Copyright© 2010 Writers Guild Of America West. This screenplay may not be used or reproduced without the express written permission of the author.

shalom on the range:  
The story of the best little kibbutz in texas

by

Clint Hicks and Sherry Land-Hicks

10 Featherbush Ct.

Santa Fe, NM 87508

505-466-2306

© 2010 Clint Hicks and Sherry Land-Hicks. All Rights Reserved.

fade in:

ext. near Sandy Creek, Texas - day

A battered, older-model pickup truck, emblazoned “Sandy Creek Municipal Water Department,” careens up a dirt road through flat, mesquite-covered pastures. A Klezmer version of “Foggy Mountain Breakdown” plays on the radio. The truck skids onto the highway and past a city limits sign: “Sandy Creek: We Keep On Trying.” The truck enters a typical rural north Texas downtown—small, dilapidated, and fading—and just misses FIRST OLD LADY, who cartwheels up onto the sidewalk. FIRST FARMER stares.

First old lady

Pilates.

The pickup stops at the “Sandy Creek Sentinel” building. The driver, DELBERT KOLTHORPE—40s, moon-faced, in a work shirt—and his passenger, ELVIS JENKINS—40s, gaunt, clumsy, with a crumpled banner hanging out of his back pocket—jump out, run into each other, and try to squeeze past each other at the door.

Int. Sandy creek sentinel newspaper offices, back room

Small, dingy, cluttered. Delbert and Elvis run up to the desk at which GRADY PORTWOOD, newspaper editor, sits behind a computer. Delbert slaps his hand down on the desk.

Delbert

They’ve sold the Hartle Ranch!

ELVIS

After five years, it’s sold at last!

grady

No!

delbert and elvis

Lock, stock, and barrel. Cash money.

grady

For cash? To who?

Elvis

The guy wouldn’t tell us.

Grady

What guy?

delbert

Some real-estate fellow out of Dallas. We seen him puttin’ up a ‘Sold’ banner across the ‘For Sale’ sign.

elvis

He had on one of them little old hats, you know, like a beanie.

Elvis holds his hand over the crown of his head and turns.

Elvis (cont’d)

Coverin’ up his bald spot. Held in with hair pins.

delbert

All he’d say is that the buyer wanted to stay anon… anoner…, that they didn’t want nobody to know their name.

grady

An anonymous buyer! We gotta find out who they are. This might be our chance at last!

Elvis nods uncontrollably. Delbert elbows him. He stops. Meanwhile enter EARL BOWMAN, 40ish, tall and lanky, in dirty overalls. He walks to a small ‘fridge at the side of Grady’s desk and takes out a beer.

earl

What are you two knot-heads up to?

Delbert

For your information, Mr. Mayor, we was lettin’ Grady in on a scoop.

Earl

What scoop?

Earl takes a swig of beer.

elvis

They’ve sold the Hartle ranch, but nobody knows who bought it.

Earl chokes on his beer.

Earl

No! You know what this means! Shoot, I wish this was Wednesday.

grady

Get Patty Jean to let you move domino night to tonight. We’ve got to work out a way to get our plans to the new owners before anyone else does. Heck, they may already know the ranch is sold.

Delbert

Naw, we took care of that. Show ‘em, Elvis.

Elvis takes the cloth out of his back pocket and shows it. It reads “SOLD.” Earl sets down his beer.

Earl

That’s using your head, like you done in that State Quarterfinal football game. I’ll work on Patty Jean. Call y’all later.

Earl hurries out of the office.

Elvis

You think she’ll let him?

Grady

Well, he is the mayor.

Delbert

Yeah, but Patty Jean is the mayor’s wife.

They all nod once together.

Ext. Downtown near sandy creek sentinel newspaper offices - day

Earl Bowman runs across the street. An older Corvette with Texas license plate UMALLAH approaches. It veers to miss a dog. An older red pickup truck swerves to miss the ‘Vette. The truck, driven by RICKY HARLAN—20s, homely puppy cute, in ill-fitting overalls and a cap—nearly runs into Earl then screeches to a stop. Earl loses his balance and falls. Ricky gets out.

ricky

Oh good lord!

Ricky stoops to help Earl up.

ricky

Are you all right, Mr. Mayor?

earl

Let go! I’m all right.

Earl sniffs and looks disgusted

earl (cont’d)

Awwww! What on earth have you been getting into, boy?

Both look down at Ricky’s left boot, which is soiled with dog dung.

Earl

Well, if that ain’t you all over. Get back, I gotta go.

Earl walks briskly across the street to his own truck. Ricky shakes his head, inexpertly scrapes the mess off his boot with his truck running board, and gets in.

Ext. countryside near Sandy creek, Harlan Farm - DAY

Ricky’s red truck pulls into a partially-plowed field next to an old John Deere tractor. The ground between the tractor and the fence has been torn up. A large western raven sits on the tractor’s steering wheel. Ricky gets out of his truck and approaches the tractor.

Ricky

Just look at that ground. Who could’a done that? I’ll have to re-do it.

Ricky notices the raven.

Ricky

Oh come on, I have to get this field finished. Shoo!

Ricky shoos the raven off the tractor and gets pecked, cawed, and flapped at. The raven takes his cap and flies off. Ricky starts the tractor and plows. He hears a loud metallic noise behind him. He looks back.

Ricky

What the…?

A black geyser erupts like an oil-well gusher. There is a look of wonder on Ricky’s face, followed by one of disgust as the black droplets fall on his head.

Cut to:

INt. Harlan farmhouse, kitchen – day

Large, old-fashioned, homey. Ricky stands at the back door, his head covered in black ooze. His mother, VELMA HARLAN—50s, thin but good-looking, in a print dress—gets up from the table and a large mess of black-eyed peas.

Ricky

I think I know why Dad never plowed that one corner of the southwest field.

Velma

You mean where the city sewer line runs from the pump to the plant? Oh Ricky! Sometimes I think you don’t even know which way is north.

ricky

Maybe next time you’re pointing that way you’ll tell me. Besides, I had to do it; somebody had torn up the ground.

Velma

Some-thing you mean. It’s gotta be Hogzilla.

Ricky

Aw, Momma, there’s no such thing. It’s just some kids vandalizing the place, like they done with the chicken coop. I’ll put up flyers soon as I get clean.

Velma crosses to the sink and beckons to Ricky.

velma

Get over here then. Let’s get that stuff out of your hair.

Ricky walks over to and leans over the sink. Velma pulls out the hose and sprays his head and neck.

ricky

Ye-ow! That’s cold.

velma

It’ll warm up directly.

Velma washes for a moment.

velma (cont’d)

Honestly, how are you ever gonna catch a wife this way?

ricky

If it ain’t this way, I don’t imagine it’ll be any way at all.

Velma

That’s just exactly what I’m afraid of.

int. sandy creek sentinel newspaper offices, back room

Earl, Grady, Delbert, and Elvis play dominos at a card table set up in front of Grady’s desk.

Earl

(to Elvis)

You honestly don’t remember a thing about that game, do you?

Elvis

Nope.

Elvis shakes his head spasmodically. Delbert hits Elvis with his cap. He stops.

Earl

I remember it like it was yesterday.

Earl leans back in his chair.

Cut to:

Ext. sandy creek saber-tooths stadium – night (flashback)

Small, rickety stands, but well-attended. The SANDY CREEK SABER-TOOTHS and the CELESTIAL ANGELS football teams are lined up at the two yard line, Saber-Tooths on offense.

Earl (V.O.)

We was down by four with two minutes left. Fourth and goal from the two. You were supposed to block Matt Cooksey. But he fell down.

The center hikes the ball. One of the Angels cornerbacks (COOKSEY) trips and falls at the line.

earl (V.O., cont’d)

You didn’t see him, and bulled ahead. Straight into the goalpost.

The Saber-Tooth’s tight end (JENKINS) rushes head-down past the fallen cornerback and into the goalpost.

earl (V.O., cont’d)

You fell backward. Just as I heaved a pass Grady’s way.

The tight-end falls. The Saber-Tooth’s quarterback (BOWMAN) throws up a desperation pass.

earl (V.O., cont’d)

But he run into Delbert. Slick Myers tipped the ball.

Two Saber-Tooths receivers (KOLTHORPE and PORTWOOD) run into each other. An Angels defender (MYERS) tips the ball into the air.

earl (V.O., cont’d)

And it came down… Straight into your arms.

The ball falls into the tight-end’s arms.

earl (V.O., cont’d)

Somebody heard you say…

jenkins

Pam!

earl (V.O., cont’d)

…as you hugged the ball. And we won.

Cut to:

int. sandy creek sentinel newspaper offices, back room (present day)

Earl, Grady, Delbert, and Elvis shake their heads together.

Delbert

(to Grady)

And he ain’t been quite right in the head ever since.

Elvis nods uncontrollably. Delbert makes a face at him. He stops.

Earl

So you did use your head on that one other occasion.

delbert

He’s kind-of used it since.

earl

Well, he did have the idea to turn the old meat-packing plant into an ice factory. Too bad the state fire marshal objected. Kind of ironic, actually.

elvis

My cousin down at Waxahachie left an iron on once. Burned down her trailer.

delbert

And there was his suggested name for them venison sausages.

Earl

Yeah, but “Bambi Brand” didn’t turn out to be a winner. But it did get me to thinking about huntin’. And that’s when it hit me.

Elvis

(to Delbert)

That’s when it hit him.

Earl

A big game preserve! Right here in Sandy Creek.

Cut to:

ext. hartle ranch – day (six years ago)

Vast, rolling, covered with mesquite, prickly-pear cactus, and pale green grass. A road runs along the border.

earl (V.O.)

The Hartle Ranch is forty thousand acres, unused since Old Man Hartle got hit by that semi six years ago, bending over to pick up a nickel.

OLD MAN HARTLE, 70s, crazed, in a plaid shirt with pearl snaps, walks into the road in front of a truck, stoops to pick up a nickel, grins, then looks up as the truck honks.

old man hartle

Dammit.

earl (V.O., cont’d)

What with Old Lady Hartle bein’ crazier’n a shit-house rat…

cut to:

ext. hartle ranch, ranch house – day (five years ago)

Large, rambling, expensive-looking. OLD LADY HARTLE, 70s, Wicked Witch of the East ugly, in a housecoat, pours gasoline along the foundations behind her rose bushes.

old lady hartle

This’ll get them damned beetles.

She lights a match and tosses it into the roses. They explode.

earl (V.O., cont’d)

…and then the heirs arguin’ and fussin’…

cut to:

int. first baptist church, sanctuary – day (five years ago)

Snug, columnar stained-glass window behind pulpit, red fabric-covered pews in which the HEIRS (in mourning) and the CONGREGATION sit. The Congregation watch, petrified, as the Heirs throw punches, wrestle, hit each other with purses, and overturn Old Lady Hartle’s pink metal coffin.

cut to:

int. sandy creek sentinel offices, back room (present)

Grady, Delbert, and Elvis listen to Earl, rapt.

Earl (cont’d)

…wasn’t nothin’ done with the property. But now, with a new owner… Forty thousand acres for rich Dallas guys to hunt on. Gazelles, antelopes—that brother-in-law of yours will help out with that, Delbert.

Delbert nods.

Earl

All of the game just as tame as it can be, ‘cause we feed ‘em up good at designated spots. That’s your department, Elvis.

Elvis nods once. Delbert and Grady stare.

Earl

And you, Grady, to handle the publicity.

Grady

A ten-page web site with Sarah Palin endorsin’ us. In a moose hat.

Earl

Two thousand dollars a day per man.

Elvis

Maybe they can even hunt old Hogzilla.

Earl

Elvis, you know that’s just a story.

Elvis

But my granddaddy always said he seen…

Earl

Your granddaddy always said he seen President Roosevelt in a party dress.

Delbert

(to Grady)

Everybody knows it was Herbert Hoover.

Earl

That’s enough. We’ve each got to try to find out who them new owners are, before the ladies at the church or anybody else does. Good thing nobody else knows there are new owners.

Cut to:

int. rock inn café, dining room – night

Small, greasy, upholstered in patched red vinyl. MATT COOKSEY (40s, fat, disgruntled), ARLEN “SLICK” MYERS (40s, thin), and GEORGE RAWLS (40s, depressingly average) are seated over coffee and pie.

Matt

It’s been sold. Jimmy Skelton over at Archer City said the real estate agent stopped in at the café and told ‘em.

slick

Who bought it?

Matt

He wouldn’t say. So we’ve got to find out, before Earl and them can.

george

That touchdown still bothers you, don’t it?

matt

Damn-sure does. I moved up here from Celestial just to get back at ‘em for it. And I don’t have no objection to makin’ a pot of money in the process.

slick

That new electric transmission line really is going right across the southeast corner of the ranch?

Matt

Definitely. So we have to find out who the new owners are, and get ‘em to sell us that little worthless chunk before they know what they’ve got. And we need to get our plans in front of the new owners before them Sandy Creek guys or anybody else gets a chance to say…

Cut to:

int. First baptist church, Sandy creek, adult women’s sunday school room – night

Small, a circle of folding chairs. PAM COOKSEY (40s, short, formerly pretty), PATTY JEAN BOWMAN (40s, tall, sharp-featured), and the pastor’s wife, MURDY LAND (early 60s, earnest, perpetually and cluelessly worried), are seated.

patty jean

The Hartle Ranch has been sold. To some anonymous buyer. My sister-in-law down at Arlington keeps track of the listings for me.

Pam

So you see, Murdy, this is our chance to convince the new owners to shed a little money the church’s way, while they still have any.

murdy

Well, I won’t deny it would be a blessing. Arnold is a good husband and a good pastor, but he is just a little…

Patty Jean and Pam

(together)

Absent.

Murdy

Yes, that’s the kind way to put it. Some outside funds are probably the only way to keep us going.

Pam

The main thing is finding out who the owners are before anyone else does.

Patty Jean

At least we needn’t worry about my husband Earl and his buddies.

cut to:

ext. downtown sandy creek – day

Elvis talks on a pay phone next to the Dollar General store. Ricky, bareheaded, drives his pickup toward him, a stack of flyers (“REWARD: VANDALS”) on the passenger seat.

elvis

Yeah, I know this number comes in as “Anonymous.” We do that so the locals won’t know it’s the tax guy calling. Look, you got to put me in touch with the new owners… Yeah, I’ll hold.

Elvis waits on the phone while Ricky continues toward him. Ricky hits a bump in the road; the flyers slide off the seat. He looks down for them. The truck veers toward Elvis, who looks up horrified. Ricky grabs the flyers, looks up, and veers out of the way just as Elvis jumps. He partially severs the phone line.

Elvis

Hello? Hello?

