

BOOGIE NIGHTS

by

Paul Thomas Anderson

1 EXT. HOT TRAXX NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

CAMERA holds on this PACKED disco on Van Nuys Blvd.

TITLE CARD: "San Fernando Valley, 1977"

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

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

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

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

MAURICE

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

AMBER

Hi, Maurice.

JACK

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

MAURICE

Pissed off you ain't been around --

JACK

-- I been on vacation.

MAURICE

Don't stay away this long from my

club ever again, Jackie-Jack-Jack.

JACK

I promise.

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

MAURICE

You are the foxiest bitch in ten countries.

AMBER

You're such a charmer.

MAURICE

(to Jack)

I got you all set up at your booth.

I wanna send over some clams on the half shell.

JACK

Beautiful.

MAURICE

Just remember, Jack: I'm available

and ready. Cast me and find out --

JACK

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

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

MAURICE

Clams on the half shell to Jack

and Amber -- over there -- go!

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

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

MAURICE

Hello there, kiddies.

REED/BUCK/BECKY

Hi, hey, hi, Maurice.

MAURICE

Having a good time?

BECKY

Excellent.

MAURICE

Great, great, great.

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

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

WAITER

Compliments of Maurice.

JACK

Thank you.

AMBER

Can I get a Marguerita, please?

JACK

Seven-Up, here --

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

ROLLERGIRL

Hi.

JACK

Hello, honey.

AMBER

(to Rollergirl)

Did you call that girl today?

ROLLERGIRL

I forgot.

AMBER

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

ROLLERGIRL

OK.

Rollergirl scratches her crotch as she speaks. Amber notices;

AMBER

What's the matter down there?

ROLLERGIRL

I gotta go pee.

AMBER

Well go, then.

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

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

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

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

ANGLE, JACK'S TABLE.

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

ANGLE, DIRK DIGGLER.

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

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

LITTLE BILL

Jack.

JACK

Hey, Little Bill.

LITTLE BILL

Whatsa schedule look like?

Are we still on day after tomorrow?

JACK

I wanna do it the day after

the day after tomorrow.

LITTLE BILL

For sure? 'Cause I wanna call

Rocky, Scotty, Kurt and all those guys --

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

JACK

Absolutely. But I wanna keep it small.

I wanna keep a small crew on this one --

LITTLE BILL

-- a relaxed deal.

JACK

Exactly.

LITTLE BILL

Do you have a script yet?

JACK

Tomorrow. Tomorrow is the day --

Jack is off across the dance floor.

CUT TO:

2 INT. BACKROOM/KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

JACK

Hey.

DIRK

Hey.

JACK

How ya doin'?

DIRK

Fine.

JACK

How old are you?

DIRK

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

JACK

No, no, no. Not like that.

How long have you worked here?

DIRK

A month.

JACK

Maurice give you a job here?

DIRK

Yeah.

JACK

How much he pay you?

DIRK

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

JACK

He's a friend of mine --

DIRK

Well you'll have to ask him.

JACK

You live around here, Canoga - Reseda?

DIRK

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

JACK

How do you get here?

DIRK

I take the bus.

JACK

So what do you wanna do?

DIRK

What?

JACK

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

DIRK

I don't want to.

JACK

. . . ok . . .

DIRK

So . . . you want five or ten?

JACK

. . . what . . . ?

DIRK

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

JACK

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

DIRK

Yeah.

JACK

Have you done it tonight?

DIRK

Couple times.

JACK

And you can do it again?

DIRK

If you want, if you got ten bucks.

BEAT. Jack extends his hand.

JACK

I'm Jack.

DIRK

Eddie. Eddie Adams.

JACK

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

DIRK

Really?

JACK

I make adult films. Erotic pictures.

BEAT, THEN;

DIRK

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

JACK

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

DIRK

Yeah

JACK

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

DIRK

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

JACK

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

DIRK

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

JACK

Tell me how old you are, Eddie.

DIRK

. . . I'm seventeen

JACK

You're a seventeen year old piece of gold.

DIRK

Yeah, right.

JACK

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

DIRK

I can't do that to Maurice.

JACK

You're a good worker, yeah?

DIRK

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

JACK

-- doggy-doo-doo.

DIRK

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

BEAT, THEN;

JACK

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

Jack leaves.

3 EXT. HOT TRAXX NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT (LATER)

The club is closing, Maurice is locking up and turning the lights off
out
front. CAMERA hangs around with Buck, Becky and Reed. (Director's
Note:
Reference improv. Notes)

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

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

ticket off the windshield and gets behind the wheel.

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

CUT TO:

4 OMITTED

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

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

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

JACK

You want somethin' to eat?

I'm onnamake some eggs.

AMBER

I'm goin' to sleep.

JACK

Goodnight, honey-tits. Sleep beautiful.

CUT TO:

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

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

AMBER

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

(beat)

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

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

hello to my son and that's all.

(beat)

Lemme tell you something, Tom.

Lemme tell you something you don't know;

I know a lawyer, you understand?

You might think I don't but I do

and I'll take you to court

(beat)

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

Dial tone from the phone. She hangs up.

7 INT. LITTLE BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

LITTLE BILL

What the fuck are you doing?

LITTLE BILL'S WIFE

The fuck does it look like I'm doing?

I've got a cock in my pussy, you idiot.

BIG STUD

Will you close the door?

LITTLE BILL

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

BIG STUD

Relax, little man.

LITTLE BILL'S WIFE

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

(to Big Stud)

Keep going, Big Stud.

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

CUT TO:

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

DIRK

That's right.

FADE OUT, CUT TO:

11 OMITTED

12 OMITTED

13 INT. DIRK'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - MORNING

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

INSERT, CU

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

FATHER

Good morning.

MOTHER

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

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

FATHER

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

DIRK

Yeah.

MOTHER

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

DIRK

. . . yeah . . .

They eat in silence.

DIRK

I've gotta get to work.

MOTHER

. . . at a car wash . . .

DIRK

What?

MOTHER

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

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

CUT TO:

14 OMITTED

15 OMITTED

16 INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

17 INT. SUPER-DUPER STEREO SHOP - DAY

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

BUCK

-- so basically you're gettin'

twice the base, cause of the TK421

modification we got in this system here.

CUSTOMER

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

BUCK

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

CUSTOMER

It's the price --

BUCK

I have this unit at home.

CUSTOMER

. . . really . . . ?

BUCK

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

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

BUCK

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

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

The Customer listens another moment, then;

CUSTOMER

Thank you for your time.

BUCK

No problem.

The Customer exits and Jerry approaches Buck.

JERRY

. . . the fuck was that?

BUCK

Wha?

JERRY

Have I told you? Huh? Have I?

BUCK

What? I don't --

JERRY

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

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

BUCK

Hey, Jerry, look --

JERRY

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

BUCK

Yeah.

JERRY

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

Buck goes to the back room.

CUT TO:

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

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

DIRK

I have to get back.

SHERYL LYNN

Once more.

DIRK

I have to get back to work.

SHERYL LYNN

Give it to me, Eddie.

DIRK

Don't make me pounce you, Sheryl Lynn.

SHERYL LYNN

Ohhhh-baby, baby, baby.

DIRK

I'll do it --

SHERYL LYNN

Promise?

DIRK

That's it.

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

DICK (OC)

What?

SHERYL LYNN

You're so beautiful.

DICK (OC)

Yeah . . .

SHERYL LYNN

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

Dirk looks down. BEAT.

DIRK

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

SHERYL LYNN

That's right.

DIRK

Everyone is blessed with One Special Thing.

Dirk kneels down to her;

DIRK

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

A big, bright shining star. That's what

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

SHERYL LYNN

I know.

DIRK

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

They Kiss.

CUT TO:

19 INT. HOT TRAXX NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

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

ANGLE, JACK'S BOOTH

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

CUT TO:

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

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

THE KITCHEN

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

A CLOSET SPACE

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

CUT TO:

21 OMITTED

22 EXT. HOT TRAXX NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT - LATER

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

JACK

Hey. Eddie.

DIRK

Hello. Jack?

JACK

Yeah. You wanna ride?

DIRK

I'm goin' pretty far.

ROLLERGIRL

You remember me? Couple hours ago?

DIRK

Yeah . . . I remember you.

AMBER

Come with us, sweetie.

DIRK

Okay.

Dirk gets in the backseat of the car with Rollergirl.

CUT TO:

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

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

JACK

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

DIRK

That's a lot of money.

JACK

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

AMBER

Have you seen Jack's house?

CAMERA HOLDS ON AMBER. She watches Dirk.

DIRK (OC)

No.

JACK (OC)

He'll see it.

ROLLERGIRL (OC)

He'll see it.

JACK (OC)

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

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

JACK

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

I need actors.

AMBER

Uhhh-ohhh . . . here we go --

JACK

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

The beauty and the acting.

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

No, not just your cock. Fuck that.

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

Hey, Sure: GET THEM IN THE THEATER.

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

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

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

Just To See How The Story Ends.

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

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

DIRK

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

AMBER

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

JACK

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

ROLLERGIRL

Dream, dream, dream, dream, dream.

DIRK

If you don't have dreams you have nightmares.

HOLD. Amber, Jack and Rollergirl look at Dirk.

CUT TO:

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

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

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

JACK (OC)

Did you want a Fresca, Eddie?

DIRK

No thanks.

JACK

You're sure . . . ?

ROLLERGIRL (OC)

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

JACK (OC)

Check in the studio fridge . . .

AMBER (OC)

I'm going to bed.

JACK (OC)

Good night, honey.

AMBER (OC)

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

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

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

AMBER

You're great.

DIRK

Thank you.

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

JACK

She's the best, Eddie. A mother.

A real and wonderful mother to all

those who need love.

DIRK (OC)

She's really nice.

JACK

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

DIRK (OC)

. . . yeah . . . ?

JACK

What do you think of Rollergirl?

DIRK (OC)

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

JACK

Would you like to get it on with her?

DIRK (OC)

Have sex?

JACK

Yeah.

DIRK (OC)

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

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

JACK

Bet your ass she is --

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

ROLLERGIRL

You're officially out of limes, Jack.

JACK

I'll get you some more tomorrow.

Come over here a minute. Sit next

to Eddie on the couch there.

ROLLERGIRL

Here We Go! Are We Gonna Fuck?

JACK

Yes you are.

ROLLERGIRL

Oh, wait, wait, wait, then.

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

ROLLERGIRL

You ready?

DIRK

Are you?

ROLLERGIRL

Ohhh-yeah.

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

DIRK

Are you gonna take your skates off?

ROLLERGIRL

I don't take my skates off.

DIRK

Okay.

ROLLERGIRL

Don't fucking come in me.

JACK

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

ROLLERGIRL

Fuck you, Jack.

JACK

Towards her tits, then.

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

CUT TO:

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

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

DIRK

Hi.

MOTHER

Where were you?

DIRK

Nowhere.

MOTHER

Shut up. Shut up. Where were you?

Dirk walks down the hall towards his room.

MOTHER

You see that little slut girl you see?

Sheryl? Sheryl Lynn?

DIRK

Don't say that.

MOTHER

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

Your girl-friend?

DIRK

She's not my girlfriend.

MOTHER

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

DIRK

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

MOTHER

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

CUT TO:

26 INT. BEDROOM - MORNING - THAT MOMENT

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

MOTHER (OC)

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

DIRK (OC)

Maybe I will.

MOTHER (OC)

Oh yeah? Yeah, what are you gonna do?

DIRK (OC)

I dunno, I'll do something.

27 INT. HALLWAY - MORNING - THAT MOMENT

MOTHER

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

DIRK

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

MOTHER

Go ahead. Go ahead and fuck
that little GIRL.

Dirk heads for his room, Mother follows.

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

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

MOTHER

What do you think you're doing?

DIRK

I'm getting my stuff --

MOTHER

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

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

MOTHER

None of this stuff is yours. This:

She starts to rip his posters from the wall. Dirk stands. CAMERA begins a

SLOW DOLLY INTO CU.

MOTHER (OC)

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

like this and this is what you get.

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

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

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

MOTHER (OC)

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

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

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

be shit . . . because you're stupid.

DIRK

I'm not stupid.

MOTHER

Yes you are.

DIRK

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

MOTHER

Not by choice.

DIRK

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

MOTHER

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

DIRK

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

MOTHER

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

DIRK

Don't be mean to me.

MOTHER

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

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

DIRK

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

TALK TO ME NO.

CUT TO:

29 EXT. DIRK'S HOUSE/TORRANCE - MORNING

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

CUT TO:

30 OMITTED

31 OMITTED

32 OMITTED

33 INT. JACK'S HOUSE - DAY

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

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

JACK

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

I want you to meet someone --

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

JACK

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

DIRK

Hi . . . I'm Eddie . . .

REED

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

DIRK

No, no.

REED

Oh, I thought Jack said you did.

You wanna drink?

DIRK

Sure.

JACK

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

DIRK

Sure.

Jack leaves. Reed looks to Dirk.

REED

Marguerita?

DIRK

Great.

BEAT. Reed fixes the drink.

REED

Can I ask you something?

DIRK

Uh-huh.

REED

Do you work out?

DIRK

Yeah.

REED

You look like it. Whadda you squat?

DIRK

Two.

REED

Super, super.

DIRK

You?

REED

Three.

DIRK

Wow.

REED

No b.s. Where do you work out?

DIRK

Torrance. In Torrance, where I live.

REED

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

DIRK

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

REED

Here we go . . . taste that.

Dirk sips the Marguerita.

DIRK

Rock and Roll.

REED

Thanks. What do you bench?

DIRK

You tell me first.

REED

You first.

DIRK

Same time.

REED

Cool.

DIRK

Ready?

REED

Ready.

DIRK/REED

One . . . Two . . . Three

SILENCE.

DIRK

You didn't say it . . .

REED

. . . neither did you.

ANGLE, POLAROID CAMERA.

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

CUT TO:

34 EXT. JACK'S DRIVEWAY - AFTERNOON - LATER

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

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

COLONEL

You look great, honey.

LADY FRIEND

Is there gonna be coke at this party, Colonel?

COLONEL

Yes.

Jack is right there to greet the Colonel.

JACK

Colonel, hello and welcome!

COLONEL

Hello, Jack. This is my Lady Friend.

