

BOOGIE NIGHTS

by

Paul Thomas Anderson

**1 EXT. HOT TRAXX NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT**

CAMERA holds on this PACKED disco on Van Nuys Blvd.

TITLE CARD: "San Fernando Valley, 1977"

A CADILLAC SEVILLE pulls up to the valet area and CAMERA (STEADICAM) moves across the street, towards the car, landing close;

From the Seville steps, JACK HORNER (50s) and AMBER WAVES (early 30s). CAMERA follows them (this is one continuous shot) as they pass the crowd, greet a DOORMAN and enter --

INSIDE THE NIGHTCLUB. Twice as packed inside as outside. Music is full blast. Amber and Jack are greeted by;

MAURICE t.t. RODRIGUEZ (30s). Owner of the nightclub. Puerto Rican. Wearing a suit and fifteen gold chains.

**MAURICE**

Jackie-Jack-Jack and Miss Lovely Amber Waves --

**AMBER**

Hi, Maurice.

**JACK**

You bad ass little spick. How are you, honey?

**MAURICE**

Pissed off you ain't been around --

**JACK**

-- I been on vacation.

**MAURICE**

Don't stay away this long from my

club ever again, Jackie-Jack-Jack.

**JACK**

I promise.

Maurice takes Amber's hand and gives it a kiss.

**MAURICE**

You are the foxiest bitch in ten countries.

**AMBER**

You're such a charmer.

**MAURICE**

(to Jack)

I got you all set up at your booth.

I wanna send over some clams on the half shell.

**JACK**

Beautiful.

**MAURICE**

Just remember, Jack: I'm available

and ready. Cast me and find out --

**JACK**

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Amber and Jack head off towards the booth. CAMERA stays with Maurice, follows him to the bar area, where he shouts some orders to a WAITER.

**MAURICE**

Clams on the half shell to Jack

and Amber -- over there -- go!

The WAITER takes off to the kitchen, Maurice walks onto the dance floor and greets three people;

REED ROTHCHILD, 20s, tall and skinny, BECKY BARNETT, 20s, black girl  
in  
silk, BUCK SWOPE, 20s, black guy in cowboy gear.

**MAURICE**

Hello there, kiddies.

**REED/BUCK/BECKY**

Hi, hey, hi, Maurice.

**MAURICE**

Having a good time?

**BECKY**

Excellent.

**MAURICE**

Great, great, great.

Maurice moves away to greet some more people. CAMERA stays with Reed,  
Becky  
and Buck, does a 360 around them. Reed and Becky Disco Dance. Buck  
does  
some Cowboy-Type Moves.

Moments later, the WAITER carrying clams on the half shell passes and  
CAMERA picks up with him, follows him to Jack's booth, where he  
presents  
them;

**WAITER**

Compliments of Maurice.

**JACK**

Thank you.

**AMBER**

Can I get a Marguerita, please?

**JACK**

Seven-Up, here --

The WAITER exits, CAMERA PANS with him for a moment, leading to a young girl wearing rollerskates, ROLLERGIRL (aged 18). She always, always wears rollerskates. CAMERA PANS with her back to Jack's booth.

**ROLLERGIRL**

Hi.

**JACK**

Hello, honey.

**AMBER**

(to Rollergirl)

Did you call that girl today?

**ROLLERGIRL**

I forgot.

**AMBER**

If you don't do it tomorrow, then it's the weekend and you'll never be able to get in to see her --

**ROLLERGIRL**

OK.

Rollergirl scratches her crotch as she speaks. Amber notices;

**AMBER**

What's the matter down there?

**ROLLERGIRL**

I gotta go pee.

**AMBER**

Well go, then.

CAMERA stays with Rollergirl, following her across the dance floor. She

passes Buck, Becky and Reed, says hello, dances a moment, then continues on -- into the clearing off the dance floor, heading for the bathroom. She passes something, CAMERA moves away towards this something:

A bus boy cleaning a table, EDDIE ADAMS, aged 17. CAMERA moves into a CU -- blending to SLOW MOTION (40fps) for a moment.

(Note: In the text Eddie Adams will be referred to as Dirk Digglar.)

**ANGLE, JACK'S TABLE.**

Jack turns his head, looks across the dance floor and sees this kid cleaning the table.

**ANGLE, DIRK DIGGLER.**

He looks up, catches Jack looking back at him, then turns away, disappears into a back room.

CAMERA DOLLIES in on Jack, who at that moment, is approached by a figure entering FRAME. Short, buffed out LITTLE BILL (late 40s). This is Jack's Assistant Director.

**LITTLE BILL**

Jack.

**JACK**

Hey, Little Bill.

**LITTLE BILL**

Whatsa schedule look like?

Are we still on day after tomorrow?

**JACK**

I wanna do it the day after

the day after tomorrow.

**LITTLE BILL**

For sure? 'Cause I wanna call

Rocky, Scotty, Kurt and all those guys --

Jack's attention is with the backroom that Dirk entered. He stands and heads away.

**JACK**

Absolutely. But I wanna keep it small.

I wanna keep a small crew on this one --

**LITTLE BILL**

-- a relaxed deal.

**JACK**

Exactly.

**LITTLE BILL**

Do you have a script yet?

**JACK**

Tomorrow. Tomorrow is the day --

Jack is off across the dance floor.

**CUT TO:**

**2 INT. BACKROOM/KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

**JACK**

Hey.

**DIRK**

Hey.

**JACK**

How ya doin'?

**DIRK**

Fine.

**JACK**

How old are you?

**DIRK**

I have a work permit, I got the paper --

**JACK**

No, no, no. Not like that.

How long have you worked here?

**DIRK**

A month.

**JACK**

Maurice give you a job here?

**DIRK**

Yeah.

**JACK**

How much he pay you?

**DIRK**

I'm not supposed to say how much I make.

**JACK**

He's a friend of mine --

**DIRK**

Well you'll have to ask him.

**JACK**

You live around here, Canoga - Reseda?

**DIRK**

Um . . . no . . . do you know where Torrance is?

**JACK**

How do you get here?

**DIRK**

I take the bus.

**JACK**

So what do you wanna do?

**DIRK**

What?

**JACK**

You take the bus from Torrance to work  
in Reseda, why don't you work in Torrance?

**DIRK**

I don't want to.

**JACK**

. . . ok . . .

**DIRK**

So . . . you want five or ten?

**JACK**

. . . what . . . ?

**DIRK**

If you wanna watch me jack off  
it's ten bucks. If you just wanna  
look at it then it's five.

**JACK**

Guys come in, ask you to jack off  
for them, ask to see it?

**DIRK**

Yeah.



**JACK**

Have you done it tonight?

**DIRK**

Couple times.

**JACK**

And you can do it again?

**DIRK**

If you want, if you got ten bucks.

BEAT. Jack extends his hand.

**JACK**

I'm Jack.

**DIRK**

Eddie. Eddie Adams.

**JACK**

Eddie Adams from Torrance. I'm Jack  
Horner, Filmmaker.

**DIRK**

Really?

**JACK**

I make adult films. Erotic pictures.

**BEAT, THEN;**

**DIRK**

. . . I know who you are. I read about you  
in a magazine. "Inside Amber," "Amanda's  
Ride." You made those --

**JACK**

So you know me, you know I'm not full  
of doggy-doo-doo --

**DIRK**

Yeah . . . .

**JACK**

So why don't you come back  
to my table, have a drink,  
meet some people --

**DIRK**

I'd love to but . . . I'm working --

**JACK**

You need money, you have to pay the rent --

**DIRK**

. . . No . . . I mean, yeah. I need money.  
But I don't pay rent. I live at home.

**JACK**

Tell me how old you are, Eddie.

**DIRK**

. . . I'm seventeen . . . .

**JACK**

You're a seventeen year old piece of gold.

**DIRK**

Yeah, right.

**JACK**

Why don't you come back to my table,  
have a drink, meet some people --

**DIRK**

I can't do that to Maurice.

**JACK**

You're a good worker, yeah?

**DIRK**

I'm sorry, I do know you, I know  
who you are, I'd love to have a drink  
with you and I know you're not full of --

**JACK**

-- doggy-doo-doo.

**DIRK**

Yeah, yeah. But I just can't  
walk out on Maurice. I'm sorry.

**BEAT, THEN;**

**JACK**

It seems to me, beneath those jeans,  
there's something wonderful just  
waiting to get out --

Jack leaves.

**3 EXT. HOT TRAXX NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT (LATER)**

The club is closing, Maurice is locking up and turning the lights off  
out

front. CAMERA hangs around with Buck, Becky and Reed. (Director's  
Note:

Reference improv. Notes)

Jack and Amber cruise past in his Seville, say so long and head up Van  
Nuys  
Blvd.

They pass Little Bill who walks to his old Station Wagon, rips a  
parking

ticket off the windshield and gets behind the wheel.

Dirk Diggler exits the club from a side door and heads off --

**CUT TO:**

**4 OMITTED**

**5 INT. JACK'S HOUSE/LAUREL CANYON - NIGHT - LATER**

Jack and Amber enter the house. It resembles the Jungle Room at Graceland.

He heads for the kitchen, she makes a drink . . .

**JACK**

You want somethin' to eat?

I'm onnamake some eggs.

**AMBER**

I'm goin' to sleep.

**JACK**

Goodnight, honey-tits. Sleep beautiful.

**CUT TO:**

**6 INT. AMBER'S BEDROOM/JACK'S HOUSE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER**

ECU, AMBER. She does a quick line of coke. BEAT. She takes a valium, lights a cigarette, then picks up the phone;

**AMBER**

Tom . . . hi . . . yeah. I know it's late, but . . .

(beat)

Yeah. Is Andy there? Is he . . . ?

I'd like to say hello, I'd like to say

hello to my son and that's all.

(beat)

Lemme tell you something, Tom.

Lemme tell you something you don't know;

I know a lawyer, you understand?

You might think I don't but I do  
and I'll take you to court . . . .

(beat)

No . . . please don't, Tom, Tom, Tom --

Dial tone from the phone. She hangs up.

**7 INT. LITTLE BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Little Bill enters his house quietly, turns on a small light to help  
guide  
him down a hallway.

FROM A BEDROOM DOOR we hear the sounds of MOANING AND GROANING. Little  
Bill  
walks to the door, hesitates, then opens --

**CUT TO:**

**8 INT. LITTLE BILL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT**

LITTLE BILL'S WIFE and a BIG STUD are doing it on the bed. They stop a  
moment and casually look at him.

**LITTLE BILL**

What the fuck are you doing?

**LITTLE BILL'S WIFE**

The fuck does it look like I'm doing?  
I've got a cock in my pussy, you idiot.

**BIG STUD**

Will you close the door?

**LITTLE BILL**

Will I close the door? You're fucking  
my wife, asshole.

**BIG STUD**

Relax, little man.

**LITTLE BILL'S WIFE**

Just get out, Bill. Fucking sleep on the couch.

(to Big Stud)

Keep going, Big Stud.

Big Stud continues. Little Bill watches a moment in a haze then closes the door.

**CUT TO:**

**9 INT. DIRK'S PARENTS HOUSE/TORRANCE - NIGHT**

Dirk enters quietly, walks a hallway and goes into his room.

**CUT TO:**

**10 INT. DIRK'S ROOM - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT**

Dirk enters his room and begins to remove his clothes. He turns the volume low on his stereo. He stands in front of his mirror, does a few flexes, some dance moves, some karate moves, etc. CAMERA DOES A SLOW 360 PAN AROUND THE ROOM. Posters on the walls of Travolta, Pacino, a 1976 Corvette, Bruce Lee, Hawaii, a Penthouse centerfold, Luke Skywalker, etc. CAMERA LANDS ON DIRK.

**DIRK**

That's right.

**FADE OUT, CUT TO:**

**11 OMITTED**

**12 OMITTED**

**13 INT. DIRK'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - MORNING**

Dirk eats breakfast. His MOTHER (mid 40s) stands, washing a dish. His FATHER (50s) enters, dressed in suite. He crosses the kitchen

**INSERT, CU**

Father, stubble on his face, places a kiss on the cheek of Mother.

**FATHER**

Good morning.

**MOTHER**

. . . Jesus. Please, okay? Shave if you're  
gonna do that, it scratches my face.

Father takes a seat at the breakfast table, looks to Dirk.

**FATHER**

How's that work, you get home late, huh?

**DIRK**

Yeah.

**MOTHER**

If you wanna work in a nightclub you  
should . . . if it's so important . . . you  
should find one closer.

**DIRK**

. . . yeah . . .

They eat in silence.

**DIRK**

I've gotta get to work.

**MOTHER**

. . . at a car wash . . .

**DIRK**

What?

**MOTHER**

You work at a car wash, school never  
occurred to you?

Dirk stands up, places his plates in the sink and exits.

**CUT TO:**

**14 OMITTED**

**15 OMITTED**

**16 INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY**

A crowded high school geometry classroom. In the back of the class,  
sitting  
at a desk is Rollergirl. A TEACHER walks about, handing out the final  
exam.

Rollergirl looks it over; a lot of questions, diagrams and generally  
confusing material. She looks across the room;

Two BOYS are looking at her and chuckling to themselves. One guy looks  
to  
the other and makes a "blow job" gesture.

She looks away, they continue their gestures and giggling. Other  
students  
notice and smile.

CAMERA ARRIVES CU. ON ROLLERGIRL. She stands up, heads for the door --  
the  
teacher calls after her -- but she's gone.

**CUT TO:**

**17 INT. SUPER-DUPER STEREO SHOP - DAY**

A semi-high end stereo store in the valley. Buck, dressed in his usual  
cowboy-digs, is talking to a CUSTOMER about a stereo unit. The  
manager, a  
skinny-white guy with a mustache and mustard suit, JERRY (30s) is  
standing  
nearby.

**BUCK**

-- so basically you're gettin'

twice the base, cause of the TK421

modification we got in this system here.



**CUSTOMER**

I don't know - do I need that much bass?

**BUCK**

If you want a system to handle  
what you want -- yes you do.  
See this system here. This is Hi-Fi.  
"High Fidelity." What that means is  
that it's the highest quality fidelity.

**CUSTOMER**

It's the price --

**BUCK**

I have this unit at home.

**CUSTOMER**

. . . really . . . ?

**BUCK**

Yes. But -- I've got it modified  
with the TK421, which is a bass unit  
that basically kicks in another two,  
maybe three quads when you really  
crank -- lemme put another eight track  
in so you can get a better idea what  
I'm talkin about --

Buck ejects the Eight Track that was playing and puts in his own of a country western song.

**BUCK**

Hear that bass? It kicks and turns  
and curls up in your belly, makes you

wanna freaky-deaky, right? If you get  
this unit as it is -- it won't sound  
like this without the modification --  
and we do that for a small price.

The Customer listens another moment, then;

**CUSTOMER**

Thank you for your time.

**BUCK**

No problem.

The Customer exits and Jerry approaches Buck.

**JERRY**

. . . the fuck was that?

**BUCK**

Wha?

**JERRY**

Have I told you? Huh? Have I?

**BUCK**

What? I don't --

**JERRY**

Alright: A.) You play that country  
western-crap and no one's gonna buy  
a stereo. You throw on some KC and  
the Sunshine Band, a guy looks a particular  
way -- and you've seen the profile sheet --  
you throw on some Led Zeppelin. No.  
Instead, you play this twingy-twangy,

yappy-dappy music. What kinda brother  
are you anyway, listening to that shit?

**BUCK**

Hey, Jerry, look --

**JERRY**

No, you look. I gave you a job here  
because I thought your film work  
might bring some nice pussy in the  
place -- and it has -- but I can't  
have anymore fuck ups -- you dig?

**BUCK**

Yeah.

**JERRY**

Alright. Go unload the new 484's  
from the back room.

Buck goes to the back room.

**CUT TO:**

**18 INT. SHERYL LYNN'S BEDROOM - DAY - LATER**

Dirk is in bed with a young neighborhood girl, SHERYL LYNN PARTRIDGE.  
Her  
room is decorated in pastels with equestrian things all around. Horse  
models, trophies from riding, blue ribbons, etc.

**DIRK**

I have to get back.

**SHERYL LYNN**

Once more.

**DIRK**

I have to get back to work.

**SHERYL LYNN**

Give it to me, Eddie.

**DIRK**

Don't make me pounce you, Sheryl Lynn.

**SHERYL LYNN**

Ohhhh-baby, baby, baby.

**DIRK**

I'll do it --

**SHERYL LYNN**

Promise?

**DIRK**

That's it.

Dirk jumps up and starts bouncing up and down on the bed, naked and flapping. She stares at his crotch, shakes her head;

**DICK (OC)**

What?

**SHERYL LYNN**

You're so beautiful.

**DICK (OC)**

Yeah . . .

**SHERYL LYNN**

Do you know how good you are at  
doing this, Eddie? Having sex . . . fucking me . . .  
making love to me?

Dirk looks down. BEAT.

**DIRK**

Everyone has one thing, y'think? I mean:  
Everyone is given one special thing . . . . right?

**SHERYL LYNN**

That's right.

**DIRK**

Everyone is blessed with One Special Thing.

Dirk kneels down to her;

**DIRK**

I want you to know: I plan on being a star.

A big, bright shining star. That's what

I want and it's what I'm gonna get.

**SHERYL LYNN**

I know.

**DIRK**

And once I get it: I'm never gonna stop  
and I'll never, ever make a mistake.

They Kiss.

**CUT TO:**

**19 INT. HOT TRAXX NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT**

Nightclub is in full swing on a Friday Night. CAMERA hangs with Dirk  
for a  
while as he buses tables.

**ANGLE, JACK'S BOOTH**

Rollergirl comes over to speak with Jack. He whispers something in her  
ear.  
She nods, "I understand," and rolls away --

**CUT TO:**

**20 INT. HOT TRAXX/HALLWAY - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT**

CAMERA follows on the heels of the rollerskates as they move down the hallway and into --

**THE KITCHEN**

Dirk is washing dishes. He looks up and spots Rollergirl. She lifts a skate up just a little . . . She rolls closer to Dirk and pulls him into

**A CLOSET SPACE**

She goes down on him, unzips his pants and pulls out his cock. She hesitates. DOLLY IN CLOSE ON HER FACE. She smiles up at Dirk.

**CUT TO:**

**21 OMITTED**

**22 EXT. HOT TRAXX NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT - LATER**

Closing hour. Dirk exits a side door and starts walking. Jack, Amber and Rollergirl in the Seville pull along side him;

**JACK**

Hey. Eddie.

**DIRK**

Hello. Jack?

**JACK**

Yeah. You wanna ride?

**DIRK**

I'm goin' pretty far.

**ROLLERGIRL**

You remember me? Couple hours ago?

**DIRK**

Yeah . . . I remember you.

**AMBER**

Come with us, sweetie.

**DIRK**

Okay.

Dirk gets in the backseat of the car with Rollergirl.

**CUT TO:**

**23. INT. CANDY'S COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT - LATER**

In a booth, after the meal. Dirk and Rollergirl on one side, Jack and Amber on the other.

**JACK**

This thing here, I mean, you understand one thing and that's this: It costs. I mean, this stuff costs good ol' American Green. You got film, you got lights, you got sound, lab fees, developing, synching, editing -- next thing you know you're spending thirty/forty thousand a picture.

**DIRK**

That's a lot of money.

**JACK**

Hell yes it's a lot of money, but lemme tell you something else: You make a good film and there's practically no end to the amount of money you can make, Eddie.

**AMBER**

Have you seen Jack's house?

CAMERA HOLDS ON AMBER. She watches Dirk.

**DIRK (OC)**

No.

**JACK (OC)**

He'll see it.

**ROLLERGIRL (OC)**

He'll see it.

**JACK (OC)**

Eddie: You got ten, fifteen people around  
and that's just to make sure the lighting is  
right . . . shit, this is not an operation for  
the weak, and lemme tell you something else:  
When all is said and done, you gotta have the  
juice, you understand? I mean . . . you can work  
on your arms, your legs, workout morning, day,  
noon, night, the whole deal, but when it comes  
right down to it . . . what we need is Mr. Torpedo  
Area, y'understand? Mr. Fun Zone? Okay, let's  
say you got that: right? And You Do Got, Yeah?

He looks to Rollergirl. She smiles. CAMERA OFF AMBER NOW.

**JACK**

I can go out -- tonight -- the reputation  
I got: I can find myself 15/20 guys,  
cocks the size of Willie Mays Baseball Bat:  
Do I want that? No. Do I need that? No.

I need actors.

**AMBER**

Uhhh-ohhh . . . here we go --



**JACK**

-- Alright, yeah, I need the big dick,  
and the big tits -- that GETS them in  
the theater. What keeps them in their  
seats even after they've come? Huh?

The beauty and the acting.

If you're able to give it up and show the world:

No, not just your cock. Fuck that.

What I'm talking about is showing your  
insides, from your heart . . . you understand?

Hey, Sure: GET THEM IN THE THEATER.

That's one thing. I don't want 'em showing up,  
sitting down, jacking off and splitting on  
the story. I don't want to make that film.

I wanna make the thing that keeps 'em around  
even after they've come . . . what happens when you  
come? You're done, you wanna split.

My idea, my goal: Suck 'em in with the  
story . . . they'll squirt their load and sit in it . . .

Just To See How The Story Ends.

Sometimes we make these films, we wanna  
make people laugh a little, then get into  
it and fuck heavy: That's good and that's fine.

But I got a dream of making a film that's  
true . . . true and right and dramatic.

**DIRK**

. . . Right . . . right . . . I understand.

**AMBER**

Don't listen too hard to all this,  
honey . . . it's just nice in theory.

**JACK**

It's a dream to be able to find  
a cock and an actor.

**ROLLERGIRL**

Dream, dream, dream, dream, dream.

**DIRK**

If you don't have dreams you have nightmares.

HOLD. Amber, Jack and Rollergirl look at Dirk.

**CUT TO:**

**24 INT. JACK'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

**CAMERA DOES A 180 AROUND THE MAIN PART OF THE HOUSE, LANDS THE ANGLE WITH**

DIRK. He's sitting on a couch, hands folded across his lap. OC we hear Jack, Rollergirl and Amber moving about and talking.

**JACK (OC)**

Did you want a Fresca, Eddie?

**DIRK**

No thanks.

**JACK**

You're sure . . . ?

**ROLLERGIRL (OC)**

. . . you're out of limes, Jack.

**JACK (OC)**

Check in the studio fridge . . .

**AMBER (OC)**

I'm going to bed.

**JACK (OC)**

Good night, honey.

**AMBER (OC)**

Good night, Jackie. Don't stay up too late.

Good night, Eddie. I'm glad you came by.

She leans into FRAME and gives Dirk a good-night kiss.

**AMBER**

You're great.

**DIRK**

Thank you.

**CAMERA PANS WITH AMBER AND LEADS TO AN ANGLE WITH JACK. HOLD.**

**JACK**

She's the best, Eddie. A mother.

A real and wonderful mother to all

those who need love.

**DIRK (OC)**

She's really nice.

**JACK**

So what do you think . . . I think  
we ought to be in business together.

**DIRK (OC)**

. . . yeah . . . ?

**JACK**

What do you think of Rollergirl?

**DIRK (OC)**

She's . . . she's really great . . .

**JACK**

Would you like to get it on with her?

**DIRK (OC)**

Have sex?

**JACK**

Yeah.

**DIRK (OC)**

Yeah, I'd love to. I mean, yes.

She's . . . she's really foxy.

**JACK**

Bet your ass she is --

Rollergirl enters back into the house. CAMERA SWING PANS OVER:

**ROLLERGIRL**

You're officially out of limes, Jack.

**JACK**

I'll get you some more tomorrow.

Come over here a minute. Sit next

to Eddie on the couch there.

