

ONE LUCKY PONY

Sometimes it takes a kick in the seat  
to find the end of your rainbow

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. AUSTIN, TEXAS - STAR OF TEXAS RODEO ARENA - DAY (1987)

Under country music, BRADFORD STARLING, mid twenties, strong, athletic, stops below the CHEERING stands, looking on in wide-eyed amazement at the horses and bulls, his dark business suit clashing with the crowd of blue jeans and cowboy hats.

RODEO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
 Now hold on to your hats there, ladies  
 and gents. Next up, we got a biiiig  
 crowd favorite. A homegrown gal and  
 one of our own's little girl - all  
 growed up. Our first time Ladies Texas  
 State Champion. Wild Ginger Kelly.  
 Riding... hooly cow... it's C12.

First a COLLECTIVE GASP then a hush washes through the crowd.

EXT. RODEO BULLPEN/ARENA - DAY

GINGER KELLY, twenty, crispy clean, all-American tomboy, sits confidently atop the mean black bull... C12.

BEAR FOOT ROGERS, late twenties, part Comanche tumbleweed, rugged good looks, dirty cowboy hat and tattered Levi jacket, hangs from the fence.

Ginger reaches inside her colorful pressed shirt and tugs on a stone and chain with her gloved hand.

Then she touches her white hat, holding back her ginger hair, before looking Bear Foot steady in the eyes, nodding ready.

Bear Foot lifts his head to gaze at the crowd. The fading HUSH still gripping the arena.

Until he SLAPS C12's head, igniting both the bull and crowd.

The chute SMASHES open, metal and wood. C12 bounding. Leaping. SNORTING.

The crowd's ROAR crescendos and fades into...

BRADFORD WATCHING

loving everything about it. Then....

GINGER'S - SLOW MO - BOUNDING RIDE

Deafening mayhem. The SNAP of fringes. Chaps WHIRLING by. The bull SNORTING. STOMPING. Ginger's BREATHING.

Eight forever-seconds later the BARK of the gun snaps Ginger back to...

EXT. RODEO ARENA - REAL TIME - DAY

...sailing off C12. Hitting the dirt on a run. Hoisting hands and hat victoriously. Releasing a torrent of ginger hair. Giving the crowd a flash of serious dimples.

C12 heads back to revenge Ginger showing off for the crowd. Making Ginger escape back onto the chute gate.

While a RODEO CLOWN distracts C12. Nearly getting gored.

At the last second, Ginger and Bear Foot reach to help the Rodeo Clown to safety. They slap each other on the back.

The crowd LOVES it. Bradford smiles and CLAPS with them.

The Rodeo Announcer INTRODUCES the Rodeo Clown. Then Bear Foot. They wave. Showing off. Making the crowd LAUGH.

Ginger jumps off the fence. Grabs a stick of gum from Bear Foot and crams it into her mouth.

GINGER

How'd we do?

BEAR FOOT

Shoot, ask them.

Ginger is immediately surrounded by young autograph-hound cowgirls. And gets HIGH-FIVES from fellow rodeo friends. She's a very popular role model. But she's trying to leave.

BEAR FOOT

Hey, what about your winnin's?

A sudden change as reality sinks back in. Ginger masks her emotions as best she can for the kids. But her heartstrings are broken. Bear Foot's too.

GINGER

Collect it, Bear. Gotta be with Pa.

Bear Foot nods and goes back to working the shoots.

Ginger takes a smiling young red-haired GIRL with down's syndrome off her horse, SHITTERS. The girl makes a very sad face. Gingers puts her hat on the girl's head. Big smiles.

Ginger waves to the kids. Masking her pain. She jumps on Shitters and rides off towards a tangle of pickups and camper trailers. Meaning to get somewhere on time.

EXT. STANDS - DAY

Bradford makes his way towards the chutes. Realizing that Ginger is getting away and reveals a DynaTAC cell phone.

EXT. TANGLE OF CAMPER TRAILERS - DAY

Ginger halts Shitters in front of a beat-up 60's camper-pickup and vintage gray horse trailer. She hurries inside.

GINGER (O.S.)  
Ah, Matt, whattaya doin' in here?

MATT (O.S.)  
Collectin' on your old man's bets.  
One way or another.

Bradford jogs to a stop, hesitantly looking the camper over.

GINGER (O.S.)  
Are you sure that's what you want?

INT. CAMPER - DAY

Neat, orderly, old acoustic guitar, covered easel and paints. Books everywhere. A home to frugal yet highly educated folks.

MATT, 32, a scrubby range cowboy, unbuttons his shirt.

MATT  
You're gonna like this.

Ginger punches him in the mouth. A FIERCE BATTLE ensues.

EXT. CAMPER - DAY

Bradford scans the area for help. Decides to intercede on Ginger's behalf. Reaches for the camper's door.

It's FLUNG OPEN, THRUSTING him back onto his butt.

Matt falls into the doorway. Dazed from a punch. Then gets KICKED in the ass by Ginger. And DIVES into the dirt.

Matt's hat and money are chucked out the door. He scrambles for his belongings. Picking himself up. Dusting himself off. Putting his hat back on his greasy head.

MATT  
Why you ugly little --

BANG. Matt's hat is knocked off his head.

Ginger struts out onto the stoop brandishing a smoking antique Colt 45. Her shirt ripped open. Hair all tussled.

She SPITS a wad of gum "PING" into a spittoon. Wipes blood from her nose. Points the old six-shooter at Matt. And cocks it with a heartfelt CLICK.

GINGER  
We done with the foreplay?

Matt grabs his hat and hightails it without looking back.

Ginger grabs the door on the way in and SLAMS it behind her. Revealing a startled Bradford prostrate in the dirt.

He picks himself up. Dusts his suit and apprehensively approaches the door again.

BAM. A boot pounds against the door.

BRADFORD  
Hey.

Bradford leaps off the stoop and back into the dirt.

GINGER (O.S.)  
Who is it?

BRADFORD  
Bradford Starling. I --

The door opens. Ginger reappears barefoot. Tucking a clean shirt back into her jeans. Blood trickles from her nose.

GINGER  
-- Sorry, I thought....

She glances around. Nobody. She looks behind the door. Closing it, to find Bradford keeping his distance.

BRADFORD  
Hi. You're, ah... bleeding... your nose.

Ginger wipes the blood. But keeps a calculated eye on the startled city slicker as she jumps off the stoop and takes Shitters to the back of the trailer.

BRADFORD  
I take it, you're Ginger Kelly.

She takes the saddle off Shitters. Hangs it in the trailer.

GINGER  
It seems I am.

BRADFORD  
Ms. Kelly... I'm here about... I'm sorry, he --

Ginger SLAPS Shitters on the rear. He CLUMPS up the ramp and into the trailer. She heaves up the ramp, latching it.

GINGER

-- When?

BRADFORD

About twenty minutes ago. This may sound like one of those stories at first. But hear me out, okay?

GINGER

I already told them hospital people I was good for Pa's doctor bills. Been savin' to rebuild our ranch. They can have it all.

A white limo eases alongside the trailer.

Ginger looks it over as the dust settles.

JIM WHITE, mid forties, an Afro-American chauffeur/pilot, rolls down a window. He gives Bradford an inquisitive look.

BRADFORD

Everything's fine, Jim.  
(to Ginger)  
They've been taken care of.

Ginger reaches in the trailer for a pair of heavy socks. Sitting on the stoop. Puts them on.

GINGER

You a lawyer or somethin'?

Pulls out a pair of black boots. Straps them on.

BRADFORD

Well, not yet, but the driver and I work privately for just one client.

GINGER

He some kind of promoter? I ain't no poster girl. Hawking tampons.

BRADFORD

My client would like to handle this matter discreetly.

GINGER

-- Get to it, so I can claim Pa's body.

BRADFORD

Theodore Q. Rothschild's body?

Ginger moves over to fold up the camper's stoop. Locking up her gear.

GINGER

You got the wrong gal, slick. My pa is Ted Kelly. My ma was Mary Kelly. And I am Ginger Kelly. I don't know about no The-o-dore Rothwhatever. So get your fancy butt away from my camper so I can go be with my pa.

BRADFORD

I'm sorry. Really. But, Theodore Quintan Rothschild changed his name to Ted Kelly in 1964 after running away from home to join the circus. Apparently, he spent many years as a trick-riding clown before marrying your mother -- traveling with her as a rodeo clown to continue concealing his identity from your grandfather.

Ginger steps back into the camper and SLAMS the door.

BRADFORD

Your grandfather spent the rest of his life looking for his wild twin son, never giving up hope that he'd come home someday. Now, I know this is all hard to believe. So I was given information that only you and your father are likely to know. ...Are you listening?

GINGER (O.S.)

I ain't hard of hearin'.

BRADFORD

Your parents met in this camper.

GINGER (O.S.)

Big deal.

BRADFORD

You were born in a horse pasture on a Kentucky ranch your mother inherited.

GINGER (O.S.)

So you read my press kit.

BRADFORD

Mary Macgregor spent three years in Leavenworth for sticking up a Kansas City Honky-Tonk. Money she claimed she earned picking guitar. And got out January sixth, 1969, just hours before your father found her hitchhiking. They conceived you that very same day.

Ginger reopens the door.

BRADFORD

According to your father, it was love at first sight. He just recently told you all this because he figured you might find out on your own. And wanted you to hear it from him.

GINGER

(mulls it over)

Alright, say you ain't wrong. And Pa was this Theodore. What of it?

BRADFORD

Your father sent a telegram to his twin brother, Edward...

(holds up an envelope)

...concerned about his doctor bills. Requesting that he inform you of your heritage. However, I have an interesting proposition.

GINGER

Been propositioned plenty today. So you've done your job. Nice meetin' ya.

BRADFORD

There's a matter of a will and arrangements to bury your father's body back East in the family plot.

GINGER

Don't even think about sendin' Pa's body anywhere.

Ginger reaches back into the camper and brings out the gun.

GINGER

Now get your city boy butt back into that white piece of rental. And get the hell out of Texas.

BRADFORD

Okay, maybe we'll talk some....

Ginger points the gun at Bradford.

JIM (O.S.)

Get in the car, Mr. Starling.

BRADFORD

Okay, okay. You win. We're leaving.

Bradford backtracks to the limo, getting in.

BRADFORD

To the airport, Jim.



GINGER  
So long, fancy boy.

BRADFORD  
Your father's remains will be with us  
on your uncle's plane. No matter  
what you do from this moment forward.

The limo throttles off. Ginger steams. She jumps into the camper. Starts it and U-turns into a cloud of dust.

INTERCUT: LIMO/CAMPER - OPEN TWO LANE HIGHWAY - DAY

The camper pulls along side of the limo. Making oncoming cars and trucks HONK and swerve out of its way.

The limo's back door window opens. Bradford's on the cell phone. He glances up to see Ginger in mock-surprise.

She eyes him glacially.

Bradford flaunts the 16-ounce "DynaTAC" cell phone.

Ginger catches on. Races ahead.

Then perilously jackknifes the camper and trailer into the path of the limo.

Making it SCREECH to a stop centimeters from an impact.

EXT. OPEN HIGHWAY - DAY

Ginger pounces out of the camper. Reaches in the limo's window to yank the door open.

She drags Bradford out.

Taking the phone from him. And hits him with it. Hard.

Jim finally pulls her off.

Bradford promptly picks himself up. Taking back his phone.

GINGER  
Let's go... one at a time.

Jim lifts Ginger in the air by the back of her shirt.

She struggles and kicks.

Jim dangles her safely aloft.

Takes the gun out of her belt with his other hand and empties the bullets onto the road.

GINGER

You better stop that plane, city boy.  
Because there's a whole lifetime of  
pain comin' your way if you don't.

Jim spins Ginger upside down, her head inches above the road.

BRADFORD

Jim, pound Ms. Rothschild's head  
on the road if she opens that big  
mouth again.

Ginger opens her mouth.

Jim POUNDS her head on the road.

She gives them both her upside-down-evil-eyes.

BRADFORD

Your father's remains are on their  
way. There's nothing you can do to  
stop it from happening.

Bradford reveals papers. He checks the phone. It's broken.

BRADFORD

Your grandfather, Theodore Dwight  
Rothschild left a will. I've been  
instructed -- by your uncle, Edward  
-- to inform you of what it entails.  
Then make you a fair offer not to  
accept it.

Bradford looks at Ginger to catch her reaction. She waits.

BRADFORD

You are to receive one-half of your  
grandfather's initial estate.  
Roughly worth two hundred million  
dollars. Which includes half of  
Rothschild Manor and a fifty percent  
share in the family banking. As  
originally meant for your father.  
The will maintains wishes that you  
attend your grandfather's alma  
mater, Mission Hall. But if you  
should elect not to participate in  
the family business as your father  
chose to and accept a predetermined  
buyout offer, said estate will  
revert back to your cousin Wesley  
Jane Rothschild, who was to receive  
said holdings upon graduating  
business school.

Bradford nods to Jim. And displays two envelopes. Jim spins  
Ginger around and sets her down.

BRADFORD

This is a letter from your father to you, I'm told in his handwriting -- so you'll know he wrote it. This is a 1964 New York Times article. Written the day after your father disappeared.

Ginger grabs the two envelopes. Folds them and puts them into her back pocket.

She reenters the camper. Comes back out stuffing traveling gear and a wrapped package into saddle bags. She drops the trailer's ramp and climbs inside.

GINGER (O.S.)

When and where?

Bradford reluctantly dispenses a card from his pocket.

BRADFORD

This Saturday, at this address.  
(it hits him)  
Hey, now hold on a minute.

Bradford moves to the mouth of the trailer.

BRADFORD

Give us a break. You can't ride your horse all the way....

Ginger backs a sparkling black 1964 Harley down the ramp.

GINGER

No. But I can ride my Hog.

She kick starts the Hog at the bottom. REAL LOUD. Takes the card. Reads both sides. Puts on her helmet and shades.

BRADFORD

We're not finished. We came to --

GINGER

-- Forget it, fancy pants. Half of both you work for me now. Have Bear Foot Rogers deliver the camper here.

She indicates card then THUNDERS off. Ginger's Hog fades into the distant road vapors.

JIM

Do I drive the camper? Or do I fly you to Mexico until this blows over?

BRADFORD

Blow over? This will blow up.

INT. LE GRANGE JAILHOUSE - JAIL CELLS/HALL - LATE NIGHT

DEPUTY, fifties, fat guy, halts at one of two cramped cells.

Bradford squeezes in next to him. Removes a towel with ice from his forehead. Covers his nose to fight the stench.

BRADFORD

Oh boy, that's him?

DEPUTY

Yup, 'fraid so. Been burnin' hell all over Le Grange. Says he's grievin' a lost friend. You want him, take him.

Bear Foot Rogers sleeps under his dirty hat and tattered Levi jacket.

DEPUTY

Hey, wake up in there. Hey. You got respectable company, Bear Foot. So pay attention.

Bear Foot rolls over. Lifts his hat and sadly gazes up at his visitors.

EXT. EAST TEXAS WILDERNESS - DAY

Ginger travels a twisted wooded gulch trail.

EXT. PLATEAU - SUNSET

Ginger pulls to a stop overlooking flatlands below. She dismounts her Hog and walks to the edge, removing her helmet. A RABBIT takes off running. She QUICK-DRAWS on it. BANG.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

ROARING campfire under a blanket of stars. Ginger finishes eating the rabbit and some beans out of a hot can.

Female country voice SINGS on an old transistor radio.

She gets in her bedroll. Lights a cigarette. Sets it on a rock. Then puts a stick of gum in her mouth. Blows a big bubble. POP!

She fingers the two unopened envelopes from her father. And opens just the one with the news article.

INSERT - THE NEWS ARTICLE'S HEADLINE: TUESDAY, SEPT. 1, 1964

"MILLION DOLLAR REWARD FOR MISSING ROTHSCHILD TWIN." There's a picture of Theodore, just twenty, with wild hippie hair.

GINGER

finishes reading. Folds it up and stubs out the cig. Spits out the gum, pulling her hat over her eyes.

Turns off the music. Rolls over. FARTS.

GINGER

Excuse me.

EXT. SKYSCRAPER - ROTHSCHILD BANK - DAY

A black limo idles. Jim pops out, opens the back door.

Bradford is ushered out of the building. People passing by giving him questionable looks. Bradford composes himself.

BRADFORD

Save it, Jim. The bastard fired me.

JIM

Mr. Rothschild called down. Said take you out back. Or was it back home?

Bradford bypasses the limo. Gives Jim a playful shove.

BRADFORD

I no longer accept rides from Edward H. Rothschild.

JIM

Then accept one from Jim P. White. Hey. Don't make me have to pound your head on the road, too, punk. I know where you live.

Bradford turns around.

BRADFORD

If I ever see that gum chewing, tattooed, no-good --

JIM

-- You best run.

Bradford slides in front.

BRADFORD

Yeah. Good idea.

EXT. GAS STATION - AMERICA'S FARM BELT - MIDDAY

Ginger puts gas into her Hog. She's wearing black bike chaps. Road-beaten. It's hot. Plowed soil in the air.

She guzzles a Coke.

EXT. ROTHSCHILD MANOR - EVENING

Jim pulls the limo through the gates.

Passing CHANG, early fifties, an Asian gardener. He's diligently pruning outside a cut-stone gate house.

The limo continues up the driveway past the elegantly manicured grounds. Just spectacular. Until it finally stops out front of a three-story, seventy room manor.

Jim springs out and hurries around to open the back door for EDWARD H. ROTHSCHILD, mid forties, imposing good looks.

JIM

Will you need me tonight, sir?

EDWARD

Stick around until after dinner.

