

The Passion of Miss Aphrodite

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On-Screen Text:

The real lover is the man who can thrill you by simply kissing your forehead, or smiling into your eyes, or just staring into space.

~ Norma Jean

FADE-UP:

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT

Through the windshield of an airplane, nothing but blue skies remain, as we glide within the hanging dreamy clouds.

EXT. ARTICHOKE-FIELDS - MORNING

An airplane the size of a 1940's Duster sprays a spallation of chemicals that spray all over the rows of many fields.

As we can see an artichoke is covered from the wetness of the chemical spray.

The title pops up in red text:

The Passion of Miss Aphrodite

EXT. FRANCO'S STRIP CLUB - MORNING

A pickup truck that is dropping off a heavysset fellow wearing a Lucha Wrestling mask, who stops.

As he lifts his mask up to smell the fresh air.

Then he walks inside of the night club.

And through a window that has a blond head peaking from inside one of the rooms.

While the pickup is driven by a Mexican Cowboy, Ranchero, checks himself out in the rear view mirror rocking his stylish *fumanchu* mustache.

And Ranchero turns the steering wheel.

The sound of a loud muffler can be heard.

Then that very head is much clearer, as she is a blond Latin beauty, 20's, whose wearing a bra.

(CONTINUED)

LUCHA (O.S.)

Rubia.

Tears drop from Rubia's face, as Lucha appears to have entered the room from afar.

Lucha walks up to the sobbing Blond Beauty.

And Lucha backhands Rubia.

The sound of Rubia sobbing can be heard.

INT. RANCHERO'S TRUCK - MORNING

Ranchero drives with a dangling necklace of dog tags from his rear view mirror. As the dog tags read:

Ranchero

EXT. DOWNTOWN - MORNING

Ranchero's truck passes through an active downtown, where all of the Shop Owners are standing outside of their stores to simply smell the wonderful fresh air.

And Ranchero drives onwards.

A Series of Shots Upon the Shop-Owners:

- a.) Hardware Store Owner stops sweeping to smell the air.
- b.) Convenient Store Clerk stops to smell the air.
- c.) Owner of the Gun Store walks out and smells the air.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Ranchero, whose dressed in the attire of a cowboy, walks along the aisles of book shelves within a packed vicinity of all white people.

As we see this man's skin complexion is dark, along with hairy arms and hands.

Then he stumbles across an aisle that attracts him.

He seeks a book, as he drags his fingers along.

Until, a book drops out of a shelf. And it is the book of *John Steinbeck's, The Pearl*.

(CONTINUED)

The hairy Chicano Cowboy picks the book up, and opens it. And he begins to read it.

RANCHERO (O.S.)

With all of the tales that have been told before, you know, the ones that are stuck in people's hearts, there are only good and bad things, and black and white things, and good and evil things, and no in-between anywhere.

In the corner of the Chicano's eyes, he can see someone staring at him.

An Old Protestant Woman, who shakes her head intently at him, almost as if she were saying he doesn't belong here.

But Ranchero's persona is that of a teflon, since it has no effect on him, as he heads to a line to checkout his book.

EXT. ARTICHOKE-FIELDS - MORNING

Group of Farm-Workers are plucking roots of artichokes. As each artichoke gets packed into crates.

Then the crate gets taken over to the bed of a truck.

The bed of the truck fills up.

As Two-Farmers hop into the truck.

And they drive down the dirt-road.

A White-Man blows a whistle, and at the same time getting the chills from the wind.

While a truck full of artichokes drives down a dirt road alongside the fields.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING

The bed of the truck cruises down the highway, as it hits a bump and the crates full of artichokes get some air.

EXT. DISTRIBUTION PLANT - DAY

The Two-Farmers unload the bed of the truck, and head inside of the Plantation with crates of artichokes.

While one of the Farmers whistles towards a classic luxurious Ford Oldsmobile.

Where an Old Protestant white man, in his 60's gets out of the driver's seat.

And he approaches the Two Farmers.

OLD PROTESTANT
Hey you two!?

The Two Farmers pause to the Old Protestant.

OLD PROTESTANT
Hablas englese?

MEXICAN FARMER #2
Si, senor, I mean, yes-sir.

The Old Protestant pauses.

OLD PROTESTANT
Good, your coming with me.

As the Two Farmers follow the Old Protestant inside.

And the factory smoke stacks steam away.

INT. DISTRIBUTION PLANT - DAY

A sign on a wall has an artichoke in the shape of a heart, reading; *Artichokes are aphrodisiacs and good for the heart.*

Then a lab technician with a bald man in a white lab coat with a gray beard, in his 60's, walks along with Two other White Men, who follow their guide.

A production of artichokes that have over three dozen Mexican Farmers prepping the crop into distribution boxes.

The Lab Technician speaks over all of this.

LAB TECHNICIAN
Out of the many substances that are in the artichoke, there lies a medicinal herb, say, for damaged liver, skin, and heart health. This
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LAB TECHNICIAN (cont'd)
herb is called, silymarin, which is
an ideal ingredient in milk
thistle. And yet, there are those,
who may not be turned on towards
artichokes. That's fine, but I
highly recommend getting your hands
on some Milk Thistle. Then, start
at least once a day, for about a
week. By week two, you can bet your
bottom dollar that you'll feel a
difference in your body.

As the Two White Men pause and are intrigued by all of this.

OLD PROTESTANT (O.S.)
You see that man out there?

MEXICAN FARMER #2 (O.S.)
Yes, sir.

INT. PROTESTANT'S OFFICE - DAY

Through the blinds of an office is the Old Protestant, whose
prowling over at his fellow Co-Workers.

A cracked open window includes the Two Farmers that are
stuck, and apparently students to this man.

Then Old Protestant appoints to the Two Farmers.

OLD PROTESTANT
That feller, there, has been a
friend of mine for quite some time.
We took over this distribution
company, by civil rights. Now,
lemme ask you two something.

The Two Farmers are quite nervous.

OLD PROTESTANT
What color is everyone's coat here?

He pauses.

OLD PROTESTANT
Let me hear something from your
silent buddy here. Tell me.

MEXICAN FARMER #1
White.

(CONTINUED)

OLD PROTESTANT
Bueno, now you understand why your
outside, and we stay comfortable
here? Yes?

The Two Farmers forcefully nod their heads yes.

OLD PROTESTANT
You are dismissed! Now, get the
hell out of my sight.

Old Protestant points to the door.

INT. FARMER'S HOME - EVENING

Farmer #2 places a crate onto the kitchen table. As his
family joyously surrounds him.

While the Farmer's Wife grabs an artichoke and places it
into a pot of boiling water.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A Cook pulls out a steaming artichoke from a boiling pot of
hot water.

As he adds his seasonings to the plant on a dish.

Then a Waiter stops by and grabs the dish.

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

The Waiter places the dish onto a Young Couple's table.

WAITER (O.S.)
Voila!

The dish reveals a sight of artichoke hearts.

FADE TO BLACK

RUBIA (V.O.)
This vegetable is a thistle, the
most delicious part, is the heart.

FADE-UP:

EXT. ARTICHOKE FIELDS - MORNING TO NIGHT

The time lapse growth of a seed being planted, all the way to a full grown, blooming artichoke as it flaps open, just like a woman's vagina.

EXT. ARTICHOKE FIELDS - EVENING

As the field exemplifies itself as the founding cultivation of Mexicans in California.

As the FARMERS line up in an orderly fashion way.

A Mexican Woman nudges another Woman to joke.

MEXICAN WOMAN, JOKER
E' blanco e' freddo!!? come stai ei
I.C.E. coming!

The Two Woman-Farmers laugh with each other. As several other people join in on the crack-ups.

Then Mexican Farmer #2 wipes off sweat from his forehead, as a Young Man stands by such a figure.

MEXICAN FARMER #2
A wise man once told me, that it is
illegal to be stupid, yet legal to
be crazy.

And the Young Man pauses with a blank stare.

MEXICAN FARMER #2
Less you really are stupid.

YOUNG MAN
Am I still here?

As Mexican Farmer #2 pauses.

MEXICAN FARMER #2
Then you must be crazy!

And the two friends laugh together.

YOUNG MAN
So, who was this wise man, Senor?

(CONTINUED)

MEXICAN FARMER #2
A pinche dishwasher from Monterey.

The laughter of this dynamic duo heightens.

Suddenly, a blue school bus pulls up to park.

While all of the Farmers hop on.

Mexican Farmer #2 and Young Man let the women on first.

And just like a Master to his Sensei, as the Farmer whispers into the Young Man's ear.

MEXICAN FARMER #2 (O.S.)
If you grow them now, Chicanos will
come later.

INT. BLUE BUS - EVENING

One, by one. Men. Women. Children. As well as One-Chicana who has blond hair, though, she's trying to hide-herself, but continues to the back of the bus.

She tries to adjust her blond hair that appears to be a wig.

And as she takes a seat, we catch a profiled glimpse of her true beauty.

She has totally blocked-out the world around her, and she appears to be in one of her own.

Until she notices a truck that pulls up with aggression with it's loud muffler.

EXT. ARTICHOKE-FIELDS - EVENING

A Cowboy with his hat, as well as a *fumanchu*-mustache, and also his boots. This man, here, is the guise of a Ranchero, whose carrying his open bookmarked novella around.

Then he closes the book shut.

But not until we get closeup upon his face, is when we catch a glimpse of Ranchero, with a scarred-past on his face.

INT. BLUE BUS - CONTINUOS

Ranchero walks onto the blue bus with intent on finding the person he sought-out.

As he scans left, and right of the entire bus. Nobody there.

The Ranchero pulls out a tooth-pick and begins cleaning a rotten-tooth of his, and stops to an enticing-sight.

RANCHERO

Alguien en este autobús ha visto a una mujer de cabello rubio por aquí? Ella es mi empleada y debe volver al trabajo. ella se escapó con un gringo, que puede estar haciendo lo que quiera con ella. Necesito saber a dónde fue. comprende?

All of the Farmers sit in silence.

RANCHERO

No estoy aquí para quitarle la libertad como los gringos están tratando de hacer. pero cuando el hielo se derrita, será demasiado tarde para colocarlo sobre la herida. Okay?

Then one heavy set Female Farmer, in her 30's, points to the back of the bus.

Where the blond Chicana sits uncomfortable, with eyes bigger than a full moon. As she adjusts her blond wig. We can see shades of dark hair from underneath.

Ranchero stands with a comfy-poise, and whistles loudly.

And surely as you know it, a man with a Lucha-Wrestling mask appears, like Bane from Batman.

Ranchero points to the back of the bus, and looks at Lucha.

RANCHERO

Rubia-wig, *numero tres*.

Lucha pulls his mask upward to laugh.

LUCHA

Bueno.

And lifts his mask back-down, leaving frame.

(CONTINUED)

As we hold onto emptiness of Ranchero's feet.

Until, Lucha returns dragging Rubia, by her ponytail.

Rubia shrieks.

The rest of the Farmers speak amongst themselves.

Heavy-set hands of a ringed-boxer, belonging to Ranchero, as he touches Rubia's face, gently.

Then Ranchero pulls the blond wig off of the Female-Farmer, whose actually brunette.

LUCHA

This no Rubia.

As Lucha confusingly looks at Ranchero.

RANCHERO

She no Rubia.

While a scared brunette beauty pauses.

BRUNETTE BEAUTY

Ya, ya. Yannete.

RANCHERO

Mija. She'll do!

Ranchero snaps his fingers.

And he whistles.

And Ranchero points in the direction of his truck.

RANCHERO

Bamanos!

Lucha drags a weak Yanette along. As she shrieks from getting stolen.

The large gloved hands of Lucha suffocate Yanette's mouth, with her big eyes with dripping mascara.

A Man from a far distance is hiding in an inconspicuous car. As he takes a photograph with his camera.

Freeze Frame onto the pickup truck kicking up dirt.

On-Screen Text:

Castroville, CA -- 1947

EXT. ARTICHOKE-FIELDS - EVENING

Mexican Farmer #2 and Young Man stand frozen.

And out the blue-bus from it's windows are the Farmers looking out towards Lucha taking Yanette away to a truck.

Ranchero walks alongside them, entering the driver's seat.

Smoke revs up from the exhaust pipes of the truck.

And that inconspicuous car with the Photographer follows the truck from behind.

The fields shake rather erotically from the wind.

RUBIA (O.S.)

We gotta go!

And a blond Latina Beauty comes out of the fields, in her mid 20's, beautiful even without makeup, happens to be half naked with a blanket covering her breasts.

Following a White slick Man, in his 30's, that appears to be in the guise of Mr. Bogart, himself.

MR. BOGIE

Wait, what do you mean!? That was only five minutes!

