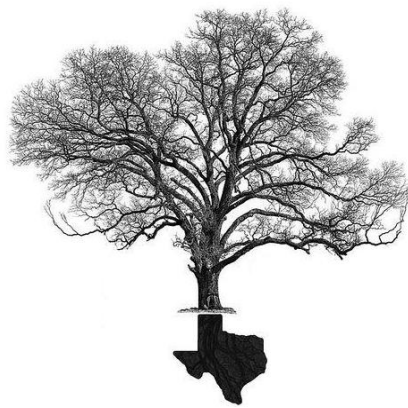


# DUMBASS

ADAM SANDLER WRITES WOMEN IN PRISON

ALAN NAFZGER



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DUMBASS

Adam Sandler Writes Women In Prison

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FADE IN

EXT. PIGGLY WIGGLY GROCERY - GATESVILLE TX - NOONISH

ADAM SANDLER (35), not the Hollywood actor, but the real Adam Sandler (the one that lives and works in Gatesville Texas) finishes carrying out a load of groceries. For a tip, he receives twenty-five cents from an elderly woman; and he's 100% happy with that. He beams with pride.

INT. EMPLOYEE BREAK ROOM - PIGGLY WIGGLY GROCERY

Adam folds his apron and places it in his locker. He takes from the locker a Six Million Dollar Man vintage lunch box. He waves to the store manager, MR. LEDBETTER, and Ledbetter waves back.

LEDBETTER

Going to lunch?

ADAM

Yes, sir. Jimmy has the carry-outs. I have to run some errands, but I'll be back in an hour. Sharp!

Adam leaves his work at the grocery.

BEGIN TITLES

EXT. SIDEWALK - GATESVILLE DOWNTOWN - DAY

Adam exits the store and leisurely walks. It's a small Texas town, downtown. Several people speak to him and he's clearly well-liked. Adam smiles and speaks back to them.

MAYOR

Nice day, Adam.

ADAM

Hello, Mr. Mayor. It sure is.

(beat)

How do you feel about the election?

MAYOR

Well, there's only two ways to feel about an election, Adam -- scared and unopposed.

ADAM

And you're... unopposed?

MAYOR

You bet!

EXT. SIDEWALK - NO KILL SHELTER - DAY

Adam passes MRS. STANDISH is lead training a shelter dog.

ADAM

Hey, just the lady I need to see. You need to come up to the store.

STANDISH

Oh, Adam. I have so many responsibilities here with the shelter. I can't manage...

ADAM

The butcher says it's a good time to come up. Visit him.

STANDISH

He's got some remnants for me?

Adam winces because she's so loud. She apologizes. The dog moves in closer and smells Adam's lunch box.

ADAM

You know he's not really supposed to...

STANDISH

Okay, yea. I know.

ADAM

He might not even told me, but he knows I walk by here every day.

STANDISH

Going to the lawyers office again?

ADAM

Yep. Got important business.

STANDISH

You're sure in there a lot.

ADAM

(in jest)

You know me, Mrs. Standish. I just stay in legal trouble.

She chuckles. The entire town knows Adam has a heart of gold and writes women in prison.

STANDISH

I hope it works out.

ADAM

Have a nice day. And don't forget about the M-E-A-T.

STANDISH

Thank you, Adam.

She chuckles to herself as he turns to continue walking.

EXT. SIDEWALK - BUS STATION - DAY

Adam pauses to look at the people loading a bus. He opens the lunch box and takes out a candy bar. He stands while eating it and he's watching the bus station.

There are eight or more women in ugly/odd thrift store clothes; the sizes and patterns don't match. It appears they just came from the Salvation Army store, penniless (\$50) and just trying to get home. Adam's face shows empathy and compassion.

The bus is loaded and pulls out into the highway and accelerates out of town.

When the bus moves, Adam sees an obese TDC prison GUARD (slopy and wrinkled grey uniform). The guard has been watching the women load the bus. Because of his weight, he has some difficulty getting into his TDC van. But the door closes and on the door we see the TDC logo. Adam watches the guard with suspicion. Maybe Adam knows a secret.

Adam ponders the road sign at the crossroads. He sees four green TXDOT navigation signs, North, South, East and West... "Women's Prison," and the mileage from town to the prisons... various distances in miles.

Finally, Adam turns to a large billboard, "You are leaving Gatesville, Texas: Home of 4,800 citizens in good standing and 10,000 female inmates. PRISON AREA: Do NOT pick up hitchhikers."

INT. BUS - DOWN THE ROAD A BIT - DAY

The bus passes the "leaving Gatesville" sign...

ROXY

That's it ladies; we are out of this  
pop-sickle town.

The windows are up on the bus and Adam (out on the sidewalk)  
can still hear the women let out a sigh of relief and cheer.

ROXY

God, what is that smell. This bus  
stinks.

GINGER

I know. That prison smelled better  
than this bus.

Adam finishes the candy bar and continues walking.

Adam approaches an office building. Opposite of the building  
is a billboard leased by two attorneys, TIM KRAMER & JOE  
LEVITZKY. It has an arrow pointing to the office building and  
the phrases "HERE" and "Free Consultation." Adam confirms the  
sign is still there and he nods confidently.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Adam enters the building and rides the elevator. It's only one  
flight up.

INT. WAITING ROOM - KRAMER & LEVITZKY SUITE - DAY

Adam enters the office and points to Levitzky's door which is  
closed. The secretary simply smiles and points to a chair in  
the waiting room. This has happened so many times, it's all  
done automatically without words.

Adam sits. He waters a house plant that is near with his  
bottle of water.

Tim Kramer is in his office with the door open and bored. He  
notices.

KRAMER

Hello, Adam. More problems?

ADAM

Aren't legal matters confided?

KRAMER

Confidential. Joe is busy today... you  
want me to help you?

ADAM

Well...

KRAMER

He might be in there for a while. Big wigs and they pay the bills... you know.

Adam looks at his clothes (yellow tropical/ Hawaiian print) and combs his hair.

ADAM

Maybe I should wait in your office?

KRAMER

Sure, we'll chew the fat. Who knows we may find a solution to whatever legal problem you have.

INT. KRAMER'S OFFICE - DAY

Adam sits... nervously. Adam know's he's about to be cross-examined. This has probably happened before. Kramer isn't a bad fellow, he's trying to help Adam.

KRAMER

So you won the lottery and you need a prenuptial?

ADAM

Very funny. But no.

KRAMER

Adam, listen to me. ALWAYS get a prenuptial. Lottery or not. You don't want to lose your truck do you?

ADAM

No.

KRAMER

You still drive the classic 70s F-100.

ADAM

Two weeks ago she was in the car show. She won.

KRAMER

Why don't you fix her up?



ADAM  
Been thinking about some  
improvements.

KRAMER  
So you still dating that dancer down  
at the Yellow Rose?

ADAM  
Yes.

KRAMER  
How much does it cost just to get in?

ADAM  
I don't know. Back when they let me  
in... it was five.

KRAMER  
What do you mean?

ADAM  
I was banned.

KRAMER  
Inappropriate touching?

ADAM  
They said I'm bad for business.  
(beat)  
They want to give the impression that  
Desiree is available. That I'm not  
her boyfriend.

KRAMER  
And she's okay with that?

ADAM  
Sure. It's her job. I'm just her  
boyfriend.

KRAMER  
So what exactly do you two do?

ADAM  
You mean romantically wise?

KRAMER  
Yeah. Romantically.

ADAM  
I walk her to her car.

KRAMER  
And?

Adam contemplates.

ADAM  
Yep. And sometimes she kisses me.  
If no one is after her.

KRAMER  
And you're her boyfriend?

Adam contemplates more.

ADAM  
Pretty much.

KRAMER  
Didn't your mother tell you not to  
date a girl you can't see yourself  
married to?

ADAM  
No.

KRAMER  
Well, I don't think this woman's  
gonna agree to marry you unless you  
win the lottery.

ADAM  
And why not?

While Kramer is a skilled trial attorney, Kramer doesn't know how to break the news to Adam. He fumbles for an answer.

KRAMER  
Well Adam, because she's a dancer.

ADAM  
I know that. I walk her to her car  
every night.

KRAMER  
I heard you got beat up.

ADAM

That's true. But I did kick him in the ankle. Hurt him pretty bad too.

KRAMER

How'd that happen...

ADAM

Well, I was laying on the ground and...

KRAMER

So she won't marry you?

ADAM

I didn't ask her yet.

KRAMER

Good; I'm glad you didn't. Not until you win the lottery.

ADAM

That's gonna be hard to do because I don't play.

KRAMER

Well, you'd want her to say, "yes."

ADAM

You think I should play the lotto?

KRAMER

Why not? A dollar...

ADAM

It's a sucker game...

KRAMER

You make some change at the grocery.

ADAM

I do.

KRAMER

Your mom left you the house and the truck free and clear.

ADAM

My mom was a great women.

KRAMER

I know she was. So what do you do with your money?

ADAM

Stamps.

KRAMER

Speaking of stamps... You still writing women in prison?

ADAM

I am.

KRAMER

About that... let me see... I'm your friend. Joe, especially, is your friend. We're your lawyers and ...

ADAM

You're not going to try to talk me out of it are you, because Joe tried that once, and it almost cost us our attorney-client privileges.

KRAMER

What? Relationship?

ADAM

I'm immovable. These women need a friend.

There is a long beat.

KRAMER

Adam... let me tell you something about women...

(long beat)

Don't be a dumbass.

INT. WAITING ROOM - KRAMER & LEVITZKY SUITE - DAY

Levitzky's door opens and the big-time clients... government and corporate executives exit.

Adam jumps to a standing position and bails out of Kramer's office before he can hear any negativity.

LEVITZKY

Hello, Adam. I want you to meet someone.

(beat)

This is Stephen and George Hades of Hades Energy. And George is your state Senator.

(beat)

This is Adam Sandler. He practically runs our local grocery store.

ADAM

(nervous)

Well, that's a bit...

LEVITZKY

Shake hands.

Levitzky points to the extended hands.

ADAM

Oh, pleasure to meet you.

GEORGE HADES

A pleasure to meet you as well.

ADAM

I'd like to speak to you about Texas justice system, if you have time.

GEORGE HADES

You have friends or family in prison?

ADAM

A few freinds. Yes. No family.

GEORGE HADES

Well let's do that, Adam. Call my office and have them set up an appointment. Okay?

ADAM

Okay. I will. Thank you.

LEVITZKY

Senator, have a safe trip back to Austin. I'll call you if anything develops.

Adam and Levitzky enter the office. The door closes.

INT. LEVITZKY'S OFFICE - DAY

LEVITZKY

Come in, Adam. You don't mind if I  
have my lunch do you?

Levitzki lays out his lunch on the desk.

ADAM

I don't ever mind. Thank you for  
meeting me during your lunchtime.

LEVITZKY

We can still talk.

ADAM

Always do.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. SIDEWALK - GATESVILLE - DAY

Adam exits the office building. Away from the lawyers, his  
cheerful attitude returns. He enters the post office.

INT. POST OFFICE - DAY

Adam counts all his change and a dollar bill. Adam is greeted by the  
POSTAL CLERK. He pays with mostly loose change. He buys six stamps,  
it's all the money he has.

ADAM

I need six of the commemorative Forth  
of July flaggy thing Forever stamps.

POSTAL CLERK

Only six? Must be a slow day?

They aren't "commemorative" but Adam likes the word. There are  
"collectable" stamp posters everywhere. Adam counts the money.

ADAM

I seem to be a nickel short. I guess  
I only need 5 stamps, please.

POSTAL CLERK

It's all right. I'll pitch in the  
nickle.

Adam's existence is all very nickel-and-dime.

ADAM

I appreciate that.

POSTAL CLERK

Well, we appreciate you, Adam.

ADAM

See you tomorrow. Thank you.

Adam proudly puts the stamps in his wallet.

POSTAL CLERK

We're open rain or shine and you know  
how to find us.

Two CHURCH LADIES at the back of the line point to Adam and  
whisper their small-town Texas gossip.

EXT. SIDEWALK - GATESVILLE - DAY

Adam exits the post office building and walks. Adam passes a  
postman (in a jeep), on the other side of the street; he's  
delivering mail.

Adam gives him a "what's up?" gesture. And the postman signals  
"7" and Adam gestures "YES" and raises his fists in the air,  
celebrating like Rocky Balboa for a second. Adam shows his  
happiness. Evidently, they meet occasionally and the postman  
is keeping score how many letters Adam gets each day.

Adam walks half a block and freezes. Something occurs to Adam,  
he only has six stamps, but he's gonna need seven because  
there are seven letters arriving in the mail. He pulls out his  
wallet and his pockets. Nothing. He frets.

EXT. PARKING LOT - PIGGLY WIGGLY GROCERY- FIVISH PM

Back at his work, Adam has taken a bag or six to an older  
woman's car. Adam seems anxious. The woman, MRS. CHRISTOPHER,  
is digging through her purse looking for money to tip Adam.

LADY

Oh, I'm sorry, Adam. You work so hard  
and never break the eggs. But I'm  
looking and I don't find any... Oh  
wait, maybe in the bottom...

She digs deeper. Adam is nervous; he needs a seventh stamp.  
The store patron can't find any money... he is hesitant to ask...  
but eventually speaks up.

ADAM

You don't happen to have any stamps.

LADY

Well, maybe I might. I forgot you... well...

ADAM

Stamps spend the same as money. Stamps are even better.

LADY

Look!

The lady produces five stamps... and hands them to him... Adam's eyes light up.

ADAM

Oh, that's too generous. I only need one.

LADY

Take them... I know you need them.

ADAM

You are sure?

LADY

Yes. I'm sure. My grandchildren are old enough to use email, so I don't really need stamps anymore.

ADAM

I'll put them to good use.

LADY

I know you will, dear.

ADAM

Thank you again.

LADY

It's okay. Thank you for having a big heart and for not breaking the eggs.

ADAM

Have a nice day, Mrs. Christopher.

LADY

You too, Adam.



Adam puts the stamps in his wallet.

EXT. PIGGLY WIGGLY GROCERY- AFTERNOON

Adam reenters the grocery. The evening TAKEOUT BOY, a high school student, is there.

ADAM

Okay, you are here; don't let them rough you up.

BOY

Rough me up?

Adam walks by the kid to the break room.

INT. EMPLOYEE BREAK ROOM - PIGGLY WIGGLY - NOONISH

Adam takes off his apron and folds it neatly. He places it in the locker. Mr. Ledbetter, the store manager, enters.

LEDBETTER

Joe down at the gas station said you are going to West Texas this weekend.

ADAM

A lady I know needs a ride to Vernon.

LEDBETTER

In your truck?

ADAM

Yes.

Ledbetter leaves and returns with a two quarts of motor oil.

LEDBETTER

Vernon is way up there.

ADAM

That's true. Almost in enemy territory.

LEDBETTER

You mean Indian territory?

ADAM

No, I mean like University of Oklahoma territory.

LEDBETTER

Oh, well. You might need this.

ADAM

This is for me? Do I need to pay you for this?

LEDBETTER

I'll take care of it. Have you ever been stuck on the side of the road in 109° sun?

ADAM

No, I can't say that I have.

LEDBETTER

Take the oil. Call it a bonus for your hard work.

ADAM

Thank you. Thank you. This is worth five or ten stamps.

LEDBETTER

No problem.

ADAM

Thank you.

LEDBETTER

Have a safe trip, Adam.

Adam exits the grocery.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

MS. DEERINWATER is the owner of a small motel. Adam enters.

ADAM

Hello, Ms. Deerinwater.

DEERINWATER

How are you?

ADAM

Good. I have a situation. Tomorrow I have a friend's daughter and grandson traveling here...

Ms. Deerinwater doesn't even need to hear the story. She immediately reaches for a room key.

ADAM

They don't have much money and..

She hands Adam the key.

ADAM

How much do I owe you?

DEERINWATER

For you Adam? Gratus.

Ms. Deerinwater has a Down Syndrome DAUGHTER who has heard Adam's voice.

