

# THELMA AND LOUISE

The Adventure Continues

Dusty highway, dusty town, dusty lives. Once upon a time just one week ago you were two ordinary women living in the ordinary town of Little Rock, Arkansas, leading ordinary lives.....with ordinary problems. Who hasn't heard the story of the jackass husband, yelling at his wife for doing him a favor? Poor Thelma - you married him. Wake him up in the morning, cook his breakfast, and get scolded in the bargain. As a naive young girl, how could you know that Darryl, the captain of the high school football team, would end up being a husband consumed by an ego the size of the Ozarks and blessed by the charm and affection of a warthog? And here you are, eight years later, relegated to the sidelines as the cheerleading housewife, dutifully shackled to the stove with no life of your own. Darryl's an asshole, but then you've always let it slide.

And Louise - strong back, iron will, and greying hair. Grey before your time for carrying the burden of solitude, eking out a meager living slinging hash at the local diner, and generally hardened by the bitter experiences of life. Keep a tidy house, and a tidy life, except for when those closet skeletons from your Texas past raise their ugly head. For all your independence and determination, you still get lonely, and you still need excitement. The little romance you get is courtesy of Jimmy, a thickheaded hulk of a man who's usually docile as a puppy, though susceptible to his own dark rages.

You both need excitement, and a break from the everyday ordinariness of your lives.

And you certainly found it last weekend, when you both set off on an innocent roadtrip in Louise's blue T-bird convertible, a sort of girls' retreat from the rigors of housework and sidework. Before dusk had fallen, an ill-advised rest stop at a roadside honky tonk turned your brief vacation into a never-ending nightmare. Thelma inadvertently flirted her way into a near rape with one hosehead named Harlan, but was saved at the last minute by Louise, who interceded with Thelma's .357 magnum. A rather unpleasant parting remark by Harlan was answered unequivocally by a gunshot to the heart. And the rest is history. Compelled to evade the authorities, you headed for Mexico, becoming full-fledged fugitives from justice. In the process, and as survival would dictate, your flight snowballed from mere escape to the commission

of various felonies, not the least of which were armed robbery and kidnapping a peace officer.

The dogged pursuit of three different police agencies, and the FBI, chased your T-bird to within yards of the rim of the Grand Canyon. Surrounded on the sides and the rear, you were both left with only one real choice, and it didn't include incarceration, humiliation, Little Rock or Darryl . . .

And so you hugged each other, stepped on the gas, and drove forward over the brink.

1. Between saving your dignity and impending arrest,  
A bungled suicide attempt was best,  
For on the 1300 block of this drive,  
Though teetering on a cliff, you're still alive!  
When they saw your T-bird take its dive,  
The cops had no clue you were still alive,  
They've postponed their routine search 'til dawn,  
For into the murky Colorado you both must've gone,  
To avoid prospective incarceration,  
Refer back to your conversation,  
From the parking lane count fifteen rocks to the  
right,  
Where Thelma's beads should be in sight,  
Hoist yourselves up on a line that's cast,  
From a bluff that overlooks this canyon vast.
  
2. Detective Parker sadly ruminates,  
Upon the avoidable tragedy of your fates,  
Thelma holds a special place in his heart,  
Why'd she have to be married to such a fart?  
And poor Louise so Texas haunted,  
Twas that experience Harlan taunted,  
And while he wipes his tears from his cheek,  
Into his patrol car you both do sneak,  
Penniless renegades that you are,  
You speed to a place that's in the car,  
For what you need is some hard fast cash,  
With some familiar rhymes you must be brash,  
A clerk named Chris you should request outright,  
To him your commands you shall recite,  
You must wield your gun and wear your disguise Lest your  
faces he recognize,  
And remember to ask him for whiskey, not Scotch,  
For the type, think of who last was seen in  
Thelma's crotch,  
Your plans for a Mexican retreat must not be  
marred,  
For fleeing criminals, old habits die hard.
  
3. You head now to St. Peters' port,  
On your way to a little known Mexican resort,  
The Federales you must still spurn,  
So you stowaway upon the stern,  
Of the U.S.S. Poseidon upon which you'll sail,  
Oceanwater will help shake the tail.
  