And a pissed off Blondie has heard this a million times before in her line of work.

RUBIA

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Just remember one thing, *Money talks*, and I'm already sick of hearing your pasty voice. Plus, you wanna see more of me don't ya?

The White Man is like a dog in breed. While Rubia flashes a bit of her ass to him.

RUBIA

Guess you'll just have to catch me at the club, won't we?

MR. BOGIE

Rubia, can I ask you something?

RUBIA

Shoot, Mr. Bogie.

And Mr. Bogie pauses.

(CONTINUED)

MR. BOGIE

Well, there's something that I need to tell you. But...

Mr. Bogie pauses with disbelief.

RUBIA

What is it? Tell me, for christ's sake! I have every right to know!

But Mr. Bogie catches himself to speak any further.

MR. BOGIE

It's just that I worried about you, is all. I care about you, Rubia. And I don't want anything bad to happen to you, okay?

Rubia understands that he's just like every other John.

MR. BOGIE

No, please don't look at me like that? Makes me feel pitiful, and I don't want you to think of me like every other John at Franco's.

And Rubia pauses.

RUBIA

Well, if a quick fuck in the fields isn't enough for you, then I'm stuck with only one option.

MR. BOGIE

And what would that be?

RUBIA

Well, there's something that I may have to tell you, Senor.

MR. BOGIE

Okay, you go first.

RUBIA

Nah, nah, nah. Not today, Mr. Bogie, not today.

MR. BOGIE

Why not!?

RUBIA

I'm already late as it is, and a woman needs to survive, especially

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RUBIA (cont'd)
a Latin woman in this world of
white reckoning.

MR. BOGIE
I ain't white, Miss Rubia.

Rubia pauses with concern.

RUBIA
Yeah? Then what the hell are you,
because your as white as a cracker
dipped in some chowder, aren't you?

She makes Mr. Bogie laugh.

And Miss Rubia playfully giggles, and winks.

As she walks up a nearby hill.

MR. BOGIE
You know who you remind me of!?

And Rubia looks back from a distance on a dirt hill.

RUBIA
I dunno!!!?

MR. BOGIE
The Latina Marilyn Monroe.

And Rubia smiles.

EXT. ARTICHOKE FIELDS - DAY

That very inconspicuous vehicle with the detectives take off
down the dirt road.

INT. I.C.E. OFFICER CAR - DAY

At the middle console of the vehicle there is a badge that
reads an abbreviation of:

I.C.E.

I.C.E. OFFICER #2 (O.S.)
You know you gotta take it easy
with making contact with aliens,
Mr. Bogie.

And Mr. Bogie pauses with anger at first, but smirks.

(CONTINUED)

While ICE OFFICER #2 pauses with a lit smoky cigarette.

I.C.E. OFFICER #2

Cos you never know what you may catch yourself, suddenly your having a thrill of your life, yet when you are done, is what you receive that may get you sick, and if not sick physically, that stuff will really jack you up, mentally, my friend, alright? All I am asking from you is to just take it easy with that, and don't get yourself abducted, or anything, you hear me?

Officer #2 pauses once more with disbelief in breaking through to his new partner on the shift as a day one duo.

MR. BOGIE

Why don't you go ahead and fuck yourself, Joseph.

And Mr. Bogie places a cigarette in his mouth.

MR. BOGIE

See, I wasn't raised from a strictly angelical white upbringing, mine was catholic, and though it may be similar to Christianity, having full Sicilian blood, but I act like an Italian, yet I can put my mask on and blend it like Elmer's glue paste, naturally, of course. Much different, from most cultures, but also a prime example of how one culture just may be the bridge to everyone. Now, that's how I see it.

Officer #2's foot hits the gas pedal.

As his face grimaces towards feeling agitated from Mr. Bogie's comments.

EXT. DINER - DAY

Mr. Bogie is quite pissed off at his partner's comments.

MR. BOGIE (O.S.)

Listen here, pal, or should I say, rookie, cub, kitten?

So, he stops the car at a local diner.

INT. I.C.E. OFFICER CAR - DAY

And Mr. Bogie pauses with his smoke, putting it out. While the Rookie does the same exact thing.

MR. BOGIE

We are going to have ourselves many cups of Joe, here, along with however many rounds of pastries. I usually take a good dozen doughnuts to go. But that's me. Now, what we are gonna have, is simply a conversation about how you are treating yourself with no respect.

This causes Officer #2 to be quite heated.

MR. BOGIE (O.S.)

What are you with that beard, a fucking beat poet? Well, the movement surely ain't with this job. Cut your beard off, have some respect for yourself.

The sound of a car door opening and slamming can be heard.

Officer #2 is already having one helluva day.

EXT. DINER - DAY

Meanwhile, Mr. Bogie has found himself a seat inside, yet Officer #2 is just getting to the doorway of the place, as he makes his way in, he stops.

And Officer #2 takes a deep breath, as if he were entering alien territory.

INT. DINER - DAY

Officer #2 walks into the diner, and it is full of Mexican American population, as he scans the place, looking for a white, Mr. Bogie that is waving his way.

And for some apparent reason, Officer #2 is sweating bullets off of his face, feeling quite awkward.

MR. BOGIE (O.S.)

Have yourself a seat.

Then Officer #2 takes a seat with Mr. Bogie at a booth. And Mr. Bogie pauses, as he looks astray towards a distance.

(CONTINUED)

While Officer #2 looks wht Mr. Bogie is looking at, he simply identifies nothing, but a possible trance in regards to his Mexican lover.

The only thing is that this really upsets Officer #2, due to his upbringing apparently.

INT. FRANCO'S STRIP CLUB - DAY

A tattooed-buttocks grinds within a lap-dance to some Simpleton-John. And it is Yanette, who appears scared, yet striving for something more in her life.

JOHN #2 (O.S.)
That-a-girl.

Then Yanette goes in for the kill, making John #2 nutting all over himself.

As she looks towards a New-Girl, who looks quite identical with her blond hair and all, except a busted-bloody bandaged nose, of some sort of warning.

So, Yanette gets up, and goes through the restroom, as she passes by Rubia, who seems to be in a panic-frenzy.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Rubia nears in on a room of three-men, Lucha, El-Gringo, and Ranchoero speaking.

RANCHERO (O.S.)
I swear to God, it's like pinche clockwork. Not one, not two, but now three! Tres' pinche, Rubia.

As Rubia pauses with shock, near a cracked open door with cigarette smoke fuming out. Her heart is pounding rapid fast at this point.

RANCHERO (O.S.)
Ah, Miss Rubia, perfect.

And Rubia stops in her tracks.

While Ranchoero grabs onto her arm tightly.

Taking Rubia inside a small room of fellow associates of Ranchoero's organization, as well as a scarred-up face, Senor Lucha, who has his mask on the table.

(CONTINUED)

Along with a potential-Customer, who looks like the doppelganger of Humphrey Bogart.

At this point, Rubia decides to play-dumb.

RUBIA

More like *babaluchie*, huh Lucha?

Mr. Bogie and Ranchero look at each-other, and began to laugh together.

But it is apparent that Mr. Bogie knows Rubia, somehow, or some way.

RANCHERO

You know who you look like, you look just like Marilyn Monroe.

MR. BOGIE

Chingon!

This pisses off Lucha.

As Ranchero pauses.

RANCHERO

Amigo, callate, callate, that word must only be used for you from a fellow native Xihuacan. I'm only warning you now, cos inthe near future if you were to do this again, in front of a Xihuacan, well, you might not be so lucky. So, jsut consider yourself lucky, in terms of getting, say.... A freebie, and we all can move on.

Then Ranchero slaps Rubia's sweaty-ass.

The sound of snarling laughter from the Men in the room.

Rubia has no idea what is going on.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOS

Ranchero begins to count his thick wad of cash, as he pauses, and hands that wad to Rubia.

RANCHERO (O.S.)

Easier work, and more money.

Rubia walks down the hallway, full of confidence.

(CONTINUED)

Just as you know it, she comes across an Ad, reading:

The First Annual Artichoke Queen, in One Month.

RUBIA

The ticket out of here.

And Rubia plucks the ad off of the wall.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY

A group of Mexican Gorgeous Women, all, putting their makeup on. As Rubia has entered work not only in a hurry, but late.

Most of the Dancers are ready, or are about to be, as for Rubia situates herself, and takes a seat in her chair.

Then whips out her make-up kit. And Rubia takes a breath.

While a Trio of Dancers prowl over Rubia, whose about to place a brush on Rubia's face.

TRIO OF DANCERS (O.S.)

Pinche-buta!

And Rubia places a black-dot for a dimple on her cheek, and she kisses onto the mirror, as she leaves. Leaving a pink-print of lips.

And she playfully giggles her way out.

FADE TO BLACK

On-Screen Text:

ONE MONTH TILL FESTIVITIES

FADE-UP:

INT. FRANCO'S STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

JOHN #3 grabs Rubia roughly. And Rubia pauses, as to her very first-shitty customer, who puts up a sexual-struggle beyond boundaries of etiquette.

RUBIA

Ey, where's your etiquette?

(CONTINUED)

JOHN #3
Fuck etiquette.

Till the John grabs the back of Rubia's head, pulling her downward for a blow-job, and she hoes along with it.

While the John pushes quite hardly onto the back of Rubia's head with force.

Which really pisses of Rubia, and-so, instead, she takes a nip-off of John #3's penis, that spatters blood about.

The sound of JOHN #3 screaming bloody murder.

Rubia leaves immediately within a hurry, and a bit of blood on her face.

And passes by a bulletin-board full of cigarette ads, malt shop ads, and musical guests for the club.

As she spots another glamorous-Ad for Miss Artichoke Queen with Marilyn Monroe to be strutting in competition.

RUBIA
This can't be so?

And Rubia sheds some tears from the sight of her idol.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOS

The office-door to Lucha, is half-way open, and can see Lucha, himself, grasping onto a belt.

While Rubia sits in a chair crying her melted-mascara off her face.

Then Lucha pauses, and takes defenseless-Rubia to her kness.

And Lucha slams the door shut, with his foot.

INT. FRANCO'S STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOS

The glamorous-Ad of Artichoke Queen with Marilyn Monroe.

The sound of Rubia screaming as she gets whipped from Lucha.

Then a stripper rips the Artichoke Queen Ad off the bulletin-board.

INT. PHARMACY - NIGHT

Rubia covers her face that is bruised up pretty badly, as she approaches a CLERK dressed in all-white, who's staring at Rubia, as a peasant from an empirical-perspective.

This White Clerk snarls her eyebrows at Rubia.

CLERK

Do you have your papers, Miss?

Rubia freezes up. As the Clerk snarls her eyebrow downwards.

But Rubia composes herself.

RUBIA

I have Boss' signature.

CLERK

If only, and only if you weren't a darn woman.

The Clerk checks the document. And she aggressively gives it a stamp that reads in green font:

On-Document Stamped Text:

PASS

EXT. CINEMA HOUSE - NIGHT

Thick fog ponders outside through an empty ghost town, till a worn out and beat to shit, Rubia, who covers her eyes with sunglasses on at night. As well as a shawl, over her head.

While she looks around to check if the coast is clear, as if she were a school girl ditching, and playing hooky.

The fog embodies outside entirely.

RUBIA (V.O.)

I've danced this damn Sunday to the ground, and have even taken the pleasure of some not so comforting slaps. No, I won't go to church to redeem my sins, and yap my mouth off to the preacher. I simply prefer the cinema. Since this is, indeed, my very church.

Then she enters into the theater with a marquee reading;

The Misfits: Clark Gable & Marilyn Monroe.

Rubia speaks all through her entry of the Cinema House.

INT. CINEMA HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Rubia gets a ticket stub ripped from the Ticket-Holder.

And she passes a movie poster with miss matched puzzle pieces, and a small font for the title, The Misfits.

As she takes her sunglasses off.

INT. AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Rubia has entered a movie with nobody in attendance.

And she likes every last bit of this. As she tosses some popcorn kernels in her mouth, but only catching some.

Miss Monroe appears on the screen as her character of an Ex-Stripper.

Rubia's eyes widen big as the moon, yet her eyes also start to flicker with tears.

As she begins to close her eyes and dream.

DREAM SEQUENCE:

INT. CAFE - NIGHT

Rubia dreams that she is that very Ex-Stripper, in the guise of Marilyn Monroe's character.

As she sings a sad, sad song. And she sheds some tears.

BACK TO:

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Then Rubia gets makeup applied from someone, who wipes her tears away.

And it's a comforting, Yanette.

YANETTE

Don't ya know silly girly that
Gentlemen prefer blondes.

As Yanette smirks out a smile.