JACK

Hello, darling.

LADY FRIEND

Do you have coke at this party?

JACK

Well I'm sure we can find you some.

COLONEL

Find her some coke, Jack.

JACK

We will, we will. Thanks for coming by.

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

CUT TO:

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

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

MAURICE

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

AMBER

Uh-huh.

MAURICE

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

AMBER

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

MAURICE

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

AMBER

. . . you wanna be in a movie?

MAURICE

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

AMBER

I'll see what I can do.

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

BECKY

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

BUCK

Lemme tell you something:

BECKY

He was obviously pissed about the music.

BUCK

What's wrong with it, y'know?

BECKY

Look, Buck: The cowboy look ended

about six years ago --

BUCK

-- it's comin' back.

BECKY

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

BUCK

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

BECKY

I'm just saying and it seems like your

boss at the stereo store is saying the

same thing --

BUCK

-- what, what?

BECKY

Get a new look.

BUCK

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

BECKY

The look I've got is just fine.

BUCK

What's your look?

BECKY

Chocolate Love, Baby.

BUCK

Yeah, right.

OC we hear the new song start to play.

BECKY

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

Becky leaves. CAMERA moves away to find:

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

LADY FRIEND

Excuse me . . . ?

YOUNG STUD

Yes?

LADY FRIEND

May I please join in?

YOUNG STUD

Most certainly.

CUT TO:

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

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

LITTLE BILL

Just don't embarrass me, alright?

LITTLE BILL'S WIFE

Fuck you, Bill.

LITTLE BILL

I work with these people, alright?

These are my coworkers, so just --

LITTLE BILL'S WIFE

Bite it.

LITTLE BILL

Don't make me do something.

LITTLE BILL'S WIFE

Ohhh . . . I'm so scared.

She moves away. Rollergirl passes and takes a SNAPSHOT.

CU. THE POLAROID - DEVELOPED

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

ROLLERGIRL

What's wrong, Little Bill?

LITTLE BILL

Nothing. How are you, Rollergirl?

ROLLERGIRL

I'm fine.

LITTLE BILL

Is Jack around?

ROLLERGIRL

He's in the house.

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

CUT TO:

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

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

JACK

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

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

COLONEL

Yes. Good dilemma.

JACK

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

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

COLONEL

That's great.

JACK

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

COLONEL

What films has he done?

JACK

This would be his first.

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

COLONEL

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

CUT TO:

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

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

REED

Do a cannonball.

DIRK

No, no. Watch this Jackknife.

Dirk runs and jumps --

DIRK

JACKKNIFE.

He lands in the pool and swims to the surface.

DIRK

How did it look?

REED

Great. Check this out.

(gets on the board)

This is gonna be a full-flip.

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

CUT TO:

39 INT. POOL/UNDERWATER - THAT MOMENT

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

CUT TO:

40 EXT. POOL AREA - THAT MOMENT

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

REED

Ouch.

The party people turn back to their conversations . . .

DIRK

You gotta try and bring your legs
all the way around

REED

Yeah.

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

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

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

LITTLE BILL

How you doin', Rocky?

ROCKY

Good, good, what's wrong?

LITTLE BILL

Nothin'. Nothin' at all.

ROCKY

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

LITTLE BILL

Yeah. You're on.

ROCKY

Is it here?

LITTLE BILL

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

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

CUT TO:

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

Maurice and Buck are talking;

MAURICE

Hey, hey, hey, my point is this:

BUCK

What?

MAURICE

You know what I say?

BUCK

What-What?

MAURICE

Wear What You Dig.

The PHONE RINGS. Maurice picks up the phone.

MAURICE

Hello?

(beat)

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

(to Buck)

Is there a Maggie here?

BUCK

I don't know a Maggie.

MAURICE

(into phone)

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

Maurice sets the phone down, looks to Buck.

MAURICE

Watch that a minute

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

MAURICE

(calls out)

Is there a Maggie here?

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

MAURICE

(into phone)

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

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

BUCK

What was it?

MAURICE

Some kid lookin' for his mother.

CUT TO:

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

LITTLE BILL

. . . the fuck are you doing?

She looks up at him, smiles.

WATCHER #1

What does it look like they're doing?

LITTLE BILL

That's my wife.

LITTLE BILL'S WIFE

Shut up, Bill.

WATCHER #2

Yeah, shut up, Bill.

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

KURT LONGJOHN

Little Bill.

LITTLE BILL

Hey. Kurt. What's up?

KURT LONGJOHN

What's wrong with you?

LITTLE BILL

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

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

KURT LONGJOHN

Yeah. Yeah. I know. Anyway, listen:

LITTLE BILL

-- yeah.

KURT LONGJOHN

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

LITTLE BILL

Right.

KURT LONGJOHN

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

LITTLE BILL

Jack wants a minimal-thing --

KURT LONGJOHN

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

LITTLE BILL

I understand.

KURT LONGJOHN

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

LITTLE BILL

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

KURT LONGJOHN

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

LITTLE BILL

I understand --

KURT LONGJOHN

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

LITTLE BILL

Can we talk about this later?

KURT LONGJOHN

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

LITTLE BILL

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

KURT LONGJOHN

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

LITTLE BILL

Kurt.

KURT LONGJOHN

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

Little Bill looks at him. HOLD.

LITTLE BILL

Are you givin' me shit, Kurt?

KURT LONGJOHN

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

LITTLE BILL

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

KURT LONGJOHN

OK. No big deal. Sorry.

LITTLE BILL

Alright?

KURT LONGJOHN

Gotcha.

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

CUT TO:

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

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

CUT TO:

46 INT. BEDROOM - THAT MOMENT

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

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

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

YOUNG STUD

I think she's sick.

COLONEL

What the fuck is this?

YOUNG STUD

I didn't do anything.

JACK

Is she breathing?

YOUNG STUD

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

COLONEL

Duh. Do you think so, smarty?

LIMO DRIVER

She's definitely overdosing.

COLONEL

Oh . . . what the fuck

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

COLONEL

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

LIMO DRIVER

Yeah.

COLONEL

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

LIMO DRIVER

Okay.

COLONEL

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

I don't need this, here.

LIMO DRIVER

Gotcha.

COLONEL

Make sure no one sees the limo.

LIMO DRIVER

Got it.

COLONEL

Young Stud, I want you to help my driver

Johnny here get her in the car.

The Young Stud starts to cry hysterically.

COLONEL

(to Jack)

What the fuck is this?

(to Young Stud)

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

YOUNG STUD

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

COLONEL

What?

YOUNG STUD

I . . . I . . . I

COLONEL

Spit it out.

YOUNG STUD

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

COLONEL

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

YOUNG STUD

Yes, sir.

COLONEL

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

The Lady Friend starts to go into CONVULSIONS.

COLONEL

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

YOUNG STUD

Please don't die!

LIMO DRIVER

C'mon, pal.

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

JACK

Close call.

COLONEL

Yes.

They exit.

CUT TO:

47 EXT. POOL AREA - DAY - THAT MOMENT

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

SCOTTY J.

Hey Reed.

REED

Hey -- Scotty, how are you?

SCOTTY J.

Y'know, y'know.

(re: Dirk)

Who's this?

REED

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

DIRK

Nice to meet you.

SCOTTY J.

You too. Are you gonna be working?

DIRK

Maybe.

REED

Probably.

SCOTTY J.

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

JACK (OC)

EDDIE! EDDIE! Come over here a minute.

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

DIRK

Excuse me.

SCOTTY J.

Yeah, okay.

DIRK

Nice to meet you.

CAMERA DOLLIES IN A LITTLE ON SCOTTY J.

REED (OC)

You wanna take a seat, Scotty?

SCOTTY J.

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

REED (OC)

Yeah.

SCOTTY J.

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

That kid Eddie is really good looking, huh?

ANGLE, JACK, THE COLONEL AND DIRK.

Dirk approaches and the Colonel smiles. They shake hands.

JACK

This young man is interested
in the business.

COLONEL

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

DIRK

Oh yeah?

COLONEL

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

DIRK

My name . . . yeah . . . ?

COLONEL

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

DIRK

Right.

JACK

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

DIRK

Well, great. Great.

COLONEL

I look forward to seeing you in action.

Jack says you've got a great big cock.

DIRK

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

COLONEL

Can I see it?

DIRK

Really?

COLONEL

Please.

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

COLONEL

Thank you, Eddie.

DIRK

No problem.

Dirk exits. The Colonel turns to Jack;

COLONEL

Jesus Christ. Jesus Lord in Heaven.

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

CUT TO:

48 INT. POOL - THAT MOMENT

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

CUT TO:

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

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

CAMERA hangs with Little Bill and his Wife.

LITTLE BILL

Thanks for fucking up this party for me.

I appreciate it.

LITTLE BILL'S WIFE

Oh Fuck Off. Will You?

LITTLE BILL

You Fuck Off.

LITTLE BILL'S WIFE

Yeah, right.

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

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

LIMO DRIVER

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

YOUNG STUD

I wasn't.

LIMO DRIVER

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

YOUNG STUD

Nothing?

LIMO DRIVER

Nothing is absolutely right, Young Stud.

YOUNG STUD

Thank you for your help.

LIMO DRIVER

No problem.

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

COLONEL

You ready, Johnny?

LIMO DRIVER

Yes, sir.

COLONEL

How you doin', pal?

YOUNG STUD

I'm okay, sir.

COLONEL

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

YOUNG STUD

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

COLONEL

I didn't hear that.

YOUNG STUD

What?

COLONEL

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

YOUNG STUD

I get you.

COLONEL

Now go home. Sleep it off.

The Young Stud exits.

JACK

Thanks for coming, Colonel.

COLONEL

Great party, Jack.

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

CUT TO:

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

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

REED

. . . you wanna hear a poem I wrote?

DIRK

Yeah.

REED

Okay. Um . . .

"I love you. You love me.

Going down the Sugar Tree.

We'll go down the Sugar Tree.

And See Lots of Bees. Playing.

Playing. The bees won't sting.

'Cause you love me."

DIRK

That's fucking great, man.

Jack approaches in a bath robe, holding a towel.

JACK

Howdy-boys.

DIRK/REED

Hey, Jack.

Jack removes his robe and climbs in the Jacuzzi.

JACK

Good party?

DIRK

It was great.

JACK

Good. You had a good time then?

DIRK

Excellent time. Thank you.

JACK

What this place is for, right?

REED

Right.

JACK

Ahhhh . . . this feels good. Bubbles.

Turn those bubbles higher, Reed.

DIRK

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

JACK

Yeah?

DIRK

I was wondering if you had any ideas.

JACK

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

DIRK

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

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

JACK

Tell me.

DIRK

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

FLASH ON:

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

DIRK DIGGLER

DIRK (OC)

It says, "Dirk Diggler."

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

BACK TO:

51 EXT. JACUZZI - THAT MOMENT

Back to Reed and Jack. They look at Dirk.

JACK

Heaven sent you here to this place,

Dirk Diggler. You've been blessed.

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

FADE OUT, CUT TO:

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

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

Jack is sipping coffee, conferring with Kurt about lighting.

JACK

How close?

KURT LONGJOHN

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

JACK

Okay, but not too long, Kurt, right?

Remember, there are shadows in real life.

Little Bill approaches.

LITTLE BILL

You wanna go over this?

JACK

Yeah. Let's

LITTLE BILL

(reading from script)

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

1.) Amber talking to Becky about auditions.

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

2.) Enter Reed to audition for Amber.

They go at it. Becky just watches.

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

E.) Enter Dirk --

(looks up)

Who's Dirk Diggler?

JACK

The kid, Eddie, from the club.

LITTLE BILL

Good name. Anyway: 4.) Dirk enters.

Meets with Becky. They go at it --

JACK

I wanna change that -- that should be Amber.

Dirk should be auditioning with Amber.

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

JACK

Becky, honey --

BECKY

What?

JACK

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

BECKY

I'm shaving my bush --

JACK

Now?

BECKY

It only takes two seconds, Jack.

JACK

Fine, fine.

Jack continues to get everyone ready.

JACK

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

CUT TO:

53 INT. BEDROOM - DAY - LATER

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

SCOTTY J.

Hey. Hi. Dirk. Dirk Diggler.

DIRK

Hi.

SCOTTY J.

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

DIRK

Okay.

SCOTTY J.

You look really good.

DIRK

Thank you.

SCOTTY J.

You look really sexy.

DIRK

Thanks.

SCOTTY J.

I like your name.

DIRK

You do.

SCOTTY J.

It's really cool.

DIRK

Thanks.

SCOTTY J.

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

I'll see you out there.

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

54 INT. GARAGE/FILM SET

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

JACK

Ready, champ?

DIRK

Let's do this.

They walk through the scene with Amber.

JACK

So we know the scene, we know the thing.

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

DIRK

Do we go straight into having sex?

JACK

Is that alright?

DIRK

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

JACK

Amber?

AMBER

Good.

JACK

So we'll just go straight through.

DIRK

Okay.

KURT LONGJOHN

Are we doing a rehearsal?

JACK

Eddie, you want a rehearsal?

DIRK

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

JACK

Great.

DIRK

Jack?

JACK

Yeah?

DIRK

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

Dirk Diggler from now on?

JACK

Yes. I'm sorry, yeah, yes.

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

AMBER

Do you want to practice your lines with me?

DIRK

I know it.

AMBER

You look great, honey.

DIRK

Does he want me to keep going until I come?

AMBER

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

DIRK

Where should I come?

AMBER

Where do you want?

DIRK

Wherever you tell me.

AMBER

Come on my tits if you can, okay?

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

DIRK

Yeah.

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

AMBER

Are you alright, honey?

DIRK

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

AMBER

Okay.

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

JACK (OC)

and . . . action, Dirk.

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

KURT LONGJOHN'S 16mm CAMERA POV:

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

AMBER

Hello. Are you John?

DIRK

Yes, ma'am.

AMBER

Your agency recommends you very highly.

DIRK

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

AMBER

What special skills do you have?

DIRK

Well, I spent three years in the Marines.

I just got back from a tour of duty.

AMBER

You're kidding?

DIRK

No I'm not. It got really hard being

surrounded by guys all day.

AMBER

When was the last time you had a woman?