4. While sipping Margs upon the deck,  
You become the victims of one shipwreck,  
The tidal wave swept you over the Bridge,  
There goes your vacation pilgrimage!  
What did you expect? The ship was Thelma's pick,

She liked that jinxed vessel from that disaster  
flick,  
Your lifeboat was washed up on the shores,  
Of a U.S. state that Louise abhors,  
It's too late now, the die is cast,  
You've travelled back to her Texas past.  
Though for Arkansas you do not Long,  
**B**eached here in Galveston seems so wrong,  
For Louise was raped here in a downtown bar,  
That left her life with a painful scar,  
In a make-believe trial to see justice done,  
Louise was portrayed as a slut, and the Defendant  
won,  
It sure didn't hurt that he knew the judge,  
No wonder Louise now holds a grudge,  
Your options now you must rethink,  
It sure would be nice to finish that drink,  
Revisit now the scene of the crime,  
A familiar encounter would be sublime,  
There two stools away from the waitress' station,  
Is your rage's culmination,  
Why beat a path of fearful retreat?  
When good ol' revenge would be so sweet.

5. Having settled now this age-old score,  
'Tis your gas pedal that you should floor,  
For there are things you should patch up,  
With one truckdriver you should catch up,  
You both went a little trigger-happy with his  
semi,  
It carried gas and lit up the sky,  
Before he tells the authorities,  
His temper you should now try to appease,  
Outside an Oklahoma oilfield,  
A solution your search should quickly yield,  
In the brush outside a locked gate,  
In his new tanker he does wait.
  
6. An Arizona trooper did radio in a call,  
That two females with an Arkansas drawl,  
At a traffic stop showed quite alot of spunk,  
When at gunpoint they did lock him in his trunk,  
Two felony charges you will now face,  
Unless to a police locker you quickly race,  
You should park off Edinger at Lot 26,

Unlock #122 and this problem you'll fix,  
And if your animal you're to be baggin',  
With Humanity he's moooin' under a wagon.

7. For murder you both can still be booked,  
Incarcerated, your goose surely will be cooked,  
For if this case ever went to trial,  
No Arkansas jury would believe your denial,  
For two women in a bar "just whorin' with a  
stranger,"  
Are just askin' for some well-deserved danger,"  
At a place where birds sing and children play,  
For extra help you should now foray,  
It's a detective you must now stalk,  
To your left two bridges you'll walk,  
And soon to your left a large branch you'll see,  
With a string hanging freely from this tree,  
Towards a vegetation some gravel will lead,  
Its direction you should closely heed,  
A green necklace will mark the location,  
Where you can reel in some crucial information,  
It's not too hard to pick up the slack,  
If you try to ride piggyback,  
Pull it firmly and straight down,  
And Parker will meet you down on the ground.

8. You're out of cash and feeling blue,  
Pay off this bill or time you'll do,  
It's time to cash in your IOU,  
Go further south to get what's due,  
Her 6700 bucks Louise does remember,  
'Tis J.D.'s body she'd love to dismember,  
But while Parker and Thelma are getting it on,  
Louise in a pasture spies this slimy ex-con,  
And with a last fusillade of her loaded gun,  
Has that wormy bastard on the run,  
He trips and falls and shakes with fright,  
Upon his groin she sets her sight,  
And with a gleam in her eye she asks this jerk,  
If he'd like to lose the one thing that seems

work,

to

While he inadvertently swallows his Skoal,  
Louise threatens to violate his parole,  
For his motel theft he'll go back to the joint,  
Where with his rear he'll not disappoint,  
Surprise, surprise, in a minute's flash,  
Ol' J.D. coughs up the cash,  
For he'd sure still like to perform in bed,  
Not at all stupid for such a hosehead!  
But enough now with all this prattle,  
For ten feet away an animal does rattle.

9. What will happen on your return to Little Rock?

To find out, near McFadden Place you should soon  
dock,  
And though parking here's a frustrating hassle,  
Somewhere near does lie your castle,  
Over the sand and up in the sky,  
The future of Thelma and Louise flies high.

## CLUES

### 1. Thelma and Louise's taped conversation:

( skidding and a car wreck are heard)

T: Louise, wake up! Look, ain't this the most beautiful sight you ever did see? Good lord, I had no idea heaven would be so breathtakin'. Almost looks like the Grand Canyon! Hey, Louise! I think we made it to the other side! It's like we're reincarnated or somethin'

L: (groaning) Thelma. I think this is the Grand Canyon. Cuz after what we've done this past week, it shore as hell cain't be heaven.