INT. FRANCO'S STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Franco's strip joint is as loud as ever, and packed with an entire full house. With all the Lovely Dancers sitting on the laps of any, and every Man.

Except, for Rubia and the Yanette, they are off to the side, incognito.

Then Rubia pulls out her prescription-bottle.

And pops a few-pills into her mouth.

So-does the Yanette, as she has multiple pills balancing on her tongue.

The two, beat to shit beauties, both, looking at each other.

RUBIA / YANETTE
When in Rome...

And the Two begin to laugh together.

Then Rubia begins slurring nonsense, as she starts to tear up.

YANETTE
Rubia, what happened? He hit you,
too, huh?

But Rubia closes her eyes to hide from such darkness-inside.

So, she pauses, and takes a deep breath.

RUBIA
My body...

Yanette now understands her pain. But smirks quite devilishly, as if she's enjoying Rubia's misery.

Yanette brings Rubia in closer to hold.

Then Yanette rubs Rubia's thigh, and becomes serious when she sees Rubia's leg.

YANETTE
Oh my! Why that sure ain't no good!

But Rubia already has her mind made up.

As Yanette concurs to write the details down.

(CONTINUED)

YANETTE

Your body is beautiful, and that is ugly, Rubia.

Rubia's thigh holds a large bruise.

EXT. ALLEY - EVENING

Rubia walks through a sketchy alley.

YANETTE (O.S.)

Here's what you gotta do.

EXT. TATTOO SHOP - EVENING

Rubia has landed at a tattoo shop.

YANETTE (O.S.)

You can go to this guy, downtown alley, a fucking true artist.

INT. TATTOO SHOP - EVENING

Rubia ponders through the shop and waiting for the Artist.

TATTOO ARTIST (O.S.)

So what will it be?

Rubia pauses with a smirk.

INT. TATTOO SHOP - NIGHT

Rubia shows her thigh off in the mirror to get a glance at her brand new tat, which is of an artichoke.

TATTOO ARTIST (O.S.)

So Yanette recommended me?

RUBIA

Yeah, and she didn't disappoint.

Tattoo Artist pauses.

TATTOO ARTIST

Yeah, and I guess at the end of the day we're all just trying to get paid, aren't we?

Rubia has totally spaced out on this.

TATTOO ARTIST

Now let me tell you something about that *chica*, Yanette. Not only is she crazy, but she's bi-polarized. Split, *senorita*.

RUBIA

Bi-polarized? Split?

TATTOO ARTIST

Whatever you do, Rubia, do not take any pills she gives you. She's crazy, and she surely ain't your mother, either! Anyhow... Aye, I heard there's a white girl dancing over at Franco's strip joint. What's her name? And is her hair naturally blond?

Rubia pauses.

RUBIA

First of all, that was very specific, Tat. And secondly, this bimbo has taken my spot, talking all sorts of crazy nonsense about the duster planes are spraying a form of a deadly chemical into the air, trying to kill us all.

TATTOO

- Planes? Shit, Rubia, you should listen to yourself. Like I told Ya-Ya, the gringos, like White-Blondie, for instance, will try to throw you off course. Lookie here..

And Tattoo pauses. As he fills Rubia's hand with two pills.

TATTOO ARTIST (O.S.)

This will make you see a goddamn spaceship, Rubia. So reach for the stars.

Then Rubia pauses for a bit. As she pops the pills, and swallows them whole using a cup of water.

As Rubia looks at Tattoo as if he were some form of Performer that is taking her on a trippy ride.

INT. BAR OF FRANCO'S - CONTINUOUS

Yanette pops a handful of pills.

INT. TATTOO SHOP - NIGHT

A firm Tattoo Artist stands over Rubia waiting for her to make a move.

TATTOO ARTIST

So, you gonna pay me, or what?

Tattoo Artist smacks Rubia's other butt cheek that is blank.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The hands of Tattoo Artist smack Rubia's tiny tat on her ass. As he is fucking Rubia from the behind, doggy-style.

Then a shirtless Tattoo Artist quickly puts his pants on.

And wraps his belt around his waist, as he looks for one of his missing shoes.

While a doped up Rubia is asleep, but winces one eye open.

He has a shirt on continuing to look for his other shoe near Rubia. As she fakes asleep, so that he won't see.

Until, Tattoo Artist has found the other shoe.

RUBIA (O.S.)

I should at least get another small tat for that, Mr.

The sound of Rubia giggles.

TATTOO ARTIST

I will see you later, *sweetie*. Say, has what's his face come by, lately?

RUBIA

Who?

TATTOO

Bitch, you know damn well, who!?

RUBIA

The man who wears the pilot mask over his face? --

(CONTINUED)

Rubia becomes quite shook over this man.

TATTOO ARTIST (O.S.)
- They say, so that he can cover up
his scars.

And Rubia makes direct eye contact with an allusively evil glare from Tattoo.

TATTOO
Just like you.

And he winks.

EXT. LANDING STRIP - NIGHT

The Masked Pilot pauses in the cockpit, and talks into his walkie talkie.

MASKED PILOT (O.S.)
Taking a pit stop, gotta take a
massive dump.

Then the Pilot gets up out of the cockpit of his plane.

EXT. FRANCO'S STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

The Masked Pilot stands alongside the entrance of the club, as he has been here a time ago.

MASKED PILOT (MUFFLES THROUGH MASK)
Home, sweet home.

INT. FRANCO'S STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

A hand of painted nails of a dancer holds a quarter, until a dark gloved hand of a man grabs onto her hand.

MASKED PILOT (O.S.)
Play, "*Beyond the Sea*".

And the Jukebox rearranges the records around, as it selects the titled song:

"Beyond the Sea".

FADE TO BLACK

FADE-UP:

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT

Through his windshield we glide within the dreamy clouds, as if this were a glimpse of paradise.

The sound of a Woman screaming in pain can be heard.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

The Masked Pilot hits Rubia hard in the face. And he pauses, as he stands over her, like a lion preying upon an elk.

Then he whips out his thumb in replacement of his cock.

He forcefully grabs the back of Rubia's, and makes her suck his thumb that is in position to be his cock.

RANCHERO (O.S.)

Bendejo!

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ranchero has arrived late to the scene, while he peeks through Rubia's dressing room door from the hallway, and he pauses with such despair.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

An abused Rubia whimpers on the floor like an animal, whose bleeding upon her face, along with mascara dripping, though she tries to hold herself together in order to speak.

RUBIA

No more, no more.

Then Ranchero grabs onto the wad of cash left on the dresser. As he slowly approaches a distraught Rubia.

RANCHERO

Listen, take a couple days off, and I'll have White Blondie fill your shift, for the time being, okay, mija!? Think about Marilyn.

And Ranchero rubs Rubia's face, and kisses her forehead.

While Ranchero leaves a tormented Rubia, who continues to whimper through her solitary confinement.

INT. WHITE BLONDIE'S DRESSING ROOM - EVENING

A sexy, thick White Blondie sits on a bed with an anxious Business Man of Sleaze, who has apparently been listening to his hooker speak without any sex.

Though, this man is married due to his wedding ring. He takes it off, and places the ring onto the table.

And it is a ring with several Egyptian Women playing different instruments.

As White Blondie pauses.

WHITE BLONDIE

Sometimes, I just, think, you know?

And the Sleaze Ball is growing impatient.

WHITE BLONDIE

That we are all living within the confinements of a mere bubble. A place designated to keep you in, to maintain the system, as a number versus an actual being. Just like the current flow of a wave in the ocean, that gains momentum one way, so, the way I see it, is that there needs to be balance upon society, and measures to be dealt with.

The Sleaze Ball looks at White Blondie like she was crazy. So he gets up, and gathers his things up.

WHITE BLONDIE

Wait, just listen, if planes are spraying toxic chemicals into our very air that we are breathing, then, so be it, but just know that I'll be that very pearl to go against the grain of that wave, to say what I gotta say, and to be put on the record.

And the vinyl record spins a smooth track.

Then White Blondie seductively walks towards the Sleaze Ball, and she pops a squat on his lap. As this were her first lap dance.

She rubs all around his lap.

As he grabs her face, and slowly kisses her neck.

(CONTINUED)

While they begin to french kiss. He locks his tongue with her lengthy, and long tongue.

And he pushes her head down for a blow job.

FADE TO BLACK

On-Screen Text:

Three Weeks Till Festival

FADE-UP:

EXT. DEAD END STREET - MORNING TO NIGHT

A time lapse from morning to night upon the wooden post of dead end street, as a Missing Persons Sign is posted, and it is of **WHITE BLONDIE**.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Dirty hands get washed inside of a sink, and it is Rancho, who checks himself within the mirror.

As he takes a deep breath, and splashes cold water on his face to wake him up.

RANCHO

C'mon, buddy ol' pal, what's it going to be? You gotta eat, you gotta live. Just like what Darwin said, himself, survival of the fittest, is the name of this game called life.

And Rancho softly taps his cheeks, and winks at himself.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Rubia tapes the glamorous Ad of Marilyn Monroe onto her mirror. As she passionately observes the picture.

And impersonating her idol, as Rubia sways her hair about.

The sound of the door abruptly opening.

And an embarrassed Rubia covers her healing bruises around her face, and eye.

(CONTINUED)

YANETTE (O.S.)
Bonita, bonita!

And Yanette brings excitement back into those wondrous eyes of Rubia, who feels used and abused.

YANETTE
For as long as Miss Marilyn Monroe
doesn't show up, you got this in
the bag, sweet-sweet, Rubia.

Rubia is looking the best she ever has looked, besides the bruise and all, but her natural beauty brings a heavy cloud of jealousy to linger whenever Yanette sees her.

YANETTE
So, let me see it!

RUBIA
See what?

So Rubia flashes her thigh.

As Yanette is quite astonished.

YANETTE
Have you found a dress to wear to
the festival?

This really overwhelms Rubia.

YANETTE
You're beginning to tell me that
you haven't even looked? I mean,
how serious are you taking this?
Sounds like a bunch of bunk, to me!

Yanette unzips a large black bag on a hanger.

YANETTE (O.S.)
I got mines!

And it's a glamorous white dress, one that Marilyn Monroe would wear.

An enthralled Rubia feels along the fabric of the material.

DREAM SEQUENCE:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD-LAND - DAY

The sign of old school Hollywood-Land. As a star-studded blond beauty of Miss Rubia wearing the glamorous white dress. While she swings her feet and smoking a cigarette.

As this is the life that she longs for.

RUBIA

There's no place like home, there's
no place like home.

Then she drops her cigarette out from her mouth.

As all of a sudden she falls and slips.

And Rubia has fallen off of the Hollywood-Land Sign.

And down a dark rabbit hole.

YANETTE (O.S.)

Rubia?

The sound of Yanette's voice echoes within a murmur.

BACK TO REALITY:

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

And poor Rubia is caught in a daze.

As her hand still grasps tightly onto the white dress.

RUBIA

Mari --

YANETTE (O.S.)

- Snap out of it, will ya!? --

- All of a sudden, we can hear two loud knocks.

Yanette quickly zips up the black bag.

While Rubia begins cleaning up her mess of clothes, as she packs them up into a large suit case.

- Then a door opens up to Rancho, along with a few Guests.

RANCHERO

Rounded up some Gringos, with some
real verde.

And Rancho obnoxiously laughs.

(CONTINUED)

The Gringos take their clothes off.

Rubia and Yanette pop the last of their prescription-pills.

Then Yanette's face begins to turn sour.

As she heads straight to the bathroom.

And Rubia awkwardly pauses with concern.

While the Two Gringo Johns glance over the room, and check things out, while they wait for both Women to be ready.

As one of the Gringos observes Rubia.

Then Gringo #2 checks out Rubia's mirror that holds the Ad for the Artichoke Queen festival.

GRINGO #2
Pff... Seriously?

RUBIA (O.S.)
What do you think, Mr.?

And Gringo #2 pauses, as he checks out Rubia's body, just like a dirty dog would.

GRINGO #2
What do I think? I think with a body like that, you ought to re-think your actions towards putting yourself out on display for such an event.

Gringo #2 really puts Rubia in her place, but he also has made her feel quite upset.

Gringo #1 knocks onto the bathroom door.

GRINGO #1
Hello, Senorita!!? You coming out to play, yeah, or no!!?

The sound of a toilet flushing can be heard. As Yanette wipes her face coming out of the bathroom.

GRINGO #1 (O.S.)
You okay, there, little girl?

Gringo #1 grabs onto Yanette, as if she were his rag doll.

But this makes Yanette feel quite sick.

As she pauses to cover up her mouth from a gag reflex.

But Gringo #1 insists to get his way with her, and places his arms around her.