DAUGHTER

Adam! Let's play.

She wants to go play outside with Adam... The motel does have a kid's area, a playground, and a swing set.

DAUGHTER

We used to play.

ADAM

But Rose, we was kids then.

DAUGHTER

So, you're not grown up either.

Adam pushes the girl on the swing set.

EXT. ADAM'S HOME - GATESVILLE - DAY

Adam walks to his home (modest and unpainted); the yard is seriously unkempt. He puts the oil cans in the bed of the truck. Opens the garage and backs the truck up to a trailer inside. On the trailer or tools and an ancient lawnmower. The truck smokes terribly.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREETS - GATESVILLE - DAY

Adam drives the truck through the neighborhoods smiling and waving to everyone.

EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - GATESVILLE - DAY

We see Adam working all these odd jobs.

MONTAGE

- He cuts the grass for a LADY HOMEOWNER; the lawnmower billowing gray smoke. And he goes to the door for a few dollars. She doesn't like the smoke but the price she likes.
- Adam picks up dog shit in people's yards. He's filled a 5 gallon bucket full. He accidentally steps in some... wipes it off as best as he can. The OWNER of the GREAT DANE pays him a few dollars.
- Adam dives into dumpsters looking for stuff to sell. He finds a 35-year-old computer in the trash; he puts it in the back of his truck. He will take it home and use it.
- Adam then visits a few bars and collects beer cans to recycle. He then collects the money.
- He also goes by a paper factory and digs in the trash for paper. He puts it in the back of his truck.
- He also goes by a hair salon and collects the mostly empty bottles of hair dye; he gets really excited when the owner/beautician just hands him an entire industrial-sized bottle of hair dye. It's an odd color and she just wants to be rid of it. But Adam is elated.
- Adam goes through the trash at the shoe-string factory... there are a mess of shoe-strings, every conceivable color and length. They aren't matches and they are just a tangled mess.

EXT. ADAM'S HOME - GATESVILLE - DUSK

When it gets dark, Adam returns to his tiny house... he backs the trailer into the tiny garage and goes to the mailbox.

He takes the mail from the mailbox (six letters from inmates). He only counts six. Some are stamped "Institutional Mail" or they have the distinctive number behind the sender's name.

Adam is expecting seven letters but there are only six; he flips out looking all over for the seventh. Adam's VERY concerned. He looks deep into the mailbox. Nothing. He looks on the ground under and around the mailbox. He looks up and down the sidewalk; perhaps the mailman dropped one letter. He searches his own pockets. Nothing... But then he recounts what he has in his hand and there are seven letters. He'd miscounted.

INT. ADAM'S HOME - GATESVILLE - NIGHT

Adam enters and walks room to room, turning on the light and checking for intruders. We notice, there isn't a bed and there isn't a refrigerator or a stove.

Adam has a huge collection of Betamax movies and television shows on tape. All from the 80s. Magnum PI, Kojack, Street of San Fransisco, Columbo, Miami Vice.

There are, however, a dozen filing cabinets and files of letters Adam's gotten from female inmates. One drawer is left open and he closes it. He's very organized but has the WORST computers, TI-99s, Commodore 64s, an old 512K Macintosh, and a few old dot-matrix printers.

On his desk, there are the traditional in and out boxes.

He sits down at his desk and reads each letter. He makes notes on a pad of paper. He laughs and chuckles. And then he's sad and confused. He had a different emotion for each letter.

Adam owns a parrot. Who talks all the while Adam reads silently..

PARROT

Care of Inmate 02393044. West Women's  
Prison. Sam Houston Road; Gatesville,  
TX 76528

(beat)

Don't worry you can do the time. You  
are a strong and dynamic woman.

(beat)

Calm yourself and you will see your  
family soon. Get all your classes  
done.

(beat)

The dope isn't coming in by mail.  
It's the guards bringing it in.

(beat)

You've got to stop with the drugs; it  
will fry your brain.

ADAM

(to the parrot)

Yes, yes. I'll tell her. Just let me  
get organized.

Later, we will learn Adam talks to the parrot while he's responding to the women, and the parrot's picked up some of the prison lingo.

Adam goes out to his truck and brings in all the spoils from the day's dumpster-diving - computer, paper, hair dye, show strings.

SECOND MONTAGUE

- The old printers are good because he's using the hair dye as ink. He has a collection of old printer ribbons cartridges. He has an electric screwdriver... and he uses it to pull the ribbon around and reinks it using the hair dye.
- Also, he cuts the paper he's harvested from the paper factory trash into letter size so he can send letters. AND he manufactures his own envelopes from the free paper. Basically, he has a letter-writing factory that he operates on a shoestring budget.
- Adam turns on the television, which is mounted above his computer screen. He has an old SONY-BETAMAX (probably found in the trash) and he pushes play. Celebrity cameo... Dr. Phil or Ellen. Or Oprah.

Finally, Adam sits down at the computer. It's like the most ancient of word-processors... even before there is a dictionary... frequently Adam must consult his 900-page dictionary that he keeps by the computer. He is about to begin typing a letter... but stops, when Dr. Phil mentions women in prisons.

Adam has ten motivational self-help books that he quotes to them out of; they are returns from his grocery store (the covers are torn off). He copies passages from *The Power of 1001 Positive Statements*.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

It's more theater of the grotesque. Dr. Phil is castigating a guest for behaving in a way that resembles Adam's behavior.

DR. PHIL

And you really only date women in prison?

GUEST

Yes.

DR. PHIL

How is that even possible?

GUEST

What do you mean? I write them letters.

DR. PHIL

Why? For sex. Or love?

GUEST  
No, not necessarily.

Adam affirms by nodding his head.

DR. PHIL  
Well, why then?

GUEST  
Mostly because they write back.

DR. PHIL  
Do you know some of these women are  
at the most vulnerable time in their  
lives?

GUEST  
I don't think so.

The audience scoffs and some boo.

DR. PHIL  
The audience thinks you are taking  
advantage of them.

GUEST  
Well, your audience doesn't know  
shit.

Dr. Phill raises an eyebrow, but he knows that sort of  
response will be good for the Neison's. Adam chuckles... and  
pushes pause.

INT. ADAM'S HOME - GATESVILLE - NIGHT

Adam takes the first letter... of the inbox. He rereads it. As  
he does, he consults the parrot.

ADAM  
(to parrot)  
This lady says she's "shit" that she  
turned her husband, who really loved  
her, into a criminal and ruined  
both their lives...

PARROT  
You're not shit.

ADAM  
(typing)  
No, you are not shit.

PARROT  
Not shit! Not shit!

ADAM  
(to parrot)  
We've been through this before  
haven't we, buddy?  
(beat)  
And what do I tell them?

PARROT  
You're not shit. Not shit!

ADAM  
(typing)  
It was the dope talking.

PARROT  
It's the dope talking.

ADAM  
(typing)  
That's not the real you.  
(beat)  
Do you understand me?  
(beat)  
Everyone makes mistakes.

PARROT  
Everyone makes mistakes.

ADAM  
Did you get my recipe for fajitas?  
(beat)  
And, buy the sea salt.

He presses play on the BetaMax.

Adam prints the first document and puts it in one of the handmade envelopes. He carefully addresses it and puts a stamp on it. He puts it in the outbox.

INTERCUT ADAM/PHIL

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

GUEST  
When you get emotional, slow your thoughts down, and listen attentively (write it down). The best way to hear



what you are thinking is to write a letter.

DR. PHIL  
That sounds familiar.

GUEST  
That's because you said it last week about the guys how only dates strippers.

DR. PHIL  
I'm not sure it applies to someone who writes women in prison.

GUEST  
Sure as hell does.

DR. PHIL  
But you can't put feathers on a dog and call it a chicken!

GUEST  
So, it's okay to date strippers but write a letter to a woman incarcerated in Texas...

Dr. Phil hears the word "Texas" in the context of prisons and he leaps to censor the hot button issue.

DR. PHIL  
Whoa. Whoa, hang on there. Let's leave politics out of this.

GUEST  
That's what I thought you'd say. Everybody sleeps better with everyone else locked up!

Adam is loving this show... grinning ear to ear.

ADAM  
Haha! You tell him, buddy.

PARROT  
You tell him, buddy!

DR. PHIL  
Okay okay... I think you have made your point. Let's move on.

Adam presses pause on the BetaMax.

BACK TO:

INT. ADAM'S HOME - GATESVILLE - NIGHT

Adam takes the second letter... from the inbox. He rereads it.  
As he does, he consults the parrot.

ADAM  
(to parrot)  
This lady has an IQ of 77 she says.  
Why would they even tell her that?

The parrot shrugs his shoulders.

ADAM  
(typing)  
Okay, I'm not even sure people should  
know what their IQ is. I think it  
should be confidential.  
(beat)  
Listen, I'm just a grocer but it  
seems to me smart people sometimes  
have a bad heart. Maybe even an evil  
heart. Your heart is pure. I can tell  
that.

PARROT  
Your heart is pure.

ADAM  
(typing)  
Did you wake up and get dressed  
today? Did you go to chow today? IQ  
doesn't matter.  
(beat)  
Better to be a good person than a  
smart person.  
(beat)  
Walking naked through town...

CUT TO the parrot has nothing so say... he's never heard that  
one before and the bird looks concerned.

ADAM  
(to the parrot)  
She says it was a small town.

PARROT  
Small towns the worst.

ADAM  
(typing)  
Naked is NOT good, but it was a...

PARROT  
Victimless crime.

ADAM  
(typing)  
It was the dope talking.

PARROT  
It's the dope talking.

ADAM  
(typing)  
That's not the real you.  
(beat)  
Do you understand me?  
(beat)  
Everyone makes mistakes.

PARROT  
Everyone makes mistakes.

ADAM  
(typing)  
Did you do your glute bridges? What  
about the bird-dogs? Don't say you  
forgot. Like you're are on all fours  
and raise one leg. Okay?  
(beat)  
What about the Kegels? You are gonna  
be out soon, you don't want Ralph to  
think you've been sitting on your  
ass. Get to work girl.  
(beat)  
Cowboys lost. Again. But don't; worry  
there is always next year. Yes, I  
know I said that last year. I say  
that every year.

He presses play on the BetaMax.

Adam prints the second document and puts it in one of the  
handmade envelopes. He carefully addresses it and puts a stamp  
on it. He puts it in the outbox.

INTERCUT ADAM/PHIL

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

DR. PHIL

Now we have a guest who was incarcerated and she says the letters she received saved her life. Welcome to the show.

FEMALE GUEST

You know they say when you go to prison, only then do you know who your friends are.

DR. PHIL

Your friends drop out of contact?

FEMALE GUEST

Family too.

DR. PHIL

I'm sorry.

FEMALE GUEST

Well, it helped me to get mail. And maybe my friend got something out of it too.

DR. PHIL

The research does show that writing to an inmate or just offering your support can be therapeutic for you as well as the inmate.

FEMALE GUEST

I will freely admit I didn't have anything or anybody.

DR. PHIL

Often inmates don't have a genuine relationship with someone outside of the prison walls. Family members may have passed on and friendships or marriages could have ended, especially when serving long sentences.

FEMALE GUEST

When you are inside really there isn't anything positive. Nothing at all. My pen=pal was my positive go-to guy.

DR. PHIL

He made the world a little bit of a better place and contributed positively?

FEMALE GUEST

We weren't anything alike but that didn't seem to matter.

DR. PHIL

The life of a person who ends up in prison is undoubtedly different than your own path.

FEMALE GUEST

I was really messed up and with a little help I did improve myself.

DR. PHIL

Those in jail often leading troubling lives and have had traumatic experiences.

FEMALE GUEST

It's true Dr. Phil.

Adam prints the third document and puts it in one of the handmade envelopes. He carefully addresses it and puts a stamp on it. He puts it in the outbox.

BACK TO:

INT. ADAM'S HOME - GATESVILLE - NIGHT

Adam takes the third letter... of the inbox, rereads it. As he does he consults the parrot.

ADAM

(to parrot)

Listen to this. Well, I was a good student (3.95 GPA a cheerleader) but fell out and got addicted. I'm actually glad I'm here. The guy I was with was shot 11 times.

Adam begins to type.

ADAM

(typing)

You need to get out of South Oak  
Cliff and find a small town. No one  
here is ever shot more than once.  
(to parrot)  
Can you believe that, shot 11 times?

PARROT  
I'm sorry for your loss. My  
condolences. My condolences.

ADAM  
(to parrot)  
Not funny? Oh, yes. Of course.  
(typing)  
I'm not funny. Sorry. I'm sorry for  
your loss. My condolences.  
(beat)  
I was thinking about what you said. I  
think you should give modeling a go.  
Maybe the photography teacher at the  
school; he comes into the grocery  
sometimes. Maybe he would help us.  
You know, make a portfolio. Maybe in  
the park or at the lake when you get  
out. I can slide him a few dollars.  
(beat)  
I like your look. The freckles I  
think are a big plus. They make you  
look cute, younger, and outdoorsy. I  
can see it happening for you.  
(beat)  
I call bullshit. And I don't want to  
hear any more negativity. Supermodels  
don't have to undergo background  
checks. Seriously, it's illegal.

PARROT  
I call bullshit.

ADAM  
(to parrot)  
Shut up, bird! You don't know jack.

PARROT  
You don't know jack.

Adam spends half the night writing the women back. He talks to himself (or maybe the bird)... so we see there is a lot of empathy and he cares enough to know a lot about each woman. These are not form letters. There are all personal. He's asked important questions and they have shared important things. He

writes them about recipes, and sports teams, and health and fitness.

Adam' is whatever the women want him to be... whatever they need him to be.

Adam's alarm goes off and he gets up from the computer.

He walks to the city's only strip joint.

EXT. YELLOW ROSE -- STRIP BAR & CANTINA - NIGHT

Adam stands outside by the back door until the music stops. A man is thrown out the front door and is kicked in the ribs.

The club's OWNER sadistically watches the beating but he turns his head to see Adam who is standing waiting for his best dancer.

Suddenly, not five seconds after the music ends the back door flies open (loudly) and DESIREE in a rage storms out. She race walks across the parking lot, cursing. Adam must struggle to keep up. Another DANCER struggles to keep up as well.

DESIREE

Cheap (expletive deleted). I'm sick of his bullshit. I'm not going to date him ever again. I could be working minimum wage for what he's tipping me. His wife can just...

The other dancer nods... to Adam. Desiree hasn't noticed him.

DESIREE

Oh, I'm sorry baby. I didn't mean "date..." I mean like listen to the radio with him anymore. I'm not going to listen to the radio anymore. He insulted my dignity. He said he hates ABBA.

Eager to please her, Adam shakes his head. He pretends not to be hurt.

DESIREE

Oh, poor baby. Don't worry about me. I'm totally loyal to you.

She forgets his name for a second.

DESIREE

Adam. You are such a sweetie... I just  
want to take you home with me.

Desiree kisses and hugs Adam and the two dancers burn out of  
the parking lot. Desiree means very little of what she says.

Adam walks home.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. ADAM'S HOME - MORNING

Adam has slept in his chair and doesn't even appear to own a  
bed. Later we will learn he's sold his bed as well as the  
refrigerator and stove.

But the next morning, he showers and gets ready for work. He  
takes the letters he's written from the outbox.

EXT. SIDEWALK - POST OFFICE - MORNING

Adam walks to the post office and posts the letter. He spends  
a good minute looking at the posters that advertise actual  
commemorative stamps. It's like he's a kid looking at a  
catalog before Christmas. The postmaster spots him.

POSTMASTER

Hello, Adam.

ADAM

Good morning.

POSTMASTER

Gonna buy some commemoratives?

ADAM

I like the Bugs Bunny stamps. I have  
pen-pals and they would absolutely  
flip out if they got something other  
than a flag. They're not to crazy  
about our government.

POSTMASTER

Bugs is very popular.

ADAM

But...



POSTMASTER

They come in a sheet of 20. Can I talk you into a sheet?

