(roaring)

Dr. Josie!

Sierra peels the toddler from the hysterical woman and runs to the ER, nearly colliding with Josie. Sierra finds an open bay in the ER and sets the baby down.

JOSIE

He's burning up. Get his clothes off.

Sierra has a scissor in her hand before the words are out of Josie's mouth.

JOSIE

I have breath sounds. Get an IV.

Josie looks to Sierra.

JOSIE

Dehydration.

The mother has crept close to the table. Her mouth is open in a silent scream, as her sobs are frozen in her diaphragm.

SIERRA

Get her out!

A nurse directs the mother away towards the door.

Sierra gives a nod to the nurse, indicating the doorway is fine.

Josie and Sierra work to get fluids into the child via the IV.

JOSIE

Get the mother.

Sierra leaves the table as Josie listens through her stethoscope.

JOSIE

Thready pulse.

The woman approaches. She is a mess. Sunburned. Mascara and makeup smeared resembling a clown.

JOSIE

The boy outside all day? Picnic?
Swimming? Busy day?

The woman nods continuously at the questions.

Josie touches the red stained mouth of the boy.

JOSIE

He's been drinking juice all day?

The woman nods again. Looking between the nurse and the doctor.

WOMAN

What?

Sierra rolls her eyes, her eye's meeting Josie's

JOSIE

The boy is likely just dehydrated.
Did he throw up?

The woman nods as her body slumps in relief. Almost on cue the boy's head rolls and arms move as consciousness is regained. He groans.

WOMAN

My baby!

The woman leaps forward and wraps herself around the boy.

INT. NURSES STATION - NIGHT

Just behind the ER desk Josie stands leaning against the wall.

JOSIE

Good job, Sierra, with that kid.
Nothing scarier than babies and
toddlers.

SIERRA

You're telling me. Combine the
fact that they can't tell you
what's wrong with the helicopter
parents, it's a nightmare.

JOSIE

Well, good job. I gotta go get
off my feet for a few minutes.
I'll be in the lounge if you need
me.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

From the adjacent parking lot, the red and blue police lights strobe and a police car moves from its spot in the

Arby's parking lot. It's spot light illuminates the Ford truck which is yielding thanks to the flashing lights. A voice booms from the police cruiser.

LOUDSPEAKER

Everybody out of their vehicles!

The Ford truck stops near the Mini and everyone exits the Mini Cooper.

LOUDSPEAKER

Out of the truck! Now!

The police command is finally followed and two young Hispanic men emerge, hands up.

The police exit their vehicle. It is Officers Schmidt and Jones.

OFFICER SCHMIDT

You've got to be kidding me.

He looks at Frank and Karl in astonishment and disgust.

OFFICER SCHMIDT

You two?

Officer Schmidt looks to his partner.

OFFICER SCHMIDT

You see these guys? It's the t-shirt boys.

OFFICER JONES

What's going on here?

The two officers point their blinding flashlights at the two groups in front of them.

OFFICER JONES

Cowboy. Tell me what's going on.

Manny points to himself.

MANNY

Me?

OFFICER JONES

Yeah you. You're the one dressed
as a cowboy.

Manny steps forward.

MANNY

We're just driving our friends
here to the hospital. His
daughter hit her head. When, out
of nowhere, these clowns ran us
off the road.

Manny moves to this car.

MANNY

See? They rubbed the General with
their big tires. See this mark.
I can probably buff it out.

The young HISPANIC DRIVER (24) reacts. He moves toward
Manny, arms waving threateningly. The driver is wearing
a tank top, baggy shorts, but most eye-catching is the
big gold chain around his neck that flops as he flails
his arms when he begins to speak.

DRIVER

These pendejos flipped me off for
no reason as I was pulling into
McDonalds back there.

Karl raises his hand and steps forward. He speaks to the
officers.

KARL

I'm sorry officers, there seems to
be some miscommunication.

OFFICER SCHMIDT

You and you're miscommunications.

KARL

I did gesture as the man said, but
he cut us off, turning right from
the left lane without signaling.

Karl steps closer to the Hispanic Driver who bobs and weaves ever so slightly, trying to be tough.

Officer Schmidt casts a glance at the young Hispanic man.

OFFICER SCHMIDT
Settle down there, tough guy.

KARL
I made no such obscene gesture.
All I did was salute as a proper
military man should to another
officer.