DIRK

A long time.

AMBER

That's terrible.

DIRK

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

AMBER

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

DIRK

Really?

AMBER

Why don't you take your pants off?

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

DIRK

No problem.

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

JACK AND THE REST OF THE CREW

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

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

Amber looks from Dirk's cock to his face.

AMBER

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

16mm CAMERA'S POV:

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

AMBER

This is a giant cock.

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

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

JACK

Guys . . .

DIRK

Is everything cool?

JACK

Hang in there, everything's cool,

I just wanna change the angle --

You're doin' great.

Amber looks to Dirk. They hold still;

AMBER

You're doin' so good, Dirk.

DIRK

Does it feel good?

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

JACK

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

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

CU. DIRK AND AMBER

they're face to face. Following in sotto:

AMBER

You're amazing.

DIRK

You feel good, Amber.

AMBER

Are you ready to come?

DIRK

Yes.

AMBER

Come in me.

DIRK

What?

AMBER

Don't worry, I'm fixed.

I want to come in me --

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

JACK

CUT! FUCK! YES! YES! YES!

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

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

JACK

That was great.

LITTLE BILL

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

JACK

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

Dirk hears this and turns to Jack and Little Bill.

DIRK

Jack?

JACK

Yes, Dirk?

DIRK

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

Everyone in the room looks at Dirk. HOLD.

MUSIC CUE. CONTINUES OVER CUT AND THE FOLLOWING SCENES:

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

The entire cast and crew together.

ECU - CHAMPAGNE BOTTLES POP

ECU - ROLLERGIRL'S CAMERA.

she snaps POLAROIDS

ECU - DEVELOPED PICTURES

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

CUT TO:

56 INT. RESEDA SHOE STORE - DAY

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

CUT TO:

57 INT. HOT TRAXX NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

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

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

OVERHEAD ANGLE, JACK'S TABLE.

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

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

ANGLE, MAURICE

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

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

ANGLE, BECKY

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

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

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

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

CUT TO:

58 INT. MOTEL ROOM FILM SET - ANOTHER DAY

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

JACK

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

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

move and shift to the side -- pump away

there for a while, then --

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

DIRK

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

up around my neck. And over. Good.

We can go right into Doggy Style.

KURT LONGJOHN

Is the movement of the waterbed a problem?

DIRK

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

CUT TO:

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

BURN TO:

60 INT. JACK'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY

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

JACK

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

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

SPLIT SCREEN TO:

61 INT. STUDIO CITY HAIR SALON - DAY

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

JACK (VO)

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

THREE-WAY SPLIT TO:

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

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

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

FOUR WAY SPLIT TO:

63 INT. HOT TRAXX NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Dirk is disco dancing with Rollergirl and Becky and Reed.

JACK (VO)

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

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

CUT TO:

64 OMITTED

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

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

AMBER

Please let me talk to him, Tom.

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

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

Dial tone from the phone, she hangs up --

AMBER

I don't know what to do now.

CUT TO:

66 INT. HOT TRAXX NIGHTCLUB/BACKROOM - DAY

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

MAURICE (VO)

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

CUT TO:

67 INT. APARTMENT BLDG./PUERTO RICO - DAY

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

MAURICE (VO)

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

CUT TO:

68 OMITTED

69 INT. KARATE STUDIO - DAY

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

CUT TO:

70 INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

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

CUT TO:

71 OMITTED

72 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

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

CUT TO:

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

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

BUCK

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

AMBER

Really?

BUCK

That's a fact.

AMBER

So what's wrong with this radio?

BUCK

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

IN THE BACK OF THE VAN:

Reed, Dirk and Jack are huddled, speaking intensely;

JACK

-- what else?

DIRK

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

JACK

Tell me.

DIRK

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

REED

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

JACK

I like that.

DIRK

Reed could play my partner.

JACK

I like this a lot.

DIRK

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

JACK

I know it. I know it.

REED

We should do this.

JACK

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

DIRK

Right, right.

JACK

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

DIRK

Exactly.

JACK

Now: What's this guy's name?

This character? Do you know?

DIRK

His name is Brock Landers.

REED

His partner's name is Chest Rockwell.

JACK

. . . those are great names.

CUT TO:

74 OMITTED

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

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

AMBER. She's about to open an envelope.

AMBER

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

JUMP CUT TO:

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

COLONEL JAMES

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

JUMP CUT TO:

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

JESSIE

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

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

DIRK

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

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

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

JESSIE

You're hot.

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

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

TITLE CARD READS: "1978"

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

JESSIE

Shot of Tequila, straight up.

MAURICE

Yes, ma'am.

JESSIE

(to Dirk)

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

DIRK

You alone?

JESSIE

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

DIRK

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

It's excellent.

JESSIE

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

JUMP CUT TO:

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

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

DIRK

You said you were hungry --

JESSIE

Starving.

DIRK

Well, go ahead and feast.

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

JESSIE

Ohhh. It's true --

DIRK

What?

JESSIE

You're Brock Landers --

CUT TO:

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

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

TITLE READS: DIRK DIGGLER as BROCK LANDERS

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

TITLE READS: REED ROTHCHILD as CHEST ROCKWELL

Finally, over a WIDE ANGLE SHOT OF VENTURA BLVD;

"BROCK LANDERS: ANGELS LIVE IN MY TOWN"

MATCH CUT TO:

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

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

JACK

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

THE KITCHEN

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

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

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

Rollergirl stops arguing with Maurice;

ROLLERGIRL

Fuck it, fine, let's go.

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

CU - DEVELOPED POLAROID

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

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

DIRK

And around this corner is the big surprise.

The main thing I wanna show you --

They move down a hallway and into --

THE GARAGE

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

. LIGHT POURS INSIDE on their faces --

DIRK

Isn't it beautiful?

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

AMBER

You deserve this, baby.

DIRK

This is it -- this is the thing.

This is the most beautiful thing

I've ever seen in my life --

They get in the car and go for a ride.

CUT TO:

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

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

DIRK

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

REED

Just another day.

DIRK

That's right.

REED

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

some of that Saturday Night Beaver --

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

MATCH CUT TO:

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

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

JACK

This is the best work I've ever done.

KURT LONGJOHN

It's a real film, Jack.

JACK

It feels good.

KURT LONGJOHN

You made it fly.

JACK

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

CUT TO:

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

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

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

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

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

BURN WHITE TO:

86 INT. ALADDIN BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

DIRK

Thank you.

FREEZE FRAME ON DIRK. End Sequence "B"

WIPE TO:

87 INT. JACK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

BECKY

. . . right, right . . .

JEROME

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

BECKY

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

JEROME

My name's Jerome.

BECKY

I'm Becky.

JEROME

Nice to meet 'ya, Becky.

BECKY

What do you do?

JEROME

I'm in the auto industry.

BECKY

Really?

JEROME

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

BECKY

That's great.

JEROME

You've got a nice smile, Becky.

BECKY

Thank you.

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

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

CAMERA hangs with Dirk and Jessie St. Vincent.

JESSIE

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

DIRK

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

JESSIE

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

I can paint, too.

DIRK

Yes. Yes. Yes.

JESSIE

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

DIRK

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

JESSIE

I know, I know.

DIRK

But then . . . I think . . .

JESSIE

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

DIRK

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

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

JESSIE

You are so fucking awesome, Dirk.

DIRK

Who says you don't have a tight pussy?

JESSIE

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

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

SCOTTY J.

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

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

pissed, Amber. So then I was all,

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

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

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

And I walked away.

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

AMBER

Excuse me, Scotty.

CUT TO:

88 INT. JACK'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - NIGHT

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

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

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

FLOYD

The Colonel!

COLONEL

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

FLOYD

How are you? You look happy.

COLONEL

I'm fine.

FLOYD

Meet Boys: Tommy and Pete.

Meet Girls: Angie and Cyndi.

TOMMY/PETE/ANGIE/CYNDI

Hi.

COLONEL

Hello. Happy New Year.

FLOYD

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

COLONEL

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

FLOYD

Let's do it.

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

FLOYD

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

The Colonel and Floyd walk away.

CUT TO:

89 EXT. POOL AREA - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT

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

DIRK

Hey, Amber.

AMBER

What are you talking about out here?

DIRK

Nothin'.

AMBER

Do you wanna come with me for a little while?

DIRK

Where?

AMBER

A surprise, surprise, surprise.

DIRK

Let's go.

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

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

-- Jessie enters frame.

JESSIE

Hey, Buck.

BUCK

Hey, Jessie, how ya doin'?

JESSIE

You sitting alone?

CUT TO:

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

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

REED

Todd Parker.

TODD

Rockin' Reed Rothchild.

REED

You made it --

TODD

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

Fuckin' chicks everywhere.

REED

You bet.

TODD

I wouldn't mind havin' some of that

action over there --

Todd points out a BIKINI PARTY GIRL.

REED

Want me to introduce you?

TODD

Sure. Introduce her to my lap.

REED

You got off work?

TODD

I don't dance Sunday nights.

Who's Corvette is that out in the driveway?

REED

It's Dirk's.

TODD

That car is jammin' -- Nosed, Racked,

Dual Camms, Ten Coats of Hand Gloss,

Candy Apple Red Laquer -- WHOA.

CUT TO:

90A EXT. POOL AREA - THAT MOMENT

Buck and Jessie St. Vincent sitting/talking.

BUCK

I'm pretty happy with it . . .

JESSIE

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

BUCK

It's sort of original, I think.

JESSIE

Right.

BUCK

What were we talking about before?

JESSIE

Um . . . oil painting . . . ?

BUCK

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

JESSIE

Oh! Oh! "Sunsets."

BUCK

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

JESSIE

Sunrises are better.

BUCK

Exactly.

JESSIE

I thought I was the only one who thought that.

BUCK

I think that.

JESSIE

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

BUCK

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

JESSIE

No.

BUCK

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

JESSIE

Really?

BUCK

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

JESSIE

That's a fucking great idea.

CUT TO:

91 INT. JACK'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Jack, Floyd Gondolli and the Colonel sitting.

FLOYD

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

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

JACK

I know you're history, Floyd.

COLONEL

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

FLOYD

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

JACK

Then why help it?

FLOYD

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

JACK

I have a stable of actors and actresses.

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

FLOYD

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

JACK

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

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

FLOYD

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

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

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

JACK

We're repeating ourselves now, Floyd.

COLONEL

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

JACK

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

FLOYD

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

JACK

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

COLONEL

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

JACK

. . . What . . . ?

COLONEL

This is not an argument, but a --

JACK

What are you saying?

COLONEL

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

JACK

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

COLONEL

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

JACK

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

COLONEL

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

JACK

I haven't heard that.

FLOYD

It's true.

JACK

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

Jack leaves. Floyd looks to the Colonel. HOLD.

CUT TO:

92 INT. AMBER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

AMBER

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

DIRK

Thank you, Amber.

AMBER

You're the best thing in the world

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

DIRK

I love you too, Amber.

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

AMBER

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

DIRK

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

AMBER

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

(handing him a straw)

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

DIRK

. . . wh . . . ?

AMBER

Really fast, like this . . .

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

DIRK

It burns.

AMBER

It's good, though, right?

DIRK

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

AMBER

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

DIRK

Tastes like aspirin.

AMBER

Do one more in the other nostril.

DIRK

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

AMBER

One more, then the water.

Dirk does another line.

DIRK

Do I look cool when I do it?

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

CUT TO:

93 INT. JACK'S HALLWAY - THAT MOMENT

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

. .

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

.

CAMERA follows him outside . . . Scotty J. approaches

SCOTTY J.

Hey, Dirk.

DIRK

Scotty. Hey. What's up, man?

SCOTTY J.

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

DIRK

1980.

SCOTTY J.

Right. Did you see my new car?

DIRK

You got a new car?

SCOTTY J.

Yeah. Wanna see?

DIRK

Sure.

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

REED

Hey, Dirk, c'mere and meet someone.

This is Todd, my pal from the thing --

DIRK

How are ya?

TODD

We finally meet.

REED

Remember I told you about Todd?

He works over at the Party Boys

Strip Club --

DIRK

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

TODD

Yeah, I got some moves.

SCOTTY J.

-- Dirk? Are you coming -- ?

DIRK

Yeah, okay, Scotty.

(to Todd)

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

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

SCOTTY J.

This is it.

DIRK

Cool.

SCOTTY J.

Wanna get inside?

DIRK

When did you get this?

SCOTTY J.

Yesterday.

DIRK

It's great. It's really great.

SCOTTY J.

Yeah, you wanna take a ride, or --

DIRK

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

SCOTTY J.

Six minutes . . .

DIRK

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

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

SCOTTY J.

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

DIRK

. . . why'd you do that?

SCOTTY J.

You look at me sometimes --

DIRK

-- What?

SCOTTY J.

I wanna know if you like me.

DIRK

. . . yeah . . . Scotty.

SCOTTY J.

Can I kiss you?

DIRK

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

SCOTTY J.

-- Can I kiss your mouth?

Please. Please let me.

DIRK

No.

SCOTTY J.

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

DIRK

It's alright.

SCOTTY J.

. . . I'm sorry . . .

DIRK

. . . it's alright.

SCOTTY J.

Do you wanna kiss me?

DIRK

Scotty.

SCOTTY J.

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

I'm outta my head, okay?

DIRK

. . . yeah --

SCOTTY J.

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

I'm so wasted, drunk, drunk --

DIRK

You wanna go back inside?

SCOTTY J.

Do you like my car, Dirk?

DIRK

What . . . ? Yeah. Yeah.

SCOTTY J.

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

DIRK

Oh.

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

SCOTTY J.

(to himself)

I love you, Dirk.

CUT TO:

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

Jack calls out to the crowd of Party People.

JACK

WE GOT TWO MINUTES, PEOPLE! TWO MINUTES!

CUT TO:

95 INT. HALLWAY - THAT MOMENT

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

OVER LITTLE BILL'S SHOULDER, INSIDE THE BATHROOM

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

LITTLE BILL'S WIFE

You should be taking notes, Little Bill.

ANOTHER YOUNG STUD

This is a fresh cunt, pal.