T: Damn, I've broken another fingernail. And look at you, you've got a cut on your forehead. Just cain't take you anywhere.

L: Thelma, Thelma, honey. I think we've done botched our glorious suicide attempt. We drove right off that cliff, and by golly wouldn't you know we're stuck here halfway down on some ridge. We can rob liquor stores, we can lock up Arizona troopers in their trunks, and we can outrun an army of black and whites but we cain't kill ourselves for shit!

T: I know. Not even if our lives depended on it.

L: Now how do we git ourselves out of this mess?

T: I don't know. I guess by startin' out with a little of that firewater.

L: Thelma, I do believe you are disturbed.

T; Louise, I do believe I am.

L: What I want to know is how we got ourselves into this briarpatch in the first place!

T; Well, were drivin' south down Payless Verdus from Catalina when we ran into those smokies that ambushed us.

L: I know that. But last week I was a regular workin' waitress w/ a good job and a clean record. Now I'm sittin' here seesawin' on some cliff in my totalled out T-bird with a rap sheet as long as the Yella Pages and stickers in my hair . . . (breaks down) If ya' hadn't toyed with that bozo at the Silver Spur . . .

T: Yeah, well, if you hadn't loved the sound of your voice so much talkin' to that cop on the phone, they wouldn't've gotten a tap, Miss Smarty Pants!

L: Yeah, well if you hadn't gotten so trigger-happy with that trooper and locked him in his trunk, we wouldn't be facin' an assault and kidnappin' charge!

T: Well, I cain't help it if I have a knack for this!

L: Alright, alright. We're not gettin' anywhere jabberin' about this. . . We need to try to climb up.

T; Lemme look at that 'ol map. Hmm. Looks like we drove right off of Posse del Mar, where it starts again after Payless. I remember we had a real pretty view of all these towns before we went over. That ahead must be Flat Rock point.

L: Hey, Thelma, what's that light up there? Looks like a man walkin' around lookin' down.

T: Well, through my rear view mirror he sure looks awful cute!

L: Thelma, you are unbelievable! That man up there looks like that detective that's been on our tails since Oklahoma City! That's his patrol car up there too! And you're makin' googoo eyes at him!

T: Oh come on. ( a couple of puppy whines) He cares about us. Why he practically ran off the cliff after us!

L: Well, all I know is that car of his is empty.

T: Are you thinkin' what I'm thinkin'?

L; We might as well. We seem to have left out Grand Theft Auto in our resume. Here, grab that rope.

## 2. In police car

Casa Allegre Spirits and Wine  
2325 Palos Verdes Drive West

### The Robbers' Demands

Everyone get down on your knees,  
It's as easy as your ABC's,  
Fill our bag up with the loot,  
And a little bottle of whiskey to boot,  
This gun here's loaded so please don't blunder,  
Unless you want to be buried six feet under,  
Just please don't try to be a hero,  
Or you'll end up with a tag on your toe,  
Make it quick and make it fast,  
Or this nice sunny day will be your last,

I'm sure sorry for this complication,  
But I thank you for your cooperation.

3. In mini bottle of J.D.

Five hundred dollars is now what you're worth,  
With your loot flee now to the 84th berth,  
Just 15 minutes south to this border town,  
At 6th and Harbor your ship's aground.

4. In Poseidon ship

Jump quickly now to the Golden Frog,  
205 E. Broadway is what you'll log,  
Two stools away from the waitress station,  
Is your rage's culmination,  
Your search there will become final,  
If you look inside the bar's torn vinyl.

5. In vinyl at the Golden Frog

Jim Bob was the name of the one acquitted,  
His male organs should be retrofitted,  
Though years have past J.B.'s still here,  
He catches Louise from the rear,  
Still a beast he wants some more,  
Of that forcible sex he had before,  
As usual Thelma went to powder her nose,  
Meanwhile J.B. ripped off Louise's clothes,  
He slapped her around to have his way,  
Would Louise live to see another day?  
Thelma came quickly back to find,  
This scene, and the mascara she had left behind,  
She cocked her .357 to J.B.'s head,  
And asked how he'd like his brain matter spread,  
Retreating, "suck my dick " J.B. then said,  
So Thelma gunned his cock with rounds of lead,  
And rather neatly pulverized,  
That part of his manhood he so prized,  
Now hurry out in the subtlest motion,  
And head southbound again on Ocean,  
And then a left you should assume,  
At a doctor's name you should presume,  
Take second down past an abbey's name,  
And keep shop soon with conservative aim.

