

RODEO

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FADE IN:

EXT. PARKING LOT. RODEO, WYOMING. DAY

It's a sunny afternoon.

Women and men dressed casually: Jeans, boots or tennis shoes, Western shirts with snap buttons, cowboy hats, baseball caps.

People leave their cars and line up at the ticket booth-entrance to the fairground area overlooking arena.

EXT. FAIRGROUND BEHIND THE GRANDSTAND OVERLOOKS THE ARENA.

A local radio station advertises itself and plays country music.

Large, bustling crowd wanders through the stalls offering cotton candy, popcorn, churros, corn dogs, hot dogs, beer.

Tractors and trucks stand in front of a John Deere Dealer. Table invites attendees to write their names and win a new truck.

Series of booths: leather goods, T-shirts, silver buckles, old-time photography, a fortune teller, etc.

Teenager rides mechanical bull, cheered on by friends.

Some in crowd make their way to grandstand.

EXT. GRANDSTAND

Partial roof covers seating area. Long metal tiers. People climb stairs to take seats overlooking central arena.

EXT. ARENA

Dirt area. Fenced in. Racetrack around arena separates rodeo events from seating section.

Loudspeakers boom.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)

Welcome, welcome to the rodeo,
folks. Once you're all settled,
we'll get things movin' with
somethin' real special for y'all.

YOUNG NATIVE GIRL, teen, trots her horse around arena. Dressed in purple long-sleeved shirt and jeans. Large black hat with a feather. She grips rein with her right hand and holds an American flag in her left.

Horse breaks into slow gallop second time around.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.) (CONT'D)
That's young Wachiwi, coming to us from the Lakota reservation in North Dakota. She's welcoming y'all to the rodeo. Let's all stand up and give Wachiwi, or Dancing Girl, a Wyoming welcome.

Crowd cheer, stand, clap.

Third time horse breaks into full gallop. Cheers.

Horse and rider exit arena.

BACK TO FAIRGROUND.

Disturbance in crowd as a trio pass through the crowd

OLIVIA WORTHMORE (MRS W), late forties, rich widow, New York socialite, Her clothes are totally inappropriate: custom designer, full-length copper skirt, with a turquoise jacket and tiara cowgirl hat. Tony Lama calfskin boots. She holds a handkerchief to her nose and brushes away the dust.

REVEREND JEREMIAH BUSY, fifties, family friend with designs on the rich widow. Panhandle slim shirt, extra-tight wrangler jean and vintage wooly sheepskin chaps. Tony Lama calfskin boots. Handkerchief held to his nose. Looks around disapprovingly at the crowd that follow.

HARRISON, Busy's nephew, twenties. Jeans and flannel shirt, although expensive don't stand out like the clothing of the other two. More casual clothing. Checking his cellphone.

Teenagers make fun of Busy's exaggerated walk and clothing. Busy chases them away. They return.

BUSY
Take no notice of them, Mrs. W. We are here for one purpose and one purpose alone.

MRS. W
To find my daughter.

BUSY

And return her to New York City,
the bosom of civilization.

Young women smile at Harrison. He tips his hat and smiles back.

BUSY (CONT'D)

Harrison! Do not encourage these
harlots!

BACK TO THE ARENA.

BULLWHIP BETTY, a full-sized, busty, middle-aged woman stands in the center of the arena. She wears a low-cut red blouse, and red, calico dress with fringes on the bottom. A white cowboy hat sits atop her long, red hair. Her heeled leather boots are tooled with flowers. She cracks a bullwhip over her head.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)

There she stands, folks. It's our
own Bullwhip Betty a'crackin' her
whip. Ladies, best keep an eye on
your man. Bullwhip Betty's on the
prowl.

Bullwhip Betty, moves around the arena, swirling her whip and cracking it to the roar of the crowd. She gestures invitingly to men in the grandstand to join her.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Need a volunteer to hold a balloon
or two. Any brave souls willing to
take a chance? Do it myself, but
don't want to lose an eye or a
finger or maybe that unmentionable
part of my body.

Laughter.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.) (CONT'D)

We got ourselves any single men out
there? Better watch out! Bullwhip
Betty's plannin' to rustle herself
a man or two or three afore she
leaves the rodeo today.

Laughter.

Teenage boys dare each other to enter the arena.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Lucky for us, Bullwhip Betty
brought along her assistant. Big
hand for the brave and beautiful
Daisy Malone. She's just eight
years old, folks.

DAISY MALONE, 8, enters the arena, covered in balloons. She
stands in the center of the arena.

Cracks of the whip. The balloons are burst and Daisy stands
in her cowgirl costume, identical to Bullwhip Betty's.

Whistles and cheers from the crowd. Daisy takes a newspaper
from an assistant.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.) (CONT'D)
No, don't do it, Daisy! Can you
believe it? Daisy's gonna open
that newspaper in her hands and--

A crack of the whip and the paper is split in two. Crowd
cheers.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.) (CONT'D)
And now little Daisy is rollin' up
a sheet of paper and holdin' it at
arm's length! Don't know 'bout
you, folks, but I'm gonna cover my
eyes!

A crack of the whip and the paper disappears.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Let's have a big hand for Bullwhip
Betty and little Daisy, folks. You
men out there best be careful!
Bullwhip Betty'll know if you ain't
clappin'.

Bullwhip Betty and Daisy exit the arena.

BACK TO FAIRGROUND

DOYLE MCGRAW, fifties, handsome, widower, leans against the
fence. Wealthy rancher. Long sleeved, blue shirt, jeans,
Wyoming belt buckle. Lasso in hand.

He stands alongside his daughter, CHARLENE MCGRAW, twenties.
Dressed in jeans and a loose shirt, hair tucked under her
hat. She could be mistaken for a man, CHARLEY MCGRAW, which
is what she wants.

DOYLE

Looks like my daughter, Charlene,
is gonna be my son, Charley, today.

CHARLEY

Yes, pa.

She nods to drunks who gesture and whistle to the young women.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

Get sick of them knuckle-dragging
macho jerks lookin' Charlene up and
down like she was all saddled up
and ready to ride. In their book,
ain't no difference 'twixt ridin' a
horse and ridin' a woman.

Doyle laughs. Hugs daughter.

DOYLE

Just like your ma, God rest her
soul. She was one sweet, lovin'
and fiercely independent woman.
Stare down any man who said the
wrong thing. Guess, while the
rodeo's in town, I got myself two
sons, Cody and Charley McGraw.
Hope you're gonna be my daughter,
Charlene, when it's time to ride
the barrels.

Charley smiles.

CHARLEY

Charlene'll be ridin', Pa.

Doyle looks around the crowd

DOYLE

You seen your brother and his New
York City girl?

CHARLEY

Prob'ly sharin' cotton candy and
starin' deep into each other's eyes
all lovin'.

DOYLE

Sweet young lady. Guess my
daughter, Charlene, ain't plannin'
on findin' a man soon. Not while
she's all dressed up like Charley.

CHARLEY

Mebbe some day I'll find a man can
accept both Charlene and Charley.

She wraps her arm around him and they walk back through the stalls.

They stop to look at Mrs. W, Busy and Harrison.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

Looks like we got ourselves some
city folk visiting, pa. Come judge
how we po' country folk live.

Mrs. W looks at Doyle. He tips his hat and smiles. She gives a coy blush and smiles.

Busy steps between Doyle and Mrs. W.

Teenagers continue to mock Busy's walk.

BUSY

Get away from me! Get away!

Charley points to a nearby stall.

CHARLEY

I see Uncle Coyote over there
eyein' them city folk. Figure he's
gonna have himself some fun
teachin' them our simple country
ways.

COYOTE McGRAW, 30s, Native-American, baggy pants, painted face, multi-colored scarves dangle from his pockets. He is a bull fighter (rodeo clown). Coyote signs autographs and has selfies taken with fans. Glances up periodically at Mrs. W, Busy and Harrison.

STALL-KEEPER signals to visitors to join him and Coyote.

STALL-KEEPER

Right this way, folks! Buy a T-shirt and get it autographed by the world-famous Coyote McGraw, two-time winner of the National Bullfighting Championships.

Mrs. W stares at Coyote.

MRS W

Did that man just say Cody McGraw, Reverend Busy? That's the name of the man my daughter has fallen for.

BUSY

I, like you Mrs Worthmore, most definitely heard Cody McGraw. Stay close. This could be our man

Puts his arm around her shoulder. She removes it.

BUSY (CONT'D)

It is your safety that concerns me. I have intimate knowledge of these rustics. That I do. That I most definitely do.

MRS W

Has my daughter left our home in New York City and fallen for a man with baggy pants, painted face and scarves dangling from his pockets? Fancy going out in public like that! Has he no shame?

HARRISON

The name I heard was Coyote, not Cody. I'm guessing he's a bullfighter.

Mrs W. looks to Busy to explain. He's lost.

BUSY

A bullfighter is a--. A person who fights bulls.

Harrison shakes head.

HARRISON

No, uncle! He's the one who protects the bull riders when they leap off the bull's back after eight-seconds. A very dangerous job, Mrs. W. They're also known as rodeo clowns.

Busy grabs his nephew and takes him aside.

BUSY

I knew that, nephew! And more. Much more. Did Mrs Worthmore ask you to expostulate upon this man's profession? No!

MRS W.

Why does that man dress like that? He probably scares the bulls with his lack of fashion sense.

Harrison is about to talk when Busy interrupts.

BUSY

We don't need your opinions,
Harrison. I can inform our
wealthy, very wealthy widow on all
things rodeo. When I became
cognizant that we were coming to
this outback of civilization to
rescue Mrs. W's daughter, I
researched everything Wild West. I
have viewed and reviewed every wild
west movie ever made? For example,
did you know-?

(looking at Harrison)

Put that cell phone away, nephew!

HARRISON

I was checking the closing bell.

BUSY

Did John Wayne ever take out his
cell phone to check the closing
bell? Never! We must make these
people cogitate that we're just
like them. And stop hobbling! Walk
like a cowboy. Like this.

A few steps.

BUSY (CONT'D)

Agh! What did I just step in?
Tell me it isn't

HARRISON

It is, uncle.

BUSY

A metaphor for this place of
smells, ignorance and filth has
deposited itself upon the Tony Lama
calfskin boots you so kindly bought
me, Mrs Worthmore.

Teenagers imitate Busy as he tries to wipe off his boots.

BUSY (CONT'D)

This place is a swamp. A veritable
swamp inhabited by demons.

MRS W.

From which we must rescue my
precious princess, Reverend Busy.

Busy takes her arm. She removes it.

BUSY

Stay close, Mrs W. There are financial provocatives abroad in this land. But, with the Reverend Jeremiah Busy and God at the helm, we shall rescue your daughter and sail eastward to New York City and civilization.

Young women wave to Harrison. He smiles and dons his hat.

BUSY (CONT'D)

Again, Harrison! Do not encourage these rustic harlots. Remember, we are here to find Harper, your future intended. Do not be waylaid by the broad and narrow, nephew!

HARRISON

Harper is not my future intended, uncle.

REVEREND BUSY

(aside to Harrison)

Not your--? Nephew, one day Harper Worthmore will be your wife, and this wealthy widow, this truly wealthy widow, will be your mother-in-law.

Stall-keeper points out the three to Coyote.

STALL-KEEPER

Look like we got ourselves a reg'lar flannel mouth over yonder. All talkin' and plenty boastin'. Seems the wealthy widow, the "truly wealthy widow"--has lost her daughter to a young cowboy. I reckon she's talkin' 'bout Cody McGraw, that nephew of yourn. He got himself a fine-lookin' city girl, right?

(nods to the trio)

Might be worth you havin' a listen to what they're sayin'.

Coyote moves closer to the trio.

MRS W

Where is my daughter, Reverend Busy?

BUSY

This Cody McGraw has bewitched her
Mrs Worthmore.

Coyote gives thumbs up to the stall-keeper.

BUSY (CONT'D)

He has stolen her from the security
of your New York City mansion and
home in the Hamptons, and brought
her to this place of dilapidation.
Witchcraft, I say, witchcraft.

HARRISON

Not so, uncle. Harper is studying
veterinary science at the
University of Wyoming. She met a
young cowboy and fell in love.
That's about it!

BUSY

That's about it?! What about
Harvard, Yale, Columbia? Her
belated debutante ball? Broadway
shows? Haute cuisine? The list is
endless. All thrown away for this!

He gestures almost hitting Coyote who walks alongside Busy.
Busy tries to avoid looking at him.