Adam is frozen in indecision.

POSTMASTER

Only eleven dollars.

ADAM

Well, I doubt I have that much.

Adam looks in his wallet... only a few dollars, the money he made mowing and picking up dog shit.

ADAM

That's a little out of my range, if you know what I mean.

POSTMASTER

Well, these JFK come in a sheet of 10... that would be only five-fifty.

Adam looks in his wallet... again.

ADAM

Next time I have five-fifty, I'll let you know.

(beat)

I guess I'll take eight of the commemorative July Fourth Forever stamps.

POSTMASTER

Don't go away mad; you're one of our most loyal customers. We want you to be happy.

ADAM

What would make me happy would be if you would sell the interesting stamps individually.

POSTMASTER

Can't do that... regulations. They peel off you see? And people want an entire sheet, a full set for their collections. Adam what you buy is what we call "general issue."

ADAM

Well, no disrespect, but who do I have to write to have Bugs put on a general issue stamp?

The Postmaster is dazed. He ponders the question.

POSTMASTER

Your congressman probably.

ADAM

I don't know... an entire stamp to write a politician. You think it would do any good?

POSTMASTER

I doubt it. They like flags and patriotic things on the general issue stamps.

ADAM

What if Bugs Bunny was carrying a flag and a mail-in ballot, and marching in a parade, like Yankee Doodle? I saw that cartoon once.

POSTMASTER

Maybe. Give it a go; see what happens.

ADAM

No. I can't be throwing my stamps away on a do-nothing Congress.

POSTMASTER

I understand.

ADAM

And about my being a loyal customer. I appreciate that.

INT/EXT. GROCERY - GATESVILLE - MORNING

Adam goes to work at the grocery store. He takes out some groceries and is tipped twenty-five-cents and then fifty-cents. He's perfectly happy.

INT. EMPLOYEE BREAK ROOM - GROCERY - MORNING

During his morning break, Adam takes a paper bag from his locker. He sits during his break and matches... lengths. Not

exact colors... but he matches the complementary colors... are the opposite hues on the color wheel. Blue and orange, yellow and purple, green and red.

INT/EXT. GROCERY - GATESVILLE - MORNING

Adam takes out more groceries and is tipped twenty-five-cents and then a dollar. Again, he's perfectly happy.

INT. EMPLOYEE BREAK ROOM - GROCERY - NOONISH

Adam folds his apron and places it in his locker. He takes from the locker a Six Million Dollar Man vintage lunch box. He waves to the store manager, MR. LEDBETTER, and Ledbetter waves back.

LEDBETER

Going to lunch?

ADAM

Yes, sir. Jimmy has the carry-outs. I won't be late.

He leaves his work.

EXT. SIDEWALK - GATESVILLE DOWNTOWN - DAY

It's a replay of the trip he took before... the walk from the grocery to the office building.

He passes the shelter for dogs and also the bus station. There is a prison van; there are women waiting to go home.

INT. WAITING ROOM - KRAMER & LEVITZKY SUITE - DAY

Adam enters the office and points to Levitzky's door which is open. The secretary simply smiles and points to the open door.

Adam looks at his clothes (red tropical/Hawaiian print) and combs his hair. Adam enters the office.

INT. LEVITZKY'S OFFICE - DAY

Levitzky looks at his watch and closes the door.

LEVITZKY

Glad to see you again. Right on time.

Levitzky lunch is already layed out but he's not yet begun eating. It's almost like he's been waiting on Adam, his every day lunch partner.

LEVITZKY

So what brings you to see me. You won the lottery and you need a prenuptial?

ADAM

That's what your partner wanted to know yesterday.

LEVITZKY

And, what did you tell him?

ADAM

I wished, but no.

LEVITZKY

So what's on your mind.

ADAM

I have a problem.

LEVITZKY

Same problem?

ADAM

A friend of mine... a different friend from yesterday.

LEVITZKY

Is it a lady friend?

ADAM

She's just entered the West Unit.

LEVITZKY

And you want me to...

He gestures to the computer keyboard.

ADAM

Yes.

LEVITZKY

Our usual arrangement?

ADAM

It says on your sign... "free essential consultations." And this is essential... I can't do without the

information and I'm not about to just make it up.

LEVITZKY

Adam. I don't see what good it's going to do. It's always the same case you bring in here. You know how parole works.

ADAM

That's not the point.

LEVITZKY

You need me to look her up?

ADAM

I need to get the information from you and relay it to the lady. It's essential that she gets it.

LEVITZKY

So? You can tell your friend she's not getting out anytime soon. TDC works very slowly.

(beat)

But you know how this works... probably just as well as I do.

ADAM

But I'm not an attorney.

LEVITZKY

Maybe you should have been an attorney.

ADAM

I told the high school I wanted to be an attorney but they said "no."

LEVITZKY

They told you that? Why?

ADAM

Something about subject-verb disagreements. And this one lady said I was illiterate.

LEVITZKY

Who was that?

ADAM

Mrs. Mathis, the English teacher.

LEVITZKY

I disagree. You would have made a fine attorney. We need more passionate advocates.

ADAM

Thank you.

LEVITZKY

So tell her what you know about it. We can still eat together. But you don't need me. You can tell her she's not gonna get parole the first time.

ADAM

You don't understand. If I tell my friend that I consulted a parole attorney, then I have to do exactly that.

LEVITZKY

You're honest, aren't you?

ADAM

Yes, I am.

LEVITZKY

That's good because many of your friends have been abused and taken advantage of by men.

ADAM

And some are just plain addicts.

LEVITZKY

That's true.

ADAM

So you'll help?

LEVITZKY

Okay but I can't.

ADAM

You mean you won't?

LEVITZKY

I need something from you first.

ADAM

I didn't bring my check-book because this is supposed to be free. Your sign.

LEVITZKY

I know that.

ADAM

Well, the board of Court House Resume Legatily might have something to say about you chargin' people. Free means free, Joe.

LEVITZKY

I wonder sometimes if that sign wasn't a mistake.

ADAM

Helping people, Joe, is never a mistake.

LEVITZKY

I can't help you because you haven't given me her name. It's written on a post-it note in your lunch box. Well, generally.

ADAM

Oh, sorry.

While Levitzky is typing the women's information it the computer, Adam takes out his entire lunch and lays it out on the desk... Levitzky is accustomed and says nothing.

LEVITZKY

Would you really report me to the Texas Bar?

ADAM

The Texas bar? The one that was two street over? It's been closed a while.

LEVITZKY

I don't want any trouble with you Adam. Youv'e been a client of mine for well like it seem forever.

ADAM

And I bring you clients... word of mouth is the best advertising.

LEVITZKY

(insincerely)

Yes, you do. And I appreciate that.

(beat)

So, tell me Adam. So you ever hook-up with an inmate with money?

ADAM

Well, if they have money then they already have friends.

LEVITZKY

You have a point there.

ADAM

I'm sorry I raised my voice. I'm just a nervous wreck. This lady just gets to me. She's got little kids.

LEVITZKY

You've had pen-pals with kids before.

ADAM

This is different.

LEVITZKY

You are like this every time you come in here. Seems to me maybe you care about them all.

Adam takes out his sandwich but he lets it just sit there. Levitzky reads from the computer screen.

LEVITZKY

Adam, how long we been working on these cases?

ADAM

I don't know; since you put up that billboard.

LEVITZKY

That would be about fifteen years.

(beat)

I'd like to think we are friends.



ADAM

We are and thank you, Joe. I appreciate your professionalism.

LEVITZKY

I like to think we are both pretty good at our jobs.

ADAM

They really like the parol pack you give out.

Levitzky pulls out a folder out of a cabinet and pitches it on the desk.

ADAM

A magazine article that named you the state's best parol attorney.

LEVITZKY

Well, there are four prisons here, that helps.

ADAM

That's why I'm here, Joe.

LEVITZKY

And let me tell you; Mrs. Levitzky is always telling me how careful you are with her bread. You never smash the bread, do you?

Adam agrees. Levitzky points to Adam's sandwich.

LEVITZKY

Is that peanut butter and honey?

ADAM

Yes. It is.

LEVITZKY

This is ham and cheese.

ADAM

Wanna trade?

They exchange sandwiches. Smile... it's elementary school all over again. Levitzky reads and eats. Adam eats.

LEVITZKY

Your friend... she did 10 years  
probation but didn't pay her fees.

ADAM

She's a single mom. Dead beat dad.

LEVITZKY

Well, they gave her seven years.

ADAM

Because she's indignant?

LEVITZKY

You mean indigent... She's poor.

ADAM

They can't fight back.

LEVITZKY

Single mom, huh?

ADAM

I'm pretty sure she spent all her  
money on the kid, of course.

LEVITZKY

I'm not sure that is important to  
these people. Who was her attorney?

ADAM

Public defender.

LEVITZKY

Well, then that issue probably never  
even came up.

ADAM

They can't do that to a mother.

LEVITZKY

They can do that, Adam. You know  
that.

ADAM

It's an industry that preys on the  
weak and unfortunate and it's wrong.

LEVITZKY

I know that. You know that.

ADAM

Well, I know we have far too many people locked up and for small victimless crimes. Mothers separated from their babies.

LEVITZKY

This is Texas; we lock everyone up regardless if there is a victim or not.

ADAM

But in prison? And for an eternity?

LEVITZKY

I hear what you are saying. But it makes people sleep better.

ADAM

It make people vote better, you mean... and I sleep terrible.

LEVITZKY

Maybe we'll get a new governor.

ADAM

You've been saying that for fifteen years and the names change but the laws never do.

LEVITZKY

Are you talking notes?  
(beat)  
Do you have some paper?

ADAM

May I borrow some? And a pen too?  
Please.

LEVITZKY

Write this down. She's screwed..

ADAM

We KNEW that.  
(beat)  
They threatened her with ten years if she didn't pay.

LEVITZKY

It's always about money... The threat of ten years was to get her to pay.

ADAM

And she didn't pay.

LEVITZKY

And they gave her seven.

ADAM

You can't just pay your back probation fees, and have the case come up again?

LEVITZKY

Parker County has no jurisdiction over her now... and that's the good news. The parole board will be much more fair about it. It's now less about money and more about bed space.

ADAM

Yep, they have only so many beds...

LEVITZKY

Can't lock everybody up.

ADAM

But sometimes it seems they want to.

LEVITZKY

The bad news is she's NOT gonna be granted parole the first time... in Septmeber.

ADAM

You're sure?

LEVITZKY

Come on Adam. It hardly ever happens.

ADAM

I hate to bring her the bad news.

LEVITZKY

I hate give you bad news... each and every consultation. But that's the way it is.

ADAM

It's okay. Most of these women hurt themselves... and they have to pay the price for that.

That statement was counterintuitive and both men know it. Adam and Levitzky both cock their head and ponder the wisdom of punishing victimless crimes. Long beat. Levitzky chuckles a bit.

LEVITZKY

I know what you're saying.

(beat)

But there won't be any new drug rehabilitation unless...

ADAM

...there's a new governor.

LEVITZKY

Drug programs are cheaper but this governor doesn't care.

ADAM

There aren't any votes in drug rehab.

LEVITZKY

You are right a few mom's here and there.

ADAM

They could close some of these prisons; this town has nine too many.

LEVITZKY

What would the guards do for a living?

ADAM

They can't be drug counselors?

Levitzky shakes his head... ominously.

LEVITZKY

The guards I know would be the first to need drug counseling?

ADAM

Well, there are too many prisons.

LEVITZKY

This entire town would die.

ADAM

See, what was I telling you.

LEVITZKY

Telling me what?

ADAM

It's an industry.

LEVITZKY

Lots of jobs.

ADAM

Maybe we could leave a few of the men's prisons open?

LEVITZKY

Can't do that... equal rights.

ADAM

Well, I don't believe in that.

LEVITZKY

You are kidding me?

ADAM

No, I believe women should have more rights.

LEVITZKY

Well, the rights have to be equal.

ADAM

If male inmates have no rights and women inmates have equal rights, then they really have none at all.

LEVITZKY

Interesting way of thinking about it...  
Yes, yes. I see.

ADAM

I'm glad.

LEVITZKY

I'm sorry about your friend here.

ADAM

So, no parole? You can't...

LEVITZKY

You know I don't even take first parole hearings.

ADAM

That is how you keep your success rate high.

LEVITZKY

Eighty-five percent success rate.

ADAM

You want me to tell her to keep a perfect prison record... don't get any cases?

LEVITZKY

Is she at least sorry or does she blame the government?

ADAM

What do you think? They separated her from her kids.

LEVITZKY

That's not good.

CUT TO

EXT. SIDEWALK - BUS STATION - DAY

Repeat: Another bus of released prisoners leaves Gatesville.

INT. POD SEATING/TABLES - WOMEN'S PRISON - DAY

A WOMAN has her things packed up. She's making her way to the door. A GUARD is holding the door for her.

FIRST TIMER

Where you going?

OLDER INMATE

Release?

She nods and slams a stack of letters on a table. All the girl watch and are listening.

WOMAN

Six years and two letters. And I'm about to get out and I get 60 the last month.

FIRST TIMER

Who are they from?

WOMAN

Mostly horny desperate cowboys.

There is a mad rush for the letters. The First Timer grabs a third of them because she's closer... but the other letters are distributed more equitably.

BACK TO

INT. LEVITZKY OFFICE - DAY

LEVITZKY

Can you coach her a little bit to be more positive? Get all her certificates.

ADAM

The kids are with their father. Who never paid a dime of support and he's an alcoholic.

LEVITZKY

Make sure she participates in the classes.

(beat)

Once she does that have her call me and we will go for the second hearing in a BIG serious way.

Levitzky pulls out a desk drawer. He has two "rate cards" on is in a box labaled, "Adam" and the other box is marked "others."

LEVITZKY

Give her this rate card.

Adam ponders the card.

ADAM

That Cadilac downstairs, you bought that? Working for this amount of money?

LEVITZKY

No, the two oil-and-gas executives that you meet coming in here. They pay for that.

(beat)

That's a fair rate. But Adam, I wouldn't show that card around.



Everything we say in here is confidential. Between you me and Brandi.

ADAM  
I'll be like the GoGos.

LEVITZKY  
What?

ADAM  
Our lips are sealed.

LEVITZKY  
(smiles)  
I met Belinda Carlill once...

Adam doesn't care... he only cares about his pen-pals. Levitzky was about to tell him a story.

ADAM  
So, basically, you'll go there and talk to them personally? The real lawyer she never had?

LEVITZKY  
Now Adam you know, that's what I do.

ADAM  
Just so I can tell her, what you said.

LEVITZKY  
Tell her every case like this gets parole on the third hearing.

ADAM  
Can I tell her she will be out in 2023?

LEVITZKY  
She will definitely will be out in 2024. That sounds like a long time, but we are gonna try to get it done in 2023.

ADAM  
I hope for her kids sake.

LEVITZKY

Tell her to make a list of family and friends, and old bosses that might write a parole letter as well.

Adam rises from his chair.

LEVITZKY

It's all in the packet.

ADAM

Thank you. Well, I've got to get back to work. Thank you.

Adam is about rush back to work. Levitzky extends his hand to shake. Adam almost forgets to shake. He's a nervous wreck. Talking to the lawyers about the women he writes is always bad news.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - AFTERNOON BREAK

Adam is on the school yard at recess. The school cop exits the building and sees Adam, but just waves at him. Adam is trying to selling the mismatched shoe strings to the kids. One kid speaks a but there is a gaggle of kids listening.

KID

Aren't they supposed to match?

ADAM

This is the new style. LA, New York. See? Complimentary colors... opposite on the color wheel. See they match.

KID

I don't know.

ADAM

Who's the coolest kids in school?

KID

Sally Struthers.

ADAM

And?

KID

Troy Lenthicum.

ADAM

Where are they? I don't know them.

The kids point. Troy and Sally do appear popular and have a lot of friends and they both have on Adam's wild shoestrings.

ADAM

Yeah, I see they are cool.

KID

How much?

