

True Romance

by Quentin Tarantino

When you are tired of relationships, try a romance.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A smoky cocktail bar downtown Detroit.

CLARENCE WORLEY, a young hipster hepcat, is trying to pick up an older lady named LUCY. She isn't bothered by him, in fact, she's a little charmed. But, you can tell, that she isn't going to leave her barstool.

CLARENCE

In "Jailhouse Rock" he's everything rockabilly's about. I mean he is rockabilly: mean, surly, nasty, rude. In that movie he couldn't give a fuck about anything except rockin' and rollin', livin' fast, dyin' young, and leaving a good-looking corpse. I love that scene where after he's made it big he's throwing a big cocktail party, and all these highbrows are there, and he's singing, "Baby You're So Square... Baby, I Don't Care". Now, they got him dressed like a dick. He's wearing these stupid-lookin' pants, this horrible sweater. Elvis ain't no sweater boy. I even think they got him wearin' penny loafers. Despite all that shit, all the highbrows at the party, big house, the stupid clothes, he's still a rude-lookin' motherfucker. I'd watch that hillbilly and I'd want to be him so bad. Elvis looked good. I'm no fag, but Elvis was good-lookin'. He was fuckin' prettier than most women. I always said if I ever had to fuck a guy... I mean had too 'cause my life depended on it... I'd fuck Elvis.

Lucy takes a drag from her cigarette.

LUCY

I'd fuck Elvis.

CLARENCE

Really?

LUCY

When he was alive. I  
wouldn't fuck him now.

CLARENCE

I don't blame you.

(they laugh)

So we'd both fuck Elvis.  
It's nice to meet people  
with common interests,  
isn't it?

Lucy laughs.

CLARENCE

Well, enough about the  
King, how 'bout you?

LUCY

How 'bout me what?

CLARENCE

How 'bout you go to the  
movies with me tonight?

LUCY

What are we gonna see?

CLARENCE

A Donny Chiba triple  
feature. "The  
Streetfighter", "Return of  
the Streetfighter", and  
"Sister Streetfighter".

LUCY

Who's Sonny Chiba?

CLARENCE

He is, bar none, the  
greatest actor working in  
martial arts movies ever.

LUCY

(not believing  
this)

You wanna take me to a kung  
fu movie?

CLARENCE

(holding up three  
fingers)

Three kung fu movies.

Lucy takes a drag from her cigarette.

LUCY

(laughing)

I don't think so, not my  
cup of tea.

INT. DINGY HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The sounds of the city flow in through an open  
window: car horns, gun shots and violence.  
Paint is peeling off the walls and the once  
green carpet is stained black.  
On the bed nearby is a huge open suitcase  
filled with clear plastic bags of cocaine.  
Shotguns and pistols have been dropped  
carelessly around the suitcase. On the far end

of the room, against the wall, is a TV.  
"Bewitched" is playing.

At the opposite end of the room, by the front,  
is a table. DREXL SPIVEY and FLOYD DIXON sit  
around. Cocaine is on the table as well as  
little plastic bags and a weigher. Floyd is  
black, Drexl is a white boy, though you  
wouldn't know it listen to him.

DREXL

Nigger, get outta my face  
with that bullshit.

FLOYD

Naw man, I don't be eatin'  
that shit.

DREXL

That's bullshit.

BIG DON WATTS, a stout, mean-looking black man  
who's older than Drexl and Floyd. Walks  
through the door carrying hamburgers and  
french fries in two greasy brown-paper bags.

FLOYD

Naw man, that's some  
serious shit.

DREXL

Nigger, you lie like a big  
dog.

BIG D

What the fuck are you  
talkin' about?

DREXL

Floyd say he don't be  
eatin' pussy.

BIG D

Shit, any nigger say he  
don't eat pussy is lyin'  
his ass off.

DREXL

I heard that.

FLOYD

Hold on a second, Big D.  
You sayin' you eat pussy?

BIG D

Nigger, I eat everything. I  
eat pussy. I eat the butt.  
I eat every motherfuckin'  
thang.

DREXL

Preach on, Big D.

FLOYD

Look here. If I ever did  
eat some pussy - I would  
never eat any pussy - but,  
if I did eat some pussy, I  
sure as hell wouldn't tell  
no goddamn body. I'd be  
ashamed as a motherfucker.

BIG D

Shit! Nigger you smoke  
enough sherm your dumb  
ass'll do a lot a crazy ass  
things. So you won't eat  
pussy? Motherfucker, you be  
up there suckin' niggers'  
dicks.

DREXL

Heard that.

Drexl and Big D bump fists.

FLOYD

Yeah, that's right, laugh.  
It's so funny, oh it's so  
funny.

(he takes a hit off  
of a joint)

There used to be a time  
when sisters didn't know  
shit about gettin' their  
pussy licked. Then the  
sixties came an' they  
started fuckin' around with  
white boys. And white boys  
are freaks for that shit -

DREXL

- Because it's good!

FLOYD

Then, after a while sisters  
use to gettin' their little  
pussy eat. And because you  
white boys had to make pigs  
out of yourselves, you  
fucked it up for every  
nigger in the world  
everywhere.

BIG D

Drexl. On behalf of me and  
all the brothers who aren't  
here, I'd like to express  
our gratitude -

Drexl and Big D bust up.

FLOYD

Go on pussy-eaters...  
laugh. You look like you be  
eatin' pussy. You got  
pussy-eatin' mugs. Now if a  
nigger wants to get his  
dick sucked he's got to do  
a bunch of fucked-up shit.

BIG D

So you do eat pussy!

FLOYD

Naw naw!

BIG D

You don't like it, but you  
eat that shit.

(to Drexl)

He eats it.

DREXL

Damn skippy. He like it,  
too.

BIG D

(mock English  
accent)

Me thinketh he doth protest  
too much.

FLOYD

Well fuck you guys then!  
You guys are fucked up!

DREXL

Why you trippin'? We jus'  
fuckin' with ya. But I  
wanna ask you a question.  
You with some fine bitch, I  
mean a brick shithouse  
bitch - you're with Jayne  
Kennedy. You're with Jayne  
Kennedy and you say "Bitch,  
suck my dick!" and then  
Jayne Kennedy says, "First  
things first, nigger, I  
ain't suckin' shit till you  
bring your ass over here  
and lick my bush!" Now,  
what do you say?

FLOYD

I tell Jayne Kennedy, "Suck  
my dick or I'll beat your  
ass!"

BIG D

Nigger, get real. You touch  
Jayne Kennedy she'll have  
you ass in Wayne County so  
fast -

DREXL

Nigger, back off, you ain't  
beatin' shit. Now what  
would you do.

FLOYD

I'd say fuck it!

Drexl and Big D get up from the table  
disgusted and walk away, leaving Floyd sitting  
all alone.

Big D sits on the bed, his back turned to  
Floyd, watching "Bewitched".

FLOYD

(yelling after  
them)

Ain't no man have to eat  
pussy!

BIG D

(not even looking)

Take that shit somewhere  
else.

DREXL

(marching back)

You tell Jayne Kennedy to  
fuck it?

FLOYD

If it came down to who eats  
who, damn skippy.

DREXL

With that terrible mug of  
yours if Jayne Kennedy told  
you to eat her pussy, kiss  
her ass, lick her feet,  
chow on her shit, and suck  
her dog's dick, nigger,  
you'd aim to please.

BIG D

(glued on TV)

I'm hip.

DREXL

In fact, I'm gonna show you  
what I mean with a little  
demonstration. Big D, toss  
me that shotgun.

Without turning away from "Bewitched" he picks  
up the shotgun and tosses it to Drexl.

DREXL

(to Floyd)

All right, check this out.

(referring to  
shotgun)

Now, pretend this is Jayne  
Kennedy. And you're you.

Then, in a blink, he points the shotgun at  
Floyd and blows him away.

Big D leaps off the bed and spins toward  
Drexl.

Drexl, waiting for him, fires from across the  
room.

The blast hits the big man in the right arm  
and shoulder, spinning him around.

Drexl makes a beeline for his victim and fires  
again.

Big D is hit with a blast, full in the back.

He slams into the wall and drops.

Drexl collects the suitcase full of cocaine  
and leaves. As he gets to the front door he  
surveys the carnage, spits and walks out.

EXT. CLIFF'S MOVING CAR - MORNING

A big white Chevy Nova is driving down the  
road with a sunrise sky as a backdrop. The  
song "Little Bitty Tear" is heard a capella.

INT. CLIFF'S MOVING CAR - MORNING

Cliff Worley is driving his car home from  
work, singing this song gently to the sunrise.  
He's a forty-five-years-old ex-cop, at present  
a security guard. In between singing he takes

sips from a cup of take-out coffee. He's dressed in a security guard uniform.  
EXT. TRAILER PARK - MORNING  
Cliff's Nova pulls in as he continues crooning. He pulls up to his trailer to see something that stops him short.  
Cliff's POV Through windshield  
Clarence and a nice-looking YOUNG WOMAN are watching for him in front of his trailer.  
CLOSEUP - CLIFF  
Upon seeing Clarence, a little bitty tear rolls down Cliff's cheek.

BACK TO:

CLIFF'S POV  
Clarence and the Young Woman walk over to the car. Clarence sticks his face through the driver's side window.

CLARENCE

Good Morning, Daddy. Long time no see.

INT. TRAILER HOME - MORNING  
All three enter the trailer home.

CLIFF

Excuse the place, I haven't been entertaining company as of late. Sorry if I'm acting a little dense, but you're the last person in the world I expected to see this morning.

Clarence and the Young Girl walk into the living room.

CLARENCE

Yeah, well, tha's OK, Daddy, I tend to have that effect on people. I'm dyin' on thirst, you got anything to drink?

He moves past Cliff and heads straight for his refridgerator.

CLIFF

I think there's a Seven-Up in there.

CLARENCE

(rumaging around the fridge)  
Anything stronger?

(pause)

Oh, probably not. Beer? You can drink beer, can't you?

CLIFF

I can, but I don't.

CLARENCE

(closing the fridge)  
That's about all I ever eat.

Cliff looks at the Girl. She smiles sweetly at him.

CLIFF

(to Girl)

I'm sorry... I'm his father.

YOUNG GIRL

(sticking her hand out)

That's OK, I'm his wife.  
(shaking his hand vigorously)

Alabama Worley, pleased to meetcha.

She is really pumping his arm, just like a used-car salesman. However, that's where the similarities end; Alabama's totally sincere. Clarence steps back into the living room, holding a bunch of little ceramic fruit magnets in his hand. He throws his other arm around Alabama.

CLARENCE

Oh yeah, we got married.  
(referring to the magnets)

You still have these.  
(to Alabama)

This isn't a complete set; when I was five I swallowed the pomegranate one. I never shit it out, so I guess it's still there. Loverdoll, why don't you be a sport and go get us some beer. I want some beer.

(to Cliff)

Do you want some beer?  
Well, if you want some it's here.

He hands her some money and his car keys.

CLARENCE

Go to the liquor store -  
(to Cliff)

Where is there a liquor store around here?

CLIFF

Uh, yeah... there's a party store down 54th.

CLARENCE

(to Alabama)

Get a six-pack of something imported. It's hard to tell you what to get 'cause different places have different things. If they got Fosters, get that, if not, ask the guy at the

thing what the strongest imported beer he has. Look, since you're making a beer run, would you mind too terribly if you did a foot run as well. I'm fuckin' starvin' to death. Are you hungry too?

ALABAMA

I'm pretty hungry. When I went to the store I was gonna get some Ding-Dongs.

CLARENCE

Well, fuck that shit, we'll get some real food. What would taste good.

(to Cliff)

What do you think would taste good?

CLIFF

I'm really not very -

CLARENCE

You know what would taste good? Chicken. I haven't had chicken in a while. Chicken would really hit the spot about now. Chicken and beer, definitely, absolutely, without a doubt.

(to Cliff)

Where's a good chicken place around here?

CLIFF

I really don't know.

CLARENCE

You don't know the chicken places around where you live?

(to Alabama)

Ask the guy at the place where a chicken place is.

He gives her some more money.

CLARENCE

This should cover it, Auggie-Doggie.

ALABAMA

Okee-dokee, Doggie-Daddy.

She opens the door and starts out. Clarence turns to his dad as the door shuts.

CLARENCE

Isn't she the sweetest goddamned girl you ever saw in your whole life? Is she a four alarm fire, or what?

CLIFF

She seems very nice.

CLARENCE

Daddy. Nice isn't the word. Nice is an insult. She's a peach. That's the only word for it, she's a peach. She even tastes like a peach. You can tell I'm in love with her. You can tell by my face, can't ya? It's a dead giveaway. It's written all over it. Ya know what? She loves me back. Take a seat, Pop, we gotta talk -

CLIFF

Clarence, just shut up, you're giving me a headache! I can't believe how much like your mother you are. You're your fuckin' mother through and through. I haven't heard from ya in three years. Then ya show up all of a sudden at eight o'clock in the morning. You walk in like a goddamn bulldozer... don't get me wrong, I'm happy to see you... just slow it down. Now, when did you get married?

CLARENCE

Daddy, I'm in big fuckin' trouble and I really need your help.

BLACK TITLE CARD: "HOLLYWOOD"

INT. OUTSIDE OF CASTING DIRECTOR'S OFFICER - DAY  
FOUR YOUNG ACTORS are sitting on a couch with sheets of paper in their hands silently mouthing lines. One of the actors is DICK RITCHIE. The casting director, MARY LOUISE RAVENCROFT, steps into the waiting room, clipboard in hand.

RAVENCROFT

Dick Ritchie?

Dick pops up from the pack.

DICK

I'm me... I mean, that's me.

RAVENCROFT

Step inside.

INT. CASTING DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY  
She sits behind a large desk. Her name-plate rests on the desktop. Several posters advertising "The Return of T.J. Hooker" hang on the wall.  
Dick sits in a chair, holding his sheets in his hands.

RAVENCROFT

Well, the part you're reading for is one of the bad guys. There's Brian and Marty. Peter Breck's already been cast as Brian. And you're reading for the part of Marty. Now in this scene you're both in a car and Bill Shatner's hanging on the hood. And what you're trying to do is get him off.

(she picks a up a copy of the script)

Whenever you're ready.

DICK

(reading and miming driving)

Where'd you come from?

RAVENCROFT

(reading from the script lifelessly)

I don't know. He just appeared as magic.

DICK

(reading from script)

Well, don't just sit there, shoot him.

She puts her script down, and smiles at him.

RAVENCROFT

That was very good.

DICK

Thank you.

RAVENCROFT

If we decided on making him a New York type, could you do that?

DICK

Sure. No problem.

RAVENCROFT

Could we try it now?

DICK

Absolutely.

Dick picks up the script and begins, but this time with a Brooklyn accent.

DICK

Where'd he come from?

RAVENCROFT

(monotone, as before)

I don't know. He just appeared as magic.

DICK

Well, don't just sit there, shoot him.

Ravencroft puts her script down.

RAVENCROFT

Well, Mr. Ritchie, I'm  
impressed. You're a very  
fine actor.

Dick smiles.

INT. TRAILER HOME - DAY

Cliff's completely aghast. He just stares,  
unable to come to grips with what Clarence has  
told him.

CLARENCE

Look, I don't know this is  
pretty heavy-duty, so if  
you wanna explode, feel  
free.

CLIFF

You're always making jokes.  
That's what you do, isn't  
it? Make jokes. Making  
jokes is the one thing  
you're good at, isn't it?  
But if you make a joke  
about this -

(raising his voice)

- I'm gonna go completely  
out of my fuckin' head!

Cliff pauses and collects himself.

CLIFF

What do you want from me?

CLARENCE

What?

CLIFF

Stop acting like an infant.  
You're here because you  
want me to help you in some  
way. What do you need from  
me? You need money?

CLARENCE

Do you still have friends  
on the force?

CLIFF

Yes, I still have friends  
on the force.

CLARENCE

Could you find out if they  
know anythin'? I don't know  
they know shit about us.  
But I don't wanna think, I  
wanna know. You could find  
out for sure what's goin'  
on.

(pause)

Daddy?

CLIFF

What makes you think I  
could do that?

CLARENCE

You were a cop.

CLIFF

What makes you think I  
would do that?

CLARENCE

I'm your son.

CLIFF

You got it all worked out,  
don't you?

CLARENCE

Look, goddamnit, I never  
asked you for a goddamn  
thing! I've tried to make  
your parental obligation as  
easy as possible. After Mom  
divorced you, did I ask you  
for anything? When I  
wouldn't see ya for six  
months to a year at a time,  
did you ever get your shit  
about it? No, it was always  
"OK", "No problem", "You're  
a busy guy, I understand".  
The whole time you were a  
drunk, did I ever point my  
finger at you and talk  
shit? No! Everybody else  
did. I never did. You see,  
I know that you're just a  
bad parent. You're not  
really very good at it. But  
I know you love me. I'm  
basically a pretty  
resourceful guy. If I  
didn't really need it I  
wouldn't ask. And if you  
say no, don't worry about  
it. I'm gone. No problems.

Alabama walks in through the door carrying a  
shopping bag.

ALABAMA

The forager's back.

CLARENCE

Thank God. I could eat a  
horse if you slap enough  
catsup on it.

ALABAMA

I didn't get any chicken.

CLARENCE

How come?

ALABAMA

It's nine o'clock in the  
morning. Nothing's open.

INT. TRAILER HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

Cliff's on the telephone in his bedroom,  
pacing as he talks. The living room of the  
trailer can be seen from his doorway, where

Clarence and Alabama are horsing around. They giggle and cut up throughout the scene. As Cliff talks, all the noise and hubbub of a police station comes through over the line. He's talking to DETECTIVE WILSON, an old friend of his from the force. We see both inside the conversation.

CLIFF

It's about that pimp that was shot a couple of days ago, Drexl Spivey.

WILSON

What about him?

CLIFF

Well, Ted, to tell you the truth, I found out through the grapevine that it might be, and I only said might be, the Drexl Spivey that was responsible for that restaurant break-in on Riverdale.

WILSON

Are you still working security for Foster & Langley?

CLIFF

Yeah, and the restaurant's on my route. And you know, I stuck my nose in for the company to try to put a stop to some of these break-ins. Now, while I have no proof, the name Drexl Spivey kept comin' up. Who's case is it?

WILSON

McTeague.

CLIFF

I don't know him. Is he a nice guy? You think he'll help me out?

WILSON

I don't see why not. When you gonna come round and see my new place?

CLIFF

You and Robin moved?

WILSON

Shit, are you behind. Me and Robin got a divorce six months ago. Got myself a new place - mirrors all over the bedroom, ceiling fans above the bed. Guy'd have to look as ugly as King Kong not to get laid

in this place. I'm serious,  
a guy'd have to look like a  
gorilla.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAILER HOME - DAY

Clarence and Cliff stand by Clarence's 1965  
red Mustang. Alabama's amusing herself by  
doing cartwheels and handstands in the  
background.

CLIFF

They have nothing. In fact,  
they think it's drug  
related.

CLARENCE

Do tell. Why drug related?

CLIFF

Apparently, Drexl had a big  
toe stuck in shit like  
that.

CLARENCE

No shit?