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

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

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

People begin counting off to the New Year --

PARTY PEOPLE

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

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

PARTY PEOPLE

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

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

PARTY PEOPLE (OC)

. . . **HAPPY NEW YEAR!**

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

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

LITTLE BILL

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

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

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

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

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

TITLE CARD READS:

"80s"

FADE OUT.

OVER BLACK, WE HEAR THE VOICE:

AMBER (OC)

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

CUT TO:

Sequence "C"

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

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

DIRK

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

AMBER (VO)

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

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

DIRK

WHO SENT YOU?

KC SUNSHINE

GET THE FUCK OFF ME, ASSHOLE.

DIRK

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

KC SUNSHINE

FUCK OFF.

Dirk SMACKS her then starts to KISS her breasts softly.

CUT TO:

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

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

DIRK

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

FUCK IS RINGO, YOU BITCH?

BECKY

Fuck you.

Dirk SLAPS her across the face.

BECKY

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

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

BUCK

HEY CRACKERJACK, WATCHYOU DOIN' WIT MY WOMAN?

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

REED

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

99 OMITTED

100 OMITTED

101 OMITTED

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

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

104 OMITTED

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

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

Dirk speaks very quickly . . .

DIRK

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

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

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

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

JACK

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

Jack and Amber laugh. Dirk laughs a little less.

CUT TO:

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

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

AMBER (OC)

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

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

FADE OUT, CUT TO:

End Sequence "C".

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

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

AMBER

It's my poem to you.

DIRK

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

You're a director now. Shit.

Have you showed Jack?

AMBER

Just you. I wanted to show you first.

DIRK

It's so fuckin' good. Really.

(beat)

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

AMBER

Blocking the sex --

DIRK

-- yeah.

CUT TO:

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

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

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

JACK

How was it?

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

JACK

Hello? Colonel? Wait, wait, wait.

Yes. Calm down. Calm down. Okay.

Right Now -- Yes -- Right Now.

He slams the phone down.

CUT TO:

109 INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING AREA - NIGHT

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

COLONEL

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

JACK

I believe you.

COLONEL

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

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

JACK

What?

COLONEL

It was coming out her ass, Jack.

JACK

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

I don't have that kind of cash --

COLONEL

-- I don't have any money left.

JACK

What do you mean? Nothing?

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

JACK

Well . . . what . . . how?

COLONEL

I spent it . . . I spent it.

JACK

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

COLONEL

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

It goes, alright? I spent it.

JACK

Alright, okay. Don't worry.

COLONEL

I can't have this happen to me.

I'm a good man, right?

JACK

Yes you are.

COLONEL

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

JACK

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

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

COLONEL

They found something in my house, Jack.

JACK

What?

COLONEL

. . . something . . .

JACK

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

COLONEL

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

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

JACK

Jesus Christ, Colonel.

COLONEL

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

JACK

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

COLONEL

I'm going to jail for a long time.

JACK

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

COLONEL

Are you promising me?

Jack doesn't answer.

COLONEL

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

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

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

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

COLONEL

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

JACK

What?

COLONEL

Answer me, am I your friend?

JACK

Yes.

COLONEL

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

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

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

CUT TO:

110 INT. JACK'S HOUSE/OFFICE - DAY

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

JACK

Well there we go.

KURT LONGJOHN

Yeah.

ROCKY

Lot of stuff on there to learn.

JACK

That's it.

KURT LONGJOHN

No turning back now.

JACK

The future.

KURT LONGJOHN

That's right.

ROCKY

The quality is, uh --

JACK

It's not what we're used to.

KURT LONGJOHN

We can make it work, I think.

ROCKY

It's . . . potential . . .

KURT LONGJOHN

Yes.

JACK

You can't beat the price.

KURT LONGJOHN

No you can't.

JACK

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

KURT LONGJOHN

I'm scared.

ROCKY

Me too.

JACK

It's gonna make us rich.

KURT LONGJOHN

Yep.

ROCKY

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

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

This is the thing they've been discussing.

KURT LONGJOHN

We can still tell good stories, Jack.

JACK

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

No more stories . . . that's over.

CUT TO:

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

BECKY looks into CAMERA;

BECKY

I do.

JEROME looks into CAMERA;

JEROME

I do too.

CU - BLACK AND WHITE SNAPSHOT

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

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

BECKY

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

Buy a house.

REED

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

JEROME

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

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

ANGLE, JACK'S TABLE

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

JACK

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

JOHNNY DOE

Right.

JACK

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

DIRK

Uh-huh.

(re: Johnny Doe)

Who's this?

JOHNNY DOE

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

JACK

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

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

JACK

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

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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

Rollergirl moves past and CAMERA follows her into --

CUT TO:

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

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

ROLLERGIRL

This stuff burns.

DIRK

It's crystal.

ROLLERGIRL

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

DIRK

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

ROLLERGIRL

You don't have to be mean about it.

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

CUT TO:

114 INT. BEDROOM - THAT MOMENT

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

MAURICE

Hey . . . Rollergirl . . . hey.

ROLLERGIRL

What's wrong?

MAURICE

Where?

ROLLERGIRL

With you?

MAURICE

Me? -- Nothing -- Why?

ROLLERGIRL

You look like a wreck.

MAURICE

Shit no, I'm cool as a cucumber.

Rollergirl takes off her clothes and gets into her BIKINI.

ROLLERGIRL

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

MAURICE

Yeah.

ROLLERGIRL

What you always wanted.

MAURICE

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

BEAT .

MAURICE

Rollergirl?

ROLLERGIRL

What?

MAURICE

My dick is really small.

ROLLERGIRL

What?

MAURICE

My dick . . . it's small.

ROLLERGIRL

How small?

MAURICE

Really small.

ROLLERGIRL

Well . . . uh . . . so?

MAURICE

So I can't do this.

ROLLERGIRL

Can you get a boner?

MAURICE

I don't think so.

ROLLERGIRL

Well . . .

MAURICE

Please. Can you help me?

ROLLERGIRL

How?

MAURICE

I dunno.

ROLLERGIRL

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

MAURICE

. . . right . . . right . . .

ROLLERGIRL

Just go for it, man.

MAURICE

What do you mean?

ROLLERGIRL

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

MAURICE

I guess.

ROLLERGIRL

Be a man about it.

MAURICE

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

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

ROLLERGIRL

You'll do fine.

MAURICE

Right.

ROLLERGIRL

C'mon.

MAURICE

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

ROLLERGIRL

Okay . . . I'll be out there.

She exits. HOLD with Maurice a moment.

CUT TO:

115 OMITTED

116 INT. BATHROOM - DAY - THAT MOMENT

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

DIRK

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

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

DIRK

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

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

And My Cock Can Get Hard.

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

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

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

DIRK

-- what the fuck --

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

CUT TO:

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

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

DIRK

I'm ready to shoot.

JACK

We need twenty minutes.

DIRK

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

JACK

Twenty minutes.

DIRK

Fuck it. Hey, no, hey, Jack.

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

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

JACK

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

start something here, Dirk?

DIRK

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

JACK

What?

DIRK

Who do you want to fuck, me or him?

Dirk points at Johnny Doe.

JOHNNY DOE

Me . . . what?

DIRK

Shut up.

JOHNNY DOE

I didn't do anything to you.

DIRK

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

JOHNNY DOE

Yes I am.

DIRK

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

JOHNNY DOE

Shut up.

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

JOHNNY DOE

HEY, MAN, DON'T.

DIRK

SHUT UP. SHUT UP.

JACK

Dirk, you need to settle down.

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

DIRK

I'm ready to shoot.

JACK

Well I'm not.

DIRK

I'm not gonna tell you again, Jack:

JACK

-- Get outta here.

DIRK

. . . What . . . ?

JACK

Get off my set, get outta my house.

DIRK

. . . you . . . what?

JACK

Leave.

DIRK

No.

JACK

You don't want to do this --

the state you're in, Dirk.

DIRK

Whatta you mean, state? State?

State of California? Yeah, I'm in

the state of California.

JACK

Jesus Christ.

DIRK

What are you, Jack, Jack, hey --

JACK

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

You've been up for two days.

DIRK

I haven't been up for two days.

JACK

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

DIRK

YOU DON'T TELL ME ANYTHING.

JACK

Get the fuck outta here.

DIRK

YOU'RE NOT THE BOSS OF ME.

JACK

Yes I am.

DIRK

ARE YOU THE KING? HUH?

JACK

Jesus Christ. MOVE. GET OUT. GO.

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

DIRK

DON'T YOU FUCKIN TOUCH ME, MAN.

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

AMBER

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

DIRK

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

AMBER

Dirk, please, honey.

JACK

Reed --

Reed comes over to the fight.

JACK

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

DIRK

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

JACK

I don't want you here.

DIRK

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

REED

Why don't we go home, Dirk?

DIRK

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

JACK

You listen to me now, kid --

DIRK

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

REED

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

DIRK

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

JACK

Not anymore.

DIRK

WHAT? What "not anymore"?

JACK

Your dick.

DIRK

WHAT, WHAT? SAY IT.

JACK

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

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

DIRK

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

JACK

Alright: You're fired. Okay?

You understand? You're fired.

Get outta here now. NOW.

DIRK

WHAT? WHAT IS THAT? WHAT IS THAT?

JACK

Just leave, Dirk. Leave RIGHT NOW.

DIRK

My cock is READY. YOU WANNA SEE?

HUH? YOU WANNA SEE MY BIG FUCKIN' COCK?

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

DIRK

FUCK THIS, FUCK THIS, FUCK YOU.

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

NO ONE IS THE KING OF ME.

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

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

FADE OUT.

118 OMITTED

CUT TO:

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

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

ENGINEER

Okay . . . Dirk, you ready?

DIRK

I was born ready, man.

ENGINEER

Okay . . . Dirk Diggler Demo Tape,

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

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

DIRK

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

YEEEEAAAHHHH. AFTER ALL IS SAID AND DONE,

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

CUT TO:

120 INT. RECORDING BOOTH - LATER

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

DIRK

Is the bass taking away from the vocals?

ENGINEER

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

DIRK

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

CUT TO:

121 INT. RECORDING STUDIO - LATER

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

DIRK

THE HEAT WILL ROCK YOU, THE HEAT WILL ROLL YOU

BABY DON'T YOU KNOW

MY HEAT WILL MOVE YOU IN YOUR SOUL

C'MON, C'MON, C'MON

LOVE ME TODAY, LOVE ME TOMORROW

ALL DAY, ALL NIGHT, YOU FEEL MY BEAT

REED/DIRK

FEEL, FEEL, FEEL . . . MY HEAT.

CUT TO:

122 INT. RECORDING BOOTH - CONTINUED

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

ENGINEER

So . . . what do you think?

DIRK

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

ENGINEER

It's a ballad. I thought that --

DIRK

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

CUT TO:

123 INT. JACK'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

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

AMATEUR

Is he gonna fuck me in the ass?

JACK

Is that what you want?

AMATEUR

It would be nice.

JACK

Johnny: Fuck her in the ass.

JOHNNY DOE

Lock and Load, Jack.

He takes a seat behind the VIDEO CAMERA and says;

JACK

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

DISSOLVE TO:

124 EXT. BAKERSFIELD HOUSE - NIGHT

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

the house we hear the sounds of SCREAMING AND VIOLENCE.

CUT TO:

125 INT. BAKERSFIELD HOUSE - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT

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

JEROME

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

BECKY

Please, Jerome, don't --

JEROME

You probably liked those big cocks, huh?

BECKY

Don't --

JEROME

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

BECKY

No, baby, please, please --

Jerome SMACKS Becky in the face --

DISSOLVE TO:

126 INT. VALLEY BANK - DAY

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

BANK WORKER

Mr. Swope?

BUCK

Yeah, that's me. Hello.

BANK WORKER

You have a copy of your loan application?

BUCK

Yes I do.

BANK WORKER

Good. You wanna follow me?

CUT TO:

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

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

AMBER

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

ROLLERGIRL

Oh, oh. I wanna do that.

AMBER

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

ROLLERGIRL

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

AMBER

What?

ROLLERGIRL

I was gonna see about taking the GED.

Do you know what that is?

AMBER

For High School, to graduate?

ROLLERGIRL

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

I think you're right --

AMBER

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

Amber turns her head to something OC. AMBER'S POV: Jack is directing another scene in the living room between TWO YOUNG PORN ACTRESSES with fake breasts who we have never seen before.

Amber motions to Rollergirl, who gets up and SLAMS THE DOOR.

CUT TO:

128/128A INT. DIRK'S HOUSE - DAY (2x)

Dirk, Reed and Scotty J. are sitting around. Todd enters holding an envelope. DOLLY IN SUPER-QUICK.

TODD

I'm back.

DIRK

Perfect timing.

They move to a table and anxiously set out some coke.

CUT TO:

129 INT. HOT TRAXX NIGHTCLUB - DAY

CAMERA DOLLIES IN ON MAURICE. The club is closed and empty. Maurice sits at the bar, writing a letter. An envelope and a videotape are placed nearby.
Following is SUB-TITLED;

MAURICE (VO)

Dear brothers: Here's an example
of me with women in Los Angeles.

I sleep with women here all the time . . .

CUT TO:

130 INT. APARTMENT BLDG./PUERTO RICO - DAY

Maurice's two BROTHERS rip open the envelope, read the letter and slip the tape into their VCR that's wired to a crappy black and white television.

CAMERA DOLLIES IN ON THE BROTHERS.

BROTHER #1

(in Spanish, sub-titled)

Oh my God --

BROTHER #2

(in Spanish, sub-titled)

-- it's so . . . so . . . it looks like a peanut.

CUT TO:

131 INT. VALLEY BANK - DAY - CONTINUED

CAMERA DOLLIES IN ON BUCK. He's speaking to the BANK WORKER.

BUCK

That's what Buck's Super Stereo World is all about -- the customer. People wanna know what they're getting into technically and I have the specific technical hi-fi

background to answer any technical question
that someone might have -- I've been into
sound equipment for long enough to know what
a guy wants when he walks right in the door --
and that's the personal touch that Buck's Super
Stereo World is gonna have --

CUT TO:

132 INT. JACK'S HOUSE/AMBER'S ROOM - DAY - CONTINUED

Amber and Rollergirl are sitting in front of a pile of coke that's
laid out
on top of a big book . . .

