

Cowboy for a Day

May not be used without written permission of the author

FADE IN:

INT. FASHION SHOW MALL - DAY

RYKER, 30, stylish, fit, wearing earbuds, exits Pinto Ranch Western Store, with several large, fancy bags in his hand, a broad smile on his face.

EXT. FASHION SHOW MALL - MOMENTS LATER

Ryker heads toward Treasure Island Resort along the crowded sidewalk. His cell phone rings, he taps his right earbud.

RYKER

Afternoon, you got Ryker.

INT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

JOHNNY, 29, wrapped in a blanket, eyes red and stoned, blows out a huge cloud of smoke.

JOHNNY

Dude, what up, man? How's the new job and Vegas treating you?

RYKER (V.O.)

Johnny! It's all good...great even. How fucking cold is Beantown?

JOHNNY

Fucking cold about covers it.

CELESTE, 27, smoking hot Latino, wearing an open robe with nothing underneath, enters, wiping her mouth with a towel.

RYKER (V.O.)

You keeping warm?

JOHNNY

Yeah, Celeste just blew me and I thought about givin' ya a call.

Celeste furrows her brows, gives the double middle finger salute, mouths, "Asshole!", as she sits next to Johnny.

RYKER (V.O.)

Hmmm, that's kind of troubling...you thought about me after Celeste blew you?

Johnny passes a two foot tall bong to Celeste, who takes a long pull.

JOHNNY

Yeah, that is kind of odd, huh?

RYKER (V.O.)
Yeah, well, how's her incredible
rack looking, you lucky dog?

Celeste blows out a plume of smoke, shakes her head.

CELESTE
You're on speaker phone, Ryker, and
they're looking quite perky if I do
say so myself.

Johnny giggles.

EXT. TREASURE ISLAND RESORT - DAY

Ryker shakes his head, as he walks toward a parking garage.

RYKER
Fuck, Dude, really? Sorry...

JOHNNY (V.O.)
Her nipples are at attention!

INT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Celeste looks down at her breasts, quickly closes her robe.

CELESTE
You're gonna get it, you.

RYKER (V.O.)
So, I met this girl the other night,
and...

JOHNNY
And she blew you, and you didn't
even think to call your best friend?

RYKER (V.O.)
Funny. I met her at a country bar,
did some line dancing, and she invited
me to her parent's place for some
horse riding tomorrow.

Johnny laughs hard, letting loose a huge cloud of smoke.

JOHNNY
I would have paid to see that vid.
Dude, line dancing? Horse riding?
What the Fuck? I know you've fucked
some horse faced girls before, but
riding a horse?

RYKER (V.O.)

Well, yeah, I guess I kind of lied.
I just spent over a grand on boots
and clothes, but she's worth it.
This may be the one.

Johnny and Celeste both laugh uncontrollably.

JOHNNY

You're an idiot, bro. You think
she's not gonna realize you have no
clue what you're doing? You better
bring her something nice and keep
your hands off her tits.

CELESTE

Roses, chocolates, and champagne.
Expensive ones. Seriously...and
(laughing)
Keep your hands off her tits!

The line goes dead.

Johnny gives Celeste his best sexy look, caresses her breasts.

JOHNNY

Great advice, Babe, but I'm not gonna
keep my hands off your tits!

EXT. RED ROCK FARM - PARKING AREA - MORNING

A black Range Rover pulls in, comes to a stop next to a red convertible Corvette. Ryker exits the vehicle, wearing extremely uncomfortable looking stiff Western jeans, a plaid shirt, and brand new jet black cowboy boots.

He pulls out a large duffel bag and a vase of long stemmed red roses from the back seat, stiffly heads up a path towards a beautiful rustic house.

EXT. RED ROCK FARM - HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The front door opens, out steps MANDY, 25, country sexy, with fiery long red hair. She waves, as Ryker approaches.

MANDY

Well, howdy there, Mr. Aren't you
looking all nice and spruced up.

Ryker waves, spilling water from the vase onto his shirt.

They both laugh, as they embrace.

RYKER

And howdy to you, too, Miss Mandy.
Wow, you look incredible! Well,
what'aya think? Do I look country?

Mandy eyes him up and down, a beautiful smile on her face.

MANDY

You look like you went to Pinto Ranch
yesterday and dropped a grand or so.
Nice boots, Cowboy...but you're gonna
be hurtin' tomorrow, them all being
brand new and all.

Ryker hands her the flowers, shakes off water from his shirt
sleeve, looking embarrassed.

