

FADE IN:

EXT. PASTURE - DAY

A wild-eyed horse races as if escaping the gates of hell, Mahogany coat glistening with sweat, nostrils flaring.

EXT. PRICE ESTATE - DAY

COLBY KITE pounds on the front door of a luxurious country home. He's 21, handsome, extremely confident in his faded jeans and blazer.

PASTURE

SUPER the words: "Bedford Hills, N.Y., 1989"

TAMMY, a girl who looks around 17, is on the horse's back. Pigtailed fly out behind her. It's hard to see many details about her they're galloping so fast.

PRICE MANSION

Colby's exasperated, knocks more insistently. He turns and watches as:

PASTURE

The horse nears the paddock, slows gracefully.

ESTATE

Colby gazes up at the hot sun, wipes the sweat off his brow, picks up his smart leather briefcase and turns away from the house, controlling his anger. He walks down the long drive.

EXT. PADDOCK - DAY

Horses eye Colby nervously, move away with a few WHINNIES as he makes his way to the stable.

INT. STABLE - DAY

Colby walks in, moving past darkened stalls.

COLBY  
Hello? Hello?

He opens a stall door or two, but nothing. Utter silence.

INT. TACK ROOM - DAY

Colby walks past rows of saddles, barrels of feed.

COLBY  
Hey! Anybody --

TAMMY (O.S.)  
You look like you could use a  
drink.

He swivels around to see Tammy standing in the doorway. She's strikingly attractive.

COLBY  
I don't need a drink, I need a  
tranquilizer.

She smooths a wide blade of grass between her thumbs and blows out a loud squawk.

TAMMY  
Every time I do that it just sounds  
like a wet fart. Can you do it?

COLBY  
No.

TAMMY  
Oh. Well. What are you doing here?

COLBY  
I have an appointment with Mister  
Price.  
(extends hand for a shake)  
Colby Kite. Reporter. Doing a piece  
for the New York Times.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAMMY  
Oh, hi. I'm Tammy. But Mister Price  
isn't here.

COLBY  
I got that impression. But we have  
an appointment!

TAMMY  
Yeah, right.

He follows her out into the ...

PADDOCK

She fills a bucket with water.

COLBY  
What do you mean, yeah right?

TAMMY  
Don't you know what day it is?

COLBY  
The Fourth of July.

TAMMY  
Well why would he have an  
appointment on a day like today?  
Besides, he took off in his plane  
just this morning.

COLBY  
Well that's just grand. That's just  
beautiful. He invited me to be  
here. Today. I have a faxed  
invitation! Look!  
(shows her a piece of paper)

TAMMY  
I'd say you got blown off.

His eyes narrow. Nobody blows him off.

COLBY  
Got a phone?

CUT TO:

INT. STABLE OFFICE - DAY

Tammy watches from the doorway of the tiny, cluttered office  
as Colby talks on the phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLBY

I've got a firecracker in my pocket  
that I can have on your desk by  
five. I can write it in 1,500 words  
...

As he talks, Colby watches Tammy's beautiful derriere as she leans over a tiny refrigerator.

COLBY (CONT'D)

What? No, no, no. You don't want to hold this story! Don't you remember me telling you about this piece? I have testimonials ... Testimonials! From a very important source! I have spent ... Listen to me. I have spent an entire two months reporting this thing! ...

As he continues, Tammy pulls out two beers, opens one. He can practically see the beer flowing down the inside her lovely, slender throat as she tips her head back and guzzles. He tears his eyes away.

COLBY (CONT'D)

Listen. I gave him a chance to tell his side of the story, and he's blown it! I say you run the mother on page one. Come on, Sid! Just give me a thousand words to nail this guy ... I have all the evidence in the world. I don't need any more! Just let me show you what I got. It's exclusive. No other newspaper is gonna get this from me! ... Really? Okay! Okay. That's terrific. Day after tomorrow. First thing.

Colby clicks off the phone, WHOOPS in delight. Tammy hands him a beer.

TAMMY

Congratulations.

COLBY

Thanks.

She goes out the door. He follows.

EXT. PADDOCK

She washes down a horse; sudsy water flows down her long, beautiful arms.

COLBY  
Guess I should probably stick around a little longer. Just in case he turns up.

TAMMY  
Sure.

COLBY  
Who are you, anyway? Price's granddaughter?

TAMMY  
Ha, ha. Just one of the field slaves.

COLBY  
Well, where's all the other slaves?