**ROLLERGIRL**

Here We Go! Are We Gonna Fuck?

**JACK**

Yes you are.

**ROLLERGIRL**

Oh, wait, wait, wait, then.

She rolls over to the Hi-Fi system and picks a record. She sets the needle on the turntable and rolls over to the couch -- in one swift motion ripping her clothes off.

**ROLLERGIRL**

You ready?

**DIRK**

Are you?

**ROLLERGIRL**

Ohhh-yeah.

They kiss. They lean back on the couch. Dirk stops a moment.

**DIRK**

Are you gonna take your skates off?

**ROLLERGIRL**

I don't take my skates off.

**DIRK**

Okay.

**ROLLERGIRL**

Don't fucking come in me.

**JACK**

Don't come in her, Eddie. I want you to pull it out and jack off, make sure you aim it towards her face.

**ROLLERGIRL**

Fuck you, Jack.

**JACK**

Towards her tits, then.

CAMERA HOLDS ON JACK. OC sounds of Dirk and Rollergirl making out on the couch. SLOW ZOOM INTO CU. ON JACK.

**CUT TO:**

**25 INT. DIRK'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING - LATER**

Dirk enters quietly, walks down the hallway, passing the kitchen. His MOTHER is there, looking at him. HOLD, THEN;

**DIRK**

Hi.

**MOTHER**

Where were you?

**DIRK**

Nowhere.

**MOTHER**

Shut up. Shut up. Where were you?

Dirk walks down the hall towards his room.

**MOTHER**

You see that little slut girl you see?

Sheryl? Sheryl Lynn?

**DIRK**

Don't say that.

**MOTHER**

Does it make you feel like a stud to see trash like that? Huh? What is she?

Your girl-friend?

**DIRK**

She's not my girlfriend.

**MOTHER**

She's a little whore and a little  
piece of trash . . . I know you're not  
the only one that she sees.

**DIRK**

What . . . what're you . . . you don't know.

**MOTHER**

I've heard things about her. That girl.  
Don't think I don't know what goes on  
when I'm not here . . . I wash your sheets, kid.  
I know she's been here. Or are you doing  
some other thing in there? With your  
music and your posters on the wall?

**CUT TO:**

**26 INT. BEDROOM - MORNING - THAT MOMENT**

Dirk's FATHER is sitting on the edge of his bed, listening the fight  
outside.

**MOTHER (OC)**

Why don't you go to your little whore,  
Sheryl Lynn. Your little GIRLFRIEND.

**DIRK (OC)**

Maybe I will.

**MOTHER (OC)**

Oh yeah? Yeah, what are you gonna do?

**DIRK (OC)**

I dunno, I'll do something.

27 INT. HALLWAY - MORNING - THAT MOMENT

**MOTHER**

You can't do anything. You're a loser.  
You'll always be a loser -- you couldn't  
even finish high school because you were  
too stupid -- so what are you gonna do?

**DIRK**

I'll do something . . . I'll do it.  
I'll go somewhere and do something,  
maybe I'll run away where you can never  
find me.

**MOTHER**

Go ahead. Go ahead and fuck  
that little GIRL.

Dirk heads for his room, Mother follows.

29 INT. DIRK'S BEDROOM - MORNING - THAT MOMENT

Dirk heads for a drawer and starts to grab some clothes.

**MOTHER**

What do you think you're doing?

**DIRK**

I'm getting my stuff --

**MOTHER**

-- you think that's your stuff?  
That's not your stuff . . . you didn't pay  
for that -- it's not yours because  
you didn't pay for it, stupid.



Dirk stops. His Mother looks to the posters on his wall.

**MOTHER**

None of this stuff is yours. This:

She starts to rip his posters from the wall. Dirk stands. CAMERA begins a  
**SLOW DOLLY INTO CU.**

**MOTHER (OC)**

If you're gonna leave, you leave with what  
you've got: Nothing. Y'see . . . you treat me

like this and this is what you get.

That's fair. Huh? You wanna live that way?

Fuck that little whore. I've taken care of  
you all your miserable fucking life . . . .

CAMERA ARRIVES CU. ON DIRK. He's starting to cry.

**MOTHER (OC)**

. . . you pay for it . . . you owe me for all the  
shit I've done for you in your life . . . . you  
little fucker . . . you understand? Think you're

gonna be this? Huh? These god damn posters --

you're not gonna be this -- you're gonna

be shit . . . because you're stupid.

**DIRK**

I'm not stupid.

**MOTHER**

Yes you are.

**DIRK**

Why are you so mean to me? You're my mother . . .

**MOTHER**

Not by choice.

**DIRK**

Don't. Don't be mean to me.

**MOTHER**

You little fucker, I'm not being mean  
to you, you're just too stupid to see.

**DIRK**

You don't know what I can do. You don't  
know what I can do or what I'm gonna do  
or what I'm gonna be. You don't know.  
I'm good. I have good things that you  
don't know and I'm gonna be something --  
you -- You Don't Know And You'll See.

**MOTHER**

You can't do anything.  
You'll never do anything --

**DIRK**

Don't be mean to me.

**MOTHER**

**YOU LITTLE FUCKER, I'M NOT BEING MEAN TO YOU!**

Dirk CHARGES at his Mother and SLAMS her against the wall.

**DIRK**

**AND YOU DON'T BE MEAN, AND YOU DON'T**

**TALK TO ME . . . . NO.**

**CUT TO:**

**29 EXT. DIRK'S HOUSE/TORRANCE - MORNING**

Dirk CHARGES out of the house and runs off down the street. Mother appears in the doorway, watches him leave, slams the door --

**CUT TO:**

**30 OMITTED**

**31 OMITTED**

**32 OMITTED**

**33 INT. JACK'S HOUSE - DAY**

Jack, Amber, Rollergirl, Reed, Buck and Becky. They're setting up for a pool party. Cases of beer, soda and chips all around.

Dirk comes walking up towards the front door . . . Jack opens up,  
CAMERA  
PUSHES IN . . . Jack opens his arms;

**JACK**

Eddie Adams from Torrance! You made it,  
you made it, my darling, come on in here.

I want you to meet someone --

CAMERA follows with Jack and Dirk as they move to the pool area and find Reed, who's setting up the bar.

**JACK**

Reed, honey, I want you to meet  
a New Kid On The Block, Eddie Adams.

**DIRK**

Hi . . . I'm Eddie . . .

**REED**

Hi, Eddie. I'm Reed. You live on this block?

**DIRK**

No, no.

**REED**

Oh, I thought Jack said you did.

You wanna drink?

**DIRK**

Sure.

**JACK**

Eddie, I want you to hang out for  
a while, I don't want you leaving  
this party . . . understand me?

**DIRK**

Sure.

Jack leaves. Reed looks to Dirk.

**REED**

Marguerita?

**DIRK**

Great.

BEAT. Reed fixes the drink.

**REED**

Can I ask you something?

**DIRK**

Uh-huh.

**REED**

Do you work out?

**DIRK**

Yeah.

**REED**

You look like it. Whadda you squat?

**DIRK**

Two.

**REED**

Super, super.

**DIRK**

You?

**REED**

Three.

**DIRK**

Wow.

**REED**

No b.s. Where do you work out?

**DIRK**

Torrance. In Torrance, where I live.

**REED**

Cool. Cool. You ever go to Vince's out here -- no you couldn't, I would've seen you.

**DIRK**

I've always wanted to work out at Vince's.

**REED**

Here we go . . . taste that.

Dirk sips the Marguerita.

**DIRK**

Rock and Roll.

**REED**

Thanks. What do you bench?

**DIRK**

You tell me first.

**REED**

You first.

**DIRK**

Same time.

**REED**

Cool.

**DIRK**

Ready?

**REED**

Ready.

**DIRK/REED**

One . . . Two . . . Three . . . .

**SILENCE.**

**DIRK**

You didn't say it . . .

**REED**

. . . neither did you.

**ANGLE, POLAROID CAMERA.**

It sits on a table top. It's suddenly snapped up by Rollergirl. CAMERA follows her and the Polaroid out to the pool area where she snaps photos of Reed and Dirk. (Flash to Developed Polaroids.)

**CUT TO:**

**34 EXT. JACK'S DRIVEWAY - AFTERNOON - LATER**

The driveway is PACKED with cars now and the party is in full swing. A Big Black Cadillac comes down the driveway. A LIMO DRIVER gets out, moves to the back and opens the door. From the car steps:

THE COLONEL JAMES (mid-60s). Heavy-set in a tan suit. Wrap around sunglasses. The Porno Film Distributor. His LADY FRIEND (aged 16) steps from the car and smiles;

**COLONEL**

You look great, honey.

**LADY FRIEND**

Is there gonna be coke at this party, Colonel?

**COLONEL**

Yes.

Jack is right there to greet the Colonel.

**JACK**

Colonel, hello and welcome!

**COLONEL**

Hello, Jack. This is my Lady Friend.

**JACK**

Hello, darling.

**LADY FRIEND**

Do you have coke at this party?

**JACK**

Well I'm sure we can find you some.

**COLONEL**

Find her some coke, Jack.

**JACK**

We will, we will. Thanks for coming by.

They exit. CAMERA follows the Limo Driver into the pool area --

**CUT TO:**

**35 EXT. POOL AREA/JACK'S HOUSE - THAT MOMENT**

CAMERA follows the Limo Driver for a while, then moves away, to find; Maurice and Amber. They're sitting down, speaking.

**MAURICE**

. . . y'see, Miss Amber, I'm just a poor fellow  
from Puerto Rico. I have the club, yes,  
that's one thing . . . but soon . . . the club goes . . .  
I die . . . and what do I have? I've got nothing.

**AMBER**

Uh-huh.

**MAURICE**

I want something to send back home.  
Something to send back to my brothers and say:  
Look At Me. Look At The Women I've Been With.

**AMBER**

So what . . . do you want me to talk to him?

**MAURICE**

Yes . . . I mean . . . y'know . . . what do you  
think I'm askin' here?

**AMBER**

. . . you wanna be in a movie?

**MAURICE**

Please. Tell him I won't be bad. Please.

**AMBER**



I'll see what I can do.

CAMERA moves away, through the party, to find Buck and Becky.

**BECKY**

. . . because it's old . . . it's old deal.

**BUCK**

Lemme tell you something:

**BECKY**

He was obviously pissed about the music.

**BUCK**

What's wrong with it, y'know?

**BECKY**

Look, Buck: The cowboy look ended

about six years ago --

**BUCK**

-- it's comin' back.

**BECKY**

No it's not. It's over, it's dead.

**BUCK**

You don't know what you're talkin' about.

**BECKY**

I'm just saying and it seems like your

boss at the stereo store is saying the

same thing --

**BUCK**

-- what, what?

**BECKY**

Get a new look.

**BUCK**

Yeah . . . yeah . . . yeah . . . you get a new look.

**BECKY**

The look I've got is just fine.

**BUCK**

What's your look?

**BECKY**

Chocolate Love, Baby.

**BUCK**

Yeah, right.

OC we hear the new song start to play.

**BECKY**

**OH SHIT! TURN IT UP! I LOVE THIS SONG!**

Becky leaves. CAMERA moves away to find:

The Colonel's Lady Friend approaches a Young Stud, who's wearing bikini-speedos and holding court over a table of coke.

**LADY FRIEND**

Excuse me . . . ?

**YOUNG STUD**

Yes?

**LADY FRIEND**

May I please join in?

**YOUNG STUD**

Most certainly.

**CUT TO:**

**36 EXT. JACK'S HOUSE/DRIVEWAY - DAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Little Bill and his Wife get out of his Station Wagon and enter the party from the driveway. She's dressed up. He's dressed down.

**LITTLE BILL**

Just don't embarrass me, alright?

**LITTLE BILL'S WIFE**

Fuck you, Bill.

**LITTLE BILL**

I work with these people, alright?

These are my coworkers, so just --

**LITTLE BILL'S WIFE**

Bite it.

**LITTLE BILL**

Don't make me do something.

**LITTLE BILL'S WIFE**

Ohhh . . . I'm so scared.

She moves away. Rollergirl passes and takes a SNAPSHOT.

**CU. THE POLAROID - DEVELOPED**

Little Bill in sort of an angry-confused-surprised face.

**ROLLERGIRL**

What's wrong, Little Bill?

**LITTLE BILL**

Nothing. How are you, Rollergirl?

**ROLLERGIRL**

I'm fine.

**LITTLE BILL**

Is Jack around?

**ROLLERGIRL**

He's in the house.

Little Bill leaves. CAMERA follows Rollergirl around as she mingles and snaps more Polaroids.

**CUT TO:**

**37 INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY - THAT MOMENT**

Jack and the Colonel are sitting, drinks in their hand. The Colonel smokes a cigar.

**JACK**

The idea is this: Amber is a director of porno films and she's down on her luck.

She hasn't had a hit in a year. She's desperate. Her landlord is threatening to kick her out, so she's desperate for a big dick hit, right?

**COLONEL**

Yes. Good dilemma.

**JACK**

Yes. So she calls up all the agencies in town and says: "Send over your best actors, I'm casting a porno picture." Well, the story goes and develops with Amber auditioning various men and women . . . the whole thing wraps up with the Landlord, I'd like to get Jeremy if he's still in town to play the part --

he comes in -- the landlord says:  
You better pay rent or you're through.  
Well, Amber does one helluva suck job,  
ass fuck, come in the face, sort of thing  
and fade out - the end.

**COLONEL**

That's great.

**JACK**

There's a kid, a young man, I met him  
last night: His name is Eddie Adams.  
He's here, he's at the party. He's something  
special and I want to cast him.

**COLONEL**

What films has he done?

**JACK**

This would be his first.

Little Bill pokes his head into the office, sees the conversation and quickly apologizes and exits. The Colonel looks to Jack;

**COLONEL**

Casting is up to you, Jack. You wanna do it?  
Then do it. If it has big tits, tight pussy  
and focus: I'm happy. You tell the stories  
you wanna tell, make yourself happy.

**CUT TO:**

**38 EXT. JACK'S HOUSE/POOL AREA - DAY - THAT MOMENT**

Reed and Dirk are swimming. Dirk gets up on the diving board.

**REED**

Do a cannonball.

**DIRK**

No, no. Watch this Jackknife.

Dirk runs and jumps --

**DIRK**

**JACKKNIFE.**

He lands in the pool and swims to the surface.

**DIRK**

How did it look?

**REED**

Great. Check this out.

(gets on the board)

This is gonna be a full-flip.

Reed runs, jumps, goes for the flip but lands FLAT ON HIS BACK.

**CUT TO:**

**39 INT. POOL/UNDERWATER - THAT MOMENT**

Reed lands. CAMERA moves in on his face. He's in SERIOUS PAIN. He floats down for a moment . . . .

**CUT TO:**

**40 EXT. POOL AREA - THAT MOMENT**

Everyone at the party is looking . . . holding their breath and waiting . . .  
. Reed comes to the surface.

**REED**

Ouch.

The party people turn back to their conversations . . .

**DIRK**

You gotta try and bring your legs  
all the way around . . . .

**REED**

Yeah.

**41 INT. JACK'S HOUSE/THE PARTY - DAY - THAT MOMENT**

CAMERA follows behind Little Bill. He's walking around, looking for his wife. He greets a few people here and there.

He runs into a big guy, ROCKY (late 30s). He's a CREW member.

**LITTLE BILL**

How you doin', Rocky?

**ROCKY**

Good, good, what's wrong?

**LITTLE BILL**

Nothin'. Nothin' at all.

**ROCKY**

Do you have the schedule for the shoot, or . . . ?

**LITTLE BILL**

Yeah. You're on.

**ROCKY**

Is it here?

**LITTLE BILL**

Yeah, it's gonna be here, but it's a simple one . . .

CAMERA picks up with the Lady Friend and the Young Stud with the coke . . .  
ZOOM after them down a long hallway towards a BEDROOM door. They close the door in the CAMERA'S FACE.

**CUT TO:**

**42 INT. JACK'S KITCHEN - DAY - THAT MOMENT**

Maurice and Buck are talking;

**MAURICE**

Hey, hey, hey, my point is this:

**BUCK**

What?

**MAURICE**

You know what I say?

**BUCK**

What-What?

**MAURICE**

Wear What You Dig.

The PHONE RINGS. Maurice picks up the phone.

**MAURICE**

Hello?

(beat)

I'm sorry . . . I can't hear you  
that well . . . say again . . . ? Maggie?

(to Buck)

Is there a Maggie here?

**BUCK**

I don't know a Maggie.

**MAURICE**

(into phone)

I think you might have the wrong number . . . .  
Your mother? I'm sorry . . . wait . . . just . . . wait . . .



Maurice sets the phone down, looks to Buck.

**MAURICE**

Watch that a minute . . . .

CAMERA follows him as he walks out to the pool area --

**MAURICE**

(calls out)

Is there a Maggie here?

No one at the pool area responds so he walks back inside to the phone.  
Buck  
is still watching it closely.

**MAURICE**

(into phone)

I'm sorry . . . there's no Maggie here.

Okay . . . okay . . . no problem . . . Bye.

**BUCK**

What was it?

**MAURICE**

Some kid lookin' for his mother.

**CUT TO:**

**43 INT. BATHROOM/JACK'S HOUSE - THAT MOMENT**

Amber is sitting in the bathroom, on the toilet. She reaches to the window,  
sets aside the curtains and looks.

AMBER'S POV: Looking out to the pool area. Dirk dives off the board and  
does a perfect FLIP in SLOW MOTION.

**CUT TO:**

**44 EXT. JACK'S HOUSE/DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

CAMERA follows Little Bill. He spots six people in a semi-circle around something. He walks over -- inside the semi-circle, on the pavement, Little Bill's Wife is getting fucked by some BIG DUDE.

**LITTLE BILL**

. . . the fuck are you doing?

She looks up at him, smiles.

**WATCHER #1**

What does it look like they're doing?

**LITTLE BILL**

That's my wife.

**LITTLE BILL'S WIFE**

Shut up, Bill.

**WATCHER #2**

Yeah, shut up, Bill.

The other WATCHERS join in telling Little Bill to "Shut up." He walks away and CAMERA follows him until he's approached by a big man, KURT LONGJOHN (late 40s). He's the cameraman.

**KURT LONGJOHN**

Little Bill.

**LITTLE BILL**

Hey. Kurt. What's up?

**KURT LONGJOHN**

What's wrong with you?

**LITTLE BILL**

Ah . . . my fuckin' wife, man, she's over there . . . she's got some idiot's

dick in her, people standing around  
watching -- it's a fuckin' embarrassment.

**KURT LONGJOHN**

Yeah. Yeah. I know. Anyway, listen:

**LITTLE BILL**

-- yeah.

**KURT LONGJOHN**

For the shoot -- I wanna talk about the look.  
I wanted to see about getting this new zoom lens . . .

**LITTLE BILL**

Right.

**KURT LONGJOHN**

I wondered if we'd be able to look into  
getting some more lights, too, y'know --

**LITTLE BILL**

Jack wants a minimal-thing --

**KURT LONGJOHN**

Right, well, very often, minimal means  
a lot more photographically than I think,  
well . . . then I think most people understand . . .

**LITTLE BILL**

I understand.

**KURT LONGJOHN**

No, no. Hey. I know you understand,  
I was talking about some other people.

**LITTLE BILL**

Well, I think what Jack is talking  
about is minimal, not really "natural,"  
but minimal . . .

**KURT LONGJOHN**

OK . . . fine . . . I was just saying . . .

**LITTLE BILL**

I understand --

**KURT LONGJOHN**

-- 'cause I'm just trying to give each  
picture it's own look --

**LITTLE BILL**

Can we talk about this later?

**KURT LONGJOHN**

Oh, yeah . . . you have to go somewhere . . . or . . . ?

**LITTLE BILL**

Well, no, yeah . . . I mean . . .

**KURT LONGJOHN**

'Cause I was hoping to, y'know, for the  
shoot tomorrow, we could send Rocky down  
and he could pick it up --

**LITTLE BILL**

Kurt.

**KURT LONGJOHN**

No. Hey. Gotcha. You've gotta go somewhere  
so -- hey -- what the fuck? It's only the  
photography of the movie we're talkin' about --

Little Bill looks at him. HOLD.

**LITTLE BILL**

Are you givin' me shit, Kurt?

**KURT LONGJOHN**

NO, NO, HEY. No way, Little Bill.

**LITTLE BILL**

My fucking wife has a cock in her ass over  
in the driveway, alright? I'm sorry if my  
thoughts aren't with the photography of the  
film we're shooting tomorrow, Kurt, OK?

**KURT LONGJOHN**

OK. No big deal. Sorry.

**LITTLE BILL**

Alright?

**KURT LONGJOHN**

Gotcha.

Little Bill leaves. Kurt stands alone a moment. He walks over to the driveway and watches Little Bill's Wife get fucked.

**CUT TO:**

**45 INT. JACK'S HOUSE/HALLWAY - DAY - LATER**

CAMERA follows HAND-HELD behind Jack, the Colonel and his Limo Driver as they walk quickly down a hallway that leads to a bedroom.

**CUT TO:**

**46 INT. BEDROOM - THAT MOMENT**

Jack, the Colonel and Limo Driver BURST into the room --

REVERSE ANGLE: On the floor of the room, the Colonel's LADY FRIEND is lying

naked. She's passed out and she has blood pouring from her nose. The  
YOUNG  
STUD is naked, holding her in his arms. He looks up at the men who  
just  
entered.

**YOUNG STUD**

I think she's sick.

**COLONEL**

What the fuck is this?

**YOUNG STUD**

I didn't do anything.

**JACK**

Is she breathing?

**YOUNG STUD**

I don't know. I think she did too much coke?

**COLONEL**

Duh. Do you think so, smarty?

**LIMO DRIVER**

She's definitely overdosing.

**COLONEL**

Oh . . . what the fuck . . . .

The four men look at the girl. The Colonel turns to his Limo Driver.

**COLONEL**

Alright: Johnny. You're gonna take care  
of this for me. You listening here?

**LIMO DRIVER**

Yeah.

**COLONEL**

I want you to pick her up, get her in  
the car, take her down to St. Joe's.

**LIMO DRIVER**

Okay.

**COLONEL**

Listen, though: You drop her off in  
the front, I don't want this . . . y'understand?

I don't need this, here.

**LIMO DRIVER**

Gotcha.

**COLONEL**

Make sure no one sees the limo.

**LIMO DRIVER**

Got it.

**COLONEL**

Young Stud, I want you to help my driver

Johnny here get her in the car.

The Young Stud starts to cry hysterically.

**COLONEL**

(to Jack)

What the fuck is this?

(to Young Stud)

Hey . . . hey . . . pal . . . get a grip, man.

**YOUNG STUD**

I'm sorry . . . it's just . . . it's just . . . .

**COLONEL**

What?

**YOUNG STUD**

I . . . I . . . I . . . .

**COLONEL**

Spit it out.

**YOUNG STUD**

This is twice in two days a chick  
has O.D.'d on me.

**COLONEL**

Well maybe that means you oughta think about  
getting some new shit, what do you think?

**YOUNG STUD**

Yes, sir.

**COLONEL**

Jesus Christ. Now be a man, deal with the  
situation and get her in the car.

The Lady Friend starts to go into CONVULSIONS.

**COLONEL**

Y'see that, all this fuckin' conversation --

**YOUNG STUD**

Please don't die!

**LIMO DRIVER**

C'mon, pal.

The Limo Driver and Young Stud carry her naked, convulsing body to the  
Black Limo out front. CAMERA holds with Jack and the Colonel.

**JACK**

Close call.



**COLONEL**

Yes.

They exit.