AMBER

I miss my two sons -- my little Andrew
and my Dirk -- I miss them both so much.
I always felt like Dirk was my baby, my new baby.

Don't you miss Dirk?

ROLLERGIRL

Yeah.

AMBER

He's so fucking talented. The bastard.
I love him, Rollergirl, I mean; I really
love the little jerk.

ROLLERGIRL

I love you, Mom. I want you to be
my mother, Amber. Are you my Mom?
I'll ask you if you're my mother and
you say, "yes." OK? -- Are you my mother -- ?

AMBER

Yes, honey. Yes.

They cry and hug and laugh and do more coke, smoke more cigs, etc.

CUT TO:

133 INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

CAMERA DOLLIES IN QUICK. Dirk and Reed are violently haggling in an office of the Recording Studio with the MANAGER.

DIRK

C'mon, man, c'mon, c'mon, alright --

MANAGER

I can't let you take the tapes until
the bill is paid in full.

DIRK

That makes a lot of sense.

REED

Wait, wait, wait. How can he pay
the price of the demo if he can't
take the demo tapes to a record company?

MANAGER

That's not my problem. My job is to
collect payment before we hand over the tapes.

REED

You can't get a record contract if
the record company can't hear what you've got.

DIRK

OK: Wait a minute -- have you heard my tape?

Huh? Have you heard it? I'm guaranteed
to get a record deal because my stuff is so good.

Once that happens, I'll pay you --

MANAGER

It's not gonna happen. This is a Catch-22,
I understand. You're saying this thing
and I get it but I just won't let it happen.

DIRK

A catch-what?

CUT TO:

134 INT. JACK'S HOUSE/AMBER'S ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUED

Amber and Rollergirl, pacing around the room, talking, crying, etc.

AMBER

I don't wanna do this anymore, honey.

I can't. I just can't.

ROLLERGIRL

What?

AMBER

Have fun now, let's keep going and going
and going tonight -- because it's over.

There's too many things --

ROLLERGIRL

Okay. Okay.

AMBER

Let's go walk.

ROLLERGIRL

I don't wanna leave the room.

AMBER

Me either. OHHHHHHH. I love you, honey.

ROLLERGIRL

I love you, Mom.

They laugh and laugh and laugh and smoke, talk, walk.

DISSOLVE TO:

135 INT. VALLEY BANK - DAY - CONTINUED

Buck and Jessie across the desk from the Bank Worker, who looks up from the file and says;

BANK WORKER

Mr. Swope . . . we can't help you.

BUCK

. . . I have all the papers, all the things in order, yes? I mean, it's all --

BANK WORKER

Yes. But we can't give you a loan. I'm sorry.

BUCK

. . . why . . . ?

BANK WORKER

. . . Mr. Swope: You're a pornographer.

And this bank is not in business to support pornography --

BUCK

I'm not a pornographer, I'm an actor.

BANK WORKER

I'm sorry.

BUCK

No, no, no, please. This is . . . this is
a new business for me, a real thing
that I want to do and a real thing that
I can do, please, I mean -- this is not a joke --

BANK WORKER

I'm sorry.

BUCK

Please, now, please, just wait one minute
here -- because there's gotta be some way --

BANK WORKER

. . . I'm sorry . . .

BUCK

Well this is not fair --

BANK WORKER

This financial institution can't endorse
pornography, you've got to understand --

BUCK

I'm an actor.

BANK WORKER

Please. Now I'm sorry.

DISSOLVE TO:

136 INT. HORNER PRODUCTIONS - VAN NUYS - DAY

CAMERA (STEADICAM) follows Jack around his new OFFICES. Posters of his
films with Johnny Doe, Amber, Rollergirl, Buck and some others we've
never

seen cover the walls.

A WAREHOUSE area is shipping out boxes of VHS VIDEOCASSETTES. CAMERA breezes past an EDITING ROOM where Kurt Longjohn and Rocky are sitting in front of two 3/4 machines, cutting a new Jack Horner film with Johnny Doe doing some Karate-moves reminiscent of Dirk Diggler.

Jack continues walking into the RECEPTION AREA where TWO UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS are standing.

OFFICER

Jack Horner?

JACK

Yeah, what is it?

OFFICER

There was an accident yesterday --

CUT TO:

137 INT. DIRK'S HOUSE - ANOTHER DAY

Dirk is in his bedroom. CAMERA ZOOMS/DOLLIES in SUPER QUICK on him doing a line of coke. Reed comes into the room, quick;

REED

Oh, fuck, Dirk.

DIRK

What?

REED

You know that kid Johnny Doe?

DIRK

No.

REED

Y'know, the kid from --

DIRK

What about him?

REED

He died. He got in a car accident.
Couple nights ago . . . and he died.
He like, went through the windshield
or something. Fuckin' shit. Dead.

DIRK

For real?

REED

Yeah. He's dead. Can you believe that?

DIRK

That's gotta hurt, goin' through a windshield.

It's tough luck.

Dirk does another line of coke. The PHONE RINGS and Dirk answers.
DOLLY/ZOOM IN QUICK.

DIRK

Hello? Becky? Becky -- what? What?

SPLIT-SCREEN;

138 INT. BECKY'S HOUSE/BAKERSFIELD - DAY - THAT MOMENT

Becky is locked in her bedroom on the phone with Dirk. OC outside the bedroom, we can hear Jerome YELLING and SCREAMING.

BECKY

I think Jerome is gonna kill me, Dirk.

Please. Please come and help me.

DIRK

Well . . . where are you, I don't know

where you are --

BECKY

I need you to save me, Dirk --
if he catches me on the phone, I'm dead.

DIRK

Tell me where you are.

BECKY

. . . okay . . . okay . . . OH SHIT. He's
coming in -- okay -- okay -- meet
me at Denny's in Bakersfield --
on Colfax Blvd. Please hurry.

DIRK

Okay. I'm comin' right now, right now.

I'm comin' right now to kick some ass, Becky.

SPLIT SCREEN/CAMERA stays with Becky as she hangs up the phone. The
DOOR
to the BEDROOM IS SMASHED OPEN by Jerome -- he GRABS her by the hair
of her
head and throws her across the room and into the KITCHEN.

BECKY

Please don't do anything to me, Jerome.

Please. Please. I ask.

JEROME

Think you're Miss Fuckin' Movie Star with
a dick in your mouth? Huh? You're gonna
tell me -- tell it to me or I'm gonna break
your fuckin' jaw.

BECKY

I don't know what you want me --

JEROME

-- I want you to tell me that you liked
getting fucked by those men in those movies.
I want you to tell me that you loved getting
shit in your face -- YOU FUCKIN' SAY IT, CUNT.

BECKY

. . . I liked it . . .

JEROME

Do you like big dicks?

BECKY

I don't know what you want me to --

JEROME

SAY IT.

BECKY

Yes.

Jerome LEANS DOWN AND PUNCHES BECKY IN THE FACE. HOLD. He catches his
breath and walks out of the kitchen.

Becky, crouched in a corner, bleeding from her nose and mouth, reaches
for
a large FRYING PAN on the floor --

CUT TO:

139 INT. DIRK'S HOUSE - DAY - THAT MOMENT

Dirk grabs his keys and his jacket and heads for the door . . .

REED

Where you goin'?

DIRK

Gotta go kick some ass, man.

He stops a moment and heads back into his bedroom . . . grabs his coke in a newspaper fold and makes a dash for the door --

CUT TO:

140 EXT. DIRK'S HOUSE - DAY - THAT MOMENT

Dirk exits and gets in his car QUICK. DOLLY/ZOOM IN FAST.

CUT TO:

141 INT. BECKY'S HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUED

CAMERA DOLLIES in front of Jerome as he walks out of the kitchen. In the b.g., Becky appears with the frying pan in her hand . . .

She SMASHES THE FRYING PAN ACROSS THE BACK OF JEROME'S SKULL. He falls . . . she STANDS OVER HIM, STRIKING HIM AGAIN AND AGAIN.

BECKY

DON'T -- YOU -- EVER -- TOUCH -- ME.

She runs out the door --

CUT TO:

142 EXT. BAKERSFIELD HOUSE - EVENING - THAT MOMENT

Becky runs from the house and off down the street. HOLD.

CUT TO:

143 INT. DIRK'S CORVETTE - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

Dirk is driving quickly through Laurel Canyon and trying to do a few things; 1) He's trying to light a cigarette with matches, 2) He's trying to find a cassette tape to play and 3) He's trying to brush his hair in the rearview mirror

CU. DIRK

The cigarette falls from his mouth and he leans down, OUT OF FRAME to pick it up the car starts drifting towards a TELEPHONE POLE that is

fifteen yards ahead . . . Dirk gets the cigarette, comes up INTO
FRAME,
looks ahead and blinks;

Dirk's Corvette SLAMS INTO THE TELEPHONE POLE.

CAMERA DOLLIES IN ON DIRK, BEHIND THE WHEEL. He shakes his head, looks
around in a daze. A PEDESTRIAN runs over;

PEDESTRIAN

You alright, pal?

DIRK

My fuckin' car, my car . . . my Corvette.

PEDESTRIAN

Holy shit, you slammed right into this --

Dirk puts the car in reverse and backs away.

PEDESTRIAN

I don't think you should dirve this car.

DIRK

Fuck you.

Dirk drives off with the front of the Corvette SHREDDING along the
pavement.

CUT TO:

144 INT. BAKERSFIELD DENNY'S - NIGHT (LATER)

Becky is sitting at the counter. A few seats over from her is an older
man,

MR. BROWN (late 60s). He wears an old gray suit,

MR. BROWN

Are you alright, ma'am?

BECKY

What?

MR. BROWN

Are you going to be alright?

You seem . . . you've been sitting there.

A while now. And I want to know if
you're going to be alright.

HOLD. Becky looks down.

MR. BROWN

Do you want to order something? A bowl of soup?

BECKY

My friend was supposed to come
here and get me, but he hasn't come.

MR. BROWN

Yes. Well, why don't you let me buy you
some soup while you wait for your friend?

BECKY

No. No. I'm not hungry.

MR. BROWN

Please. Please. I want to help you.
This is not . . . this is something . . . you see,
an act of kindness, I'm trying to do
something good . . . to help you . . . for no
other reason . . . other than . . . just to help.

Mr. Brown reaches into his pocket, takes out a quarter and places it
on the
counter in front of Becky.

MR. BROWN

Why don't you try calling you friend?

BEAT. Becky looks at the quarter. CAMERA HOLDS ON QUARTER.

MR. BROWN (OC)

Use the quarter, young lady.

CUT TO:

145 INT. DIRK'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Dirk rants and raves, verging on tears, circling the car. Scotty, Reed and Todd are now home and looking at the damage;

REED

How fast were you going?

DIRK

Fuck, I dunno. Ninety.

SCOTTY J.

Ninety miles an hour?

DIRK

Shit, yeah. I'm lucky I'm not dead.

TODD

This is a lot of damage.

REED

At least it's driveable.

DIRK

It's nove driveable, look at it.

OC we hear the PHONE RINGING. Scotty moves to get it.

DIRK

Just let it ring, we gotta deal with this --

REED

At least it still works, Dirk.

DIRK

You can't just drive a Corvette down
the street looking like that, Reed.

C'mon, man. Be reasonable.

REED

How you gonna pay for it?

DIRK

-- I'll find a way to pay for it.

This is top priority, Reed:

My car has got to get fixed.

TODD

It could be like two/three thousand
dollars worth of damage, Dirk.

DIRK

So?

TODD

I dunno.

DIRK

We gotta get those fuckin' demo tapes, too.
I mean it . . . let's go kick that guy's ass
or something . . . if we could get those demo
tapes, then we get the record deal, then
the Vette gets fixed. You cannot drive
a Corvette down the street looking like this,
you just can't.

CUT TO:

146 INT. DENNY'S - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Becky is sitting in a booth across from the Mr. Brown. She's crying.

BECKY

I don't know where to go. I don't
have anywhere to go, I can't get anywhere.

MR. BROWN

It's alright. It's alright, young lady.

BECKY

I'm so sorry to make you hear this.

MR. BROWN

I want to help you.

BECKY

No, I can't.

MR. BROWN

You need help. You need someplace to
sleep and to wash. I want to help you.

BECKY

You're a nice man.

BEAT.

End Sequence "D" CUT TO BLACK:

147 OMITTED

148 OMITTED

149 OMITTED

150 OMITTED

TITLE CARD: "Six Months Later"

CUT TO:

151 OMITTED

152 OMITTED

153 OMITTED

154 OMITTED

155 INT. HEARING ROOM - COURT BUILDING - DAY

Amber is sitting in a room with a long desk, a few chairs and fluorescent lights. A middle aged female JUDGE enters and greets her;

JUDGE

Hello. You must be Maggie?

AMBER

Yes.

JUDGE

I'm Kathleen O'Malley. The judge.

AMBER

Yes.

JUDGE

You have a lawyer with you?

AMBER

No. I don't. I do not.

They sit in silence. The Judge looks over a couple of files. Moments later,
Amber's ex-husband, THOMAS (late 30s) steps in with his LAWYER. They all
take seats.

LAWYER

Hello, Judge.

Introductions happen, etc. BEAT. The Judge looks over some files;

JUDGE

You've been divorced for six years.

AMBER

Yes. Since 1977.

JUDGE

(to lawyer)

And the agreement on the money settlement
was taken care of?

LAWYER

Yes.

JUDGE

So. What we're talking about then
is coming to an agreement on custody of Andrew?

AMBER

Yes.

JUDGE

What was decided during the divorce?

LAWYER

Initially, Andrew went with his father,
and visitation was given to his mother on --

(looks at a paper)

from Saturday Noon to Sunday at seven.
With his mother entitled to bring Andrew
to her home or any reasonable place.

JUDGE

(to Amber)

Was that the understanding?

AMBER

Yes.

JUDGE

And why wasn't that visiting privilege honored?

THOMAS

Well, it was for a time --

AMBER

I only saw him twice.

THOMAS

It said, "reasonable place," and I didn't think a house of drugs and prostitution and pornography was that.

JUDGE

I'm sorry, what is it that you --

THOMAS

My ex-wife is involved in the pornography business -- I didn't think that environment was a safe place for my son.