Elvis looks at the phone and makes an exasperated face. He whips out a pair of pliers and quickly strips and re-splices the broken wire.

elvis

Hello? Yeah, I’m still here. Just had a little run-in with a taxpayer.

cut to:

int. sandy creek city hall, mayor’s office – day

Snug, 70s décor, wood-paneled. Earl, still in overalls, talks on the phone at his desk. Ricky is visible through the open door. He is at a counter with his stack of flyers.

earl

This is Earl Bowman, mayor of Sandy Creek, Texas. Look, I understand we’re to have some new residents in our county, and I was needin’ to get in touch with ‘em to let ‘em know about some projects we have goin’ on here. Yeah, I’ll hold…

Ricky

(to CLERK)

I just want to make sure I can post these flyers around town. Been having trouble with vandals. It’s okay, isn’t it? There’s not a fine or anything?

Clerk

No, but now I’ve got you here, there is a little matter of your taxes from quarter before last.

Ricky

Oh good lord! I forgot all about that. Here, I’ll take care of it now.

Ricky fumbles awkwardly for his checkbook, still holding his flyers. The checkbook is obviously in his shirt pocket. The clerk reaches up and takes it out for him.

Ricky

Oh, thanks.

Ricky feels for a pen. The clerk hands him the desk pen, which is on a chain.

Ricky

Thanks again. How much is that for?

Earl

(calls out to Ricky and clerk)

Could you two keep it down out there?

(to phone)

Excuse me, what’s that you say?

As Earl listens to phone, Ricky fumbles increasingly awkwardly with the pen and his flyers.

Earl

All I’m trying to say is…

(to Ricky)

Will you keep it down?

(to phone)

No, not you, I mean…

(to Ricky)

Be careful with that desk, it’s rickety and it’ll go right over…

(to phone)

Well, I just assumed you were at a desk, but I’m not talking…

(to Ricky)

Watch out!

The desk goes over. Flyers scatter everywhere. Ricky looks up sheepishly.

Cut to:

int. sandy creek sentinel offices, back room – day

Grady wears his “Press” hat and speaks on the phone. Ricky walks in with his now-soiled stack of flyers.

Grady

Grady Portwood here, editor of the Sandy Creek Sentinel. We’re doing a feature on the history of the Hartle Ranch. Gonna talk about the founders, the legend of Hogzilla, etcetera. It appears the ranch has been sold, and I was wantin’ to get a comment from the new owners. Yeah, I’ll hold…

He puts the phone on his shoulder and turns to Ricky.

Grady (cont’d)

What can I do for you?

Ricky

I’d like to put an ad in the paper. About vandals out at my place. You give a special rate to subscribers, right? ‘Cause I just had to pay…

GraDy

You ain’t a subscriber.

Ricky

Well, yeah, I am. Momma always…

Grady

You let your subscription run out last week. We sent three notices.

Ricky

Oh good lord! Momma’ll kill me. You reckon I can get a copy of this week’s issue from the machine outside?

Grady

Nope. Sold out. Account of that article about body-hair removal. Thinkin’ we might get a Pulitzer nomination for that one.

Ricky

Well, do you have any other copies layin’ around? I’ll pay double.

Grady

There oughta be a couple in that filing cabinet in the corner. Top drawer. But I’ll need you to renew your subscription. Six months this time.

(to phone)

Yeah, I’m still holding.

Ricky crosses to the filing cabinet and pulls the top drawer. It won’t budge.

Grady

It’s a little sticky.

(to phone)

No, that wasn’t to you. I got a customer here, and it’s a little sticky… I never said this was a massage parlor. I’m a journalist.

(to Ricky)

Without a hard jerk you’ll never get it to come…

(to phone)

No that wasn’t… Now just wait a minute, what are you insinuatin’?

Ricky takes an extra hard pull. The drawer releases, Ricky flies backward with it into the opposite wall, papers scatter all over.

Grady

Aw, now it’s everywhere.

(to phone)

That’s what my momma said?

Cut to:

ext. top of sandy creek water tower – day

Old-fashioned, graffiti covered, sixty-foot tower with a catwalk. Delbert is on the catwalk. He wears a safety harness and talks on his cell phone. Ricky, his truck parked next to Delbert’s, has taped a flyer to the fence and looks up at him.

Delbert

No, this is not Quantico, Virginia, and I did not order two dozen Vegan pizzas.

He beats his iPhone on his thigh, then redials.

delbert (cont’d)

Danged AT&T phones. Can’t hardly even get a good connection up here.

Ricky

(to Delbert)

Is that some new graffiti you’re cleaning off? Do you know who did it?

Delbert

(to phone, loudly)

It’s Delbert Kolthorpe.

Ricky

You’re not saying you did it, are you?

Delbert

(to Ricky)

Do you mind? This is First Fidelity Realty.

Ricky

Why would they spray-paint the water tower? Wait a minute; do you think it might be some kind of plot to drive down property values?

Delbert

(to phone)

Are you on a speaker phone? You’re gonna have to get closer.

Ricky

You want me to climb up? Well, all right…

Delbert

(to Ricky)

You durned idiot, you’ll…

(to phone)

No, not you. It’s this other guy. I need you to tell me who’ll be payin’ the water bill at the Hartle Ranch.

He pauses, then raises his voice.

delbert (cont’d)

Could you pick that durn thing up, please?

Ricky has climbed a short way up the ladder. He sees a lever.

Ricky

This?

Ricky releases the lever. Delbert looks panicked as the trap-door underneath him opens and he falls. His safety harness pays out uncomfortably fast. He knocks Ricky off the ladder, lands, rises, disentangles himself, and beats his phone on his pants leg again.

Cut to:

four-way of previous four scenes

Elvis, Earl, Grady, and Delbert are all on the phone.

elvis, earl, grady, delbert

(together)

What do you mean you can’t tell me? Don’t you know who I am?

int. sandy creek sentinel offices, back room – day

The cronies--Elvis, Earl, Grady, and Delbert—stand with depressed faces.

Earl

It shouldn’t take six weeks to settle a simple matter of ownership. It’s plain to me that none of y’all is a very good actor.

The four hear rumbling outside. Earl looks at the door. The rumbling gets louder.

Earl

What the hell is that?

The cronies hustle out of the office.

cut to:

Ext. street outside sandy creek sentinel office - day

The cronies crowd through the front door of the Sentinel onto the sidewalk. They see a parade of tractor-trailers and heavy machinery on the main street. The lead TRUCK DRIVER slows down his rig, then stops. He rolls down his window and calls out.

Truck driver

(to Elvis)

Hey, we missed the turn we took on the other trips. Can we get out to the Hartle Ranch this way?

Elvis

Just turn left when you get on out to the highway.

Truck Driver

Thanks!

He rolls up his window. The convoy continues.

Delbert

What in the sam hill?

grady

Headed for the Hartle Ranch, and not even their first trip, neither. We have to find out what’s going on.

earl

Before anybody else does.

ext. countryside at edge of hartle ranch – night

Matt, Slick, and George crouch by a fence.

matt

They wouldn’t say a word about the owners. So we gotta look around here and see if we can find a clue. It’s the only way to stay ahead of them Sandy Creek guys.

ext. countryside at edge of hartle ranch – night

Elsewhere, Pam, Patty Jean, and Murdy stand under a tree.

Patty Jean

I couldn’t get a peep out of ‘em about the new owners. But I have a sneakin’ idea there might be a clue around here, with all that machinery and construction goin’ on. I can’t imagine Matt and them would think of this.

ext. countryside at edge of hartle ranch – night

Elsewhere, the cronies stand near some prickly pear cactus. Elvis carries binoculars.

earl

Patty Jean said it was ‘girl’s night out’ over in Prestonville, so we’ll have plenty of time.

Ext. Harlan farmhouse – night

Old-fashioned, white wood siding, lawn needs mowing. Ricky stands, bareheaded, next to his pickup truck with Velma.

Ricky

Those last tracks head straight over into the Hartle Place. I think the construction guys might be in on it. I mean to find proof, or bust tryin’.

velma

Just don’t get busted up by Hogzilla.

Ricky rolls his eyes, allows Velma to kiss his cheek, gets into his truck, and drives off. Velma waves.

velma

He’s about to find out the truth, I ‘magine. Better get the first-aid kit ready. Now did I replace all them bandages we had to use last month?

ext. countryside at edge of hartle ranch – night

The Sandy Creek cronies creep through the mesquite brush up to the Hartle ranch fence. Elvis looks through his binoculars the whole time. He treads on Delbert’s heels.

Delbert

(to Elvis)

Will you cut that out? You’ve about got the skin on my ankles barked clean off.

earl

Keep it down, the pair of you! We’re almost there and they might have a guard patrolling or something.

They arrive at the barbed-wire fence. Earl motions for the others to climb over. Elvis gets hooked on a barb and falls. He lands on his back.

Elvis

Y’all might wanna be careful. I think that’s bob-wire.

Earl climbs over and steps on Elvis’s ankle.

Earl

No shit. Now get on up and let’s have a peek through them binoculars. You look, Delbert.

delbert

Naw, Elvis is the only one knows how to work them things.

Elvis gets up, cleans off his binoculars, and looks.

elvis

I think there’s some kind of buildings down over yonder, in that low spot just past them trees.

The cronies carefully take up a closer position.

Elvis

I can’t make it out.

earl

Gimme them glasses.

Earl seizes the binoculars and looks through them.

Earl

What the… Are those tents, or what are they? Is that a barracks? Boys, we gotta risk gettin’ closer.

Earl pauses. He listens intently.

Earl

What’s that noise?

cut to:

Ext. hartle ranch – night

Nearby, Matt, Slick, and George are inside the ranch fence.

Slick

Would you look at that, now! Seems like somebody’s got the jump on us, Matt.

Matt looks through binoculars.

Matt

Yeah, got here ahead of us.

George

What’ll we do, now?

Matt

I don’t know. Look at all that equipment! Wind turbines, solar cells, and every other kind of thing.

Matt pauses, looking concerned, and takes one sniff.

Matt

What the hell’s that?

Cut to:

ext. Hartle ranch – night

Nearby, Patty Jean, Pam, and Murdy crouch next to a stack of crates.

Patty jean

What on earth? Murdy, you was on that missionary trip to China. Does that look like Chinese to you?

Patty Jean gestures toward the nearest crate, which bears a stencil in Hebrew.

murdy

I believe it might be Chinese. I’d’a thought there wasn’t a Chinaman’s chance o’ seein’ that in Sandy Creek. Are we being invaded?

All three pause, stiffening.

Murdy, Pam, Patty Jean

(to each other)

Did you hear that?

cut to:

Ext. hartle Ranch – Night

Nearby, Ricky Harlan has crossed the fence. He examines the ground, oblivious to anything around him.

Ricky

This looks like the track. Makes for that low spot over there, where them tents are. Probably hidin’ out over there. I just got to be real careful and sneak up on ‘em.

Ricky puts his hand onto a small barrel cactus.

Ricky

Ouch!

Ricky sucks his wounded hand.

ricky (cont’d)

Who left that there? Wait, what’s that noise?

He looks up in concern. He hears a rustle and then the snap of a large branch. His eyes grow wide.

Ricky

Oh good lord!

Cut to:

ext. hartle ranch, Near cronies – night

The cronies crouch close to the tents.

Earl

Guess that noise really was nothing. Now lookee here. Does that look like tents to you all?

Delbert

Yeah, dozens and dozens of ‘em. All set up regular, like. Sure does look like that one movie. You know, where Steve McQueen bounces the ball?

Elvis

Chicken Run. I seen it.

Elvis nods. Delbert slaps Elvis with his cap. He stops.

earl

Is this a barracks? And what about that Chinese writin’ we seen? Are we about to be occupied by some foreign force?

grady

Naw! It ain’t foreigners! I seen this kind of thing on the Internet, when I was looking up facts about grape Kool Aid for a report on fabric-dyeing. This here’s a compound.

earl

(to Grady)

Like for a cult?

Grady nods vigorously. Delbert slaps him with his cap. Grady pokes Delbert indignantly.

Delbert

Sorry. Force of habit.

The four suddenly freeze with alarmed looks.

Earl

Y’all hear that?

They listen for an instant. They hear rustling, running, and yelling.

Earl

Over here!

The four hustle out of the way. As they look on, Matt, Slick, and George run by, panicked.

Matt

Evenin’, boys. Y’all might wanna clear out.

Delbert

(to Elvis)

Was that Matt and them?

As the four look after Matt, more noise comes from the other direction. The women run by.

Earl

Patty Jean?

Patty Jean

(calls back to Earl)

Take it on the lam, hun! I’ll have supper ready directly.

As the four look after the women, more noise comes from the other direction. Ricky Harlan runs up, sees them, stops, and makes to tip his (nonexistent) cap to Earl.

Ricky

Evenin,’ Mr. Mayor.

Ricky looks back over his shoulder, panics again, and runs.

Ricky

Save yourselves, it’s…

The cronies look back at what pursues Ricky. They are horrified.

earl, grady, delbert, elvis

(screaming together)

HOGZILLA!!!

A very large wild boar bears down on the cronies, who run like chickens with their heads cut off. They head toward the fence. All get over it except for Elvis, who is snagged. Hogzilla runs up, takes aim squarely at Elvis’s buttocks, and sends him flying over. He lands on his back in the patch of prickly pear cactus.

Elvis

Just like in that movie.

int. sandy creek sentinel offices, back room – day

The cronies stand around the desk, depressed. Elvis rubs his rear, hunches his shoulders and wriggles his back. Grady, seated, looks intently at his computer.

earl

I think it must be some kind of cult. Probably some of them vee-jans; you know, them guys that won’t eat meat.

Elvis

Maybe they eat chicken. My cousin knowed this vet-tranerian over at Archer City, and he ate chicken.

He nods uncontrollably. Delbert slaps him with his cap.

delbert

(to Elvis)

Idjit!

grady

Boys, come round here and look at this.

The other three crowd around Grady’s computer.

Grady

It’s worse than a cult, boys.

He points to a headline on a New York newspaper web site: “MESSIANIC JEWISH GROUP BUYS TX RANCH; TO RELOCATE.”

elvis

It’s Jews!

They hear loud noises on the street outside. They all look up.

EARL

Uh-oh!

The cronies rush to the door.

Ext. street outside sandy creek sentinel offices – day

The cronies stand near Delbert’s truck and stare at a scene like Exodus meets Mad Max. A Ford Country Squire station wagon leads the way, a giant menorah roped to its roof. RVs, Volvos, Smarts, and just about everything short of a horse-and-buggy follow.

delbert

I think they’re here.

The caravan continues down the street. People appear at doors of homes and business, jaws dropped. The last vehicle passes two old ladies on the street.

second old lady

(to First Old Lady)

They’ll never believe this back in Wichita Falls!