**CUT TO:**

**47 EXT. POOL AREA - DAY - THAT MOMENT**

CAMERA is with Reed and Dirk. They're sitting in two pool chairs, drinking their drinks and talking. A nervous young kid in red swimming trunks, SCOTTY J. (mid-20s) comes over and interjects --

**SCOTTY J.**

Hey Reed.

**REED**

Hey -- Scotty, how are you?

**SCOTTY J.**

Y'know, y'know.

(re: Dirk)

Who's this?

**REED**

Eddie -- meet Scotty J. He's a friend,  
he works on some of the films.

**DIRK**

Nice to meet you.

**SCOTTY J.**

You too. Are you gonna be working?

**DIRK**

Maybe.

**REED**

Probably.

**SCOTTY J.**

That's great. That's great. Where did  
you meet Jack? 'Cause I work on the films,  
y'know, sometimes, that's why I'm wondering  
if you, you know --

**JACK (OC)**

EDDIE! EDDIE! Come over here a minute.

Dirk spots Jack calling him and stands, looks to Scotty J.

**DIRK**

Excuse me.

**SCOTTY J.**

Yeah, okay.

**DIRK**

Nice to meet you.

**CAMERA DOLLIES IN A LITTLE ON SCOTTY J.**

**REED (OC)**

You wanna take a seat, Scotty?

**SCOTTY J.**

Uh . . . I dunno . . . is it alright?

**REED (OC)**

Yeah.

**SCOTTY J.**

Thank you. It gets a little hard  
mingling around . . . y'know . . . talking to  
people and stuff . . . it's sort of --

That kid Eddie is really good looking, huh?

**ANGLE, JACK, THE COLONEL AND DIRK.**

Dirk approaches and the Colonel smiles. They shake hands.

**JACK**

This young man is interested  
in the business.

**COLONEL**

Well, you're in good hands if you  
get involved with Jack, here.

**DIRK**

Oh yeah?

**COLONEL**

I can't give you much advice that Jack  
probably doesn't know, but I can advise,  
maybe you think about your name . . . ?

**DIRK**

My name . . . yeah . . . ?

**COLONEL**

Think about something that makes you happy,  
something that also gives some pizzaz . . . y'know?

**DIRK**

Right.

**JACK**

The Colonel pays for all our films, Eddie.  
He's an important parts of the process.

**DIRK**

Well, great. Great.

**COLONEL**

I look forward to seeing you in action.

Jack says you've got a great big cock.

**DIRK**

. . . um . . . yeah, I dunno, I guess?

**COLONEL**

Can I see it?

**DIRK**

Really?

**COLONEL**

Please.

Dirk unzips his pants. CAMERA on the Colonel. He looks down, then up:

**COLONEL**

Thank you, Eddie.

**DIRK**

No problem.

Dirk exits. The Colonel turns to Jack;

**COLONEL**

Jesus Christ. Jesus Lord in Heaven.

CAMERA picks up with Dirk, who runs for the pool and DIVES IN . . . .

**CUT TO:**

**48 INT. POOL - THAT MOMENT**

**CAMERA MOVES IN AS DIRK LANDS IN THE WATER, FLOATS TO THE BOTTOM, THEN PUSHES OFF, TOWARDS THE SURFACE. TIME LAPSE TO NIGHT.**

**CUT TO:**

**49 EXT. DRIVEWAY/JACK'S HOUSE - NIGHT (LATER)**

The party is coming to a close and people are trying to get in their cars and get out of the driveway.

CAMERA hangs with Little Bill and his Wife.

**LITTLE BILL**

Thanks for fucking up this party for me.

I appreciate it.

**LITTLE BILL'S WIFE**

Oh Fuck Off. Will You?

**LITTLE BILL**

You Fuck Off.

**LITTLE BILL'S WIFE**

Yeah, right.

**CAMERA MOVES TO FIND: THE YOUNG STUD AND THE LIMO DRIVER.**

They're sitting by the limo. The Young Stud is crying.

**LIMO DRIVER**

Hey, hey, hey. I mean: How were you supposed to know?

**YOUNG STUD**

I wasn't.

**LIMO DRIVER**

That's right. So what did you do wrong?

**YOUNG STUD**

Nothing?

**LIMO DRIVER**

Nothing is absolutely right, Young Stud.

**YOUNG STUD**

Thank you for your help.

**LIMO DRIVER**

No problem.

The Colonel and Jack approach. The Colonel now has ANOTHER YOUNG LADY FRIEND, picked up from the party.

**COLONEL**

You ready, Johnny?

**LIMO DRIVER**

Yes, sir.

**COLONEL**

How you doin', pal?

**YOUNG STUD**

I'm okay, sir.

**COLONEL**

Don't worry about it. She'll be fine.

**YOUNG STUD**

She died in the limo on the way to the hospital.

**COLONEL**

I didn't hear that.

**YOUNG STUD**

What?

**COLONEL**

You never told me that and what happened,  
never happened. You got me?

**YOUNG STUD**

I get you.

**COLONEL**

Now go home. Sleep it off.

The Young Stud exits.

**JACK**

Thanks for coming, Colonel.

**COLONEL**

Great party, Jack.

The Colonel and the new Lady Friend get in the car.

**CUT TO:**

**50 EXT. JACK'S HOUSE/POOL AREA - NIGHT (LATER)**

The party is over. Amber and Rollergirl are inside playing cards. Scotty J. is cleaning up, Dirk and Reed sit in the JACUZZI, looking up at the stars.

**REED**

. . . you wanna hear a poem I wrote?

**DIRK**

Yeah.

**REED**

Okay. Um . . .

"I love you. You love me.

Going down the Sugar Tree.

We'll go down the Sugar Tree.

And See Lots of Bees. Playing.

Playing. The bees won't sting.

'Cause you love me."

**DIRK**

That's fucking great, man.

Jack approaches in a bath robe, holding a towel.

**JACK**

Howdy-boys.

**DIRK/REED**

Hey, Jack.

Jack removes his robe and climbs in the Jacuzzi.

**JACK**

Good party?

**DIRK**

It was great.

**JACK**

Good. You had a good time then?

**DIRK**

Excellent time. Thank you.

**JACK**

What this place is for, right?

**REED**

Right.

**JACK**

Ahhhh . . . this feels good. Bubbles.

Turn those bubbles higher, Reed.

**DIRK**

Jack . . . I was thinking about my name . . . y'know . . . ?

**JACK**

Yeah?

**DIRK**



I was wondering if you had any ideas.

**JACK**

I've got a few . . . but you tell me . . .

**DIRK**

Well . . . my idea was . . . y'know . . .

I want a name . . . I want it so it  
can cut glass . . . y'know . . . razor sharp.

**JACK**

Tell me.

**DIRK**

When I close my eyes . . . I see this thing,  
a sign . . . I see this name in bright blue neon  
lights with a purple outline. And this name  
is so bright and so sharp that the sign --  
it just blows up because the name is so powerful . . . .

**FLASH ON:**

**A BRIGHT NEON SIGN IN BLUE LETTERING, WITH A PURPLE OUTLINE:**

**DIRK DIGGLER**

**DIRK (OC)**

It says, "Dirk Diggler."

The NEON SIGN FLASHES, BUZZES, THEN BURSTS INTO AN ELECTRIC FLAME.

**BACK TO:**

**51 EXT. JACUZZI - THAT MOMENT**

Back to Reed and Jack. They look at Dirk.

**JACK**

Heaven sent you here to this place,

Dirk Diggler. You've been blessed.

Dirk smiles. Reed smiles. Jack looks up and closes his eyes.

**FADE OUT, CUT TO:**

**52 INT. JACK'S GARAGE/FILM STUDIO - DAY**

. . . . The film crew sets up lights and other equipment around a small "office" set. The crew consists of: Kurt Longjohn, Director of Photography. Rocky, Gaffer/Grip. Little Bill, Assistant Director. Scotty J. Is working as a utility/sound man.

Jack is sipping coffee, conferring with Kurt about lighting.

**JACK**

How close?

**KURT LONGJOHN**

Give me twenty to thirty. I've got a couple tough shadows to deal with --

**JACK**

Okay, but not too long, Kurt, right?

Remember, there are shadows in real life.

Little Bill approaches.

**LITTLE BILL**

You wanna go over this?

**JACK**

Yeah. Let's . . . .

**LITTLE BILL**

(reading from script)

Okay. Set up is . . . here we go:

1.) Amber talking to Becky about auditions.

They make the phone call to the agency to  
send over some actors.

2.) Enter Reed to audition for Amber.

They go at it. Becky just watches.

C.) Becky goes to the bathroom to jack-off  
and is interrupted by Amber. They get into it.

E.) Enter Dirk --

(looks up)

Who's Dirk Diggler?

**JACK**

The kid, Eddie, from the club.

**LITTLE BILL**

Good name. Anyway: 4.) Dirk enters.

Meets with Becky. They go at it --

**JACK**

I wanna change that -- that should be Amber.

Dirk should be auditioning with Amber.

Little Bill makes a note. Jack walks over to Becky, who's sitting in a  
chair, shaving her pubic hairs.

**JACK**

Becky, honey --

**BECKY**

What?

**JACK**

What're you doing? We're shooting  
in twenty minutes.

**BECKY**

I'm shaving my bush --

**JACK**

Now?

**BECKY**

It only takes two seconds, Jack.

**JACK**

Fine, fine.

Jack continues to get everyone ready.

**JACK**

Alright everyone, let's go, let's go,  
we need to shoot this first scene --  
we need to get one off --

**CUT TO:**

**53 INT. BEDROOM - DAY - LATER**

Dirk is sitting on the edge of the bed, dressed up in a brown suit and his hair is brushed back, parted down the middle. He paces a little, does some deep breathing, looks over script, etc. Scotty J. enters.

**SCOTTY J.**

Hey. Hi. Dirk. Dirk Diggler.

**DIRK**

Hi.

**SCOTTY J.**

I'm supposed to come get you.  
Tell you they're ready, now.

**DIRK**

Okay.

**SCOTTY J.**

You look really good.

**DIRK**

Thank you.

**SCOTTY J.**

You look really sexy.

**DIRK**

Thanks.

**SCOTTY J.**

I like your name.

**DIRK**

You do.

**SCOTTY J.**

It's really cool.

**DIRK**

Thanks.

**SCOTTY J.**

OK . . . well . . . whenever you're ready . . .

I'll see you out there.

Scotty J. exits. Dirk stands, takes a deep breath. CAMERA follows as he exits the room and walks through the house and into --

**54 INT. GARAGE/FILM SET**

The crew is ready and waiting. Jack is there to greet him.

**JACK**

Ready, champ?

**DIRK**

Let's do this.

They walk through the scene with Amber.

**JACK**

So we know the scene, we know the thing.

You're gonna start outside the set,  
through that door, I'll call your name  
and action, that'll be your cue . . . come through  
the door, straight to the desk, right here,  
boom, you and Amber do the scene --

**DIRK**

Do we go straight into having sex?

**JACK**

Is that alright?

**DIRK**

It would be better I think, y'know,  
so we don't break up the momentum  
or something --

**JACK**

Amber?

**AMBER**

Good.

**JACK**

So we'll just go straight through.

**DIRK**

Okay.

**KURT LONGJOHN**

Are we doing a rehearsal?

**JACK**

Eddie, you want a rehearsal?

**DIRK**

It's okay . . . I can do it . . .

**JACK**

Great.

**DIRK**

Jack?

**JACK**

Yeah?

**DIRK**

. . . can you . . . um . . . will you call me

Dirk Diggle from now on?

**JACK**

Yes. I'm sorry, yeah, yes.

Jack exits. Amber and Dirk huddle in the corner a moment.

**AMBER**

Do you want to practice your lines with me?

**DIRK**

I know it.

**AMBER**

You look great, honey.

**DIRK**

Does he want me to keep going until I come?

**AMBER**

Yeah. You just come when you're ready . . .

**DIRK**

Where should I come?

**AMBER**

Where do you want?

**DIRK**

Wherever you tell me.

**AMBER**

Come on my tits if you can, okay?

Just pull it out and do it on  
my stomach and tits if you can.

**DIRK**

Yeah.

She touches her hand softly to the side of his face. (30fps)

**AMBER**

Are you alright, honey?

**DIRK**

This is great. I'm ready. I wanna do good.  
I wanna do this good . . . let's try and do it  
really sexy . . . you want to?

**AMBER**

Okay.

Little Bill takes Dirk and walks him off the set, explaining things one last time to him . . . CAMERA HOLDS ON DIRK. Little Bill walks away and he's left standing alone a moment, waiting for his cue behind a closed door. SILENCE. HOLD.



**JACK (OC)**

and . . . action, Dirk.

CAMERA blends to SLOW MOTION (30fps) and FOLLOWS Dirk through the door and into the set -- lights flare into CAMERA/DIRK and we focus in on Amber, seated behind a desk. CAMERA blends back to 24fps.

KURT LONGJOHN'S 16mm CAMERA POV:

Dirk enters. A light shines straight at him. He walks into a two shot with Amber at the desk. BEAT, THEN:

**AMBER**

Hello. Are you John?

**DIRK**

Yes, ma'am.

**AMBER**

Your agency recommends you very highly.

**DIRK**

I'm a really hard worker. You give me a job and I won't disappoint you.

**AMBER**

What special skills do you have?

**DIRK**

Well, I spent three years in the Marines.

I just got back from a tour of duty.

**AMBER**

You're kidding?

**DIRK**

No I'm not. It got really hard being

surrounded by guys all day.

**AMBER**

When was the last time you had a woman?

**DIRK**

A long time.

**AMBER**

That's terrible.

**DIRK**

But I'm back now and I'm ready to pursue  
my acting career.

**AMBER**

Well as you may or may not know, this is an  
important film for me. If it's not a hit,  
I'm gonna get kicked out of my apartment.  
My landlord is a real jerk.

**DIRK**

Really?

**AMBER**

Why don't you take your pants off?

It's important that I get an idea of your size.

**DIRK**

No problem.

Dirk starts to remove his pants . . . just before they come off we go  
to:

**JACK AND THE REST OF THE CREW**

Kurt Longjohn takes his eye away from the viewfinder for a moment.  
Rocky

frowns slightly. Scotty J. is in shock. Reed and Becky smile.

Amber looks from Dirk's cock to his face.

**AMBER**

I think that you have the part,  
but why don't I make sure of something . . .

16mm CAMERA'S POV:

for the first time, we see Dirk's cock. It hangs about 12 inches.  
Amber's  
hand reaches and grabs hold of it --

**AMBER**

This is a giant cock.

So they go at it . . . taking each other's clothes off and climbing up  
on  
the desk . . . OUR CAMERA is hand held, moving around, looking at the  
crew  
filming and Dick/Amber making love . . . .

They continue for a while. Jack whispers something to Kurt, then walks  
over  
to Dirk and Amber, quietly interrupts;

**JACK**

Guys . . .

**DIRK**

Is everything cool?

**JACK**

Hang in there, everything's cool,

I just wanna change the angle --

You're doin' great.

Amber looks to Dirk. They hold still;

**AMBER**

You're doin' so good, Dirk.

**DIRK**

Does it feel good?

Amber smiles. Jack and Kurt have set up a new angle;

**JACK**

Okay -- we're back, we're ready -- action --

They continue for a bit, getting faster and a little harder;

**CU. DIRK AND AMBER**

they're face to face. Following in sotto:

**AMBER**

You're amazing.

**DIRK**

You feel good, Amber.

**AMBER**

Are you ready to come?

**DIRK**

Yes.

**AMBER**

Come in me.

**DIRK**

What?

**AMBER**

Don't worry, I'm fixed.

I want to come in me --

Amber and Dirk come together. HOLD. They kiss and smile.

**JACK**

**CUT! FUCK! YES! YES! YES!**

THE CREW APPLAUDS THE PERFORMANCE. Everyone gathers around. Dirk is giving hand shakes, high fives, etc.

CAMERA PANS over to Little Bill and Jack who step aside a moment. Following in sotto;

**JACK**

That was great.

**LITTLE BILL**

Yes it was. What do you want to do about the come shot? We could go to the stock footage -- get a close up --

**JACK**

It's not gonna match, we don't have a cock that big on film --

Dirk hears this and turns to Jack and Little Bill.

**DIRK**

Jack?

**JACK**

Yes, Dirk?

**DIRK**

I can do it again if you need a close-up.

Everyone in the room looks at Dirk. HOLD.

**MUSIC CUE. CONTINUES OVER CUT AND THE FOLLOWING SCENES:**

55 INT. JACK'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER Sequence "A"

The entire cast and crew together.

**ECU - CHAMPAGNE BOTTLES POP**

**ECU - ROLLERGIRL'S CAMERA.**

she snaps POLAROIDS

**ECU - DEVELOPED PICTURES**

cast and crew smiling, holding thumbs up. Dirk in the middle.

**CUT TO:**

**56 INT. RESEDA SHOE STORE - DAY**

CAMERA TRACKS ALONG a row of shoes. Dirk, Reed and Scotty J. are in the store, picking some out. Dirk falls in love with a pair of half-boots, zip-up style --

**CUT TO:**

**57 INT. HOT TRAXX NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT**

CAMERA BEGINS ON THE SHOES, DOES A QUICK BOOM UP TO A CU. ON DIRK. He's dancing with Rollergirl. They talk about his shoes.

**QUICK DISSOLVE TO:**

**OVERHEAD ANGLE, JACK'S TABLE.**

Jack is eating Clams on the Half Shell and talking to Amber. The Colonel is sitting with a NEW LADY FRIEND. CAMERA begins a BOOM DOWN as Scotty J. enters FRAME and begins talking the Colonel's ear off.

**QUICK DISSOLVE TO:**

**ANGLE, MAURICE**

CAMERA follows behind him as he shouts orders to waiters and busboys and bouncers --

**QUICK DISSOLVE TO:**

**ANGLE, BECKY**

She's hanging out near the bathroom with a GIRLFRIEND and flirting with some YOUNG GENT, who's a body-builder type.

**QUICK DISSOLVE TO:**

INSIDE THE DJ BOOTH. A couple young girls surround the DJ, who is a BLACK

MIDGET, wearing headphones, dancing and doing coke with the girls. He sets up another RECORD on the turntable. CAMERA DOLLIES IN QUICK ON THE RECORD,  
**NEW MUSIC CUE.**

**CUT TO:**

**58 INT. MOTEL ROOM FILM SET - ANOTHER DAY**

Cast and Crew shooting a new film with a Spanish-theme. Jack watches Rollergirl and Dirk who are on a WATERBED. They block the scene.

**JACK**

What we can do is make it all one thing, right?

You can go from being on top -- below and then

move and shift to the side -- pump away

there for a while, then --

Dirk gets on the bed with Rollergirl and tries a move.

**DIRK**

If she . . . Rollergirl . . . if you wrap your leg  
around . . . other one . . . your left leg . . . right . . .

up around my neck. And over. Good.

We can go right into Doggy Style.

**KURT LONGJOHN**

Is the movement of the waterbed a problem?

**DIRK**

Not at all, Kurt. Matter of fact, I dig it.

**CUT TO:**

59 OMITTED \*\* Director's Note: 2nd Unit/TBA

**BURN TO:**

**60 INT. JACK'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY**

Jack is reading "Oui." Dirk, Reed and Amber listen.

**JACK**

Jack Horner has found something special  
in newcomer Dirk Diggler. It's another  
stellar, sexual standout from Horner and Company.  
Diggler delivers a performance worth a thousand  
hard-ons. His presence when dressed is powerful  
and demanding . . .

CAMERA DOLLIES IN ON THE PAGE, TRACKS ALONG THE WORDS. CAMERA catches glimpses of the words on the page, ". . . Diggler . . ." ". . . sexual standout . . ." ". . . supple ass . . ." Continue w/STILL PHOTOGRAPHS from the film.

**SPLIT SCREEN TO:**

**61 INT. STUDIO CITY HAIR SALON - DAY**

CAMERA DOLLIES DOWN THE LINE OF HAIRSTYLISTS. Dirk is getting a fluffy new hair style. Reed stands nearby and watches;

**JACK (VO)**

. . . when stripped to the bone, Diggler's  
more eruptive than a volcano on a bad day.  
Amber Waves ripe-cherry lips do a wonderful  
job of handling Diggler's wide load and  
Reed Rothchild's stiff biceps do a slapping  
good job with Becky Barnett's supple ass . . .

**THREE-WAY SPLIT TO:**

62 "A CLIP FROM THE FILM, 'SPANISH PANTALONES.'" (16mm)

This is filmed on the Motel Room Film Set. Reed is wearing speedos and a sombrero. Becky is naked. He slaps her ass. Dirk is facing CAMERA, Amber is



kneeling down, covering his crotch giving him a blow job. CU. Dirk for the money shot.

**FOUR WAY SPLIT TO:**

**63 INT. HOT TRAXX NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT**

Dirk is disco dancing with Rollergirl and Becky and Reed.

**JACK (VO)**

. . . but it's Diggler that remains the standout  
in this film. It's easy to predict, after only  
two films, that's Diggler's suck-cess can only grow  
and grow and grow --

END FOUR WAY SPLIT, STAYING WITH DIRK DANCING IN THE CLUB. Dirk, Reed, Rollergirl, Buck, Maurice and Becky begin doing a DANCE NUMBER.  
(Complete w/choreographed moves, etc.)

**CUT TO:**

**64 OMITTED**

**65 INT. JACK'S HOUSE/AMBER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Amber is on the phone. Dirk is sitting with her, holding her hand.

**AMBER**

Please let me talk to him, Tom.

Please. I just want to say hello  
and that's all -- I'm not. I'm completely sober.

I'm not -- Tom -- Tom -- Tom --

Dial tone from the phone, she hangs up --

**AMBER**

I don't know what to do now.

**CUT TO:**

**66 INT. HOT TRAXX NIGHTCLUB/BACKROOM - DAY**

Maurice slips a PHOTOGRAPH and a letter into an envelope and seals it up.  
The VO is in Spanish, with SUB-TITLES.

**MAURICE (VO)**

Dear brothers: I'm sending you a picture --

**CUT TO:**

**67 INT. APARTMENT BLDG./PUERTO RICO - DAY**

Maurice's two BROTHERS rip open the letter and check out a picture of Maurice standing next to Rollergirl.

**MAURICE (VO)**

-- this is my girlfriend. I had sex  
with her last night. Isn't she hot?  
I get chicks like this every night.

**CUT TO:**

**68 OMITTED**

**69 INT. KARATE STUDIO - DAY**

Buck, Dirk and Reed dressed in Karate-gear, are taking lessons. Buck speaks about the ancient history of Karate.

**CUT TO:**

**70 INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY**

CAMERA TRACKS ALONG A ROW OF SUITS. Dirk picks one out, tries it on and pays for it in cash. CAMERA then PUSHES IN through a series of QUICK DISSOLVES on SUITS hanging individually on the wall.

**CUT TO:**

**71 OMITTED**

**72 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY**

CAMERA moves with Jack's Big Van and Little Bill's Station Wagon that follows.

**CUT TO:**

73 INT. JACK'S VAN - MOVING - DAY (music over into radio)

Amber is driving the van, Buck is in the passenger seat trying to figure out why the radio isn't working and speaking;

**BUCK**

If you were to open a business specializing in, like, Super-Super Hi-Fi Stereo Equipment -- forget it, you're in the money. I mean, there's no limit to the technology that's comin' out now --

**AMBER**

Really?

**BUCK**

That's a fact.

**AMBER**

So what's wrong with this radio?

**BUCK**

I think it's . . . uh . . . it's a wattage problem . . . yeah . . . we've got too many watts per channel going into the front two speaker . . . yeah . . .

**IN THE BACK OF THE VAN:**

Reed, Dirk and Jack are huddled, speaking intensely;

**JACK**

-- what else?