HARRISON

But Harper didn't want . . .

BUSY

Stop jabbering!

Teenagers join Coyote. All mock Busy's walk.

Coyote leaps in front of Mrs W.

COYOTE

Is there somethin' Coyote can help
you city folks with?

BUSY

City folk? ja! What if I told you
I grew up on a ranch. A very big
ranch. A very very big ranch.

Harrison shakes his head.

MRS. W

In New York City?

COYOTE

I'd say we got ourselves a wobblin' jaw here.

MRS. W

(to Harrison)

I don't understand a word he's saying.

HARRISON

(to Mrs W)

A man who talks too much.

Mrs. W nods agreement.

Busy takes Mrs. W aside.

BUSY

Watch and learn, Mrs Worthmore.
Watch and learn. I don't think
we're barking at a knot here.

MRS W

I have no idea what you're saying!

BUSY

I'm speaking their talk. Cowboy talk.

(to Mrs. W)

It's these people's way of saying,
We're not wasting our time.

(swaggers up to Coyote)

Figure you 'n me gonna do some
conversating, pardner. Need to set
things straight afore this ends in
a catawampus.

MRS W

Cata-what? Cowboy talk?

Coyote and Harrison shake their heads.

Busy forces himself between Mrs W and Coyote.

BUSY

(to Coyote)

Y'all be needin' to answer some
questions, my man.

COYOTE

Coyote ain't no man's man.

MRS W.
I don't like the way he's looking
at us, Reverend.

Crowd gather waiting for a fight.

BUSY
(to Mrs. W)
The trick is to not let him think
you're afraid of him.

MRS W.
But I am, Reverend Busy, I am.

The group is joined by WAKIYO, LITTLE THUNDER who grasps
Coyote's arm.

She is mid 20s, a stunning Lakota beauty. A black hat sits
atop her long, black hair. She wears an animal print, long
sleeve, western show shirt and tight jeans. Her belt has a
large, vintage silver turquoise buckle.

WAKIYO
You gonna come watch the
bulldoggin' with me, Coyote?

COYOTE
(to Busy)
Figure you were just saved by the
bell, or should I say, by my
beautiful woman, Wakiyo, Little
Thunder.

Coyote is about to leave with Wakiyo when Mrs W stops them.

MRS W
(gesturing)
Perhaps you could help us, sir. We
come from big city far, far away.
We fly high in the sky over tall
mountains. We journey in car. On
road. We seek young cowboy, Cody
McGraw, and my daughter, Harper
Worthmore.

Coyote and Wakiyo laugh.

HARRISON
No need to talk like that, Mrs W.
He does speak English.

Coyote gestures as he speaks.

COYOTE

Mebbe I know this Cody McGraw and
mebbe I don't. Let me see. Cody
McGraw.

Busy pushes between Coyote and Mrs. W..

BUSY

We're seekin' to scare us up a
young cowpoke goes by the monocle
Cody McGraw.

COYOTE

(to Little Thunder)
You ever heard of him?

LITTLE THUNDER

(aside to Coyote)
He's your nephew?

Coyote places finger on lips.

MRS. W

Give him some money Reverend Busy.

BUSY

I believe this man is profligating
his knowledge.

COYOTE

That I might be . . . If I
understood what you meant.

Looks to Harrison who shrugs his shoulders.

Mrs. W gestures to Busy to give Coyote money.

He does begrudgingly. Coyote passes it to Little Thunder
who passes it to Harrison.

COYOTE (CONT'D)

Now you folks talkin' my language.

(aside to Little Thunder)

Figure this loudmouth needs
teaching a lesson or two or six.

(to Busy)

Mebbe I know the boy--and mebbe I
don't. What was that monocle
again? Cody McGraw?

(thinks)

A curly wolf if ever I saw one.

MRS W.
God forbid! My daughter's fallen
for a werewolf!

LITTLE THUNDER
It means a tough guy.

BUSY
I knew that!

COYOTE
If it's Cody McGraw you're lookin'
for, I'd leave town yesterday 'fore
he finds you.

He gestures more money. Busy passes it to Little Thunder who
slips it back to Harrison.

COYOTE (CONT'D)
Still, I figure I can make certain
you and that young gunfighter'll
cross trails afore sunset. Best be
careful though, you rouse that
young man and he gets madder than a
nest of hornets sitting on a
barbecue.

BUSY
Sunset? We need to get out of this
wretched, God-forsaken place and
back to New York and civilization
as soon as possible. Point me in
his direction. One look and I'll
know that's the young man.

Coyote nods in the direction of Doyle and Charley leaning
against the fence surrounding the arena.

Little Thunder punches him in the arm and smiles.

MRS W
Are you saying it's that young man
with that handsome older man? Very
handsome older man.

BUSY
Handsome in an uncouth,
disagreeable sort of way.

COYOTE
Mebbe I'm sayin' that's your Cody
McGraw and mebbe I ain't.

Busy hits a pose.

BUSY

It is him! I have no doubt! Call it divine inspiration, but what I know is what I know.

COYOTE

Can't argue with that! Say, while you're plannin' what you're gonna do, why not stick around, Big City Lady? You and your hard-thinkin' friend here could learn a thing or two or six from the rodeo.

BUSY

Are you serious? Me learn from this. . . Whatever? I'll have you know my sermons are broadcast every Sunday all over New York City.

Harrison shakes his head.

BUSY (CONT'D)

Why this place is nothing but men and women strutting around in tight-fitting, provocative clothing kicking up dust.

Which the teenagers do.

BUSY (CONT'D)

And let's not forget those poor, mistreated animals?

Coyote confronts Busy.

COYOTE

Poor, mistreated--?! Why they are the most cared-for and pampered animals on the planet. More so than many people living in your big city. Well-nourished, washed, brushed, fresh bedding every night, and guarded carefully day and night. Some of these horses and bulls have better medical insurance than a whole office full of workin' city folk. Why one of them's worth more than a whole parcel of people put together. And all for a eight seconds of work two or three times a week.

HARRISON

He's got a point, uncle. The way
we treat some people . . .

BUSY

Are you siding with him, nephew?
Next thing, you'll be running off
with the first fast-talking country
wench to catch your eye.

Young women smile at Harrison.

COYOTE

Now see here, Preacher man, rodeo
can teach folks a lot of things
'bout life. Take somethin' like
steer wrestling, or, as folks
'round here call it, bulldoggin'.
Goin' on in the arena over yonder
as we speak. Let's go take a look!

Coyote and Little Thunder gesture to Mrs. W to join them.

Busy tries to stop them.

BUSY

We should be looking for your
daughter, Mrs. W, not encouraging
this clown's sermonizing.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)

Time to focus on the center area,
folks. We got ourselves some
mighty-fine bulldoggin' going on.

Teenagers whoop and they rush off.

MRS W

Don't they get hurt?

COYOTE

Calf or rider? Calf is just like
the young lady you're seekin'. She
wants to run free, but mother wants
her to stay home. One wants one
thing, one wants 'tother. Can't
both win.

He points to Harrison who's waving to some young women

COYOTE (CONT'D)

Same with your young man here. His uncle, your talkin' Preacher-man, wants to grab him, wrestle him to the ground and hogtie him. One, two, three. And all this young man wants is run free.

Sudden roar from crowd in arena.

COYOTE (CONT'D)

Come see!

Little Thunder and Coyote take Mrs W between them.

BUSY

Don't go with them, Mrs W. That way lies perdition.

Harrison follows.

BUSY (CONT'D)

Harrison, stay!

(to himself)

Beware, Busy, beware. This place seduces!

(and then)

I shall scout out this Cody McGraw, rescue Mrs. W's daughter and gain the wealthy widow's hand in marriage.

Glances side to side suspiciously as he moves off.

BACK TO THE ARENA

Coyote, Mrs W, Harrison and Little Thunder lean against the fence surrounding the arena.

The calf is released from its pen. A second later and the COWBOY races after it on his horse.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)

First out of the gate is Buck Jones, coming to us from Fort Worth, Texas.

The cowboy lassoes the calf.

He leaps off his horse and wrestles the calf to the ground. He flips the calf over and hogties him around three legs before standing with his arms up.

Cheers.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Some folk get roped and tied.

Next contestant chases calf but lasso misses.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.) (CONT'D)
And others run free.

Crowd cheers.

Coyote, Mrs W, Harrison and Little Thunder return to the fairground.

BACK TO FAIRGROUND.

Teenagers take selfies with Coyote.

Coyote invites Mrs W and Harrison to have their photo taken with him and Little Thunder.

MRS W
You're not going to show this on any social media sites are you? I mean my friends in New York City might see them.

LITTLE THUNDER
Way you were eyeing that handsome oder man, ma'am, I figure you'll be sharing lot more rodeo photos.

COYOTE
And I figure them there friends in New York gonna be mighty jealous seeing a handsome man like that with his arm 'round you.

Mrs. W smiles.

Busy joins them.

COYOTE (CONT'D)
You find this fine lady's daughter and her beau yet?

BUSY
(tapping his nose)
When I see Cody McGraw, I'll see him.

COYOTE

Ain't no arguin' with that.

Busy looks back to where Doyle and Charley stand.

BUSY

And I think I've already seen him.
Nephew, come with me!

Prepares to leave.

HARRISON

Don't you want to stay and watch
more rodeo, uncle?

BUSY

Absolutely not! My path is set!

He takes Mrs. W's arm. She pulls away.

Little Thunder takes Mrs. W's arm.

LITTLE THUNDER

Why don't you go ahead, Rev'rend.
You be trackin' your man like an
Indian scouts.

Busy likes the sound of that. Poses then scurries off.

HARRISON

(to Coyote)

I'm guessing that young man he
thinks is Cody McGraw is not really
Cody McGraw.

Coyote smiles and nods.

COYOTE

Never said he was. Just didn't
want to get in the way of the
Rev'rend's divine intuition. Like
they say: never approach a bull
from the front, a horse from the
rear, or a fool like your man from
any direction.

HARRISON

I'd better go rescue my uncle, Mrs.
W., before someone decides to clip
his horns.

(to Mrs. W)

Take him down a notch or two.

He leaves.

Crowd cheers.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)

Turn your eyes to the arena, folks.
Soon them daredevil cowboys will
soon be riding the buckin' broncs.

MRS.W

(to Coyote)

Shouldn't you be . . . ?

COYOTE

Ain't my job, ma'am. Bronc rider
just needs help gettin' off the
bronc. Ain't like that with the
bulls. Bull rider ain't safe on or
off. Bull none too happy havin'
someone ridin' his back. He's gonna
come lookin' for blood. That's
where me and my fellow bull
fighters come in.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)

Them bronc riders got one hand on
the reins and one hand in the air.
Just gotta hang on for eight
seconds. Don't seem that long.
But eight seconds can be a lifetime
on the back of a bucking bronc!

Little Thunder points to the pens where the broncs are.

LITTLE THUNDER

Looks like that handsome man you
were lookin' at is all saddled up.
Gonna rescue the rider when time's
up.

Mrs. W is already heading for the arena fence.

EXT. PENS.

Metal fenced area where broncs and bulls are kept until time
to go into arena. Stalls at front for broncs and bulls ready
to release.

Cowboys clamber across the metal fences.

Bronc waits in pen. Its eyes are wide-open, wild. Fights as
cowboys place straps and saddle on it.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
First up is Aaron Martin, coming to
us from Springdale, Utah.

Bronc rider slowly lowers himself on saddle. The bronc
snorts and bucks inside the pen.

BACK TO ARENA.

Coyote, Mrs W and Little Thunder wath.

The gate of the pen flies opens and the bronc is free. Its
body twists and turns desperately trying to dislodge the
rider.

The eight-second horn sounds. Riders, including Doyle
McGraw, draw alongside the bronc and pull the bronc rider to
safety.

Another rider releases the straps around the bronc.

Riders direct bronc to arena exit.

Crowd cheers.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
Here comes Bryan Fisher from
Gardiner, Montana. Bryan took a
bad fall last time he rode. He's
hoping for a better ride today.

Next bronc and cowboy burst from the pen. A few bucks and
the cowboy flies through the air.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Guess today ain't your day, Bryan.

Doyle joins another horseman riding alongside the bronc. The
bronc rider leaps onto Doyle's horse.

MRS W
Look! There's the is riding his
horse. My, he does look handsome.
Do you know him?

Coyote glances at Little Thunder. A smile.

COYOTE
Mebbe I do and mebbe I don't.