CLIFF

Yeah. Drexl had an  
association with a fella  
named Blue Lou Boyle. Name  
mean anything to you?

CLARENCE

Nope.

CLIFF

If you don't hang around in  
this circle, no reason it  
should.

CLARENCE

Who is he?

CLIFF

Gangster. Drug Dealer.  
Somebody you don't want on  
your ass. Look, Clarence,  
the more I hear about this  
Drexl fucker, the more I  
think you did the right  
thing. That guy wasn't just  
some wild flake.

CLARENCE

That's what I've been  
tellin' ya. The guy was  
like a mad dog. So the cops  
aren't looking for me?

CLIFF

Naw, until they hear  
something better they'll  
assume Drexl and Blue Lou  
had a falling out. So, once  
you leave twon, I wouldn't  
worry about it.

Clarence sticks his hand out to shake. Cliff  
takes it.

CLARENCE

Thanks a lot, Daddy. You really came through for me.

CLIFF

I got some money I can give you -

CLARENCE

Keep it.

CLIFF

Well, son, I want you to know I hope everything works out with you and Alabama. I like her. I think you make a cute couple.

CLARENCE

We do make a cute couple, don't we?

CLIFF

Yeah, well, just stay outta trouble. Remeber, you got a wife to think about. Quit fuckin' around.

(pause)

I love you son.

They hug each other, Clarence takes a pice of paper out and puts it into Cliff's hand.

CLARENCE

This is Dick's number in Hollywood. We don't know where we'll be, but you can get a hold of me through him.

Clarence turns toward Alabama and yells to her.

CLARENCE

Bama, we're outta here. Kiss Pops goodbye,

Alabama runs across from where she was and throws her arms around Cliff and gives him a big smackeroo on the lips. Cliff's a little startled. Alabama's bubbling like a Fresca.

ALABAMA

Bye, Daddy! Hope to see you again real soon.

CLARENCE

(mock anger)

What kind of daughterly smackeroo was that?

ALABAMA

Oh, hush up.

The two get into the Mustang.

CLARENCE

(to Cliff)

We'll send you a postcard  
as soon as we get to  
Hollywood.

Clarence starts the engine. The convertible  
roof opens as they talk.

CLIFF

Bama, you take care of that  
one for me. Keep him out of  
trouble.

ALABAMA

Don't worry, Daddy, I'm  
keepin' this fella on a  
short leash.

Clarence, slowly, starts driving away.

CLARENCE

(to Cliff)

As the sun sets slowly in  
the west we bid a fond  
farewell to all the friends  
we've made... and, with a  
touch of melancholy, we  
look forward to the time  
when we will all be  
together again.

Clarence peels out, shooting a shower of  
gravel up in the air.

As the Mustang disappears Cliff runs his  
tongue over his lips.

CLIFF

The-son-of-a-bitch was right... she does taste  
like a peach.

INT. DICK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dick's apartment is standard issue for a young  
actor. Things are pretty neat and clean. A  
nice stereo unit sits on the shelf. A framed  
picture of a ballet dancer's feet hangs on the  
wall.

The phone rings, Dick answers.

DICK

Hi, Dick here.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - LAS VEGAS - SUNSET

Top floor, Las Vegas, Nevada hotel room with a  
huge picture window overlooking the neon-  
filled strip and the flaming red and orange  
sunset sky.

Clarence paces up and down with the telephone  
in his hand.

CLARENCE

(big bopper voice)

Heeeelllllloooo

baaaabbbbyyyy!!!

Note: We intercut both sides of the  
conversation.

DICK

(unsure)

Clarence?

CLARENCE

You got it.

DICK

It's great to hear from  
you.

CLARENCE

Well, you're gonna be  
seein' me shortly.

DICK

You comin' to L.A.? When?

CLARENCE

Tomorrow.

DICK

What's up? Why're leavin'  
Detroit?

Clarence sits down on the hotel room bed.  
Alabama, wearing only a long T-shirt with a  
big picture of Bullwinkle on it, crawls behind  
him.

CLARENCE

Well, there's a story  
behind all that. I'll tell  
you when I see you. By the  
way, I won't be alone. I'm  
bringing my wife with me.

DICK

Get the fuck outta here!

CLARENCE

I'm a married man.

DICK

Get the fuck outta here!

CLARENCE

Believe it or not, I  
actually tricked a girl  
into falling in love with  
me. I'm not quite sure how  
I did it. I'd hate to have  
to do it again. But I did  
it. Wanna say hi to my  
better half?

Before Dick can respond Clarence puts Alabama  
on the phone.

ALABAMA

Hi, Dick. I'm Alabama  
Worley.

DICK

Hello, Alabama.

ALABAMA

I can't wait to meet you.  
Clarence told me all about  
you. He said you were his  
best friend. So, I guess  
that makes you my best  
friend, too.

Clarence start dictating to her what to say.

CLARENCE

Tell him we gotta go.

ALABAMA

Clarence says we gotta be hittin' it.

DICK

What?

CLARENCE

Tell him we'll be hittin' his area some time tomorrow.

ALABAMA

He said don't go nowhere. We'll be there some time tomorrow.

DICK

Wait a minute -

CLARENCE

Tell him not to eat anything. We're gonna scarf when we get there.

ALABAMA

Don't eat anything.

DICK

Alabama, could you tell Clar -

CLARENCE

Ask him if he got the letter.

ALABAMA

Did you get the letter?

DICK

What letter?

ALABAMA

(to Clarence)

What letter?

CLARENCE

The letter I sent.

ALABAMA

(to Dick)

The letter he sent.

DICK

Clarence sent a letter?

CLARENCE

Has he gotten his mail today?

ALABAMA

Gotten your mail yet?

DICK

Yeah, my room-mate leaves it on the TV.

ALABAMA

(to Clarence)

Yes.

CLARENCE

Has he looked through it yet?

ALABAMA

(to Dick)

Ya looked through it?

DICK  
Not yet.

ALABAMA  
(to Clarence)

Nope.

CLARENCE  
Tell him to look through  
it.

ALABAMA  
(to Dick)

Get it.

DICK  
Let me speak to Clarence.

ALABAMA  
(to Clarence)

He wants to speak with you.

CLARENCE  
No time. Gotta go. Just  
tell him to read the  
letter, the letter explains  
all. Tell him I love him.  
And tell him, as of  
tomorrow, all his money  
problems are over.

ALABAMA  
(to Dick)

He can't. We gotta go, but  
he wants you to read the  
letter. The letter explains  
it all. He wants you to  
know he loves you. And he  
wants you to know that as  
of tomorrow, all of your  
money problems are over.

DICK  
Money problems?

CLARENCE  
Now tell him goodbye.

ALABAMA  
Bye-bye.

CLARENCE  
Now hang up.

She hangs up the phone.

INT. DICK'S APARTMENT - DAY  
Dick hears the click on the other end.

DICK  
Hello, hello, Clarence?  
Clarence's wife?... I mean  
Alabama... hello?

Extremely confused, Dick jangs up the phone.  
He goes over to the TV and picks up the day's  
mail. He goes through it.

BILL: Southern California Gas Company.  
BILL: Group W.  
BILL: Fossenkemp Photography.  
BILL: Columbia Record and Tape Club.

LETTER: It's obviously from Clarence.  
Addressed to Dick. Dick opens it.

EXT. TRAILER - DAY

A lower-middle-class trailer park named Astro World, which has a neon sign in front of it in the shape of a planet.

A big, white Chevy Nova pulls into the park. It parks by a trailer that's slightly less kept up than the others. Cliff gets out of the Chevy. He's drinking out of a fast-food soda cup as he opens the door to his trailer.

INT. TRAILER - DAY

He steps inside the doorway and then, before he knows it, a gun is pressed to his temple and a big hand grabs his shoulder.

GUN CARRIER (DARIO)

Welcome home, alchy. We're havin' a party.

Cliff is roughly shoved into his living room. Waiting for him are four men, standing: VIRGIL, FRANKIE (young Wise-guy) LENNY (an old Wise-guy), and Tooth-pick Vic (a fireplug pitbull type).

Sitting in Cliff's recliner is VINCENZO COCCOTTI, the Frank Nitti to Detroit mob leader Blue Lou Boyle.

Cliff is knocked to his knees. He looks up and sees the sitting Coccotti. Dario and Lenny pick him up and roughly drop him in a chair.

COCCOTTI

(to Frankie)

Tell Tooth-pick Vic to go outside and do you-know-what.

In Italian Frankie tells Tooth-pick Vic what Coccotti said. He nods and exits.

Cliff's chair is moved closer to Coccotti's. Dario stands on one side of Cliff. Frankie and Lenny ransack the trailer. Virgil has a bottle of Chivas Regal in his hand, but he has yet to touch a drop.

COCCOTTI

Do you know who I am, Mr. Worley?

CLIFF

I give up. Who are you?

COCCOTTI

I'm the Anti-Christ. You get me in a vendetta kind of mood, you will tell the angels in heaven that you had never seen pure evil so singularly personified as you did in the face of the man who killed you. My name is Vincenzo Coccotti. I work as a counsel for Mr.

Blue Lou Boyle, the man  
your son stole from. I hear  
you were once a cop so I  
assume you've heard of us  
before. Am I correct?

CLIFF

I've heard of Blue Lou  
Boyle.

COCCOTTI

I'm glad. Hopefully that  
will clear up the how-full-  
of-shit-I-am question  
you've been asking  
yourself. Now, we're gonna  
have a little Q and A, and,  
at the risk of sounding  
redundant, please make your  
answers genuine.

(taking out a pack  
of Chesterfields)

Want a Chesterfield?

CLIFF

No.

COCCOTTI

(as he lights up)

I have a son of my own.  
About you boy's age. I can  
imagine how painful this  
must be for you. But  
Clarence and that bitch-  
whore girlfriend of his  
brought this all on  
themselves. And I implore  
you not to go down the road  
with 'em. You can always  
take comfort in the fact  
that you never had a  
choice.

CLIFF

Look, I'd help ya if I  
could, but I haven't seen  
Clarence -

Before Cliff can finish his sentence, Coccotti  
slams him hard in the nose with his fist.

COCCOTTI

Smarts, don't it? Gettin'  
slammed in the nose fucks  
you all up. You got that  
pain shootin' through your  
brain. Your eyes fill up  
with water. It ain't any  
kind of fun. But what I  
have to offer you. That's  
as good as it's ever gonna  
get, and it won't ever get  
that good again. We talked  
to your neighbors. They saw

a Mustang, a red Mustang,  
Clarence's red Mustang,  
parked in front of your  
trailer yesterday. Mr.  
Worley, have you seen your  
son?

Cliff's defeated.

CLIFF

I've seen him.

COCCOTTI

Now I can't be sure of how  
much of what he told you.  
So in the chance you're in  
the dark about some of  
this, let me shed some  
light. That whore your boy  
hangs around with, her pimp  
is an associate of mine,  
and I don't just mean  
pimpin', in other affairs  
he works for me in a  
courier capacity. Well,  
apparently, that dirty  
little whore found out when  
we're gonna do some  
business, 'cause your son,  
the cowboy and his flame,  
came in the room blastin'  
and didn't stop till they  
were pretty sure everybody  
was dead.

CLIFF

What are you talkin' about?

COCCOTTI

I'm talkin' about a  
massacre. They snatched my  
narcotics and hightailed it  
outta there. Wouldda gotten  
away with it, but your son,  
fuckhead that he is, left  
his driver's license in a  
dead guy's hand. A whore  
hiding in the commode  
filled in all the blanks.

CLIFF

I don't believe you.

COCCOTTI

That's of minor importance.  
But what's of major fuckin'  
importance is that I  
believe you. Where did they  
go?

CLIFF

On their honeymoon.

COCCOTTI

I'm gettin' angry askin'  
the same question a second  
time. Where did they go?

CLIFF

They didn't tell me.

Coccotti looks at him.

CLIFF

Now, wait a minute and  
listen. I haven't seen  
Clarence in three years.  
Yesterday he shows up here  
with a girl, sayin' he got  
married. He told me he  
needed some quick cash for  
a honeymoon, so he asked if  
he could borrow five  
hundred dollars. I wanted  
to help him out so I wrote  
out a check. We went to  
breakfast and that's the  
last I saw of him. So help  
me God. They never thought  
to tell me where they were  
goin'. And I never thought  
to ask.

Coccotti looks at him for a long moment. He  
then gives Virgil a look. Virgil, quick as  
greased lightning, grabs Cliff's hand and  
turns it palm up. He then whips out a  
butterfly knife and slices Cliff's palm open  
and pours Chivas Regal on the wound. Cliff  
screams.

Coccotti puffs on a Chesterfield.

Tooth-pic Vic returns to the trailer, and  
reports in Italian that there's nothing in the  
car.

Virgil walks into the kitchen and gets a  
dishtowel. Cliff holds his bleeding palm in  
agony. Virgil hands him the dishtowel. Cliff  
uses it to wrap up his hand.

COCCOTTI

Sicilians are great liars.  
The best in the world. I'm  
a Sicilian. And my old man  
was the world heavyweight  
champion of Sicilian liars.  
And from growin' up with  
him I learned the  
pantomime. Now there are  
seventeen different things  
a guy can do when he lies  
to give him away. A guy has  
seventeen pantomimes. A  
woman's got twenty, but a  
guy's got seventeen. And if  
you know 'em like ya know  
your own face, they beat

lie detectors to hell. What we got here is a little game of show and tell. You don't wanna show me nothin'. But you're tellin' me everything. Now I know you know where they are. So tell me, before I do some damage you won't walk away from.

The awful pain in Cliff's hand is being replaced by the awful pain in his heart. He looks deep into Coccotti's eyes.

CLIFF

Could I have one of those Chesterfields now?

COCCOTTI

Sure.

Coccotti leans over and hands him a smoke.

CLIFF

Got a match?

Cliff reaches into his pocket and pulls out a lighter.

CLIFF

Oh, don't bother. I got one.

(he lights the cigarette)

So you're a Sicilian, huh?

COCCOTTI

(intensely)

Uh-huh.

CLIFF

You know I read a lot. Especially things that have to do with history. I find that shit fascinating. In fact, I don't know if you know this or not, Sicilians were spawned by niggers.

All the men stop what they were doing and look at Cliff, except for Tooth-pic Vic who doesn't speak English and so isn't insulted. Coccotti can't believe what he's hearing.

COCCOTTI

Come again?

CLIFF

It's a fact. Sicilians have nigger blood pumpin' through their hearts. If you don't believe me, look it up. You see, hundreds and hundreds of years ago the Moors conquered Sicily. And Moors are niggers. Way back then, Sicilians were like the wops in northern

Italy. Blond hair, blue eyes. But, once the Moors moved in there, they changed the whole country. They did so much fuckin' with the Sicilian women, they changed the blood-line for ever, from blond hair and blue eyes to black hair and dark skin. I find it absolutely amazing to think that to this day, hundreds of years later, Sicilians still carry that nigger gene. I'm just quotin' history. It's a fact. It's written. Your ancestors were niggers. Your great, great, great, great-grandmother was fucked by a nigger, and had a half-nigger kid. That is a fact. Now tell me, am I lyin'?

Coccotti looks at him for a moment then jumps up, whips out an automatic, grabs hold of Cliff's hair, puts the barrel to his temple, and pumps three bullets through Cliff's head. He pushes the body violently aside. Coccotti pauses. Unable to express his feelings and frustrated by the blood in his hands, he simply drops his weapon, and turns to his men.

COCCOTTI

I haven't killed anybody since 1974. Goddamn his soul to burn for eternity in fuckin' hell for makin' me spill blood on my hands! Go to this comedian's son's apartment and come back with somethin' that tells me where that asshole went so I can wipe this egg off of my face and fix this fucked-up family for good.

Tooth-pick Vic taps Frankie's shoulder and, in Italian asks him what that was all about. Lenny, who has been going through Cliff's refridgerator, has found a beer. When he closes the refridgerator door he finds a note held on by a ceramic banana magnet that says: "Clarence in L.A.: Dick Ritchie (number and address)".

LENNY

Boss, get ready to get happy.

TITLE CARD: "CLARENCE AND ALABAMA HIT L.A."  
INT. DICK'S APARTMENT- MORNING

Dick's asleep in a recliner. He's wearing his clothes from the night before. His room-mate FLOYD is lying on the sofa watching TV. The sound of our hands knocking on his door wakes Dick up. He shakes the bats out of his belfry, opens the door, and finds the cutest couple in Los Angeles standing in his doorway. Clarence and Alabama immediately start singing "Hello My Baby" like the frog in the old Chuck Jones cartoon.

CLARENCE/ALABAMA

Hello my baby, Hello my  
honey, Hello my ragtime gal

-

DICK

Hi guys.

Alabama throws her arms around Dick, and gives him a quick kiss. After she breaks, Clarence does the same. Clarence and Alabama walk right past Dick and into his apartment.

CLARENCE

Wow. Neat place.

INT. PINK'S HOT-DOG STAND - DAY

The Pink's employees work like skilled Benihana chefs as they assemble the ultimate masterpiece hot-dog.

EXT. PINK'S HOT-DOG STAND - PATIO - DAY

Clarence, Alabama, and Dick are sitting at an outdoor table chowing down on chili dogs. Alabama is in the middle of a story.

ALABAMA

... when my mom went into labor, my dad panicked. He never had a kid before, and crashed the car. Now, picture this: their car's demolished, crowd is starting to gather, my mom is yelling, going into contractions, and my dad, who was losing it before, is now completely screaming yellow zonkers. Then, out of nowhere, as if from thin air, this big giant bus appears, and the bus-driver says, "Get her in here.". He forgot all about his route and just drove straight to the hospital. So, because he was such a nice guy, they wanted to name the baby after him, as a sign of gratitude. Well, his name was Waldo, and no matter how grateful they were, even if I'da been a

boy, they would't call me  
Waldo. So they asked Waldo  
where he was from. And, so  
there you go.

CLARENCE

And here we are.

DICK

That's a pretty amazing  
story.

CLARENCE

Well, she's a pretty  
amazing girl. What are  
women like out here?

DICK

Just like in Detroit, only  
skinnier.

CLARENCE

You goin' out?

DICK

Well, for the past couple  
of years I've been goin'  
out with girls from my  
acting class.

CLARENCE

Good for you.

DICK

What's so fuckin' good  
about it? Actresses are the  
most fucked-in-the-head  
bunch of women in the  
world. It's like they gotta  
pass a test of emotional  
instability before they can  
get their SAG card. Oh,  
guess what? I had a really  
good reading for "T.J.  
Hooker" the other day.

ALABAMA

You're gonna be on "T.J.  
Hooker"?

DICK

Knock wood.

He knocks the table and then looks at it.

DICK

... formica. I did real  
well. I think she liked me.

CLARENCE

Did you meet Captain Kirk?

DICK

You don't meet him in the  
audition. That comes later.  
Hope, hope.

ALABAMA

(finishing her hot-  
dog)

That was so good I am gonna  
have another.

DICK

You can't have just one.  
Alabama leaves to get another hot-dog.  
Clarence never takes his eyes off her.

DICK

How much of that letter was  
on the up and up?

CLARENCE

Every word of it.  
Dick sees where Clarence's attention is.