The Hispanic driver flinches.

DRIVER
I ain't no military man.

KARL
Well, I was a captain in the Air
Force and I learned I should
always salute my superior officer.

Karl salutes crisply again, directing it toward the young man.

DRIVER
I told you, I ain't in the
military.

KARL
Are you sure? I could have sworn
you were a Major, and being that
I'm only a captain, I would have
to initiate the salute and hold it
until you returned it.

DRIVER
You deaf? I said I ain't no Major
in the military.

KARL
You seem like a Major to me.
You're a Major Asshole.

The insult is too much for the young man. He runs forward to tackle Karl, but Frank steps in the way to protect his brother.

The police are on top of them in an instant. Pulling the young man off of Frank.

Frank gets up and brushes himself off.

FRANK
So young, so angry.

Officer Schmidt grabs Frank by the arm.

OFFICER SCHMIDT
That's it. You're coming with me.

Officer Jones cuffs the young Hispanic man and Schmidt cuffs Frank.

OFFICER SCHMIDT
The rest of you, get out of here!
So help me God, if I see you guys
again tonight...I'll haul all of you
in.

A large tour bus pulls up next to the Mini Cooper. All the action is now between the bus and the police car with it's flashing lights.

MANNY
Hey, it's Bocephus!

From around the corner of the bus HANK WILLIAMS, JR (62). appears. He is in a t-shirt and baseball cap, wearing his trademark sunglasses.

HANK
What's going on? I just had to
stop and get a closer look at the
General Lee Mini. It's awesome!

OFFICER SCHMIDT
Hank Williams, Jr.? Hi. I'm
going to have to ask you to stand
back.

HANK

Yes, Sir. Who owns the Mini?

Manny steps forward. He's a miniature Hank Williams, Jr. as if about to go on stage. He's speechless.

HANK

Well, How-deee!

He points at Manny and grins a wide smile to everyone standing around, their full attention on the country music star.

HANK

This is a fine how-do-you-do. I'm beside myself.

Hank howls with laughter at his own joke. Two members of the band appear around the corner of the bus.

HANK

You guys hear my joke. I'm beside myself.

His band members snicker.

RUDOLPH (55) an African American man, the bass player of the band, in a straw hat and Hawaiian shirt steps forward.

RUDOLPH

Come on, Hank, we saw the car. We better get out of these officers hair.

HANK

No, no. I want to know what's going with my boy. What's your name boy?

Hank extends his hand, and Manny shakes it, a bit star struck.

MANNY

It's an honor to meet you. My name is Manny. I'm a big fan.

HANK

I kinda gathered that with your
get up.

MANNY

I'm supposed to be performing...

Manny looks at his watch.

EXT. SMALL STAGE - NIGHT

In the Albuquerque Heights neighborhood of Frank and Karl, the music show is about to begin. It's dark and the streetlight on the closed avenue is assisted by two small light stands to illuminate the stage.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, Elvis fans
of all ages, Please welcome, Elvi!

Three men, one dressed as Young Elvis in a coat and tie of his early years, one in a leather jacket of 1968 fame, COMEBACK ELVIS (30) and the third as 1970's JUMPSUIT ELVIS appear on stage.

The crowd of people spills from the street into the adjacent park. People with their kids sit in lawn chairs on the street and on blankets spread in the grass of the park.

The music kicks in with young Elvis singing "You Ain't Nothin' But a Hound Dog" to the karaoke machine.

EXT. WALMART PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Police lights flash in the parking lot as the police detain everyone, trying to sort out the situation.

MANNY

Oh my gosh! I'm supposed to be on
in 15 minutes!

HANK

What's the hold up? Maybe I can
help. I have some experience in
dealing with police matters.

OFFICER SCHMIDT
I'm sorry, Mr. Williams...

HANK
Please...Call me Hank.

OFFICER SCHMIDT
Hank, I was just saying, we're fine. We got things under control.

HANK
I'd sure like to know what these boys done? Anyone drivin' a Mini General Lee has got to be an upstanding citizen.

MANNY
Those guys in the truck...they had a problem with my driving. One thing led to another.

Manny points out the players as he tells the story.

MANNY
And Frank he was protecting his brother, Karl. Those two got cuffed. We're trying to get Karl to the hospital. His six year old daughter was in a car accident. They say she might have a concussion.

HANK
Concussion! Whoa, Nelly! I'm familiar with those.