LITTLE THUNDER

His name's Doyle. When Coyote's parents died in an automobile accident, Doyle's parents took the boy in. Raised Coyote here like Doyle's own brother.

Bronc riding continues.

COYOTE

Bronc riding's just like life. You get thrown this way, that way, any sorta which way. Like you plannin' to wed that daughter of yours to some rich lawyer or doctor back in the big city, and--. Well, it just don't happen that way.

Mrs. W can't take her eyes off Doyle.

COYOTE (CONT'D)

Life throws you a Houlihan. Means it bowls you over. What you gonna do? Stay lying down, or pick yourself up, dust yourself off and get ready for life's next ride?

Little Thunder claps.

LITTLE THUNDER

That's my Coyote. Never at a loss for words.

Coyote bows. Little Thunder kisses him.

LITTLE THUNDER (CONT'D)

Time for me to go prepare for my act. Figure you're gonna stay here and keep your eyes fixed on Doyle, ma'am.

Mrs W doesn't respond. She's watching Doyle.

LITTLE THUNDER (CONT'D)

You take care of our city lady, Coyote.

She kisses Coyote and leaves.

Doyle rides near the fence. Smiles and tips hat to Mrs W.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)

Next up is Marty Wilson, coming to us from Tulsa, Oklahoma.

(MORE)

ANNOUNCER (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 Man just got hisself married.
 Mebbe that bronc's plannin' to give
 him a honeymoon present. What'll
 it be?

MARTY WILSON nods. Gate released. Bronc twists and turns.

COYOTE
 Gotta hang on tight and try to
 figure out which road life's gonna
 take you down.

A sudden twist and rider is thrown.

Doyle rides alongside riderless horse. Loosens strap on
 horse. Guides it to paddock.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
 No wedding gift for you, Marty!
 Better luck next time.

COYOTE
 Up side, down side. Throw to the
 left, throw to the right. Blind
 side, back side. Bronc keeps rider
 all mystified. Bronc ridin' sure
 can teach us all a lot about life.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
 That's the bronc ridin' for you
 folks. Now it's time for somethin'
 special.

Coyote whoops. Mrs. W covers her ears

COYOTE
 And here she comes!

LITTLE THUNDER bursts into arena on her horse.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
 Let's give a warm Wyoming welcome
 to Miss Native-America herself,
 Wakiyo, or as folks 'round here
 know her, Little Thunder. Born and
 raised on the Rosebud reservation
 in South Dakota. Ain't she a
 beauty?

Horse rears as Little Thunder waves to the crowd.

Little Thunder continues her exhibition riding: standing on
 the saddle, dropping off and on the saddle, and riding
 backwards.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 Bareback, side saddle, on and off
 her horse in the blink of an eye.

COYOTE
 You stay and enjoy the show, ma'am.
 I'll get us somethin' to drink.

He leaves.

Mrs W is alone. Fascinated by Little Thunder.

TWO DRUNKS stagger towards her Look her up and down.

They move closer.

SHORTER DRUNK
 Well lookee' here. Looks like we
 gonna have ourselves a hog-killin'
 time.

MRS W
 A what?

TALL DRUNK
 A hog killing? Figure that hat and
 them shoes could buy us a coupla
 bottles of whiskey.

Puts hand on her shoulder. She pushes it off.

SHORT DRUNK
 Bottles? Hot damn, we could get a
 whole case of whiskey.

TALL DRUNK
 Don't you be worryin' none, ma'am.
 It'll be like uncorking a bronc for
 the two of us.

MRS W
 I don't understand. Please speak
 English.

Coyote reappears. Hands drinks to Mrs. W. Confronts the
 drunks.

COYOTE
 Looks like you boys done got
 yourselves all roostered up. Both
 of you full as a tick and ugly as a
 mud fence. Best move along if you
 don't wanna be chewing gravel.

The two drunks stagger off.

MRS W
Thank you, Mr. Coyote, sir.

COYOTE
You sure 'tractin' a lot of
attention, ma'am, all deck

Coyote takes Mrs W's arm.

COYOTE (CONT'D)
Folks see a lady all dressed up,
they figure she might be a cattle
Kate.

MRS W
A what?

COYOTE
A cattle Kate, a female rustler.
Two-legged predator. All dressed
up like a spring chicken, but
underneath they're smellin' a fox.

MRS W
I most certainly do not smell like
a fox! Rustlers? I thought they
were only in the movies.

COYOTE
No way, ma'am. Still happenin'.
Big business. Folks 'round here
consider rustling a hanging crime.

MRS W
Hanging? Seriously? Or is that
one of those darling expressions?

Coyote gestures hanging

He takes Mrs W's arm and they walk towards trailers in
parking area.

COYOTE
What say we head over to Little
Thunder and my trailer and we'll
dress you up so you won't be
attractin' the wolves?

MRS W
Will we be seeing that handsome man
again?

COYOTE

Sure. And let's not forget your daughter!

They leave the arena.

BACK TO THE FAIRGROUND.

Busy pushes through the crowd, tracking Charley as she wanders through the Fairground.

BUSY

(to himself; John Wayne)

I'm watching you, boy. And, when the time is right, be ready to get a blow in your particulars from the Reverend Jeremiah Busy.

(and then, staring at Charley)

Something strange about that young man. Too clean-shaven. Don't know what Harper sees in him. Still, remember what the Duke said, Talk low, talk slow and don't say too much.

He continues tracking Charley.

BACK TO THE ARENA.

Doyle is joined at the fence overlooking the arena by his son CODY MCGRAW, early 20s, handsome, lean. He wears jeans and chaps, a flak jacket tight around his plaid shirt. Dark cowboy hat.

He has his arm around HARPER WORTHMORE, attractive, early 20s, long-sleeved, T-shirt over an "I love my Bull Rider Boyfriend" T-shirt, jeans with bull-riding belt buckle.

CODY

Hey there, Pa! Saw Sister Charlene all decked out. Hair tucked up under her hat. Lookin' like a young man. She playin' Charley again?

DOYLE

Yep! Don't worry! She'll be back to being Charlene in time for barrel-racing. Until then you got yourself a brother, Charley.

HARPER

Maybe your sister will ride the
bulls with you, Cody.

CODY

Ain't that the truth? Sis could do
anything a man can do—and more.

DOYLE

How you enjoyin' your first rodeo,
Miss Harper? I figure it's more
than half a world away from New
York City.

HARPER

Only as far as a person wants to
make it, Mr. McGraw.

DOYLE

True. High-society city girl like
yourself and a bull riding country
boy like my Cody here ain't a
likely combination. Still, you got
my blessin'.

(to Cody)

Got yourself a good bull to ride?

CODY

Sure, Pa. Drew Spit and Thunder.
One of the best.

DOYLE

Go get yourself ready. Bull knows
what it wants. You just gotta want
it more.

HARPER

Promise you'll be careful.

CODY

Rather face the rankest bull alive
than some of those highfalutin'
friends of yours. Bulls don't
pretend to be something they ain't.
They are what they are. Just like
this country boy. Come see me get
ready.

Cody and Harper leave.

Doyle wanders back to the Fairground.

BACK IN THE FAIRGROUND.

Charley moves through crowd checking out the stalls. Busy creeps along after her.

BUSY
(to himself)
The Indian tracker is hot on the trail of the Cisco Kid. "Bring him back in one piece, Tonto. No promises, Kemosabe!"

A bull whip suddenly circles his body.

To him Bullwhip Betty.

BULLWHIP BETTY
Well lookee here! What has Bullwhip Betty caught?

She pulls Busy to her. He's terrified.

BULLWHIP BETTY (CONT'D)
Welcome, stranger! Folks 'round here call me Bullwhip Betty. Flick a cigarette out of man's mouth at ten paces, a cell phone from his pocket at twenty, or the belt 'round his waist, leavin' him with his britches down 'round his ankles. Yee-haw!

A crack of her whip and the teenagers following Busy disappear.

Face to face with Busy.

BULLWHIP BETTY (CONT'D)
Don't let my way of speakin' trouble you, sir. Underneath you'll find an ace-high lady. A soft, loving woman. Very soft, loving woman, if you catch my drift.

BUSY
I am lost, forsaken, abandoned in this swamp of immorality.

BULLWHIP BETTY
Not like them words gonna be touchin' Bullwhip Betty's heart. But she ain't one to be assumin' or attitudinizin'.

He tries to run. A crack of the whip brings him back.

BULLWHIP BETTY (CONT'D)

You can run from Bullwhip Betty but you can't hide. Her horoscope says this is the day for her to meet that special someone. You're a Aquarius, right?

BUSY

Aries.

BULLWHIP BETTY

Close enough! Aries. Assertive, bold, energetic, intelligent. A man ruled by love and energy. The chemistry between us promises fireworks. Yeehaw!

Busy tries to dodge behind a group of teenager enjoying the confrontation.

BUSY

But what about my friend, Mrs W?
We're practically engaged

BULLWHIP BETTY

Mrs Who? Show me the slut and I'll whip that engagement off her finger with one crack of her whip. It'll be faster that you can name the wedding day. Where is she? That vixen must be hotter than a nickel a pop night in a whorehouse.

A crack of the whip and the teenagers scatter.

Busy runs.

BULLWHIP BETTY (CONT'D)

No point runnin'. This is Betty's day. At my age a decent man is hard to find. Hell, at any age a decent man is hard to find.

Crack of the whip as she chases after Busy.

BULLWHIP BETTY (CONT'D)

Figure Betty's found herself a hard-lovin' man gonna spend the rest her days with. A'whippin' and a'crackin' and a'lovin'. Yeehaw!

BACK TO PENS.

CODY and HARPER watch the bulls being led into individual pens.

HARPER

My mother would sure love to meet a handsome widower like your father. Feel sorry for her. Rich widow surrounded by leeches. All trying to convince her to marry them. Convincing her that civilization ends at the New York City limits.

CODY

Figure must be hard for her to understand how her daughter could fall for a hard-ridin' bull-rider like me.

He hits pose.

HARPER

No more private limousines or five-star hotels for me.

She poses. Signals to a bull crashing into a pen.

HARPER (CONT'D)

Taxi!

They laugh.

CODY

All I can offer is cloudless skies, starlit nights and peace.

HARPER

And bulls. Still, like your Uncle Coyote says, When love comes a'knockin', only a fool refuses to answer the door.

They laugh and hug.

BACK TO FAIRGROUND

MRS W is dressed like a rodeo clown! Coyote accompanies her.

MRS W

Are you sure this is the only disguise that will protect me from those men?

COYOTE

I know it ain't the best bib and tucker, but it'll sure make them drunks pull in their horns.

(and then)

Quit lookin' for you!

Mrs. W looks across at the pens.

MRS W

There she is! My daughter! Who's that young man with her?

COYOTE

Why that's Cody!

MRS W

What about that other Cody? Is my daughter two-timing two Codys?

COYOTE

Hold on there, Mrs W. No point getting' yourself all worked up and goin' forty north on us. That young man back there . . .

She stares at him.

MRS W

. . . was not the real Cody. You tricked me!

COYOTE

Not me, ma'am. I said nothing. It was your flannel-mouth friend was the one got himself all lathered up 'bout t'other young man. I said nothin'.

Teenagers gather around to take selfies with the "clowns."

Busy and Bullwhip Betty peep from behind a stall..

BUSY

Who's that man with Coyote?
Another of those ridiculous clowns?

BULLWHIP BETTY

Ain't never seen him before. On a closer look Betty's thinkin' he don't much look like a man.

Busy is stunned.

BUSY

A woman parading as a man? Are there any other shes who are hes, or hes who are shes in this quagmire of iniquity? No, don't answer! Sherlock Holmes, the great detective, will unlock this mystery.

He moves forward slowly.

BULLWHIP BETTY

(following him)

Figure Betty best be stickin' with Sherlock or whatever your name is, lest you be barkin' at a knot.

BUSY

Barking at a . . .

BULLWHIP BETTY

Wastin' yer time. Waking up the wrong passenger on the wrong train can be mighty dangerous.

Mrs W sees Busy. Hides behind Coyote.

MRS W

It's him, Reverend Busy. He mustn't see me like this! Get me out of here!

They disappear into the crowd.

BUSY

Let's follow those two she-hes.

A crack of Betty's whip and the crowd parts.

BACK TO THE ARENA.

Three barrels placed in the arena.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)

Eyes on the arena, folks. Some good lookin' ladies out there, dressed in their finest toggery all lined up for the barrel racing.

The first rider races out of the starting gate.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.) (CONT'D)

And there she goes, ladies and gentlemen. That's Samantha Floyd coming to us from Dodge City, Kansas.