DICK

You're really in love,  
aren't you?

CLARENCE

For the very first time in  
my life.

(pause)

Do you know what that's  
like?

Clarence is so intense Dick doesn't know how  
to answer.

DICK

(regretfully)

No, I don't  
(he looks at  
Alabama)

How did you two meet?

Clarence leans back thoughtfully and takes a  
sip from his Hebrew cream soda.

CLARENCE

Do you remember The Lyric?

INT. THE LYRIC THEATER - NIGHT

Sonny Chiba, as "Streetfighter" Terry Surki,  
drives into a group of guys, fists and feet  
flying and whips ass on the silver screen.  
Clarence sits, legs over the back of the chair  
in front of him, nibbling on popcorn, eyes big  
as saucers, and a big smile on his face.

EXT. THE LYRIC THEATER - NIGHT

A cab pulls up to the outside of The Lyric.  
The marquee carries the names of the triple  
feature: "The Streetfighter", "Return of the  
Streetfighter" and "Sister Streetfighter".  
Alabama steps out of the taxi cab and walks up  
to the box office.

A box office girl reading comic looks at her.

ALABAMA

One please.

BOX OFFICE GIRL

Ninety-nine cents.

ALABAMA

Which one is on now?

BOX OFFICE GIRL

"Return of the  
Streetfighter". It's been  
on about forty-five  
minutes.

INT. THE LYRIC THEATER - LOBBY - NIGHT  
Alabama walks into the lobby and goes over to the concession stand. A young usher takes care of her.

ALABAMA

Can I have a medium  
popcorn? A super-large Mr.  
Pibb, and a box of Goobers.

INT. THE LYRIC THEATER - NIGHT  
It's still assholes and elbows on the screen with Sonny Chiba taking on all-comers. Alabama walks through the doors with her bounty of food. She makes a quick scan of the theater. Not many people are there. She makes a beeline for the front which happens to be Clarence's area of choice. She picks the row of seats just behind Clarence and starts asking her way down it. Clarence turns and sees this beautiful girl all alone moving towards him. He turns his attention back to the screen, trying not to be so obvious. When Alabama gets right behind Clarence, her foot thunks a discarded wine bottle, causing her to trip and spill her popcorn over Clarence.

ALABAMA

Oh, look what happened. Oh  
god, I'm so sorry. Are you  
OK?

CLARENCE

Yeah. I'm fine. It didn't  
hurt.

ALABAMA

I'm the clumsiest person in  
the world.

CLARENCE

(picking popcorn  
out of his hair)  
It's OK. Don't worry about  
it. Accidents happen.

ALABAMA

(picking popcorn  
out of his hair)  
What a wonderful  
philosophy. Thanks for  
being such a sweetheart.  
You could have been a real  
dick.

Alabama sits back in her seat to watch the movie. Clarence tries to wipe her out of his mind, which isn't easy, and get back into the movie. They both watch the screen for a moment. Then, Alabama leans forward and taps Clarence on the shoulder.

ALABAMA

Excuse me... I hate to bother you again. Would you mind too terribly filling me in on what I missed? Jumping on this opportunity.

CLARENCE

Not at all. I, this guy here, he's Sonny Chiba.

ALABAMA

The oriental.

CLARENCE

The oriental in black. He's an assassin. Now, at the beginning he was hired to kill this guy the cops had. So he got himself arrested. They take him into the police station. And he starts kickin' all the cops' asses. Now, while keepin' them at bay, he finds the guy he was supposed to kill. Does a number on him. Kicks the cops' asses some more. Kicks the bars out of the window. And jumps out into a getaway car that was waiting for him.

ALABAMA

Want some Goobers?

CLARENCE

Thanks a lot.

ALABAMA

I thought Sonny was the good guy.

CLARENCE

He ain't so much good guy as he's just a bad motherfucker. Sonny don't be bullshittin'. He fucks dudes up for life. Hold on, a fight scene's coming up.

They both watch, eyes wide, as Sonny Chiba kicks asses.

TIME  
CUT:

On the screen, Sonny Chiba's all jacked up. Dead bodies lie all around him. THE END (in Japanese) flashes on the screen. The theater light go up. Alabama's now sitting in the next seat to Clarence. They're both applauding.

ALABAMA

Great movie. Action-packed!

CLARENCE

Does Sonny kick ass or does  
Sonny kick ass?

ALABAMA

Sonny kicks ass.

CLARENCE

You shoulda saw the first  
original uncut version of  
the "Streetfighter". It was  
the only movie up to that  
time rated X for violence.  
But we just saw the R.

ALABAMA

If that was the R, I'd love  
to see the X.

CLARENCE

My name is Clarence, and  
what is yours?

ALABAMA

Alabama Whitman. Pleased to  
meet ya.

CLARENCE

Is that your real name?  
Really?

ALABAMA

That's my real name,  
really. I got proof. See.

She shows Clarence her driver's license.

CLARENCE

Well, cut my legs off and  
call me Shorty. That's a  
pretty original moniker  
there, Alabama. Sounds like  
a Pam Grier movie.

(announcer voice)

She's a sixteen-calibre  
kitten, equally equipped  
for killin' an' lovin'! She  
carried a sawed-off shotgun  
in her purse, a black belt  
around her waist, and the  
white-hot fire of hate in  
her eyes! Alabama Whitman  
is Pam Grier! Pray for  
forgiveness, Rated R... for  
Ruthless Revenge!

EXT. THE LYRIC THEATER - NIGHT

Clarence and Alabama are outside the theater.  
With the marquee lit up in the background they  
both perform unskilled martial arts moves.  
Clarence and Alabama break up laughing.

CLARENCE

Where's your car? I'll walk  
you to it.

ALABAMA

I took a cab.

CLARENCE

You took a cab to see three  
kung fu movies?

ALABAMA

Sure. Why not?

CLARENCE

Nothing. It's just you're a  
girl after my own heart.

ALABAMA

What time is it?

CLARENCE

'Bout twelve.

ALABAMA

I suppose you gotta get up  
early, huh?

CLARENCE

No. Not particularly.

(pause)

How come?

ALABAMA

Well, it's just when I see  
a really good movie I  
really like to go out and  
get some pie, and talk  
about it. It's sort of  
tradition. Do you like to  
eat pie after you've seen a  
good movie?

CLARENCE

I love to get pie after a  
movie.

ALABAMA

Would you like to get some  
pie?

CLARENCE

I'd love some pie.

INT. DENNY'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Clarence and Alabama are sitting in a booth at  
an all-night Denny's. It's about 12:40 a.m.  
Clarence is having a piece of chocolate cream  
pie and a coke. Alabama's nibbling on a piece  
of heated apple pie and sipping on a large  
Tab.

CLARENCE

Well, enough about the  
King. How about you?

ALABAMA

How 'bout me what?

CLARENCE

Tell me about yourself.

ALABAMA

There's nothing to tell.

CLARENCE

C'mon. What're ya tryin' to  
be? The Phantom Lady?

ALABAMA

What do you want to know?

CLARENCE

Well, for starters, what do you do? Where're ya from? What's your favorite color? Who's your favorite movie star? What kinda music do you like? What are your turn-ons and turn-offs? Do you have a fella? What's the story behind you takin' a cab to the most dangerous part of town alone? And, in a theater full of empty seats, why did you sit by me?

Alabama takes a bite of pie, puts down her fork, and looks at Clarence.

ALABAMA

Ask me them again. One by one.

CLARENCE

What do you do?

ALABAMA

I don't remember.

CLARENCE

Where are you from.

ALABAMA

Might be from Tallahassee. But I'm not sure yet.

CLARENCE

What's your favorite color?

ALABAMA

I don't remember. But off the top of my head, I'd say black.

CLARENCE

What's your favorite movie star?

ALABAMA

Burt Reynolds.

CLARENCE

Would you like a bite of my pie?

ALABAMA

Yes, I would.

Clarence scoops up a piece on his fork and Alabama bites it off.

CLARENCE

Like it?

ALABAMA

Very much. Now, where were we?

CLARENCE

What kinda music do you like?

ALABAMA

Phil Spector. Girl group stuff. You know, like "He's a Rebel".

CLARENCE

What are your turn-ons?

ALABAMA

Mickey Rourke, somebody who can appreciate the finer things in life, like Elvis's voice, good kung fu, and a tasty piece of pie.

CLARENCE

Turn-offs?

ALABAMA

I'm sure there must be something, but I don't really remember. The only thing that comes to mind are Persians.

CLARENCE

Do you have a fella?

She looks at Clarence and smiles.

ALABAMA

I'm not sure yet. Ask me again later.

CLARENCE

What's the story behind you takin' a cab to the most dangerous part of town alone?

ALABAMA

Apparently, I was hit on the head with something really heavy, giving me a form of amnesia. When I came to, I didn't know who I was, where I was, or where I came from. Luckily, I had my driver's license or I wouldn't even know my name. I hoped it would tell me where I lived but it had a Tallahassee address on it, and I stopped somebody on the street and they told me I was in Detroit. So that was no help. But I did have some money on me, so I hopped in a cab until I saw somethin' that looked familiar. For some reason, and don't ask me why, that theater looked familiar. So I told him to stop and I got out.

CLARENCE

And in a theater full of empty seats, why did you sit by me?

ALABAMA

Because you looked like a nice guy, and I was a little scared. And I sure couldda used a nice guy about that time, so I spilled my popcorn on you.

Clarence looks at her closely. He picks up his soda and sucks on the straw until it makes that slurping sound. He puts it aside and stares into her soul.

A smile cracks on her face and develops into a big wide grin.

ALABAMA

Aren't you just dazzled by my imagination, lover boy?  
(eats her last piece of pie)

Where to next?

INT. COMIC BOOK STORE - NIGHT

It's about 1:30 a.m. Clarence has taken Alabama to where he works. It's a comic book store called Heroes For Sale. Alabama thinks this place is super-cool.

ALABAMA

Wow. What a swell place to work.

CLARENCE

Yeah, I got the key, so I come here at night, hang out, read comic books, play music.

ALABAMA

How long have you worked here?

CLARENCE

Almost four years.

ALABAMA

That's a long time.

CLARENCE

I'm hip. But you know, I'm comfortable here. It's easy work. I know what I'm doing. Everybody who works here is my buddy. I'm friendly with most of the customers. I just hang around and talk about comic books all day.

ALABAMA

Do you get paid a lot?

CLARENCE

That's where trouble comes into paradise. But the boss

let's you borrow some money  
if you need it. Wanna see  
what "Spiderman" number one  
looks like?

ALABAMA

You bet. How much is that  
worth?

Clarence gets a box off the shelf.

CLARENCE

Four hundred bucks.

ALABAMA

I didn't even know they had  
stores that just sold comic  
books.

CLARENCE

Well, we sell other things  
too. Cool stuff. "Man from  
U.N.C.L.E." Lunch boxes.  
"Green Hornet" board games.  
Shit like that. But comic  
books are main business.  
There's a lot of collectors  
around here.

She holds up a little GI Joe sized action  
figure of a black policeman.

ALABAMA

What's that?

CLARENCE

That's a "Rookies" doll.  
George Sanford Brown. We  
gotta lotta dolls. They're  
real cool. Did you know  
they came out with dolls  
for all the actors in "The  
Black Hole"? I always found  
it funny somewhere there's  
a kid playin' with a little  
figure of Earnest Borgnine.

He pulls a plastic-cased "Spiderman" comic  
form the box.

CLARENCE

"Spiderman", number one.  
The one that started it  
all.

Clarence shows the comic book to Alabama.

ALABAMA

God, Spiderman looks  
different.

CLARENCE

He was just born, remember?  
This is the first one. You  
know that guy, Dr. Gene  
Scott? He said that the  
story of Spiderman is the  
story of Christ, just  
disguised. Well, I thought  
about that even before I

heard him say it. Hold on,  
let me show you my favorite  
comic book cover of all  
time.

He pulls out another comic.

CLARENCE

"Sgt. Fury and His Howling  
Commandos". One of the  
coolest series known to  
man. They're completely  
worthless. You can get  
number one for about four  
bucks. But that's one of  
the cool things about them,  
they're so cheap.

(he opens one up)

Just look at that artwork,  
will ya. Great stories.  
Great Characters. Look at  
this one.

We see the "Sgt. Fury" panels.

CLARENCE

Nick's gotten a ring from  
his sweetheart and he wears  
it around his neck on a  
chain. OK, later in the  
story he gets into a fight  
with a Nazi bastard on a  
ship. He knocks the guy  
overboard, but the Kraut  
grabs ahold of his chain  
and the ring goes overboard  
too. So, Nick dives into  
the ocean to get it. Isn't  
that cool?

She's looking into Clarence's eyes. He turns  
and meets her gaze.

CLARENCE

Alabama, I'd like you to  
have this.

Clarence hands her the "Sgt. Fury and His  
Howling Commandos" comic book that he loves so  
much.

INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT  
Clarence's bedroom is a pop culture explosion.  
Movie posters, pictures of Elvis, anything you  
can imagine. The two walk through the door.

ALABAMA

What a cool room!

She runs and does a jumping somersault into  
his bed.

Later. Alabama's sitting Indian-style going  
through Clarence's photo album. Clarence is  
behind her planting little kisses on her neck  
and shoulders.

ALABAMA

Ooooooh, you look so cute in  
your little cowboy outfit.  
How old were you then?

CLARENCE

Five.

She turns the page.

ALABAMA

Oh, you look so cute as  
little Elvis.

CLARENCE

I finally knew what I  
wanted when I grew up.

LATER - LIVING ROOM

Clarence and Alabama slow dance in the middle  
of his room to Janis Joplin's "Piece of My  
Heart".

CLARENCE

You know when you sat  
behind me?

ALABAMA

At the movies?

CLARENCE

Uh-huh, I was tryin' to  
think of somethin' to say  
to you, then I thought, she  
doesn't want me bothering  
her.

ALABAMA

What would make you think  
that?

CLARENCE

I dunno. I guess I'm just  
stupid.

ALABAMA

You're not stupid. Just  
wrong.

They move to the music. Alabama softly,  
quietly sings some of the words to the song.

ALABAMA

I love Janis.

CLARENCE

You know, a lot of people  
have misconceptions of how  
she died.

ALABAMA

She OD'd, didn't she?

CLARENCE

Yeah, she OD'd. But wasn't  
on her last legs or  
anythin'. She didn't take  
too much. It shouldn't have  
killed her. There was  
somethin' wrong with what  
she took.

ALABAMA

You mean she got a bad  
batch?

CLARENCE

That's what happened. In fact, when she died, it was considered to be the happiest time of her life. She'd been fucked over so much by men she didn't trust them. She was havin' this relationship with this guy and he asked her to marry him. Now, other people had asked to marry her before, but she couldn't be sure whether they really loved her or were just after her money. So, she said no. And the guy says, "Look, I really love you, and I wanna prove it. So have your lawyers draw up a paper that says no matter what happens, I can never get any of your money, and I'll sign it." So she did, and he asked her, and she said yes. And once they were engaged he told her a secret about himself that she never knew: he was a millionaire.

ALABAMA

So he really loved her?

CLARENCE

Uh-huh.

They kiss.

INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

It's the next day, around 1 p.m. Clarence wakes up in his bed, alone. He looks around, and no Alabama. Then he hears crying in the distance. He puts on a robe and investigates.

INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Alabama's wearing one of Clarence's old shirts. She's curled up in a chair crying. Clarence approaches her. She tries to compose herself.

CLARENCE

What's wrong, sweetheart?

Did I do something? What did I do?

ALABAMA

You didn't do nothing.

CLARENCE

Did you hurt yourself?

(he takes her foot)

Whatd'ya do? Step on a thumbtack?

ALABAMA

Clarence, I've got something to tell you. I didn't just happen to be at the theater. I was paid to be there.

CLARENCE

What are you, a theater checker? You check up on the box office girls. Make sure they're not rippin' the place off.

ALABAMA

I'm not a theater checker. I'm a call girl.

Pause.

CLARENCE

You're a whore?

ALABAMA

I'm a call girl. There's a difference, ya know.

(pause)

I don't know. Maybe there's not. That place you took me to last night, that comic book place.

CLARENCE

"Heroes For Sale"?

ALABAMA

Yeah, that one. Somebody who works there arranged to have me meet you.

CLARENCE

Who?

ALABAMA

I don't know. I didn't talk with them. The plan was for me to bump into you, pick you up, spend the night, and skip out after you fell asleep. I was gonna write you a note and say that this was my last day in America. That I was leaving on a plane this morning up to Ukraine to marry a rich millionaire, and thank you for making my last day in America my best day.

CLARENCE

That dazzling imagination.

ALABAMA

It's over on the TV. All it says is: "Dear Clarence." I couldn't write anymore. I didn't not want to ever see you again. In fact, it's stupid not to ever see you

again. Las night... I don't know... I felt... I hadn't had that much fun since Girl Scouts. So I just said, "Alabama, come clean, Let him know what's what, and if he tells you to go fuck yourself then go back to Drexl and fuck yourself."

CLARENCE

Who and what is a Drexl?

ALABAMA

My pimp.

CLARENCE

You have a pimp?

ALABAMA

Uh-huh.

CLARENCE

A real live pimp?

ALABAMA

Uh-huh.

CLARENCE

Is he black?

ALABAMA

He thinks he is. He says his mother was Apache, but I suspect he's lying.

CLARENCE

Is he nice?

ALABAMA

Well, I wouldn't go so far as to call him nice, but he's treated me pretty decent. But I've only been there about four days. He got a little rough with Arlene the other day.

CLARENCE

What did he do to Arlene?

ALABAMA

Slapped her around a little. Punched her in the stomch. It was pretty scary.

CLARENCE

This motherfucker sounds charming!

Clarence is on his feet, furious.

CLARENCE

Goddamn it, Alabama, you gotta get the fuck outta there! How much longer before he's slappin' you around? Punchin' you in the stomach? How the fuck did you get hooked up with a

douche-bag like this in the first place?

ALABAMA

At the bus station. He said I'd be a perfect call girl. And that he knew an agency in California that, on his recommendation, would handle me. They have a very exclusive clientele: movie stars, big businessmen, total white-collar. And all the girls in the agency get a grand a night. At least five hundred. They drive Porsches, live in condos, have stockbrokers, carry beepers, you know, like Nancy Allen in "Dressed to Kill". And when I was ready he'd call 'em, give me a plane ticket, and send me on my way. He says he makes a nice finder's fee for finding them hot prospects. But no one's gonna pay a grand a night for a girl who doesn't know whether to shit or wind her watch. So what I'm doin' for Drexel now is just sorta learnin' the ropes. It seemed like a lotta fun, but I don't really like it much, till last night. You were only my third trick, but you didn't feel like a trick. Since it was a secret, I just pretended I was on a date. An, um, I guess I want a second date.

CLARENCE

Thank you. I wanna see you again too. And again, and again, and again. Bama, I know we haven't known each other long, but my parents went together all throughout high school, and they still got a divorce. So, fuck it, you wanna marry me?

ALABAMA

What?

CLARENCE

Will you be my wife?

When Alabama gives her answer, her voice cracks.

ALABAMA

Yes.

CLARENCE

(a little surprised)

You will?