Hank holds his head.

OFFICER SCHMIDT
We're looking at simple assault charges for both.

HANK
Sounds like you could write a couple tickets. However...

Hank turns to the officers, then to his bass player.

HANK

We love our boys in blue. Rudy,
get a couple guitars off the bus.
Let's donate a couple guitars to
the Police Fraternal Brotherhood.

Officer Jones steps forward for the first time, grinning.

OFFICER JONES.

Big fan, Mr. Williams. I got
tickets for tomorrow. My parents
loved you. They played your music
all the time. I guess it rubbed
off on me.

HANK

Thank you, Son.

Hank shakes Officer Jones' hand. He looks at the
officer's name badge.

HANK

Rudy, make sure Officer Jones'
name gets on the backstage pass
list for tomorrow.

Hank grins and surveys the group surrounding him.

HANK

I think that about covers it.

Everyone is nodding. Rudy runs to the bus and returns
with two guitars. Hank autographs them both.

HANK

There you go. Why don't you let
the handcuffed guys go? You throw
these here guitars in your
backseat of your cruiser and they
can be your prisoners.

Hank howls again at his own joke, and the group laughs
politely.

OFFICER SCHMIDT

That sounds fair.

The handcuffs are removed from the two men.

HANK

You two, shake hands.

Frank and his assaulter shake hands.

HANK

Looks like my work here is done.

Hank turns to Manny.

HANK

Where's your show? I'd like to see you perform.

MANNY

We got to get Karl to see his daughter.

HANK

Tell you what. Why don't we get everyone on the tour bus, 'cept you and me. I'd like to drive the Mini General. We'll all meet at the hospital.

MANNY

Really?

HANK

Sure. Nothing I'd like more than to bring a smile to a little girl in the hospital.

MANNY

Awesome!

HANK

Then we'll get you to your show. And, if you talk real nice, you can convince me to do a couple numbers with you.

MANNY

Let's go! Time's a wasting!

The group loads up and they depart the parking lot. Hank Jr. is behind the wheel of the Mini General. He zips out of the lot and weaves down the road, directed by Manny in the passenger seat.

EXT. SMALL STAGE - NIGHT

The White Trash Night party rolls on. The Elvi sing, this time it's 1968 Comeback Special Elvis' turn. Leather Jacket clad he sings "Lawdy, Miss Clawdy" to the cheers of the crowd.

COMEBACK ELVIS

Thank, thank you very much. I got one more, then we'll turn it over to the old man.

Comeback Elvis waves to Jumpsuit Elvis, who is manning the karaoke machine. Come back Elvis breaks into "Jailhouse Rock."

EXT. FRANK AND BETH'S FRONT STEP - NIGHT

Silhouetted by the porch light, Beth looks at her phone she pushes the button next the photo of her husband Frank. From her front step, Beth can hear and enjoy the Elvis music. Frank's voicemail picks up.

FRANK (O.S.)

You've reached Frank. Leave a message.

The background music blares "Suspicious Minds" and Jumpsuit Elvis is in full regalia including dance moves.

BETH

Hi, Honey. Where are you? Call me, the Elvi are wrapping up. You're missing the whole White Trash Night.

Beth ends the call and listens to Jumpsuit Elvis finish up "Suspicious Minds."

JUMPSUIT ELVIS

Thank you, thank you very much.

The crowd CHEERS.

JUMPSUIT ELVIS

Gonna slow it down here,
"American Trilogy."

The crowd falls silent and the Karaoke machine begins the familiar chords of "Dixie."

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

The hodge-podge group troupes through the hall to the front desk of the ER.

KARL

Maria Kindermann?

A NURSE (50) looks at the group, flashing a look of disdain.

KARL

I'm her father.

NURSE

Right this way.

The group follows. The nurse halts.

NURSE

Just the father!

The group halts and moves to the waiting room. Karl moves down the hall. He meets Josie moving the other way. They make eye contact. Josie smiles. Near the waiting area, Manny spies his sister.

MANNY

Josie!

INT. ER WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Frank's phone rings. He checks it and it's his wife, Beth.

FRANK

Hello, Honey.

BETH (O.S.)

Where are you? You're completely missing White Trash Night!

FRANK

We're finally at the hospital.

BETH (O.S.)

How's Anna? She ok?

FRANK

They only let Karl go back.

BETH (O.S.)