ADAM

Fifty cents or a stamp.

All the kids line up and buy Adams fashion.

Later, Adam exits the playground but not before paying Troy and Sally a dollar each.

Adam shouldn't be on school grounds, but... Adam is innocent (the whole town loves him)... and the school cop (maybe an elementary schoolmate of Adam) waves at him when he leaves.

EXT. SIDEWALKS - GATESVILLE - AFTERNOON

Several, people just give him a bit of money (or stamps) here and there as Adam walks back to the grocery.

EXT. BUNKS - WOMEN'S PRISON - NIGHT

INTERCUT ANGEL'S DREAMS / ADAM'S REALITY

ANGEL and an older BUNKMATE are talking late at night.

ANGEL

You know he never did say. I'm just hoping.

BUNKMATE

He must be single or he wouldn't write you so many letters.

Angel imagines him standing in front of her in shades and cowboy hat, cell phone, ostrich boots, and a button-down shirt. Business western style. She sees him handing her a yellow rose. Reality, however, is that he is walking a dancer to her car behind the Yellow Rose.

ANGEL

He owns a house in Bellaire Estates, can you believe that?

BUNKMATE

Bellarie. Sounds nice.

ANGEL

It's a small bungalow?

Adam has written that he has a tiny cottage in Bel-Aire Estates... which sound's like a ritzy neighborhood, but of course, it was nice... 50 years previous. Now it's run down and lower-middle-income. His house isn't painted and the yard isn't sculpted. Of course, the women dream in prison that it's painted and the yard well managed. He doesn't lie to them but they imagine the house in a positive light.

BUNKMATE

Sounds romantic. Might be a little late to your mom and dad's?

They giggle.

ANGEL

He drives a 1970 two-tone half-ton F-100 and goes to car shows.

He writes them he has a 1970 F-100 Ford truck... well, they dream that it's been restored, repainted, and fancy like a show car. We see on the screen what the woman dream and then there is Adam's reality. It is a 1970 F100 classic model, two-tone half-ton. But it's not restored and not fancy... actually, it's in very bad conditions. He didn't lie to them, but their expectations aren't realistic.

At the end of the car show, Adam is the last to receive his trophies 16<sup>th</sup> place and most potential, but the applause is more intense than what was given the 1<sup>st</sup> place winner.

BUNKMATE

Restored. Wow.

ANGEL

He won a trophy. And he wears Ralph Lauren, Izod, Van Heusen, Polo.

At 1:13 pm Adam enters the thrift shop. We see him going through the \$2.99 shirts... he must go through 500 to find a designer shirt and another 1000 to find a tropical print. But he's persistent. The clerk keeps looking over at Adam strangely. The clerk looks at the clock... 5:30 pm and Adam is still looking.

He has written that he wears designer brands, but we see that he goes to the thrift shop and finds really good deals. Some of the clothes have holes in them or missing buttons. And they might be designer names but the patterns are a bit tropical/Hawaiian, maybe a bit too loud for good fashion. He hasn't lied, but the women dream he has money and good taste.

BUNKMATE

Oh girl, you have to go for that, big time!

ANGEL

Tomorrow, he's picking me up at the bus and driving me to my parent's house.

BUNKMATE

You aren't taking the bus?

ANGEL

He's the last chivalrous man on Earth.

EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - GATESVILLE - AFTERNOON

Again, Adam drives the streets of Gatesville mowing lawns and picking up dog shit. Hair salon. Same dumpsters are explored. Paper factory and shoe-string factory trash, yields treasure trove.

INT. ADAM'S HOME - DUSK

He fetches the letter from the mailbox and Adam again spends the night writing the girls.

EXT. YELLOW ROSE -- STRIP BAR & CANTINA - NIGHT

He walks Desiree to her car. But this time there is an entire fraternity in the parking lot and they are pissed about something.

FRAT BOY

She owes us our deposit! We hired her to dance and she never showed up.

DESIREE

I don't know what they are talking about.

ADAM  
Well, she says you didn't make a  
deposit.  
(beat)  
Sounds like a civil case to me. I  
know some good lawyers if you want to  
sue.

They continue to move toward Desiree.

ADAM  
(to Desiree)  
Go.

Desiree fumbles for her keys.

ADAM  
What college are you from? You go  
there for free?

They shrug...

ADAM  
Your parent's know your book money on  
dancers?

They shrug... and are still eyeing the dancing girls.

ADAM  
Rich college boys suck!

They move toward Adam... and this gives Desiree and her friends  
a chance to escape.

Like every night, the BOUNCER is throwing some losers out the  
front door.

It's twenty to one; Adam is outnumbered. Adam runs to the  
front of the building, but the bouncer closes the door in his  
face.

Adam is about to get pounded... but he runs down an ally... and  
jumps over a fence and through a backyard. There are six  
Doberman's and Adam has disturbed their sleep. They yawn.  
They only look at him curiously.

Adam, because of his inherent goodness, is untouchable. He  
escapes. But when the fraternity scales the fence they are in  
for a holly hell.

INT. ADAM'S HOME - NIGHT

Adam runs into his house. He pulls the shades and kills all the lights. He sits reading the letters with a penlight flashlight and he types with only the light of the computer monitor.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. ADAM'S HOME - MORNING

Adam is still frightened the next morning. He looks out the window shades... Of course, the fraternity is long gone.

He never-the-less sneaks out to his truck. He brings with him an especially prepared sack.

EXT. STREETS - GATESVILLE - MORNING

He puts the accelerator to the floor but the truck only sputters and speed is out of the question. But eventually he arrives at the bus station.

EXT. BUS STATION - MORNING

Angel is the last in line to board the bus.

She looks at his tropical shirt and smiles.

ANGEL

Adam?

ADAM

Angel?

ANGEL

It's me.

ADAM

It's me too.

ANGEL

Well, nice to put a face with all those letters.

She wants to hug him but he extends his hand to shake. That's odd.

ANGEL

Aren't you going to hug me?

ADAM  
Oh, ya. Sure.

But it's an odd hug. Everyone is nervous, but mostly Adam.

ADAM  
Boy, I'm glad you didn't get on that bus.

ANGEL  
I thought you weren't coming?

ADAM  
I'm here.

ANGEL  
Okay, you still want to drive me home?

ADAM  
Better than that stinking bus.

ANGEL  
Does it really smell?

ADAM  
I don't know. But everyone calls it "that stinking bus."

ANGEL  
I want to see this truck of yours.

They walk to Adam's truck.

ANGEL  
I thought you drove...

ADAM  
It's a 1970 Ford F-100.

ANGEL  
Okay, if you say so.

ADAM  
What do you think?

ANGEL  
Will it get us there?

The bus accelerates out of the station.



ANGEL

I thought it was a show car and you  
won trophies.

ADAM

I did. Here look...

Adam has thrown the trophies behind the seat. He reached in  
and brings them out...

ADAM

See? Two.

She reads the engravings on the trophies.

ANGEL

(smaller)

Trucks: Sixteenth place.

(larger)

Most potential.

(beat)

Okay, I believe you.

They climb up in the cab and she sits in the middle very near  
him. It makes him entirely nervous.

ADAM

Manual transmission.

ANGEL

Huh?

ADAM

I need to get at the shifter...

ANGEL

Well.

She doesn't move. He nervously reached between her legs and  
moves the shifter to neutral.

Adam tries to start the truck and fails. The obese guard  
driving the prison van isn't about to give him a jump. But  
finally, the truck starts.

ANGEL

Oh, well... it started. That's good.

EXT/INT. BEAUTY SALON - MORNING

Adam Walks to Angel to the beauty salon across the street. Adam whispers something to the lady... he gestures to his truck with the hood up and then to Angel's hair. Adam returns to the truck and half the town is standing around staring at the engine. There seems to be a debate.

Back to Angel and her hair.

Finally, Adam has some people helping him. And they finally get the truck started.

When Angel's hair is finished, she tries to pay, but the beautician refuses payment, smiles and points to Adam. Adam has pulled the truck in front of the salon and is waiting.

EXT. STREETS - MORNING

They drive slowly through town.

ANGEL

I have a question. I thought you wore designer clothes.

ADAM

Sure, you like the shirt? It's Viva Las Vegas, just like the kind Elvis wore.

Adam pulls his collar back and she leans over to see.

ANGEL

Viva Las Vegas? Oh, I didn't know they were still in business.

ADAM

They aren't, this is ventage.

Of course, the shirt looks like Adam slept in it. He did.

ANGEL

Can I see your house before we leave town? I'm just curious.

ADAM

Okay... I have to go by there anyway. I forgot the oil.

ANGEL

(provocatively)

Oil? What's the oil for, Adam?

ADAM  
Lubrication.

INT. ADAM'S HOME - MORNING

Adam pulls up in front of this house.

ADAM  
This is it.

ANGEL  
This is Bellaire Estates?

Two neighbors are fighting out in the front yard. Until the mother comes out of the house and fires a shotgun in the air. They stop fighting.

Some kids come walking down the street carrying a TV set that seems to have been stolen. The kids look nervous.

Adam goes to the garage and brings back the motor oil. He put it in the bed of the truck.

ADAM  
See those kids? They broke into my house... didn't take a thing.

Angel looks dismayed and entirely disappointed. But she's okay with it.

ANGEL  
Listen, I really enjoyed getting your letters.

ADAM  
It was my pleasure.

ANGEL  
I'm the kind of girl that just can't do that kind of time alone.

ADAM  
I can understand that. Three years is a long time without soap.

It seems that Adam has been buying her soap.

ANGEL  
Aren't you going to invite me inside?

ADAM

Why?

ANGEL

(hinting at something)

I want to go inside.

ADAM

Aren't your parents expecting us?

ANGEL

Adam, I haven't been with a man in three years.

ADAM

I know.

ANGEL

Well?

(beat)

Don't you want to have sex with me?

ADAM

Yes.

ANGEL

Well?

ADAM

Desiree and I have agreed...

ANGEL

You have a wife?

ADAM

I didn't win the lottery and she's not my wife.

ANGEL

Well, she's just a girlfriend then.

(beat)

You could still invite me in.

ADAM

She wouldn't like that.

ANGEL

So what's this girlfriend's name again?

ANGEL

Desiree.

ANGEL

Desiree? That sound's like a  
striper's name.

ANGEL

She's an exotic dancer.

ANGEL

Are you kidding me?

ADAM

It's the only job she could get.

ANGEL

From your letters, I thought you were  
a gentleman.

ADAM

Nope. I mean I am. I didn't  
understand the question. If I wasn't  
involved we would be in that house  
right this minute.

ANGEL

Well, you just go with your stripper  
lady.

ADAM

Do I still get to drive you home?

ANGEL

Yes, please the bus left thirty mins  
ago.

INT. ADAM'S TRUCK - HWY 108 - DAY

ADAM

Oh, I almost forgot.

(beat)

Open that sack...

She does...

ANGEL

An OU Jersey! My favorite team...

ADAM

Of course...

ANGEL

How did you know?

ADAM

Remember back two or three years ago,  
when they won ten in a row and lost  
the big game?

ANGEL

Yea. You laughed.

ADAM

You wrote me every single Saturday.  
About every single play! Injuries,  
player GPAs, statistics.

ANGEL

Too much?

ADAM

For a Texas boy, yes.

ANGEL

Sorry, but you remembered?

ADAM

You didn't think I would let you  
arrive home wearing... what TDC gave  
you.

ANGEL

Turn and don't look.

She changes tops.

He gestures and she reaches into the paper sack.

ANGEL

Bubble bath!

ADAM

You said you liked pumpkin spice.

ANGEL

I do!

(beat)

And three pairs of jeans?

ADAM  
They say skinny jeans are out and  
baggy mom jeans are in again.

ANGEL  
Good!

ADAM  
What don't fit I'll take back. I have  
an agreement with the lady at the  
store.

(beat)  
Well, I didn't know your size..

She reads the labels... and picks a size..

ANGEL  
I think you peaked?

ADAM  
I didn't.

ANGEL  
You better not peak this time.

She changes into a pair of jeans.

ADAM  
One more thing..

She reaches into the paper sack.

ANGEL  
A cell phone..

ADAM  
One month paid..

ANGEL  
Oh, my gosh..

She dials her mother.

ANGEL  
(to her mother)  
We're at...  
(to Adam)  
Where are we?

ADAM  
Leaving Stephenville.

MOTHER

What time will you be?

ANGEL

We're not going very fast...

MOTHER

Dinner will be on the table. I'm so glad you're coming home.

ANGEL

Momma? Can you set another place? I met a man.

MOTHER

You sure work fast, honey.

INT. KITCHEN - WILBARGER COUNTY FARMHOUSE - DINNER

Angel and Adam are washing their hands in the kitchen sink. The table is set and the MOTHER AND FATHER walk into the front room.

At the sink... Angel and Adam whisper.

ANGEL

You sure you don't want a down-home countryfied girl like me? Farm fresh. And, I'm not a bad girl... I know I was bad but... I think I had some sort of mental breakdown. But I'm a good girl. It won't happen again.

ADAM

I don't care what you did. And I believe you are a good girl. Any man would be lucky to be standing right here... having his hands washed for him.

She's has reached over to his side of the sink and is washing his hands. Adam is entirely nervous.

ANGEL

After dinner, wanna cut the cards for a poke.

ADAM

Oh, I like that movie. What movie was that?



ANGEL

No seriously, I win you drop the dancer and poke me.

ADAM

And if I win?

ANGEL

Then you get to poke me and you won't want the dancer after that.

ADAM

Let me think about that.

INT. FRONT ROOM - FARMHOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

FATHER

Well, we know he ain't no drug dealer.

MOTHER

Don't be so sure.

FATHER

Look what he's driving.

FATHER pulls the curtain aside so Mother can see Adam's truck.

MOTHER

Maybe it runs good?

FATHER

Nope.

MOTHER

I was in the back.

They are seriously worried about their daughter now. They eye Adam with increased suspicion.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DUSK

After dinner, Adam walks to his truck. Without saying a word Angel's father hands him two quarts of motor oil.

ANGEL

Thank you for being there for me.

ADAM

No problem it was fun, while it lasted..

ANGEL

You mean...

ADAM

I didn't mean it that way.. I know prison's not fun. But you are fun. Smart and Sexy.

ANGEL

Really?

ADAM

Well, yeah.

Angel hugs Adam, intensely.

She runs into the house in tears.

ANGEL

Mamma, he's got a girlfriend. And she has a better body than me.

MOTHER

He told you that?

ANGEL

He didn't have to. She's a dancer!

MOTHER

Oh sweetheart..

Mamma hugs her.

The father comes out and eyeballs Adam. Adams truck won't start. Without a word, the father pulls a tractor up and gives him a jump with the cables.

DESOLVE TO

EXT. YELLOW ROSE -- STRIP BAR & CANTINA - NIGHT

Adam arrives on foot but he's totally exhausted. He interrupts Desiree and the other dancer in the parking lot kissing and feeling each other up.

ADAM

I didn't see that. I see nothing.

DESIREE

See what? We were just practicing.  
Girls do that for their men.  
Especially when the men are away.

ADAM

Oh?

DESIREE

Yea, see?

She gives Adam a big long kiss.

DESIREE

You still with me?

Adam is in a daze. He's pissed, confused, exhausted from driving all day and now he's being kissed long and hard by Desiree.

DESIREE

Earth calling...

The other dancer whispers his name to Desiree.

DESIREE

Adam?

(beat)

You still with me?

ADAM

Yeah.

DESIREE

That's good because there are those fellows over there. I think they've been watching us.

ADAM

Well, no wonder. You kissing another girl. It's gonna attract attention.

DESIREE

Well, can you see that we get home safe?

Adam thinks hard. And finally agrees.

ADAM

Okay.

Adam begins walking the dancers to their car, but this time it's not any sissy fraternity. These guys are rough-looking cartel members.

As they approach Desiree's car, Adam veers off to confront them. It's only eight to one, but flight won't help the dancing girls escape. Adam simply puts up his fists. But he doesn't fight so well, naturally. However, Adam getting beat up allows the girls to get away.