ALABAMA

You better not be fucking teasing me.

CLARENCE

You better not be fuckin' teasin' me.

They seal it with a kiss.

LATER - THAT NIGHT

CLOSEUP - Alabama's wedding ring.

The newlyweds are snuggling up together on the couch watching TV. The movie they're watching is "The Incredible One-Armed Boxer vs. the Master of the Flying Guillotine". Alabama watches the screen, but every so often she looks down to admire the ring on her hand.

CLARENCE

Did ya ever see "The Chinese Professionals"?

ALABAMA

I don't believe so.

CLARENCE

Well, that's the one that explains how Jimmy Wang Yu became the Incredible One-Armed Boxer.

We hear, off screen, the TV Announcer say:

TV ANNOUNCER

(off)

We'll return to Jimmy Wang Yu in... "The Incredible One-Armed Boxer vs. the Master of the Flying Guillotine", tonight's eight o'clock movie, after these important messages...

Clarence looks at the TV. He feels the warmth of Alabama's hand holding his. We see commercials playing.

He turns in her direction. She's absent-mindedly looking at her wedding ring.

He smiles and turns back to the TV.

More commercials.

Dolly close on Clarence's face

FLASH

ON:

Alabama, right after he proposed.

ALABAMA

You better not be fucking teasing me.

FLASH  
ON:

In a cute, all-night wedding chapel. Clarence dressed in a rented tuxedo and Alabama in a rented white wedding gown.

ALABAMA

I do.

CLARENCE

Thank you.

FLASH  
ON:

Clarence and Alabama, dressed in tux and gown, doing a lover's waltz on a ballroom dance floor.

FLASH  
ON:

Clarence and Alabama in a taxi cab.

CLARENCE

Hello, Mrs. Worley.

ALABAMA

How do you do, Mr. Worley?

CLARENCE

Top o' the morning, Mrs. Worley.

ALABAMA

Bottom of the ninth. Mr. Worley. Oh, by the way, Mr. Worley, have you seen your lovely wife today?

CLARENCE

Oh, you're speaking of my charming wife Mrs. Alabama Worley.

ALABAMA

Of course. Are there others, Mr. Worley?

Moving on top of her.

CLARENCE

Not for me.

He starts kissing her and moving her down on the seat. She resists.

ALABAMA

(playfully)

No no no no no no no no  
no...

CLARENCE

(playfully)

Yes yes yes yes yes yes  
yes...

FLASH  
ON:

A big mean-looking black man in pimp's clothes.

PIMP

Bitch, you better git yo  
ass back on the street an'  
git me my money.

Pimp on street corner with his arm around Alabama, giving her a sales pitch to a potential customer.

PIMP

I'm tellin' you, my man,  
this bitch is fine. This  
girl's a freak! You can  
fuck 'er in the ass, fuck  
'er in the mouth. Rough  
stuff, too. She's a freak  
for it. Jus' try not to  
fuck 'er up for life.

FLASH  
ON:

Pimp beating Alabama.

PIMP

You holdin' out on me,  
girl? Bitch, you never  
learn!

FLASH  
ON:

Alabama passionately kissing the uninterested pimp.

PIMP

Hang it up, momma. I got no  
time for this bullshit.

BACK TO:

TV showing kung fu film.

BACK TO:

Clarence's face. There's definitely something different about his eyes.  
Clarence springs off the couch and goes into his bedroom. Alabama's startled by his sudden movement.

ALABAMA

(yelling after him)

Where you goin', honey?

CLARENCE

(off)

I just gotta get somethin'.

INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT  
Clarence splashes water on his face, trying to wash away the images that keep polluting his mind. Then, he hears a familiar voice.

FAMILIAR VOICE

(off)

Well? Can you live with it?

Clarence turns and sees that the voice belongs to Elvis Presley. Clarence isn't surprised to see him.

CLARENCE

What?

ELVIS

Can you live with it?

CLARENCE

Live with what?

ELVIS

With that son-of-a-bitch  
walkin' around breathin'  
the same air as you? And  
gettin' away with it every  
day. Are you haunted?

CLARENCE

Yeah.

ELVIS

You wanna get unhaunted?

CLARENCE

Yeah.

ELVIS

Then shoot 'em. Shoot 'em  
in the face. And feed that  
boy to the dogs.

CLARENCE

I can't believe what you're  
tellin' me.

ELVIS

I ain't tellin' ya nothin'.  
I'm just sayin' what I'd  
do.

CLARENCE

You'd really do that?

ELVIS

He don't got no right to  
live.

CLARENCE

Look, Elvis, he is hauntin'  
me. He doesn't deserve to  
live. And I do want to kill  
him. But I don't wanna go  
to jail for the rest of my  
life.

ELVIS

I don't blame you.

CLARENCE

If I thought I could get  
away with it -

ELVIS

Killin' 'em's the hard  
part. Gettin' away with  
it's the easy part.  
Whaddaya think the cops do  
when a pimp's killed? Burn  
the midnight oil tryin' to  
find who done it? They  
couldn't give a flyin' fuck  
if all the pimps in the  
whole wide world took two  
in the back of the fuckin'  
head. If you don't get  
caught at the scene with  
the smokin' gun in your  
hand, you got away with it.

Clarence looks at Elvis.

ELVIS

Clarence, I like ya. Always  
have, always will.

INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT  
CLOSEUP - A snub-nosed .38, which Clarence  
loads and sticks down his heavy athletic sock.  
INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT  
Clarence returns.

CLARENCE

Sweetheart, write down your  
former address.

ALABAMA

What?

CLARENCE

Write down Drexl's address.

ALABAMA

Why?

CLARENCE

So I can go over there and  
pick up your things.

ALABAMA

(really scared)

No, Clarence. Just forget  
it, babe. I just wanna  
disappear from there.

He kneels down before her and holds her hand.

CLARENCE

Look, sweetheart, he scares  
you. But I'm not scared of  
that motherfucker. He can't  
touch you now. You're  
completely out of his  
reach. He poses absolutely  
no threat to us. So, if he  
doesn't matter, which he  
doesn't, it would be stupid  
to lose your things, now  
wouldn't it?

ALABAMA

You don't know him -

CLARENCE

You don't know me. Not when  
it comes to shit like this.  
I have to do this. I need  
for you to know you can  
count on me to protect you.  
Now write down the address.

TITLE CARD: "CASS QUARTER, HEART OF DETROIT"

EXT. DOWNTOWN DETROIT STREET - NIGHT

It's pretty late at night. Clarence steps out  
of his red Mustang. He's right smack dab in  
the middle of a bad place to be in daytime. He  
checks the pulse on his neck; it's beating  
like a race horse. To pump himself up he does  
a quick Elvis Presley gyration.

CLARENCE

(in Elvis voice)

Yeah... Yeah...

He makes a beeline for the front door of a large, dark apartment building.

INT. DARK BUILDING - NIGHT

He's inside. His heart's really racing now. He has the TV guide that Alabama wrote the address on in his hand. He climbs a flight of stairs and makes his way down a dark hallway to apartment 22, the residence of Drexl Spivey. Clarence knock on the door.

A Young Black Man, about twenty years old, answers the door. He has really big biceps and is wearing a black and white fishnet football jersey.

YOUNG BLACK MAN

You want somethin'?

CLARENCE

Drexl?

YOUNG BLACK MAN

Naw, man, I'm Marty. Watcha want?

CLARENCE

I gotta talk to Drexl.

MARTY

Well, what the fuck you wanna tell him?

CLARENCE

It's about Alabama.

A figure jumps in the doorway wearing a yellow Farah Fawcett T-shirt. It's our friend, Drexl Spivey.

DREXL

Where the fuck is that bitch?

CLARENCE

She's with me.

DREXL

Who the fuck are you?

CLARENCE

I'm her husband.

DREXL

Well. That makes us practically related. Bring your ass on in.

INT. DREXL'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Drexl and Marty about-face and walk into the room, continuing a conversation they were having and leaving Clarence standing in the doorway. This is not the confrontation Clarence expected. He trails in behind Drexl and Marty.

DREXL

(to Marty)

What was I sayin'?

MARTY

Rock whores.

DREXL

You ain't seen nothin' like  
these rock whores. They ass  
be young man. They got that  
fine young pussy. Bitches  
want the rock they be a  
freak for you. They give  
you hips, lips, and  
fingertips.

Drexl looks over his shoulder at Clarence.

DREXL

(to Clarence)

You know what I'm talkin'  
about.

Drexl gestures to one of the three stoned  
Hookers lounging about the apartment.

DREXL

(to Marty)

These bitches over here  
ain't shit. You stomp them  
bitches to death to get the  
kind of pussy I'm talkin'  
about.

Drexl sits down at a couch with a card table  
in front of it, scattered with take-out boxes  
of Chinese food. A black exploitation movie is  
playing on TV.

DREXL

Looky here, you want the  
bitches to really fly high,  
make your rocks with Cherry  
Seven-Up.

MARTY

Pussy love pink rocks.

This is not how Clarence expected to confront  
Drexl, but this is exactly what he expected  
Drexl to be like. He positions himself in  
front of the food table, demanding Drexl's  
attention.

DREXL

(eating with  
chopsticks, to  
Clarence)

Grab a seat there, boy.  
Want some dinner? Grab  
yourself an egg roll. We  
got everything here from a  
diddle-eyed-Joe to a  
damned-if-I-know.

CLARENCE

No thanks.

DREXL

No thanks? What does that  
mean? Means you ate before  
you came down here? All  
full. Is that it? Naw, I  
don't think so. I think  
you're too scared to be

eatin'. Now, see we're sittin' down here, ready to negotiate, and you've already given up your shit. I'm still a mystery to you. But I know exactly where your ass is comin' from. See, if I asked you if you wanted some dinner and you grabbed an egg roll and started to chow down, I'd say to myself, "This motherfucker's carryin' on like he ain't got a care in the world. Who know? Maybe he don't. Maybe this fool's such a bad motherfucker, he don't got to worry about nothin', he just sit down, eat my Chinese, watch my TV." See? You ain't even sat down yet. On that TV there, since you been in the room, is a woman with her titties hangin' out, and you ain't even bothered to look. You just been starin' at me. Now, I know I'm pretty, but I ain't as pretty as a couple of titties.

Clarence takes out an envelope and throws it on the table.

CLARENCE

I'm not eatin' 'cause I'm not hungry. I'm not sittin' 'cause I'm not stayin'. I'm not lookin' at the movie 'cause I saw it seven years ago. It's "The Mack" with Max Julian, Carol Speed, and Richard Pryor, written by Bobby Poole, directed by Michael Campus, and released by Cinerama Releasing Company in 1984. I'm not scared of you. I just don't like you. In that envelope is some payoff money. Alabama's moving on to some greener pastures. We're not negotiatin'. I don't like to barter. I don't like to dicker. I never have fun in Tijuana. That price is non-negotiable. What's in that

envelope is for my peace of  
mind. My peace of mind is  
worth that much. Not one  
penny more, not one penny  
more.

You could hear a pin drop. Once Clarence  
starts talking Marty goes on full alert. Drexl  
stops eating and the Whores stop breathing.  
All eyes are on Drexl. Drexl drops his  
chopsticks and opens the envelope. It's empty.

DREXL

It's empty.  
Clarence flashes a wide Cheshire cat grin that  
says, "That's right, asshole."  
Silence.

DREXL

Ooooooooooh weeeeeeee! This  
child is terrible. Marty,  
you know what we got here?  
Motherfuckin' Charles  
Bronson. Is that who you  
supposed to be? Mr.  
Majestyk? Looky here,  
Charlie, none of this shit  
is necessary. I ain't got  
no hold on Alabama. I just  
tryin' to lend the girl a  
helpin' hand -

Before Drexl finishes his sentence he picks up  
the card table and throws it at Clarence,  
catching him of guard.

Marty comes up behind Clarence and throws his  
arm around his neck, putting him in a tight  
choke hold.

Clarence, with his free arm, hits Marty hard  
with his elbow in the solar plexus. We'll  
never know if that blow had any effect because  
at just that moment Drexl takes a flying leap  
and tackles the two guys.

All of them go crashing into the stereo unit  
and a couple of shelves that hold records, all  
of which collapse to the floor in a shower of  
LPs.

Marty, who's on the bottom of the pile, hasn't  
let go of Clarence.

Since Drexl's on top, he starts slamming fists  
into Clarence's face.

Clarence, who's sandwiched between these two  
guys, can't do a whole lot about it.

DREXL

Ya wanna fuck with me?  
(hits Clarence)  
Ya wanna fuck with me?  
(hits Clarence)  
I'll show ya who you're  
fuckin' wit!

He hits Clarence hard in the face with both fists.

Clarence, who has no leverage whatsoever, grabs hold of Drexl's face and digs his nails in. He sticks his thumb in Drexl's mouth, grabs a piece of cheek, and starts twisting. Marty, who's in an even worse position, can do nothing but tighten his grip around Clarence's neck, until Clarence feels like his eyes are going to pop out of his head.

Drexl's face is getting torn up, but he's also biting down hard on Clarence's thumb.

Clarence raises his head and brings it down fast, crunching Marty's face, and busting his nose.

Marty loosens his grip around Clarence's neck. Clarence wiggles free and gets up on his knees.

Drexl and Clarence are now on an even but awkward footing. The two are going at each other like a pair of alley cats, not aiming their punches, keeping them coming fast and furious. They're not doing much damage to each other because of their positions, it's almost like a hockey fight.

Marty sneaks up behind Clarence and smashes him in the head with a stack of LPs. This disorients Clarence. Marty grabs him from behind and pulls him to his feet.

Drexl socks him in the face: one, two three! Then he kicks him hard in the balls.

Marty lets go and Clarence hits the ground like a sack of potatoes. He curls up into a fetal position and holds his balls, tears coming out of his eyes.

Drexl's face is torn up from Clarence's nails. Marty has blood streaming down his face from his nose and on to his shirt.

DREXL

(to Marty)

You OK? That stupid dumb-ass didn't break your nose, did he?

MARTY

Naw. It don't feel too good but it's alright.

Drexl kicks Clarence, who's still on the ground hurting.

DREXL

(to Clarence)

You see what you get when you fuck wit me, white boy? You're gonna walk in my goddamn house, my house! Gonna come in here and tell me! Talkin' smack, in my house, in front of my

employees. Shit! Your ass must be crazy.

(to Marty)

I don't think that white boy's got good sense. Hey, Marty.

(laughing)

He must of thought it was white boy day. It ain't white boy day, is it?

MARTY

(laughing)

Naw, man, it ain't white boy day.

DREXL

(to Clarence)

Shit, man, you done fucked up again. Next time you bogart your way into a nigger's crib, an' get all his face, make sure you do it on white boy day.

CLARENCE

(hurting)

Wannabee nigger...

DREXL

Fuck you! My mother was Apache.

Drexl kicks him again. Clarence curls up.

Drexl bends down and looks for Clarence's wallet in his jacket.

Clarence still can't do much. The kick to his balls still has him down.

Drexl finds it and pulls it out. He flips it open to driver's license.

DREXL

Well, well, well, looky what we got here. Clarence Worley. Sounds almost like a nigger name.

(to Clarence)

Hey, dummy.

He puts his foot on Clarence's chest.

Clarence's POV as he looks up.

DREXL

Before you bought your dumb ass through the door, I didn't know shit. I just chalked it up to au revoir Alabama. But, because you think you're some macho motherfucker, I know who she's with. You. I know who you are, Clarence Worley. And, I know where you live, 4900 116th street, apartment 48. And I'll make

a million-dollar bet,  
Alabama's at the same  
address. Marty, take the  
car and go get 'er. Bring  
her dumb ass back here.  
He hands Marty the driver's license. Maty goes  
to get the car keys and a jacket.

DREXL

(to Marty)

I'll keep lover boy here  
entertained.

(to Clarence)

You know the first thing  
I'll do when she gets here.  
I think I'll make her suck  
my dick, and I'll come all  
in her face. I mean it  
ain't nuttin' new. She's  
done it before. But I want  
you as a audience.

(hollering to

Marty)

Marty, what the fuck are  
you doin'?

MARTY

(off)

I'm tryin' to find my  
jacket.

DREXL

Look in the hamper. Linda's  
been dumpin' everybody's  
stray clothes there lately.

While Drexel has his attention turned to Marty,  
Clarence reaches into his sock and pulls out  
the .38. he stick the barrel between Drexel's  
legs. Drexel, who's standing over Clarence,  
looks down just in time to see Clarence pull  
the trigger and blow his balls to bits. Tiny  
spots of blood speckle Clarence's face.  
Drexel shrieks in horror and pain, and falls to  
the ground.

MARTY

(off)

What's happening?

Marty steps into the room.  
Clarence doesn't hesitate, he shoots Marty  
four times in the chest.  
Two of three Hookers have run out of the front  
door, screaming. The other Hooker is curled up  
in the corner. She's too stoned to run, but  
stoned enough to be terrified.  
Drexel, still alive, is laying on the ground  
howling, holding what's left of his balls and  
his dick.  
Clarence points the gun at the remaining  
Hooker.

CLARENCE

Get a bag and put Alabama's  
thing in it!

She doesn't move.

CLARENCE

You wanna get shot? I ain't  
got all fuckin' day, so  
move it!

The Hooker, tears of fear ruining her mascara,  
grabs a suitcase from under the bed, and, on  
her hands and knees, pushes it along the floor  
to Clarence.

Clarence takes it by the handle and wobbles  
over to Drexl, who's curled up like a pillbug.

CLOSEUP - Clarence's forgotten driver's  
license in Marty's bloody hand.

Clarence puts his foot on Drexl's chest.

CLARENCE

(to Drexl)

Open you eyes, laughing  
boy.

He doesn't. Clarence gives him a kick.

CLARENCE

Open your eyes!

He does. It's now Drexl's POV from the floor.

CLARENCE

You thought it was pretty  
funny, didn't you?

He fires.

CLOSEUP - The bullet comes out of the gun and  
heads right toward us. When it reaches us, the  
screen goes awash in red.

INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The front swings open and Clarence walks in.

Alabama jumps off the couch and runs toward  
Clarence, before she reaches him he blurts  
out:

CLARENCE

I killed him.

She stops short.

CLARENCE

I've got some food in the  
car, I'll be right back.

Clarence leaves. Except for the TV playing,  
the room is quiet. Alabama sits on the couch.  
Clarence walks back into the room with a whole  
bounty of take-out food. He heaps it on to the  
coffee table and starts to chow down.

CLARENCE

Help yourself. I got  
enough. I am fuckin'  
starvin'. I think I ordered  
one of everythin'.

He stops and looks at here.

CLARENCE

I am so hungry.

He starts eating french fries and hamburgers.

ALABAMA

(in a daze)  
Was it him or you?

CLARENCE  
Yeah. But to be honest, I  
put myself in that  
position. When I drove up  
there I said to myself, "If  
I can kill 'em and get away  
with it, I'll do it." I  
could. So I did.

ALABAMA  
Is this a joke?

CLARENCE  
No joke. This is probably  
the best hamburger I've  
ever had. I'm serious, I've  
never had a hamburger taste  
this good.

Alabama starts to cry. Clarence continues  
eating, ignoring her.