**DIRK**

That's it for now. I mean: I look  
at this character Holmes has come  
up with -- and -- look -- I just --

**JACK**

Tell me.

**DIRK**

I don't like to see women treated that way.  
This guy he plays, "Johnny Wad," it's always  
about slapping some girl around or whatever.  
It's not right, it's not cool and it just . . .  
isn't sexy. It isn't sexy like it should be.

**REED**

We could make it more of a James Bond  
character. This guy that's world traveled.

**JACK**

I like that.

**DIRK**

Reed could play my partner.

**JACK**

I like this a lot.

**DIRK**

We could make it really good, Jack.  
Honestly. If you direct it . . . we could  
make a whole series, with a whole story.  
This is exactly what we've always talked about.

**JACK**

I know it. I know it.

**REED**

We should do this.

**JACK**

Alright. When we get back. We'll set up  
the typewriter and we'll see what we can  
come up with. I'll talk to the Colonel when  
we get to Vegas. But Dirk, you gotta work  
on him too, okay?

**DIRK**

Right, right.

**JACK**

-- if we don't put every element into this,  
it's just not gonna work --

**DIRK**

Exactly.

**JACK**

Now: What's this guy's name?

This character? Do you know?

**DIRK**

His name is Brock Landers.

**REED**

His partner's name is Chest Rockwell.

**JACK**

. . . those are great names.

**CUT TO:**

**74 OMITTED**

**75 INT. ALADDIN HOTEL/CASINO - BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT**

The "2nd ANNUAL ADULT FILM AWARDS." Behind a small PODIUM and in front of a packed to capacity CROWD of porn filmmakers is --

AMBER. She's about to open an envelope.

**AMBER**

And the award for "Best Newcomer"  
goes to . . . Yes! My baby-boy . . . DIRK DIGGLER!

**JUMP CUT TO:**

COLONEL JAMES. He's on stage, rips open an envelope.

**COLONEL JAMES**

. . . the award for "Best Cock"  
goes to . . . Here We Go Again . . . DIRK DIGGLER.

**JUMP CUT TO:**

A Porn Actress, JESSIE ST. VINCENT (early 20s). She opens;

**JESSIE**

And The Award . . . for Best Actor Goes To . . .  
I've seen his movies and I can't wait to  
work with him, I can't wait to get that big  
cock in my mouth, my ass, my pussy or any  
which way he'll give it to me . . . Mr. Dirk Diggler!

The Audience Applauds wildly. Dirk, dressed in a jean outfit, makes his way to the stage and accepts the award from Jessie. He turns to the crowd.

**DIRK**

Wow. I dunno what to say . . . I guess. Wow.

I guess the only thing I can say, is that  
I promise to keep rocking and rolling and  
to keep making better films. It seems we make  
these movies . . . and sometimes . . . they're considered  
filthy or something by some people . . . but I don't  
think that's true. These films we make can be  
better . . . they can help . . . they really can, I mean it.  
We can always do better -- and I'll keep trying  
if you keep trying so let's keep ROCKING AND ROLLING.

AUDIENCE APPLAUDS. Jessie St. Vincent comes over and plants a deep,  
wet  
kiss right in his mouth;

**JESSIE**

You're hot.

Amber, in the audience, sees the kiss and frowns. Dirk raises the  
award  
high above his head and does a karate move --

76 INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT SET - DAY (16mm) Sequence "B"

**TITLE CARD READS: "1978"**

. . . Jessie St. Vincent walks across the restaurant to the bar. Kurt  
Longjohn and his camera crew track with her. Dirk, in character with  
his  
hair slicked, chewing on a toothpick and smoking a cigarette, wearing  
a  
suit and sunglasses is sitting at the bar. She speaks to the Bartender  
(played by Maurice).

**JESSIE**

Shot of Tequila, straight up.

**MAURICE**

Yes, ma'am.

**JESSIE**

(to Dirk)

I've been in this place twenty minutes,  
just to get a seat.

**DIRK**

You alone?

**JESSIE**

Yeah. Just visiting L.A. Some people  
told me the food in here was really good.

**DIRK**

Good. No, it's not good. It's probably  
the BEST place to eat in Los Angeles.

It's excellent.

**JESSIE**

I certainly hope so. I could die of  
starvation before I get something in my mouth --

**JUMP CUT TO:**

77 INT. BEDROOM SET - NIGHT - SCENE CONTINUED IN CLIP FORM (16mm)

This bedroom set is decorated as Brock Landers pad. Jessie St. Vincent unzips Dirk's pants . . . (porn music in b.g.)

**DIRK**

You said you were hungry --

**JESSIE**

Starving.

**DIRK**

Well, go ahead and feast.

She pulls his cock out of his fly, looks at it. CAMERA sees this.

**JESSIE**



Ohhh. It's true --

**DIRK**

What?

**JESSIE**

You're Brock Landers --

**CUT TO:**

78 EXT. VARIOUS VALLEY LOCATIONS - DAY - FILM CLIP (16mm)

TITLE SEQUENCE FROM "Brock Landers: Angels Live In My Town." Dirk is running STRAIGHT TOWARDS CAMERA in a JEAN OUTFIT. He stops, does a KARATE KICK and turns -- FREEZE FRAME.

TITLE READS: DIRK DIGGLER as BROCK LANDERS

Various other footage of Reed, running down the street, firing a gun and knocking people down. FREEZE FRAME.

TITLE READS: REED ROTHCHILD as CHEST ROCKWELL

Finally, over a WIDE ANGLE SHOT OF VENTURA BLVD;

**"BROCK LANDERS: ANGELS LIVE IN MY TOWN"**

**MATCH CUT TO:**

79 INT. JACK'S HOUSE - EDITING ROOM - DAY

CAMERA PULLS BACK and WHIPS around from the Steenbeck image to find; Jack and Kurt Longjohn, working on the film.

**JACK**

Good, good, it's close. Let's head trim  
Dirk's spin, lose Reed with the revolver  
and switch the main title card -- it should  
really fly towards camera --

**CUT TO:**

**80 INT. DIRK'S NEW HOUSE/STUDIO CITY HILLS - DAY**

CAMERA (STEADICAM) begins on Reed who's doing a MAGIC TRICK in the living room for Scotty J. and Becky. Jessie is oil painting.

Dirk and Amber enter FRAME and CAMERA follows them through the house. Dirk is giving her a tour, explaining what type of leather couches he has, what sort of history he knows about the wood used to build the house, showing her a painting on the wall of himself that was done by Jessie St. Vincent, etc. They move into --

**THE KITCHEN**

Maurice and Rollergirl are deep in conversation. He's trying to convince her that she should take a picture with him without her clothes on so he can send it to his brothers in Puerto Rico.

CAMERA stays foreground with their conversation while Dirk shows Amber the back deck area of the house --

(Director's Note: Sound covers the four talking simultaneously.)

Rollergirl stops arguing with Maurice;

**ROLLERGIRL**

Fuck it, fine, let's go.

She rips off her bikini top, sets the POLAROID on the counter, hits the timer, rolls back and poses with Maurice --

**CU - DEVELOPED POLAROID**

the image is of their waists - the Polaroid framing was too low.

Dirk and Amber come f.g. and CAMERA leads them --

**DIRK**

And around this corner is the big surprise.

The main thing I wanna show you --

They move down a hallway and into --

**THE GARAGE**

It's dark for a moment, Dirk hits the garage door and it starts to open . . .

. LIGHT POURS INSIDE on their faces --

**DIRK**

Isn't it beautiful?

CAMERA holds CU images of a BRAND NEW 1978 CORVETTE. It's candy apple red with super trimmed out designs, etc. CAMERA DOLLIES IN ON DIRK.

**AMBER**

You deserve this, baby.

**DIRK**

This is it -- this is the thing.

This is the most beautiful thing

I've ever seen in my life --

They get in the car and go for a ride.

**CUT TO:**

81 INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT SET - NIGHT - FILM CLIP (16mm)

Dirk and Reed, in character look at each other and say;

**DIRK**

So we solved the case and the women are safe --

**REED**

Just another day.

**DIRK**

That's right.

**REED**

C'mon, Brock. Let's go out and get

some of that Saturday Night Beaver --

They smile. FREEZE FRAME. TITLE CARD READS: Directed by Jack Horner.

**MATCH CUT TO:**

**82 INT. JACK'S HOUSE - EDITING ROOM - DAY**

CAMERA PULLS BACK and WHIPS around from the Steenbeck image to find Jack  
and Kurt Longjohn;

**JACK**

This is the best work I've ever done.

**KURT LONGJOHN**

It's a real film, Jack.

**JACK**

It feels good.

**KURT LONGJOHN**

You made it fly.

**JACK**

This is the one they'll remember me by, baby.

**CUT TO:**

83 OMITTED \*\* Director's Note: 2nd Unit/TBA

**QUICK DISSOLVE TO:**

84 OMITTED \*\* Director's Note: 2nd Unit/TBA

**QUICK DISSOLVE TO:**

85 OMITTED \*\* Director's Note: 2nd Unit/TBA

**BURN WHITE TO:**

**86 INT. ALADDIN BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT**

The "4th ANNUAL ADULT FILM AWARDS." Dirk walks up to the podium to accept  
another award.

CAMERA DOLLIES IN ON EACH OF OUR PRINCIPLES SO FAR IN SLOW MOTION:  
Reed.  
Jack. Amber. Little Bill . . . then PAN to his Wife. Kurt Longjohn.  
Rocky.  
Becky. Jessie St. Vincent. Scotty J. Maurice. Buck. Colonel and  
another new  
Lady Friend. Rollergirl. Finally, Dirk. He speaks into the microphone;

**DIRK**

Thank you.

FREEZE FRAME ON DIRK. End Sequence "B"

**WIPE TO:**

**87 INT. JACK'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

CAMERA starts on a huge banner strung across the house. It reads:

"Goodbye 70's -- Hello 80's"

CAMERA roams through the party. This is a bigger, better and more  
insane  
party than we have seen so far . . . .

CAMERA hangs with Becky and a tall, heavy-set black guy JEROME.

**BECKY**

. . . right, right . . .

**JEROME**

Yeah . . . y'know . . . as far as I'm concerned,  
it's about love. Y'know? You love someone  
and how hard can the world be? I mean,  
people will come and go and so will problems,  
and ultimately, if you have love on your side  
and in your soul, whatsa problem gonna be  
that takes your attention away? Y'understand?

**BECKY**

I do . . . I do. That's really sweet.

**JEROME**

My name's Jerome.

**BECKY**

I'm Becky.

**JEROME**

Nice to meet 'ya, Becky.

**BECKY**

What do you do?

**JEROME**

I'm in the auto industry.

**BECKY**

Really?

**JEROME**

Yeah. I'm regional manager  
for "Pep Boys."

**BECKY**

That's great.

**JEROME**

You've got a nice smile, Becky.

**BECKY**

Thank you.

CAMERA hangs with Kurt and Rocky who are discussing technology and the future . . .

CAMERA hangs with Reed, who's doing some Magic Tricks for Jack and explaining some facts about "the world of illusions."

CAMERA hangs with Dirk and Jessie St. Vincent.

**JESSIE**

Because sometimes I feel like an outsider  
to the whole thing. Y'know . . . I see you and  
Amber and your relationship and I dunno --

**DIRK**

No, no, Jessie. You shouldn't feel  
like an outsider.

**JESSIE**

I know my tits aren't as big and I know  
my pussy isn't as tight as all the other  
girls in this industry but I still feel  
like I've got something that works --

I can paint, too.

**DIRK**

Yes. Yes. Yes.

**JESSIE**

I dunno. I was just never really secure.  
When I was a kid, I was never really secure  
with myself that much -- I guess that's why  
I try and act like I'm all care-free and everything.

**DIRK**

I know what you mean, sometimes I'm like,  
"What am I doing?" "What the hell is wrong  
with me?" Y'know?

**JESSIE**

I know, I know.

**DIRK**

But then . . . I think . . .

**JESSIE**

-- it's just fun. It's great.

**DIRK**

It is. It's the best. I mean, look:

I couldn't be happier than where  
I am today, right now, at this moment.

**JESSIE**

You are so fucking awesome, Dirk.

**DIRK**

Who says you don't have a tight pussy?

**JESSIE**

I don't know. No one, I guess.

CAMERA hangs with Scotty J. and Amber. He re-counts;

**SCOTTY J.**

So I was all, "What's your problem?"

And he was all, "Nothing." So I was  
like . . . really . . . y'know . . . I was fuckin'

pissed, Amber. So then I was all,

like, "What are you gonna do?" Y'know?

And he was all, like acting tough,  
y'know, with his friends around and stuff.

So I was just all . . . like . . . "Forget it."

And I walked away.

Amber's attention moves to Dirk talking with Jessie St. Vincent.

**AMBER**



Excuse me, Scotty.

**CUT TO:**

**88 INT. JACK'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - NIGHT**

CAMERA hangs with The Colonel, a NEW LADY FRIEND, who's doing some coke from a bowl and Maurice, who's begging for a part in a movie. The Colonel's attention turns across the room;

COLONEL'S POV: A tall man in a white suit, FLOYD GONDOLLI (mid 50s), is standing with two dirty-looking BOYS and two similar GIRLS.

The Colonel walks over, CAMERA WHIP PANS over to Floyd Gondolli;

**FLOYD**

The Colonel!

**COLONEL**

Floyd Gondolli, great you could make  
it . . . great . . . great . . . great.

**FLOYD**

How are you? You look happy.

**COLONEL**

I'm fine.

**FLOYD**

Meet Boys: Tommy and Pete.

Meet Girls: Angie and Cyndi.

**TOMMY/PETE/ANGIE/CYNDI**

Hi.

**COLONEL**

Hello. Happy New Year.

**FLOYD**

These are the next stars . . . the real  
people in the world.

**COLONEL**

I think we should do that talk with  
Jack now, whadda 'ya say? Maybe iron  
this thing out before we start the new year . . .

**FLOYD**

Let's do it.

Floyd turns to the kid he is with and speaks very slowly to them;

**FLOYD**

Tommy-Pete-Angie-Cyndi. Uncle Floyd is gonna  
split for a minute to do a little business talk.

The Colonel and Floyd walk away.

**CUT TO:**

**89 EXT. POOL AREA - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT**

Dirk is talking with Jessie St. Vincent. Amber comes over and takes a  
seat  
on Dirk's lap.

**DIRK**

Hey, Amber.

**AMBER**

What are you talking about out here?

**DIRK**

Nothin'.

**AMBER**

Do you wanna come with me for a little while?

**DIRK**

Where?

**AMBER**

A surprise, surprise, surprise.

**DIRK**

Let's go.

They excuse themselves from Jessie and walk off into the house. Jessie looks across the party and sees Buck. CAMERA moves away, towards him -  
-

He's sitting alone, wearing a new-style, Commodores look. A few beats later

-- Jessie enters frame.

**JESSIE**

Hey, Buck.

**BUCK**

Hey, Jessie, how ya doin'?

**JESSIE**

You sitting alone?

**CUT TO:**

**90 EXT. JACK'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT**

A guy in white jeans, black leather jacket, TODD PARKER (late 20s). He exits his 280z and flashes smiles at various party people. CAMERA follows him to the POOL AREA where he sees;

**REED**

Todd Parker.

**TODD**

Rockin' Reed Rothchild.

**REED**

You made it --

**TODD**

Yeah . . . yeah. This is an amazing party.

Fuckin' chicks everywhere.

**REED**

You bet.

**TODD**

I wouldn't mind havin' some of that

action over there --

Todd points out a BIKINI PARTY GIRL.

**REED**

Want me to introduce you?

**TODD**

Sure. Introduce her to my lap.

**REED**

You got off work?

**TODD**

I don't dance Sunday nights.

Who's Corvette is that out in the driveway?

**REED**

It's Dirk's.

**TODD**

That car is jammin' -- Nosed, Racked,

Dual Camms, Ten Coats of Hand Gloss,

Candy Apple Red Laquer -- WHOA.

**CUT TO:**

**90A EXT. POOL AREA - THAT MOMENT**

Buck and Jessie St. Vincent sitting/talking.

**BUCK**

I'm pretty happy with it . . .

**JESSIE**

. . . It's a great look for you, I think.

**BUCK**

It's sort of original, I think.

**JESSIE**

Right.

**BUCK**

What were we talking about before?

**JESSIE**

Um . . . oil painting . . . ?

**BUCK**

No . . . yes, I mean . . . but we were talkin'  
about . . .

**JESSIE**

Oh! Oh! "Sunsets."

**BUCK**

Oh yeah! I was saying: I like sunsets too . . . but . . .

**JESSIE**

Sunrises are better.

**BUCK**

Exactly.

**JESSIE**

I thought I was the only one who thought that.

**BUCK**

I think that.

**JESSIE**

I never thought we'd have so much  
in common, Buck.

**BUCK**

Yeah, yeah . . . hey, have you ever heard  
of my stereo system?

**JESSIE**

No.

**BUCK**

Y'know I'm thinking of opening my  
own business --

**JESSIE**

Really?

**BUCK**

It's my dream. Hi-Fi Stereo Equipment  
at a discount price -- it's called  
"Buck's Super Stereo World."

**JESSIE**

That's a fucking great idea.

**CUT TO:**

**91 INT. JACK'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Jack, Floyd Gondolli and the Colonel sitting.

**FLOYD**

. . . so let's talk about the future.  
So let's talk about what video means

to this industry -- and let's talk  
about how all of us -- not one of us --  
but all of us will profit. I've been doing  
theater work in San Francisco and San Diego  
for as long as you've been doing stag  
and hardcore, Jack.

**JACK**

I know you're history, Floyd.

**COLONEL**

No one's doubting your history  
or your credentials, Floyd.

**FLOYD**

Then why the resistance? I mean:  
This industry is going to be turned  
upside down soon enough --

**JACK**

Then why help it?

**FLOYD**

Why not be prepared? The money comes  
from the Colonel, the talent comes from  
you, Jack. I've got a connection to the  
equipment and the mail order distribution,  
not to mention those kids I got out there  
who are hot-fuck-action to the max.  
This is the future. Video tape tells the truth.

**JACK**

I have a stable of actors and actresses.

They're professionals. They're not a bunch of fucking amateurs. They're proven box office and they get people in theaters (where films should be seen) and they know how to fuck well --

**FLOYD**

That's right, Jack and by that same token, you're the one with the power here. The video revolution is upon us -- and our role is critical. We have an obligation to use our resources and talent to help make it fly --

**JACK**

You come in here, at my party, tell me about this and that -- tell me about the future, tell me about -- video and amateurs and all that -- well lemme tell you something now:

I will not shoot films on video and no I will not loan out my actors who are under contract to me. Period.

**FLOYD**

Wait a minute, Jack. I'm not a complicated man.

I like cinema. In particular, I like to see fucking on film. I don't want to win an Oscar and I don't want to re-invent the



wheel -- I enjoy simple pleasures like butter  
in my ass and lollipops in my mouth.  
That's me -- call me crazy, call me a pervert,  
but this is something I enjoy. One other  
small thing I want to do in this life is make  
a dollar and a cent in this business -- I'm not  
trying to hurt you. I'm trying to help you stay  
one step ahead of the game --

**JACK**

We're repeating ourselves now, Floyd.

**COLONEL**

Jack, I think this is about cost and future --

**JACK**

The future is as bright as we make it --  
it shouldn't be sacrificed for a few dollars  
that can be saved shooting on video tape --  
if it looks like shit and sounds like shit,  
it probably is shit --

**FLOYD**

I think you're one gin past this conversation --

**JACK**

No . . . no. I'm crystal clear here.

**COLONEL**

Jack, please understand that this is  
not an argument . . . this is a fact of --

**JACK**

. . . What . . . ?

**COLONEL**

This is not an argument, but a --

**JACK**

What are you saying?

**COLONEL**

What do you mean, Jack, c'mon --

**JACK**

Are you telling me that you're  
working with this shit?

**COLONEL**

I think that there is a serious case  
to be made for the price and the gamble  
on the whole idea of a home video market --  
Jack: Two, three years from now, everyone's  
gonna be able to walk into their local  
supermarket and buy or rent a videocassette --

**JACK**

True film fans won't watch that shit.  
It doesn't look good and more importantly  
it doesn't make sex look sexy.

**COLONEL**

It doesn't have to look good, Jack.  
Film is just too damn expensive.  
The theaters are already planning  
converting to video projectors.

**JACK**

I haven't heard that.

**FLOYD**

It's true.

**JACK**

We've got ten minutes until the New Year and I don't want it to start like this so I'm leaving now. We will or we won't continue this conversation some other time.

Jack leaves. Floyd looks to the Colonel. HOLD.

**CUT TO:**

**92 INT. AMBER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Dirk and Amber enter. She sits him on the bed.

**AMBER**

I wanted you . . . to just . . . to come in and give me a minute so I could tell you how much I love you. It's gonna be a new year and we're gonna start things and do things and I want you to know how much I really care for you, honey. I care for you so much . . . you're my little baby . . .

**DIRK**

Thank you, Amber.

**AMBER**

You're the best thing in the world

that's happened to me since my son  
went off . . . and I just . . . I love you, honey.

**DIRK**

I love you too, Amber.

Amber continues to talk as she sets up more lines of coke.

**AMBER**

Fucking 1980 . . . y'know? Can you believe it?

**DIRK**

I can't . . . it's like . . . next thing  
we know . . . it's gonna be 1990, then  
2000 . . . can you imagine?

**AMBER**

Goodbye to 1979 . . . hello to 1980 . . .

(handing him a straw)

Make sure you snort it back quick and hard . . .

**DIRK**

. . . wh . . . ?

**AMBER**

Really fast, like this . . .

She demonstrates. Dirk hesitates a moment, then leans down and does a  
line  
of coke.

**DIRK**

It burns.

**AMBER**

It's good, though, right?

**DIRK**

It's in my throat . . . uch . . .

**AMBER**

It's the drip . . . the drip's the best part.

**DIRK**

Tastes like aspirin.

**AMBER**

Do one more in the other nostril.

**DIRK**

. . . I need a glass of water, I think . . .

**AMBER**

One more, then the water.

Dirk does another line.

**DIRK**

Do I look cool when I do it?

Amber is right there to KISS him very hard on the mouth. HOLD.

**CUT TO:**

**93 INT. JACK'S HALLWAY - THAT MOMENT**

Dirk and Amber emerge from the bedroom and walk back to the party . .

. .

Amber stops to say hello to some people . . . . Dirk keeps walking . .

.

CAMERA follows him outside . . . Scotty J. approaches . . . .

**SCOTTY J.**

Hey, Dirk.

**DIRK**

Scotty. Hey. What's up, man?

**SCOTTY J.**

. . . fuckin' New Year's, y'know, right?

**DIRK**

1980.

**SCOTTY J.**

Right. Did you see my new car?

**DIRK**

You got a new car?

**SCOTTY J.**

Yeah. Wanna see?

**DIRK**

Sure.

CAMERA FOLLOWS them outside, they pass Reed and Todd who are standing near the BBQ pit --

**REED**

Hey, Dirk, c'mere and meet someone.

This is Todd, my pal from the thing --

**DIRK**

How are ya?

**TODD**

We finally meet.

**REED**

Remember I told you about Todd?

He works over at the Party Boys

Strip Club --

**DIRK**

Oh, cool, cool. You're a dancer?

**TODD**

Yeah, I got some moves.

**SCOTTY J.**

-- Dirk? Are you coming -- ?

**DIRK**

Yeah, okay, Scotty.

(to Todd)

I'll see you around. We can talk later.

CAMERA continues with Dirk and Scotty J. Out to the DRIVEWAY. They check out the USED CANDY-APPLE RED TOYOTA COROLLA.

**SCOTTY J.**

This is it.

**DIRK**

Cool.