AMBER

This is not right. My son was never exposed to pornographic material or drugs or any of these things, my husband just assumed --

THOMAS

I saw it with my own eye.

PAUSE. Amber has no response. The Judge looks down at the file.

JUDGE

Did you register this as a complaint?

LAWYER

My client didn't officially register,
but I think the circumstance called
for something immediate -- for the
safety of the child.

JUDGE

How old is the boy now?

THOMAS

He's twelve.

AMBER

He'll be thirteen next month.

JUDGE

Where do you live now?

THOMAS

We live in Long Beach. I have a job
there and my new wife is home with him.

(pause)

You see, the problem is, Judge, is that
my ex-wife is a sick . . . she is a very sick
person and she needs help. She deals in
drugs and sex for a living --

AMBER

I don't do drugs.

LAWYER

Your honor, she has been in and out

of trouble with the law on quite a few occasions regarding this sort of thing.

AMBER

No. No. Not anymore

CAMERA HOLDS ON AMBER. She watches the Judge. OC there's the sound of papers shuffling.

JUDGE (OC)

Have you ever been arrested?

AMBER

Yes.

JUDGE (OC)

When was the last time you were arrested . . . what was the charge . . . ?

CAMERA DOLLIES IN CLOSE ON AMBER.

CUT TO:

156 EXT. ALLEY - BEHIND THE COURT BUILDING - DAY - LATER

Amber leans against a wall, crying her eyes out. HOLD.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD, OVER BLACK: "Sunday, December 11, 1983"

157 INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT - MOVING

CAMERA'S POV is a CAMCORDER operated by KURT LONGJOHN. JACK, dressed in a tuxedo, sits in the back of the limo with ROLLERGIRL, who's wearing a full-length fur coat, lingerie underneath.

JACK (into CAMERA)

Okay, okay, okay. Welcome to the experiment.

This is Jack Horner, coming to you from the inside of a limousine that at this moment

is heading West down Ventura Blvd. I have
with me -- a little princess in the world
of adult film -- the lovely Miss Rollergirl.

ROLLERGIRL

Hello, hello, howdy.

JACK

Are you ready to do what we're gonna do?

ROLLERGIRL

Ready, ready. Ready like Freddy.

JACK

We are On The Lookout. That's what
we'll call this -- On The Lookout.
We're just gonna drive on down Ventura,
heading west, like I said -- and see
what we find. Maybe we find some new,
young stud who wants to take a shot
and get hot and heavy with Rollergirl
back here in the limo -- and we'll capture
it on video. This is a first, ladies and
gentleman. A first in porn history.
Who knows what could happen . . . ?
Maybe we come across some guy, maybe some girl?
See if they'd like to get soft and sticky?

CUT TO:

158 EXT. EL PUEBLO MOTEL - NIGHT

Establishing shot of a crap motel in Studio City. Dirk's DAMAGED
CORVETTE

is parked out front with a U-HALL connected.

CUT TO:

159 INT. EL PUEBLO MOTEL - THAT MOMENT

Dirk, Reed, Todd and Scotty J. have moved into a small motel with two beds and a fold-out couch. Scotty is sitting on one bed watching television dressed in his UNION 76 GAS STATION UNIFORM.

Dirk is getting dressed, Reed is trying to get his attention;

DIRK

Where the fuck is Todd?

REED

C'mon, Dirk, seriously --

DIRK

What? I dunno, okay? Okay. I don't know.

REED

We have to sell your car.

DIRK

I will not do it, Reed.

REED

What else is there to do, Dirk?

Huh? We have nothing left.

DIRK

I worked way too fucking hard for
that car . . . what am I supposed to do . . . ?

REED

It solves all our problems.

DIRK

I will not sell my Corvette: Simple as that.

Where the fuck is Todd? Where are my jeans?

SCOTTY J.

What are you looking for?

DIRK

My jeans --

SCOTTY J.

The cool ones with the thing?

DIRK

All my jeans are cool, Scotty.

SCOTTY

Sorry.

Todd enters and holds up an ENVELOPE.

TODD

Got it.

DIRK

Where the fuck have you been?

TODD

Getting some shit . . .

Dirk notices that Todd is wearing the JEANS he was looking for.

DIRK

What the fuck is that?

TODD

What?

DIRK

Those are my jeans, Todd. I've
been looking for those.

TODD

You said I could borrow them.

DIRK

I never said that.

TODD

I thought you did.

SCOTTY J.

Can I come with you, Dirk?

DIRK

Give me my fuckin' jeans back, Todd. Seriously.

TODD

Sorry.

Todd gets out of the jeans and gives them over to Dirk, who puts them on as Reed and Scotty look on;

REED

Dirk, please -- we gotta deal with
this money situation.

DIRK

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

SCOTTY J.

Where are you goin', Dirk?

DIRK

Goin' out.

SCOTTY J.

Can I go with you?

Dirk is out the door.

CUT TO:

160 INT. LIMO - PARKED - NIGHT - CONTINUED

The limo is pulled over and Jack is speaking through the window to some YOUNG COLLEGE STUDENT, wearing a backpack. (This kid is one of the boys who was making sexual gestures to Rollergirl earlier in the movie).

JACK

What do you say?

COLLEGE KID

I dunno -- you mean it.

JACK

Anything you wanna do -- you do it.

Do you see this young lady here?

COLLEGE KID

Yeah.

JACK

You like what you see?

COLLEGE KID

Sure.

JACK

Then get in here and do what you want.

The College Kid gets in the car, sits next to Rollergirl, who nods hello.

She may or may not recognize him. Jack gets in the seat opposite (behind the CAMERA).

JACK

You a student?

COLLEGE KID

Um . . . um . . . yeah.

JACK

Oh, great. Where do you go to school?

COLLEGE KID

Um . . . uh . . . do I have to say?

JACK

No, no. Anyway. How'd you like to go round with Rollergirl? Have you seen her film work?

COLLEGE KID

. . . yeah . . . yeah I have.

(to Rollergirl)

We watch your films in my frat house.

I go to CSUN. The fuckin' guys are never gonna believe this --

JACK

Alright . . . fantastic cool . . .

COLLEGE KID

I think we met once before, actually.

ROLLERGIRL

Really?

BEAT.

COLLEGE KID

I know you . . . we went to school together.

We went to high school together.

. . . you're Brandy, right? Brandy's your name.

Rollergirl looks caught. Jack looks surprised to hear this . . .

CUT TO:

161 EXT. STUDIO CITY/ALLEYWAY - NIGHT (LATER)

Dirk is standing in an alleyway. HEADLIGHTS FLOAT ACROSS A WALL, CATCHING A GLIMPSE OF DIRK. A small Toyota drives up and stops next to Dirk. A FIGURE inside the car speaks;

FIGURE

Hello.

DIRK

Hey.

FIGURE

Are you waiting for someone?

DIRK

. . . yeah. I'm waiting for someone.

I'm not sure if they're gonna show up though.

FIGURE

You wanna wait in the car?

BEAT. Dirk gets into the Toyota. It drives about fifty yards down the alley and makes a turn into --

CUT TO:

162 EXT. EMPTY PARKING LOT - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT

The Toyota with Dirk pulls around and parks.

CUT TO:

163 INT. TOYOTA - PARKED - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT

CAMERA holds a profile 2-shot on Dirk in the f.g. and the driver in the b.g. The driver is a young SURFER kid in his late 20s.

SURFER

I'm Joe.

DIRK

Dirk.

(beat)

Do you know who I am?

SURFER

. . . No . . .

DIRK

My name is Dirk Diggler.

SURFER

No . . . I mean . . . you're a guy . . . I'm

helping you out

DIRK

Yeah.

SURFER

So . . . what do you want to do?

DIRK

I'm . . . it's what you want.

SURFER

. . . I wanna watch you. I mean, I'm not gay.

I just wanna. Maybe you can jerk off

a little and I can watch. Maybe I'll join

in, but for now I just wanna watch.

Dirk nods his head a little. HOLD.

DIRK

Twenty bucks.

SURFER

Ten is all I have . . .

CUT TO:

164 INT. LIMO - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

The limo is moving now. Jack is sitting behind the CAMERA. The LIGHT held above the Camcorder SHINES brightly on them.

Rollergirl and the College Kid struggle in the seat. He has some trouble removing his pants and she tries to help a little, but it's pretty obvious she's not enjoying this. Jack tries to coach them from the sidelines;

JACK

Alright, there, pal; make it look
good, make it sexy -- don't just ram
your way up and in there --

The College Kid doesn't respond.

JACK

Hey, hey, hey . . . take it slow and
make it kinky, kid. C'mon.
Think of Miss Lovely Rollergirl
as a beautiful instrument that you
need to play . . . c'mon now . . . slow down . . .
Pretend you're just a wonderful stud,
pretend you're a wonderful stud that's
just ready to melt her pussy . . . hey, kid . . . ?
Are you listening to me? Hey -- hey --

COLLEGE KID

Just let me do my thing, man.

JACK

Cut. Stop. Cut.

The College Kid looks a little pissed, Rollergirl pushes him off;

ROLLERGIRL

This is stupid, Jack.

JACK

I know . . . this isn't working out.

COLLEGE KID

That's it?

JACK (OC)

Yeah, that's all. Sorry for the inconvenience.

The College Kid pulls his pants on.

COLLEGE KID

You got me hard -- you could at least
jack me off or something, lady.

ROLLERGIRL

What the fuck did you say?

COLLEGE KID

It's not so cool to leave me
with a hard on.

ROLLERGIRL

Fuck you.

COLLEGE KID

Nice life you've got here. Should
be proud of what you've become . . .

The College Kid laughs a little, heads out of the car, turns back to Jack and says:

COLLEGE KID

Your fuckin' films suck now anyway.

ANGLE, CU. JACK

CAMERA DOLLIES IN A LITTLE IN SLOW MOTION. He freaks out.

Jack CHARGES out of the limo TACKLING the College Kid to the Ground. He starts to BEAT the shit out of him . . .

CUT TO:

165 INT. TOYOTA - PARKED - THAT MOMENT

Dirk zips his pants open. The Surfer kid's eyes watch closely. Dirk pulls out his cock and the Surfer kid looks surprised, speaks sotto;

SURFER

. . . holy shit . . . that's nice . . . that's . . . big . . .

Dirk nods, looks down.

SURFER

Why don't you jerk it a little,
get it hard? I wanna see it get hard.

Dirk's hand touches his cock and he starts to masturbate a little. The Surfer kid watches. CAMERA BEGINS A PAINFULLY SLOW ZOOM INTO PROFILE XCU.

ON DIRK.

SURFER

. . . maybe . . . do it harder . . .

Dirk does it harder and faster.

SURFER

Get your hand wet.

DIRK

. . . be quiet . . .

Dirk tries to do it faster and harder.

SURFER

. . . c'mon . . . c'mon . . . c'mon . . .

Dirk tries harder and faster but only gets more frustrated. He verges on tears, looks to the Surfer Kid.

DIRK

I can't . . . I can't get it hard . . . I can't.

I'm sorry --

SUDDENLY:

A PICK-UP TRUCK carrying THREE PUNK KIDS SLAMS ON ITS BRAKES IN FRONT OF DIRK IN THE TOYOTA. Dirk looks up in shock, turns his head to the Surfer Kid who says;

SURFER

You shouldn't do this sort of thing, faggot.

Surfer PUNCHES Dirk in the face . . .

CUT TO:

166 EXT. VENTURA BLVD. - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT

Jack continues to BEAT the College Kid and yell at him;

JACK

YOU HAVE SOME FUCKING RESPECT.

YOU LITTLE PRICK. YOU HAVE SOME GODDAMN

RESPECT FOR THAT GIRL. SHE'S A STAR,

A WONDERFUL CHILD AND A STAR. You think

you're worthy to fuck her -- you're not

worthy to TOUCH her -- the way you fuck --

who taught you? WHO TAUGHT YOU HOW TO FUCK

THAT WAY? YOU'RE AN AMATEUR. AN AMATEUR.

He KICKS the College Kid again and again . . . CAMERA DOLLIES IN ON ROLLERGIRL as she watches. She rolls over . . . stands a BEAT over the College Kid . . . and then goes crazy . . . she SMASHES his face with her
ROLLERSKATES over and over and over;

ROLLERGIRL

YOU -- DON'T -- EVER -- DISRESPECT -- ME.

She breaks down CRYING and SCREAMING . . . Jack pulls her off . . .

CUT TO:

167 EXT. PARKING LOT - THAT MOMENT

The FOUR SURFER PUNKS drag Dirk from the car and proceed to beat the shit
out of him. Kicking and punching him, calling out;

SURFERS

Little Fuckin' Fag. Donkey-Dick.

You don't do this. You don't.

They continue to yell and scream and kick and punch Dirk and eventually
peel out of the parking lot. Dirk moans and cries and holds his stomach in
pain. He coughs up some blood and vomit . . .

CAMERA PANS away from him, looking out of the alleyway, toward Ventura Blvd. HOLD WIDE ANGLE ON THE STREET, EMPTY FRAME, THEN;

The WHITE LIMO carrying Jack and Rollergirl cruises PAST.

ANGLE, IN THE STREEET, MOMENT LATER.

The WHITE LIMO drives PAST CAMERA LFT. HOLD, THEN; BUCK'S CAR enters in
CAMERA RT. And we PICK UP AND PAN with it into --

CUT TO:

168 EXT. DONUT SHOP/VENTURA BLVD. - NIGHT

Buck's car pulls up and parks in front of the donut shop. CAMERA DOLLIES IN CLOSE. Jessie is in the passenger seat, Buck leaves the engine running;

BUCK

What do you want, honey?

JESSIE

I want . . . um . . . apple fritter . . . Jelly . . .

And uh . . . chocolate with sprinkles . . . and

a bear claw, too . . .

Buck gets out of the car and we reveal that she is SIX MONTHS PREGNANT.

Buck looks down;

BUCK

How's my little kung-fu fighter?

JESSIE

He's kicking ass inside my stomach.

BUCK

That's a boy.

CUT TO:

169 INT. DONUT SHOP - NIGHT

Buck enters and looks at some donuts, helped by the DONUT BOY behind the counter. A MIDDLE AGED MAN in a camouflage baseball hat sits in the corner eating a donut and some coffee, reading 'Guns and Ammo.'