Is Manny there with you?

FRANK

Yeah. Why?

BETH (O.S.)

He's supposed to be performing!

FRANK

It's that late already?

EXT. FRANK AND BETH'S FRONT STEP - NIGHT

Beth is in silhouette as she talks on the phone. The music of AC/DC thumps in the distance.

BETH

Yes! I'm sitting here on the front steps and I can hear the crowd. Sounds like they are getting restless. The Elvi are doing an extended set.

INT. ER WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

FRANK

Uh-oh.

EXT. FRANK AND BETH'S FRONT STEP - NIGHT

The porch light keeps Beth in silhouette as she talks on the phone. The music pounds in the background.

BETH

Uh-oh is right. They've started doing some of their AC/DC covers. There's nothing weirder than seeing three guys dressed as Elvis singing AC/DC.

"You Shook Me All Night Long" can be heard in the distance.

INT. ER WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

FRANK

What happens when they run out of AC/DC?

EXT. FRANK AND BETH'S FRONT STEP - NIGHT

Beth stands from the step, the porch light is like an eclipsed sun behind her, displaying her full profile.

BETH

Last time this happened, they started the Monkees catalog of songs.

INT. ER WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Frank paces in the hall as he talks. He laughs.

FRANK

Good Lord, no! Well, were still a half hour away, minimum. I'll see if we can roll out.

BETH

Ok.

INT. ER WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

FRANK

Everything else ok?

EXT. FRANK AND BETH'S FRONT STEP - NIGHT

Beth leans against the railing on her step, tracing her finger on the curve of the metal rail as she speaks. She is still just a silhouette in the darkness.

BETH

Yeah. Kids are asleep. I'm just out on the front step enjoying the music. I'm having one of your crappy beers. It's an Olympia.

INT. ER WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

FRANK

Save one for me. I'll be there soon.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Manny spots a young woman down the hall in scrubs under a white lab coat. A stethoscope draped around her neck. It is his sister, Dr. Josie Ortega.

MANNY

Josie?

Josie and Manny walk toward each other.

JOSIE

Manny? What are you doing here? Aren't you supposed to be singing tonight? It's your big White Trash Night performance.

Manny flinches. He looks at the time on his phone. He grimaces.

MANNY

Yeah, I'm supposed to be on right now.

Is that Rosie? Why is she here?

Manny and Josie meet in the hall with a hug.

MANNY

It's a long story. It's Karl's daughter...Anna Kindermann.

JOSIE

Car crash? I treated her she's fine. No stitches, just a bandage. I don't think she even has a concussion.

MANNY

Karl is the guy I wanted you to meet. He's a great guy. You know, tonight is the White Trash Night party. I think you just passed him in the hall there.

Manny shakes his head.

MANNY

He sure didn't need this with all that has gone on.

Josie is suddenly self-conscious, smoothing her coat then her hair.

JOSIE

Oh my God. It's his daughter? Is he here? That was him. I'm a mess.

MANNY

You look fine. I'm sure he'd love to meet you, especially with the good news about his daughter.

INT. ER - NIGHT

The nurse delivers Karl behind the curtain, Anna sits on the table kicking her legs dangling over the edge. Her long dark hair is pulled back in a tight ponytail. She sports a bandage on the side of her head.

ANNA

Daddy! I got a butterfly.

Anna turns her head toward Karl, pointing to a butterfly bandage over a cut on the side of her forehead. Karl hugs his little girl, picking her up in his arms.

KARL

Are you ok, Honey?

Karl smiles and nods to Grandma Anna-Marie sitting in a chair.

ANNA-MARIE

Hi, Karl. Glad you made it.
She's doing fine.

KARL

It's tough to be back in the hospital.

ANNA-MARIE

I know.

ANNA

Daddy, you should see Grandma's car. It's got a big dent. Grandpa's gonna be mad.

KARL

Grandpa won't be mad, as long as you're ok.

Anna rubs her head near the bandage, touching it gingerly.

ANNA

I was buckled in, but I still hit my head on the window.

KARL

Does it hurt?

Anna shrugs her little shoulders.

ANNA

Not really. It was a lot of blood though.

KARL

I see. It's on your shirt.

ANNA

Daddy, can I get a new shirt?

KARL

Sure, Baby.

The curtain rustles and is pulled back exposing Manny and Josie.

KARL

Hey, Manny. Everything's all right. You better go. You're already late.