**SCOTTY J.**

Wanna get inside?

**DIRK**

When did you get this?

**SCOTTY J.**

Yesterday.

**DIRK**

It's great. It's really great.

**SCOTTY J.**

Yeah, you wanna take a ride, or --

**DIRK**

Wait a minute, wait a minute,  
waitaminute . . . fuckin' hell . . . how much time left?

**SCOTTY J.**

Six minutes . . .

**DIRK**

Oh, shit! Let's get back inside, come on --

Dirk starts to walk away . . . Scotty watches him go . . . Suddenly:  
Scotty  
CHARGES Dirk from behind and starts to KISS his neck. Dirk stumbles,  
pushes  
him away and turns:

**SCOTTY J.**

I'm sorry, Dirk. Please. I'm sorry.

**DIRK**

. . . why'd you do that?

**SCOTTY J.**

You look at me sometimes --

**DIRK**

-- What?

**SCOTTY J.**

I wanna know if you like me.

**DIRK**

. . . yeah . . . Scotty.

**SCOTTY J.**

Can I kiss you?

**DIRK**

. . . Scott . . . I don't --

**SCOTTY J.**

-- Can I kiss your mouth?

Please. Please let me.



**DIRK**

No.

**SCOTTY J.**

I'm really sorry. I didn't mean  
to grab you . . . I didn't --

**DIRK**

It's alright.

**SCOTTY J.**

. . . I'm sorry . . .

**DIRK**

. . . it's alright.

**SCOTTY J.**

Do you wanna kiss me?

**DIRK**

Scotty.

**SCOTTY J.**

No, no. Forget it. I'm sorry.  
I'm really sorry, I'm just drunk.

I'm outta my head, okay?

**DIRK**

. . . yeah --

**SCOTTY J.**

I'm just crazy, you know? Crazy. Right?

I'm so wasted, drunk, drunk --

**DIRK**

You wanna go back inside?

**SCOTTY J.**

Do you like my car, Dirk?

**DIRK**

What . . . ? Yeah. Yeah.

**SCOTTY J.**

I wanted to make sure you thought it  
was cool or else I was gonna take it back.

**DIRK**

Oh.

PAUSE. Dirk hesitates . . . then turns and walks back into the house.

**SCOTTY J.**

(to himself)

I love you, Dirk.

**CUT TO:**

**94 INT. JACK'S HOUSE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER**

Jack calls out to the crowd of Party People.

**JACK**

**WE GOT TWO MINUTES, PEOPLE! TWO MINUTES!**

**CUT TO:**

**95 INT. HALLWAY - THAT MOMENT**

CAMERA follows Little Bill as he walks the hallway to a closed  
bathroom  
door. He opens it.

**OVER LITTLE BILL'S SHOULDER, INSIDE THE BATHROOM**

Little Bill's WIFE is getting FUCKED DOGGY STYLE by yet ANOTHER YOUNG  
STUD.  
She looks at him.

**LITTLE BILL'S WIFE**

You should be taking notes, Little Bill.

**ANOTHER YOUNG STUD**

This is a fresh cunt, pal.

Little Bill stands a moment, then closes the door. CAMERA LEADS him as he walks back through the party . . . outside to the pool area and into the driveway for his Station Wagon.

He takes the keys from his pocket, unlocks the passenger side door, reaches into the glove compartment and takes out a .38 REVOLVER and AMMUNITION.

CAMERA FOLLOWS him now as he heads back across the driveway, back through the pool area, loading the gun as he walks . . .

People begin counting off to the New Year --

**PARTY PEOPLE**

10 . . . 9 . . . 8 . . . 7 . . .

Little Bill walks into the house, down the hallway --

**PARTY PEOPLE**

. . . 6 . . . 5 . . . 4 . . . 3 . . . 2 . . . 1 . . .

Little Bill arrives at the Bathroom door and SMASHES IT OPEN: His Wife and the Young Stud are still fucking . . .

**PARTY PEOPLE (OC)**

. . . **HAPPY NEW YEAR!**

Little Bill FIRES THE REVOLVER INTO HIS WIFE'S NAKED STOMACH. He FIRES THE GUN AGAIN, STRIKING THE YOUNG STUD IN THE HEART.

**THEY BOTH COLLAPSE AND FALL TO THE FLOOR OF THE BATHROOM. BLOOD SPLATTERS LITTLE BILL . . . .**

. . . **EVERYONE IN THE PARTY JUMPS AT THE SOUND OF THE GUNSHOTS . . .**

. . . LITTLE BILL FIRES ANOTHER SHOT INTO HIS WIFE . . .

. . . BLOOD AND SMOKE FILL THE BATHROOM . . .

. . . LITTLE BILL TURNS AROUND, FACES THE PARTY PEOPLE AND SHOVES THE REVOLVER IN HIS MOUTH AND PULLS THE TRIGGER . . .

BLOOD AND BRAINS SHOOT OUT THE BACK OF HIS SKULL AND HE COLLAPSES, FALLING OUT OF FRAME.

TITLE CARD READS:

"80s"

FADE OUT.

OVER BLACK, WE HEAR THE VOICE:

**AMBER (OC)**

. . . what about your character,  
"Brock Landers," and what some people  
might consider violent attitudes towards women?

CUT TO:

Sequence "C"

96 INT. DIRK'S HOUSE/BALCONY - DAY - DOCUMENTARY FOOTAGE (16mm)

Dirk is doing an interview. He's unshaven, thin and sweating, wearing sunglasses. He speaking quickly to Amber OC. (1982)

**DIRK**

violence . . . ? No, what? I mean, if there's  
something in this series of movies that's  
like action or violence or whatever -- that's  
the movie. Y'know? Look: I'm not saying that  
these movies are for the whole family, but they've  
gotalotta action and sometimes the characters  
are women who are -- say -- spies or drug

smugglers or working for some organization  
that my character is trying to . . . defeat.  
We've made twenty of these films in the past  
um . . . um . . . five years, since 77 . . . and this kind  
of talk has only come up in the past year  
or so . . . I mean: What's the problem? So -- y'know.

**CUT TO:**

97 INT. BROCK LANDERS BEDROOM SET - NIGHT - 16mm FILM CLIP

Dirk is in his underwear, asleep in bed. An actress named KC SUNSHINE  
plays  
in the scene with him as an Indian woman, wrapped in a sheet. She  
enters,  
holding a knife, coming towards Dirk . .

**AMBER (VO)**

If Brock Landers is slick with a gun, he does  
so only in the vein of good and right.  
Brock protects the values of the American ideal  
and fights for causes that instill pride  
in a society where morals are hard to come by --

Dirk wakes in the scene, struggles with KC Sunshine, knocks the knife  
from  
her hand and pins her down. The scene plays;

**DIRK**

**WHO SENT YOU?**

**KC SUNSHINE**

**GET THE FUCK OFF ME, ASSHOLE.**

**DIRK**

**LAY STILL, I'LL PUNCH YOU IN THE GODDAMN FACE.**

**KC SUNSHINE**

**FUCK OFF.**

Dirk SMACKS her then starts to KISS her breasts softly.

**CUT TO:**

98 INT. ALLEY WAY - NIGHT - 16mm FILM CLIP

In the scene, Dirk has Becky (playing a PROSTITUTE) up against a wall. He's right in her face, holding his fist up . . . The scene:

**DIRK**

I'm onna ask once more and  
I'm onna ask you nice . . . WHERE THE

**FUCK IS RINGO, YOU BITCH?**

**BECKY**

Fuck you.

Dirk SLAPS her across the face.

**BECKY**

Ohhh . . . do it again, maybe I'll  
get my pussy wet next time.

BUCK arrives playing a PIMP and aims a REVOLVER at Dirk.

**BUCK**

**HEY CRACKERJACK, WATCHYOU DOIN' WIT MY WOMAN?**

Just then: REED appears with a GUN aimed at Buck.

**REED**

Make another move, motherfucker  
and give me a good goddamn reason  
to blow you away!

**99 OMITTED**

**100 OMITTED**

**101 OMITTED**

102 OMITTED \*\* Director's Note: Rollergirl's Interview/TBA

103 OMITTED \*\* Director's Note: Jessie's Interview/TBA

**104 OMITTED**

**105 INT. JACK'S HOUSE/EDITING ROOM - DAY - DOCU FOOTAGE**

Jack and Dirk are sitting behind a Moviola for the interview with Amber.

Dirk speaks very quickly . . .

**DIRK**

BLOCK . . . uh . . . an idea or a movement.

Jack will put the final touches on what  
the camera needs for editing -- but, uh --

He allows me to block my own sex scenes.  
. . . and . . . he gives me flexibility to work  
with the character and develop, y'know . . .

I don't know of any other directors  
that would let an actor -- uh -- do that.

**JACK**

I don't let you block your own sex scenes.

Jack and Amber laugh. Dirk laughs a little less.

**CUT TO:**

**106 EXT. VENTURA BLVD. - DUSK - DOCU. FOOTAGE**

Footage of Dirk walking along the street as the sun goes down. Amber narrates.

**AMBER (OC)**

For Dirk Diggler, the future is something  
to look forward to, not to fear . . . He is  
a creative man of many interests . . . film,

poetry, karate, music and dance . . . he is a man  
of passion and mystery . . . He Is A Man Of Lust.

**FADE OUT, CUT TO:**

End Sequence "C".

107 INT. JACK'S HOUSE/EDITING ROOM - NIGHT (May 82)

Dirk and Amber, sitting in front of the Steenbeck. She flips it off  
and  
looks to him;

**AMBER**

It's my poem to you.

**DIRK**

It's great. It's so great, Amber.

You're a director now. Shit.

Have you showed Jack?

**AMBER**

Just you. I wanted to show you first.

**DIRK**

It's so fuckin' good. Really.

(beat)

Maybe you might want to think about  
cutting that part when Jack says that  
thing about -- y'know --

**AMBER**

Blocking the sex --

**DIRK**

-- yeah.

**CUT TO:**



**108 INT. JACK'S HOUSE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER**

Dirk and Amber walk out and into the living room, CAMERA SWINGS 180 OVER

TO: Jack and Reed, sitting at the kitchen counter;

**JACK**

How was it?

At that moment the PHONE RINGS, CAMERA WHIPS OVER to the phone. It rings again. Jack picks it up. DOLLY/ZOOM IN QUICK.

**JACK**

Hello? Colonel? Wait, wait, wait.

Yes. Calm down. Calm down. Okay.

Right Now -- Yes -- Right Now.

He slams the phone down.

**CUT TO:**

**109 INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING AREA - NIGHT**

The Colonel is sitting in handcuffs, crying his eyes out. Jack sits across from him, speaking through the glass.

**COLONEL**

. . . she was fifteen . . . fifteen . . . I didn't know . . . Jack, you gotta believe me.

**JACK**

I believe you.

**COLONEL**

I told her not to do so much coke, but she wouldn't listen, she just kept doing it and doing it like she was a vacuum. Like she had a vacuum in her nose or something . . . .

. . . next thing I know . . . she's got blood  
coming from her nose and . . . jesus . . . her, jesus --

**JACK**

What?

**COLONEL**

It was coming out her ass, Jack.

**JACK**

Okay. It's gonna be okay. Just relax.  
The bail is a hundred thousand dollars.

I don't have that kind of cash --

**COLONEL**

-- I don't have any money left.

**JACK**

What do you mean? Nothing?

The Colonel shakes his head a little, doesn't answer.

**JACK**

Well . . . what . . . how?

**COLONEL**

I spent it . . . I spent it.

**JACK**

The films . . . or . . . I mean?

**COLONEL**

I spent it, alright? This shit gets  
expensive. Between you shooting film,  
the coke, the limos, the houses.

It goes, alright? I spent it.

**JACK**

Alright, okay. Don't worry.

**COLONEL**

I can't have this happen to me.

I'm a good man, right?

**JACK**

Yes you are.

**COLONEL**

I didn't know -- I didn't know she was  
gonna die right there with me or I wouldn't  
have picked her up.

**JACK**

Right. You know; you've done nothing wrong.

I mean, look; You were just there, right?  
You didn't . . . I mean . . . you didn't do anything.

**COLONEL**

They found something in my house, Jack.

**JACK**

What?

**COLONEL**

. . . something . . .

**JACK**

. . . what are you saying? What did they find?

**COLONEL**

. . . it's my fuckin' weakness, Jack.  
They're . . . so small and cute I can't help

myself, Jack. I can't help it when they're so small and cute. I just want to watch, I don't do anything, Jack. I've never touched one of them . . .

**JACK**

Jesus Christ, Colonel.

**COLONEL**

You look at me like I'm an asshole, now.

**JACK**

. . . I . . . I don't . . . ?

**COLONEL**

I'm going to jail for a long time.

**JACK**

-- it's okay, Colonel. It's gonna be fine in the end . . . . I promise . . .

**COLONEL**

Are you promising me?

Jack doesn't answer.

**COLONEL**

Take it back, Jack. Don't promise me anything.

You can't help me. I'm done. I'm going to jail.

I've done wrong and I'm going to jail for a long, long time.

They hold a look for a moment. A few OFFICERS come and start to escort the Colonel away. He leans in, speaks sotto;

**COLONEL**

Listen to me, Jack: And I'm gonna tell you this for you. Am I your friend?

**JACK**

What?

**COLONEL**

Answer me, am I your friend?

**JACK**

Yes.

**COLONEL**

So remember that I'm your friend and  
listen to what I tell you now: Give in, Jack.  
You've gotta give. For you, for your business  
and your livelihood -- accept the future.

Don't fight it, because you can't win.  
Look for the new blood, go to Floyd Gondolli,  
go to video, give up your battle -- the  
filmmaking is over, Jack.

The Officers take him away. Jack watches him leave. DOLLY IN CLOSE ON JACK.

**CUT TO:**

**110 INT. JACK'S HOUSE/OFFICE - DAY**

CAMERA HOLDS A LOW ANGLE, LOOKING UP AT JACK, KURT and ROCKY. They  
look  
into CAMERA. HOLD.

**JACK**

Well there we go.

**KURT LONGJOHN**

Yeah.

**ROCKY**

Lot of stuff on there to learn.

**JACK**

That's it.

**KURT LONGJOHN**

No turning back now.

**JACK**

The future.

**KURT LONGJOHN**

That's right.

**ROCKY**

The quality is, uh --

**JACK**

It's not what we're used to.

**KURT LONGJOHN**

We can make it work, I think.

**ROCKY**

It's . . . potential . . .

**KURT LONGJOHN**

Yes.

**JACK**

You can't beat the price.

**KURT LONGJOHN**

No you can't.

**JACK**

This is the future and we can't deny  
it anymore because the past is too expensive.

**KURT LONGJOHN**

I'm scared.

**ROCKY**

Me too.

**JACK**

It's gonna make us rich.

**KURT LONGJOHN**

Yep.

**ROCKY**

It's a rather pretty thing, isn't it?

REVERSE ANGLE: A new VIDEO CAMERA is sitting on the table in front of them.

This is the thing they've been discussing.

**KURT LONGJOHN**

We can still tell good stories, Jack.

**JACK**

No. It's about jacking off now, Kurt.

No more stories . . . that's over.

**CUT TO:**

111 INT. HOT TRAXX NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT (Dec. 82)

BECKY looks into CAMERA;

**BECKY**

I do.

JEROME looks into CAMERA;

**JEROME**

I do too.

**CU - BLACK AND WHITE SNAPSHOT**

Becky and Jerome kissing. Jack as Best Man. Amber as Bridesmaid.

CAMERA on the dance floor; Becky, dressed in a WHITE BRIDAL DRESS and Jerome, dressed in a TUXEDO. Reed is dancing with them.

**BECKY**

They made Jerome regional manager  
of the new "Pep Boys," they're building  
in Bakersfield. We're gonna move there.

Buy a house.

**REED**

That's great, guys. That's so great.

**JEROME**

It's gonna be a great opportunity to run  
the store my way. Y'know. Get those guys  
off my back and run the store my way.

CAMERA picks up and follows Dirk who walks over to Jack's table --

**ANGLE, JACK'S TABLE**

Jack is sitting with a handsome young kid, JOHNNY DOE (aged 18.) Dirk arrives;

**JACK**

. . . and it's tough is what I'm saying.

**JOHNNY DOE**

Right.

**JACK**

Hey, Dirk -- here you are. You havin'  
a good time?

**DIRK**

Uh-huh.



(re: Johnny Doe)

Who's this?

**JOHNNY DOE**

Hi . . . I'm Johnny Doe. You're Dirk  
Diggler -- it's great to meet you.

**JACK**

Dirk, meet Johnny Doe . . . New Kid On The  
Block. He's interested in the business.

Dirk nods his head, picks up his sunglasses from the table and walks  
off  
across the dance floor. Jack turns back to Johnny Doe;

**JACK**

He's pretty tired, Johnny. He's also shy.

Anyway: What I'm saying to you is this:

It costs money, you got ten, fifteen people  
standing around, and that's just to make  
sure the lighting is right --

Jack continues chatting with Johnny Doe, he looks away for a moment.

JACK'S POV: Dirk meets up with Todd Parker and they walk out the door.  
(40fps)

Jack turns back to Johnny Doe. Continue a bit with party stuff/etc.  
Jack  
has his dance w/Becky.

**CUT TO:**

112 EXT. JACK'S POOL AREA - DAY (Jan. 83)

CAMERA begins with Kurt and Rocky standing nearby the VIDEO CAMERA.  
Reed is  
watching them try and figure it out.

Jack is waiting patiently, working on a crossword puzzle. Johnny Doe  
is  
swimming in the pool.

Rollergirl moves past and CAMERA follows her into --

**CUT TO:**

**113 INT. JACK'S HOUSE - DAY - THAT MOMENT**

Dirk is dressed in Speedos and a headband for the scene and laying out some coke on the table. Rollergirl arrives, she does some. The television in the b.g. is tuned to MTV which is playing "Video Killed the Radio Star."

**ROLLERGIRL**

This stuff burns.

**DIRK**

It's crystal.

**ROLLERGIRL**

That's why. Shit, why didn't you tell me -- you don't need to do that much -- You only have to do bumps with crystal.

**DIRK**

Yeah, well . . . mind your own business or get your own or whatever --

**ROLLERGIRL**

You don't have to be mean about it.

Rollergirl skates off. Dirk looks out the window, sees Johnny Doe swimming. Amber is speaking to him. CAMERA DOLLIES IN A LITTLE (30fps) ON DIRK.

**CUT TO:**

**114 INT. BEDROOM - THAT MOMENT**

Maurice is sitting on the edge of the bed, shaking and sweating. Rollergirl enters and moves to a closet.

**MAURICE**

Hey . . . Rollergirl . . . hey.

**ROLLERGIRL**

What's wrong?

**MAURICE**

Where?

**ROLLERGIRL**

With you?

**MAURICE**

Me? -- Nothing -- Why?

**ROLLERGIRL**

You look like a wreck.

**MAURICE**

Shit no, I'm cool as a cucumber.

Rollergirl takes off her clothes and gets into her BIKINI.

**ROLLERGIRL**

It's your big day -- bein' in a movie.

**MAURICE**

Yeah.

**ROLLERGIRL**

What you always wanted.

**MAURICE**

I'm very thankful to Jack for  
giving me the chance.

**BEAT .**

**MAURICE**

Rollergirl?

**ROLLERGIRL**

What?

**MAURICE**

My dick is really small.

**ROLLERGIRL**

What?

**MAURICE**

My dick . . . it's small.

**ROLLERGIRL**

How small?

**MAURICE**

Really small.

**ROLLERGIRL**

Well . . . uh . . . so?

**MAURICE**

So I can't do this.

**ROLLERGIRL**

Can you get a boner?

**MAURICE**

I don't think so.

**ROLLERGIRL**

Well . . .

**MAURICE**

Please. Can you help me?

**ROLLERGIRL**

How?

**MAURICE**

I dunno.

**ROLLERGIRL**

If you've got a small dick,  
there's really nothing I can do, Maurice.

**MAURICE**

. . . right . . . right . . .

**ROLLERGIRL**

Just go for it, man.

**MAURICE**

What do you mean?

**ROLLERGIRL**

Just go for it . . . who cares if you've got  
a small dick. It's how you use it, right?  
You can get a boner, I bet. I know you can.

**MAURICE**

I guess.

**ROLLERGIRL**

Be a man about it.

**MAURICE**

Right. Right. I have to be a man about it.  
I have to do this . . . I have to show my brothers  
in Puerto Rico the lifestyle that I'm living.

I can do it . . . I can do it.

**ROLLERGIRL**

You'll do fine.

**MAURICE**

Right.

**ROLLERGIRL**

C'mon.

**MAURICE**

No . . . no . . . I wanna stay here for a bit --

**ROLLERGIRL**

Okay . . . I'll be out there.

She exits. HOLD with Maurice a moment.

**CUT TO:**

**115 OMITTED**

**116 INT. BATHROOM - DAY - THAT MOMENT**

Dirk enters, closes the door, looks in the mirror;

**DIRK**

. . . yeah, yeah, yeah . . . You look good, ready.

Dirk does some quick KARATE moves, then turns his BACK TO THE CAMERA. He unzips his pants, looks down at his cock. His body starts to move a little, slowly at first then faster as he tries to masturbate.

**DIRK**

C'mon . . . c'mon . . . c'mon . . . I'm a star.

I'm a star, I'm a rock and roll star.

And My Cock Can Get Hard.

C'mon . . . c'mon . . . c'mon . . . I'm a star.

I'm a star, I'm a star, I'm a star.

The DOOR to the Bathroom is SUDDENLY OPENED by Scotty J. who catches Dirk in the mirror with his pants down, speaking to himself;

**DIRK**

-- what the fuck --

Scotty exits quickly. Dirk pulls up his pants and exits --

**CUT TO:**

**117 EXT. JACK'S HOUSE/POOL AREA - DAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Jack is still sitting in the same spot. Johnny Doe is drying off. Dirk comes charging out --

**DIRK**

I'm ready to shoot.

**JACK**

We need twenty minutes.

**DIRK**

No. I'm ready now. It's gotta be now.

**JACK**

Twenty minutes.

**DIRK**

Fuck it. Hey, no, hey, Jack.

I'm ready now . . . my cock is ready now.

I'm ready to fuck . . . let's go now.

**JACK**

Yeah, well . . . NO. Get me. You wanna

start something here, Dirk?

**DIRK**

I wanna start fucking . . . who is it gonna be?

**JACK**

What?

**DIRK**

Who do you want to fuck, me or him?

Dirk points at Johnny Doe.

**JOHNNY DOE**

Me . . . what?

**DIRK**

Shut up.

**JOHNNY DOE**

I didn't do anything to you.

**DIRK**

You're not an actor, man. You got no  
business being here -- you're not an actor --

**JOHNNY DOE**

Yes I am.

**DIRK**

No: I'm an actor, man. I'm a real actor.

**JOHNNY DOE**

Shut up.

Dirk **MAKES A QUICK KARATE-TYPE MOVE TOWARDS JOHNNY DOE, WHO FLINCHES,**  
**BUT**  
**QUICKLY GETS INTO A KARATE STANCE OF HIS OWN.**

**JOHNNY DOE**

**HEY, MAN, DON'T.**

**DIRK**

**SHUT UP. SHUT UP.**

**JACK**

Dirk, you need to settle down.



Go inside, have a drink and  
mellow this off . . . you understand?

**DIRK**

I'm ready to shoot.

**JACK**

Well I'm not.

**DIRK**

I'm not gonna tell you again, Jack:

**JACK**

-- Get outta here.

**DIRK**

. . . What . . . ?

**JACK**

Get off my set, get outta my house.

**DIRK**

. . . you . . . what?

**JACK**

Leave.

**DIRK**

No.