DONUT BOY

Can I help you?

BUCK

Yeah . . . I'm gonna get a dozen . . .

The Donut Boy gets a box and Buck starts to point out;

BUCK

Lemme get two bear claws . . . apple fritter . . .

Two chocolate . . . two sprinkles . . . gimme

some of those glazed . . . how many is that?

At that moment a PUERTO RICAN KID walks in, pulls a REVOLVER from his pocket and points at the Donut Boy.

PUERTO RICAN KID

Empty the safe. Behind the soda machine.

BUCK

Jesus Christ.

The Puerto Rican Kid SWINGS HIS AIM at Buck.

PUERTO RICAN KID

Don't talk . . . shut the fuck up . . .

(aims back at Donut Boy)

Okay . . . empty the safe . . .

Donut Boy starts to empty the safe, putting the money in a paper sack . . .

Buck is frozen . . .

The MIDDLE AGED MAN in the corner reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out an extremely BIG GUN . . .

The Middle Aged Man SHOOTS the Puerto Rican Kid in the BACK . . .

. . . the Puerto Rican Kid turns and returns FIRE, hitting the Middle Aged Man with a bullet in the FACE . . .

. . . The Middle Aged Man gets another wild SHOT off before he expires and that bullet hits the Donut Boy in the CHEST . . .

So: The Donut Boy is dead, The Puerto Rican Kid falls to the floor dead and the Middle Aged Man is face down dead in his donut and coffee . . .

Blood is ALL OVER Buck . . . he stands for a long moment . . .

CU. THE BAG OF MONEY ON THE FLOOR

CU. BUCK.

He looks at it. SLOW ZOOM IN. BEAT.

Buck leans down, picks up the BAG FULL OF MONEY and walks out of the donut shop.

FADE OUT.

TITLE CARD, OVER BLACK: "One Last Thing"

170 INT. EL PUEBLO MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Reed, Todd and Dirk sit around a table. Dirk is bandaged. Scotty J. is mingling around the background. CAMERA DOES A SLOW 360 AROUND THE TABLE.

TODD

Alright. I think this could be the thing.

Something to help us score a little extra cash.

I think if we decide to do this, we gotta
be one hundred percent.

REED

I agree.

TODD

This guy's name is Rahad Jackson.

He's got more money than God and twice
as much coke, crack and smack. He'll buy
just about anything anybody wants to sell him.
He just likes people hanging out at his house
and partying.

DIRK

How do you know him?

TODD

He used to come into Party Boys
once in a while. Mutrix introduced me --

DIRK

And how would we do it, exactly?
I mean, how would it all go down?

TODD

It's like this: I call him up,
tell him I got half a key of quality stuff.

REED

Do you have his phone number?

TODD

Yeah. So we call him up, give him the price.

DIRK

How much?

TODD

Half a key for like . . . five thousand bucks.

Split it three ways --

DIRK

That's enough to get my Vette fixed.

TODD

That's right. So we set up the deal,
dump half a kilo of baking soda in a
bag and walk over to his house -- BOOM.
Right there -- this could be a nifty bit

o' hustle-bustle.

REED

Do you have his address?

TODD

Fuckin', Reed, yeah I have his address, c'mon.

DIRK

What if he tests it out?

TODD

He won't.

DIRK

How do you know?

TODD

I know he won't. I'm positive. Believe me.

REED

It's a pretty good idea.

DIRK

I think we should go for it.

Scotty J. comes over to the table.

SCOTTY J.

You guys should be careful with this.

DIRK

Scotty?

SCOTTY J.

What?

DIRK

Just . . . y'know . . . mind yer own business.

SCOTTY J.

Sorry.

ECU - Baking soda poured in a plastic bag.

ECU - The plastic bag wrapped in a brown paper sack.

ECU - Dirk's car keys grabbed off the table.

CUT TO:

171 OMITTED

172 EXT. RAHAD JACKSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Corvette pulls up in front of a tacky one-story house in the hills of Studio City. The Corvette stops and CAMERA DOLLIES IN QUICK. Dirk, Reed, Todd sit in the parked car. In sotto;

DIRK

Okay.

TODD

You guys ready for this?

REED

I am.

TODD

Dirk?

DIRK

Me? Yeah . . . yeah, I'm ready. I was born ready.

TODD

Alright.

Todd takes out a .45 AUTOMATIC PISTOL and loads a cartridge.

DIRK

What the fuck is that?

TODD

It's a big gun.

DIRK

I know, but why?

TODD

Just in case, just in case. Let's go.

They pile out of the damaged Corvette and walk up. CAMERA (STEADICAM) follows them.

REED

I'm nervous.

TODD

It'll be okay.

REED

Let's get in and out, in and out.

TODD

Not too quick -- that looks suspicious.

Lemme do the talking --

They arrive and ring the doorbell.

CUT TO:

173 INT. RAHAD JACKSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT

A really big fat black BODYGUARD comes to the door and opens up:

BODYGUARD

Hello. Come on in.

The bodyguard leads them down a hall and into a tacky and spacious, sunken

LIVING ROOM.

They're greeted by a man in a silk robe, slightly open to show some bikini

briefs and a thin sheen of sweat covering his body: RAHAD JACKSON
(late
40s).

Off in a corner of the room, a YOUNG ASIAN KID is casually throwing
some
FIRECRACKERS around.

Rahad is DANCING around by himself to NIGHT RANGER, "SISTER
CHRISTIAN." He
spots the men;

RAHAD

Hello, friends. Which one is Todd?

TODD

That's me. We met before at the club --

RAHAD

Oh, yeah. Come on in here.

TODD

These are my friends Dirk and Reed.

RAHAD

Great to meet you. You guys want something
to drink -- or a pill -- or some coke --
or some dope?

DIRK/REED/TODD

No thank you, thanks, no.

RAHAD

So what do we have, we have, something, yeah?

TODD

Here it is . . . half a key . . . it's really good,
if you wanna test it out --

RAHAD

Oh, wait a minute, I love this part:

(sings along)

**"SISTER CHRISTIAN, THERE'S SO MUCH
IN LIFE, DON'T YOU GIVE IT UP BEFORE
YOUR TIME IS DUE . . . IT'S TRUE!"**

(to Dirk)

This song is so amazing.

Anyway: What's the price?

TODD

We were thinking five thousand.

RAHAD

That's good. No problem, cool, cool.

The Bodyguard brings over a PAPER BAG FULL OF CASH and hands the bag to Todd in exchange for the PAPER BAG FULL OF BAKING SODA.

Reed watches the Bodyguard take the bag and notices something. REED'S POV:
a SHOULDER HOLSTER holds a .45 Automatic Pistol.

Rahad does an air guitar solo to the Night Ranger song . . . he walks across the room, picks up a COKE PIPE and looks to the guys;

RAHAD

You wanna play baseball?

DIRK/REED/TODD

No thank you.

Rahad strokes the pipe while dancing. Dirk looks across to an open bedroom door.

DIRK'S POV: Through the crack in the door, we can see a bloody, battered YOUNG BLACK WOMAN in a silk robe . . .she's followed by another YOUNG WHITE GIRL in nothing.

RAHAD (OC)

Check this out --

He takes out a nickel plated REVOLVER and loads a single bullet, spins the chamber and puts it to his head and sings;

RAHAD

SISTER CHRISTIAN -- OH THE TIME HAS

COME . . . AND YOU KNOW THAT YOU'RE

THE ONLY ONE TO SAY . . . OK . . .

He pulls the trigger . . . Click . . . he smiles and casually speaks;

RAHAD

I put a mix tape together of all
my favorite songs . . . This is song number
three . . . I love putting mix tapes together,
you know . . . if you buy an album or tape or
something, those guys put the songs in their
order and they try and say how you should listen
to the songs, but I don't like that.
I don't like to be told what to listen
to, when to listen to or anything . . .

The Night Ranger song FADES OUT . . . BEAT . . . Rahad smiles at the Asian Kid who's casually throwing some firecrackers around.

RAHAD

(to Dirk/Reed/Todd)

He's Chinese . . . he loves to set
off firecrackers . . .

REO SPEEDWAGON, "CAN'T FIGHT THIS FEELING," begins to play.

RAHAD

I CAN'T FIGHT THIS FEELING ANY LONGER
AND YET I'M STILL AFRAID TO LET IT FLOW.
WHAT STARTED OUT AS FRIENDSHIP HAS GROWN
STRONGER -- I ONLY WISH I HAD THE STRENGTH
TO LET IT SHOW --

DIRK

Well . . . I think maybe . . . we better get going --

RAHAD

No, stay. Hang out. We'll party.

DIRK

No, we really gotta split.

We have to be somewhere and we --

Dirk and Rahad continue to haggle about leaving/not leaving. CAMERA
BEGINS

A SLOW DOLLY INTO A CU ON TODD.

TODD

We're Not Leaving Yet.

Dirk and Reed look at Todd. He stands up.

TODD

We're here now and we want something else.
Hey -- Hey. We Want Something Else From You.

RAHAD

What?

DIRK

Todd -- what the hell are you doing?

TODD

In the master bedroom, under the bed,
in a floor safe . . . You understand?
The Bodyguard turns his head. Dirk and Reed are confused;

DIRK

Todd . . . what the fuck, man, c'mon --

TODD

Shut up, Dirk. I told you I got a plan.

I got a good plan.

RAHAD

Are you kiddin' me kittie?

TODD

No I'm not. I'm not kidding. We want
what's in the safe. We want what's in
the safe in the floor under the bed in
the master bedroom.

DIRK

Todd -- don't be crazy.

(to Rahad)

Sir -- we don't know anything about this.

This is not the thing that we wanted.

TODD

SHUT THE FUCK UP, DIRK.

The BODYGUARD reaches into his coat . . .

. . . Todd pulls his REVOLVER quickly and AIMS at the Bodyguard.

TODD

Don't reach for your gun.

. . . Rahad reacts by AIMING HIS GUN AT TODD . . .

RAHAD

You don't wanna do this, friendly.

TODD

You've only got one bullet.

Rahad PULLS THE TRIGGER . . . a bullet FIRES from the gun and strikes Todd in the SHOULDER . . . the gun in his hand falls to the floor and he stumbles back . . .

. . . The Bodyguard takes this moment to GRAB HIS OWN GUN from the holster and FIRE off shots at Dirk and Reed . . .

. . . Bullets graze past them and they DUCK FOR COVER . . .

. . . The GIRLS in the bedroom SCREAM and SHOUT at the gunfire . . .

. . . A STRAY BULLET HITS the ASIAN KID in the heart, but he doesn't fall . . .

. . . TODD reaches hold of his gun, crouches for cover and FIRES a bullet STRAIGHT INTO the Bodyguard . . . who falls back DEAD . . . Todd looks right and sees:

RAHAD scuttles into the bedroom with the women . . . Todd looks over his shoulder to Dirk and Reed;

DIRK

WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING, TODD?

TODD

He went in the bedroom.

DIRK

ARE YOU CRAZY? WHEN DID YOU GO CRAZY?

TODD

He's got cash and coke in the safe

under the bed -- if we leave here
without it we're fools.

REED

Let's just split, let's just split
right now, Todd. Don't be stupid.
This wasn't part of the deal.

TODD

I'm goin' in that bedroom and get what's
in that safe. Are you coming?

DIRK

Fuck no. Todd. Don't. Don't do it.

Todd gets up and heads for the bedroom with his revolver at the ready
. . .
he inches closer to the door and twists the door knob, then KICKS THE
DOOR
OPEN;

. . . Rahad is standing right there, holding a SAWED OFF SHOTGUN. He
pulls
the trigger . . . Todd blinks . . .

. . . Rahad's SHOTGUN BLAST blows Todd BACK and UP in the air about
fifteen
feet . . . he FALLS to the ground with a HOLE in his STOMACH about the
size
of a basketball . . . Rahad calls out to Dirk and Reed;

RAHAD

C'mon out, little puppies. You want to
come and see, come and see, to get what
is coming down. Coming down.

Rahad peers out from his bedroom, sees a sliver of Dirk behind the
wall.
Rahad FIRES HIS SHOTGUN . . . which cuts right past Dirk's head and
SHREDS
the wall near him . . .

Reed and Dirk make a DASH for the front door . . .

. . . Rahad FIRES another shot . . .

. . . a BLAST BREEZES PAST THEIR HEADS . . .

Dirk and Reed make it OUTSIDE . . . Rahad chases after them . . .

CUT TO:

174 EXT. RAHAD'S HOUSE - THAT MOMENT

Reed and Dirk make a dash for the Corvette -- they're steps away when
a

SHOTGUN BLAST BLOWS INTO THE PASSENGER'S SIDE DOOR --

Reed heads away from the car -- makes a run diagonally across the
street
for shelter behind some SHRUBS and TREES -- (he gets lost from CAMERA)

Dirk gets around to the driver's side of the Corvette, shielded and
crouched -- he opens the door and starts to get in --

ANOTHER SHOT BLOWS THE PASSENGER'S SIDE WINDOW OUT.

**GLASS SPRAYS IN HIS EYES AND HIS HAND SLIPS DOWN, RELEASING THE
EMERGENCY**

BRAKE OF THE CAR -- WHICH BEGINS TO ROLL DOWN THE STREET--

Dirk stumbles back from the car. He looks to the house:

Rahad is about to FIRE the shotgun again . . .

. . . he looks down the street: the Corvette is ROLLING away and
picking up
speed as it goes down the hill --

Dirk gets on his feet and makes a run for the car, Rahad FIRES . . .

. . . Dirk catches up with the car, hops in -- gets the key in the
ignition
and starts it up, peels off down the street --

CUT TO:

175 INT. DIRK'S CORVETTE - MOMENTS LATER

Dirk pulls around and stops a moment. He looks around -- he looks back
in
his rearview mirror.

DIRK

Fuck -- Fuck -- Fuck.

CUT TO:

176 EXT. STREET NEARBY - THAT MOMENT

Reed is running FULL-SPEED down a residential street, in and out of backyards and over fences, dodging attack dogs, etc.

CUT TO:

177 INT. RAHAD JACKSON'S HOUSE - THAT MOMENT

RAHAD storms around his house, the SHOTGUN in his hand. The two battered YOUNG WOMEN are shaking and shivering in a corner --

RAHAD

What the fuck . . . what the fuck . . . what the fuck.