MANDY (CONT'D)

Oh, how sweet. A real gentleman.

(beat)

C'mon, you, let's get these inside
and head back to the stables. We're
gonna have such a fun day!

EXT. RED ROCK FARM - STABLES - DAY

Several HORSES stand watching as the two approach, arm in
arm. Over his other arm, Ryker carries the duffel bag.

They stop in front of a gorgeous chestnut red roan HORSE,
that whinnies as Mandy pets her head.

MANDY

Ryker, this here's my bestest buddy
in the whole wide world, Red.

(beat)

Red, this here's my new friend, Ryker.

RYKER

Wow, she's beautiful.

MANDY

I actually birthed her back in the
barn. You should have seen it.
She's my angel.

Mandy moves over in front of another HORSE, this one older,
a slick black roan, with wild eyes.

MANDY (CONT'D)

And this here's Mr. Mustang. He's a
little crazy sometimes, but you being
a rider and all, shouldn't pay him
no heed.

Ryker cautiously approaches, extends his hand.

Mandy jumps in, pushes him back.

MANDY (CONT'D)

Hold up there, Cowboy. You know you
gots to get a little acquainted
first...kinda like with girls.

RYKER

Oh boy...

EXT. RED ROCK FARM - TRAILHEAD - DAY

Ryker and Mandy stand with the two horses. Ryker looks very
unsure of himself, has dirt and dust all over him, and the
beginning of a black eye.

MANDY

Either you and Mr. Mustang just aren't
hittin' it off, or you haven't been
around horses in awhile.

Ryker dusts himself off.

RYKER

Yeah, it's been a little while, but
you know what they say...it's like
riding a bike.

MANDY

Yeah, or like having sex. I know
y'all will do just fine.

Mr. Mustang whinnies loudly, throws his head and mane about.

Ryker opens the duffel bag, pulls out a sparkling white cooler
box, with "La Maison Du Chocolat" printed on top. Next, he
pulls out a neoprene wrapped bottle of Veuve Clicquot.

Mandy's eyes go wide.

MANDY (CONT'D)

You better watch yourself, Mr. I'm
actually a "little whiskey girl",
but that's only cuz I do crazy shit
when I drink that sparkly stuff.

(beat)

I know a little place we can ride to
and...well...I don't want to spoil
nuthin', but I'll just say that I
forgot to bring my bathing suit.

Ryker's eyes light up, as Mandy winks.

MANDY (CONT'D)

I'll put 'em in Mr. Mustang's pouch.
You ready?

RYKER

Uhhhhh...yeah...I'm ready.

EXT. HIGH PLATEAU - DAY

Mr. Mustang and Red walk side by side with Ryker, holding his right arm gingerly against his chest, and Mandy, in mount. Mandy has Mr. Mustang's reins in her hand.

MANDY

I've never seen Mr. Mustang throw a rider so far...I mean never. How's that arm?

RYKER

Yeah, I've never been thrown so far by a horse before either. Maybe it's the cologne I have on?

Mandy laughs, moves in close for a whiff.

MANDY

Maybe...but you smell OK to me...even with all that dust and dirt all over them new clothes. HA!!

Ahead, rocks jut out, rise up, and trees dot the higher elevation. The trail leads up and through the rocky outcropping.

EXT. SECRET HOT SPRINGS SWIMMIN' HOLE - DAY

Mandy helps Ryker off Mr. Mustang, but he awkwardly falls, hitting the rocks hard. He rolls onto his back, looks to his left, sees a clear blue water hole, bubbling with steam.

RYKER

A secret hot spring pool? Damn, I didn't bring my bathing suit, either.

(beat)

Get the champagne...NOW!!!!

Mandy takes the champagne out of Mr. Mustang's rear pouch, but forgets to close it, as she walks away.

Red watches, raises her head, sniffs, snorts, moves closer.

MOMENTS LATER

Mandy lies next to the hot spring, in her undies and bra...written in cursive on her panties, "Cowgirls ROCK"

Ryker, painfully lies next to her, in orange underwear, a huge bluish bruise on his stomach, black eye, and holding his bluish-green horribly bruised and swollen arm against his chest.

They take turns swigging the champagne.

Mandy gracefully stands, looks to the swimmin' hole.

MANDY

Just so you know, I've only brought three boys up to my secret spot...and two of 'em were already my "boy", and the other...well, he had some pretty wicked weed.

Ryker gets to his knees with obvious trouble.