CLARENCE  
Come on, Bama, eat  
something. You'll feel  
better.

She continues crying. He continues eating and  
ignoring her. Finally he spins on her,  
yelling:

CLARENCE  
Why are you crying? He's  
not worth one of your  
tears. Would you rather it  
had been me? Do you love  
him?

(no answer)  
Do you love him?  
(no answer)  
Do you love him?

She looks at Clarence, having a hard time  
getting a word out.

ALABAMA  
I think what you did was...

CLARENCE  
What?

ALABAMA  
I think what you did...

CLARENCE  
What?

ALABAMA  
... was so romantic.

Clarence is completely taken back. They meet  
in a long, passionate lovers' kiss. Their kiss  
breaks and slowly the world comes back to  
normal.

CLARENCE  
I gotta get outta these  
clothes.

He picks up the suitcase and drops it on the table in front of them.

ALABAMA

(comically)

Clean clothes. There is a god,  
Clarence flips open the suitcase. Alabama's and her husband's jaws drop.

ALABAMA

Clarence. Those aren't my clothes.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HOLIDAY INN - DAY

We see the Hollywood Holiday Inn sign. Pan to the parking lot where Clarence's empty red Mustang is parked.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HOLIDAY INN - CLARENCE'S ROOM - DAY

CLOSEUP - Dick's jaw drops. His hand reaches out of shot.

CLOSEUP - The reason for all the jaw dropping... the suitcase is full of cocaine! Clarence smiles, holding a bottle of wine. Alabama's watching the cable TV.

DICK

Holy Mary, Mother of God.

ALABAMA

This is great, we got cable.

CLARENCE

(to Alabama)

Bama, you got your blade?

Keeping her eyes on the TV, she pulls out from her purse a Swiss army knife with a tiny dinosaur on it and tosses it to Clarence. Clarence takes off the corkscrew and opens the wine.

He pours some wine into a couple of hotel plastic cups, a big glass for Dick, a little one for himself. He hands it to Dick. Dick takes it and drinks.

DICK

This shit can't be real.

CLARENCE

It'll get ya high.

He tosses the knife.

CLARENCE

Do you want some wine, sweetheart?

ALABAMA

Nope. I'm not really a wine gal.

Using the knife, Dick snorts some of the cocaine. He jumps back.

DICK

It's fuckin' real!

(to Clarence)

It's fuckin' real!

CLARENCE

I certainly hope so.

DICK

You've got a helluva lotta  
coke there, man!

CLARENCE

I know.

DICK

Do you have any idea how  
much fuckin' coke you got?

CLARENCE

Tell me.

DICK

I don't know! A fuckin'  
lot!

He downs his wine. Clarence fills his glass.

DICK

This is Drexl's coke?

CLARENCE

Drexl's dead. This is  
Clarence's coke and  
Clarence can do whatever he  
wants with it. And what  
Clarence wants to do is  
sell it. Then me and Bama  
are gonna leave on a jet  
plane and spend the rest of  
our lives spendin'. So, you  
got my letter, have you  
lined up any buyers?

DICK

Look, Clarence, I'm not Joe  
Cocaine.

Dick gulps half of his wine. Clarence fills  
up.

CLARENCE

But you're an actor. I hear  
these Hollywood guys have  
it delivered to the set.

DICK

Yeah, they do. And maybe  
when I start being a  
successful actor I'll know  
those guys. But most of the  
people I know are like me.  
They ain't got a pot to  
piss in or a window to  
throw it out of. Now, if  
you want to sell a little  
bit at a time -

CLARENCE

No way! The whole enchilada  
in one shot.

DICK

Do you have any idea how  
difficult that's gonna be?

CLARENCE

I'm offering a half a million dollars worth of white for two hundred thousand. How difficult can that be?

DICK

It's difficult because you're sellin' it to a particular group. Big shots. Fat cats. Guys who can use that kind of quantity. Guys who can afford two hundred thousand. Basically, guys I don't know. You don't know. And, more important, they don't know you. I did talk with one guy who could possibly help you.

CLARENCE

Is he big league?

DICK

He's nothing. He's in my acting class. But he works as an assistant to a very powerful movie producer named Lee Donowitz. I thought Donowitz could be interested in a deal like this. He could use it. He could afford it.

CLARENCE

What'd'ya tell 'em?

DICK

Hardly anything. I wasn't sure from your letter what was bullshit, and what wasn't.

CLARENCE

What's this acting class guy's name?

DICK

Elliot.

CLARENCE

Elliot what?

DICK

Elliot Blitzler.

CLARENCE

OK, call 'im up and arrange a meeting, so we can get through all the getting to know you stuff.

DICK

Where?

CLARENCE

(to Alabama)

The zoo.

CLARENCE

(to Dick)

The zoo.

(pause)

What are you waiting for?

DICK

Would you just shut up a minute and let me think?

CLARENCE

What's to think about?

DICK

Shut up! First you come waltzing into my life after two years. You're married. You killed a guy.

CLARENCE

Two guys.

DICK

Two guys. Now you want me to help you with some big drug deal. Fuck, Clarence, you killed somebody and you're blowin' it off like it don't mean shit.

CLARENCE

Don't expect me to be all broken up over poor Drexl. I think he was a fuckin', freeloadin', parasitic scumbag, and he got exactly what he deserved. I got no pity for a mad dog like that. I think I should get a merit badge or somethin'.

Dick rests his head in his hands.

CLARENCE

Look, buddy, I realize I'm layin' some pretty heavy shit on ya, but I need you to rise to the occasion. So, drink some more wine. Get used to the idea, and get your friend to the phone.

EXT. LOS ANGELES ZOO - DAY

CLOSEUP - A black panther, the four-legged kind, paces back and forth.

Clarence, Alabama, Dick and Elliot Blitzer are walking through the zoo. One look at Elliot and you can see what type of actor he is, a real GQ, blow-dry boy. As they walk and talk, Clarence is eating a box of animal crackers and Alabama is blowing soap bubbles.

ELLIOT

So you guys got five hundred thousand dollars

worth of cola that you're  
unloading -

CLARENCE

Want an animal cracker?

ELLIOT

Yeah, OK.

He takes one.

CLARENCE

Leave the gorillas.

ELLIOT

- that you're unloading for  
two hundred thousand  
dollars -

CLARENCE

Unloading? That's a helluva  
way to describe the bargain  
of a lifetime.

DICK

(trying to chill  
him out)

Clarence...

ELLIOT

Where did you get it?

CLARENCE

I grow it on my window-  
sill. The lights really  
great there and I'm up high  
enough so you can't see it  
from the street.

ELLIOT

(forcing a laugh)

Ha ha ha. No really, where  
does it come from?

CLARENCE

Coco leaves. You see, they  
take the leaves and mash it  
down until it's kind of a  
paste -

ELLIOT

(turning to Dick)

Look, Dick, I don't -

CLARENCE

(laughing)

No problem, Elliot. I'm  
just fuckin' wit ya, that's  
all. Actually, I'll tell  
you but you gotta keep it  
quiet. Understand, if Dick  
didn't assure me you're  
good people I'd just tell  
ya, none of your fuckin'  
business. But, as a sign of  
good faith, here it goes: I  
gotta friend in the  
department.

ELLIOT

What department?

CLARENCE

What do you think,  
eightball?

ELLIOT

The police department?

CLARENCE

Duh. What else would I be  
talking about? Now stop  
askin' stupid doorknob  
questions. Well, a year and  
a half ago, this friend of  
mine got access to the  
evidence room for an hour.  
He snagged this coke. But,  
he's a good cop with a wife  
and a kid, so he sat on it  
for a year and a half until  
he found a guy he could  
trust.

ELLIOT

He trusts you?

CLARENCE

We were in Four H together.  
We've known each other  
since childhood. So, I'm  
handling the sales part.  
He's my silent partner and  
he knows if I get fucked  
up, I won't drop dime on  
him. I didn't tell you  
nothin' and you didn't hear  
nothin'.

ELLIOT

Sure. I didn't hear  
anything.

Elliot is more than satisfied. Clarence makes  
a comical face at Dick when Elliot's not  
looking. Dick is wearing I-don't-believe-this-  
guy expresion. Alabama is forever blowing  
bubbles.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES ZOO - SNACK BAR - DAY  
We're in the snack bar area of the zoo.  
Alabama, Dick, and Elliot are sitting around a  
plastic outdoor table. Clarence is pacing  
around the table as he talks. Alabama is still  
blowing bubbles.

CLARENCE

(to Elliot)

Do I look like a beautiful  
blond with big tits and an  
ass that tastes like French  
vanilla ice-cream?

Elliot hasn't the slightest idea what that is  
supposed to mean.

ELLIOT

What?

CLARENCE

Do I look like a beautiful  
blond with big tits and an  
ass that tastes like French  
vanilla ice-cream?

ELLIOT

(with conviction)

No. No, you don't.

CLARENCE

Then why are you telling me  
all this bullshit just so  
you can fuck me?

DICK

Clarence...

CLARENCE

(to Dick)

Let me handle this.

ELLIOT

Get it straight, Lee isn't  
into taking risks. He deals  
with a couple of guys, and  
he's been dealing with them  
for years. They're  
reliable. They're  
dependable. And, they're  
safe.

CLARENCE

Riddle me this, Batman. If  
you're all so much in love  
with each other, what the  
fuck are you doing here?  
I'm sure you got better  
things to do with your time  
than walk around in circles  
starin' up a panther's ass.  
Your guy's interested  
because with that much shit  
at his fingertips he can  
play Joe fuckin' Hollywood  
till the wheels come off.  
He can sell it, he can  
snort it, he can play Santa  
Claus with it. At the price  
he's payin', he'll be  
everybody's best friend.  
And, you know, that's what  
we're talkin' about here.  
I'm not puttin' him down.  
Hey, let him run wild. Have  
a ball, it's his money.  
But, don't expect me to  
hang around forever waitin'  
for you guys to grow some  
guts.

Elliot has been silenced. He nods his head in  
agreement.

INT. PORSCHE - MOVING - MULHOLLAND DRIVE - DAY

Movie producer, Lee Donowitz, is driving his Porsche through the winding Hollywood hills, just enjoying being rich and powerful. His cellular car phone rings, he answers.

LEE

Hello.

(pause)

Elliot, it's Sunday. Why am I talkin' to you on Sunday? I don't see enough of you during the week I gotta talk to you on Sunday? Why is it you always call me when I'm on the windiest street in L.A.?

BACK TO:

ELLIOT

Elliot is on the zoo payphone. Clarence is next to him. Dick is next to Clarence. Alabama is next to Dick, blowing bubbles.

ELLIOT

(on phone)

I'm with that party you wanted me to get together with. Do you know what I'm talking about, Lee?

BACK TO:

LEE

Store-fronts whiz by in the background.

LEE

Why the hell are you calling my phone to talk about that?

BACK TO:

ELLIOT

ELLIOT

Well, he'd here right now, and he insists on talking to you.

BACK TO:

LEE

In the 7th street tunnel. Lee's voice echoes.

LEE

Are you outta your fuckin' mind?

BACK TO:

ELLIOT

ELLIOT

You said if I didn't get you on the -

Clarence takes the receiver out of Elliot's hand.

CLARENCE

(into phone)

Hello, Lee, it's Clarence. At last we meet.

EXT. DICK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Virgil's knocking on Dick's door. Floyd  
(Dick's room-mate) answers.

VIRGIL

Hello, is Dick Ritchie  
here?

FLOYD

Naw, he ain't home right  
now.

VIRGIL

Do you live here?

FLOYD

Yeah, I live here.

VIRGIL

Sorta room-mates?

FLOYD

Exactly room-mates.

VIRGIL

Maybe you can help me.  
Actually, who I'm looking  
for is a friend of ours  
from Detroit. Clarence  
Worley? I heard he was in  
town. Might be travelling  
with a pretty girl named  
Alabama. Have you seen him?  
Are they stayin' here?

FLOYD

Naw, they ain't stayin'  
here. But, I know who  
you're talkin' about.  
They're stayin' at the  
Hollywood Holiday Inn.

VIRGIL

How do you know? You been  
there?

FLOYD

No, I ain't been there. But  
I heard him say. Hollywood  
Holiday Inn. Kinda easy to  
remember.

VIRGIL

You're right. It is.

EXT. LOS ANGELES ZOO - PAYPHONE - DAY  
Clarence is still on the phone with Lee.

CLARENCE

Lee, the reason I'm talkin'  
with you is I want to open  
"Doctor Zhivago" in L.A.  
And I want you to  
distribute it.

BACK TO:

LEE

Stopped in the traffic on Sunset Boulevard.

LEE

I don't know, Clarence,  
"Doctor Zhivago" is a  
pretty big movie.

BACK TO:

CLARENCE

The biggest. The biggest movie you've ever dealt with, Lee. We're talkin' a lot of film. A man'd have ta be an idiot not to be a little cautious about a movie like that. And Lee, you're no idiot.

BACK TO:

LEE

He's still on Sunset Boulevard, the traffic's moving better now.

LEE

I'm not sayin' I'm not interested. But being a distributor's not what I'm all about. I'm a film producer, I'm on this world to make good movies. Nothing more. Now, having my big toe dipped into the distribution end helps me on many levels.

Traffic breaks and Lee speeds along. The background whizzes past him.

LEE

(continuing)

But the bottom line is: I'm not Paramount. I have a select group of distributors I deal with. I buy their little movies. Accomplish what I wanna accomplish, end of story. Easy, business-like, very little risk.

BACK TO:

CLARENCE

CLARENCE

Now that's bullshit, Lee. Every time you buy one of those little movies it's a risk. I'm not sellin' you something that's gonna play two weeks, six weeks, then go straight to cable. This is "Doctor Zhivago". This'll be packin' 'em in for a year and a half. Two years! That's two years you don't have to work with anybody's movie but mine.

BACK TO:

LEE

Speeding down a benchside road.

LEE

Well, then, what's the hurry? Is it true the rights to "Doctor Zhivago" are in arbitration?

BACK TO:

CLARENCE

I wanna be able to announce this deal at Cannes. If I had time for a courtship, Lee, I would. I'd take ya out, I'd hold your hand, I'd kiss you on the cheek at the door. But, I'm not in that position. I need to know if we're in bed together, or not. If you want my movie, Lee, you're just gonna have to come to terms with your Fear and Desire.

Pause. Clarence hands the phone to Elliot.

CLARENCE

(to Elliot)

He wants to talk ya.

ELLIOT

(into phone)

Mr. Donowitz?

(pause)

I told you, through Dick.

(pause)

He's in my acting class.

(pause)

About a year.

(pause)

Yeah, he's good.

(pause)

They grew up together.

(pause)

Sure thing.

Elliot hangs up the phone.

ELLIOT

He says Wednesday at three o'clock at the Beverly Wilshire. He wants everybody there.

(pointing to

Clarence)

He'll talk to you. If after talkin' to you he's convinced you're OK, he'll do business. If not, he'll say fuck it and walk out the door. He also wants a sample bag.

CLARENCE

No problems on both counts.

He offers Elliot the animal crackers.

CLARENCE

Have a cookie.

Elliot takes one.

ELLIOT

Thanks.

He puts it in the mouth.

CLARENCE

That wasn't a gorilla, was it?

EXT. HOLIDAY INN - DAY

The red Mustang with Clarence and Alabama pulls up to the hotel. Alabama hops out. Clarence stays in.

ALABAMA

You did it, Quickdraw. I'm so proud of you. You were like a ninja. Did I do my part OK?

CLARENCE

Babalouey, you were perfect, I could hardly keep from busting up.

ALABAMA

I felt so stupid just blowing those bubbles.

CLARENCE

You were chillin', kind of creepy even. You totally fucked with his head. I'm gonna go grab dinner.

ALABAMA

I'm gonna hop in the tub and get all wet, and slippery, and soapy. Then I'm gonna lie in the waterbed, not even both to dry off, and watch X-rated movies till you get your ass back to my lovin' arms.

They kiss.

CLARENCE

We now return to "Bullit" already in progress.

He slams the Mustang in reverse and peels out of the hotel. Alabama walks her little walk from the parking lot to the pool area. Somebody whistles at her, she turns to them.

ALABAMA

Thank you.

She gets to her door, takes out the key, and opens the door.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HOLIDAY INN - CLARENCE'S ROOM - DAY

She steps in only to find Virgil sitting on a chair placed in front of the door with a sawed-off shotgun aimed right at her.

VIRGIL

(calmly)  
Step inside and shut the door.  
She doesn't move, she's frozen. Virgil leans forward.

VIRGIL  
(calmly)  
Lady. I'm gonna shoot you in the face.  
She does exactly as he says. Virgil rises, still aiming the sawed-off.

VIRGIL  
Step away from the door, move into the bathroom.  
She does. He puts the shotgun down on the chair, then steps closer to her.

VIRGIL  
OK, Alabama, where's our coke, where's Clarence, and when's he coming back.

ALABAMA  
I think you got the wrong room, my name is Sadie. I don't have any Coke, but there's a Pepsi machine downstairs. I don't know any Clarence, but maybe my husband does. You might have heard of him, he plays football. Al Lylezado. He'll be home any minute, you can ask him.  
Virgil can't help but smile.

VIRGIL  
You're cute.  
Virgil jumps up and does a mid-air kung fu kick which catches Alabama square in the face, lifting her off the ground and dropping her flat on her back.

INT. MOVING RED MUSTANG - DAY  
Clarence, in his car, driving to get something to eat, singing to himself.

CLARENCE  
(singing)  
"Land of stardust, land of glamour, Vistavision and Cinema, Everything about it is a must, To get to Hollywood, or bust..."

INT. HOLLYWOOD HOLIDAY INN - CLARENCE'S ROOM - DAY  
Alabama's laying flat. She actually blacks out for a moment, but the salty taste of the blood in her mouth wakes her up. She opens her eyes and sees Virgil standing there, smiling. She closes them, hoping it's a dream. They open again to the same sight. She has never felt more helpless in her life.

VIRGIL

Hurts, don't it? It better.  
Took me a long time to kick  
like that. I'm third-degree  
blackbelt, you know? At  
home I got trophies.  
Tournaments I was in.  
Kicked all kinds of ass. I  
got great technique. You  
ain't hurt that bad. Get on  
your feet, Fruitloop.

Alabama wobbily complies.

VIRGIL

Where's our coke? Where's  
Clarence? And when he's  
comin' back?

Alabama looks in Virgil's eyes and realizes  
that without a doubt she's going to die,  
because this man is going to kill her.

ALABAMA

Go take a flying fuck and a  
rolling donut.

Virgil doesn't waste a second. He gives her a  
sidekick straight to the stomach. The air is  
sucked out of her lungs. She falls to her  
knees. She's on all fours gasping for air  
that's just not there.

Virgil whips out a pack of Lucky Strikes. He  
lights one up with a Zippo lighter. He takes a  
long, deep drag.

VIRGIL

Whatsamatta? Can't breathe?  
Get used to it.

INT. HAMBURGER STAND - DAY

Clarence walks through the door of some mom  
and pop fast-food restaurant.

CLARENCE

Woah! Smells like  
hamburgers in here! What's  
the biggest, fattest  
hamburger you guys got?