After the dancers have escaped, then Adam fights relatively well; he doesn't win, but it shows he's willing to take a punch to deflect the bad guy's attention away from the girls.

CARTEL MEMBER  
Vamos a buscarlas.

One cartel member says "Lets get them..." in Spanish and he points down the street. We see Desiree's taillights. Adam smarts off to the men beating him up so they won't chase the dancers who, down the street, are getting away. It is the only thing Adam remembers from high school Spanish class.

FLASHBACK

INT. SPANISH CLASSROOM - 20 YEARS AGO

The TEACHER isn't in the room and the class clown is up on a desk doing a combination "hat dance" and "La Bare" performance for the girls. The teacher comes in. She's shocked.

ADAM  
El diablo vive en tus pantalones.

The class erupts in laughter.

BACK TO

EXT. YELLOW ROSE -- STRIP BAR & CANTINA - NIGHT

The bad guy's don't give chase and the fighting continues.

Here the comedy ends. It appears they might beat Adam to death... he's seriously injured. He's lying motionless in the parking lot.

The bad guys are about to run over him with their car. They rev the engine and throw it into drive.

But the CLUB OWNER stops them.

He steps out of the establishment and walks in front of the car. The DRIVER brakes hard to a stop.

The cartel leader is behind the wheel. The owner walks to the driver side and the window is down. Shot gun pointing into the air.

OWNER

I'm Juan Jose Ortega Salinas. And I'm the owner of this establishment. And this is my dumbass.

DRIVER

Dumbass?

OWNER

You are in Texas, amigo. Every club has a dumbass.

DRIVER

What?

OWNER

Sure. They might be in the back of the club, or taking out the trash, or they might be just walking the girls to their cars. But they are there.

DRIVER

Okay.

OWNER

If you kill my dumbass, then I'm gonna have to ban you from the club. No more titties. *Comprende?*

The CARTEL LEADER is behind the wheel.

DRIVER

I'm sorry. I didn't know he was your dumbass. My apologies.

OWNER

Okay, just so we're clear. No more trouble tonight and you are welcome back. If you wanna talk to Desiree, she works 10 until 2 every night but Sunday and Monday.

DRIVER

Okay. Thank you.

The cartel car backs slowly away and then rolls slowly out of the parking lot.

The club owner approaches Adam.

OWNER

I hope this guy isn't dead.

The club owner approaches the lifeless Adam, who is face down. The owner turns him over. Adam's face is mangled and bloody. His eyes are nearly swollen shut.

ADAM

No. No. Don't hit me again. I don't know where she lives but it's a small town.

OWNER

You aren't playing possum like that other time?

ADAM

You saw that? Why didn't you do something?

OWNER

You had them buffaloed. Why'd you need my help? The convulsions, that really sold it.

ADAM

Is that a shotgun?

OWNER

Yes, it is.

ADAM

Thank you.

OWNER

Let me help you up.

ADAM

It hurts. It hurts.

OWNER

Well, I can't let you lay here... the cops might drive by, see you and call an ambulance.

ADAM

So? That would be a good thing...

OWNER

Not good for my business.

Adam manages to stand.

OWNER

Let me go get my truck and I'll be back. You can't walk over there.

He lets go of Adam and walks away... By the time he returns Adam is on the ground again. Sitting but dazed.

There is a struggle because the club owner's truck is jacked up. But eventually, Adam is pushed up in the passenger seat.

OWNER

Try not to get blood on the seats. Okay?

Adam's head falls against the window and smears blood on it.

ADAM

Okay.

OWNER

Where do you live?

ADAM

Main street from where you get propane.

OWNER

That's the hospital.

ADAM

Sherlock Holmes.

OWNER

That would draw too much attention. Where is your house?

ADAM

Bellaire Estates.

OWNER

I can't go in there at night.

ADAM

It's okay. I know everyone.

OWNER

Still...

ADAM

Either Bellaire or the hospital. Or you can leave me here.

OWNER

If I leave you here, you might die and it's all on tape.

ADAM

Tape?

OWNER

You can guarantee my safety?

ADAM

I've lived there my entire life and I'm not dead yet.

OWNER

So... okay. Let's go.

The club owner hands him a cold beer bottle...

Adam starts to look for a bottle opener.

OWNER

No. No. Put it on your face.

Adam puts it on his face.

INT. ADAM'S HOME - NIGHT

The club owner helps Adam into the house.

OWNER

Where's your couch?

ADAM

Chair.

He places Adam in his chair.



The club owner is immediately taken back by the filing cabinets and the ancient computers and printers.

OWNER  
How's that beer?

ADAM  
Getting kind of warm.

OWNER  
Drink it. You look bad. I need some ice for your face. Where is the kitchen?

Adam points.

ADAM  
But there isn't a...

The club owner walks through the house, but there isn't a refrigerator. He's amazed at the Spartan life Adam leads. No couch, no bed, no kitchen appliances. He returns to Adam.

OWNER  
Someone stole your refrigerator?

ADAM  
Sold it.

OWNER  
Where is your stove?

ADAM  
Sold it?

OWNER  
Why?

ADAM  
Stamps.

The club owner looks at the desk and goes through the inbox and outbox. Letters to and from prisons.

OWNER  
You're writing women in prison?

Adam nods.

OWNER

That's a little weird but to each his own.

The club owner and Adam have a good long heart-to-heart chat.

OWNER

Some people would say you're preying on these women when they are at their weakest?

ADAM

I heard that before. You and Dr. Phil.

OWNER

I think it's brilliant! Everybody has their game; I have mine... but yours is inspired.

ADAM

Dr. Phil said, I... well, the guy on his show... We need to examine your lives.

OWNER

You're probably doing okay.

ADAM

I'm perfectly okay with my life.

OWNER

You've found your niche? Looks like you're doing better than most.

ADAM

Well, my face hurts a little.

OWNER

So you get with any of these women? I mean they put out huh?

ADAM

They need a friend.

OWNER

So they've been locked up... and when they get out... yeah! I get it.

ADAM

Sometimes they wanna ride the bus.

OWNER

Ride the bus, never heard it put that way. Big green tractor, I've heard.

ADAM

Sometimes, I get to take them home...

OWNER

I'll bet you do. But I hope this isn't home.

ADAM

I took a woman home just yesterday.

OWNER

How was it? Hot?

ADAM

Hell yea. It's July in Texas.

OWNER

Huh?

ADAM

But the chicken dinner was worth it. Some of these women can cook!

OWNER

You are right, you gotta wine and dine them first.

(beat)

So, she was a bad girl?

ADAM

She's a nice girl.

OWNER

But you like bad girls?

ADAM

Not especially.

OWNER

Well, you write women in prison.

ADAM

What's that got to do with anything?

OWNER

They're in prison; they must a done something bad.

SADAM

Well, the way I look at it, if the government knows who you are, then you're screwed.

OWNER

Probably.

ADAM

No, it's true.

OWNER

Where's your bed?

ADAM

Sold it.

OWNER

Stamps?

Something occurs to the club owner. Adam isn't using the letters for love or sex. It changes the dynamic of the conversation.

OWNER

So, Adam. You aren't nailing these women, are you?

ADAM

Nailing?

OWNER

You know. You're getting your fair share?

ADAM

You mean...

OWNER

Well, they've been locked up... and in my experience...

ADAM

Really, what sort of a heel would take advantage someone's misfortune?

OWNER

You're innocent? You don't do anything with these women?

ADAM

Well, I've been to a Little League baseball game. I went fishing for Tarpin. I met about a thousand parents. I've gained at least 10 pounds the last 15 years; all the "welcome home" meals.

OWNER

And your not screwing any of them?

ADAM

You aren't gonna try to tell me to stop, are you?

OWNER

Stop doing what? You aren't doing anything.

ADAM

I'm a gentleman.

OWNER

And you are a dumbass.

ADAM

Hey...

OWNER

No offense, I'm just saying...

ADAM

Thank you but...

OWNER

It doesn't sound like a sound business practice to me.

(beat)

All those envelopes...

ADAM

33,031 so far.

OWNER

They had to have stamps, right?

ADAM

Sure.

OWNER

Well if you hadn't pissed all that money away on stamps, being kind to women that are locked up, you would be able to... for example, buy an interest in my night club and then you could have all the women you want... women who aren't locked up, women that are available.

Adam doesn't understand "available" because he doesn't expect sex in return.

OWNER

I could sell you a part interest in the club, teach you the ropes sort of. But you...

ADAM

I can't be in the business of sexually exploiting women.

OWNER

Why not?

ADAM

My mother, most of my teachers. Half the people in this town are women.

OWNER

It's a great lifestyle.

ADAM

Thank you. I think you saved my life tonight but...

OWNER

Look Adam, only an idiot plays the hero to a women, especially a prison (expletive deleted). Let them fend for themselves; no woman ever did anything for me that I didn't have to coerce out of them.

ADAM

Well naturally; it's your business model.

OWNER

Come on. Lighten up.

ADAM

It's a shitty business you are in.

OWNER

Shit happens.. who says it should only happen to men?

ADAM

Nope, that's where I draw the line.

OWNER

Don't be a sucker and there aren't any knights in shining armor anymore. That's a bunch of Hollywood bullshit.

(beat)

If you want women, you should have saved your money and opened a strip club, create jobs for these women. That's how you treat a woman.

ADAM

Give them a stage and let them do their thing?

OWNER

Yeah, pretty much. They'll love you for it.

ADAM

Literally?

OWNER

Well, yeah. If that's what you want.

ADAM

You better leave now.

Adam coldly hands the empty beer bottle can back to the owner.

OWNER

You're throwing me out?

ADAM

I can hardly move.

OWNER

But you want to rest?

Adam is asleep in the chair. The club owner leaves.

EXT. SKYS ABOVE TEXAS - CHASE PLANES - NIGHT

The DEA and FBI are chasing an airplane out of Mexico and they intercept the plane south of Gatesville. Video is from an infrared camera mounted in the DEA plane captures it all. Audio is the radio traffic.

DEA PILOT

DEA Chase 66 to base. Have spotted radar contact. I'm not chasing them up to Kansas. I'm pulling up beside them.

A second government plane arrives.

DEA PILOT

DEA Chase #66 to White Bonanza twin engine, tail number HZ239204. Land immediately for custom's search.

EXT. CARTEL PLANE - NIGHT

The BONANZA PILOT is so shaken by the message, the plane actually jerks up and down erratically.

The cartel pilot is about to answer... but the DRUG RUNNERS prevent him. They put a pistol to the pilot's head. They take the mic from him, but only hang it on the rack. It's still hot (broadcasting). We hear crazy panicked Spanish-speaking voices in the background.

EXT. SKYS ABOVE TEXAS - CHASE PLANS - NIGHT

FBI PILOT

Chase #2 to White Bonanza twin-engine, tail number HZ239204. We are on your right.

DEA PILOT

And we're on your left. If you don't land immediately you will be shot down.

FBI PILOT

Look you bunch of jackasses. You even heard of Texas Air Guard? Armed F-16s. Land or else.



DEA PILOT

ETA on the TAG fighters... 10 mins.

The cartel begins pitching bales of drugs out of the plane to get rid of the evidence and... also they pitch out a suitcase.

FBI PILOT

Be aware. Be aware. The suspects are ejecting their cargo... Approximately three miles south-south-west of Gatesville. Base please inform local authorities.

It might be a bluff. But the cartel begins to unload their cargo. A half dozen bales of drugs exit the plane and crash into dairy barns, fields, trees, the rodeo arena, school playground equipment. One bale demolishes the "Welcome to Gatesville" billboard. One bale crashes through the roof of a men's prison dorm.

The last thing to be ejected from the plane appears to be a suitcase.

FBI PILOT

What was that?

DEA PILOT

It's smaller... but maybe not be a bale...

FBI PILOT

Maybe it was a large or medium-sized suitcase. That's what it looked like.

FBI CONTROL

It's full of cash.

DEA PILOT

How do you know?

FBI CONTROL

Dumbasses left the mic open. I'm listening to them now.

FBI PILOT

That makes it our case.

DEA PILOT

Well, we'll handle the drugs.

FBI PILOT  
We'll find the cash.

DEA PILOT  
That doesn't sound very fair.

FBI PILOT  
But that's the way it is, boys. Like  
it or lump it.

INT. ADAM'S HOME - NIGHT

The suitcase full of cartel money falls from the plane directly into Adam's chimney. It's a one in million lucky shot.

We see a single \$100 bill float down into the empty hearth.

Note: the entire suitcase doesn't fall through; it's stopped by the damper.

Adam is asleep in the chair. He's not aware of the chase or the suitcase or vast sum of money... he briefly wakes up to just see the dust and ash fly everywhere. Adam stirs and he tries to move, but the pain is too much.

He goes back to sleep.

EXT. GATESVILLE AREA - NIGHT UNTIL SUNRISE

The plane makes a rapid descent and immediately lands at an airport. The cartel members scatter, into the brush, some steal cars and a bicycle. The pilot steals a plane and flies south. The local cops are there two minutes late. They attempt to chase the smugglers but they are escaping.

The dairy cows munch on one bale. CUT TO babies high in a daze. The rodeo stock consume the other. CUT TO rodeo bulls that won't buck.

Around sun-up cops arrive at all the locations, except where the suitcase fell.

The cops are patrolling the city... four different government vehicles pass by Adam's house in the early morning - FBI, DEA, Sheriff's office, Gatesville police.

INT. ADAM'S HOME - MORNING

Adam wakes up and looks out the window. He moves like he's 80-years-old. A cop car drives by, and then an unmarked car, and

then another cop car. Everyone is out pointing to the sky, down the street and to all the houses on the street.

EXT. ADAM'S HOME - MORNING

There are twenty rats lined up to talk to the cops and they all have a different story. Actually, none know anything.

NEIGHBORHOOD RATS

It fell into the lake.

(beat)

It fell down the street and some kids picked it up.

(beat)

It's in the bottom of the mayor's swimming pool on the other side of town.

(beat)

It fell into that dumpster... yes the one that was hauled off early this morning.

INT. ADAM'S HOME - MORNING

Adam can't hear what is going on and he doesn't know about the money.

ADAM

Look at all the informers. I guess someone else got robbed.

(beat)

I got to get out of this neighborhood.

He limps to a wall and leans on it as he undresses.

He climbs into the shower and is there forever. The dried blood washes off his face into the shower floor.

EXT. GATESVILLE AREA - MORNING

There is a FBI dive team at the lake. There are 10 boats and 20 divers.

FBI Agents are interrogating every sleepy kid in the neighborhood.

FBI agents are at the town's landfill searching through the trash.

FBI agents have woken the mayor up and they are all in his back yard looking into a spotless swimming pool full of nothing but chlorinated water.

EXT. SIDEWALK - POST OFFICE - MORNING

A FBI rostrum with about ten government seals (FBI, DEA, GPD, Sherrif's department, TDC, FAA, TSA, NTSB, and more) is on the post office steps. There are seals even near the ground at the bottom of the rostrum. AGENT JONES and AGENT GARCIA are standing around whispering waiting on the press conference.

JONES

That neighborhood contains absolutely the lowest element...

GARCIA

Subhumans, look at them.

JONES

They think we're going to tell them where the money is.

GARCIA

Not this morning.

JONES

I've never seen poor people outnumber the journalist.

GARCIA

We'll never get that money.

JONES

Probably not but we have to make a show. Or the productive people will stop paying taxes.

GARCIA

That's really our work, isn't it?

JONES

Yep.

The SHERIFF steps up to the mic...

SHERIFF

Ladies and gentlemen of press... voters at home I'm Sherrif Sharky. And I'd like to introduce the FBI agents who will be coordinating the search

JONES

I'm Jones. J-O-N-E-S.

GARCIA

And I'm García. G-A-R-C-Í-A. Don't forget the little accent mark.

HISPANIC REPORTER

But, Garcia doesn't...

(beat)

Oh, never mind.