Then Yanette pukes all over the floor, as well as his shoes.

Which really upsets Gringo-Johns.

GRINGO #1
This is fucking unbelievable.

GRINGO #2
Fucking Can, can't keep her shit together, for crying out loud.

GRINGO #1
Sounds like a culture problem of shock, to me.

And the Two Gringos begin to laugh.

Gringo #2 rips the Ad for the Artichoke Queen festival to pieces. As it scatters all over the floor.

Rubia drops to the ground, trying to collect all of the pieces of Marilyn Monroe's ripped apart face.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ranchero waits outside with Lucha, as Lucha is ready for action, but Ranchero calls him-off.

RANCHERO
Pinche-butas.

And the Dynamic-Duo stand alongside the door, eavesdropping.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door busts open with Lucha and Ranchero.

RANCHERO
Yanette. Come.

Yanette listens, but is scared, even-though she is unconscious from the drugs.

Then Ranchero whistles loudly.

Which causes the Gringos to leave, at-once.

While Lucha goes to retrieve a very sedated Yanette.

(CONTINUED)

Rubia grabs her prescription-pills bottle, and hides it.

Lucha tosses Yanette over his shoulders.

And she begins to foam up in her mouth. As she gets taken out the room.

Ranchero looks into Rubia's soul, as if it were her fault.

RANCHERO

Don't let the bed-bugs bite your
skin, because when they bite your
skin and crawl inside your body, is
when they ultimately become a part
of your very body, spreading all
over, and over again

This freaks out Rubia. Then Ranchero slams the door.

CUT TO BLACK

On-Screen Text:

2-Weeks Till Festivities

FADE-UP:

EXT. ARTICHOKE-FIELDS - MORNING

Rows of artichoke-fields have blossomed quite miraculously-full of a prosperous harvest.

While a Mexican Farmer #3 is in complete-awe, as he drops his shovel.

INT. FRANCO'S STRIP CLUB - MORNING

Not a soul in sight, as Rubia clocks in for work.

RUBIA

That's odd.

Then Rubia goes around back of the club.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Nearing a cracked door, as Rubia slowly reaches to push.

The sounds and smell of sex, is just another day for Rubia, really, and she opens up to Ranchero fucking a Blond Stripper #5.

Rubia's mouth drops.

Then Lucha is exposed from the corner of the room, recording, with a 16mm Movie-Camera.

LUCHA
The light, close the pinche door!

RUBIA
What the fuck?

So Rubia slams the door shut!

INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Rubia applies makeup onto her face.

Then all of a sudden the door bursts open to a powerfully-frightening Ranchero.

Rubia's eye become wide as the moon.

RANCHERO (O.S.)
So what is it gonna-be, baby, baby.

And Ranchero creeps closer to Rubia.

RANCHERO
Baby-girl, perhaps.

As Ranchero wiggles his finger about.

Then he places his arm around Rubia's chest, as it is wrapped-tightly, now, on her stomach.

RUBIA
Stop, you're hurting me.

And Ranchero pauses.

RANCHERO
Hurting you, I'm hurting you. Well why don't you get medicine from the store, oh, that's right, you need my signature, you fucking paiza!

(CONTINUED)

Rubia begins to build up tears.

RANCHERO

You have nobody, and you need me, as your whole fucking family can cross the fucking border to live happily-ever-after. Well let me tell you something, at least back home, when someone fucks you, it's physical, and those very wounds will eventually heal themselves. But as far as America goes, when you get fucked, you may not feel physically feel it, but it sure is one hell of a fuck in one's mental.

Ranchero pauses.

RANCHERO

That will surely hit you later in your life.

And Rubia pauses with disbelief.

RANCHERO

And that, Miss Rubia, is exactly the tale of the immigrant. Whether your Irish, Italian, or now Mexican. Those very colors are represented in the times of certain seasons, of different eras, of how the white man will find a way to make hell, existent.

Then Ranchero wipes Rubia's tears, and walks away, as she's quite confused, but at the same time she feels comfort.

RANCHERO (O.S.)

Looks like we got a real Bogart type on deck, Missy!

And Rubia opens her legs up, in her her nightgown.

While this Humphrey Bogart Look-Alike takes his time, and has a bit more class and etiquette versus the other Johns.

RUBIA

So, what'll it be, *Daddy*?

And the Bogart-Doppelganger takes his clothes-off, as he whistles towards Rubia.

And she crawls-along, on her knees, playfully, like a cat.

(CONTINUED)

Then the Bogie-Double points downwards, as she unbuckles his pants, and belt.

This is the first-time that a man has made love to Rubia, since her youth.

The sound of Rubia moaning can loudly be heard.

And Mr. Bogie kisses her all over.

Till the Couple have fallen asleep.

FLASHBACK:

INT. DINER - EVENING

Two milkshakes get poured, as well as topped off with some whip cream, and cherries.

While the Waitress picks up the tray of shakes.

And the Waitress Delivers the dessert beverages to a nearby table, of a Couple on a date.

While out clean shaven Double of Bogart, grabs both cherries and pops them-intentionally.

Which excites our friend, Rubia, as a virgin ought to feel.

The sound of a second cherry pops loudly.

BACK TO:

INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY

A cigarette gets lit from Mr. Bogie.

While Rubia gets out of the bathroom from a steamy shower.

Then Rubia grabs the cash from a table, and leaves.

MR. BOGIE

Whoah, whoah, whoah. Where do you think your going, sweetie?

RUBIA

I got places to go, and some people to go see.

MR. BOGIE

Look, I'm not trying to hold you down, or anything, but can't you just relax and enjoy reality, for a little bit.

Mr. Bogie playfully laughs.

RUBIA

Listen, that's exactly why I do what I do, one of the oldest jobs in history, behind the artist. And that is exactly what I perceive myself, as well as my body to be.

MR. BOGIE

Your not beginning to sit here, and tell me that you believe that all of a sudden, your an artist?

And he puffs on his cigarette.

RUBIA

All I am to you, *simply*, must be an illegal, *huh?* I got that much right, don't I?

His face turns rather red.

RUBIA

That's what I thought.

And she leaves her own dressing room with a John, who's too familiar with Rubia.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Rubia's feet loudly stomp the floor, as she walks down the hall extremely pissed.

She passes by a cracked door of Rancho, who's reading.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Rancho takes his reading glasses off, and puts his book, of *Steinbeck's The Pearl*, down on the table.

EXT. FRANCO'S STRIP CLUB - DAY

Rubia storms out of the club's vicinity.

We can notice an eavesdropping Ranchero through the window, while he spots an inconspicuous car that raises one of his thick eyebrows.

And it is the I.C.E vehicle parked with a sleeping bearded fellow, Officer #2.

RANCHERO (O.S.)
Corn fed cow fucking.

Ranchero stands with disappointment.

RANCHERO
Cracker Jack fucker.

Then Ranchero walks away.

As Officer #2 wakes up fully embarrassed from being caught.

EXT. OVERPASS - EVENING

Rubia struts her way underneath a grungy freeway filled with the leftovers of the Great Depression.

While some Young-Bums cat-call towards a Defenseless-Rubia.

One Bearded Fellow has a banjo, and is playing a tune with related lyrics of the Dust-Bowl.

Which really places perspective into Rubia's head.

Then-suddenly, a car from a distance appears without it's headlights, as Rubia pauses through curiosity.

And the lights flash onto a freaked out Rubia.

EXT. ARTICHOKE-FIELDS - NIGHT

Within a dark-night, the spotlight appears to be a full-moon amongst the fields.

While Rubia roams the artichoke fields, whistling a tune.

Then Bogie appears from afar, already out of his vehicle, glancing, and listening to the allusive whistling tune.

Mr. Bogie walks towards the sound of beauty.

EXT. OVERPASS - NIGHT

A pick-up truck drives along the freeway entrance, with the Driver being Senor Rancho, who rolls his window down to listen to the sound of an allusive whistle of beauty.

Then he drives onwards, and towards his mission.

EXT. ARTICHOKE-FIELDS - NIGHT

The body of a beauty is placed down gently from the hands of Mr. Bogie, who treats Miss Rubia, as if she were an Angel, and he, a guardian to her.

As he goes in for a kiss on Rubia's forehead.

RUBIA

Take me away from here, can you,
can we?

And Mr. Bogie looks into her eyes. True romance.

As this new-found couple make love in the fields.

Until, the sound of a loud shovel digging, abruptly grabs the attention of Bogie and Rubia.

BOGIE

Did you hear that?

And Rubia pauses with fear and speechless.

Then Mr. Bogie pulls out a gun, as well as a badge, with the abbreviation of, *I.C.E.* on it.

This slick-hair Officer has impressed Rubia, but she is also very confused.

These two love-birds are from two different worlds. Rubia at the same time feels threatened for both of their lives.

MR. BOGIE

I'm here to protect you, as a --

Bogie is distracted from Rubia's beauty.

So, he goes in for a kiss on her forehead. Then Bogie runs off into the fields to patrol.

RUBIA

My hero.

(CONTINUED)

And Bogie with full-intent to shoot with his gun ready, and aimed, as he trots along.

FADE TO BLACK

The sound of a gunshot can loudly be heard.

FADE-UP:

INT. DRESSING ROOM - MORNING

The sound of a rooster beginning it's day can be heard.

Waking up a peaceful Rubia from a deep sleep. As she yawns, and wakes her body up.

She suddenly notices something odd, while she lifts her comforter with blankets away, so that she can see her feet.

And her feet are, indeed, covered in dirt and filth.

RUBIA

My golly!

Then Rubia gets an enormous amount of pain in her stomach.

As she touches it, and can feel the shaping of belly-getting rounder than ever.

RUBY

Can't be. What's happening to me?

Suddenly, fog from Rubia's window enters and fills her room.

A hand dusts off a vinyl-player, and scratches the needle onto a Classical-Record.

A Woman within the foggy corner of the room, smoking a cigarette, facing Rubia's direction.

MYSTERIOUS WOMAN

Come along with me to a world full
of delights.

The Mysterious Woman sways her hand as an invite her way.

While Rubia remains in shock, when the Mysterious Woman appears with an opened orange bottle of prescription pills that pour into the hands of Rubia.

Then Miss Rubia pops quite a few pills. And pukes all over.

(CONTINUED)

The Mysterious Woman laughs over Rubia's downfall.

As Rubia pauses with fear.

And looks back into the mirror, while a familiar face of Marilyn Monroe appears in the corner of a fogged edge of the mirror, who winks and vanishes from the steam.

MARILYN MONROE (O.S.)
Buon fortuna.

This really freaks out Rubia, who has just experienced a hallucinogenic episode.

Her attention breaks, when she looks out her window.

Rubia sees Mr. Bogie's car entering a garage.

FADE TO BLACK

On-Screen Text:

ONE WEEK TILL FESTIVITIES

FADE-UP:

INT. FRANCO'S STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

A blond haired Dancer #7 walks towards a juke box, as she carries a quarter in her palm.

And she places the quarter into a tight-slit.

We hear the sound of a Woman moaning with pleasure.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

And Blond Stripper #7 walks through a hall that smells like sex is in the air.

ITALIAN BLOND DANCER #7
Feddu.

While she places two fingers into her nostrils, as she squints a smile.

Every room along the stinky hallway has JOHNS having sex with Blond Dancers.

INT. FRANCO'S STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOS

Records switch and change from the turning mechanism of a different track that gets a needle placed softly.

Then Blond Dancer #7 walks out into a full house of JOHNS in the main room with the centered catwalk and pole.

As we can see Ranchero sitting at his throne, with Two Blond Companions hugging tightly onto his legs.

BLOND DANCER #5
Where's Lucha been, Boss?

BLOND DANCER #4
Yeah, Boss, where has he been?

Ranchero pauses with grief.

INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOS

Rubia becomes quite overwhelmed from the sight of a full house of JOHNS.

So she quickly pulls out her prescription bottle to pop some of her pills.

Then a BUSTED BLOND slaps Rubia's ass.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Just another Sunday-Night full of
scummy-Johns, Average Joe's, along
with your pretty fuckable ho's.
First-up, we, have a special missy
to start off the night, give it up,
for Senorita Rubia!

INT. FRANCO'S STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOS

Rubia walks out, and struts her thick self on stage. As well as her money maker of a booty that has bills surrounding all over her underwear.

Two Bearded Johns look at each other.

BEARDED JOHN #9
Is it just me, or did Rubia get
bodaciously round?

(CONTINUED)

BEARDED JOHN #10

Well, she certainly is thick, as a bimbo should be.

And the Two Bearded Johns cling glasses!

While Rubia spreads her legs open.

As the Two Johns hypnotized within a trance.