TAMMY  
Went to see the fireworks. We drew straws on who had to stay behind and take care of things. Guess who lost.

COLBY  
Nobody else is here?

TAMMY  
Nope. Nobody in this whole place 'til tomorrow. It's so boring.  
(sighs)

CUT TO:

EXT. STABLE - SUNSET

Colby and Tammy sit on the roof, drinking beer. Colby's considerably loosened. Beer cans all around them.

TAMMY  
What? Your boss said what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLBY

He said, "When you go to the circus, don't do it with the elephants."

TAMMY

He did not.

COLBY

Oh yeah? You think you know what he said?

TAMMY

I know what he said.

COLBY

What?

She laughs. He chugs some more beer, really getting bombed.

COLBY (CONT'D)

What did he say?

TAMMY

He said fuck. He said, "When you go to the circus don't fuck the elephants." Because he's a man. Men say fuck all the time.

COLBY

Really? And what do women say?

TAMMY

Screw you.

He stares at her. Is she laughing at him or with him?

COLBY

I bet you've never even been to New York, and it's only forty miles away.

TAMMY

Oh, yeah? I bet you just got outta some fancy college.

COLBY

So what? I'm like a Goddamned hypodermic needle of reporter-dom! I can get under the skin of any story on this planet! You remember my name -- Colby Kite.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

COLBY (CONT'D)  
Because after I break this story,  
I'm going places!

She stares at the idealistic shine in his eyes, gives him the devil's smile.

TAMMY  
I got one in mind.

She walks down the roof, jumps to the ground like a tom girl.  
He follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. ESTATE - SUNSET

Colby catches up with her at the back door. She picks up a ceramic frog and shakes it. A key falls out of its behind.

COLBY  
What are you doing?

TAMMY  
Nobody minds.

INT. KITCHEN - SUNSET

Colby follows her in. Industrial-strength tile and chrome.

COLBY  
*Nobody minds?*

TAMMY  
They can't mind what they'll never  
find out. Besides, nobody's coming  
back until tomorrow.

COLBY  
Listen. I think I better go. I've  
got work to do.

Tammy pulls some beer out of a huge refrigerator and hands him one. They're very close.

TAMMY  
Don't be such a scaredy cat.

Suddenly, she turns and exits.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Colby follows Tammy into the room, admires the massive table, beautiful tapestries on the walls.

TAMMY

And this little rug here was taken  
out of the Duchess of Dork's castle  
in moldy old England.

He can't resist picking up an antique decorative box. As he does so, Tammy snatches the notebook sticking out of his back pocket and starts flipping through his notes.

COLBY

Hey!

He grabs for the notebook, but she keeps it out of reach, laughing. Finally he gets it, pins her against a wall, gazes into her kitten-like, seductive eyes.

COLBY (CONT'D)

Now listen. Let me give you a  
little piece of advice. Get  
yourself a new job.

TAMMY

Why?

COLBY

Because Mister Price's little  
farming empire is about to explode.  
He's been siphoning off millions of  
dollars into Swiss bank accounts,  
and his investors don't have any  
idea what's going on. Do you  
understand what I'm saying?

He can see she doesn't.

COLBY (CONT'D)

Listen. This isn't just some little  
pop stand. He's got farms all over  
this country! Buffalo, Beefalo,  
Orangutans for all I know. He's  
taking the money and running if he  
hasn't already. He could be  
floating down some river in India  
as we speak! Splitsville! Nothing  
left.

Her eyes are glazed; she stares at him from another world.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAMMY  
Who told you that?

COLBY  
Somebody he's gonna really regret I  
know.

She sighs and takes off her shirt. Bare breasts.

TAMMY  
How boring.

CUT TO:

NIGHT SKY

Clouds traipse across the moon in long fingers.

INT. ESTATE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Colby contemplates Tammy sprawled out in luxurious sleep --a wonderful piece of candy. The wheels in his brain spin. He checks his watch, gets up, puts on his clothes quickly, silently. Glances out a window.

EXT. ESTATE - NIGHT

No sign of life anywhere.

HALLWAY

Moonlight from a far window illuminates master works of art on the walls as Colby checks out one doorway after another, his briefcase in one hand. He stops at a room.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Colby turns on the light. Walls lined with books; an impressive desk dominates the room. He touches the surface of it as he stares at a computer. Finally he can't resist, turns on the machine, goes through the drawers.

He starts flipping from file to file, quickly, nervously. He slips a disk into the machine and transfers spread sheet pages, more and more excited.

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