

The Battle of Billy Joe

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FADE IN:

INT - SALOON - DAY

A dusty old saloon is filled with its usual few occupants. The only sound heard comes from the BARTENDER (20s) serving a beer to a patron.

Sitting at the bar is a young woman, BOBBI SUE (20s). She has a cigarette in hand and resting bitch face.

ANNIE BOAKLEY (20s) violently bursts through the saloon's swinging doors. She slowly takes two steps forward and looks around the room. She spots Bobbi Sue. Everyone turns.

ANNIE

You.

Annie walks slowly over to Bobbi.

ANNIE

I believe you have somethin' of mine.

BOBBI

What are you talkin' bout?

ANNIE

I don't know who you think you're foolin' Bobbi Sue, but you're sure lookin' like a leaky lyin' crock of cattle cud.

BOBBI

Why you neck-rotten whistle spitter. How dare you call me a liar.

ANNIE

You darn well took him right from underneath my spurs and you know it.

BOBBI

He didn't love you anyway!

Annie SLAPS Bobbi across the face

ANNIE

How dare you!

They glare at each other.

ANNIE

I can't believe you'd think my Billy Joe would leave me for some bean breathin' shiny-shoed salt lick of a goon like you.

BOBBI

Well he got tired of starin' at someone who's so ugly they could bluff a buzzard off a meat wagon.

Annie grabs Bobbi by the collar.

ANNIE

Why you better watch your crud-cruncher 'fore my saddle-strappers catch it for ya.

BARTENDER (20s) intervenes.

BARTENDER

Woah, ladies! Now I don't wanna toot my turd where it shouldn't be heard but this fine establishment is no place for yer hollerin'.

Bobbi quickly drops her hold from Annie's neck and both draw their pistols to the bartender.

BOBBI

Don't you tell us where we can and can't be you yellow yappin' of a yuppie!

BARTENDER

Now, uh-uh Ma'am I certainly meant no offense. Just all I ask is you take this tussle out yonder so ye don't disturb the fellows.

Annie and Bobbi exchange eye contact.

ANNIE

Well maybe he's right. No sense in spreadin' our mud in here. Why don't we go outside and see who Billy Joe really wants.

BOBBI

Well that's the smartest thing that's ever came out of your thin-lipped

trough-lickers.

ANNIE

Speakin' of thin lips, how much'd yer  
momma go for at the cattle contest?

BOBBI

Annie you best watch it or I'll make  
sure you'll never be seen on this side  
of the tracks again.

ANNIE

Well fine. We'll settle this once and  
for all. If Billy Joe chooses you,  
I'll never cross these tracks again.  
Same goes for you if he chooses me.

Bobbi thinks for a moment. Then extends her hand.

BOBBI

Fine.

Bobbi looks at the bartender.

BOBBI

Go fetch Billy Joe.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE SALOON - DAY

Bobbi and Annie stand opposite each other on a dirt road.  
They glare back in forth.

The saloon crowd gathers and watches anxiously.

The bartender comes with the dog in hand and places him  
between the two women and walks away.

They exchange a glance and Annie nods for Bobbi to start.

BOBBI

Billy Joe, come here! Come on!

ANNIE

Now Billy Joe you be a good boy and  
come here right quick. Come here  
Billy!

Billy Joe does not run to either of the girls, but instead  
runs to a woman in the crowd.