The caravan passes BLACK LADY (50s, large, formidably indignant).

black Lady

Umm-hmm. Good luck with all that.

The caravan leaves downtown and passes an old house with a shady front porch and a white fence (sign: “KEEP OFF MY LAWN. NO TRESPASSING”), on which GRANDPA (80s, comical, in overalls) is seated in a rocker, hands covering his face. His GRANDDAUGHTER calls from inside the house.

Granddaughter

What on earth is all that ruckus, Grandpa?

Grandpa

I don’t know! I cain’t look at it! It makes me too drunk!

Granddaughter

You want somethin’ for it?

grandpa

Potted meat and crackers!

Ext. street outside sandy creek sentinel offices – day

The cronies stare after the caravan. A large, heavily tricked-out Ford F650 truck drives up behind them. The truck has a police light-bar, an emblem on the side reading “Sandy Creek County Sheriff”, and a personalized license plate reading “BIGGUN”. A voice calls out.

Sheriff

Mr. Mayor! Just the man I wanna see! Y’all hang on a minute.

The cronies turn to look at the truck. A very large man in mirrored shades, dressed as a deputy, has his head out the passenger window. The passenger door of the truck opens and the very large man gets out. He crosses to the driver’s side, opens the door, reaches up, and carries out SHERIFF BEATTY (40s, dwarf, supremely confident). The large man (PEAK) approaches with the Sheriff under his arm.

Earl

Always did have the biggest one in the county. Even in high school.

Elvis

Yeah, but I heard he was gonna sue the city.

Earl

(to Elvis)

What for?

Delbert

Cause y’all built the sidewalk too close to his butt!

Elvis and Delbert giggle. Elvis nods. Earl slaps both.

Earl

Here he comes! Look sharp.

All four cronies compose themselves. Peak walks up with the Sheriff and sets him down.

Sheriff

What’s all this commotion down through here?

The Sheriff holds out his hand, grasps the cigar that Peak puts into it, and puts in his mouth

Sheriff (cont’d)

One o’ y’all reach me down a light.

Delbert and Elvis struggle to light the Sheriff’s cigar.

Sheriff

Much obliged. Now what’s goin’ on down here? What was all that ruckus?

Earl

Well, Sheriff Beatty, we think a large number of, well, Jewish people are moving onto the Hartle Ranch.

Sheriff

Jewish people! You mean as in ‘Jews?’ Good Lord and butter!

Grady

We think it’s some kind of commune.

Sheriff

A kibbutz, you mean! I expect y’all got some idea what you’re gonna do about it?

Earl

Well, no, not yet.

Sheriff

Call a town meetin’. Get some ideas that way. Me and my boys’ll provide the crowd control.

The four cronies nod. Elvis slaps Delbert with his cap.

Sheriff

Well, boys, pending that, I’m off down to the café, get me a piece of pie. See if Louise is workin’.

The Sheriff winks. He walks down the street, followed by Peak. The Sheriff looks down at one of Delbert’s tires.

Sheriff

(to Delbert, without turning around)

Delbert, you’re three inches too far from the curb!

The UMALLAH ‘Corvette rounds a corner and blows past the Sheriff and Peak. The Sheriff reaches up and Peak hands him a notebook. The Sheriff makes a notation and hands the book back to Peak, all without looking at him.

Sheriff

I’m’a get that sumbitch one o’ these days.

Earl turns to Grady.

earl

Get down to the radio station and get it out quick as you can. Town meeting down at the stadium, seven o’clock tomorrow night! Attendance mandatory! Make ‘em think we’ll be takin’ names.

Grady

Will do, your honor!

Elvis calls up to the others

Elvis

It’s eleven inches, all right!

The other three stare down at Elvis, who looks after the Sheriff admiringly. Elvis holds a tape measure.

elvis

You’re eleven inches from the curb, Delbert. Three inches too much.

Delbert slaps Elvis with his cap.

Cut to:

ext. sandy creek motor lodge, sandy creek – day

60s vintage, moldy-looking, courtyard with empty pool behind chain-link fence. The last of the caravan passes. The MOTEL OWNER—50s, East Indian, comfortably fast-- stands with mouth agape. The last of the caravan passes. He whips out a cell phone.

motel owner

(In Arabic, with subtitles)

Code J! Code J!, I tell you. In Sandy Creek. No, I am not making this up! Code J!

fade out

faDe in

ext. sandy creek saber-tooths stadium – night

People assemble in the stands. Earl stands at a dais on the 50-yard-line, behind a podium with a microphone. Delbert sits at his side. Elvis and Delbert sit on the lowest bleacher directly in front of Earl. The Sheriff stands on a small step-ladder and directs the crowd. Peak stands next to him. Peak holds a megaphone to the Sheriff’s mouth.

Earl

If y’all could just hurry on in, we could get this meeting started.

Delbert

He does have a way with this sort of thing, don’t he?

Elvis nods. Delbert elbows him. He stops. First Farmer and SECOND FARMER take places behind them.

First farmer

I don’t think it’s Jews at all. I think it’s that Borat guy.

Second Farmer nods vigorously. The Sheriff calls to Earl.

Sheriff

We got everybody seated. Y’all go on.

earl

Thank you, Sheriff. Now then. I know y’all must have a pretty good idea of why we’re here tonight. Not many of us missed seeing that little parade yesterday. Except Grandpa, of course; y’all’ll be happy to know he’s better.

First Farmer nods to Second Farmer.

Second farmer

(to First Farmer)

Got some potted meat and crackers. Just in time.

Earl

So, based on what our esteemed editor of the Sentinel…

Earl nods toward Grady, who sits back smugly.

earl (cont’d)

…has been able to discover, a group from New York City has bought up the Hartle Ranch and intends to occupy it. Thing is, well, none of these folks are gonna be applying for membership down at First Baptist. So we got to make up our minds what we’re gonna do about all these…

Earl looks up. The JEWS enter the stadium. They overwhelm the Sheriff and his men. The women are dressed plainly but with care, the men dressed similarly. The Jews are led by their prophet’s right-hand man, MORDECAI BAUMANN (50s, fat, friendly but slightly oily).

Earl

…Jews.

mordecai

Yes, that’s us! Sorry we’re late. Morty wouldn’t ask for directions.

As the rest of Sandy Creek gape, the Jews disperse themselves among them. FIRST JEWISH LADY (possible cameo) and SECOND JEWISH LADY (ditto) sit near Patty Jean and Pam.

first jewish lady

(to Patty Jean)

Oooh, you’re gonna have to tell me who does your hair.

(aside to Second Jewish Lady)

So I can avoid them like the plague.

Mordecai sits near First Farmer and Second Farmer. He gestures toward First Farmer’s overall straps.

mordecai

Don’t those things chafe?

Earl finally speaks.

earl

Uh, yes. Uh, thanks for joining us here tonight.

Mordecai

(to Earl, loudly)

Well, we want to be good citizens, you know. We just moved in, and it wouldn’t do for us to miss an important town meeting during our first week. So, here we are. What’s to do?

earl

Well, uh, we were uh, wondering…

He looks to Grady, who shrugs.

Earl (cont’d)

Yes, uh, what we might do… about…

The Sheriff stands low in the bleachers, only his hat visible. Peak picks the Sheriff up.

Sheriff

Ask ‘em what in the sam hill they ever come here for.

Peak sets the Sheriff down.

Earl

Yes, uh, well, that.

Mordecai

A fair question, indeed. I assume that you have perused our Web site.

Grady nods emphatically.

mordecai (cont’d)

Very good. From our site you can learn a little bit about us, but you cannot learn the whole truth. As fellow citizens of Sandy Creek--which anyone would realize applies to us as a corner of our ranch is within city limits…

delbert

(aside to Elvis)

I knew getting the Hartles on the tax rolls would end up bitin’ us in the butt.

mordecai

…however, I think it important that you should know everything.

Fade to:

Int. New York City, Goldstein, silverman, and Baumann Investment bankers company ballroom – night (flashback)

Large, expensively furnished, brilliantly lit and decorated for a holiday party. A large CROWD, dressed in tuxedos and evening dress, mill about, many of the Jews among them.

Mordecai (V.O.)

Most of us were employees or relatives of those working at Goldstein, Silverman, and Baumann. We were having our annual holiday party, which takes place on the first night of Hanukkah. Chairman Goldstein rose to propose a toast.

LEVI GOLDSTEIN, 50s, dapper but slightly uncomfortable, rises from the head table and holds up an empty champagne glass as he raps on another. A champagne fountain, rattling ominously, sits on a buffet table behind him.

mordecai (V.O., cont’d)

It seems his glass was empty. Unbeknown to us, however, due to a faulty wiring job, a problem had developed with the champagne fountain.

Cut to:

ext. sandy creek saber-tooths stadium – night (present day)

Second Jewish lady

(to First Jewish Lady)

Your cousin Ira.

Mordecai nods. He continues.

Int. New York City, Goldstein, silverman, and Baumann Investment bankers company ballroom – night (flashback)

mordecai (V.O.)

Chairman Goldstein attempted to refill his glass. And like lightening it hit.

The champagne fountain makes a noise like the UMALLAH Corvette. Levi Goldstein is electrocuted.

Mordecai (V.O., cont’d)

Ah, but this was no ordinary electrocution! A channel to the Truth it opened! And Chairman Levi spoke.

Levi goldstein

Can’t go on this way. Can’t! Gotta get out. Gotta go! GOTTA GOOOOOO!

Cut to:

ext. sandy creek saber-tooths stadium – night (present day)

Mordecai

Needless to say, the party broke up soon afterward.

first jewish lady

(to Patty Jean)

The band was paid for until ten.

mordecai

Subsequent conversations with our Chairman—along with some statements of his that could only be thought of as at least borderline prophetic if not downright miraculous—convinced many of us that a new calling awaited. For the peace of the world, we diverted our investments and left New York City. But not for the Holy Land…

Second Jewish lady

(to Pam)

Export controls.

mordecai

No, we came… to Texas. Because here you have sun, which New York largely, except at certain times in the spring and during that awful heat wave every summer, does not. And also wind. Which is not normally found in New York except near Gramercy Park.

Mordecai spreads his arms.

mordecai (cont’d)

The power of electricity! That is what we are here to harnass for the world! The miraculous vision of our former chairman, whom we all now know as Rabbi Levi Goldstein!

Mordecai gestures to the back of the stadium. All turn to see the RABBI (think Christopher Lloyd from Back to the Future, wearing black robes and a yarmulke held on over his wild hair by a chinstrap). He stands on the top of Sheriff Beatty’s step ladder. He acknowledges the attention of the crowd, turns and dismounts the ladder, and walks out.

Earl

Yes, well, uh, I guess the question is…

(aside to Grady)

What do we do now?

mordecai

All we ask is that you make us as welcome as you can here, and that we strive to live together as a community. Whadda you say. Is it a deal?

Second jewish lady

(to First Jewish Lady)

Always with the deals, that one.

Earl

Well, I suppose, I mean, as you are technically residents, well, uh.

He looks at the crowd. The Sandy Creek people all shrug.

earl (cont’d)

Well, yes.

The Jews politely applaud. Peak picks the Sheriff up so his head is above the rail.

Sheriff

I guess y’all can all go home now. Don’t let me catch anybody speedin’.

The crowd file out. First Farmer and Second Farmer are among the last to leave.

first farmer

(to Second Farmer)

You just wait and see. Bet you a dollar we end up in a movie.

He looks straight out at the camera.

first farmer

Hope my hair’s all right.

Cut to:

ext. downtown sandy creek – day

The Jews do business in town. A JEWISH MAN stands near First Farmer outside the grocery store.

First Farmer

(to JEWISH MAN)

Well, the best cheeseburger in town is at the Rock Inn Café.

Cut To:

int. ferguson brothers grocery store – day

Small, poorly stocked. JEWISH LADY 3 (possible cameo) and JEWISH LADY 4 (ditto) stand in the bread aisle. The STOCKBOY passes.

jewish lady 3

Excuse me, young man. Where are the matzos?

stockboy

The which? Ma’am?

jewish lady 4

(to Jewish Lady 3)

I told Mortie there’d be no way we could live here. It’s like your cousin Ira times a thousand.

(to Stockboy)

The matzos, young man. You know, the unleavened bread.

stockboy

Un-which, ma’am?

jewish lady 4

Unleavened. You know, flat.

stockboy

Oh, the crackers are on Aisle 3.

The two ladies turn to each other and sigh.

Cut TO:

ext. downtown sandy creek – day

Patty Jean stands in front of the Dollar General next to JEWISH MAN 2 (possible cameo). She points to his yarmulke.

Patty Jean

Does that help hold on the Rogaine?

Cut To:

int. dollar general, sandy creek - day

Small variety store, couple of amusing sale signs. Jewish Man 3 (possible cameo) stands at the counter, holding a couple of small items. He gestures with one toward the CLERK.

jewish man 3

We both know you’re not getting a dollar for this. Now I’ll give you seventy-seven cents. For two.

The clerk regards him with amazement.

Jewish man 3

I’ll write you a check. Payable day after tomorrow. Do you have a pen?

Cut to:

ext. downtown sandy creek – day

Elvis stands outside Hallsup’s Convenience Store next to Jewish Lady 2.

Elvis

Aw come on. If Jesus was Jewish, wouldn’t it say so in the Bible?

Cut to:

int. hallsup’s convenience store – day

Very dirty and cluttered, with a hotlamp-heated food case on the counter. Jewish Lady 1 is looking at it. HALLSUP’s CLERK (possible cameo) waits on her.

jewish lady 1

Are the burritos kosher?

hallsup’s clerk

Yes, ma’am, those are the real, genuine Hallsup’s burritos all right.

jewish lady 1

No, I mean are they kosher?

Hallsup’s Clerk

Oh, sorry. Naw, there ain’t no pickles in ‘em.

Jewish lady 1

Whatever. Maybe I’ll try a chimichanga.

Hallsup’s Clerk

Oh that’s a good choice. We just changed out the fryin’ lard last week.

Cut To:

Ext. sandy creek main street – day

On the outskirts of downtown, near a vacant lot, no sidewalk. Ricky Harlan walks with a tire over his arm. He looks very dirty and disheveled. SARAH GOLDSTEIN, the Rabbi’s daughter (20s, short but probably cute when better dressed, in glasses), walks down the street toward him. As they pass, both looking away shyly, the UMALLAH ‘Vette blows by. Ricky is started and careens into Sarah. Both stagger (upright) into a mud puddle. Ricky’s right and Sarah’s left foot are stuck. They cannot free themselves.