The Iranian Guy at the counter says:

IRANIAN GUY

That would be Steve's  
double chili cheeseburger.

CLARENCE

Well, I want two of them  
bad boys. Two large orders  
of chili fries. Two large  
Diet Cokes.

(looking at a menu  
at the wall)

And I'll tell you what, why  
don't you give me a  
combination burrito as  
well.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HOLIDAY INN - CLARENCE'S ROOM - DAY

Alabama is violently thrown into a corner of the room. She braces herself against the wall. She is very punchy. Virgil steps in front of her.

VIRGIL

You think your boyfriend would go through this kind of shit for you? Dream on, cunt. You're nothin' but a fuckin' fool. And your pretty face is gonna turn awful goddamn ugly in about two seconds. Now, where's my fuckin' coke?

She doesn't answer. He delivers a spinning roundhouse kick on the head. Her head slams into the left side of the wall.

VIRGIL

Where's Clarence?!

Nothing. He gives her another kick to the head, this time from the other side. Her legs start to give way. He catches her and throws her back. He slaps her lightly in the face to revive her, she looks at him.

VIRGIL

When's Clarence getting back?

She can barely raise her arm, but she somehow manages, and she gives him the middle finger. Virgil can't help but smile.

VIRGIL

You gotta lot of heart, kid.

He gives her a spinning roadhouse kick to the head that sends her to the floor.

INT. HAMBURGER STAND - DAY

CLOSEUP - Burgers sizzling on a griddle, Chili and cheese is put on them.

Clarence is waiting for his order. He notices a CUSTOMER reading a copy of "Newsweek" with Elvis on the cover.

CLARENCE

That's a great issue.

The Customer lowers his magazine a little bit.

CUSTOMER

Yeah, I subscribe. It's a pretty decent one.

CLARENCE

Have you read the story on Elvis?

CUSTOMER

No. Not yet.

CLARENCE

You know, I saw it on the stands, my first inclination was to buy it. But, I look at the price

and say forget it, it's just gonna be the same old shit. I ended up breaking down and buying it a few days later. Man, I was ever wrong.

CUSTOMER

That good, huh?

He takes the magazine from the Customer's hands and starts flipping to the Elvis article.

CLARENCE

It tried to pin down what the attraction is after all these years. It covers the whole spectrum of fans, the people who love his music, the people who grew up with him, the artists he inspired - Bob Dylan, Bruce Springsteen, and the fanatics, like these guys. I don't know about you, but they give me the creeps.

CUSTOMER

I can see what you mean.

CLARENCE

Like, look at her. She looks like she fell off an ugly tree and hit every branch on the way down. Elvis wouldn't fuck her with Pat Boone's dick.

Clarence and the Customer laugh.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HOLIDAY INN - CLARENCE'S ROOM - DAY  
Alabama's pretty beat up. She has a fat lip and her face is black and blue. She's crawling around on the floor. Virgil is tearing the place apart looking for the cocaine. He's also carrying on a running commentary.

VIRGIL

Now the first guy you kill is always the hardest. I don't care if you're the Boston Strangler or Wyatt Earp. You can bet that Texas boy, Charles Whitman, the fella who shot all them guys from that tower, I'll bet you green money that that first little black dot that he took a bead on, was the bitch of the bunch. No foolin' the first one's a tough row to hoe. Now, the second one, while it ain't no Mardi Gras, it ain't

half as tough row to hoe.  
You still feel somethin'  
but it's just so deluted  
this time around. Then you  
completely level off on the  
third one. The third one's  
easy. It's gotten to the  
point now I'll do it just  
to watch their expressions  
change.

He's tearing the motel room up in general.  
Then he flips the mattress up off the bed, and  
the black suitcase is right there.  
Alabama's crawling, unnoticed to where her  
purse is lying. Virgil flips open the black  
case and almost goes snow blind.

VIRGIL

Well, well, well, looky  
here. I guess I just  
reached journey's end.  
Great. One less thing I  
gotta worry about.

Virgil closes the case. Alabama sifts through  
her purse.

She pulls out her Swiss army knife, opens it  
up. Virgil turns toward her.

VIRGIL

OK, Sugarpop, we've come to  
what I like to call the  
moment of truth -

Alabama slowly rises clutching the thrust-out  
knife in both hands. Mr. Karate-man smiles.

VIRGIL

Kid, you got a lotta heart.

He moves toward her.

Alabama's hands are shaking.

VIRGIL

Tell you what I'm gonna do.  
I'm gonna give you a free  
swing. Now, I only do that  
for people I like.

He moves close.

Alabama's eyes study him. He grabs the front  
of his shirt and rips it open. Buttons fly  
everywhere.

VIRGIL

Go ahead, girl, take a stab  
at it.

(giggling)

You don't have anything to  
lose.

CLOSEUP - Alabama's face. Virgil's right, she  
doesn't have anything to lose. Virgil's also  
right about his being the moment of truth. The  
ferocity in women that comes out at certain  
times, and is just here under the surface in  
many women all of the time, is unleashed. The

absolute feeling of helplessness she felt only a moment ago has taken a one hundred and eighty degree turn into "I'll take this motherfucker with me if it's the last thing I do" seething hatred.

Letting out a bloodcurling yell, she raises the knife high above her head, then drops to her knees and plunges it deep into Virgil's right foot.

CLOSEUP - VIRGIL'S FACE

Talk about bloodcurling yells.

Virgil bends down and carefully pulls the knife from his foot, tears running down his face.

While Virgil's bent down, Alabama smashes an Elvis Presley whiskey decanter that Clarence bought her in Oklahoma over his head. It's only made of plaster, so it doesn't kill him. Virgil's moving toward Alabama, limping on his bad foot.

VIRGIL

OK, no more Mr. Nice-guy.

Alabama picks up the hotel TV and tosses it to him. He instinctively catches it and, with his arms full of television, Alabama cold-cocks him with her fist in the nose, breaking it. Her eyes go straight to the door, then to the sawed-off shotgun by it. She runs to it, bends over the chair for the gun. Virgil's left foot kicks her in the back, sending her flying over the chair and smashing into the door.

Virgil furiously throws the chair out of the way and stands over Alabama. Alabama's lying on the ground laughing. Virgil has killed a lot of people, but not one of them has ever laughed before he did it.

VIRGIL

What's so fuckin' funny?!!

ALABAMA

(laughing)

You look so ridiculous.

She laughs louder. Virgil's insane. He picks her off the floor, then lifts her off the ground and throws her through the glass shower door in the bathroom.

VIRGIL

Laugh it up, cunt. You were in hysterics a minute ago.

Why ain't you laughing now?

Alabama, lying in the bathtub, grabs a small bottle of hotel shampoo and squeezes it out in her hand.

Virgil reaches in the shower and grabs hold of her hair.

Alabama rubs the shampoo in his face. He lets go of her and his hands go to his eyes.

VIRGIL

Oh Jesus!

She grabs hold of a hefty piece of broken glass and plunges it into his face.

VIRGIL

Oh Mary, help me!

The battered and bruised and bloody Alabama emerges from the shower. She's clutching a big, bloody piece of broken glass. She's vaguely reminiscent of a Tasmanian devil. Poor Virgil can't see very well, but he sees her figure coming toward him. He lets out a wild haymaker that catches her in the jaw and knocks her into the toilet.

He recovers almost immediately and takes the porcelain lid off the back of the toilet tank. Virgil whips out a .45 automatic from his shoulder holster, just as Alabama brings the lid down on his head. He's pressed up against the wall with this toilet lid hitting him. He can't get a good shot in this tight environment, but he fires anyway, hitting the floor, the all, the toilet, and the sink. The toilet lid finally shatters against Virgil's head. He falls to the ground.

Alabama goes to the medicine cabinet and whips out a big can of Final Net hairspray. She pulls a Bic lighter out of her pocket, and, just as Virgil raises his gun at her, she flicks the Bic and sends a stream of hairspray through the flame, which results in a big ball of fire that hits Virgil right in the face. He fires off two shots. One hits the wall, another hits the sink pipe, sending water spraying.

Upon getting his face fried Virgil screams and jumps up, knocking Alabama down, and runs out of the bathroom.

Virgil collapses on the floor of the living room. Then, he sees the sawed-off laying on the ground. He crawls toward it.

Alabama, in the bathroom, sees where he's heading. She picks up the .45 automatic and fires at him. It's empty. She's on her feet and into the room.

He reaches the shotgun, his hands grasp it. Alabama spots and picks up the bloody Swiss army knife. She takes a knife-first-running-dive at Virgil's back. She hits him.

He arches up, firing the sawed-off into the ceiling, dropping the gun, and sending a cloud of plaster and stucco all over the room.

Alabama snatches the shotgun.

Arched over on his back Virgil and Alabama make eye contact.

The first blast hits him in the shoulder, almost tearing his arm off. The second hits

him in the knee. The third plays hell with his chest.

Alabama then runs at him, hitting him in the head with the butt of the shotgun.

Ever since he's been firing it's as if some other part of her brain has been functioning independently. She's been absent-mindedly saying the prayer of Saint Francis of Assisi.

ALABAMA

Lord, make me an instrument  
of Thy peace; where there  
is hatred, let me sow love;  
where there is injury,  
pardon; where there is  
doubt, faith; where there  
is despair, hope; where  
there is darkness, light;  
and where there is sadness,  
joy. O Divine Master, grant  
that I may not so much seek  
to be consoled as to  
console; to be understood  
as to understand; to be  
loved as to love; for it is  
in giving that we receive,  
it is pardoning that we are  
pardoned, and it is in  
dying that we are born to  
eternal life.

Clarence, who's been hearing gunshots, bursts through the door, gun drawn, only to see Alabama, hitting a dead guy on the head, with a shotgun.

CLARENCE

Honey?

She continues. He puts his gun away.

CLARENCE

Sweetheart? Cops are gonna  
be here any minute,

She continues. He takes the gun away from her, and she falls to the ground. She lies on the floor trembling, continuing with the downward swings of her arms.

Clarence grabs the shotgun and the cocaine, and tosses Alabama over his shoulder.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HOLIDAY INN - DAY

Everybody is outside their rooms watching as Clarence walks through the pool area with his bundle. Sirens can be heard.

EXT. MOVING RED MUSTANG - DAY

Clarence is driving like mad. Alabama's passed out in the passenger seat. She's muttering to herself. Clarence has one hand on the steering wheel and the other strokes Alabama's hair.

CLARENCE

Sleep baby. Don't dream.  
Don't worry. Just sleep.  
You deserve better than  
this. I'm so sorry. Sleep  
my angel. Sleep peacefully.

EXT. MOTEL 6 - NIGHT

A new motel. Clarence's red Mustang is parked outside.

INT. MOTEL 6 - CLARENCE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Alabama, with a fat lip and a black and blue face, is asleep in bed.

INT. NOWHERE

Clarence is in a nondescript room speaking directly to the camera. He's in a headshot.

CLARENCE

I feel so horrible about what she went through. That fucker really beat the shit out of her. She never told him where I was. It's like I always felt that the way she felt about me was a mistake. She couldn't really care that much. I always felt in the back of my mind, I don't know, she was jokin'. But, to go through that and remain loyal, it's very easy to be unraptured with words, but to remain loyal when it's easier, even excusable, not to - that's a test of oneself. That's a true romance. I swear to God, I'll cut off my hands and gouge out my eyes before I'll every let anything happen to that lady again.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT

A wonderful, gracefully flowing shot of the Hollywood Hills. Off in the distance we hear the roar of a car engine.

EXT. MULLHOLLAND DRIVE - NIGHT

Vaaarrrroooooommm!!! A silver Porsche is driving hells bells, taking quick corners, pushing it to the edge.

INT. MOVING PORSCHE - NIGHT

Elliot Blitzer is the driver, standing on it. A blond, glitzy Coke Whore is sitting next to him. They're having a ball. Then they're seeing a red and blue light flashing in the rear-view window. It's the cops.

ELLIOT

Fuck! I knew it! I fucking knew it! I should have my

head examined, driving like  
this!

(he pulls over)

Kandi, you gotta help me.

KANDI

What can I do?

He pulls out the sample bag of cocaine that  
Clarence gave him earlier.

ELLIOT

You gotta hold this for me.

KANDI

You must be high. Uh-huh.

No way.

ELLIOT

(frantically)

Just put it in your purse.

KANDI

I'm not gonna put that shit  
in my purse.

ELLIOT

They won't search you. I  
promise. You haven't done  
anything.

KANDI

No way, JosÈ.

ELLIOT

Please, they'll be here any  
minute. Just put it in your  
bra.

KANDI

I'm not wearing a bra.

ELLIOT

(pleading)

Put it in your pants.

KANDI

No.

ELLIOT

You're the one who wanted  
to drive fast.

KANDI

Read my lips.

She mouths the word "no".

ELLIOT

After all I've done for  
you, you fuckin' whore!!

She goes to slap him, she hits the bag of  
cocaine instead. It rips open. Cocaine  
completely covers his blue suit. At that  
moment Elliot turns to face a flashing beam.  
Tears fill his eyes.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY  
Elliot is sitting in a chair at the table. Two  
young, good-looking, casually dressed, Starsky  
and Hutch-type POLICE DETECTIVES are  
questioning him. They're known in the  
department as Nicholson and Dimes. The dark-

haired one is Cody Nicholson, and the blond is Nicky Dimes.

NICHOLSON

Look, sunshine, we found a sandwich bag of uncut cocaine -

DIMES

Not a tiny little vial -

NICHOLSON

But a fuckin' baggie.

DIMES

No don't sit here and feed us some shit.

NICHOLSON

You got caught. It's all fun and fuckin' games till you get caught. But now we gotcha. OK, Mr. Elliot actor, you've just made the big time -

DIMES

You're no longer an extra -

NICHOLSON

Or a bit player -

DIMES

Or a supporting actor -

NICHOLSON

You're a fuckin' star! And you're gonna be playin' your little one-man show nightly for the next two fuckin' years for a captive audience -

DIMES

But there is a bright side though. If you ever have to play a part of a guy who gets fucked in the ass on a daily basis by throat-slitting niggers, you'll have so much experience to draw on -

NICHOLSON

And just think, when you get out in a few years, you'll meet some girl, get married, and you'll be so understanding to your wife's needs, because you'll know what it's like to be a woman.

DIMES

'Course you'll wanna fuck her in the ass. Pussy just won't feed right anymore -

NICHOLSON

That is, of course, if you  
don't catch Aids from all  
your anal intrusions.

Elliot starts crying. Nicholson and Dimes  
exchange looks and smile. Mission  
accomplished.

INT. POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN KRINKLE'S OFFICE - DAY  
CAPTAIN BUFFORD KRINKLE is sitting behind his  
desk, where he spends about seventy-five  
percent of his day. He's you standard rough,  
gruff, no-nonsense, by-the-book-type police  
captain.

KRINKLE

Nicholson! Dimes! Het in  
here!

The two casually dressed, sneaker-wearing cops  
rush in, both shouting at once.

DIMES

Krinkle, this is it. We got  
it, man. And it's all ours.  
I mean talk about fallin'  
into somethin'. You shoulda  
seen it, it was beautiful.  
Dimes is hittin' him from  
the left about being fucked  
in the ass by niggers, I'm  
hittin' him form the right  
about not likin' pussy  
anymore, finally he starts  
cryin', and then it was all  
over -

NICHOLSON

Krinkle, you're lookin' at  
the two future cops of the  
month. We have it, and if I  
say we, I don't mean me and  
him, I'm referring to the  
whole department. Haven't  
had a decent bust this  
whole month. Well, we  
mighta come in like a lamb,  
but we're goin' out like a  
lion -

KRINKLE

Both you, idiots shut up, I  
can't understand shit! Now,  
what's happened, what's  
going on, and what are you  
talking about?

DIMES

Okee-dokee. It's like this,  
Krinkle; a patrol car stops  
this dork for speeding,  
they walk up to window and  
the guy's covered in coke.  
So they bring his ass in

and me an' Nicholson go to work on him.

NICHOLSON

Nicholson and I.

DIMES

Nicholson and I go to work on him. Now er know somthing's rotten in Denmark, 'cause this dickhead had a big bag, and it's uncut, too, so we're sweatin' him, trying to find out where he got it. Scarin' the shit outta him.

NICHOLSON

Which wasn't too hard, the guy was a real squid.

DIMES

So we got this guy scared shitless and he starts talkin'. And, Krinkle, you ain't gonna fuckin' believe it.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Detroit. Very fancy restaurant. Four wise-guy Hoods, one older, the other three, youngsters, are seated at the table with Mr. Coccotti.

COCCOTTI

- And so, tomorrow morning comes, and no Virgil. I check with Nick Cardella, who Virgil was supposed to leave my narcotics with, he never shows. Now, children, somebody is stickin' a red-hot poker up my asshole and what I don't know is whose hand's on the handle.

YOUNG WISE-GUY #1 (FRANKIE)

You think Virgil started gettin' big ideas?

COCCOTTI

It's possible. Anybody can be carried away with delusions of grandeur. But after that incident in Ann Arbor, I trust Virgil.

YOUNG WISE-GUY #2 (DARIO)

What happened?

OLD WISE-GUY (LENNY)

Virgil got picked up in a warehouse shakedown. He got five years, he served three.

COCCOTTI

Anybody who clams up and  
does hid time, I don't care  
how I feel about him  
personally, he's OK.

BACK TO:

KRINKLE'S OFFICE

NICHOLSON

It seems a cop from some  
department, we don't know  
where, stole a half a  
million dollars of coke  
from the property cage and  
he's been sittin' on it for  
a year and a half. Now the  
cops got this weirdo -

DIMES

Suspect's words -

NICHOLSON

To front for him. So Elliot  
is workin' out the deal  
between them and his boss,  
a big movie producer named  
Lee Donowitz.

DIMES

He produced "Coming Home in  
a Body Bag".

KRINKLE

That Vietnam movie?

DIMES

Uh-huh.

KRINKLE

That was a good fuckin'  
movie.

DIMES

Sure was.

KRINKLE

Do you believe him?

DIMES

I believe he believes him.

NICHOLSON

He's so spooked he'd turn  
over his momma, his daddy,  
his two-panny granny, and  
Anna and the King of Siam  
if he had anything on him.

DIMES

This rabbit'll do anything  
not to do time, including  
wearing a wire.

KRINKLE

He'll wear a wire?

DIMES

We talked him into it.

KRINKLE

Dirty cops. We'll have to  
bring in internal affairs  
on this.

DIMES

Look, we don't care if you  
bring in the state milita,  
the volunteer fire  
department, the L.A.  
Thunderbirds, the ghost of  
Steve McQueen, and the  
twelve Roman gladiators, so  
long as we get credit for  
the bust.

NICHOLSON

Cocaine. Dirty cops.  
Hollywood. This is Crocket  
and Tubbs all the way. And  
we found it, so we want the  
fuckin' collar.

BACK TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

YOUNG WISE-GUY #3 (MARVIN)

Maybe Virgil dropped it off  
at Cardella's. Cardella  
turns Virgil's switch off,  
and Cardella decides to  
open up his own fruit  
stand.

LENNY

Excuse me, Mr. Coccotti.  
(to Marvin)  
Do you know Nick Cardella?