INT. BAR OF FRANCO'S - CONTINUOUS

A deliciously fired serving of a steamy plate of artichokes, that get peeled off from hairy hands.

And the hairy mouth of Ranchero begins to slurp out the meat from the hearty-artichoke.

RANCHERO

It was noted that during the Middle Ages, women were forbidden to eat artichokes, due to its blossoming thistles' aphrodisiac qualities. We ought to be lucky, since Catherine de Medici broke the artichoke's gender barrier; she ate them on a daily basis and would feed them to *thy king*.

As he dips another artichoke-heart, this time, in lemon pepper butter.

The slurping is an insinuation of a Man going down to eat out a woman's vagina.

He offers several whole artichokes to each Blond, though #4 is the one conscious at the moment.

So she takes the offer, and begins eating it.

RANCHERO

Though, most folk would dip theirs into mayonnaise, I prefer to dip mine into lemon pepper butter.

And Ranchero licks his lips.

While Two Blond Dancers listen to their boss.

BLOND DANCER #4

So what the hell is an aphrodisiac?

Ranchero becomes quite smitten.

(CONTINUED)

RANCHERO

An aphrodisiac, or it also can be called a love drug, is a substance in which that increases one's libido when consumed.

And Blond Dancer #4's eyes widen with curiosity. As for Blond Dancer #5 is half asleep, or very drunk.

RANCHERO

Understand now?

BLOND DANCER #4

Yeah, but where does this word come from? Like why that word for such specialty foods?

RANCHERO

Ready to get your bell rung, cos Senor Rancho, is in session.

Rancho clears his throat.

RANCHERO

The name itself, roots all they way back towards Greek mythology, concerning the Greek Goddess of Love, herself, *Aphrodite*. Now that'll make one's mind bend a bit, as we wonder what brought such a famous actress to a smalltown.

A sedated Rubia dances her life away on stage for a draining crowd of Johns, who, all, are slurping on their artichokes dipped in mayonnaise, except, in quite a disturbing manner.

This brings tears to Rubia's eyes.

The sound of all the Johns laughing can be heard.

RUBIA (O.S.)

I'll show them.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - DAY

An upbeat Rubia, whose dress casually but rather normally, for such an exotic dancer.

As she struts herself along the streets, turning heads.

Rubia stops in her tracks to a store that catches her sight.

(CONTINUED)

Through the reflection of the front window of this clothing store, we can see an astonished Rubia, who's window shopping for the dress of her dreams.

But the price tag reads **\$400.**

Which really belittles a very hard working Rubia.

And an inconspicuous car slowly drives by Rubia.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A tired Rubia kicks her heels off. and rests assured in her own couch at ease.

While Rubia begins to eat out a tub of ice cream. Until, Rubia turns her television set on.

The sound of a News Reporter reports, Only to learn about a body found buried within the fields.

And a News Reporter comes on the television set to speak on the Breaking News.

NEWS REPORTER

I guess - you know what they say,
*you can bury shit, but it'll only
come up stinking.*

The Newscaster laughs with pride.

Rubia cannot tell if this is real, or just fantasy.

Then the TV-Set gets turned off.

RANCHERO (O.S.)

Not my idea of a comedy.

And Rubia closes her eyes to fake sleep.

RANCHERO

Too late, already caught you with
your eyes open.

Then Rancho checks out Rubia's stomach, that is plopped-about with ice cream all over, herself.

As Rubia, lethargically pauses with her spoon inside a tub.

Rancho pauses.

RANCHERO

You look like you are. C'mon, let's
go, we're gonna take a little ride!

Ranchero reaches to help up Rubia, and she takes his hand.

INT. CAR - EVENING

Ranchero's hairy hands steer the wheel, as he turns the
radio on and looks over at a confused sedated Rubia.

EXT. ARTICHOKE-FIELDS - EVENING

The pick-up truck of Ranchero, pulls up, and parks.

RANCHERO (O.S.)

I need to know that I can trust
you, and just like the many blonds
before you, your life will be
dictated upon how you react, of
what I am about to show you.

Then the match to a cigarette reveals the gritty, and
determined face of Senor Ranchero.

As he suddenly tosses a shovel towards a frail-paled, and
sick Rubia.

RANCHERO

What is the matter, you too sick,
to work.

The sound of Ranchero laughing. While Rubia pukes a little.

RANCHERO

Pssh, knew it.

And Ranchero approaches a disadvantaged Rubia, who's on the
ground, whimpering. But just as he gets closer.

Rubia grabs her shovel.

Then swings it at Ranchero's face which takes him out.

And knocking him unconsciously.

Miss Rubia takes off running, elsewhere.

While Ranchero bleeds on the dirt.

EXT. SANDY HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Within the midst of a harvest-moon, sand sways about from the strong winds, just off the sand dunes near the coast.

A thumb raises high, looking to hitch hike a ride.

Suddenly, an Oldsmobile passes by Rubia, stopping for a bit.

Rubia prays that the car reverses, her way.

Also the Oldsmobile reverses in place for Rubia, who hops on-in the stranger's vehicle.

Her door slams shut.

We can hear the sound of classical music on the radio.

INT. FORD OLDSMOBILE - NIGHT

Pale white hands are turning a radio dial down.

Then a Protestant white male, in his 70's, turns to Rubia.

PROTESTANT

Now, darling, I'm not just any
old-fart. I own these fields, these
very fields your people are
employed towards. Hell, someones
gotta do it, and it sure as hell
won't be my kids, nor
grandchildren. Therefore, what you
think of my 1957 Ford Oldsmobile.
Pretty, ain't she?

A nervous Rubia gulps some fear down her throat.

RUBIA

It's pretty.

PROTESTANT

What was that? Speak up, woman!

RUBIA

It's pretty!

Protestant checks Rubia's response.

PROTESTANT

And on another note, you do happen
to find yourself riding along,
there, shotgun, in not just any

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PROTESTANT (cont'd)
vehicle. This-here, happens to be
Ford, an automobile for the
upper-class. See, that's what it
all comes down to, class, isn't it?

Rubia is quite angry from the Man's ego, as she tries to contain herself.

PROTESTANT (O.S.)
They say that these very models,
were used during World-War II, but
whose to say what side benefited
from Mr. Ford, himself? Heh, go
figure, Missy.

This brings fear into Rubia's eyes.

While the Protestant laughs, and turns the radio dial up to increase volume of the classical tune.

As Rubia breathes heavily onto her window, fogging it up.

And it's apparent that she is hallucinating because Marilyn Monroe's face has appeared staring at Rubia.

Which only freaks out Rubia, once again.

MARILYN MONROE
You believe this yahoo? Telling you
right now, Missy, but you need to
lose this whacko, and get the hell
outta dodge, you hear me!?

The Protestant turns to Rubia for clarification.

But Rubia, isn't having none of it, as it appears that she's currently going through some shit.

RUBIA
Oh, yeah, well at least I can fall
back onto one flag. Not two. As the
color green for my people is for
the fields, in which my people
work, and as for the red, is my
people's sacrifice, isn't it?

The Protestant man slams his foot against the brakes.

Which causes Rubia to be thrown forwards, as her head hits against the glove compartment.

Knocking her out, unconsciously.

(CONTINUED)

FADE TO BLACK

The sound of classical music can be heard on the radio.

FADE-UP:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Rubia winces an eye lid open as well as the other towards one horrific sight.

And the Protestant has his mouth suction cupped around Rubia's mouth, wholly.

Then Rubia snaps out of it.

But soon realizes that this Protestant is forcing himself onto her body.

As he swirls his tongue against hers.

But Rubia takes a snip out of the Protestant's tongue. As blood spatters about.

The Older Protestant begins to moan and groan in pain.

EXT. SAND DUNES - NIGHT

While Rubia gets out of the Oldsmobile.

And begins to run away from a bleeding mess of the Protestant Man.

EXT. THE BEACH - NIGHT

Rubia helplessly roams the sandy beach, as she is full of tears and simply has nowhere to go.

Then Rubia pauses to the lights out in the bay from all of the Squid Fishermen.

She turns her attention to the canneries across the bay that are steaming smoke, yet apparently the night-life is quite active, indeed, across the bay.

The sounds of live music and people partying can be heard.

(CONTINUED)

RUBIA
Primer-ciudad. llévame.

As Rubia walks along the shoreline.

The water flows and reaches her feet.

She can feel the cold comfort it has to bring.

And Rubia turns to a reflection of herself from the water.

Till, the smooth glassy water ripples away, revealing a shimmering angelic aura of Marilyn Monroe.

MARILYN MONROE
You must always, always, always
believe in yourself. Because if you
don't, then who will sweetie?

Then the illusion of Miss Monroe fades away, as suddenly the sight of a large majestic pearl can be seen.

And Rubia slowly reaches her hands into the water.

As she nears closer. Her hands dip into the water.

She is taken underneath the surface.

And gets taken to the depths of the ocean.

MARILYN MONROE (O.S.)
You are the pearl of the world.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE-UP:

EXT. THE BEACH - MORNING

Strong morning waves break upon the shoreline.

As we noticed a sleeping beauty, Rubia, on the shoreline.

And is disturbingly-awoken by the brutal cold, and feel of the ocean water.

Suddenly, someone in the shadows appears from a distance.

SICILIAN FISHERMAN (O.S.)
Need a hand, there!?

Then Rubia gets lifted from the offering of some help.

(CONTINUED)

While she gets lightly thrown onto the shoulders of a tan and stocky Sicilian Fellow, full of hair, and smells like a fishery, himself.

And the Fisherman recognizes the-found Beauty's discomfort.

SICILIAN FISHERMAN

Listen, it very well can be me, but
from the looks of it, sure does
seem like you've around the block,
a time or two.

Rubia blinks with her sedated eyes.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

And the Sicilian Fisherman gently places a heavy and sick Rubia onto a bed.

SICILIAN FISHERMAN (O.S.)

Poor, poor baby.

Then the Sicilian Fisherman pours Rubia a glass of water.

SICILIAN FISHERMAN

Gloria, will be with you after
she's done with a customer.

Rubia takes a gulp of her water, and closes her eyes to the sound of a slamming door.

FADE TO BLACK

GLORIA (O.S.)

I dunno who does your makeup, but
nothing but the best for my gals.
As we teach our gals to not only,
be, yet it is important to *feel*...

FADE-UP:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Rubia wakes up to a big beautiful, Gloria, who's breasts are popping out from constraint.

And she applies a black dimple onto Rubia's cheek.

(CONTINUED)

GLORIA

And give these darn Johns the best
that money can buy them.

SICILIAN FISHERMAN

I heard that...

As Gloria gives the Sicilian Fisherman a snarling eyebrow.

SICILIAN FISHERMAN

I mean, this is true.

Gloria checks out Rubia's stomach.

SICILIAN FISHERMAN (O.S.)

You know that you got a bun stuck
in the oven, there --

GLORIA

- Then go get it out, before it is
too late.

Gloria winks at the Sicilian Fisherman.

And he understands her message, as he leaves.

While Gloria sympathetically checks up on a sedated Rubia.

GLORIA

Poor, poor baby. We will take good
care of you.

And she rubs Rubia's forehead, and kisses it.

The Sicilian Fisherman returns with a plate of a steamy
sweet cherry pie.

And Gloria finishes her makeup job.

GLORIA (O.S.)

Voila!

As a magnificently beautiful Rubia pauses with such a
miraculous makeup job, of the guise of Miss Monroe.

But Gloria seems to feel that she has forgot something.

She adds a black dimple on her cheek to make it complete.

Then Gloria pauses to the sight of her creation.

The sound of a loud whistle can be heard.

EXT. SALOON - MORNING

The Sicilian Fisherman escorts the blond wondrous beauty of Rubia. But we can only see from behind, as her hair is did-up, and fluffy.

The Women of Old Town Monterey hang out their beloved beautiful breasts from their cleavage off of the balcony of the second floor of *The Saloon*.

They cheer Rubia on as the Fishermen catcall.

And the Sicilian Fisherman opens the door to a classic 50's car. And the door closes shut!

DRIVER (O.S.)
So, off to the festival,
Miss-Monroe?

And the gloved hands of the Driver turn the volume of the music loudly. While Miss Monroe places a cigarette around her pink-mouth, and lights it up.

DRIVER (O.S.)
Welcome to the future

FADE TO BLACK

On-Screen Text:

And the Miss Artichoke Queen is....

FADE-UP:

EXT. ARTICHOKE-FIELDS - MORNING

Rough tan hands pluck out an artichoke. While Mexican Farmer #2 looks back.

And sees the rest of the FARMERS, all, striking and holding signs against government regulations.