Ricky

Oh good lord! I mean, gosh, well, I mean, I’m sorry. You aren’t hurt, are you?

Sarah

Oh no, I’m fine. It’s just, I really shouldn’t be talking to strangers.

Ricky

But I’m not a stranger; I’ve lived here all my life. Ricky Harlan.

He offers his hand, sees it’s covered in tire dirt, and pulls it back. He rubs it on his even dirtier overalls.

sarah

Sarah Goldstein.

Ricky

Oh, is your father the one they call the Rabbi?

sarah

Yes. I mostly just call him Dad.

Ricky

That must be interesting. Having him as your Dad and all, I mean.

Sarah

I don’t know. I think maybe it was better before. And even before, even before he became the Rabbi, he was getting kind of… Well, I really shouldn’t be saying this to a stranger.

Ricky

Well don’t. But you can talk to me. I’m not very strange. Listen, maybe some time, you wouldn’t want to…

Sarah frees herself from the mud, interrupting Ricky.

Sarah

Oh, I got loose! Well, I better go. They’re expecting me.

Ricky

Oh, okay.

Ricky watches Sarah walk off, sighs, then gives his boot another yank. He frees himself suddenly, overbalances, and falls backward. While Ricky is on his back, Sarah looks back at him. She turns with a sigh to walk on.

Ricky

Oh good lord. Maybe Mom’s right. I’ll never get a date going on this way.

cut to:

Int. o’reilly house, living room – day

Small, dingy, 70s furnishings. The phone rings. SEAMUS O’Reilly (50s, burly, red-headed, in a stained wifebeater shirt) answers.

seamus

O’Reilly residence. Seamus speaking.

He listens for a moment.

Seamus (cont’d)

No, you want my son. Just a minute.

He sets down the phone and shouts toward the back of house.

Mustafa! It’s for you!

mustafa (o.s.)

I got it!

int. o’reilly house, mustafa’s bedroom - day

Laundry-strewn, posters of automobiles and one of Osama bin Laden. MUSTAFA (20s, dark, athletic, hiply dressed) is sprawled on his bed with an open copy of Car and Driver. He picks up the phone on his nightstand.

Mustafa

Talk to me.

Mustafa’s expression is at first bored, then puzzled, then increasingly alarmed.

mustafa

But… But I never thought… Yeah, I know I swore an oath. It’s just… All right… No, you don’t’ have to do that, really. Besides, my dad is a really big guy and he might… OK, OK, I see your point. No, I’ll get right on it.

Mustafa hangs up the phone.

mustafa (cont’d)

Shit!

Mustafa jumps off his bed and sprints out of his bedroom.

Cut to:

Int. o’reilly house, living room – day

Mustafa runs past his father to the front door.

mustafa

Gotta go, it’s about a job.

seamus.

About flippin’ time.

Cut to:

ext. o’Reilly House driveway –day

Small, shady but otherwise nondescript. The UMALLAH Corvette is parked in the driveway. Mustafa runs out of the house, jumps into the ‘Vette, roars out of the driveway, and takes off down the street, tires smoking.

cut to:

int. sandy creek baptist church sanctuary – day

The Baptist ladies are seated along with representatives from the Sandy Creek Kibbutz, including Mordecai Baumann.

Mordecai

So it’s easy, really. You need money; we need space. For temple and all. Why shouldn’t we cut a deal?

Murdy

Yes, why not! I’m certain Arnold would say the same. I’m so sorry he can’t be here to handle this in person. He’s been laid up these last couple of days. I think it might be asthma.

Patty Jean

(to Pam)

Sounds like he’s allergic to something. Or someone.

Pam elbows Patty Jean.

Mordecai

(to another member of his delegation)

Just like your Cousin Ira.

(to Murdy)

Well, Mrs. Land, if everything’s in order, I suppose we could sign these papers. Of course you’ve read them.

Patty Jean

Yeah, we’ve read ‘em.

(to Pam)

Not a very good Jew, that one. Who on earth would give so much money for a lease, and mostly just for Saturdays?

Mordecai and the others watch Murdy sign.

Mordecai

Yes, that’s right. And you’ll get your husband to sign, too? And the deacons? Very good. Oh, there’s just one question. That therapy pool you have at the back, behind the dais?

Pam

(to Patty Jean)

I think he means the baptistery.

(to Mordecai)

Yes, what about it?

Mordecai

Do you think maybe we could get whirlpool jets installed in there?

The Baptist ladies pause and stare.

Murdy

I’ll… I’ll talk to Arnold about it.

Mordecai and the other Jews rise.

Mordecai

Excellent! Just give me a call when you’ve got the rest of the signatures. You’ve got my cell number.

The Jewish delegation departs, with no one exactly sure how to politely take leave of the other. The ladies return to their seats.

Patty jean

I just don’t know. Here we are, as a church, dealing with these people.

pam

But Patty Jean, it was your idea to hit the new owners up for money. And you’re the one who got us to start sending all that money to Israel. On account of the rapture, remember?

patty jean

I know, but that was Israel. These are Jews, for Christ’s sake!

cut to:

Ext sandy creek, mankiller house – day

The word “MANKILLER” appears on the side of a mailbox, in front of a small frame house like Mustafa’s. Mustafa pulls up in his Corvette, parks, runs up to the door, rings the bell, and enters.

int. mankiller house, living room – day

Tidy, Western décor. WILBUR Mankiller--50s, American-Indian, in jeans and a plaid shirt--sits in a recliner watching TV. Mustafa stands at the door.

mustafa

I gotta talk to Virgil.

Wilbur

Oh, he’s back in his room with his sister. Just go on in.

Int. mankiller house, Hall outside virgil’s bedroom – day

Poster of Chief Iron Eyes Cody on door. Mustafa approaches, hesitates. VIRGIL and SOPHIE Mankiller speak loudly within.

virgil (o.s.)

You’re not doing it fast enough. Faster! Faster!

SOPHIE (o.s.)

You’re hurting me. Lighten up!

virgil (o.s.)

Shut up! Keep going. Don’t stop, don’t stop, don’t stop! There, there, there!

sophie (O.s.)

Yeeeeeeaaaaaarrrrrrghhhhh!

Wilbur Mankiller (o.s.)

(to Mustafa)

Go on in. They’ve been at it for hours. Could probably use your help.

Mustafa winces, opens the door with eyes shut, and goes in.

int. mankiller house, virgil’s bedroom - day

Native American Gothic. Virgil--19, white with a fauxhawk--lies on his stomach next to sister Sophie--13 , bratty, in boy’s overalls—playing a video game. Mustafa blows out a sigh of relief.

Virgil

Aw, crap! We missed! Oh, hi Mustafa.

mustafa

(to Sophie)

You, out. Him and me gotta talk.

Sophie gets off the bed.

Sophie

More like ‘make out’, you mean.

Sophie exits, sticking her tongue out at Mustafa. He seizes a random object from Virgil’s desk and makes to throw it.

virgil

Don’t!

He takes the object from Mustafa and shuts the door.

Virgil

That’s a Cherokee medicine bag. It’s precious.

mustafa

Looks like something you keep weed in.

Virgil carefully sets the object back on his desk.

Virgil

Sometimes. So what’s up? Did you send those Vegan pizzas to the FBI?

Mustafa

Yeah, but that’s not important right now. I got a phone call. From ‘aitch –q’.

Virgil

H-Q?

Mustafa

No. AAAAAAAAAAitch – Q.

(whispers)

We’re not supposed to say ‘A’. You know, those guys.

Virgil

No shit! From Al Qaeda!?

Mustafa

We’re not supposed to say it, you moron. Somebody might be listening. I have a rendezvous, and I need you to come with me.

Virgil

Cool! Let’s go.

They open the door to the hall. Sophie loiters there.

Virgil

(to Sophie)

Don’t mess with my stuff.

They pass. Sophie remains, listening.

Virgil (o.s.)

(to Wilbur)

Me and Mustafa are going cruising.

Sophie

(aloud to self)

Cruising for Al Qaeda, eh? This is gonna cost you, Mustafa.

EXT. sandy creek kibbutz at hartle ranch –day

A large, Army-style tent set apart from the other tents. The cronies stand with Mordecai. A helicopter takes off nearby, startling the cronies. Mordecai gestures toward it.

Mordecai

You would not believe the meshuggas involved in getting a few fresh bagels. We have to fly them in from Dallas.

elvis

That must cost a lot.

Mordecai

It costs plenty; don’t worry about it. So, the Rabbi is in here. He’s expecting you.

The cronies and Mordecai enter the tent.

INT. Rabbi goldstein’s tent, sandy creek kibbutz – day

Napoleonic. Fitted up like an office and bedroom. The Rabbi sits at a table covered with Legos. Sarah folds clothes nearby, looking pained and concerned.

Rabbi

Come in, come in. You’re almost late, which means you’re on time, but still almost late. What can we do for you?

Earl

Well, uh, your Grace…

Rabbi

Grace! Grace Kelly! Ginger Rodgers and Fred Astaire! Those were the days! But I digress. Go on.

The cronies stare. Earl nudges Grady.

Grady

You see, sir, we have a potentially profitable idea. Your ranch would make a fine big-game preserve for wealthy hunters. We could manage it for you. Even with y’all’s energy equipment, the ranch could support lots of game.

Elvis

It supports old Hogzilla just fine.

Rabbi

Hogzilla? What’s that?

Grady

Well, sir, what we call ‘Hogzilla’ is just a very large wild boar.

Rabbi

A bore? Mordecai is sometimes a bore, aren’t you, Mordecai? Like last night when you were on the phone with your Cousin Ira.

Mordecai nods.

Rabbi (cont’d)

A bore like that?

delbert

No sir. This would be more like a great big old pig.

Rabbi

A pig! Great pea soup, that can’t be good. A pig we cannot have. Especially not a big one. Named Hogzilla.

Earl

Well, perhaps the first hunters we take in could hunt Hogzilla.

Rabbi

No, before that even. Mordecai, I have a vision. Write this down. A vision of these fellows capturing Hogzilla.

Earl

Well I suppose it could be done. Probably take a thirty-ought-six to bring him down though. Any lesser shot…

Rabbi

No! No shedding of blood! Not pig blood. Because then we get HazMat involved, and there’s soil removal, and reforestation, and there goes all your profit from the game preserve. You have to capture Hogzilla.

He motions to Mordecai to have the cronies leave.

Rabbi (cont’d)

I have to go now. So you’re on the case. Capture Hogzilla, take her someplace, and then we’ll make a party, and we’ll talk about the game. Unless there’s no game on, in which case we’ll talk about your plan.

(to Mordecai)

Mordecai, a word.

Mordecai

Antioxidant?

Rabbi

A very good word indeed!

The cronies leave the tent.

Ext. sandy creek kibbutz – day

The cronies stand at the tent door.

Elvis

(to Delbert)

You think he might really be the Messiah?

Delbert

With hair like that?

int. sandy creek motor lodge, Lobby – day

60s vintage, vinyl chairs covered with garish afghans. Mustafa and Virgil enter. Motel Owner stands behind the front desk.

mustafa

I’m here for the dry cleaning.

motel owner

Dry cleaning? This is a motel, you idiot.

mustafa

No, the dry cleaning.

He winks elaborately at Motel Owner.

mustafa (cont’d)

You know. The ddddrrrryyyyy cleaaaaning.

motel owner

Oh!

He reaches under the front desk and pulls out a large, overstuffed manila envelope. He hands it to Mustafa.

motel owner

They told me it was laundry.

Mustafa opens the packet, takes out a letter, and reads. He looks increasingly horrified.

Mustafa

(to Motel Owner)

You’re going to help with this, right?

motel owner

Are you mad? This is your problem. You cashed the check, Corvette Boy!

Mustafa

But it says here we have to…

The Motel Owner puts his fingers in his ears.

Motel owners

LA LA LA. I can’t hear you! Don’t want to know! You’re wasting your breath, you Chevy-pushing punk!

Enter MOTEL OWNER’s WIFE—50s, severe-looking, hair in tight bun, wears a large cross on a chain.

MOTEL OWNER’s wife

What are you heathens shouting about?

Motel owner

Nothing, my dear! These two young men are just going!

Motel Owner hustles Mustafa and Virgil outside, calling after them from the door.

Motel owner

And don’t come back, or I’ll report you!

int. o’reilly house, mustafa’s bedroom – day

Mustafa and Virgil sit on Mustafa’s bed. Mustafa pulls a pair of underwear out of the manila envelope. The crotch of the underwear is stuffed.

Virgil

They don’t seem to have a very high opinion of you.

Mustafa

This is plastic explosive, you shithead! They want me to be a suicide bomber!

Virgil

Cool! Who you gonna kill?

Mustafa

Nobody, you tick turd.

Virgil

What’s the use of committing suicide if you don’t take anyone with you?

Mustafa slaps Virgil with the underwear, realizes he might have set it off by doing so, and puts it down gingerly.

Virgil

I’ve never had your underwear in my face before.

Mustafa

Cut that out! Look, Headquarters wants me to get close to that Rabbi that’s moved onto the Hartle Ranch, and use this underwear blow him up.

Virgil

You said you weren’t going to kill anybody.

Mustafa

I’m not! I just signed up on that stupid web site you found to get the money. I never intended to actually kill somebody.

Virgil

What happens if you don’t kill him?

Mustafa

Then they kill me.

Virgil

So you end up dead either way. You may as well go out in a blaze of glory.

mustafa

I’m not going out at all! You have to help me think of a way out of this.

virgil

Well, suppose you put the underwear in the Vette’s trunk, then you ask the Rabbi if he wants to borrow it, then you use the remote control from your Havoc Heli to him up!

mustafa

And ruin the ‘Vette, are you crazy? There’s got to be a better way. At least we have a time to think of one. Punk-ass little town like this, couldn’t be a person in the world that thinks something might happen here.

Cut to:

ext. quantico, Virginia, fbi operations center – day

Low-slung, steel-and-glass government building.

int. fbi operations center, field director’s office – day

Typical government office. The FIELD DIRECTOR—50s, fat, harried--sits at a desk with a piece of paper in hand.

field director

Goddammit. Not another one.

He buzzes the intercom.

field director (cont’d)

Grace, send in Agent Codenames A and B.

Grace (o.s.)

Alpha and Beta? They’re in Detroit.

fbi field director

What about Aardvark and Bonobo?

grace (o.s.)

They’re in Wasilla.

field director

All right. Anthrax and Bubbles, then.

Grace (o.s.)

Not them! Because last time…

FBI FIELD DIRECTOR

Just send them in! I know we’re scraping the bottom of the barrel, here, but everybody else is in the field shadowing Tea Parties.

(to self)

I’ll be glad when the Republicans are back in, and we can go back to harassing tree-huggers.