REPORTER #1

People are calling this the lost treasure of El Cid, the El Campeador. Do you have any leads?

GARCIA

I don't speak Spanish.

JONES

We can run those names through our 300 million name database.

REPORTER #1

Isn't El Cid, the leader of the most notorious of the Mexican cartels?

JONES

Oh, that El Cid. I'm sorry I didn't understand the question.

REPORTER #1

Where do you suspect the suitcase fell?

JONES

No comment.

REPORTER #2

How much do you suspect was in the suitcase?

GARCIA

Let me take this one. My mother is watching.

(beat)

No comment.

REPORTER #3

How do you know the suitcase contains any money at all?

JONES

No comment.

REPORTER #4

Why did you chose to hold your press conference here and not at a location along the flight path.

JONES

Well, this is the only federal building in town and well... we are the federal government.

REPORTER #5

What do you say to the theorist who say that there isn't any money and this is just another hoax to bring more funding to the government agencies?

JONES

What?

Jones leaves the rostrum and takes a few steps toward the reporters... Garcia has to hold him back.

INT. ADAM'S HOME - MORNING

Adam steps of the shower and wraps a towel around himself. He walks from the bath through the front room. Hardwood floors. He goes to the dryer and pulls out a Hawaiian shirt and some jeans.

He walks back to his chair and he notices on the floor... his footprints in the ash. The floor is covered in ash, especially near the fireplace. He checks the soles of his feet; they are black. He sweeps up the ash and throws it in the trash.

Only then does he focuses on the fireplace. He notices in the heath there is a US currency bill. He walks to the bill... he pics it up... he sees it's a \$100 bill. He holds it up to the light.

He puts the bill in his wallet. He rushes to dress.

Out the door, hyper excitedly.

EXT. SIDEWALK - POST OFFICE - MORNING

Well, downtown looks like the "Whoptey Doo" street carnival they have homecoming weekend.

The streets are full of people... most of them strangers from out of town. Treasure seekers... they have metal detectors, Bloodhounds, and divining rods. Street preachers, Trump impersonators, and a bicycle thief. There are almost as many policemen there as residents. Indian chiefs, reporters. People dressed up like aliens.

ADAM

It is homecoming weekend?

The strangers just look at him like he's crazy.

Adam enters the post office and takes the \$100 to the post office, and it's like he's won the lottery and is at a bar celebrating. Adam is happy as a lark.

There isn't line, but a GRANDMOTHER comes into the Post office after Adam. She stands behind him.

CLERK

Hello Adam. My gosh. Are you okay?

ADAM

Never been better.

CLERK

Have you ever not stood in line?

ADAM

No, what's going on? It's a carnival out there.

CLERK

Some drug dealers lost a suitcase of money. They say over by your house.

ADAM

Didn't hear about it but that explains all the cops. I thought someone got robbed again.

CLERK

How can I help you, Adam?

ADAM

Let me have a sheet of the commemorative Bugs Bunny stamps; 'Gina will like that one.' A sheet of the bird stamps; 'Terri will like those.' A sheet of the JFK stamps; 'Veronica will like those, I think she maybe knew him.' A sheet of the Chinese New Year stamps; 'Lucy will appreciate those.' A sheet of the Native American Heritage stamps; 'Iris will like those.' A sheet of the African-American History stamps; 'Shaquandra will like those.' A sheet of the commemorative Barn stamps; 'the countryfied girls will enjoy those.' Oh, and I And I need two sheets of the Santa Claus stamps; 'Everyone loves Santa.'"

CLERK

Big spender today.

The clerk struggles to keep up with the order.

CLERK

A hundred and one dollars.

Adam pays and receives the stamps.

ADAM

Well, this will last me a while. Don't you think?

CLERK

Not the way you go through stamps.

ADAM

Well, I'm shooting for a few weeks.

The clerk calculates.

CLERK

Sounds about right.

The point is Adam knows each woman, which stamp she will enjoy the most. And he's splurging.

He tips the grandmother behind him in line one stamp because he's taken so long. He peels off a stamp and places it on her envelope.



The grandmother just thinks he's weird.

INT. PIGGLY WIGGLY GROCERY- MORNING

Adam walks in. The grocery is empty. Mr. Ledbetter is looking through the glass at the crowds. Ledbetter notices the facial bruising.

LEDBETTER

My gosh, one of the women you write do this to you?

ADAM

No, no.

LEDBETTER

Listen Adam, there isn't any reason why you have to submit to any abuse.

ADAM

I know, but...

LEDBETTER

If you need me to go with you and we report his...

ADAM

What? No. This is something... entirely unrelated.

LEDBETTER

The Yellow Rose again?

ADAM

I feel I owe a debt of gratitude to the owner, so I'm not at liberty to say.

LEDBETTER

It was that dancer, wasn't it?

ADAM

Yes and no.

LEDBETTER

How many times is this now? What? This has happened about once a month since shes' been dancing there.

ADAM

No no. You are making a mountain out of a mole hill. If I told you, you would be surprized so few.

LEDBETTER

How many times?

ADAM

Only six.

LEDBETTER

Adam... I don't know what to tell you.

(beat)

You are spending all your time with dancers and ex-convicts. What's wrong with a nice farm girl?

ADAM

I met a good farm girl Friday...

LEDBETTER

The girl you ran up north Saturday?

ADAM

Nice pretty dryland cotton up there.

LEDBETTER

You burn any oil?

ADAM

Two-quarts going and two-quarts coming back.

LEDBETTER

Well, that's not too bad.

ADAM

Thank you for your contribution.

ADAM

Where is everyone?

LEDBETTER

Out looking for the lost treasure of El Cid. Why can't the media just call it what it is... drug money.

ADAM

I forgot my lunch at home.

LEDBETTER

Sure. Sure. Go. Nothing going to happen around here for a while..

Ledbetter looks outside.

ADAM

Don't worry they'll get hungry.

LEDBETTER

They always do eventually.

(beat)

Come back around eleven. Might be able to use you then.

EXT. YARD - ADAM'S HOME - MID-MORNING

When he gets home, there are 20 FBI agents looking in the trees and in the hedges. They are looking EVERYWHERE on his and the neighbor's property, looking for the suitcase. Jones and Garcia are supervising, standing in Adam's front yard.

A DEA MAN approaches.

DEA MAN

Evidently, that's all the bales.. six right? We got them? Money turn up yet?

JONES

You trying to say we aren't doing our job?

GARDICA

I'm sorry; he's a little on edge. Sensitive.

DEA MAN

Less coffee man.

ADAM

What you fellas looking for?

All three G-men look at him like he's an idiot.

A number of OTHER AGENTS are searching the heavy growth in the what use to be a flower-bed.

ADAM

Weeds?

All the agents freeze and stare.

ADAM

Cause that's all your gonna find in there.

JONES

You ever been locked up?

ADAM

No, sir.

JONES

You wanna be?

GARCIS...

He's only kidding.

ADAM

I get it, good cop and bad cop.

Adam points to the bad cop who is Jones.

JONES

The bad cop gets here this afternoon, if you don't tell us where you hid the money.

ADAM

So generally suspects start shaking in their boots and bolt about now?

GARIA

You're shaking.

ADAM

But I'm not bolting.

JONES

We need to search your house?

ADAM

No warrant, no problem?

JONES

I don't have a problem getting a warrant to beat the hell out of you for the inconvenience.

GARCIA

He didn't say that.

ADAM

I know my rights. The Fourth Amendment protects me from personas, hommies, capers, and after-effects.

GARCIA

So you won't let us in?

ADAM

No come on in. I don't care about all that. I just want my person and papers left alone.

GARCIA

Did you just say we can come in?

EXT. YARD - ADAM'S HOME - MID-MORNING

PARROT

Look out Magnum, behind you. Who loves ya baby!

ADAM

Don't talk to my parrot. He already thinks he's a cop.

GARCIA

How old is that parrot?

ADAM

I'm thinking about 35 judging from the TV shows. About the time I was born.

JONES

Well, you won't make it to be 36 if the cartel learns you have the money. Best hand it over to us, so we can protect you.

ADAM

Aren't you supposed to protect me anyway?

GARCIA

So you have the money?

ADAM

I have twelve cents.

JONES

What are all these files?

ADAM

My correspondence.

JONES

You think we should confiscate his computers?

GARCIA

What and get laughed at in the office?

JONES

I don't care. I want these computers.

ADAM

Oh, you don't have to do that.

JONES

Hey, you invited us in. We can do anything we want.

Garcia shakes his head. Jones goes to the inbox and outbox. He looks but he doesn't seem to understand the letters.

ADAM

I write women in prison.

JONES

You sick little puppy.

(beat)

Do you know how low down that is? You gotta be hard up, son!

GARCIA

Why don't you do what every man in Texas seems to be doing; go down to the cabaret and buy yourself a nice girl?

ADAM

I'm not lonely. They're lonely.

JONES

All of these cabinets are full?

ADAM

33,031 so far.

JONES

Dumbass.

Garcia shakes his head. They go through the entire house... open all the kitchen cabinets and filing cabinets. They search the attic. They search to closets... All the clothes in the laundry room. Tropical shirts. Jeans and argyle socks. They look at Adam like he doesn't know how to dress. Jones throws everything in the floor.

GARCIA

Are you the kid selling my kid mismatched shoestrings?

ADAM

It's still a capitalist country...

The agents stare.

ADAM

Well, it's a capitalist state still...

The agents simply stare.

ADAM

Well, arrest me.

JONES

We might.

But the FBI forgets to look in the chimney. The money remains there.

EXT. ADAM'S HOME - DAY

The cartel wants their money back. So the cartel are watching the FBI and the FBI is watching everyone in the neighborhood, but especially Adam. The cartel watches the FBI leave Adam's house.

EXT. ADAM'S HOME - NIGHT

Adam sits at his computer. He reads and types. While the documents (letters) are printing he watches Dr. Phil.

INTERCUT ADAM/PHIL

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

It's on The Dr. Phil Show that the missing suitcase is suspected of holding millions of dollars.

DR. PHIL

You all know me. I'm a clinical psychologist but part of that involves watching society and you must be living in a hole if you haven't heard about the lost treasure of El Cid.

(beat)

Not since 1971 has the nation been transfixed like this. In 1971 an unidentified man hijacked a commercial aircraft between Portland and Seattle. He parachuted from the Boeing 727 with \$200,000 in ransom.

(beat)

So today's topic is greed and the hysteria this amount of money can create.

(beat)

Our first guest will testify how many hundred dollar bills will fit in a suitcase.

(beat)

Welcome, Ernest Harper, a mathematician and an engineer for Samsonite luggage manufacturer, whose job in part is to not only design suitcases but also to calculate how much they will hold.

ENGINEER

Thank you. I'm glad to be here.

DR. PHIL

So, how much money will fit in a suitcase?

ENGINEER

Well, this is our Englewood, its; a nice-sized suitcase. (28" x 20" x 5").

He opens it up. Inside is money... the audience coordinator hold up signs... instructing the audience to "gasp." They probably didn't need to do that... everyone is gaga over cash.

Cut to amazed German, Chinese, and Aboriginal TV audiences.

DR. PHIL

How much is in there?



ENGINEER

A full briefcase isn't really an obscene amount these days, relatively speaking. Assuming all \$100 bills, an average-sized briefcase could fit about \$3,400,000.

DR. PHIL

So, the FBI is looking for over three million dollars?

ENGINEER

Yes, but a smaller model might only contain maybe two or two and a half million but still...

DR. PHIL

I wish something like that would fall in my backyard.

(beat)

Our next guest is NatGeo mapping expert and geographer, Rex Simons.

GEOGRAPHER

Thank you, Phil.

DR. PHIL

You've taken the data and created an incredibly useful chart.

The Dr. Phil Show puts up a satellite and then an aerial image of the neighborhood where they suspect the money was dropped.

GEOGRAPHER

So that's right. I've plotted not only the flight data but also here here and here are the locations where there drug bales landed... There is a distinct flight path.

DR. PHIL

Okay I see... so that means the suitcase is somewhere between here and here.

(beat)

And you also have also calculated the probability...

GEOGRAPHER

Yes. The green area on the map is a good probability... over 50 percent. The yellow is certainly less probable...less than 25 percent. And the red areas... you are looking at a rare probability... less than 10 percent.

DR. PHIL

So with this map a person can improve their chances of finding the treasure?

Cut to the audience who all are scrambling for paper and making notes.

GEOGRAPHER

Yes. According to all the data, the suitcase could have been dropped anywhere from here to here, on this flight path.

DR. PHIL

So how accurate is this?

GEOGRAPHER

I doubt even the FBI has a map this accurate.

DR. PHIL

Evidently not. They haven't recovered anything yet.

(beat)

Maybe they are watching. Guys? Can you take a clue?

The line the geographer has charted passes right over Adam's home. In fact, it passes directly over his chimney.

Adam suddenly realizes what has happened. His jaw drops.

When he puts two-and-two together, he reaches up into the chimney and pulls out several \$100 bills.

DR. PHIL

When we come back, we'll examine the legal and moral issues involved. Will the person who finds it, have to turn it over to the government?

Adam walks around the house looking at his two \$100 bills.

EXT. SIDEWALKS - GATESVILLE - DARK

Adam walks from his home to the Grocery. It's well before six AM. But he's anxious. The doors are locked and Adam paces back and forth waiting on Ledbetter to open the store.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - PIGGLY WIGGLY - SUNRISE

Ledbetter arrives and unlocks the front door.

LEDBETTER

Adam? You're here early.

ADAM

Yes, sir.

(beat)

I need to take care of some business.

LEDBETTER

Oh?

ADAM

I need some money orders.

LEDBETTER

Okay, we have them at the service desk. Just let me turn on the lights and I'll be over there.

INT. SERVICE DESK - PIGGLY WIGGLY

ADAM

Do you wave the forty-nine cent fee for employees?

LEDBETTER

Yes.

ADAM

Okay, I need twenty ten-dollar money orders, please.

LEDBETTER

Really?

Ledbetter pauses and thinks. But then fills the order.

LEDBETTER

You never... Well, okay.

Ledbetter is a bit nervous but smiles.

INT. EMPLOYEE BREAK ROOM - PIGGLY WIGGLY

Adam sits and writes on the money orders. He puts them in the envelopes. Ledbetter passes by and smiles. He doesn't ask questions.

EXT. - COMMISSARY - WOMEN'S PRISON

All the women are exiting the commissary with smiles. They have lotions, soups, ice cream, and books, and magazines. Shampoos and soaps, and all the other stuff they've needed and wanted. Naturally, they also buy stamps, paper and pens.

INT. YELLOW ROSE

It is as clear as a PG-13 film can be. Desiree is actually only a prostitute working out of a strip bar. It's not just nude dancing. And she is villainous.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - YELLOW ROSE

Dance music is muffled in the background. Desiree and another dancer are dressing and doing their makeup.

DANCER

I think it's sweet you let him call himself your boyfriend.

DESIREE

Well, befriending a moron here and there doesn't hurt anyone. Makes me look legitimate, you know?

DANCER

I think it's sweet. You let him walk you to your car.

DESIREE

Yeah. Well, it's practical. In case someone causes trouble at least there is someone other than me to get beat up.

DANCER

He saved our ass last night.

DESIREE

That's about all he's good for.

DANCER

Don't hurt him.

DESIREE

He can't be hurt. He's such a dumbass.

EXT. PARKING LOT - YELLOW ROSE - NIGHT

Adam loves Desiree but he can't just give her a \$100 bill... well that would make her obviously a prostitute. So Adam gives her a \$100 that he says she dropped.

ADAM

Desiree, wait. You dropped something.

Of course, Desiree takes the money but looks at him strangely and she gets into her car and leaves.

Adam's a little frustrated by the unrequited love, but he's good-natured; he just goes back to his routine.

EXT. GOVERNMENT CAR - POST OFFICE PARKING LOT - DAY

The cartel has a car down the street and they are watching the FBI agents. Following them.

