

THERE'S A WOMAN TO BLAME

Simply Scripts

ROUND 3

FADE IN:

EXT. DUVAL STREET - KEY WEST, FLORIDA - DAY

The main drag of Key West. Bars on every corner and then some. Loads of tourists covered in suntan oil, fill the sidewalks. Cars, bikes, motorcycles fill the streets.

A commotion approaches. Loud cheers along with Jimmy Buffet's, "MARGARITAVILLE" playing on a loud speaker from --

The "Bar Crawler". An eight seat, slightly motorized open vehicle where passengers pedal to (kind of) help it move along. All eight seats are occupied with drunk, rowdy guests.

At the helm is tour guide, DAN (25), tank top, straw hat, sunburn and fresh tattoo on his arm of a cute, Mexican lady.

The group sings along to Margaritaville while Dan talks to them on his headset. He's not as peppy as you'd think a Key West guide would be. His demeanor, gloomy.

DAN

Hope you all are enjoying your visit to the happiest place on earth. My girlfriend broke up with me today -- did I tell you that?

GROUP

YES!

DAN

Sorry. Just like you, I came here on vacation. But I loved it so much, I decided to stay. I dropped out of law school. Today she made me choose. Her or -- here.

Passengers roll their eyes, try to ignore their depressed leader and continue singing.

DAN

Why, Mary, why make me choose? I begged her to stay with me! MARY!! MARY!! Wait!! There she is! MARY!

Dan excitedly points to a blonde woman on a bike, a block ahead. He revs the throttle. The Bar Crawler speeds up a bit, almost taking out some tourists crossing the street.

Cars beep as it blows a red light, at seven miles per hour.

A VERY LARGE DUDE (40), leans over, yells at Dan.

VERY LARGE DUDE
Let us off this damned thing!

OTHER PASSENGERS
Yeah! Let us off!

DAN
I'm not stopping till I catch up
with Mary!

Another passenger, BEARDED BIKER GUY (60), unlocks his seat belt, flings himself toward Dan and punches him in the face.

Dan tries to steer and defend himself at the same time. He grabs the guy's beard, slams his head against the rail.

A few passengers flag down a passing Police Motorcycle.

A FEW PASSENGERS
HELP!

The Bar Crawler approaches another intersection, pedestrians hurry to get out of the way.

People on the sidewalk watch as a SKINNY DUDE standing on the rail, jumps on Dan, who has the Bearded Guy in a half Nelson.

Police motorcycle, now follows the Bar Crawler.

Still getting punched, Dan stops long enough to scan for Mary. He spots her at the next intersection.

DAN
That's it, I'm outta here.

Dan hops off, tumbles onto the sidewalk. Hurt, he struggles to get up, then limp/jogs toward Mary's direction.

The Very Large Dude tries to slow down the Bar Crawler, but can't. He yells to Dan, who limp/jogs alongside them.

VERY LARGE DUDE
Hey! How do you stop this thing?

Dan looks over, trips, breaks his flip flop. He kicks off the other one and limp/jogs barefoot.

DAN
Pull the emergency break! OWW!
FUCK! I just stepped on a pop top!

VERY LARGE DUDE
A pop tart? What the fuck? I don't
see the brake! Shiiiiit!

The Bar Crawler is out of control. It veers off the road, onto the sidewalk and plows right into SLOPPY JOE'S BAR.

Passengers are startled for a moment, then all cheer, jump off the Bar Crawler and head into the bar.

A beat up, broken Dan, reaches the blonde lady on the bike.

DAN

MARY, DON'T LEAVE! STAY WITH ME!

The BLONDE LADY (30 or 80 -- who knows) turns around. She's ridiculously overly tan, leathery face. She smiles wide.

Dan gets pushed hard from behind as the MOTORCYCLE COP, grabs his arms, pulls them behind his back.

MOTORCYCLE COP

Get on the ground!

Dan complies. His face smashed into the sidewalk.

DAN

I'm sorry. I thought she was Mary.
She left me alone, in paradise.

MOTORCYCLE COP

Yeah, yeah. I heard it before.
Always a woman to blame.

The motorcycle cop pulls Dan to his feet, walks him to an awaiting squad car behind the Bar Crawler, Margaritaville still playing over the speaker.

As he opens the police car door, a GORGEOUS BRUNETTE (25) approaches, makes eyes at Dan.

GORGEOUS BRUNETTE

Hey, I thought you were great
fighting off those goons. Give me a
call, when you get out.

She holds up a tiny piece of paper, looks at the COP, he nods and allows her to slide her number into his jeans pocket. Dan is totally flustered. They both watch her walk away.

MOTORCYCLE COP

How about that? Dan the Bar Crawler
Brawler. Already a Key West legend.

Dan smiles.

FADE OUT.