Cut to:

int. fbi operations center, hallway outside field director’s office – day

Dimly lit, mysterious. Agents Anthrax (male, 50s, small, dressed as parking lot guard) and Bubbles (male, 50s, large, dressed as a cafeteria worker) walk up the hall.

bubbles

I won’t do it.

Anthrax

You have to. This could be our big break. Remember how long it’s taken to get another assignment after we killed…

bubbles

That couldn’t be helped. He made me sit on him. Whatever. This time, I’m not gonna do it!

Cut to:

int. sandy creek motor lodge, Room 169 – day

60s vintage, double-bedded, clothes strewn on beds. Anthrax and Bubbles change clothes. Bubbles wears a dress.

Bubbles

Why do I always have to be the one wearing the dress?

anthrax

Because I’m allergic to makeup, and you’re prettier than I am. Now hurry up and let’s get into these disguises.

Montage. Anthrax and Bubbles stand in front of the mirror, dressed like Desi Arnez and Lucille Ball.

bubbles

No.

Anthrax and Bubbles stand in front of the mirror, dressed as George W. and Laura Bush.

Anthrax

No. But love the hair.

Anthrax and Bubbles appear as Donald and Ivanna Trump. Bubbles listens on a cell phone.

bubbles

Creative Artists says ‘no.’

Anthrax and Bubbles appear in toned-down versions of the ‘Obnoxious Tourists’ Halloween costumes.

anthrax

This will have to do.

Bubbles

Finally. Do you wanna go to the café? I’m starved.

anthrax

Yeah, it’s as good a place to start as any.

They exit. Motel Owner stands outside door with the housekeeping cart. He looks after them as they walk away.

Motel owner

(aloud to self)

Why are they wearing costumes?

int. sandy creek, rock inn café – day

Anthrax and Bubbles enter. The CAFÉ PATRONS stare in silence for exactly one second, then resume action. The Sheriff sits at the counter. COUNTER WAITRESS sets a Coke in front of him. Peak salts the Sheriff’s french fries. Seamus sits at opposite corner of counter. Mustafa and Virgil sit in a booth at the back, around a corner. Matt, Slick, and George sit at a table nearby. Anthrax and Bubbles take seats between Seamus and the Sheriff.

Anthrax

(to Counter Waitress)

Could we each have a cup of coffee and a piece of pie, please?

Bubbles

A small piece for me, thanks. I have to watch my figure.

Sheriff

(to Anthrax)

Afternoon. I’m Sheriff Beatty. Y’all passing through or something?

Anthrax

Oh, no. We’re staying here for a few days. It’s an interesting place.

Sheriff

Is it? Y’all married?

anthrax

No!

Bubbles elbows him.

bubbles

(whispers to Anthrax)

Duh! We’re on our honeymoon.

anthrax

I mean…

Sheriff

Then you won’t mind if I talk to the little lady.

Peak picks the Sheriff up and moves him to the stool on the other side of Bubbles.

Sheriff

Howdy, sugar. What’s your name?

bubbles

Uh, Bubbles.

Sheriff

Bubbles! As in Lawrence Welk Bubbles, or Don Ho Bubbles?

anthrax

More like Michael Jackson Bubbles.

Sheriff

(to Anthrax)

Do you mind?

Peak elbows Anthrax in the ribs.

Sheriff

(to Bubbles)

Y’all looking for interesting things around town?

Bubbles

Oh, yes! Our last vacation was in the Holy Land. We’re just fascinated by all things…Semitic. Do you know if there are any Muslims in town?

Sheriff

Muslims! Don’t know nothin’ about that. We got a passel o’ Jews just moved in.

Mustafa and Virgil converse over a shared order of nachos.

Mustafa

It has to be a suicide bombing. Otherwise my family doesn’t get the money. So we have to figure out a way to do it that looks like suicide. Without messing up the car.

virgil

If you have to use the underwear, it might be a little hard. Oooooh!

Virgil squirms in his seat.

virgil (cont’d)

Wait a minute, I’m getting a text.

Virgil takes out and looks at his phone.

Virgil

Hmmmm. It’s from Sophie.

He reads silently, then looks horrified.

virgil (cont’d)

Uh oh!

Anthrax and Seamus converse at the counter.

anthrax

You wouldn’t know if there’s anything Muslim in town, would you?

seamus

Not me. My son Mustafa might know. His Momma’s Palestinian. Plays organ up at the Baptist church.

anthrax

Mustafa, you say? Sounds kinda Muslim. You don’t think he might have been radicalized, do you?

seamus

Naw, he likes girls. Not so sure about that Mankiller kid he hangs out with.

anthrax

Mankiller?

Matt, Slick, and George converse at their table.

Matt

Man, sometimes I think I could just kill that Earl Bowman.

Slick

You gotta get over this.

matt

Not ‘til we find a way to get one up on ‘em. And now we find out the transmission line is part o’ them Jews plans. Ain’t no way to get anything over on them.

George

Oh, that reminds me. I heard Earl and them gonna be doing some work for them.

matt

What work?

George

The Jews want them to capture Hogzilla. On account of him being a pig.

matt

Dang! Boys, that’s it right there. We gotta do everything we can to make sure they don’t get that pig!

Bubbles and the Sheriff converse at the counter.

Sheriff

Nice shade of lipstick, by the way. Well, you know where to find me. Y’all need anything, just ask.

Peak picks the Sheriff up and carries him out of the café under his arm. Mustafa and Virgil hustle out just behind him, followed by Matt, Slick, and George. Anthrax and Seamus converse.

seamus

Speakin’ of Mustafa, yonder he went.

Anthrax turns around without seeing.

anthrax

Where?

seamus

Oh, he’s already peeled out, I imagine. You’ll likely see him around town. Can’t miss him. Drives a Corvette.

Seamus tosses a bill onto the counter and leaves. Anthrax and Bubbles converse. Bubbles picks at his pie.

anthrax

So all we gotta do is keep an eye out for a Muslim Corvette.

Bubbles

Well let’s go, then. Before I make a pig out of myself.

ext. hartle ranch – day

A remote part of the ranch. The cronies stand near a contraption. Matt hides in brush nearby.

Earl

The secret to catching a pig, boys, is to think like a pig. Not that any of us could do that as good as Matt Cooksey.

matt

(whispers to self)

I’ll get you for that, Mr. Mayor.

grady

My internet research shows problems with all your standard methods of trapping large animals. The leg-hold noose is out, because there ain’t a tree out here big enough to support a two-ton hog. As for a pit, we’d have to hire a backhoe to dig it.

Elvis

(to Delbert)

Harney Nickerson had the low bid at two hundred dollars.

Grady

Now, your guys on Mutual of Omaha’s Wild Kingdom always relied on tranquilizer darts. Except none of us owns a Range Rover or a dart gun. So we combine Earl’s observation about thinking like a pig with the tranquilizer.

Earl gestures to the contraption.

Earl

This here trap consists of a pile of corn linked by a tripwire to this spring-loaded compressed-air cannon, taken from a Mythbusters design. And inside we insert a syringe of tranquilizer from the vet.

Earl places a syringe in the tube. He walks over to the corn. Matt blows a large spit wad at the trigger mechanism as Earl speaks.

Earl

And we just bend down to make sure the pig is gonna get it…

Earl is shot by the syringe, gets a goofy expression on his face, and falls face-first into the corn.

Matt

(whispers to self)

Oh, the pig got it all right!

Cut to:

EXT. mankiller house, Sandy Creek – day

The UMALLAH ‘Vette peel out of the driveway. Sophie stands on the front steps, fanning a stack of currency.

Sophie

Cash money! Thanks, Mustafa.

Cut to:

ext. inside Mustafa’s Corvette, sandy creek – day

Mustafa and Virgil drive through a residential area.

Virgil

I can’t believe she just blackmailed us for two hundred dollars.

mustafa

I can’t believe I had to give her a ride in the ‘Vette. But the money’s no problem. That was HQ’s ATM card I used. They gave it to me for necessary expenses. By the way, hold this.

He reaches down and hands Virgil a tall, narrow sack, from which Virgil extracts a bottle of whiskey.

Virgil

What’s this?

Mustafa

A necessary expense. Might grease the wheels, give us an idea. What about something electrical?

Cut to:

ext. downtown sandy creek, near grandpa’s house - day

Anthrax and Bubbles walk down the street as Grandpa sits on his porch, watching.

Bubbles

Maybe we could ask that old guy.

They stop. Anthrax calls over to Grandpa.

anthrax

Say there, old timer!

There is no response. Bubbles nudges Anthrax.

Bubbles

I bet he’s deaf as a post. We’ll have to get closer.

The two move into the street and yell together. A semi truck comes up the road from the right. It honks; they move out of its lane.

antrax and bubbles

Hey, old man! Have you seen a Corvette go by?

As they yell, so loudly they can’t hear anything else, the UMALLAH ‘Vette comes round the corner behind them, pulling out in front of the semi, which honks again. The ‘Vette fishtails into the agents’ backsides, sending them sprawling face-first into the asphalt, stunned.

granddaughter (o.s.)

You okay, Grandpa?

grandpa

No, I’m not. I just got a heart palpitation from seeing two FBI agents about get run over by a Muslim.

granddaughter

You want something for it?

grandpa

Potted meat and crackers.

ext. hartle ranch – day

Another remote part of the Hartle Ranch. The cronies stand near a contraption in a tree. George hides nearby.

earl

Well, that last trap might have suffered from some complications.

Delbert

(to Elvis)

Being sent to sleep for three days is certainly a complication.

Earl

We rigged up something simpler in this tree yesterday. Hogzilla messes with the corn, he sends a big old rock down on his noggin’.

Grady

It took some doin’ to figure out how big a rock we needed to knock him out without hurting him. Turns out to be about the same size it would take for a man. Then we had to find the rock.

elvis

I got something. I heard that hogs like truffles. So I stopped by the drug store and got us some. Might make the bait more attractive.

Elvis shows a box of Pangburn’s chocolate truffles.

earl

Well, mix ‘em in, then.

Elvis stoops to mix the candy into the corn. George pulls a hidden wire. The rock falls and hits Elvis on the head.

elvis

Correct size.

Elvis falls face-first into the corn. The cronies roll him over. He has a truffle in each eye.

ext. outside fergusons grocery – day

Ricky walks down the sidewalk. He sees Sarah exit with a couple of large bags. She struggles to carry them.

ricky

Let me help with those, miss.

sarah

Oh, thank you. They are a little heavy.

Ricky takes a bag.

ricky

Hope that mud from the other day wasn’t too much of a problem.

sarah

It was okay. Looks like you got cleaned up, too.

Sarah walks over to a car parked at the curb. The Black Woman comes down the sidewalk. Sarah and Ricky put the bags in the trunk and shut it.

sarah

I just came down with Mordecai to get a few things. He’s waiting in the car.

Ricky

Oh, I see. I was hoping maybe I could ask you…

The car door opens and Mordecai calls out.

mordecai

Come along, Sarah. Your father will be getting impatient.

Sarah

Sorry, gotta go.

Sarah gets into the car. Ricky and the Black Woman watch it drive off.

Ricky

Dang it. Missed my chance again.

black woman

Ummmm-hmmm. The way y’all go on sometimes, it’s a wonder to me there’s any white folks ever gets born.

Ext. Inside Mustafa’s ‘vette, Downtown Sandy Creek – day

Mustafa and Virgil cruise town. Virgil sings drunkenly in a voice like Elmer Fudd in What’s Opera, Doc?.

Virgil

Kill the Wabbi! Kill the Wabbi! Kill the Wabbi!

mustafa

Cut that out! We gotta think.

Cut to:

ext. outside fergusons grocery, sandy creek – day

First Farmer converses with Second Farmer.

first farmer

I think Grandpa’s wrong. They just got them cheap disguises on to make us think they’re FBI.

second farmer

Well what are they, then? We gotta find out. Ooooh, lookee yonder. Here they come. Act casual.

Anthrax and Bubbles approach from up the sidewalk.

bubbles

Afternoon, boys. Sure is a lovely downtown you-all have here.

first farmer

(to Second Farmer)

Who spends a week’s vacation in Sandy Creek?

(to Bubbles)

Yes, indeed-y Ma’am. Y’all out seein’ the sights?

bubbles

Oh yes. Maybe you could direct us to some. We’re just fascinated by all things Semitic.

Second Farmer nudges First Farmer.

second farmer

Semitic, you say. Well what luck! Yonder comes the Rabbi of our local kibbutz. That oughta be Semitic enough for anything.

Anthrax

(to Bubbles)

The Rabbi! You hear that! He’s got to be the target.

The Rabbi walks up, attended by Mordecai and Sarah.

second farmer

(to Rabbi)

Afternoon, yer honor. These here’s two tourists out seein’ the sights and meetin’ the people.

Rabbi

Always a pleasure! Except when it isn’t. And your names, my good people?

bubbles

They call me Bubbles.

Rabbi

As in soap bubbles?

first farmer

(to Second Farmer)

Or spit bubbles.

Bubbles

This here’s my hus…. My boyfriend, I should say. His name is An… Andy.

The Rabbi and Anthrax shake hands.

Rabbi

A pleasure to meet you, Bubbles and An-Andy. My daughter, Mordecai, and I have just been to view our latest project.

bubbles

(to Sarah)

Mordecai! What an interesting name! So very Semitic!

Rabbi

Yes, I’ve always liked it. Putting an ice manufactory in the old packing plant is a great way to use our renewable energy. ‘Cause it’s so hot around here, you know?

mordecai

We had to pull a few strings, grease a few wheels. No big whup.

Anthrax

An ice plant? We’d love to see it.

Rabbi

No, we can’t allow that. There’s a secret process involved. Very dangerous.

They all hear Mustafa’s Vette coming up the street. The sound resembles the malfunctioning champagne fountain in Mordecai’s flashback.

Rabbi

Wait, I’m feeling a sign come on…

cut to:

ext. inside mustafa’s ‘vette, sandy creek, day

Virgil plays with the plastic explosive underwear. He sings drunkenly.

virgil

Once, I had a secret lo-ove.

Mustafa

Gimmee those!

Mustafa tipsily swipes the underwear from Virgil and tosses them out the T-top.

Mustafa (cont’d)

There! That takes care of that!

Cut to:

ext. outside fergusons grocery, sandy creek – day

The ‘Vette blast past the group on the sidewalk. The underwear coming flying out of the top and smack the Rabbi square in the face. He grabs them and looks.

Rabbi

A sign! Ooooh, just like Michael Jordan wears.

The Rabbi examines the underwear’s padded crotch.

Rabbi (cont’d)

Very much like Michael Jordan wears. Such nice cotton! Feel that.

He hands the underwear to Mordecai.