MARVIN

No.

LENNY

Then where the hell do you  
get off talkin' that kind  
of talk?

MARVIN

I didn't mean -

LENNY

Shut your mouth. Nick  
Cardella was provin' what  
his words was worth before  
you were in your daddy's  
nutsack. What sun do you  
walk under you can throw a  
shadow on Nick Cardella?  
Nick Cardella's a stand-up  
guy.

COCCOTTI

Children, we're digressing.  
Another possibility is that  
rat-fuck whore and her  
wack-a-doo cowboy boyfriend  
out-aped Virgil. Knowing  
Virgil, I find that hard to  
believe. But they sent  
Drexl to hell, and Drexl  
was no faggot. So you see,

children, I got a lot of questions and no answers. Find out who this wing-and-a-prayer artist is and take him off at the neck.

TITLE CARD: "THE BIG DAY"

EXT. IMPERIAL HIGHWAY - SUNRISE

Clarence's red Mustang is parked on top of a hill just off of Imperial Highway. As luck would have it, somebody has abandoned a ratty old sofa on the side of the road. Clarence and Alabama sit on the sofa, sharing a Jumbo Java, and enjoying the sunrise and wonderful view of the LAX Airport runways, where planes are taking off and landing. A plane takes off, and they stop and watch.

CLARENCE

Ya know, I used to fuckin' hate airports.

ALABAMA

Really?

CLARENCE

With a vengeance, I hated them.

ALABAMA

How come?

CLARENCE

I used to live by one back in Dearborn. It's real frustratin' to be surrounded by airplanes when you ain't got shit. I hated where I was, but I couldn't do anythin' about it. I didn't have enough money. It was tough enough just tryin' to pay my rent every month, an' here I was livin' next to an airport. Whenever I went outside, I saw fuckin' planes take off drownin' out my show. All day long I'm seein', hearin' people doin' what I wanted to do most, but couldn't.

ALABAMA

What?

CLARENCE

Leavin' Detroit. Goin' off on vacations, startin' new lives, business trips. Fun, fun, fun, fun.

Another plane takes off.

CLARENCE

But knowin' me and you gonna be nigger-rich gives

me a whole new outlook. I love airports now. Me 'n' you can get on any one of those planes out there, and go anywhere we ant.

ALABAMA

You ain't kiddin', we got lives to start over, we should go somewhere where we can really start from scatch.

CLARENCE

I been in America all my life. I'm due for a change. I wanna see what TV in other countries is like. Besides, it's more dramatic. Where should we fly off to, my little turtledove?

ALABAMA

Cancoon.

CLARENCE

Why Cancoon?

ALABAMA

It's got a nice ring to it. It sounds like a movie. "Clarence and Alabama Go to Cancoon". Don't 'cha think?

CLARENCE

But in my movie, baby, you get the top billing.

They kiss.

CLARENCE

Don't you worry 'bout anything. It's all gonna work out for us. We deserve it.

INT. DICK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dick, Clarence and Alabama are just getting ready to leave for the drug deal. Floyd lays on the couch watching TV. Alabama's wearing dark glasses because of the black eye she has.

CLARENCE

(to Floyd)

You sure that's how you get to the Beverly Wilshire?

FLOYD

I've partied there twice. Yeah, I'm sure.

DICK

Yeah, well if we got lost, it's your ass.

(to Clarence)

Come on, Clarence, lets go. Elliot's going to meet us in the lobby.

CLARENCE

I'm just makin' sure we got everything.

(pointing to Alabama)

You got yours?

She holds up the suitcase. The phone rings. The three pile out the door. Floyd picks up the phone.

FLOYD

Hello?

He puts his hand over the receiver.

FLOYD

Dick, it's for you. You here?

DICK

No. I left.

He starts to close the door then opens it again.

DICK

I'll take it.

(he takes the receiver)

Hello.

(pause)

Hi, Catherine, I was just walkin' out the -

(pause)

Really?

(pause)

I don't believe it.

(pause)

She really said that?

(pause)

I'll be by first thing.

(pause)

No, thank you for sending me out.

(pause)

Bye-bye.

He hangs up and looks to Clarence.

DICK

(stunned)

I got the part on "T.J. Hooker".

CLARENCE

No shit? Dick, that's great!

Clarence and Alabama are jumping around. Floyd even smiles.

DICK

(still stunned)

They didn't even want a callback. They just hired me like that. Me and Peter Breck are the two heavies. We start shooting Monday.

My call is for seven  
o'clock in the morning.

CLARENCE

Ah, Dick, let's talk about  
it in the car. We can't be  
late.

Dick looks at Clarence. He doesn't want to go.

DICK

Clarence.

CLARENCE

Yeah?

DICK

Um, nothing, let's go?

They exit.

EXT. LAX AIRPORT - HOTEL - DAY

We see the airport and move in closer on a  
hotel on a landscape.

INT. LAX AIRPORT - HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Lenny can be seen putting a shotgun together.  
He is sitting on a bed.

Dario enters the frame with his own shotgun.

He goes over to Lenny and gives him some  
shells.

Marvin walks through the frame cocking his own  
shotgun.

The bathroom door opens behind Lenny and  
Frankie walks out twirling a couple of .45  
automatics in his hands.

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - COP S' HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Nicholson and Dimes and FOUR DETECTIVES from  
internal affairs are in a room on the same  
floor as Donowitz. They have just put a wire  
on Elliot.

DIMES

OK, say something.

ELLIOT

(talking loud into  
the wire)

Hello! Hello! Hello! How  
now brown cow!

NICHOLSON

Just talk regular.

ELLIOT

(normal tone)

"But soft! What light  
through yonder window  
breaks? It is the east and  
Juliet is the sun. Arise,  
fair sun, and kill the  
envious moon, Who is  
already sick and pale with  
grief -"

DIMES

Are you gettin' this shit?

DETECTIVE BY TAPE MACHINE Clear as a bell.

Nicholson, Dime, and the head IA Officer,  
Wurlitzer, huddle by Elliot.

DIMES

Now, remember, we'll be monitoring just down the hall.

ELLIOT

And if there's any sign of trouble you'll come in.

NICHOLSON

Like gang-busters. Now, remember, if you don't want to go to jail, we gotta put your boss in jail.

DIMES

We have to show in court that, without a doubt, a successful man, an important figure in the Hollywood community, is also dealing cocaine.

NICHOLSON

So you gotta get him to admit on tape that he's buying this coke.

WURLITZER

And this fellow Clarence?

ELLIOT

Yeah, Clarence.

WURLITZER

You gotta get him name the police officer behind all this.

ELLIOT

I'll try.

DIMES

You do more than try.

NICHOLSON

You do.

DIMES

Hope you're a good actor, Elliot.

INT. MOVING RED MUSTANG - DAY  
Clarence, Dick and Alabama en route.

DICK

You got that playing basketball?

ALABAMA

Yeah. I got elbowed right in the eye. And if that wasn't enough, I got hurled the ball when I'm not looking. Wam! Right in my face.

They stop at a red light. Clarence looks at Alabama.

CLARENCE

Red light means love, baby.  
He and Alabama start kissing.

INT. MOVING CADILLAC - DAY  
Marvin, Frankie, Lenny and Dario in a rented  
Caddy.

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE PARKING LOT - DAY  
Clarence, Alabama, and Dick get out of the red  
Mustang. Dick takes the suitcase.

CLARENCE

I'll take that. Now,  
remember, both of you, let  
me do the talking.

Clarence takes out his .38. Dick reacts. They  
walk and talk.

DICK

What the fuck did you bring  
that for.

CLARENCE

In case.

DICK

In case of what?

CLARENCE

In case they try to kill  
us. I don't know, what do  
you want me to say?

DICK

Look, Dillinger, Lee  
Donowitz is not a pimp -

CLARENCE

I know that Richard. I  
don't think I'll need it.  
But something this last  
week has taught me, it's  
better to have a gun and  
not to need it than to need  
a gun and not to have it.

Pause. Clarence stops walking.

CLARENCE

Hold it, guys. I don't know  
about the rest of you, but  
I'm pretty scared. What say  
we forget the whole thing.

Dick and Alabama are both surprised and  
relieved.

DICK

Do you really mean it?

CLARENCE

No, I don't really mean it.  
Well, I mean, this is our  
last chance to think about  
it. How 'bout you, Bama?

ALABAMA

I thought it was what you  
wanted, Clarence.

CLARENCE

It is what I want. But I  
don't want to spend the  
next ten years in jail. I  
don't want you guys to go

to jail. We don't know what could be waiting for us up there. It'll probably be just what it's supposed to be. The only thing that's waiting for us is two hundred thousand dollars. I'm just looking at the downside.

DICK

Now's a helluva time to play "what if".

CLARENCE

This is our last chance to play "what if". I want to do it. I'm just scared of getting caught.

ALABAMA

It's been fun thinking about the money but I can walk away from it, honey.

CLARENCE

That rhymes.

He kisses her.

DICK

Well, if we're not gonna do it, let's just get in the car and get the fuck outta here.

CLARENCE

Yeah, let's just get outta here.

The three walk back to the car. Clarence gets behind the wheel. The other two climb in. Clarence hops back out.

CLARENCE

I'm sorry guys, I gotta do it. As petrified as I am, I just can't walk away. I'm gonna be kicking myself in the ass for the rest of my life if I don't go in there. Lee Donowitz isn't a gangster lookin' to skin us, and he's not a cop, he's a famous movie producer lookin' to get high. And I'm just the man who can get him there. So what say we throw caution to the wind and let the chips fall where they may.

Clarence grabs the suitcase and makes a beeline for the hotel. Dick and Alabama exchange looks and follow.

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - LOBBY - DAY

Elliot's walking around the lobby. He's very nervous, so he's singing to himself.

ELLIOT

(singing)

There's a man who leads a  
life of danger, To everyone  
he meets he stays a  
stranger. Be careful what  
you say, you'll give  
yourself away...

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - COPS' HOTEL ROOM - DAY  
Nicholson, Dimes, Wurlitzer, and the three  
other Detectives surround the tape machine.  
Coming from the machine:

ELLIOT'S VOICE

(off)

... odds are you won't live  
to see tomorrow, secret  
agent man, secret agent  
man....

Nicholson looks at Dimes.

DIMES

Why, all of the sudden,  
have I got a bad feeling?

BACK TO:

LOBBY

Clarence enters the lobby alone, he's carrying the suitcase. He spots Elliot and goes in his direction. Elliot sees Clarence approaching him. He says to himself, quietly:

ELLIOT

Elliot, your motivation is  
to stay out of jail.

Clarence walks up to Elliot, they shake hands.

ELLIOT

Where's everybody else?

CLARENCE

They'll be along.

Alabama and Dick enter the lobby, they join up with Clarence and Elliot.

ELLIOT

Hi, Dick.

DICK

How you doin', Elliot?

CLARENCE

Well, I guess it's about  
that time.

ELLIOT

I guess so. Follow me.

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - ELEVATOR - DAY  
The four of them are riding in the elevator.  
As luck would have it, they have the car to  
themselves. Rinky-drink elevator Muzak is  
playing. They are all silent.

CLARENCE

Elliot.

ELLIOT

Yeah?

CLARENCE

Get on your knees.  
Not sure he heard him right.

ELLIOT

What?  
Clarence hits the stop button on the elevator  
panel and whips out his .38.

CLARENCE

I said get on your fuckin'  
knees.  
Elliot does it immediately. Dick and Alabama  
react.

CLARENCE

Shut up, both of you, I  
know what I'm doin'.

BACK TO:

COPS' ROOM  
Pandemonium.

DIMES

He knows.

NICHOLSON

How the fuck could he know?

DIMES

He saw the wire.

NICHOLSON

How's he supposed to see  
the wire?

DIMES

He knows something's up.

BACK TO:

ELEVATOR  
Clarence puts the .38 against Elliot's  
forehead.

CLARENCE

You must think I'm pretty  
stupid, don't you?

No answer.

CLARENCE

Don't you?

ELLIOT

(petrified)

No.

CLARENCE

(yelling)

Don't lie to me,  
motherfucker. You  
apparently think I'm the  
dumbest motherfucker in the  
world! Don't you? Say:  
Clarence, you are without a  
doubt, the dumbest  
motherfucker in the whole  
wide world. Say it!

BACK TO:

COPS' ROOM

NICHOLSON

We gotta get him outta  
there.

DIMES

Whatta we gonna do? He's in  
an elevator.

BACK TO:

ELEVATOR

CLARENCE

Say it, goddamn it!

ELLIOT

You are the dumbest person  
in the world.

CLARENCE

Apparently I'm not as dumb  
as you thought I am.

ELLIOT

No. No you're not.

CLARENCE

What's waiting for us up  
there. Tell me or I'll pump  
two right in your face.

BACK TO:

COPS

NICHOLSON

He's bluffin ya, Elliot.  
Can't you see that? You're  
an actor, remember, the  
show must go on.

DIMES

This guy's gonna kill him.

BACK TO:

ELEVATOR

CLARENCE

Stand up.

Elliot does. The .38 is still pressed against  
his forehead.

CLARENCE

Like Nick Carter used to  
say: I I'm wrong, I'll  
apologize. I want you to  
tell me what's waiting for  
us up there. Something's  
amiss. I can feel it. If  
anything out of the  
ordinary goes down, believe  
this, you're gonna be the  
first one shot. Trust me, I  
am AIDS, you fuck with me,  
you die. Now quit making me  
mad and tell me why I'm so  
fucking nervous.

BACK TO:

COPS' ROOM

DIMES

He's bluffin', I knew it.  
He doesn't know shit.

NICHOLSON

Don't blow it, Elliot. He's bluffin'. He just told you so himself.

DIMES

You're an actor, so act, motherfucker.

BACK TO:

ELEVATOR

Elliot still hasn't answered.

CLARENCE

OK.

With the .38 up against Elliot's head Clarence puts his palm over the top of the gun to shield himself from the splatter. Alabama and Dick can't believe what he's gonna do. Elliot, tears running down, starts talking for the benefit of the people at the other end of the wire. He sounds like a little boy.

ELLIOT

I don't wanna be here. I wanna go home. I wish somebody would just come and get me 'cause I don't like this. This is not what I thought it would be. And I wish somebody would just take me away. Just take me away Come and get me. 'Cause I don't like this anymore. I can't take this. I'm sorry but I just can't. So, if somebody would just come to my rescue, everything would be alright.

BACK TO:

COPS' ROOM

Nicholson and Dimes shake their hands, They have a "well, that's that" expression on their faces.

BACK TO:

ELEVATOR

Clarence puts down the gun and hugs Elliot.

CLARENCE

Sorry, Elliot. Nothing personal. I just had to make sure you're all right. I'm sure. I really apologize for scaring you so bad, but believe me, I'm just as scared as you. Friends?

Elliot, in a state of shock, takes Clarence's hand. Dick and Alabama are relieved.

BACK TO:

COPS' ROOM

Nicholson and Dimes listen open-mouthed, not believing what they're hearing.

INT. DICK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Floyd still lying on the couch watching TV. He hasn't moved since we last saw him. There is a knock from the door.

FLOYD

(not turning away  
from TV)

It's open.

The front door flies open and the four Wise-guys rapidly enter the room. The door slams shut. All have their sawed-offs drawn and pointing at Floyd.

FLOYD

Yes.

LENNY

Are you Dick Ritchie?

FLOYD

No.

LENNY

Do you know a Clarence  
Worley?

FLOYD

Yes.

LENNY

Do you know where we can  
find him?

FLOYD

He's at the Beverly  
Wilshire.

LENNY

Where's that?

FLOYD

Well, you go down  
Beechwood...

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - LEE'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The door opens and reveals an extremely muscular guy with an Uzi strapped to his shoulder standing in the doorway, his name is Monty.

MONTY

Hi, Elliot. Are these your  
friends?

ELLIOT

You could say that.  
Everybody, this is Monty.

MONTY

C'mon in. Lee's in the can.  
He'll be out in a quick.

They all move into the room, it is very  
luxurious.

Another incredibly muscular GUY, Boris, is  
sitting on the sofa, he too has an Uzi. Monty  
begins patting everybody down.

MONTY

Sorry, nothin personal.

He starts to search Clarence. Clarence back  
away.

CLARENCE

No need to search me,  
daredevil. All you'll find  
is a .38 calibre.

Boris gets up from the couch.

BORIS

What compelled you to bring  
that along?

CLARENCE

The same thing that  
compelled you, Beastmaster,  
to bring rapid-fire  
weaponry to a business  
meeting.

BORIS

I'll take that.

CLARENCE

You'll have to.

The toilet flushes in the bathroom. The door  
swings open and Lee Donowitz emerges.

LEE

They're here. Who's who?

ELLIOT

Lee, this is my friend  
Dick, and these are his  
friends, Clarence and  
Alabama.

BORIS

(pointing at  
Clarence)

This guy's packin'.

LEE

Really?

CLARENCE

Well, I have to admit,  
walkin' through the door  
and seein' these "Soldier  
of Fortune" poster boys  
made me a bit nervous. But,  
Lee, I'm fairly confident  
that you came here to do  
business, not to be a wise-  
guy. So, if you want, I'll  
put the gun on the table.

LEE

I don't think that'll be  
necessary. Let's all have a  
seat. Boris, why don't you  
be nice and get coffee for  
everybody.

They all sit around a fancy glass table except  
for Boris, who's getting the coffee, and  
Monty, who's standing behind Lee's chair.

CLARENCE

Oh, Mr. Donowitz -

LEE

Lee, Clarence . Please  
don't insult me. Call me  
Lee.

CLARENCE

OK, sorry, Lee. I just  
wanna tell you "Coming Home  
in a Body Bag" is one of my  
favorite movies. After  
"Apocalypse Now" I think  
it's the best Vietnam movie  
ever.

LEE

Thank you very much,  
Clarence.

CLARENCE

You know, most movies that  
win a lot of Oscars, I  
can't stand. "Sophie's  
Choice", "Ordinary People",  
"Kramer vs. Kramer",  
"Gandhi". All that stuff is  
safe, geriatric, coffee-  
table dog shit.

LEE

I hear you talkin'  
Clarence. We park our cars  
in the same garage.

CLARENCE

Like that Merchant-Ivory  
clap-trap. All those  
assholes make are  
unwatchable movies from  
unreadable books.

Boris starts placing clear-glass coffee cups  
in front of everybody and fills everybody's  
cup from a fancy coffee pot that he handles  
like an expert.

LEE

Clarence, there might be  
somebody somewhere that  
agrees with you more than I  
do, but I wouldn't count on  
it.

Clarence is on a roll and he knows it.

CLARENCE

They ain't plays, they  
ain't books, they certainly  
ain't movies, they're  
films. And do you know what  
films are? They're for  
people who don't like  
movies. "Mad Max", that's a  
movie. "The Good, the Bad,  
and the Ugly", that's a  
movie. "Rio Bravo", that's  
a movie. "Rumble Fish",  
that's a fuckin' movie.

And, "Coming Home in a Body Bag", that's a movie. It was the first movie with balls to win a lot of Oscars since the "The Deer Hunter".

BACK TO:

COPS' ROOM  
They're all listening to this.

