

BOOGIE NIGHTS

by

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FOR EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES ONLY

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.

AMBER
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 Diggler.)

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

2

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)

3

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

4

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

5

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 gonna make 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 6

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 7

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 8

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 9

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

CUT TO:

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

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 BACK ON DIRK.

DIRK
That's right.

FADE OUT, CUT TO:

11 OMITTED 11

12 OMITTED 12

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

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	14
15	OMITTED	15
16	INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY	16

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

17

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?

BUCK
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

18

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 19

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 20

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 21

22 EXT. HOT TRAXX NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT - LATER 22

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 23.

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.

JACK

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

24

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

25

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 girlfriend?

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

26

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

27

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

29

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

29

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

30

31 OMITTED

31

32 OMITTED

32

33 INT. JACK'S HOUSE - DAY

33

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

34

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

35

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

36

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

37

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 38

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 39

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 40

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 41

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

42

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 43

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 44

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 45

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 46

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

47

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 48

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) 49

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)

50

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

51

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

52

. . . 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

53

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

54

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 you 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" 55

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 56

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 57

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

58

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

59

BURN TO:

60 INT. JACK'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY

60

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

61

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)

62

This is filmed on the Motel Room Film Set. Reed is wearing speedos and a sombrero. Becky is naked. He slaps her ass. Dirk is facing CAMERA, Amber is kneeling down, covering his crotch giving him a blow job. CU. Dirk for the money shot.

FOUR WAY SPLIT TO:

63 INT. HOT TRAXX NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

63

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 64

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

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 66

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 67

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 68

69 INT. KARATE STUDIO - DAY 69

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 70

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 71

72 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY 72

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) 73

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 74

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

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

76 INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT SET - DAY (16MM) SEQUENCE "B" 76

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)77

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 79

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 80

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) 81

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 82

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 83

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

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

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

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

BURN WHITE TO:

86 INT. ALADDIN BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT 86

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 87

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

88

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

89

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

90

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

90A

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

91

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 your 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.

FLOYD

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

92

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

93

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,
waitamminute . . . 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.

94

JACK
WE GOT TWO MINUTES, PEOPLE! TWO
MINUTES!

CUT TO:

95 INT. HALLWAY - THAT MOMENT

95

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) 96

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 97

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 ha98
 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	99
100	OMITTED	100
101	OMITTED	101
102	OMITTED ** Director's Note: Rollergirl's Interview/TBA	103 102
103	OMITTED ** Director's Note: Jessie's Interview/TBA	103
104	OMITTED	104
105	INT. JACK'S HOUSE/EDITING ROOM - DAY - DOCU FOOTAGE	105

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	106
-----	---	-----

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 . . .

AMBER
 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) 107

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 108

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

109

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

110

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)

111

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.

JEROME
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) 112

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 113

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 114

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	115
116	INT. BATHROOM - DAY - THAT MOMENT	116

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

117

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

118

CUT TO:

119 INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY (MAR. 83) SEQUENCE "D"

119

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

120

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

121

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

122

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

123

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

124

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

125

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

126

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

127

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)

128/128A

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

129

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

130

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

131

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

132

Amber and Rollergirl are sitting in front of a pile of coke that's laidout 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

133

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

134

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

135

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

136

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

137

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

138

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 139

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 140

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

CUT TO:

141 INT. BECKY'S HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUED 141

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 142

Becky runs from the house and off down the street. HOLD.

CUT TO:

143 INT. DIRK'S CORVETTE - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

143

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 drive 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)

144

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

145

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

146

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

147

148 OMITTED

148

149 OMITTED

149

150 OMITTED

150

TITLE CARD: "Six Months Later"

CUT TO:

151 OMITTED

151

152 OMITTED

152

153 OMITTED

153

154 OMITTED

154

155 INT. HEARING ROOM - COURT BUILDING - DAY

155

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 156

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 157

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

158

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

159

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

160

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)

161

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 162
 The Toyota with Dirk pulls around and parks.

CUT TO:

163 INT. TOYOTA - PARKED - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT 163
 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.

SURFER
 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

164

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

165

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

166

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.

JACK

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

167

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

168

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

169

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

170

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 171

172 EXT. RAHAD JACKSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT 172

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

173

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.

TODD

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

174

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

175

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

176

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

177

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	178
179	OMITTED	179
180	INT. DIRK'S CORVETTE - MOVING - NIGHT	180

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) 181

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 182

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

183

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

184

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

185

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)

186

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 187

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. 188

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 storefront 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 189

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 190

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 191

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 192

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 193

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

194

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)

195

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

196

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 ...

DIRK

(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.

THE END