MANNY

It's ok. The Elvi will keep the crowd entertained. Everyone loves Elvis impersonators.

Manny steps aside.

MANNY

I'm sorry. This is my sister, Dr. Ortega. Josie.

Josie steps forward with her hand extended, Karl is confused, but naturally shakes her hand.

JOSIE

Your daughter is fine. No, sign of concussion. We've observed her for a couple hours now. No stitches. Should be minimal scarring. We took care of it with a butterfly bandage.

Karl sets his daughter back down on the exam table.

KARL

Thank you, Doctor. Manny said you had to work. He failed to mention you were a doctor.

MANNY

Well, I wanted to leave something for you two to talk about.

Josie laughs.

JOSIE

He's a little jealous of the attention I get from my parents for being a doctor.

MANNY

Maybe you can get off early? Hank's gonna give us a ride back to the neighborhood.

JOSIE

Hank?

MANNY

Hank Williams, Jr.

JOSIE

What? What are you talking about.

MANNY

Hank's in town for the Fourth of July concert tomorrow. He saw my car and pulled over to check it out.

JOSIE

Oh, no. Not the General Lee.

MANNY

He loves it.

Manny grins proudly.

MANNY

He's in the waiting room if you want to meet him.

JOSIE

What?

MANNY

Better yet, why don't you see if you can get off early and come with us.

Josie shakes her head.

JOSIE

I'm not sure.

MANNY

Come on. You and Karl can ride on the bus. You can keep an eye on Anna, make sure she's ok.

KARL

Is it ok if Anna comes with me, Anna-Marie?

ANNA-MARIE

What about your party?

KARL

Party's over for me. I'll just hang out with Anna.

ANNA-MARIE

Anna?

ANNA

Yeah, I'll stay with Daddy.

Anna extends her arms and Karl picks her up again.

MANNY

Can you discharge her?

JOSIE

I think so.

MANNY

You comin' then?

JOSIE

I'll double check.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The group is outside the tour bus.

FRANK

You sure?

MANNY

Come on, Frank. They'll be fine.

KARL

We'll bring Manny's car when
Josie's done.

Karl holds Anna's hand.

KARL

Fernando is coming to get Anna-
Marie. We're all set.

MANNY

You ok, Josie?

JOSIE

I got one more hour to work.
We'll be there to catch the tail
end of your show.

The bus loads up. Hank Williams, Jr. kneels and grabs
Anna's hand.

HANK

I'm glad you're ok, little lady.

The bashful little girl tries to hide behind her daddy.

HANK

We'll see you guys there!

INT. HOSPITAL DOCTOR'S LOUNGE - DAY

Anna sleeps on a couch next to a table where Karl and
Josie sip coffee and talk.

JOSIE

Are you doing ok?

KARL

What do you mean?

JOSIE

Single dad and all. It's got to
be tough.

KARL

I get by. Anna-Marie helps. We share custody.

JOSIE

How long has it been?

KARL

Pardon?

JOSIE

Since, you know...

Karl looks to his sleeping daughter, double checking to make sure she's asleep.

KARL

The crash?

JOSIE

Yeah.

KARL

A year and two months.

JOSIE

She was loved here at the hospital. Everyone was devastated.

Karl chokes up.

KARL

Yeah.

JOSIE

I'd just known her a few months.
I'd just started my residency.

KARL

I begged her to get off the life flight.

Karl snuffles.

KARL

I pleaded with her. About her daughter. It's so dangerous. But, no. She loved flying. Now I'm a widower and not even 30 years old.

Josie places her hand on Karl's.

KARL

I hate helicopters. I knew it right away. I heard it on the radio first. Breaking news on the radio. Helicopter crash. I knew it was her.

Karl wipes at his eyes, embarrassed.

KARL

Look at me. Over a year, and I can't talk about it.

JOSIE

It's ok. I pass her photo in the hallway, doesn't matter when, I get a lump in my throat.

JOSIE

Come on. There's nothing going on tonight in the ER. I'm going to go sign out. Half hour early.

Josie scoots her chair back, ready to stand.

JOSIE

I won't be missed and we can see more of your party. What do you guys call it, White Trash Night?

KARL

Yeah, White Trash Night. I have a wife-beater on underneath this t-shirt.

JOSIE

Your inside out t-shirt? Why is it inside out?