Rahad rants and raves incoherently, sets down the shotgun for a moment to take a hit from his crack pipe. A DISCO song is playing LOUDLY and Rahad is dancing. HOLD, THEN:

ANGLE, A WALL IN THE HOUSE

a red flash hits the wall . . . then a blue flash hits the wall.

ANGLE, RAHAD

he looks at the wall and sees the red-blue flash.

CAMERA DOLLIES IN ON RAHAD. He smiles.

More RED-BLUE FLASHES hit the house and the SOUNDS of POLICE ACTION start to BUILD . . .

RAHAD

It's coming down, coming down.

. . . RAHAD PICKS UP THE SHOTGUN, SMASHES THE WINDOW AND FIRES OFF A SHOT TOWARDS THE OC POLICE ACTION . . .

. . . OC POLICE FIRE BACK ABOUT ONE MILLION BULLETS THAT RIP INTO RAHAD,
SENDING HIM BACK, STUMBLING ACROSS THE HOUSE, FURTHER AND FURTHER . . .
. . .
BULLETS RIP INTO THE TWO GIRLS, KILLING THEM.

OVERHEAD ANGLE, STRAIGHT DOWN:

Rahad's dead body falls next to Todd's dead body . . . a BEAT later,
the
Asian Kid finally falls over, face down next to them . . .

QUICK FADE OUT, CUT TO:

178 OMITTED

179 OMITTED

180 INT. DIRK'S CORVETTE - MOVING - NIGHT

HOLD CU. ON DIRK. He's driving fast. Paranoid and freaked. The car starts
to sputter . . . slows . . . Dirk panics when he sees the gas tank . . .
. . .
ECU. The Gas Tank Display. The orange needle is on, "E."

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: "Fourteen Miles Later"

CUT TO:

181 EXT. STREET/OUTSIDE LOS ANGELES - DAWN (LATER)

Dirk's car is out of gas. He pushes the car off the main boulevard and
down
a side street.

CUT TO:

182 EXT. SIDE STREET - THAT MOMENT

Dirk pushes his car down a small cul-de-sac, hops in and pulls the
emergency brake.

He looks around a moment. HOLD. CAMERA DOLLIES IN CLOSE ON HIS FACE.
He
looks at the street signs.

OVERHEAD ANGLE, INTERSECTION.

Dirk walks to the middle of the intersection and looks up at the signposts.
It reads, "Troost Street."

He walks down this street, looking at the houses. He walks a full two blocks down, stops, looks: He's standing in front of his PARENTS HOUSE. It looks just the same.

A young PAPERBOY rides past and throws the paper, hitting Dirk in the head.
He hesitates, then walks up the steps;

CAMERA MOVES IN SLOWLY ON THE DOOR, LANDS IN A CU. OVER HIS SHOULDER. He knocks. Moments later . . . the door opens; A young woman in a bathrobe with a BABY on her hip opens the door. This is SHERYL LYNN, who we met earlier.

SHERYL LYNN

Yes?

DIRK

. . . hello.

SHERYL LYNN

Can I help you?

BEAT.

SHERYL LYNN

Eddie . . . ? Eddie.

Dirk hesitates a moment, then recognizes Sheryl Lynn.

DIRK

. . . what are you doing here? Where's my mother?

SHERYL LYNN

Eddie . . . I can't believe it . . .

DIRK

. . . I'm looking for my mother . . .

I'm looking for my father and mother.

SHERYL LYNN

Eddie, honey . . . my God . . . you just . . .

DIRK

Why are you in this house? I don't
want to see you, I want my mother.

SHERYL LYNN

I live here now. With my husband.

DIRK

Where's my mom?

SHERYL LYNN

You should come in --

BEAT. HOLD CU. ON DIRK.

DIRK

No . . . no. Jesus Christ, I know what
you're gonna say --

SHERYL LYNN

Eddie, I can tell you what happened,
just let me tell you inside here --

DIRK

Just tell me. Just tell me.

SHERYL LYNN

They passed . . . last May --

The baby starts to cry. Dirk doesn't move;

DIRK

. . . how . . . ?

SHERYL LYNN

Eddie, come inside right now, please.

DIRK

YOU TELL ME, LADY.

SHERYL LYNN

There was no way to find you, to get
in touch with you. To tell you all these things --

DIRK

TELL ME RIGHT NOW, YOU.

SHERYL LYNN

Eddie, it was out of the blue
and there was a man and he was speeding and
he was drunk and they didn't --

CUT TO:

183 EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

A little Station Wagon enters the intersection with the right of way
but is
IMMEDIATELY AND POWERFULLY CRUNCHED by a SPEEDING MALIBU that barrels
into
the intersection.

The STATION WAGON is THROWN fifty yards away. A HORN blows . . .

CAMERA DOES A SLOW DOLLY IN TOWARDS THE STATION WAGON. Dirk's MOTHER
and
FATHER are SOAKED IN BLOOD.

CAMERA DOES A SLOW DOLLY IN TOWARDS THE SPEEDING MALIBU. Half in/half
through the windshield of this car is JOHNNY DOE.

QUICK FADE OUT, CUT TO:

184 EXT. DIRK'S HOUSE/TORRANCE - THAT MOMENT

Back to the scene. HOLD ON DIRK.

SHERYL LYNN

It was just some drunk kid, Eddie.

DIRK

-- why do you live here?

SHERYL LYNN

My husband and I bought this house.

DIRK

Why? Why did you do that?

SHERYL LYNN

Eddie, please --

DIRK

This is my house. THIS IS MY HOUSE.

What the fuck? What the fuck are you

doing here? I don't want to see you,

I need to see my mother. I want my mother.

CUT TO:

185 INT. SHERYL LYNN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

CAMERA HOLDS IN THE KITCHEN. Sheryl Lynn makes breakfast with the baby on her hip. Her HUSBAND sits nearby in his bathrobe, watching the situation and keeping quiet.

Dirk is on the phone in the living room. WE HEAR ONLY MUFFLED BITS FROM HIS **CONVERSATION.**

DIRK

(into phone)

. . . Scotty. It's Dirk . . . yeah . . . yeah . . .

lemme talk to him . . . Reed . . . yeah. Yeah.

(beat)

Are you sure . . . ? Yeah, okay . . . in a little . . .

Dirk hangs up, looks at Sheryl Lynn and her husband.

SHERYL LYNN

Is everything alright?

Dirk nods. She sets him up with a cup of coffee.

SHERYL LYNN

You made something of yourself, Eddie.

She smiles, nods, points to the living room.

SHERYL LYNN

I have all of your tapes . . . I've seen

all of your films . . . I knew you'd do

something special with it . . .

Dirk looks and sees that she has a collection of about 100 videotapes on a shelf . . . the Husband looks a little depressed . . . the Baby cries . . .

DOLLY IN A LITTLE ON DIRK.

CUT TO:

186 INT. JACK'S HOUSE - MORNING (LATER)

CAMERA holds on the hallway that looks towards the front door. It opens slowly and Dirk steps inside. He takes his sunglasses off and stands a moment.

OC we hear some noises coming from the kitchen. Sounds of someone cooking something. The SOUND from the television.

A few moments pass and Jack enters the HALLWAY and FRAME. Jack and Dirk stand a moment, looking at each other in silence. Dirk looks down, fiddles with his sunglasses, loses it;

DIRK

Can you please help me?

HOLD.

CUT TO:

187 INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Dirk has broken down in Jack's arms. Jack hugs him and pets his head.

AMBER

enters, brings Dirk a glass of water and sits next to them on the couch.

CAMERA DOLLIES IN SLOW.

JACK

It's alright, boy. It's alright.

FADE OUT.

188 EXT. DOORWAY - DAY "Sequence "E"

CAMERA holds on a doorway. Buck steps out, dressed in a BREAK DANCER outfit, looks INTO CAMERA:

BUCK

Did I hear somebody say DEALS?

CAMERA CONTINUES BACK TO REVEAL the store front of "BUCK'S SUPER COOL STEREO STORE," with a huge banner that reads, "Grand Opening."

BUCK

This weekend and this weekend only

Buck's Super Cool Stereo World is making

Super-Cool Deals on ALL name brands.

REVERSE ANGLE: AMBER and KURT LONGJOHN are standing next to a VIDEO CAMERA, filming a COMMERCIAL for Buck's store.

BUCK

We're open, we're ready -- all you
need to do is walk over, get down and
come inside us --

AMBER

Cut. Excellent.

CUT TO:

189 INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

CAMERA DOLLIES IN ON ROLLERGIRL. She's sitting at a desk, deep in the middle of taking the GED test. She starts to drift, looking out the window

. . . then back to the test.

CUT TO:

190 INT. BAKERSFIELD RETIREMENT HOME - DAY

CAMERA DOLLIES IN ON BECKY. She's wearing a UNIFORM and working with a group of OLD FOLKS in the retirement home. She feeds Mr. Brown some soup and smiles.

CUT TO:

191 INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

THE COLONEL sits in a jail cell with a large black man, TYRONE.

COLONEL

Tyrone?

TYRONE

Yes, Colonel.

COLONEL

Tell me.

TYRONE

You know that I love you.

COLONEL

I like hearing you say it.

TYRONE

You're my bitch. You always will be.

BEAT. THE CAMERA DOLLIES IN ON THE COLONEL. He smiles.

CUT TO:

192 EXT. HOT TRAXX NIGHTCLUB - DAY

MAURICE is standing out front with his two BROTHERS who are fresh off the boat . . . they're unveiling a new sign in front of the club -- the sheet drops to reveal;

"RODRIGUEZ BROTHERS NIGHTCLUB"

CUT TO:

193 INT. NIGHTCLUB/CABARET - NIGHT

CAMERA moves across the small audience to the stage where REED is doing a MAGIC SHOW. He's wearing a leotard and floating some brass rings in mid-air. He snaps his fingers and they drops into his hands -- he takes a bow and does a little dance.

CUT TO:

194 INT. HOSPITAL/DELIVERY ROOM - DAY

CAMERA is HAND-HELD as JESSIE ST. VINCENT is screaming and kicking her way through labor. BUCK is holding her hand. SCOTTY J. is with them, filming the whole thing with a VIDEO CAMERA.

BUCK

C'mon, honey, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon.

JESSIE

JESUS MOTHER FUCKING CHRIST ALMIGHTY HELL.

We hear a BABY pop out, kicking and screaming.

DOCTOR

Yes, yes, Jessie. It's a boy.

CUT TO:

End Sequence "E"

195 EXT. JACK'S DRIVEWAY - DAY (June 84)

An EQUIPMENT TRUCK backs up towards CAMERA. ROCKY, SCOTTY J. and KURT LONGJOHN enter FRAME and lift the back up to reveal; a whole set of VIDEO EQUIPMENT. They begin to unload it . . .

STEADICAM PULLS BACK and Jack enters FRAME, smiling and walking back into the house . . . this is one continuous shot . . . as he moves through, interacting with:

MAURICE is cooking some stuff up in the kitchen. Smoke everywhere.

JACK

Maurice, honey, turn the fan on.

MAURICE

It smells good, though.

JACK

It's stinkin' up the whole house.

ROLLERGIRL is skating around, listening to headphones.

JACK

Rollergirl, honey, please, I just had
the floors redone.

ROLLERGIRL

What?

JACK

Your skates on the wood floor, please.

ROLLERGIRL

What?

JACK

Are you going deaf? Turn the music down --

ROLLERGIRL

Jack, I can't hear a word you're saying.

BUCK is setting up a new audio/video system in Jack's living room. He explains some technical information about the new format of "compact discs."

JACK

Just do me a favor and make it work, Buck.

BUCK

Did I talk to you about the modification
you're gonna need?

JACK

Don't. Don't do it, Buck.

BUCK

Jack -- you stick with the bass
you got and it's not gonna be loud.

JACK

I don't listen to it loud, alright?
I just wanna hear something, okay?

Jack continues out to the POOL AREA. REED is swimming with the BABY.
JESSIE
ST. VINCENT is doing an oil painting of them.

JACK

Look at this, he's a swimmer!

JESSIE

(to the baby)

Can you say hello to your Uncle Jack?

JACK

(to Jessie)

He's not gonna piss in the pool, is he?

JESSIE

I don't think so.

JACK walks back in the house, down the hallway, CAMERA PANS to a PICTURE on the wall of LITTLE BILL then PANS back to Jack, who continues down the hall into --

AMBER'S BEDROOM.

She's sitting in front of her make-up table. He sits next to her;

AMBER

Are we ready?

JACK

Plenty of time.

AMBER

What are you looking at?

JACK

I'm looking at you, my darling.

AMBER

You're staring.

BEAT. He leans in, gives her a kiss on the cheek and says;

JACK

You're the foxiest bitch I've ever known.

CUT TO:

196 INT. JACK'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - DAY - THAT MOMENT

Dirk is sitting in a jean costume, script in front of him for the new film, working on the lines. He's cleaned up a bit, hair slicked back. He looks in the mirror;

DIRK

I've been around this block twice

looking for something . . . a clue.

I've been looking for clues and something
led me back here . . . yeah . . . so here I am.

(beat)

Coulda been me who was at

Ringo's place when the shit went down . . .

(beat)

Hey . . . I know how it is . . . cause I been
there . . . we've all done bad things

We all have those guilty feelings in

our hearts . . . you wanna take your

brain out of your head and wash it and

scrub it and make it clean . . . well no.

(beat)

But I'm gonna help you settle this . . .

(beat)

First we're gonna check for holes,

see what we can find . . . then we're

gonna get nice and wet . . . so you're

gonna spread your legs . . .

(beat)

That's good . . . so you know me, you

know my reputation . . . thirteen

inches is a tough load, I don't

treat you gently . . . That's right:

I'm Brock Landers.

(beat)

So I'm gonna be nice and I'm gonna
ask you one more time . . .

(beat)

Where the fuck is Ringo?

Dirk stands up, unzips his pants and lets his cock hang out. He looks
at
the REFLECTION of it in the mirror;

DIRK

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

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

bright shining star.

He puts his cock back in his pants, does a final karate kick and walks
out
of the room, closing the door behind him.

END