Rabbi (cont’d)

This is an omen. Mordecai, a word.

mordecai

Dry clean only.

Rabbi

That’s more of a phrase.

mordecai

No, the underwear. It says ‘dry clean only.’

Rabbi

Ooooh, they’re even more special that I thought. These we save.

(to Mordecai)

For you-know-when.

(to Anthrax and Bubbles)

And now, good people, au revoir. Or as they say in France, adieu.

The Rabbi, Mordecai, and Sarah walk down the street. Sarah looks pained. The Black Lady exits the store.

second farmer

Never seen anybody get wacked with a pair o’ shorts out of a ‘Vette before. Seen a pair of panties flung from a Harley, once.

anthrax

A ‘Vette! Where?

first farmer

It went yonder that a way.

Anthrax and Bubbles take off.

black lady

Ummmm-hmmmm. And people wonder why they never found Jimmy Hoffa.

Ext. hartle ranch – day

Another remote part of the ranch. The cronies stand inside a wire cage. Slick hides nearby.

earl

The advantage of this plan should be obvious, especially to me and Elvis.

elvis

The philosophical idea known as Occam’s razor suggests that the simplest ideas are always best.

Delbert stares at Elvis, who wacks Delbert with his hat.

earl

Once we fetch in the bait corn—without truffles this time, I think?

elvis

That was an innocent mistake.

earl

Yes, well, with the bait here, we just have to watch from over yonder, and trip the spring when the hog enters the pen. That’ll…

Slick pulls a hidden wire. The door swings shut.

earl (cont’d)

Close the door.

Elvis takes a small case out of his back pocket.

elvis

(to Delbert)

Hold these, will you? And give me the smallest Torx driver.

Elvis works at the gate lock as the others stare.

Delbert

The which?

Ext. Stock Pond on border of Harlan farm, hartle ranch – late afternoon

Tree-lined, peaceful, materials for a weenie roast at hand. Ricky’s truck is parked up high. Velma spreads a picnic blanket. Ricky lights a small fire.

velma

Remember how we used to do this? Right after your daddy passed away…

Ricky walks over and puts his hand on his Velma’s shoulder.

ricky

I remember. I never have thanked you for that. It made it easier.

Velma

Made it easier for both of us, son. You know, we ought to remember the lesson from those days. No matter what happens, we’ve got each other.

Ricky

Might be all we ever have.

Velma

It’d be enough, wouldn’t it?

Velma looks up and sees something at a distance.

Velma

Would you look at that now! I think we’re about to have company.

Ricky looks around, alarmed at first. He sees Sarah. She walks through the brush, searching. Velma calls to her.

velma

Over here, hun!

Sarah approaches.

Sarah

I thought I smelled fire. I wanted to make sure there wasn’t anything wrong. But I see you two are having a picnic. I won’t bother you.

Sarah turns. Velma nudges Ricky.

Ricky

No, don’t go. Stay and have some with us. It’s just a weenie roast.

Velma holds up a package of kosher franks.

velma

Hebrew National. Ricky’s favorite.

Sarah smiles.

sarah

All right. What can I do to help?

ext. hartle ranch – late afternoon

Elvis undoes the lock on the cage. He opens the door.

elvis

Nothing to it, really.

Delbert

All these years, I should’a been hitting you with something harder than a cap.

The cronies exit the cage.

Earl

Let’s get back to the truck, then. Try to think of something else.

Cut to:

ext. hartle ranch, near Earl’s Truck and Trailer – late afternoon

Hogzilla stands near a stock trailer containing a sack of feed. The hog walks into the trailer. The cronies approach, not noticing. Earl, with a sigh, shuts the trailer gate. The trailer rocks violently.

Earl

What in ‘tarnation?

Delbert peeks through the trailer bars.

delbert

We got him! Boys, we got him.

Elvis

See, the simplest plans are the best.

earl

Hot damn! Let’s get this son-of-a-gun up to the packing plant.

Ext. Stock Pond on border of Harlan farm, hartle ranch – early evening

Ricky, Sarah, and Velma linger over their meal.

velma

And then I had to wash it out of his hair! Oh, you should have seen the look on his face!

sarah

Poor thing! You do seem to have the troubles of Job, Mr. Harlan.

Ricky

Aww, call me Ricky. I never have thought of myself as Mr. Harlan.

Sarah

That might be half your trouble.

An embarrassed silence. Velma speaks up.

Velma

Speaking of trouble, miss, I feel like you have some troubles of your own.

Sarah

Oh, it’s about my father. I spoke with Mr… with Ricky about it the other day. It’s why I was out for a walk; trying to think. There’s something wrong and I can’t put my finger on it. Even before he got shocked, and he started this movement or whatever it is, there was something wrong. Something to do with money, I think. I just can’t see my way to setting things right.

Ricky

It’ll come to you. I’m sure it will.

Sarah

That’s easy to say.

Velma discretely rises and walks away.

ricky

And easy enough to believe. Faith—it’s the assurance of things unseen. That’s what our book says. Your book does, too. You have to believe a way will come, even if you can’t see it yet.

sarah

I might say the same thing to you.

Ricky gets a surprised and thoughtful look. A coyote starts to yip in the distance. It sends Sarah frightened into Ricky’s arms.

sarah

Gracious! What’s that!

ricky

Oh, it’s just Old Coyote, singing for his supper. Or for his Honey.

He looks into her eyes. They kiss. Ricky looks surprised.

Ricky

Nothing happened!

Sarah

You didn’t feel fireworks? I did.

Ricky

No, I mean nothing happened to stop us. It’s like in a football game, where the guy is about to kick the winning field goal, and the other coach calls time out. Nobody iced us.

Sarah

It was pretty cool, though.

She kisses Ricky again.

cut to:

Ext. Abandoned Packing Plant, downtown Sandy Creek – night

Disused stock pens behind the plant. Hogzilla is in Earl’s trailer, snorting. Grady talks on his cell phone.

Grady

Mordecai? We got him! Yeah, took him down to the holding pen behind the packing plant… What do you mean, not trust the guys working with us? … Matt and them were out on the ranch, said we’d hired ‘em to help? …I see. We’ll take care of it.

He hangs up his cell and turns to the others.

Grady

Y’all heard that? I reckon that explains how them traps got sabotaged.

Earl

I might’ve known. Boys, this means we’re gonna have to mount guard.

elvis

I’ll take the first shift. Been wanting to check out what they’re doing here, anyhow.

Earl

Well, don’t spend too much time away from the pens. Even with the lock on, they could cut through with a welding torch in about five minutes. We can’t have that, right, boys?

The cronies all nod together.

Ext. near Rabbi’s tent at sandy creek kibbutz – night

Ricky and Sarah walk hand-in-hand.

sarah

Here we are. Thanks for walking me home. Your mom’s right; you’re a real gentleman.

Ricky

Helps to have a lady around. Makes a guy feel gentlemanly, somehow.

They approach the tent. They hear loud voices within.

Sarah

What on earth?

They listen.

Sarah

It’s my father, talking like he used to. And like he talks now.

They listen.

Rabbi (o.s.)

(as new self)

Electricity! That’s what it is!

Rabbi (o.s.)

(as old self)

It couldn’t be better. A perfect way to destroy the evidence and hide the money trail, with a fire bigger than anything these rubes have ever seen. A few people die on either side, so what? They’re better off. The important thing is, we get out of a jam, and keep the bank guys from finding out the truth.

Rabbi

(as old self)

And I’ll just wear these when we throw the switch! I’d better have another word with Mordecai.

Ricky and Sarah shrink close to the tent as the Rabbi exits. He walks off and does not see them.

Sarah

This is worse than I imagined. What on earth will I do?

Ricky

Don’t worry. Just have faith. Something will come to us.

Sarah

As long as I have your help, it will.

Sarah leans her head on Ricky’s shoulder. He gets an alarmed look.

Ricky

I’m glad one of us thinks so. The key’s gonna be to make it both of us.

fade out

fade in:

int. sandy creek sentinel offices, back Room – day

Earl and Elvis stand in Grady’s office. He sits at the desk with the phone held away from his ear.

Grady

Sarah Palin’s people say she’s available, but it might cost more than we thought.

Ricky Harlan enters, agitated.

Ricky

Is the mayor here? Oh, there you are, Mr. Mayor, sir. I’m afraid there may be terrible trouble at the kibbutz. The Rabbi’s talkin’ about killing people.

Grady

He didn’t buy up all the grape Kool-Aid at the store, did he?

earl

Now hold on a minute. How do you know what the Rabbi’s talking about?

ricky

Me and his daughter Sarah, we both heard it. Outside his tent. He was in there talkin’ about electricity, and how people might die…

earl

Now that’s where it is. You ain’t used to female company, and it’s addled your brains even more than usual. We can’t afford to get our plans messed up on account of hearsay.

Ricky

But…

Earl

This ain’t the venue. You really got something unlawful to report, you best go see the Sheriff.

Ricky nods and hurries out.

Elvis

I sure hope he’s wrong about the Rabbi.

Earl

Well that’d be the way to bet, wouldn’t it?

int. sandy creek Sheriff’s office – day

Neat, cleverly adapted to a little person. The Sheriff sits at his desk in a booster seat. He works a Sudoku puzzle out of a book. Peak stands behind him. He fills in the numbers over the Sheriff’s shoulder. Ricky bursts in.

Ricky

Mr. Sheriff, sir, the mayor asked me to come tell you there’s trouble out at the kibbutz.

Sheriff

Trouble!

ricky

The Rabbi’s plotting something. We overhead him, me and his daughter. Says people may die.

Sheriff

Now son, you realize we can’t act without better evidence than this.

ricky

But…

Sheriff

Hold on, lemme finish. Since you’ve got yourself mixed up in this, I’m’a depute you to finish it. You find us some hard evidence, and we’ll act. Don’t be too particular about your methods. Me and the boys’ll be lookin’ the other way.

ricky

All right. I’ll do my best. I don’t think we have a lot of time.

Sheriff

Then you’d best skedaddle, I reckon.

Ricky hustles out of the office. The Sheriff leans back in his chair. Peak tips the Sheriff’s hat over his eyes.

Sheriff

Now it’ll start coming together.

int. harlan farmhouse, Kitchen – night

Sarah sits at the kitchen table with Velma.

velma

Your father really fell for that line about me teaching you how to can black-eyed peas? Makes it hard to believe he could be much of a threat.

sarah

His new self might not be, but his old self—well, let’s just say down at the company they used to call him “Levi the Shark.” They said he was always one step ahead of the securities regulators. I suppose this whole scheme has something to do with that.

velma

So Ricky needs to be looking out for papers and such.

Ricky enters the room, outfitted like a low-rent Inspector Clouseau.

Ricky

I think I’m ready. I’m gonna check out the old packing plant first. From what Sarah says, it’d be the likeliest spot.

Velma gets up and adjusts some of Ricky’s outfit.

velma

You be extra careful.

Sarah rises and gives Ricky a kiss on the cheek.

sarah

For luck.

Ricky nods and leaves the room.

int. Abandoned Packing Plant, downtown Sandy Creek – night

Dark, musty, broken-down. Ricky works his way through a glassless window. He gets through, then falls head-first onto the floor. He examines his torn pants.

Ricky

I don’t suppose that’s too big of a rip. Maybe Momma can patch ‘em.

He stands up, takes out a flashlight, and turns it on.

Ricky

Now if I was papers, where would I be? What’m I saying? If I was papers, I’d be in a mud puddle in the driveway.

He makes his way toward a corner doorway that stands open.

Cut To:

int. “Ice manufactory” in Abandoned Packing Plant, downtown Sandy Creek – night

A large, new, and mysterious electric contraption stands in the center of a dark room. Elvis looks at it.

elvis

Durndest thing I ever saw. How’s anybody gonna get ice outta that?

He stiffens.

elvis

What was that? Matt and them, betcha a dollar. Let’s see.

Elvis makes toward a corner door. As he gets there, Ricky enters. The two frighten each other. Ricky drops his flashlight.

Elvis

Who goes there?!

Ricky

It’s just me, Elvis. Ricky Harlan. Help me find my flashlight.

elvis

Ricky! What in the sam hill are you doing here? This place ain’t safe.

ricky

No, it isn’t. Me and the Rabbi’s daughter think he’s up to no good. There might be evidence in here.

elvis

Well now that explains a thing or two. Take a look over here.

Elvis leads the way to the new contraption.

elvis

That ain’t ice-making equipment, but I’m durned if I know what it is.

Ricky

Sarah said there might be papers. If we could find them, we might find out what this stuff is for.

elvis

Well, they have been putting stuff in the old parts cage. Over here.

Elvis leads the way to the parts cage. Ricky shines in a light and rattles the locked door.

Ricky

There’s boxes, all right. But we can’t get to ‘em, not without busting this gate up and arousing suspicion.

elvis

We’ll have to find another way.

Ricky

And soon. Sarah says something is up for tomorrow night.

Elvis

I’ve got an idea…

int. rock inn café, sandy creek – day

First Farmer, Second Farmer, and a few others sit at two large tables pulled together. Matt, Slick, and George are seated at the counter.

first farmer

Those two ‘tourists’ are up to no good. Lady down at the hotel heard ‘em use the word ‘anthrax.’ And they’re goin’ around askin’ about Muslims. They mean to dust the whole town with poison, I’m telling you. We gotta stop ‘em.

second farmer

Should we call the FBI?

first farmer

Naw, what good’d that do? They got bigger worries than Sandy Creek.

Matt, Slick, and George converse nearby.

Matt

They’ve got him in the pens behind the plant. But they’re keeping close guard. We’re gonna have to sneak him out.

slick

Night would be best, wouldn’t it?

Matt

They’d be expecting us then. Early evening, after business closes. That’s when we do it.

First Farmer, Second Farmer, and the others debate.

first farmer

So it’s agreed. We meet this evening at the grocery. We form a posse. Run them sons-of-guns…

second farmer

One of ‘em’s a daughter.

first farmer

You think? Whatever. We run them two outta town.

Everyone nods once.

int. first baptist church, Pastor’s Office – day

Patty Jean, Pam, and Murdy are seated in the office along with Mordecai and a couple of other representatives from the kibbutz.

Mordecai

So, that’s it, then. All the papers are in the order, and the money has been wired. The sale closes Friday.

The Baptist ladies act surprised.

patty jean

Sale?

Mordecai acts surprised at the ladies’ surprise.

mordecai

Yes, the sale. What else?

Murdy

Well, but it’s a lease, isn’t it?

mordecai

Yes, it’s that as well. You sell us the building; we lease it back to you. It’s really the best use of our capital.

pam

We thought you were leasing the building from us.

mordecai

For that kind of money? You’re joking, that’s what it is. You read the contract, right? You’re joking.

pam

(to Patty Jean)

Who reads contracts?