KARL

It's a long story. I'll explain everything about tonight to you on the drive. You're not going to believe it.

Josie smiles a sweet smile and Karl can't help but enjoy her kindness. They both stand and Karl moves to the couch and scoops up Anna. She stays asleep.

KARL

I can drop Anna off with Beth. That's Frank's wife. Maybe we can dance when we get there?

JOSIE

Sure.

KARL

I'll meet you out at Manny's car.

They move outside the lounge together and on the wall opposite is a plaque engraved with a silhouette of a helicopter. On either side of the plaque are photos of a man in a flight suit smiling in his helmet. The other photo is a beautiful woman in her own flight suit and helmet beaming for the camera.

Josie rubs Karl's shoulder, a gesture of comfort for just a moment as the couple observes the memorial.

JOSIE

Let me change and freshen up. I'll see you at the car.

They go separate ways, each heading down the opposite ends of the hall.

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM/LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Sierra enters the locker room and sees Josie in the mirror.

SIERRA

Where you goin' girl? Gettin' all dolled up? You seein' somebody tonight?

Josie dabs her cheeks with makeup and traces her lips with some subtle lipstick.

JOSIE

Did you see the father of the little girl in the car crash? The one that had the cut on her head?

SIERRA

Mm-hm.

Sierra cocks her head.

SIERRA

That man ax you out in the ER and you accepted? You crazy girl!

Josie laughs.

JOSIE

It's nothing like that!

SIERRA

I would hope not!

JOSIE

Turns out that was the guy, that my brother's been trying to set me up with. We were supposed to go to his party tonight. But, I cancelled, because Dr. Boyd called in sick.

SIERRA

He's cute. You're going to his party?

JOSIE

Yeah, don't be offended, but they call it White Trash Night. They drink cheap beer and act like hillbillies. Manny's band is playing.

Sierra waves away the comment.

SIERRA

Boys will boys. What's his story?
Single father? Where's the
mother?

JOSIE

His wife died. Remember Anna
Kindermann? She was on the life
flight crew that crashed.

SIERRA

Oh, my God. I do remember
her...that's her husband? Sad.

Sierra sizes up Josie in the mirror.

SIERRA

You look good girl. You have fun...
But, not too much fun.

Sierra lets loose a cackling laugh that echoes through
the locker room.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Karl waits by the General Lee Mini Cooper, Anna asleep in
his arms.

JOSIE

Hi.

KARL

Why don't you drive. I'll sit in
the back with Anna.

JOSIE

Sure. Just tell me where to go.

Karl tosses the keys to Josie and opens the rear door to
settle in with his daughter.

INT. HANK WILLIAMS, JR'S TOUR BUS - NIGHT

The riders on the crowded bus talk quietly, some
musicians pick out tunes on guitars.

MANNY

Oh man, we're really late.

Manny turns to Hank on the bus.

MANNY

You mind if we make a pit stop?

INT. GENERAL LEE MINI COOPER - NIGHT

KARL

Northeast Heights. I'll direct
you when we get close.

JOSIE

You both buckled in?

Josie meets Karl's eyes in the rearview mirror.

KARL

Let's roll.

Josie takes off with a start in the Mini.

JOSIE

Whoa! This thing's got some
giddyup!

Karl laughs.

KARL

Just get us there in one piece.

Exchanging glances in the rearview mirror, Karl and Josie
converse.

KARL

You graduated from UNM Medical
School?

JOSIE

Yup. I'm in my second year of
residency now.

KARL

Wow. Time flies. You remember
me?

JOSIE

Manny says you guys used to work together at the distributorship warehouse when you were in college.

KARL

You didn't answer my question. You don't remember me, do you?

JOSIE

I guess I didn't pay attention to Manny and his friends much in those days.

KARL

That's ok.

JOSIE

So, you guys used to load beer trucks at my dad's warehouse? I can't imagine how much product "fell off those trucks."

Karl laughs.

KARL

What? Never!

Karl laughs again.

KARL

Yeah, that was fun. Now Manny's... what...Vice President?

JOSIE

Yeah, easy to be VP, when your dad owns the company.

Karl laughs.

KARL

I'll be sure to tell him that.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The tour bus is next to the loading area of warehouse grounds. Three kegs and accoutrements are hauled to the bus. A large sign on the building indicates: ORTEGA & SON DISTRIBUTORS.