JONES

The FBI is not going to let this suitcase drop. The DEA got their drugs. It will not reflect favorably in D.C. if we don't recover that money.

GARCIA

So we have a suspect?

JONES

That dumbass.

GARCIA

What dumbass? There's a lot of dumbasses in this town.

JONES

The dumbass that writes the female inmates.

GARCIA

So what are we doing here?

JONES

So when you meet a dumbass that writes women in prison, you follow the stamps...

GARCIA

Good idea.  
(beat)  
And if it's not him?

JONES

Then we'll just move on to the next dumbass until we work our way to the end of the street. Who's his neighbor?

GARCIA

The skinny anemic guy with three teeth. He's next?

INT. POST OFFICE

The FBI agents flash their badges and walk into the postmaster's office. They close the door.

The cartel members are watching, pretending to buy stamps.

The postmaster emerges from the office and replaces the clerk at the counter. The Postmaster gestures to the clerk to go speak with the FBI. The clerk goes into the office and the door closes.

The FBI agents comes out of the postmater's office. They have a solemn pissed-off look on their face.

GARCIA

So maybe you're wrong.

JONES

He's lying.

GARCIA

Postmaster's don't lie, do they?

JONES

He works for the government, doesn't he?

INT. PIGGLY WIGGLY

The cartel members are watching, pretending to buy groceries.

The FBI agents come out of Ledbetter's office. They have a solemn pissed-off look on their face.

EXT. NO-KILL SHELTER - DAY

The cartel is watching from a car across the street.

A truck is unloading at least twenty bags of premium dog food.

The FBI agents come out of the shelter. They have a solemn pissed-off look on their face.

INT. WAITING ROOM - KRAMER & LEVITZKY SUITE

Levitzky's office door is closed. There is a MEXICAN HOODLUM reading a magazine but he's peering over the top.

The FBI agents come out of Ledbetter's office. They have a solemn pissed-off look on their face.

The agents leave and slam the door!

INT. THE YELLOW ROSE - NIGHT

The FBI agents enter and ask about Desiree at the bar. The BARTENDER points to her and the agents drag her off the stage into the dressing room. They close the door.

All the Mexican hoodlums enter and watch the entertainment.

No need to dissolve to later... She tells them exactly what they want to know.

The FBI agents come out of the dressing room office. Jones especially has a happy and confident look on his face.

The cartel leader notices them leave and can easily guess what has happened. She's ratted on Adam.

EXT. ADAM'S HOME - NIGHT

THE FBI agents are parked down the street, surveillance.

Adam is inside typing letters for women.

The cartel is parked down the street from the FBI, following them. They are just waiting to pounce.

INT. GOVERNMENT CAR - ADAM'S HOME - NIGHT

GARCIA

You know I've been thinking. What if this Desiree girl is lying?

JONES

It doesn't matter if she is or not. We got him.

GARCIA

I don't know. The whole town says we're wasting our time.

JONES

This ain't no popularity contest.

GARCIA

Our bosses are politicians, who have to be re-elected.

JONES

It's a national election. This town can't count for much...

GARCIA

Unless your gonna frame him up.

JONES

Works for me. And I doubt our bosses care.

GARCIA

Maybe we should have talked to the club owner? He would know if the girl is lying.

JONES

Waste of time. We got what we need. Tomorrow, then the warrant gets here...

(annoyed)

... we'll kick in his door and we'll get our money. One way or another!

GARCIA

I'd hate to see that happen.

JONES

We don't need any club owner's opinion of one of his dancers.



GARCIA

I'm afraid I'm gonna have to insist.

There is an eye-to-eye disagreement. And Jones backs down.

The government car zooms off...

The cartel car pulls up to take the parking spot.

The FBI returns to the cabaret and isn't watching Adam...

EXT. ADAM'S HOME - NIGHT

Dr. Phil on TV is paused. He has an ominous expression on his face.

ADAM

(typing)

It doesn't matter what you did. What matters is what you do in the future.

The parrot hears something on the front porch.

PARROT

G-Men! Katie bar the door.

Adam continues to type.

ADAM

The only limitations we have in life, most of them, are the ones we place on ourselves.

The cartel kicks in the door.

PARROT

Turn out the lights and call the law!

Two of the cartel members beat on Adam... And the others search for the money. They dump all the files in the floor. There are three paper sacks on a table... they are dumped out... jeans and team jerseys and cell phones go flying. They are kicked around. A bottle of bubble bath is kuicked, cracked, and is leaking. The money isn't discovered.

They beat Adam more, but he won't tell. Adam is bloody and the beating is nearly as bad as the strip joint parking lot.

ADAM  
I'm telling you I have no idea where  
your teddy bear is.

LEADER  
No, fool. The money!

ADAM  
It's in my wallet? On the desk.

The leader looks in the wallet. There are three dollars.

LEADER  
I'm gonna to kill you.

ADAM  
Wouldn't be prudent...

LEADER  
Prudent?

ADAM  
Just wouldn't be smart.

There is enough money there to buy a life-time of stamps and  
Adam will never talk.

LEADER  
I'm going to feed you to the coyotes.

ADAM  
Are you the drug gang everyone is  
looking for?

LEADER  
They don't know who we are.

ADAM  
I think they do. Your picture is in  
the post office.

LEADER  
You don't have much time.

ADAM  
I have all the time in the world,  
eventually, you will have to let me  
go and I can get on with my business.

The cartel leader looks at the files on the floor... and then at  
the in and out boxes.

LEADER  
What is it that you do?

ADAM  
You can't read?

They hit Adam again, hard.

CAPOREGIME  
He writes women in prison.

The leader looks at the files...

LEADER  
Is that what all this is?

Adam nods...

LEADER  
What a dumbass!  
(beat)  
Tie him up.

The cartel drags him to their car.

INT. WAREHOUSE - PORT OF HOUSTON - NIGHT

The cartel locks Adam to a room, bars on the windows. Isolated location. They beat him some more.

CAPOREGIME  
I don't think this gringo feels pain.

LEADER  
I think he will talk when he is hungry.

EXT. ADAM'S HOME - MORNING

The FBI are there with a warrant.. FAR TOO MANY agents ... even more TV cameras. Jones makes sure the media cameras are rolling before they bash in the door. Jones gives the signal.

But the agent with the battering ram balks. He signals Jones to come over and look.

The front door has already been kicked in; the door lining is smashed.

Jones signals for the cameras to cut. The press, mostly government sycophants, faithfully obey.

While the FBI is processing the crime scene, outside the mailman delivers and a handful of letters.

Adam's mailbox is on the street.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

They beat Adam and they don't feed him for a week. Adam eats a bug. There is a sink in the room but the water is turned off.

INT. ADAM'S HOUSE - DAY

Ms. Standish from the animal shelter comes to take the parrot out of the house. And police tape goes up.

INT. GOVERNMENT CAR - I-35 SOUTH - AFTERNOON

Jones and Garcia are driving back to Austin.

JONES

How far back to the office?

GARCIA

I sort of liked the fellow.

JONES

He's fish bait now.

GARCIA

Seemed like a decent human being.

Jones looks at his partner like, "There are no decent human beings." But he doesn't say it.

JONES

He should have turn over the money.

(beat)

You heard me. I told him if he would turn it over, we could have protected him.

GARCIA

What would we have done?

JONES

Nothing.

(beat)

He stole from the cartel. Nothing we  
can do about that.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The cartel is playing poker, watching porn, and packing drugs  
into FedEx boxes. One is doing inventory. And one is standing  
guard at a window. Some a lifting weights. Most are sleeping.

The capo sticks his head in the room where they are holding  
Adam.

CAPOREGIME

It's Monday; are you getting hungry  
yet?

ADAM

Can I have a peanut butter and honey  
sandwich?

CAPOREGIME

Hand over our money.

ADAM

I'm not that hungry.

EXT. BUS STATION - DAY

A prison van drives up. NEFERTITI, an African-American women,  
unloads; she looks for Adam. She is about to get on board the  
bus. Nef has a letter from Adam. And she sees the post office  
down the road. She manages to sneak away while the guard is  
eating a hotdog.

She walks to the post office, gets directions to Adam's house.

EXT/INT. ADAM'S HOME - DAY

The door is covered with police tape. The house abandoned.

NEF

That's all I need is a breaking and  
entering charge...

But she hesitates only a second. She enters and surveys the  
damage. She returns to the swing on Adam's porch. She sits and  
waits. She thinks.

The postman drives by and leaves some letters in the mailbox.  
It's not clear if he notices the woman on the porch. He does  
however look at the house.

Night comes and Nef sleeps on the swing.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The capo sticks his head in the room where they are holding Adam.

CAPOREGIME

It's Tuesday; are you getting hungry yet?

ADAM

What about just a honey sandwich?

CAPOREGIME

Hand over our money.

ADAM

There aren't any calories in honey. I'll be just as hungry the next day.

The capo thinks about it.

CAPOREGIME

That is true but I don't have any.

The capo leaves.

ADAM

Aisle seven, up high, by the peanut butter!

EXT. BUS STATION - DAY

A prison van drives up. Iris, a Native-American women, unloads; she looks for Adam. She is about to get on board the bus. Iris has a letter from Adam. And she sees the Post office down the road. She manages to sneak away while the guard is eating an ice cream.

She walks to the post office, gets directions to Adam's house.

EXT/INT. ADAM'S HOME - DAY

There is a black girl, Nef, sitting on the porch waiting.

IRIS

What happened?

NEF  
I have no idea.  
(beat)  
You here for Adam?

IRIS  
He was supposed to give me a ride  
home.

NEF  
You just get out?

IRIS  
Yep.

NEF  
Me too.

IRIS  
That's all I need is a breaking and  
entering charge..

NEF  
I'll yell if I see trouble.

IRIS  
Thanks.

But Iris hesitates only a second. She enters and surveys the wrecked interior. She returns to Adam's porch with bread and peanut butter and honey. She shares with Nef.

The postman comes by with more letters and places them in the the mailbox. He spots the girls on the porch eating. Seems not too odd. But the postman is thinking and building up his nerve.

NEF  
We should leave.

IRIS  
What are we gonna do walk around town  
until we find him?

Iris stands and waits. Night comes and she stands. Waiting. The nighthawk. Nef sleeps on the swing.

Gunshots ring out and Nef wakes up startled.

NEF  
Was that a dream?

IRIS

People are shooting down the road.

And Iris gestures in the direction of the shooting.

NEF

Bellaire Estates, my ass.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The capo sticks his head in the room where they are holding Adam.

CAPOREGIME

It's Wednesday; are you getting hungry yet?

ADAM

What about just a glass of water?

CAPOREGIME

Hand over our money.

ADAM

Please. Just half a glass.

The capo thinks about it.

CAPOREGIME

There are many calories in water. You can't trick me.

The capo leaves. Adam looks in worse condition.

EXT. BUS STATION - DAY

A prison van drives up. Brandy, a biker chick, unloads; she looks for Adam. She is about to get on board the bus. Brandy has a letter from Adam. And she sees the post office down the road. Brandy manages to sneak away while the guard is eating a donut.

She walks to the post office, gets directions.

EXT/INT. ADAM'S HOME - DAY

There is a black girl (Nef) and a Native girl (Iris) sitting on the porch waiting.



BRANDY

Adam here?

NEF

No.

BRANDY

I just got out. He was supposed to run me to Odessa but...

IRIS

Someone kicked in the door and destroyed the inside.

BRANDY

Why?

NEF

We have no idea.

(beat)

See for yourself?

IRIS

That's all I need is a breaking and entering charge...

BRANDY

If I go in, can you keep watch?

IRIS

Sure.

BRANDY

Thanks.

NEF

I'll go with you.

Brandy and Nef enter.

INT. ADAM'S HOME

They survey the ransacked interior.

NEF

I found blood over there.

BRANDY

I'm a little worried. You've been here since Monday?

NEF

Yep.

BRANDY

It looks like he's been writing  
hundreds of women.

NEF

Form letters?

BRANDY

Maybe but the letters he wrote me  
were... personal and well, romantic.

NEF

Mine too.

BRANDY

He's just like every other guy...  
meeting chics.

NEF

Nailing them when they get out.

BRANDY

Well, that's why I'm here.

NEF

I was a little nervous coming over  
here. I've got nothing else, ya know.

They look around. The room is a mess. EVERYTHING is on the  
floor.

BRANDY

I don't think he lives here. There's  
no bed and no refrigerator. No stove  
either. Not even a microwave.

BRANDY

I smell lavender.

NEF

Hey.

Nef holds up a Texas Tech baseball jersey.

BRANDY

(beat)

That's Tech.

(beat)

You think?

Nef spots a basketball jersey on the floor. Partially under some files. She smiles huge.

NEF  
Houston Rockets.

BRANDY  
That's your favorite team?

Nef nods.

BRANDY  
Texas Tech baseball... I went to Tech.  
We talked about Tech baseball all the time.

NEF  
He're the lavender.

Nef holds up a cracked bottle of lavender bubble bath. Brandy grabs it like it's hers. She inhales deeply. It's leaking but she seals it up with some of Adam's masking tape.

They look and find three empty sacks. With Iris, Nef and Brandy's names... and the date of their release.

BRANDY  
It says Nef and Monday.

NEF  
I'm Nef.

BRANDY  
Cool. This one is mine... I'm Brandy.

NEF  
Nice to know you. He bought the lavender for you? I like Apple Cinnamon.

They find a soccer uniform and a bottle of Cherry Blossom bubble bath.

BRANDY  
Iris?

NEF  
She's out on the porch.

Brandy and Nef put the soccer jersey in Iris' bag... Also, on the floor are some the Bugs Bunny, the African-American history and Native American heritage stamps.

They find Nef's bottle of Apple Cinnamon bubble bath and she collects it and puts it in her bag. They put all the items (except their jerseys) back in the bags Adam had prepared for them.

Brandy has the Buggs stamps. Nef has the African-American stamps. They take the bag with the Native American stamps to Iris, along with her soccer jersey, phone and Cherry Blossom bubble bath.

EXT. ADAM'S HOME

The postman drives by and places five more letters in the mailbox. Now there are a healthy stack of fifteen or more letters. This time, he exits the jeep and begins up the sidewalk.

Iris speaks without moving her lips.

IRIS

Girls, it's that postman again. He's walking up here.

Brandy and Nef run out the back door. And around the house. They casually arrive at the front yard.

POSTMAN

(nervous)

You ladies know anything about Adam?

IRIS

I don't. I'm just waiting on him.

POSTMAN

Well, if you see him. Will you tell him he's got mail?

IRIS

I sure will.

A Brandy and Nef walk up, both wearing their Tech and Rockets uniforms. The postman drives away, but notices.

BRANDY

Is your name Iris and do you like the Tigres?

IRIS  
Monterrey? That's my team.

They pitch Iris the Tigres uniform.

NEF  
We found these too...

Brandi hands her bag to Iris. She pulls out a cell phone.  
Brandi and Nef reveal they have phones too. Iris pulls out her  
bubble bath. And she's delighted.

BRANDY  
He meant to pick us up and take us  
home. Like he said.

NEF  
Nail us. And then take us home,  
maybe.

IRIS  
I don't think so.

BRANDY  
There's no bed.

IRIS  
Since when do you... never mind.

BRANDY  
The shirts, bubble bath, and the  
phones...

IRIS  
I see what you're saying. Maybe he's  
just a nice guy.

BRANDY  
Maybe he was gonna take us home and  
"this" happened.

NEF  
It's not good. Not good at all.

IRIS  
That postman. He turned left.

BRANDY  
So?

IRIS

He didn't finish the street.

Nef and Brandy look down the street, left and then right... There is a long beat... They are waiting to hear the sirens. The only thing they hear is a youth baseball game in the distance. The crack of a bat and cheering.

In that time, Iris has changed into her Tigres jersey.

NEF

Cops will be here. We better go.

IRIS

He works at a grocery store.

NEF

Which one?

IRIS

There aren't that many.

BRANDY

Well, let's walk that way... There's one not far from the bus station.