JIM

I'm sorry you felt the need to fire --

EDWARD

-- fire Bradford? He's lucky you refused to shoot him.

Edward plods to the front door. A distinguished butler, MANFRED, seventies, holds it open.

MANFRED

Good evening, Mr. Rothschild.

EDWARD

Mix a stiff one will you, Manfred.  
I'll have it in the study as usual.

MANFRED

It's waiting for you, sir.

INT. FOYER - EVENING

Edward steps inside as Manfred closes the door and takes his coat, hat, and briefcase.

EDWARD

You've heard?

MANFRED

Miss Wesley was quite clear on the matter, sir.

They trod through the grand manor until they reach the study and enter.

INT. EDWARD'S STUDY - EVENING

The walls are a procession of male Rothschild portraits dating back to the mid 1700s, Edward's being the latest.

EDWARD

How is my wife taking it?

MANFRED

Mrs. Rothschild is taking the bad news of Theodore passing surprisingly well, sir. But I'm afraid that Miss Wesley has locked herself in her room and refuses to come down to dinner.

EDWARD

Fine. I'll take it from here.

MANFRED

Thank you, sir. I'm certain the staff has had quite a day.

EDWARD

I can imagine. Gather them at dinner so we can have a word.

MANFRED

Yes, sir. Seven-thirty as usual?

EDWARD

Yes. Have Jim and Mr. Chang stop up.

Edward proceeds to a pair of stuffed leather chairs and plops in front of the fireplace as Manfred leaves.

He picks up a photograph of himself and his twin brother in their polo attire, with a beautiful young woman smiling between them. "My two guys, love Judith" signed on it.

Edward has a conservative haircut and Theodore has a wild bushy ponytail.

The young woman is a natural born beauty worth fighting for.

After a dreary notion, Edward sets it face down on the table.

He reaches for his martini and downs it. Pours himself another and downs that too.

After letting the alcohol hit him, he picks up the PHONE and BUZZES an intercom line. The other end of the line is picked up by WESLEY ROTHSCHILD, twenty-one.

EDWARD

Hello, sweetheart, daddy's home.

Edward holds the phone away from his ear. Hysterical SCREAMING comes from the other end of the line.

When it stops...

EDWARD

Now you know daddy can't hear you when you speak to him that way... Yes, dear, I know. It's a shock to us all... I sent him out there to make her a fair offer... Of course I fired him... I couldn't have him shot. I still need him on the polo team. Why don't you come down to dinner? We'll all have a nice family chat... That's my little girl. It's not the end of the world, now --

SLAM. Edward's been hung up on. Pours himself another drink and downs it.

INT. FORMAL DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Manfred, Jim, Mr. Chang, a young Spanish maid, SARAH, and an elderly African-America cook, ALICE stand at attention behind the massive, exquisitely set table. They await the Rothschild family.

JUDITH ROTHSCHILD, mid forties, elegantly attired, and stylishly radiant enters. She's as pleasant as she is stunning. And definitely worth two brothers fighting over.

Followed shortly by a sluggish Edward.

Then followed in by the very distraught, though classy and also beautiful Wesley.

Edward and Judith move to the ends of the lengthy table as Wesley moves to her place in the middle. They sit.

EDWARD

As you've all heard, my long-lost twin brother, Theodore, has passed on. Un... fortunately, before he did, he had an heir. Apparently, my brother worked in the rodeo as --

WESLEY

-- a dreadful clown.



JUDITH  
Now Wesley, let your father finish.

EDWARD  
Yes, as a rodeo clown. And I'm  
afraid his daughter, Ginger Kelly,  
is quite a wild teenager. What  
were the words you used, Jim?

JIM  
A knuckle sandwich with legs, sir.

WESLEY  
And Grandfather left her my future.

JUDITH  
Wesley, please. Not at the dinner  
table.

EDWARD  
Ginger, from what I understand, is  
on her way here to attend Theodore's  
services. Our only hope is that she  
won't participate, as the majority  
shareholder, in Rothschild Banking.  
And instead accepts our generous  
offer to go back to wherever her  
kind comes from.

WESLEY  
Under a rock.

EDWARD  
Do we all understand?

MANFRED  
I'm sure she'll have a pleasant,  
yet unwelcome stay, sir.

EDWARD  
Precisely.

JIM  
God save us, everyone.

EDWARD  
Thank you, Jim. Serve dinner.

Edward looks to find Judith's piercing stare.

EXT. SIDE OF INTERSTATE - DAY

Ginger patches her Harley's back tire. Traffic ZOOMING past.

Her GREASY HAND SMUDGES her face by wiping away the sweat  
pouring down her brow. Blowing a bubble, SNAP.

EXT. CEMETERY - BOTTOM OF GRASSY KNOLL - LATE AFTERNOON

Theodore's casket is soon to be lowered into the Rothschild family plot. A RABBI, sixties, is doing his shtick.

Edward, Judith, and Wesley are joined by Manfred, Jim, and the other household members.

Plus a smattering of fashionably attired mourners, and a DOZEN overly-worried stuffy BOARD MEMBERS, mid forties.

Included are a very wealthy MR. and MRS. BILLINGS, mid forties. And their striking, jaded, mean-spirited son, TERRY, twenty-three.

Edward is in the middle of his brother's eulogy.

EDWARD

...few of us really knew my brother. He chose a life unfamiliar to our own. Dedicated to the freedom from family responsibility. But on the morning of his departure, Theodore requested that he be buried in the Rothschild family plot. And so we gather here today to say goodbye to Theodore. In hope....

In the distance a THUNDER arises, amplifying as it approaches.

Edward pauses to scrutinize the heavens. As do the others.

EDWARD

... In hope that Theodore has found... everlasting happiness in the great hereafter.

Judith and Wesley glance at one another.

EDWARD

(louder)

As many of you know. Theodore left behind an heir. Ginger. I'm sure she would've been here today if she possibly could.

Judith glances at Jim. Jim reluctantly gestures yes. A trace smile flickers on Judith's mournful features.

EDWARD

(even louder)

Theodore would have chosen for us to accept Ginger into our lives as one of our own. For she is a part of this... what the hell?

The THUNDER peaks.

GINGER

crests the nearby knoll. Coming out of the sun on her Harley. Still wearing dusty black leather.

THE MOURNERS

are forced to squint into the sun to see her.

Ginger motors her Harley down the knoll into the crowd.

Making them split apart.

Stopping beside the casket. REVVING the engine obnoxiously before shutting it off.

The mourners stand aghast.

Ginger turns to them, taking off her helmet and shades. Eyeing them coldly. Face and hands still filthy from patching her tire. Hair matted wildly.

Edward digests her demeanor. Somewhat miffed, if not amazed by the soiled biker.

Ginger scowls at Edward, trying to be as unappealing as possible. A complete contrast to who she really is. She looks over at Jim.

Jim's more skeptical than amazed.

The crowd steps away from her.

Terry fights back a laugh.

Mr. Billings glances towards the other Board Members. And gives them a reassuring nod.

GINGER

You must be the uncle.

EDWARD

Well, I --

GINGER

-- it shows. If you don't mind, I'd like to bury Pa in peace.

Ginger turns back to the others. Takes out a bottle of Tequila from her jacket.

GINGER

Any of you got an honest problem with that?

The others recoil, not knowing what to say.

Terry turns away, doing his best not to laugh out loud.

GINGER

There. None of them care. This is a private matter as I see it. So go on, get. All ya. Go home. You've done your duty. And I thank ya.

EDWARD

Now listen here, Ginger.

Ginger turns to Edward, giving him the evil eye again.

GINGER

I don't fancy Pa being here as it is. And ain't a soul here 'cept me really knew him. So, that's the way I want it. Just me, Pa and this here bottle.

EDWARD

This is no way....

Ginger kick STARTS her bike. REVVING IT. Overwhelmingly.

Edward resigns and walks off.

Eagerly followed by the rest of the mourners who eye Ginger as they go by.

Except Mr. Billings who leans happily in to say something to MR. SLOTTER, one of the Board Members. They shake hands.

Judith attempts to say something, anything but stops short.

Wesley hesitates in front of Ginger. They observe each other coolly until Wesley relents and flees in a huff.

Jim's the last to go. Ginger offers to tussle. He goes.

Ginger motions kindly to the Rabbi, about to pee his pants, to beat it.

Once alone, Ginger shuts off the bike and moves over to sit beside her pa's massive headstone.

She CRACKS open the bottle, looking down at...

THE MOURNERS

as they flock about the limos. Careening to gawk back up at her as they get into the cars and leave.

Edward finally pulls Judith and Wesley into the first car and Jim shuts the door, before getting in himself and driving away.

GINGER

finally alone, leans over the grave and pours the tequila into it.

GINGER

Dang, Pa. What'dya go and get me tied to?

She takes out the unopened letter from her father. Opens it, and reads it.

She hoists the empty bottle in salute to him.

And starts to CRY.

She battles hard, but the tears cascade. Shoulders heaving.

TOP OF GRASSY KNOLL

Bradford pushes out from behind a tree with his ten-speed bike. Dressed in black bike gear.

He watches.

GINGER

takes out the package she put into her saddlebags.

She opens it to reveal a framed picture of her mother, MARY, holding her as a child.

She places it on the coffin.

She takes a videotape and a worn hardcover book out next and puts them back into the saddlebag.

She takes her pa's clown costume out of the package and unfolds them neatly on his coffin.

She takes the stone and chain off from around her neck and places it on the picture.

Then reaches out and SADLY HONKS her pa's horn.

BRADFORD

fingers his bruised eye.

Catching himself feeling for her, turns away and peddles off.

GINGER

sits alone drenched with despair.

EXT. ROTHSCHILD ESTATES - NIGHT

Everything is tranquil... except...

JUDITH (O.S.)  
Go to sleep, Edward.

EDWARD (O.S.)  
I can't. She's out there... somewhere.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Judith sits up in bed, having had enough of Edward's tossing.

JUDITH  
She'll be fine.

EDWARD  
I'm worried about us.

JUDITH  
Go to sleep.

EDWARD  
Did you see the look in her eyes?  
She hates me.

JUDITH  
If I wake up with bags under my  
eyes, I'll hate you.

EDWARD  
Halving the Rothschild family  
fortune. How could my own brother  
do this to me? Billings and his  
allies will capitalize on this  
weakness to finally crush Rothschild  
Banking forever. I'll be ousted  
from the board. A laughing stock.  
We'll lose everything our family  
stands for, money, power, prestige.

Judith takes her pillow and drags the comforter off the bed.  
Tumbling Edward to his knees on the floor.

EDWARD  
Do you hear me? We're vulnerable.

JUDITH  
I'm sure Teddy didn't die knowing  
you went public with your share of  
Rothschild to erect your silly  
manhood of a building.

EDWARD  
 Manhood? It's a statement of  
 stability.

Judith just gives him a look and goes out the door. Edward begins to pray by the side of the bed.

INT. WESLEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wesley is fitfully tossing in her sleep, obviously having a horrendous nightmare.

Suddenly she sits up with a start. Looks around. Realizes she's in her bed.

A KNOCK on her door. Manfred enters, dressed in his bathrobe.

WESLEY  
 It was horrible. She was here.  
 With some hideous Indian. Living  
 with us. Spending my money... and  
 I had to be pleasant to them.

MANFRED  
 I see. May I bring you something?

WESLEY  
 No. I will not sleep until it's  
 all mine again.

MANFRED  
 Very well.

Manfred leaves, closing the door. Wesley huddles in her bed. Light from the window reveals her calculating eyes.

EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT

Ginger reads a map. She refolds it and puts it inside her leather jacket. And roars into the mist.

INTERCUT - INT. ROTHSCHILD MANOR BEDROOMS - NIGHT

EDWARD

slowly falls asleep.

JUDITH

sleeping peacefully in Teddy's old bedroom.

WESLEY

sits in bed. Wide awake.

EDWARD

SNORES. A moment of peace. Then a low RUMBLE begins to grow. Louder and louder. Edward sits up in his bed.

JUDITH

is awakened. Relieved.

WESLEY

The ROAR filling her room as it once again approaches. She throws a ferocious tantrum. POUNDING and KICKING.

EDWARD

throws his own violent tantrum. Because the ROAR of the bike passes right under his window. And FADES to the back of the manor... then stops. But the silence is more maddening.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Edward slides to a stop at the immense window overlooking the pool area. The other household members race into the room and join Edward looking out the window.

JUDITH  
Where is she?

EDWARD  
Out by the pool.

WESLEY  
Hopefully at the bottom.

JIM  
How'd she get past the gate?

EDWARD  
Hell if I know.

Mr. Chang, the gardener, frantically runs into the room. The others turn on him, accusingly.

CHANG  
She carries a pistol.

JUDITH  
Surely she wouldn't spend the night  
out there in the cold.

A fire begins to grow from out in the darkened pool area.

EDWARD  
What the hell is she burning?



JIM  
I think the lawn furniture, sir.

EDWARD  
That's it. Throw her off this property, Jim.

JIM  
She uses that pistol, sir.

EDWARD  
Jesus H. Christ. Call the police.

JUDITH  
Why don't we all get some sleep?

EDWARD  
Judith, we've got a biker camping in our backyard. Burning our heirlooms.

JUDITH  
It's old garden furniture. Now off to bed, everyone.

MANFRED  
Perhaps I'll go out and see if she needs anything.

WESLEY  
Like half of everything isn't enough.

EXT. POOL AREA - NIGHT

Ginger slumbers in her bedroll, under hat beside the fire.

Manfred approaches, his arms piled with firewood.

A slow CLICK from Ginger's gun.

GINGER  
That's far enough, right there.

MANFRED  
Mr. Rothschild suggested I bring out a few logs.

GINGER  
Drop them near the fire.

Manfred drops the logs.

MANFRED  
I'm Manfred. The Rothschild's butler, ma'am.

GINGER  
Ginger, the brother's daughter.  
The chair was old and looked  
broken.

MANFRED  
They're antiques, ma'am. Perhaps  
you'd rather sleep in the pool  
house?

GINGER  
I'm fine. Thanks for the wood.

MANFRED  
May I do anything else for you?

GINGER  
You could leave.

MANFRED  
A slight suggestion, then?

Ginger lifts up her hat to look at him.

MANFRED  
The sprinklers. Perhaps I should  
shut them off.

GINGER  
Perhaps you should.

MANFRED  
Thank you. Sleep well.

Ginger doesn't answer as she throws a log on the fire. And  
slides back under her hat.

EXT. BRADFORD'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Wesley pulls her sports car to a stop and gets out. She  
moves up the steps. Bearing a wrapped gift.

INT. HALLWAY - APARTMENTS - MORNING

Wesley makes her way down the hall. Finds Bradford's bike  
and KNOCKS at a door. There is no answer.

WESLEY  
Bradford?

Still no answer. She takes out her keys. Lets herself in.

INT. BRADFORD'S APARTMENT - MORNING

The SHOWER is running.

Wesley enters the organized small apartment. Law Books, desk, TV, an open kitchen.

A child's leg brace is encased on the wall.

Polo posters and trophies line a shelf above a desk... and law books.

A photo is on the desk of Jim White and possibly Bradford's older brother, William (in flight gear). Taken on the aircraft carrier USS Ranger.

A folded up American flag is in a glass box beside it.

The phone RINGS. Wesley stops at the answering machine. The machine picks up shortly followed by Edward's frantic VOICE.

EDWARD (V.O.)

Bradford. Pick up the phone.  
Bradford, I need you. She's here.  
In my home. You've got to do  
something to get her out of here.  
Off my property. Out of my life...  
if you want your job back. Bradford?  
Bradford...? ...Oh, good morning,  
Ginger. What are you..? Don't...  
no, not that....

The phone CLICKS off. Wesley erases the message. And goes into the bathroom leaving the gift behind. The shower door SNAPS open o.s.

BRADFORD (O.S.)

Wesley. Was that the phone?

WESLEY (O.S.)

It was Father. Now that he's met her, he's wondering how you are doing.

BRADFORD (O.S.)

Hand me my towel.

WESLEY (O.S.)

Not until you agree to speak with him.

BRADFORD (O.S.)

About what?

WESLEY (O.S.)

About getting your job back.

INT. EDWARD'S STUDY - MORNING

Edward's face registering disgust. His cigar smoldering.

GINGER  
It's an ashtray, ain't it?

EDWARD  
Yes, it's an... look, don't....

Ginger leans over the ashtray again. She's just screwing with Edward, pretending to be what he thinks she is. Just some dumb trailer hick. Spits again.

GINGER  
Convenient, too. We gotta talk about Pa's letter?

Ginger hands the letter from her pa to Edward. Edward reads it and flushes red with anger.

EDWARD  
That son-of-a --. I won't be a party to this again. Do you even play polo?

GINGER  
Pa and I played some. Says there you two have a team at some uppity school Pa dropped out of? I'll sign up.

EDWARD  
Someone like you can't play on my polo team. I'd be crucified.

GINGER  
Read on. It also says I own half the team. And alls I need is an invitation once I'm accepted to that school.

EDWARD  
Technically. But --

GINGER  
-- Pa says you'd offer X amount. Tax-free. Just to disappear. But it says there, he bets you I score the winning goal that finally brings the Rothschild Team their first Lucky Pony. And if I do you're to accept me as one of the family in exchange. But if I don't, I walk away with a fair offer. Take it or leave it.

EDWARD

Winning goal indeed. You have no idea what's involved. Polo isn't just a game. It's a way of life. Obviously, you haven't had formal schooling?

GINGER

I can read, write and count my pocket change, if that's what you mean.

EDWARD

The entrance exam would be... I'm afraid, a grueling experience for anyone of your limited education.

GINGER

You ain't insinuating that I'm thick are ya, Uncle Eddie?