6. In tanker at oilfield on Shopkeeper/Westminster

You catch this pervert by surprise,  
Nothing can describe the fear in his eyes,  
He just put 20 g's down on his Shell truck,  
Your presence now makes him terrorstruck,  
Though social graces on the road he lacked,  
By blowing up his truck you did overreact,  
You thought an apology might have appeased,  
But upon seeing you he was seized by a mental  
disease,  
He ran away crazed and insane,  
In his present condition I doubt he'll complain,  
His behavior now is too highstrung,  
And in the process he swallowed that tongue,  
No one will hear what he has to say,  
Or see his roadside manner's ugly display.  
With his new wheels you should now choose,  
A naval station past which to cruise,  
And when you reach the freeway's mouth,  
A Golden exit you'll find due south,  
There at an institution West,  
Hunting left would then be best.

7. In locker #122 at Police Academy

Trooper Connor's credibility was shot,  
For on the job he was stoned on pot,  
His report of kidnapping by UFO's,  
Is a story that nowhere goes,  
It must've been that Rasta's weed,  
When blown through those trunkholes madness did  
breed,  
" And what's this he says about two Bonnie  
Parkers?  
I think, Sarge, it's time to cash in his markers,"  
To your relief this case they won't file,  
But with Detective Parker you must now reconcile,  
For he calls now for a secret meeting,  
To a touchtone phone a path you should be beating,  
Your side of the story is long overdue,  
Call (213) 540-6019 and at the message press two.

On answering machine:

Thelma and Louise, this here is Detective Parker of the  
Federal Bureau of Investigation. Everyone thinks you're dead,  
except me, 'cause I know you . . .uhh . . . borrowed my radio car  
over at the Grand Canyon. I found Thelma's trail of little Jack



Daniels bottles leading up from the ravine. Listen, ladies, let's talk before you get yourselves into any more trouble. If you can see your way clear to meeting me in Central Park near the Slater entrance, I think we might be able to resolve this here situation. Take the trail to your left and I'll fly down and meet you in 15 minutes.

8. In helicopter at end of gravel trail in Central Park

In your secret tetes-a-tete,  
You each told Parker about the threat,  
That Harlan became in that parking lot,  
For if his actions Louise didn't spot,  
Thelma would've been raped upon that hood,  
And beaten up in a way that Louise understood,  
'Twas defense of a third party that caused her to  
shoot,  
Who else would be victimized by this brute?  
And though they had reached a place of retreat,  
Of this fact they remained discreet,  
With the story that they did impart,  
Law enforcement had a change of heart.  
And Parker with Thelma appeared to be smitten,  
A new romance would soon be written,  
Louise still skeptical was somewhat alarmed,  
For bad luck came each time Thelma was charmed,  
And there was yet still one wrong to right,  
For robbery the two of you they might indict,  
But Parker says the liquor store might settle for  
restitution,  
Down the coastal highway south lies your solution.  
For a block from its intersection with 61st,  
Is a person's image which for miles you've cursed.

9. At "hosehead" statue in pasture - 61st/PCH

The cash is sent back to the store,  
And Thelma and Louise now both have swore,  
That their lives of crime will be no more,  
The key to their future is left on the shore,  
To the left of the pier in this new port,  
Is a well-deserved seaside resort.

10. In kite flying on Newport Beach

Thelma divorced Darryl in a New York minute,  
And Louise is now running for the Arkansas  
Senate,  
Each came home to fame and glory,  
And Paramount Pictures bought their story,  
Parker and Thelma later did wed,  
Louise and Jimmy were just moments ahead,  
The country with pride watched their double  
wedding,  
Now on a honeymoon they'll soon be heading,  
Thelma and Louise many obstacles withstood,  
Their perseverance did wonders for womanhood,  
And if they're presently holding this kite,  
Then to 1810 they should alight,  
On the oceanfront at the top floor,  
Is finally the place where they can score!!