DIMES

What's this guy doin'?  
Makin' a drug deal or  
gettin' a job on the "New  
Yorker"?

BACK TO:

LEE'S ROOM

CLARENCE

My uncle Roger and uncle  
Cliff, both of which were  
in Nam, saw "Coming Home in  
a Body Bag" and thought it  
was the most accurate  
Vietnam film they'd ever  
seen.

LEE

You know, Clarence, when a  
veteran of that bullshit  
wars says that, it makes  
the whole project  
worthwhile. Clarence, my  
friend, and I call you my  
friend because we have  
similar interests, let's  
take a look at what you  
have for me.

BACK TO:

COPS' ROOM

DIMES

Thank God.

BACK TO:

LEE'S ROOM  
Clarence puts the suitcase on the table.

CLARENCE

Lee, when you see this  
you're gonna shit.

BACK TO:

LOBBY  
The four Wise-guys are at the desk.

LENNY

(quietly to the  
others)

What was the Jew-boy's  
name?

MARVIN

Donowitz, he said.

FRONT-DESK GUY

How can I help you,  
Gentlemen?

LENNY

Yeah, we're from Warner  
Bros. What room is Mr.  
Donowitz in?

BACK TO:

LEE'S ROOM

Lee's looking over the cocaine and sampling  
it.

CLARENCE

Now, that's practically  
uncut. You could, if you so  
desire, cut it a helluva  
lot more.

LEE

Don't worry, I'll desire.  
Boris, could I have some  
more coffee.

CLARENCE

Me too, Boris.

Boris fills both of their cups. They both,  
calm as a lake, take cream and sugar. All eyes  
are on them. Lee uses light cream and sugar,  
he begins stirring this cup. Clarence uses  
very heavy cream and sugar.

LEE

(stirring loudly)

You like a little coffee  
with your cream and sugar?

CLARENCE

I'm not satisfied till the  
spoon stands straight up.

Both are cool as cucumbers.

LEE

I have to hand it to you,  
this is not nose garbage,  
this is quality. Can Boris  
make anybody a sandwich? I  
got all kinds of sandwich  
shit from Canters in there.

ALABAMA

No thank you.

DICK

No. But thanks.

CLARENCE

No thanks, my stomach's a  
little upset. I ate  
somethin' at a restaurant  
that made me a little sick.

LEE

Where'd you go?

CLARENCE

A Norms in Van Nuys.

LEE

Bastards. That's why I  
always eat at Lawreys.

Lee continues looking at the merchandise. Alabama writes something in her napkin with a pencil. She slides the napkin over to Clarence. It says: "You're so cool" with a tiny heart drawn on the bottom of it. Clarence takes the pencil and draws an arrow through the heart. She takes the napkin and puts it in her pocket. Lee looks up.

LEE

OK, Clarence, the merchandise is perfect. But, whenever I'm offered a deal that's too good to be true, it's because it's a lie. Convince me you're on the level.

BACK TO:

COPS' ROOM

DIMES

If he don't bite, we ain't got shit except possession.

NICHOLSON

Convince him.

BACK TO:

LEE'S ROOM

CLARENCE

Well, Lee, it's like this. You're getting the bargain of a lifetime because I don't know what the fuck I'm doing. You're used to dealin' with professionals. I'm not a professional. I'm a rank amateur. I could take that, and I could cut it, and I could sell it a little bit at a time, and make a helluva lot more money. But, in order to do that, I'd have to become a drug dealer. Deal with cut-throat junkies, killers, worry about getting busted all of the time. Just meeting you here today scares the shit outta me, and you're not a junkie, a killer or a cop, you're a fucking movie-maker. I like you, and I'm still scared. I'm a punk kid who picked up a rock in the street, only to find out it's the Hope Diamond. It's worth a million dollars, but I can't get the million

dollars for it. But, you can. So, I'll sell it to you for a couple a hundred thousand. You go to make a million. It's all found money to me anyway. Me and my wife are minimum wage kids, two hundred thousand is the world.

LEE

Elliot tells me you're fronting for a dirty cop.

CLARENCE

Well, Elliot wasn't supposed to tell you anythin'.

(to Elliot)

Thanks a lot, bigmouth. I knew you were a squid the moment I laid eyes on you. In my book, buddy, you're a piece of shit.

(to Lee)

He's not a dirty cop, he's a good cop. He just saw his chance and he took it.

LEE

Why does he trust you?

CLARENCE

We grew up together.

LEE

If you don't know shit, why does he think you can sell it?

CLARENCE

I bullshitted him.

Lee starts laughing.

LEE

That's wild. This fucking guy's a madman. I love it. Monty, go in the other room and get the money.

Clarence, Alabama and Dick exchange looks.

BACK TO:

COPS' ROOM

Nicholson and Dimes exchange looks.

DIMES & NICHOLSON

Bingo!

BACK TO:

ELEVATOR

The four Wise-guys are coming up.

BACK TO:

LEE'S ROOM

LEE

(pointing to Alabama)

What's your part in this?

ALABAMA

I'm his wife.

LEE

(referring to Dick)

How 'bout you?

DICK

I know Elliot.

LEE

And Elliot knows me. Tell me, Clarence, what department does you friend work in?

Dick and Alabama panic.

CLARENCE

(without missing a beat)

Carson County Sheriffs.

BACK TO:

COPS' ROOM

The internal affairs officers high five.

BACK TO:

LEE'S ROOM

Monty brings in a briefcase of money and puts it down on the table.

LEE

Wanna count your money?

CLARENCE

Actually, they can count it. I'd like to use the little boy's room.

BACK TO:

COPS' ROOM

They all stand.

DIMES

OK, boys. Let's go get 'em.

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - LEE'S HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY

Clarence steps inside the bathroom and shuts the door. As soon as it's shut he starts doing the twist. He can't believe he's pulled it off. He goes to the toilet and starts taking a piss. He turns and sees Elvis sitting on the sink.

ELVIS

Clarence, I gotta hand it to ya. You were cooler than cool.

CLARENCE

I was dying. I thought for sure everyone could see it on my face.

ELVIS

All anybody saw was Clint Eastwood drinkin' coffee.

CLARENCE

Can you develop an ulcer in two minutes? Being cool is hard on your body.

ELVIS

Oh, and your line to Charles Atlas in there: "I'll take that gun", "You'll have to".

CLARENCE

That was cool, wasn't it? You know, I don't even know where that came from. I just opened my mouth and it came out. After I said it I thought, that's a cool line, I gotta remember that.

BACK TO:

LEE'S ROOM

Everything's just as it was. Suddenly, Nicholson, Dimes and the four Detectives break into the room with guns drawn.

DIMES & NICHOLSON

Police! Freeze, you're all under arrest!

Everybody at the table stands up. Boris and Monty stand ready with the Uzis.

DIMES

You two! Put the guns on the floor and back away.

MONTY

Fuck you! All you pigs put your guns on the floor and back away.

LEE

Monty, what are you talking about? So what they say.

DIMES

This is your last warning! Drop those fuckin' guns!

BORIS

This is your last warning! We could kill all six of ya and ya fuckin' know it! Now get on the floor!

DICK

What the fuck am I doing here?

LEE

Boris! Everybody's gonna get killed! They're cops!

MONTY

So they're cops. Who gives a shit?

BORIS

Lee, something I never told  
you about me. I don't like  
cops.

NICHOLSON

OK, let's everybody calm  
down and get nice. Nobody  
has to die. We don't want  
it, and you don't want it.

LEE

We don't want it.

The four Wise-guys burst through the door,  
shotguns drawn, except for Frankie, who has  
two .45 automatics, one in each hand.  
Half of the cops spin around.

WURLITZER

Freeze!

LENNY

Who are you guys?

WURLITZER

Police.

DARIO

(to Lenny)

Do we get any extra if we  
have to kill cops?

BACK TO:

BATHROOM

Clarence and Elvis.

CLARENCE

How do you think I'm doin'  
with Lee?

ELVIS

Are you kiddin'? He loves  
you.

CLARENCE

You don't think I'm kissin'  
his ass, do you?

ELVIS

You're tellin' him what he  
wants to hear, but that  
ain't the same thing as  
kissin' his ass.

CLARENCE

I'm not lyin' to him. I  
mean it. I loved "Coming  
Home in a Body Bag".

ELVIS

That's why it doesn't come  
across as ass-kissin',  
because it's genuine, and  
he can see that.

Elvis fixes Clarence's collar.

ELVIS

I like ya, Clarence. Always  
have.

BACK TO:

LEE'S ROOM

This is a Mexican stand-off if there ever was one. Gangsters on one end with shotguns. Bodyguards with machine guns on the other. And cops with handguns in the middle. Dick's ready to pass out. Alabama's so scared she pees on herself. For Elliot, this has been the worst day of his life, and he's just about had it.

ELLIOT

Officer Dimes? Officer  
Dimes.

Dimes looks at Elliot.

ELLIOT

This has nothing to do with me anymore. Can I just leave and you guys just settle it by yourselves?

DIMES

Elliot, shut the fuck up and stay put!

LEE

(to Elliot)

How did you know his name? How the fuck did he know your name? Why, you fuckin' little piece of shit!

ELLIOT

Lee, understand, I didn't want to -

DIMES

Shut the fuck up!

LEE

Well, I hope you're not planning on acting any time in the next twenty years 'cause your career is over as of now! You might as well burn your SAG card! To think I treated you as a son! And you stabbed me in the heart!

Lee can't control his anger any more. He grabs the coffee pot off the table and flings hot coffee into Elliot's face. Elliot screams and falls to his knees, instinctively, Nicholson shoots Lee twice. Alabama screams.

Boris lets loose with his Uzi, pinging Nicholson red with bullets.

DIMES

(screaming)

Cody!!!

Nicholson flies backwards.

Marvin fires his shotgun, hits Nicholson in the back, Nicholson's body jerks back and forth then on the floor.

Clarence opens the bathroom door.

Dimes hits the ground firing.  
A shot catches Clarence in the forehead.  
Alabama screams.  
Dario fires his sawed-off. It catches Clarence  
in the chest, hurling him on the bathroom  
sink, smashing the mirror.  
It might have been a stand-off before, but  
once the firing starts everybody either hits  
the ground or runs for cover.  
Dimes, Alabama, Dick, Lenny, an IA Officer and  
Wurlitzer hit the ground.  
Boris dives into the kitchen area.  
Monty tips the table over.  
Marvin dives behind the sofa.  
Dario runs out of the door and down the hall.  
With bullets flying this way and that, some  
don't have time to anything. Two IA Officers  
are shot right away.  
Frankie takes an Uzi hit. He goes down firing  
both automatics.  
Elliot gets it from both sides.  
Alabama is crawling across the floor, like a  
soldier in war, towards the bathroom.  
Clarence, still barely alive, lays on the  
sink, twitching. He moves and falls off.  
Alabama continues crawling.  
Marvin brings his sawed-off from behind the  
sofa and fires. The shotgun blast hits the  
glass table and Monty. Monty stands up  
screaming.  
The Cops on the ground let loose, firing into  
Monty.  
As Monty gets hit, his finger hits the trigger  
of the Uzi, spreading fire all over the  
apartment.  
EXT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - DAY  
Cop cars start arriving in twos in front of  
the hotel.

BACK TO:

GUNFIGHT  
Alabama crawling.  
The suitcase full of cocaine is by Dick. Dick  
grabs it and tosses it in the air. Marvin  
comes from behind the sofa and fires. The  
suitcase is hit in mid-air. White powder goes  
everywhere. The room is enveloped in cocaine.  
Dick takes this cue and makes a dash out the  
door.  
An IA Officer goes after him.  
Lenny makes a break for it.  
Wurlitzer goes after him but is pinned down by  
Marvin.  
Alabama reaches the bathroom and finds  
Clarence.

ALABAMA

Sweetie?

Clarence's face is awash with blood.

CLARENCE

I... I can't see you...  
I've got blood in my  
eyes...

He dies.

Alabama tries to give him outh-to-mouth  
resuscitation.

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - HALLWAY - DAY

Dario runs down the hall, right into a cluster  
of uniformed police.

He fires his shotgun, hitting two, just before  
the others chop him to ribbons.

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - ANOTHER HALLWAY

The hallway's empty but we hear footsteps  
approaching fast. Dick comes around the  
corner, running as if on fire. Then we see the  
IA Officer turn the same corner.

IA OFFICER

(aiming gun)

Freeze!

Dick does.

DICK

I'm unarmed!

IA OFFICER

Put your hands on your  
head, you son-of-a-bitch!

He does. Then, from off screen, a shotgun  
blast tears into the IA Officer, sending him  
to the wall.

DICK

Oh shit.

He starts running again and runs out of frame,  
then Lenny turns around the corner and runs  
down the hall.

Dick runs into the elevator area, he hits the  
buttons, he's trapped, it's like a box.

Lenny catches up. Dick raises his hands. Lenny  
aimes his sawed-off.

DICK

Look, I don't know who you  
are, but whatever it was  
that I did to you, I'm  
sorry.

Two elevator doors on either side of them  
open.

Lenny looks at Dick. He drops his aim and  
says:

LENNY

Lotsa luck.

Lenny dives into one elevator car. Dick jumps  
into the other, just as the doors close.

BACK TO:

HOTEL ROOM

The Mexican stand-off has become two different  
groups of two pinning each other down.

Wurlitzer has Marvin pinned down behind the sofa and Dimes has Boris pinned down in the kitchen.

In the bathroom, Alabama's pounding on Clarence's bloody chest, trying to get his heart started. It's not working. She slaps him hard in the face a couple of times.

ALABAMA

Wake up, goddamn it!

Dimes discards his handgun and pulls one of the sawed-off shotguns from the grip of a dead Wise-guy.

Boris peeks around the wall to fire.

Dimes lets loose with a blast. A scream is heard.

BORIS

(off)

I'm shot! Stop!

DIMES

Throw out your gun,  
asshole!

The Uzi's tossed out.

Dimes goes to where Wurlitzer is.

DIMES

(to Marvin)

OK, black jacket! It's two  
against one now! Toss the  
gun and lie face down on  
the floor or die like all  
you friends.

The shotgun's tossed out from behind the sofa.

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - ELEVATOR - DAY

Dick's sitting on the ground, he can't believe any of this. The doors open on the fourth floor. He runs out into the hallway.

HALLWAY

He starts trying the room doors for an open one.

DICK

Oh, God, if you just get me  
outta this I swear to God  
I'll never fuck up again.  
Please, just let me get to  
"T.J. Hooker" on Monday.

STEWARDESS'S ROOM - DAY

Dick steps in. Three gorgeous girls are doing a killer aerobics workout to a video on TV. The music is so loud they're so into their exercises, they don't hear Dick tiptoe behind them and crawl underneath the bed.

LEE'S ROOM

Boris has caught a lot of buckshots, but he'll live. He's lying on the kitchen floor. Dimes stands over him. He has the sawed-off in his hand.

DIMES

Don't even give me an  
excuse, motherfucker.

Dimes pats him down for other weapons, there  
are none.

Wurlitzer puts the cuffs on Marvin and sits  
him down on the couch.

Dimes looks in the bathroom and sees the dead  
Clarence with Alabama crying over him.

Dimes walks over to Wurlitzer.

DIMES

Everything's under control  
here.

WURLITZER

Sorry about Nicholson.

DIMES

Me too.

WURLITZER

I'm gonna go see what's  
goin' on outside.

DIMES

You do that.

Wurlitzer exits. Dimes grabs the phone.

LOBBY

Shotgun in hand, Lenny moves hurriedly down  
the lobby.

A Cop yells out.

COP You! Stop!

Lenny brings up his sawed-off and lets him  
have it. Other cops rush forward. Lenny grabs  
a woman standing by.

LENNY

Get back or I'll blow this  
bitch's brains to kingdom  
come!

LEE'S ROOM

Dimes on the phone talking with the  
department. Boris is still moving on the  
floor. Marvin is sitting on the couch with his  
hands cuffed behind his back. Alabama is  
crying over Clarence, then she feels something  
in his jacket. She reaches in and pulls out  
his .38. She wipes her eyes. She holds the gun  
in her hand and remembers Clarence saying:

CLARENCE

(off)

She's a sixteen-calibre  
kitten, equally equipped  
for killin' an' lovin'! She  
carried a sawed-off shotgun  
in her purse, a black belt  
around her waist, and the  
white-hot fire of hate in  
her eyes! Alabama Whitman  
is Pam Grier! Pray for  
forgiveness, Rated R... for  
Ruthless Revenge!

Alabama steps out of the bathroom, gun in hand.

Marvin turns his head toward her. She shoots him twice.

Dimes, still on the phone, spins around in time to see her raise her gun. She fires. He's hit in the head and flung to the floor. She sees Boris on the kitchen floor.

ALABAMA

Bye-bye, Boris. Good luck.

BORIS

You too, cutie.

She starts to leave and then spots the briefcase full of money. She takes it and walks out the door.

HALLWAY

The elevator opens and Wurlitzer steps out. Alabama comes around the corner.

WURLITZER

Hey, you!

Alabama shoots him three times in the belly. She steps into the elevator, the doors close.

LOBBY

Alabama enters the lobby and proceeds to walk out. In the background, cops are all over the place and Lenny is still yelling with the woman hostage.

LENNY

I wanna car here, takin' me  
to the airport, with a  
plane full of gas ready to  
take me to Kilimanjaro  
and... and a million bucks!

(pause)

Small bills!

EXT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Alabama puts the briefcase in the trunk. She gets into the Mustang and drives away.

INT. MUSTANG - MOVING - DAY

Alabama's driving fast down the freeway. The DJ on the radio is trying to be funny. She's muttering to herself.

ALABAMA

I could have walked away. I  
told you that. I told you I  
could have walked away.  
This is not my fault. I did  
not do this. You did this  
one hundred percent to  
yourself. I'm not gonna  
give you the satisfaction  
of feeling bad. I should  
laugh 'cause you don't  
deserve any better. I could  
get another guy like that.  
I'm hot lookin'. What are  
you? Dead! Dumb jerk.

Asshole. You're a asshole,  
you're a asshole, you're a  
asshole. You wanted it all,  
didn't ya? Didn't ya? Well  
watcha got now? You ain't  
got the money. You ain't  
got me. You ain't even got  
your body anymore. You got  
nothin'. Nada. Zip. Goose  
egg. Nil. Donut.

The song "Little Arrows" by Leapy Lee comes on  
the radio. Alabama breaks down and starts  
crying. She pulls the car over to the side.  
The song continues. She wipes her eyes with a  
napkin that she pulls out her jacket. She  
tosses it on the dashboard. She picks up the  
.38 and sticks it in her mouth.

She pulls back hammer. She looks up and sees  
her reflection in the rear-view mirror. She  
turns it the other way. She looks straight  
ahead. Her finger tightens on the trigger. She  
sees the napkin on the dashboard. She opens it  
up and reads it: "You're so cool".

She tosses the gun aside, opens up the trunk,  
and takes out the briefcase. She looks around  
for, and finally finds, the "Sgt. Fury" comic  
book Clarence bought her.

And with comic book in one hand, and briefcase  
in the other, Bama walks away from the Mustang  
forever.

FADE OUT

THE END