EDWARD

Edward. No, of course not. I just feel it's my duty as your --

GINGER

-- stinkin' uncle --

EDWARD

-- yes, and legal advisor... to inform you that... if you were to win this bet and take apart the portfolio I designed for your father, you could lose substantial millions in a hostile market. Jeopardizing Rothschild manor. Possibly undermining Rothschild's status in our prestigious banking community forever.

GINGER

So prestigious Pa gave it up for our camper. You know, he referred to Yankee carpet bagging bankers like you as money grubbing bastards.

EDWARD

I am not accepting this bet.

Ginger leans over. SPITS her gum into the ashtray this time.

Edward's mouth sours. Puts out his cigar.

GINGER

Don't worry, it's in my half. Pa said you'd try to stop me.

(MORE)

GINGER (cont'd)

That you wouldn't have the guts to accept a fair bet. Says if you had any backbone you'd'a won by now on your own. Also says he sent me here to even the score between ya. What did he mean by that?

EDWARD

None of your business. Ginger, I'm not staking my family's future on a bet. So you listen to me. If you put one share of Rothschild stock on the open market, everything our family stands for could end. There are evil people out there waiting. Knowing I don't have the working capital to keep control of the company at this time. And if you stay in control... obviously with your limited investment credentials... well, how would it look to the rest of the banking community? Our stock would be tainted. Our holdings across the globe... virtually up for grabs.

GINGER

(stands)

How much are you offerin'?

EDWARD

Twenty million, cash. You sign these papers returning controlling shares of Rothschild and the manor over to me. And you ride back into the distant sunset. Forever. You don't know us. And we discretely don't know you.

GINGER

If you want those signed, we settle it out on the grounds. My shot wins the Rothschild Team the cup. You accept me into the family and let me run Pa's side the way I see fit. Or I miss and take this offer. One shot. Are you man enough? Or would you rather fight this out in court like the boneless sissy Pa thinks you are.

EDWARD

Fine. In school, on the team, your shot wins this year's Lucky Pony Tournament. Or I never hear that tone in your hick-voice again.

They shake hands. Eyeing each other, squeezing their hands.

GINGER

Deal. My camper and trailer will be here shortly. If you don't mind, I plan parkin' it beside my half of the cement pond. Partner.

Ginger exits the room. Edward contemplates it a moment.

EDWARD

Partner? Hell yes, I mind!

EXT. OPEN HIGHWAY - CAMPER AND TRAILER - DAY

The hood is open on the camper. Bear Foot reaches inside with a screwdriver. He's still a little scruffy.

BEAR FOOT

Gosh-darn piece of Chevy. Ain't leavin' us out in the middle-of-no-where. Start, you son-of-a-mule.

It STARTS. Bear Foot straightens up. Cocky smile.

BEAR FOOT

See there, Shitters? Just a matter of knowin' the lingo.

He takes his beer and SLAMS down the hood. Shitters TROTS around the camper and halts next to Bear Foot. He WHINNIES.

BEAR FOOT

You done? Load up. We got a brand-new life ahead of us, boy. Just waitin' with open arms.

INT. EDWARD'S STUDY - DAY

Edward's on the phone.

EDWARD

Arrest him, beat him, shoot him. I don't care. Just don't let him park that camper and trailer on my estate. He's a convict for Christ's sake. Make something up.

Edward SLAMS down the phone. Smugly grinning.

EXT. POOL AREA - DAY

Ginger sits on a bucket changing her Harley's oil. Tools spread out - country music TWANGS. A shadow appears.

GINGER

You lost?

Wesley, in Polo attire, brandishes a riding crop.

WESLEY

Mind turning off that dreadful noise?

Ginger lowers her radio by half.

WESLEY

Your father is a shit to sick trailer trash like you on us this way. He obviously raised you as an evil clownish gag. Some queer circus-revenge on my father for who knows why.

GINGER

You figured that all by your lonesome?

WESLEY

Just because you're entitled to all my money doesn't mean you'll ever spend it. Everyone knows you're an ill-bred, foul-mouthed drifter who'll never belong here. So ride your filthy Hog out of here... and die.

GINGER

You know, I just happened to have some wild kick-ass all bottled up.

WESLEY

Are you threatening me?

GINGER

You want it in writin'?

WESLEY

My father will have you arrested so fast your own stink won't be able to find your ugly face.

Suddenly, Ginger grabs Wesley's crop and pulls her over her knee, holding her down between her legs.

And starts BEATING Wesley's butt with the riding crop.

Wesley SCREAMS for somebody to help.

INT. TEDDY'S OLD BEDROOM - DAY

Judith watches out the window overlooking the pool area. A smile crosses her mouth. Edward storms in beside her.



EDWARD  
What on earth is happening?

JUDITH  
I believe Wesley just introduced  
herself to Ginger.

EDWARD  
(looks out window)  
My God, she's beating our child.

JUDITH  
Who in this household wouldn't be  
delighted to help?

EDWARD  
Okay. But afterward, I want you to  
talk some sense into that hick.

INT. STUDY - DAY

Judith is behind the bar. She takes out two bottles of Coke,  
POPS the tops and brings them back.

She hands one to Ginger and lowers herself into her chair.  
Ginger sits, waiting for Judith to get to the point.

JUDITH  
What did Wesley have to say?

GINGER  
Called me ugly.

JUDITH  
I've wanted to spank my daughter  
for years.

GINGER  
I'll hold her down for ya.

JUDITH  
(tips her bottle in  
salute)  
I may take you up on that. ...You  
know, Ginger, your presence yesterday  
wasn't exactly, ah... entirely --

GINGER  
-- I know. I'm sorry. I was raw.

JUDITH  
Raw, rough, crass --

GINGER  
-- I get the picture.

JUDITH  
Perhaps maybe --

GINGER  
-- I'll work on it.

JUDITH  
You do understand?

GINGER  
Being ladylike ain't been one of my  
priorities. Lookin' after Pa has.

JUDITH  
I see. The night after next,  
Edward, Wesley, and I are attending  
the Tournament Ball. If perhaps --

GINGER  
-- Yeah, I don't think so, but  
thanks. Fancy dresses and my rodeo  
knees don't mix.

JUDITH  
Tell me, Ginger, what are your plans?

GINGER  
Attend school like Pa wanted. Learn  
more about the family business, maybe.  
I don't know. Uncle Eddie's been so  
neighborly. I'm a bit thunderstruck.

JUDITH  
I see. That's a tall order.

GINGER  
I may've gotten Ma's left hook.  
But I got Pa's brains.

JUDITH  
Yes, you have. What are your  
interests? Academically?

GINGER  
Paintin' Southwestern art, writin'  
some more twang music maybe. I plan  
to finish a portrait of Pa for that  
wall if it's okay by you. Seein'  
he ain't there yet.

JUDITH  
Splendid idea. The fall semester  
starts next week. If you'd like to  
attend, we'll have to pull strings.

GINGER  
 Why would you want to help me? All things considered.

JUDITH  
 I wasn't born a Rothschild. Where I come from family is family. And you're my long lost niece. And I'm delighted to have you here. So, will you be joining us for dinner?

GINGER  
 Naw, I'll take mine out by the pool, if that's okay.

JUDITH  
 Fine. But you don't have to sleep outside.

GINGER  
 I like to feel the stars.

JUDITH  
 (gets up)  
 You're an interesting woman, Ginger. Help yourself to whatever. I'll send Jim for booklets that will prepare you for the entrance exam tomorrow morning. And I'll make all the necessary calls.

Suddenly, the private schooled young lady that Ginger's hidden under all the deliberate cowgirl/biker hardness surfaces.

GINGER  
 Aunt Judith? Thank you.

Judith is taken aback by the lack of Ginger's cowgirl accent and now refined speech. She smiles warmly and leaves.

Ginger smiles. Aunt Judith is all right.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Edward and Judith sit. Wesley enters with a pillow.

Edward and Judith, along with Manfred, Sarah and Alice pretend not to notice a thing.

Wesley sits tenderly on the pillow.

WESLEY  
 You cowards can all stop pretending you didn't watch that wretched cowgirl beat me this afternoon. For which I plan to press charges.

JUDITH  
I had a word with her.

WESLEY  
Good. Did you tell her to give me  
back my money and leave?

JUDITH  
No. I thanked her.

EDWARD  
You what?

WESLEY  
Mother.

JUDITH  
She offered to hold you down for me.

EDWARD  
Judith.

WESLEY  
You wouldn't --

JUDITH  
-- frankly, Wesley, you're a bossy  
snob who's needed a spanking for  
some time.

Wesley gets up and storms toward the door.

JUDITH  
Wesley. Get back here.

Wesley stops.

JUDITH  
Sit.

Wesley reluctantly sits in a huff. Hurting her butt.

The help glance at one another, hiding smirks until Wesley  
catches on to them and stops them all with a nasty glare.

EDWARD  
Judith, what's gotten into you?

JUDITH  
As far as I'm concerned, we could  
use a little fresh country air  
around this stuffy old place.

EDWARD  
Well, we can't have --

JUDITH  
 -- stow it, Eddie. You may serve  
 dinner now, Manfred.

MANFRED  
 Thank you, madam.

Manfred mirthfully RINGS the dinner bell.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ginger reads one of the booklets. Alice, the elderly cook,  
 sits across from Ginger. Sampling Ginger's soup.

ALICE  
 You must resemble your mother.

GINGER  
 I guess.

ALICE  
 Broke our hearts, Theodore running  
 away. And not one word after he  
 left. Your uncle never forgave him  
 either. Probably never will. So,  
 watch your step around him.

GINGER  
 What happened to make Pa leave all  
 this? Surely being a clown --

ALICE  
 -- this is good. Well, better let  
 you get back. I'll just clean --

GINGER  
 -- Alice. Please?

ALICE  
 It's not my place. You should  
 speak with your Aunt Judith.

GINGER  
 Thank you. Go on back to bed. I'll  
 leave your kitchen the way it was.

ALICE  
 Be sure to write down this recipe.

GINGER  
 I promise.

Alice goes up the stairs. Ginger returns to her studies.

EXT. POOL AREA - CRACK OF DAWN

Birds CHIRPING over perfectly manicured rolling grounds.

Asleep in the bowels of this, shattering the harmony is Ginger, the smoldering campfire, her Hog, and gear.

Her BREATHING becomes part of the early morning ambiance.

Suddenly, JETTING WATER converges on Ginger. Until a sprinkler head BURSTS right beside Ginger's face.

Jarred awake and outraged, she immediately gets herself and belongings out of the water. And searches for the culprit.

MR. CHANG

stands behind shrubs at the rear of the manor. He turns the sprinklers off. Obviously, he meant to get her wet.

GINGER

reacts to Chang's challenge.

MR. CHANG

looking as manly as possible.

GINGER

marches up the hill. And storms right up into Mr. Chang's face. Scowling at him.

CHANG

Your motorbike makes tracks on my lawn. Extra work. Keep off.

Ginger stiffens. And Mr. Chang lets her know he's proficient in martial arts. Ginger stops -- she's not stupid.

A slow grin grows on Mr. Chang's lips. He's got her. Ginger nods her head in agreement. Mr. Chang nods his head.

Ginger reaches into her back pocket for perhaps her gun. But instead pulls out a wad of bills. Mr. Chang's relieved.

GINGER

Make me a path down to the pool.  
I'm parkin' my camper over there.

Ginger hands over the bills. Mr. Chang eagerly counts through them. His face brightens.

CHANG

I'll make it first class. If you okay it with Mr. Rothschild first.

GINGER  
Screw 'em. My horse is gonna be stayin' with me. How much for your trouble?

CHANG  
I don't know. He'll eat flowers?

GINGER  
Probably. And he'll dump all over.

CHANG  
Dump no problem. Flowers cost you an extra hundred a week. But --

GINGER  
-- make it an even three hundred and make sure you fertilize the flowers under that window.

CHANG  
Deal.

Mr. Chang reaches out his hand and Ginger takes it. So he flips her on her back and puts his foot on her.

MR. CHANG  
That's for gun in my face.

GINGER  
Good, we're even, then?

Mr. Chang smiles and helps her back up.

EXT. MISSION HALL UNIVERSITY - ROTHSCHILD LIBRARY - MORNING  
Extensive grounds and expansive pillared buildings.

INT. ROTHSCHILD LIBRARY - TROPHY HALL - MORNING

Bradford stands before the trophy case that holds the elusive Lucky Pony, reading the names by heart, etched in crystal.

INT. ROTHSCHILD LIBRARY - MORNING

Meanwhile, Ginger whizzes through an entrance exam.

INT. ROTHSCHILD BANK BOARDROOM - MORNING

In contrast, Edward's face is in complete agony.

The faces of the Board Members we saw at Teddy's grave site surround him, including Mr. Billings and Mr. Slotter.

MR. BILLINGS

Sign the papers, Edward. And we'll place you on the board of one of our Cleveland banks. We'll even let you sell my son your half of the manor. Providing your niece sells him hers. So we can finally put a proper end to Rothschild Banking and polo team once and forever.

Mr. Billings plops down a Wall Street Journal with a half page picture of Ginger and her Pa working at the rodeo. Headlines: "Will Clown's Daughter be the New Face of Rothschild Banking?"

EDWARD

This is still my bank. And my polo team. I.... Please, she's not on my polo team nor running my bank.

MR. SLOTTER

We'll have to dismantle, I'm afraid if this cowgirl controls Rothschild holdings. Think of our investment, Edward. We could lose it.

MR. BILLINGS

Don't worry. I'm sure we'll be able to assimilate the players onto our teams. A pity Rothschild Team will never get the chance to etch their names in crystal after all these years. Perhaps if Teddy hadn't cowardly run off like he --

Edward SLAMS down his pen. Stands up.

EDWARD

-- As her legal adviser I still control this bank. And I'll relinquish my bank and my polo team to you corporate vultures over my dead body.

MR. BILLINGS

Please, Edward, nothing would make me happier. Gentlemen, would you give Mr. Rothschild and I a moment?

The other men look surprised at first but get up and leave. Edward watches, stewing, as Mr. Billings crosses the room to sit beside him, picking up the Wall Street Journal.

MR. BILLINGS

You know I held no personal fondness for your brother. He wasn't just a disappointment to you and your father. He was a thorn in my side that bled.

(MORE)



MR. BILLINGS (cont'd)  
 I know he loathed me, too. And I know your father hated mine. And he, him. And their fathers before them. We have no secrets between our families. However, outside of the polo team, I have no personal vendetta against you. So don't make me throw you out. My only true regret is that I didn't get the chance to get even with that insufferable clown for breaking my nose with that ridicules penalty shot you called The Flying Teddy before he ran off. And don't think I didn't go look. That yellow-bellied chicken is lucky he went into hiding before I --

Edward grabs Mr. Billings around the throat. And chokes him.

EDWARD  
 -- You what? Back shoot him for being a better rider than you?

MR. BILLINGS  
 Yes.

The RUCKUS causes the rest of the men to reenter the room.

MR. BILLINGS  
 (with squeezed voice)  
 Mr. Slotter, would you mind calling security?

EXT. ROTHSCHILD BUILDING - DAY

Jim waits with the limo.

Edward is ushered out of his building with a box of his belongings like some disgruntled temp secretary.

EXT. MISSION HALL UNIVERSITY - ROTHSCHILD LIBRARY - DAY

Bradford zips through the trees on his bike. He's weaving, popping wheel stands, jumping benches. All alone, when...

GINGER (O.S.)  
 Hey, Lawyer.

Bradford CRASHES to the ground, landing hard on his butt.

GINGER

looking butch in her worn motorcycle jacket, white T-shirt, faded jeans, motorcycle boots and shades.

GINGER  
Nice bike.

BRADFORD

picks up his bike and peddles away.

GINGER

doesn't like this.

GINGER  
Hey, where's your limo?

Ginger runs around the building. Her Harley THUNDERS alive.

EXT. BIKE PATH - DAY

Bradford sprints into view with the THUNDER building up from behind. Until Ginger pulls up beside him. Her helmet on.

Bradford cuts away sharply. Ginger takes it as a challenge. Cuts through the trees. Bradford cuts between buildings. Ginger stops her Harley. Shutting off the engine.

She listens for Bradford's bike. Smells something familiar.

EXT. POLO ARENA - DAY

TIM, American, and DOUG, English, both on the Rothschild team, wait with the Slotter Polo Team, PAYSON, JASON and RYAN, from Europe. All are college-aged, athletic, handsome, and adorned in polo gear. Rothschild red and Slotter blue.

They warm up their ponies while PASSING a ball between them.

Bradford enters from a tunnel on a pony, running late.

He passes through a gathering of young Spanish GROOMS with spare ponies and GREETs the other players.

EXT. TREES - DAY

Ginger thinks, before heading back to her bike.

EXT. POLO ARENA - DAY

The air fills with the THUNDER of Ginger's bike, then stops.

Bradford frantically searches the polo arena for Ginger. His gaze DARTS through the empty stands and down the tunnel leading out to the pony stables.

Locking onto Ginger leaning against the tunnel entrance.

BRADFORD  
Don't even think about playing.

GINGER  
Who died and made you captain?

BRADFORD  
Nobody. I earned it.

GINGER  
When's tryouts?

BRADFORD  
We invite people to play.

GINGER  
Afraid I'll show you up?

BRADFORD  
We only invite students or alumni.

GINGER  
I aced the entrance exam, Ace.

BRADFORD  
You couldn't possibly know your score.

GINGER  
Ten ponies say I graduate with honors.

BRADFORD  
Damn. You're smart, too?

GINGER  
Of course. What did you expect?

BRADFORD  
I expected not to see you again.

GINGER  
Oh, did the bad rodeo girl hurt  
the wimp law student when he came  
to tell her she's not wanted in  
his rich, snobby world?