Bullwhip Betty drags Busy to the fence.

BULLWHIP BETTY

You gotta watch this, Rev'rend. Pretty ladies burnin' the breeze without touchin' them barrels. Just three barrels they gotta watch out for. Ain't like them seven deadly sins you preacher folk always jabberin' on 'bout.

BUSY

Barrel racing? Seven deadly sins? That is indeed presumptuous. In my latest Sunday's sermon, I

A crack of the whip.

BULLWHIP BETTY

Time to quit flappin' yer jaw and sermonizin,' preacher man, and go git to watchin' some barrel racin'.

Another barrel-racer leaves the pen.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)

There she is. Jolene Holliday from Tombstone, Arizona, Yep, that's what I said. Jolene's a direct descendant of "Doc" Holliday himself. Gambler, gunfighter and dentist. Jolene's all fired up as she heads for that first barrel. Does she go left or right 'round the barrel?

BULLWHIP BETTY

Here comes barrel number uno. The first of them deadly sins, Rev'rend! Rider's got spit and bile in her mouth. She's a'cursin' and a rantin' and a hatin' the first barrel and other riders.

She slaps Busy backside.

BULLWHIP BETTY (CONT'D)

Why she's ready to swallow a horn
toad backwards! Brain's full of
anger, one of them deadly sins.

Busy's response is drowned out by the announcer.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)

And she's rounded the first barrel
and is headed for number two. You
ain't at the beginning and you
ain't at the end. You're right
there in them there bad lands,
folks.

BUSY

And I suppose you have a deadly sin
for the second barrel?

BULLWHIP BETTY

Why this be sloth. No, not the
lazy kind of sloth people be
thinkin' 'bout. This be the sloth
where you hate everybody and
everything. Don't love nobody
'cept yourself. You just stuck
half-way between lovin' and hatin'.

Busy's protests are cut off.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)

Two barrels down one to go.

BULLWHIP BETTY

That's two out of three! Figure
your religious flock prefer
listnin' to Bullwhip Betty
sermonizing rather than sleepin'
through . . .

BUSY

Sleeping? My congregation hangs
onto my every word.

(and then)

And am I to suppose you have some
pearl of cobweb philosophy for the
last barrel?

BULLWHIP BETTY

You betcha! Now's the time when
you be think' 'bout all them prizes
you missed out on. Rage boilin' up
inside ya. Other women more
beautiful.

(MORE)

BULLWHIP BETTY (CONT'D)

Other preachers more wealthy. You plumb riddled with envy. But you gonna win this race, come hell or high water. You gonna stick it to all them folks made fun of ya.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)

Three barrels, none down, folks. Time to head for home gate.

BULLWHIP BETTY

Now with all that rage, jealousy and envy thrown aside, you're grinnin' like a weasel in a hen house. So there's your three deadly sins: anger, sloth and envy. Rodeo can teach a person plenty. Want Betty to name some more?

BUSY

No!

Betty hugs him.

BULLWHIP BETTY

You can use all Betty's bin teachin' you in your next sermon. Won't cost you nothin'. Bet your audience'll get more out my words than one of them easy-sleepin' sermons.

BUSY

Easy sleeping! I'll have you know that my last sermon, "fleshly lust as war against the soul," was an inspirational to all my parishioners.

Bullwhip Betty lets out of loud snore.

Busy continues talking and gesturing even though unheard.

Finally he huffs and storms off.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)

Time to look out for our very own home-grown beauty Charlene McGraw from that nearby cowboy--or should I say cowgirl town?--Sheridan, Wyoming. They call it the "Welcome, Stranger" town where old and new west meet

Bullwhip Betty watches Charlene round the barrels.

Realises Busy has left and chases after him.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.) (CONT'D)
And we got ourselves a winner,
folks. Fastest time, Charlene
McGraw.

AT THE PENS

Harrison pushes through the crowd and catches up with
Charlene.

HARRISON
Fourteen seconds around those
barrels. You were amazing.

CHARLENE
Why thank you, kind sir. Rider or
spectator?

HARRISON
Spectator. First time at a rodeo.
From New York City

CHARLENE
Enjoyin' yourself?

HARRISON
Yes. Certainly something I've
never seen before. It's so alive!

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
All eyes on the arena, folks, for
some Charro dancing. Eight
beautiful señoritas in colorful
costumes riding their horses in
formation. Escaramuza Charra
Dancing Horses. A horse ballet.

CHARLENE
You ever seen one of these, city
boy?

Harrison shakes his head.

Charlene grabs his arm.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)
Let's go see!

She leads him to the fence.

BACK TO ARENA

Mariachi music.

Six señoritas: full dresses (red, white green and yellow), large sombreros. Gallop to the center of the arena. One US flag, one Mexican.

Cheers.

Joined by six other horsewomen. Jeans, shirts (black, white, red, green and yellow)

Trot in a circle. Horses turn twice in sync.

Charlene shouts over the music.

CHARLENE

Women ride side-saddle. Escaramuza considered a national sport in down south. So tell me, What brings a city boy to the rodeo?

HARRISON

I'm here looking for someone. A really good friend. Her mother and my uncle think we should marry.

CHARLENE

But I'm guessin' both of you ain't interested. Seems you should quit beatin' the devil around the stump and 'fess up to your folks.

HARRISON

I have. But listening is not my uncle's strong suit. He prefers talking to listening. My friend, the one I'm looking for, is in love with a young cowboy named Cody McGraw. Do you know him?

Charlene pulls away from Harrison.

CHARLENE

Might've heard of him.

(and then)

But let's talk about you. Handsome young man. Probably one of them hedge fund managers, right? Bachelor pad in the city. Surrounded by a parcel of young ladies all wantin' to hitch themselves to your wagon.

HARRISON

That's what my uncle would like,
but it's not what I want.

CHARLENE

So you're saying that dog ain't
gonna hunt.

Harrison laughs. Thumbs up.

Charlene points to the eight men in the arena. Each twirls a
lassos.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)

Lassoing ain't as easy as they make
it look. Just like findin' the
right man to settle down with.

Charlene and Harrison make their way to the stalls.

Teenagers take selfies with Charlene. She pulls Harrison
into the selfies.

HARRISON

And what about you? Pretty young
cowgirl, champion rider. You gonna
marry some cowboy? Stand by your
man? Settle down on a ranch?
Children, cattle, horses? Church
on Sunday life? All planned out.

CHARLENE

Not for me. Figure I'll live the
life I wanna live. Some folk get
hogtied too soon. Rest of the
journey all planned. Doors closed.

HARRISON

Dreams undreamed.

Charlene nods.

CHARLENE

Ain't for me. Plan to ride wild
horses and chase the west wind.
And you?

HARRISON

Sail stormy seas to lands unknown.
Discover far-off places where no
one knows I'm a city boy.

They both laugh.

CHARLENE
Sounds inviting.

Charlene sees Busy and Bullwhip Betty following him.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)
Gotta be goin'.

HARRISON
The name's Harrison. And you?

CHARLENE
Charlene. Mebbe we'll meet again.

HARRISON
Wait! There's my uncle. I should introduce you.

But Charley/Charlene rushes off.

BUSY
Did you see that? That young man standing with Harrison rushed off when he saw me. Suspicious!

Harrison chases after Charlene.

BUSY (CONT'D)
And now my nephew pursues that man. Curiouser and curiouser!

Bullwhip Betty grabs Busy, stopping him.

BULLWHIP BETTY
I'm talkin' 'bout you chasin' some high-falutin' lady ain't got a lick of interest in you.

Busy fixed on Charlene and Harrison's exit.

BULLWHIP BETTY (CONT'D)
Betty's tryin' to help you here, Rev'rend. It's just that there ain't no point keepin' your mind in the middle while your butt's spinnin' round and round.

Busy not hearing. Bullwhip Betty is frustrated.

BULLWHIP BETTY (CONT'D)
Sometimes Betty figures city folk are so far behind, they're forever lookin' at the back of their heads.

She turns Busy to face her.

BUSY

I'll admit you're somewhat
attractive . . .

BULLWHIP BETTY

Don't be strainin' yourself like a
bull tryin' to break through a
barbed wire fence, Rev'rend! Betty
knows she ain't no cowgirl beauty,
but you ain't no chunk of hunky
yourself. Bullwhip Betty ain't
sayin' she's a rich woman, but she
ain't sayin' she ain't either. And
Betty ain't sayin' she got herself
hitched up with a rich husband or
two or six in her life, but she
ain't sayin' she didn't.

BUSY

So what you are saying?

BULLWHIP BETTY

I'm sayin' even a blind hog finds a
nut every now and then. Betty's
talkin' 'bout you and me. Figure
it's worth a thought or two or six.

Busy ponders. Suddenly sees Charlene and Harrison. He
chases after them.

BUSY

It's them!

BULLWHIP BETTY

Rev'rend you provin' harder to
russell up than a bucketful of
rattlers in a snake pit!

Busy rushes towards Charlene and Harrison. Bullwhip Betty
chases after him.

At the same time, Mrs W, as clown, sees Busy.

MRS W

Over there! It's him! Busy. He
can't see me like this! And who's
that floozy with him?

Bullwhip Betty sees Coyote and Mrs. W.

BULLWHIP BETTY

Looks like we got company. Figure
Betty's gonna have to get herself
more lovin' talkin' later.

She catches up with Busy.

BUSY

Why is my nephew hanging around
with that woman?

BULLWHIP BETTY

Betty's gonna need some help here.
Seems you gone left the trail and
seekin' skunk to catch and cook.

BUSY

Here's what I think, that woman
with my nephew may look like a
woman, may want you to think she's
a woman but really she's. . .

He mouths "a man."

BULLWHIP BETTY

Now, Rev'rend, Don't you be rushing
headlong into . . .

BUSY

And not just any man. It's my arch-
enemy, Cody McGraw disguised as a
woman, to hide from me! O, 'tis
an abomination. Truly an
abomination. Deuteronomy 22:5.
"The woman shall not wear that
which pertaineth unto a man,
neither shall a man put on a
woman's garment."

BULLWHIP BETTY

You sure gotta lotta hornets
buzzin' 'round in that head of
yours.

BUSY

I am sure of that of which I am
sure. The beacon of truth burns
brightly in my outstretched hand.
Let's move closer.

Mrs W sees Harper.

MRS W
Look! It's my daughter!
(shouting)
Harper!

Harper hides behind Cody.

HARPER
That clown knows my name!

Busy sees Mrs W, as clown, staring at Harper.

BUSY
Look at the way that rodeo clown is
staring at Miss Harper. Lust His
intentions must be immortal. I
must protect the young lady.

BULLWHIP BETTY
You are truly a knight in shining
armor and panhandle Slim shirt,
extra-tight wrangler jeans and
vintage wooly sheepskin chaps.

Mrs. W confronts Cody.

MRS W
That young girl is my daughter.

Cody is confused.

CODY
Your ma's a man? And a rodeo
clown?

HARPER
I most certainly am not that man's
daughter.

Busy hits fighting pose.

BUSY
My dispute with that woman-man can
wait. It is my task to save this
young Miss Harper.

To Mrs W.

BUSY (CONT'D)
Put up your fists, sir, and prepare
to do battle. I shall protect you,
Miss Harper.

CODY

She don't need no nobody to protect
her.

Pandemonium as Busy chases Mrs W., Cody chases Busy, and
Bullwhip Betty chases Busy.

Teenagers and crowd enjoying this. Join in the shouts and
the chase.

VOICES

"Take your hands off him . . .
her!" "Her? Him?" "Don't touch
me!" "Stand aside!" "Who's a her
and who's a him?" "Take your hands
off me, sir" "You know me, I'm
your . . ." "How can a her be a
him, or a him a her?" Etc.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)

Head on back here, folks. We got
ourselves some mighty exciting
entertainment for you. Gonna see
some of the rankest bulls, their
fearless riders and them daredevil
bullfighters.

Coyote grabs Mrs W.

COYOTE

Time for us to go!

Cody grabs harper.

CODY

Time for us to go!

MRS W.

(to Coyote)

Where?

HARPER

(to Cody)

Where?

COYOTE AND CODY

We got us a date with a bull.

All four rush off leaving Busy and Bullwhip Betty alone.

BACK TO ARENA

Coyote rushes Mrs W to the pens where the bulls stomp and snort.

She sees Harper and Cody in the pens.

MRS W
Youhoo! Over here, Harper!

Not paying attention to where she's going, Mrs W ends up in the arena.