ALL FARMERS (IN UNISON)
No es un vestido, pero seguro es
una parte del corazón de mi Rubia.
*no es un vestido, pero seguro es
una parte del corazón de mi Rubia.*

And the Mexican Farmer #2 laughs it off.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - MORNING

The festivities are set. Locals fill the downtown streets of Castroville, by enabling it for historical records, as a large banner reads:

The 1st Annual Artichoke Queen, of 1947, Castroville, CA

Rubia steps out of the backseat, and she is a gorgeous Miss Monroe, herself, but of Latina descent.

She walks, and struts with confidence.

There appears to be something wrong, as all the Locals, and even the Models, who are competing, themselves, are allured in a total opposite direction of Rubia.

Rubia appears to be the only pregnant Woman on stage with all of her competitors.

A skinny Marilyn Monroe doppelganger with her over bite smile, is shocked by what she sees.

DOPPELGANGER OF MISS MONROE #3

It's, it's... Mmm, mmm, m...

And an overweight Doppelganger of Miss Monroe, who's wearing an overload of makeup. And she shrieks!

The Bearded Johns #9, and #10 itch their testicles, and then give each other high fives.

A Little Boy licks his lollipop slowly.

This brings fear into Rubia's eyes.

While the Five Judges draw their cards each holding Tens.

As Men obnoxiously catcall out loud.

Sweat begins to melt Rubia's makeup.

And the Official Marilyn Monroe steps up to be awarded with a full bouquet of flowers along with a prized sash reading:

1st Annual Artichoke Queen

The sound of the Crowd cheering and whistling can be heard.

An upset Rubia looks around confused, and sees Marilyn Monroe getting praised.

While a slow driving car lurks around.

(CONTINUED)

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
 Will the real Marilyn Monroe,
 please stand-up!?

The crowd begins to intently laugh at Rubia.

The laughter drowns out her hearing, as she now sees all the locals slurping out loudly, eating up their artichoke meals.

Then Rubia makes eye-contact with Marilyn Monroe.

MARILYN MONROE
 Watch out for the Wolves, *sweetie*.
 They'll be after that stimulating
 libido, of yours.

The sound of Miss Monroe giggling while eating an artichoke can loudly be heard..

RUBIA
 Same as --

DOPPELGANGER OF MISS MONROE #4
 - You?? You are pregnant for crying
 out loud!

Miss Monroe Doppelganger #4 points out Rubia's pregnant belly. And begins to laugh.

While the rest of the locals join in on the joke.

Rubia's state of delusion has made her an unaware, yet most of all, an irresponsible mother.

Then a pregnant Rubia touches her big stomach, and she looks out in the crowd with tears.

And she spots the only person in the crowd, whose not laughing, and it is a clean-shaven, Ranchero, whose been waiting for Rubia.

He looks aside from himself, as something has grabbed his attention from the road.

The I.C.E. vehicle with aged Officer #2 driving the wheel.

And a tear falls off Rubia's face, and she drops to her knees in-pain!

We can hear the sound of Rubia crying for her life.

FADE TO BLACK

On-Screen Text:

The Aftermath

FADE-UP:

NIGHTMARE SEQUENCE:

EXT. ARTICHOKE FIELDS - NIGHT

In her bedtime night gown, as Rubia stands barefoot within the fields.

Where suddenly hands begin popping out of the ground, trying to escape their burials.

The sound of their moaning voices are a bit muffled.

HANDS OF THE DEAD (O.S.)
 Help us, please! Would you help us,
 Rubia, please!

Then one of the hands pops out in front of Rubia.

RUBIA
 Déjame en paz, ¿por qué no me dejas
 en paz?

As well another hand that pops out, and grabs her foot.

The echoing sound of Rubia screaming.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - MORNING

And Rubia wakes up screaming from a devastating nightmare.

INT. FRANCO'S STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

All the Blond wigged Dancers all pause from their lap dance.

And so does Blond Dancer #4, whose on stage dancing.

The sound of Rubia screaming loudly can be heard.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A wad of cash hits a table from Senor Ranchero's hands.

While a restless Rubia, who takes the money.

(CONTINUED)

RANCHERO

It's all actions, and that is the only way towards a proper execution, by being in the zone.

RUBIA

The zone?

And Rancho pulls out a medicinal test-tube full of a light-blue liquid.

As well as a baggie of cotton balls.

RUBIA

What are you, a scientist all of a sudden, mijo?

She laughs.

RANCHERO

Who said a Chicano couldn't, mmm?

And Rubia pauses.

RANCHERO (O.S.)

Place some of this onto your neck, as if it were perfume.

The hands of Rancho dip cotton balls into chemicals.

Then Rubia's belly begins to kick from her baby, which gives her cramps.

RANCHERO (O.S.)

Oh, and as for your pot belly, just wear a blouse for now, and by the time they realize what you are, you, yourself will see their everlasting fate, as one foolish John of a date.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - EVENING

Rubia looks at herself in the mirror, and is quite nervous to what her day holds, as she places her hands onto her very pregnant belly.

And begins to cry over this.

She goes approaches through her closet, as she opens the doors up to many choices of wardrobe hanging.

But she grabs two different blouses.

(CONTINUED)

One with flowers patterns, and the other, which is a plain green outfit.

Rubia checks herself in the mirror, wearing that green blouse that really only makes her look quite thicker than her usual self.

As she wipes her tears away.

She looks into the mirror.

RUBIA

I am not interested in money. I
just want to be wonderful.

Toughening herself up, by taking deep breaths as she waits for some kind of response from her idol.

FADE TO BLACK

On-Screen Text:

Later that Night...

FADE-UP:

EXT. FRANCO'S STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

The I.C.E. vehicle is parked across the road from the club.

INT. I.C.E. OFFICER CAR - NIGHT

And inside is Officer #2, alone with all of his documented research of the club, where he seeks justice for the missing persons posters from all over town.

Officer #2 sorts out his files of paper, he comes across posters of over a dozen of citizens disappearing.

One in particular is the handsome I.C.E. Officer, Mr. Bogie.

OFFICER #2 (O.S.)

Fucking dego.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Rubia sits in her bed with one of her legs upward, just so that she can disguise her current state of pregnancy.

The sound of a loud knock can be heard.

An anxious Ranchero pops his head through the door.

RANCHERO (ESPAÑOL)

It's show time!

And Older John #12 walks in, like a wolf preying on a deer.

His tongue sticking out of his mouth, as a creep would.

Then John #12 makes his way towards a very sexy Rubia, who's nervously waiting in bed.

Then John #12 abruptly with no class jumps on top of Rubia.

While the John makes out with Rubia's body.

All she can do is turn the other cheek, and accept this torment as a form of a sacrifice.

A tears drop off of her face, since she is in one hell of an emotional state of pregnancy.

JOHN #12 (O.S.)

Oh, you like that baby, huh? Tell me you like it?

Then John #12 pauses with anger. As Rubia plays possum.

RUBIA

I, I...

This makes John #12 quite ferocious, as he grabs Rubia like a rag doll, and turns her over to her belly.

Which causes Rubia some pain from her unborn baby.

But the John continues what Johns will do, as he pounces on top of Rubia's backside.

And places his hands over her breasts.

Then he smells his hands like a creep.

JOHN #12

Ah, smells just like winter.

(CONTINUED)

Rubia's only hope at this point is for the John to hurry up with his sadistic tactics, and finish.

But just as you know it, Rubia has intoxicated John #12, by her cleavage, alone.

While John #12 is making out with Rubia's boobs.

We notice cotton balls in her nostrils.

RANCHERO (O.S.)

As for you, my sweet Rubia, you'll have cotton balls stuffed in nasal-cavities. Blockage from my scent of unconsciousness, so shall I say, *Miss Norma?*

BACK TO:

INT. BAR OF FRANCO'S - CONTINUOUS

And Rancho looks at Rubia, and winks.

While Rubia listens as an understudy should.

RANCHERO

And if for some reason those scents aren't picking upon a certain John, then just go-ahead, and take him to your dressing room, anyhow.

And Rubia nods her head, understanding.

RANCHERO

You see this knife?

Rubia's eyes get hugely inspired.

RANCHERO (O.S.)

This knife belonged to a soldier, who fought at the Alamo, for Mr. Crockett, himself. Just imagine A Mexican stabbing a fellow Mexican.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - NIGHT

Calvary-Uniform of a Texan Soldier, whose of Latino descent, is pulling back his knife.

Tearing out the insides from a deep kill, within the Native Mexican's stomach that steadily leaks out flow blood.

And Texan Soldier wipes thick blood off from the blade.

RANCHERO (O.S.)

Oh, and if someone asks where you got this, just-say, ey, I'm fucking-Mexican American, just like the Italians in the sea, and Irish in the mountains. With the Mexicans in the fields.

BACK TO:

INT. BAR OF FRANCO'S - CONTINUOUS

Ranchero hands Rubia a family heirloom of death, as she can feel it's prying power.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Soft tan hands unzip the black bag that belonged to the late Yvette, as Rubia slowly takes the dress out.

And a gorgeous bodacious Rubia wears the white wondrous dress of beauty, just like Miss Marilyn Monroe would, which makes this a heightened moment for Senorita Rubia.

As she pulls out a cigarette.

Lights it up.

And blows out a cloud of some smoke.

Welcome to bed rocking of a fuck, between Miss gorgeously-blond, Rubia, with a man two times her age.

A wad of cash sits on the table.

While Rubia grinds on this Old-Man for her living.

Then Rubia lights up another cigarette in front of a Marilyn Monroe poster, as she is in the guise of her hero.

(CONTINUED)

RUBIA

So, you wanna know something?

Rubia continues to puff on her cigarette.

While the cocky-rich John puts his clothes back on.

RUBIA (O.S.)

The only dilemma that I have,
though, is that I'd have to kill
you, if I told you.

The Old-John looks up with disbelief, and pauses.

The sound of a loud gurgle from his stomach can be heard.

Rubia pulls herself back from a pushing motion.

RUBIA

I'm pregnant.

A knife is lodged deeply into the Old-John's stomach. More blood heavily flows out from the deadly wound.

Rubia's mouth is caught open.

As her body lunges forward, for some more action.

Blood-spatters onto a picture of a runway of models, as *Marilyn Monroe is the winner.*

The television set has grabbed Rubia's attention, as she turns around.

TRAILER GRINDHOUSE VOICE (O.S.)

Her proposition was simple.

On the TV-Set, we can see Marilyn Monroe starring in a trailer for a film, and she aims her-gun.

TRAILER GRINDHOUSE VOICE (O.S.)

To be a con with a number.

Miss Marilyn Monroe cocks the gun back.

A defenseless Man in a suit, with his arms up.

BUSINESS MAN

Please, don't shoot!

Marilyn fires her gun.

(CONTINUED)

MARILYN MONROE
Or a corpse with a name!

Then Marilyn blows smoke away from the barrel of her gun.

We notice Rubia with her bloody knife.

As she blows the streaks of thick blood off her switchblade.

TRAILER GRINDHOUSE VOICE (O.S.)
Jim Thompson's novel comes alive,
in, *A Hell Of a Woman*, this film is
not yet rated.

Rubia observes over the long bloody blade, and sees the reflection of herself, along with a new JOHN #11.

And Rubia lifts the stiletto blade, high-up, above her head.

The blinking eyes of this New-John #11 is frightening.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Blond Dancer #7 takes another whiff of the stinky smell in the hallway, and plugs his nostrils with her fingers.

BLOND DANCER #7 (O.S.)
Feddu!

As Blond Dancer #7 continues to walk within her panties.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

A young white Protestant Husband wakes up from a deep sleep, as he rapidly sits up in bed, aside from his sleeping Wife.

The eyes of this man appear to be in a trance, while his nostrils flare towards such a scent.

The Man pulls the covers off from his legs.

INT. FARMER'S HOME - EVENING

An Old Mexican Farmer's nostrils are flaring rapidly.

EXT. ALLEY - EVENING

Two passed out Homeless Men suddenly wake up. And Bum #1's nostrils are flaring towards an allusive smell.

EXT. FRANCO'S STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Rubia stands on the corner, putting herself on display as men catcall and whistle-intently towards the flaunting of her very sex appeal.

Then Rubia enters *Franco's*.

While a man, like a Dog in breed, follows the bimbo-inside.

With a sleazy-expression of easy on the John's face.

Then there appears to be over a dozen men outside, in a hypnotizing state.

As they are all caught in a trance.

And we can spot Ranchero glancing through his office window.

RANCHERO

Putta madre!

Ranchero squints out a devilish smirk.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

The SLEAZY-JOHN smells Rubia's chest.

His nostrils flare with a disagreeable reaction to her perfume that makes his eyes flicker on, and off.