Bradford makes sure the other players didn't hear this.

BRADFORD  
I'm over it. Now beat it.

GINGER  
No. Let me borrow one of your ponies.

BRADFORD  
Not a chance.

GINGER  
Just for the day. Then I'll leave.

BRADFORD  
If you want to play, buy ponies.

GINGER  
I will, Braaadford.

BRADFORD  
Just go play on the girl's team.

GINGER  
We'll see about that.

BRADFORD  
I mean it, Giiiinger.

Ginger seethes, watching Bradford lead his pony away.

EXT. STABLES PARKING LOT - DAY

Edward's limo makes its way toward the stables.

EXT. STABLES - DAY

Ginger shakes a VETERAN GROOMS'S hand and leads a pony away.

EXT. POLO ARENA - DAY

Ginger enters with her motorcycle helmet, shades, boots, leather jacket, gloves, and a mallet... the player from hell.

A YOUNG GROOM WHISTLES a warning to the Players.

THE POLO PLAYERS'

faces drop.

TIM  
What the hell is that?

BRADFORD  
Trouble. I'll handle this.

Ginger trots the pony to the center of the polo arena.

The players, led by Bradford, circle Ginger.

BRADFORD  
This is a gentleman's game, Ginger.

DOUG  
This a friend of yours, Brad?

BRADFORD  
Hardly. Mr. Rothschild's niece.

Ginger SPITS out her gum.

GINGER  
Thanks for lendin' me a pony.

TIM  
Sounds like we've got ourselves a  
cowgirl here.

PAYSON  
Looks like a biker chick to me.

The players continue to circle Ginger. PASSING the ball  
between them.

BRADFORD  
Go away, Ginger. You don't know  
the rules. Someone could get hurt.

GINGER  
I'm a fast learner.

BRADFORD  
Forget it. Come on, ignore her.

Bradford rides off. Followed by the other players.

IN THE STANDS

Wesley, Edward, and Jim sit down to watch.

ON THE POLO ARENA

Ginger remains behind.

The players gather around Bradford.

Ginger trots after the ball and SMACKS it with a backshot.

The players turn, startled to find Ginger controls the ball.

Ginger spins the pony on a dime.

BRADFORD  
Give it back, Ginger.

GINGER  
Come and get it, city boy.

IN THE POLO STANDS

Jim's excited, Wesley's appalled and Edward's worried.

JIM  
This should be good.

WESLEY  
I'll call security.

EDWARD  
No, wait a minute.

WESLEY  
She could hurt somebody.

EDWARD  
Ginger thinks she can play polo.  
So let's see how she rates. Just  
pray she's not half the player  
Teddy was.

ON THE POLO ARENA

Ginger gets comfortable moving the ball with the mallet.

The other players watch. Even the grooms stop to watch.

Ginger gets fancy. Maneuvering the pony around the ball.  
SMACKING the ball against the wall and back at herself.  
Stops. Waits. Then makes taunting CHICKEN NOISES.

The players look at Bradford on what to do.

BRADFORD  
Tim, take the ball away from her.

Tim gallops towards Ginger.

At the last moment, Ginger maneuvers the ball out of reach.

Tim comes to a stop beyond Ginger and turns back.

BRADFORD  
Doug.

Doug moves slowly to Ginger, trying a different approach.  
Ginger pushes him off with her upper arm.

BRADFORD  
Okay, let's stop fooling around.  
Take your guys and get it, Payson.

The remaining players gather around Ginger. Ginger SWIPES at  
the ball and breaks out of the pack after it, keeping the  
right of way.

The other players chase after her. But not Bradford.

Ginger keeps the ball away from them. Doubling back. The  
players get beaten to the ball each time by Ginger.

She even does rodeo tricks, spinning in the saddle and touching her feet on the ground, just to tick off Bradford.

POLO STANDS

A surprised look on Jim's face. Then a sly smile.

JIM  
Dang, she's a player.

Edward and Wesley give him a look. Jim shuts up.

ON THE POLO ARENA

Finally, Ginger has had enough and she takes the ball and SCORES easily.

The two Rothschild Players and the three Slotter Players, glare at their Grooms for CLAPPING.

Ginger takes off her shades. Looks at Bradford. SPITS. Though angry, Bradford is impressed. There's a respectful, yet combative stare between them. Then Bradford SPITS.

IN THE POLO STANDS

Edward stews. Jim hides his smirk. Wesley is in disbelief.

ON THE POLO ARENA

Ginger rides off and Bradford watches her go.

IN THE POLO STANDS

Wesley's infuriated.

BRADFORD'S

gaze SHIFTS from Ginger to the STANDS to find...

WESLEY

glaring at him.

EXT. STABLES - DAY

The Veteran Groom is on a wall phone.

VETERAN GROOM  
I'm telling you, Mr. Billings, that girl's a player. Took on Slotter and Rothschild Players all at once. Haven't seen a free spirit like her since Theodore vanished. No, sir. I gave her his slowest pony just like you said.

INT. BILLINGS PLACE - TROPHY ROOM - DAY

While sitting on a fully saddled taxidermied polo pony, in full polo attire, Mr. Billings hangs up his saddle-phone.

MR. BILLINGS  
 Dead or alive, Teddy, you'll never  
 write Rothschild on my Lucky Pony.  
 Even if I have to ruin your brother  
 or kill your daughter to prevent it.

EXT. STABLES - DAY

Bradford turns to find Wesley who pulls him aside.

WESLEY  
 We need to talk.

BRADFORD  
 Wesley.

WESLEY  
 What's with you and --

BRADFORD  
 -- are you insinuating --

WESLEY  
 -- yes.

BRADFORD  
 Are you nuts?

WESLEY  
 I saw the way you looked at her.

BRADFORD  
 I'm not sure I even want to know her.

WESLEY  
 You better not.

Edward strides up as some of the Polo Players hand their ponies to their Grooms.

TIM  
 Don't worry, Mr. Rothschild. If we  
 really wanted to, we could've....

Edward holds his hand up to stop Tim, seeing Bradford.

Tim and the others continue on as the Grooms lead the ponies into the stables.

EDWARD  
 Certainly was a foolish display.



BRADFORD  
 Sorry about that, sir. I had no  
 idea she would --

EDWARD  
 -- forget it. Wesley tells me you  
 want your job back. With a raise.

BRADFORD  
 Ah... well... honestly --

WESLEY  
 -- of course, he's speechless.

EDWARD  
 Great. Then you know what I expect.  
 For the good of the team. Make her  
 take my offer.

BRADFORD  
 There's been --

WESLEY  
 -- he agrees one hundred percent.

EDWARD  
 Fine, I'll see you back in my office  
 first thing money... ah, Monday.

BRADFORD  
 Mr. Rothschild, I --

WESLEY  
 -- he'll be there.

INT. STABLES - DAY

Ginger sits on her motorcycle listening.

WESLEY (O.S.)  
 I'm so proud of you.

BRADFORD (O.S.)  
 She's your cousin. You get rid of  
 her.

EXT. STABLES - DAY

Wesley can't believe her ears.

WESLEY  
 What are you saying?

BRADFORD

You saw what happened out there. I can't get rid of a player like that. Besides, Ginger owns half this team.

WESLEY

She's a hick and about to ruin what took my family hundreds of years --

BRADFORD

-- She's one of the highest rated riders I've --

WESLEY

-- How dare you take her side?

BRADFORD

I'm not... I... that's it. As far as I'm concerned, your cousin has an open invitation to join the Rothschild Polo Team.

WESLEY

Then forget about us, Bradford.

BRADFORD

Look, I've made myself perfectly clear about us. When I'm done with law school I still plan to play professionally elsewhere. So I have to win that cup before I leave. We could use a rider like Ginger. So tell Eddie to go screw himself -- and his money -- if he's not behind what's best for his polo team.

WESLEY

Screw him yourself. And his polo team. It's my money. My bank. My home. And she's taking any of it - over my dead body.  
(stomps off)

INT. STABLES - DAY

Bradford enters to find Ginger on her Harley.

GINGER

Got more balls than I gave credit.

BRADFORD

Gee thanks. You heard all that?

GINGER

Enough.

BRADFORD

You better still want to play.

GINGER

I don't know. Ya'll ever win?

BRADFORD

The Billings Team is our last game this tournament. The only team that's given us an even game since I've been here. Plus, they've won the tournament ten years running. Despite what you've heard, Edward would give his firstborn if Rothschild Team finally took that cup. Someone with your high-goal... you could make the difference.

GINGER

A swindle, him gettin' rid of Wesley.

BRADFORD

So, where'd you learn to play?

GINGER

Pa and me, we rode some. Well, if it means that much... guess I'm drafted. Seein', I own half the team and all.

BRADFORD

You'll need ponies.

GINGER

Point me in that direction.

BRADFORD

Unfortunately, Billings Place will be the only local stable to have quick ponies this late. But it'll give you a chance to meet Terry Billings. He's the highest rated player in the league.

GINGER

Does this mean we're friends?

BRADFORD

It means we work for each other now.

GINGER

Hey. I'm sorry about your eye. And hitting you with your phone. Pa and me... we were close.

BRADFORD

Yeah, well, I hit back from now on.  
So, just call. Number's on the card.

Bradford gets on his bike and peddles off. Ginger smiles to herself, STARTS her Harley.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CAMPER AND TRAILER - DAY

Two State Troopers, HAL and DENNY, push Bear Foot handcuffed into the back seat of their cruiser.

DENNY

Mr. Rogers, you have a choice. Ride downtown with us. Or get back into that camper and forget you ever heard of a Mr. Rothschild.

Bear Foot smiles nicely. The Troopers smile back.

EXT. POOL AREA - EVENING

Ginger peacefully paints behind an easel and canvas. A tune TWANGS on the nearby transistor radio.

Manfred approaches with a "DynaTAC" phone on a silver tray.

MANFRED

I'm sorry to interrupt, Ms. Rothschild.  
You have a phone call.

He presents the phone as she shuts off the radio.

INT. EDWARD'S STUDY - EVENING

Edward sits in his chair having his before dinner cocktail. Pleased with himself.

His disposition changes drastically when Ginger, just out of the light, COCKS the hammer back on her pistol.

EDWARD

Ginger, put down the pistol.

GINGER

Uncle Eddie, we got a problem.

EDWARD

Nothing we can't discuss.

GINGER

I don't take kindly to my horse and friends being messed with.

EDWARD  
I'm sure I don't know what you mean.

GINGER  
I want my trailer and gear here  
before nightfall.

EDWARD  
Or what? You'll shoot me?

GINGER  
I move inside my half of our manor  
and start redecorating to suit my  
backwoods tastes.

Ginger hands him the phone.

Edward taps out numbers on it.

EDWARD  
(into phone)  
This is Mr. Rothschild. I've had a  
change of heart. Yes, escort Ms.  
Rothschild's friend and belongings  
here, please.

Edward hangs up. Ginger UN-COCKS the gun.

GINGER  
By the way, I'm in school and  
invited to play on our polo team.  
So the bets on.

EDWARD  
I have a say in this matter.

GINGER  
Then stop me.

Ginger struts out.

EDWARD  
(realizing)  
Our team?

EXT. POOL AREA - DAY

Judith sits with an old photo album on her lap.

Ginger moves over to sit across from Judith.

Judith hands Ginger the album. Ginger hands Judith the book  
she had at her pa's grave.

Ginger opens the album. Amazed. LAUGHING. Not noticing how  
hard it is for Judith to open the book.

INSERT - BOOK - "CLOWN: MY LIFE IN TATTERS AND SMILES"

by Emmett Leo Kelly. (NOTE: Emmett - Weary Willie - was a pantomime clown. Made several movies and many television appearances besides being an author.)

Judith finally opens to the cover page. "Teddy, you are my one and only clown. Love always, Judith" is hand written.

BACK TO SCENE

Judith fights back tears... but loses and openly weeps. Ginger, surprised, moves over to put an arm around her.

INT. STUDY - AT THE WINDOW - DAY

Wesley has a hurt and confused look on her face.

Edward enters and pours himself a drink.

Wesley turns, tears streaming down. She storms out.

Bewildered, Edward crosses to the window.

EDWARD

Look what you've done to us again,  
Theodore.

EXT. POOL AREA - DAY

Judith and Ginger smile at each other.

JUDITH

Thank you. Your mother... Mary....

GINGER

She liked to chase tornadoes. One  
day one chased her back.

JUDITH

Was Teddy happy? I mean....

GINGER

He never asked for much. A few  
brews. Tobacco. A good laugh.  
A full night of cards, music and a  
thick book. Yes, I'd say he was  
happy. Suppose I was, too. He  
must've hurt awful bad to walk away  
from all this. It must've been  
hard for you too, havin' to choose.  
And you chose steady Eddie over  
wild Teddy.

(MORE)

GINGER (cont'd)  
 So Pa followed his heart and did  
 what Emmett Leo Kelly did in that  
 book you gave him. Ran away to  
 join the circus.

Judith nods her head "Yes." Ginger takes out the videotape.

GINGER  
 I guess sendin' me here was Pa's  
 way of comin' home.

Judith looks at the videotape, then at Ginger.

GINGER  
 I have a copy.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - DAY

Judith sits alone in the dark watching the VIDEO.

MONTAGE - ON TV - RODEO FOOTAGE & CAMPER LIFE - BACK IN TIME

-- Ginger, twenty, participates in rodeos.

-- Teddy, forties, with horn, nose and hat. Being chased by  
 bulls. Fearless. Fans love him. Making them LAUGH.

-- Picking early teen Ginger out of the dirt. She was great  
 even then. Bear Foot is there, too.

-- Barbecues, smoking, drinking, playing cards and LAUGHING.

-- Ginger as a young girl, singing, playing guitar, always in  
 a dress.

-- Mary singing, teaching Ginger, to play the guitar.

-- Old B&W 8mm of Mary on a makeshift stage singing, while  
 Teddy, thirties, is holding Ginger as a baby among a group of  
 drunken rodeo clowns and road-weary campers.

-- Mary was very much like Ginger is now... riding bulls.

-- Mary pregnant, Teddy LAUGHING, mugging for the camera.

-- Teddy, in a circus arena, standing on a much younger  
 running Shitters' hindquarters. Hands held high. A star.  
 He suddenly lifts into the air - flying. Happy as a clown.

-- Teddy, twenties, taking a bow, tears in eyes, glistening  
 from the spotlight in front of a standing circus crowd.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The family members enter, followed by Manfred and servants.

MANFRED

A camper and trailer are outside the gate, sir. With a patrol car.

Edward looks at his wife. Just then, Ginger enters.

GINGER

Aunt Judith? I'm parkin' my camper by the pool. You don't mind, do ya?

JUDITH

Of course not. Will you and your guest be joining us for dinner?

GINGER

Nah. Bear Foot will bunk with me.

JUDITH

Perhaps something for the horse?

GINGER

Carrots or an apple or two would do.

JUDITH

I'll send them down.

GINGER

Appreciate it.

Wesley makes sure Ginger is gone.

WESLEY

Bear Foot? This is beyond annoying.

JUDITH

Wesley will have dinner in her room.

WESLEY

I will not. This is half my home.

JUDITH

Not yet.

EDWARD

Speaking of. Guess who cocked her pistol in my study today. Announcing, that she's on our polo team.

JUDITH

The pistol was empty.

EDWARD

How comforting.  
(to the help)  
Serve the damn dinner.



EXT. POOL AREA - NIGHT

Ginger and Bear Foot squat at the campfire, eating. Bear Foot reads the article about Ginger's father. Ginger strums her GUITAR between bites, jotting down notes.

BEAR FOOT

Dang, girl. Livin' in this tin bucket. You and Teddy under my nose. All them books and private school. Could've been a millionaire.

GINGER

Yup.

BEAR FOOT

And now you're worth two hundred mil? Half this palace? And cash checks at your own darn bank?

GINGER

Yup.

BEAR FOOT

Dang. That's a whole lot'a bull ridin'.

GINGER

Yup.

BEAR FOOT

Should've knocked you up when I had the hankerin'.

GINGER

Yup.

BEAR FOOT

You're not gonna stay here, are ya? Pretendin' to be some dumb hick...

GINGER

Nope.

BEAR FOOT

... 'couse you ain't put two smart words together since I got here, girl.

Ginger picks up the camper keys, tosses them to Bear Foot.

GINGER

Finish eatin' and hit the trail, Bear.

BEAR FOOT

You ain't runnin' me off, are ya'?

GINGER

Just unhitch the trailer and take  
the camper. Keep my last winnin's.  
Plus I put some savin's in the  
glove box. Now get.

BEAR FOOT

Hey, this ain't no way to treat an  
old friend. Teddy would --

GINGER

-- get movin' if you plan to get  
much older, friend.

Bear Foot eases to his feet. Grabs up his gear.

BEAR FOOT

I'm not gonna forget you runnin' me  
off like this.

GINGER

It ain't personal. I just wanna be  
on my own for a spell. I'll give  
ya a holler when I get settled.

Bear Foot moves to the camper and gets in.

BEAR FOOT

Shoot, who's gonna look after ya?

GINGER

I got other plans.

BEAR FOOT

Sweet on someone already?

GINGER

Ain't sweet on no one. Start it up.

Bear Foot starts the camper.

BEAR FOOT

It's that city slicker, ain't it.  
The pretty boy who bailed me out?

GINGER

Shut up, Bear. Get movin'.

Bear Foot puts the camper in gear.

BEAR FOOT

Hold on a sec'. Hey, don't flatter  
yourself, Ginger. You think...  
that I want...? Hell, I'm too beat  
up for bustin' broncs.

Bear Foot turns the engine off and gets out. He pulls his gear out and drops it back by the fire.

