

SPEED BUMPS

INT. A SEEDY BAR - NIGHT

JESSICA, a sultry brunette, sits at the bar, nursing a drink alone. BART, a swaggering cowboy type, sits next to her.

BART

Well-- look what the cat dragged  
in. Long time no see, Jess. \*

JESSICA

Yeah? Maybe you really shouldn't be  
looking.

BART

Oh? You're not so happy to see me?

JESSICA

No. Do I look happy?

BART

Listen, I know things sure didn't  
go all that well last time we--

JESSICA

Look, if you really want to stay in  
one piece a little longer, you  
won't finish that sentence.

BART

Um, as a matter of fact, I do want  
to stay whole.

(leans closer)

But you and I could just, you  
know... be two halves?  
Horizontally. Or vertically. Or...

JESSICA

Tell you what. Let's be pretzels.  
You start.

She reaches for his hand and bends it painfully back. \*

BART

Ow, ow, ow!

She lets go.

JESSICA

Okay, I'm leaving now. You sit on that bar stool and count to a hundred before you actually move. Because if you move before that, I'm going to put this elbow...  
(squeezes his elbow)  
Up your ass. Got it?

BART

Yes. Got it.

Jessica smiles at him, slides off her bar stool, and leaves.

(See second version below)

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BART

Look what the cat dragged in. Long time no see, Jess.

JESSICA

Maybe you shouldn't be looking.

BART

You're not happy to see me?

JESSICA

Do I look happy?

BART

Things didn't go all that well last time we--

\*  
\*

JESSICA

If you want to stay in one piece a little longer, you won't finish that sentence.

BART

As a matter of fact, I do want to stay whole.

(leans closer)

But you and I could, you know... be two halves? Horizontally. Or vertically. Or...

JESSICA

Tell you what. Let's be pretzels. You start.

She reaches for his hand and bends it painfully back.

\*

BART

Ow, ow, ow!

She lets go.

JESSICA

I'm leaving now. You sit on that bar stool and count to a hundred before you move.

(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Because if you move before that,  
I'm going to put this elbow...  
(squeezes his elbow)  
Up your ass. Got it?

\*

BART  
Got it.

Jessica smiles at him, slides off her bar stool, and leaves.