SLEAZY-JOHN

Fucking-bimbo! What are you fucking pregnant!? And drugging me so someone can play husband!? Get the fuck off of me you fucking cunt!

Then the Sleazy John throws the Bimbo off of him.

He won't have none of her schemes, as he is extremely angry.

SLEAZY-JOHN

Let me tell you something, you think your special, huh, I can tell you fucking do. But do you know what you do for a living?

(CONTINUED)

As he begins to take his belt off of his pants.

SLEAZY-JOHN

I can see it in your eyes, from the way you laugh at me.

And he begins to feel the drugs hitting him.

RUBIA

I'm not laughing at you, I was simply just being playful, is all.

SLEAZY-JOHN

Well guess what, missy?

RUBIA

What!?

He points downward towards his dick and balls, as he sways his body about.

TATTOO ARTIST

Ain't no special pearl. But just like your tattoo, it's as stinky as the field, themselves, **mija**.

And he approaches a sedated Rubia with a threatening belt.

While Rubia gets up.

The scent finally hits Sleazy John, whose now stuck, and falling fast-asleep.

Then Rubia pulls out a stiletto, switchblade knife, that pops it's blade-outward.

RUBIA (O.S.)

You know what sleaze bag, your just like an artichoke. Look tough on the outside.

Sleazy John's eyes flicker on and off.

While Rubia is in the guise of revenge.

RUBIA

But your only soft on the inside.

Rubia shanks the knife through Sleazy John's chest.

Blood spatters from out of the John's stomach.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rubia uses some toilet paper to wipe herself.

But soon realizes that her toilet paper is covered in blood, as well as discharge.

She pauses with disbelief.

As suddenly the mirror fogs up.

And Rubia has a pretty good idea of who it might be.

Marilyn Monroe shows up in the reflection of the mirror.

MARILYN MONROE

Wanting to be someone else is a
waste of the person you are.

Marilyn Monroe laughs intently at Rubia's sorrow.

The sound of Rubia screaming bloody murder.

Miss Rubia moans and groans through ridiculous hardcore pains in her uterus, as her water breaks all over the floor.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JOHN #13 begins to take his pants off.

Then he pauses. As he hears a woman screaming.

JOHN #13

What in God's name!?

And Rubia comes crawling on her knees out the bathroom, bleeding from her vagina. As she winces in pain.

But JOHN #13 pauses, and doesn't know what to do.

JOHN #13

I want my money back, you dirty
stupid little whore.

Then John #13 grabs his wad of cash off a table. And he leaves. While Rubia continues to scream in pain.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOS

JOHN #13 quickly walks down the hallway, as he tries to hide himself from anyone.

Two Blond Dancers pass by John #13, and they whisper to each other about him.

BLOND DANCER #4
Lucky son of a bitch.

This frightens the John, as what could have happened to him.

And from a distance the John pauses to the Blonds that are outside of Rubia's dressing room.

But the John ends up bumping into Ranchero, who just had a meeting in his room.

RANCHERO
Hey, take it easy, amigo!

And the John gives off a dirt look.

While Ranchero pauses with confusion. As he turns around towards Rubia's dressing room with concern.

He pushes open the door to Rubia's dressing room.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOS

And Ranchero is lost for words.

RANCHERO
Pinche bendejo!

While Rubia lies on the floor bleeding.

Ranchero drops to his knees, and grabs Rubia's head.

The sound of John #13's car burning rubber.

RANCHERO
Everything will be alright, mija.

And he picks up a bloody sedated Rubia.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ranchero has Rubia curled up in his arms, as quickly takes her out of the club.

RUBIA
I don't wanna die, mijo.

RANCHERO
Your not going to die.

As Ranchero kisses her forehead.

EXT. FRANCO'S STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Then Ranchero pauses with fright holding Rubia, whose ready to give labor at any moment.

But his truck is nowhere to be found.

The sound of tires screeching can be heard.

And John #13 has stolen Ranchero's pickup truck.

RANCHERO
Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck....

Rubia's eyes have become quite dilated.

Suddenly, Ranchero knows just what to do. As he begins to run with a bloody pregnant Rubia.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Ranchero runs with a bloody pregnant Rubia in his arms. The streets are like a ghost town.

EXT. OVERPASS - NIGHT

Underneath the overpass of a highway, where the BUMS linger, as Ranchero continues his path to take Rubia in his arms.

EXT. ARTICHOKE-FIELDS - NIGHT

A bloody and pregnant Rubia is laid down to rest from the rough and tough hands of Ranchero.

Ranhcero places his lips onto Rubia, kissing her forehead.

And Ranchero plucks out a few artichokes from the fields.

(CONTINUED)

Then he peels an artichoke towards it's inside, reveals the heart, and grabs it.

Feeding it to Rubia, as her mouth is very dry, but suddenly becomes moist.

RANCHERO

Eat this Rubia, you need vitamin C.
This will help thicken the iron in
your blood from what you have
already loss.

Rubia's eyes flicker on and off.

RUBIA

Mijo.

RANCHERO

C'mon Mija, I won't give up on you.
I won't.

And Rubia begins eating artichokes that Ranchero feeds her.

While she appears to gain strength, and color back into her veins, as she flexes her arm, by grasping her fist tight.

RUBIA

I don't care about me, just please
save my baby.

But now she has suddenly triggered pains in her abdomen.

She begins to scream.

RANCHERO (O.S.)

Push mija.. You gotta push, baby!!!

And Rubia gives out one great push. **And growls like a lion.**

Surely as you know it, two baby heads pop out of Rubia.

RANCHERO (O.S.)

You have twins, Rubia!!!

And an excited Ranchero looks at the babies in awe, as if they share some sort of resemblance.

But Rubia is passed out cold on the dirt.

RUBIA (V.O.)

This is a thistle, and the most
delicious part lies in the heart.

EXT. ARTICHOKE-FIELDS - MORNING

A knife pulls back from an artichoke-plant, and plucking it.

Then we notice a Mexican Farmer #2, who stops to wipe the sweat off of his face.

As a time lapse of a morning-sky transitions towards a sun-setting amongst a blooming artichoke-field in the day.

MEXICAN AMERICAN NEWS REPORTER (O.S.)

And it appears that crime has met
an all time high of entering the
new year. Where would we be without
those fields, folks!

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

The television screen turns off.

Officer #2, who appears to have gone through the ringer, himself, as he is extremely pissed off.

Pacing around his room like a nervous wreck. Sweat is dripping heavily off this fellow.

OFFICER #2 (O.S.)

Fuck you.

And the revengeful Officer #2 loads his gun.

EXT. SUBURBIA - DAY

Construction of an entire neighborhood will have houses looking identical, for an example of three houses already.

Officer #2 walks out of his beautiful suburban house, and he waves towards his other neighbors, who are all white.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - DAY

For the very first time, Ranchero is at peace with himself from such a new beginning to come. As he trots along the downtown happy as can be.

Until, he stops in his tracks from the sight of a shop that catches his attention.

And it is a majestic pearl that sits on display.

And it appears that it is on sale for **\$500**.

Which makes Rancho interested enough to inside the shop.

INT. JEWELRY SHOP- CONTINUOS

The gleaming majestic pearl sits on a display holder that makes Rancho feel that he now has a purpose.

WHITE CLERK (O.S.)
What will it be, Senor?

And Rancho is in absolute awe.

RANCHERO (ESPAÑOL)
No es un vestido, pero seguro es
una parte del corazón de mi Rubia.

The White Clerk is lost within translation.

WHITE CLERK
Would you care for something,
perhaps, more ideal for someone
like you?

This angers Rancho beyond belief.

RANCHERO
What do I look like, huh? Just wrap
it up, will ya?

And the Clerk pauses.

WHITE CLERK
Well, first of all, I'm gonna need
some cash on the table, *Senor*.

As Rancho completely counts his cash to **\$500**, exactly.
While the White Clerk watches over.

WHITE CLERK (O.S.)
Yeah, and you are missing about two
hundred dollars, *amigo!*

RANCHERO
That's not what the sign says?

WHITE CLERK
Yeah, well, sometimes it goes up,
and sometimes it goes down.

And Rancho understands the perspective of this racist.

(CONTINUED)

WHITE CLERK

It really just depends, you know?

And the Clerk pauses.

RANCHERO

No, I don't know.

WHITE CLERK

Maybe come back another time?

RANCHERO

There isn't going to be another time, now is there?

WHITE CLERK

Guess that'll have to be up to you?

RANCHERO

You know, the old me would've pulled my pistola, and shove it right in your face, but the truth of the matter is, life is too short to be greedy, *you pasty bastard!* Whatever happened to the original store owner, Fred?! Huh??

WHITE CLERK

Fred has passed away from cancer. They say it's in the air, so watch your sniff, there, Mexi-can't.

And Rancho leaves the shop.

The sound of a slamming door can loudly be heard.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

The sound of crying babies can be heard.

A crib with Twin Babies crying.

And a very sore Rubia gives each baby their own warm baby bottle of milk.

RUBIA (O.S.)

Miguelino, and Riccardo.

She picks one baby up, and begins to rock it over her shoulder, burping the baby to make it feel much better.

As she has her baby drinking from her tit.

(CONTINUED)

RUBIA

Hush, hush my little baby, don't say one word, cos momma will buy you that rocking bird, and if that rocking bird don't sing, momma will do her best to give you everything.

Then Rubia places her baby into the crib.

The home telephone begins to ring.

And after she gets to the last ring, she finally answers it.

RUBIA

Dis Rubia, che fai, e tu?

RANCHERO (O.S.)

I'm afraid that I have some bad news, mija.

RUBIA

What is it, mijo.

INT. BAR OF FRANCO'S - DAY

And Rancho pauses with guilt, as he looks elsewhere, at someone else that is in the room with him.

RANCHERO (ESPAÑOL)

Bolas de algodón, entiendes?

INT. HOUSE - DAY

And Rubia feels confused about the conversation.

RUBIA (ESPAÑOL)

Bolas de algodón? ya sabe, no por nada, señor.

RANCHERO (O.S.)

Si, mija?

RUBIA (ESPAÑOL)

Todo este tiempo he estado anhelando una nueva vida, en otro lugar, pero la verdad del asunto es, señor, que mi nueva vida ha estado realmente en frente de mí, todo este tiempo.

The sound of Rancho sobbing.

(CONTINUED)

Then Rubia laughs.

RANCHERO (ESPAÑOL)
Te amo, Rubia.

RUBIA (ESPAÑOL)
Te amo --

But the sound of a phone disconnects.

Which really catches a deep concern towards Rubia, for the sake of Rancho's life.

INT. BAR OF FRANCO'S - CONTINUOUS

Rancho sheds crocodile tears as if it were the first time in his life.

RANCHERO
Resistente por fuera y suave por dentro.

A mysterious white hand grabs the phone from Rancho. And hangs it up, at once.

While Rancho sheds a tear, as he remains in disbelief, especially, since now that he has a gun in his face.

RANCHERO
Let me tell you something, Sir, about the price we pay for holding a sword, or gun for this matter. Once you fire that weapon of yours, you best be ready to face the actions permitted upon thyself. Cos once you pull that very trigger of yours, you'll be mixed with the ideological philosophy of to live by the gun, one will die by it. Comprende, señor!?

And Rancho pauses.

The mysterious white menacing hand pulls the gun away from the side of Rancho's head.

OFFICER #2 (O.S.)
Tell me something, Rancho, please tell me something that I don't know. So that I won't kill you.

Officer #2 pauses.

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER #2

Because so far, all I am getting from you is a dog begging for his life, not a man, yet a fucking dirty diseased dog on the side of the goddamn road. You really think that letting an illegal get away with murder is on my agenda, amigo? Hmmm... Well, it ain't!

Then Officer #2 cocks his gun back.

RANCHERO (O.S.)

Wait, wait!

As Ranchero pleads for his life.

RANCHERO

Wait a second!

Officer #2 takes huge deep breath of frustration.

OFFICER #2

Okay then, I will go ahead and give you just one last try at this.. Just one.

And the Officer #2 points his index finger all up in Ranchero's face, but Ranchero dodges it.

Suddenly, Ranchero slowly reaches for his pocket.

While Officer #2 watches over Ranchero.

OFFICER #2

Ah, ah, ah!! What you got there? Reach slowly, I'm not playing!

Officer #2 pauses.

Ranchero slowly pauses with his hand in his coat pocket.

OFFICER #2 (O.S.)

I'm asking you to now freeze.

Officer #2 has his gun back out, and he cocks it again.

OFFICER #2

I said freeze god damn it!

And Ranchero pulls something out of his coat pocket.

(CONTINUED)

RANCHERO

I'm a motherfucking goddamn
Veteran, what the fuck are you!?