Ginger gets up, ready to tussle.

GINGER  
I don't care what you break, Bear.  
I don't want you interferin' with  
what Pa sent me here to do.

BEAR FOOT  
Well, give me your best shot... or  
let me take a swim. Hurry up. I  
smell like catfish.

Ginger sits back down. Bear strips to his underwear.

BEAR FOOT  
Comin'?

Bear Foot dives off into the water. Ginger watches as he comes up for air.

BEAR FOOT  
Oh man, this feels good. Hey, Shitters,  
get a looooad of me.

Shitters WHINNIES and trots up with his mouth full of flowers. He stops alongside Ginger. Nudges her.

GINGER  
Got a friend helpin' us buy a whole  
stable of ponies in the mornin',  
boy. Whaddaya think of that?

Shitters WHINNIES.

GINGER  
That's what I thought.

Shitters nudges Ginger toward the pool again.

GINGER  
Go on in if you want.

Shitters trots over to the pool steps. And walks down into the water to make his way over to Bear Foot, as Ginger begins to SING.

BEAR FOOT  
Last one in cleans the filter.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ginger's SINGING VOICE and GUITAR drifts up from down below. Edward stands at the window, a New York Times in hand, with Teddy's clown face and bold headlines: "ROTHSCHILD CLOWN DIES."

EDWARD

If this isn't bad enough. You smell that? She's got this place smelling like a barnyard already. And they're singing hick music and skinny-dipping with that dirty horse in our pool.

JUDITH

At least, they're doing it. You're just watching.

EDWARD

What are you saying?

JUDITH

I'm saying she's as wild and talented as your brother. Now come to bed.

Edward shuts the window and gets in bed.

EDWARD

Tell your gardener to stop piling that horse crap under my window.

JUDITH

I will. If you stop taking your anger toward Teddy out on Ginger.

EDWARD

What? Do you expect me to forgive Teddy just because he's dead?

Holds out the paper so Judith can see Teddy's clown face.

JUDITH

No, because a part of him still lives. And he loved us enough to trust us with her.

Judith uses the remote to turn on the TV and VCR. The rodeo MONTAGE appears. They watch for a moment.

Edward shuts off the VCR with his own remote.

TEDDY'S FACE in clown makeup is on the NEWS!

Edward CUSSES under his breath and turns off the TV.

EDWARD

That clown walked out on his family.

JUDITH

(turns TV and VCR back on)  
He did what he had to do to be happy.

EDWARD

(shuts TV off again)  
He quit our polo team and left me with half a fortune I couldn't touch. I had to go public with my shares to keep the business healthy. All he had to do was come back and sign a piece of paper. But no, he had to disappear forever. Now because his daughter shows up wanting his half I've been thrown out of the building I built.

JUDITH

(turns the TV back on)  
That was your own fault, Edward. Teddy left this behind... for us. So there could be an us. I'm sure Teddy had no idea your father would insist that he'd come home someday.

EDWARD

(eject the tape and unplugs the TV)  
He screwed me. And you never stopped --

JUDITH

-- loving him? No, of course not. I'll always love Teddy. But it's you I'm in love with. Even though you're an immature twit at times.

EDWARD

Thank you. It wasn't just a game to us. Teddy named that cup. All he had to do was make the shot. And we win the first tournament. But no, he had to showboat and bounce the penalty shot off Matthew's head in retaliation, and they took it down to win. We made a pact. To win that cup every year. And he broke it by quitting, leaving me to take on the Billings by myself every since.

JUDITH

Because I came along.

EDWARD

Yes. What? No. All I want is our name on our Lucky Pony. Not just mine. Rothschild's. And we'll never have that because he didn't come back.

Judith gets out of bed and moves to the door.

JUDITH  
I'm down the hall in Teddy's room.  
In case you ever remove your head  
from your pony's ass.

EXT. OPEN BACK ROADS - EARLY MORNING

Bradford rides on the back of Ginger's Harley. Bradford instructs Ginger to turn into a long drive.

EXT. BILLINGS' PONY STABLES - MORNING

Bradford looks over a wooden fence at a pony's mouth.

Ginger sits unsatisfied on it. She backs the pony away when...

TERRY BILLINGS

moves up beside Bradford. He carries a shotgun and a couple of dead birds on a mountain bike. A hunting dog is with him.

TERRY  
What's this? Come to thief the  
winning competition's ponies.

BRADFORD  
Hey, Terry. Got a new teammate.  
Mr. Billings said we could come by  
to pick out a few soft ones.

TERRY  
Did he? I'll have a word with the  
old sot.

BRADFORD  
Ginger, this is Terry Billings. The  
polo captain I was telling you about.

Ginger rides the pony over, spits out her gum.

GINGER  
You and your pa know your ponies,  
Terry. These used to be some fine  
animals. You got any green ones  
in training I can take a look at?

TERRY  
Good grief. Could this possibly be  
the crass biker chick who insulted  
us all at Theodore's funeral?

BRADFORD  
Easy, Terry. She knows her ponies.

TERRY

Well, well. Are you so desperate to beat me? Dredging the bottom of the Blue Book now? Resorting to such provincial riders? Really, Bradford. I said nothing when Edward brought the likes of you into play. But now this?

GINGER

How'd you like your Blue Book shoved --

BRADFORD

-- let's not get into this here.

TERRY

My God, a furry one at that. Well, Ginger, you don't want that pony, now do you.

GINGER

I'll kick your head in no matter what pony I ride.

Terry FIRES the shotgun into the air.

The pony REARS from the fence. Ginger falls off and gets dragged through the dirt by her boot caught in the stirrup.

Bradford goes over the fence to help Ginger.

But Ginger frees herself and charges Terry.

Bradford meets her halfway, grabbing her.

Terry's getting a good LAUGH.

TERRY

That one's a bit spooky, now isn't it?

GINGER

You're dead meat, you --

BRADFORD

-- alright, that's enough. Calm down, Ginger. Calm down!

Bradford holds Ginger to calm her down.

GINGER

Okay, okay, I'm calm. Let go.

Bradford does. And Ginger rushes the fence.

Terry points the shotgun. Ginger stops at the fence top.

TERRY

Mr. Starling. I'd remind your little protégé if any Rothschild plans on procuring ponies here she best first acquire a profound sense of humor.

BRADFORD

Ginger, these are the best local ponies available. If you want revenge, you'll have to wait until we see Terry and his team in the arena.

Ginger looks at Bradford and back at Terry.

GINGER

I'll find my own ponies. You better kiss that cup good-bye, fancy pants.

TERRY

It'll be a cold day in hell before I let a nasty cowgirl and her gimpy stable boy take it from me.

GINGER

Then you better wear your longin's. 'Cause the winnin' goal's bouncin' off your left ear.

Ginger jumps from the fence and heads toward her Harley.

Terry steps aside. They eye each other as she goes by.

Bradford climbs over the fence, stops in front of Terry.

BRADFORD

You just made a biiiiiig mistake.

Bradford catches up with Ginger at her Harley.

She's brushing the corral dirt off her T-shirt.

GINGER

I'll enjoy this more than I thought.

BRADFORD

You're a hard one to figure.

GINGER

Ain't so hard.

BRADFORD

Under all that dirt and leather there may be a real team player.



GINGER  
You think?

BRADFORD  
Who knows?

GINGER  
Get on, I'm starved.

BRADFORD  
Great, I know just the place.

GINGER  
You knew I'd hate him, didn't you.

BRADFORD  
Doesn't everybody?

Bradford waves to Terry as Ginger zooms them away.

The dog GROWLS.

Terry squeezes his shotgun with such hatred it FIRES into the dirt.

The dog YELPS. Terry looks down.

TERRY  
Oh, crap.

MONTAGE - WEALTHY COUNTRYSIDE - ON HARLEY - DAY

-- Ginger and Bradford RUMBLE past Billings Place way off the road, up on a majestic hillside.

-- Through the high-powered scope of a hunting rifle, Ginger and Bradford zoom by. BANG. DING!

MR. BILLINGS  
Damn, I missed again.  
(slow, crazy CHUCKLE)

-- Ginger and Bradford trade her leather for his team polo jacket. Bradford mimics her. Chews gum, puts on her shades, walks like her. Spits out gum, PING, into a trash can.

-- Ginger hits him. He fakes pain. She reaches out. And he twists her arm until she gives up.

-- Bradford drives by himself in circles around Ginger. Dumps the bike. He's unhurt but horrified. Ginger splits a gut.

-- Ginger rides behind Bradford. They turn down a path. With bags of food. She has a content grin on her face.

EXT. OUTDOOR POLO FIELD - PRESS BOX - DAY

Ginger and Bradford are alone at the top.

GINGER (O.S.)  
What's this gimpy stable stuff about?

BRADFORD (O.S.)  
It's nothing.

INTERCUT - OUTDOOR POLO FIELD/INT. PRESS BOX - DAY

Ginger and Bradford eat takeout, with sodas and watch a LADIES PRACTICE GAME down below. One rider is Wesley.

GINGER  
But Terry, he --

BRADFORD  
-- my leg. I wore a brace as a kid.

Ginger looks at him like she's sorry she asked.

BRADFORD  
I'm okay. It's more psychological  
than anything else at this point.  
An edge, to push me.  
(reacts to the game)  
Go, Wesley, go! Goal!

Wesley looks up to see them and nearly runs into a goal post.

GINGER  
Hey, Wesley's got a team?

BRADFORD  
It's the school instructional league.

GINGER  
Hope for her after all. So, how'd  
you start to play?

BRADFORD  
William, my oldest brother, put me  
on a pony when I was eight. And it  
was amazing. On that pony, I was  
just another kid. I was in the  
game. I was a real player.

GINGER  
Who knows, under all that spit and  
polish there might be a real person.

BRADFORD  
You think?

GINGER  
Verdict ain't in, counselor. So?

BRADFORD  
So, I kind of moved in. To work the ponies.  
(sees her look)  
Yes, even lived above the stables once I could make it up the stairs. ...I liked it. I'll play someday professionally because of it.

GINGER  
Stuck up here in snobby town. Trying to win yourself a stepping stone.

BRADFORD  
Win the Rothschild Team a cup. Just keep an eye on the Billings if you're gonna play.

GINGER  
If there's something I should know.

BRADFORD  
There's hatred between the families. Goes way beyond your grandfather to the old country. But Mr. Billings and your father fought all the time. In and out the arena.

GINGER  
Does this have anything to do with Uncle Eddie being in a jam with me takin' or sellin' what's mine.

BRADFORD  
Keep in mind that most of your money is in assets. Edward only controls the bank if he controls you.

GINGER  
Could Billings take over the bank?

BRADFORD  
Only with a board member vote and if you put your shares on the open market. But the team really belongs to the bank. So --

GINGER  
-- so if I did cash in or go public the Rothschild Team would --

BRADFORD  
-- never etch our names on that cup.

GINGER

But why let you buy Billings ponies if they hate Rothschild so much?

BRADFORD

Easy. So they know what my ponies are capable of.

GINGER

Shoot, Pa never mentioned a lick of this business stuff. Can't imagine him puttin' up with any of it. How'd uncle Eddie find you? That stinkin' Blue Book?

BRADFORD

(reveals dog tags)

Jim, Edward's driver and family pilot, recruited me. Flew jets with William. I came up here from Miami on a full scholarship.

GINGER

So you slew the boss's dragon-daughter and he knighted you captain?

BRADFORD

(waves to Wesley)

Other way around. Good luck with her.

Wesley knows they're talking about her and rides off.

GINGER

I don't expect she'll be in my face much.

(DRAINS her drink)

Say... you still takin' Wesley to that fancy shindig tonight?

BRADFORD

For appearances. In fact, we better get out by the stables. Jim's probably waiting.

GINGER

I can --

BRADFORD

-- that's okay. I need to pick up my tux on the way.

EXT. STABLES - DAY

Jim gets out of the limo and opens the door.

Ginger and Bradford exchange back their jackets.

Bradford sticks out his hand and Ginger takes it.

Ginger looks away first.

She mounts her Harley and fingers a bullet hole in her fender. Puzzled at first.

Until Ginger looks to the Billings Place way up on a hill overlooking the polo field. "Son-of-a-gun."

Just before Jim shuts the door on Bradford....

GINGER

Jim, in your opinion, would I be wise to hire Brad as my financial adviser? Since he needs a job because of me.

JIM

Yes, ma'am. I think Bradford G. Starling would make a fine adviser.

GINGER

How about it, Brad? I'd trust you to hold off Billings over Uncle Eddie any day.

BRADFORD

I'll look over the will if you'll come to the Tournament Ball tonight and meet the other players.

GINGER

Oh yeah, I'm sure I'd fit right in. The hick of the ball.

BRADFORD

Hey, you're a rich hick now. Might as well learn how to enjoy it.

GINGER

You'd two-step with me?

BRADFORD

If you wear a dress. And wax that mustache.

Ginger starts her bike. A slow, devilish smile.

INT. WESLEY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Ginger's holding a Glamour magazine, before an enormous closet. With rows of dresses, shoes and other girlish underthings.

She feels some of the dresses. Looks at hats. Thumbs through the magazine. Studies pictures of the models.

She picks up a black teddy and holds it to her. Looks at her reflection in a mirror.

Looks closely at her mustache.

She fingers her hair. Tries to see her butt.

Sadly, she shakes her head and leaves with the magazine.

EXT. POOL AREA - DAY

Shitters is alone in the pool, doing laps.

Ginger exits her camper with the magazine.

Wesley marches down from the manor, still in polo gear.

Ginger sits by the fire. Reaching for a cup hanging from a stick rack stuck in the dirt. Pours coffee. Waits.

WESLEY

How dare you summon me like I was part of the help.

GINGER

Sit down before I break your arm.

WESLEY

This better be worth my time.

GINGER

I'm attendin' your shindig.

WESLEY

You've got to be kidding?

GINGER

I've been invited.

WESLEY

By whom?

GINGER

Your mother for one.

WESLEY

This I have to see. You dancing with my mother. Since you're so close.

GINGER

I've asked Bradford to be my advisor.

WESLEY

I saw you two up there. Thick as thieves. You stay away from Bradford.

GINGER

Why? He needs a job. And said he would if I showed up tonight. By the way, you ain't half bad when you pay attention to the game.

WESLEY

Oh please, spare me. And I've got news for you, Ginger. You don't just show up at these affairs. You arrive.

GINGER

Yeah, well I plan to arrive when Jim drops me off.

WESLEY

Jim is driving me.

GINGER

Then I guess we arrive together.

WESLEY

I'm not arriving anywhere with you.

GINGER

Jim said there's plenty of room for me and my date.

Wesley SHRIEKS.

BEAR FOOT (O.S.)

Hey, what the heck's all the yellin', doggone it? It's barely noon.

WESLEY

What have I ever done to deserve you?

GINGER

What're your true feelin's toward Brad?

WESLEY

That is none of your business.

Ginger takes a moment, deciding.

GINGER

I'm not into bein' a banker tycoon like you. I'll need a husband to run my end. Just to keep you and Uncle Eddie out of my coat pockets.

Ginger SPITS her gum out towards the grass.

WESLEY

Good idea, why don't we just spit it out?

GINGER  
I'm askin' Bradford to marry me.

Wesley nearly spits herself. And gets a good laugh.

WESLEY  
That's an excellent choice. A bit unrealistic for you, but a choice.

GINGER  
He's not in love with you.

WESLEY  
He's certainly not in love with you.

GINGER  
Yeah, he is. He just don't know it.

WESLEY  
Jesus, you are so.... Bradford won't marry you. You're a hick.

GINGER  
True, and won't marry you. You're a bitch.

WESLEY  
Well, now that we have that cleared up. What do you want?

Ginger hands Wesley the Glamour magazine to an open page.

GINGER  
Take me and Bear with you today. Just make us look like that.

Wesley looks the magazine over. Really? Hands it back.

WESLEY  
I'm a bitch, not a witch. Remember?

GINGER  
Do your best.

WESLEY  
You mean... help you... so you can chase after my boyfriend?

GINGER  
You don't love him.

WESLEY  
Oh, and you do.

GINGER  
He surprised me. He's not what I thought he'd be like.



WESLEY  
Really? Not like what?

GINGER  
Not like you.

WESLEY  
Then you won't need my help.

Wesley turns to leave. Ginger thinks. Damn.

GINGER  
Figured a gal who played polo could handle a little competition?

WESLEY  
You're not competition.

GINGER  
If Bradford says no, I'll let you run my half... if I stick around.

WESLEY  
Done. But not until you apologize for ruining my perfect life.

GINGER  
Okay, I'm sorry your life is no longer perfect.

WESLEY  
And you hit me... several times.

GINGER  
You called me ugly.

WESLEY  
Okay, you're not ugly. Just here.

GINGER  
Alright. Then I'm also sorry I hit you. Even though you deserved it.

Bear Foot burst out of the camper in his boxers and hat. Stretches his beat-up bones.

WESLEY  
What about your boyfriend?

GINGER  
You can have him.

BEAR FOOT  
Shoot. Name's Bear Foot.

GINGER  
My cousin, Wesley.

BEAR FOOT

Howdy.

Bear Foot squats down by the fire and reaches for coffee.

WESLEY

No matter what. I want him gone.

This fire put out.

(points at Shitters)

And that out of my pool. We leave  
in twenty minutes.

GINGER

We'll be waitin'.

Ginger WHISTLES for Shitters to come out of the pool and  
turns to find Bear Foot eye-to-eye, gulping coffee.

GINGER

Get cleaned up.

BEAR FOOT

Make me.

Ginger reaches for more coffee as Shitters WALKS up DRIPPING.

BEAR FOOT

Will we like this girlish game?

