

Comedy, tears and nostalgia blend in these two portraits of a bygone America, from the tumultuous 1960s in a changing South to Los Angeles in the swinging '80s.

THE BOYS FROM PINE RIDGE with SWINGER

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EXT. COTTONFIELD - DAY

George is walking with Spencer down a narrow dirt road. Acres of cottonfields stretch away on both sides.

SPENCER

I'm working with Mr. Snookums on my concept of microclimates. If he follows my ideas he'll up his yield thirty, maybe forty per cent.

GEORGE

I thought your specialty was
physics.

SPENCER

My brain branches in many
directions.

ANGLE ON ERROL WADE

leisurely harvesting some of Spencer's wild marijuana plants. He is early hippie: shoulder-length hair and Christ beard, beads, "Peace" T-shirt, cut-off jeans and sandals.

ERROL

(singing while he
works)

Go down Moses, way down in Egypt
land,
Tell ole Pharoah to let my people go.

Spencer and George stop nearby. Spencer points to the small tree-bordered patch where his marijuana crop is flourishing and Errol is doing his personal interpretation of labor.

SPENCER

Mr. Snookums lets me use a half-acre in exchange for my work.

Errol booms out another verse of "Go Down, Moses." George looks askance at him.

SPENCER

My friend Errol.

GEORGE

He some kind of medicine man?

SPENCER

Yeah, weed medicine. Well, I've got qualms about your idea, but let's give it a shot.

They shake on it, then George heads off, casting one more curious look in Errol's direction.

Spencer moves over to the marijuana patch to join Errol.

SPENCER

Did you check those soil samples?

ERROL

Soil? Sample?

SPENCER

Dammit Errol, you've been nibbling the crop again.

ERROL

I dig the boll weevil, man.

SPENCER

(spotting his approach)

Omigod, there's Mr. Snookums.

ERROL

Ole Pharoah!

SPENCER

Let me do the talking, okay?

JIM SNOOKUMS, the farm's owner, approaches. He has a game sack slung over his shoulder, dangles two dead squirrels by the legs, holds a .22 rifle in the crook of his arm.

SNOOKUMS

How's them experiments coming,
Spencer?

SPENCER

Real good, Mr. Snookums. I'll
have the results in a couple days.

SNOOKUMS

Jiminy, them what-do-you-call
em-
(indicating the marijuana patch)

SPENCER

Stoneweed.

SNOOKUMS

They're sproutin' like Paul Bunyan's pecker. If your science can do that for my cotton, I'll be one
happy fella.

Spencer has been watching worriedly as Errol prowls around Snookums like a dog sniffing for a bone.
Errol suddenly spots the squirrels.

ERROL

Holy shit Spencer, look at this.
Davy Crockett time.

SPENCER

Errol--

ERROL

(to Snookums)

Beat that cannon into a plowshare, man. We're already blasting Asia back to the Stone Age. You want
to do it to Arkansas, too?

Snookums doesn't quite know what to make of this strange apparition.

SNOOKUMS

I uh, just bagged some game for supper.

ERROL

(reaching into a waist pouch)

You want supper? Here, have some sprouts. They got vitamins and minerals and all that good shit.

SPENCER

Errol, will you please--

ERROL

Those squirrels had lives, man. Families. Little baby squirrels. But did you think of that? Naw, you were too busy with this macho Daniel Boone shit. I mean if you've got to bang something, bang your old lady.

SPENCER

Errol!!! Please, please...wait for me on the knoll, okay.

Errol ambles off toward the nearby knoll, still muttering.

ERROL

This is heavy shit, man. I mean what would Walt Disney say.

Snookums and Spencer watch him go, Snookums still in a kind of shock.

SNOOKUMS

Spencer...

Errol breaks into another verse of « Go Down, Moses. »

SNOOKUMS

Forget the crops, Spencer.

There's the job for science.

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