**JACK**

You don't want to do this --

the state you're in, Dirk.

**DIRK**

Whatta you mean, state? State?

State of California? Yeah, I'm in

the state of California.

**JACK**

Jesus Christ.

**DIRK**

What are you, Jack, Jack, hey --

**JACK**

You're high and you need to sleep it off.

You've been up for two days.

**DIRK**

I haven't been up for two days.

**JACK**

Whatever. You're high and you need  
to come down. Sleep it off, Dirk.

**DIRK**

**YOU DON'T TELL ME ANYTHING.**

**JACK**

Get the fuck outta here.

**DIRK**

**YOU'RE NOT THE BOSS OF ME.**

**JACK**

Yes I am.

**DIRK**

**ARE YOU THE KING? HUH?**

**JACK**

Jesus Christ. MOVE. GET OUT. GO.

Jack starts to prod Dirk a little with a slight PUSH.

**DIRK**

**DON'T YOU FUCKIN TOUCH ME, MAN.**

Jack SLAPS Dirk across the face. HOLD. Dirk is shocked. Everyone has stopped what they're doing by now and is watching nervously. Amber comes over.

**AMBER**

Dirk, honey, why don't we go for a walk --

**DIRK**

**YOU SHUT UP, TOO. YOU'RE NOT THE MOTHER  
OF ME OR MY BOSS. YOU'RE NOT MY MOTHER.**

**AMBER**

Dirk, please, honey.

**JACK**

Reed --

Reed comes over to the fight.

**JACK**

Take him home, Reed. I don't need this.

**DIRK**

No. No. I wanna shoot the scene.  
I'm ready to shoot the scene. I'm fine.

**JACK**

I don't want you here.

**DIRK**

Look . . . it's over . . . alright.  
I'm done . . . now I'm ready to shoot.  
I'm calm, my cock is cool and ready.

**REED**

Why don't we go home, Dirk?

**DIRK**

I'm the one with the cock, I'm the  
one with the big fucking cock, so let's go --

**JACK**

You listen to me now, kid --

**DIRK**

**DON'T CALL ME A KID. I'LL FUCK YOU UP.  
YOU WANNA SEE ME KICK SOME ASS? YOU WANNA  
FUCK WITH ME, I KNOW KARATE. SO C'MON.**

**REED**

Dirk, let's be cool, let's --

**DIRK**

I'm the biggest star here -- **THAT'S  
THE WAY IT IS: I WANNA FUCK. AND  
IT'S MY BIG DICK, SO EVERYBODY GET READY.**

**JACK**

Not anymore.

**DIRK**

WHAT? What "not anymore"?

**JACK**

Your dick.

**DIRK**

**WHAT, WHAT? SAY IT.**

**JACK**

I've seen you push thirteen inches, you'd be

lucky if you could manage six today -- all the coke  
you got in you. You're not ready to fuck,  
your dick's not getting hard today, kid.

**DIRK**

**DON'T YOU TALK ABOUT ME LIKE THAT, JACK.**

**JACK**

Alright: You're fired. Okay?

You understand? You're fired.

Get outta here now. NOW.

**DIRK**

**WHAT? WHAT IS THAT? WHAT IS THAT?**

**JACK**

Just leave, Dirk. Leave RIGHT NOW.

**DIRK**

My cock is READY. YOU WANNA SEE?

**HUH? YOU WANNA SEE MY BIG FUCKIN' COCK?**

Suddenly, blood begins to pour violently from his nose. He cups his  
hand  
over his nose, hides his embarrassment;

**DIRK**

**FUCK THIS, FUCK THIS, FUCK YOU.**

**FUCK ALL OF YOU. YOU'RE NOT MY BOSSES.**

**NO ONE IS THE KING OF ME.**

Dirk runs away, gets behind the wheel of his Corvette and tears off,  
bleeding all the way --

Reed, Jack, Amber, Scotty, Johnny Doe and the rest of the crew watch  
him  
go.

**FADE OUT.**

**118 OMITTED**

**CUT TO:**

119 INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY (Mar. 83) Sequence "D"

Dirk stands in front of a microphone wearing headphones. The ENGINEER in the booth speaks;

**ENGINEER**

Okay . . . Dirk, you ready?

**DIRK**

I was born ready, man.

**ENGINEER**

Okay . . . Dirk Diggler Demo Tape,

"You Got The Touch," take seven . . .

The BAND kicks in and Dirk begins to sing his song. It's a cross between Kenny Loggins/Survivor and any "Rocky" anthem.

**DIRK**

**YOU GOT THE TOUCH . . . YOU GOT THE POWER.**

**YEEEEAAHHHH. AFTER ALL IS SAID AND DONE,**

**YOU NEVER WALK, YOU NEVER RUN, YOU'RE A WINNER.**

**CUT TO:**

**120 INT. RECORDING BOOTH - LATER**

Dirk, Reed and the Engineer are mixing. The song PLAYS.

**DIRK**

Is the bass taking away from the vocals?

**ENGINEER**

Well . . . a little . . . but not really too much.

**DIRK**

Let's take down the bass and let's take  
up the vocals.

**CUT TO:**

**121 INT. RECORDING STUDIO - LATER**

Dirk is singing. Reed is playing guitar on a BALLAD called, "FEEL THE HEAT." **CAMERA DOLLIES IN ON THEM.**

**DIRK**

**THE HEAT WILL ROCK YOU, THE HEAT WILL ROLL YOU**

**BABY DON'T YOU KNOW**

**MY HEAT WILL MOVE YOU IN YOUR SOUL**

**C'MON, C'MON, C'MON**

**LOVE ME TODAY, LOVE ME TOMORROW**

**ALL DAY, ALL NIGHT, YOU FEEL MY BEAT**

**REED/DIRK**

**FEEL, FEEL, FEEL . . . MY HEAT.**

**CUT TO:**

**122 INT. RECORDING BOOTH - CONTINUED**

Dirk, Reed and the Engineer. Scotty and Todd are sitting around, making phone calls, eating the free food, etc.

**ENGINEER**

So . . . what do you think?

**DIRK**

Well I think that . . . maybe we could  
speed it up a little -- it's --

**ENGINEER**

It's a ballad. I thought that --

**DIRK**

We'll just speed it up a couple octaves.  
. . . cause that might make it cooler,  
people like it when slow songs . . . y'know . . .  
when they're a little fast . . . it's cooler.

**CUT TO:**

**123 INT. JACK'S LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Jack is directing a scene with an AMATEUR PORN ACTRESS and JOHNNY DOE. They're on the couch in Jack's living room. Johnny Doe has adopted more of a celebrity attitude.

**AMATEUR**

Is he gonna fuck me in the ass?

**JACK**

Is that what you want?

**AMATEUR**

It would be nice.

**JACK**

Johnny: Fuck her in the ass.

**JOHNNY DOE**

Lock and Load, Jack.

He takes a seat behind the VIDEO CAMERA and says;

**JACK**

Alright, friends; let's get it over with.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**124 EXT. BAKERSFIELD HOUSE - NIGHT**

Establishing shot of a small little house with a white picket fence.  
From



the house we hear the sounds of SCREAMING AND VIOLENCE.

**CUT TO:**

**125 INT. BAKERSFIELD HOUSE - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT**

Becky is crouched in the corner of the kitchen. Jerome is standing above her, dressed in his Pep Boys uniform.

**JEROME**

**YOU FUCKIN' WHORE, YOU'RE A FUCKIN' WHORE.**

**BECKY**

Please, Jerome, don't --

**JEROME**

You probably liked those big cocks, huh?

**BECKY**

Don't --

**JEROME**

I'll tell you about a big cock -- yeah, you want my cock to be bigger, don't you?

**BECKY**

No, baby, please, please --

Jerome SMACKS Becky in the face --

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**126 INT. VALLEY BANK - DAY**

Buck is dressed like a regular joe in a suit, holding a briefcase on his lap, sitting patiently. Jessie St. Vincent is sitting with him, holding his hand. He's approached by a middle aged white male BANK WORKER. CAMERA DOLLIES IN.

**BANK WORKER**

Mr. Swope?

**BUCK**

Yeah, that's me. Hello.

**BANK WORKER**

You have a copy of your loan application?

**BUCK**

Yes I do.

**BANK WORKER**

Good. You wanna follow me?

**CUT TO:**

**127 INT. JACK'S HOUSE/AMBER'S BEDROOM - DAY**

CAMERA DOLLIES IN ON Rollergirl and Amber. They're playing backgammon and talking on Amber's bed, doing coke and smoking cigs.

**AMBER**

I was gonna take a poetry class at  
Everywoman's Village --

**ROLLERGIRL**

Oh, oh. I wanna do that.

**AMBER**

We'll do it then. It's Monday,  
Wednesday, Friday at three.

**ROLLERGIRL**

Do you think I should -- I was thinking something?

**AMBER**

What?

**ROLLERGIRL**

I was gonna see about taking the GED.

Do you know what that is?

**AMBER**

For High School, to graduate?

**ROLLERGIRL**

Yeah. It's like -- so I can get my  
diploma -- 'cause I feel bad that I  
never did it. I think you were right.

I think you're right --

**AMBER**

You should do it. That would be great  
for you -- you know -- cause if you  
wanted, Rollergirl, you could do anything.

Amber turns her head to something OC. AMBER'S POV: Jack is directing another scene in the living room between TWO YOUNG PORN ACTRESSES with fake breasts who we have never seen before.

Amber motions to Rollergirl, who gets up and SLAMS THE DOOR.

**CUT TO:**

128/128A INT. DIRK'S HOUSE - DAY (2x)

Dirk, Reed and Scotty J. are sitting around. Todd enters holding an envelope. DOLLY IN SUPER-QUICK.

**TODD**

I'm back.

**DIRK**

Perfect timing.

They move to a table and anxiously set out some coke.

**CUT TO:**

129 INT. HOT TRAXX NIGHTCLUB - DAY

CAMERA DOLLIES IN ON MAURICE. The club is closed and empty. Maurice sits at the bar, writing a letter. An envelope and a videotape are placed nearby.  
Following is SUB-TITLED;

**MAURICE (VO)**

Dear brothers: Here's an example  
of me with women in Los Angeles.

I sleep with women here all the time . . .

**CUT TO:**

**130 INT. APARTMENT BLDG./PUERTO RICO - DAY**

Maurice's two BROTHERS rip open the envelope, read the letter and slip the tape into their VCR that's wired to a crappy black and white television.

**CAMERA DOLLIES IN ON THE BROTHERS.**

**BROTHER #1**

(in Spanish, sub-titled)

Oh my God --

**BROTHER #2**

(in Spanish, sub-titled)

-- it's so . . . so . . . it looks like a peanut.

**CUT TO:**

**131 INT. VALLEY BANK - DAY - CONTINUED**

CAMERA DOLLIES IN ON BUCK. He's speaking to the BANK WORKER.

**BUCK**

That's what Buck's Super Stereo World is all about -- the customer. People wanna know what they're getting into technically and I have the specific technical hi-fi

background to answer any technical question  
that someone might have -- I've been into  
sound equipment for long enough to know what  
a guy wants when he walks right in the door --  
and that's the personal touch that Buck's Super  
Stereo World is gonna have --

**CUT TO:**

**132 INT. JACK'S HOUSE/AMBER'S ROOM - DAY - CONTINUED**

Amber and Rollergirl are sitting in front of a pile of coke that's  
laid out  
on top of a big book . . .

**AMBER**

I miss my two sons -- my little Andrew  
and my Dirk -- I miss them both so much.  
I always felt like Dirk was my baby, my new baby.

Don't you miss Dirk?

**ROLLERGIRL**

Yeah.

**AMBER**

He's so fucking talented. The bastard.  
I love him, Rollergirl, I mean; I really  
love the little jerk.

**ROLLERGIRL**

I love you, Mom. I want you to be  
my mother, Amber. Are you my Mom?  
I'll ask you if you're my mother and  
you say, "yes." OK? -- Are you my mother -- ?

**AMBER**

Yes, honey. Yes.

They cry and hug and laugh and do more coke, smoke more cigs, etc.

**CUT TO:**

**133 INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY**

CAMERA DOLLIES IN QUICK. Dirk and Reed are violently haggling in an office of the Recording Studio with the MANAGER.

**DIRK**

C'mon, man, c'mon, c'mon, alright --

**MANAGER**

I can't let you take the tapes until  
the bill is paid in full.

**DIRK**

That makes a lot of sense.

**REED**

Wait, wait, wait. How can he pay  
the price of the demo if he can't  
take the demo tapes to a record company?

**MANAGER**

That's not my problem. My job is to  
collect payment before we hand over the tapes.

**REED**

You can't get a record contract if  
the record company can't hear what you've got.

**DIRK**

OK: Wait a minute -- have you heard my tape?

Huh? Have you heard it? I'm guaranteed  
to get a record deal because my stuff is so good.

Once that happens, I'll pay you --

**MANAGER**

It's not gonna happen. This is a Catch-22,  
I understand. You're saying this thing  
and I get it but I just won't let it happen.

**DIRK**

A catch-what?

**CUT TO:**

**134 INT. JACK'S HOUSE/AMBER'S ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUED**

Amber and Rollergirl, pacing around the room, talking, crying, etc.

**AMBER**

I don't wanna do this anymore, honey.

I can't. I just can't.

**ROLLERGIRL**

What?

**AMBER**

Have fun now, let's keep going and going  
and going tonight -- because it's over.

There's too many things --

**ROLLERGIRL**

Okay. Okay.

**AMBER**

Let's go walk.

**ROLLERGIRL**

I don't wanna leave the room.

**AMBER**

Me either. OHHHHHHH. I love you, honey.

**ROLLERGIRL**

I love you, Mom.

They laugh and laugh and laugh and smoke, talk, walk.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**135 INT. VALLEY BANK - DAY - CONTINUED**

Buck and Jessie across the desk from the Bank Worker, who looks up from the file and says;

**BANK WORKER**

Mr. Swope . . . we can't help you.

**BUCK**

. . . I have all the papers, all the things in order, yes? I mean, it's all --

**BANK WORKER**

Yes. But we can't give you a loan. I'm sorry.

**BUCK**

. . . why . . . ?

**BANK WORKER**

. . . Mr. Swope: You're a pornographer.

And this bank is not in business to support pornography --

**BUCK**

I'm not a pornographer, I'm an actor.

**BANK WORKER**



I'm sorry.

**BUCK**

No, no, no, please. This is . . . this is  
a new business for me, a real thing  
that I want to do and a real thing that  
I can do, please, I mean -- this is not a joke --

**BANK WORKER**

I'm sorry.

**BUCK**

Please, now, please, just wait one minute  
here -- because there's gotta be some way --

**BANK WORKER**

. . . I'm sorry . . .

**BUCK**

Well this is not fair --

**BANK WORKER**

This financial institution can't endorse  
pornography, you've got to understand --

**BUCK**

I'm an actor.

**BANK WORKER**

Please. Now I'm sorry.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**136 INT. HORNER PRODUCTIONS - VAN NUYS - DAY**

CAMERA (STEADICAM) follows Jack around his new OFFICES. Posters of his  
films with Johnny Doe, Amber, Rollergirl, Buck and some others we've  
never

seen cover the walls.

A WAREHOUSE area is shipping out boxes of VHS VIDEOCASSETTES. CAMERA breezes past an EDITING ROOM where Kurt Longjohn and Rocky are sitting in front of two 3/4 machines, cutting a new Jack Horner film with Johnny Doe doing some Karate-moves reminiscent of Dirk Diggler.

Jack continues walking into the RECEPTION AREA where TWO UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS are standing.

**OFFICER**

Jack Horner?

**JACK**

Yeah, what is it?

**OFFICER**

There was an accident yesterday --

**CUT TO:**

**137 INT. DIRK'S HOUSE - ANOTHER DAY**

Dirk is in his bedroom. CAMERA ZOOMS/DOLLIES in SUPER QUICK on him doing a line of coke. Reed comes into the room, quick;

**REED**

Oh, fuck, Dirk.

**DIRK**

What?

**REED**

You know that kid Johnny Doe?

**DIRK**

No.

**REED**

Y'know, the kid from --

**DIRK**

What about him?

**REED**

He died. He got in a car accident.  
Couple nights ago . . . and he died.  
He like, went through the windshield  
or something. Fuckin' shit. Dead.

**DIRK**

For real?

**REED**

Yeah. He's dead. Can you believe that?

**DIRK**

That's gotta hurt, goin' through a windshield.

It's tough luck.

Dirk does another line of coke. The PHONE RINGS and Dirk answers.  
**DOLLY/ZOOM IN QUICK.**

**DIRK**

Hello? Becky? Becky -- what? What?

**SPLIT-SCREEN;**

**138 INT. BECKY'S HOUSE/BAKERSFIELD - DAY - THAT MOMENT**

Becky is locked in her bedroom on the phone with Dirk. OC outside the bedroom, we can hear Jerome YELLING and SCREAMING.

**BECKY**

I think Jerome is gonna kill me, Dirk.

Please. Please come and help me.

**DIRK**

Well . . . where are you, I don't know

where you are --

**BECKY**

I need you to save me, Dirk --  
if he catches me on the phone, I'm dead.

**DIRK**

Tell me where you are.

**BECKY**

. . . okay . . . okay . . . OH SHIT. He's  
coming in -- okay -- okay -- meet  
me at Denny's in Bakersfield --  
on Colfax Blvd. Please hurry.

**DIRK**

Okay. I'm comin' right now, right now.

I'm comin' right now to kick some ass, Becky.

SPLIT SCREEN/CAMERA stays with Becky as she hangs up the phone. The  
DOOR  
to the BEDROOM IS SMASHED OPEN by Jerome -- he GRABS her by the hair  
of her  
head and throws her across the room and into the KITCHEN.

**BECKY**

Please don't do anything to me, Jerome.

Please. Please. I ask.

**JEROME**

Think you're Miss Fuckin' Movie Star with  
a dick in your mouth? Huh? You're gonna  
tell me -- tell it to me or I'm gonna break  
your fuckin' jaw.

**BECKY**

I don't know what you want me --

**JEROME**

-- I want you to tell me that you liked  
getting fucked by those men in those movies.  
I want you to tell me that you loved getting  
shit in your face -- YOU FUCKIN' SAY IT, CUNT.

**BECKY**

. . . I liked it . . .

**JEROME**

Do you like big dicks?

**BECKY**

I don't know what you want me to --

**JEROME**

**SAY IT.**

**BECKY**

Yes.

Jerome LEANS DOWN AND PUNCHES BECKY IN THE FACE. HOLD. He catches his  
breath and walks out of the kitchen.

Becky, crouched in a corner, bleeding from her nose and mouth, reaches  
for  
a large FRYING PAN on the floor --

**CUT TO:**

**139 INT. DIRK'S HOUSE - DAY - THAT MOMENT**

Dirk grabs his keys and his jacket and heads for the door . . .

**REED**

Where you goin'?

**DIRK**

Gotta go kick some ass, man.

He stops a moment and heads back into his bedroom . . . grabs his coke in a newspaper fold and makes a dash for the door --

**CUT TO:**

**140 EXT. DIRK'S HOUSE - DAY - THAT MOMENT**

Dirk exits and gets in his car QUICK. DOLLY/ZOOM IN FAST.

**CUT TO:**

**141 INT. BECKY'S HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUED**

CAMERA DOLLIES in front of Jerome as he walks out of the kitchen. In the b.g., Becky appears with the frying pan in her hand . . .

She SMASHES THE FRYING PAN ACROSS THE BACK OF JEROME'S SKULL. He falls . . . she STANDS OVER HIM, STRIKING HIM AGAIN AND AGAIN.

**BECKY**

**DON'T -- YOU -- EVER -- TOUCH -- ME.**

She runs out the door --

**CUT TO:**

**142 EXT. BAKERSFIELD HOUSE - EVENING - THAT MOMENT**

Becky runs from the house and off down the street. HOLD.

**CUT TO:**

**143 INT. DIRK'S CORVETTE - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER**

Dirk is driving quickly through Laurel Canyon and trying to do a few things; 1) He's trying to light a cigarette with matches, 2) He's trying to find a cassette tape to play and 3) He's trying to brush his hair in the rearview mirror . . . .

**CU. DIRK**

The cigarette falls from his mouth and he leans down, OUT OF FRAME to pick it up . . . . the car starts drifting towards a TELEPHONE POLE that is

fifteen yards ahead . . . Dirk gets the cigarette, comes up INTO  
FRAME,  
looks ahead and blinks;

Dirk's Corvette SLAMS INTO THE TELEPHONE POLE.

CAMERA DOLLIES IN ON DIRK, BEHIND THE WHEEL. He shakes his head, looks  
around in a daze. A PEDESTRIAN runs over;

**PEDESTRIAN**

You alright, pal?

**DIRK**

My fuckin' car, my car . . . my Corvette.

**PEDESTRIAN**

Holy shit, you slammed right into this --

Dirk puts the car in reverse and backs away.

**PEDESTRIAN**

I don't think you should dirve this car.

**DIRK**

Fuck you.

Dirk drives off with the front of the Corvette SHREDDING along the  
pavement.

**CUT TO:**

**144 INT. BAKERSFIELD DENNY'S - NIGHT (LATER)**

Becky is sitting at the counter. A few seats over from her is an older  
man,  
MR. BROWN (late 60s). He wears an old gray suit,

**MR. BROWN**

Are you alright, ma'am?

**BECKY**

What?

**MR. BROWN**

Are you going to be alright?

You seem . . . you've been sitting there.

A while now. And I want to know if  
you're going to be alright.

HOLD. Becky looks down.

**MR. BROWN**

Do you want to order something? A bowl of soup?

**BECKY**

My friend was supposed to come  
here and get me, but he hasn't come.

**MR. BROWN**

Yes. Well, why don't you let me buy you  
some soup while you wait for your friend?

**BECKY**

No. No. I'm not hungry.

**MR. BROWN**

Please. Please. I want to help you.  
This is not . . . this is something . . . you see,  
an act of kindness, I'm trying to do  
something good . . . to help you . . . for no  
other reason . . . other than . . . just to help.

Mr. Brown reaches into his pocket, takes out a quarter and places it  
on the  
counter in front of Becky.

**MR. BROWN**

Why don't you try calling you friend?

BEAT. Becky looks at the quarter. CAMERA HOLDS ON QUARTER.



**MR. BROWN (OC)**

Use the quarter, young lady.

**CUT TO:**

**145 INT. DIRK'S GARAGE - NIGHT**

Dirk rants and raves, verging on tears, circling the car. Scotty, Reed and Todd are now home and looking at the damage;

**REED**

How fast were you going?

**DIRK**

Fuck, I dunno. Ninety.

**SCOTTY J.**

Ninety miles an hour?

**DIRK**

Shit, yeah. I'm lucky I'm not dead.

**TODD**

This is a lot of damage.

**REED**

At least it's driveable.

**DIRK**

It's nove driveable, look at it.

OC we hear the PHONE RINGING. Scotty moves to get it.

**DIRK**

Just let it ring, we gotta deal with this --

**REED**

At least it still works, Dirk.

**DIRK**

You can't just drive a Corvette down  
the street looking like that, Reed.

C'mon, man. Be reasonable.

**REED**

How you gonna pay for it?

**DIRK**

-- I'll find a way to pay for it.

This is top priority, Reed:

My car has got to get fixed.

**TODD**

It could be like two/three thousand  
dollars worth of damage, Dirk.

**DIRK**

So?

**TODD**

I dunno.

**DIRK**

We gotta get those fuckin' demo tapes, too.  
I mean it . . . let's go kick that guy's ass  
or something . . . if we could get those demo  
tapes, then we get the record deal, then  
the Vette gets fixed. You cannot drive  
a Corvette down the street looking like this,  
you just can't.