GINGER

I'm gunnin' for a husband after all.

BEAR FOOT

It ain't like a snake hunt, ya know.

Shitters WHINNIES and nudges Ginger.

GINGER

No one asked you. Now get your  
boots on. Let's go.

BEAR FOOT

What's our take on this deal?

GINGER

Just good payin' jobs helpin' the  
Rothschilds kick uppity butt.

BEAR FOOT

Shoot. Now you're talkin'.

Shitters STOMPS the ground.

INT. EDWARD'S STUDY - DAY

Ginger and Edward sit across the desk from each other.

EDWARD

Let's get this straight. If Bradford says no to marrying you, you'll let Wesley run your half. But not me.

Ginger nods her head yes.

EDWARD

And if Bradford says yes to marrying you, he'll oversee half of my bank as your financial adviser.

GINGER

As long as he has time to play polo. I've come to realize the position the family's in if I either retain control or sell. And the only way I'd want involvement in our bank is if I had his help. I don't trust you. Seein' what you've done with your half.

EDWARD

What about the bet with my brother?

GINGER

A bet's a bet. I don't make the shot, I'll take your offer and forget the Rothschilds. But regardless, you've got to promise to buy Brad fresh ponies. He can't hit the ball if he can't get to it. And those Billings hand me downs are lowering his professional rating.

EDWARD

So, you two have discussed this?

GINGER

No, just come to me. I'm hopin' if he sees me all gussied up, he'll think of me different. You still in?

EDWARD

Only if you stop spitting in ashtrays. Beating Wesley. Swimming naked in the pool... and for heaven's sake... stop bribing the gardener. Or I fire him.

GINGER

Fair.

EDWARD

And my name is Edward. Not Eddie.

GINGER

I can handle that.

EDWARD  
Have you discussed this with Judith?

GINGER  
I don't think she'd like it much.

EDWARD  
That's rather an understatement.

EXT. ROTHSCHILD MANOR - DAY

Wesley, Ginger, and Bear Foot get into the limo.

Jim shuts the back door, a concerned expression on his face.

INT. CITY HALL RECORDS - DAY

Bradford pours over public records. He's got stacks of books and files in front of him.

He's on to something as he thumbs quickly through a book while jotting notes.

INT. STUDY - THROUGH WINDOWS - DAY

The limo returns and moves across the windows. And stops.

Edward leaves his desk and does a victory jig to the window. He can't see Ginger jump out of the opening trunk.

But watches gleefully as Bear and Jim get out of the limo. What a day they've had.

Wesley's get's out, her day couldn't have gone better as she looks toward her father and gives him a wicked little smile.

MANFRED (O.S.)  
Well, how did --

GINGER (O.S.)  
-- Shove it.

The front door SLAMS.

EXT. ROTHSCHILD MANOR - DAY

Jim, Wesley and Bear Foot approach.

Manfred reopens the front door. He's holding an orange extension cord lasso.

MANFRED  
Not very well, I see.

JIM

What a nightmare. Bear had to lasso her with that. Just to get her in the trunk. Expect a call from the hairdresser's attorney.

BEAR FOOT

She'll get over it.

WESLEY

Ha. She won't even show.

BEAR FOOT

Trust me. I saw a bull fracture her leg twice. She'll cowboy up.

WESLEY (O.S.)

(echoing inside the foyer)

She'll weep as the family's power returns to me.

JUDITH (O.S.)

A moment with you, Your Highness.

INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

Wesley triumphantly reigns into the room.

WESLEY

Stop speaking down to me in front of servants. How will they respect me?

JUDITH

Try being nice to them.

WESLEY

Be serious.

JUDITH

The agreement between you and Ginger is off. Do you understand? You are my daughter. And I love you very much, Wesley. But you're a spoiled little brat who has a lot to learn before you gain my respect. Is that serious enough for you?

WESLEY

Isn't taking all my money bad enough? Now she wants my boyfriend. Well, I've had enough. I want her to leave. If you and Father can't stop her from ruining us. I'll do it my way.

INT. STUDY - DAY

Echoing female FOOTSTEPS.

Edward prepares himself for the worse.

Judith storms in and towers over Edward at his desk.

EDWARD

Now Judith --

JUDITH

-- and you. How dare you take full advantage of this silly situation?

EDWARD

Theodore made the bet, not me. I was minding --

JUDITH

-- What bet?

EDWARD

Oh, this isn't about the polo bet? Then, how can I help you, dear?

JUDITH

We'll get back to that. This is about Bradford. Do you realize how uncomfortable this will be if Ginger goes through with this tonight?

EDWARD

Uncomfortable? Please, Judith, I'm fighting for our way of life here. If Bradford turns her down, she'll let Wesley run Theodore's half. Don't you see? This could save us.

JUDITH

I don't care. It's done with. And Ginger is your brother's daughter. My niece. So I don't care what this polo bet is, it's off, too. Do you hear me?

EDWARD

She is a violent stranger dumped on us by a runaway clown. And if she doesn't make the shot that wins Rothschild this year's cup, you and I get everything back. Don't you see? Theodore wants us to have it. He's just making a game of it all. Either way, she gets millions.

JUDITH

Listen to yourself. And you call yourself a father? The bet's not about Teddy's money. It's about you accepting his daughter into our family. If you're not man enough to stop this, Edward, I'm sure Ginger is.

(storms out)

EDWARD

Then she's a better man than me.

EXT. POOL AREA - DAY

Bear Foot's got a fishing pole with a line into the water, sinker bobbing. Shitters munches flowers near by.

Judith stops beside Bear Foot watching him pretend to fish.

BEAR FOOT

Helps us think.

JUDITH

How is she?

BEAR FOOT

Ah... she's all mixed up.

JUDITH

Ginger, it's Judith. Is there --

GINGER (O.S.)

-- Nah, I'm just a freak of nature.

BEAR FOOT

You don't look that bad.

GINGER (O.S.)

I'm darn right ugly.

Judith picks up the Glamour magazine.

JUDITH

Please come out. Let me look.

GINGER (O.S.)

Go enjoy your shindig. I got better things to do.

BEAR FOOT

You better have a look at this.

Bear Foot hands Judith the letter from Theodore.

JUDITH

Ginger, this agreement with Wesley is utter nonsense. And this silly bet is between spoiled children. Please call them both off.

GINGER (O.S.)

Gave my word, and it's what Pa wants.

JUDITH

You can't just ask Bradford to marry you. He's dating your cousin. It's not right. Look at the position it puts him in.

GINGER (O.S.)

Don't worry. He won't look at me twice like this. So tell Wesley Bradford's all hers.

BEAR FOOT

Woman's tryin' to help you, Ginger. She'll come around. Give us a holler when you're ready to kick it in gear.

Judith hands Bear Foot the magazine, turns and leaves.

BEAR FOOT

Open the door, Ginger. I need to rinse my shorts.

EXT. FRONT OF ROTHSCHILD MANOR - DUSK

Jim has the limo door open for Judith, Wesley, and Edward.

Bear Foot, with a ponytail, rushes out of the house. He's looking sharp in the tux. He puts a CASSETTE into his coat pocket.

Manfred is at the door.

BEAR FOOT

She's as pigheaded as a mule.

Bear Foot gets into the back of the limo.

JUDITH

Make sure Ginger has everything she needs, Manfred.

Jim SHUTS the door and moves over to get in front, exchanging a knowing look with Manfred.



EXT. BILLINGS PLACE - NIGHT

Bigger and more impressive than Rothschild's Manor. Limos PULL UP to let well heeled GUESTS arrive. In the middle of all this... Bradford ARRIVES in a cab.

INT. BALLROOM MAIN FOYER - NIGHT

Spectacular. Guests still arrive.

Bradford's teammates, Tim, Doug, and the Slotter Players, Payson, Jason, and Ryan mill about with DATES from the Ladies Polo Team. Everyone in expensive formal attire.

Waiters usher guests in from the foyer. The ballroom is full of tables representing different banking empires.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

The guests scatter, searching for place cards. An orchestra PLAYS. Waiters mingle with silver trays full of champagne.

Each TEAM has a section of six tables, with a BANK'S name. The center is the Billings family and players' tables. With the crystal LUCKY PONY as the sparkling centerpiece.

DAVID, Australian and CARLOS, Argentinean, twenty-two, both arrogant, sit at the Billings table with gorgeous DATES.

Bradford enters weaving through the guests. People SLAP him on the back and say things that he doesn't want to hear.

INT. ROTHSCHILD FAMILY TABLE - NIGHT

Wesley is already seated. By the time Bradford arrives he's fuming. His teammates Doug and Tim are waiting for him.

DOUG  
So, is it true? Getting married?

BRADFORD  
Cut it out, Doug. Ginger's one of us.

TIM  
Come on, everyone's talking about you two love birds. Sorry, Wesley. But I'm still available if --

BRADFORD  
-- Tim, Doug, I swear one more word out of you guys. We're all teammates. And friends. Nothing else.

Wesley smirks. Bradford looks around him.

INT. OTHER BANKER TEAM TABLES - NIGHT

Guest and players talk amongst themselves. Odd glances Bradford's way. They're getting a kick out of all this.

INT. ROTHSCHILD FAMILY TABLE - NIGHT

Bradford pulls Wesley out of her chair. David and Carlos step close, keeping Tim and Doug from getting up. Bradford pushes through them, pulling Wesley.

BRADFORD

Excuse us, Carlos. Move it, David.

WESLEY

Bradford.

INT. DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Bradford's got Wesley cornered.

BRADFORD

Why? Just tell me why?

WESLEY

Publicly embarrass her, Bradford.  
Just make her go away. Or I will.

Wesley pulls away, smiling at everyone. Leaving Bradford standing on the dance floor.

INT. ROTHSCHILD TEAM TABLE - NIGHT

Tim and Doug are with their dates. Wesley joins them.

INT. BALLROOM SIDE FOYER - NIGHT

Bradford makes his way over to Jim... steaming.

JIM

Relax, she's not coming.

BRADFORD

She isn't? Oh. Just as well.

INT. ROTHSCHILD FAMILY TABLE - NIGHT

Bear Foot glides up next to Wesley, keeping her from pulling out her chair to sit.

He speaks loudly so the guest at the nearby tables can hear.

BEAR FOOT  
Howdy, little lady. I believe  
you're sitting at my table.

WESLEY  
I asked you not to acknowledge me.

BEAR FOOT  
Why, yes, I would love a two-step.

Everyone turns to look.

WESLEY  
Not if you were the last Indian on  
earth.  
(points)  
Now, go away.

Bear Foot takes her outstretched hand.

BEAR FOOT  
I lead.

WESLEY  
How dare you?

Bear Foot WHISPERS something in her ear. Wesley tries to  
smack him. But Bear Foot grabs her other hand. Now that he  
has both, he two-steps her to the dance floor.

Everyone is now watching.

WESLEY  
Take me back to the table immediately.

BEAR FOOT  
Not until we get somethin' straight  
between us. You hearin' me?

WESLEY  
In your dreams.

Bear Foot pulls Wesley close. She leans away. But it only  
makes it look fancy.

WESLEY  
Let go... I... people are staring.

BEAR FOOT  
Do you like steppin' with me?

He spins her around. Pulls her close again.

WESLEY  
I'd rather have my head shaved.

BEAR FOOT

Good. Interfere with my friend  
again, we'll step the moon away.

Bear spins Wesley. She hurries to a gaggle of young ladies.  
Wesley's a bit flustered, almost dizzy. She looks at Bear.  
The bastard's not even looking back.

EXT. POOL AREA - NIGHT

Manfred, Alice, Sarah and Chang stop outside the camper door.

MANFRED

Ms... Ginger. We'd like to....

Ginger THROWS out her saddlebags.

MANFRED

... help prepare you for the ball.

Ginger comes to the door. Hat pulled down. Face scrubbed.

GINGER

Ain't necessary.

ALICE

Please?

Ginger looks them over. She reacts to their earnest faces.

GINGER

Shoot. I'll try. But I gotta warn  
ya. I'm a lost cause.

EXT. BILLING'S MANOR PARKING LOT - LIMO - NIGHT

Jim is startled as Ginger's Harley silently glides to a stop.

GINGER (O.S.)

Come to say adios, muchachos.

JIM

Now hold on... I'll get him out here.

INT. ROTHSCHILD FAMILY TABLE - NIGHT

Bradford sits. Trying to think. Looks up.

INT. SIDE FOYER - NIGHT

Jim motions for Bradford to come outside.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

Bradford moves casually from the Rothschild table.

BEAR FOOT

turns from the Orchestra Leader, noticing Bradford exiting. He puts money and the cassette in his hand. He looks over to find that...

WESLEY

observes Bradford and makes a move to go after him.

Bear Foot steps in her way. He grins. She tries to sidestep around and he propels her onto the dance floor.

JUDITH AND EDWARD

discover Bradford leaving and get up and head towards the main foyer.

TERRY AND MR. BILLINGS

figure something's up. Terry glances at his father. Mr. Billings nods yes. Terry follows Judith and Edward.

EXT. CORNER OF BILLING'S PLACE - NIGHT

Ginger leans on her Harley. Her helmet's on. New boots. And a zippered black leather jumpsuit.

Bradford exits the side ballroom door. They stand for a moment, not sure what to say.

GINGER

Wanted to make sure you heard I cut a deal with Edward to buy you new ponies. Along with, you know....

BRADFORD

I heard. Everybody heard. Why'd you go and do that? I mean, you didn't really expect me to --

GINGER

-- Nah... it's okay, it was dumb. I just figured you needed a job --

BRADFORD

-- And you needed someone to run your end of the Rothschild fortune.

GINGER

It just seemed like the right fit.

(MORE)

GINGER (cont'd)

But shoot, I don't know what Pa was thinkin' sendin' me up here. I need to get out of everyone's way.

BRADFORD

Wait, you can't leave over this.

GINGER

It ain't that. I long for home. The simple people I grew up with.

BRADFORD

Ginger.

GINGER

See ya. I hope you get your cup, city boy.

Ginger gives him a wrapped box. Bradford reluctantly takes it.

BRADFORD

Thanks, country girl. See ya.

Ginger, hiding her emotions, ROARS off on the Harley.

Bradford sadly watches her and his chances of winning disappear. He opens the box to find a new phone.

EXT. BALLROOM ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Judith, Edward, Jim, and Terry are standing in the doorway.

JIM

There rides our Lucky Pony.

JUDITH

Do something, Edward?

EDWARD

What? She's right, betting it all on one shot. So like Teddy to throw it all away on a foolish bet... again.

Edward realizes what he's done. He hurries to leave.

JUDITH

Edward? Did you and Teddy have a bet on who I'd choose to marry?

EDWARD

Of course not... alright. We did. I didn't expect him to leave forever. I wasn't even sure I'd win.

JUDITH

Teddy didn't leave because I broke his heart by marrying you?

EDWARD

I'm sorry, Judith. It's complicated. He only used the bet to get away. He left because he wanted to be a clown. And he felt Billings would kill him if he stayed. Ask him.

Judith turns to Mr. Billings. Billings is caught listening.

BILLINGS

Well, I might have mentioned it. A few times. Okay, yes, I would've shot him in the back if I had to. You all saw what he did to me. I'd shoot him now if he showed up today.

EDWARD

You see?

Judith slaps Edward. Then hugs him.

JUDITH

You selfish bastards. All this time, I thought it was my fault.

EDWARD

I know. I know.

TERRY (O.S.)

Hey, you break it. You pay for it.

The others turn around as Terry runs down the drive.

Bradford races away on Terry's mountain bike.

INTERCUT - GINGER ON HARLEY/BRADFORD ON TEN SPEED

Ginger makes a couple of turns. Frustrated, moving fast.

While Bradford speeds through the night. Taking a shortcut through the woods. Determined to catch her. He peddles with all his might. Jumping logs. Cutting through yards. Leaping drainage ditches.

Nearly wiping out. Only to CRASH into a tree. Picking himself up. The bike is useless. He runs as fast as he can, until... finally, something catches Ginger's headlight.

She wipes the tears from her eyes to discover...

... Bradford gasping for air in the road. Nearly having a heart attack from peddling and running so hard.

Ginger SKIDS her Harley to a stop. Inches from hitting him.

BRADFORD  
(barely able to speak)  
You storm in here... screw up my  
life. And just when I start to  
like it... you run away.

GINGER  
You're the lawyer... sue me.

BRADFORD  
You are not your father.

GINGER  
I already had a home. I don't need  
any of this.

BRADFORD  
Well, what if we need you?

GINGER  
Nobody needs me around here. I'm  
just a pack of trouble.

BRADFORD  
-- And a pain in the neck. But we  
still want you to stay. Judith  
wants you to stay. So do I.

GINGER  
Why?

BRADFORD  
Because we like you.

GINGER  
Not enough to marry me.

Bradford reaches to her. She hangs her head. Ashamed. He  
lifts her chin looking her in the face. He wipes a tear.

BRADFORD  
Hey... you don't have to always be  
so tough around me.

GINGER  
I don't want to face all this by  
myself. Pa was my backbone. Always  
there to pick me up.

BRADFORD  
And he always will as long as he's  
in your heart. And you've got a  
family. You've got teammates, too.  
Ginger... Ginger, can we start off  
by being good friends and teammates?  
(MORE)



BRADFORD (cont'd)

Please? I'll keep an eye on you.  
 You can lean on me. I'm here. And  
 forget Eddie and Wesley if they  
 can't accept you. Give them back  
 the bank if you don't win the bet.  
 But girl, let's go find fresh ponies  
 and kick Terry's punk butt. Let's  
 teach those uppity Billings never to  
 mess with the Rothschild Team again.

They look at each other for a moment until Ginger smiles.  
 Making Bradford smile back.