MRS W (CONT'D)
Harper! Harper! It's me!

Seeing Mrs W, the bull cracks its head against the metal gate, snorting and bucking.

Mrs W screams.

ANNOUNCER
Time to watch them daring bull riders, folks. But first, let's give a special hand for those daring bull fighters.

Coyote, Mrs W and the other bull fighters take a bow.

COYOTE
(to Mrs. W)
Now how d'you do a plumb stupid thing like get yourself stuck in the arena?
(and then)
Since you're here, coupla things to remember. If a bull runs at you, don't panic or run straight. Bull can run a helluva lot faster than you. You gotta dodge from side to side. Like this.

In the pen, Mrs. W stares at the bull, hypnotized. Bull smashes at the gate.

Coyote pulls Mrs. W away from the gate. Puts Mrs W behind him.

COYOTE (CONT'D)
When I open the gate, you stay away from rider and bull. Hide behind the gate 'til bull is on its way to the paddock. I'll signal like this that it's OK to come out.

ANNOUNCER

Remember the rules, folks. Bull and rider both get points Add 'em together and you get the score.

Bull snorts and kicks, ready to break out.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

First up, we got Kyle Jennings from Medora, North Dakota, former home of Mustache Maude, and the North Dakota Cowboy Hall of Fame. Kyle's gonna try ridin' Kicks a'Plenty. That bull's only been ridden once. Sent a'coupla riders to hospital! Stay on Kids a'Plenty for eight seconds, you gonna get yourself a mass of points.

Rider settles on the bull's back. Non-riding hand raised. Nods ready to Coyote

Coyote opens the gate. Bull comes flying out of the pen, twisting, turning and leaping high in the air.

Coyote jams Mrs W behind the open gate for protection.

Bull bucks and twists, throwing the rider before the horn blows.

Coyote and the other bullfighters rush out to protect the bull rider. Some bullfighters are tossed in the air. They limp to the side.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

We got ourselves a wreck, folks. No points for Kyle today. Kids a'Plenty gets itself maximum points.

Riders steer the bull to the paddock.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Bull gets to roll home in an air-conditioned trailer. Then it's food, rest and a good time chasin' the ladies. Good life if you can get it. And all for eight seconds of work.

Crowd cheer.

Another bull is locked in the pen. It throws itself from side to side trying to break loose. Its nostrils flare and its eyes widen.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

What say we get some of them
politicians, generals, warmongers
and terrorists together and stick
'em in the ring with a thousand
pounds of muscle and bone? Sort
out all our problems in no time!

Cody slowly lowers himself onto the bull's back. He jams his riding hand under the flank.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.) (CONT'D)

And here's your next rider. He's
local boy from Wyoming. It's Cody
McGraw ridin' Spit and Thunder.
Let's give the boy a Wyoming cheer.

Coyote pulls open the gate.

The bull spins, bucks and kicks.

Eight seconds and horn blows.

Doyle rides alongside the bull and helps Cody dismount.

DOYLE

Good ride, son. You OK?

Cody limps off.

Seeing Doyle, Mrs W rushes out from behind the gate, waving.
Bull sees her and charges.

Coyote thrusts a barrel at Mrs W.

COYOTE

Get inside. Quick!

She gets inside barrel as bull charges at her.

INT. INSIDE THE BARREL

Mrs W clings to inside of barrel. Loud bang as Bull hits it.
Mrs W revolves.

MRS. W'S POV

Inside the barrel with Mrs W as she's rolled around, screaming.

IN THE ARENA

Bullfighters try to distract bull.

ANNOUNCER

Looks like we got ourselves one mighty mean headhunter bull out there, folks. He wants himself a piece of that novice bullfighter.

Crowd roars as bullfighters tossed. Horseback riders try to lasso bull.

Finally horse riders divert bull. Chase it into paddock.

Mrs W crawls out of the barrel.

Doyle protects Mrs W. Pulls her onto his horse.

Mrs W clings to Doyle.

He rides to safety and sets her down from the horse.

MRS W

Thank you, thank you, sir.

DOYLE

Excuse me for sayin' this, ma'am, but helpin' you on and off my horse like I did, seems like there are parts of you that just don't feel like a man's!

To them, on horseback, Little Thunder.

LITTLE THUNDER

You tired of living, Mrs W?

DOYLE

Mrs W?

LITTLE THUNDER.

Why that bull's horns would run you through like two steel spikes.

DOYLE

I think she's okay now, Little Thunder.

LITTLE THUNDER

She? Now who would get this
greenhorn lady dressed up like a
bull fighter?

Doyle and Little Thunder look at each other.

They nod in agreement.

LITTLE THUNDER (CONT'D)

One guess! That crazy adopted
brother of yours, and my lovin'
man. Living up to his name.
Coyote, the trickster. I'm gonna
have to go clean his plow.

MRS W

Clean his . . .?

DOYLE

Means she plans on giving him a
thorough whipping. But she don't
mean it! More like a whole lotta
of talkin' to followed by a whole
lotta of lovin'.

MRS W.

Coyote meant well.

Doyle and Little Thunder laugh.

MRS W. (CONT'D)

People were staring at me. Two
drunks were ready to attack me. I
was defenseless. A stranger in an
alien land.

LITTLE THUNDER

You come back to my trailer, ma'am,
and I'll get you dressed up real
fine.

MRS W

(to Doyle)

I am a mother, sir, who came here
looking for my daughter. Someone
has stolen my precious from me.

DOYLE

You go with Little Thunder, ma'am.
Meantime, I'll make some enquiries
'bout that thievin' scoundrel stole
your daughter.

(MORE)

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Young girl see you lookin' like
this might think her ma's gone
featherhead loco.

He rides off. Mrs W watches him leave.

Mrs W exits the arena with Little Thunder.

MRS W

Will I see the handsome gentleman
again?

LITTLE THUNDER

Doyle? Don't you worry your pretty
little head. He'll be here when we
come back.

They disappear into the crowd.

Harper and Cody meet Harrison.

HARPER

Harrison. Did I see you here with
Charlene?

HARRISON

Charlene?

HARPER

The young woman.

HARRISON

You know her?

CODY

Sure do. Charlene's my sister.

HARPER

Harrison, this is Cody. Cody,
Harrison.

Harrison and Cody shake hands.

HARRISON

Your handsome cowboy! And
Charlene's your sister?

HARPER

Yes, his sister! And did I see my
mother dressed as a clown?

CODY

Almost got herself freight trained
by my bull Spit and Thunder.

Harrison and Harper laugh.

HARRISON

She wasn't dressed like that when we came.

HARPER

She comes to rescue me and ends up rolling around the arena with a bull!

CODY

I figure somehow you've all met my Uncle Coyote.

Harrison nods.

CODY (CONT'D)

Clown in the arena and clown in life. Did he tell you that sometimes my sister, Charlene, ...

Charlene puts her hand over her brother's mouth.

CHARLENE

No need you be sharin' them tall tales of Uncle Coyote's with this nice young city gentleman.

HARPER

Let Charlene say what she wants to say when she wants to say it, Cody. Let's leave them alone.

Harper and Cody leaves Charlene and Harrison alone.

BACK TO FAIRGROUND

Charlene and Harrison share cotton candy.

CHARLENE

Figure city boy like you'll be hightailin' it outa these parts pretty soon.

HARRISON

Things to do, places to see. Like to see more of these wide open spaces though. Hoping someone will show me around.

CHARLENE

I also got things to do, places to see. Maybe more of the world outside these wide-open spaces. Big city mebbe. Guess I'm hoping someone will show me around.

HARRISON

Be pleased to show . . .

Charlene sees Busy spying on them.

CHARLENE

Gotta go! Be seein' ya!

HARRISON

Wait, I . . .

Busy pushes his way through the crowd to join his nephew.

BUSY

I'm looking for that fire-breathin' varmit, Charley Whatever-His-Name-is. You seen him, nephew?

HARRISON

No, Uncle.

BUSY

What about that young lady you were talking with?

HARRISON

Charlene? Real special lady.

BUSY

Maybe. Place like this you keep your eyes wide open, nephew. Eyes wide open.

HARRISON

Did you see her win the barrel racing?

BUSY

Yes, no. The thing is, I think she looks a lot like a certain . . .

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)

Are you ready for some excitement, folks? We're lookin' for some brave souls to step into the arena and play some poker. Step right up and take a seat.

BUSY
Listen carefully, nephew. I think
that young woman . . .

HARRISON
Charlene.

Announcer over Busy.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
That's cowboy poker, I'm sayin'.
Just when you think you got
yourself a great hand in life, fate
comes a'knockin,' flips you a
hoolihan, and what you thought was
right side up ain't right side up
no more.

BUSY
I think she's really . . .

Charlene as Charley sneaks up behind Harrison. She winks at
Harrison. Taps Busy on the shoulder.

CHARLEY
Well lookee here. If it ain't our
city slicker Rev'rend hisself.
Lips still a'flappin' and jaw still
a'wobblin', I see. What say you
and me go play a little cowboy
poker?

BUSY
I'm talking with my nephew.

CHARLEY
Don't much like quitters, Rev'rend.
Figure you got the heebie-jeebies
in them there britches. You
scared to twist the tiger's tale?

BUSY
Me scared? Never! Like the Duke
himself says, "I'm the stuff men
are made of!"

CHARLENE
Why not come show how much of a man
you are? You 'n me play some
cowboy poker.

BUSY
You wanting to play some poker?
Wrong choice, pretty boy.
(MORE)

BUSY (CONT'D)

Gotta sick amount of gambling in these hands.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)

Join us at the poker table, folks. Maybe today's the day Dame Fortune smiles on you. Then again, maybe today ain't the day. Only Señora Fortuna herself knows.

HARRISON

But uncle, this is cowboy poker. It's not Texas Hold Em.

Busy ignores his nephew.

BUSY

Stand aside, nephew! Seven-card Stud, Five-card draw. You name it.

CHARLEY

How's 'bout Last Man Sitting?

BUSY

Never heard of it.

HARRISON

Uncle, it's . . .

BUSY

Stand aside, nephew! Time to slap on my poker face and whip some sense into this fresh-faced young pup! Lead the way, pretty boy. Nephew, we'll talk soon.

CHARLEY

You comin'? Don't be barkin' at the shadows and wastin' my time, like you're all lily-livered.

BUSY

Lead the way! Prepare for the showdown at the OK corral in front of all your compadres.

Charley winks at Harrison.

BACK TO ARENA.

Crowd laughs as Busy swaggers into the arena, hat lowered over forehead.

BUSY

"You gotta know when to hold 'em,
Know when to fold 'em.
Know when to walk away
Know when to run."

TWO OTHER MALE TEENAGERS in flak jackets sitting at the card table laugh.

Busy looks around at the stadium. Waves. Does some stretching in preparation.

Charlene offers Busy a flak jacket. He refuses

Puts toothpick in mouth, stares at his rivals, poker face.
Sits down at table.

BUSY (CONT'D)

You boys ready to lose some money?
Deal, amigo!

Charley deals.

Doyle watches from fence.

To him Little Thunder with Mrs W, now in jeans, Western shirt and tennis shoes.

Doyle wolf-whistles at Mrs W.

DOYLE

Sure looks a lot prettier than last time I saw you.

MRS W

Let's not talk about it. What is the Reverend Busy doing out there?

DOYLE

Looks like he's gonna try his hand at cowboy poker. Does he know what's gonna join them at the table?

MRS. W

A professional poker player?

DOYLE

You could say that.

MRS W

And isn't that Cody McGraw with him?

DOYLE

Cody? My son?

MRS W

Your son is that rough tough young heart-breaking cowboy who stole my daughter's hand and . . .

DOYLE

Now hold on there, ma'am, 'for we all end up in Crazyville Canyon. That man out there is my son Charley. That's until the rodeo leaves town!

MRS. W

My daughter's two-timing with both of your sons?

DOYLE

Hold your horses, Ma'am! You see Charley, well he ain't really a man. He's a woman name of Charlene.

MRS W

My daughter is two-timing with a man and a woman?

DOYLE

You best be takin' a deep breath, ma'am. This gonna take a lot of 'splainin'.

Harper and Harrison join them.

HARPER

Is that you, mother? Last time I saw you, you were . . .

MRS W

Let's not talk about it!

HARRISON

You had a . . .

LITTLE THUNDER

Lady said, She don't wanna talk 'bout it!

MRS W

And if you mention this to anyone in New York City, I'll . . .

HARPER
Mention what?