**CUT TO:**

**146 INT. DENNY'S - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER**

Becky is sitting in a booth across from the Mr. Brown. She's crying.

**BECKY**

I don't know where to go. I don't  
have anywhere to go, I can't get anywhere.

**MR. BROWN**

It's alright. It's alright, young lady.

**BECKY**

I'm so sorry to make you hear this.

**MR. BROWN**

I want to help you.

**BECKY**

No, I can't.

**MR. BROWN**

You need help. You need someplace to  
sleep and to wash. I want to help you.

**BECKY**

You're a nice man.

**BEAT.**

End Sequence "D" CUT TO BLACK:

**147 OMITTED**

**148 OMITTED**

**149 OMITTED**

**150 OMITTED**

TITLE CARD: "Six Months Later"

**CUT TO:**

**151 OMITTED**

152 OMITTED

153 OMITTED

154 OMITTED

155 INT. HEARING ROOM - COURT BUILDING - DAY

Amber is sitting in a room with a long desk, a few chairs and fluorescent lights. A middle aged female JUDGE enters and greets her;

**JUDGE**

Hello. You must be Maggie?

**AMBER**

Yes.

**JUDGE**

I'm Kathleen O'Malley. The judge.

**AMBER**

Yes.

**JUDGE**

You have a lawyer with you?

**AMBER**

No. I don't. I do not.

They sit in silence. The Judge looks over a couple of files. Moments later,  
Amber's ex-husband, THOMAS (late 30s) steps in with his LAWYER. They all  
take seats.

**LAWYER**

Hello, Judge.

Introductions happen, etc. BEAT. The Judge looks over some files;

**JUDGE**

You've been divorced for six years.

**AMBER**

Yes. Since 1977.

**JUDGE**

(to lawyer)

And the agreement on the money settlement  
was taken care of?

**LAWYER**

Yes.

**JUDGE**

So. What we're talking about then  
is coming to an agreement on custody of Andrew?

**AMBER**

Yes.

**JUDGE**

What was decided during the divorce?

**LAWYER**

Initially, Andrew went with his father,  
and visitation was given to his mother on --

(looks at a paper)

from Saturday Noon to Sunday at seven.  
With his mother entitled to bring Andrew  
to her home or any reasonable place.

**JUDGE**

(to Amber)

Was that the understanding?

**AMBER**

Yes.

**JUDGE**

And why wasn't that visiting privilege honored?

**THOMAS**

Well, it was for a time --

**AMBER**

I only saw him twice.

**THOMAS**

It said, "reasonable place," and I didn't think a house of drugs and prostitution and pornography was that.

**JUDGE**

I'm sorry, what is it that you --

**THOMAS**

My ex-wife is involved in the pornography business -- I didn't think that environment was a safe place for my son.

**AMBER**

This is not right. My son was never exposed to pornographic material or drugs or any of these things, my husband just assumed --

**THOMAS**

I saw it with my own eye.

PAUSE. Amber has no response. The Judge looks down at the file.

**JUDGE**

Did you register this as a complaint?

**LAWYER**

My client didn't officially register,  
but I think the circumstance called  
for something immediate -- for the  
safety of the child.

**JUDGE**

How old is the boy now?

**THOMAS**

He's twelve.

**AMBER**

He'll be thirteen next month.

**JUDGE**

Where do you live now?

**THOMAS**

We live in Long Beach. I have a job  
there and my new wife is home with him.

(pause)

You see, the problem is, Judge, is that  
my ex-wife is a sick . . . she is a very sick  
person and she needs help. She deals in  
drugs and sex for a living --

**AMBER**

I don't do drugs.

**LAWYER**

Your honor, she has been in and out

of trouble with the law on quite a few occasions regarding this sort of thing.

**AMBER**

No. No. Not anymore

CAMERA HOLDS ON AMBER. She watches the Judge. OC there's the sound of papers shuffling.

**JUDGE (OC)**

Have you ever been arrested?

**AMBER**

Yes.

**JUDGE (OC)**

When was the last time you were arrested . . . what was the charge . . . ?

**CAMERA DOLLIES IN CLOSE ON AMBER.**

**CUT TO:**

**156 EXT. ALLEY - BEHIND THE COURT BUILDING - DAY - LATER**

Amber leans against a wall, crying her eyes out. HOLD.

**CUT TO:**

TITLE CARD, OVER BLACK: "Sunday, December 11, 1983"

**157 INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT - MOVING**

CAMERA'S POV is a CAMCORDER operated by KURT LONGJOHN. JACK, dressed in a tuxedo, sits in the back of the limo with ROLLERGIRL, who's wearing a full-length fur coat, lingerie underneath.

JACK (into CAMERA)

Okay, okay, okay. Welcome to the experiment.

This is Jack Horner, coming to you from the inside of a limousine that at this moment



is heading West down Ventura Blvd. I have  
with me -- a little princess in the world  
of adult film -- the lovely Miss Rollergirl.

**ROLLERGIRL**

Hello, hello, howdy.

**JACK**

Are you ready to do what we're gonna do?

**ROLLERGIRL**

Ready, ready. Ready like Freddy.

**JACK**

We are On The Lookout. That's what  
we'll call this -- On The Lookout.  
We're just gonna drive on down Ventura,  
heading west, like I said -- and see  
what we find. Maybe we find some new,  
young stud who wants to take a shot  
and get hot and heavy with Rollergirl  
back here in the limo -- and we'll capture  
it on video. This is a first, ladies and  
gentleman. A first in porn history.  
Who knows what could happen . . . ?  
Maybe we come across some guy, maybe some girl?  
See if they'd like to get soft and sticky?

**CUT TO:**

**158 EXT. EL PUEBLO MOTEL - NIGHT**

Establishing shot of a crap motel in Studio City. Dirk's DAMAGED  
CORVETTE

is parked out front with a U-HALL connected.

**CUT TO:**

**159 INT. EL PUEBLO MOTEL - THAT MOMENT**

Dirk, Reed, Todd and Scotty J. have moved into a small motel with two beds and a fold-out couch. Scotty is sitting on one bed watching television dressed in his UNION 76 GAS STATION UNIFORM.

Dirk is getting dressed, Reed is trying to get his attention;

**DIRK**

Where the fuck is Todd?

**REED**

C'mon, Dirk, seriously --

**DIRK**

What? I dunno, okay? Okay. I don't know.

**REED**

We have to sell your car.

**DIRK**

I will not do it, Reed.

**REED**

What else is there to do, Dirk?

Huh? We have nothing left.

**DIRK**

I worked way too fucking hard for  
that car . . . what am I supposed to do . . . ?

**REED**

It solves all our problems.

**DIRK**

I will not sell my Corvette: Simple as that.

Where the fuck is Todd? Where are my jeans?

**SCOTTY J.**

What are you looking for?

**DIRK**

My jeans --

**SCOTTY J.**

The cool ones with the thing?

**DIRK**

All my jeans are cool, Scotty.

**SCOTTY**

Sorry.

Todd enters and holds up an ENVELOPE.

**TODD**

Got it.

**DIRK**

Where the fuck have you been?

**TODD**

Getting some shit . . .

Dirk notices that Todd is wearing the JEANS he was looking for.

**DIRK**

What the fuck is that?

**TODD**

What?

**DIRK**

Those are my jeans, Todd. I've  
been looking for those.

**TODD**

You said I could borrow them.

**DIRK**

I never said that.

**TODD**

I thought you did.

**SCOTTY J.**

Can I come with you, Dirk?

**DIRK**

Give me my fuckin' jeans back, Todd. Seriously.

**TODD**

Sorry.

Todd gets out of the jeans and gives them over to Dirk, who puts them on as Reed and Scotty look on;

**REED**

Dirk, please -- we gotta deal with  
this money situation.

**DIRK**

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

**SCOTTY J.**

Where are you goin', Dirk?

**DIRK**

Goin' out.

**SCOTTY J.**

Can I go with you?

Dirk is out the door.

**CUT TO:**

**160 INT. LIMO - PARKED - NIGHT - CONTINUED**

The limo is pulled over and Jack is speaking through the window to some YOUNG COLLEGE STUDENT, wearing a backpack. (This kid is one of the boys who was making sexual gestures to Rollergirl earlier in the movie).

**JACK**

What do you say?

**COLLEGE KID**

I dunno -- you mean it.

**JACK**

Anything you wanna do -- you do it.

Do you see this young lady here?

**COLLEGE KID**

Yeah.

**JACK**

You like what you see?

**COLLEGE KID**

Sure.

**JACK**

Then get in here and do what you want.

The College Kid gets in the car, sits next to Rollergirl, who nods hello.

She may or may not recognize him. Jack gets in the seat opposite (behind the CAMERA).

**JACK**

You a student?

**COLLEGE KID**

Um . . . um . . . yeah.

**JACK**

Oh, great. Where do you go to school?

**COLLEGE KID**

Um . . . uh . . . do I have to say?

**JACK**

No, no. Anyway. How'd you like to go round with Rollergirl? Have you seen her film work?

**COLLEGE KID**

. . . yeah . . . yeah I have.

(to Rollergirl)

We watch your films in my frat house.

I go to CSUN. The fuckin' guys are never gonna believe this --

**JACK**

Alright . . . fantastic cool . . .

**COLLEGE KID**

I think we met once before, actually.

**ROLLERGIRL**

Really?

**BEAT.**

**COLLEGE KID**

I know you . . . we went to school together.

We went to high school together.

. . . you're Brandy, right? Brandy's your name.

Rollergirl looks caught. Jack looks surprised to hear this . . .

**CUT TO:**

**161 EXT. STUDIO CITY/ALLEYWAY - NIGHT (LATER)**

Dirk is standing in an alleyway. HEADLIGHTS FLOAT ACROSS A WALL, CATCHING A GLIMPSE OF DIRK. A small Toyota drives up and stops next to Dirk. A FIGURE inside the car speaks;

**FIGURE**

Hello.

**DIRK**

Hey.

**FIGURE**

Are you waiting for someone?

**DIRK**

. . . yeah. I'm waiting for someone.

I'm not sure if they're gonna show up though.

**FIGURE**

You wanna wait in the car?

BEAT. Dirk gets into the Toyota. It drives about fifty yards down the alley and makes a turn into --

**CUT TO:**

**162 EXT. EMPTY PARKING LOT - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT**

The Toyota with Dirk pulls around and parks.

**CUT TO:**

**163 INT. TOYOTA - PARKED - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT**

CAMERA holds a profile 2-shot on Dirk in the f.g. and the driver in the b.g. The driver is a young SURFER kid in his late 20s.

**SURFER**

I'm Joe.

**DIRK**

Dirk.

(beat)

Do you know who I am?

**SURFER**

. . . No . . .

**DIRK**

My name is Dirk Diggler.

**SURFER**

No . . . I mean . . . you're a guy . . . I'm  
helping you out . . . .

**DIRK**

Yeah.

**SURFER**

So . . . what do you want to do?

**DIRK**

I'm . . . it's what you want.

**SURFER**

. . . I wanna watch you. I mean, I'm not gay.

I just wanna. Maybe you can jerk off  
a little and I can watch. Maybe I'll join  
in, but for now I just wanna watch.

Dirk nods his head a little. HOLD.

**DIRK**

Twenty bucks.



**SURFER**

Ten is all I have . . .

**CUT TO:**

**164 INT. LIMO - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER**

The limo is moving now. Jack is sitting behind the CAMERA. The LIGHT held above the Camcorder SHINES brightly on them.

Rollergirl and the College Kid struggle in the seat. He has some trouble removing his pants and she tries to help a little, but it's pretty obvious she's not enjoying this. Jack tries to coach them from the sidelines;

**JACK**

Alright, there, pal; make it look  
good, make it sexy -- don't just ram  
your way up and in there --

The College Kid doesn't respond.

**JACK**

Hey, hey, hey . . . take it slow and  
make it kinky, kid. C'mon.  
Think of Miss Lovely Rollergirl  
as a beautiful instrument that you  
need to play . . . c'mon now . . . slow down . . .  
Pretend you're just a wonderful stud,  
pretend you're a wonderful stud that's  
just ready to melt her pussy . . . hey, kid . . . ?  
Are you listening to me? Hey -- hey --

**COLLEGE KID**

Just let me do my thing, man.

**JACK**

Cut. Stop. Cut.

The College Kid looks a little pissed, Rollergirl pushes him off;

**ROLLERGIRL**

This is stupid, Jack.

**JACK**

I know . . . this isn't working out.

**COLLEGE KID**

That's it?

**JACK (OC)**

Yeah, that's all. Sorry for the inconvenience.

The College Kid pulls his pants on.

**COLLEGE KID**

You got me hard -- you could at least  
jack me off or something, lady.

**ROLLERGIRL**

What the fuck did you say?

**COLLEGE KID**

It's not so cool to leave me  
with a hard on.

**ROLLERGIRL**

Fuck you.

**COLLEGE KID**

Nice life you've got here. Should  
be proud of what you've become . . .

The College Kid laughs a little, heads out of the car, turns back to Jack and says:

**COLLEGE KID**

Your fuckin' films suck now anyway.

**ANGLE, CU. JACK**

CAMERA DOLLIES IN A LITTLE IN SLOW MOTION. He freaks out.

Jack CHARGES out of the limo TACKLING the College Kid to the Ground. He starts to BEAT the shit out of him . . .

**CUT TO:**

**165 INT. TOYOTA - PARKED - THAT MOMENT**

Dirk zips his pants open. The Surfer kid's eyes watch closely. Dirk pulls out his cock and the Surfer kid looks surprised, speaks sotto;

**SURFER**

. . . holy shit . . . that's nice . . . that's . . . big . . .

Dirk nods, looks down.

**SURFER**

Why don't you jerk it a little,  
get it hard? I wanna see it get hard.

Dirk's hand touches his cock and he starts to masturbate a little. The Surfer kid watches. CAMERA BEGINS A PAINFULLY SLOW ZOOM INTO PROFILE XCU.

**ON DIRK.**

**SURFER**

. . . maybe . . . do it harder . . .

Dirk does it harder and faster.

**SURFER**

Get your hand wet.

**DIRK**

. . . be quiet . . .

Dirk tries to do it faster and harder.

**SURFER**

. . . c'mon . . . c'mon . . . c'mon . . .

Dirk tries harder and faster but only gets more frustrated. He verges on tears, looks to the Surfer Kid.

**DIRK**

I can't . . . I can't get it hard . . . I can't.

I'm sorry --

**SUDDENLY:**

A PICK-UP TRUCK carrying THREE PUNK KIDS SLAMS ON ITS BRAKES IN FRONT OF DIRK IN THE TOYOTA. Dirk looks up in shock, turns his head to the Surfer Kid who says;

**SURFER**

You shouldn't do this sort of thing, faggot.

Surfer PUNCHES Dirk in the face . . .

**CUT TO:**

**166 EXT. VENTURA BLVD. - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT**

Jack continues to BEAT the College Kid and yell at him;

**JACK**

**YOU HAVE SOME FUCKING RESPECT.**

**YOU LITTLE PRICK. YOU HAVE SOME GODDAMN**

**RESPECT FOR THAT GIRL. SHE'S A STAR,**

A WONDERFUL CHILD AND A STAR. You think

you're worthy to fuck her -- you're not

worthy to TOUCH her -- the way you fuck --

who taught you? WHO TAUGHT YOU HOW TO FUCK

**THAT WAY? YOU'RE AN AMATEUR. AN AMATEUR.**

He KICKS the College Kid again and again . . . CAMERA DOLLIES IN ON ROLLERGIRL as she watches. She rolls over . . . stands a BEAT over the College Kid . . . and then goes crazy . . . she SMASHES his face with her ROLLERSKATES over and over and over;

**ROLLERGIRL**

**YOU -- DON'T -- EVER -- DISRESPECT -- ME.**

She breaks down CRYING and SCREAMING . . . Jack pulls her off . . .

**CUT TO:**

**167 EXT. PARKING LOT - THAT MOMENT**

The FOUR SURFER PUNKS drag Dirk from the car and proceed to beat the shit out of him. Kicking and punching him, calling out;

**SURFERS**

Little Fuckin' Fag. Donkey-Dick.

You don't do this. You don't.

They continue to yell and scream and kick and punch Dirk and eventually peel out of the parking lot. Dirk moans and cries and holds his stomach in pain. He coughs up some blood and vomit . . .

CAMERA PANS away from him, looking out of the alleyway, toward Ventura Blvd. HOLD WIDE ANGLE ON THE STREET, EMPTY FRAME, THEN;

The WHITE LIMO carrying Jack and Rollergirl cruises PAST.

**ANGLE, IN THE STREEET, MOMENT LATER.**

The WHITE LIMO drives PAST CAMERA LFT. HOLD, THEN; BUCK'S CAR enters in CAMERA RT. And we PICK UP AND PAN with it into --

**CUT TO:**

**168 EXT. DONUT SHOP/VENTURA BLVD. - NIGHT**

Buck's car pulls up and parks in front of the donut shop. CAMERA DOLLIES IN CLOSE. Jessie is in the passenger seat, Buck leaves the engine running;

**BUCK**

What do you want, honey?

**JESSIE**

I want . . . um . . . apple fritter . . . Jelly . . .

And uh . . . chocolate with sprinkles . . . and

a bear claw, too . . .

Buck gets out of the car and we reveal that she is SIX MONTHS PREGNANT.

Buck looks down;

**BUCK**

How's my little kung-fu fighter?

**JESSIE**

He's kicking ass inside my stomach.

**BUCK**

That's a boy.

**CUT TO:**

**169 INT. DONUT SHOP - NIGHT**

Buck enters and looks at some donuts, helped by the DONUT BOY behind the counter. A MIDDLE AGED MAN in a camouflage baseball hat sits in the corner eating a donut and some coffee, reading 'Guns and Ammo.'

**DONUT BOY**

Can I help you?

**BUCK**

Yeah . . . I'm gonna get a dozen . . .

The Donut Boy gets a box and Buck starts to point out;

**BUCK**

Lemme get two bear claws . . . apple fritter . . .

Two chocolate . . . two sprinkles . . . gimme

some of those glazed . . . how many is that?

At that moment a PUERTO RICAN KID walks in, pulls a REVOLVER from his pocket and points at the Donut Boy.

**PUERTO RICAN KID**

Empty the safe. Behind the soda machine.

**BUCK**

Jesus Christ.

The Puerto Rican Kid SWINGS HIS AIM at Buck.

**PUERTO RICAN KID**

Don't talk . . . shut the fuck up . . .

(aims back at Donut Boy)

Okay . . . empty the safe . . .

Donut Boy starts to empty the safe, putting the money in a paper sack . . .

Buck is frozen . . .

The MIDDLE AGED MAN in the corner reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out an extremely BIG GUN . . .

The Middle Aged Man SHOOTS the Puerto Rican Kid in the BACK . . .

. . . the Puerto Rican Kid turns and returns FIRE, hitting the Middle Aged Man with a bullet in the FACE . . .

. . . The Middle Aged Man gets another wild SHOT off before he expires and that bullet hits the Donut Boy in the CHEST . . .

So: The Donut Boy is dead, The Puerto Rican Kid falls to the floor dead and the Middle Aged Man is face down dead in his donut and coffee . . .

Blood is ALL OVER Buck . . . he stands for a long moment . . .

**CU. THE BAG OF MONEY ON THE FLOOR**

**CU. BUCK.**

He looks at it. SLOW ZOOM IN. BEAT.

Buck leans down, picks up the BAG FULL OF MONEY and walks out of the donut shop.

**FADE OUT.**

TITLE CARD, OVER BLACK: "One Last Thing"

**170 INT. EL PUEBLO MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Reed, Todd and Dirk sit around a table. Dirk is bandaged. Scotty J. is mingling around the background. CAMERA DOES A SLOW 360 AROUND THE TABLE.

**TODD**

Alright. I think this could be the thing.

Something to help us score a little extra cash.

I think if we decide to do this, we gotta  
be one hundred percent.

**REED**

I agree.

**TODD**

This guy's name is Rahad Jackson.

He's got more money than God and twice  
as much coke, crack and smack. He'll buy  
just about anything anybody wants to sell him.  
He just likes people hanging out at his house  
and partying.

**DIRK**



How do you know him?

**TODD**

He used to come into Party Boys  
once in a while. Mutrix introduced me --

**DIRK**

And how would we do it, exactly?  
I mean, how would it all go down?

**TODD**

It's like this: I call him up,  
tell him I got half a key of quality stuff.

**REED**

Do you have his phone number?

**TODD**

Yeah. So we call him up, give him the price.

**DIRK**

How much?

**TODD**

Half a key for like . . . five thousand bucks.

Split it three ways --

**DIRK**

That's enough to get my Vette fixed.

**TODD**

That's right. So we set up the deal,  
dump half a kilo of baking soda in a  
bag and walk over to his house -- BOOM.  
Right there -- this could be a nifty bit

o' hustle-bustle.

**REED**

Do you have his address?

**TODD**

Fuckin', Reed, yeah I have his address, c'mon.

**DIRK**

What if he tests it out?

**TODD**

He won't.

**DIRK**

How do you know?

**TODD**

I know he won't. I'm positive. Believe me.

**REED**

It's a pretty good idea.

**DIRK**

I think we should go for it.

Scotty J. comes over to the table.

**SCOTTY J.**

You guys should be careful with this.

**DIRK**

Scotty?

**SCOTTY J.**

What?

**DIRK**

Just . . . y'know . . . mind yer own business.

**SCOTTY J.**

Sorry.

ECU - Baking soda poured in a plastic bag.

ECU - The plastic bag wrapped in a brown paper sack.

ECU - Dirk's car keys grabbed off the table.

**CUT TO:**

**171 OMITTED**

**172 EXT. RAHAD JACKSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

The Corvette pulls up in front of a tacky one-story house in the hills of Studio City. The Corvette stops and CAMERA DOLLIES IN QUICK. Dirk, Reed, Todd sit in the parked car. In sotto;

**DIRK**

Okay.

**TODD**

You guys ready for this?

**REED**

I am.

**TODD**

Dirk?

**DIRK**

Me? Yeah . . . yeah, I'm ready. I was born ready.

**TODD**

Alright.

Todd takes out a .45 AUTOMATIC PISTOL and loads a cartridge.

**DIRK**

What the fuck is that?

**TODD**

It's a big gun.

**DIRK**

I know, but why?

**TODD**

Just in case, just in case. Let's go.

They pile out of the damaged Corvette and walk up. CAMERA (STEADICAM) follows them.

**REED**

I'm nervous.

**TODD**

It'll be okay.

**REED**

Let's get in and out, in and out.

**TODD**

Not too quick -- that looks suspicious.

Lemme do the talking --

They arrive and ring the doorbell.

**CUT TO:**

**173 INT. RAHAD JACKSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT**

A really big fat black BODYGUARD comes to the door and opens up:

**BODYGUARD**

Hello. Come on in.

The bodyguard leads them down a hall and into a tacky and spacious, sunken

**LIVING ROOM.**

They're greeted by a man in a silk robe, slightly open to show some bikini

briefs and a thin sheen of sweat covering his body: RAHAD JACKSON  
(late  
40s).

Off in a corner of the room, a YOUNG ASIAN KID is casually throwing  
some  
FIRECRACKERS around.

Rahad is DANCING around by himself to NIGHT RANGER, "SISTER  
CHRISTIAN." He  
spots the men;

**RAHAD**

Hello, friends. Which one is Todd?

**TODD**

That's me. We met before at the club --

**RAHAD**

Oh, yeah. Come on in here.

**TODD**

These are my friends Dirk and Reed.

**RAHAD**

Great to meet you. You guys want something  
to drink -- or a pill -- or some coke --  
or some dope?

**DIRK/REED/TODD**

No thank you, thanks, no.