INT. GENERAL LEE MINI COOPER - NIGHT

Karl's phone rings. It's Beth.

KARL

Excuse me, I have to take this call.

Karl answers his phone.

KARL

Hi, Beth. You home?

BETH (O.S.)

I sure am. Are you on your way?

KARL

Yeah.

BETH (O.S.)

I hear you have company.

KARL

Yeah.

Karl meets Josie's eyes in the mirror.

BETH (O.S.)

You don't have to say anything. I don't want to embarrass you with her right there.

KARL

Thanks.

BETH (O.S.)

Ok. Just drop Anna off and you can try to salvage the last bit of White Trash Night.

KARL

We'll be there in a few minutes.

BETH (O.S.)

I'll let Frank know. They're waiting for you.

EXT. FRANK'S AND BETH'S STREET - NIGHT

Karl carries a sleeping Anna as Josie walks alongside him on the sidewalk. They can hear music down the block.

KARL

Sorry we have to walk so far. The street is closed for the celebration.

JOSIE

Wow, this is a really big deal.

KARL

It's kind of gotten out of hand. It's a block party now.

Karl leans toward Josie.

KARL

Between you and me, the only people that refer to it as White Trash Night any more are me and my brother. All the flyers say it's the "Sycamore Street Patriots' Party."

Karl rolls his eyes.

KARL

To be politically correct, the official title on the permits and for the police street closure is Sycamore Street Block Party Fourth of July Celebration.

JOSIE

I won't hold that against you.

KARL

Listen, I think that's your
brother's band playing.

EXT. STAGE - NIGHT

They hustle up and get to the street and can see the stage. Manny is at the microphone singing a Hank Williams, Jr. song. "All My Rowdy Friends Are Coming Over Tonight."

The song winds down.

MANNY

I want to thank The Elvi once
again for extending their show. I
apologize for being late, but I
think I'll more than make it up to
y'all.

Manny points to the park.

MANNY

Don't tell the cops, but we got
three kegs of beer. Free! Thanks
to Ortega & Sons Distributors.
For all your beverage needs.

A cheer goes up from the crowd. Manny strums his guitar as the crowd settles.

MANNY

We also got an assortment of sodas
and waters on ice for the
youngsters.

Another cheer emanates from the group.

MANNY

That's not all. One of the
reasons I was late to my own show
was because of a little run in
with the law. But, I survived.
Not only survived, I also ran into
this guy.

The crowd of people along side of stage parts and Hank Williams, Jr. with his guitar emerges and hops on the stage.

The band breaks into the song "A Country Boy Can Survive."

MANNY

Ladies and Gentlemen, please
welcome, MGM, Warner, and Curb
recording star, Hank Williams,
Jr.!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Karl and Josie watch from a distance. The trees of the park block their open view, but there is energy pouring from the performers on the stage.

EXT. FRANK'S AND BETH'S PATIO - NIGHT

The porch light is on and Karl rings the bell. He can see inside the screen door. Behind him the music of Hank Williams, Jr. thumps.

KARL

Here's Frank's and Beth's house.

Josie looks to the direction of the music and the rest of houses and the park.

JOSIE

This is a nice neighborhood.

KARL

I like it.

He points to the south.

KARL

I just live a couple blocks
thattaway.

Karl can see a woman inside moving toward the door.

KARL

Hi, Beth.

BETH KINDERMANN (28) looks like she could be the daughter of Halle Berry. She is African American with close cropped hair. She smiles an infectious smile, overpowering tired eyes as she opens the door. A sniffing baby boy clings to her side.

BETH

Come in.

INT. BETH'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

KARL

This is Dr. Josie Ortega, also known as Manny's sister.

BETH

Oh, you poor thing.

Beth laughs and extends a hand that Josie shakes. Frank appears from around the corner carrying the twin brother of the baby boy that Beth holds.

KARL

What's going on? You're home?
Frank, this is Dr. Josie Ortega,
you know, Manny's brother, I mean
sister...this is Frank, *my*
brother.

FRANK

Hi. We got a couple sick kids. I
had to bail on Manny's show.

JOSIE

You want me to take a look at the
kids?

BETH

Oh, no. This is just something
from daycare. It's been going
around. You guys go. We'll watch
Anna. She's ok?

Karl looks to Josie.

JOSIE

She's going to be fine. No concussion. She's going to have the tiniest scar on her forehead. Something to give her some beautiful *character* in the future.