Harrison and Harper gesture mouths shut.

DOYLE
I don't believe we've met.

HARRISON
I'm Harrison, Harper's best friend.

DOYLE
This is my son, Cody, and that
"man" out there is my daughter,
Charlene. Although sometimes she's
my son, Charley.

CODY
Brother when rodeo's in town.
Sister when it's not.

Mrs W points at Cody.

MRS W
So you're the young man who . . .

Cody and Doyle stare at her.

Harper nods her head.

Little Thunder points to the arena

LITTLE THUNDER
Eyes to the arena, folks. Here
comes the fifth competitor in this
hand of cowboy poker!

A hornless Mexican fighting bull enters the arena.

Sees poker party and charges.

Bull hits one teenager. Card table goes flying.

CHARLEY
Don't forget, Rev'rend. Game is
last man sitting.

The bull charges.

Busy leaps to his feet and starts running. Screaming.

Bullwhip Betty enters dragging Coyote. Points.

BULLWHIP BETTY
 You'd better get yourself in there,
 Coyote McGraw, and rescue that
 tenderfoot. Bullwhip Betty has
 taken a fancy to him.

The bull hits other teenager.

Charley raises hands in triumph.

CHARLEY
 (shouting after Busy)
 Like I said, Rev'rend. Last man
 sitting! Can't say I didn't warn
 you!

ANNOUNCER
 Last man standin' has itself a
 winner, folks!

Bull still chasing Busy.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
 Can we get someone in there to help
 that man out?

Cheers from the crowd as Coyote leaps over the fence and
 grabs a barrel. Rolls it to the fleeing Busy.

COYOTE
 Hide behind this, Rev'rend, while
 we wait for reinforcements.

Busy dives in the barrel.

BUSY'S POV

Busy watches as the bull and Coyote eye each other. Bull
 charges.

Coyote runs at bull and flips over its back.

Crowd cheers.

Bull charges again. Coyote puts foot on head and somersaults
 over bull.

Crowd cheers again.

ANNOUNCER
 You gettin' yourselves a mighty
 fine somethin' extra, folks.
 (MORE)

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

World champion bull-fighter Coyote McGraw havin' himself some fun with the bull.

Bull charges barrel. Screams from inside.

BACK TO ARENA.

Bullwhip Betty leaps into the arena.

She stands by the barrel and cracks her whip.

Bull and Betty in stand-off as Busy gets out of barrel. Rushes to fence.

Crowd cheers.

Horse riders return bull to paddock.

ANNOUNCER

Let's all give a big hand to Coyote McGraw and Bullwhip Betty for rescuin' our greenhorn buckaroo.

Grandstand cheers Bullwhip Betty and Coyote. They bow.

They support Busy out of the arena.

Mrs W takes Little Thunder aside.

MRS W

Won't Doyle's wife worry seeing her husband aiding me, a lonely widow from New York?

LITTLE THUNDER

Man's a widower, ma'am. Lost his wife to sickness 'bout five years ago. Since then lotta contenders for Mrs McGraw, but no winners.

ANNOUNCER

While we're waitin', folks, we got a special treat for you.

Barrels set up in the arena.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Here they come. Our rodeo clown dirt bike team from California.

Roar as one by one, three clowns on dirt bikes ride the cloverleaf around the barrels.

Wheelies around arena.

All three stop in center and wave to crowd.

Monster truck with ramp attached to the back.

Dirt bike riders up ramp and over truck.

Cheers from the crowd.

Bullwhip Betty pulls Mrs W aside.

BULLWHIP BETTY

You can't fool me, you man-
stealin', hog-tyin' piece of wag-
tail. Pretendin' to be a man, then
switchin' to a damsel in distress.
"Poor me. Help me find my long-
lost daughter." You ain't nothin'
but a painted harlot seekin' a man.

MRS W

Madame Whatever-your-name-is, I
have no idea what you just said.
You should know that I am a wealthy
widow from New York surrounded by
gold-diggers.

BULLWHIP BETTY

Luddy mussy! You think you're
gonna be freight trainin' Bullwhip
Betty with your wealthy widow from
the big city lie

Cracks whip.

BULLWHIP BETTY (CONT'D)

Like you're pretendin' you don't
know them McGraw brothers, Doyle
and Coyote, got enough money to
burn a wet mule . Them brothers
own one of the largest ranches in
the whole state of Wyoming. Father
and mother left it to both of them.
So if anyone's gold diggin' 'round
here, it's you, Miss Buckle Bunny.

MRS W

King's English, please!

BULLWHIP BETTY

And don't you be sinkin' them fancy
nails of yours into Betty's
Rev'rend either.

(MORE)

BULLWHIP BETTY (CONT'D)

Figure any man'd have a hog-killin' time with a painted cat like you.

MRS W.

Me and Rev'rend Busy? You're the one getting all friendly with him.

BULLWHIP BETTY

'Round here a woman's gotta rope and brand a man 'fore he hits the trail. Betty and the Rev'rend bin talkin'. Bin sharin' plans. Thumpin' and crackin' and bumpin' plans.

MRS W.

Meaning?

BULLWHIP BETTY

Betty and the Rev'rend plannin' on puttin' together some whip crackin' and some bed thumpin' 'fore . . .

MRS W.

Enough!

BULLWHIP BETTY

And Betty and the Reverend don't need no third wheel on our chuck wagon, so you best cut a path outta here pronto, or you and Betty'll be fightin' like a pair of Kilkenny Cats. Go! Vamoose!

MRS W

I have no interest in fighting you for the Reverend Busy.

BULLWHIP BETTY

You sayin' what you sayin' but Betty knows what you're really sayin'

MRS W

And I have no idea what you're really saying.

BULLWHIP BETTY

I'll be watchin' you.

Crack of whip.

BULLWHIP BETTY (CONT'D)
 Betty's gotta go find her Rev'rend.
 Playin' cowboy poker must've
 lambasted him. Man's all shook up
 like he's bin ridin' a bareback
 bronc.

She chases after Busy.

BULLWHIP BETTY (CONT'D)
 Reckon Betty's new-found fella's
 pinin' away and full out ready for
 Bullwhip Betty's loving arms.

ANNOOUNCER
 Time to stand up and stretch those
 bones, folks. Good. Our buckaroo
 cowboys gonna rattle their bones,
 and shake their unmentionables
 tryin' to hang on to them bareback
 broncs.

Crowd stretches and rushes out for popcorn, etc.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
 You ask me, these days lotsa folks
 need to think about rattlin' their
 rigid bones afore the Grim Reaper
 comes a'knockin'. Too many got
 their heads stuck in the barrel
 with their own notions of what is
 what. No checkin' things out to
 see which way the bronc's
 a'chargin'

Bullwhip Betty joins Busy.

BUSY
 Did you see my nephew conversating
 with that fast-talking
 whippersnapper? I am convinced,
 utterly convinced beyond any
 reasonable doubt, that Charley and
 Charlene are the same person.

BULLWHIP BETTY
 Figure you'r right there, Rev'rend
 Busy.

BUSY
 I know I am right. For when the
 Right Honorable Reverend Busy's
 right he's indisputably right.

He stares at Charlene.

BUSY (CONT'D)

Furthermore, I believe that when he's a he, he's a he, but when he's a she, underneath he's still a he.

BULLWHIP BETTY

And you could be wrong.

BUSY

I am never wrong. What we have here is a man who dresses in women's clothing.

BULLWHIP BETTY

Definitely wrong. Figure you been freightrained by your own brain.

BUSY

Never fear, Madam, I plan to strip this Charlene naked and show all that underneath her exterior extemporizing, she is really a man.

BULLWHIP BETTY

Betty don't think that dog'll hunt, Rev'rend. She's just sayin' you'd best be a'thinkin' and a'sayin' carefully 'bout what you be a'thinkin' and a'sayin'.

BUSY

Do you think I fear this man Charley? No, and no again. I have been given a task. A voice out of the desert calls to me.

Points to the mountains. Bullwhip Betty corrects his direction.

BUSY (CONT'D)

"Seek out this monstrosity," the voice calls. "Seek it out, Jeremiah Busy, and expose it to the world!"

BULLWHIP BETTY

And Betty's just sayin', Rev'rend, if trouble comes a'knockin', don't mean to say you gotta set it a place at the table.

BUSY

Time to find my nephew and reveal
the truth.

ANNOUNCER

Settle back down, folks. We got
ourselves some brave souls gonna
try their luck ridin' bareback on a
bronc.

Bullwhip Betty chases after Busy. Drags him to the arena.

BULLWHIP BETTY

Figure this is somethin' you be
needin' to see, Rev'rend. Maybe
it'll help drive the crazies outa
you.

BACK TO PENS

Rider on bareback bronc. He waits for the gate to open.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)

Remember the rules, folks. Just
like saddle bronc ridin', cowboy
rides one-handed. Touch the horse
or ground afore eight seconds and
you're out of there. What's the
difference between bronc and
bareback? Ain't no saddle on the
bareback bronc. Like sittin'
yourself on a jack hammer, breakin'
up concrete for eight seconds

Bullwhip Betty stands at the fence with Busy.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Are you ready for some bareback
horse riding?

Crowd shouts yes.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Watch as our buckaroo cowboys
rattle their bones, and shake their
unmentionables on them bareback
broncs. Like I said, lotsa folks
these days need to rattle their
bones and shake out all them hidden
skeletons. Our first contestant is
Blaze Denning, coming to us from
Tulsa, Oklahoma.

BUSY

Am I going to have to stand here
and listen to this announcer
pontificating and sermonizing about
how this ridiculous sport can teach
me something.

BULLWHIP BETTY

You askin'?

BUSY

No!

BULLWHIP BETTY

Too late 'cos Betty's a'tellin'.
Plenty folk need some shakin' up.
You take that lady in church She
be a'noddin' and a'listenin' and
a'smilin' at you sermonizing.
Truth is, she ain't listenin'.
Sure she's lookin' 'round smilin'.
But inside she's a'thinkin' and
a'judgin'.

Bullwhip Betty enacting the roles.

BULLWHIP BETTY (CONT'D)

"She's a trollop. He's just trash.
Look at him, smilin' at me. I know
he wants to jump my bones. Why do
people like that bother comin' to
church? He can't wait to get back
to his whiskey bottle. They all
think they're holy, but I'm holier
than the whole bunch of them put
together."

Drops pose and cracks her whip.

BULLWHIP BETTY (CONT'D)

Rattle her bones, I say! Set her
on the back of a bareback bronc.
Shake all of that hatin' and
judgin' outa her.

BUSY

Preposterous!

Rider thrown. Crowd yells.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)

Ouch! Better get that man some
soft lovin' tiger balm to rub on
his back.

Pick-up riders keep bronc away from rider. One loosens bronc's straps.

Lead horse to paddock.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Next up is Danny Westerfield,
coming to us from Red Bluff,
California. Let him loose!

Bareback bronc bucks. Rider holds on.

BULLWHIP BETTY

Next one needs his bones rattled is
one of them there loudmouth
blowhards.

BUSY

I don't need to know.

Bullwhip Betty poses.

BULLWHIP BETTY

Always blatherin' on 'bout this and
that. Like he knows everythin'
'bout everythin'. Tells you who
and what to love, who and what to
hate. Ain't no right opinion but
his own. When he's right, he's
right. And when he's wrong, he's
right. Stick him on the back of a
bareback bronc I say. Rattle them
bones!

Eight-second horn sounds. Rider leaps off. Horse led back to paddock.

ANNOUNCER

Big hand for Danny Westerfield,
folks. Great horse and great
rider.

BUSY

I've had enough of this. I need to
get back to the Fairground. My
nephew is in moral danger.

He rushes off. Bullwhip Betty follows. Parts crowd with her whip cracking.

BACK IN FAIRGROUND

Doyle and Mrs W sharing some hot dogs.

Doyle sees Coyote who tries to hide. Too late.

DOYLE

Wait up there, brother of mine.
Seems you got some 'splainin' to
do.

Coyote tries to move away

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Back here!

COYOTE

What I do now?

DOYLE

First you dress up this fine lady.

COYOTE

I can explain . . .

DOYLE

Then you take her in the arena with
you.

COYOTE

I can explain that too.

DOYLE

And you tell her that my daughter,
Charlene is my son, Cody.

COYOTE

I tried tellin' the preacher man
that Charlene wasn't Cody, but he
wasn't listenin'. Words came out of
my mouth, but his thinkin' just
twisted them in mid-air.

DOYLE

What about dressin' up this fine
lady?