**RAHAD**

So what do we have, we have, something, yeah?

**TODD**

Here it is . . . half a key . . . it's really good,  
if you wanna test it out --

**RAHAD**

Oh, wait a minute, I love this part:

(sings along)

**"SISTER CHRISTIAN, THERE'S SO MUCH  
IN LIFE, DON'T YOU GIVE IT UP BEFORE  
YOUR TIME IS DUE . . . IT'S TRUE!"**

(to Dirk)

This song is so amazing.

Anyway: What's the price?

**TODD**

We were thinking five thousand.

**RAHAD**

That's good. No problem, cool, cool.

The Bodyguard brings over a PAPER BAG FULL OF CASH and hands the bag to Todd in exchange for the PAPER BAG FULL OF BAKING SODA.

Reed watches the Bodyguard take the bag and notices something. REED'S POV:  
a SHOULDER HOLSTER holds a .45 Automatic Pistol.

Rahad does an air guitar solo to the Night Ranger song . . . he walks across the room, picks up a COKE PIPE and looks to the guys;

**RAHAD**

You wanna play baseball?

**DIRK/REED/TODD**

No thank you.

Rahad strokes the pipe while dancing. Dirk looks across to an open bedroom door.

DIRK'S POV: Through the crack in the door, we can see a bloody, battered YOUNG BLACK WOMAN in a silk robe . . .she's followed by another YOUNG WHITE GIRL in nothing.

**RAHAD (OC)**

Check this out --

He takes out a nickel plated REVOLVER and loads a single bullet, spins the chamber and puts it to his head and sings;

**RAHAD**

**SISTER CHRISTIAN -- OH THE TIME HAS**

**COME . . . AND YOU KNOW THAT YOU'RE**

**THE ONLY ONE TO SAY . . . OK . . .**

He pulls the trigger . . . Click . . . he smiles and casually speaks;

**RAHAD**

I put a mix tape together of all  
my favorite songs . . . This is song number  
three . . . I love putting mix tapes together,  
you know . . . if you buy an album or tape or  
something, those guys put the songs in their  
order and they try and say how you should listen  
to the songs, but I don't like that.  
I don't like to be told what to listen  
to, when to listen to or anything . . .

The Night Ranger song FADES OUT . . . BEAT . . . Rahad smiles at the Asian Kid who's casually throwing some firecrackers around.

**RAHAD**

(to Dirk/Reed/Todd)

He's Chinese . . . he loves to set  
off firecrackers . . .

REO SPEEDWAGON, "CAN'T FIGHT THIS FEELING," begins to play.

**RAHAD**

I CAN'T FIGHT THIS FEELING ANY LONGER  
AND YET I'M STILL AFRAID TO LET IT FLOW.  
WHAT STARTED OUT AS FRIENDSHIP HAS GROWN  
STRONGER -- I ONLY WISH I HAD THE STRENGTH  
TO LET IT SHOW --

**DIRK**

Well . . . I think maybe . . . we better get going --

**RAHAD**

No, stay. Hang out. We'll party.

**DIRK**

No, we really gotta split.

We have to be somewhere and we --

Dirk and Rahad continue to haggle about leaving/not leaving. CAMERA  
BEGINS

**A SLOW DOLLY INTO A CU ON TODD.**

**TODD**

We're Not Leaving Yet.

Dirk and Reed look at Todd. He stands up.

**TODD**

We're here now and we want something else.  
Hey -- Hey. We Want Something Else From You.

**RAHAD**

What?

**DIRK**

Todd -- what the hell are you doing?

**TODD**



In the master bedroom, under the bed,  
in a floor safe . . . You understand?  
The Bodyguard turns his head. Dirk and Reed are confused;

**DIRK**

Todd . . . what the fuck, man, c'mon --

**TODD**

Shut up, Dirk. I told you I got a plan.

I got a good plan.

**RAHAD**

Are you kiddin' me kittie?

**TODD**

No I'm not. I'm not kidding. We want  
what's in the safe. We want what's in  
the safe in the floor under the bed in  
the master bedroom.

**DIRK**

Todd -- don't be crazy.

(to Rahad)

Sir -- we don't know anything about this.

This is not the thing that we wanted.

**TODD**

**SHUT THE FUCK UP, DIRK.**

The BODYGUARD reaches into his coat . . .

. . . Todd pulls his REVOLVER quickly and AIMS at the Bodyguard.

**TODD**

Don't reach for your gun.

. . . Rahad reacts by AIMING HIS GUN AT TODD . . .

**RAHAD**

You don't wanna do this, friendly.

**TODD**

You've only got one bullet.

Rahad PULLS THE TRIGGER . . . a bullet FIRES from the gun and strikes Todd in the SHOULDER . . . the gun in his hand falls to the floor and he stumbles back . . .

. . . The Bodyguard takes this moment to GRAB HIS OWN GUN from the holster and FIRE off shots at Dirk and Reed . . .

. . . Bullets graze past them and they DUCK FOR COVER . . .

. . . The GIRLS in the bedroom SCREAM and SHOUT at the gunfire . . .

. . . A STRAY BULLET HITS the ASIAN KID in the heart, but he doesn't fall .  
. . .

. . . TODD reaches hold of his gun, crouches for cover and FIRES a bullet STRAIGHT INTO the Bodyguard . . . who falls back DEAD . . . Todd looks right and sees:

RAHAD scuttles into the bedroom with the women . . . Todd looks over his shoulder to Dirk and Reed;

**DIRK**

**WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING, TODD?**

**TODD**

He went in the bedroom.

**DIRK**

**ARE YOU CRAZY? WHEN DID YOU GO CRAZY?**

**TODD**

He's got cash and coke in the safe

under the bed -- if we leave here  
without it we're fools.

**REED**

Let's just split, let's just split  
right now, Todd. Don't be stupid.  
This wasn't part of the deal.

**TODD**

I'm goin' in that bedroom and get what's  
in that safe. Are you coming?

**DIRK**

Fuck no. Todd. Don't. Don't do it.

Todd gets up and heads for the bedroom with his revolver at the ready  
. . .  
he inches closer to the door and twists the door knob, then KICKS THE  
DOOR  
**OPEN;**

. . . Rahad is standing right there, holding a SAWED OFF SHOTGUN. He  
pulls  
the trigger . . . Todd blinks . . .

. . . Rahad's SHOTGUN BLAST blows Todd BACK and UP in the air about  
fifteen  
feet . . . he FALLS to the ground with a HOLE in his STOMACH about the  
size  
of a basketball . . . Rahad calls out to Dirk and Reed;

**RAHAD**

C'mon out, little puppies. You want to  
come and see, come and see, to get what  
is coming down. Coming down.

Rahad peers out from his bedroom, sees a sliver of Dirk behind the  
wall.  
Rahad FIRES HIS SHOTGUN . . . which cuts right past Dirk's head and  
SHREDS  
the wall near him . . .

Reed and Dirk make a DASH for the front door . . .

. . . Rahad FIRES another shot . . .

. . . a BLAST BREEZES PAST THEIR HEADS . . .

Dirk and Reed make it OUTSIDE . . . Rahad chases after them . . .

**CUT TO:**

**174 EXT. RAHAD'S HOUSE - THAT MOMENT**

Reed and Dirk make a dash for the Corvette -- they're steps away when  
a

**SHOTGUN BLAST BLOWS INTO THE PASSENGER'S SIDE DOOR --**

Reed heads away from the car -- makes a run diagonally across the  
street  
for shelter behind some SHRUBS and TREES -- (he gets lost from CAMERA)

Dirk gets around to the driver's side of the Corvette, shielded and  
crouched -- he opens the door and starts to get in --

**ANOTHER SHOT BLOWS THE PASSENGER'S SIDE WINDOW OUT.**

**GLASS SPRAYS IN HIS EYES AND HIS HAND SLIPS DOWN, RELEASING THE  
EMERGENCY**

**BRAKE OF THE CAR -- WHICH BEGINS TO ROLL DOWN THE STREET--**

Dirk stumbles back from the car. He looks to the house:

Rahad is about to FIRE the shotgun again . . .

. . . he looks down the street: the Corvette is ROLLING away and  
picking up  
speed as it goes down the hill --

Dirk gets on his feet and makes a run for the car, Rahad FIRES . . .

. . . Dirk catches up with the car, hops in -- gets the key in the  
ignition  
and starts it up, peels off down the street --

**CUT TO:**

**175 INT. DIRK'S CORVETTE - MOMENTS LATER**

Dirk pulls around and stops a moment. He looks around -- he looks back  
in  
his rearview mirror.

**DIRK**

Fuck -- Fuck -- Fuck.

**CUT TO:**

**176 EXT. STREET NEARBY - THAT MOMENT**

Reed is running FULL-SPEED down a residential street, in and out of backyards and over fences, dodging attack dogs, etc.

**CUT TO:**

**177 INT. RAHAD JACKSON'S HOUSE - THAT MOMENT**

RAHAD storms around his house, the SHOTGUN in his hand. The two battered YOUNG WOMEN are shaking and shivering in a corner --

**RAHAD**

What the fuck . . . what the fuck . . . what the fuck.

Rahad rants and raves incoherently, sets down the shotgun for a moment to take a hit from his crack pipe. A DISCO song is playing LOUDLY and Rahad is dancing. HOLD, THEN:

**ANGLE, A WALL IN THE HOUSE**

a red flash hits the wall . . . then a blue flash hits the wall.

**ANGLE, RAHAD**

he looks at the wall and sees the red-blue flash.

CAMERA DOLLIES IN ON RAHAD. He smiles.

More RED-BLUE FLASHES hit the house and the SOUNDS of POLICE ACTION start to BUILD . . .

**RAHAD**

It's coming down, coming down.

. . . RAHAD PICKS UP THE SHOTGUN, SMASHES THE WINDOW AND FIRES OFF A SHOT TOWARDS THE OC POLICE ACTION . . .

. . . OC POLICE FIRE BACK ABOUT ONE MILLION BULLETS THAT RIP INTO RAHAD,  
SENDING HIM BACK, STUMBLING ACROSS THE HOUSE, FURTHER AND FURTHER . . .  
. . .  
BULLETS RIP INTO THE TWO GIRLS, KILLING THEM.

OVERHEAD ANGLE, STRAIGHT DOWN:

Rahad's dead body falls next to Todd's dead body . . . a BEAT later,  
the  
Asian Kid finally falls over, face down next to them . . .

QUICK FADE OUT, CUT TO:

178 OMITTED

179 OMITTED

180 INT. DIRK'S CORVETTE - MOVING - NIGHT

HOLD CU. ON DIRK. He's driving fast. Paranoid and freaked. The car starts  
to sputter . . . slows . . . Dirk panics when he sees the gas tank . . .  
. . .  
ECU. The Gas Tank Display. The orange needle is on, "E."

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: "Fourteen Miles Later"

CUT TO:

181 EXT. STREET/OUTSIDE LOS ANGELES - DAWN (LATER)

Dirk's car is out of gas. He pushes the car off the main boulevard and  
down  
a side street.

CUT TO:

182 EXT. SIDE STREET - THAT MOMENT

Dirk pushes his car down a small cul-de-sac, hops in and pulls the  
emergency brake.

He looks around a moment. HOLD. CAMERA DOLLIES IN CLOSE ON HIS FACE.  
He  
looks at the street signs.

OVERHEAD ANGLE, INTERSECTION.

Dirk walks to the middle of the intersection and looks up at the signposts.  
It reads, "Troost Street."

He walks down this street, looking at the houses. He walks a full two blocks down, stops, looks: He's standing in front of his PARENTS HOUSE. It looks just the same.

A young PAPERBOY rides past and throws the paper, hitting Dirk in the head.  
He hesitates, then walks up the steps;

CAMERA MOVES IN SLOWLY ON THE DOOR, LANDS IN A CU. OVER HIS SHOULDER. He knocks. Moments later . . . the door opens; A young woman in a bathrobe with a BABY on her hip opens the door. This is SHERYL LYNN, who we met earlier.

**SHERYL LYNN**

Yes?

**DIRK**

. . . hello.

**SHERYL LYNN**

Can I help you?

**BEAT.**

**SHERYL LYNN**

Eddie . . . ? Eddie.

Dirk hesitates a moment, then recognizes Sheryl Lynn.

**DIRK**

. . . what are you doing here? Where's my mother?

**SHERYL LYNN**

Eddie . . . I can't believe it . . .

**DIRK**

. . . I'm looking for my mother . . .

I'm looking for my father and mother.

**SHERYL LYNN**

Eddie, honey . . . my God . . . you just . . .

**DIRK**

Why are you in this house? I don't  
want to see you, I want my mother.

**SHERYL LYNN**

I live here now. With my husband.

**DIRK**

Where's my mom?

**SHERYL LYNN**

You should come in --

**BEAT. HOLD CU. ON DIRK.**

**DIRK**

No . . . no. Jesus Christ, I know what  
you're gonna say --

**SHERYL LYNN**

Eddie, I can tell you what happened,  
just let me tell you inside here --

**DIRK**

Just tell me. Just tell me.

**SHERYL LYNN**

They passed . . . last May --

The baby starts to cry. Dirk doesn't move;

**DIRK**

. . . how . . . ?



**SHERYL LYNN**

Eddie, come inside right now, please.

**DIRK**

**YOU TELL ME, LADY.**

**SHERYL LYNN**

There was no way to find you, to get  
in touch with you. To tell you all these things --

**DIRK**

**TELL ME RIGHT NOW, YOU.**

**SHERYL LYNN**

Eddie, it was out of the blue  
and there was a man and he was speeding and  
he was drunk and they didn't --

**CUT TO:**

**183 EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY**

A little Station Wagon enters the intersection with the right of way  
but is  
IMMEDIATELY AND POWERFULLY CRUNCHED by a SPEEDING MALIBU that barrels  
into  
the intersection.

The STATION WAGON is THROWN fifty yards away. A HORN blows . . .

CAMERA DOES A SLOW DOLLY IN TOWARDS THE STATION WAGON. Dirk's MOTHER  
and  
FATHER are SOAKED IN BLOOD.

CAMERA DOES A SLOW DOLLY IN TOWARDS THE SPEEDING MALIBU. Half in/half  
through the windshield of this car is JOHNNY DOE.

**QUICK FADE OUT, CUT TO:**

**184 EXT. DIRK'S HOUSE/TORRANCE - THAT MOMENT**

Back to the scene. HOLD ON DIRK.

**SHERYL LYNN**

It was just some drunk kid, Eddie.

**DIRK**

-- why do you live here?

**SHERYL LYNN**

My husband and I bought this house.

**DIRK**

Why? Why did you do that?

**SHERYL LYNN**

Eddie, please --

**DIRK**

This is my house. THIS IS MY HOUSE.

What the fuck? What the fuck are you

doing here? I don't want to see you,

I need to see my mother. I want my mother.

**CUT TO:**

**185 INT. SHERYL LYNN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

CAMERA HOLDS IN THE KITCHEN. Sheryl Lynn makes breakfast with the baby on her hip. Her HUSBAND sits nearby in his bathrobe, watching the situation and keeping quiet.

Dirk is on the phone in the living room. WE HEAR ONLY MUFFLED BITS FROM HIS **CONVERSATION.**

**DIRK**

(into phone)

. . . Scotty. It's Dirk . . . yeah . . . yeah . . .

lemme talk to him . . . Reed . . . yeah. Yeah.

(beat)

Are you sure . . . ? Yeah, okay . . . in a little . . .

Dirk hangs up, looks at Sheryl Lynn and her husband.

**SHERYL LYNN**

Is everything alright?

Dirk nods. She sets him up with a cup of coffee.

**SHERYL LYNN**

You made something of yourself, Eddie.

She smiles, nods, points to the living room.

**SHERYL LYNN**

I have all of your tapes . . . I've seen

all of your films . . . I knew you'd do

something special with it . . .

Dirk looks and sees that she has a collection of about 100 videotapes on a shelf . . . the Husband looks a little depressed . . . the Baby cries . . .

**DOLLY IN A LITTLE ON DIRK.**

**CUT TO:**

**186 INT. JACK'S HOUSE - MORNING (LATER)**

CAMERA holds on the hallway that looks towards the front door. It opens slowly and Dirk steps inside. He takes his sunglasses off and stands a moment.

OC we hear some noises coming from the kitchen. Sounds of someone cooking something. The SOUND from the television.

A few moments pass and Jack enters the HALLWAY and FRAME. Jack and Dirk stand a moment, looking at each other in silence. Dirk looks down, fiddles with his sunglasses, loses it;

**DIRK**

Can you please help me?

**HOLD.**

**CUT TO:**

**187 INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Dirk has broken down in Jack's arms. Jack hugs him and pets his head.

AMBER

enters, brings Dirk a glass of water and sits next to them on the couch.

**CAMERA DOLLIES IN SLOW.**

**JACK**

It's alright, boy. It's alright.

**FADE OUT.**

188 EXT. DOORWAY - DAY "Sequence "E"

CAMERA holds on a doorway. Buck steps out, dressed in a BREAK DANCER outfit, looks INTO CAMERA:

**BUCK**

Did I hear somebody say DEALS?

CAMERA CONTINUES BACK TO REVEAL the store front of "BUCK'S SUPER COOL STEREO STORE," with a huge banner that reads, "Grand Opening."

**BUCK**

This weekend and this weekend only

Buck's Super Cool Stereo World is making

Super-Cool Deals on ALL name brands.

REVERSE ANGLE: AMBER and KURT LONGJOHN are standing next to a VIDEO CAMERA, filming a COMMERCIAL for Buck's store.

**BUCK**

We're open, we're ready -- all you  
need to do is walk over, get down and  
come inside us --

**AMBER**

Cut. Excellent.

**CUT TO:**

**189 INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY**

CAMERA DOLLIES IN ON ROLLERGIRL. She's sitting at a desk, deep in the middle of taking the GED test. She starts to drift, looking out the window

. . . then back to the test.

**CUT TO:**

**190 INT. BAKERSFIELD RETIREMENT HOME - DAY**

CAMERA DOLLIES IN ON BECKY. She's wearing a UNIFORM and working with a group of OLD FOLKS in the retirement home. She feeds Mr. Brown some soup and smiles.

**CUT TO:**

**191 INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT**

THE COLONEL sits in a jail cell with a large black man, TYRONE.

**COLONEL**

Tyrone?

**TYRONE**

Yes, Colonel.

**COLONEL**

Tell me.

**TYRONE**

You know that I love you.

**COLONEL**

I like hearing you say it.

**TYRONE**

You're my bitch. You always will be.

BEAT. THE CAMERA DOLLIES IN ON THE COLONEL. He smiles.

**CUT TO:**

**192 EXT. HOT TRAXX NIGHTCLUB - DAY**

MAURICE is standing out front with his two BROTHERS who are fresh off the boat . . . they're unveiling a new sign in front of the club -- the sheet drops to reveal;

**"RODRIGUEZ BROTHERS NIGHTCLUB"**

**CUT TO:**

**193 INT. NIGHTCLUB/CABARET - NIGHT**

CAMERA moves across the small audience to the stage where REED is doing a MAGIC SHOW. He's wearing a leotard and floating some brass rings in mid-air. He snaps his fingers and they drops into his hands -- he takes a bow and does a little dance.

**CUT TO:**

**194 INT. HOSPITAL/DELIVERY ROOM - DAY**

CAMERA is HAND-HELD as JESSIE ST. VINCENT is screaming and kicking her way through labor. BUCK is holding her hand. SCOTTY J. is with them, filming the whole thing with a VIDEO CAMERA.

**BUCK**

C'mon, honey, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon.

**JESSIE**

**JESUS MOTHER FUCKING CHRIST ALMIGHTY HELL.**

We hear a BABY pop out, kicking and screaming.

**DOCTOR**

Yes, yes, Jessie. It's a boy.

**CUT TO:**

End Sequence "E"

195 EXT. JACK'S DRIVEWAY - DAY (June 84)

An EQUIPMENT TRUCK backs up towards CAMERA. ROCKY, SCOTTY J. and KURT LONGJOHN enter FRAME and lift the back up to reveal; a whole set of VIDEO EQUIPMENT. They begin to unload it . . .

STEADICAM PULLS BACK and Jack enters FRAME, smiling and walking back into the house . . . this is one continuous shot . . . as he moves through, interacting with:

MAURICE is cooking some stuff up in the kitchen. Smoke everywhere.

**JACK**

Maurice, honey, turn the fan on.

**MAURICE**

It smells good, though.

**JACK**

It's stinkin' up the whole house.

ROLLERGIRL is skating around, listening to headphones.

**JACK**

Rollergirl, honey, please, I just had  
the floors redone.

**ROLLERGIRL**

What?

**JACK**

Your skates on the wood floor, please.

**ROLLERGIRL**

What?

**JACK**

Are you going deaf? Turn the music down --

**ROLLERGIRL**

Jack, I can't hear a word you're saying.

BUCK is setting up a new audio/video system in Jack's living room. He explains some technical information about the new format of "compact discs."

**JACK**

Just do me a favor and make it work, Buck.

**BUCK**

Did I talk to you about the modification  
you're gonna need?

**JACK**

Don't. Don't do it, Buck.

**BUCK**

Jack -- you stick with the bass  
you got and it's not gonna be loud.

**JACK**

I don't listen to it loud, alright?  
I just wanna hear something, okay?

Jack continues out to the POOL AREA. REED is swimming with the BABY.  
JESSIE  
ST. VINCENT is doing an oil painting of them.

**JACK**

Look at this, he's a swimmer!

**JESSIE**

(to the baby)

Can you say hello to your Uncle Jack?

**JACK**

(to Jessie)

He's not gonna piss in the pool, is he?



**JESSIE**

I don't think so.

JACK walks back in the house, down the hallway, CAMERA PANS to a PICTURE on the wall of LITTLE BILL then PANS back to Jack, who continues down the hall into --

**AMBER'S BEDROOM.**

She's sitting in front of her make-up table. He sits next to her;

**AMBER**

Are we ready?

**JACK**

Plenty of time.

**AMBER**

What are you looking at?

**JACK**

I'm looking at you, my darling.

**AMBER**

You're staring.

BEAT. He leans in, gives her a kiss on the cheek and says;

**JACK**

You're the foxiest bitch I've ever known.

**CUT TO:**

**196 INT. JACK'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - DAY - THAT MOMENT**

Dirk is sitting in a jean costume, script in front of him for the new film, working on the lines. He's cleaned up a bit, hair slicked back. He looks in the mirror;

**DIRK**

I've been around this block twice

looking for something . . . a clue.

I've been looking for clues and something  
led me back here . . . yeah . . . so here I am.

(beat)

Coulda been me who was at

Ringo's place when the shit went down . . .

(beat)

Hey . . . I know how it is . . . cause I been  
there . . . we've all done bad things . . . .

We all have those guilty feelings in

our hearts . . . you wanna take your

brain out of your head and wash it and

scrub it and make it clean . . . well no.

(beat)

But I'm gonna help you settle this . . .

(beat)

First we're gonna check for holes,

see what we can find . . . then we're

gonna get nice and wet . . . so you're

gonna spread your legs . . .

(beat)

That's good . . . so you know me, you

know my reputation . . . thirteen

inches is a tough load, I don't

treat you gently . . . That's right:

I'm Brock Landers.

(beat)

So I'm gonna be nice and I'm gonna  
ask you one more time . . .

(beat)

Where the fuck is Ringo?

Dirk stands up, unzips his pants and lets his cock hang out. He looks  
at  
the REFLECTION of it in the mirror;

**DIRK**

I'm a star, I'm a star, I'm a star.

I'm a star. I'm a star, I'm a big

bright shining star.

He puts his cock back in his pants, does a final karate kick and walks  
out  
of the room, closing the door behind him.

**END**