Ranchero pauses. As he gets blown away from three solid gunshots to his torso that spatters out bloodshed.

The Officer stands with one smoking barrel of a gun.

Meanwhile, Ranchero's bloody dead corpse is on the ground with his eyes still open.

As Officer #2 checks the hand that was in Ranchero's coat pocket for clarity.

It was Ranchero's dog tags from World War II.

And Officer #2 drags Ranchero's dead body out of the room, leaving a thick bloody trail.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. ARTICHOKE-FIELDS - MORNING

A young Rubia, in her late-teens, is on her knees planting seeds. As she begins to dig it's deep hole.

And she happens to also be the youngest in the group of Older-Folks, whose hands have been doing this job their entire lives.

The sound of a loud muffler can be heard.

Which grabs a young Rubia's attention.

As for a bearded Senor Ranchero, who has just seen the sight of such an angel.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOS

Rubia gets treated like gold from a book reading Ranchero, who has champagne glasses for himself, as well as the two other Blonds in company.

RANCHERO

Un brindis, a una nueva vida! Y mis
dulces y hermosos bebés rubios!

And the each of them clank their glasses. While an angry Lucha watches from a distance.

Then Ranchero kisses Rubia's forehead.

BACK TO:

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Rubia stuffs her nose with cotton balls, but she is having trouble keeping the cotton ball inside her nostrils.

And she places quite a bit of the chemicals that Rancho had previously used.

Then Rubia applies it onto her neck and chest.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - EVENING

Passing through downtown, as suddenly, Rubia stops in her tracks, outside of a Television-Store.

A Mexican American News Reporter speaks on the television.

MEXICAN AMERICAN NEWS REPORTER

We have some breaking, yet quite shocking news, of the famously late, Miss Marilyn Monroe has left us today. She will forever be missed, but always will be an everlasting symbol of hope, for all the young girls of poverty to seek their very second chance.

And Rubia is watching breaking news tragedy.

RUBIA

Oh-no! No, no, no...

A Group of Locals gather around a passionate, Rubia, who, as many, lost an iconic-idol.

MEXICAN AMERICAN NEWS REPORTER (O.S.)

Monroe starred in many roles such as films like The Misfits, Bus Stop, and her most renown role as an actress in a leading role for a musical or comedy.

But of course, what's bad news on someone successful, without others thriving off Miss Marilyn's misery.

MEXICAN AMERICAN NEWS REPORTER (O.S.)

May she rest in peace. As we give ourselves a moment of silence for a star from our dreams.

(CONTINUED)

An Older White Protestant Woman puts her two cents in.

PROTESTANT WOMAN

That's what drugs will do to ya,
oh-well...

Another young Protestant Woman stiffly shows-up.

YOUNG PROTESTANT WOMAN

Ya' better step in line, sister,
because nightmares come to those
who dwell on their dreams.

Rubia begins to cry.

Suddenly, all of the Television Sets show an extreme closeup view upon a photograph of Miss Marilyn Monroe.

While the entire crowd of Locals, around Rubia, all, laughing intently at Rubia, who drops to her knees.

The sound of loud gunshots can be heard.

The Crowd of Locals scatter.

Which only causes Rubia to be in a state of a woman under the condition of a serious influence.

As Miss Rubia has made it apparent of her illness to the public, as she hyperventilates onto the sidewalk.

And that very inconspicuous I.C.E. vehicle burns rubber out of downtown.

The sound of static of a walkie talkie can be heard.

INT. I.C.E. OFFICER CAR - EVENING

The hands of Officer #2 have blood on them, as he drives downtown, trying to receive a message from his partner.

OFFICER #2 (O.S.)

I'm sorry, pal, I can't hear you!

Then Officer #2 takes a turn with his bloody hands.

NEW I.C.E OFFICER (O.S.)

Listen, sir, I am located in the
fields, near Dead End street. I
repeat near Dead End street.

And Officer #2 pauses.

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER #2

Okay, then, Officer, are you at the fields, by yourself? Please don't tell me your alone!?

While Officer #2's eyes are full of rage, and revenge.

EXT. ARTICHOKE FIELDS - EVENING

And New I.C.E. Officer stands so cool and collective, as he reports through his walkie talkie.

NEW I.C.E OFFICER

Well, let's just say that I found some aliens trying to abduct one another in the fields.

As the New I.C.E. Officer pauses, and laughs.

The sound of New I.C.E. Officer's echoed laugh can be heard.

EXT. ALLEY - EVENING

The Tattoo Artist drags a sedated Rubia along, with all of her dead weight on his shoulders.

EXT. NOOK - EVENING

While Tattoo gently places Rubia onto her feet.

And he opens up a rusty door of darkness inside.

INT. NOOK - CONTINUOUS

The Tattoo Artist carries Rubia all the way towards a couch. Where Rubia sleeps.

Suddenly water splashes into her face, which really pisses her off at this point. Even though it was from Tattoo Artist, whose only helping.

TATTOO ARTIST (O.S.)

Wow, look at you, Rubia!!? Looks like we have a type one error on our hands.

Rubia has her makeup dripping all over her face.

(CONTINUED)

RUBIA
Medicine? Do you have it?

TATTOO ARTIST
Si, si, hold on a sec. I wanted to
ask you about the festival?

And the Tattoo Artist pauses.

While Rubia has become quite infuriated with this man.

RUBIA
Ok?

TATTOO ARTIST
Well, didi everything pan out the
way you thought it would? I mean, I
haven't seen what's her face in
quite a while. Is everything okay?

RUBIA
Yes, everything is okay. But I
should really be on my way. If I
could get that medicine that would
really be helpful.

He pauses with a smirk.

TATTOO ARTIST
Medicine huh? You want it, then you
shall get it!

He slowly gets up fromt the couch. And jolts down towards
the nearby dark hall.

Rubia appears to have gone a bit crazy, as her smile only
makes her look incredibly evil.

TATTOO ARTIST (O.S.)
Here you are, *sweetie!*

Then we catch a glimpse of Rubia reacting very upset, as
this has trigeered something wicked in her head.

MARILYN MONROE (O.S.)
Always, always, always, believe in
yourself. because if you don't,
then who will, *sweetie?*

She suddenly gets up from the couch and leaves the room.

Tattoo Artist is quite confused from her behavior.

The sound of a kitchen drawer opening can be heard.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOS

Rubia leans against the counter, and is sobbing.

Until, Tattoo Artist walks in with concern over Rubia's well being. As he comforts her.

They begin to make out. As he places Rubia on the counter.

He squeezes her ass tightly.

TATTOO ARTIST (O.S.)
That's how you like it, *sweetie!*?

She acts like she enjoys this, as she smirks. But as soon as the Tattoo Artist brings her in closely.

RUBIA (O.S.)
I need to go pea, *senor.*

TATTOO ARTIST
Okay, okay, it's the last door on the left.

The Tattoo Artist pauses.

INT. ENCLOSED HALLWAY - CONTINUOS

Within the darkness of this place, which really gives Rubia the creeps.

Each step she takes, creates a creaking sound amongst the wooded floorboard.

She nears in on the last door on the left of the hallway.

INT. SMALL BATHROOM - CONTINUOS

Rubia looks at herself in the mirror, taking a deep breath.

Then she begins fogging up the mirror, trying to evoke her guardian, Marilyn Monroe. But nothing appears.

The sound of a bedroom door slams shut!

So she opens up the mirror.

As there's plenty of orange prescription bottles that fill up this cabinet.

Which raises Rubia's eyebrows full of curiosity.

(CONTINUED)

So she grabs one of the prescriptions.

But when she is about to open the lid, she pauses.

And finds a bloody labeled prescription of a tag wrapped around the bottle, of the name, *Ordonez, Yanette*.

RUBIA (O.S.)

Bastard.

Suddenly she begins to smell something quite horrendous, and since the bathroom is so small.

Rubia immediately goes straight to the shower curtain.

Then she reaches to grab the curtain.

The sound of a drowned out record begins playing.

Rubia swipes the curtain open.

And what she has found has made her horrifically unstable.

The body of Yanette Ordonez with her brunette hair and all, has been decapitated from the head.

As well as her arms, legs, and fingers. This maniac really did a number.

Rubia pukes in the sink.

INT. ENCLOSED BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The vinyl record spins within the middle of the track.

While the door slowly creaks opens to an emblematic, yet pissed off Rubia.

From behind her back, is a knife wielding hand of Rubia, is quite horrifying.

As for the Tattoo Artist has orange prescription bottles all over a nearby table. He crushes up several pills.

And lines himself up a thick line of drugs. As he goes in for a quick sniff.

Then he begins dancing, as he is wearing that very dress that Yanette wore previously, except this man is in the guise of a woman. A cross dresser, if you will.

This freaks Rubia out. And she raises the kitchen knife.

(CONTINUED)

She stabs the Tattoo Artist repeatedly.

In his ribs are sliced.

His neck get cut.

As well as his head shanked.

And all the while, Miss Rubia is covered in blood. From her head all the way down to her shoes.

All within a room that is full of Marilyn Monroe clippings, and memorabilia.

Which makes for a disturbing scene as Rubia has apparently become the opposite of her idol, and in fact a maniac.

The sound of Tattoo Artist screaming loudly can be heard.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Then a bloody Rubia from head to toe walks down the street.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Rubia makes it back home, covered in blood. As she holds her Two Children in her arms.

Red and blue lights from the police flash upon her babies' bedroom window.

The sound of police sirens can be heard.

EXT. DEAD END STREET - NIGHT

Down a long narrow street, whether your of Mexican descent, or from the Mid-West's Bearded Country folk.

I.C.E. Officer's Vehicle drives up to the end of the street.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)

A neighborhood blended of many, whether your of Mexican-Descent, or from the Mid-West's ravaging Dust-Bowl, this would ideally be the best option to live in such a place as this.

And we pass these Survivors of true hard time.

(CONTINUED)

We catch a glimpse of a wooden post at the end of the street, containing;

Missing Signs of different people: *and we catch the sight of Yvette, Mr. Bogie along with a scarred up Lucha, and Blondie, as well as several Johns.*

Suddenly, the hands of Officer #2 puts up a missing photo of Rancho onto the wooden post.

As we can tell this is definitely an I.C.E. Officer from his right sleeve that reads in abbreviation:

I.C.E.

EXT. ARTICHOKE-FIELDS - NIGHT

Red and blue police lights flash upon an artichoke plant that has a half buried decapitated head, of Mr. Bogie.

The sound of a Police-Officer speaking into radio.

POLICE OFFICER #1 (O.S.)
There appears to be more bodies,
sir. Yes, right behind Franco's,
in the fields, where Mr. Bogie's
head lays.

Nearby bushes begin to shake.

The shook up New I.C.E. Officer has his gun out ready.

The sound of bushes rustling can be heard.

As New I.C.E. Officer draws his gun, cocked and aimed.

Suddenly, a chubby-Mexican Farmer #3 comes out of the bushes in his drawers.

CHUBBY MEXICAN FARMER #3
Parar, no disparar, no disparar,
oficial! parar, no disparar, no
disparar, oficial!!

POLICE OFFICER #1 (O.S.)
Freeze, arms up! manos arriba!
manos arriba!

While a scared brown haired Chicana Woman, follows from behind her man.

Which really makes the Police Officer scared.

(CONTINUED)

The sound of bloody murder can loudly be heard.

Birds scatter from a nearby tree.

Then we are embraced by the presence of an ever-growing rapid-field of artichokes. An abundant amount of artichokes blossom greatly.

Entire fields of artichokes shake rather erotically.

The sounds of moans and grunts from an orgy can be heard.

While blood leaks out from the center of an artichoke.

As a duster plane abruptly flies over the fields.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT

Through the windshield of an airplane, nothing but blue skies remain, as we glide within the hanging dreamy clouds.

INT. DUSTER AIRPLANE - NIGHT

A 1948 airline model 84BR-1507 AM Brown Swirly Marbled Bakelite Tube Radio receives a static connection of that very News Reporter.

MEXICAN AMERICAN NEWS REPORTER (O.S.)

And to wrap up tonight's report
with a quote that some dishwasher
in Old Town Monterey told my Uncle
Carlos, who told me this, and it
just stuck.

As the Masked Pilot taps his fingers.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD-LAND - DAY

The duster airplane sprays a slew of chemicals upon the hanging Hollywood sign.

MEXICAN AMERICAN NEWS REPORTER (O.S.)

To remember that it is legal to be
crazy, and illegal to be stupid.

And as the duster plane gets closer to the letters, we can see each and every single one of the Blond Strippers of *Franco's* club that are getting sprayed from the chemicals.

FADE TO BLACK