MRS W

That I can explain. Two drunks
were planning to steal my clothes,
my jewelry and who know what else.

DOYLE

So you dressed her like a clown?!

COYOTE

Not the best choice, I'm thinkin'.

DOYLE

And then you took her into the arena? With the bulls?

COYOTE

That's two poor choices. Still, safer than leavin' her with the drunks.

MRS W

(to Doyle)

And you got to rescue me.

COYOTE

That's true. Maybe you'd never have met Doyle otherwise.

MRS W

And I got to meet your son. And your daughter-son.

COYOTE

True and true again.

DOYLE

Seems like you're defendin' him, ma'am.

MRS W

Way things are going, it seems everythin' worked out well.

COYOTE

Sometimes a man takes the wrong trail but ends up just where he was 'sposed to be.

DOYLE

Guess it all ended up okay. Figure we all gonna be seein' a lot more of each other.

MRS W

But New York and Wyoming. So far apart and so different.

DOYLE

Things are far apart only if you want 'em that way. Be my honor to show you 'round these wide-open spaces whenever you're out here.

Coyote sneaks off.

COYOTE

Startin' to get bit too lovey dovey
'round here for me.

(to Doyle)

Time for me to go check somethin',
brother. Somethin' anythin'.

MRS W

So you'll be coming to New York.
To see your son.

DOYLE

And you'll be comin' to Wyoming.

MRS W

To see my daughter.

DOYLE

And I figure that what with all
this me comin' there, and you
comin' here, we'll get plenty of
time to get to know each other a
lot better.

Doyle offers Mrs B his arm. She accepts. They wander
through the Fairground.

Doyle buys a cowboy hat. Places it on Mrs W's head.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Now you're ready for my kinda
rodeo.

They mingle with the crowd.

Some fairgoers insist of selfies with Doyle. Invites Mrs W
to join him.

Mrs. W stops at the stall selling turquoise Indian jewelry
and belt buckles.

Greets JOE, Native-American stall-keeper.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Joe. This is my good friend, Mrs
W.

Joe extends hand.

MRS W

Call me Olivia.

Doyle doffs his hat.

DOYLE

My good friend, Olivia.

(to Joe)

Olivia came here all the way from
New York City to get to know us.

JOE

Pleased to meet you, ma'am. I'm
thinkin' this here turquoise broach
would look mighty pretty on you.

She takes the broach, places on her shirt and turns to Doyle.
He gives thumbs up.

Doyle buys turquoise broach.

Stall-keeper, FRANK, in photo booth waves them over.

FRANK

Ain't nothin' like gettin'
yourselves all dressed up and
havin' your photo took at a rodeo.

Invites them into the back room.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Step this way, folks.

Frank takes Doyle aside.

Frank's wife, BETTY, beckons to Mrs W.

BETTY

This way, ma'am.

Frank and Betty dress the pair up, Old West Style, in
separate dressing rooms.

Doyle and Mrs W emerge from the dressing rooms. Laugh at
each other.

FRANK

Can't say you been to a rodeo
proper lest you get your photo
taken.

Doyle and Mrs W pose for photo.

Doyle and Mrs W return to dressing booths. Change back into
their own clothes.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You two go look 'round the fair
while Betty here and me do our
little bit of magic and get you
your photograph.

They leave photo booth.

Doyle gestures to Busy and Bullwhip Betty.

DOYLE

Your friend's bin creepin' 'round
followin' us like he was tiptoein'
through a nest of sleepin'
rattlers. And he's got Bullwhip
Betty's followin' him. Guess she's
plannin' on havin' herself a
hoedown with your Rev'rend.

Seeing them watching, Busy hides behind a tent. Bullwhip
Betty follows.

Bullwhip Betty and Busy.

BUSY

A man cannot be too careful in a
place like this. Smoke and mirrors
surround the unwary traveler.

BULLWHIP BETTY

Smoke and . . .

BUSY

Mirrors. First a young cowboy
hypnotizes Mistress Harper. And
now Mrs W is falling under the
spell of a resident of this Sodom
and Gomorrah.

BULLWHIP BETTY

Took the words right out of Betty's
mouth. How's 'bout that nephew of
yours?

BUSY

Harrison?

BULLWHIP BETTY

You figure he's gonna this here
rodeo's gonna cast its spell over
him?

BUSY

Not if I have my way. All this city-prairie co-mingling just won't do. It's unnatural. I intend to divest my nephew's attention from the object of his desire.

BULLWHIP BETTY

And that would be?

BUSY

Someone you know, but don't know.

BULLWHIP BETTY

Betty's gonna need a little help figurin' that one out, Rev'rend.

BUSY

The person I know might be the person you know, but not the same person you know. Appearances can be defensive. Things are not what they appear. Smoke and mirrors.

BULLWHIP BETTY

Still needin' help to figure out which way the wind's blowin' in that brain of yours, Rev'rend.

She offers him a bite of her hot dog. He refuses.

BUSY

Must you keep following me?

Betty cracks whip.

BULLWHIP BETTY

No point you tryin' to run away, Rev'rend. Bullwhip Betty's whip's like a dowsing stick when it comes to seekin' out a well-intentioned man. Betty's got some lovin' star shining down on her.

He tries to disappear into the crowd.

Betty cracks whip. Grabs him.

BULLWHIP BETTY (CONT'D)

Slow down!

BUSY

No time for predications. I've got to find my nephew before he makes an hysterical mistake.

BULLWHIP BETTY

Betty's tryin' to figure out what the Sam Hill's goin' on in that Preacher brain of yours. You ain't bin drinkin' downstream from the herd, have you?

BUSY

(staring at Betty)

It seems my nephew's got eyes for a certain lady.

BULLWHIP BETTY

You sayin' what I think you're sayin'? Nephew's got himself all-fired up for a certain very attractive, well-endowed, youngish lady?

BUSY

You may be right, and you may be wrong. I know what I know.

BULLWHIP BETTY

That boy's two bricks short of a full load if he's thinkin' that--!

Bullwhip Betty points at herself.

BULLWHIP BETTY (CONT'D)

That boy's gonna need some straightnin' out. Betty's gonna have t'help you find him.

Bullwhip Betty chases after Busy.

Mrs W and Doyle have their photo taken together.

MRS W

Must show my friends this when I go home.

DOYLE

I was hopin' that ain't gonna be too soon,.

Mrs W holds up a leather purse.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

You know the old wives' tale. Goes like this. If you buy one of these purses, means you're gonna have to come back to cowboy country again and again.

MRS. W

Are you sure that's an old wives' tale.

DOYLE

Ain't no tellin'.

Mrs W buys it.

Visit the other stalls. Wooden sculptures, Mexican woven rugs, etc.

Mrs W stops at fortune teller's tent. Mrs W enters.

MRS W

You go find something to do while I'm busy here. Don't go too far!

Doyle leaves.

He watches the teenagers riding the mechanical bronc.

Mrs W exits fortune teller's tent.

MRS W (CONT'D)

She tells me I'm going to meet a tall, handsome, silver-haired stranger.

DOYLE

Stranger? But if you're gonna be the mother of the bride, and I'm gonna be the father of the bridegroom, we ain't gonna be strangers.

She points to the mechanical bronc. Invites Doyle to ride. He laughs and shakes his head.

They wander off.

Busy and Bullwhip Betty see Harrison eating a funnel cake.

BULLWHIP BETTY

Young man. Seems you'n me got some talkin' to do.

HARRISON

About . . .?

BULLWHIP BETTY

Like they say, when you find
yourself in a hole, first thing to
do is stop digging.

BUSY

Don't look at me, nephew, I have no
idea what she means.

BULLWHIP BETTY

It's like this. Young men in heat
get chunks of crazy bouncin' 'round
in them. They get a 'hankerin' for
some mother figure to help 'em out.
It's called the eligible complex
like that Greek king who got
hissself all infected with it.

HARRISON

You mean Oedipal complex?

BULLWHIP BETTY

That's what Betty was sayin'.
Gotta be listenin', both of you.
When a young man's gets that urge,
ain't no stoppin' him. Ain't that
so?

BUSY

Yes. No. How would I know?

BULLWHIP BETTY

Now there's some things an older
woman like Bullwhip Betty knows all
about. But Betty's tellin' you,
young man, you best look elsewhere.

HARRISON

What is she talking about?

BUSY

This is a place of perplexity and
bewilderment, nephew. Truly a maze
of mischief and debauchery.

Betty cracks whip.

BULLWHIP BETTY

Stop whenever you need to take a
breath, Rev'rend.

BUSY
Beware, nephew. Beware of the
unclean species of the female kind.

HARRISON
What are you both talking about?

BUSY
In a place like this, one may look
like a woman, talk like a woman,
but is she really a woman? A
question to be asked.

Harrison stares at Bullwhip Betty.

HARRISON
You mean she's a man?!

Betty cracks whip.

BULLWHIP BETTY
Now you just watch what you sayin'
there, Rev'rend! Talk like that
could get a man's downstairs
timbers amputated!

BUSY
No. I wasn't talking about you.
Please put down your bullwhip! You
are without doubt a perfect lady.

Charley joins them.

CHARLEY
Seems nobody knows what nobody's
talkin' 'bout 'round here. Thought
you'd be hightailin' it outa town,
Rev'rend, screaming like a stuck
pig when that bull came at you.

BUSY
It takes more than a slab of beef
to frighten this hombre. Time for
you and me to mosey on outa here,
Ma'am. I got some talkin' to do to
you.

Taking Bullwhip Betty aside.

BUSY (CONT'D)
I've got an idea I want to divest
with you.

Betty cracks whip.

BULLWHIP BETTY
Yeehaw. Betty's a'listenin', lover
boy.

Busy turns to his nephew.

BUSY
Remember, nephew, nothing around
here seems like it really is.
Smoke and mirrors.

Busy and Bullwhip Betty exit.

CHARLEY
That's one mighty strange uncle you
got there.

HARRISON
I think he's trying to warn me
about Charlene.

CHARLEY
What beef does your Rev'rend have
with Charlene?

HARRISON
Do you know her?

CHARLEY
Know her good as any man. Better
than most. Guess you could say, I
know her intimately.

HARRISON
Intimately?

CHARLEY
She's kinda like my twin. Twin
sister that is.

HARRISON
You two do look very much alike.

CHARLEY
You sayin' I look like a girl?
Them's fightin' words.

HARRISON
I didn't mean to offend you. It's
just that . . .

CHARLEY
Spit it out, boy. You gone done
taken a shine to Charlene?

HARRISON

She's nothing like any of the young women I know. I'd like to get to know her better.

CHARLEY

And you ain't nothin' like any of the fellas I know. Figure I . . . Charlene'd like to get to know you better.

Charlene releases her hair and drops the pose.

HARRISON

But I thought-- So you really are--

CHARLENE

You ain't the first man plannin' to rope and tie Charlene. Girl's gotta keep 'em guessin'. Charlene and Charley. A man's gotta love both of 'em.

HARRISON

If that's what Charlene and Charley want, that's what the two of them will have.

CHARLENE

'Course, still can't tell if you're the right one. Figure Charley and Charlene'll need time to get to know ya better.

HARRISON

Then it's time they'll have. The three of them: Charley, Charlene and Harrison.

CHARLENE

What 'bout that Mrs W? Seems she was figurin' you and Harper was plannin' to marry.

HARRISON

Harper and I grew up as kids. Mrs W is the closest to a mother I've ever known. When her husband died, my uncle tried moving in on her. An attractive, rich widow. But she wasn't interested. So he fixed on getting me and Harper together.

CHARLENE
Seems my pa and she taken a'likein'
to each other.

She sees Busy closely followed by Bullwhip Betty, headed
towards them.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)
Here comes that uncle of yours.
Figure Charlene better leave, and
go find Charley.

She leaves.

BUSY
Did you see how that woman ran away
when I entered, nephew? Why? You
ask.

HARRISON
Do I?

BUSY
Because she knows that I know who
and what she really is.

HARRISON
And who and what is that, uncle?

BUSY
Be prepared, nephew. Now is time
for the truth to dispel itself. I,
the Reverend Busy, have
incomprehensible knowledge that
that woman is really . . .

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
Comin' to the end of the rodeo,
folks. Time to let loose them wild
horses. Yee-haw!

BUSY
I wish that man would . . .

People knock them aside rushing to the arena.

Harrison joins them. Busy follows.

IN ARENA.

A group of wild horses corralled.

Team of cowboys try to control them.