NEF

The Piggly Wiggly.

They begin to walk.

INT. PIGGLY WIGGLY - DAY

When the three women arrive at the grocery... Ledbetter, Levitzky, the postman, and the postmaster are there, with Mrs. Standish and Ms. Deerinwater, and the school cop. They are all in a deep worrisome conversation.

It appears like the postman is giving them a description of the women he's seen at Adam's house. They spot the women entering the store. All eyes are on Iris, Nef, and Brandy.

The three women know they are busted, but if they leave or run the game will certainly be up.

BRANDY

Just keep walking. We belong here.

NEF

They're just staring.

BRANDY  
Do you see Adam?

IRIS  
I don't.

NEF  
Let's eat.

BRANDY  
Blend in. We didn't just get out of  
prison. We are just here for the  
salad and then we'll leave.

The girls get in line at the salad bar...

NEF  
Three days of peanut butter and  
honey.

IRIS  
Something green sure looks good.

They go through the line. Each girl has TDC's fifty - a ten  
and two twenties. The salad bar costs five dollars. They break  
the ten. They sit in a tiny six-table dining area that is just  
off the deli.

IRIS  
They're still staring.

NEF  
They wanna arrest us.

IRIS  
We're eating salad.

BRANDY  
This is Texas.

IRIS  
They think we messed up Adam's house.

BRANDY  
Maybe they're Adam's friends. And  
they are just as worried about him as  
we are.

NEF  
OR they might be the ones who  
ransacked his house.

BRANDY

Come on. One looks like the manager.  
The two postal guys.

NEF

Government!

BRANDY

Well, the cop...

IRIS

He looks scared.

NEF

He's not a real cop. A real cop would  
be over here already.

BRANDY

He's a school cop. Look at his patch.  
GISD Resource officer.

NEF

Who's the guy in the suit?

IRIS

He's coming this way.

Levitzky is approaching with Adam's friends close behind.

The girls all eye the door... they stop eating and contemplate  
running.

Ledbetter stops by the cash register and gets three fives.

Levitzky reaches into his back pocket, the girls think he's  
going for a badge, cuffs or a weapon. But he pulls out  
business cards.

LEVITZKY

Ladies?

(beat)

I'm Joe Levitzky, I'm an attorney  
here in town.

He hands them each a card.

BRANDY

You're my parole attorney.



NEF

Mine too.

Iris just gestures the same.

BRANDY

Small world.

LEVITZKY

Let me see if I can't...

(beat)

Brandy.

He points to Brandy.

LEVITZKY

Nafertiti. But you go by Nef.

He looks at Nef, and then at Iris.

LEVITZKY

And Iris.

Ledbetter approaches and gives them the three fives.

LEDBETTER

Your money's no good here.

BRANDY

Are you sure?

STANDISH

We lost Adam and we need to find him.

NEF

Wow.

POSTMASTER

So, maybe you can help us?

IRIS

Well, we don't...

BRANDY

Lost him?

LEVITZKY

Do you know anything?

NEF

His house has been ransacked.

IRIS  
Blood on the floor.

LEVITZKY  
The FBI left town.

BRANDY  
FBI?

LEVITZKY  
You girls don't know?

BRANDY  
Know what?

INT/EXT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Brandy is at the table. Also on the table is a paper bag from the Piggly Wiggly and there are snacks scattered throughout the room. Iris and Nef are on beds. The TV is on. but the mute is on. All three girls are on the phone.

NAF  
El Cid. Yes.

IRIS  
They just took him.

BRANDY  
Can you help?

There is a knock at the door. Brandy opens the door. It's the school cop. He has a stack of Adam's file folders about two feet thick. The shy cop says nothing. Brandy smiles and takes the files. Brandy, Iris, and Nef rifle through the files and call everyone.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

All three girls are on the phone.

NAF  
I know, I felt worthless too...  
useless.

IRIS  
Same with me I was down and out.  
Absolutely, depressed.

BRANDY

Without those letters I don't think I could have made it.

There is a fourth woman in the room now. She's brought breakfast burritos. She's also on the phone.

FOURTH WOMEN

Well, can you ask them? Please. This is important.

EXT. BUS STATION - NOON

The prison van brings a FORMER INMATE who is reluctant to board the bus. She's obviously looking for Adam. A LOCAL LADY points her to the Piggly Wiggly.

INT. PIGGLY WIGGLY - NOON

The group of Adam's friends has grown and they have moved to the grocery store. The entire group of sixteen women are in the deli area sitting at tables. All sixteen women are on the phones.

Levitzky brings them legal pads and pens. They are talking and making notes feverously. Ledbetter keeps their plates full of pickles, pickled okra, tomatoes, salad. He refills their iced tea glasses.

NAF

So we're looking for anybody that knows anything.

IRIS

But you hear people talking.

(beat)

Can you ask around?

BRANDY

Oh, you do? You're kidding. Can you let me know?

EXT/INT. ADAM'S HOUSE - EVENING

They are all back at Adam's house. It looks like a very large house party (200 WOMEN), but there isn't any music. There are all types - college girls, prostitutes, outlaws, biker chicks, criminals, cage fightings, guitar players, sketch-artists, dancers, cat burglars, girls-next-door, and good-hearted but unsightly women. Introverts, extroverts. All types!

The women are all holding a beer (two have wine) and most are on the phone. Three women brought their laptops. Other women are standing around drinking beer and polishing their weapons. The party is eerily quiet.

There is an aluminum horse trough in the front yard. It's full of iced-down beer. The beer distributor is a friend of Adam's and he nervously pulls up and dumps another 100 longnecks into the ice water. The ice house is owned by a friend of Adam and he pours 20 or 30 lbs of ice in as well. Neither men say a word. Nervous around an army of former inmates.

There are two RVs, two travel trailers, and six tents pitched out on the lawn. Many of the girls are wearing team jerseys.

An all-female MOTORCYCLE CLUB rolls up.

A limousine pulls up and drops off a GENUINE LADY.

GENUINE LADY

(to the limo driver)

Don't worry Miles. I'm with friends now. Just wait for me at that hotel. I won't be long.

The driver pops the trunk and the genuine lady lifts out a case of pepper spray and she enters the house. She steps on the police tape which has been discarded on the porch.

A PUNCH-DRUNK WOMAN arrives in a truck in worse condition than Adam's and asks every passer-by...

PUNCH-DRUNK WOMAN

Do you know where the fights gonna be?

(beat)

Do you know where the fights gonna be?

BRANDY

Are you drunk?

PUNCH-DRUNK WOMAN

No, I got hit once too many times. UFC cage fighter. It affected my speech. I do sound drunk however, you're right.

BRANDY

So, you knew Adam?

PUNCH-DRUNK WOMAN

No, but I heard there was gonna be a good fight so I come.

ONE WOMAN is giving a judo demonstration and ANOTHER WOMEN is teaching archery. Several women are shadow boxing. Two other women a sparing with boxing gloves on.

The NEIGHBORS don't know what to think, but they are afraid to venture over and ask. The guests are all female and it's a rough crowd. Too rough for the rough neighborhood.

A TINY WOMAN has a police-grade tazzar and she's showing a half dozen girls how to properly use it. Her LARGE GIRLFRIEND allows herself to be tazzed as a demonstration.

The punch-drunk woman has a set of brass knuckles and she's showing a half dozen girls how to properly use them.

The genuine lady is distributing the cans of pepper spray. The women take a can and continue to work the phones.

Num-chucks, throwing stars. One girl pulls a 9mm and the entire party stops. Everyone stops to look at her... felons are forbidden to carry firearms.

GIRL #1

(whispering)

Five years, federal.

GIRL #2

No parole.

The 9mm disappears back into the vehicle. The party resumes.

A LOCAL COP car pulls up the street toward the party... the party stops. Adam's friend, the school cop is down the block at a distance, just watching.

SCHOOL COP

You get a complaint?

LOCAL COP

No. So this is... uh... You keeping an eye on things?

SCHOOL COP

Hey, you think you could let them make it this time.

LOCAL COP

Not a problem; I don't want any part  
of that.

The local cop car backs away to a cross-street and detours  
around the party. The women look sternly at the school cop and  
he shrugs his shoulders. The party resumes.

Even the single men in the neighborhood are afraid to walk  
over to the party.

A MARRIED NEIGHBOR and his SINGLE FRIEND are watching from  
across the street.

WIFE

You better not go over there.

MARRIED NEIGHBOR

Don't worry baby. I'm gonna send Paco  
though.

The wife eyes them suspiciously but walks into the house.

MARRIED NEIGHBOR

So Paco, you're single... Why don't you  
go over there... see what sort of mess  
you can get into?

The Paco nervously refuses.

PACO

Are you kidding? Those women are way  
out of my league.

MARRIED NEIGHBOR

I thought you stabbed that guy in  
Brownsville and are all bad-ass.

PACO

I did, and I am, but I'm not going  
over there. No way, man.

Later...

INT. ADAM'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Everyone is sleeping in sleeping bags, under quilts. Brandy  
wakes everyone up. It's all very quiet... like Washington  
crossing the Delaware River. The women are going to sneak up  
on the cartel. The army of women leave town.

The women with hogs, walk them out to the highway and don't start the engines until they are out of earshot. Nothing is taken for granted.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - PORT OF HOUSTON - SUNRISE

The army of women sit and wait. The silence is interrupted by screeching tires. It's Angel. She pulls up in her daddy's farm truck.

ANGEL  
I'm sorry I just heard..

Brandy winces at the loud talk.

ANGEL  
(whispering)  
... and then I couldn't find this place.

Brandy looks at the building. No lights and it seems the bad guys are still sleeping.

BRANDY  
It's okay.

Brandy, Nef, Iris, and Angel stand surveying the battlefield.

ANGEL  
What's the backup plan?

Brandy shrugs.

Angel sees a dozen big green tractors lined up for export.

IRIS  
Everyone know their part?

BRANDY  
Okay then let's do it.

The best-looking woman... walks out and presents a sexy silhouette at the small human-size door. Nothing happens.

The punch-drunk woman runs up and knocks on the door. Then tries to open it and it's locked. She knocks... She knocks again.

Inside the guard is sleeping. Inside the warehouse there are two or three mobile homes. And perhaps a make shift dorm with bunks. A few cars and twenty sleeping drug smugglers.

The punch-drunk woman pounds loudly on the door.

PUNCH-DRUNK WOMAN  
Wake the (expletive deleted) up!

Long Long beat. Nothing happens. The plan isn't working.

Suddenly a big green tractor (620 hp) can be heard revving its engine. And the tractor soon appears headed for the big industrial-sized warehouse doors.

Angel is driving. She crashes the tractor through the big doors. The female felons scream and stream through.

The sleeping guard wakes up and looks out the window... something is going on so he opens the door. The punch-drunk woman knocks the dog shit out of him. Brass knuckles. Other women stream in through the smaller door.

All the girls are inside the warehouse and still no response. Are they even in the right warehouse?

The twenty men guarding the cartel warehouse are slow to respond. They don't appear for fifteen seconds. They wake up and come to the doors. But still can't process the sight. After twenty seconds, they scream and come to the fight. Several simply run away.

Fight sequence to the music of KUNG-FU FIGHTING (Carl Douglas)

The woman who fights with the most intensity is Angel. She abandons the tractor and with sheer determination and no weapons, it appears that she will reach Adam first.

The women are winning the fistfights but the cartel members pull weapons and the women must dive for cover. Their progress is stopped.

Angel retreats and reenters the tractor. She uses it to literally break the wall down. Behind the fallen wall is Adam.

When the cops arrive the girls scatter like quail.

The cartel members drop their weapons and the women get one or two more punches in on the bad guys who are trying to flee.

BRANDY  
(disappointed)  
The cops, who called the cops?



PUNCH-DRUNK WOMAN

I got to get out of here.

Adam is helped to the ambulance by Angel. For a second we think maybe Adam is out of his mind or dying.

ADAM

Wanna cut cards for a poke?

ANGEL

Sure!

INT. YELLOW ROSE - NIGHT

The dancer is eye-balling Desiree from another booth; she is livid!!! A group of female EX-CONS understand how badly Desiree's treated Adam, they call her some choice names when they leave. Even the men want nothing to do with Desiree.

BRANDY

You bitch!

NEF

You told the FBI Adam gave you the \$100 bill!

IRIS

If I weren't on parole, I would kick your ass.

The ex-cons get out of the way and the dancer approaches.

DANCER

Move, I'm not on parole.

(beat)

Your boyfriend? You ratted your own boyfriend? And What'd you get out of it?

(beat)

You betrayed that beautiful boy, for what?

DESIREE

Satisfaction. I got some satisfaction. Creepy dumbass.

The club owner is sadistically watching it all.

CLUB OWNER

(to the bouncer)

In the parking lot, the cameras are  
HD and the lighting is better.

The dancer smacks Desiree in the side of the head with a fist  
and the bouncer gets between them, but the dancer has her by  
the hair..

BOUNCER  
In the parking lot, ladies.

EXT. PARKING LOT - YELLOW ROSE - NIGHT

The dancer pulls Desiree by the hair outside into the parking  
lot. Beers in hand, the club empties into the parking lot.

The dancer punches Desiree in the chest. Desiree drops her  
purse.

DESIREE  
Ouch. Not the tits. Don't hit the  
tits.

DANCER  
Lower your guard then...

Desiree drops her hands to cover her tits and the dancer  
punches her in the face.

The dancer plays Mike Tyson on Desiree (body-face-body-face-  
face-face-face) until she falls to the pavement. Desiree's  
finished and it's over. Desiree's face is bloody and flat on  
the pavement. But she manages to find her purse.

The dancer is walking circles around her.

DANCER  
Get up bitch!

Desiree picks up her purse and she swings her purse at the  
dancer's ankles and out flies all sorts of makeup, condoms and  
drug paraphernalia and dope. Desiree is trying to pick it up  
when the local cop drives up. There are security cameras on  
the building. And, it's all caught on the policeman's body cam  
and the cruiser has a camera too, Desiree trying to pick the  
dope up.

COP  
What ya looking for?

Desiree doesn't look up but answers.

DESIREE

That bitch beat me up and scattered  
my dope everywhere.

COP

Keep looking; I bet you can find more  
than a gram.

Then she looks up and realized a the policeman. Desiree  
realizes she's going to prison.

DESIREE

I can't go to prison.

COP

Sure, you can. Lots of women go to  
prison. There's one right down the  
road. In fact, we got four. Take your  
pick.

She's GOING to prison.

EXT/INT. ADAM'S HOUSE - DAY

A woman is mowing Adam's lawn. Another is painting his house.

The inside of Adam's house is now a super-modern office. He  
has a full kitchen and things are looking extremely clean. The  
files have been picked up off the floor and digitized.

There are new state-of-the-art computers and printers. There  
are six beautiful women, ex-convicts, doing secretarial work.  
They are affixing stamps and placing letters in envelopes. One  
lady is taking a box of 100 envelopes to the post office.  
Another woman is on the internet and printing up lists of  
recently sentenced women. One woman brings Adam a Dr. Pepper  
and a grill-cheese with onions sandwich.

Adam is at the nicest superfast computer, typing letters to  
lady inmates. Nothing has changed only now he has a staff and  
it's all very upscale.

ROLL CREDITS (first half)

INTERRUPT CREDITS

EXT/INT. WILBARGER COUNTY FARMHOUSE - DAY

Adam's truck is entirely restored. Adam exits the truck.

In the field, Angel's father stops the tractor to watch.

Angel runs out to hug him.

She takes him by the hand and lead him inside to show him to her mother.

ROLL CREDITS (second half)

INTERRUPT CREDITS

INT. OWNER'S OFFICE - YELLOW ROSE

The club owner is leaning back in his chair watching the surveillance tape of the parking lot fight. He's laughing hysterically, sadistically. The tape is looped and it repeats.

FADE OUT

ALT TITLES

*Adam Writes Women in Prison*

*Prisonville*

*Gatesville, Texas*

If you would like to see this film produced and shown in theaters please write:

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