She hits him in the arm. Bradford hits her back. Ginger  
 hits him back. Bradford hits her back harder.

GINGER

Okay, okay... I'm sorry... friends  
 and teammates.

They high five each other. Ginger starts up the Harley.  
 Bradford slides on the bike. They ZOOM off.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

The party continues, MUSIC, dancing and drinking.

Gradually, heads turn towards the door. Because the ROAR of  
 Ginger's motorcycle approaches.

Bear Foot pauses mid-drink and turns from the bar to look.  
 A mischievous smile growing on his face.

Jim, off in a corner table filled with other drivers, stops  
 chewing to look up with a relieved and hopeful smile.

A worried Edward and delighted Judith cease dancing to look.

Wesley, in near panic, steps out from among a gaggle of  
 girls. They all turn to look.

EXT. BALLROOM ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Ginger REVS her bike. Bradford gives her a look.

GINGER

Clears the manifold.

Bradford tries to walk Ginger into the party. She holds back.

BRADFORD

It's okay.

GINGER

Gotta make adjustments. Turn around.

Ginger removes her helmet. Then kicks off the boots and peels away the heavy socks.

Bradford turns towards the glass. He sees Ginger in its reflection. Clearly. He straightens and brushes his tux.

BRADFORD

I've taken books out of the library about your family. But there's a lot of information missing.

Ginger unzips and slips out of the leather suit to reveal expensive nylons, garters, and panties.

GINGER

Anything interesting?

Bradford tries not to watch her bloom, but can't stop.

BRADFORD

Yes. More and more....

GINGER

Aren't you gonna tell me?

BRADFORD

... to this feud. Because, ah, apparently... um... the Billings have attempted to buy out Rothschild Banking for hundreds of years.

GINGER

But why? Don't they have enough?

BRADFORD

Seems there was a duel between the families back in the old country. Over financial holdings.

GINGER

Who died?

BRADFORD

What I found didn't clearly say. But I think it was Billings' great-great-great grandfather.

Ginger pulls a black sparkling party dress out of her saddlebag. Puts it on. It covers all her tattoos.

She slips on a pair of black pumps from the saddlebags, nearly falling over and has to grab her bike to stay upright.

GINGER

Crud. Sorry. So we haven't won at polo but we've won at pistols. I can relate to that.

She shakes out her NEW HAIR CUT. Totally wild but all cool. Oblivious to what she's doing to Bradford.

BRADFORD

And a Billings has tried to ruin a Rothschild ever since. A tradition.

She puts on lipstick in the bike's mirror. Adds mascara.

BRADFORD

You were done protecting your pa. So he sent you home to protect your family. Just added a bet for fun.

Ginger makes sure the dress hangs right.

GINGER

So, you think that one of them would be crazy enough to take a potshot at me?

BRADFORD

I'm sure of it. The Billings are insane with hatred. And Wesley's not man enough to stop it.

Checking to see her breasts are in. Ginger's finished.

GINGER

Smart-alecky. I waxed my mustache. Rothschild and Billings. Enemies for life. Nothing like an old-fashion feud to stimulate the blood.

Ginger remembers one last thing. Revealing diamond necklace and earrings. Puts them on.

GINGER

Okay, look. But if you laugh....

Bradford turns around. He can't believe his eyes. His jaw drops. Ginger looks at him. Smiles.

GINGER

What? I was given some pointers.

BRADFORD

Wow. Did you... see a mean chick? A wildflower with red matted biker hair... Uses "ain't" a lot? Hits people? Chews gum? Tattoos?

Ginger takes a deep breath. Musters up as much gumption as she can. Spits her gum out... losing the Texas accent.

GINGER

She just left.

Ginger heads for the door. Sees his reflection in the glass.

GINGER  
You watched me, didn't you?

She walks past him and into the building.

BRADFORD  
Well, a little. Hey, come back here.  
Who are you? You've been playing me  
all this time, haven't you.

She turns at the door and gives him a knowing smile over her shoulder.

GINGER  
Don't let the party dress fool you,  
counselor. I can still kick your  
butt. Now, come on. You owe me a  
two-step, slick.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

A table of limo drivers. Jim looks up, DROPPING his fork.

BAR AREA

Bear Foot CHOKES on his drink. Nods towards the Orchestra Leader. Looks back at Ginger and smiles.

DANCE FLOOR

Wesley and her friends turn to gawk.

WESLEY  
That's MY dress.

ROTHSCHILD TEAM TABLE

Tim, Doug, Payson, Jason, and Ryan sit drinking. The look on their face says it all.

DANCE FLOOR

Mr. Billings walks up to Judith and Edward.

MR. BILLINGS  
Just hope she doesn't clown around  
and gives us competition this year.

Edward attempts to say something nasty. Judith stops him.

EDWARD  
It's just a game.

MR. BILLINGS

Keep muttering that as I take over  
your bank, put an end to your team,  
and help my son remodel your manor.

Mr. Billings walks off... leaving Edward seething.

The Orchestra Leader nods towards Bear Foot at the bar and  
turns on the cassette deck to play Ginger's COUNTRY SONG.

Bradford glides Ginger among the dancers who are leaving the  
dance floor. They begin a two-step all by themselves and  
glide up to Terry and his teammates, David and Carlos, who  
have stopped with their dates to watch.

GINGER

We won't be riding your tired  
ponies, Terry. So get a good look  
at our butts, boys. So that you'll  
recognize them come game time.

TERRY

You won't be putting Kelly on our  
cup anytime soon.

BRADFORD

Have you met Miss Rothschild, gents?  
It's Ginger K. Rothschild. Make sure  
you get it right from now on.

Terry's date pulls him away. Carlos follows. David stares  
Bradford down before his date pulls him away.

They continue to two-step until Bradford pauses Ginger in  
front of Mr. Billings who is eyeing her with contempt.

GINGER

You crazy old fart, you potshot at  
me again, I'll break your big nose  
worse than my father ever did.

MR. BILLINGS

I have no idea what you're talking  
about.

GINGER

You will when we take that cup.

Bradford dances Ginger away to the middle of the dance floor.  
Ginger looks up into Bradford's eyes.

BRADFORD

That you singing?

GINGER

Just me, Bear, Pa, and some of the  
camp pickers.

Tim and Doug grab up their dates and start two-stepping.

Ginger and Bradford give them a big smile.

Judith and Edward look at each other, and Edward extends his hand. They join in as the Rothschild team unites in dance.

The Orchestra Leader catches on and the orchestra joins in.

BAR AREA

Bear Foot downs his drink. Wesley rushes up beside him. Wesley downs Bear's drink. Bear Foot glances over....

BEAR FOOT  
You want to shake a leg?

WESLEY  
Oh, shut up.

Bear Foot turns back to his drink as the bartender fills it. Wesley looks him over as frustration builds up in her.

WESLEY  
Don't look so smug.

BEAR FOOT  
Wouldn't even know how to spell it.

WESLEY  
Then just get me out of here.

BEAR FOOT  
What's that?

WESLEY  
Get me out of here.

BEAR FOOT  
Sorry, must have smug in my ears.

WESLEY  
You can.... All right. Will you please take me out of here? Before I make a complete ass of myself.

Bear Foot turns to Wesley. He looks her over closely.

BEAR FOOT  
Too late.

Bear Foot leans over the bar. Grabs a bottle of Jack. Takes Wesley's hand and leads her out the back.

EXT. ROTHSCHILD MANOR - POOL AREA - NIGHT

Bear Foot and Wesley stumble intoxicated down to the campsite.

Bear Foot already has his shoes off. He begins to take off his shirt.

Wesley turns to him with the half filled bourbon bottle.

WESLEY  
What on earth are you doing?

BEAR FOOT  
Takin' a swim.

WESLEY  
Oh, for a minute there... oh, never mind.

Wesley sits in a drunken funk.

Bear Foot undoes his trousers.

She picks up a poker and pokes at the cold campfire.

WESLEY  
I need coffee.

Bear Foot drops his pants. Then his shorts

BEAR FOOT  
Go ahead, kick up a fire. It'll feel good when we get out.

Bear is now in the buff. He's got a few scars.

WESLEY  
Ladies don't kick up fires.

BEAR FOOT  
That I believe.

Bear Foot crosses in front of Wesley as she looks up.

WESLEY  
And what do you mean....  
(sees Bear Foot)  
Oh, my God!

Bear Foot plunges into the water. Wesley looks away. Bear Foot comes back up to the surface.

BEAR FOOT  
Oh man, this feels good.

WESLEY  
How dare you take off your clothes  
in front of me.

BEAR FOOT  
Didn't ask you to look.

WESLEY  
This is ridiculous.

Wesley storms away. Bear Foot WHISTLES.

Shitters steps out of the darkness and into Wesley's way.  
Wesley tries to go around him. But Shitters won't let her.  
He herds her back like cutting cattle.

WESLEY  
Get this beast away from me.

BEAR FOOT  
Sit back down. We won't hurt you.

Wesley tries to move around Shitters again, but can't. So  
she gives up. Moves back to the campsite and plops down.

WESLEY  
You're both on a very short list  
of serious trouble, misters.

Shitters attempts to kiss Wesley. Big grassy horse lips.

WESLEY  
You too, you dumb horse.

BEAR FOOT  
Hey, Shitters, leave her alone.  
Come take a swim.

Shitters WHINNIES and trots to the pool and looks at Bear  
Foot. Shitters WHINNIES again.

BEAR FOOT  
Nah, lady's too stuffy to join us,  
Shitters. What would J-birds say?

Shitters reacts like he agrees, nodding his head.

WESLEY  
I suppose I'm to believe you can  
speak with Shit... this animal.

BEAR FOOT  
You can speak to any animal if you  
take the time to listen. Even  
bobcats like you. Right, Shitters?

Shitters WHINNIES again.



WESLEY  
Don't lie. Where's the charcoal?

BEAR FOOT  
Firewood, under the camper.

Wesley gets up and looks under the camper. Bending to retrieve firewood.

Shitters WHINNIES again. Stomps the ground.

BEAR FOOT  
Got a point there, boy.

Wesley stands up with the wood. Reacting to them checking out her bottom.

WESLEY  
Don't be crude.

BEAR FOOT  
It's him, not me. Jump in, Shitters.  
Before you get us into hot water.

Wesley drops the wood into the fire pit.

Shitters moves over, down the steps, and into the pool.

WESLEY  
Charming. What's next?

BEAR FOOT  
Stack of kindlin' right there.  
Stick a couple handfuls up under.  
And paper.

Wesley does. She picks up nearby stick matches and LIGHTS the paper. The FIRE begins to burn. Wesley is delighted.

INT. BRADFORD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The door OPENS and Bradford enters. Turns on a switch and a GAS FIREPLACE jumps to life.

Ginger looks around. She's completely changed now that she's not playing the hick.

BRADFORD  
It's not much.

GINGER  
You're speaking to a gal who calls  
a camper home.

BRADFORD  
Yeah, but you got the whole outdoors.

GINGER  
You got me there.

BRADFORD  
Would you care for a glass of wine?

GINGER  
A pinch. Are these the books?

Ginger moves to the sofa and book covered coffee table.

BRADFORD  
Yes. Make yourself at home. Your whole family's history should be in those but it's not. There's just a lot of secrets and half truths.

She looks up at the leg braces on the wall before she sits and picks up a book from the coffee table.

GINGER  
Mind if I take these shoes off?

Bradford heads for the small kitchen. He's still visible through the breakfast bar. He OPENS a bottle of red wine.

BRADFORD  
Please... and there's indoor plumbin' down the hall. On the left. Take your grandfather. A man with endless resources wielding that much power, and yet your pa was able to stay hidden all this time as a public figure.

Bradford pours two glasses.

GINGER  
Wow, since seventeen fifty. And the Billings haven't killed one of us yet. Talk about your potshots. So, Pa had help?

He brings the wine out to Ginger, stops to take her in. She looks off to the trophies. He sits down beside her, hands her a glass.

BRADFORD  
Would you like me to rub them?

Ginger gives him a puzzled look.

BRADFORD  
Your feet. I'm just wondering. Did he find him, and let your pa live the life he wanted to lead? Or was he just protecting him?

GINGER  
From the Billings?

BRADFORD  
Yes. It would explain why he left  
him half of everything. Thinking  
he'd come home someday.

Bradford takes one of her feet and begins to slowly rub it.

GINGER  
Makes sense. Oh boy, good hands.

Ginger relaxes back on the couch. Bradford continues to rub.

GINGER  
Careful. Pa put me to sleep this way.

EXT. ROTHSCHILD MANOR - POOL AREA - NIGHT

Wesley pokes the fire with the poker.

WESLEY  
So, where are you from?

She reacts to her dirty hands. Not wanting to get her  
beautiful dress soiled. She wipes them on Bear's shirt.

BEAR FOOT  
Nowhere in particular. Why?

WESLEY  
No why. It's what we civilized  
folk call small talk.

BEAR FOOT  
Oklahoma. You comin' in?

WESLEY  
Don't be silly.

BEAR FOOT  
I forgot. You're much too civilized  
to be seen skinny-dippin' with an  
Oklahoma tumbleweed and a horse.

WESLEY  
The horse I could live down.

This stops Bear. Until he bursts out in LAUGHTER.

Wesley slowly joins him. GIGGLING with drunken LAUGHTER at  
her own mean joke. She swigs from the bottle.

Meanwhile, Bear quietly swims to the edge of the pool.  
Watching Wesley LAUGH and drink in the firelight.

She looks vulnerable for the first time. So beautiful. She stops. Slowly turning to him. Startled to see him there. As though seeing him for the very first time.

His arms folded out of the pool. His jaw resting on his forearm. Long dark hair slicked back. His dark soulful eyes twinkling at her. More handsome than he ever seemed before.

BEAR FOOT

Come in.

WESLEY

I'm not taking off this dress.

BEAR FOOT

Then don't.

A wicked smile crosses Wesley's face. She stands up.

Moves to the pool and jumps in. Pumps and all. SCREAMING like a little girl. And SPLASHES up. LAUGHING.

Bear swims near her. Smiling.

Suddenly, Wesley stops LAUGHING, realizing the dress is pulling her down.

WESLEY

Better help me out of this before....

She goes under. Bear reaches down and pulls her back up by her hair. Shitters floats nearby.

BEAR FOOT

Hold on to him.

Wesley reaches out for Shitters' mane as she treads water. Bear Foot puts his arms around her. Unzipping her dress.

It slips off to the bottom of the pool. So do her shoes. Wesley floats again. In her teddy and panties.

Just there. Together. Face to face, treading water. Studying each other. Eye to eye until Wesley smiles.

WESLEY

Thank you, Bear.

BEAR FOOT

Feel lighter?

WESLEY

Yes... relieved actually.

BEAR FOOT

Good. You owe us your life.

WESLEY  
Don't make me laugh.

BEAR FOOT  
Why? I like it when you do.

WESLEY  
Me, too.

They kiss suddenly. Very deep and real. Shitters WHINNIES.

INT. BRADFORD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ginger opens her eyes and looks at Bradford. Smiles.

BRADFORD  
Something you desire?

GINGER  
I'm dying for a stick of gum.

BRADFORD  
Go for it.

GINGER  
Thank you. You know, you're not  
what I expected to find up here.

BRADFORD  
You're definitely not what I  
expected. Whoever you are.

GINGER  
Okay, a tornado took the house.  
Pa never intended for me to live  
in his trailer and ride his Hog all  
my life. We never found Ma, so we  
just never got back to rebuilding.  
And as we know he gambled. Came  
home from school unexpectedly once.  
I was ten. He'd been beaten.  
Broken jaw and arm. Made up my  
mind. Burnt all my dresses. It  
made Pa cry. But it never happened  
again. Safer walking like one of  
the boys in our world.

BRADFORD  
Yeah, okay tough guy, I guess we  
all adapt. Look at me. A stable  
boy stuck up here in snobby town.

Ginger closes her eyes again as Bradford continues to rub. He  
watches her until he realizes that she has fallen to sleep.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Edward stands at the window listening to Wesley and Bear Foot's LAUGHTER, Shitters' WHINNYING... and COUNTRY MUSIC.

EDWARD  
Has our whole world gone topsy-turvy?

JUDITH  
Come to bed.

EDWARD  
Now, our daughter is skinny-dipping  
with that horse and Indian.

JUDITH  
When was the last time you heard  
Wesley laughing?

EDWARD  
I've heard her... there was...  
please, she's my little girl.

JUDITH  
Look again. She's a miserable,  
snotty, unbearable human being.

EDWARD  
Our daughter is about to spend the  
night in a rodeo camper.

JUDITH  
Good for her. Maybe falling off her  
high-horse is exactly what that brat  
needs. It sure hasn't hurt Ginger.

EDWARD  
Yesterday I would've shot the bastard.

JUDITH  
It's the beginning of a new tomorrow.

Judith opens the comforter for him and Edward lies down.

EDWARD  
We could still lose everything.

JUDITH  
We could gain a niece who's the  
highest rated player this league  
has ever seen.

EDWARD  
(realizing)  
It'd be worth everything. We could  
take that cup. All this uproar. It's  
like Teddy's come home after all.

JUDITH

Finally.

EDWARD

I love you. You know that?

JUDITH

Oh, really. Then prove it.

Ponies SNORT and PAW the ground as they kiss.

EXT. POLO ARENA - LAST CHUKKER OF CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH - DAY

The Polo Ponies SNORTING and PAWING the ground.

With two minutes to play, Billings team is up by one, Tim, on the Rothschild Team, is CALLED for a retaliating elbow on Carlos, on the Billings Team, by the UMPIRE.

A POLO ANNOUNCER, fifties, calls the game.

Ginger on a tired pony looks up into the crowd. She makes a hand signal to the VIP Section.