RYKER

I think my arm's broken and my gut is killin' me. We need to...

Mandy starts into a slow grind, tracing circles around her tight mid section.

MANDY

And when I show a boy my secret spot...well...I show him all my secret spots. You wanna see these two?

She toys at her bra, eyes deadest on Ryker.

RYKER

Hell yes! But, I need to get in the water...like right now.

As his boxer briefs expand around his crotch, he stiffly limps into the steamy water...

MANDY

Babe, be careful...it's HOT!!!

...plops in...and SCREAMS!

RYKER

OH SHIT! HOT HOT HOT!!!!!!

Ryker clammers out, slips on the rock, goes down hard...again.

ON THE HORSES A FEW FEET AWAY

Red sniffs Mr. Mustang's rear, as the old Colt lets loose a massive fart.

Red backs away, but moves back close, shoves her muzzle into the open pouch, pulling out the box of chocolates, which she throws to the ground.

The box opens on impact and Red proceeds to devour every single chocolate.

BACK TO RYKER AND MANDY

Mandy slows her pace, as Ryker writhes in pain.

She turns to see Red bucking, whinnying, and basically going crazy behind her.

MANDY

RED!!!!!!

On the ground, in front of Red, the empty box of chocolates, draws Mandy's eye.

MANDY (CONT'D)

Oh no...she ate the chocolates!

RYKER

Is that a bad thing?

Mandy's glare makes it clear this is not a good thing.

Ryker gets to his feet, limps over to Red, who rears up on her hind legs, kicks him in the face, knocking him over backwards, and into the bubbling water hole.

RYKER (CONT'D)

FUCK!!!! Help me, Mandy, help, help me Mandy!

Mandy looks to Ryker, back to Red, grabs her clothes, jumps on Red's back, and gallops away.

Ryker tries to climb out of the water, but Mr. Mustang advances, stands his ground.

MOMENTS LATER

Ryker somehow manages to mount Mr. Mustang, still wearing only his orange underwear, bottle of champagne in his hand. Both eyes are now black and swelling shut quickly.

RYKER

Please, Mr. Mustang, I'm not a bad guy...I'm actually a good guy. Can you just get me back to the house? I didn't even touch her tits!

EXT. RED ROCK FARM - STABLES - DAY

Mr. Mustang and Ryker arrive at full speed, Ryker barely holding on.

EXT. RED ROCK FARM - HOUSE - DAY

In the large circular driveway, an ambulance is parked. MEDICS attend to Red, as Mandy watches teary eyed.

Mr. Mustang gallops up, then suddenly puts on the brakes, sending Ryker flying over his head, past Mandy, past the medics and Red, straight into the open ambulance's back doors.

INT. NORTH VISTA HOSPITAL - DAY

Ryker's MOM and DAD, mid 50's, sit, watching their son.

Ryker lies in bed, in a full body cast, a blanket loosely covering him, both eyes swollen shut, face a bruised mess.

On the table next to him, his cell phone springs to life.

Mom rushes over, grabs the phone and takes the incoming call.

INT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - DAY

Johnny lies on the sofa, a blanket wrapped around him, eyes red and very obviously stoned, cell phone in his hand.

In front of him, Celeste, wearing weird furry white pants and nothing else, dances a stoned grind, eyes closed, hands gyrating above her.

INT. NORTH VISTA HOSPITAL - DAY

Mom holds the phone out for all to hear.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

BRO!!!!!! Celeste just gave me the most awesome BJ and I thought about you and your date. How'd it...

Mom and Dad both look shocked.

MOM & DAD

Johnny! You're on speaker phone!

RYKER

Oh, fuck...

JOHNNY (V.O.)

Oh shit, sorry, you guys...I'm a little stoned...

Ryker tries to move, screams out in pain.

Mom and Dad watch, whispering uneasily to each other.

RYKER

Dude, my Mom and Dad are
here...really? We're at the hospital.

INT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - DAY

Celeste ceases her weird dancing, puts on a matching white
furry vest, joins Johnny on the sofa.

JOHNNY

Hospital? Just wanted to see how
the big date went on Saturday, bro.

CELESTE

Yeah, how'd the roses, chocolates,
and champagne go over?

INT. NORTH VISTA HOSPITAL - DAY

Mom and Dad watch, confused looks on their faces.

RYKER

Well...let me say this...the roses
were a great idea. The champagne,
in theory, was an incredible idea.
The chocolates? Terrible
idea...absolutely terrible idea...and
they were quite expensive, too.

FADE OUT.