

Bear lay down his shovel to romp
with more playful beasts. Out where
starlight has no enemies and the
badland wind no friends. Out where
the boogie stops and the woogie
begins.

INT. TRUCK DAY

And Sissy is now traveling in a truck passing Fourteenth
Street on her way to the Geo. Washington Bridge.

View of that Bridge as the truck crosses it to New Jersey.

View of the wilds of New Jersey as Sissy travels to the West.

INT. COUNTESS' OFFICE

The Countess is on the phone.

THE COUNTESS

So she left town. Well, that shouldn't
surprise you. Leaving town is what
Sissy is all about. But tell me, how
did she strike you?

Julian is on the other end of the phone.

JULIAN

Extraordinary!

THE COUNTESS

She's obviously that. Jesus! Which
would you rather have, a million
dollars or one of Sissy's thumbs
full of pennies?

JULIAN

Oh, you! I'm not talking about her
hands. They're difficult to ignore,

I confess, but I'm speaking of her whole being. Her whole being is extraordinary. The way she talks, for example. She's so articulate.

THE COUNTESS

It's high time you realized, honey babe, that a woman doesn't have to give the best years of her life to Radcliffe or Smith in order to speak the English language.

JULIAN

Countess. I'm really in a dither. She's turned my head.

THE COUNTESS

Ninety degrees to the left, I hope. How does she feel about you?

JULIAN

I think she's disappointed that I'm not more, ah, sort of atavistic. She's got some naive, sentimental notions about Indians. I'm sure she liked me, though; but... then she left town.

THE COUNTESS

She always leaves town, you dummy. That doesn't mean anything. What about in bed? How does she like it in bed?

Julian pauses for a very long moment.

JULIAN

How does she like what in bed?

THE COUNTESS

Like what?

The Countess' teeth chatter in his mouth.

THE COUNTESS

What do you think?

JULIAN

Well.... er...

THE COUNTESS

Shit O dear, Julian. Do you mean to tell me you didn't get it on?

JULIAN

Oh, we didn't get it all the way on.

THE COUNTESS

Whose fault was that?

JULIAN

I suppose it was mine. Yes, it definitely was my fault.

THE COUNTESS

What do they do to you boys in those Ivy league schools, anyway? Strap you down and pump the Nature out of you? They can even press the last drop of Nature out of a Mohawk buck. Why, send a shaman or cannibal to Yale for four years and all he'd be fit for would be a desk in the military-industrial complex and a seat in the third row at a Neil Simon comedy. Jesus H.M.S. Christ! If Harvard or Princeton could get hold of the Chink for a couple of semesters they'd turn him into a candidate for the Bow Tie Wing of the Hall of Wimps.

Oogie boogie.

JULIAN

If we Ivy Leaguers aren't earthy enough to suit you hillbillies, at least we don't go around indulging in racist terms such as 'Chink.' Next thing I know, you'll be calling me 'chief.'

THE COUNTESS

Chink's the guy's name, for Christ's sake.

JULIAN

What guy?

THE COUNTESS

Aw, he's some old fart holyman who lives in the hills out West. Gives my ranch the creeps and the willies, too. But though he be old and dirty, he's alive, I'll bet, clear down to his toes. They don't have his juice in a jar in New Haven. Well I suppose that I'll have to write Sissy out on the road.

EXT. ROAD DAY

Sissy makes little puffs of dust as she walks.

From the direction of the ranch a VW Microbus is approaching. It is painted with mandalas, lamaistic dorjes and symbols representing "the clear light of the void."

When the Microbus draws alongside Sissy it stops. Inside are two men and a woman. They are approximately twenty-four years old.