ANNOUNCER

Takes us back to the old days when a man or woman had to single out a wild horse then rope and tame it for farm work. My wife says this event always reminds her of our early courtship. Ha! Only joking, dear.

BUSY

I wish he wouldn't keep interrupting! Quiet! Can't a man postulate around here without interference? As I was saying, nephew, . . .

ANNOUNCER

'Course, she didn't need someone to hold my head and get another person to lasso me with a shank to ride me to the altar.

Cowboys struggle to control and saddle wild horses.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

She did it all alone. And I'm sure glad she did.

One horse breaks loose. Heads off down track.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Watch out! Looks like one horse didn't make it to the altar, folks. Cold feet at the last minute.

Horse lassoed. Another cowboy tries to attach saddle. Strapped on. No reins.

A wild horse shakes itself loose and races down the track.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

And there goes another bride or groom.

Cowboy saddles horse. Led to the track.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Rider's friend leads the horse and rider to the wedding track. And off they go. We got ourselves a rider. Now he's gotta race around the entire arena. Ain't much of a saddle to hold on to. But that's marriage and life, ain't it.

Rider hangs on.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

And there ain't no changin' horses
halfway 'round whenever the rider
likes. Like the preacher man told
my wife and me at our wedding. You
gotta grab hold of each other and
hang on tight for the ride of your
life. Yee-haw!

Busy trying to attract Harrison's attention.

BUSY

Harrison, Harrison! Over here! I
have something of great import to
tell you.

He tries to push through the crowd.

Grabbed by Bullwhip Betty.

BULLWHIP BETTY

Can't keep yourself away from
Betty's lovin' arms, can you
Rev'rend?

Busy struggles to free himself.

BUSY

Harrison!

Bullwhip Betty wraps her arms around Busy.

ANNOUNCER

And we got ourselves a winner
crossing the finish line. Ain't
too many people get to stay in the
saddle these days.

Crowd gradually returns to fair.

BACK IN FAIRGROUND.

Harrison and Charlene.

HARRISON

Seems like that announcer is going
to have to do some explaining to
his wife tonight.

CHARLENE

He's just sharper'nin' his wit.
Still, guess marriage is lot like
rodeo.

She grabs his arm.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)

Ain't no tellin' which way life's
gonna take you.

HARRISON

Some horses don't wanna be lassoed
and saddled too quick. Some wanna
take their time. Roam free 'til
they hear the call.

They laugh. She grabs his arm again.

CHARLENE

Got you talkin' and thinkin' rodeo,
city boy.

Seeing Busy jostling through crowd.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)

Seems like there's some who learn,
and others whose minds are all
fixed up. Locked in place.
Runnin' 'round in circles goin'
nowhere.

Pulls Harrison away.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)

What say I show you the rest of the
Fairground?

They leave.

Busy still on the trail. Betty follows as do some teenagers.

BULLWHIP BETTY

Seems you got somethin' inside that
brain of yours bustin' to be told,
Rev'rend.

BUSY

It is an enormity of gigantic
precautions. A revelation worthy
of the Good Book itself.

BULLWHIP BETTY

Don't get yourself stuck on top of
that there mountain too long,
Preacher Man. Thin air can get you
mighty heady.

BUSY

It's a subject worthy of a host of
sermons, a parcel of elucidations,
a . . .

Betty cracks whip.

BULLWHIP BETTY

To which ain't nobody gonna listen!
Might be time for you to come down,
from your mountain top or from
inside your dark cave in the desert
or wherever else that mind of yours
is sittin', and put a little more
rodeo in your life.

Busy doesn't hear her.

BUSY

The title of my first sermon will
be, Illusion and Reality. What do
we know, and what do we not know?
A revelation for the ages. Wait!
Let me revise that. Smoke and
Mirrors? What do we know about a
person, and what do we not know?
There, that's better. That will
bring in the flock and fill the
coffers.

BULLWHIP BETTY

You figure you're gonna be like one
of them fancy preachers with your
own host of mansions and private
airplanes?

BUSY

Exactly.

BULLWHIP BETTY

Seems to me like you gonna have to
be drinkin' a lot more of Betty's
secret love potion 'fore you come
back to earth, Rev'rend. In the
meantime, Betty's warnin' you, you
gonna be treadin' in somethin' you
don't wanna take to church with
you.

Busy looks down. Hops around. Teenagers copy.

BULLWHIP BETTY (CONT'D)

What say, while you got all them
fancy notions dancin' 'round in
that head of yours, we go see some
buckin' broncs and some fancy
dress?

She leads Busy back to the arena.

BACK TO ARENA

Music.

ANNOUNCER

Well it's time for our cowboys to
have themselves some fun. Gonna
get themselves all tuckered out in
their fancy dresses with nowhere
and everywhere to go. Same rules
as bronc ridin', no touchin' horse
or ground. And them horses gonna be
a'jerkin' and a' buckin' and a'
rearin, and kickin'. Like life
itself. And don't forget you gotta
have on yourself a fancy dress.

First rider out of the gate dressed in a flowing wedding
dress. Rice thrown as he rides.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

And here comes our first contestant
all dressed up in a long white
wedding dress complete with flowing
veil and rice. What's that he has
in his free hand? A bottle of
champagne.

Crowd cheers.

Bullwhip Betty and Busy line up on the fence.

BUSY

Preposterous, I say. For the Bible
says . . .

Bullwhip Betty slaps his bottom.

BULLWHIP BETTY

Relax, Rev'rend. Get some air and
some laughter in them there
britches.

Horn blows. Rider rescued.

Next rider appears in a huge Easter Bunny suit.

ANNOUNCER

Look at that, kids! It's the
Easter bunny comin' at ya! And
that horse ain't hoppin' down the
bunny trail. He's a 'buckin' and
a 'broncin'. Big cheer, folks.
Call 'em like you see 'em.

Rider covered in balloons. Releases more balloons as he
rides.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Let's hope this cowboy's got some
britches on when all them balloons
disappear!

In pen, cowboys cover "Mary Poppins" with flour.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

ry Poppins? And she has her
umbrella! Looks like she's flyin'
down out of the clouds.

Crowd cheers. Backup riders helps rider dismount.

Next rider made up and dressed like the Joker.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Here comes the Joker. Gettin'
himself up to all kinds of
mischief. Figure we gonna need
some protection from Joker.

Rider dismounts. He runs as he sees the next rider.

Batman music. Bat sign on grandstand.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Batman comin' to save the day,
folks. Watch out Joker! He's
comin' for ya!

BUSY

How much longer am I to be held
captive to this balderdash?
Deliver me, O Lord!

BULLWHIP BETTY

Well, lookee' here. Who can that
be?

Next rider dressed exactly like the Reverend Busy.

ANNOUNCER

Looks like one of them there Church
of Perpetual Prosperity preachers,
folks. Dang me, that was a
mouthful. Got the good book
a'floppin' in his right hand.
What's he lookin' 'round for?

Clowns come into the arena with toy airplanes and cars.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

There they are. His expensive
airplane and fancy car. Now he's
happy!

Clowns pretend to run from horse.

Return airplane and car to paddock.

BUSY

That is an insult. I shall lodge
an official complaint against
whatever organization this is.

BULLWHIP BETTY

Loosen your britches, Preacher!
Man or woman's gotta be able to
laugh at themselves now and again.

BUSY

Enormity upon enormity descendeth
upon me!

ANNOUNCER

Time to wrap it up, folks! Hope
you all had yourselves a day to
remember at this here rodeo.

The crowd exits the grandstand.

Bullwhip Betty grabs Busy's arm.

BULLWHIP BETTY

Time to get some vittles inside ya,
Preacher Man. Empty stomach makes
a man all crotchety and
cantankerous. No good for laughin'
and no good for lovin'.

Slaps his backside.

BACK TO FAIRGROUND

Doyle, Mrs W, Coyote, Little Thunder, Cody, Harper, Harrison and Charlene sit at a table.

Food brought.

DOYLE

Time to get ourselves some vittles
and have us some talkin'. Here's
hopin' you folks learned a lot
about rodeo and we country folk.

Mouths full. They nod.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Hope you're plannin' on comin'
back.

Smiles all around.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

How 'bout your Preacher Man friend?
Seems Bullwhip Betty got him all
wrapped up.

Busy and Bullwhip Betty arrive.

BUSY

I have a grave injustice to
uncover.

BULLWHIP BETTY

Betty's gonna need a little more
time 'fore she tames this wild one.
Yee-haw!

Cracks her whip.

Busy points to Charlene.

BUSY

That woman, the one who sits before
you all.

BULLWHIP BETTY

Don't say it, Rev'rend!

MRS W

What is Busy going to say?

DOYLE

I don't know.

BUSY

I have incomprehensible proof . . .

Betty cracks whip.

BULLWHIP BETTY

Betty's says, Don't be sayin' it,
Preacher Man! Best folks just
think you got prairie dogs hoppin'
'round in your brain, a'fore you
open your mouth and prove them
right.

COYOTE

They lovin' or fightin'?

LITTLE THUNDER

Little bit of both! I think!

Busy struggles free. Confronts Charlene.

BUSY

That woman, the one who sits among
us, is really a man.

HARPER

You mean Charlene!

All burst out laughing.

BUSY

I demand he reveal himself publicly
before us right now.

DOYLE

Coyote! You put him up to this?

BUSY

No need to hide, my friend. It's
time to expostulate upon the truth.

COYOTE

What truth would that be, Rev'rend?

BUSY

The truth about this man's sexual
imposition.

COYOTE

Man? Charlene there's my niece?

BUSY

Exactly! A man who parades as a woman. A man who is attempting to filch my nephew's heart. A man who-

Pause.

BUSY (CONT'D)

What's that you say? Your niece?!

Everyone stares.

Betty cracks whip.

BULLWHIP BETTY

Betty told you not to speak,
Preacher Man.

COYOTE

Like I said, the words I was sayin'
and then you was wantin' to hear
were two different things,
Rev'rend.

BULLWHIP BETTY

(pointing to Harrison)
You also told Bullwhip Betty this
young man had the hots for her.

COYOTE

Seems a lot of folks 'round here
got mixed up with what I was sayin'
and what they was hearin'.

BULLWHIP BETTY

You're lucky this bullwhip don't
flick in your mouth and rip out
your lyin' tongue, Coyote McGraw.

Little Thunder leaps up to defend her man.

LITTLE THUNDER

You watch what you're sayin',
Betty! My man may have a lotta
mischief in him, but he's still my
man!

BUSY

This is a conspiracy of abominable
proportions. Despite any evidence
to the antithesis, I still believe
that . . .

DOYLE

Hold your horses, Rev'rend. This
is my daughter, Charlene, and this
my son, Cody.

BUSY

But where's Charley?

Charlene stands, puts her hair under her hat, and adopts
Charley pose.

CHARLEY

Figure he be a'pokin' round here
somewhere, Rev'rend. Lookin' for a
fight. Guns a'blazin.

She changes to Charlene.

CHARLENE

Charley's gonna be takin' hisself a
rest, til the next time rodeo hits
to town.

BUSY

Butbut . . .

BULLWHIP BETTY

Seems you and Betty both got
themselves all hogtied in Coyote
McGraw's corral.

Doyle looks at Coyote.

DOYLE

What you got to say for yourself,
brother?

COYOTE

You gotta admit, this was one
helluva rodeo. What say we all
share a little forgiveness 'round
here.

BUSY

The word forgiveness will never
leave my lips.

COYOTE

Just did.

BUSY

I do not forgive.

COYOTE
Said it again!

Bullwhip Betty takes Busy's arm and leads him away.

BUSY
I still believe. Truly believe.
Truly and verifiably believe . . .

Betty cracks her whip.

BULLWHIP BETTY
Let's you n' me head on over to
Bullwhip Betty's trailer, Rev'rend.
Time for us both to soothe our
fevered minds. And I got some of
Bullwhip Betty's famous potion
gonna help us. Then we'll do some
dancin' and then . . .

She leads him away.

DOYLE
(to Coyote)
What are we gonna to do with you,
brother?

COYOTE
Like they say, life's a wild horse
ride. A man or woman don't know
what's gonna happen or when it's
gonna happen, so let's all enjoy
what we got while we got it.

Lively country music.

LITTLE THUNDER
And I say, Let me deal with my
scoundrel of a husband. Meantime,
I hear music, and I wanna dance.
Let's join in, folks!

All get to their feet and join the dance.

Bullwhip Betty cracks her whip driving Busy to the dance

All dance.

Teenager boys and girls join in dance with Busy and Bullwhip
Betty.

THE END