BETH

Then you guys go. We got it.

FRANK

Yeah, go see your brother's night in the *sun*...you know what I mean. Hank Williams, Jr. On stage with him. It's got to a spectacle out there.

JOSIE

Yeah, we're never going to hear the end of it.

Karl takes Anna to the living room couch and places her down gently, covering her with a blanket. He returns to the kitchen

FRANK

Before you go.

Frank opens the fridge and pulls out two 16 ounce Hamm's Beer cans, tossing them to Karl one at a time.

FRANK

Got to at least finish off White Trash Night with a flourish.

Beth rolls her eyes and glances toward Josie. She holds up a finger and mouths the words, "One night a year." Josie giggles

KARL

Wow. Hamm's. This has got to be the trashiest.

FRANK

Saved the best for last. Special order courtesy of Manny's connections. Here's some can coozies.

Frank hands over the can insulators.

KARL

The old Hamm's Beer Bear coozies. How commemorative.

Karl pops the top and chugs half the beer.

KARL

Need help with that?

Josie looks at the can with disdain.

KARL

I can get you something else. Coke? Wine cooler? We got those mini-single serve Jose Cuervo margaritas?

Josie shrugs.

JOSIE

I don't want to be a cliché, but a margarita sounds good.

Karl chugs the rest of his open beer. He sets the empty can on the counter.

KARL

I'll leave that here.

He extends his hand toward Josie.

KARL

Let's go. We gotta see Manny in his moment of glory.

EXT. LAWN - NIGHT

Karl tows Josie along toward the music.

KARL

I get this second beer in me, I
might have enough rhythm in my
feet to ask you to dance.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

At the far end of the road blocked street opposite the stage, kids light fireworks, fountains that shoot sparks in the air. The music gets louder as they approach. Hank Williams, Jr. croons about "If the South would've won the war, we woulda had it made."

At the edge of the crowd Karl and Josie join the jumping masses. Karl opens his beer to a stream of foam having shaken the can in their hustle to see the music. Josie laughs at his expense.

Josie and Karl have to shout at each to be heard over the music.

JOSIE

You lost half your beer.

Karl shrugs.

KARL

It's Hamm's, so not really a loss.

He grabs her hand and dances in place, twirling himself under her arm.

Josie jumps up and down in the back of the crowd trying to get Manny's attention. He finally sees her and beams as he plays his guitar, flipping his hand towards Hank Williams, Jr. He shakes his head and mouths the words, "I can't believe it."

HANK

Take it, Manny.

Manny is caught off guard as he tries to communicate with his sister. Hank is not singing anymore about "Texas Women."

HANK

This is where you sing, Manny.

The crowd roars with laughter and cheers. Manny gets back on rhythm and sings the next line.

Behind the stage the tell-tale red and blue strobe lights begin to flash as a police cruiser pushes through the barricade on the street and proceeds down the closed street next to the stage.

Two officers appear on stage holding up their hands to stop the music, but the band plays on until Hank holds up his hand and the musical instruments cascade to a stop.

HANK

What can we do for you officers?
Officer Schmidt is that you?

OFFICER SCHMIDT

Hank, I'm sorry, but you and your
friends are getting too rowdy.

HANK

One, two, three, four...

The band breaks into Bobby Fuller Four "I Fought the Law." They play half the song and fade out.

OFFICER SCHMIDT

Very funny, Hank. We just need to
see your permits.

HANK

Permits, we don't need no stinkin'
permits.

OFFICER SCHMIDT

I'm afraid we'll have to read you
your rights.

HANK

One, two, three, four...

The band breaks into Perfect Stranger's "You Have the Right to Remain Silent." The band plays the chorus and fades out.

OFFICER SCHMIDT

Just kidding Hank. It's just we have a habit of harassing the big stars in their fancy tour buses. You might say it's a tradition.

HANK

One, two, three, four...

The band plays "Family Tradition." The crowd goes wild.

JOSIE

So, you call this White Trash Night?

Karl smiles and nods to the rhythm of the song.

JOSIE

You might be onto something here.

The chorus finishes and Manny takes a verse of the song.

KARL

Shhh. This is my favorite Hank song.

MANNY

(Singing)

I am very proud
Of *your* Daddy's name
Although his kind of music
And my ain't exactly the same.

The music continues and plays into BLACK.

FADE OUT.