Patty Jean sits stiff as a board with eyes wide open.

mordecai

If there’s nothing further?

murdy

No, nothing. Unless we have to make any changes…

mordecai

Unnecessary. You just leave us the place from sundown Friday to sundown Saturday. We’ll even take care of the jets for the therapy pool. Just be sure the custodian leaves the lights on.

Mordecai and the other kibbutzim leave.

pam

Well, Patty Jean, I guess we’ll have to make the best of it, huh? Patty Jean? Patty Jean?

Patty Jeans sits rigidly, a look of horror on her face.

ext. inside mustafa’s ‘vette, countryside near hartle ranch – day

Virgil sits in the passenger seat, looking unhappy. Mustafa drives erratically.

virgil

You’re gonna get us killed. And all for a lousy pair of tighty-whities.

mustafa

We have to get those back, you moron. They’re full of explosives! And people saw us throw them! If the Rabbi finds out what’s in ‘em, we’re screwed.

virgil

(under his breath)

I wish.

int. sandy creek mayor’s residence, spare bedroom – day

Small, desk with computer, moose head on wall. Patty Jean sits at the desk with an old alarm clock, a length of pipe, and a mason jar of gray powder.

patty jean

Those guys in the chatroom were right; the “Anarchist’s Cookbook” does have better plans. Funny how making a bomb is like baking a cake; you just follow the recipe.

ext. outside Rabbi’s tent, kibbutz at hartle ranch – day

Ricky and Elvis are dressed as electricians. Elvis has sideburns and a pompadour like the Vegas Elvis. Rabbi Goldstein stands with them, looking skeptical.

elvis

Seriously, your Excellency, the company thinks we may have found some issues with the electrical service from the turbines. If you’ll just let me check out the latest schematics, I can see if all’s square.

Rabbi

The G-C told me everything was fine.

elvis

You know what general contractors are like, they’ll never admit anything’s less than perfect. And maybe it is. But I’ve got to see the plans.

Rabbi

All right. They’re on the table in my tent. But don’t be too long about it. If you find anything that can’t be corrected before nightfall, tell me.

Elvis and Ricky nod. They enter the tent.

int. rabbi’s tent, kibbutz at hartle ranch – day

Elvis whispers to Ricky.

elvis

Keep him distracted. I need to take some pictures.

The Rabbi enters as Elvis slips a small camera out of his pocket. Ricky interposes himself between the Rabbi and Elvis. He pulls a chair over.

Ricky

(to Rabbi)

I hope you won’t mind my asking, but I saw your web site, and I wanted to know, what made you…

Ricky leans on the chair he has pulled out. It tips. He takes a header into the Rabbi.

Rabbi

Watch out, you imbecile!

Ricky and the Rabbi fall. Elvis snaps several quick pictures and turns the page of the plans. Ricky and the Rabbi get up. Ricky dusts the Rabbi’s robes.

Rabbi

Let that alone, will you? It’s silk, and it’ll snag.

Ricky

Will it? Let me use a handkerchief, then.

Ricky pulls a hanky from his back pocket and dusts the Rabbi off. He makes to turn him.

Ricky

Here, turn around, I need to get your backside.

The Rabbi turns. Elvis snaps several more pictures, then turns the page of the plans. The Rabbi turns around.

Rabbi

What was that clicking noise?

Elvis gestures toward his right leg.

Elvis

Knee replacement. Got in a bad skiing accident once. It clicks when I shift my weight.

Rabbi

Whatever.

(to Ricky)

Now, you were going to ask me…

Ricky

Uh, well, I wanted to know… Gracious, what’s that?

He spins the Rabbi around toward the tent entrance. Elvis snaps two more pictures and slips the camera back into his pocket. The Rabbi turns back around. Elvis smiles.

Rabbi

All right, that’s enough of this!

elvis

Well, I am afraid we have to trouble you a bit more. Look’ee here.

Elvis beckons the Rabbi over and points to the plans.

elvis (cont’d)

Now I have to make sure that this thing here, and this one there, and then this one, got built correctly. Can you show us these?

Rabbi

This one I can’t do; it’s in the ice house and off limits. But this one, down at the other end of the compound, is exactly the same. I’ll show you it. Now this one, up by the generators, is the main deal. Follow me.

The Rabbi leaves the tent. Elvis and Ricky make to follow. Elvis leans into Ricky.

Elvis

We get him to show us this stuff, we’ll know where we have to go.

Int. sandy creek sentinel offices, Back room – day

Elvis sits at Grady’s computer. Grady, Delbert, and Ricky look on.

Elvis

Hope I used high enough resolution on them pictures.

He stares, then whistles.

elvis

This is bad, fellers.

int. harlan farmhouse, kitchen – day

Ricky speaks on the phone. Velma stands next to him.

ricky

He put you in charge of keeping everyone in their tents; says they have to be there until nine? Great! Listen, you have to get your people away from the kibbutz.

Velma whispers to Ricky.

RIcky

Sneak ‘em out, a few at a time, and have them walk across to our place and down to the church… Well, make something up about a synagogue-warming. Get everybody out by eight o’clock. Okay. Me too. Bye.

Ricky hangs up.

velma

What did she say?

ricky

Oh, she said she’d do it, but she had to hurry. And she said she loved me.

velma

What?

Ricky

Oh, dang it! I let that one slip by me.

velma

I think I hear Grady’s truck. You’d better hurry. If y’all don’t get things fixed, you may not get another chance to tell Sarah how you feel.

Ext. outside ferguson’s grocery – evening

First Farmer, Second Farmer, and the other agitated TOWNSPEOPLE gather on the sidewalk and denounce the FBI agents. The Sheriff drives up. Peak exits the truck and carries the Sheriff out. He stands him up on his shoulders.

Sheriff beatty

Y’all listen to me now.

Immediate silence reigns.

Sheriff beatty

Y’all are getting’ together to work some mischief, I can tell. I gotta warn you: A riot is an ugly thing.

first farmer

Well, don’t you think it’s just about time we had one?

Sheriff beatty

Naw, that only happens in the movies. A real peace officer would advise you to keep your cool.

second farmer

But them two tourists are plotting to poison the town.

Sheriff beatty

I didn’t say let ‘em alone. I’m advising you to keep your cool while you take care of ‘em. Here’s the plan…

Peak takes the Sheriff off his shoulders and holds him down. He whispers to First Farmer and Second Farmer.

ext. inside patty jean’s car, downtown sandy creek – evening

Patty Jean drives toward the First Baptist Church parking lot.

patty jean

The timer’s set for nine pm. I leave this car in the lot, and when it blows up I can file a claim on the church’s insurance. Maybe get a Buick.

Patty Jean smiles.

Patty Jean (cont’d)

We claim the rest of the money for the congregation before the sale goes through. Build a new sanctuary somewhere else. It’s win-win!

Patty Jean goes over a pothole. She winces.

Patty jean

Yow! That was close! The book said this stuff could blow if it gets handled too rough. Better be careful.

Patty Jean parks her car in a handicap spot next to the church.

ext. first baptist church parking lot - evening

Patty Jean exits her car and hustles off. The Sheriff drives by, then stops. Peak carries him out and hands him a pad. The Sheriff leaves a parking ticket on Patty Jean’s windshield. They get back in the truck and drive off.

montage ext. Hartle ranch, harlan farm, and downtown sandy creek – evening

Small groups of Jews sneak away from their tents, walk by the pond (lit by a battery-powered lantern), by the farmhouse (Velma serves iced tea), and into town.

ext. inside mustafa’s ‘vette, downtown sandy creek – evening

Virgil and Mustafa cruise downtown. Mustafa sees the Jews enter the church. He stiffens.

mustafa

Look! The Jews are gathering up at the Baptist church!

virgil

You don’t think they’re gonna convert? Because that might make it kind of…

Mustafa slaps Virgil.

mustafa

It don’t matter what they’re doing, dingleberry! They’re off the ranch! That means we can motor out there and look for those underwear.

virgil

But we can’t attract any attention to ourselves. Let’s wait out the stragglers. Over there.

ext. downtown sandy creek – evening

Anthrax and Bubbles walk up the street from the direction of Ferguson’s Grocery. Bubbles carries a large purse.

bubbles

Don’t be so blue.

anthrax

How can I not be? I forgot to ask that guy his name, so we can’t look up his address. Nobody knows anything about Muslims, and we haven’t seen that Corvette.

As they walk and talk, townspeople slip out of hiding behind them. The townspeople follow at a short distance; some carry torches, pitchforks, and Weed-Eaters. Anthrax, head down, nearly strays into the street.

bubbles

Well, try to pay attention at least. That Corvette coming up the road looks like it wouldn’t stop if you stepped in front of it.

anthrax, bubbles

(together)

Corvette!

Mustafa’s Corvette passes; they turn to watch it. The ‘Vette stops by the grocery. Virgil gets out and walks up to a soda vending machine. The agents notice the townspeople.

anthrax, bubbles

(together)

Uh-oh!

The agents turn and walk, faster and faster, before breaking into a run. They run past Patty Jean’s car and slip into the church about five seconds ahead of the townspeople.

Cut To:

ext. outside mustafa’s car, by ferguson’s grocery – evening

Mustafa and Virgil have a Coke as they watch the last of the Jews, the FBI agents, and the mob of townspeople enter the church building.

virgil

Looks like fun, don’t it?

Int. first baptist church, sanctuary – night

The Jews, including Mordecai and Sarah, mill about and sit. The townspeople rush in from the back behind the pulpit.

first farmer

Where are they?

mordecai

We’re here! So nice of you to throw a party. Are those pitchforks traditional?

second farmer

We’re after them dad-blamed terrorists. You know; the ones dressed like tourists. Y’all ain’t got ‘em hid up in here anywheres, do ya?

mordecai

Those guys? Heaven forbid! Our Rabbi warned us to have nothing to do with them. We don’t know where they are.

first farmer

Well what’re you guys doin’ in here, anyways. This here’s our church!

mordecai

Yours! This building is ours; we bought it fair and square.

As they argue, Anthrax and Bubbles peek up from inside the baptistery behind the pulpit.

bubbles

(whispers to Anthrax)

Wait a minute and we sneak back out. I say we take that car outside; it’s parked illegally anyhow.

cut to:

int. ‘ice manufactory’ at packing plant – night

Elvis and Delbert stand near the mysterious electrical contraption. Elvis speaks on his cell phone.

elvis

Listen up, Ricky. What we do has to be done exactly at the same time. Call us back when you get up to the tents, and I’ll tell you where to find the machine. Then I’ll walk you through the procedure.

Elvis hangs up and hands his phone to Delbert.

delbert

Why all this James-Bond stuff? Why couldn’t we just cut the electric line?

elvis

Like I told Ricky, both branches of this thing have to be took out at the same time. It’s booby-trapped, you see. If either side goes down, the thing blows immediately.

Elvis gestures toward the contraption.

elvis (cont’d)

Besides, we ain’t got nothing that’d let us take down the main lines. If we just cut this line, the resulting power surge would blow half the transformers in town. With this wind that’s got up, heck, it don’t matter if it’s town or the kibbutz; the fire we’d start would get us all.

Elvis kneels by the contraption.

Elvis

After I get this thing open, I’ll call Earl. Hand me them hex keys.

delbert

The which?

Cut to:

ext. stock pens behind packing plant – night

Matt, Slick, and George crouch at the gate of the pen holding Hogzilla.

Matt

Seems like they’re preoccupied inside. Now’s our chance! What’ve we got?

George holds up some bolt cutters. Slick fiddles with the hinge pin of the gate. He pulls it out.

slick

I reckon the simplest way’s the best. The gate just pushes in…

He pushes the gate, which falls in against the chain.

slick

…and Hogzilla’s free!

Matt, George, Slick

(together)

HOGZILLA’S FREE!!

The hog snorts loudly and rushes out of the pen. Matt, Slick and George run along a back street, duck down an alley, and then into a back yard in which laundry is hanging, including a large pair of granny-panties with owl’s eyes and the legend POOTERS. Matt, George, and Slick become heavily involved with bedsheets. They come out of it wearing the sheets like Klansmen. Hogzilla gets into the laundry, ending up in a huge print dress. They turn up a side street.

ext. downtown sandy creek, near grandpa’s house - night

Grandpa sits in his porch rocker. Matt, Slick, and George run by, followed by Hogzilla.

granddaughter (O.s.)

Grandpa, are you all right?

grandpa

No, I’m not. I just got a migraine from seeing three Klansmen being chased by Herbert Hoover in a party dress.

grandaughter

You want something for it?

grandpa

Bourbon. Three fingers. Straight up.

(to self)

This place is gettin’ worse’n Dallas. I’m’a hafta move.

ext. downtown sandy creek, near mayor’s house - night

Earl’s truck is in the driveway, with the trailer still attached. Matt, Slick, and George run up.

earl

In here!

The three conspirators pile into the trailer, still wearing their sheets. They swing the trailer gate shut as Hogzilla passes. The gate locks with a click.

earl

Crap.

Cut to:

int. mayor’s house, living room – night

80s décor, pictures of Earl as mayor. Earl speaks on the phone. Patty Jean stands next to him, looking nervous.

earl

Everybody’s in place? Fine. What about them Jews? ... You got ‘em up at the church house? Sounds good. Keep in touch.

Patty jean

The Jews are all at the church?

earl

Yeah; what’s the problem?

patty jean

Oh, Earl! I’ve got a bomb up there! In my car! For the insurance money.

She bawls.

earl

Aw, Patty Jean, not again! Come on!

He hustles her out of the house.

int. first baptist church, sanctuary – night

Everyone argues. Mordecai raises his voice.

mordecai

This is just what I don’t like. Everybody wants to hate on us because some of us—some of us, mind—enjoy a bargain. But let me ask you something—none of you like to shop at Wal-Mart?

first farmer

You think you’re the only ones that have to put up with people thinking bad stuff about you? What about us in the country? Shoot, city folks, y’all included, always thought Hee-Haw was a documentary.

Sarah raises her voice.

Sarah

Stop it, everyone! We’re all going to have to pull together on this; have a little faith. In each other. And in me. Let me explain…

As Sarah speaks, Anthrax and Bubbles peek.

anthrax

Now!

They sneak out of the baptistery and exit the church.

Cut To:

ext. first baptist church, Parking Lot – night

Anthrax and Bubbles get into Patty Jean’s unlocked car.

anthrax

That was lucky. Now how do I hotwire this thing?

Bubbles

Not necessary.

Bubbles reaches into his purse and takes out a huge key ring.

Bubbles

What is this, a ’97 Caprice? Here, use this one.

