

The Fat Cowboy

By

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Based on:

The Fat Cowboy

a novel by:
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INT. HOTEL BALLROOM-

TITLE: San Diego, California

Bright political banners and excited chatter fill a decadent hotel ballroom. The partygoers all wear tuxedos and gowns and crowd eagerly around a door manned by a secret service agent and a busty REDHEAD.

Apart from and to the side of the crowd stand two men. The shorter of the men, MAURY Del Vecchio is studying the Redhead. The other man, the COWBOY, surveiles the room as a whole.

MAURY

Hey, check out the senator's
'personal assistant'.

Maury pokes Cowboy in the ribs and jerks his thumb at the Redhead.

MAURY

See? The redhead, legs and all.

The Cowboy studies her. She is wearing a latex microskirt, a Chantilly lace tube top and a FUR-COLLARED motorcycle jacket.

COWBOY

Cute.

The crowd surrounding the Redhead clamors forward as behind her the SENATOR, a small, fat, middle-aged man, enters.

The Cowboy continues to study the redhead, who is cool and patient, as the senator is mobbed with questions and hands to shake.

COWBOY

Cute, but-

MAURY

Not the babe, the jacket, the
collar.

The Cowboy studies the fur on the collar.

MAURY

That's an A-Fur collar, Cowboy.
Aristito.

Maury stands on his tiptoes and whispers:

(CONTINUED)

MAURY

Seven hundred fifty K, if a penny.

The Cowboy looks at Maury, impressed.

COWBOY

Let's step outside.

EXT. HOTEL BALLROOM PATIO-- NIGHT

Cowboy backs Maury up against a wall.

COWBOY

Go on.

The two stare in at the senator, his assistant, and her pelt.

MAURY

It's a fuckin' little weasel or
ferret, I don't know...

Maury shrugs.

MAURY

All I know is the street value of
their pelts in an even million a
square foot.

Maury crosses himself as he says

MAURY

I know it sounds weird as hell but
I swear to god.

Throughout all of this the cowboy keeps his eyes on the
pelt, a slow push in on the silken little rodent.

MAURY

Illegal as hell. The coke guys even
discount product if you pay in
A-fur, easier to pack around than a
suitcase full of hundreds.

The Aristito, bobs on the redheads neck.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLE-- DUSK

TEXT: Colombia, Andean Piedmont

Hand held black and white nature documentary footage rolls of a small, elongated, ermine-like mammal poking its head out of a rock crevice cautiously.

ENGLISH VOICE (V.O.)

Mustela pudenda, ssp. *Aristito*.

This rodent, native to the Andean Piedmont region of South America is both nocturnal and secretive making it an elusive find.

A middle-aged man sporting 1950's cut khacki and eyeglasses, BURROUGHS, is revealed to be the owner of the voice. He is speaking back at his assistant CASSADY.

BURROUGHS

Specimens appear to weigh one kilo or less. Length is approximately 80cm.

EXT. SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLE- DAY

A south american tribal native stalks wearily through the trees.

BURROUGHS (V.O.)

Voracious predators, the indigenous people of the region claim that *Aristito* will feed on human flesh.

A small bit of fuzzy brow streaks through the air. The native tries to spear the creature with agile reflexes but the animal has already gnawed through his jugular.

EXT. TRIBAL FIRESIDE- NIGHT

BURROUGHS (V.O.)

The animal seems to have religious significance to the Ayahuascero cult

A well-decorated tribal shaman holds a small *Aristito* up before his tribe lion-king style.

BURROUGHS (V.O.)

As the fur is an important component of their ceremonial objects.

(CONTINUED)

Now the shaman holds up just the pelt of the Aristito, the tribe shares a moment of awe at the glistening pelt. The shaman presses it tenderly to his face.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. OLD TIME SMOKING PARLOR- EVENING

The pelt wrapped around the neck of an elaborately MADE-UP WOMAN in an ornate 1950's den. The room is filled with different taxidermied safari conquests. The apparent proud owner, a ROTUND man with a mustache, stands next to the young lad with the Aristito around her shoulders.

BURROUGHS (V.O.)

The fur is exceedingly fine.

The man beams with pride.

The CREDITS ROLL with MUSIC over the following.

Just then, the doors to the parlor burst open and a detective and two policemen storm in and book the ROTUND man.

The detective holds up a document in the face of the man and one of the policemen carefully pries the pelt from the woman.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION-- NIGHT

The pelt in an evidence bag passes a table where the detective and rotund man sit. The detective smokes a cigarette and points to some documents. One of which is a purple sheet with a few animals listed.

Circled on it is "Aristito". The detective then points to various points throughout the document much to the chagrin of the rotund man.

The detective shuffles through some more documents on the table, one of them is a picture of an Aristito, the picture

MATCH CUTS TO:

EXT. SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLE-- DUSK

An Aristito cautiously poking it's head out from some roots.

Surveying the rodent is an almost ludicrously badass 1970's POACHER and a terrified native guide.

The Aristito seems to see the pair and crouches it's already small body.

The native, turns and runs, eyes wide.

The poacher watches the native go nervously and then turns back just in time to see the aristito spring. Just in time he draws not a gun but a net and catches the rodent swiftly.

The poacher breathes warily, eyeing the aristito hanging in his net.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. COCTAIL PARTY- EVENING

An aristito pelt hanging from diamond-encrusted heiress

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. BULGARIAN PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS- DAY

An aristito pelt hanging around the neck of who appears to be the president's first lady.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD RED CARPET- NIGHT

A pelt hanging around the bare shoulders of a gorgeous starlet in a fine designer gown- flashbulbs bursting around her

And with a large FLASH

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL BALLROOM PATIO-- NIGHT

The Cowboy stares at the aristito pelt around the Redhead's shoulders as she walks off, a pace behind the senator.

COWBOY
My kind of people.