EXT. VIP SECTION - DAY

The FANS are on their feet, APPLAUDING and CHEERING. The One Lucky Pony Trophy sitting prominently amongst them.

Bear Foot signals back as he gets up and leaves. Wesley, Jim, Manfred, and Alice stand up to let him by.

Billings and Edward eye each other politely in their seats. Mr. Slotter is there with the other Board Members and Bankers.

MR. BILLINGS

I'd bet Carlos makes this, Edward.  
But I forgot you now get your money  
from your niece.

JUDITH

We'd tell you to put your money where  
your mouth is, Matthew. But everyone  
here knows that the Billings have  
been two-faced for centuries.

Judith gives Edward a satisfied smile, as the surrounding Board Members and Bankers fight to hold back their SNICKERS under the overbearing stare of Mr. Billings.

EXT. POLO ARENA - DAY

Tim has his ribs looked at by the VETERAN GROOM. Ginger and Bradford are tired and dirty. Doug hangs on the wall.

TIM  
Should've taken Carlos' head -- ouch!  
There are cracked ribs under there.

Ginger gets off her pony.

GINGER  
Maybe let Doug finish play, Tim.

TIM  
Like hell. I'm not letting go of  
that damn cup without a fight.

Grooms make room for Bear Foot to bring out Shitters. Ginger gets on.

GINGER  
You got two good minutes left in  
them legs for Pa, boy?

Shitters stomps his huff and nods his head.

GINGER  
One Lucky Pony.

Ginger puts her mallet out. Bradford puts his mallet on hers and Doug puts his mallet on Bradford's. Tim reaches over and barely manages to get his on top.

ROTHSCHILD TEAM  
One Lucky Pony.

POLO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Ginger Kelly Rothschild on... does  
that say Shitters? By golly, it does.

The crowd LAUGHS and CHEERS. Standing ovation.

Ginger trots out on Shitters.

A group of Lady Players gather, CHEER her on.

Terry turns to look. Rides to the Umpire.

TERRY  
That's enough. We're not letting  
that broken-down circus nag ruin  
this game.

GINGER  
This trick pony can and will kick  
your butt. Check the list.

The Umpire goes down his list of ponies and nods his head to Ginger that it's okay.

They all line up for Carlos taking a Penalty Four free hit.



Ginger watches Carlos set himself for the shot.

Ginger and Bradford look at each other as Bradford sets himself between the mouth of the goal and Carlos at the twenty-five-yard line.

Ginger motions for Bradford to move to his left.

Bradford and Carlos eye each other. Carlos takes the hit.

EXT. VIP SECTION - DAY

The Rothschild and Billings families along with many of polo's honored dignitaries are on their feet.

Wesley, Jim, Manfred, Alice, Chang can barely watch.

SPECTATORS, mostly those we saw at the ball, pack the rest of the stands. Holding their breath.

The Grooms and other Players all lean with the shot...

EXT. POLO ARENA - DAY

... as Carlos' hit just glances off Bradford's outstretched mallet and misses wide to the left.

A collective GASP from the crowd.

Action resumes as the players go at each other with abandon.

The CLOCK TICKING down. Billings Team still leads by one. The CROWD on their feet going CRAZY.

Terry clears the boards taking the ball down the ARENA.

But Bradford digs it off the wall and neckshots it from mid-ARENA to Ginger.

She takes it in easily. Twelve to Twelve.

The crowd goes CRAZY again.

Bradford rides over to Terry.

BRADFORD  
Keep that mallet on the ball, Terry.

TERRY  
If you can't handle it, find a seat  
in the stands, stable boy.

Ginger rides Bradford off eyeing Terry as they pass.

GINGER

Come on, we'll settle this in the end.

TERRY

Still letting the cowgirl settle  
our beefs? How fitting, Bradford.

EXT. POLO STANDS - DAY

Mr. Billings leans forward. Tips his cap towards Edward.  
Edward politely gives him the finger.

INTERCUT - POLO ARENA/STANDS

Less than a minute to play. The inflated leather ball is  
bowled in. And the Match for the Lucky Pony resumes.

Ginger just misses a score from a backshot pass by Bradford.

Bradford, thinking it's a goal, gets blind-sided into the  
boards by David.

Heated WORDS are exchanged between Bradford and David.

Until the Umpire squeezes between them. And WARNS both teams  
about dangerous ride-offs.

The UMPIRE sounds his WHISTLE signaling both teams that it's  
time to resume play.

Hard riding action between Bradford and David, and Tim and  
Carlos taking each other into the corners going full out.

Terry's keeping Ginger away. Momentarily out riding her.

Bumping, elbowing, and illegal hooks are snuck in by Terry.  
Feeling the pressure.

Fifteen seconds are left. Ginger breaks out of the crowd.  
Terry and David on either side.

And Bradford and Tim closely behind, holding back Carlos.

David safely enters the play to defend Ginger by attempting  
to ride her off.

But Shitters is having none of that.

So, just as Ginger is about to take the winning shot with ten  
seconds to play...

Terry is forced to hook Ginger in his third of the arena.

Preventing her from taking the shot. And ends up SMACKING  
her in the head with his mallet.

Ginger falls off Shitters and hits the ground hard. She doesn't get up.

The Umpire BLOWS his WHISTLE to stop play. The crowd BOOS.

Edward squeezes past Mr. Billings, pushing him in his seat.

Mr. Billings grabs Edward.

Edward is about to pop him one but Judith stops him.

Mr. Billings smirks at Edward who turns away.

Judith slaps Mr. Billings while Edward tries to get down to the arena.

Bear Foot leaps the fence.

He drags Terry off his pony. Gets him in a headlock.

Jim makes his way to the arena and keeps ponies and players away from Ginger.

Bradford argues with the Umpire about his ruling a Penalty Four and not a Penalty One.

Tim, David, and Carlos join in the free-for-all as Grooms run onto the arena grabbing up the ponies.

A RODEO CLOWN (Teddy) steps out of the melee and picks Ginger up and puts her back on her feet.

Teddy HONKS his horn. Ginger turns, clearing her head. Teddy smiles and spreads his arms as he lifts into the air. Just as he did in the circus, the Flying Teddy, and fades.

Ginger smiles, understanding the message, watching him until he's gone. Then looks to see if anyone else saw her pa.

Nope. She jumps back on Shitters. Terry made a big mistake.

The players scramble for ponies, helped by their Grooms.

Bear Foot gets in one more punch on Terry.

Jim pulls him off and they make a run for it before four young SECURITY GUARDS can catch them.

The crowd is still going CRAZY.

Judith joins Edward at the railing. They look at each other because they both saw the unexplainable way Ginger got up.

Ginger turns to Edward and Judith and points her mallet at the goal. This hit is the brothers' bet on the line.

Edward gives her a fist. Judith is about to pee her pants.

EDWARD

Penalty Four? That's a Penalty One if I ever saw one.

(sees Mr. Billings smirk)

You cheat. You have the Umpire in your pocket. If Rothschild wins the cup, you put all your stock in my bank up for sale and I get all first refusals. Or I kick your ass right here for rigging this match.

MR. BILLINGS

How dare you? I don't need to cheat to beat you. If Billings win, you resign from the board. Dissolve your team. Sell my son your manor. And you apologize to me in The Wall Street Journal.

JUDITH

Teddy's name on the cup. Or no bet.

The Board Members all agree. Mr. Billings stops short of protesting.

Edward hugs Judith and turns to Wesley and the staff. Wesley, Manfred, and the others agree whole heartily.

EDWARD

Done. You all heard. Write it down.

The Board Members and other Bankers all nod. Mr. Slotter takes out a notepad and writes while Edward and Billings shake hands, trying to hurt the other.

EXT. POLO ARENA - DAY

Terry positions himself in front of his goal. Eyeing Ginger.

Ginger rides Shitters to Bradford and Tim. The ponies line up for a Penalty Four -- a free hit from twenty-five yards.

GINGER

I'm lifting the ball. Brad, get in behind David, dead center, no matter what. Tim, ride Carlos hard into the boards.

TIM

With pleasure.

BRADFORD

Double pass back to you?

GINGER

Your turn to shine, captain.

BRADFORD  
Ginger. This is your chance to --

GINGER  
-- I'll get mine. Just put it in.

EXT. VIP SECTION - LAST SECONDS - DAY

The stands hush as time stands still. Everyone knows about the bet and what's riding on Ginger's hit.

Edward holds his breath. Judith crosses her fingers.

Wesley covers her eyes. Bear Foot is white-knuckled.

Jim, Manfred, Alice and the other servants sit knowing they too could lose everything.

The Billings people are the same way. Wanting her to miss.

EXT. POLO ARENA

Ginger maneuvers Shitters way back behind the ball. Stops.

Ginger suddenly leaps on Shitters' hindquarters, letting go of the reins, holding her arms and the mallet up high. STANDING just like Teddy did in the Circus, as Shitters takes off toward the ball.

TERRY  
What's she ...?

BILLINGS (O.S.)  
It's The Flying Teddy!

INTERCUT - POLO ARENA/STANDS - SLOW-MO

The crowd's fading HUSH. Billings is jumping up and down.

Edward is in agony, Judith smiles wide in amazement.

Just a deafening slow-motion mayhem. The SNAP of leather fringes. Riders whirling by. Shitters SNORTING. Hooves STOMPING. Ginger's BREATHING as she balances perfectly.

At the last second Ginger drops into the saddle and uses the momentum to really put a giant mallet THUD on the ball.

Lifting the shot.

No one is expecting this. Not even Bradford.

Especially not Terry, who is distracted by his father and takes the shot on the left ear, just like Ginger promised.

Knocking him back off his pony.

Meanwhile, Bradford has broken to the right of David and gets in behind him.

While David turns to watch the shot.

The ball, having careened off Terry's skull, takes an odd projectile course.

Tim keeps Carlos from playing the bounce by riding him hard into the boards.

Bradford is left in the open. Gets to the ball just in time to take the shot. And the ball sails in for the goal.

Just before the WHISTLE BLOWS.

DEAD SILENCE. The crowd, Players and Grooms wait.

The Umpire finally signals a good score.

BACK TO REAL TIME - The crowd goes CRAZY.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Rothschilds win! Rothschilds win  
their first ONE LUCKY PONY!

Bradford, Ginger and their teammates making a big pile.

Grooms grabbing up ponies.

Edward plops down. Stunned, then breaks down crying. Judith and Wesley sit down on either side of him and give him a relieved group hug.

David and Carlos are dejected. Terry, on his knees, wipes blood from his nose. The loser, trying to clear his head.

Mr. Billings sits back in his seat. Resigning himself to having lost the bet with Edward. If eyes could kill.

Bear Foot steps up to Wesley and they embrace. Manfred, Alice, Chang, Jim and the other servants hug.

Terry gets up, bending down to pick up his polo mallet, and Shitters kicks him in the ass, causing Terry to swan dive face first into the dirt.

Everyone, but the Billings Team, gets a good laugh at Terry's expense as he painfully picks himself up.

Ginger rubs Shitters' head. He nudges her into Bradford.

EXT. POLO ARENA - DAY

The One Lucky Pony sits between the two teams on a table. Ceremonial MUSIC PLAYS. Mr. Billings picks up the One Lucky Pony and begrudgingly hands it over to Edward. Edward nearly has to pry it loose.

EDWARD

Twenty years ago, I collected on a bet with my brother, Theodore and let him leave. I've regretted it ever since. So I stand here before you today. A better man. And apologize to my wife, my family and to all of you. I ask for your forgiveness. Because of my childish behavior, and a few threats between angry boys, we lost not only a great teammate but a great friend. I've learned my lesson and I will not collect on my brother's new bet. Therefore, I am welcoming Theodore's amazing daughter, Ginger K. Rothschild, not only as my new partner but into our hearts, and into our family. So, I raise this lifetime dream before you and dedicate Rothschild's first One Lucky Pony to my teammate and brother, the greatest clown I've ever known. Teddy!

Edward lifts the cup over his head as the crowd CHEERS. He turns and hands the cup over to Ginger, with a big smile.

EDWARD

You're so much like your father it's as though he took that shot himself.

Ginger's stunned. Takes Edward's hand. Holds up the cup.

Bradford, Tim, and Doug hoist her into the air with it and start her around the arena.

Terry, David, and Carlos watch, hatefully as they pass.

Edward turns towards Mr. Billings as his team walks away. He offers his hand and they shake, trying to hurt each other again while talking through forced smiles for the cameras.

MR. BILLINGS

Enjoy it, Rothschild. You won't have it long.

EDWARD

You renege on our bet, Billings, stocks or otherwise, and I'll have you laughed out of our banking community forever.

MR. BILLINGS

I'd be more worried about the well-being of your new partner.

EDWARD

You'll know where to find our backs, this time. You, coward.

INT. STUDY - DAY

Edward enters dancing with the One Lucky Pony in his arms. And stops dead in front of the family portraits.

EDWARD

What in hell?

The PORTRAIT hanging next to Edward's is of Teddy in his rodeo clown makeup and costume. Basically, it's Edward in clown face, running full blast using his horn for protection from the bull, C12.

Judith joins Edward looking at the portraits.

JUDITH

Stands out a bit at first. But isn't it just splendid? That young lady can paint.

EDWARD

Judith, I have a clown that looks just like me hanging on my study wall.

JUDITH

Yes, but a happy one.

Edward sets the trophy down on a pedestal. Judith pours two glasses of cognac. Edward hugs the trophy.

EDWARD

Well, damn it, I am happy.

JUDITH

I love you. But only one lucky pony in bed tonight.

EDWARD

I was keyed up.

Wesley enters with Bear Foot. She has completely changed. She's laid back, her hair braided.

WESLEY

You wanted to... oh, look Bear.

Wesley and Bear Foot move to the clown painting and study it.



Manfred enters with a camera and sets up a tripod and camera pointing towards the painting.

WESLEY  
So this is Ginger's painting.

JUDITH  
Thank you, Manfred. Lovely, isn't it?  
BEAR FOOT  
That's the clown I grew up with.

WESLEY  
It's... wow, I can almost hear him.

Ginger enters with Bradford. They, look clean and proper. Jim comes in giving Manfred a hand with an external flash.

GINGER  
Why thank you, Wesley.

BRADFORD  
Jim said you wanted to see us,  
Edward. Hello, Bear.

BEAR FOOT  
Howdy.

EDWARD  
Yes. Everyone, gather around.

Edward hugs the trophy for reassurance.

JUDITH  
You over here, Ginger. Bradford.  
Edward. Wesley and Bear Foot.

Manfred adjusts the lens. Jim holds the external flash.

Bradford and Ginger run their fingers over their names on the cup. Theodore's and Edward's are there, too.

EDWARD  
But first, I'd like to thank Ginger  
for the... extraordinary portrait  
of my dear brother.

GINGER  
You're welcome, Uncle Edward.

JUDITH  
And, of course, there's Bear Foot.

BEAR FOOT  
I'm feelin' the love, JR.

MANFRED  
We are ready, sir.

GINGER

Shoot. Hold on one sec.

Ginger looks left then right and finally at the One Lucky Pony. She takes her gum out and sticks it on the pony's butt.

Edward reacts in horror.

BRADFORD

Don't worry, it's on our half.

Ginger hugs Bradford. The rest of the family burst into big smiles. While Edward's face screws with anguish.

Manfred CLICKS the camera... FLASH. The family portrait. With Teddy laughing in the background.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

In bed, Judith and Edward's intertwined toes in candlelight.

JUDITH (O.S.)

I'm looking forward to the pitter-patter of little feet again.

EDWARD (O.S.)

You're not?

JUDITH (O.S.)

Grandchildren, silly.

EDWARD (O.S.)

Please, let them all be little boys.

JUDITH (O.S.)

Like boys are so easy to understand.

EXT. BEAUTIFUL WILDERNESS MEADOW - DAY

Ginger's trailer and camper are there. "Just Married" painted on it. Camp smoke rises under a rainbow.

A sudden CLANG from a spoon and pan lifts Shitter's head from beyond a ridge, right into the rainbow, his mouth full of flowers. A filly lifts hers, followed by a foal. They both eat the wild blossoms.

BEAR FOOT (O.S.)

Hey, what the heck's all the racket, doggone it? It's barely noon.

WESLEY (O.S.)

(a hearty LAUGH)  
Coffee's on, sweetie.

INT. HOTEL HONEYMOON SUITE - ON TV - DAY

Under country music, Ginger rides a bull. Picture PAUSES. A tux and a wedding dress is on bedposts, two sets of cowboy boots kicked below. A Sports Illustrated has BRADFORD PLAYING POLO ON ITS COVER. It sets on top of a guitar.

GINGER (O.S.)  
I was good. Wasn't I?

BRADFORD (O.S.)  
Uuummm... you were great.

GINGER (O.S.)  
I meant, bull riding.

BRADFORD (O.S.)  
Oh yeah, well you're great at riding  
bulls, too.

The TV RESUMES, Ginger riding the bull. LAUGHTER and KISSING.

BRADFORD (O.S.)  
Ginger? Darling?

GINGER (O.S.)  
Uummmmm....?

BRADFORD (O.S.)  
Will you... could you... untie me?

GINGER (O.S.)  
Nope.

Ginger sails off the bull, hands raised victoriously. FREEZE FRAME on Ginger's smiling face.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BILLINGS PLACE - TROPHY ROOM - DAY

At first it appears to be Mr. Billings sitting again on his fully saddled taxidermied polo pony, in full polo attire, aiming through the high-powered scope on his hunting rifle. Then...

TERRY  
You won't win Two Lucky Ponies.

Pulls the trigger. BANG! Then Terry's voice slowly evolves into a long evil laugh.

FADE OUT.

THE END