Bubbles selects a key and hands it to Anthrax, who uses it to start the car. Anthrax backs out of the parking lot.

Bubbles

There they are! Still sitting there!

Cut to:

ext. mayor’s house, sandy creek – night

Earl backs his truck and trailer clumsily onto the street.

earl

Isn’t that your car up ahead! Somebody’s swiped it!

Cut to:

ext. inside mustafa’s ‘vette, sandy creek – night

Mustafa and Virgil finish their Cokes.

mustafa

Reckon the coast is clear.

Hogzilla runs past them.

Mustafa

What the hell was that?!

Virgil looks behind them.

Virgil

The least of our worries. Get going!

They jump into the ‘Vette. Mustafa starts it and peels out. The Caprice and Earl’s truck and trailer quickly follow. They pass and reveal the Black Lady standing on the sidewalk. She stares at the fake Klansmen.

Black lady

Now that’s a switch!

int. kibbutz at hartle ranch, equipment shack – night

A small shed containing an electrical contraption like the one in the Ice Manufactory. Ricky and Grady stand near it. Ricky speaks on his cell phone.

ricky

I’ve got the panel off. Now what?

int. ‘ice manufactory’ at packing plant – Night

Elvis speaks on the phone. Delbert stands nearby.

elvis

Do NOT cut that last blue wire until exactly five seconds to nine. We have to cut it at exactly the same time.

Delbert

What happens if he cuts it early?

elvis

(to Delbert)

We’ll be catching passes from Jesus, son.

Cut to:

int. first baptist church, sanctuary – night

Sarah gets down from the pulpit. First Jewish Lady converses with First Old Lady.

first jewish lady

Makes perfect sense to me. I never wanted to follow that shyster out here. That was Morty’s idea.

first old lady

Oh come on! All that stuff your Rabbi said; all them things he could do—you never once thought maybe he could be the Messiah?

First Jewish lady

With hair like that?

Cut to:

Ext. Inside Mustafa’s ‘vette, sandy creek city limits – night

Mustafa drives toward the Hartle Ranch.

mustafa

They’re following us, all right. We’re gonna have to lose them. I’m gonna take the back way, through the Harlan place.

Mustafa pulls a hard right turn that sends Virgil’s face into his right armpit. Virgil sniffs.

virgil

Is that Axe, or Old Spice?

cut to:

ext. inside patty jean’s caprice, sandy creek city limits – night

Anthrax and Bubbles pursue the ‘Vette.

bubbles

They got to be headed for the kibbutz. With the others up in town, it’s the perfect time to assassinate the Rabbi.

They see the Caprice veer off to the right.

Anthrax

Those guys from town are still following us. Hold on!

Anthrax takes a hard right to follow the ‘Vette.

Int. Trunk of Patty Jean’s Caprice

The bomb in the trunk ticks loudly. It slides into the left side of the trunk with a hard thump.

ext. inside patty jean’s caprice, sandy creek city limits – night

Bubbles stiffens.

Bubbles

What was that? And what’s that other sound? Is your trick knee acting up?

Cut to:

ext. inside earl’s truck, sandy creek city limits – night

Patty Jean holds a cell phone. Earl drives.

Patty Jean

There’s still no answer. It just rings to his voicemail.

earl

Dang it! We gotta let Ricky know there’s a bomb headed his way. What time’s it set for?

patty Jean

Nine o-clock.

Earl

And you keep your clocks two minutes fast, so you won’t be late all the time. That means it’ll go off at 8:58. They’re going by Harlan’s! Hold on!

Earl takes a hard right onto the road to the Harlan farm.

cut to:

int. inside earl’s trailer, sandy creek city limits – night

Matt and Slick, still in sheets, are crowded close to the gate, at which George works.

matt

Hurry up! I want out of here!

George

Keep still! Pickin’ a lock’s harder’n it looks.

Earl makes his sudden turn, sending all the fake Klansmen sprawling into the left side of the trailer.

Matt

Owww! I think I fell on my keys.

Cut to:

Ext. harlan farmhouse, side Lawn – night

Velma and Sheriff Beatty sit in folding chairs near the kitchen door. Peak stands behind the Sheriff. The ‘Vette, then the Caprice, then Earl’s truck and trailer race up the driveway and roar off into the brush toward the distant stock pond. The Sheriff checks his watch.

Sheriff

What’d I tell you? Right on schedule.

int. first baptist church, sanctuary – night

Pam and Murdy lead everyone in camp songs. MUSTAFA’S MOTHER, in a Muslim headscarf and dress, plays the organ.

everyone

(singing)

Oh, God said to Noah  
There’s gonna be a flood-y flood-y!

Cut to:

ext. pond between harlan farm, hartle ranch – night

The ‘Vette motors past the stock pond, followed shortly by the Caprice.

Cut to:

ext. inside earl’s trailer, near pond on harlan farm – night

George works on the lock. It clicks loudly.

George

Got it!

They swing the gate open.

Cut to:

ext. inside earl’s truck, near pond on harlan farm – night

Earl follows the Caprice. He sees the pond looming.

earl

Hold on!

Earl takes a hard veer around the pond.

Ext. pond between harlan farm, hartle ranch - night

The trailer door opens. Matt, George, and Slick fly into the pond. Matt stands and wrings water from his face.

Matt

Worst part is, it ain’t even Saturday.

Ext. inside mustafa’s ‘Vette, edge of hartle ranch – night

Mustafa drives; Virgil looks behind.

virgil

It’s no good. They’re still following.

Mustafa

I’m gonna kill the lights and make a hard left up here, through the gate into that pasture.

Ext. Edge of Hartle Ranch - Night

The ‘Vette make Mustafa’s maneuver. The Caprice goes past. The ‘Vette goes over a patch of prickly pear cactus with an ominous, metallic, grating sound.

ext. inside patty jean’s caprice, hartle ranch – night

Anthrax and Bubbles anxiously look out for the ‘Vette.

Bubbles

I don’t see it. They’ve given us the slip!

Anthrax

We’ll head up to the compound. At least we can warn the Rabbi.

Cut to:

ext. inside earl’s truck, hartle ranch – night

Earl drives. Patty Jean shakes the cell phone.

patty jean

The battery’s dead!

Earl

Dang it! The one thing I ask you to do is keep that charged for me. A politician has to stay in touch. ‘Specially when a bomb’s involved. What!?

Hogzilla ambles across the road ahead of them. Earl slams on the brakes, jack-knifing his trailer into the ditch. The hog trots complacently off.

earl

Now we’re stuck! Come on, we’ll have to get there on foot.

Ext. kibbutz at hartle ranch, near Rabbi’s tent – night

The Caprice pulls up and stops. Anthrax and Bubbles exit. They find a note pinned to the tent. Bubbles reads aloud.

Bubbles

Mordecai—Decided against having you join me at the control shack. Stay with Sarah. Love, Levi. PS: The underwear fit great! Very flattering.

Anthrax squats and looks at the ground.

anthrax

The prints lead this way!

The two hustle off.

int. kibbutz at hartle ranch, equipment shack – night

Ricky works feverishly at the contraption. Grady holds the cell phone away from his ear.

Grady

(to Ricky)

He says to splice the red wire into the terminal with the second green wire.

Cut to:

int. trunk of caprice, hartle ranch – night

The bomb ticks. The clock reads fifteen seconds to nine.

Cut to:

ext. kibbutz at hartle ranch, near control shack – night

Anthrax and Bubbles hustle up a trail.

Bubbles

Shoot! I broke a heel.

Anthrax

There he is!

The Rabbi sits in a lotus position near the open door of the small control shack. A large switch is visible within.

Cut to:

int. trunk of caprice, hartle ranch – night

The bomb ticks to exactly nine o’clock. The alarm rings.

Cut to:

Ext. sandy creek kibbutz, near Rabbi’s tent – night

The Caprice explodes.

Cut to:

int. equipment shack, kibbutz at hartle ranch – night

A boom. Delbert flies into Ricky. He loses the phone. It lands hard. The battery separates.

Ricky

Oh good lord! What on earth was that?

Delbert

I don’t know, but we gotta get Elvis back. There’s just two minutes ‘til nine!

Cut to:

ext. kibbutz at hartle ranch, near control shack – night

A boom and a flash. The Rabbi starts up.

Rabbi

What was that!?

Bubbles

They’re trying to assassinate you! Come with us.

Anthrax and Bubbles each take one of the Rabbi’s arms and pull him away from the control shack. He struggles.

Rabbi

Let me go! Something’s gone wrong. I have to throw the switch!

Cut to:

ext. road near Rabbi’s tent – night

Earl and Patty Jean walk up the road toward the smoking ruins of Patty Jean’s car.

Earl

I guess you’ll get that insurance money after all.

Patty Jean stops and points. Hogzilla crosses the road ahead. Patty Jean screams. Hogzilla bolts.

Cut to:

int. ‘ice manufactory’ at packing plant – night

Elvis works feverishly at the contraption. Delbert shakes his phone.

delbert

They’ve been cut off. I can’t get ‘em back!

elvis

Let’s hope Ricky remembers.

int. kibbutz at hartle ranch, equipment shack – night

Grady fumbles desperately with his broken phone. Ricky works quickly at the contraption.

Grady

It’s no good, I can’t get it back together!

Ricky

How much time?

Grady

Fifteen seconds to nine! Ten, nine, eight, seven…

Ricky makes a connection, then snips a wire.

Grady

NOW!

Cut to:

int. ‘ice manufactory’ at packing plant – night

Elvis snips a wire.

Delbert

NOW!

Cut to:

ext. kibbutz at hartle ranch, near control shack – night

The Rabbi struggles with Anthrax and Bubbles. A very loud, double ‘click!’ comes from the control shack.

Rabbi

Crap! Let me go.

The Rabbi pulls free.

Cut to:

ext. kibbutz at hartle ranch, Low Spot near control shack – night

Mustafa and Virgil bring the ‘Vette around a small rise. Mustafa looks worried.

mustafa

That cactus we ran over back there has eff’ed up the brakes. If we run into anybody or anything, we’re gonna have to…

Hogzilla runs in front of the ‘Vette.

virgil

BAIL!

Mustafa and Virgil bail out of the ‘Vette. Mustafa takes a hard tug on the steering wheel. The empty Corvette careens up the hill, doors open, toward the control shack.

cut to:

ext. kibbutz at hartle ranch, near control shack – night

The Rabbi has just pulled free from Anthrax and Bubbles.

Rabbi

There’s still time to…

The ‘Vette comes toward him over the top of the hill.

Rabbi (cont’d)

…shit!

The ‘Vette hits the Rabbi. It pushes him backward into the open control shack. There is a flash. The control shack and the ‘Vette explode.

Cut tO:

int. ‘ice manufactory’ at packing plant – night

Elvis and Delbert sit still, eyes tightly shut. A couple of seconds pass. They open their eyes.

Elvis, delbert

(together)

They did it!

Cut to:

int. kibbutz at hartle ranch, equipment shack – night

Grady and Ricky sit still, eyes tightly shut. A couple of seconds pass. They open their eyes.

Grady, Ricky

(together)

They did it!

Cut to:

ext. kibbutz at hartle ranch, near control shack – night

Anthrax and Bubbles sit on the ground, covered in dust and soot, eyes tightly shut. They open their eyes.

Anthrax, bubbles

(together, dejectedly)

They did it.

Cut to:

Ext. harlan Farm, side lawn – night

The Sheriff and Velma sit in their chairs. Peak stands behind them.

Sheriff

Not a bad plan. Not a bad plan at all.

Peak

(in a high, squeaky voice)

Thank you!

Fade to:

ext. pond between harlan farm and hartle ranch – day

Days later, everyone has gathered for a barbecue at the stock pond. Second Old Lady stands near Second Jewish Lady at a long table on which desserts are arranged.

second old lady

Can I put the cheesecake here?

second jewish lady

Just don’t set it close to the Jello salad. There’s miniature marshmallows in it.

Second Old Lady nods. Nearby, Mustafa and Seamus talk.

seamus

Durnedst thing come in the mail today. Can’t tell if it’s for you or me; just says ‘Mr. O’Reilly.’ I think it might be a check. You know anything about the Bank of Saudi Arabia?

Seamus holds up an envelope. Mustafa snatches it.

mustafa

Mine!

Mustafa turns, smiling

mustafa

(to self)

Hello, Camaro!

He puts the check in his shirt pocket. Nearby, Anthrax and Bubbles, not in costume, stand near the Sheriff and Peak.

Bubbles

So you see, I was a man all along!

Sheriff

You think I didn’t know that, little lady?

Peak slaps Bubbles on the butt. Nearby, the Black Lady converses with the Second Jewish Lady.

second jewish lady

How long have you been Justice of the Peace?

black lady

Long enough, sugar, long enough. Where’d you get the walnuts for these rugelach?

Second Jewish Lady smiles. Nearby, Earl talks to one of the Jewish men.

earl

We start with gazelles, then maybe get in some oryx, then some ibex…

Second Jewish Man

(teasingly)

Two by two?

Nearby, Grady converses with another of the Jewish men.

grady

A “Yiddishism of the Week” column? I like it! When could you start?

Nearby, Ricky, wearing a yarmulke, talks with Mordecai and Velma. Sarah stands behind him. She spins Ricky around.

Sarah

See, it just took a little faith.

Sarah kisses Ricky.

Mordecai

(to First Jewish Lady)

It’s all right. Her mother was goy.

Mordecai and First Jewish Lady smile. Nearby, Mustafa bumps into Virgil, who turns around quickly, bringing their faces very close together. Virgil smiles and cocks his head slightly. Mustafa looks exasperated and quickly turns away. Virgil’s smile fades to disappointment. Nearby, Third Jewish Lady and Fourth Jewish Lady observe everyone else.

Third jewish lady

Isn’t it cute! Everybody’s got somebody.

Fourth Jewish Lady gestures toward Virgil.

fourth jewish lady

Except the little faygelah over there. We should fix him up with somebody.

The two stop and stare at each other.

third jewish lady, fourth jewish lady

(together)

Your cousin Ira!

Nearby, Delbert and Elvis converse.

Delbert

They want you to run the power plant?

Elvis

Yep. We’re gonna follow the original plan and make this a model green energy facility. Heck, I might even convert.

Delbert

But Elvis, if you turn Jewish, you’ll miss the Rapture.

Elvis

You mean that thing where people gets took away, and there’s all this land for those left behind?

Delbert

Yeah.

Elvis

Delbert, my boy, I just look upon that as a franchise opportunity.

Camera pulls back from the picnic, through the brush, back toward the Hartle ranch. Pullback stops at the Rabbi’s tent. Hogzilla, still in a dress, trots nimbly by, followed by her piglets.

FAde Out:

the end